







AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A HEAVENLY VISITOR.

I'T was five o'clock on the stickiest afternoon of the summer, the day that "Bobs" should have been there, when Toronto citizens who were down town suddenly cast their eyes heavenward and uttered ejaculations of envy and admiration. Far above the City Hall hovered a gray and silver airship which glittered and shimmered in the late sunshine, as if it were be-jewelled. Heated Torontonians wondered audibly "if it were cool up there" and one fat and shining gentleman murmured pathetically: "I only hope my wife won't see that air-ship, for I'll not know a moment's peace until she gets one."

The airy vessel did not linger long near the tower of the City Hall, the atmosphere of that home of the grafter and haunt of the greedy not being pleasing on a summer's day. The Mail and Empire proved somewhat more exhilarating but the lake air was evidently what the sky-navigator craved. It looked as if the passengers must be having a delightful time, away above the smoke and stir of the perspiring city, and many a motorman watched the car up above with wistful eyes. It seems as if Darius Green's flying-machine were no longer an impossible dream and when Quebec has another centenary celebration it will be fleets from aerial navies that will salute each other above the Citadel.

Air-ships have been talked about for so long, have formed the central theme for so many Jules Verne romances that the dwellers inland have come to regard them as a pleasing fancy. But, like the telephone, the motor car, and all the other modern joys which our great-grandfathers would have deemed absurdities, the air-ship has come to stay, or rather to fly, and Tennyson's Locksley Hall fancies are coming true.

Of course the air-ship will be an extremely expensive item, or list of items, for the first ten years; but along about 1920 the price of these desirable vehicles will be greatly reduced and Mrs. Van Dusen will hardly care to own one because "they're getting so dreadfully common, don't you know, and those horrid Thompsons on Centre Street have just bought one that looks exactly like a good machine when it is four miles off."

UNINVITED GUESTS.

T.HE woman who lives in a small town and has a limited circle of acquaintances may sometimes feel a pang of envy when she reads of the magnificent entertainments given by social leaders in the large world of London, Paris or New York, wondering what it can feel like to be a Duchess of Sutherland or Mrs. Astor. But the latest accounts of London's fashionable parties show that the hostess has no path of roses when a garden party is the amusement of the hour. Mrs. Asquith, the wife of the Prime Minister, is fond of holding a fete champetre on a magnificent scale and many English hostesses have followed her example

lowed her example.

A garden-party is one of the pleasantest social affairs, for it allows of a degree of unconventionality grateful to many who protest against the stiffness and stuffiness of indoor receptions. But its very lack of formality permits of intrusion by smart young men who are not invited guests but who merely wish to pass a diverting hour in the midst of delightful sur-

roundings. These uninvited guests have no criminal intent but only wish to "fleet the time carelessly." Probably the very fact that they have not been invited adds a flavour to their enjoyment, for humanity has always found peculiar joy in doing the things which it ought not to do. The very first garden-party of which we have any record ended in confusion because an uninvited guest thrust his snaky head between the leaves and offered Mother Eve forbidden refreshments. The hostesses of London are powerless to prevent the presence of unbidden guests at these large affairs, awkward as may be the circumstances when too many of this class put in an appearance and proceed to imbibe claret cup and consume ices with a splendid indifference to the caterer's little account.

THE COATLESS MAN.

THE Editor of the Argonaut draws attention to the fact that President Roosevelt, during the last week of July, when it was ninety-six in the shade, repaired to the north porch of Sagamore Hill, removed his coat and settled down to an afternoon of comfort with his books. The Californian editor remarks: "There is no record that the women of his family bombarded him with sneers and reproaches, but there is every reason to suspect that their approval was not given to this free-and-easy hotweather adjustment."

The western editor is quite within the facts when he comments on feminine dislike for the shirt-sleeves habit. Man is usually liberal in his comment on woman's attire, even going so far as to make municipal enactments against certain charming costumes and it is only turn-about when woman expresses her disgust with the shirt-sleeves habit, making vigorous protest in these terms:

"You ought to be ashamed to have the children see you like that. At the table, too! Tommie, shut the door, so the neighbours can't see your father eating in his shirt-sleeves. Well, really, if you want to act like that, I don't see why you can't go to the woods with a lot of rude men. You are going, next week? Oh, very well; only if you don't have a decent thing to eat and are almost devoured alive by mosquitoes, don't blame me. I never could see why men make such a fuss about a little hot weather and go about looking like tramps and even come to the table in their shirt-sleeves."

Such is the plaint of many a disgusted wife who surveys with disfavour her coatless worser half. There is something hopelessly ugly and plebeian about shirt-sleeves, as the Argonaut editor finally admits:

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"We are apprehensive that the weight of feminine disapproval will still interfere with the perfect freedom of man; and we must admit that however highly recommended the shirt-sleeves habit may be, there clings about it a certain suggestiveness—enough to mark the point in that best of all Chicago stories: Young Mr. Packer, visiting a cousin at Boston and being asked about the summer weather, remarked, 'Well, now, Cousin Minerva, not mor'n half of all this talk about it's bein' so blamed hot out our way is so. Here it is the end of August, and durin' this whole season I don't remember havin' set down to dinner mor'n two or three times without my coat on.'"

CANADIENNE.

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