

EVENING DRESS



This little picture shows the newest style in Evening Dress Suits.

The world's choicest materials are here for your selection and satisfaction, every possible way, assured.

Broderick's designers, cutters and tailors will place you in the desirable "faultlessly attired" position.

We use only the finest silk in our linings and promise you value unsurpassed in each of these prices

\$40, \$50 and \$60

Write for samples and self-measurement chart.

FRANK BRODERICK & CO.
113 West King - TORONTO

PEOPLE AND PLACES

A POLITICAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

MR. MEDILL McCORMICK of Chicago is an American publicist of note who dreams still that pipe dream of long ago that Canada will be forced out of business by his country and compelled by fate to become part of the United States. He has been recently making a tour of the Dominion, taking a look at some of Canada's mushroom towns and sizing up the twentieth century prospects. The other day, taking a run out of Toronto, he found himself at Ottawa. Mr. McCormick gave an interview. He talked annexation. The first thing he said was that Canada did not want to lose her identity in that of the United States. Then, he added politely that the United States did not want to lose her identity in that of Canada. However, when Canada grew up to be two-fifths as big as the United States, she would be sure to be absorbed by the United States.

Proceeding by easy stages, Mr. McCormick began a consideration of the capital city of his vast visionary state. One of his audience, minding his manners, suggested Washington. The Chicago publisher thought of the White House and the wide, free streets, but only smiled. "Ottawa?" No reply. "Toronto," hazarded someone. "Ah," gasped Mr. McCormick, "I don't see why Toronto would not make just as good a capital of the new nation as Washington is of the United States. I like Toronto. Except for the 'E. R.' on the post boxes, and a few little things like that, you might think you were in one of the large American cities. I don't see why it wouldn't make as good a capital as Washington."

So small a matter might have been adjusted long ago. It would be a mere trifle to change "E. R." to "U. S." on the mail boxes. It is of no interest to Mr. McCormick that Canadian people are studying an election campaign in Great Britain, from three to five thousand miles away, with much more interest and knowledge than they ever displayed in a United States election right next door. He forgets that we are building a Canadian navy — in imagination at least. He seems quite oblivious of the fact that the border between Canada and the United States is one of the most remarkable in the world; a border along which a hundred years ago there was a long, hard little war for the sake of Empire, followed by an era when having kept out American soldiers, Canada let in practically duty free American goods. When the Civil War broke out, thousands of young Canadians crossed that same border to help the cause of the Union. When the United States began to build up an industrial fabric, using Canada for a practically free outside market, Canadian autonomy evolved the National Policy; and the party which stood then for Free Trade has since put up the tariff wall so high that United States capitalists have invested a couple of hundred million dollars of capital in Canadian factories.

Surely Canada has been footballled about by the two great English-speaking powers, one her mother, the other an elder sister. But we have grown a little too fast and seriously of late to regard such pow-wowings as these of Mr. McCormick as anything but idle extravaganzas.

* * *

A CITY OF SUNDAY SLEEP.

ANOTHER newspaper man has been taking a rise out of London, Ont. Mr. Edmund Vance Cook of Cleveland, Ohio, has been visiting the inland city of Ontario and records some of his impressions in the Cleveland press. The Canadian Sunday in London struck Mr. Cook all of a heap. He pens his experiences thus:

"Picture the American guest at the Tecumseh House, rolling over in bed, fumbling to the phone and yawning, 'Sen' me up mornin' paper.' The bellboy brings stationery, of course. 'What's this?' demands the guest. 'I want mornin' paper.' The bellboy vanishes and returns with more stationery, black-edged. 'Yessir. Mournin' paper, sir.' The guest says a word or two and the bewildered boy tries again, and yet again, bringing him everything from flypaper to sandpaper. 'Newspaper!' roars the guest, in black-face caps. 'Morning newspaper!' The boy drops his jaw. Noospaper? On the Sawbath? And in Lunnon? Man! Man! And has no one warned you to flee from the wrath to come? The visitor goes out into the silent streets. Everything is shut up so tight he marvels that the churches are permitted to do a side-door business. It is Sunday in London! A cemetery is a carnival to it."

* * *

THE CALL OF THE WILD.

REV. FATHER HUSSON of Edmonton is the man who superintends the missionaries of his church; those who, coming into the wigwams along the Mackenzie basin by the crackling campfires, tell the loafing hunters through the gloom of the Arctic nights the "old, old story." The high priest to the Indians is affectionately called the "patriarch of the North" by the Edmonton people. None have a better claim to this title than this kindly old man, whose beard has grown white with thirty-five years of toil among the lonely at the fringe of civilisation. At sixty years of age, Father Husson steps up the street with the vigour of a popular young curate, just out of college. The other day he returned to the Edmonton monastery after a fifteen-hundred-mile jaunt to Fort Chipewyan. He hit the trail last May en tour of the mission stations. Before it was time to start home, he had preached at twelve of them; also he had taken a run out into the outlying districts of the parishes to size up the prevalent economic conditions. Father Husson reports that the Redmen worried many moons when the hunting was so poor last winter. Not a few chiefs growled without their dinners, and disease made sleepless nights in the lodges. Winter comes once more and with it missionary problems. Father Husson will make a flying trip to Montreal and book a few supplies; then the "Patriarch of the North" will again bury himself in the unknown.

* * *

MR. S. E. LANG of the Manitoba Normal School has written a rather severe review of Emerson Hough's book "The Sowing," which beginning as a serial in the *Canada West* monthly dealt with the problems of British emigration to Canada. He criticises Mr. Hough's methods while agreeing with the main points of his doctrine. He says in conclusion: "Let us turn our attention to those members of our own Canadian community who because they do not fit into their present environment, are gradually descending in the social scale."

For LUNCH in a Hurry



Mac Laren's IMPERIAL CHEESE

fits into every need for lunch that must be prepared in a hurry. It spreads like butter and can be used in dozens of different ways. Ready to serve as it comes from the jar. Coaxes an appetite and satisfies it. A delicious dainty and nourishing food in one. No matter how long it has stood on your pantry shelf, it never loses its delightfully individual flavor, it never becomes hard or dry. There's no cheese so good from every point of view — no better "friend in need" to keep on your pantry-shelf.

Sold in opal jars, by all grocers, 10c up.

MacLAREN IMPERIAL CHEESE COMPANY, Limited
Toronto, Ontario, and Detroit, Michigan

By Royal Warrant



to His Majesty the King

G. H. MUMM & CO. EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry Champagne imported

Selected Brut

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of **G. H. MUMM & CO.** is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

Royal Warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by

His Majesty King Edward VII.
His Majesty The German Emperor.
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
His Majesty The King of Italy.
His Majesty The King of Sweden.
His Majesty The King of Denmark.
His Majesty The King of the Belgians.
His Majesty The King of Spain.

Cosgrave's Porter XXX

for Luncheon,
Dinner or at
Bedtime is the
Drink par excellence for
*Health
Strength
and Nerve*



WHITE HORSE WHISKY
Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.