

The Canadian **C**ourier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



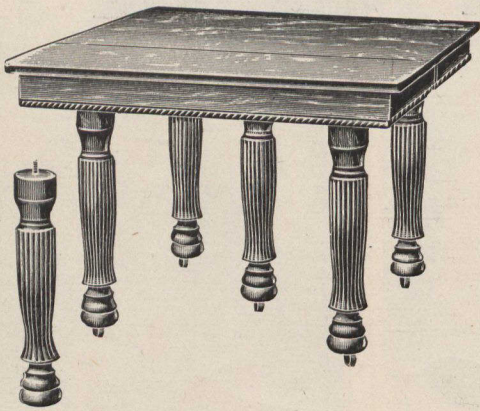
"MEMORIES OF 1608."

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.
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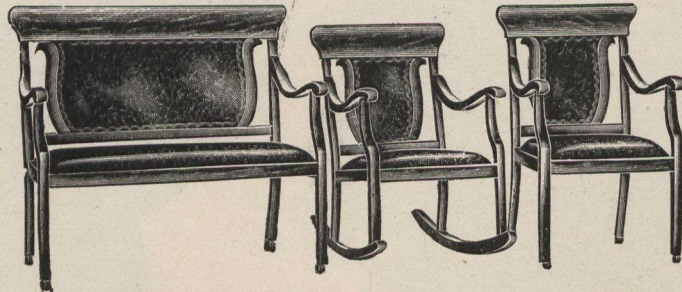
K2-CC2. Same as above extending to 8 feet long. **6.40**
Price.....



K2-CC3. Sideboard, new design, selected ash, rich golden finish, double top, size 20 x 46 inches, two small drawers, deep linen drawer, oval bevelled mirror, size 16 x 28. **12.10**
Price.....

K2-CC5. Same as above, but finished in figured surface oak. **12.50**
Price.....

K2-CC8. This Handsome 3-Piece Parlor Suite, Sofa, Arm Rocking Chair and Arm Chair, show-wood frame, made of birch, mahogany finish, polished, deep spring seats, upholstered in green shade of silk effect velour.

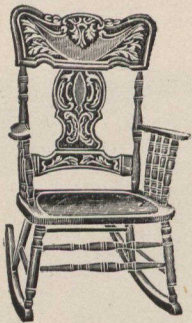


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K2-CC9. Same as above, upholstered in silk tapestry. Price 25.00



IRON AND BRASS 455
K2-CC6. This Handsome Iron and Brass Bedstead, snow white enamel finish. 1 1-16 inch pillars, ten upright fillings in head and foot ends, each made from good sized stock and supported by strong smooth chills. Brass spindles, extended foot end, head end 60 inches high, foot end 40 inches high. Made in the following sizes, 3 feet 6 inches, 4 feet, and 4 feet 6 inches wide. **Bed only, 4.55**
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K2-CC7. Parlor Table, made in oak, golden finish, or birch mahogany finish, shaped top.

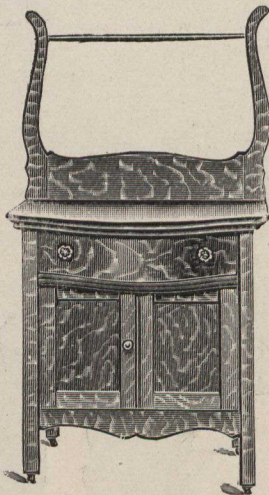
Size 22 x 22 inches.

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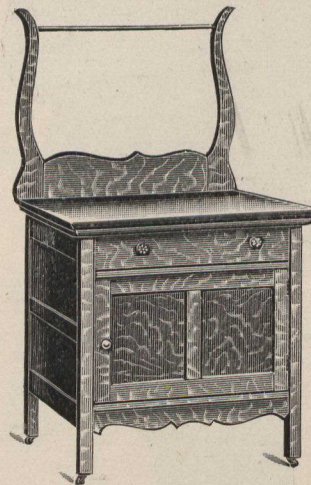
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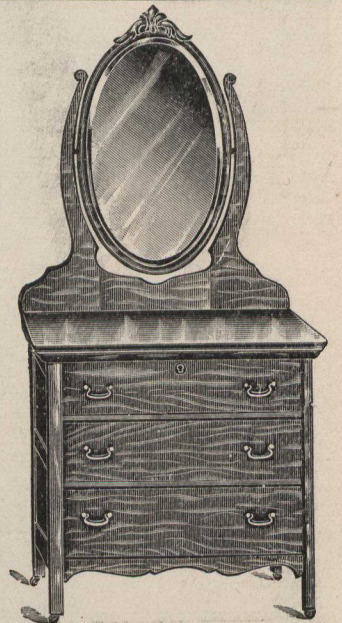
K2-CC10. This Handsome Dresser and Stand, new design, figured surface oak finish, rich golden color, swell shaped double top, size 20 x 38 inches; two small drawers, swell shaped; two deep drawers, strong corner posts, panelled ends, fancy shaped standards supporting a mirror frame, neatly carved, and fitted with a bevelled plate mirror, size 18 x 24 inches; combination washstand to match, swell shaped top, size 19 x 28 inches; double door cupboard, fancy shaped splash back. Complete with brass trimmings and easy running castors. **13.95**
Washstand \$4.70. Dresser \$9.25. Price.....



Price \$4.70



Price \$3.00



K2-CC11. This neat design in a Dresser and Stand is made of hardwood, figured surface oak finish, rich golden color, large double top, size 17 x 34 inches; three deep drawers, strong corner posts, panelled ends, plain shaped standards supporting a handsome oval-shaped British bevel plate mirror, size 16 x 28 inches; wash stand to match. Complete with brass trimmings and easy running castors. **10.65**
Dresser \$7.65. Extra Value Price.....

K2-CC12. Dresser and Stand, same as above, in empire mahogany finish.....10.65
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THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHERS' TALK

DURING the last fortnight "Canadian Courier" readers have been kept informed of the progress of the Quebec pageant—the greatest event of the kind which Canada has witnessed. The course of events at the Olympic Games has also been carefully followed and the triumphs of Canadian athletes duly chronicled in article and photograph.

AUGUST is the regatta month for all Canadians who have access to the lake regions and any photographs illustrative of these events in summer sport will be received with pleasure. From Sydney to Vancouver such gatherings make August memorable for our yachtsmen and furnish a record of clean and invigorating sport.

LACROSSE has not lost its ancient spell and the "Canadian Courier" has recently obtained a lacrosse cover design which will delight all lovers of the game.

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What Canadian Editors Think

HOMES ON THE LAND.

(London Advertiser.)

THE increase of urban population is far more marked in European countries and the United States than it is in Canada. Here we have a country at the threshold of its development. In reaching out for immigration our government naturally seeks for agriculturists, to bring the vast acres of the west under cultivation. The result is that the large majority of those who annually come to Canada from Great Britain and the continent, and practically all those who for several years have been coming over in thousands from the Western States, go on the land. In the older provinces, the growth of rural population is, of course, far less rapid. Many of the farmers of Ontario and the eastern provinces find it difficult to keep their sons on the soil. To these young men city life is a strong attraction. A large proportion of the students at the universities and colleges are youths who have left the farm. Ontario's rural population has also suffered from the migration to the Canadian West, and to a less extent from farmers who have acquired a competence moving to the cities to spend their declining years.

WHAT IS A FREE PORT?

(Vancouver World.)

"MAKE Vancouver a free port."

For a few days the voice of The World was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Men heard and passed on—passed on to find that there was something insistent about this free port idea—passed on to come back and ask questions. And they certainly asked questions—all kinds of questions. Thus it came about that every second man was inquiring, "What is a free port?" Thus it also came about that everybody was telling everybody else all he did not know about it. A free port is just making the business part of the city one huge bonded warehouse and factory where trade and industry can be carried on free from customs interference.

"GOD SAVE THE KING" AND ROAST BEEF.

(Victoria Colonist.)

DISCUSSION as to the authorship of the music of "God Save the King" has been revived by a Swiss writer, who claims that it originated in that country in 1602. There seems good reason to believe that the melody in various forms is even older than this, although George Carey, who sang it at a dinner given in honour of Admiral Vernon in 1739, announced that both the words and music were his own. It is now used not only in the British possessions and the United States as a national anthem, but has been adopted in Denmark and Prussia and is sung with some changes of detail all over Continental Europe. It is the world's greatest song.

The sons of Britain who live at home are paying dear for their national dish. Beef, which was already very high, has advanced two cents a pound in London. Even at the present high figures it is said that retailers are doing business at a loss, preferring to do so rather than lose their customers, and taking their chances of profits on other meats, which remain at normal figures. The cause of the high price of beef is the shortage in the United States, which country is now drawing largely upon Canada for its supply. There has been a steady decrease in the exports of beef from that country to the United Kingdom,

and there seems to be no very good prospect that the surplus production of the United States will ever again be sufficient to supply the demands of Europe. The consequence is that there is a strong agitation in England for the removal of the embargo upon Canadian cattle.

HOT WEATHER READING.

(Prince Albert Advocate.)

THE old stereopticon or magic lantern of our youthful days was the forerunner of the up-to-date cinematograph, biograph and for which we use the generalising phrase moving pictures. And these moving pictures have become a part of our national life. The field they cover is most tremendous and the world is being searched by talented artists for new themes which are featured by the moving picture shows. Every variety of life is touched upon and these creations are appealing to the eye and full of good moral and heart interest. The men who have built up the picture show business are real benefactors—they have given the race new impetus, and they are daily teaching men, women and children the world wonders, nature beauties and filling their minds with higher ideals. The pictures are a tonic to the jaded man or woman after their daily toil and the price makes this form of entertainment able to be seen by all. The picture men are doing a great good work. They kill care and bring rest and recreation to many a wearied one. And the men who kill care are public benefactors.

THE U. S. AND THE OTHERS.

(Victoria Times.)

A MODEST American scribe says it is the United States against the world in the Olympic games. If that is the case, the world seems to be getting a trifle the better thus far of its better half. And the little bit of the world known as the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has won more points than "all the rest." But of course the meet is young yet. The events in which the Americans expect to sweep the board have not come off.

CONSOLATION TO MOTHERS.

(Winnipeg Telegram.)

NOW comes a well-known New York physician who says that milk is no good anyway, and that "all the tinkering with icing, boiling, medicating, sterilizing, certifying, building marble halls for cow stalls, wearing of white clothes and milking in fresh gloves," has not moved nature to change her laws, and that a cow's milk is still not fit for anything but a cow's calf. He claims that feeding a baby upon cow's milk is cruelly wrong, no matter what precautions are taken, and that many fully grown persons cannot take even the slight amount of milk in tea and coffee without being poisoned. Thus do our fancies flee. If this sort of "discovery" and development of science goes on much longer, there will be only one safe course open, which will be to join the Douks and live in peace and plenty upon the fruit of the earth. In the meantime, the good old-fashioned mothers who bring up their babies in the good old-fashioned way, have the satisfaction of knowing that up to date there has not arisen a faddist who would give the youngster instead onion tea and walnuts. This, however, is an omission that can be corrected in time. All that is needed is someone to lead the movement and supply the statistics.

A BRISK SHAMPOO WITH PACKER'S TAR SOAP

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

A TIMELY BOOK

The ancient fortress City of Quebec this year celebrates the 300th anniversary of its founding by Champlain. A very interesting and tasteful souvenir is the book—

OLD QUEBEC, the CITY of CHAMPLAIN

By Miss Emily P. Weaver

Author of "A Canadian History for Boys and Girls," and illustrated by Miss Annie E. Weaver. Paper, 50c net. Cloth, 75c net.

In the Mail and Empire, Katherine Hale writes: "Miss Weaver has evidently deeply loved and studied Quebec, and her little volume is one that must charm and delight, not only the traveller who has been, or will go to Quebec, but the student of history who needs to look back through all the centuries to find his Quebec of to-day. I do not remember having read before such brief, spiritual and suggestive sketches as those of Samuel de Champlain, the founder of Quebec, and Montcalm, its brave defender, while nowhere has the famous battle of the Plains of Abraham been more vividly set forth. A word must be said for the illustrations, which greatly enhance the value of 'Old Quebec.'"

Embellished with over 100 original illustrations, most of them from pen-and-ink drawings by Miss Annie E. Weaver. Bound in dark blue and gold, with the coat-of-arms of Quebec and an etching of Champlain's ship in a panel of fleur-de-lys.

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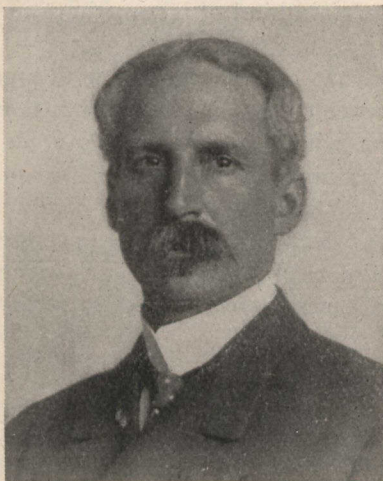
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Vol. IV.

Toronto, August 1st, 1908.

No. 9

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Commodore Aemilius Jarvis.

Comte Bertrand de Montcalm, Marquis de Levis and M. Brandelis, mayor of Brouage, the birth-place of Champlain. From all over Canada there gathered men prominent in science, literature, journalism, politics and business life. Such a brilliant gathering was never before seen in any Canadian city.

* * *

MUCH interest was taken in the list of honours bestowed in commemoration of the Prince's visit and the work done on behalf of the Tercentenary celebration and the Battlefields Fund. Earl Grey has been made a member of the Privy Council and a Grand Commander of the Victorian Order. Hon. Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec, Hon. James P. Whitney, Premier of Ontario and Mr. George Garneau, Mayor of Quebec, are made Knights Bachelor and are now entitled to be addressed as Sir. Colonel J. Hanbury-Williams, Lord Grey's secretary, is made a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order. Sir George Drummond, Mr. Joseph Pope, C.M.G., Hon. Adelard Turgeon and Mr. Byron E. Walker become Companions of the Victorian Order. Lieutenant-Colonel G. T. Denison is the only member of the Battlefields Commission who is not honoured and this is probably not the first time he has refused similar recognition. M. Jean Baptiste Chouinard, clerk of Quebec City, who was one of the first to discuss a Tercentenary celebration, is made a Companion of St. Michael and St. George. Colonel A. P. Sherwood and Lieutenant-Colonel A. Roy become members of the Victorian Order. All the honours were conferred personally by the Prince in the banquet hall at the Citadel.

* * *

OF all the prominent persons in Quebec, the people were most interested in the Prince, Lord Roberts, Earl Grey and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Vice-President Fairbanks, the Duke of Norfolk, and the French admiral closely followed, but in their case it was more curiosity than personal knowledge. The Prince made a better impression than on his previous visit. Though he overlooked one or two occasions where attention to guards of honour would have added to his popularity, he performed his constant round of duties with a keenness of interest which will add to his reputation on this side of the ocean.

DURING the past fortnight Quebec has been the Mecca of the people of two continents. From Great Britain came the Prince of Wales, Lord Roberts, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Annaly, Sir Arthur Bigge, Lord Bruce, Sir Francis Hopwood, General Sir E. Pole-Carew, Lord Lovat, Viscount Falmouth and other prominent persons. From the United States came Vice-President Fairbanks, Rear-Admiral Cowles and a host of other visitors. The Earl of Dudley represented Australia, the Earl of Ranfurly New Zealand, Sir J. H. De Villiers South Africa, and Hon. J. Stewart Pitts Newfoundland. Representing France were Vice-Admiral Jaureguiberry, M. Louis Herbette, M. de Loynes,

Comte Bertrand de Montcalm, Marquis de Levis and M. Brandelis, mayor of Brouage, the birth-place of Champlain. From all over Canada there gathered men prominent in science, literature, journalism, politics and business life. Such a brilliant gathering was never before seen in any Canadian city.

* * *



A Group of Mayors at Quebec.

The top row from left : Messrs. Hall, of Victoria, B.C.; Scott, of Ottawa; Oliver, of Toronto. The lower row : Messrs. Stevely, London; Ashdown, Winnipeg; Bethune, Vancouver, B.C.

His speeches were in excellent taste, though not delivered in the free and confident manner which one is accustomed to witness among the public men of Canada and the United States.

* * *

THE prefixing of "Sir" to Premier Whitney's personal name will make no manner of difference to the man. While no public man has ever been more constitutionally loyal than Mr. Whitney, there has perhaps never been a knight in Canadian politics who set less store by a title. Premier Whitney is a man of the people, of whom in Ontario he happens to have a majority of nearly one hundred thousand among the voters, and without a real enemy perhaps among the Opposition. A visitor to the Ontario Legislative Buildings during the dog days, if the Premier chanced to be in office, would probably find him in his accustomed shirt-sleeves killing a heap of work, and when he got done riding home on his bicycle. Knighthood can never change Sir James Whitney. He never either wears a mask or shifts his base. What he has most of, he cannot change; character and moral worth need no flowing cloak nor clanking scabbard. When he says that his knighthood is merely the mark of royal esteem for the province he represents, he may be speaking literal truth; but as even his political opponents know, Sir James Pliny Whitney represents the best elements in that province.

* * *

WITH Longboat dropped out of the English Marathon at the twentieth mile and Canadians largely holding their own at the matches of the Bisley camp, it comes as a pleasant hot-weather reminder that at the yacht races at Put-in-Bay held last week, Canadian yachtsmanship and yachts carried off money every day of the five except Wednesday, which was a drifting match, and in the last match went home with every cent of the stakes. It has been a week of conquests for Zoraya and Zelma.

Now, yacht races are sometimes "the slowest thing that ever went"; but with a rippling breeze such as banged the bowsprits on Friday last at eighteen miles an hour, there is more poetry in a minute in a yacht race than in an automobile tournament in a year. Canadian yachts have won an enviable place during the past ten years. The R.C.Y.C. yachts have naturally won more races than those of any other club in the Dominion. In its aggregation of gamey skippers, Commodore Aemilius Jarvis is *facile princeps*.



A snapshot of Sir Wilfrid Laurier at a social function during the Quebec Tercentenary.



PROVINCIAL CIVIL SERVICES

IF civil service reform is good at Ottawa, it should be good in all the provinces. That civil service reform is necessary at Ottawa, is admitted by both political parties, therefore there should be no political objection to a similar reform in any province. All that is required is some body of patriotic citizens in each province to take up the question and agitate it. If left to themselves the provincial governments will probably avoid the issue.

The civil service staffs in the provinces are small, and in the main the services seem well filled by men of integrity and ability. There is no doubt, however, that if these services were put upon an independent and permanent basis, it would be much more satisfactory to those already in the service. Moreover, it would ensure that all future appointees are well qualified for the work upon which they are entering. It would throw the provincial civil services open to educated men who are willing and anxious to enter upon a civil service career.

These, however, are but minor advantages. The great gain would be the elimination of patronage and place-seeking. At least one-half of the time of the present provincial cabinet ministers is taken up with discussion as to who shall get such and such contracts and who such and such positions. So much is this the case, that these men have little energy left for the framing and explaining of public policies and for the preparation of legislation. Further, the crowd of greedy party-workers howling continually at their heels for jobs and positions makes them think that their respective parties are more interested in patronage than in good government and progressive legislation.

Even if no better men were secured for the civil service under an independent commission, the formation of such in each of the nine provinces would be a great gain. The lives of conscientious members of the legislatures would be made much more tolerable, and the member whose election is due to patronage, real or prospective, would be eliminated. Both members and ministers would be relieved of much that is burdensome, degrading and unnecessary. The patronage system has its effect on provincial politics just as it had its effect on Dominion politics.

IS BESETTING A CRIME?

IT was expected that the Privy Council would this month give a decision as to whether "besetting" or "picketing" by a trades union during a strike was illegal and whether a trades union was liable for damages done to a business by their interference.

An action was brought in 1902 by the Metallic Roofing Company of Toronto against certain members of Local Union No. 30 Sheet Metal Workers and against the International Union for interference with their business as the result of a strike. The Metallic Roofing Company also asked for a perpetual injunction against picketing and other conduct which goes with that practice. The plaintiffs secured from Mr. Justice MacMahon and a special jury a verdict for \$7,500 and an injunction. The Divisional Court of Ontario upheld the judgment. The Court of Appeal upheld the damages but struck out the injunction. On an appeal to the Privy Council, a new trial has been ordered on the ground of misdirection at the trial. Thus neither side gets a decision which is of any permanent value.

It will be remembered that Judge Hardy, in a recent Brantford case, held that besetting was not criminal unless compulsion was used. Mr. Justice Mathers, in a Winnipeg case, held that members of a plumbers' union could be enjoined from besetting or picketing a shop and if they caused the owner loss they were liable for the damages.

In a recent case in Lynn, the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts decided that an injunction would lie in such a case and went farther than the Winnipeg decision in deciding that union men could not legally combine and order a strike because of some

individual grievance only. In another case, the United States District Court of Illinois decided that a walking delegate who arranged a boycott of the Wakefield Manufacturing Company, which was using various kinds of union men in their regular employ to put up a new building and which would not force these men to join the local carpenters' union temporarily, was fined. The judge stated that "the defendants had no more right to go to the place of business of the plaintiff and demand that he employ a certain kind of labour than they had to go in and take his goods."

The decisions are thus in a somewhat chaotic condition though inclining to condemn combinations to force employers to do what they will not do willingly. A trades union which attempts in any way to force the hand of an employer is running considerable risks and the guilty union is liable to be mulcted for damages for such conduct. If the Privy Council had rendered a clear decision in the matter, either for or against the unions, it would have cleared the air. Unfortunately, this has not been done and the question is left in its former unsatisfactory condition.

AN EXALTED PERSONAGE

THE list of distinguished guests entertained at the Citadel, Quebec, as given in the press of last week must have made many Canadians wonder if there were at any other period in the nation's history a list of equal significance, associated with a Dominion celebration. Assuredly, the City of Quebec will remember her three-hundredth birthday, as an assembly honoured by three great nations.

Among the citadel guests is one, distinguished both by position and personality, the Premier Duke of Great Britain and Ireland, Henry Fitzalan Howard, known as His Grace, the Duke of Norfolk. There is no name on the rolls of the British aristocracy which has been more prominent in the changes of government and dynasty than that of Howard. In old Saxon times, when the Witan represented the rude wisdom of the island government, the name of Howard was known in primitive council. Through the troubled Wars of the Roses and the dominance of stubborn Tudors the strength of Howard of Norfolk was a force to be reckoned with, even by royal will. Queen Elizabeth feared nothing more than a possible alliance between the Premier Duke and the fair Mary, Queen of Scots. Down to the present, the head of this great house has been one of the leading English members of the Roman Catholic Church and the present distinguished holder of the title is a devout adherent of that faith. It is owing to this fact, no doubt, that he now visits Canada, since the memory of Champlain is associated with the early coming to Quebec of French missionaries.

The Duke of Norfolk for many years was regarded as a recluse, devoting himself after the death of his wife to the care of a crippled son in whose behalf he visited several famous shrines. For some years after the son's death he was plunged in melancholy, but he finally married again and rejoicings over the birth of an heir to the dukedom were held but two months ago. His Grace and the Duchess of Norfolk are known throughout the kingdom as devoted to their historic church and as given to deeds of sincere charity, both of them avoiding the world of fashion and display. Such a nobleman is a specimen of aristocracy, in the best and Greek sense of that much-soiled word.

THE RETIRING EARL ROBERTS.

IT is to be hoped that Toronto citizens will not kill the Hero of Kandahar with kindness. Lord Roberts has intimated to Montreal and Toronto that he has no desire for fuss and feathers during his visits to these Canadian cities. He would much prefer a quiet meeting with the veterans to any parade before the public. Toronto has lost its control once or twice on the occasion of civic receptions and come dangerously near doing injury to the hero whom it professed to welcome. A Field Marshal is not usually desirous

of being regarded as a display or a competitor for public honours with a hockey player or a lacrosse champion. May the dignity associated with great deeds be remembered when Lord Roberts comes to Ontario's capital.

A DAY IN QUEBEC.

ONE morning last week I rose from my tent in the West Savard Camp and in undress uniform walked through the lines to the height of land which ran through the northern limits of the soldiers' tented city. The sun had just risen above the Laurentian hills on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, opposite the Island of Orleans. The great camp to the south-east was shaking itself free of the mist. Above and beyond the camp were the turrets and spires of the New Quebec, dimly seen through the early-morning haze. Musing as I went, I was startled by a deep voice saying, "Halt, who goes there?" It was so sudden and so unexpected that my tongue was powerless for a second. My brain soon regained control and I answered, as if at random, "A friend." Soldier as I was supposed to be, I breathed more freely when the trooper answered, "Pass friend, all's well." I turned toward the north, and noted how the sun shone on the white-washed farm buildings and the tin-covered spires in the numerous little villages dotted over the rising landscape. Scarcely a bird was to be seen or heard. The sentries passed to and fro. The tents were closed and silent. The horse-lines showed little signs of life, though here and there an animal would rise and stretch himself. It was a glorious scene and I longed to be an artist that I might transfer it to canvas and keep it before me forever.

* * *

As I sat on the zig-zag rail-fence, I thought of that morning long ago, when on the same north bank of that same St. Charles, though a mile or two nearer to the point where it empties into the St. Lawrence, Montcalm rested in his tent and waited for news of the firing which he had heard earlier in the night. He, too, looked up at the walled city on the heights, and across at the British tents on the Levis shore. I recalled his anxiety as to whether his supplies had come down the river and whether the British would renew their attack of the night before. As he viewed this same mist-covered "Key of the St. Lawrence," the news reached him that Wolfe had landed an army on the Plains above. He left his tent, called his army together and marched from the Beaufort camp, through the Lower Town, up the winding road towards the Upper Town and out upon the Plains of Abraham. There, under the most unfortunate circumstances for the Lilies of France, he entered upon the great battle which decided the fate of Canada. As I recalled these events, it was but natural that I should speculate as to what Quebec and Canada would be now if Wolfe had been less daring and Montcalm less unafraid of an enemy which up to that time he had always beaten.

* * *

As my mind turned over the possibilities, a gun was fired and a great cloud of grey smoke broke upward through the mist. More than a dozen bugles rang out the reveille. The duty band came out from the lines of the 13th Regiment and, buttoning their serges as they walked, took up position on the road; then down the lines they passed playing a regimental quick-step. A lone piper appeared walking up and down the lines of the 91st and skirling a tune which must have opened many pairs of weary eyelids. The flaps of a thousand tents were thrown back and half-clothed men with towels and pails appeared and stretched themselves. On the right, half-clad troopers began to lead the horses to the water-troughs. Soon the whole foreground was a busy bee-hive. The mist rolled away and the Parliament Buildings on the distant heights became clearer. A half dozen habitant carts rattled down the road, loaded to the canvas tops with milk and vegetables.

The camp was awake, but little the soldiers cared about my recollections and speculations concerning Montcalm and Wolfe. The men and the animals were looking for breakfast. As I tramped back to my tent, I recalled having seen Quebec from the Levis shore on several occasions, and again from the deck of an Allan Liner inward bound from Liverpool, and I decided that after all there was no view more suggestive or more beautiful than that which I obtained from the top of the rail-fence near the northerly limit of the West Savard Camp of July, 1908.

* * *

It was Friday, the day of the Grand Review. His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, had arrived on Wednesday, had been received by the Governor-General, the Premier and a host of important officials, including a French admiral and the Vice-President of the United States. He had swept up through the troop-lined streets to the citadel, guarded by an escort of the finest mounted troops that Canada possesses. This morning, he was to review the marines from the French, United States and British warships and the 12,422 Canadian troops gathered from all over the Dominion. Soon after breakfast the artillery waggons began to rumble through the narrow streets heading for the Plains. The mounted troops trotted along with their rifles pounding in the leather sockets or sabres clanking at their horses' sides. The infantry, in full-dress uniform with busbies or helmets, swung along after their perspiring brass or bugle bands. Brigade after brigade, division upon division, took up their allotted positions on the ground which Wolfe and Montcalm have made sacred to a two-race nation. The grand-stand filled up slowly.

The boundaries of the parade-ground became marked by long rows of spectators. Finally they are all ready for the Prince—and Lord Roberts. Up the Grand Allee comes the sound of a bugle, then the sound of pounding hoofs, and finally into view comes a cavalcade such as Canada has never seen before. General Otter speaks the word and fifteen thousand men and four thousand horses spring to "attention." The Minister of Militia on foot, in court clothes and cocked hat, stands near the entrance under the grand-stand. Through this portal comes a turbaned officer of the Indian Army. Then follow a number of officers of higher rank and finally the Prince—and "Bobs." "Royal salute!" and the bands play the national anthem. Then the red-coated cavalcade is a-move again and the Prince inspects the lines. This somewhat tedious ceremony over, he goes back to the saluting point and the grand march past begins. What cheering, what clapping of hands, what striving to hold shoulders square and heads high as this little army sweeps by—watch after watch, battery after battery, troop after troop, company after company. Over all shone the same sun that watched Champlain's early efforts in city-making in 1608 and that hovered over the struggling armies in 1759.

Between two parts of the ceremony, the Governor-General salutes the Prince and on behalf of the nation accepts the title-deeds of the henceforth Battlefields Park.

* * *

After the review, there was a luncheon at the Garrison Club, where representative citizens and legislators met to do honour to His Royal Highness. The presidents of three national transcontinental railways—made or in the making—were there, together with the presidents of the larger banks, several merchant princes, prominent officers of army and navy, the Battlefields Park Commissioners, ministers of the Crown from Toronto, Ottawa and Quebec, lieutenant-governors and prominent foreigners. The Garrison Club has often entertained nobility and royalty, but it never sheltered a more brilliant gathering than on this occasion. If Champlain could have returned to witness that function, or the State ball in the evening, or the crowded terrace, the illuminated warships and the fireworks on the Levis shore, what a curious medley of feelings had been his!

* * *

Never was a city better decorated than was Quebec on this occasion. Go where you would, upper town or lower town, public square or back alley, business place or humble cottage, there was some sort of flag or bunting. Pictures, busts and bas-reliefs of Champlain were everywhere. His name was on a thousand banners. The Tricolour and the Union Jack hung from ten thousand windows. On the reviewing grand-stand there were some Canadian ensigns upside down and in another place the Stars and Stripes floated above our own flag—but what matter? These little oddities only serve to teach carefulness. The quaint costumes of those participating in the pageants added colour to the picture made by the densely-crowded throngs in the narrow and tortuous streets. The special mounted policeman under the provost-marshal, the red-coated troopers hurrying hither and thither, the picked guards of honour, the processions religious and otherwise, the wandering soldier and the rolling sailor—all these added colour and variety to the already highly-coloured avenues and streets.

* * *

All this in honour of those famous explorers, Cartier, Champlain and La Salle, in honour of De Tracy, Frontenac, Montcalm and Levis, Wolfe and Murray, Guy Carleton and De Salaberry, Madeline of Vercheres and Dollard—and the hundred other heroes and heroines of New France. On Thursday, they received special attention from His Royal Highness, whose speech at the foot of the Champlain monument was quite worthy of his own high rank and the occasion. Each day from five to eight o'clock there was a well-attended presentation of the historical pageant. In this part of the celebration, the French-speaking portion of the population won much praise. These pageants are conceded to be far superior in quality and extent to anything ever produced on this continent and perhaps in the world. The innate grace and historical feeling of this gentle and humble race enabled them to present these scenes with fidelity and enthusiasm. Those who saw the spectacle, will carry away with them vivid impressions and memories which will last as long as the individual life.

* * *

And over and above all was the evidence of sympathy and fellow-feeling of the two races and the witness of the national spirit extraordinary. A prominent French-speaking journalist assured me that his compatriots were all enthusiastic over the Battlefields Park and the whole celebration. He declared that this event had a national significance and effect beyond all present comprehension and asserted his belief that during the past four years more had been done to promote union, peace and harmony than during the previous half century. As the English-speaking troops passed through the French-speaking districts of Lower Town, the windows and doors were continually opening that jugs and pails and cups might be offered to the hot and thirsty soldiers. The entente cordiale was plainly in evidence. The joint monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, the national park composed of the battlefields of Abraham and Ste. Foye, and the meeting together in this Tercentenary Celebration are but the outer signs of an inner understanding which is rapidly developing and which means much for Canada's future peace and prosperity.

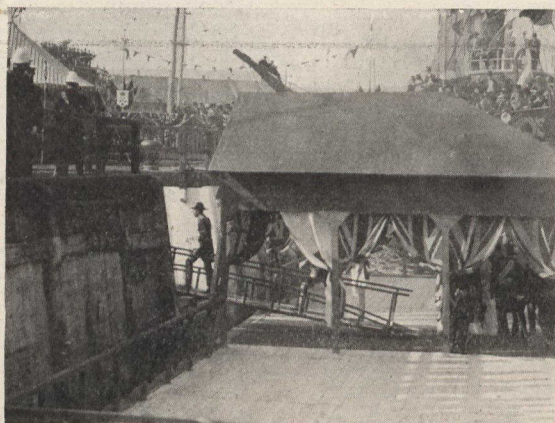
J. A. C.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT QUEBEC

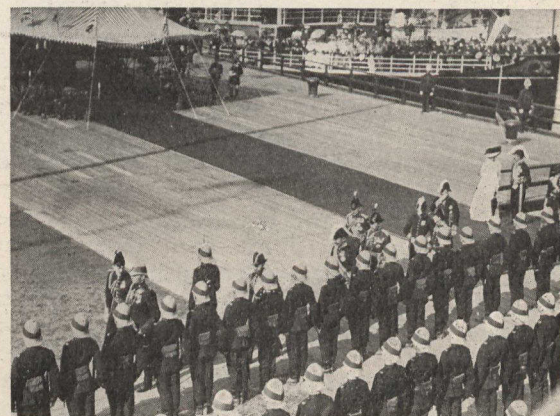
THE STRENUOUS WEEK SPENT BY THE HEIR TO THE THRONE



The Prince Arrives in a Launch



He Passes from the Landing Stage to the Wharf



He Inspects the Guard (43rd) on the Wharf



He Speaks at the Champlain Monument



H.R.H. The Prince of Wales on the Same Horse Which He Rode in British Columbia on His Previous Visit



He Hands Over the Plains to Earl Grey



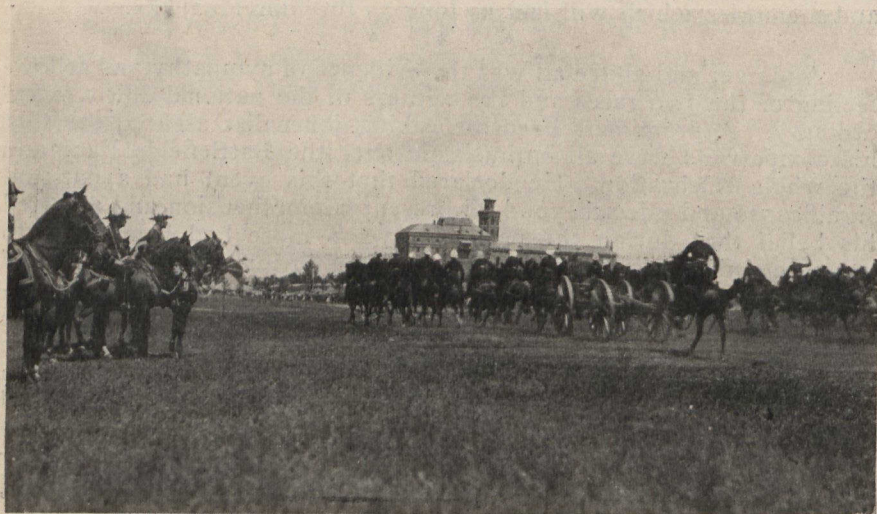
He Inspects the Canadian Army



The Sailors March Past Him



The Mounted Infantry March Past



The Artillery March Past The Prince

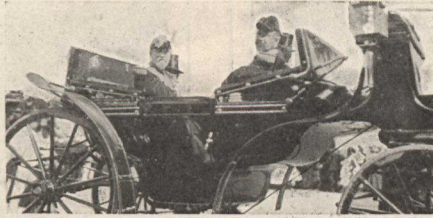


The Q.O.R. With Lord Roberts at Their Head

OTHER SCENES AT THE TERCENTENARY



One of the Processions.



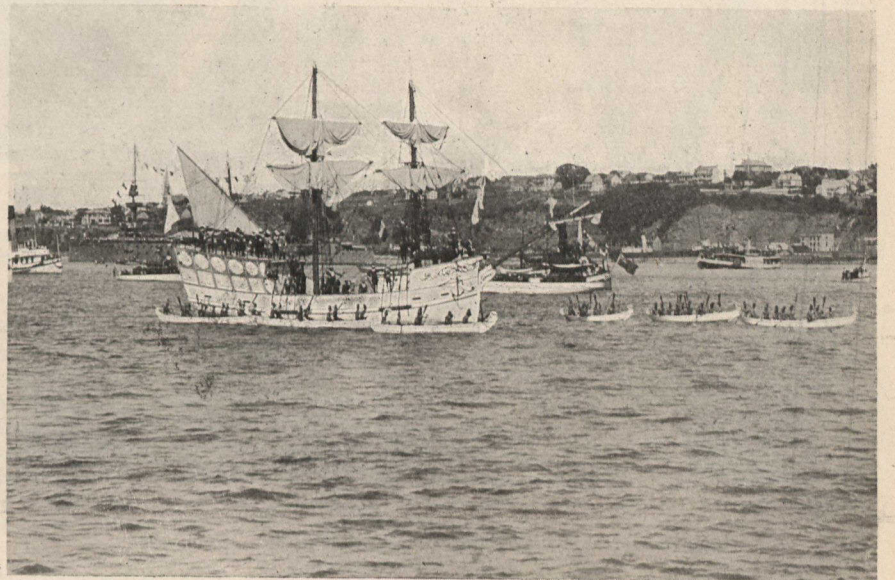
Upper—French Admiral.
Lower—British Admiral.



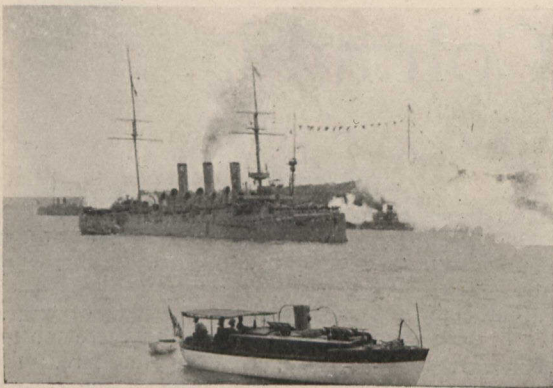
The City Hall.



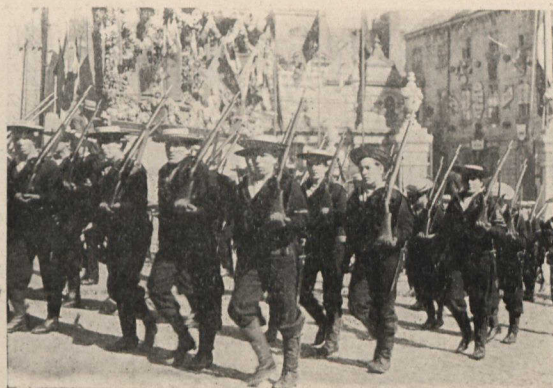
The Indian Escort going to meet the Don de Dieu.



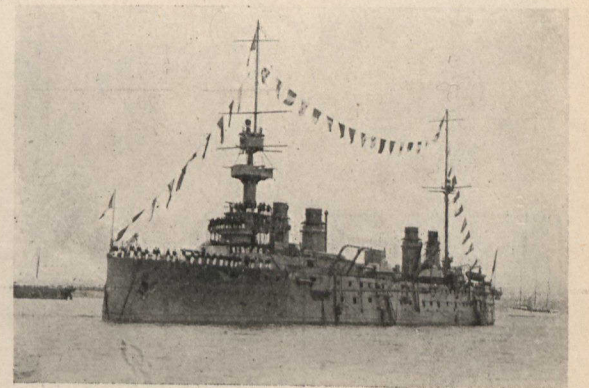
Champlain's Ship "Don de Dieu" arrives.



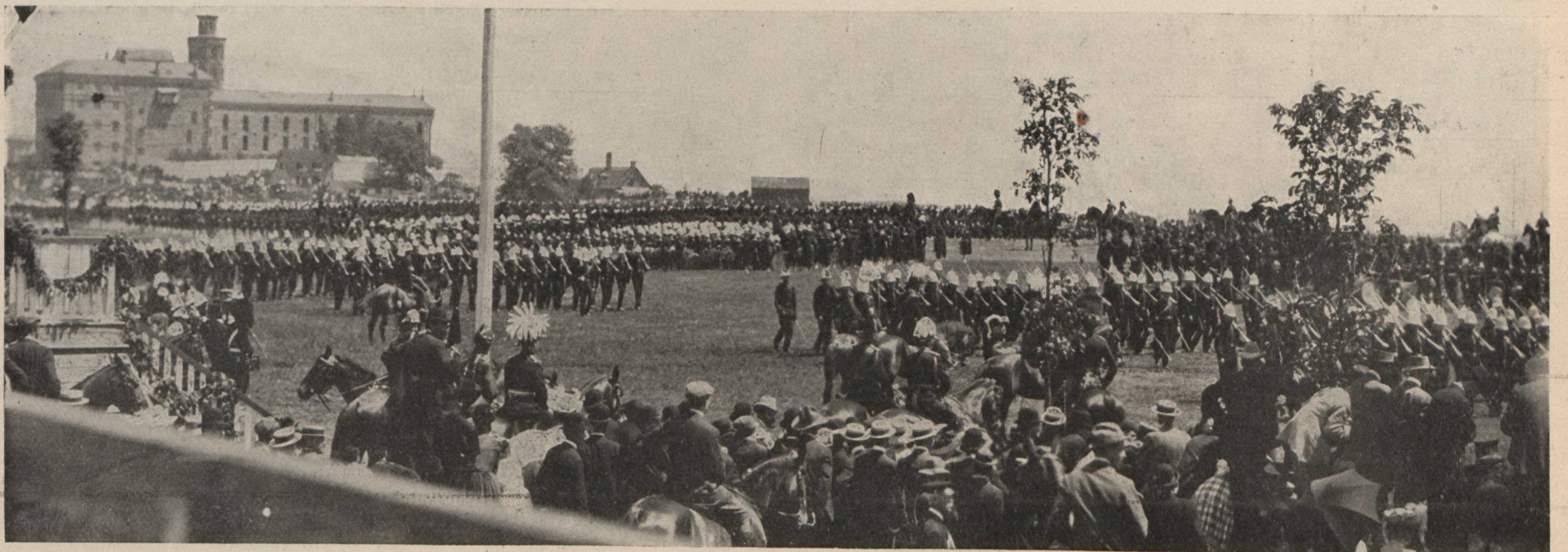
The Arrogant with the Prince during the Review



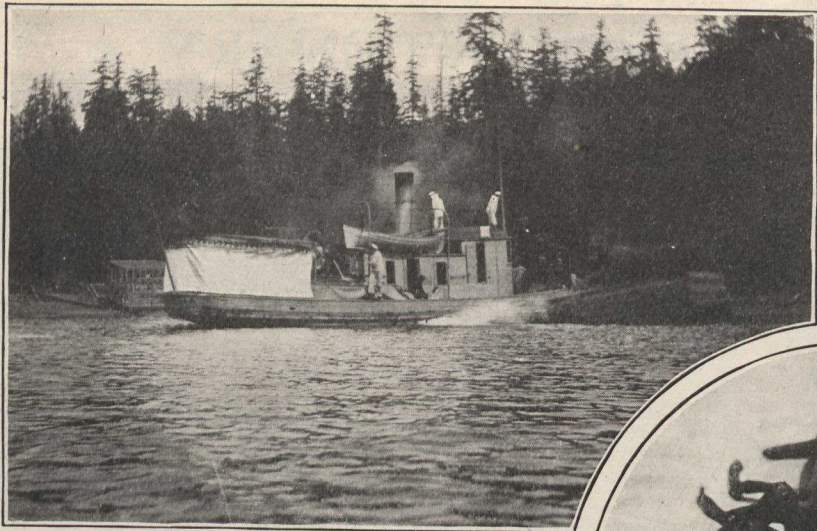
British Sailors on Parade



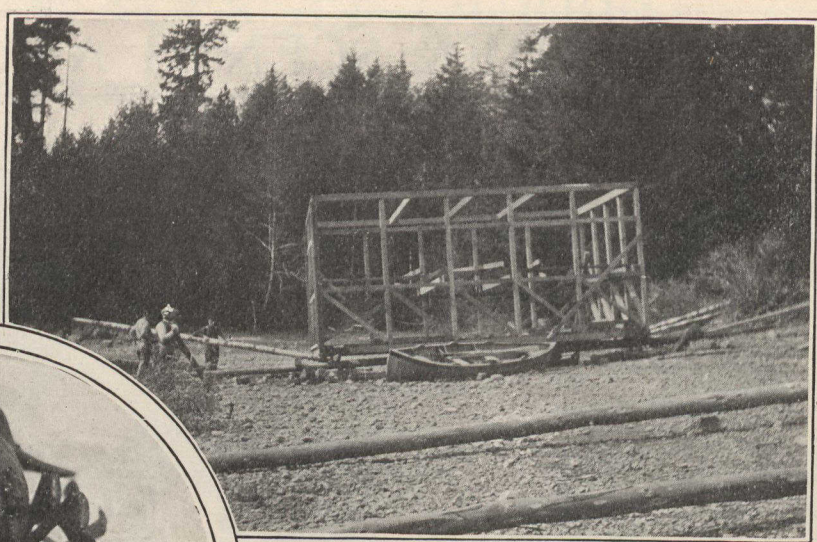
The Gambetta, one of the two Vessels representing France



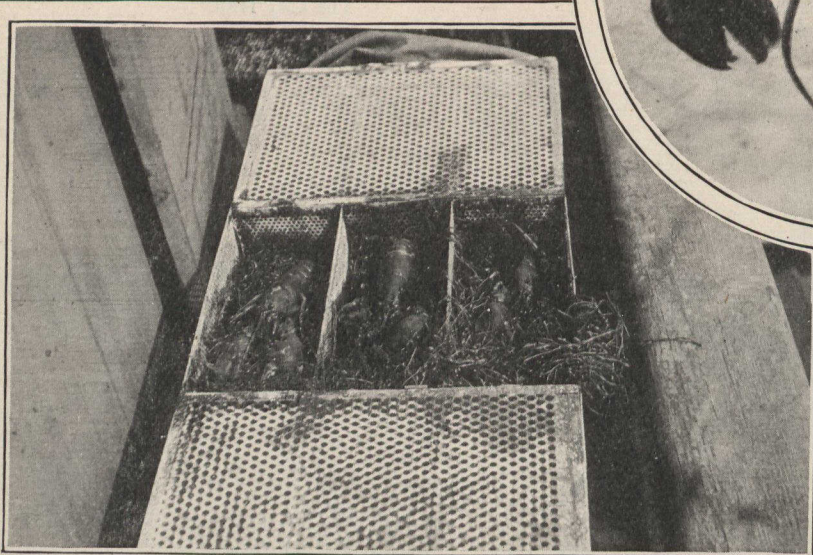
A General View of the March Past on the Plains of Abraham.



"Georgia" in Nailer's Bay, the Lobster Pound floating alongside.



Building a Lobster Pound.



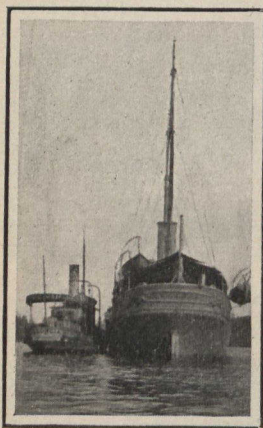
The Lobsters in their separate compartments in the Trays.



Transferring the Lobsters.

Transplanting Atlantic Lobsters in Pacific Waters, at Sooke, British Columbia.

By BONNYCASTLE DALE



The "Georgia" in Sooke Harbour.

IT is a long run from Halifax to Vancouver—a long distance from where the fishermen of Sambro on the Atlantic coast gathered the sixteen hundred two-year-old lobsters, to the little sheltered cove in Nailer's Bay at Sooke, on the Pacific coast, where the lobsters were finally liberated. They came across the continent in a special car attached to the C. P. R. transcontinental train. They were in charge of two experts of the Fishery Department of the Dominion Government. The crustaceans

made the trip in good condition as the temperature of the car they were in was kept as near an even 40 degrees as possible. There was some delay at Vancouver, transshipping from the train to the fishery cruiser *Kestrel*.

It was yet early morning at Sooke when we were saluted with the long siren call of the *Kestrel*. Soon we heard the waiting government fishery steamer *Georgia* answer from her berth at the Sooke wharf, so it was time Fritz and I were afloat. We saw the big grey hull of the *Kestrel* passing along the Sooke spit into the harbour, and the good old Rice Lake canoe flew along swiftly before willing paddles.

We pulled in alongside of the two steamers. The active little *Georgia* seemed dwarfed beside the big hull of the *Kestrel*. Both of them were painted a dull grey—a good colour if you do not want the

fishing law breakers to see you too far off. Acting on Captain Ackerman's kind invitation, we were soon aboard the *Georgia*; following him we climbed over the side of the *Kestrel* and were introduced to Mr. Sword of the department, Mr. Taylor of the biological station at Nanaimo, and the two experts that brought the lobsters across, Superintendent Cunningham and Inspector Finlayson.

Fifteen huge cases filled the aft deck of the *Kestrel*—big, strong cases filled with perforated zinc trays, twelve trays to a case and each tray subdivided into three compartments. In each compartment, snuggled in a bed of wet Atlantic seaweed, rested an active lobster. Above the top tray was the ice-tray. All of the waste water from this ran off through a zinc trough. The thermometers on each big case indicated the even temperature maintained. Messrs. Cunningham and Finlayson were busy already giving the lobsters a bath of cold Pacific ocean water, spraying the opened cases with a hose. All between the cases stood huge earthenware jars. I laughingly asked if they needed so many and such large jars, but the Superintendent explained that they had been filled with salt Atlantic sea water for use during the long overland trip—a trip that lasted from April the ninth until this morning of the sixteenth, deducting the few hours crossing the Gulf of Georgia and steaming down the historic straits of Juan de Fuca to Sooke, some twenty miles west of Victoria on Vancouver Island.

Now the trays were hurriedly drawn out of the cases and piled on the stern of the *Georgia*, as the *Kestrel* drew too much water to go up into the inner bay of Sooke. As Fritz and I wanted to be present at the final transplanting operation we headed the canoe up the harbour and paddled rapidly along with the tide. Something less than three miles away lay Nailer's Bay, yet though we paddled with

all our might those willing workers had emptied those cases and transferred those trays to the *Georgia* and had caught us before we made the bay.

On entering we saw the big frame of one of the floating crates that will impound these lobsters for the time being constructed on the shore. Two finished ones floated on either side of the *Georgia* and already—although we were not five minutes behind their arrival—the full force of department men and middies from the *Kestrel* were busily engaged placing the lobsters in the big floating pounds. Tray after tray was carried to the rail and lobster after lobster was carefully laid in the water. The lobsters had arrived in excellent shape at Vancouver; they had stood the trip well to Sooke—but the last three miles away from their ice-trays and cold cases had been more fatal to them than the entire transcontinental trip.

The men worked rapidly, placing all of the live ones in the big crates. Great regret was heard from all when a dead lobster was found in its tray. The heat from the engine room, the generally high temperature of the air, had killed many of the weaker ones; but I think almost two-thirds were in good, healthy, lively condition. Some darted down in the deep crate the moment they were liberated; others sank more slowly; some were weak and sank in any manner that seemed easiest. From pile to pile of cases the willing workers hurried. Soon one side of the steamer held only empty cases or cases containing a few dead ones; then the men working there joined the force on the other side and in an incredibly short time the whole sixteen hundred and twenty lobsters had been released or rejected.

A great box of food, the six to eight inch fish that we call the Oolican, was scattered into the two big floating crates and the hungry lobsters began to feed at once. Within the hour our canoe was headed

back out of the beautiful sheltered bay, soon the *Georgia* stuck her nose out and steamed off for the outer harbour, and the long, anxious trip was ended. The lobsters will finally be released from their confinement in the big crates and allowed to find their own food and spawning grounds. They spawn once in two years and then deposit 15,000 to 100,000 eggs from each mature female.

We all think the experiment is a success. Of course we cannot yet tell what effect the vibration of the train may have had upon these big, delicate crustaceans, but even this was guarded against by lengths of rubber tubing that had been cut into proper lengths and laid so as to best prevent the vibration having full effect on the lobsters. The big bunches of seaweed would neutralise the jarring to some extent, and the big 850-pound shipping cases were solid enough to withstand any common tremour.

I think a meed of praise is deserved by the men that have so faithfully guarded these bulky cases with their precious freight from ocean to ocean. Certainly, if they worked at all times as I saw them work, they had no sinecure on this long trip.

Three years ago the Government sent out Captain Kemp with one thousand young of the lobsters. These ran from eight to ten inches in length. Some of this lot arrived in excellent fresh condition, others of them seemed weak from the long trip across the continent. These lobsters were planted about Vancouver Island and last winter, or two years later, the Indians near Nanoose captured two pretty-well-grown specimens. This seems to foretell the success of this latest venture. These lobsters were simply liberated in likely places—a difference from the semi-captivity of the last lot. These excellent eating crustaceans are needed on this coast, for the thing called a lobster on the menu of many a hotel is simply a big shrimp, a coarse, almost uneatable animal. This shrimp is without the large claws of the true lobster and it has the crawfish habit of burying itself in the muddy bottoms of the inlets and harbours; this gives it a decidedly strong taste. In fact, the only dish I ever remember ordering while a guest and not eating was one of these selfsame Pacific coast shrimps. It was marked "lobster" on the menu, so I tried it a la Maryland. It was so full of lime and mud that it reminded me

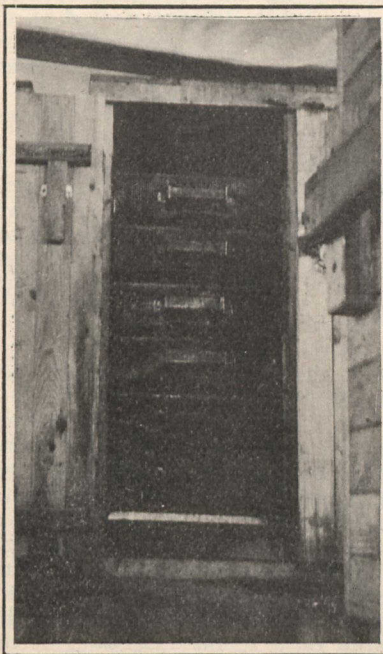
of one time I ran into a room where men were tearing off some ancient-smelling plaster and I got a mouthful of the dust. My host unfeelingly remarked there was a lobster at the table.

At the same time that Captain Kemp brought out the lobsters, he also brought fifty barrels of

out yet, as the shell did not bear, to common eye research, any sign of the oyster borer's work. In the shallow lagoons, where the lowest tide left the oysters exposed, they did fairly well, some growing as large as eight inches in length, over twice their size when first transplanted. In no case has any spat or spawn been reported. In all the work that I have heard of in the United States and in Canada the transplanted oysters have grown and fattened but they have not reproduced. Once we thought success had been attained, as shells were found with spat almost covering them—the spat of the oyster floats around for several days before it becomes attached to any shells. On investigation this spat proved to belong to the native oysters peculiar to this coast—a little, dark-coloured, copper-tasting, muddy-flavoured shellfish.

Is all of this transplanting good work? It often seems to me in studying the ways of Nature that she provides for the exact needs of the locality in her ever progressive growth of species and varieties. For each and all of these she provides food, readily obtainable, on a most liberal scale. Can man improve upon this? We have transplanted the spring salmon to far distant New Zealand. They tell us from there that these spring salmon returned in three years to their first known rivers to spawn. The Sockeyes that were taken there at the same time took the full lifetime of that variety—four years—to return to spawn in the New Zealand rivers, but these were smaller than we know them here at maturity. The Atlantic salmon taken to this antipodean region at the same time failed to return to the rivers at all. We have brought the eastern salmon out here and liberated them, I suppose, so that we may grow a gamier fish than our slow, dogged, fighting Pacific salmon.

When I mentioned the lifetime of the Sockeye to be four years I meant its natural lifetime, as I have come across a case where two Sockeyes were kept in a fresh water tank and one lived for nine years, but it was a dwarfed fish from its captivity in fresh water. We seem to be trying to move all the fauna to new and untried grounds. What we will yet do to the excellently-balanced order Mother Nature has maintained all these countless centuries, when each and every order has had other species bred and reared for its food, remains to be seen.



The case, filled with twelve perforated zinc trays, with three Lobsters in each tray.

Atlantic oysters. These were transplanted in many places. The Sooke harbour, scene of the present lobster transplanting, was one of the spots chosen. Many places on the east and west coast of Vancouver Island had these oysters placed in the salt water bays. Most of them that were put out in deep water died. The main reason has not been found



PHOTOGRAPH BY PRINGLE & BOOTH.

Canada's Summer Sports—Canoe Race on Toronto Bay.

Through a Monocle

I HAVE been spending the Tercentenary week and a bit at Quebec, where I can tell you I was not the only Monocle Man by a long shot. Monocles, which since the death of Dr. Bourinot and Sir Adolphe Caron have become somewhat rare amongst us, are a common or garden product in the Old World; and naturally some choice specimens came over in the big ships to join in the celebration of the "big wigs" in that outpost of Europe on this continent—hoary Quebec. And, by the way, "big wigs" is no idle metaphor; for more honest Canadian brows sweated under overpowering wigs during these festivities than have felt that burden in all the rest of our wigless history. In fact, it was generally a "wigged" and "monocled" affair. We in Canada are not accustomed to having "the common people" so frankly ignored as they have been at most of the functions of the Tercentenary; but it is altogether possible that our visitors from Europe felt that the affair has been "very democratic."

BUT, in any event, those who went got their money's worth. So far as I know, this continent has never before seen anything like it. It was not only that we had a real prince with whose pleasant face and characteristic attitude we became very familiar; but we had Lord Roberts in the flesh, descendants of Levis, Wolfe and Montcalm to be seen for the looking, titled people to no end, real battleships which fired real guns, such exciting naval manoeuvres as a torpedo attack at night, and all sorts of real military and official events. It was a European city entertaining a royal personage which we saw; and the experience was as illuminating as it was novel. We will all understand better what we read in the papers after this about the visit of the Kaiser to the Austrian Emperor or of the Presi-

dent of France to King Edward. We may have had to stand back a bit and "keep off the grass"; but to have lived in Europe for a week or so was worth the price. The meals were a trifle "sketchy," but that enabled us to feel more in character as the "loyal peasantry" who form the background of all such functions.

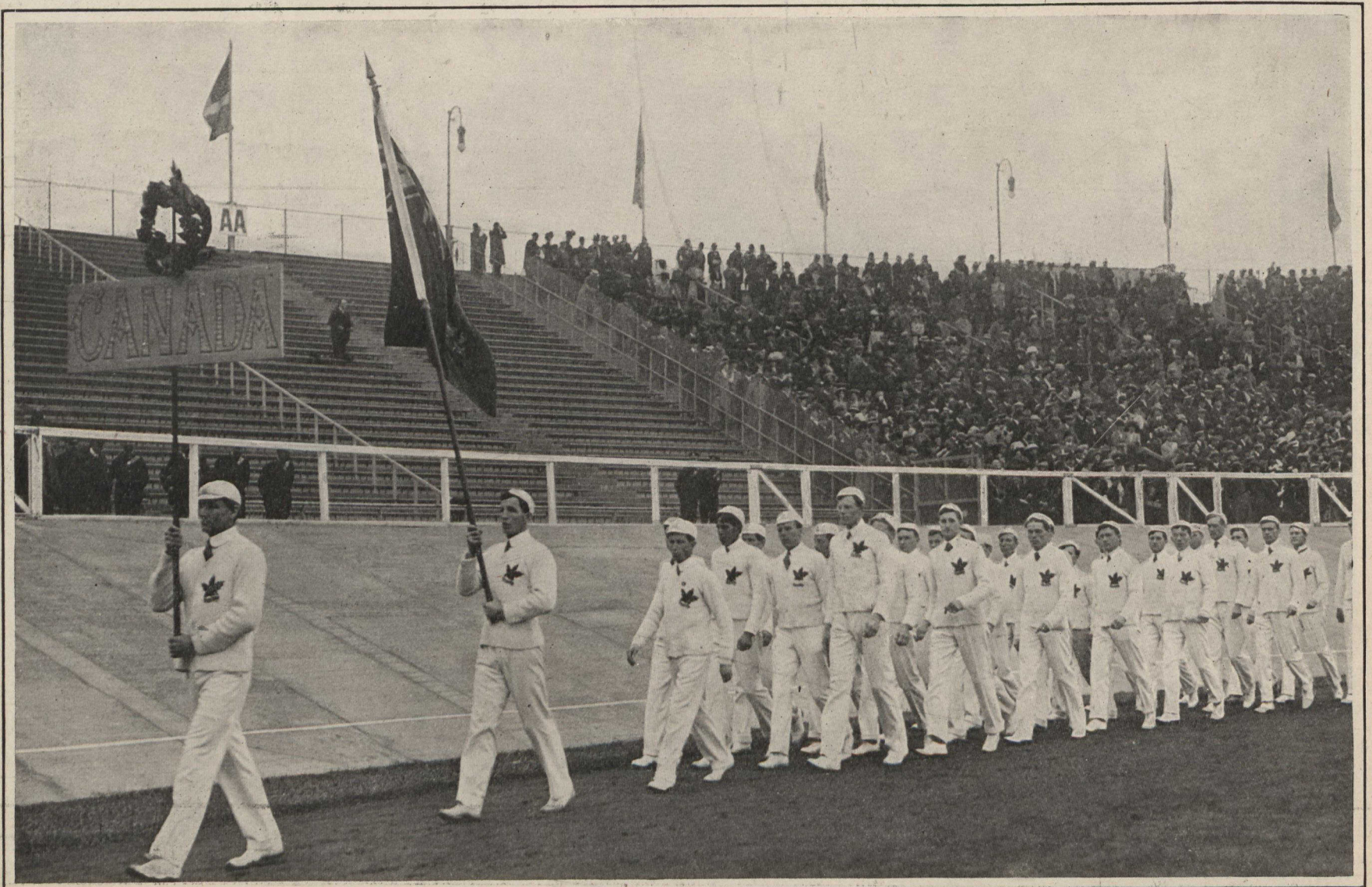
A GREAT deal has been written about the pageants; but I realise how difficult it is for any one who did not see them to take our word for it that they were more—very much more—than a glorified circus. But there was this, at all events, which distinguished them from a mere "show," and that was a sincere attempt to be sartorially accurate. The costumer did not simply pile on colours to make a gaudy display or group them for artistic effect. He limited himself to reality. He gave us the costumes which were worn at the times depicted, and then grouped them as the exigencies of the events permitted. But he was dealing with an age which sought above all things artistic effect; and so he would have fallen below reality if he made the tableaux anything less than magnificently beautiful. But you felt as your eye delighted in the pictures which formed and re-formed before you that you were actually looking at the sort of thing which went on in the gardens of Fontainebleau and amidst the forests of Canada.

NO one can say that the Prince did not work hard. He would go to a State ball at night; get up in the morning and review the fleet from a cruiser; attend a State performance of the pageants in the afternoon; give a dinner at its close; and then wind up at a gala concert in the evening. That sort of a programme would tire any man on whom there

was no especial strain; but the Prince had to go through it in uniform with the eyes of thousands on him all the time and the most rigid formality regulating every step. He dashed about a good deal in a motor, which is an ideal vehicle for a prince in a hurry; and his escort was composed usually of those modern centaurs, the Northwest Mounted Police. It was a constant pleasure to see these men of the iron wrist wheel their horses into position or ride straight as knights at a tournament through the crowds. They are the finest thing in the way of trained men whom this country has produced.

AND Quebec! The Tercentenary anywhere else would have looked like an anachronism, no matter what the history books might say. But you would think that Quebec had been "painted" especially to offer a background to the celebration. There was the citadel to make talk of sieges and assaults sound like reality; the broad river for the warships to lie in; the shore of Levis to furnish a stand from which the fireworks could be displayed; the walls and gates of the city to spell mediaevalism; and the sacred soil of Stadacona itself where the first seeds of the Canadian nation were planted. The plateau on which the pageants were performed, hanging over the brink of the river as it does, could not have been bettered as a stage for their display; and the position of the Champlain monument itself—where some of the most important functions occurred—is hard to beat in the round world. The Terrace, where the people came to see many of the spectacles, is a promenade of unparalleled beauty. In short, Quebec is the most picturesque and romantic city on this continent, and itself contributed much of the striking success of the spectacle.

N'IMPORTE



Canadian Athletes at the Olympic Games—The Procession

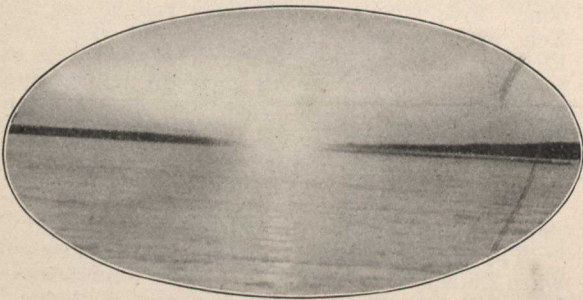
PEOPLE AND PLACES

THE famous casket scene in "The Merchant of Venice" is recalled if not eclipsed by the preparation of the elaborate and beautiful mink coat to be presented to the Princess of Wales when the Prince visits Halifax this summer. The headline summary of the description would at the same time do credit to a circus poster: "The Most Beautiful Mink Garment in the World; With Buttons of Pure Nova Scotia Gold, Amethysts and Pearls; Inclosed in a Box of Nova Scotia Cedar; With Burnished Steel Bands, Nova Scotia Nuggets, etc., Will be Nova Scotia's Gift to the Future Queen of England and Empress of India."

However, the gift is one that well expresses two things: the loyalty of the people in Nova Scotia and the fact that the province is able to produce some of the very choicest things in the world.

* * *

THESE are the days when the midnight sun begins to go out of date on the Mackenzie; the day when the red man of the plains and the foot-hills packs his moving tepees from trail to trail. And these days also the strenuous Ontario farmer is busy in the harvest. His hired man has never seen the



The Midnight Sun.

midnight sun, and he thanks his stars he lives in a latitude where the sun knows enough to go down at a respectable hour. The old adage that man on the farm works from sun to sun profoundly influences the Ontario hired man, but never bothers the Indian on the plains or the voyageur on the Mackenzie.

* * *

CHIEF Inspector of Public and Separate Schools and Inspector of Normal Schools in Ontario is the rather complicated title of Principal Merchant of the London Normal School. Mr. Merchant is one of the best-known scientific instructors outside the universities. He was one of the first men to take up with the X-ray, of which he gave demonstrations to the citizens of London shortly after his appointment to the Collegiate Institute there. The *London Advertiser* states that Dr. Merchant went to that city from Stratford, where he had been principal in the Collegiate Institute there. This is not known to Dr. Merchant; neither to Principal Mayberry of Stratford. It will be remembered that a former Inspector of High and Normal Schools was the late brilliant Dr. J. A. McLellan, who died in Hamilton a year ago; author of several well-known educational works in psychology, mathematics and literature.

* * *

"OUT-DOOR CANADA" has been transformed and reorganised—none too soon. The monthly book of the out-of-doors in this country is now under the editorship of Mr. Pollough Pogue, a well-known Canadian writer of northern and out-door stories who long ago got recognition in New York. Mr. Pogue has been spending a good deal of his spare time during recent years up among the spruces and the tamaracs and the pines. The first reorganised issue of "Outdoor Canada" contains a good deal of Mr. Pogue's best northern colour and it is confidently expected that under practical management this magazine will come to the front rank among Canadian out-door periodicals.

* * *

THEY who live in the cement houses of the future may have to thank the Maritime Provinces for one of the most useful ingredients of its manufacture. Gypsum is the newest big product to be exploited in the Maritime Provinces. A well-known civil engineer of Sydney has been delegated to inquire into the possibilities of production for this commodity which plays so big a part in the making of cement. Mr. F. Jennison, C.E., says regarding gypsum in the provinces:

"The gypsum deposits of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick exceed anything known to the world in

quantity and variety of quality, but are only developed in their primary stage. They have been operated for nearly a century and in 1907 Nova Scotia alone produced 324,945 tons, only receiving a value of about \$1.00 per ton. This quantity was practically all shipped in the crude to the United States, where it was manufactured into many different products. The crude rock as exported has a value of about \$1.00 per ton, while calcine, one of its manufactured forms, has a value of \$15.00 per ton. The difference is practically what the country is losing. Our operations are all carried on by American capital who carefully guard the secrets of trade."

* * *

THE Huron Institute, which is one of the historical institutions of the ancient and beautiful town of Goderich, has been enriched by further gifts of Indian relics. This part of the country has had a great deal of history and the Indians have helped to make a good deal of it. The *Huron Signal* thus alludes to the relics:

"These include some splendid specimens of pipes of the various branches of the Petuns, including the Hawk and Wolf, also a number of facial pipes, one or two of the former and one of the latter being perfect examples of the artistic tastes of the denizens of the forest. A peculiarly shaped stone implement somewhat after the form of a modern boot-jack, but much smaller, and a slate dagger about eight or nine inches long with a perfect bird's head at the top, were loaned by Mr. Donald McMurchy."

* * *

SOME pertinent and highly optimistic facts concerning the building of the first Canadian steel ship in Nova Scotia are presented by the *Montreal Standard*. Notice of the building of this interesting ship occurred on this page last week. Among the historical items collected by the *Standard* are the following:

"At one time wooden vessels built in the Maritime Provinces were to be found in every quarter of the globe. Nova Scotian captains and sailors were famous on every sea, and the owners grew rich with the trade of which they had such a predominant share, for in the old days of wooden shipbuilding Nova Scotia was said to enjoy a larger per caput tonnage than any other country in the world. It is interesting to recall the fact that as late as 1850, the 'Hamilton-Campbell-Kidston,' a wooden ship built at New Glasgow, N.S., the town where the first steel ship has just been launched, was the largest vessel that had ascended the Clyde up to that time, and upon that occasion Captain McKenzie was presented with a service of plate by the merchants of Glasgow. Nor was the sister province of New Brunswick behind Nova Scotia at this time in the building of wooden ships. At Courtenay Bay, St. John's City, shipbuilding yards turned out some of the largest and fastest clipper ships in the world. With the decay of all this activity about a quarter of a century ago, the great majority of those engaged in wooden shipbuilding went out of business. . . . The material used in construction of this ship was largely made in the Province of Nova Scotia, the larger plates and beams only being imported. Many of the plates were rolled in Nova Scotia. The rivets were made of Nova Scotia steel. The rope and the canvas are of home make. The lumber used for decks, masts and cabin is all native, except that for the main spars, which was brought from Oregon. A small quantity of East Indian teak was also imported. The most remarkable fact of all, however, is that the labour employed in designing and building the new ship was entirely native."

* * *



Summer Camp of Foot-hills Indians.

THE oldest born Manitoban died the other day in the person of Mrs. Catherine Henderson, who was in her eighty-second year. This remarkable pioneer was a first cousin of Archbishop Matheson. Her father was a Sutherlandshire Scot; one of the

Selkirk settlers, unless we are mistaken—so that all there is of civilisation in Manitoba and the West to-day Mrs. Henderson had seen. A well-known second cousin of Mrs. Henderson's is Rev. John Matheson, missionary at Onion Lake, Saskatchewan, who used to be a mail-carrier and a miner before he went into church work.

* * *



Harvest Scene in Old Ontario.

Champlain

"Through this gateway grim
He sailed into St. Lawrence's broadening gulf;
Nor paused until the mighty buttressed peak
Of Mount Ste. Anne, thrust through its rope of
green

And dyed with iron hues of Ochrey red,
Flamed in the sunrise. Perce Rock below,
Like some Titanic ruin, lit by the sun
Whose rays streamed through the double arches,
lay—

Its huge mass stretched along; its cloudy top
Clamorous with sea-fowl. On he sailed and passed
The coast of Honguedo, dark with pines,
And high above the river flood, which washed
Its craggy shores. Far north the cruel teeth
Of Manicougan's fateful reef just showed
Through the long line of breakers. Short his stay
At Tadousac. With favouring wind and tide
He stemmed the flowing current, till he reached
That wondrous strait, where close th' opposing hills
To build the stately portal of the West.
There, at the foot of that stupendous rock
Which towers above a basin sheltered round
By mountains slowly stooping from their heights
In terraces of verdure to the deep
And ever tranquil water. In that charmed spot
Of solemn beauty was the cradle placed
Of our Canadian Empire.

And such a site whereon to plant the tree
Of rising Empire! Holds this varied world
No peer to its majestic beauty. Look!
Those solemn hills which close the distance dim
Of the far horizon, how their contours, clothed
With summer foliage, smile as they slope down,
Bathed in the sunlight, to the rippling flood
Which laps their bases; and the azure vault
Mirrors its brightness with the changing hues
Of blue and purple in the dimpling waves.
An amphitheatre, whose circles vast
Rise upward from the central basin, reared
For high assembly of the earlier gods,—
And Zeus' high seat might rest upon the Cape
And dominate the concourse. All the scene
Was clad in summer's livery. Blue in the sky
And water; on the hills a living green
Sheening to yellow in the twinkling birch
And glooming in the pines—all glowing tints
Of the upper rainbow for the summer hues
Of crimson, gold and scarlet were not yet.
Time fails; nor is it now my task to tell
The labours and the anxious toil and want
Which threatened year by year to crush Quebec—
For so, in Indian speech, was called the Strait
Where mountains curb St. Lawrence waters in
Before the basin widens; and the name
Was given to the city. Champlain's care
Urged on the work, and his far-seeing eyes
Prepared for every danger. Still he strove
To learn the secrets of that glorious land
Of woods and waters, on whose threshold stood
His infant city."

—S. E. Dawson.

THE GRAFT AND THE CRAFT

A Story of Newspaperdom

By HENRY OYEN



It was late in the afternoon when the National Savings Bank failure was made known, and the managing editor yelled:

"Get Luther!"

Then he subsided and waited properly for Luther to appear, for it was a big story, and, moreover, it possessed the always fecund and

inspiring background of Human Interest in the shape of the Widow and Orphan Depositor. So the managing editor demanded Luther; it was one of those affairs in which Luther, of all men, shone with particular effulgence. Luther was the star of the staff. He was a special writer, so sublimated as to have a room all for himself.

Luther was no ordinary man. He was a Genius—and a good reporter.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, when his soul was white and tender, he had dreamed madly of great things with his name above them, and had owned and nursed ideals. Had this been all, it might have gone well with him, but he also possessed the fatal instinct of news-finding, and the managing editor noted it; and so the paper swallowed him, dreams, soul, and all, as papers have a way of doing when they find men of peculiar value to them; and now when he thought of the days of the great ambitions he laughed unpleasantly and swore a little, after the manner of those who are down, and know it, and care not.

The managing editor respected him greatly, and consequently loaded him unmercifully with work of many kinds. Did a man, over in the dark, unknown districts of the city, beat his wife so immoderately as to bring him into contact with the police—Luther promptly sat down in his weak-backed chair and found new phrases for "hulking brute," and "petite and delicate woman." Did a building take fire, Luther retired to his room and told of the "mad efforts" of the "panic-stricken occupants" to find their way out through the "suffocating smoke," and made romance of the rescue of the servant girl from the second storey window. Or did a public official disagree with the well-defined policy of the *Chastiser*, then Luther, and no one else, was delegated to show, in a "news-story," how said official was a dastardly party miscreant, conserving his own and his henchman's interests at the cost of those whom he was sworn to serve. And so it was natural that the bank-crash story should come to him.

The managing editor spoke with what his biographers will call "firmness."

"Awful nasty mess they've made of things over there. Bad business—rotten business, understand? That's the keynote of the story. Loans without security; poor book-keeping; using cash that should not have been touched—loose all the way around. Golsen is the big man of the bank—stockholder and director—but he's let the other people run things, understand? It's the officials who're in the wrong. They're shy, weak. They've let themselves in for half a million, at least. Been a little off-colour. Be closed to-morrow. No saying just where the thing will end. Idea of to-day's story is the inefficiency of a lot of people who're running banks; not fit to be trusted with cents and getting millions in deposits. Hansen's the man—chairman, you know. Leave Golsen alone, except for allowing such fools to run things for him. Stir the two spots in the financial clique generally; things have been going too easy for them the last two years, anyhow. You'll find it all in the flimsy there; had half a dozen men chasing it into shape. But you get more; get lots more! And hurry it! Get out, now."

Luther ran hastily through the work of the other reporters and the reports from the news agencies as he went out. He knew what they had to tell: the story was obvious now, at least his side of the story. The situation was an old one; savings banks had failed just so before in his career, and the fundamental facts were the same in all cases. But here was much for a special writer, he saw as he read, for those concerned, while not mammoths in the world of finance, bore names synonymous with Honour, Ability, and Safety, in the vocabulary of their circle. There was Hansen; a gray, cold-blooded man, whose church boasted two professional sopranos and whose name was seldom missing from the lists that stood for what was representative of the city. There were two or three others of like calibre. And over and through their business life

of the last year the serpent Graft had trailed its slimy folds in many devious, up-to-date ways. Wherefore, Luther was mildly happy, for to the stirring of such folds was the front page of the *Chastiser* madly consecrated.

Luther read on and walked and pursed his lips. He multiplied possibilities into probabilities, probabilities into facts, and, lo! what a story he would have if it came out just as he saw it. He thought of another such story that he had worked on. He remembered how one prominent citizen had shaved his gray beard and run for cover to some place up in Canada at the publication of that story. Also what the managing editor had said. They were interesting, these stories of financial entanglement; a man never knew just what he would find when once he began to probe.

Luther went swiftly to a large office building in La Salle street. There was just one man for him to see, considering the value of the story. That man was Golsen. He was the real power behind the throne. Golsen, the smooth, inaccessible king of money, who refused to talk to ordinary reporters and who knew more about the dark, inside workings of the street than any man in the world. But Luther knew Golsen and Golsen knew Luther. He would talk to Luther. Other reporters might see Hansen and the other dummies; the Genius would see the King.

But the smartly furnished offices on the tenth floor had nothing for him. A bald-headed private secretary with tired eyes occupied the outer office with all lights burning, for it was in the afternoon and the day was heavy, but the private office which served as a sanctum for the king was dark and tightly closed, and the private secretary was very sorry but Mr. Golsen had been suddenly called out of town. He did not know where—

"Tell him it's Luther of the *Chastiser*," said the genius unfeelingly.

The secretary begged Mr. Luther's pardon, but he already had said that Mr. Golsen was out of town. He was called away suddenly, and the secretary was sure he did not know—

"Give me his 'phone number."

The secretary remonstrated mildly. "I was about to say again that I do not know where Mr. Golsen is. I—"

"How long has he been away?"

"He left the office at three. It is four now, so he has been away an hour." The secretary's dignity was aroused.

"Exactly. And he went out of town without making any statement about his bank or leaving his address. I suppose he isn't interested."

The private secretary would much rather have died than be forced into a personal declaration.

"Mr. Golsen never talks to reporters."

"Awfully inconsiderate of Mr. Golsen, I'm sure," said Luther pleasantly.

He glanced about indifferently, thanked the secretary, and went out. When he reached the hall he smiled sweetly to himself, as a man may do when he is well satisfied with his work, and in the lift he chuckled. Golsen out of town at such a time; Golsen leaving his puppets to tell the story of the bank crash without his directing hand; Golsen, the leader, bolting at a moment like this! It was too bad. Careless of Golsen, very careless; and poor work on the part of the private secretary, very poor work.

Thirty minutes later the lift again bore Luther to the tenth floor, and again he entered the offices of Golsen and engaged the secretary in conversation.

"If you can get into communication with Mr. Golsen in any way, please ask him, for me, if he wishes to say anything about the new name that has been brought into the bank failure," he said. "Just ask him that: if he wishes to talk about the name that has been brought in by the latest developments. Tell him that Luther of the *Chastiser* came here to talk to him about it—if you can reach him."

For some hidden reason he spoke loudly, much louder than his usual tone of voice, much louder than was necessary to make the secretary hear; so loud, in fact, that a man must have been poorly equipped as to ears to be anywhere in the office and fail to hear distinctly every word that was uttered.

"Mr. Golsen is out of town," said the private secretary, "and I do not know how to reach him."

Luther went back to the office.

"Golsen's hiding, and the rest of 'em don't know anything more than I had to begin with," he said.

"Of course," said the managing editor. "Anything new?"

"No."

"Well, you've got enough, haven't you? Had almost enough before you went out. All right. Write it without Golsen, then. Knock it out in a hurry."

Duly armed with notes, clippings and cigarettes, the genius retired to his little room and shut the door. The story was outlined before him, the editor was waiting to take his copy, the artists were making pictures, the linotype men were ready to put the story in type, the tension of the office waiting for a big story was evident to even the rawest man on the staff; but Luther did not write. Instead, he sat idly before his desk, his hands behind his head, the cigarette smoke filling the atmosphere of the room to its usual consistency, the clatter of the local room coming in to him as a sort of ragged inspiration, the precious minutes fading away with nothing done. Five minutes ticked away and he sat thus. Ten minutes went, and still he did not write. Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, went—and at the fifteenth he threw away his cigarette with a grunt, pulled forth the creaky typewriter, inserted copy-paper, and struck the spacer.

And then the door opened softly and the private secretary of Mr. Golsen entered the room.

"Mr. Golsen," said he, "has suddenly returned to the office and says that he will see you at once."

The big building was growing dark and empty when Luther rang for the lift. As he went down the long hall he noticed that there were no lights in the other suites; the floor was deserted save for the offices of Golsen.

Golsen was in and was glad to see him. He was big and heavy and strong, but there was that about him now which told that he was not entirely at ease.

"I sent for you, yes," he said. "Just got back. How d'you do to-day? How are you?"

Luther felt the folds of the fat damp hands closed over his own thin fingers and divined the amount of warmth intended to be conveyed by the greeting. Also, he felt the hand trembling slightly.

"Bad heart, and very much worried," he ruminated. "Wonder how much there is to this thing that hasn't been told."

"Sit down—sit down." Golsen waved him to a chair. "Have a cigar, have a match. These cigars are all right; just got them at the club." He grinned agreeably, when Luther refused. "Not smoking, eh? All right—all right. 'Spouse I ought to drop it once in a while myself, but I don't do it. Kill me some day, I s'pose. I—h'm—I s'pose your paper's going to make a scare-head out of the trouble the bank's in?"

"It's a big story," returned Luther.

"How big?"

Before replying, Luther took a long breath.

"It's the biggest thing for five years," he said slowly. "Absolutely the biggest."

"Oh, pshaw! What are you talking about? Well, how much of a story have you got?"

"Who? Me? Well—I've got the whole thing—all of it—more than any other paper in the city."

Golsen smoked and scrutinised his caller and blinked.

Luther sat far back in his chair, his right forefinger folded over his lips, his eyes half closed, regarding the banker curiously.

"What are you going to say, Mr. Golsen—anything?" he asked finally.

Golsen puffed thrice. Looking sidewise he saw that Luther had removed his finger from his lips and was smiling slightly. Golsen analysed the smile between puffs: there was triumph in it, yes, and a trace of pity. Luther was magnanimous. It wasn't comforting, that smile.

"Well, I was going to say this: That I want to put just one man right in this affair because things look as if they were against him much more than they really are. You know who I mean: my wife's brother, Sammy Eckerson."

"Eckerson!" ejaculated Luther.

And the next instant he bit his tongue and cursed himself inwardly. Eckerson was president of the Third Trust Company, another of Golsen's institutions, and not the faintest breath of rumour had connected him in any way with the failure of the savings bank. The unexpected mention of his name was so full of portent that it threw even the usually self-controlled Luther off his guard, quite as if he

had been a cub on his first engagement. He had hoped for new developments, but he had not hoped to have the earth shaken.

Golsen arose, glared fiercely at the genius, spun clumsily on his feet, and walked to the nearest window. The cigar fell to the floor, bitten squarely off, and the banker spat viciously. The minutes went by. Luther arose.

"Do you want to say anything, Mr. Golsen, or shall I—"

Golsen swung around and came back to his chair. "Sit down—sit down," he said. He was laughing a little now, but there was nothing hearty about the laugh. Only Golsen always preferred laughter to cursing when he had control of himself.

Luther continued to stand.

"Are you going to talk, or—"

"Oh, sit down! Of course I'm going to talk. D'you think I want you to run all over the town getting a cock-and-bull yarn about something that I've tipped off myself? Sit down while I light a fresh one."

It took Golsen a long time to light that cigar. Somehow, the matches persisted in going out, or the cigar refused to draw, or it did not burn evenly. It was two minutes before it was going to the financier's complete satisfaction. Many things can be run over and decided in two minutes under stress of circumstances. Golsen decided upon one thing—one big thing, in this time. . . . Golsen had bought men before.

"Are you sure that you don't want to smoke?" he asked solicitously. And then he began to explain.

It was a most efficient sort of an explanation, one of the kind that had made Golsen famous at stockholders' meetings. The story was told true to the word, yet so skilfully was it all put forward that the brutal facts appeared less incriminating, and mitigating circumstances rendered all things in a favourable light. In any one less sophisticated and cool of brain than an old reporter the explanation must surely have aroused a feeling of pity for Eckerson, as a man considerably pursued by misfortune in his spec—er—business ventures—and one who meant to do right and well in all that he undertook, but who in this one little instance had been cruelly thwarted by circumstances.

Luther sat and grinned silently, and in the end the story of how Eckerson had wrecked the bank was his.

Eckerson—and no one else. Hansen and the others were mere figure-heads. They had fulfilled their purpose by sitting still with folded hands and tightly closed eyes while Eckerson, cloaked by their names and rendered powerful by his connection with Golsen, had drawn ruthlessly upon the resources of the savings bank in order to pull himself through several disastrous enterprises connected with the Third Trust Company. Of course, they had been only temporary loans: positive provision made for their return before the existence of the notes should become known and all that; but things had gone sadly wrong with Eckerson, and he was forced to choose between ruining the bank and the trust company. The bank was the less important institution, from the street point of view, therefore, had come the crash. It was all quite simple, all a part of the day's tale of business happenings.

If the story had been big before, it was colossal now. Even Luther was stirred as he contemplated its magnificence.

"But," said Golsen, "there are about five hundred good reasons why this story should never be published. In the first place, it will mean trouble for the trust company, just as much trouble as the bank has got on its hands now. It will cost a whole lot of poor people a lot of money—besides the stockholders, and in two days we can have things arranged so that the trust company will be in good shape, and so the depositors in the bank will be comparatively safe—if this story is not printed. If it is printed—look at all the trouble that will follow! It should not be printed! It would be a crime to print it!"

"Talk to the managing editor, then."

Golsen shrugged his fat shoulders.

"I know him—a crazy man. Sensation! What else does he want? He eats sensation. This is sensation; it will sell thousands of his papers. He would print it if it knocked the city into an ash-heap. But you're sensible; you aren't selling papers. You can see just how much damage this story would do, can't you?"

Luther laughed harshly. "Too bad Eckerson didn't think of that before he began to milk the bank."

"Oh, of course. But for God's sake be sensible—be sensible! This story isn't such a big thing to you. You'll write it to-night, it'll be printed tomorrow, and the day after you'll be off on something else, and never bother about this again as long as you live. And look at the people you'll ruin by

publishing it—and the people who've got money in these institutions. Besides, there's my wife. You know how bad her health is, almost an invalid all the time. To have this get out about Sammy would just about finish her."

He arose, waved his cigar, and sat down.

"It's a crime for you fellows to print things like this—a crime, I tell you."

"What's wrecking banks?" asked Luther mildly.

"Very hard luck in this case, nothing else. I defy you to show me where there's been anything else."

"What would it be for me to throw my paper down on this story?"

"Pooh! What would your paper do to you if it was to your advantage to do it—if it could make money by doing it? Throw you down so hard that you'd never get up again. What does everybody do to everybody else nowadays—when it pays them to do it?"

There was a pause.

"Luther," suddenly and harshly, "how long have you been in the newspaper business?"

"Thirteen years. Why?"

"How much are you ahead?"

Luther sneered, but he answered truthfully: "My next week's salary, when I draw it."

Golsen rolled his cigar between his lips and watched narrowly, but Luther made no sign to show that the significance of the conversation had broken in upon him.

"Funny thing you never got into this game like some of your fellows. You certainly have had lots of chances. You could be well fixed now."

"How do you mean?" Luther apparently was all guilelessness, but Golsen shifted nervously in his chair. The chair was too small for him, or he was too large for the chair, for he was obviously uncomfortable.

"Tips! Any amount of 'em flying around loose, when you're in right, like you are."

Luther ventured no comment, but apparently he was waiting for the other to go on.

Golsen cleared his throat.

"For instance, there's National Lead going to be 125 next week and you can buy it for 80 now. That's one of our big lines, you know."

"What good would anything like that do me? I couldn't buy it even if it was down to 8."

"No, sure. That was the point I was going to make. You could arrange to open an account, say for ten thousand—in National Lead at 80, some place. Why—you could arrange that up here—National Lead stock, you know."

He nodded suggestively, but Luther continued to look on as coldly as before. Golsen grew a little more uncomfortable. This was a new kind of man to deal with. What was he: a fool or knave?

"Of course, ten thousand isn't so much, but it's a start, and National Lead's paying well; and, as I say, it'll be 125 next week—sure. Don't misunderstand me; no names used or any papers signed. Sort of a deal between friends, you know. It's easy to put these things through between friends, Mr. Luther. Plenty of it going on every day."

Still no word from Luther, still the noncommittal expression. Golsen's cigar had gone out, but he chewed it vigorously. It was warm in the room, for Golsen tugged heavily at his collar. Then came the offer, ugly—menacing, almost, in a tone that was near a whisper:

"Mr. Luther, there's that much National Lead in the upper left-hand corner of that desk—the half-open one. Come in on the ground floor with us! We're right, and we can fix you up right—in a way to miss nothing that's going. I'll give it to you now, send it up to you, or any way you like."

And still the Genius sat limp and drooping in the big chair, regarding the oily opulence of Golsen in the same old way. Golsen breathed easier. The man had not exploded at the offer; there was still hope.

But Luther arose slowly and took up his hat. He knew what he wanted to say. He wanted to say: "No, thanks, I'm not in your line of business." But he did not say it. He did not say anything of the kind. It was so big, and he was so absolutely broke. "Good evening," he said sharply, and started toward the door.

Back of him Golsen noted all things and felt better. He had often witnessed the purchase of men, and he knew when a man's price had been reached, if it could be reached.

"Think it over," he called cheerily. "Don't be in a hurry. I'll be here for hours, yet; lots of time, you know. Think it all over. Things look a lot different sometimes when you stop to think 'em over sensibly."

To himself he chuckled, "He'll be back," and he began to count the minutes.

Luther stopped when he reached the street and looked about curiously. It was half dark and half light, and the street, after the manner of its kind,

was dead and cold after the day's white heat activity. Before him lay the Board of Trade building, and up in the tower the dimly-lighted clock looked down on the surrounding monuments to money, and Luther wondered how many Eckersons there were within sight of it on a busy day. And how many Golsens—and so he thought again of what was in the upper left-hand drawer upstairs.

He lit a cigarette and moved in the direction of the clock. Now this was wrong, for as everybody knows there are no newspaper offices in the direction of the Board of Trade, and he was under orders to hurry, hurry back. But he smoked and went on.

Of course he had encountered these things before; but they had all been small ones, and rather had served to furnish him with amusement than to cause him any trouble. There had never been one on which he had wasted a serious thought; not even that one at Springfield, when the state senator took him riding out into the country with a long, fat envelope in the seat between them. He had always laughed at these things; but now he knew just how men felt when the tempter had reached them, and he knew the difference between himself and those whom he knew had fallen—he was higher priced. He did not laugh now. Golsen had reached his price.

Being a genius, his thoughts are to be pardoned for the queer turn they took. He wished, possibly for the first time in his life, that he was married. He was terribly lonesome, and if he had had a wife—a wife who knew that he was fully as capable of wrong-doing as a god—it would have been easier. A couple of children, too, possibly. Yes, two, boy and girl. "Dada, what makes 'ese 'icked men steal money an' det 'rested?" Yes, the children, too; they helped a lot.

Luther's imagination ran swiftly, and with little effort, as a special writer's imagination should run. He pressed the button, the imagination did the rest. He had the children on his knee, had them boasting of the sterling character of their father, felt their curly ringlets brushing his cheek when he reached Noonan's place on the corner. There he looked into the big window and the children faded away before what he saw therein. He was whiter than usual, and there were long hollows in his cheeks. A little hard lump of muscle was on the corner of each jaw, and his mouth was small, and round, and ugly. The look in his eyes was that of a man who has lost a fight. Yes, he needed help, all right.

He had never noticed it before, but now he saw that he was aging rapidly. He looked really ill, broken down, decrepit, almost. He was thirty-five—thirty-five in years and much more in reality, for he had never spared himself, and to such the profession is merciless. He would never be anything but a reporter, never anything but a fifty-dollar-a-week slave. And some day he would fail, and then he would be out. Of course there would be other papers. But some day he would lose his grip utterly. He had seen plenty go that way, good men, too, and there was no reason to suppose that he would be more favoured than they. How much longer would he keep his hold? He feared to guess; it could not be very long. Then what? Then—nothing.

And this was a good story without Eckerson. What was the use?

"What's doing—anything new in the bank failure?" asked the oily Peter behind the bar.

"Nothing new," said Luther without paying strict attention. "Anybody been in lately?"

"Not just lately. Lots of 'em in 'bout an hour ago. Oh, yes, that new man on the *Times* just left. In here telling 'bout the swell story he had on that South Side divorce case. All up in the air 'bout it 'cause the boss sent him a nice note on it."

Luther nodded over his drink. "That was quite right of the young man, considering that he's new. I wouldn't give a nickel for one who wouldn't get excited over a good story—when he's new. Anybody else?"

"Dakin and Cannell was in 'bout an hour ago. They're doing what you're on—the bank failure. They was askin' 'bout you."

"What did they ask for?"

"Just where you was at. They was goin' home."

"Going home?"

"Sure. Anyhow, that's what they said. They was through for the day."

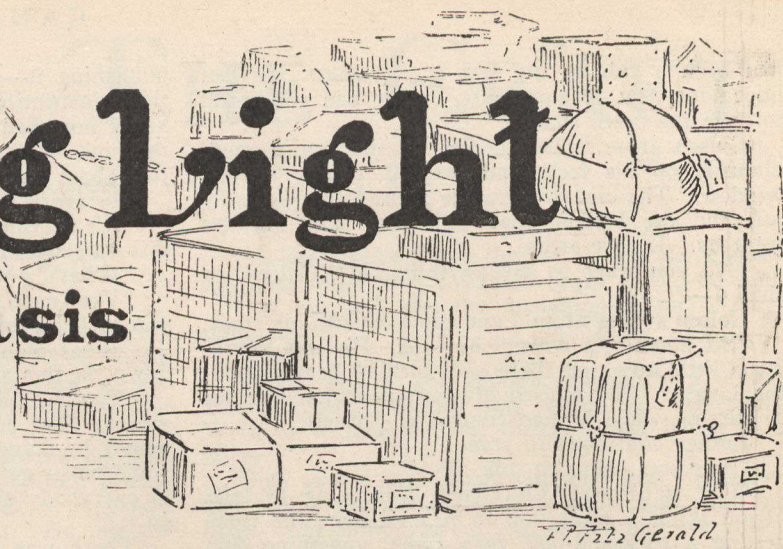
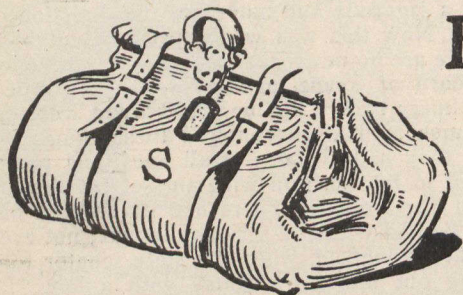
"Oh, yes."

Peter spoke again, but Luther strangely paid no attention. He was looking intently down at a spot in the floor before the bar, and although Peter repeated his question he received no answer. So steadfastly did he regard the floor that Peter, as he watched, realised there must be something of peculiar interest to be seen there, so, carefully, he drew himself up over the mahogany and craned his neck forward till the floor was within his scope of vision. But there was nothing there for Peter to see—the floor was clean and well-polished. Peter was to be

(Continued on page 21)

Travelling Light

By Brian Bellasis



I HAVE always prided myself on my ability to travel "light." Not, perhaps, quite as unencumbered as the German who took one dicky and a pair of socks as his sole luggage for a three-years' stay in Persia, but I like to travel on a "round the world with a suit-case" sort of plan.

How vain a thing is pride! Since last summer the mere sight of a labelled cabin-trunk fills me with confusion.

I had planned a little holiday trip to America, my ticket had been taken, my kit-bag packed, and only two days intervened before the departure of my boat. I was happy at the prospect of an enjoyable holiday till, fool that I was, I mentioned the matter to Jones. In three hours all the world seemed to know and my peace was at an end.

Jones, when I told him, said "Lucky dog!" and anathematised his luck in being chained to business.

"By the way," he added, "you say you will be visiting Chicago. Now I have a friend living in Minnetonka, Minnesota, which by the map is somewhere in that neighbourhood, and for a long time I've been waiting for an opportunity to send him a little present. Now if you wouldn't mind running over from Chicago for an hour or so and giving it to him, I should be awfully obliged. I've always been afraid to trust them to the post, and then, too, you can save a bother with the Customs."

That evening a gold cigarette case and a pair of cuff-links arrived at my rooms. I looked at them with quite a friendly air, for I felt that they would act as an introduction to one who might be a friend in a land where I was friendless.

Next day the deluge began.

At the club I was buttonholed by Thompson, who poured into my ear fearful facts concerning the rates on goods shipped to America.

"They've no conscience," he declared. "The only way to get back at 'em is to send things as 'personal luggage,' whenever you get the opportunity. Now you will be doing me a great personal favour by taking with you a small case of agricultural machinery, which can go in the hold with your heavy luggage, and need be no trouble to you whatever. My brother in Winnipeg is in urgent need of it for the coming harvest, and the fact of your going out now is a god-send to me."

And before I could refuse the commission he hurried away thanking me profusely. That evening the "small case" arrived; it appeared to be a badly crated steam plough.

As I left the club Cooke hailed me in what he fondly believed was an American accent.

"Waal, stranger, I guess I hear you're calc'ulating to cross the pond for a spell this summer. Reckon yew'll hev to hustle a bit over in God's country. By-the-bye, I have a sister in Florida or British Columbia, or some of those out-of-the-way places, and I want to send her something I know she wants; it's a sewin'-machine, and as you're such a kind-hearted, good-natured beggar, I knew you wouldn't mind takin' it, you know, so I had it sent round to your place this mornin'. Bon voyage, old chap! Ta-ta!"

Six friends stopped me on the way home with the result that I called at a shop and bought a cabin-trunk, a thing I had not intended to take, but which now became necessary to contain the things that had been entrusted to me.

At my rooms I found the table covered with parcels addressed, "By kind favour of Mr. Stafford," and containing all manner of tokens of affection for loved ones far from the Homeland. I phoned to the shop and asked for a large Saratoga instead of the cabin-trunk.

My maiden aunt at Twickenham wrote me a treble crossed letter rebuking me for keeping my plans so dark, and asking me to take a small box to her nephew—"now living, I believe, at Nottawamagsaga Lake, Athabaska, near Toronto, and doing so well, my dear." Ere it reached me the box

had multiplied itself by four and contained, according to the accompanying letter, clothes enough for several years, an accordion and a medicine chest—"... you know the poor boy may be miles from a really reliable medical man", three Dutch cheeses and two Irish hams—"... the dear boy always detested Canadian cheese and ham, and I must say I agree with him, though, of course, much cheaper". More packages arrived throughout the day, and in spite of a carefully circulated report that I had already left, vans continued to pull up at my door to deliver parcels sent—"in hope they might catch you before you got away." The unemployed in my neighbourhood found temporary relief by assisting the minions of Carter Patterson and the L. P. D.

I began to get hysterical and according to my housekeeper to "act strange." I heard her telling the baker that, in her opinion, Hanwell rather than America would be my next stopping place, and my state of mind was such that I could but share her fears.

Several ladies of my acquaintance almost wept as they told me of the fabulous prices American friends had to pay for imported linen, and flooded my rooms with garments that as a bachelor I blush even to think of, which they told me I would have no difficulty in passing the customs as my own.

My departure was an imposing one. The procession was headed by two pantechicians crammed with the agricultural machinery, groceries, clothes, books, and miscellaneous articles, supposed to form a mere adjunct of my personal luggage. Then followed a squad of strong porters necessary for the proper handling of the heavier articles, while a four-wheeler containing myself and my own things in a limp kit-bag. At Euston I was received with the wildest enthusiasm, and my fame preceded me to Liverpool, where a crowd of ships' officers and stewards watched a horde of stevedores wrestling with my "adjuncts." I sighed with relief as the last case, labelled "Firearms and wearing apparel—handle with care," vanished into the yawning hold, for I felt that for a week at least, I and my bag would enjoy each other's company free from other encumbrances.

But I had reckoned without my one Liverpool acquaintance, a man with whom I had exchanged cards and an hour's conversation on a railway journey some years before. A few minutes before the shore bell rang he appeared leading a very large and bristly dog.

"How d'ye do?" he said, introducing himself, for I had forgotten him. "This is Boris, a pure bred Russian boarhound, the property of the Grand Duke Alexandrovichy. Sorry I couldn't warn you, but I only heard you were leaving late last night. Please place Boris in the hands of the Grand Duke, who is either in New York or Baltimore. He is a valuable dog, so don't let any one else have anything to do with him. Follow these typewritten instructions as to his care, and I think you will manage all right. I should have preferred to place him in the hands of an intelligent keeper, but any port in a storm, you know. Jove! there goes the bell! Bon voyage! Mind his teeth."

And the miscreant fled across the gangplank. I gazed after him, stupefied to be recalled to this world by the uneasy movements of the big brute beside me, who was already showing signs of disapproval with his surroundings.

Of all the nightmare weeks I spent during my holiday, perhaps that week aboard ship was the worst. That fiend in canine form made life an unendurable burden. His nights were spent in howling with all the pent-up misery of a lost soul, and his days were occupied by savage and impartial attacks on passengers and crew alike. To one of the latter I owe my release from the beast. He disabled one of the seamen for three days, and the man, on being released from the hospital, managed to poison him when we were only a few hours out of New York.

If he had done it sooner I would have given him a hundred pounds; as it was I gave him twenty.

At New York I walked nervously ashore, and watched hardened customs officials turn pale when confronted with my pyramid of luggage. A special staff of carpenters and mechanics was told off to assist in overhauling it.

Why dwell upon that painful scene? It was conclusively proved by the contents of my boxes that I was a villain of the deepest dye. Diamonds were unearthed from between false bottoms in some of the boxes. Steam-ploughs and patent harrows gave the lie to my statement that I was a tourist. I was dared brazenly to proclaim myself the wearer of delicate lacy lingerie dragged from among my shirts. Faint with shame and humiliation I was dimly conscious of writing cheques in payment of enormous customs dues and wearily departing. My luggage followed on five lorries.

When I learnt at my hotel that the Grand Duke had loved Boris like a son, and was thirsting for my blood, it barely gave me a moment's uneasiness. I had no time to feel afraid, for I had to attend to the safe distribution of the parcels with which I was entrusted. Sixty-seven bales, boxes, crates and packages it was possible to send by post or goods train to their destination, but it took a week's hard work ere they were sorted out, repaired, re-addressed and despatched. Was I to blame for the fact that only thirty of them arrived safely? Could I know that Smith had moved from Green Springs, Mass., to Lallapaloosa, Ga., or that Jimson had been lynched in 1889? Yet friends who had sent parcels to these people have since made serious charges of dishonesty against me. The six penny stamps I received from Mrs. Bellamy are the only return I have been able to get for my outlay of eighteen thousand dollars in customs dues, postage, etc.

The remaining forty or fifty packages were of such a valuable nature that they had to be delivered personally. I travelled two thousand miles to deliver a parcel that turned out to contain fish-hooks, supposed by the sender to be worth a fortune in the Far North. Chicago foot-pads relieved me of the cigarette case and cuff-links I was carrying to Minnetonka. Jones is taking action to recover their value from me at this moment.

For weeks I travelled night and day over the length and breadth of the great American continent, hardly leaving the train save to deliver a sleeping-bag or a sixpenny calendar to some utter stranger. I shall carry to my grave scars received in encounters with savage baggagemen.

It was like a prolonged nightmare, but at last the day dawned that saw me free. Free to spend three happy days of idleness ere business recalled me to England.

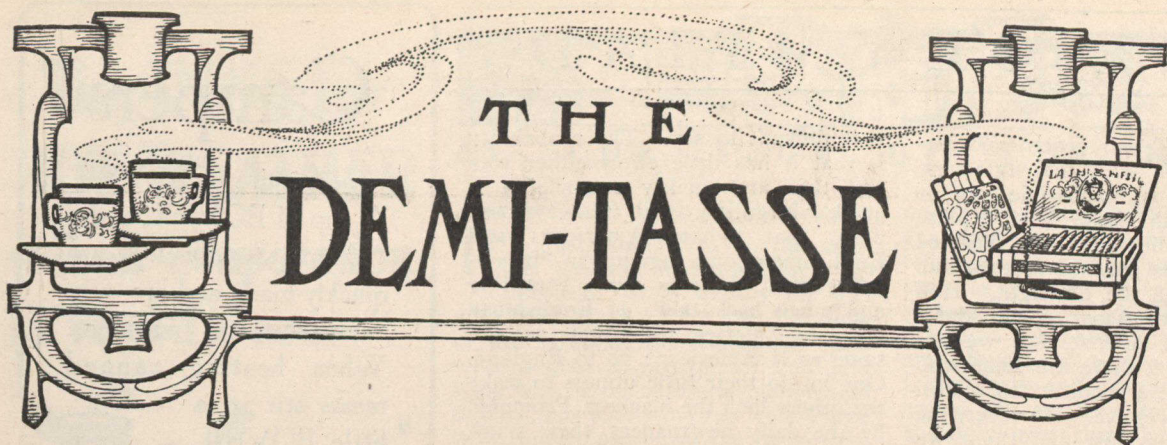
I buried myself in the depths of the primeval woods of Maine, and amid those wild solitudes strove to forget the word friendship and all that it seemed to entail. On the last day of my visit, while I was bidding farewell to my favourite and most solitary grove of pines, an aged trapper approached me.

"You're a Britisher," he said slowly, "an' they tell me at the tavern up to Skoggs Lake that you're goin' home. Now I want to send a pair of bear cubs home to my nevy in London, England. They're as playful and as cute as kittens, an' you'd be doin' me a real kindness, stranger, if you'd take 'em an'—"

I killed him. If I had had time I would have given him a painful and lingering death. Even as he died he murmured, "wouldn't be no trouble, easy to mind as babies," and other formulas I knew so well by this time.

I returned to England by a cattle boat where a superabundance of luggage is not encouraged, and where my total lack of it occasioned no remark. My health is shattered, I have no friends left, and I have lost in the neighbourhood of ten thousand pounds.

Yet I have heard people say that foreign travel broadens one's sympathies.



THE DEMI-TASSE

HER OPINION.

QUEBEC and rumours of Quebec have been in the air for the last month and everyone of us is acquainted with the deeds and wanderings of Samuel de Champlain. Consequently, it was natural that the romances of Sir Gilbert Parker should form the subject for frequent discussion. Said a hearty admirer of the Canadian novelist: "I think *The Battle of the Strong* is the best thing Parker has written."

"Oh, no," exclaimed a young woman, turning to the man who had thus expressed himself. "That is not a patch on the *Seats of the Mighty!*"

HAPPY TIMES IN HAMILTON.

The unfurled flags across the Bay
Were fluttering like mad;
The bells were ringing gayly
For all the town was glad.
Would you know the simple reason
And what 'twas all about?
Oh, Hamilton was happy
'Cause Bobby Kerr won out.

THE DIFFERENCE.

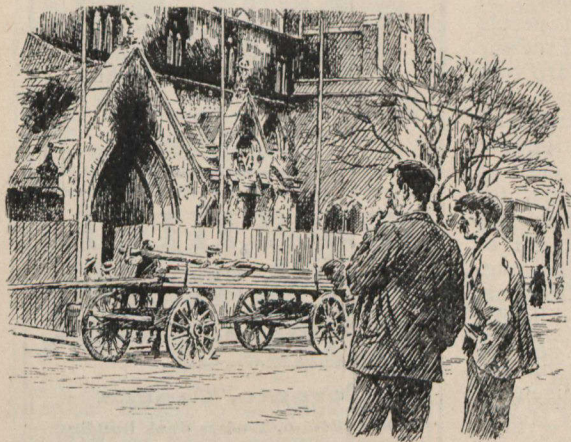
THE Dominion Senate is a grave and decorous body, seldom moved to unbecoming hilarity. Rarely does a word of violence break the silence, save when an impetuous gentleman explodes in the epithet, "viper." Some time ago Hon. Thomas Davis of Prince Albert ventured a few remarks in the course of debate which aroused to wrath a member of the Senate who is a physician by profession. The latter ridiculed Mr. Davis' remarks, trying to show that the recent speaker was wide of the mark.

"That may be," responded Mr. Davis genially. "I'm a poor, humble citizen from the West who sometimes makes mistakes which are recognised as soon as they're made. That's where my honourable friend has the advantage. He buries his blunders."

The medical member reflected in silence on this retort from the West.

CHOOSING HIS COMPANY.

TO the question, "State what kind of guest you would prefer," addressed by the Hospitality Committee of the Pan-Anglican Conference, one answer was received: "I do not wish any guest who does not believe in everlasting punishment." Nice, cheerful sort of company that host required!—*Daily Mail* (England).



Jim, (regarding damage done to church by fire). "Good job it wasn't a factory, Bill."
Bill, "You're right, mate, only one man put out of work and he draws his money."—Punch.

THE LESSER EVIL.

JONES has an extremely resourceful chauffeur. The other day while they were going down a city street something went wrong with the machinery

and after sundry twistings to and fro the motor ran into an apple stall and stopped. Half a sovereign settled the matter. "Well," said Jones to the chauffeur, "we have got pretty easily out of the scrape anyhow. It seems to me though as if you meant to run into that apple stall." "So I did, sir," replied the chauffeur with pride. "You see the only alternative was to go into Blank & Co.'s plate glass window, which would have cost you twenty pounds; as it is, we have got off with ten bob."

NEWSLETS.

Hamilton is to have "Bobs" for one whole day. The Mountain is getting itself another crest.

Just to think of it! Hon. A. G. Mackay came within sixty-eight followers of being a Knight Bachelor.

Hon. Adelard Turgeon says that Bourassa was inadvertently omitted from the list of Tercentenary honours. But Henri can afford to wait.

The *Toronto Globe* is mighty glad that it gave up the Longboat educational fund. Shacktown is a safer proposition.

Governor Chambers says that his favourite hymn "A Charge to Keep I Have," will be presented to each guest on his departure from the Castle of Indolence.

Sir Thomas Lipton has at last recognised the fact that he cannot "lift" that America cup until he sends for a Canadian skipper.

Sir James Pliny Whitney modestly hands the honours over to the province and lets shrinking little Ontario get into the limelight.

NOT HIS FAULT.

Magistrate (sternly)—"Didn't I tell you the last time you were here I never wanted you to come before me again?"

Prisoner—"Yes, sir; but I couldn't make the policeman believe it."—*Tit-Bits*.

THE LONDON LUMINARY.

WHAT is the matter with the London *Advertiser*?

That noble organ hasn't been saucy to the *Canadian Courier* for two long weeks. Since the dear old *Tiser* made a fool of itself by declaring that there is no Mrs. Henri Bourassa, there has been a deadly calm in the office of the London paper's society editor. But it is about time for the *Tiser* to get in some more wild and woolly perversions of fact at this national weekly's expense.

There is a sweet sheet called the *Tiser* Whose editor thinks he's the Kaiser.

He says that *we* gush,
And then he writes *slush*

At a rate that would really surprise yer.

SLIGHTLY ALTERED.

The 'orn of the h-auto is 'eard on the 'ill
When 'eard by the farmer it gives him a thrill.

A. P. P.

HIS OCCUPATION.

"Poor man! Have you always been blind?"
"No, mum," answered Tired Tiffins unthinkingly.
"Last week I wuz lame, but dere wuzn't enuff in it."
—*New York Globe*.

NOT ALL LOSS.

QUOTATIONS cleverly malapropos or neatly distorted furnish half the wit of the professional humourist. Nevertheless, when such a verbal mis-step is spontaneous, there is often real fun in it.

A young man had been out sailing with his sister and a friend of hers. He did not know particularly well the fine points of the art, and on trying to make

the landing against a head wind, he exclaimed, after several vain attempts:

"Well, it is better to have luffed and lost than never to have luffed at all!"—*Youth's Companion*.

HIS OBJECT.

THE lawyer was drawing up 'Enpeck's will. "I hereby bequeath all my property to my wife," dictated Enpeck. "Got that down?"

"Yes," answered the attorney.

"On condition," continued Enpeck, "that she marries within a year."

"But why that condition?"

"Because," answered the meek and lowly testator, "I want somebody to be sorry that I died."

A DIREFUL THREAT.

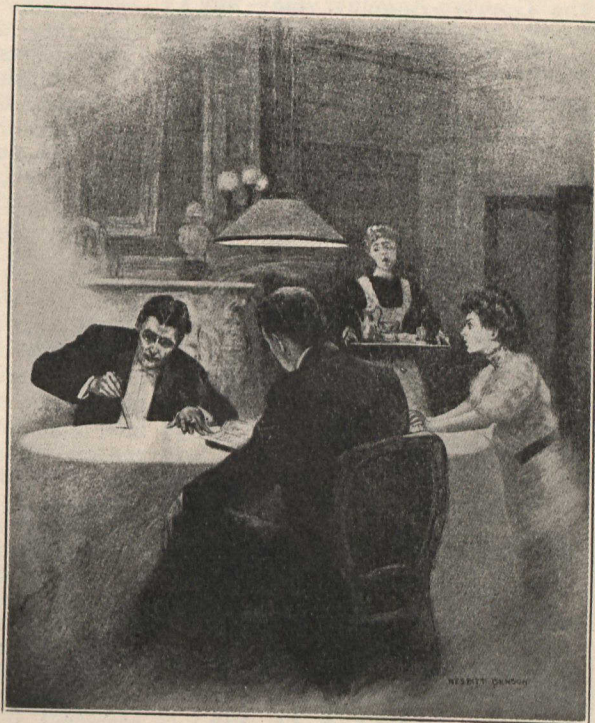
IT was during a very tedious ride on a western railway, and the passengers, tired, dirty and thirsty, all berated the company with the exception of one single man. His fellow passengers commented on this, and asked him why he did not denounce the company too.

"It would be hardly fair," he replied, "as I am travelling on a free pass; but, if they don't do better pretty soon, blame if I don't go out and buy a ticket and join you."—*Harper's Magazine*.

A FOREIGN VIEW.

Mrs. Gunson—"Count, do you consider American girls good enough to marry foreign noblemen?"

The Count—"Ah, madam, ze beggar can not be ze chooser."—*Sunday Magazine*.



BUGBEARS

The guest who draws diagrams on your very best tablecloth—*Life*.

HINTS ON HEAT.

The weather-prophet Hicks,
Who every month predicts,
Said it would be hot in July.
When the records are consulted
Perhaps he'll feel insulted
Should someone say to him:
Yu ly.

A. P. P.

MORE THAN SHE ASKED FOR.

A FEW days ago two young ladies entered a trolley, and found only standing room. One of them whispered to her companion:

"I am going to get a seat from one of these men. You take notice."

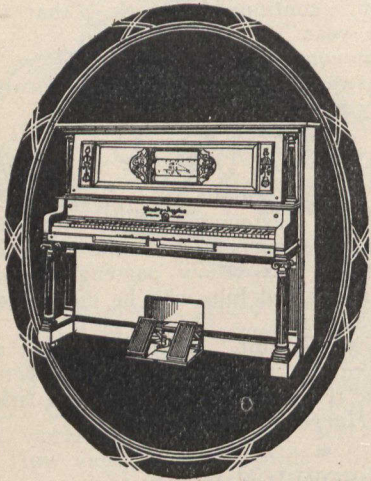
She looked down the row of men and selected a sedate gentleman who bore the general settled appearance of a married man. She sailed up to him and boldly opened fire:

"My dear Mr. Green! How delighted I am to meet you! You are almost a stranger. Will I accept your seat? Well, I do feel tired, I heartily admit. Thank you so much." The gentleman, a stranger of course, looked, listened, then quietly arose, and gave her his seat, saying:

"Sit down, Jane, my girl. Don't often see you out on a washing-day. You must feel tired, I am sure. How's your mistress?"

The young lady got her seat, but lost her vivacity.—*Short Stories*.

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THE OLYMPIAD

LONGBOAT was beaten and sorrow goes with the statement.

But it is impossible not to sympathise with those who deplore the notoriety that the man received and the methods pursued to keep him in the glare of the limelight. Had he won the enthusiasm would doubtless have been intense, but we are disposed to think there are some who would have felt a tendency to mourn rather than to rejoice. However, the hero lies in the dust and there we must leave him. He appears to have run well for a score of miles and then to have collapsed. Perhaps had the heat been less, and the dryness less trying, the Indian would have lasted to the end. But it is not the first time he has similarly fallen by the wayside. That he is fleet of foot cannot be gainsaid, but his worthiness as a representative of Canada, as an amateur in the true sense that he is a gentleman who takes his play as the most desirable way in which to spend his leisure, and as the object of much heralding, is another matter. We are open to confess that we do not think he in any way fills, or ever did fill, the requirements. If, however, Longboat failed, there are others who, while they did not win, performed well for Canada.

Two things are to be gathered from the Marathon experience in London. One is that the game is not worth the candle and that instead of being edifying and elevating, it is non-constructive and debasing. The other lesson is that red man is equally as uncertain as white man and perhaps a bit more so. Twenty-five and thirty mile races were all right when fleet-footed men were the only means of communication between nations, but now they serve no good purpose. That men should be encouraged to run so long and so hard that nearing the end they drop in their tracks is in no sense desirable, either as a spectacle or as an aid to physical development. Tests of pluck and endurance are instructive and generally entertaining, but when they mean exhaustive strain they are barbaric. The fact that in last week's great event the Italian Dorando failed to complete the course does not imply that the men of to-day are inferior to the ancient Greeks. Men fell from exhaustion in those days exactly as they do to-day, and there is abundant proof, the Philistines to the contrary notwithstanding, that the athletes of the present have better muscular development and are of superior physique.

Apart from the Marathon race, and despite the persistent kicking of our friend, “the Yank,” the Olympic games were an excellent success. On some days the attendance was hardly up to expectations, but on other days, notably on Friday, when the Marathon was run, the crowds overflowed from the Stadium, thus compensating for the days that were deficient.

So far as Canada is concerned, the only man who especially distinguished himself seems to have been Robert Kerr, a young man of 21 from Hamilton. He won several preliminary and semi-final heats, ran practically a dead heat for second place in the final of the 100 metre won by the Australian Walker, and finished by capturing the 200 metre race in handsome style. He deserves the utmost credit for his achievement, having been called upon in the course of three days to run practically five or six races against the fleetest sprinters the world can produce.

Whether international games on a colossal scale encourage friendliness between peoples or develop bitterness

it is difficult to say. The probability is that it has little effect either way and that any quality engendered is quickly forgotten. Still it always happens that where Americans and Englishmen come together in “friendly” contest there is much squealing and much back talk. If Englishmen come to America, the results are the same as if Americans go to England. One lot do their little utmost to make the others look the blackest. Prompted by the daily newspapers they snarl, scold and bite their thumbs at each other until the whole world laughs, sickens and jeers. Europeans proper flout each other and treat visitors with exaggerated grace, as was done at the Athenian Olympiad. There, there was no yelping and no growling, but when the two peoples who pride themselves upon their sportsmanship come together, Rome's howling is exceeded by that of London and New York.

YET JOHN HAYS HAMMOND
WAS NOT CHOSEN.

(Canadian Mining Journal.)

CANADIAN parliamentarians are drawn largely from the ranks of practising lawyers, prominent merchants, doctors, journalists, a sprinkling of farmers and labour representatives, and a miscellaneous residue, including an occasional preacher. The profession of mining engineer has no direct representative. The industry of mining is attaining an importance that warrants the presence of at least a few mining engineers in our parliaments. Much-needed legislation would then receive fuller and saner discussion than is now possible. The mining engineer, from the extent of his field and the nature of his work, acquires a knowledge of his country that can hardly be equalled.

THE ROMANCE OF
“INTEREST.”

(Vancouver World.)

SESSIONAL PAPER No. 7, being the report of the dividends remaining unpaid, unclaimed balances and unpaid drafts and bills of exchange in the chartered banks of the Dominion, lies before us. It is a repulsive-looking volume—nearly 700 closely printed pages of names, dates and amounts. Nevertheless one cannot open it at any page without seeing in it elusive hints of good “stories” enough to make a star reporter happy for a month. One reads occasionally of valuables left in baggage-rooms and never claimed, but here is a list of all the money in the banks of Canada which people have forgotten they owned. True the vast majority of the amounts are very small, a few dollars or even a few cents. But the very dates, stretching back into the 'thirties and 'forties, give dignity to some of the least even of these. For seventy-eight years, for instance, the Bank of Montreal has held \$5.05 for Mr. William Hodge, of Montreal, the balance of his account. If R. P. Palmer and J. B. Patterson, of Hamilton, had some little difficulty in discounting their paper away back in the early 'eighties, they could not have hit upon a more ingenious scheme of giving the Bank of Hamilton the maximum of trouble at the minimum of expense than taking the course they saw fit to adopt for whatever reason—that of leaving one cent each in their respective accounts. For twenty-five years clerks making up balance sheets have repeated these infinitely small credits and as things stand now are likely to go on repeating them for generations.

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(when evaporation
is rapid) are

Stephens'

— because they
keep perfectly
fluid when much
evaporated in
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GROWTH**

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ability to successfully weather financial
storms.

The strength of a Life Company is tested
by its ability to grow in "hard times."

Last year the New Business of

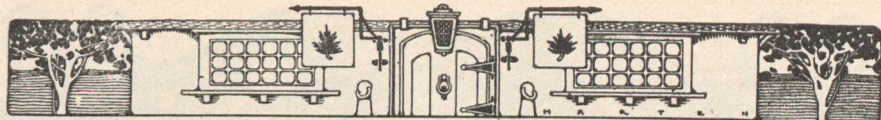
The Mutual Life
ASSURANCE
OF CANADA.

amounted to \$7,081,402, a gain over 1906 of
\$1,577,855, bringing up the total insurance
in force to \$51,091,848, a gain over 1906 of
\$4,179,440—and yet the operating expenses
were just about the same as last year.

The Company also made substantial gains
over 1906—in Assets, \$1,271,255; in Reserves,
\$966,221; in Income, \$171,147, and in Surplus,
\$300,341.

Agencies in all the principal Towns
and Cities in Canada.

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

THE WAYS OF OLD SOL.

IT is just possible to do the sum-
mer girl act with too much en-
thusiasm. It is usually the girl
who is in Muskoka for the first time
or who is taking the trip up the lakes
with a glad disregard for sun and
wind who learns that it is inexpedient
to burn, not wisely but too well. There
is no sadder person in the camp than
the novice who has entered with abandon
on the outdoors life, scorning all
advice on the subject of cold cream
or wide-brimmed hats and who
realises during wakeful hours that a
scorched nose or a blistered neck is
not among the blessings of Mother
Nature. The burnt child learns the
gentle uses of almond cream and also
agrees with her experienced elders
that a tam-o'-shanter is not ideal
headgear for the canoeist with many
miles to paddle. There have been
eager young summer girls who have
been scarred for years by sunburn
which they regarded with a kind of
professional pride at the time. Get
the very best of our Canadian sum-
mertime in woods and on the lake or
river; but remember that it is just
as well to guard against too ardent
sunlight as against too keen a frost.

* * *

THE SOCIALIST COUNTESS.

IT is now denied that the Countess
of Warwick is coming to the
United States to conduct a campaign
in behalf of a socialist candidate in
Ohio. It is to be hoped that the
reported denial is according to the
fact, for the approaching election in
the Republic is not a matter for for-
eign electioneering, however charm-
ing the fair solicitor of vote and
influence may be.

The Countess of Warwick has
beauty, wealth and high social posi-
tion and she is also possessed of an
Alexandrine energy which yearns for
new worlds to conquer. Socialism
has appealed strongly to her recent
development and her oratory is heard
with much curiosity by East Enders
who enjoy the novelty of a velvet-
clad exponent of Karl Marx and the
rest of them. It would be interesting
to know if the lovely lady is a believer
in single-tax and if she would be pre-
pared to have this principle applied
to the magnificent estates belonging
to the Earl of Warwick. The
Countess is a bewildering philosopher
and probably deserves the title be-
stowed by a friendly scribe of "a
delightful dynamo." But if she has a
scrap of diplomatic wisdom, she will
not interfere in Uncle Sam's elections.

* * *

THE FESTIVE FORTUNE-
TELLER.

THIS is the season when the seerss
thrives. She who can gaze into
the crystal and tell you what the
sights portend which flash beneath the
shining surface, she who can detect
from the lines in your well-creased
palm whether you have an artistic
temperament and how much domestic
infelicity you are to suffer, is working
overtime on the board walk of every
summer resort and is coining the
money of the curious. It does not
matter how often you may have had
your hand "read" before. These
Oriental-looking persons, who are not
always acquainted with the order of
the bath, are sure to discover some-
thing new in a diminutive line which

no former palmist has noticed, or will
gaze into your performing crystal and
tell you something "awfully queer,"
such as a departed grandfather or
serious illness which really happened.

It does not matter just how old you
are. Sweet sixteen, sober thirty,
frisky forty and grandmotherly sixty
crowd the entrance to the tent and
willingly hear that they are psychic
in temperament and likely to die in a
foreign land, after much intercourse
with distinguished characters. It is
an interesting game to watch the
crowd which enters and departs,
pleased, depressed, excited or incred-
ulous. Of course, you know it is all
nonsense and would not dream of
patronising such frauds; still, you do
not wish to be disagreeable and, when
you are urged for the tenth time to
come in with a foolish friend, "just
for the fun of the thing," you yield
to the pretensions of the palmist and
hear once more that your smiles fre-
quently hide an aching heart and that
you have undeveloped dramatic talent
which would make Julia Marlowe turn
myrtle-green with envy.

Are women in the overwhelming
majority among the palmist's cus-
tomers? Most men will scornfully
make this assertion and wonder why
their sisters are so easily taken in and
given a future. But, if the truth were
known, there are few men who have
not, at some critical moment, consult-
ed these psychic palmists or gifted
clairvoyants; only the men do not talk
about such expeditions, while women
are utterly unashamed to admit that
they have undertaken a voyage of dis-
covery into the years ahead. Man is
less willing than woman to admit his
amiable weaknesses. He goes to the
circus merely to please the children,
visits the tent of the gypsy only to
show the foolish women in the party
that there is nothing in the claims of
the sybil and listens carefully behind
his newspaper to all that Mrs. Brown
has to tell about the neighbours before
he declares that he cannot see why
women take such an interest in other
people's private affairs. Most of us,
it must be admitted, visit Madame
Zelika and believe just a fragment of
the rosy future of which she hints.

* * *

THE YACHTING GIRL.

SOME years ago, the automobile was
an unpopular feature in the land-
scape but familiarity has brought ap-
preciation and now we hardly protest
as the gasoline goes by. "As soon as
I can afford it, I'll have an automo-
bile," is a declaration you will hear
every day.

"No," said the nautical girl, in com-
ment on such a speech, "when I'm a
millionaire, I'll have the finest yacht
which money can buy."

There is nothing quite so clean and
exhilarating in the world of sport as
a yacht race. Given a blue sky and
a brisk breeze, a yacht race is the
most beautiful sight in all the pano-
rama of summer delights. The joys
of the Woodbine or Blue Bonnets,
the rush of the touring car are poor
sensations in comparison with the
magnificent plunge of the silver-sailed
racers through the dark lake waves.
Put-in-Bay has just been heard from,
and Johnnie Canuck's yachts have
made a good showing in those
waters.

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in the condition of your preserves. You
cannot realize just what fruit jar per-
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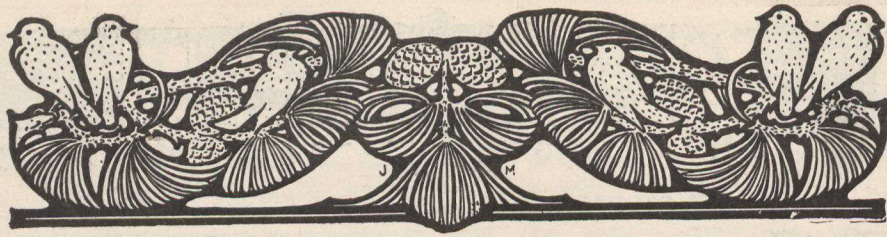
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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE "DREAM STORY."
By CATHERINE S. FOSTER.

THE hour before supper was called the story time by the little Simpson children, and it was such a happy time, for they were tired then of play, and it was delightful to get close to mother or Aunt Frances, and hear the stories read or told. Mother usually read the stories out of their books, and the children took turns in selecting those they wanted read. But Aunt Frances always told them stories that she knew or made up, or about something that had happened during the day.

One day she said it would be nice to form a little story club, and all take turns telling the stories. So the children were always on the watch for a little story to tell at the club. Mother said it would be nice to write down some of the stories, and then she would read them. The children thought it would be great fun to hear one of their own stories, just like a real story from a book.

The first one that was written down was told by Bessie. She went in town one afternoon with Aunt Frances, to visit her Aunt Sarah; and after dinner Aunt Sarah said:

"Bessie, don't you want to take Bobs out for a run? The poor dog does not get any exercise, now that John is away."

"Bobs" was a little white woolly dog, and Bessie always liked to take him out. So she put on her hat and got Bobs' chain, and they started off up the avenue. All of a sudden Bobs pulled on his chain, and would not go any farther. Bobs was such a funny little dog! He would trot along as fast as ever, and then, without warning, he would stop and pull on his chain, and you would simply have to pick him up and take him along for a little, when he would run all right again.

This time Bobs had refused to budge, as usual; and Bessie always said that if it had not been for his stubbornness there would not have been any story to tell. She had stooped down to pick Bobs up, when she saw a five-cent piece lying on the sidewalk, and she said aloud, "Why, there's five cents!" and picking it up, she looked all round, and was just going to take another step, when she saw a ten-cent piece. She could not help shouting, "Ten cents!" and she picked that up. And then what do you suppose she saw lying all about? Pennies, nickels and dimes! When she saw all the money she thought she must be dreaming. She could not pick up the money, for it did not belong to her, nor did the five-cent piece or the ten-cent piece that were in her pocket, and she did so wish some one would come along and tell her what to do.

Just then she heard somebody running up the street, and looking up, saw two men, all out of breath, talking and making their hands go at a great rate. They rushed up to the spot where she was standing, and did not seem to see her in their eagerness to pick up the money. Then Bessie saw how it all had happened, for during dinner she had heard a street piano playing outside, and these were the men who had been playing it. When people gave them money they put it in a little tin box, and it must

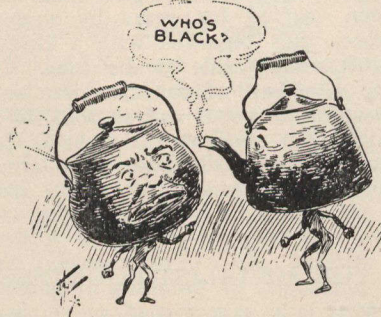
have dropped off. That was what Aunt Frances thought. The men did not stop to tell Bessie about it—perhaps because they did not speak English. But when she took out the five-cent piece and the ten-cent piece, and gave them to the men, they both took off their hats and bowed and bowed, and said, "T'anks! T'anks!"

Bessie ran breathless into the house, and told her aunts, and they said it was quite an adventure.

"Won't it be a good story for the club!" said Bessie.

"I think it will," said Aunt Frances. And when mother wrote it down, she called it "The Dream Story," by Bessie Simpson.—*Youth's Companion*.

* * *



—Life

* * *

AT CARNARVON.

(A Legend of the First Prince of Wales.)

By CORNELIA CHANNING WARD.

A legend runs of Edward, the first king of the name, A conqueror of England, whose mighty army came Into the Welshman's country in cuirasses of steel, On warlike steeds so armour clad they could no arrows feel. Because the Prince Llewellyn had refused to homage pay, Said Edward, "He shall bow to me, or else I go to slay." They fought, and brave Llewellyn was killed upon his plains— His brother David, sent by night to Shrewsbury, in chains, To perish as a traitor, and all the good Welsh lands, Her people and her castles strong came into English hands.

At Carnarvon the king abode—the fairest spot in Wales; And there to gain his subjects' love—so run the old monks' tales— He offered them a splendid prince, "a Welshman true by birth, And one who spoke no other tongue than theirs upon the earth." The people shouted loud with joy while low on bended knees They promised loyalty to him who sought their hearts to please. The king then brought his new-born son—the "Welshman true by birth, And one who spoke no other tongue than theirs upon the earth." The baby cooed and cooed in glee, and kicked his tiny feet, And, though chagrined, the people owned their new-born prince was sweet.

And thus that day at Carnarvon—so run the old monks' tales— Into the lasting title came that first small Prince of Wales.

—St. Nicholas.

Stomach Upset?

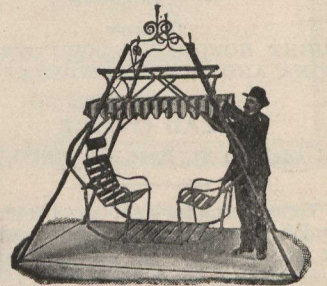
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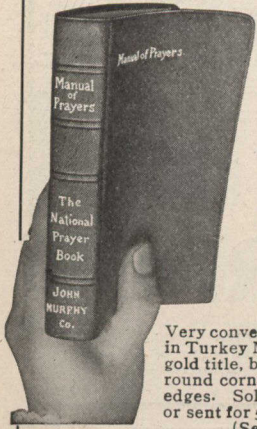
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The Graft and the Craft

Continued from page 15)

pardoned for wondering what was the matter with Mr. Luther.

So Cannell and Dakin had gone home. They had written their stories of the bank failure for their respective papers, had turned in their copy, and were now bound for their homes, satisfied, and perhaps a little puffed, with the consciousness of good work done on a big story. Of course, they had a right to feel good; it was a big story, and they were good men. They had made good copy out of this story—what a story it was to make good copy out of! Everything that a big story should have it had in abundance: mystery, names, figures, all prominent enough to create consternation, and all involved and interwoven in exactly the manner to delight a good reporter. It was great—even the story that Dakin and Cannell had to write was great, and the real story! Luther stiffened up a little. He had a scoop on the real story!

He looked at his watch. What had happened to him? What was he doing in Noonan's at this time of the evening with a scoop like this in his pocket? He must have gone to sleep like a greenhorn who had not news instinct enough to see what the story meant! He was running for the door before the watch was back in his pocket.

There was a cab at the curb. Luther was in it when the driver saw him.

"To the *Chastiser* office in one grand hurry!"

He didn't pay the cabman. He left him bewildered and angry at the office door and ran in through the business office upstairs to his little room. He fell into the weak-backed chair as easily as an old cavalryman goes into the saddle. He pulled forth the creaky machine with a slam.

"Samuel Eckerson, president of the Third Trust Company, is the man responsible for the wrecking of the National Savings Bank which yesterday failed for \$500,000. Edward W. Golsen, chief stockholder of both of the involved institutions and brother-in-law of Eckerson, admitted this in an interview to a reporter for the *Chastiser* late last evening."

He looked over the paragraph carefully before going further. He decided that it was well and good. It told just what he wanted to tell and nothing more. It was as it should be.

Then the typewriter hummed and rattled and squeaked, and sheet after sheet of copy paper ran in and out, and the story of "Financial Treachery in High Circles" became a reality. The frenzy of the craft was upon Luther. There was nothing in the world but the story; nothing worthy of thought in the whole universe save its proper development and telling. He gloated as he wrote. What a story it was! And how he could handle it!

Men came into his room and went out again. Luther never saw them.

"Run it to the limit!" shrieked a maddened managing editor. "I know—I know!" grunted Luther; and he never ceased writing until the final period was in its place.

Minutes after he was done, after they had taken the last sheet of copy from his desk, after the linotype men upstairs were casting his words in molten metal, he sat alone and searched his pockets for matches and remembered something. It was something that he had heard long, long ago, so long ago it seemed that he remembered it but indistinctly. It did not arouse any feeling in him now; it did nothing more serious than to stir his curiosity. He wondered why it ever had affected him.

"There's that much . . . in the upper left-hand drawer . . . the half-

open one . . . Come in on the ground floor with us . . . I'll give it to you now . . . send it up to you, or any way you like."

Luther laughed audibly. He had done his work, and he knew that it was good, and how near, thought he, he had been to— He shrugged his shoulders.

"Hey, fellow!" cackled Curly, the office-boy, coming in to beg cigarettes, "another scoop, eh? How'd yeh have the heart to do it? Getting to be one of these hero-guys dat you write about, yerself, ain't yeh?"

"Get out of here," said the Genius severely.

A Saturday in August

By W. A. STAEBLER

ALANK brown youth in a tattered and ink-stained office coat glared savagely at the back of the last tardy customer leaving the bank, but with the last bang of the heavy door, his mood changed wonderfully. As he cleaned up his work his tired eyes found time to gaze away into the distance, where waving tree tops showed beyond the hot stretches of brick and mortar, and patches of blue sky mocked him at his toil. But somehow the dreary routine of debits and credits, the nightmare of figures, the tiresome drone of the teller calling "deposit!" the endless succession of staring faces at his little wicket, passed into nothingness before the sweet inrush of thought born of a clear little creek, away off in the woodland, along which his mind travelled in fancy.

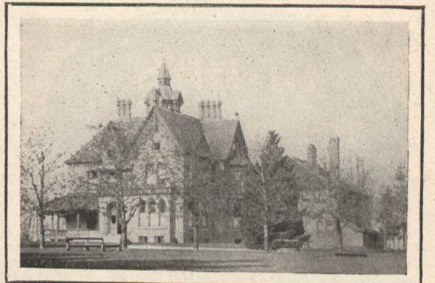
From over the hills and far away there rolled a glad little breeze, a soft little tell-tale, a midsummer breeze. It stole through the cool dim paths of the woodland, picking up gossip at squirrel hole and nest, then over a clearing and into a meadow it danced, and took note of the figures and under one arm was smuggled a rifle, its tiny black eye peering over the fields.

A clear little creek, erratic and wilful, sulked through a dark swamp and splashed into a garden for wild folk that lay just beyond. Blue flags raised their delicate tops from a carpet of sword grass that bunched into causeways the spongy black mould, and Jack-in-the-pulpits looked down from a terrace with envious eyes at the colour below. Just beyond lay the woodland, a rustling green symphony sun-splashed and quiet, save for the soft, steady hum of numberless insects, or the pulsating throb of a grouse at his wooing.

As monarch of this and all just beyond it, far out where the grain fields rippled and waved, a grey-whiskered, burly old woodchuck reigned well and wisely. For he alone of the beasts of the forest, though boasting no strength nor fleetness nor cunning, still cropped the sweet clover at sunrise and sunset, while the bones of the proud ones lay scattered in dust.

The afternoon passed, and over the garden the shadows had lengthened until the flowered carpet grew deeper in hue. From out a cool burrow two beady brown eyes scanned the cover with care and patience. But nothing disturbed the green tossing prospect, sweet peace was the pass-word that breathed from the shadows, and the flags nodded the answer to flip-flapping leaves.

Then broke on the air the sharp spit of a rifle, and a cloud of pale smoke drifted up from the bushes. Soft of tread, keen of eye, well versed in woodcraft was the lad that stepped from the shade of the bushes. Ask the rollicking, tattle-tale midsummer breeze what it whispered as it passed by a burrow that lay in the garden, and ask why it laughs as it skips into the evening and tells the glad story to the wild things beyond.—*Rod and Gun.*



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By ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

THE VERDICT.

THE young prisoner gazed pensively beyond the sea of curious faces to one of the narrow court-house windows. A ray of late September sunlight shifted across its drab sill, clutching it and peering in as though loath to enter. To the man's strained, fanciful mind the sunbeam was like young life peering fearfully into a dark grave. The prisoner knew that he was innocent of the crime but he knew that circumstantial evidence would convict him. He offered no defence. His eyes never left the narrow window. It seemed as though he were outside there with the shifting, clutching sunbeam, gazing in on his young shackled life, which was being tried. Once only during his trial did he try to concentrate his eyes on those faces turned toward him; they appeared to him but white splashes on a grey background. Once he looked toward the judge's seat, and when the mists lifted a little, he saw a frail, white-haired man sitting there, his face hidden in his hands. Then the prisoner's head sank on the breast and throughout the remainder of his trial he sat thinking. Thinking of old scenes and old faces fifteen years behind him. He thought of the home he had left and of his father, too a judge. Something about that frail, white-haired man, he had seen a moment through the mists, had stirred these memories. He was glad those old scenes lay far, far away, glad that the name he now bore was not the name— He awoke with a start. The hazy September sunbeam had entered his grave and crept across to him and kissed his face. It dispelled the mists and he could see— could see—

He saw the old judge rise and turn toward the jury. He heard a voice ask in a whisper: "Who is he?" and another voice answer, "The presiding judge is ill. It is Judge Walters." Then the prisoner sat, his teeth clenched, his face greyish white and listened to the judge charge the jury: "And you, gentlemen, having heard the evidence, must decide whether a young life shall pay the penalty of this crime. The evidence points strongly against the prisoner; I charge you to weigh it carefully and at the same time to remember that it is largely if not wholly circumstantial. You have a terrible responsibility resting upon you. You—"

The old judge paused and half turned toward the prisoner. Something had impelled him to look. Perhaps it was the sunbeam that had crept from the prisoner to him and rested upon his face. For a moment judge and prisoner looked into each other's eyes; then the old man turned once more to the jury. As he made his concluding remarks the tears streamed down his cheeks.

"I charge you, gentlemen, that you are not to allow the dictates of sympathy to guide you, neither are you to temper justice with mercy. Some of you may have sons who are wanderers from home. If so, you must forget them, until you have discharged your duty to the law. Gentlemen, we await your verdict."

The jury retired and the murmur of excited voices filled the courtroom. The old judge sat, his face buried in his hands. The sunbeam had crept back to the window-sill and the prisoner's gaze followed it. Once more the mists enveloped his soul.

When the jury filed in and took their seats, the judge lifted his head and spoke.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you arrived at a verdict?"

"We have, your honour."

"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty."

"Prisoner at the bar, you are discharged."

But the prisoner at the bar did not look away from the window. So the old judge came down to where he sat and took him by the hand and led him from the chill and the mists out into the brightness. And so they passed, father and son, back to the old scenes.

* * *

IN THAT OLDEN GOLDEN TIME.

Ho, I was the Indian chieftain,
In that olden, golden time;
And the wee papoose I carried
Was a little boy of mine.

Our tent was a sunset's glory,
Our forest a rose-tree high;
And we rode the rock me saddle,
On the pony of rock-a-by.

Rode 'long the babbling waters,
Bridged by the moon's white beams;
The long, dim trail of the gloaming,
Toward the wigwam's rest and dreams.

Ho, I was the Indian chieftain,
And that little boy of mine,
Was the wee papoose I carried,
In that olden golden time.

THE LATEST MARCHÉ MILITAIRE.

A STIRRING composition for the piano, composed in honour of the Tercentenary of Quebec City by Dr. Albert Ham, organist of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, and conductor of the National Chorus, has just been published under the title *Canada*. It is in rhythm and theme worthy of the occasion and gracefully interweaves melodies of British and French tradition. *Le Drapeau de Carillon* comes in effectively as trio and the march closes fortissimo with the *Maple Leaf Forever*.

THE MAN WITH THE SPADE.

"What are the chickens laughin' for?" said Suburbs with a spade.

"To see you dig, to see you dig," the City Cynic said.

"What makes 'em wait, what makes 'em wait?" said Suburbs with a spade.

"They're waitin' for the seed you plant," the City Cynic said.

For they love a country garden, with room to scratch and play;

They hope you'll keep on diggin' and a-rakin' clods away,

An' when you start to plantin' vegetables they'll be gay,

For they're ready to start scratchin' in the mornin'!

"What are the roosters crowin' for?" said Suburbs with a spade.

"And hear the hens a-cacklin'!" "Oh, yes!" the Cynic said;

"They're glad to see those packages of seed you brought from town,

An' so they're sendin' tidings of the good things up and down!"

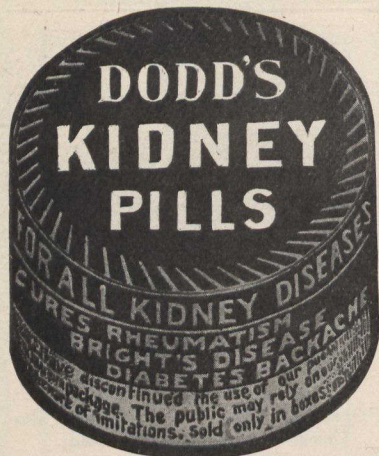
For they know you'll never see 'em when another sun shall rise,

Although it's growin' weather and the summer's in the skies;

It's buying feed for chickens every seed a fellow buys,

For they're ready to start scratchin' in the mornin'!

—Bentstow Bard.



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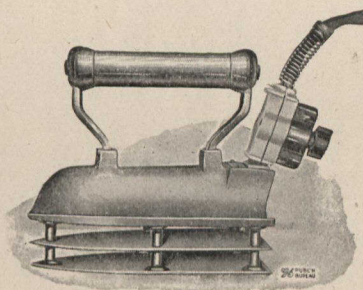
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