

The Canadian Courier

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Maisonneuve Monument, Montreal
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**Montreal's Civic Elections
in this Issue**

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G2-217. Ladies' Underskirt of Fine Quality Black Mercerized Sateen, made with full flounce of accordion pleating, trimmed with strapping and stitching and finished with narrow gathered frill and dust ruffle, lengths 40 and 42 inches only. Postage, if mailed, 13c. Sale Price69

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THE ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY LIMITED



TORONTO

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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CONTENTS

REFLECTIONS	5
HUMOURS OF THE ELECTIONS.....	6
MEN OF TO-DAY.....	7
LESSONS FROM SPAIN, By the Monocle Man.....	8
THE FRENCH-CANADIAN EDUCATIONAL CONGRESS	
By Senator Belcourt	9
THE REVOLUTION IN MONTREAL, By Augustus Bridle....	10
HUNTING IN THE ARCTIC. Fourth Article, by Harry	
Whitney; Photographs by the Author.....	12
MORE LIGHT ON THE CANAL QUESTION.....	13
THE TARIFF REFORM CAMPAIGN IN GREAT BRITAIN..	14
THIN ICE. Story, by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.....	15
AN UNPREMEDITATED CEREMONY. Story, by L. M.	
Montgomery	16
THE FINEST DRY DOCK IN CANADA.....	17
OPINIONS OF OTHER PEOPLE.....	17
PEOPLE AND PLACES	18
FOR THE CHILDREN.....	19
DEMI-TASSE	20
MONEY AND MAGNATES	22

Editor's Talk

THIS issue of the *Canadian Courier* should appeal to a wide constituency. Interest in the British elections has not yet wholly passed. Mr. Linton Eccles, our London correspondent, explains why he thinks Tariff Reform is still a problem of the future. His views may be disappointing to many Canadians, but they are backed up by personal observation. Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, a versatile Canadian writer now in England, writes of the Humours of the Elections and describes the chief points in the two hundred cartoons which were issued by the campaign managers.

Montreal has been having a civic conflict of more than usual intensity. Mr. Augustus Bridle gives the history of this graphic struggle in a manner which should enable every student of civic affairs to grasp clearly the issues and the results.

Mr. J. A. Wilson, of Ottawa, presents the views of those who are in favour of the Georgian Bay Canal, which Mr. Norman Patterson condemned so roundly in previous issues. Another interesting communication comes from the Halifax Graving Dock Company, and goes far to explain why more and larger graving docks constitute a problem of the future.

The extracts from Senator Belcourt's address at the recent French-Canadian Educational Congress at Ottawa, clearly set forth the aims and objects of that gathering.

NEXT week an equally varied bill-of-fare will be presented. Mr. Alfred Fitzpatrick will tell of the work of the student-teachers in the construction camps on the frontier of activity. As superintendent of the Reading Camp Association, Mr. Fitzpatrick has had exceptional opportunities for observing the weaknesses of our educational system as applied to certain classes of citizens.

The story by (Mrs.) Isabel Ecclestone Mackay will be concluded in two more issues. After that will come some excellent mining stories by Mr. W. A. Fraser. Two more of Mr. Whitney's articles will appear in the two succeeding issues.

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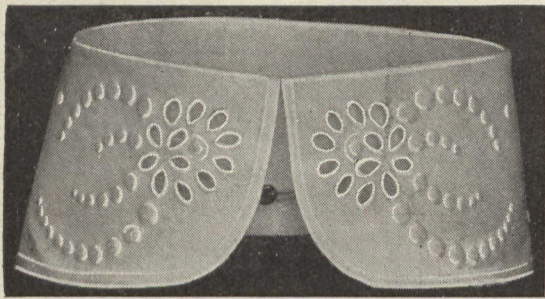
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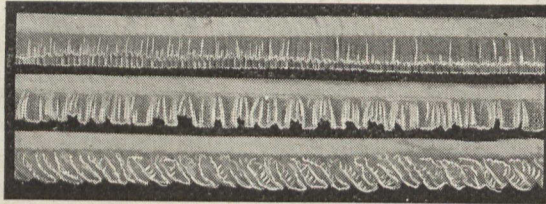


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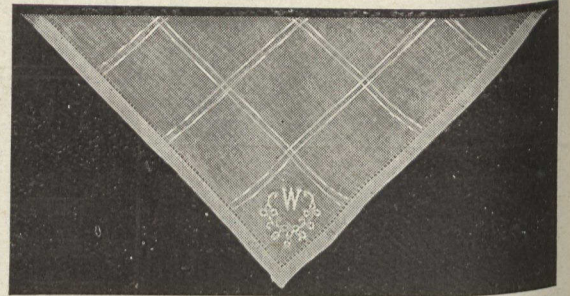
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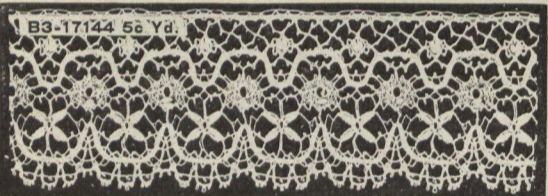
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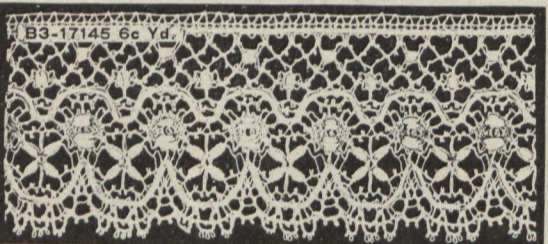
B3-17143. Fine Maltese Lace, 1 inch wide.

Sale Price, per yard **4c**



B3-17144. Fine Maltese Lace, 1 ¼ inches wide.

Sale Price, per yard **5c**



B3-17145. Fine Maltese Lace, 1 ¾ inches wide.

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Guipure Lace Yoke

50c

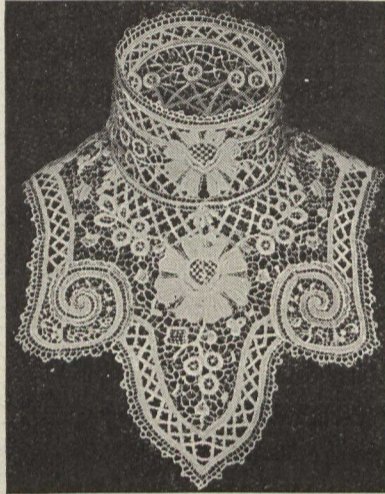
This makes an exceptionally handsome Waist trimming.

B3-17179. Fine Guipure Lace Yoke, with the popular bebe Irish effect, in white only.

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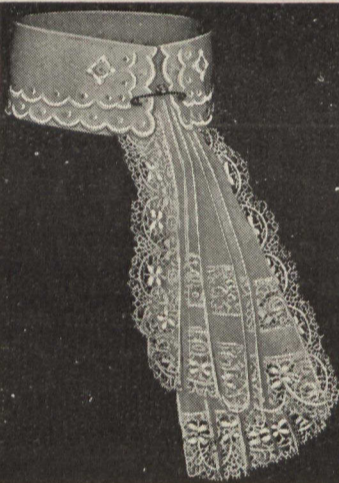


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B3-17139. Normandy Valenciennes Lace, 2 ¼ inches wide.

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B3-17140. Normandy Valenciennes Lace, 3 ¼ inches wide.

Sale Price, per yard **5c**



B3-17141. Normandy Valenciennes Lace, 4 ¼ inches wide.

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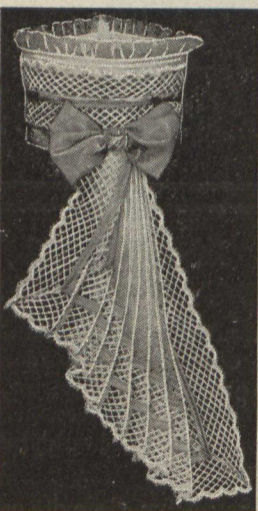
39c

A correct style and one that will please you every time you wear it.

B3-17177. Fancy Stock Collar, combination of net and bebe Irish lace and insertion, with bow and folds of silk, in

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Sale Price, each **39c**



CHIFFON VEILING, 20 inches wide

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Especially desirable for motoring or driving. The newest thing in Veiling, and is a nice width for using with a large hat.

B3-17181. Very Fine Quality Chiffon Veiling, used for motoring, driving and boating; stylish and serviceable; colors black, ivory, brown, navy, tan, pearl, grey, taupe, sky and Alice blue, 20 inches wide, finished with selvedge edge.

Sale Price, per yard **25c**



NET STOCK COLLAR

for Women

25c

A pretty and becoming style that every woman will want to buy.

B3-17178. White Net Stock Collar, colored silk buttons, in white, sky, pink, green and helio.

Sale Price, each **25c**



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TORONTO CANADA

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Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 7

Toronto, February 5th, 1910

No. 10



REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

SOME people who perform an occasional public service are so proud of the *fait accompli* that they strut around like a peacock. It is a quite common failing. Even newspapers have it. For example, "As announced exclusively in the Race-horse Edition of the *Star* yesterday, there has been," etc. Or it may run thus: "A special message from Cabbagetown over our special leased wire says," etc. In our various legislative bodies the same attitude is noticeable. A member of the Opposition who has made a suggestion which was probably made a dozen times previously by newspapers and public speakers, rises in his place in the House and says: "I note that the Government has adopted my suggestion made last year," etc. This idea about letting your light shine only under a bushel does not appeal to Opposition Members because they are limited to non-constructive influences. The Opposition member who can give a Government a hint which is finally converted into constructive legislation or administrative action has achieved something to be proud of and he seldom fails to tell everybody about it.

The *Courier* has discovered one exception. In a speech delivered in the House of Commons last month, Mr. R. L. Lake, M.P. for Qu'Appelle, mentioned that some of his suggestions had been adopted by the Government, but he added: "I do not feel inclined to take all the credit. In fact, I do not care who gets the credit, so long as the country gets the benefit of the action taken." This is unusual modesty and Mr. Lake rather gets into a class by himself. A member of parliament who cares not what credit he gets, so long as the country benefits, is likely to be an unsuccessful politician. Indeed, a politician may be defined as a man who has learned the art of telling the people what wonderful things he has done. This is the essence of successful politics. We should judge from this remark that Mr. Lake will always be something of a back bencher. A front-bencher wears a frock coat, a smile of self-assurance, and bears an attitude which says without reserve: "Behold a great man, a doer of great deeds."

MR. LAKE, in the same speech, goes on to discuss the navy question. From one who takes such a sensible attitude as to the position of a legislator, we should expect a judicial and fair-minded attitude on the Navy question. Alack and alas, he says that the Government's proposal is "a miserable proposition." The proposed expenditure of three million dollars a year is so insignificant that he is positively ashamed. He is disgusted that Canada should continue to "sponge upon the taxpayers of the mother country," and that Canada is not doing things on the generous scale which is adopted by Australia and New Zealand. "I, sir, believe that the great mass of the people of Canada desire to see Canada doing her duty, and doing it at once, by giving the fleet unit which the Imperial authorities have asked for, and giving it immediately."

Mr. Lake is one of the Dreadnought contributionists. There are not many of them in the country. Most of them, strangely enough, are in the West, between Winnipeg and Calgary. There are a few in Toronto and Montreal and for a time they threatened public meetings, public uprisings, and all sorts of reprisals; but little has been heard of them recently. In the West they are still shouting, but the shouts grow more feeble week by week. Since British Columbia declared for Canadian warships in Canadian harbours, Pacific as well as Atlantic, the Prairie Dreadnoughters and cash-contributionists have become somewhat doubtful of their ultimate success.

This week, the Conservative Opposition at Ottawa have declared that the Government's policy is inadequate, but the declaration has been political rather than heartfelt. Left to himself, Mr. Borden would probably have said that the Government's proposals were quite satisfactory providing they wasted no time in putting them into execution. Bombarded by a noisy few, he has been led to take a position which is more or less critical. Such is the misfortune which

usually comes to an Opposition Leader no matter how clever, able and sane he may be.

There has been only one election for the Dominion House since the Government's naval policy was known. That occurred in Ottawa last week. The seat was one of those held by Sir Wilfrid Laurier since the General Election. He resigned it recently and two party candidates were nominated. Neither of them was opposed to a Canadian navy, but the Liberal candidate, Mr. Albert Allard, supported the Government's policy more thoroughly than the Conservative candidate, Dr. Chabot. The constituency is partly English-speaking and partly French-speaking, so that it was a fairly good trial for the Canadian-made navy idea.

It would be unfair to draw too definite conclusions from the result. The Laurier Government is strongly entrenched in power and the people of Ottawa are not likely to defeat a government candidate except at a general election. Making all allowance for this, the increase in the Liberal majority indicates that there is not much revolt against the government's naval programme, either among English-speaking or French-speaking people. Dr. Chabot thought the programme was insufficient; the electors apparently thought it quite sufficient.

The next half-dozen bye-elections will tell the tale more accurately but, unless the writer is much mistaken, the opponents of the Canadian-built, Canadian-manned navy are not likely to get any more encouragement from English-speaking voters than Mr. Monk and Mr. Bourassa, the leaders of the do-nothingites, are likely to get from French-speaking voters.

ACCORDING to the *Winnipeg Telegram*, the city which occupies the site of Old Fort Garry and which in forty years has gathered about 125,000 people within its boundaries, is now the proud possessor of eighteen live millionaires. They are:—

J. A. Aikins, corporation lawyer; W. F. Alloway, banker; J. H. Ashdown, hardware merchant; Nicholas Bawlf, grain dealer; Edward Brown, real estate (at Portage); D. C. Cameron, lumberman; D. S. Currie, investor; E. L. Drewry, brewer; C. Enderton, real estate; Rev. C. W. Gordon, novelist; E. F. Hutchings, leather goods; W. C. Leistikow; J. D. McArthur, contractor; Rod. McKenzie, railway manager; Sir Daniel McMillan, lumberman; A. R. McNichol, investor; Alex. Macdonald, provision merchant; A. M. Nanton, broker; Captain W. Robinson, fish merchant.

As Toronto is said to have only twenty-two millionaires and Montreal only about fifty, Winnipeg is doing very well. It may be that millionaires are a curse rather than a blessing, but much depends on the man himself. The growth of millionaires in Winnipeg shows that optimism pays and also proves that Canada is making just as wonderful progress in material affairs as the United States.

All that Winnipeg now requires to make it quite the equal of Montreal and Toronto is a few more citizens, a civic art gallery and a group of new University buildings. It already has the trade, the wealth, the ambition, the general advantages and the opportunity. Three great transcontinental railways have made it a divisional point and a distributing centre. If it but pays attention to the finer things of life, it will be second to no other Canadian city.

CANADA'S legal gold coins are those of the United States. Up to the present we have had no gold coinage of our own, though the question of striking such a medium has been discussed for years. The establishment recently of a Canadian branch of the Royal Mint at Ottawa was the first step. The second came last week when the Hon. Mr. Fielding introduced a resolution providing for an amendment to the Currency Act which will enable gold coins to be minted. These are to be 900 parts pure and 100 parts alloy. The ten-dollar gold piece is to weigh 516 grains and other gold coins in proportion.

This is another stride forward in the development of our nationality. A Canadian army, a Canadian navy, and a Canada gold coinage—this is an admirable trio. Shortly we will have a real Canadian flag which will be more suitable than the plain Union Jack and more acceptable to the much-speaking people. It is time that the tri-colour, which never was and never can be Canadian, was banished altogether from sight. Then, again, Canada should have a consular service of her own. Now we have trade-agents living abroad, mostly ex-politicians, but all doing something to make the country known abroad. Soon we may hope to have better men, with diplomatic training and broad education, who will be able to represent Canada fittingly in other parts of the Empire and in foreign centres of commerce and political activity. They may not be consuls in the fullest sense of that term, but they can at least be vice-consuls by arrangement with the British authorities.

While looking ahead to these greater national attributes, let us be thankful at the moment to the Parliament which has decided to give us a national gold coinage which will have an international currency value.

THE question of selling the Intercolonial Railway is again before the public. Last year it looked as if the agitation was formented by certain railway interests who were anxious to get hold of this road. This time it is quite clear that the agitation comes from a disinterested source. Mr. J. P. Black, member for Hants, last week introduced into the House of Commons a resolution in favour of having the I. C. R. "operated and controlled by one of the companies operating the Canadian Transcontinental lines." He stated his belief that in moving this resolution he was simply promoting the interests

of the Maritime Provinces. He denied that he had no other purpose to serve, nor that he was advocating any particular railway interest. He declared positively against government management, because no government since confederation had administered the railway satisfactorily and because, in his belief, no government could.

Mr. Black's resolution has, of course, caused considerable discussion and certain newspapers have raised the cry "Hands off the People's Railway." Mr. Black met this very cleverly by asking the question, "Does Nova Scotia own it any more than British Columbia?" This is the mistake that has hitherto been made. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island have felt that they owned this road and that other members of Confederation should pay the deficits as a sort of favour to the Maritime Provinces. Though not stated bluntly, it was made quite clear that the Maritime Province people felt that shouldering their share of this deficit the other provinces were really paying less tribute to the Maritime Provinces than they should. This view was based on the belief that the Maritime Provinces gained nothing by confederation while Ontario and Quebec gained much.

Whether or not the Intercolonial shall be leased to some private corporation or whether it shall be made a success under the present system of management by commission remains to be seen. It is refreshing, however, to find one prominent man from the Maritime Provinces who is willing to discuss the matter freely and frankly and to thrust aside all political considerations. Mr. Black made a splendid speech and a fairly strong argument. This, however, is less to his credit than the fact that he had the courage to stand up and say what every honest man in the Maritime Provinces has felt if he gave the matter consideration.

Humours of the Elections

A Canadian Woman's View

By AGNES DEANS CAMERON

WHAT is "the" leading feature of this election? Just now, I should say it was the fact that both parties are doubtful of results, each seems fearful of the other, with no one sure which way any cat will jump.

In no previous election in any part of the world has the election poster played the part that it is doing in London to-day. Riding through the main thoroughfares on the top of a 'bus from day to day, chatting with the driver, listening to the remarks of the passengers, one has a splendid vantage point from which to view the streets below. Each hoarding has its striking poster and each poster has its crowd of observers, a crowd in which the human units are always changing.

Britons over-seas perhaps have not known or not realised how very few voters are able to hear the pre-election speeches of even their own candidates. Accommodation in the public halls throughout the country is woefully inadequate; in a recent instance, when one of the great ones was to speak, the hall had seats for 4,000 people and 23,000 sought for tickets of admission. Political speeches heard at first hand forms the first factor of influence in the securing of votes. The reports of meetings joined to editorial argument, as the daily press presents it, is a second potent factor. But I am inclined to think that, in this campaign at least, above and beyond either the spoken or the written word, one must place the power of the poster. A picture catches the eye; if apt, it tickles the fancy as no bare word does; and the mental vision persists. Many of the dominant posters which punctuate this fight are the work of the artists of the day and have been specially designed at an exorbitant price. Once a poster is happy enough to arrest public attention, it is put on the approved list and reproduced in graduated sizes, for use as a perambulating "sandwich," as a window-card, and by the tens of thousands as hand-dodgers. Each day sees a new conceit on the scene, on every fence and hoarding it has been pasted over-night and there it is as you start down to your day's work crying out at you from the pavement at your feet like Abel's blood, making its appeal to the unlettered proletariat from every street-corner.

What are the most striking posters? I should place high up on the list a clever drawing of a

working-woman and a little child, with the legend, "Don't let them tax our food; it's bread we want." The ever-recurring reference to "bread" and the "poor man's loaf" sends our minds back to Corn Law days.

A clever design is that of an old couple denouncing what they call "The pensions lie"; the wild-eyed, terror-stricken expression on both faces is haunting I see it whenever I close my eyes. As I notice the

Poster Peers always wear their coronets, robes of ermine, and an ibmecile smile; also, it seems that their gait must be pigeon-toed—this last is indispensable. One insistent Liberal poster gives us a Peer rampant walking toward us with extended forefinger and the frank axiom: "It's your food we want to tax!"

The trite aphorism, "Everybody loves a lord," would scarcely seem to apply in this fight — rather, everybody seems happiest in getting a dig at the Peers.

Ernest Noble has a humorous conception — one without malice, but which finds its target. He calls it, "Tariff Reform means Happier Dukes." The rotund Duke looks as fat and roly-poly as old King Cole or Santa Claus himself as he dances up and down with a money-bag in each hand and his "tummy" labelled "Unearned Increment."

As is to be expected, Lloyd-George is the hero of many posters. If he is half as versatile as the cartoonists paint him, he surely deserves the encomium given him by the ladies of Stratford-on-Avon yesterday when they tendered him a bouquet of Stratford roses with the attached motto from Shakespeare's *King Henry V.*—"There is much care and valour in this Welshman." At Anglesea they are to-day erecting a marquee with a seating capacity of 8,000, in which the Exchequer Chancellor is to deliver his last ante-election speech. But the cartoonist hasn't always been as flattering to the "Wizard of Wales." One excellently well drawn poster shows him in a shooting-gallery taking aim at bottles labelled respectively *Land, Tobacco, Credit, Brewers.* He fires, and misses all four—his faulty gun scatters its shot and pots the innocent British workingman standing by. From the other side of the game comes a clever conception. Lloyd-George is sailing over the troubled Island of Britain in an airship. Two perturbed Peers hop around disconsolate and baffled, and call out to the happy flyer,—*"Come down: that's our air!"*

As I chuckle over this burlesque, I am reproved by the 'bus-driver,—*"It's easy larfin at Peers, mum, but they shed their blood in Africa."* Here at least is one man who honours valour in the field.

Supplementing the cartoons are hand-books galore, containing points scored against either side at public meetings already held, arguments for and against Free Trade or Tariff Reform. As a rule, the booklets cost "tuppence," and as you walk one block you will perhaps have fifteen or twenty presented for your purchase. If you have time to ask the man who is selling the book his own private opinion on its arguments you will find that he is guiltless of ideas. The last two books for which I spent my frugal "tuppence" are, *"Fifty Points Against the Peers"* and *"A Handbook for Hecklers."*



A sample publication got out to amuse British Electors.

little children, the street waifs looking at the picture, I cannot help wondering how long they will remember it, wondering too what their idea (poor babies!) is of the whole sorry scheme of things. Mrs. Brown's "Cry of the Children" is insistent in its heart-gripping refrain as one walks London streets to-day.

But the posters. Tariff Reform has a dashing conceit in John Bull pegging along at a jog-trot in his little pony-cart while the United States, Germany, Russia and France dash past in motor cars.

MEN OF TO-DAY

SIR EDWARD GREY

THIS week we publish a splendid picture of Sir Edward Grey, who is said to be the least-photographed member of Premier Asquith's Cabinet. Previous to this snapshot shown he has not posed for a picture for fifteen years.

The British Secretary for Foreign Affairs is a notable figure at the present moment. So long as the Liberals, Labourites and Socialists had a large majority in the House, moderate men like Sir Edward Grey were rather thrust into the background. This was true of Sir Edward only in a local sense. He did not have much to say for the people of Great Britain and did not pose as a political agitator. He was a diplomat, carrying in his head most of the secrets of Europe and talking not at all. Because of his silence there has grown up around him an atmosphere of mystery, and the House is said to regard him with considerable awe.

Now that the Nationalists hold the balance of power, Sir Edward Grey, Lord Rosebery, Lord Cromer and other moderate men are being talked about. There is always the possibility of a Government defeat and the formation of a new ministry. When neither party has a majority the only ministry that could carry on the affairs of the State would be a coalition. A coalition must be headed by moderate men who can draw support from both sides.

Again, there will possibly be changes to meet the new conditions and it is rumoured that several members of the present Cabinet will be dropped. We may be sure Sir Edward Grey will not be one of these. He commands the confidence of both sides of the House, and will be a most useful man in this great national emergency. Sir Edward is a baronet, having inherited a baronetcy created in 1814. He was born in 1862, educated at Winchester and Oxford and entered Parliament in 1885 as a member for Berwick-on-Tweed. He was Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs 1892-5, and in 1902 was made a Privy Councillor.

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A COLOSSUS OF ROADS

"GOOD Roads Campbell," sometimes known as Archibald William, has been appointed Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals.

From being the *custos* of good roads in Ontario he has gone to help Hon. G. P. Graham administer the *chemins de fer* and the waterways of half a continent. Mr. Campbell is a good Grit. He was appointed by the late Ross Government—because of efficiency. He has held his job under a Tory government—because of efficiency. Thus much for patronage; and while Geo. P. Graham was both in government and opposition he became well acquainted with Mr. Campbell, who was contriving highways in old Ontario and new Ontario; teaching farmers and bushwhackers and homesteaders how to build roads. He was known to farmers almost as well as "Cap." Smith of the Weekly Sun. There was but one thing he ever talked to them about. It was roads. Whether in schoolhouse or town hall, in the lodge room over the cooper shop, or in the church basement, or in the edge of a street, wherever he could get a score of ratepayers together he talked roads. He was death on statute labour and tollgates. He preached the gospel of spending money on roads, which was necessary. He was laughed at. But he had the one idea—roads; and he stuck to it; ready to talk roads to any man, whether in a smoking-car or on an airship. He was an enthusiast on roads; and he knew where most of the main-travelled roads are and how bad many of them were.

Why did A. W. Campbell become such a red-hot evangel on roads? The reason is simple. He was born in Wardsville, county of Kent. If there is a burg in Ontario hemmed in and shut up by bad roads it is or used to be Wardsville. Campbell tramped to school and drove to town over these roads. He saw them wallowing

hub-deep and heaved hub-high; saw them frozen into roads of rock; saw empty waggons stuck and full ones rattled to pieces. And he became haunted with the phantom of bad roads. He went to school and learned the science of engineering. In St. Thomas, Ont., he was city engineer—his first appointment, which was in 1891, when he was under thirty years of age. There he wrestled with roads—which were called streets; learning the value of macadam and asphalt, of broken stone and of gravel. His coat-of-arms became a stone-crusher crossed with a concrete mixer. And he literally ploughed his way into the Public Works Department at Toronto when it began to be recognised by the Ross Government that good roads were a possible slogan on the concessions.

Since 1896 "Good Roads" Campbell has been a Colossus of (Rhodes). From the Blanche River above Lake Temiscaming to the Talbot Road on Lake Erie he has been a travelling evangelist in the cause of roads. Now he has packed his bandana and hit the trail for Ottawa, where he will have less to do with wagon-roads and more with the roads of steel and tamarac. He will also be chairman of the Board of Management of the Intercolonial in full succession to Mr. M. J. Butler, who has resigned.

* * *

CHIEF CONSERVATIVE WHIP

ONE of the most historic figures in Ottawa is Mr. George Taylor, chief Conservative whip.

He is by no means so fierce-looking a man as his many years of whipping-in would suggest that he might be. A man of about sixty years of age, he dodges briskly about the corridors of the House, nudging members, some of whom he has known from his youth up, many of whom entered the House of Commons only yesterday. From shaggy veterans like Hon. John Haggart down to the smooth-faced stripling who bandies rhetoric in the House, George Taylor knows them all. As the head of the Conservative whips he has been many years on the bugle line when the bell rings for division in the House. Few members have any memory of the time when George Taylor was not Conservative whip. He was born at Lansdowne in Leeds County, which he has represented continuously at Ottawa since 1882.

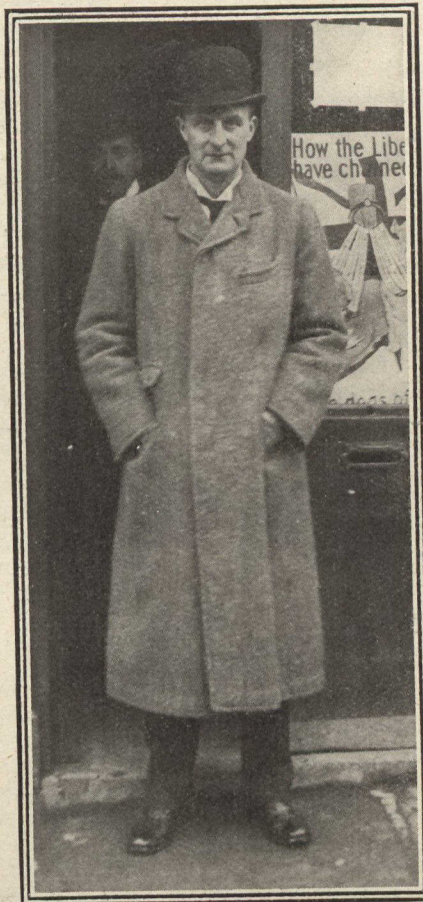
His career is peculiarly Canadian of the old school. He began life as a clerk at the age of eleven, and he stayed just twenty-five years with the firm of which he became a partner. His political career began in the townships where he fought many a side-road election. Seven years he was Reeve of Gananoque. From that he rose to be Warden of the united counties of Leeds and Grenville. Mr. Taylor's whole life is summed up in politics. He was a very young man at Confederation and still a young man when he got his introduction to the House of Commons on the second term of the Macdonald Government, then engaged in establishing the National Policy. He is now a veteran. There have been more popular men than Mr. Taylor, even in his own party, but it is doubtful if any Conservative campaigner or member ever had the cause of the party more at heart, or took politics more seriously.

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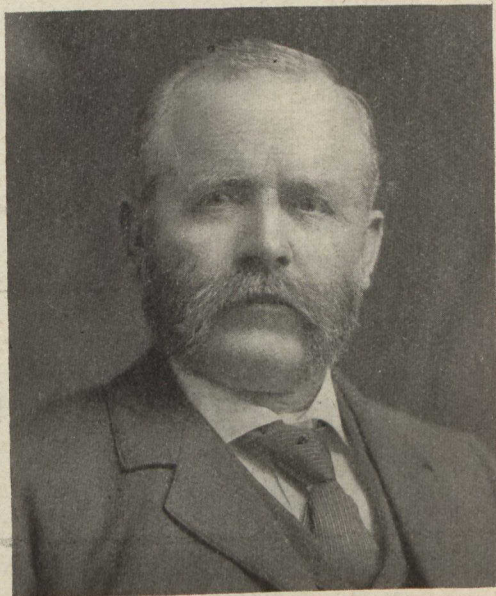
AN IRISH REPRESENTATIVE

DR. JAMES J. GUERIN, the Citizens' Committee candidate for the mayoralty of Montreal, occupies a unique position in that city. He is an Irishman by descent whose name is pronounced "Gerin." In spite of his Irish extraction his children are said to speak better French than those of Senator Casgrain, his opponent for

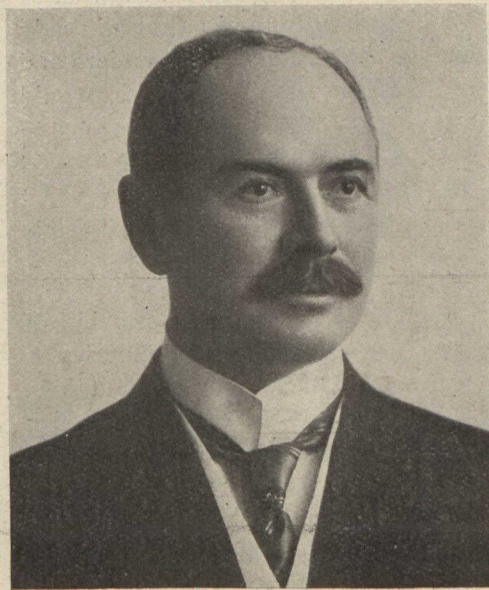
the mayoralty. Dr. Guerin graduated in medicine from McGill University in 1878. Since that time he has practised medicine in Montreal, being both attending physician at Hotel Dieu Hospital and professor of clinical medicine in Laval University. In 1895 he was elected to the Quebec Legislature for Montreal Centre; re-elected in 1897 and called to the late Hon. Mr. Marchand's cabinet as minister without portfolio. He is an Irish Catholic representing by his nationality thirty thousand of the population of Montreal and by his religion more than three hundred thousand. His Irish extraction has been freely used against him during the campaign by his French opponent in spite of the fact that in the natural sequence of mayoralty candidates in Montreal an English-speaking nominee should have won.



Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Grey, Bart,
British Foreign Secretary.



Mr. George Taylor,
Chief Conservative Whip.



Mr. A. W. Campbell,
Deputy Minister of Railways.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

LESSONS FROM SPAIN.

THERE are some things Spanish which might profitably be introduced into Canada. For instance, there is their system of street cleaning. Particularly do I wish that Montreal had that. An army of men move down the street in this fashion: Two of them attach long fire hose to hydrants on opposite sides of the street and pour two mighty streams of water on the pavement. The force of the water alone is enough to tear up a good share of the dirt and carry it into the gutters on both sides. But a score of other men are operating in the middle of the street with long brushes with which they sweep away the loosened and moistened filth. When such a party has passed, the pavement looks as if it had been subjected to a scouring under a tropical shower. These gangs are operating somewhere all day through the Spanish cities, and they keep the principal streets at all events in fine condition. Then there is the custom of leaving hotel floors uncarpeted. Usually they are of stone, which is by no means bad in the Spanish climate; and the halls seldom have a bit of cloth in them to hold the dust or breed contagion. If you will permit them, they will generally bring you two or three rugs for your bedroom after you are settled—rugs which may, at all events, have been well beaten since the last guest used them. This is so much more reassuring than the thick stationary carpets of the luxuriously furnished American hotels.

* * *

A PURELY Spanish hotel has peculiarities which differentiate it sharply from all its other European brethren. People who always select hotels advertised as possessing an Anglo-American clientele see little of this; for the "Anglo-American" hotels are much the same everywhere. I have heard tourists in Spain sighing for "a Spanish omelette" and protesting that they had not seen one since they landed. If they had patronised native hotels, they would have seen, tasted and eaten one probably every day. The Spanish omelette does not get its national name for nothing. The native restaurant, hotel or pension seems to begin its luncheon with an omelette every day; and usually it is a national dish to be proud of. As macaroni must be eaten in Italy to be appreciated, so an omelette must be had in Spain to arouse the enthusiasm it deserves. Then the purely Spanish hotel does not seem to bother with the meal we call breakfast. When they serve it at all, they charge extra for it; but the most thoroughly native hotel I was ever in, simply had no provision whatever for serving it. When I went into the dining-room in search of my "café" in the morning, I found the room upset and not at all ready for business. It took me sometime to make the waiter understand what I was after; and then he said that the best he could do would be to telephone to a café to send it over. I said that it would probably be better if I went to the café myself and drank it there; and he said that that was the usual custom. And it is. If you walk down a street of cafés in the morning in any Spanish city, you will see lots of people in them taking their morning "café."

* * *

THEN their dinner is a trifle peculiar. I will quote you a bill of fare for one dinner at this most Spanish hotel of my experience. We began, of course, with soup; then we had—not fish—but beef served with an odd sort of baked beans and cooked celery. The fish followed this; and next came the national omelette. It was hard to tell whether we were coming or going. After this course, they served roast chicken; and with it cold cauliflower which had been cooked in wine. This made it taste to the hasty palate as if it had stood too long and gone sour. This over, they served cheese, fruit and nuts—surely the end of the meal. But no. After we had dawdled over our fruit and nuts sufficiently, they took away the plates and served preserved sweet potatoes. That was certainly unlike any dinner I have met elsewhere. Peculiar dishes one is always prepared for; but it does seem like upsetting the established order of things for the beef to precede the fish and the sweet to follow the walnuts.

* * *

THE universality of electric lighting in Spain surprised me. We have simply had nothing else. The familiar "bougie" of the rural French and Italian hotel is not to be seen. The conserje of an apartment house may still give you a candle to light your way up to the floor on which your "pension" rests if you come in late after the electric lights in the halls have been turned out; but otherwise you will not see candles in Spain except in the more conservative of the

churches. And their lamps are unusually good. Instead of having the coil or two of wire to which we are accustomed, they have a network or rail fence of wire which throws out a great deal of light. Then good baths are more common than they were in other European hotels some few years ago, though the others may have improved in this way too of late. The public baths, however, are by no means so good as the are in France. One misses the cleanliness of the linen casing which the French put in the bath-tub and the luxury of the warm towelling which they provide for the process of drying. Other nations make a bath a good deal of a penance; the French make it a sybaritic delight.

* * *

SOME day I am going to write an article on "Strange baths I have had." It will include one that I didn't have at Granada, where I came near inaugurating a new bath house. One night I enquired of "mine host" if he had a bath in the house. First he looked startled, then delighted, and assured me that he had. Next he insisted upon taking me to see it. He led me outdoors into the garden, and there proudly unlocked a building like a small garage in which stood what seemed in the uncertain light to be an enamelled bath tub. "Si, Si," I said. That would do. Could I have a bath that night? "To-night? No," he said. "To-morrow night?" "Yes." So we settled on to-morrow night. The next morning he affably assured me, apropos of nothing, that I was the first to ask. "Ask what?" I enquired, puzzled. "Ask for a bath," he replied in a tone of surprise and reproach. Had I forgotten the great event of the day? That night as I came out from dinner, he stopped me and assured me that the water was getting hot quite rapidly. I now knew what he was talking about, and offered my congratulations. At the hour appointed, the "garçon" came to tell me that all was ready for the great function; so I went down. But nothing was ready when I got down except the presence of a fine set of towels. The tub itself was still littered with the debris left by the men who had plastered the bath house. I pointed this out to him, and he summoned a woman to clean it. This was done with great splurging; and then I was asked if he would turn on the water. I gave the word, and the stream was started—scalding hot as "mine host" had promised. But presently the enamel began to rise in blisters and then to float in sections on the top of the water. It was only cheap paint. I declined a painted bath; and the next morning "mine host" apologised profusely for the fiasco, but insisted that all would have been well if we had turned on the cold water first.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

THESE FRENCHMEN!



Host—(explaining the meaning of his golden wedding celebrations to French guest): "Yes, we have lived together now for fifty years."
 Guest—"Ah, charmant! admirable! And now you marry her, eh?"
 —Bystander.

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN EDUCATIONAL CONGRESS

Being Extracts from an Address Delivered at the Recent Congress in Ottawa

By SENATOR BELCOURT

WHAT then is the aim of this Congress? It will be useful, in fact necessary, to give its general scope, in order to define our own course of action and to mark its limitations as well as to avoid any misunderstandings or misrepresentations from outside.

Education in its widest acceptance and in all its ramifications, constitutes the principal aim, the special and supreme purpose of this Congress. By education, we must understand the expression in its real sense, that is to say as the combination of the physical, moral and intellectual development of man.

With a profound respect for the rights of others, rejecting all thought of invading them, desirous of restricting themselves to their own sphere of action, making use only

openly of the means that their position in this province and in the Dominion suggests and allows, as well as of their rights as citizens and British subjects, with the wish and the will to simply perform their duties and obligations towards themselves, their families and society, the French-Canadians of Ontario have thought that they could and should contribute to the amelioration of their fellow-countrymen in that which concerns their physical, moral and intellectual condition.

It must be admitted that amongst the French-Canadians of this province, home, school and classic education is not all it should be. It would be too long, and possibly useless, to dwell upon the causes of this state of affairs. It will suffice to mention the principal needs of which we are lacking and to indicate the reforms required and that should be secured.

We shall seek an amelioration in the means employed in the physical, moral and intellectual formation of our children, in accord with the mentality, the aptitudes and the temperament, as well as the aspirations of our countrymen. To be more precise, we will strive to perfect their physical development by encouraging bodily exercise and by spreading a better knowledge and encouraging a stricter observance of the laws of hygiene and public health; we will try to enlarge the means whereby the moral sense is activated, strengthened and preserved; to the intelligence we will seek to offer a larger field of activity and the means of obtaining a greater and more substantial development, embracing in our efforts the family, the school and the college. Then, keeping before us Guizot's definition of education—"to teach man to elevate himself when others have ceased to elevate him"—our solicitude and our activity, as I will indicate briefly later on, will extend beyond the circle that I have just traced.

A PART from the differences in language and religious faith, it is evident that the mentality, the temperament, the aptitudes, the tendencies and the intellectual tastes of the two great races that inhabit Canada are not, and probably will never be, in all respects similar; hence the necessity of using for the one a method of teaching which does not correspond with the needs and desires of the other. Each one, for a full educational development, requires methods and means in some respects different from the other.

The problem cannot be solved by the application of the rule of government by the majority. That rule, fair enough in civil matters, becomes wholly unacceptable when dealing with concerns of the intellectual order or of that of conscience. Long ago, moreover, has this principle been recognised and

applied in the teaching domain of this province, by the creation and maintenance under the authority and with the sanction of the law, and with the aid of the public treasury, of separate schools, both for Catholics and for Protestants and even for the coloured race.

Such is the principle universally recognised and applied. What is the duty that naturally and of necessity flows therefrom for the State—the guardian of individual interests as well as of the collective interests of society? The duty of seeing that the child be instructed according to his tastes and aptitudes, that is to say, according to his desires, if he be capable of a complete act of the will, according to the desires of his parents if the child be incapable of self-guidance and of deciding for himself.

The establishment and maintenance of particular or special schools, such as agricultural, industrial or technical schools, by the State, with the help of public monies, constitutes also a solemn approval of the same principle; so is it in what concerns the creation of institutions of higher education, of universities, as well as the pecuniary assistance accorded them by the State.

It is the recognition of this principle that inspired the governmental authority, if not officially, at least virtually, to approve of the establishment of bi-lingual classes and schools in certain parts of Ontario. They who administer the Department of Education in this province, have understood that in order to fully develop the intellectual and moral characteristics of the French-Canadian youth and to enable them to give the full measure of their capabilities, and to procure for individuals as well as for society the largest possible sum of happiness and well being, it became the duty of the State to establish the bi-lingual school or class.

The French-Canadians of Ontario are grateful for what has been done in this regard, but they require more; they want the explicit and official recognition of the bi-lingual school or class, and that they be supplied with the means and placed in a position to secure an effective teaching of both languages and in the different courses, both as to scholastic education and pedagogic training.

CERTAIN modifications in the scholastic programme have been proposed, certain requests have been made to the Department of Education by some of our countrymen in this province. Some of them were granted, but the greater part of them are still under consideration. Answer has been made, and it must be admitted with more or less reason, that these requests and these modifications came from different scattered groups, divided by wide distances and having no opportunity of consulting with each other, and were consequently devoid of harmony and precision. The French-Canadians of Ontario were given to understand that all requests and all proposed modifications coming from the French-speaking minority and being the expression of a general desire on their part and calculated to improve and spread education and teaching amongst them, would be considered and studied carefully and sympathetically by the educational authorities. That authority naturally expects that such requests and such proposals be clear, precise and stamped with that harmony so necessary for the proper functioning of any system.

It seems there can be no doubt that an association of this kind might materially contribute to the amelioration of the material, moral and intellectual life of the French-Canadian population by making use of the means that I can only briefly indicate. For example, by promoting the development of physical strength, by spreading about the right notions regarding hygiene and public health, in demonstrating the evils of intemperance and by an earnest advocacy of the cause of temperance, by fostering the cultivation of the arts and sciences, by assisting in the establishment of agricultural and technical schools, by urging the founding of literary and athletic clubs. Such an association might become an important factor in the civic education of our people, by insisting upon the respect due to the laws and to authority, by sowing the seeds of wise domestic and political economy, by inculcating a large conception of the duties and obligations as well as of the rights of citizenship, and by inspiring all, and especially those who are more favoured by fortune and mental gifts, with a stronger devotedness to public affairs, and finally by combating the apathy and the abstention of a large number in regard to public matters and public life.

Such is the work to which we will devote our

efforts and our energies. We will bring to its accomplishment all the moderation desirable, all that spirit of justice and respect for the rights of others that we have evinced in the past and also all the courage that the legitimacy of our claims inspires, as well as a lively sense of the duty we owe our children and of our desire to be of use to our beloved country.

AT all times and under all skies the immediate and necessary result of education has been and will ever be the improvement of the individual, the family and the nation.

Of all the means at our disposal to bring about the accomplishment of our desires and the realisation of our hopes, it seems to us that the surest and the most powerful is that presented to us in our mother tongue. It is the means that at the outset naturally suggests itself. Above all is it that medium that we desire to recommend in the work we have undertaken.

It seems quite obvious that every system of teaching and of education should afford every citizen the best means to attain his full intellectual and moral development, in accordance with his aptitudes, his temperament and his desires, and to exercise in their fulness all the rights that the constitution of his country allows him as well as to perform all the duties that is imposes on him.

It appears equally evident that this end will never be attained in Ontario as long as the French-Canadians will not there have at their disposal the entire use of the means most effective in and most suited to their intellectual, moral and social formation—which means, I repeat, is that of the mother tongue.

It is through the medium of the mother tongue that the mind and heart of every man is most surely and directly reached.

We desire to proclaim this truth and to claim the right to make use of the French language as the indispensable auxiliary in the educational formation of our children.

I have said already, and I repeat it, that we entertain no prejudice against the language of the large majority of the Canadian people; we are not so blind as not to see all the importance and all the necessity for ourselves and ours to know well and to speak the English language, nor are we so prejudiced as to entertain the slightest objection to its maintenance and propagation. It is and will likely always be the language of the large majority in Canada. All the French-Canadians in Ontario have learned it and all our children are now learning it. Our English-speaking fellow-citizens even admit that we speak it as well, they sometimes say better, than they do themselves. In all our business relations we give it a place at least equal to the French language, and in no way does it enter into our designs to have the latter supplant it.

If, moreover, we desire to maintain and extend the knowledge of French amongst our own people, if we are prepared to make all the sacrifices to time, money and energy that the task demands, who can with reason or right complain of or oppose our desire? In what can the knowledge and use of the French language hurt those who are satisfied with English alone, or who do not feel the need or the advantage of knowing the French? In what way have a knowledge and the use of French affected our good citizenship or hindered us in the accomplishment of our social and political duties?

It suffices to ask the question to have the answer. Is it because we chant the national anthem of the British Empire in our national language, as well as in the language of the majority, that we should become worse subjects of that Empire? Is it because, in both French and English, we proclaim everywhere, here, in England, in France, in foreign lands, our unshaken attachment to British institutions, that we should have a narrower conception of our obligations towards Canada and Great Britain and a lesser desire to fulfil them in the completest manner? Why, then, should we be refused the pleasure and the advantage of knowing well and of speaking, our children and ourselves, the language to which our mothers initiated us, the language in which we can better express the most noble and inspiring sentiments of the heart, affection, love, charity; the language in which we first learned the traditions that our fathers handed down to us and that glorious epic of our country's early history as well as the heroic deeds of our ancestors on this American soil?



Senator Belcourt

THE REVOLUTION IN MONTREAL

The most important Civic Struggle in the History of Canada's First City

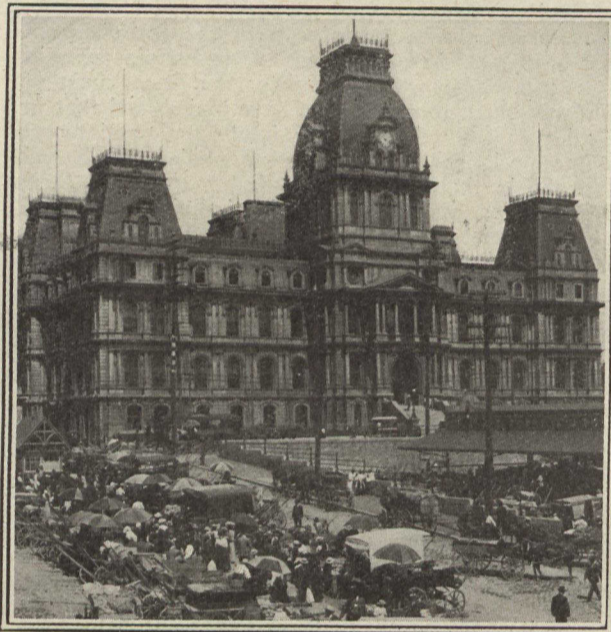
The Elections on February 1st, 1910

The greatest civic election ever held in Montreal, on Tuesday, February 1, 1910, resulted as follows: Mayor-elect, Dr. J. J. Guerin, by more than eight thousand majority over Senator J. P. B. Casgrain. All the controllers nominated by the Citizens' Committee were elected; and at the time of writing the story goes that the Citizens' Committee elected their aldermanic candi-

date in every ward. Thus irrespective of race or creed, the citizens united to clean up civic politics. So passes the notorious "23." The campaign had almost national dimensions. In its main issue it challenges the attention of the whole country, and marks an epoch in the history of the chief city of Canada. The following article was written just before the elections.

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

the reign of graft began. Neither does any man in Montreal clearly discern all the signs of the times to explain the situation in 1910 and all about it. Ask the citizens and read the newspapers and listen to the ward orations, and you will discover that for the first time in the history of Montreal a Committee of Citizens is arrayed against a Ring; the first election for a Board of Control is being held—four controllers besides the mayor, whether he be Dr. J. J. Guerin or Senator J. P. B. Casgrain; for the first time the number of aldermen is cut down to twenty-three, one for each ward, instead of two from each ward as it has been. The Citizens' Committee prepared a "slate"—four controllers and a



Montreal City Hall and City Market.

mayoralty candidate, to wit, Dr. J. J. Guerin, ex-minister of the Quebec Cabinet; and Messrs. R. L. Wanklyn, eminent engineer, and vice-president of the Dominion Coal Co.; Dr. E. P. Lachapelle, medical practitioner, president of the Provincial Board of Health; L. N. Dupuis, gentleman; and Joseph Ainey, representative of labour.

Against these is the slate of the Antis, which some have identified with the "Gang." The mayoralty nominee of the Antis is Senator Casgrain; the controller nominees number fourteen—unless a few drop out; also ten or a dozen candidates for aldermen.

So Montreal is divided into two camps—differing in all respects from any other former division. Custom has been as far as possible to alternate English and French mayors, as a matter of courtesy. The present mayor, Payette, is French. His opponent in the election of 1908, however, was also a Frenchman, Hon. Philippe Roy, now in penitentiary for embezzlement. But the election of 1910 is not French vs. English. The old lines of cleavage are almost obliterated. As a mere coincidence it happened that the notorious "23" in the old council were French, though the Citizens' Committee is both French and English. Dr. Guerin, the citizens' nominee for the mayoralty, is Irish. Three of the slate controller nominees are French. Mr. F. G. Wanklyn only is English. Of the sixteen citizens' candidates for aldermen, all but three are French. Senator Casgrain of the Antis is French.

The "race cry," then is all but forgotten. Attempts have been made to revive it; unsuccessfully. Senator Casgrain, who formerly supported Dr. Guerin, came out as his opponent somewhat on the strength of the plea that for the forthcoming Eucharistic Congress to be held in Montreal it would be better to have a French than an Irish Catholic mayor. Archbishop Bruchesi, however, in a sermon two Sundays before the election, made it clear that it was not a matter of race, or of

religion, but of common honesty as to who became Mayor of Montreal in 1910. Other clergymen of three denominations on the same day gave utterance to similar sentiments. The spectacle has been revived—of Diogenes going about with a lantern to find an honest man.

It has been a question of honesty and of competency. Montreal, founded by the singing of a hymn to the glory of God in 1642, has become one of the first cities in America for corruption. The story of it is contained in the findings of the Royal Commission under Judge Cannon. That is a long and a tedious story. It is summed up, however, in arithmetic. Montreal raises a larger annual revenue than the whole Province of Quebec; in round numbers, about six millions, compared to four millions and a half. By the findings of the Royal Commission it was demonstrated that more than a million of this had been "malversated." That is, the ratepayers of Montreal paid about six million dollars for less than five million dollars of value received. The reason was—the "Ring"; the "23."

A Schedule of Graft.

Means by which Montreal was "malversated" out of more than a million dollars in a year were found to be almost legion. The departments of corruption were police, fire, roads. Police were hand and glove with corrupt aldermen. Firemen sought positions on the force—from aldermen. Contracts were let on scandalous terms. Aldermen pocketed the scandal. Saloon-keepers arraigned for violation of the license law paid aldermen for protection; in turn they paid money into an election fund for the same aldermen. Christmas presents were sent by saloon-keepers to aldermen. Police Station No. 12 was tendered for three times by one man. The successful tenderer handed the contract over to two brothers of the Chairman of the Police Committee. Actions against twenty dishonest milk dealers were stopped at the instigation of aldermen. Senior police were accused of demanding pay for promotion of subalterns. Aldermen meddled in police promotions. Civic regulations forbade that any fireman should enter the force who had not been resident in Montreal for two years. Firemen from the *banlieues* were smuggled in for a consideration—to aldermen. Police Station No. 13 was built much smaller than called for in the plans—for the same money. A civic employee in the Roads Department stuffed the pay lists. Another stole enough material to build himself a house. Still another accepted old pipes from a contractor that were stuffed with putty and painted to look like new pipes. Finally, and without enumerating more than a fraction of the ingenious irregularities, came Brunet the Paver, who with Ald. Giroux, head of the band of "23," a bare majority of the Council, looms up as an arch-genie of the Booodle-Bund.

Eight of the twenty-three were indicted by the Commission. Four of the eight became Anti candidates for the new Council, one for the Board of Control; this in preference to being arrested and imprisoned, which the conscience of Montreal loudly condemns as shameless conduct but recognises as part of the generalship tactics displayed by the Bund. Ask why no one, even the Citizens' Committee, has moved to have these men placed where there is no election, and you are told it is the French way to exaggerate *bonhomie* sometimes at the expense of rigorous and uncomfortable justice.

Perhaps in this good-humoured principle of *laissez-faire* may be found part of the reason for the present predicament of Montreal. On all hands you are told that rascality crept into the City Hall many elections ago. But it was winked at and handshaken and slapped on the back; the populace of Montreal not inclined to take municipal matters too seriously, and disposed to let well enough alone, provided no one is found insulting the commonwealth. Sentiment has a curious prevalence in Montreal; and it despises cold analysis. Sometimes it degenerates into apathy; again revives into emotional activity. A year ago Mayor Payette freely expressed to the *Montreal Star* that civic affairs were in a frightful mess. A year before that, when he was elected by a narrow majority, his opponent, Hon. Philippe Roy, alleged that the city was finan-

IN the heart of Montreal there is a statue which is heroic—as many things are in Montreal. The work of a native sculptor, Hebert, it is the most impressive monument in that city of monuments. It is to the Place d'Armes what the statue of Nelson is to Trafalgar Square. The Place d'Armes is the real centre of Montreal; far from the centre of population but at the core of the city's life. Behind the noble, though rather constricted square in which stands the statue of Maissonneuve is the greatest bank in Canada, the Bank of Montreal; in front the greatest cathedral in Canada, Notre Dame. One minute's walk east or west from the Place d'Armes brings more financial wealth at your elbow than could be found in any other similar walk in Canada. James Street is high finance. Notre Dame is religion. The statue of "Le fondateur de Montreal" unites both in history that reaches back just one generation short of three hundred years.

Ramble where you may in the cosmopolitan island city on the St. Lawrence, you find yourself unconsciously heading back to the Place d'Armes which, beset by a score of historical reminders—monuments, chateaus, entablatures and spires—is the identical spot where in 1642 Paul de Chomedey de Maissonneuve founded Montreal in the name of God and by the killing of Indians. An arrow shot from the pedestal of the Maissonneuve monument might light on the old home of Cadillac, who founded Detroit; of La Salle, who explored the Mississippi and established New Orleans; of Mackenzie, who explored the Mackenzie River running into the North Pole Sea; of Fraser, famous for the river that bears his name, running into the Pacific.

By the time you have begun to realise the historic human meaning of all this you are jostled by a coonskin-coated man who on his way across the Place d'Armes talks jabberingly in English—or quite as likely in French. He glances at the heroic figure with the cuirass, the sword and the fleur-de-lis; but he sees it not; at the bas-reliefs that tell the four-square story of the founding of Montreal in the name of God; but with a shifting eye. By the time he reaches St. James Street you observe him looking a block or two eastward to the stolid hulk of the massive City Hall—and he is talking of "the Slate," of "the Twenty-Three," of the Citizens' Committee and "The Gang."

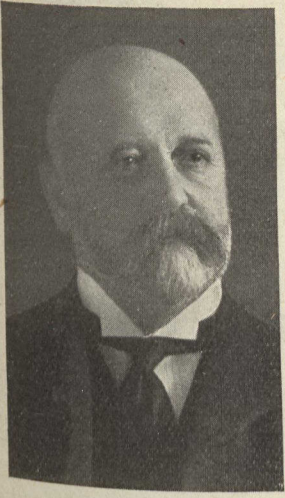
A Touch of Revolution.

Comprenez-vous? Maybe not. Ask him. He refers you to the City Hall; to Mayor Payette; to Giroux, chief of the celebrated "Twenty-Three"; to Brunet, the Paver. Also he says that on Tuesday, first of February, things will be known in Montreal more startling than any episode since Maissonneuve killed the big Iroquois in a life-and-death struggle there on the square of Place d'Armes.

You begin to understand; he is a revolutionist; and by a touch of imagination you might behold the tumbril and the guillotine. For it is certain that by the time this writing goes to press, some heads will have tumbled. *Eh bien!* A shrug. It was time. The greatest city in Canada had been getting a black name; since last May, when the Royal Commission convened, till September, when it ceased digging into the Municipal Sewage because it was weary of an endless and a stinking job. Wherefore the civic election of Montreal, *Fevrier*, 1910, makes it necessary to invent a new calendar.

In one of the two great towers of Notre Dame they have the biggest bell in America. *Le gros Bourdon* never rings except upon some profound occasion such as the death of a Pope. If all goes well, on February the first at midnight *Le gros Bourdon* should boom out over the St. Lawrence; twenty-three times. For it is a matter of religion. Montreal was founded by the singing of a hymn; Maissonneuve, a priest, thirty-seven men and Mlle. Mance, the white-souled woman whose figure is on the monument of Place d'Armes. They took possession of the island in the name of the Company of Montreal; and to the glory of God.

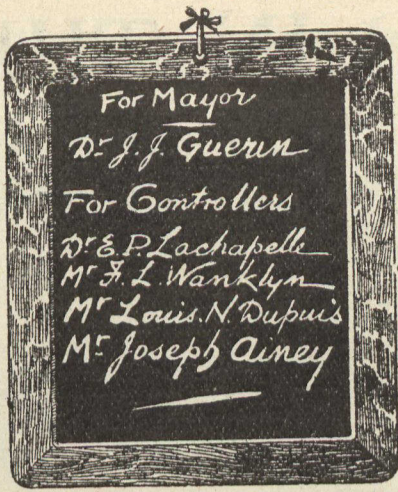
But the Company of 1909, the "23," have been taking possession also—in the name and to the glory of Graft. And no man knows precisely when in the city of towers and spires and solemn bells



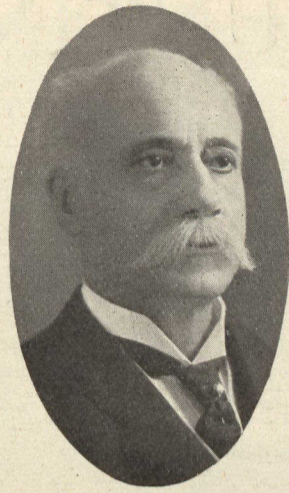
Mr. F. L. Wanklyn,
Engineer.



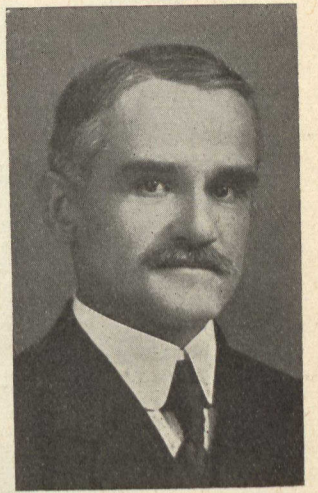
Mr. Louis N. Dupuis,
Gentleman.



THE SLATE, THE WHOLE SLATE,
AND NOTHING BUT THE SLATE.



Dr. E. P. Lachapelle
Medical Expert.



Mr. Joseph Ainey,
Labourite.

cially in a bad way. The Senator said nothing of graft, but much of bad water service, ill-paved streets, wretched lighting and high prices for gas. He accused Mr. Payette of having bluffed at making a good bargain with the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co. The Mayor retorted that Hon. Mr. Roy had fathered in the Legislature the bill that brought the company into being. For long enough citizens of Montreal have known that civic improvements have been badly mismanaged; that on the expiration of the contract with the Light, Heat & Power Co. the rate for street lights was raised from \$60 each per year to \$75 and now on a so-called basis of "cost" comes at \$90. They have known that the streets were in some respects worse than country roads; that the water service was inadequate. But there has never been a determined campaign of the people to get their common rights until now.

There was great haste to make Montreal bigger by annexing suburbs east, west and north. But for the sake of "Greater Montreal" it was found that to extend improvements and city utilities to the annexed districts was much more complicated than annexation. Hence came the Montreal Water & Power Co., which undertook to supply water to the new areas. Hence most of the typhoid epidemic which has given Montreal as much bad eminence of late as the smallpox did many years ago. The city plant is at Lachine, miles up the St. Lawrence beyond Westmount. The company installed its plant below Verdun, two miles further down stream. Verdun sewage has not been good for Montreal water. Typhoid by the hundreds has been the result; so many cases at once that all the hospitals were soon full, cases were turned away by the score and it became necessary to establish an emergency hospital, which was done at the instigation of the Montreal Star, backed by scores of citizens to the tune of \$60,000, the largest single subscription coming from Lord Strathcona to the amount of \$25,000. And still there was apathy; notably in the conduct of Mayor Payette, who declined the offer of Lord Strathcona to send out an investigating expert. Meanwhile diligent alarmist scribes had been busy spreading lurid stories. As far away as Minneapolis a newspaper special had the account of thousands of typhoid cases in Montreal at one time; whereas the total highest number was never more than 330; deaths at the present time from typhoid being ten or eleven a week.

The Devil of Bad Repute.

So easy is bad reputation. And if there is one thing Montreal hates worse than mismanagement and boodling it is bad repute. Even the boodlers hate it. The fair name of Montreal must not be smirched by foul rumour.

Bad repute went further. It attacked the city's credit. Montreal in common with most Canadian cities is a heavy seller of securities in England. A prominent investor having got wind of the financial irregularities in the civic spending departments wrote a letter of inquiry. It became necessary to publish a statement whereby it was shown that "uncontrollable" expenditures in Montreal for the year 1908 were:

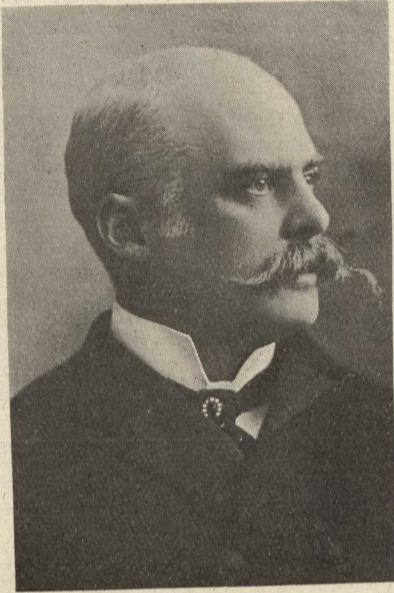
Interest on Municipal Debt, \$1,500,000; School Taxes, \$755,000; Salaries and Wages, \$1,645,000; Street Lighting, \$155,000; Asylums, \$130,000; Hospital Grants, \$60,000; Insurance, \$45,000.

"Controllable" expenditure—which in the case of the recent Council meant "variable"—was summed up: Maintenance of Departments, \$950,000; Care of Streets, \$250,000.

The distribution of these comprehensive sums has depended upon a large number of people, of whom one newspaper said recently: "The City Hall and other civic buildings are packed to the doors with officials, a large proportion of whom are scandalously incapable, who obtained their positions through graft or nepotism and who retain them by virtue of their willingness to be tools of aldermen."

In repudiation of the "Gang" the Montreal press has been almost a unit. Never in Montreal was such newspaper unanimity regardless of politics, race or religion.

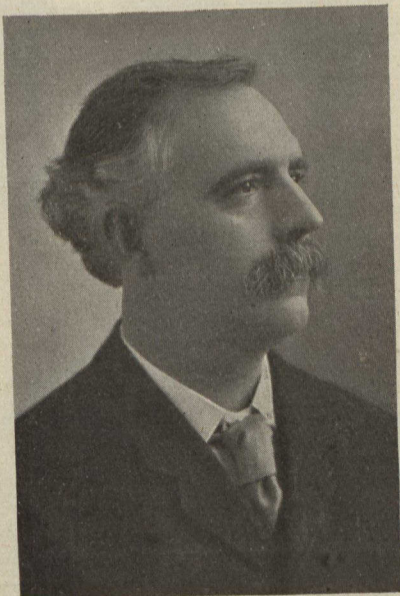
Thoughtful citizens have put on sackcloth and ashes along with the crowd. They see the city—somewhat as the Jews beheld Jerusalem. The city appeals to the populace—in the imagination. At a ward meeting Controller Candidate Wanklyn said "Montreal is suffering from dishonesty, dis-



Dr. J. J. Guerin,
Citizen's Candidate for Mayor.



Senator J. P. B. Casgrain.



Ald. N. Giroux,
Head of the remarkable "23."

organisation and debt." This of the proudest city in Canada! He instanced Mexico as an example of what Latin cities have done for municipal development; then why not Montreal? As though Montreal were not almost as Latin as Rome or Paris! English she may be in two-thirds of her wealth. French she is in two-thirds of her population, her great churches and endowed, tax-exempt institutions, of which the Seminary of St. Sulpice is said to be the richest institution in America.

Does the average Montreal elector, who is much more French than English, clearly comprehend the sequence of this movement? If so his memory dates clearly back but little more than a year; though when *Ville Marie* began to be badly paved, badly lighted, inadequately watered and indifferently policed is a far larger story. There were rumours of mal-expenditure; at the election two years ago it became semi-public. But the public cared little. The superb negligence of Montreal must not be fretted with petty malversations. The City Hall added five suburbs increasing population by nearly a hundred thousand and assessment by many millions. "Greater Montreal" was the slogan; appealing to the imagination, as it still does in the speeches of candidates who have in mind the day when the whole Island will be a city, as Manhattan is.

The Real Greater Montreal.

But for the past year "Better Montreal" has been writing itself in a larger and larger hand. The serene indolence of the metropolis has been disturbed by agitation. Precisely who began it is not wholly agreed upon. The credit seems divisible among one English newspaper, an alderman and the Board of Trade. In December, 1908, the *Star* vented certain allegations. The sinister "23," with Ald. Napoleon Giroux at the head and patronage in its mitt, was beginning to emerge. Petty "malversations" were becoming an organized system with a majority of Council whipped into line by the "Colossus of the Roads Department," ostensibly for the benefit of the "Lord High Tenderer," Brunet the Paver.

Opposition developed within the Council and without. The Mayor frankly confessed that the City Hall was impossible to honest administration. He was backed by aldermen, and the press demanding a Commission to investigate. The Board of Trade, through its Municipal Committee, and in association with the Chambre du Commerce, the Real Estate Owners' Association and the Business Men's League arranged a meeting with the Legislative Committee of the City Council. At first a vague protest, the demand took shape in the form of an appeal to the Legislature against the Booodle-Bund; items in the programme—reduction in the number of aldermen, a Board of Control and a Board of Works.

Meanwhile the Royal Commission demanded by the press; a six-months session furnishing acres of copy to the newspapers and firing the public imagination much more vividly than the slogan, "Greater Montreal."

Government, unwilling to arbitrate, permitted a plebiscite which was in September after the Commission, having indicted eight aldermen for "malversation," had ceased to drag the sewer.

The Citizens' Association was formed; representing all classes of protest against the Bund. They promoted the referendum—that the populace instigated by the findings of the Royal Commission might register their will in favour of a Board of Control and a reduction of aldermen. The vote in favour was overwhelming. The tide had turned—of popular sentiment.

Thenceforward the "slate." The Citizens' Committee, representing the greater Montreal, not of mere territory and population, but of civic progress, having its propaganda, invented its machinery of ways and means. The press backed up the committee. Editorials were loud and frequent in praise of the reform platform and the slate and in condemnation of the discarded "23." The era of epithets came in; "clique," "gang," "plunderbund"; finally "aristocracy of graft and patronage." Issues were defined. The main issue eliminated—distinction of race, creed, language and religion.

Then came the reaction. The remnant including the "23" and an element not satisfied with the citizens' slate



HUNTING IN THE ARCTIC

On the Trail of the Musk Ox in Ellesmere Land

By HARRY WHITNEY,

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

ARTICLE NUMBER FOUR



FOUR "sleeps" indicated nothing. It might have meant two hundred miles, or it might have meant fifty miles. The Eskimo has no conception of distance. He is endowed with certain artistic instincts which enable him to draw a fairly good map of a coast line with which he is thoroughly familiar, but he cannot tell you how far it is from one point to another. On very many occasions I noted this peculiarity when travelling with them. Often when they told me a place we were bound for was very close at hand, it developed that we were far from it. This is something they are never sure of and cannot indicate.

Though some of the specimens secured were not as large as I might have wished, at least six were equal to any the Eskimos had ever seen, and I was, on the whole, well satisfied with the results of the hunt. We already had full loads for nearly all the *komatiks*, and at most could not have carried more than four additional heads. In view of these circumstances, I gave the word to return to camp, where we arrived after a tiresome march in the teeth of a keen north-east wind, and began to prepare at once for our retreat.

Since leaving Annotok I had not touched water to face or hands and was as dirty as the dirtiest Eskimo. Their hands, in fact, were much cleaner than mine, for they were in the habit of washing them now and again by rubbing them in snow, an art that I did not master. The prospect of a bath when we should reach Annotok was therefore a pleasant anticipation for the future.

The young musk oxen were doing well, and I had high hopes of success in getting them out. At first they were very troublesome to feed. They had not been educated to a condensed milk diet, and until hunger drove them to it, I had difficulty in inducing them to accept it, but in a remarkably short time they learned to like and look for it, and became quite tame and contented.

Though the sky was overcast, the glare was awful. These cloudy days were more trying to our eyes, in fact, than when the sun shone brightly. Our eyes were inflamed, and the Eskimos as well as myself suffered much pain and inconvenience—perhaps more than I. But there was no time for rest. My calculations placed us nearly two hundred miles from Annotok. A cloudy sky and shifting wind foretold a storm, and should snow come, the difficulties of travel would be vastly increased. As quickly as possible, therefore, everything was made ready for the *komatiks*.

Now for the first time I realised how great was the mass of trophies and meat that awaited transportation, in addition to our camping paraphernalia. It was no small problem to load the *komatiks*, and it soon developed that all could not be accommodated. The Eskimos wanted to abandon some of the skins and heads that no meat might be left behind, but I insisted that every trophy be taken, and a cache made of the surplus meat. The country to be traversed was exceedingly rough which required comparatively light loads, with every unnecessary pound eliminated; to lighten the *komatiks* further I left with the meat cache, one box of biscuits, one small bag of corn meal, four cans of baked beans, and all the grass we had brought for our boots which we believed we should not need.

The temperature at this time was nine degrees above zero. All the skins were frozen stiff as boards, which increased the difficulty of packing the loads closely and snugly, a detail I left to the ingenious Eskimos. The tent and other belongings of my own I attended to personally. While the Eskimo will do everything possible for the white traveller's comfort, one thing, my experience taught me, he will not do. He will not interfere with a white man's personal belongings. You must collect these things yourself and put them in proper shape for loading, or they will be left behind.

We began our retreat with a strong northeast wind blowing, and increasing indications of snow. Tukshu's team had been reduced to six dogs through casualties in the hunt, which threw upon him much hard shoving and hauling of the heavily loaded sledge. One of his dogs, a very fine animal, badly wounded but still living, he attempted to carry on the *komatik* in the hope that it might recover, but the poor beast died soon after our start. I called

a halt that the dog's pelt might be removed. Here I learned that the Eskimos have a superstition against skinning a dog whose death has been caused by another animal, and there was much discussion before they consented to do it.

A tragedy was the result of our stop. One of the musk-ox calves wandered into a bunch of dogs, and before I realised its danger, was so badly bitten that we found it necessary to kill it. The other calf followed us like a dog for ten hours. Her mother's skin was lashed on one of the sledges. She had sniffed it, and this was what drew her on.

Finally, she became so tired that in descending a slippery ice grade she was unable to keep our pace, and I took her in my arms and carried her until we made camp. Then I warmed some condensed milk as quickly as possible, and, very hungry, she drank her fill and was quite contented. From this on I carried her for the most part in my arms. The Eskimos wished to kill her, as she was a great incumbrance, but I would not listen to it and she soon learned to look to me for protection.

Several "sleeps" took us back to Cape Albert, and presently into the rough ice, which we found even worse than on our outward journey. Two sledges were broken, and five hours lost in making

repairs. Roads had to be opened with axes, always tedious work. To me, with my little charge in my arms, it was particularly trying. When at last smooth ice was again reached a gale arose and I began to fear lest the pack would break up.

We were perhaps halfway across Smith Sound when this fear was realised. The Eskimos became suddenly excited, and I quickly discovered the cause. The large floe we were on had separated from the main ice. The men whipped up their dogs, and shouted at them to urge them toward a narrow lead, where as yet but two feet of water separated our young ice floe from the stationary ice. Fortunately we reached it in time, and over the steadily widening lead made our escape without accident.

The travelling here was fearfully rough. Soon snow began to fall, and in a little while a terrific blizzard was blowing. It was so thick one could not see objects twenty feet away. An effort was made to construct an igloo, but the snow was too soft. There was nothing to do but make the best of it. I put up my tent, but it was poor protection from the gale and searching snow. Musk-ox skins were spread about to keep out the wind, and here we slept until the storm abated and the weather enabled us to resume our journey.

When we started again the glare was terrible. I no longer removed my glasses when I slept, for without them the intense light penetrated through the lids and burned the eyeballs. Three of the Eskimos became snow blind, and as temporary relief I dropped a solution of cocaine into their eyes.

Presently we missed one of the sledges and I turned back to search for it. I found the driver lying face down across his load, unable to open his eyes. He had abandoned himself to his suffering and to whatever fate might befall, while the dogs, unnoticed, stood about with tangled traces.

Travelling grew steadily worse, and six miles from Annotok the ice barrier became practically impassable. Five hours were consumed in opening a road, then half our load was abandoned and for seven more long hours we laboured through that six miles of ice. The efforts of the Eskimos were little short of superhuman. Finally the obstacle was overcome, and we found ourselves safely and thankfully back at Annotok.

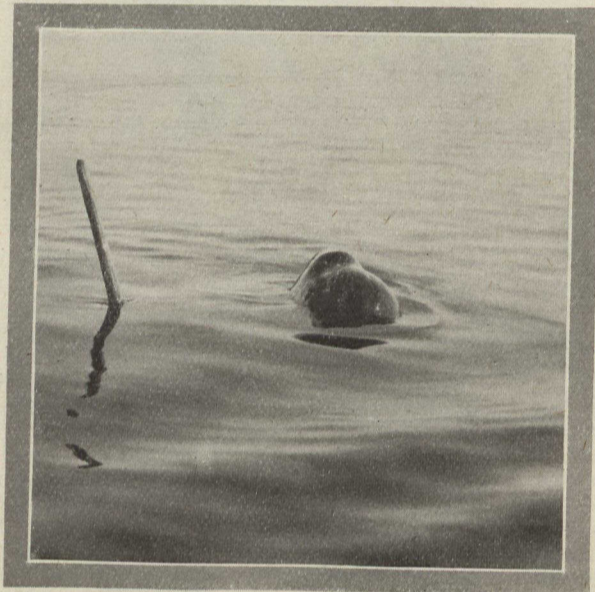
The tireless men at once returned for the abandoned goods, while I devoted myself to making the little musk ox comfortable. The hard travelling, the storm, and the unnatural conditions had worn upon her. She was very weak and quite ill. I built a box house shelter for her, wrapped her in a blanket, and did everything in my power to save her, but later, in spite of nursing and coddling, the poor little thing died. In the nearly two hundred miles that I had carried her in my arms we had become greatly attached to each other, and her loss grieved me more than I can say.

After an absence of six hours, the *komatiks* returned with the abandoned trophies. Unfortunately the tips of some of the horns had been cracked by coming in contact with rough ice. The skins were wet, and before I permitted myself much needed sleep and rest, I spread them out to dry.

Recuperated, I deemed it wise to push south to Etah. The Arctic spring was at hand. The ice was breaking up, and the snow rapidly disappearing from the hillsides. Fourteen hours were consumed in making this journey, but it was filled with interest. Great numbers of gulls hovered over Littleton Island, and large numbers of little auks and eider ducks were on the water, while snow bunting and a sweet-singing sparrow abounded on land. It was glorious to see this bright life again. It brought us into touch with the great outside world and nature. It broke the silence that had brooded over the dead world for so long, and brought joy and lightness to our hearts.

One incident fell under my observation at Etah, too interesting to pass without mention. Shortly after my arrival, I engaged some Eskimo women to clean the musk-ox skins, and gave them presents of food delicacies in return. To one of them fell some musk-ox fat and meat. While she was absent from her *tupek* a dog—a big, fine fellow belonging to her husband—stole in and devoured the meat and fat.

Some of the children returning in time to see him gulp down the last tender morsel, raised a cry



Walrus going down after being harpooned.



Mr. Whitney sitting on Musk Ox just shot.



In the Musk Ox Country; the Bleak Frozen Hill-scapes Ellesmere Land where Arctic Hare are plentiful.

that brought the woman, who was a few hundred yards away, on the run. The children explained to her what had happened. She at once secured a rope, fastened a slip knot around the dog's neck, passed the other end of the rope over a ridge pole, and drew up upon it until the dog's hind feet just touched the ground. There she fastened it and walked away.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Get the meat," she answered laconically.

When she returned ten minutes later the dog was dead. She cut the carcass down, dragged it out on the ice, cut it open, and removed the scraps of much chewed fat and meat. Two of the children brought pails of salt water, and in this she washed the delicacies piece by piece. Thus recovered and cleaned, she displayed them to me with the remark: "Just as good as ever."

The principal walrus hunt in which I had a part took place in January preceding my musk-ox hunt, and in the midst of the long Arctic night. We were in camp at Annotok when the Eskimos announced that conditions south of Cape Alexander should be right for walrus, and a hunting party was at once organised.

It was two o'clock on the morning of January 11, 1909, when our expedition, with several well-loaded sledges, turned southward. The weather was bitter cold. A bright moon lighted the measureless expanse of ice and snow, and the heavens were aflame with the aurora borealis, now flaring across the sky in every direction like a thousand powerful searchlights, now melting into a mystical, luminous vapor of changing colour, now taking a form that fancy easily imagined a mighty flag waving in a strong breeze.

This display of northern lights must have been one of unusual brilliancy and variation, for even the stolid Eskimos exhibited a keen interest and talked long and earnestly about it. To me it was awe-inspiring and grand, typifying that inexplicable mystery that enshrouds the great white Arctic world—something evasive that one feels and knows exists but never can quite grasp—a ghostly being that repels but always and inevitably draws one back to the land where it stalks, just as a magnet draws particles of iron.

We halted briefly at Littleton Island while the Eskimos opened a cache made the previous summer, and filled two bags with eider-duck eggs. These eggs were frozen as hard as rocks, and it puzzled me to know how they were to be eaten. This was soon solved. An Eskimo placed an egg in his mouth, and in a little while it thawed sufficiently for him to remove the shell. This done, the icy substance was sucked like candy.

Fourteen and a half hours' journey brought us to our closed shack at Etah, where we were to halt and rest; but to my chagrin I found that the winter storms had blown the stovepipe down, torn a great rent in the canvas roof, and drifted the place full of snow. I had been looking forward to a warm fire, a hot meal, and a cozy rest. Now it required more than an hour to clean out the snow, and even then we had difficulty in keeping the pipe in position against a strong northeast wind while a kettle of snow was melted for tea, and I was half frozen when at length I crawled into my sleeping bag for five hours' rest.

It was intensely dark when we left Etah. The stars were like a million icicles hung in a silvery sky. The wind was searching cold and bit to the very marrow. Eight hours carried us close to Cape Alexander, where we found large lakes of open water, and, to our disappointment, conditions bad

for walrus hunting. This was a hunt of necessity so far as the Eskimos were concerned, for they were in urgent need of food for man and dog, and it was determined to push still farther south until game was found.

Mr. Whitney's series of articles will continue next week. The only romance about these articles is the romance of fact. Mr. Whitney's style of writing shows him to have been a most careful observer.
—Editor's Note.

More Light on the Canal Question

Mr. J. A. Wilson both Differs and Agrees with Mr. Norman Patterson concerning his Articles on the "Battle of the Canals."

Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

READERS of the CANADIAN COURIER must all have followed with interest the able articles on the great rival schemes of the new Welland versus the Georgian Bay Canal. Transportation facilities loom large in the eyes of every Canadian to-day. The air is filled with new projects, east and west we are all interested in the development of old routes and the discovery of new ones.

If the Editor will extend the courtesy of his columns, at the risk of wearying the reader, there are yet a few points to which attention may be drawn on a subject of such vital importance to the great ocean ports of the St. Lawrence in particular and to the welfare of Canadian trade and prosperity in general.

To begin with—what does Canada want, what makes this question so acute at the present day? We see here in Canada a system of mighty rivers and lakes stretching from the Atlantic Ocean halfway across the Continent. This great chain of water communication could tap a third part of the North American Continent, which contains some of the best agricultural country in the world and supports a large population which must increase very rapidly to huge dimensions. As we have noticed before, the gateway is the Canadian St. Lawrence, with its national ports of Montreal and Quebec at the head of ocean shipping. How best to open the gates of navigation between Montreal and the Lakes is the question. We have two routes. The present St. Lawrence Canal system and its continuation to the Upper Lakes by the Welland Canal, or by the Ottawa River straight to the West, through the Georgian Bay and Upper Lakes. The deepening of the Welland Canal alone will only facilitate internal traffic, a great and growing traffic it is true, and well worth the proposed expenditure, but it will leave the main question of opening deep water communication with the West where it was. It cannot solve the problem of bringing into full use our inland water system. The road to the sea is the crux of the situation. Within a year of the deepening of the Welland we should have a demand for a new St. Lawrence Canal system. This means an undertaking of far greater magnitude than the Georgian Bay route. The government of Canada may well pause and count the cost before embarking on such a huge undertaking. The Georgian Bay route has been accurately surveyed in all its aspects and the cost closely estimated at \$110,000,000. Already some of the water conservation work necessary at the head waters of the Ottawa is in hand and the whole work could be put under construction without delay. When finished it would solve once and for all the problem of cheap and rapid communication from the ocean to the head of the lakes, and bring into Canadian ports the whole import and export trade of the prairie

provinces, Ontario, and Western Quebec, as well as the whole sea-borne commerce of the North-western States.

The deepening of the Welland might well be put in hand after that, if need be, to provide the Lake Ontario ports with better access to the Upper Lakes, but the vital and crying need of the West would be satisfied.

The new Welland alone would mean that large freighters from the Upper Lakes would discharge at Kingston instead of at Port Colborne. How Mr. Norman Patterson makes his saving of 50 per cent. on freight from Fort William to Montreal by carrying his grain in a 200,000 bushel freighter about one-sixth of the total distance instead of in an 80,000 bushel ship, perhaps he can explain. His figures scarcely appear convincing. It cannot make any material difference whether the grain is transhipped at Port Colborne or at Kingston. The loss is in the transhipment. Therein lies the whole problem. We must have either the whole St. Lawrence system or the Georgian Bay canal. No half measures will meet the problem. The lake freighter must go to salt water and tranship there, or go on to its destination if need be.

Another point Mr. Patterson makes against the northern route is that there will be no return cargoes. Surely this cannot be the case. Have Montreal and Eastern Canada no trade with the West? Do no goods go from European or United States Eastern ports to Western Canada or the North-western States? Through the new canal will be the cheapest route. Montreal and Quebec will have the transshipping of all that huge trade which is bound to grow up and will soon outrival New York and other Atlantic ports.

Then, too, Mr. Patterson utterly neglects the resources of the Georgian Bay country. When the canal is finished there will be about 1,000,000 h.p. ready developed, waiting the water wheels to turn it into electric power.

Close by lie some of the greatest mineral deposits on the continent. Already electric smelting is an accomplished fact and before many years we shall see a great iron and steel industry in the Ottawa Valley. The great timber country north of the Ottawa will find a new outlet east and west. The pulp and paper industries will expand enormously. Many industries are springing up already and the abundance of cheap power and good shipping facilities will attract more.

The difficulties of the route are great it is true, but that was true of the St. Lawrence ship channel below Montreal until recently, and will always be true of any long and narrow waterway. These drawbacks are not deterring the States from the construction of the Panama Canal, and if the Isthmus of Panama can be surmounted so can the summit between the St. Lawrence and Georgian Bay.

How many of our readers have watched the



THE BRITISH GENERAL ELECTION

In a great many of the open spaces in London the results of the Elections were thrown upon huge white screens, through the enterprise of the leading Newspapers. Our photograph shows a crowd assembled round Gladstone's Statue in the Strand, at midnight, awaiting the latest results.

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beautiful, wide flow of the Ottawa at Mattawa in the morning, from a C.P.R. train coming from the West. Afternoon sees us still by its side, at Ottawa a noble flood, and in the evening approaching Montreal, the far shores are dim and distant.

No five miles an hour ditch this noble river of Canada! No ditch in the sand as at Suez, where a ship has to back into a siding to let another pass and creep through dead slow lest its wash should silt up the channel! Not so, but reach after reach, many miles long, where a fleet could manoeuvre with ease and safety.

The saving, in time would be from two to three days over the Welland route on the round trip. This means an extra trip on the season's working. No small thing for the ship owner! These few facts may help the reader to form his judgment as to the merit of the routes.

We have already a fine route via the St. Lawrence and Welland which can always easily beat any American route to the lakes. Let us open a greater which will secure once and for always to our national ports of Montreal and Quebec the com-

mand of the North American shipping trade and reopen the old route to the West. It is the natural route, the first and the quickest, and was in constant use from Champlain's day till the advent of the railway. We have spent thousands on the St. Lawrence ship channel to Montreal. Why stop there? Rather let us turn our attention to the broad waters of the Ottawa and open the gates of the straight road to the Golden West. Champlain, the discoverer, first pointed the way. Let us follow the trail he blazed, and build wide and deep the great highway to the heart of the continent.

We have faith in our country and its future. Our fathers had before us in darker days. We who stand in the dawn and see the light and watch the sun rise on Canada's century, let us in our turn take up our work of developing our country, not in any narrow or sectional spirit but with the higher and broader view that what serves Canada best serves all Canadians best. The National Transcontinental Railway was the work of the first decade of our century. Let the Georgian Bay Canal be the work of the second.

system of tariffs, without any real prospect of a corresponding improvement in wages. This was serious business and it began to tell strongly in the country. On the eve of the polling Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain had to counter it with a sort of joint guarantee that living would not be made dearer under Tariff Reform. This final manifesto did something to spoil the effect of the Liberals' triumphant Free Trade policy.

What was the result at the polls? Well, it was as clearly proved as anything can be in this changing world that the hopes of the Tariff Reformers in Britain are a long way from being realised yet. Industrial Britain was not prepared to abandon its proved policy of free imports and an open market for the world's traders. London was not made "a clean sweep" of, as Lord Rothschild, the great financier, predicted; there were gains and losses in the metropolis on both sides, and the causes were in nearly every case local. The faithfulness of Birmingham to its beloved "Joe" was met by ringing Liberal triumphs in Manchester, the cradle of Free Trade. Affection for Mr. Chamberlain undoubtedly swayed the mass of voters in the Birmingham sphere of influence, and not so much Mr. Chamberlain's policy. A typical Birmingham elector said before he registered his vote: "I have stuck to Joe for twenty years, and do you think I am going to desert him now that he is on his back?" That man's opinion largely explains why the Liberals were "snowed under" in the Birmingham area. Mr. Chamberlain never domineered over the loyalty of his followers more surely than now, when he is reduced to a physical wreck, unable to appear on a public platform and compelled to carry on his campaign through the medium of the post.

Cotton was firm for Free Trade as it has always been. Two seats in Lancashire were captured by Tariff Reformers as the result of local Labour leaders insisting upon running candidates of their own in opposition to their Liberal allies.

The Tariff Reform Campaign in Britain

By H. LINTON ECCLES, London Correspondent CANADIAN COURIER

WHATEVER else the general election just concluded in Great Britain has shown, it has demonstrated in remarkable fashion the present position of the Tariff Reform campaign in the only great Free Trade country remaining in the world. Other issues, main line and side track, there have been in plenty. The crop of scares and the exchange of offensive personalities were as plentiful in this latest political fight as they have always been. But, after all, especially in the big manufacturing centres, there was a clear-cut issue, distinct from all the rest, between Free Trade and Tariff Reform.

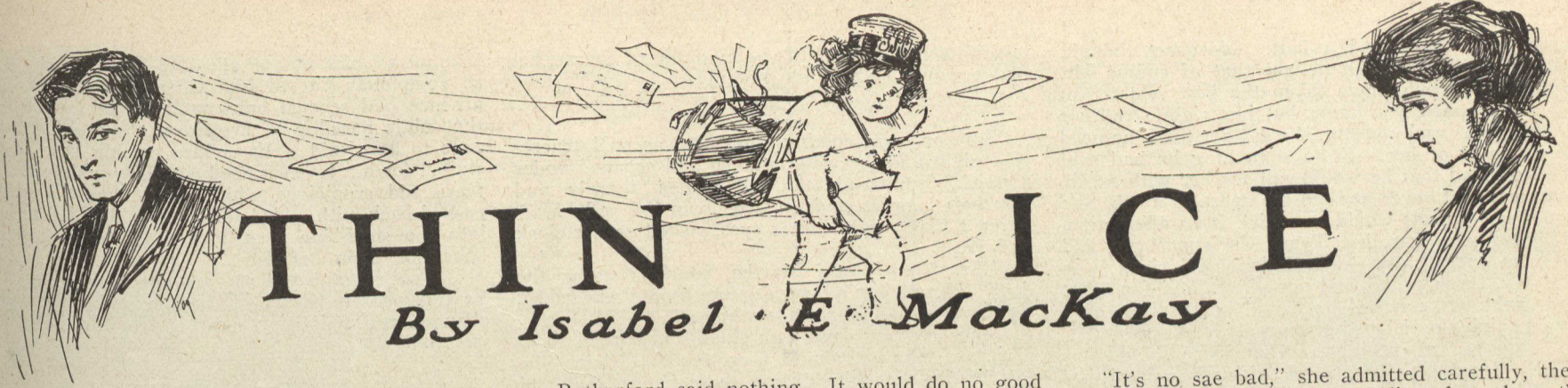
It really seemed, up to a fortnight before the first polls, that the tremendous policy which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain adopted as his own after his memorable tour in South Africa would be kept discreetly in the background. Nobody "in the know" pretended that it was to be made the predominant dish to be placed before the British electorate. The Liberal Party opened the menu with the Budget, containing its new proposals for taxing land values and incomes over £5,000 per year. Those proposals, of course, were a distinct blow at the monopolists of wealth, in land and incomes. The monopolists readily met the attack, and there was an extraordinary show of peers stumping the country from end to end in defence of their interests. It was soon

recognised that the noble orators weren't making much headway, so socialism—"the negation of home, patriotism," and everything else in Lord Rosebery's plentiful vocabulary—was fetched out again. Well, the democratic English race has learned a great deal about labour legislation since it created a definite Labour Party in the House of Commons. Anti-socialism wasn't going to win an election, and Mr. Balfour's party knew it. The navy scare came next, with the admiral who was ordered to haul down his flag as Lord High Tub-thumper. In spite of Mr. Balfour and his lieutenants following fast upon the heels of Lord Charles Beresford and shouting obediently after him, the navy scare made little progress against the official statistics that were published broadcast.

Meanwhile, the bed-ridden champion of Tariff Reform was watching the course of events closely and carefully. Just at the critical moment manifestos in Mr. Chamberlain's name were launched one after the other from the seclusion of his Highbury (Birmingham) residence—and Mr. Balfour and his men again tuned their voices to the new scale.

Mr. Asquith's party met the Tariff Reformers with the assertion that the prices of the necessities of life—bread, meat, boots, and so on—would go up and the cost of living increase under the proposed

The recent disaster at Webbwood caused people to look up the records of railway accidents in Canada. The worst that ever occurred was at St. Hilaire in 1864 when a train ran off a bridge, killing 83 and injuring 200. This is a record which it will be hard to beat. In 1872, a wreck in Belleville caused thirty deaths. In 1884, a collision near Toronto caused as many. The St. George accident in 1889 was a bridge accident also, but only eleven were killed. The same year, a train ran off the track near Hamilton and killed seventeen people. The famous collision at Wanstead in 1902 was one of the most pathetic in railway annals; 28 were killed and many more fatally injured. These are the worst cases in the records, to which Spanish River Bridge may now be added as being fully as tragic as any, except that at St. Hilaire.



THIN ICE

By Isabel E. Mackay

RESUME.

Peter Rutherford, a wealthy young Montrealer, visits an aunt in a small Ontario town. A business communication takes him to the post office on a night when a blizzard sweeps the town and, confused by the violence of the storm, he turns by mistake into the home of Margaret Manners, whose acquaintance he has an opportunity of improving before her brother arrives to show him on his way. By chance circumstance, Peter decides not to mail a letter of proposal written to a girl in Montreal, and later drops it in the Manners home, where it comes into Margaret's hands. Next day, when he calls, Margaret returns the letter to him, and he is intensely relieved to find it has not been sent upon its way. A sleighing party is being arranged and Peter is persuaded to prolong his visit to take part in the event. By mutual consent he becomes Margaret's escort in the drive and by so doing incurs the enmity of a man from whom the girl has been accepting some small attentions and who has taken for granted the acceptability of his suit. Margaret confides to Peter Rutherford her fear of this man and the unpleasantness of his attention in spite of which it is her brother's wish that she should marry him. Peter has a faint and disagreeable recollection of having seen Klein before but cannot recall the exact circumstances. On the evening of the party, Klein attempts to poison Peter in order that he may drive Margaret home, but Peter recovers from his faintness in time to prevent this plan being carried out. The affair serves only to put Peter more keenly on his guard.

Rutherford said nothing. It would do no good for her to know that Klein had both seen and understood his quick look of recognition and was already on his guard.

When a moment later they drove up to the Leverage home Margaret had almost recovered her usual, cheerful spirits.

"I think," she advised, "that you had better decide to be suffering from grippe. Grippe is sudden and no respecter of persons. It sounds plausible and Mrs. Leverage will probably insist on nothing more awful than hot lemonade and bed. Of course you will stay in to-morrow."

"I can't. I have to come to call on you to thank you for the sleighing party."

"You can thank me now."

"Impossible. I am not in the proper spirit. In fact I can stay in to-morrow on one condition only—that my friends will call to see how I'm getting on."

"Oh!" said Margaret. "Well, who knows! Perhaps they will. Good-night and—thank you."

In spite of Mrs. Leverage and the hot lemonade and a general disinclination to do anything but crawl into bed, Peter did not sleep that night before he had written the following letter addressed to Arthur Houston, Esq., in London, England:

"Dear Houston,—When I was last in England and stayed with you while we fixed up the ruby deal, do you remember taking me into one of the London court rooms while you saw W. S. Walton about something? I don't remember what court it was but Walton was engaged on a case there, and the date you can find by looking up your diary—I know you keep a diary, excellent practice! While I waited for you (only a few moments) I particularly noticed the man in the box, partly because he stared at me and partly because he was a most peculiar looking man. He was very tall and big every way, jet black hair and steel blue eyes—eyes that you don't forget in a hurry. But as I am no hand at description I will send you a photo—I think I can get one. I want you to find out for me the name of this man and the reason for his presence in court that day. It will not be difficult, for in all probability Walton was on that very case—and you have the date. It was the day before I left England. The man has all the appearance of a gentleman so his case was probably not a common one. Get me all the facts you can and cable them at once. Use the code and spare no expense. I want your particulars to be explicit.

"Sincerely yours,
"PETER A. RUTHERFORD."

"Address cable care of Herbert Leverage, K.C., Banbridge, Ont."

"And now," said Rutherford to himself as he folded the letter, "if we can keep out of trouble for a fortnight I think it may be checkmate, Mr. Klein! In the meantime—"

He rummaged in his suit-case and found and carefully loaded a small but serviceable revolver which he placed upon the dressing-table for removal to his pocket in the morning.

"For though it seems exceedingly silly," he reflected as he dropped to sleep, "I did not fancy our friend's look when he knew that memory was going to take a hand."

CHAPTER X.

NOT ACCORDING TO SCHEDULE.

MARGARET nestled a handful of violets into the lace of her dress, and, seeing the effect in the mirror, smiled. She was quite ready, her closest observation could detect no other necessary touch; from head to foot she was as neat and dainty as loving hands and her own good taste could make her.

"I do look nice, don't I, Martha?" she said delightedly, standing back a little that no atom of the splendour might be lost.

Martha, who had been playing lady's maid, rose painfully from her stiffened knees, and surveyed her work with a critical eye.

"It's no sae bad," she admitted carefully, then, as her gaze rested upon the radiant face above the lace and ribbons of the party dress, her severe expression softened. "It's real bonnie," she added warmly.

"Perhaps," Margaret's tone was doubtful, "they wear evening dress at the opera in Montreal."

"Nae doot. We maun juist be thankfu' that we live in Banbridge whaur they hae mair sense."

"But do you think he—"

"Hoots, lassie! Your young mon may be used tae finer claes but I doot he's ever kent a finer lassie in them."

"But he's not my young man, Martha."

"Why for no? Am I blind as a bat or hae I een in my head?"

Margaret laughed, blushed, and gathering up her opera cloak and scarf, went down the stairs, humming a catchy air from the opera she was going to hear.

To be young, to be in love, to look forward to "Florodora" with impatience and delight—who would not envy Margaret humming "Tell Me Pretty Maiden" as she ran down stairs!

She was early. With the divine impatience of youth she had begun to dress long before the necessary time. Mr. Rutherford might be early too—but no, she remembered that he had spent the day in Molton and would not reach Banbridge, at the earliest, until the half-past seven electric car. He might even be a little late but she did not much mind waiting, there were so many pleasant things to think about.

Throwing her cloak upon a chair in the dimly lighted library, Margaret allowed herself to sink into delicious reverie. The week and a half which had passed since the sleighing party had been, she knew, the happiest of her life. Her life? Had she ever known what it was to live—until he came? If she had lived at all it was as a different girl in a different world, such a barren, lonely, uninteresting world! She thought with impatience of her former self, the dull, emotionless, placid Margaret who had lived her life and been content—*content*—not knowing.

Sometime he would speak, would it be to-night? She hoped it would not be to-night. Not quite yet, it seemed so perfect as it was. She put the thought of anything more perfect away from her, half afraid of the happiness it brought. For she knew he cared; could any girl help knowing?

Mabel was nothing to him, had never been anything; they had been good friends, nothing more. Out of the riches of her own joy she felt complacently sorry for Mabel. What could it profit Mabel to be rich and handsome and to gain the whole world seeing that one certain person could never be included in the bargain?

As she sat there dreaming she wondered how it had all come about and could not tell. Had she begun to love him even before she learned that he was free to love her? She did not know. Love, in the guise of friendship, had crept in unawares. She was a captive before she dreamed of making a defence. But oh, surely the happiest captive that ever hugged her chains!

She had guessed his secret, he was so transparent (girls are so wise), but, of course, no one could have guessed hers. She had hidden it so well, she thought, ignorant that her eyes betrayed her heart at every look and that any, save a blinded lover, might have read their message long ago. Even stolid Martha often paused in her work to murmur.

"She'll never luik like yon but aince, puir lassie," adding with great vigour, "Thank God, it's no the ither ane."

So Margaret rested in the library dreaming sweet dreams and waiting for the Fairy Prince, but eight o'clock chimed from the mantel-piece clock and the Fairy Prince had not arrived. Margaret, hearing the chime, woke up and wondered. It was so unlike Rutherford to be late and he knew how she was looking forward to "Florodora." Few first-class companies visited Banbridge and to-night was really an occasion of much festivity in social circles. Simply everybody would be there and the best seats

"NO, of course that proves nothing; but the whole thing is the wildest conjecture. It seems really too fantastic. I admit that the suspicion did cross my mind for a moment, but on second thought it appears too outrageous. In a novel or in a theatre or in the Middle Ages—"

"I know," impatiently, "but he did it, just the same."

"But—I can't think of it seriously. Besides it is quite possible that I have been having indigestion without knowing it. In that case what more natural than a fainting spell? Now that I come to think of it, I feel uncommonly seedy. My head aches, there are weights at the ends of my fingers. If I stood up I'm afraid I should topple over. All these things are sure signs of indigestion or bad liver."

Margaret drove on in silence and Peter continued at intervals to dilate upon the symptoms of indigestion. They had entered the town before the girl again interrupted with:

"You may be right and I may be very silly, but I'm honestly frightened and I want you to promise me that while you are in this neighbourhood you will act as if the worst we have suspected were true. If you will not promise me this I shall be miserable."

"I will promise." Rutherford dropped his light tone. "And I must fulfil another promise, although I would prefer not to do so—I have recognised the face!"

"What!"

"When I stood in the door to-night and he looked up and saw me, the thing I was trying to remember came to me like a flash in a dark place. I knew where I had seen him."

He paused. "Yes?" she asked eagerly.

"Women are curious," went on Peter musingly, "but somehow I always think of you as being a little unlike other women. Do you think you can wait to be told what I remembered until I can send a letter to England and get a cablegram back? You don't have to wait, you know."

"Oh," exclaimed Margaret disappointedly. Then "I suppose I can wait if there is a good reason."

"The reason is that although I remember where I saw him I am not very much wiser in regard to anything else. The man I shall write to ought to be able to tell me all I want to know."

Margaret hesitated.

"Do you know," she said, "it sounds like private detective work. Do you think that we have any right—"

"Every right," grimly. "From what I remember I imagine that Mr. Klein is somewhat of a public character. You may rest easy."

"Well, I'm glad that he does not know that you have remembered him—I'm frightened enough as it is."

were two dollars and a half. Margaret thought with a thrill of girlish delight that of course Mr. Rutherford would have taken the best seats. Not too far forward, you know, but just right. And her dress, it was really pretty, she did not think he need be ashamed of her. From something he had said she imagined that he would call for her with a cab. Margaret had never gone to the opera in a cab. She hoped her friends would not think it an affectation. How lucky it was that Tom's Christmas gift had been an opera cloak—such a delightful cloak with a lovely, furry collar, and her gloves and fan were just right. She hoped he would not be late, they might think she delayed on purpose!

A quarter after eight. What if he should not come? Margaret's heart sank with a very real dis-

appointment. It wouldn't be his fault, of course, but oh, it would be just too horrid!

Someone was coming now. It was an intensely cold night and the walk creaked and groaned under a quick, firm tread, the bell pealed sharply and Martha's lagging steps passed down the hall. Margaret, a happy light in her eyes, picked up her cloak and fan.

"Mr. Klein," said Martha, sourly opening the door. "I tell ye ye were gangin' oot," she added significantly and in a stage whisper.

Margaret put down her cloak and turned wondering. She had almost forgotten Mr. Klein. She had hardly seen him during those happy days and

thought of him not at all. He had seemed to be so completely out of her scheme of life that his absence had seemed only natural, and, soothed by the subtle narcotic of first love, she had forgotten even to be afraid. His sudden coming now as she waited for her lover seemed curiously ominous. The fears and suspicions which had almost vanished rushed back with added force. She dreaded to look into the steel-blue eyes, now fastened with polite solicitude upon her face.

"Your servant told me you intended going out," he said cheerfully, "but I thought perhaps you had changed your mind. It's rather late for the opera, isn't it?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN UNPREMEDITATED CEREMONY

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

SELWYN GRANT sauntered in upon the assembled family at the homestead as if he were returning from an hour's absence instead of a western sojourn of ten years. Guided by the sound of voices on the still, pungent, autumnal air, he went round to the door of the dining-room, which opened directly on the poppy walk in the garden.

Nobody noticed him for a moment, and he stood in the doorway, looking at them with a smile, wondering what was the reason of the festal air that hung about them all as visibly as a garment. His mother sat by the table, industriously polishing the best silver spoons, which, as he remembered, were only brought forth upon great occasions. Her eyes were as bright, her form as erect, her nose—the Carston nose—as pronounced and aristocratic as of yore.

Selwyn saw little change in her. But was it possible that the tall, handsome young lady, with the sleek brown pompadour and a nose unmistakably and plebeianly Grant, who sat by the window doing something to a heap of lace and organdie in her lap, was the little curly headed, sunburned sister of thirteen whom he remembered? The young man leaning against the sideboard must be Leo, of course; a fine-looking, broad-shouldered young fellow who made Selwyn suddenly think that he must be growing old. And there was the little thin, grey father in the corner, peering at his newspaper with near-sighted eyes. Selwyn's heart gave a bound at the sight of him which not even his mother had caused. Dear old dad! The years had been kind to him.

Mr. Grant held up a glistening spoon and surveyed it complacently.

"There, I think that is bright enough even to suit Margaret Graham. I shall take over three dozen teas and two dozen desserts. I wish, Bertha, that you would tie a red cord around each of the handles for me. The Carmody spoons are the same pattern and I shall always be convinced that Mrs. Carmody carried off two of ours in place of her own the time Jenny Graham was married. I don't mean to take any more risks. And, father—"

Something made the mother look round, and she saw her first-born.

When the commotion was over Selwyn asked why the family spoons were being rubbed up. "For the wedding, of course," said Mrs. Grant, polishing her spectacles and deciding that there was no more time for tears and sentiment just then. "And here they're not half done—and we'll have to dress in another hour. Bertha is of no use whatever—she is so taken up with her bridesmaid finery."

"Wedding? Whose wedding?" demanded Selwyn in bewilderment.

"Why, Leo's, of course. Leo is to be married to-night. Didn't you get your invitation? Wasn't it that which brought you home?"

"Hand me a chair, quick," implored Selwyn. "Leo, are you going to commit matrimony in this headlong fashion? Are you sure you're grown up?"

"Six feet is a pretty good imitation of it, isn't it?" grinned Leo. "Brace up, old fellow. It's not so bad as it might be. She's quite a respectable girl. We wrote you all about it three weeks ago and broke the news as gently as possible."

"I left for the east a month ago, and have been wandering around preying on old college chums ever since. Haven't seen a letter. There, I'm better now. No, you needn't fan me, sis. Well, no family can get through the world without its seasons of tribulations. Who is the party of the second part, little brother?"

"Alice Graham," replied Mrs. Grant, who had a habit of speaking for her children, none of whom had the Carston nose.

"Alice Graham! That child!" exclaimed Selwyn in astonishment.

Leo roared.

"Come, come, Sel, perhaps we're not very progressive here in Croyden, but we don't actually stand still. Girls are apt to stretch out some between ten and twenty, you know. You old bachelors think nobody ever grows up. Why, Sel, you're grey around your temples."

"Too well I know it; but a man's own brother shouldn't be the first to cast such things up to him. I'll admit, since I come to think of it, that Alice has probably grown bigger. Is she any better-looking than she used to be?"

"Alice is a charming girl," said Mrs. Grant impressively. "She is a beauty, and she is also sweet and sensible, which is not a usual combination. We are all very much pleased with Leo's choice. But we have really no more time to spare just now. The wedding is at seven o'clock."

"There's a bite for you in the dining-room, Selwyn. After you've eaten it you must dress. Mind you brush your hair well down, father. The green room is ready for you, Selwyn. To-morrow I'll have a good talk with you, but to-night I'll be too busy to remember that you're around. How are we all going to get over to Wish-ton-wish? Leo and Bertha are going in the pony carriage. It won't hold a third passenger. You'll have to squeeze into the buggy with father and me, Selwyn."

"By no means," said Selwyn briskly. "I'll walk over to Wish-ton-wish. It's only a mile across lots. I suppose the old way is still open?"

"It ought to be," answered Mr. Grant drily. "Leo keeps it well trodden. If you have forgotten how it runs he can tell you."

"I haven't forgotten," said Selwyn, a little brusquely.

He had his own reasons for remembering the woodpath. Leo had not been the first Grant to go courting to Wish-ton-wish.

When he started, the moon, round and red and hazy, was rising in an eastern hill-gap. The autumn air was mild and spicy. Long shadows stretched across the fields on his right, and silvery mosaics patterned the floor of the old-beechwood lane. Selwyn walked slowly. He was thinking of Esme Graham, or rather, of the girl who had been Esme Graham, and wondering if he would see her at the wedding. It was probable—and he did not want to see her. In spite of ten years' effort he did not think he could yet look upon Tom St. Clair's wife with the proper calm indifference. At the best, it would taint his own memory of her; he would never again be able to think of her as Esme Graham, but only as Esme St. Clair.

The Grahams had come to Wish-ton-wish eleven years before. There was a big family of girls, of whom the tall, brown-haired Esme was the oldest. There was one summer during which Selwyn Grant had haunted Wish-ton-wish, the merry comrade of the younger girls, the boyishly, silently devoted lover of Esme. Tom St. Clair had always been there too, in his right as second cousin, Selwyn supposed. One day he found out that Tom and Esme had been engaged ever since she was sixteen; one of her sisters told him. That had been all. He had gone away soon after; and some time later a letter from home had made casual mention of Tom St. Clair's marriage.

He narrowly missed being late for the wedding ceremony. The bridal party entered the parlour at Wish-ton-wish just as he slipped in by another door. Selwyn almost whistled with amazement at sight of the bride. Could that be Alice Graham—that tall, stately young woman, with her masses of dead-black hair frosted over by the film of her wedding veil? Could that be the scrawny little tomboy of

eleven years ago? She looked not unlike Esme, with that subtle family resemblance which is quite independent of feature and colouring.

Where was Esme? Selwyn cast his eyes furtively over the assembled guests while the minister read the marriage service. He recognised several of the Graham girls, but he did not see Esme, although Tom St. Clair, stout and florid and prosperous-looking, was standing on a chair in a far away corner, peering over the heads of the women.

After the turmoil of handshakings and congratulations, Selwyn fled to the cool, still outdoors, where the rosy glow of Chinese lanterns mingled with the waves of moonshine to make fairyland. And there he met her, as she came out of the house by a side door, a tall, slender woman, in some glistening, clinging garment, with white flowers shining like stars in the coils of her brown hair. In the soft glow she looked even more beautiful than in the days of her girlhood, and Selwyn's heart throbbed dangerously at sight of her.

"Esme," he said involuntarily.

She started, and he had an idea that she changed colour, although it was too dim to be sure.

"Selwyn," she exclaimed, putting out her hands. "Why, Selwyn Grant! Is it really you? Or are you such stuff as dreams are made of? I did not know you were here. I did not know you were home."

He caught her hands and held them tightly, drawing her a little closer to him, forgetting that she was Tom St. Clair's wife, remembering only that she was the woman to whom he had given all his love and life's devotion, to the entire beggaring of his heart.

"I reached home only four hours ago, and was haled straightway here to Leo's wedding. I'm dizzy, Esme. I can't adjust my old conceptions to this new state of affairs all at once. It seems ridiculous to think that Leo and Alice are married. I'm sure they can't really be grown up."

Esme laughed as she drew away her hands.

"We are all ten years older," she said lightly.

"Not you. You are more beautiful than ever, Esme. That sunflower compliment is permissible in an old friend, isn't it?"

"This mellow glow is kinder to me than sunlight now. I am thirty, you know, Selwyn."

"And I have some grey hairs," he confessed. "I knew I had them, but I had a sneaking hope that other folks didn't until Leo destroyed it to-day. These young brothers and sisters who won't stay children are nuisances. You'll be telling me next thing that Baby is grown up."

"Baby is eighteen and has a beau," laughed Esme. "And I give you fair warning that she insists on being called Laura now. Do you want to come for a walk with me—down under the beeches to the old lane gate? I came out to see if the fresh air would do my bit of a headache good. I shall have to help with the supper later on."

They went slowly across the lawn and turned into a dim, moonlit lane beyond, an old, favourite haunt. Selwyn felt like a man in a dream—a pleasant dream from which he dreads to awaken. The voices and laughter echoing out from the house died away behind them, and the great silence of the night fell about them as they came to the old gate, beyond which was a range of shining, moonlight-misted fields.

For a little while neither of them spoke. The woman looked out across the white spaces, and the man watched the glimmering curve of her neck and the soft darkness of her rich hair. How virginal, how sacred, she looked! The thought of Tom St. Clair was a sacrilege.

"It's nice to see you again, Selwyn," said Esme

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 21.



The finest Dry Dock in Canada is that at Halifax—This picture was taken when the Mount Temple was being repaired a couple of years ago.

OPINIONS OF OTHER PEOPLE

Various ideas from Readers of the Courier concerning live issues.

The Dry Dock Question.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—In your issue of the 22nd of January you have an article under the above heading in which you give Mr. Andrew Allan's views upon future and existing Canadian docks. He advocates the St. John people building one, forgetting that the city has spent over a million dollars of its own money in making provision for the steamer trade, which they have found quite a hardship. If it is so important that steamers should have a dock for their accommodation in case of accident, the subsidised steamship companies should certainly assist the various ports to finance enterprises of this kind, and encourage them by using these docks when they are established at least once a year, if only for painting their ships, etc.

Mr. Allan also advocates the building of a large dock at Levis. No doubt this is required, but if my information is correct, there have been only three vessels requiring to dock which the present Government dock could not accommodate, namely, the steamers *Victorian*, *Bavarian* and *Empress of Britain*, so that the prospects of a dock at this point being a commercial success do not look very bright.

Since the Halifax dock opened, we have noted the changes that have taken place in the shipping trade. Large sailing vessels have gone, small steamers have been replaced by large and the single screw has given place to the twin screw, so that the earnings of a dock company are materially cut down. In the twenty years we have been in operation we have had only three Allan boats (for slight repairs), one C. P. R. boat, two of the Furness Line, and none of the Dominion or German lines running here, so if docks are built in either of the above ports, in all probability they will have to be Government docks.

Mr. Allan also says, "Halifax has a little slip of a dock, but that's all," and one would gather from this statement that we could not even dock the Allan boats, when, as a matter of fact, we can easily dock vessels half as large again. We docked the *Bremen*, 11,570 tons, with all her cargo and coal on board—a dead weight of 16,500 tons, and this

steamer is 30 feet longer than any in the Allan service. We are pleased to be able to send you a cut of a boat in our dock so that anyone can see for himself that we have at Halifax a modern, up-to-date dock capable of docking any steamer in the Canadian trade, the largest of which are as follows:

	Tonnage.	Length.	Beam.
<i>Virginian</i>	10,754	520 ft.	60 ft.
<i>Victorian</i>	10,629	520	60
<i>Empress of Britain</i>	14,189	548	65
<i>Empress of Ireland</i>	14,191	548	65
<i>Laurentic</i>	14,892	550	67
<i>Megantic</i>	14,500	550	67

The dimensions of the North German Lloyd steamer *Bremen* referred to above, are: Tonnage, 11,750; length, 550 ft.; beam, 60 ft.

The dimensions of the Halifax Dock are as follows: Length on top, 588 feet; length on keel blocks, 571 feet; breadth on top, 102 feet; breadth on top of keel blocks, 81 feet; width of entrance on top, 89 ft. 3 in.; width 17 ft. 3 in. below coping level, 85 feet; depth of water on sill, 30 feet. The finest commercial dock this side of the Atlantic.

HALIFAX GRAVING DOCK Co.,
Sam'l M. Brookfield,
Chairman.

Halifax, Jan. 25th, 1910.

Halifax's Superiority.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—I trust you will pardon the writer, who has been a subscriber to your paper for some time, the liberty he is taking, but I feel sure you do not object to honest criticism and will take the following in the spirit it is meant, viz., fairminded. In your last publication you publish an eulogy on St. John, N.B., and among other things you state that that city is the chief one in the east for shipping and immigration. Without desiring to find fault with this, I must say that this is not true. Halifax is and I trust always will be the chief all-the-year-round port in Canada and has the finest harbour on the North American continent and good facilities for handling freight and passengers; *vide* Admiralty instructions of His Majesty's ships. It is also the

chief centre of commerce, finance and culture in the Maritime Provinces and its educational and philanthropic institutions are unrivalled by any community of equivalent population in the United States and Canada.

To come to another question, the building statistics, Halifax permits during 1909 were \$626,484, St. John \$363,700; our bank clearings over \$95,000,000 compared to \$75,000,000, our manufactures over \$2,500,000 in excess of theirs.

This might appear to you to be civic jealousy, but not so; it is only a desire to see my own city get its rights and I feel sure you will appreciate this.

Yours truly,

W. F. BRINKMAN.

Halifax, January 20th, 1910.

Long Distance Walkers.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—On page 14 of your issue of January 15th, a writer states that "a man can walk from Land's End to John o' Groats in a week," and on the same page is another statement, that in the old days it took a month to go by cart over the trails from Winnipeg to Edmonton.

You apparently are ignorant, therefore, that the distance from John o' Groats to Land's End, that is from the south of England to the north of Scotland, is greater than the distance between Winnipeg and Edmonton, and when you have satisfied yourself on this point you will see how utterly misleading are both the above statements.

The distance from Land's End to John o' Groats is nearly 900 miles and the man who could walk it in a week must be a marvel indeed.

It would take *six* weeks, not one week, for an average walker to make the distance and the carts you speak of as occupying one month to travel from Winnipeg to Edmonton would take just about that long to make the time-honoured journey from Land's End to John o' Groats House, the going being somewhat better than the trails of the prairie.

I might say with far more truth that a man can walk across Canada in a week, for at its narrowest part, between James Bay and Lake Superior, it is little more than 300 miles in width.

I am, yours, etc.,

A READER.

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 Story of "Going Some."

THREE thousand three hundred and forty-seven miles—that is the police beat which Inspector E. A. Pelletier of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police has had to patrol for the past year. Inspector Pelletier, accompanied by his two comrades, Corporal M. A. Joyce and Constable R. H. Walker, crept back into civilisation not long ago, and is being nicknamed "Daniel Boone" because of his exploit, by the smart boys in the western barracks. It was back in 1908 that the Inspector was despatched to the far north, where he was under instructions to report on a feasible route from Hudson Bay to the Mackenzie River and to look after Canadian interests in the wilderness. The jaunt to the top of the world began at Fort Saskatchewan. A few miles steamer stateroom comfort; then some gritty paddling, and Great Slave Lake was reached. That was where the real work commenced. The route along this great, wild sheet, into narrow, roaring channels was a nightmare of portages, mosquitoes, and lurking, foaming rapids. On the first of September Inspector Pelletier and party touched Hudson Bay. The wind-tossed timbers of a sailboat on the shore was the first object to meet their gaze. The wreck of the sailboat meant a long pause at Fullerton till winter should set in and permit the dog trains to gallop south with the police.

The move from Fullerton to Churchill—450 miles—was a thriller. Raw deer meat was all that was left of shrunken supplies to sustain the expedition. Probably the most picturesque part of the journey was the passage from Artillery Lake to the Height of Land. Inspector Pelletier has this to say on the event:

"Aided by the sails, we were making good time, but were delayed by large numbers of deer crossing at various points. We must have seen between twenty and forty thousand. The hills on both shores were covered with them and at a dozen or more places where the lake was from a half to one mile wide solid columns of deer four or five abreast were swimming across, and so closely that we did not like to venture through them for fear of getting into some mix-up."

The Poetry of Motion.

MR. M. BERTRANT, who keeps the Grand Hotel at Athabasca Landing, has started an innovation in his town. Mine host has secured two new steeds—quite the most novel ever witnessed by the picturesque western land. We have heard of individuals hitching their waggons to the deer, the elk, the dogs and to even the stars; but never to the bounding moose. Mr. Bertrant's achievement is that he has tried long and succeeded in domesticating the moose. The Athabascans were likening him unto Santa Claus at Christmas when they saw him tearing through the northern wilds. He has taught his strange team to become quite accustomed to their equine neighbours whom they meet plodding along the road. They never quake and shy on such occasions. In fact, Mr. Bertrant is of the opinion that his moose look down on mere horses with a rather superior air. The fame of the genial hotelman and his steeds has spread. An Edmonton man offered to exchange a cool thousand for the moose. But their owner shook his head. He is going to run into Edmonton some day and let his pets size up the Sunday street cars. After they have cultivated a metropolitan aspect, they and mine host may part for a long green consideration.

Where Doctors Differ.

DR. WILFRID T. GRENPELL has been a personal friend of Dr. Cook and of Commander Peary. He believes that Peary nailed the Pole, and his opinion of Dr. Cook he expressed at St. John the other day: "I think that Dr. Cook's mind is affected, and I incline to

the view that he himself thoroughly believes that he was at the Pole." Dr. Grenfell arrived at St. John from New York. He was "honey-mooning." It is but a couple of weeks since the celebrated missionary who has laboured so many years alone among the fisherfolk on the Labrador coast was married in Chicago to a Miss MacClanahan of Lake Forest, Illinois.

The Riders of the Plains.

COLONEL A. B. PERRY, who commands the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, was in Ottawa the other day. The sunburned commissioner pleaded a holiday as the excuse for his visit, but Dame Rumour says that his presence was required at the capital in connection with the proposal to increase the force. The riders of the plains at present total 651 officers, non-commissioned officers and men, and 35 horses; 240 men are posted in Alberta, 306 in Saskatchewan, 31 in Northwest Territories and 74 in the Yukon. During the year 1909, these men handled five thousand eight hundred and forty-nine cases. The great influx of population, especially of foreigners, into the west has given rise to a general increase in crime. Offences against women and horse-theiving have been prominent of late. The situation has grown beyond the strength of the small numbers of the R. N. W. M. P. His district officers are continually reporting to Commissioner Perry that villages, railway stations, and isolated settlements, are multiplying so fast

that great difficulty is experienced in distributing protection to cover the country. To meet the demands upon the force, the Commissioner says it must be doubled.

What Time o' Day Is It?

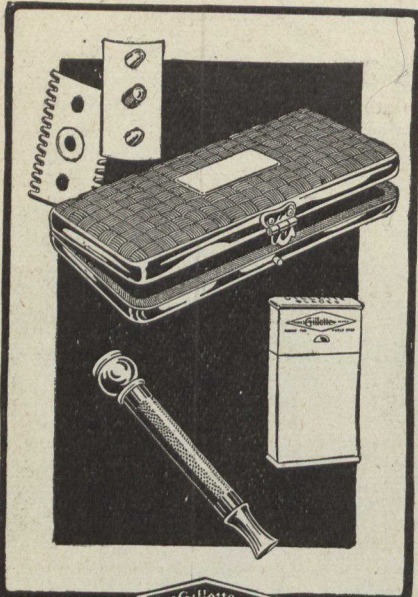
ALL the watches in Fort William have been out of gear lately. The town has become involved in a queer mix-up. It happened in this way: For two years, now, Fort William has been accustomed to change her time like a man changes his clothes. In the winter the kids go

to school and the tradesmen to their shops all by central time. Comes summer and a lightning change is made to eastern time. There is something very attractive about eastern time which has appealed strangely to the men of the Fort. They determined to adopt it permanently. It was submitted to an election a few weeks ago and emerged triumphant. The municipal council drew up a by-law setting forth the change in legal phases. The city solicitor stepped up and remarked that the by-law was not in harmony with the law and could be quashed at the whim of any citizen late for a train. Whereupon, the council slid back to central time. The next development was the advent of W. F. Hogarth, merchant, who came out and boldly declared that he would immediately apply for an injunction to prevent the change. The council are thinking very hard over the problem, how to save one hour of day, while the men in the street are chorusing, "What time o' day is it?"

Docks for the B. C. Coast.

THREE hundred thousand dollars is the sum which the Grand Trunk Pacific intends to spend on docks along the western coast next summer. Engineer J. B. Bacon, who superintends the harbours for the company, says that plans have been prepared for a wharf one thousand feet long at Prince Rupert; also for extensive harbour improvements at Seattle. Prince Rupert is lucky. The Government are going to do some dock building for her too, about the same time. Seventy thousand dollars has been set aside for a concrete structure 600 feet by 60 feet.

FIFTY thousand dollars the Hudson's Bay Company paid in taxes to the city of Edmonton last year. Jefferson M. Terry, capitalist, New York, says that the sum should have been \$300,000.



YOU will never know what shaving comfort means until you use a "Gillette" Safety Razor.

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Elastic rib, unshrinkable, beautifully finished. HEWSON Underwear is sold at most stores—if YOUR dealer cannot supply you write to us and we will tell you where you CAN get it.

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Used at meals prevents Dyspepsia and relieves Gout and Indigestion.

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Increases Your Face Value

by keeping the skin beautifully soft and smooth. A matchless complexion beautifier.

Its rich perfume lends a fragrance to the person that one always associates with dainty, elegant women.

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R. J. DEVINS, Limited, Agents
MONTREAL

FOR THE CHILDREN

THE WOODEN DOLL.

THE Wooden Doll had no peace. My dears, if ever you are a doll, hope to be a rag doll, or a wax doll, or a doll full of sawdust apt to ooze out, or a china doll easy to break—anything in the world rather than a good, strong wooden doll with a painted head and movable joints, for that is indeed a sad thing to be. Many a time the poor Wooden Doll wished it were a tin train or a box of soldiers or a woolly lamb or anything on earth rather than what it was. It never had any peace; it was taken up and put down at all manner of odd moments, made to go to bed when the children went to bed, to get up when they got up, be bathed when they were bathed, dressed when they were dressed, taken out in all weathers, stuffed into their satchels when they went to school, left about in corners, dropped on stairs, forgotten, neglected, bumped, banged, broken, glued together—anything and everything it suffered, until many a time it said sadly enough to its poor little self: "I might as well be a human being at once and be done with it." And then it fell to thinking about human beings: what strange creatures they were, always going about, though none carried them save when they were very little; always sleeping and waking, and eating and drinking, and laughing and crying, and talking and walking, and doing this and that and the other, never resting for long together, and seeming as if they never could be wholly quiet for even a single day. "They are always making a noise," thought the Wooden Doll; "they are always talking and walking about, always moving things and doing things, building up and pulling down, and making and unmaking, forever and forever, and never are they quiet for a single day. It is lucky that we are not all human beings, or the world would be worn out in no time and there would not be a corner left in which to rest a poor doll's head."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.



Neska, a baby Moose, whose home is in Victoria, B.C.

And the poor little things, they lay down and died.

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry-leaves
And over them spread;
And all the day long
They sung them this song:

"Poor babes in the wood! Poor babes in the wood!
And don't you remember the babes in the wood?"

—*Melodies of Mother Goose.*

* * *

A NEW POOL GAME.

A GOOD amusement for a whole afternoon can be made by any boy or girl who can obtain some peas and a large shot.

Hunt up a small cardboard box about the size of a spool box in which twelve spools of thread are usually sold. Any box not larger than six inches square will do, but the size given is most convenient.

Cut a piece of thick cardboard, just large enough to fit inside the box. On one end of that cardboard mark out a triangle in such a way that one corner will point toward the middle of the card. Fifteen small round holes should be punched in this triangle. Five on the back row, four on the next, three on the next, two next and one on the point. These holes want to be made large enough to let the peas settle in them comfortably.

Place this cardboard in the box, pour in fifteen peas and a shot—a B.B. shot does nicely—and sit down. Now hold the box in your right hand very quietly and see if you can push the fifteen peas with the shot in such a way that they will rest in the holes. Ninety seconds is the time permitted to do this. If you fail, pass it along. It is a good amusement and will last a long time.

There have been all sorts of games like this for sale, but anything of the sort that is purchased and is not home made has lost one of its most valuable charms, the pleasure of making it.

—*Good Literature.*

* * *

The Biggest Bug.

THE giant among insects is the Hercules beetle, found in parts of Central and South America. It is easily the biggest bug in the world, and as ugly and terrifying in appearance as it is huge.

But it is a perfectly harmless insect, feeding upon the gum of trees. It is sometimes attracted by the lights, and comes flying into the native huts by night, its wings buzzing and putting out the candles. The natives think that these beetle are evil spirits that have invaded their dwellings in the weird hours of the night.

—*Young Pilgrim.*

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

My dear, do you know,
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away on a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood, as I've heard people say.

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobbed and they sighed, and they bitterly cried,

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REGISTERED TRADE MARK
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Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks
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Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada

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Boys prepared for the Senior Boarding Schools. New and specially designed building. Hot water heating. Electric light. Ample grounds.

Apply for information and prospectus to
W. T. COMBER, B.A. (Oxford)
Headmaster

IMPORTANT SHORT STORY COMPETITION

East and west, the well known Canadian weekly illustrated paper for young people, offers prizes as follows, for Short Stories of not less than 2,500, and not more than 3,000 words, by Canadian writers; first prize \$50.00, second prize \$30.00, with special proviso for those already contributors to East and West. Manuscripts must be in the hands of the Editors of

EAST AND WEST
60 Bond Street, Toronto

by April 1st, 1910. Any stories not receiving prizes but which the Editors wish to retain for use, will be paid for at current rates. Detailed conditions of the competition may be obtained by writing to the Editors at above address.

Business Education

such as you may obtain under the very best conditions at the Central Business College of Toronto, is a sure passport to success. Thousands have proved it. Why not investigate for yourself? Our free catalogue explains. Write for it. W. H. SHAW, Principal.

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Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

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His Majesty The King of the Belgians.
His Majesty The King of Spain.

The ROSS Sporting Rifle

has all the perfections of the Ross
Military Rifle adapted to the re-
quirements of the Sporting Arm.

Mr. S. W. Smith's Opinion:

Mount Pleasant, N.B.,

October 14th, 1909.

I received the Mark III Ross Target Rifle from you four days before our P.R.A. Meeting and at these matches I won five first prizes, including the Grand Aggregate and Governor General's and three others with trophies, one second prize, one third prize, one fourth prize, one eighth prize, two ninth prizes, one eleventh prize and one eighteenth. The total number of competitors was about one hundred and I won a prize in everything on the whole programme and the lowest place I got was the 18th. There were only a very few men at this meeting using this kind of rifle so I give a lot of the credit to the rifle.

S. W. SMITH

Write for Catalogue

The Ross Rifle Co.
Quebec

DEMI - TASSE

Newslets.

Mr. Harry Gagnier, the publisher of Toronto *Saturday Night*, has been officially appointed "Chief Bouncer" to the Corporation of the City of Toronto. For references apply to Mr. Munroe and Mr. Maddock, promoters, etc.

Earl Cannington, who is likely to succeed Earl Grey as Governor-General, has been President of the Board of Agriculture, and is known in England as "the farmer's friend." This fact may reconcile even the *Weekly Sun* and the Ontario Grangers to the continued existence of Rideau Hall. Cap. Smith and E. C. Drury may yet be seen at State functions.

If the Toronto City Council were sure that arbitrators could be found who would give them twenty millions of guaranteed future profits for a present payment of ten million dollars, it would gladly expropriate the Toronto Street Railway. Almost any of us would.

Ralph Connor (Rev. C. W. Gordon) is said to be a millionaire—partly novels and partly Winnipeg mud. His disciple up in the town of Galt should not be discouraged. There is still hope that the lightning may strike twice.

This being hewers of wood and drawers of water is a tame occupation compared with the business of being a solid-rock excavator for the National Transcontinental Commission. Dr. Sproule pays little attention to us, but much to Mr. J. D. McArthur et al.

It is reported that Col. G. T. Denison will at once visit Rome to plead with the Pope to order Redmond to cease supporting Asquith to—well, you know, Tariff Reform nearly won.

The Hon. R. P. Roblin, it is announced, will shortly visit Ex-Senator Chauncey Depew at his famous country home near New York City. Mr. Roblin is anxious to get some more pointers as to why Canada should not have a navy of her own.

* * *

Punctuation.

NOT very far from the city of Winnipeg a bright young lady school teacher was giving a class some lessons in punctuation. After she had finished she set them an examination and wrote the following sentence on the board for the class to punctuate:—A fine young lady named Mary Ann when going across the muddy street



SLOW PROGRESS

Curate: "Has your father stopped drinking yet, Tommy?"

Tommy: "Yes, sir—please, sir—several times this morning, sir,"—*The Bystander.*

held up her skirt and displayed a neat foot and nicely turned ankle. The first boy she asked to punctuate the sentence said after some hesitation, "Please, ma'am, I would put a period at the end." The second boy also scratched his head and hesitated but finally said, "Please, ma'am, I would put a semi-colon after skirt." A big soft-looking boy at the foot of the class when asked did not wait for an instant but quickly said, "Please, ma'am, I would make a dash after Mary Ann."

* * *

A New English Song.

Oh, father, dear father, come home with me now,

They've put gentle mother in jail;
For o'er the Prime Minister's criminal brow

She, defty, inverted a pail;
Then scattered some Cabinet Mem-
bers in flight

With ancient tomatoes, undressed,
And handed a Bishop a good woman's right

About where his pants met his vest,
They jugged her; but don't feel dis-
graced, Dad, I pray:

It took six policemen to lead her
away.—*Life.*

* * *

Ways and Means.

NOT so very long ago when the ministers used to go around from place to place on horseback and hold service in the stables and houses, a minister was going on his rounds and came to a cross-roads. A country boy was standing at these roads, and when he saw the horse he stood and stared at it, and no wonder, for it was so thin that it almost needed a horse blanket tied around it to hold its bones together. Not being sure of his way the minister asked the boy, "Which is the way to Bloomingdale?"

The boy was so taken with the thinness of the horse that he did not hear the minister, but remained staring at the horse. The minister repeated his question in a louder tone, "Can you tell me the way to Bloomingdale?" This time the boy looked up and grunted, "Eh? Who are you?" To which the minister replied, "My boy, I am a follower of the Lord." The boy again looked at the horse and said, "Well, you had better get off and walk, for you will never catch him on that horse."

* * *

Sat on His Hat.

SIR GILBERT PARKER has given a most amusing account of his maiden speech in the House of Commons. He says: "I had been waiting the opportunity for two days to speak on the Budget, but when the instant came, although the House was more than half empty, I would gladly have run away. I have been under fire more than once in my life, but I never experienced anything like that: not because I had not something to say—I was deeply anxious to say certain things, but my throat got dry, my sight got dim, and my senses got confused.

"Then some on the opposite side made interruptions, not wholly unfriendly, and that threw me off. Next morning the newspapers treated me in a friendly way, although I believe one of the most important of the Opposition papers said I was a great disappointment."

The most noticeable feature about his second speech was the fact that he was called to order by the Chairman of Committee five times, and then sat down on his hat!



**ALWAYS
READY**

For the carefully planned banquet or the hurried lunch for the unexpected guest, Imperial Cheese is always ready to serve. Fresh, wholesome, delicious from the opening of the jar to the last morsel. Rich and creamy in consistency. Delicate and irresistibly appetizing in flavor, it satisfies the dainty palate of the epicure and the hungry stomach of the worker.

Mac Laren's Imperial Cheese

is an ideal food. It is much more nutritious than an equal weight of meat. It is put up in dainty opal jars, sealed to protect it against contamination. All grocers keep it—in jars of different sizes—from 10c up.

Cheese Salad No. 4

Half pound English Walnuts or any kind of nut you like, one small green pepper, six good size olives, one stalk of Celery (if in season). Chop all well together as fine as desired. Add one jar of No. 1 size Imperial Cheese. Mix well with other ingredients. Add two tablepoonsful of Salad Dressing or Cream and serve.

We will be glad to send you free our folder, which gives the recipes for two dozen dainty dishes with cheese as an ingredient. It might show you how to improve your salads.

Mac Laren Imperial Cheese Co., Ltd.

Detroit, Mich., and Toronto, Can.

THE RULER OF THE FAMILY MUST BE OBEYED



A can of LACQUERET will make his car the Royal Chariot it should be. Now is the time before the racing season opens.

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Eight Beautiful Shades, also Clear

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VARNISHES OF QUALITY

AN UNPREMEDITATED CEREMONY

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 16

frankly at last. "There are so few of our old set left, and so many of the babies grown up. Sometimes I don't know my world, it has changed so. It's an uncomfortable feeling. You give me a pleasant sensation of really belonging here. I'd be lone-some to-night if I dared. I'm going to miss Alice so much. There will be only mother and Baby and I left now. Our family circle has dwindled woefully."

"Mother and Baby and you!" Selwyn felt his head whirling again. "Why, where is Tom?"

He felt that it was an idiotic question, but it slipped from his tongue before he could catch it. Esme turned her head and looked at him wonderingly. He knew that in the sunlight her eyes were as mistily blue as early meadow violets, but here they looked dark and unfathomably tender.

"Tom?" she said perplexedly. "Do you mean Tom St. Clair? He is here, of course, he and his wife. Didn't you see her—that pretty woman in pale pink? Lil Meredith. Why, you used to know Lil, didn't you? One of the Uxbridge Merediths."

To the day of his death Selwyn Grant will firmly believe that if he had not clutched fast hold of the top bar of the gate he would have tumbled down on the moss under the beeches in speechless astonishment. All the surprises of that surprising evening were nothing to this. He had a swift conviction that there were no words in the English language that could fully express his feelings, and that it would be a waste of time to try to find any. Therefore he laid hold of the first baldly commonplace one that came handy and said tamely,

"I thought you were married to Tom."

"You — thought — I — was — married — to — Tom!" repeated Esme slowly. "And have you thought that all these years, Selwyn Grant?"

"Yes, I have. Is it any wonder? You were engaged to Tom when I went away. Jenny told me you were. And a year later Bertha wrote me a letter in which she made some references to Tom's marriage. She didn't say to whom, but hadn't I the right to suppose it was to you?"

"Oh!" The word was partly a sigh and partly a little cry of long-concealed, long-denied pain. "It has all been a—funny—misunderstanding. Tom and I were engaged once—a boy and girl affair in the beginning. Then we both found out that we had made a mistake—that what we had thought was love was merely the affection of good comrades. We broke our engagement the spring we came to Wish-ton-wish. All the older girls knew it was broken, but I suppose nobody mentioned the fact to Jen. she was such a child we never thought about her. And you've thought I was Tom's wife all this time? It's funny."

"Funny? You mean tragic! Look here, Esme, I'm not going to risk any more misunderstanding. There's nothing for it but plain talk when matters get to such a state as this. I love you—and I've loved you ever since I met you. I went away because I could not stay here and see you married to another man. I've stayed away for the same reason. Esme, is it too late? Did you ever care anything for me?"

"Yes, I did," she said slowly.

"Do you care still?"

She hid her face against his shoulder.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Then we'll go back to the house

and be married," he said joyfully.

Esme broke away and stared at him.

"Married!"

"Yes, married. We've wasted ten years, and we're not going to waste another minute. We are *not*, I say."

"Selwyn! It's impossible!"

"I have expurgated that word from my dictionary. It is the most possible thing when you look at it in an unprejudiced way. Here is a ready made wedding, decorations and assembled guests, a minister on the spot and a province where no license is required. You have a very pretty new dress on; I have a plain gold ring on my little finger which will fit you. Aren't all the conditions fulfilled? Where is the sense of waiting and having another family upheaval in a few weeks' time?"

"I understand why you have made such a success of law," said Esme, "but—"

"There are no 'buts.' Come with me, Esme. I'm going to hunt up your mother and mine and talk to them."

Half an hour later an astonishing whisper went circulating among the guests. Before they could grasp its significance Tom St. Clair and Jen's husband, broadly smiling, were hustling scattered folk into the parlour again and making clear a passage in the hall. The minister came in with his blue book; and then Selwyn Grant and Esme Graham walked in hand in hand.

When the second ceremony was over Mr. Grant shook his son's hand vigorously.

"There's no need to wish you happiness, son—you've got it. And you've made one fuss and bother do for both weddings—that's what I call genius. And—" this in a careful whisper while Esme was temporarily obliterated in Mrs. Grant's capacious embrace, "she's got the right sort of a nose. But your mother is a grand woman, son—a grand woman!"

The Island of Vancouver

By C. L. ARMSTRONG.

GUARDIAN mountains, tow'ring high,

Pierce the azure of the sky
Gleams the sea beneath their walls
Where the Bride's Veil foaming falls;
Hov'ring angels, heaven bound,
Linger tenderly around

The Island of Vancouver.

Leafy lanes of lofty trees
Tune their harps to ev'ry breeze
Virgin forests. Lucent streams,
Where Dame Nature paints her dreams,

Glide and tinkle through the scene
And the firs keep ever green
The Island of Vancouver.

In the Lover's month of May
Come the meadowlark, the jay,
And a hundred of their kin
To awake the liquid din.
Then on ev'ry hill the broom
Gilds with rare and radiant bloom
The Island of Vancouver.

Ships from many a foreign land
Pour their wealth upon her strand,
Take her wealth far over seas.
Fortune crowns with ev'ry breeze,
Destiny leads softly on
To the Good that is to come,
The Island of Vancouver

Sweeter-scented seems the air
Seems the world itself more fair;
Bluer sky and wilder wind
Nobler seems the human mind,
Love a thousand times more dear,
Heav'n and God seem very near
The Island of Vancouver.

—Canada Monthly.

More bread and Better bread

—And the Reason for it

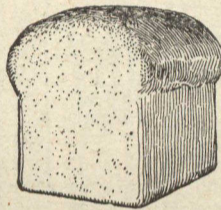
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Purity may cost a little more than some flours, but results prove it the cheapest and most economical after all.

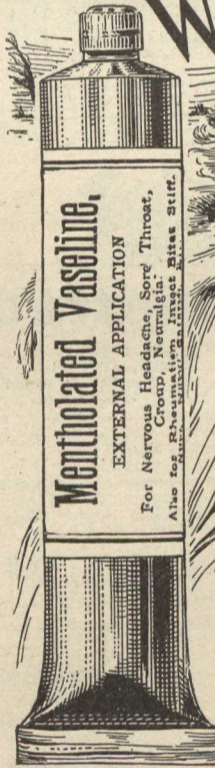


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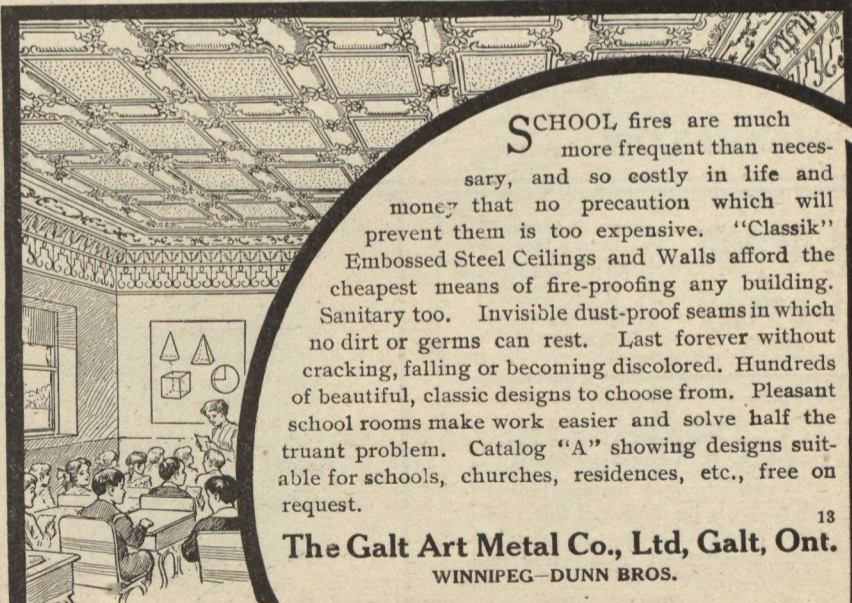
Heals chapped hands and face, cracked lips, cold sores, rough skin, sun and windburn.

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Our Free Vaseline Book tells the special merits of each Vaseline preparation and gives directions. Send us your name and street address, and we will mail you a copy postage/prepaid. Be sure to mention this paper.

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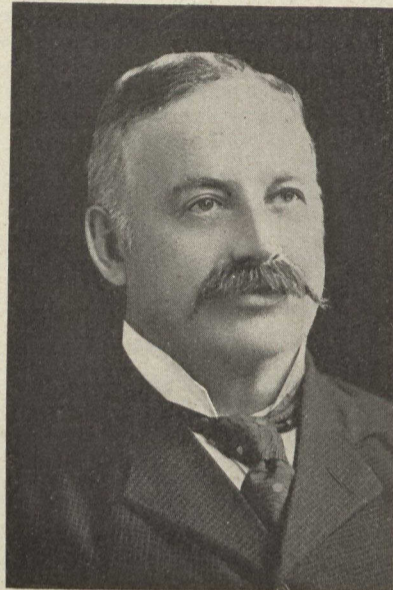
60 RUE DE PROVENCE

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Would Like to Get Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. if They Can.

THE recent activity in the stock of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. has been accompanied by a report that a group of rich capitalists have been accumulating some 25,000 shares of the stock with a view of trying to force the company to join in the proposed merger of the Dominion Iron & Steel and the Dominion Coal Company.

Not only this, but if they are required to purchase still more stock in order to carry out their purpose, why they certainly intend to do so.



Mr. R. E. Harris,

Looking at it from a business standpoint, anyone who knows the exact position in which the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co. finds itself to-day, can very readily understand why the interests who brought about the combination of the Dominion Iron & Steel and Dominion Coal Co. should be particularly anxious to gobble up the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal. The Scotia Company is absolutely the only self-sustaining steel company in the country, but a great deal less has been known about it than about a good many other concerns, simply because the men behind it, like Mr. R. E. Harris, the president, Mr. Thos. Cantley, the vice-president and general manager, have gone quietly along working out the different problems that confronted the Scotia Company without making any fuss at all about their work, and evidently looking for no other reward than the satisfaction that the solution of the problems would bring them.

The more one looks back on the history of the Scotia Company, the more one feels that the men behind it had their heart and soul in their work and wanted to have the ultimate success of the company stand as their life work.

One day I was chatting over this feature of the Scotia Co. with one of the leading interests of the Dominion Coal Co., and he remarked to me that the Scotia interests seemed to act on a policy of doing the right thing with the feeling that in the end right would assert itself.

After looking very closely into the situation, I am quite prepared to say that it is not the desire of the leading interests behind the Scotia Company that it should throw in its lot with the Dominion Iron & Steel and the Dominion Coal Co. Having already accomplished so much, they naturally would prefer to be allowed to work out their own destiny alone. On the other hand, the years of constant labour they have given to the company has just placed it in a condition that makes it particularly attractive to any rich group of capitalists, and from their standpoint it is only natural that they should like to pick up the control of the company if they possibly can do so.

The Scotia Company has the reputation of producing the greatest workers in that country down by the sea. When the Dominion Iron & Steel Company was on the brink of liquidation and it needed some practical steel man to work out its many difficult problems, the Montreal and Toronto interests who undertook the task of reorganising the Dominion Iron concern went over to the Scotia Co. and induced Mr. Graham Fraser, who had given years of labour to this company, to go to Sydney and try to help the Dominion Co. out of its difficulties.

Now Mr. Thomas Cantley, the general manager of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co., has the reputation of being about the hardest-working man in Nova Scotia. He is always on the job, and every bit of energy and strength that he has seems to be going out all the time in the endeavour to bring ever greater success to the Scotia Company. And he has done it all so quietly and unassumingly that it is almost safe to say that outside of his immediate entourage very few people indeed either in Montreal or Toronto are personally acquainted with him. Of his work they know a great deal, but they do not know the man.

With the results that have already been accomplished, it seems only natural that Mr. Cantley's greatest desire should be to be left alone to work out his life's work. To a great extent, this has been his principal aim when working out one problem after another either in connection with the steel plant or iron ore reserves or again in connection with the development of the coal proposition.

Then again of late years, Mr. R. E. Harris, the president of the company, although he had a very large legal practice in Halifax, has given up almost his entire time in trying to work out the financial problems of the company, very much in the same way as did the late Thomas Kenny, who as president of the Royal Bank went continually about keeping a watchful eye on the affairs of the bank and ever trying to secure more business for it.

Just how the present contest in Scotia will turn out, it is difficult to say, and the developments of the next few weeks will be watched with the utmost interest.

* * *

Never Buy a Mining Stock Because the Property Happens to be Next to a Good One.

ONE of the most popular ways of trying to boost a mine in Cobalt and other mining districts, seems to be that of making an announcement, in very bold glaring letters, of the fact that the particular mine is situated right next to some very good mining property, or is of exactly the same formation, according to some mining engineer or other, as some other property from which some very valuable ore has been taken.

A prominent mining engineer, who makes a point, as much as possible, of making the mining game the same as an industrial enterprise, was talking about this feature to me the other day while glancing over a couple of adver-

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Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 11th MARCH, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Barrie and Hillsdale from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Dalston, Craighurst, Hillsdale, Barrie and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa 25th January, 1910

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 11th MARCH, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Edgar and Shanty Bay from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Edgar, Gilchrist, Shanty Bay and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa, 21st January, 1910

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent

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CIRCULATION DEPT.

OFFERING OF \$1,750,000
6% FIRST MORTGAGE SINKING FUND BONDS
WITH 50% BONUS IN STOCK OF THE
Sterling Coal Company, Limited

(To be incorporated under the Laws of the Dominion of Canada.)

CAPITALIZATION—	Authorized.	Now Being Issued.
BONDS—30-year 6% First Mortgage Sinking Fund.....	\$2,500,000	\$1,750,000
STOCK.....	3,500,000	2,500,000
Leaving in Treasury:—Bonds, \$750,000 ; Stock, \$1,000,000.		

HAVING SOLD A CONSIDERABLE PORTION OF THE ABOVE BONDS, WE NOW OFFER THE BALANCE FOR SALE AT PAR AND ACCRUED INTEREST, CARRYING A BONUS OF 50% OF THE AMOUNT OF THE BONDS IN STOCK.

Payments are as follows:—

20% with subscription.
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20% on June 1st, 1910.
 20% on September 1st, 1910.
 20% on December 1st, 1910.

With the privilege of paying at any time, together with accrued interest. The first interest payment will be on July 1st next.

BUSINESS.

Having regard to the coal consumed in the central Provinces of Canada being so largely obtained from the neighboring States, and to Canadian capital having to some extent been interested in those fields for years, the Sterling Coal Company has been formed, on a strong financial basis, with Canadians in its direction. The Company is acquiring certain mines of bituminous coal now operating in Ohio under capacity, and will further equip them and develop others, viz., two additional properties, one in Ohio, and the other in West Virginia. All of these properties are located upon lines of railroad, with favorable freight rates to convenient markets, viz., the Erie Railroad, the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

The properties have been fully investigated and reported upon by Mr. W. F. Tye, recently Chief Engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and who had charge of all construction on that railway from 1899 to 1906, and, in addition, all other engineering from 1904 to 1906. They have also been reported upon fully (except the Acadia) by Mr. Charles Fergie, formerly Vice-President and General Manager of the Intercolonial Coal Mining Company in Nova Scotia, and afterwards for several years Chief Engineer and Superintendent of Mines for the Dominion Coal Company, and since 1907 Consulting Engineer in Montreal. Mr. Fergie will act as Consulting Engineer of the Sterling Coal Company. These properties, other than the Acadia, were also visited by members of three of the firms now offering the securities. The Acadia (which is likely to prove a valuable property) is partially proven, and the Sterling Coal Company has about five months longer for testing by diamond drill before finally deciding as to its purchase.

Full prospectuses have been published in the newspapers, and copies, with subscription forms, may be had on application at our offices.

CHARACTER OF SECURITY.

The bonds are 30-year 6% first mortgage bonds, with a sinking fund of 2% per annum on the amount of bonds issued, commencing January 1st, 1912. Bonds are redeemable at 105 at the company's option on any interest date. Bonds may be registered at the head office of the Company in Toronto.

PROFITS.

Mr. Charles Fergie, one of the most experienced and highest authorities on coal operation on the continent, estimates that on completion of the company's programme the net profits will be over three times the amount of the bond interest.

Mr. W. F. Tye, the President, states that the net profits relating to the four mines now operating in the Hileman Group, which represents only one-third of the total purchase price, will within a few months, with additions to the equipment not costing more than \$70,000, provide for 6% interest on \$1,300,000 of the \$1,750,000 of the bonds now being issued.

Mr. Tye estimates, after long and careful consideration of the present position and prospects of the company, that the net revenue should reach such a basis as to warrant declaration of dividends at the rate of 6% per annum upon the stock of the company during the year 1912.

DIRECTORS.

President—W. F. TYE, late Chief Engineer Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal; Vice-President—A. E. AMES, of A. E. Ames & Co., Limited, Toronto; N. CURRY, President Canada Car & Foundry Company, Montreal; RODOLPHE FORGET, M.P., President Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company, Montreal; J. W. M'CONNELL, Director Pacific Pass Coal Co., Montreal; F. H. DEACON, of F. H. Deacon & Co., Toronto; ANDREW SQUIRE, Counsellor-at-law, Cleveland, Ohio; H. D. HILEMAN, General Manager, Cleveland, Ohio.

SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS.

Subscription books are now open at our offices, and will close not later than 4 o'clock on Tuesday, February 8th. The right is reserved to allot only such subscriptions and for such amounts as may be approved, and to close the subscription books without notice.

SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BE FORWARDED BY MAIL OR BY TELEGRAM AT OUR EXPENSE.

Subscriptions may be made on regular forms, or, where these are not available, letters simply stating that bonds for the amount named are subscribed for under the terms of the prospectus will be sufficient.

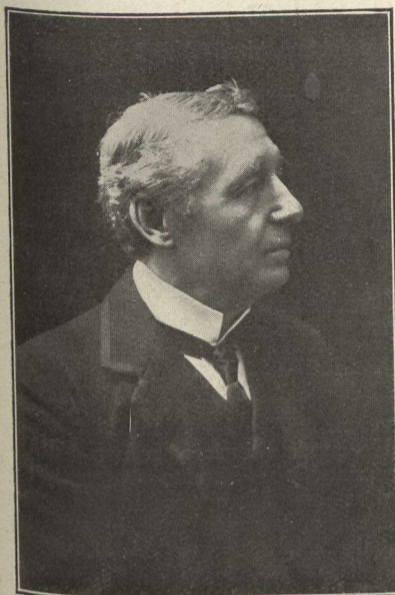
WE RECOMMEND THE PURCHASE OF THESE BONDS, HAVING THOROUGHLY INVESTIGATED BY EVERY AVAILABLE MEANS CONDITIONS LIKELY TO AFFECT THE FUTURE OF THE COMPANY. We consider the bond interest well secured and prospects excellent for dividends on the Common Stock after completion of the programme outlined.

A. E. AMES & CO., Limited, Toronto.
F. H. DEACON & CO., Toronto.

RODOLPHE FORGET, Montreal.
JOHNSTON, M'CONNELL & ALLISON,
Montreal.

English Comedians

A SOMEWHAT dreary and piffling theatrical season in Canada is to be given a two-weeks' relief by the appearance of Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore with a London company, who at His Majesty's Theatre in Montreal and the Princess Theatre, Toronto, will present Herbert Henry Davies' comedy "The Mollusc." This play ran for more than two years at



Sir Charles Wyndham appearing now in Canadian Theatres with Mary Moore in "The Mollusc."

Wyndham's Theatre in London. The rest of the American tour includes a fortnight in New York, Boston and Chicago, a week in Philadelphia and Washington, and six one night stands. At the end of this period Sir Charles and his entire company will return immediately to London, where the interrupted engagement of "The Mollusc" will be continued.

A Book on Argument

THE two most discursive books in the world are said to be the Bible and the dictionary. A good third in the series should be the work which has just come to hand from the pen of Mr. Edwin Bell, L.L.B., entitled "Principles of Argument." Mr. Bell is a lawyer with a philosophic mind. In the book under consideration he sets forth very ably, clearly and comprehensively what are the ruling principles of argument whether at law, in the columns of newspapers or on the political platform. Just at the present time when the whole world is following the battle of arguments in Great Britain, this book should be of more than common interest.

But quite aside from its value as a more or less scientific work on the nature and conduct of argument, Mr. Bell's work is a contribution to the literature of thought, which in Canada has never been a large relative consideration. The writer has a professional outlook and the analytical insight which comes from years of reading and literary research. He has drawn freely from a great many of the leading philosophical writers and has managed to condense into his book much of the best in the literature of philosophy. Indeed, for a ready reference method of getting at the atmosphere of such writers as John Stuart Mill, Kant, Herbert Spencer and Huxley, the work is a real convenience to even the lay reader. It demonstrates a careful selection and an unusual lucidity of method in arrangement of details in sequence. The whole work is written in the simplest style and for a book of that class is unusually readable.

Just to show the eclectic nature of the contents, here are a few ran-

dom selections, the subject matters of which are strictly popular and up-to-date:

"In the following passage the Rt. Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith ridiculed his opponents' policy by means of analogies.

"When we ask how I am going to meet German competition, which I admit to be a formidable obstacle in the way of British trade, I reply, not by taking down from its dusty shelf in the political museum the old blunder-buss of tariff retaliation, which is as likely as not to explode in our own hands, but by imitating Germany's vastly superior system of secondary and technical education, by taking up the weapons of precision which science has forged, which the British people as well as the German people can be taught to handle, and which in truth, are the arms of quick firing and of long range in the industrial campaigns of to-day."

From Henry Clay he quotes:

"Under the operation of the American system, the objects which it protects and fosters are brought to the consumer at cheaper prices than they commanded prior to its introduction, or, than they would command if it did not exist.

"Brown sugar, during ten years, from 1792 to 1802, with a duty of one and a half cents per pound, averaged fourteen cents per pound. The same article, during ten years, from 1820 to 1830, with a duty of three cents, has averaged only eight cents per pound. Nails, with a duty of five cents per pound, are selling at six cents. Window-glass, eight by ten, prior to the tariff of 1824, sold at twelve or thirteen dollars per hundred feet; it now sells for three dollars and seventy-five cents."

The Revolution in Montreal

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 11.

organised an "Independent" party Senator J. P. B. Casgrain, formerly supporting Dr. Guerin, came out as the nominal head of the Independents, who unable to protest against the platform of reorganisation swung their own lines in favour of it and adverse to the Citizens' Committee, whom they defined as a dictatorship. A new slate was created; two camps dividing Montreal; attacks upon newspapers, appeals to race and religion, personal abuse, protestation and theatricals abundant.

Last week as a final counter move the Citizens' Association imported to a meeting at the Monument National Mr. Henri Bourassa, representing Nationalists, and by proxy Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster-General, representative of pure Liberalism; at the last politics lifting the issue into a cause bigger than local patriotism.

So ran the play; a series of swift acts, now melodrama, now opera bouffe, at times a touch of historical romance, but in the main, if the spirit of Montreal may be understood, a serious, intentional drama. On Tuesday, February 1, the last act—when "Greater Montreal" in principle as well as in population and taxes, lifted the banner of reform somewhat as did Maissoneuve the fleur-de-lis in 1642. On that night of the foundation of Montreal, so the chronicler relates, "Tents were pitched, camp fires lighted, evening fell and mass was held. Fireflies caught in a phial served as lights upon the altar, and the little band were solemnly addressed: 'You are a grain of mustard seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. Your work is the work of God. His smile is upon you and your children shall fill the land.'"

All which might be singularly appropriate to the Citizens' Committee of 1910 and the extinction of "23."

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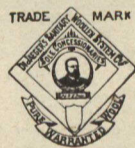
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SAUCE

Jibing at Macnamara

THE following squib, somewhat at the expense of Dr. Macnamara, Secretary to the Admiralty and one of the band of Canadians in the British House of Commons, appeared recently in the *London Outlook*:

Dr. Macnamara, our academic and mild-mannered Secretary to the Admiralty, is no more a humorist than a statesman; but he does sometimes contribute to popular amusement by intellectual flights that excite hilarity if they do not convey wisdom. At the National Liberal Club, where a few of the chosen assembled at an "emergency meeting" on Wednesday to pass sentence on the House of Lords, he eclipsed himself with his droll similes. He tried to sneer at the Peers for wanting to "ascertain the gracious pleasure of the people" on the Budget; "as well," he exclaimed, "might the farmer's wife take the opinion of the chickens as to which particular kind of sauce they would like to be served up in!" Even the Radical journal which was specially privileged to record this sapient utterance failed to note that it was punctuated with laughter. Again, the quondam schoolmaster declared that "nobody outside of a mad-house" knew what was Mr. Balfour's alternative to the Budget; yet he proceeded himself to "give away the show," exclaiming, "It is too Gilbertian—out of place upon the boards at Westminster or in serious politics; it is a farrago, a hotch-potch of economic absurdities!" When, after the general election, Dr. Macnamara returns to his school-desk and his cane, he must really be more sparing of his expletives, and above all avoid the use of metaphor. "For the next six weeks," he adjured the Radical "forwards," "down go your shoulders to the wheel; or for the next sixty years down go your necks to the yoke!" Was Dr. Macnamara "talking football," or what?

English Books of 1909

A London correspondent summarises the English features of 1909 as follows:

Turning to the books of the year, the name of Mr. H. G. Wells looms large in the story of 1909. His "Tono-Bungay" is a great novel that will assure its author a place among the immortals, and "Ann Veronica" is human and true, with, in addition, a tone of sympathy and understanding of the mere man and the mere woman that one has not always found in Mr. Wells.

Other novels and stories that one remembers with keen pleasure are Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Actions and Reactions," Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Open Country," Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop's "Everybody's Secret," Mr. de Vere Stacpoole's "The Pools of Silence," Mr. Eden Phillpotts' "The Three Brothers," Sir Gilbert Parker's "Northern Lights," Mr. Neil Lyon's "Sixpenny Pieces," Mrs. Dearnley's "Gervase," Mr. Gilbert Cannan's "Peter Homunculus," Mr. Henry Newbolt's "The New June," Frank Danby's "The Incomplete Etonian," Mr. Rider Haggard's "The Yellow God," Mr. John Galsworthy's "Fraternity," and Mr. Algernon Blackwood's "Jimbo" and "The Education of Uncle Paul." Mr. George Birmingham's "The Search Party" is, perhaps, the humorous book of the year.

This list is long and eclectic — a sufficient proof of the vitality of British fiction. And, of course, it is personal.

Among essays, Mr. Max Beerbohm's "Yet Again" and Mr. E. V. Lucas' "One Day and Another" have already become splendid possessions. Mr. Hilaire Belloc's "Marie Antoin-

ette" is conspicuously good among a mass of historical books, many of which were quite unnecessary and often conspicuously bad.

Sir Ernest Shackleton's "The Heart of the Antarctic" is the book of travel of the year, Dr. Sven Hedin's volume on Tibet rivalling it in absorbing interest.

The late Francis Thompson's "Shelley" is by far the most important contribution to pure letters published in 1909, and the year has also seen the issue of two volumes—Ruskin's letters, and Carlyle's letters to his wife.

Lady Cardigan's amazing memoirs supplied 1909 with its "literary" sensation.

Five to One

MR. "TIM" HEALY, M.P., who, with the rest of the members of the Nationalist Party, abstained from voting on the third reading of the "Finance Bill," began his career as a clerk, first in Newcastle, and afterwards in a mercantile house in London.

He made himself known as the writer of the London letter to the *Nation*, and his chance in life came when Mr. Parnell took him as his private secretary on his American tours.

"Tim" married a daughter of T. D. Sullivan, the poet of the Irish Parliamentary Party.

This gentleman, however, had none of that fine carelessness with regard to mundane matters which is supposed to be the attribute of all poets, major and minor.

Indeed, it is told of Mr. Sullivan that at the marriage of his daughter and Mr. Healy, when the happy couple were starting on their honeymoon, the bridegroom absent-mindedly picked up an umbrella from the hallstand and proceeded to walk off with it.

"No! no, Tim!" his newly made father-in-law shouted. "Don't take that! I have five daughters, but only one umbrella!"

The Great Bertillon

M. ALPHONSE BERTILLON, the head of the Anthropometrical Bureau at the Paris Prefecture, and the inventor of the new science of identification by means of physical peculiarities, particularly finger-prints, has absolute confidence in the infallibility of his methods. You must not talk to him about judicial errors.

Maitre X., barrister, and a Professor of Psychology into the bargain, has just found this out. He had need of documentary evidence for the preparation of a course of lectures, and therefore presented himself at M. Bertillon's office, and explained his wishes. M. Bertillon was as polite and obliging as one expects a Frenchman to be; his documents were at his visitor's disposal.

"But," he added, "would you mind indicating more precisely the subject you wish to deal with? I may have some special facts to give you."

"I want to deal with the psychology of judicial error," was the reply.

M. Bertillon rose, white with anger, and, pointing to the door, cried, "Sortez, monsieur, sortez!"

And Maitre X. went out, much astonished.

"Choice Thoughts from Master Minds," selected and edited by W. T. Robinson. Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

This is a collection of the sayings of the world's great, both ancient and modern. The editing in many places shows lack of discrimination, but the volume may be recommended to those who enjoy periods of reflection.

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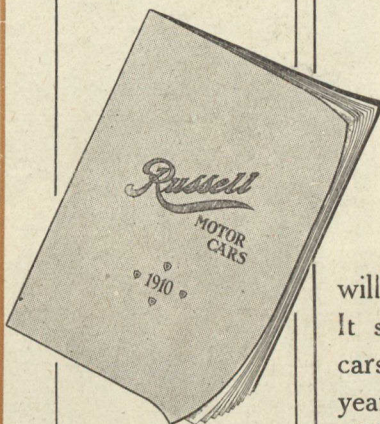
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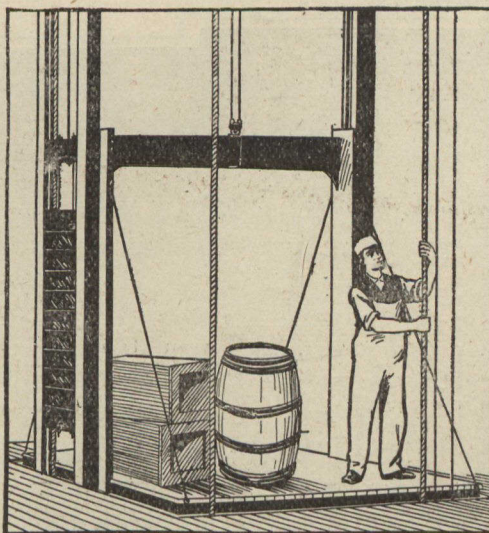
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