

The Canadian Courier



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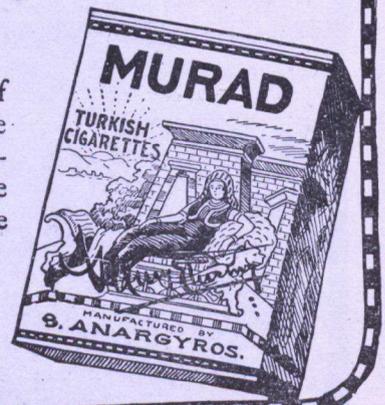
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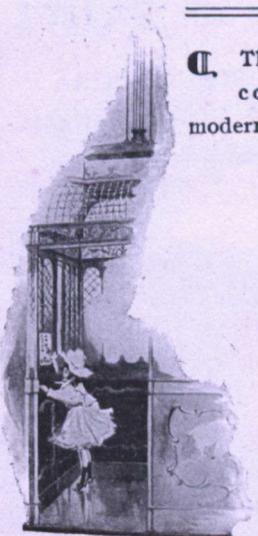
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Editor's Talk

THE FIRST year's work is done. When this journal was started one year ago, the wise-acres declared the task an impossibility. They said that the country was too small for so expensive a publication. They did not reckon with Canadian enthusiasm, however, and what they thought was impossible has been done. The CANADIAN COURIER has found its field. Today it has the largest circulation among Canadian periodicals.

No publication ever attempted in this country sprang into popularity so quickly. There were weaknesses in the early issues, but most of these have been overcome. The public seemed to have confidence that we would overcome them and was always optimistic. It took an interest in our welfare and was determined that the paper should not fail for want of generous support.

During the past few weeks, subscribers have sent in their renewals with remarkable promptness. Some have paid for three years in advance, many for two years in advance, hundreds for one year. The average number of renewals is now over fifty a day. This shows that Canada is getting to be a big country, with big ideas and national ambitions. The people want a national weekly.

Next week, the enlarged COURIER will appear. It will be our tribute of thankfulness for the generous support we have received.



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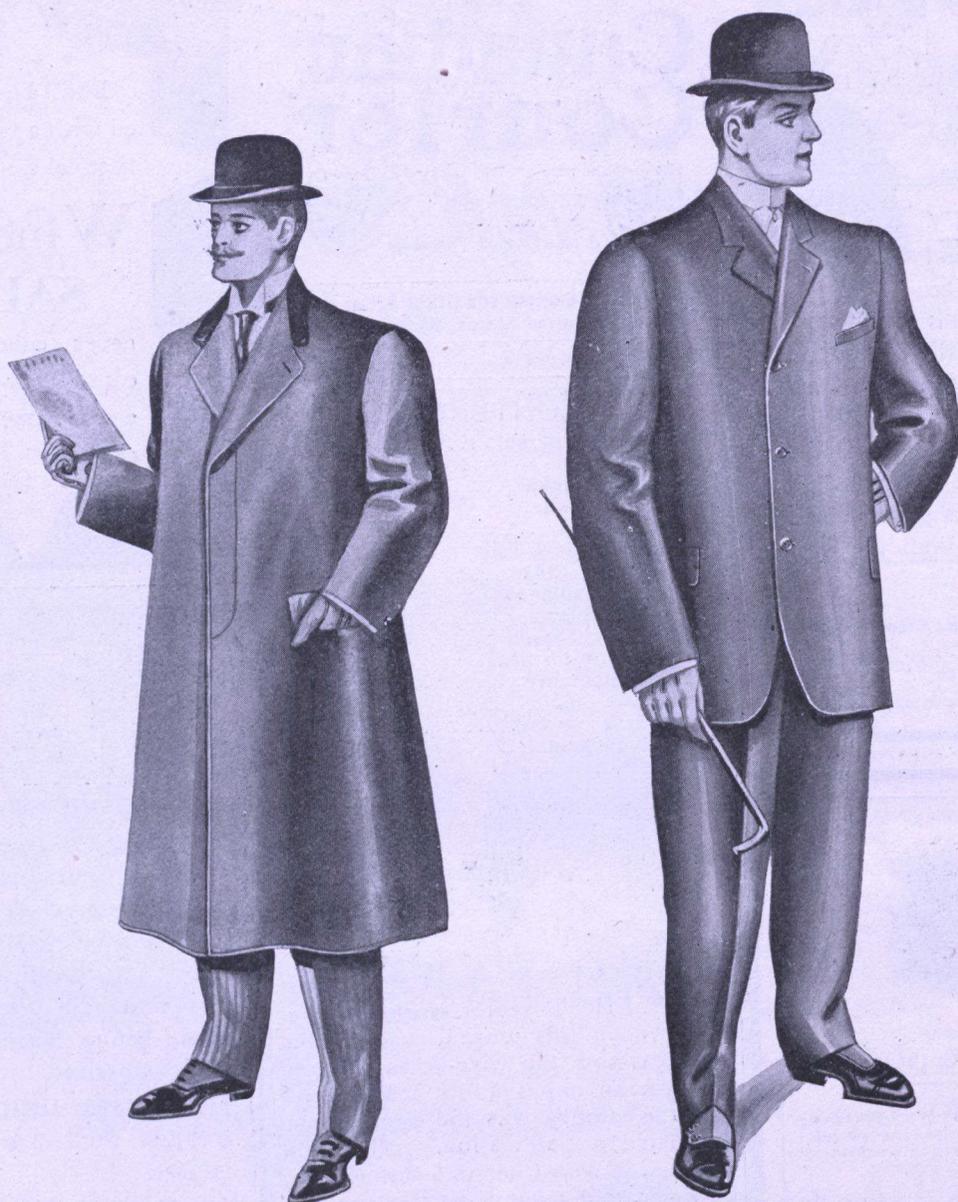
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THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED

TORONTO - CANADA

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. II

Toronto, November 30th, 1907

No. 27

Newspaper Ownership

TORONTO is fast becoming a place where municipal ownership may be said to be the civic policy. The latest movement is one looking to municipal ownership of all daily newspapers. The advocates of this new measure declare that the newspapers are the guardians of the public interest, the moulders and creators of public opinion and that these organs should be owned by the public. The editors and reporters would then be public servants and have no interest to serve but the public interest. Private ownership of newspapers should be eliminated so that no tempestuous individual will be able, simply because he owns a daily paper, to stampede the public along lines which would be detrimental. The newspapers should serve the public and the public only.

In Toronto there are six daily newspapers, and it is proposed to acquire them simultaneously. A by-law is being prepared and will be submitted at an early date. The six newspapers will be placed in charge of a commission appointed, half by the city and half by the Ontario Government. The price paid each of the present owners or companies, will be fixed, not by their earning power or the amount of capital stock, but by estimating what the presses, type-setting machines and the office furniture would bring at a forced sale. In this way it is believed that the present owners will realise about fifty thousand dollars each, although their nominal capitalisation runs from one hundred and fifty to five hundred thousand dollars each.

The present business managers and managing editors will be retained, and their salaries will be fixed by the commission according to a schedule of wages to be determined by the Commission after consultation with the Typographical Union. Some of these gentlemen are now drawing salaries which run from five thousand to fifty thousand dollars a year. Under the new schedule the city will effect an annual saving of at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum.

Investigation by the "Canadian Courier" shows that the management and the stock holders of all the newspapers, with the exception of those who own the "World" and the "Telegram" think well of the proposal, realising that this is a form of surrender which the public have a right to demand of any interest which serves a public purpose.

Mr. J. W. Flavelle, the President of the "News Publishing Co.," states that he founded his paper as he might have founded an educational institution, and he is quite willing that the public should take over his journal if he is convinced that the public interests demand it. Mr. J. E. Atkinson, Managing Director of the "Star Publishing Co.," also agrees that the public wishes must be respected, and that he is willing to sacrifice his private property in the public interest. The Honourable Robert Jaffray, President of the "Globe Printing Company," states that the "Globe" has always existed to further public interests and that he and his fellow directors would not stand in the way of such a magnificent reform. Practically the same attitude is assumed by Mr. W. J. Douglas, Managing Director of the "Mail Printing Company," who adds that he feels that the "Mail's" interests will be safe in the hands of a Commission appointed by a Conservative Provincial Government and a Conservative City Council.

The reporter called upon Mr. J. Ross Robertson, proprietor of the "Telegram," and found him in a rather dangerous mood. The reporter was shown into a handsomely furnished office, with the floor covered with Smyrna and Turkish rugs of great value and the walls panelled in Cypress wood brought especially from the Hills of Lebanon by Mr. Robertson on his last visit to the Holy Land. Mr. Robertson declared that he had a

monopoly of small advertisements of the city of Toronto and if this monopoly netted him a profit of seventy-five thousand dollars a year it is no person's business but his own. He declared that it would be an outrage that the valuable franchise which he had spent his life in creating should be taken away from him and his family. Mr. Robertson's indignation at the proposal was so undoubtedly sincere that the reporter went away feeling that there was something to be said on Mr. Robertson's behalf.

The reporter then took train for Mr. W. F. Maclean's rural estate known as Donlands. He found Mr. Maclean gazing benignly across his beautifully verdant acres, and calmly viewing the wonderful results which have been obtained by the application of capital in the interests of agriculture. Mr. Maclean at once declared that no public Commission can run as bright a newspaper as a private individual. To eliminate private interests from newspapers would be disastrous editorially and financially. He declared that if such confiscation were attempted he would carry the case to the steps of the Throne and that he felt sure that the highest authority in the Empire would see that no such depredation was permitted. He declared that the scheme was the work of such demagogues as Sir Henry Pellatt, Mr. Frederick Nicholls and the Honourable Mr. Hanna.

The scheme, however, is likely to go through. It has already been approved by the Newsboys Union, The Trades and Labour Council, the Socialist League, the Retail Merchants' Association, several Ward Associations and other influential bodies. Mr. Samuel Blake, K.C., and Mr. Z. A. Lash, K.C., have been associated with the city solicitor in drafting the necessary by-laws and the required municipal and provincial legislation.

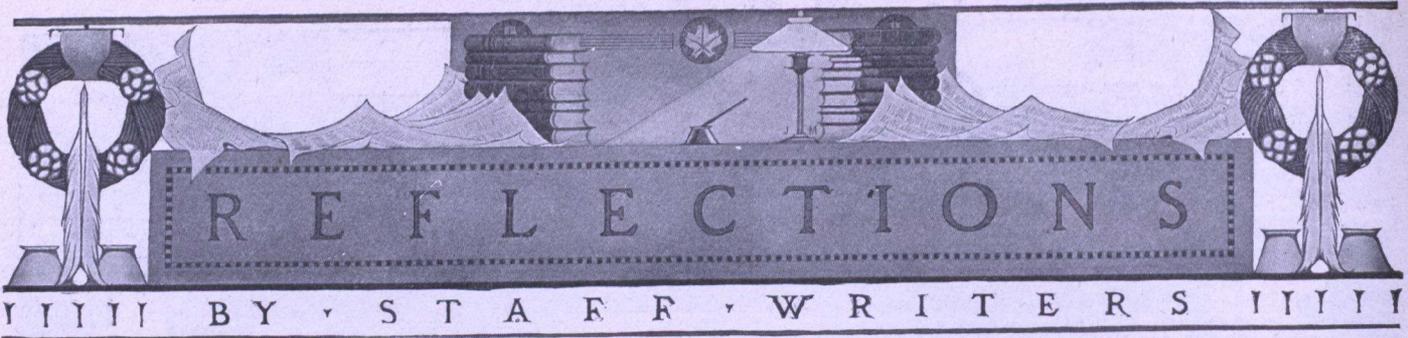
Who Killed the Yukon

AMONG the mine-owners, mining engineers and mining prospectors the chief topic of discussion is "Who killed the Yukon?" The ordinary citizen may be surprised at the expression, as the public generally are unaware that somebody has killed the goose that laid the golden egg. And is it really dead? Ask the government statistician and he will tell you the production of gold has fallen to a low ebb, the population is growing steadily smaller, and the essential man of the community—the prospector—has gone to Alaska where affairs are more pleasant and more progressive.

It cannot be the climate which killed the Yukon, since that is much the same as in Alaska, which is developing rapidly. It is not the lack of pay dirt, because there are thousands of miles of unexplored country probably as rich as the little twelve-mile square known as the Klondyke. It is not the inaccessibility of the region, because a man may go in now with one-tenth the expense of ten years ago. It is not due to any change in the price of gold, since gold has maintained its value and shows signs of increasing. It cannot be because supplies are too dear, for supplies can be obtained in Dawson that were once obtainable only in Seattle or Vancouver.

The real cause is unknown, or else those who know refuse to tell. There are men who state that it is maladministration, but on this point the evidence is conflicting. However, the situation is serious and if the Yukon is to be saved the Institute of Mining Engineers and the Ottawa authorities must act quickly and energetically. If the Yukon were to be closed up, it would be a distinct national loss. Indeed it would be a national disgrace.

Canada cannot afford to allow any part of her territory to fall behind in development. The whole country must move together, and the Yukon must be given the same opportunity as any one of the older provinces.



REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

AFTER all, the United States is a fairly crude country. They have no place where the people may deposit money and then go home to sleep soundly knowing that the government is absolutely certain to repay when called upon. They have no postal savings banks, consequently Senator Bourne of Oregon estimates that more than half a billion of money is laid away in safe deposit vaults and in private hiding places. This money is taken out of circulation and does no good to those who keep or those who would like to have the use of it in business.

POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS

In France, the postoffice savings banks will take amounts up to \$300, and there is nearly a billion of dollars on deposit. Yet France is not so populous nor so wealthy as the United States. They have little talk of "tight money" there and they never have panics.

Canada is blessed with an excellent post-office savings bank system. The government takes in the poor man's deposit and immediately transfers the money to a chartered bank so that it may be returned at once into circulation. In the meantime, the depositor is getting interest on his capital and has the government's guarantee that when he needs the cash he may have it. In Australia there is a similar system.

Both the Australian and Canadian systems are modelled after the British, which has been in existence since 1861. The rate of interest there is a half per cent. lower than in Canada, but has been large enough to attract half a billion dollars of deposits. In addition there are other savings banks regulated by the government and offering equal security.

A government must see that the wage-earners have absolute security for their savings. Otherwise, cupidity is likely to meet ignorance and take advantage of it. It does even yet, as the York County Loan fiasco showed. Further, the world's greatest need to-day is currency, and if the wage-earner hoards his currency the business of the country is hampered.

In spite of the plain lessons of experience in France, Britain and the British Colonies, the United States has never adopted the system, nor provided any substitute. It is certainly a crude country in many ways.

LAST week we gave a summary of the Electric situation in the Province of Ontario and the city of Toronto. Since then, the Toronto Electric Light Company has made a series of proposals to the city offering them a share in the management of the company with representation on the Board. This would eliminate the necessity for establishing a duplicate plant by the city for the distribution of Niagara Power. The propositions have been rejected, and both the Board of Control and the City Council have decided to go on and submit the by-law which is to provide for a plant costing \$2,700,000, to compete with the Electric Light Company.

The arguments for this action are several. In the first place, the city has been working with other municipalities and with the Ontario Government to establish competing transmission lines throughout Western Ontario, and if Toronto were to drop out, the other muni-

icipalities would find it impossible to secure competition. They would be left entirely at the mercy of the Electrical Development Company, which now owns the only transmission lines running north from Niagara. Secondly, the Ontario Government's power policy would be almost impossible if the support of the largest municipality in the province were withdrawn. Thirdly, that even if it were deemed wise to enter into negotiations with the "Electric Ring," the City Council deems it wise to first pass the by-law, so as to have an additional argument for better terms.

It would seem as if the Electric Power people had made their propositions too late. The scheme for municipal and provincial distribution of power has been advanced to such a stage that neither the city nor the Government feels it may retreat with honour. The Electric Power people have allowed a prejudice against their bona fides to grow up in the public mind which it will be difficult to eradicate. The people have been steadily educated during the past three years to believe that the "Electric Ring" is determined to get and keep a monopoly of the electric power distributed from Niagara to all Canadian municipalities. However, reason may yet prevail. To spend eight million dollars in order to break up an investment of fourteen millions is so unwise economically that both the people and the Government must hesitate before taking the final step. Municipal and government control may be as efficacious as civic and government ownership, and is much less risky. When the present excitement and prejudice are dissipated, no doubt an attempt will be made to come to an understanding. For a time the Electric Power people were determined to fight the city and the province to the last ditch. They have now reached a more reasonable state of mind. At present the city and the province have acquired an equally unreasonable attitude and yet there is hope that they too will gradually work themselves into a better state of mind. The authorities are being driven headlong by a furious public opinion which must expend its energy before it will be possible for the two sides to come together for calm discussion.

HE who goes about among the bar-rooms of a great city on a Saturday afternoon and sees the working-men lined up three and four deep in front of the long bars, will be led into mental speculation. He will wonder if the Saturday half-holiday is a blessing, or an opportunity for dissipation.

LABOUR AND PROGRESS

A prominent manufacturer in the United States, connected with an industry which employs many thousands of men, states that his workmen show a decrease in labour-productivity of thirty per cent. as compared with two years ago. His partial explanation is that the men have more money, have more time in which to spend money and are spending it improperly. Canadian manufacturers also complain of the same lack of effectiveness of their employees, attributing in part to lack of technical skill and in part to intemperance and general dissoluteness. The men have no fear of starvation; they have little hope of passing from man to master, and therefore lack the incentive to read technical and other instructive books and papers.

There is a percentage of workmen who are progressive, who own their own homes, spend their spare time in improving their property or their minds, and are a credit to themselves and their callings. It is unfortunate that this percentage is so small. In Toronto there are night schools which are fairly well attended, though the Technical School has not been made the great benefit to industry of which it gave promise. In Montreal there is only one small technical school, hardly worth the name, and yet Montreal is the industrial centre of Canada. If a workman desires technical education he can turn only to the correspondence schools since our high schools are feeders of the universities and our universities preserves for the professions.

A manufacturer who employs scientific workmen states that he takes Canadians only for the minor positions. No matter how apt and how capable they may be, they lack the training which the Swiss, the German or the English mechanic possesses. In the technical schools of Europe will be found each year a number of bright young men from Canada getting a technical education to enable them to manage machine-shops, woollen mills, bakeries, dye-works and so on. These are the sons of rich manufacturers, not the sons of workingmen. The employer is being trained; the employee has no such opportunity. The unions are so busy raising wages that they have little time for the promotion of education. The Cabinet Minister is so busy managing constituencies he has little time to devote to the needs of the workingman.

In a situation such as this, saloons naturally find an excellent patronage in the evenings and on Saturday afternoon. In order to lessen this tendency, the Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific and other large corporations have contributed generously to the building of Y.M.C.A.'s. Wherever you find railway shops you find a Y.M.C.A. building. Here the young men are amused, entertained and instructed. Of course the education can be but general and superficial. The Y.M.C.A. cannot be a trade or a technical school.

If Canadian workmen are to make the progress which they should and if Canadian industry is to take on the steady development which seems possible, something must be done to provide the workingmen with education and amusement. Instruction in the theories of advanced work in his own trade will help to keep him from dissipation and will add to his earning-power. Amusements of a proper kind will tend to prevent his looking to the bar-room for that cheer and comfort and sociability which have made it a power in the land.

The progress of the working-man is by no means assured when you have given him shorter hours and larger wages. In fact, these will be but evils among trades-unionists who are taught that to improve one's skill is to strike a blow at a fellow-workman.

THE importance of the Great Lakes in the transportation system of the North American continent is well exemplified in the amount of freight tonnage passing through the canals at Sault Ste. Marie. The season during which these canals are open is approximately nine months. Yet in this period there passes through tonnage equal to three times that passing through such an important waterway as the Suez Canal, although the latter canal is open all the year round. When comparisons of values are made it is true that the value of the tonnage using the Suez Canal is greater than that of the tonnage using the Ste. Mary's River. But this is no adequate measure of the importance of the latter route. The tonnage passing through the Suez route is mostly concerned with finished commodities; the commodities passing through the "Soo" canals are, for the most part, raw materials which aid directly or indirectly in the manufactures which

make both Canada and the United States more efficient competitors in the world market.

The construction of the Canadian "Soo" canal was hastened by the international difficulties which led, in the early nineties, the United States to impose discriminatory tolls on Canadian tonnage using the American "Soo" canal. There were not wanting those who believed that the construction of the Canadian canal was an unjustifiable expenditure. Although the discriminatory tolls have passed away the Canadian expenditure has been well justified. The latest figures to hand, those of September, 1907, show that of the total freight moving eastbound through the Canadian and the American canals Canadian canal tonnage was to American canal tonnage as two to five; while on westbound tonnage the proportions were one to three. But when these figures are further examined it is found that the preponderance of eastbound tonnage through the American canal is practically all due to iron ore shipments. In the important item of wheat and flour twice as many bushels passed through the Canadian as through the American canal. In the shipments westbound practically all the preponderance of the American canal was due to hard and soft coal.

That such an improvement in the movement of freight through the Canadian canal has taken place augurs well for its future. At the same time it attracts attention to the importance of improving the communication ways whereby this freight finds its way to the east and to the Atlantic seaboard.

IN two interesting yet very different ways Canada has been brought recently into connection with India. Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., who visited us on his way from England to the East, is said to have expressed the opinion in Bengal that what was good enough for Canada was good enough for India, and thus to have given a fillip to the agitation for self-government which the native press is conducting against the British authorities. Mr. John Morley, in his great speech at Ardroath the other day, characterised this statement as "the grossest, the most dangerous, and the hollowest of fallacies in all politics. He (Mr. Hardie) might just as well have said that the fur coat that suited a Canadian winter would suit the parched Deccan. The historical conditions, the religious beliefs, the racial conditions were all different. To transfer by mere logic all the conclusions we applied to one case to another was the height of political folly, and he for one could never lend himself to that doctrine." But while Mr. Morley refused quite properly to see any parallel between our political conditions and those obtaining in India, he has scarcely failed to observe that our social and economic conditions vitally affect the Indian situation. On the Pacific coast the Hindoo is conspicuous among the Oriental immigrants. He outnumbers the Jap, and is quite as serious a menace to white labour. Far from being the feeble creature, eager to return to a warmer climate, as Mr. Kipling wanted us to believe, he is often the hardy soldier retired from the service, or comes himself from the north. In any case he seems to find the climate of the coast quite congenial. But can we keep him out as we may keep out the Jap? He is a free citizen in the British Empire. He sells his home and gives up everything in India, because he learns of better opportunities in another British country. Are we to send him back poor, with the threads of his life all broken? If we do, how will he regard the Imperial Government which has left him nothing of freedom that is worth the name? Will he not throw himself heartily into the anti-British agitation in India? Such are some of the pertinent questions which the Times asks us in a recent editorial. Beyond a doubt the days of our isolation are over. What tact we shall need, big and clumsy and new as we are to move with dignity in the best world society!

CANADA AND INDIA



WHEN Parliament assembles, we are apt to regard the event with a cynical eye. What will it do? What can it do? Whom can it do? And so we go on. But if we will look at it from another point of view for a moment we will see that this lack of expectation at the meeting of Parliament is in some sense an indication of the marvellous progress we have made since the Middle Ages—since, indeed, the end of the eighteenth century. Let us suppose that we could have dropped a Parliament of our sort into Paris just prior to the Revolution, would the people have wondered what it could do that they cared very much about? Not precisely. They would have gone clamoring to its galleries with a hundred and one very real grievances which they wanted it to right; and a Parliament such as we elect and control would have righted them too. But these things are all done for us. We can hardly think of anything that we want Parliament to do, the doing of which would affect our daily lives. The politicians are, indeed, cudgeling their brains to try and discover some popular grievance that they can remove, and so make themselves popular.

* * *

In Great Britain, Parliament had a lot of grievances to remove at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The reform bills were yet to come. Roman Catholics were still excluded from the office of State. An alien religion was still forced on the majority of the Irish people. Slavery was still defended in the House of Commons. The people had grievances in plenty as the Chartist agitation showed. Parliament was not a council of the nation but the assembly of the delegates of a small class who constituted themselves the rulers of the Empire. Nor has this condition entirely passed at Westminster. We may have many evils at Ottawa; but we do not have one chamber of our Parliament composed entirely of an aristocracy, either of blood or of money, the majority of whom do not owe their seats to any Ministry elected by the present people of the United Kingdom. Nor do we have a ruling class still largely influential, and but recently dominant, in the House of Commons.

* * *

Thus the very fact that Parliament can do so little for us is a subject rather for rejoicing than complaining. There are times when we feel that the best thing it can do is to leave us alone. When it meddles with legislation in which we are really interested, it seldom pleases anybody entirely. This is, however, another good sign. It shows that the modern parliament is not the servant of any one class but must try to effect a working compromise between all classes. And compromises never please anybody, though they take the place of measures which would please most people even less. They are the necessary evils of democratic government. Sir John Macdonald used to say—and it is not original with him—that “government is to-day the science of compromise.” In this respect we never had a more scientific governor than Sir John. He compromised George Brown out of power for a generation. He compromised Confederation through. He compromised a following out of the several fragments of the new Dominion in such a way as to make him a leader of the dominant party. He compromised himself back into power in '78

by uniting the manufacturers of Ontario with the low tariff men of the Maritime Provinces.

* * *

We accuse Parliament sometimes of defying public opinion. The only case I can recall in which it did that was when it voted itself the last increase in indemnity, adding a salary for the leader of the Opposition. Public opinion did not approve of that; but the members calculated upon the unwillingness of public opinion to punish individuals when that punishment will damage party chances. The alliance of the parties in this matter forbids either party making capital out of it; and the people will fear to indulge in a wholesale punishment of individual members which—if not carried out fairly on all sides—might give one of the parties an advantage. We do not trust each other enough to combine for a general house-cleaning. We are afraid that when we in our constituency had slaughtered our member, the party “enemy” in an adjoining constituency would be found to have spared theirs.

* * *

So far from defying public opinion, both sides of Parliament are in a sort of competition to satisfy it. The one which satisfies it best gets into power; and the parties certainly, love power. We who judge public opinion by “the rustic murmur of our little burg” sometimes think that the politicians are defying it; but they are merely averaging it. There is another public opinion than ours in another part of the Dominion; and the politicians are trying to concede as much as they dare without alienating that other public opinion. They sit aloft at Ottawa, listen to confidential reports from all parts of the Dominion, and then try to take the road which will win the most votes, all told. Our member would rather do what we want. That would be easier for him. But he is a member of a party and must sacrifice himself on occasion in order to promote the general party good. Sometimes they allow him to “go against his party” and so save his seat; and when he does this without permission, then they punish him by ostracism in the party councils at Ottawa. An Independent who stands well with his party leaders is usually an independent with a string to him.

However, the Parliamentary race is now off, for better or for worse. The most of us hope to get some entertainment out of it through the winter months; but we will miss Bourassa in this respect, though there are indications that Fowler has not lost his voice. The only nervousness I notice is among the insurance companies, unless it be nervousness which leads the Liberals to hint that the elections may not come now until 1909 or even 1910.

A Woodland Home

By THEODORE ROBERTS

Weary of outland cities, in my dreams
I find our north'rn valleys; virgin gold
The birches flame along the aldered streams,
The thin blue shadows lure me as of old;
The spruces greet me with their purple cones;
The chipmunks scatter in the quiet gloom;
Above the marching of the forest spears
The valiant maple flares his scarlet plume.
And here, low-set between the forest walls
Slumber the buckwheat buds, now red and bare,
And open to the hermits of the woods
And all the flocking vagrants of the air.
Brown earth, red stubble, little heaps of stones
Gray as old fence-rails, all are fair and dear.
Even the half-turned furrow at the edge
Holds the fine magic of the dying year.
Down in that corner where the sumachs glow
The plump grouse peck along the friendly loam,
The twilight falls, and gray against the sky,
I see the hearth-smoke of a woodland home.

Sport and Athletics



Col. Hanbury-Williams

THE Intercollegiate Football honours go to Ottawa College in spite of all rumours of a protest. The Union met at Ottawa on Saturday last, elected officers for another year and arranged next year's schedule.

Montreal II. were defeated by Ottawa II. on Saturday last, but won the round on points. They are thus Intermediate champions of the O. R. F. U. The similar championship in Ontario was won by the Tammany Tigers of Toronto. The Parkdale Canoe Club Football Team of Toronto won the Junior O. R. F. U. championship on the same day by defeating Hamilton III.

The St. John's College Rugby Football Club, of Winnipeg, last week celebrated its twenty-first anniversary. This organisation has held the Manitoba championship several times, but not this year.

Col. Hanbury-Williams, Canadian representative on the Committee of the Olympic Games to be held in Great Britain next year is busily engaged in trying to bring order out of the athletic chaos. The Canadian Amateur Athletic Union has made certain suggestions, and its opposition, the Federation of Athletics, has also made suggestions. Col. Hanbury-Williams is anxious for peace in order that Canada may be represented at this great meet by its best man, no matter to which athletic union they may belong. Mr. P. D. Ross, editor of the Ottawa Journal, and one of the most popular and high-minded athletes that the country has ever produced, is assisting.

Col. Hanbury-Williams is secretary to His Excellency the Governor-General, and during his comparatively brief residence here has proved himself a general favourite in social, political and athletic circles. He is in reality a well-trained diplomat who has seen service in various parts of the Empire. Beginning as A.D.C. to Gen. Hamly in Egypt in 1882, he had his baptism at Tel-el-Kebir, where his horse was shot under him. In

1884 he served in India and in 1897 he became military secretary to Lord Milner in South Africa. He saw some service there and was mentioned in despatches. In 1899 he was made C. M. G. for his services as military secretary. In 1904 he came to Canada with Lord Grey.

Broad, keen, imperial, Col. Hanbury-Williams is the type of man who is spreading the sane gospel of a united Empire, without exhibiting any pre-disposition to fads of any kind.

* * *

The deer-hunting season in Ontario, so short and so sharp, is over again. The sportsmen have returned to their desks in the dull, nerve-breaking cities, and the sound of the rifle is heard only in the solitudes which are far from the ears of the game wardens. This year's "crop" was good, and almost every lucky sportsman got his two red deer. These came south by the C.N.R., C.P.R. and G.T.R. in immense quantities. Though these three railways are piercing the heart of the deer country, and taking in each year more sportsmen, they are also interested in preserving the game and their influence will be for good.

Not a Sunbeam

THE New York "Sun" is a paper which occasionally pays the Dominion of Canada a paragraph of attention for which this young and growing country is deeply grateful. The "Sun" is in a condition of chronic wonderment regarding Canada's preference for British connection. Whenever that great New York journal reflects on Canadian matters, it pauses to wipe away a tear that any community should be so benighted as to decline the honour of a Washington alliance. The "Sun's" latest grievance against us is the Kipling tour which appears to the United States editor as a horrible example of imperialist journeying. This reflection is about as juvenile as anything recently perpetrated in newspaperdom: "Sometimes admirers of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the once popular short story writer and composer of doggerel that occasionally looked like poetry, will find new cause for sadness in his present political activity." Since when has the "Sun" called the Kipling poetry by this condemning term? Its own fyles should be brought in judgment against the new petulance. Then the insinuation is made that Mr. Kipling's benefits by the will of the late Cecil Rhodes have led the author of the "Recessional" and other "doggerel" to manifest political liveliness. How delightfully ingenious of the "Sun" to suggest such a reason for Mr. Kipling's interest in the British Empire! Canada has much to thank the South African for, if he rules his friend's spirit from his far-off grave. It may occur to the discerning reader of "The Song of the Cities" that for many years Mr. Kipling has felt a sincere interest in us whose homes are set round the Seven Seas. The "Sun" is a paper from which we have a right to expect higher things than this inability to appreciate the loyalty and prosperity of another people. "Sour grapes" may be Canada's retort when the New York paper continues to misrepresent her policy and resources.



The Camp and the Guide



A Fairly Good Beginning

THE ONTARIO RED DEER SEASON IS CLOSED

An Ex-Chief



Chief of Police,
Nicholas Power of Halifax

THE "Courier" presents herewith an excellent portrait of Chief of Police Nicholas Power, of Halifax, who has just resigned the chiefship after holding it for the past two years. Mr. Power has been on the police force for the past forty-three years and his record as detective is well known throughout North America. Mr. Power bears his increasing years lightly, his erect manly bearing being noticeable in any group of men, as he is over six feet tall. He started out in life by joining the King's, or rather the late Queen's Navy, and today in his uniform he has the appearance of one of His Majesty's fine naval officers. He now retires to enjoy, we hope, many years of rest with the best wishes of all his fellow citizens.

Do Unto Others

DOES the Golden Rule run in Japan? Perhaps that is scarcely a fair question, since we scarcely make it the law of our lives here. In any case the Japanese have not applied it in dealing with the foreign immigration to their shores. On all their large undertakings, such as the building of railways, Chinese and Korean labour was being extensively employed. These foreign workers were taking the bread from native-born Japanese, and an agitation was raised against them. The leading newspapers urged that Japan could not consistently close out these workers and at the same time ask admission into Canada or the United States; she should at least wait until she had established her own rights in other countries. But the agitation would not be gainsaid, so the imperial government issued an order forbidding the employment of the Chinese and Korean labourers. The order came into force at once, and it is predicted by the correspondent of the New York Evening Post that there will be great suffering among these immigrants stranded in Japan. So, too, the undertakings dependent upon them may be greatly hampered, for Japan, a poor country, burdened by the war, was stinting herself to carry these operations through and needed the cheapest labour. But she has always had the merit of quick decision and struck promptly. We are furnished here with another striking proof of the truth we have seen exemplified on our own coast that the working man of our day is not concerned greatly about racial problems or foreign politics, but will use all the powers of the State to keep out the stranger who threatens to take from his hand his pick and shovel.

The Meadowvale Studio

DOES this title convey anything to you? Meadowvale is a little village on the Credit River reached by means of the C. P. R., somewhere between Brampton and Streetsville, and is the home and happy sketching ground of several artists, two of whom, Mr. Edwin Thurston and Mr. Frederick Haines, have taken a studio at Toronto, which they call the Meadowvale Studio, and where they are now holding an exhibition of paintings.

Mr. Thurston and Mr. Haines have painted most of the pictures in the exhibition from scenes around Meadowvale, and looking about among the pictures, it was to the writer like getting letters from home, having spent happy days there this summer.

Mr. Haines loves to portray animals in motion and at rest. It would be interesting if he would allow his sketch books to be exhibited too. There his talent would be very evident, for he is peculiarly a draughtsman. He has his studio in the barn by the beautiful river, and here he has many dogs. On your first visit you are bewildered by the noisy demonstrative pack. They are all so eager and attentive to every subtle move of their master, but by and by you get to know them by name and disposition, for they each have a distinct temperament and personality. Mr. Haines has them so well

trained that they will stay twenty minutes in a given position without moving a muscle, except perhaps a wistful rolling of the eye.

Here in the exhibition you will find many of them. There is Benny (24) looking so serious. He is a king among collies, glossy black coat with tan in places, and such a grand white collar. Very jealous is Benny, he is the largest and would always like to be first. Then there is Dorcas (Nos. 23, 24), — patient, submissive Dorcas. Not at all like Benny, hers is all beauty of character and expression. She figures in many of Mr. Haines' pictures. Especially well done are these dogs in a large canvas (No. 46) called "At Play." Benny has an old shoe and is wildly pursued by Dorcas, with one of the little terriers running behind. Then there are all the little Scottish terriers so droll, so wiry and alert—not so beautiful, perhaps, as the collies, but Mr. Haines loves them all. With Mr. Thurston and his poetic imagination and Mr. Haines, all they ask is time to paint; right at their doors they have subjects enough for a life-time.

Public Opinion

BRITISH IMMIGRANTS

To the Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—In your issue of the 16th instant I observe some wise and pertinent advice to your countrymen upon the presence of the English immigrant in Canada. During the past few years I have noticed in the Canadian papers a great many harsh criticisms upon the British immigrant. The attitude of some Canadians is a mystery to me. In one breath they will boast of their allegiance to Britain and glory in the achievements of the British race; in the next breath they will denounce the "stupid" and "boorish" Englishman in no mild terms. The native Canadian thinks that he is a trifle better than the old countryman, and in many cases pretends to despise him.

All this appears to me to be a great mistake, and is based upon a fundamental misconception of historical facts. For if an Englishman in particular is no good, why should England in general be a great or efficient nation? The spirit of a nation springs from the general character of its citizens. As Canadians, are we not sometimes a little too hasty in our judgment of our English brother? Do we "know it all"? How long ago is it since the majority of us were English immigrants? Our forefathers who came over to Canada and settled in the woods or along the lakes and rivers were mostly "greenhorns." But they were of good average stock and their children grew up on the soil, accustomed to the ways of the new world, and became the sinewy, forceful Canadians of to-day. So it has been and so it will continue to be. There may be many "dead-beats" among the present stream of British immigrants, but the vast majority are probably composed of industrious, honest people anxious to better their condition in the world. We must remember that the conditions of a crowded country like the British Isles are fundamentally different from those of Canada. Canada is primarily an agricultural country of vast scope; Great Britain is primarily a manufacturing country, with a small agricultural population that lives and works under restrictive land laws. It must, therefore be a fearful wrench for the average Briton to adapt himself to the new world. I fancy, however, if several thousand Canadian immigrants were suddenly planted in a county of England, there would be some grumbling and not a little "kicking" before things simmered down. But in the course of time they and their children would inhabit the land and British institutions would be firmly established.

I wish to express my appreciation of your timely advice. Let our Canadian brethren study the British press, British literature and British achievements at home and abroad, let them ponder upon the far-seeing tolerance of English colonial policy during the past century, and I venture to think they must concede remarkable energy and capacity to the British race. To an impartial observer it would seem as if many Canadians are about as "touchy" and independent as our English friends. In this respect they are much like two peas from the same pod. Such traits, however, are not to be despised, and if properly guided will become fine qualities in any race. The sooner, however, Canadians dismiss the idea that Englishmen are all blockheads and possess no poise, character or love of freedom, the better and sweeter will become our relations with our kindred beyond the sea.

Charles H. McIntyre.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 18, 1907.

THE SITUATION IN INDIA

LORD MINTO'S FIRMNESS AND POPULARITY

By H. S. SCOTT HARDEN

FOR the last few months we have heard nothing but news of unrest from the Indian Empire. Secret meetings of political agitators, and the country having been flooded with seditious literature which emanated from a set of Bengali Babus.

The last advices from Bombay and the Central Provinces confirm this, but state that the reports are not only exaggerated but only lie amongst a small class of the natives. The Government scorn the ideas of a serious rising. Be that as it may, the Government has now seen fit to pass a bill for the Prevention of Seditious Meetings, which are only after all the natural results of education encouraged by British administrators.

It is pleasing to find that one who so recently represented the King in Canada, and made himself so popular with all classes, has been instrumental in bringing about this "awakening"—if it can be so called—of the Government from their political sleep.

Lord Minto has done great work without checking the growth of political thought—no easy task. His Excellency's appointment just a year ago came as a surprise to many Canadians, but not to the people of India. It must not be forgotten that his great grandfather in 1807 consolidated the conquests Wellesley had required and succeeded in preventing violent outbreaks in Central India—and he obeyed instructions from home without injuring prestige. Lord Minto, the late Governor-General for Canada, was in the eyes of the natives a great Lord Sahib. He had caste and was a warrior. He could ride and shoot and he was a statesman. He appealed to all classes—to the Maharajahs as well as to the Mohammedan merchant, to the Hindu and even to the Bengali Babu, and to the great factor The Army. He was welcomed like the summer after a long hard winter. As a native gentleman put it one day, Lord Minto's arrival came at an opportune moment. The King's son was coming to visit the empire with the future Queen. Everyone was happy—there had been good rains, the plague had been stamped out, and famine-stricken districts were provided with food.

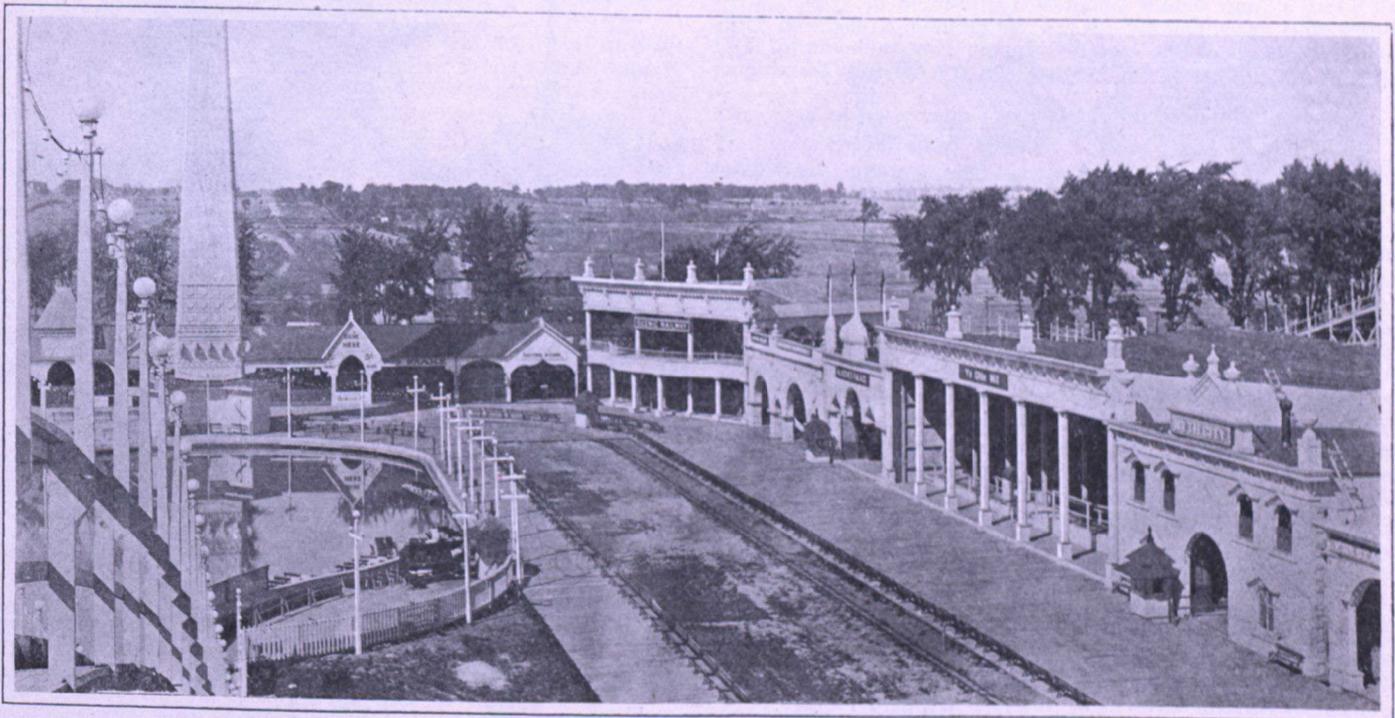
But Lord Minto had much to contend with during

the few years of his reign, and he has proved himself worthy of his name and his race and the office he holds. He has gained the confidence of his King and all those serving under him. He has proved himself to be, to use the words of a correspondent, "a most diplomatic viceroy, a man who quickly grasps the situation, and who has acted with much firmness and conciliation." Lord Minto has patched up the enmity and strife between the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief and their respective staffs, owing to the quarrel which took place between Lord Curzon and Kitchener, and the proof of the Viceroy's friendship with the Head of the Army is in the fact that Lord Kitchener's appointment has been extended for two years. The Army in India was never so loyal, never so thoroughly organised and trained as it is to-day, and the frontier safe against attack. We are on friendly terms with the Amir, without fear of Russian intrigue. In the event of a campaign where Indian troops would be employed, the Brigades and Divisions are ready to take the field or embark a few hours after the word is given to mobilise. Although the flame of racial feeling seemed to be spreading amongst the Bengalis, yet the wave has not touched the Army. Lord Minto's address the other day when the Bill for the Suppression of Sedition was passed, speaks volumes, and when he turned to Kitchener and said, "I hope your Excellency, as Commander-in-Chief, will, on my behalf, and as representative of the King's Empire, convey to the Indian troops under your command our thanks for the contempt with which the riots and sedition by the native press was received by them."

Lord Minto has in an able and tactful manner recognised the importance of his first duty, viz., to maintain law and order and to protect the people entrusted to his charge.

He may not have the knowledge that Curzon has of the East. He is not an orator like his predecessor—but he is an English gentleman, and one of the best pro-consuls ever sent out to smooth the troubled waters of the Indian Empire.

MONTREAL'S CONEY ISLAND, DOMINION PARK



Dominion Park, the great amusement centre of Montreal, was half wiped out by a disastrous fire which began at 11 o'clock on the morning of November 6th, and raged for three hours. The buildings consumed included the scenic railway, the photograph gallery, the snake-charmer's booth, the shooting gallery, the city of mirth, the bump-the-bumps, the old mill, the ice-cream parlour and part of the shoot-the-chutes. The great tower, the most imposing structure in the whole park, also fell a prey to the flames. The directors have decided upon plans for rebuilding and orders will be given at once for the necessary construction.

The Subscription Book Fad

By NORMAN PATTERSON

COLLECTING books is a laudable pursuit. It is not calculated to injure the digestion of the person so engaged and herein it differs from the other three great pursuits in life—eating, drinking and smoking.

There are two methods of collecting books and practically only two. The first is to collect catalogues, visit bookstores and talk with librarians and other bookmen. This is the method adopted by the men who buy books to read and not for show. It is the method of the scholar and the student. It is a slow and somewhat tedious performance but it suits slow and tedious people.

The second method is to wait until some smart young man from New York puts in an appearance, with an engraved card, a bright eye, a ready tongue, and a prospectus carefully concealed in the capacious pockets of a specially constructed coat. He begins a "jolly" about your being a leading citizen whose name he desires to have on a club list which he is making up. In consideration for the use of your name he will give you a coloured reproduction of Magna Charta, a fine hand-painted French picture which you need not show your wife, and twenty-five volumes of the greatest collection of rubbish on earth, ordinarily sold at five dollars a volume, for the small sum of \$67.50, ten dollars down and two dollars a month until paid. This is the method which seems to catch the great majority of the public, that portion of the public which longs to be cultured and well-read, but just does not know how. This method has been particularly successful in Canada and more than half a million dollars' worth of "fakey" New York publications are annually unloaded in this country.

The methods adopted to find the people who can be "captured" by the smooth-voiced book-agent are numerous. A nice letter is sent offering something for nothing, with a post-card enclosed. Here is the latest one which has reached us:

THE FIRST "LEIF" IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

The Norroena Society, organised to investigate and settle questions regarding pre-Columbian America, has designed and printed in photogravure, a beautiful symbolic picture 12x18 inches of Freya, the Norse Queen of Heaven, mounted on the cloud courser Sleipner, and gloriously illuminated by the borealis. Below, on the left, is a facsimile page of the Saga of Erik the Red, the most precious of Northern manuscripts describing the landing of Leif Erikson on the coast of Vineland (Massachusetts) in the year 1000. On the right is the English translation of the Icelandic manuscript. At the bottom is a reproduction of a great painting after Moran, of Erikson landing in Viking ships.

Copies of this artistic creation are being distributed by the Norroena Society, with a view to promoting public interest in a bill which is now before Congress (introduced by Hon. Halvor Steenerson) providing for an appropriation of \$100,000.00 for a monument to be erected in Washington City in honor of Leif Erikson, the discoverer of America 500 years before the coming of Columbus.

Copies of this splendid picture are given free to prominent persons who receive this notice, and make their application by the enclosed card.

Yours very truly,

* * * * *

Some days, or perhaps weeks, after you have signed and returned the enclosed post-card, you receive a visit. As you are getting something for nothing, you cannot refuse to give the gentleman a few moments of your time. After he has spent a few moments of his time you are under a double obligation, and then you succumb.

After you have enrolled yourself a member of the Norroena Society, or the National Alumni Association, you may in time receive a beautifully printed order from another New York firm. This is numbered and has your name on it. It reads in part as follows:

New York, November 25th, 1907.

TO JOHN A. TAYLOR CO.,

This Certificate entitles

NORMAN PATTERSON,

to one of the Complimentary Library Sets, reserved exclusively for advertising the new Redpath Library.

Signed

JOHN A. TAYLOR,

President.

No. 42

With it comes a post-card which you are to sign and return, saying you will be pleased to consider the com-

plimentary offer. Shortly afterwards, the well-groomed agent appears to explain and to get your order "as a matter of form."

Some of these firms do business from Canadian offices. They enclose "References" which include such names as the following: Right Honourable Earl Grey; Hon. D. C. Fraser, Sir Frederick Borden, Chester D. Massey Esq., Rev. R. N. Burns, D.D., Robert L. Borden M.P., Hon. D. A. McKinnon, Hon. Wm. Pugsley, etc., etc.

You wonder how these names are secured, and you think it over. Surely these gentlemen would not allow their names to be used simply because they got their books for nothing? No, it cannot be. The books must be good. Once more you add an excellent set to your library at two dollars per month.

Of course there have been subscription books of Canadian origin. John Charles Dent's books were sold in this way and excellent books they were. Virtue and Co. sold some good books and some mighty trashy ones. Bradley, Garretson & Co., under various names, handed out some trashy stuff at high prices. Other firms here are continuing the subscription business, some with good books, some with poor. "The Makers of Canada" are probably the best subscription books ever issued here, but the first edition at one hundred dollars was quite high enough in price.

In my own library there are about twelve hundred volumes, of which some seven hundred are Canadian. There are few "sets" and no encyclopedias. The "World's Worst Literature" in 89 volumes never attracted me, neither did the "History of the World," in four million badly printed pages. There is a set of Scott, but even that I think was a mistake. Kingsford's "History of Canada" in twelve volumes; Hopkins' "Canada" in five volumes; Parkman in twelve volumes, and "The Makers of Canada" are practically the only sets. These were bought because I felt they were absolutely necessary and were not sold to me by an agent. I flee at once when the agent comes, because I know I am weak-minded.

The subscription book is sometimes necessary and the agent is sometimes useful, but they are made the medium for unloading on us much that is worthless.

Lloyd the Lubricator



There's a sweet Little Cherub that Floats up Aloft
To Watch o'er the Life of John Bull.

(With Mr. Punch's compliments to Mr. Lloyd-George on his successful intervention in the late Railway Dispute.)



AT A ROLLER RINK.

Wheels on Our Feet

THE revival of roller skating, and it is with us now in a more protracted form than ever before, recalls memories of the gentle art at the time it was first introduced into Canada. The skates then were two-wheeled affairs, the wheels revolving on pivots, one under the heel and one under the toe. When we remember that it is no easy matter to get along on four wheels as they are constructed now-a-days, we do not wonder that the two-wheeled sport made as little impression at the time as it did. Although I dare say, some impressions were made, especially on nights when the floor had been freshly oiled.

A first attempt on roller skates is not an episode easily forgotten. I never remember feeling more helpless in my life, than after strapping the skates relentlessly to my shoes, and guiding me to the centre of the floor, the assistant (hardened and unfeeling creature that he was) left me to my own destruction. I realised that I couldn't remain there for ever, and cautiously moved one foot wondering what would happen. Someone shouted, for goodness sake not to put my weight forward if I didn't want to break my nose, and at the same time someone else was telling me in a gentle and confiding way not to lean back or I would come down on the back of my head, which was all very cheering, and left me little else to do but to stand still until help came.

Once on the rink I did not display such gymnastic tendencies as I expected, and it was not long before I could navigate quite alone. Every stroke brought assurance and speed, and I smiled pityingly at some poor creature who was giving a life-like representation of a man trying to stand on his head, in a vain attempt to regain a perpendicular position once more.

All went beautifully till I decided to stop, and that I found not so easy to do as one would think. Several attempts almost proved fatal, both to myself and a very fat lady, who, with her hat over one ear, and a look of determination on her face, seemed to have been pursuing me ever since I came on the boards. Unlucky thought! she might fall on me; anything would be better than that, and in desperation, my speed accelerating with every stroke for the final crash, I made for the railing at the side. Down I went, ignominiously in a heap.

But the result of "knowing how" is well worth the experience, as anyone who has felt the fascination of it

will tell you. Even those for whom the exercise is too strenuous, find the spectators gallery a source of great amusement.

Just now, roller skating is a very popular form of amusement in Canada. There is scarcely a town of any pretensions which does not claim a roller rink among its list of attractions. To-day, popularity is smiling on the fad; to-morrow, who can tell, the fickle jade may frown.

The Maoris

IF all the native races in the world were paraded in any country it is the Maori that would win the most favour for physique, for character, for history. We can respect and admire them for their bravery and sterling virtues. We have fought against them and have found them worthy foemen; they have fought with us and have proved loyal comrades. Obstinate and self-willed, proud and superstitious, warlike and poetical, at one time recklessly brave, at another time helpless in a panic of fear; royally liberal to-day, shamelessly mean to-morrow, they are withal light-hearted, good natured and capital company. They have been likened to our savage forefathers, and in many respects they have similar characteristics, but where our race was doggedly persistent the Maori is erratic and uncertain; and whereas our race proved their capacity for development and advancement in the march of civilisation the Maori has been left behind and in many things shows that he belongs to a decadent race. Out of the darkness they came, an unfortunate, fateful race driven by strange destiny from their birthplace, doomed before time to annihilation, asking not whence they came or whither they went, or, if asking, answered only by gloomy parable and auptic sayings.

The old chiefs tattoo their face in the most gruesome manner because such ornamentation is deemed necessary to manhood. The lines are described with charcoal, the skin is then punctured by a sharp instrument of bone or steel driven by a small mallet. A pigment prepared from a vegetable substance is dropped into the wound. Although the subject is writhing in agony, no cry of pain will escape him. Those around make a terrible noise with their songs during the ordeal. Only a small portion can be done at a time. When the inflammation has subsided and the excoriation healed, the operation is considered complete.



Meet of the Toronto Hunt Club in Queen's Park, November 9th, Parliament Buildings in background.

Hunting in the Old Land

By H. J. P. GOOD

HUNTING in England is considered the sport of Kings and the king of sports. It is also the sport of men, for it is impossible to be a straight rider to hounds and not to possess those superlative qualities which contribute to the making of a man.

In England and Wales there are something like 170 packs of fox hounds, ten packs of bray hounds, 16 packs of stag hounds and 20 packs of other hounds besides 90 packs of harriers and 57 of beagles. In Scotland there are a dozen packs of fox-hounds and a couple of packs of other hounds. In Ireland there are four packs of stag hounds, seventy-four packs of fox-hounds, one pack only of other hounds and 39 packs of harriers and 9 of beagles. Not alone do all these represent an immense amount of money and a large amount of labour, but the direct benefit to the country in the encouragement of both horse and rider is incalculable. Battles in the old times may have been won on the cricket fields of England, but the Boer War pretty nearly proved that the battles of the future will largely be won in the hunting field. The best cavalry soldier is a product of the hunting field, and so is the best charger. But for the hunts of England there would be few riders and equestrianism would practically be a lost art. Hunting is at once the most invigorating, the most inspiring and the most useful of all sports. It is a sport that pre-eminently combines fearlessness and daring with coolness and judgment. A rash, impetuous man may be a daring hunter but he cannot be a first-class one. Therefore, in hunting is included all the qualities that go to make the complete man and the highest class of saddle horse.

Among the most famous of the hunts in England are the Cottesmore, the Belvoir, the North Warwickshire and the Rufford. There are others, such as the Quorn and Pytchley, perhaps better known than the last two outside the confines of the old land, and there are others perhaps, such as Mevnell and the Mocklesby that can claim priority of age. But the four first named are at once among the most celebrated, most fashionable and most popular. Fashion and popularity, by the way, go hand in hand in the hunting field, as they do in the race-course.

While the Cottesmore, of which Mr. Evan Hanbury, of brewing and banking fame, is Master, is possibly older than the Belvoir, the latter, of which that grand sportsman and noted horse-breeder, Sir Gilbert Greenall, is Master, and good old Ben Capell huntsman, is the best known abroad because of the excellence of its breed of hounds. What is known as the Cottesmore country lies in Leicestershire and Lincolnshire and is accounted as providing the very best hunting country in England. The

pack owes its existence to the Noel and Lowther families, of the latter of which Lord Lonsdale is chief. For nigh half a century the present Lord's father hunted the Cottesmore. When the first Lord Lonsdale retired, Sir Richard Sutton of Genesby fame, took over the pack. Later, Lord Kesteven became master, and with a slight interval came Mr. Hanbury, the present Master, in 1900. The Cottesmore, says an enthusiastic, is a hunt to settle in and to take a pride in.

"The first day that we hunt with the Belvoir," says T. F. Dale in his "Fox-Hunting in the Shires," "will always remain in our memory, so associated is the pack with the history of fox-hunting and the fox-hound." The Belvoir also hunt over parts of Leicestershire and Lincolnshire. There is to be seen at a meet of this celebrated pack gathering of all the hardest riders, soldiers, statesmen, men of business, lawyers, farmers, people of every degree of rank and wealth. Women are on the best horses that money can buy or judgment select; others are riding less high-bred, but still useful animals, and there are many on foot and a cloud of cyclists and motorists. Belvoir pack, from which the best hounds not only in Britain but also the best in America have come, is the result of at least a hundred years of selection, judgment and thought. There are fifty or sixty couples in kennels and as many puppies are sent out to walk, of whom not a third will be found worthy of a trial and fewer still of a permanent place in the hound list. The first definite knowledge we have of the Belvoir hounds is in 1727 in the days of the third Duke of Rutland. From that day to this some of the most noted men in England have been identified with the pack. A name that frequently crops up in the annals of the Belvoir is that of Forester, a name, too, that will always be cherished among present-day hunting men in Canada is that of one of the best cross-country men the Dominion has known, Captain Forester's "D've ken John Peel," sung at the Albion in the days of that honest old Yorkshireman, John Holderness, will long remain a pleasant if regretful memory for an early passing with those who heard it.

The North Warwickshire, of which Mr. J. Arkwright and Lord A. Percy are the joint Masters, is a break-away from the Warwickshire, a very old pack that hunted over as fine a country as the best huntsman could desire. Mr. Vyner, the author of "Notitia Venetica," and relative of the racing man of the same name, with Mr. Bolton King, was the first to show what North Warwickshire was capable of as a hunting country. Together the gentlemen named established a scratch pack

(Concluded on page 88)

With the Hounds in Good Old England



The Belvoir Hounds at Croxton Park—General View of the Field.



Rufford Hounds at Thoresby Park—Lord Manvers (Master) central figure, mounted—Lady Manvers in carriage.



Rufford Hounds—Lady Sybill Prerrepoint, Lady Alice Prerrepoint and Lady Victoria Bentwick are the three central figures.

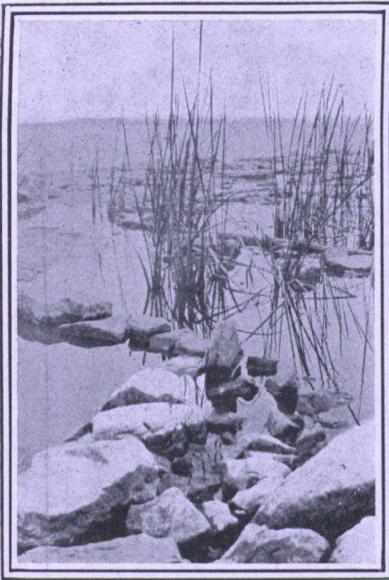


Cottesmore Hounds at Tilton—Lord Londsdale, (Master), mounted.

Photographs by the Topical Press.

A BIT OF EARLY WINTER

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS



Mink Waters.

I'M a kind of lonely beggar anyway, and lonelier still now that chum is twenty miles away. So I took my hunt unattended to-day. But if I'd had to go with shackles on my ankles I believe it would not have stopped me this morning. It snowed last night, a storm driven right out of the north. The flakes came down on the frozen, rutted roads and carpeted them. They fell on the tops of the buildings and clung there, white and silent. And they drove in beneath the pines and among

the spruce and cedars so that the rustling leaves were stilled and the little brooks from the recent rains hushed. The spell of the snow came upon the woods last night and the woods fell quiet.

While the wind whistled and the flakes whirled, I knew what was going on beneath the trees. I knew how the partridges sat close to the lee of the spruce trunks and how the chickadees ruffled themselves big and kept in among the heavy branches; I knew how the rabbits crouched far beneath the shelter of the low cedars and the juniper bushes last night when the wind howled—how they all waited there through the night, until the morning to go forth and write themselves on the big white quiet. I knew all this, these things that the snow was making the little people of the woods do.

So when the day came over the hills this morning, amber and crystal, and the sun burned big and round up into a clear blue sky, I took gun and camera and was away.

The wide public highway was quiet, white and untravelled. Smoke curled from the chimneys and built its gray columns which forever crumbled away silently. And the morning was just bringing a stir of life to a farmyard as I left the outskirts of the town.

The old road leading into the heart of the woods was unbroken by any intruder's feet, but some little people had been long abroad. A rabbit's track, clear and strongly outlined crossed almost at my feet where I jumped from the fence. He had been journeying leisurely and his track was fresh. It made me pause and load my gun.

There was a sudden stir beneath a juniper bush. Then a blur on the snow ahead. I fired, and he lay near to a cedar's inviting shelter, very still, like the white about him.

I was sorry I had broken the winter quiet that way, with a shot that meant death. The sound went about the still hills and made a vague disturbance, somehow. I love the woods, and they were not the same with the rabbit lying there and the red drops about on the snow. More and more, I think, I am coming to leave the gun at home and take only the camera as my companion of my trappings.

But the fever of the hunt was on the air this morning so I cached my game and went ahead, alert for the next shot.

I left the old road now and crossed a stretch where the juniper bushes crowded up thickly among the protruding rocks, aiming at the higher ledges where the poplars and light stuffs grew. The juniper bushes were laden with their snow burden and made a pleasant picture. There were rabbit tracks in among them, crisscrossing here, there and everywhere, but I caught no glimpse of the rabbits themselves, though I beat about long and noisily among the covers.

A hawk swung in from across the bay on his morning foraging. He came close over and went high up among the spruces on the hill. I wished him good hunting as he passed, though I doubted his getting it,

somewhat. The woods folk were very alert this morning.

As I watched him go, a dark V-shaped company shot out of the north sky and the geese went over, stirring the morning with the vibrant clamour of their honking. I stood and watched them go, keeping their formation and heading on, on, on, ever south. And I wondered as I watched what was in the head of their leader as he captained his little band on their long voyaging—whether a vague, uncertain impulse, or did he see the far country.

Down along the stream, where it ran black between its white banks I found mink tracks. I followed them for awhile, not for very long. Around a bend where the creek widened into a bit of marsh and bog I found the end—a trap. He was there, a big beauty, dark and glossy, but dead, and only money for some trapper's purse. There would be no more swims around the little pond for him in the yellow autumn twilight or the gray silent dawn; and his den, somewhere along the banks, will know no tenant now. I felt sorry for the mink, still and stiff there on the snow—and for the rabbit I had shot earlier. So that when, as I stood there quiet, another light blurry shape hopped along over the snow beyond the creek the gun did not go up and the hopping continued till the cedars hid the little traveller.

Leading up from the creek I found a partridge's track. The maker had not as yet put on his snowshoes, the little lines of bristles down the edges of his toes that assist him in his winter wanderings. But there were signs that they were coming, and anyway the snow had somewhat surprised nature and her woods people. Following the track I came to the end but not to tragedy this time. The deep impression on either side showed that my bird had taken strong flight and that his wings had been in full working order at last reports. Behind the cedar to which his track had led me I found the delicate indentations which are Mr. Mink's favourite trade marks. Whether or not the two trails had any connection. I could not know.

The keen, clear air and the tramping had brought an appetite to somebody's stomach by this time. So I dipped my pail in the stream and carried it to a big log up on the hillside. There in the shelter I built my fire and hung my crane and made good tea.

A few stray snowflakes were hurrying out of the high wind-driven clouds when I turned to go home. And the quiet and hush of a winter twilight was coming down on the world as at last I came upon the intruder's footprints of the morning leading up the hill from the old road. I found the rabbit and dropped on the home side of the fence reluctantly.

Across the bridge and on the island within a hundred rods of home as I whistled along, a partridge rose from the edge of the path and flew into the cedars. I followed in and drove him out. I saw that he was a big fellow, golden and rich, in a streak of stray sunlight through which he shot. He would have been added to a rabbit in my hunting coat pocket most probably but for something which reads thiswise:

SHOOTING ON THIS ISLAND FORBIDDEN

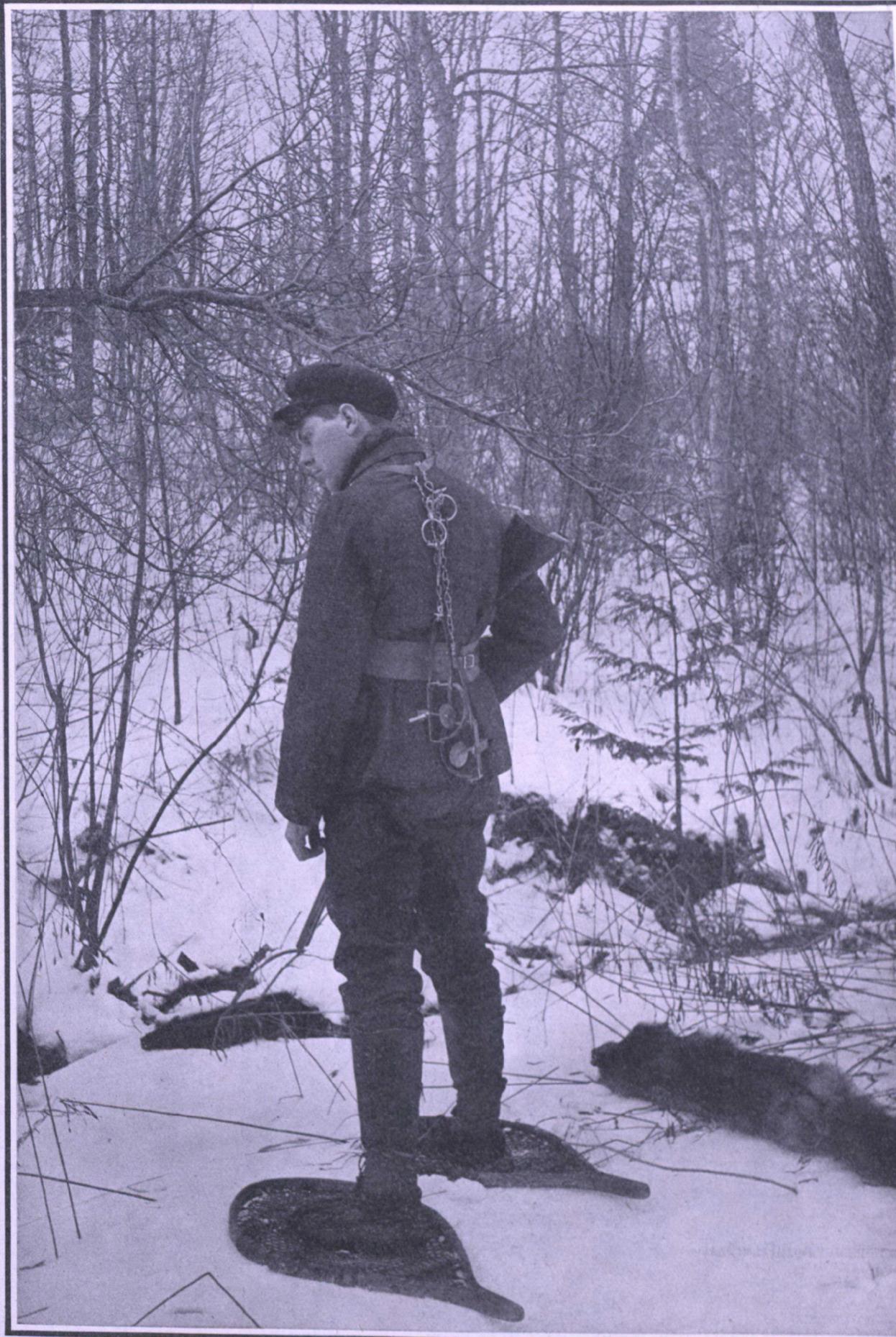
ALL SHOOTERS

PROSECUTED AS TRESPASSERS.

But after all, I was not so sorry. The peace of the winter woods was in my heart.

A Great Opal

THE most valuable opal in the world is to be seen in the imperial cabinet at Vienna. Another, worn by the Empress Josephine, known as the "Burning of Troy," which only is a little less magnificent, is in the possession of the Marchioness of Bute. How the idea arose in the first instance that "the broken rainbow of the unlucky opal" brought ill luck is not easy to tell. Some allege that the word is derived from the Greek for an eye, that the gem shares the evil influence of a peacock's feather and acts as a spy in the house; others that the opal only got its reputation after Sir Walter Scott had connected it with bad luck in "Anne of Geierstein."



THE TRAPPING SEASON NOW BEGINS

Photograph by Sallows.

The Potted Palm Speaks

WHEN THE LEAVES TURN TO TALKING

By ANNIE WARNER

HANS was holding the watering-pot over me, and I was shivering, yet enjoying my daily shower bath, when suddenly old Larsson and a gentleman loomed above me. I shook the water from my leaves, and looked up with curiosity, for every visitor is a possible purchaser, and naturally a palm is interested in who will take its life into his keeping.

I liked the man at once. He had a cigar in his mouth, and a pleasant smile held it in place; he had white teeth, too, and they helped hold both smile and cigar in place; he had merry eyes, and a very large strong hand. I felt sure that if I was to be his he would never let me drop when I had to be set somewhere else. He pulled off his glove and laid his finger on one of my leaves, and then, of course, I could instantly hear his thoughts.

"She said," he was thinking, "They all die, and I cannot bear to see them die; if people wanted to please me they would give me something that would live."

Aloud he said:

"This seems to me to be a good one. Is it? I want it for a present. You must tell me the truth. It must be a palm, and a palm that will live."

"Oh," said old Larsson, "this one will live. It is one of the strongest and healthiest that we have."

"Then I'll take it," said the gentleman, and what he thought was: "I hope it will please her. If a man only could know what would please a woman!" He lifted up his hand just then, and he and the florist went out together. I was trembling with excitement, and it was not for nothing either, because twenty minutes later old Larsson came back and hung a card around my stalk, and the card said: "With best wishes.—Yours, H."—and it was tied with a pink ribbon.

And that was nothing—nothing—to the next event.

They drew all my leaves up close together, swathed me in cotton, and then in paper, and carried me off somewhere. If I could have seen anything I am sure that what followed would have been wonderful; but as it was it was only jolting and disconcerting.

Then all was still again, and I had peace, but felt stifled.

Then I was unwrapped, and—wonder of wonders!

I was in a gorgeous pot—the colour of the sunlight; and everything about me was far more bewilderingly beautiful than I can describe. I have grown used to the room since, but that first day!

There was a lady standing beside me, and she had taken the card in her fingers. One of them touched my stalk, and as she read the card I read her.

"Oh, how lovely of him!" she cried in her heart. "He did it because of what I said about the roses and their dying. How thoughtful!"

Then she untied the card and went away, and I saw her no more until night had come, and a curious white moonlight was all through the room. She came back through that moonlight and stood by me, and drew my leaves through her fingers.

"Oh, why doesn't he come?" she thought. "Why doesn't he come?" And then she turned, and the gentleman with the smile was in the doorway.

Of course, they were very fond of one another. Anyone who knew what I knew could not but know that; but I must say they behaved curiously. He

did not smile nearly as much as in the greenhouse, and she instantly grew quite grave and cold. She went slowly toward him, and he came slowly toward her, and they held out their hands and said: "How do you do?" together, and only laughed a little over how silly it sounded. I saw that he tried to keep her hand in his, but she drew it away at once, and said, very awkwardly and hurriedly:

"You - see - the - palm - came - safely - how - good - of - you - thank - you - so - much," and looked at me instead of at him.

He came over by me and looked at me and touched my leaves, and I heard him think: "Not to-night either. Well, I suppose the time will come some time."

Aloud he said:

"It fits well in the jardiniere, doesn't it?"

She stood on the other side, and she, too, laid her hand on me and I read her thoughts: "Oh, dear! I feel so queer. I'm sure I'm not behaving naturally. I don't know what ails me!" And aloud she said:

"You must have measured it, I think," and then they left me, and sat down at the further end of the room. And I could not hear one word for an hour and a half.

At the end of that time he stood up, and they both came back nearer to me. He said:

"Then you won't go?"

And she said:

"No, I think not."

They stood there, and she was pink and looked at the floor, and he was white and looked at her. Then, all in an instant, his mouth made me think of when he held the cigar in his teeth and smiled around it, for he said:

"I think I know why you won't go. Shall I tell you?"

She gave a little gasp, and said: "Yes, tell me."

Then he said, very low and distinctly:

"People are talking, and someone has told you."

Her head drooped sideways, and I thought of the roses in the aisle beyond mine at the greenhouse. She was still like them too.

He looked at her, and he took her hand—I almost stopped growing in my interest and excitement—and she tried to draw it away, and he held it tightly.

"Why shouldn't they talk?" he said softly. "They all see that I am mad about you."

He put his arms around her then, and she seemed to be trying to free herself, but not very successfully.

The sap was just tearing through my veins, and all my roots went creeping—I was so anxious as to what she would say.

And she didn't say a word—only kept turning and twisting, and after a while she was still, and he was kissing her. It certainly was very remarkable, and not at all according to the stories in the newspapers that they wrap us up in when we are rented out by the afternoon; but they seemed very well content—oh, much more than content—quite heavenly happy; and they went back to the other end of the room and sat on a long seat there, and talked for two hours more!

Then he went away, and after he was gone she came to me. Her face was wonderful, and her heart—as she touched me and I saw it—was ten thousand times more wonderful. "Oh," she sang to herself, "I am so happy—so happy—so happy!"

But after a while her eyes



"She came back through the moonlight."

filled with tears, and like lead these thoughts struck one by one to the very centre of her joy:

"Yes, he loves me now, and he'll love me now, but afterwards—afterwards—afterwards—"

I wanted to cry out to her that she need not fear, but I could not—I was dumb. Oh, if palms could only speak!

Well, they were married right in that very room, and after a few weeks of absence they came back there, and I was the happiest thing alive—just watching their happiness. It lasted months and months before a shadow fell.

But a shadow came at last.

The shadow was on his face. I felt it as soon as she did. And they both began to drift apart and be unhappy. It was awful.

One night he came home and came in by me. He touched me.

"The end is at hand," he thought; "I've got to tell her to-night. There's no keeping it any longer."

I felt sick all over. Oh, so sick.

After dinner she came in, and the tears were on her lashes. I looked into her soul.

"He's tired of me," she told me; "He's tired of me. It's been coming for a long, long time. Now it's come."

Then he came in too, and they stood just where they had stood the night of my arrival. He took her hands and looked at her, and she looked at him this time. And then he told her—through his set, white teeth.

"Darling," he said, "I have been fighting for weeks, and it's all gone against me. I am a ruined man to-night."

She screamed outright.

I shook all over.

And he did too.

She pulled her two hands out of his and threw them up around his neck, and clung to him and cried, "Oh, is that all?"

"Is that all?" he repeated. "What do you mean?"

"I thought you were tired of me," she laughed and sobbed together. "You—you've been so different lately."

"So different!" he said. "All life is going to be different for me. But the love—my love—is the same."

I saw her face then, and her eyes were like the first night.

"Oh, the life doesn't matter," she said, "if only you'll love me the same. I didn't marry you for the life; I married you for the love. And I thought it was failing."

He caught her up on his arms and kissed her over and over.

"I am content to fail now," he said, almost laughing.

"I am content too," she told him.

Then they sat down on the divan and talked a long time. And when they came toward me again he looked as smiling as when he first saw me.

The hard part was, that neither of them thought a bit about me.

I have been sent back to the greenhouse, and I suffer from ennui. All the matches made here are so dreadfully business-like. The little tea-rose over there is going to get a Merechal Neil, but it isn't a love affair; it's just done to perpetuate the title.

Excuse my yawning.

THE RED MOMENT

THE STORY OF A MAD INTERVAL

By CHRIS. SEWELL

SIR GILBERT RILEY, R.A., painted feverishly, his high brow drawn into deep harsh lines—his eyes almost fierce.

The privileged friend who was allowed to watch him work sandwiched enthusiasm between long contented pulls at a well-coloured meerschaum. "It's magnificent!" said the friend, dropping from a table on which, legs-awing, he had been sitting, and hovering critically round the canvas. "It won't make you famous, Riley, because you're that already; but it will add a double line of laurels to that crown of yours. 'The Red Moment.' It's just right—a consummate title."

Gilbert Riley paused, laid a palette conglomerate of every colour in creation on a shelf near at hand, and stretched himself wearily. "Ducosse," he said abruptly, "come here—yes, just here—by this curtain. Look well at the thing, and tell me exactly what you see. My eyes are too accustomed to it—and I am conscious of nothing but smudges." His friend obeyed him without surprise. Genius has its moods, and they must be respected.

"I see," he said, after a short scrutiny, "a small bare room—a room such as a self-respecting factory girl in England or an extra-particular blanchisseuse in Paris might occupy. Everything is very poor, but there are pathetic little feminine attempts at refinement—a penny bunch of violets in a broken cup on the table, and the darned curtains in the window are be-ribboned. Above the small bed with its patchwork quilt hangs a crucifix. She was a nice girl, whoever she was—one feels that at once. Then I see huddled up by the empty grate the girl herself. There is a wound in her head from which the blood flows steadily. It has made a small pool on the floor. Her face—well, her face must in health have been beautiful. Bah! Riley, it sounds a paradox, but you have the knack of making your dead faces live. Her hands lie simply across her breast, and her clothes, though poverty-stricken, are neat and clean. A youth is slinking out of the door—a youth with hunted eyes and a haggard face, and—"

"Well?" Gilbert Riley asked it harshly, watching the friend's expression.

"I have heard it said that most artists paint their own faces into their pictures. You have given this boy your face. He is not a bad boy—I am sure of that—and he slew the girl in an instant of the most overmastering boundless jealousy—somehow one reads the whole story. That is where true inspiration comes in, I suppose. Only

I wish you had given the boy anyone else's features."

Gilbert Riley's pale face became a shade paler. "I have given the boy my own features because he has got to tell the world a story which his creator, being a pitiful coward, has hidden for twenty years," he said slowly.

"What do you mean?" Ducosse looked uneasy.

The artist went across to him and laid one hand lightly on his shoulder. "You have read every detail rightly," he said. "She was a factory girl, and the purest saint that ever trod God's earth. And I wronged her, Ducosse, wronged her, merciful Heaven! with my foul suspicion and my mad jealousy; and when she would have explained, I felled her to the ground. I was nineteen at the time—she scarcely eighteen. Pull yourself together and listen. You know me as a man who would stop to lift a fly from the milk-jug, and sit up half a night to tend a terrier in pain; but there's a moment of horror—a moment full of hideousness unspeakable in every life—a moment when the beast peeps forth and will not be denied. In some the self-control is so great and the mind so strong that the moment scarcely takes definite form, and floats nebulous-like away. With me it was a red moment. The beast broke its chain—that's all."

He sank down, and his head dropped into his hands. It was his companion's turn to act the comforter.

"Riley," he said, pitifully, "the strain of this work has been too great for you—you want rest."

The artist's head came up slowly, the dark eyes defied him.

"You think my mind's going—you don't believe me?"

"I'm bound to believe you if you look at me like that."

"You knew that my origin was poor—obscure?" asked the artist eagerly.

"Yes."

"And that I was in New Zealand for many years?"

"Yes, I knew that too."

"I left that room," he indicated the picture with his hand, "fled to the docks, and became a stowaway. No one ever suspected me. No one ever accused me except my own conscience. That has been grinding at me for twenty years, Ducosse, and it has led to this confession. When once this picture is hung and the public know me for what I am, I can leave the world more easily—I can meet her again less unworthily. Now you know it all—you only of all men, and I'm glad. You're right, though—the boy was not a bad boy at heart; but for that

one red moment he would have been a good boy as boys go. Are you going? Well, perhaps you're right. You want to think it out, you say—I want to kill thought—that's where we differ. No, don't worry about me—till the picture is hung I am safe."

Frederick Ducosse walked home, his brain awl. "I can leave the world more easily—I can meet her again less unworthily." The words seemed to re-echo in the clop-clop of passing hansoms, and to fit themselves to the tunes of barrel-organs which clamoured to be heard at intervals along his route. Did they mean—these two short sentences—a deliberate walking into the arms of the law—or did they signify the quicker, easier way? Gilbert Riley 'the king of the golden brush' as a leading newspaper had lately called him, the man who could touch the heart of Christendom with a few subtle strokes on a soulless canvas—to die a felon's death—it was unthinkable! No! Heaven send that an artist in all things he would be an artist as to the manner of his end! That evening at dinner Ducosse was singularly preoccupied; so much so that his gentle old mother, contrary to her usual custom, braved the uncomfortable atmosphere of the smoke-room later on to offer a gentle remonstrance.

"Do you know, Fred, you only addressed Miss Saville once, only once from soup to dessert? Twice she spoke to you—very timidly, I'll own, but then she was shy. I fancy, and you never even answered. Is anything wrong, dear?"

"Nonsense! What should be wrong? You've spoilt me, mother mine, that's all. You've respected my brooding times, and I imagine everyone else will do the same. I'm sorry. I must apologise to Miss Saville for being a boor. And how is she going to suit?"

Mrs. Ducosse brightened. She had broken her son's sanctuary for two reasons—the second being to discuss with him the possibilities of her new companion, who had only arrived that day.

"What do you think of her?" she asked.

"A pure Greuze face—quite beautiful, isn't it? But her hair is too heavy, and she wears it to her eyebrows. Can't you drop a hint that she might lift it a little? She looks sweet-natured, I think. I've seen someone very like her somewhere," ended her son vaguely.

"She reads charmingly," said Mrs. Ducosse, "and seems most anxious to please. I fear it will be a dull life for her here. We must do what we can to make it bright, Fred."

"That's so like you," said her son affectionately, "When people are engaged to look after you, you wear yourself to the bone looking after them. Well," as he caught her pleading glance, "What is it? You've something in your mind, little mother, I can see."

"It's only—" she coaxed, "that Sir Gilbert Riley has sent me a card for Show Sunday. I am not up to that kind of thing now-a-days. Miss Saville loves pictures, she tells me, and his latest is to make a sensation, isn't it? Would you—would you mind taking her?"

Frederick Ducosse's lips came together almost with a snap. Was even his own mother conniving to keep the scene of that afternoon fresh in his memory? Then he pulled himself up sharply. "Of course I'll take her," he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe into a carved bowl which stood close by. "I'll go and tell her so now, and make the amende honorable for my rudeness at dinner."

Ducosse and his mother's companion were very late in arriving at Sir Gilbert's studio—so late, indeed, that the room was empty. Tea cups, plates of wafer bread and butter and sugary cakes were scattered about broadcast, but the "king of the golden brush" had gone out for a breath of Heaven's air upon his hot brow. It had been a trying day. "My master will be back in a few minutes," said the man-servant who admitted them, and he began to collect cups and plates and to flick the room into tidiness.

"Don't make fresh tea for us," said Ducosse. "We've had it already. Come, Miss Saville, and let me be the recipient of your criticisms until they can fall on worthier ears. There!" He beckoned her to the spot where experience told him the best view of the picture was to be obtained, "there to my mind is the greatest work of the century."

For a few seconds, save for the distant murmur of traffic, the silence was complete.

Miss Saville was devouring the picture with wide, fascinated eyes—feeding upon it as if she could never be satisfied.

Ducosse, watching her with curiosity, smiled sadly;

it was genius indeed that could blanch cheeks and bring tears to the eyes like that. Then it came to him suddenly—he knew not how—that there was something more than genius—something more than a sensitive emotional woman regarding a wonderful picture. In a second the air seemed to become electric with things vital. Ducosse found himself breathless, expectant, dragged willy-nilly into the warp and woof of some stupendous happening. He caught his breath and waited for her to speak, knowing instinctively she would say something that he was straining to hear.

Her words, when they fell at last from between dry lips, scarcely surprised him.

"Oh!" she whispered, and he knew that she had forgotten his presence—forgotten everything save the scene before her. "Oh! who has dared? And no one ever knew—no one but me, and I said it was the edge of the grate—I swore it—and it was, yes it was, the edge of the grate—more than—than anything. Oh! Bert, Bert, who has pried into our secrets? Oh!—"

Frederick Ducosse was a successful dilettante in journalism, and consequently, a connoisseur in plots and dramatic situations.

To round off this chapter it wanted an entry. Ah!—he turned his head, his instinct was satisfied. Sir Gilbert had come back, and was standing in the doorway, his tall lean figure framed by a falling portiere. But Frederick Ducosse was more than a dilettante in friendship. Emotion is unfashionable now-a-days in the set he adorned; nevertheless his heart smote against the ribs with big joyful bounds. He knew, and the knowledge seemed to lift years from him, that they were verging in another moment—these two—thank God, not a Red Moment this time, but a moment which would show white and shining in their lives forever.

Somehow he took command of the situation, and, striding up to his friend he touched his arm.

"Go to her, man! Don't you understand?" he cried almost irritably. And Sir Gilbert, numb and shaking with the dawning of a joy that was almost agony, went and took her in his arms.

"Alice," he whispered, "Alice—girl—is it from the dead you've come back to me?"

"Dead?" she echoed, "Oh, Bert, I wasn't even badly damaged, just stunned. A fortnight in the hospital—I was always healthy—look!" She lifted the thick hair from her forehead, and as the artist put his lips to the scar that disfigured it, Ducosse slipped away.

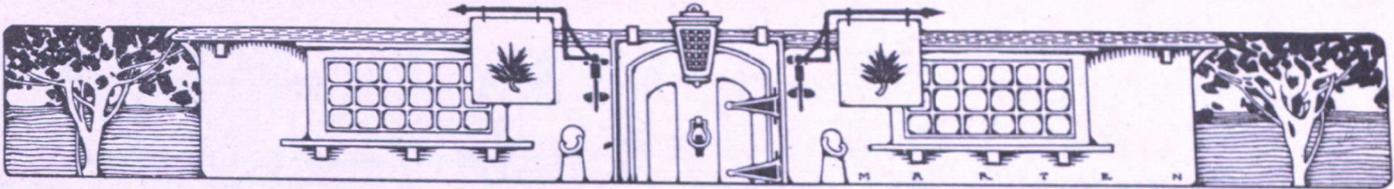
Weather Prophecies

ONE could quote at great length instances of wonderfully accurate forecasts which Professor Nowack has made through the study of his remarkable plant. So far back as 1892 he deposited with the leading British scientific societies a copy of a chart, compiled the year before, in which predictions were set forth of all violent atmospheric and seismic disturbances until 1918. Up to the present all these predictions have been fulfilled. According to this chart we should hear of a terrible disaster in the near future in the neighbourhood of Teheran, in Persia, to be followed by a catastrophe in Havana, while 1908 should witness, according to this wonderful system, terrible earthquakes in Colombia.

In 1892, Professor Nowack informed His Majesty the King of Italy that Sicily would, between June and August of the year following, be visited by great earthquakes after simultaneous eruptions of Mount Etna and Mount Vesuvius, events justified to the letter. He informed the Imperial Turkish Embassy in Vienna on July 14th, 1894, that an earthquake would be felt in and around Constantinople on the following day. This forecast proved correct, to the great amazement of His Majesty the Sultan. The Professor further predicted the earthquakes of Adrinople, 1895, and Salonica, occurring 1902; and also personally apprised His Majesty, three months in advance, of the earthquake which took place in May, 1903, in Constantinople. He also forecasted the fire-damp explosion which took place in Staffordshire in 1889, and resulted in the loss of seventy lives.

Another important office which the weather-plant seems destined to fulfill is in forecasting shipwrecks. It was shown by careful study that, when very low barometric minima or maxima prevail, the compass-needle is affected to such an extent that vessels are carried far from their course.

It seems that the most dreaded and destructive phenomena are precisely those that the weather-plant indicates with the greatest accuracy and the greatest length of time in advance.—Wide World Magazine.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

ONCE more there seems to be an unusual amount of advice hurled at the head of gentle woman. Every once in a while, when other topics fail, there comes a lull in the muck-raking and the commissioning, and sermons regarding the doings and destiny of woman are reported in the journals of the land. Her dallying with the sherry, her playing of bridge and her use of the sly cigarette are discussed with a solemnity which, in some way, fails to impress the ordinary Canadian woman, who prefers cocoa to cocktails, never knows what is trump and has a decided distaste for nicotine. A man has written a letter to these columns, complaining of gambling and extortion methods practised by women in charge of the booths at a certain entertainment. Lest there should be a misunderstanding, I hasten to remark that the city in which such an affair was held, is neither Ottawa nor Kingston. The "Courier" correspondent asserts that in more than one instance a boy who could ill afford to squander his money offered a dollar-bill in payment for a twenty-five cent trifle, only to have "change" refused him. Other methods of extortion which are highly reprehensible were used by these women in the name of a "patriotic" cause. It is hardly surprising that the masculine observer concludes rather bitterly: "Talk about woman's fine influence in business and politics! She can be taught nothing about graft by mere man. I wouldn't want my sister to go into one of those gambling, dishonest shows for a 'good cause.'"

The criticism is decidedly stern but it is quite deserved. Women have no right to demand fancy prices for trinkets worth ten cents and then abuse the men who make comfortable thousands out of a timber deal or a sale of crown lands. The principle is just the same and sending the money to a hospital or a library hardly helps the matter. But the modern entertainment in behalf of charity is seldom as black as this correspondent paints it. Most articles at the up-to-date bazaar are not extravagantly ticketed and, let us hope, few Canadian girls resort to the bazaar measure of "refusing change." The grab-bags and fish-ponds are not, as a rule, debasing institutions and the grabber or angler usually finds the excitement of hauling forth a tin bank or a china doll well worth the five cents of expenditure.

Queen Alexandra, whose birthday comes next week, seems to have defied Time with greater success than almost any other woman of modern times. We have read of Roman beauties of ancient days whose complexion retained the dewy freshness of girlhood long after forty years had passed. The famous Frenchwomen whose youthful charms have given names to pastes, rouges and unnumbered creams, still smile from old miniatures in tantalising serenity. A Toronto journalist, writing recently from England, declares that Queen Alexandra still looks younger than any of her daughters. Nor is it a youthfulness secured by creams and skin-foods, for it is the delicacy of oval outline which gives the "sea-kings' daughter from over the sea" such a girlish profile. Queen Alexandra has been singularly tactful, even for a royal personage, ever since her coming to England and the years have only rendered more secure her place in the hearts of a people not given to demonstrative loyalty. She has all the essentially feminine qualities which are associated with those English homes—"haunts of ancient peace"—which the Victorian laureate loved.

The healthy woman cannot help wondering at the

WOMEN OF MANY LANDS.



A Canadian Girl.

hysterical creature who takes an overwhelming interest in the murderer and lavishes attention upon him even unto the very gallows. A recent exhibition of such morbid folly was seen in New Brunswick when a man who had committed a cowardly murder was sentimentalised over to a ridiculous degree. The criminal seemed to be of a somewhat artistic nature and actually employed his last hours in writing verses in praise of a woman admirer. The curious thing about these sympathetic creatures is that they usually have no kindly aid to spare for the decent man or woman who is making a brave fight against misfortune or disease. But let some brute smash a woman's head with an axe and he is straightway the object of some silly being's devotion. It is a morbid and nasty tendency and the suggestion that the convicted murderer should receive the attention of a man adviser only in spiritual matters seems to be well-made.

* * *

In the columns of the London "Echo" there is an interesting article on Dorothy Dix, the writer whose shrewd observations on subjects supposed to be of special interest to women are always amusing and stimulating. Dorothy Dix is not of the weepy "Ruth Ashmore" order with goody-goody talks about how to talk to your betrothed and how many bridesmaids to have for a church wedding, and—most odious of all—how to greet your husband with the smile that won't come off. Dorothy

Dix is tired of the ancient feminine motto: "Suffer and be strong." She has adopted one of her own: "Be strong but don't suffer any more than you have to. But the person who wants to make you suffer."

This lively lady is in private life Mrs. Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer and belongs to one of the old families of New Orleans, in which delightful city she has a home befitting one so joyous. Dorothy Dix, we are informed, is an excellent cook, and has one of the old-time negro servants, whose equal cannot be found in the modern cooking-school. Chicken! We don't know the real taste of it in Canada. You must go down South to realise just what fricassee chicken means. One of this practical writer's latest declarations is:

"What women most lack, and what they most need is common sense. They have always had plenty of sentiment—far too much of it."

CANADIENNE.

His Humble Uses

She was versed in Greek and Latin,
 She was versed in German, too;
 She was versed in all the classics,
 And the poets old and new.
 She had studied art and music,
 And in culture she was graded;
 But I note her weary husband
 Had to button up her waist.

She could talk of bygone heroes,
 She could tell offhand their names;
 She could tell when Rome was founded,
 And the date it fell in flames.
 She could tell of styles and fashions
 At a mile-a-minute rate;
 But she had to ask her husband
 If her hat was pinned on straight.

—Detroit Free Press.



HIS TRADE.

REGINALD DE KOVEN, the composer, tells of a grocer and a druggist who attended a Wagner concert. As the programme did not please them, they began talking on music in general and on Wagner in particular. "Another example of the fact that every man wants to do something out of his line," said the druggist. "That's right," assented the grocer. "Now, I'm a grocer, but I've always wanted to be a banker." "You'd probably fail," added the druggist. "Look at me. I'm a success as a druggist, yet I've always wanted to write a book. This man Wagner tries his hand at music. Just listen to it. And yet we all know he builds good parlor cars!"

* *

WHEN?

"And there I stood, Aunt Susan," said Miss Porter's long-winded nephew, who had been droning on about his summer in Switzerland for some hours since the old lady's eyes began to drop—"and there I stood, Aunt Susan, with the abyss yawning in front of me." "William," said Aunt Susan, speaking as one who had long kept silence. "Was that abyss a-yawning before you got there, or did it begin afterward?"

* *

A LOCAL HIT.

A Hamilton minister, Rev. Isaac Couch, created a smile during a sermon in a Woodstock church recently. In marshalling proofs that Christianity had done everything for the world, and infidelity had done nothing, he proceeded as follows: "Where is Voltaire? Where is Tom Paine? Where is Kosseau? Where is Ingersoll?" At the latter a perceptible titter passed over the congregation. Then the speaker went on: "Voltaire is dead. Tom Paine is dead. Rosseau is dead. Ingersoll is dead." At this the signs of amusement deepened. There is a rivalry between the respective municipalities of Woodstock and Ingersoll, which the minister hadn't thought of. — St. Thomas Times.

* *

A USELESS EFFORT.

An old negro, who had taken up his residence in a Missouri town where the colour line was distinctly drawn, wished to enter a certain "white" church and applied to the pastor for admission.

"But wouldn't you feel more at home with your own people? Hadn't you better join the coloured church?" asked the minister.

But old "Rastus" was obstinate and the minister who knew that a coloured member would not be welcome in his congregation finally said: "Well, this is a very important matter. Suppose you go away for a week. Take it to the Lord in prayer and then come back to me."

Punctually, after a week's absence, the old man returned, and, on being asked the result of his meditation and prayer, replied: "Well, I done jus' what you said—tuk it to de Lawd an' asked Him what I'd better do. An' He said that I'd better gib up all idee of joinin' wid yo' church. He tol' me that He'd been tryin' to git in foh de last five yeahs Himself an' it was no uthly use."

* *

HEAVEN'S DOOR.

The family were gathered in the library admiring a splendid thunder storm when the mother bethought herself of Dorothy alone in the nursery. Fearing lest her little

daughter should be awakened and feel afraid, she slipped away to reassure her. Pausing at the door, however, in a vivid flash of lightning which illuminated the whole room, she saw her youngest olive-branch sitting straight up in bed. Her big brown eyes were glowing with excitement, and she clapped her chubby hands, while she shouted encouragingly, "Bang it again, God! Bang it again!"

* *

NO JOKE.

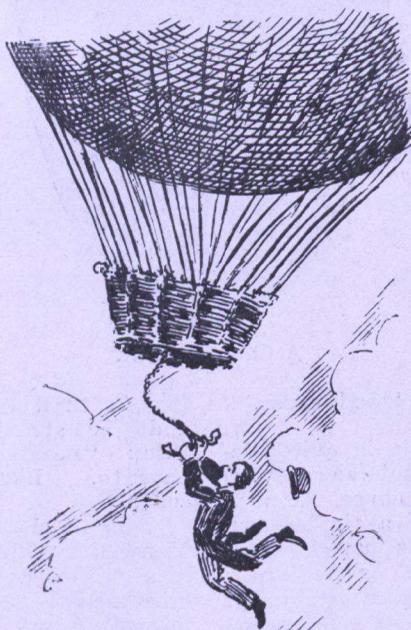
In Toronto Junction, a local humourist met a faithful Liberal one morning last week.

"If Archie Campbell had been made a K.C.M.G. instead of a Senator, what would the situation have been?" the former asked.

"How do I know?"

"When Knighthood was in Flour."

* *



A Rising Young Lawyer.

* *

LITERAL.

A Tammany Hall magnate, who had the traditional big heart of the dishonest politician, was greatly grieved over the death of one of his trusted lieutenants. He went himself to a florist's shop to give an order for a suitable tribute and expressed himself lavishly to the assistant.

"Don't mind expense," he said to the clerk, "I want the swellest thing you ever sent out. Gates Ajar with all the mottoes you can get on. 'At Rest' would be appropriate—on both sides, you know, and then if there's room beneath you might put the motto, 'We Shall Meet Again.'"

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, obediently. But there was a rush of orders the next day and the written instructions were given to an inexperienced hand. The magnate visited the late residence of his "worker" in the evening, to find, in the room set apart for the dear deceased, a huge affair of roses and carnations with gates ajar, flanked by the words "At rest on both sides," while beneath was the purple prophecy: "If there is room below, we shall meet again."

* *

STRANGE.

Speaking on the much-vexed Irish land question, a modern politician said: "The country is over-run by absentee landlords."

At the conclusion of his remarkable speech he remarked: "I tell you, the cup of old Ireland's misery is overflowing—ay, and it's not full yet."

* *

PERHAPS A DIFFERENCE.

A man was selling a horse, and the would-be purchaser, inquiring as to his leaping powers, asked, "Will he take timber?"

"He'll jump over your head," was the answer; "I don't know what you call that."

* *

FUNERAL DRILL.

The drill-instructor of an English regiment—one of the old stamp of martinet sergeants—who was the terror of every recruit and the remorseless tyrant of the awkward squad, was putting a funeral party through the funeral exercise. Having opened the ranks so as to admit of the passage of the supposed cortege between them, the instructor ordered the men to "rest on their arms reversed." Then by way of practical explanation he walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying as he moved, "Now I am the corpse; pay attention!" Having reached the end of the party he turned round, regarding them steadily with a scrutinising eye for a moment or two, and then remarked, in a solemn tone of voice, "Your 'ands is right, and your 'eads is right; but you 'aven't that look of regret you ought to have!"

* *

THE ANARCHIST.

Oh, he preached it from the housetops, and he whispered it by stealth; He wrote whole miles of stuff against the awful curse of wealth. He shouted for the poor man, and he called the rich man down; He roasted every king and queen who dared to wear a crown. He clamoured for rebellion, and he said he'd lead a band To exterminate the millionaires and sweep them from the land. He yelled against monopolists, their power he'd defy, And swore he'd be an anarchist and blow them to the sky. He stormed, he fumed, and ranted, till he made the rich men wince, And—an uncle left him money, and he hasn't shouted since.

—Tit-Bits.

* *

WHY HE WAS TIRED.

A man alighted from a train, and after walking laboriously up the short flight of stairs which led to the waiting-room, stopping a few times on the way to rest, he looked round for a place to sit down. His wan, thin face, heavy eyes and general appearance of weakness and dejection attracted attention, and a kind old gentleman accosted the stranger and asked if he could be of any assistance.

"No-o, thanks," the young man drawled out; "I'll get along if I take my time about it."

"Are you ill?"

"No-o. I'm not ill. But I feel as if I were completely done up."

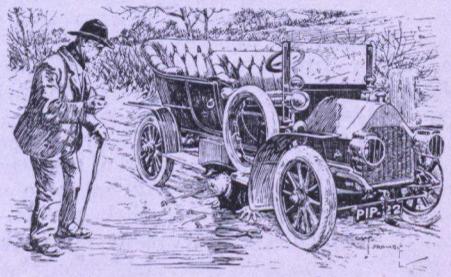
"Been in an accident?"

"No-o. I'm just tired; that's all. Thanks; you may call the hansom for me, if you will. Don't believe I would mind if you would carry my bag. I'm so tired."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, nothing much; I'm just returning from my holidays. I'll be all right in a week or two."

* *



"It's stopped rainin', Mister."—Punch.

WHAT THEY SAY

IT may interest many of our subscribers to read what other subscribers have to say of THE CANADIAN COURIER. We do not care to publish the names, but any doubting Thomas may have them for his own purposes if he cares to write for them.

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I like the magazine very much and hope that it shall meet with the success that a publication of its kind so richly deserves.

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I think you deserve to be complimented on the COURIER's progress thus far, and I wish it every success.

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It is a genuine national weekly worthy of much appreciation.

Sample Copies sent on request.

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Music and Drama

MISS EDITH J. MILLAR, the Canadian contralto, gave her third London recital at Bechstein Hall, London, England, on November 20th. The programme included the Brahms' "Gypsy Song" cycle and four new songs by the gifted young composer, Mr. Roger Quilter. This was their first performance and Mr. Quilter acted as accompanist. Of greater interest to Canadians was a group of French Canadian songs, with accompaniments written by Sir A. C. Mackenzie and Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland to which Miss Millar has devoted much study.

"The Scarlet Pimpernel," dramatised from a novel of that name by Baroness Orczy, has been a great popular success at the New Theatre, London, England, having entertained theatre-goers for more than eight hundred nights. Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry are the artists who make the parts of Sir Percy Blakeney and his "Dear Lady Disdain" highly romantic. A New York critic caustically condemns the piece and warns the "stars" against appearing on this side of the Atlantic, inasmuch as New York taste is too "cultivated" for mere romance. But how about "The Girl from the Golden West"?



Miss Eleanor Robson.

The management of the Princess Theatre, Toronto, is supplying excellent attractions for this fortnight. Miss Barrymore's personality is so engaging that even in a comparatively trivial performance such as "Her Sister," the public is strongly attracted by the kindly effulgence of the "star." Next week, Miss Eleanor Robson is to fill a week's engagement in "Salomy Jane," a play based on incidents in Bret Harte's Californian story. It was as "Merely Mary Ann" that Miss Robson completely won a Toronto audience and the memory of that pathetic and delightfully wistful little "slave" is all that is needed to prompt attendance upon "Salomy Jane." It is said that Miss Robson is to leave this continent for England next spring where she will enter upon a three-years' engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, London. Although Miss Robson is an American actress by training and education, she is going home in accepting the London engagement, as she is "a Lancashire lass" by birth.

The striking announcement issued by the executive of the Mendelssohn Choir assures the thousands who look forward to the February cycle of concerts that the programmes of 1908 in originality and variety will not be inferior to those of former years. The indefatigable conductor, Mr. A. S. Vogt, is possessed of what our Canadian poet, Bliss Carman, has called "a passion for the best," and is never content with

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In answering these advertisements please mention Canadian Courier.

doing as well as the last time. Consequently the wide range shown in style and era by the recent announcement is not surprising to those who have yearly subscribed for the Mendelssohn events. The choir will have the assistance of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra for the first three concerts only—Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, February 10th, 11th and 12th. On Saturday night, February 15th, the programme will consist chiefly of unaccompanied choral work, with Josef Hofmann, the pianist, as assistant solo artist. Subscriptions will be received at the music stores, Massey Hall, or by any member of the chorus. The lists close on Tuesday, December 17th.

“Salvator,” an oratorio composed by Mrs. Roberta Geddes-Harvey, organist of St. George’s Church, Guelph, has lately been published by C. W. Thompson and Company of Boston. It is to be given at Chalmers Church, Toronto, by Mr. Hardy’s choir on the third of December.

“Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush” is rather poor stuff for a play. It is a distortion of several of Ian MacLaren’s books in order to make a drama which shall appeal to such as like “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” But the genius of Mr. J. H. Stoddard, the original “Lachlan Campbell,” redeemed the play from utter insipidity. The appearance of these dramatised kailyard sketches in London, Ontario, a short time ago, resulted in a rather bewildering reception, for the audience refused to be cast down in spirit and laughed merrily at the dismal places in the play. One of the kilted characters looked, according to local criticism, as if he had been bought in a five-cent store, and his gaunt appearance moved the spectators to mirth. Then sweet “Flora Campbell,” instead of being a timid, modest-violet sort of maiden, was an exceedingly substantial young person who bore not the faintest resemblance to the trusting village lass. When her cruel father turned this sturdy creature out into the cold world, the audience considered the exit an excellent joke and applauded the fair “Flora” facetiously. This reception shows that Canadians are not the deadly beings they are represented to be but appreciate the farce, “Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush,” just as they do the pathos of the admirable book which the clerical author gave over to the dramatic spoilers.

The West is recognised as a region where recitals and concerts by talented young Canadians are cordially supported. Miss Edna Sutherland, who has been in Winnipeg for some years, has returned for a short series of recitals in Ottawa, Toronto and other cities of the East, thus reversing the usual custom. Among the Toronto dramatic readers who will give recitals in Winnipeg, Keewatin and cities farther West, this winter, is Miss Lottie Jolley, a former pupil of Mr. Owen Smily.

The choir of St. Luke’s Episcopal Church, Fort Rouge, under the direction of their new organist and choirmaster, Mr. James Bending, are preparing for a performance of the “Messiah,” to be given in the church on the evening of December 3rd. It is stated that Mr. Bending is interested in forming a permanent choral society. Certainly, there seems reason in the musician’s question to a “Manitoba Free Press” representative: “With a population of over 100,000, cannot Winnipeg secure one capable conductor and, say two hundred, good voices?” Mr. Bending outlines a vigorous organisation and it is to be hoped that his suggestions may be carried out. The city which won the dramatic trophy cannot afford to be behind in choral work. But much—very much—depends on the committee.

Mr. James S. Ford, writing to the St. John “Globe” regarding the appearance in that city of the organist, Mr. Clarence Eddy, remarks: “There is no denying the fact that the cause of music here is at a low ebb. . . . One reason for this, in

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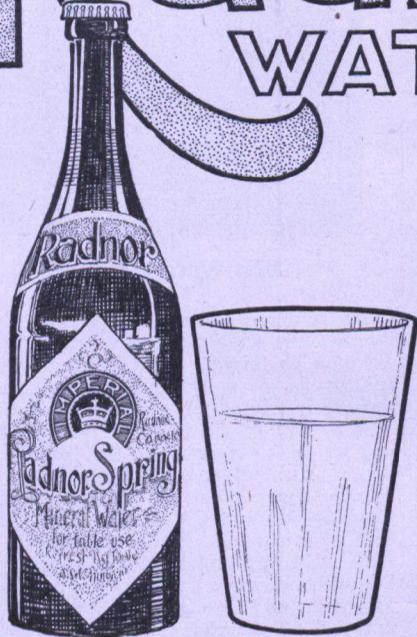
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my opinion, is that it occupies no real position. Generally, it is looked upon as something to amuse or to entertain and nothing more. Its deeper significance is unthought of. . . . A different attitude is adopted towards music in England and the Continent, as compared with ours. There it is regarded as an educational factor with decided influences for good; and most of the great cathedrals and churches are at the disposal of chorus, orchestra and organ, making possible the interpretation of sacred music in its rightful home.”

The concert to be given in Massey Hall, Toronto, by the Elgar Choir of Hamilton has been arranged for February 28th. They

have engaged Mme. Sembrich as soloist for the occasion and should be greeted by a crowded house. Those who have heard the Elgar Choir are confident that their work will prove an artistic satisfaction, even in a city accustomed to excellent choral execution.

On Thursday, December 5th, a concert will be held in the Russell Theatre, Ottawa, under the auspices of the Ottawa Rowing Club. Mr. Gordon Rogers will be the leading artist of the occasion and has composed several of the numbers to be given. Miss Juliette Gauthier, a promising young violiniste, is also to take part in what promises to be an unusually interesting affair.

Evening on the Prairie

TO-NIGHT, dear heart, when the smoke hangs low,
Between my eyes and the sunset's glow,
My heart turns back from the futile town
To the plains, where the dusk comes settling down
Over the prairie we used to know.

And once again 'round the prairie's rim,
I'm watching the great blue circles skim,
Bounding the vastness, level and clean
Of a world, wind-winnowed and good and green—

A world, all luminous, quiet and grand—
God's bountiful, opulent prairie land!

And now, when sundown is cooling the air—

The prairie we know and love is fair,
And clouds of crimson and purple and gold
Are low to the westward, fold upon fold—
And oh! what hushes, from far and away,
Come close to the ground at the end of the day!

No peak there catches the sunset gleam,
No light glint flashes from running stream;
Far through the distance, unchecked the eyes

See only the plain and the golden skies,
And soul and infinite, face to face,
Meet on this level of light and space!

—Mary D. McFadden, in Manitoba Free Press.

Militia Decorations

The latest militia orders issued at Ottawa give two lists of decorations which are interesting:

G. O. 169.

DECORATIONS AND MEDALS.

THE COLONIAL AUXILIARY FORCES OFFICERS' DECORATION.

The undermentioned officers are awarded the Colonial Auxiliary Forces Officers' Decoration, under the provisions of the Royal Warrant, dated 18th May, 1899, and General Order 132 of November, 1901:

| RANK | NAME | CORPS |
|------------------------|------------------------|---------------------|
| Lieut.-Col. | Robert Mackenzie | 27th Regiment |
| | T. J. de M. Taschereau | 92nd " |
| Major | T. A. McGillivray | 34th " |
| | B. Robson | 26th " |
| Captain | J. W. Barre | 65th " |
| | H. A. Johnson | 4th " |
| | W. A. McCrimmon | 7th " |
| | W. J. McRoberts | 26th " |
| Lieut. | H. C. Chamberlin | Corps of Guides. |
| | H. F. Grundy | 8th Batt. C. F. A. |
| Qr. Mr. and Hon. Capt. | A. S. Hunter | 56th Regiment |
| | James Pringle | 71st " |
| Warrant Officer | W. Peel | 19th " |
| Col. Serjt. Major | Thos. Howatt | 4th Regiment C. A. |
| Colonel Sergeant | James Bales | 1st " |
| | J. W. Harrison | 66th " |
| | James Simpson | 33rd " |
| Sergeant | John Barrett | The G. G. F. G. |
| | C. J. Cliff | 2nd Regiment |
| | Louis Guay | 17th " |
| | F. W. Howe | 43rd " |
| | Henry Kerr | 48th " |
| | George Moore | 7th " |
| | John Wiltshire | The G. G. F. G. |
| Private | W. A. Dunn | 3rd Regiment, C. A. |
| | F. E. Smith | 47th Regiment |

G. O. 170.

THE COLONIAL AUXILIARY FORCES LONG SERVICE MEDAL.

The undermentioned are awarded the Colonial Auxiliary Forces Long Service Medal, under the provisions of the Royal Warrant, dated the 18th May, 1899, and General Order 132 of November, 1901:

| RANK | NAME | CORPS |
|---|----------------|---------------|
| Lieut.-Col. | W. W. Brown | 3rd Dragoons |
| | J. A. Sponagle | A. M. C. |
| Major and Hon. Lieut.-Col. | M. A. Curry | 66th Regiment |
| Major | A. J. Markham | 8th Hussars |
| | Robert Rennie | 2nd Regiment |
| Capt. and Lt. Maj. Quartermaster and Hon. Capt. | James Wayling | 12th " |
| | R. E. Aiken | 1th Hussars |

G. O. 171.

LONG SERVICE AND GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL.

The undermentioned non-commissioned officer of the Permanent Force has been granted a medal for long service and good conduct:

No. 3234. Corporal and Acting Sergeant John W. Cockburn, Royal Canadian Regiment. (H.Q. 51-7-81.)



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PURE WOOL



The Path to Sankoty

By Bliss Carman.

It winds along the headlands
Above the open sea—
The lonely moorland footpath
That leads to Sankoty.

The crooning sea spreads sailless
And gray to the world's rim,
Where hang the reeking fog-banks
Primordial and dim.

There fret the ceaseless currents
And the eternal tide
Chafes over hidden shallows
Where the white horses ride.

The wistful, fragrant moorlands
Whose smile bids panic cease,
Lie treeless and cloud-shadowed
In grave and lonely peace.

Across their flowering bosom,
From the far end of day
Blow clean the great soft moor-winds
All sweet with rose and bay.

A world as large and simple
As first emerged for man,
Cleared for the human drama,
Before the play began.

O well the soul must treasure
The calm that sets it free—
The vast and tender skyline,
The sea-turn's wizardry,

Solace of swaying grasses,
The friendship of sweet-fern—
And in the world's confusion
Remembering, must yearn

To tread the moorland footpath
That leads to Sankoty,
Hearing the field-larks shrilling
Beside the sailless sea.

—Smart Set.

A London of 16,000,000

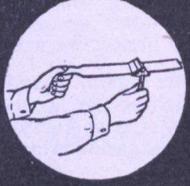
From Daily Mail (England).

TO what extent can London safely grow, and what will happen to its inhabitants if the process of growth is left to "muddle," and subjected to no intelligent supervision? The question is raised by the estimate put forward by the experts of the Water Board, that the population of the metropolis will have reached 8,000,000 by 1916, and 16,000,000 by 1960. This estimate is in general accord with the advance of London's population during the nineteenth century. Some years ago Mr. Welton, a well-known statistician, showed that the increase in that period had been roughly sixfold—from 1,060,000 to 6,500,000. Were this advance maintained at the same rate the figure of 16,000,000 might be reached even before 1960. A London of this size would cover all Middlesex and Surrey, and much of Kent, Essex, Hertfordshire, and Berkshire.

For the past fifty years there has been a marked tendency on the part of the well-to-do in London to migrate from the central districts to the outer fringe, where the country is near at hand. Yet as the greater London of the future extends and spreads its tentacles, there must come a halt, for the reason that the business centres of London will be beyond convenient reach, even though the speed of travel be enormously accelerated, and the amenities of the country will have vanished. Yet it would be unsafe to foretell returning fashion and popularity for the abandoned central districts. The larger London grows, the more its atmosphere must be contaminated.

To prevent this contamination of the air, German cities have adopted building plans which provide areas, entirely open or covered only with low buildings, in the quarters from which the wind generally blows, thus giving currents of fresh air access to the heart of the city. In the London of to-day, the River Thames acts as a gigantic ventilator; yet if the city grows rapidly, steps must be taken sooner or later to introduce the German system. Wide streets

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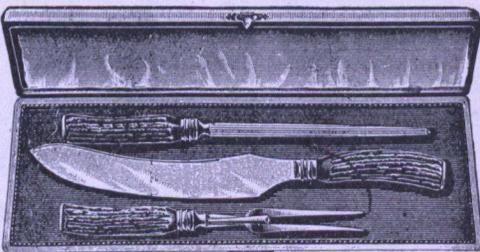
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would help to give such air passages; though it is to be feared that their cost would be prohibitive. Another fact is certain, that the London of sixteen million souls will have to find some novel means of solving the traffic problem. Even if we suppose the speed of each vehicle to have immensely increased, the horse to have completely vanished, and relief to the motor traffic to have been afforded through the growing use of aeroplanes, it is probable that even the widest roads would be insufficient to provide accommodation for the host of vehicles.

There are, however, factors which must intervene sooner or later to prevent an indefinite increase in the population of London. First and foremost is the matter of water supply. There will be no outside area that London will be able to tap to meet its growing needs. The last of the Welsh water-bearing areas will have been appropriated to supply the needs of the growing population of South Wales long before 1960. Nor is it only in the south that water will be the difficulty. Throughout Great Britain, even in the north, the question of water supply is becoming one of urgency. This, so far as we can see, will be an insurmountable obstacle to the indefinite growth of the population of London.

A Bad Book

HARPER BROS., publishers, of Franklin Square, New York, have lately issued from their presses a remarkable book, "The Settler," by Herman Whitaker, an author with whose name we are not familiar. The work is not remarkable for any quality in particular except the quality of its treatment of the subject with which it purports to deal—life on the prairies of Canada some years ago. If the English settlers in Manitoba (women as well as men) at that time were practically all degenerates and profligates, the Irish the very opposite in character to what they are known to be the world over, the Scotch narrow, bigoted, intolerant, and ignorant, the Canadians a combination of all the others, and the Americans the only saving remnant whose native genius and enterprise built a competing railway and saved the province from the legitimate fruits of monopoly, besides laying the foundations of a great lumbering industry in a region destitute of marketable timber, then the portraiture of Mr. Whitaker is true to life and worthy of a place in all Canadian libraries. Our opinion is that "The Settler" is a libel upon the character of the people of a British country, is not historically even an approximation to the truth, and is not artistically a work of much value. It is true there is an element of interest in the creation. It is well written. Although absolutely lacking in the essentials which bring fame to authors, it may be considered as a very good modern novel for the American market. No doubt it was designed exclusively for that special constituency. In such a case the opinions of Canadians are not of much consequence. Besides we have become inured to the methods Mr. Whitaker has copied, and we know from experience they have lost whatever power they may have possessed of creating erroneous impressions of our country, our climate or our people. — Victoria Daily Times.

Keeping Up With the Times

"I tell you, mum," remarked Sandy Pikes, as he dipped up the strawberries and cream, "when you are leading the hobo life you have to keep up with the times."
 "Is that so, my poor man?" said the sympathetic housewife.
 "Yes, indeed, mum; why, dis time last year I used to say I came from San Francisco, and people used to give me hand-outs," cause they thought I was an earthquake sufferer. Now, if I should forget and say I came from San Francisco dey would be liable to hand me over to de police for being an escaped grafter." — Chicago News.



\$15.00
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A Christmas Present
That Will Last A Lifetime.

You can choose nothing better calculated to please your wife or mother than an

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FELT MATTRESS

It will give pleasure 365 nights in the year for a lifetime, and is just the sort of good, sensible present that will be acceptable to her.

Over 200 Canadian dealers—one in each town—sell the Ostermoor Mattress, and if you will send your name and address to our Montreal office, we will send you Ostermoor Catalog with name of your local Ostermoor dealer by return of mail; or, if you prefer, order may be placed direct with this office, at prices shown below.

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All 6 ft. 3 in. long; in 2 parts, 50c. extra.

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We have the largest selection of useful and valuable gift offerings in Toronto.

A few hints of our lines of Glassware, Silverware and Cutlery may be valuable.

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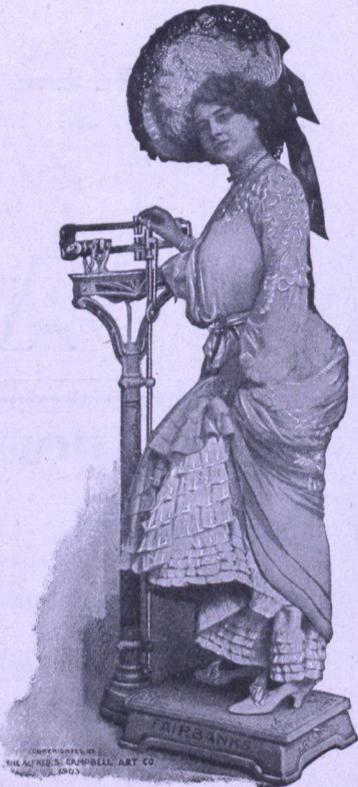
Our new cook book—"My Favorite Recipes"—sent free on receipt of one metal cap from a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef.

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**Solid Extract
of Beef**

110

Fairbanks' Bath Room Scale



No well appointed Bath Room is complete without one. FAIRBANKS' SCALES are made for every service requiring accurate weights.

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Can be used in connection with any trade or business to increase sales.

INDEMNITY ADVERTISING CO'Y

P. O. Box 433, St. John, N. B.

Peculiarities

SEVERAL anti-profanity leagues have been formed in Canadian cities. But the trouble is, as one citizen plaintively objected, these societies have greatly increased the stammering in the community.

* *

A debating society in Hartland, N.B., has decided that bachelors should be taxed. Some of those Easterners will be moving to the West, for, as a wise man has said: "Eternal vigilance is the price of celibacy," and away out in Saskatchewan the bachelor is undisturbed by debates threatening his peace.

* *

That fine little patrol boat, the "Vigilant," has been doing some useful work lately in chasing and capturing United States intruders. Its latest exploits read like a fine old-fashioned smugglers' tale.

* *

Halifax Fair has a deficit of \$15,000. But think of Jamestown Exhibition, millions in arrears! Halifax can make good yet.

* *

Municipalities will now have to pass laws against the theatre hat since a Montreal judge has decided that no law exists against the wearing of a hat, however large and view-obscuring. A woman who refused to remove such a picturesque article was forced by a constable to leave the theatre; but in a lawsuit the fair one triumphed.

* *

The charge against Cassie Chadwick's husband has been withdrawn. He probably found his matrimony sentence punishment enough.

* *

A "Victim," writing in a Halifax paper, advises that there should be a strike somewhere in the bank situation and suggests amiably that some bank should manifest its independence by offering depositors four per cent. interest.

* *

Two Montreal nurses of a Benevolent Society who administered six strokes to a nine-year-old boy were fined by Judge Choquet as being guilty of a "cruel" act. The Judge could not have known any strenuous conferences "with father in the woodshed." An appeal is to be made to the Court of King's Bench.

* *

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is said to have purchased a handsome English touring automobile valued at eight thousand dollars from a company of Newcastle-on-Tyne. That is an instance of practical British preference which all the visiting premiers might imitate.

* *

Brantford policemen ask for an increase of 25 cents a day. If the Telephone City is as profane and abandoned as one of its clergymen declares, the "foorce" is in need of that extra quarter.

* *

A negro murderer in Toronto has been condemned to be hanged. Now watch a crowd of hysterical women get up a petition!

* *

The scarcity of coal comes home to us with sobering force when we read that Sydney, Cape Breton, has been obliged to import Pennsylvania cargoes. More than silver or gold, we need just now to find a province of coal which will aid in Canada's obtaining that mortgage on the Twentieth Century which our orators consider desirable.

* *

A woman lately arrived in London, Ontario, from Chicago, with four thousand dollars in gold and American \$1 bills. That amount represented the savings of a lifetime and the woman refused to believe in any of the Chicago banks. Therefore she brought this sum, wrapped in an old towel, and insisted on depositing it in the Bank of Montreal.

* *

Editor Macgillicuddy of Calgary, formerly of Goderich, having applied the word



When you have a cold or are over-fatigued, take a glass of

BYRRH TONIC WINE

MANUFACTURED BY

VIOLET FRÈRES
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AGENTS, MONTREAL

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☐ The day has passed when a piano is bought for its BEAUTY, or for its TONE, or for its SERVICE, or for its NAME.

☐ The real test is—Which piano has a continental REPUTATION for ALL these qualities? The

Mason & Risch Piano

has a superb beauty of its own and a tone unrivalled in sonority and sweetness,—resonant as a cello's and brilliant as a violin's. For strength and resistance to the rigors of the Canadian climate, it is like the oak.

We send free descriptive literature on request.

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Head Office, Toronto Limited

"snollygoster" to certain characters in the West, was asked by a reader to explain, which he does accordingly. A "snollygoster" is a word which comes from 'way down South and means a loafer, whose only occupation is picking flaws. He is the man who borrows our paper from a friend and then says it isn't worth the price.

* *

A Victoria editor protests regarding the prayers offered by the evangelists, Messrs. Crossley and Hunter. It seems that these worthy gentlemen pray for neither newspapermen nor lawyers. This is, indeed, as the editor remarks about the latter class, an invidious distinction. They all need to be "done good."

* *

Justice Riddell did not like the poetry on plumbers which appeared in a Toronto paper during a trial in which gentlemen of that profession were concerned. Nor does His Honour approve of the slang expressions with which witnesses sometimes embroider their testimony. As a Toronto reporter remarked: "Judge Riddell will jump on you with both feet if you say 'called down' or 'up against it.'"

* *

Ptomaine poisoning is becoming too common in Ontario. In the course of one week, the eating of canned chicken, salmon, sardines and lobster was followed by serious illness. It begins to look as if home-made delicacies of this sort were to be preferred to the stuff that is bought in tins. "The Jungle" is an "ower true tale."

* *

The Woodstock "Sentinel-Review" tells a tale which is well-nigh incredible. Thirty years ago, a young woman journeyed to Canada from England, bringing with her a dress valued at thirty dollars, which she smuggled past one of those horrid officers. It is well known that the feminine heart sees little harm in smuggling and regards "duty" as highly impertinent on the part of a Government which gives a woman no vote and then charges extra for shoes bought in Buffalo and lace brought over from Detroit. But this woman was an exception and after thirty long years of conscience-pricking she repaired to an officer and insisted on paying ten dollars duty on the gown which has long since disappeared from her wardrobe. Such a conscience does not thrive in border towns.

* *

The community of Shakespeare, Ontario, is justly indignant, because the mail clerk on the flyer threw the bag containing the Shakespeare letters and papers into a mud-puddle nearly a mile from the station. Really, the officials on these international trains are becoming too fly. Even the name "Shakespeare" cannot arouse their respect.

* *

The West is to have a new weekly to be named "The West-Land," which announces itself to be "Western Canada Outlook, religious in spirit and its particular church interest, Presbyterian." The editor is Mr. Aubrey Fullerton, who has written many articles on the three western provinces for Ontario publications. A weekly to look after three provinces will keep the editor busy.

Good Measure

When the doctor arrived at his house he found his patient in a comatose condition, which necessitated several hours of restorative labour.

"Now, how did this happen?" he demanded of his wife when the trouble was over. "Did you give him the powder I left?"

"Yes, sir."
"As much as would go on a dime—and no more?"

"Yes, sir. That is, we couldn't find a dime, so I shook a nickel and five pennies out of Willie's bank and gave him just what they would carry."

"It's lucky the nickel was there, so that you didn't have to use five more coppers," remarked the doctor, dryly.—Judge.

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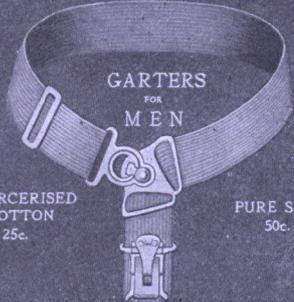
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For the Children

"LOOK AT MY POOR PAW."
"I WONDER what that dog is whining for?" said the porter at Charing Cross Hospital to himself. It was the winter time, and half-past ten o'clock at night. As the noise kept on, the man opened the door and looked out. There he saw a rough terrier waiting to come in. It limped up the steps, sat down on the door-mat, and held up its right fore paw as much as to say, "Please look at my poor paw."

The porter did so, and saw that the limb was hurt. He fetched the house surgeon, who said to the dog, "Poor old fellow, come along, and I'll see what I can do for you." The dog followed him to the accident room. "Here! sit on this chair," said the surgeon.

The animal sat down, and again held out its injured paw. The kind-hearted surgeon looked at it, doctored it, and bound it up. When he had finished, the dog licked his hand, and loudly barked its thanks. It made such a noise that at last it had to be put out. Even then it lingered outside for two hours, still barking its thanks.

Would you believe it? That same dog came again by itself the next day to have its paw dressed!

When I heard this story I wondered if it had been made up. I wrote to the surgeon and asked him about it. He replied that it was quite true.—"Little Folks."

* *
"What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and the 'dead'?" asked the Sunday School teacher.

Willie waved his hand frantically. "Well, Willie?"
"Please, ma'am, the 'quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles; the ones that don't are the 'dead.'"—Everybody's Magazine.

* *
NOVEMBER.

November's misty days have come,
The leaves are falling fast,
The swallow far away has flown,
The skies are overcast!
And now to-day, 'mid pelting rain,
My way to school I take,
And stop, aghast, to listen to
The noise the raindrops make.

And as the rapid, pattering sounds
On my umbrella fall,
I hear the little brownie's voice
Above me softly call:
"Ah, ah! the rain has bathed them all,
'Tis time good-night is said;
So now I'll tuck the little flow'rs
All safe and sound in bed!"
—Constance M. Lowe.

* *
PIE.

The old lady who distinguished her pies by marking them with a "T," signifying "Tis mince," and "Tain't mince," has been outdone by the culinary expert of a little hotel among the Green Mountains. The chance guest had finished the serious part of a wholesome dinner, when cook, who was also waitress and landlady, asked him if he didn't want some pie.
"What sort of pie have you?" he asked, expectantly.
"Well, we've got three kinds," said the hostess. "Open-faced, cross-barred, and kivered—all apple."—Woman's Home Companion.

* *
TO SCHOOL.

Clean shirt and new breeches, proud lip and bold tread,
A manly, sweet toss of his curly brown head;
A bun and an apple, a book and a slate—
Good-bye at the door, and a kiss at the gate,
Good-bye, little lad, with the heart of child-
glee!
Good-bye, little lips, with their sweet kiss to me!
Dear lad of the green world, the sweet world and cool;
A slate and a pencil—he's starting to school!
—Baltimore Sun.



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HUNTING IN THE OLD LAND

(Continued from page 16)

of thirty couples at Solihull, at which place the writer of this article had the honour of being born. So well did the pack get along that it was removed to Leamington and later to Kenilworth. The North Warwickshire is now one of the best packs in England and provides unexcelled sport.

Of the Rufford pack, of which Lord Manners is Master, history is not so prolific as of the Cottesmore, Belvoir and North Warwickshire, but it is a noteworthy and popular pack that hunts over much of the ground in Sherwood Forest, Nottinghamshire, made famous between six and seven hundred years ago by the "rampageous doings," as Mrs. Partington would say, of that stalwart outlaw, Robin Hood, and his merry men.

Fishing in a Fog

SECRETARY TAFT and Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court, while recently playing golf on the Murray Bay links, near Mr. Taft's summer home, were approached by a photographer, who requested them to sit for a picture together. Justice Harlan, removing his cap, disclosed a thoughtful but decidedly shiny dome.

"You want to look out, Judge," said Mr. Taft: "you'll fog the plate."

"Speaking of fogs," said the Justice, "reminds me of the game of golf I once played at Chevy Chase links. It was a thick, muggy, murky morning, with a heavy fog rolling in impenetrable banks across the lawn. I drove off straight into one of these opaque clouds. Having a general sense of the direction the ball had taken—by the way, it was headed toward the desired green—I walked on and on, probably one hundred and fifty yards or more. At last I came up to my little negro caddy.

"Where's my ball?" I asked.

"Foh de Lawd, Massa Harlan, hit done gone in de hole," he exclaimed.

"And," concluded the Justice, with a twinkle in his eye, "you may imagine my surprise when I found that such was actually the fact."

There was an ominous silence, broken at last by Secretary Taft clearing his throat and beginning: "Your remarkable performance in this fog, Judge, reminds me of something that occurred to me one misty morning—not on the golf links, but with a hook and line. The story has been told and retold in many parts of this prosperous and veracious country, but I was the original fisherman to whom the following incident happened:

"As you know, my favourite fishing-place is some five and a half miles from here on the river, and my favourite hour for this sport is before sunrise. I therefore, one night, had all arrangements made, a horse and buggy ready, and left a call to be awakened at 2.30 o'clock the next morning. On getting up I found the whole countryside enveloped in a thick gray fog, but as I was familiar with every foot of the way, I drove ahead undaunted. At four o'clock I concluded I had reached my destination; in fact, I recognised dimly an old tree in the neighbourhood. I drove up a little closer to the bank, baited my hook and cast blindly from my waggon seat out into the fog over the river.

"Luck was with me from the start. I yanked in a big five-pound bass inside of two minutes. In another minute I had—believe me, Judge—landed a fine trout. Next came a bouncing salmon. After that the fishing, as they say in pugilistic circles, was fast and furious. In less than two hours I had completely filled my buggy with the most remarkable catch of my life."

The Justice sat back in silent thought. "But that is not all," concluded Mr. Taft. "At sunrise the fog lifted and cleared. I found that I was over half a mile from the river, and had been fishing in the fog all the time."—New York Times.

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Literary Notes

AUTUMN.

The thin gold of the sun lies slanting on the hill;
In the sorrowful grays and muffled violets of the old orchard
A group of girls are quietly gathering apples.
Through the mingled gloom and green they scarcely speak at all,
And their broken voices rise and fall unutterably sad.
There are no birds, and the goldenrod is gone.
And a child calls out, far away, across the autumn twilight;
And the sad gray of the dusk grows slowly deeper,
And the old world seems old!
—Arthur Stringer, in Everybody's Magazine.

* *

Mr. Harvey J. O'Higgins has won the \$1,000 prize offered by the management of "Collier's Weekly" for the best story received between June 1st and September 1st of this year. Mr. O'Higgins is a talented young Canadian who has written two or three books, of which "Don-a-Dreams" deserves to be held in remembrance. Mr. O'Higgins is not among the novelists who industriously advertise. He refuses all requests for anecdotes and photographs, although his present success may persuade him to send the latter to solicitous journals. The weird tale regarding the early struggles of Mr. Stringer and Mr. O'Higgins is laughingly denied by the author of "Don," although the "Saturday Evening Post," the "Literary Digest" and other authorities published it with appropriate heading. The success of Mr. O'Higgins is all the more significant when the announcement is made that Mr. Rudyard Kipling was one of the competitors.

* *

A woman reviewer, writing in the "North American Review" about "Alice-for-Short," indulges in a covert sneer at the morality of the novels by William De Morgan, and apparently regards their decency as something to be described as "Early Victorian." In these days, when Elinor Glyn and other suppliers of smart fiction, many of whom are women, are producing stories which a frank critic calls filthy abominations, such novels as "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short" come as a breath of fragrance from an old-world garden. Probably the reviewer on the "North American" would prefer Mrs. Glyn's perpetrations.

* *

"The Crucible," by Mark Lee Luther, is a novel which has been blazined serially in the "Cosmopolitan Magazine." It is a highly sensational story which opens with a scene in a women's reformatory and closes with murder, suicide, and other trifling casualties. The heroine is the most persecuted and hard-luck Young Person you could find, outside of melodrama. She has a run of misfortune which is really enough to drive her to a nerves-specialist. Her comparatively slight offence is an outburst of temper and then comes the reformatory with its deadly oppression. If the author intends this book as an attempt to use the muck rake in penal institutions, the volume is fairly comprehensible. As a work of fiction, it is crude in style and "New York Journal" in colouring. Toronto: The Macmillan Company.

* *

Mr. Kipling's English publishers, the Macmillan Company, report that up to date "The Jungle Book," with a total sale of 73,000, stands at the head of all his books in point of popularity. Probably the same relative position would be accorded to it in America among the books published since the passage of the International Copyright Act. Prior to that time the inflated sales produced by cheap pirated editions would disturb all relative values. Mr. Kipling's readers will be surprised and many of them pleased, perhaps, by learning that "Kim," which has not done so well in this country, stands second in the English list, with a total sale of 68,000.

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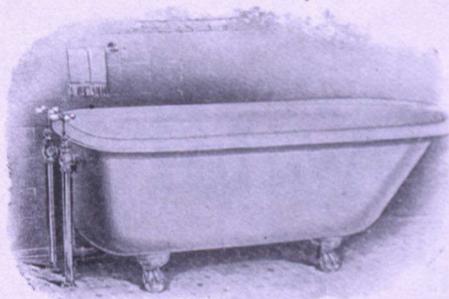
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