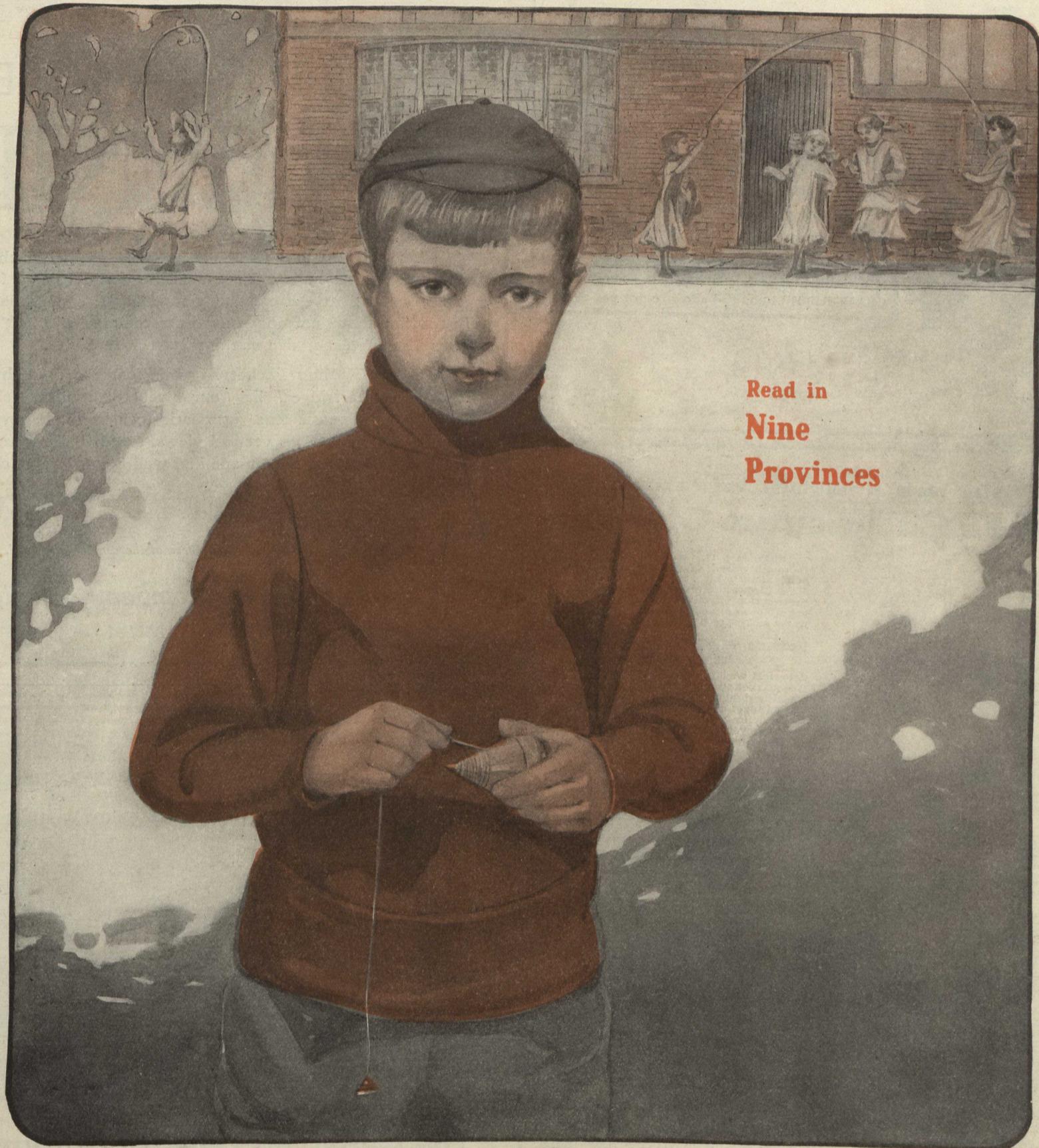


# The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

W R Haight  
446 Parliament St  
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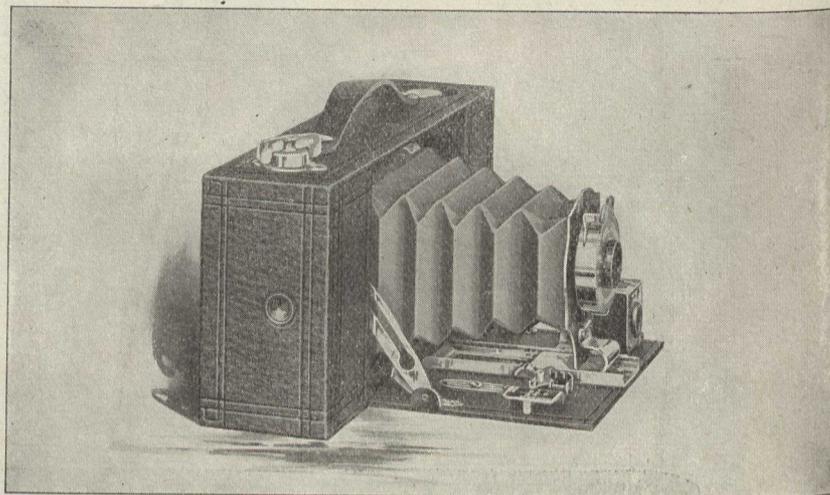
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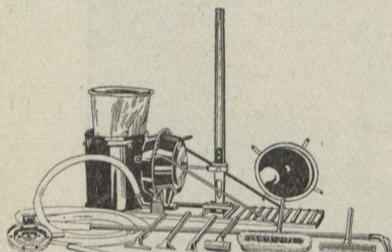
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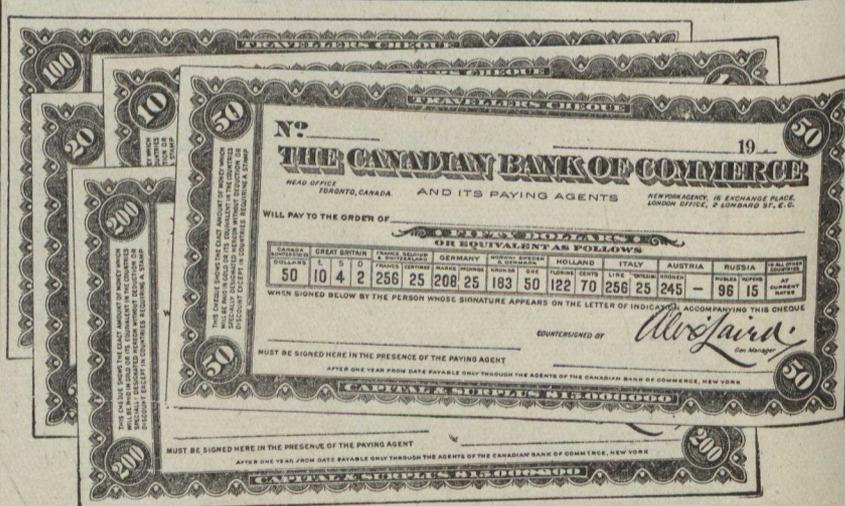
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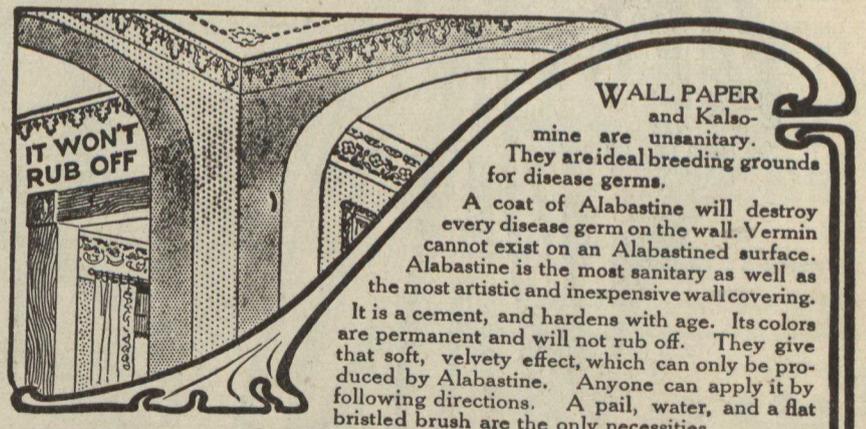
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**The Skirt** is made in nine side pleated gores; alternate front gore ending in tab effect below the hips, continuing in two pleats to the bottom.

**Colors are,** black, navy, or grey. Price - - - \$15.00

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**The Material** is a fine all-wool imported serge, shrunk by our own special process.

**The Coat** is designed in semi-fitting style and lined with silk, length 32 inches; collar and cuffs are trimmed with moire silk and soutache braid; covered buttons with silk braid loops are used on side flaps.

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### All-Wool Panama Cloth, \$18.00

**J-4210.** Graceful lines and good tailoring will win for this suit the approval of stylish dressers.

**The Material** is a fine all-wool Panama cloth, thoroughly shrunk and examined before being made up.

**The Coat** is correctly cut in semi-fitting style and lined with taffeta silk; length 34 inches; the collar is of moire silk overlaid with silk soutache braiding which extends down the long lapels; back and silk trimmed cuffs finished with covered buttons.

**The Skirt** is formed with panel front; alternate side gores are cut to below the hips, extending in kilted pleats to the bottom.

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**The Skirt** is a 15 gore style, stitched flat to below the hips and extending in open pleats to the bottom.

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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 Oshawa, Raglan and Route Offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Mail Service Branch

Ottawa, 17th March 1910

G. C. Anderson

Superintendent.

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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## Editor's Talk

LAST week we published the first of the series of animal stories by Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, a Canadian whose work is known to every student of English literature. Next week the second of the series will appear.

In this issue Mr. Heming makes his first contribution—a full-page drawing of a typical Canadian scene. At least forty of these studies, covering all phases of Canadian life, will be published during the next twelve months. These will undoubtedly be the most wonderful series of illustrations ever published by a Canadian periodical.

THE progress being made by the Canadian Courier is attracting attention all over the country. A subscriber in North Sydney remarks: "Your paper is certainly Canadian, and of especial interest to subscribers in the Maritime Provinces. \* \* \* Your 'Monocle Man' is a factor which we trust will never be dispensed with."

Another writes from Perth: "At first I felt the Courier was a little too much on the *de luxe* style for me, but I have decided that money is better spent in such reading than on some of the frothy stuff that comes across the border."

A man in Ottawa whom our subscription canvassers seem to have missed says in a recent letter: "I have bought the Canadian Courier since its first number, purchasing same at my bookseller's here every Friday evening. I look for it with as much interest as I do my daily newspaper. Besides, I send it regularly to a prominent citizen in the city of Glasgow."

We could quote hundreds of such letters were they as interesting to our readers as they are to us. Every publisher and every editor worth their salt find guidance and solace in the letters which their readers write. Would that it were possible to come into close personal contact with every subscriber!

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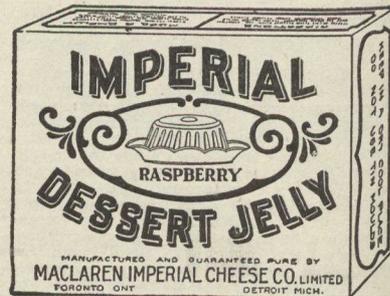


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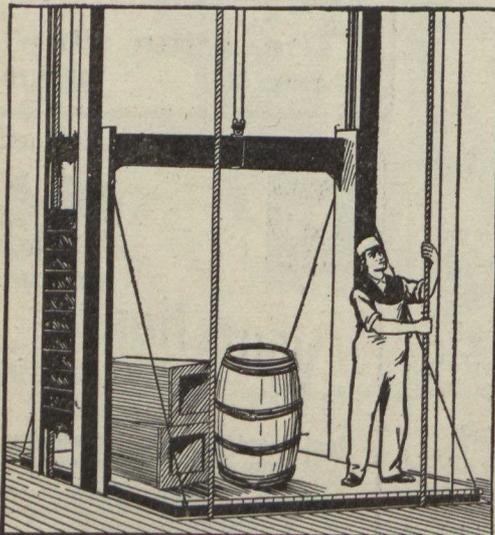
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# SAUCE

# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 7

Toronto, April 9th, 1910

No. 19



### REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

SOME people in Canada are calling the new tariff arrangement with the United States a "surrender," some are thoroughly satisfied, but the great majority neither understand nor care.

The London *Morning Post* says that Canada was bluffed into giving something for nothing, but then it must be remembered that Mr. Jebb is on the *Morning Post* and that Mr. Jebb is one of the men who would tie the Empire together with the iron bands of preferential tariffs and a unified fiscal system.

On the whole it may safely be said that the Fielding-Taft arrangement has given general satisfaction in all three countries. In the United States, Mr. Taft's friends are pointing out that he has brought Canada and the United States into more harmonious relations than at any time during the past twenty years. Mr. Taft had a chance to hit us and had he been a man like Grover Cleveland, for example, he might have brought the two nations into industrial and political conflict. He frankly admitted that while he must force us to make concessions, he would not press the advantage unduly. And he did not. Under the circumstances, he acted moderately and considerately.

Great Britain is more interested in Anglo-Saxon peace than she is in the question of whether our duty on fruits and cotton-seed oil shall be 17½ or 20 per cent. Her settled policy is to avoid misunderstanding with the United States and she desires Canada to have the same ambition. Therefore, so long as no portion of the national honour is sacrificed and so long as the reductions in the Canadian duties apply to British goods as well as United States goods, she must necessarily regard the settlement as satisfactory.

CANADA has certainly made concessions but the general impression here is that the concessions were not too great, considering the circumstances. All peaceful settlements of disputed questions involve mutual concessions. When a country of eight million people have a dispute with a country of eighty million, it is only natural that the smaller must yield as much or just a little more than the larger. That is the usual result of successful diplomacy.

The Toronto *Telegram* says that Canada's tariff back-down is a desertion of Canadianism for continentalism, and thinks we have gone back to the old days when "looking to Washington" was a source of national weakness. The leading Conservative organs complain that Canada has given something for nothing and denounce the surrender in unmeasured terms. This is a view of the situation which the Opposition press might be expected to take. Its business is to minimise the statesmanship and diplomacy of the government. They have just enough reason for their statements to justify them in doing a bit of shouting. Nevertheless the general public will accept the settlement as being fairly justifiable if not wholly satisfactory. If the reductions in duties had not been confined mainly to articles which are not produced in this country, if the reduction had been greater than 2½ per cent., or if the reductions had not applied to all countries with whom Canada does business, there might have been reason for criticism. We are well out of a dangerous situation, and we should be thankful.

WE have Sir Wilfrid Laurier's assurance that, as a result of these negotiations, Canada is free to negotiate with other nations for better commercial relations. Apparently the United States were anxious to penalise us for the French treaty, and the Canadian Government successfully resisted being treated with on such a basis. This is an important point, although Sir Wilfrid may have unintentionally over-stated the position. For example, if we were to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with Germany, similar to the treaty with France, would the United States be able to again invoke the aid of the Aldrich-Payne tariff club and demand further concessions? Sir Wilfrid says not, and his word must be accepted until there is proof to the contrary.

Mr. W. F. Maclean in his speech on the subject in the House

admitted that the Government had done good work in vindicating Canada's right to give a preference to Great Britain and also to make reciprocal trade treaties with other

nations. Apparently Mr. Maclean agrees with Sir Wilfrid Laurier on this point. The Toronto *Globe*, whose editor has taken some part in the negotiations, also takes this view. The following paragraph is taken from an editorial which appeared in that journal on the day after the announcement:

"The only possible objection that could reasonably be urged against the concessions would be on the score of principle. It might be held that the concessions were an acknowledgment that Canada is precluded from making exclusive bargains with foreign powers. It will be seen by Mr. Fielding's statements and letters that our rights in this respect are firmly maintained, and that the present course of the Canadian Government affords no ground for supposing that we forego any portion of our liberty of action in that respect."

Let us hope that all these gentlemen are not mistaken.

CANADA is certainly moving away from extreme protection rather than toward it. The French treaty reduced duties and lessened the measure of protection which the tariff gave. The new arrangement with Germany had an even greater effect in that direction. The reductions granted by arrangement with the United States are a third item in the count. The fourth is in sight, because the assertions of both the United States and Canadian governments point to an early discussion of reciprocity on a large and comprehensive scale. At the next general election, the supporters of the Laurier Government will be able to say to the free-traders of the Western Provinces, "Look at what we have done to reduce the tariff and to ease the burden on the consumer of imported goods!" It will be a strong argument and one which the Opposition will find rather irksome.

Perhaps the protectionist element will seek to meet this new situation by trying to arouse the people against these reductions, but at present they have given no official sign of discontent. The Canadian manufacturer is so busy trying to keep up with the growing demands of the domestic trade that he has little time to spare for agitation.

THERE is another point to consider. How will all these concessions to Germany, France and the United States, affect the sales of British goods in this market? Is it not reasonable to assume that by these three actions, the Government has lessened the value of the British preference? If these concessions and treaties are to increase the sales of German, French, Swiss, Italian and United States goods in Canada, will the sales of British goods decline? British sales are none too large at the present moment, and it would be a serious matter if they were to decline. Great Britain is our best customer and we should treat her well. We have treated her well, and she has freely admitted the value of the preference which we gave her. Would it not be wise to go now to the British Government and say, "We have been making some concessions to foreign countries and we now come to you to see if there is anything we can do to improve the trade between Canada and Great Britain?"

If Canada is going on to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with the United States, it will surely be necessary to consider what effect that will have on our trade with Britain. To say that it is Britain's business to look after her own interests would hardly be a sufficient excuse for neglecting such a consideration. Great Britain is a free-trade country and at present cannot give us any concessions in her market in return for past or future preferences, therefore anything we have given or might now give her must be voluntary. Nevertheless because she is our best customer, self-interest if not filial affection should cause us to consider her interests in this market. We have won from Germany, we have settled our trade relations with

France and the United States, but let us be careful not to forget the people to whom we turned when the days were darker and when passing clouds obscured the sun of our commercial prosperity.

**L**AST week we had announcements from London that 30,000 immigrants would come to Canada this month. We also hear that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is thinking of putting more boats on the transatlantic route. In a few weeks the Canadian Northern Railway will have several boats running between Bristol and Montreal, under the name of the Royal Navigation Company. The St. Lawrence route is triumphant and our commerce in settlers and in merchandise increases. Europe and Great Britain are coming closer. The future of the traffic north and south has been assured; let us have equal assurance that the traffic east and west across the Atlantic and across the Pacific is also assured. Our relations with Great Britain on the one hand and with Japan, China and Australia on the other, are as important as our relations with Germany and the United States. The task is a never-ending one and the Government should not rest on its oars.

**T**HE *Toronto Globe* takes the side of the Provinces as against the Dominion in the question of company incorporation recently discussed at the interprovincial conference at Ottawa. The Provinces desire an amendment to the British North America Act which will confirm their right to grant incorporation to companies doing an interprovincial business. The Dominion Government prefers the method of sending a stated case to the Privy Council. That the *Globe* takes the view embodied in a memorandum drawn by the Provinces at that conference, is an evidence that it thinks the Hon. Mr. Aylesworth has forgotten some portions of the history of the Liberal Party in Canada. Perhaps the Minister of Justice does not possess a copy of Mr. Willison's "Life of Laurier." The editor of the *Globe* might mail him a copy with his compliments.

**H**ON. C. W. ROBINSON of New Brunswick, Mr. John T. Hawke of the *Moncton Transcript* and the editor of the *St. John Telegraph* are advocating that road-making in that province should be "divorced absolutely from politics." How strange! The idea of divorcing anything in New Brunswick "absolutely from politics" is certainly new. The *Telegraph* even goes so far as to suggest that a non-political road commission should be created. The *Fredericton Gleaner* retorts that the Liberals of New Brunswick did not always hold these views and that when they were in power they put road-making under ministerial and therefore purely political control. The *Gleaner* points out that the Hazen Government handed the work again to the municipalities and that the new plan is working well except where Liberals are blocking it for political purposes. Nevertheless the *Telegraph's* sug-

gestion of a provincial commission is one which is worthy of consideration not only in New Brunswick but in several other provinces.

Political patronage dies hard. This is true of all the provinces. In Toronto, the Conservatives will shortly hold a general meeting to consider the advisability of introducing party politics into municipal affairs. The ward-workers in that progressive city are not enamoured of those theorists who preach the abolition of political patronage. To them Civil Service Reform is a splendid subject for university professors and non-political journalists, but not for practical politicians. They will attempt to turn back the hands of the clock.

To add further to the incongruousness of the situation in Toronto the Conservatives at Ottawa are protesting that political patronage should be abolished in the departments of the federal administration. In a recent discussion in the House, the Hon. Mr. Pugsley tried to get a leading Conservative to say that he would not exercise political patronage if he were in Mr. Pugsley's position, but the Conservative member refused to make any such declaration.

It is quite evident that there is plenty of work ahead of those who would purge our political life of this evil. However, when men like the editor of the *Moncton Transcript* and the *St. John Telegraph* join the ranks of the reformers, the outlook is slightly more promising.

**B**EFORE the days of the National Transcontinental it was always argued that our bonuses to railways were based on over-estimates of cost. Democratic members of Parliament and strong-penned journalists argued that the cost per mile of railways as given out by the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern and others was excessive. They argued that the Government could build such a railway for half the price. The argument was repeated so often that the Government abolished land grants and cut down bonuses. Then it undertook to build a railway just to show how well it could do it. Now it announces that this new railway built by the people and for the people is to cost nearly if not quite \$65,000 a mile. This is a sum which no private railway company ever dreamed of reaching. The private company figures seldom exceed \$40,000.

This explains why there was so little opposition to the British Columbia agreement to guarantee \$35,000 a mile of the cost of the new Canadian Northern line through the Pacific Coast province. Mackenzie and Mann should rejoice that the new transcontinental is a government undertaking; it has made their task of getting bond guarantees so much easier. If the Transcontinental had been built as cheaply as some members of Parliament thought it could, the builders of the Canadian Northern would have found greater difficulty in dealing with the various provincial authorities.

It looks as if Premier McBride had made a good bargain, especially as he has secured control of rates for both freight and passenger traffic. The railway may appeal to the Supreme Court of British Columbia but its decision as to rates is final.

## MONTREAL'S SCOUT SOLDIERETTES AND THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL



Inspecting the Montreal Boy Scouts in Lord Strathcona's gardens last Saturday. The Governor, Earl Grey, looked like a "big proposition" to the boys of the Young Brigade



Col. Gardner, Commander of the Boy Scouts, keeping step with the Governor-General.

# MEN OF TO-DAY

## LONG LIVE THE IRISH

SOME time ago in an article on this page it was stated that Hon. Adam Brown of Hamilton, Ont., is the oldest postmaster in Canada; by which it was meant that he is the oldest man running a Canadian postoffice. In this we are slightly in error.

Mr. Matthew Teefy, postmaster of Richmond Hill, Ont., is four years older than Adam Brown. He has been a large number of years longer in the postoffice than Mr. Brown. He will be eighty-eight years old nine days after this issue of the Canadian Courier reaches its furthest subscriber. Last Sunday Mr. Adam Brown celebrated his eighty-fourth mile-post in the race.

This correction is cheerfully made. If there is any medal to be handed out for long and honourable civil service, Mr. Teefy deserves it. If he doesn't want it—pass it along to Mr. Brown, who is one of the most magnetic and genial and dynamic old men in Canada.

Mr. Teefy was born in Tipperary—a very long while ago; village of Newport, of which he has no earthly recollection, because at the age of two he left home—those Irish are forever leaving home! He was the only child, too. However, his parents came with him and in the town of Muddy York little Matthew Teefy got his first home glimpse of the new world. That was a long while before the Irish really discovered Canada; long before there was even a Jew or an Italian in Toronto.

Down on lower Bay Street—you couldn't find the site now with a field-glass—there was an academy, and there young Matthew finished his education. If he wrote letters back to Tipperary—and we presume he did—somebody at the other end had to pay a shilling or more to get it from the postman; and if it was twice as far the postage was twice as much.

After leaving the Bay Street Academy and Mr. John Boyd, the principal—father of Sir John A. Boyd—Mr. Teefy decided he would help make Canadian history. This he began to do by starting his apprenticeship as a printer on the old *Patriot* newspaper which asserted the rights of the people during the Rebellion of 1837. Mr. Thomas Dalton was the editor and proprietor; and when he died the Teefy youth quit journalism; going into dry-goods in a firm of Scotchmen—Archibald Laurie & Co.; for in those days the Scotch drapers had everything corraled in Canadian dry-goods, even to Irish linens.

A few years later Mr. Teefy was doing so well in pounds, shillings and pence that he could afford to get married. His wife was the daughter of Mr. Thomas Clarkson, of Toronto, and she died only last year after nearly sixty-two years of married life. Four years later he became the postmaster of Richmond Hill, which he has been continuously now these sixty years. A hale, cheery old Irishman is Mr. Teefy, father of Rev. Dr. Teefy—and with but the change of a word or two his friends have pleasure in singing to him that well-known Irish song:

"Here's a health to ye, Father O'Flynn,  
Slainte and slainte and slainte agin;  
Powerfulest pracher and tinderest tacher and kindest  
creature in ould Donegal."

## FINE OLD ADAM BROWN

HON. ADAM BROWN was born in Edinburgh. He came to Canada when he was seven years old and when he was a very young lad he got a situation in Montreal with the identical firm that in its Toronto branch employed Matthew Teefy, his present postmaster rival. In 1850 he went to Hamilton—the very year that Mr. Teefy got the postoffice at Richmond Hill; at first in the wholesale grocery firm of W. P. McLaren & Co.; later—you can't keep a Scotchman down—as the head of the

firm Brown, Gillespie & Co., who bought out McLaren. From that on Mr. Brown's career was a march of victory. He became secretary of the Hamilton Board of Trade and president of the Dominion Board of that ilk: in which latter capacity he did some big constructive work for Canada. At the Trade Convention in Detroit in 1864 he worked in collaboration with Joseph Howe to secure a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States—and well he can tell how Uncle Sam extended the "frozen mitt." That made Mr. Brown a solid protectionist and he became one of the prime boosters for the National Policy. For five years he was Conservative member from Hamilton in the House of Commons—and as a tribute to his real worth was made Postmaster of Hamilton by the Laurier Government in 1896.

Mr. Brown in his prime was one of the ablest platform speakers in Canada, and has always been as fine a specimen of the Scotch-Canadian as ever lived. With a few more variations his friends would rejoice to sing on his behalf the good old Irish song "Father O'Flynn."

## THE PELICAN OF POLITICS

SINCE the death of Sir John Macdonald there has not been so curious a gap in the Conservative side of the House of Commons as the empty bench occupied so long by Mr. George E. Foster. The newspapers say that the member for North Toronto is out of politics—and Mr. Foster denies it. Nobody knows better than George E. Foster

just what his present intentions are.

Now there never was a politician on the Conservative side of the House who ever had much perennial enthusiasm for Mr. Foster. Neither was there a man on the Liberal side who failed to admire him—at least some of the time. Perhaps there have been few brainier men in the House. At the present time Mr. Aylesworth is the only man who has quite the purely intellectual calibre of Mr. Foster.

And there have been times when the caucus speculated hard about Foster. When Mr. Borden got the leadership the name of Foster was a query. But there was never enough enthusiasm to put him at the head of the party. The ablest debater in the House; ex-Finance Minister for a decade and Minister of Fisheries for a term; once principal of colleges in Nova Scotia and professor of classics; post-graduate student at Heidelberg, lecturer on temperance and propagandist for Mr. Chamberlain on Imperial Zollvereinism in Great Britain; the most analytical, cold-blooded intellectualist in the House—was never deemed safe for anything more than the first lieutenantancy to the present Conservative party.

There was a reason. It was—Foster. And Foster was always an enigma. One of the shrewdest Liberal members who has been studying Foster for years described him as the lonely pelican of politics. He recalled the episode of last session; when after the cold-blooded searchlight analysis of Mr. Aylesworth on the Insurance Commission report, Mr. Foster left the House, in a drizzle of autumn rain, the spectral figure passing down the steps:

"Melancholy enough for a character in Dickens," said the Liberal member. "The lonely pelican of politics."

Five years ago when Mr. Foster came back from his Chamberlain propaganda in England he delivered a really great speech to the Empire Club in Toronto. "Say, George," remarked a brimming admirer as the members were going out, "if I had your head, I'd want a hat twice as big as yours to hold it."

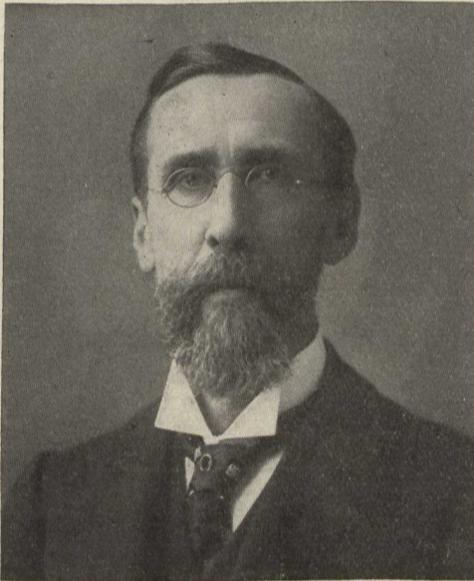
Which was pure enthusiasm. Which also was the obverse side of the man Foster.



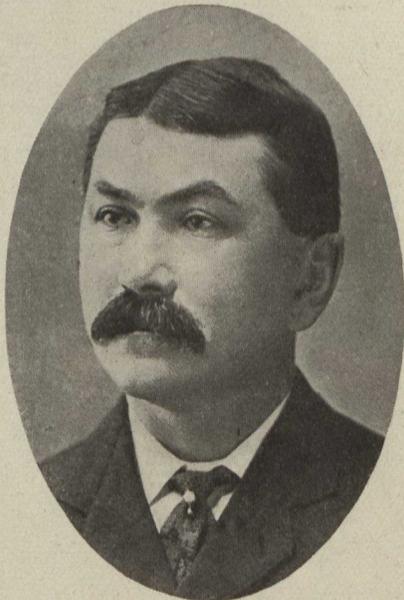
Mr. Matthew Teefy, of Richmond Hill, 88 Years.



Hon. Adam Brown, of Hamilton, 84 Years.



Hon. George Eulas Foster,  
Who refuses to retire from public life.



Mr. Napoleon Drouin,  
Mayor of Quebec.

MR. NAPOLEON DROUIN was elected Mayor of Quebec City by almost fifteen hundred majority. Mr. Drouin has been a good citizen.

Besides being a big wholesale grocer he is one of the chief proprietors of the Rock City Tobacco Company, which has remained altogether outside of the American Tobacco Company's sphere of operations. For the past fourteen years he has associated himself with the city's municipal affairs in the capacity of councillor. In spite of not knowing English, he polled a large percentage of the English vote.

## THROUGH A MONOCLE

### CURIOSITIES OF CAIRO

**Y**OU know the traveller whose chief concern is to stay at a hotel which will bear bragging about afterward. His estimate of every place is the sort of hotel accommodation it can offer. You speak to him of the impressiveness of Seville Cathedral or the passing beauty of her Murillos, and he will only give you a doubtful assent because he stayed at the best hotel there and did not like it. Naples to him is not the place where Capri "waits" without her "sapphire gates," where the ghosts of other days meet you in desolate Pompeii and by the sad shores of Baiae, but where you can stay at a very costly hotel on the hill-top and be quite as comfortable as if you had never left New York. To such a traveller, Cairo is an earthly heaven. It is magnificently supplied with modern hotels; and, if they will not satisfy you, you can go out to the Pyramids and find another on the edge of the desert or you can go to Helouan and luxuriate with the invalids. And for the quality of the service and the distance of Cairo from Europe, the prices are not exorbitant. I only wish that a certain Canadian city that I know were as well equipped at the same money.

\* \* \*

**F**OR people of more modest purses, there is also an abundance of accommodation in Cairo—and it is very good. That side of your stay there need give you no anxiety. Of course, the real traveller would go to Cairo if he had to put up with a "lean-to" against the Pyramids; but I am thinking for the moment of the fretful company whom a badly served dinner will make forget all the witchery of Oriental streets and all the mystery of Egypt, dead and buried. And there is no denying—when we are honest about it—that the "creature comforts" do make a difference in our enjoyment of the historic and even the majestic. Personally I do not care two cents what is to be seen around the corner when I am tired. An art gallery or a museum is a delight to me, for the first hour or hour and a half of the fresh morning, but then I either want to sit on a sofa and recuperate or else go out into the sunlight and forget all about it. So it is not for me to criticise the man who looks at a place first through the lens of his dinner "menu" card.

\* \* \*

**N**OR does the visitor to Cairo lack means for getting about and seeing the sights. The "dragoman" is an institution about whom signs are up in the hotels, for whom special waiting places are provided, and who is treated with the utmost respect by shop-keepers, cab men and all sorts of people who thrive on the money of tourists.

Sight-seeing with a dragoman is like travelling with a courier—no worry, no enquiry as to times and places, no sordid bargaining with gate-keepers and donkey boys, no trouble with anybody or anything. The dragoman learns your wishes and he makes them come true. When you are short of wishes, he suggests a few. He knows what you ought to do if you are a properly balanced tourist, and he knows the best way to do it. If he is a good dragoman, he does not attempt to tell you what he does not know himself, but takes you to the place and lets you study it out with your guide-book. Where he is a bit imaginative, however, he livens up the dry dust of fact with the embroidery of legend and the gay ribbons of invention; and there are times when it is better to be entertained than instructed. Then he presents his bill, made up chiefly of the moneys which he has paid out for you as you went along; but he does it with so fine an air of knowing that this trifling sum means nothing to you and that he is really ashamed of bothering you about it, that you rather enjoy handing him the money and refusing the change.

\* \* \*

**A**T odd moments, the good dragoman will enliven your tedium and turn your leisure to good account for himself. As you drive to a mosque or a tomb, he will point out to you that you ought to go camping with him in the Fayum or journey up the Nile under his charge. If you will do neither of these things, then he will volunteer to take you to the Holy Land, to Greece or anywhere else within the scope of his knowledge. When you emerge from a fatiguing descent into the tomb of a total stranger—probably dead three or four thousand years before you were born and not even at home when you called—and are sitting in the shade before mounting your donkey, the dragoman will offer, perhaps, to tell your fortune; and it will incidentally cost you the biggest piece of silver you possess. Not gold, for he is an honest dragoman and does not over-reach himself. When the way across the desert is long and weary, he will organise the donkey boys into a native dance through which they bound, at the same time keeping pace with your plodding steeds. The fact that they are running and walking where it is tiring you to ride, does not dampen their spirits.

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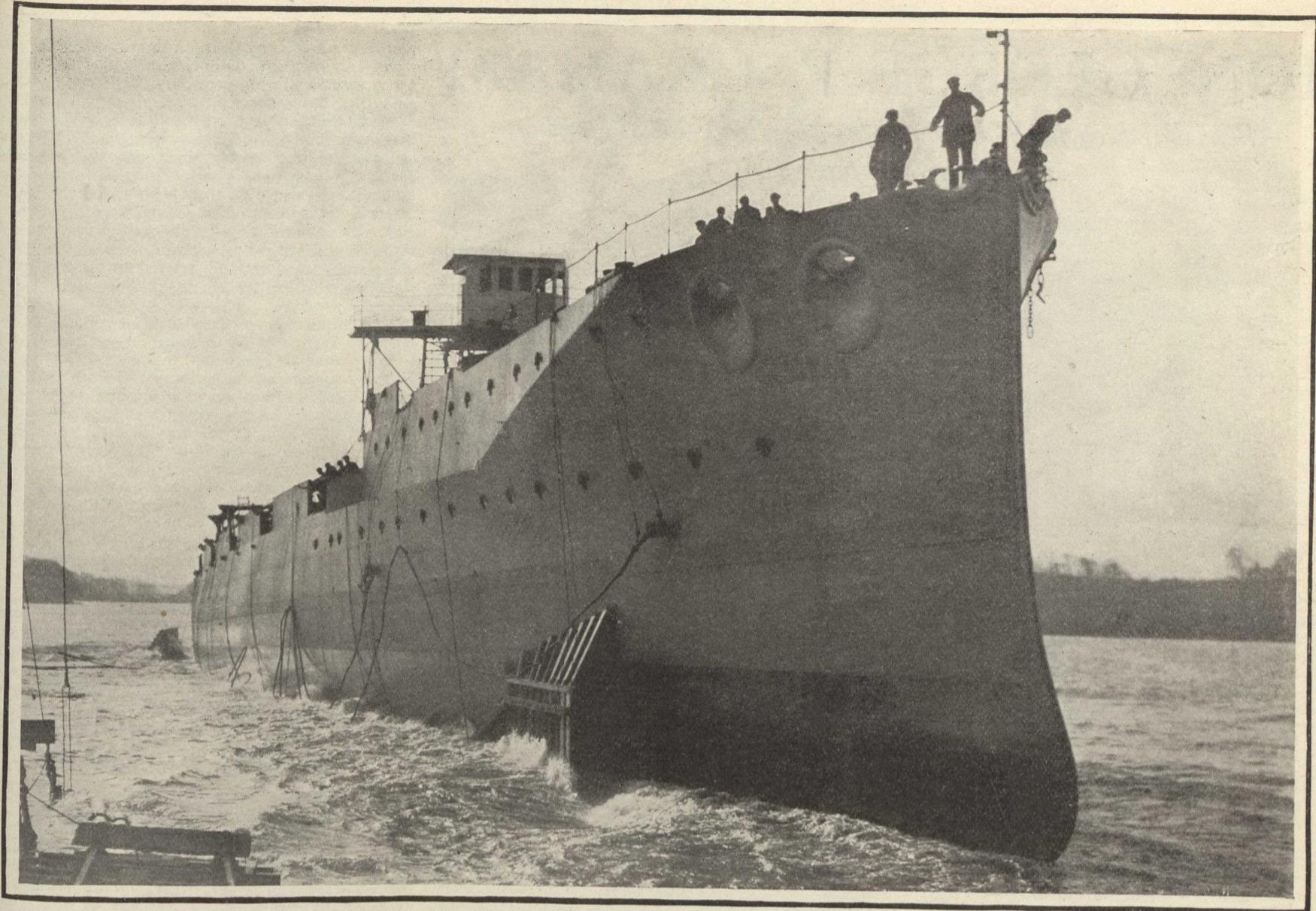
**T**HE donkey boy is quite an institution in his way, too; and gives you a vast amount of willing service for his "bakshish." The English they pick up from tourists is at times somewhat puzzling, but it is infinitely better than the Arabic which the tourists pick up from the natives. When they want to impress you with their sincerity, they are fond of saying "I will give you an English promise"—note the subtle flattery—and one lad added as a comforting counsel—"so do not let your head be busy." Their control of their donkeys is absolute, and yours nil. The little animal pays no attention to the way you saw on the bit or pull in on the reins but listens only for the shouts of his donkey boy. Donkey boys all expect when they grow up to be dragomans—that is the proper plural—and assure you that, when that time comes, they will have been everywhere many times and "will let the tourists see everything—everything!"

THE MONOCLE MAN.

### LEADER BORDEN AND THE BOSTON CANADIANS



At a recent Banquet of the Boston Canadian Club, Mr. R. L. Borden was the Guest of Honour. Centre of the picture Mr. and Mrs. Borden and Mr. A. P. Graham, President of the Club, all others past and present Club Officers and their wives. Third from the left, Mr. Charles H. McIntyre, former President.



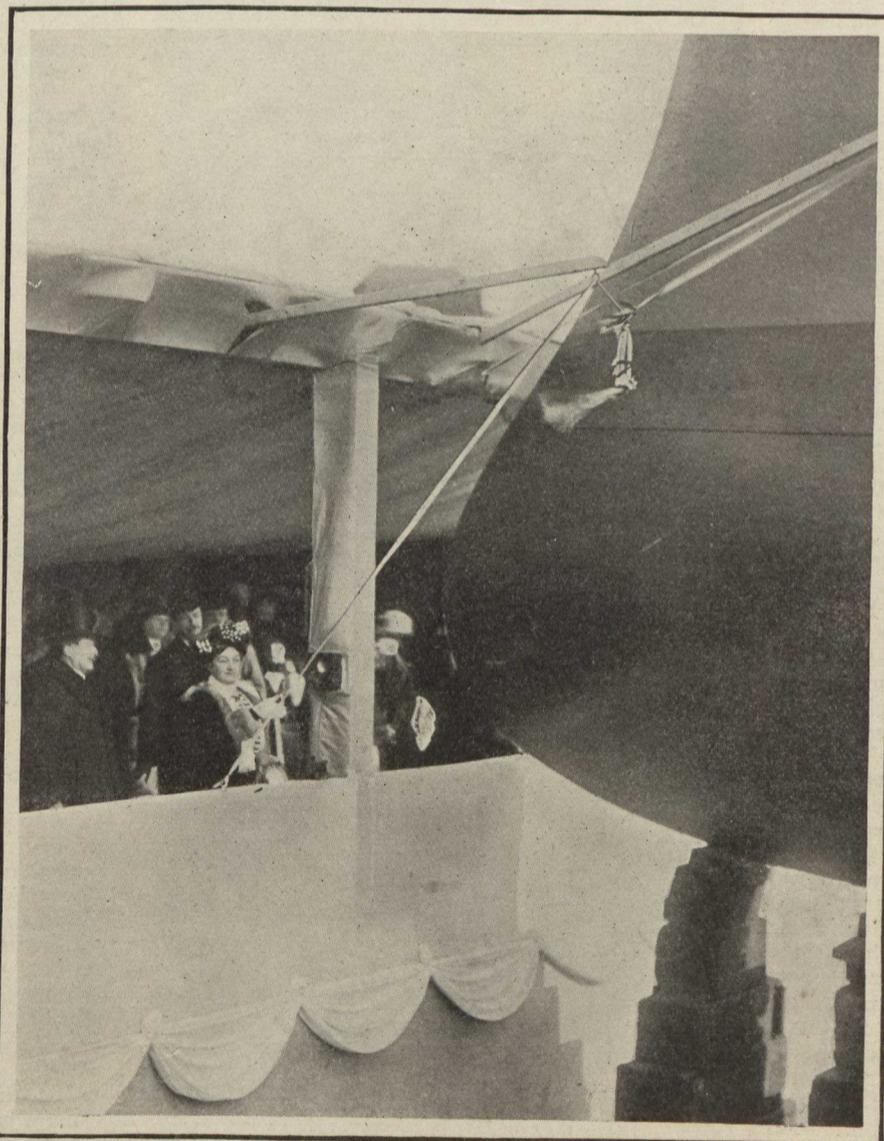
The "Bristol" which was Launched at Clydebank, Scotland, in February—when finished she will have four funnels and two masts.

## THE LAUNCHING OF THE BRISTOL

EVERY person in Canada will naturally be interested in the launching of the *Bristol*, which took place recently at Clydebank, Scotland. The main portion of Canada's fleet will consist of four *Bristols*. Two of these will be placed on the Atlantic and two on the Pacific and they will soon be familiar objects to all the people resident along the two seaboard. Of course, the *Niobe* and the *Rainbow* will arrive earlier, and the training of Canada's first naval force will take place on these vessels. Nevertheless, the greatest interest of the future will be in the four *Bristols*. It is not yet decided whether they shall be built in Canada or Great Britain, but it is probable they will be built in this country.

Some time ago we published a picture of the *Bristol* on the docks. Now by the kindness of the builders, Messrs. John Brown & Co., we are able to publish the first photograph of the *Bristol* after the launching. The launching ceremony was quite a pretentious affair and the christening was done by the Marchioness of Bristol as will be seen from the illustration. Lady Bristol was presented with a diamond pendant, enclosed in a silver and tortoise-shell casket, as a souvenir of the occasion. Among the speakers at the subsequent luncheon were the Marquis of Bristol, Sir Charles McLaren, M.P., chairman of Messrs. John Brown & Co., Lord Inverclyde, Captain Dudley R. de Chair, representing the Admiralty, and Mr. Thomas Bell, director John Brown & Co.

The *Bristol* has a displacement of 4,800 tons and her designed speed is 25 knots. Her armament consists of two 6-inch and ten 4-inch guns. She is one of the five second-class pro-



Lady Bristol severing the cord which held the Bottle of Wine away from the Ship's bows

TECTED cruisers which were built under the 1908-9 estimates. She is the last of the five to be launched as a number of new features are being introduced. The other four vessels of this class have quadruple screws and Parsons turbines. The *Bristol* has Curtis turbines, but only twin screws. It is expected that as much power can be got from these twin screws with a Curtis turbine as with quadruple screws with a Parsons turbine.

The *Bristol* is 453 feet in length, 47 feet in breadth, and 26 feet 9 inches in depth. The total development of the turbines will be 22,000 horse-power. One of the 6-inch guns is placed on the high forecastle forward, and the other at the aft end of the upper deck. When completed the cruiser will show two masts, four funnels, a high forecastle and a long afterpart.

It is interesting in this connection to note that John Brown & Co., who built the *Bristol*, are also building one of the two cruiser battleships of the *Indefatigable* type which have been ordered by the governments of Australia and New Zealand. The other will be built by the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Co., Govan. These vessels will cost about nine million dollars each. In addition Australia will have three cruisers of the *Bristol* type, six torpedo-boat destroyers and a fleet of submarines. Of the destroyers, three are at present under construction in Scotland. The total cost of the Australian fleet unit will be twenty million dollars and it will involve an annual charge of \$3,750,000.

Canada's navy will cost a little less perhaps, but it will be accompanied by a naval college.

# HON. GEORGE P. GRAHAM

*Who has been in Washington at the Peace-with-Honour  
Tariff Conference*



CANADIAN CABINET MINISTERS AT THE UNITED STATES CAPITAL

Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance: Mr. C. W. Emery, U.S. Tariff Expert, and Hon. Geo. P. Graham.

**E**GANVILLE, in the County of Renfrew, is one of those care-free and comfortable abiding places, the hub of contentment and good-will; one of those localities where a kindly atmosphere bids the traveller, rest from the arduous duties of commercial strife. On the 31st of March, 1859, the usual quiet prevailed in and about the little hamlet, but there was one event which although gaining but passing notice, was afterwards to find a place in our national history. It was the advent of a baby boy to the humble cottage home of a village pastor. Scarcely fifty years later the little fellow was occupying the proud position of Minister of Railways and Canals in the Federal Cabinet of his native land.

George P. Graham's father was the late Rev. W. H. Graham, a pioneer preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church who lived and laboured during the time when barns and homesteads were the places of worship. His mother was a typical early-day pastor's wife. Mr. Graham was among the ablest of his class at that day, and following the union of the several Methodist bodies he became president of the Montreal Conference.

Since the age of twelve years George P. Graham has been steadily at work, the greater share of the time in connection with newspapers. However, the varied vocations, which entered into the second decade of his career, combined well to give him that broader outlook upon life, a characteristic so often wanting in the lives of our public men. His early newspaper connection, his brief service as rural pedagogue, his labours behind the counter of a general store catering to the needs of town and country folk, his mingling with men in business circles, all served to weave the web of character and experience.

The Minister of Railways' entry into newspaperdom came to him rather unexpectedly. He was engaged as clerk in a store at the pretty little village of Iroquois, when his father, then residing in the neighbouring town of Morrisburg, arrived one day to inform his son that he (George) was to be proprietor and editor of the Morrisburg *Herald*. Mr. Graham, senior, had purchased the paper. The junior Graham took right hold. From counter-hopper to local editor brought increased responsibility. With his keen insight into the ways of business and the knowledge of human nature already gathered, the ambitious youth soon raised the standard of the plant, the paper and the business to the rank of a prosperous local institution. Soon the *Herald* became the recognised leader among the local weeklies in that section of Eastern Ontario.

By J. SMYTH CARTER

Both the news and the editorial columns were bright, elevating, interesting, and well abreast of the times. Public matters were dealt with in public-spirited fashion and although a Liberal journal it never descended to the level of a mere party organ, a basic principle upon which the *Herald* yet firmly stands. It was a brilliant era in the paper's history and since its founding in 1874 by Arthur Brown, the present Public School Inspector of Dundas County, that period of time familiarly known as the Graham regime, ranks among its brightest and most prosperous years.

Not only did Mr. Graham's paper grow in favour but the quality of the man himself, his jovial, genial,



HON. GEO. P. GRAHAM,  
Minister of Railways and Canals.

pleasant personality left an imprint on the communities which is indelible. In passing it might be noted that the *Herald* yet occupies the same premises on Lock Street as when Mr. Graham was in charge. Little more than a year ago while a search was being made in the building, where had congregated paraphernalia of sundry kinds, an old chair of the revolving type was resurrected. This article of other days was the Graham editorial chair. It was brought to the front office. Many true friends of the editor of earlier days, who chanced to visit the sanctum, viewed with pleasure and satisfaction the old chair and each invariably related an incident or told a story of which the editor of those days was the author.

But the day came when George P. Graham sold the *Herald*. He thought for a time of going to the Canadian West, but he went to Ottawa. The *Free Press* sought his services and with that paper he accepted the position of leading editorial writer. His stay at the Capital covered only a few months. Over at Brockville there was a shuffle in the editorial and business ranks of the *Recorder* and the eagle-eye of Mr. Thomas Southworth, then editor and proprietor, was peering everywhere in search of the right man to place at the helm. He got Mr. Graham. That was in 1893. The *Recorder* was re-organised, this time as a joint stock concern with George P. Graham as managing director. It became one of the brightest and most influential of Eastern Ontario dailies, a standard which it yet maintains. Its clean, elevating, progressive tone makes for the betterment of both urban and rural conditions. Editorially it is fearless and aggressive. But the growth and progress which the *Recorder* experienced since 1894 was not of the "happened so" brand. It was traceable to the man behind the paper, the personality of the director-in-chief.

### His Early Political Appetite.

Mr. Graham evinced at an early age a liking for public life. It is said that in his youth he manifested a deep interest and was frequently found in the counsels of his elders, a student of political affairs. When scarcely thirty years of age he was elected reeve of Morrisburg and consequently a member of the counties' council of the United Counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry. Although one of the youngest members he was frequently heard from at each session. He served on several of the more important committees and during the discussion of vital issues he was not slow to express an opinion or take a firm stand. No doubt if the Counties' Parliament Hansard of that decade were unearthed its pages would reveal the perorations of the Morrisburg reeve as he joined in the discussion of the various phases of counties' rights. And pulling aside the veil we can see him, in those days, deliberating on that momentous question—the Nation River drainage—an issue which it appears is destined to go on from everlasting to everlasting. Mr. Graham's spirited efforts at Cornwall were truly suggestive of the larger part he was afterwards to play in Canadian governing affairs.

### His Political Dawn.

While Mr. Graham had loyally and efficiently served as chief magistrate of his home town, Morrisburg, and as a member of that august body, the Counties' Council of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry, he had not, during that period, been subjected to the heavy guns of the enemy. But on the distant horizon were signs of a provincial election and George P. Graham was chosen as Liberal standard-bearer. Those were the days when Liberalism in Dundas glowed with hope and expectation. There was at least a fighting chance. The majorities were small and until the ballots were counted it was conceded to be anybody's election. After the finding, however, it was generally the Conservatives.

But it had not been always thus. Back in the early seventies the Liberals were the rulers of the land, when two members of the Liberal persuasion, represented at one and the same time, Dundas County, in the Federal and Provincial Parliaments respectively. The gentleman chosen to legislate at Ottawa was William Gibson, and at Toronto Simon S. Cook. Subsequently, along in the latter eighties, Dr. T. F. Chamberlain was the sitting member for one session, but his election was later annulled by the courts. Many Liberal veterans in Dundas, whose ardour and ambition in the cause has never flagged recall with pleasure those good old days. Despite the fact that the party has since wandered long years in the bleak wilderness of defeat, they relate enthusiastic stories of those early elections.

### The Contest of '91.

But the contest of 1891! While the youthful Graham became the idol of his party, the Conservatives had an active and aggressive candidate in no less a personage than J. P. Whitney, now Sir James

Whitney. There ranged each against the other in the struggle for political supremacy, were two men who in later years were destined to hold important portfolios in Federal and Provincial governing bodies. Day after day these men met on the streets of their home town, Morrisburg, exchanged greetings—friends, yet opponents. Mr. Whitney had already represented Dundas during the existence of one parliament. With prorogation he returned east to attend to his legal practice. In his office in the Victoria Building, Main Street, was office and rumours of wars were already being discussed.

But the other and equally brilliant part of the drama was being enacted down on Lock Street, where Mr. Graham was writing up bright, crisp, trenchant editorials for the current issue of the *Herald*.

It was Mr. Graham's first bid for public recognition of the broader type. He was on trial as a campaigner. He was the standard-bearer of one of the great political parties in a county, which, judged by its physical characteristics, and the intelligence and thrift of the citizens, is second to none in the province. Throughout the various sections of the county Mr. Graham went, rallying the Grit clans. Meetings were held in public halls, when such conveniences were found to exist in the "townlets" and rural neighbourhoods, but more frequently in the proverbial red school. These meeting places were small and as the rural population turned out in large numbers to hear the new Liberal standard-bearer, standing room was sometimes at a premium. Along the concession lines the sturdy yeomen kept an ear to the ground to learn the "where" and "when" of the nearest meeting at which the young Liberal chief was to address the electors. The Mowat Government was then a real Gibraltar, a rock in a prosperous, if not a weary land. To the Tories there had not yet arrived any gleam of hope, and they realised they were yet to remain long years in the cold shades of opposition. So in Dundas, as in other constituencies, it was more a strict "party vs. party" contest. Policy mattered but little. The personality of the candidates mattered more. And thus it was that Mr. Graham made a strong personal appeal for support. Of the two he was the "kid" candidate. There was no abuse of his worthy opponent. In a nutshell, the battle cry was "Vote Graham because he is just as good a fellow as the other fellow." The average candidate has, of course, his fund of campaign stories. Mr. Graham had his and he could relate them with effect. To illustrate the tone of the contest one of these must be furnished as told not long ago by a Dundas Whig, who was active in that campaign and is still in the fighting line.

### An Early Campaign Story.

A well-known Irish gentleman, who had been twice married, survived both his wives. They had been buried in the village cemetery side by side, but the graves were separated a sufficient distance to permit of a third to fill the intervening space for, like most Irishmen, the lonely widower—expected sooner or later to shuffle off this mortal coil. At length that time approached. He grew exceedingly ill and as his recovery was scarcely expected he gave instructions as to his burial. Remembering the love he bore each wife, he desired his remains to be placed between the two graves and exactly an equal distance from each.

"And is that all you request?" inquired his friends.

"Yes."

"No further instructions?"

"No."

"Then you desire to be placed between the graves of your wives, a like distance from each?"

"That I do."

The dying man's request was surely to be carried out and the watchers stood about in silence.

Finally he opened his eyes and beckoning to his friends, remarked:

"Bury me as I told you. But when you're letting me down into the grave you might just give me a bit of a 'cant' towards Biddy."

Jocularly Mr. Graham intimated to his friends the application of the story. Both he and Mr. Whitney were worthy of the support of the voters, but when the ballots were being marked he wished to be given a preference.

Even at that early day Mr. Graham's penetrating grasp of public issues and his keen insight into questions of provincial dimensions won for him many encomiums. As a speaker he was fluent, ready and effective. His appeal gained notice even in the ranks of men outside his own party, for although opposed by so strong a candidate as Mr. Whitney and in a constituency, which, like Toronto, looks serenely toward Toryism, the majority against Mr. Graham was small.

Mr. Graham was once a choir-leader in the Morrisburg Methodist Church. Now it is said that

he who can successfully conduct, control or manage a church choir can govern a kingdom or remove mountains. Perhaps the Morrisburg organisation was an exception. Perhaps it wasn't. The membership included several of musical note, while the



In the Town of Morrisburg, Ont., Editor Graham lived in a Two-Storey Frame House.



In the Office of the *Morrisburg Herald*, Editor Graham was an expert on Auction Sale Bills



But when he got to Brockville, the *Recorder* was a feature of the Main Street.

organist at first was a male member of the high school staff, since deceased, and subsequently a lady yet a resident of the town.

### Brockville the Beautiful.

Brockville, which for almost two decades has been and yet remains the home of the Minister of Railways, is well in the front rank of Eastern Ontario towns. The municipal capital of Leeds and Grenville, it was for long years known as Elizabethtown, the present name having been conferred upon it by that gallant and most valiant of soldiers, Sir Isaac Brock. Perhaps no town on the map of Ontario is favoured with a more beautiful scenic location than is Brockville. It is situated at the foot of the Thousand Islands, those world-famed pleasure places of beauty and grandeur, with their wealth of forest green, rocky cliffs and irregular shores, further adorned by the many palatial summer homes which dot them. The eastern gateway, therefore, to this most attractive part of the St. Lawrence, which annually receives thousands of tourists, is Brockville, and from its peculiar position, adjacent to the Islands, it has received that well-chosen patronymic, the "Island City." The town possesses excellent shipping facilities by rail and water and as a place of residence is considered ideal.

### In the Legislature.

Scarcely five years after Mr. Graham had taken up his abode at Brockville, a majority of citizens declared by their votes that he must represent that constituency at Queen's Park. Thus the year 1898 marked his entry into the Ontario Legislature, and he continued as the Brockville representative there until called to the Federal Cabinet. In accepting Brockville's mandate in 1898 Mr. Graham determined to give his best energy to the duties assigned him. He soon displayed a real mastery of parliamentary usages and very early began to take his place as one of the ablest members of the Legislature, both as a debater and an administrator. For two sessions he filled the important position of Chairman of the Public Accounts Committee. A short time previous to the change of government at Queen's Park in 1905, Mr. Graham was created Provincial Secretary. After the present administration took office he was unanimously chosen Leader of the Opposition, a position he gave promise of filling with honour and distinction.

### First Federal Battle.

Until the campaign of 1908 election contests had found Mr. Graham in the municipal and provincial firing line. In the last general election campaign Sir Wilfrid Laurier looked about him for an able lieutenant to undertake with him the Ontario tour. Mr. Graham was selected and the result on polling day throughout that Province proved the wisdom of Sir Wilfrid's choice. In fact, it would be difficult to secure a more efficient and better equipped "duet of campaigners" than the First minister of Canada and the member for Brockville.

Speaking at Cornwall, where in earlier days Mr. Graham donned the robes of Counties' legislator, he received a wonderful ovation. After expressing his pleasure at being in the midst of so vast a multitude of his social and political friends he remarked: "As I look over this audience to-night I see a great number of familiar faces. Why a lot of you fellows owe me for subscription accounts when I used to run a weekly paper in a town not far from here." From that moment the audience was his, and his able and thoughtful address on Canadian affairs was well received.

Thus far as Minister of Railways and Canals Mr. Graham has "made good." The word "surplus" in connection with the Intercolonial Railway, had become wholly foreign, but the report delivered recently on the floor of the House of Commons by Mr. Graham marked the dawn of a brighter day. He has turned a new page in the history of Canadian Government railways. His brief years already spent in connection with his present department have brought large problems to hand. But the future holds many of even larger dimensions. The completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific, the construction of the Hudson's Bay Railway, the deepening of the Welland Canal, the construction of the Georgian Bay Canal, are some of the problems, and some of the needs which to-day confront the people of Canada. With her present prosperity and promise, the Dominion willingly faces these problems, but the man who will grapple most closely and intricately with these is the gentleman who holds the portfolio of Minister of Railways and Canals in the Federal Government. But so great is the confidence already inspired in him that the country is quite willing to leave the working out of these great questions—these factors in the making of a larger Canada—in the hands of Hon. G. P. Graham.

# THE TANGLE OF TARIFFS

*Will Great Britain ever get the Lion's Share of Canadian Trade?*

By JOHN COLLINS

**S**MOKE over the navy question having cleared away, the tariff came up. The recent Ottawa-Washington-Albany episodes had got things moving a bit—shifting the lines of interest away from the cross-seas to the parallels of latitude, especially 49. Thursday morning of last week half the men in Canada were talking tariff for breakfast, and on the street cars and down at the office, and then again at lunch; and some of them knocked off work for half a day to get a clear whack at the thing expressed in Fielding's thirteen articles—which is one of the most practical creeds ever devised by the modern religious needs of mankind.

The man with the Red Tie and the Imperialiser with the Pencil had the tariff tangle out the other morning.

"What tires me with the newspapers," said the Red Tie, "is that every one of them looks at the tariff through his party specs—just as they did on the navy question. What we want is a business discussion of the tariff. Business has nothing to do with either sentiment or politics. Now is that clear?"

He blew a big whiff and fanned it away.

The Imperialiser sniggered a bit.

"So you're anti-Preference then?"

"At forty per cent? I certainly am. In fact I'm not sure that the old preference isn't a frost. Anyway Canadians haven't been buying British goods very heavily since it came into force. Look here," swiping over a little-of-everything book. "Two years ago we bought from Great Britain about ninety-five million dollars worth of goods. Last year we bought from the United States one hundred and eighty-two million dollars worth—at a thirty to thirty-five per cent. tariff. How's that for the practical value of preference—leaving out sentiment, mind you?"

"You've missed the point entirely. Look here—at what we sold Great Britain."

"Well how much?"

"One hundred and thirty-five millions."

"Oh! Favourable balance of trade forty millions, eh? But of course that's mainly raw materials and food products, whereas we buy from Great Britain manufactured goods."

"Precisely. But apply the balance of trade to Canada and the United States, and what's the result?"

They thumbed it up: result that Canada buys

two dollars worth of goods from the United States for every dollar's worth she sells to that country under the present high tariff.

"Which is a worse balance of trade than ninety-five to a hundred and thirty-five in our favour, isn't it?" said the Imperialiser, slyly.

"Yes, but it isn't the main fact of the case at that," said the Red Tie. "There's a reason why we buy two dollars worth of goods from the United States for every dollar's worth we sell her. We certainly must want the goods or we wouldn't do it. Now why do we want the goods?"

"It isn't a question of merely wanting the goods."

"But it is. Stick to your text. Ruling out sentiment, mind you; for if you apply sentiment to this you'll discover that the sentiment of Canada favours closer trade relations with the United States more than ditto with Great Britain, and I don't think either of us wants to go on record as favouring commercial reciprocity with the annexation sting in its tail. But tell me this: Why do I buy an American automobile instead of an English?"

"Merely a matter of salesmanship; of selling machinery. If the English maker would use the same machinery and enterprise in selling to you that the United States manufacturer does—"

The Red Tie took a spasm and in a cloud of American-made cigar-smoke he said:

"Height of absurdity! No salesmanship will ever make an English car go with the Canadian user, just because the British car isn't made for conditions in Canada. I tell you the United States manufacturer studies conditions in this country and the Britisher doesn't. In fact, the Britisher doesn't care a continental for conditions. 'Conditions be blowed' is his motto. 'If they don't like my goods they can jolly well go hang—'"

"Or lump it—to be American."

"And you can apply the same doctrine to everything down the line; to boots and to typewriters; to machinery and to cough-drops if you like. You'll find that the American manufacturer not only uses his selling machinery in Canada, but he studies Canada to find out what Canadians want, with the result that he finds Canada wants precisely the sort of goods he is making for his United States market, just because we're similar in geographical and climatic conditions to the whole north half of the United States. There's no sentiment in that."

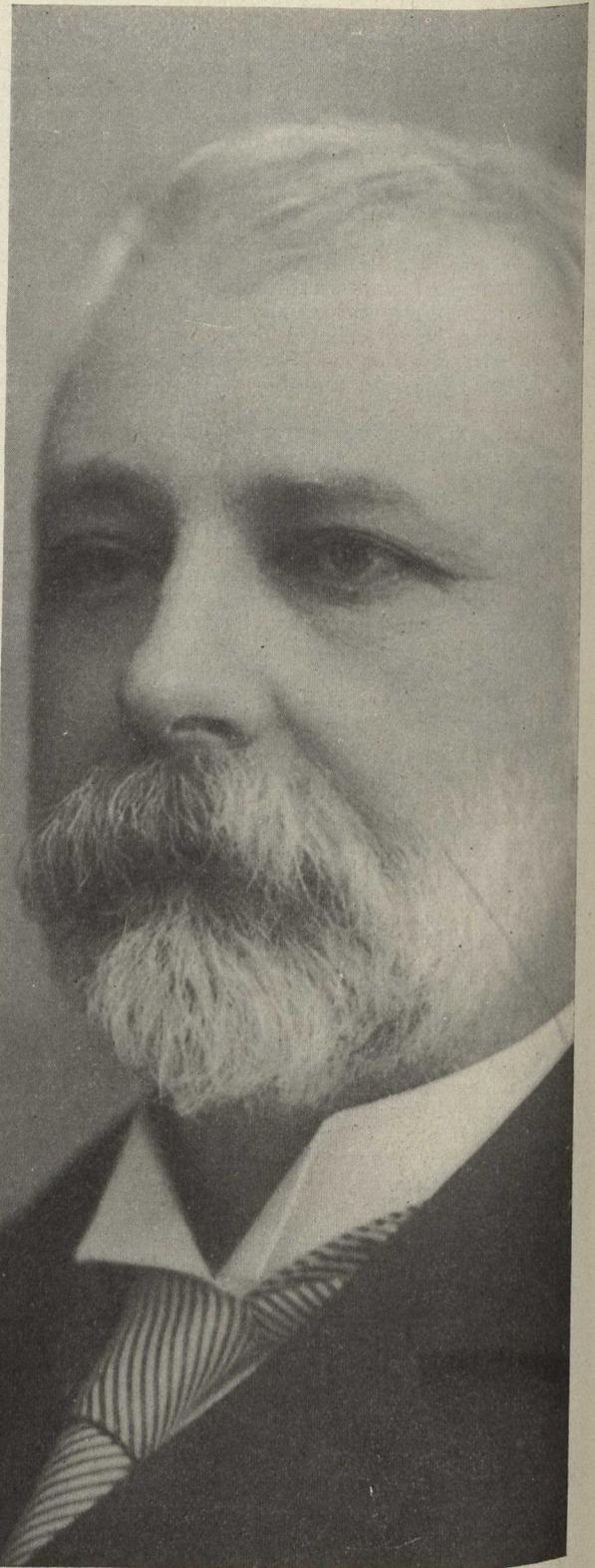
"But is there anything to prevent the British manufacturer from doing the same?"

"Everything. His own stubbornness; trade traditions; eminent respectability; in short, conditions be blowed! What business have mere colonials telling us how we should make our goods? When did they become so high and mighty? Confound them! Aren't we the leading manufacturers of the world? That's his argument. Salesmanship? The dickens! He could sell his goods fast enough if he'd only make most of them fit to sell to Canadians in the first place, and take the trouble to put himself in touch with conditions in this country. And there's no more sentiment in that than there is in a monkey-wrench. You can't tell me 'I'm to wear British boots for the sake of sentiment, and get corns on my feet.' I want boots that I can wear."

They took a skirmish over the Empire and a scoot over the known world; finding out the balances of trade in the seven seas; discovering where Great Britain buys her three quarters of a billion pounds sterling every year and where she sells her seven hundred millions. They raked up reciprocity treaties and the Preference—

"Yes, now I'll give you the real story of that Preference," said the man with the Red Tie. "That whole scheme was hatched up in Toronto just as the National Policy was. The promoters of it argued—that a preference on British goods would knit the ties of the Empire; that sentiment was stronger than mere trade just as blood is thicker than water. Off went the thirty-three per cent. and up went the tariffs against the United States. Now, we buy forty millions more goods from the United States than from Great Britain and we have two hundred millions of American money invested in Canadian factories to boot. Say, can you beat that for an Imperial Preferential frost? Tell me where you can find six industrial enterprises in Canada that are financed by British capital?"

They managed to rake up three, with a possible fourth; got from that to discussing the ultimate effect of commercial reciprocity; man with the Pencil inclining to think that the general expectations of Taft expressed to Fielding implied somewhat up the Taft sleeve by way of getting the big end of the stick in future.



Mr. Fielding from the "Thirteenth" Concession

"Sugar! That thirteen articles in the Fielding-Taft creed are just a sop to Canada," he said. "You wait. My opinion the whole Taft attitude was a game of bluff."

"Not a word of it! Not a dollar of it. Taft expressly gave out that under the Payne-Aldrich law the United States would be compelled to apply the maximum tariff to Canada unless Canada made some concessions. We made the concessions. They were a trifle, I admit. But they satisfied the ethics of the case. They staved off a tariff war."

"Bah! I think a tariff war would be better than any concessions. We've had tariff wars before and we always won. We can do it again. The British Preference to my mind was nothing more nor less than the determination of the Canadian government to get a whack back at the United States after the throw-down that Richard Cartwright got in Washington. The throw-down was a good thing. It has developed Canadian industries."

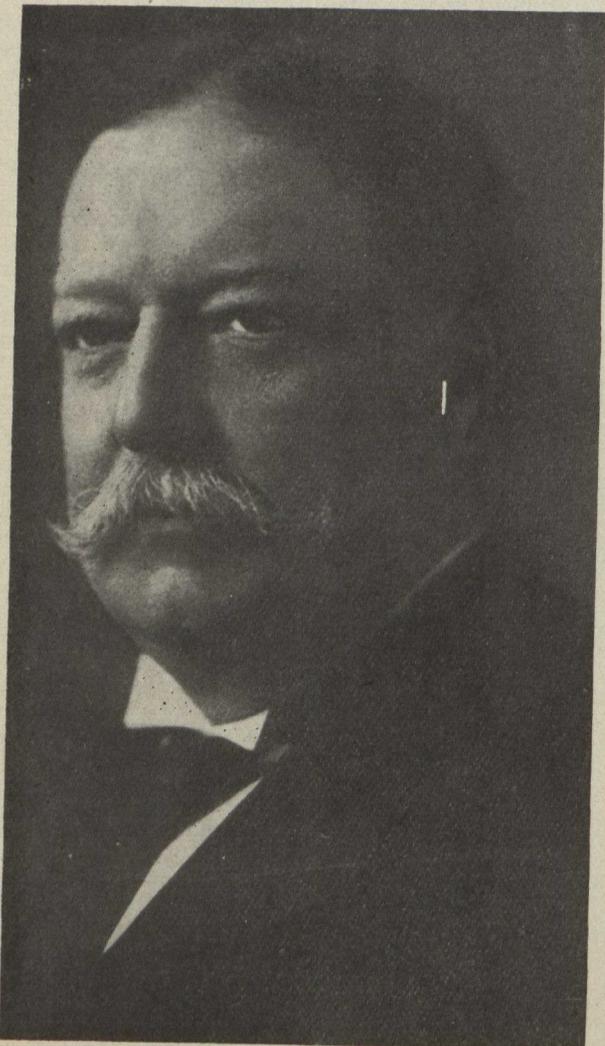
"All the same," concluded the Red Tie, with an anti-preferential wink, "I venture if there could be commercial reciprocity between Canada and the United States we'd have twenty million people in Canada inside of ten years."

"But not Canadians," said the Pencil.

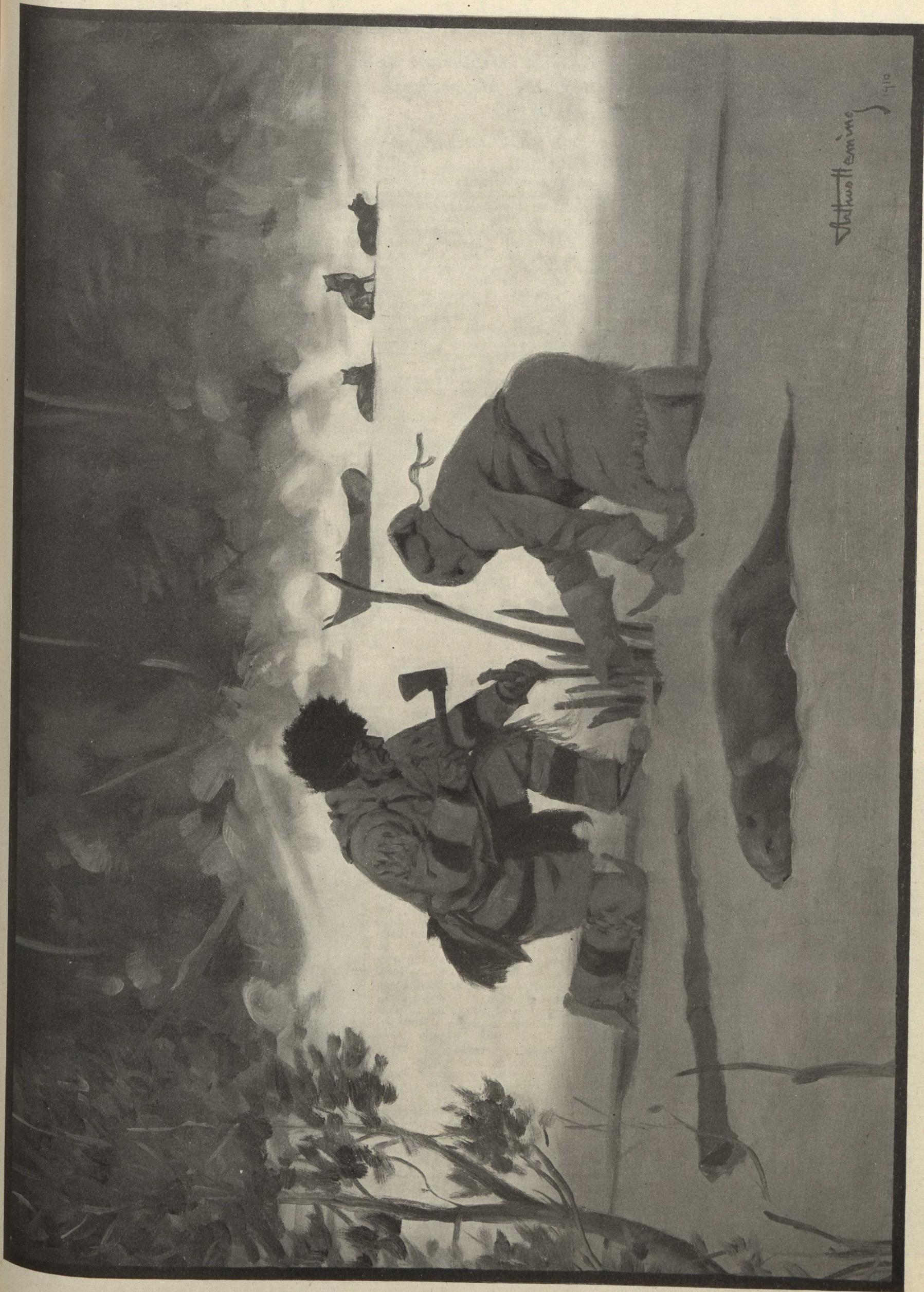
The other shrugged. "Well, paying wages and earning dividends in Canada—whatever that means. Isn't that a kind of citizenship?"

"Lowest on record. It's up to Canada to build national character; and you can't do that by ruling out sentiment or by commercial reciprocity with the United States."

"Hmh! It's evident you're an Imperial Sentimentalist. Let's go out and have a drink."



President Taft wants Reciprocity with Canada



Arthur Hemming 1910

TRAPPERS IN THE SUB ARCTICS OF CANADA

NATIVE ATHABASCA OTTER HUNTERS RE-SETTING A TRAP BELOW THE HEAVY ICE  
First of a Series of Canadian Feature Studies to be Drawn for the CANADIAN COURIER, by Arthur Hemming.

# A NATIONAL ARCHITECTURE

*Skyscrapers are not Canadian; our Church Architecture is in need of Reform; Domestic Buildings are Mongrelised.*

*What will Canadians Do?*

By KENNETH N. BELL

WILL Canada ever develop an architecture? She has already developed an accent, she has long had one national type and is rapidly creating another, nature has given her a most distinctive climate, and time has already set to work to build up for her a history. Probably she will never become one of the great homes of art, because her clear skies and great expanses make no congenial soil for what depends so much on atmosphere and on the picturesque. There are signs already of a literature with its roots in the rich soil of Lower Canada—national anthems like ours are not to be found all over the world.

But literature suffers more than anything else from a bi-lingual civilisation. Until Esperanto produces a Shakespeare, it would seem that Canadians must wait for a body of prose and verse which shall be national in the larger sense. History, on the other hand, is full of what may be called polyglot architectures. The Moors in Spain grafted their Eastern style on the Gothic which came from the North, the Normans in Sicily developed an equally distinctive blend of Romanesque and Saracenic, the Normans in England borrowed Anglo-Saxon modes of architectural expression long before they condescended to adopt Anglo-Saxon parts of speech.

Why should not the same thing happen in Canada? France has long been the artistic dictator of Europe—we alone of transatlantic peoples have a French stock rooted among us; why should not we raise to life again the spirit of the race which created Gothic, which built the Chateaux of the Loire, and invented the modern boulevard?

If we have the artistic spirit dormant in Lower Canada, surely elsewhere we have, too, what is equally necessary for a true architecture, the instinct for utility. Least of all the arts can architecture afford to neglect the law that all true beauty is rooted in usefulness. The best Romanesque, the

best Gothic, the best Renaissance work was done by people who were fanatically eager to economise material, to get the maximum of result from the minimum of expenditure. With extravagance and the desire to be picturesque came decay, only as long as the architect was a practical economist was he an architect indeed. Thus the contribution of

What of the West? Like all true architecture, ours must be based on climatic conditions. No architect worthy of the name ignores climate. You do not need "loggias" in Scotland nor porches in Italy, and therefore they are not found there. And it is in the West that the full rigour of our famous climate is felt—the westerner must teach us how to make a house, or a church, or an office, which shall be comfortable both in summer and winter. Our architecture must be bi-seasoned as well as bi-lingual, and we must look to the real pressure of necessity in the West to mother for us the invention of what is really comfortable.

What would be the result of a united crusade in this truly national cause? First of all we should dispel the spectre of Yankee extravagance. No true Canadian can look with anything but horror at the feeble sproutings in this home of sanity of an architectural ideal which even New York is beginning to deprecate. Surely Toronto will never submit to walk in wind-swept gulches instead of streets, nor to go to the office perpendicularly in an elevator instead of horizontally in a street-car—simply for the sake of making a nightmare out of her sky-line. It is bad enough to have condescended to "long drinks"—surely we shall never adopt houses of forty-three storeys. In this land of wide plains and great lake frontages it is time indeed that we took up the task of planning our cities to mean something—to express what we have at our command, a boundless future and endless elbow-room.

Then we should reform our churches. Nowhere

are churches more vigorous or fuller of life than in Canada, nowhere are they more incongruously housed. A parody of neo-Gothic outside, a parody of a vaudeville theatre within—is this too much to say of buildings where you may find as earnest a congregation and hear as strong preaching as anywhere in the world? Why, if we have decided that the form of a Greek theatre suits us best for our church interiors, cannot we be honest about it and cease to pretend outside that we are still Gothic and cruciform? The Catholics of Lower Canada have their own church architecture, why cannot the Methodists, Anglicans, Baptists, Presbyterians of Upper Canada develop theirs?

What of our public and domestic buildings? A chaos. Our constitution condemns us to an infinity of public bodies; parliaments innumerable accommodate the M.P.'s and the M.P.P.'s of our seven millions. Surely an unique opportunity for attacking the problem of an ideal House of Assembly. Instead we have everywhere atrocities only too like our own here in Toronto, which in despair of its acoustic ineptitude seems incapable of being prevented from burning itself down.

Rosedale again is a pitiable instance of failure to seize occasion by the hairs. Differences everywhere, nowhere distinction. Heavy frontages decorated with ponderous verandahs and balconies, some hideous in their eager pretentiousness, others merely bald, some dull, others fantastic—not one Canadian. Such "desirable residences" abound in Dawlish or Bournemouth, but there they house anaemic invalids too weak to protest against the tyranny of the local builder. Why the same bondage to conventionality here, the same failure to grasp the fact that a house to be comfortable must be artistic because art consists in adaptability to nature? So far the one contribution of the Canadian to domestic architecture has been a negative one—he has discarded the garden fence. This is magnificent, but it is not enough. He has carried one step farther the great movement of evolution which leads away from the moat and the draw-bridge. Will he not give the world a Canadian castle as distinctive and suitable in its way as Middleham, or Bodiam, or Kenilworth in theirs?

Doubtless in time he will. And then once housed in a really Canadian home, may he go on to give us parliament houses, and churches and business premises which are Canadian too—not Americanised mongrels, nor amorphous platitudes.

## RUBBER IS ALL THE RAGE

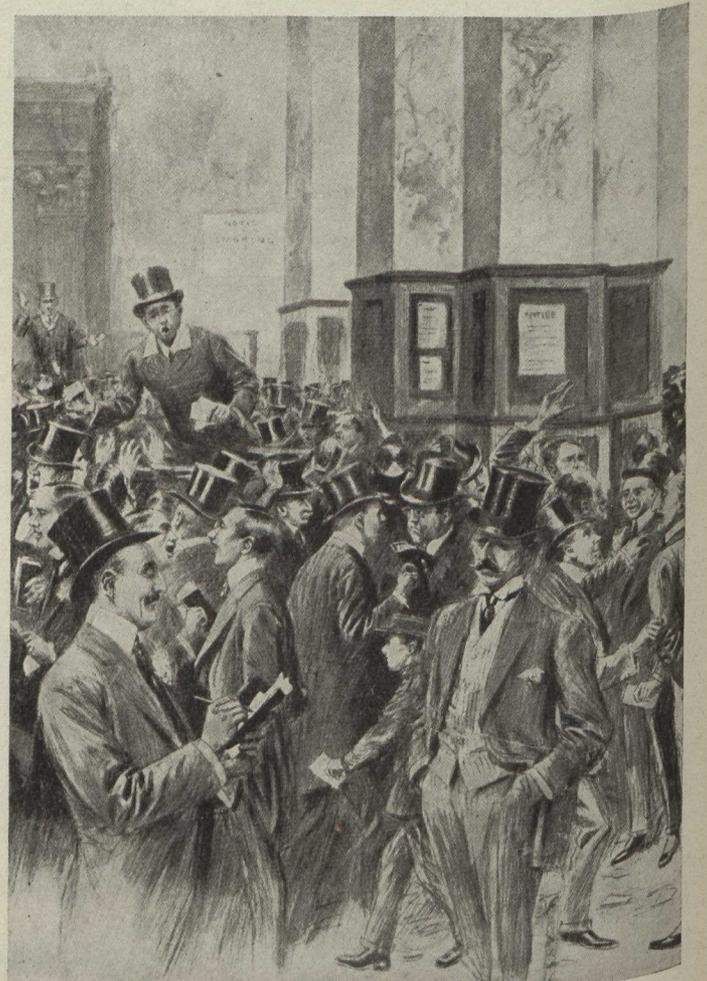


GATHERING THE RAW MATERIAL

Scene in the Cingalese Forest where the Tropical Maiden Peels the Rubber Tree.—*Bystander*.

### Short Story of Rubber

RUBBER has been agitating the Stock Exchange in London with the most phenomenal panic known since the South Sea Bubble. Since the first of this year 110 rubber companies have been floated in Great Britain. Rubber is as modern as copper. As a factor in the world's industrial wealth, the United States uses every year \$65,000,000 worth; the United Kingdom almost as much. Yet it is only a little over a hundred years since rubber was as much of a curiosity as radium is now. In 1800, rubber in the form of bottles was first introduced into North America. One of the earliest patents in the rubber business was granted in 1813 to a Philadelphia man, the inventor of a "gum-elastic" varnish. In 1823 a Boston sea captain brought from South America a pair of "gum shoes." Two years after, landed a shipment of over 500 pairs, the work of native tribes of the Amazon. Later on Charles Goodyear of Philadelphia, after endless experiments with rubber, finally, through a pure accident, discovered the profound secret of vulcanising, unintentionally bringing in contact with a hot stove a small quantity of rubber and sulphur. Now rubber is used for as many things as wood—from baby's bottle to the tire on papa's automobile. Sponges are becoming so scarce that they are making sponges of rubber; in fact, civilisation without rubber—oh horrors!



GAMBLING OVER THE FINISHED ARTICLE

Scene in the London Stock Exchange when Rubber Stocks bounced to the ceiling.—*Illustrated London News*.

# FOR THE SAVING OF LIFE

*Fifth of the Unrivalled Mining Stories from the Silver Belt*

By W. A. FRASER

THE front door of Trout's Hotel stood assailed by turmoil. Without, the wind carried the wail of hard driven snow and fretted the iron hasp until it clattered like an irritated castanet; within, Black Angus and Toady Downs frisked in a jocund scrimmage with Blair of New York.

Blair had brought the essence of hilarity with him, Peloo Trout knew; for his little bar in one end of the room was only a blueprint of what a bar should be, the shelves supporting only the most innocuous kind of fluid.

"That's what I get!" Peloo remarked dejectedly to Bill Slack. "Them fellers buys their liquor some other place, an' come here to get drunk. The other man makes the profit on their booze, an' all I get is their fool hossplay. I won't get no license till we put in another Gov-ment."

"It's a danged awful night!" Slack said, with a shiver of his shoulders. "I pity any poor cuss that's on the trail."

The front door swung open viciously, as though driven by the unseen hand of the storm which now sent a swirling blast of snow through the open gap.

"Blast that door, anyway!" Peloo growled, rising. "I got to get a new ketch to it."

He stood for a second peering at the storm's ghost dance; then with an exclamation he disappeared, only to thrust his shaggy head back into the room and say, "Give us a hand, Slack. There's another galoot here loaded for bear. Where in thunder all this booze is come from beats me!" The significant tone of reproach in Peloo's voice was intended for the roisterers.

THERE was a toboggan just beyond the one step, and across it sprawled a man who had evidently fallen backward from the door as he pushed it open.

"Take holt!" Peloo ordered curtly. "Hanged if there ain't two of 'em!" Slack ejaculated as they lifted the fallen one to his feet, disclosing a second figure buried beneath a mound of blankets in the sled.

"Let's run this boozer in fu'st!" Peloo commanded.

Their en masse entrance appealed to Black Angus. "That's the way to run a hotel, Peloo," he declared. "Always carry the drunks in—they gener'ly throw 'em out."

"Dreadful state of inebriation," Blair of New York declared reproachfully.

Then they all laughed.

"He ain't got much start, I guess," Peloo parried dryly. "You fellers'll soon ketch up."

At that instant Slack gave a cry of discovery. "By hoky! Peloo, it's Red Meekins!"

"Then he is drunk, if it's Red," Black Angus offered.

"He's froze, boys," Peloo declared, putting his nose to Red's breath. "No liquor there—he's jus' plumb starved with the cold. Here, you men, quit your foolin'! There's another out in the sled. Bring him in! We got to thaw Red out purty quick."

"Here's something, boss," the New Yorker said, passing Peloo a flask.

"Lug him up to the stove," Black Angus advised.

"An' see his fingers drop off to-morrer if they're froze!" Peloo sneered.

He slipped Meekins into a chair, allowed some whiskey to trickle down his throat, and watched its effect. Red gasped; then he coughed and stretched his arms wearily. His eyes opened and he looked at Peloo and the others wonderingly.

"You're all right, Red," Peloo said reassuringly; "but you'd a froze stiff as the North Pole if we hadn't found you."

Meekins answered something; but his voice, hoarse through weakness, was drowned by a scuffling rasp of feet as Slack and Toady entered carrying the other salvaged one. They placed him in a chair, where he sat blinking vaguely out of dulled eyes.

"Danged if I know him! But he ain't soused neither," Peloo declared as he eyed the second man.

"I best take off your mitts, mister," Slack said.

As he grasped a hand the man gave a cry of pain.

"Froze!" Slack commented, adding, as he persisted, "I'll take 'em off easy. They got to come!"

AS he gently drew the woollen mitten from a hand as useless and devoid of power as a doll's, it fell idly into the man's lap, a thing of swollen blackness.

"My God, men! This feller's got—"

Slack's cry of horror was cut by Red's voice,

saying, "Moody got a frostbite comin' in. Wisht you'd put him in a bunk, Peloo."

Peloo bent his big shoulders to the level of Moody's sallow face and asked quietly, "Are you sick, stranger? Feelin' purty bad?"

Thick parched lips set in the coffee-coloured face muttered something. Peloo felt Slack touch him on the arm, and as he raised his head the latter whispered in his ear. Peloo's swarthy face blanched. He drew back, and Slack, holding up his left hand, said in a low voice:

"Red's lyin' to us about it bein' frostbite. It's scurvy! I never'll forget the trademark, 'cause I been there."

"What's the matter, Peloo? Why don't you give Moody a bunk an' get Doc Seton to fix up his froze fingers?" It was Red's voice, weak and querulous. He had pushed in between Slack and Trout.

"I ain't got a single room left, Red. Business is hummin' an' the hotel is plumb chock full," Trout answered.

"You haven't a room!" Blair of New York interrupted. "If that guy is soused, let him sleep on the floor; but if he's sick, you can have my room."

Peloo looked admiringly at the speaker. "That's purty han'some of you, Mr. Blair," he said, "an' if I called you down when you was enjoyin' yourselves I guess it don't go no more. We'll jus' take this poor cuss up to Mr. Blair's room, Slack, an' when Doc Seton comes in—he's gone out to sew together a man that's monkeyed with some dynamite—we'll get him to work on this case."

Meekins put his hand on Moody's shoulder, saying, "The fellers'll put you to bed, an' Doc Seton'll be here in a minute to fix you up. You're all right now, Jack. We did purty good to make Peloo's instead of heaven." Red added to Peloo, "I guess I can't go up with Jack. I ain't eat nothin' for two days, an'—"

"I'll help you with the sick man," Blair offered. "You get one of those rubber tired steaks cremated, Mr. Trout—"

"Say, young man—" Peloo's angry retort was cut by a sudden memory of Blair's gift of the room. He turned to Red instead, and said with heavy sarcasm, "If you'll step inter the dinin' room, Mr. Meekins, I'll pervide the bes' meal of victuals to be had north of New York. An' you won't get poisoned with bad oysters, same as I did in New York time I sold the Beaver Dam mine."

When Peloo emerged from the dining room again Slack, Black Angus, and Blair were seated about a box stove loaded to the muzzle with birch, which snarled and snapped as though miniature demons were holding a riotous revelry within.

"Doc Seton come in jus' now, an' I sent him along up," Slack advised.

"I guess Red ain't eat none for more'n two days, an' mighty little for a long time before that," Peloo said with a dry cackle.

"He must have had an awful trip. I'd like to hear his story," Blair observed.

"Guess you'll have to take it out in likin'," Peloo retorted. "Red don't talk much about himself 'less he's boozed—then he's the feller that licked John L. Sullivan wunst, accordin' to his own tale."

A LITTLE hush fell over the group as Meekins entered. Blair looked curiously at the man who had been thrown up at their door by the blizzard night and had fallen there, close to the edge of death. Peloo's hint about the loosening effect of liquor upon Red lingered in Blair's mind, and he tendered his flask, saying:

"Have a nip, mister. You deserve all that's going."

Peloo, who knew the slow, suspicious trend of Red's mind when he was being drawn to talk, began far afield. "Did you find that gold, Red, that Tommy Kazoo had all figgered out he could put his thumb onto?"

A mirthless laugh issued from Meekins' swollen lips. "I guess that halfbreed had a dream, Peloo; leastwise I didn't find nothin'."

"Have a cigar, mister," Blair offered, passing his case across the stove.

Meekins shook his head dolefully, saying, "Thank you kindly; but I guess my lips is too swelled up with the cold to hang onto a weed."

"Try another nip," Blair persisted, hungering for Red's story.

Meekins turned his eyes on Peloo. Their imploring look caused the latter to say:

"I guess you deserve it, Red; it'll kinder thaw

you out." Peloo was meaning loquaciously; but Meekins after a hearty draft ejaculated:

"That goes right to the spot. I can wiggle my toes now."

"An' you didn't find no gold?" Peloo suggested. "How was it you happened to be hooked up with Moody?"

"He was keepin' a Gov'ment cache up ter Moose Crossin'. His father's one of the Gov'ment big guns."

"If Moody's father is like the Gov'ment, he ain't no good!" Peloo snarled.

"You ain't got your license yet, eh, Peloo?" Red queried innocently.

"I ain't; but I wasn't thinkin' of that. There's other things this north country is gettin' all the wu'st of it over."

"How did Moody get scurvy?" Blair asked the question abruptly.

Red scowled. There was something disagreeable in the other's harsh wording of the dread disease. "There ain't no gold up there, Peloo," he said irrelevantly, in reproach to the other's inquisitiveness.

"Gold in this country," Slack remarked sententiously, "is jus' kidneys in the rock; fatter'n a ham for jus' a mouthful, an' then peters out same's somebody had stole it."

"Where's Tommy Kazoo an' the dogs?" Peloo asked.

"The dogs is dead. Wisht I could say the same about Kazoo!" Red snarled. Then he lapsed into an aggravating silence.

Peloo could read his own whetted interest reflected in the faces of the others. There was sarcasm in his voice as he said, ostensibly addressing Blair, "Red's goin' to write a novel some day. Guess he's savin' up this story 'bout how he had to eat up his dogs."

It was Peloo's solemn manner perhaps more than his words that caused Blair to laugh so heartily that Red, angered, snapped, "I didn't say I eat my dogs!"

Blair tendered an intrinsic apology. "Have another nip, Mr. Meekins?" he suggested.

As Red complied, Peloo leaned toward Blair and stage-whispered, "Red's terrible bashful. He's afeerd we'd think he was blowin' if he told how he sledged that poor sick cuss all the way from Moose Crossin'—that's about two hundred miles."

"It's only a hundred an' eighty," Meekins corrected.

"How d'you come to go to Moose Crossin'? You was on Black River," Peloo queried, with a wink at Blair, as much as to say, "Now we're off!"

THE last drink had evidently overcome Red's repugnance to speak of his own deeds, and he fell into the trap. "I knocked about with that fool breed, Tommy Kazoo, huntin' that yellor mountain he talked about, till my grub got low. Some Indians told me the Gov'ment had a cache of grub at Moose Crossin' for the survey parties that was out runnin' railroad lines."

"A man might as well meet a flock of sandhill cranes as Indians—they ain't never got no grub," Peloo interposed.

"They agreed to feed Tommy till I got back with grub," Red continued; "so I lit out for Moose Crossin' with my dogs. That took two days' an' when I got there— Say, boys, it was tough! Moody is in bed—"

"I know," interjected Slack. "I been hooked up with scurvy. His sand was all leaked out. He jus' quit an' wanted to die, didn't he, Red?"

"Purty near. He was eatin' raw pork an' drinkin' beer. His mate had gone off two weeks before to get medicine, an' Moody allowed that mos' like he was on a big drunk somewhere, 'cause he was that kind."

"Didn't they have any potatoes?" Peloo asked. "Raw potatoes would've cured him better'n any medicine."

"Or lime juice," Blair offered.

"I guess there ain't no limes growin' up in that country," Red retorted, "and as for potatoes, Peloo, they let 'em get froze. I see some tenderfeet in my time; but Moody an' the feller that had been with him was artists in that line. They'd never done nothin' but book learnin' an' football an' things, an' I guess they'd been shipped up to Moose Crossin' to separate 'em from booze for a time. Anyway, Moody didn't know what was ailin' him. His legs was as black as my hat, an' is still. When I told him he'd got to get out along with me he blubbered like a kid: said he was too sick. He took a potshot at me with a gun he had under his pillar when I

went to yank him out of bed to get ready. My dogs is kinder used up with hard goin'; but I see I got to get that kid to a doctor purty quick, so I pulls out for here next mornin', thinkin' I can make it in ten days at most, an' havin' his weight in the sled I don't take none too much grub."

"It's been forty below here most the time," Peloo slipped in.

"Yes, it were fifty the day I pulled out, an' I driv', driv' at the dogs for fear the January thaw might come after that snap. In two days we make sixty miles. Slow goin' that; but the snow is deep. Then she melts on the third, an' freezes up tight that night. That left a crust on the snow—jus' enough for the dogs to go through an' cut their feet same as they was walkin' on broken glass. I'm goin' through half the time, 'cause my snowshoes ain't none too big. Say, them dogs jus' cried, an' when they wasn't whinin' Moody was blubberin'; wanted to know why I couldn't let him die comfortable up at the shack—not bring him out there to freeze to death."

"A PLEASANT trip you had!" Blair commented, simply as a valve for escape of tension.

"It was kinder tough," Red admitted. "I ain't stuck on husky dogs none too much as pets; but I'm danged if it didn't hurt some to have to shoot two the fifth day out. But they'd a died anyway. I couldn't leave 'em no grub, an' they couldn't go on. In six days the dogs was all gone. We hadn't made more'n a hundred miles when the las' pegged out—an' he wasn't much good at that. I was in the collar ahead of him, an' sometimes I'd look round an' find I was pullin' dog an' sled too."

"How long was you comin', Red?" Peloo queried.

"Eighteen days."

"It was an awful trip," Slack declared.

"Sometimes, to tell you the truth, fellers, I'd kinder lose my nerve," Red admitted.

Peloo's eyes turned on Meekins sharply, questioning the truth of this statement. A pleased relief crept into them as Red added, after a little pause:

"I'd look at that poor cuss lyin' by the campfire, an' think he was about all in. I don't know how I'd a felt if I'd not landed him here—that after blowin' to him so much about gettin' him here sure."

"You wasn't worryin' none about yourself, Red, I guess," Peloo offered, so that the man from New York might understand.

"There wasn't nothin' to worry about, only bein' tired," Meekins answered simply. "When a feller's well he can always take care of himself, can't he? I was that danged near bushed, though, toward the last that I was feared I might go right on sleepin' an' Moody'd peg out on me. I uster tie a cord about my hand an' make the other end of it fast to his arm—'cause his fingers was no use—an' tell him to yank the daylight out of me of he wanted me to get up or if it was time to start. Grub was gettin' purty low too; last two days I guess I kinder lived on chewin' tobacco altogether. I made Moody go on hospital treatment—what I'd call tea an' a promise. I knowed it was drinkin' coffee an' eatin' pork that had scurvyed him, 'cause fellers that live in the bush an' drink tea five times a day never get no scurvy."

"Well, you saved his life, Meekins," Dr. Seton, who had joined the circle, declared emphatically. "He'll pull through, perhaps minus a foot; his toes will go sure. You ought to get the medal for saving life after going through so much for a stranger."

"Guess the fellers'd laugh if they seen me with a medal on my chest; an' as for bringin' him out, I was about sick of winterin' up there, anyway. Danged if I ain't glad I'm back here! Seein' ole Peloo an' his whiskers is about wuth that walk."

"What about the dogs you lost, Red? Who's goin' to pay for them?" Trout asked.

"The Government ought to pay for the dogs," Dr. Seton asserted.

Peloo snorted in derision. "When I get a license Red'll get his dog money," he said. "Red ain't got no more pull than I got. If dogs had votes, then Red would have six bran' new dogs bought for him at wunst."

"I guess I didn't think nothin' about gettin' paid for my dogs at fu'st," Meekins interposed, "an' when I see a white man jus' peggin' out inch by inch I guess I'd brought him in if I knowed I'd never get a cent!"

"Your trip is like a story I read last month of two men in a blizzard—only they went snow blind," Blair observed as Meekins ceased speaking.

"Them story fellers gener'ly gets the wu'st of

it," Red said drily. "They get cracked heels, and bunged eyes, an' froze feet, an' have to chew dog harness for a livin', an' get saved the las' minute by a miracle so's they can go into the lecture business. But I never come across much of that tough luck. Of course I'm not stuck on takin' as a steady job pullin' a sled with a half loony cuss in it. Guess I'll turn in, Peloo, if I can get a shakedown," Red declared after a little pause. Then his eyes wandered humorously about the group, and he added, "You fellers strung me for a lot of talk, an' some of it don't go as facts."

AS Meekins rose to follow Peloo, who stood with a lighted candle in his hand waiting, Blair held out his hand, saying, "You can't kid me with that bluff. You're a peacherino man, all right, and if you ever come to New York we'll trail up the Great White Way together a few, I guess."

When Peloo set the candle on a washstand in the room he had led Meekins to, the latter turned on him angrily with, "Peloo, you've give me your bunk! Where you goin' to roost, eh?"

"I got my blankets spread in Moody's room. You don't think I'm goin' to let a feller you're fool enough to lug in here sick keep that girl waitin' on him all night so's she can't carry hash to the boarders to-morrer, do you?" Then with an emphatic bang of the door Peloo clanked down the bare wooden stairs.

THE next day Moody was sent out by sleigh trail to the train at Charlton on his way to a hospital at Toronto.

"You've made a strike, Red," Peloo assured Meekins. "It'll be wuth thousands to you, savin' that kid. You'll get in with 'em big guns. You can pick up a claim here for most nothin' an' float a company, jus' by lettin' 'em have a big rake-off. I'll help you do it; for I guess I got a little more experience at brokerin' mines."

"I'd like to get paid for 'em dogs, if it's all the same to the Gov'ment," Red offered as a more practical prospect.

"That ought to be as easy as rollin' off a log," Peloo affirmed; "that is, if this Gov'ment isn't bigger hogs than a camp of halfbreeds. What you

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# THE TURNING POINT

*A Love Story that made Two People Reconsider Everything*

By RUBY M. AYRES

SHE said "Yes" when I asked her—as I had known she would do, otherwise I should never have asked her. She said "Yes," and I said "Thank you," and wondered whether I ought to kiss her, or whether she would prefer that I did not.

I realised at the same time that I had done the one thing necessary to complete my position, by asking this girl to marry me.

I had known her about three months, and she was in every way a desirable woman to place at the head of a house—clever, self-possessed, always admirably dressed—a thorough woman of the world.

"That's the wife for you, my boy," my old governor had said the first time he saw her, and yet, now I had been accepted, I felt decidedly unhappy.

It seemed all wrong, somehow, that she could be so cool over the whole thing; she never even changed colour, but sat looking up at me with steady eyes.

I frowned. If only she had looked ever so little confused; if only she had hesitated; but the calm "Yes" was disconcerting. I said "Thank you" again and wondered if I looked as uncomfortable as I felt.

She smiled then.

"There really isn't any occasion to be so grateful," she said easily. "I am getting quite as much out of the—shall we call it 'arrangement'?—as you."

I suppose I looked surprised, because she laughed outright.

"It's so funny," she said. "When I was eighteen I used to think about this day and imagine it all—and now it's come—" She broke off with a deep breath. "Well, I don't recognise it at all." She looked at me. "Oh, it's not your fault," she said. "Only I've altered, I suppose. When I was eighteen if you had proposed to me, I should have looked at your eyes and wondered how much you loved me. Now—well, I look at your income, and—and—don't think about the other thing at all."

"I hoped," I began in confusion, but she interrupted.

"Oh, no, you didn't; so I'll let you off all the

pretending. I'm sure we shall get along very nicely—quite as well as any other couple we know. I've been so well brought up I am sure to make you a good wife; and I daresay you'll be quite nice to me if I let you go your own way, and don't expect too much—"

"You are honest, at least," I said bitterly, for her words hurt, chiefly, it must be admitted, because in the main they were true. "You don't leave me any illusions that you are marrying me for love."

She raised her brows.

"Are you marrying me for love?" she asked.

"I like you, and admire you," I said.

"Thank you."

SHE got up from the sofa, shook the cushion against which her head had been leaning, and walked away from me towards the window.

"The other night," she said, speaking quickly, "I was sitting out here on the balcony. You did not know it, and perhaps I should not have stayed there; but you were in this room with two other men, and I heard you talking. I must admit that after the first moment I listened deliberately. You see, I knew you were going to ask me to marry you, and I was curious, in a way, to know something more of you than the little I had learned. You were always so formal, so reserved with me, but I had an idea that with men you might be different."

She looked round at me again.

"You were discussing marriage, if you remember, and you were giving them your ideas on the subject. You said that you did not believe in love; that when you married, it would be because you had found a woman who knew how to dress, and how to sit at the head of the table. You also said that you would like your marriage to be purely a business arrangement—no question of sentiment; and that as far as you were concerned, your wife

need have no heart." She waited a moment, looking at me.

"Am I right?" she asked. She was, but I hurried into an explanation.

"I was talking more for the sake of talking than anything else," I said. "When men get together things are different. I should not be likely to express my real feelings on such a subject."

"Now you are trying to be polite—to soothe my feelings," she said, laughing again. "But I assure you it's not at all necessary. I think you have made an admirable choice. I think I know how to dress, and I am quite sure I haven't got a heart."

"You mean—?" I asked quickly.

She made a little gesture. "I mean—what do I mean?—that I have lost it, or that I never had one—either!—neither!"

The smile in her eyes grew mocking. "You see, we start quite fairly. You don't care for me, and, seeing that I have not got a heart, I cannot care for you, can I? Domestic bliss has no charm for either of us! We shall entertain people who bore us, and be entertained in return, I suppose, and we shall go away a lot, and never have to face the monotony of long, dull evenings spent looking at each other across the fireplace."

She threw up her arms with a little excited gesture. "Oh, I am so glad you are rich! You cannot tell how I have dreaded the idea that I might have to marry a man who could not afford to let me go about." She let her arms fall again.

"I think we are both very wise," she added. "Love is all very well for boys and girls, but to a man and woman as worldly wise as you and I—there are so many things that are of greater account."

I looked at her quickly. A sudden idea that she was not speaking sincerely flashed across my mind. Her voice sounded almost mocking, but her face was so grave that I thought I had been mistaken.

"If you are satisfied," I said stiffly, for I hated to hear her speak so, "I can only say that I am also."

But I was not. I felt somehow, as I looked at

my handsome bride-to-be, that I had been cheated, or had cheated myself, out of the greatest happiness that life can give to any man, by making this loveless marriage.

SHE was all that a man could desire in a woman he did not love, but—well, I did not love her. I pulled up my wandering thoughts.

It was a most suitable match, as I had intended it should be, and yet—I was not proud of it—not even satisfied.

I crossed the room to her side.

"I mean to make you very happy," I said, trying to put some real enthusiasm into my voice, and realising what a failure the attempt was.

She looked at me. The smile was no longer in her eyes; only something grave—almost wistful.

"Do you?" she said, and then again, "Do you?" Then suddenly she laughed, and moved away from me.

"We shall be a model couple, I am sure," she said lightly. "In the meantime, I suppose you will come to-night to see my father?"

"Yes," I said.

She came back to me impulsively.

"Do you know," she said, "I had a sister—a girl who married a man so infinitely her inferior that my people have found it quite impossible to have anything to do with her since. He was a struggling artist—one of those who would never be anything better, either. I remember the day he came to ask if he might have my sister. She and I sat on the stairs and trembled while he was in the library with my father and mother. I can see her now—the flush on her face, and the way her eyes shone. Of course they refused him. He came out of the library with his head in the air, though his face was white, and my sister ran downstairs and put her arms round his neck and kissed him. And the next day she ran away from home and married him."

"It must have been very unpleasant for you," I murmured, wondering why she had told me.

"Do you think so?" She looked at me, an odd sort of angry flash in her eyes. "They are very happy—frightfully poor—I send her my old dresses—but they have two dear little children."

"I never could stand children," I said.

She laughed. "Neither could I! Tiresome little things! Always either ill or crying. I often say that I cannot make out why she is happy, but she is."

"There is no accounting for tastes," I said uncomfortably.

"No"; she laughed again. She walked away from me to the door. With her hand on the handle she turned and looked at me over her shoulder.

"As you say," she said, "it was very unpleasant, very unpleasant." She paused. "There won't be anything of a scene like that for you to-night; they will welcome you with open arms. I daresay mother will want to kiss you when she hears your income. It will all be smooth sailing, and I shall be their 'dear daughter' because I have made a good match. All the same—" She drew in her breath hard. "All the same," she added, "I know that my sister was far, far happier when she ran away from home—when she gave us all up for the man she loved—than you and I will be to-night, when father and mother are quarrelling about the marriage settlements."

Something in her voice seemed to tell me more than all her bitter, cynical words had done.

I started towards her.

"Cynthia," I said, but she only laughed at me.

"I am not complaining," she said. "I am quite satisfied with my share of the bargain. I hope you will not regret yours."

But I did. I regretted it every hour of every day that followed, as I realised more acutely the sordid side of the whole thing.

Cynthia cared no more for me than I did for her.

BUT the climax came one afternoon about three weeks after our engagement. Cynthia was driving me home from some function we had attended together, when, as we turned a sharp bend in the road, a little child ran out from the hedge, right in front of the horse.

She did her best to pull up, and I started to my feet and tugged at the reins too, but it was too late, and when we pulled the child from beneath the horse's feet—well, it wasn't dead, and that was the best we could say for it.

I sent the groom off post haste for the doctor, and carried the child into a cottage close by.

Cynthia followed. She was ghastly white, but she made no effort to help or do anything.

"People should look after their children," was all she said. "It is only what they can expect if they let them run wild in the road. It was not my fault."

She went into the front room of the little cottage

and stood looking out of the window, while the woman who lived there did all she could for the poor little mite.

It was a girl—a little, fair-haired girl, with a baby face, and a dimple in either cheek, that looked piteous somehow in contrast to the pallor of her face.

I don't like children—I have said so heaps of times—but I thought Cynthia might have; it seemed unwomanly.

I looked at her, but she avoided my eyes. "What a time the doctor is," she said irritably.

"We must have been here nearly an hour."

"He'll be too late if he doesn't come soon," I said bluntly, but she made no reply.

When at last he arrived Cynthia went out into the garden.

She hated illness and gruesome details, she said. I followed her after a time.

"The little thing's very bad," I said. Cynthia made no answer, and we walked the rest of the way in silence.

Once I was struck by the pallor of her face; perhaps, after all, she was sorry—was feeling that it was her fault.

"You cannot blame yourself," I said clumsily, as we reached the gate of her house. "It was a pure accident."

She forced a laugh then. "I wasn't thinking about it," she said. "No, I don't want you to come in, thank you. Yes, I will see you to-morrow."

She turned away and the gate clanged between us.

I THOUGHT about it all the rest of that evening. It wasn't so much the accident that worried me, but Cynthia's behaviour.

I remembered once how I had seen a girl dash into the traffic of a London street to pull into safety a street urchin that was an absolute stranger to her.

Cynthia would not have done that; as she said, she had no heart.

I thought of the future—what it would mean to live with her.

I hated the thought.

When I had finished dinner I went out into the garden. It was a hot summer night, and the air was full of the scent of flowers. It was the sort of night that compels one, even against one's will, to think of things that seem to have no place in the garish light of an everyday world.

I thought of a great many things—of our life, Cynthia's and mine, as it would be when we were married.

I thought of the little, fair-haired child I had left lying unconscious in the cottage down the road, and the thought came to me, too, that I should like to have seen Cynthia gather it up in her arms—perhaps to have cried over it. Then I smiled at the idea. Cynthia crying over somebody else's child!

Presently I found myself out in the road, and almost unconsciously my feet took me towards the cottage where we had been that afternoon.

I wondered if Cynthia had sent down to ask after the child; but it was hardly likely.

There was a light in the window where the child lay.

All at once I felt awkward and out of place. I began to wish I had not come.

Perhaps the mother would be there. There would be a scene. I hated scenes; most men do, I think.

I stopped, almost deciding not to go on, but as I had come, well, it seemed foolish to go away.

I went quietly up the path and looked in at the little window where the light shone.

It was a hot evening, and the window was opened. I saw the small white bed and the little outline of the child's figure lying on it—such a pathetically small outline beneath the bed clothes. The bed was in the shadow. I peered closer in.

Yes, there was a woman there, bending over the bed. I could hear her voice talking softly to the child—"baby language" I believe women call it. I can never understand it myself, but there seems to be complete understanding between a woman and a child. I listened now, rather amused.

I could not see the woman's face, and her figure was concealed by a dark cloak, but I saw that her arms were about the child's little body, her face bent down to it, and her voice sounded very sweet in the little room.

THAT woman's figure somehow seemed to attract me, though I could not tell whether she were young or old; but I guessed that she was the child's mother.

I wished she would turn her head. I wanted to see her face. Suddenly she laughed.

My heart seemed to give a great throb and then stand still. I went away from the window, tip-toed

to the door, opened it, and went in. Nobody seemed to be about, and I crossed the tiny passage to the front room where the woman and the child were.

They were so engrossed in each other that they did not hear me.

The light from the one lamp was shining on them both, making a halo of the child's fair hair on the pillow.

The woman's face I could not see; but I felt as if I had always known her—as if she were the woman for whom I had, unconsciously, been looking all my life; the woman I was to love as a man should love his wife.

I thought of Cynthia. I thought of the little story she had told me about her sister, and something seemed to grip me by the throat. I seemed to realise in that moment as I stood there looking at the woman and child, what I was losing, what I was deliberately throwing away.

"A woman without a heart." Was it I who had said a thing so utterly absurd?

As I stood there in the shadow it seemed impossible that I could be the same man who had so thoughtlessly aired his views on a subject of which he knew nothing a month ago.

How one can change in a month! I moved, intending to go softly away, but the woman bending over the bed heard me.

She started, looked round, our eyes met across the room; then she rose slowly to her feet—and it was Cynthia.

IT seemed an eternity that we stood so, looking at one another. Something greater than mere astonishment kept me dumb. I could only stare at her stupidly.

Then she laughed—a little, nervous, excited laugh.

"So you have found me out! Don't look so surprised! I should have told you to-morrow, anyway. It was too impossible to go on any longer."

She laughed again, shakily. "You judged me by yourself. You thought because you were unnatural, and willing to make a marriage of convenience, that I would be too. I partly guessed it all along, but I was not sure till that evening on the balcony when I heard you talking. I thought then that I would play up to you, to pay you out. I pretended to think only of money and position and ambition, as you did. I pretended to be cold and selfish, and unwomanly; to despise love, and little children, and all that makes up a home-life. I don't love them. You don't know what these three weeks have been to me. You don't know what it cost me this afternoon to pretend I didn't care when this little mite was hurt."

Her eyes flashed scorn at me. She stopped, breathless.

"Why don't you go?" she flung out at me again. "There are plenty of other women who would be glad to fulfil your ideas of a wife."

I crossed the room to her side then, and now I was nearer I saw that there were tears in her eyes.

"My idea of a wife," I said, "is the woman I watched just now through the window, singing to a little child. Cynthia, if you did not care for me, if you despised me so, why did you want to pay me out for what I said? Does a woman trouble about a man if he is nothing to her? Does she, Cynthia?"

She had turned her head away, and I could not see her face.

"Does she, Cynthia?" I pleaded.

She looked up at me then, and there was a beautiful tenderness in her eyes.

"Oh, but I never said I did not care for you," she told me.

Then I kissed her.

## Post-Office Increases

POSTMASTER-GENERAL HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX has passed around the government hat, at the same time giving notice of a resolution providing for a new and increased salary schedule for post office inspectors, assistant postoffice inspectors, superintendents of railway mail service and assistant postmasters.

For postoffice inspectors the salary on appointment is to be \$2,500, with an annual increase of \$100 to a maximum of \$3,500.

For assistant inspectors and for superintendents of the railway mail service, the minimum salary is to be \$1,000, with an annual increase of \$100 to a maximum of \$2,500 for assistant postmasters the minimum salary is fixed at \$1,100 and the maximum of \$2,800.

This is news that will cheer the heart of those busy officials, whose positions are no sinecure and whose salaries are well earned. The only defect, however, in the calculation seems to be, that the improvements have not been extended to postmen.



## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

### Our Oriental Sister.

**M**ANY preachers make use in their Easter sermons of the point in the narrative where the revelation of the Resurrection is made, first of all, to the waiting women, but few ever carry the idea out or seem to realise the great significance of the statement. The fiction

dency to revert to the incessant industries, economies, and housecrafts of their ancestresses. Judge, then, ye Anglo-Saxon women of the twentieth century, whether the attested superiority is so very marked! In many of the great essentials of life, the Eastern woman possessed the key to both happiness and virtue, and particularly in the New Testament are encountered many types of the utmost gentleness, dignity and strength.

Therefore, it is with no surprise that we learn how the Angel, meeting the women in the grey of a spring dawning, spoke directly to them instead of waiting for the apostles. The truth which was to make them, as women and therefore sharers in certain penalties and disabilities daily visited on their sex by caste, tribal, or religious laws of obsolete value, particularly "free," was not to be withheld from them on account of that sex, and the majestic Angel bends over the anxious, tearful inquirers with mingled respect and solicitude.

It is just because so many of our Oriental sisters are sweet and gracious mothers, loving daughters and pure-hearted by nature that we are constrained to offer them any benefits accruing from our Western civilisation which it is possible and expedient to impart. The other cases where the child-bride, the doomed widow, the unfortunate and the erring are encountered, may shortly yield to modern enlightened conditions.

Citizenship, the Suffrage, are far from their thoughts, yet a woman may help to fill her husband's purse, or see that he keeps it filled—almost as clever a thing to accomplish. There were women in business in Solomon's time. There were witch or doctor-women. There were seamstresses and nurses. There were musicians, singers, and players of instruments. There were dancers of many kinds. There were prophetesses and fortune-tellers. And there were doubtless very many other women of much beauty, charm, intellect, and cunning whose counsel often influenced the greatest men of the age, and not always for good. Altogether the position of women was not the inferior, miserable, insignificant thing so often imagined among us. The Jewish religion, at least, had this thing about it, that it was for both sexes equally, and that nothing was kept from the weaker sex which concerned it, morally and physically. Remember that the majestic Angel came to the waiting and tearful women and that he did not tarry for the Apostles.

SERANUS.

\* \* \*

### Stories to Tell Our Children.

still obtains among us that Anglo-Saxon beings, particularly Anglo-Saxon women, are immeasurably superior to all others. According to that polished but amiable cynic, Sir W. S. Gilbert, "English men are always moral, English ladies never quarrel," etc., etc., with gentle irony in one of his librettos. Knowledge of a certain kind, no doubt, and even wisdom of a certain kind, linger among us, but the women of the eastern nations must have much that is good and wise in their primitive composition, unwilling though we may be to admit it. There are mischievous types in the old Scriptural narrative but the model woman of Solomon's time was an industrious, capable, frugal, charitable, pious and noble figure. Idleness was far from her. She worked willingly with her hands. She was accustomed to rising very early while it was yet dark and waiting upon her household, yet her candle hardly went out at night. She was active with her needle and not only made fine linen things for herself and her children, but "double garments" for all the household against the snows of winter. Occasionally she sold her fine linen, taking orders from the merchant of those days (very likely an itinerant but worthy representative of some great bazaar) for girdles and clothing of her own manufacturing. In those days and even still in all eastern countries, the home-made article would be of necessity in great demand, tapestries and rugs, embroideries and mats, beads strung and veils plaited. Such women would also be well skilled in knowledge of herbs and simples—no mean knowledge, this; would know a very great deal of that intimate, domestic folklore of the East bound up with the poetry of Persia, the race and caste histories of India, the myths of Hellas, the wondrous images and memories of Egypt. The Hebrew woman lived altogether in and for her home, but within what is by us termed "four walls of narrow tenement" and insufficient for the modern woman who aspires to be out in the world and in the life of Club, Stage, and Art Land, she managed to find space, occasion and time for a hundred personal activities in which she might exercise three things important to all women—her hands, her wit, and her opinions. Among Jewesses of modern times, there is often this ten-

**A**MONG the glad memories of our childhood days probably nothing stands out so plainly as that wonder-hour between twilight and bedtime, when the fairy tales were told. No other pleasure of the day gave us quite such keen enjoyment, no toy or plaything filled us with quite so much delight. For our children, then, it should be our endeavour to make the story hour not only a happy one, but educating, cultivating and instructive. Miss Helen Palk, of the Model School, Winnipeg, in her lecture to the Mother's Club the other day tells how this may be done. In her opinion the ability to relate a story well is the greatest asset a mother can have, and by the careful selection of the tales she tells, can influence the literary taste of the future generations. Dividing the subjects which interest the child at different periods in its career, Miss Palk believes that up to the age of eight years no story is too truly wonderful for belief in the mind of the little child. It demands the concrete—the flowers to talk and all nature to be imbued with life. This is the period of rapid development of the imagination. From nine to twelve is the age of scepticism, when the truth of every story is questioned. The legendary tale fills this gap, linking the fairy tale with the story founded on fact. Then comes the age of hero worship, a most difficult period for all. At this age it is necessary for the mother to carefully select the reading matter for her boy. For the girl, Miss Palk believes that love stories should be given her, but with the necessary stipulation that they be good love stories.

Suggestions are offered in the books mentioned herewith as suitable reading for children. This list has been compiled by the leading educationalists of America:

Young children, 3 to 8.—Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know, Hamilton Mabie; The Story Hour, Kate Douglas Wiggin; In the Child's World,

Emilie Poulsson; Half a Hundred Stories for Little People, various authors; Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. Child's Christ Tales, Andrea Hofer Proudfoot; Stories to Tell to Children, Sara Cone Bryant; Houghton, Mifflin. Children's Treasury of Bible Stories, Mrs. Herman Gaskoin; Macmillan Co., New York. Stories of Red Children, Dorothy Brooks; Ed. Pub. Co., Boston. Stories to Tell, Cowles; Flanagan. Twilight Stories, Foulke; Silver Burdett. Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, Hammett Pub. Kindergarten Story Book, Hoxie; Milton Bradley. Household Stories, Klingensmith; Flanagan. Mother Stories, Maud Lindsay; M. B. Co. More Mother Stories, Maud Lindsay; M. B. Co. Story Land, Elizabeth Harrison.

Catalogues for Adolescent's books—Selected Books for Boys, C. B. Kern, Y.M.C.A., 15c.; Books that Girls Like, Brooklyn Public Library, 15c.

### Juvenile Tragedies.

**A** MOVEMENT is in view among the women of Germany to protest against the driving educational system now in force in the public state schools of the Fatherland, whereby little German boys and girls are being impelled towards suicide to an appalling extent. The suicide epidemic among German school children culminated recently in the self-destruction of George Hardenburg, aged eleven, a pupil at one of the public state schools in Rheinkendorf, a Berlin suburb.

Little Hardenburg had failed to pass rather a stiff examination necessary to qualify him for promotion into a higher class, and his lack of success depressed him to such a degree that he found life unbearable. After writing a number of formal letters, which seemed to bear the stamp of an intellect far older than that of an eleven-year-old boy, he took poison, and died.

There have been many other child suicides during the last twelve months, and the overstrain involved by the existing schooling system is held responsible for these juvenile tragedies.

The opponents of the German educational system allege that it crams too much knowledge into the heads of the victims, instead of training them to apply their learning to practical problems of life.



This Spring Hat gives an idea of present Paris Styles  
Photograph by Manuel



One of the latest Paris Creations in Afternoon gowns  
Photograph by Manuel

# DEMI - TASSE

## Farewell to March.

O month of March, so oft maligned,  
We've found thee bland and ever mild;  
Thy genial suns caressed the seed,  
Thy silvery moons were fair indeed.  
We almost dread to say farewell,  
For April different tales may tell;  
Thou wert a very lamb this year—  
For Halley's comet draweth near.

\* \* \*



Suffragette (to Policeman who is arresting her friend): Look hear, Mr. Officer, won't you please arrest me instead. She's been in jail three times already, and I don't think it a bit fair.—*Life*.

\* \* \*

## Newslets.

**SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON** will be given the freedom of the city of Hamilton on his arrival in Canada.

Such doin's at Washington—a Tariff tea-party which makes the Alaska Commission gradually fade away and die. There were never such heart-to-heart talks about California wines and cotton seed oil, to say nothing about sub-tropical fruits. But—tell it not in Toronto—it is rumoured that President William Taft and Hon. W. S. Fielding so far forgot themselves in Sunday afternoon as to talk tariff and other burning questions. Just as we are trying to make British Columbia have as quiet a Sunday as the town of Galt, Ontario! Dr. Shearer is simply astounded.

Ever so many teachers have been in Toronto during the Easter vacation, going to the matinee and occasionally attending a lecture on the ways and means of the Young idea. In the meantime, three hundred of the Toronto teachers landed on Plymouth Rock in Massachusetts and watched the breaking waves dash high. Inspector James L. Hughes recited Mrs. Heman's "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," and received an encore and several pieces of silver. Our old friend, Mr. H. C. Hocken, had a lovely time pointing out the Boston "tubes" to the Toronto tourists, who are going to vote for the ex-controller whenever they get the opportunity.

The member for Jacques Cartier is not happy. He is consumed by a devouring ambition and a desire for change. In fact, he feels that the retirement of R. L. B. would fill a long-felt want. Frederick the Great, or the Ungrateful, is writing to the great and original Conservative Party who is beginning to wonder who is "Monkeying" with the Leadership.

\* \* \*

## Answers to Correspondents.

Mabel writes—"What should I do with my last year's hat. It was only a yard wide and was trimmed with American Beauty roses?"

A yard wide is certainly rather small for a truly up-to-date hat. You might add a hay-rick and a few sheaves. American Beauty roses are

all out and we should not advise you to have anything to do with floral decorations. Vegetables are the very latest trimming, and a bunch of carrots or a few delicate sprays of parsley will give a delicate effect. Hat-pins are to be worn larger and longer than ever. A combination of skewer and dinner-plate makes a charming hat-pin and may be worn with any of the new styles. The Taft turban will be the fashion after the new tariff is fairly going, but, in the meantime, the Halley hat with long streamers and a wide sweep may be worn on the street-car or any other roomy vehicle.

*Anxious Housekeeper*—"What can I do to keep ants out of the house? Also will you give me a receipt for angel cake. My husband is very fond of it."

We really don't know how to keep ants away. A shot-gun may be of some use in frightening them away, but we have noticed that they are very persistent insects and make themselves at home almost anywhere. Why not write to the sporting editor? As for angel cake, we have mislaid our copy of Mrs. Rorer's "Hints for the Home," but would suggest rich fruit cake with mayonnaise dressing, taken after midnight. After eating two generous slices every night for a week, almost any husband will become an angel.

*Daisy*—"How would I act on a visit to my fiance's mother? She has asked me to stay with her for a couple of weeks in order that she may become acquainted with 'George's future wife.'"

Dear Daisy, you have indeed asked us a difficult question. We should hate to answer rashly for your whole future may depend on our advice. Suppose you send us a photograph of George's mother and we'll be able to tell you what to do. It is so easy to make a mistake and hurt the lady's feelings. Perhaps after all, you'd better not go. You'll be sure to meet her at the wedding.

\* \* \*

## Determining Sex.

**MARK TWAIN** says that he has always taken woman's part.

"For instance," he relates, "I once strongly reprimanded a woman out in Hannibal, Mo. Here was the occasion:

"So this is a little girl, eh? I said to her as she displayed her children to me. 'And this sturdy little urchin in the bib belongs, I suppose, to the contrary sex?'"

"Yassah," the woman replied. 'Yassah, dat's a girl, too.'"  
—*Everybody's*.

\* \* \*

## Lord Rothschild's Influence.

A PLEASING story is told in *M. A. P.* apropos of the prestige of the great house of Rothschild and its influence in city circles. A certain young scion of a noble house was given a letter of introduction to Lord Rothschild. In this it was stated that the young man, though undoubtedly talented, had had the misfortune to be wholly thrown upon his beam-ends owing to the death of his father, who had succumbed to grief on account of his bankruptcy. The letter wound up by asking Lord Rothschild to do his very utmost for a deserving case.

After having read the note, Lord Rothschild took the young man by the arm, and walked with him from the Rothschilds' offices in St. Swin-in's Lane, past the Bank of England, through Throgmorton Street, and past the Stock Exchange, introducing him on the way to several well-

known brokers and financiers. Then, shaking hands with him, he wished him "good-day" and "good luck."

"But," said the young man in some astonishment, "are you not going to do anything for me?"

"My dear fellow," replied Lord Rothschild, "if you are one-half as clever as I am assured that you are, you yourself will now know what to do."

The young man was bright enough to take the hint, and not only obtained unlimited credit in the city through the prestige of the great financier's friendship, but soon made the headway which has since led to success.

\* \* \*

## Eloping Up-to-Date.

**THE** coatless man puts a careless arm

'Round the waist of the hatless girl,  
While over the dustless, mudless roads

In a horseless waggon they whirl.  
Like a leadless bullet from hammer-

less gun,  
By smokeless powder driven,  
They fly to taste the speechless joys

By endless union given.  
The only luncheon his coinless purse

Affords to them the means  
Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod,  
With a dish of stringless beans.

He smokes his old tobaccoless pipe,  
And laughs a mirthless laugh

When papa tries to coax her back  
By wireless telegraph.

—*Motor Record*.

\* \* \*

## No Exception.

**PAT** was being shown the sights of the United States. His Yankee guide, after showing him numerous wonders, brought him to a statute of Washington.

"I guess," he said, "there's a man, and a lie never passed through his lips."

"No," said Pat, "I expect, like the rest of ye, he spoke through his nose."

\* \* \*



What Does it Matter?

\* \* \*

## His Description.

**CHARLES**, two and a half years old, has, naturally, a limited vocabulary, yet he usually manages to express himself and his emotions very clearly.

The other night a skunk was wandering near the house, and Charles learned for the first time what the awful presence meant, for bolt upright in bed he sat, and gasped out, "O mama! Did you smell that awful noise?"

\* \* \*

## An Old-Fashioned Eater.

The whale had just swallowed Jonah.

"Thank goodness the beast doesn't Fletcherise," cried he.

Consoled by this discovery, he placidly awaited the ejection notice.

—*N. Y. Sun*.

## Dentists Insist

upon their patients using CALOX

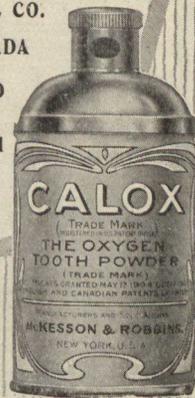
One says:—"Never have I seen so many well kept mouths as I have since I made the daily use of Calox a general requirement in my treatment of them."

And the reason thereof is that when Calox is mixed with water peroxide of hydrogen is formed and it is the oxygen thus set free that gives Calox its immense superiority over all other dentifrices.

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## MONEY AND MAGNATES

Easterners Win Out Against Montreal Group in Fight for Control of Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co.

NOT for a great many years had Canadian financial circles witnessed anything quite so spectacular in connection with the annual meeting of a Canadian industrial corporation as the closing rounds of the fight for the control of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company that were fought out at the annual meeting of the Scotia Company held at New Glasgow, N.S., the other day.

In the big fight for control were arrayed on one side the men who have for years toiled and fought for the old Scotia Company and have brought it to the strong position it occupies to-day; on the other were a group headed and composed very largely of stock brokers who recognised the possibilities behind Nova Scotia Steel and in order to take full advantage of the company—from a stock market standpoint—wanted to control it.



Mr. R. E. Harris,  
President N. S. Steel Company.

In fact before leaving Montreal, with the intention they thought of taking over the immense properties of the company, they had claimed they had full control and would carry the annual meeting.

But they evidently reckoned without "mine host" and in the last moments while they were speeding on their way through the Maritime Provinces, those quiet easterners were right there with all their cunning and made a clever move that meant that they would be able to defeat the Montreal group when it came to a show-down at the annual meeting.

This move followed the discovery by the eastern interests that perhaps they needed a little more stock to make their control absolutely certain, so on the day before the meeting they stepped

into the Montreal Stock Market and bought some eight hundred shares of stock for cash. It so happened that the Montreal crowd had the proxies on some of this stock that was purchased for cash and in this way lost a good deal of stock they thought they would have. In the same way it gave the eastern interests that much more with the result that once the transfer books were closed and the final proxies in, they knew they would win out.

The despatches from Nova Scotia when the result became known showed that there was general delight throughout the Maritime Provinces at the outcome because Nova Scotia Steel has always been regarded more particularly as an eastern concern, and a whole group of officials that are still identified with it, have made it a labour of love and devotion to bring it to the position it to-day occupies in the industrial world.

The meeting itself was a most interesting one right from the call to order. As the fight for control had served to draw unusual interest to the manner in which Nova Scotia Steel & Coal had come along, Mr. R. E. Harris, the president, took occasion to submit a report showing just what progress had been made since he assumed the presidency five years ago.

The shareholders present at the meeting are said to have been just as much pleased as they were surprised at the showing the company was able to make and a glance at it shows that the president was taking a very conservative view when he stated that the shareholders might look for larger dividends before the end of the present year.

Mr. Harris in his report said, in moving the adoption of the report of the directors and of the accounts:

"Throughout the greater part of the year 1909 the iron and steel business was anything but satisfactory, looked at from the standpoint of the shareholders. Prices in many cases with us were lower than they have been at any time during the past twenty-five years. Fortunately during the last quarter there was some improvement, which, I am pleased to say, still continues.

"The shareholders may, I think, congratulate themselves upon the fact that the profits of the year have amounted to \$907,949. This is a large sum to make in a year such as I have spoken of, and it has required the greatest care and foresight on the part of the management and our official staff.

"In this connection I think we are particularly fortunate in having such a careful and competent man as Mr. Cantley as general manager, and in having under him a competent staff working harmoniously for the best interests of the shareholders. It is perhaps opportune that I should at this time call your attention to the growth of this company during the past five years.

"I became president of the company in March, 1905, and all of the present board (with two exceptions) were then directors. In the previous year, 1904, the earnings were \$501,337.24. For 1909 they were \$907,949, an increase of over 50 per cent. In 1904 we mined and shipped from Wabana 246,022 tons of ore and in 1909, 460,387 tons, an increase of 67 per cent. In 1904 the total coal raised at Sydney mines was 476,521 tons, and in 1909 613,000 tons, an increase of 70 per cent. In 1910 we expect an output of 900,000 tons, an increase of 423,459 tons over 1904, equal to 88 per cent. In 1904 the output of pig iron was 31,567 tons; in 1909 it was 58,676 tons, or an increase of 85 per cent.

### GREAT PROGRESS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

"In 1904 the open hearth plant produced 30,000 tons of ingots; in 1909 the output was 64,240 tons, an increase of 114 per cent. In 1904 our cogging mill rolled 30,223 tons of ingots; in 1909 the output was 64,240 tons, an increase of 114 per cent. In 1904, our finishing mills and forge department made and shipped 25,958 tons; in 1909 the product was 56,515 tons, an increase of 126 per cent. During this period we acquired the submarine iron

## THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

wrote during 1909 new business (all Canadian) amounting to **\$8,125,578** making total insurance in force December 31, 1909, **\$59,261,959**. Its net surplus earning for 1909, over all liabilities was **\$508,921.25**, while the ratio of expense to income was less than for the previous year.

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CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000  
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of Canada

President, SIR H. MONTAGU ALLAN  
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General Manager, E. F. HERBEN

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Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, - 4,602,157  
Deposits. (Nov. 30) - 49,471,594  
Assets, " - 66,800,510

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The importance of this remarkable characteristic cannot be overrated, and the uses to which it can be applied are almost without number.

The production of Asbestos is therefore one of the most important in Canadian industries.

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It therefore occupies a position such as is shared by few existing corporations throughout the world.

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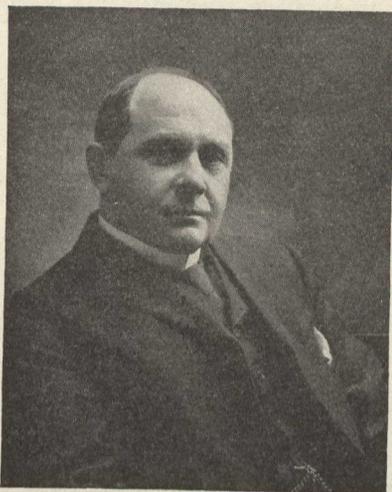
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ore deposits at Wabana and very extensive coal areas, and have largely developed the iron ore areas. The acquisition of the submarine iron ore and coal areas and the development of the iron ore property have added many millions to the assets of the company, which do not show in our statement of assets because we have only added the bare actual cost of the areas and the amount actually spent in their development. From two collieries in 1904 we have now five well equipped, and we are well prepared to look after the expanding coal trade of the company.



Mr. Thomas Cantley,  
General Manager N. S. Steel Company.

We have erected a new forge at New Glasgow and have also greatly increased the capacity and efficiency of our mills there. From an output in 1904 of 30,223 tons to 52,931 tons in 1909 is a large increase, and further extensions now being made are expected to give us next year an output of, say, 70,000. When it is considered that during all the period under review the company suffered from insufficient working capital, and that all the property I have spoken of was acquired and the extensions and betterments of plants were effected without any new capital available, I think the board can properly claim some credit for having carefully, wisely and successfully administered the property committed to their hands by the shareholders. As the accounts show, our finances are in a very satisfactory condition. I am, however, pleased to be able to tell you that since the report was distributed we have disposed of a further \$1,500,000 of our bonds in London on favourable terms, and we have now ample funds on hand to provide for all improvements and extensions to our plant at New Glasgow, Wabana and Sydney Mines, contemplated for some years, and have, as well, ample working capital, for the company, as regarded from a financial point of view or from the standpoint of its physical condition, was never better than it is at the present time.

### AMPLE WORKING CAPITAL.

"The remaining \$1,000,000 of bonds the directors consider it unnecessary to sell, as the money is not now required. In addition to this \$1,000,000 of bonds in the treasury, we have power to dispose of \$6,000,000 of debenture stock if and when it is required for future developments or extensions or other purposes of the company. During the past few years when we were developing our coal and iron areas we were handicapped by not having any securities in the treasury which could be issued to provide for such capital expenditure. Having experienced this difficulty, your directors determined when reorganising the finances of the company that ample provision should be made for its future requirements. The importance of this cannot be over-estimated. Another very gratifying feature of our report is the fact that we have not added one dollar to our property account by reason of the premiums paid on the redemption of our old bond issues nor the discount on the sale of the \$3,500,000 of debenture stock disposed of and referred to in the report.

### REORGANISATION OF FINANCES SUCCESSFULLY CARRIED OUT.

"The substitution of the new five per cent. fifty-year bonds with a sinking fund of one-half per cent., in place of the previous bond issues upon which we were paying six per cent. interest and two per cent. sinking fund, will effect a large saving in interest, has given us a large amount of new capital for further development of our property and provided us with ample working capital, and, notwithstanding the additional capital thus secured, our fixed charges will not be materially increased. In 1904 the company sold its consolidated six per cent. bonds at eighty-seven and one-half per cent. of par, so that the company then paid interest at the rate of 6.86 per cent. for its money. In 1904 our five per cent. fifty-year bonds realised ninety-four per cent. of par, making our interest rate 5.32 per cent., or a little over one and one-half per cent. less than on the loan made in 1904. You are all aware that during the year we issued to our shareholders a stock bonus of twenty per cent., thus compensating for the dividends which we considered it unwise to pay out during the years when we were using so large a proportion of our earnings for capital expenditure.

"With regard to the important question of future dividends on the common stock of the company, I can see no reason, in view of the present financial position of the company and the power we possess to issue securities to provide for any extensions of our business, why a reasonable proportion of the earnings of each year should not be paid to the common shareholders.

"The board have already declared a dividend of one per cent. for the first quarter, and if the earnings of the company for the balance of the year prove to be as large as they now promise I think a substantial increase should be made before the end of the year to the present rate of dividends on the common stock. I move the adoption of the report and financial statements."

### Stage and Church

OF recent years the production of religious plays has grown apace, with a result not altogether beneficial to the orthodox religion. Quite lately at St. John, N.B., a play entitled "The Holy City" caused quite a furore and it was almost decided to apply for an injunction to prevent its performance.

In Montreal a few weeks ago one of the "picture shows" on the St. Lawrence Main advertised in flaring letters that they would show the "Passion of J. Christ." Playing fast and loose with the private religious sentiment of individuals appears as a gross misuse of the liberty of the subject. Certainly nothing offensive or sacrilegious occurred at either performances, but it can hardly appeal to the deep thinker as an entertainment, to witness a mummified production of a sacred tragedy.

"The Sign of the Cross," "Ben Hur," and "The Sorrows of Satan," etc., are plays eminently capable of stirring the souls and inspiring one to higher morals, without bringing into the theatrical atmosphere such a sacred history as "The Story of a Life's Tragedy."

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Our "Louis Grand" and "Baby Grand" are the consummation of piano excellence.

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# PEOPLE AND PLACES

## Alberta the Place for Miners.

RETURNING from Spokane, Mr. Charles H. Anderson, a mining expert, said the centre of the copper industry in Montana must yield the palm of the labour world to Frank. The total population of the district is between 8,000 and 9,000 and the pay-roll averages \$175,000 a month; the miners receiving the largest wage for the least number of hours of any engaged in mining operations.

Coal mining companies have been organised in that district with a capitalisation of \$12,000,000 within the last nine years, and during the same period between \$7,000,000 and \$8,000,000 has been expended upon equipment which has been installed. \$20,000,000 is the present total capitalisation, with such resources as to warrant it.

The laws of the Province of Alberta absolutely forbid any miner to be underground more than eight hours a day, and as a result the actual working time does not exceed six hours, the rest of the legal period being consumed in reaching the place where the coal is actually dug, after leaving the mouth of the mine, and in returning to the surface.

For this brief period of labour the contract miner receives from \$150 to \$250 a month, which is exceptional remuneration for men who earn their livelihood by brawn and muscle.

Many of the miners are utilising the great amount of leisure which they are able to enjoy, by educating themselves. An illustration of the extent to which this has been carried on was effectually given at the last meeting of the United Mine Workers of the district, the organisation with which the union is affiliated, when out of thirty delegates present eight were found to be excellently qualified as speedy shorthand writers. Not one of these had received any instructions beyond what he had been able to obtain or to acquire by study during his leisure hours in an effort to improve himself and to advance his station in life.

\* \* \*

## Professors on Professions.

WHAT are you going in for? What are you going to be? are questions that every parent fondly asks the son. Professor Schurman, of Cornell University, has expressed the view that the schools are turning out too many professional men. He had reference specially to the medical profession. Justice McLennan of New York, speaking for the legal fraternity is of the same opinion. He believes that the legal profession has fallen to a low estate, for the simple reason that its ranks are over-loaded, even though many are being crowded off to one side.

This is undoubtedly true. The professions are being overloaded. Doctors, lawyers and dentists are too numerous by far—so much so that many, though very able, can hardly make a living.

On the other hand there is plenty of room in the fields of production. There are millions of acres of land only waiting for the magic touch of intelligent industry to yield economic independence. The pioneer stage has not yet passed. It is a pity that enterprising young men do not turn to the country with the same eagerness as to professions. College yells have their allurements and so have the scent of the earth, the rising and setting sun, the cry of the birds and wild-fowl, the gallop across the prairie, the lowing of the cattle or the wind whistling through the corn; and which is the healthier—which in the long run is the more remunerative?

It used to be said with a degree of truth that work on land is hard and not very remunerative, and that life in the country is cheerless and monotonous. True, but that is of the past. With high prices prevailing, good land is a veritable gold mine. Machinery has made farm labour comparatively easy and the easy access to the towns and cities does away with the monotony.

\* \* \*

## The Absorbing Prairie.

AS the swallow returns to its own land at the call of spring, so do immigrants flock to the wide expanse of our great Northwest. The industrial centres of New England will lose over six hundred families of French-Canadians this month and the woolly West will swallow them up in its vast area, without feeling their presence.

So stupendous is the area of the golden land that a few figures relative to its size and the proportion of land which is under cultivation may not come amiss. Manitoba comprises 41,169,280 acres, Saskatchewan 151,900,000 acres and Alberta 155,400,000 acres, a total of 348,469,280 acres.

The surveyed arable land in Manitoba is 25,150,000 acres, in Saskatchewan 66,600,000 acres, and in Alberta 52,200,000 acres, being a total of 143,950,000 acres. This leaves 204,519,280 acres unsurveyed, the arable portion of which cannot be stated. The unsurveyed area is thus nearly one and one-half times as large as the surveyed portion.

In Manitoba there are 5,061,503 acres under cultivation, in Saskatchewan 5,814,723 acres and in Alberta 1,483,400 acres, a total of 12,359,626 acres.

A young enthusiastic Scotchman arrived in St. John, N.B., early in February to take up land in the Northwest, and when asked why he arrived so early in the season, he replied: "I was afraid that all the land would be taken up!"

\* \* \*

## "Advance Australia."

MR. S. H. ROSS, Canadian Trade Commissioner to the Australian Commonwealth, has informed the authorities at Ottawa that Canada must prepare for an invasion of Australian schoolboys, early in 1911. The trip, states Mr. Ross, will be under the auspices of the Young Australian League of Western Australia. The original proposal was to send forty boys over to Canada with the object of broadening their outlook on life still further, but the movement is spreading like a bush fire, and instead of forty young bloods from the land of the emu, some 400 to 500 may be expected. The object has appealed to the Australians so warmly that money is flowing in generously and arrangements are being put in hand by a special committee.

Young Australia will concentrate from all corners of that vast continent, at a given point, and will embark upon a chartered steamer and visit the most important parts of the British Empire.

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¶ No matter WHAT other, or HOW many other underwear you have foolishly bought, let your next choice be "HEWSON."

¶ Comfort and satisfaction may be ensured by wearing "HEWSON"—he sure the name is on the garment—it is your guarantee that you are getting a soft, fleecy garment of pure wool. All good stores sell it.

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This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the **Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co.**, 1533 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

## YOU CAN HAVE

every week a National Weekly Magazine delivered at your door or sent by mail for only \$3.00 per year. It is doubtful if you can invest that amount to better advantage in any form of Canadian literature.

¶ Perhaps this copy introduces the Canadian Courier to your notice. If you would like it to reach you regularly, "It's up to you." All newsdealers or direct.

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There is great danger of colds and grip.

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Your blood should course vigorously through your body carrying warmth and restoring waste. There is then no danger of colds or grip.

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### Perhaps

The Newell post was not intended as a buffer on a "slide for life," but that boy must work off his surplus energy in some way. Don't rebuke the little man, he may yet solve the problem of practical aerial navigation.

Buy a can of

## Lacqueret

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and repair the damage in a moment.



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## COSGRAVE'S XXX PORTER



Promotes that spirit and go characteristic of Canadians. It produces sturdiness of character as well as physical strength.

### Turn of the Track

By F. H. HURLEY

Eddie Cotter.

*Canada's Representative in the Polytechnic Marathon.*

**E**DDIE COTTER, whose portrait appears on this page, will be Canada's representative in England's greatest long distance amateur race—the Polytechnic Marathon—which is to be held in London on the 21st May next. That he will be a worthy one, he has fully demonstrated by his



Eddie Cotter, Marathoner

work in the past, notably in winning the Brantford to Hamilton Marathon race last 24th May, in fast time, and with a good margin over a strong field. The prize offered for this race, was the undertaking of the *Hamilton Herald* to defray the expenses of the winner to Athens this year, to compete in a similar event there, but as the Olympic games will not be held as arranged, Mr. Cotter will be sent to England instead.

That he will give a good account of himself, there is no doubt. He should be better this year than ever, and that is saying a good deal. Some are very optimistic over his chances, and good judges—among them English runners who are supposed to know whereof they speak—go so far as to say that he will win. He is very sturdily built; is the right age and weight for the distance; and besides is not an unknown quantity, having won his spurs from the best in his own country, and while that, some few years ago, wouldn't mean much, it has to-day an altogether different significance. Canada has come to be reckoned with in this department of athletics, as we've had many noteworthy instances lately, and let us hope the case under consideration will be a further illustration of it.

\* \* \*

Track Training at 220 and 240 Yards.

The athletic outlook for the coming season is a most hopeful one. We have to-day worthy representatives in nearly every department of sport, and it will be strange indeed if some—if not many—of the honours, to be had on both land and water, will not be ours before the close of the year. We have the men; all we want is the opportunity and the money. Our oarsmen will be given the necessary chance, and the strong probability is that their efforts, to say the least, will not be disappointing.

As to our walkers (rated as the best in the world), they may not be given the opportunity to show what



KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

### The Razor That Caused a Revolution

It was not so very long ago that a man who thought enough of himself to look neat, was considered a "dude".

The Saturday night bath, Sunday morning shave, baggy trousers and dull boots, were the general rule.

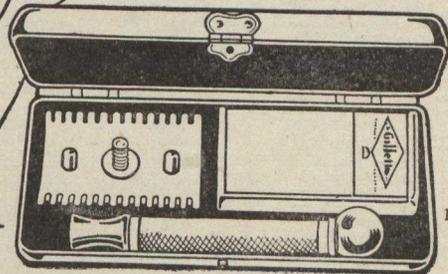
Then came the "GILLETTE" Safety Razor with its message of cleanliness and comfort. And the revolt began.

Men saw the value of appearances. The fresh collar every morning, polished boots, stylish clothes and personal cleanliness, came with the daily shave.

Today, the progressive, successful man is the man who is clean, physically as well as morally.

And the "GILLETTE" started the revolution. Have you the "GILLETTE" face?

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 6th MAY, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years three times per week each way, between LEWISHAM and WASHAGO from the 1st July next.

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 Lewisham, Washago, route offices, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,  
Ottawa, 22nd March, 1910.  
G. C. ANDERSON,  
Superintendent.

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If it turns out fine

**Cravenette**

is just as handsome and dressy as any other dress goods—and just as comfortable, too.

If the rain does catch you, you needn't worry about yourself or your costume. "Cravenette" will keep you perfectly dry, and the rain will neither wet nor spot it.

You can get "Cravenette" in the latest shades and mixtures. But be sure you get the genuine "Cravenette," with the Registered Trade-mark stamped on the back of every yard.

Further particulars can be obtained from The Cravenette Co. Limited, 39 Well St., Bradford, Eng.

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**Military Marksmen**

105 points at 200, 500 and 600 yards were made by Sgt.-Major Wallingford, of Hythe, England, with a "Ross" Rifle.

In Vancouver, last year, the "Ross" Rifles were recognized as so far ahead of others that it was sought to have them barred in local competitions.

The general opinion of marksmen in Canada—and in Great Britain as well—is that it is doubtful whether as good an arm can be found as the "Ross" Rifle Mark III.

If you want your scores to lead, buy a Mark III

**"ROSS" RIFLE**

Write for our illustrated catalogue—we send it on request. It gives full particulars not only of Ross Military but also of the Ross Sporting Models which are winning much favor in Canada, throughout the British Empire and in the United States.

The Ross Rifle Company  
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**METALLIC CEILING**  
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they can do, and this is to be regretted, because there isn't the slightest doubt but were they sent to England or Belgium, for example, they would return with honours for both themselves and their country. The same applies to our runners, both short and long distance, as, with such men as Kerr, Sebert, Halbhaus, and Tait, it is felt, we could defeat the world, in their respective classes. The point I would like to make clear here is this: Shouldn't we send these men to those foreign countries or at least one of them when we see such an opportunity to bring honours to our own? Wouldn't there be a little patriotism about that to say nothing of the advertising? See what they are doing in the neighbouring Republic—sending a team of athletes to Belgium, to compete in the athletic carnival there, at the Government's expense. That's enterprise. It's more—it's patriotism. Haven't we any of either?

\* \* \*

**Training for the Half-Mile.**

TO be successful at a half-mile, a runner should have both speed and endurance. His training therefore should be directed accordingly. For the first couple of weeks, a mile should be jogged in say, 6.00, every alternate day, and a good five-mile walk taken, at a brisk pace, the remaining three days of the week. Then the real work may be begun, by running a fast quarter three days of the week, and from a half to a mile, at three parts speed, the other three days, taking a couple of sprints—ranging anywhere from 50 to 150 yards—daily.

This will be found a very good system, as it will be seen, both speed and endurance have received due attention, which is necessary.

In the case of those who can't stand training every day, and who generally content themselves with exercising but three days a week, as many do, and who, it may be here remarked, improve just as fast, and indeed, it may be even faster, a good quarter one day; a stiffish 600 another; and the full distance, at three-quarter speed, for the last run of the week, will be found about the right work to take.

The sprints are to be taken as usual, and a good brisk five-mile walk on days on which no running is done, would help materially in getting the runner fit.

The old instructions re diet, sleep, etc., apply with equal force here.

**Taking the Oath in Parliament**

APPARENTLY there have been a few Acts of Parliament which have led to greater confusion than the Act passed last year for changing the method of taking the oath. Apparently you have your choice of taking it in any one of several different ways. You may kiss the Book, if you like, on the old plan, and several old-fashioned people—Mr. Asquith among the rest—did stick to these old lines. On the other hand, you can take the oath by lifting up your right hand with the Book and without kissing.

This method is certainly the more sanitary and decent form of taking the oath. But this did not end the methods of oath-taking which were open to the new member. There were two tables, with a clerk by each table. At the one table appeared the new members, who held up the Book and who uttered the usual words with which the oath has to end, "so help me God." But at the other table the members omitted this imprecation from the oath and simply held up their right hand if they wanted to take the oath in the Scotch fashion.—T. P.

**Four O'clock Tea**



Ask your grocer for "Salada" Tea or send for a free trial package which makes 25 cups of delicious tea. We will mail it to you without charge. Say whether you use Black, Mixed or Green Tea and the price you pay per pound.

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About four o'clock, when the physical forces are at an ebb, tired people pay tribute to the refreshing qualities of "Salada" Ceylon Tea. This hour is the English "tea time" when everybody stops work or play to take a cup of tea.

Four o'clock tea in England is not a national fad. It is a time-proven method of recuperation. Tea properly brewed and of the right quality takes away fatigue. It invigorates as does no other beverage.

"Salada" Tea is most refreshing and delicious. The odorous buds and tender leaves of this hill-grown tea from the Island of Ceylon, with all their flavor and fragrance, are carried straight from plantation to purchasers in air-tight lead packages.

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IS THE MOST EXQUISITE DRY CHAMPAGNE IMPORTED  
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SCHOOL fires are much more frequent than necessary, and so costly in life and money that no precaution which will prevent them is too expensive. "Classik" Embossed Steel Ceilings and Walls afford the cheapest means of fire-proofing any building. Sanitary too. Invisible dust-proof seams in which no dirt or germs can rest. Last forever without cracking, falling or becoming discolored. Hundreds of beautiful, classic designs to choose from. Pleasant school rooms make work easier and solve half the truant problem. Catalog "A" showing designs suitable for schools, churches, residences, etc., free on request.

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WINNIPEG—DUNN BROS.

**Galt "Classik" Ceilings**

Literary Notes

Our Wicked Ancestors.

PERHAPS our British ancestors were a wicked lot but one can scarcely believe in the unrelieved wickedness described by Sara Dean in her novel "A Disciple of Chance." The author seems to have set out with a grim determination to portray the eighteenth century Londoner as a most lascivious and licentious individual, counting women as playthings and justice as a farce. There are plenty of noblemen in it; there is much intrigue and more adventure. The conversations are bright and sprightly, with numerous epigrams of doubtful originality. As a book it should sell well among domestic servants, coachmen and chauffeurs. Because it has the word "Disciple" in the title it may find its way into a number of Sunday School libraries which nowadays contain much that is trashy and a little that is vicious. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

\* \* \*

The Losing Game.

HAVE you ever gambled in stocks in a bucket-shop? If you have fallen so low, you will probably enjoy "The Losing Game," by Will Payne. It is a story from the underworld such as would be popular in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Indeed, it may first have appeared there, as the title page says "Copyright by the Curtis Publishing Co." It is even cruder and more debasing in its tone than the "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" stories of doubtful fame.

A man and a woman plan to beat the bucket-shops by manipulating a telegraph ticker which the man operates for a telegraph company. Their success arouses suspicion, and they change the venue. They start bucket-shops of their own and make millions. Eventually, of course, the man is untrue to the woman and nemesis overtakes him. The slang conversations are wonderfully realistic if any one desires training along that line. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

\* \* \*

A Volume of Verse.

WHY any Canadian poet should in these degenerate days give the public a volume of verse in which there are no jungles and no barrack-room slang, is a question not easy to answer. Yet William T. Allison, journalist and preacher, repeats the foolish effort made so many times by Campbell, Lampman, the two Scots, Roberts, Reade, Miss Wetherald and a score of equally foolish Canadian poets. Imagine the folly of the man who believes that even a few Canadians will stop to read "The Dream of a Lucretius," "The Lament for Thammuz," or "The Death of La Salle." Why, even a Rhodes scholar reads nothing but Kipling or "Songs of a Sour-dough," though perhaps he might not wholly disdain this stanza from "Funditores Imperiorum."

"O founders of Empire, how massive your tread;  
How crimson the flower of your June;  
What visions of glory, invincible dead,  
Arise at each magical name."  
Or they might tolerate the following:  
"They won the south, those children of the north,  
For that they had this ichor in their blood  
That crowds my pulses now,  
And strangely tells me how  
The spring brings back the old barbarian mood,  
That flung my fathers forth."

(Toronto: William Briggs.)

# 2 Two Pairs of Hosiery 2 FREE



You pay the same price for the hosiery you are now wearing as you would for Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery. Yet it isn't nearly so serviceable as Pen-Angle. We are so positive of this that we doubly guarantee Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery to wear longer than any other cotton or cashmere hosiery, we care not what make or brand.

## This is Our Double Guarantee

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to WEAR LONGER than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs FREE of charge.



Buying hosiery on this plan you cannot lose a single cent. If Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery fails to fulfill the guarantee in any particular we bind ourselves to give you back, free of charge, twice as many pairs as you pay for.

The largest hosiery mills in Canada stand back of this astonishingly liberal guarantee. It will be fulfilled to the last letter.

Remember, the wear is not the only thing we guarantee. The fit, the comfort, and the permanence of the dyes are also guaranteed. Could you ask for more?

Pen-Angle Hosiery is made by an exclusive patented process. It is the only Seamless Hosiery, made in Canada, that has the shape knitted into it.

The ordinary way to make Fashioned Hosiery is to stretch it into shape while wet. Such hosiery loses its shape after one or two washings. 48

Ask your dealer to show you Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery. Our guaranteed lines have a guarantee slip in each box. Pen-Angle trade-mark is on the hosiery, too.

If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order direct.

FOR LADIES.

No. 1760. Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1150. Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black and colors. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1720. Cotton Hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black and colors. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

FOR MEN.

No. 2404. Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black and colors. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500. Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose, 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 330. "Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from 4-ply Egyptian cotton yarn, with 6-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

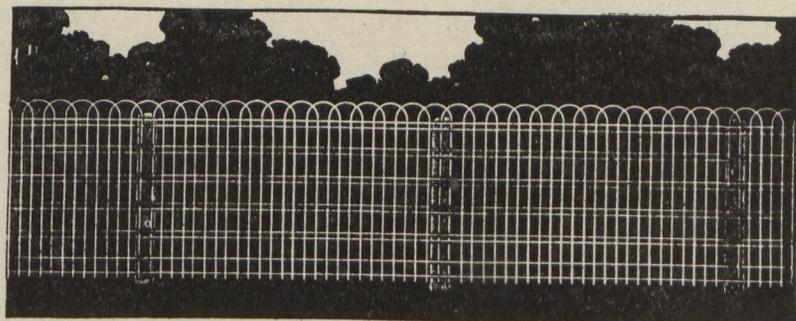
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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 6th MAY 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years 37 times per week each way, between Bracebridge and Grand Trunk Railway Station from the 1st JULY next

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 Bracebridge and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

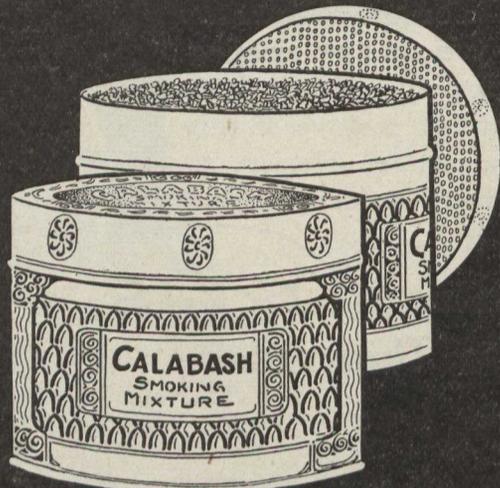
POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT  
Mail Service Branch.

Ottawa 17th March 1910

G. C. Anderson  
Superintendent

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### The SCRAP BOOK

#### Who Sells to Canada?

MANY people are wondering which country is selling the most goods to Canada, Great Britain or the United States. The answer is that the United States is steadily beating Great Britain in this market. Here are the imports from the two countries for each year since the British Preference went into force:

	Great Britain	United States
1897	29,412,188	61,649,041
1898	32,500,917	78,705,590
1899	37,060,123	93,007,166
1900	44,789,730	109,844,378
1901	43,018,164	110,485,008
1902	49,213,762	120,807,050
1903	58,896,901	137,605,195
1904	61,777,574	150,826,515
1905	60,342,709	162,738,571
1906	69,194,588	175,862,071
*1907	64,581,373	155,943,029
1908	94,959,471	210,652,825

\*Nine months.

\* \* \*

#### Edmonton Leads.

(Edmonton Bulletin.)

VANCOUVER aldermen have approved the principle of taxing the land only and not the buildings or improvements on it. The Ottawa Citizen regards this as a "trial" which will be watched with interest. The Citizen is not well informed. Edmonton adopted this system of taxation several years ago. It has long since passed the experimental stage and become the settled and permanent policy of the city.

\* \* \*

#### Manitoba Lands.

Winnipeg, March 19th, 1910.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Dear Sir,—Your remarks in the current issue of the COURIER about the lands of Manitoba are straight to the point. The monies derived from the sale of these lands should be charged to capital account, as the lands undoubtedly form a part of the provincial capital, but as you ask, why sell the lands? On the face of it, this seems very poor business.

If retained as part of Manitoba's capital, they would bring in increasing revenues every year, for as the population and industry of these lands grew, so would the land values. Your suggestion of leasing these lands for a number of years is a very good one. It is in fact, although you may not have intended it as such, a direct endorsement of the policy of Henry George. Only instead of letting the lands on a lease, he declared that the community was entitled to the full economic rent of all the land. Were this done, there would not be the necessity which you foresee, of raising revenue in the future by other forms of taxation.

Yours truly,

C. J. FARMER.

\* \* \*

#### All Fools Day and the Chinamen.

Old-time customs take some killing and the ancient order of "April Fools" is one of the many.

A Hamilton wag issued notices to all the Chinese laundries in his city to the effect that there would be a meeting in the Mayor's office at 10 a.m. Friday, to consider the reduction of the Chinese laundry license fee. It was indeed a happy suggestion. The result was that nearly all the Celestials in the city swarmed around the City Hall at the appointed hour, like so many bees. Although the officials tumbled to the joke and pasted a large "April 1st" on the Mayor's door, it was many hours before the Celestials understood, but did not appreciate.

TORONTO, March 31st. 1910.

To-day the undersigned completes his fortieth year in the Coal Trade.

On April the first, eighteen hundred and seventy, he entered the employ of Messrs. George Chaffey & Bro., and ever since that time it has been his pleasure to supply the requirements in fuel of a large number of Canadian consumers.

That a number of corporations, firms and families who were among his first customers are still dealing with the Standard Fuel Company, is taken by him as evidence that he has not failed to give satisfaction to the best of his ability.

He now desires to return his sincere thanks to the people of Canada for their generous patronage, and takes this means of doing so.

That the pleasant relations between our customers and ourselves may long continue is the earnest wish of

NOEL MARSHALL,

President Standard Fuel Co., Limited.

FOR THE SAVING OF LIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.

got to do is make out a bill for savin' Government property."

"Could you call a man Gov'ment property, Peloo?"

"In makin' out a bill, of course. It's like writin' for value received—same sort of thing. A Gov'ment don't care a hang about a man 'cause he's a human bein': it's jus' because he was part of the works to put through that railroad—see?"

"You write it out, Peloo. My fingers is that danged stiff with the cold an' haulin' that sled I guess I'd make a bad fist of it."

Peloo complied with alacrity. He brought forth paper which carried as a letterhead the legend, "Peloo, Trout & Co., Mining Brokers." Peloo put his fingers on this lettering and said impressively, "That'll give it a kind of standin', Red. I'll write it actin' as your agent. That'll make 'em kinder sit up an' take notice. Them dashed clerks is too handy at turnin' down a man that don't seem to have connections. Fu'st we'd better make out the bill. What's the four dogs wu'th?"

"They wasn't much—picked 'em up; 'bout five dollars a tail, I guess."

"Four dogs, at say, twenty-five dollars apiece; that's a hundred."

"Say, Peloo, d'you s'pose any of 'em fellers at headquarters knows anythin' about the value of train dogs?"

"I guess they know more about ortomobiles. Hundred dollars for four dogs, I've writ. Now your time, Red."

"Goin' to put that in too? I wasn't hired to bring that poor cuss in: I jus' did it."

"Don't make no diff'rence—you done it. You was eighteen days, wasn't you?"

"Yes."

"An' six days to recover from the terrible exposure; that makes twenty-four days, at ten dollars *per diem*—two hundred an' forty dollars net."

"But, say, Peloo, they're sure to know a man only gets three dollars a day up here."

"For blastin' rock; but that price don't go when it comes to savin' lives an' Gov'ment property. What's the Gov'ment for? Don't everybody soak 'em when they get a chanst?"

"They won't pay it," Red objected, "not ten dollars a day."

"I'm fixin' it," Peloo declared conclusively. "I'm writin' it this way: 'To hire of self an' a train of dogs—that's wu'th ten dollars.'"

"But I didn't have no dogs most of the time," Meekins corrected.

"That's jus' it—nor you ain't got no dogs to go back to finish your perspectin' for gold. I'm puttin' in two hundred dollars for loss of perspectin' while you was away on Gov'ment service."

Meekins drew a hand across his forehead and there was a bewildered look in his eyes. "Guess I can't keep up with you, Peloo, in that statement of account; there's too many figgers. How does she stand now?"

Trout made an addition, and then answered, "Five hundred an' forty dollars—not a danged cent too much!"

"Guess I best leave it to you, Peloo; but they'll chop it down some, I bet."

"That's what I'm allowin' for—ten per cent. off for cash, so to speak. I'll write it out in official form an' send her in at wunst."

your check has arrove, Red; leastwise this looks kinder suspicious," and he held out a long white envelope which carried a red official seal.

"I hope they ain't cut it more'n about half," Meekins said as Peloo opened the letter.

"They jus' run it through the Guv'ment meat chopper, that's all they did, Red," Peloo answered dryly as he passed Meekins a check.

"Thirteen dollars an' twenty-five cents!" the latter read aloud in tones of deep disgust. "Cussed if I didn't eat up more'n that in tobacker! What does Premier Wilson say in that letter about it?"

"Taint from the Premier, Red; it's from some danged understrapper who signs himself Secretary to the Dep'ty Minister of the Department."

Then, Peloo proceeded to read the letter. The secretary pointed out that the Government should not be held responsible for four dogs which had evidently been lost through the owner's carelessness after his arrival at Silver City, as he had charged for their services up to that time, eighteen days in all.

The item of eighteen days in making one hundred and eighty miles was an overcharge. With a team of ordinary dogs this distance should be covered in, at most, six days.

The item of two hundred dollars for loss to Mr. Meekins' business while absent appeared to be a claim without any foundation, as evidently said Meekins was on his way to Silver City when Mr. Moody engaged transportation.

The secretary was further instructed to advise that Mr. Moody was not authorised to engage Mr. Meekins, and it appeared to the D. M. that Mr. Meekins should obtain payment from Mr. Moody.

But as this matter of a Government employee's right to take sick leave in special cases without first applying to the head of his department was now under consideration, the D. M. had passed an order for the payment to Mr. Meekins of the regular Government rate of ten cents a mile for the hundred and eighty miles he had transported Mr. Moody, less four dollars and seventy-five cents, the value of food supplies he had obtained from the Government cache at Moose Crossing. A check for thirteen dollars and twenty-five cents was inclosed. Mr. Meekins would please sign the inclosed vouchers in triplicate.

"There you are, Red!" Peloo exclaimed ironically. "Paid in full for takin' a chanst of bein' froze to death to save a sucker, an' here's your diploma!" Peloo tendered the check with a Chesterfieldian air to Meekins.

RED gazed at the white slip in silence. A flush of humiliation reddened his brow. The flimsy bit of paper seemed evidence that he had overrated this service, had bragged about it, in his demand for recompense.

"I'm kinder sorry I sent in that bill, Peloo," he said after a time. "I'd lose four dogs an' tramp a bit through the snow to save a white man's life any time. I orter've let it go at that, an' waited for my turn to be helped."

"Taint that way at all," Peloo objected. "Isn't the Gov'ment always givin' pensions an' bonuses to men that puts in claims? But it's jus' because the fellers has got a pull—can switch votes. When I was up in Alberta, time the Riel rebellion, there was a half-breed that uster pasture the Gov'ment transport hosses at five



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Even if "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" cost a *great deal* more than ordinary flour it would be well worth it for it is more *nourishing*.

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*W.G.P.*

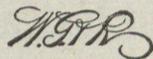
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dollars a head per month. Along comes the rebellion, an' he hires the hosses to the Gov'ment at five dollars a day for each team. He got away with it, too, an' jus' because all the half-breeds voted the way he told 'em to vote."

"Purty slick," Red commented, "An' if it comes to the matter of a mine deal I guess I'd look out for myself too; but this is kinder diff'rent, Peloo! I orter been satisfied with savin' that feller's life as a saw-off to some wuss things I've did. I guess I'll jus' send that check back with my compliments to Gov'ment."

Peloo sat scowling at his toes, turning something over in his mind; then he said, "You give me that check, Red, an' I'll stake you to four of the bes' train dogs in the North."

"I don't want it, anyway," Red declared despondently, as he passed the check back to Peloo. "You can give it to some poor people, if you like."

**THAT** evening when Meekins entered the hotel office room his eyes fell on his Government check, neatly framed in black, on the wall behind the bar. "For Saving Life" was written in red across the check. Below it was an explanatory note on a sheet of Peloo's business paper. The first line of this literary endeavour ran, "The value our Government puts on a man's life." Then followed a terse, graphic resume of what Meekins had done, his loss in time and dogs. And as an envoy a sarcastic line: "Vote for this kind of a Government, men!"

Rather troubled, not quite understanding, Red turned away, to find Peloo looking at him with an amused grin on his shaggy face. Peloo nodded complacently, saying:

"I guess Gov'ment'll find you have got a pull, Red," he indicated the sombre framed check. "There's goin to be an election in the spring. Shouldn't wonder if the Gov'ment candidate'd want to buy that check, Red."

From that day on the innocent looking slip of paper behind Peloo's bar grew in importance. It waxed into a power that dwarfed large questions of political economy. "What about Meekins' check?" was a question suddenly shot at a political speaker sufficient to offset an hour's harangue.

"Meekins ain't got no pull, eh?" Peloo would observe ironically from time to time.

**O**NE night, two months after the receipt of Red's check, a stranger arrived at Trout's Hotel. Peloo, who was behind the counter, noted with grim interest that as the man raised his eyes from signing the register they fell on the framed check and lingered there long enough to read its attached history.

The guest asked quietly, "Is this Mr. Meekins in Silver City now?"

"That's him, an' he's one of the mos' influential citizens of this town," Peloo answered, indicating Red, who was sitting by the stove.

As Peloo turned the register he gave a gasp and looked at the check behind him. It carried the same signature as that written in the book, "Peter Moody."

Moody had crossed over to Red. He held out his hand, saying, "I owe you a debt of gratitude, sir, for saving my son's life. I am Mr. Moody."

"Oh, I jus' happened along," Red replied in deprecating voice. "How's he doin', Mr. Moody? Did he lose all his toes?"

"He's crippled physically; but in other ways he's better than he ever was. As you saved his life, I can hardly regret the experience."

Moody drew from a pocket a small leather case, and added, "I brought with me a little token of my gratitude and appreciation, hoping I might find

you here." He opened the case, lifted out a massive gold watch and chain, and passed it to Meekins with the back of the case open, saying, "When you've read what is inscribed there I hope you will accept this too meagre gift from me."

On the case Meekins read, "Presented to James Meekins for his heroic conduct in saving the life of my son. PETER MOODY."

"I want to speak of that check on the wall," Moody said presently. "I have been away and know nothing of that matter. The check was signed by my deputy. It was only on my return that I had the story from my son's lips."

Meekins had sat reading over and over the inscription in the watch. There was a bur in his voice as he said, "Any of the fellers would've done all that I done, mister; but it's mighty nice of you to give me that watch an' what's writ in it. You mus' tell your son when you go back I hope he's gettin' on all right."

"I'd like to take that check back to the department," Moody said. "I'd take the matter up myself."

"If you'll excuse me a minute, mister; I got to say a word to Peloo," and Red, stepping over to the counter, said, "Jus' hand me down that check, Peloo."

Trout complied, saying, "I knowed he'd want to buy it; but don't take no promises—get the cash. Stick him for all he'll stand!"

Meekins returned to his seat, saying, "I got kinder tired seein' that thing up there."

Moody hastily put a hand, crying, "Why, you are tearing it, Mr. Meekins!"

"Guess I am," Red answered quietly, "cause me an' you an' the Gov'ment is all quits now."

**Youth in Parliament.**

**O**LD students of Parliamentary life will know that Gladstone entered the Commons just when he had turned twenty-one. He himself always maintained that it was a very good thing that a man who intends to be a politician should enter Parliament at an early age. In this I believe he was right. I constantly find that men destroy their health, and often even lose their lives, by entering the House of Commons after they have reached middle age. It does not require more than a session or two of the long hours, the close atmosphere, and the sedentary life of the House of Commons to make such men disgusted with politics, and many of them are lucky if they ever get back to their homes again. It does not take long for the House of Commons to kill a man who is at all delicate and past middle age.

There is a further and a greater objection, which is, that politics, like every other real business in life, has to be learned; and can only be learned by several years of training.

Often have I seen men who could have reached powerful and brilliant positions in political life if they had started young enough, deprived of all chance of Parliamentary distinction by the fact that they started too late to learn the trade. It is curious how often time counts for everything in a man's Parliamentary fortunes. Sometimes a man misses his chance of getting into the Cabinet by some little misfortune—the loss of his seat even for a few months.

By the time he has entered upon the arena again, the place has been given away. The opportunity may recur, very often it does not recur, but even if it does, some other man has managed to get ahead, has acquired his seniority, and, therefore, when the new distribution of offices comes, the man, senior by a few months, gets the big prize.—T. P. in M. A. P.



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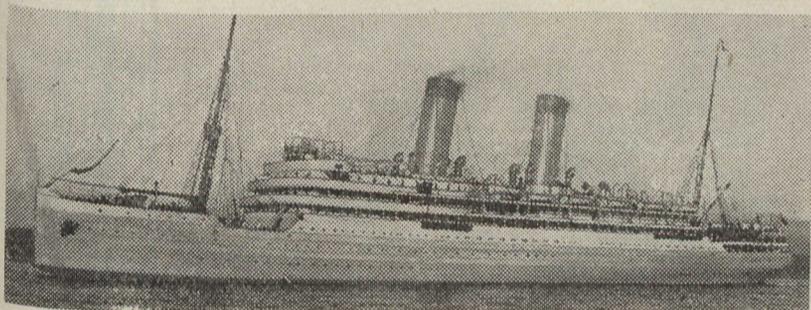


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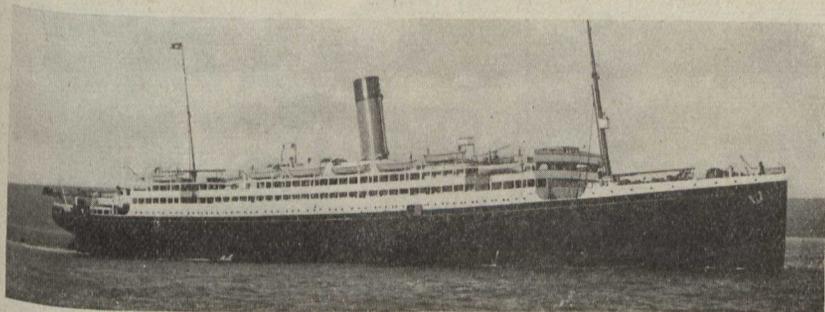
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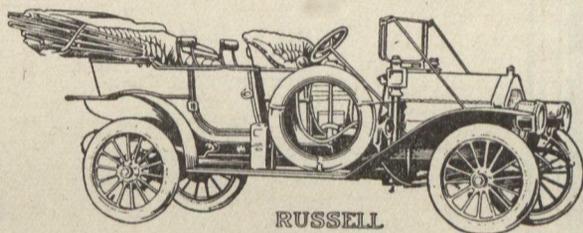
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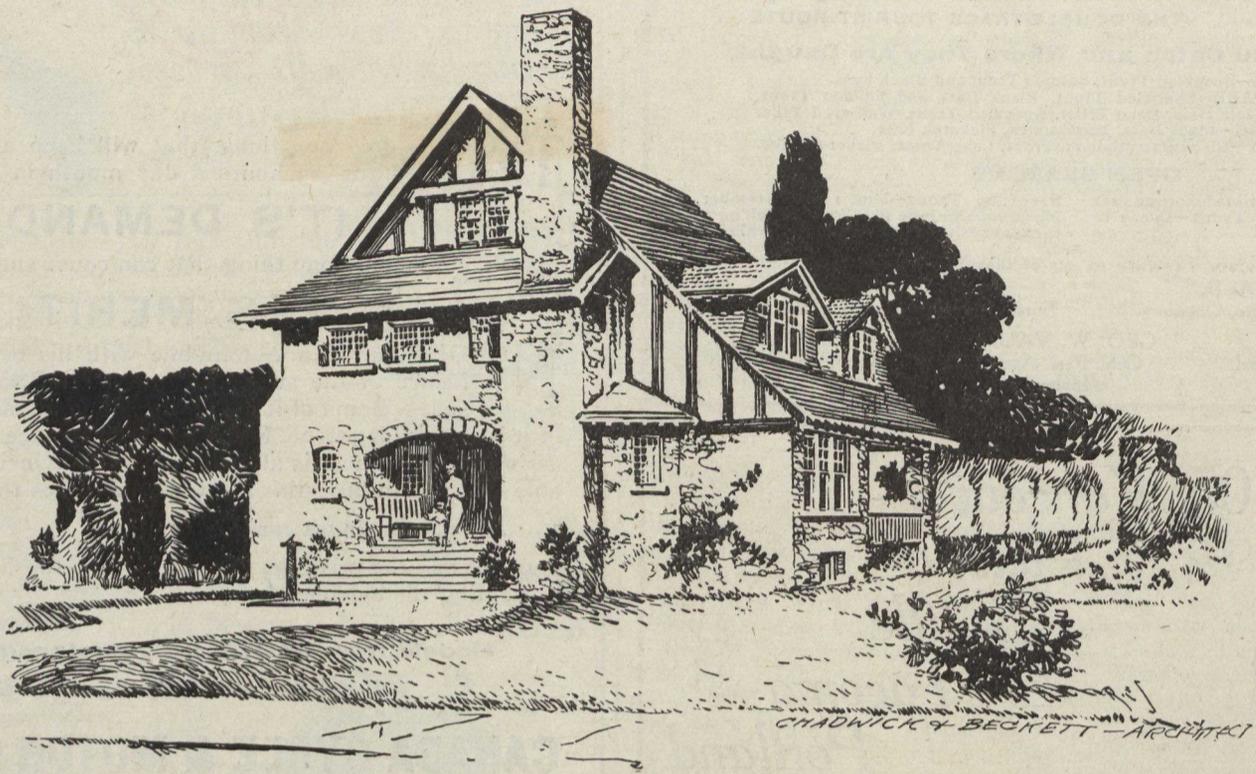
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