

The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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The Canadian Courier

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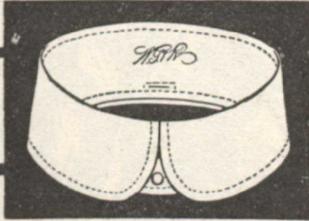
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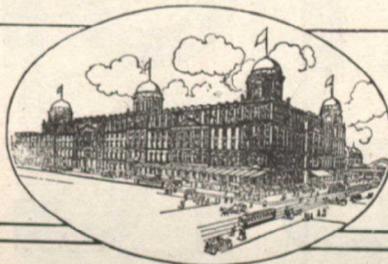
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T H E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 6

Toronto, September 11th, 1909

No. 15

MEN OF TO-DAY

The Greatest Smiths in the World

ONCE more the two greatest Smiths in the world are in the public eye at the same time in Canada. Mr. Goldwin Smith has recently celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday, with columns of congratulatory reminiscence accorded him by the newspapers of Canada. Lord Strathcona arrived in Canada a week or two ago—his annual trip. He is on the edge of ninety. He will cross the continent to see the country. His illustrious namesake of the Grange confines his peregrinations to quiet English drives among the uplands of Toronto, where on a summer day he may be seen in an English carriage behind his coachman and his dignified span of bays, looking out upon the rural life that charms him as much as books. There is all the difference in the world between these two eminent Smiths; all the difference that even the most expert analyst of character could find in personality. One has given to Canada a wealth of ideas. From that old English mansion the Grange have gone forth more notable *pronouncements* than have been issued from any other home in America. Goldwin Smith is perhaps a sad sort of man. He has a dignity that is all his own. Intellectually he may be happy. Sometimes he says things that smack of real delicate humour. But the madcap race of a busy, changing world is to him mainly a passing and to some extent a vain show. He is bewildered by its traffic and takes consolation in criticising it by the intellectual method. There is no other man like Goldwin Smith. He repels and he attracts. He belongs rather to the last century even while he has kept pace intellectually with the progress of this.

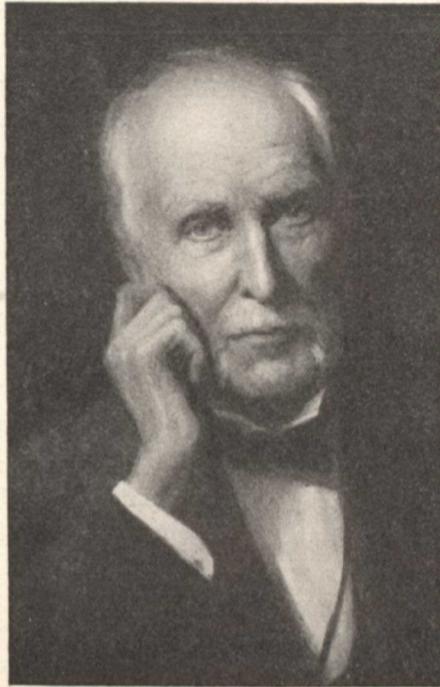
Lord Strathcona is almost all that Goldwin Smith is not. He is a man of the out-of-doors. Steamships and railways are easy to him, though he might be far more at home on a dog trail. He has seen far more of Canada than his namesake of the Grange. He has seen most of it and certainly the worst of it. But he is to the world the spectacle of a marvelous old Norseman, shaggy-browed and eagle-eyed, scurrying with eager step at the age of ninety across seas and continents in order to see with his own eyes the things that make Canada the big country that it is.

Donald A. Smith appeals to the imagination where Goldwin Smith appeals to the intellect. He is a type of man that links back one way to the Mackenzies and the Frobishers and the Franklins; another way to the merchant kings, the great "gentlemen adventurers" trading into Hudson's Bay.

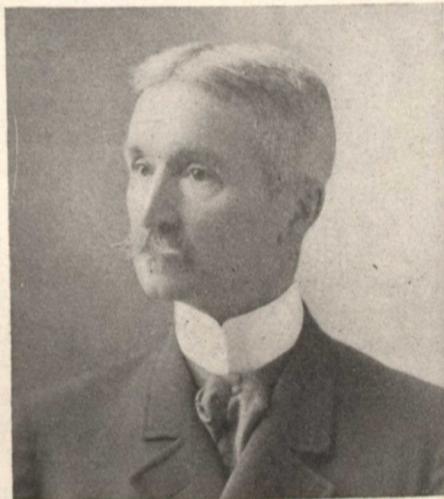
So to both of these great Smiths Canada owes more than she will ever be able to pay; one—the great Englishman in Canada; the other the great Canadian in England. More life to them both! for it will be many a day before we look upon their like again.

Canada has had at least one celebrated Brown—the Hon. George Brown, whose monument adorns Queen's Park, Toronto; not forgetting Adam Brown, of Hamilton, the oldest postmaster in Canada. We are

also able to boast of one eminent Jones in the person of the Hon. Senator Lyman Melvin Jones. There have been two or three famous Robinsons including Sir John Beverley Robinson, past Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and Mr. Christopher Robinson, K.C. But the two famous Smiths, who in the sum of their years, in knowledge,



Dr. Goldwin Smith,
The Greatest Englishman in Canada.



Dr. Daniel Phelan,
Past President American Association of
Prison Surgeons.



Members of the British Columbia Forestry Commission: Messrs A. C. Flumerfeldt, Hon. F. J. Fulton, Chairman, and A. S. Goodeve, M.P.P.

scholarship and achievements have added lustre and dignity to the annals of Canada, are without peers in the category of common names.

* * *

A Canadian Criminologist

THE first Canadian to occupy the position of president of the American Association of Prison Surgeons is Dr. D. Phelan of Kingston Penitentiary. Dr. Phelan was elected to his honourable position last year and was made corresponding secretary at the recent convention—mainly on account of his excellent standing as a scientist as well as a practical surgeon. Dr. Phelan's skill is not so much in the way he uses the knife as in his views concerning crime and disease. These he has studied in their relation one to the other. He has studied anthropology enough to know that crime is very often the result of disease. In his able address to the association he pointed out that there are two classes of criminals; accidental and incorrigible. "In our penitentiaries to-day," he said, "we have prisoners who are undergoing sentences for acts which though crimes in the eyes of the law do not constitute their perpetrators real criminals." He refers to what he terms "accidental" criminals who, through no vicious inherited or acquired tendency, commit in a moment acts of violence—"through some temporary psychical outburst of rage, revenge or hatred." Dr. Phelan's views are in accord with the most modern thought on this engrossing and important subject. His views on immigration are also advanced. He says: "The undesirable class of immigrants constitutes a danger to the community. It is clearly in accord with the spirit of our legislation that the multiplication of degenerate members of the community must not be tolerated."

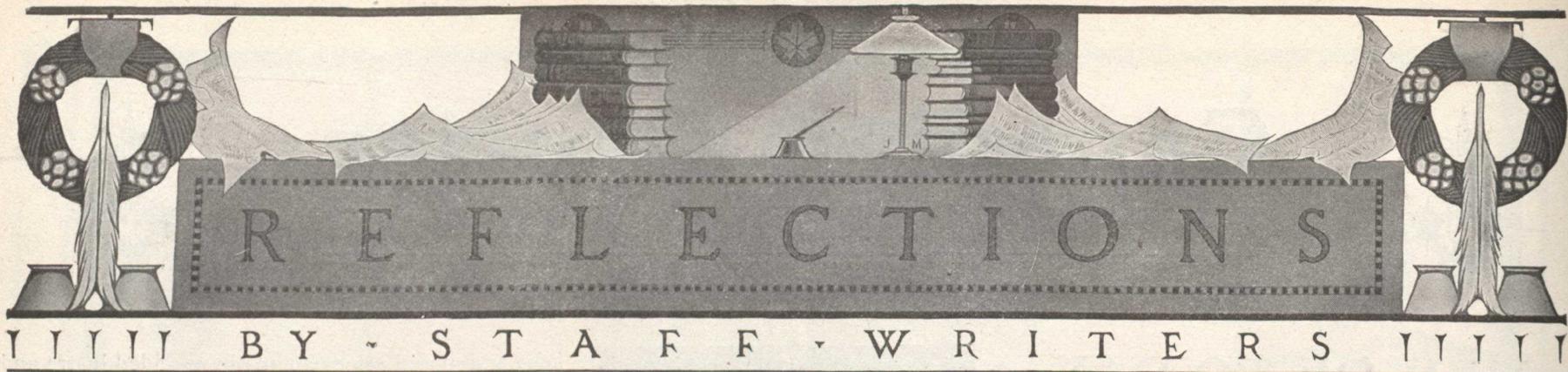
Dr. Phelan's address was the best ever given before the association.

* * *

Holding Court for the Lumbermen

THE Timber and Forestry Commission is holding court in British Columbia. This is one of the most useful of all the commissions which at various times have met to consider states and conditions in that province. The commission consists of three members and a secretary, appointed by the Provincial Government: Hon. F. J. Fulton, Minister of Lands; Messrs. A. C. Flumerfeldt and A. S. Goodeve, M.P.P.; secretary, Mr. R. E. Gosnell. They are inquiring into the various causes that affect the welfare of the lumberman in the coast province; conditions that apply pretty generally to the industrial life of that part of Canada. One complaint is that the Grand Trunk Pacific which has received subsidies from the province, has bought most of its lumber for construction purposes from Washington State and Alaska. The railway is not alone in this. Wherever United States lumber can be imported more conveniently than Canadian lumber can be shipped, the southern lumberman naturally gets the order. Even the city of Vancouver has been discovered to buy cedar blocks from the United States, owing to the lack of protection for Canadian lumber inter-

ests. General internal conditions are said to be adverse to the development of the lumber industry. Labour is said to be dearer than it was years ago in spite of the importation of Orientals. Four causes are cited for the comparative decline of the premier industry: over-production; need of markets; distance from markets; high freight rates.



REFLECTIONS

IIII BY - STAFF - WRITERS IIII

LORD BERESFORD'S visit to Canada and the twin discoveries of the North Pole have divided public attention during the past ten days. It is rather unfortunate that two such important events should have occurred at the same time, since Lord Beresford's message to Canada was worthy of the undivided attention of the Canadian people. While there may be some doubt as to whether his message sank deep into the hearts and minds of the people, there can be no doubt that this visit has resulted in a personal triumph for the famous Irish Admiral. He has smiled and chatted an avenue into the hearts of hundreds of people whom he has met during the past fortnight. No more genial personality ever projected itself into Canadian society. The only regret expressed by the thousands who had an opportunity of meeting him was the necessity of saying au revoir. He himself refused to say good-bye. This was not his first visit to Canada and he hoped it would not be his last.



AS for Lord Charles Beresford's message there can be little dispute as to its import. When he spoke of an "Imperial defence founded on the principle of five nations, one Union Jack, one navy, one army, one throne" he expressed all there was to say. Anything which preceded this remark and anything which followed was either preparatory or explanatory. He believes in the Empire and he believes in a unity of purpose for that Empire. It matters not to him how that unity is preserved and maintained so long as it is done. The details are not important. Whether it shall be one navy which shall be entirely built and controlled in Great Britain, or whether it shall be an imperial navy, consisting of a British fleet and several colonial fleets, does not greatly concern him. He is quite content that the details should be worked out in such a way that no person's dignity shall be compromised and no person's ideals destroyed. He desires "An Imperial organisation for war in which the whole Empire takes part" because he believes that such an organisation is necessary to maintain the peaceful supremacy of that Empire.



SOME of the newspapers, in interpreting the phrase "One navy," have taken out of it a meaning which Lord Charles did not intend to convey. By "One navy" he means several fleets. He made this clear in some of his addresses and also in private conversation. He is quite willing that the colonies should either have their own fleets or that they should contribute towards one central fleet. He does not regard their decision on this point as vital. If the colonies desire to contribute subsidiary fleets rather than money contributions he is quite willing they should do so. Just as Canadians maintain that each portion of the Empire should settle its own fiscal policy, so Lord Beresford maintains that each portion of the Empire should settle the form of its contribution to naval defence.



WHILE Lord Beresford has been making his personal triumph in Canada, he has also had a tremendous triumph in Great Britain. The Parliamentary Committee which was appointed to discuss his criticisms of the present naval policy of Great Britain, has brought in a report which practically concedes his main contention. He desires to see a War Staff created, which shall consist of naval experts who will plan in advance all the campaigns in which an Imperial fleet might engage. This war staff shall decide how all possible contingencies shall be met; and if a war should occur their plan as to how that war shall be carried out shall be implicitly followed. Lord Beresford has maintained that the strongest navy in the world would be liable to defeat unless plans of campaign were prepared in advance to meet all possible contingencies. The War Staff should prepare these plans, and the Admiralty should see that the fleet is in readiness to carry out these plans when occasion arises.

This Parliamentary Committee has decided that such a War Staff

shall be created. It will consist of the best naval experts which the Empire possesses. It shall have before it all the information which the British Government in all its departments possesses and it shall consider every contingency as it arises. The head of the navy shall be responsible for its efficiency and responsible for the carrying out of the plan of campaign laid down by the War Staff. By deciding to create such a body the British Government has decided in favour of Lord Beresford's views and against those of Sir John Fisher, the First War Lord.



LORD BERESFORD, on several occasions, declared that he was most impressed by the manifest optimism and happiness of the Canadian people. Every person whom he met, from merchant to labourer, had hope written large on his countenance. He adduced from this that Canada was a happy and prosperous country. It is but just to say that he saw Canadians under most favourable auspices. He visited Ontario during its holiday period. During the two weeks of the Exhibition the people of Toronto and the large number of visitors who congregate there, are having their annual outing. However, there is no doubt that, as compared with the mother country, this characteristic of the Canadian people is noteworthy. There is very little poverty in the Dominion. Every class is healthy, well-dressed, prosperous and contented. Nature has been so lavish in the heritage which she has given to this new people that the general air of prosperity is inevitable. There is no evidence in Canada of what one editor, recently returned from Great Britain, describes as "the bloodless, mirthless, hopeless face of the common crowd."



SIGNS are not wanting that the tariff war between Canada and the United States which has been predicted in these columns, is imminent. A few days ago a ruling was sent out from Washington whereby an additional duty of one-tenth cent a pound has been levied on print paper and one-twelfth cent a pound on wood pulp which comes from the provinces which object to their raw material being exported. This is the first move in the retaliatory campaign which the United States has inaugurated. This may be followed by other similar regulations. On March 31st next it is quite probable that the United States duty on Canadian goods entering that country will be increased twenty-five per cent. Perhaps before that time the duty on United States goods entering Canada will also be raised. The tariff war will then be on in earnest.

Prospects of war do not seem to deter the Canadians who are most vitally interested. For example, Mr. J. R. Booth, of Ottawa, now one of our largest manufacturers of pulp and paper, advocates the absolute prohibition of the export of pulp wood from Canada to the United States. He thinks, if he is correctly reported, that such retaliatory legislation is necessary to bring the United States government to time. He maintains that if such legislation were adopted that it would not be long before the United States would be willing to grant almost any concession she may desire.

Again, Sir Lomer Gouin, the Premier of Quebec, announces that the United States retaliatory legislation will have no influence upon his proposed restriction of wood pulp exports. Unless he changes his mind Quebec will shortly adopt further legislation which will compel the manufacture of this pulp wood into paper within its own boundaries. Ontario has already adopted this rule so far as Crown Lands are concerned. The new Quebec rule will, as in the case of Ontario, apply only to the export of wood cut on Crown lands. In both provinces pulp wood cut on private lands may still be exported.



A FURTHER indication that Canada realises that the natural resources of the country must be conserved at all hazards is to be found in the announcement that a commission has been appointed

for this purpose. The Hon. Clifford Sifton is the chairman and administrative head. There will be a large number of members who will serve in an honorary capacity. These include three Dominion cabinet ministers, several provincial cabinet ministers and a score of prominent educationists and merchants. Every province will be represented by several of its most important citizens. A permanent secretary will be appointed and the commission has power to appoint paid assistants to carry on the work of investigation, research and education.

This is one of the most important moves ever made in this country. The suggestion of such a commission, curiously enough, came from Washington when President Roosevelt called the International Conference to consider the conservation of the natural resources of North America. The work of the Canadian Commission will undoubtedly have considerable effect upon Canada's commercial policy and it is quite possible that one of the first recommendations will be to prohibit the export of the pulp wood which is so vital to the United States paper manufacturers.



ALL townsites should be sold for the general benefit of the people. This is the new rule now being enforced by both provincial and Dominion governments. The province of British Columbia made an agreement with the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway with regard to the 24,000 acres granted to that company at Prince Rupert. One-fourth of this land belongs to the province and when the first auction sales were held, one-half of the lots sold belonged to the province and one-half to the company. When it is considered that nearly a million and a half dollars have already been paid for Prince Rupert lots, it will be seen that the British Columbia government has profited greatly from a very wise provision.

With regard to the townsites sold in Alberta and Saskatchewan, a certain portion of the profits goes to the Dominion Government which controls the public lands of these two provinces. In Ontario, the provincial government owns the lands and it announces that it will control all the new townsites along the National Transcontinental. This was the Ontario policy when the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway was built. As in that case, so in this, all the proceeds from the auction sales will go directly into the provincial treasury.

When the C. P. R. and Canadian Northern were built, the townsites were controlled by the railways and much private profit resulted. The new method will lessen private profits and increase public revenues. It will be a further acknowledgement of the important principle that the public domain should be administered for the public purse. Truly our administration improves.



MARITIME union is being discussed in many quarters. The resolution in its favour passed at the recent meeting of the Maritime Boards of Trade held at Charlottetown has aroused a fresh interest in the discussion. The chief argument is that a strong united government would have a profound effect upon the development of all three provinces. It would be an economic move somewhat similar to the union of three competing firms engaged in the one line of business. It would indeed be a combine or trust in the best sense.

It is not for the other provinces to give advice in domestic matters to their fellow-citizens by the sea, but the interest on the part of the larger provinces is but natural. That Prince Edward Island, with a population less than the city of Winnipeg, should remain a separate province is an anomaly of the past which needs elimination. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia united would not make a province equal to what either Alberta or Saskatchewan will be in five years' time. At present, these little provinces are complaining that their population is being attracted to the larger and more promising provinces. The complaint is justified. The only remedy, however, is in their own hands. Maritime union would not immediately cure all the troubles, but it would have a stimulating influence of inestimable value. There are difficulties in the way, but similar difficulties have been faced and overcome by several sets of people much less intelligent and much less progressive than the people who have kept Eastern Canada an important part of this great Dominion.

IMPRESSIONS AND A FEW MORALS

THERE was an impressive gathering in London, England, this year known as the Imperial Press Conference, in the course of which colonial representatives were given a prolonged taste of British hospitality. Among the Canadian delegates was Mr. J. A. Macdonald,

editor of the *Toronto Globe*, who is a Canadian by birth and a Celt by accent and temperament. This well-known journalist, who is even yet a shining light in the Presbyterian pulpit, gave his "impressions" of the British trip in a recent contribution to the columns of the *Globe*, in which he pictured the bloodless, toothless, hopeless slum crowds as the most memorable sights in his tour of the cities of Great Britain. It was a most striking article, one which the reader found it impossible to forget and which was quoted far and wide, piercing beneath modern self-satisfaction with "progress" and showing the horrors which Anglo-Saxon civilisation may yet display.

The description was teeming with a humanitarian plea and the man who wrote it doubtless thought only of the unique misery he was depicting. But this is an age in which the vigilant contemporary never goes to sleep and the Macdonald impressions were joy to the mighty heart of a brother journalist. Mr. J. S. Willison, the Sir Francis Drake of Canada, who combines an ardent devotion to the British navy with a surpassing skill in the ancient and honourable game of bowls, read the article and exclaimed, "Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip!" With a melancholy grace, the Editor of the *News* proceeded to quote copiously from the harrowing paragraphs, lamenting, between quotation marks, the truth of the picture. Then, with one fell swoop, he called attention to the fact that Great Britain is a Free Trade country and insinuated that such a policy is warranted to destroy red corpuscles, hope, teeth, adipose tissue—anything. He admitted with cheerfulness that protection is no panacea and that social reform may do something towards restoring teeth and energy to the Submerged. However, the political twist has been given to those "impressions" after a fashion as deftly effective as it was flattering to the powerful style of the original article, leaving the quasi-clerical Editor of the *Globe* to the mournful reflection that it is hard to be disinterested in these days.

A BURNING SHAME

THE destruction by fire of the west wing of the Legislative Buildings at Toronto was an unpleasant piece of bungling. To the ordinary citizen, it is a matter for surprise that one of the most valuable libraries in the country should have been contained in rooms that were not fireproof. To the book-lover it was maddening to watch those precious volumes and pamphlets going up in smoke on a windy September day and reflect that the exercise of ordinary common-sense and vigilance would have prevented such destruction. Firemen were placidly turning a delicate spray on the windows of the lower storey while the roof was on fire, and "at two o'clock the hose leading to the portion of the building most in danger was lying flat, and no water was to be had to fill it out."

There are, of course, several lessons to be learned from this catastrophe, but certain authorities seem to require an amazing number of "lessons" before they acquire an alphabet of discretion. The delay, the lack of proper pressure and the comparatively unguarded condition of the upper regions of the Legislative Buildings do not make pleasant conditions in a provincial capital which prides itself on its prominence. A care for books and historic records is a sign of culture which Toronto does not always display. There was tender solicitude shown for the portraits in the corridor, but there are several portrayals of legislators which we could have spared more readily than the books which made such a brief blaze.

A FROST FOR WINTER

IT is a shock to those interested in dramatic criticism to learn that Mr. William Winter, the veteran critic of the *New York Tribune*, has retired for reasons associated with interference from the advertising department. It seems, according to Mr. Winter's statement, that, when he criticised certain undesirable productions of the "Soul Kiss" order, his remarks were modified by the managing editor in order not to hurt "unnecessarily" the "business" of the paper. It is a great pity that two great New York journals have recently shown independent and fearless critics that such qualities are not to be exercised in dramatic comment. This is not the course, we hope, which will be adopted in this country. Freedom in such matters is the only policy to preserve the newspapers from being regarded as "creatures of the Trust."

Mr. Winter has been for so long associated with criticism of a discriminating type that his retirement removes an interesting personality from the scene of metropolitan journalism. His protest against crushing commercialism is expressed none too vigorously.



THE TRIUMPH OF PHYSIQUE.

(Written before the Peary announcement.)

AND has our old friend, the North Pole, been dragged from his hiding place at last? If it has—and when I write doubters are grumbling under their breath—then modern Quixotism has pretty well run its course. There are few other empty honours hanging on the conspicuous corners of the world for which it may set out in search. There is the South Pole, of course; but the discovery of it must be a good deal like publishing a sequel to a successful novel. And sequels are seldom popular successes. The North Pole has been the Pole of romance, of adventure, of world-wide interest. Ever since the sources of the Nile were found, there has been nothing to compete with it in the popular imagination. The great names of Arctic exploration have been carven in the ice at its base. No man can now do as great a deed in discovery as that which has fallen to the lot of Dr. Cook unless he obtains a message from Mars.

* * *

THIS will be a great year in history. Not only has the North Pole been brought into camp; but this is the year when flying-machines made their first spectacular appearance as exhibits at an international "meet." Then this is the year when man first flew over the English Channel, leaving little else to do of a dramatic sort until some day a daring aviator flies over the Atlantic Ocean. In this connection, I have a personal desire, and that is to live until I myself can embark on board a flying ship on the coast of North America and fly through the grey sky of the North Atlantic until we can descend like a great bird on the wide emptiness of Salisbury Plain. If a Canadian could start from one of the new cities of this new nation in the latest invention in locomotion and alight under the shadow of the Druid monument of Stonehenge, he would have crossed more than the ocean and passed farther than from one hemisphere to the other. He would have winged his way back over the centuries and passed from the last word of science to one of the first whisperings of superstition.

* * *

IT is marvellous how rapidly we are overtaking our dreams in this age. Jules Verne was thought a wild dreamer but a very few years ago. I can remember with what delight my youthful eyes gave me the contents of a profusely illustrated copy of his "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," which an uncle of mine then possessed. At that time, to journey on the sea appeared to me to be a great adventure; and it never occurred to me that journeying under it would become a commonplace of human experience before I had even reached the retrospective age. Yet to-day we read constantly of the manoeuvres and successes—and the tragedies—of the submarines; and the only reason why we have no Captain Nemo driving his mysterious ship under the blue waters of the seven seas, is that no one any longer cares to do it. Then Jules Verne dreamed a dream of a man who circled the world in eighty days. School boys now do it in something like half the time. Another dream he gave forth was of a voyage to the moon in a huge cannon ball. Well, who knows? With the North Pole discovered and the air conquered, what will there be for our Don Quixotes to do but venture off into space?

* * *

WHEN Waterloo was fought, a Rothschild is said to have ridden from the field of battle on a good horse and taken a prepared sailing sloop from the Belgian coast to Britain, and so reached London twenty-four hours before the news of Wellington's victory arrived. And that was less than a hundred years ago. To-day we would have known in Canada of the charge of the Old Guard and its fatal ending probably three or four hours before it occurred, taking the time from our clocks. News beats the slow-paced sun all hollow for us. Wellington could now write an ordinary letter and mail it in Brussels, and it

would beat Rothschilds to London easily. A railway "special" and a flying machine across the Channel would carry the news to Dover inside of three hours. A "wireless" apparatus on a hill behind the British position would send details of the battle as they occurred into the British War Office. But then, of course, no such battle as Waterloo could be fought to-day. Two armies lying as near to each other as the French and the British did, would annihilate each other in an incredibly short time.

* * *

DR. COOK says that he reached the Pole by living like an Eskimo. That is about the only way to endure the extremes of climate—live like the people who know no other. The British cannot live and rear their children in India; but Oxford graduates of the Hindoo race can and do. The slow processes of the centuries have evolved a people who cannot live so well anywhere else. The pluck which Dr. Cook has shown is undeniable. His determination and stick-to-it-iveness are beyond praise. But his victory has been largely a triumph of superb health and magnificent endurance. The soul of a hero in a frail body could never have done it; nor would the intellect of a savant have been of any help. There is a parallelism between Dr. Cook's achievement and the glorious victories of Tom Longboat. The physical man did it. A Harvard scientist has already compared the deed to the winning of a foot-race, so my idea is not original. We will now see whether Dr. Cook, living like an Eskimo and penetrating the Arctic fortress alone, has been able to bring back as much real knowledge of the Far North as the better equipped Nansen and Peary who have not gone so far.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

"RULE BRITANNIA!"



In a remarkable speech at the banquet given in his honour by the National Club of Toronto, on September 2nd, Admiral Lord Beresford said: "When another nation is increasing its defensive powers beyond the proportion demanded by its coast line and mercantile marine, it is time for us to keep our eyes skinned."

This cartoon from the *Illustrated London News* shows how Great Britain, by her annual expenditure of £32,319,000, aims to protect her coast and mercantile marine at a cost of £2.17 per ton, when, according to Lord Beresford, only four weeks' food is in store in Great Britain at any one time.

SEARCH FOR THE NORTH AND SOUTH POLES



Lieut. Shackleton returned to England a few days ago from his second trip in search of the South Pole. He left his ship, the "Nimrod" at New Zealand, but she has since arrived home and is in harbour at Torbay. This picture shows two of the dogs which returned with the ship, and also some puppies born at the Equator on the return journey.

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FAIR RIVALS AT A BRITISH BEAUTY SHOW



Queen of the Pas de Calais. A Fisher Girl who came from Calais to compete in the Beauty Show at Folkestone.



A photograph of the Three Queens of Paris at the Folkestone Beauty Show. Mlle. Derlac, who is seen standing in the middle, won the first prize.

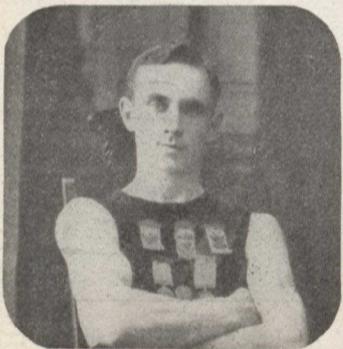
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John W. O'Neill the Halifax boy who a few weeks ago became the amateur single-scutt champion of America in the regatta at Detroit, Mich.

A Champion Oarsman from Halifax

JOHN W. O'NEILL is champion amateur sculler of America. The eyes of the rowing world are turned on Halifax, the home of O'Neill, as once they were turned upon Toronto, the home and training-place of Ned Hanlan. It was at Detroit on a memorable day last month that



Champion O'Neill.

Philadelphia, and before Champion O'Neill of Halifax was born.

Champion O'Neill had a homecoming quite equal to the great fetes that have welcomed such men as Hanlan and Scholes in Toronto. Halifax is worthily proud of O'Neill. It is a great honour to any city to produce a champion oarsman. There is no sport that produces an athlete of better type than oarsmanship does; none that appeals more to the crowd. Let those fetch out prize fighters and wrestlers or even champion baseball teams that want to. It's better for Halifax on the sea to have fetched forth an oarsman like O'Neill who has not only brought honour upon himself as an athlete but also great credit and even renown to his native city which had rather have a champion on water than on land—and may she have many of them!

Certainly the old town turned out and did itself proud and roared itself finely hoarse the night that young O'Neill got in. He was seated in the same carriage with his famous veteran coach, Greer, and C. H. Bennett, president of the St. Mary's Athletic Club, of which O'Neill is a member. One hundred young men, members of the club, pulled the carriage. There were squads of police and marshals mounted; city clubs and athletic clubs; aldermen and members of the Board of Trade; clergy and people—all *en route* to the City Hall where the civic address was read to the young champion by Deputy Mayor Bligh, the mayor being unavoidably absent. Follows part of what the City said to the champion:

"Your rowing career has ever been marked by hard work, honest, persevering effort, gentlemanly deportment and modesty in the hour of victory, and should serve as an example to all aspirants in the field of sport as well as in the every day affairs of life, and the sympathetic interest and outspoken appreciation which our people have on all occasions exhibited in you demonstrates how fully such a line of conduct as yours commends itself to the community at large."

Premier Murray of Nova Scotia also spoke to the hero on behalf of the province to which O'Neill has brought renown as well as to the city of Halifax. At the St. Mary's Club Fr. Foley had a few

words to say. "John O'Neill," he said, "is an athlete of the highest and noblest kind; modest, free from the slightest tinge of conceit; he is an ideal pattern for the young athlete to model himself after."

Coach Greer put in a few words, saying that it had been a great joy to coach a man like O'Neill and that Halifax and every Haligonian should be proud of such a man. But his words, as oarsmen's words usually are, were very brief. The country in which and against which O'Neill had won the championship was spoken for by J. P. Fox of Boston, formerly an official of the National Oarsmen's Association. "Next year," he said, "we are going to have the National regatta held at Boston, and I hope then to see your champion, John O'Neill, row and win again."

St. Mary's A. A. C. presented the champion with an address which sums up the career and the character of O'Neill as well as could be done; eloquent

words that no hero is likely to forget and of which some are as follows:

"Your victory has focussed the eyes of all America upon our city by the sea, and has done more than perchance could be effected by years of advertising, to incite the stranger to become acquainted with us. When you flashed over the line the winner of the proudest trophy that can be coveted by oarsmen you taught the thousands who thronged the shores, and the tens of thousands to whom the event was described in the daily prints that Halifax was no inconsequential part of Canada.

"We bid you welcome. We are proud of you, John O'Neill, as modest as you are strong, unswerving in your allegiance to the principles of St. Mary's and a splendid exponent of the manhood she seeks to fashion. Your brain was clear, your nerves tense, because you had the strength born of total abstinence. Your victory is an incentive, as well as an inspiration—an eloquent reminder that sobriety makes a man fit if not to be as you are a champion oarsman, a good member of the community."

Wise Men from the East

PROFESSOR SIR JOSEPH THOMSON, F. R. S., who has been looked upon in Winnipeg lately as something of a high priest of science and is the President of the British Association, is one of the sunniest and most energetic men that ever visited Canada. We are so accustomed to considering our railway magnates and princes of industry the sleepless men who never get tired that we forget that in science also there are men besides Edison who are always at it in season and out of season. Sir Joseph Thomson is one of the tireless ones. He has made a host of enduring friends in Winnipeg and has helped a good deal to arouse in the people of the West a keen interest in scientific and intellectual concerns.

Prof. Thomson is a real practical scientist somewhat in a class with Lord Kelvin and Sir Joseph Lister. He has done things. He is known sometimes as the man who "split the atom," which may be a much smaller thing than being the man who built the railway, but sometimes takes a great deal longer to do. He knows as much about atoms as Lord Strathcona does about furs or Mr. Shaughnessy about railways, or Lord Beresford about the navy.

Among the best-known of the distinguished visitors is Sir William White—who must by no means be confounded with Mr. William Whyte of the C. P. R. Sir William is the man who designed the modern British navy and who during his stay in Canada—he has been here before—said a great many practical things about Canadian waterways and shipping. He is one of the most genial of men. He is the author of designs which up to the present have cost the Naval Department of the Government of Great Britain something like half a billion dollars. He has been all his life interested in naval architecture.

Take also Prof. Major Patrick Craigie, who is one of the foremost authorities in the world on agriculture. Prof. Craigie felt perhaps more at home in the West than any of the other delegates. He was in the land of great farms. He knows the West. Years ago he studied the country when en-

gaged in investigating the future of the meat supply of Great Britain. That was before Mr. Pat. Burns of Calgary became the cattle king of Alberta and when there were no farms west of Manitoba.

When a man takes interest enough in a country to climb one of its highest mountains he may be set down as taking a live interest in the country. This is what Prof. Harold Bailey Dixon did a few years ago. Prof. Dixon delivered a lecture in Winnipeg on the chemistry of flame—which is quite a different thing from "my lady of the snows." He is Professor of Chemistry at the University of Manchester. He also married a god-child of Lord Strathcona—Miss Hopkins of Montreal. It was in the seventies that Prof. Dixon first came to Canada. Then he bought real estate in Winnipeg—sorry afterwards, but got over that. He has for many years been an expert Alpinist. A few years ago, meeting a Mr. Abbott, an American Alpine enthusiast, he arranged with him to climb some of the Canadian Rockies. In 1895 Abbott went without Prof. Dixon, who was prevented at the last moment. But he lost his life in trying to climb Mount Lefroy. Exactly one year afterwards Prof. Dixon climbed Mount Lefroy. He is a member of the Alpine Club of Canada.

Prof. Herdman, general secretary of the Association, has a brother in Calgary, the well-known Rev. J. C. Herdman, D.D., who is another Alpine enthusiast. He is a zoologist and at the Winnipeg meeting he lectured on "our food from the waters." He is an expert on fishes and oysters. He is also a linguist and something of a comic sketcher. He has visited Canada many times and knows the West very well. He has sent many of his friends Christmas cards with his own designs—one depicting "Our Lady of the Snows" melting in a summer sun.

Such are a few of the wise men from the East who for one week made Winnipeg a thought-centre. There are others. By the time the next meeting of the Association is held in Winnipeg there will be few men of scientific intelligence in Great Britain who will not be more or less familiar with Canada.

WINNIPEG AND WISE MEN FROM THE EAST



The Engineering Section of the British Association went to Lac du Bonnet, on the Winnipeg River, to see where Winnipeg's power and light come from. Being plain men they took a flat-car cribbed with birch poles. They were agreeably surprised to discover that the City of Wheat has immense water-powers for manufacturing purposes.



Lord Strathcona and Archbishop Matheson who watches the High Commissioner shaking hands with friends and remembers that before he was born Donald A. Smith was Hudson's Bay clerk in Labrador.



Sir Joseph Thomson, President-elect of the Association has also caught the smiling optimism of the Golden West. With Lady Thomson he attended a Garden Party given by Hudson's Bay Co. Commissioner Chipman at Lower Fort Garry on the Red River.



Fashion, militia and science were *en fete* at a Garden Party given by Lord Strathcona at Winnipeg. Sir Joseph Thomson imparted a real English cast to the festivities; though it is a long while since Calgary was a more British city than Winnipeg.



Lord Strathcona, Mr. Wm. Whyte, Second Vice-President of the C.P.R., and Mrs. Stranger, wife of the Hudson Bay Co. officer in charge of Lower Fort Garry. "Let us be photographed together," said Lord Strathcona to Mrs. Stranger.

Political Evolution in the United States

With Some Pointers for Canadians.

By O. D. SKELTON, Professor of Economics in Queen's University.



Professor Skelton.

OUR neighbours to the south have never before in their history been so active in overhauling their political institutions as in the past ten years. The tendency is almost entirely a twentieth century development. Previously, when government corruption or inefficiency became mani-

fest, the explanation accepted was usually a personal one. It was the original sin of the boss or the purchasability of the ignorant foreign voter that was at fault. The machinery of government, an inheritance from the Fourth of July fathers, was perfect—the trouble must lie with the men in control, and the remedy must be a change in personnel. But the failure of most reform administrations to make lasting improvement brought conviction that the trouble was constitutional as well as personal. Accordingly there set in a movement or series of movements to reform the political machinery. The direct primary, popular election of senators, the initiative and referendum, the recall, municipal government by commission, legislative reference libraries, people's lobbies—these and a score of other propositions are fast transforming the American political fabric.

At first glance these movements seem so diverse in character and purpose as to have no common element. Yet they are by no means unconnected. Broadly interpreted they are all attempts to meet one single, central difficulty—the diffusion of power and responsibility among balanced and conflicting authorities. For over a century the principle that the safety of democratic institutions depended on the check and balance of governmental powers has dominated American political thinking and constitutional construction. It dates from a time when governments were regarded as at best necessary evils, both because of *laissez faire* opposition to government in general and of traditional opposition to the "tyrannical" British government in particular. Democrats fearful of monarchical or aristocratic privilege, and reactionaries such as swayed the constitutional convention in 1787, fearful of the tyranny of the majority, joined hands in upholding its principle. Its application was manifold. Writing in 1778, John Adams, afterwards twice President, enumerates with enthusiasm no fewer than eight forms of balances—the states and territories against the federal government, the House against the Senate, the executive against the legislature, the judiciary against the House, Senate and executive, the Senate against the President in respect to appointments and treaties, the people against their representatives, by bills of rights, the state legislatures against the Senate and the presidential electors against the people.

The first balance noted was that between the federal and the state governments. It has proved on the whole an admirable solution of the difficulties inherent in governing half a continent. The wide powers of the states have prevented the growth of an overshadowing centralised bureaucracy and the paralysis of local initiative, while the variety of experiment made possible by the presence of over two score states facing largely common problems has been a fertile source of progress. But the results have not been all gain. Forty-six different codes of labour legislation, permitting child labour here, penalising it there, forty-six different methods of regulating railroads and insurance companies, forty-six different attitudes towards trusts and combinations, forty-six varieties of laws regarding partnership, bills of lading or stock certificates, forty-six methods of taxation, forty-six different laws on marriage and divorce, mean endless friction and confusion.

To meet the difficulty two main lines of action are being followed. In the first place attempts are being made to bring about uniformity, wherever

uniformity is desirable, by the voluntary action of the states, acting in informed co-operation. Legislative reference libraries, supplementing the work of the press and the universities, are acting as clearing-houses of information. Conferences of state officials are being held in increasing numbers, notably the national—now international—tax conference, the meeting of the New England governors to discuss forest conservation, and recent conferences of state railroad commissioners and attorney-generals. The result of this interchange of opinion and experience is already being felt in the correction of some of the most serious anomalies. In Canada as well there are signs of the development of periodical inter-provincial conferences on somewhat analogous lines.

More in evidence is the alternative solution, the transfer of power from the states to the federal government. As the United States constitution, regulating their respective powers, is a first cousin of the laws of the Medes and Persians in its preposterous unchangeableness, transfer by open amendment is out of the question. Recourse has been had to amendment by judicial interpretation. The United States Supreme Court has virtually taken over legislative functions; when it decides that a policy is advantageous, a power needed, it usually manages to find ground for it somewhere in the constitution. The clause giving Congress the express power "to regulate commerce among the several states" has been most fertile in such constructions. Congress has been held to have power to regulate, through a commission, the rates of the most important railroads, because these are usually engaged in inter-state traffic; to provide for rigorous inspection of food and drug products, so far as produced for extra-state consumption; and to pass a nine-hour law for railroad telegraphers on interstate lines. Senator Beveridge and other enthusiastic philanthropists, or politicians, have even sought to remedy the evils of child labour in the few states which still are callously lax in their enactments, by taxing or prohibiting interstate commerce in commodities produced in factories where children under a specified age are employed. While this extraordinary proposal has not yet secured a majority in Congress, its widespread support is indicative of the strength of the tendency to centralise power at Washington, compelling a readjustment of the old balance between the nation and the states.

The second instance of check and balance of power is one which finds less analogy and still less sympathy in Canada—the separation between executive and legislature. In the United States, as is well known, the executive power is lodged in president or governor, elected directly by the people, and the legislative power in Congress or the State Legislature. The president's tenure of office is independent of the legislature's will; neither he nor any member of his cabinet has a seat in either house and consequently no direct power of initiating or guiding legislation. Taken in conjunction with the fact that the terms of office are different, four years for the president, two years for the representative, and six years for the senator, and that changes in public feeling may thus result in putting a president of one party face to face with one or both houses of contrary political complexion, this separation obviously makes room for lack of harmony in policy and for inability to fix responsibility. The superiority of the cabinet system, which secures co-operation by making the executive virtually a committee of the legislature, is a commonplace of Canadian criticism.

It is not probable that the United States will ever follow what to a Canadian would seem the obvious remedy, and adopt cabinet government. The co-operation and definite location of responsibility desired must come by some more organic development of existing institutions.

THE first solution was found in the party organisation. Alongside the governmental machinery the constitution provided, there has grown up the extra-constitutional machinery of the political party. It is through the control which the party organisation wields over both executive and legislature—when of the same political complexion—that unity of policy and responsibility to the public, or its dominant section, are secured. The party, if united, can enforce the harmony which the constitution failed to provide, becoming virtually an organ of government. Normally of course this means that

the party machine is the unifying and controlling power. The boss in the American system takes the place of the premier in ours. He is a necessity of the situation. When, for example, Mark Hanna was boss of the Republican party, the machinery of government at Washington worked like clockwork. President, Senate and House were equally under his influence. But boss rule is a heavy price to pay for efficiency, and we shall see later the attempts now being made to democratise the party, while retaining it as an indispensable instrument of government.

In the federal government another tendency is visible, not exactly towards securing harmony between executive and legislature, but towards establishing a secondary executive, or quasi-cabinet system, alongside the other. A numerous body like the House of Representatives cannot act without leadership, and failing a premier, a leader must be sought elsewhere. He is found in the speaker. The partisan activity of this official, his tremendous power in shaping legislation by his control of procedure and of the appointments to the committees which do the real work of Congress, are direct outcomes of the necessity for unified control. In the Senate the same function is performed by the "steering committee," or the Committee on Rules, or rather by the three members of that board of five who belong to the dominant party. Within the last two months a still further development along the same line has taken place, in the appointment of a special committee of the Senate to supervise both appropriations and revenue and thus remove the long-criticised anomaly of having the raising of revenue and the spending of it entirely in hands of independent committees.

Still a third method of securing harmony should be noted. It is pre-eminently the method of President Roosevelt and Governor Hughes—though it is as old as Jackson—the method of executive appeal to public opinion in order to bring such pressure to bear on a hostile legislature that it must give way. Here again it is in an extra-constitutional force that remedy is found. It was by this means that Governor Hughes forced through the insurance legislation and the anti-race track gambling laws on which his heart was set, and that President Roosevelt compelled an unwilling Congress to amend the Interstate Commerce Act and pass the Pure Food Bill.

It may be noted that this latter tendency is also to be observed in Canada and Great Britain, and is depriving of reality the literary theory of the perfection of cabinet government. Theoretically our cabinets are responsible to Parliament. As a matter of fact the growing strength of the executive at Parliament's expense is reducing the co-operation to a mere formality. Through its almost unquestioned initiative in legislation, through its control of patronage, through its power to proclaim a dissolution and put the private member to the expense and uncertainty of an election, through the growing pressure of business which makes adequate discussion and control increasingly difficult, and not least, by its uncontrolled action during the parliamentary recess, the cabinet is overshadowing the private member. It is, as in the United States, really more responsible to outside public opinion than to its own back benchers. So far as this is true, the two systems present the same phenomenon of a strong executive responsible chiefly to the general public (*i.e.*, the newspapers), and the question of its relation to Parliament becomes of minor importance.

One of the most interesting current developments is the tendency to swing away from representative government in favour of direct control by the people. This movement, which finds threefold expression in popular election of senators, in the growth of the initiative, referendum, and recall, and in the direct primary, is in large part an attempt to meet the same all-pervading evil of diffusion of power and lack of concentrated responsibility. It is especially active in the sphere of state government. In the states, with their governors independent of the legislature and the legislatures divided into two chambers, unified control has been found in general in boss rule or nowhere; corruption or deadlock have too often been the only alternatives. Representative government has fallen into disfavour because lacking the concentration of power and responsibility which alone makes it work well. Accordingly the people are taking into their own

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.



LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS BURNING IN QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO.

This picture shows the west side of the west wing in the roof of which the fire started. The buildings were begun in 1883 and took almost ten years to finish, at a cost of about two million dollars. The almost invaluable library, practically a total loss, was on the second floor in front of the west entrance.

A Library in Ashes

ON September 1 fire licked up in two hours about one-third of the Ontario legislative buildings. Calculating reporters estimated the damage at not less than one million dollars. Money will soon purchase enough bricks and mortar to reconstruct the burned west wing of the brownstone pile in Queen's Park. But all the wealth of Ontario cannot replace the library which was destroyed, with its records. It contained

80,000 volumes, many of which were among the rarities; such books as Finan's account of the blowing up of the Old Fort at Toronto; the original Blue Book with the personal account of the deliberations of Lord Durham during the preparation of his famous report; also much biographical matter of the pioneers, in many cases prepared by their own hands; rare editions of great works, and a mass of reference books in history and economics.

Mr. Houston, a former librarian, said: "I doubt whether for its size the Ontario library could have been beaten in the world for the clas-

sical and valuable quality of its contents."

The spectators of this blaze, witnessing the manoeuvres of the Premier of the Province, recalled a scene of a score of years ago when another knight played the role of fire-fighter. That was the cold, damp February night when hundreds of cabs rolled through the park on their way to the annual Conversazione of the University of Toronto, and arrived to find the University of Toronto on fire and old Sir Daniel Wilson, the President, distracted over the loss of thousands of invaluable books.

LORD BERESFORD AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION



The Admiral arrives in full naval uniform, accompanied by his Aide, Hon. Dudley Carleton.



The Admiral has his picture taken with three of the original Directors, Mr. Booth, Mr. Leslie and Mr. Rennie. On the extreme left is Mr. McNaught, Hon. Pres., and on the extreme right is Mr. Gooderham, President.

hands one function after another formerly entrusted to their representatives.

The initiative and referendum, rapidly being adopted in the more radical states, are not so much an imitation of the Swiss institutions as a natural development of a native institution. For generations it has been the custom in the various states to revise the constitution periodically and submit the revision to a popular vote; revision of the state constitutions being as a rule as easy and as frequent as revision of the federal constitution is rare and difficult. At first these constitutions consisted in the main of general provisions prescribing the powers and limitations of the various state authorities. Gradually, however, distrust of the state legislatures led to negative restrictions, such as the clause in Alabama's constitution prohibiting the state legislature from meeting more than once in four years, or to the positive inclusion of local and specific provisions, which normally would have been left to legislative action. For example, the North Dakota constitution specifically locates the public institutions of the state, thirteen in number, contains an enactment against trusts and combinations, prohibits child labour, exchange of blacklists by corporations, and granting of bonuses by municipalities. The constitution of Oklahoma, recently adopted, includes such detailed provisions as that druggists shall not sell liquor except on a bona fide prescription signed by a regularly practising physician, which prescription shall not be filled more than once; that the salary of the superintendents of public instruction shall be \$2,000, and that any railroad passing within four miles of a county seat must build a branch to that county seat.

By this process the distinction between constitutional and statutory enactments became obscured. It was an easy step to propose that instead of voting on such measures as instanced above, only whenever the constitution was revised, the people should decide on them at the ordinary elections. Accordingly in state after state—Oregon, Washington, South Dakota, North Dakota, Utah, Nevada, Montana, Oklahoma, Texas, Missouri and Maine—the electorate at large have obtained through the referendum the power to pass on any act of the legislature called in question by a certain number of petitioners, and by the initiative, in the majority of these states, the right to propose and pass any measures desired. At the same time, by the recall, about a score of western cities have obtained the

power, by petitions containing the signatures of on the average, thirty per cent. of the voters, to compel any official to face a second election, and, if defeated, to step out of office.

Not content with depriving legislatures of their law-making power, many states are depriving them of the power to elect United States senators. The Senate presents a twofold illustration of the principle of balanced powers. In operation, it serves as a check on the House of Representatives; in its selection, it reflects the same lack of unity and accountability in the state legislatures. In this as in other functions, state legislatures have been doomed to deadlock or corruption. Sometimes whole sessions are consumed in electing a senator, while the state's proper business is neglected. Oftener machine pressure or wholesale bribery makes the way smooth, with the result that the Senate, once admired by every foreign observer for its ability and its dignity, is now charged with being a mere millionaire's club, the chief organ of predatory wealth; the chamber which once rang with the eloquence of Clay and Webster falls under the control of the Depews and Aldriches.

Facing this situation, the people of over half the states of the Union have sought a remedy in the direct election of senators. Finding it impossible to amend the clause in the federal constitution giving the legislature the power of election, they have managed to get around it. In the south, where the Democratic party is so overwhelmingly strong that its nominations are always equivalent to elections, the candidates for senator are voted on in the party primaries; in the west, at the general state elections. In both cases the legislature proceeds to go through the formality of electing the man who received popular endorsement. Although this endorsement has only a moral, not a legal force, it is, with few exceptions, recognised as binding, even in such a peculiar situation as arose in Oregon last year when a legislature with a very large Republican majority felt itself compelled to ratify the popular choice of a Democrat for senator. The process is exactly parallel to that by which a hundred years ago, the people took out of the hands of the Electoral College the power of electing the president. Both instances illustrate the Anglo-Saxon faculty of permitting the letter of the law to remain unchanged while custom and precedent change its spirit and effect.

(Concluded next week.)

Manufacturing in the West

THESE was once a fiction that the Canadian West would furnish the wheat and the East would ship in the manufactures. This was on a par with early English expectations about Canada. But the fiction is over. The West is already a manufacturing country. This might have been expected. Winnipeg is now the fourth industrial city in Canada. Ten years ago Winnipeg could scarcely be called a manufacturing city at all. It stands to reason that, all other things being equal, the cities nearest the centre of distribution must be forward in industrial production. Cities in the West are becoming of relatively greater importance. In a large productive land cities are bound to develop. Winnipeg, Vancouver, Victoria, Edmonton, Calgary, Regina, Saskatoon, Prince Albert, Lethbridge, Medicine Hat—these are cities that expect to depend on the smokestack and the power house as well as upon the box car.

Winnipeg, as the gateway of the West, has developed a large bulk of manufactures. Most of them are western branches of eastern firms; some of United States firms; some original with Winnipeg. Much of this development is due to an energetic industrial committee of the Board of Trade, which some years ago, with the present mayor at the head, began to get busy corralling industries.

There are several reasons why Winnipeg achieved the improbable in becoming an industrial city. First of all—the backbone of Winnipeg population are men who hail from industrial centres in the East. They have been used to the smokestack and the pay-roll, and they like it. A city of box cars, and railway sidings, stores and banks would never do for these men, who understand also that there is a large population to be supplied, with "the Peg" as a base. For Winnipeg is to the modern cities of the plains what old Fort Garry was to the trading posts—except that Fort Garry shipped in everything and made nothing. This home market is in a state of constant shift and expansion. It is eternally raising the standard of living. The average man out West has as high a standard of necessities and luxuries as can be found in Canada. Besides population and a market Winnipeg has com-

paratively cheap power—quite independent of Niagara. Seventy miles from the city Hall are the falls of Lac du Bonnet, on the Winnipeg River, which furnish power for the street railway and light the city, just as Niagara does Toronto. Added to men, population and power—count the railways that spider out of Winnipeg to all points of the hungry prairie; a score of lines, three of them transcontinentals; more miles of trackage within the city limits according to population than any other city in the world. And these lines carrying wheat haul out the manufactures of Winnipeg to the towns and cities of the prairies.

The manufactures of Winnipeg are not so varied as those of Toronto and less comprehensive than those of Montreal. Naturally in point of interest—first comes milling. The hub of the wheat belt may be expected to have mills. It is estimated that in Winnipeg and "tributary" to it there is a milling capacity of thirty-five thousand barrels of flour a day. This of course includes a large radius—most of the mills of the West, which are scattered over a large area and at points as far distant as Strathcona and Calgary. However, the mills of Winnipeg manage to grind out nine million dollars worth of flour in a year, employing hundreds of hands.

Subsidiary to the milling is the manufacture of flour bags, done in Winnipeg at the possible capacity of eighty thousand bags a day. At the same time biscuits and confectionery worth a million dollars a year are made in the city of wheat.

Then meat—for it is the ambition of Winnipeg to be "the Chicago of Canada." Here are the beef steer and the bacon hog; factories for handling them worth two million dollars; capacity having doubled in three years; more than five hundred hands employed and wages paid more than a quarter of a million annually. The bacon hog is a big factor in Winnipeg—as at Calgary and Edmonton. Mixed farming has become a science and the hog is found to be as good a productionist on the grain end as the steer on the grass. Between pork and beef and their allied products Winnipeg manages to box up and ship out and consume at home, seven million dollars worth every year. No need to im-

port either bacon or beef—not even from Chicago.

In close alliance is the dairy industry. A land of cattle—the dairy feature has of late years gone ahead over all the West. A few years ago, when ranching was the main industry of the West, milk cows were a rarity. Now creameries are almost as thick as the elevators. Alberta has a long line of Government creameries and has had for years. Winnipeg has a large creamery interest—running to something like thirty-five thousand pounds production a day.

Neither in a land of milk and cream must beer be forgotten. Winnipeg has large breweries; two millions product in a year, with wages about a quarter of a million; employing five hundred hands—herein rivalling Chicago again, and with the obvious intention of making Milwaukee jealous.

Lumber yards—on the prairie! carriage factories and their agencies; saddlery and leather goods; iron and steel; elevator works; clothing, paints, glass, rope and cordage machinery, engines, boilers, cigars, implements, threshers, hats, paper boxes, wire fence, furniture, electric appliances, bicycles, automobiles, cream separators—a whole world of correlated industries where ten years ago there were practically none. It is plain to see that for pure progress along manufacturing lines and in the teeth of much contrary expectation Winnipeg has the lead of all Canadian cities.

What Winnipeg has done and expects to do smaller cities are doing. Many of the leading industries are to be found in most of the more ambitious cities of the plains. Many of them have exceptional advantages in the contiguity of cheap industrial coal; some in water powers; some in both. Edmonton has abundance of coal; Calgary has water in the Bow—and coal not far away in the Rockies; Medicine Hat has "all hell for a basement" in natural gas; Lethbridge expects to be the Pittsburg of the plains; Regina is determined to have manufactures even if by producer gas; Saskatoon has cheap coal; Prince Albert has coal and water power.

Potentially the cities of the plains are doing far more in the way of developing manufactures than was ever expected they would do. The West may never be able to dispense with the East as a manufacturing centre; but she will do as much as possible to help herself; certainly to the extent of supplying her own home market as largely as may be—and that market is one which expands so rapidly that it will be hard indeed to predict just what relation Winnipeg, Vancouver and the twin cities on Lake Superior may hold to the future industrial life of Canada.

There are huge manufacturing interests in British Columbia that the East will never be able to supply; vast lumbering concerns and salmon canneries—these are to Vancouver and the coast cities and towns what wheat and the mill and the beef steer are to the cities of the plains. Indeed for mammoth sized industries, the investment of capital and the turn-out of products on a large scale—products that are shipped all over Canada—British Columbia has the lead of all provinces on a basis of population. What province have we that for varied output of the mill, the mine and the fishery is able to exceed B. C.?

An Elephant Story

A VERY amusing story is being told of a hoax that was recently perpetrated on Mark Twain by one of his friends. This latter wrote to the humourist offering to make him a present of an elephant. Unwilling to offend his friend by refusing this strange gift, Mark Twain said he would be delighted to have the animal; and he forthwith gave orders for his garage to be turned into a stable for the newcomer. A few days afterwards a large load of hay arrived, with the compliments of Mark Twain's friend, who said it was for the elephant. Later on came a man who stated that he was a professional elephant trainer, and after examining the floor of the garage, gave it as his opinion that the floor would have to be strengthened to support the huge weight of the expected animal.

Mark Twain was greatly perturbed by all these preparations, and almost began to wish that he had refused his friend's gift. In due course, the elephant arrived, late at night, and for some reason or other, the celebrated humourist was unable to go and see it until the next morning. It was put in the garage, however, and after breakfast Mark excitedly went to look at it. His surprise may be imagined when he found standing before him a life-sized elephant made of papier-mache. He afterwards declared that the practical joke beat any that he himself had ever perpetrated.—M. A. P.



THE GOOD OLD QUILTING BEE STILL SURVIVES

Photograph by Rogers, Clinton

Huron County reminiscence of the days when the patchwork quilt was the supreme work of art at the township fair.

The Quilt that Mother Made

DRIVING in the country on the edge of an Ontario town a week or two ago a member of the *COURIER* staff observed a picture which because of its simple beauty and fine suggestiveness caused him to turn his horse and go right back to town for a photographer. The result appears in the illustration on this page. To an everyday observer it may have looked like just a small company of women gathered together in the most usual way; and in a manner so it was; but with unconscious ease these women were doing a thing which very few women of nowadays ever do anywhere; that which their mothers and grandmothers did before them in the days of the log cabin in the lane. They were at a quilting bee; and the quilting bee is one of the institutions that have helped to make the local history of Canada.

Quilts were very important in the old days. The patchwork quilt was the masterpiece of the household. Some farmhouses still contain one dozen each. To make one quilt was a large order. A sane woman rarely attempted such a thing. It would have been quite as foolish as to peel all the dried apples with one knife or sew all the carpet rags with one needle. Hence arose the rag bees, the paring bees and the quilting bees which made the humdrum lives of the women on the concessions and the sideroads an occasional festival of great joy.

So it is chronicled in the annals of the neighbourhood—"the storm that came the day of Kate Nagle's rag bee," or the thing that happened the day 'Liza Jenkins had her quilting bee. This is among the older folk. The young farm wives have no such chronology. They have no time to make quilts, and rag carpets are going out of fashion. Style is marching along. The "boughten" rug now decorates the parlour floor and the bargain-counter "eider-down", stuffed with goodness knows what adorns the bed in the spare bedroom.

And of course the paring-machine long ago drove out the peeling bee, and the factory evaporator has just about done away with the hand-paring machine. Such is progress. But they will never be able to replace the good old bees of our mothers and fathers.

Well, there was a large assortment of fabrics

that for months had been accumulating; the daintiest pickings and stealings from the worn-out or left-over remnants of the household dry-goods. For a dress might be worn out in front and the back be as good as new for a quilt. Half a yard of print was left from the making of a shirt. Old neckties had been gathered up. Bits of silk and satin and velvets and plushes had been garnered from strange places—and it was a standing wonder to the man of the house where half the flimsy fabrics came from that his wife sat and snipped at with the scissors night after night at the kitchen table while he read the farm paper or snoozed upon the lounge.

But this quilt was to be a work of art. It was designed not only to keep out cold but to please the eye. On the spare bed it was more decorative than any counterpane; its colour scheme was the most fantastic and its patterns of geometry the most satisfying and illusionary that the skill of mother and the girls could devise. Indeed it was counted a high stroke of art not to have in the same quilt three pieces of a fabric exactly alike. There are quilts on Canadian beds to-day that would puzzle the visitor who has taken the trouble to inspect before going to bed—to discover any two patches of the crazywork scheme that are duplicates.

Having got the fabrics and the general layout of the scheme decided upon, it was the business of the assemblage of women so to work the patches that the most artistic effects would be the result. That quilt must win the prize at the Fair or Mrs. Bumble must know the reason why. If the man Dave could win a prize for a calf or a pumpkin, why should not the feminine brain of the household get a prize for a quilt?

There was plenty of cooking all ready; pies and cakes and doughnuts and pickles and preserves. Everything was clear for the long day's work; and the bigger and more stunning the fabrication of that monumental and historic quilt the more amazing and devious the talk.

The preacher came in for a fair share. He was the first public character. His shortcomings in the pulpit; his horses and his rigs; the clothes he wore and the way he conducted family devotions; his wife's clothes and her manners; the doings of the

next church on the circuit; the Christmas tree that had been such a huge success and the tea-meeting that fizzled out on account of the storm—so much for the preacher and God bless him!

Then there was the teacher. If it was a young man his affairs with the girls were a fit subject for criticism. He was a good hand at a prayer-meeting, fine in the choir, excellent at Sunday school and a fair talker at the young people's meeting, if such had been invented. In the school he had his faults—but of course we all have. He used too much strap; or he used it on the wrong pupils. He showed partiality; liking one family more than another and visiting there more than he should, but going near no one on the back line.

Of course there were crops and roads to discuss; though mostly the men looked after that. Of politics the women knew nothing. On fashions they were uninformed. There were marriages, however, mostly happy; some that were ill-advised. For whoever would have dreamed that Widower Jackson in the brick house would have married a young wife only two years after his first wife's death? Some marriages also were too tardy. So-and-So had been going with a girl for ten years; high time they were married. One of the girls in the settlement had gone off to the town to learn dressmaking; well she would be glad to get back to the good old farm—cure her of wandering; unless she should get married to a town man—but then half those town fellows were not so well off as they looked; largely a matter of style. This young man had piked out West; had not written home in two years. One of these days he would be back, and it was a shame he ever went away, because the farm needed him; the fences were down and the land needed clearing, and if the lad's father was ever to get the mortgage lifted it never would be by hiring a man.

So they gave the hired men a raking over the coals; and they took a turn at the township councillors. And they talked so smoothly that the patches grew into the quilt almost without any one noticing how time was flying or even hearing the stroke of the clock—till suddenly the woman whose quilt it was all about happened out in the kitchen and discovered that it was half an hour from supper time and got busy at the stove.

Such in bald outline was the quilting bee that helped to make the quilt for the township fair.

A. B.

THE WEDDING BREAKFAST

A Story Without a Moral

By JOHN GENTLESHAW



"OH NURSE, you here, sitting all alone? Where is Miss Marjorie? I want her."

"You generally do want her, Mr. Alfred," said the old nurse, looking with kind smiling eyes on the curly-headed youth who had just stepped in out of the sunshine; "I'm very

much afraid you'll be wanting her altogether one of these fine days."

"You know quite well I shall," replied the youngster in a tone of happy assurance, "and you are not a bit afraid of it, so don't pretend. But I really do want her very specially, I've got something I want to give her." He was keeping the "something" hidden behind his back, while he stood with his long legs well apart, looking down at the sweet, wrinkled face of the eighty years old nurse.

"If it's another present, Master Alfred, I think you had better take it back and keep it for a while; you know what Mrs. Winford said about the last—that pearl brooch. Fond as she is of you, she thinks Miss Marjorie too young as yet to receive presents from gentlemen."

"This doesn't come under the veto; it hasn't been listed as contraband yet," said the youth lightly and heartedly, and he exhibited a fine bunch of oak-apples set about with fresh young leaves, tenderly coloured with the lake and amber and green of early spring. "She was just longing for some last night," he explained confidentially, "so I took a look around this morning. Now, where is she, nurse? I've been through the gardens and the paddock. Be a good soul. I shall have my nose on the grindstone again to-morrow, so I don't want to waste time."

"Her father has taken her in his car to the city to help him to buy something for her mother, so I'm afraid you must do without her this morning; but if you would like to please Mrs. Winford very much, just go into the little east sitting-room, where she is, and take her that bunch of oak-apples. It's Oak-Apple Day, and you'll find she'll be delighted. There will be plenty of time for you to gather another bunch for Miss Marjorie."

The youth looked doubtfully at the nurse. He was not only disappointed at missing Sweet Seventeen, he feared his old friend and confidante was trying to "let him in for something." There was a gleeful twinkle in the bright old eyes that filled this astute young gentleman with suspicion.

"I believe you are trying to work me one," he said with a knowing look. "Why should Mrs. Winford be especially pleased with a bunch of oak-apples?"

"Never you mind, Master Alfred," replied the old lady, looking more amused and mysterious than ever, and pausing in her stocking-darning to add emphasis to her words; "you mark what I say; if you want to please Mrs. Winford very much indeed, just take her that bunch of oak-apples."

"I believe, nurse, you want to make me look foolish," said the very young man, with dignity. "Why should she be so extra much pleased with such a trifle?"

"You take her the bunch, Master Alfred, and then if she won't tell you the story, I will."

The old lady, still as fond as any kitten of a bit of fun, could not be induced to give any further information, so eventually, not without some secret misgivings and fears for his dignity, Alfred Bagster betook himself to Mrs. Winford's favourite sitting-room—thus bearing the offering intended for his lady-love to his lady-love's mother, a course, by the way, that may be recommended for occasional imitation.

"Why, Alfred, what a dear boy you are! Whoever put such an idea into your head? Now, I do think this kind. I believe they are the finest and prettiest oak-apples I have had since I first wore a wreath of them in my hair—a long, long time ago."

There could be no doubt that the lady was pleased. Her face became quite young again, in spite of the fifty-five years that by right belonged to it. A beautiful face it was, sweet and motherly, and full of charm. When one looked at Mrs. Winford it was not difficult to understand Master Alfred's devotion to her youngest and only unmarried daughter. She was the wife of the great bridge-

building engineer, head of the firm of Winford and Madeley, and for many years past young Bagster, son of a well-to-do neighbour, had been a favourite protegee.

He tried to look very modest while Mrs. Winford thanked and praised him, and then he asked to be told the "story."

"Don't you know it is my wedding day?" inquired the lady.

"Your wedding day! And did you wear a wreath of oak-apples instead of orange-blossoms?"

Mrs. Winford laughed: "Something like that," she said, "but I'm afraid I dare not tell you the story. Ask Nurse. She has put you up to this, I'll warrant. You see I am a bit doubtful about the moral of the story myself."

"Never mind the moral, dear Mrs. Winford. You tell me the story and I'll put the moral in myself."

"I'm afraid you would put in the wrong one," replied Mrs. Winford, "but as you have been such a good boy to bring me this lovely bunch of oak-apples on my wedding day, although I believe you picked them for someone else to begin with, you may go to Nurse and tell her I'm not a bit ashamed of myself, although I've had thirty-four years in which to think over my wickedness. Tell her that I should do just the same again if I had to make the same choice."

This order, and signal of dismissal, the youth hastened to obey; and we will now endeavour to repeat the story which the old nurse, with inimitably vivid glances and expressive gestures, told to Alfred Bagster on that beautiful May morning.

"You must know, Master Alfred, that when Miss Millie Goodman, now Mrs. Winford, was a girl of eighteen years, she was the fairest maiden in her native town of Wroxhampton, and I don't suppose that London town itself, nor the Queen's Court even, could show any lovelier girl. If I tell you that she was more beautiful than Miss Marjorie, I know you won't believe me, but upon my word, I think it's true. But although she was so fair to see, and had been well educated at a boarding-school—quite a fine establishment at Malvern for the training of young ladies, and very expensive—at the time of which I am speaking her prospects of spending a happy life did not appear very bright. And now I must tell you why.

"Her father—'Tom Goodman,' as everybody in Wroxhampton called him—was the proprietor of the most noted and prosperous hotel in the town. I don't suppose there are any such hosts as he in these days. He belonged to the old style of proprietor, and could remember the day when twenty stage-coaches a week used to stop outside his hall door. He was a big stout man, with a red face and a red neck, bright peering grey eyes, and a very kind heart, in spite of his stubbornness and prejudices. Next to his love for Miss Millie, which was as real as real could be, I think the most outstanding thing about him was the pride he took in his establishment. He was never happier than when arranging a big dinner, or receiving with courteous dignity a distinguished guest. To watch him presiding at the great dinner table, carving a huge turkey or a round of beef, was a sight to remember. He loved good living, liked to smell and see the steam of piping hot joints, and was as proud as any nobleman of the reputation of his cellar. His wife, poor man, had been dead many years; Miss Millie, in fact, could scarcely remember her.

"Now, in some way or other, I don't know how, a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, the only son of a widowed mother, had got acquainted with our sweet Miss Millie. Perhaps it began, as the young lady herself always used to declare, through attendance at the same church. 'That's the best of all places, isn't it, nurse, dear, for meeting a really good young man?'—so she used to answer me when I questioned her. But, whatever the way it first came about—and I daresay, Master Alfred, you know a lot more about such things than a poor old body like me—before I had time to realise what was happening, the young gentleman had stolen my dearie's heart away, and the two were as much in love with one another as if they had been courting a twelvemonth. He was twenty-two and she was just twenty when I first found out how things stood between them. Well, of course—as you, Master Alfred, will well understand—the young couple wanted to see a good deal of each other, and before very long Mr. Tom Goodman got wind of it. I expected he would have made trouble straight away,

for he was somewhat jealous of his daughter's affection; but to my surprise he seemed after a few days to settle down to the idea. 'A man can't live forever,' he said to me, 'and it's only right human nature, and God's law, too,' he said, 'that a maid should give her heart to the man of her choice, and I won't say but what Millie has picked out a very proper sort of man, a lad who'll turn out straight and square, anyway. But Lord bless us, nurse,' he said, 'the little minx is too young for any such notions at present. She ought to be playing with her dolls or darning stockings, and not filling her head with love rubbish.' And that was the only hard thing he said about it at the time—for two or three months in fact.

"But the course of true love never does run smooth in this sad world, and my dearie's experience was no exception to the rule. Just when I thought it would all turn out pleasant for everyone concerned, and when young Mr. Winford had taken Miss Millie to see his mother, and his mother had kissed her, and approved of her, and sent her home with a heart as happy as a bird in June, what does her father do but suddenly begin to oppose the match! For a few weeks he only grumbled, and that more to himself and to me than to his daughter, though she knew well enough there was something wrong. Neither she nor I, however, were prepared for what happened next. I remember very well how, one Monday, he came to the room where we were sewing, and announced that Mr. Winford must not come to the house again, and that it would be better for a good little girl like Millie not to think any more about him. He seemed to imagine, poor man, from the way he spoke, that it would be the easiest thing in the world for the child to pluck her sweetheart's image out of her breast, and live as though she had never seen him. I need not tell you what a to-do there was; how Miss Millie cried till she could scarcely see out of her pretty eyes, and how she persuaded me to take upon myself to find out why her father had suddenly altered his mind.

"And what do you think, Master Alfred, was the cause of all this trouble? I don't suppose you'd ever guess, and upon my word it seems almost too silly to be believed. Young Mr. Winford had been trained as a civil engineer, and his mother had contrived, just about this time, to start him in business on his own account. I daresay his prospects were not very bright, for more capital was needed, and his mother and he had been too greatly reduced in circumstances by a bank failure to warrant them making a larger venture. Now it appears that Tom Goodman had taken note of all this, and being very anxious for his daughter's welfare had resolved on making what he considered a most magnanimous offer. He paid a visit to Mr. Winford, and under pledge of confidence actually offered to take him into partnership at the hotel, with the promise that if he 'tumbled to the ways of things,' he himself would retire in a year or two's time, and leave the place entirely in his son-in-law's hands. I believe also he expressed a very emphatic opinion about the 'gamble,' as he called it, in which young Winford was then occupied. No doubt it was a generous offer, and no doubt it presented something in the nature of a temptation to the young gentleman, for he was in a great hurry to marry Miss Millie. But you may be sure he was not the man to accept it. Not even for Miss Millie's sake would he consent to abandon all his noble ambitions, make null and void his mother's sacrifices, and adopt a manner of life destructive to his usefulness in the world.

"As gently as he could he declined to avail himself of Mr. Goodman's kindness, thus putting that gentleman's good-will to the stretch, as you might say, Master Alfred; but even that did not cause Tom Goodman to resort to extreme measures. This came about from his discovery, a week or two later, that Mr. Winford was 'experimenting.' He told me about it in a tone that seemed to imply it was the last straw that any father could bear who had a care for his daughter's future. 'The young fool is experimenting,' he said, 'building a bridge in the back garden of his mother's house. I'm told the timber alone cost twenty pounds, and he's put it up and pulled it down half-a-dozen times already. He'll ruin himself, and ruin his poor old mother as well. I won't allow Millie to have anything to do with him. Mind, Nurse, there must be no correspondence whatever between them.'

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 25.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE



Miss Frances Howard,
Lord Strathcona's Granddaughter.

her, Master Donald Howard are the constant companions of their devoted grandfather in his tour of Canada.

* * *

A WOMEN'S BUILDING.

AT the Canadian National Exhibition this year the display of home industries and handicrafts in the Women's Building is a most notable one. The exploitation of this home work is not only of great economic and educational value to Canada and Canadians but it also arouses international interest in the industries and crafts movement generally.

As ever, the Habitant homespuns in wool and linen are a centre of attraction around which the eternal feminine chat in groups. This soft, durable and washable material is in great demand for dresses and outdoor garments, the favourite colours being the greys, greens, browns and blues. With these are shown most exquisite silk embroideries in harmonising tones, done by the French Canadian women and by the Doukhobours of the West. The display of portieres and hangings, too, is somewhat pretentious, and one is surprised at the many uses made of linen in house decorations, which, when stencilled or drawn, is most artistic and ornamental.

An important feature of the rather elaborate lace display is the daily demonstration of Torchon and Maltese lace-making by two adept craftswomen. Watching closely one sees that they work by a paper pattern which is firmly stitched to the pillow, and then with the aid of many little pins and many fast flying bobbins tossed by skilful hands, the pattern grows into a thing of beauty and an alluring joy to the feminine heart. In Canada, as yet, the fascinating art of lace-making is almost entirely confined to ladies of leisure and has no place amongst its national industries.

Near the lace-makers, is a Scotswoman skilled in the craft of enamel jewellery making which, from the plastic material of the table operations, to the finished product fresh from the gas kiln, is completed before the viewer. As one of the industries yet in its infancy in Canada much interest is taken in this exceedingly novel process. The women of the Canadian Art Association are keenly alive to the possibilities of this branch of handicrafts and have induced the clever craftswoman to remain in Canada and give practical lessons in her work at the different branches established in all the important cities.

In beadwork there are shown many dainty handbags, purses, belts and slippers in soft, subdued colours, the work of Canadian women, as well as the more bold and highly coloured product of the Indians. From the Blind Institute at Brantford, there have come several beautiful pieces in this class of work, besides many articles of fine needlework.

Interesting as the needlework exhibit is, there is a predominance of large, gaudy, conventional designs, which seem to show an abundant lack of good taste in colour and decoration. Much of it, however, is exquisite and dainty, this being especially noticeable in the all white pieces.

There is the usual array of carpets, rugs and quilts, as well as basketry, pottery and woodcarving,

the latter being shown mostly in the heavy, old-fashioned style of deeply carved walnut, consisting of tables, chairs, hall seats and panels in various shapes and designs.

In the collection of china painting there are many beautiful sets and odd pieces, the floral and fruit designs being much in evidence, those decorated in gooseberries eliciting, perhaps, the most praise, by the dainty tinting of the leaves, and the delicate transparency of the fruit. The work in small flowers, however, was especially commendable and received its share of admiring comment.

In the culinary department much satisfaction is expressed owing to the fact that a domestic scientist has been appointed to decide the merits of the various exhibits. So keen was the competition in this class that much difficulty was experienced in determining the prize winners. The greater part of the jellies, canned fruit and vegetables was pronounced first-class, and the prizes were awarded only after much deliberation. By the many samples of excellent home-made bread one realises that the homely, old-fashioned art of bread making is in a healthy stage of revivification. Several young girls sent in fine, wholesome loaves, a happy combination of size and quality, and fair samples of home-made biscuits, while some of the cakes in the children's department were superior to those made by the grown-ups.

This women's department, undoubtedly the most progressive in Canada, is managed by a committee of prominent Toronto women who give much valuable voluntary service. Some of these are wives of the directors, others are persons prominent in the women's organisations of the city. One feature of



Miss Alice Dean,
A Young Canadian Violiniste.

their organisation is a tea-room in which every afternoon they entertain their friends at tea. This social feature brings into the building and keeps in touch with the work, many women who might otherwise be inclined to pass the building by. Many gentlemen also visit this little room and talk over the activities which the women represent. Lord Beresford called the other day and took tea with the ladies, asking numerous questions about the management of the department.

* * *

THE above portrait is that of Miss Alice Dean, the charming young Canadian violiniste, who before returning to Canada, created such a furore in musical Prague, where she spent three years under Antonio de Grassi, the distinguished concert master of the "Ceska Philharmonic," and Sevcik, the celebrated Bohemian violin maestro. Before leaving Prague Miss Dean gave the entire programme at an evening musicale under the patronage of the Anglo-Canadian Club in the Winter Garden of the Hotel de Saxe. After the performance the critique of the *Deutsche Abendblatt* said: "Trained according to the methods of the two great masters, she drew from her delightfully toned Canadian fiddle tones so

full of character and so saturated with melody that one willingly listened through the whole evening without any desire for change." Miss Dean's playing possesses much of the charm of Sevcik, who perhaps more than any other great teacher, has the power to transmit to his pupils his own peculiar inspiration. Upon Miss Dean's return home she gave several concerts in the leading Canadian cities, her greatest triumph, perhaps, being in Winnipeg where her audience was captivated by her soulful melody and technical facility. While in Winnipeg Miss Dean was a guest at Government House, and was much entertained by the gay social set. The young violiniste spent last winter in New York, where she played with many distinguished musicians, Sousa and Damrosch being amongst the number, and was in great demand at musicales and social functions of Gotham's ultra-fashionable. Miss Dean has been summering at Saratoga and Newport and will return to New York for the musical season.

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WHILE Lord Charles Beresford was a guest of the Canadian National Exhibition the Commodore and officers of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Toronto, gave a garden party in his honour. It was a delightfully bright day and society was out in full force. The lawns and verandahs were filled with gaily dressed women and many uniformed men. Stirring music was furnished by the Royal Grenadiers' Band, whose red tunics added a gay bit of colour to the already brilliant scene. The clubhouse was lavishly decorated and flags flew everywhere, while the fleet of dressed yachts was an inspiring sight. As the launch, with the distinguished guest on board, drew near, the Commodore and officers of the club walked down the pier to meet him. There were a large number of American guests present, which added much to the enjoyment of the afternoon. After refreshments were served the Admiral expressed his delight at having met them all, and later accompanied by Captain Carleton, he took his departure to the strains of Auld Lang Syne.

* * *

A WEDDING of more than passing interest took place in Vancouver recently when Miss Lucy Webling, of London, England, the original "Little Lord Fauntleroy" of the British stage, was married to Mr. Walter McRaye, the well-known Canadian entertainer who has made the Habitant poems of our much-loved Dr. Drummond his special study through years of professional touring in Canada and the Continent. Many of Miss Webling's professional friends sent remembrances, amongst which was a splendid autograph photo from Miss Helen Terry. Miss E. Pauline Johnson, the Canadian elocutionist and writer of Indian poems and stories, has been associated with Mr. McRaye for the past eight years and claims the romantic distinction of having introduced him to Miss Webling in England three years ago. Mr. and Mrs. McRaye, after a short trip, will spend the remainder of their honeymoon in Vancouver, Miss Johnson having placed her handsome suite of rooms at their disposal.

* * *

THROUGH some misunderstanding, the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto narrowly missed hearing Lord Beresford. When the Admiral's list of engagements was presented to him in Quebec, he and his advisers thought it wise to leave off morning engagements. The Women's Canadian Club engagement was for ten-thirty on Friday morning, and it was therefore eliminated. A notice to this effect was sent to the secretary in Toronto, but by some mischance never reached her. On the following Tuesday, the secretary accidentally heard of it and she proceeded to trace the rumour to its source. She discovered that the information came from a director of the Exhibition Association, which body was Lord Beresford's host. She sought him out and proceeded to ask questions. Later she and the other officers of the Club saw the Admiral's secretary and informed him that it was then too late to cancel the engagement. When the situation was explained to Lord Beresford, he gallantly consented to accept one morning engagement, and on Friday morning the ladies were duly honoured.

In the absence of Mrs. Falconer, the president, Miss Constance Boulton was in the chair, and the speaker was introduced by Sir Glenholme Falconbridge. He paid high compliments to women's work on behalf of humanity, especially in education, civilisation and temperance. In Canada, they seemed to have done more than in any other country, because the tone of the people seemed to be "superior to any other country I have visited." He asked the women to help social reform and naval defence by continuing their interest in these movements. They alone could direct the minds of the youth in proper channels.

THE DEMI-TASSE

PAPA'S LITTLE BOY.

HON. I. B. LUCAS, now that he has entered the Ontario Cabinet, may have to surrender the title of "boy orator of the Ontario Legislature," so long and worthily worn by him. Truth is, I. B. is just as boyish-looking as ever, though the years have been marching on. They tell a story of his first campaign in 1898. It was a cold winter's day. I. B. was doing the side lines in a remote part of his riding in the interests of "good government." He stopped at a farmer's house where he wasn't known, tied his horse at the gate and knocked at the door. The farmer—who was very deaf—responded. Mr. Lucas told his mission. The farmer caught the name, Lucas, and recognised it as that of the Conservative candidate. "Yes, yes, my boy!" he said, patting I. B. on the shoulder. "Run out and tell your father to come right in and warm himself. I'll put his horse away."

A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

IN anticipation of the Bishop's regular official visit to a certain rural Anglican church, great preparations were being made with a view of giving that worthy a grand reception. The Rectory



Cow-Belles.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

grounds were profusely decorated; but when the committee began to cast about them for a supply of bunting the only thing available was a string of old marine signal flags. These were hoisted, however, and the decorations were completed.

On the outskirts of the little crowd, congregated to await the arrival of the Bishop, was an old "deep-water" captain, who seemed very ill at ease. Finally when he could contain himself no longer, he rushed up to the Rector and exclaimed: "If I were you, sir, I'd haul those flags down before the Bishop arrives!"

"Why so, Captain?" demanded the Rector. "I consider they add greatly to the decorations."

"Well, sir, of course you can suit yourself; but I thought I had better tell you. Those are signal flags, and if my code-book is correct, they read: 'In distress: wants a pilot.'"

WHY HE RAN SO HARD.

THE excited man dashes through the gates just as the train is leaving. An equally excited woman shrieks madly at him from the rear platform. He sprints for the train, but it gains headway and leaves him standing in the middle of the track, perspiring and breathless.

"Why did you run so hard, Colonel?" asks a track hand. "That's the limited. Might 'a' knowed you couldn't catch it after it started."

"I knew blamed well I couldn't catch it. I wanted to miss it, but that was my wife on the back platform and I had to put up a bluff."—*Life.*

THE OLD PRETENDER.

THERE is a good story told of a visit King Edward once paid as a young man to Warwick Castle. On this occasion his Majesty received a reading of history new to himself, as it will be to most legitimate historians. It was a grave and dignified old lady, who had been housekeeper in the family for a number of years, who had the honour of showing the interior of the Castle to the Royal visitor. At one point she handed him a relic with

the remark that it had belonged to King James III. "King James III.?" echoed the King. "Oh, yes, the Old Pretender." The elderly servitor drew herself up sharply. "We don't think so, your Royal Highness," she snapped.—*M. A. P.*

PANIC AFTER SLUMP.

(With Aytoun's Apologies to Me.)

News of finance! News of finance!
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street!
Hear the newsboys shouting, "Extra!—
All about the slump in wheat!"
News of failure! Who was "bitten"?
News of triumph! Who was wise?
Wise enough to stand from under
When the "signs" predicted "rise"?

All last night I watched the "ticker"—
Dreamy visions from afar!—
And its tape showed wheat was rising
Point by point, o'er-topping par.
All the morn my foolish fancy
Seemed to whisper, "All is well";
Now she's on the wild toboggan;—
What a fool, I didn't sell!

Call me Rube and call me "sucker"!
Kick me hard, right here and now!
Ouch, that's plenty! Now, it's over,
Listen to this solemn vow:
Till my "scads" that line your pockets
Shall return to me again,
Bulls and Bears on dear old Stock 'Change
Ye may lay for me in vain!

E. E. KELLEY.

IMITATING FATHER.

THE other day I took my young nephew to the barber for the first time. I hated to see the soft little curls cut off, but his mother decided they must go. As the barber tied the towel under his baby chin, he remarked, "How do you want your hair cut, young man?"

"Wif a little round hole in the top, like my faver's."—*The Delineator.*

AS GOOD AS HE SENT.

AT a recent meeting of the directors of an Eastern railroad, a prominent railroad man repeated a story that he just had from a conductor on one of the limited expresses between New York and the West.

It seems that a dapper chap in the first chair car had managed to become unusually friendly with an attractive young woman in an adjoining seat. When the train pulled into Buffalo, the masher, in taking leave of the lass, remarked:

"Do you know, I must thank you for an awfully

awfully pleasant time; but I'm afraid you would not have been so nice to me had you known that I was a married man"

"Oh, as to that," quickly and pleasantly responded the charming young woman, "you haven't the least advantage of me. I am an escaped lunatic."—*Sunday Magazine.*

WHY HE COULD NOT TALK.

A COMMUTER, says a writer in the *New York Times*, hired a Swedish carpenter to repair some blinds on the outside of his house. During the day the commuter's wife looked after things, and once or twice came out to see if the man was getting on all right.

"Is there anything you need, Mr. Swenson?" she asked, on her second trip.

The carpenter gulped once or twice, but made no reply. The lady repeated the question.

Again a gulp and no answer.

"Why don't you answer me, sir?" said the lady indignantly.

The Swede turned and looked down at her gravely.

"My mout is full of sgrews," he said. "I cannot speag until I svaller some!"

A PLACE FOR HOSEA.

MR. HALE once told of a minister who preached over an hour on the four greater prophets, and then, when his exhausted congregation thought he was through, took a long breath, turned a fresh page, and, leaning over the pulpit, said: "We now come to the more complex question of the minor prophets. First let us assign to them their proper order. Where, brethren, shall we place Hosea?" An irascible old gentleman in a back pew rose, took his hat and stick, and said as he departed: "You may give him my place, if you want to. I'm going."—*Argonaut.*

THE WRONG MAN.

A MARRIED couple stood looking into a shop window. A handsome tailor-made dress took the lady's fancy, and she left her husband's side to examine it more closely. Then she went back to where she had been standing and took his arm. "You never look at anything I want to look at!" she exclaimed. "You don't care how I dress! You don't care for me now! Why, you haven't kissed me for three weeks!" "Indeed, I am sorry. It is not my fault, but my misfortune!" said the man. Turning round she looked at him and gasped. She had taken the arm of the wrong man.—*Argonaut.*

THE REAL THING.

"WHAT'S doing in the way of amusements?" asks the new-comer of the old inhabitant of Hades.

"Baseball game every afternoon," answers the old inhabitant.

"Baseball? You don't mean it! That's great. I was a fan from 'way back, on earth. On the square, do you have baseball every day?"

"Sure thing."

"By ginger! This place suits me. Baseball! Say, this can't be hell, then."

"Yes, it is. The home team always loses."—*Life.*



Why is the Shooting always good when you go Fishing?—*Life.*

PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

THE YEAR OF POLES.

THEY say the North Pole has been discovered. In the language of an obscure poet, now editorial writer on a Toronto daily—"Who would have thought it?" All the geography books of our youth taught that the Pole was inaccessible. All the newspaper stories since have corroborated the statement. Books have been written describing the attempts made to discover the Pole. Some of these are books of fact; some of fiction. Dr. Nansen devoted a volume or two to his voyages in that country. Ten years ago Dr. Nansen and Lieut. Peary were almost neck and neck in the race for the Pole. Dr. Nansen was for a while a world-famous figure. He was almost fabulous. Nine years ago a bachelor thirty miles north of Edmonton gave the writer a very circumstantial account of a nocturnal visit paid by the great explorer to his shack. He said it was without a doubt the only and original Nansen, the Pole-finder. But he was perhaps labouring under a delusion that he got from the trek of the overlanders to the Klondike; for the northern part of Canada was lively ten years ago last winter with pack-trains of people pushing northward towards the Pole.

Lieut. Peary tried the dash for the Pole oftener, stuck to it longer and got no nearer than Nansen. He made several trips, his last starting a year after that of Dr. Cook, the alleged discoverer of the Pole, and from the same point in Canada—Sydney, C. B. He is still up in the land of the northern lights, quite unconscious that his old surgeon, Dr. Cook, has discovered the Pole. Ten years ago or more he lectured in Canada on his first voyage. The talk was highly interesting and delivered to a large crowd. In spots it was even dramatic—as for instance when after describing some of the superhuman sufferings and privations such as are spoken of by Dr. Cook he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you will perhaps ask yourselves why men should undergo such things for the sake of discovering a place which so far exists only in the imagination and"—the rest was much of the same character, till he burst out amid a ripple of applause to say that for the sake of such an illusionary object he and his men would do it again and again till they found the Pole or died in the attempt; and they all knew he meant it.

But the Pole is said to have been discovered and Peary is still alive. Walter Wellman's balloon, which was to have dropped upon the Pole, is still "in the air." Poor Andree, who about five years ago tried to locate the Pole by means of a balloon, is still in the balloon and the balloon heaven knows where so far as any precise knowledge of him goes. Dr. Cook, the hitherto unknown, is on his way back to Brooklyn, N. Y. He was surgeon to Peary on one of his earlier voyages; born in New York state forty-four years ago. He has been on two polar expeditions before this one. Why a doctor should have discovered the Pole when eminent geographers and naval lieutenants and life-long explorers failed is a mystery. According to his own statement he found no signs of life at the Pole. No doctor will ever be induced to go there and hang out his shingle. No undertaker will ever flourish there. No railway will ever be built there. The route to the North Pole will never become popular with tourists. If Dr. Cook has found the Pole and did not plant on the spot the Stars and Stripes the question still arises—who owns the Pole anyway? If it belongs to the United States what use will they make of it? If a railway is ever built to it the shortest route must run through Canadian territory. Shall it be said in future geographies that Canada is bounded on the south by the United States and on the north by the Arctic Ocean and the United States?

All sorts of international complications are likely to arise. Norway and Sweden, Siberia and Canada, are all contiguous to the new *terra nova*, which for want of a better name must be called "Polandia." Robert Service will be expected to write another book—"Sonnets of the Dog-Eaters," or something of the kind. But when all is said and done there must be a feeling of disappointment that Dr. Cook did not discover the source of the *aurora borealis*. Mankind will continue to be mystified by the northern lights. Canadians will be kept busy enough for the next hundred years or so hanging electric lights in the far north. We shall still regard the musk-ox as the beast of *ultima thule*. If airships become as common in the near future as they promise to be, some of us may take an occasional summer spin over the land of the midnight sun till we get to the spot where as Dr. Cook says: "He found that by shifting the position of his feet on the tip of the world he could throw himself across a span of longitudinal lines that the swiftest train and steamer could not cover in 40 days." But so far the whole story smacks rather too much of Jules Verne's trip to the moon to convince Peary or Nansen that Dr. Cook had more than a mid-winter night's dream when he discovered the Pole.

Since the above was written—almost before the ink was dry—Peary has discovered the North Pole. This seems to be a good summer for discovering poles. Commander Peary states clearly that he nailed the Stars and

Stripes to the Pole. This quite corroborates our earliest geographical notions concerning the Pole—that it is a real pole made of wood. In his laconic despatch to the *New York Times* and the Governor of Newfoundland Peary says nothing of Dr. Cook. Evidently the Doctor's footprints in the sands of time were all obliterated. For a whole year had passed between the date of Dr. Cook's discovery and that of Lieut. Peary. But of course merely by running round the Pole 365 times to keep his feet warm either Peary or Cook could have put in a year. *Tempus fugit*. Perhaps before this goes to press Capt. Bernier will also have located the Pole. He is going up that way to see that Canadian territory is not encroached upon.

* * *

THE REVIVAL OF FERNIE.

A YEAR ago—plus a few days—Fernie was a firepot.

On the anniversary of the fire the citizens of Fernie took a holiday and had a quiet observance with a banquet in the evening at one of the hotels, given by the Board of Trade. It was a festival with a sad tinge yet full of hope and optimism. Fernie folk are the real pioneering sort. They told each other a good many things that anniversary night; and they remembered a lot of lurid pictures. The event of a year ago still lives in their imagination. Fire is always a big spectacular thing to forget. Plague and pestilence and earthquake and cyclone may be undramatic at times; but when a town like Fernie gets licked up by red flames at night it makes a picture that can never be obliterated from the memory. Chicagoans still speak of the great fire; Hull, P. Q., recalls a great fire—ten years ago; Toronto remembers the great fire—five years ago; Vancouver and St. John both remember the great fires best part of a generation ago. But Fernie's fire was more spectacular and more tragic than most of these. So says the scribe chronicling the event:

"We are proud of the material progress made during the first year after what seemed to many a bewildered denizen of the ash-carpeted, smoke-curtained hollow between the fire-wrapped hills, to have been the hopeless ending of everything, instead of the hopeful beginning of a newer and Greater Fernie. And why do we rejoice? Not because nearly a score of lives were lost. Nor yet is it because thousands were made homeless in those never-to-be-forgotten three hours of one year ago. Nor was it because more than \$5,000,000 worth of the goods of this world has so suddenly been turned into useless ash heaps, and all the beauty of the eternal hills had been turned into one vast graveyard of limbless tree trunks."

The new and greater Fernie has completed and in course of construction over one million dollars worth of fireproof buildings. A new postoffice and court-house costing sixty-five thousand dollars is almost ready to occupy. The provincial court-house costing a hundred thousand dollars is under way. The city hall is done. The new school will be open in the fall. An electric light plant owned by the city is being built at a cost of fifty thousand dollars. Last but not least the contract has been let to build a new fire hall to cost twenty thousand dollars.

* * *

RELIQUES OF CAPT. KIDD.

GETTING money from a hole in the ground is a modern pastime not all confined to miners. Down at Oak Island off the coast of Nova Scotia there has been buried for centuries a legendary treasure which for more than a hundred years has been searched for with shovel and pick, auger and dynamite, crib and shaft and tunnel. It is one of the treasures of Capt. Kidd. Poe, in his story, "The Gold-Bug," probably reckoned that he had told one of the most fascinating stories of underground gold ever penned by mortal man; and so he had. But this of Oak Island is quite as queer; and it looks as though the services of some such wizard as Poe will have to be enlisted before the treasure is unearthed. It is about a hundred and ten years since the spot was located; when three men wandering on the island discovered an oak tree growing over a circular depression. In that hole under the oak for a hundred years people have been trying to find the gold and jewels of Capt. Kidd, who seems to have been something of an Andrew Carnegie, bestowing his surplus on lands and peoples in all parts of the earth. As yet, however, after more than a hundred feet of boring and shafting, with cave-ins and flood-outs, and all sorts of engineering setbacks worthy of a better cause, the gold hunters have not found the iron box of Capt. Kidd. For the devil himself seems to have been in league with the pirate; and it will probably take the devil himself to dig up that box concerning which the inscription on a slab deciphered last century ninety feet down read—"Ten feet below are two million pounds buried." But they went ten feet below and found that the pirate had lied. They went nearly a hundred feet and found more evasions. When they find this ten million dollars and compute what it would have been worth to civilisation at compound interest.



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LITERARY NOTES

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"WHEN a clergyman writes an article on novel reading he almost inevitably provokes the remark, 'much better that he should write about Bible reading,' says the Rev. J. Paterson Smyth, Rector of St. George's, Montreal, in a discussion of the modern novel and its attitude toward religion, in the *Canadian Magazine* for September. Mr. Smyth frankly confesses that the Bible today is rapidly becoming superseded by the novel in teaching ideals and conduct of life. It is not unusual for a novelist to claim the attention of a hundred thousand readers. What preacher has the magnetism to draw an audience of that magnitude? Because of the remarkable influence exerted by the man who preaches through the medium of romance, it becomes a duty of paramount importance, and one too frequently neglected to consider the manner and matter of a novelist's sentiments before permitting his books to influence the un-moulded characters of the young.

Mr. Smyth perceives that a great number of the books which are regarded as of the better class, persistently ignore religion. His opinion of this type he sums up in these words: "But when the book persistently shuts out all high thought, when the whole tone of the book shows you that religion has no place in the writer's scheme of life, it must have an evil influence."

But it is not the worldly novel of which Mr. Smyth entertains the greatest fear; it is the book with the theological tinge—the so-called religious novel. Mr. Smyth's thoughts in this connection may be worth repeating:

"But this religious novel, as it is called, may be very dangerous. In dealing with theological questions, it often deals with them from the point of view of the sceptic, and when the writer is a good man with high ideals and very shaky beliefs, he may do grave harm to the faith of young people, especially if he be a novelist of great literary reputation. Unconsciously people will be impressed by his position in the literary world. So clever a man seems so likely to be right. That is the danger.

"You see there are now before the public two rival teachers of religion, the preacher and the novelist. The novelist has the advantage of the larger audience and the more attractive way of putting his views. The people are more inclined to listen to him, and therefore if he be a well taught, spiritually-minded man his influence must be enormous for good. Owing too to the power of imagination and the wide sympathy which makes him a successful novelist, he is often more in touch with the throbbing heart of the world, with its cravings and longings and aspirations than many a learned theologian.

"But for the most part he has one great disadvantage in teaching theology. As a rule he knows very little about it. To teach the things of God requires a lifetime of study. If you knew the feeling of shame and incompetence with which some of us clergy address people on Sundays, you would understand my statement. After a lifetime of thought and study one feels like a little child gathering pebbles on the shore of the infinite ocean of God's truth. We know God's truth so little. We see it so imperfectly. We teach it so stupidly. We know that after twenty years more we shall be but a little more competent—just a little.

"Now, when you meet a novel with high ideals but suggesting doubts about Christianity, don't let the reputation of the novelist carry you away. Remember that the brilliant novelist

can claim no exemption from the common lot. He must remain ignorant on subjects which he has not carefully studied. When you meet a novel like "Robert Elsmere," showing how easily a good clergyman had all his deepest beliefs shattered by sceptical arguments, it may frighten you. And when you meet another well-known novel where clever people talk pathetically about the sweet sadness of poor humanity's mistaken fancies about a life to come, it may disturb you. But always remember that a man may be a brilliant novelist and yet have a very superficial acquaintance with Christianity and Christ. Many men's faith has been shaken by forgetting this. Because the writer has a great name as a novelist they forget that he may know very little about Christianity."

* * *

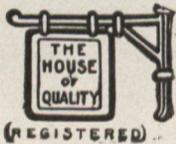
There are a goodly number of women in England who consider that they know everything about our sister colony, India, listening to their husbands' evening disquisitions over the dining table, but Mrs. Flora Annie Steele, according to the opinion of Mr. Balfour, is the one woman who possesses a knowledge of the real India. Mrs. Steele is the author of one of the greatest novels of Indian life, "On the Face of the Waters." This book was the culmination of her long sojourn in the East. For twenty-five years Mrs. Steele inspected the Government schools of the Punjab. Whenever, for a period, she snatched short respites from her inspectorial duties, Mrs. Steele engaged in journalistic work, assisting during the hot spells an overburdened newspaper editor. Often it happened she wrote and issued the whole paper. In this way she gained invaluable knowledge of technique and practice of composition. In due time she considered publishing a book. Her first work was a masterpiece of its kind, "The Complete Cook and Housekeeper." In succeeding efforts Mrs. Steele found her place in fiction. Her novel "On the Face of the Waters," was written with painstaking attention to detail. Mrs. Steele revolved the plot in her mind for months, and then, that her picture of native life should not lack in realism, exiled herself to the Mussulman quarter of a Punjab town, for close observation.

* * *

Baroness d'Anethan, the sister of Mr. Rider Haggard, has just published a novel entitled "Two Women."

Algiers Soberer than Canada
(*Kingston Standard*)

MR. COX, an enterprising Englishman, who has been a wine grower in Algiers for the past thirty years and is now setting up his son as a horse rancher on the foothills of Alberta, in a recent interview contrasted the soberness of Algiers with the lack of it in Canada. He stated that he had seen as much drunkenness on the railway train from the Crow's Nest Pass to Medicine Hat as he had seen in thirty years in Algiers. This is probably true. Drinking is certainly a vice of only too many Englishmen whether at home or in the colonies; but there is a steady improvement in that regard in Canada. If Mr. Cox had visited Canada thirty years ago he would have found drunkenness even more noticeable than he does now. The world is growing steadily better, and we here in Canada are doing our part to help in the good work. We are not only a more sober people, but we are a more sane and rational people than we were thirty years ago.



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FOR THE CHILDREN



A BEE STORY

BY MABLE WHEELER.

GRANDMAMA was going along the lane, hunting for strawberries. She was not grandmama then, of course, only a little girl named Mary, who lived on a farm. She had just knelt down to look under some big leaves, when right ahead of her she heard a queer, buzzing sound. She looked up quickly, and saw a black cloud coming straight toward her. In a moment it had flown over her head and had turned into the orchard. Mary dropped her basket and followed. Through the orchard and over a field went the bees, and Mary after them. There was a smaller orchard beyond, and presently the bees lighted on the limb of one of the apple-trees. Mary waited a minute, but as they did not move, she ran back to the house as fast as she could. She was a country child, and knew what this meant.

When Mary's mother heard that a swarm of bees had settled in the orchard, she went to the linen-closet and took out a large, coarse sheet. Then when Mary had found her father and excitedly told her story, they started out.

Mary was almost afraid to look for fear that the bees had gone, but there they were, on the same bough. Mary's father climbed the tree and began to saw off the branch. When it was cut through he laid it on the linen sheet. All this time the bees were as quiet as possible, all huddled together, so that they looked like a big rubber ball. The hive, or as Mary's father called it, "the skip," was put over them, and the four corners of the sheet tied together over the top. Then some of the men carried it back to the house. It was put with the other hives, and all through the summer the bees were busy making honey. When fall came the hives were full, so the bees were smoked until they were stupefied and could not sting. There was a great deal of honey in Mary's hive, so much that it was sold for three dollars, and the money was given to Mary for her discovery.—*The Youth's Companion.*

ESTELLA

There was a wee girl named Estella
Who owned an enormous umbrella;
Till one day in a gale
With lightning and hail
The umbrella went up with Estella.
—*St. Nicholas.*

ABOUT SIX LITTLE CHICKENS

BY S. L. ELLIOTT.

A MOTHER BIDDY sat on her nest, with what do you think in the nest? Six smooth white eggs! After she had sat there quite a long time till she was very tired, what do you suppose happened to one of those eggs? There was a noise that went "snick, snick," and out of the shell stepped something like a little fuzzy ball, but with two bright eyes, and two bits of feet to walk on. What do you think it was? A little chicken? Yes, and Mother Biddy was so glad to see it, and she called it "Fluffy." And Fluffy said: "Peep, peep! I have some brothers and sisters in the shells; if you call them, I think they will come." So Mother Biddy said: "Cluck, cluck!" and something said: "Peep, peep!" and out came another chicken, as black as it could be, so Mother Biddy called it "Topsy." "Are there any more?" said Mother Biddy. "Yes. Peep, peep! We're coming; wait for us," and there came four more little chickens as fast as they could run. One was as white as snow, and Mother Biddy called it "Snowball." The next was yellow and white, and she named it "Daisy." Then there was a yellow one with a brown ring around its neck, and that was called "Brownie." And what do you think! one was all black, only it had a little white spot on the top of its head that looked like a cap, so Mother Biddy called it "Spottie." Now they were all out of their shells, and they said: "Peep, peep! We're hungry." So Mother Biddy said: "Cluck, cluck! Come see my babies," and out of the house, close by, came a little girl with some corn-meal in a dish, and my! wasn't she glad to see the chickens?

After they had eaten all they wanted, they

thought they would take a walk and see this queer world they had come to live in.

Pretty soon they came to a brook, and they all stood in a row and looked in. "Let us have a drink," they said, so they put their heads down, when—

"Peep, peep!" said Spottie. "I see a little chicken with a spot on its head."

"No, no," said Brownie; "it has a ring around its neck, and looks like me."

"Peep, peep!" said Daisy. "I think it's like me, for it is yellow and white."

And I don't know but they would all have tumbled in to see if they hadn't felt something drop right on the ends of their noses. "What's that?" said Fluffy. "Cluck, cluck!" said Mother Biddy. "Every chicken of you come in, for it is going to rain, and you'll get your feathers wet."

So they ran as fast as they could, and in a few minutes the six little chickens were all cuddled under Mother Biddy's wing, fast asleep.

—*St. Nicholas.*

TUNES OF SICILY

BY ESTELLE M. KERR.

WHEN the sun has set in glory, turning sea and sky to gold,
And the goats at last are gathered sleeping safely in the fold,
Then the goatherd on the terrace over the Ionian sea
With his pipe sits in the twilight, playing tunes of Sicily.

First he plays the songs of fairies dwelling there before Man came,
Merry tunes of nymphs and mermaids, giants pixies and their train.
Warlike songs of Greeks and Romans, tunes of busy builders, too,
Sea songs sung by sailors coming from an old land to a new.

Then the tunes grow weird and plaintive, that by Saracens were sung
When they conquered fair Sicily and her people dwelt among.
Then the gay French dances follow as the Eastern airs grow dim,
Till at last his song and spirit soar in Garibaldi's hymn.

—*St. Nicholas.*

A LEADING QUESTION

THE youngest teachers of the Lincoln school are telling with glee a great joke on Miss Blank, one of the oldest and most capable instructors in the primary grades of our schools.

It was Harold's first day at school. Miss Blank came down to his desk and said, "What is your name?"

"Harold Smith," the bright youngster replied. "And how old are you?" went on Miss Blank in her methodical way.

"Six," said Harold. "How old are you?" and the young teachers are laughing still.—*Lippincott's.*

HOW TO DO AN ERRAND WELL

"How to do an errand well?"
I surely am the one to tell.
Through all my life my feet have run
On errands bent from sun to sun.
So, I should say, first, learn to make
Quick time on every trip you take.
Be sure you know your errand right,
Then speed away with all your might.
Do it, as if your very own,
That always is the best way known.
Nor pause nor linger till it's done,
To do it soon is half the fun.
Put heart and mind in doing well,
And—that is all there is to tell!

—*Kindergarten Review.*



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"When I was just starting housekeeping, the only good thing about the salt we had, was its salty taste.

"But you girls can get

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—that excellent salt which stays fresh and dry in all kinds of weather—and never "cakes" or "hardens." You will never have any trouble with Windsor Table Salt."

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This guarantee of our advertisements appearing in the "CANADIAN COURIER" is, we believe, the broadest, strongest and best ever given to the subscribers of any periodical. It means much to our readers as well as to our advertisers.

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ALSO AT MONTREAL AND WINNIPEG

The Seven Stages of the Store.

SHAKESPEARE once wrote of the seven ages of man. Recently two clever young men of Toronto have conspired to write and to picture the seven stages in the evolution of trade in Canada. The two makers of the handsome booklet containing the pictures and the short stories are Mr. C. W. Jefferys, the well-known Canadian black and white artist—and occasional painter of oils and water-colours; and Mr. Sid H. Howard, advertising manager for the Robert Simpson Company, who quite frequently writes for magazines and has made many a full-blooded study of outdoor Canada, especially in the north.

The basic idea of the book is to show that our commercial grandfathers in Canada were Indians, and that from the day of the fur trader until now there has been a successive development on national lines in trade. "The First Exchange" depicts Jacques Cartier on the banks of the St. Lawrence swapping his beads and fabrics for skins from the half-naked Indians. Says the writer: "He landed near Cape Diamond and there he traded beads and gewgaws for furs with the strange, red-faced people whose village he found there in the valley of the St. Charles."

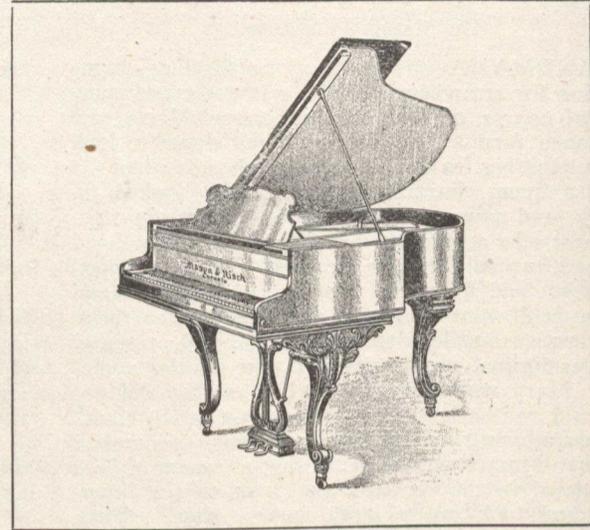
The second picture portrays "The Fortified Trading Post." "Gradually these log strongholds spread across the continent. Soldiers of the French army led the way into the wilderness, built these little fortified stores in the forest, and with them as points of vantage mapped the inland waterways of half a continent."

Then came the free traders after the American Revolution, and the fur store became an institution. "Never again on this continent will such a picture of contrast live and move such as the streets of Montreal presented at the season when the canoes came down—ladies in silks and satins, bush-runners in buckskin and beads, town gentlemen in gorgeous doublets"—and from a variegated picture of that the writer goes on to depict the first store of domesticated civilisation; "the store where women traded eggs for calico, where men bought bear-traps and plough-shares and paid for them with coon-skins; a store for all the rough strong goods used in the stump field and the forest." Follows "The Clapboard Store," which came in the era of the circular saw-mill; containing the postoffice and the box stove; the store of the cross-roads corners to be found by hundreds in older Canada before Confederation. From that to the era of the red brick store was a step in natural evolution; when the cedar block pavement and the street-car had become part of the town picture and when shop fronts decorated the streets. And of course in the natural order and marching on of events we come to the modern department store, which contains a great deal of everything, just as the cross-roads store and the old fur post contained a little of everything. The stories are exceedingly well told and the pictures are in the most vigorous, graphic style of an artist who for pen and ink work has no superior in America.

The makers of this little book—which by the way is particularly well designed and printed—have managed to invest the story of Canadian trade development with as much interest as many a magazine story, and to those who have any fondness whatever for local colour, for the story of adventure and of the trail, the book will be more interesting than many a novel. In this the natural predilections and the experiences of both writer and artist well conspired in the literature of the almighty dollar.

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KEEP EVER IN ADVANCE



☐ The makers of Mason & Risch Pianos have never been imitators or followers. It is their own inventions and innovations which have kept the Mason & Risch Piano far in advance of all others.

☐ The wonderful resonant singing quality of its tone has won the approval of artists and public alike.

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☐ Its enduring musical perfection is due to the honesty and carefulness of its construction. Each instrument is built as though the reputation depended for all time on that one piano.

☐ We are glad to welcome visitors to our warehouses at any time, and to demonstrate our pianos. Failing an early visit send today for our interesting booklet "Inside Information," invaluable to piano purchasers.

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Via Canadian Pacific
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3.45 p.m.	7.26 a.m.
5.20 p.m. Daily	7.50 a.m.
7.10 p.m. Ex. Sunday	7.55 a.m.

Via Niagara Navigation Co.
New York Central Lines

Lv. Toronto	Ar. New York
9.00 a.m. Ex. Sunday	10.08 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	7.03 a.m.
3.45 p.m.	7.50 a.m.
5.15 p.m.	7.55 a.m.

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CANADIAN KODAK CO. Limited
TORONTO, CANADA

MONEY AND MAGNATES

COBALT A PRODUCER OF QUEER DEALS AS WELL AS MINES.

SOMETIMES it is difficult to say whether Cobalt has been more productive of rich mines than of "queer" deals. A whole lot of Montrealers, more especially the French-Canadian crowd, are at a loss to know just what view to take of the situation owing to the very peculiar developments in the Flloyd Cobalt Mining Company, in which they are very largely interested. After nursing the shareholders of Flloyd along with statements that the company's engineers were getting close to native silver the inside interests have decided to sell out their mine—property, plant and all—to another concern to be known as the Temagami Company. The reason why the Temagami Company should want the Flloyd property is not very clear because it is understood that they intend to abandon the property as there is practically no chance of getting anything on it, owing to its being located several miles from the Cobalt belt. Nevertheless the insiders in Flloyd are the insiders in the Temagami Company and on this account the Temagami, which has another property of its own, undertakes to pay to the Flloyd 800,000 shares of its own stock in return for the Flloyd property. These 800,000 are to be pooled or rendered non-negotiable for a year, and as there is nothing behind the present Flloyd stock the shareholders of Flloyd will get one share of Temagami for every two shares of Flloyd.

There was to have been another deal but it slipped through right at the critical moment and as a result a good many speculators were hit pretty hard. By this deal some of the Crown Reserve and Flloyd crowd were to have taken a big block of Flloyd at 15 cents a share and the stock of Temagami was never to be allowed to appear on the market at less than 50 cents a share. Then later on these insiders were to be allowed one share of Temagami at 50 cents for every two shares of Flloyd, making the value of the Flloyd they had purchased at 15 cents a share 25 cents a share, an advance of 10 cents a share. The word was spread around and a good many people bought Flloyd around 12 cents a share believing it would go to 25 cents. But the deal fell through and the other very peculiar one was substituted and Flloyd stock has slumped down around 9 cents a share.

* * *

ANOTHER BIG INDUSTRY INCLUDED IN MERGER.

NOW comes the announcement that nine of the largest cement companies in Canada will be merged into one great big concern to be known as the Canada Cement Company, with a capital of \$30,000,000. And to think that up to the year 1888 no cement was being manufactured in Canada and that for quite a few years after that the young companies found it difficult to sell their entire output. Certainly we have here a very striking illustration of the manner in which Canada has grown. The nine concerns included in the new big merger will have a total capacity in excess of 4,500,000 barrels per annum, or a daily capacity of about 15,000 barrels for every working day in the year. And it is all consumed in Canada.

But where? Just stop for a moment and think of the enormous public works that are being carried out in all parts of the country, including railways, canals, bridge foundations, harbour improvements, piers, wharves, docks, pavements and building foundations, and then you will quickly form some idea of how rapidly it has been necessary for this industry to develop in order to keep pace with the increasing demand coming from every section of the Dominion.

Naturally it took an enormous amount of capital to secure control of such large concerns as are included in the new merger, with the result that the new concern will have a capital of \$30,000,000, of which \$22,500,000 will be issued at the present time.

Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa will be largely represented on the Board of Directors of the new big corporation. Toronto and Montreal gain their right to representation largely through the part some of their leading financiers have played in working out the financial details of the new merger, while Ottawa secures its representation because of the active part it has taken in the development of the cement industry right from its inception in Canada. The Toronto group includes Senator Geo. A. Cox and W. D. Matthews, Montreal is represented by Rudolphe Forget, M. P., the president of the Montreal Stock Exchange, W. M. Aitken, the young director of the Montreal Trust Company, who perhaps had more to do with the successful completion of the merger than anybody else, and Senator Mackay; while Ottawa has Sir Sandford Fleming, who right along has been identified with the International Portland Cement, Mr. J. R. Booth, the veteran capitalist, and J. S. Irwin, the managing director of the International Company.

* * *

MARVELLOUS CHANGE IN STEEL INDUSTRY.

CANADA'S parent steel industry, the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, has certainly made rapid headway towards really prosperous conditions during the past few months. A little over a year ago not even the most optimistic of the shareholders of the company thought there was the slightest chance of the company paying a dividend on its preferred stock out of its own earnings for at least two or three years.

And along comes President Plummer, now regarded as the saviour of the big industry, who is prepared to state that the 7 per cent. dividend that will be payable on the preference stock on October 1 next will come entirely out of earnings because up to the present time the company has not effected any settlement of the outstanding damages of \$1,300,000 with the Dominion Coal Company. Besides the directors have decided that just as soon as any money is secured from the Coal Company it will be paid over to the shareholders. No more practical illustration can be given, than by the payment of a good dividend, of the fact that Canada's steel industry was less affected than that of any other country by the industrial setback that occurred a couple of years ago, and that the recovery here was more rapid than that enjoyed by any other country. On the other hand the shareholders of very few concerns deserve more consideration than do those of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company because of the long time they were forced to do without even the cumulative dividend on the preferred shares and had seen the stock most of them had purchased around \$100 a share dwindle away to below \$20 a share. As one prominent interest remarked to me one day the only thing that ever saved the company from going into liquidation was when the directors undertook to take an issue of \$1,500,000 of second mortgage bonds at par at a time when the company's first mortgage bonds were selling below 60.

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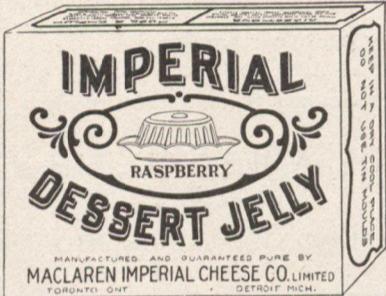
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When a knife is dull a Pandora owner never wastes time hunting for a "steel." She just walks over to the emery rod attachment to Pandora, gives knife six or eight passes over the high-grade emery, which puts on the keenest kind of an edge.

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WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK

BOARD OF CONTROL FOR MONTREAL.

(Montreal Standard.)

IF any improvement is to be made in the civic government of Montreal as a result of the revelations of graft and corruption made before the Royal Commission, it is essential that the citizens should thoroughly understand that it will depend upon the interest which they take in the subject as to whether or not any improvement will be made. The Board of Control idea will be placed before the people for their endorsement in September next. It is of supreme importance that the citizens should realise that if they want better civic conditions they should see that nothing interferes with the carrying out of their wishes in this respect. It will be a contest between the citizens and the grafters. There is many a man, many an organisation, determined that this Board of Control idea shall not carry. Why? The reason is not far to seek. Study the evidence contained in the Royal Commission, and it will be clearly seen that a Board of Control would prevent many of the irregularities, if not worse, which have been taking place. There is, therefore, a strong influence, in fact, which will do everything to maintain the old conditions—the old graft conditions. It therefore remains with the citizens themselves whether or not they desire better things. If they do not get out and work, and organise, better conditions will not be obtained.

* * *

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE GAMBLERS.

(Toronto Globe.)

THE Federal Government cannot any longer evade responsibility for race-track gambling in Canada. Parliament must face the question squarely. The statute, as it now stands, according to the interpretation of the courts, is a mockery of justice. Race-track book-making is a crime in one place, but not in another. It is a crime if the book-maker stands on a box, but not if he moves about the race-grounds. The Department of Justice has failed, so far, to frame a statute that will do what Parliament manifestly intended should be done. For this reason Canada to-day stands disgraced as being the resort of race-track gamblers who have been driven out of every State in the American Republic. What is absolutely illegal in New York State, in Texas, and now even in Kentucky and California, is, by the interpretations of Canadian courts, legal in Canada. Even Japan has passed a law prohibiting race-track gambling such as Canada allows. That Canada should allow it is to the shame of Canadians.

The situation in Canada is intolerable. Every great race-track in Canada is an evil and a curse. The question is under discussion, and must be fought to an issue. For these reasons it was a piece of blundering for the Department of State at Ottawa to grant a charter of incorporation to a group of men whose reputation where they are known warrants the apprehension that the evils which have made the Woodbine, Fort Erie, and Windsor centres and agencies for gambling will, under this Federal charter, be multiplied in number and made more vicious in character.

The Department was under no obligation to grant that charter. A race-track does not belong to the same

category as ordinary industrial lands, it has been identified with gambling, and is a universal instrument in promoting that vice, just as the bar-room, even though legal, is everywhere an agent serving the vice of drunkenness. To regard either a race-track or a bar-room as an enterprise that must be promoted by the Department of State of Canada is to confuse things that differ. These institutions are notoriously a menace to national welfare. Public opinion is aroused against both of them. For the Ontario Government to issue liquor-club licenses as a matter of "departmental routine," even though it might be "legal," would be as unjustifiable an exercise of Governmental responsibility as for the Department of State at Ottawa to grant wide racing charters to men whose supreme interest in horse-racing is the betting opportunities it affords.

The defences offered by Mr. Hartley Dewart, K.C., may be regarded as professionally proper, but not even he expects that his estimate of his "clients" will be accepted in Toronto. The question is not as to the legality or the propriety of horse-racing. Neither has it to do with existing racing associations. Indeed, the failure of the law-officers of the Crown to suppress gambling and book-making in connection with the Woodbine and other Ontario tracks should have made the Department of State hesitate before increasing notoriously law-breaking agencies in Canada "as a matter of departmental routine." Neither at Ottawa nor at Toronto has the Department of Justice proved itself equal to the task of framing and administering laws such as will suppress the gambling enterprises of alleged "reputable citizens." The question now goes to the Government—to Parliament—to the people. It is something more than "departmental routine."

* * *

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

(Kingston Standard.)

IT is not so much that Germany has at present a greater navy or an immediate prospect of having one that has caused the excitement in Britain, as it is that German efficiency is telling against England in every direction; and Englishmen recognise that German efficiency applied to naval construction may in the end win out.

The course for England to adopt is plain. Every energy should be exerted to give the masses of the English people a splendid technical training. This has not been done. In her higher University education the training given in England has always been admirable though even in that some improvement must be made on the technical side. But the British were content to educate the classes—the masses did not matter. It was a fatal blunder. Germany and England are both aristocratic countries, but there is this difference—in England the wealthy classes control all legislation and they have legislated for themselves—for the rich; in Germany, on the contrary, the Emperor is all-powerful and no more astute or able ruler has sat on a European throne for a century than the present Emperor of Germany. He has seen clearly that the masses must be educated and he has left no stone unturned to make their education as thorough as human means could make it. The result has shown the wisdom of the course he adopted.

Wedding Breakfast

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

"Well, Master Alfred, I'm not going to pretend to you that that harsh order was literally obeyed. Mind you, I never countenanced any disobedience myself, and I always pretended not to listen when Miss Millie dropped hints about her lover. There were times, too, when I had to pretend not to see, as once when she took a little note from her bosom and kissed it as daringly as you please before my very eyes! As for her father, as long as he saw her looking bright, and heard her singing about the house, he didn't worry any further. You see it was all very well to forbid correspondence, but to prevent it was another matter, when she had only to trip down the steps into the coach-yard to find half-a-dozen men—all faithful old servants of her father's, too—who were willing to sell their souls to do her a service.

"However, in some way or other Tom Goodman learned that matters were not yet at an end between the young people. As you may suppose, Master Alfred, he was very angry, and even went so far as to interview his men, and threaten them with dismissal if any more notes were conveyed between the parties. As for me, I got into disgrace altogether, and was told I was blind and deaf, and was no good in the world at all. But Miss Millie would insist I shouldn't go away; and I loved her so much I think I would have suffered much worse things said about me than that, if only I might be permitted to stay near her.

"Well, time went on until there came a day when the whole house was filled with the noise of preparation for a great club-feast that was to take place on the morrow. Tom Goodman was in his element. As the geese and turkeys, the beef and mutton, the fruits and vegetables, were brought in by the tradesmen, he examined and weighed and hustled and hustled as though a new pleasure had suddenly come into life. All that day, while the house was full of busy folk, I noticed that Miss Millie went about her own duties with a strange light of happiness in her eyes—a frightened, wild-bird happiness that made her very quiet and very retiring, and which I don't suppose anybody observed except myself. She kissed me, too, more often than usual that day, and when she went to bed she gave me a hug, and said, 'You do love me, nursie dear, don't you, and you always will, for ever and ever?' I told her she need have no doubts about that, for I should love her as long as there was breath in my body.

"Next morning she came down to breakfast—which was unusually early—looking a little pale, and with eyes brighter than I liked to see. She kissed her father most affectionately, and when the meal was over said she would go back to her room for a while. I said 'You ought not to have got up, dear; shall I come and look after you a bit?' 'Oh, no, nurse,' she cried hurriedly, 'you have heaps of things to do to-day, and I would much sooner be by myself.'

"I was very busy, like everyone else in the house, so I left her alone as she requested.

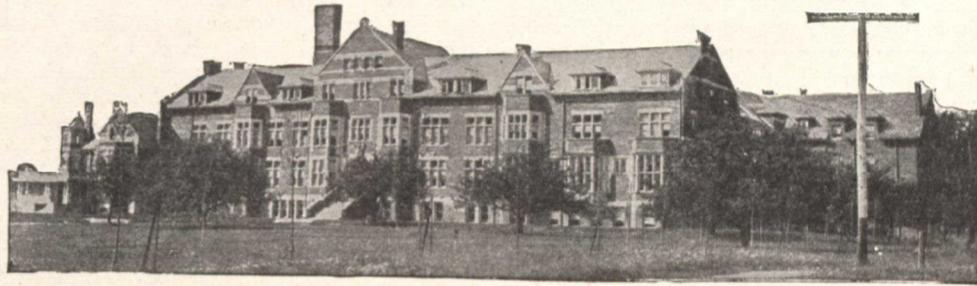
"No one had any suspicion there was anything wrong until eleven o'clock, when a belated butcher-boy came round to the back with an extra leg of mutton which had been sent for. He came swaggering up the yard, and right into the outer kitchen with his joint. 'Here, cook,' he cried to the first girl he caught sight of, 'here's the leg of mutton, and the missis says it's too bad of Mr. Goodman not to tell her he wanted all

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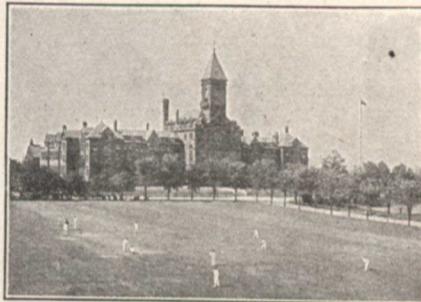
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these things for Miss Millie's wedding feast. Oh, Lor'! fancy stuffing folks up it was a club feed!

"What do you mean, you impudent urchin?" cried the girl, "talking about Miss Millie and marriage? Such rubbish! Miss Millie's unwell, and lying down in her bedroom. I know, because I was told not to disturb her."

"That she ain't then," said the boy, "for I seed her myself with these eyes in a kerridge, just driving away with her loving husband from St. John's church at the other end of the town. Now then! and as for being unwell, she looked as well as they make 'em."

"The girl was so angry that it is surprising she did not hit the boy with the leg of mutton, but the young rascal was as positive as he was impudent, and at last, to convince him, and to stop his 'lying tongue,' as she expressed it, the girl volunteered to run up to Miss Millie's room and see for herself. She went, and five minutes later the house was in an uproar. Miss Millie was nowhere to be found, and it had been ascertained that one of the men had seen her leave the back door of the hotel about a quarter to nine.

"At this Tom Goodman lost his head altogether and behaved like a man bereft of his senses. He rushed into the stable-yard, roared to the men to saddle every horse in the stalls, and mounted his dependents one after another, and sent them to scour the country in search of the fugitives. 'Five pounds for the man who finds them and brings them back,' he shouted; and away his emissaries went, clattering out of the yard, and thinking it, no doubt, the grandest joke they had ever enjoyed. When they had all gone the angry man found he had no horse for himself, but that did not deter him from taking part in the pursuit. Clapping an old straw hat on his head, and regardless of the fate of the club

dinner, he made his way as quickly as his weight would permit him towards St. John's church. Arrived there, inquiries elicited the direction taken by the coach containing the married couple. There could no longer be a doubt but that his daughter and the young engineer had been united by special license at half-past nine that morning. Panting and perspiring, he pressed on into the country lanes, all bathed in the glory of the beautiful May sunshine. What good he imagined could result from his frenzied search it would be hard to say. Everyone he met he questioned eagerly, and at last learned that an empty carriage corresponding to the one he was trying to trace had returned along that road half-an-hour ago. 'Perhaps,' he thought, 'the fugitives have taken a field path to elude pursuit.' He walked some distance further, and then climbed a gate and looked across the country. Suddenly he caught a far-off glimpse of two figures seated behind a bush on a bit of gorse-covered common. With desperate cunning the angry man crept stealthily in their direction, and soon satisfied himself he had found those whom he was looking for. But what a picture presented itself to his astonished eyes. The two happy lovers were seated in the shade of a golden-blossomed bush, eating biscuits from a paper bag, and drinking claret from a 'split-bottle.' Millie's hat lay on the ground beside her, and a wreath of oak-apples and oak leaves crowned her bonny white brow.

"We shall manage it beautifully, Millie darling," the young husband was saying. "At three the carriage will be waiting for us at the end of yonder little wood; a thirty-minute ride will take us to Hetherington, and then a few hours in the train will land us in Matlock."

"Just then Tom Goodman slipped round the corner of the bush, and

stood in front of them. Millie screamed, and young Mr. Winford jumped up I suppose to defend her. But the sight of the biscuit bag and diminutive bottle of claret was too much for her father. 'You pair of young fools'; he exclaimed with withering scorn, 'a pretty wedding-breakfast you've got there—biscuits and third-rate claret! Great Scott! to think my daughter should ever have come to this! There's the house, full of the finest eating and drinking in the whole country, and you two noodles sit behind a bush, like beggars, eating broken biscuits, and drinking a brand of claret I wouldn't bring to the top of my cellar steps! Come home with you at once, at once! and have a wedding-breakfast that won't disgrace me in the eyes of the whole town.'

"As he said this, Mr. Tom Goodman kicked the empty bottle and the bag of biscuits into the middle of the bush, took his daughter by one arm and his son-in-law by the other, and led them without protest to the nearest farm, whence they drove in a borrowed gig back to town.

"Never was there such a wedding-feast as that which followed. The 'club-feed' was merged into the unexpected festivity, and when the time came for the bride and bridegroom to start for the station on their honeymoon trip, the whole two hundred and fifty guests turned out to cheer them; and the bridegroom carried a substantial cheque with him.

"And, of course, Master Alfred, they all lived happy ever after."

Mr. Bryce.

(St. John Standard.)

ST. JOHN offers its kindest welcome to the Right Honourable James Bryce, at present British Am-

bassador to the United States, but still more eminent as a professor and historian, than he has yet become in his comparatively short career in statesmanship and diplomacy. Mr. Bryce has made many visits to Canada, and is more familiar with a large part of this Dominion than many who will hear him. But the Eastern Provinces of Canada have yet to make his acquaintance, and he, who has written a political history of the United States, giving a sympathetic account of the Loyalists, might find some interest in viewing the largest city which they established as exiles, and the largest community of their descendants. These things Mr. Bryce might at another time find of interest to study on the spot.

But it is now the holiday season. Mr. Bryce has been good enough to sacrifice a portion of his rest and recreation time for our benefit. He is committed to an after luncheon address, and to nothing else that involves work, worry or responsibility. There are, of course, the newspaper interviewers, but it is mere play for Mr. Bryce to avoid telling them things that they are most anxious to know. His trade as diplomat has so far overlaid his earlier vocation as a university professor.

The Poles of Mars.

Quite probably Mars has discovered its Poles long ago. The Martians are said to be a million years or so ahead of the inhabitants of Mark Twain's "Wart"—which is us. They have probably begun to grow bananas on their Poles; very likely have a garden of Eden all over the planet. For that matter, there used to be a school of scientists who contended that our own garden of Eden was originally located at the North Pole.

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