

THE CANADIAN COURIER

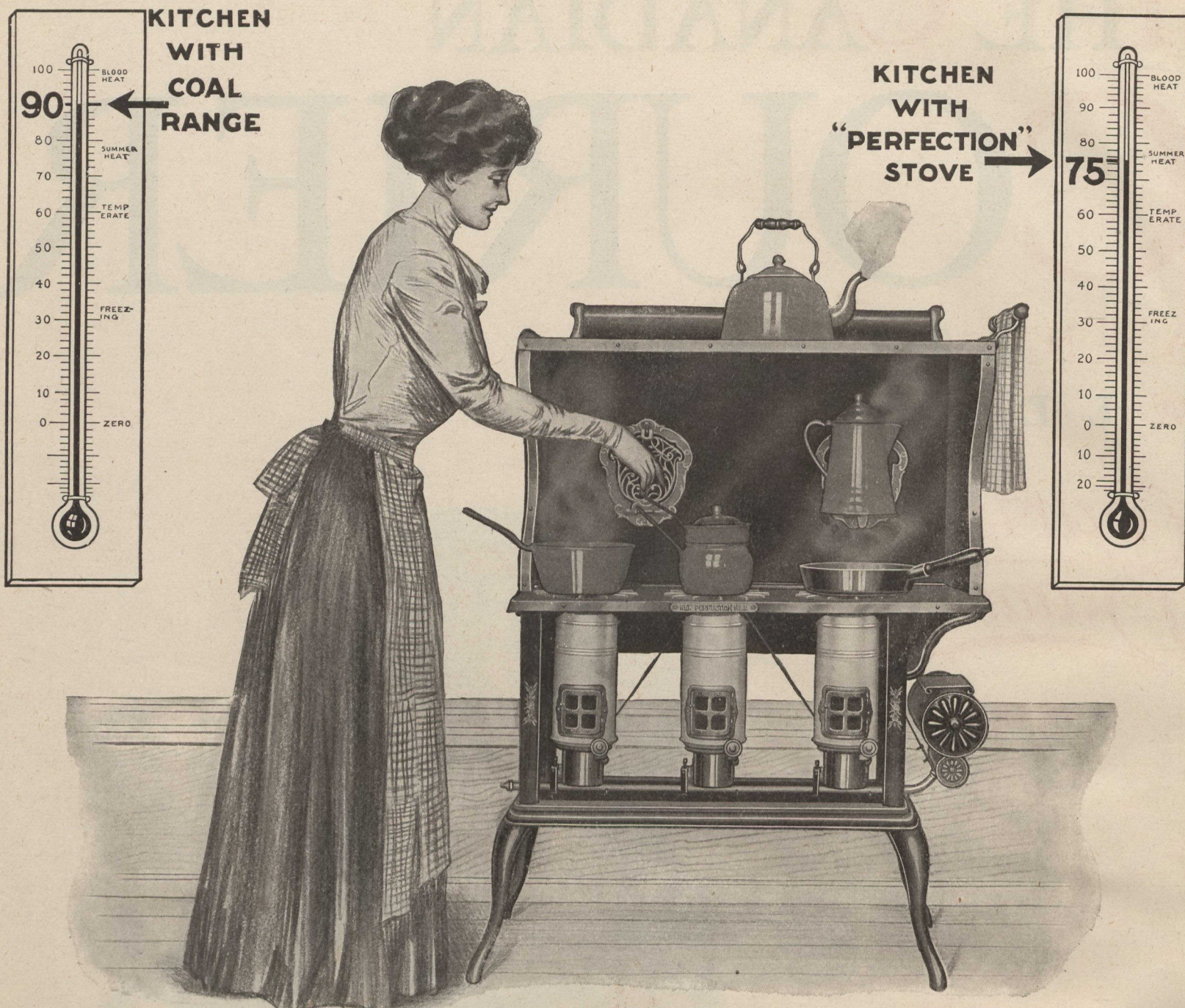
A NATIONAL
WEEKLY

*Courist
Number*



Read in
Nine
Provinces

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.
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Why an Overheated Kitchen in Summer?

When the sultry days come and the coal range makes the kitchen unbearable and cooking a dreaded task, put out the range fire and try the newest method of cooking in hot weather—use a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove. What a contrast! The kitchen no longer is stifling hot, work is now done with comfort and the housewife is not worn out with the heat. She saves her strength, keeps her health and is better able to enjoy the summer. The

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does everything that any stove can do—all the family cooking, baking, washing and ironing. No smoke, no dust, no odor. Heat is applied directly and not wasted. A turn, and the flame is out. The New Perfection has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot, drop shelves for coffee pot or saucepans, and nicked towel racks.

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Fashionable Summer

Attire for Women

Every woman is naturally interested in the new Summer Fashions, and a walk through our Show-rooms reveals all the newest conceits for home wear or at the fashionable Summer Resort. Handsome Embroidered Linen Costumes and Dresses especially imported for our high-grade exclusive trade are perhaps the most sought after. Then you will find stunning Tailor-made Linen Coats and Suits and smart Repp Suits. Our Lingerie Dresses make, as usual, a beautiful showing. All the new and fashionable designs and style effects are shown, from the lovely embroidered overskirt models to the dainty last effects.

A visit to our Waist Section is also well worth while, as our stock of Handsome Silk, Lingerie and Stunning Tailor-made Waists is most complete.

There is a distinctive style type to all Murray's Garments, an exclusiveness that is not to be found elsewhere. A few models of particular interest:—

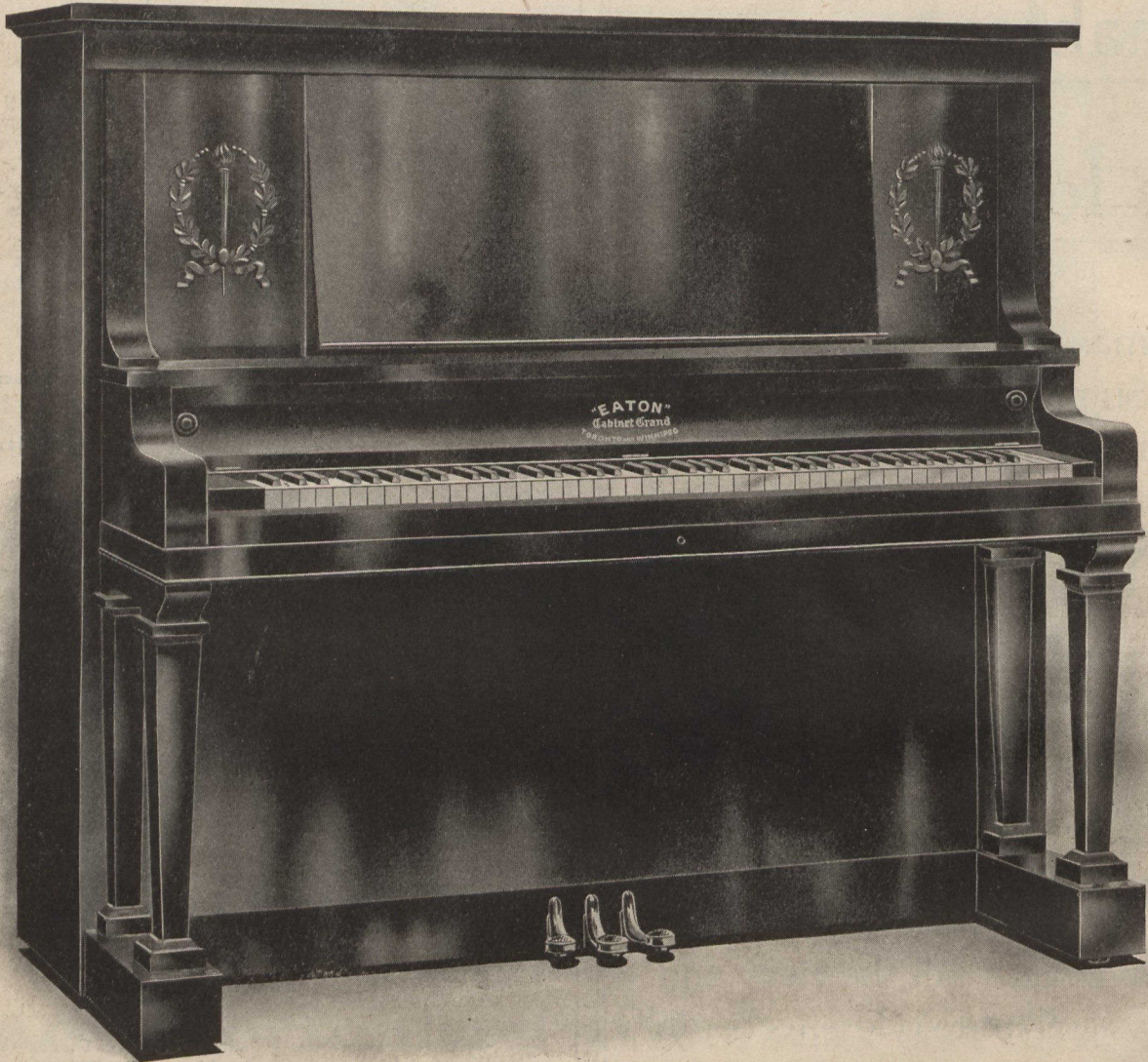
- Murray's Special Handsome Braided Two-piece Linen Suits in white, sky, tan, rose, pink and reseda - - **\$25.00**
- Stunning Tailor-made Linen Suits, all shades - - **\$15.00**
- Smart Tailor-made Repp Suits - - - - **\$12.50**
- Linen Coats, 52 inches long, natural shades - - **\$12.50**
- Handsome Embroidered Lingerie Dress, exclusive models, white only - - - - **\$25.00**
- Beautiful Lingerie Dress, made of fine embroidered mull, overskirt models, white, sky, pink and heliotrope. Special **\$22.50**
- Charming Lingerie Dresses, made of fine quality embroidered mull in the new overskirt style - - - - **\$18.50**

Canadian Summer Resorts and Hostelrys

It is possible to mention only a few of the leading summer resorts in an issue of this kind. There are many other charming places within Canadian borders where an outing may be enjoyed. Anyone desiring further information can obtain the same by enclosing a two-cent stamp in a letter addressed to "Information Bureau" Canadian Courier. Railway folders and booklets mailed free on application.

Muskoka		Rates	No of
Location	Name	Per Week	Guests
Bala	Windsor	9.00-15.00	175
Bala Park	Morton's	10.00	75
Bent River	Ernescliffe	9.00-14.00	100
Ferndale	Ferndale	8.00-12.00	100
Gregory	Gregory House	10.00-15.00	25
Hutton House	Hutton House	8.00-10.00	50
Lake Massanoga (Kaladar)	Bon Echo Inn	9.00-15.00	100
Lake Rosseau	Royal Muskoka	15.00 up	300
Morinus	Morinus House	8.00-10.00	100
Mortimer's Point	Rosclair	6.00-8.00	40
Port Carling	Stratton	10.00-12.00	100
Port Cockburn	Summit House	10.00-16.00	200
Port Sandfield	Prospect	9.00-12.00	200
Rosseau	Monteith	12.00-20.00	200
Stanley House	Stanley House	9.00-12.00	90
Windermere	Windermere	8.00-12.00	200
Kawartha Lakes			
Mt. Julian	Mt. Julian	6.00-8.00	40
Stony Lake	Dulce Domini	Special	40
Young's Point	Lake View House	Special	50
Lake Simcoe District			
Jackson's Point	Lakeview	6.00-9.00	150
Orillia	Orchard Point Inn	10.00 up	125
Sparrow Lake District			
Hamlet P. O.	Peninsula Farm Resort	6.00-9.00	75
Port Stanton	Lake Shore House	6.00-8.00	75
Port Stanton	Sparrow Cottage	6.00	100
Georgian Bay Hinterlands			
Tourist Camps			
Bolger Lake—Brunnel's Camp	Thos. Brunnel	Rate on application	
Magnetawan River District			
Ahmic Harbour	Cliffborn House	4.00-6.00	80
Burk's Falls	Clifton House	5.00-8.00	100
Simpson's Hotel and Camps		8.00-10.00	50
Lake of Bays District			
Baysville	Point Pleasant	6.00-10.00	75
Birkendale	Sea Breeze Cottage	7.00-12.00	30
Fox Point	Ronville	8.00-12.00	125
Huntsville	The Grenwald (Lake Mary)	10.00-15.00	100
Norway Point (Via Huntsville)	The Wawa	15.00-25.00	300
Port Sydney	The Balsams	6.00-8.00	35
Temagami			
Lady Evelyn	Lady Evelyn	16.00-25.00	200
Temagami Island	Temagami Inn	16.00-21.00	150
Temagami Station	Ronnoco	12.00-17.50	100
Temiskaming	Bellevue	12.00	100
Georgian Bay			
Honey Harbour	Royal	12.00-14.00	150
Sans Souci	Sans Souci	10.00-14.00	50
Minnicoganashene	Minnicoganashene	10.00 up	200
Parry Sound	Belvidere	12.00 up	200
Rose Point	Rose Point	15.00-18.00	200
Pt. au Baril	Ojibway	10.00-18.00	90
Algonquin Park			
Algonquin Park	Algonquin Park	12.00 up	150
Bay of Quinte			
Glenora	Glen Island	1.00-1.50 day	
Rideau Lakes District			
Jones' Falls	Hotel Kenney	Special	
Chaffey's Locks	Lake Opinacou Club House	Special	
Portland	Garrett's Rest	7.00 up	
Newboro	The Rideau	Special	
Aylmer, Que.	The Victoria	10.00 up	200
Thousand Islands			
Gananoque	The Inn	Special	100
Grenadier Island	Grenadier Hotel	Special	75
Rockport	Island View House	Special	75
Lower St. Lawrence, Que.			
Little Metis	Turiff Hall	7.00-8.00	100
Murray Bay	Manior Richelieu	Special	300
Quebec	Frontenac	24.00 up	500
Tadouac	Tadouac	Special	200
Ottawa River			
Ste. Anne de Bellevue	Clarendon	Special	100
Carillon	Bellevue	Special	
New Brunswick			
Seaside	Seaside	5.00	20
St. Andrew's	Algonquin	20.00 up	250
Nova Scotia			
Digby	Columbia	9.00-12.00	50
Halifax	Halifax	Special	200
Yarmouth	Queen	10.00-12.00	60
Sydney	Sydney	20.00-25.00	100
Yarmouth	Grand	20.00	150
Prince Edward Island			
Charlottetown	Victoria	12.00 up	200
Hampton	Pleasant View	6.00-10.00	60
Summerside	Queen	5.00	50
Alberta			
Banff	Mount Royal Hotel	17.50-20.00	120
Laggan	Lake Louise Chalet	3.50 per day	

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THE T. EATON C^o. LIMITED
TORONTO - CANADA

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

PRIMARILY this is a Tourist Number, devoted to a discussion of out-door life. Because of the King's funeral, it was necessary to deal also in a pictorial way with that event. There is therefore a double interest in the issue.

In connection with the King's death, the King's funeral, and the proclamation of George V, the COURIER has been the first periodical to give to Canadian readers the photographic history of these events. No New York or London periodical has been able to compete with us in this respect. We do not say this boastfully, but simply to emphasise the point that the COURIER is living up to its professions and its opportunities.

NEXT week we shall have the honour of publishing two very important contributions. His Honour, Judge Longley of Halifax will discuss "Edward VII and the Empire" in a way that is exceptionally interesting. Judge Longley is known to have decided views on Canada's future relations with the Empire, and this adds to the interest with which the article will be read.

The other article is by Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, K.C., whose address to the Economic Club of New York on Reciprocity has attracted so much attention. This contribution will embody the more important parts of Mr. Nesbitt's address, and should command a careful perusal from every student of public affairs. Mr. Nesbitt has undoubtedly a brilliant mind as well as that intellectual courage so necessary to leadership.



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WHERE THE OLD WORLD MEETS THE NEW

Quebec, most Quaintly Historic of all American Cities.



SUNRISE IN THE OLD STONE TOWN

Quebec is older in feeling than St. Augustine; finer for scenery than Vancouver; the City of the dormer window and the hundred guns pointing over the City wall, across two great rivers; to Tourists the most interesting spot in America. This painting shows part of "Lower Town" with its ancient houses and narrow streets, the Terrace along the rocky heights with the Chateau Frontenac towering above it, and also in the (left) distance the dim outlines of the Historic Citadel. Dufferin Terrace is well called the finest in the world. On a summer's evening when the sun strikes fire in the windows of Levis, across the St. Lawrence, and the Citadel Band begins to play, there is no more brilliant scene in America.



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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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No. 1

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

THERE are two kinds of Canadian immigration, that which is permanent and that which is temporary. The permanent immigration was dealt with in a recent issue; this number is devoted to a consideration of the temporary. The tourists who come to visit us for the purpose of seeing what the country is like and those who come to spend a few months during the summer season constitute a great invasion.

When the summer sun begins to make life somewhat burdensome in the great cities of the United States, those who can afford the trip, start northward. From the New England cities, the visitors come to the Maritime Provinces or Quebec. The balmy air of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island gives renewed life to the weary workers of the manufacturing cities which stretch from Boston to Pittsburg. The shores of the St. Lawrence, or the higher inland mountain districts to the north, attract many visitors searching for the pleasures and benefits of a few weeks' freedom in districts where coal-smoke is unknown.

The province of Ontario, with its hundreds of inland lakes and equally numerous shady streams, affords an equal opportunity for those who are fleeing from the discomforts of midsummer life in the Middle States. The Thousand Islands district, the Rideau and Ottawa section, the Kawartha Lakes region, Muskoka, French River and Metagami are all becoming very familiar to those humans who, like the birds, make a yearly migration northward. Just now several hundred summer hotels are being reopened and several thousand summer cottages are waiting expectant.

WESTWARD of Lake Superior, summer tourist business has not grown to large proportions except along the Pacific coast. The Rockies, of course, will always have a certain vogue, and the excellent C. P. R. hotels at Banff, Lake Louise and elsewhere have had a full complement of summer visitors for a number of years. Lake Winnipeg and the Rainy Lake districts, however, are as yet used only as summer resorts by the residents of the adjacent Canadian cities and towns. Here is where there is likely to be a tremendous development in the next decade.

Tourist travel up the Pacific coast will also develop fast with the growth of the coast towns and steamer facilities. A trip from Seattle, Tacoma and Portland to Victoria, Vancouver, Prince Rupert, Port Simpson and even Skagway should be most popular in the near future. The Portland Canal district is developing fast and should soon attract sight-seeing traffic as well as the present stream of adventurers and prospectors.

Along with these developments will come a tourist traffic moving northward to the Saskatchewan, the Peace, the Slave and the Mackenzie Rivers. Here is a new country, singular because of its majestic vastness and its primitive simplicity, which is sure to attract a yearly invasion of temporary immigrants.

ONTARIO, especially, will for many years deserve the title, "the Playground of America." Though it contains a population of two and a half million people, yet not more than one-third of the province may be termed settled. The remainder is still more or less in the primitive condition which nature created. For a distance of five hundred miles north of Lake Simcoe there lies a vast semi-mountainous district well suited to the desires of the holiday-maker, the canoeist, the fisherman, and the hunter. The lakes and rivers are numerous and well stocked with fish. The former are studded with islands, which afford splendid sites for

summer cottages and camps. Along the east coast of the Georgian Bay, there is a district known as the Thirty Thousand Islands which is yearly attracting a greater number of campers

and sportsmen. The scenic splendour of this whole district is magnificent, and sufficiently varied to prevent monotony.

The open season for pickerel begins on May 16th and that for bass and maskinonge on June 16th. These are the three most common fish, although speckled and salmon trout are also found in certain waters. The duck season runs from September 1st to the end of the year and the deer season from November 1st to 15th. July and August are the favourite months for the canoeist and the fisherman; November is the one which attracts the huntsman.

ONE condition which has done much to open up Northern Ontario to the summer tourist and the tired worker from southern cities is the existence of so many railways. Local traffic would not have justified the extensive transportation facilities, but there were other reasons. The longer railways are links in transcontinental lines, the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk. Then there are a number of shorter lines built because of the lumber trade or to carry grain from Georgian Bay ports to St. Lawrence ports. With the railways came a certain amount of settlement, to which the tourist trade has added. There are resident guides in large numbers, and canoes and boats are everywhere available. Gasoline launches have been introduced in recent years and have made many new regions accessible.

Indeed, Ontario offers attractions to the lover of the simple life which no other district in North America can excel. Nature created this wonderful playground, and the Ontario authorities deserve credit for the keen interest they have taken to prevent the slightest destruction of what must long be a tremendously valuable public asset. Commerce, industry and settlement must necessarily impinge more and more on this natural sporting region, but the fishing and hunting resources will last a century or two, if careful attention is paid to the enforcement of the fish and game laws.

TO those who prefer popular resorts and yet find the well-patronised summer haunts along the Atlantic coast too expensive, there are many attractive spots along the St. Lawrence and on the Canadian shores of the Great Lakes. Elsewhere in this issue will be found a list of hotels at these various points, and from the number of rooms in each and the prices charged, the reader will be able to judge as to the fashionableness of the point at which it is located.



AN auction sale of school lands was held at Medicine Hat last week. These are lands which a few years ago were not sufficiently valuable to be priced by the acre; they were quoted in square miles. So rapid has been the progress of Southern Alberta that the upset price at this sale ran from \$7 to \$10 per acre. One section sold at \$165 an acre and another at \$60, but these were exceptional. The average was from \$12 to \$15. Taking the lowest price, this would make a square mile worth \$7,680, as against the ancient estimate

of \$100. When it is remembered that the Canadian Pacific Railway has twelve million acres yet to dispose of, that the Hudson's Bay Company has several million acres, and that the Dominion Government has over forty millions of surveyed lands yet to distribute, the prices now being received for western lands are marvellous.

Figuring the Government lands at ten dollars an acre, and remembering that those lands will be given away, not sold, it will be seen that there is four hundred million dollars worth of land still to be donated as prizes to new settlers. Small wonder, indeed, that western immigration is growing rapidly.

THE Allan Steamship Line is calling for tenders for a new boat capable of carrying 2,000 passengers and maintaining a speed of 23 knots. A few years ago, the Allan Line, the pioneer of the St. Lawrence route, startled the pessimists by building the Victorian and the Virginian, about 13,000 tons each. Many thought there would not be enough passenger traffic on the Canadian route to keep them busy. Scarcely had these boats demonstrated their ability to attract traffic, when the C. P. R. ordered the two Empresses for the same route. These were followed by two splendid White Star boats, the Laurentic and the Megantic. The other day, the Canadian Northern added the Royal Edward and the Royal George. Now the Allans propose to add even larger vessels. This is marvellous progress for a single decade.

The Canadian route is competing successfully with the New York route. Thousands of people from Canada and thousands from the Western States who formerly travelled via New York or Philadelphia now go by Montreal and Quebec. As with east-bound traffic, so it is with the west-bound. According to a recent cablegram, 113,318 persons sailed for Canada in 1909. Putting the average carried by one vessel at 1,000 persons, thus means that the big vessels on the Canadian route must make 113 round-trips during the year to provide the necessary accommodation.

SOMETHING seems to have gone wrong with the reciprocity negotiations, if all the rumours are true. Apparently, the United States was moving too rapidly for the Dominion Government and somebody threw a bucket of cold water. Washington is annoyed.

In the meantime, Premier Hazen of New Brunswick, has followed up Mr. Nesbitt's address in New York with a frank talk to the Colonial Club of Boston. Mr. Hazen told them that the sentiment in Canada in favour of reciprocity is small, and that Canada would do nothing to impair her present satisfactory trade with Great Britain. This statement is the more important, coming as it did, from a leader in the Maritime Provinces, a district which has lost more than any other portion of Canada by the high tariff wall which the United States has raised between the two countries.

HON. ARTHUR L. SIFTON'S reputation throughout Canada has heretofore rested mainly upon the fact that he is a brother of the Hon. Clifford Sifton. A mere chief justice of a new province like Alberta is not likely to be widely known outside his own province. Now, however, that the Hon. Arthur L. Sifton has stepped down from the seat of Justice to step up into the premiership of the same province, he at once becomes a national figure. We do not often create a new premier in this country, where statesmen are in the habit of clinging tenaciously to office. Hence this is an event.

Mr. Sifton was an able judge and he may make an able premier. He has had legislative experience and possesses the confidence of the best men of the community in which he has lived. He has a difficult task ahead of him, but as he succeeds or fails, so his reputation will grow or diminish. To bring peace into a political party almost hopelessly divided is not a task which any one may assume without considerable misgiving and also considerable risk.

"BURY THE GREAT KING"

OUR homage has been paid—earth to earth, ashes to ashes—King Edward VII. has been laid to rest. On Tuesday, May 17th, 'neath a steel grey sky, they bore him down the Mall from Buckingham to Westminster that a few of his four hundred million subjects might look upon his face again. On Friday, in the presence of a million people, he was borne from Westminster to Paddington—the sun shining brightly upon the most brilliant pageant the world

has ever witnessed. Behind the gun-carriage was the King's Charger and Caesar, his favourite terrier, whom the Queen-mother had not overlooked in even that sad hour. Then came a cavalcade of monarchs and other great men such as was never seen before. King George Fifth, the representative of the Anglo-Saxon race; Emperor William, lord of the Teutons; the Kings of Spain and Portugal representing the Latins; the Kings of Norway and Denmark, rulers of the Scandinavians; a Crown Prince from Italy; a Grand Duke from Russia; a Slav King from Bulgaria; a King from Greece; a King's brother from Egypt; a Foreign Minister from France and an ex-President from the United States; representatives of the royal families of China and Japan; representatives of other nations and of various parts of that vast, unending Empire over which King Edward ruled. They had come, on this eventful day, to write the epitaph of the world's Great Peacemaker.

The cortege swung round from Parliament Street, through the Horse Guards into the Mall. That majestic thoroughfare was undecorated, save for the thousands of worn and weary spectators who had braved so much of personal discomfort for one glimpse of this gorgeous procession. From the Mall into St. James' and Piccadilly, and then through Hyde Park and the Marble Arch, the cortege wound. Passing out of the realm of mansion and club, it moved along Edgware, Oxford and Cambridge Terrace between the ranks of the toilers. King George, the German Emperor and the Duke of Connaught riding abreast attracted much attention. Farther back, after the long line of Kings and Princes, after brilliantly uniformed officers from Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, Denmark and Germany, were three other men riding abreast also—Lord Roberts, Sir Evelyn Wood and Lord Kitchener. After these three field-marshal and heroes of Empire came a number of prominent military and naval officers to whom the Empire looks. Then the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal, and the carriages conveying the chief mourners.

When Paddington Station was reached, the silent, sorrowful people of London had taken their last farewell. The "King Edward" locomotive and the car which had borne the remains of Queen Victoria were suitably draped and soon the long mourning train was filled with distinguished guests. The Guards presented arms, the empty gun-carriage moved away, and slowly and reverently the Royal Train moved out on its last journey in the service of the dead monarch.

An hour or so later, the first minute-gun thundered over Windsor, the Union Jack over the Round Tower was lowered and the Royal Standard rose in its place. The coffin was taken from the car to the gun-carriage. A detachment of blue-jackets dragged the carriage up the hill, and the Kings, Princes and noblemen followed on foot. Through the little town into the Castle grounds, and over the gravel walks, it passed to the door of St. George's Chapel. Here all that was mortal

of the dead King passed forever from the eyes of his people.

Inside the chapel was already gathered a brilliant audience. The Garter Knights were in their stalls—Lord Carrington, Lord Crewe, Lord Derby, Lord Elgin, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Cadogan, Lord Durham and others. The King's Privy Councillors were there in their dresses of black and gold. The Japanese and Chinese Ambassadors, noblemen of every rank, judges in wig and gown, and other representatives of household and state awaited the cavalcade. Down the nave it came, archbishops, bishops, canons, clerks and choristers. The coffin was deposited on the catafalque. King George and the Queen Mother took their appointed places, followed by the German Emperor, with Queen Mary on his arm, and the other notable mourners. The choristers sang the dead King upon his way, and a bishop intoned: "Now is Christ risen from the dead" and "His body is buried in peace." The crimson pall, the crown, the orb and the sceptre are removed. King George lays upon the coffin a square piece of silk—for the King's colour is to be buried with him. A great hush reigns. A woman in black, kneeling in grief, watches the coffin sink slowly and quietly into the vault below. An officer drops some earth upon the casket as the archbishop completed the service.

As King Edward had done homage to King Death, so the Kings and Princes present did homage to him. Slowly and solemnly, these Christian Kings and Knights, Mohammedans and Hindus, Persians and Confucians, of all creeds and faith, passed by this dark hole in the floor of the choir and bowed their final farewell. And soon St. George's Chapel was empty save for those who are its permanent caretakers.

In the King's Church at Sandringham, His Majesty recently placed a stained window in memory of his friend, Mr. Montagu Guest, who died suddenly there on the King's birthday last year. At the foot of the scene, representing the Last Judgment, is this text:

"I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it
and I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God."

As he had lived, so he died—always facing cheerfully and courageously every difficulty, every task.



THROUGH A MONOCLE

THE AMERICAN COLONY IN JERUSALEM.

JUST before the train started from Jaffa to Jerusalem, there came into the already well-filled compartment a young man in European dress, who at once assured us that he would not add to our crowded condition—that he was only one of the guides. This meant that he would ride standing when he did not betake himself to the car platform. Presently his purpose was revealed by his distribution of cards, inviting us to call at the store of "The American Colony." Immediately every man and woman of us fell into a defensive attitude of mind. He would, of course, try to establish a claim to our patronage by giving us gratuitous information; but we could keep out freedom by receiving it only in a grudging spirit. Such are the ethics of the tourist world. He was not very obtrusive, however; and the other dragomans left him little scope. But he shook hands with us in parting, and said that he would next see us at the store. We thought him optimistic, but we did not at that time know that he was not as other men—that he was, in fact, a member of a communistic Christian community whose hospitality we would be accepting before the week was out.

* * *

THE next message we received from the American Colony was, appropriately enough, in the form of an American dough-nut. A young American bridal couple arrived the next night; and the first thing the young husband did—he had been here before—was to go down to the American store and buy a bag of dough-nuts and a box of "fudge." Also, he ordered a pumpkin pie which they shared with us next day. But the next day we found the store for ourselves; and a typical brother of the Sunday School type from Maine told me all about it. Then I recalled that I had been told about these people before, though hardly in the same tone as that taken by this representative. Possibly you have heard of them yourself. They were, I think, once known as the Spaffordites, their original leaders being Mr. and Mrs. Spafford. Mrs. Spafford is still living and as capable an old lady as you ever met; and her daughter is now married to a Mr. Vester, in whose name the store stands. Everything, however, is the common property of the entire community which numbers a little over a hundred and lives in a group of fine stone buildings—rented—on the road to the Mount of Olives which starts from the Jaffa Gate.

* * *

THE following Sunday afternoon we went on a special invitation to a service held in the large drawing-room of their home and tarried to the afternoon tea which they served immediately afterward. There I talked to several of the members with the utmost frankness, and learned a good deal about their views and purposes. They denied the common report that they came here originally expecting the end of the world. Their purpose was rather to escape the "entangling alliances" which hamper people amidst home surroundings, and come to a place where they could live the Christian life as they understand it in the freest manner. They do not insist

that a common purse is necessary, but they find that it helps them to live like brothers and sisters, to rise above envy, to escape pride and to avoid strife. They did not tell me anything about their early struggles, but other people say that at first they had the utmost difficulty in paying their way. However, they finally started their store in the city, and now they look fairly prosperous. They sell more than dough-nuts, of course. They have a fine selection of olive wood things, of mother of pearl, of beads of all sorts, of photographs, of postal cards, of rugs and of all the other things which tourists take home from the Holy Land.

* * *

THE religious service was a simple one, consisting chiefly of singing. They have a nice choir, composed principally of young ladies; and rumor says that these are the very young ladies who make the dough-nuts and the pies. If this should tempt any lone bachelors into thinking of coming to Jerusalem and joining a community which presents so attractive a matrimonial possibility, I had better mention that, as a preliminary to joining the community, they must first put all they possess into the common purse—and even then the community may not decide that it is best for them to marry. Entire surrender seems to be the gate of admission into this paradise. I hesitate, however, to go very deeply into the actual workings of this body; for I cannot always feel sure what has been told me by themselves and what by their—well, their critics. For instance, outside testimony says that the Colony began by refusing to take a price for anything they produced, but the present practice of the community is quite contrary. They may have found that this interpretation of the teachings of Christ would not work out, even in Jerusalem.

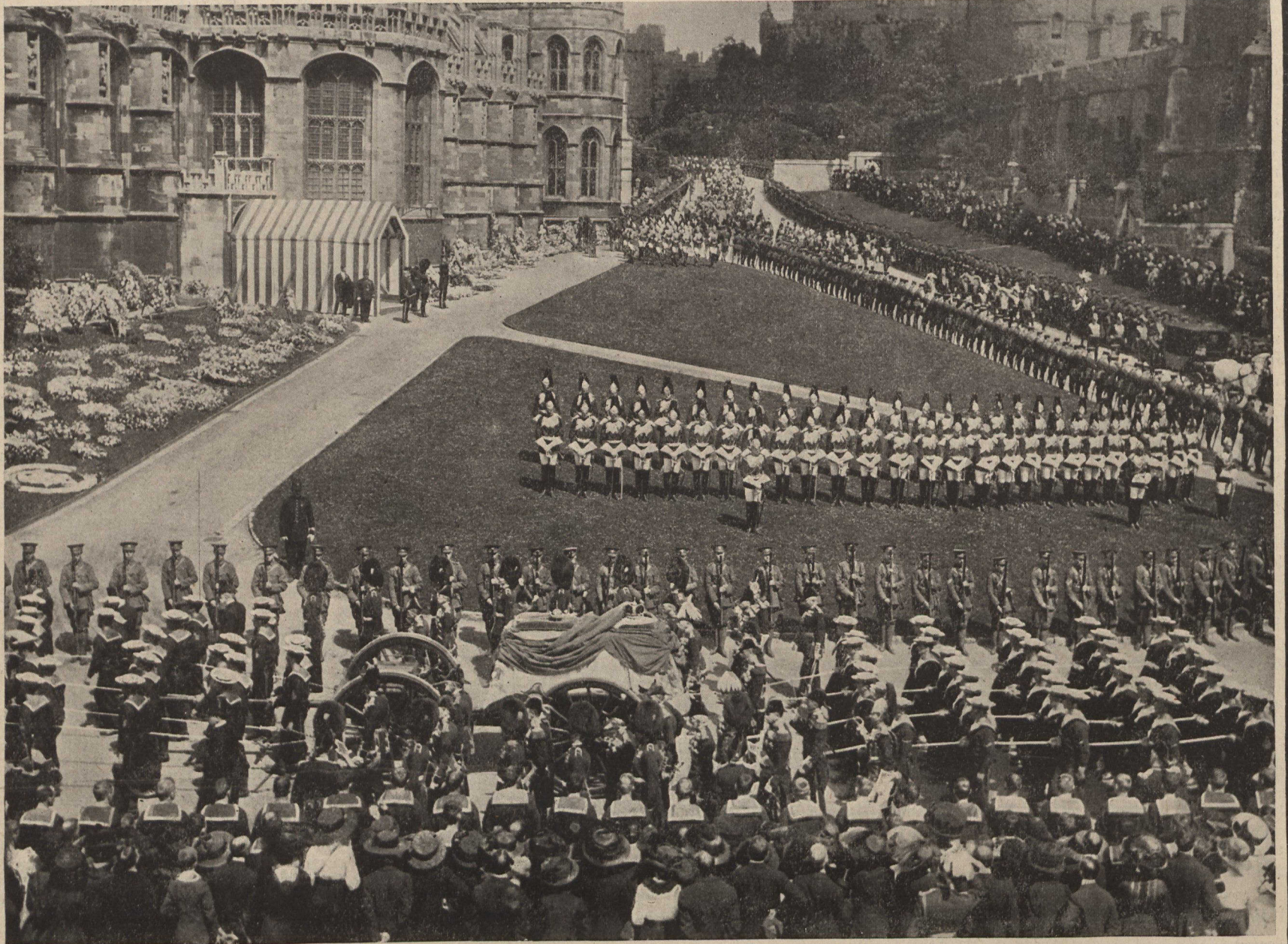
* * *

THEY certainly get the patronage of the American—and many of the English—tourist at their store. They offer to us of the western world the sort of shopping to which we are accustomed. That is, when they say that an article is worth four francs, we know that that is the price—and the last price. We do not have to embark on a tournament of bargaining in order to get the lowest figure which the vendor is willing to take. Still I am not sure that the indulgence of this taste for the "fixed price" does not cost us something. The Colony store does not seem to me to be an oasis of cheapness. But you can depend on the honesty of the goods you buy there. The brothers who act as clerks tell the truth. They admit it themselves with fair frequency. A funny thing happened, though, the other day. I have been buying two-cent stamps at my worldly hotel office for two cents, which, after all, seems to be quite the natural price for them. Having bought some cards at the store, however, I asked them for stamps to go with them. The spectacled super-Christian who sold them said, as he gave me less change than I expected, that they were worth nearly two cents and a half each. I pointed out that they were marked ten centimes or two cents. He looked hurt but explained that that did not matter. Then I mentioned that I usually got them for two cents. He said, "Oh, do you?"; but kept the change. Now I am wondering why my worldly hotel man lets me have stamps worth nearly two cents and a half for two cents, and yet says nothing about his superior brand of Christianity. Still it cannot be denied that the Colony dough-nuts are orthodox, nor that the dough-nut-makers can sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee."



At the Toronto Review—Colonel Lessard, General Cotton, Major-General Sir John French, two Aides, and General Lake.

WITH AN EMPIRE'S LAMENTATION



On Friday, May 20th, the remains of King Edward were borne from Westminster Hall to Paddington Station and thence to Windsor Castle. This picture shows the cortege arriving at the door of St. George's Chapel, the gun-carriage drawn by bluejackets; the Kings, Princes and State representatives following on foot.



Emperor William in the Uniform of a British Field Marshal, and King George in that of a British General, passing through the streets of London.



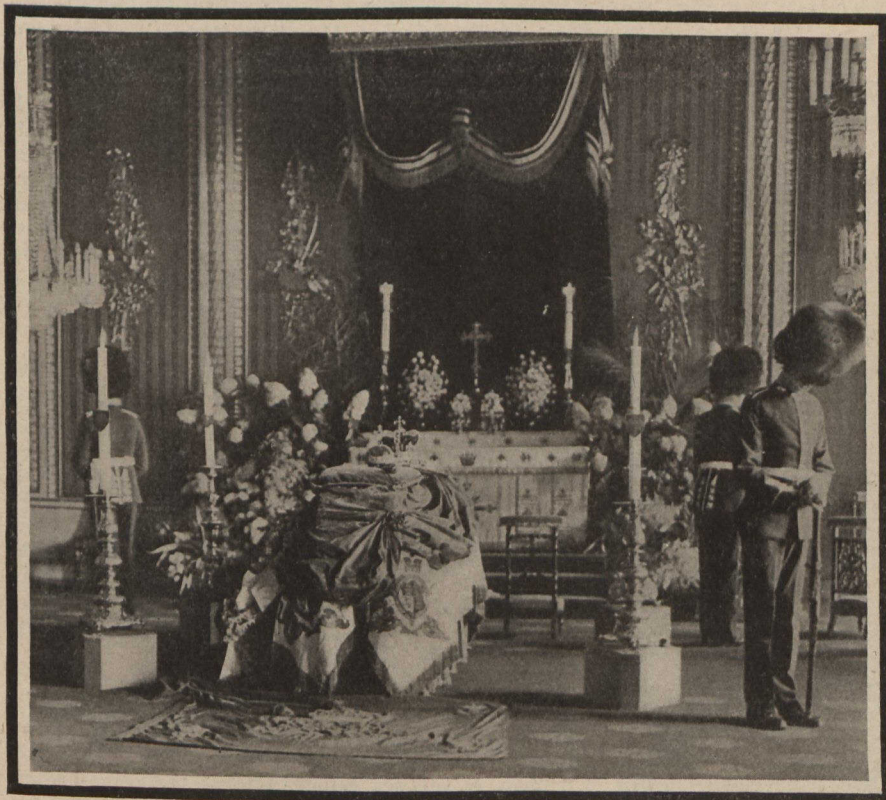
The cortege passing through the Horse-Guards. Note Kildare, the King's favourite charger, and Cæsar, his favourite Terrier.

Photographs by London News Agency.

THE PAGEANT OF A DEAD MONARCH



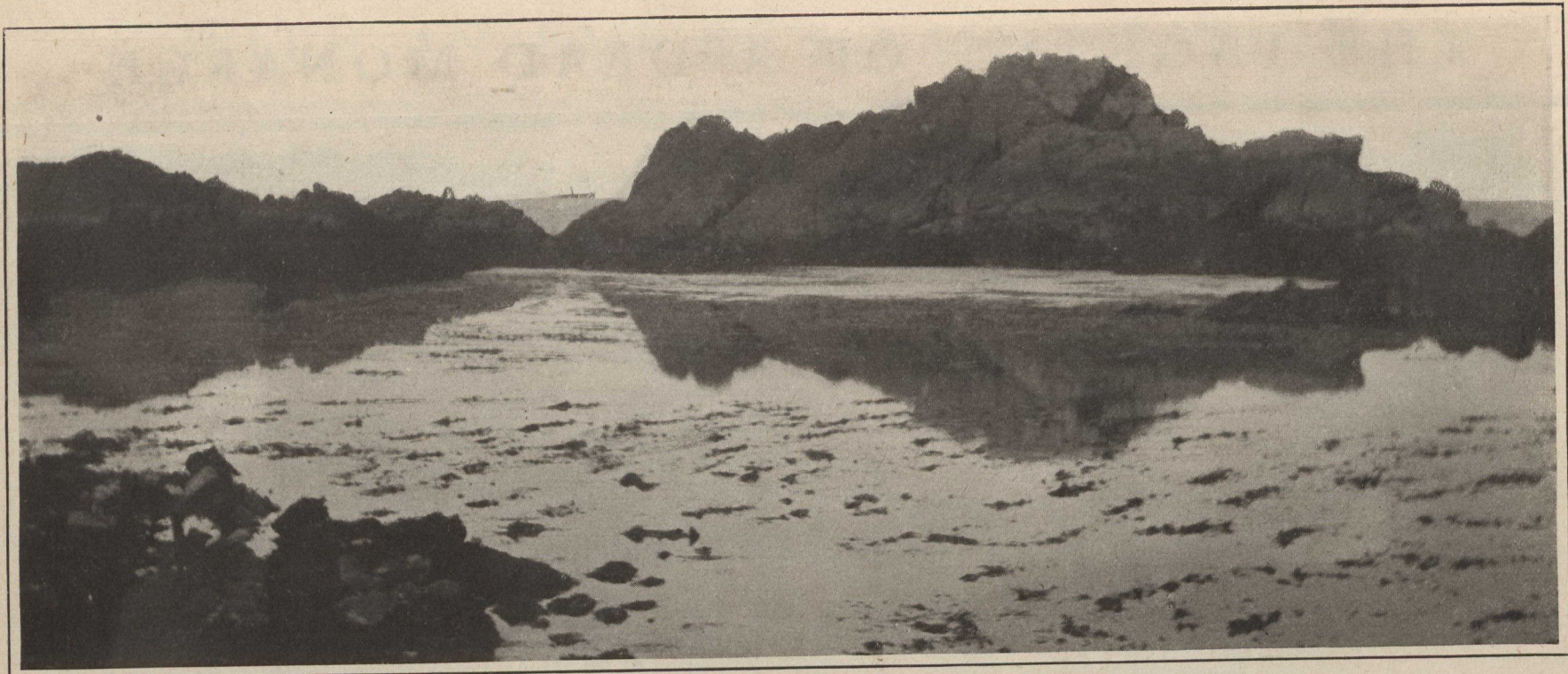
On Tuesday of the Funeral Week, the Body of King Edward VII was moved from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Hall. This Photograph shows the procession entering Westminster Palace Yard. Copyright by London News Agency.



Throne Room at Buckingham Palace, with the Colour-Sergeants of the Grenadier Guards watching over the Royal Remains. Photograph by Central News.



Public Lying-in-State in Westminster Hall, with Life Guards and Yeoman of the Guard acting as Sentinels. Photograph by London News Agency.



Low Tide on the British Columbia Coast—The Naturalist's Opportunity.

NATURALISING ON THE PACIFIC

By BONNYCASTLE DALE.

How to be a Lotos-Eater on the Fringes of a Busy Land.

I WAS speaking with Francis Kermode, British Columbia's Curator; and I had just told him that I would leave that night on the steamer Tees—going afield for three months along the East and West coasts of the big Vancouver Island.

"To-night, on the Tees?" he said, "Lucky man! You will have with you Professor John Macoun of Ottawa, the dean of the naturalists of Canada, the man that went across the prairies ahead of the survey of the C.P.R., the man that has taken our flora all over Canada and has classified it. In his party is a taxidermist from the British Museum—C. H. Young, now in our Geological Museum at Ottawa—and William Spreadborough, a man that has been at the nests of nearly all the birds of Canada. You will most certainly be in excellent company."

Next morning at breakfast I met the Messrs. Young and Spreadborough, also a highly amusing West Coast man, a good chap, no doubt, when sober. He found out the party of naturalists and gravely insisted that he would join them and "do the stuffin'," as he was the best "taxidimist" on the coast. Mr. Young, however, did not lose his position.

He and Mr. Spreadborough were men in the prime of life and I looked all round for an old and, I feared, rather decrepit man; as I learned the leader was seventy-three years of age. I found him when I went on deck. The Tees, a good sea boat notwithstanding, was gracefully rolling up and down the big Pacific swells, a regular water-teeter game. I saw a white-bearded man walking quickly along the heaving planks. He joined Young and Spreadborough and I was introduced to Mr. Macoun. The one thought in my heart was, "I hope I will be as active and full of vim at seventy."

Along the Strait of Juan de Fuca our boat rolled. If Vancouver came along again he would see no difference in the scene; all nature is untouched as it was in 1792—yes, or as it was in the days of good Queen Elizabeth, when Sir Francis Drake visited the island in his memorable voyage. A trio of lighthouses now help the mariner along this iron-bound coast. Great reefs, protruding points, a giant surf, all tell the tale of needed watchfulness. We were fortunate in the weather, the big, swift-rolling swells were unruffled by any wind, and the details of the shore line were clear and distinct under the blue skies.

On the Sea Bird Rocks, perched like some mighty white bird, sat the wreck of the Sequal, high and dry. Our hearts are saddened and our voices lowered as we think of that great storm last Christmas time, when this broken-backed hulk, then a bounding thing of life and beauty, dashed on the reef, running free. Her impact was tremendous;



Professor John Macoun (centre), and Messrs. Young and Spreadborough displaying the results of a day's work along the Pacific Coast.



Gathering Specimens at Low Tide.

and, unfortunately, there was time for the captain's wife and child to run on deck before the masts fell, crushing their lives out. Alas, this tragedy of the sea was being enacted while we sat comfortably before our roaring hearth fires—fires fed by the flotsam and jetsam of this wreck-dotted coast.

Now we enter beautiful Barkley Sound with its hundreds of islands. We stop at the cable station at Banfield, the one nerve that connects civilisation's great system with the joys and sorrows of this still western world. And now we sail far inland, up a wondrous rift in the hills, a natural canal several hundred feet deep, with mountains rising wooded from the water's edge. Four hours we steam along this marvellously picturesque arm of the sea; then Alberni is reached, a town of much enterprise that hopes to be the terminal city where transcontinental railways shall meet ships from the Orient and the Antipodes.

Next morning we find that we have passed out into the open sea again, and we run through a most tragic looking set of reefs and needles and islands—finally making a harbour in the lovely inlet of Ucuelet. We passed a well-

grouped Indian village, drew up to the landing and here I bade good-bye—for a time only—to our Ottawa field party. I did my shore work at the next harbour, Clayoquot—a great wide sandspit and an island-filled inlet. Then I hastened back toward Ucuelet that I might see and learn from a man with a lifetime experience in my chosen field.

Back toward Ucuelet sped the Tees. A giant swell was running and a sou'-easter was kicking up a wave on top of this. The sea was green and white and all the land was grey. At supper there were many vacant seats, but—and here is a sympathetic note for our poor, down-trodden workingman. At the table was a school teacher, an inspector of schools, a lawyer, a young banker, two storekeepers, a zealous father in charge of a Romish mission among the Indians, three prospectors, five timber cruisers and one representative Union workman—a bricklayer. And this poor downtrodden workingman, a poor man that never expended a cent to fit him for his position, while most men at the table had spent thousands of dollars and years of their lives to attain their present position—this poor workingman was earning more actual wage return than any man at the table.

Look at my hosts gathered over their specimens on the porch of the house at Ucuelet, so kindly loaned to the expedition by Mr. Sutton. Professor Macoun holds in his hands a lamina of saccharina, a ribbon of the sea tangle, one of the olive-brown seaweeds. Mr. Young and Mr. Spreadborough—he of the beard—have just arrived from the low tide line with a tub half filled with sea water containing

rare crabs and star fishes, sea urchins and cake urchins, sponges, corals, invertebrates, molluscs and barnacles, etc.

Oh, how I wish my friend, the bricklayer, were here to see these lazy men. He told me confidently that none of the government men earned their day's pay. They were just like the ministers—spongers on the poor hardworking man. O, you poor chaps that have to go to work at eight and stop at five—why, that grand old man that you see in the picture was up every morning by five or six o'clock, and some mornings by daylight. It was just ten o'clock when I pictured them returning in the boat from the morning work—that meant, get breakfast, row several miles, walk over the rude trail to the sea, hunt the low tide line and retrace their steps; a good day's work. Yet all these specimens had to be dried, pressed, dissected, set up, classified.

Why, gentlemen, during the ten days I was among them I hardly got time to ask a natural

history question, so often were they absent on the field work or immersed at the desk or in taxidermy work. It was only at meals that I felt I was not hindering them if I did ask a question. Time to ask after supper, say you? Why, bless my soul, these men worked until bedtime. If that poor bricklayer had been here he would have flunked the job long ago, or we should have been holding a post-mortem over him.

Here are the men that are laying the foundation for the clearer knowledge of the lesser things the great Creator formed. On my desk as I write this, three months later, lies a letter from the Professor: "300 species of shells and 40,000 specimens by actual count, 100 bottles and jars, 685 crabs and star-fish, 780 moths, and an immense collection of the flora." What do you think of that for a man seventy-three years of age, crossing the continent and camping out for three months? His knowledge of our flora

is remarkable. If you were to dive into the sea and bring up a weed, then climb to the mountain's top and bring back a rare plant, he would give you the generic name at once and often the specific at the same time.

Apropos of this I must tell you a little joke on the naturalists. At a lumber cruiser's day camp (a gang that were far from the bunk house and had the cook's devil bring the grub to them), a crowd was gathered about the foot of a giant fir.

"What's up," called the boss as he arrived.

"Dough," said one of the boys.

It seems cookie did not have time to thoroughly cook the paste on the big meat pie, so the lads had amused themselves by throwing it against the tree.

"Scrape it off," said the cleanly mate.

"Scrape nothing," said the boss, "leave it there and some of these naturalists will come along and call it a new kind of fungus."

SPINNING FOR POLLOCK

Tale of a Gamy Pastime on the New Brunswick Coast

By DOUGLAS WETMORE CLINCH

"JIM" is an Englishman, which, all things considered, is quite enough in itself. His name never goes over the cables; I doubt if he ever made an after-dinner speech in his life. Of course "Jim" is far more interested in the "action" of steel-centred rods. He is even casual when dropping "whistlers" at seventy yards; just as in days gone by he rang one bull's-eye after another.

When first investigating men of "Jim's" type, you'll discuss the boring of rifles, the fitting of guns, the why-for of dry-flies. Then some day you'll hear of the sand-eel bait. But "Jim's" interest didn't cease when the rods were finished; no more did ours when we saw the rods. Verily we had never held such rods, and as for the tackle itself, we simply continued to marvel.

Boat men who know every reef, current and tide, are few and far between. But "Jim" found one, George



One of these weighed 18 pounds, the other 20 pounds.

Kirsop by name, an old fisherman residing at Black River, some twenty miles from St. John to the North East. It was in July of last year that "Jim" first started for Black River, by one of its many roads. Finally he located George, and finally George's boat put out. The story of that catch is quite a yarn in itself. Part of it came to St. John, and most of St. John came to see the catch, and of an August afternoon "Jim" and I left town.

This time we took the better road and for twenty miles swung along dusty stretches, red-slate ridges, through green valleys, till finally the sea broke cover. The full moon was clearing the clouds away out over "The Sisters." The steam of the Thermos welcomed the inner man. Gradually the moon rose higher; the undulating silver of the rolling ocean impressed you with its all-compelling power; the last coffee was sipped, and the smoke of your glowing bowl arose like the incense of evening.

The first streaks of dawn still retained their roseate hues as we put out to sea. The rowlocks "thunked" and the green billows washed against our bow. Away to the West a solitary gull was foraging for his breakfast. The "boom" of the pent up Atlantic was breaking over weed-covered ledges, and across the mist-covered fields beyond the cliffs ranged the forest slopes.

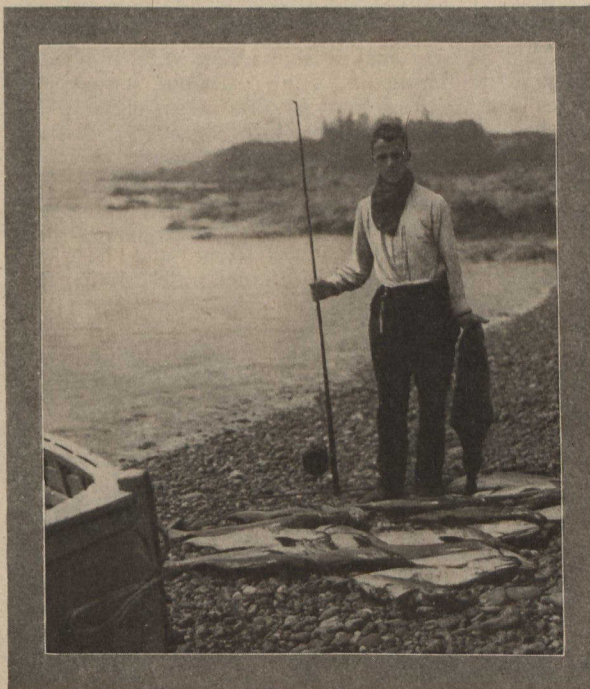
"The Sisters" lie some two and one-half miles out to sea and the pollock lie on either the north or the south side according to the run of the tide. Generally we do not attempt any spinning till we are about two miles from the shore. Even then we

follow the gulls, for these birds feed on the herring as do the pollock. When the latter chase the smaller fish to the surface the gulls are generally just overhead. Often when we were slowly rowing about we would hear the squeaking chatter of these birds and immediately headed in their direction. We invariably used a rowboat, as the exhaust from a gasoline engine and the stir of the propeller keeps the big fish away from the boat. In fact you have to fish with a long line to reach them at any time.

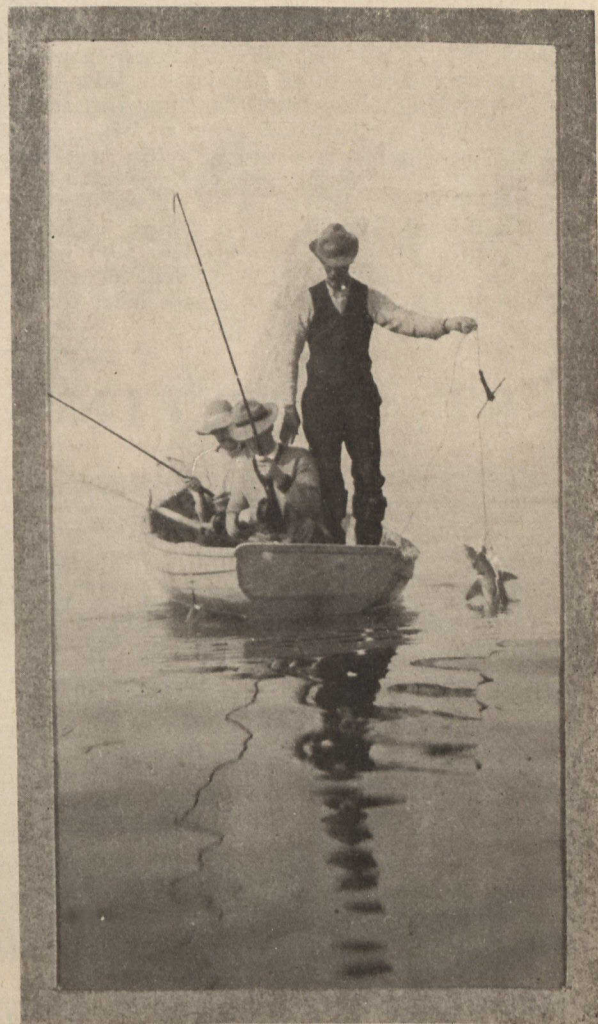
This particular morning I was sitting in the stern. As yet I had caught no pollock. "Jim" was facing me in the centre of the boat, and some fifty yards of the line was trailing behind our wake. With slow regular motions "Jim" kept moving the rod sideways, with its tip running up and down the length of the boat. Suddenly I saw him stop, the tip bend, and the muscles of his face contract.

I dare say I turned around, I know I grabbed the gaff and I am particularly certain I grew excited as I grinned into "Jim's" reflecting countenance. But that past-master handled his fish alone, and in less than ten minutes a twelve pound pollock lay quivering between "Jim's" waders. Then he landed another, and I myself, picking up a rod, unwound yard after yard till some fifty feet ran out.

I think some physical culture specialists have a pet theory concerning the vibration of muscles; something about holding one's muscles tense, and very much about increased circulation. They really ought to go to Black river, hook a pollock, and try it out. What they bring home won't much resemble a theory. Of course I had hooked a fish but at first I thought they had moved the end of the boat, for "Jim" and George and grunts and grins were very much mixed up together. The butt of a rod, or something very much like it, was slowly working its way into my loins, and I never expected to straighten my arms again. Yard by yard would I wind that fish in and then away to the bottom would



The Author with a Morning Catch.



Three Men in a Boat, to say nothing of the Fish.

he sound and those yards and many more, verily, seemed to burn up the winch. Once the fish broke, again he tried to sound, and slowly my tip was raised and as quickly the gaff went up under. "Eighteen pounds if an ounce—what do you think of trout fishing now?" grunted "Jim." I didn't want to think anything.

So the sport went all that morning. Generally both rods would hook a fish at the same time, and once we were slowly towed out to sea. That was till "Jim" reeled his in at the risk of a loss and thus relieved the pressure. In all we hooked about twenty fish and of these I lost two by allowing them too much line. On an average the fish must have weighed fifteen pounds.

Twice since that August day have I visited that same Black River. In each case we used the sand-eel bait. One morning I remember we landed twenty-three fish, while two rowboats using the old fashioned handlines, two to a boat, did not secure a single fish. The largest fish we caught weighed twenty pounds, and as usual was landed by the newly-initiated on his first trip. We had put off just after daylight and had been fishing for several hours when Ralph hooked the big fish. Try as he would he was unable to reel that pollock in, and instead the line went out. Once the fish sounded and the combined strain of reel, line, and man, were unable to budge him. The absurdity of the situation appealed to my companion who commenced to laugh and was nearly hauled overboard for his trouble. After about fifteen minutes' fight the white belly showed and the gaff pulled the big fish aboard.

Though this was the largest by about a pound that our tackle landed this summer, "Jim" had two

experiences worthy of mention, and worthy or not I doubt if he will ever forget them. Of course the fish fight harder the earlier they are caught in the season. The first experience occurred about the 25th of June, last year. The storm of the previous week had driven the fish out to sea, and those of the previous winter had caused the ice of the spring freshet to wipe the cliffs bare of seaweed.

"Jim" had only a few hours this last morning before he would have to take the stage back to the city. Suddenly they struck a school and one was landed. As it happened a new steel-centre rod and a new winch were in use that morning and by some strange accident the line caught in the guard of the reel, just as the pollock struck. "Jim" just managed to jam the end of that reel against the end of the boat, and time and again it seemed that he would have to let reel, rod and tackle go, or follow them himself. In fact it was all he could do to keep himself from being hauled overboard as he frantically endeavoured to unsnarl the line. When finally he did, that fish ran out forty yards of line with never a stop, and he played "Jim" as only a fresh run pollock would dare. Finally he was brought to the gaff and only tipped the scales at sixteen pounds. Till later on in the season—the last of July—that pollock gave "Jim" the greatest fight that that adept has encountered in a long and strenuous life.

It was, perhaps, seven o'clock in the morning when, with a heavy running tide and a good breeze which tossed up the billows of the ocean, George rowed out toward "The Sisters," to fish on the South side. "Jim" slowly paid out his line, and when close to the reef hooked his fish. Without a moment's hesitation the pollock ran out about thirty

yards of line and then sounded in between the two huge rocks which constitute "The Sisters."

The two men were unable to hold the boat. Dropping the oars they were dragged in between the dangerous rocks by the heavy tide and the strain on the line. Try as George knew how, the boat could not be budged as long as the fish was hooked and for over thirty minutes the boat tossed to and fro in the swift running water. Fully half a dozen times did "Jim" get the fish on the surface of the water, but each time would the pollock again dive to the bottom. Even when the tired fish was brought to the surface for the last time and his white belly showed in the sunlight, the combined strength of the two men could not move him. As luck would have it the long gaff was on the shore. In vain George tried to reach him with the ordinary gaff. On the last attempt the fish, nose out of water, gave a final "flop" and the long-used trace parted just above the hook. Belly upwards the fish floated by the boat, just out of range. "Jim" is positive he must have weighed over thirty pounds. No such pollock before or since has been seen off that coast. Both men were completely fagged.

But, like all fishing, the "spinning" is but part of the sport. Somehow there is a something about the ocean, a something in the powerful sweep of its green billows, the gentle curve of its receding arches, the crumbling fall of its "booming" breakers, that demands your self-respect. You revel in the "whi-r-r-r" of the under-towed gravel, the freshness of its breezes, the modified warmth of its sunshine, the delicious coolness of its depths. It offers you a sport which tests your muscles, demands unfathomable grins, and rewards a royal ransom.

versed by any branch line of the I. C. R. No doubt one reason why the district looked so beautiful was that the trip took place in September, and as the woods near the line of railway were of many dif-



The Picturesque Hammond River.

ferent kinds, from evergreens to maples, the shades of colour that could be seen were such that can only be found in a Canadian wood in the Autumn.

There is something just as important, if not more, to a country than beauty, and that is its value to the people living on it and to the community at large. From Hampton to Upham's, a distance of fifteen miles, it is a mixed agricultural and lumbering country. Here are many prosperous farms and snug little farm houses that look more like palaces as they stand out white against the fields and woods. After leaving Upham's, until within a short distance of St. Martin's, lumbering is practically the only industry. There are several mills working in this district and they are all doing a good business. The annual cut is over six million feet and the timber limits are being carefully conserved. In the immediate vicinity of St. Martin's farming and dairying are the chief occupations.

There is only one kind of mineral deposit along the railway, but that is an important one, namely, gypsum. There are several large deposits of excellent quality, and negotiations are now in progress for the opening up of several quarries. One firm in New York has agreed, under certain conditions, to take thirty thousand tons per annum. As a result of this alone we may be sure that soon this district will be as famous as are the gypsum districts of Albert County, N.B., and Hants County, N.S.

St. Martin's, the southern terminus of the railway, is beautifully situated on a crescent shaped bay, which greatly resembles the far-famed Bay of Naples. With only a population of fifteen hundred, this town is famous for its fine streets, charming drives, and a general air of prosperity and contentment. The hotels are first class and up-to-date in every particular. They are constantly being enlarged to accommodate the ever increasing tourist traffic.

One of the most important features is the beautiful drives. It has been truly said that a visitor could drive in different directions every day for three weeks and not exhaust nature's wonders in the "Village-by-the-Sea." The excellent sea bathing is another attraction. A fine sand beach, stretching in a semi-circle for over three miles; the absence of fog, that enemy of so many summer resorts; tennis courts, a stone's throw from the beach; these and many other kindred attractions explain why the passenger business of the railway is steadily increasing, and it is not surprising that such a country attracts yearly more and more tourists and busy people from St. John and other nearby cities. The best brook and lake fishing abounds along the line and off St. Martin's deep sea fishing is carried on. The hunting is very good; deer and moose, which are very plentiful, to say nothing of partridges, duck, plover and other birds.

This railway and the district which it serves, like many other branch lines, is practically unknown to the travelling public; the reason being that it is overlooked and unthought of because it is "Only one of those little branch lines." Yet it is rapidly becoming an important railroad, both as regards freight and passenger business; and is keeping open to the public a district which for profit, pleasure and scenic beauty, is unsurpassed by any district in the Maritime Provinces.

It is in just such out-of-way places as can be found on many branch lines in the older Provinces that the tourist discovers the worth of his money.

ST. MARTIN'S BY THE SEA



One of the Hidden-away Haunts on the Branch Lines

By W. W. READ

IN the year 1908 the Government of Canada appointed a Commission to make a thorough investigation of the branch lines of the Inter-colonial Railway, with a view to their absorption into the Government Railway System. I was fortunate enough to be a secretary to this Commission and am, therefore, in a position to know some-

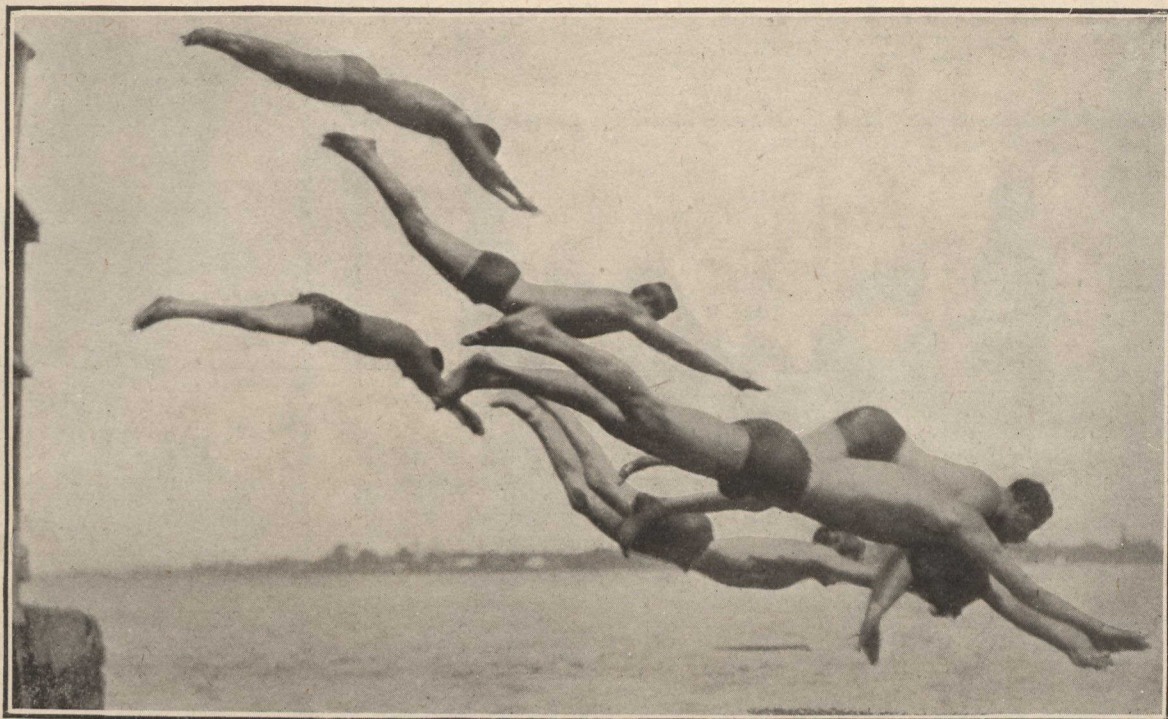
thing about the different railways the Commission inspected. Altogether fourteen roads were inspected, and as it would only be repeating, in many instances, the same thing over again to describe all of them, I will confine my attention to the St. Martin's Railway.

This railway makes connection with the Inter-colonial at Hampton, King's County, twenty-two miles east of St. John. It runs in a southerly direction to St. Martin's, St. John County, a distance of thirty miles. The country through which it passes is, for sheer natural beauty, unsurpassed by any railway route in Eastern Canada. For nearly fifteen miles out from Hampton the road follows the valley of the Hammond River, and here the scenery is so beautiful and of such a description that the miles roll by as nothing. At several points the railway is very close to one side of the river but high above it. Here one looks down at the silvery stream, then at a beautiful interval beyond which rises slope upon slope of wooded and open country. One of the members of the Commission said that, in his opinion, the scenery here was equal to any in the White Mountains in Vermont.

When the river disappears the railway runs through a deep cut, and there over a high trestle as it winds its way to its destination. At one place the train runs across a trestle over one hundred feet in the air and then circles around a hill many times that height above it. Hill after hill rises up, one higher than the other, and all are covered with the "Forest Primeval." It is in this part that the St. Martin's Railway reaches the highest summit tra-



Lake Theobald, near St. Martin's Railway.



All off in a Bunch, and all in a Dickens of a hurry.

THE DIZZY ART OF THE DIVER

A New Sport which is being Developed in Canada

By C. S. NORRIS

FROM the interest taken in the swimming and diving championships held last summer in Montreal and Ottawa, it is safe to predict that this aquatic sport will in the future receive more support than it has received in former years, especially in Ontario, where for ten

years only one swimming club — in Toronto — was the best it could boast of. In the early spring a meeting of those interested in this sport was held in Montreal, the result being the organisation of the Canadian Amateur Swimming Association. This association will govern the sport of swimming, diving and water polo throughout Canada.

At the Olympic games, it is doubtful if any sport, barring the Marathon race, afforded more interest, especially from a spectacular point of view, than the high diving competition. The Swede is still recognised as the greatest exponent, having taken first, second, third and fourth places at the world's championships.

The platform from which the diver performs is generally placed at from thirty to forty feet high and dives are taken from a firm take-off. Spring boards at these heights are considered somewhat dangerous for fancy diving, owing to the fact that boards would be seldom arranged and built to give the desired and uniform elasticity. At the height of three and ten feet the springboard is brought into acquisition, and with this help, dives are accomplished which otherwise could only be done perfectly from twice or three times the height.

Like other sport of a strenuous nature, high diving exacts from its followers "divers aches and pains" and to those who too quickly climb to the thirty-five-foot landing, accidents are frequent. At this height by some misjudgment entrance to the water might be made face first instead of

striking with the hands. This invariably gives the diver a pair of black eyes.

At the Olympic games, a competitor made a half turn too much while trying a double front somersault, striking the water on the flat of his back. He was quickly rescued from the tank, but remained unconscious for over an hour.

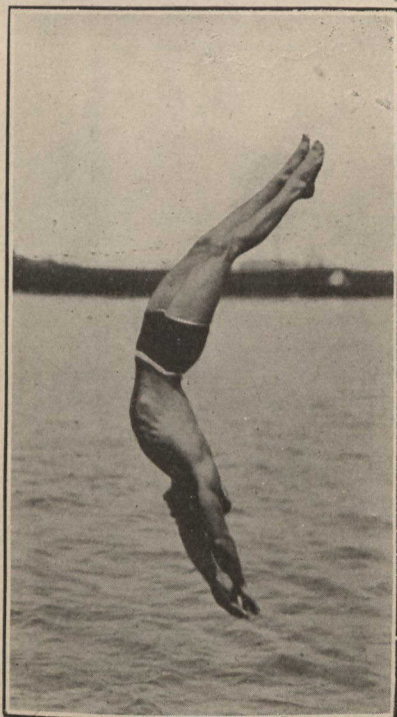
Accidents of this kind do not occur often as the expert diver will generally double, bringing the knees well up to the head and holding very tightly, making a safe but not very neat entrance. In the above case the legs must be held firmly and close to the body, otherwise the force of striking brings knees and head together. The concussion bruises the skin and will sometimes cut the face badly. A trick used by some experts when trying a new and difficult dive, is to have some one signal them when they come to within a certain distance of the water. Knowing you were say ten feet from the surface, helps in dives, especially in those where more than one somersault is taken; but, if you are in need of much help, don't count too much on the signal—for the body is falling at the rate of 48 feet a second.

The most successful in this sport are those who have had some training on the floor of a gymnasium. The control of the body is essential to perfect diving, and without it the beginner soon finds it rather hard work, especially in such dives as the Isander's dive, double somersaults, somersault and dive and the full

screw. This latter dive, of which a snapshot is shown, is a complete roll in the air, mostly done while the body is in the horizontal position.

When standing at the height of forty feet mistakes are sometimes made in getting an accurate idea as to how far a protruding object extends over the surface of the water, such as a float or wharf, it sometimes being necessary to spring far enough out so as to clear obstructions below. I had occasion to notice an affair of this kind while visiting the northern lakes. A diving contest was in progress, and the only suitable height of fifteen feet was a cliff which rose from the water's edge to a height of nearly forty feet; here was the place for a nery man to win out and one competitor almost took that chance. Judging from the edge of this cliff it seemed that a jump of about six feet out would carry the diver into deep water. A protest was made by some against taking this particular height and to the disappointment of at least one competitor and a number of Indians, who were deeply interested, the protest was allowed. A few days afterwards while paddling past this spot we were rather surprised at the distance that to us when at the top, looked to be only six feet, we then found that by actual measurement a jump of nearly twelve feet was necessary to make deep water.

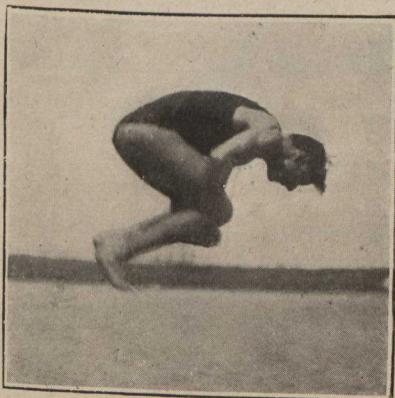
One of the most graceful of dives is "the Swan." In this dive the body is apparently suspended in the air for an instant, the back well curved, head thrown back, and arms extended. Gradually the feeling of suspension is overcome as the muscles relax and you drop, a stretching sensation of the body is felt immediately followed by cutting into the water.



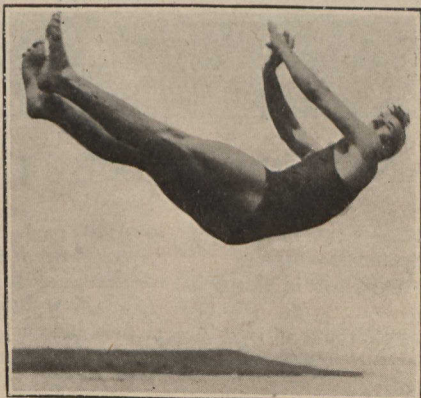
The Isander's Dive—He has turned a complete somersault from a spring-board to the left.



The "Take-off" for the Swan, from a height of 35 feet.



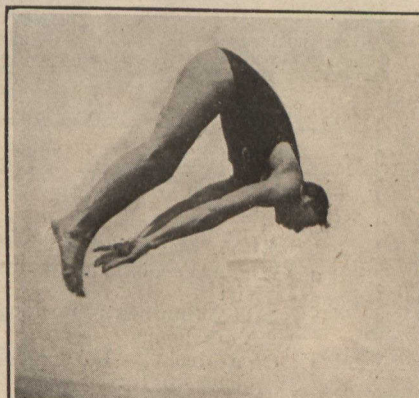
Somersault in Evolution.



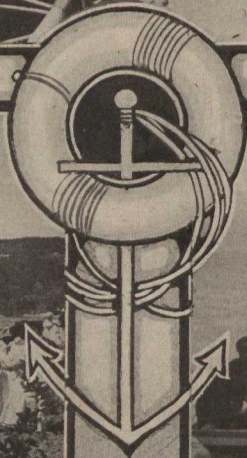
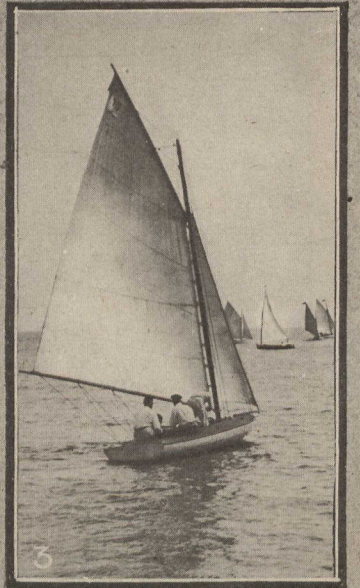
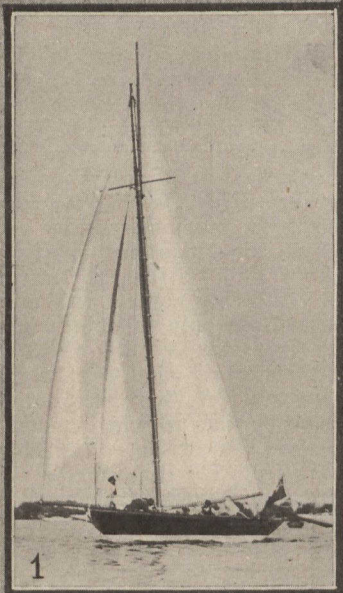
The "Full Screw" Dive.



The "Swan" or "Angel" Dive.

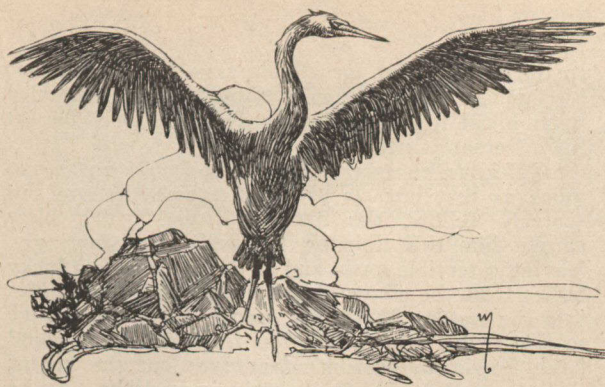


The "Front-Pike" Dive.



CANADA, THE SUMMER-TIME LAND OF A GREAT CONTINENT

- 1. A few yards of canvas and a mile of wind.
- 2. Where Fashions are conveniently abbreviated.
- 3. Lake Winnipeg is no longer restricted to York Boats.
- 4. On a Muskoka Lake—Watching the Boat come in.
- 5. Canoe Races at a Canadian Regatta.
- 6. Admiring Lake-shore Scenery in Books.
- 7. Optimistic Childhood! This Boy is Baling out the Lake.
- 8. Whittling a few seconds off the Sculling Record.
- 9. This little Girl is making her "splash" early in Life.
- 10. Summer-time Scene on the River St. John, New Brunswick.
- 11. Canada is full of Water-side Places like this.



THE SENTRY OF THE SEDGE FLATS

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

PALE shimmering green, and soaked in sun, the miles of sedge flats lay outspread from the edge of the slow bright water to the foot of the far, dark wooded, purple hills. Winding through the quiet green levels came a tranquil little stream. Where its sleepy current joined the great parent river a narrow tongue of bare sand jutted out into the golden-glowing water. At the extreme tip of the sandspit towered, sentry-like, a long legged, grey-blue bird, as motionless as if he had been transplanted thither from the panel of a Japanese screen.

The flat narrow head of the great heron, with its long, javelin-like yellow beak and two slender black crest feathers, was drawn far back by a curious undulation of the immense long neck, till it rested between the humped blue wing-shoulders. From the lower part of the neck hung a fine fringe of vaporous rusty grey plumes, which lightly veiled the chestnut coloured breast. The bird might have seemed asleep, like the drowsy expanse of green sedge, silver-blue water, and opalescent turquoise sky, but for its eyes. Those eyes, round, unwinking, of a hard, glassy gold, with intense black pupils, were unmistakably and savagely wide awake.

OVER the tops of the sedges, fluttering and zig-zagging waywardly, came a big butterfly, its gorgeous red-brown wings pencilled with strange hieroglyphics in black and purple. It danced out a little way over the water, and then, as if suddenly terrified by the shining peril beneath, came wavering back toward shore. A stone's throw up the channel of the little stream lay a patch of vivid green, the leaves of the arrow weed, with its delicate pallid blooms, dreaming in the still air above them.

The butterfly saw these blossoms, or perhaps smelt them, and fluttered in their direction to see if those pure chalices held honey. But on his way he noticed the moveless figure of the heron, conspicuous above the ranks of the sedge. Perhaps he took the curious shape for a post or a stump. In any case, it seemed to offer an alluring place of rest, where he might pause for a moment and flaunt his glowing wings in the sun before dancing onward to the honey blossoms. He flickered nearer. To him those unwinking jewels of eyes had no menace. He hovered an instant about two feet above them.

In that instant, like a flash of light, the long pale neck and straight yellow beak shot out, and the butterfly was impaled. Twisting his head shoreward, without shifting his feet, the heron struck the glowing velvet wings of the insect sharply on the sand. Then having swallowed the morsel leisurely, he drew his head down again between his shoulders and resumed his moveless waiting.

The next matter of interest to come within the vision of those inscrutable eyes was a dragon-fly chase. Hurling low over the sedge tops, and flashing in the sunlight like a lace-pin of rubies, came a small rose-coloured dragon-fly, fleeing for its life before a monster of its species, which blazed in emerald and amethyst. The chase could have but one ending; for the giant had the speed as well as the voracious hunger. The glistening films of his wings rustled crisply as he overtook the shining fugitive and caught its slender body in his jaws. The silver wings of the victim vibrated wildly. The chase came to a hovering pause just before the immobile shape on the point of the sandspit. Again the long yellow beak darted forth. And the radiant flies, captive and captor together, disappeared.

BUT such flimsy fare as even the biggest of butterflies and dragon-flies was not contenting to the sharp appetite of the heron. He took one stiff-legged stride forward, and stood in about six inches of water. Here he settled himself in a somewhat altered position, his back more awkwardly hunched, his head held lower, and his dagger of a bill pointing downward. His wicked golden eyes were not indifferent to the possibilities of the air above him; but they were now concerning themselves more particularly with the water that flowed about his feet.

Across this darted a shadow. The heron's beak

shot downward with an almost inaudible splash, transfixing the shadow, and emerged with a glittering green and silver perch, perhaps five inches in length. The quivering body of the fish had its knife-edged gills wide open, and every spine of its formidable armed fins threateningly erect. But the triumphant fisherman strode ashore with it and proceeded to hammer it into unconsciousness on the hard sand. Then, tossing it in the air, he caught it again, adroitly, by the head, and swallowed it head first, thus effectually disarming every weapon of fin and gill cover. The progress of this substantial mouthful could be traced clearly down the bird's slim length of gullet, accompanied as it was by several seconds of contortions so violent that they made the round yellow eyes wink gravely.

A LITTLE after, on the smooth surface of the smaller stream, some fifty feet up channel, a tiny ripple appeared. Swiftly it drew near. It was pointed, and with a long fine curve of oily ripple trailing back from it on each side, like the outline of a comet's tail. As it approached, in the apex of the parabola could be seen a minute black nose, with two bright dark little eyes just behind it. It was a small water rat, voyaging adventurously out from its narrow inland haunts among the lilies.

The great heron eyed its approach. To the swimmer, no doubt, the blue-grey immobile shape at the extremity of the sandspit looked like some weather-beaten post, placed there by man for his inexplicable convenience in regard to hitching boats; but presently something strange in the shape of the post seemed to strike the little voyager's attention. He stopped. Perhaps he saw the menacing glitter of that yellow unwinking stare. After a moment of wavering irresolution he changed his course, swam straight across channel, scrambled out upon the wet mud of the farther shore, and vanished among the pale rootstalks of the sedge.

The heron was savage with disappointment; but no slightest movement betrayed his anger, save that the pinkish film of the lower lid blinked up once, as it were with a snap, over each implacable eye. His time would come—which faith is that which supports all those who know how to wait. He peered up stream for the coming of another and less wary water rat.

INSTEAD of the expected ripple, however, he now caught sight of a shadow, which flickered across the surface of the water and in an instant had vanished over the pale sea of grass-tops. He looked up. In the blue above hung poised, his journeying flight just at that moment arrested, a wide winged duck hawk, boldest marauder of the air. The heron threw his head far back, till his beak pointed straight skyward. At the same time he half lifted his strong wings, poising himself to deliver a thrust with all the strength that was in him.

On the instant the hawk dropped like a wedge of steel out of the sky, his rigid half closed pinions hissing with the speed of his descent. The heron never flinched. But within ten feet of him the hawk, having no mind to impale himself on that waiting spearpoint, opened his wings, swerved upward, and went past with a harsh hum of wing feathers. Wheeling again, almost instantly, he swooped back to the attack, buffeting the air just above the heron's head, but taking care not to come within range of the deadly beak. The heron refused to be drawn from his position of effective defense and made no movement except to keep the point of his lance ever toward the foe.

And presently the hawk, seeing the futility of his assaults, winged off sullenly to hunt for some unwary duck or gosling.

AS he went the heron stretched himself to his full gaunt height and stared after him in triumph. Then, turning his head slowly, he scanned the whole expanse of windless grass and sunlit water. One sight fixed his attention. Far up the windings of the lesser stream he marked a man in a boat. The man was not rowing, but sitting in the stern and propelling the boat noiselessly with an Indian paddle. From time to time he halted and examined

the shore minutely. Once in a while, after such examination, he would get out, kneel down, and be occupied for several minutes among the weeds of the shallows along the stream's edge. He was looking at the muskrat holes in the bank, and setting traps before those which showed signs of present occupancy.

The heron watched the process, unstirring as a dead stump, till he thought the man was coming too near. Then, spreading a vast dark pair of wings, he rose indignantly and flapped heavily away up river, trailing his length of black legs just over the sedge tops.

Not far above the mouth of the stream the man set the last of his muskrat traps. Then he paddled back leisurely by the way he had come, his dingy yellow straw hat appearing to sail close over the grass as the boat followed the windings of the stream. When the yellow hat had at length been swallowed up in the violet haze along the base of the uplands, the great blue heron reappeared, winging low along the river shore. Arriving at the sandspit, he dropped his feet to the shallow water, closed his wings, and settled abruptly into a rigid pose of watching, with his neck outstretched and his head held high in the air.

THE most searching scrutiny revealed nothing in all the tranquil summer landscape to disturb him. Nevertheless, he seemed to have become dissatisfied with his sentry post on the tip of the sandspit. Instead of settling down to watch for what might come to him, he decided to go and look for what he wanted. With long, ungainly, precise, but absolutely noiseless strides, he took his slow way up along the shore of the little river, walking on the narrow margin of mud between the grass roots and the water. As he went, his long neck undulated sinuously at each stride, his head was held low, and his eyes glared under every drooping leaf. The river margin, both in the water and out of it, was populous with insect life, and the darting bill took toll of it at every step.

But the most important game was frogs. There were plenty of them, small, greenish ochre fellows, who sat on the lily leaves and stared with foolish goggle eyes till that staking blue doom was almost upon them. Then they would dive head foremost into the water, quick almost as the fleeting of a shadow. But quicker still was the stroke of the yellow beak—and the captive, tossed cleverly in the air, would vanish down his captor's insatiable throat.

This was better hunting than he had had on the sandspit, and he followed it up with great satisfaction. He even had the triumph of spearing a small water rat which had darted out of the grass roots just as he came by. The little beast was tenacious of life, and had to be well hammered on the mud before it would consent to lie still enough to be swallowed comfortably. This pleasant task, however, was presently accomplished, and the great bird, as he stretched his head upward to give his neck that final hitch which drove the big mouthful home, took a careless step backward into the shallow water.

THERE was a small sinister sound, and something closed relentlessly on his leg. He had stepped into a steel trap!

Stung by the sharp pain, astounded by the strangeness of the attack, and panic stricken, as all wild creatures are by the sudden forfeit of their freedom, the great bird lost all his dignified self-possession. First he nearly broke his beak with mad jabs at the inexplicable horror that had clutched him. Then with a hoarse squawk of terror, he went quite wild. His huge wings flapped frantically, beating down the sedges and the blossoms of the arrow weed, as he struggled to wrench himself free. He did succeed in lifting the trap above water; but it was securely anchored, and, after a minute or two of insane convulsive effort, it dragged him down again. Again and again he lifted it; again and yet again it dragged him down inexorably.

And so the blind battle went on, with splashing of water and heavy buffeting of wings, till at last the bird fell back utterly beaten. In the last bout

the trap had turned and got itself wedged in a slanting position, so that it was impossible for the captive to hold himself upright. He lay sprawling on his thighs, one wing outspread over the mud and leaves, the other on the water. His deadly beak was half open from exhaustion. Only his indomitable eyes, still round, gold and black, glittering like gems, showed no sign of his weakness or his fear.

For a long time he lay there motionless, half numbed by the sense of defeat and by that gnawing anguish in his leg. Unheeded, the gleaming dragonflies hurtled and darted, flashed and poised quivering, just above his head. Unheeded, the yellow butterflies and the pale blue butterflies alighted near him on the blooms of the arrow weed. A big green bullfrog swam up and clambered out upon the mud close before him, to catch sight at once of that bright, terrible eye and fall back into the water almost paralysed with fright; but still he made no movement. His world had fallen about him, and there was nothing for him to do but wait and see what would happen next, what shape his doom would take.

MEANWHILE, down along the margin mud, still hidden from view by a bend of the stream, another stealthy hunter was approaching. The big brown mink, who lived far up stream in a muskrat hole whose occupants he had cornered and devoured, was out on one of his foraging expeditions. Nothing in the shape of flesh, fish or insect came amiss to him; but, having ever the blood lust in his ferocious veins, so that he loved to slaughter even when his appetite was well sated, he preferred, of course, big game, something that could struggle,

and suffer, and give him the sense of killing. A nesting duck or plover, for example, or a family of muskrats, that was something worth while. On this day he had caught nothing but insects and a few bull frogs. He was savage for red blood.

Very short in the legs, but extraordinarily long in the body, lithe, snakelike in his swift darting movements, every inch of him a bundle of tough elastic muscles, with a sharp triangular head and incredibly malevolent eyes, the mink was a figure to be dreaded by creatures many times his size. As he came round the bend of the stream and saw the great blue bird lying at the water's edge with wings outstretched, the picture of helplessness, his eyes glowed suddenly like live coals blown upon. He ran forward without an instant's hesitation and made as if to spring straight at the captive's throat.

This move, however, was but a feint; for the big mink, though his knowledge of herons was by no means complete, knew, nevertheless, that the heron's beak was a weapon to beware of. He swerved suddenly, sprang lightly to one side, and tried to close in from the rear. But he didn't know the flexibility of the heron's neck. The lightning rapidity of his attack almost carried it through; but not quite. He was met by a darting stroke of the great yellow beak, which hurled him backward and plowed a deep red furrow across his shoulder. Before he could recover himself the bird's neck was coiled again like a set spring, the javelin beak poised for another blow.

Most of the wild creatures would have been discouraged by such a reception and slunk away to look for easier hunting; but not so the mink. His fighting blood now well up, for him it was a battle

to the death. But for all his rage he did not lose his cunning. Making as if to run away, he doubled upon himself with incredible swiftness and flew at his adversary's neck.

Quick as he was, however, he could not be so quick as that miracle of speed, which the eye can scarcely follow, the heron's thrust. The blow caught him this time on the flank, but slantingly, leaving a terrible gash, and at the same time a lucky buffet from the elbow of one great wing dashed him into the water. With this success the heron strove to rise to his feet, a position from which he could have fought to greater advantage; but the lay of the trap pulled him down again irresistibly. As he sank back the mink clambered out upon the shore and crouched straight in front of him, just a little beyond reach of his stroke.

The mink was now a picture of battle fury, every muscle quivering, blood pulsing from his gashes, his white teeth showing in a soundless snarl, his eyes seeming to throb with crimson fire. The heron, on the other hand, seemed absolutely composed. His head, immobile, alert, in perfect readiness, was drawn back between his shoulders. His eyes were as wide and fixed and clear and glassily staring as the jewelled eyes of an idol.

For some seconds the mink crouched, as if trying to stare his adversary out of countenance; then he launched himself straight at the bird's back. The movement had all the impetuosity of a genuine attack; but with marvelous control it was checked on the instant. It had been enough, however, to draw the heron's counter stroke, which fell just short of its object. With the bird's recovery the mink shot

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.

A MUMMER'S THRONE

A New Serial by the Author of "The Sun-Dial," etc.

RESUME

The young King Fritz, ruler of the pocket Kingdom of Montenegro lying between Russia and Turkey, is touring abroad with his cousin and a watchful guardian in the person of the distinguished warrior, General Count Rutzstin. A sudden attack of illness which overtakes the Count relieves the young Monarch for a time from his guardian's vigilance, and he proceeds to take advantage of his newly acquired liberty. Attending the theatre one night the susceptible young ruler becomes enamoured of the heroine of the piece, and on making her acquaintance finds that Nita Reinhardt is even a more fascinating person in private life than on the stage, and soon realises that he is falling seriously in love with her. For some time he manages to see her often, and also to keep his identity a secret from the public, although the girl knows who he is, having been born in Montenegro herself. One day however a journalist of Nita's acquaintance recognises the King, and delighted with the thought that he has stumbled over a story containing so much romantic interest hastens off to make the most of his "find." The evening edition of *La Cigale* contains a full account of the adventures of the King and his attachment for the charming Nita. It only tends to strengthen His Majesty's determination to make the girl his wife and a secret marriage is arranged. On the same night an attempt is made by some of Rutzstin's men to kidnap the King.

CHAPTER VII.

"WHOM GOD HATH JOINED——"

THE moment's delay was distinctly in King Fritz's favour. He stood there with his foot on the prostrate rascal's neck. He had his back to a friendly wall now, so that his other assailants could see down the grim mouth of the revolver barrel. A second later, and someone came hurrying up the street. The other two men glanced at one another involuntarily and vanished. Evidently discretion was the better part of valour in this case. The King suffered the man at his feet to crawl away. He smiled grimly as he recognised the figure of Florizel coming towards him.

"You were right and I was wrong," he said. "But it was a close call. I recognised Schenteim right enough. I shall have an account to settle with that gentleman later on. But all these things prove to me that there is no time to be lost. Have you seen Pierre Bentos?"

"I have just come back from his retreat," Florizel explained. "Oh, I found him quite amenable to reason. He thinks—well, no matter what he thinks. He is convinced that it is your duty to marry Nita Reinhardt, and he regards himself as the special instrument of Providence designed to perform the ceremony. My dear Fritz, you needn't frown like that. What does it matter so long as we have a priest handy and complacent? Not another padre in the city would dare to do such a thing. Now go down to the theatre, and I will wait for you outside. Before you sleep to-night, you will have given your people a queen to rule over them."

King Fritz strode along resolutely enough now. It was getting late by the time the "Oderon" was reached. The last act was nearly finished. A packed audience was watching the final tableau

By FRED. M. WHITE

breathlessly. It seemed to the King standing there as if Nita were excelling herself to-night. The curtain came down presently amidst a perfect tornado of applause. The queen of the moment stood before the footlights bowing to the rocking crowd, with piles of flowers about her feet and an enormous bouquet in either hand. There were friendly cries of badinage mixed with the cheers, and more than once the King of Montenegro heard his own name mentioned. He flushed with mingled pride and anger—pride in the possession of this exquisite creature, anger that certain people there coupled their names so lightly. Fritz pencilled a few words on a card and sent it behind with one of the attendants. When Nita left the theatre later on she was absolutely alone, as the King had suggested. She looked pale and anxious, but her face flushed with a shy pleasure she could not conceal as she held out her hand.

"You heard them?" she whispered. "You were in the theatre to-night—I could not help seeing you."

"I heard them—yes, sweetheart," the King muttered. "Let us go into this little room for a moment. There is something that I have to say to you. . . . I am glad you mentioned the subject, Nita. Things cannot go on like this. For your sake it is impossible."

"And for yours also," Nita said sadly.

"For both our sakes, then. You know what people are saying. They think it is impossible that a king could so far forget himself as to marry a mere actress. Ah, I hate to speak like this. But, believe me, it is necessary. But why shouldn't a king marry an actress? They are of the same flesh and blood, they come from the same common ancestry. And were I to go away and leave you now, even if the heiress of all the ages awaited me, I should be like a coward and a scoundrel. But I do not want to leave you, Nita. I shall never leave you again. We are both actors in our way, both eternally posing before the footlights. I want to take you by the hand in the face of all the world and say, here is my wife. Sweetheart, do not be cruel to me."

"Am I cruel?" Nita asked with a shy uplifting of her eyes. "Ah, my Fritz, if you only knew!"

Her hands went out to him now. He caught them passionately and drew her to his heart. Their lips met in a long, tender caress. And when at length Fritz put the woman of his choice from him, he saw deep down in her eyes the signal of victory.

"Come with me," he whispered, "come with me now. You can trust yourself to Prince Florizel and me. And there is an old friend of mine on the outskirts of the city who is waiting even now to

marry us. Possibly you have heard of Father Pierre Bentos. Well, he is awaiting our arrival. Sweetheart, you won't say no; because if you do, for your sake we must part now. Come with me and give me all the happiness that man could desire. Come and help me to rule my kingdom, so that I can say to my people that here is a daughter of the soil, here is one of ourselves. Why do you hesitate? Why don't you answer me?"

"I am not hesitating," the girl said through her tears. "I am only trying to persuade myself that I am doing so. I know in my heart of hearts I cannot let you go. I honestly believe that I can make you happy. But it is so selfish of me."

"Selfish! In the name of heaven, why? Surely you realise the responsibilities and dangers that lie before you. It is no sinecure that I am offering. But we are wasting time. Come with me now, and to-morrow we will drive side by side through the city, and everybody shall know that we are man and wife."

Nita would have said something, but she was beyond words just then. She could only smile unsteadily and wipe the unshed tears from her eyes. She placed her hand in that of the King with an air of infinite trust and abandon, and he raised it to his lips.

"Queen of Montenegro," he whispered. "The sweetest and best who ever sat upon the throne. Are you ready, mine?"

Nita drew herself up. Her smile was proud as well as tender now. She looked like a real queen enough. She was now as Fritz had seen her on the stage of the theatre. But there was something more real, more human and palpitating, something intangible and full of charm to which he could give no name.

THEY passed out into the street, arm in arm, in silence, to where Prince Florizel was awaiting them. Florizel bowed gravely. He was a perfect courtier now. He played his part as if he had been accustomed to this kind of adventures all his life, as if this were the usual way in which monarchs generally woo and wed their brides. Matters seemed to slip entirely into his hands. It was he who called a conveyance and gave the driver his directions. They came presently to the outskirts of the city, and stopped before a stout oak door in a heavy wall. Inside a few dim lights were burning, and there a tall, slim man awaited them.

"I am glad to see you again, father," the King murmured. "I shall know how to thank you presently for this inestimable service."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

The Shy Sun.

BY ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

The sun went with me to the wood,
And lingered at the door;
One glance he gave from where he stood,
But dared not venture more.

Nor knew that in the heart of her
Who felt his presence nigh,
His love was all the lovlier
Because his look was shy.

* * *

At the Seaside.

BY SHIRLEY YORKE.

AT the seaside is one thing, and getting to it is another. But as the attainment of the one is dependent upon going through the other, thousands of people annually endure all the bother and fatigue incident to the dismantling of the town house, the packing of many trunks, the long railway journey with much impedimenta, and start on the trip which is to send them home again looking like advertisements for "Grape Nuts," or any other strength inducing cereal. With this object in view the scribe once left a comfortable home, and hied away to the coast of Maine. The first day's trip can only be described as a "pleasure exertion"; crowded cars heated by the sleepers of the night before, and with the wandering cinder a very prominent feature of the landscape.

After a rest in Montreal to gain fresh energies and pick up the baby, a fresh start was made on the thousand-mile jaunt. This time the car was better, and likewise the day; and the baby, that uncertain quantity in most cases, behaved like a veritable angel, slept and ate with never a cry; in fact was a model of all the virtues most needed in travelling, whose example might have been useful if some of the older members had thought of following it. Passing through the White Mountains the travellers were kept well informed, and beheld in turn "The celebrated Elephant's Head, ladies and gentlemen, forming the upper entrance to the celebrated Crawford Notch, the heart of the celebrated White Mountains"; "The celebrated Mount Pleasant House, ladies and gentlemen"; "The celebrated Mount Washington House, ladies and gentlemen"; but the guide omitted to mention that some of these places were chiefly celebrated for their exorbitant charges, only rivalled by one other house on Mount Washington itself, where it costs at the rate of fifty cents to make up one's mind, and one dollar and fifty cents to change it. One finds, in fact, that everything in the White Mountains is "celebrated" until at last one almost feels oneself becoming the same through the mere accident of passing through them. Thus our travellers pursued the tenor of their way, their eyes feasting on the wonderful scenery and their ears constantly assailed by the raucous voice of the boy who sold "Op'ra glasses and cinder glasses, ladies and gentlemen. Op'ra glasses and cinder glasses." The railway here is certainly a stupendous piece of work, and the "celebrated" high trestle is rightly considered one of the greatest engineering feats in America. This the party of loyal Canadians had to acknowledge frankly, however much they might object to the word used to describe it. All through the Crawford Notch one is forcibly reminded of one's own insignificance, with the track perched far above the tops of the highest trees in the valley and other trees as high up above on the sides of the mountain as one could see, or care to imagine.

So, "continuing on" as Samantha says, they reached Portland, the City by the Sea, enjoyed a reviving cup of tea and sank to a well-earned repose.

Next morning they wended early to the station, to catch the last instalment of train necessary; so

early, indeed, that the angel of the day before became fractious at wasting his valuable time thus, and as his fond parent and grand-parent were soothing His Un-Serene Highness, without beat of drum or toot of whistle the train crept quietly out and away, leaving three irate females and one perturbed infant to mourn its "on-timely" departure. This meant a wait, but recovering its collective equanimity, the party sallied out and took the Belt Line around the city, feeling quite repaid for the loss of the train by the sight of the lovely country surrounding Portland, and the delicious breeze which came to them from the sea—foretaste of the joys to come. Next time, needless to say, they caught the train, and were met by a driver with the "Soorey," afterwards discovered to be a most important adjunct to the establishment for which they were bound, and translated "Surrey." A nine mile drive brought them to the spot where they hoped to recover everything lost during the wear and tear of the past months, including appetites. At last they were at



THE LILY POND.

Here in this stagnant spot, quiet, save for the low hum of insects, and with the tall reeds bending over them, bloom the waterlilies—radiant white faces turned upward to the summer sun.

the sea, the goal towards which they had worked and travelled, and they at once sallied out to make a closer acquaintance with Father Neptune's domains. The rocks were worthy of the name, large boulders upon which one could find most delectable and improper resting-places; and cosy corners where the more proper, and such as had not left Mrs. Grundy at home, could sit in state, with their knees at the proper angle and a green parasol to match. On these rocks one of the party at least, enjoyed many a blissful nap, basking in the sun and wind like an inanimate pussy-cat; at other times wading in the pools left among them by the receding tide, and picking up treasures new and strange to the inland mind. Among these was a horse-shoe crab, very dead, so dead, indeed, that he was carried home on the end of a long stick, put first under the pump and then turned over to Cookie who made him a little less palpably dead. Then he was soaked in disinfectant and put to dry in the sun. The result was a specimen which delighted the heart of the youthful collector, for whose sake the finder sacrificed her olfactory organs on the altar of science.

But, if the rocks were soul-satisfying, what of the beach? It was simply perfect, stretching for three or four miles, firm and hard, an ideal spot to walk or drive upon. And for bathing purposes the most fastidious could not ask for more, except to wish perhaps that Father Neptune would turn on a little more heat below and warm the surface for our benefit. The first plunge was the signal for screams and shrieks in every key, but "c'est le premier pas qui coute," and once in, the only trouble was in having to come out.

And then the buckboard drives! Twelve people

in a carriage intended to hold eight, and a drive of nine miles over a rocky road to the nearest fashionable resort; for it must be understood that our travellers were not at a "fashionable resort," but at one chiefly famous for being "so safe for children"; the result of such fame being sixteen children out of a household of thirty! But let us turn to a more pleasant subject for contemplation, and that is the hayrack rides, without which no seaside resort can be considered complete. The rack filled half full of sweet, fresh hay, cushions and rugs piled in on top, and people piled in on top of them, all bent on having a good time. And with "velvets" and marshmallows freely circulating, plenty of laughter and song, bad jokes and good jokes, bad puns and good puns, bad riddles and good riddles, you may be sure the good time was achieved.

Thus employed the summer does not seem long, and all too soon the party broke up, some staying longer, and others returning to take up as cheerfully as possible the burden so gladly laid down for a time; but one and all resolved that if effort can accomplish another trip to the sea that that effort shall not be wanting.

* * *

A Girl from the Transvaal.

A SHORT ten years ago it would have been considered the most extraordinary thing for a South African girl to have become a resident of a ladies' college within the Dominion of Canada, but Time, the wonder-worker, has so changed the order of things that to-day such a case really exists.

At Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Miss Jeanette C. van Duyn, a Dutch girl from the Transvaal, has taken up her work of education, at the request of her government, with a view to returning to her own land and lecturing on the science of household economy. It is her intention to remain in Canada the better part of two years, in which time she will acquire a considerable knowledge of conditions existing here, and see how they may best be applied to the Dutch women of the farming class, who are most backward in everything pertaining to household economy. Her mission is a splendid one, and as she herself says there is no end to the field which her labours may cover.

"Canada is so lovely that I cannot realise it at all," we are told she has said, which was both a very charming and diplomatic remark. "And, do you know, that when I used to look out of my window in the mornings across the beautiful white fields and far up the ice-locked Ottawa River, all covered with clear white crystals, I had to pinch myself to make sure I was not in fairyland."

Miss van Duyn had never seen snow before, in fact everything was brand new to her, but our country and our ways have made such a favourable impression upon her that she declares it will be her one ambition after her return to home to come back to Canada for another trip.

She tells of changed conditions in the Transvaal. From the bitter enmity which existed at the time of the South African war, the people have come to appreciate the liberal manner in which Britain has treated them, and to look upon England as a friend. She herself was in Pretoria throughout the war and has a very vivid recollection of all the unhappy occurrences. She was one of the first to learn the English language, realising that it would be a great factor in her future welfare. So well has she become master of it that she speaks now with only a trace of an accent.

Miss van Duyn has proved a very brilliant pupil and is undoubtedly the popular girl of the college term. We wish her great results from her splendid enterprise.

* * *

The Obvious Construction.

THEY were a very young and obviously bride-and-bridegroomish couple. On entering the tea shop the maid tactfully led them to a little side room which chanced to be unoccupied. Tea was ordered and served. As the waitress was leaving the room the young man discovered an important fault in the service. "Oh, waitress," he said, "may we have a spoon?" "Oh, yes," said the girl. "I won't come back for ten minutes, and I quite think you will be able to have the room all to yourselves."

THE DEMI-TASSE

Newslets.

THE comet will have to get out of the limelight. The astronomers of the earth are away below par, and Halley stock is as low as Dr. Cook's.

Hon. William Pugsley and all the other happy Liberals have had such a charming party at the Ontario Club with covers for Twenty-Three.

King Frederick of Denmark is facing a political crisis. He knows how to sympathise with Premier Rutherford of Alberta.

Earl Grey has been invited to visit the Arctic. He had better take warning by the other young men who have gone north. It's hard to be a Polar hero and means more bricks than bouquets.

Sir Wilfrid has just taken a little pleasure trip to Toronto—merely to arrange for a regatta on the Newmarket Canal.

A Fruitful Topic.

ON the glorious Twenty-Fourth, an intoxicated citizen was delivering an oration to such of the passengers on the Niagara boat as were willing to listen to his sagacious remarks.

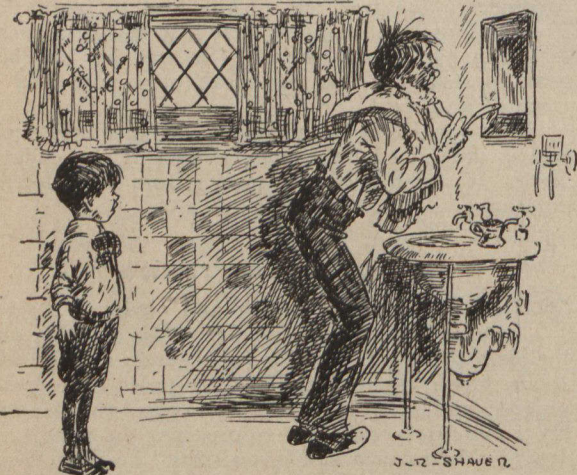
"Asquith isn't so bad," he said wisely, "but the Liberals in the Old Country need another leader. Now, Lord Raspberry'd be just the man. Oh, Lord Raspberry is an awfully fine man."

Chief Justice Sifton's Humour.

A GOOD story is told of Chief Justice Sifton of Alberta, who was once a famous stump speaker. This story explains why he was accounted such a marvellous orator. His memory was a miracle. On one occasion he and Doctor Brett were having a campaign in the Banff district. The two candidates were friends as well as competitors and were holding joint meetings. It had been so arranged between them that on one evening Dr. Brett would speak first and Mr. Sifton would reply. Then on the following evening the order of things would be reversed and Mr. Sifton would speak first and Dr. Brett reply.

And so it was that on one occasion when it was Mr. Sifton's turn to take the platform first, he finished his discourse before the Doctor had arrived, an emergency call having delayed the representative of the medical profession. In order to keep the meeting going Mr. Sifton arose and assured the assembled audience that he had heard Dr. Brett's address on several occasions, and that if they would allow him he would tell them exactly what the Doctor would say, if he were here. The audience yelled assent.

So Mr. Sifton proceeded to give Dr. Brett's speech, word for word as he had heard it on several occasions. He told all the Doctor's stories, and told them well. When he was nearly through Dr. Brett arrived in great haste and Mr. Sifton at once sat down. The Doctor ascended the platform and began to deliver his address. The smiles that spread over the faces of the audience who had gathered that



Mother's voice from next room: Willie, come here! you must never listen to your father shaving—Life.

night at the little town of Anthracite may be easily imagined, but it was some time before Dr. Brett could discover what had gone wrong with his audience.

Must Have Been Irish.

A NEW YORK cartoonist, who has reached fame and fortune by the black-and-white route, was in several "professions" before he reached the safe retreat of Easy Street. Among his various callings was that of a detective, in which his career was not of an encouraging order. His first task of arrest was undertaken with a light heart and ere long he had his "man" in charge. He proceeded to take him to the police station and, at this point, the troubles of the guileless detective began. On the way, the man remarked that he was hungry and that he would enjoy breakfast in a restaurant. This suggestion appealed to his detective guardian who remained outside. When the latter was tired, he went inside and enquired of his legal charge, only to be informed that an escape had been effected through the back door.

"There was racing and chasing" even as in the days of Lochinvar, and eventually, the detective recaptured the law-breaker and they set off once more for the police station. Breakfast was again the prisoner's plea and he declared that he had not had nearly enough to eat when he was hurried away by the wild desire for freedom. The detective relented and gave his permission; but, in order to prevent a repetition of the previous act he decided to station himself at the back door and watch. After waiting in vain for some time, he went inside, and the keeper of the cafe explained that "the gentleman had just gone out the front way." After a second chase the man was once more recaptured. His nerve, however, had not departed and he made a third demand for something to eat.

"No, you don't," replied the cartoonist-detective. "I am hungry myself and I'm going in to eat. You can stay outside and wait until I get a meal."

The third and final disappearing act of the criminal promptly took place, and, after an account of the experience went to headquarters the would-be detective swiftly vanished from the ranks.

A Joking Judge.

MR. JUSTICE MAULE, one of the most notable of the Victoria judges, has a pleasing and jovial wit.

"My lord, you may believe me or not, but I have stated not a word that is false, for I have been wedded to truth from my infancy."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Justice Maule, "but the question is how long have you been a widower?"

He Knew the Kind.

LITTLE Edward, aged four, was an only child. He was anxious for a baby sister, and was talking of it one day with a friend of the family. In the friend's family was a baby girl of one year. The lady said, "Edward, you may have my baby, she is pretty and sweet."

"Oh," said Edward, "I don't want a old baby. I want a bran new one wif noffin on but tacum powder."

Without a Doubt.

THE teacher was having a very trying time, while instructing little Johnnie, aged six, how to count, so finally she said: "Johnnie, if your father would give your mother ten dollars this morning, and five dollars to-night, what would she have?"

Johnnie answered with conviction: "She would have a fit."

His Excuse.

A STORY is told of a prisoner before Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, at the time when the latter was one of the Justices of Appeal of Ireland, whose ready wit probably saved his neck.

Lord Fitzgibbon was holding assizes in Tipperary County, when a man was brought before him on indictment for murder. The case was proved that the victim came to his death by being hit with

a stick in the hands of the defendant; but the doctor testified that he had what they called in medical parlance a "paper skull."

The case looked dark for the prisoner, however, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty. As the man was brought before the court for sentence it was noticed that his Lordship had his black cap in his hand.

"Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?" demanded Lord Fitzgibbon.

The man looked for a moment and then said, "No, your Lordship, I have nothing to say; but I should like to ask one question."

"What is that, my man?" said Fitzgibbon.

"I should like to know what a man with a head like that was doing in Tipperary?"

The black cap was put away and a prison sentence imposed.

Happy "James."

JAMES knocks a cup off the mantel, shivering it into a thousand fragments. His mistress, hearing the noise, rushes in and stands for a moment stupefied by the result of her servant's awkwardness. "Oh," she cries, with tears in her eyes, "my beautiful old Sevres!"

"Oh," exclaims James in a joyous tone, a seraphic smile spreading all over his face, "I was so frightened at first, ma'am; I thought it was something new, ma'am!"



"Hello! Had an accident?"

"No. Just trying to keep warm."

An Invention of His Own.

A GOOD many years ago a member of the New Brunswick Legislature whose agricultural knowledge was rather hazy, was addressing that body on the excellent work of the Government in introducing pure-bred stock into the province.

"The Government," he said, "have brought in the Shorthorn cattle and the Southdown sheep, the—"

"The hydraulic ram," said a fellow-member in an undertone.

"And the hydraulic ram, sir," announced the speaker triumphantly.

W. L. H.

Lucky Princess.

THE Princess of Monaco was, before her marriage, a Miss Heine and she is noted for her contempt for money. On one occasion, after a burglary had been committed in her apartments, she astounded a magistrate by stating that she never counted her money, and did not know which of her jewels had been stolen, as she never troubled to find out how many she had.

"But," said the magistrate, in surprise, "how do you manage your financial affairs?"

"Oh," replied the Princess, "when I go shopping I just fill a bag with money, and buy what I want. That is the end of it."

KING EDWARD'S MUSIC

The late King's Favourite Hymn was the same as that of President McKinley.

THE Royal family of Great Britain have always been noted for their appreciation of really good music. It will be remembered that the Prince Consort father of the late King Edward was himself a composer of some note and an excellent player upon an instrument. Queen Victoria was herself fond of the best music of which she heard much. Indeed, for generations the monarchs of England have set a fashion for good listening to music of the better class, and many of the most notable composers of Europe have taken their big works to England for a first performance. King Edward, though by no means a higher critic in music, was quite as fond of simple, good things as his mother. Happens that his favourite hymn was precisely the one which President McKinley liked best and which was given in thousands of churches in America, including Canada, the Sunday before the funeral of the President.

In an unconsciously *apropos* article just the week before the King's death, *M. A. P.* had the following on the King's music:

"The entire direction of the music at the Royal Palaces lies in the hands of Sir Walter Parratt, whose position in the Royal Household is officially described as 'Master of the King's Music.' Primarily, Sir Walter Parratt is identified with the direction of the church music at Windsor, for he is the organist at St. George's Chapel Royal, and in this capacity has presided at the organ on the occasions of many Royal weddings, christenings, confirmations, and other religious ceremonies.

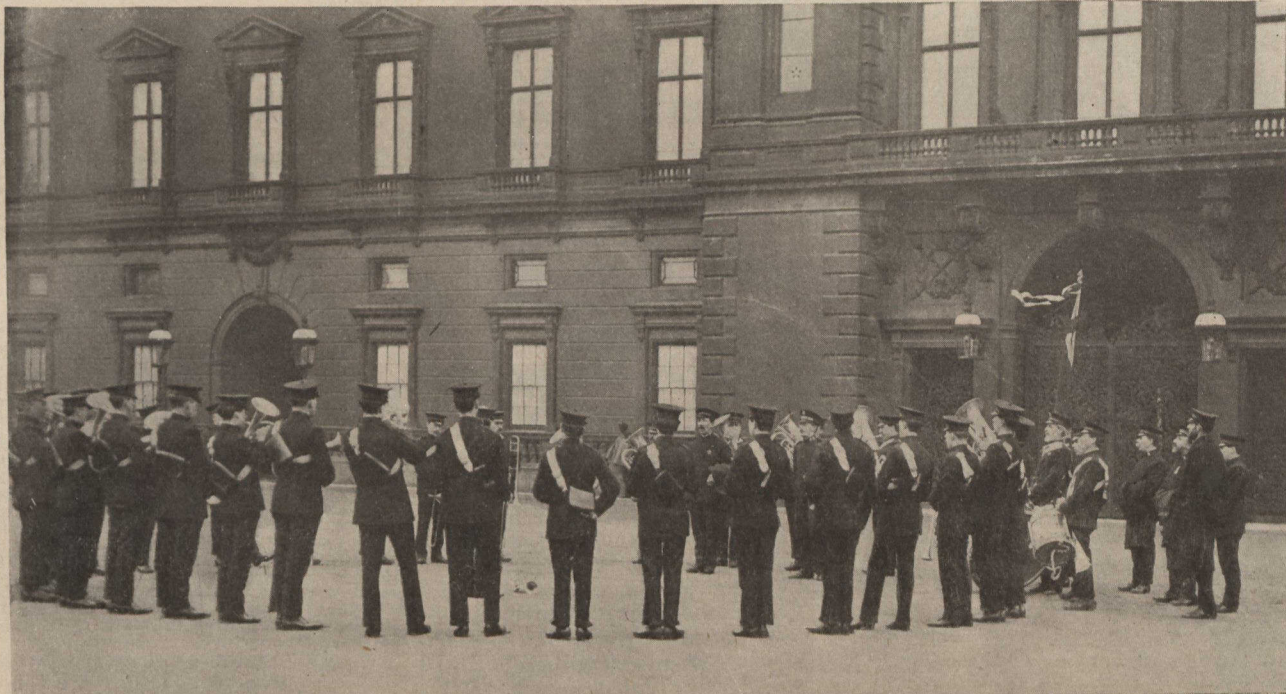
"On such occasions the King or Queen may possibly express a wish to have a certain anthem or hymn sung,

morning and they make any additions to it they please. An item suggested by a royal visitor is given precedence over all other items on the programme. The royal band nowadays is not called upon to perform as often as it used to be in the late reign, when practically no other band was ever heard at a royal residence.

"A great part of the music at Buckingham Palace is, as a matter of fact, supplied by various private bands selected by the King. There is one band of very high reputation which the King specially likes to hear, and it is frequently commanded to play at small dinner parties at the palace. When the King's band performs, the members wear the royal uniform of white, scarlet, and gold, which, of course, cannot be worn by any other bandmen.

"His Majesty, like all the members of the royal family, has a good ear for music, which has been well and carefully trained by listening to good music, so, though the King is not what might be called strictly speaking musical, His Majesty can thoroughly appreciate and understand good music, and has a great dislike to listening to an indifferent musical performance of any sort.

"On one occasion, a few years ago, a peer who was entertaining the King at dinner had hired the services of a band, the members of which were more energetic than skilled musicians. The peer in question was a first-rate sportsman and greatly liked by His Majesty, but he was a very poor judge of good music, and found no fault with the volume of often discordant sounds produced by the hired musicians. The King disliked the performance, but did not care to make any remark to his host on the subject, whom His Majesty perceived was rather pleased



Salvation Army Band playing the King's favourite Hymn: "Nearer my God to Thee," Outside Buckingham Palace.

but beyond this it is left entirely with Sir Walter Parratt to decide on the music to be performed. A favourite hymn, by the way, of the King is 'Nearer my God to Thee,' and His Majesty often asks for it to be sung at divine service.

"The dance and other light music at Buckingham Palace is provided usually by the King's band. Though nominally the direction of the music is in the hands of Sir Walter Parratt, the distinguished musician does not concern himself directly with this branch of the King's music unless some special point concerning it should arise which would be referred to him to decide, such as a question regarding the purchase of the exclusive rights of some music for the Royal band. There are thirty members of the band, including one lady, a Miss Timothy. They are not, of course, members of the household; they are simply professional musicians, and play in various bands and orchestras, but the King has the first call on their services, and they must attend at Buckingham Palace or any other of the royal residences.

"When the King or Queen desire the royal band to perform at a state ball, dinner, garden party, or any other entertainment, the bandmen are notified of their Majesties' wish by Mr. Alfred Mapleson, the secretary to the band, by whom the programme of the music is drawn up. It is submitted to their Majesties for approval, and there are always a large number of items performed by the special request of the King and Queen.

"When royal guests are at Buckingham Palace, the programme of the band music is submitted to them in the

than otherwise by the playing of the band. When, however, at the end of the dinner the peer asked the King if he would like the band to play a further selection of tunes, His Majesty said with a quiet laugh: 'I think, Lord —, we will give the men a rest.'

The King and the Barber

MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS, noted war artist, at present in Canada, told this reminiscence of King Edward to the Vancouver Canadian Club.

"I enjoyed His Majesty's hospitality many times, both at Marlborough and Balmoral, but I cannot give you my experiences, because they have been written down and will be published and given to the world later on. But I can tell you a remarkable story which I heard this morning while having my hair cut. The barber, in conversation, told me that he used to live at Windsor, near the castle. 'One day,' he said, 'my father took me to see a cricket match in which the Prince of Wales, as the King was then, was playing. There was a large crowd outside the enclosure, and as I was too small to see anything, my father took me on his shoulder and let me down inside. Presently a ball came my way, knocking me over and almost breaking my nose. Of course, I cried. One young man took hold of me. He looked in my face and saw that I was somewhat badly hurt. My father claimed me, and the man who handed me to my father was the Prince of Wales. He handed with me half a crown.'



In principle and in efficiency the only perfect dentifrice is CALOX, the Oxygen Tooth Powder. Its principle is the evolution of oxygen. Its efficiency as a cleanser of the teeth is due to the oxygen which it generates when used.

"The Oxygen Does It"

Dentists advise its use.
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All Druggists 25c.

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Only the world's best, is good enough for Canadians. We go 'round the world in our search for the ingredients of Ideal Orchid Talcum Powder. The talc we use comes from Sunny Italy. The exquisite perfume is extracted from Orchids which grow only on the Island of Borneo. "Ideal Orchid" is the sweetest and most delightful Talcum Powder obtainable. If your Druggist cannot supply it, send 25c. for full size box.

SOVEREIGN PERFUMES LIMITED, Toronto.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier



For The Children



Little Royal Children at School

How the King's Children are taught 'Reading,' 'Riting,' 'Rithmetic.'

NOT many little boys and girls begin school when they are only four years old, but that is the age at which the children of King George V begin their lessons in reading and writing, and not only in English, but in German and French, too.

Theirs is a busy day. The schoolroom is a large, bright room on the first floor of their home, Marlborough House, with a large, round table in the centre, bookshelves filled with school books on one side and a massive oak bureau on the other in which are kept exercise books, drawing portfolios, paints and brushes, pencils and rubbers, and pens and ink. Here their study begins at eight o'clock on winter mornings and half-past seven in summer. Next to the schoolroom is a big morning room in which the children breakfast at nine o'clock, and then returning to the schoolroom they resume their study until twelve o'clock. Later in the day, between four and six, there is a further period of work but only for those of the little princes that are over seven years of age.

Just now there are only three of the King's children in the schoolroom, the Princess Mary, and her two brothers, Prince Henry and Prince George. The baby of the royal household, Prince John, will soon be big enough to take his place with the rest of them.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra used to take a keen interest in the studies of their grandchildren, and every month a report of their examinations and their general conduct would be sent to the King as well as to their father.

Besides English history, and reading and writing, and languages, the children are taught from their earliest years to observe a great many

customs and formalities. For instance, they must be very careful about returning military salutes. A royal prince, even when he is a baby, is saluted by every soldier who knows who he is, and at four years old all

read us to make themselves think, others to keep themselves from thinking."

"Light is good," said the Window; "therefore I am made to let it in." "Light is evil," retorted the Blind, "else wherefore was I made to shut it out?" "Times and seasons, times and seasons!" ticked the Clock.

"I am the great and universal genius!" proclaimed the Very Littlest of All the Hairpins. "I can mend a broken wire, draw a cork, clean a drain, pick a lock, untie a knot, and help in a thousand and one emergencies."

"True, perhaps," yawned the Mirror, "but are there not other things that can perform those services ever so much better? Why not stick to the work for which you were made?"--*St. Nicholas.*

* * *

The June time is the season for songs and the poets are always telling us what the birds say.

* * *

Nest Eggs.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BIRDS all the sunny day
Flutter and quarrel
Here in the arbour-like
Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork
The brown nest is seated;
Four little blue eggs
The mother keeps heated.

While we stand watching her,
Staring like gabies,
Safe in each egg are the
Bird's little babies.

Soon the frail eggs they shall
Chip, and upspringing
Make all the April woods
Merry with singing.



CHILDREN OF THE KING.

Princess Mary, the King's only daughter and her five sturdy brothers, Prince Edward, Prince Albert, Prince Henry, Prince George, and little Prince John.

the young princes were carefully instructed to return this salute in the proper manner.

Adjoining the schoolroom at Marlborough House there is a large playroom, which contains a big chest of toys, several of them of historical interest. Some have been played with by more than one King of England. There is a model stage coach, for example, made for George IV, which was a plaything of William IV and King Edward.

The playroom is used chiefly by the young princes on wet days, where they indulge in various forms of indoor football, cricket, or lawn tennis.

A strict rule of the royal schoolroom is that all books, pencils, rubbers, etc., must be put back in their proper places by the princes at the end of their lessons, and a like rule prevails with regard to the toys used in the playroom. Any violation of schoolroom discipline is followed by punishment, the severity of which is measured by the gravity of the offence. Punishments, however, are not often incurred by the royal pupils.

* * *

Heard About the House.

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

"H O!" jeered the Sieve at the Needle, "there's a hole in your head!"

"Why am I so bright?" repeated the Door-knob; "because I have felt the warm hand-clasps of a thousand friends."

"According to the older folk," chuckled the Chimney, "I am meant to carry off the smoke; but the children know that my real purpose is to serve as a highway for Santa Claus."

"These mortals are so inconsistent!" mourned the Books in the library. "Some use us to help them work, others to help them idle; some



THE KING'S ELDEST SON

The Duke of Cornwall, and heir apparent to the Throne, is at present a Naval Cadet.



THE KING'S ONLY DAUGHTER

The Princess Mary, who, with her three younger brothers, is still a member of the schoolroom.

NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO.

Grand Trunk Route

SUGGESTED TOURS

Between Sarnia and Collingwood through Lake Huron to S.S. Marie thence via North Channel of the Georgian Bay returning same route **\$32.00**

Between Sarnia and Port Arthur or Fort William through Lakes Huron and Superior **\$30.00** same to Duluth returning same route **\$34.00**

Between Collingwood or Owen Sound and Mackinac through the North Channel of the Georgian Bay returning same route **\$25.00**

Between Winnipeg and Toronto via any Railway to Port Arthur or Duluth, thence Nor. Nav. Co. Steamer to Sarnia and G. T. Ry. to Toronto returning same route **\$55.00**

Rates quoted include meals and berth on steamer.

The above tours are applicable in the reverse direction, and are a few examples of the many attractive trips which can be taken via the Northern Navigation Co.

Full information from all Railway Agents, or address.

C. A. Macdonald, Asst. Mgr. Collingwood.
E. W. Holton, Eastern Pass. Agent, Sarnia.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 8th July, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between MAPLE and VELLORE from the 1st August 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 Maple, Vellore and intermediate offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

Mail Service Branch

Ottawa, 23rd May, 1910.

G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.

SUBSCRIBERS who change their addresses will confer a favor by notifying us promptly. Give the old and the new address.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 15th July, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years three and six times per week each way, between BOLTON and CASTLEBERG, BOLTON and MOUNT WOLFE from the 1st August next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tenders may be obtained at the Post Offices of Bolton, Castleberg, Mount Wolfe and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,

Ottawa, 27th May, 1910.

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

Poems of the Out-of-Doors

Verses by various Authors on varying aspects of Nature

BY THE GASPAREAU.

BURTON W. LOCKHART.

Do you remember, dear, a night in June,
So long, so long ago,
When we were lovers, wandering with
the moon,
Beside the Gaspereau?

The river plashed and gurgled thro'
its glooms,
Slow stealing to the sea,
A silver serpent; in the apple blooms
The soft air rustled free.

And o'er the river from afar the sound
Of mellow tinkling bells
From browsing cattle stirred the echo
round
In gentle falls and swells.

No sound of human sorrow, nor of
mirth,
Streamed on that peace abroad,
And all the night leaned low upon the
earth
Like the calm face of God.

And in our hearts there breathed, like
life, a breath
Of most delicious pain,
It seemed a whisper ran from birth to
death
And back to birth again.

And bound in airy chains our shining
hours,
Past, present, and to come,
In one sweet whole, strong to defy the
powers
Of change, till Time be dumb.

Yes, you remember, dear, that night in
June,
So long, so long ago,
When we were lovers, wandering with
the moon,
Beside the Gaspereau.

* * *

VAPOUR AND BLUE.

BY WILFRED CAMPBELL.

Domed with the azure of heaven,
Floored with a pavement of pearl,
Clothed all about with a brightness
Soft as the eyes of a girl.

Girt with a magical girdle,
Rimmed with a vapour of rest—
These are the inland waters,
These are the lakes of the west.

Voices of slumberous music,
Spirits of mist and flame,
Moonlit memories left here
By gods who long ago came.

And vanishing left but an echo
In silence of moon-dim caves,
Where haze-wrapt the August night
slumbers,
Or the wild heart of October raves.

Here where the jewels of nature
Are set in the light of God's smile,
Far from the world's wild throbbing,
I will stay me and rest awhile.

And store in my heart old music,
Melodies gathered and sung
By the genies of love and beauty
When the heart of the world was
young.

* * *

THE HOUSE OF THE TREES.

BY ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood.

Take me from the noisy light
To the sunless peace,
Where at mid-day standeth Night,
Signing Toil's release.

All your dusky twilight stores
To my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors,
Show me how to live.

Lift your leafy roof for me,
Part your yielding walls,
Let me wander lingeringly
Through your scented halls.

Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
To your leafy brood.

* * *

THE PLAYGROUND OF THE SUN.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

I am for the open meadows,
Open meadows full of sun,
When the hot bees hug the clover,
The hot breezes drop and run.

I am for the uncut hayfields
Open to the cloudless blue,
For the wide unshadowed acres
Where the summer's pomps renew.

Where the grass-tops gather purple,
Where the ox-eye daisies thrive,
And the mendicants of summer
Laugh to feel themselves alive.

Where the hot scent steams and quivers,
Where the hot saps thrill and stir,
Where in leaf-cells' green pavilions
Quaint artificers confer.

Where the bobolinks are merry,
Where the beetles bask and gleam,
Where above the powdered blossoms
Powdered moth-wings poise and
dream.

Where the bead-eyed mice adventure,
In the grass-roots green and dun,
Life is good and love is eager
In the playground of the sun!

* * *

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS.

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

West wind, blow from your prairie nest!
Blow from the mountains, blow from
the west.

The sail is idle, the sailor, too;
Oh! wind of the west, we wait for you.
Blow, blow!

I have wooed you so,
But never a favour you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail, unship the mast:
I wooed you long, but my wooing's
past;

My paddle will lull you into rest.
Oh! drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep,
By your mountain steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses
sweep!

Now fold in slumber your laggard
wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I,
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.
The river rolls in its rocky bed;
My paddle is plying its way ahead;
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

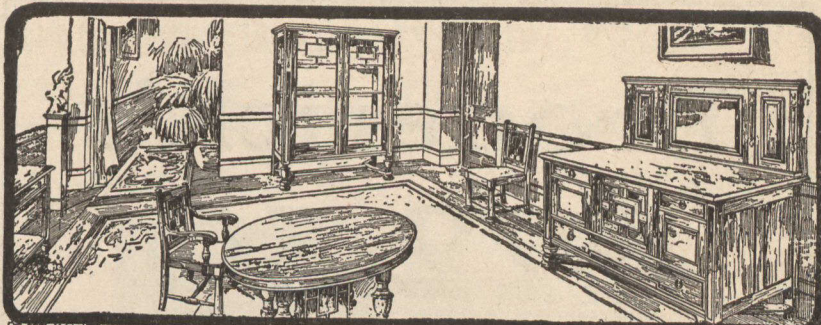
And oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow.
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awirl!
And forward far the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and
splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge
into.

Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapid, we're far ahead!
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir tree rocking its lullaby,
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.



The Dining-Room Should be— —a place of beauty

That's granted. But the furniture in that room is worked overtime. To buy a new suite every few years costs money. YOU don't need to. "LACQUERET" will restore the original beauty of your dining-room suite, making it just as attractive as the day you bought it. LACQUERET is not a paint, nor is it a varnish, but a beautifying lacquer made with soluble and permanent colors. It is elastic, hard drying and lustrous, and easily applied. Its original beauty is lasting. Write for our booklet, "Dainty Decorator." It is entertaining and informing. A Post Card brings it.

Most Hardware and Paint Dealers sell "Lacqueret"

International Varnish Co., Limited

2363 TORONTO—WINNIPEG



Trophies suitable for every Class of Sport
Supplied by
STANDARD SILVER CO., LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

Broderick's \$22.50 Business Suits

WORN FROM
COAST TO COAST

Send to Dept. D for Samples and
Measurement Chart

Frank Broderick & Co.
THE QUALITY TAILORS
113 West King - TORONTO

THE MAN, THE WEATHER and THE SHIRT.



Men must have shirt comfort in hot weather—with this comfort they want something stylish and attractive.

JAEGER shirts owe their coolness to the pure wool which absorbs but does not retain moisture from the body.

They owe their comfort to their coolness and their excellent fit.

They owe their appearance to their fit, their style and the attention to every detail in their making.

A man never FEELS nor LOOKS ill at ease in a **JAEGER** Shirt.

Samples of material sent anywhere upon request.



Dr. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM **CO. LTD**
231 Yonge St., Toronto.
316 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal.
Steele Block, Winnipeg.

Snap is Greater than Soap

SNAP is an antiseptic hand cleaner and will benefit the daintiest hands, so thousands of Canadian men and women use it every day. Every druggist recommends it. Every grocer keeps it. Ask your neighbor about it.

1 tin 15c, 2 tins 25c.

Snap Co. Limited



MONTREAL

A CANADIAN HUMOURIST

Is Professor Stephen Leacock, of McGill University,
the Mark Twain of Canada?

By MARJORIE MACMURCHY.

"LITERARY LAPSES" is a little book, but it contains a permanent contribution to Canadian humour. A large part of the Canadian public has refused to take Mr. Leacock seriously when he writes on Imperial politics. When his political writings are taken seriously, then Canadian readers generally often thoroughly disapprove of what he writes. But "Literary Lapses" proves that Mr. Leacock is a master of humour in everyday affairs. In his book of humorous sketches he does not intend to instruct, guide, or even to irritate his readers—this last named function of a writer he has often carried out successfully in the past; but he does amuse them, and to such a point of genuine hearty laughter is the amusement carried that Mr. Leacock has well earned for himself a place as a Canadian writer of humour.

One of the best things that can be said for "Literary Lapses" is that it deals with the actual commonplace aspects of life with which we are all familiar and of which we all must understand something. Here is none of the aloofness of the professor. But the life of the average man and his foibles are illuminated with a kindly laughter, which is keen enough to laugh away some of our foolish eccentricities. What subjects has Mr. Leacock chosen? A man takes his first deposit to a bank; he is overawed by the bank, and the bank, the reader presently discovers, is pretty well overawed with itself. Mr. Leacock's "Boarding House Geometry" first appeared in *Truth* and was republished in *Punch*. Once read, Mr. Leacock's reasoning on weekly bills for boarders will not be readily forgotten.

"If there be two boarders on the same flat, and the amount of the side of the one be equal to the amount of the side of the other, each to each, and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal also, each to each.

"For if not, let one bill be the greater.

"Then the other bill is less than it might have been—which is absurd."

Mr. Leacock tells also of "The Awful Fate of Melpomenus Jones," the shy man who lacked sufficient self-possession to say good-bye at the end of a call, and so lived and died in the house of reluctant acquaintance. "The New Food" is a tragic tale of modern concentrated nutriment, the youngest of the family perishing from having secured and swallowed the pill which held the whole family's Christmas dinner. A man's thoughts on clothes and what he has suffered from them takes the form of "A New Pathology." Statistics, as viewed by the man on the street; the beautiful girl who hypnotises Mr. Sapling by flattery; street cars; the romantic novel; the detective story; the man who always knows and always doubts; travelling; what is left after a school and college education; society reporting; self-made men; these are some of the topics ready-made for the hand of Mr. Leacock. Two or three short journeys on a Canadian railway train are all that is necessary to fit anyone for appreciating Mr. Leacock's suggestions on marking passengers.

"I have observed that it is now the practice of the conductors to stick bits of paper in the hats of the passengers. They do this, I believe, to mark which

ones they like best. The device is pretty and adds much to the scenic appearance of the car. But I notice with pain that the system is fraught with much trouble for the conductors. The task of crushing two or three passengers together, in order to reach over them and stick a ticket into the silk skull cap of a traveller is embarrassing for a conductor of refined feelings. It would be simpler if the conductor should carry a small hammer and a packet of shingle nails and nail the paid up passenger to the back of the seat. Or, better still, let the conductor carry a small pot of paint and a brush, and mark the passengers in such a way that he cannot easily mistake them. In the case of bald-headed passengers, the hats might be politely removed and red crosses painted on the craniums. This will indicate that they are bald. Through passengers might be distinguished by a complete coat of paint. In the hands of a man of taste, much might be effected by a little grouping of painted passengers."

If one is not greatly mistaken, the sketches in Mr. Leacock's "Literary Lapses" will read as well after ten years as they do now. They have the gayety, the wit, the penetrating critical attitude towards what is temporary and unreasonable, and the kindly understanding of average human nature, which are essentials of true humour.

Selling Scenery

"IF you could sell Ontario air and scenery to visitors from other provinces or from abroad at \$100 per visitor would you not think it good business?" asks the pamphleteer of the Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association. Industrial interests alone are not to be considered in the big movement for the conservation of natural resources. For instance, the encouragement of tourist traffic has been added to the Commission's programme. Especially in Ontario are there red hot champions of the tourist. The Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association is responsible for a large part of the enthusiasm. This body sees great unrecognized potentialities in the rustling woods and silver streams just as they stand. They have learned a few lessons abroad—in Switzerland, mainly supported by the foreigners who pay for the privilege of climbing the Alps; nearer home, across the line in the State of Maine, they have wondered at the twenty-five million dollar revenue which Uncle Sam's hustlers annually gather in from the sporting tourists. In the year 1907, two hundred and fifty thousand non-resident sportsmen hit the trail into Maine, each approximately leaving \$100 behind him to trickle through the community. How much of this wealth has Ontario pocketed during the past few years? Ontario has the same scenery to sell as Maine—only eight times as much of it. But yet in 1909 merely 8,500 non-resident anglers registered their tax with the government. The people of the province made \$850,000—why not twenty times that amount? Here is the answer of the provincial conservationists:

"The Ontario public does not fully appreciate the economic aspect of this question. Consequently insufficient interest is taken in the enforcement of the laws, and a source of great wealth to the community is being not only neglected but materially injured."

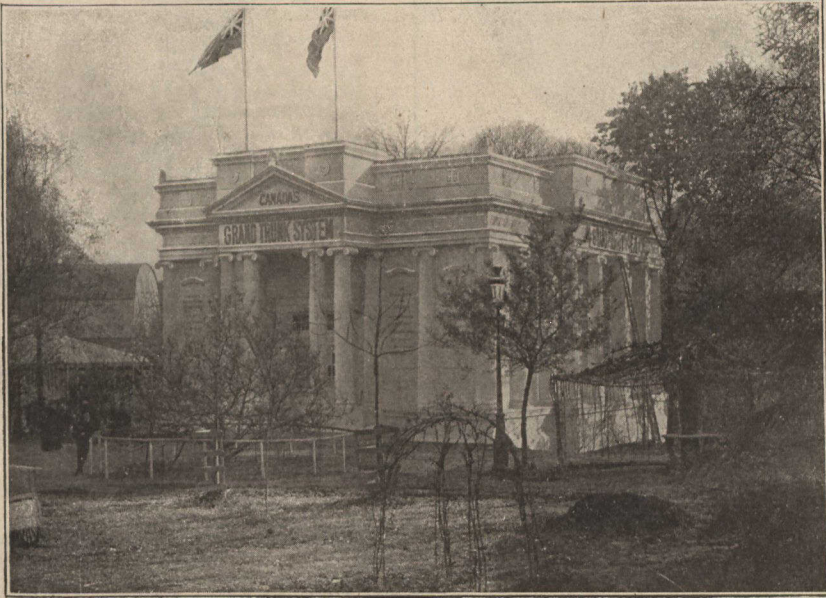
PEOPLE AND PLACES

Passing of the Songhees.

OUT in Victoria, B. C., the Songhees Indians squat down on their reserves right in the middle of the bustling coast city. They have learned to wear cotton clothes; have got used to the hum of the street car over their ancient trails. Some of the braves have developed acute business sense. They have sized up the green-capped tourist who hikes for the reserve, anxious to exchange some of his small change for a tomahawk or a belt of wampum; proof positive to the people over seas of an encounter with chiefs in red paint. Now the long-haired basket-sellers are discovering that there is not much sentiment in business. They have got into a mix-up with the Victoria City Council — which is a very shrewd body indeed. The council is hard up for park lands just now and is on the hunt for a depot site. The Songhees reserve land looks good to them. So they

not optimistic. Bushwhacking is none too prosperous just now. The man from Dalhousie blames the weather—too much sunshine. The logs are being held up on the drives — twenty-five million feet of them on the Restigouche River alone; only rain will float them. According to Mr. Hilyard, there will be a shrinkage in the St. John output this year. All through New Brunswick shingle mills are running half slack. The situation is general over the whole continent. Seattle reports eighty per cent. of the shingle mills dead throughout the State of Washington.

The usual fires which lick up the forests, to the horror of the Conservation Commission, are crackling out west again. Some careless camper moves and leaves his camp-fire smouldering; or a smoker with an abstracted air throws aside his lighted match—hundreds of dollars go up in the blue smoke. The other day flames swept through a broad



Grand Trunk Railway Building at the Universal and International Exposition, Brussels, Belgium.—“The best bit of advertising Canada has ever had is the Canadian Exhibit at Brussels in 1910,” remarked Mr. D. A. Gordon M.P., Wallaceburg, to the *COURIER* the other day, just after his return from Europe.

have drawn up a plan of the land of the red men knifing it into streets, and roads, and road-beds for the steel rails of the transportation companies. The other night a meeting was held and the plan was thrashed out by the members. There was some guff over the details, but it was approved; an offer will be made to the Songhees for their land. At present, it looks as if a settlement would be reached with difficulty. The tribesmen are busy potlaching. Excitement is high. Four hundred representatives from up and down the coast are gathered together with their pots, kettles and blankets—to see Willie Jack produce the picture and flag of his grandfather, which will establish his claim to the chieftainship of the Songhees. However, this patriotic fervour will not long prevail against the rush of modernity in Victoria. As the *Times* says:

“The fact is apparent that an Indian ghetto cannot be permanently maintained right in the midst of the city, immune for all time from the modifying and progressive influences of its surroundings and impervious to the course of human events.”

* * *

Tales from the Woods.

“HOW is lumbering this year?” asked the *St. John Telegraph* of H. M. Hilyard, the Dalhousie magnate, last week. Mr. Hilyard was

area of sticks drying in the sun near Prince Albert. Ontario lumbermen have been singularly free from such disasters so far this year.

* * *

High Horses.

HORSES have crept up three or four times in value during the last ten years; even the ranchers are rebelling. This was quite strikingly illustrated not long ago. Messrs. Ryan and Fares, Winnipeg, and Mr. E. P. Day, Medicine Hat, wanted to build tanks and reservoirs on their properties. Horseflesh, they concluded, was too dear to waste on this kind of work. How was construction to proceed? Then came a happy idea. The ranchers quietly disappeared. After a few weeks' absence they came back to Portal with 228 cow ponies and 146 mules. There was silent envy among other cattle men who can't pay the long prices for horses. The presence of the new steeds was explained. They had been roped in off the Mexican plains. Despite the heavy duty, the ponies and mules are a cheaper investment than horses. There is work in them, too. The cow ponies, who have been trained to bull-fighting, are expected to pick up the tricks of the round-up with ease. Their board bill won't cost much; they live till forty and over, munching only the tough prairie grass.

This Handsome, Roomy, Quarter-Cut Oak System Desk, Only \$30



THE latest invention in Office Desks! A Vertical Letter File on one side, two roomy Drawers on the other side, with Card Index compartment for 5 in. x 3 in. cards in the upper Drawer. The Desk is made of Quarter-cut Oak throughout, finished in a rich golden shade. Made in two sizes:—

No. V5432, is 54 in. wide x 32 in. deep, price \$30.00
No. V6036, is 60 in. wide x 36 in. deep, price \$35.00

For an additional \$3.00, we will Supply Daily, Monthly and Alphabetical Guides, for both Vertical and Card Index Drawers, and 100 tabbed Folders for Vertical Drawer.

These prices F. O. B. Toronto. Ask at our nearest Branch for price F. O. B. Branch.

THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE:

“The Glass Front” - - 97 Wellington Street West
TORONTO, CANADA

Branches: Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Vancouver.

NATIONAL TRUST CO.

LIMITED

18-22 King Street East, Toronto

CAPITAL \$1,000,000
RESERVE 650,000

Acts as Executor and Trustee under Will. Transacts a general trust business.

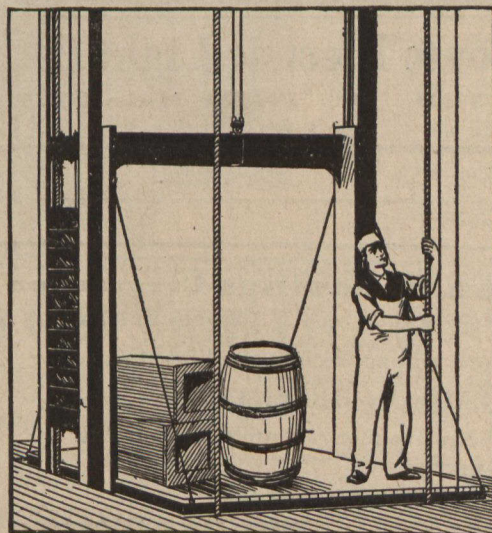
BRANCH OFFICES:

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Saskatoon Edmonton

J. W. FLAVELLE,
PRESIDENT.

W. T. WHITE,
GENERAL MGR.

Hand Power Elevator--\$70⁰⁰

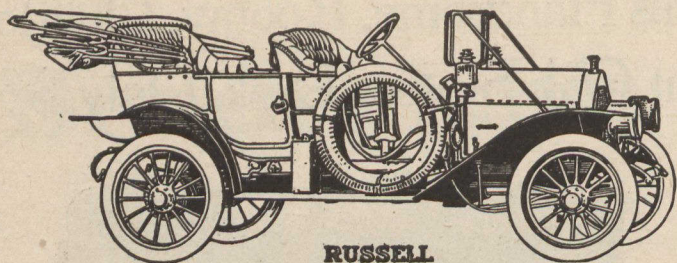


Otis-Fensom Elevator Company Limited

Head Office, TORONTO, ONT.

BRANCH OFFICES:

Montreal - 368 St. James St.
Ottawa - 9 O'Connor St.
Winnipeg - - McRae Block
Vancouver - 155 Alexander St.



RUSSELL

IN the last analysis there is no other argument for the Russell car so good and all-conclusive as the simple statement that the car has made good.

To succeed for a season or two is not making good; temporary successes without number have been built upon extraordinary selling and advertising campaigns.

But all Canada knows the permanent success of the Russell—knows that every year has shown a big increase in sales. This season's increase is 100% over a year ago.

Is there any other argument so convincing as success itself?

Can any evidence be so strong as the repeated sales to owners who have driven Russells before?

The Russell is what it is because the car is as good as human power can make it.

CONSIDER THESE POINTS:

The Russell Car is thoroughly guaranteed. The Russell Factory is right here to stand back of the guarantee. The Russell price is the price of the car—not of car plus importing expense. The Russell branches and agencies are practically everywhere, insuring the right care of your car wherever you go.

Russell cars have full standard construction—shaft drive, selective transmission, metal to metal clutch, floating type of rear axle, etc.

Models of every up-to-date type, \$2,350 fully equipped to \$5,000.

Call at our nearest branch and see them. Write for the catalog of the car that has made good.

Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Limited

WEST TORONTO

Makers of High Grade Automobiles

BRANCHES: Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Aust.

Building Up Your Business

DURING the years which you have spent in building up your business you have no doubt spared no effort to increase your trade. You have probably spent a great deal of money for rent, fixtures, salaries and general expenses. Yet in your establishment there is one important detail missing. In order to get the most effective results from your expenditures you should complete your equipment by installing an Electric Sign. You will be surprised to discover how much it will increase your business.

Toronto Electric Light Co.

LIMITED Phone Main 3975

The Peoples Loan & Savings Corporation
The Peoples Buildings - - - London, Ontario

The conservative investor will appreciate the liberal rate OF $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ PAID ON DEBENTURES Undoubted security. No trouble. Simply cut off the interest Coupons half-yearly.

WRITE FOR 17TH ANNUAL BALANCE SHEET

A. A. CAMPBELL - - - **Managing Director**

ATHLETIC NEWS

By F. H. HURLEY

Two Lacrosse Experts.

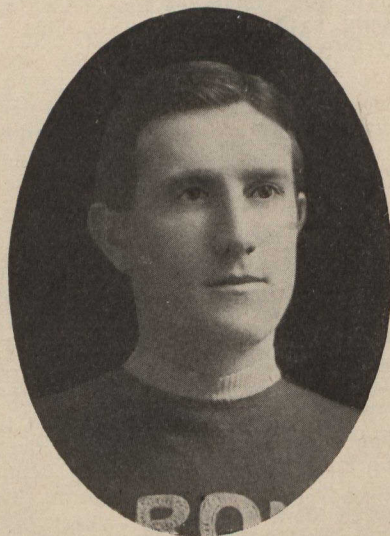
TWO of the most prominent figures on the lacrosse field to-day are Norman Harshaw, who plays point for the Torontos, and W. Fitzgerald, the crack home fielder of the same team. Both are young players and their climb to the highest rungs of professional lacrosse has been rapid. Harshaw hails from Orangeville and



W. Fitzgerald.

this is his third year in the pro game and he is recognised as the greatest point player in the game. He is a lanky youth whose auburn-crowned head contains a large amount of lacrosse grey matter. He always seems to know what to do at critical moments, while his speed enables him to make many a long run that is not only spectacular but productive of results. He is a telegraph operator and does not let playing lacrosse interfere with his work.

There may be other home fielders as good as W. Fitzgerald but there are none better. He is a natural lacrosse player and consequently seems to know instinctively what to do and how to make that something



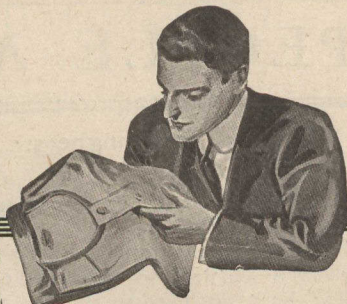
Norman Harshaw

the unexpected to his opponents. With speed, fair weight, undoubted courage and lacrosse brains he has all the requisites of a great lacrosse player—and he uses them all all the time. Fitz hails from St. Catharines and as he like Harshaw prefers to work between games he holds down a job in his native village and only crosses the lake to take a part in matches.

* * *

Athletic Training—Past and Present Systems Compared.

FORMERLY — and that, too, not so very many years ago — it was thought necessary, in preparing



Underwear Confidence

The man who has once worn Hewson Underwear asks for it by NAME. He identifies the garment by the label, and he knows what he is buying.

His confidence is not misplaced. Hewson Underwear is the highest type of knitted underwear, it fits and wears as no other kind ever will or can.

Don't be dissatisfied any longer—buy Hewson Underwear and you will never wear anything else.

Hewson Woolen Mills Limited
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA

By Royal Warrant



to His Majesty the King

G. H. MUMM & CO.

EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry Champagne imported

Selected Brut

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of **G. H. MUMM & CO.** is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

Royal Warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by

- His Majesty King Edward VII.
- His Majesty The German Emperor.
- His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
- His Majesty The King of Italy.
- His Majesty The King of Sweden.
- His Majesty The King of Denmark.
- His Majesty The King of the Belgians.
- His Majesty The King of Spain.

Consumption Book



FREE

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., 1575 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.



The right Collar adds pleasure to summer outings—

When canoeing, playing tennis, or enjoying outing trips, the ORDINARY collar is a ceaseless cause of annoyance. The snappy, trim appearance soon disappears—a few minutes' exercise with a paddle or a tennis racquet on a warm day finishes them. Not so with

CHALLENGE
BRAND
WATERPROOF
COLLARS & CUFFS

They ALWAYS look neat and dressy—ALWAYS comfortable because they CANNOT WILT—fit snugly and have the dull finish and texture of the finest linen collar. Made in all the latest styles. "Challenge" Collars are waterproof, do away with laundry expenses altogether, can be cleaned by a rub from a wet cloth.

If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand, we will supply you direct. Collars 25c. and Cuffs 50c. per pair. Send today for our new free style book, "Hints for Careful Dressers"—Fashion's latest dictates.

THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, 64-64 Fraser Ave., TORONTO, CAN.

The Ross Rifle

105 Points—A Perfect Score—

were made at 300, 500 and 600 yards last Fall at Hythe by Sgt.-Major Wallingford, using a Ross Rifle.

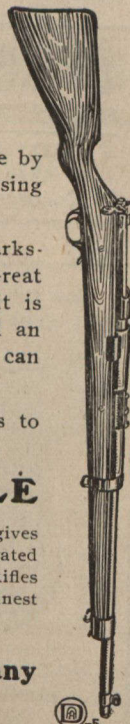
The general opinion of marksmen in Canada—and in Great Britain as well—is that it is doubtful whether as good an arm as the Ross Mark III can be found anywhere.

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

"ROSS" RIFLE

Write for catalogue which gives full particulars also of the celebrated Ross Military and Target Rifles which are recognized to be the finest Military Arm of the day.

The Ross Rifle Company
QUEBEC, P.Q.
CANADA



an athlete for any important engagement, to reduce his weight to the lowest possible point—which was usually effected by having him indulge in long runs, clad in heavy sweaters, and then remaining between blankets, or feather beds, until a profuse perspiration was produced. In addition to this, and in order the better to keep his weight down, his diet was restricted mainly to rare beef—or "red rags," as it was derisively called—and dry toast, with not a drop more of liquid of any kind than he could possibly do without.

His exercise, too, was of the severest kind, and while undoubtedly—strange as it may seem—some remarkable performances were accomplished under this system, it assuredly must have been in spite, and not because, of it. It was plainly a case of the survival of the fittest, as all records go to show that, while some exceptionally strong constitutions happened to survive the ordeal, others—and there were many of them—less favoured, succumbed, sooner or later.

This has all been changed of late years. Nowadays, an athlete eats pretty much what he fancies—if one excepts heavy pastries, pickles, and the like—and drinks, it might almost be said, *ad libitum*.

Gentle work, too, has been found to be best in training, so that the athlete need have no dread now of entering upon his work, because of any hardships or privations he may have to endure. This indulgence is not due to any sympathy on the part of the trainer, but purely because he has found, by actual experience, that the new method will produce as good and even better results than the old, and that being so, why shouldn't the trainee get the benefit of it?

* * *

Canadians in England.

THE present season promises to be a busy one for the Canadian athletes who have gone to England in quest of laurels and recreation—chiefly the former.

The Zingari Cricket Club of Toronto intend making an extended tour of the Old Land, starting on the 30th inst., and returning on the 11th of August. While they may make a fairly good showing, they are not likely to score often against the Englishman at his national game.

Eddie Cotter, of Hamilton, will be trying something more strenuous on the 11th, when he meets the cream of that country in another event in which the English have long been considered as being in a class by themselves—a Marathon race. While he may not be successful, chiefly on account of change of climate, which seems to affect our athletes more than anything else, he may, nevertheless, be depended upon to render a good account of himself.

In rowing, too, the work of Canada's two best amateur scullers—Lou Scholes and Jimmy Cosgrave—in the great English classic event—the "Diamonds"—will be watched with interest, and a victory by either of them will come as no surprise.

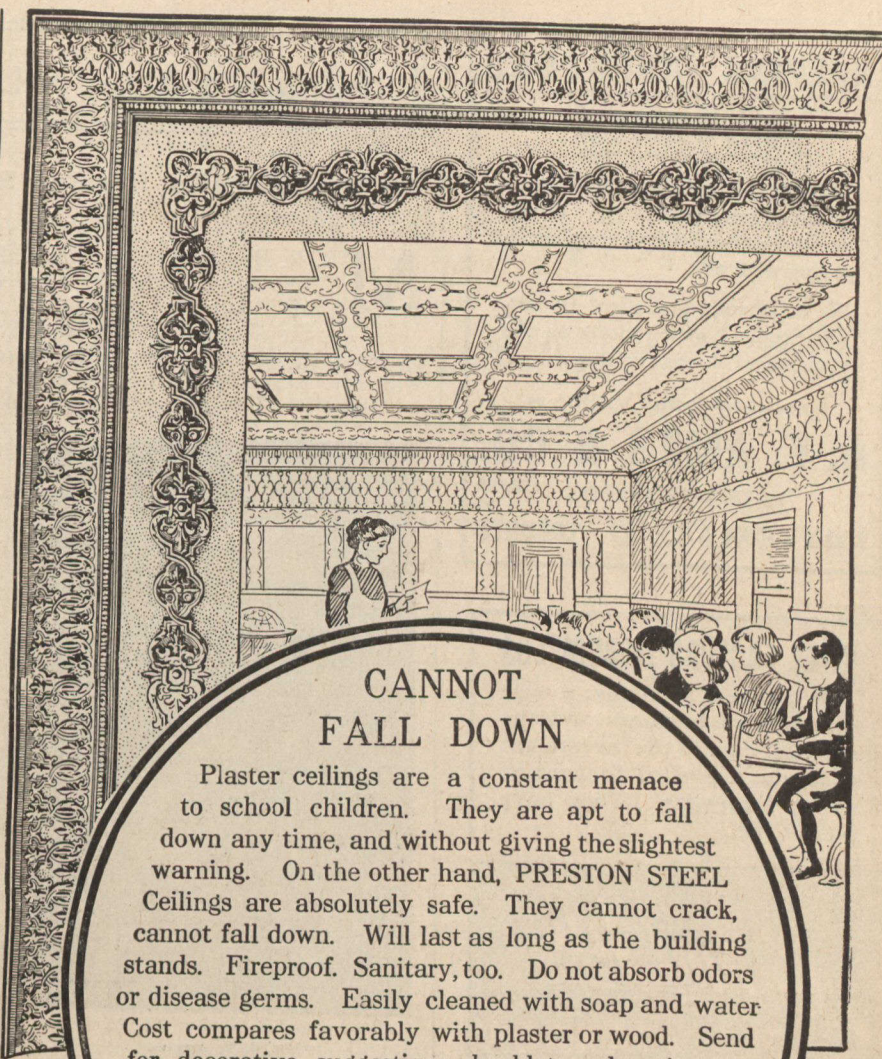
The Winnipeg Rowing Club are sending their famous four-oared crew across, too, and it will be strange if they don't succeed in getting some of the honours.

* * *

The T. Eaton Co. A. A.

THE recent athletic association organised by the T. Eaton Co., for the benefit of its employees, is a move in the right direction.

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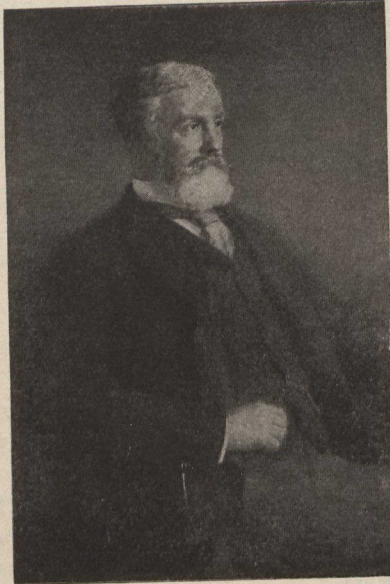
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Only Man Who Has Ever Refused the Presidency of the Bank of Montreal.

MR. R. B. ANGUS of Montreal is undoubtedly the first man in Canada who can say that he refused to accept the presidency of the Bank of Montreal. A few weeks ago, following the death of the late Sir George A. Drummond, who was president for the last couple of years, in discussing his probable successor, I mentioned that the only reason why Mr. Angus would not have the position would be that he would refuse to accept it. Things have turned out just as I stated they would at the time and Sir Edward Clouston has evidently failed in his endeavour to have Mr. Angus accept the position which is undoubtedly the highest that can be secured by any Canadian financier.



Mr. R. B. Angus.

While Mr. Angus was perhaps a little opposed to accepting the position because he was unwilling, now that he has reached his 80th year, to assume any additional responsibilities, still his most intimate friends are convinced that what actuated him most in his refusal to accept the high office was that he felt that he would very much sooner have his own personal friend, Sir Edward Clouston, step into the position, to which his work in connection with the bank during the past ten years has fully entitled him.

As I stated at the time, Mr. Angus' desire that Sir Edward should accept the high office was just as sincere as was Sir Edward's that Mr. Angus should step into it.

It may be that there will not be any official announcement regarding the appointment of the new president for

some little time to come, but now that Mr. Angus has made it clear that he would not under any consideration accept the office it is regarded in leading banking circles as absolutely certain that the directors will insist on Sir Edward Clouston stepping into the higher position.

Sir Edward in addition to being president will likely retain the office of managing director, but a good many of the duties that at present fall on him in his capacity of general manager will likely go to Mr. H. V. Meredith, who for some years past has been assistant manager of the bank.

The vacancy on the board of directors, caused by the death of the late Sir George A. Drummond, has not been filled up to the present time, and speculation has been pretty active as to who would likely get the position, which is quite naturally coveted by almost every bank director in Canada.

The number of particularly large shareholders of the bank is not very great, and on this account there are very few who have any particular call on the appointment.

On this account it would not surprise those in the inner circles should the directors ask Mr. H. V. Meredith to join their ranks.

Mr. Meredith has for a great many years been very closely associated with Sir Edward Clouston in the general management of the bank, and he has such a close knowledge of the entire business of the big institution that the directors will very likely want to confer some additional honour on him in the not distant future.

While even in his present position the directors may of course at all times have the benefit of his knowledge and experience, still Mr. Meredith has come along in a very striking manner during the past few years, and his elevation to the board of directors would, it seems to me, be regarded as a fitting appreciation of the years of work he has given to the bank.

* * *

Montreal and Toronto Grappling with Underground Traction Propositions.

NOW our traction companies have arrived at a point where they are contemplating larger undertakings than they have ever in the past. Both Montreal and Toronto have made such giant strides during the past few years that the traction concerns of both towns are almost face to face with the necessity of being able to grapple with the construction of underground railways.

The Montreal Street Railway Company at the recent session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec obtained authority to go ahead and construct an underground system in the city of Montreal and there are indications that it will not be very long before there is some general reorganisation of the capital of the company in which some provision will be made for the issue of such additional amounts as may be required to permit of the construction of a complete system underneath the commercial district of the city.

Then again, the City Council of Toronto, somewhat dissatisfied with the manner in which the Toronto Railway Company was allowing its cars to be crowded at certain hours, has been obtaining expert advice regarding the probable cost of a tube system for the Queen City, and there is even some talk of the Council being willing to make arrangements to have the bonds guaranteed provided some reliable concern will come along and undertake the construction of such a system.

Of course it is too early yet to state whether the city itself will construct such a system or whether the powers that are behind the Toronto Railway will be able to steal a march on the crowd up at the City Hall by securing permission from the Ontario Legislature to go ahead with the construction of an underground railway in connection with their own system, but the point in which the public is most largely interested is undoubtedly that our country has now reached the stage where two of its cities have grown so large as to

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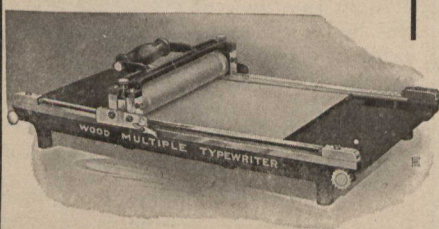
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SAVES work of a dozen stenographers. Secures attention. Business results.

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make undergrounds particularly desirable if indeed not absolutely necessary.

Of course such systems take years to build, and it is quite evident that no matter how many additional streets may be secured for street car lines both in Montreal and in Toronto the underground systems will be greatly needed long before they can possibly be completed.

In the matter of electric railways Toronto was somewhat ahead of Montreal, but just at the present time it rather looks as if Montreal would be ahead of the western city as far as the construction of its underground system is concerned.

The geographical lay-out of Montreal and the great congestion that prevails in its commercial district would seem to make the establishment of an underground system a good deal more urgent there than it is in Toronto.

* * *

**Canadian Corporations Strong on
the System of Calling Tenders.**

THE average man thinks it is somewhat of a cinch for some concerns to get a large amount of business from some big corporations because it happens that some of the men who are interested in one are interested in the other. A striking instance of this happened at one of the meetings of the Montreal Street Railway when one of the shareholders was unfortunate enough to make the very unhappy remark that perhaps the Montreal Steel Co. was getting a very large amount of business from the Street Railway Company because the president of the Steel concern, Mr. K. W. Blackwell, happened also to be the vice-president of the Street Railway. It just so happened that Mr. Blackwell was just about the very last man in the world to take advantage of his position in order to secure any business for his Steel Company, and he was on his feet in a moment protesting that on every occasion his own company was forced to tender against a number of other concerns, and if they secured any business it was absolutely on the merit of the tender. Mr. Blackwell might have gone even a little further and have stated that he was very much more interested in the Street Railway than he was in the Steel Company and in this way was not likely to allow the Steel Company to secure any business unless it was seen that its tender was the most satisfactory of all that had been received.

* * *

Official Duty and the Shareholder.

IN connection with the winding up of the affairs of the Sovereign Bank, it was undoubtedly with great reluctance that Mr. F. G. Jemmett retired from the high position, years of labour had secured for him, in the Bank of Commerce in order to take hold and try to straighten out the affairs of the Sovereign. Once he did, he seemed determined to do the best he could by the shareholders and get as much out of the assets of the bank as possible. This spirit on the part of Mr. Jemmett was undoubtedly caught up by many of the officials. Montreal stood out very favourably. Here again the bank was fortunate in having the services of another Commerce man, Mr. A. H. B. Mackenzie, very closely associated with Mr. Jemmett. It is very difficult to keep up enthusiasm under such conditions; but Mr. Jemmett and his associates did it. Seeing that they have acted in such a spirit, it is to be hoped that the conditions in the financial world, both in Canada and abroad, will enable them to get the very best possible results.

**IMPERIAL BANK
OF CANADA**

PRESIDENT D. R. WILKIE'S REMARKS ON MOVING THE ADOPTION OF THE REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE BANK AT THE ANNUAL MEETING HELD ON 25TH MAY, 1910.

GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure in rising to move the adoption of the Report. Since our last meeting we have had the great misfortune to lose our esteemed colleague, the late Mr. Charles Cockshutt, who passed away after months of painless illness on the 9th of February last. Mr. Cockshutt's death was not only a severe blow to all those who have been associated with him in the administration of the Bank for the past six years, but it has deprived the Bank of the services of a devoted, unselfish, hard-working Director. The vacancy occasioned by Mr. Cockshutt's death has been filled by the appointment of Mr. W. J. Gage, who, besides bringing to our councils many excellent qualifications and great experience in business affairs, has been for years a substantial shareholder.

NEW CAPITAL.

The recent increase in the issued capital of the Bank by \$1,000,000 is the result of mature deliberation. The last issue was made in 1906, when the Capital of the Bank stood at \$4,000,000 and the Deposits and Circulation at \$31,500,000. To-day our Capital stands at \$5,000,000, with Deposits and Circulation at \$45,000,000, with evidences of still further increases in Deposits and Circulation to come. We think, therefore, in the interest of the Shareholders and of the public, for whose profit and convenience we were brought into existence, that the time has come to avail ourselves in part of the policy approved of by you on 22nd May, 1907. At the Annual Meeting held on that date I spoke as follows:—

"There can be no question that additional bank capital to keep pace with the development of the resources of the country is needed; there can be no doubt that such additional capital can be supplied more economically by the financial institutions at present in existence than by new organizations. The wonderful development of the resources of the Northwest and of British Columbia, coupled with large immigration from the mother country and from the United States, and the demand of the additional population upon the manufacturing institutions of the country require a corresponding addition to the banking capital of the Dominion. It is, moreover, an obligation on the part of the older institutions to do their full share in supplying the needful. We have been in the van in the development of the Northwest and of British Columbia, without failing to do our duty to the older Provinces; it now becomes necessary for us to look to the future and to be qualified by way of capital and enterprise to remain in the front rank. To that end we have thought it advisable to ask you for your approval of a by-law authorizing additions to the Capital Stock from time to time."

The increase in Deposits and Circulation during the past year has been from \$39,400,000 to \$45,300,000.

NEW BRANCHES.

The opening of eighteen new Branches within the year has entailed considerable extra expense, which has been provided for out of the profits of the year. Profits have also suffered from the low rates of interest upon call money which has prevailed in the great reserve centres. There is every indication of better rates in the near future, the result of greater activity in trade and of increasing confidence in the financial situation. Canada, however, has no reason to complain; the neglect of railway and industrial securities in the United States, coupled with the political unrest in Great Britain, has brought enormous sums to Canada for investment, which are assisting in the development and utilization of our great natural resources.

BANK PREMISES, ETC.

The responsibility of providing suitable premises for the Bank over the vast territory in which we are represented is a serious problem, and will continue to be so, in view of the fact that in the majority of localities it is more economical for the Bank to provide its own premises than to rent from outsiders, who naturally look for a more substantial return upon their investments in a new country than would satisfy the Bank upon a similar investment of its own Capital. We have, however, nothing to apologize for. Our Bank premises are a sound investment, and yield a handsome return upon their book value. We expended during the year upon new premises \$248,851.67. The amount beyond the \$200,000 has been provided for out of the profits for the year. At the moment premises are under construction at Cranbrook, Kenora, Prince Albert, Wetaskiwin, South Woodside and Humberstone.

The Shareholders of the Bank now number 1,327, as compared with 1,302 in 1909. It will perhaps interest you to know that we have at the moment 102 branches and sub-branches, extending from Quebec to Victoria.

Our staff numbers 665, as compared with 589 in 1909.

RENEWAL OF BANK CHARTERS.

It was fully expected that the decennial revision of bank charters would have taken place during the recent session of the Dominion Parliament, but the demands of public business did not permit of this being done. The existing charters run until 1st July, 1911, so that it will be necessary to dispose of the matter during the course of the next session of Parliament. It is not expected that any radical changes will be made in the terms of the charters, unless in the direction of providing additional safeguards in the incorporation and establishment of new institutions.

NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT.

Taking the figures which appear in the returns of the Chartered Banks to the Dominion Government as an index of commercial development, we find that the total assets of these institutions have grown from \$951,053,557 in 1907 to \$1,182,850,000 in 1910 (30th April). The circulation of Bank Notes has grown from \$72,840,909 to \$78,776,000, and public deposits in Canada from \$574,588,438 to \$768,000,000. Current loans, representing for the greater part loans to merchants, manufacturers and agriculturists (irrespective of loans on stocks, bonds and debentures) have grown from \$586,149,738 in 1907 to \$638,000,000 in 1910 (30th April).

It is estimated by Government and railway officials that there is now under crop in the three Northwest Provinces no less than 14,850,000 acres, as compared with 12,465,237 acres in 1909. The total yield of agricultural products in these three Provinces in 1909 is valued at \$192,838,000. May we not reasonably look for a yield for 1910 of the value of \$225,000,000, and yet only six per cent. of the arable lands in these Provinces are under cultivation. Farm lands under cultivation in the three Provinces mentioned are valued by the statisticians at \$23 per acre. The cash value of these lands is, therefore, no less than \$341,550,000.

The value of the wheat harvest in the Northwest Provinces in 1909 was \$121,560,000, as against in the rest of the Dominion only \$19,760,000. On the other hand, the value of all field crops in Ontario for the same year was \$200,398,000, as compared with \$193,000,000 in the three Northwest Provinces. The field crops of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces yielded \$140,000,000. The eastern Provinces are, therefore, so far as the value of field crops is concerned, still considerably in advance of our great West. The total value of the field crops of all Canada for 1909 was estimated at \$533,000,000, the product of 30,065,000 acres of cultivated land, as compared with \$432,500,000 in 1908, the product of 27,505,000 acres.

In 1909, over and above the value of agricultural products, fisheries yielded \$25,450,000, and minerals \$90,378,000, of which \$12,382,000 was the product of the silver mines of Cobalt. It is regrettable to note that the gold of British Columbia and the Yukon, and the bulk of the silver of Cobalt and British Columbia still find their way to the smelters, assay offices and mints of the United States, instead of being refined in Canada. Last year we exported of cattle and their products over \$51,000,000. Our total exports from all Canada were \$242,603,000, of which \$28,957,000 were manufactured goods, and our total imports \$298,206,000, of which \$186,172,545 were manufactured goods.

THE POPULATION.

The population of Canada, which was estimated at 7,145,040 in 1909, is now estimated as on 31st March, 1910, at 7,489,781, and it is to be noted that the increase by way of immigration consists in the main of the most desirable class of settlers.

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Names of Provinces

Interesting Bits of History in Place Names.

THE Abenaki and Miemac Indians who inhabited Prince Edward Island before its discovery by Europeans called it Abegweit (resting on the wave), a beautiful and descriptive name. Early Europeans who visited the island (tradition says Cabot on St. John's Day, June 24th, 1497) named it the Island of St. John. In 1799, the Legislature decided to change the name to Prince Edward Island, in honour of the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, who was then in command of the British forces at Halifax.

The Atlantic Provinces.

Nova Scotia formed a part of the early Acadie. Sir William Alexander, the Earl of Stirling, received from King James in 1621, a charter granting him an immense tract of land in North America including Acadie. This was called Nova Scotia, a name which afterwards was confined to the peninsula or province now so called. The "Baronets of Nova Scotia" were entitled to a grant of land three miles broad on payment of £150 sterling each. The difficulty of infeoffing (investing with a freehold estate) the Knights in their distant possessions was overcome by the mandate of King Charles, whereby a part of the soil of Castle Hill, Edinburgh, magically became the soil of Nova Scotia.

When New Brunswick formed a part of the grant of Sir William Alexander, it received the name of Alexandria in his honour. New Brunswick, its present name, was given in 1784, in honour of the reigning dynasty of the House of Brunswick.

Quebec and Ontario.

Since 1867 the name of Quebec has been given to the province formerly called Lower Canada.

According to tradition the promontory of Quebec was known to the Indians as Kebec, meaning a narrow channel. The early missionaries, who best understood the Indian language said that the word Kebec means a narrowing.

Ontario is an Indian word, "O-nota-ri-o," meaning "Beautiful Lake." The province formerly called Upper Canada, was named after Lake Ontario.

Like Ontario, Manitoba is named from a lake. The name Manitouba (Manitou, the great spirit, and "ba," passing), is from the Cree language and is said to mean the "Passing of the Great Spirit."

At one point in the lake, the shores of which are generally low and marshy, there is a limestone bluff at which the Indians in paddling past found a strong echo, which they thought the voice of the Great Spirit, and hence called it Manitou-ba. The name of this locality became attached to the lake and afterward to the province.

Saskatchewan comes from a Cree word meaning "Swiftly Flowing River."

Alberta takes its name from Her Royal Highness, Princess Louise Caroline Alberta, wife of the Duke of Argyll and sixth child of the late Queen Victoria.

The old provisional district of Alberta was created in 1882, during the Marquis of Lorne's administration as Governor-General of Canada. During his term of office Their Excellencies visited the Northwest, and were entertained by Lieutenant-Governor Laid, at Battleford, which was then the territorial seat of the Government.—*The Educational Review.*

EARL GREY'S SUCCESSOR

By H. LINTON ECCLES

London Correspondent CANADIAN COURIER.

THERE is a good deal of doubt existing as to who is to succeed Earl Grey as Governor-General of Canada, and this doubt has been increased considerably by the death of King Edward. Whilst the late King was on the throne it was believed to be more than probable that the Duke of Connaught, King Edward's younger brother, would be appointed, and in well-informed circles it was known that this was the King's wish.

The change in the monarchy has, however, altered this as it has changed a good many impending and possible events. The responsibilities of the Duke of Connaught as a figure of the State will become very much greater under the new condition of things. King Edward was, of course, able to rely to a large extent upon his son, now King George the Fifth, to fulfil many functions which it was not possible or not necessary for the head of the realm to carry out. Consequently, the Duke of Connaught was left comparatively free from the obligation of performing important State duties. He was, in fact, left a good deal out of the limelight.

King George has no brother to help him through with his ceremonial duties, and his eldest son, Prince Edward, who now becomes Duke of Cornwall and heir to the throne, is not yet sixteen years old. In this case the new King will be obliged to make use of the services of his uncle, the Duke of Connaught, who has just passed his sixtieth birthday, and, it is hardly necessary to say, is fully able to rise to his opportunities. He will very probably, for instance, take the place of his royal nephew at the inauguration of the South African Union.

It would seem, then, that Canada must be denied the possession of a member of the royal family as Governor-General. King Edward gave a fair number of opportunities to Prince Arthur, the Duke of Connaught's only son, and sent him on a number of important diplomatic missions, among them that to the Mikado of Japan to present to his oriental majesty the Order of the Garter. But Prince Arthur of Connaught is only twenty-seven, and that is considered, perhaps rightly, an impossibly early age at which a man may hold high office in the Empire. The young prince will doubtless have other chances to distinguish himself, and meanwhile he has his military position—he is a captain in the Scots Greys—to look after. The Duke of Connaught and his son are the only two princes of the royal family, who may be considered as out of the succession, to show more than ordinary ability in the handling of public affairs.

So, it seems, Canada must again be content with a peer or a commoner to stand as nominal and vice-regal head of her destinies. Earl Carrington's name was mentioned in connection with the prospective vacancy, and Lord Carrington is in many respects a capable man. But he has now been chosen Lord Chamberlain and placed in charge of the ceremonial duties attaching to the British Court. This was the first official appointment made by King George, and apparently in addition to filling it, Lord Carrington will continue to act as president of the Board of Agriculture.

Another name has been mentioned as in the running for the post of Governor-General, and it is one that may be something of a surprise to most Canadians. I give the information for what it is worth. It is that of Viscount Esher. Lord Esher has been a *persona grata* at the court of King Edward, and he was also well in front of the course of happenings in Queen Victoria's circle. He was joint editor of Queen Victoria's letters, the book of the decade, though Mr. Arthur C. Benson did most of the work. The joint editorship was looked upon as representative of letters and of diplomacy, Lord Esher, King Edward's particular nominee, being, to put it that way, the prudent check upon Mr. Benson's facile pen.

Viscount Esher has knocked about the world a great deal, though I don't recollect that he knows much about Canada. He is a Londoner and is still two years on the right side of sixty. His lordship, who is not an insular Englishman by a long way, married Miss Van de Weyer, daughter of a notable man who was Belgian minister in London. They have two sons and two daughters. Lord Esher had a term as member of Parliament before he succeeded his father in the peerage ten years or so ago. Then for seven years he was private secretary to the Duke of Devonshire, when the Duke was still in active politics and was known as the Marquis of Hartington. For another seven years Lord Esher was secretary to the Office of Works, a non-party official post. Finally, he was Chairman of the War Office Reconstitution Committee which sat at the end of the Boer War and had such a tale of incompetence and jobbery told to it as never was heard before in Britain. Viscount Esher must have an ample secret chamber in his mind stored with facts concerning those military reputations that escaped the refining fire after the war as well as of those that were not so fortunate. In the world of authorship Lord Esher's name is down to a couple of works called respectively "Footprints of Statesmen" and "The Yoke of Empire."

* * *

General Benson and the Reservists.

MAJOR-GENERAL FREDERICK WILLIAM BENSON, the senior Canadian officer in the British Army, has had a scheme whereby the retired officer with a capital of, say, \$5,000 and the retired reservist with a small pension, can lead a quiet and useful and lucrative life in breeding horses for the British Army.

The officer wants a place where he can secure a little sport and do some fruit farming or some other similar pursuit. Horse-breeding, if conducted in the right manner, might possibly develop into a big concern and be a nursery for the supply of cavalry horses.

* * *

Drama in Vancouver.

VANCOUVER theatre patrons were hugely excited the other day when J. F. Harley, representing Shuberts and Liebler Consolidated Attraction Company, dropped into town and remarked that the big outlaw syndicate were considering the erection of a playhouse in the city. A Shubert theatre for Vancouver would mean direct theatrical connection with New York. The coast city would have as strong a line of attractions as Toronto or Montreal.



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Lord Kitchener

The Great, Silent Soldier

LORD KITCHENER, who came so near visiting Canada without doing so—whereas two years ago Lord Roberts was here for several days and lately Gen. French—has been as much in the public eye as Col. Roosevelt. But like Lord Roberts and unlike Col. Roosevelt, the "K. of K." does not advertise. Following is an appreciative pen picture of Britain's greatest soldier in a recent issue of *M. A. P.*:

Home again after eight years of service for King and Empire, service in the farthest corners of the world; back in London for a few weeks before proceeding to a new command—is Field Marshal Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum, O.M., our greatest soldier since the Duke of Wellington.

On June 24th he will keep his sixtieth birthday. When he stepped from his train at Waterloo the other evening to receive the welcomes of his friends and the greetings of a people not unmindful of what he has done for them since he first won distinction at Toski, twenty years ago, he smiled his pleasure at his return.

He stands as straight as a dart. His bearing is the bearing of a man who has schooled himself through many patient years of endurance and obedience to the degree of leadership and command.

In appearance he has changed little since we bade him welcome home fresh from his triumphs of war and diplomacy in South Africa. His face has been burnt a duller red by Indian suns, but the tropics have not blunted or blurred the clear-cut features or the firm-drawn lines in which we all saw the hope of our victory, even after the holocaust of Colenso. The outline of the jaw and the folds of the throat are a trifle heavier; that is his only concession to his years.

Wonderful Eyes.

The steel-grey eyes pierce you with their indomitable power, with their look of frank courage and high authority. These are the eyes under which strong men have quailed in the hour of defeat; they are the eyes that have made this man master, of Africa first, of India afterwards, of himself always; that have made him feared and respected even where he was not loved.

"I like Kitchener," once said Delarey, himself a great soldier, when the Boer generals came as honoured guests to England, "his eyes are so honest."

A bachelor, it is sometimes said that he is a hard, stern man, and that he dislikes women. That is a half truth; he is not a misogynist, but he believes that women should be kept in their proper place, and he does not think that soldiers should have wives.

Deeds Before Words.

Lord Kitchener has no very great opinion of newspapers as vehicles of self-expression (he prefers deeds to words), and he has more than once timed some great coup of his to follow a curious breakdown of telegraphic communication. He has dodged interviewers, or has sent them a curt message to the effect that "Lord Kitchener has no statement to make."

He is self-reliant, and he does not advertise. He knows his worth, and he is indifferent to popular opinion.

Men who have served with him know that he is tireless, and that he has no patience with men whose code is not his code.

He filled the interval between passing out of Woolwich and being gazetted to his regiment by serving with the French army against the Germans. The Duke of Cambridge re-

called him, and asked him what he meant by it.

"Well, sir," he explained, "I understood that I should not be wanted for some time, and I could not be idle. I thought I might learn something."

It was characteristic of the man, who, many years afterwards, paid a surprise visit to Cape Town, and sent every officer he could find hurrying to the front by the first available train.

No Idler's Game

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Dear Sir,—In your issue of May 14th, you have a paragraph referring to the attempt to introduce cricket as an established game in Canada. I neither know nor care anything about this, but one remark strikes me as being characteristically unfair and unwarranted. It is that in England, where cricket flourishes, there is a class who do not work, the inference being that the Englishman plays cricket because he does not work, or that the Englishman who does play cricket is the man who doesn't work. One gets tired of reading the slurs of Canadian newspaper men upon the character of the Englishman. Why on earth don't they educate themselves in the things they so cocksurely write about? I want to tell you plainly, that scores of thousands of English working-men, who have toiled hard all through the week, play cricket for a few hours on Saturday afternoon throughout the summer. They are no loafers, but honest, hard-working men. And the game of cricket they indulge in is calculated to do them no harm.

Yours truly,

F. J. ARMITAGE,

Mt. Allison University.

Sackville, N.B., May 18th, 1910.

The Sentry of the Sedge Flats

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 18

in to close quarters. He received a second blow which laid open his face; but it was a short stroke, with not enough force behind it to repulse him. Ignoring it, he closed, fixed his teeth in the bird's neck, and flung his lithe length over the back, where it would be out of reach of the buffeting wings.

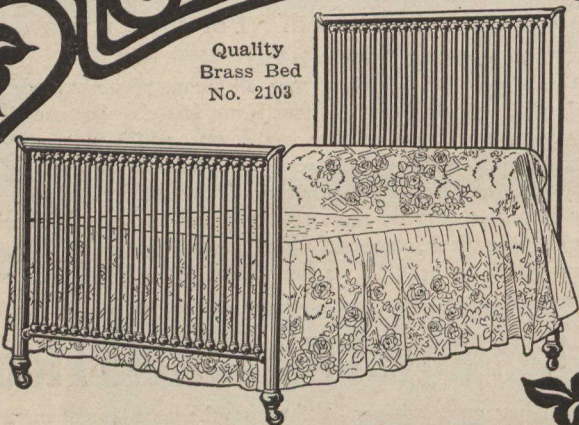
The battle was over; for the mink's teeth were long and strong. They cut deep, straight into the life; and, undisturbed by the windy flapping of the great helpless wings, the victor lay drinking the lifeblood he craved.

A BLACK whirling shadow sailed over the scene; but it passed a little behind the mink's tail and was not noticed. It paused, seeming to hover over a patch of lily leaves. A moment more, and it vanished. There was a hiss, and the great duck hawk, the same one the heron had driven off earlier in the day, dropped out of the zenith. The mink had just time to raise his snarling and dripping muzzle in angry surprise when the hawk's talons closed upon him. One set fastened into his throat, cutting straight through windpipe and jugular; the other set gripped and pierced his tender loins.

The next moment he was jerked from the body of his prey and carried—head, legs and tail limply hanging—away far over the green wastes of the sedge to the great hawk's aery, in the heart of the cedar swamp beyond the purple uplands.

Some ten minutes later a splendid butterfly, all glowing orange and maroon, came and settled on the back of the dead heron and waved its radiant wings in the tranquil light.

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SAUCE

The Mummer's Throne

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.

Something like a frown knitted the pale face of the priest. His skin was white and drawn as if from some long illness. It was only the steady gleam of his dark eyes which showed that occasionally the man fought for mastery with the priest and anchorite.

"You ought to have come here before," he said.

The King caught his lip between his teeth and bit it passionately. He might have exploded violently, only he caught the wounded look in Florizel's eyes.

"Lead the way," he said. "We can talk of these matters afterwards. This is my bride."

The priest's pale, hard face softened as he laid his hands gently on Nita's head and blessed her. It seemed a strange and weird dream to the girl afterwards. In a dull, muffled way she heard the hollow ring of her own footsteps upon the bare pavement, she saw the little chapel with its stone-hewn walls picked out feebly by a pair of candles burning on the altar. She could see figures masked and cowed in the carved oak stalls. She started presently when an unseen organ opened its silver throat, and the whole place was flooded with some rapt melody. She was not acting now. She stood there white and pale, trembling and frightened, and yet full of a fearful joy. In a kind of mist the long, lean, black figure of the priest stood out; he was saying words which to her were strange and yet oddly familiar. And presently the King of Montenegro had her shaking hand in his, a plain gold ring encircled her finger. . . . It was all over now. The irrevocable step was taken, and the unseen organ broke out into a joyous chant which was like the tread of armed men coming back after some glorious victory. Then the mist faded away, and the whole situation flashed upon the young queen.

"Let me be the first to offer my congratulations," Father Bentos said. "Permit me to—"

He paused and held up his hand for silence, for there was a sudden thundering knocking on the chapel door and hoarse cries outside. With a dignity all his own, at a sign from Florizel, the priest threw back the heavy doors, and half a score of men entered. At the head of these, fully clad in uniform with his sword at his hip, came General Rutzstin. His great grizzled head was thrown back, his face was pale beyond the whiteness of his recent illness, a great grim rage blazed in his eyes.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded.

King Fritz confronted him. Here was the King, stern and hard and full of courage, a dignified picture enough now. It was only at that moment Nita realised that here was a ruler indeed.

"That is precisely what I was going to ask you," the King said sternly. "What is the meaning of this? How dare you, a subject of mine, intrude in this insolent manner? But I am forgetting myself, general. Let me present to your Majesty my faithful subject, General Count Rutzstin. General, your Queen."

The general bowed to his sword hilt.

"I am your humble servant," he said hoarsely. "Oh, this is indeed a great day for Montenegro!"

TO BE CONTINUED.



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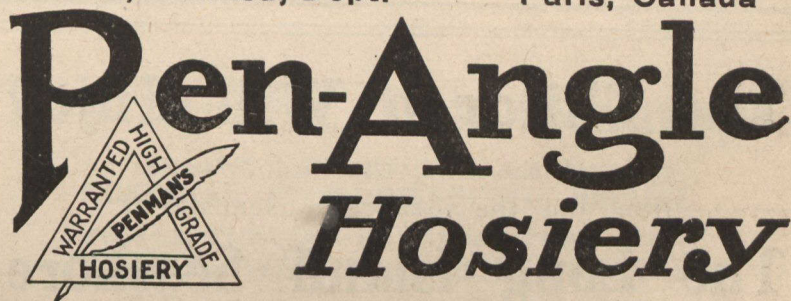
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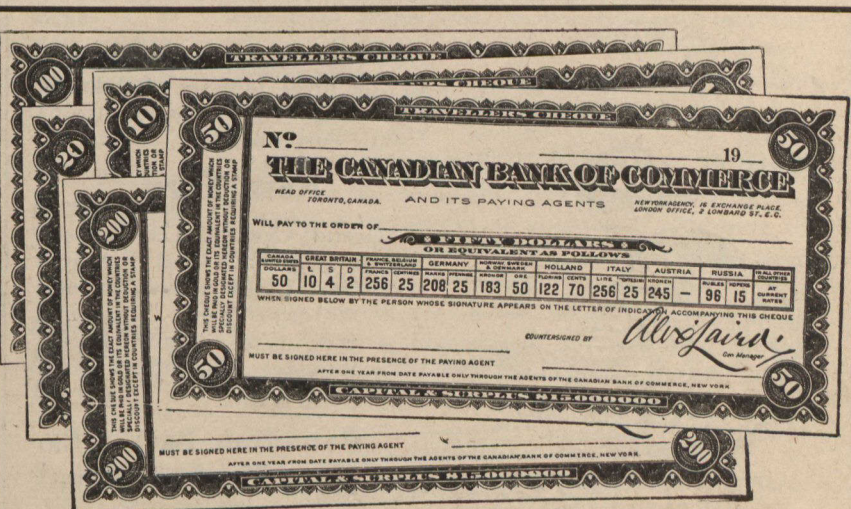
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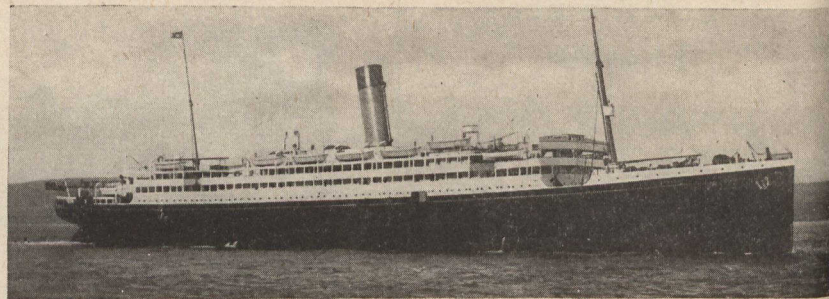
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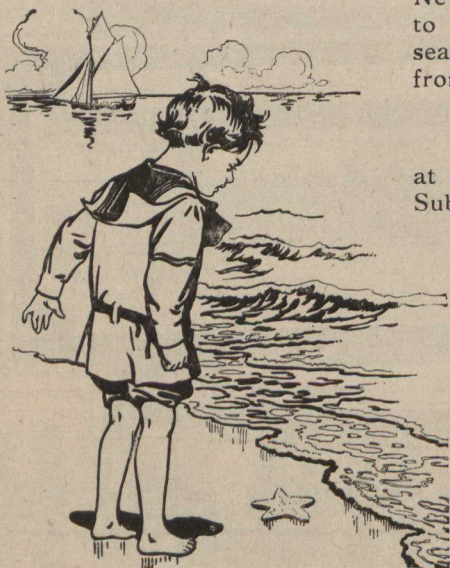
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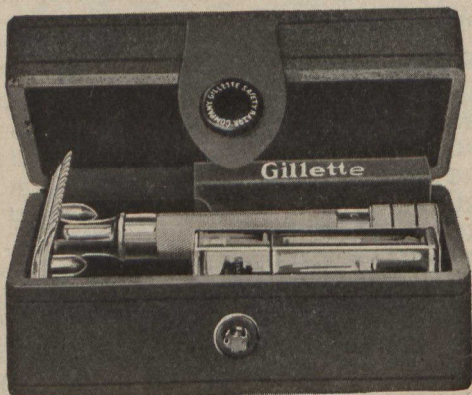


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