

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



A BRITISH COLUMBIA "BREED" HORSE WRANGLER

Drawn by Tom O. Marten

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.
COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO.

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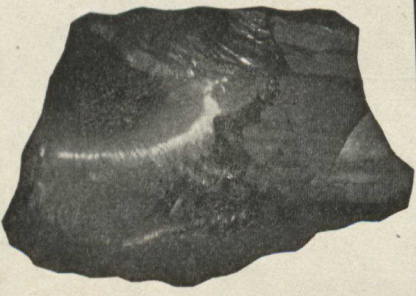
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Does not need to be introduced. It is well known.

From the time it was ORIGINALLY put on the market it easily led, so far as a Malt beverage was concerned, in the estimation of the connoisseurs. This lead it still holds by reason of the fact that the utmost care is exercise in the selection of the several ingredients that enter into its makeup, namely, the CHOICEST BARLEY, the CHOICEST HOPS, and FILTERED WATER—the utmost cleanliness being observed—all departments being under the superintendence of the ONLY Brewmaster in Canada who came from the original "Salvador" Brewery, Munich, Germany, Mr. Lothar Reinhardt, and so we say

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61 Victoria Street - TORONTO

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Editor's Talk

A LEADING daily paper in Montreal devotes several editorial columns to the answering of some banking criticisms which have appeared in the Canadian Courier. It flatters us by refusing to mention our name. We are termed "one journal." Note the absence of the usual courteous term, "prominent." For fuller particulars, see the Montreal Gazette of September 16th and other dates.

The people are beginning to look to this paper for frank opinions on subjects of national importance. To be out-spoken, analytic and instructive, without being sensational or partisan, is our earnest aim. If we fail to be all these, it will not be because of our intentions, but in spite of them.

The summer season is over; the evenings are lengthening and the hours of study are returning. Because of this, the articles of more serious import will be increased in number. Any of our readers who have comments and suggestions to make to the editor or the public will find that his communications are welcomed.

The second Amateur Photograph Competition closes on the last day of the month. Photographs mailed on that day will be eligible. Other monthly contests will follow.

Our University Scholarship competition closes October 10th.

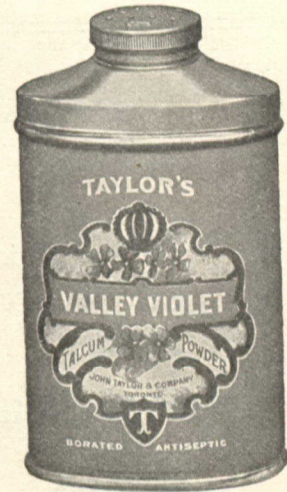
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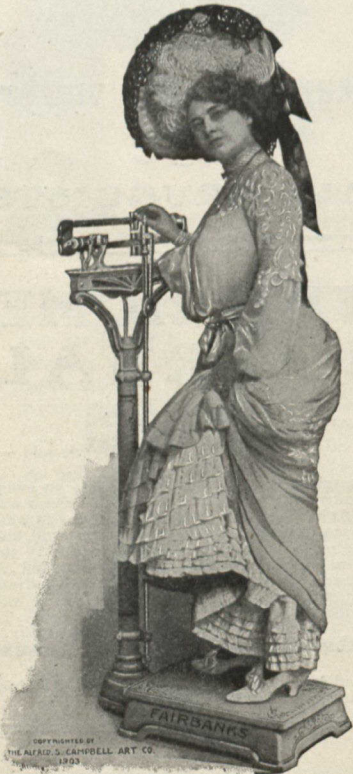
If you are considering a location for an industry, select a city or town where you can have dependable power at a fair price.

Already by reason of the desirable conditions and great power available, industries have located at Shawinigan Falls, the value of those plants exceeds three million dollars, and the results obtained have been so satisfactory that all of these plants are extending their capacity.

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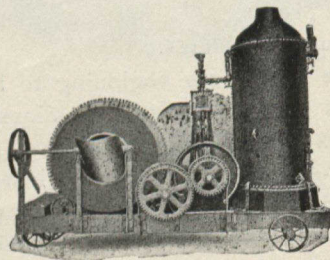


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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription: \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. II

Toronto, September 28th, 1907

No. 18

Topics of the Day

MORE and more is it becoming evident that the period of rising prices is nearly over. The days when we could pick up the morning paper and be sure that something had gone up in price are over. People are slow to acknowledge the change, because the majority are optimistic and boomsters.

Copper has led in the decline, speaking broadly. The world's copper market seems glutted. In Canada, copper does not play so important a part as lumber and the price of the latter indicates the state of the financial market. Lumber is getting scarcer and consequently should increase steadily in price. It has done so for some time. Now, in the Ottawa valley, they are complaining that there "is little doing," and that the lumber camps will not be so busy this winter.

Apparently the world, which has just passed through an era of money spending, has come to an era of money saving. The world's capital is locked up in all sorts of wonderful and expensive undertakings. Transportation has consumed vast amounts in canals, steam-railways, railway tunnels, electric railways, steamships. The amount of money invested in these in recent years almost passes comprehension. Development is to be checked until the world gathers strength for another grand rush.

The proposed fight between the publishers of the United States and the paper trust is an evidence of the change which has come over the face of the economic world. When people start to save, they begin to think of the prices they are paying and to wonder if they may be cut. The newspapers want to make a cut in the trust's profits in order to maintain their own. Canada is interested because the result may be to lower the duty on Canadian paper and pulp going into the United States. If this were to occur, Canada would probably find it necessary to put an export duty on these articles to prevent our reserves being exhausted. Some years ago, under Mr. Hardy, Ontario moved in that direction, but Quebec and the Maritime Provinces have not yet decided to protect their first wealth.

A more direct proof of the world's change of heart is the decline in the prices of stocks and bonds. For some years, these prices have been away up at reasonable levels. During the past year, there has been an enormous shrinkage, amounting, it is said, to five billion of dollars. We are not really poorer, but we feel poorer.

In Canada, there are evidences of this state of affairs. The trades unionists are afraid wages will come down and they propose to send a lecturer to Great Britain to advise working men not to come here. Part of the agitation against the Japanese is based on similar economic ground. Many cities which contemplated great expenditures have called a halt for a time; manufacturers are not extending their plants with as much vigour as they were; speculative building in the larger cities has almost ceased; retrenchment is the order of the day. Large companies which contemplated paying bonuses in addition to their regular dividends have reversed and are adding to their reserve. Less money is being spent on expensive luxuries.

This change of heart will benefit the world, and Canada is part of the world. It will give her time to think and will increase her stock of capital. It will prevent wages going too high and will curb the greed of stock-mongers and financial boomsters. It will prevent the price of land in "The Last Great West" setting beyond

the reach of the genuine tiller of the soil and will restrict the absurd and reckless sale of "town lots."

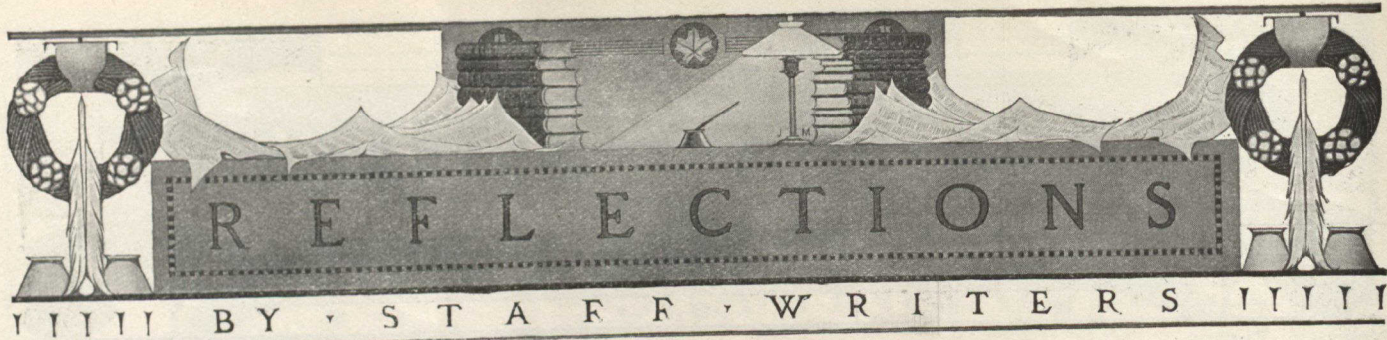
There are 51,779 persons in Canada who belong to international unions. Of this large number, 32,907 are affiliated with the Dominion Trades and Labour Congress which met at Winnipeg last week. It would be better for Canada if the figures were reversed; better, indeed, if the Canadian trades-unionist ceased to pay funds into the purses of United States unions. There will always be mutual sympathy and international co-operation, but the funds and the leadership should be distinctly separated. Canada's self-respect demands this.

While the labour unions are trying to raise money to send a man to Britain to advise people that mechanics are not required here, Mr. W. W. Cory, the Deputy Minister of the Interior, returns to tell us that Canada has now two motor-busses and three light waggons travelling through the Islands with samples of Canadian produce. This is merely divergance, not conflict. Bonuses for European immigrants are still being paid by the Department, but only on persons going to agricultural or outdoor employment. This is a distinction and there may be a difference.

Lord Strathcona recently emphasised the fact that Canada wants no wastrels from Europe. The High Commissioner vigorously disapproves of certain judges who have fallen into the habit of advising the criminal or the unfit to leave Great Britain for Canada. Poverty is a drawback but not a disgrace. The healthy boy with the proverbial sixpence in his pocket may sail for Canada in the full assurance that work and wages will be waiting for him. But the diseased, the feeble-minded and the habitual criminal are not for us. We do not want them and will deport them just as soon as we can hunt up the appointed officer to attach the return tag and buy the ticket. Dipsomaniacs and kleptomaniacs are not desirable citizens.



Mr. Seagram presenting Plate to Col. Hendrie at Ontario Jockey Club's Fall Meet, Woodbine, Toronto.



REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

MR. BORDEN'S proposal that the powers of the Railway Commission should be so extended that it should in reality become a Public Utilities Commission has won considerable favour. The Commission, in

ENLARGING THE RAILWAY COMMISSION

taking over the control of express rates and telephone tolls has already travelled far along this road. Part of the extension of the jurisdiction of the Commission has been due to the easy tendency to depute the solution of awkward questions to some one else. Part of it has, however been due to the confidence which the Commission has commanded. But whether the extension of jurisdiction has been due to accident or design it serves to attract attention to the fact that Canada has ranged itself on the side of those who believe that regulation not ownership is the proper method whereby to protect the public interests.

In arguing for the extension and remodelling of the powers of the Commission, Mr. Borden would have distinction made between the administrative side and the judicial. The net result of this would be an increase in the membership. Already, with its present constitution, the Commission is burdened with its diversified employments. Commissioner Mills recently stated that some reorganisation would be needed in order to relieve the Commission of the mass of details with which it has to deal.

Leaving aside any question of increase in the powers of the Commission, additions to its personnel are well justified by existing conditions. In such additions attention should be paid to technical qualifications. Unless the Commission is to be simply a body to punish the railways instead of a body to regulate in the public interest—recognising that the railways are part of the public interest as well—there is no reason why one of the Commissioners should not be possessed of railway experience. Any one who has kept in touch with the work of the Commission knows that Mr. Hardwell, the traffic officer of the Commission, has shown himself to be thorough and efficient. But it must be remembered that his opinions have not that finality in arriving at a decision which would attach to the opinions of a Commissioner who had the good fortune to possess railway experience. In organising the Commission without consideration of technical qualifications a serious mistake was made. It is not too late to rectify it.

HAVING waited long and patiently for the Dominion Government or Kindly Fortune to do something towards increasing its population, Nova Scotia has decided to do the work herself. Ontario, being much

NOVA SCOTIA A WAKE

less modest, came to the same conclusion some years ago. The other Eastern provinces were rather slower to realise this necessity.

Some twelve months since, a committee of the Nova Scotia Press Association waited upon Premier Murray and suggested that the time had arrived when the province should enter upon an advertising campaign which would induce immigration of both labour and capital. The Premier survived the shock and was moved to action. At the last session of the legislature, an act was passed providing for the appointment of a "secretary of industries and immigration"; and Mr. Arthur

S. Barnstead has been appointed. Mr. Barnstead is a newspaper writer, clerk of the Legislative Council, archivist of the Canadian Club, and an enthusiast. He has an excellent opportunity, and may win renown.

No one man can do the work, however. Mr. Barnstead's success will depend upon the support which he receives from the Government and from the leading business men of Nova Scotia. With its magnificent natural resources, its beautiful climate and its fishing and agricultural possibilities, Nova Scotia should be one of the grandest provinces in the Dominion, size considered. Situated on the direct highway between America and Europe, with excellent natural harbours, such as North Sydney, Yarmouth and Halifax, it should be one of the busiest portions of the continent. In the variety of its advantages and opportunities, it need yield to no other portion of Canada. It remains with its people to realise them.

DURING the five months ending with August, Canada imported \$30,000,000 worth more goods than in the corresponding months of last year. This in itself is not so remarkable because the population is growing

BUYING AND BORROWING

and demands of all kinds are increasing. Nevertheless, when it is considered that during the same period our sales abroad decreased, a new significance is given to this tremendous increase in imports. The total imports exceeded the total exports by sixty-five million dollars, and the question arises, "Is this a satisfactory state of affairs?"

The nation which makes its exports and imports approach nearest to each other is the nation which is in an ideal condition, providing that it is as progressive as other nations. If Canada buys fifty million dollars' worth more goods abroad than she sells abroad, she must pay the balance in money or credit. At present, therefore, the course of trade is strong evidence that it suits us better to buy goods abroad and pay for them in bullion or credit than to produce them at home. The goods which we buy from the United States, Great Britain and other countries can at present be bought more cheaply than they could be produced here. Many of these purchases do not compete with home productions at all; some of them are partly manufactured goods which are finished here and sold to our people at a higher price. If the imports were decreased, the internal trade would decrease. For example, much raw cotton is brought in, manufactured into cloth, and sold in the home market. Large imports mean great internal trade, and from this point of view are not to be deplored.

Nevertheless, admitting all that, it has still to be pointed out that Canada must pay in the end for everything she buys. Just now we are probably paying for these goods partly by cash and partly by an increase in our foreign indebtedness. The cash is obtained by goods sold to foreigners who come here, by earnings from our steamship lines and by incomes and borrowings from abroad. The latter is the source of the largest portion. Our indebtedness abroad is not known, but it amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars. The amounts which the Canadian Government, the various provincial governments, the thousands of municipalities, the great rail-

way corporations, the electric and other industrial companies, have borrowed abroad is enormous. Every sale of stock or bonds in London or New York is a borrowing, and interest in the form of dividends is still interest. In the end, the account must be squared. If we are not exporting enough now, the exports must be steadily increased until the balance is reduced to zero. This may take a century or more of effort, but it must ultimately be done.

It is just possible that this excess of imports over exports may be a greater tribute to Canada's possibilities and reputation than to our business acumen. A new country must borrow both goods and money to assist in its development; but whether we are borrowing too much of both or either is an open question which will bear more discussion than it is at present receiving.

THERE can be no doubt that one of Canada's greatest needs is cheaper telegrams. At present we are paying from two to ten cents a word for messages sent over the wires, while in Great Britain and Australia the price is about a cent a word. In fact a message from Halifax to Vancouver costs thirty cents a word and from Dawson City to Eastern Canada forty cents a word. The distances are great, but distance is not the only factor, nor even the strongest factor in the determination of rates.

This subject was taken up some time ago by Senator T. O. Davis, who urged that the West was being charged exorbitant rates because of lack of government regulation, such as has been applied in the case of railway rates. Sir Sandford Fleming has been agitating the question for years, urging that the national interest demanded telegraphic intercourse at a reasonable rate. He desires to see both personal and general news pass from one province to another, from one part of the country to the most distant part at a low rate in order that Canadians may be more closely knit together in thought and knowledge. He carries this principle to the extent of advocating cheaper cable service within the Empire.

When Sir William Mulock was Postmaster-General he had dreams of a cheap service by telegraph and cable, and it has been openly asserted that it was the opposition to this dream which led him to abandon his place in the Dominion cabinet. Now Mr. Borden has taken up the same position and is advocating the nationalisation of telegraphs and telephones. Mr. Borden claims that he took this position after consultation and that his party is with him in his advocacy. There are many who doubt the accuracy of his statement, but Mr. Borden must at present be given credit for believing that his party would follow him if he were to introduce such legislation. There is little doubt that there are many

people, not calling themselves Conservatives, who would support him in such a movement.

In the meantime, Mr. Borden, Senator Davis and Sir Sandford Fleming would perform valuable service if they would find out just what profits are being made by the present holders of these franchises. Do the Canadian Pacific and Great Western Telegraph Companies make profits such as the Standard Oil Co. makes, or are they getting but a fair return for their investment? There are many people who would like to see the traffic returns and operating expenses before committing themselves on the question. Perhaps if Mr. Borden would move for a Royal Commission to gather this information, Sir Wilfrid Laurier would grant his request. If he thinks Sir Wilfrid would refuse on political grounds, he might get Senator Davis or some other Liberal to make the request.

THE Montreal "Star" has some mournful reflections on the disappearance of the man teacher, referring to the statistics of the teachers in training at our Normal Schools for evidence that the man teacher will soon be as extinct as the dodo. The Montreal editor will find many to agree with him when he declares that the training of a boy requires a man's influence. Regarding the well-nigh universal employment of the woman teacher, the writer says: "We may save money but we will lose in manhood; and—as we have frequently said—the school system is the poorest possible place for the community to practise economy."

There is a further calamity which will soon come upon us. Commercial life is now offering so many opportunities to women that the woman of best equipment is turning from the teaching profession to a career that is less monotonous and more lucrative. "Pedagogy does not pay" may have a sordid sound, but it is the fact in many communities, where a teacher is expected to be an archangel on less than three hundred dollars a year. There has been an infinite deal of nonsense talked about teaching, as if the instructor of the youth of the land were a second-rate missionary or a philanthropist whose reward was to be found in the hearts of her pupils or the skies or some other nebulous region. The lecturers who harangue in this fashion are usually making fifty dollars a night by their little idealistic talks and would not know the Simple Life if they saw it. We might as well be honest about the matter and admit that men shun the teaching profession because the salaries are hardly worth a bricklayer's consideration. The time is not ten years off when our brightest girl graduates will disdain the school-room and leave the trustees' meagre cheque to be endorsed by the less ambitious. Men teachers are sadly needed in our public schools but they will not be found until we are willing to pay the price.

From Fifteen to Sixteen and a Half.

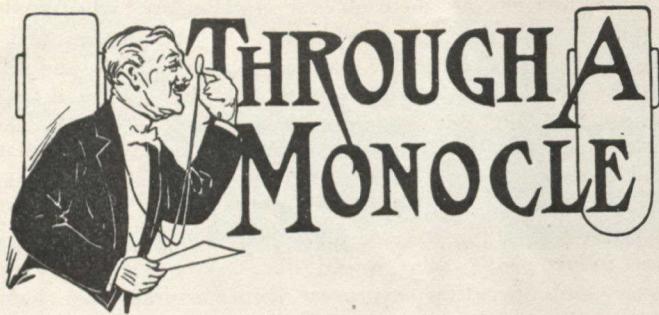
IN previous issues it has been pointed out that between May 1st and July 31st, the Canadian banks increased the amount of money invested in call loans in New York by fifteen million dollars. The August report of the banks made to the Minister of Finance was issued on Saturday last, and it shows that during that month another million and a half has been sent to the United States metropolis. The amount now stands at \$62,088,000.

It is interesting to note that of the thirty-five chartered banks only nine have investments of this character. Of the nine, two have so little there that the amounts need not be considered, \$31,000 and \$200,000. The seven who are thus providing, as they claim, for "liquid assets which are available in emergency," are as follows:

Bank of Montreal	-	\$32,923,000	Bank of B.N.A.	-	\$6,330,000
" Commerce	-	8,794,000	Merchants Bank	-	4,637,000
" Nova Scotia	-	6,331,000	Royal Bank	-	1,589,000
Imperial Bank	-	\$1,250,000			

It will be seen that the Bank of Montreal is the institution mainly responsible for this interesting situation. It is the institution which believes that Canada is going ahead too fast, that merchants were being given too much leeway, that the banks had not sufficient reserves in their vaults or in liquid assets such as New York call loans. The Imperial Bank has only a million and a quarter in New York, but is said to have several millions of specie in its vaults.

These facts and figures go some distance in explaining why merchants do not find it as easy to finance as in former years.



WHEN we read of the enormous sums which the Standard Oil gets and the quite as fabulous amounts which John D. Rockefeller puts into his own pocket out of it, we cannot help wondering if this is real money such as we all get in our "pay envelopes" and count so carefully in view of the calls upon it; or whether it may not be just "stage money" with which an actor "at fifteen per" can make himself look like a millionaire. For instance, Mr. Rockefeller is said to have lost over \$100,000,000 in the value of his Standard Oil stock in the last ten years—that is, during the period of vigorous criticism of that corporation. Imagine a man losing one hundred million dollars; and yet hardly knowing that he has lost it. Can these really be the same sort of dollars which we find it so hard to get, one by one? It doesn't seem possible. And yet, Mr. Rockefeller can take these dollars in his hand and give them to other people; and the other people can get value for them precisely like any other dollars they may happen to possess. They must be the real thing. But I would like to meet the man whose mind will let him realise it.

* * *

There comes a stage with these financial kings when money ceases to be money and turns into something else. They know it is money yet for other people, for they can buy other people with it. But for them these immense figures in their books, where account is kept of their investments, are not the money they carry in their trousers' pockets to be spent on cab fares and hotel bills. They can arrange to always have plenty of this usable money in their pockets, of course. That is no longer a problem with them. But these figures in their books represent power, the ability to do things, the means of carrying out great and often worthy plans. They can not only wish—like the rest of us—but they can will. Is there a hospital in need? They can lift it out of its difficulties and make it effective. Does a railway opportunity loom up before them? They can take hold of it and test its value. Have they an enemy? They can crush him. Naturally they come to have a sort of pity for people who can only wish but who cannot will; and being human, feel this superiority which is theirs by right of conquest.

* * *

It occurred to me just the other day from a trifling incident that people, to whom money has no value because of the immense quantities they possess, lose something of the zest of life which comes to those who gain their financial independence by slow stages. I happened to notice a couple of cabs driving up from the wharf, one with several people in it and the other full of trunks. I was just home from a little trip myself, and I said inwardly—"Those people are still at the costly business of travelling. They will pay something to get all that baggage handled." Then it occurred to me that possibly they were so rich that they did not care what it cost—that they simply ordered as many cabs as they could use, and were thinking only of the discomfort of having to drive through the dusty streets and stay at a noisy hotel. They—that is, the people of my fancy—I did not know those in the cab—were taking no pleasure out of their ability to call cabs at will without counting the cost. They were only thinking of the discomforts of

travelling, of which plenty of cabs was but a poor and meagre alleviation.

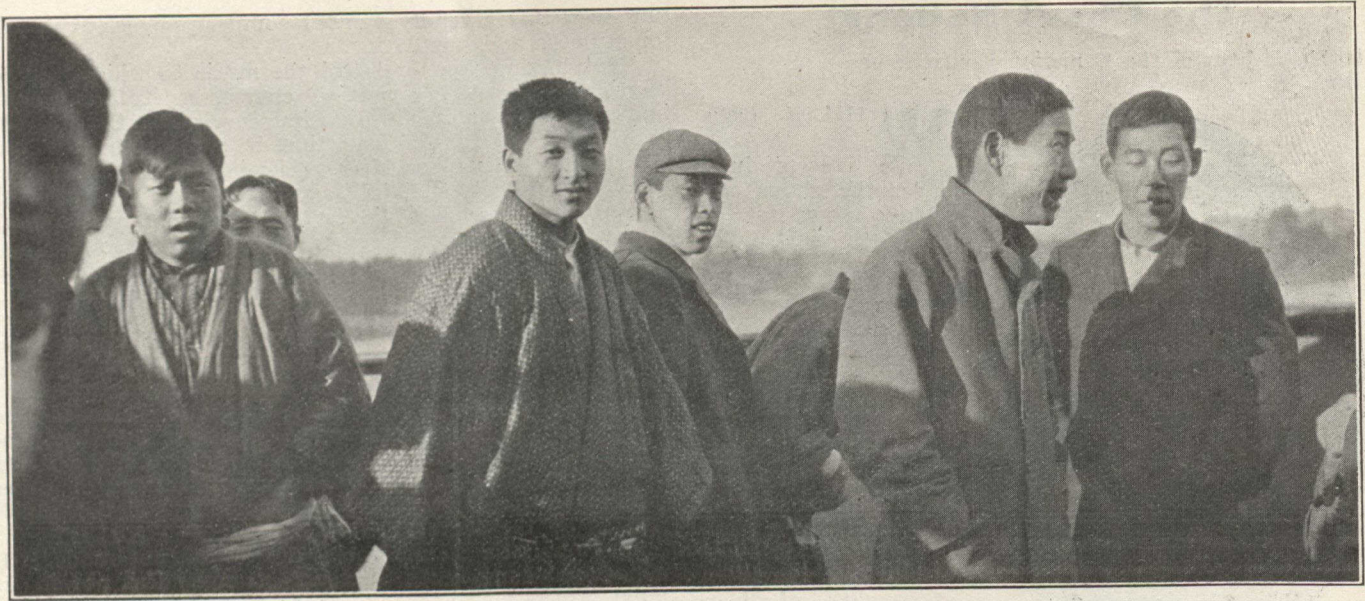
A traveller who—as his train approaches a strange city—only wants to know which is the best hotel, feeling sure that it will be bad enough, is not the care-free and happy being he is sometimes imagined to be by the other traveller who must consult his guide book in order to pick out a hotel which will be decent enough for comfort and yet not too dear for his purse. The man who has been for some time free from the necessity of counting his money cannot continue to feel elation at this immunity. It becomes a matter of course—a necessity of life. He has created a deeper abyss into which he might fall if his foot slipped; but he does not consciously enjoy the purity of the higher air he is constantly breathing. I know a man who lives in the mountains. When he is at home he does not think anything more about the air he is breathing than I do when I am at home. But when he comes to visit me, he is always painfully conscious of the bad air I supply him; while I am constantly delighted at the pure air he gives me when I go to visit him. He undoubtedly has the better of me in health; but I rather think I have the better of him in enjoyment.

* * *

I can myself stay now in better hotels than I once could; but I do not like them as well as the poorer hotels which I then was compelled to patronise. What have I gained? If I were compelled to go back again to the hotels of other days, I would dislike it so much that I would not travel at all; yet then it was a treat to visit them. Of course, youth counts for something in such a calculation. Youth is uncritical, tolerant and unsophisticated. Youth is the great sauce at life's banquet; and we can never relish a meal quite so well after it has been all spilled out. The prudent thing is to conserve it—to never let it quite all go—to keep its spirit, its odour, to the last. Let us grow, by all means; let us gain wisdom and climb heights; but never let us entirely leave the freshness of the morning in the dewy valleys when all the world was a wonderland and the most inaccessible peaks of achievement but dazzling possibilities. The time comes when we pass some of these "peaks" and find them but sterile foot-hills, and when we gaze up at others and realise how foolish it was to dream that we could ever get there. But we had the delight of the delusion in the first case, and the glamour of the dream in the last.



Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. James White, President of the Central Canada Exhibition at Ottawa. Sir Wilfrid declared the Fair open on Monday, September 16th.



Brawny Japanese workers who are invading the Pacific Coast of America.



A Party of Hindoos.



Some Chinese Women.

TYPES OF ASIATIC IMMIGRANTS

The Anti-Asiatic Agitation

THE disturbance in Vancouver, British Columbia, in which, according to a local authority, the Chinese were chivied, the Japanese refused to be jollied and one thousand dollars worth of glass went to pieces, has aroused interest in all corners of the British Empire and also in the United States, for the republic to the south of us has Pacific problems of its own. Canadian papers from Sydney, C.B. to Vancouver B.C., have contained editorial and contributed articles on this burning question. It may be of interest to find what some of the outsiders are saying. The London "Times" adopted the tone of admonition and wrote in in "Oh-you-naughty-boy" style which the British Columbians must have found somewhat irritating. The "Daily Mail," which devotes much attention to His Majesty's Dominions beyond the Seas, contains an editorial article by Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe which deals comprehensively with the B.C. attitude against "more Orientals."

"No one who has recently visited Vancouver City can have been surprised at the news of the anti-Japanese riots, reported in the news columns.

"Vancouver is very near to the Far East. Slanting eye-brows are as common as turned-up noses. The Mongol type of face, with its demure expression seeming to hint that 'it could an' if it would' meets one at every turn. In the hotels the lift-boys, the boot-cleaning boys and the bell-boys, who sit in the hall ready to run errands, are all Japanese.

"I noticed, however, that most of the lift-boys had books over which they bent their shiny black heads whenever they had a minute's leisure. I asked one of them to let me see what he was reading. With a pleasant grin and deferential eyebrows he showed me a Japanese-English phrase-book. Stowed away under the seat he had a dictionary and grammar, too. So had they all, I found. No need to preach to these boys on the value of knowledge. They made me feel ashamed of my school days. Boys like that are bound to get on."

Mr. Fyfe speaks of the hostility in Vancouver against the Japanese coming from Honolulu, and makes the suggestive statement: "If they were of the same type as a party with whom I crossed from Victoria to the

mainland in June, I do not greatly wonder at the mob resenting their arrival.

"My fellow passengers had been shipped to Victoria from Honolulu, where an active agency exists for encouraging Japanese immigration into Canada. They were by no means a prepossessing lot. Peasants most of them, heavy-limbed, heavy-browed; quite a different type from the silky, polite, highly civilised Japanese one meets in Europe. Their features were cast in a repellent, uncouth mould. Their tiny eyes, set in brown, sun-baked faces, gave them an animal look. Their hard voices chattered incessantly. It is easy to understand a constant stream of such immigrants exciting uneasiness among the British Columbians, whose affection for Great Britain is intense, and who are anxious, above all things, that their splendid province, so richly dowered by nature, shall remain a white man's country.

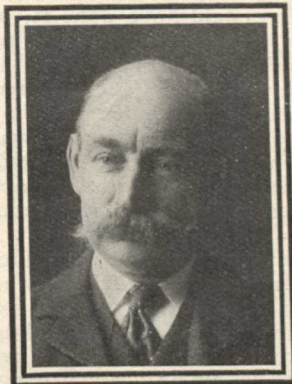
"In one lane where tall houses were crushed together so as almost to shut out the sky, I stood on the boarded sidewalk, high above the mud of the roadway, and listened to the haunting music of tom-toms from a lighted upper room. A high wailing voice gave the monotonous melody, while the tap-tap of the drums went on with mechanical precision. It was interesting to find a slice of China only a few hundred yards from the brightly lit and handsome thoroughfares of a completely English town. But, as I snuffed the enervating perfume of a joss-stick and saw the cringing, loose-robed figures flit here and there on cat-like feet, I could not help sympathising with the British Columbian view. There is no changing the Oriental."

Rev. Dr. Robert Johnson, a Presbyterian clergyman from Montreal who has been on a Western tour, says by way of warning in the Manitoba "Free Press."

"The question of the admission of Oriental peoples into British Columbia is one which must be dealt with by the people of British Columbia. We must not make in Canada the mistake which is made by the North in the United States. The North thinks that it understands the negro question, but it does not understand it. We of the East may think that we understand the questions which confront British Columbia, but we do not. The difficulty is one which must be solved by the Western province."

Personalities

HON. R. G. TATLOW.



Hon. R. G. Tatlow.

Vancouver city in the Conservative interests in 1894 but was unsuccessful. He was returned, however, at the general election of 1900 and again in 1903. He has the finances of the province at his fingers' ends, and like all public spirited men in British Columbia, is deeply interested in developing the industries of the province. In addition to the department of agriculture over which he presides, he has paid a good deal of attention to the condition of the lumber industry.

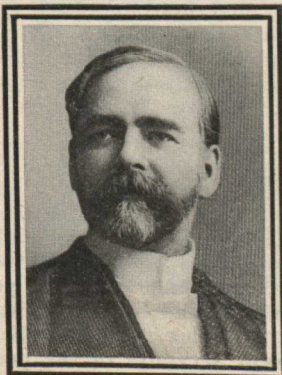
HON. FRANK OLIVER.

To glance casually at Hon. Frank Oliver, few would suspect that he was guilty of following politics as a business. Rather would they take him for a Western frontiersman who could shoot at the drop of a hat—or perhaps hold up an occasional stage coach when things were dull. But appearances are sometimes deceptive, and Mr. Oliver has only to thank the brigand-like moustache which he wears for the false impression conveyed.

The fact is, Mr. Oliver is very much of a politician—of the stormy petrel kind. Like all men who have risen to the front by their own efforts, he has received some hard knocks, but he can give a few too when occasion arises. He is very popular in his constituency of Edmonton, Alberta, and when he was appointed Minister of the Interior in the Laurier Administration in April, 1905, his constituents did him the honour of re-electing him by acclamation.

Though born in Ontario, he went to the West when a young man and became a member of the old North-West Council in '1883' at the age of thirty, and entered the Dominion House first as an Independent in 1896, but as a Liberal since 1900. He is remembered of late as having figured prominently in the North Atlantic Trading Company affair in the session of 1906 in which it was charged that the Department of the Interior had made an improper contract with this company with the object of inducing European immigrants to come to Canada. The charges shared the fate of all charges made against a government with a substantial majority behind it.

Mr. Oliver, however, has to his credit the Forest Reserve Act of 1906, some important regulations as to placer mining in the Yukon and certain important amendments to the immigration laws. His department is keeping up the good record made by it under Mr. Sifton in immigration.



Hon. W. A. Weir.

HON. W. A. WEIR.

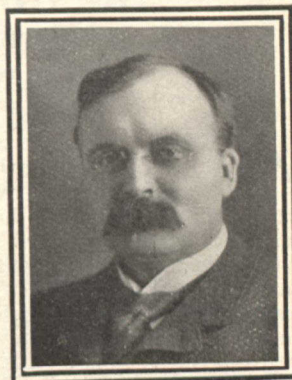
A man who looms prominently on the horizon of public affairs in Quebec is Hon. W. A. Weir, since August, 1906, Minister of Public Works and Labour. Previous to that he was Speaker of the Legislature in the present Gouin Ministry, and was also minister without portfolio in the previous Parent administration. He is known to all observers of current Canadian affairs as an intelligent stu-

dent of Quebec's problems, being particularly active in endeavouring to improve the educational facilities of the province, especially along elementary and technical lines.

He has, also made himself thoroughly familiar with the agricultural, lumbering and transportation conditions of his native province, and is an advocate of increased railroad mileage as a means of developing the resources of the province. Speaking before the Canadian Club at Montreal last fall he made the remarkable statement that out of the 351,000 square miles in Quebec, but 3 per cent. was as yet under cultivation for agricultural purposes! An idea of the vast timber wealth of the Province may be gained from a statement by Mr. Weir before the Empire Club of Toronto in April, 1906, when he said that if the forests were to be sold out now the province would receive as a bonus some 18,000,000, and for stumpage fees, if the trees were cut immediately, no less than \$420,000,000!

Mr. Weir was a delegate to the inter-provincial conference at Ottawa in October last, the echoes of which are still ringing in the memories of all readers of the press.

HON. W. J. HANNA.



Hon. W. J. Hanna.

The estimate of Hon. W. J. Hanna that was formed at the time of his appointment as Provincial Secretary in February, 1905, that he was clear headed and vigorous in his handling of public questions, appears to have been abundantly justified, as men all over Ontario who have tried to sell liquor illegally or after hours are doubtless well aware. An intimation of what law breakers might expect in this branch of his department was tersely given by him shortly before the new legislation was introduced, in the words "this department expects the law to be enforced."

In view of the manner in which he has "made good," the latest rumour—that he is to succeed Hon. J. J. Foy as Attorney-General within a year—is interesting. Mr. Hanna is the youngest member of the Cabinet—he is only 45, he has proved himself a good administrator, he is an excellent debater and platform speaker, and without a doubt he is a coming man.

He is persevering also, as a glance at the broad square jaw would tell, for he was defeated twice for the Commons in West Lambton in 1896 and 1900 before he finally broke into the Legislature in 1902 and again in 1905. In addition to the Liquor License Bill, Mr. Hanna also handled the government legislation by which the Toronto General Hospital was placed on an entirely new basis.

MR. G. T. BELL.

More than one-quarter of the passenger earnings of Canadian railways go into the purse of the Grand Trunk Railway system, and the man who directs the traffic for that railway is Mr. G. T. Bell.

His term of service has been long and continuous, as he began business life with the Great Western and passed into his present service when that road was taken over by the Grand Trunk. When Mr. Hays reorganised the road and put new life into its management, he found it advantageous to promote Mr. Bell to higher rank. Besides managing his department efficiently, Mr. Bell has been able to make a reputation as a popular official. This is a winning combination.



Mr. G. T. Bell.

The Homesteaders

THE FIRST FURROW

By C. W. JEFFERYS

See pages 16 and 17

AFTER securing temporary accommodation for his family in the town, the intending settler, accompanied by the government land guide, sets out to locate his homestead. He looks over the country for a few days and having inspected the sections open for settlement throughout the township, at last makes his choice. Being a shrewd man, with an eye to the future, he selects a quarter-section on the long rolling slope of the river valley up which the new railway is pushing. He makes his entry at the land agency, gathers his family and prepares for the journey to their new home.

He has a team, and a covered wagon of the prairie schooner type, a tent, some household furniture, bedding, provisions, and a plough. Perhaps he has an extra horse or a couple of head of cattle. The pace is slow, for they carry all they can, so as to save a second trip. At night, he pitches his tent and builds his fire and camps beside the trail. That first night upon the prairie will doubtless never be forgotten; and, to the children at any rate, the whole journey will have the character of a story book adventure. Sometimes they may see an Indian loping along the ridges on his pony: they may even see a stray coyote skulking through the silver willow underbrush. Here and there they come across their future neighbours, some of them old inhabitants of a year or more, with land under cultivation, and cattle pasturing and real houses already built. Farther on they find the more recent arrivals, still in the canvas and tar-paper state of their prairie life. From all of these the newcomers gather scraps of information, and by the time they reach the end of the journey, they have become quite widely acquainted with the people among whom their lot is to be cast.

At length the home-seeker halts his wagon under the crest of the low hill that slopes up from the river, and pitches his tent in the shelter of a poplar bush—on his own land. Wide, unfenced, with no landmark save the surveyor's posts, his hundred and sixty acres lie spread out before him. Far down the valley he can see the white tent of his nearest neighbour, and crawling along the trail behind him, already comes the wagon of the next new settler.

The household goods are soon unpacked, and with a few familiar things—bits of furniture, photographs and a picture or two, brought all the way from the old land, the good wife soon transforms the camp into a home. The man looks to his team and his plough, and lays out the plot of ground which he intends to clear and cultivate this year. At the corners he plants a tall stick of poplar with a red handkerchief tied to the top. In the early morning he hitches his horses to the plough, and with his eye on the distant pole as a guide, strikes into the first furrow. The black soil curls over the gleaming plough-share: the prairie-dog scuttles away through the wild rose bushes. The home-seeker is at last a homesteader.

Compensations of School Life

WHAT a delightful institution school would be—if one could go just when one felt like it. How nice if one could go only on the days when one knew one's lessons thoroughly or was not afraid of getting a pounding by some bigger boy—which would be about one day in the week.

Going to school with the average boy seems to resolve itself into a problem of how not to soak in too much instruction. How curious it is that the things which stand out most prominently in our school career as we review it afterwards, are not the things we learned, but the thrashings we received with the strap or the fun we had with Bill Jones.

I have a vivid recollection of my school days. I think I liked the Latin class the most—not that I cared a red cent about Latin, but because I always stood near the bottom of the class where the most of the fun was going on. The teacher was a dear old soul who really tried to teach us Latin—and succeeded fairly well when we at the back of the room would let him. But what I remember more than the Latin was the ingenuity of one Tomkins, who always sat away back in the corner. I don't think Tomkins ever studied his Latin at all—he studied deviltry instead. He used to take the frame off his slate

and extend the four sides in one straight piece. Then he would insert a pin into one end of this, and reaching cautiously forward, would jab it into a chap about three seats in front of him. For a long time it did not occur to the prodded one that Tomkins could have done it, he sat too far behind—and besides he was always studying his book intently when the prodded one turned. But the prodded one did not stop to investigate. The pin was sharp and it hurt. So he promptly whaled the boy behind him, and then the row started. The lesson was suspended, a searching enquiry was made and resulted, as usual—in nothing. Of course one could not always have Tomkins and his tricks beside him, and so school seemed a dull and dreary affair.

There is such a thing as studying too hard at school and missing all the fun. I remember one fellow who never seemed to trouble his head about any of the lessons. He spent his entire time humming or whistling tunes in school and many were the reprimands he received in consequence. But when the singing lesson came round, he was easily head and shoulders above the rest of the class, and some of us had a superstitious idea that he knew as much about music as the teacher did. According to all the most commonly accepted traditions, this boy should have paid for his general lack of application by being now engaged in the healthy pastime of throwing dirt out of a trench or carrying mortar up a ladder all day long.

Who was he? He is—and he was then—Bert Clarke, the famous cornet soloist, who toured this country and the United States for many years, first with Gilmore's and then with Sousa's band. So boys, do not study too hard, but study the things in which you are interested as hard as you like.

I knew another boy, but that is another story, and I am reminded that space is not elastic.

The Boats

By J. W. BENGOUGH

The Boats are swarming in the Bay,
Glancing and dancing there at play,
In the fair summer morning;
Joyous' shouts of boys and girls,
Defiant eyes and blowing curls
Mock all our solemn warning.

Later, beyond the harbour bar,
Out on the sunlit sea afar,
Beneath the moonlight beam;
Still, gay with jest and bandied speech,
Holding within companion-reach,
The busy oars now gleam.

The quiet eve comes on apace,
And the high ardour of the race
Sinks, and the tumults cease;
The oars are moving faint and slow,
The Boats are scattered wide, and go
On, one by one, in peace.

Mysterious twilight's coming on;
Comrades are lost to sight and gone,
In lone and silent lot.
Each child, now strangely bent and gray,
Drifts on his solitary way,
Forgetting and forgot.

Night,—and the noiseless billows roll
Onward toward the unknown goal,
And each lone boat drifts on;
Morning and harbour out of mind,
The voyager, infirm and blind,
Alone with God—alone!

But as th' unconscious little child
Is with its mother sweet and mild,
So sure God's mercies are;
And we believe the glimmering light,
Now breaking through the gloom of night,
Shines from the morning star.

Wages in Great Britain average much higher than on the Continent, and in France and Germany wages are higher than in Italy, Spain, or Austria. The district Court at Carlsbad, Austria, recently fixed the daily wages of labourers of both sexes for the years 1907, 1908, and 1909, as follows: Males, foremen 60 cents per day, others 40 cents, and apprentices and boys 20 cents. Females: women, 28 cents, and juveniles 18 cents. Servants of the state, 48 cents, except servants of the post and telegraph, who receive 44 cents.



GATHERING FLAX IN WESTERN ONTARIO.

Flax is pulled up by the roots instead of being cut by a harvester, hence many people are required in the work of gathering even a small crop. It is not so popular with the farmers as it was ten or fifteen years ago.



GATHERING APPLES IN AN ONTARIO ORCHARD.

The apple crop this year in Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia will be very good and prices are fairly high.



Drawn by C. W. Jefferys, for the Canadian Courier.

THE HOMESTEADER

No. 2. THE FIRST FURROW

THE REBELS

A STORY OF LOVE AND STRIFE IN THE THIRTIES

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

"YOU say he took the black mare, lad?" "Boss, as sure's I'm alive, Sandy saddled black Jinny, and sneaked off, after dusk, down the plains road to Dundas Street."

Sandy's aged father groaned, and the callow youth, enjoying his advantage, repeated the news to an ever-increasing throng of thoughtful-browed men.

"What then, Hank?" asked Big Jim, the blacksmith, for it was around his forge that the discussion had arisen. "What inference do you draw from seein' a lad ride down Dundas Street at dusk?" Big Jim put on some superfluous h's when he got excited.

The others fittered. "What inference, indeed!" leered Sam Slip.

"If you mean to infer that the lad—that Sandy has—that is, that he is—well, that he has turned—"

"Rebel," finished Sam Slip, boldly. The word was out. The men, rough but honest, stood out in voiceless sympathy around Major Strong, the staunch old Loyalist, whose only son was being accused of having rebel leanings.

"Who said 'rebel'?" shouted the trembling old soldier, shaking his thin, white locks, wrathfully. "Let him step out, and I'll cram the lie down his throat with my sword. Sandy, who has served Colonel Allan Macnab at Dundurn Castle these two years; Sandy, who would have enlisted with the gallant men of Gore, when Macnab mustered them in Hamilton, only 'or his youth preventing it—Sandy, a rebel—Sandy, turned over to Mackenzie's gang in this troublous and bloody day! Who said 'rebel'? Let him come out!"

Sam Slip stepped out, pugnaciously; Big Jim shoved him back. "Cawn't a man go down Dundas Street," he said, his homely, honest face working with sympathy, "and mean nothing more than to trade at York?"

"That's so, by Jing," muttered Hank, with an ugly squint; "but tell me why he got a second horse, and led it behind the mare?"

"Did Sandy do that?"

"Aye." The bony, yellow-skinned fingers locked and unlocked joyously.

"The rebels all through these parts have been supplyin' horses to Mackenzie's men," insinuated Sam Slip; "and, as for Sandy's workin' up at Dundurn, that would account for his accurate knowledge of the situation—"

"It's a lie!" shrieked Major Strong. "Would you make him out a villainous spy?" Once more Big Jim interposed to prevent trouble between the two men.

"Hank," said the blacksmith with stern emphasis, "We know you hate Sandy Strong because of pretty Barbara Burns—God bless her red, Irish head—who is bound out to your grandfather, Stanford! We 'ave heard how Sandy, more than once, hinterfered, when he thought your family treated the girl unjustly. I warn you not to let this petty dislike give too strong a colouring to the tale you tell. Speak the truth, boy, or, by Jove, I'll make your head into jelly with my hammer!"

"There's the letter," muttered Hank, in fine disregard of the blacksmith's solemn mien.

"What letter? Tell us about it," commanded Big Jim.

"Well," said Hank, twisting his body into many snaky contortions, "it was this way. While Sandy was saddlin' the mare, I dropped in on him kinder unawares like. There I finds him in the old dark shed, strainin' his eyes to make out the words on a scrap of paper—a ragged bit torn off a sugar-bag, and scribbled over with lead pencil. By Jing, just as I looked in he was hugging it to his bosom. So says I, 'What's the news?' 'Nawthin',' says he, kinder short. 'From yer best girl?' says

I. 'None of yer business,' says he, curt-like. So I, fer sport, grappled fer it. I got it fer a second, then he jerked it away, and tore it as fine as pin-heads, and stamped on it. But I had seen enough. I had seen these yer words: 'To-morrow night is the time fer action. Come, with horses, to—' then he grabbed it."

At the end of this thrilling recital Hank gathered up his scraggy form, and stood at least a foot taller in his shoes. His hearers stood aghast at the bold evidence. They looked around for the Major; but as the recital progressed, the old father had drawn his cloak around him, and tottered away. When he was out of hearing, Big Jim said, solemnly: "This is, indeed, serious evidence of the poor, daft laddy's guilt. Shan't we take measures to protect the Burlington Plains and Hamilton?" And they answered with one accord: "Let every fighting man arm himself with what he has, and muster at Pete Smith's tavern at moon-rise."

Just then a dishevelled woman pushed into the centre of the crowd. "Has York been taken? Have the brave men of Gore been defeated?" she cried, shuddering. "Where is Macnab?" piped another thin, female voice.

"Macnab is not alive, depend upon it," someone made answer, "or the rebels would not be advancing without opposition."

This, taken home, and repeated with exaggeration by the excited women, soon became the alarm which roused the neighbourhood. "Colonel Macnab is killed, and the rebels are advancing, without opposition, against Hamilton."

Moonrise saw a motley crowd assembled in Pete Smith's tavern. The masculine portion of the population of Burlington Plains was out en masse, grotesquely, and, too often, inadequately clothed, for the exploit in hand that dark December night. There were women, too, who pressed upon the men their own scanty clothing, and tore the thin scarfs from their shivering breasts to wrap around their husbands' throats. Axes, pitchforks and cudgels were the weapons most in evidence, with, very rarely, a sword or gun. There is no order; nor, indeed, any that cared to enforce discipline of such a motley host. But they drank Pete's good "black strap" and shouted for the King and Constitution, until, in their frenzied fancy, they had already vanquished the rebels.

Presently, into their midst stalked an old man. His face was as white as the thin locks on his temples, but his eyes were flames. He had the erect bearing of the soldier, and handled a broadsword with great precision.

It was Major Strong. His eye singled out Sam Slip at once, for he went to him manfully, and held out his hand. "I take it back, Sam," he said, huskily.

"Let that go," said Sam Slip, hiccoughing. Then, to further prove his magnanimity, he added: "Boys, what d'yeh say to makin' the Major our leader?" Instantly the men took up the cry: "Let the Major lead! We follow the Major!"

Major Strong looked them over with fine contempt, opened his lips, but allowed the words to die away in a comical grimace. "Come on then, boys!" was all the crowd heard him say.

Solemnly they filed out of the little tavern, adjusting their caps and scarfs as they felt the needles of sleet prick their faces. An east wind drove up from the lake a raw and marrow-penetrating mist which fraze as it fell, and swathed the land in ice. Thick clouds scudded across the sky, obliterating the light of the young moon. The women hung on the skirts of the little army, admonishing, sobbing, praying; but the men were warm



"Who said Rebel?" shouted the trembling old soldier, shaking his thin white locks wrathfully.

with liquor, and tramped away bravely, swinging their cudgels to the dire menace of the trees on either hand.

So they marched with song and shout to Dundas Street, and down it a couple of miles eastward, until they came to Sandon's bridge. There they came to a halt. The rebels must pass that way if they were heading for Hamilton. Major Strong, arranged them in what order he could, but they were wildly excited and preferred to expend their strength in mad capers and clamorous vociferations.

But their ardour had time to chill as the uneventful hours crawled on and on. The men began to lean wearily on their weapons, slapping their frost-bitten hands to and fro, and listening with sharp ears for ominous sounds. Only the dull thunder of Ontario, lashed by an east wind, answered them. Sometimes ice rattled down from the bare limbs of the trees with startling reverberations. Once a dog ran through the woods, shivering the equilibrium of the finely balanced night. He barked at the strange sight; then intimidated by a hundred echoes of his own noise, curled his tail between his legs and slunk on.

Presently there grew a sound out of the fog which caused the shivering Hank to utter a cowardly "By Jing, what's that?" Every ear was painfully alert. Hank was seen to slip behind Big Jim. In fact, a shudder went through all the ranks, for they now realised their utter inadequacy to cope with the foe. Again the sound came and nearer than before—the tramp of horses' feet shivering the ice crust. It was impossible to calculate their number for the countless echoes among the tree trunks. Then, too, they were not coming along the road, but through the forest trail, where their movements were completely concealed. The Major looked grave. "Men are not like they were in 1812," he muttered to Big Jim. But to the men he showed no sign of wavering. He walked in front of the ranks, imploring them to be steady, and not attack before the word was given. They promised between chattering teeth and he stepped back into his place. "You will leave him to me," he whispered to Big Jim. "Have mercy on your own flesh, Major," entreated the blacksmith, but the Major shook his head.

"Look sharp, men! Ready!" As the command rang out the vague outline of horses, looking twice their size in the fog, came into view. "What fools we be, to stay and be tramped under by them huge brutes!" yelled the long-legged Hank, flinging down his cudgel. The example was all the disordered troops waited for. They broke into wild panic and vanished into the woods, each seeking his own safety. Major Strong was left standing beside Big Jim. "I knew it," he fumed. "The fools! The babies! The idiots!"

"Shall we surrender?" asked Big Jim, gravely.

"Bah! We'll cut them up a bit first," said Strong, grimly.

Then they looked again, and in the uncertain light stood two horses—only two—all the rest were shadows. The first, a powerful black, was Jinny, proudly tossing her head under the curb of her erect young rider, Sandy Strong. But who rode the little gray nag a few paces behind? Not a soldier surely, for it was bundled in shawls, and drooped timidly before the fiery gaze of the old soldier. Roughly, the Major pulled back the wrap, and disclosed the red hair and blue eyes of Barbara Burns!

"Dad, what does this mean?" asked Sandy, reining in the prancing mare. His father stood speechless—content, joy, pride, alternating in his breast.

"Can't you tell us what it means, lad?" asked Big Jim.

"Indeed, no," said the boy, puzzled.

"Are you—are you a rebel, boy?" faltered the Major's dry lips.

"Rebels? Ha! Ha! Are we rebels, Barby, old girl? Guess maybe we are. Or do you call them revolutionists when it turns out successful?"

Such bantering was intolerable to the sore pride of the Major. Barbara saw it. "Dear, dear Major," she cried, leaning over her horse's neck, "don't blame us. You don't know the tyranny from which I have escaped. Oh, the horrors of my life! Bound out to a devil!"

"Lands! But it was fun!" laughed Sandy, as the midnight escapade came to his mind again.

Light broke clear over the Major. "If you mean you're rebels from the tyranny of old Stanford, then, God bless you, youngsters, I'm with you!"

"Dad," cried Sandy, catching the old man while his humour was good, "for fear there might be some fuss from old Stanford—though you know Barby's eighteen,

and old enough to act for herself—I took her into Parson Brown's as we came along."

"You impudent rascals!" But the old man's laugh was good to hear, for the mortal pain had gone out of his breast, and all things seemed to be adjusting themselves well.

"And where are the rebels and Mackenzie?" demanded Big Jim, when the excitement had subsided.

"Why, Mackenzie was defeated by Colonel Macnab at York, of course," shouted the youth, who always rejoiced in the success of his patron; "and he has gone to the States with a reward of one thousand pounds on his head!"

At that great good news his father pressed a kiss on the little hand that hung by the grey nag's side, murmured "My daughter," with great warmth, and forgave all round.

But there was one Sandy did not forgive in a day. "Where is Hank?" he asked, pertinently. No one knew. "Where is Hank?" he asked again in the village. No one knew. A month later, Hank slunk back to his accustomed place, but Sandy had cooled off somewhat, and had reconsidered his decision about knocking the day-lights out of him.

The Winner

A Storiote. By Alice Blaney.

"HOW untidy my dressing table looks," said Margaret just before turning off the electric light at two o'clock in the morning, "but thank heaven toilet articles don't gossip. So I'll go to bed and to sleep."

Half an hour later when silence reigned throughout the house, a small gauze fan that had been thrown down with a handkerchief on the disordered dressing table opened softly, and a tiny fairy stepped from a rose garland painted upon it, and skipped lightly hither and thither, touched every article upon the table with a silver wand. "Wake up, wake up, she whispered, "and talk. Amuse me." Then she perched herself upon a photograph of a soldier in khaki, and dangled her tiny feet. A moonbeam struggling through the window illuminated her faintly.

The silver backed brush was the first to stir. It quivered and said huskily to the ball programme near, "You have just arrived, haven't you?"

"Yes," sighed the programme, "I'm worn out, and no wonder, for I was taken out for every single dance."

"Were you dear?" murmured a languid pink rose, "I had a lovely evening too, and I think I have a right to feel flattered for one man said I was the image of Margaret."

"Oh, do listen to me!" burst out a white glove excitedly, "Has any one seen my sister? I am afraid she has gone off with Captain Bailey."

"Nonsense," said a pink belt ribbon, "I'm bound to say that he never took liberties with you, at any rate."

"No," giggled the nail file, "She's always left."

"I feel so untidy," said the lace handkerchief to the scent bottle. "Men are so rough."

"You should have more sense," retorted her friend, but as she was ordinary she pronounced it "scents."

"Who in the world are you all talking about?" asked a powder puff lying on the Dresden tray.

"Captain Bailey," exclaimed a chorus, "He's the catch of the season."

"He doesn't care a particle for any of you," exclaimed the hand glass scornfully. "You are a lot of blind geese."

"Your reflections are so complimentary," murmured the pin cushion sarcastically.

"Whom does he care for then?" exclaimed several voices appealing to the mirror.

"Captain Bailey is in love with Margaret," announced the mirror sententiously, "Margaret told me so herself as soon as she came home to-night."

"He's a flirt then," exclaimed the handkerchief violently.

"A snob!" cried the belt ribbon with a sob.

"A perfect brute!" gasped the glove. "Oh my poor sister!"

"Oh do shut up!" exclaimed the fan in a flutter of excitement.

"You are all wrong, and perhaps I had better waive ceremony for once and explain. Captain Bailey proposed to me in the conservatory this evening."

"S—sh," someone whispered in affright. Margaret had stirred in her sleep.

"Oh," she murmured, tossing uneasily, "How the girls do chatter." There was a short silence, and then a weary sigh. "Such a flirt—but I've won—dear."

PULL DEVIL, PULL BAKER

THE STORY OF A CROCODILE HUNT

By LIONEL C. SMITH

FOR some days I had been hunting the Hooghly for a good specimen of the Indian crocodile, and though I had knocked over a couple that seemed a good size I found them both, on measurement, to be less than eighteen feet. As I wanted a really fine example for a large European museum I rejected both these unlucky fellows, and changed my ground.

The natives had told me of an old bull crocodile that had made a name for himself by his pranks in the mating season, roaring and fighting, and ruling the roost with a vengeance. He was a giant, they said, could seize the biggest animals that ventured down to drink at his haunts, and had even been known to attach small boats. He had long ago left the banks of the Hooghly and located himself in one of its many branches. My informants were so precise as to the locality, and so full of the beast's unusual size, that I determined to at least have a look for him.

A pair-oar with one man (Bishtu), my Remington, and a couple of coils of rope to tow the spoil, made my outfit; and after breakfast one morning, we dropped down the river, and soon came to the mouth of the branch, where my game was said to be. His favourite haunt was a small sandy bay on the left bank, where a backing eddy ran; and on each end of the crescent grew a knot of peepul or Indian fig-trees, which rose higher than the surrounding jungle, and made with their dark foliage two pillars that clearly marked the spot. Between these two green pillars was his favourite basking-place; Bishtu said he knew the spot well, though he had never seen King Crocodile himself. Keeping an eye for our landmarks, and scanning the banks on either hand, we ran down with the current, but a full hour passed, and no tall trees had we seen. I had begun to think my bay and big crocodile were all a fairy tale when my man, looking over his shoulder, sighted the signals. There they were sure enough, round a bend in the river, and about a quarter of a mile ahead. Both of us lay down in the boat, and with the tiller in my hand I guided her so that we should pass the cove at a distance of about eighty or a hundred yards out. Slowly we covered the distance, and every yard of sand and every stretch of grass near the water did I carefully search; but there was no sign of the giant, nor indeed of any other of his kind. "Crocodile asleep," grunted my man; "come out soon." On the hope that the brute might appear later I let the boat continue her silent way for half a mile past the bay; then drawing into the opposite bank we hitched her to an overhanging bough and I sought solace from my pipe.

After a couple of hours spent in our shady retreat, we pushed out, and began to make our way up stream as quietly as possible, my man using his oars with great skill. Just before we sighted the cove we both heard a splash, and a slow expectant smile broadened on Bishtu's face; his oars slipped in and out of the water as noiselessly as wings in air. Another fifty yards of silent creeping opened the bay, and there, sure enough, about two-thirds out of the water, lay a huge fellow, whose size fired my ambition; he was a big one and no mistake. Silently we backed to the far bank and took stock. The beast lay with his tail in the stream, and by its frequent motion showed that he was quite alert, perhaps hungry. To attempt to approach him from behind in the hope of an effective shoulder-shot was very risky; at the slightest alarm he might back into the water. I determined, therefore, to land some distance below him, and stalk him up the bank—not the safest of ventures by any means, for the dense jungle was rich in tigers, and the marshy banks teemed with snakes. We dropped down till out of sight, then crossed over, and I landed about a couple of hundred yards below the bay. With wary steps I drew up-stream, an occasional splash telling me my game was still there. When I got close up I found that the jungle-grass so completely hid the cove that even from my full height I could not see its sandy banks. Looking round for a handy tree, I soon drew myself to a level where I could command the beast's position. Great was my disappointment to find that he had drawn back into the water, and now only his huge head and shoulders were uncovered. But what a huge brute it was! Never had I seen so fine a specimen; he was worth any amount of trouble, and if only he would come out and

offer me a fair shot I would send home to England such a crocodile as had very rarely, if ever, been seen. But even as I measured and measured again the length of his ugly snout I distinctly saw his nostrils unclose, and a suspicious sniff told him apparently of my proximity. Slowly the great jaws sank out of sight, and only the water now shone where he had been; then a slight ripple, and a line of air bubbles led away to an overhanging mass of bush under which they continued to rise and break on the surface. He had scented me, and was gone; but there was an hour of daylight still, and I would wait, or I would come back and wait for him next day.

I was just preparing to change my position for an easier one when a startling thing happened. There was the slightest possible rustle of the fringe of grass, and a huge tiger stepped out on the sand, and crouched with his nose to the water. He was a splendid animal, a male of unusual size, and in fine condition. His tawny coat and black stripes were in striking contrast, and his tail rings were very finely marked. He had passed within thirty yards of me, but luckily the wind was down stream, and he had not nosed me. In a moment I had trained my rifle on him, but on second thoughts I determined to wait events.

He was thirsty and lapped from the stream with every sign of enjoyment. His tail lay spread out on the slope, his front paws under him formed a rest for his jaws that he lowered again and again to the water. No suspicions of my presence disturbed him, and soft purring sounds told how completely he was at his ease, and unsuspecting of any danger by water or land.

Meanwhile, what was the crocodile doing? That he was moving the frequent bubbles showed me, and soon I could see that he was moving across the mouth of the cove; at its extreme end he paused, and after a minute or so turned inwards towards the recumbent tiger. Surely he was not going to attach such a tremendous enemy. For a few yards the rising bubbles would move forwards, then cease to rise, move forward again, and again cease; and each time that cunning reptile crept nearer and nearer to his prey. I had been following his movements with the keenest attention, but now a low suspicious growl drew my eyes to the threatened tiger. There was a significant change in his pose; his barred tail commenced to sweep the sand, his short mane was bristling, his head raised. Evidently he scented an enemy; but whether it was the reptile in the water or the man in the tree, was not certain.

Again the bubbles rose. The crocodile had drawn nearer till his head had passed within a couple of yards of the tiger. Why had he not seized him? Had he thought better of it, and sheered off? Not he! For a moment he lay still; then the surface of the water was violently broken, and the powerful tail struck the tiger a tremendous blow on the head and shoulders. With a roar that shook the woods, the tiger threw up its head; but before he could leap back two great gaping jaws were thrust above the water, and clashed together where the tiger's nose had been a moment before. The crocodile had missed his aim, but his great teeth closed upon the tiger's left cheek, and on the tough hide of his neck and held him as in a vice. Then followed a terrible struggle, the crocodile trying to drag the tiger into the river, and the tiger, with his claws thrust deep into the sandy bank, resisting with all his might. With all his weight, and with forward sweeps of his powerful tail, the crocodile dragged at the agonised brute, whose roars of rage and pain were terrible to hear. My nerves quivered and my rifle shook in my hand, though my experiences with big game had not been devoid of thrilling moments; but the battle was so near and terrific.

The unequal struggle had moved me, and I found myself eagerly watching to give aid; but a shot to be effective must be planted behind the shoulder, and that was under water. I could only bide my time and watch the tug-of-war. Sometimes one beast, sometimes the other, flagged in his efforts. Slowly, inch by inch, the tiger was dragged from his haunches; then realising his danger, a herculean effort would throw him back to his former position. Then the crocodile would drag and tear and sweep his great tail, and the unlucky victim, torn and mutilated, would growl his agony with terri-

(Continued on page 29)

Mexicans May Come Next

IF the reports which an agent of the Mexican government now touring the western provinces, presents to his government, are favourable, it is possible that ere long one more foreign colony may be added to the cosmopolitan population which now dwells within Canada's fertile and favoured borders.

For the past few weeks, Senor Alvarada Cabbarcia of Mexico City has been travelling through Western Canada, as the representative of a number of his fellow-countrymen who have grown tired of various unprogressive conditions in their own country which have hampered their race for centuries. These people are mostly well to do rangers, and if the conditions in Western Canada seem favourable will probably emigrate to the number of several hundred in the spring. They desire to purchase their own land and to be located together in one community.

At latest reports, Senor Cabbarcia was in Edmonton. As far as he has gone, he prefers Western to Eastern Canada. Edmonton, he says, is not nearly as large as his native city of Mexico, but is far more thrifty and enterprising.

Personally it has always been the Senor's desire to go to a land where snow and ice pile up many feet deep in the winter, which sounds strange from a man who comes from a land, as he says himself, "where it is always summer and never snows." The Senor also admitted that he had swallowed considerable guff published in U. S. Sunday supplements about thirty-foot snowfalls and drifts in proportion on the western plains.

The report which Senor Cabbarcia will make will probably be favourable, as he expressed himself as much pleased with this country.

When is a Canadian Not a Canadian?

(Victoria Daily Times.)

FOR a long time the American authorities have been troubling themselves as to what constitutes a Canadian. They have worked over this problem for years, and at last have come to what seems a very simple solution, namely, that a Canadian is one who has resided continuously in the country during the year just past. On the face of it nothing could be plainer, but yet if the test is carried to its furthest limit, it can be shown as plainly as possible that almost all of the people of Victoria are not Canadians.

The difficulty is that Victorians have a habit, whether good or bad an opinion is not ventured, of visiting for one or more days in the year in the city of Seattle, or some other of the coast cities where they either have friends residing, have business to do, or enjoy the breezier atmosphere which obtains in the American centres. The very fact that they have spent one day outside of Canada, even though it be in the "Land of the Free," is sufficient to make it impossible to truthfully say that residence has been continuous during the past year.

This thing is no theory. Take the case of John Silver, who for about seven years past has been attending the St. Patrick's Seminary at Menlo Park, near San Francisco. He spends nine months of the year at that institution, the remaining three being spent at the home of his parents in Victoria, at 9 St. Louis Street. Every year previously he has been allowed to pass without question, but now he is twenty-one years of age and the question arises: Is he a Canadian?

Of course he is. But can he fulfil the test? Has he resided continuously in the country during the past year? No? Then he is not a Canadian and he must pay. The fact that he was born here and his home is here does not count.

Protests and explanations avail nothing. The four dollars head tax must be paid before this young man is allowed to return to college to resume his studies.

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In answering these advertisements please mention Canadian Courier.

British Gossip

ENGLAND has at present a visitor from California who is arousing mild curiosity among those who are devoted to the cult of the occult. Even those who have only vague ideas concerning Theosophy, as a faith or philosophy coming from the East and having something to do with transmigration of souls or reincarnation or "something very Oriental, don't you know," have realised that Mrs. Katharine Tingley is a "leader" of unusual methods. Mrs. Tingley's mission is regarded with some doubt by practical Britons, who are distrustful of high-sounding names and philosophy with frills. But there is one substantial feature about Mrs. Tingley's work—that is the "Old House," Ringwood, New Forest, which has been bestowed by Hon. Nan Herbert upon this new teacher. In this rural retreat, to be known as the "Temple," Mrs. Tingley will train children in the tenets of her creed. Her plans sound very much like the kindergarten. Her design is "to enter into their amusements and their sorrows, to unfold them in one's arms, to make mud pies and build castles and palaces and fortresses with them, etc." There is to be no whipping at the Tingley Temple and this negative advantage, taken with the positive charms of mud pies ought to enchant Young England.

* * *

Canadians still remember with affection the late Marquis of Dufferin, the most popular and gifted Governor-General the Dominion has known. Lord Dufferin's eldest son died in South Africa during the war and, as the present Marquis, who married a New York girl, has no son, the heir presumptive to the title is Lord Basil Blackwood who has just been appointed Colonial Secretary of Barbadoes. Lord Basil is said to resemble his father both in physical characteristics and in literary and diplomatic ability. He has already seen colonial service, having been for some years Assistant Colonial Secretary of the Orange River Colony. In fact, all members of the Dufferin family seem to live up to the "noblesse oblige" motto. Lady Plunket, the wife of the Governor of New Zealand, is a sister of Lord Basil and has made herself as beloved in that loyal island as was her mother, Lady Dufferin in Canada.

* * *

In spite of the Peace Conference at the nice little Dutch city, in spite of Esperanto and the preaching of Mr. W. T. Stead, the building of battle-ships goes briskly on. The German Emperor is known to have a penchant for men-of-war and his navy is growing with disconcerting rapidity. Of course all these Europeans love one another but it is just as well to keep the door locked and to have a gun or two about the place, in case of a mistake being made by a blundering Power who had forgotten that war is out of date and an ultimatum an anachronism. Last month, Great Britain's new "Fighting Temeraire," the world's greatest warship, took the water amid scenes of great enthusiasm at Devonport. Countess Fortescue, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Devon, performed the ceremony of naming the great ship, the third of the "Dreadnought" class. The "Temeraire" will be ready for the pennant in December, 1908, and is the fifth of the name which has been borne on the books of the Royal Navy. The first was a French prize captured in 1694 but not brought into port, the second was also a French prize of 1759 and the third was the famous "Fighting Temeraire" of Trafalgar, which Turner immortalised in his glowing canvas and of whose last trip from Sheerness to Rotherhithe the poet wrote:—

"Now the sunset breezes shiver,
And she's fading down the river,
But in England's song for ever
She's the 'Fighting Temeraire'."

* * *

It has become quite a fashion for a "rightful heir" to turn up and claim castles and estates which their present owners find too valuable to resign without protest

and litigation. One of the latest claimants of desirable property is Mr. John Fraser, of Winnipeg, who declares himself the proper Lord Lovat and the rightful owner of Beaufort Castle, one of the finest places in Scotland. Its tenancy includes 22,000 acres of shooting, a deer-forest and three miles of excellent salmon-fishing in the Beaulf. Mr. Fraser's claim rests on the fact that in 1689 a certain ancestor of Lord Lovat's, Alexander Fraser, fled into Wales. Two hundred years later, the House of Lords admitted that if Alexander's marriage could be proved, the claim of a descendant in the male line would be valid. Mr. Fraser contends that he is that he is that descendant and is said to be making a vigorous fight for the picturesque property. Salmon-fishing and a castle are well worth a fight but public feeling is with Lord Lovat.

* * *

No longer can the Britisher point to Canada as the Land of the Freeze. The summer which has just closed was a chilly and disappointing season to Canadians, but it was three months of actually shivers for Great Britain. In fact the word "summer" became irritating to the British public, so mournfully absent was all that goes to make that season delightful. Various jokes were perpetrated concerning what was little short of commercial calamity. One journal represented a hearty Briton, on being asked about the national air, as retorting: "It's cold—that's all I know."

Pageants have gone on in spite of wind and weather. Lady Godiva took her ride, all undaunted by the dampness, and early Saxon kings went about in rust-proof attire. But garden parties and picnics were cruelly blighted, and all who could get away to the south of Europe made a speedy retreat. The opening of the partridge season was not an event which called for enthusiasm and even the most ardent sportsmen felt the depressing influences of the downpour. But worse things befel the dwellers in North Britain, if newspaper reports may be trusted. Snow fell in Scotland on the second of September and the flannel season has fairly begun.

* * *

The dramatic critics of London are even more blue than the weather. They declare that stage productions are duller and more trivial than ever and that the trashiest musical comedy has usurped the place of better things. If the people

are no better than what they applaud, then a great host of London theatre-goers possess, as Mr. William Winter has vigorously remarked, "the brains of the rabbit, combined with the dignity of the wet hen." Some interest was aroused by the production of "The Christian" by Mr. Hall Caine at the Lyceum and a press controversy arose concerning the desirability of the author's method of dealing with crime and its alleged cure. Most readers will recall the novel, published about ten years ago, in which a sensational young parson named John Storm and a more sensational young woman named Glory Quayle set out to turn London upside down. They were married in large capitals in the last chapter and everyone was glad that the hero's departure from earth was assured. The play is about as yellow as the novel and the author is no doubt delighted by the adverse criticism which is advertising him beautifully. Mr. Caine wrote a really good novel "The Scapegoat," with scenes in Morocco. Now that the Sultan, Raisuli and Kaid Maclean are having such lively times in that country, it would be well to let "The Scapegoat" loose in a public which would like to learn about Morocco and its manners.

The immense popularity of musical comedy is a matter for critical pessimism and indeed London seems to be outdoing New York in the devotion to such stuff as "The Little Michus." Legitimate drama is not in demand by the callow youths who prefer a lively and lovely "chorus." It is predicted by one writer that the revival of dramatic ideals is to come from Germany. The Teutonic appreciation of Shakespeare leads the critic to believe that Germany is closer than Norway to the English dramatic spirit. The Beerbohm Tree fortnight in Berlin may result in the return visit of a German company.



Beaufort Castle: Lord Lovat's famous seat in Ross-shire. Now being claimed by an alleged "rightful heir," Mr. John Fraser, of Winnipeg.

Dr. Bell's Famous Tower

DR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, the famous inventor of the telephone, dedicated on August 31, at his home near Baddeck, in Cape Breton Island, the first tower ever constructed of tetrahedral cells. These cells Dr. Bell has used in recent years in an effort to solve the problem of man-flight. The first kite constructed of them had structural weaknesses, and Dr. Bell is now constructing at his Cape Breton home (called Benin Bhragh) a kite which he thinks will carry a man without trouble.

Needing a tower 84 feet high, Dr. Bell decided to make it of his cells. Each of the three legs of the tower was constructed on the ground, so no expert builders or steeple-jacks were needed. F. W. Baldwin, a Canadian engineer, planned and supervised the work.

Seven-eighths inch gas pipe was used, each unit being four feet high. When the two legs were completed, the third leg was constructed section by section under them, the tower being raised by jack screws as each section was introduced. The simplicity of the construction is shown in the fact that one leg was put together in a single day. The entire tower weighs five tons, which is about half the weight of the

tower of like height of any other construction. Dr. Bell says that the higher the tower is built the stronger it is.

From the "Soo" to San Francisco by Water.

FROM Montreal, around the Horn to San Francisco, is the unusual voyage upon which a little 500-ton steamer embarked in the latter part of August. This journey is seldom made nowadays by vessels plying on inland waters, and this is the first trip of the kind to be recorded this season.

The steamer, the Winnebago, which is to ply on the coasting trade off San Francisco, really began her trip at Sault Ste. Marie, whence she arrived a few days before starting on her long journey. The distance to be covered is great, about 16,400 miles divided up as follows: From the "Soo" to Montreal, 950 miles; from Montreal to New York, 1,460 miles; from New York to San Francisco 14,000 miles.

In fine weather, the Winnebago will probably cover 200 miles a day, but in rough weather, especially around the Horn, this average will be much reduced. It is estimated, therefore, that ninety days will be required to complete the voyage.

The great difficulty on a trip of this length is the coaling problem, and in order to reach her destination, the Winnebago will have to fill her bunkers at Sydney, N.S., the Bermudas, Barbadoes, Bahia, Rio, Monte Video, the Falkland Islands, and various coaling ports in Chili and Peru.

Pincher Creek's Curious Name

MANY people have doubtless wondered, frequently, how Pincher Creek in Alberta came to receive its strange name. An explanation has been published by Mr. E. N. Barker in the Edmonton "Saturday News" of recent date, which is worth reproducing. Mr. Barker says: "It is said that when some early settlers or prospectors were wandering through the country they camped over night upon a creek, as wanderers do, and the next day moved on. They had in their kit a pair of blacksmith's pinchers (as they pronounced it), and at this creek the pinchers were left behind. Finding out their loss soon after one of the party rode back and found the pinchers, hence this place was the place where the pinchers were lost and later Pincher Creek. This is the story told many years ago."

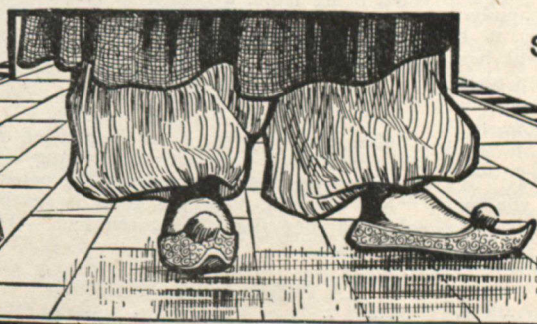


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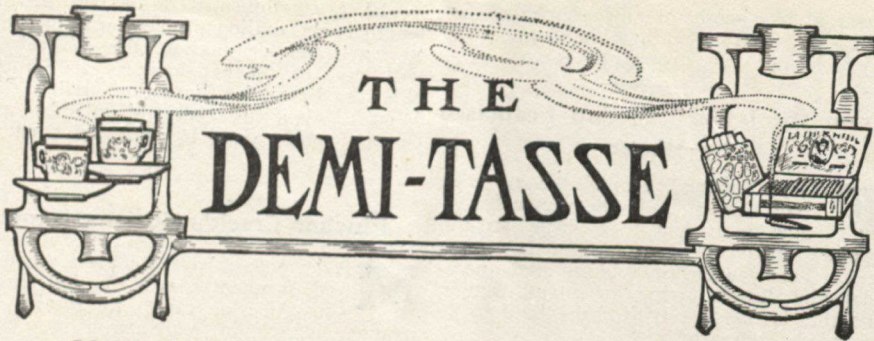
Turkish tobacco, like wine, improves with age. It takes some years for Turkish tobacco to properly mature. Before the tobacco can be used for making MURAD Cigarettes, it is laid aside for a time to age. Every MURAD Cigarette is carefully made and wrapped with pure rice paper of the highest quality. Greeks, the best cigarette makers in the world, are employed to make them.

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450



GOING ONE BETTER.

MR. ALFRED WOOD, a well-known Montreal merchant, was travelling in the West some time ago and came to the thriving community of Vermilion, which is not so red as it is named. One of the citizens undertook to inform Mr. Wood as to the lightning progress which the town had made.

"Look at that," he said to the Montreal visitor, pointing to a shop, a house, and a half-erected hall, "just a year ago that was nothing but virgin forest."

"It's wonderful, perfectly wonderful," warmly agreed the Easterner. "Your towns simply amaze me. The other day I was over in Warman and I noticed a pile of lumber as I was passing a certain corner. A few hours after, I returned to that same corner and, if you'll believe me, a handsome two-storey building had been erected out of that lumber!"

The Vermilion man was discouraged by such enthusiasm.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The careless and inaccurate use of the terms "lady" and "gentleman" has frequently been a source of amusement. A prominent Canadian who has been interested in mission work told the other day of a small boy of the slums who came to him in excitement, exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. —, there's a drunken lady in the lane."

ABOUT SIR WILLIAM.

Sir William Van Horne, chairman of the Canadian Pacific, began his business career selling oranges on the Illinois Central.

After that he sold books on the Alton. Yet he is one of the most accomplished of the big men of Canada.

He is a connoisseur on art and all things that pertain to it. He is himself a painter of rare ability, and he has fitted up in his house at Montreal a studio where he may be found at work on colours when he is not too busy in "the world of affairs."

He has also the most complete collection of orchids in the country. Six months ago he heard through his South American agent of a new variety that grew in the forests of La Plata. He has at present two botanists after that orchid. When he gets it he will be happy for a month.—The Busy Man's Magazine.

BRINGING THEM HOME.

That was a fine suggestion to send the nine hundred undesired Hindus from Vancouver to Ottawa. The sentimental inhabitants of Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa would find the Oriental quite another story if he camped out in the backyard of the Ontario or Quebec citizen. As the Ottawa "Evening Journal" remarks:

"What a fine sleeping-out place Parliament Hill would make for the nine hundred Hindus the Mayor of Vancouver is to send along. And how their arrival here would alter the views of some of us about the brotherhood of man."

AMAZING!

First Boatman to Second Boatman: "E's got more brains in 'is 'ead than you and me 'as got in the rest of our bodies." —Tatler.

ALL RIGHT.

It is about fourteen years since Canada took an immense fancy to that robust Eng-

lish singer, Mr. Watkin Mills, who has visited this country many times since his first tour. M. A. P. says that on Mr. Mills' return from his last year's trip to Canada he was asked how he liked the Dominion. The singer, who likes the royal game, replied in his deepest notes: "My boy, the links were lovely."

CORRECTED.

"Mamma, Mrs. Oldcastle just went wild over our new bust of Shakespeare when she was was here this afternoon."

"Burst, my dear, burst. Mercy sakes, how can you use such slang? And you've been to Europe twice, too!" — Chicago Record-Herald.

STRENUOUS.

"She always makes both ends meet."

"Yes, but she is so forcible about it that the meeting is in the nature of a collision."

Birds of a Feather.



Synonymous.

Diner: "Who are those two gentlemen behind me, George?"

Waiter: "One of them's a journalist, sir, and the other has no money either."—The Bystander.

SALAD MATERIAL.

"Gracious, John!" exclaimed Mrs. Slangey, "you surely haven't brought any one home to dinner?"

"Sure!" replied Slangey. "Haven't you got any grub for them?"

"Why, no. You told me this morning you'd bring home a couple of lobsters for dinner, and—"

"Well, that's them in the parlour."—Edmonton Saturday News.

TRUE.

"Men are so queer. Tell them after the honeymoon that your love is growing cold and they never glance up from the paper."

"No, but tell them the soup is getting cold and they jump about ten feet."—Detroit News.

A PLAUSIBLE REASON.

"I'll sell you ten thousand dollars' worth of this mining stock for fifty cents," urges

the promoter. "It's the chance of a lifetime. Within a month it will be selling at a dollar a share."

"Then why don't you hold on to it?" asks the canny man.

"I would but I need a hair-cut and a shave. How will I look if I wait a month?" —Life.

LIPTON'S CLEVER PUN.

The King has a very high opinion of that fine sportsman and shrewd man of business, Sir Thomas Lipton, and the latter may almost be regarded as one of His Majesty's intimate friends.

Not very long ago they were chatting and smoking together in the grounds of Windsor Castle, when suddenly the King stopped.

"Oh, by the way, Lipton," he said, "don't be surprised if an Order comes your way." "It will be promptly attended to," replied Sir Thomas.

And the King roared with delight, for the Order he had referred to was not for bacon, but one of the coveted marks of distinction.—Answers.

SLIGHTLY PUZZLED.

When Lord Elphiston was in America a couple of years ago he was entertained at dinner by a family, the head of which was to accompany his lordship on his hunting trip through the wilds of the Northwest. A child of about five years, named Ethel, during the dinner was big-eyed and big-eared with wonderment—in fact, completely over-awed by the presence of the distinguished foreigner. Ethel heard her mother and father now and then say, "My lord this, and my lord that," or "Will you have some of this, my lord, or some of that?" the dinner being a purely informal one. Finally, when the mother was interested in the conversation of another guest, Ethel noticed that milord was gazing interestedly at a dish of relish quite out of his reach. The child thought she saw a chance to please Lord Elphiston, and in a firm, clear voice, exclaimed: "Mamma, God wants some pickles."

UNBEARABLE.

Algy met a bear

The bear was bulgy,

The bulge was Algy.

—Fry's Magazine.

A COLLECTOR.

There is a lad of nine years in Philadelphia who recently grew most curious with reference to the profession of a gentleman of pronounced clerical appearance who frequently visited the boy's father. In answer to the youngster's inquiry in this connection the father replied to the effect that the good man was "a saver of souls."

Not long thereafter the lad took a favorable opportunity to approach the reverend gentleman himself. "May I ask you a question?" said he.

"Certainly, my little man," replied the divine. "I shall be pleased to answer it."

"I only wanted to know," was the naive query, "how many souls you've saved up." —Lippincott's Magazine.

AN UNJUST CHARGE.

The failure of the phrases of the law to convey the naked idea to the mind of the layman is illustrated by the following anecdote by Justice Brewer:

"You are charged," said the court, reading the formal complaint, "with having willingly, feloniously, and with malice aforethought appropriated to your own use and behoof a certain article, to wit, a vehicle, said vehicle having been wrongfully and feloniously abstracted by you from the premises of one John Doe on or about the 14th day of August, Anno Domini 1907, contrary to the statute in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the people of the State of Illinois. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I'm not guilty, jedge," protested the prisoner. "All I done was to steal a buggy."—Washington Post.

A Nation of Bondholders

SOME years ago Englishmen were called a nation of shop-keepers. To-day they may be styled a nation of bondholders. It is characteristic of the Englishman to demand first security in his investment and second profit. In bonds he finds both security and profit, and as a result the United Kingdom has become the world's bond market. If you will send us your address we will write you about an investment in bonds that in our opinion should appeal to your judgment as unusually remunerative as well as secure.

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THE EXHIBITION OVER

One Cause of Its Success, the Earnestness of Exhibitors

Unquestionably the recent Toronto Exhibition has been a success. One reason for its growth from year to year rests in the increasing earnestness of the exhibitors to make truly artistic displays. For example, The T. Eaton Company prepared a model home of five rooms that attracted thousands to the Manufacturers' Building. Every effort was made, not only to display the home-making goods which the company has for sale, but to provide an artistic ensemble. That this was accomplished cannot be doubted. The drawing-room in particular was most beautiful. The walls were panelled in delicate tints, the silken hangings and the soft rug on the floor were in harmony with the upholstery, and the mahogany furniture was exquisite. To complete the picture the company had selected a magnificent Goulay piano of Sheraton design to stand in the corner of the room. The effect was superb. Everyone knows that the Goulay is the finest piano, both in case and in musical excellence, manufactured in Canada to-day, and the Eaton Company will never be found behind the times. It is announced that a similar display will be made by this firm at the Ottawa Exhibition. For their model drawing-room there also an Art Goulay piano has been selected. In fact, no really tasteful drawing room is complete without this magnificent instrument.

Literary Notes

A NOVELIST'S NUPTIALS.

THE author of "Sherlock Holmes," "Round the Red Lamp," and many other novels, has lately played the insignificant part of bridegroom at a wedding in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. The Toronto papers, including the "Globe," have made a curious blunder in announcing the event. They refer facetiously and at length to Sir A. Conan Doyle's long bachelorhood and to the undisputed fact that he is "captured" at last. If the newspaper authorities would only take the trouble of looking up Sir Arthur in "Who's Who" they would discover that in 1886 he married Louisa, youngest daughter of J. Hawkins, of Minsterworth, Gloucester.

* *

ROBERTS AND ROOSEVELT.

The "Sun," of St. John, N.B., has an interesting interview with Mr. C. G. D. Roberts on the subject of that author's forthcoming work.

"Asked as to his literary plans, Dr. Roberts replied with a smile that he was still working on stories in spite of Teddy.

"In the course of his remarks, Dr. Roberts spoke of the incident of Douglas Clinch, who corroborates the President's views, being thanked as a man of long experience by Roosevelt. 'I have heard,' said Dr. Roberts, 'that Mr. Clinch is not an eminent authority on the subject. I am afraid that the President is led by his own impetuosity to commit such errors.'

"Dr. Roberts said that he had no brief for either party in the Long-Roosevelt controversy but that it was a fact worthy of note that the story which particularly raised the President's ire, namely that of the woodcock mending its leg, had received confirmation by the eminent English naturalist, Rev. Theodore Wood. This gentleman, who is not a fiction writer, witnessed an English snipe mending its leg in a similar fashion with the assistance of a piece of feather, broad grass and a gummy substance which he had not identified. Signor Fatio, an Italian naturalist, and not a fictionist, was also the witness of such an act on the part of a snipe.

"Dr. Roberts said that he is to commence a new novel this winter whose name he could not announce as the arrangements are completed for serialisation. He spoke briefly of the plot which pertains to the sea and which is decidedly novel, but Dr. Roberts did not wish any public statement to be made of its nature.

* *

DECORATING RUDYARD.

(Rudyard Kipling, it is said, will get the Nobel literary prize.—Press despatch.)

"What are the authors sneerin' for?" said Bookworm on Parade.

"To call him down, to call him down," the Nature Faker said.

"What makes Hall Caine so bloomin' mad?" said Bookworm on Parade.

"He's frettin' 'cause he lost the prize," the Nature Faker said.

"For they're giving it to Kipling, and the crowd is shrieking 'Nit!'

And Gorky and his fellow Slavs don't like the deal a bit;

And Bernard Shaw has sneaked away to throw a little fit

While they're decoratin' Rudyard in the mornin'."

"What makes Dick Davis turn so pale?" said Bookworm on Parade.

"A jealous twinge, a jealous twinge," the Nature Faker said.

"And what makes Dr. Twain so glum?" said Bookworm on Parade.

"It ain't no joke at all, I guess," the Nature Faker said.

"For the ink-pools are a-hissing, and the pens are scratching hard.

And the typewriters are a-thumpin' without fear or regard.

And there'll be bricks thrown, I'm thinkin', from each author man's back yard

When they're decoratin' Rudyard in the mornin'."

—Denver Republican.

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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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Dramatic Notes

THE musical comedy, "The Blue Moon," as seen and heard at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, last week was attenuated as to plot and rather lacking in "catchy" songs. But the enlivening comic ability of Mr. James T. Powers was enough to keep any audience in good humour, and Miss Clara Palmer ably seconded his entertaining efforts. The "Blue Moon" is inferior, both in lyrics and plot to such productions as "The Spring Chicken" and "Sergeant Brue," to say nothing of "The Country Girl."

This week's entertainment, as afforded by Mr. De Wolf Hopper and his clever company in "Happyland," is highly diverting and easily the most picturesque production of its kind. The Royal Alexandra is receiving generous patronage, which its excellent equipment and class of amusement well deserve. Next week, "Mrs. Dane's Defence," the problem play in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell was a popular success, will be presented.

At the Princess Theatre, Toronto, the September offerings have also been of the light and airy musical comedy class with the exception of Mr. Wright Lorimer's production, "The Shepherd King," a Biblical spectacle which depicts scenes from the early career of King David and is decidedly more edifying than "Ben Hur." This week the divorce play, "Marrying Mrs.," with Miss Cahill as leading lady is somewhat amusing but not edifying.

While Ontario has been entertained by the frivolities of musical comedy, the Eastern provinces, even in the month of September, have turned their attention to Shakespeare. Both in St. John and Halifax, Mr. Robert Mantell has met with appreciation of his noble interpretations in "Macbeth," "King Lear" and "The Merchant of Venice." In St. John, the manager of the theatre ordered that all those arriving after 8.15 were not to be seated until after the performance of the first act. This was a most sensible rule which Montreal and Toronto managers should adopt without delay.

In Montreal on October 7th there will be the first presentation on any stage of Mr. Eugène Presbrey's dramatisation of Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way," one of his best-known Canadian novels. Mr. Guy Standing, who has recently returned from Europe, will play the part of "Charlie Steele." Probably the dramatic version mangles the story and gives the public the tiresome happy ending, as did the stage version of "The Light That Failed." But whether art or public prejudice has been gratified, Sir Gilbert Parker's Canadian admirers—signifying his readers—hope that "The Right of Way" will prove a dramatic triumph.

The Winnipeg theatres have already given their patrons several good plays, the most remarkable being "The Squaw Man," by Edwin Milton Royle, in which William Faversham is the leading artist. This play, which was at the Walker Theatre, will be produced in Eastern Canada later in the season.

Miss Isabel Irving has been the recent attraction at the Russell Theatre in Ottawa where the Clyde Fitch play, "The Girl Who Has Everything," has been pleasing the audiences of the Capital. It is a poor comedy with only one part, but Miss Irving goes far towards brightening an inane production. Kingston was another city which enjoyed the work of this clever actress.

Miss Olga Nethersole's first appearance for this year is in Kansas City. Miss Nethersole's experiment with "The Labyrinth" was not successful in America. The audiences of the United States and Canada are rather addicted to cheerfulness and the

double disappearance in the last scene, leaving the lady in mauve to moralise on the suddenness of things, proved too much for the gladsome atmosphere of the Western Hemisphere.

Miss Anne Warner's popular story, "The Rejuvenating of Aunt Mary," has been dramatised and will be produced in New York this autumn with Miss May Robson as Aunt Mary.

Miss Florence Reed, daughter of the late Roland Reed, has been engaged by Mr. E. H. Sothern as his leading lady for the season. Miss Reed's late engagement was with the Malcolm-Williams stock company at Worcester, Massachusetts.

Next week will be a red-letter event at the Princess Theatre as Toronto people will be given an opportunity to see Mr. Barrie's famous "Peter Pan" with Miss Maude Adams in the title role. Mr. Barrie must have been in his happiest mood when he wrote this play, an exquisite creation, so whimsically charming that it has bewitched two continents. We have all heard and read of "Peter," the boy who would not grow up, and of what a welcome he received from a world sick unto death of ugly problems and sordid pessimism. This blithesome, light-hearted "Peter Pan" came as a rescuer from worry and gloom and the people enthusiastically took to



Maude Adams as "Peter Pan."

their hearts this dreamer whose fancies all come through the "ivory gates and golden." Maude Adams has lived up to her high artistic ideals but not even as "Babbie" has she so thoroughly found herself as in the part of this elish boy. The Princess Theatre is already besieged with inquiries about the engagement which will probably be one of the best of the season.

It was proposed last year by one of Toronto's earnest aldermen that the city should have a dramatic censor but the stress of bridge or viaduct and the shock of the architect's little account seem to have driven minor considerations out of the heads of the City Fathers. In spite of a certain ordinance, the sensational lithograph makes the highway hideous.

That buoyant critic, Mr. Alan Dale, has recently expressed himself warmly on the subject of the overdressed drama, fiercely interrogating his readers thus:

"Doesn't it jar you when you see the fair young heroine of a society drama driven out-into-the-night in pure white mousseline-de-soie, with a long bodice gathered at the waist producing a bloused effect, tucked at the top in both front and back with a berth at circular-yoke depth drooping prettily over the shoulders? Doesn't it make you peevish when you meet that sweet little

girlie on popper's Arizona ranch lamenting the atrocious poverty and dreary emptiness of life, in a five-gored skirt gathered or shirred around the top with an inverted box plait and a deep, straight flounce with three tucks, measuring about four yards and a half? Don't you fume and fret as the pale, proud ingenue decides to work her poor fingers to the bone for poor little Willie's sake, and sets forth in a dressy Messaline frock, trimmed with bias bands of silk, with a knife pleating of soft material, such as Liberty silk, and beaten-silver buttons, like a rash, on her sleeves and back?"

"Colonies" No More

From "Daily Mail" (England).

IT may seem a small thing to people at home to read that New Zealand is henceforward to be called a Dominion instead of a Colony. But to the people of New Zealand it means a good deal.

The truth is that the terms "Colony" and "Colonial" have become unpleasant and even hateful in the ears of our fellow-countrymen across the oceans. We have never had any attention or desire to use them in an offensive sense, but somehow they have acquired it.

It is forty years since Canada became a Dominion. She took that title when all the British Colonies in North America were united under one Federal Government.

Seven years ago the Colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, and Western Australia were federated and became a Commonwealth. New Zealand stood out of the federation, but she did not any the less object to being regarded as a "Colony" still. Now she is a Dominion.

When the South African States, Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange River Colony, and the Transvaal are united in a similar bond, they will also find for themselves some name of this character. Then Britain will have scarcely any "Colonies" left.

The relation between the different parts of the Empire will have changed as do the relations between a mother and her daughters when the latter have grown up and rule over homes of their own. They are no longer children subject to their parent's will. They meet on an equal footing.

The daughter-States of Britain which are come to maturity have just as much objection to being called Colonies as grown-up women would have to being called children, even though they were not treated as children.

We have ceased to treat New Zealand as a Colony ever since she established a system of governing herself. Why, then, continue to use the word?

What annoys the Greater Briton is to hear people at home talk as if these little islands were the Empire and the "Colonies" just hangers-on. He is amazed at our ignorance of the world outside our own shores, and quotes Kipling's "What do they know of England who only England know?" with bitter appreciation. It is a just reproach.

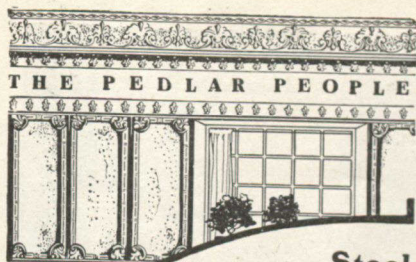
The America Cup.

ON behalf of Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr. Richard C. Smyth, Hon. Secretary of the Royal Irish Yacht Club, has sent a challenge to the New York Yacht Club to race for the America Cup. The races would take place in September next.

The new challenger will be named Shamrock IV., but the designer of the yacht and the builder have not yet been decided on. In his challenge Sir Thomas stipulates that the seagoing qualities of the yachts should be a more important factor in determining the contest.

It is said in New York that the new measurement rule, which is designed to prevent the construction of freak racing machines, will apply to the present challenger.

But it seems as if Sir Thomas Lipton can cherish little superstition when he issues his challenge on a Friday and the thirteenth of the month at that. However, the best wishes of the Empire will go with the fourth Shamrock and her plucky owner.



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Peculiarities

A NORTH BAY merchant named Frank Dececco received a Black Hand communication calling upon him to choose between death and donating \$1,000 to the gentle society. Dececco made his will and departed for Italy, leaving the letter in the hands of a Crown Attorney. Melodrama is all very well at the ten-cent theatres but Canadians do not care for this anything but Glad Hand stretched out to a peaceful community.

A writer to an Eastern paper complains that he found (only) four lies in three lines of a contribution concerning the Springhill strike. How hard it is to please some people! Now in Toronto or Winnipeg the readers of the press would never think of expecting more than four lies to the aforementioned space.

Hon. H. R. Emmerson has given emphatic contradiction to the report that he intends to retire from public life. When the roll is called, he'll be there, as representative of the people of Westmoreland, whose demand for his services has been long and loud. The country will be comforted to know that, while Mr. Emmerson is to give up the strenuous work of looking after the transcontinental lines, his talents are still to be employed in Ottawa.

A man in Uxbridge, Ontario, who believes in the old saying, "See a pin, pick it up, and all day long you'll have good luck," one day recently saw a pin on the street. As he bent down to get it, his hat tumbled off and rolled in the mud, his eyeglasses fell and broke on the pavement, his braces gave way behind, he burst the button-hole on the back of his shirt, and he lost his new front teeth. But he got the pin.

An enterprising lunatic from Butte, Montana, has created a mild ripple of excitement in towns of Western Canada by professing to be an agent of Mr. J. I. Hill and declaring his intention of buying the Grand Trunk Pacific without delay. When last heard from, he was in charge of the police officials in the city of Edmonton.

We are trying to be a nice, clean nation and devour as few microbes as possible. A Montreal doctor is to bring a proposal before the Hygiene Committee to require bakers to wrap bread in paper bags before delivering it to customers. The proposal is that the loaves shall be put in bags as soon as they are taken from the oven. If Montreal would only clean the streets, the microbes on and about the bread might be trusted to do little harm.

Hon. W. A. Weir made an attack (verbal of course) on Mr. Henri Bourassa at Ormstown two weeks ago and the curiosity of the community was so aroused that they demanded a call from the latter, who went to the town last Wednesday and had one of the times of his life, talking politics in his own delightful way.

Some trouble arose in Ottawa in connection with the employment of the Victoria Venetian Band, by the directors of the Canada Central Fair. The band is on the unfair list of the American Federation of Musicians and because of its employment the city bands refused to play. The trouble affected the orchestra, which on one night was reduced to a piano and one violin, playing under police protection. Pleasant sort of harmony for a musical union!

London, Ontario, seems to have had a serious case of picture-postcarditis. Last year 500,000 of these works of art-of-a-sort were sold in the Forest City. One firm sold 25,000 cards and a local dealer declared that he is going to order them in 10,000 lots. In Canada over 25,000,000 postcards were circulated in the past year and the sale promises to double this year.



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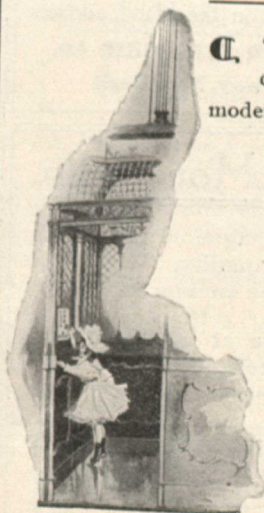
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THE CANADIAN COURIER,
81 Victoria Street, TORONTO.

The sales of one postcard dealer in Toronto during the Exhibition averaged 15,000 cards a day.

* *

That smart young creature, known to comic supplements as "Buster Brown," has been causing trouble. The New York Herald Company desires to restrain certain Canadian publications from infringing the plaintiff's trade marks "Buster Brown" and "Buster Brown and Tige" until the trial of the action regarding the Canadian rights in the affair. May "Buster" and all his tiresome tribe disappear!

* *

Mr. Honore J. Jaxon, who has been an exile from Canada for over twenty years for his connection with the Riel Rebellion, visited Winnipeg recently and declared that he had been homesick for Canada. Winnipeg received him cordially, letting "bygones be bygones," as the Dutchman remarked.

* *

The science students of Montreal held their annual rush not long ago in a fashion which should give Toronto a few needed hints. The Freshies attacked the Sophs but the latter were supplied with flour which they used as a blinding weapon and then rolled their young opponents down to the tennis courts. Much better than ink and assafoetida!

* *

The city of Kingston has some hale old citizens. Two weeks ago a hearty couple completed the fifty-seventh year of their marriage and the husband publicly announced that, during all those years, he and his wife had never had "words," adding slyly, "and both of us are Irish too." They are the only members of Cooke's Church who were at its opening, sixty years ago last autumn.

* *

That Canadian "Old Boy," Mr. Hamar Greenwood, Member of the British House of Commons, seems to be able to stay away from his native land only a year at a time. He has lately been visiting in British Columbia, where, according to all accounts, he had great luck with the fishing. Westminster has no such sport as New Westminster.

* *

The New St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, is undergoing extensive renovation. In the meantime the Sunday services are being held in the Royal Alexandra Theatre, an arrangement which would have shocked some of the Auld Licht Presbyterians in the days that are gone. Sermons between "The Blue Moon" and "Happyland" ought to have a cheerful tendency.

* *

The politicians in various provinces are becoming bold and "challengeful." Hon. Dr. Pugsley has made a direct charge of corruption against the Conservatives and dared Hon. R. L. Borden to bring action against him. Hon. A. B. Aylesworth is also doing the challenge act and there is something happening besides the crops and the steel verdict.

* *

The Bishop of London has a fine head for figures. Last week he prophesied a population of one hundred millions for this beloved Canada of ours. The Bishop evidently believes in us and we have formed a strong liking for His Lordship. To parody the song about the immortal "Fuzzy-Wuzzy":

We've been visited by men from o'er the seas,

And some of them were good and some were not—

The Englishman, the Frenchman and Chinese—

But the Bishop was the finest of the lot.

* *

Mr. James Broadfoot, of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, is the central figure in a unique group representing five generations. Mr. Broadfoot's father and grandfather are living and he, himself, is a father and grandfather. They are a sturdy lot of citizens in Nova Scotia, where they furnish college presidents for less-favoured provinces of the Dominion.

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PULL DEVIL, PULL BAKER

(Continued from page 20)

fyng intensity. Several of these bouts came, and still the tiger held his ground. But now his foe, impatient for the end, changed his tactics, and to secure a better hold, he for a moment relaxed his grip. In one instant the tiger had wrenched his torn cheek from the loosened jaws, and in another his fangs crunched with maddened force through the bony jaw and outspread tongue of the reptile whose swirling tail told its own tale. The biter was bit, and the struggle was now more equal. The tiger could drag at his enemy without being flayed alive, and drag he did. Despite his loss of blood, at one tremendous lift he gained a foot, then drawing back first one paw and then the other, he repeated the process, and foot by foot the snorting, struggling reptile was drawn over the edge of the slope. Now my chance came; as he thrust forward his short forelegs the white of his shoulder showed, and in quick succession I fired twice at the unguarded spot. The effect was instantaneous; the tail whirled in the air, the front paws lost their hold, and the brute lay an inert mass which the tiger dragged still further up the slope. Then he stopped and relaxed his hold; for a moment he held himself rigid and ready, then he dropped his muzzle down to that of his prostrate foe, sniffed at him once, twice, and then with a low growl—perhaps of wonder, perhaps of defiance—he turned and vanished like a shadow into the jungle-grass. I willingly let him go.

For five minutes I waited on my perch, lest he might return, unexpected; then with a call to Bishtu I slipped down, and made for my prize. He was a monster indeed, and evidently of great age. But already the twilight was appearing, and darkness in such a place was dangerous; so making a loop round him with a rope I tied him to the nearest tree and, stepping into the boat, we set off home in the gathering night.

Next morning, with three men and a larger boat, we set out to bring in our prize. He was lying as we left him, and the sand showed the spoor of many feet. Our captive had evidently chosen a favourite resort of the jungle folk and levied toll on all and sundry. His internal arrangements, which we left behind us, indicated his varied fare, from snakes to deer, as well as the human beings committed to the waters; all were welcome to his economy.

He was a magnificent brute twenty-one feet nine inches long; and one of my shots had passed through his tough old heart. With no little labour we towed him home, and after he had been properly prepared I shipped him to Europe, the biggest Indian crocodile I have ever seen.—Macmillan's.

LORD ABERDEEN'S PRIVILEGE.

The Earl of Aberdeen is entitled to vote for a member of the Canadian House of Commons—a privilege he does not enjoy on this side of the Atlantic. He votes as the owner of a fruit farm in Okanagan, Western Canada.

In a recent conversation with a Canadian visitor, Lady Aberdeen said: "Oh, yes, we consider ourselves Canadians still. You see, my husband is allowed no privileges over here. In Canada he has a vote, but here he is classed with minors, women, and paupers, and he doesn't like it."—Daily Mail (England).

THE REASON.

Two old friends on the street, locking arms, strolled slowly along, discussing various topics. Personal ones were touched upon at last, and, after exchanging family solicitudes for several moments, the judge asked the major: "And dear old Mrs. —, your aunt? She must be rather feeble now. Tell me, how is she?"

"Buried her yesterday," said the major.

"Buried her? Dear me, dear me! Is the good old lady dead?"

"Yes, that's why we buried her," said the major.—The Argonaut.

A Mother's Testimony



About a month ago I received one of your **LITTLE BEAUTY HAMMOCK COTS** and find it perfectly satisfactory in every respect and would not like to part with it, for it is the best thing I ever saw."

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For the Children

THE BROOK'S SONG.

LONG, long ago, thousands of years before man came on the earth, the nightingales wore the most splendid plumage of any bird. As they were also the sweetest singers, as now, you may imagine that none was their superior in the bird world.

Of course, the nightingales were very proud. This was natural. One young fellow, however, became so vain as to be almost unbearable.

"Who is so fine a singer as I? Who has so handsome a dress as I?" This was the burden of his song day after day.

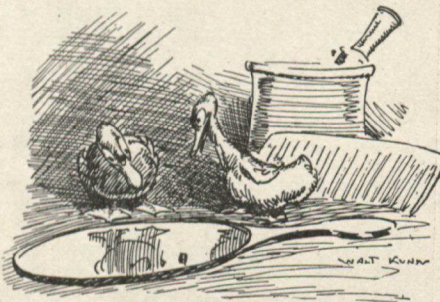
But the time came when the young nightingale warbled no more in the moonlight. A fairy, tired of listening to his boasting, came to him.

"Idle braggart," said she, "this night will you cease your trilling. Hereafter you will sing and sing and sing, but not the notes of the nightingale. And your relations will wear a less brilliant garb from this time."

All at once the nightingale became a little brook. The brooks, which heretofore were silent, now murmured softly and musically, but the vain nightingale no longer burst into glorious melody of song.

As for the other nightingales, although they continued to sing as sweetly as ever, their plumage became a modest reddish brown color instead of having its former radiant hues. So were they punished. — Halifax Herald.

* *



Duckling: "This must be the lake mother talks so much about."—Life.

* *

STRANGE SAVINGS BANK.

What is probably the most curious little money box in the world was carved out of a single piece of wood by a French wood carver.

You all remember the fable of the crow who dropped the piece of cheese into the fox's mouth. Part of the bank is carved to represent a crow; below it is the fox.

Place a piece of money in the beak of the crow. The beak drops at once, and the coin falls into the mouth of the fox, whence it passes to a box below.

* *

THE EXPRESS TO SLEEPTOWN.

I know a little traveller,
Who every single night
Starts on a long, long journey
That lasts till broad daylight.

Her ticket reads "Sleeptown Express,"
Stamped, "Papa's Good-night Kiss,"
And when she pays him with a hug
He says: "I thank you, miss.

"Just take the berth marked 'Dreamy Land';

You mount it by the stairs;
Make haste, because the train should start
Soon as you've said your prayers.

"Remember, too, on this express
You tightly close your eyes,
And no one reaches Sleepy Town
Who talks, or laughs, or cries.

"So when the sandman engineer
His engine bell has rung,
The passenger for Sleepy Town
Must surely hold her tongue.

"Be ready, then, to jump aboard;
Kiss mother, at the gate.
It's after half-past seven, and
The train is due at eight."

—B. C. Saturday Sunset.

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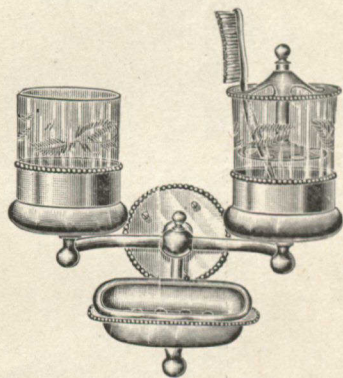
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A Puzzle Picture

This illustration of a guide carrying the head of a moose by a pack strap is faithfully reproduced from a photograph; to the uninitiated, at first glance it may appear a monstrosity, but turned horizontally it will be seen that it is a perfectly drawn moose head: once more demonstrating that the camera cannot lie, but in this instance it might be accused by some of prevarication.

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