

The Canadian
Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Read in
Nine
Provinces

Drawn by W. Smithson Broadhead

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,
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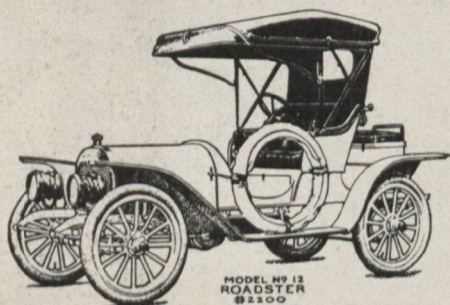
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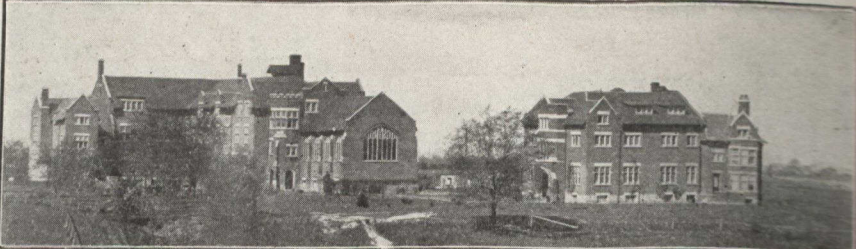
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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CONTENTS

Tubes As They Have Them in Boston.....	5
Reflections	6
All Things Considered, by Peter McArthur	7
Eucharistic Dignitaries In Old Quebec	8
The Great Church Congress In Montreal	9
Canadian Boy Scouts	10
The Hambourgs In Canada	11
The Bandmaster At the Fair	12
The Claim Jumpers, story by Herman Whitaker; illustration by Tom O. Martin	13
The Man Who Put the World Right, story by Newman Flower	14
Demi-Tasse	16
People and Places	17
Money and Magnates	18

Editor's Talk

IN this week's cover picture you will recognise a remarkably delicate piece of work by W. Smithson Broadhead, the young English artist of whom we spoke a little while ago. A test of the fidelity with which that subject is drawn: When it came into the office two people remarked on its beauty, and each wanted to know who was the lady that did it? That's on the assumption that a woman knows how to paint a woman better than a man does; probably a foolish notion. Mr. Broadhead has some good masculine things all ready for running in the Canadian Courier; a series of story illustrations which in most respects—well, wait till you see them in our first serial of three instalments beginning soon.

OUR interesting friend Whitaker is back again this week. One subscriber took objection to our other two stories of Whitaker's; saying they were too much—just forget his exact words; but we noticed that he had read the stories through to find out. He will no doubt read this one also.

THIS congress of Catholics in Montreal and Quebec is causing us considerable trouble; but we don't mind that, so long as you get the benefit in seeing the greatest ecclesiastical convention ever held in America without paying railway fares.

IN this week we've got a couple of musical features that should be interesting to everybody. One is a descriptive interview with our English friend, Bandmaster Williams, at the Fair; the other an interesting illustrated chat with the Hambourgs, just arrived in Canada; father and brother of the celebrated Mark.

THIS week probably sees the last of "All Things Considered," by Peter McArthur, who is now running a new magazine of his own; which the Canadian Courier intend to read regularly with much pleasure and considerable profit to—ourselves.



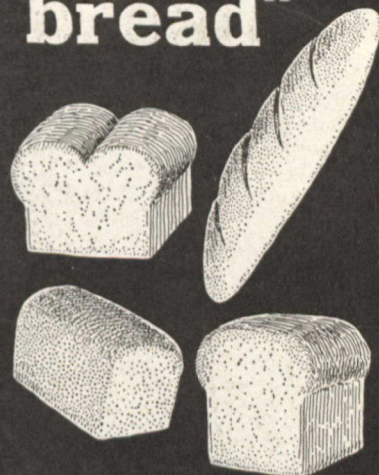
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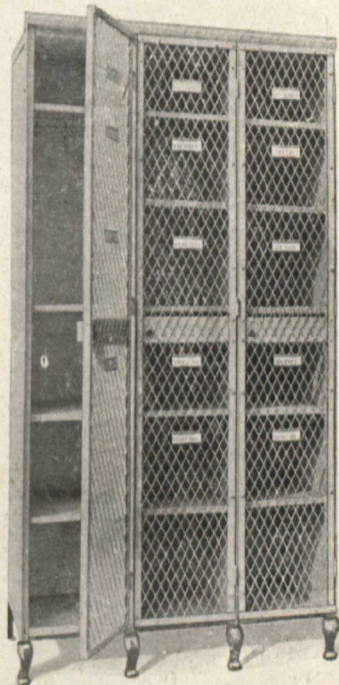
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THE
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No. 15



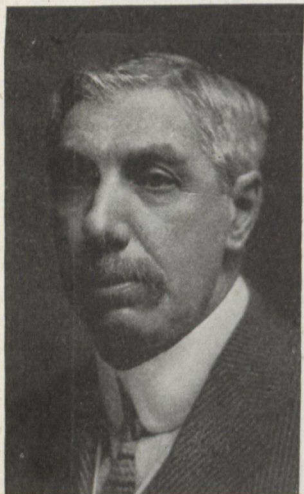
HOW BOSTON SOLVED THE STREET CAR PROBLEM

Boston's subways are owned by the City, but operated by a private company which controls surface, underground and elevated services. In other words, a car will run underground in the centre of the city, then rise to the surface in the less congested parts, and later, go on an elevated track when necessary. This picture shows a car coming up out of a subway which is built close under the roadway. It is interesting in view of the report of the experts who have announced that an underground system would not pay in Toronto unless the underground and surface lines were under one management.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

SPEAKING at a directors' luncheon at the Toronto Exhibition last week, Mr. D. B. Hanna, vice-president of the Canadian Northern Railway, distinguished between theoretical and practical imperialism. In his view, the increase in the number of steamers running from Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool and Bristol was



Mr. D. B. Hanna

worthy of the term "practical imperialism." What he had in mind particularly was the interest in Canada which had been aroused in the Bristol district by the inauguration of the new Royal Line of steamers by the Canadian Northern Railway. This particular day at the Toronto Exhibition was called "West of England Day," and among the guests were a dozen prominent officials and merchants from the Bristol district.

Most of us will agree with Mr. Hanna that this is the kind of imperialism which will appeal most strongly to Canadians. Imperial conferences have their value, but imperial steamship lines are of equal and more immediate importance. Strangely enough, too, this strengthening of the commercial relations between Canada and Great Britain has its origin in Canada. Every line of steamers plying between the two countries is, practically speaking, managed in Canada. The vessels may be built in Great Britain, the capital may be supplied by British financiers, but the enterprise, the foresight, and the business management are supplied by Canadians.

Mr. Hanna aroused the enthusiasm of the audience by saying that he hoped some day to see a Canadian line with a daily service between Canada and Great Britain. A weekly service was all right, but he desired something better. The ultimate goal would not be reached until a man was able to sail on any day of the week which suited him. Then the steamship service would be comparable with the train service.

INDEED it begins to look as if Canada were destined to be one of the great "carrying" nations of the world. Already our ocean-going shipping compares favourably with that of the United States in spite of the disparity in our population. The tremendous growth in Canadian shipping has helped immensely to keep the British flag in the proud position of flying on more and greater ships than all the other nations of the world put together. Fifty years ago, the British flag floated over 54 per cent. of the world's shipping; to-day it floats over 59 per cent. And Canada has helped in that. The Canadian Pacific Railway alone has sixty-five ocean and lake vessels, and a traveller may go from Liverpool to Yokohama without leaving a C. P. R. conveyance.

If Canada continues her success in the maritime trade, it will have a profound effect on her national life. When Canadian ships are afloat on every ocean, and Canadian seamen are in every foreign port, we shall begin to know something of international law and international responsibility. We shall look upon the policing of the seas in a different way, and shall become more deeply interested in the questions on which international peace depend. We shall have problems much broader than the price of lumber and wheat or the rate of duty on barbed wire and agricultural implements. International travel broadens the individual; international trade expands the horizon of the nation.

LAST month the Methodist General Conference was held in Victoria, and delegates from all the other provinces gathered in the capital city of British Columbia. At the same time the Premier of the Dominion, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, was touring the province, studying its needs, and assuring the people of the government's interest in their progress. This month the Canadian Manufacturers' Association will meet in Vancouver and representative industrial magnates from all over Canada will then discuss the commercial future of the country. All of which proves that British Columbia is an integral part of this growing dominion.

It is only a few years since British Columbia was considering seriously the advisability of cutting the confederation altogether. It wanted better terms and better treatment generally. Then came the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and the proposition to extend the Canadian Northern Railway across the Rockies. Quite unintentionally Mr. C. M. Hays and Mr. William Mackenzie killed the "separation" idea. When these three great transcontinental railways, one in existence and two in the making, tie British Columbia to the rest of Canada, there may still be talk of "better terms," but nothing will be heard of "separation." Every year the nine provinces

are being more closely bound together, and the process will proceed indefinitely.

ESTIMATES are peculiar affairs, and as a rule are disappointing. Of course, the engineer or architect who makes an estimate which eventually proves broadly inaccurate, puts the fault on the person who asked for the estimate. No engineer or architect ever was known to make a mistake. That is a form of pleasure indulged in only by journalists, politicians, and business men. Yet somebody blundered when Toronto was informed that it could get a "tube" system for five million dollars. It appears that the estimate was about ten millions out.

Mr. Hocken, unsuccessful mayoralty candidate last fall, is the man responsible for this error. He secured the estimate, presumably from reputable engineers. Perhaps the engineers were not reputable, but that doesn't matter. The estimates were lamentably astray. Mr. Hocken, with his now thoroughly exploded estimate, nearly succeeded in stampeding the people. The Street Railway Company was unpopular and the "tubes" were to be a measure of relief. The workingman of Toronto was to be taken underground at the centre of the city and whisked off to the uttermost corners of the city at a modest rate and in the twinkling of an eye. And all this for five million dollars!

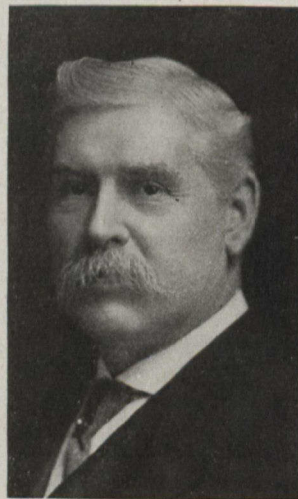
After the elections were over and cooler counsels were available, Mayor Geary and the City Council decided to get an estimate of their own. They secured the services of two experts from New York and these gentlemen said that a partial system such as proposed by Mr. Hocken would cost fifteen million, and an adequate system twenty-three million. As all estimates of this kind are too low, as history proves, then Toronto may secure a real underground railway service which will accommodate its growing traffic for twenty years to come at a cost of about thirty millions.

But the exact figures are not important. What is of value is that the voter in all large municipalities should beware of "estimates" given out by glib-tongued orators looking for votes. Municipal estimates are not as bad as mining promoters' estimates, but they have several similar characteristics.

NOW that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has returned from the West, the East will once more be somewhat in the limelight. The arrival of Cardinal Vannutelli at "The Rome of Canada" has focused the public eye on Canada's great commercial metropolis. The spectacle of a city council and a provincial government spending public money to entertain religious visitors is something unique. It would not be so unique in Europe, but it is startlingly so in America. It is somewhat reminiscent of an historical pageant based on the events of a previous century.

Down in Halifax a somewhat similar celebration is being held by the Anglican communion. The bicentenary of the establishment of the Church in that portion of the present Dominion is being celebrated just as fervently if less spectacularly. It is, however, pleasant to know that both Protestant and Catholics have their triumphs and their anniversaries to celebrate, and that none of these celebrations demand the human sacrifices of ancient days or the religious wars of the middle centuries. All churches of modern times make for peace.

ON Manufacturers' Day at the Canadian National Exhibition, Mr. Robert S. Gourlay, piano manufacturer, spoke of the effect of industrial activity on the minds of the youth of a country. In a thoughtful and eloquent address, Mr. Gourlay pointed with pride to the cessation of emigration to the United States and to the turn in the tide of population movement on this continent. In Ontario, owing to the great industrial development of recent years, the ambitious youth found plenty of opportunities. Unlike the young man of twenty years ago, he had no feeling that it was necessary to go abroad to win success. He thought that the Toronto Exhibition had done something to influence the imagination of the young folk and to engender in them a greater confidence in Canadian opportunities.



Mr. R. S. Gourlay

In developing this idea Mr. Gourlay also made a strong point in regard to tariff policy. He expressed the hope that those who were thinking of tariff matters and of reciprocity would consider these matters from the standpoint of the Canadian youth. What is best in the interests of the young man is best in the interests of the whole people.

He also made a plea for a national treatment of tariff and other trade questions. He apparently is afraid that sectionalism will overshadow nationalism. In this he sounds a note of warning worthy of the occasion. Canada's tariff should be framed to suit the best interests of the whole of Canada, and not to suit different sections. Furthermore, each section of the country in framing its opinions should bear in mind the needs, ideals, and requirements of all the other sections, and not press its own claims unduly.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By PETER McARTHUR

MR. WILLIAM STONE did not impress me as a humourist or even as an occasional joker, the time I met him on a matter of business. Quite the contrary. He struck me as being a typical man of large affairs, serious, direct and competent. He seemed just the kind of man one would expect to find spending his time in a giddy round of directors' meetings of the most solemn and high financial kind. But that request he made of Chief Grasset—wait a minute till I catch my breath. It is not often I run across anything so sly and rib-tickling, as the paragraph in *The Globe*, which reported that Mr. Stone asked "That the police, whenever possible, notify motorists *at time of the offence* that they would be summoned for speeding or breaking the law." Can't you just imagine you see a fat Toronto policeman or an asthmatic country constable overtaking a "hell-bent" automobile to politely inform the owner that he will be summoned. In justice to the officers of the law I venture to say that any and all of them would give a day's pay at any time for a chance to say a few things to the speeding automobilist, but when was one ever known to wait? If he waited he was not a true scorcher. Unfortunately the arm of the law cannot reach out far enough and quick enough to catch the offender so that the officer can grab him by the ear, while the mood is upon him, and roar in the tympanum-shattering tones that alone would express his feelings: "You infernal slob, I'm goin' to have the law on you next Chuesday." Perhaps if the police were provided with Ross rifles they might be able to stop some of the less speedy offenders, but it is not likely that such an innovation will be allowed just yet. In spite of Mr. Stone's request it is likely that the old and unsatisfactory way of having the officer lay an information in the dry and unemotional phraseology of the law will prevail for some time to come.

* * *

BUT for true humour I am not sure but the explanatory statement that followed this amusing request was still richer. Here it is, so that you may judge for yourself:

"The deputation stated that there had been a large number of complaints by motorists that they had not received their summonses until several days after the alleged offence, thus preventing them from recalling the exact circumstances and deciding whether they were guilty or not."

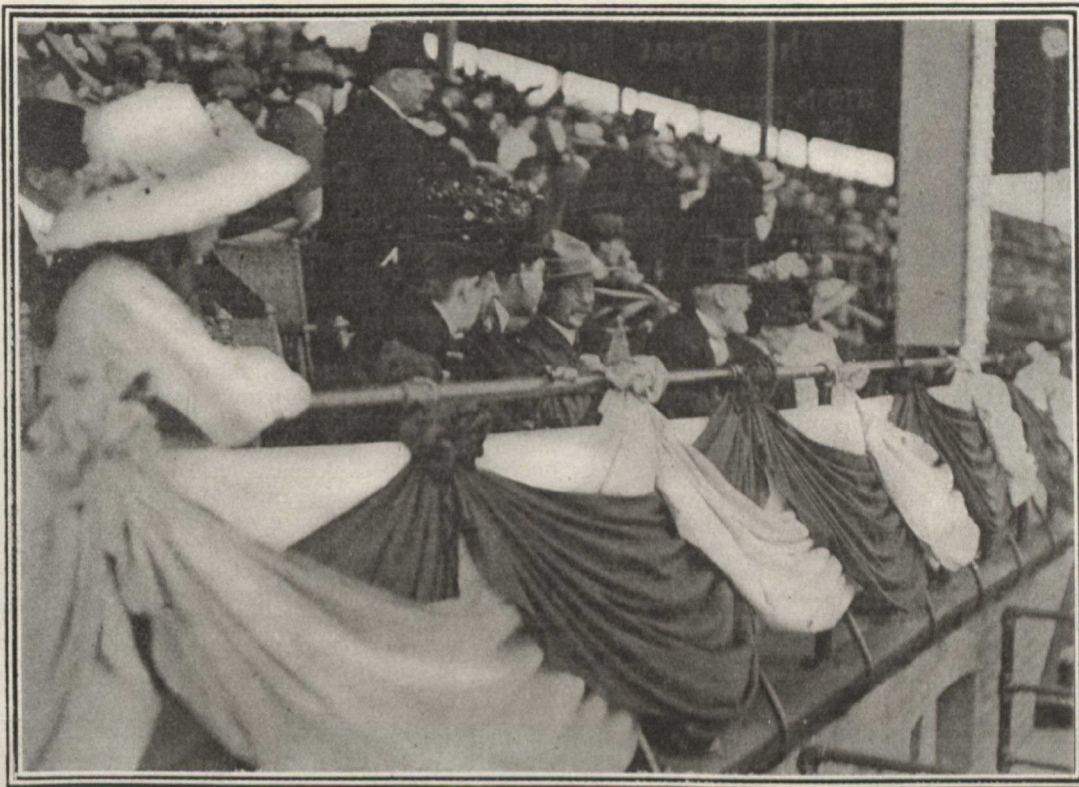
As Artemus Ward would say, that first joke was too much and this one is two too much. Who that has ever paid attention to court proceedings, not simply in the case of scorching automobilists, but in cases of any kind where the defendant might be guilty, has not noticed what a rock of defence a poor memory invariably proves. Surely Mr. Stone would not rob the joyous scorcher of the plea that he could not remember what he was doing or where he was at the time mentioned in the summons? Does anyone seriously believe that the motoring fraternity would thank Mr. Stone for robbing them of their one chance of escape. If any of them put up that argument I suspect that they were "Horsing" the worthy president. If I may venture to make a suggestion, why should not motorists who obviously cannot wait for a policeman to catch up when they are exceeding the speed limits keep diaries in which they would enter the exact time and place where they knowingly committed breaches of the law. If they did that they would be in a position to refresh

their memories and help in their own convictions when the slow-paced machine of the law caught up with them three or four days after they had been having their good time. If Mr. Stone meant his request and explanation to be taken as jokes, I take off my hat to him as a humourist. If he meant them to be taken seriously I take off my hat and throw in a bow, for that would make them funnier than ever.

* * *

ONE needs to live in the country for a while if he wants to find out just how much automobilists are hated by the farmers, and how thoroughly they deserve the loathing they inspire. Once out of the city limits and beyond the range of law officers who are in active service, the average automobilist sets law and order at defiance. I have seen them passing along the country roads at a higher rate of speed than the express trains make on the railroad. It is true that an occasional one will slow down when approaching a horse and rig, but as a rule they go honking through without the slightest regard for right or decency. We who have to suffer from their insolence or thoughtlessness no longer dare to take chances to bolt up a lane or side road when we see the cloud of dust in the distance that announces the approach of a devil-car. During the summer months farmers having spirited horses are obliged to keep to the back roads, and leave the improved roads to the invading scorchers. The advent of the automobile has changed the best roads to the worst, as far as their usefulness to the farmers is concerned, and those whose

farms are situated beside these motor-haunted highways are forced to keep their doors and windows closed at all times so that they may not be suffocated by the dust. Some day the farmers are going to get so mad about it that they will force the legislatures to pass laws forbidding automobiles to travel faster than wheelbarrows. As matters stand, there irresponsible, insufficiently taxed users of the public road are putting a stop to the good roads movement and destroying the roads we already have by the wear and tear of their trackless locomotives. Something has got to be done about it, and it is not likely that it will lie along the line of more politeness and courtesy towards the offenders on the part of



Guest Box at the Opening of Toronto's Great Fair. General Sir Robert Baden-Powell is distinguished by his Stetson hat. On his right is President Gooderham and on his left, Lieutenant-Governor J. M. Gibson. Standing in the rear is General W. H. Cotton.

officers of the law. There is much that a man in Mr. Stone's position should be able to do, but it will not be done through the co-operation of the police. It will be done through the co-operation of the motoring fraternity. If he got a rule established among that speedy lot that any man who boasted about the speed he had made would be fined a case of champagne for each offence, and forced to sit looking on without getting a taste while the good liquor was being lapped up, he would be doing much to discourage them.

* * *

IF one does a hired-man's work he must expect to be treated like a hired-man. The other day there was some whitewashing to be done and in the course of human events it became necessary for me to do it. While the work was in progress a cheerful voice called from the garden gate, "What-ho Bill! Is the Boss at home?" I directed him towards the hammock where she was sitting and proceeded with my work in a thoughtful mood. The cheerful stranger was a salesman of some sort and if he had seen me at a desk in an office preparing an editorial on some subject full of ready-made opinions for people who cannot think, or who must not be allowed to think, he would have approached me with caution and perhaps with awe. But just because I was wielding a whitewash brush instead of a fountain pen he called me "Bill."

FRENCH-CANADIAN CITIES A DREAM OF SPLENDOUR



How Montreal's streets are decorated. The pylons and flag-poles are placed about every fifteen yards along the route of the procession. There are a number of these central arches at various points.



Building central arch on St. Hubert Street. Lath and plaster are the main materials used. The figures and decorations are cast separately and then placed in position.

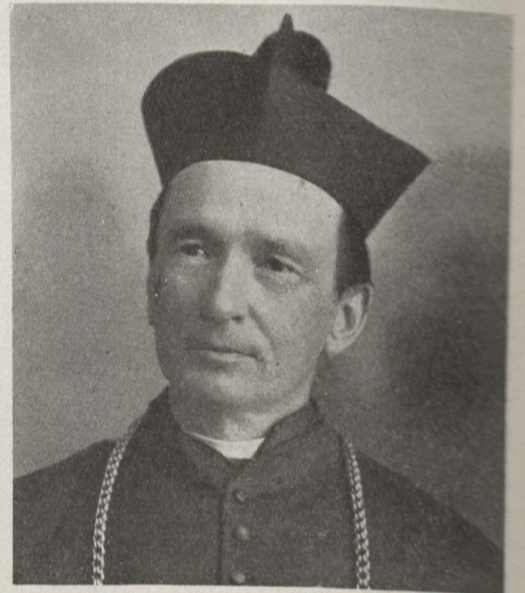
The Great Eucharistic Congress

THIS is pomp and panorama week in French Canada. For the first time in the history of French-Canadian festivals Montreal and Quebec are *en fete* at once. The Tercentenary was at Quebec only—on behalf of all Canada. The great congress at Quebec City in 1881, when "O, Canada" was composed, was French-Canadian altogether, and not merely ecclesiastical. The Eucharistic Congress is almost as spectacular as one, and to the French-Canadians quite as momentous as the other. Never has been such open ceremony at the arrival of church dignitaries as greeted the Papal Legate and his celebrated confreres in the Sees of Archbishops Begin and Bruchesi.

In the whole world there are no two cities better suited to the requirements of a great church or historic festival. Fortunes have been spent in Montreal to decorate the city, becoming such an august assemblage of dignitaries. In Quebec the civic and provincial government representatives turned out to extend a welcome. In Montreal Archbishop Bruchesi had for weeks been general-in-chief, planning and carrying out the great scheme of adornment on a scale never before attempted even in that city of festivals and pageants. Sunday next the great congress will be wound up with a triumphal spectacle. Imagination has been at a grand height; a panorama of pomp and circumstance, beside which the Canadian National Exhibition with all its hundreds of thousands seems but a drab affair belonging to a practical people.



Most Rev. Paul Bruchesi
Archbishop of Montreal



Monseigneur L. N. Begin
Archbishop of Quebec



The Ceremonious Arrival of a Great Dignitary at Montreal

In a cataract of rain Cardinal Vannutelli, the Papal Legate, landed at Montreal, where the Eucharistic Congress is being held. He was escorted by Mayor J. J. Guerin and followed by Archbishop Bruchesi. On Monday afternoon of this week Cardinal Vannutelli visited Notre Dame Cathedral. He is here seen descending the steps of the Bishop's Palace.



Rev. David Hickey
From Nova Scotia



Bishop Honda
From Japan



Rev. J. W. Cooley
Port Elgin, Ont.



Rev. R. Millyard
President London Conference



Rev. Dr. Manning
From London, Ont.



Rev. Dr. Sparling
Principal Wesley College, Winnipeg

CHURCH CONGRESS ON THE PACIFIC

Outdoor Glimpses of Character at the Methodist Conference

By R. D. HAMILTON

THE Quadrennial General Conference of the Methodist Church, which closed last week at Victoria, B.C., was of more than ordinary interest. The overwhelming vote in favour of church union, the determination to leave questions of theological opinions and church doctrine to the regular court of the Church, the decision to leave card-playing, dancing and theatre-going to individual conscience, and the general enthusiasm on behalf of evangelisation and missions were the outstanding features. It was a great gathering of the leaders of a great church, and the results attained must be felt very keenly during the next four years.

That the national conference of a national church should go so far west as Victoria to hold its quadrennial meeting is a tribute to the growing West and a guarantee that its needs and desires will be met so far as Methodism is concerned. Many of the delegates crossed the continent for the first time, and this in itself will help them to understand the breadth of the field which the national churches must cover. The delegates came from as far east as Newfoundland, and the Maritime Provinces were well represented. There were delegates from Great Britain and the United States, while Bishop Honda of Japan and others were pre-

the other Christian churches proved to be a function of much interest. Rev. Henry Haigh represented the mother church in England, and proved



Rev. T. E. Holling
Pastor of Conference Church.



Rev. A. E. Roberts
Secretary B.C. Conference.

Two Pacific Pastors

himself worthy of the honour conferred upon him by giving a most masterful address.

Rev. Ralph Brecken represented Irish Methodism. The church across the border in the great republic was represented by Rev. Dr. Bovard, of San Francisco, California, and Hon. Mr. Booth, of Oregon, and the M.-E. Church South found an able advocate in Rev. Dr. DeBuvis, and Japan sent a worthy son in the person of Bishop Honda, who told of the work of the United Church in that land.

The cordial fraternity expressed by Rev. L. Clay, for the Ministerial Association, and by Rev. Dr. Campbell, for the Presbyterian General Assembly, the heartiness of the Mayor's words, the polished utterances of the Premier, and the beautiful address of Mr. Jackson, of Winnipeg, in behalf of the W. M. S., were features of the conference that will linger long after the delegates have reached their homes.

The visit of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of the Dominion, to the conference was an event of more than passing moment. He was accompanied by Hon. Mr. Graham and Mr. E. M. McDonald, M.P.

Dr. Carman, general superintendent, welcomed the Premier. "Sir Wilfrid, you do us honour in visiting us to-day. We want to say, we are with you in all that makes for the foundation of our national life. The conference is delighted to see you, and accord you large liberties. We will be glad to hear words from you." In reply the Premier, who had held a public reception the evening before, which function the conference attended, said: "So many of you called upon me last night I thought this a good time to return your call. What they desired in harmony with the church was the welfare of the race. He said he had met thousands on his tour of the Dominion of all classes, and had not heard a discordant note, all proclaim themselves "true, loyal, free Canadian subjects." Mr. Graham said the Premier's party set the church a good example in union. "We have," he said, "the Premier, a Roman Catholic, Mr. McDonald, a Presbyterian; Mr. Pardee, a member of the Church of England, while I am a son of the Methodist parsonage."

The subject of the time limit for the pastoral term caused a lively debate. The committee recommended a possible eight-year term, but the more conservative element prevailed, and the term remains four years.

Conference elections are exciting, but the heads of departments were all elected upon the first ballot. The following were chosen: General Superintendents, Revs. Dr. Carman and Dr. Chown; Superintendent of Home Missions, Rev. Jas. Allen; Superintendent of Foreign Missions, Rev. T. E. Shore, B.



Rev. Dr. Warner
Principal of Alma College,
St. Thomas, Ont.



Rev. Dr. J. V. Smith
Pastor of Centenary Church,
Hamilton, Ont.

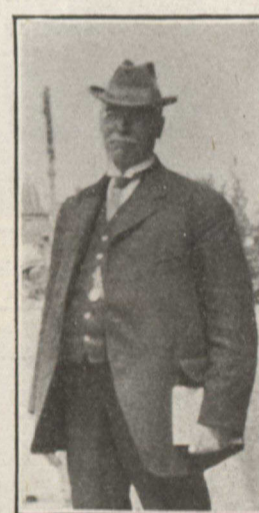
sent to present the claims of the Asiatic mission fields. The gathering had thus an international, as well as a national aspect.

The conference was held in the Metropolitan Church, a stone and marble edifice, which speaks well for the prosperity of Victorian Methodists. The Hon. Richard McBride gave an address of welcome in which he said: "We in the Far West are deeply sensible of the great compliment paid our province through the selection of Victoria as a quadrennial meeting place." Rev. T. E. Holling, pastor of the church, expressed a similar sentiment: "We feel honoured in receiving the representatives of Methodism to this the Mother Church of the province. We extend to you the freedom of the Methodist church here, and pray that a quickening of interest in the activities and enterprises of the whole Church may be the result of your coming together."

The receiving of the fraternal delegates from



A Snapshot at Revelstoke



Mayor Dingman
Stratford, Ont.



Mayor Austin
Chatham, Ont.

A.; Superintendent of Education, Rev. J. W. Graham, D.D.; Editor of Christian Guardian, Rev. Dr. Creighton; Editor of Sunday School Periodicals, Rev. Dr. A. C. Crews; Secretary of Sunday School Epworth Leagues, Rev. S. T. Bartlett; Secretary of Young People's Forward Movement, Rev. Dr. Stephenson; Superintendent of Western Missions, Rev. Dr. Woodworth; Treasurer of Superannuation Fund, Rev. Dr. Griffin; Treasurer of Missionary Society, Mr. H. H. Fudger.

One of the liveliest tilts of the conference was over a motion to remove the "foot-note" explanatory of the General Rules of the Church. After several hours' debate and decisions on points of law raised by the legal lights, the old note was wiped out and a short statement of religious practice inserted in its place.

Church union called forth one of the best debates of the conference, and by a majority of 220 to 35 decided to continue negotiations for union.

CANADIAN BOY SCOUTS

*Learning the Wiles of War, along with
the Arts of Peace*

Thousands of boys in all the chief centres of Canada are now regularly enrolled as members of the unique arm of the military force, inaugurated by Gen. Baden-Powell in England. This is the most significant military movement in the Empire of the twentieth century. In Toronto alone there are two thousand of these young practical soldiers; in Montreal, thousands more; so also in the cities of the East and the West. The pictures on this page show the most complete assemblage of boy scouts ever seen in Canada; all under the eye of the head of the Imperial corps.



These busy boys' mothers would scarcely know them now; but Peeling Potatoes is sometimes as important as Carrying a Gun.



The General's first glimpse of Bicycle Wireless as we have it in Canada.



The three-cornered Bicycle Ambulance Corps.



The General Reviews the Troops headed by their Officers.



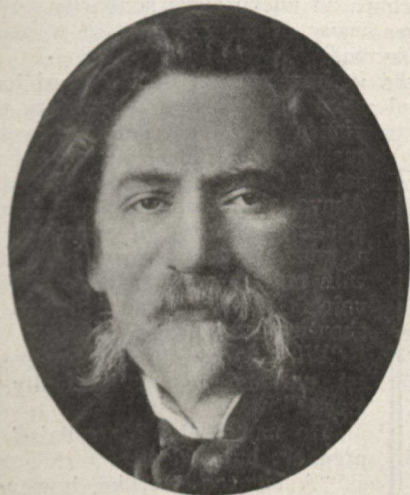
Grand March Past round the Exhibition Track, Toronto, of Two Thousand Boy Scouts; an inspiring spectacle witnessed by Gen. Baden-Powell.

The Hambourgs in Canada

World-Famous Musicians Foresee Great Musical Development in this Country

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

THREE weeks ago there arrived in Toronto a quite remarkable family, the father and mother, brothers and sisters of Mark Hambourg, the world-famous Russian pianist. The Hambourgs have taken up residence in Toronto; the head of the family, Professor Michael Hambourg, and his son Jan have opened a musical studio there. Now, when it is noted that Professor Michael comes to the Dominion recommended as a teacher of pianoforte by such musicians as Leschetizky, Paderewski, Rosenthal and Busoni; and that Mr. Jan Hambourg bears the testimony of Ysaye, that he is the foremost exponent of that master's school of violin playing—the arrival of these two artists is an event of significance to musical Canada. It emphasises again that the artistic strivings of



A Father of Musicians

Prof. Michael Hambourg, father of Mark, Jan and Boris

Canadians are making an impress upon the cultured world of Europe. If the Hambourgs are successful in their aspiration to instruct Canadians in the higher branches of music, it may mean that other European masters will migrate to Canada. Then, parents will be saved the expense of maintaining their daughters in Europe for advanced study; Canada will be the centre of musical art. Indeed, it may come about that present conditions will be reversed; the lead from Canada to Europe, but Canadawards.



Miss Luba Hambourg
who is fond of doing pictures

And why did the Hambourgs come to Toronto?

The other night I asked Mr. Jan Hambourg to explain.

"We came to Canada because my brother Mark urged it," he said. "Lately my father has suffered from rheumatic trouble—which is fatal to a musician. We blamed damp, foggy London for it. We had to go somewhere. Mark said Canada. He was greatly impressed by this country—of course enormously from the commercial point of view. But we Hambourgs are mostly interested in things aesthetic, though the money, too, is an attraction, isn't it? Well, Mark said there was appreciation of art and money in Canada—especially Toronto, which he considered was the foremost musical city in Canada and showing the best prospects, indeed, in that respect of any city in America. Here we are!"

I found the Hambourgs living in a big west end apartment house. Their flat was a treasure house of art. For instance, on the walls, I saw original sketches by those geniuses of pen and ink—Du Maurier, of Trilby fame; Tom Browne, and artist Thackeray; also autograph photographs of celebrated musicians, and the original of "The Cherry Girl," sculpture of Albert Toft. Mr. Jan Hambourg showed me his two concert violins, one a Nicholas Amati, "grand pattern," 1664, valued at \$5,000; the other a Joseph Guarnerius Filius Andrae, valued at \$3,500.

"With these instruments I wish to become acquainted with Canadians," he laughed. "I come to America as the missionary of the Ysaye-Kreisler, Belgian and French school. I hope that pupils from all over America will come to me here at Toronto for instruction.

"We expect to find fine material here in Canada to work with. So far you Canadians excel in execution and you have some fine names."

He mentioned Donald, Parlow, Edmund Burke and other Canadian musical friends of his.

"Clarence Lucas, of London, Ont., whom I met in Europe some time ago, is the only Canadian who showed much aptitude for composition. But don't be impatient. Remember that the United States with their ninety millions have only one composer of note—Macdowell. Study and interpretation must precede creative genius in all art. Execution is the apprenticeship stage of music; you are serving yours."

"Do you think we'll escape before our southern neighbours?" I asked.

Mr. Jan would not presage the exact advent of the great Canadian composer.

But the Professor was ready.

"I would not be surprised but that you will outstrip them," he said, speaking in his slow, thoughtful fashion. "It's wonderful this Canada. Everything seems to be going, going. You can't stop."

Mr. Jan Hambourg is an alert athletic young Russian of twenty-eight years. He plays tennis, chess and billiards besides the violin—and would like to play rugby football. I do not think he has what they call a "temperament" which is not to say, however, that he is not wedded to his art. He is. And he has had some triumphs, too. Ysaye said of him once:



A Distinguished Family Trio

Mark Hambourg at the piano, Jan at the violin and Boris at the cello. Jan, standing up, is the new Canadian resident; Boris, to the left, is solo-touring for orchestras.

"Since the death of Wieniawski have heard no one who has reminded me so vividly of that master's playing as regards poetic interpretation, tone, colour and rhythmic brilliancy." Two years ago in London he created a sensation by rendering at five recitals 65 pieces from memory, a performance only once before equalled.

His father is tall and speaks with a Russian accent. He has taught music since 1879 at Vironej, Moscow Conservatoire, and in London. Of course, his most brilliant pupil is his son, Mark Hambourg, who attributes all of his success to his father's expert training. Another thing Mark inherited from his father besides the training—the wonderful silken waves of hair which fall down to the shoulders of both father and son.

There is another son, Boris, whom I did not see. He is a great 'cellist, and his father tells me that he will play with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra when he reaches Toronto in December during his tour.

Clement, another son, aged ten, was in bed when I arrived.

"Canadian boys take lots of sleep," said Professor Michael. "Clement is to be a Canadian; I am going to send him to the Toronto public schools."

"Another budding musician?" I asked.

"Oh, no; he has but one ambition; guess—to be a detective!"

Which shows that the interests of the Hambourg family are not all music. Genius is something more than specialism; the make-up must be cosmopolitan—of the universal. I found Professor Michael and Mr. Jan Hambourg delightfully reminiscent of literary, journalistic and art life of the old world capitals. Both of them are members of the "Savage Club" of London, that exclusive rendezvous, like the Garrick, of artistic notables in the metropolis. The three Hambourg boys, Mark, Jan and Boris, each speak four languages. Jan discusses literature with glee. He seems particularly fond of the modern French romancists, Balzac, Flaubert and Zola; he reminds you of a

Gaul with his electric energy, his *joie de vivre*.

Yes, he knows something of Canadian literature, too. His favourite author is Sir Gilbert Parker, whom he knows quite well—both his books and the knight himself.

Mr. Jan Hambourg has always regretted that his concert managers have not arranged a tour for him across this country or "continent," as he prefers to call the Dominion.



Clement, the Baby of the Family
He will learn to be a Canadian

His experiences of the colonies so far has been confined to South Africa and Australia. Commenting on conditions there, he remarked that Canada was miles ahead of her sister colonies in aesthetic development.

"Even in the primitive western towns where Mark played, after each succeeding tour, there was a noticeable improvement in the musical intelligence of the audience."

The song of the prairies, the woods and the mountains—throbbing young life hammering out the destiny of a great country—this is a song these European masters have come here to learn. And perhaps they will soften it.

The Bandmaster at the Fair

A Talk on Various Phases of Music, with the Conductor of the Grenadier Guards

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



Bandmaster Williams uses his baton like a magician's wand.

GREAT bandmasters are much rarer than great financiers. In the whole world there are probably not more than a score of really great bands. Among the score and far up among the few at the apex of the column is the band of the Grenadier Guards, forty-five members of

which have been playing for the past two weeks at the Canadian National Exhibition.

British military bands are in four classes: the Foot Guards, four of these; the cavalry bands; artillery and marine; then the line bands. The sixty-six players controlled by Bandmaster Dr. Williams may be the best of the first four; but that's a touchy matter to decide, when you have the Coldstreams and the Irish Guards to compare with. It's largely a matter of personalism in the bandmaster; and of some one quality in the ensemble of the band.

Now there is a partly indefinable something which the Grenadier Guards have that the other top bands of the Foot Guards have not got—in the same degree. That is an element of style; which appears both in the players and the conductor. You hear it in some of the most ravishing, zephyrish pianissimos that ever drifted out of that convex-ceilinged bandstand at the Exhibition so cleverly designed by Dr. Orr. You see it pictured in the peculiar, poetic curvilinear manoeuvres of the magician's wand in those white-gloved hands of the conductor; and that is as baffling to the ordinary bandsman as it is convincing and masterful to the player in the Guards.

"By George," said a local regimental bandmaster as he watched Dr. Williams, "if it weren't for the Guards fellows playing in those massed band performances, there would be all kinds of chaos with our men. You simply can't analyse that beat out by mere mathematics. But it gets the results. Just listen to that crescendo!"

For instance, you've heard and seen Sousa, by some supposed to be the premier bandmaster of the world; and of Sousa Dr. Williams has his own private opinions, most of them complimentary. The man who can't follow most of Sousa's beats must be blind. Mostly you may tell from the particular way he slices off the atmosphere whether the piece is in four-four or three-four or six-eight time. And there's usually the Sousaesque accent to give you the cue. Not so with Dr. Williams. The artist who would draw up the baton-picture of any given number of bars played by the Grenadier Guards would have a set of spirals and loops capable of giving points to any teacher of penmanship in a business college.

"Now, why do you do that?" I asked Dr. Williams, who does not mind in the least being quizzed about his style so long as he knows you are sincerely after knowledge; for he has many of the elements of a great teacher, and with all his severity in conducting, when he is at dinner loosens up in a genial style to let you right in to the secrets of his craft. He lives and breathes music; constantly in it. When I first clapped eyes on him at the Administration Building waiting for dinner he had a new manuscript on his knee, everlastingly keeping up with the times, studying the people for whom he plays and the country he plays in.

"Well, I dare say it's a bit peculiar," he admitted with a twinkle. "But you see if I avoid angles in my beat I very likely round off the sharp corners in the playing of my men. Music you know is not merely a matter of accent in rhythm. It is a

matter of curves, resembling the running of water which, as you know, may be made to whisper or thunder according to the way it runs."

"You believe that a band should be as nearly expressive to an orchestra as possible then?"

"Why not? A military band isn't always playing marches. We must give the best music of all sorts. We play hundreds of concerts a year to people who listen for music's own sake, just as your people do here at the Exhibition. We never could feed them on military fantasias and patriotic airs. Some art effect must be aimed at. Of course, we've very little time for rehearsals; but such as we have we devote mainly to the subtler effects and I think the people appreciate them."

"You play Beethoven, rather a rare thing for a band?"

The Doctor shrugged. "Of course, Beethoven wrote some tommyrot. But some of his symphonies suit a band very well. Why just the other day a Canadian girl here asked me if we were to play the Number Three symphony as she had it on her examination this year and wanted to coach in it. Of course I don't know how much good she would get out of hearing a band transcription."

"As to that, Doctor, I heard a young girl, not more than fifteen, humming the melodies in your Ruy Blas overture this afternoon."

"Very good. That's as good for her as ragtime, to be sure."

the Chant National is the real voice of the Canadian people. Now we are playing that or any of them as occasion warrants."

I asked him to agree that 'O Canada' was indeed a noble melody. He agreed; but not with the unbounded enthusiasm that we feel about it.

"You see," he said critically, "it's by no means quite original with—what's his name again?"

"Calixta Lavallee." I told him the story of how it came to be composed in 1881.

"Listen," he said; and he hummed a military air. "Do you see any resemblance?"

"Quite decidedly. Yes, but—"

"That's Handel's 'Scipio March,' which we play a great deal. I don't say 'O Canada' is a plagiarism on it; perhaps an unconscious similarity. Still 'O Canada' has many of the qualities of a really fine national hymn."

He criticised it, however, on the score of long notes, etc., and when I asked him what were the essential characteristics of a good national hymn;

such, for instance, as we should get in Canada some day, he said. Above all, simplicity and tunefulness; dignity of words and a good, simple, broad harmony, with not too great a range for the voice. "For we can't always be shouting war," he added.

"What do you think is the greatest national hymn, musically, I mean?"

He named 'La Marseillaise' as premier; but added:

"A bit too warlike, however; but what a magnificent thing! I think Haydn's Austrian hymn is one of the very best. The Russian, of course, is very fine; though a bit sombre. The German—no, 'Die Wacht Am Rhein' is not the national tune; that is the same as ours—'God Save the King..'"

"How do you account for the United States adopting the same tune?"

Another twinkle "Really—are they not good at adopting?"

"By the way, Doctor, there is some difference of opinion as to the martial nature of 'God Save the King.' Is it really a march?"

"Well, strictly speaking of course not. The time is in three-four; which makes it impossible for the soldier with his adherence to 'left-right-left,' always accenting the left foot, to march to properly. We can, however, arrange it as a march by changing its time and lengthening the notes," and he hummed the way of it. "Sometimes, too, we take it very slowly in the march past as a sort of march."

He criticised the language of 'God Save the King' but paid a tribute to its dignity of melody, putting it easily first in that respect among the national songs. Questioned as to his own band he admitted that they were under discipline quite as rigid as the regiment to which they belonged except that bandmen do not live in barracks.

"We never should get the best results without it. My men take a pride in their work. They love it. They don't believe in going before the public unprepared. I wish all bands everywhere were so. It's really a pity—"

But I won't tell all he said along this line. "Those stripes on the cuffs that some of your men have, what are they for?"

"They are for conduct. Six stripes is a maximum. One of my men you see has five."

"Well," glancing at his watch, "it's time for me to be getting into my scarlet togs for the massed band performance this evening."

The chief clarionetist has five stripes for good conduct.



All kinds of people at the bandstand, but all of one mind when listening to the band.

"But you play ragtime, once in a while?"

"Ah, yes; and little piffly picollo things, too, with a bit of flowery figured accompaniment; and we get plenty of applause for that sort of thing."

"No objections, I suppose?"

He twinkled again. "You see we've got to estimate the real value of that sort of thing. Candidly, I don't think you can bank very high upon the applause you get for really light music."

"But of course you appreciate enthusiasm over patriotic airs?"

"Much more. Patriotism may be cynically expressed as the last refuge of a scoundrel, but it's at least very well expressed in music and is important."

The bandmaster went on to say a few *apropos* things about patriotic airs, in which he has had a large experience, having conducted just about every sort of national hymn, anthem and song that is worth doing. Indeed, not long ago he corresponded with all the European powers to get national music for a fantasia which he is arranging for the band. So he had no objection to considering Canada's claim to having a national melody.

"Though I'm blest if I'm sure yet what that is," he said jocosely. "Before I knew Canada so well as I am beginning to do I was told that your national air was one of the French *chansons*." (He named and hummed the thing, which I have forgotten.) "But of course, it wasn't. I was told also that the 'Maple Leaf' is the thing. Of course, we play that. Then not long ago I was informed that 'O Canada,'

THE CLAIM-JUMPERS

Showing that even in "Bad Men" of the Prairies there is Sentiment

IF a pesky freight train had not spilled itself all over the main

By HERMAN WHITAKER

Illustrated by Tom O. Marten.

line, I should never have heard this story, which was told by the liveryman of a small Manitoba town to the landlord of the hotel where I had just dined, as we all three took a nooning on the verandah.

It, the town, was of the usual prairie brand. A single street of clapboard buildings ran along the railway tracks out to sun-scorched prairie at either end. Unlike the railway, which came spinning out from the western horizon to flash on over the eastern as though it had business to perform, the street was absurdly violent in its beginnings and endings; gave one a casual feeling as though it had broken from some city and dumped by a cyclone in the dead center of surrounding flatness. Just now it was very quiet. An ox-team crawled slowly along its length, a Red River cart, driven by a Cree squaw, creaked heavily by, and these represented the traffic. Among the tomato cans that strewed vacant lots, the town cattle pastured peacefully, pausing to gaze with mild wonder at the sow which lumbered up street with a dog hanging to either ear.

It was after his interested gaze had returned from the sow that the liveryman began to talk. Indicating a woman who had just come out from a nearby store, he remarked: "Mrs. Smith couldn't throw a shadow like that when she first hit this town. Remember how thin and pale she was, Tom?"

Regarding the comfortable silhouette in the dust, the landlord shook his head. "That was before my time. I'd heard she wasn't in very good shape, but never got the rights of her story. Tell me—if you ain't in a hurry?"

"Rigs is all out and I've fed up." Leaning his chair at a comfortable angle against the clapboard siding, the liveryman began. "You'll have to go back to the spring of the year she came here, for the story begins right when Huggins, a Winnipeg land shark, bought section Thirty-Three, six miles north of here, from Half-Breed Joe Legault when he wasn't in condition to tell a land value from a broken whiskey jug. Some say that Huggins made Joe drunk. But I never believed it. When I knew him Joe didn't need help to crook his elbow and Huggins was one of your pious kind and that dry he'd shame a brick kiln. Only wet goods he was ever known to trade in was ten thousand acres of swamp water that he worked off in boom times on a remittance Englishman as fine, rolling wheat land. Anyway, Joe sold for a song; sold Thirty-Three, a full section, half wheat, half pasture, beautiful rolling prairie, handy to wood and water, with unlimited outside pasture, for the price of a three days' drunk. Huggins allowed that he'd made the deal of his life till, coming out to admire his property, he found that Cain McGregor and Red Dominique had been squatted on it for nigh four years.

"After that he had his doubts, for Cain McGregor stood six-feet-four in his moccasins, was broad as a door, and had a lick of savage Indian mixed in with his hard Scotch granite. Dominique was small, red and poisonous as a tarantula when crossed; considered, indeed, the most dangerous of the two. Half cattle-thief and half general bad man, they had squatted on Thirty-Three with one old cow, as orn'ery a critter as ever put foot in a milk pail; and yet for all her orn'eryness what of the fine pasture and quiet out there, she busted all records for fecundity and reproduced herself at the rate of ten calves a year—must have to account for the firm's increase.

"There was, of course, other theories. Old Man Baxter used to say that it was the very strangest how all the stray calves in a hundred-mile circle seemed to head for Thirty-Three. But nothing was ever proved, and by the time Huggins came out

to look at the place Cain and Dominique owned five milking cows and twenty head to the place. He drove out in one of my rigs. I saw him going and coming and never before did two hours make such a difference in one man. He'd have done for an advertisement 'before and after' a fire. He was sandy, himself, in colour, with a snake-cold eye and a face that read like a parchment deed, but his clothes—silk tile, black Prince Albert coat, grey check tweed trousers, he was the spit of a deacon in a fashionable church—going out, that is. Coming back? Coat tails was ripped off and the trousers depleted where Dominique's dog had clung to his duty. The tall hat resembled a winded concertina. And mad? Swore he'd put the two of them in Stony Mountain for that day's work, but kept an eye of the Thirty-Three trail while he was telling it. Dominique had sworn to eat his ears without salt if he caught him in town after train time, and Huggins didn't wait on the chance. He went, with the train, and we that saw him go read machine guns and mounted police in his eye—all but Doc' Green, who had known him in Winnipeg.

"Don't you believe it," said the Doc'. "Huggins' feelings lie too close to his pocket for him to indulge in any such rash measures. If he ejects them he's got to pay squatter improvements, and he don't do that while there's a living chance to unload on someone else!"

"He was right. A few days later Mr. Gibbons-Perceval, an English remittance man, unloaded himself from the train with an option on Thirty-Three. Now his kind hadn't even then been exactly what you'd call scarce around here, yet I wouldn't have blamed a pony for shying if it met him on the trail. Baby-blue eyes, pink face, monocle, speech sprained in the middle—like his name—so he haw-hawed like a crow on a windy morning; he went the limit in leather leggings and yellow riding



"Thanking you" Cain answered grinning.

breeches. The whole town turned out to see as when wonderful garments twinkled down street when he rode out to Thirty-Three.

"Six miles out, six back. Judging by Huggins' record he ought to have been back on the train inside two hours; but as the luck ran Cain and Dominique were away on a three days' hunt and he didn't see them until, a few days later, they shoved through the crowd that was listening while Gibbons chewed hay contract with Caleb Skinner. I forgot to say that he was tickled with his first view of the place, that he'd decided to cut a hundred tons of hay, natural grass, before he went down to close the option with Huggins.

"As I say, we were all around and Caleb was explaining jest how eleven dollars a ton to cut and stack hay was away below market price, so low that he felt ashamed of himself, when Cain came shoving through and put him down and out with a single shot of his mouth. 'Me an' my partner,' he says, 'will do it for two dollars the ton.'

"Now his bid really was a dollar a ton below rates, and we all thought he was joking. However, he soon proved that he wasn't, and when the contract was closed at his figures we were left up in the air, without a line on his play.

"By the way," says Gibbons when the business was settled, and Cain and Dominique was making for their horses, 'By the way, I hear that squatters have settled on the place. If they molest you, just let me know.'

"Thanking you," Cain answers, grinning, 'but they ain't a-going to bother us much.'

"Now if Gibbons had been a Swede. Dutchman, even a Mennonite, somebody would have been sure to have cracked a whisper as to the identity of them squatters, but Gibbons' nationality was against him. Everybody allows that an Englishman of the remittance brand gets all that is coming his way, and one stare from Gibbons' monocle froze the milk of human kindness even in the breast of Baxter, the smith, who always made at least one attempt to shove in betwixt a fool and his folly. So of evening the town would perch on the edge of the hotel verandah and join Mr. Gibbons in wondering what kept them squatters so long on their hunt. We was neither surprised nor flustered when, the day after he paid for the hay, he came riding a hot trail from Thirty-Three, red-faced, bare-headed, and his monocle clean carried away.

"That big black brute took exception to it," he gasped to a sympathising circle. "Said he wouldn't have no darned dude screw a burning glass into his vitals and knocked it off my eye. When I remonstrated, the little man said that I had insulted his partner and wanted to fight me, knives or six shots across a table. Yelled after me, as I rode away, that he would come in and get me to-night."

"He's a man of his word, too," Doc' Green assures him.

"Clever as h— with the knife; cleverest I ever saw," adds Clee, who was landlord here then. "You'll remember what a mess he made of Billing, Doc'."

"Considering that I sorted the remains, yes."

"Now," Clee goes gravely on, "I don't make no practice of lending my premises to gents for fighting purposes. Hit er miss, it plugs holes in the wall, spoils the paper, and plays pertickler h— with the crockery. I wouldn't want it told round that I'd obliged you, but seeing as you're boarding with me, belong to the family so to say, I make an exception in your favour. You an Dominique kin have the dining-room after the girl clears away supper."

"You should have seen Gibbons gasp. 'You don't surely imagine,' he says, breathing like a frog, 'that I intend to fight a duel?'"

"No! you ain't a-going to lay for him from behind a bush?" Clee remonstrates. "Tain't sportmanlike to pot your game sitting."

"Of course," Doc' Green slowly adds, "if you are not feeling fit—the train goes in an hour."

"Mr. Gibbons-Perceval went with it, and not till one hour after he was gone did we realise that them two rascals was just two hundred cash and a hundred tons of hay to the good on the deal.

"But Gibbons was only the beginning. After him a long train of buyers were coming or going between the town and Thirty-Three, the going being most noticeable. One man killed a broncho in his haste to tell Huggins he didn't want the

place. Another turned his ankle sprinting cross tracks for the station, while labouring under a delusion that Dominique was a-pounding down the trail. They were all in a hurry, but from the few that took time for explanations, we learned that Cain and Dominique always found something objectionable in the buyer's personal appearance. They'd ask him in to dinner, then fall foul on his looks. Cain jest couldn't stand for the cut of one man's nose. Dominique took a squint as a personal insult. Both got the rabies over a pair of dewlap ears, and protestants was fleeing from offers of free surgery for remedy of said defects.

"Only once did it seem as though Huggins' buyer might make it stick. He was a Yank, an old-style Dakota claim-jumper, tall as Cain, soup-boned to the limit, with an eye that calm and reflective as to make Baxter call it even money from the first jump.

"But your Uncle Samuel knew his business. 'The argument the little red man put over a jack-pot verged on the scriptooral,' he said, after an evening at poker at Thirty-Three. 'Biff! bang! spit, scratch, bite an' gouge, he had the big chap all clawed up before he sailed out through the window. No, siree! there ain't no sech combination of black death an' red lightning in the peaceful U-nited States. I'm a-going south to jump a Sioux reservation.'

"For six weeks after the Yank's departure there was not a single buyer showed up at Thirty-Three. Things came to a pause, one of them silent breedy spells that make you feel that something out of the orn-ary is hatching somewhere.

"It will shorely be mounted police next time,' Old Man Baxter said whenever the town talked it over; but Doc' Green always shook his head.

"He knew best. Though expecting something unusual, we really wasn't prepared for the reality; and when, one morning, a woman hawed and geed an ox-team into town and told that she'd bought Thirty-Three, lock, stock and barrel, without sight or seen, the town was hung up betwixt smiles and tears. Thin and pale, she was still pretty enough to account for the five lovely kiddies in the waggon

behind her. You never saw sech children—plump, chubby, and that nice you jest longed to hug 'em. It wasn't five minutes before Clee had 'em herded into his dining-room, where he loaded them up with pie and cake to busting point.

"While they was eating, Doc' Green conducted a gentle cross-examination of the mother. It seems that her husband, newly dead, had once run double harness with Huggins as deacon in a church back East; on account of which relationship she'd felt perfectly safe in investing the last dollar of his life insurance in Thirty-Three.

"'There ain't nothing wrong with it?' she asked, anxiously.

"Before the wistful pleading of the big brown eyes, there was nothing left for the town to do but get in and lie. It lied like a gentleman. Doc' Green's description of Thirty-Three would have done credit to Huggins. Baxter swore that he's favourably known Huggins from the cradle and would take oath that he always made it a principle to give a buyer the long end of the deal. Clee affirmed him the finest gentleman of his acquaintance. Everyone said something to cheer her up, but after she's headed her bulls out on the Thirty-Three trail, Doc' Green pulled me aside.

"'Cain isn't to be allowed to scare the woman and kids out of a year's growth,' he says. 'Bring round the buckskins, Tom, and if you've nothing to do, come out with me.'

"When I pulled up at his surgery, I was jest in time to see him slip a brace of Colts into his medicine bags. 'Don't generally have use for these,' he explained, as he climbed in. 'My work usually begins where t'other fellow's leave off—providing he hasn't given the job away to the undertaker. I don't allow we'll have need of them. We'll arrange to hit the cabin in time fer introductions, and we'll give the spectacle time to soak in. But if it don't soak—' The Doc' was a little man, but grit? You should have seen his lips tighten and the hardness that steeled his eyes. 'If it don't soak—it may be necessary to introduce an opening from the outside.'

"At first it did seem as though some such surgery

would be needed. The weather was plumb against us. It was dreadful hot, one of them September scorchers when the sun jest fries the leaves on the trees and renders the gum out of the trunks. We passed the widow five minutes this side of the cabin, and when we pulled in at the door, Cain and Dominique both came out from a nap, cross, sulky, sour as a brace of bears.

"Cain's native ugliness cropped out as soon as Doc' Green mentioned Huggins. 'Huggins?' he repeats, like a man trying hard to fix a name on a person. 'Huggins? Seems as I orter know that name? Huggins?'

"'Huggins?' Dominique follows on. 'Huggins? Small man, red hair, thin face, beeg hat? Yes, we have the plaisir of hees acquaintance.'

"'He's sold the place out and out,' Doc' Green went on, quiet and cool.

"Cain's black brows drew into straight lines. 'Some friend o' yourn?'

"'Well—not exactly.'

"The two looked suspicious and Cain said, 'You didn't drive out jest to tell me that?'

"'Well, no—' before the Doc' could start his explanation, Cain interrupted.

"'Glad he ain't a friend o' yourn, fer it's jest about grub time an' I propose to serve up this hardy person's liver. Hand me the butcher knife, Dominique.' It sounds funny to hear me tell it, but you wouldn't have sensed any humour if you'd heard him say it. He gave me a chill, but the Doc', he answers coldly enough.

"'Thank you, I don't eat liver.'

"'You don't?' Cain's sneer wasn't pretty. 'Then all I have to say is that you're too damn picky in your eating. 'Tain't manners to turn up your nose at the grub of a friend. I'll have to—' He stepped toward us.

"The Doc' didn't move but I felt his muscles draw tense, just like a snake coiling to strike. A click warned me that he'd opened the med'cine bag beside him. But there wasn't any need. For as Cain stepped, there came a rattle and the widow's waggon rolled out from behind a bluff.

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 21.

THE MAN WHO PUT THE WORLD RIGHT

A Real English Melodrama in which Socialism makes an Interesting Mix-up with Scotland Yard

By NEWMAN FLOWER

THE two hands of St. Paul's clock had just met and folded placidly over the hour of twelve, announcing silently to the sleepers and loungers in the street below, and to the never-sleepers and never-loungers in the big many-windowed buildings of Fleet Street that it was midnight. But, despite the fact that the thermometer was slipping down dangerously near to zero, and the wind from the two rivers met and wrangled in a manner which made that particular section of the city anything but inviting, the bustle of life was going on as usual.

Within gunshot of the great cathedral, in one of those huge, hundred-eyed structures where the rattle and crash of presses and scurrying of feet up and down iron staircases, and the hot, sickening smell of printer's ink, give a first-rate imitation of a second-rate Inferno, the *Daily Wire* had its birth-place; and upstairs, where the noise and stench was faintest, and the glare of the electric light made everything with a bit of polish on it shine as though it were silvered, Mr. Richard Cardyce, Editor in Chief, had the hive he called his office.

The revise of the last page had been rushed off to the foundry, and Cardyce, putting on his great coat and muffler, was getting ready to go home when the two hands met on the face of the cathedral clock; but he had barely completed his preparations when the door was pushed open and one of the subs came hurrying into the room.

"Here's a curious thing just arrived, sir. Of course, there's nothing in it, but I thought—"

Cardyce took the flimsy the sub held out and read it:—

"If you print in to-morrow's paper that Robert Meadows, the steel magnate, poisoned himself at midnight you will have an exclusive piece of news."

That was all. Cardyce crumpled the paper in his hand and threw it on to the floor.

"Curious," he muttered aloud thoughtfully.

"Meadows could never be contemplating suicide. Why, it would be a cataclysm in the steel world. Murder? Hardly. The murderer wouldn't risk the clue. I think, Rogers, this is some stupid joke. Take no notice of it, but you might as well look up the biography of Meadows in case we want it."

Rogers retired and Cardyce went home. But when some hours later he turned up at his office again he was met by a little group of men who scanned his face to see if he had heard the news.

"Extraordinary thing about Meadows, isn't it, Cardyce?" said the chief sub.

"That wire? Yes, it was odd."

"No; his death I mean. Haven't you heard? Good heavens! Meadows was found dead this morning, and it looks like suicide."

"Good Lord!" Cardyce came to a full stop and looked at the other incredulously.

"Poison suspected," added the chief sub gravely.

Cardyce took off his coat, hung it up carefully, and sat down at his desk before he uttered another word.

"What became of that telegram? Have it looked out from the waste. The police may want it. This is the most astounding thing I have ever heard. How's the steel market?"

The chief sub waved his hands deprecatingly.

"I've 'phoned Turnbull for a special report from the city. A message has just come through from him that there is something like a panic in the Street. Thousands will be badly hit. Meantime I've sent four men out on the job, and expect reports every minute."

"Good. Keep back page nine for the very latest word."

The sub left the room, and Cardyce set to work to plod steadily through his letters. This done, he went home.

IT was on the Monday following the week of this mysterious affair that Cardyce arrived a trifle late at the office well wrapped up, for he was in the grip of a heavy cold. Hardly had he started running over a column of the latest news telegrams with the chief sub than a boy entered bearing a small budget of letters, one of which was marked: "Urgent and Personal."

"Just a moment," said Cardyce to the sub, as he proceeded to slit open the envelope with his paper

knife. He pulled out a type-written letter and read it with growing horror in his eyes.

"My God! What does it all mean? Look here, Manson. Listen to this."

"Print in to-morrow's paper that Abraham Tregennis, the owner of the Red Moon, the Trans-Pacific, and a dozen other shipping lines, has committed suicide, and you will have an exclusive item of news."

Cardyce leaned back in his chair and swept his hand across his brow. He was breathing heavily as if he had received a knock-down blow, while his sub stared at him with white face and frightened eyes.

"It's horrible!" he gasped. "Simply horrible!" Cardyce jumped to his feet.

"'Phone Scotland Yard headquarters," he exclaimed. "Quick, don't lose a minute; we may be in time to stop a tragedy. Use the other wire for 'phoning to Tregennis' house, and see if the news is true. He may be out of town, so try all his country places till you find him. Track him down, alive or dead, somehow, but get police headquarters first."

Cardyce walked across to a cabinet and produced a flask of brandy, a siphon, and a tumbler, and proceeded to pour himself out a strong drink which disappeared down his bull throat in a gulp. He tugged at his collar, choking as if something were stifling him, and his hands were hot and trembling. He rang a bell, and a young man came in.

"Just ring up the *Morning Star* office for me," he said. In two minutes he was in communication with the rival paper.

"Is Mr. Coleridge there?" he asked. "I'm Cardyce, of the *Wire*. Put me through to him, please."

That you, Coleridge? Oh. . . .

have you received a letter to-night prophesying a certain tragic event? . . . No? . . . Most amazing letter just to hand . . . like the one I told you about before. . . . I shan't take any notice of it, of course; but after that business about Meadows I'm suspicious. This time I'm warned that it is Tregennis, of the Red Moon Line, and you can publish it if you like. I shan't, anyway."

In twenty minutes a police inspector and the

chief sub entered the room together. Cardyce turned to the latter first with a look of inquiry. The expression of horror on the sub's face told him that something extraordinary had happened.

"It's true," Manson gasped. "Found dead to-night. Poison suspected. Police already on the spot. No one seen to enter the house. In fact, he has had no visitors all day."

"Curse my luck!" exclaimed Cardyce. "I've just given the *Morning Star* the news because I thought it was a fake. What a fool I am! This thing has unnerved me. Excuse me, inspector, you must think I am demented. This is too horrible for anything."

"May I see the letter you received, Mr. Cardyce?" returned the inspector calmly. "Thanks. And now, please, tell me all about it."

The astounding assassination of another millionaire held London spellbound. The police had not only failed to find any clue to the murderer of the dead steel king, except a glass and a sample bottle in which the dregs of poison remained, but as the days passed the mystery of Abraham Tregennis' death also remained unsolved. No letter or clue of any kind was forthcoming, and common gossip began to speculate as to who would be the next to go.

A MONTH passed, and no further tragedies occurred. The great armies of commerce began to churn their way forward again. Staggered they had been for the nonce; but the death of these two men had not affected the pockets of those who toiled in the factories and stuffy offices of the firms involved, save that in the case of the Red Moon Line the employees realised that out of evil had come good, and that ere long they would profit by the generosity of their dead master.

It was a blustering April night when Cardyce entered the sub-editor's room, to find the juniors gathered together in a group and speaking quickly. He saw at a glance that something was toward, and as he approached, one of them thrust a small pocket-book into his hand.

"Rather odd thing to send to us, sir," said Rogers. "It was received in a sealed envelope addressed to this office, and arrived a few moments ago."

Cardyce, with growing apprehension, turned the book over and then opened it. His eyes met column after column of pencil notes, armies of figures stared at him from every page, figures, and private memoranda. Then he stopped, and his jaw fell as he noticed the name of the owner written in a flowing hand on the fly-leaf.

"Thomas Masterman Goodyear, Riverside Drive."

HE went into his own room at length, taking the pocket-book with him, but not before he had sent to the machine room, whither his chief sub had gone, to bring that individual back.

As Manson entered, he held out the book, and in a few words explained the mysterious facts relating to its receipt. "Are we on the threshold of another tragedy, or are we not? That's the point," he said; "but it's no good wasting time. You'd better take the book up to police headquarters at once. Use my auto. Don't be long."

"Very well," said Manson. "I can get up and back in an hour, or less if they don't keep me. I don't like the look of it at all."

He turned to leave the room, and as he did so the door opened and a messenger boy, followed by Inspector Taylor from Scotland Yard, entered.

Cardyce jumped up with an exclamation of pleasure.

"You're the very man we want, and you've come in the nick of time," he said. "Sit down and tell us first if you came about anything important."

"There's another tragedy brewing, and we haven't a moment to lose," said the inspector.

"No, thanks, I won't sit down. I got a message through from the *Morning Star* saying they had received a letter prophesying that another millionaire would be destroyed to-night. No name was given in the letter, but the message said we were to go to the office of the *Daily Wire* and we should know who had been chosen."

"Heavens above!" Cardyce leapt to his feet, white and trembling. In his hand he clutched the pocket book, then he held it out to the inspector.

"This came to-night . . . sent in a sealed envelope," he began excitedly. "I found the subs looking at it as I came in. It belongs to Goodyear, the colliery owner. What in God's name is going on? Can't you stop it?"

"A letter, sir."

Cardyce looked at the open door and saw the

boy holding out a grimy note. "I was told to bring it up at once."

"Here, stop!" The boy had turned to go when the editor's command brought him to a halt.

Cardyce wrenched the letter open as if he knew what it contained. With strained eyes he scanned it, then the paper fluttered from his nerveless fingers to the floor. The inspector bent and picked it up, and this is what he read:—

"Ring up Thomas Goodyear's house at midnight precisely. Keep the line open exactly five minutes, and you will hear something! Don't be later than twelve to the minute. You will then have an exclusive piece of news for your paper."

Both Cardyce and the inspector looked at the clock together. It was four minutes to twelve.

"Get the telephone book quick, and be back here within ten seconds!" Cardyce shouted to the astonished boy.

The urchin vanished, and Cardyce went across to the 'phone in the corner of the room, while the inspector studied the typewritten letter carefully. A moment more, and the boy had returned. Cardyce snatched the book from his hand and began turning over the leaves wildly.

"Fe . . . Fo . . . Fu . . . Ga . . . Ge . . . Gollard . . . Goodyear. Here it is!" he exclaimed. "2705 West."

He jerked down the receiver and almost shrieked the number to the Exchange. "I want the line for a quarter of an hour. For God's sake, don't cut me off till I tell you," he said. "Can't get through," he added to the inspector, who was standing quivering with suppressed excitement by his side. "Oh, yes, here we are! Who are? This Mr. Goodyear's house? Thanks!"

The clock on the mantelpiece stood at a minute to twelve.

"Here, Taylor, you had better tackle this," Cardyce said. "It's a police job, anyway. Don't forget I want to publish every word you hear."

The inspector snatched at the 'phone and forced it well back against his ear. With a wild expression on his face he listened. Not a sound broke the silence except the smothered rumble of the printing machines below, and the heavy breathing of the man beside him.

"I can't hear anything. Yes. No. Great God!"

He dropped the receiver and fell back, his face white and set, horror unspeakable in his eyes, cold sweat beading his brow, his breath coming in short, quick gasps.

"What—what is it?" gasped Cardyce.

"Merciful Heaven! An explosion!"

The inspector sat down limply on a chair, and Cardyce crouched over him, trying to catch the words that came from the spent lips.

"I heard it all . . . an explosion . . . deafening. It must have wrecked the house."

In a moment he was on his feet and had shaken himself like a bear waking from sleep. The terror on his face vanished; he tried to smile.

"Let me ring up headquarters. They must send some men at once, while I go back and report. Red murder, that's what it is, and—the fiendish cunning!"

He turned to the telephone again and rang madly. Cardyce strode away and groped for the flask of brandy in the cupboard.

TWO days had passed, and Cardyce was busy writing a strong leader on the chain of unsolved crimes which had enslaved the city.

He paused as a knock came at the door, and a boy entered with a card.

"The lady says she must see you, sir. I told her you were busy, but she wouldn't listen. She said she must see you at once, on a matter of life or death."

Cardyce took the card and glanced at it with a frown.

"Did she say what she wanted?" he asked.

"She would give no message, sir. She said she must see you in private."

"Mrs. Stokes," Cardyce read the name again. "Wife of the great oil millionaire, I suppose," he muttered aloud. "Yes, show her up."

In two minutes a beautifully dressed woman, about thirty-three years of age, stumbled into the room, and almost fell into the nearest armchair. She put her hand to her breast. She was panting for breath. Her eyes closed and opened, and her lips moved as she struggled in vain to speak.

Cardyce rose from his chair, and fixed his eyes on her face in growing surprise.

"You don't remember me," she gasped. "You must have forgotten, you—"

"No; but I didn't know you had married, Gwen. You see, I cannot forget the old name."

"Oh, it's awful. I married Arthur in India. . . . It was quite a private affair: we did not want any fuss. We only came home a week ago. This morning he got that awful warning."

"What warning?" asked Cardyce.

"A letter saying he would be killed to-morrow, that he had been marked down by the man who was reforming the world, the man who was diverting money into the proper channels. That's what the letter said."

"Then it is the Socialists," Cardyce muttered, half aloud.

"Socialists? Whoever it is they mean to kill him. They told me your paper was the most influential in the country, and that it has been associated with all the previous attempts to solve the murders of this kind. I have been to the police, and now I come to you. You must—you *shall* save him!"

The words trailed off into a sob. She looked at him with strained eyes in which there was no trace of tears. The working of her lips and her obvious terror were pitiful to look upon.

"I really don't see that I can do anything," Cardyce returned. "The police will do all that is possible, but what on earth can I do?"

"Richard, you must—you *must*!" In her emotion she called him by the name she best remembered. "You loved me once!"

"I have had no cause to change my feelings," he said quietly.

"You never knew the truth. I was forced into this marriage, and we were only boy and girl lovers after all, you and I."

"You speak only for yourself. My regard for you is the same as it was then, and I fear it will never change. I am a busy man, and I live a busy life, but often in the midst of it—"

"Yes," she said, half rising from her seat, "and I am sorry."

"But by the arbitration of fate I am the odd man out," he said, with a short laugh.

"Yet you will help me," she exclaimed, her mind attuned anew to the object of her visit. "I know you will."

He got up and went across to her side. His face was strong and set, a smile almost of a new joy overspread it. He put his hand on her shoulder.

"You really love this man?" he asked.

"Love him? I worship the very ground he walks on. He is to me all the world. He has made my life splendid and glad."

He looked down at her upturned face and saw the love light shining there. In his look there was something of tenderness, of pity, of suffering. Then his lips set firmly, and he walked back to his desk.

"I will do all I can," he said, in a matter-of-fact voice. "If I can stop this awful crime I will. Yes, more—"

He paused, and she looked at him, a smile on her lips. He watched her, his eyes revelled in her beauty, wandered over the curves of her cheeks, the russet hair, the delicate contour of her lips.

"I promise you your husband shall live if all the strength in me can command it," he said.

A moment more and she rose to go. Now he saw in her all the fresh beauty of the years when he had known her best, when he had pressed his lips to hers on the threshold of his career, when he was setting out with her encouragement to urge him to make his place in life, to conquer through strange worlds which they knew but vaguely.

He touched the tips of her fingers as the door opened. Then she passed through and the door closed silently.

When she had gone he stood and looked at himself in the glass. His face was sadder than usual, and the contemplation did not please him, for he turned away, and, taking a cigarette from his case, he slowly lit it. Then he walked to the telephone and rang up police headquarters.

INSPECTOR TAYLOR was sitting discussing with his chief his interview of an hour ago with Mrs. Stokes when his telephone bell rang. Almost expecting a new development in the rapid chain of events, he rushed across to the receiver.

"Yes?" he said.

"Are you Inspector Taylor?"

"Yes, who is that?"

"Cardyce, of the *Wire*."

"Oh, good. Anything new?"

"Yes. I am going to tell you a strange story, and you've got to listen to every word, for you will never get another chance, d'you hear?"

"I do."

"It is this. It must be pretty obvious to you that the murders of these moneyed men have been

THE DEMI-TASSE

An Unexpected Treat.

IT was some years ago, during the Toronto Exhibition, that a Presbyterian minister, Mr. B. and his wife, from a small town in Western Ontario, decided to accept an invitation from an old school friend of the latter and spend a week in Toronto during the "great show."

There came a Wednesday evening when the hostess said to the minister's wife: "Carrie, let us sneak out and go to Shea's. My husband is going to take Mr. B. to prayer meeting. Now, you won't be in Toronto again for ever so long and you might just as well have one night at the theatre. The change will do you good."

Carrie protested vigorously that she would be frightened out of her life and she didn't know what Mr. B. would say—and suppose there should be someone there from Jonesville who would go back and tell about it. However, all objection were overruled and they finally departed for the vaudeville performance, Carrie wearing the best black silk which was sacred to the weddings of prominent parishioners and the Sunday when there was a "distinguished stranger" in the pulpit.

Suddenly, just as Miss Daisy Delight was striking a high note, in one of "the very latest" of rag-time gems, Carrie grasped the arm of her friend with the vulgar exclamation, "Good gracious!"

"What's the matter? Don't you like her? I think that blue skirt with silver lace is perfectly cute."

"It isn't that. But will you look at those two men across the aisle—three rows ahead!"

She looked—and gasped, for there were the sleek-headed Mr. B. and her own husband, who were supposed to have gone to the "week night service." And they also were beaming over the vocal performance of Miss Daisy Delight.

"Upon my word," said Mrs. B., "I call that perfectly shameless of Charles to patronise such a performance. If there's anyone from Jonesville here, he is a ruined pastor."

Great was the surprise of Mr. B. and his host when two fair matrons awaited them in the lobby and congratulated them on their enjoyment of the "bill."

"I'm awfully glad he went," said the pastor's wife afterwards. "He is always complaining of my being frivolous. But, after this, he'll never dare to say a word."

Alas for Charles!

* * *

Wat He Missed.

Young Canada:—"Dad, aren't you sorry to be grown up?"

Weary Father:—"What's the matter now?"

Young Canada:—"You can't ever be a boy scout."

* * *

More Truth Than Poetry.

THE young minister is often to be pitied, for he is likely to become "flustered" under the critical eyes of the elderly members of the congregation. At such times, his remarks are of a wild and random nature and arouse the sympathy of the feminine hearers in his flock.

A youthful aspirant to the ministry, who has been taking the summer work of a regular pastor in Toronto, recently aroused surprise by referring to the white-robed saints in bliss as a "glorious, whitewashed throng."

* * *

Noisy Gratitude.

MARK TWAIN in an after dinner speech in Bermuda once talked of gratitude. He didn't much care, he said, for gratitude of the noisy, boisterous kind. "Why," he exclaimed, "when some men discharge an obligation you can hear the report for miles around."—Washington Star.

* * *

Her Poor Memory.

IT was at a summer resort on the St. Lawrence, and he had just asked her for a dance.

"I believe we have met before," she said hesitatingly.

"Met before!" he said, with a reproachful glare.

"Why, you were engaged to me for a whole month, two summers ago!"

"So I was," came the reflective reply, "I believe it was when we were in the Adirondacks. But I have always had such a bad memory for faces."

* * *

A Striking Affection.

"'ARRY, that Sal Robins says you're in love wiv 'er—'taint true, is it?"

"Garn, don't yer take no notice uv 'er. She exaggerates every bloomin' thing. I may 'ave give her a clip or two over the ear'ole, but that's all there is in it!"—London Opinion.

* * *

Rogers and Moore.

IN an autumn book, "Samuel Rogers and His Circle," we may expect to find a collection of many entertaining anecdotes and characterisations. Rogers was given to effective sarcasms, effective largely because of the "deadness of his countenance and the dryness of his name." There was not always so much truth in his sharp speeches as in that made apropos of Tom Moore's taste for biography and the number of memoirs he had composed: "Why it is not safe to die while Moore's alive!"

* * *

A Correction.

THE habit of contradicting sometimes "o'erleaps itself" unwittingly.

"I've heerd it said," remarked a loungee at the crossroads store, "that John Henderson over by Woodville was one of eighteen sons."

"That's whar ye heerd wrong," contributed the chronic kicker. "'Twa'n't John Henderson at all. 'Twas a brother o' his'n."—Lippincott's.

* * *

Longevity Jujubes.

A QUAIN story is told of the adventures and troubles of the Dalai Lama, the spiritual head of the Buddhists, in a Bluebook on Tibet.

Sir John Jordan, describing a visit paid to him in Peking, says he spoke to the Lama in English, which was translated into Chinese, and finally reached the Dalai Lama's ears in Tibetan. After

a brief conversation the Dalai Lama said that, if the minister had nothing further to discuss, he would wish him Godspeed, and in doing so presented Sir John Jordan with a pound of two of "longevity" jujubes.

The exalted rank and sanctity of the Dalai Lama do not permit him to pass under a city gate, which would impose an obstruction between him and heaven. As he had to get through the walls of Peking somehow, it was proposed at first to line the gates with an artistic representation of the sky painted on canvas. It was finally decided, however, to erect an incline plane to permit the Lama being carried over the city wall.—London Express.

* * *

Staff Humour.

MONTENEGRO has become a kingdom. "Montenegro," feelingly remarks Korea, "isn't next door to Japan."

Wall Street bears are declared to be delighted over Roosevelt's speeches. Well, that's the first time that Teddy has made wild animals happy.

Emperor William again declares that his authority for ruling isn't given by the people, but the gentle Germans say that his talk of ruling by divine right does them an infernal wrong.

Paris is plagued with rats. Paris eats horses, and may be tempted—well, a word to the wise rat ought to be sufficient.

A committee is trying to beautify Toronto, on receipt of which news Hamilton, Montreal and several other rival towns try to point out the folly of attempting "to paint the lily."

Several Canadian cities are getting stamp selling machines, but, in spite of our rate of progress, we seem to be still some distance from the vote vending apparatus.

Rhode Island's cucumber crop is very light, but probably there's enough to make some people fervently wish that it had been a complete failure.

By slipping off his train at the first station inside the city, Baden-Powell missed a civic reception at Toronto, and so badly huffed was the Mayor that he declares that next time B.-P. gets shut up in Mafeking he needn't expect Toronto's civic fathers to go and pull him out.

Meantime the one best bit of advice is to get in early with suggestions as to what you want your friends to get you "for Christmas."

The council of Oxford University recommends that Greek cease to be a compulsory subject. It seems that Greek has been found to not have had as good an effect as other subjects in turning out oarsmen to lick Cambridge.

We are still fighting over whether a train should be given the masculine or feminine pronoun, but aviation trials have gone far enough to convince us that an airship is she.



New District Visitor.—"Can you tell me if this is—ah—Paradise Avenue?"—
Rough.—"Oneysuckle Grove this is. Paradise is through the harch where yer see them blokes fightin'!"—Punch

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Moose at Moncton.

NEXT is the hunting season. Swimming, sailing, and lazing in the sun are about over for another year; soon time to get down your trusty carbine from the wall and load up. Go to Moncton this fall. According to the *Transcript*, published in this New Brunswick railroad terminal, the moose go by stalking in the streets. No necessity for a chap to hike bushwards in tall boots for his Sunday venison. The deer comes running down street and rests his antlers on the curb. Certainly the government game protective system has carried out its programme in New Brunswick. Wild animals have increased in numbers very rapidly. Indeed, they have become a positive nuisance, a menace to certain citizens. The other day a milkman waxed wrathful before the Chief of Police in Moncton. Moose were thrashing through his crops ripening in the field. They were worse than crows; ground hogs weren't a patch on the eighteen fine bucks he had set his dog to chase over the fence. Very civilized and domesticated too, the moose. By way of example: Recently a deer slipped into Moncton to do some shopping. It is whispered that he had his eye on a Friday bargain ribbon sale. But he was balked. Some youngsters began to tease him. Whereat he snorted for the freedom of the woods, and in an effort to get there, leaped through a china shop.

* * *

Dr. Doughty, Archivist.

OVER at Ottawa, there is a quiet literary gentleman at the head of one of the most valuable of the civil service departments, whose name rarely struggles into print. Occasionally you see the name of Arthur Doughty written in the preface of books—some hard-working author, acknowledging the worth of his services. Or, perhaps, you will notice a line or two in the newspapers when he is bringing some new find to the Archives Department. That is all. If Dr. Doughty lived in New York, very likely he would be scareheaded to a million Sunday loungers once in a while—certainly after that recent scouting trip of his to Europe. But Dr. Doughty does not give newspaper interviews. He hates notoriety. It rubs hard against that delicately adjusted temperament of the connoisseur of the beautiful, the artistic—what is worth while. Tell Dr. Doughty the public is interested in his archives, and he will be obliging. Canada's guardian of poetry and romance will show you all his treasures; and he will give you every information. But he won't believe what you say about the public. For he knows that the public is not interested in archives.

However, Dr. Arthur Doughty is not shrugging his shoulders at the land hungerers. He is proud of his musty old archives—and he is a very shrewd gentleman. He can dip into the future. Some time, when this strong, industrious, young country grows up, and has a few millions in the bank, it is going to look back, and see how it was all done. Then there will be much searching of old maps and ancient records.

The archivist has just got home from a voyage of discovery to England. What he dug up there Dr. Doughty, at the earnest request of the *CANADIAN COURIER*, modestly and briefly synopsis:

"I obtained a number of the papers of Sir Charles Bagot; the original journal written by Lady Durham

in 1838; Charles Butler's account of Durham's mission to Canada; private letter books of Lord Durham and miscellaneous letters.

"Permission was given to me to copy two private collections of letters relating to Canada between 1819 and 1867; but it will be some time before they will reach Canada.

"I brought with me one hundred prints and drawings; twenty water colour sketches by Wane in 1844 of the Rockies, Fort Garry, Fort Vancouver, etc. These are beautiful sketches, and I am very pleased with them. Wane was sent out by the British to the Oregon country. I have several prints of a military nature; the Wars of 1812, the Rebellion of 1837, views of Upper and Lower Canada in early days, some of which are quite rare.

"I secured about fifty pamphlets relating to Canada, mainly in the eighteenth century."

* * *

Newfoundland Celebrates.

THEY have been having a tercentenary at Newfoundland—naval displays, boosting of industry, and fireworks. The occasion was the celebrating of the first permanent settlement in the colony. All school-boys know that Cabot had the first look at the codfish banks there back in 1497. A hundred years later gallant Gilbert annexed the big island for good Queen Bess. Not everybody here in Canada can tell at first blush about the first settlement in Newfoundland; of John Guy and his British merchants putting out to sea with horses and live stock and emigrants in the year 1610; and the building of Guy's castle to defend him from the fierce pirates; and the erecting of his grist mill, the starting of his fisheries, the turning of the first sod—the birth of the first child at Cupid's Cove.

Newfoundland since 1867 is more familiar. How long can it hold out? is often the attitude of the great Dominion Federation toward a possible province. But Newfoundland has stood the competition. Just a quotation from a Maritime paper:

"Newfoundland has the satisfaction that its population has increased fifty per cent. during the past forty years. While the population of these Maritime Provinces has increased only fourteen per cent. in the same period, so that if this rate of progress is maintained Newfoundland will very soon exceed New Brunswick in population, and within a few generations will be equal to Nova Scotia."

* * *

Alert, Progressive Halifax.

MONCTON organised a Boost Club early last spring—now it's "Halifax Boosters, Unlimited." A bunch of energetic young fellows got together there the other night, clubbed \$250 and immediately started in to bombard the municipal problems at the city hall. Naturally they had their say on shipping matters, for that is a live topic since Halifax is going to cradle the infant Canadian navy. Drydock was the talk. The Boosters want the present dock put in the navy class. The drydock company need financial assistance in order to enlarge. Solution—bonus and exempt them. But would that be fair to smaller concerns? The Halifax drydock is a big tangle. One thing President Johnson of the Board of Trade is sure of—unless the dock is whipped into up-to-date shape, it's going to close up business; Atlantic coast headquarters are going to move from Halifax.

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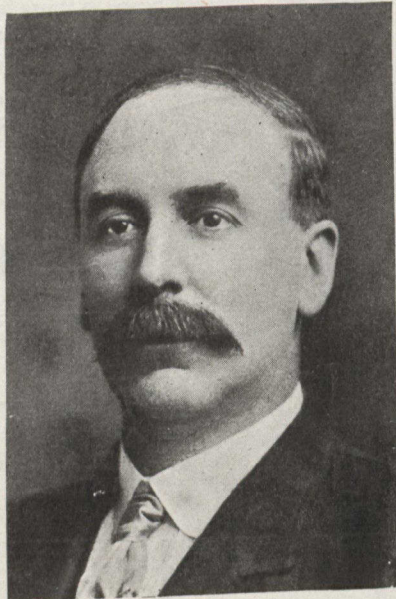
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

A Milling Man's Dream.

THERE is something decidedly picturesque about the changes that occur in a man's career when he passes gradually from the point where he was able to personally attend to all the operations in his own little flour mill, to the point where he stands in front of a mill which he is constructing for his own company that will have a capacity of something like 7,000 barrels of flour a day, and is so constructed that it may finally have even a total daily output of as much as 12,000 barrels.



Mr. Hedley Shaw.
Man. Director Maple Leaf Milling Co.

Of course there are not very many men who occupy such a position in Canada. Hedley Shaw is one of the few. Time there was when Hedley, starting out as a lad, was able to do all the work in his own small mill but since that time things have moved along very quickly for him, and he now finds himself in the position of managing director of the Maple Leaf Milling Co., who have under construction at Port Colborne a giant mill that when completed will have a capacity as referred to above.

An excursion recently made by a large number of prominent bankers and brokers of Toronto over to Port Colborne, to see just what headway was being made upon the new large mill, afforded me an opportunity of watching Mr. Shaw, as he viewed the constructive work going ahead that would mean that he would soon have the biggest mill under his control in the British Empire, and the sight was

certainly a most interesting one. Shaw's mind has always been of the practical kind, and on this account he has for a great many years been known as one of the most successful millers in the country.

All the work that has been carried on at Port Colborne for the Maple Leaf Milling Co. was conceived in Shaw's brain, because long before Port Colborne ever had the terminal facilities that would permit of a large mill being constructed at that point, Shaw had come to the conclusion that that point was undoubtedly the most advantageous one in Canada for the erection of a very large flour mill. Some years ago millers held a somewhat different view, and this led to the erection of a good many mills out the other side of the Great Lakes, but during the past few years, the large amount of traffic that has been taken away from Canadian routes and secured for American channels, made it very clear that a new situation had to be met, in order that the bulk of the Canadian crop should be shipped along the all-Canadian highways.

This is just the problem that Port Colborne is destined to solve, inasmuch as the Canadian Government have evidently accepted the view of Hedley Shaw, and after the erection of very fine terminal facilities at Port Colborne, have gone to the further expense of erecting what will ultimately be a two million-bushel elevator. It is on the pier, immediately adjoining that on which the government elevator stands, that the mill of the Maple Leaf Milling Co. is being pushed forward very rapidly. Although work was only started in the early part of the year, already four storeys have been completed, and as pointed out by Mr. Shaw to the visitors, contracts had already been placed for the machinery and equipment that would be required for the new mill, and delivery of them had been guaranteed for the beginning of 1911, so that it would be installed in time to permit of the mill being able to start right in on the wheat crop of next year, and from about September 1st be producing at the rate of something like 4,000 barrels a day. When it does, there will be no happier man in Canada than the same Hedley Shaw, because in a sense this big Port Colborne mill has been his life dream, and its tremendous possibilities will afford greater scope for his practical knowledge as a milling man.

* * *

English Capitalist After Bank Stock.

EVERY little while some transaction occurs which goes to show just what close attention English financiers and capitalists are devoting to Canada at the present time.

After the large amount of English capital that has been secured for various Canadian enterprises during the course of the past year, it was felt that there might quite naturally be some falling off in the willingness of the British interests to invest additional money here, and just at a time when most people were under the impression that it was hardly any use bothering the English capitalists for any more money, along comes an English syndicate, which on its own initiative is willing to make an offer of \$240 a share for something like twelve thousand shares of the Royal Bank of Canada, representing an investment of something like three million dollars.

These 12,000 shares represent the total amount of stock which the holders of the Union Bank of Halifax will receive from the Royal Bank in exchange for their own securities of the Union, when this bank is taken over by the Royal on November 1st. That an English syndicate is willing to make such a large investment in a Canadian bank, and is willing to pay such a high price for this stock, must be accepted as an indication that they have a great deal of faith in the future of the bank, and on this account it must have been especially gratifying to the men who have for years past been endeavouring to bring the Royal along into its present enviable position in the banking world. The offer by the English interests is especially noteworthy at the present time, as the Royal has just opened its branch in Lon-

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don, England, which will mean that it will have greater opportunities for doing business in that country than was possible up to the present.

This is not the first time that outside capitalists have recognised the strong position held by the Royal. A previous occasion was back somewhere about 1902, when a small group of very strong New York and Chicago capitalists arranged to purchase at private sale, a half million dollars of the stock of the Royal. Up to that time this was the largest purchase ever made by foreign group of the stock of a Canadian bank. Of course it is too early yet to say just how much of the 12,000 shares the English syndicate will secure, but in a natural course of things, it is quite likely that a large proportion of the shareholders of the Union Bank will be tempted to accept the offer, inasmuch as it will enable them to receive very attractive cash profit. The offer coming as it did at a time when big transactions are not very numerous, even in London, shows how closely the big English banking houses are watching the growth of our Canadian institutions, and it would rather seem as though quite a large percentage of the additional capital that our Canadian banks will require, in order to handle the larger amount of business that is offering in Canada at the present time, will be secured from England, in the event of the Canadian shareholders not being able to supply all that may be required.

Only a short time ago a prominent London banking house made an investment of something like two million dollars in the Molsons Bank, and now that another London group are willing to place three million dollars in the Royal, it will afford an indication of the pace at which Canada is moving.

Wheat Crop May Not Be Record One, But Canadian Milling Companies Evidently Doing Very Well.

FOR a year, in which it had been steadily reported that there would be anything like a good wheat crop in Western Canada, the principal Canadian Milling Companies seem to be finding a pretty good market for their output. Recent developments have gone to show that the crop outlook in Canada is considerably better than it is in the United States, and on this account, the Canadian Milling Companies should be able to do a very considerable amount of export business during the balance of the year. That the companies themselves are satisfied with the general outlook is indicated by the action taken by the Board of Directors of the Lake-of-the-Woods Milling Co., the other day, in increasing the dividend of the common stock from 6 per cent. to 8 per cent., and just about the same time came the intimation that the Directors of the Maple Leaf Milling Co. would at an early date, declare the first half-yearly dividend on the preferred stock, which would be payable in October, being for the six months since the company took over the Maple Leaf Flour Mills Co., Limited, and the Hedley Shaw Milling Co. As the Maple Leaf Milling Co. has only been in operation since April 12th, such action must be taken as proof that the companies taken over have been showing pretty nice profits right through the summer months. After the payment of the first half-yearly dividend, however, it is the intention of the Maple Leaf Co. to pay its dividends quarterly, making the stock still more attractive from an investment standpoint.

Such a result will be all the more gratifying from an Ontario standpoint, because the Maple Leaf Milling Co. is looked upon as a Toronto concern, while both the Ogilvies and Lake-of-the-Woods are always regarded as Montreal companies.

The Banker and the Broker.

RECENT developments have shown that there is to-day a great deal more intimate relationship between the banker and broker and the business man than was the case a few years ago. It was not long ago that bankers took very little interest in the commercial developments of a city, but now the Canadian Bankers' Association names its own representative for a Council of a Board of Trade in the principal cities, and generally speaking, there is a great deal more in common between the bank manager and the merchant or manufacturer than anyone would have dreamed of in the past. Besides the banker himself is anxious to keep in touch with the industrial development in the different cities and in the country, and with such an object in view willingly takes advantage of an opportunity when it presents itself of inspecting the plants of different industrial concerns. Brokers also, with a view of being more intimately acquainted with the various aspects of an industry now make a point of taking an occasional day or two off in order to go out and see for themselves just what progress such and such a company may be making, and just what their opportunities are for further growth and development. Some of the recent large consolidations that have been effected have gone a long way towards making for a closer relationship between the financial interests and the manufacturer. For instance, shortly after the big cement consolidation was effected last fall, some of the interests who played a prominent part in putting it through conceived the idea of running special excursions on a Saturday out from Montreal to the various plants of the Vulcan and Lakefield companies down towards the eastern end of the Island of Montreal, and a few weeks later brought a large party of bankers and brokers up all the way from Montreal to Hull, opposite Ottawa, in order to let them get a better idea of the immensity of the cement industry by seeing for themselves the very large operations of the plants of the International Cement Company of Canada. What can be said of Montreal applies also to Toronto, and only the other day a large group of prominent bankers and brokers were given the opportunity of making a quick run over to Port Colborne in order to have a view of the gigantic operations required in the construction of an enormous six thousand-barrel flour mill now in course of erection for the Maple Leaf Milling Company, Limited. There is every indication that such expeditions will in the future be much more frequent than they have been in the past, because the average investor in the country now relies so much on the advice of his banker and broker, and in order to be able to give him the accurate advice they would like, the latter will be forced to keep more and more in touch with just what progress the various concerns of the country will be making. Besides such a connection will enable the banker to form a very much better idea of the extent of the loan which he should make in connection with such and such an industry, and lessen the chances of his making any mistake in the decision he may finally take.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 7th OCTOBER, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between EARNSCLIFFE and ROSEMONT from 1st January, next.

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POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Mail Service Branch, Ottawa, 19th August, 1910

G. O. Anderson
Superintendent



King George as Middle

AS most of the late King Edward's caprices were practised ashore; so the majority of King George's madcaperies seem to have taken place on the sea; in the days when His Majesty was one of the liveliest of middies. King George looks like a serious man now; but in the days when he was rolling over the high seas he was not thinking much of the ship of state.

According to M. A. P. King George's love for the sea dates from the days when it seemed as if a naval career was to be his destiny. He makes no secret of the fact that he has mapped out a naval destiny for at least one of the young princes.

"Although my eldest son may not be able to make the navy his career," the King has frequently said, "I hope at least one of my other sons will be able to do so."

The King owes some of his pleasantest memories to the days he spent afloat. Those were the days of high spirits and mischievousness; the days of hammock-cutting and booby-trapping. Once, when with his brother, the late Prince Albert, on board the *Bacchante*, the young princes stopped at an Australian port and obtained permission to go ashore. They were rowed off to the jetty and promised to return at dusk. After wandering incognito about the town, they visited the Botanic Gardens. Here they were accosted by a pompous but affable individual who asked them if they had not come off the *Bacchante*.

On learning that this was so, he asked if it were not true that the princes were on board.

"Quite true," answered the future King.

Then the stranger, with an air of great importance, informed the princes that he was a Justice of the Peace, a member of the City Council, and an influential personage generally.

"I suppose you boys wouldn't object to a little extra pocket-money," he whispered with ingratiating confidence.

"We'd love it," said the boys.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. You little chaps must be 'hail-fellow-well-met' with Prince George and his brother. Just get me an introduction to them and I'll give you"—he paused and tapped his pocket—"a sovereign each," he continued, winking knowingly.

"Done!" said the future King, grimacing to his brother.

As it was nearly dusk, they led the "J. P. and C. C." to the jetty, and invited him on board the boat that was waiting to take them back to the ship.

"Where's the sovereigns?" whispered Prince George as the dark sides of the vessel towered above them.

The stranger distributed his bounty and followed the princes up the companion ladder.

"Keep the boat in readiness to take this gentleman ashore," Prince George shouted back. On deck they were met by a midshipman.

"This gentleman wants to meet Prince George and his brother," said Prince George. "Do you know where they are?"

"Of course," gasped the open-eyed middy.

"Will you point them out to him?" The midshipman immediately indicated the identity of the "J. P. and C. C.'s." That worthy turned a peony-red, and, without a word, rushed down the companion ladder, and was rowed back to shore. It was a melancholy journey, and he did not even respond to the wave of farewell that the young princes indulged in as they leaned over the side of the vessel.—M. A. P.

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THE CLAIM JUMPERS

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 14.

"Jee-ru-sa-lem!" Cain whispered. "He was still staring when the waggon rolled up to the door, but Dominique rose to the occasion. Small red devil, cattle-thief, general bad man, a city dude couldn't have bowed with more politeness.

"It is Madame, the proprietress? She is welcome. We are the caretakers of Monsieur Huggins. Madame has doubtless heard of us? She will find that all things are in order. She has not heard of us? It is an oversight of Monsieur Huggins, surely, but what matters?"

"Cain, however, was first to get action. His big hands closed around the woman's waist and he lifted her out easily as if she'd been a fly. Then, one by one, he set the children beside her. The last, a small tot of a girl, looked into his face, and seeing something there that was not to be read by a man's dull eye, she slid a soft little arm about his neck and clung there on his bosom, like a small vine to an oak. So, holding her, he led the mother and kiddies into the cabin, while uttering awkward words of welcome.

"You'll come in, too, for dinner?" he said, looking back at us.

"Big giant that he was, it was a sight to see him, with the little girl on his knee, gently questioning the mother, while Dominique flew around setting on dinner. There wasn't much to her story. Practically, she had paid Huggins her all for the land.

"Jest enough left for bread and seed," she said, smiling bravely up at Cain. "Jimmy there, is fourteen an' dreadful strong for his age. We'll manage the crop between us, an' the children will come in useful, planting and digging potatoes. If we on'y had a cow—" she sighed, "—jes' for the milk; you kin do so much, cooking, if you have milk."

"I saw Dominique glance at Cain. With all their scraps and fights, them two hardy rascals loved each other; knew each other so well that speech was almost unnecessary. Cain hard-

ly more than glanced up from the strand of yellow hair that he was winding round his big forefinger. That was sufficient.

"What!" Dominique simulated surprise. "Did not Monsieur Huggins mention the cows?"

"Cows?" she exclaimed, delightfully flustered. "You don't mean to say—"

"Dominique threw me a comical glance. 'Another trick of the Huggins! It is his way of not permitting the left hand to know what his right hand does. Five cows go with the place—' Once more he glanced at Cain.

"—an' twenty head of young cattle," the big man finished.

"Also," Dominique's green eye twinkled maliciously, "there is of hay, one hundred tons to carry the stock over winter. Yes, Doctor, we will go out an' feed your team."

* * * * *

"That was rare and delicate," Doc' Green observed when, an hour later, we were bowling back to town. "He knew she had to get even with her feelings, and so marched us off to the stable."

"Right in line was the last careful act them two rogues performed next morning. As the Doc' and I stood, after breakfast on the hotel verandah, the two came riding in with their packs and blankets. Leaning over, Cain handed the Doctor a paper, a deed, regularly drawn and signed, making over all rights, squatter or other, to land and cattle on Section Thirty-Three, to Elizabeth Smith for the consideration of one dollar paid that day to Dominique Riel and Cain McGregor.

"Borrowed it of her this morning," Cain grinned. "All you've got to do, Doc', is to get in and record the deed." Then, smiling sheepishly, the two rode on, down the street, out over the far prairies on the trail that was to end in a double grave at La-toche."

MAN WHO PUT THE WORLD RIGHT

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 15.

achieved for one purpose, and that is the dispersion of their money to the working classes. Don't you agree?"

"My chief and I were just discussing that," said the inspector.

"As you know, I am the editor of a paper which is the greatest Conservative organ of the day—a paper that is run in the interests of capital, that condemns Socialism and everything to do with it. Yet my personal views are absolutely opposed to this policy—do you hear distinctly?"

"Yes."

"I resolved to split up those great accumulations of wealth. . . . I meant to put the world right, to make man equal to man. The only way was the destruction of the millionaires. . . . A woman came to me to-night—Mrs. Stokes—whose husband had been warned—and she—d'you hear?"

"Yes!" almost shrieked Inspector Taylor.

"I love her—I have always loved her. She loves her husband—and I couldn't—"

"Go on—for God's sake, go on!" exclaimed the inspector.

"My breath is going—I have drunk the poison with which I murdered Meadows, by sending him a specimen of a new wine with which I said I was connected, and wanted him to

help me float. It is no less efficacious than the infernal machine that went to Goodyear's and—I can't last long—but I found that Mrs. Stokes loved her husband with every breath in her body, and—I couldn't go on with it!"

"Speak, man, speak, tell me all of it!" gasped Inspector Taylor.

"I did it—I sent those letters to myself to arrest suspicion—I killed them to split up those hoarded millions. I did it, I alone did it!"

The words melted into a gurgle, and the inspector heard the sound of a heavy fall.

The press marvelled for a week over the extraordinary death of an editor whose paper had been to the foremost in endeavouring to unravel the chain of murders. That he should have been killed with the same poison that struck down the others astonished the younger journalists in their colossal wisdom.

But Scotland Yard has its secrets, and this is one of them.

Forehand.

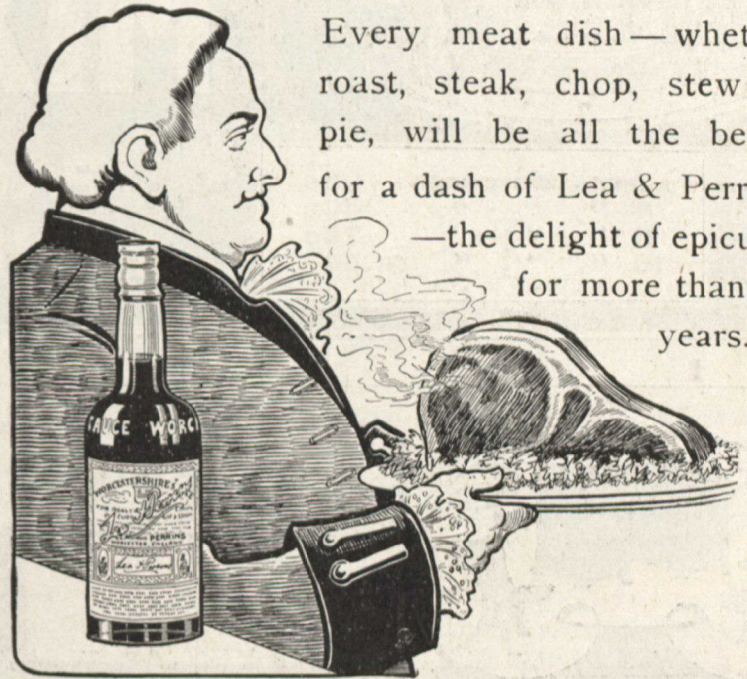
LITTLE Alice was crying bitterly, and, on being questioned, confessed to having received a slap from one of her playfellows. "You should have returned it," said the questioner. "Oh, I returned it before!" answered the little girl.

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The Commercial Side

Shipping In Canada.

IN no phase of commercial activity is Canada making a better showing than in shipping. Fifty years ago 56.4 per cent. of the world's shipping flew the British flag; to-day it is 59.2 per cent. Some of that growth is due to Canada. The Canadian Pacific Railway alone has nearly seventy vessels afloat, though some of them use only inland waters. The Allans, the Dominion, the Donaldson, the Canadian Northern, and the Grand Trunk Pacific all have boats doing ocean traffic. Indeed Canada seems destined to be the carrying nation of the New World, as Great Britain is the carrying nation of the Old. This is one of our greatest contributions to the prestige of the Union Jack.

But our contribution is small as compared with the total. The total tonnage in the British Empire is over thirteen millions, while Germany, second in the list, has less than three million. After Germany comes Norway, then France, then Italy, and finally the United States. That Great Britain has, after fifty years of alleged decrepitude and decadence, managed to increase her shipping pre-eminence against all the nations of the world, must be gratifying to every Britisher at home as it is to every Britisher abroad. Not that we rejoice in the discomfiture of our friends, but rather that we glow with pleasure that we have been able to measure up to the best of modern achievement and progress, and that we have been able to maintain the prestige of Britain's greatest mariners.

* * *

Canadian Industries.

THAT all Canada is developing along industrial lines needs no special proof. When the census of 1901 was taken, there were sixteen thousand manufacturing establishments in Canada, with a capital of about 850 millions, an annual pay roll of 135 millions, and an annual production of 718 millions. To us, at that time, they seemed large. But the development since that time has been more rapid than in any previous period. One may only guess at what next year's census will disclose. Probably it will be shown that our manufacturing establishments have grown at a faster rate than our population.

The statistics of the domestic consumption are not available, but the figures of the exports show considerable increases in some lines. For example, the exports of agricultural machinery have increased from \$1,743,000 in 1901 to \$3,150,000 in 1909. This is an increase of about eighty per cent, as against an increase in population of forty per cent. On the other hand, a few lines show a decrease, and many lines are almost stationary. On the whole, however, the export figures give little indication of the growth in the number and the size of factories.

The total exports of the country have grown from not quite 200 millions in 1901 to 280 millions in 1908. This is an increase of forty per cent., which is just the increase shown in population. Therefore it may be assumed that Canada's manufacturing development is about the same as her general development in population and trade. Imports have expanded more than forty per cent., but that is explained by the great era of railway building and the general importations with new settlers.

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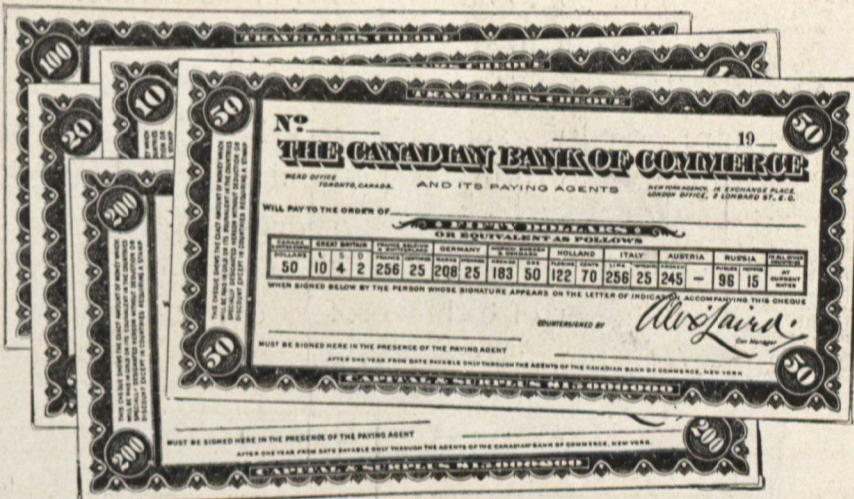
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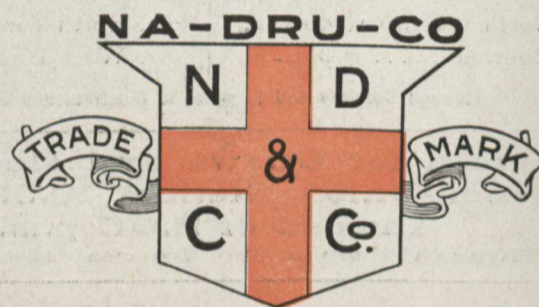
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