



What a Treat for a Business Man

after the work and worry of the day, to have an evening of music. Amusements may pall; books may lose their charm; but music brings rest and relaxation to mind and body.

New Scale Williams Player Piano

brings music to you, instead of sending you to seek the music outside of your home.

You can play this instrument yourself—whenever you like—and whatever music you like.

With the New Scale Williams Player Piano, you have the world's masterpieces—the rousing marches—the seductive waltzes—the “old songs” and the new—literally everything worth hearing and playing.

Our Purchase Plan makes it easy for you to buy one. Write us for particulars and also ask for booklets. Cut out the coupon and mail to us today.

The Williams
Piano Co.
Limited
Oshawa,
Ont.
32

Please send me free of all cost, booklets descriptive of the New Scale Williams Player Piano and special easy purchase plan.
Name.....
Address.....
CR

MADE IN CANADA

GILLETT'S CREAM TARTAR

CHEMICALLY PURE

Canadian Government tests show we have the purest, and highest strength goods. Gillett's is used by the best Bakers and Caterers everywhere. Costs no more than the inferior adulterated kinds.

E. W. GILLETT CO., LTD.
Toronto, Ont.

THE THIEL

Detective Service Co.
of Canada, Limited

E. R. CARRINGTON, Secy. & Asst. Gen. Mgr.

OFFICES IN CANADA:

Montreal - Toronto - Winnipeg

OTHER OFFICES:

CHICAGO, ILL., Monadnock Bldg.
DENVER, COLO., Majors Bldg.
KANSAS CITY, MO., New England Bldg.
NEW YORK, N.Y., Hudson Terminal Bldg.
PORTLAND, ORE., Chamber of Commerce.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Mutual Savings Bank Bldg.
SEATTLE, WASH., New York Bldg.
SPOKANE, WASH., Empire State Building.
ST. LOUIS, MO., Century Bldg.
ST. PAUL, MINN., Germania Life Building.
CITY OF MEXICO, MEX., Equitable Life Ins. Bldg.
LOS ANGELES, 621 Trust Bldg.

SPECIAL EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE

FOR THE CHILDREN

THE LITTLE PATH.

By E. W. F.

ONE morning, a few weeks after Mr. Milliken had moved his family to the farm he had bought for a summer home, he was walking slowly up to the house from the front gate when he saw for the first time a funny little path.

Instead of running along beside the driveway, it ran right across it, and then up across the lawn; and as Mr. Milliken looked at it he wondered why any one should want to go back and forth there so often as to make a path through the grass.

When he reached the house, he spoke to Harold and Jessie about it. “You mustn't get into the habit of going back and forth across the lawn that way, my dears,” he said. “It wears away the grass and doesn't look well.”

“Why, papa,” cried Jessie, “we haven't been across the lawn at all in any one place!”

And Harold, too, said, “We haven't, papa, really.”

Mr. Milliken thought this was strange, but he said no more until a few days later, when he happened to pass that way again and noticed that the little path showed more plainly than ever. It looked deeper and was worn smoother. So he said again, “Children, are you sure you are not making that path across the lawn? Isn't there some game that you play there which you may have forgotten about?”

No, they were sure they had not played there at all, and they knew nothing about the little path. But after their father had spoken to them the second time they went out to see what it was that he meant.

They found a curious little track, or trail, about as wide as Harold's two hands, running right up across the lawn and disappearing in the orchard beyond. They could follow it easily until they got up among the apple-trees, but there they lost it.

“Let's see if there is any other end to it,” said Jessie. And so they followed the path back until they reached the driveway. Here, of course, the hard gravel showed no signs except the marks of the wheels, but Harold suddenly gave a little shout of delight, and pointed to the bank on the other side of the driveway. There the little path began again, and showed even more plainly. It went right up over one side of the bank and down the other, and the children, following it, found that it led down to the edge of the brook and ended there.

The more they thought about it the stranger it seemed. Who could have made the path, and who could be using it now? For it was easy to see that whoever or whatever had made it was still passing back and forth over it every day.

They talked it over with their father and mother, but neither could give them any help. Then they went out to the stable and told Eben, the hired man, about it. When he had finished oiling the harness, he went with the children and looked the little path over carefully. Then he said, quite seriously, “I think I know the fellow that made this path—or rather the fellows, for there must be several of them. How would you like to watch for them to-night?”

“O lovely!” cried the children, and they could hardly wait until darkness fell and Eben was ready to take them out.

Before they started Eben made them promise to keep perfectly still while they watched, and neither to

move nor to speak so much as a single word, even in a whisper. Then he took down the big lantern with a reflector, which was always placed by the stable door, to light the driveway. This he placed in a large wooden box, over which he threw a blanket. He wrapped Jessie and Harold in two other blankets, and then they all went out and lay down in the edge of the orchard, some distance from the little path, and prepared for a long wait.

It was very dark and very still. The katydids in the maples overhead kept answering back and forth, and now and then a frog croaked by the brook, but for the most part it was so quiet that Harold could hear his own heart beat.

Suddenly, when it seemed as if they had been there for hours, Jessie thought she saw a shadow slipping along the little path. She watched it closely and was sure it was something alive and moving. It would go along a little way and then stop, and then go a little way farther and stop again.

Then Eben pinched her arm gently and touched Harold on the shoulder, and both children could see him point at the moving shadow; but they remembered their promise not to move or speak, and kept perfectly still. They watched and seemed to scarcely breathe.

Not until the shadow had disappeared in the deeper shade of the orchard trees did Eben make any



Who are you?—The Girl's Realm.

move. Then all at once he drew the blanket from the front of the box, and a wide space under the early sweet-apple tree was lighted by the rays of the big lantern with its brilliant reflector. And in this space, sitting up like a little educated dog, or a squirrel, sat a big grey muskrat, holding a yellow apple in his forepaws, and gnawing away at it.

The light of the lantern came so suddenly and was so bright that for a moment the muskrat was dazed and too much surprised to move; but then, dropping his apple as if he had suddenly decided that he did not like apples, anyway, he made a dash down the little path, and plop! they heard him go head first into the brook.

“That is the little fellow that made the path—he and his family,” said Eben. “I thought so. Muskrats are very fond of sweet apples.” — *The Youths' Companion*.

* * *

PRETENDING.

By MAY TURNER.

When I must play alone, because there's only one of me, Pretending there's another child is lots of fun, you see. I call her Chloe Amabel—they're both such pretty names!

We play at hide-and-seek, and tag, and many other games.

Sometimes I'm having grown folks call, and sit all in a row.

While they tell pleasant things about how fast the children grow.

My grandma's real, you know, and so they never speak to her— Though once she sat down on the chair that held the minister!

It helps the most, pretending, when I wake up in the night— I s'pose I'm rather frightened, though I'm brave when there's a light; So I pretend there's something in the dark that's warm and kind, And I pat the shadows softly—after that I do not mind!

—*The Youths' Companion*.

LITERARY NOTES

(Continued from page 19)

not seem to have helped in the “hands-across-the-sea” movement.

Mrs. Blewett's article, “The Lovellie Lady of Holyrood,” is a sympathetic sketch of the historic old palace and its fairest and most ill-fated queen, while Mr. Frank Yeigh's “Five Famous Empty Chairs” gives us glimpses of literary shrines from “Sunnyside” to Stratford. The poetry of this issue is quite up to the standard which the *Canadian Magazine* has set. Mrs. MacKay's “Tir Nan Og” is a mystical snatch of Celtic song and Mr. Haverson's “Another Year” is a villanelle of musical charm.

Among the short stories, “The Romance of the Merry-Go-Round” by Lilian Leveridge is a delightfully amusing tale—and a good humorous yarn is about as rare as earthquakes in Ontario. The author of this rural romance ought to give the world more of such naive and mirth-provoking narratives.

* * *

AN UNUSUAL NUMBER.

THE *University Monthly* is practically a new publication, *Varsity* having become merely a students' bi-weekly for the University of Toronto. The December number is a credit to the new editorial board, the first article being an especial contribution from Mr. Anthony Hope, “Can Novel-Writing be Taught?” The deliverance of the author of “The Prisoner of Zenda” on this subject is naturally of interest. Mr. Hope comes early to the conclusion: “The true novelist has an instinct and a faculty. The instinct is curiosity about human nature. It is conceivable that teaching might develop this instinct, it is not very likely that it could create it.” The Editor of *Collier's Weekly* has already commented on the adulation of the Arthurs which is evident in this publication. Mr. Bliss Carman was declared a bankrupt some time ago. This fact gives Mr. Arthur Stringer inspiration for a poem, “To Bliss in Bankruptcy,” at the conclusion of which he hints darkly that when Mr. Carnegie's mansion is in ruins, some echo of Bliss Carman's Pan-like songs may haunt the fallen arches and vindicate the poet's fame. This is all very well but Bliss cannot hand the iceman an ode or pacify the laundry expert with a Song from Vagabondia. Then Mr. Arthur E. McFarlane writes an article in praise of Mr. Stringer, forming a duet of laudation which is a “golden miracle” in these mercenary days. How these Arthurs love one another! Mr. Wilfred Campbell has a vigorous utterance concerning Matthew Arnold and the thought of the Nineteenth Century, a poem with a prose introduction. Mr. Campbell always has the courage of his convictions and his convictions are those of a strong-hearted Scot. In the course of his introduction he actually leaves the beaten path to throw pebbles at Meredith and Browning. This is exhilarating.