

HARVEST PROSPECTS NUMBER

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July 11th, 1908

Price 10 Cents

The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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

JULY

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EATON'S GREAT

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HAMILTON - ONTARIO

THE **Canadian Courier**

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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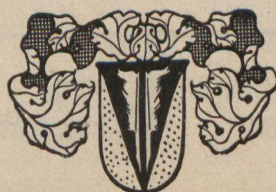
PUBLISHERS' TALK

THIS issue is devoted mainly to a review of the harvest prospects for 1908, and to the characteristic features of Canadian development. While business conditions are not equal to those which prevailed in 1906 and 1907, there is every prospect of an immediate revival. It seems opportune, therefore, that Canada should publish to the world a fairly comprehensive survey of her agricultural progress and prospects.

A GENTLEMAN writes from one of British Columbia's busy towns to ask why we do not send canvassers through that province so that more business men may have an opportunity to subscribe for "The Canadian Courier." We apologise for our seeming neglect. One of our best men, who was working in Alberta, has been instructed to proceed at once to British Columbia. He will spend some months there. We are pleased to be able to announce that June was one of our record months in the subscription department.

SUBSCRIBERS going to summer resorts for a few weeks are reminded to send us change of address, coming and going. Such changes entail trouble and expense on our mailing department, but as we desire every subscriber to get every number we cheerfully court the necessary correspondence.

NEXT week's issue will have some bright articles and some unusual illustrations. The Champlain number is progressing favourably and will be ready on time.



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1885.....19,574	1902.....48,411
1904.....67,262	1907.....111,717

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—WRITE— CHAS. F. ROLAND (Commissioner) Dept. P., WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.



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102 pieces	-	-	\$22.50
98 "	-	-	19.60
44 "	-	-	7.75

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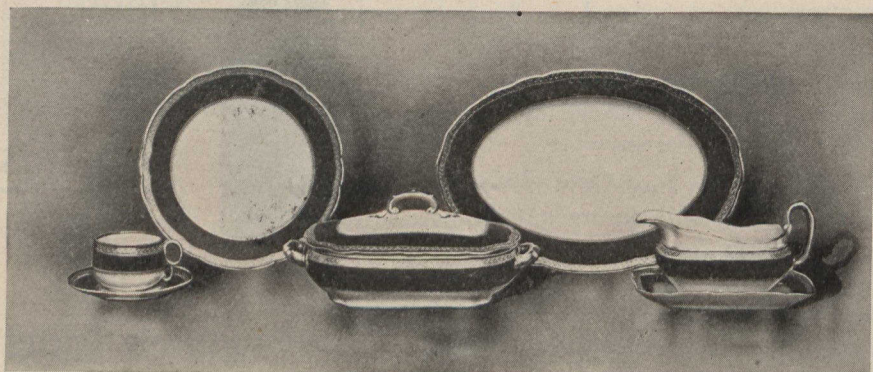


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Elegant, Artistic French Haviland China, every piece bearing the "Charles Field Haviland" trade mark; thin, transparent, pure white body decorated with full-blown pink roses and dainty green leaves, heavy gold stippled edges, in beautiful dull gold finish.

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98 "	-	-	39.15
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A National Weekly

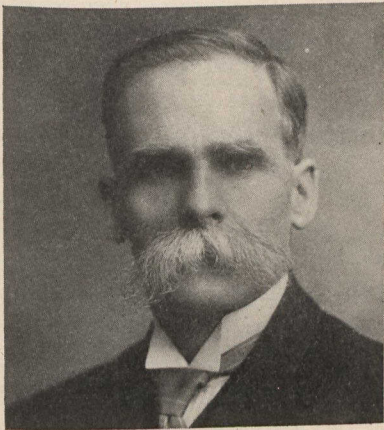
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Toronto, July 11th, 1908.

No. 6

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Hon. Frank Oliver,
Minister of the Interior.

Edmonton is to-day the capital of Alberta as well as the natural centre of immigration for that part of the West is due more to Frank Oliver than to any other one man. For Frank Oliver was not only a storekeeper and a cart-driver between Fort Garry and Fort Edmonton; but he was a newspaper man; and his little *Bulletin* was the first story ever published of the efforts then being made in a crude way to get people into those tracts of the new lone land.

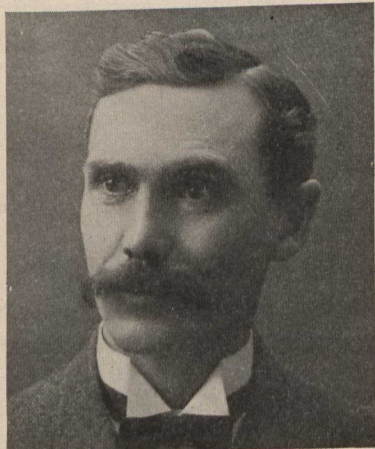
When the real movement began to the West, Mr. Oliver had for years been member of the Northwest Legislative Assembly and was already member of the House of Commons. Shortly after his election to the House began the most remarkable feature of the influx under the Sifton regime; that was the importation of Galicians, who in the language of the Opposition, on the prairie were known as "Sifton's sheepskins." Mr. Oliver was one of the few who had great faith in the Galicians, even when he disagreed with a great many other features of the Government's western policy. Time has justified his faith in these as well as in many other of the folk settlements that have transformed the two new provinces from great natural parks to great constructive communities.

Figures in this connection are valuable as showing what has been done in the way of numbers for that country since the modern era of expansion and immigration set in on the prairie.

For the calendar year ending June 30th, 1897, the total number of immigrants into Canada was 21,916; by June, 1903, another figure was added to the sum, which became 128,364; in June of 1908 the first figure of the sum was doubled and the aggregate became 262,469. Thus in eleven years the increase of total immigration to Canada was from 21,916 to 262,469—which is an expansion of more than twelve hundred per cent., or more than one hundred per cent. every year.

This of course includes every nationality admitted. Separate figures for British people arrivals are equally instructive. In 1897, total of British immigration reached 11,383; in June, 1903, the number for the fiscal year reached 41,792; again in June, 1908, the aggregate for twelve months had jumped to 120,182, which was an increase of more than 60,000 and more than a hundred per cent. over 1906-1907, and a total increase of nearly eleven hundred per cent. for the period, or nearly doubling the original '96-'97 aggregate each year.

As to proportionate arrivals of English, Irish and Scotch, the figures show that the Scotch have continued to multiply faster than either of the other two; although the large aggre-



Hon. Walter Scott,
Premier of Saskatchewan.

gate is held by the English. For instance, in '96-'97, English numbered 9401, Scotch 1476, Irish 933. By 1903-04 the proportional arrivals were 32,510, 7,046, 2,236; whereas by June, 1908, totals for the year ran: English 91,412, an increase for the period of nearly one thousand per cent.; Scotch 22,223, increasing about fifteen hundred per cent.; Irish 6,547, multiplying about seven hundred per cent.

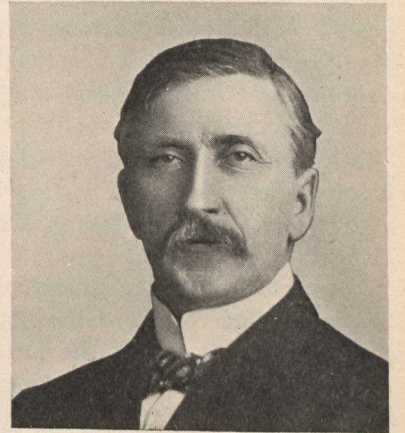
The next most interesting and by far the most numerous numerically is the influx from the United States. In 1897 there was no American invasion, for the total arrivals from across the border were only 2,412. By June, 1903, the number for that blue book year had swelled to 49,743, an increase of a little more than two thousand per cent. over the period of 1896-97. Up to June, 1908, the number of United States arrivals in the western land of promise and performance made the record aggregate of 58,312, which is an increase for the whole period of nearly three thousand per cent.

Such is the story of mixed people arrivals in Canada as told by the English-speaking races and by totals for all combined. This is the story of the Sifton-Oliver period of immigration when there grew upon the prairie that network of folk-settlements on the three provinces; in Alberta the English, French, Germans, United States, Norwegians, Galicians, Mennonites and Mormons; in Saskatchewan, English, Germans, Doukhobors, Mennonites and Icelanders; in Manitoba a conglomeration of most of these with the Icelanders in the big majority.

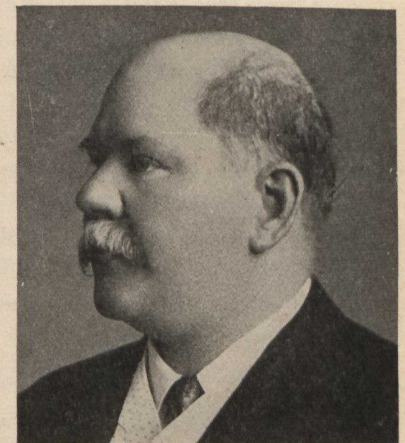
So have the ancient first families that used to be the wards of the Hudson's Bay Company and the workers in the land—to wit, the Indians and halfbreeds—been crowded to the obscure places by the people of many tongues and creeds and customs. From which it may be judged that the affairs of the chief immigration official in Canada are quite as complicated as even Hon. Frank Oliver could wish them to be; and it may be conjectured that a census of the votes by which the Hon. Frank retains his Alberta membership that he has never lost, would reveal something very novel and bewildering in the study of names.

Nor must the Provincial Premiers be overlooked in connection with the peopling of the West. No more alive and aggressive immigration agent was ever known in the West than the Hon. R. P. Roblin, Premier of Manitoba, who less than a year ago stumped the southwestern states holding up the banner of the Canadian West to the imagination of the American farmer. Premier Rutherford of Alberta and Premier Scott of Saskatchewan are also enterprising immigrationists. Of course the provinces as such are not assumed to have much to do with the whole policy of immigration, which is under the aegis of the Minister of the Interior; but each of these provinces is nevertheless directly interested in getting people settled in the land and in seeing the waste land occupied with smiling homesteads. Both these new provinces are running something of a race just now in the matter of people and railway mileage; the rivalry is reflected not only in towns and cities and in folk settlements, but as well in the crop returns which in an agricultural area is a fair index to population and to wealth.

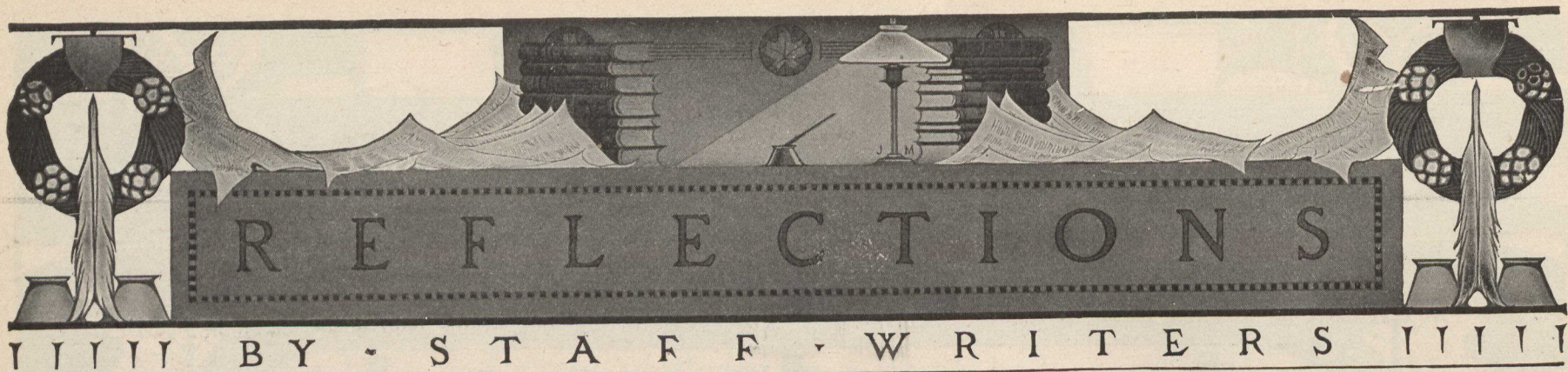
The next ten years will probably see marvellous advance on the figures above quoted, for the possibilities of the Canadian West are just beginning to be realised in overcrowded Europe. However, the work of the pioneer immigrationists will be remembered.



Hon. Frank Cochrane,
Minister of Lands and Mines, Ontario.



Mr. W. D. Scott,
Superintendent of Immigration.



THE PARLIAMENTARY SESSION

ALTHOUGH the present session of the Dominion Parliament commenced in November last, it still exists. The dragginess of the early days has been displaced by an impatient activity induced by the hot weather. In the cool days, the arguments were heated and long-drawn-out; in these warm days, the opposite state of affairs exists. Presumably this is the season for which the Government has been waiting, and its most important legislation is now being discussed and passed by a sweetly reasonable body of law-makers. It would seem to be another tactical triumph for the Premier.

After a tortuous and doubtful career, the much-discussed Election Bill has got into its final stage. There has been yielding on both sides, and the Bill has really been turned inside out and upside down. The discussion over it has done this: It has warned the provincial governments that their voting lists must be kept above suspicion, or a party will arise at Ottawa which will substitute federal for provincial lists.

The Civil Service Reform Bill is the greatest contribution of the Session. The report of the special commission appointed to investigate the situation and the attitude of the Leader of the Opposition were the two great causes which led to the introduction of the Bill. If left to themselves, the Government would probably have preferred to wait until after the elections before bringing in such a radical reform; yet it is quite arguable that just before a general election is more suitable for such a measure than the day after. That the Bill is not sufficiently comprehensive to suit the radical reformers is quite natural; most reform bills have this characteristic. That it will require amendment and enlargement from time to time is as certain as in the case of all legislation which introduces new principles into governmental administration.

The Annuities Bill met with little opposition, simply because there was nothing wonderful about it. The pension system would have caused great discussion, but an annuity system is so simple and so easy of calculation that no one could seriously oppose it. It provides that any citizen may pay certain periodical sums into the Dominion treasury and at the age of 55, begin to draw an annuity based on what he has paid in and compound interest at the rate of three per cent. The annuities will not be subject to seizure, will be absolutely secure and should not cost much for administration. Great Britain has a somewhat similar law, but no one takes advantage of it. It is just probable that Canadians will so treat the Canadian law. The improvident will save only when forced by necessity or contract.

A somewhat doubtful cigarette bill has been discussed by the House, intended to prevent boys under eighteen purchasing tobacco. The evasion of such a law is so simple that it cannot be effective.

The enlarging of the powers of the Railway Commission and the placing of the telegraphs and telephones in their jurisdiction is one of the notable advances of the session. The people may now send in their long-treasured complaints concerning the larger telephone and telegraph companies with the full assurance that they will be carefully filed for future reference. It will, however, do the public much mental good to have an official channel for the laying of complaints. The Railway Commission promises to be a great clearing-house for grumbles.

There are other important measures, not yet in their final stages. These will probably include an important measure regarding the Hudson Bay railway, which has been foreshadowed in the speeches on the measures relating to the management of the Crown domain in the western provinces.

WINNIPEG'S PROBLEMS

IN common with all other towns and cities in the West, Winnipeg has had great problems to solve. One of these is the question of sub-divisions. A speculator decides that the time has come to extend the city in a certain direction. He buys up a hundred acres

or so, and plats or plans a sub-division. This contains a number of streets and a great number of lots. The latter are offered for sale at prices varying from \$50 a lot to building sites at \$50 a foot frontage. This sub-division business has been steadily pursued by clever speculators in Fort William, Port Arthur and all the larger towns between those points and the Pacific coast. The successful vendor of a sub-division makes a great deal of money.

In Winnipeg, sub-divisions have been placed upon the market which at the time seemed fantastic to the wise-acres. The foolish people who paid high prices for small farm-land lots were the subject of condolence. Yet a city which has increased its population by 50,000 in five years has made some of these fantastic speculations develop into profitable investments. The Winnipeg Real Estate Exchange has endeavoured to discourage some of these speculations and has even gone so far as to try and persuade the newspapers to refuse to publish advertisements respecting certain of these sub-divisions. Since 1890, there has been a clause in the Winnipeg charter which requires that all new surveys must be approved by the city surveyor and no plan may be registered without his certificate. This has proved of considerable value as a check. Since 1904, no undivided land may be converted into town lots until all arrears of taxes are paid. This also prevents imposition of a certain kind.

It would seem that, like Topsy, the towns and cities of the West have simply grown; they have not been made. There has been no comprehensive and well-planned scheme for leading streets, for railway tracks, for sewage or for the proper grouping of the various portions of the municipality. The towns grow according to the varying tastes and dreams of the real estate boomsters. If each province had a municipal commission to lay out the various towns; or if each municipality was compelled by law to appoint such a commission to make the proper sub-divisions, the towns and cities would be more attractive and could be more economically governed.

Winnipeg's problem of this kind has been complicated still further by its rivers and railways. The Red River cuts off its extension eastward and the Assiniboine its extension southward. The main street was originally near the junction of the two rivers and there it remains. The development has not been in all directions, circling out from the business section. The city has grown only north and west. The main streets to the north have all been cut by the C. P. R. yards which are said to be the largest in the world. Main Street passes under the tracks through an expensive subway. One street farther west crosses by an expensive and difficult high-level bridge. Many streets are closed entirely. In the centre, the new line of the Northern Pacific comes in from the west and again cuts many of the north and south streets. Farther south, the same trouble is caused by the C. N. R. line which runs west from its terminals on Main Street. The G. T. P. is now about to enter and only the authority of the Railway Commission will prevent another street blockade.

The Railway Commission should help Winnipeg to grapple with this railway problem and all the competing companies should be compelled to come in over one or two lines. Saskatoon, Edmonton and other towns have similar problems, though they are as yet less acute than in Winnipeg.

THE APPROACHING HARVEST

ONTARIO'S grain and hay crop this year promises to be one of the best in its history. When it is remembered that Ontario produces nearly as much agricultural produce as all the other provinces combined, this is an important feature of the present situation. In 1901, the average value of farm produce per acre ran from \$2.71 in Manitoba, \$4.15 in British Columbia, and \$6.20 in Prince Edward Island, to \$9.05 in Ontario. Therefore the crop situation in this province has more bearing on general business conditions than most people are accustomed to think.

In Quebec and the Maritime Provinces there are also good harvest prospects. Quebec had a late spring, but the weather has since been most favourable. Nova Scotia will have the largest harvest in a decade.

In Manitoba the total area under crop this year is just 5,000,000 acres, or 150,000 acres more than last year. About one-half of this is under wheat. If the present favourable conditions continue, Manitoba will have the greatest crop in its history.

Saskatchewan's crop area for 1908 is estimated at 3,787,000 acres as against 3,057,000 last year. This is a considerable increase though but a small percentage of the total provincial area of 86,826,000 acres. About two-thirds of the crop area is in wheat. The increase is about evenly divided between wheat and oats. Like Alberta and Manitoba, Saskatchewan will have a record crop, due to increased acreage, early spring, and plentiful June rains. The grain has grown slowly but this means strong, deep roots.

On the whole, Canada will have a greater harvest than any already on record. This means that the autumn of 1908 will do much to make up for the lazy business conditions of the first half of the year.

THE ENLARGING OF ONTARIO

ONTARIO is being steadily and surely enlarged. The other day the Canadian Pacific opened a new railway line from Toronto to Sudbury and last week the Canadian Northern followed suit. Portions of these two lines were completed and operated last year, but only recently were the northern portions through the newer country brought to the final stages. The lines open up a very large district lying between Muskoka Lakes on the south, the Grand Trunk's North Bay line on the east and the Georgian Bay on the west. What is equally important, they bring these two railways into more intimate connection with the Georgian Bay and its increasing traffic in wheat, lumber, ore and fish. While the C. P. R. line was designed primarily as a short route to Winnipeg, via Sudbury, the C. N. R. line seems to be more local in its purpose. The great iron ore mines at Moose Mountain are to be tapped and the ore distributed through a new harbour on Georgian Bay and a prospective smelter in Toronto.

Farther west, the Grand Trunk Pacific has laid one hundred and fifty miles of steel northwestward from Fort William. This line will open up a vast lumbering and agricultural region hitherto inaccessible.

Northward from Lake Temiskaming, the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway is pushing its twin arms towards Lake Abitibi, where it will meet the new transcontinental. This T. & N. O. has already discovered Cobalt and opened up a vast new territory where lumber is fairly plentiful and where the man with the ploughshare may yet find a firm footing.

All these railways are enlarging Ontario. The province does not need to wait upon the Dominion Government and ask for new territory to conquer. It, like Quebec, has a vast unexplored and unexploited north which will offer new opportunities to several generations of future citizens.

TERCENTENARY WEATHER

THE matter of temperature is already being discussed by those interested in the Champlain Tercentenary. It is about eleven years since Mr. Kipling wrote his playful lines about the small boy of Quebec who found his native city such a region of neck-high snowbanks, but the description is not forgotten. Canadians who are already wondering just how warm it will be near the Citadel, during the last fortnight of July, express their doubts with a lurking cheerfulness. Probably Canadians would be quite willing to suffer from ninety-six degrees in the shade, for the pure joy of having the possibilities of our July temperature impressed upon surprised Frenchmen and distinguished British representatives. There is no sight quite so gratifying to the natives of this Dominion as the perspiring visitor, who, in the months of July and August, wonders why he brought furs to a country which can do such tropical tricks in the matter of heat. Toronto rejoiced when the medical delegates found their August convention a burden and a snare and fled to iced drinks by way of relief, while they plaintively inquired if the Toronto weather were always "like this." The last weeks of July may be telling torrid tales in old Quebec, but Canadians will have the comfort of knowing that it will be warmly impressed upon all-comers that the City of Champlain belongs to a country which has sunshine to spare.

CANADA'S IMMIGRATION POLICY

CANADA is willing to do her share in the work of Empire, and for this reason she is pursuing an immigration policy which is easily explained, and just as easily justified on economic grounds.

In the first place there must be a clear recognition that there are two requirements, producing classes and labouring classes. Canada must attend to the first before she can justify attention to the second. There are in this country illimitable production possibilities in the vast areas of unoccupied agricultural lands. Only a small percentage of the total arable land is yet taken up. To extend the area of cultivation is the prime necessity. To make these lands productive it is necessary that there should be a great increase in the producing population working in the soil. When this is accomplished and not until then will there be an increased demand for industrial classes whose support is mainly due to the producing population. Hence Canada's immigration policy is directed mainly towards the securing of prospective farmers and those who anticipate living by farm labour. To this end, the immigration department is bending all its energies. The cry is "Farmers Wanted."

The Empire's task is to find within the Empire the proper places for all its people. In Great Britain there is a tendency to crowd into the cities. If these country people would migrate direct from rural Britain to rural Canada, the burdens of Liverpool, London and other cities would be alleviated. These people are accustomed to outdoor life and they may have it here under most favourable conditions and with most alluring prospects. Their migration to Canada would be of local as well as imperial advantage. It would be much better that the farmer and farm labourer should go out to a colony where land is plentiful than that he should crowd into already over-crowded cities where he may displace some one equally ambitious and needy or may fail to find a position which will enable him and his family to live properly.

With respect to the industrial classes there is a primary difference. While the demand for farmers is continuous and constant because the land is always there and always waiting, the demand for industrial workers varies according to commercial conditions and financial situations. For the last few months, the conditions have been such that there has been a surplus supply of industrial labour in most Canadian centres of population. All classes of labourers may enter Canada at will, but so many industrial workers have taken advantage of this opportunity that the market has been temporarily glutted and an "unemployed" problem has arisen. It is well that intending immigrants should know of this situation. It is but kindness to let them know that this is not an opportune season for their migration to a country well supplied with mechanics. If they come with a full knowledge of the facts they must bear the responsibility of adding difficulty to difficulty and run the risk of waiting some time before industrial recuperation and development provide profitable employment for them.

As the filling up of the unoccupied areas proceeds, there will be an increased demand for industrial workers. It will then be in the interests of Canadian industry that these should be supplied. However, to induce an industrial immigrant to change his location now without improving his condition would not be in the interest of the immigrant nor of the nation as a whole.

Until the equilibrium of the two classes is again reached, it is advisable that Canada should direct all its energies towards the securing of producing classes. There is room in all the provinces for more agricultural workers. In the newer provinces the demand and the opportunities are greatest. Every effort is being put forth that the populating of these new regions shall proceed rapidly, rationally and with the greatest advantage to the new arrivals. New surveys, new trails, new railways, new land offices, full and up-to-date information in the hands of all immigration officials—these are some items in the work.

It is well that intending immigrants and persons or organisations desiring to help in this work, should clearly understand this position. Because there are unemployed persons in large numbers in the great centres of population of Great Britain is not sufficient reason in itself for transferring these people to the somewhat congested labour markets of Canada. Such a transfer, if it assumed any large proportions at the present time, would but aggravate the situation. Those desiring to relieve the tension in Great Britain may best accomplish their purpose by recognising that Canada's great need is agricultural workers. For these there is a continuous and unfaltering demand as well as magnificent and unusual opportunity.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

I WISH that the battle for civil service reform could be fought in the open. That is, I wish that the politicians of the baser sort who are opposed to it, could be compelled to come out and do their hostile "worst" where the people could see them. Then they would not hinder civil service reform; and they would accomplish a great parliamentary reform by securing their own elimination from public life. Still the last thing the most of them will do, is to fight in the open. They prefer to "snipe" from ambush. They do their opposing in whispers, in threats against the political leaders who propose such measures, behind the sealed doors of the caucus, and by mutilating and weakening a bill rather than daring to strike at it boldly. They are men who stab—not men who swing the broadsword. If they could be forced into the daylight where the people could learn which they were, their influence would be gone. No political reformer need fear their menaces then. Now he has good reason to fear them, for they often control the machinery of the party and can forbid a leader's promotion.

* * *

WHY the public men who are taking their political lives in their hands to fight for a genuine reform of the civil service, do not disarm the cowardly bravos who threaten them by turning the light of publicity upon their tactics, I cannot imagine. I do not believe that I would permit a man to stab me in the back if I knew that swinging about on him with a lantern would put him to flight. Just one frank speech from the best civil service reformer on each side of the House at Ottawa, telling what opposition he has to meet from men of his own party, would utterly annihilate the hungry-fingered, patronage-seeking brigade in this section of their field of operations at all events. The way they would scuttle for cover would make the most amusing sight of the year. Once a searchlight of this open publicity sort got to swinging around, you could not find an anti-civil service reformer with a search warrant. Every politician caught above ground would wear a label declaring him to be the original civil service reformer from "Reformersville."

* * *

THAT there has been disagreement in the Liberal party over the bill introduced by Mr. Fisher, no one doubts. There are some members who would like to go farther; and there are others who are exasperated at the political necessity of moving at all. It all depends upon what methods a man pursues to win political success. Those who get elected and gain advancement by fighting for high principles, are sincerely for civil service reform; for there is no more annoying and humiliating part of their duties than the distribution of patronage. But the men who win because they propose to "shake the plum tree" for the benefit of "the boys" naturally do not like to see a particularly appetising side of the said Plum Tree cut away. Each man is fighting for the forces in political life which are bearing him forward; and it is for the people to decide which of these forces they would like to see prevail.

* * *

THE report that Mr. Fielding would like to have gone farther than this bill, sounds reasonable to me. Mr. Fielding is that sort of public man. Even his opponents usually give him credit for being a clean politician. Mr. Fielding's integrity, his unshaken democracy, his business-like devotion to duty, are among the assets of this country; and it will not do for us to permit them to be aspersed without reason. He may or he may not succeed Sir Wilfrid Laurier. There are a lot of men in the Liberal party who hope that he will not. But if their reasons for this hope could be made public in every case, I imagine that his claim to be the "heir-apparent" would be established. What he lacks more than anything else, is the ability to "show off." He is not a good "spot light" man. He does not deal in humbug; and the public prefers its political heroes to possess some of the traits of Barnum. Mr. Fielding should get up and rant and roar on some sentimental subject occasionally. That would make him about solid.

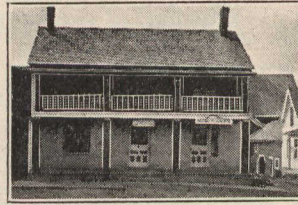
* * *

MR. FISHER, the minister in charge of the bill, is another clean man, though he may be a trifle narrow and "old maidish." But he would be a better compromiser than Mr. Fielding. It takes a good compromiser to be a successful politician in Canada. Sir John Macdonald was a prince of the clan. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has just shown his deftness in this regard over the elections bill. Mr. Aylesworth

would have stood by his guns; but the Premier chose the smoother path. The Premier knows the political game a lot better than do most men in Canada, and I would be the last man to question his judgment; but I cannot think that the retreat on the Aylesworth bill has strengthened the Government in the eyes of the people. If the bill was wrong, it should never have been introduced. If it was right, the Government surely should not have yielded to obstruction what they refused to argument. Giving way to obstruction looked exceedingly like weakness; and there is nothing which will damn a Government so quickly in the eyes of the average man as weakness. It was weakness that prepared the late Balfour Government for burial in the deepest grave of the century. Nothing but confessed and obvious weakness. However, the Premier probably thinks that he can take risks with the sort of Opposition he is dealing with.

N'IMPORTE

A Border Library

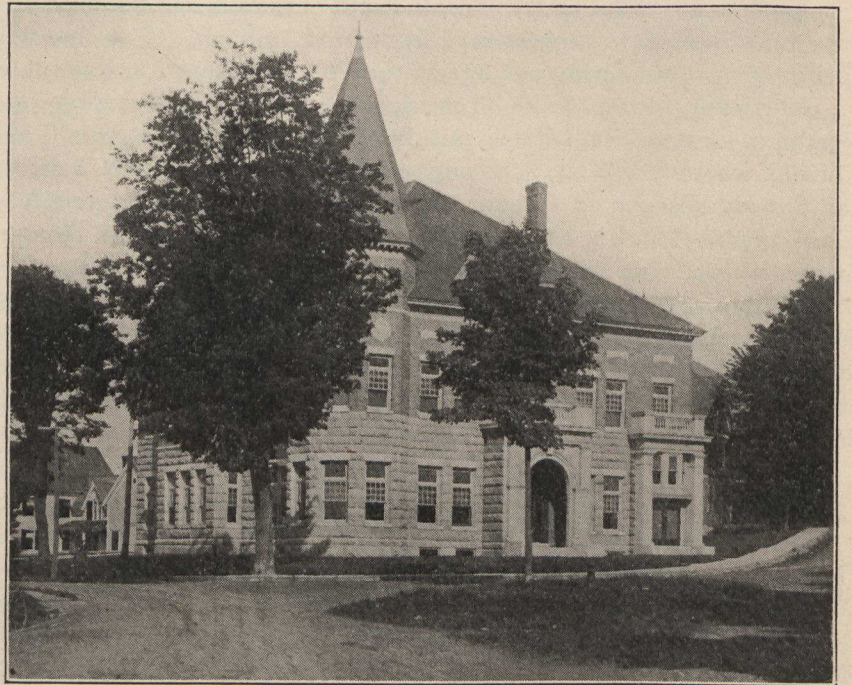


Beebe Plains
A Boundary Post-Office

THE world has heard much of border enmity and warfare. Down in the Province of Quebec, however, there is found as pleasant an instance of border amity as may be seen in the Dominion. It is sometimes difficult for the traveller to tell whether he is in the green state of Vermont or the eastern regions of Quebec. At Rock Island, in the latter district, there is half of a free library, the corresponding half being found in the

neighbouring state. The Haskell Free Library, as it is called, was founded by Mrs. M. M. Haskell and her son, Colonel H. S. Haskell, members of one of the old families of Vermont who have shown the zeal for learning and that desire to open the gates of intellectual opportunity to the young which are characteristic of New England.

On Tuesday, January 21st, 1908, the Haskell Free Library and Opera House, together with practically a cash endowment of \$50,000, the income of which is to be used for its maintenance and perpetuation, was presented by Colonel Haskell to the Three Villages, Derby Line (Vermont), Rock Island and Stanstead Plain. The manner of effecting this transfer was by means of the special state law for the incorporation of libraries. The Board of Trustees to whom the care and management of this gift are entrusted consists of the following gentlemen: Colonel Haskell, Dr. John C. Colby, Dr. Erastus P. Ball, Messrs.



Haskell Free Library, built on the International Boundary Line between Vermont and Quebec, by Colonel Haskell of Vermont. The boundary line goes through diagonally

Benjamin F. Butterfield, Ora M. Carpenter, Harry B. Stewart, Tracy S. Haskell. The building, as may be seen from the illustration, is one of architectural dignity and beauty, and the interior is furnished with a subdued and scholarly taste, in keeping with the purpose of the gift.

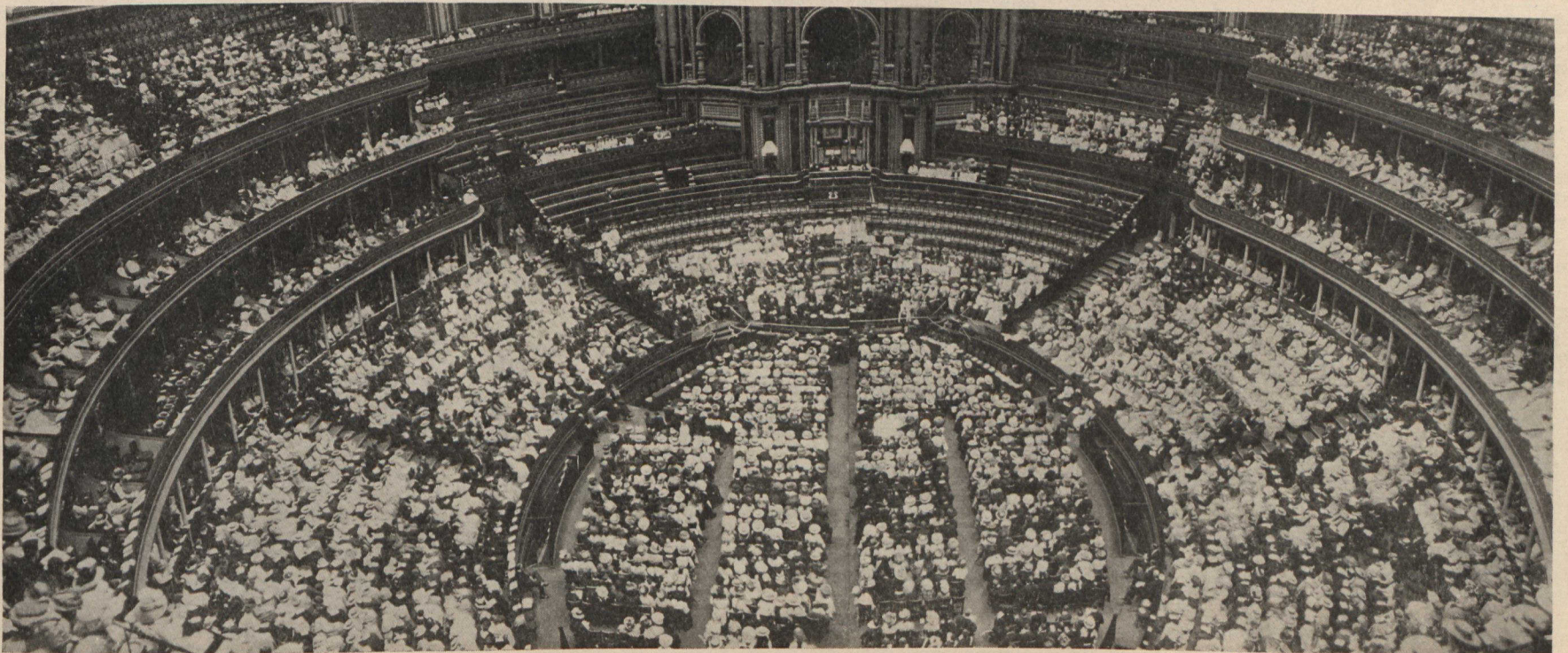
The value of this donation to the higher life of the community is not to be estimated in coin of the realm, although its foundation and maintenance may mean an expenditure of one hundred thousand hard dollars. Such a building may inspire many a village lad or girl with a desire for wider opportunities, may open the "ivory gates and golden" into the ideal republic, the commonwealth of the imagination.

At Beebe Plains is a unique post-office, of which is published a small illustration at the head of this article. The international boundary line runs through at the pillar between the two windows. A partition divides the public offices but the office in the rear is shared by Uncle Sam and Johnny Canuck. Mr. Dow is deputy for Mr. G. H. House, Canadian Post-Master, and also for Mr. C. F. Bailey, United States Post-Master.

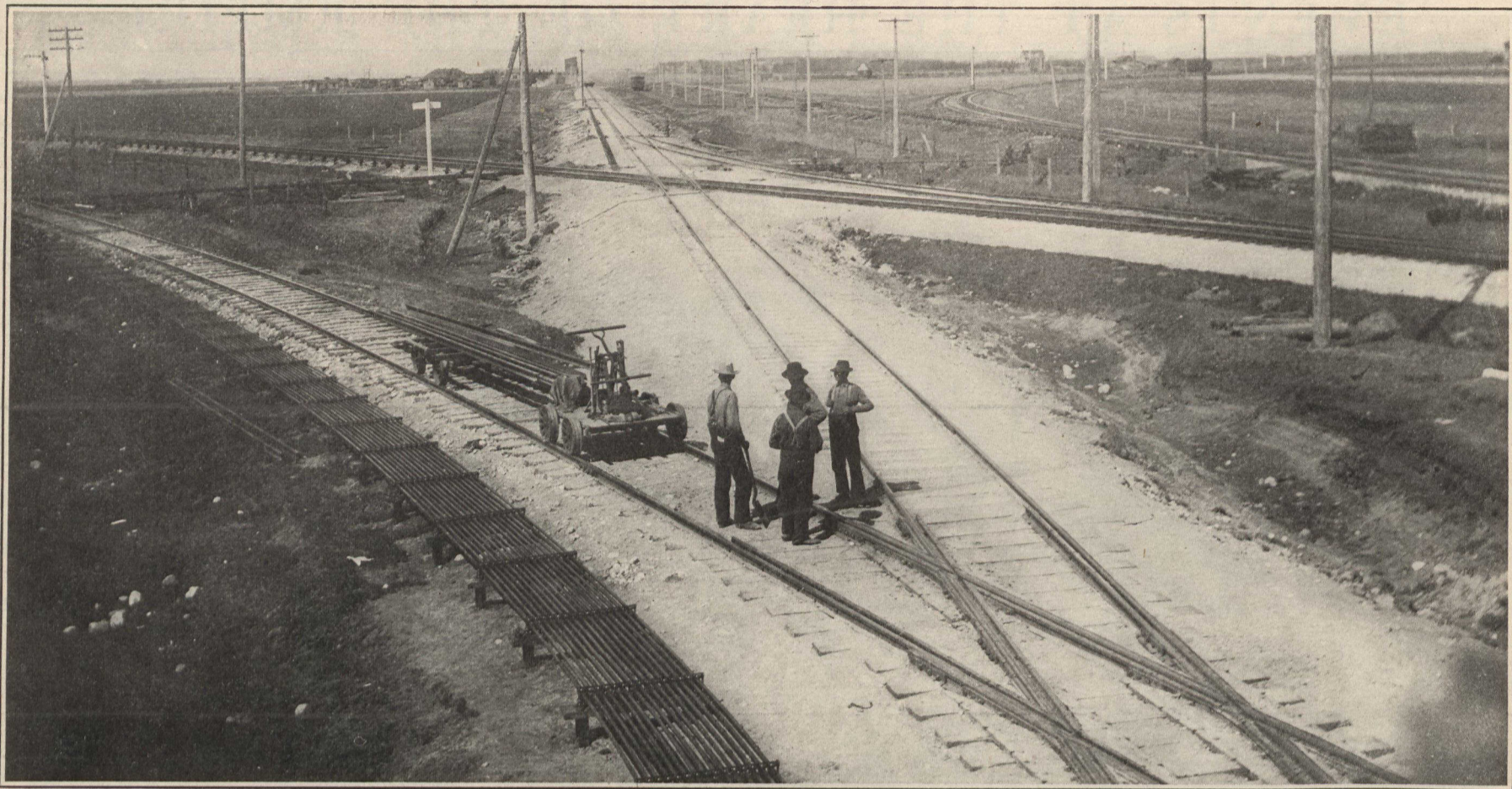
EVENTS AT THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE



The Public Entrance to Windsor Castle, where nine thousand guests were entertained at the King's Garden Party, the closing of Ascot Week.



The recent Pan-Anglican Congress, in session in Albert Hall, where London's greatest concerts and assemblies are held.



A Unique Meeting Point—Four Transcontinental Railways, the Canadian Pacific, Canadian Northern, Grand Trunk Pacific and Great Northern meet at Portage La Prairie—The Pipes shown on left contain the Signal Wires, all Controlled from one Signal-tower

A WESTERN JOURNEY

Winnipeg, June 30th, 1908,

THE third stage of my journey carried me from Winnipeg to Edmonton over the Canadian Northern Railway, back to Warman Junction, a few miles south to Saskatoon, and back to Winnipeg via Regina. In this portion of the trip I travelled nearly 1,700 miles, of which over 1,300 miles was through territory which has been settled in the last five years. It comprises many different varieties of soil and landscape, but the whole district has one characteristic—it produces wheat. No matter what the size of the town, whether the buildings in each numbered dozens or hundreds, there were the inevitable elevators along the inevitable railway sidings. In northern Manitoba and north-eastern Saskatchewan there were a few miles of territory where the landscape was not dotted with little clumps of primitive farm buildings, but otherwise you cannot look out of the railway carriage window over any portion of the country without seeing growing grain, farm-houses and hamlets.

No matter how pessimistic the traveller may be, no matter how easily and persistently he is able to call up doubts and supposititious difficulties, no one may travel over this country and return unconvinced. It is the granary of North America. It has been tried and proven. It is the great West. It will be the home of millions. In the great provinces which comprise the West, or to give it its newer name, "Central Canada," there are only about a million people as yet, but in ten years there will be from three to four millions. This is not a prophecy. The development has gone too far for mere prophecy. The experimental stage is passed. An occasional bad harvest will make little difference. The great future is as certain as to-morrow's sun-rising.

The population of Manitoba has been multiplied by twenty-five in a period of thirty-eight years. The population of Saskatchewan and Alberta have increased even faster. Seven years ago Edmonton had a population of 2,626, according to the Dominion census; to-day it has 19,000 citizens. Five years ago Saskatoon was a village; to-day it is a town of over 5,000. Five years ago, Kamsack, Humboldt, Vonda, Langham, North Saskatchewan, Lloydminster, Vermilion, and Vegreville, were unknown names, but to-day they are thriving towns along a transcontinental railway then unbuilt. There are over one hundred stations on the C. N. R. between Winnipeg and Edmonton. There will be as many on the new C. P. R. line from Winnipeg to Westaskiwin, just south of Ed-

monton. There will be at least half as many on the C. P. R. extension to Lacombe. Another hundred will be added to the geography when the G. T. P. opens in the autumn between Portage and Edmonton. Three hundred and fifty new towns on these four lines alone. There will be easily another hundred and fifty on short lines and extensions. Five hundred new towns in five or six years supply sufficient evidence that the experimental stage has passed. Towns don't grow until after the farmers have got to work on the land. Where there are no farmers, there are no towns.

PROPHECIES SURPASSED.

I was considerably astonished when one man told me that nearly everything the authorities had told about the Northwest in the years gone was wrong—"dead wrong." They said that Southern Alberta was suitable for ranching only, and that it would never be a wheat-producing district. To-day it is filled with farmers who make fortunes out of Red Winter Wheat. An idiot of a Mormon farmer wandered into the country, stuck in his plough, and proved the impossible. In the same way, the Government said that the district immediately north of Regina would not support a farming population; to-day it is considered one of the finest districts in the West. The truth is that wherever grass will grow in the West, wheat will grow. In some places it will grow better than others—a trite remark, but one which applies to every province and state in North America. Adjoining sections of western land are not necessarily equal in value. One may be worth \$30 an acre; and the other only \$10. Every 640 acres must be judged on its own merits, even though they all grow more or less grain. Buying farms from a map is not a safe proceeding, unless it is done on a large scale, so that there will be a fair average.

NOT ALL WHEAT.

Nor should the reader fail to remember that wheat is not the only product which turns to gold in the West. In nearly every town you will find the farmer's wife bringing in butter and eggs and poultry. She hasn't a great deal to sell yet, but this spring she has paid many a little grocery bill in this way. The potatoes grow large—larger in the north than the south; and potatoes bring ready cash in this country of hungry prospectors and engineers and bridge-builders and railway navvies.

Then hay, oats and barley are staple products. Vast quantities of these are grown. When it gets too late in the spring to sow any more wheat, the farmer sows oats or barley. When he wants to

give his land a change of occupation, he rotates his grain crops.

Then there is the cattle business. If I were to predict that in twenty-five years the Canadian West would be producing as great quantities of pork and beef as the United States West, and that some of the largest packing houses in the world would be situated there, many people would smile at my enthusiasm. Yet up at Edmonton, in the north-west corner of this great Northwest, the Swift company, of Chicago, is just completing a packing house which will employ 250 people, and handle a million dollars worth of products annually. At Edmonton—just think of it—where the railways at present are halting for breath after their mad rush across the great wide prairie. When these railways have pushed north and west of that capital city for two or three hundred miles, that packing house will need to be duplicated and triplicated. And the Edmonton district does not produce the largest quantities of hogs and cattle, by any means. Farther south, this industry has been longer established and has attained to larger proportions.

In Manitoba in 1906-07, the farmers fattened 18,000 head of cattle, and stalled 150,000 milch cows. The butter produced was valued at over a million dollars. There was also produced nearly sixty million bushels of oats, barley and flax. Alberta and Saskatchewan grew forty million bushels of these same three grains. As for horses, cattle, sheep, and butter, the newer provinces combined produced even more than Manitoba. Add to this Alberta's coal, of which there are immense deposits throughout the whole province, and the point is emphasized that the West is more than a wheat country.

THE GREAT RIVALRY.

Aside from wheat rivalry, the greatest rivalry in the West is that among the jobbing and manufacturing centres. There is a town rivalry. Winnipeg is now the great wholesale centre of the West, but there are younger towns determined to contest with Winnipeg every inch of debatable ground. Fort William, situated at a point where coal may be brought by water, believes that it will be a centre for heavy manufacturing—agricultural implements, stoves, engines, and such like. Its cheap electric energy from Kakebeka Falls will aid in bringing this about. Regina is already a jobbing centre, and it hopes to be the next large city west of Winnipeg. Calgary is already boasting that over two hundred commercial travellers are employed by the whole-

salers, jobbers and manufacturers of the city in the valley of the Bow. Cement works, biscuit factories, milling companies, brick plants, and foundries of some importance have been located there during the past five years. Like Calgary, Edmonton gets its coal cheap, and a better and larger supply will be available when the C. N. R. and G. T. P. get two hundred miles west. Therefore Edmonton hopes to beat out Calgary in the race. Away to the north, 500 miles, yes 800 miles, grain has been grown and people may find farms, mines and trading opportunities. Edmonton is already a city with many small industries. It lies just on the inside edge of the greatest beyond in the West. For these reasons, its citizens look forward to a population of one hundred thousand prosperous and happy people, lining the two banks of the Saskatchewan.

Then there is another city with hopes and prospects. In the centre of this vast prairie country lies Saskatoon, through which run all the great railway systems of the West. It also is on the Saskatchewan—the great southern branch which runs almost due north to meet its mate, a few miles east of Prince Albert. Saskatoon is 500 miles west of Winnipeg, 160 miles north of Regina, 500 miles north-east of Calgary, and 350 miles south-east of Edmonton. It is the national distributing centre for a district of 450,000 square miles. If each section of 640 acres supported twenty people, this district could accommodate nine million people. In this vast stretch of prairie it has no competitors. As it is a divisional point on two or three main lines, and has nine outlets by rail, a new rival of any strength is scarcely possible.

This great rivalry will be settled by the relative ability of the sets of merchants which make up each city and by the decisions of the railway companies as to freight rates. As these two elements are somewhat uncertain, it is difficult to foretell accurately what may happen.

A TENDENCY TO EXTRAVAGANCE.

Extravagance of statement is not the only kind of extravagance in the West. In fact it is the most

excusable variety. I have already referred to the extravagance in real estate booms. Led by the chartered banks rushing to buy the best corners, the people have bought and sold town property at rapidly advancing prices. In the course of this feverish business, many people have become wealthy. Others have lost heavily. An official in Regina told me that there were men in the provincial service drawing \$60 a month who were once so wealthy that they drank champagne for breakfast. He probably would not care to be taken too literally, but his remark indicates the true position of some of the less fortunate boomsters. All over the Dominion, there are generous investors who have bought town lots in the West at \$50 to \$100 a piece, who would be glad to sell them at half their cost.

The Western farmer and the Western merchant have been extravagant in their purchases of land. Some are land poor. Every man is a speculator, since speculation is in the air. I asked a man in Saskatoon why a certain firm of butchers had built such a fine store, scarcely equalled in Toronto or Montreal, and why another man had built a hotel at a cost of \$125,000. To me, these investments betokened extravagance. His reply was: "They have made their money easy, mostly out of real estate, and they have implicit confidence in the town." The farmer with too much land is paying out a great deal of his profit in interest, and is unable to give his land the attention it deserves. Land once cultivated and then neglected, grows weeds in profusion. These weeds have become so dangerous to the welfare of the West, that Manitoba has gone so far as to pass a law providing that Government officials may cut the weed crops, burn it, and assess the cost against the land.

In the minor details of farming, there is equal extravagance. Money comes so easily that the farmers pay large prices for nearly every manufactured article they buy, from cigars to implements. In this respect they do not differ much from the banker, the butcher, and the hotel-keeper. Profits are high. The introduction of a little of the Ontario parsimony would not do any harm. The easily-

acquired wealth of a country should not be carelessly dissipated.

THE CROPS OF 1908.

The crops this year will undoubtedly break all records. In Northern Saskatchewan and Alberta, the spring wheat and oats were farther advanced than in Manitoba. There had been much rain everywhere. May and June are the rainy months. Scarcely any precipitation occurs after July 1st. The days I spent in Saskatoon and Regina were among the brightest and hottest I ever experienced. They were only three in number, but they taught me why wheat matures in the West in 100 days. When daylight begins at four o'clock or earlier and continues until after ten o'clock at night, and to this is added a noonday heat greater than in more southerly districts, it is easy to understand why growth is so rapid and why Western wheat is designated "Hard."

There is one point which must be carefully borne in mind by those who would correctly estimate the crop conditions in the West, and that is the great variety of soil and climate. There are all kinds of soil in the West, varying from light sandy soil such as occurs in patches in Ontario, to light chocolate, dark chocolate, real black mould and heavy clay. When it rains hard and continuously, good may be done in some quarters and harm in others. Again, an early or a late frost will touch some regions and not others. Therefore, when the news of rain or frost or "growing weather" is flashed across the wires, it is but a general statement and may have no application whatever to fairly large districts. The exceptional districts are not always the same. Sometimes one is favoured; sometimes another. The conclusion of this argument, based on these broadening conditions, is that there cannot now be a complete failure of the western districts. Even in the occasional bad year, such as in 1907, there must be many districts which have an average and some which are favoured with a bumper crop.

J. A. C.

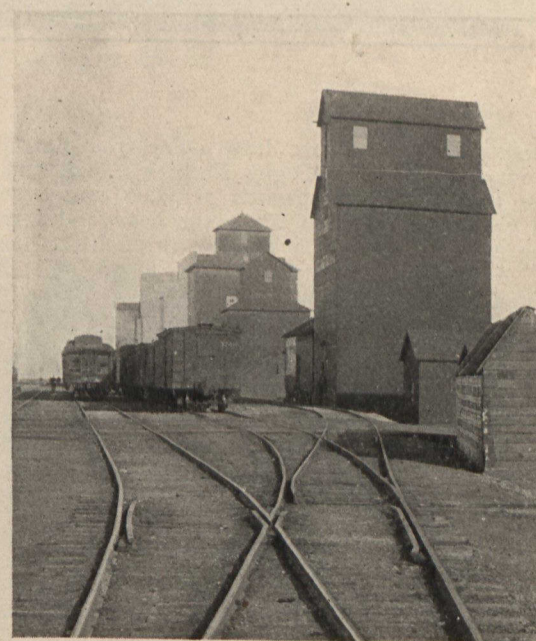
THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE LAST GREAT WEST



A Stretch of Virgin Prairie—at the Elbow of the Saskatchewan



When Man Begins His Work—Steam Ploughs are much used in the West, where they do Ploughing on Contract at about \$3.25 an acre. The Average day's work for an Engine is 20 acres



The Elevators which Transfer the Grain from Waggon to Box-car

Fruit Growing in the Maritime Provinces

By W. C. ARCHIBALD

IT is a fact now generally accepted that the finest commercial apples of the world are grown near salt water bays, fresh water lakes, or large rivers. The pivotal advantage thus gained seems to be equableness of climate or modification of temperatures.

Nova Scotia has risen to the first rank in apple growing. There are produced apples of convenient size, close, silky flesh with aromatic flavour. By a long struggle of years she has obtained supremacy at the world's centre of trade, and is again awarded the gold medal for highest excellence at the Royal Horticultural Show at London, open to all the world. The Cornwallis-and-Annapolis Valley has developed an export trade of nearly \$2,000,000, which by 1925 is likely to reach \$5,000,000. There are at least a quarter of a million trees planted annually in Nova Scotia.

My readers are invited to consider the plan of

a spacious harbour in its western side which effectually prevents the fog advancing eastward. Thus in all our fine weather the winds and air are driven through this wall of fog and strained of chilliness and impurities. This purified air, mellowed and refined, rolls onward over the brow of the mountain-range into the valley, and there receives from unclouded skies the warming touch of pure sunlight in an atmosphere clear and golden. What wonder, then, that Annapolis Valley, under such a special beneficence of nature, should be noted not only for its matured fruit but for the firmness and crispness of flesh in the young and growing apple!

The redolence of buttercups and sweet ferns, daisies and blooming fields of grains and grasses, with sweet-smelling meadows of new-mown hay in well-watered valleys, floats upward and scents this cleanly atmosphere with its odoriferous fragrance. The reaction on the growing and maturing fruit is

of the spirit to preserve and enhance it. A further beautifying of the home grounds would elicit pride and pleasure—the boys will plant trees and girls will plant flowers. The old fences are all gone, and roadside beauty is steadily growing. Strangers who are looking to describe infinite variety in unity will find it in its fullness here.

The Kempt shore of Hants lies to the east and in direct course of the fog. The north shore of the Bay from Truro running west to Cape Chignecto about one hundred miles has not been able to raise apples at a profit. For ten miles from the shore this fog envelopment is heavy and prevents fruit growing. In protected spots, as behind mountains, success may be had. This is true at Sackville and Memramcook, on the New Brunswick side, where wide marshes help. Hopewell Cape is also lightly touched. Each instance cited furnishes proof of fog influence unfavourable to fruit grow-



Nova Scotia, like Quebec and Ontario, is noted for its Apple Orchards

these provinces. If we draw a line from Fairville, New Brunswick, to Digby Neck, we shall find in the Bay of Fundy upwards of 3,000 square miles of cold water brought in by the heavy tides from the Arctic Current which passes through the mouth of this Bay. Its waters are 200 to 300 feet deep and its tides rise from 40 to 60 feet.

The sea fog in the Bay is very dense and most persistent. It rapidly cools the atmosphere, shortens the hours of sunlight and retards solidity and ripening of vegetation. The prevailing winds of summer are west and south-west and the fog is driven against the North Mountain extending from Cape Blomidon, 80 miles to Victoria Beach. The bluffs at the water vary from 100 feet and rise upon a gently upward slope or table-land of two to three miles before reaching the brow. This unbroken range is about 600 feet high. These fog-clouds frequently remain for days and regulate all summer weather, but seldom come nearer than one-half mile of the inner crest of the mountain.

The shape of Blomidon at the east end is a large hook extending far into Minas Channel and forming

inevitable, giving it a fragrance which pleasantly reminds one of a lingering peppermint.

The average width of the valley is about seven miles. There are four public roads or streets the length of the valley. One of these runs along the south mountain side, in a romantic winding way. Here a thousand homes come into view, overlooking in scenic setting, circles of swelling hills and retiring vales amid bands of water, overhanging with orchards, miles at a stretch beginning at Wolfville and ending at Annapolis Royal. The beautifying of the roadways has begun. In the Gaspereaux are some excellent examples of roadside orchards in single rows with smooth grass lawns down to the roadbed. Another example in picturesque arrangement is a fruit hedge of pears and quinces, eighteen feet deep in triplicate rows running half of a mile at Greenwich, on the Cornwallis.

There are several varieties of fruits in all the classes particularly suitable for roadside orchards, and are chiefly of the pyramid type. There is a natural beauty in this "Garden of the Empire" to accentuate and strengthen, and there is a glory

ing. The trees may live and flourish but the flavour of the fruit will not be of the highest.

At Riverside, Hillsboro, Salem, Coverdale, Dover, Chartersville, Elgin, Havelock—representative points in areas of perhaps five hundred square miles—lies the other half and complement of the Annapolis Valley but broken off at Blomidon ages ago, and now separated by the Bay of Fundy, equally valuable to both shores.

If we drink a glass of water here our sense of taste tells us it is the same, without the slightest difference; a Ribstone of Gravenstein grown here is equally rich, solid and aromatic; the air is as pure and invigorating as our own. Here is the richest apple belt in which to grow the same choice fruits as are growing in the Valley, and in sixty years very likely to be as well known as ours. It lies out of the fog course and where it gets the sweet mellow air by the same sifting and clarifying process. It is about one degree north of Blomidon, but this is not at all material.

At New Horton, N.B., are people named Forsythe who came from Horton township and built pros-

VARIED PHASES OF OUR DAY'S WORK



A Potato Field in Nova Scotia



Fruit Growing in British Columbia



Sheep Ranching in Western Canada



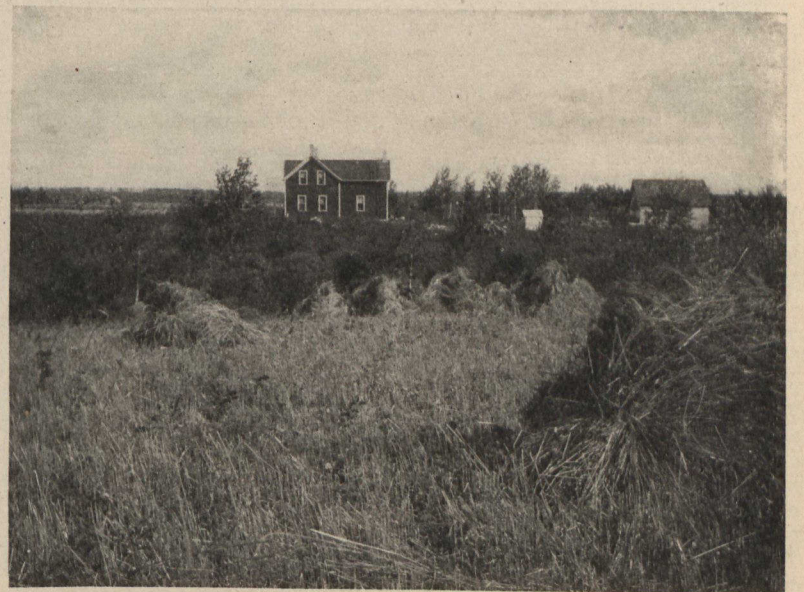
Mixed Farming in Ontario—Oats and Corn



A Fish Wharf—St. Andrew's, New Brunswick



Horse Ranching in Alberta



A Typical Stretch of Wheat-land and a Typical Home on the Western Prairie

perous homes and laid out orchards and named it for the old home because of the landscape likeness. Its soil is rich and fertile, its lands rolling circles of low hills, valleys and streams. Slopes affording natural protection for orchards abound everywhere. The people are interested in lumber and have neglected farming. The time is at hand for a change, and the change is imminent. Apple trees are growing everywhere and bearing, but otherwise untouched by the hand of man or the share of the plough.

Fruit growing, as conducted in the Annapolis Valley, means drainage, ploughing, harrowing, fertilizing, seeding, pruning, spraying and picking the fruit by hand every year. Our people have the easy contentment of men of action. They have been studying the distant markets, and export opportunities of the greater Maritime Canada. I have

no hesitation in forecasting the future if the Government will lengthen and strengthen a railway system, and if the people on the farms will show desirable and laudable enterprise, at once, in developing these great natural resources; farm values will at once increase, and double, and must assure to the country a substantial annuity for all years to come. The opportunity is absolutely here.

The texture of all soils is quickly changed by tile or stone drainage. Climatic influence is more potent than soils. The economic use of fog in warming the atmosphere and sweetening the air will in time be more generally accepted.

The waters of the Bay of Fundy are several degrees colder in summer than those of the Northumberland Straits. Prince Edward Island is farther north than any points considered in this paper, but

is completely encircled by two tidal currents from the Atlantic which meet at Cape Tormentine. These two ocean currents, one of which is comparatively warm, ensure the direct probability of the island's eventually becoming a great fruit-growing country, for fogs and tidal waves are paramount to all other influences combined in this matter of raising fruit. Hence these provinces must forever stand unsurpassed in producing what is best and choicest in flavour. The apples in the Valley of Hillsboro are good size, excellent in colouring, texture and aroma and will improve by culture and training.

The Maritime Provinces will continue to grow apples for the English palate as a delightful food, for our apples have the character and quality so well defined by the mother land through a thousand years of the growth of national taste.

APPLE BLOSSOMS AND CLOVER

A Reply to Professor Robertson's Strictures on the West

By WILBERT McINTYRE, M.P.

IN an address delivered before the Agricultural Committee of the House of Commons on May 27th, Professor Robertson, Principal of MacDonald College, made use of the following remarks:—"There is a good deal of talk about the development of the West; I do not see any evidence of development, nor do I hear of any. We have occupied the West, no doubt about that, but occupation of a country is not the development of it in regard to resources, population or social organisations.

"We have in Canada, in our natural resources of agriculture, three vast areas; we have coming eastward from the Atlantic, practically a thousand miles in round figures, where you may have in the summer, as you have in other countries, apple blossoms and clover, and these are two conditions of rural life that make human life and human civilisation capable of permanence at their last. I do not know any other two conditions that define the natural resources of a place with equal simplicity and aptness as do apple blossoms and clover. As soon as you leave that area you enter an area of all kinds of risks for stability, prosperity and civilisation."

Such remarks from a man of less prominence, ability and education than Professor Robertson would give rise to no comment, but one is simply astounded at the statement coming from such a source. Professor Robertson undoubtedly is one of our greatest authorities on agricultural subjects, but, if he expressed his thoughts correctly, he is not an authority on the development of the West.

Last year we produced in the West one hundred million bushels of grain, where half a century ago it was thought that the country was practically uninhabitable—the Great Lone Land. The grain men with elevators at all points in the West, and a careful estimate on experience of past years, give the prospective yield of the coming season at one hundred and twenty-five million bushels of wheat, fifty million bushels of oats, and twenty-five million bushels of barley. This is the result of the cultivation of a one time fertile wilderness, but Professor Robertson says this is not development. Because apple trees and clover blossoms are not grown freely in the West, we have no possibility of permanent development.

The writer was born in a county in the Province of Ontario, where in his boyhood apple growing was pronounced a failure, while to-day it is a fruitful source of revenue to most of the farmers in that county. The possibilities of growing apples has not been thoroughly tested in the West, but certain varieties of apples have been grown in the West in communities scattered from Winnipeg as far west and north as Edmonton. As to the growing of clover, it will never be a profitable occupation so long as an abundance of hay land is lying unoccupied near the settlers.

It seems to me that Professor Robertson has not kept in touch with the development going on in the West. I am sure he will admit that tree planting in a prairie country is development. During the last seven years the Interior Department alone distributed to settlers to beautify their homes over eleven million trees. When you consider that in 1906 only eight hundred thousand people were in that country, it seems as though a fair proportion of the people are "developing" their homes. This, remember, does not take into account the millions of shrubs and fruit trees distributed by the Agricultural Department from Agricultural Farms and Experimental Stations.

Surely, such industry as growing sugar beets, where the fertilisation and cultivation of soil is carried on at its optimum, must be "development." Professor Robertson is probably aware that in Southern Alberta a large sugar beet industry is carried on, affording labour for hundreds of people, on a very small area of land, and conserving the natural resources of the soil in a remarkable way.

It would seem that where farmers cultivate an area for seed grain, fertilising it and eradicating all weeds, and sowing on it the most perfect grain obtainable, that they may preserve pure seed for sowing the following year is a means of "development" more commonly practised West of the Great Lakes than East of the Great Lakes.

Located throughout, at various suitable points in the three prairie provinces, we have Agricultural Farms and Experimental Stations under the direction of the Dominion Government, and managed by efficient instructors and experimenters, and the results of these experiments and advice of the instructors are carefully considered by the various agricultural associations in session, and disseminated thereby to the individual farmers. The work that Professor Robertson is doing at the MacDonald College is being carried on, no doubt, less perfectly by agricultural teachers in the West, and the results of the conservation of nutrition and intensified farming is amply shown at the Agricultural Farms and Experimental Stations.

I might remark that last autumn I visited an Experimental Station in Alberta in operation only two years, and I may say that I visited St. Anne De Belevue on June 13th this year, and it would take twenty years with the same labour and expense annually to make the property on which MacDonald College is situated, produce from virgin state what was produced on the Alberta Experimental Station in its second year.

But Professor Robertson probably did not mean exactly the idea I have given his words, but there can be no doubt that he feels sure there is no development that stands for permanence or conservation of nutrition, and I think I have shown above, that in some ways—and I have not exhausted the methods by any means—we are developing the West. But he also states, we are only playing the game for awhile, but later, we must surely fail.

In this particular I can only quote other authorities to show that the fertility of the soil is not so easily exhausted or as transitory as the Professor states. It would not meet his argument to show that the settler, who at one time, fearing the results of the harvest, lived in a constant state of uncertainty, now sows with the same assurance of reward for his labours, as the eastern farmer. Nor would it meet the Professor's argument to show that farmers have raised successive successful crops for twenty-five years, but the Professor bases his belief on the permanency—on the cultivated flora of the country.

Professor John Macoun, Government Naturalist, in speaking before the Agricultural Committee of the House of Commons on December 18th, 1906, stated that his estimate of the productiveness of a region was based on the wild flora, and that his reports of thirty years ago, still on file in the department, were just now being vindicated by actual production in the West. He also stated that for one thousand miles on his trip, he had holes dug into the subsoil every half-hour during the journey, and the soil thoroughly tested. One can see that

after thirty years of such careful observation by an expert, that such testimony would be valuable.

On page six of the printed report he states in reply to a question as to the methods of farming carried on in the West exhausting the fertility of the soil: "Yes, but I can go further. Let me test my statement now. It is a broad one, but I challenge contradiction to it. The people do not realise yet that we have scarcely any running water in the North-west, and where there is no running water, there is no leaching of the land. *The land in our North-west is practically inexhaustible on that account.* Please let that pass into your mind as absolutely true."

Professor Robertson will doubtless admit that the occupation of dairying is one that will retain the fertility of the soil, and the evidences of natural products suitable for this branch of agriculture must be taken as standing for permanence and not "playing the game."

J. A. Ruddick, Dominion Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner, speaking before the May Court Club in Ottawa, last February, stated that the apparently more profitable occupation of grain growing had excluded dairying to some considerable extent in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, but of Alberta he remarks as follows: "Proceeding westward into Alberta, we find more favourable conditions, especially in that section of the province lying between Calgary and Edmonton where the progress of dairying industry has kept pace with the settlement of the country. Beginning in 1896, the increase has been steady and substantial with the result that to-day there are forty-five creameries and eight cheese factories in the sunny province of Alberta. *There is every indication that Northern Alberta will become one of the best dairy sections in Canada.*" Is not this an evidence of "development" coupled with "permanence"?

In the quotation from Professor Robertson's speech given above, there is an idea implied, if not expressed, that for the development of humanity in its highest form, there must of necessity be comfort, if not luxury. This does not seem to be according to history. No race of people lived in less luxurious surroundings than the race to which the Professor belongs—the Scotch—and probably no race has to a greater degree "that kind of ability that stands for intelligence, liberty and justice." Luxury and comforts are generally supposed to cause deterioration, while the greater the struggle, the stronger the victor, and it would not be at all surprising if the West—where the battle of the pioneer is somewhat like the battle of the pioneer in Eastern Canada—does produce "the permanent, predominant personality of the people of Canada."

In the report of John Macoun, from which I quoted above, he makes the statement about a portion of the country far north of what is commonly known as the North-west. "But, gentlemen, let me say this to you as a last word. I am trying to create interest in that Northland, and I am speaking on this subject because I am getting to be an old man, and when I am dead, and many of you are dead, the people of Canada will begin to discover that that Northland is to Canada, precisely what Germany was to the Romans. It is a hyper borean climate, and supposedly unfit for mortal beings to live in, and yet to-day Germany is one of the strongest nations in the world. That is going to be the outcome of Canada. We have more than half a continent, and if we can raise first-class wheat and first-class women, certainly we ought to raise first-class men."

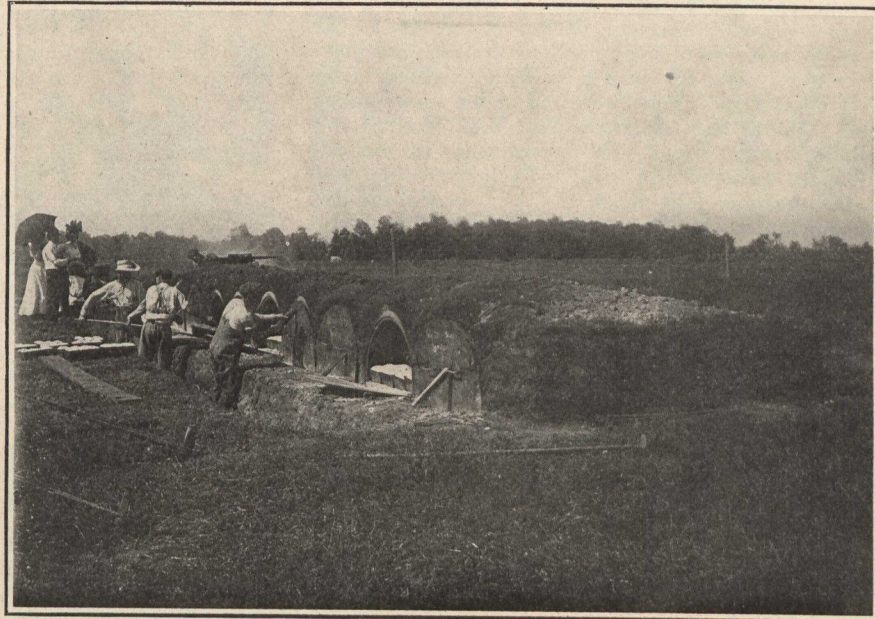
THE MILITARY CAMP ON THE SHORE OF LAKE HURON



A General View of the Goderich Camp from the Water-Tower



Where the Soldiers' Skilly is Made



Baking 4000 Loaves of Bread Each Day

PHOTOGRAPHS BY B. E. MURPHY GODERICH

WINNIPEG MARATHON RUNNERS



Just Before the Pistol Crack at the Start of the Winnipeg Telegram's Twenty-mile Road Race, June 27th. Harold Parsons No. 1 on the Extreme left won in 2 hrs. 15 mins. 12 sec.



T H E

THIRTEEN WEEKS

A Romance in Three Chapters

By VIOLET IRWIN



RESUME OF CHAPTER I.

This story by a Canadian writer describes an episode in the life of Miss Athol Munroe, a vivacious young lady who was cool enough to dare men to become engaged to her. One of these was a Mr. Pendleton, who held an option on a big Cobalt property and was trying to sell said option and make a fortune. Another was a visiting engineer from the United States, also interested in the same mining deal. On the first occasion that Miss Munroe met Hebdon they signed an agreement to become "affianced husband and wife." Their bantering went so far that the lady made a false step—she asked the man to kiss her at parting. This made a doubtful impression upon Hebdon, who, until this occurrence, seemed to be greatly impressed with the bright and witty young lady.



ATHOL rose early next morning, not with any good intentions in regard to marital worms, but simply because she could not stay in bed; she was in a fidgety mood and that promised a bad day, and she was more excited than she cared to confess over the events of the past night.

Woman-like, her ideas of legal proceedings and the importance of a witnessed document were vague, and she seemed to feel possible results, like great bats, hovering in the twilight of the near future; or with a quick change of mood, abused her forward conduct, or saw in it all nothing but a rather injudicious frolic.

And all the time she was conscious of a stronger belief and purpose. It was not, however, until she wrote a detailed account of the whole thing to her chum and sister Margaret, that this took a definite form, then, as her pen ran rapidly over the sheets, she grasped the fullness of her own audacity; it was a wild chance but she intended to play for a matrimonial stake, with or without sentiment, and she did not shrink from giving her sister a full confidence in the matter. Margaret might disapprove and would not hide her amusement, but she would neither scorn nor interfere; all alone there in the country, marking time until the return of the only man in her world, she would follow even such a mad-cap race with keen interest. Utterly unlike as the girls were, they had always been strong and untiring friends; each knew the limitations of the other and respected them without any encroaching family familiarity. So now Athol, butterfly, gaiety-loving Athol, could make the confession of the spendthrift, sure of tolerant sympathy instead of condemnation:—

"It is a mad idea this, and I can hardly realise that I am in earnest, but I am. It was the purest fun until I let him take that copy for himself. I didn't stop to reason it out but I know now that I had then begun to realise something fine in the man and to be willing; if nothing comes of it all in the light of this letter I will certainly look a fool! But I don't mind to you, for you have known years without beginning how much of a one I am; besides, things have come to a crisis with me. I have spent nearly all mother's money—there, the cat is out!—and I am rather glad you know. Reproach me, dear, if you must, but it was simply an unavoidable thing. You have the right with you quietly waiting there, where you can live on your interest, but I couldn't you know, and besides, in my case, there is nothing to wait for! No more could I exist in a cheap room and devote myself to my art. My art, dear, is a symbol and sign to the people. They think I am prosperous because I live well, but I don't make more than butter for my bread, and so the latter has had to come out of my capital, little by little, until now I see the bottom of the lucket through my hoard.

"It has got to be matrimony, dear! It is the

only sort of profession open to my sort of living. Oh! why did old Dad make that break after marrying such a woman? We might have endured her with our old opulence, but now I certainly cannot go and live on her, so I must look about for something whereby I may be clothed. Oh! it is a vulgar thing this humanity that cries out for sustenance! But since it is, I am afraid the merry wedding bells must ring; Henriette still insists on Arthur Dobson's charms, and I see the Dobson Ghost looming inevitably before me!

"But it is not in any of the reasons she advances that I feel his greatest power. I am afraid of myself at times,—you know how reckless I can be. I am afraid that in some irresponsible mood I will go to George, he never ceases to importune me, and I care for him, and I know he cares desperately; I think it is this realisation that has kept me level-headed so far, he puts all the responsibility on me, and I just have to steer straight! Nothing is going to happen, old girl, so don't fret; it isn't that I would go if I cared enough, but I don't. I doubt if a woman ever does care enough to make up for everything; but now that I begin to have less respect for the social firmament and to see Want unclothed at my gate, I think it would be as well to put another large lock on the door. Poor Arthur, it seems a little unfair to make him the lock, but at least he will be on the inside of the door, and that is where he has been trying to get for the last years; and he is a gold lock!

"The preachers may talk as they will of virtue for virtue's sake, but plenty to eat and wear and a few thousands over, has always been a first class moral prop! You know, dear, I always intend to be really good, but George has a way with him, and Want, the great tempter, threatens me. So now you see why I am ready to back this long shot. I truly like Mr. Hebdon, and I was always a romantic idiot!

"My love to Aunt Fan and the Tabby cats.

Yours wantonly,

Athol."

Two stamps went on it because it looked heavy and, as Margaret was living on her interest, it would not do to put her in for extra postage, and it was posted on the way to the Club, where she could have an early bite before the matinee, for she must have some gaiety to take her mind off these important decisions that vexed with a sense of imminence.

Seen from the perspective of thirty-six hours the whole little comedy of the dinner became a part of the past, an episode only already in the middle distance; and because she had a disapproving doubt over the figure made by the central lady, she resolutely put the thing out of sight, and made up her mind to a course of penitential work for the day. But with her breakfast came the mail. It consisted of one letter, and she opened it idly, not arrested by the strange hand, but the first words had a rousing effect; the form of address—"My dear Fiancee"—at once plunged her back into the chaos of doubt that had existed in her mind during their progress round the block. The address seemed to point his attitude, yet there was nothing in the little note beyond a pleasant *au revoir*, and a statement that he would call on his return, she noted that it was not a request for permission. The last sentence was in German, and as she had always been a muddler at languages, the long forgotten script rendered quite unintelligible the simple words, but with the help of a retired grammar they resolved themselves into sense: "behut' dich Gott," she liked that, and all at once feared it. Could a descendant of Puritans commend her to God, even idiomatically, in a jest? It was all matter for interpretation, but she liked the uncertainty, and anyway the letter would be answered!

Athol laughed softly to herself. She was an excellent judge of her own strength, wisdom that comes only with many affairs, her appearance she knew was attractive, but her beauty was hardly

positive and depended much on colour and vivacity. She remembered hearing Mr. Hebdon mention a tea he had given for Ethel Barrymore, and at the time marking him as a seeker of interesting society. His own note though brief was original and amusing, and she knew the answer would be brilliant, for appraise her face as you would, her wit was eloquent!

When the letter was finished and posted a deadly dullness settled over everything, for there is little interest even in amusement when the mind is detached from its surroundings, and waiting is always more trying than action; but with sufficient waiting even four days must wear away, and when the looked-for afternoon arrived, she dressed very carefully. There would be no little foxes of carelessness to spoil her vines!

About five he came, and she looked at him critically for the first time, measuring him with a speculative intention as he had measured the mine. He was big and rather splendid, and her eye was quick to see in his profile the lines of birth and breeding so dear to the British heart; even in the present condition of the exchequer she had prejudices. The self-made man if he has brains passes for a friend, but when a husband is under consideration the old family brands are best.

Hebdon talked easily and well of their trip and the business which promised soon to be brought to a satisfactory settlement; gradually he drifted into more intimate description of his home and family and ambitions. The girl was satisfied that he had come to the point of an interest in her,—let alone and nothing in the way, the course of true love might run smoothly on, business would bring him to the city again many times, and with easy stages the friendship might ripen into something more; but—and here her mind jumped several of his easily running sentences—the exchequer had about a three month limit, and beyond that loomed the Dobson Ghost. It was quite apparent that she must give up or force the situation. Sometimes a man (in books at least) said to the woman he loved, "give me an answer now," and this was a like case; so, not unmindful of the humour of the situation, she jumped again into the arena of raillery, wearing the toreador colours in her cheeks, and as she played feeling him answer to her mood, she enjoyed the fun of the whole thing.

"You are a rash man," she taunted, "you do not know what you have undertaken!"

"I am quite prepared," he returned. But she was no nearer her object, for now all was jest.

It had grown almost dark during his call and he was rising to go. In a moment he would be uttering the polite platitudes of farewell and the chance be forever gone. Quick as thought she played her last trump and waited breathlessly to see who would take the trick. With still a little mischief and a hint of nonchalance, she said, rising: "Then there is nothing to hinder us from announcing it?"

I was superbly done, and she knew it. Had he laughed she could have joined in and left it as the last joyful stroke in a breezy play, but he did not laugh, he only stood staring at her with hands half extended in farewell. She could hear her pulses throbbing, and only hoped he was deaf to them; as the seconds passed she became desperate; she had made a break and betrayed herself completely. The man had never at any time looked upon it as more than a joke, and at that moment it looked utterly silly to her; he was too polite to indulge in a laugh there, but later alone, or, more horrible, not alone! She longed for him to go, so she could bury her ashamed head in the cushions and weep, but he did not make any motion to go, just stood there looking at her, till, unable to stand it any longer, she made a last attempt at gaiety and said, with the ghost of a smile: "Of course that is if you have not already a fiancee, or a wife, somewhere at home!"

She had not meant to put in the wife, but it came to her all in a rush; the idea, and what more

likely, of his being married had never entered her head. But her flippancy was lost, and yet he did not go, instead he took her hands, and holding them firmly, looked deep into her eyes.

"I have only one fiancee," he said, gravely, and his voice was both possessive and tender.

As a girl she had been wildly romantic, and if the hard knocks of recent years had given her a relative appreciation of practical values, they had not by any means eradicated sentiment. She could still lose herself in contemplation of Rossetti's "North Lover;" for years she had dreamed of him who would take and hold, and in the past high days of fortune and the rising sun of success, Miss Athol Munroe had turned away several desperately earnest and perfectly eligible young men, because they had disappointed her by being too loquacious in the asking; now the skies burst open for a new sun! Had she after years found her hero in these devious ways? All at once her courage failed and, feeling a force stronger than herself or any known force, fear entered in. She watched his face draw near and nearer till it was close to her own, and she began to draw away, but he held her hands fast and her voice must plead for her.

"Ha-adn't, hadn't we better wait until tomorrow?" she faltered.

At once he withdrew. Evidently he would do nothing disagreeable to her, and perhaps it was because she did not want him to think it quite altogether disagreeable that she raised her face, half turned away, and let him just brush her cheek. She watched him walk out of the room and wondered, for he moved as one compelled by fate.

He did not come the next day, as he had said he would do; afternoon passed into evening and brought only Pendleton burdened with the news that the business had gone badly, had failed in some legal technicality regarding the title and finally fallen through, and that the other men after much wrangling had left town hastily and in disgust. To Athol the news fell like a death blow, it was all over then, only an episode after all! She sought to bury her recent absurd folly by a return to the old joke and made a light remark to Pendleton about her "fiancee." But Pendleton, still conscious of the sting of her partiality, only answered shortly: "That foolishness!"

"It was not foolishness," she said warmly, resenting his tone, which implied a harsh criticism.

"It was worse then. You have no right to let a man who belongs to Hebdon's sporting set have such a story and such a paper."

Because this thought had entered her own head and she had chosen to put it aside as unworthy of the man, she resented it. She was fairly angry now, but became uneasy as he went on:

"Why, don't you know that in our state that paper only needs to be filed within thirty days to make it a legal marriage?"

"Well we are not in your state, we are in Canada!"

"If it had been done by anyone else I would have called it cheap."

Athol looked at the young man coldly. In consequence of a family inter-marriage and some confidences concerning a broken heart, Pendleton was a privileged person, but his last sentence had gone beyond the limit. She remembered, too, when she had used that word herself, and felt a sudden shame that fed the flames of her anger; hot words were on her tongue, but before them came a saving sense of the ridiculous, she wondered what would have been Guy Pendleton's verdict had he known all? It has truly been said that humour is a dangerous thing for a woman, because under its influence all things become possible. Now under its more gentle mood she made a hasty peace with self-respect, and took a less hostile attitude toward Pendleton. There was no use in quarreling with a good friend over a bad joke,—and she must make allowances for Penny—after all he had lost a lot of time and money over the deal. It was terribly unkind of fate to dangle the prize before his eyes and jerk it away, just when his fingers were closing about it; so it had been with a certain dark-eyed girl three years before, he had so nearly won her! Poor Penny!

Putting her own secret regrets in the background, Athol set herself to cheering Pendleton and among the fragments of the conversation there dropped a few crumbs for her famished self-respect. He had laughed joyfully at some remembrance of the trip, but evaded explanation, only remarking:

"Hebdon said you wrote the cleverest letter he

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

had ever read, and that he was afraid to answer it."

"His own note was rather amusing."

"Oh, yes," grudgingly admitted, "Hebdon can write a clever enough letter, but he sits up nights doing it, while with you it is unavoidable, you write cleverly because you can't help it!"

Pendleton did not object to blunt truths, but he was rarely responsible for a compliment. However, that night before he left he paid one, and in his own whimsical way thanked her for her efforts on his behalf. As he shook her hand his keen eyes were full of kindness, and the words came in an inimitable dialect learned far south:

"I year tell dat beeswax am certainly good fer so' places!"

And Athol understood and appreciated, without sentiment; she was very fond of Pendleton.

After the excitement the usual flat reaction occurred, an unexpected break in her engagements accentuating the change. Pendleton, with all his pungent yet kindly fun, had gone back to New York; Hebdon was gone, also leaving only the unsettling associations, and she was left just where they had found her, to work out the complex problem of demand and supply. For three days Athol worked regularly, then a letter reached her bearing the Waldorf golden wreath, and again she was plunged into a sea of question and wonder; for in it Mr. John Hebdon apologized for a necessary hasty departure, and sent his permanent address, filling the six intervening pages with an entirely satisfactory and agreeable, if not very brilliant, letter.

It was with a light heart she answered it, and when she had read all she had written and found that it was good, she posted it with her own hand. To Athol's impulsive temperament waiting was particularly disagreeable. At first she waited expectantly, then with wonder, then with resentment, which finally passed into indifference. Despite the irresponsible moods and her consequent madcap actions, she had lived much in the world, and was a woman not ignorant of its ways, so when no reply of any kind came she put it down as a game in which she had lost the odd; one cannot always win even in flirtation! After weeks she had ventured a second letter, for mails are not infallible, but no more would she do.

IN THE TEA ROOM

By A. E. C.

THE girl leaned back luxuriously in her wicker chair and gazed out of the daintily curtained window of one of the tiny tea-rooms of the Sylvan Restaurant.

The man looked dreamily at the girl and thought how prettily her hair gleamed in the soft, shaded light. The whole scene rested him. The dainty cups of steaming fragrance, the only girl in the world seated near him and the coziness of the leaf-embowered retreat.

"What more do we want?" he asked, and the girl smiled.

"Echo answers, 'What?'" she said. Then after a pause—

"Aren't people the queerest things? I've been watching them stream by for the last few minutes, and—" she paused lazily.

"All the world's queer but thee and me and—"

"Thee is a little queer!" she finished for him.

"I paused on purpose," he said, and she laughed at his boyishness, just as she had always laughed at it all her life, though now there were a few grey tints in the hair about his temples. But he was always just a boy to her.

"I feel about ten, to-night," she confided to him.

"How old are you, little boy?"

"Twelve," he replied promptly, falling in with her mood.

"And have you come over to play with me?" she asked.

"How did you guess so well?" he exclaimed.

"Let's play house—I'll be your husband and you'll be my wife, of course," he went on, trying to keep the earnestness out of his voice.

"Of course," she answered, with very bright eyes.

"Won't you have another cup of tea?" she coaxed.

"I made it all myself for you—and don't I look nice in my long gown?" she went on. "Yes, I knew you would like it. I 'swiped' it, as you boys say, mother's wardrobe just to 'surprise you—aren't you glad?"

"I think it is awfully fit," he answered, taking

advantage of his extreme youthfulness to gaze at her admiringly. "I like your hair done up, too," he continued. "Those little curls are just 'scruciating on your neck, and I want one—in fact as you're my wife I'll just take it—" and he made a motion to rise.

"Husbands always have locks of their wives' hair before they are married," she said disdainfully.

"Well, I didn't get one from my wife, we were married on such short notice," he answered.

"Isn't this a lovely place to play house?" she asked.

"I'd like to live here forever, wouldn't you?" he said.

"I don't know," she answered doubtfully.

"Girls are always so undecided," he said with impatience.

"Boys rush at conclusions!" she replied with wisdom.

"Oh, no, they don't. Why, all my life I've known that it would be lovely to keep house with—"

"All your life!" she interrupted. "And it only twelve short years."

"Now, haven't you, in your brief ten years, arrived at any important conclusions?" he asked with a hurt air.

"Yes, indeed!" she answered thoughtfully. "I know I shall always love dolls and that I shall never lose faith in the Land Where Our Dreams Come True."

"Ah!" he said softly, "what an exquisite country that is!"

"Have you been there?" she asked with beautiful wide-open eyes.

"Not yet," he answered. "But I am on my way—wouldn't you like to come with—"

"All one's wishes come to pass there," she said with dreamy eyes.

"And everyone loves everyone else, for the chief occupation of the inhabitants is loving," he said wistfully.

"All the dear silly things we sigh for will be

quite possible and desirable there," she went on.

"We shall think the most beautiful thoughts and know how to express them most perfectly," he said with eyes very tender.

"And paint beautiful pictures, we have only dreamed of before," whispered the girl.

"The sun will be always shining in the bluest of skies and there will be lovely shaded paths and no one will ever walk alone, but always two—hand in hand," he murmured.

"The Fairies will furnish the most exquisite music imaginable—sweeter than anything we have ever heard before," she continued.

"And their songs will always be of love," he said.

They were silent for a long time, then the man spoke—

"I feel very near to that country to-night—just waiting for someone to open the gate."

"Ah!" she said with a little catch in her voice.

"Have you found the entrance?"

"Yes," he answered. "I have known where it was for years and have waited for the Fairy who keeps the gate to open and let me pass in."

"We've grown up suddenly!" she smiled.

"Yes," he said, "I'm twenty-nine now. How old are you, little girl?"

"Twenty-four," she answered promptly, yet afraid to look at him.

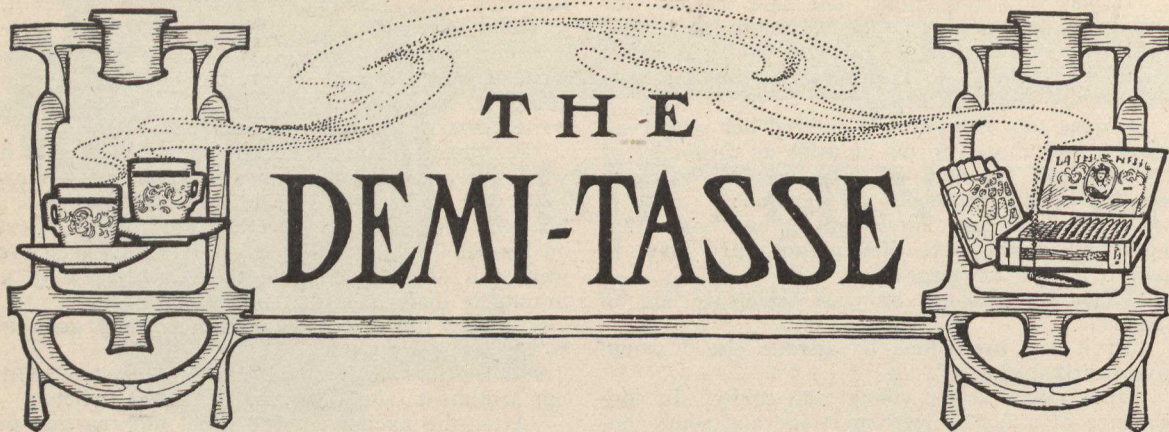
"And I'm too old to play house any longer," he added.

The girl was silent as she gazed out into the growing night.

"Dear," he said, and he dwelt long on the sweet word, drinking in the deliciousness of its meaning.

"Open the gate and walk into that land with me—together we would never lose our way, never grow weary, for there is always love! Look across the tea-cups of our first little make-believe family table and let me read your eyes."

And he read and was glad.



THE DEMI-TASSE

STRICTLY INCOG.

NOW that the Prince of Wales is surely coming to Quebec for the glorious Tercentenary, stories of his former visits to Canada are being revived. It is told that long ago, when his brother, the Duke of Clarence, was living, and Prince George was merely the second son of the Prince of Wales, there was a pleasant tour planned for the young sailor, and in the course of his travels the grandson of Queen Victoria reached Canada and the city of Toronto, where he was registered as plain Mr. C. One morning he called at the Mason and Risch piano warerooms and spent some time playing lively sailor tunes for his own amusement.

"Who's that fair English chap?" said an irate professor who happened to be in the rooms at the time, "I'm going to tell him to stop playing that trash."

"He's not doing any harm," interposed a peaceable member of the firm, "he's a rather decent sort and has travelled quite a bit. He was talking to me a while ago about Malta."

"I can't help that," was the impatient reply, "he ought to know better than to play that stuff by the hour, I'm going to ask him where he studied."

But once more the member of the firm threw oil on the troubled water of the professor's irritation and was highly amused next day to learn that his youthful visitor who had appreciated the courtesy shown him was none other than the son of the heir to the throne. But it is hardly likely that the Prince will come to Toronto this month to play hornpipes.

* * *

THE PROSPEROUS MOMENT.

"When will Election likely be?"

The young reporter cries.

The statesman gets a far-off look,

And thoughtfully replies:

"It may be in November—"

And then he smiling stops.

And murmurs to his wise old self,

"Depends upon the crops."

* * *

THE LIMIT.

SHE was speaking of a summer resort. "Course," she remarked, "the chaperons did not count. There were seven girls and seven young men at Clover Crest. How many engagements do you suppose there were before the season was over?"

"Half-a-dozen" was the first guess. "Seven" was the second.

But the maiden smiled demurely and murmured: "Forty-nine."

* * *



New Curate. "How's your wife, Jabez?" Jabez. "Er's very doubtful, Measter. 'Er doubts as 'er won't get better, and oi doubts as 'er wull."—Punch.

NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.

"IT'S all nonsense about thirteen being an unlucky number," said Jones impatiently. "I was married on the thirteenth."

"I don't see that *that* proves anything," said the Merry Widow softly, and Mrs. Jones smiled.

* * *

A TARGET.

STORIES of Mr. Taft are abroad these days.

Mr. Taft, like many sensible United Statesers, comes to Canada for the summer months, having a residence at Murray Bay, Quebec. On one occasion Mr. Taft was pointed out to a small boy, whose parents were spending August at that resort, as a man who might some day be President of the United States. The youngster, who had heard of Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, took a good look at the impressive bulk of the possible Chief Magistrate and exclaimed: "Gee! If they ever want to shoot him, it'll be a cinch."

* * *

KNOX ON STEVENSON.

IN the days when the present Editor of the *Globe* was a theological student, he betook himself to Edinburgh for post-graduate work. While in that historic Presbyterian capital, he contributed a series of Scottish letters to a Knox College publication in Toronto. The young student, Mr. Macdonald, being a fervent Celt, waxed poetic in description of the Highlands and the kilted troops, quoting from Stevenson's *Ticonderoga* the expression, "the land of the naked knee." What was the dismay of the writer to receive a copy of the monthly in which the quoted expression was amended to "the land of the unclad knee." He was naturally wrathful at this extraordinary spoiling of a good line and refrained from showing it to his Edinburgh associates.

On his return to Canada, Mr. Macdonald sought out the Knox College editorial authority and asked "in straight-flung words and few" what he meant by hacking his Stevensonian phrases. The latter with pious promptitude explained that "naked knee" did not sound "nice" and he had accordingly used a more ladylike expression. What the future Editor of Canada's Great Organ saw fit to retort is not set down in the annals of Knox College, but to this day it is not safe to discuss his quotation from *Ticonderoga* with the Celtic journalist.

* * *

THE WORST YET.

THERE is a Toronto father who is telling with pride and trepidation of a remark made by his small son. The parent has expressed the fear that his boy is destined to write the funny column for the papers. On July 1st, Dominion Day, they were watching the parade of horses on Jarvis Street, when the boy was attracted by the bright display of bakers' carts. The boy has lately been reading one of Scott's novels, in which old-fashioned terms abound.

"Dad," he said suddenly, his eyes brightening, "why is a bakers' boy like Canada?"

The father gasped and promptly gave it up.

"Because he's a dough-minion," said the youngster, triumphantly.

That boy was hurried to an ice-cream counter and given something to divert his attention from the weird ways of his mother tongue.

* * *

WHERE HE BELONGED.

DURING the dinner hour on board a steamer the other day a passenger was disturbed by the vulgar way in which the man who sat next to him ate his meat. At last, after watching him pick a bone in a very primitive fashion, he could control his feelings no longer, and, turning to the offending party, he said: "Don't you think you would be more

comfortable if you took that out on the mat!"

HIS FINEST ACT.

"HOW was your speech received at the club?" asked one of Chumley's friends.

"Why, they congratulated me very heartily. In fact, one of the members came to me and told me that when I had sat down he had said to himself it was the best thing I had ever done."—*Youth's Companion*.

* * *

THE SAME IN CANADA.

"SENATOR," said his private secretary, "here's a letter from the editor of the *Skedunk Bugle*, who wants to know how you stand on the question of repealing the infamous tariff on wood pulp."

"Tell him," said Senator Primmer, "that—"

"But here's one from a paper manufacturer who writes to ask you if you are going to allow the senseless clamour of irresponsible newspaper men to influence you against the great principle of protection to home industries and cause you to vote for the repeal of that most righteous and necessary tariff on wood pulp."

"H'm!" mused the eminent statesman. "William, send the editor's letter to the paper manufacturer and the paper manufacturer's letter to the editor, and explain to each, in strict confidence, that a public man who is trying to serve his country has to stand this sort of rot from ignorant or prejudiced constituents, who seek to dissuade him from the faithful performance of his sworn duty."—*The Argonaut*.

* * *

EXCAVATING.

CADDIE (to golfer, who has been digging gashes in the turf all round the course): "You'll be a stranger to these parts, I suppose?"

Golfer: "Well, not exactly a stranger. I was born here, and all my folks are buried hereabouts."

Caddie (as the golfer skies another piece of turf with his driver): "I doot you'll no get deep enough with your driver; you'd better tak' your iron."—*Glasgow Bailie*.

* * *



BUGBEARS.

The bachelor friend who tells your bride what a gay dog you used to be,—Life.

* * *

A HEAVY HANDICAP.

MISS CLARA CLEMENS, daughter of Mark Twain, has made her appearance as a singer in London. Miss Clemens has studied under Mme. Marchesi and Mr. Lechetitzky and has sung in public in America during the past two years. Slim and dark-skinned, with deep brown eyes and a Madonna-like countenance, Miss Clemens' personality impressed itself with great favour upon her Queen's Hall audience as she sung her aria from "Nadeshda" in a sweet contralto voice of much power and promise. In addition to her musical ability, Miss Clemens seems to possess her father's sense of humour. When asked why she had not brought her illustrious parent with her, she replied: "Well, you see, he accompanied me in America for about two years, and I found that he was so anxious to get up on the platform before I had finished, and make a speech, and the people seemed impatient to hear him, I guessed if I didn't want to ruin my career he'd better stay at home."

PEOPLE AND PLACES

THE Saulteaux Indians have begun to back up from the foot of the white settler. Their reservation of twenty-two thousand acres has been sold under auction at Kamsack, a divisional point on the Canadian Northern. The remnant of this bold tribe of Indians has been reduced to about two hundred who had no possible use for the land that no longer contained any game, whose hills were given over to the hoot of the locomotive whistle and the telegraph pole and the telephone. Quite and altogether too modern for the Remnant; the solitary only half-savage and lordly rump of a big tribe that for more than a hundred years has been camped in some manner on the low hills of Kamsack in the Saskatchewan Valley. The land went for ten dollars an acre. So the Saulteaux retires to the shack and the coulee where there is nothing bigger than a badger or a coyote; and the town of Kamsack with its round-house occupies the stage. Such is history.

NEW BRUNSWICK claims the heaviest steel structure on the eastern section of the Grand Trunk Pacific—a steel viaduct over the Salmon River ten miles east of Grand Falls, to cost over half a million dollars.

ACCORDING to critics in the House of Commons, the Indians on the prairies are an expensive item of maintenance. It is charged that the agents and staffs who dispense to the red men get as much as the Indians do. Nearly a million a year is the amount spent on the western red man.

A TUNULUS has been opened at Lockport, Manitoba; this is not a disease, but an ancient mound which contains relics of a prehistoric age. As the ancient history of Manitoba is rather an obscure matter a good deal of interest attaches to the finding of a number of skeletons in this mound; skeletons sitting upright as though they had been kings at a feast when some alluvial catastrophe entombed them and left them for museums in Winnipeg and the twentieth century. But as a matter of fact the skeletons which were much larger than the body of the biggest man engaged on the excavation, had been quietly buried there many years ago—by whom is not known.

THE death of Hon. Thos. Ballantyne has reminded Perth County as well as a large section of Ontario that another way-maker had been a long while unnoticed in the rush of modern life. Mr. Ballantyne was a remarkable figure in Perth and by his relation to the dairying industry was a valuable contributor to the practical development of what is now one of the biggest staple export industries of the country. He was one of the steady developmental sort of men who never made a noise. In physiognomy he resembled a good deal the late President McKinley and he was a well-known figure about the city, where for most of his useful life he lived and brought up a family of seven sons and one daughter. No more distinguished man ever entered politics from Perth County than the Hon. Thomas Ballantyne, ex-Speaker of the Ontario Legislature.

ANOTHER "underground railroad" has been unearthed at Chicago. The original "underground," as will be remembered, was the route by which thousands of black men got from the southern to the northern states and to Canada before the Civil War. This latest route is the Canadian way by which many alien white women are said to be smuggled into the United States from Canada. According to the story of one of the girls imported, women are brought from several countries of Europe to Newfoundland and Anticosti; from there to Montreal and to border points and shipped over the border.

CALGARY and Edmonton are in the fair business of late. The first week in July is the great exposition week for many of the western cities where the harvest makes it impracticable to hold fairs in the fall in the old-fashioned eastern way. One of the chief and most historical features of these fairs is the annual parade of the Indian tribes from the plains and the hills; especially at Calgary and Medicine Hat and Macleod and Lethbridge, where the Piegans and the Sarsees and the Bloods and the Blackfeet come out in a glory that resembles an Oriental Durbar. With this spectacle alone a fair in the west is assured of an interest that can never attach to an eastern fair. It would be worth while for the great National Exhibition at Toronto

to arrange for the transportation of a band of these marvellous pied and painted Indians with their horses and fineries.

A GIRL, who all her life imagined that she had no folks and that she did not know her own name has just discovered that she has folks; a mother and a brother, Mrs. Daly and her son, of Chicago. The girl's customary name is Theesa Harnett, and when she first got into the real world of uncertainty she came out of St. Joseph's Convent in Hamilton, where she had been placed by her mother and from which she was taken by Mrs. Harnett, who adopted her. Rumour that the girl had died in the hospital led Mrs. Daly to believe that she no longer had any daughter; one of those remarkable and altogether delightful nuances that seldom occur any more in modern life and in the era of newspapers.

THE arrival of S.S. *Shearwater* in Esquimalt, British Columbia, should have been celebrated in a painting. The *Shearwater* has been on a five months cruise of the southern seas in search of the lost British ship *Silverhorn*. Some idea of the unique cruise of the *Shearwater* may be gleaned from such extracts as the following:

"She had all sorts of pets on board, there being a goat from Robinson Crusoe's island, over a score of parrots, ranging from a huge macaw to a tiny paroquet, and all sorts of queer dogs and cats and monkeys."

Again descriptive of the cruise under the South-ern Cross:

"Juan Fernandez was reached after a stormy passage. A cruise was made around the island and a short stay while the officers shot pigeons. Here a jet black mountain goat was captured by one of the bluejackets. He didn't capture its pedigree, but he is convinced that its forefathers followed Robinson Crusoe and Friday about the island. The goat, named Nancy, has been adopted as mascot-in-chief of the *Shearwater*. Masafuera, a barren and desolate mass of rock jutting steep from the sea, was circumnavigated, but no traces of the *Silverhorn* were seen, nor had the natives heard of any wreck or wreckage being found."

TO those who for two months have been devouring strawberries and ice cream and for the past five weeks have been wielding fans and floating parasols, it will be refreshing to know that the Yukon River is now clear of ice; that boats have actually left Whitehorse for Dawson City. This is the latest opening known since modern history began in the Yukon. The latest opening known previously was on June 12th, 1903. Two hundred passengers left Whitehorse on the *Whitehorse* steamer, at whose docks three thousand tons of freight have been piling up waiting for the ice to move.

PRINCE ALBERT has now a copper and gold boom. Copper has been located in large quantities at Lac la Rouge, two hundred miles north. Prospectors are once more swarming in that land where a decade ago Prince Albert did its best to get on to the overland highway to the Klondike. Forty ounces to the ton is a common average for the ore being toted round in the pockets of Prince Albert. So that Regina, which never had any mines and never will have—except in wheat fields and the like—is able to remark nonchalantly that the sleepy city up on the Saskatchewan is now a community of live, wide-awake men interested in something more than wheat and fat vegetables. It takes the ore to make a real lively community. Prince Albert has never seen a stampede; has always been a quiet, constructive sort of place that would not know what to do with a real gusty boom that carried people off their feet. But there is a large trek on foot now from the old town on the Saskatchewan, and things look promising for a very lively summer in that part of the world where for the next few months wheat is legitimately supposed to absorb all the extra activities of the populace, and to furnish most of the talk as well as the scare-head reports in the newspapers.

THE East may have its cod and the West is supposed to have a monopoly of the salmon; but halibut is just now the reigning sensation on the Pacific coast, where the halibut boats are breaking all season's records for haulage. These lively deep-water fish are running south in large shoals. But

the halibut crews are hard on the trail and a large number of these excursionists will never see the waters to which they are moving. For instance, the record runs:

"This morning the *Manhattan* came in with what her crew claims is the biggest yet, 350,000 pounds. Yesterday the *Flamingo* brought down 225,000 pounds, so that the fishermen of these two vessels earned as their share of the catch, \$5,750. With twelve dories on each vessel and two fishermen to a dory, it would work out at about \$120 per each man for the trip, which occupied a little over a week. They get a cent a pound. The *Manhattan*, with her twelve dories working, hauled in her record catch in four days. One of the New England fishing boat crews during the big run of halibut in the early part of last summer earned \$800 in one month per man. From now to the end of July, the expert fisherman will get in his best licks, and the task will be both hard and dangerous. About the end of July the catches will be limited to a certain amount for each vessel, say 125,000 pounds and perhaps less."

A PRETTY little romance quite as novel as that of the Guelph girl who had never seen her folks and didn't know her name, is the case of the little Cree girl in Ottawa who till the other day had never seen a horse or a cow; and it is altogether a pity that the little maiden could not have been spared the indignity of having to find out that there are things in Ottawa much more civilised and naughty and quite unromantic than either horses or cows. The story of Nacochie runs in brief thuswise:

"Na-co-ch-ie is a Cree princess from the region of James Bay. On May 1st last she started to come to Ottawa—that strange place far, far away; which the good Sister Felix had told her of so often. So they got into their canoe and paddled and paddled, for Sister Felix paddles well. Four hundred and fifty miles the good nun paddled the canoe. Sometimes there were rapids, and then Sister Felix got out and carried the canoe along the bank to the foot of the rushing water. It was all strange and wonderful to Na-co-ch-ie, but when they came to Montizambert last Wednesday the little Indian girl grew much afraid. When the big locomotive tooted poor Na-co-ch-ie hid her face in the grey folds of the skirt of Sister Felix and trembled with fright, and it was hard for Sister Felix to make Na-co-ch-ie go into the cars and be whirled away to Ottawa. But they did come, and now the princess is getting a little bit used to all the strange things, including the horse and the cow, and the street-car."

OIL is all the talk west of Edmonton, near Morinville, which is already a lignite centre for Alberta. The Canadian Northern, which has been boring for oil at various points along the Saskatchewan, has shipped in fifteen carloads of plant for the purpose to the Morinville area.

Joel Chandler Harris

(Died July 3rd, 1908.)

Not in the fearsome roar of deadly strife
Gun calling unto gun,
And flashing red against the snowy smoke
His living bays were won.
Not in the war of Trade, the fight for gold
Where weaklings sink and die
And conquerors march onward in disdain,
Nor heed the glazing eye.

Not thus he mounted to the hill of Fame
All glorious with light.
Not thus. His gentle soul was greater far,
He made the world more bright.
For, like the fairy Piper in the tale,
His music, sweet and mild,
Captured the glad allegiance full and free,
Of every little child.

He gathered boys and girls about his knee,
And told them tales so rare
Of all God's gladsome creatures of the field,
God's songsters of the air.
And thus, unpanoplied with sword or spear,
His heart stayed young and sweet,
And happy little children thronged to lay
Fresh laurels at his feet.

—J. E. M. in *Toronto News*.

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A Triangle of Transportation

A TRIP from Toronto to Moose Mountain is one of the rarities of Canadian railway travel. There is but one road by which you may travel to Moose Mountain; that is the Canadian Northern Ontario. The six million people in Canada who have not made that trip have yet to see one of the marvels of modern Canada in the making. For in a strange and yet very simple way all that lies between Toronto and the hill of iron ore thirty-five miles north of Sudbury is an epitome of larger Canada. The hill of ore was seen by a small train-load of critical people last week on the occasion of the formal opening of the new Sudbury line. The young city of the ores—known in geology books everywhere as Sudbury—had these gentlemen for a night. And Sudbury is one of the potential marvels of the north shore. Sudbury with its exclusive deposits of nickel and its stores of copper ore at the smelting suburb of Copper Cliff—population of two thousand; Sudbury, for long years a dejected shanty town on the bleak reaches of the C.P.R.—now with its fabulous Moose Mountain hill of the iron in the north—that little town holds a big key in the lock of the development of northern Ontario. Yet Sudbury does not spell all; and it is when the visitor lounging in the private palace cars of a big company reaches a point fifty miles down the line known as Key Junction, and takes the skid-road to Key Harbour on Georgian Bay at the mouth of the French River, that he begins to see the triangular meaning of this new line to the north. For at Key Harbour there is a new ore dock that has been placed there in nine months; a dock at which much of the ore from Moose Mountain will take to the ore bottoms for the southern haul to the ore ports. Such of the ore as does not tranship at the Key will follow the rails to Toronto—on condition of Ashbridge's Bay being transformed into a smelter. But the ships that carry the ore from the Key will not come to the Key empty. The triangle of transportation in this case means that the bottoms which haul the ore from the Key will first haul wheat from Port Arthur to the Key; and that the holds which float the ore from the Key to the ore ports of the southern lakes will carry back the coal needed at Port Arthur for transshipment to the interior. Wheat—ore—coal; this is the potential triangle spelled out by the new Canadian Northern line to Sudbury and beyond. And this is why so significantly this little story of a big epic epitomises more of the development of modern Canada than any other mileage length of rails ever laid in the land of railroads.

"Pooh! A Motor-Boat"

IN a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. William Davenport Hulbert protests against a magazine writer who dismisses the motor-boat with the above contemptuous interjection and proceeds to remark: "In the first place, you admit that a motor-boat is all right if one wants to go somewhere, but you hint that no one who really loves and appreciates the water ever does want to go anywhere in particular. Well, I do. I want to go somewhere." "Seventy miles away, down the great river that flows past my town, and out on the broad North Channel of Lake Huron, a full league from any other land, there lies a horseshoe-

shaped island, with rocky reefs guarding the portal of its harbour, but with fifty feet of water under your keel if you enter in by the strait gate. Once upon a time it was a fishing-station. The fishermen are gone now, but you can still lay your launch alongside their rotting wharf; and if you come in after dark, and it is too late to gather balsam for a bed, you can spread your blankets on the planks and lie there till morning. The stars will watch over you, and now and then through the long, quiet hours you will hear the lonely night-call of the waterfowl. Perhaps a rabbit will come to look for bread-crusts, or the splash of a leaping fish will break the stillness. And by and by, sooner than you expected, you will look across the glassy harbour and see the eastern sky brightening ever so little, while against it the pointed firs and the tall pine trees stand up blacker than ever. Another day is coming round the world. Presently, out of the inky silhouette of the land, and its inkier reflection in the water, faint details begin to appear—the long, straight line of the beach; the white stems of the birches; dim, shadowy forms of big round rocks; and, last of all, the leaves. And all the time, in the sky above and the water below, that first soft, faint glow is deepening into splendour, till the whole earth is filled with the wonder and the glory of it, and at last the great sun himself comes over the treetops and bids you 'Good-morning.'

"I've been there and seen it all, and I want to go again. I want to hear the gulls scream as they rise in angry clouds from their nests on those rocky reefs, vexed beyond measure at the coming of a stranger, and I want to lie on the old brown wharf again and watch the sunrise.

"And fifty miles away in another direction there is another island, where every June a family of young loons is reared. I want to go and see how they are getting along this year. There are people who say that a loon's laugh has a wild and lonesome, and even maniacal, sound. I don't think so. Not always, at any rate. That particular loon mother has a laugh that seems to me to tell of happy domesticity. I want to make sure that no one is disturbing her housekeeping.

"And in still another direction there are the North Shore, and Whitefish Bay, and the Munuskong. I have seen them all, but I want to see them again, and when I am ready to go I shall not want to wait for the wind. And I shall not have to. Instead, I shall go down to the boathouse where the Sudden Sinker is waiting for me, and I shall say, 'Fill up the tank, Elmo, and give me ten gallons extra, and a gallon of cylinder oil, and a can of dope.

The dope and the oil and the gasoline will be forthcoming. The tents, and the blankets, and the axe, and the kettles, and the frying-pan, and the dishes, and the grub will be tossed aboard, or perhaps stowed in the row-boat that we sometimes take along as a tender. The crew and the passengers—if there are any passengers—will take their places. And now a twist of the switch, a three-quarter turn of the needle valve, a quick throw of the crank, And we go, go, go away from here; On the other side the world we're overdue."

A Loyal Artist

A well-known London art critic, in describing Tennyson Cole's portrait of King Edward in his coronation robes, says it contains one of the most carefully loyal renderings of His Majesty's legs that he ever saw.—*St. John Globe.*

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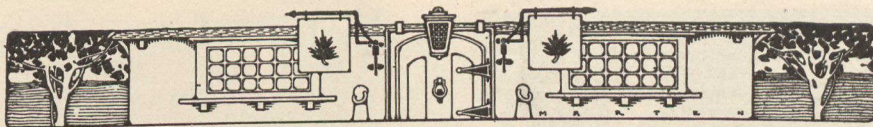
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A PLUCKY GIRL.

A PANIC is about as unpleasant an experience as falls to human lot. The mad moment when a crowd loses all resemblance to self-controlled humanity and becomes a fear-crazed herd is likely to be remembered for many a day by one who has seen or felt the transformation. The one controlling voice which proves equal to the emergency and resolves the stampeded force into civilisation again is therefore a sound to be welcomed and valued as a rallying power. Miss Florence Chubbuck, the elocutionist who called an audience to order about two weeks ago, when an alarm of fire had set the people in Carp Presbyterian Church rushing towards the doors, is evidently a young woman of unusual self-control and histrionic ability. This is the second time that Miss Chubbuck's panic-quelling influence has proved effective. If it were a generation ago, one would be almost certain that the selection which kept the multitude in order was *Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night*, with Bessie swaying in the belfry. Was it *Lasca*, with the steers rushing madly over the devoted young person who saved her tiresome lover or was it *Aux Italiens* with "the faint sweet scent of the jasmine flower" keeping the fascinated audience from making a coward of itself? I confess to curiosity in the matter, for there must have been something in the selection, as well as in the artist, which held the fear-stricken crowd. Whatever it may have been, the Ottawa girl who was rendering it deserves the thanks of the community for saving the situation from becoming a tragedy.

* * *

NOT A CANDIDATE.

THE Argonaut has the reputation of being the brightest (unillustrated) weekly on this continent and the reading of it soon becomes a habit. It travels all the way from San Francisco and consequently gets some of the Canadian news rather late. In an article in the latest number that journal says:

"The woman politician has arrived in Canada. Miss Clara Brett Martin, who has already achieved the distinction of being the first woman admitted to the Canadian bar, is now desirous of becoming Canada's first female member of Parliament. Miss Martin has announced formally her candidacy as a member for the provincial legislature and will run for office in East Toronto against Dr. R. A. Pyne, who holds the portfolio of Minister of Education in the Provincial Cabinet. Miss Martin is said to combine beauty with high social position, an exceptional education and remarkable cleverness."

As a matter of fact, Miss Martin did not announce herself as a candidate at the elections of last month and probably had not the slightest desire to do so. Miss Martin's service as a member of the Board of Education has been of value to the city of Toronto and further public honours may await her.

* * *

A SMALL VOTE.

SPEAKING of women and municipal affairs, it was remarkable that the feminine vote in Toronto on June 27th, when the filtration plant and sewage by-laws were submitted, amounted according to the papers to about six per cent. of the list of women voters. The question was one

which intimately concerned household health and domestic convenience. It is a decided bother to have the drinking-water boiled and it is a greater bother to have typhoid fever in the family. Toronto women had every reason to be interested in the pure water by-laws but, for some reason or another, ninety-four per cent. of those who might have said "yea" or "nay" preferred to stay at home or go up the Humber.

Although most of our women appear to be indifferent to voting privileges, there is no reason why the minority should not have the use of the ballot, in municipal, provincial or federal questions. Hon. J. P. Whitney was probably in the right when he said that Ontario women do not wish to vote. But the few who desire full citizenship should certainly possess it, for there is no reason, so far as intelligence is concerned, why the women of the country should not go to the polls. The Woman Suffragists in Canada have behaved with dignity and good taste, not resorting as the English suffragettes have done, to methods which make themselves and the Cabinet Ministers ridiculous.

CANADIENNE.



The Queen of England and Prince Albert Victor in 1865. The Prince died in 1892.—Life.

THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

There's music in my heart all day,
I hear it late and early,
It comes from fields so far away,
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

Above the uplands drenched with dew
The sky hangs soft and pearly,
An emerald world is listening to
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

Above the bluest mountain crest
The lark is singing rarely,
It rocks the singer into rest,
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

Oh, still through summers and through springs
It calls me late and early.
Come home, come home, come home,
it sings,
The wind that shakes the barley.
Ochone!

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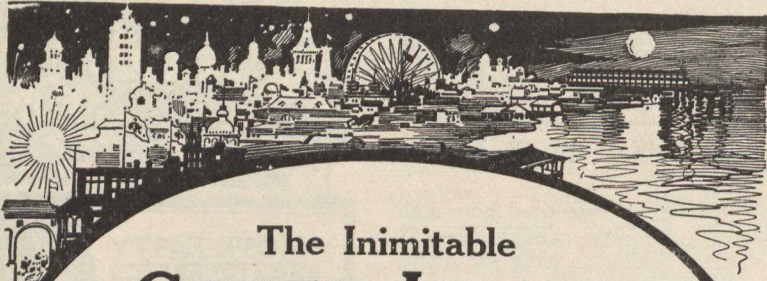
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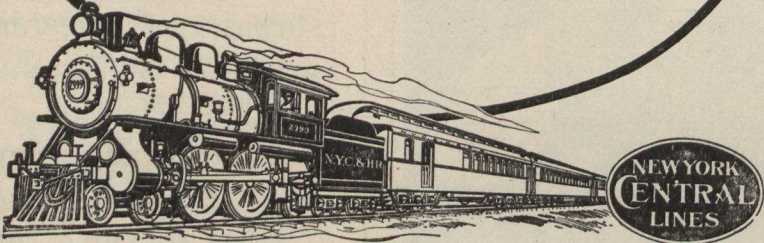
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What Canadian Editors Think

OUR ANCIENT HERITAGE.

(Ottawa Journal.)

WESTERN Canada seems to most of us so intensely modern, from whatever point of view we look at it, that it is with a distinct shock of surprise we pick up a bulky volume of some six hundred and fifty pages, devoted to the history of exploration of this portion of the continent, for a period of about three centuries. Such a volume is Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee's "Search for the Western Sea"—the story of the exploration of North-western America. We are so deeply absorbed in the things of the present, the men and problems of to-day, that we owe a debt of gratitude to the historian who reminds us that the problems of yesterday are still vitally important, and that the men of yesterday made possible the success of the men of to-day; who puts before us as vividly as Mr. Burpee does, the personality and the achievements of the pathfinders of the Canadian West, the men who by their dogged pluck and tireless enthusiasm not only unfolded the splendid heritage which we enjoy to-day, but to a much larger extent than is generally supposed preserved this great region as British territory.

* * *

A HIGHWAY OF THE SEAS.

(Toronto Globe.)

MONTREAL'S serious growth as a port began away back in 1830—a long time as development goes on this continent. Dredging the lower river commenced in 1850, and a depth of 27 1-2 feet was opened in 1888. The Government entered upon a more ambitious scheme in 1899, and the design contemplated a depth of thirty feet. This depth was opened to commerce last year, and there is an excellent equipment of buoys, lights, and all modern aids to navigation. An ocean port in the heart of the continent and at the railway centre of the Dominion had a certainty of immediate development. The Dominion has courageously spent \$10,000,000 on the harbour, and is now getting good value for the outlay. This was not done in a desire to surpass New York or any other port in recorded shipping, but to provide a seaport for the growing half of this continent regardless of commercial rivalry. We are on the world's commercial highway, and must fully sustain the Government in continuing the policy that has already proved so successful. Quebec, Halifax and St. John should also be developed in accordance with the Dominion's growing needs, and all means of transportation and shipment should be sustained in proportion to the increasing volume of our trade and industry.

* * *

BOTTLES AND BUSINESS.

(St. John Sun.)

NEVER was the handicap of drink more impressively emphasised than by the decision of one of the ablest and most progressive business institutions in the world (the C.P.R.) that business and booze are deadly enemies, except in the case of the liquor dealer. The field of opportunity for the man who drinks is becoming every year more limited. In every line of work, manual, business or professional, the man who tampers with alcohol runs continually a greater risk, assumes a greater handicap, and the time is at hand when every youth at the outset of his career must choose definitely between sobriety and failure. And as the general appreciation of the fact grows, the drink evil will de-

crease. Beyond doubt there will always be those who lack the intelligence to realise the danger, who need protection from their own folly and weakness; but society will come to a similar realisation of the need for protecting its weak members for the common good.

* * *

THAT PERVASIVE NUTMEG MAN.

(Saturday Sunset.)

THE Japs are still coming to British Columbia about the same as they were before Mr. Lemieux went over to ask their government to put a check on the emigration of Jap coolies to Canada. Baron Takahashi has been over making inquiry, and he informs us that he will recommend to his government that the Japanese should not be allowed to further congest the cities of the Pacific coast, but should be provided with sufficient money to take them across the Rockies. From this it may be seen that the Japanese come to our coast penniless, that they are already overflowing in their spheres of activity on the Pacific slope and that they propose to keep on coming regardless of our wishes in the matter and in direct violation of their promises to the Canadian and American governments. The Japanese, as is clearly shown in the Baron's statements, have not the slightest intention of confining their emigration to Asiatic territory. Their whole concern is in the matter of concealing from the people of America the fact that they are going to fill in all the holes and corners they can—and in soothing the feelings of the people while they do it.

* * *

KNIGHT ANOTHER PREMIER.

(Stratford Herald.)

WHILE royal honours are being bestowed on several Canadians of more or less eminence, it may not be out of place to query what citizen in this broad Dominion is more worthy of such honours than the Honourable James Pliny Whitney, Premier of the Province of Ontario? No Canadian of the present day, with the possible exception of the Dominion Premier, is more emphatically a man of mark than Premier Whitney, and if the bestowment of knightly honours goes with the recommendation of Earl Grey and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the people of Ontario would like to think that no party difference would be allowed to stand in the way of an honour which would be gracefully and worthily worn by the Premier of whom the people of Ontario are rightly proud. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has shown that he can do the neat thing at the proper time; why not Sir J. P. Whitney?

* * *

ON TO HUDSON'S BAY.

(Hamilton Times.)

THE proposal to make a deal with the C. N. R. for the construction of a line from the Saskatchewan River to Churchill on Hudson Bay would seem to offer an easy solution of a large question. If the Dominion Government grants a cash subsidy to construct this 480 miles, obtaining in return running rights and control of rates in a manner similar to the Transcontinental arrangement, it will secure all the advantages of a Government-owned road, and avoid its multitudinous disadvantages. It is to be hoped some such arrangement will be consummated, and that the rails will soon reach the waters of Hudson Bay.



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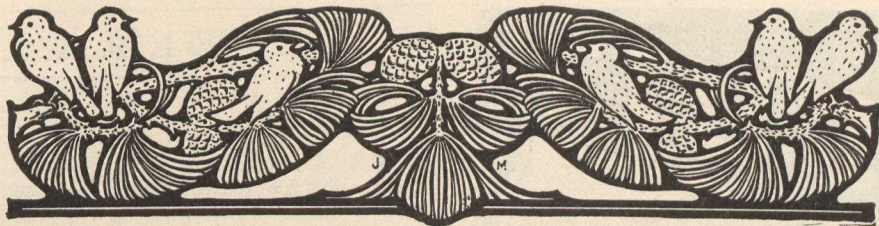
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F O R T H E C H I L D R E N

THE GOOD FAIRIES.

ONE summer night two little fairies folded up their wings and prepared to go to bed. Creeping into a rose, the rose-fairy made herself comfortable and was soon sleeping soundly. The other one, Silver-wings, curled herself up in a lily-cup.

They had not been asleep for long before they felt their beds being rudely shaken, and leaning over the sides of the flowers they saw a big moth.

"Fairies," said he, "we want your help. The big spider at the gate of this garden has caught Mr. Brown-Bee in his web, and although two other little fairies are there, we cannot rescue him."

Off went the two fairies, and soon they reached the gate. There they saw all as the moth had said.

Immediately they set to work to break the threads that held the bee. The spider was in a great rage. He nearly dropped to the ground, for he was shaking so much with anger.

Once or twice he attempted to re-take the poor bee, but the fairies were there, and he was in the end made to keep to one end of the web while the bee was being released.

At last the threads were all broken, and the bee flew away, grateful to the little fairies. —*Tiny Tots.*

THE PEPPERY MAN.

By ARTHUR MACY.

The Peppery Man was cross and thin;
He scolded out and scolded in;
He shook his fist, his hair he tore;
He stamped his feet and slammed the door.

Heigh ho, the Peppery Man,
The rabid, crabbed Peppery Man!
Oh, never since the world began
Was any one like the Peppery Man.

His ugly temper was so sour
He often scolded for an hour;
He gnashed his teeth and stormed and scowled,
He snapped and snarled and yelled and howled.

He wore a fierce and savage frown;
He scolded up and scolded down;
He scolded over field and glen,
And then he scolded back again.

His neighbours, when they heard his roars,
Closed their blinds and locked their doors,
Shut their windows, sought their beds,
Stopped their ears and covered their heads.

He fretted, chafed, and boiled and fumed;
With fiery rage he was consumed,
And no one knew, when he was vexed,
What in the world would happen next.

Heigh ho, the Peppery Man,
The rabid, crabbed Peppery Man!
Oh, never since the world began
Was any one like the Peppery Man.

—*St. Nicholas.*

BUSY CHILDREN.

CHILDREN of to-day, with everything supplied from shops, writes Elizabeth Godfrey in "English Children in the Olden Time," can hardly realise what wealth of possibility in the way of playthings was afforded by a country house in the olden time, with its blacksmith's forge on the premises, its carpenter's shop, full of delightful chips of all sorts and sizes, and great pots of paint with fat

brushes, as well as the inestimable glue-pot, and hard by, the harness-maker's shed, with all its clippings of leather.

Little master, and little miss, too, would be sure to haunt these, and get innumerable toys made for them in days when toy-shops were few, or none, as well as being allowed to imperil their own fingers or pinafores in making for themselves.

The children of the sixteenth century seem to have led happy lives. There was not too much idleness. They were taught to read as soon as they could talk. For the boys there would be manly exercises, the mysteries of hawking and hunting, the girl the while being absorbed in mastering all the wonderful stitches that went to the embroidery in which the women of that day excelled, beginning with the sampler, with its tent-stitch and cross-stitch, long-and-short-stitch, crewel and feather-stitch, leading up to "the great wrought sheet" adorned with birds and beasts.

They learned as well to sing at sight, to touch the lute sweetly, and to bear their part in a contra-dance. Dancing was considered an important part of training, to give ease and dignity to the carriage of the body. —*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

WHERE THEY WON'T GROW UP!

I used to think, at one time, I
Would like to be a man;
But now I'd rather be a boy,
The same as Peter Pan.

I'd like to scare the wolves away,
As sure as eggs is eggs,
By merely looking at them with
My head between my legs.

I wouldn't even fear to meet
The Crocodile who took
So wonderful a fancy to
That horrid Captain Hook.

And so to-night, I think, I'll leave
My window open wide;
And Peter Pan, if passing, will
Be sure to step inside.

Then, if he'll only show me how
To do it, hand in hand
We'll fly away together to
The Never Never Land!

—*Little Folks.*

* * *

THE CIRCUS PARADE.

By ANNA E. BRYANT.

Oh, see them come! Can you hear
the drum?

Do you hear the animals cry?
Hear the music ring, see the baton
swing
As the column marches by!

In a long, long line come the chariots
fine,

With the "king of beasts" inside;
Hear the howl of rage from the gilded
cage
Where the Bengal tigers ride.

Are you keeping count? There's any
amount
A-coming over the hill!

If you took a peep and slept for a
week—
I b'lieve they'd be coming still!

Oh, see them come! Can you hear
the drum?

Do you hear the animals cry?
Hear the music ring, see the batons
swing
As the column marches by!

—*Youth's Companion.*

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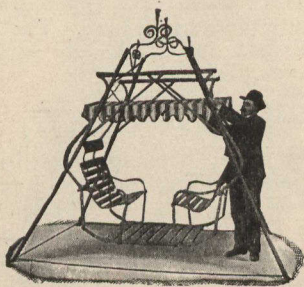
Lectures in Arts, Applied Science, and Commerce, will begin on September 21st; in Law on September 15th; in Medicine on September 16th.

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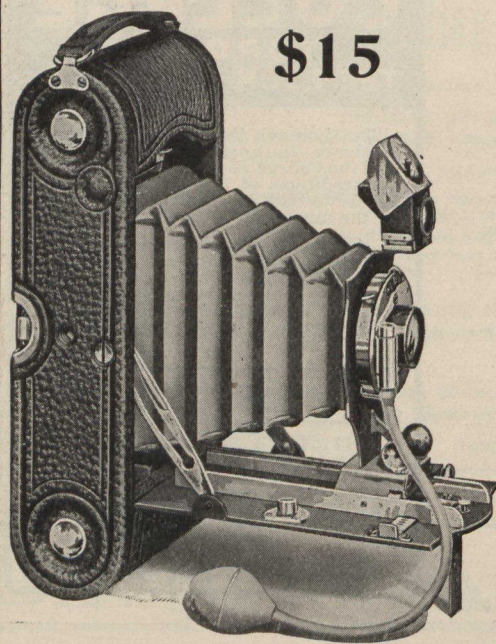
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Calendar sent on application. Autumn term commences Sept. 10, 1908

LITERARY NOTES

WEIGA OF TEMAGAMI.

MR. CY WARMAN is a short story writer who has identified himself with railroad life and from whom one has come to expect a narrative or article in which the steam-engine and the man who controls it will play an energetic part. *The Last Spike* and *Tales of an Engineer* are essentially of the great iron roads.

In *Weiga of Temagami*, Mr. Warman introduces us to the north and its untrammelled people. The Indian tales to be found within the highly attractive covers of this latest collection are not of the Fenimore Cooper school, nor are they of an apologetic tone for "Lo the poor Indian!" Mr. Warman's attitude towards the characters whom he portrays may be found in the stanza which introduces the prose of *Weiga*.

"Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Mitche Manito, the bad:

In the breast of every Redman,
In the dust of every dead man,

There's a tiny heap of Gitche

And a mighty mound of Mitche—
There's the good and there's the bad."

The initial story which gives the volume its name is a daintily-told love story with the traditional dusky maiden who defies a cruel parent and seeks out her Algonquin lover with the persistence of the daughters of Eve. The Cree heroine of "Welcome of the Wild" is even more of the Bernard Shaw type of young woman and pursues the young Irishman on whom she had set her savage fancy with an enthusiasm worthy of a better cause. *Carmel*, the gentle young creature who dies because of her separation from her lover and over whom the Cross of the Cree was erected, is a more comfortable damsel in the prosaic reader's estimation. Then there is *Belle of Athabasca*, an athletic and beautiful young person who forms a profound attachment for *Smith the Silent* but that gentleman is too busy path-finding on the upper Athabasca for the new railroad to pay any attention to *Belle's* brown loveliness and wistful sighs. Altogether these brunette heroines are a somewhat unlucky band and their civilised sisters will come to the conclusion that it is just as well to have other than sentimental interests in life.

The magic of the northern summer is over many of these tales of love and sorrow. At the very threshold we are told of the Indian woman who mourns near the shores of Lake Temagami for the departed Meniseno:

"And there she may be seen to this day watching by the little rock-walled resting-place of the old Ojibway, and, browsing about, is a big bull moose, and across Temagami comes a little bark canoe, barely big enough for two, and it touches the shore where a crystal rill, romping out of the wilderness, spills its laughter on the limpid lake."

There are two sketches in the book which will appeal to the nature-lover more than the tales of forlorn Indian maidens: *How God Made Temagami* and *Eleven Hours of Afternoon*. The first is saturated with the poetic expression which is an Ojibway's native utterance. *Meniseno's* story makes the white man's search for gold and mockery of the Indian's simple faith in Gitche Manito seem a cheap and tawdry thing. *Eleven Hours of Afternoon* is a delightful description of a place where one may idle away a summer in the Athabasca country, far north of Edmonton. The impression of vastness which one receives from this sketch is such as to make the Easterner who knows only the fringe of towns along the Great Lakes feel that it is time for him to become ac-

quainted with his own land.

Scattered among these stories of the north are poems which exhibit a new phase of Mr. Warman's talent, *The Woes of Huntin'-Trouble* being a pleasantly musical story of spring where the restless Colorado flashes in the sunlight. The song of *Little Papoose* is a lullaby to remember:

"Little papoose in a wicker of reed
Under the willow bough swings,
Catching the music where over the mead

Rippling the rivulet sings.
Sings where the fairest of flowers
are found,
Sings where the summer is all the
year round,

Here, where the beauties of Nature
abound,

Rippling the rivulet sings."

The illustrations of *Weiga of Temagami* are of the birch-bark school of art, in realistic keeping with the scenes described. The page decorations are decidedly effective and not excessive, while the photographic pages are pleasing in tone. The book is published in Canada by McLeod and Allen, Toronto.

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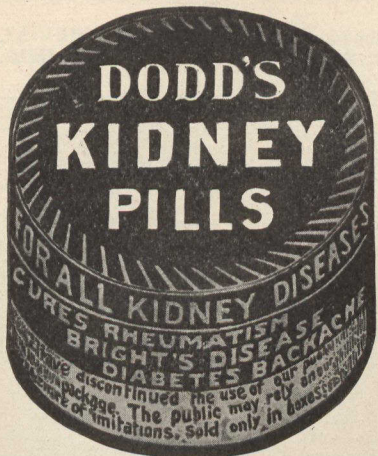
TERRA INCOGNITA.

SUCH is the heading given by the *Outlook*, (England), to a review of *A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador: An Account of the Exploration of the Nascaupsee and George Rivers* by Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard. Mrs. Hubbard, the widow of the daring explorer of that wild part of Eastern America, is a Canadian by birth and lectured in this country last year on her adventures throughout a journey which was undertaken to complete her husband's work of exploration. According to the English critic:

"The account of her experiences given in this volume has been written with the same purpose which prompted the hazardous exploit—to correct the ill-informed criticisms that have been passed upon Mr. Hubbard's conduct of his expedition. In his general introduction Mr. William B. Cabot, a descendant of the famous explorer, bears out the author's contention that Mr. Hubbard's failure was the result of trusting to defective maps and upon the inaccuracy of local sources of information. If mistake was made, it was in underestimating the sterility of a region wherein the native Indians themselves are unable to make provision for periods of famine.

"The intention of both expeditions was to map out the inland route from Hamilton Inlet, by way of the great Northwest or Nascaupsee River, to Ungava Bay on Hudson Straits. Mrs. Hubbard succeeded in making the journey by canoe, except at the points where the waterway was broken. The distance covered was 576 miles from post to post (with thirty miles additional to Ungava Bay, covered later in the post-yacht *Lily*), and the time occupied was forty-three days of actual travelling, with eighteen days in camp. As a result, the author can claim to have provided the pioneer maps of the Nascaupsee and George Rivers, that of the Nascaupsee showing Seal Lake and Michikaman to be in the same drainage basin, and what geographers had supposed were two distinct rivers, the Northwest and the Nascaupsee, to be one and the same, the outlet of Lake Michikaman carrying its waters through Seal Lake and thence to Lake Melville; with notes by the way on the topography, geology, flora and fauna of the country traversed."

The book is published in London, England, by Murray and is considered a valuable contribution to geographical literature.



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THE HUMAN SIDE

By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

DAWN.

Adown the sky-sea, where the night has lain,
Dawn throws her golden bars;
God drags across the world His crimson seine,
And gathers in the stars.

* * *

THE SURVIVOR.

THE alley behind the decrepit shacks was choked with snow. Slum pollution had infected it as it fell so that it lay grimy and cold like death; no brightness, no beauty, only choking chill. Through it, stretching like a narrow ribbon on dirty sand, a path had been trodden as far as the great ash-heap. This path had been made by little Lu, the hunch-back queen of Slum-Land. Lu reigned by Divine ordinance. Her domain was the blind, unused alley. Her subjects were the starving and despised of God's creatures, for which a great city had no sympathy. Her palace was a draughty, broken-down hovel, her ministers the beast-like parents who held high carnival from a big bottle when Lu's pennies from her sale of papers permitted, and who beat her maimed form unmercifully when she returned from the streets empty-handed. But her loves were the few subjects who had thus far survived the fight of cold and starvation. Only three remained now. Shabb, the one-eyed cat, Jeff, the aged setter dog and Gyp. Gyp was a tame crow, a sad, degenerate bedraggled crow that had sometime held a high position. He had a slender band of gold welded about one leg to prove that he had once lived in pleasant places.

All queens must have favourites, and of her subjects Gyp was the favourite of queen Lu. Perhaps it was because he was black, black like her own little despised self, or it may be that the superstitious nature of her kind attached itself the more firmly to him because he could mutter gutterally a few words in the English tongue.

The winter day was just closing down when Lu passed along the black path toward the ash-heap. There was a long red gash in the sky, just above the high smoky buildings, and there was almost a kiss of warmth in the slender gleam of sunlight that slanted through the rent and touched Lu's face. Half way down the path, her subjects met her, Gyp fluttering to her shoulder first of all with a hoarse "Hip Hip Horray," and lean Shabb, arching her back and purring a welcome. Jeff, the aged setter, came last, stiffly and gleefully. Back to the great pile of ashes queen Lu led her subjects speaking to each one and calling it by some endearing name. There they nestled down close together and from beneath her thin, worn jacket Lu took some hard crusts of bread and divided them amongst the famished creatures. As she watched them devour the crusts, a deep beautiful light came from another world into her little black face and beautified it, and she talked to them as a queen should talk to those depending upon her.

"It'll be spring right soon now," she told them, "an' none ob you all 'll feel de cold any more soon. Maybe"—and she glanced back toward the palace in the shadow, "maybe we'll all jest nat'ully light out fo' de kentry den, de kentry whar de birds an' de trees am."

"God save the King," muttered Gyp, edging toward the cat, his

beady eye on her portion of the crust.

A flock of wild crows passed high over the city, directly above them. Gyp hopped to the fence and watched them, his head on one side.

"Ef you all wanter go, Gyp, why jes' go'long." Lu spoke, a catch in her voice. From the blackline, high in air came a cry of welcome to the tame crow. But he simply watched the line vanish and then came back to his queen, nestling up against her and muttering unintelligible sounds.

That night came the great frost that gripped so many of the sluggish life-streams in the slums. At noon, the following day, the heavy clouds drew back and the sun came out and kissed away the grey snow, and the black path Lu's little feet had made. Gyp, who had crouched all night between the ash-pile and Jeff's protecting, shaggy coat, shook off his stupor and staggered out into the warmth. But Jeff, poor old toothless Jeff, did not stir. Neither did grey Shabb. Gyp sat a long time upon the ash-heap and watched for them to awake. At last he gave a low cry and fluttered down. He fluttered along where the narrow path had been and by and by found himself outside the palace walls. He remembered how cruelly he had been chastised by the ministers, once upon a time, for daring to approach this palace, but love was calling him. Up on the narrow sill he hopped and peered into the bare room through an unglazed window. The ministers were gone. A big bottle lay on the floor, and over in a corner on a pile of rags his little black, hunch-back queen was sleeping sweetly. Gyp hopped down and across to where she lay. But he could not waken her, although he rubbed his head against her cheek and croaked softly as he had done often before.

When Gyp came out of the palace a wide flame of gold and purple illumed the skies. The grimy snow had vanished from the alley. The narrow, black path was gone.

From the north, flying low over the city, came a flock of Gyp's kind. Then Gyp with a low cry that might have either been joy or sorrow leaped to air and followed the flock southward.

* * *

LIL' BABY CLO.

My weenty lam' she fine de fold
'Hind hills ob gold,
'Hind hills ob gold;
De shepherd's know dat she done stray
From me away,
From me away;
He seek her fro de chilly snow,
Li'l' baby Clo,
Li'l' baby Clo.
No baby voice, no baby song,
De night am long,
De night am long;
Dese ole arms empty am t' night
Wifout a weenty gal in white;
See mammie rockin' to an' fro,
A-croonin' t' a shadder Clo.
A-holdin' jest a lil' dress,
Close t' her breas',
Close t' her breas',
A lil' nighty-gown ob white,
Is all ole mammie hab t' night;
She dream a-rockin' to an' fro,
She hol' her Clo,
Her baby Clo.

Dear, weenti lammie gone from home,
De night am lone,
De night am lone;
De moon-light tech a empty cha'r,
An' kiss a dolly sleepin' dar;
Hush, don' you wake her, she cry so
Fer baby Clo,
Li'l' baby Clo.



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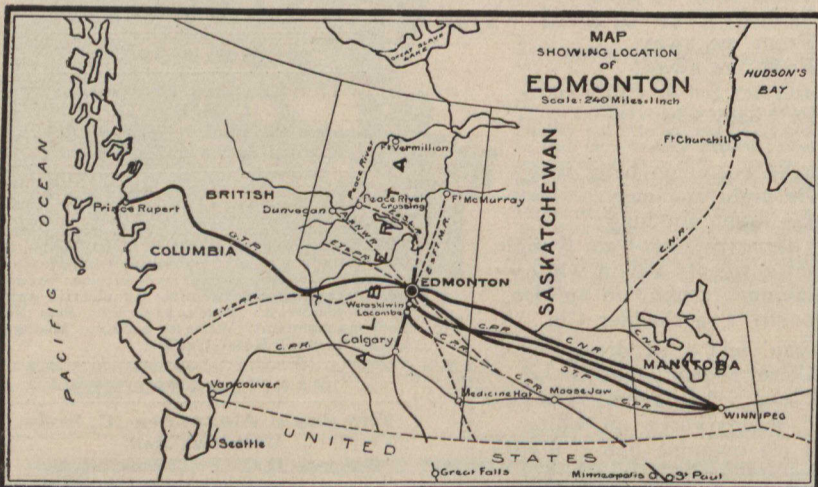
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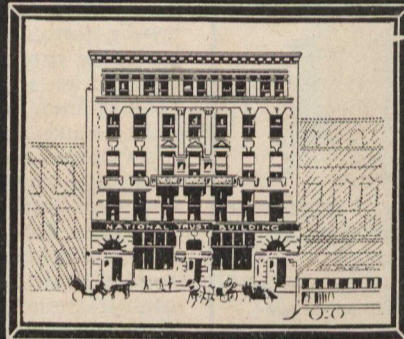
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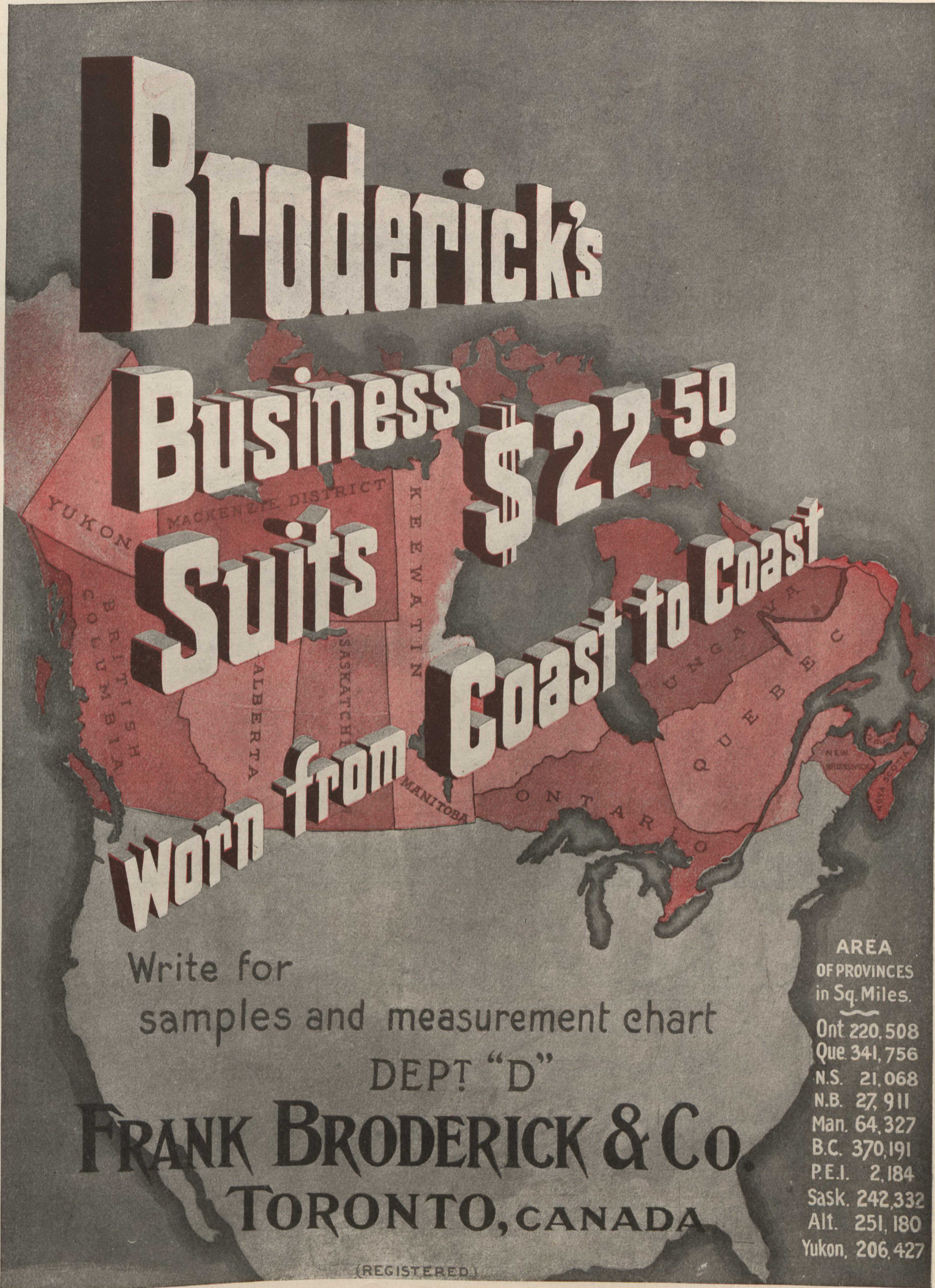
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