

## The Bay of Quinte Railway Company

Connecting with the Grand Trunk Railway System at Napanee and Kingston.

Connecting with the Canadian Pacific Railway at Tweed.

Connecting with the Central Ontario Railway at Bannockburn.

Connecting with the Kingston & Pembroke Railway at Harrowsmith.

Connecting at Deseronto with steamers operating on the Bay of Quinte and Lake Ontario.

Trains leave Napanee for the north at 7.50 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 1.25 p.m., and 4.25 p.m.

Trains leave Tweed for the south at 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., and 2.55 p.m., and for the north leaving Tweed at 11.30 a.m. and 4.50 p.m.

Trains run between Deseronto and Napanee as follows:—

Leave Deseronto at 1.00 a.m., 1.40 a.m., 5.55 a.m., 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., 9.50 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 12.55 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 7.40 p.m.

Leave Napanee at 2.20 a.m., 3.30 a.m., 6.30 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 12.05 p.m., 1.20 p.m., 11.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 8.15 p.m.

The Deseronto Navigation Company operate the str. "Ella Ross" and str. "Jessie Bain" running between Picton, Deseronto, Belleville and Trenton, as also the str. "Where Now" making the famous 50-mile ramble from Gananoque to all points in and around the Thousand Islands, connecting with all trains at Gananoque, as well as making the railway transfer between Gananoque and Clayton, N.Y.

**E. WALTER RATHBUN,** President and General Manager.  
**J. F. CHAPMAN,** General Freight and Passenger Agent.



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## Editorial Opinions

The editors from coast to coast have been saying kind things about THE CANADIAN COURIER. Here are a few extracts from among the scores that have reached this office:

"Thrice welcome, THE CANADIAN COURIER. Welcome first for itself, so clean and wholesome in appearance and matter. Welcome second for its editor, John A. Cooper. Welcome third, to a National Weekly from Toronto. With no undue flourish of trumpets, but with evidence of care and skill in its production, it comes among us as a worthy representative of sound journalism. We ask our people down by the sea to give it their support. The hope of our national life, lies in bringing to the assistance of an honest and pure press, the interest, influence and backing of our Canadian people."—*The Suburban*, Halifax, Dec. 1st.

"Evidently supported by a staff of capable writers." . . . "Better to begin moderately and improve constantly than to attempt too much at the beginning and then be compelled to fall off." *Sentinel Review*, Woodstock, Dec. 5.

"A new periodical was started in Canada last week, . . . described as a 'National Weekly.' Typographically it is excellent; in design and illustration it is artistic; in literary interest it is promising—but its tone must be decidedly changed before ever it can attain the place and influence of 'a national weekly.'"—*The Sun*, St. John, N.B., Dec. 4.

"It is to be hoped that the COURIER will make a permanent place for itself as one of our regular Canadian periodicals."—*Record*, Sherbrooke, Que., Dec. 3.

"THE CANADIAN COURIER is making a bold bid to be Canada's national weekly. The second number is to hand, and is a distinct improvement on the first. . . . We have heard a good deal of late of attempts to check the flood of U.S. literature. . . . One way to aid this is to subscribe for really worthy Canadian publications. THE CANADIAN COURIER is one of this type."—*World*, Vancouver, Dec. 13.

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**The Canadian Courier**



THE holiday theatrical attractions afforded during the last fortnight were exceedingly well chosen. No farce on the modern stage could have succeeded more thoroughly than "Mr. Hopkinson" in harmonising with Christmas jollity and in brightening the "cold grey dawn of the morning after." Mr. Dallas Welford, as that cream of bounders, "Hoppy," created a cordial detestation that was the highest, because involuntary, tribute to his artistic ability. Could such testimony go further than was afforded by the excitable observer who declared that he wanted to call at the actor's hotel and kick "Hoppy"? Mr. Welford's company was of that highly satisfactory order which one usually associates with English farce. The dialogue was of modern ultra-smartness, while Mr. Chesterton would no doubt complain that the aristocrats were represented as too gifted with epigrammatic skill. But, after all, most critics are not qualified to pass judgment on ducal dialogues, as, however familiar modern journalists may be with laurel, strawberry leaves are a trifle exotic. The public is quite satisfied to be amused by a witty duchess, a languid duke and the bourgeois acrostics of "Hoppy," the "limit" indeed of New-richdom.

The appearance of Mrs. Le Grand Reed in concert at Massey Hall on the nineteenth of this month will doubtless attract an audience of "Mendelssohn" proportions. Madame Mary Reed (as she is known professionally) will be assisted by Mr. Kelly Cole, baritone, and Mrs. Kelly Cole, a pianist and cello soloist of high reputation. Mrs. Reed's concert work in New York last autumn received such press recognition as leads one to expect great things from one who has never lacked appreciation among her own Toronto people.

Lena Ashwell, an actress of Canadian origin, has been appearing at the Lyric Theatre, New York, in a play about which there is the widest diversity of opinion. Mr. Channing Pollock, who dramatised "The Pit" and who wrote "The Little Gray Lady," has several things to say on the subject:

"Until they read the newspapers of the following morning, most of the audience which saw Lena Ashwell make her metropolitan debut at the Lyric Theatre thought that they had enjoyed 'The Shulamite.' Chicago raved over the play, which New York critics found to be dull, unconvincing and gloomy. Dull and unconvincing the drama certainly did not seem to me, but I am perfectly willing to admit that it is gloomy. So is 'Hamlet.' . . . Miss Ashwell is an actress whose method is somewhere between that of Mrs. Fiske, Miss Nillson, and Margaret Anglin. Her voice, unpleasant at first hearing, soon grows to exert a charm over the listener, and her work has only one consistent fault—its monotony."

The story of "The Shulamite" is assuredly gloomy enough, with a wretched happy ending to please the dear public that likes supper after the