Three Days in London Town; Glories of Canadian Winter

(By Thoma- Martindale, Philadelphia.)

distant city to make the journey to the Canadian winters. Breakfast is barethan offset the risk of a relapse from the cold and exposure in leaving a too swiftly arrives, followed by sleep, comparatively warm climate to visit and such sleep as a Canadian only but the joy of living in such an at- In the olden days, I have frequently business friend said to me a while mosphere made me rejoice that I was experienced extreme cold. Once forty sions by the time I finished reading. the ring of the heel as it strikes the preserved for its beauty of diction. pavement, the crunch, crunch of the and its harmony with the truth. It is sons the readers of the thing-befeet among the snow when you take to called the "Walker of the Snow." Listhe roadway with a dash in front of ten to its measures: this sleigh and a jump to clear that one, with your every step feeling as light as they did more than two score years ago, when youth and exuberant spirits laughed at forty degrees below. is all such an inspiration as to be almost intoxicating to one from the warmer latitudes

It is wonderful what a protection against colds, influenzas and other ills that afflict humanity in our highly artificial indoor life, a life in the pure cold open air is to every one who will em- Save the wailing of the moosebird, brace it. Two maidens fair whom I met in London town, and who have lived for some years in Los Angeles where the air and temperature are said to be more unchangeable and uni- And said I: "Though dark is falling, form than anywhere else in the world, where winter is semi-summer, and Yet my heart it would be lightsome summer is laden with a semi-tropical heat, enjoyed the change perhaps more than I did. The blessed Canadian weather with its accompaniment of snow, the skating, the tobogganing, the To the harp-twang of the snowshoe hockey matches, the curling and the sleighing-for these all were things to be enjoyed to the full-and not a Nor far into the valley minute of daylight was to be wasted. for out into the open air they went day by day, and although but lightly clad, they suffered not at all, as their rosy cheeks and brilliant eyes would Bending upon the snowshoes

With a niece of mine, I walked to And I hailed the dusky stranger Mount Pleasant Cemetery, early on the coldest of the three mornings when the glass was below zero, to pay our But no token of communion respects to the loved ones sleeping under their mantle of deep, And the fear-chill fell upon me white snow. How calm and pure and restful everything looked. No king or queen in storied cathedral ever had For I saw by the sickly moonlight, such an immaculate resting place. The populous capitals of the old world That the walking of the stranger could never provide such an one for the greatest conqueror who ever lived. Here then, amid the drooping spruce trees laden with snow, and a sylvan growth of underwood, and hedges of boxwood, with sculptured marble and granite stones attesting to the merits of the dead, and with no other form of animated nature to bear them company other than the nimble and timid rabbit, and a few predaceous squirrels, we take a fond farewell until, happily, another winter may see us back again once more to commune with the silent forms in "God's great

Did it ever strike you what a warm blanket the snow is? I have laid down on the bare ground on a cold, clear night wrapped in my sleeping bag, and awoke the next morning cozy and warm with five inches of snow upon me, and of which snow I knew nothing until I awoke. Do you know that the ruffed grouse and other above is extreme, and now but seldom game birds will dive down into the happens, and I would, if I could, forsnow from a high tree, and covering get my experience of the blizzard in themselves up in it with but a breath- the days when I was young, and rather ing place left, will spend the coldest remember my invigorating enpoyment nights in safety? The Esquimaux during the last three days of January, Indians could not exist amid the 1908, as being days of unalloyed hapfor their igloos-house-of snow in tion.

Only three days, and yet what a which they are kept warm and combenison they were. The writer nad fortable during the long Arctic night. and sometimes sell them at the full risen from a bed of sickness in a far develops in the out-of-door life in your develops in the out-of-door life in your old homestead, believing that the ly over but you are hungry for dinner, pure and exhilarating air would more and dinner is but an eye-opener for one at least many degrees colder. Oh! knows, envelopes us all in "Fairyland."

able to be out in the open. I congrat- degrees below zero without any airulated myself first that I was alive, stirring and at another time twenty- that piece of ineffable rot. The first and second, that I could be up and five below zero with a raging blizzard was this: That if my women folks around and get all the benefit from the to fight against, and the last storm liked the people in that book, or any magical change. I walked and walked came near ending my days on earth. of them, they couldn't possibly like and walked. Why not ride, say you. The benumbing effects of the storm, me, their husband and dad; and the Nay, hay. If you want to get your the silence of the scene, the deadly second was that you ought to be in lungs full of the life-giving ozone of sleepiness which it was almost impos- a lunatic asylum for foisting such your favored clime, walk, and take sible to shake off, the weary plodding hunk of junk on the public. great deep breathings, with the head against the flerce and bitter wind, the "That so?" I said to him. 'Well thrown back and the chest expanded blinding, sifting snow, and the frozen I'll clean up about \$20,000 out of that to its fullest extent Walk, jump, and eyelids, I will never forget. A Cana- particular hunk of Junk, as you call run, and your blood will all be in a dian poem by the late C. D. Shanly, tingle. What matters it if the glass most fitly and vividly describes the with it. does register below zero, if your ears feeling of utter loneliness and desolado need rubbing, if the tips of your tion produced by such a storm, and I Angers do feel a bit numb, walk-walk assure you it is not only worth the don't ride. The crisp, snappy snow, reading, but it should be treasured and

> Speed on, speed on, good master: The camp lies for away; We must cross the haunted valley Before the close of day.

How the snow-blight came upon me I will tell you as we go. The blight of the shadow-hunter Who walks the midnight snow.

With a plaintive note and low, And the skating of the red leaf Upon the frozen snow.

And far the camp must be. If I had but company."

And then I sang and shouted, Kept measure as I sped, As it sprang beneath my tread.

Had I dipped upon my way, When a dusky figure joined me, In a caupchin of gray.

With a long and limber stride, As we traveled side by side.

Gave he by word or le At the crossing of the brook.

As I followed, bending low, Left no footmarks on the snow. Then the fear-chill gathered o'er me,

Like a shroud around me cast, As I sank upon the snowdrift, Where the shadow hunter passed.

And the otter-trappers found me, Before the break of day, With my dark hair blanched and whitened. As the snow in which I lay.

But they spoke not as they raised me, For they knew that in the night, had seen the shadow-hunter, And had withered in his sight.

Santa Maria speed us, The sun is fallen low, Before us lies the valley Of the Walker of the Snow.'

But such weather as is recorded THOMAS MARTINDALE.

MUST PLEASE THE WOMEN

Continued From Page Eleven.

not. And there you are. ance are there who read the so-called out stories of adventure wherewith for all the criticism that has been best sellers of these recent years? to satisfy their craving for some- leveled at her, knew how to write far

"I know a few chaps who have an

The mother who, in her gratitude glances over the titles of the novels for what Baby's Own Tablets have with rather a disdainful eye. done for her child, said that "There's says: "I have used Baby's Own Taplets for more than a year and I think they are the best medicine that can be up. given a baby. They are splendid at! praise a mother can give and it's true, then toss them away with an ejacuevery word of it. You can get the lation of disgust.

Tablets from any medicine dealer or by "Sometimes, because they've Williams' Medicine Company, Brock- staring out of the window, they'll

out something of Thackeray's or "I doubt if one novel reading young Dickens's; some of them drop into woman of today out of ten knows

tions to suffragettes' meetings. occasional hankering for a bit of fic-watch average men dipping into the those four last named writers were tion. But when they find themselves popular novels—popularized wholly easily better works of fiction than the by the praise of women—of the day, great mass of novels that are being counters where the best sellers are plenty of which I myself publish. I turned out nowadays. see men doing this, for instance, on "Don't ask me to make any predic-"They go to their bookcases and take trains, for I get about a good bit." Don't ask me to make any prediction as to when, if ever, women will

Baby's Own Tablets, A the same. The man will wade kind of novels shall succeed. I can through all the newspapers that he only attempt to analyze present con-Smile in Every Dose can get hold of, and then, to save ditions without trying to prophesy. sitting in his seat and twirling his "From where I sit, however, it looks thumbs, he stops the news butcher to me as if these conditions will not with the armful of best sellers and change until what in this country is

"'Six Months,' he says, picking one a smile in every dose" coined a very of the books from the news butcher's happy and very true phrase. The stack. 'Um, "Six Months." That's tablets cure all the minor ailments the thing they're making such a roar of babies and young children, and make bright, smiling, happy little the house lately Must be ones. Mrs. John Young, Auburn, Ont., the house lately. Must be pretty foolish to've made all this talk,' and then he buys the book and opens it

"The length of time that the averteething time and for stomach and ege man in such circumstances will bowel troubles. You don't need a doc- read a best seller will of course vary. tor if you keep Baby's Own Tablets in I've seen men read just two pages of the house." That's about the highest books they've bought in this way and

mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. nothing else to do and don't feel like read quite a number of pages, all the nearly always they'll finish, sooner or later, by chucking such books away from them with a 'Faugh! What infernal rubbish!"

"As a matter of fact the news butchers really figure that most of the men folks who buy best sellers will chuck them long before they reach their journey's end. They are on the watch for such chuckings and never get back a book of this sort sold to a woman.

"Business friends of mine guy me constantly about some of the novels that I publish.

"Last night I floundered through that piece of rot from your press that's getting so much notice,' a sions by the time I finished reading

it -- correctly -- before I'm through

"My business friend looked at me with an amazed expression. "'Twenty thousand, eh?' said Well, that means, I take it, that at sides yourself ought to be in the lunatic asylum.

"Including yourself?" said I. 'For you read it.' "'That's right-count me in,' replied, and that settled it.

"But to get back to the influence of women on the present day fiction. The novel writers know that the women of this generation demand, for example, a certain fixed type of hero, to begin with. Infallibly the kind of hero they like is a prig.

"He may be a carpet knight or cowboy or a tramp or a sailor or what not; but he simply must, to matter what dress he wears; a nouther of phrases, a stagy appealed to the feminine gallery, a limelight poseur at critical junctures.

"Even if he's portrayed as a roystering, dissipated, devil-may-care proposition, he's got to entertain the most fervidly exalted notions with respect to the sublimity of womanhood and each and every type of womanhood. That's demanded, and the demand is listened to and satisfied by the novelists. And if he isn't all of those things, and then maybe some, the novel readers-meaning the women-simply won't have him. "The heroine must be, foremost and

always, independent. That is to say, she must do just about as she pleases, to cover, regardless of the opinions of the people by whom she is surrounded.

"If she offends society by her conduct, then so much the worse for the narrowness of society's views about things. The novelists tell me that they simply must depict their heroines as young persons of this independent character, or their readersmeaning the women-won't have anything to do with them. "You see, we've raised up a right

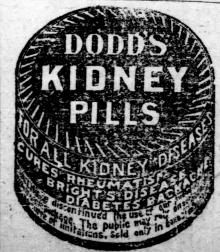
independent, unrestricted, unrestrained, dominating and sort of governing generation of women folks in this country. And they like it. That's the reason why they are so fond of these heroines who kick over the traces. The more traces they kick over the better-that's the view.

"Every time an accepted novelistwriter of sellers, that is-takes it into his head that he'll write a piece hew many and where. of fiction a cut above the sort of stuff he's been turning out and does write the thing of a better grade, his readers-meaning women-drop away from him. They won't have the better thing that the novelist can do. The novelist learns his little lesson after just one experience of this sort. And the lesson learned, he gets back to writing the kind of stuff his readers demand.

It is likely to make one a bit skeptical as to the vaunted intellectual imrigors of the Arctic Circle were it not piness, pleasure and healthful recreamen to compare the sort of fiction the women of today read with the novels read by the women of a quarter of a century ago or even half a hundred years ago. It's no trick at all to remember when women were great readers of Dickens and Thackeray.

wouldn't go worth a cent with book stores and pick out something single book of either of those mighty by Meredith or Hardy or Hewlett or fiction writers of the last century. The "I think not. The novelist thinks Stevenson, or even Henry James, that women used to read Jane Austen, who, victim of jokesmiths who never read smug or not, wrote literature anyhow; "How many men of your acquaint- a line of him; or they'll get straight- Charlotte Bronte—yes, and Ouida, who, None. I thought so. Of all the men thing apart from the workaday better than any present day woman of my acquaintance I couldn't put a world, but they keep away from the novelist that I can think of. They finger on one either who reads these sellers as they would dodge invita- read Miss Braddon, Mrs. Alexander Mrs. Holmes, 'The Duchess,' and Frequently I have the chance to maintain that the stories of any one of

"The performance is nearly always cease to have the full say about what



The Mail and Empire.

Statement, showing exact circulation, day by day, from January 1st, 1907, to December 31st, 1907.

DAY	JAN.	FEB.	MARCH	APRIL	MAY	JUNE	JULY	AUG.	SEPT.	ост.	Nov.	DEC.
1	54,010	37,678	38,591	39,652	39,147	46,280	57,812	10 000				DEC.
2	41,291	44,135	45,211	38,761	39,411	1		40,303	61,490	39,709	38,595	
3	37,141			38,847	39,310	107:0	39,809	40,302	41,172	39,439	44,476	38,713
4	36,991	38,175	39,130	39,268		40,710	39,949	46,745	42,348	39,302		38,045
5	43,536	37,817	38,796		45,773	39,533	39,957		41,435	39,175	38,835	38,452
6	The second second	37,831		39,705		39,483	40,078	60,717	41,480	45,402	38,237	38,379
7	87,539		38,702	45,528	40,097	39,596	46,344	40,536	47,346		38,226	38,260
8		37,861	39,978	20215	39,139	39,488		40,324		39,910	38,168	44,530
	37,378	37,733	38,923	39,740	39,221	45,785	40,683	40,335	41,113	39,241	37,978	
9	37,422	14,267	45,375	39,152	39,236		40,244	40,220	40,042	39,066	44,189	38,735
10	37,484			38,939	39,402	40,054	40,267	46,916	39,887	39,328		38,240
11	37,554	38,398	39,487	39,909	45,732	39,828	40,292		39,729	39,110	38,467	38,220
12	43,778	37,819	38,653	39,025		39,900	39,905	40,882	39,653	45,450		
13		38,178	38,788	46,246	40,042	40,018	46,517	40,198	45,834		37,972	38,255
14	37,963	38,079	38,811	1	39,393	39,885		40,205	1	20.044	37,737	38,126
15	37,258	38,058	38,713	39,763	39,458	46,098	40,692		10.201	39,844	37,803	44,299
16	37,755	44,368	45,201	39,267	39,338	40,000		40,398	40,324	39,197	37,686	J
17 -	37,266	1		39,192	39,415	20.410	40,128	40,362	39,601	38,830	44,109	38,828
18	37,203	38,622	39,456	39,372		40,413	40,497	47,243	39,788	38,867		38,171
19	43,910	38.154	38 775	39,314	46,088	39,810	39,915		39,821	38,857	38,325	38,321
10	1 10.010	100.1114	1 00 110 1	34 3311		1 40 450	1 40 100	41 00	00 777	11 -00		

38,320 38,773 45,907 40,843 40,272 46,827 40,354 45,876 38,034 21 37,803 38,270 40,294 39,878 39,969 40,347 39,144 37,707 44,517 37,132 38,408 38,826 40,579 39,663 46,313 40.816 40,539 40,326 38,605 37,706 23 37,406 44,771 46,728 39,375 39,522 40,221 40,552 39,367 38,518 24 37,447 40,155 59,606 40,511 40,101 47,005 39,565 38,490 43,141 25 37,334 38,955 39,591 39,383 39,673 40,125 39,688 38,442 38,232 59,174 44,126 38,336 38,715 39,203 39,561 40,855 39,651 44,630 37,613 39,384 39,432 38,702 45,722 40,619 39,486 46,703 40,585 45,982 37,883 38,081 38.035 38,532 38,972 39,754 39,506 41,100 39,254 37,928 43,921 37,470 56,394 40,116 39,550 45,960 40,786 41,095 40,493 38,477 37,994 37,581 45,627 39,411 39,741 40,135 41,583 38,469 44,099 38,703 31 37,633 39,559 40,177 48,110 61,143 942,197 | 1,065,192 | 1,050,547 | 1,115,697 | 1,028,555 | 1,129,547 | 1,149,149 | 1,051,766 | 1,100,685 | 1,019,705 | 1,047,288

suit the taste of the novel devourers of this day, be what men folks would unhesitatingly pronounce a prig, no Net Daily Average for 1907 - - 40.760

A Net Gain of 2,122 Over Average for 1906.

This is a Sworn Statement of Actual Circulation—Not Press Run

Some papers flaunt sworn statements of their Press Run as "Circulation." Such a statement includes spoiled and unsold copieseverything, indeed, that they intend to print, always more than they really do print, and many more than their actual distributed circulation. This is misleading.

Above is the Actual Circulation of The Mail and Empire. It does include free copies, but it is Circulation, every bit of it.

WHERE THEY GO.

Further, in order to fatten a circulation statement, some publishers push for a circulation at reduced prices, far beyond the geographical limit within which the paper may be read on day of publication. A daily paper a day or two old is a dead thing, and of little value as an advertising medium. THE MAIL AND EMPIRE has pleasure in presenting a sworn statement of the distribution of the circulation, as follows:

TORONTO 17,875 ONTARIO (Outside Toronto) -21,866

TOTALIN PROVINCE - 39,741 OUTSIDE OF ONTARIO,

GRAND TOTAL -40.760

Advertisers should insist on positive sworn assurances of both Circulation and Distribution. You have the right to know exactly

OFFICIAL DECLARATION.

I, William James Darby, of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, Circulation Manager of The Daily DOMINION OF CANADA CITY OF TORONTO Mail and Empire newspaper, do solemnly declare:-To Wit:

That the average number of copies of The Mail and Empire, circulated daily during 1907, within a radius of five miles from the corner of King and Yonge Streets, Toronto, was Seventeen Thousand, Eight Hundred and Seventy-five

That the average number of copies circulated daily within the Province of Ontario (not including the district above-mentioned) was Twenty-One Thousand, Eight Hundred and Sixty-Six (21,866).

That the average number of copies circulated daily outside of the Province of Ontario was One Thousand and Nineteen (1,019). That the total daily average circulation for 1907 was Forty Thousand, Seven Hundred and Sixty (40,760).

And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath, and by virtue of the Canada Evidence Act, 1893. Declared before me, at Toronto, this 9th day of January, 1908.

J. B. CLARKE

Notary Public in and for the

The Mail and Empire. has the largest MORNING circulation of any paper in Canada.

The Mail and Empire. has the largest circulation in Ontario of any Morning Paper in Canada.

The Mail and Empire. has a larger circulation in Toronto City than any other morning paper.

The Mail and Empire, has the best circulation. No one has ever disputed the statement that The Mail and Empire's circulation is worth more per thousand than that of any other Medium in Canada.

now called the feminine tide reaches life and the affairs of life than in my vided for them, and not before."- \$267,836,166.26 in the New York Sulits highest mark. When that tide be- judgment they now possess-why, New York Sun. treasury. The cash balance to a gins to ebb, and women get back to then a better grade of works of fiction a more normal and healthy view of will be demanded by them and pro- It took 44 men 35 days to count the