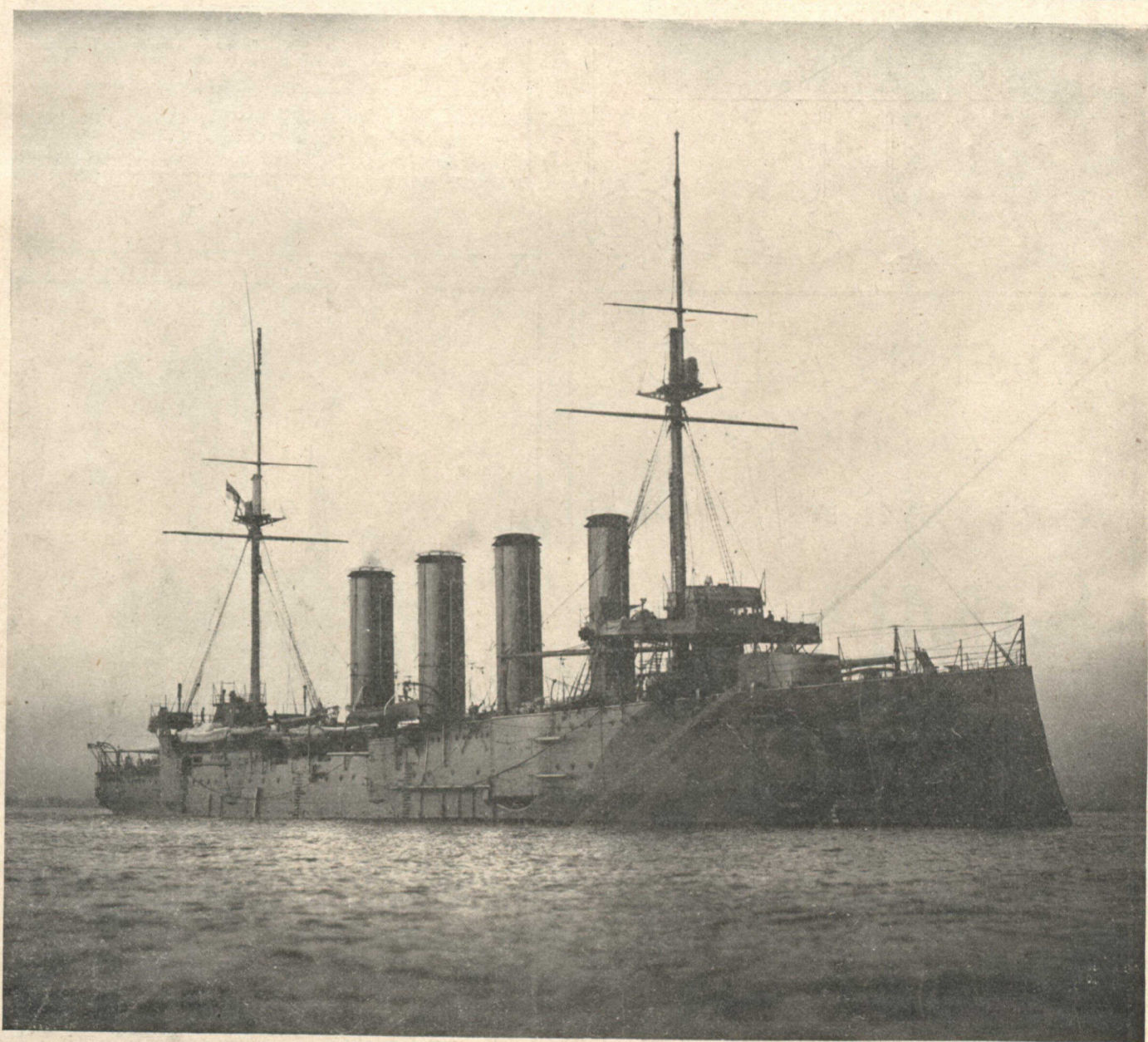


# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



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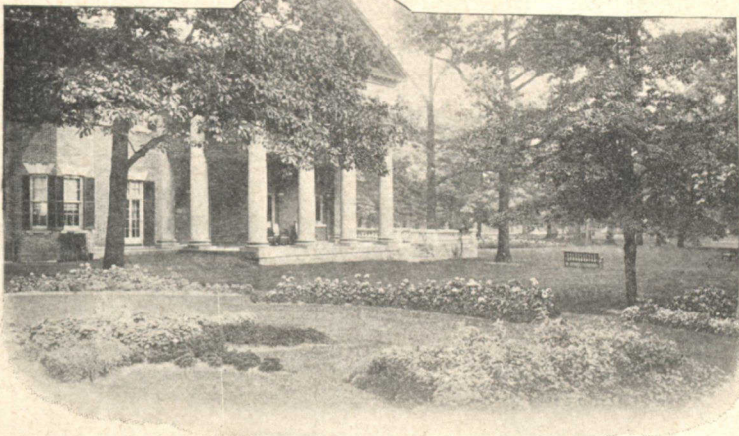
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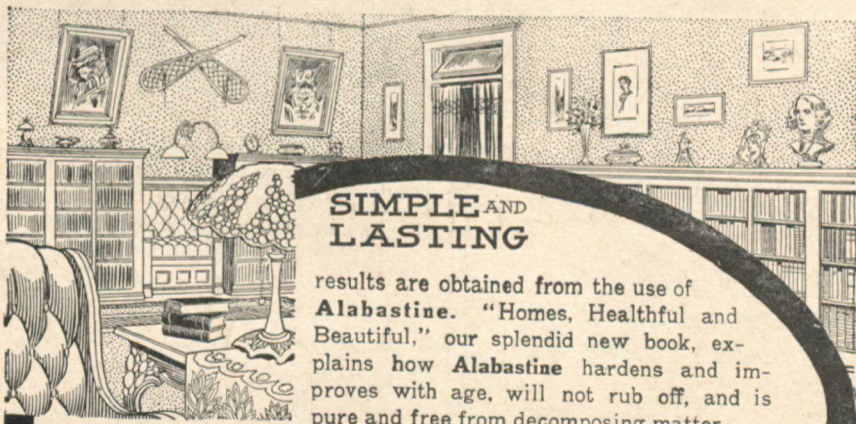
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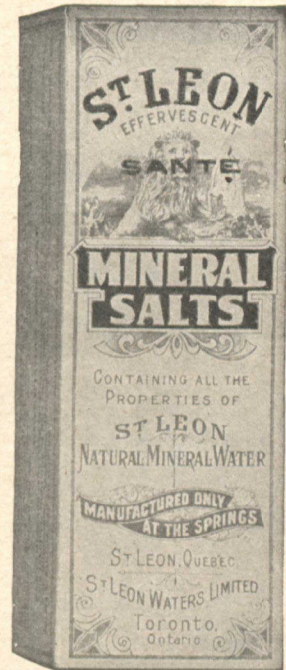
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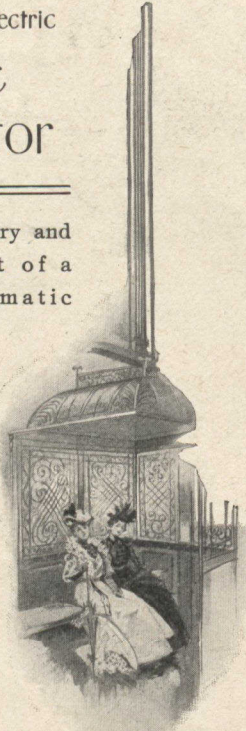
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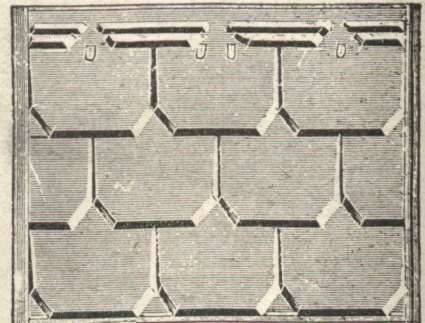
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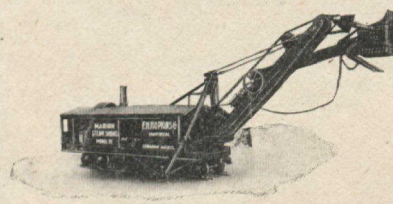


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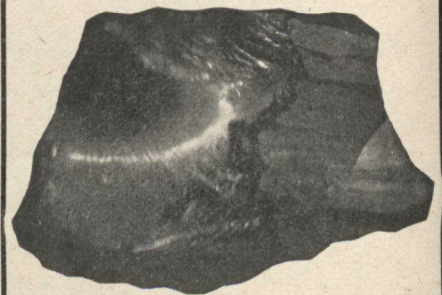
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**CONTENTS**

Topics of the Day . . . . . 7  
 Reflections . . . . . 8  
 Through a Monocle. . . . . 10  
 The McGill Fire . . . . . 11  
 A Milestone in Canadian Art. . . . 12  
 The Story of a Mining Dispute. . 13  
 Should Canada have a Navy? . . . 14  
 Horse Ranch in the West . . . . . 15  
 The Doukhobors. . . . . 16  
 Frenchy and the Parrot, Story . . 18  
 The Melodrama. . . . . 21  
 British Gossip. . . . . 22  
 Talk . . . . . 23  
 Demi-Tasse . . . . . 24  
 Music and Drama . . . . . 26  
 For the Children. . . . . 28  
 Literary Notes. . . . . 30

**Editorial Chat**

**T**HIS is the twentieth number of this ambitious journal, and already people are forgetting that there was once a time when its weekly visits did not occur. Six more issues and we shall close our first volume. Many people tell us that they will have it bound and put on their shelves. Most of them give the reason that Volume I, of such a publication as this is likely to be, will be valuable. This is flattery.

Next week there will be a coloured cover design by Miss Ramsay, the beautiful face of a wire-haired fox terrier being the subject chosen by this artist. There will be some other talk about dogs, and a good "dog story" by a well-known writer of fiction.

The article on the Colonial Conference has been laid over until next week. Some striking cartoons have been prepared for its illustration.

The editor has been searching for a new serial, but so far has not succeeded in securing one suitable in style and length. He has, however, secured a number of short stories by some prominent British and Canadian writers, and these will appear regularly week by week. The search for a "great" serial will be continued until it is found.

Photographers with "news" pictures or special studies of any kind are invited to communicate with the Art Editor. They will find him appreciative and fairly liberal.

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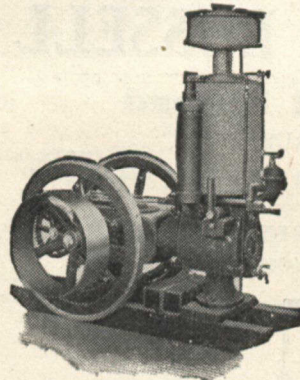
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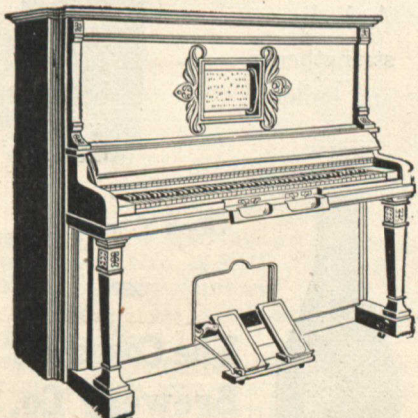
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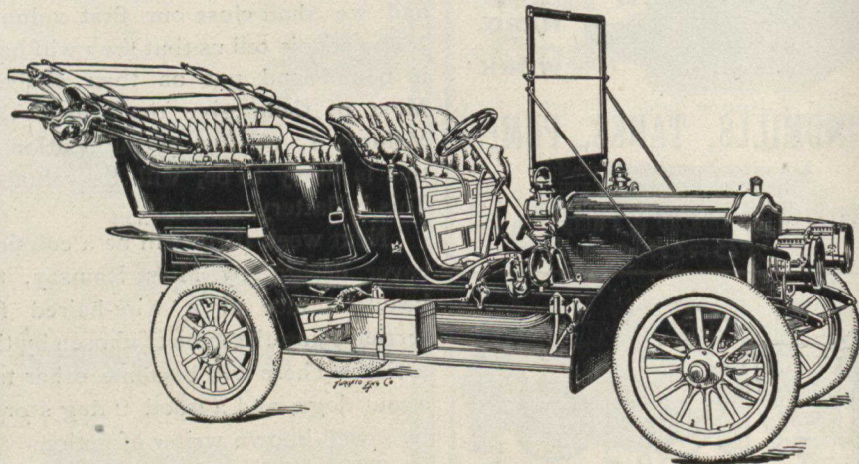
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

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Vol. I

Toronto, April 13th, 1907

No. 20

## Topics of the Day

**S**ENSATIONAL indeed were the incidents last week in connection with the Hon. H. R. Emmerson, Minister of Railways and Canals. A Fredericton paper gave expression to the rumour that he had been turned out of a hotel in Montreal because of the character of a woman companion. Because of this allegation, Mr. Emmerson tendered his resignation to Sir Wilfrid Laurier who accepted it and sent it on to His Excellency. Libel suits have been instituted against three newspapers, and Mr. Emmerson hopes to prove that he has been defamed.

It is reported that the basis of the story lies in the fact that two ladies got into some trouble with the management of a Montreal Hotel, and knowing that Mr. Emmerson was stopping there appealed to him to protect them. These ladies are said to have been the wives of New Brunswick friends of the Minister and themselves the victims of circumstances. All the parties concerned eventually left the hotel because of the trouble.

However, the matter is before the courts and the true story will no doubt be brought out. Mr. Emmerson cannot accept an apology and a retraction even if they are made. His reputation must be cleared. Judging from his remarks in the House, he fully expects to prove his innocence though it may incidentally be shown that as a man he has weaknesses such as other men have.

\* \* \*

Some of the papers friendly to Mr. Emmerson seem to think that there was no need for his resignation—at least, not until he had been proved guilty. In this they have the judgment of the Premier against them, Mr. Emmerson's own feeling, and the best British precedent. The man who is afraid to resign a portfolio until charges made against him are cleared up, is not the type of man of whom we make heroes. In this country, public men are too tenacious of office and are loth to lose any small post to which they may have been assigned. It is an unmanly spirit and one which should be discouraged. That Mr. Emmerson acted so promptly in handing in his resignation is much to his credit.

\* \* \*

It may appear later that Lord Aylmer is another Canadian loth to part with a public office. It is claimed that he was appointed Inspector-General for two years only and that his term expired with the close of 1906. It was arranged that he should be succeeded by Colonel Vidal, Adjutant-General, to whom a promotion was due. Colonel Vidal is well up in years and will shortly have to retire, and it was felt that he should be promoted before retirement in order to give him a larger pension. His

salary is now about \$3,000; as Inspector-General it would be \$6,000. As the retiring allowance is based on the salary drawn at the time of retirement, it is obvious what a difference the promotion would make to Colonel Vidal.

The retirement of Lord Aylmer was arranged and approved by order-in-council, but his friends are now protesting that this was forced upon him. This may be quite true, but the interests of the militia must be considered as well as the private interests of even so estimable an officer as Lord Aylmer. His retiring allowance will be thirty-fiftieths of \$6,000, he having served thirty years. Now \$4,500 is a respectable pension for a Canadian militia officer. There is no reason why he should stand in the way of promotion for other officers when these had been given to understand that the term of Inspector-General was limited to two years. Lord Aylmer was sixty-five years of age on March 28th. His birthplace is Melbourne, in the Province of Quebec.

\* \* \*

British warships are now on their way to America to participate in the naval display which will be part of the ceremony when President Roosevelt opens the Tercentenary Exhibition at Jamestown, Virginia. The English settlement at that point antedates the settlement at Quebec by one year; but it has always been a moot point whether that at Port Royal is not entitled to the honour of being the first white settlement in North America. Jamestown was no doubt the first permanent settlement of Englishmen.

The British fleet now on its way consists mainly of the First Cruiser Squadron under command of Rear-Admiral George Neville, C.V.O. His flag-ship is the Good Hope, a picture of which appears on the cover of this week's issue. Among the other vessels are the Antrim, Argyll, Devonshire, Hampshire and Roxburgh, two of which are also pictured

in this issue. Admiral Neville is well known as having been twice around the world with H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. For a time he was in command of the naval forces at Melbourne, Australia. He has commanded the Dolphin, Dido, Australia and Mars.

After their visit to Jamestown, the squadron will visit Halifax. The cruisers will also visit Quebec, but the battleships will hardly come up the river.

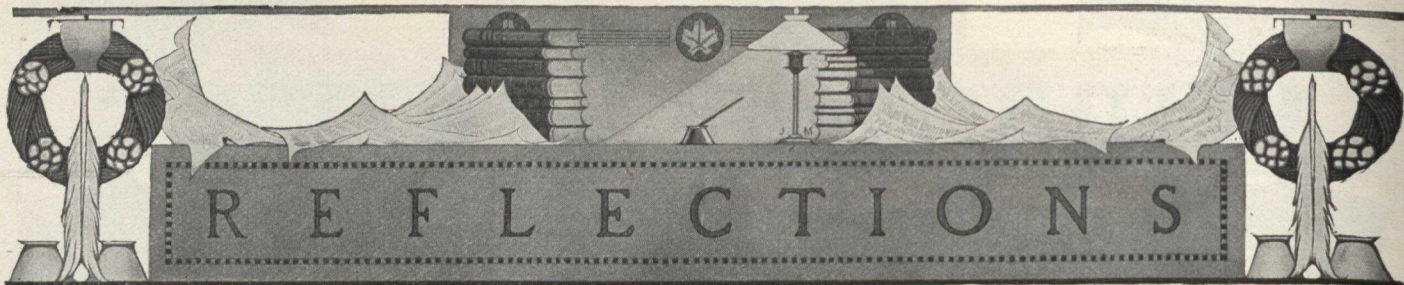
\* \* \*

The City of Toronto has secured from the Ontario Legislature permission to have its citizens vote on a by-law to buy out the Electric Light Company. The fight over this point has been keen and hard. Up to the present, the advocates of municipal ownership have shown the best judgment, and for the moment at least, the corporation interests are beaten.



REAR-ADMIRAL NEVILLE,  
Now on his way to America.





IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

**T**HE Provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba are complaining that British Columbia won't sell them lumber at a decent price. British Columbia retorts, "It is your own fault; you swallowed up all the immigrants who have headed for the West, and you have made British Columbia labour a dear commodity." And the Mountain Province goes farther. It declares that it does not care to sell lumber on the Prairies at any price: it can do better by exporting it. And so the argument goes on. A Royal Commission is endeavouring to bring about a better understanding.

**E**VERY once in a while there is a news paragraph about "Flying Rollers," or the Dowieites, that sets the ordinary citizen wondering about the small but hysterical bands that follow with such fervid protestations leaders who frequently land them in either bankruptcy or the county gaol. They are probably recruited from the ranks of the idle, for those who have a healthy amount of work to do are seldom afflicted with a fanciful desire for special revelations and are, perhaps, unconsciously of Ruskin's opinion that there is no religious dogma to be understood except through a good deed. If the teaching of these freak religionists is to be judged by its fruits, it must be unsound at the core. Canada has been comparatively little affected by these apostles, the strong tincture of Scotch in our canny citizens making them decidedly distrustful of over-emotional teaching which clamours with loud sobs for a collection in behalf of the founders of the new faith. It is curious how much good coin of the realm is required for the support of these ultra-spiritual characters, who usually conclude their ministrations by a midnight flight, leaving a pyramid of unpaid bills behind them

**T**HE question which arises in the mind of the person not interested in politics, is "would these newspapers, which declare that certain members of the present Government at Ottawa are not gentlemen, make the same declarations if their own party were in power?" If they would be likely to preserve a discreet silence then, their present criticism is of little force.

It is really astonishing how wicked we consider our political opponents to be. On the other hand, all the people on our side of politics are fine men, or at least good fellows. There is the difference. It might be expected that high-minded journalists would absolve themselves from any such feeble-mindedness, but judging from the recent issues of organs of both sides of politics, it is not the case.

A good rule, if it could be adopted, would be to condemn only such things in our opponents as we condemn in our friends. This would help public morality a great deal. It would also make the journalistic comment on public life much more unanimous, and decidedly more influential. With the press divided into two sections, each drawing different conclusions from the same set of facts, is it any wonder that the public discounts or discredits journalistic criticism? Is it any wonder people

believe that journalists will advocate anything for the sake of the party and that the average citizen is suspicious of our statements and our motives? Is it not time we dropped this cloak of pretended righteousness?

It would be going too far to say that we are worse than the politicians. But should not journalists have higher standards?

**T**HE coal operators of British Columbia and Alberta and their employees have been in conference at Calgary for some time, trying to agree on a schedule of wages. At one stage, the miners agreed to leave the whole matter to a committee of four. These four discussed matters with the operators and arrived at an agreement. They then went back to the main body of delegates and advised them to reject the agreement reached. Then the conference broke up.

Fortunately neither side may make a move towards a strike or a lock-out, until after a judicial investigation under an act passed by the present session of the Dominion Parliament. A board of conciliation will probably be appointed at once by the Minister of Labour and the situation investigated. The result of the finding is not binding on either side, and either a strike or a lock-out may follow.

It looks as if the farmers of the West had better lay in next winter's supply of coal between seeding and harvest. After harvest, it may be too late. The mines may not be working.

The miners of Springhill, N.S., got a great surprise the other day. They had gone out on strike, believing that the new Industrial Disputes Act did not apply to Nova Scotia. They were shocked to find that they were liable to a daily fine. They resumed work on Monday. The Cumberland Coal and Railway Company has asked for the appointment of a board of investigation, and the situation will not be acute again until a finding is reported.

**W**HO or what is a Professor? Academic, tonsorial, chiropodist, or balloon ascensionist? Life is becoming so complex that, at any cost, we must have exact definition. In England, and we have followed the practice in Canada, the college life has been looked upon as conveying a prescriptive right to the appellation Professor. But why should we have Professor Blank any more than Lawyer Blank? To us it does not seem captious to say that this calling a man in college life by the title Professor proceeds from the idea that he is of necessity aloof from ordinary life. This, especially in a new country like Canada, is a conception to be lived down. College life is surely much more than a wearing of the scholar's gown, a life of lecturing interrupted perhaps by an occasional brief glance out through ivied windows at the hurrying throng on the crowded street. But is not this aloofness conjured up by "Professor Blank"? Why not Mr. Blank, Professor of —? Why should the man have no identity aside from his vocation?

In the south and southwestern portions of the United States, once a Professor always a Professor. The man who has taught for three months in a little country



school never lives it down. The title Professor, like the iniquity of the fathers, descends unto the children of the third and fourth generation. A northerner, entering a furniture store, heard one of the proprietors addressed as Professor. On inquiry he found that the Professor was the town undertaker. In the narrowing vista of the past for a brief period he had once taught school.

A man from Boston once had a discussion with a man from Mobile concerning the interminable colour question. "Do you call a coloured man Mr.?" "No, suh." "What do you call him?" "Oh, sometimes, You d—n niggah." "But there is Booker T. Washington." "Well, he is a great man." "Do you call him Mr.?" "No, suh." "Do you call him D—n niggah?" "No suh." "What then?" "Oh, we just call him Professah." The moral that goes with this story has been mislaid.

**B**ROTHER Mormon, in sunny Alberta, is in a state of high indignation because a "Gentile" clergyman of the West has been saying unpleasant things about him. Brother Mormon does not like to be described as "a BROTHER MORMON menace to the Christianity of the AND BROTHER West," and he is on his feet with D O U K H O B O R an energetic denial when the same cleric charges him with the practise of polygamy. Brother Mormon has a representative in the Alberta Legislature—Brother Woolf, in combating the statements of the clerical gentleman, has shown that he can "use his tongue some" as they say anywhere west of the Great Lakes.

With Brother Woolf the other members of the Legislature unanimously agreed. There was only one dissenting voice, and it was in condemnation of what was held to be an unfair attack upon a respectable and law-abiding section of the population. Some of the speeches were almost violently strong, and the heart of Brother Mormon was comforted.

It really is not fair to charge the Mormons—as far as Alberta or the rest of Canada is concerned—with practising polygamy. "Gentiles" who have daily intercourse with them; who are often in their houses, say that the story is a downright lie. And it would be singular if, in mites of places like Cardston and the other Mormon settlements polygamy could be carried on in secret.

The truth is that Brother Mormon is a good citizen. He pays on the nail. He doesn't bother the police. He is a teetotaller nearly always. He—O great grace!—he minds his own business. Unless we desire to return to the hallowed days of Cotton Mather and the witchfinders, we should esteem Brother Mormon, even if he has a belief which he insists is Christian but which possesses the absurd characteristic of being different from ours.

If any sect in the West is about due for trouble, Brother Doukhobor is its representative. Unlike Brother

Mormon, he will not obey the law. He has lost his homestead because he will not perform his settlement duties. So he and Canada are even on that score. But that is not the only indictment against Brother Doukhobor. He has been stealing. Settlers—Canadian and Doukhobors—are permitted to cut from the Government timber limits all the wood they require for their own use. But they must not go into the cordwood business and cut wood for sale. It is the fashion in the West to be lawabiding, and Canadians, Galicians, Russians and everybody but Brother Doukhobor has cut no more than enough wood for himself. When constables—not Mounted Police—arrested these offenders these childlike and peaceful gentry chased them away with pitchforks and rescued the prisoners. However, the Mounted Police took a hand in and a few of the offenders are in jail.

The Western Canadian is the most tolerant man on earth. He has as much respect for the rights of others as if he had taken an honour course in ethics and knew Mill on Liberty off by heart. But, wherever the Western Canadian is able to speak authoritatively about Brother Doukhobor he waxes contemptuous or indignant or profane and says he is "no good." The Westerner will not denounce Galicians, Hungarians, Ruthenians or anybody else, but he firmly believes that Brother Doukhobor is either dangerously crazy or else is a sane man full of obstinacy and malice.

**P**OSTMASTER-GENERAL LEMIEUX has returned from Washington apparently pleased with the result of the conference there. For years the Canadian Post Office has chafed under an arrangement whereby it was compelled to accept all news-CONTROLLING THE MAILS papers and periodicals posted at United States offices and addressed to Canadians. It had nothing to gain from this burdensome traffic and much to lose. The loose regulations in the United States allowed much matter to come in that was either not entitled to special treatment or was injurious to Canadian interests. Many publications came through that would not under our law be entitled to the newspaper rate.

Under the new arrangement which will come into force on May 7th, most of the newspapers and periodicals will come in by freight and express. On arrival here, they may be mailed if the authorities see fit. Under such an arrangement, Canada will control the rate, and will be able to say what shall and what shall not be mailed. In other words, Canada will hereafter control the use of her mail-bags. If a paper is trashy or vulgar it can be forbidden the use of the mails; if it is a house-organ for advertising purposes, it can be banned; if it is a legitimate newspaper or a high-class periodical, it will suffer no inconvenience and will go to its subscribers almost as cheaply as under the old arrangement.

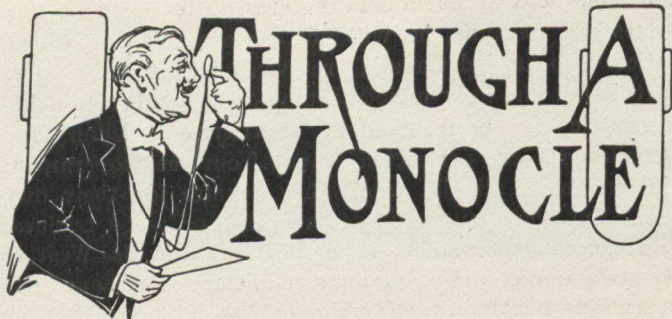
## A Declaration of Independence

**C**ANADA has declared her independence of the United States. The Premier of Canada, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, other public men and the Press have combined to inform His Excellency, the Hon. Mr. Bryce, that he must walk carefully at Washington. They have informed Mr. Bryce that they do not trust Washington Diplomacy; that it is selfish; that it is over-reaching; that it is unfair and untrustworthy; and that they will have none of it.

It may be surmised that Mr. Bryce was startled by the Ottawa utterances and deeply stirred by the Toronto outburst. He came across the Line to see a peaceful and industrious people, with little thought of the world's politics; he found them bitterly resentful of British and United States diplomacy and keenly alive to the great questions affecting modern civilization and world politics. When Governor Clark spoke the magic words, five hundred sober business men rose to their feet and shouted. That shout meant "Vive la Canada." Being an historian, the Ambassador was able to interpret it for himself.

It is not that Canada is blatant or quarrelsome. She has no desire to get into trouble with any person. Above all she has no desire to have any difference with the United States. She wishes to live in peace and harmony, but she objects to having pieces of territory and other assets appropriated in the avowed interests of that "peace and harmony". She wants only her just and honourable rights; but she wants those intact and complete.





IT rejoices me to see the Ontario Cabinet Ministers increasing their own salaries amidst a universal chorus of approval. Cabinet Ministers and Judges have long been underpaid in Canada. Their salaries were fixed at a time when they looked very big to the people who agreed to pay them; and we have let them remain—until recently—at the pioneer figure, while every one of us has been getting fatter and fatter pay envelopes with every year. Not only that, but we have been charging more for the things that we do for people, which is—Philosopher Sam Wood of the Globe will be reminding me—only another way of saying the same thing. The consequence is that when a Cabinet Minister or a Judge has wanted me to make him a pair of shoes or you to bring him a load of cordwood, we have pushed the price for these services up and up on him; and all the while we have expected him to perform his services for us at the same old figure which was only just good enough when a thousand dollars a year was the height of the average man's ambition. Cabinet ministers and judges are men in positions of trust; and the community must always be an awful fool—speaking of it collectively—when it conspicuously underpays them.

And I am equally rejoiced to see genial George Graham refuse to let the Government salary him as leader of the Opposition. Of course, he is a newspaper publisher and does not need the money. This makes it easy for him to be virtuous and popular. But there is something incongruous, which the public mind can never adjust its glasses to appreciate, in the spectacle of an organisation paying a man to criticise it in public. It is all very well to say that "the Government" does not do the paying—that it is the country which pays. But that would be equally true of any other item in the estimates. It is always the country which pays; but it is the Government which decides whom it shall pay—and that is the very point at issue. It is the country which pays for that wharf on a lake which never has any shipping on it, and for that post office in a village which mails nothing but Ministerialist election returns; but it is the Government which gets the credit—and the profit—for it. George Graham demonstrated that he knows the people and their ways of thinking when he declined to appear on the pay-roll as Whitney's kept critic.

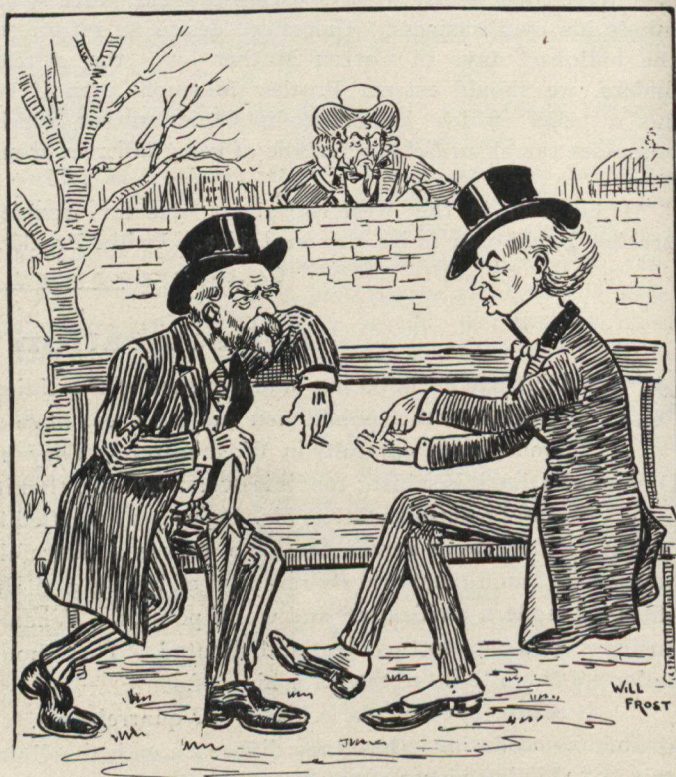
How does the Pittsburg idea of dining as many worthy citizens as it could find, by way of offset to the unpleasant notoriety which some of its other citizens have given the Smoky City, strike you? They set out to find a hundred just Pittsburgers, but they only managed to corral twenty-eight. And Pittsburg is a fairly sizeable town. How many do you think we could dig up in Toronto if we were to set about it? Of course, Toronto has not been producing divorce scandals and Thaw escapades to blacken its fair name; but if we assume for a moment that James L. Hughes had been caught smoking a cigarette and has so brought disgrace on his city, how many righteous could we induce to eat a dinner at our expense and so avert the Evil Eye? Pittsburg unearthed twenty-eight. Who are our twenty-eight? Well, we can make a beginning by putting down Goldwin Smith (Cheers from the Sons of England).

Then there is the mayor (Cheers from the Press Club). Police Magistrate Denison goes down unanimously, no notice being taken of the gaol vote. Lieutenant-Governor Clark also qualifies, having called attention to his existence recently by giving the Canadian Club a chance to cheer.

There are four. Now who shall be the fifth? We could call in the clergy; but that would be a little like begging the question. Hold on—there is John Ross Robertson. Carried without a dissenting voice. We might try Frank Spence; he always looked as if he needed a dinner. But there are usually a lot of people who vote against him for any other position, and without having any particular reason for doing so. If we could lay claim to Whitney—but surely we ought to be able to rival Pittsburg without borrowing. Senator Cox looks good since his explanation in the Senate; but that bars out Shepley. Still if we keep Shepley out, we might get Foster in. Well, I am not the nominating committee. If I were, I would fall back on the Ministerial Association and Osgoode Hall.

Everybody is discussing what it is that Bourassa is looking for. He has broken with his leader; and yet he is not showing any signs of allying himself with the Conservatives. The breach with Laurier looks like a real one. The attitude of the two men toward each other in the House indicates this more plainly than their printed words would betray. Now Laurier is the king of Quebec; and it must be from Quebec that Bourassa will get any personal strength in the future. Yet Quebec does not love people who pester its idol. Tarte looked like a big man until he broke with Laurier; and then he collapsed like a deflated balloon. If Bourassa were thinking of crossing the House, his course would be clear; but his attacks upon Foster and his general policy do not encourage this explanation. This throws us back upon the theory that he is endeavouring to advertise himself in Quebec as the best known representative French Canadian, and in the rest of Canada as a courageous independent, with a view to leaving Lemieux, Brodeur, Gouin, et al, at the post when the race begins for Laurier's shoes. This, however, is calculating that when Laurier's shoes are empty, people will forget that Bourassa opposed the man who used to fill them. And perhaps they will. What is the influence of Sir John Macdonald worth to-day?

### Mr. Bryce at Ottawa



#### A Lesson in Diplomacy

Sir Wilfrid (to the Hon. Mr. Bryce)—"Above all your excellency, No more Arbitrations and no more Pilgrimages to Washington for us."





Dr. W. H. Drummond is the central figure in this group. This picture was taken at Cobalt last autumn.

### His Last Portage

**T**HE death of Dr. W. H. Drummond brings a sense of personal loss, not only to the many who knew the imaginative, warm-hearted writer, but to that wider circle of friends who knew him only through his poetry. His writings form a distinct addition to our national literature, giving as they do, an idealistic interpretation of the "Habitant." Simple and homely in subject, they are infused with the true poetic spirit that finds the eternal romance in the midst of the commonplace. The picturesqueness of Quebec, the stern cliffs, haze-crowned hills, the sparkling mountain lakes, the wind-swept pines—all these form a background for the naive yet shrewd Jean Baptiste who lives and toils and dies near the "reever" which Champlain and Cartier loved. He has given us many a song of quaint humour and light-hearted adventure, of humble love and simple heroism, this brilliant Irish-Canadian poet whose generous heart is stilled. Not Montreal alone, but the wide Dominion mourns the untimely passing of William Henry Drummond.

The words inscribed on his coffin plate are those of England's poet of the sea which describe the effect of the old school motto on her sons:—

"And falling fling to those behind,  
Play up! Play up! And play the game!"

### The Late Speaker of Ontario

**T**HE death of Hon. Joseph Wesley St. John last Sunday brought to the close a fortnight's fight with the great foe. The late Speaker of the Ontario Legislature was "ever a fighter" and it was hoped by those who knew him best that his splendid vitality would enable him to conquer in the struggle against the disease which so suddenly developed.

Mr. St. John was born in 1854 in Ontario County and was educated at Cobourg Collegiate Institute and Victoria University, taking his degree in arts from the latter in 1881. He was an enthusiastically loyal son of "Old Vic" and at the time of his death was a member of the University Senate. He entered the profession of law, finally becoming senior member of the firm, St. John and Kappele.

In 1888 he made his first appearance in political life, in support of the late Hon. N. Clarke Wallace, the Conservative candidate in West York. In 1892 and 1898, Mr. St. John was defeated in contesting West York for the Legislature; in 1894, however, he defeated Mr. Hill, and

since 1902 West York has been regarded as a "St. John constituency." On the accession of the Conservatives to power in 1905, Mr. St. John was elected Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, a position which he filled with dignity and impartiality for nearly three sessions. While his ardent political strife had never been mistaken for partisan rancour, it was not until his entrance upon the duties of Speaker, that the members on both sides of the Legislative Assembly realised his essential manliness and geniality of disposition. He was as courteous to the page as to the member of long standing, and created an atmosphere of goodwill that too seldom pervades a legislative chamber. There was in his heart that spirit of "eternal boyhood" which made him a host of friends, such as few public men have possessed. Clean and honourable in public and private life, true to the highest claims of church, state and fellowship, he has left a noble record.

### From Drummond's Last Poem

Read at St. Patrick's Day Banquet.

His eye may never see the blue  
Of Ireland's April sky,  
His ear may never listen to  
The song of lark on high;  
But deep within his Irish heart  
Are cloisters, dark and dim,  
No human hand can wrench apart,  
And the lark still sings for him.

We've bowed beneath the chastening rod,  
We've had our griefs and pains,  
But with them all we still thank God,  
The Blood is in our veins;  
The ancient blood that knows no fear,  
The Stamp is on us set,  
And so, however foes may jeer,  
We're Irish yet! We're Irish yet!

### The McGill Fire

**E**ARLY on the morning of Friday, the 5th, the Macdonald Engineering Building at McGill University, Montreal, was destroyed by fire. It was opened in February, 1893, by Lord Stanley, and was the gift of Sir William Macdonald. The planning of it was done by Dean Bovey, to whom the applied science section of McGill owes almost all of its present efficiency. The building was a five-storey structure standing by itself and having for its neighbour the Workman Mechanical Building. The two were connected, but heavy fire-doors saved the latter.

The building and contents were worth at least \$600,000 and were insured for \$320,000. The loss to McGill will thus be fairly heavy. It will be rebuilt at once and no doubt Sir William Macdonald will materially assist in restoring the building which bore his name and which was a standing reminder of his generosity to that institution. The loss in instruments and museum specimens will not so easily be overcome.



The Fire at McGill University.

A realistic photograph of the Macdonald Engineering Building, as it appeared just after the flames had broken out in the early morning of April 5th.



# A Milestone in Canadian Art

By MARGARET LAING FAIRBAIRN.

FOR more reasons than one the twenty-eighth annual exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy, now open in Montreal, will be a noted one in its history. Not only is the exhibition ahead of its predecessor as to the number of exhibits, about three hundred and sixty all told, including architectural drawings, sculpture and art jewellery, but it bears the impress of able technique and artistic perception. Portraiture is more than usually well represented and we even venture that in more than one canvas is that something, that divine insight which pierces the outward seeming of things and gives us the very spirit of a personality or a scene. Such canvases are not those, possibly, that attract on first acquaintance, as brilliant technique is sure to do, but rather such as reveal their deeper and finer qualities only after a longer and more intimate acquaintance.

This exhibition is also likely to prove itself of more importance than the ordinary because of the announcement by the Hon. Sidney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture and Acting Minister of Public Works, read in his absence by the president, Mr. G. A. Reid, to the effect that the government was arranging for the establishing of an advisory council of art on whose advice the Minister of Public Works will make an expenditure for art purposes.

The place of honour on one wall of the main gallery has been given to Mr. Willie Hope's "Flying Dutchman," a poetic conception of the ghost-ship on the horizon in a setting of cloudy sky and stormy water well in harmony. The president, Mr. G. A. Reid, occupies the central position on another wall with a low toned study of girlhood in a young woman arranging tall iris in a jar, the upper part of the figure well lighted and strongly painted.

Mr. Gagnon's dancing girl is a brilliant achievement. The musicians in the rear keep well back in the picture. Someone demurs, "You surely don't call that good flesh



The Dancing Girl.  
By Gagnon.

painting—those leathery arms!" But the artist is evidently not thinking of the flesh but has set himself a problem in the treatment of several reds in the strong glare of the footlights, and, judging the artist by what he is aiming for, has succeeded.

Mr. John Hammond's "On the Seashore" is full of the mellow glow which has earned for him the title of the "Canadian Turner." His other canvases deal with landscape. Mr. Brymner conveys the feeling of late afternoon in "Summer Evening at St. Famille, Isle of Orleans," with the little French village lying in a sunlit middle distance.

An October woodland by Mr. Franklin Brownell is not particularly striking at first, but impresses one on further acquaintance with its strong restrained colour quality—the clump of saplings with their yellow leaves against a background of purplish branches and a wonderful bit of blue.

Among other notable canvases are Mr. F. S. Chalmers's harmony in blues with the touch of flame colour in "Fishing by Torchlight"; palpitating atmosphere and breadth of view in Mr. Percy Woodcock's "A Cloudy Day"; a stormy nature mood which makes the setting for a quaint stone cottage in "A Passing Squall," by Mr. Homer Watson; "Bretonne en Priere," by Mr. Suzor Cote, one of the strongest painters in Canada; two little peasant maids at their devotions, by Miss Margaret Houghton; Mr. Franchere's well painted but gruesome presentation of the operating room in the Hotel Dieu; Miss Helen McNichol's "Little Worker." Mr. McGillivray Knowles has a scene at Whitby heavily painted with strong contrast of sunshine and shadow.

The two new academicians, chosen at the annual meeting from the ranks of the associates, are representatives of the best of the younger men, Mr. Maurice Cullen being from Montreal and Mr. Curtis Williamson from Toronto. Two of Mr. Cullen's four pictures are winter scenes, painted with a strength and fidelity that aim at truth, not prettiness. No Canadian has approached Mr. Cullen in his delineation of snow in sunshine with its dazzling reflections and nuances of colour as in "The Winter Harvest." This strength is softened to a tender feeling in the summer night scene.

Mr. Williamson is represented at this exhibit by a large seascape and three figure studies, one a portrait of an old clergyman. These are all low toned, with full rich colour and well expressed, or, one might better say, the figure is instinct with expression.

The list of portraits exhibited is longer than usual and includes most of the best portrait painters of the dominion, Mr. G. A. Reid shows a well painted half length of himself. Mr. Robert Harris has three important portraits. Mr. Edmond Dyonnet's presentations of the Messrs Laffeur, father and son, are achievements to rank with the best of any country both as expressions of distinct personalities and as fine examples of that most difficult of all things to paint—human flesh.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster's portrait of the Rev. Thomas Crosby, Mr. Dickson Patterson's of Professor Lang, Mr. Kilpin's of Dr. R. Campbell, Mr. Russell's of the two daughters of Mr. William Hodgson are among the portraits to be noted. Mr. Wyly Grier's absence is noted with regret.

There is so much else in this exhibit worthy of mention among the smaller canvases and the water colours that it is with regret it is left unsaid. While the walls are unpleasantly crowded, much to the disadvantage of the pictures, there is a very small proportion one would wish left out.

Sculpture is represented by Mr. Lisney Banks, Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, Mr. Coeur de Lion McCarthy and Dr. Ross. Mr. and Mrs. Eastlake, of London, England, (Mrs. Eastlake was Mary Bell of Montreal), contributed some unique jewellery of amethysts and opals in silver settings and several very beautiful examples of art metal and enamel.

Hurstmonceaux Castle in Sussex is to be sold. It is an old feudal castle and was erected five centuries ago by the redoubtable Sir Roger de Fienes. Although the interior is in ruins, the walls are still several feet thick and of architectural beauty. Some enterprising Chicago pork-packer in search of traditions and ancestry will probably buy the property and proceed to vulgarise it.



# The Story of a Mining Dispute

HOW TWO MILLIONS OF DOLLARS CAME TO BE IN DISPUTE—A TALE FROM COBALT.

IT is not often that \$2,000,000 is left lying around so that people come into dispute over it. Yet this is exactly what has happened on a piece of ground not far from the town of Cobalt. It is alleged that \$2,000,000 worth of good silver ore was taken out of a hole in the ground by people to whom it did not belong. Other people who think they were the owners are now suing to recover the value of the ore. The Ontario Government, that luckiest of all governments, is interested because, if the plaintiffs win the suit, it will receive twenty-five per cent. of the proceeds. Even a Provincial Government does not pick up \$500,000 every day.

Now as to the story, which is somewhat interesting. Everybody knows how in September, 1903, a French Canadian by the name of La Rose discovered what he believed to be "mineral"—what, he did not know—near the railway which was then being built through what is now known as the Cobalt District. He immediately gave a half-interest in his find to the McMartins, who applied in La Rose's name, to the Ontario Government, for a mining location of forty acres, located opposite station 113 on the Ontario and Temiskaming Railway. If he had got the forty acres from the Ontario Government, there would have been no dispute as to the ownership of these \$2,000,000. It appears, however, that the grant was made subject to the right of way of the railway. La Rose thus got forty acres less a strip 99 feet wide running through the centre of his location.

However, La Rose was not worrying about the right of way at that time, as he almost immediately assigned the remainder of his interest in the lease and lands covered by it to the Timmins brothers and David Dunlop. The latter went to work to develop the discovery. They sank a shaft over the top of the vein at a point about 100 feet distant from the railway track or right of way, and began to take out silver. They ran tunnels along the vein in both directions, towards the railway track and away from it. Instead of being poor contractors, they soon became genuine millionaires. The La Rose mine proved to be very valuable.

In the meantime somebody started the idea that probably there was some valuable silver ore under the railway and along the right of way. It is probable that some persons made application to the Government to get the rights along the railway. However, the Government did not grant them, but by order-in-council and by statute turned all possible mining rights over to the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Commission. These gentlemen put the right of mining under the railway track up to tender. There was considerable trouble over this matter before it was settled, but that is another story. In the end, the right to mine on these locations along the track was granted to the Right of Way Mining Co., consisting mainly of people resident in the city of Ottawa. They paid \$50,000 in cash and agreed to pay twenty-five per cent. of the value of the ore taken out.

When the Right of Way people went to take possession of their property, they figured out that the vein of silver which apparently started in the O'Brien property and then crossed the La Rose property (as may be seen in the map) ran into their property. Accordingly, they put up a

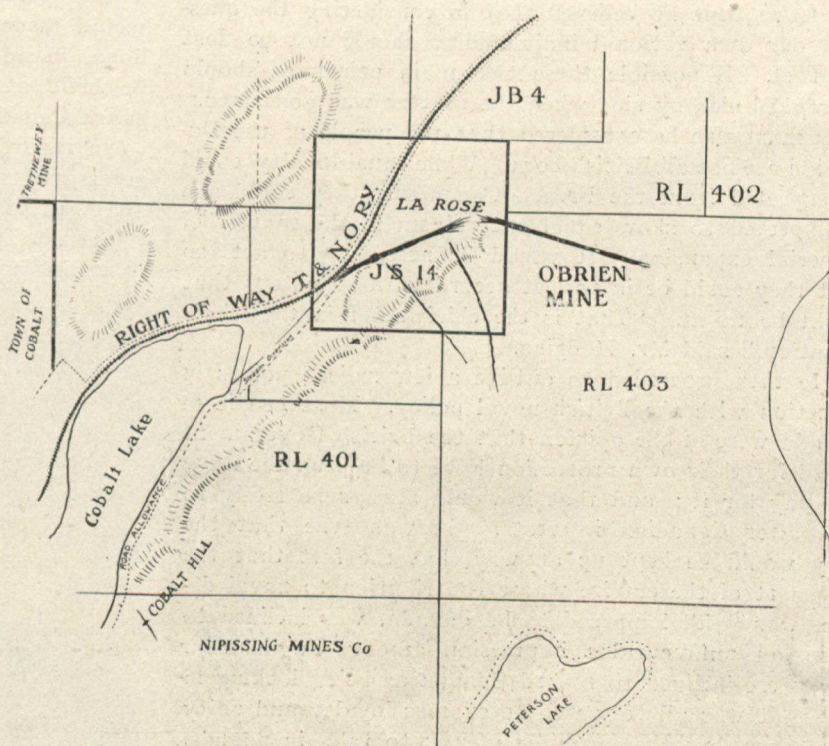
shaft hoise on the edge of the right of way over the point where the La Rose vein was likely to extend into the right of way.

The La Rose Mining Co. did not like this, and they proceeded to fight. They brought an action against the Railway Commission, the Right of Way Mining Co. and certain individuals and asked for an injunction to prevent any person but themselves taking ore off the right of way. This case came to trial in due course, and judgment was delivered on March 15th, 1907. The question to be decided by the judge was, did the La Rose Mining Co., owned by the McMartins, have a right to the whole forty acres for which La Rose applied, or only to that portion of it outside the railway track. On this point, Mr. Justice Mabee, who took the case, says:

"It appears that when the Crown grant issued, McMartin et al., the grantees, paid for only 37 acres of land. It was contended that under the Act at that time a mining location could not consist of less than 40 acres, and that the reference in the descriptions to mining location J. S. 14 meant 40 acres. I do not think so. Reading the plan with the description of the lands applied for, it seems to be too plain for argument to the contrary that what was being asked for and conveyed was the 37 acres shewn in pink upon the plan, and I am of the opinion that no other lands passed than the 37 acres so coloured, and that the intention clearly appears to except or reserve the 3 acres coloured green. No other construction seems to me possible."

"The title to the 3 acre strip in question was afterwards, by order-in-council and statute confirming it, vested in the Railway Commission, which granted to the individual defendants, who in turn granted to the Right of Way Mining Co. Much argument was had upon these subsequent transactions, but, in my view, they are immaterial, as plaintiffs fail entirely in making out a title in themselves to the 3 acre strip, and that is fatal to their case."

Under this decision, the Right of Way Mining Co. went to work with greater freedom and redoubled energy. They had been troubled by all sorts of obstructions such as neighbourly dynamite explosions and other forms of amusement. Now they were free to pursue their work in peace. Accordingly, they hurried to get the rich body of silver which they believed must lie in that little 99-



Map to illustrate the dispute as to the ownership of Two Million Dollars worth of Ore. The heavy, fractured line beginning on the O'Brien property and running through La Rose and on to the right of way, indicates a vein of Silver which is likely to be historic.



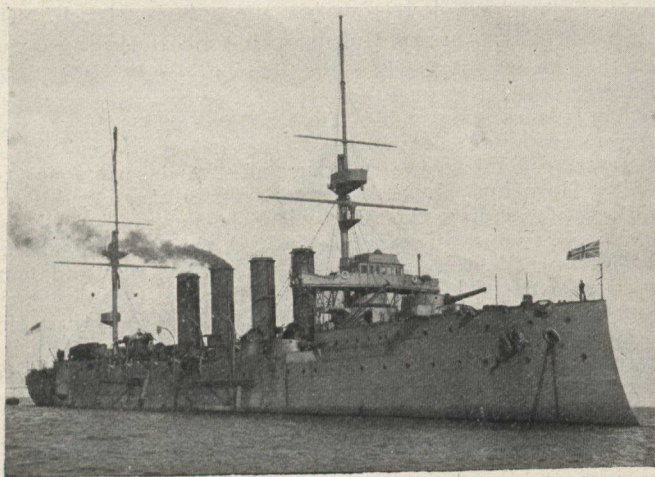
foot strip carrying the ties and rails of the Government Railway.

Their men had got down about 55 feet, heading straight for the centre of the earth, when strange noises were heard. Shortly afterwards, they bored through into a very peculiar excavation. This excavation was found to have been made by the hands of expert miners. In fact, when the Right of Way people had fully investigated, they found on their property, all ready for them, a magnificent tunnel approximately 15 feet in height

and about 125 feet long. Some person had been good enough to make this tunnel for them in advance; but the magnificent silver ore which had been taken out of the tunnel was not in sight, and instead of being pleased, the Right of Way Mining people were very wrathful. Hence, there is to-day, on the list at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, a suit of the Right of Way Mining Co. against the La Rose Mining Co. for the value of the silver ore abstracted from the right of way. The suit will be watched with interest.

## Should Canada have a Navy?

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE OTTAWA CANADIAN CLUB.



H. M. S. "Hampshire."

One of the armoured cruisers in Admiral Neville's First Cruiser Squadron now on its way to America.

"WE can afford a navy of our own in Canada if we think it worth while. What is more we could manage it successfully and at little expense." Such was the interesting statement made by Mr. Frank E. Hodgins, K.C., of Toronto, in his address to the Canadian Club of Ottawa recently.

It was an opportune time, he believed, for the discussion and consideration of this question. Personally he was a strong upholder of Imperial principles, but at the same time he believed that in considering the question our own national individuality should not be lost sight of. If possible these two main principles should be ranked side by side when the matter was gone into.

It must also be considered that the people of the Dominion are not all British born. While equal loyalty could be expected from the French Canadians, they could not be expected to show equal enthusiasm in the matter of Imperial expansion. It would be necessary to act so that they could be in perfect accord with any steps that might be taken. "That is the chief factor in the whole situation," said Mr. Hodgins.

He then proceeded to outline a few salient points in connection with the British naval policy. Most people in Canada were of the opinion that the British Government would for their own protection have to keep up the navy and pay for it; and that it would always be ready to look after Canadian interests. It was true that the navy would be kept up anyway, but the fact that the only part of the empire whose contribution to naval defence was "nil" happened to be Canada, was inclined to cause an unfavourable impression among Englishmen. They were inclined to regard Canada as being lacking in duty. It was all very well to express loyalty and unity of purpose, but they would prefer us to talk in pounds, shillings and pence. (Hear, hear).

After expressing the opinion that Canadians generally were agreed that there should be no set contribution from this country, Mr. Hodgins continued by outlining

the plans of disposition being carried out with reference to the British fleets. The Northern Pacific was being partially left to the Japanese, and the Northern Atlantic to the Americans, while the bulk of the British navy was being concentrated in the North Sea and the channel; evidently it was believed that in case of trouble that would be where the ships were needed most. This left the colonial trade routes unprotected.

Was it worth while to take steps for the protection of the Canadian trade? With the aid of a few statistics he showed that the Canadian import trade from Great Britain in one year totalled \$133,000,000, while her exports were \$69,000,000. Such a trade should justify expenditure.

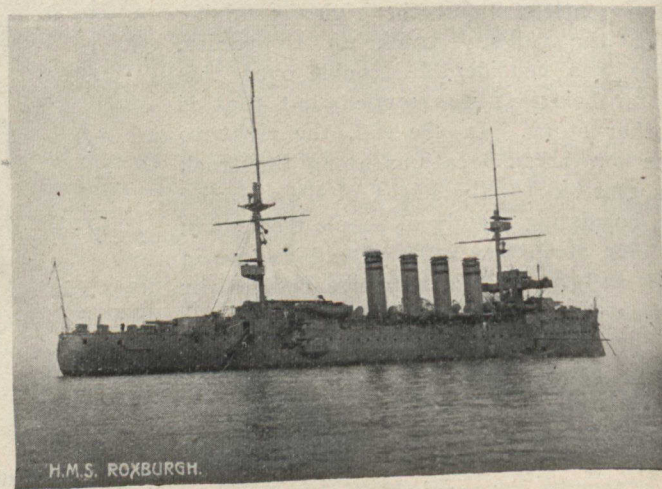
He most emphatically corrected the idea that the Monroe Doctrine would act as any protection to Canada. If it were relied on for that it would most certainly prove a "delusion and a snare."

The Monroe Doctrine, he said, was a selfish policy that many nations had adopted in other forms. He claimed that it had not worked out to fullest advantage in many cases—instancing the Porto Rican incident.

Mr. Hodgins then proceeded to express his belief in the possibility of the establishment of a Canadian fleet.

He believed that it would be sufficient to build eight cruisers; say six for the Atlantic and two for the Pacific. They would cost \$5,000,000 apiece, and if the collection of the fleet were extended over the period of sixteen years at the rate of one every two years, it would mean an annual outlay of two and a half millions. In addition, it would require that a naval depot be built at Halifax. This fleet, he estimated, could guard Canadian interests and trade quite safely.

In regard to the manning of the ships it would be necessary to bring the men from Britain at first, but afterward the sailors and seamen could be trained in Canada. The officers, he believed, should be brought from England, where they were trained so efficiently.



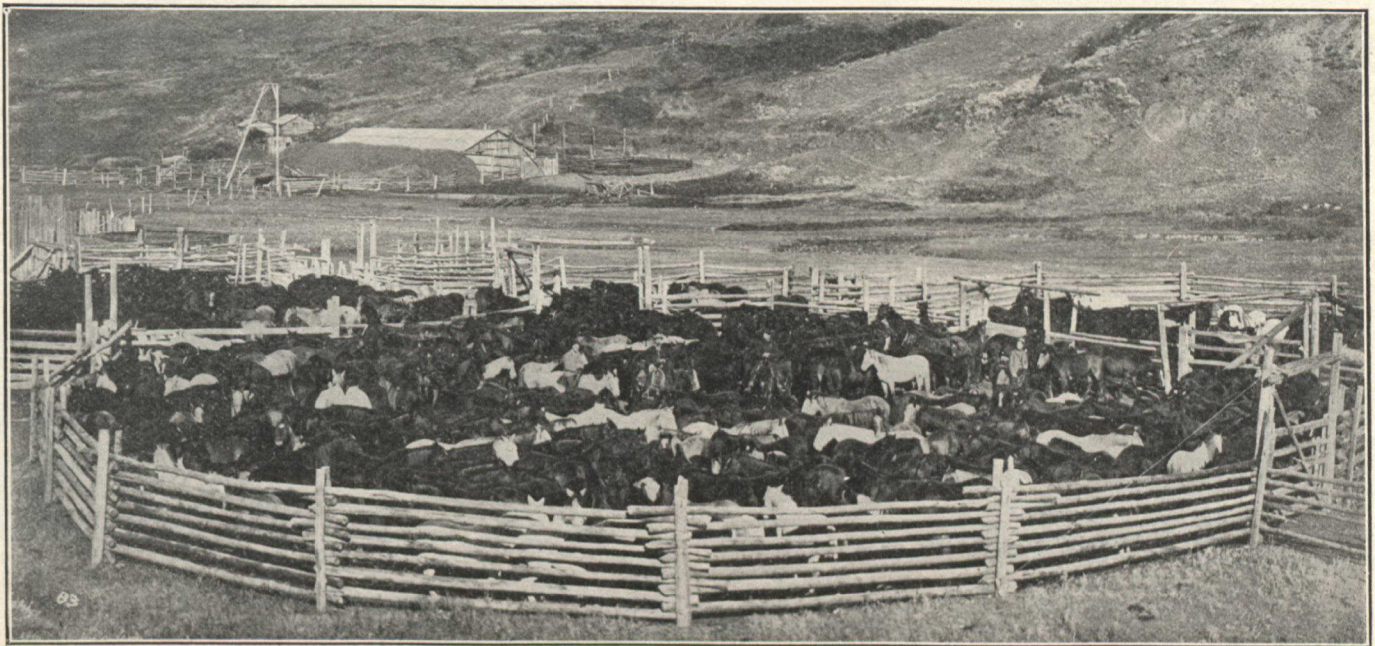
H. M. S. "Roxburgh."

The sister ship, the "Argyll" is also coming out. Each has a displacement of 11,000 tons; four 7.5-in. and six 6-in. guns. They were built in 1904.





Horse Ranching in Southern Alberta—Cypress Hills, South of Medicine Hat.



Horse Ranching—Nine Hundred Horses in Corral.



Nine Hundred Horses being driven into the Corral, Cypress Hills, Alberta.





A Typical Doukhobor Village (Michalooka) in Western Canada.

## The Doukhobors

**N**EARLY one hundred years ago the Russian Minister of the Interior informed an English visitor that the Doukhobors were descendants of followers of John Huss. Their own tradition is that they sprang from three brothers, Cossacks of the Don, who were led to forsake the ceremonies of the Russian Church for a simpler worship. About 1777 the Cossacks of the Don fell under the ban of the ecclesiastical law as heretics. From that time the "Doukhoborts," as Senator Lapukhin called them in 1806 were cruelly persecuted both by imprisonment and torture, a ukase reading "Everybody who shall be convicted of belonging to the sect of Doukhoborts shall be condemned to life-long hard labour."

Alexander I. was, however, graciously disposed to restore to them their rights, after his minister Lapukhin, had investigated their disabilities, and some of them came back from the places of their banishment. They were granted an especial place of settlement apart from the Greek Orthodox Russians. Thus several thousands eventually congregated just north of the Crimea and remained there until 1840. It is significant to note just a century ago the first instance of refusal to bear arms on the part of the Doukhobors engaged in the first Turkish War. These men threw away their arms in the midst of the fighting, while two Cossacks, who refused to obey the military authorities were sentenced to death.

The "Milky Waters Colony" in the Melitopol district of the Tauris government consisted of nine villages, the central one being called Terpenie (patience). There sat the parish assembly and in Terpenie was also established the orphan house. It was a large frame building, situated in a park containing fruit and forest trees and was called "Zion" by the Doukhobors. Mr. Joseph Elkinton, in his history of this peculiar people, says that the households generally were in a flourishing condition, thanks to the abundance of land, communal husbandry, and the enterprising spirit of the Doukhobors with regard to agricultural improvements. There were 13,500 acres of arable land in this tract, so that each man had rather more than 45 acres. Their farming was all done in common and the produce divided equally. They also erected storehouses for food in case of famine.

In 1887 there were twenty thousand Doukhobors in the southern settlement. In spite of persecution the colony had not been unprosperous but during the following decade their sufferings became so great that they desired to leave Russia and in 1898 were given permission to emigrate. Major Maude agreed to undertake negotiations with the Canadian government and he and Prince Hilkov accompanied the first two Doukhobor families to Canada. The prospecting party arrived in Quebec, September 10th, 1898, and Professor Mavor of Toronto had succeeded in interesting a number of government officials in the proposed exodus. On January 20th, 1899 the steamship "Lake Huron" landed more than two thousand Doukhobors at Halifax. A paper of that city spoke in favourable terms of the new settlers: "The Doukhobors are people of the purest Russian type, large and strong, men and women both being of magnificent physique. They are characterised by broad, square shoulders, heavy limbs, and a massive build generally. Their features are prominent, but refined, and bear the marks of a life that is free from vice of any kind. The most striking characteristic of all is the bright, kindly sparkle of their eyes, which gives a winning expression to the whole face, and quickly wins confidence in their character. All their habits demonstrate that they are possessed of keen minds."

The first contingent had hardly been landed in the immigration buildings at Winnipeg and elsewhere, when the second steamship, "Lake Superior," brought another two thousand to Halifax, accompanied by Count Sergius Tolstoi, son of the great novelist.

One thousand survivors of the Doukhobor colony in Cyprus were brought out to Canada and were promptly transported to Yorkton and Assiniboia. Then a large party of 2,278 Doukhobors sailed from Batoum and arrived at Quebec on June 6th, 1899. This was the last of the "Larger Party" remaining in the Caucasus and these came from the Province of Kars. Prince Hilkov had previously gone to the Prince Albert district of Saskatchewan to secure land for this party. The Canadian Government preferred to give them sections situated some three hundred miles to the northwest of the other settlements in Assiniboia and Manitoba, where the previous arrivals had settled. The Dominion Government set aside some 270,480 acres of prairie land for the 7,361 Doukhobors (1,500 of these were men) who had taken refuge within its jurisdiction. The larger part of the tract was located near the junction of Manitoba and the territories then called the "Northwest," some seventy-five miles north of Yorkton. The most western settlement is on Duck Lake.

The Doukhobors live in villages. Dr. Saunders of Ottawa reports their houses as "substantially built of logs, and roofed with poles, on which prairie sod about four inches thick is laid and the interstices filled with fine earth. The sides of the houses are well plastered on the exterior with clay mixed with cut straw. The furniture in the houses is all of their own make. Most of the houses consist of one large room for living, cooking, eating and sleeping. The aim is to have in all their villages a house for each family and their houses are being erected at varying distances in two rows with a wide street between them."

Physically, the Doukhobors showed themselves fitted to face the hard work of tilling the soil of a new country and making homes in an unsettled district. They were recognised as a "peculiar people" in religious views, and those of more orthodox belief have, perhaps, made too little effort to understand them. The Anglo-Saxon does not allow his religion to influence his diet and consequently he regards with amiable contempt the vegetarianism which seems to be part of the Doukhobor creed. However the "pilgrimages" may have excited the mingled wonder and amusement of their British-born neighbours, their practical aid has not been lacking when the Doukhobors were suffering during the first years of hardship. Their aversion to warfare has not materially affected the manner in which they are regarded, as farming not fighting has been the pressing need of the West. However, when the Doukhobor's conscience would not allow him to purchase a marriage license, the law mildly persuaded him that it has something to do with the rites of Hymen and that two dollars is not an exorbitant charge.

These people are hard to understand and most people who have described them praise them for their industry and domestic peacefulness. They are so secretive and uncommunicative that they have never revealed the true inwardness of their minds. They are communists, but is it from principle or from some other motive? Have they some secret bond which makes them different from other peoples, and is this bond dangerous to the common citizenship?

An authority who has investigated these people and has made some startling discoveries, will present his finding in next week's issue.





A Typical Doukhor House in Western Canada.



A Group of Doukhobors.



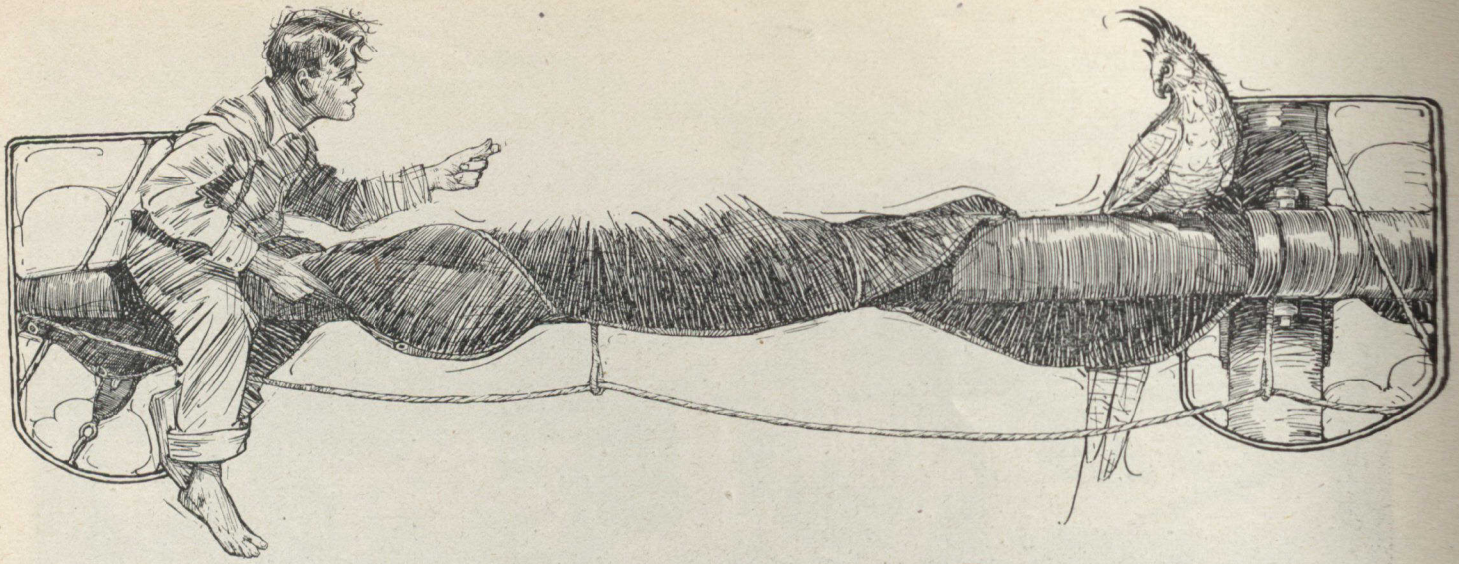
Doukhor Bridge, over Swan River.



This photograph was taken at Binscarth, Manitoba, during the pilgrimage taken by the Doukhobors in 1903.

SOME PICTURES OF A PECULIAR SECT.





## Frenchy and the Parrot

A Tale of the Open Sea

BY TOM O. MARTEN

ON a certain cheerless night, years ago, in the sitting room of the Sailors' Home, situated in that part of the city of Tacoma now known as the "Old Town," a half-dozen sailors were making merry. One of their number, a young lad of sixteen, was about to make his first voyage before the mast. He was in deep conversation with a sailor of middle age, who was giving him much valuable advice on various things pertaining to ships and the sea.

On this particular night, the sitting-room was made a degree more cheerful than was wont by a good fire which crackled and roared in a stove in the centre of the room. Outside, a stiff west wind was blowing, bringing with it that fine but penetrating drizzle of the west coast.

One of the men crossed and spoke to the boy and his companion. The three then joined the other occupants of the room and seating themselves about a deal table they began the game usual alike on ship and shore.

For some moments the game proceeded in silence, nothing breaking the stillness save the singing of the wind and the rain without and the clinking of glass within.

Presently the game became more animated and it was a simple matter to distinguish the losing players. One, an ill-looking man, in years perhaps twenty-eight or thirty, won unceasingly, and so elated he became by the harvest he was reaping that he resorted the more frequently to the bottle at his side, and at length his play became exceedingly erratic and his actions and language offensive even to the seasoned nerves of the sailors. Once more it came to this man's turn to deal the cards, and he was in the act of doing so, in a very unsteady and drunken fashion, when suddenly the old seaman who was seated opposite him sprang to his feet and with a suppressed oath, snatched one of the squares of pasteboard from the other's grasp. Slowly he raised it to the light, then threw it to the floor behind, his eyes still fixed upon the intoxicated man.

For a moment there was silence—the silence that lies like a caressing hand upon the sea before it is lashed to fury by the onset of the storm—then the players, as one man, rose from their seats, giving vent to a general exclamation; for but one interpretation could be put upon such an action. For a moment he whose deal had been interrupted remained seated, then staggering to his feet, for he had become totally intoxicated during the course of the game, he leaned across the table toward the youngster.

He seemed to realise in a crazy way that he had been detected in his infamous play. Raising his voice in a harsh, discordant laugh, until the ancient building echoed and re-echoed with the hideous sound, and his companions shrank from him, then, leering into the face of the boy before him, he cried, "Cheating, is he!" and with another drunken laugh he struck the lad full in the face with his clenched fist, and sweeping his arm across the table, he scattered cards and coin upon the floor, so that naught but confusion reigned.

An instant only of indecision, a hesitation as of measuring the distance, an arm shot out and the man

lay in a heap upon the floor, the old sailor, with eyes blazing with indignation, standing over him.

Some time elapsed before the man regained his feet, but the silence remained unbroken. He dragged himself toward the door, leaving a crimson trail behind him from a gaping wound which revealed itself upon his cheek. On the threshold he turned; the others had not altered their positions, but stood contemplating him with lowered brows. Raising his hand for an instant, he pointed a shaking forefinger at the old seaman.

The power of articulation seemed to have temporarily left him, though words would have but feebly accentuated the ominous light in his eyes. In a moment he regained partial control of himself, then with a foul oath upon his tongue, he staggered to the door and vanished into the rain without.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again Tacoma, but it is no longer the Tacoma of the earlier days when I was the deck boy who figured in the foregoing incident. However, many of the old landmarks remain, and these have the effect of making more pronounced, rather than of subduing, the changes time has wrought there. Not least among them is the Sailors' Home, which still retains its old position on the crest of the hill in the old part of the town.

In the sitting-room there is the same old rusty stove and the same deal table. Other things are much the same, too, the old, tattered map of the world, which hangs upon the wall, and the ancient motto over the door, which, in faded, wool-worked letters, invokes a blessing from a quarter rarely invaded by the inmates.

Again we were all ashore at the old place, to kill time and spend our money until sailing orders came.

The "Castlereagh" was on the stream taking on, by lighter, her cargo of lumber for Australia, and we, her company in part, consisting of Old Dick, the bo's'n, five A.B.'s, including myself, and three ordinaries, were stopping at the "Home." The bo's'n had strict injunctions from the skipper to obtain, if possible a deck boy, for our own had deserted us a few days previous. It was for this reason, rather than for that of pleasure-seeking, that Old Dick was with us on our holiday ashore.

This night the sitting-room presented an animated scene. That good old tarry song, "A Sailor's Lass a Sailor's Star Shall Be," had just been concluded by one of our ordinaries, and the tremendous roar of the hearty sailor-like applause had not yet died away when Old Dick, who was seated near the window, called for silence.

To obey Dick on the instant was natural, and an abrupt silence ensued.

It was a strange contrast to the preceding uproar, and questioning gazes were cast upon the old man.

An explanation, however, was soon forthcoming, for the sound of a jaunty footstep could be heard coming from the road, and the shrill notes of a mouth-organ reached our ears. As the sound drew near, the tune became more recognisable. It was the "Marseillaise." The player seemed to have little or no regard for time, though in truth he was playing it to the measure of his gait. At the hall door he paused for a moment, then,



coming in, he continued his way toward the sitting-room entrance. We all instinctively turned that we might see who the newcomer was. When he first made his appearance, an exclamation of amusement escaped the lips of every man present, so unusual and quaint was the little figure which stood before us in the doorway.

It was that of a boy of about fourteen, dressed in the usual habit of the sailor ashore. In one hand he carried a wooden box, in the other a harmonica, and strapped to his shoulders hung a small telescope bag. A profuse shock of dark curls crowned his merry little face, and from his twinkling brown eyes there danced such a light of devilry and mischief that it made one laugh to look at him.

We soon discovered he was French, and that he had run away from a coasting steamship then in port, and as he was looking for an opportunity to ship out again without delay, Old Dick at once secured him for our ship.

I asked him if he had been long at sea.

"I haf been to sea two years," he answered: "When I was leetle boy I go one French sheep and go by za Horn. You have been by za Horn? An' I haf been all ofer za world. I haf been Japan; I nat been China; I haf been Honolulu. I tell you I am a sail-or. My great-fazer was a sail-or; my fazer was a sail-or, was one of za officaire za French sheep Burgoyne; I am a sailor, an' if efer I haf a boy, I want him to be a sail-or."

When we took him aboard and showed him to the skipper, there was but one objection the latter found. It was this: the boy had as an inseparable companion a huge gray parrot. He had obtained the bird on his first trip to South Africa, and had since then kept it with him. The parrot had well-nigh seen as much of the world as the youngster himself. But the boy and the parrot could not be separated, and at length the skipper consented, upon condition that we kept the bird as much in the fo'cas'le as possible. This, of course, we promised faithfully to do, and so bore off the pair to their quarters. We never knew his name. We called him "Frenchy," and that sufficed to distinguish him from the rest of the crew.

Frenchy had named the parrot "Boney," and the latter soon became very popular among the men.

The bird was a good talker, but as Frenchy had been its teacher, its vocabulary was confined principally to French, but it could speak English—that is to say, Frenchy's English, for Frenchy was never so French as when he endeavoured to be English—and it would often cause us all to roar with laughter by croaking out in a throaty voice, "I am a Frenchman, I am a Frenchman."

Altogether, between Frenchy and the parrot, we had entertainment in plenty to break the monotony of our life on shipboard, and it was not long before the two became very dear to us.

It would be difficult to describe the friendship which had sprung up between Old Dick and the youngster almost upon their first meeting. It seemed strange that two so vastly different as Frenchy and the old man should become so attached. It was something more than mere friendship, too, as all could see, for the old seafarer could not have studied the lad's welfare more

had he been his father, and Frenchy in return entertained an equal affection for the sailor.

Dick and I had always been the best of friends. When I had been too young to fight my own battles, he had fought them for me, but I had never, in all the long years we had sailed together, taken the place in the old man's heart which Frenchy had gained well-nigh in a day.

I would often see them, during watch below, seated upon the fo'cas'le head, engaged in conversation. One day I came upon them seated thus together. They were teaching each other French and English, respectively. On Frenchy's shoulder sat the parrot Boney, sunning himself, and looking about with a critical eye on all that was going on. As I passed the pair, I stumbled, running my foot against a ring bolt.

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed, and as I paused to nurse the wounded member I heard Frenchy say to Dick—"What is zat, 'Great Scott?' Zat is English! good English? You can say zat in society? You can say zat to a lady?"

At other times they would argue upon the subject of French and American ships, and as the boy was intensely patriotic, this would more often than not lead on to a discussion of the countries themselves, and the old man always found in the youngster an able antagonist.

They presented a curious spectacle as they sat thus together—the one so old, the other so young.

\* \* \*

A year passed away, and once more we lay at anchor off Tacoma's shores. The crew of the "Castle-reagh" remained much the same as it had been twelve months before, with the exception of one of the hands who had lost his life during a gale off the east coast of Australia.

All our cargo was aboard, and we were fast making ready for sea. It was expected we would sail in a few days, and, but for the unlooked-for illness of the chief mate, would even then have been on our way. However, he was reported recovering, and was expected aboard in a day or two. All things were in readiness that we might square our yards the minute he reached the head of

the gang-plank. The man had served the "Castle-reagh" as chief mate for as many years as I had served her before the mast. It was entirely due to him and his treatment of the men under him that the latter stuck by the ship as they did, for mates such as he were far outside the pale of the majority. He was that rare combination, an efficient officer and a just master, and the skipper was loath to dispense with his services for a single voyage; and, moreover, officers were at the time exceedingly difficult to procure.

Thus it was that while we lay at anchor, awaiting his coming, one morning we were all seated about the fo'cas'le, occupying ourselves in various ways. Frenchy and Old Dick were looking through the former's ancient scrap-book. Suddenly in burst one of the hands, Jack Doull by name, whom we had been expecting, and whose coming we awaited with no little anxiety. He had come from bringing the skipper off in a small boat.

"Boys," cried he, "I've bad news for you. We'll sail wi'out him."

On the instant Dick was upon his feet.

"But how can we?" he quickly responded. "Who-



Frenchy and His Parrot.

Drawn by Tom O. Marten.



ever heard of a ship a-leavin' port wi' no mate?"

"We've got one," replied Douk.

"Got one?" we questioned in chorus.

"Aye."

Dick gave his shoulders a shrug and left the fo'cas'le.

And so it happened that although the Castlereagh set sail from Tacoma in much the same manner as she had done on many a previous occasion, with the same men standing at their posts, it was a strange voice which sung the orders they responded to, and a strange step beat time upon the poop.

For some days I saw little of our new chief, for being of the starboard watch, we were not on deck for any length of time together. However, if I did not see much of him, much was reported. He proved to be a pronounced specimen of that type of officer who regards the sailor as being little above the canine species, and that he is to receive like treatment. He was brutal in his dealings with the men from the first, and his language was at all times offensive.

Once Frenchy came to me in the fo'cas'le with blood upon his face. The mate had, upon some trivial provocation, brought a rope's end about his ears, the rough texture of which had opened the flesh. He asked me not to speak of it to Dick, as he feared it would make the latter unhappy.

This little incident was but an example of what soon became the lad's daily lot at the hands of the new mate. Why the latter should have picked upon the little fellow and made him the butt of all his meanness and brutality I could not determine. Why did he not single out one of the men to swear at, bully and maltreat, as he did the youngster? But it was all a part of the drama which was daily being enacted upon our little world afloat, much as we wondered at it. One incident I will here set forth, for though it was apparently trifling in itself it carried with it a vast weight of significance. This I see now, but did not realise at the time.

The chief mate had come on deck before the expiration of the starboard watch, and was idly watching Old Dick and Frenchy, who were working together, repairing some worn-out gear. The mate beckoned to me. "Who is that kid, anyhow, and how long has he been with this ship?" he asked. "The old man there seems to have a hell of a liking for him."

"He has," I replied, and said no more.

The mate gave me a quick, sharp glance, and his eyes had in them an expression I did not like. He remained silent for a few moments, regarding the pair intently, and I was about to resume my work when he spoke again.

"I suppose," he said slowly, in a manner more directed to himself than to me, "that if aught should happen the kid, it would break the old fellow's heart."

"It would," I answered.

He smiled, and the smile had in it a look of such sardonic malignancy that I left him mystified. There was that, too, in the face of the man which I had not noticed until he spoke to me of Frenchy. Was it a fancy or had I seen him before? However, I failed to place him in my memory, and soon gave up the attempt.

We were thirty days out and well down to the line, when Frenchy was taken ill. We gained the skipper's permission for the lad to remain below, and set about making him as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Poor Old Dick was unceasing in his attendance upon him, and it was rarely that he would allow any of us to render him assistance, anxious as we were to do all in our power for the lad.

Before going on deck, Dick would bring his patient the little worn scrap-book, together with the favourite picture of Napoleon, and would set the parrot beside him in the bunk. Then we would all gather round the sick bed, and joke and laugh, and tease the parrot for his amusement, while Dick would stand by with folded arms, contemplating the scene with a smile of keen satisfaction lighting his old weather-beaten features.

After five days, owing to Old Dick's faithful watch at his side, Frenchy was once more able to sit at the table for his meals, though as yet unfit for deck duty.

This, then, was the precise condition of things when early in the evening of that never-to-be-forgotten day the heavens lowered upon us.

Great heavy masses of dark storm-clouds had shut out the face of the sun early in the day, and we were now running before the wind under close-reefed courses and topsails, with sky-sails, royals and t'gallants made fast to the yard. At six bells the wind suddenly and without warning took us bodily in its relentless rasp.

There was the sound of scurrying feet on deck, and I could hear the mate's voice ordering a second man to

the wheel. Hatches were down and all running gear fast, The wind shrieked and moaned through the rigging, each instant with gathering strength and fury, till the set canvas bellied out under pressure of the gale as though it would tear the masts from their stepping. I went below, for I had been standing idly on deck in the lee of the fore'ard house. As I entered the fo'cas'le a fitful gleam of lightning illumined for an instant the gloom within, and I could see Old Dick making ready for the deck, as though in expectation of a call of all hands.

I lit the fo'cas'le lamp, for the darkness was momentarily becoming more intense.

Frenchy was seated with the parrot on his knee, but he was very quiet, addressing only an occasional remark to the old man. The bird, too, I noticed, seemed strangely listless and inactive, as though subdued by the tumult without. The remainder of the watch below were sleeping. I heard the watch on deck come rushing fore'ard, with the high-pitched voice of the mate urging them on to greater speed. I heard the singing of the shanties as they clewed up the lower topsails and the shrill screeching of the blocks as the gear ran through. The rain now descended in torrents, the air seemed a seething, blinding mass of water, well-nigh shutting out what little light there remained to us. Then came the order, which under the circumstances was inevitable, and for which Old Dick had been making his silent preparations.

"Call the starboard watch!"

Immediately uncertain footsteps came running down the weather alleyway, and a figure dripping wet with rain and seawater sprang into the fo'cas'le.

"All hands!" he yelled, and, snatching up oilskins and sou'wester, was gone again.

With the aid of Old Dick I roused out the men, who speedily got into clothes and oilskins and ran on deck. With the exception of the old sailor, I was the last to leave, and he, calling goodbye to Frenchy, followed me. I had, however, only reached the break of the poop when, feeling at my waist, I discovered that my sheath-knife was missing. Concluding, therefore, that I had left it behind me, in the fo'cas'le, I returned.

The gale was now so terrific and the darkness so intense that it was with difficulty I regained the fo'cas'le door. Upon entering, I became transfixed with astonishment. Before me stood the last man I would have expected to find there at such a time, and he evidently regarded my coming with no little discomfiture.

It was the chief mate.

The situation became explained when I glanced at Frenchy. The lad was hastily getting into his oilskins and making ready for duty. His little pinched face looked white and nervous from his recent illness, and he had barely the strength to draw on his coat.

"Frenchy!" I gasped.

The mate anticipated me.

"That's my business," he cried. "As for you, clear out and go aft."

"You can't send him on deck in that condition, sir," I cried, pointing to the youngster. "He's sick, I tell you—sick!"

"And what's that to you?" he returned with a sneer. "Why, damn me, if you don't think as much of the kid as that old fool Dick himself."

I did not answer him, but stood hesitating, placing myself between him and the boy.

The mate stood with his face in the full ray of light cast from the fo'cas'le lamp, and on his right cheek, thrown into strong relief, I for the first time noticed a huge cord, or scar, undoubtedly discernible only when under a concentrated light.

His features had taken on an expression of unutterable hate, and as he looked at me I stood back from him aghast. In an instant my memory carried me back over sixteen long years to a scene in a sailor's boarding-house, to a gaming-table, and the drunken player!

The mate turned to Frenchy, and was ordering him on deck. The boy looked at me as the two went out, but my senses had forsaken me. Why I did not stop them I do not now know. When at length I collected myself sufficiently to realise the situation I sprang to the door, calling, "Frenchy! Frenchy!" No answering voice came from the darkness.

I turned and looked back into the empty fo'cas'le. In spite of the raging storm without, it seemed strangely quiet and deserted. I could not even see the parrot, and I remember marvelling at this. I groped my way aft. The men were going aloft, and I instinctively followed, looking for Frenchy in vain among the dim figures hooded and clad alike.

The men were aloft on the main lower topsail yard,



and I followed, taking up my position to starboard. The great sail below us had been clewed up and the men were at work making fast. I strained and pulled at the huge mass of canvas until the nails of my fingers bent back and split, and the blood spurted from beneath. I gasped in the wind and clung to the yardarm. I was the closest man in on the starboard arm of the yard, and was handling the heavy bunt of the sail. The next man was some feet to the right of me, and in the darkness I could but dimly discern his figure.

I had drawn up a portion of the bunt and was reaching for a gasket, when I looked in the direction of the figure on my right. It stood erect, then staggered toward me on the foot rope. In a moment I recognised Frenchy.

I knew the lad had been ordered on deck, but that he had been sent aloft I could not realise.

I let go the sail, and sprang toward his tottering form, but I came too late. As the canvas fell from my grasp it filled once more with the fury of the gale. The sudden strain proved too much, and with a report like the discharging of a hundred guns it fluttered in the wind, blown into whip lashes.

The shock upon the yard was terrific. As I made the frantic reach for the lad, he fell. Even now his piercing scream of anguish rings in my ears, and I can still see his white, upturned face as it sank beneath me in the darkness. But not that alone, for, perched upon his shoulder, with extended wings, clung Boney, the parrot.

It was Dick and I who raised him from the deck and carried him for'ard. He had fallen across the ship's pumps at the foot of the mast, and his back was broken. As we laid our burden tenderly upon the fo'cas'le table, I looked across at my old friend. He had aged ten years during the past few moments, and his eyes were dry as with a grief not yet realised. I told him of the mate, but he made no answer, though I could see he understood. He lifted the dying boy in his arms, and held him until he passed away, and as he laid him back the old seaman raised his eyes to mine. In a sobbing voice he murmured, "May God forgive him for taking it out on me like this."

Then silence fell upon us and was broken only when

the ship's bell struck eight, and the voice of the lookout sang, "All's well for'ard!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Three days later the storm was again raging at its height, and once more I stood upon the yard from where I had seen Frenchy fall to his dissolution. Since then the mate had been drinking heavily, and seemed far gone in the last stages of remorse. He would at times fancy he heard that last, long, piercing cry of Frenchy, and his sunken cheeks and wild eyes became pitiful to behold.

The parrot had completely disappeared. After we had carried the dying lad from the deck the bird was no longer visible, for the men had searched in vain for it, and so concluding that it had been lost in the storm, we thought no more about it.

For three days we had had unceasing labour, and were far out of our course, with rigging carried away.

Another call of all hands had brought the entire crew on deck, and we were again at work upon the yards as we had been three days before. The mate had come aloft with us to lend a hand with a lower topsail, a thing which I had never before known him to do. I took up my old position at the bunt of the sail, and this time it was he who stood upon my right.

I saw him lean across the yard and extend his arms to grasp the canvas, when suddenly there came a sound such as I have not the words to describe. Was it an echo from the dead, or did I in reality hear that hideous shriek of anguish again? It seemed to come from out the storm, from everywhere, from nowhere. It quivered and trembled in the gale, and then with a low, prolonged dismal wail of agony, it sank away to silence. I had not taken my eyes from the mate. When the last note of that awful cry struck upon my ears I saw him stagger back.

"Frenchy!" he shrieked, and losing his hold of the footrope, dropped to the sea beneath.

Something fluttered in my face, then settled on the yard beside me. It was Boney the parrot.

For a moment I stared at it in utter bewilderment, then the light of reason came to me, and I understood. In some unaccountable way the bird had remained upon the ship, and faithful to the old-time teaching of Frenchy, had reproduced that last despairing cry of its master.

## The Melodrama

ONE of the best sketches by Mr. Forrest Crissey depicts the delight of a country boy who sees "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for the first time and who thrills over Eliza's race with the bloodhounds with all of youth's "first, fine, careless rapture." Dear old Eliza and the infirm hounds that have lagged superfluous on the stage these many years! But we have all had our melodrama days, whether we spent them in seeing Eliza's woes or reading "St. Elmo" or "Daring Dick, the Bandit of the Hills."

But most of us emerge from the melodrama days unscathed. We become like Mr. Harry James Smith, who writes in good-humoured fashion for "Atlantic Monthly" readers: "When a confidential office boy advises us to go to 'How Hearts are Broken' at the Thalia, if we want to see 'a corker of a show,' we may indulgently remark that we'd like to; but inwardly we chuckle over his unsophisticated enthusiasm."

Melodrama of the cheap order is always popular. The drama of ideas may languish for an audience but "The Queen of the Convicts" or "No Wedding Bells For Her" will be witnessed by hundreds, nay thousands, of perspiring and responsive citizens. "Hedda Gabler" excites, at best, but a languid interest when she makes her suicidal exit from a world which has bored her. But the wrongs and triumphs of "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl" arouse the most righteous indignation and magnanimous joy of which the Great Unsoaped is capable. Mr. Smith proceeds to describe the progress of one of these twenty-five-cent thrillers.

"The lady in the purple gown shakes her clenched fist vindictively and gives a final laugh, blood-curdling and malignant. 'Ha! You shall not escape so easily another time,—we shall see!' she taunts brazenly, and glides from the scene.

"The crowd behind the footlights hisses. There is an undeniable fascination about her; but she is very wicked. In real life it is often difficult to distinguish between the wicked and the elect; but here,—why her

very name is Zidella St. Mar. Can any good come out of Zidella?"

The heartiness with which the audience hates the villain, whether in the form of the lady in the purple gown or the dark young man in the brigandish garb is puzzling and yet re-assuring. The world cannot be such a bad place, after all, when a distressed heroine is so fiercely believed in, when her wrongs are so warmly re-sented by those who must suspect that it will all come right in the end. When the lady in the purple gown traduces the innocent maiden in white muslin, the shop-girl clutches the arm of her cavalier and whispers vindictively: "I knew it. She just looked like it. My! I hope she gets caught." When the brigandish villain seizes and well-nigh throttles the fine young man of sterling qualities who loves the white muslin girl with all his honest heart, the storm of hisses makes a sibilant cyclone in the midst of which there echoes a mocking laugh. Ah! The laugh of the evil Zidella or the perfidious Pedro! How it chills the timorous and stirs to boiling wrath the valiant! There is nothing too bad for Pedro, nothing too degrading for Zidella. Eternal punishment is their unquestioned doom, for the patrons of melodrama are not Higher Critics.

The troubles of the heroine are legion but so are her friends. We follow the writer's account with sympathetic recognition. "On a dozen or two occasions you are almost sure—I mean if you are following the play in the right spirit—that it is all over with her; but she has a wonderful host of friends. They smash windows to reach her, they break in doors, they climb down chimneys, they leap across abysses, they transform themselves into flights of human stairs that her-escape may be made easy—and picturesque; fire, blood and brass are helpless against the devotion of Gracie's friends."

And after it is all over, the girl with the pompadour says to her escort: "My! But that was a cute show. It was awful good of you to think of it. Ice cream soda! I don't mind if I do."



## British Gossip

THE recent visit of the Dowager-Empress of Russia to Queen Alexandra has revived a host of reminiscences of the period when the former first came to England, thirty-three years ago. Among the famous festivities of that visit was a meeting in Northumberland House, last to be demolished among the great houses of the Strand.

\* \* \*

Lord Rosebery, who has been a staunch friend of the London County Council throughout its "progressive" course, is aggrieved at finding that the little town of Epsom, near which stands "The Durdans," his lordship's beautiful retreat, has been blighted by the creation of a colony of lunatics sent from London to occupy "palatial asylums" on the Horton estate. In consideration of the fact that this area already has been afflicted with four asylums, an epileptic colony and an isolation hospital, Lord Rosebery's protest against the "heartless ruin" of Epsom is entirely justified.

\* \* \*

Every week brings fresh announcements of feminine aristocrats who have become manufacturers or commercial magnates. Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox is to establish a fruit-bottling industry at Broughton, Oxfordshire; Ellen, Countess of Desart, has lately opened a tobacco farm in Kilkenny County. Another bright Irishwoman, Lady Aileen Wyndham-Quin, has allowed her business instincts to take a more romantic turn and runs a successful violet farm at Adare Manor, County Limerick.

\* \* \*

The British music halls are nothing if not enterprising. In order to raise money for the relatives of the victims of the "Berlin" disaster, the dubious procedure was adopted of inviting Captain Sperling and his companion who did rescue work to "show themselves" before a London audience. They were fairly stared out of countenance. Then a Manchester music hall is said to have offered Mr. George Thompson of Clare, Lurgan, who is reported to have remained in bed for twenty-nine years, a handsome sum for merely appearing on the stage. But "the laziest man on earth" declined the offer. In his case, he verily got up one morning to find himself famous.

\* \* \*

This photograph shows the wreck of the Elder Dempster liner "Jebba," a vessel of 3,500 tons, trading from West Africa to England. She ran ashore in a fog at Boat Tail on the south coast of Devonshire. One hundred and ninety passengers and crew were rescued by means of the rocket apparatus in six hours, constituting a record of a big nature. In the photograph the ship is being salvaged by means of the two ropes originally thrown across her by the rocket apparatus. Luggage and cargo of all kinds is being brought ashore. She is firmly wedged on the rocks at this point and is expected to become a total wreck. No lives were lost, even the



Wreck of S. S. "Jebba," Devonshire, England.

ship's cat and two monkeys being brought ashore in safety.

\* \* \*

Marine disasters have come thick and fast this year and the winds of March have worked almost as much havoc as the February storms. The "Jebba" and the "Suevic" came to grief on the same night. The latter is a White Star liner which went ashore near the Lizard. It was cut in two last week by means of dynamite and the after part was finally severed and towed into port, while the forepart remains firmly fixed on the reef.

\* \* \*

The royal yacht "Victoria and Albert" has been re-decorated and regilded for the cruise in the Mediterranean which King Edward and Queen Alexandra are to enjoy this spring. The yacht has been renamed "Alexandra," a much better appellation than the awkward double title. No fewer than five new motor launches are supplied for the royal pleasure trip.

\* \* \*

Dr. Emil Reich, whose lectures on the subject of "Woman" drew fashionable crowds to Claridge's last year, is still a popular figure in London society. At the recent opening of the Royal Amateur Art Society's exhibition he was one of the most feted guests and discoursed as deftly on art as he does on any other subject. Dr. Reich, it need hardly be said, is no friend of the suffragettes whose antics he regards with consternation.

\* \* \*

Among the new members of the London County Council are several peers and heirs to peerages. One of the most promising of these acquisitions is Lord Kerry, the eldest son of the Marquis of Lansdowne. While his father was filling the anxious office of War Secretary during the South African War, Lord Kerry was at the front with the Grenadier Guards; he served as A.D.C. to Lord Roberts and won the D.S.O. He is said to be a great favourite among his father's Irish tenants.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose vigorous denouncement of the enfranchisement of women, was a veritable bolt from the blue-stocking, is a grand-daughter of the celebrated Dr. Arnold of Rugby and was born in Hobart, Tasmania. Mrs. Ward's husband is a writer on the "Times" but he is eclipsed by his wife's achievements as novelist. In 1905 Mrs. Ward tried her hand as a dramatist and her play "Agatha" was performed at His Majesty's Theatre. Apart from her literary work, she is said to be something of a philanthropist, devoting much time and money to the cause of slum children.

\* \* \*

A clever, charming Irish woman, with the romantic name of Miss Elsa D'Esterre, has established a remarkable school in Chelsea, called "Simple Life School for Dames and Damsels." Miss D'Esterre was educated in Germany, was sworn translator to the British Consulate at Frankfurt, and on her return to England taught in the High School of Oxford. Finally she turned her attention to domestic mysteries, with a view to eliminating "Mary Ann." She was so successful that the establishment of the Simple Life School followed and many husbands rise up and call it blessed.

\* \* \*

Mr. Cathcart Wason has actually complained on the floor of the House that Scotland is neglected—and this at a time when, as Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes reminds him, the Prime Minister is a Scot, the Leader of the Opposition is a Scot, while the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, the Leader of the House of Lords and the president of its proceedings are all natives of the Land o' Cakes. It would seem as if the gifted sons of Scotland were really having a fair share of Imperial honours. Mr. Wason must be afflicted with Mr. George Bernard Shaw's infirmity of shyness.

\* \* \*

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is said to be recovering from his recent illness, although the recovery is very slow. At latest accounts he takes a drive daily.

\* \* \*

Ireland has given many distinguished sons to the service of the Empire, and of these there was no more noted member of the Diplomatic Service than Sir Francis Plunkett, who recently died in Paris. The youngest son of the ninth Earl of Fingall, he entered upon his life work fifty years ago. He retired from Vienna in 1905 among flattering testimonials to his effective service. Tokio, Washington, Brussels, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Stockholm were among his diplomatic appointments.





# THE TALK

**T**HE New Brunswick Automobile Association is asking the Legislature to give more attention to the "good roads" movement. Mr. R. D. Paterson, of St. John, is the president of that body.

Premier Gouin, of Quebec, did not patronise a Canadian line on his trip to Paris. He sailed from New York to Havre via La Provence. The probable reason is that there is no direct steamer at this season of the year.

The Dominion Parliament will prorogue about the 20th. Before leaving Sir Wilfrid Laurier made arrangements for the rest of the session with Mr. Borden. Sir Richard Cartwright will be acting Premier, the Hon. Mr. Fielding will lead in the House and will be acting Minister of Railways and Canals; Hon. Mr. Templeman will be acting Minister of Marine and Fisheries; and the Hon. Mr. Scott will be acting Minister of Militia.

The Alberta government telephone line from Banff to Calgary is to be opened in a few days. This is the beginning.

The Saskatchewan Odd Fellows will apply for a grand lodge of their own. They are now under Manitoba jurisdiction.

Commissioner Coombs, of the Salvation Army, addressed the Canadian Club of Victoria last week and Col. Andrew Haggard will speak shortly on "What Great Britain has done for the Fellah" in the Sudan.

Victoria School Board has decided to have Victoria High School (or College) affiliated with McGill as is the Vancouver High School, and the Charlottetown College. McGill seems to be working along national lines.

The Vancouver bank clearings in March were five millions greater than in 1906, and eight millions greater than in 1905. The building returns for the month show an increase of about \$200,000 over March of last year. The Customs collections increased \$70,000. The Royal Vancouver Yacht Club will have 125 boats of all classes in commission this year.

At Anacortes, on Puget Sound, there will shortly be established a "Wood Products" factory for the production of charcoal, wood spirits of naphtha, tar, turpentine, and pyroligneous acid. These can all be made from the waste products of the lumber mills. A similar factory is to be erected on Vancouver Island.

General Booth told the people of Vancouver that he had just received an offer from Queensland for a thousand men. The Government will guarantee their passage money, one year's employment, and all the expenses of distribution.

British Columbia cattle ranches are receiving more attention, now that those in Alberta are being lessened in number by the inroads of the farmer. The Douglas Lake ranch, about fifty miles from Kamloops, consists of about 100,000 acres with 12,000 cattle and 700 horses. It has recently been put under a new company, and the flotation made in Great Britain. Hon. H. O. Arnold Forster, ex-minister for war, is the president.

The churches in New Glasgow, N.S., have been opened again after two months' interregnum. This was caused by an epidemic of small-pox in that neighbourhood.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier arrived in St. John on Friday, the 5th, on his way to England.

With him were Lady Laurier, Miss Melvin Jones, Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Madame Brodeur, Miss Blanch Doutre, Sir Frederick Borden, Lady Borden, Miss Borden and Mrs. Clifford Sifton. Countess Grey and her sister, Lady Morley, arrived by the same train on their way to England.

Lady Laurier will visit Naples, Rome, and other places in Italy.

General and Mrs. Lake, Mrs. D. McNicoll, Col. McDougall and a number of other well-known people sailed on the same steamer.

Mr. Harry Cockshutt, of Brantford, president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, addressed the Canadian Club of Halifax on Wednesday last.

Sir Robert Cranston, Brigadier-General commanding the 1st Lothian Infantry Brigade, Scotland, gave an address before the Empire Club in Toronto last week and also inspected the 48th Highlanders, which won as warm admiration from the visitor as it has excited in its home city.

The election of five trustees for Queen's University, Kingston, by the graduates resulted in the choice of Hon. William Harty



Colonel B. H. Vidal, who has been appointed Inspector-General in succession to Lord Aylmer.

and Mr. J. M. Mowat, Kingston; Messrs. William Mackenzie, J. S. Willison and Rev. Eber Crummy, Toronto.

The Gananoque Inn, one of the most picturesque summer hotels in Eastern Ontario, was destroyed by fire last week. But it will probably be rebuilt, like the Hotel Quinte, with a reproduction of the former structure.

By a vote of 863 to 114 the ratepayers of Berlin, Ontario, recently decided to purchase the Berlin and Waterloo Street Railway. When the debentures have been disposed of, Berlin will own and control the railway system, as well as the waterworks, power and light plants.

Hon. R. W. Scott introduced in the Senate a bill for a special court for trying juvenile offenders. The bill will only be pressed as far as the second reading this session.

Senator George A. Cox has attacked the insurance report, taking issue with the findings of the Commissioners, and writing extensively on the Canada Life investments and other points referred to.

Lanark, according to a local authority, is the village of Two. Two bridges, two woollen mills, two hotels, two tinsmiths, two shoemakers, two undertakers, two tailors, two pair stores, two groceries, two

banks, two lawyers, two doctors, two school buildings, two graveyards, two harness makers, two photographers, two freight wagons, two stage lines, two mails, two milliners, two dressmakers, two saw-mills.

The Province of Quebec Association for the Protection of Fish and Game held its annual meeting in Montreal last week.

Mr. P. H. Bradt died in Winnipeg recently at the age of 93. He was in the Government forces in the Rebellion of 1837, and while on sentry duty saw the "Caroline" go over Niagara Falls. His ancestors on both sides were U. E. Loyalists.

There is a prospect that this year there will be a reunion of the Canadian Canoe Association and the Northern Division of the American Canoe Association. The former has not recently attended the annual meets at the Thousand Islands because racing was given too little attention.

The question as to who shall be president of the University of Toronto is still unsettled, but the belief is growing that Acting-President Maurice Hutton will be eventually chosen.

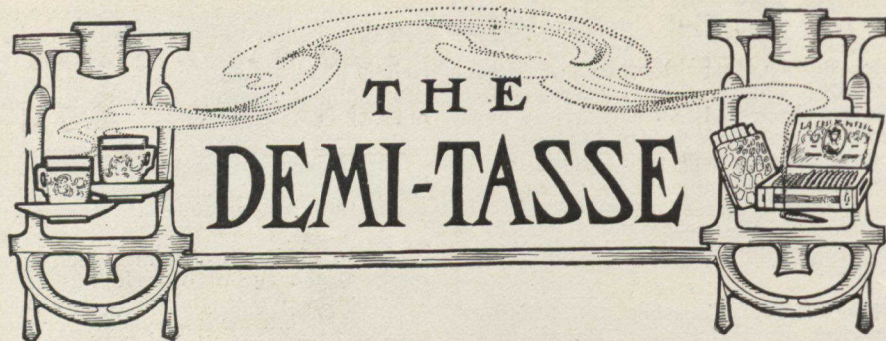
The Second Annual International Automobile and Sportsmen's Exhibition was opened in Montreal on Saturday evening by His Worship Mayor Ekers. The Arena presented a very different appearance on Saturday evening to what Montrealeers have been accustomed to gaze upon during the last three months of the hockey season. The girders and beams supporting the roof were hidden from view by a false ceiling of bright green cotton which lent a very pleasant aspect to the show beneath. On the left of the entrance the Canadian Rubber Company had a very strong exhibit of their new Canadian Clincher Tire, which they are introducing on the market this season. Then came the exhibit of John Milne & Sons with motor lamps of all makes and sizes; the Wilson Automobile Company with a fine line of cars and trucking wagons; Dominion Motor Car Company (Henry Morgan & Co.); Franco-American Automobile Company, who are also agents in Canada for the Lamb motor boat engines; Fisk Tire Company; and in the centre of the Arena may be seen the Eastern Automobile Company, with some very handsome cars. Upstairs the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the Grand Trunk Railway System have views of various summer resorts along their lines which attracted many of the people attending the Show.

On passing through to the Annex in the rear of the Arena many were surprised to see the number of motor boats on exhibit, and to note the quality and workmanship, all of which was very much admired.



Brevet-Colonel F. L. Lessard, C.B., A.D.C. who has been appointed Adjutant-General in succession to Colonel Vidal.





### What's in a Name?

A WOMAN will never be convinced that it is wrong to smuggle. What business has the Government with her small shopping affairs? If she chooses to buy shoes in Buffalo or a shirtwaist or two in Detroit, it is entirely her own business and her sense of injury is deep when the eye of the law inspects her purchases. Nothing gives more exquisite joy to the feminine heart than the bestowing of foreign goods in such a manner that "those horrid creatures at the customs" cannot detect their presence. "If woman is not allowed to vote for law-makers, why should she be worried about such trifles as the tariff?" asks one fair dodger of the duties. Many are the delightful stories told in Windsor, Sarnia, St. Catharines and Chatham of ladies who have brought back gowns and gloves, hats and lace, "all for the joy of the working" that tire-some Government.

Last week the story was told in Toronto of a quick-witted young Canadian woman who was returning to her husband in the United States and who wore the conventional expression of infantile innocence when she informed the customs man that she was taking nothing dutiable into Uncle Sam's domains. Upon the lid of the trunk tray being raised, two goodly-sized bottles of "Canadian Club" met the officer's gaze.

"And you said there was nothing dutiable," he remarked sternly. "What do you call those?"

"Those," said the Canadian woman with a bewitching pout, "why they're my husband's nightcaps."

The officer tried to preserve an attitude of righteous indignation, but finally with a decisive bang he closed the trunk, made the mystic chalk study and handed the lady her keys with an appreciative bow.

J. G.

### They need the Money

Said Whitney: "Eggs are awfully high

And butter's up a bit;  
And steak is worth its weight in gold  
While salaries never fit.

"And really, something must be done  
Or else the ends won't meet;  
I think that just two thousand more  
Would set us on our feet."

### Mr. Bryce Gets Lost

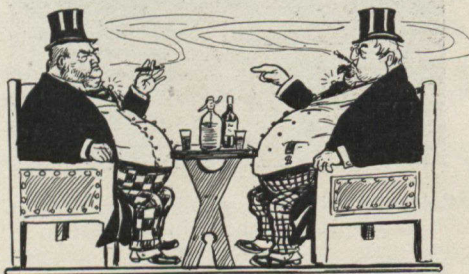
When His Excellency, Ambassador Bryce arrived in Toronto the other day, a peculiar accident befel him. He was met at the train, which brought him from Ottawa, by the servant of Professor Goldwin Smith whose guest he was to be, and was escorted to the Professor's carriage which was waiting in the place allotted to vehicles. On the way out, the Ambassa-

dor discovered that a new female servant who had just arrived from Ireland and who had been "attached" at Ottawa, was missing. She had seen another little white-haired, white-bearded man and followed him. The Ambassador, with his accustomed democratic energy, hustled back after her, and he too got lost in the mazes of a station which is the craziest of its kind on earth.

The Ambassador had to appeal to some employees to take care of him and pilot him to the waiting carriage. In the meantime, the green Irish girl was discovered and gathered in. Finally, the party started off united and happy. It will be some time, however, before the employees at the Union Station stop talking about the incident. Perhaps the railways will now appoint a corps of guides to prevent Prominent People being lost in their wonderful maze.

### We Wonder

A United States authority informs us that there is some curiosity in Washington as to whether President Roosevelt is sufficiently familiar with Ambassador Bryce's book, "The American Commonwealth," to recall



Vested Interests.

(Drawn for Canadian Courier)

chapter eight in the first volume. It is entitled, "Why Great Men Are Not Made Presidents." The author asserts that not a man since Madison except General Grant who has reached the presidential office would have been remembered had he not attained the chief magistracy, and "no President except Abraham Lincoln has displayed rare or striking qualities in the chair." But Theodore the First has come to the throne since the days when chapter eight was penned and will probably have a supplement all to himself.

### An Unnecessary Thirst

Mr. Alfred Lester, the popular Gaiety comedian, has told a funny stage sea story, says an English paper. Mr. Lester, like most comedians, started his stage career as a player of heroes, villains, "heavy fathers," and other familiar figures of melodrama, and one night, at a dirty little theatre in a third-rate Welsh town, or village, while expiring of thirst on a raft, the actor felt to his annoyance that the scene, intended to be most pathetic,

was provoking explosions of unsuccessfully suppressed laughter. The more he raved of the thirst that was consuming him, the more the people in front were consumed with laughter. Mr. Lester thought them the hardest-hearted wretches he had ever played before—until he knew what had been the cause of their merriment. It appeared from information received from the manager that a scene-shifter, instead of lowering a back cloth of verily rocks, had introduced into the scene of turbulent waters the peaceful picture of a country inn, with fields of poppies in the distance. The spectacle of a thirsty mariner calling huskily for "watah" while there were "licensed premises" almost at his elbow in the raging ocean naturally struck the audience as having its humorous aspect.

\* \*

### The Aged Liberal to Sir Wilfrid

Take Care of Me when I'm Old.

I would ask of you, Sir Wilfrid, a question soft and low.

And it gives me many a heartache, as the moments come and go—

You know I've been a fighter,  
and a Liberal stern and bold,

And it's only this, Sir Wilfrid, Take care of me when I'm old,

So please, oh please, Sir Wilfrid, take care of me when I'm old.

When my hair shall shame the snow-drift and my eye shall dimmer grow,

And I lean upon the party, to the Senate as I go,

I claim of you a promise, worth to me a lot of gold:

And it's only this, Sir Wilfrid, take care of me when I'm old,

So please, oh please, Sir Wilfrid, take care of me when I'm old.

Contributed.

\* \*

### Drawing the Line

A well-known judge on a Virginia circuit was reminded very forcibly, the other day, of his increasing baldness.

One of his rural friends, looking at him rather hard, drawled, "It won't be so very long, judge, fo' you'll hev to tie a string round your head to tell how fer up to wash yer face."

—Green Bag.

\* \*

### He Might

Two Irishmen were recently overheard discussing the ill health of the pope.

Said one: "Yes, an' if he dies, it 'd be just loike Thaydure Roosevelt to appoint some dommed Protestant to his place."

—Frank B. Elser.

\* \*

### A Flattering Illusion

"I thank you for the flowers you sent," she said,

And then she pouted, blushed and drooped her head.

"Forgive me for the words I spoke last night;

The flowers have sweetly proved that you are right."

Then I forgave her, took her hand in mine,

Sealed her forgiveness with the old, old sign;

And as we wandered through the dim-lit bowers,

I wondered who had really sent the flowers.

—New York Tribune.



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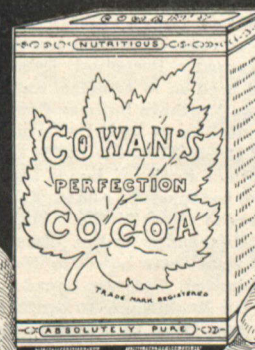
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## MUSIC & THE DRAMA



**T**HE San Carlo Opera Company which Mr. Henry Russell has brought out to America will give two performances at Massey Hall, Toronto, on April 26th and 27th. Among the principals of the company are Madame Lillian Nordica and Miss Alice Neilson. The company is provided with excellent soloists, a large chorus and a complete orchestra.

\* \*

The Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto has engaged the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago to assist at next year's concerts. Some citizens may recall the visit of the Thomas Orchestra in the winter of 1896 when the audiences were of such meagreness as to be an artistic disgrace. But Toronto has learned a few things since then and the news that one of the finest orchestral organisations in America is to be associated with Canada's champion choir is good tidings, indeed.

\* \*

Miss Elizabeth Robins has written a dramatic production around the suffragette movement which is being presented in London this week. The second act includes a meeting of suffragettes in Trafalgar Square. When the Thaw murder and trial are dramatised, the stage will lack nothing in modern interest.

\* \*

Sixty young people of the enterprising Middlesex town of Strathroy have formed the Strathroy Opera Company. They gave "The Mikado" in their home town last week and repeated the successful performance in Sarnia.

\* \*

Miss Dollie Blair, a talented young pupil of Dr. F. H. Torrington, gave a piano recital recently in the Margaret Eaton School, Toronto.

\* \*

The demand for tickets for the production of "The Pirates of Penzance" has already indicated the popularity of its revival. The opera will be presented by Mr. Schuch's company in Massey Hall, Toronto, on April 18th, 19th and 20th with a Saturday matinee, under the auspices of those two popular organisations, the Queen's Own Rifles and the Argonaut Rowing Club.

\* \*

That brilliant English journalist, Mr. James Douglas, has lately drawn attention to a new "Desdemona," Miss Margaret Halstan, who has been playing in the "provinces," as English localities outside London are popularly called. Mr. Douglas declares that if London were Paris, Miss Halstan would find scope for her gifts in a national theatre which would foster and develop and mature them, and concludes his panegyric with the prophecy: "Some of these days she will find her Irving, and we shall be fascinated by another Ellen Terry, who will be a romantic, poetic, imaginative and intellectual embodiment of the great Shakespearean heroines."

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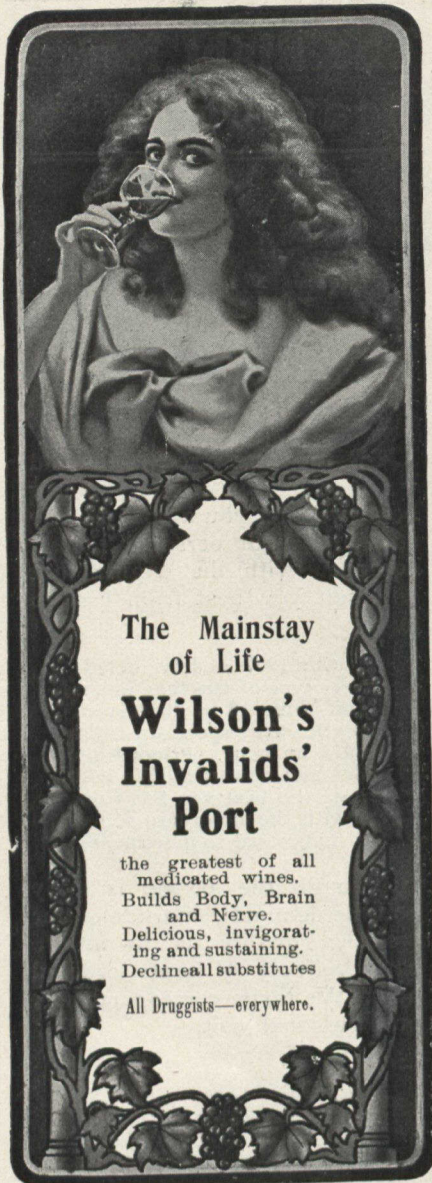
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## To the Holders of Great Northern Railway of Canada 4 Per cent. Guaranteed Bonds:

**N**OTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that The Canadian Northern Quebec Railway Company, successor by amalgamation of Great Northern Railway of Canada, will, on surrender as below mentioned not later than April 14th, 1907, of Great Northern Railway of Canada Four Per cent. Guaranteed Bonds, issue in exchange therefor Four Per cent Canadian Northern Quebec Railway Company Perpetual Debenture Stock (guaranteed both as to principal and interest by The Canadian Northern Railway Company) at the rate of £95 sterling of such Debenture Stock for each \$500 of Great Northern bonds, interest to be adjusted both on stock and bonds, the said Debenture Stock to be issued in London, England.

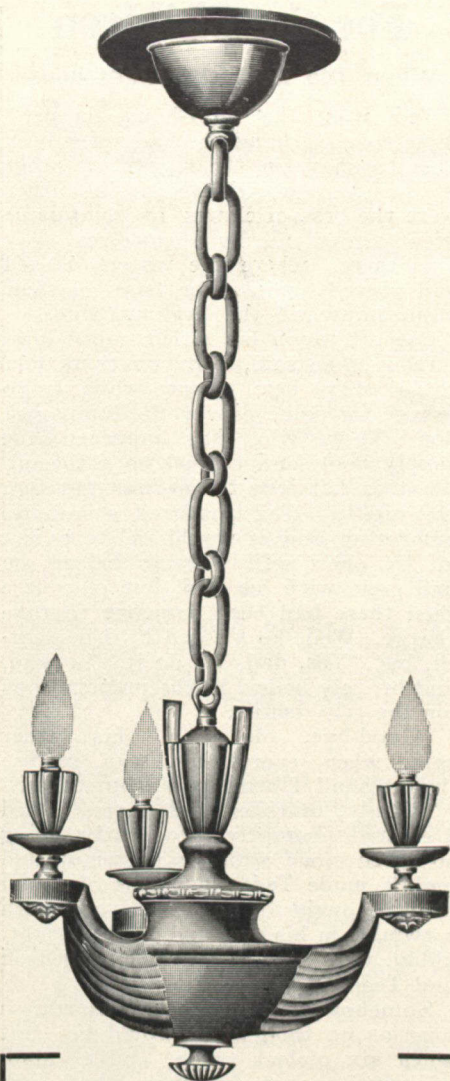
The holders of Great Northern bonds who wish to make the exchange on the terms above mentioned may send their bonds to National Trust Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada, one of the Trustees of the Mortgage securing the said Debenture Stock specifying in whose name or names the Debenture stock is to be issued. Interest on the Debenture Stock is payable half-yearly on the 30th June and 31st December, and the adjustment of interest will have to be made with the National Trust Company. Upon this adjustment being made, the National Trust Company will arrange with its Co-Trustee in London, England, for the issuance of Debenture Stock in accordance with the instructions given by the holders of the Great Northern bonds. Further particulars can be obtained from the Canadian Northern Quebec Railway Company, 1 Toronto Street, Toronto, Canada.

**W. H. MOORE, Secretary,**

The Canadian Northern Quebec Railway Co.

Toronto, March 14th, 1907.

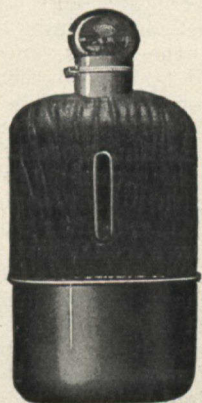




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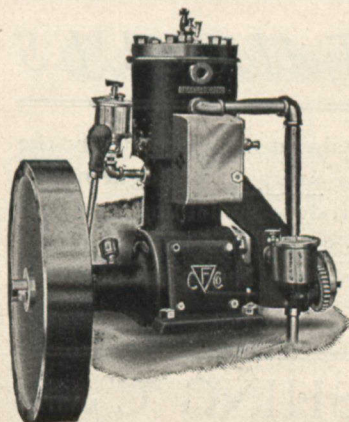
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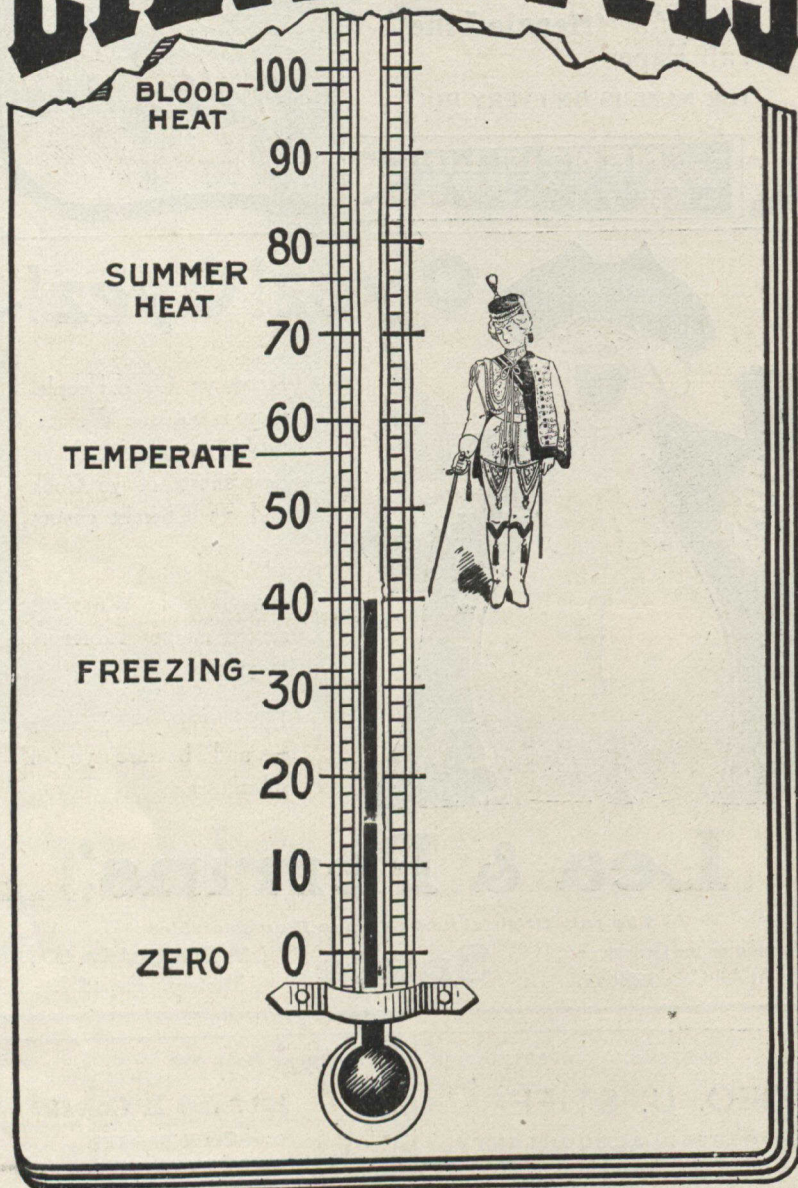
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Please send me Illustrated Marine Engine Catalogue.

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# SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES



The weather for the past week has been fairly mild. The average temperature was 40°, as indicated by the sword point of the famous SWEET CAPORAL girl.

## MACHINE CATALOGUES

Ⓒ Engine, Launch and Automobile Catalogues are practically the most difficult kind of work with which the average catalogue maker meets, and many fail in attempting to produce something excellent merely because their plant is not properly equipped and their men not fully accustomed to turning out only the best class of work.

Ⓒ The best is where we excel.

THE JAS. ACTON PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED  
59-61 JOHN ST., TORONTO  
ESTABLISHED 1888

## For the Children

### When Ted Kept the Light-house

Ted was the light-house keeper's lame son. Although he had never been able to share in the sports of other boys of his age, still he and his father were the best of chums, and had some great times all by themselves, way out there, where the waters danced and played against the base of their stone house all the livelong time.

One afternoon his father called him. "Teddy," he said, "do you think you could stay here alone while I go ashore for some oil for the lamps? I don't know what has happened the supply boat, and I must have the oil. What is left won't last half through the night." Ted pondered a minute, wondering how it would feel to be left all by one's self. Always before he had gone with his dad, but of course then there had been someone to take charge. Well, he s'posed he'd be scared, but "Yes, dad, I'll do it," he said, and bravely helped in the preparations for the trip ashore.

"Good-bye, old man," his father said, when everything was ready; "what shall I bring you from town?"

"Candy, marbles, and a gun," Ted answered promptly. Evidently living so much alone with his grown-up dad hadn't made Teddy any less of a boy than he ought to have been, and with a twinkle in his eye, and an "All right, kiddy, we'll see," his father pushed off and Teddy was left alone.

Somehow, the afternoon wasn't so long as he thought it would be, but when six o'clock came, and no dad, he began to get anxious. What if he shouldn't come, and the lamps weren't lit! Teddy could picture to himself the splendid vessels, old friends of his, being tossed on the rocks, their beautiful shiny sides being smashed into matchwood, and beaten hither and thither by the angry waves.

Seven struck, and the frightened little boy climbed the long stairway to have a look at the lamps and see what chance there was of his being able to reach them. He found his father's big glasses, and tried to look out over the waters for a sign of his homecoming, but it had grown dark so quickly, and his little hands trembled so, that he could see nothing but a blur.

Something must be done. If only he were not such a baby, and did not shake so, p'raps he could climb up on something, light the lamps, and—"Now, Ted," he said to himself, "you are going to shut your teeth and be a man." Although Teddy was little more than a baby, he had more self-control than plenty of grown-up people. It helped more than he thought, this shutting his teeth, and after wondering a moment how it could best be done, he found that by putting a box on top of the big chair, he could just reach far enough. It only took a few minutes to trim and light the big lamps, as he had often seen his father do it, and when he had finished, Teddy thought he had never seen them shine so brightly. Now, all that he could do was to wait, and be patient, for Dad surely couldn't be much longer.

And sure enough it was only a little while till his patience was rewarded, and he was sitting on his father's knee and holding his big hand tightly, and telling how it had all happened. Then his father told him how some men who were called "wreckers" had set



up a false light, captured his Dad, and tried to ruin some of the fine vessels like Teddy saw pass every day.

"But you fooled them, lad, and they thought they might as well let me go, so here I am."

"I knew you'd come," said Teddy, drowsily, dropping his tired little head on his father's shoulder.

"You are worth coming home to, Teddy boy," his father answered, but Teddy didn't hear. He was fast asleep.

### Peculiarities

**A** seventeen-year-old youth in Toronto fainted while in bed suffering from a bilious attack, and smothered with his face in the pillow. His grandmother tells how a similar accident nearly cost the life of a daughter-in-law.

\* \*

While boats were running on the Great Lakes last week, the Province of Saskatchewan was having the last blizzard of the longest winter on record.

\* \*

A Brantford bartender was fined last week for selling liquor to two youths under age with whom were two girls fifteen years old.

\* \*

A dredging company claims that it will make \$775 a day by working the gravel bed of the Saskatchewan River at Edmonton. The profit will be in gold. Many a miner has attempted the "washing" process at that point, but all tired of it. However, hope springs eternal—and then there is the stock market.

\* \*

Another gold story comes from Vancouver where a drain-digger found a nugget of gold. Some enterprising and hopeful persons have staked claims in the streets.

\* \*

The Chinese district of Steveston, a canning town on the Fraser River, was destroyed by fire last week. Five hundred Chinamen were rendered homeless.

\* \*

Mrs. McCourt, mother of the Cornwall hockey player killed recently, has received a sum of money gathered by the Irish Minstrels of Ottawa, who gave performances in that city and Cornwall for her benefit.

\* \*

Out of the total strength of 2,267 men in the Permanent Militia of Canada, 348 deserted during 1906. This is a sign of prosperity.

\* \*

An Italian boarding-house keeper was up before the Magistrate in Toronto the other day, charged with having ten beds in one small room. He was not content with one in each bed; he had four in one downy couch.

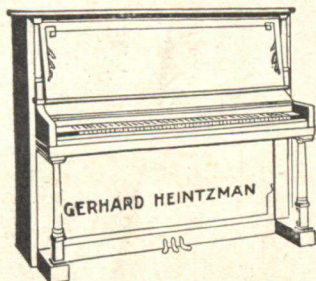
### Rosebery on Memory

Somebody of a psychological turn of mind asked Lord Rosebery:—"What is memory?"

"Memory," replied Rosebery, promptly but pensively, "is the feeling that steals over us when we listen to our friends' original stories."

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## Literary Notes

## Recent Poems by Canadians

THE New York magazines for April contain a fair share of poems by writers who are natives of the Land of the Maple. In "Scribner's" Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott has a sonnet which bears the title, "In Snow-Time," with a highly artistic illustrative setting by Mr. Henry McCarter.

"I have seen things that charmed the heart to rest;  
Faint moonlight on the towers of ancient towns,  
Flattering the soul to dream of old renowns;  
The first clear silver on the mountain crest  
Where the lone eagle by his chilly nest  
Called the lone soul to brood serenely free;  
Still pools of sunlight shimmering in the sea,  
Calm after storm, wherein the storm seemed blest,  
But here a peace deeper than peace is furled,  
Enshrined and chalice from the changeful hour,  
The snow is still, yet lives in its own light.  
Here is the peace which brooded day and night,  
Before the heart of man with its wild power  
Had ever spurned or trampled the great world."

\* \*  
Mr. Arthur Stringer has recently turned his poetic attention to Irish character and has produced two poems which are pleasingly tuneful. "The Good Man" is not exactly a happy title for the following:

I  
Mackillray was a dour man,  
Workin' night and day,  
Thryin' to build a grand house,  
And frettin' life away.

When he'd built his foine house,  
High beyont the furze,  
Not a girl in Kildare  
Sought to make it hers!

II  
Larry was a young de'il,  
Idlin' youth away,  
A-pipin' and philanderin'  
And laughin' all the day.

Never was a colleen  
Trode the Kildare sod  
But homeless would have fared forth  
At homeless Larry's nod!

\* \*  
Major Richardson, the author of "Wacousta," the Indian novel, of which a new edition appeared last year, found literary work in the Canada of the first half of the Nineteenth Century a thankless toil.

One wish he asked to be respected by future generations of his countrymen. "I cannot deny to myself the gratification of the expression of a hope that should a more refined and cultivated taste ever be introduced into this matter-of-fact country in which I have derived my living, its people will decline to do me the honour of placing my name in the list of their Authors. I certainly have no particular ambition to rank among their future 'men of genius,' or to share any posthumous honour they may be disposed to confer upon them."

## CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

## TORONTO HOTELS

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American Plan.

**King Edward Hotel**  
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American and European Plans.

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European Plan.  
300 Rooms. \$1.00 per day upwards.

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**The Chateau Frontenac (C.P. Ry.)**  
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A member of the Royal Insurance Commission when examining a Montreal Company said, referring to the Mutual Life of Canada, "that it was one of the very best Companies they had examined," and again "that its management was of a high standard." The Royal Commissioners found no flaw in the armor of

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Trains leave Napanee for the north at 7.50 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 1.25 p.m., and 4.25 p.m.

Trains leave Tweed for the south at 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., and 2.55 p.m., and for the north leaving Tweed at 11.30 a.m. and 4.50 p.m.

Trains run between Deseronto and Napanee as follows:—

Leave Deseronto at 1.00 a.m., 1.40 a.m., 5.55 a.m., 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., 9.50 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 12.55 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 7.40 p.m.

Leave Napanee at 2.20 a.m., 3.30 a.m., 6.30 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 12.05 p.m., 1.20 p.m., 11.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 8.15 p.m.

The Deseronto Navigation Company operate the str. "Ella Ross" and str. "Jessie Bain" running between Picton, Deseronto, Belleville and Trenton, as also the str. "Where Now" making the famous 50-mile ramble from Gananoque to all points in and around the Thousand Islands, connecting with all trains at Gananoque, as well as making the railway transfer between Gananoque and Clayton, N.Y.

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**JUNE  
15**

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Luxurious new equipment. Fast time. Perfect roadbed.

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The C.P.R., C.N.R., G.T.P.  
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