

The Canadian
Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

**The Old Feller's
 Fishin'**

By **ARTHUR E. McFARLANE**

**What it Costs
 to Live**

By **R. H. COATS**

**Moving Pictures
 on the Prairie**

By **NORMAN S. RANKIN**

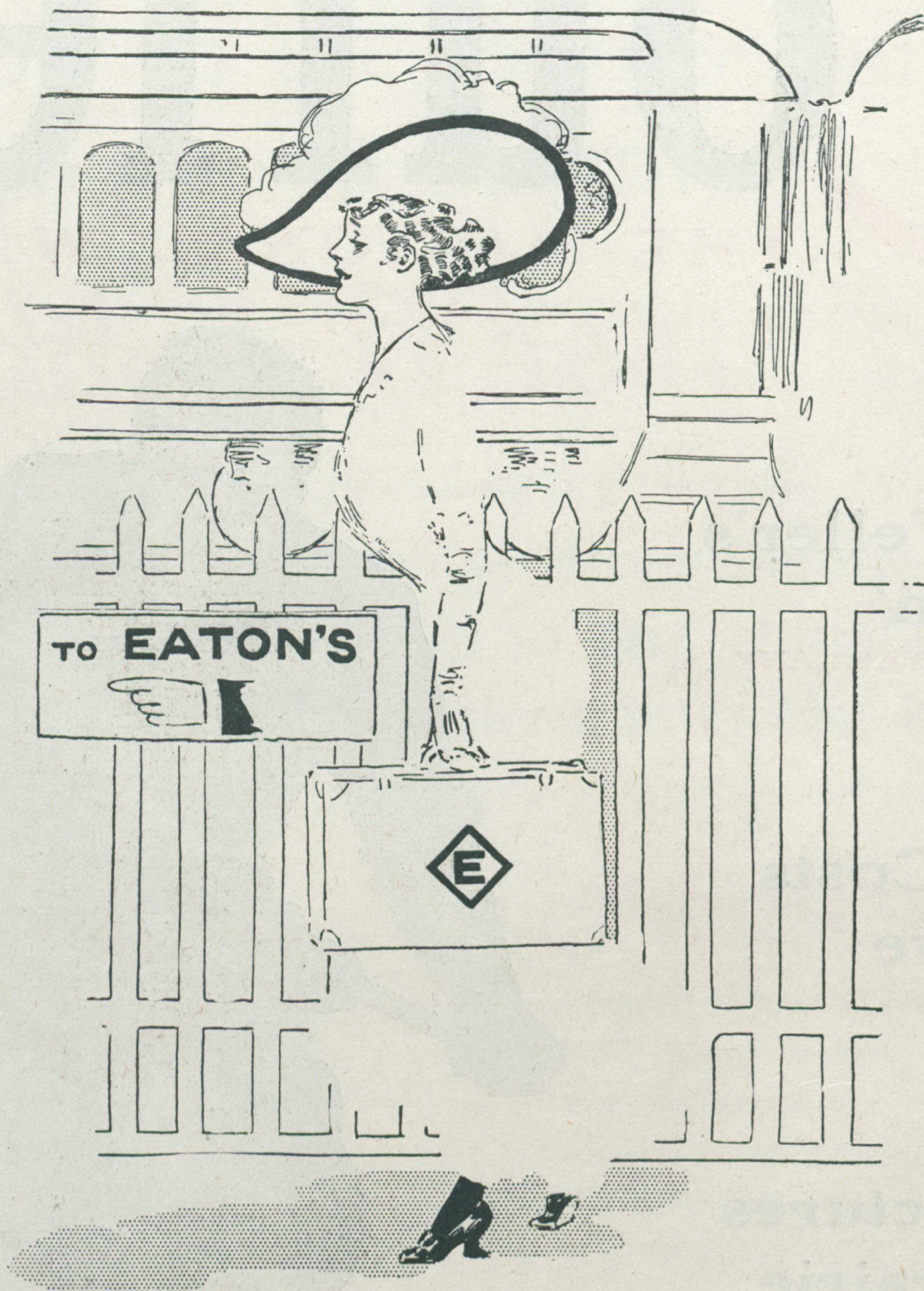
**Aristocrats of
 the Plains**

Drawing by **C. W. JEFFERYS**



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GAMAGES
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The Canadian Courier

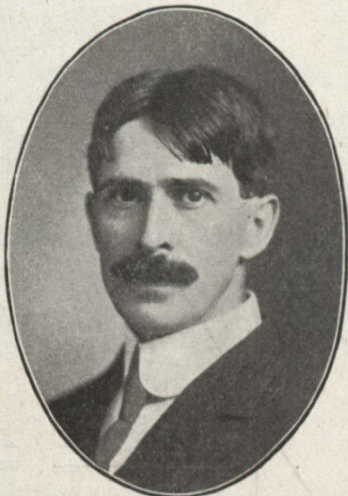
A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited.
Subscription Per Year: Canada and Great Britain, \$3.00; United States, \$4.00

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HERE is Arthur E. McFarlane; the first time a line of his has been printed in the Courier. McFarlane is a Canadian; just as much as that other Arthur, cronym of his clypt Stringer, with whom he fried pancakes in New York many a month; yes, with Canadian Harvey O'Higgins, too. They were a jolly, brainy but impecunious three; said of them that once in those batching years one of them at last sold a story. The three adjourned to a gilded restaurant, took a table at the rear end and looked critically over the bill of fare, as if any one of them could have bought out the entire menu.



A. E. McFarlane.

"What are you going to have?" said each to each.

Impossible to decide.

"Oh — guess we'll take fried eggs," said one of the Arthurs.

That was long before either Arthur E. McFarlane or Arthur Stringer became a top-liner in the United States periodicals. A census of the really big stories and articles in the leading United States magazines would show a large percentage

due to the Canadian colony in New York of whom McFarlane is one of the brightest. He was born near Stratford, Ont.; has travelled a good bit; written a great variety of good things; is an omnivorous worker; lives most of his time at Birch Cliff, near Toronto. Just at present he is on a shoepack jaunt to the Peace River, incidentally picking up some good things for this paper and at bunk-times when the rest of the gang is asleep pegging away at a novel he must deliver in the early fall.

Three of McFarlane's best stories will appear in the Canadian Courier during the next few weeks. This week's is illustrated by T. O. Marten, who sketched for the Fraser story last week.

THEN there is the second instalment of "The Governor's Daughter," begun last week; first of four stories by Herman Whitaker to appear in the Canadian Courier. Whitaker was born in the United States; but he got most of his best material from the Canadian West, where he put in several years as a homesteader getting next to the ripe old romantic yarns of the great fur company. "The Governor's Daughter" is a strong Canadian story and a romance of the real absorbing kind.

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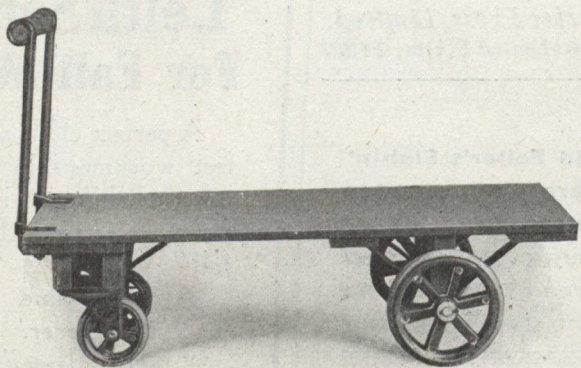
Will reopen Tuesday, Sept. 6th.

For illustrated calendar, address,
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(Look up Telephone Directories)

A STARTLING STATEMENT!

SOMETHING FOR MOTHERS TO THINK ABOUT

We have been endeavoring to draw your attention to the fact that all jams are not pure, and that the use of Salicylic Acid, a preservative, and Aniline Dye (used to make decomposed fruit look like fresh picked) were very detrimental to health. Read this startling statement by one of England's foremost physicians, which is copied from a despatch in the Free Press, in the issue of May 26.

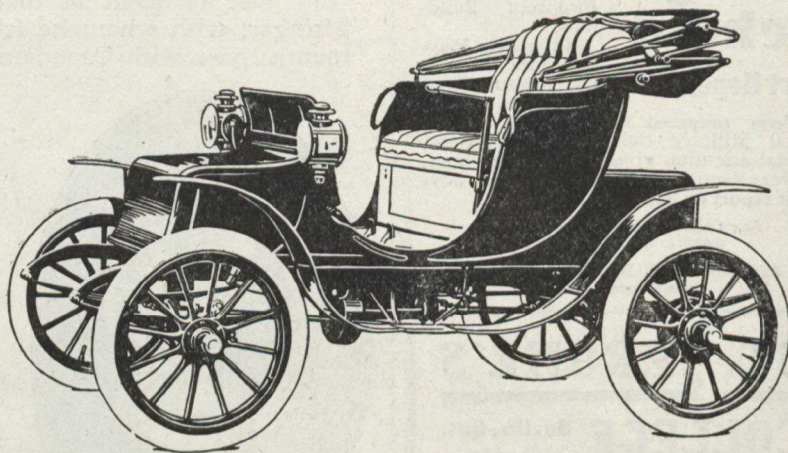
SPREAD OF APPENDICITIS

Is due to use of decomposed foods treated with preservatives.

London, May 26.—A remarkable statement regarding the spread of appendicitis was made yesterday before the Farnham Rural District Council by Dr. F. Tanner, who said: "The increase general all over England, I believe, is greatly due to preservatives in foods. Not that the preservatives themselves do harm, but the presence of decomposed foods which they disguise does. I have attended thirty cases this year held to be due to this cause."

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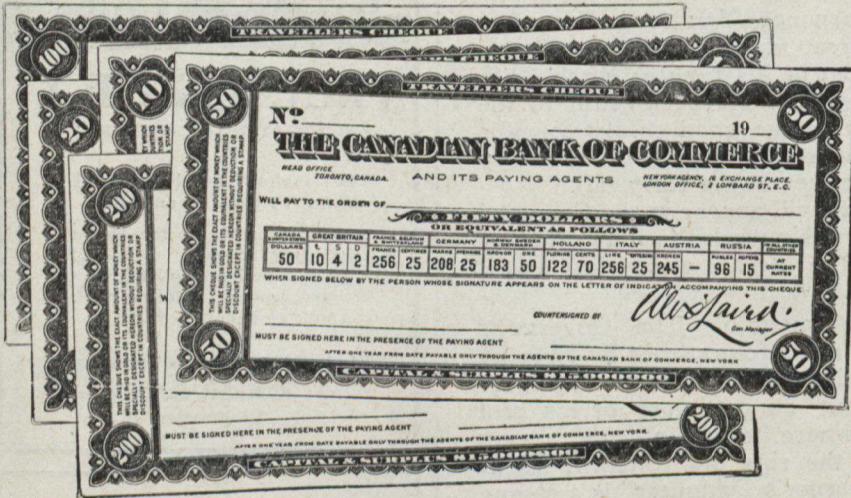
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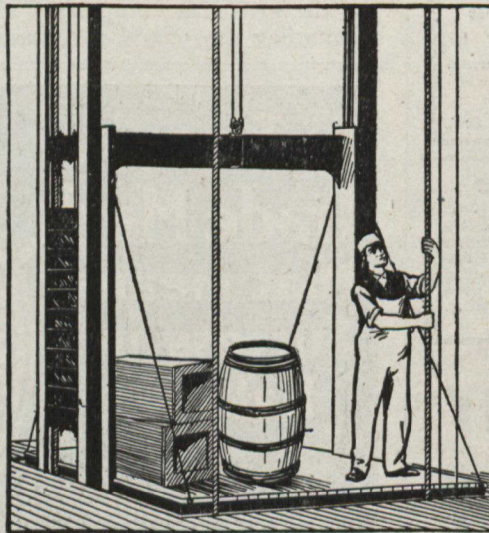
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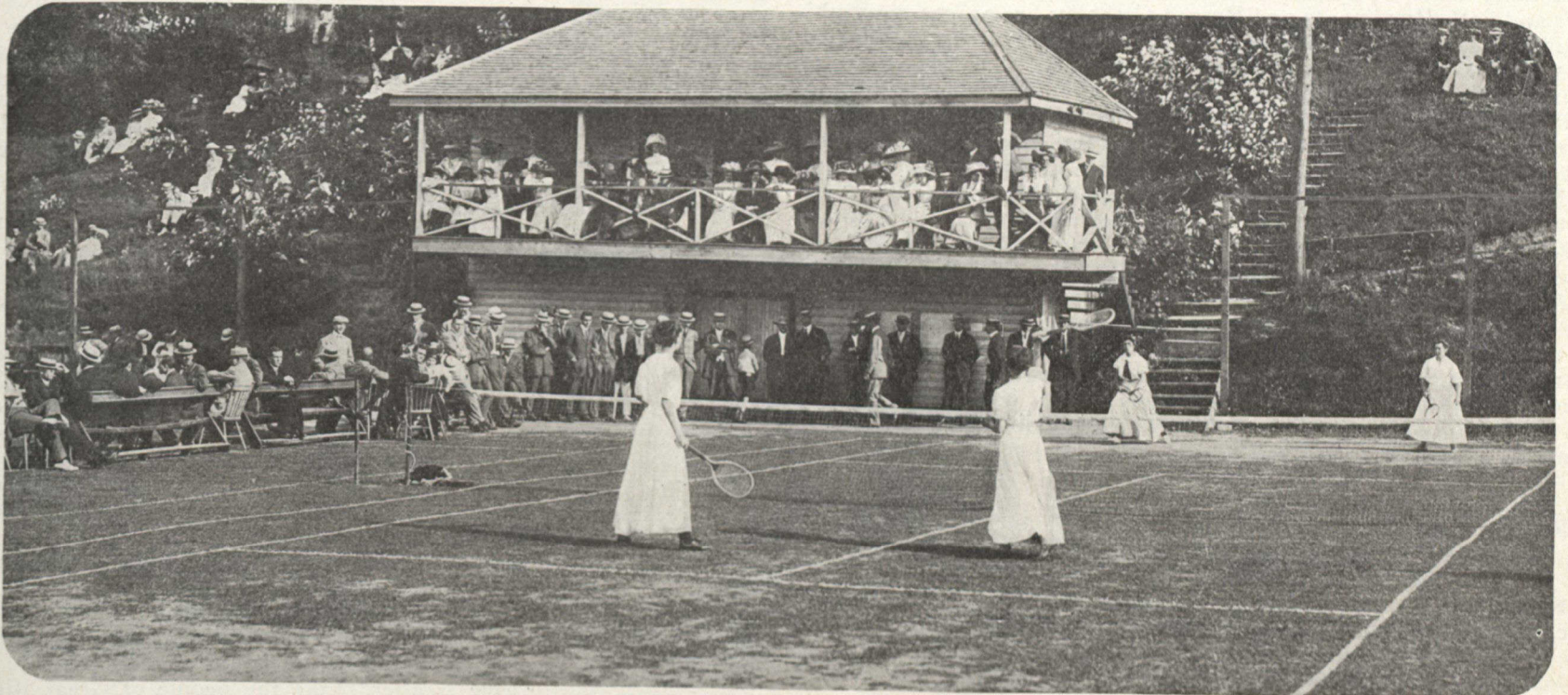
CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

THE
Canadian Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

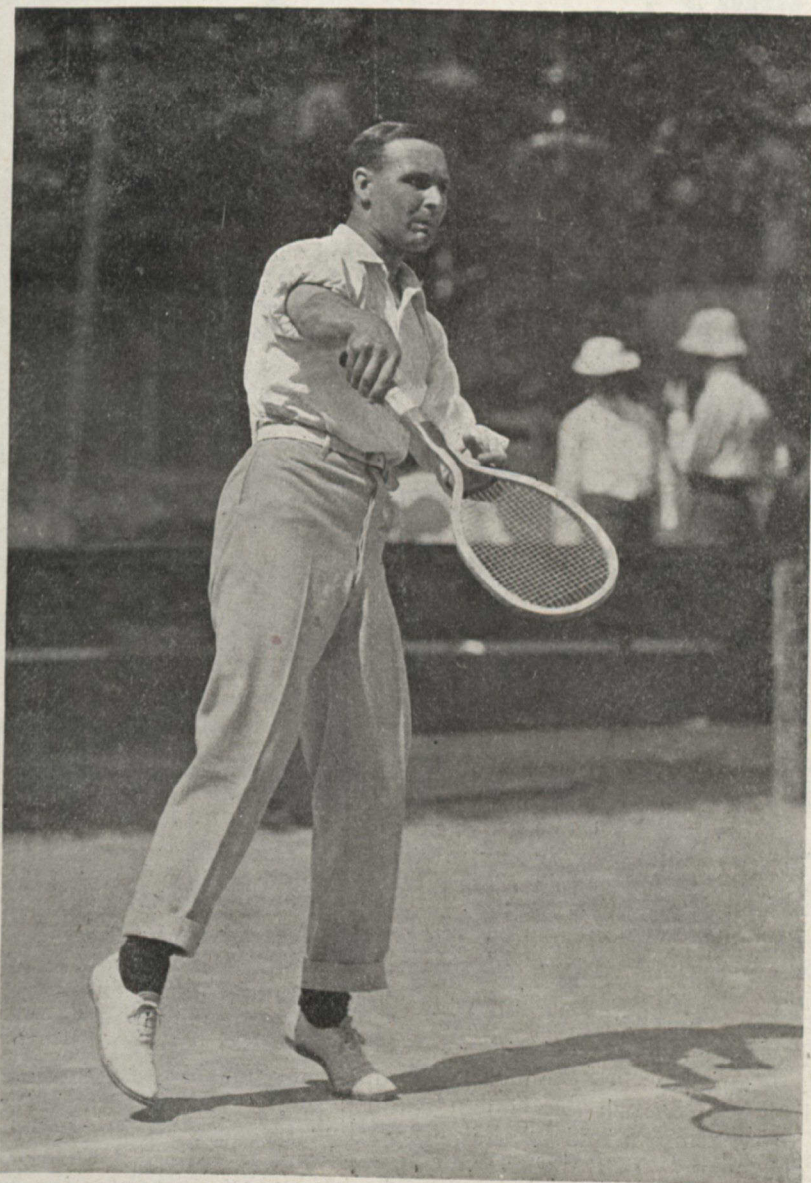
Vol. 8

Toronto, August 6th, 1910

No. 10



Scene on St. Matthew's Tennis Courts, Toronto, when Miss Moyes and Miss Fairbairn (in front) won from Miss Summerhayes and Miss Andras.



Robert Baird, Toronto Champion, who gave Foulkes a hard battle in National Championship, on St. Matthew's Courts.



Captain Foulkes of Ottawa, holder National Championship, who successfully defended the title on Monday last, 2-6, 6-1, 6-2, 4-6, 6-2.

Photographs by Pringle & Booth.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

GREAT BRITAIN has again proved that she leads the nations of the world in religious tolerance. There was a time when Great Britain was as religiously intolerant as any other nation in Europe. The Protestants of that country treated Roman Catholics in much the same way as Roman Catholics have always treated Protestants when opportunity offered. However, the world grows wiser and both Protestants and Roman Catholics are progressing with the times. To a Protestant and a Britisher it is gratifying to feel that the spirit of tolerance, sympathy and good-will has grown faster among the British Protestants than among any other class of people. During the past hundred years Catholic disabilities have been removed one by one until to-day there is practically none remaining. Last week by a vote of 225 to 52, the House of Commons amended the King's religious declaration to such an extent that there is no longer any objection to it on the part of the Roman Catholic Church.

Civil and religious liberty seem to go hand in hand. In spite of her monarchical government and the relics of mediaevalism in the House of Lords and other institutions, the people of Great Britain have greater liberty than the people of any republic. Individual rights are more carefully considered and more jealously guarded, while law and order are more strictly enforced. Great Britain has now added the keystone to the arch of British liberty by eliminating the only expression of her public policy to which possible objection might be taken.

GREAT BRITAIN'S position in this regard is made more magnificent by a comparison with the conditions which happen to prevail at the moment in Spain. A short time ago the Spanish Ministry, with the supposed approval of King Alfonso, decreed that all religious bodies should have full liberty of public worship. Hitherto this privilege, in a public sense, had been more or less curtailed. The Head of the Roman Catholic Church, so far as one may gather from the despatches, is seriously displeased with the Spanish Government, and demands that this and other extensions of religious liberty shall be withdrawn. The Protestant world is stirred by the reports of possible trouble in Spain as the result of the attitude of Rome, and even in Canada enthusiastic Protestants are making statements in the pulpit and the press which are little less intolerant than the action of the clerical party in Spain.

These Protestants would do well to remember that the principle of religious liberty was established in England only after a tremendous struggle. If they will read again their English histories, and especially those portions of them which tell the story of the struggle, they will find that there was just as great opposition to reform shown by the Protestants of England as is now being raised by the Roman Catholics of Spain. They will find that George III blocked Pitt's ambition to admit Catholics to Parliament after the Union of 1800, and that nearly thirty years of agitation were required before the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed at the instance of Lord John Russell. Even then the motive seems to have been desire for civil peace rather than religious generosity. In 1829, after Daniel O'Connell's spectacular struggle to gain a seat in the House, the Emancipation Bill was passed amidst much popular opposition. Then for the first time, English Roman Catholics gained the franchise, and the privilege of holding any of the higher offices of the realm. But it was forty years later before the Irish State Church was disestablished and Catholics relieved of the burden of contributing to the support of the Anglican Church. That was only forty-one years ago, and yet great public meetings were held to consider this "ungodly, wicked and abominable" legislation initiated by a "cabinet of brigands."

The world advances toward higher ideals at a pretty slow pace and always with tremendous effort. Roman Catholics do not differ in their human instincts from Protestants and the two sects share with each other the disabilities of mankind. It is therefore impolitic for journalists and clergy to emphasise that while Protestant Great Britain is extending more and more liberty to the Roman Catholics within her borders, that the Roman Catholics of Spain are refusing elementary privileges in that country. They should rather rejoice that they have their citizenship in a country which has travelled so much farther towards the highest form of civilisation than some of the other nations of the world.

WHEN President Hays of the Grand Trunk undertook to fight a certain section of his employees, did he anticipate that the whole force of the Dominion Government would be thrown in the field against him? Did he anticipate that the mayors of most of the cities and towns of Ontario and the presidents of the Boards

of Trade would also rise up on the side of the men? Did he anticipate that every large Canadian newspaper which circulates widely among members of the trade unions would also join the rebel forces? If he did anticipate all these things, then his courage should command general admiration. If ever a man was subjected to considerable pressure from the general public in order that he should be induced to do what his best business judgment told him not to do, that man is President Hays. Through it all he has borne himself with remarkable poise and dignity and shown himself to be a man of superior character. Even those who are not inclined to say that his judgment in the matter was of the best must admit that he has shown himself possessed of statesmanlike qualities. Whether he wins or loses in his struggle with the men he has probably enhanced his reputation as a gentlemanly and courteous administrator of a great public service. And this is something.

IN connection with the discussion in this column last week as to whether Canadians were prejudiced against goods made in Canada, a Montreal manufacturer writes a most interesting letter. He points out that American manufacturers having branches in this country are using the "Made in Canada" slogan "for all it is worth." He instances such manufacturers as Coca-Cola, Shredded Wheat, Waterman's Fountain Pen, Gillette Safety Razor, and others. He then rather facetiously asks whether those who control these industries are mistaken in believing that "Made in Canada" is as valuable a cry in this country as "Made in U.S.A." is across the border.

So far as this manufacturer's knowledge of the Canadian public goes he apparently does not agree with the correspondent quoted last week. He believes there is not a distinct prejudice against Canadian-made goods. However, he makes this modification and it is probably inspired by wisdom. He believes the "Made in Canada" label will appeal in a greater degree to a second generation who will themselves be made in Canada, "than to naturalised citizens with their home prejudices thick upon them."

All this but confirms the opinion that the "Made in Canada" agitation should be revived and extended. If Canadians once get the habit of preferring Canadian-made goods to those of foreign origin, the Canadian manufacturers will have less need to worry about reduction in duties and possible reciprocity treaties. Like the people of Great Britain, Canadians form their habits slowly, but these habits, once formed, are as tenacious as a ripe Canadian burr.

WIRELESS telegraphy has scored another notable triumph in the Crippen case. It has long been possible to cable across the ocean and have a fleeing criminal apprehended at the end of his journey, but the cable could not disclose the fact of his being on board a certain vessel. Wireless has come in as an adjunct to international police regulation and henceforth fugitives from justice will confine their trips to vessels not so equipped. In future, we may expect the captains of all large vessels to be supplied with daily information of missing criminals and regular requests to look over the passengers and see if such can be found. Indeed, we may also expect that steamship companies will shortly demand increased subsidies from the leading governments on the ground of the services they will be able to render police departments.

Despatches tell us that the young lady who travelled as Dr. Crippen's son gave her case away when, one day, a sudden breeze blew aside her coat-tails and revealed the secret that her trousers were fastened with a safety-pin. There is a lesson in this for all young women who don male attire. They should remember that men do not use safety-pins. When he loses a button, a man may use a nail to maintain the connection between his suspenders and trousers, but a safety-pin never. Further, the habit of tightening his clothes around the waist-line is a habit which he has not yet acquired.

THE Rt. Hon. Mr. Birrell seems to have created a new discussion in Great Britain by suggesting Home Rule for all four portions of the British Isles with a supervising Imperial Parliament. The idea is not new by any means, but it has hitherto been discussed by theorists and detached observers of public affairs. This is the first time that a minister of the Crown has publicly declared for a policy which has worked well in the United States and in the Overseas Dominions. Mr. Birrell's great argument is the foolishness of forcing England's local troubles upon Ireland, Scotland and Wales and vice versa. This, he thinks, is neither just to England nor just to the other members of the British Union.

Canadians have long wondered, if they considered the subject at all, how a British Parliament could possibly deal with the affairs of a great Empire and at the same time transact business which in Canada and Australia is given over wholly to subordinate provincial legislatures. They can easily imagine what dissatisfaction would arise in this country if the people of British Columbia had to wait upon the Parliament at Ottawa before building a colonisation road, a new traffic bridge, or appointing a few new police magistrates.

ENCOURAGEMENT

Editor Courier,

Sir: Cheer up! Canada is rising from the fog and coming to clearer skies along journalistic lines.

The Courier is helping materially and that which helps Canada or anything Canadian helps me.—From a Collingwood Subscriber.

MEN OF TO-DAY

PASSING GLIMPSSES OF PUBLIC MEN AT HOME AND ABROAD

FRED. HEUBACH OF WINNIPEG

IN Winnipeg they have a very lively organisation known as the Development and Industrial Bureau. This enterprising body of missionaries in the industrial field represent a hundred and fifty business houses of Winnipeg, including factories and warehouses, and they control an output of more than a hundred million dollars a year, which is rapidly increasing. The real aim of the organisation is to boost Winnipeg as a city of smokestacks and transformers as well as of box cars and railway sidings. They are succeeding very well; so well that "made-in-Winnipeg" is getting to be a very good understudy to "made-in-Canada."

The newest president of the Bureau is Fred W. Heubach, who has been in Winnipeg so long that he remembers when the only smokestack there was the chimney of old Fort Garry. He went there in 1879 just when the N.P. with its smokestack programme was beginning to be worked out. At that time he was an official of the Hudson's Bay Co. At present he is one of the wealthy men in Winnipeg; was one of the original promoters—the most aggressive one—of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition; a shrewd business man—as good as the best in Winnipeg, which is saying a good deal.

But he is also a philanthropist; no particular splurge about that—though one large item to his credit is the gift of a hundred and sixty acres of land to the University Commission. This land is next to the Agricultural College and the new city park.

* * *

UNSTAGEABLE MR. BORDEN

AMID all this genial fluster about Sir Wilfrid Laurier electrifying the West—what about Mr. R. L. Borden? Three years ago he did the western tour, on the Halifax platform. So far as memory goes he gave the West more real doctrine on that tour than they will get from the Grit contingent. Mr. Borden was not feeling the public pulse. He was doing instruction. As a mere politician on that tour he was a splendid failure. As a spellbinder he was less effective than a self-binder. So far as newspaper reports went he seldom cracked a joke; once in a while told a story; most of the time fist-hammering on the Halifax platform.

Mr. Borden is a wiser man now than he was then. He is a stronger man. Of course he has let slip Mr. Foster—not altogether a sad parting; has lost Mr. Monk—no tears. He has all the rectitude of which a man is capable. Of statesmanship ideas he has enough to reconstruct Ottawa. There has been considerable talk about other leaders. But nobody is liable to displace Mr. Borden. Even the Grit reporters respect him; particularly at close range; mainly because he carries into public life the strict morality of private character.

But he simply can't be staged. There never was a political playwright able to write a play with Mr. Borden as a star actor. He doesn't act. He just—is; ethical, capable Mr. Borden.

* * *

A SYNDICATED INTERVIEW

A FEW years ago just after the sessional indemnity at Ottawa had been raised and Mr. Borden fell heir to seven thousand a year stipend as leader, he was the unconscious means of getting a Toronto reporter into a fix. It was known that Mr. Borden was in Toronto, paying a semi-official visit to Premier Whitney. It was midsummer, when news up at the Legislature in Queen's Park was at a minimum; and when the simplest item was enough to send a city editor into scare-head dimensions.

"Say," said a shrewd scribe on another Toronto daily to the reporter in question, "Borden is sure in the building somewhere. Now we can get an interview out of him. You steer the other fellows away and I'll sleuth for him. I'll get the interview and we'll syndicate."

Agreed. The reporter chaperoned the rest of the scribes into various remote parts of the building. His crony shadowed Mr. Borden and got the "interview," which he syndicated according to agreement.

"Main part of it seems to be this: he says he was quite justified in taking the increase in stipend, because since he became leader his legal practice has considerably fallen off and he needs the money." Which looked important enough to the city editor of reporter



Mr. F. W. Heubach,
President, Winnipeg Development and Industrial Bureau.



Mr. George H. Perley,
Recently appointed Conservative Whip.

No. 1 to make a front-page splash. Noticeable, however, that the other daily—Conservative—had nothing about this; apparently a scoop.

Next morning editor-in-chief of the paper with the big item called the reporter to his inner sanctum; very portentously grave. He alluded to the item on the front page of yesterday.

"Now Mr. Borden has just telephoned me from Ottawa to say that he said no such thing; that his legal practice has not fallen off—and that if any further allusions to the item are made by his friends we shall have to insert a correction. Now, how did you get this 'information'?"

"I didn't. It was syndicate."

"Great Caesar! Syndicate—an interview?"

The reporter kept his job, however; and Mr. Borden made no further trouble.

* * *

THE NEW CONSERVATIVE WHIP

WHEN the Conservative members of the House of Commons gather themselves together at the opening of Parliament in November next it will be different. Some of the hands who have been guiding that party for a quarter of a century have finished their political tasks, because their owners have earned superannuation. As an example of the changes which are occurring, the veteran Conservative Whip, Mr. George Taylor, member for the County of Leeds since 1882, will be succeeded by a man who came into the House twenty years later. Mr. George H. Perley, though member for Argenteuil, a county on the north shore of the Ottawa River, is a resident of Canada's capital city. He once attempted to represent the County of Russell, but Mr., now Senator, W. C. Edwards got more votes than he did. On the death of Dr. Christie in 1902 he made another attempt in Argenteuil, but again found himself somewhat short of ballots. In 1904 he had better luck, and since then he has come to be a force in the House.

A Whip's business is to be a manager of men and to be industrious. Mr. Perley being in the lumber business knows how to manage men. Everybody in the lumber business does. His industry seems to have come to him by inheritance, since his father was a great lumberman, and himself member of Parliament for the City of Ottawa.

Mr. Perley shares with our friends, Sir William Van Horne, Mr. Castell Hopkins and others, the honour of being an American by birth, a Canadian by training, and a Britisher by predilection. He was born in Lebanon, New Hampshire, but educated at the Ottawa Grammar School. Later he went to Harvard University, and this fact may have helped him in his political career, as it is said to have helped the Minister of Labour. He is a director of the Bank of Ottawa, a past president of the Rideau Club, a prominent member of the Golf Club, and takes an interest in all social and charitable work.

* * *

PROBABLY BOTH WRONG

ON all the lines of the Grand Trunk Railway just now one man and two others are particularly discussed. The one is Mr. C. M. Hays; the other two are Messrs. Murdock and Berry, the strikers' representatives. On a Grand Trunk train this week Mr. Hays was talked over very freely. One man in the smoker alleged that the President must win this fight; if he should lose it his days on the Grand Trunk would soon be over. The other contended that the sooner this came the better. The argument about Mr. Hays lasted about seventy-five miles.

The train in question was running late; with little or no freight traffic to keep her back. The parlour car was the only good car on the train. All the others seemed to be second-class coaches jerked in from side lines. The train made a very good run; except for the fact that there was nothing on board to read but old papers and nothing whatever to smoke. She would arrive only half an hour late in a ninety-mile run; but when within five blocks of the Union Station at Toronto the train stopped another half hour. A westbound express went roaring by. The train moved up a peg.

"Just waiting for that express," said the pro-Hays man.

"No business to wait!" snapped the other.

The train stopped again; backed up.

"We're on the wrong switch!" bellowed the anti-Hays man.

The train halted again. Late—the station was reached.

"Well, what about Hays and Murdock now?" said each of the arguers to the other.

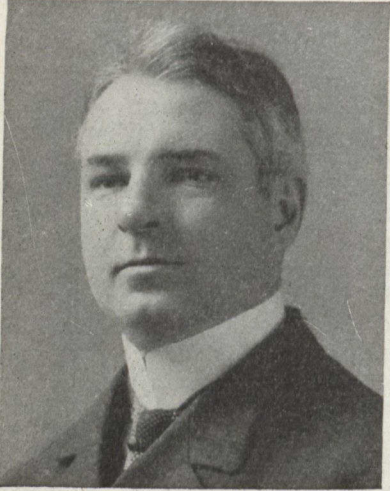
"Hmph! Both wrong. Never should have been a strike at all."

Which seems to be about the conclusion the public generally arrives at; the poor long-suffering public!

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By PETER McARTHUR

MR. F. F. PARDEE, Chief Liberal Whip, has added a new delight to campaigning. While the progress of the Premier and his party through the Northwest must not in any sense be regarded as campaigning, some things may be learned that will be of value when real work begins. To this class belongs Mr. Pardee's



The Baseball Liberal Whip.

innovation. Out somewhere in Saskatchewan where the American Invasion has been most forcible, Mr. Pardee issued a challenge for a baseball game, the Government party against the pressmen. Unfortunately the details are meagre, even in the Liberal organs. We are not told whether the catchers wore gloves and masks, and the little incidents of the game were not reported. The Hon. George Graham acted as pitcher for his team and his work was favourably mentioned. No doubt he pitched good straight-forward ball such as was pitched in his school-days. It would never do for a Cabinet Minister to pitch

curves, or do anything that might suggest crookedness. The reports say that the game was hugely enjoyed by the fans, who of course were largely American invaders. Here is where Mr. Pardee's smoothness becomes evident. Is not baseball the great American game? When the party reaches a Swedish settlement Mr. Pardee may be expected to take the lead at ski-jumping. Among the Germans a general challenge to pinochle will be issued. Elsewhere, weather permitting, they will spend some time in changing hardiment with the sledged Polacks on the ice. Wherever they strike a new nationality they can make the people happy with a new game. It looks good to me but I must say that I think the pressmen who played ball are shrewd politicians. They were beaten nine to seven and you needn't tell me that a bunch of reporters hustling for news couldn't get around on the ball field to better advantage than sedentary Cabinet Ministers. Newspapermen have received a good many plums in the past few years and apparently there are a few left who will not commit the folly of publicly humiliating those who have it in their power to dispense good things.

* * *

THE recent exchange of courtesies at Reno has brought about all sorts of odd developments. Among the most curious I have noticed is some good-humoured sparring between the *Telegram* and

Star as to the particular kinds of bloodiness that are to be approved. The *Telegram* stands up for lacrosse and waves a battle-tattered Union Jack. The *Star's* opinion requires some searching to find but apparently it is mildly opposed to gory exhibitions of all sorts. According to the *Telegram*, we must not be afraid of an occasional abrasion of the epidermis even if an extravasation of blood ensues and intimates that we are what we are because of martial forefathers who were not afraid of blows or blood. There may be some truth in it but I hold that the courage we should reverence is of an entirely different kind. The men who swung the axes and cleared the land in Ontario has courage of the slow kind that endures evenly through a lifetime and not of the hot-blooded kind that finds expression in sudden conflict. It is hard to say just how such courage can be developed but it is certainly the kind that is needed in the making of a nation such as Canada seems destined to be, and the kind that should be held up for the veneration of young Canada.

* * *

AN advantage of living in the country where a man can have mental leisure even though he may be physically busy is that one gets a chance to distinguish between things that are happening and things that are going on. Happenings recur with a regularity that makes them lose human interest. If I pick up a paper of three months ago or a year ago it has practically the same number of accidents, murders, burglaries, fires, sprained ankles, births of freak calves, large hens' eggs, and other happenings as to-day's issue. With things that are going on it is different. I scan the papers every day to see if my friend Doodlecum has been acting as chairman at a political picnic somewhere, or has been appointed to act on some new committee. Doodlecum is being groomed for greatness and the powers that make or mar the destinies of coming men are trying him out with little bursts of speed of this kind so that they may judge of his wind and staying powers. Here is a delightful comedy that is going on right under my eyes and I can watch each scene as it develops. There are tragedies, too, to be watched among the things that are going on, such as the hopeless struggle of some independent business man who wishes to preserve his individuality in spite of the pressure of some merger or combination. The best of these tragedies is that under modern methods they are swift and cleanly and that the stage is soon cleared of the debris. One great difficulty in following the things that are going on is that the papers do not seem to recognise this feature of the news and one has to keep in touch with them by wallowing through all the happenings. Just try picking out the things that are going on and following their development. There is a positively dramatic delight in realising that you are one of the first to hear the "whinny" of the "dark horse" before the election and to locate his pasture. Here and there you may catch a glimpse of the handwriting on the wall that they talk about in the editorial columns long after the handwriting has disappeared and everything is over. It is a kind of pleasure you have to enjoy all by yourself, however, because the newspapers seem to have trained us all to seeing things in detached events rather than in sequences.

THE GREATEST LACROSSE MATCH EVER HELD



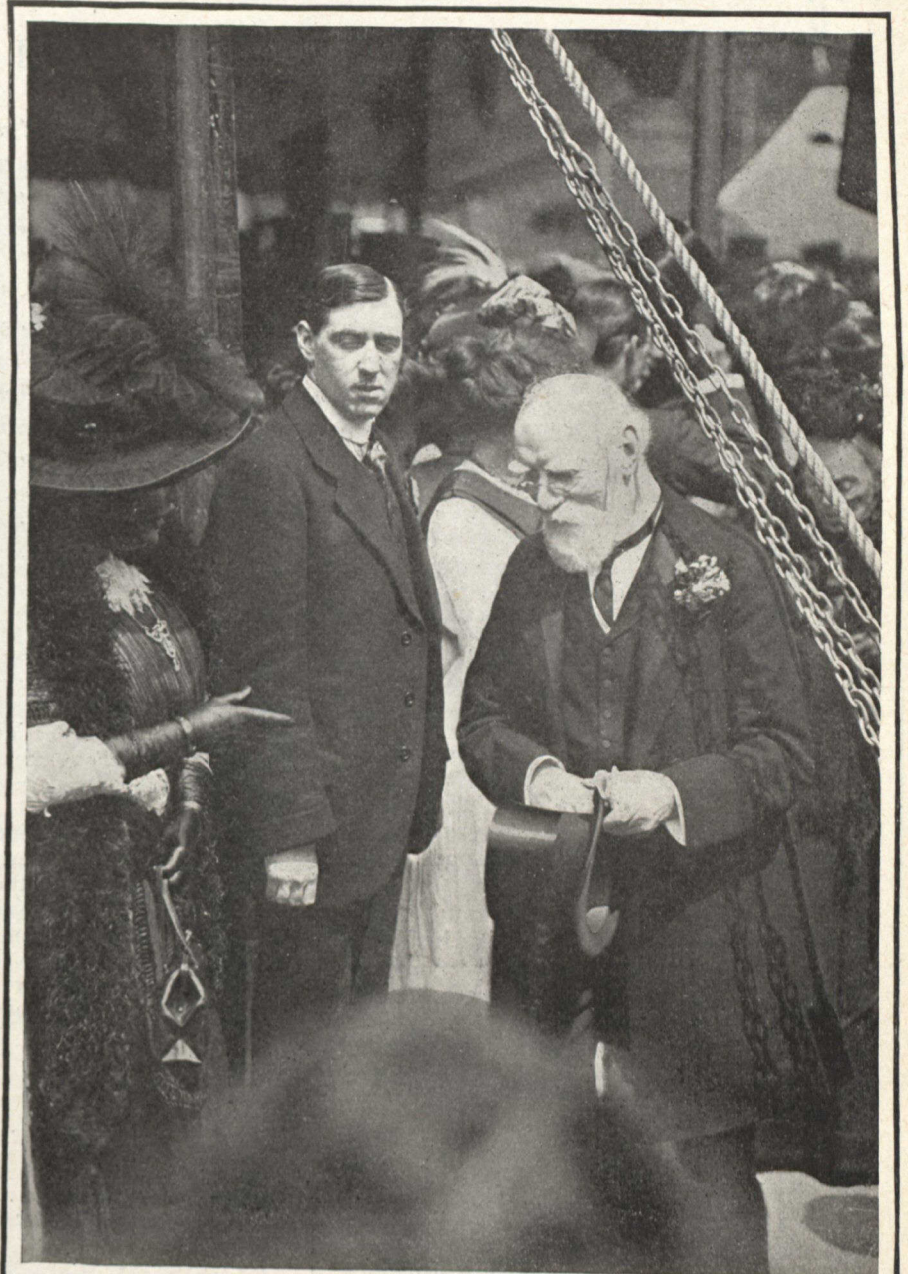
When the Nationals met the Torontos on the former's grounds, in Montreal, on July 23rd, the greatest lacrosse audience ever assembled, witnessed a wonderful game, and the home team won.

Photograph by A. A. Chesterfield, Montreal

TWO OF THE EMPIRE'S GRAND OLD MEN



Lord and Lady Roberts and Miss Roberts at the Bisley Rifle Meeting.



Lord Strathcona at the Foundation Stone Laying of the Royal Academy of Music.

THE TRUTH ABOUT LACROSSE

Shifting Story of the Big Canadian Clubs

By W. F. WIGGINS

NEVER since the National Lacrosse Union was organised has the Toronto Lacrosse Club won a championship. This season their chances looked good and the experts were touting them as a world-beating aggregation, when the Nationals—an exclusively French-Canadian team in Montreal—loomed up large on the lacrosse horizon and the roseate sky of Toronto's hopes faded away to an ashen grey.

For those fleet-footed French-Canadians did something that never before in the history of the N. L. U. had they been able to accomplish. They defeated the Torontos in Toronto—trimmed them cleanly and clearly in one of the best games seen there in years. The score was five to three, and the Torontos were beaten in every department of the game. It was no fluke victory.

After that it was easy for the Frenchmen. Nothing could hold them. Previously the two teams had been tied for first place. Torontos went out of the race from that day. They even allowed the Cornwall Colts to trim them in the Factory Town, where a year ago they had triumphed over Lally's legions by the somewhat ridiculous score of fifteen to four. Then Nationals got them in Montreal on July 23rd and clinched their championship chances by a five to one victory.

And that last game is worth some comment. It established some new records in the N. L. U. Nearly fifteen thousand excited lacrosse fans saw the struggle. Thousands of them could not get within the grounds, but from an equally excited compatriot, standing at a club-house window, they heard through a monster megaphone the story of the game, and they went into raptures of joy as the man with

the megaphone detailed the daring deeds of their idols. The gate receipts were over \$5,000, eclipsing by several hundred dollars the gate taken at the great Shamrock-Capital struggle some years ago. This is a new world's record for lacrosse gate receipts. Inside the National grounds the crowd was so great that the game was delayed while part of the field was roped off.

Nationals are deserving of all the credit they can get for their fine showing this season. It's something like a decade or more since they won the N. L. U. honours, and they had degenerated into almost a tail-end team of late years. This season "Newsy" Lalonde, formerly goal-keeper for Cornwall, took over the management of the team, and he has put new life into the French-Canadians. They are the fastest outfit in the league, they are skilful stick-handlers, and they are close checkers. All they needed was brainy coaching and good management. This Lalonde has supplied, though it must be recorded with some regret that in the last game with Torontos he spoiled a good season's record by a dirty and deliberate attack on Ernie Menarey, the Toronto captain, when the game was safe and there remained only two minutes to play. The N. L. U. has long been noted for its laxness in dealing with such offenders, and it remains to be seen whether it will as usual content itself with informing the offender that he has been a naughty boy.

Torontos have themselves to blame for their failure to live up to the hopes of their backers. Their weakness is in petty tripping and slashing of opponents, and games are never won by players on the penalty bench.

Montrealers have just returned from their

Minto Cup-chasing trip to the Pacific Coast—without the Cup. They will have to yield up the N. L. U. honours, too, for it begins to look as if the Nationals are invincible. They have won seven straights and lost none, and they may even go through the entire season without a defeat. If they do it will be another record broken.

Tecumsehs this year seem to be in-and-outers. They will do well if they win half their games.

Cornwall has a new and nery home and practically the same old defence. They'll come stronger next season.

Shamrocks are using only three or four of the famous old brigade that won so many championships, and the new chaps somehow seem to find the shoes of their predecessors hard to fill.

The once great Capitals have faded away, and the team was recently organised. It is almost entirely made up of juniors now, and they broke into the win column last Saturday after seven straight defeats.

The Minto Cup games resulted as almost everybody expected they would. Montrealers could not put up as good a battle as did Tecumsehs a year ago. New Westminster has a team of legitimate world-champions, and there seems to be no team in the east good enough to go west and bring back the Minto Mug. It is doubtful if Nationals will fare much better than Montreal when they get their chance at the champions. But somehow, easterners can't help feeling that they'd like to see Torontos or Nationals play off at Winnipeg, or some other neutral city, for the coveted trophy. Of course the conditions for the contest would be more even, but there wouldn't be nearly as much money in it.

And nowadays, even in sport, money talks louder than anybody else in the conversation.

We are modern. Only college professors when they take a day off to roast in the bleachers watching a lacrosse or baseball tussle, wonder which is the more important—the money or the game—it wasn't so in Arnold of Rugby's time! Fans would pay fifty dollars to see some games.

WHAT IT COSTS YOU TO LIVE

By R. H. COATS



Mr. R. H. Coats.

What does it cost you to live? Some say that the price of everything is steadily going up: that if a man gets higher wages for his labour and pays proportionately more for what he consumes, what better off is he? James J. Hill, in a recent magazine article, states that the problem is not so much the high cost of living as the cost of high living. He argues that the modern individual lives at a higher pace than his grandfather: that what were once luxuries have now become commonplaces. Which may or may not be true.

In an article on this page, Mr. R. H. Coats begins to show exactly what the prices of commodities are in these days compared with what they used to be before the present rise began. He proves that in some respects it costs less to live now than it did before people began to complain about the cost of living, and that the question is one with a hundred points of view. On first glimpse you may not agree with him. Read his facts and figures and you will begin to conclude—that what it costs you to live nowadays is partly what you reckon you can afford to have that you didn't need twenty years ago; partly the result of world-wide conditions over which individuals and nations have no control; in part the waste of raw material, calling for conservation of resources.

Mr. Coats is the Dominion Government's expert on prices. As the Associate-Editor of the Labour Gazette, he has followed minutely the cost of labour as well as of commodities. The Department of Labour has just issued a special book by Mr. Coats—the work of several months' investigation—which contains more information on the cost of living than any other book ever published in Canada.

FOURTEEN years ago we had low prices in Canada. We also had three other things: glutted warehouses, stagnant money and unemployment. In 1895-7 when steak was twelve cents a pound and lumber about two-thirds its present price, every fifth man you met was out of a job and every fourth house in a Canadian city had "To Let" on the window. The wholesale prices of goods in general were eleven points lower than now. In 1897 prices went down to 37 per cent. wholesale lower than they are to-day. Since then the cost of living has gone up. Furs head the list. Lumber comes next. Meat is dearer. Hides, leather and boots are up. Fish is climbing. Groceries, however, are not much higher. Dry goods and clothing have advanced very moderately. Coal is reasonable. House-furnishings are among the slowest to increase in value. Lowest of all in the scale of advance are drugs and chemicals; metals and implements. But since 1897 the one idle man in four has found a job; and "To Let" has gone off the windows. Which is better?

THE first natural desire of everyone who feels the advancing cost of living of the past dozen years is to account for it. But before attempting that, it is highly important to know, in as thorough-going a way as possible, what it is we have to account for. Price is not a simple thing. Of all economic phenomena, price is among the most complex—the most difficult to appraise, let alone explain. Not to speak harshly, scarcely one in ten of the "representative" opinions which have been filling some of the magazines of late, can be of more than indirect value, because almost invariably such opinions frankly stand for singleness of outlook, of one kind or another, upon a subject which is as many-sided as human nature and human society itself. Under no circumstances can absolute comprehensiveness of purview be obtained; but at least one should try to get as broad a sweep of the field as possible.

Price is, of course, to a degree, a world phenomenon, and though the well-known records of the London *Economist* and various foreign governments have a practical bearing on the Canadian situation, a more intimate and local analysis is greatly preferable. This is now afforded by a special report just issued by the Department of Labour, which is specifically designed to do for Canada what the various investigations referred to perform for their respective countries. The rapid development of the Dominion, and the differentiation in conditions implied, have undoubtedly created a need for these independent statistics.

The Department's investigation goes back to 1890, some six or seven years before the present rise began, and thus furnishes a sufficiently remote and detached point of view. Altogether some 230 articles are covered, the selection being over a wide range, on the principle of taking the most represent-

ative commodities in the most important fields of commerce, and thus obtaining a result which may be regarded as reflecting, with due regard to proportion, the whole area of Canadian consumption and trade. These are arranged in thirteen main divisions, with several sub-divisions, so that altogether about forty distinct branches are represented. For every one of the articles a reliable price quotation was secured on the first market day of each month back to 1890. Wholesale prices are used, as preferable to retail for their greater accessibility and reliability, though the latter are of course the prices actually paid by consumers. The following is a bird's-eye view of the scope of the inquiry:

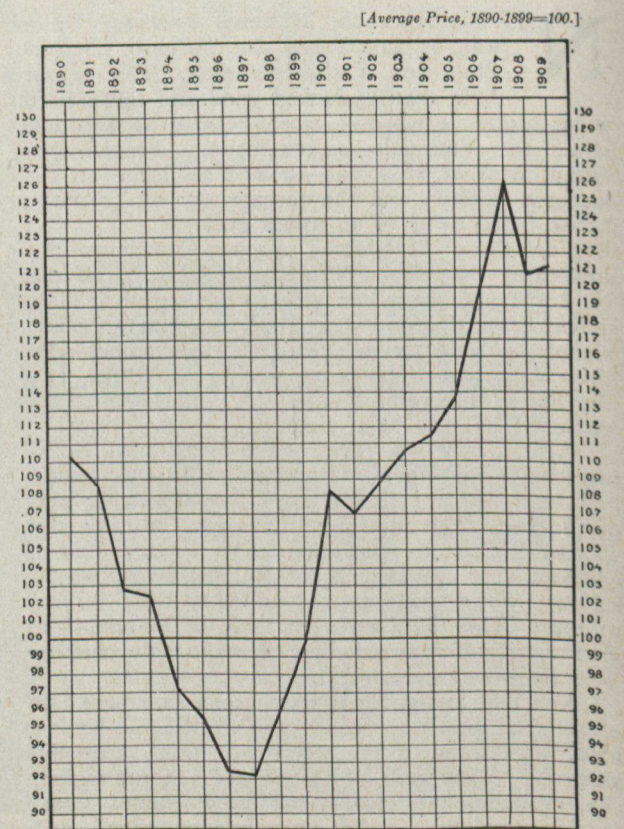
Group.	Number of Commodities.
1. Grains and fodder	13
2. Animals and meats	15
3. Fish	9
4. Dairy produce	5
5. Other foods (groceries, fruits, vegetables, etc.)	57
6. Textiles—	
(a) Woollens	5
(b) Cottons	4
(c) Silks	3
(d) Linens	3
(e) Jutes	2
(f) Miscellaneous	2
7. Hides, leather, boots and shoes	11
8. Metals and implements	27
9. Fuel and lighting	10
10. Building material—	
(a) Lumber	11
(b) Miscellaneous building materials	14
(c) Paints, oils and glass	14
11. Housefurnishings (furniture, crockery and glassware, kitchen-furnishings and table cutlery)	16
12. Drugs and chemicals	15
13. Miscellaneous—	
(a) Furs	4
(b) Liquors and tobacco	4
(c) Sundry	6

The method of presenting the results demands a word. This is the well-known device of index-numbers. For the benefit of the non-statistician, to whom the term in spite of its vogue may still savour of the mysterious and technical, it may be explained that the index-number is merely a device to show the combined and final effect of the price changes of several commodities. The nature and extent of a series of changes in the price of a single article may, of course, be seen at a glance. Suppose, however, the price of wheat advances within a given period, say, ten cents a bushel, while the price of lumber declines \$1 per thousand feet, how may the net result of the two changes be expressed? The answer is, by reducing the actual quotations in each case to the form of a percentage of the price during a common standard period (that is, by translating the quotations into the terms of a common denominator), in which form they may be combined. This is in effect the method of index-numbers. Simple as it sounds, it is well-known as one of the most involved as well as fascinating of the problems of statistics. The index-number of any article or number of articles at any date is the percentage which the price of that article or number of articles at that date is of the price of the same article or articles at some other date or period selected as a standard.

Summing up the results of the investigation as a whole, the chart below on this page gives a better idea than words. It should be pointed out that the base or standard period selected is the last ten years of the last century, 1890-99. This average is represented in all the charts, of which the report contains 114, by the line 100.

Speaking roughly, this shows that prices in Canada were falling at an almost precipitate rate from 1890 to 1895—years of panic depression and political unrest both in the United States and the Dominion. Steadying themselves for a year, they rose even more quickly than they had fallen from 1897 to 1900. There was again a year's breathing space, after which the advance was resumed, but somewhat more slowly, until 1905, when the extreme buoyancy of 1900 again set in and held full sway until 1907. A slump in 1907-8 and a partial recovery in 1909 which was continued into 1910, and is probably by this time completed, concludes the tale. From 1900 to 1907 the rise was at least 37 per cent.; and it would be conservative to infer that at the present time also prices in Canada are fully that much above the level of thirteen years ago. It may be noted in passing that the Canadian diagram is very similar to that of the official index-number of the United States Department of Commerce and Labour, which covers the same or a very similar list of articles. Here also may be interposed the remark that the rise has apparently been a little more pronounced in the United States than in Canada, and more rapid again in Canada than in Great Britain.

This, of course, is a general statement compounded of various constituents. Price, however, as thus expressed, is like an elaborate mosaic.



In ten years wholesale prices in Canada varied 34 p c.

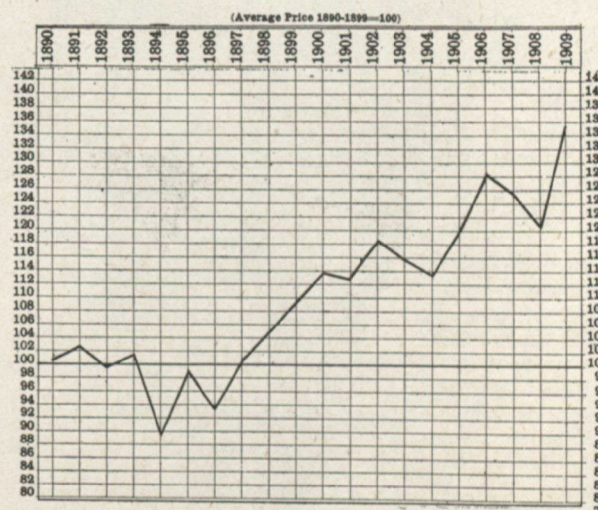


THE PRICE OF WHEAT IS NOT MUCH AFFECTED BY PARTIAL FAILURE OF A CROP IN ONE COUNTRY.
Panoramic View of a Wheat Landscape such as will be seen this month in Western Canada, from a transcontinental car window.

It is in the share that the various groups and articles contribute to the general result that illumination, or perhaps it would be better to say, in view of the problem of causes, perplexity, chiefly lies. The following table of index-numbers gathered from the report will illustrate this feature, the number, it is to be remembered, representing in each case a percentage of the average price prevailing during the decade 1890-99:

	1890.	1897.	1907.	1909.
1. Grains and fodder ...	116.7	80.6	140.2	149.9
2. Animals and meats ...	111.2	90.4	133.8	148.6
3. Dairy produce	103.0	90.1	131.5	133.6
4. Fish	103.3	98.6	129.5	134.0
5. Other foods	120.3	86.0	112.5	107.6
6. Textiles	111.4	98.0	126.1	108.3
7. Hides, tallow, leather, boots and shoes ...	100.6	100.1	125.5	135.4
8. Metals and implements—				
(a) Metals	125.4	85.7	134.8	101.9
(b) Implements ...	103.8	93.1	107.1	102.4
9. Fuel and lighting ...	107.4	96.4	108.8	103.8
10. Building materials—				
(a) Lumber	103.5	93.9	165.2	154.6
(b) Miscellaneous building materials	117.6	87.7	108.7	105.7
(c) Paints, oils, glass	109.5	95.5	141.2	135.2
11. Housefurnishings ...	100.2	99.8	112.7	110.4
12. Drugs and chemicals..	110.5	96.5	108.5	103.9
13. Miscellaneous—				
(a) Furs	86.5	88.0	239.4	227.2
(b) Liquors and tobaccos	94.9	103.9	125.5	117.5
(c) Sundry	112.0	91.2	123.0	121.6
Total	110.3	92.2	126.2	121.2

This shows unmistakably that although the general direction of prices has been almost uniformly upward since 1897, widely different rates of pro-



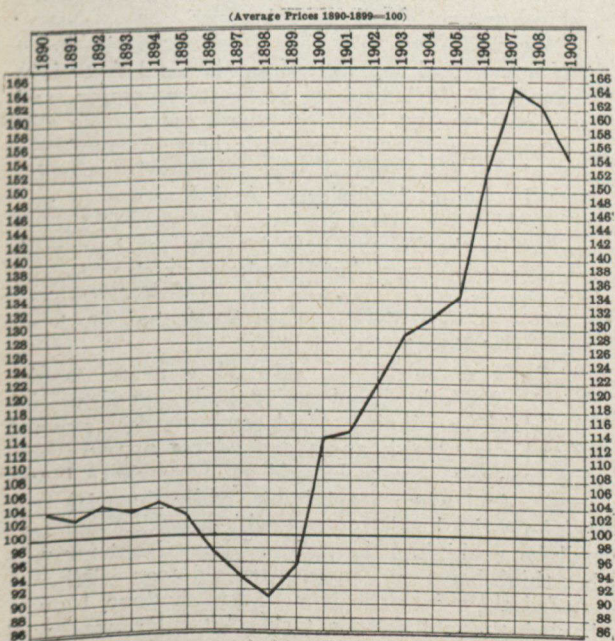
How the prices of animals and meats have steadily advanced—

gress, and at times even opposite directions, have prevailed in different departments of trade. Grains and fodder advanced no less than 75 per cent. between 1897 and 1907, and have added a further twelve points between 1907 and 1909. Animals and meats rose fully 50 per cent. in the first ten years mentioned, and have gained another 16 points since. Dairy produce has similarly risen 48 points, and fish, hides and leather, 35 points, over the prices of 1897. When we come to miscellaneous foods, however, (including groceries, fruits, vegetables, etc.), we find a different state of affairs. Not only was the fall from 1890 to 1897 much more pronounced, but the recovery to 1907 was slow and there was a very considerable slump again to 1909. In neither 1907 nor 1909 was the level as high as in 1890. It was somewhat the same with metals, which sagged badly from the high level of 1890 until 1897, and which were low again last year, though they were high in 1907. Implements have been steady for twenty years, with tools showing a generally downward tendency. Fuel has risen, but lighting is much cheaper. Not until we come down the list to lumber is there any approach to the rocketing tendency of grains and meats. Here the advance was 75 per cent. between 1897 and 1907, though there was a considerable set-back in 1908. Miscellaneous building materials, on the other hand, have not been very much higher, though paints and oils are decidedly dearer. Among housefurnishings, wooden furniture has advanced, but iron beds, cutlery and most lines of crockery have fallen in price. Drugs and chemicals are on the whole down from 1890. Liquors and tobaccos have gone up steadily and furs have soared, peltries having nearly trebled in the last thirteen years, showing the largest gain

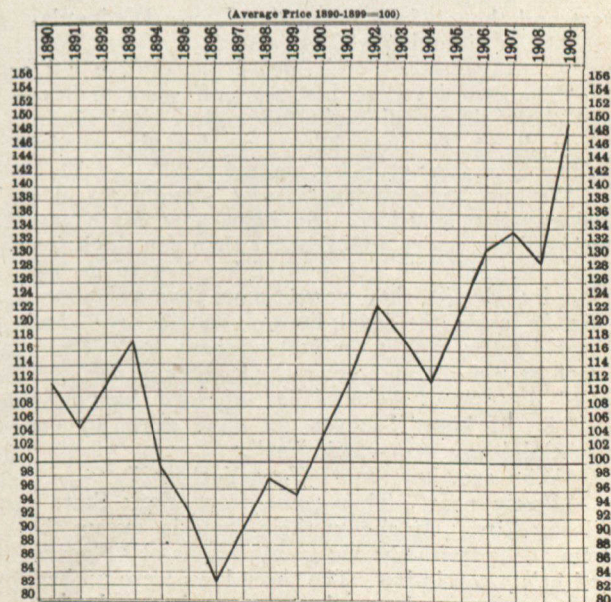
on the group list—though that is not a matter of importance.

Wider ranges of grouping and other combinations of articles, which can easily be worked out from the individual index-numbers, are highly interesting. The investigation covered altogether thirty articles which may be reckoned as crude farm products. These in 1909 were apparently 37 per cent. above the average prices of the decade 1890-99. Twenty-nine articles which may be classed as manufactured farm products show an average gain of 34 per cent. over the standard prices. As soon, however, as we light on a food that was not grown in Canada we find in most cases another story. Imported foods to the number of fourteen are actually lower than they were during the base period, and are considerably lower than twenty years ago. Also, if all products of the mines are taken together they were only slightly above the base level in 1909, and, if coal be excluded, they were below. The average advance of 110 manufactured articles figures out at approximately 14 per cent., but this list includes lumber, the elimination of which lowers the average to 10 per cent.

If space were available to examine the fluctuations of individual commodities even more eccentric behaviour than the above would be shown. Some of the most closely associated articles follow highly individualised paths. Tea, for example, is up, while coffee is down. Pitch is high and tar low. Pork is soaring and mutton is steady. Similarly with cow-hides and horse-hides, lime and cement, carbolic acid and the usual run of chemicals. The Department's report contains 114 charts which show the course followed by over 200 articles or groups of articles. No two of the lines begin and end at the same place.



Lumber advanced 75 per cent between 1898 and 1907.



Variation in hides, leather and boots.

THE OLD FELLER'S FISHIN'

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

Drawing by Tom O. Marten

As we stepped off at the raw, red station in the Algoma cedar bush, Mat's dusty democrat came into view through the open doors of the baggage-room, and the old fellow himself waved us the hand of genial recognition from a group he was taking leave of at the steps of the next car forward. The party consisted of three tanned young men in picturesquely soiled and battered fishing raiment, and a grey-haired old couple, evidently their father and mother. And it was with the old gentleman that Mat was chiefly concerned. By the pile of valises and suit cases, still awaiting the toss of the baggage-man, were two shapelessly bulging oat-bags which experience told us were heavy with ice-and-sawdust-packed lunge and black bass; and it was plain that that ancient sportsman was fondly and nervously determined to see those two bags safely aboard before he embarked himself. But apparently Mat finally overruled him; for, with a travelling satchel in one hand and a green-baize-covered bundle of rods in the other, he managed at last to drive him reassuringly behind the others into the train. A moment later Mat was out again, and, hurrying up the platform, arrived at the baggage car in time to "take ends" with the "agent" and heave the second sack thumpingly after the first. Then, as the train began to pull out, he came back in his striding run, waved his weather-browned slouch hat in an awkward gayety of farewell at the young men lounging in the vestibule, and caught the old gentleman's tremulous fingers through the window. His parting quaver of thanks he shook off with vigorous depreciation, and received the radiant gratitude of the tearfully proud little old lady beside him with kindly shyness. And till the last car was well past the platform he beamed after them broadly and lovingly. It was as if they had been two little children of the city and he a country grandfather bidding them good-by after the most joyous of holidays. It was not hard to see that he had been very good to them—and on the sixteen-mile drive out to the Forks we were to hear the story.

Mat gave us our annual welcome in a long grip apiece, assured us that all was well with him and that the fishing had never been better. Then we slid our satchels, rods and minnow-pails into the back of the democrat, and two minutes later we were bowling swiftly northward over the new government road. Waters was first to come back to the "one subject." "So all the bass in the Wistassing aren't caught yet?" he asked tentatively.

Mat slowly turned himself sideways in the front seat and thoughtfully grasped the grey Wednesday stubble on his wrinkled jaw. "Well, I reckon, now, not to exaggerate, there's mebbe one or two left."

"The crowd you've just seen off seem to have got their share, all right, all right," said Gunn. "You didn't let them hike out that six-pounder you've been saving up for me, did you?"

The old boy's shoulders went straight up in a sudden, silent chuckle. "By jinks, now, Mr. Gunn, mebbe there you're aimin' better than you think for. They certainly did get some fish. Not to go too close into details, they weren't more than a thousand pounds inside the legal limit, I should say. And the old feller caught the best of them, too. That's what he did. And I don't think catchin' fish ever filled any man's heart fuller of solid happiness, neither. I know I never got more pure joy out of helpin' any man catch 'em."

"Who are they—more New Yorkers?"
"Pretty near. They come from York State—Albany City. Hutcheson their name is, except the young feller with the mustache; his name's Rogers, and he's a son-in-law. The three boys were up here last year—come the week after you left and when they begun makin' arrangements to strike north again this summer the old feller took a notion that

he'd come along, too. He'd stayed with his daughters the year before, and now he guessed he'd go a-fishin' with the men. And of course the old lady was bound to go along with him. Well, the sons, they're really good fellers, and they got right up and encouraged them in it. They picked the old man out a rod and tackle of the best, wrote on to me, and laid out to just make him one of the boys again. If they'd actu'ly thought of him as old, and acted smooth-handed with him accordin', it might have saved a lot of needless heartburnin'.

"For the old feller couldn't seem to catch any fish, and they, treatin' him exactly like one of their-selves, couldn't seem to roast him enough over it. You boys don't need to be told how it is when the crowd gets in at night and starts countin' up and comparin' catches. Fishin' puts all of us on the



"He'd dig his heels into his rock, and grip to it, and fight him over to me inch and foot."

"Lordy! the Wistass'll never see the like of it again."

same footin', and the feller with the short string—no matter who he is—has got to stand for it.

"But I could see plain enough—though they seemed to be daft blind to it—that he was a long, long way from takin' it as it was meant. He smiled through it all some way or other, but it was a vinegared knife to him none the less. For he was just enterin' on those years when an old man begins to doubt and dread he ain't keepin' all his faculties—when he's forever strainin' his ear pitiful' open to hear every little word and hint that he ain't, and if what he fears is slowly beginnin' to be true—I tell you, now, that doesn't make it any easier to bear. I'm just gettin' old enough to guess what that is myself. Mebbe I'm not showin' any great outward signs of weakness, but I own to you, boys, that I haven't got the power and speed in me now that I had ten years ago. And when my lads, Jack and Lige, come home after harvest to help me lay up the winter's firin', and I take an end of the cross-cut saw with one of them while the other splits—often and often now, toward the middle of the afternoon I'd give the whole bush lot pretty near to be able to quit off for a restin' spell. But, by jinks, I don't let myself take it just the same. If I did it would seem to me as if the whole good from all the fath-er-in' and whalin' and teachin' I've ever give them

would be clean lost and gone. The wife tells me I might as well face it now as later, and not mind how they take it. But—to give in that I'm playin' out—well, it's too mortal hard an own-up for me just yet a while. And with old Mr. Hutcheson I knew it must be a hundred times harder; for with me it was only a matter of the body, and with him it was the head. Every night I could see it was cuttin' him deeper, and more and more I felt I ought to get out and help him. But what with my hay only bein' about half in' and my not knowin' just what to say to him anyway, I held back and kept my mouth shut.

"But along toward the end of the week, when one night he hadn't fin or scale to show for his day, and heard about it accordin', and him and me was walkin' up slow from the landin' in the dusk about a stone's throw behind the others—'They're good boys,' he comes out all of a sudden in a kind of achin' burst—'they're good boys, and I know it's only natural for them to have their joke—but they're about made it plain to me that I'm not good for anything any more. I should have stayed at home and sat with the women. It's where I belong, now.'

"That was just about all I needed. 'Well, Jerusalem, Mr. Hutcheson,' I says, 'this hot weather must be gettin' the better of you. You've got the excuse of not knowin' either black bass or the Wistassing, but that's all the excuse you have got, and you needn't try to get behind any other.'

"I'm a played-out, weak-headed old man,' he says, 'and that's all there is to it.'

"All right,' I says; 'if you are, so am I, too. But I reckon you've neither of us quite lost our grip just yet. And if you'll let me come along with you to-morrow and show you the river—you to supply the brains and fishin' part of it—mebbe you'll decide that you've been talkin' about side-trackin' yourself about twenty years before your time.'

"Maybe, maybe,' he answers, mighty sick-hearted; 'but I guess the truth about me is that I've been side-tracked now for long enough, without even brains enough left to see that. And the sooner I get to the scrap-heap the better.'

"Quite so,' I says; 'quite likely that's the truth about me, too. But all the same I reckon it's worth while puttin' our heads together for one day anyway, just to make dead sure of it. This is the age of young men and great combinations, so they say. Mebbe if we two old fellers make a little combination of it to-morrow we'll learn

a thing or two. Will you take me?"

"He said 'Yes' to it, but I could see the heart in him was dead and water-logged. And that night I heard the old lady doin' her best to comfort and spirit him up, too. But she didn't seem to be able to do any good, and only made herself completely miserable. I tell you I was so mortal sorry for them I couldn't half sleep. And I swore to myself: 'Old feller, you'll get bass to-morrow if there's one left in the Wistass. And as for the hay, well, it ain't good farmin', but I'll take the resk of leavin' it to the Creator. I reckon this week He's thinkin' more on old men that can't catch fish than He is on clover and timothy.'

"So next mornin' at dawn I went up to the Board of Works boom and netted a good pailful of big shiner minnies. And comin' back I stopped off at Kelly's Ma'sh, and added a dozen or two frogs, just for luck. Crabs I could get best where I was goin'. And when I got home, while the wife was fixin' up the lunch for us—with a spider and tea-pail for cookin' on the rocks—I hunted out my rubber thigh-boots and some spare old togs. When I stuffed them into the bow of the shallop I overhauled the old feller's tackle kit. He was well enough provided, but I added a couple of Devon bait and a card of No. 3's—gut—to be on the safe

side. Then I called him and we had breakfast.

"We were pushin' off in the old tub while the boys were still at their mornin' swim, and of course, they did some wonderin'. 'Goin' out early to get a scowful?' one of them shouted. And, 'I reckon that's what,' I sent back; and then, to the old feller: 'And it depends just on you whether we get it or not.'

"Then it depends on a worn-out tool,' he says.

"I showed him the boots. 'We'll have to wade out into the middle. Are you willin' to resk the rheumatiz?'

"I am, indeed I am,' he says; 'I'll bear any pain at all if only I can get one big string. Every day for the last week I've thought I'd get it, and that would show them, but—'

"All right,' I says, 'I guess you'll show 'em this time.' And to tell the truth I didn't intend him to get wet, and didn't much fear the water'd hurt him if he did, for it's been milk-warm this year from early June. So I pulled ashore above the Chute, and we struck down through the burnt lands.

"NOW, mebbe you think I'm goin' to tell you exactly where I took him—but I'm not. You boys can't say but what I've always showed you places that give you your creels full and overflowin' by supper-time. I haven't any guilty conscience about no fishin' party that ever come to the Forks. But if I, or any other man that ever took outsiders over this river, was to say we'd give 'them all we knew of the water, complete and unreserved,' we'd be lyin', and that's the truth of it. There's just about three places I've kept for myself—and it was to one of them that I took old Mr. Hutcheson.

"I'll tell you this much, though. It was to one of the Lower Falls rapids. And when we'd pushed out of the bush, and he'd got sight of the ragged water, I could see what I'd said about havin' to wade come back to him, and he couldn't help bein' pretty nervous at the prospect. But, as I told him while I puttin' him into the boots, exceptin' for the hole I was goin' to have him fish, it wasn't up to his neck anywhere. And once I'd got him started in, it was only a matter of steppin' from one flat stone to the next, though the foam and whirl of the current didn't let you see them. He gripped to me hard enough, and I could feel him quake every time he reached out and let his foot down. But he never got deeper than mid-thigh, and pretty soon I had him standin' ankle-deep on a sill of rock beside the Black Hole—a place known and named by the Injuns before ever a dressed log come through. I took another rock five or six feet lower down, and a little bigger, for I had to have room for the kit and minnie-pail. For there I could bait for him and use the gaff-net without gettin' in his way. I started him with a minnie, and the Hole didn't fail. In a twitch he had his first bite, and—well, one good reason for the old feller's gettin' no bass was plain and open to me: he was just pullin' the hook out of their mouths at the first jerk! To you it's old news, but a 'rapid' bass has his jaws and palate triple-zinc-plate; and if you're goin' to put the barb into them you've got to strike it in—give a little slack and then snap your line like a whip. Now, that isn't easy when you've twenty foot of silk out, and for lev'rage only an eight-ounce lancewood with a tip you could tie knots in. But if the old feller was goin' to catch fish he had to learn the twist right there; and I took hold of his leads from my gaffin' rock, give him his bites, and learned him! He struck and struck till he'd got it right, and after that I put him through a course of managin' his reel. Then I warned him that I'd stop baitin' the very first minute he begun to forget his teachin'—and give him another minnie.

"AND then—well, then he begun to catch bass! I've seen some pretty good rod sport in my forty years between James Bay and the Nipissing. I've caught them big and I've caught them many, as old Alf. Johnston used to say. But I reckon I've never seen better than I did that day out in the mist and roar of the Ragged Rapids of the old Wistass! I've never seen fish more ravenin' hungry for the bait, and if I'd been holdin' the rod myself I couldn't have had one touch of the fun I had just lookin' on. The old feller lost any number, for I made him take time and play them; his tackle wouldn't have stood him anything else. But, by jinks, he caught 'em, too! He just had one long fight of it; his line never dangled two seconds waitin'. And what was more, they were bitin' large. What makes one-pounders bite one day and three-pounders the next? I've puzzled by head about that a hundred times. But I know this, that that day the old feller got a run of bass that kept

him lurchin' and pitchin' and stiffenin' on his rock like some crazy toy-balloon on the end of a stick. At first, too, it was all terrible earnest with him. Every time he'd get his tug his jaws would set together and his old face get fierce as sin; and if he'd lose his fish he'd fairly groan. But once he found he was goin' to get all and more than he could handle, the true joy of fishin' come to him; and he just let himself out and revelled in it! And it got into my veins as bad as it did in his. I reckon we both went back to them happy days of childhood, all right, with all that's shoutin' delirious of a lunny asylum into it!

"A whopper would grab for it, and when he'd leap and show his foot-and-a-half of solid, flashin' green the old feller'd let one yoop-ee! out of him, and stiffen to it like a Trojan. Down stream the zinc-jaw'd streak a-rippin', and—'No you don't neither!' the old boy'd screech—'No, you don't! Come back, come back, come back!' And he'd dig his heels into his rock, and grip to it and fight him over to me inch and foot, both of us yellin' like Injuns at a horse-race. Lordy! the Wistass'll never see the like of it again. Once a four-pounder run in straight behind him: I could see him totterin' backward off his balance and 'a' sworn that next minute he'd be in, ears over apple-cart. But no, sir! he whirled himself round in time, and, lettin' out his legs in one standin' lep, he come down on the slippery edge of my rock and took me round the neck crazier'n a woman! And there we stood grippin' to each other, gaspin' and chucklin' till I'd got him sure on his own pins again. Then between us we added that four-pounder to the double string weighin' from my belt like pig lead.

"WHEN I made him break off for dinner and the noon rest he had thirty-four. But even then it was pullin' teeth to get him to spare me two or three for the pan. However, I switched him off by gettin' him to dike in a little pond along shore for the others, and cover them over with long marsh-grass so they'd keep cool and not bleach. By that time I had dinner cooked, which I saw to he e't his share of. And after that I made him smooth it down well with a good, slow smoke before I'd let him in again.

"And it was just as well I did, for the mornin' had taken more of his stren'th than I'd thought for. When I'd got him out and on his rock again, for a long while his legs didn't seem to have any confidence into them, and couldn't seem to stay put. For all I laughed and laughed at him, and he laughed just as much himself, I wouldn't have him planted half a minute before his knees would begin to weaken and wobble, he'd feel his hold a-goin' from under him, and he'd let go and come back to me a-leppin' and a-huggin' worse than the time before; till at last, when I'd broke about his fourth strangle-holt, I says to him: 'Now, look here, old feller; you're gettin' altogether too giddy. You leave off this female-affection business and get back to your fishin'.' And so, by degrees, I got him steadied and hard a-haulin' 'em in again. Then he seemed to fish stronger than ever. He caught a dozen in the first hour, and for a while I thought he'd beat his mornin's record. However, his nineteenth was his last. But I guess he didn't regret it any!

"I SAW him get the tug, and his silk cut the eddy so swift it threw up a reg'lar 'fin' of water. And when he got the full force of it the old feller let out a holler and all but went in headforemost. I took it for granted it was a 'lunge—and a fifteen or twenty pounder at that—for you sometimes strike a stray big one even in the roughest water—and I yelled to him to pay out his line and I'd be there in half a jiffy. But he screeched back that he had him tight and he'd fetch him in or break the pole! And break that rod did, next minute! I thought it was all over then. But he clawed out and got hold of his line. And then, crouchin' down, he braced himself and—buckle-backed and stiff-wristed—put up a fight no man'd ever believed was in him! It left me just one wonderin', unbreathin' admiration! His old eyes a-glitterin', and his mouth half open and his bristle of whiskers pumpin' up and down—I can see it yet. One minute he'd all but have him in—but no, there he struck, off again—and it was give him more line or lose him clean! And next minute he'd put in for the eddy behind the old feller and he'd bend back and back till I just stood waitin' to grip out for him as he come floppin' down the stream! And then off that fish'd pike again—and it'd start all over. At last I just naturally couldn't stand it any longer, and took one lep for the old feller's rock, shakin'-nervous as he'd jumped for mine. And then through the rest of it I held him, and give him the gaff-net when he was ready to fetch him in—Mr. Gunn, if that six-pound bass

you've been after was below the Falls, I reckon you'll have to look for him now in a Albany animal-stuffer's. For a six-pound bass this was—six pound five. And, as he lay buckin' and kickin' in the net, and gapin' like the mouth of a two-quart milk jug, I thought he'd go a good seven. I tell you, when the old fellers combine they make a pretty strong team sometimes. But, Lord love you, just at that moment we didn't feel old. We just raised up one youp together, and went in-shore hands clutched and jumpin' from stone to stone like two ten-year-olds makin' for a divin'-hole.

"But that ended fishin' for that day. The old feller's rod was past mendin' outside the tool-house, and it was all but sundown, anyway. He put the six-pounder in the dinner-basket—cuddlin' him down in grass like a mother cradlin' her first baby—and I strung the rest on a doubled piece of old troll-line. We hung the string over a tam'rack saplin' and each of us took an end on our shoulders. And I reckon as we struck off through the bush we were as near like those two pioneer Israelites bringin' back the bunch of Eshcol grapes from the Promised Land as anything you're likely to see hereabouts!

"UP till then, when we took the road homeward, the old feller seemed to have almost forgot that we'd come out for. But now, when I turned to look at him, I could see it had all come back to him in a rush. The whole joy and pride of it was shinin' in his face. His eyes was just hangin' on those bass as if he couldn't believe in them; and he was sort of whisperin' to himself in a way I've only seen afore in little children.

"You got your string this time, all right,' I says to him.

"Yes,' he says; 'I guess it's all right this time.' And then he fell quiet, and so we tramped out into Thompson's Meadow.

"The sun was just settin', and the whole west was one rollin' sea of crimson and purple and gold, wonderful and mighty and serene, like the hosts of the Lord seen afar off. Oh, I tell you, friends, no old man could look at that and be sick-hearted or afraid! And this poor old feller, I could see it fillin' him, and his soul risin' and swellin' with it like a sail in a strong wind. The tears come into his eyes, but they were tears of stren'th and thankfulness. And as we went on into the silence and the glory of it, the first thing I knew he was singin'! It wasn't loud; he only quavered that old hymn to himself, soft and inward-like,

"At even, ere the sun was set'—
he sung—

"The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!—'

"He got his reception all right that night. When the boys caught their breath they rose to it, and piled it on in a way that would have satisfied all the old fellers in Yankeeland. And the old lady just wanted to hug him right there and then, whether or no. He shipped that six-pounder off to Albany next day, and then fished with the rest of them—and caught bass for bass, and 'lunge, too, a-trollin'—till their stay was over. And, as far as I could see, he went home tol'able content and proud with hisself.

"As for that hay I left to the Almighty, I'm bound to say there didn't seem to 'a' been any miracle worked on it; it didn't increase tenfold, nor it wasn't any juicier for layin' out that day longer than it should—mebbe, on the whole, I lost as much as ten dollars on it. But, so far, I've managed to bear up under that pretty well!"

A Drama of Wireless

ANOTHER drama of wireless; this one also in real life—but more fantastic than any novel. Dr. Crippen, alleged to be on board the steamer *Montrose*, due in Canada on Saturday, has for a week now been scareheaded in the newspapers to a hundred million people and more. Almost every civilised country on the globe has been following the steamer *Montrose*, shadowed by the *Laurentic*. Millions have gossiped about this alleged sensational ex-Canadian who is suspected of one of the most unusual crimes on record. All Europe has been ransacked to find him. Scotland Yard was worked to the limit. Sherlock Holmes was not available.

And while the world has been following the alleged Dr. Crippen and his fugitive typist—disguised as Mr. Robinson and son—the two principals in the case have been entirely ignorant that they were even suspected. Wireless is a devil.



AT THE END OF THE STEEL WHERE THE TRAIL BEGINS

While the men set up waggons, buy ploughs, and dicker for oxen and horses, the women cook and wash and sometimes help to load the waggons.

NO invention of recent years has, in a shorter time, attracted more attention or become more universal in popularity, influence and usefulness than the moving picture film. It attracts all classes; it interests all creeds; it amuses all ages. Each day that passes seems to find some new use for it, and it is being pressed into service to meet some new demand.

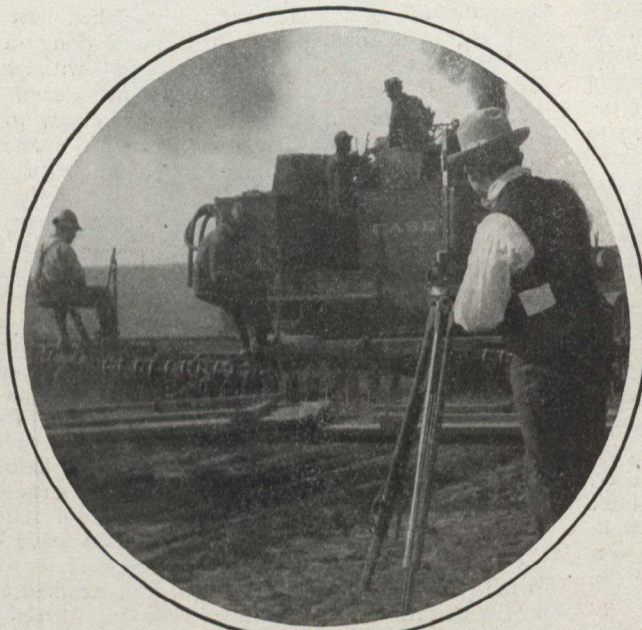
It has been hailed by scientists as being of considerable aid in promulgating information necessary to combat the ravages of tuberculosis and other dread diseases, and before long, doubtless, crime will be detected and fraud exposed through its medium.

To-day we pay our nickel or dime, and unthinkingly, pass into the show, to laugh or cry, become indignant or angry as the case may be—the film tells us the story in so realistic a manner. No matter what your cares may be; no matter how heavy your mind with multitudinous worries, they promptly vanish into thin air before a little drama or comedy, pictorially played out before your eyes by the motion pictures. I have found by experience that after a more than strenuous day's work at the office, when work is to be extended into the night, a great relaxation can be secured to both mind and body by a half hour's visit to the nearest motion picture hall.

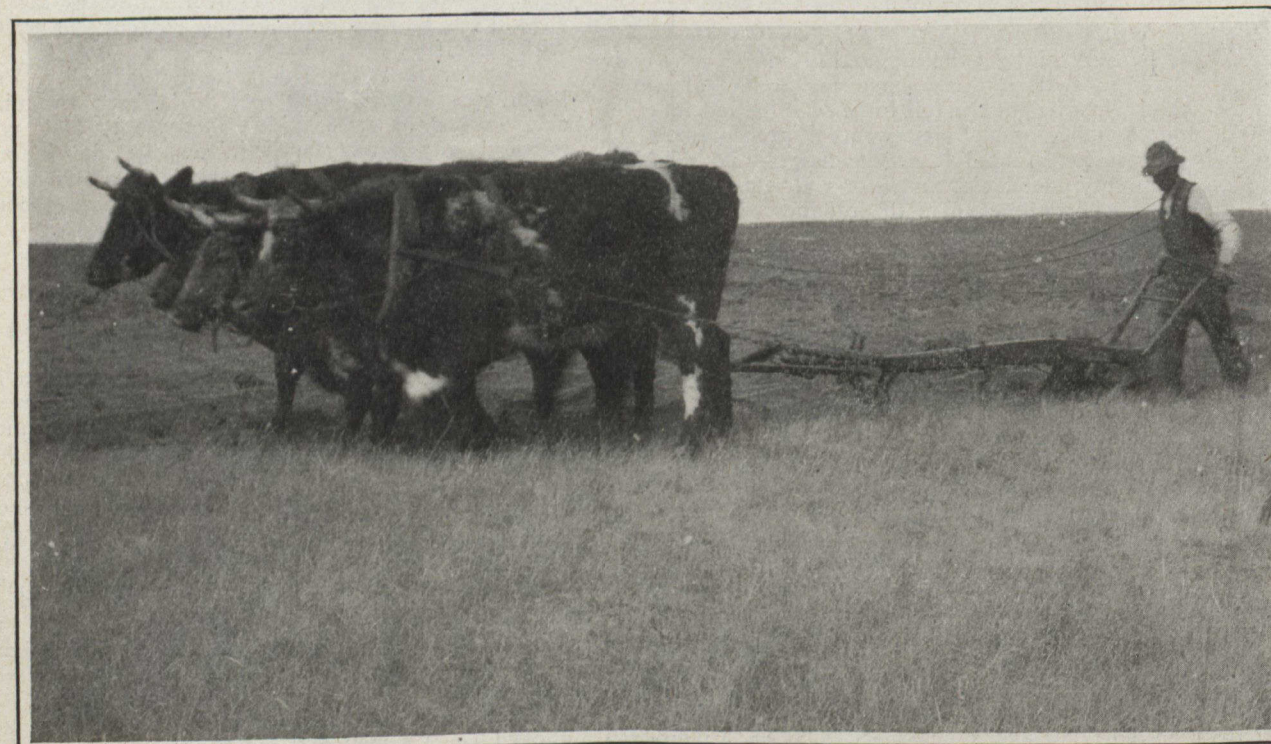
Railroads, cities and great corporations have, of late, been swift to recognise the value of these tapes in exploiting their various attractions, and extensive use is now being made of their magic demonstrating power.

Since the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's beautiful scenic film, "Through the Rocky Mountains from the Coast to Calgary," scored such an unpremeditated success at Seattle Fair, winning

the gold medal award, and widespread comment and publicity, the moving picture, as an educational or advertising medium, is also being exploited by other great transcontinental railroads. Recent European cables contained an item regarding the opening of the Belgian Exhibition at Brussels, and mention was made of an excellent moving picture film being displayed there by



Motion Picture Artist gets a shot at the scuffling steam disc harrow.



A SUBJECT PICTURE WORTHY OF A MILLET

This settler has four oxen costing \$500 on an old wooden-beam plough, and he thinks they're the A1 outfit.

MOVING PICTURE OF THE PRAIRIE

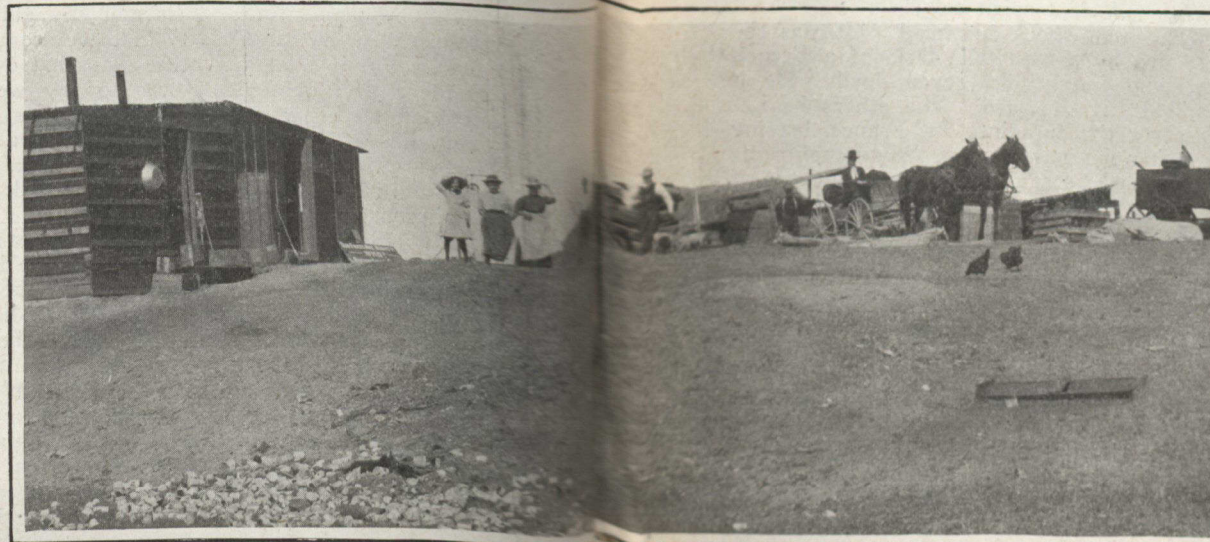
From Box-Car to Steam Plough, Moving Phases of Prairie Life.

By NORMAIS. RANKIN

PHOTOGRAPHER THE AUTHOR



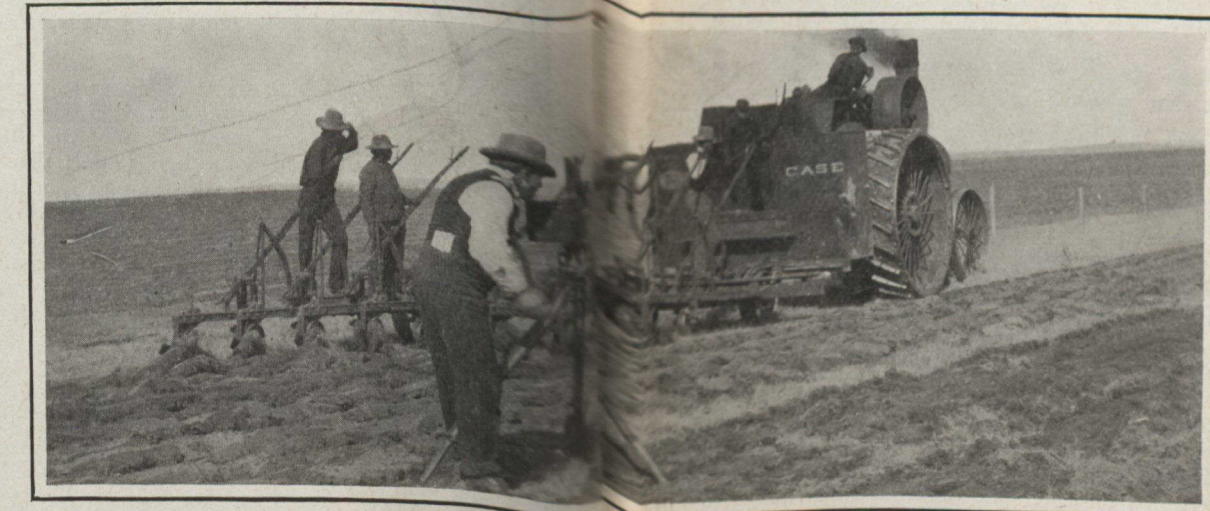
This temporary shack alongside the railroad track, four big families, while the pater outfitted for the trail.



Here at the "Half-way-House" with its well water, most of the trekkers outspan and lie over.



An old-time prairie schooner and its helpers; halting along the trail for "grubstake."



MODERN METHOD THIS MAN BETTER A 32-horse steam plough with ten shares does in a day as a six-horse team could do in nine.



ON THE TRAIL TO THE LAND OF THE RED DEER

Waggons loaded, goods packed and lumber lashed, the cavalcade moves out over the Alberta prairie.

the Grand Trunk Pacific, typical of the great Canadian West.

Doubtless, the results obtained by the "Pioneer Railroad of the West" in the presentation of their now famous film, above referred to, has influenced the Executive to additional efforts in this direction, and is responsible for the fact that they will shortly present to the public a vivid cinematograph story of settler life on the

prairie, depicting him from the moment he deserts the box-car that brings him across the prairie, until he is settled and prosperous in his new home. The extraordinary rush of settlers now taking place into Western Canada from across the line, has caused such general public interest that there could not be a time more fitting to educate the masses as to the premium Western Canada offers to the settler who has, in addition to a little ready capital, energy, ability and determination. That success will follow in the footsteps of such men as this, there can be no doubt whatever; it has been done an hundred times already; is being done to-day; will be done to-morrow, and will continue so until the last acres disposable, in the Canadian Far West, have been taken up.

The moving pictures will show him unloading his effects, living in a tent or shack shelter, at the side of the track, meanwhile; trekking north over the Red Deer trail with his family, household goods and domestic animals; camping by the wayside on the long trail; reaching his farm and erecting a temporary shack (which is later replaced by a comfortable farm-house); breaking, discing, harrowing, rolling, seeding and packing with oxen, horses and steam engine; harvesting and drawing his grain to the elevator, there to be turned in and shipped over the railroad to the coast, and finally, the satisfied farmer, with a solid government cheque in his pocket, happiness in his heart, and health in his constitution, dashing home over the prairie, forty miles an hour, in his recently acquired automobile.

This story, in addition to being unique and full of interest, is true to life in every particular. It is not fiction. It is not a fairy tale. Its scenes



A kitchen shack goes up at the farm just as soon as the settler arrives.

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 21.



A SEXTETTE OF HORSES AND A SINGLE MAN

For real animated ploughing, this horse-driving pioneer has them all beaten in breaking the prairie.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER

A Strong Romance Story of Canadian Outpost Life in the Fur-Brigade Days

By HERMAN WHITAKER

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.

WE were to have stayed in Devil's Drum another day, but Mr. Temple called at once for the ponies, and the next hour saw us speeding rapidly down a hard-packed trail. We had, as we thought, taken every precaution, but while the governor was hauling wood for our fire that night, June startled me with a sudden question:

"Did you kill him?"

"Who—why—?" I began, but stopped, blushing, under her look of scornful knowledge.

"To lie like a mission priest was a saying of his," she said. "You hid his toboggan, ran horses over his dog-tracks, and—forgot to muzzle the dogs. I could pick Beteche's howl from a thousand. Did you kill him?"

"Why—daughter?" I paltered.

"Tell me," she demanded, and because of the indefinable threat, danger that loomed in her somber eyes, I told—merely that he had come and was to be well used.

"Ah!" she breathed, and without another word fell into a happy reverie.

Nor did she mention him again—not all the way to Garry, nor on the long journey to Montreal, for she went forward at once under my charge. But the assurance at her heart warmed her look; a never dying hope. Paddling on the great lakes, Superior, Huron, Ontario, drifting on the Rainy River or other of the hundred linked streams that formed our highway, I saw her start, again and again, as at the dip of a distant paddle. And when, of nights, our camp-fire flickered, solitary red star in the vast spread of the northern woods, she would often straighten suddenly to listen.

But three weeks is a long start, and the pick of the Company's voyageurs drove our canoe. They were to receive a pound sterling apiece and ten pounds of tobacco for each week cut from the record to Montreal; so they paddled night and day by watches, rested only on the long portages from river to river, lake to lake, and so put us there in two months and a half.

We did not, however, stay there.

"Montreal can never keep him from her," the governor had paid his mettle this compliment in many anxious councils.

We drove on down the St. Lawrence in pursuance with my instructions, and doubt first troubled her face when she saw the grey city with its crowning spires draw down to a blot on our wake.

"We go to Quebec," I answered her anxious question, and having a most vivid memory of the struggle in the black night of that northern camp, I parried further questions; kept the truth under my tongue until, a week later, she awoke one morning to find—as she herself put it—that the "funny house" in which we had lodged by the waterside had "grown wings" and was flying down the river.

Current and breeze both favouring, the brig had raised Anticosti in a single night. Evening saw the wide seas slapping her bows, and how shall I describe the distress of that beautiful savage as she looked back over the grey waste of waters and learned that she was to have her schooling in England?

She made no outcry; only stood then and every succeeding day of a five weeks' voyage gazing pitifully across the widening waters. Better could she have cried, for her Indian stoicism aggravated the misery it would not let forth. But she suffered, how she suffered!

In his blind vanity civilised man has always deemed the alien savage in his midst a subject for patronising congratulation. We of the far frontier know better. Let us reverse her case; tear—say the Lady June, the governor's sister, from friends and husband and isolate her six thousand miles overseas among strangers and stranger customs? She had surely died—as her namesake nearly did—and the man who convoyed her would have been glad as I was to turn his back upon her misery.

From the first I had had my doubts, and beautiful as was the girl's new home, an old stone convent that centred amid nodding trees, sweet fields, with a caw of rook always going about its mossy walls; sympathetic as were her tutors, the gentle sisters; I could not but think of her as some poor bird, clipped and confined in a cage.

Returning, the hollow plunge of the sea under the ship's counter simulated the deep sob that fetched up through her stoicism when I left her; the wind sighed, mourned for her through the rigging. Then I knew—knew it for a crime, and I doubt not that it is so counted in the reckoning.

At that time, however, it did seem as though an inscrutable Providence either slept or was siding with the governor. Five weeks crossing the water, a fortnight in England, a month to return, with two and a half coming down from Garry, made almost a half year of steady travel, yet almost the first man I met in Montreal was poor June's breed.

I HAD been to high mass in the cathedral and positively ran into him at the corner that led down to my lodging in the little street behind the cathedral; and I was so astonished that I gaped like a fool till he spoke.

"This is a long way from Devil's Drum, father."

"Surely," I answered, adding as I recovered my wits: "When it has taken you a half-year to make it."

"You judge that I came in by the bateau last night?" He spread his hands in deprecation. "No fault of mine, but that of



The Hudson Bay Governor travelled in state.

Black Jack who chose to read the governor's orders in months instead of weeks. You will admit that I have lost little time since?"

The deep lines around his eyes testified to that just as those about his mouth spoke eloquently of inward trouble.

Swelling with sudden pity, I cried out: "To what purpose, my good man, to what purpose?"

"To recover my wife," he replied, with sombre gravity.

"But she is not here," I blurted incautiously, but thereby blinded him the more completely.

"Follow the coyote and you will find the rabbit."

Quoting this northern proverb, he walked away, returning only a shrug when I called after him: "Be advised. Do not waste your life straining after the impossible."

Yes, he passed on, but only to the next corner. I saw him watching as I turned into my quarters, nor could I move thereafter without him following, a dark sinister shadow. So closely, indeed, did he dog me, that I was unfeignedly glad when the departure of a bateau gave me passage back to Garry.

TO the young, Time drags, holding back the promise of to-morrow; to the old it races away from the bitters and sweets of yesterday: busy men, such as I, take no note of its coming or going. The greens of two springs merged in the yellows of summer, then flashed into the sudden white of as many winters, while I was making the round of my missions; during which time nothing worthy of record had happened regarding June.

It had been a season of quiet prosperity throughout the north. The trade had thriven in Mr. Temple's able hands and coming into Garry one day from a long journey, I found him bubbling over his private news from England. While June would never make a scholar, her instructors wrote, she had learned to read and speak with fluency and was presenting fine surfaces for polish.

"And you would have had me marry her to a half-breed?" Mr. Temple could not refrain from one small thrust. "By the way, I wonder what became of him?"

In silly romances it is the fashion for things to happen in the nick of time. But while such coincidences are carried beyond the limits of absurdity they spring from some such occurrence as now came to pass. I had barely replied that he had probably taken some service out of Montreal, before Francois, the governor's body-servant, brought in a man whose hollow eyes, thin face, told of hard travel.

"You, Andre?" Mr. Temple sprang up. "I did not expect you for another week. Your furs—"

"Gone!" The man's hands flew up, a gesture eloquent of despair. "Gone, not only our pack, but also the trains from the Great Slave that joined us at the new post in the country of the Swampy Sioux. A hundred bales, mink, winter beaver, cross-fox—all gone!"

Mr. Temple sprang up with an oath. "The Swampy Sioux? I had not credited the spunkless creatures with sufficient spirit to—"

"No." The man shook his head. "It was the Nor'westers, led by a man tall, dark, of a French appearance, who fought like seven devils. He it was that killed Big Despard. The others he impressed to carry the furs into La France, leaving only me to bring the news to you. 'My compliments to M'sieu Temple,' he said as he thrust me out of the camp, 'an' tell him that I am back from Montreal.'"

Sitting down again, the governor stared blankly at me, I at him. But his was a spirit resilient under any blow and presently he smiled.

"Strange that we should have been speaking of him. A hundred bales? Not so bad. If he could keep that up I might send in my commissions. Hauled them into La France, too, safe as Fort William itself. And the Nor'westers will sell the cream of my catch on the London market. Hum! They must be taught better. Let me see—La France, Belle Isle, La Trappe, Big Moose—" Musingly he ran over a half-dozen Nor'west forts, while I sat in silent dismay at the war of reprisals that the list portended. "Muskegon, Ellice—ah! Andre, how long before you can be ready to carry letters to Fraser and Cameron of Pelly? But no! You are tired, I'll send a fresh

man."

Out of the events that came out of that message—the sack of Ellice to its last pelt by Fraser; the killing of Red Dominique by Cameron of Pelly, the reprisals one upon another—one might easily fill a volume. But though none could write it better, this is the story of June, and I pass on to the evening that, coming into Garry one night a year later, a messenger bade me in haste to Mr. Temple's house.

A Red River frame, very large and roomy, with an outlook upon trail and river, he had the finest lodging in Garry. Of the twenty or more governors that had used it, each had added something to its solid magnificence in oak, leather, rare trophies of the chase. Their portraits, in oils, adorned the panelled dining-room, exhibiting every fashion from the ruffles and knee-breeches of Prince Rupert's time to the more sober costume of my day. Bluff old fellows, they seemed to be smiling down—when I entered—upon the girl who sat with the governor at the head of the table; just as they would have done in the days of their flesh, if one might judge by their eyes.

As, the last we met, Mr. Temple had confided to me his intention of giving June another year's schooling, you may imagine my astonishment when she herself came forward to welcome me. I have already dwelt on the essentials of her appearance. But as a tasteful frame enhances a fair picture, so the soft rose tints of a modish gown now set off her natural beauty. Education, too, had done its work, softening, refining, moulding her upon a finer pattern. Leaving us a rough-handed squaw, she had returned bearing in soft palms the hundred delicacies with which civilisation has dowered woman. The handiwork of the gentle sisters showed in the modulations of her greeting.

"And father told you I was to stay away another year? How wicked of him!"

The ease with which the parental title fell from her lips was undoubtedly the result of careful tutelage, but it was wonderful to see Mr. Temple

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THE
OLD TYPE
OF THE
METIS
WOMAN

THE first gentry of the plains are here typified by the artist who saw them just the other day; reminded of the time when in the half-breed shacks along the trail were found most of the real manners of the fur-post land; when on the trail every Metis lifted his cap to the priest or the white stranger. Though some of the manners may have gone the jollity and bonhomie and dignity are all remaining in these ancient aristocrats of the prairie. They are still fond of oratory and of a long story over a sociable pipe.



TYPES
OF THE
NEW WOMAN
AMONG
THE METIS

brighten. "Did you ever see her like?" he demanded, holding her at arm's length; and her comment upon my reply showed quite a roguish wit: "The abbe knows that his cloth protects him."

At dinner it was a feast for eyes long denied such delicacies, to watch her dimpled arms, white hands, hovering over plates and silver soup-ladle as though to the manner born. Be sure that I searched her refinements for the savage which my philosophy suspected—I am fain to confess without result—as I acknowledged when the governor taxed me, later, over a pipe and bottle.

"Confess, father, that you were in the wrong?"

"It appears so," I answered him. "Let us give thanks to Him for it."

Nodding, he smoked in silence for a while, studying the fire in which we doubtless saw the same pictures, for presently he made a remark that carried back to the Swampy Sioux camp.

"Aye, she'll do better than that, father." A minute later, he added: "Have you taken any note of young Carew?"

I had. A young Englishman of good family, he had been apprenticed as clerk in the Company's service by his parents who either believed that vices could not stand the frosts of a Canadian winter, or might be left out in packing his trunk. That his had flourished under transportation, I knew. But as the bulk of my information came through the confessional, I could only answer in general terms.

"A bit of a roisterer."

The governor shrugged. "Pish! Young blood. Marriage will steady him. His family is excellent and he inherits the baronetcy on the death of Sir Philip."

NOW, it is not unusual for self-made men to be blinded by the false halos of a title, and vanity is here, strengthened by a genuine desire for the girl's own good; but I had always thought of Mr. Temple as being sound to the core and the revelation of this weak spot caused me great uneasiness.

"But she has just returned," I argued. "And you are already planning for her disposal."

"Merely banking my happiness," he returned, "just putting it where I can always find it."

"But June? Does she—"

"They have been a good deal together. She seems to like him, and in such a meagre society as this propinquity may be depended upon to do the rest."

"And he?"

He looked at me, a trifle defiantly, I thought, as though forestalling adverse comment. "He has already asked my permission to pay his addresses."

Now, thoroughly dismayed, I advanced my last and most powerful objection. "But does he know—the facts of her birth? That—"

"She is a natural child? Yes, and that she contracted an alliance in early youth which I broke off. The knowledge made no difference. Indeed, he waived details."

With the seal of the confessional upon my lips, it was not for me to say that I could easily imagine that beauty would blind the fellow to all other considerations in the choice of a wife. I could only advise caution, saying as I rose to leave:

"Better go slowly, son, for marrying is no light business and mistakes are easiest rectified on the hither side of the knot."

AS aforesaid, the turn of recent events had almost won me to his opinion, but pacing homeward under the cold stars, I reverted somewhat to my former scepticism. If this weak licentiate were all that culture could give her, I thought, better that she had lived out her simple span with her breed who, at least, was clean and strong.

Having this in mind, I watched very closely during the next few weeks, observing the pair alone and together—mostly the latter, for he attended her everywhere, walking, riding, canoeing on the Red, to mass where his devotion to her or the service could not keep his eye from the pretty half-breeds of my congregation. Before this I had rejected the eternal constancy of the poets, but I must have hoped that June would prove the exception to the general rule, for I felt distinct disappointment at the pleasure she evidenced in his company.

It was, of course, natural. He had his share of good looks, youth draws youth, and after three years her former life must have receded to a great distance, have loomed dimly as a dream. Certainly there was no hint of retrospection in the merry eyes she turned back when, one evening, she headed him in a burst of speed passing the mission; no note of sadness vibrated in the rich laughter that came floating back on the dusk. I saw at once that the governor had not erred in trusting to propinquity, and the thought sent me to consult with Martha, the half-breed wife of Louis, my stableman.

A strange confidante for a priest, you say? But you do not know Martha. A little old woman with

small beady eyes, she had taken from a Scotch father a caustic tongue and itch for other folks' business that made her at once a critic and chronicler of the settlements. Few came to the mission and escaped before she had pumped out their wells of information. Report has it that she once locked a recalcitrant witness in the church until he or she—I forget the sex—yielded up a scandalous tid-bit; but I never quite believed this. Not that she was unequal to it. Only I cannot conceive of her being driven to use such a crude stratagem. Be all of which as it may, I felt that if any one beside myself knew aught of Carew, it would be she, and I knew, moreover, that she liked June who never came to the mission without bringing her some small present.

ENTERING her cabin from the stockaded yard, I caught Martha staring after the pair out of her window, which facilitated matters.

"What do I know of him?" she repeated my question. "A few things that are hid from the governor."

"For instance?" I prompted.

"The sip, sipping alone in his room, not to mention the whiskey he takes abroad. Then there is the business of the Rives girl—" She stopped, chuckling at my sudden astonishment, for I had thought that piece of shame locked safely behind my own lips. "One doesn't have to sit at the confessional-window to learn some things, father. The nurse learns as much as the priest."

"Then," said I, "you know him to be no fit husband for Miss June?"

Her bits of eyes glinted shrewdly. "What of it? But I doubt whether the governor would thank me. Anyway, there are others closer to his ear than I."

"Some that are tongue-tied, Martha. Miss June has been good to you?"

"In a way," she grumbled. "Never less than a pound of tea, the best of white sugar, or twist tobacco for Louis. Aye, she's the good lass."

"Very well," I said. "She comes to confession, alone, to-morrow. Afterward, I shall send her out to you for a dish of tea."

"Tea and scandal," she muttered, "they go ever together, and the blame always to us poor women." But for all her grumblings I knew that she would do her duty.

THAT day—afternoon, rather, for she came late—was to be memorable on another account. With all my anxieties, I had not ceased to look in June for signs of her old self. While her wild growths had been trimmed close to the ground, my own practise had proved the enormous vitality of savage roots. Whether or no her preoccupations with Carew had retarded growth, it remained for this quiet afternoon to bring forth the first green shoots.

My study-window looked across a stockaded court upon Louis' cabin, and as the fireplace stood directly in line with the open door, I could see Martha's hospitable welcome and her fussings about a stew on the hearth after June was seated. If she took her tongue from her father, the old woman was thoroughly Cree in her habits and housekeeping. I could never persuade her to use a table, and though she had set her dishes upon it in deference to the quality of her guest, she herself squatted beside the pot in the old familiar fashion. Now fishing out a piece of meat, she grabbed the other end in her teeth, and cut off a mouthful with an upward slash of her knife; an action indescribably rude, so barbarously primitive that its repetition always brings me a shudder though I have seen it a thousand times.

June's shapely back was toward me, but her pose radiated sudden attention. Affecting me as it did, I felt the memories of camp and trail, rude feasts and fastings, that must have come crowding upon that vivid action.

For a space she sat still. Then her laugh came floating across the yard. Before my astonished eyes she slid down to the hearth, took a piece of meet in her teeth, threw back her head till the wide Gainsborough hat slipped back on her shoulders, and slashed off a mouthful in the old squaw's fashion.

SWALLOWING, she laughed again, a throaty ululation very like a child's chuckle. Perhaps an elfin humour had instigated the action; but if so, habit quickly claimed her, for she remained squatted beside Martha, surely the opposite of opposites in her white fluffy gown, great wide hat. And while I watched she seemed to undergo further translations, savagery gained upon her as clouds on a smiling land. Her eyes deepened, darkened. The small smiles, intelligences of expression, sparkle of life faded and set in the somberness natural to Indian psychology. The face died leaving only the beautiful sulky mask of yon bygone trail; in a short half-hour she went back a thousand years to

her mother's people. It was like watching the extinguishment of a soul and, unable to bear it longer, I rang for Martha.

"You told her?" I questioned.

She turned her bits of black eyes upon me with something like scorn. "I told her nothing. There was no need. The other is still in her blood and it will take more than this weak rake to oust him."

If I had doubted, confirmatory evidence came when, a few minutes later, she joined me at the mission-gate. As the full flower bursts from the bud under caress of the sun, so her nature seemed to have broken, at a touch, from the sisters' careful swaddlings. Her face, to be sure, had resumed correct expression. Polite words tripped on her tongue. But beyond these superficialities I sensed a cloud sombre as her ancient self, and which presently emitted a vivid flash.

The sun was setting, loomed in perfect dusk like a saffron wafer; and as we stood for a moment drinking of the glories of rose and gold which bathed the prairies, there came a creaking of huge wooden wheels and a Red River cart rolled by drawn by a ragged pony. The squaw, who drove, was very old. Sun and frost had dried her to a mummy. Her visage was burned into the semblance of a scorched hide from which bleared eyes peered purblindly. Labour, famine, heavy travail had warped and bent and twisted her frame. Seen without the gilding of pity, she was utterly revolting, yet as she drove on into the smouldering eye of the sun, June sighed and I saw on her face the unmistakable sign of envy.

"What a battered wreck!" I said, to draw her thought; and it came, in a wild burst, all capped with that imagery so natural to an Indian.

"She has drunk the wind, supped with sunset, slept with the stars, what then if she does go to sleep under the grasses that whispered at her bridal? She has lived!" The last phrase issued like a cry of regret, then she caught herself up with a conscious laugh. "But there—you will think I am crazy. And I must go, for it is drawing late."

AT this time, the sudden sickness of Brother Francis, of the Great Slave Mission, called me away, and my knowledge of what passed during the next three months comes out of the diverse mouths of Martha and Mr. Temple. With shame the governor afterward confessed to the pressure he had brought to bear on June. Martha told of the skill with which she played both him and Carew, appeasing one with a show of complaisance while she kept the other in hope and yet at his distance by alternate smiles and hopes. It was the same sharp eyes that noted the shivers of repulsion with which—having given in, at last, to her father's wish—June submitted to his love-making. Earth has not torture, despair, equal to that of the woman who is compelled to yield her cold flesh to a detested embrace; and though there was as little love-making as June could manage, an affianced lover cannot always be denied, and Martha would always spit as she told of Carew's beastlike acceptance of her shudders.

Consenting, June had stipulated that she should be married in Devil's Drum, as Virginie, Fraser's young wife—for whom she had contracted a great affection while on a visit to Garry—was in delicate health and could not travel, and I have always suspected Martha of being privy to another reason behind the proviso; one which appeared the night that my buckboard rattled from the Pelly trail into the fort of Ellice on my journey home.

I have mentioned the sack of this place by Cameron and Fraser as beginning the war of reprisals then going on. Since then it had been held for the Hudson Bay people by Duncan, Fraser's clerk, a Scotchman, well-read, with a twist for theology like all of his race. We had spent a pleasant evening together on my way up, and I was looking forward to a renewal of the argument we had left unfinished. Picture, therefore, my face when, swinging in, the gates let the last rays of the sun full upon June's head.

"Welcome, m'sieu l'abbe," he greeted. "This is a long way from Montreal."

Since that first raid on our furs we had often heard of the man—usually to our rue. The last advice had placed him as far west as the Rockies. Yet here he was, one day from Pelly, two from Devil's Drum, very much at his ease under Fraser's nose.

He laughed when I mentioned the fact. "And I have such respect for Mr. Fraser that I am detaining all who enter the fort. Still, you will be comfortable, for I am expecting friends of yours."

"Friends of mine?"

He nodded in his old grave way. "M'sieu, the governor, his daughter, and the Englishman, Carew

TRYING OUT PLAYS IN TORONTO

Summer Stock Company finds out from sane Canadian appreciation what plays are fit to star in next season

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

FOR the past eight weeks the Percy Haswell Players stock company have been doing a series of delightful hot-weather plays in Toronto. All the plays thus far have been of a much higher character than the average summer stock company's productions; ranging from Shakespeare's "As You Like It" to "The Marriage of Kitty," a light comedy by Cosmo Gordon Lennox, with the heavy-drama play, "The Fighter," sandwiched between.

There is more than one reason for the performance of so great a variety of really good plays at low prices in a first-class Canadian theatre. One reason is to give Toronto playgoers the worth of their money. But a bigger reason is the value of Canadian appreciation in the trying out of new plays for next season.

Miss Percy Haswell, leading lady of the company, began to tell me about the play which she is to star in next season, "The Light Above," written expressly for her by Edwin Milton Royle, author of "Squawman."

"We're going to try that out here in Toronto just as we tried out my husband's new play, 'The Fighter,' last week when two of Mr. Shubert's experts came to Toronto to report. Do you know that New York managers depend a good deal on

Toronto's judgment of a play? You've got the critical instinct here."

Trying out new plays in Canada—that was interesting.

"Will Toronto, is it your opinion, ever become a producing centre—say for Canada?"

"Undoubtedly, the managers have certain plans for Toronto. It may be some time before they are evolved—but this trying out of new plays here looks like a beginning now, doesn't it?"



Allen Fawcett,
Playwright and Stage Manager.

When Miss Percy Haswell came in off the road last spring from a tour in the Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson vehicle, "Foreign Exchange," Messrs. Sam and Lee Shubert remarked: "How would you like to take a stock company up to Canada this summer, Miss Haswell? Go to Canada and win!"

Miss Haswell comes from Texas. She saw a struggle ahead of her at Toronto. Within the past three years several stock companies have played Toronto. They had all gone broke. There were some ex-stars among them too. They lacked the something essential which makes theatrical ventures a success. Someone speaking of the obituary of one of the derelict companies observed that its lack was a leading woman of distinction, and hinted that at one performance the leading man came on in a drawing-room scene with his shoes unlaced. When a Texan like Miss Haswell scents a fight, she is in the saddle, lariat coiled for the throw. So Miss Haswell said "Yes" to Messrs. Shubert, got her company together, picked her scenic artists and electricians, and arrived at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, fully equipped to serve up two-dollar drama at bargain prices to Toronto audiences.

That was two months ago. Since then Toronto has seen Miss Percy Haswell as Naomi, the class "cut-up," giggle delightfully through Tom Robertson's fine old English comedy, "School"; has watched her portrayal of the sombre Leah Kleschna, and the dashing "Kitty" in "The Marriage of Kitty"; the people pack the house on the most torrid nights of summer. Why? Partly as a recognition of Miss Haswell's talent. Certainly she is an actress of rare charm—one of Augustin Daly's protégées. A splendid stage reputation preceded her to Toronto. Theatregoers still recall her work with W. H. Crane in "The Virginia Courtship," with Otis Skinner in "The Honour of the Family," and as a star under Belasco's management in "The Darling of the

Gods" and "The Royal Family." Not until you have met Miss Haswell, the woman, do you fully understand those big summer audiences. Her clientele believe in her as an actress and a woman—there you have it! Miss Haswell throws something more over the footlights than the mere part she is playing; you feel that there is something more than that part. A big-hearted woman's sympathy and generosity would give you above what you have really paid for.

When I went over to the theatre to interview her the other day, Miss Haswell was just opening her morning mail.

"A big mail, Miss Haswell."

"An average delivery," she said.

"You'd almost require a secretary," I suggested, watching her busily thumb through the high white drift of letters on the desk.

"Would you apply? I wouldn't take you." She laughed. "Because I like to read every one of these myself—they're so encouraging when one has worked so hard. Ah, here is one. I think I like it best of all."

She handed it to me to read.

The note was written in a big, round, boyish hand. The author signed his name and gave his age—nine years. Here is the letter:

"Dear Miss Haswell,—You wouldn't catch me going to 'School' during vacation if it wasn't to see you."

"Yes," said Miss Haswell, "we have had such a great success in Toronto. I just love you Canadians. You're so awfully English over here—and my grandfather was English. You like the good plays. That fine old piece, 'School,' has been one of my greatest successes. You like the good things—you know them. You get time to think. So different in the States. We lunch; in Toronto you even get time to dine at noon."

"A splendid educative influence for the masses, this presenting of standard plays by your company in such a splendid theatre at such low rates as twenty-five and fifty cents."

"Yes, we have caught the people who can't afford to pay two dollars in the winter. I hope we've done good. I believe the stage is one of the great educational institutions of the world."

"Not yet fully exploited for the masses," I said. "Oh, it is so easy to talk about a theatre for the people! It will be a long time before you will see the best road shows under two dollars."

"How are your players able to cater to the people in such regal style?"

"Quite a different proposition. It's summer. The regular season is over. It is easy to get players even at summer salaries; ambitious young people in the profession are anxious for a season of summer stock. It gives them versatility which they never get on the road."

"Why do so many stock engagements fall flat?"

"No attention to detail. Bad management. I am going to give you the recipe for the success of the Percy Haswell Players. First, I selected all the players myself. They are all friends of mine. They are one big family. They know each other's



MISS
PERCY
HASWELL

"New York Managers depend a good deal on Toronto's judgment of a play."

characteristics. That is why we were able to have the team work which, for instance, in our production of 'As You Like It' led the critics to compare it to the 'Sothorn and Marlowe' one here two weeks before. Each member of the company has high professional standing. Now, my leading man, Mr. Richard Gordon, goes on tour with Francis Wilson in the fall; Miss Ogden has signed with Gertrude Elliot; Mr. Crimden will go out with 'The Wolf.' I superintend every detail of the productions myself and above all I study my patrons. I know Toronto. I have got a house here—and the dearest maid! She's just like a mother to me. I have tried to make my company part of Toronto; I think that's the key to its success."

Our talk began to drift into a discussion of the ethics of the stage.

"What are your views as to the stage as a profession for girls?"

"For all girls, you mean? Nonsense! Why not discuss painting as a calling for all girls? Excellent if it could be so—but most girls can sweep better. The stage is the realm of art. If a girl has histrionic ability and ambition, by all means the stage. It is a grand life! Where is a girl on a more equal footing with you men? Dozens of my girl friends are drawing bigger salaries than the men in their companies; they are doing better work."

"But, Miss Haswell, the trepidation of a girl's friends if she wants to go—"

"That's just it. The profession needs weeding out. We are crowded with mediocre talent who would be better looking after their big brothers at home. Champagne suppers and all the rot you read about actresses—a real actress has no time for such things!"

"All work and no play," said young Mr. Allen Fawcett, Miss Haswell's stage manager, dropping in at the moment to summon Miss Haswell to rehearsal.

The three of us went back to the stage. Behind the scenes was a hive of industry on this morning. Electricians were tinkering with lights. Carpenters were loud with hammers.

"People have admired our scenery," said Miss Haswell. "For every production a new set is built—and right here in Toronto by an Englishman, too."

If you take the veneer off a piece of scenery you'll find often that it has a past. What was a ladies' boudoir one week may be a miner's cabin the next. Mr. Fawcett pointed out to me a piece which had been a Venetian gondola; now a stout chap was busily converting it into a lifeboat for an ocean liner.

"It's detail that counts in this business," remarked Miss Haswell. She told me of how for her production of "As You Like It" real trees were used in the Forest of Arden. Boys had been sent out into the suburbs for the trees.

"The other day," said Mr. Fawcett, "we sent out the youngsters for some more. Since 'As You Like It,' the property where they had got them had changed hands; the new proprietor saw the boys cutting down his trees and was going to have the whole bunch pinched. We used the imitation kind that week."

Ten till one—an hour for lunch; then at it again till four, the rehearsal lasted. A stock company actor works fourteen hours every day.



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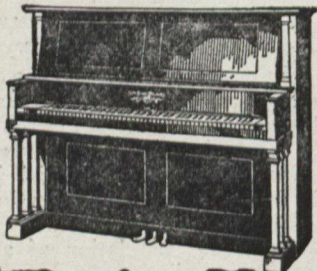
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DEMI - TASSE

Newslets.

AND now it has been discovered that President Cleveland's great-grandfather was sold to a Montreal woman as a servant for sixteen gallons of rum. This was a happy combination of the servant problem and the drink question.

Two Canadian women have ordered monoplanes. A flying costume will now have to be taken into consideration. Probably angel sleeves and butterfly bows will be prominent features in the new styles.

There is to be a new railway into Porcupine. That place is quite prickly with pride over the prospect and fairly bristles at the thought.

Just after Roblin was elected for the third time as Premier of Manitoba, a plague of rats appeared in sections of that province. "A real visitation," declared the enemy as the rodents proceeded to know four million dollars worth of Manitoba's wealth.

There may be salt works at Sandwich. There ought to be a little mustard plant too.

If Campbellton had only been in China instead of New Brunswick, we should have sent missionaries and money by the first express.

Sir Wilfrid's sunny ways are making the wheat look up and take notice—and then, as the poem says, there's miles and miles of smiles.

The latest news is that Mr. J. Piermont Morgan will write a book. Probably on the subject, "How to be Happy Though Hungry."

Elbert Hubbard is now writing cheap "puffs" for industrial concerns. Who said something about puffery being the last refuge of a journalistic failure?

And John W. Dafoe is to be called into the Laurier Cabinet, eh! Nein. Why not Eddie Nichols and Bob Richardson—they have as many qualifications.

A Discredited Medium.

THE alleged "medium" from Naples, Eusapia Paladino, who has puzzled and mystified spiritualistic circles in Europe for some years, has been "found out" by experts in New York. This has moved a critic to write the following Swinparody:

"If I were Paladino,
And you were Dr. Cook,
We'd fool those learned ninnies
And gather in the guineas,
Investigate keen—Oh,
Evade by hook or crook—
If I were Paladino
And you were Dr. Cook."

His Eloquence Wasted.

A YOUNG pastor was asked to officiate at a christening in a small chapel in England. He eagerly accepted the opportunity to make his eloquence known, and when the child was brought forward he had already prepared his address. "Brethren," he began, "this occasion is one of the utmost solemnity and importance. The name which this little one receives to-day will accompany him and be an inseparable part of him throughout his life. It will be with him in his triumphs, and will follow, perhaps, to the great heights of statesmanship. In later life the name of—of—" In his anxiety he had forgotten to learn the name, and

he turned to the father, who imparted the information in an agonised whisper: "Her name is Mary Ann."

On the Northern Trail.

Earl Grey will have a happy time
Within the hinterland,
A-journeying with Indian guides
A bright and happy band.

He does not envy Theodore,
The desert or the Nile;
For lions are so hackneyed now
They've quite gone out of style.

A Tragic Thought.

A WINNIPEG mother has had more than usual trouble with a bashful son of about thirteen years of age. The boy's embarrassment on meeting a stranger was painful to behold. The other day Sir Wilfrid Laurier stopped in the corridor of the hotel to speak to the mother who was an old acquaintance and the hopeful, to the mother's dismay, made several frantic attempts to bolt in an opposite direction and thus avoid meeting the Premier. After Sir Wilfrid has passed on, the mother gave the boy a severe curtain lecture. The lad was evidently much worked up by his scolding and after a few minutes' deep thought, enquired: "Mother, you don't think Sir Wilfrid will tell the King, do you?"



Dissatisfied Lodger:—And I know something about apartments, Mrs. Pincher. You don't suppose I've lived in them twenty years for nothing, do you?
Mrs. Pincher:—Hi shouldn't be at all surprised.—*The Tatler.*

Staff Humour.

HON. FRANK OLIVER is finishing up an 8,000-mile Canadian trip, Earl Grey is on one of 5,000 miles, Capt. Bernier has set out to make the Northwest passage, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier is to tour the great West till the silver tongue tires.

They're making week-long speeches at The Hague, which is enough to give The Hague ague.

Woman, lovely woman, has come all the way from the hoop skirt to the hobble one, and, should fashion so decree, is willing to at once take the jump back from hobble to hoop.

Be it humbly suggested that the next time Roosevelt wants to go on a good long journey he take a trip around Taft.

Compensation can now be obtained at Lloyds for having had your holidays spoiled by rain. Some glorious day you'll be able to take out insurance against the arrival of mother-in-law during any specified time.

Scientists' latest guess is that earth is between 50,000,000 and 70,000,000 years old, and we might take their word for it if we hadn't had to swallow so many wild guesses about Halley's comet.

Bryan has been deposed from the Democratic leadership of Nebraska, or, to be frank about it, they've put Bryan in brine.

And now Dame Rumour says that Sir Wilfrid Laurier sits down of a night and writes home such despatches as, "Liberal vote crop here was in danger of being light but since George Graham's arrival it has swelled out much and promises to be of bumper proportions."

Has a cat nine lives? Well, the Western wheat crop has survived some sixteen almost total failures already this season.

In the West.

The Tories were in raptures,
Away out in the West,
And talked about the triumphs
Of Rogers and the rest.

But suddenly there came a sound
Of gentle pit-a-pats;
And from the distant fields there
rose,
The ominous cry of "Rats."

The Season for Sneezing.

The days are growing shorter,
As the summer hours flit by;
The golden-rod begins to bloom
Beneath a cloudless sky.
Afflicted creatures now depart
Unto a northern land,
Well to seek Muskoka now,
Hay fever is at hand.

Uncommon Humanity.

AT an evening party a very elderly lady was dancing with a young partner. A stranger approached Douglas Jerrold, who was looking on, and said:

"Pray, sir, can you tell me who is the young gentleman dancing with that elderly lady?"

"One of the Humane Society, I should think," replied Jerrold.

More About Twain.

ONE evening a few years ago Brander Matthews and Francis Wilson were dining together at the Players' Club of New York, when the former made a suggestion that they write a letter to Mark Twain. "But," objected Mr. Wilson, "we don't know where he is," for it was at the time when Mr. Clemens was away travelling somewhere. "Oh," said Professor Matthews, "that does not make any difference. It is sure to find him. I think he is some place in Europe so we had better put on a five-cent stamp." So the two sat down and composed a letter, which they addressed to

Mark Twain,
God Knows Where.

Within three weeks they received a reply from Mr. Clemens which said briefly: "He did." The letter had been sent to the New York post-office, to Harper & Bros., then to Chatto & Windus, of London; thence to a bank in Vienna and from the bank to a small town in Austria in which Mark Twain happened to be staying.—*The Bookman.*



The Real Canadian Girl

will never waste her money on imported table salt. She knows that right here in Canada, we have the best table salt in the world—

Windsor Table Salt

The real Canadian girl, and her mother and grandmother too, know that Windsor Salt is unequalled for purity, flavor and brilliant, sparkling appearance.

WINDSOR Table SALT

13

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Suggested Tours**

Between Sarnia and Collingwood through Lake Huron to Sault St. 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**

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for pleasant, honourable and profitable employment, wanted at once by the undersigned for special work in Hamilton, Montreal, Vancouver, Ottawa and Winnipeg. Write at once if interested.

THE CANADIAN COURIER

Circulation Bureau

12 Wellington St. East - Toronto

Moving Pictures of the Prairie

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 15.

are laid in Sunny Southern Alberta within that vast irrigated area (comprising three million acres, lying between Medicine Hat and Calgary) known as the Irrigation Block; its characters are the actual settlers themselves, and its acts, from the seven ages of man.

It is my purpose in this article, to conduct you for a few minutes, behind the scenes with the cinematograph artist, and through a series of photographs, similar to, and taken simultaneously with the moving pictures, of the identical pictures themselves (some of them showing the operator in the foreground), pictorially spin you the yarn under sub-heads, as, in like manner, the story will be unwound to many an interested audience throughout the United States, Great Britain, the agricultural countries of Northern Europe and Canada.

The artist who took these moving pictures is Mr. W. H. Harbeck of Seattle, Wash., well known to his profession as a successful operator of long standing. The results attained by him in the "Coast to Calgary" film before referred to, have placed him in the front rank of cinematograph artists, to-day.

The views were secured under many disadvantages, prairie fires, dust hurricanes and rain storms all conspiring to prevent a successful issue. The photographs which I secured of him while under operation, tell the first portion of the story, carrying the settler from the railroad to his farm, and show him until he has the ground seeded and has done everything possible towards securing a crop in the following fall. The second part, which deals with the harvesting and hauling of the grain to the elevators, and its shipment thence, by train, to the markets of the world, will be told in a second illustrated article, in the fall, when Mr. Harbeck, who is under contract with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, will return and secure the concluding views.

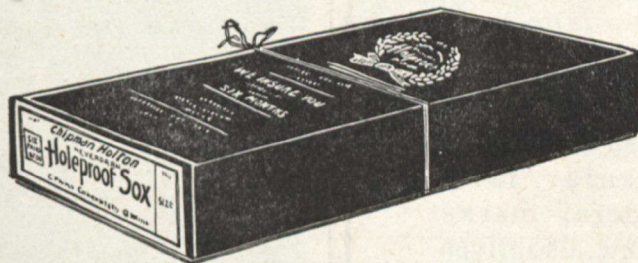
Rostand as a Reader

An interesting incident occurred in Paris on May 26th, when M. Edmond Rostand read two poems from his *Chantecler* before an enthusiastic audience assembled in *College Stanislas*, the poet's *alma mater*, in the rue Notre Dame des Champs. M. Rostand is averse to reading in public, and only the fact that it was to be done before the boys of his own college induced him to comply. He chose for reading Chantecler's "Invocation to the Sun" and the exquisite "Hymn of the Birds," and he read admirably, with a clear and flexible voice and a highly impassioned modulation. He showed no trace of his recent illness.

He is a short, stout man, quite bald, with dark hair and eyes, and an exceedingly kind smile.

It is well known in Paris that he and M. Guitry, the actor who impersonates Chantecler in the present production, are not friendly. Guitry is criticised because of his cold reading of Rostand's verse in the part, and it was suggested that Rostand, in reading the sun poem at Stanislas with so much *verve*, had deliberately made an extraordinary effort to show how much better he could read the verses than Guitry himself. Certainly he produced a real effect, and was greeted with thunderous applause from a mixed audience. — *Harper's Weekly*.

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Spreads Like Butter
You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides, there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.
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Our Guarantee

If any or all of these six pairs of hosiery require darning or fail to give satisfaction within six months from date of purchase, we will replace with new ones free of charge.

Neverdarn Holeproof Hosiery for men and women, six pairs to the box, \$2.00. Children's sizes, three pairs in box for \$1.00. Only one size and color in each box. Made in black and tan.

Order from your dealer. If he hasn't them write us enclosing money order or bills, and we will send them express prepaid. State size and color. Write to-day.



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Stock pays 6 per cent., payable half-yearly, on par value of \$100 per share.
Loan Company Stock is an investment, not a speculative stock. This will be the last opportunity to secure this stock. Better get it now.
Write for 17th Annual Report.

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the following very significant statement was made by the President of the Company, Mr. E. P. Clement, K.C.:-

"We adhere to the opinion so often expressed at our meetings that the **Security of the principal should be the paramount consideration.** As a result of this policy we are able to report that after **forty years of operation we have not lost a single dollar of our invested funds.**"

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CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$ 2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$ 1,500,000
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CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY
TORONTO

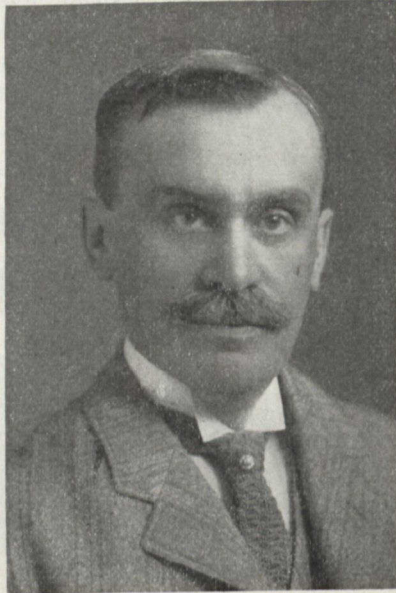
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ISSUED

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

MONEY AND MAGNATES

A Man Who is at His Best When Doing a Whole Lot of Things.

MOST men seem to do a thing best when they do one thing at a time; others, however, and they are in the great minority, appear at their best when they are doing a whole lot of things at the same time. Right at the top of the latter class is Mr. Rodolphe Forget. There is no use trying to start to mention the many things that Mr. Forget is and it will suffice for this article to mention that among other things he is a broker, financier, promoter and operator, unless the last named is included in the word broker. What is more, he is all these at one and the same time and manages to be in from a dozen to two dozen deals without any one of them apparently suffering from the fact that he is actively identified with the others.



Mr. Rodolphe Forget.

There is hardly a big consolidation that has been effected during the past year without Mr. Forget playing his part in it. In most instances, however, as far as the public is concerned, Mr. Forget has not been so much identified with the deal itself as he has been brought in to attend to what is termed on the Street as the "market end" of the transaction. This great ability to attend to the "market end" of things has also resulted in his being identified with numerous pools, many of them formed originally with the idea of securing a wider distribution for certain stocks and some idea of his activity in this sphere may be gathered from the fact that at one time during the bull market of last winter he was said to be attending to the operation of as many as twenty-seven pools. Incredible you will say, more especially as Mr. Forget has the knack of dropping out of sight about every Thursday or Friday morning and running off either to Quebec, where he keeps a very close eye on his Quebec Railway, Light, Heat & Power Consolidation, or on farther to St. Irinee, where he has a beautiful summer home, on which it is said he has expended over a quarter of a million dollars. It would be incredible of almost anybody else, but when it comes to stock market operations and transactions, Rodolphe is both a genius and a marvel combined. He has the reputation of being able to stand in the middle of the floor of the Stock Exchange and put through dozens of transactions in different stocks at various prices, and then after the great excitement has subsided, to be able to walk over to a desk and be able to record on the regular stock exchange slips every sale or purchase he has put through with the exact price and number of shares. Not only this, but he has time and time again been able to tell brokers months after of a whole series of transactions he may have put through with them on the floor of the exchange, at the same time mentioning the exact fraction of the price at which the transaction had been put through.

What makes it possible, you will say, for Mr. Forget to distribute such a large amount of stock? It is undoubtedly his keen perception and knowledge of how the general public will take a thing, aided by the fact that when he gets going almost every broker on the exchange gets the fever and advises his clients that such a stock is evidently in for a good advance and that they should be quick in getting aboard. All of which greatly helps Mr. Forget in his operations. Certain it is that if he were a magnet he would not possess greater powers than he has at the present time to get the other brokers crowded around him in the centre of the floor of the exchange and work them up to a point where willingly or unwillingly they are just about ready to do his bidding. His method of operation is always spectacular and yet it is almost always deceiving, just because it is spectacular, for just at the time when most traders think they know what he is up to, they find that on the contrary they don't know anything at all, and that they have formed an entirely erroneous impression in their hurry to judge by his exterior actions. Quite naturally, of course, his harvest time comes when a bull market is on, for above all things Mr. Forget is an enthusiastic optimist regarding the outlook for Canadian securities, and all the time he has the greatest faith in every sound Canadian industry.

The past year on this account has been perhaps the busiest of Mr. Forget's life, and I guess if the truth were told about the number of deals with which he has been identified no one would for a moment believe it. Some idea of this activity may be gathered from the fact that last summer after attending to the Montreal end of the Duluth, Superior & Sterling Coal issues, he was actively identified with the big Black Lake Consolidated Asbestos deal and before it was over was head and ears into the big Cement Consolidation, passing from that over to the handling, almost alone, of the Quebec Railway, Light, Heat & Power merger. Then came the active operations identified with two or three big pools in Nova Scotia Steel stock, his active participation in the formation of the Dominion of Canada Trust Corporation, with a few moments to devote to the Balmina Asbestos Company; then to the financing of the big Leather Consolidation, which will be carried through in the early fall; the formation of the Canada Securities Corporation, of which he will be vice-president, and quite a large interest in the City Central Real Estate Company which has bought one of the most central blocks of land in the financial district of Montreal and is putting through a deal by which the largest restaurant and down town hotel will be situated on the site. All the while he manages to find time to attend the meetings of the dozen or so corporations of which he is a director, giving a great deal of time always to the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company of which he is president.

It is often said that if you want to get a man who has time to attend to anything on the side—get a busy man. Senator Forget is one of the kind. He

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250 rooms
American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00.
European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50.
\$150,000.00 spent upon improvements

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Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
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European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof
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Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up
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Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Free Bus to all trains. H. L. STEPHENS, Prop.

has his work and time so systematized that it's comparatively easy for him to concentrate in a moment on something almost radically different from the thing he has in hand.

Where Montreal Bank and Railway Step in to Attend to the Handling of Big Apple Crop of Nova Scotia.

AND now two Nova Scotia corporations, one a railway, the other a bank, will lose their identity by being taken over by Montreal concerns, and as a result a new bank and a new railway will handle the great apple crop of Nova Scotia. Some little time ago I took occasion to remark that the absorption of the Dominion Atlantic by the C. P. R. would mean that the big railroad would handle a million barrels of apples a year as a result of the transaction, and now the Royal Bank of Canada, which has its headquarters situated in Montreal, steps in and takes over the Union Bank of Halifax, which will give the Royal something like seventeen branches spread out through the Annapolis Valley where all the greatly famed apples are grown.

A peculiar development in connection with the manner in which the Union Bank of Halifax entrenched itself so strongly in the apple district while the Royal Bank refrained from invading that district, is that there seems to have been for something like fifteen or twenty years a tacit understanding between the Royal Bank and the Union Bank of Halifax as regards the towns into which they should go. This understanding constituted somewhat of an agreement by which it was understood that if the Union of Halifax went into a town the Royal would not go into that particular place, while on the other hand if the Royal had first of all signified its intention of going into a place it was taken for granted that the Union would not invade it. A rather peculiar understanding viewed from the standpoint of the competition that there is now between the different banks, more especially as by it the Royal was building up its own strongest competitor just in that very part of the country where for a great many years the bulk of its own business was done. So in a sense the Royal is simply coming into its own through the transaction by which it takes over the Union and as there is already a very close intimacy between some of the leading C. P. R. interests and those who direct things in the Royal Bank, there will be now an added interest from the fact that the Royal Bank now steps in and will handle the financial end of the apple crop down in that great country between Halifax and Yarmouth, just at a time when the C. P. R. is stepping in to take over the railway over which it will carry apples to place on its own steamers.

COUPON.

Aids to Flying

THE earnestness with which the study of mechanical flight is being pursued is attested by the elaborate equipment in the laboratory of aerodynamics at a French educational institution. Among the apparatus is a wooden tunnel fifty feet long with a cross-section of six square feet, in which a wind of any desired speed can be generated by means of a suction-fan placed at one end of the tunnel. In the wind-current thus developed are placed objects of a great variety of kinds and shapes, whose resistance, lift, drift, surface friction, etc., are determined. A pressure-gauge that can be read to less than one ten-millionth of an atmosphere determines the pressure.—*Harper's Weekly.*

AFTER all—nothing so conducive to a "well groomed" air, as immaculately fitting, modish linen—such style, and class, for instance, as are Tailored into Shirts and Collars marked



Shirts this year show wide striped patterns with or without figures: W. G. & R. Shirts show them best.

This is the mark worth insisting upon:



Made in Berlin, Canada

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

stop the meanest, nastiest, most persistent headaches in half an hour or less. We guarantee that they contain no opium, morphine or other poisonous drugs. 25c. a box at your druggists', or by mail from

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 2nd SEPTEMBER, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way between ALLISTON and ELMGROVE from the 1st October 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 Offices of Alliston, Elmgrove and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Mail Service Branch

Ottawa, 15th July, 1910

G. C. Anderson Superintendent.

Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 26th August, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years as required between HAMILTON POST OFFICE and STREET LETTER BOXES from the 12th September 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 Office of Hamilton (General).

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,

Ottawa, 8th July, 1910.

G. C. ANDERSON, Superintendent.

HECLA FURNACE

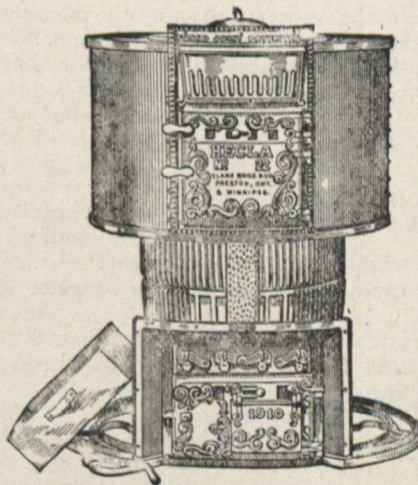
Shows A Saving in Fuel of 13 1/2 %

It is not what a furnace should do, nor what it is said to do—but what it has actually done for others and will do for you—that should hold your consideration.

"Hecla" Furnace is truly economical—in first cost and operation.

"Hecla" Furnace has a steel ribbed Firepot. By adapting the principle of Fused Joints to the firepot, we fuse Steel Ribs on the outer surface of the "Hecla" firepot, thus getting three times the radiating surface of any other firepot of the same size. The radiating surface of the firepot is the most efficient part of the furnace because it is in closest contact with the fire. And the greater the radiating surface, the greater the amount of air that can be heated by a given amount of fuel.

By a careful, accurate three years test, these Steel Ribbed



Firepots made an actual saving in fuel of 13 1/2%. And remember, that the air from the "Hecla" is never hot.

The perfect radiation of heat brings warm air—fresh and invigorating—into the house, because "Hecla" firepot never becomes red hot. And a firepot that never becomes red hot won't burn out.

We make the firepot in two pieces which prevents cracking. This Steel Ribbed Firepot is only one of many improvements perfected by the old reliable firm who have 59 years heating experience to guide them.

Send us a rough diagram of your house—and we will plan the heating arrangements, giving you the cost of installing the right "Hecla" Furnace to heat your home right. We make no charge for this service.

Write us right now.

Clare Bros. & Co. Limited, Preston, Ont.



For The Children

Here in this corner you'll always find
Stories and Rhymes of the Children's kind.



The Late King Edward's Friend.

ONE of the most pathetic features of the funeral procession was the appearance of the late King's favourite dog, "Caesar," following his master's body to the grave. His appearance there seemed to show that someone at Court was "Caesar's" friend, and appreciated the fact that his loss was entirely personal. "Caesar" as a dog did not know King Edward as King so much as a man and a human master. King Edward's charger with the top boots slung across the saddle was in keeping with the military character of the spectacle, but "Caesar" struck a more homely note in the hearts of the on-lookers as the intimate of the Monarch who had an Englishman's love for dumb animals. He strained at his cord and appeared to search everywhere for that which he had lost, the reason being beyond his ken.

"Caesar" is a white, wire-haired terrier, and walked solemnly alongside a kilted servant, little realising that he formed an interesting part of a most brilliant spectacle. At Hyde Park Corner a strange dog, not being bound by the human laws, managed to get past the guard of policemen and soldiers, and in a friendly manner dashed up to the royal "Caesar," who, however, objected to his too friendly behaviour, resenting the intrusion with his teeth.

"Caesar's" good-bye to his dying royal master was pathetic. He was called into the room and allowed to lie on King Edward's bed for some time. After the King's demise "Caesar" became obviously disconsolate, "pining for the touch of a vanished hand."

The Teddy bear has been supplanted in London by "Caesar," who has been reproduced in toy form as the newest plaything for children. He has been copied as faithfully as possible, with his rough coat made of plush and all his joints movable. Attached to his collar is a medallion with the inscription, "I am Caesar," which King Edward had engraved on the silver medallion the original "Caesar" always wore fastened to his silver collar.

Meanwhile the real "Caesar" is quite unconscious of his fame and is resting at Sandringham until he goes with Queen Alexandra to Denmark. He has settled down once more to an ordinary existence, and consents to eat and drink, thanks to the ministrations of the veterinary surgeon who has been untiring in his efforts to keep the little dog alive and well.

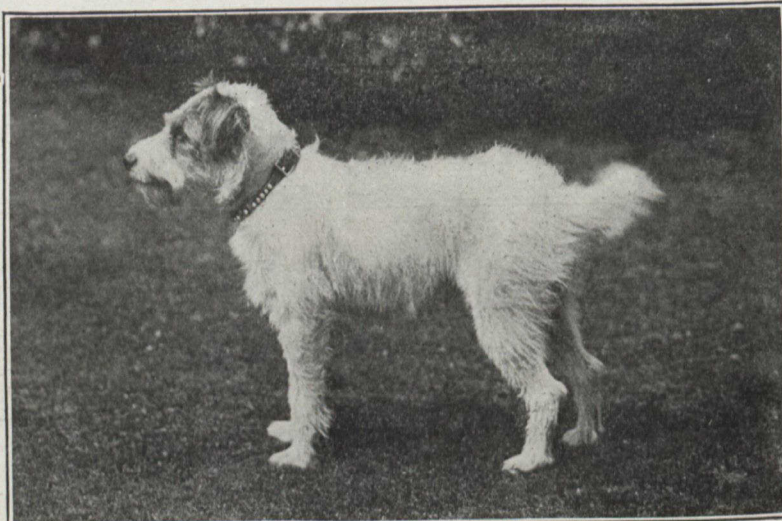
Indian Legend About Crows.

THE crows were once beautiful birds, loved and admired by all the fowls of the air. The crows of that time dressed in the most gorgeous colours and their heads were decorated with red feathers that

glistened like firs when the sun reflected upon it. The crows had many servants who attended upon them. The woodpecker was the head servant and his helpers were the sap suckers, yellow hammers and the linnets. They faithfully performed their duty of combing the beautiful heads of the crows and would now and then pluck a feather from the crow's head and stick it in their own, at the same time making the excuse that they were pulling at a snarled feather or plucking nits from his head.

So one day the crows got very angry at losing their beautiful feathers from their heads, and when the servants heard of this they immediately formed a plot against the crows.

So one morning as the servants were attending upon the crows they overpowered them and plucked all of their red feathers from their heads and rolled them in a heap of charcoal thus colouring them black to this



"Caesar," the shaggy, wire-haired terrier, who was King Edward's friend.

very day. Any one can see for himself the crows are not on friendly terms with their former servants, for these still possess the red heads that the crows once had.

The Frisky Pixie.

D. A. COURTNEY.

TWINKLE caught a frisky pixie, Oh, but he was slipsy, tricky; Twinkle had him very tight, Nearly towed him home all right.

Pixie's friend, a bunny cunning, Broke the string, between them running; Flipsy Pixie got away, Twinkle cried the livelong day.

—Little Folks.

The Deer and the Crow.

ONCE upon a time in a deep wood lived a Deer and a Crow, who were great friends and loved each other dearly. One day, as the Deer was roaming about alone, he met Small-Wit, the Jackal.

Small-Wit was hungry, and when he saw the fine fat Deer he said to himself: "Oho! if only I could have this fat Deer for my supper!" So he went up to the Deer, hanging his head and looking very sad.

"Who are you, Friend?" asked the Deer, "and why do you look so sad?" "My name is Small-Wit," said the

Jackal; "and I am sad because I have not a friend in the world. Ah! if I could win your friendship how happy I should be!"

"Very well," said the Deer, who was very good-natured. "Come with me, and we will be friends."

He led the way to his home, and the Jackal followed him. As they drew near Sharp-Sense, the Crow, called from the tree where he was perching: "Who is this number two, Friend Deer?"

"It is Small-Wit, the Jackal," said the Deer. "He is lonely, and wishes to be our friend."

"Friendship with stranger, Friendship with danger!" said the Crow.

"Nay!" said the Deer. "I like this rhyme better:

"Foe is friend, and friend is foe,
As our actions make them so."

"Very good," said Sharp-Sense; "as you will."

Next morning they went off hunting, and the Jackal said to the Deer: "I know a field of sweet corn, and I will take you there."

So the Deer followed Small-Wit, and sure enough, they came to a field of sweet young corn.

"You are a friend indeed!" cried the Deer, and he feasted till suddenly he fell into a snare which the farmer had laid.

"Alas!" cried the Deer, "Friend Small-Wit, here am I caught by the feet, and cannot move. Come, I pray you, and gnaw these cords with your sharp teeth and set me free!"

The Jackal came and looked at the snare. "That will hold you fast enough," he said. "To-day is a fast day, but to-morrow I will have a fine feast on your fat carcass."

Presently along came Sharp-Sense, the Crow. "Alas!" he cried, "how did this happen, Friend Deer?"

"Through not minding what you said," replied the Deer.

"Well," said the Crow, "we must do what we can. Here comes the farmer. Do you lie still and pretend to be dead until I croak; then spring up and be off."

The farmer came along and saw our friend lying perfectly still. "Aha!" he cried, "this fellow will eat no more of my corn."

He stooped down and untied the cords of the snare, meaning to carry off the dead Deer; but at that moment the Crow gave a loud "Caw!" Up sprang the deer and in a moment was safe in the forest. The farmer flung a club after him; it hit Small-Wit, the Jackal, who was lurking near by hoping to have a share of the spoil, and killed him; and the two friends went home happy. — *Ladies' Home Journal.*

Use of Knowledge.

Who learns and learns, but acts not what he knows,
Is one who ploughs and ploughs, but never sows.—*Selected.*



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THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.

—that is, if my information is to be trusted. They camped last night at Shoal Lake and intended to bring into Ellice to-night."

Truth shone from his steady eyes, but the thing was inconceivable and I burst out: "What could bring them this way? There was no hint of it when I left three months ago."

"Three months?" He shrugged. "Time enough for Miss June to make up her mind to marry. You are in the nick of time for my wedding, father."

"What?" I exclaimed. "Has he consented—"

"My suit? Not exactly. He believes his present intention to be toward Carew. But I hope to persuade that young man to a healthier role."

Standing there, a suggestion of humour on his dark strong face, I could not but feel that June would profit by the exchange. Yet habit is strong, and my thought had run too long in the opposite channel to be easily switched. Also, I was beset by doubt. If he still lingered as a sentiment in June's mind, she must undoubtedly have softened his outline as she herself had grown in culture, and she might shrink from the rough reality. Then there was the governor, arbitrary and violent, to say nothing of Carew.

"If you will please follow me," he interrupted my reflections.

Had the gates been still open, I might have tried a dash, but not only were they closed, but two of his men, Sioux of the west, had moved to my pony's head. There was nothing for it but obedience.

"Duncan?" he answered my question crossing the yard. "Under guard, both he and his men. We caught them napping. Took the place without a blow." Opening the door of a hut that had been the clerk's quarters he added: "But I shall require only your parole. Please stay here till you are called to supper."

IF rudely furnished, the hut was cozy with bison rugs, robes, furs. Duncan's Shakespeare and thumbed Homer lay on the table, but though I would usually have asked nothing better than an hour alone with them, I could now only pace restlessly and listen for the governor's arrival.

I had not long to wait, for within the hour I heard the clash of the gates. My strained ears gave me nothing else. Ignorant of what was passing, I had to fall back on my patience until a Sioux called me a half-hour later.

It was now dark, but walking across the yard I was conscious of vague forms moving about the stockade and gates, a sinister activity. Then my guide threw wide a door and I stepped, winking, into a blaze of candle-light, and saw that the meal had been set out in the store.

A long low building, the wall logs were hidden behind boxes, barrels, bales, shelves of gay cottons and blankets, staples of Indian trade. Sheaves of traps, hatchets, kettles, pots, depended in groves from the roof-balks. A long table that served for a counter had been shoved to the centre and bore a profusion of meat and drink, not only such as the land afforded, but also hams, cheeses, sweet biscuit, and fruit-preserves, the best of Duncan's store. All was brilliantly lit by scores of long wax candles—in transit to one of my missions—stuck in their own grease along the walls and table.

As my eyes grew to their light, I saw Duncan first, darkly regarding his plundered dainties, and I had almost laughed at the rue on his long Scotch face. Next to him, on the

breed's right at the head of the table, Mr. Temple sat opposite June, and I took a place that had been left vacant between her and Carew.

Afterward I learned that when the breed had bestowed June and her father together to freshen themselves after the day's travel, he then had carried Carew off to his own room. What passed there the Englishman never would tell, but he now appeared terribly frightened. As I seated myself, he sighed as though relieved by his removal from June's dangerous proximity; throughout the meal he fidgeted, shuffled uneasily, while his pale eyes wandered restlessly up and down the table.

FOR matter of that, none of us was quite at ease—Mr. Temple held himself stiffly, Duncan seemed to be chiefly concerned with the census of his plundered dainties, June steadily consulted her plate. I confess myself to a great anxiety, and hold it no shame, for never, perhaps, was stranger company gathered about stranger host.

Experience ought, by this time, to have taught me to cease wondering at anything that he might do, but just then I was amazed at the cleverness with which he had steered his love affair to this remarkable climax. Granted—as was true—that messages had passed between them? Still he had both foreseen and provided against the changes which time and travel had probably wrought in June's viewpoint. Realising that her love might not survive a meeting in the squalid peace of an Indian camp, he had prepared this splendid coup and now sat, conqueror of her father's fort, invested with the colours of romance. I must add that he carried it off with a confident hand.

"Now we are all here," he said as I took my seat, adding a grimly humorous allusion to our last meeting: "Or would be if we had Mr. Fraser. A pity he could not be here."

"A great pity," Mr. Temple dryly answered. Apart from this one allusion to the bitter past, he acted the pleasant host throughout the meal; was hospitable, attentive; talked well, proving himself both well-informed and reasonable in discussing the quarrel between the fur companies. Indeed toward its close he staggered us with a piece of information that was news even to the governor, and which may well be quoted as it introduced pregnant personal matter.

"That will not be necessary," he said when I remarked that division of territory seemed the only permanent solution, "providing that the negotiations now going on in London come to a successful conclusion."

"Negotiations?" Mr. Temple was surprised out of his stiffness.

"Toward the merging of the two companies. You have not heard yet? I had the news from Fort William last week—but that reminds me." He smiled grimly. "The news came out of despatches addressed to you."

WHEN, six months later, that happy union brought peace to the Northland, Mr. Temple was first in its praise. He was, however, too bitter a partisan to jump at idle rumour, nor was he, just then, inclined to peace.

"Never!" he cried, and Carew, who had sipped false confidence from one of Duncan's bottles, echoed the exclamation: "Never!" With an air of fussy importance, he added: "My father is one of the largest stockholders in the Company. He would never consent."

Ignoring the remark as though it

had been the buzzing of a fly, the breed answered Mr. Temple. "Never is a long time! Still, I have no quarrel with a war that has given me back my wife."

So far, he had scarcely looked at June, nor she at him, though her every fibre responded to his voice. In company with his talk her colours had flowed or faded to a tide of memories, and now she raised eyes to his that were large and humid as those of a mother deer; eyes in which, as in brown summer pools, memories of forest trysts were mirrored softly as on moonlit waters.

"What nonsense is this?" Mr. Temple spoke with the sharp habit of authority.

From June the breed's eyes came back with a look stiff as his own. "Is it nonsense for a man to rejoice in the return of his wife?"

"She is not your wife."

"Not by your law—yet, but that will soon be mended."

"Come, come, no more of this!"

The governor rose in his angry impatience. "The joke has been pushed to its limit."

"Joke?" Rising in turn, the breed still retained his level tones. "Joke? Your sense of humour develops—or was it also a joke when you tore her from me?"

Mr. Temple glanced irritably to right and left. It was plainly to be seen that he chafed under the necessity for argument, but lacking the force necessary to crush it, he was fain to continue.

"I used a father's right to break a tie damaging to his daughter. I acknowledged your claim on my gratitude, but not upon her, and if I did not then allow it, how much less now that she is educated far above your station and betrothed to another."

"Betrothed?" Under the breed's swift glance, Carew's new-found confidence evaporated and left him whiter than before. "Yes, I heard something of that. As for the tie—is it then the priest's word that makes a marriage?" Pausing, he looked down at June who had slipped to his side. "No claim? What say you?"

Once raised, her eyes had stayed with him, and now, like a bird to its nest, her white hand slid into his brown paw—a sufficient answer that brought the governor to his feet with a protesting cry. "June! June!"

"Yes?"

AS she turned to him, I saw again the face of the beautiful savage of the old trail, warm in its glowing love, splendid in its defiance. Right then I believe Mr. Temple sensed the error he had pursued these years, for a quiver of irresolution swept his face. As though realising the futility of argument, he spoke again.

"Sir, as you said when the gates closed on us this evening, a trick of fortune has placed us in your power. But beware how you use it to advantage yourself by this girl's folly. Even the Nor'west Council will not stand for such misuse; and if the companies should, as you say is probable, merge into one, the north will not be wide enough to hide you from me."

"The Council? She shall answer to it herself, and that within two weeks, for we go straight from here to Fort William. As for your threat"—he smiled quietly—"your power was not sufficient to keep me out of this fort." Throwing up his head with a quick toss of defiance, he finished: "But that is enough of talk. We cackle like old women. Are you ready, m'sieu l'abbe?"

"And you think that I will stand by, a tame witness!" The governor's passion exploded. "Here, Carew! Duncan!"

"It would be useless. He has twenty men outside."

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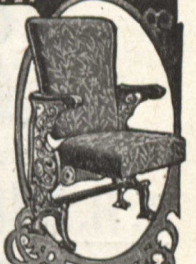
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It was true enough. As he spoke the door opened and a line of Sioux filed in and ranged themselves in sinister silence behind us along the wall. It was not, however, for him to count the odds. He hung his head under the governor's look of disgust.

"Whatever happens, sir," Mr. Temple said slowly, "your engagement to my daughter is broken." Then he stood, biting his lips, like one robbed of his cause.

"These are to see fair play." Looking at me, the breed waved at his men. "Now, m'sieu l'abbé."

"I forbid it!" the governor snapped. I had felt for him through it all, but that sharp order injected a touch of irritation into my pity and I put a little mettle in my answer.

"June is of age, son." He stared at me a moment, his eyes round and black in their angry surprise. "You, also? You intend to marry them?"

"Better than to let them go out from here unwed."

But no argument would reach him. "In that case you are no longer my friend. After this your church will also lack the backing of the Company."

The unfairness of the speech moved me to a spirited rejoinder. "Son, why do you persist in kicking against the pricks, the goads that you sharpened for yourself in the long time ago?"

He made bitter answer: "It seems that my consent is needed as little as it is wished."

The accent, slight as it was, touched June. Her big eyes grew moist, and, stepping, she laid a soft hand on his arm. "I do wish it. Won't—"

But he flung round and gave her his back. "Never let me see you again!"

I asked if he would like to retire. "No! I'll drink my draft."

WITH that I began—the ceremony that ought to have been performed four years ago. Of a necessity a missionary is called upon to carry out the sacraments in strange settings; yet never do I remember officiating in a wilder or one more fit. The dark log store, silent Sioux in the shadow under the candles, Duncan's fringed moose-skins, the governor's bluff form, all was in keeping with the wild beauty and her big, strong man, save only Carew's scared white face. As I have said, it remained for a cause light to the verge of laughter to give the last push that was to throw Mr. Temple from his stubborn stand and bring happiness and grandchildren to his declining years. It came when I stumbled on the question, "Who gives this woman in marriage to this man?" in reading from my pocket Vulgate.

I ought to have omitted it, but having said it, I looked at Mr. Temple. He, however, made no sign, and it was the breed who broke the awkward pause. Stimulated, perhaps, by some memory of the persecution June had sustained at Carew's hands, he nodded at the Englishman.

"This gentleman."

I doubt whether Carew ever realised the fulness of the sarcasm; understood that in the last few minutes a battle had been fought and lost, a battle the significance of which, though masked by phrases, was vividly real as those which primitive men waged for the bodies of their women. If he did, then cowardice had killed shame as well as natural passion, for he answered at once:

"I will—if you wish it?" His fawning consent fell on dead silence, but as he rose in his despicable weakness, the governor swung round with a roar.

"Sit down, sir! She goes to a man, at least. I will give her away myself!"

THE END.



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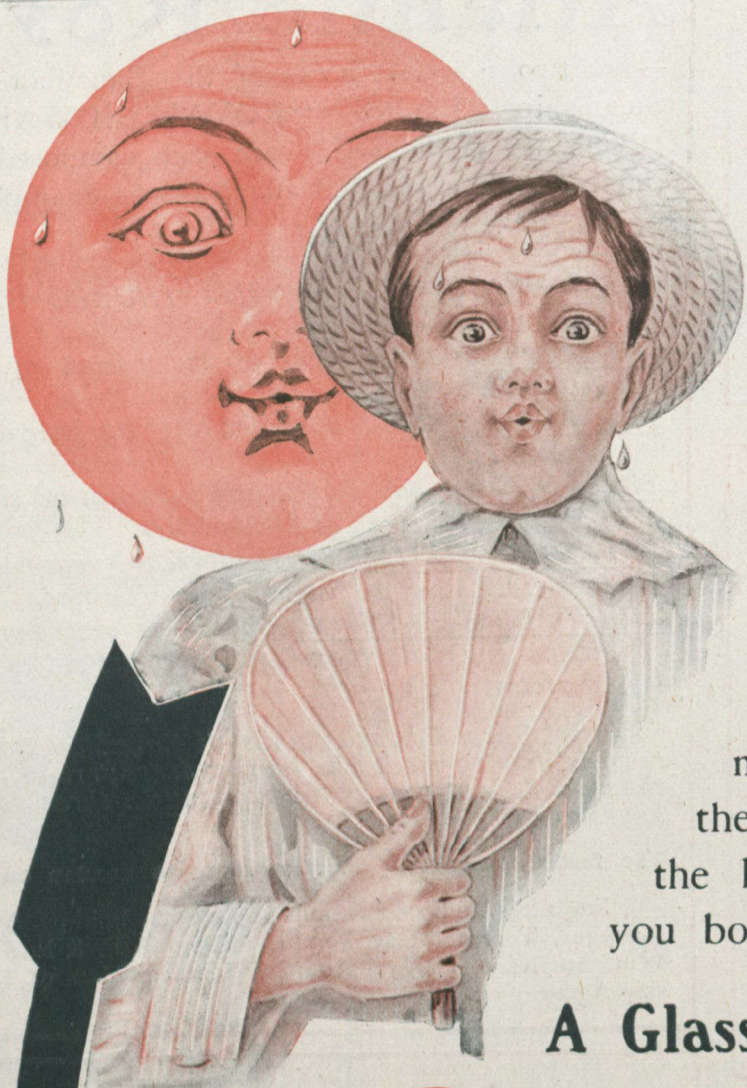
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