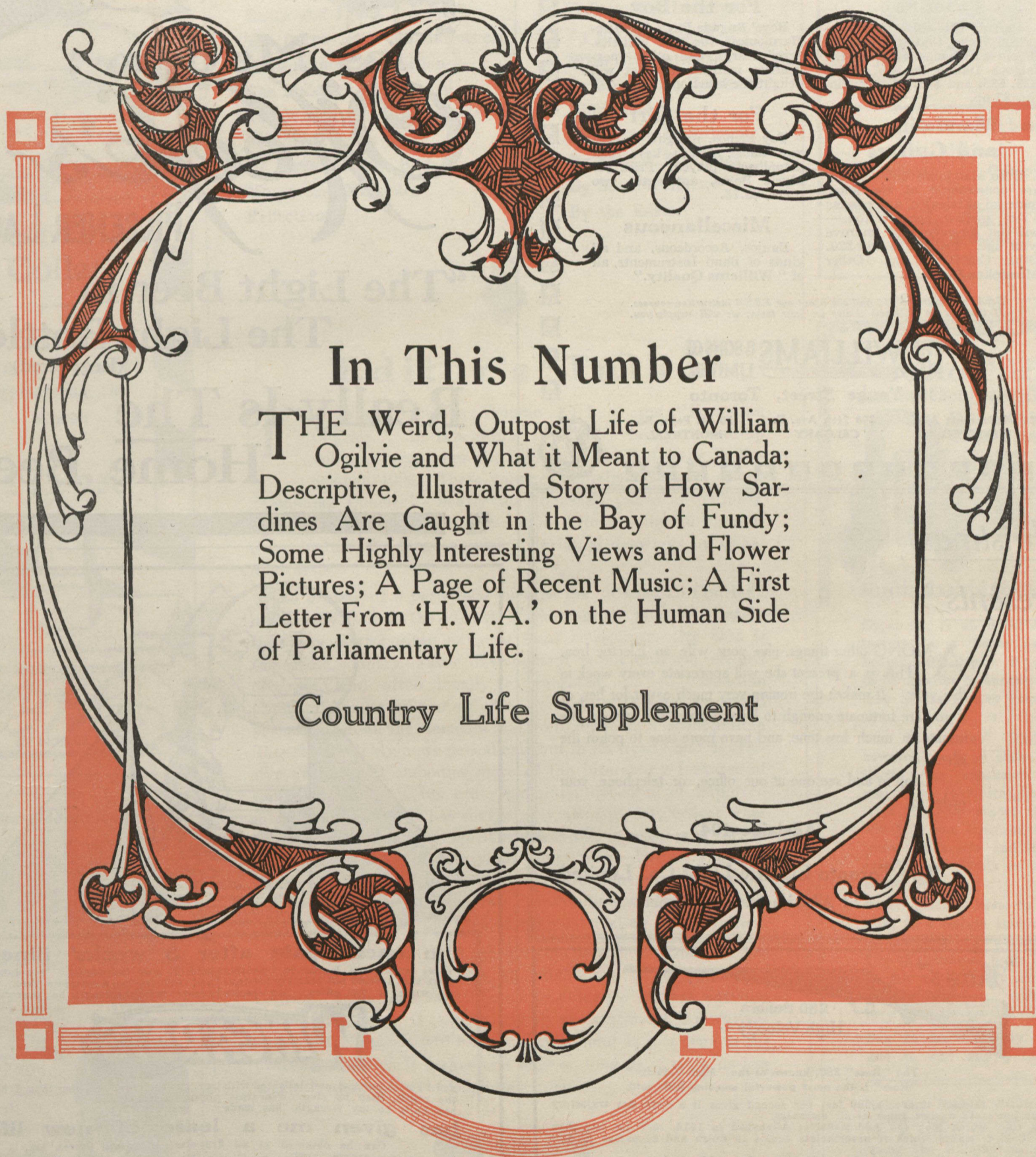


# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



## In This Number

THE Weird, Outpost Life of William Ogilvie and What it Meant to Canada; Descriptive, Illustrated Story of How Sardines Are Caught in the Bay of Fundy; Some Highly Interesting Views and Flower Pictures; A Page of Recent Music; A First Letter From 'H.W.A.' on the Human Side of Parliamentary Life.

Country Life Supplement

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO



## Gifts That Develop Character

Wouldn't it be fine if your children could give concerts of their own?

Their little hearts will swell with pride in the possession of a real Musical Instrument, and its influence will help materially in developing their characters. It will be kept and loved long after "toys" are forgotten.

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Banjos, Accordeons, and all kinds of Band Instruments, all of "Williams Quality."

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MONTREAL



## Christmas

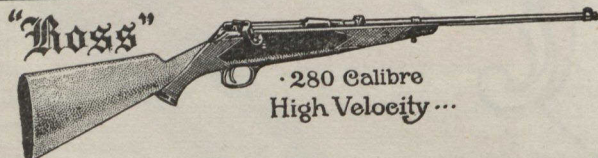
## Presents

**A**MONG other things, give your wife an Electric Iron. This is a present she will appreciate every week in the year. It makes the ironing very much easier for her, or if you are fortunate enough to have a maid, she can do the ironing in much less time, and have more time to polish the silver.

Drop in and see one at our office, or telephone your order to

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The "Ross" 280, known as the "High-Velocity" "Ross" is the most powerful sporting Rifle sold.

Its muzzle velocity of over 3,000 feet per second gives it a very flat trajectory and great power to anchor game at all distances.

This rifle, which took the gold medal at Allahabad in 1910, sells for less than the best English makes which it nevertheless equals in finish and surpasses in performance.

If you seek a really fine and thoroughly up-to-date rifle look up the nearest "Ross" dealer, or write for illustrated booklet and full information which we send free on request.

**ROSS RIFLE COMPANY,**

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The Bisley performances of the Ross Rifle have aroused the enthusiasm of expert marksmen.



Yes Madam,  
**O'Keefe's**  
PILSENER LAGER

"The Light Beer in  
The Light Bottle"  
(Registered)

Really Is The  
**Home Beer**

286



**I'm back again after 3 weeks' illness**  
Three weeks ago I was so intensely weak that I could not possibly continue my work at the office. My doctor said I was thoroughly "run-down" and ordered me a complete rest. To recover my lost strength he prescribed

**WINGARNIS**

and I am astonished and delighted with the result. Step by step 'Wincarnis' has built up my strength, has made me healthier and happier than I have been for years and

**has given me a lease of new life.**

Can be obtained at all first-class Druggists, Stores, etc.  
TRADE NOTE—"Wincarnis" can be readily obtained from all the leading Wholesale Distributing Houses in the Dominion.

**HOUSE Cleaning**  
 IS WONDERFULLY SIMPLIFIED &  
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**Old Dutch Cleanser**  
 Full directions and many  
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 A fashionable  
 type with more  
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**2 for 25c**

TRADE MARK  
 OF BERLIN

**The Canadian  
 Courier**

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited

VOL. XIII.

TORONTO

NO. 1

**CONTENTS**

A Great Canadian Pathfinder ..... By Henry J. Woodside.  
 Capturing the Sardine ..... By A. B. Klugh.  
 Corridor Comment ..... By H. W. A.  
 News Features ..... Photographs.  
 Recent Musical Doings ..... By the Music Editor.  
 Cause and Effect ..... Balkan War Pictures.  
 The Cartwright "Reminiscences" .... By the Monocle Man.  
 Horticultural Exhibition ..... With Illustrations.  
 The Making of a Garden ..... By Mrs. Allen Baines.  
 The Work of P. W. Hodgetts ..... Illustrated.  
 Memories, Story ..... By George F. Millner.  
 Dr. Aram Kalfian, Serial ..... By Effie A. Rowlands.  
 Money and Magnates ..... By Staff Writers.  
 Reflections ..... By the Editor.



**Editor's Talk**

**T**HIS number begins Volume XIII of the "Canadian Courier." In this office are twelve bulky, bound-up volumes composing the fyle since the first week in December, 1906. These volumes contain 312 issues of the "Canadian Courier"; nearly ten thousand pages of pictures, letter-press and advertisements; about fifteen thousand illustrations, including a large number of original drawings by Canadian artists.

The growth of a periodical such as the "Canadian Courier" necessarily reflects the growth of the country more accurately than any metropolitan daily or local newspaper. Its field is the whole country, whose development is not uniform, seldom coherent, and often locally exaggerated. The "Canadian Courier" has never pretended to compete with some imported periodicals in all the elements that go to make up a cosmopolitan illustrated weekly news periodical; but in its steady and aggressive evolution it embodies more of the interesting features of Canadian life than any other paper published in or imported into Canada. And it has consistently attempted to reflect what may be called a national spirit which is still in process of formation and has only of late years come to be distinctly appreciated. The revival of business, the great increase in population and the marvellous increase in individual wealth of the past decade have stirred the fires of national feeling and ambition.

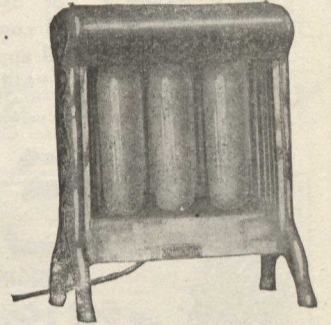
The East and the West are drawing together. Distance has diminished and we are now all neighbours. The "Canadian Courier" came into existence as an evidence of that national drawing together. It came to embody the sentiment of a warmer national feeling. It will remain only so long as it is true to the professions which it makes and only so long as it more or less correctly represents the Canadian spirit.



**AN ELECTRIC  
 HEATER**  
 would brighten  
**Christmas**

and warm the heart  
 of the recipient.

**GET A  
 WESTINGHOUSE**



**Canadian Westinghouse  
 Co., Limited**  
 Hamilton, - - Ontario

Vancouver, Calgary, Winnipeg, Toronto  
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Kalamazoo Point Number Four

**The Kalamazoo  
 Loose Leaf Binder**  
 has great  
 expansion

(note the big stretch)

Expansion is an important feature in a Loose Leaf Ledger. One binder is said to be superior to another in that it has greater expansion. :: :: ::

The "Kalamazoo" Binder, however, is in a class by itself. Its expansion is practically unlimited, and it is the only binder that will hold one sheet or five inches of sheets and hold every one as firmly as in a bound book. :: :: Other binders have to be filled to a certain thickness in order to be workable. The "Kalamazoo" holds just as few or as many sheets as one requires, whether fifty sheets or one thousand. Can be made in any size and to suit any purpose.

Ask for Booklet "CI" describing the binder, and giving a partial list of firms using the Kalamazoo.

**Warwick Bros. & Rutter**  
 Limited  
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**Delicacy--Deliciousness**

Are inseparable when you attempt to describe Maple Flavor. The true Maple Flavor to be delicious must be delicate. If you haven't realized this important fact, perhaps you haven't realized all that you should in using

**MAPLEINE**  
 (The Flavor de Luxe)

If you've tried to make it better by using just a little more than the recipe calls for you have missed the best part of the Mapleine—the delicate, elusive tang of the Maple sap. Mapleine makes it, if you use it right. If it isn't delicate, it isn't delicious.

If you haven't produced that delicious delicacy with your trial of Mapleine, write us. We will be glad to explain why, and to send you a sample of Mapleine-made syrup to demonstrate.



Grocers sell Mapleine.  
 2-oz. Bottle, 50c.

If not, write Dept. E10

**Crescent Mfg.  
 CO.**

Seattle, : Wash.

Send 2c stamp for  
 Mapleine Cook Book.

**for him**



Dollars worth of usefulness and comfort he will appreciate.

EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR

Specially packed in handsome colored box for Christmas giving

**"EZE"**  
(PRONOUNCED EASY)  
**SUSPENDERS**

50c. at your Dealers or sent postpaid anywhere for 50c.

THE KING SUSPENDER CO.  
TORONTO, CAN.

The highest grade of cocoa beans, finest cocoa butter, purest cane sugar, and the best vanilla beans that can be bought, are the ingredients which we blend together to form that rich, smooth coating which is characteristic of

**MOIR'S**  
**CHOCOLATES**

We feel safe in saying that no other chocolate confectionery ever offered to the Canadian Consumer has come up to the high standard of purity and excellence of Moir's.

MOIRS, Limited,  
Halifax, Canada, 31



## In Lighter Vein

Parting is S—S—S!—"Jack and I have parted forever."

"Good gracious! What does that mean?"

"Means I'll get a five-pound box of candy in about an hour."—Pittsburg Post.

Defined.—"What is meant by graft?" said the inquiring foreigner.

"Graft," said the resident of a great city, "is a system which ultimately results in compelling a large portion of the population to apologize constantly for not having money, and the remainder to explain how they got it."—Washington Star.

But We Shirk.—"Opportunity really knocks at many a door."

"Then why don't more of us succeed better?"

"The trouble is that Opportunity wants us to go to work."—Pittsburg Post.

Poorly Matched.—He (patting her head)—"Your hair feels like silk."

She—"But my gown doesn't."—Megendorfer Blaetter.

None to Interfere.—They tell in Nebraska of a clergyman who in the pulpit was a fearless expounder of right and wrong, but who in the domestic circle maintained, for prudential reasons, considerable reserve of speech and action.

On one occasion when this divine visited a neighbouring town the editor of the only paper established therein, which never failed to notice the presence of a stranger in town, offered the following, so worded as to prove unwittingly keen:

"Dr. Carrol is once more among us for a brief stay. He says and does exactly as he thinks right, without regard to the opinions or beliefs of others. "His wife is not with him."—Lippincott's.

Had Learned Something.—Shopper—"I want to buy a necktie suitable for my husband."

Salesman—"Sorry, madam, but we are not permitted to sell neckties to women who are unaccompanied by men."—Puck.

Did Pretty Well.—"I might have married a millionaire," declared Everywoman. "One of my old schoolmates is now one."

"And several of your schoolmates are working right in this town for \$10 a week," retorted Everyman, "while one of them is in jail. I guess in marrying a chap getting \$1,500 a year your average is fairly good."

And then Everybody set up a howl and they had to stop quarrelling to attend to him.—Pittsburg Post.

No Alternative.—"Why do you beat your little son? It was the cat that upset the vase of flowers."

"I can't beat the cat. I belong to the S. P. C. A."—Megendorfer Blaetter.

A Conundrum.—George Broadhurst tells of an English shop-keeper the soul of amiability.

"You are an American, sir, are you not?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Broadhurst to save lengthy explanations.

"Now, I have a conundrum that I always save for the Americans, because they say they are so deuced clever. When you put a billiard ball on the table, what is the first thing it does?"

"Why, I don't know," said Mr. Broadhurst, uncertainly, "perhaps it waits for its cue."

"Ah, that's very clever, very clever," countered the little Englishman, "but not so good as the real answer. The first thing it does is to look round."

Hubby's Fault.—"I am surprised that you are not a suffragette."

"It is all my husband's fault."

"Why, I thought he wanted women to vote?"

"He does."—Houston Post.



Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's

## ORIENTAL CREAM

THE fashion of the present day demands that the complexion of the well-groomed woman shall be clear and of a snowy whiteness. To possess this necessary requirement, invest at once in a bottle of

## Gouraud's Oriental Cream

and enjoy the charms that are so admired in a fashionable woman.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream is a liquid powder, far surpassing the dry powders that have to be applied so frequently to gain the desired effect. It whitens, softens and clears the skin. It is absolutely free from grease, thus preventing it from encouraging the growth of hair.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream has been in actual use for nearly three-quarters of a century, which is the surest guarantee of its superiority. If you will use it regularly you will know why it has been popular for so many years. Any first-class druggist or department store can supply you.

A soft, velvety sponge must always be used for applying Gouraud's Oriental Cream. It is wise to procure one of

## Gouraud's Oriental Velvet Sponges

Of firm, close texture, absolutely free from dust, dirt and grit, they are admirably adapted for applying Gouraud's Oriental Cream.

In dust-proof boxes, ready for use  
Price, 50c. each, direct.

10 cents in stamps will bring you a book of

## Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves

This charming booklet of perfumed powder leaves may be slipped into the purse to use on all occasions. They are amazingly refreshing after exposure to wind, snow or dust.

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son  
Props.

37 Great Jones St., NEW YORK

*The*  
**CANADIAN  
 COURIER**  
*The National Weekly*

Vol. XIII.

December 7, 1912

No. 1

# Cause and Effect in the Balkan War



Bulgarian Siege Guns on their way to Adrianople. In this War it is the Artillery which has Done the Most Damage, Whereas, in the Boer War, it was the Rifle. The Turkish Artillery has Not Been Able to Stand up Against the Bulgarian.

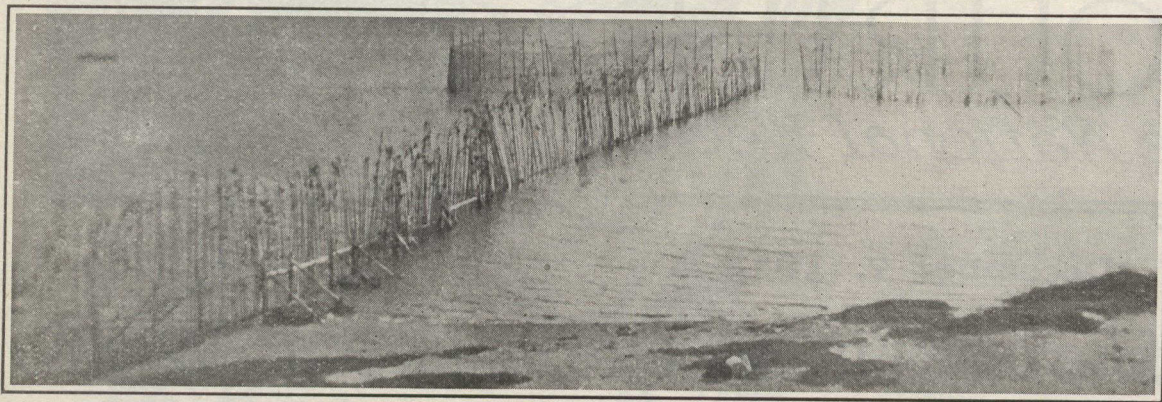


A Turkish Hamlet After Bombardment, Pillage and Fire. This Scene of Desolation Shows the Terrible Results of Turkey's Inability to Govern its Territory and its Un-preparedness for Self-defence. Photographs by L. N. A. Staff Photographer.

# Capturing the Sardine

*How This Gamy Fish is Caught in the Bay of Fundy*

By A. B. KLUGH



A Sardine Weir in Passamaquoddy Bay, N.B., at About Half Tide.

**T**HE sardine is a frequent article of diet upon Canadian tables, and however much its flavour and handiness are appreciated but little is generally known of the processes through which it passes before its appearance in the grocery.

The true sardine (*Clupea sardina*) is a small fish of the Mediterranean and derives its name from the island of Sardinia. This is the sardine put up in France. The sardine packed in Canada, the United States and Norway are the young of the herring (*Clupea harengus*), from five to seven inches in length.

These young herring come in on the coast of the Bay of Fundy in immense schools from June to October. They are caught in weirs (pronounced "ware" among the fishermen of New Brunswick). The weir is a large, hoop-shaped enclosure of stakes, brush and net, far enough out from shore so that at low tide (and the tide in the Bay of Fundy rises and falls some twenty-eight feet) there will be from four to ten feet of water in it. A fence of stakes and brush known as the "lead" runs out from the shore to the gate of the weir.

In the construction of a weir, stakes are first driven in with a pile-driver on a scow. Cross-pieces are nailed from stake to stake, and long spruce and birch poles with the top-most branches still attached, known as weir-brush, are bent in and out, with the top end down, between the cross-pieces. Long poles are next nailed to the stakes, and from these a net is stretched. Over the gate of the weir a weighted net is suspended so that it can be dropped and thus close the weir. Some weirs have but one gate, but most of those built now-a-days

have two—one on each side of the lead.

Weirs cost from \$300 to \$1,700 each to build. They may not be built closer than a thousand feet from one another, and a license of \$5 is collected by the Government.

The young herring coming in from the sea keep close to the shore. Striking the lead they will not swim between the brush, of which it is composed, but swim along it into the mouth of the weir. The man who is running a weir lives close to it during the season, and as the fish fill into a weir on the



Man in the Foreground is Shovelling Salt on the Sardines as they Come from the Weir to the Sardine Boat.



Sardines are Middling Close in a Can, but they also Come up Pretty Thick when they are Hauled up in a Weir.

high tide he inspects his weir each high tide, and if he finds fish in it he drops the net over the gate. Usually the fish come in on a night high tide. At low tide the weir is seined. A sein is a long net deep enough to reach the bottom of the weir, with weights at the bottom and floats at the top. This net is stretched round the circumference of the inside of the weir by a man in a boat, then gradually drawn in until the fish are gathered into a practically solid mass.

Then the fish are dipped out by a huge dip-net with a long bag. The hoop of the net is placed in the boat and the bag pulled in hand over hand, loading the fish into the boat. Some idea of the immense numbers of sardine which sometimes run into a weir may be obtained from the fact that as high as three hundred hogsheads, each holding four barrels, have been taken out at one time. From fifteen to thirty hogsheads is considered a fair catch, and anything over two hogsheads as worth seining for. The price paid to the owner of the weir varies from \$3 to \$30 per hogshead, according to the abundance or scarcity of sardine.

As soon as a boat is filled with sardine, and the weir-boats hold about four hogsheads, it is rowed outside the weir and the fish are loaded with scoops into the hold of a vessel known as a sardine-boat. The sardine boats are usually from forty-five to fifty feet long and about thirteen feet beam. Until a few years ago they were sailing-vessels only. Now, in addition to sails, they are equipped with gasoline engines, usually of about fifteen horsepower. Some of these boats are eighty feet long and carry more power. Some are owned by the sardine factories, while many of them are owned by private individuals who are paid \$1.50 per hogshead for short runs of five to twenty miles, and \$3 per hogshead for longer runs.

**O**N arrival at the factory the fish are hoisted from the hold to the dock and are sent down a sluice. Here they are deposited in brine tanks. From these tanks they go through the flaking machine, which raises them to the next floor and arranges them in a layer over large trays known as "flakes." These flakes are placed in a large rack on wheels, which is wheeled into the steam-chest, where they are steamed for ten minutes. From the steam-chest they are wheeled into the drying-room, where they are dried in a hot air blast. When dry they are removed from the rack and the flakes are carried to the packing tables, at which girls are at work packing the fish into tins. The tins and covers are stamped out of sheet tin by machines on the premises. In some factories scissors are used to cut off the heads; in others they are pulled off by hand. So expert do the girls become at packing that the fish seem to fall naturally into their proper position in the tins. The tins are on trays which hold each twenty-five tins, and from the packing table they are taken to the oiling machine. The tray is placed in the machine and the pressure of a lever drops the right quantity of oil into all of the tins at once.

The low-priced sardines, those which retail at 5 cents per tin, are packed in cotton-seed oil, the 10 cent sardines are put up in olive-oil. Many are put up in mustard sauce, in which case they go to the mustard machine, instead of to the "oiler."

The tins are next fed into a machine which holds a supply of covers, and as each tin passes through the machine a cover is clamped upon it. The covers used to be soldered on, but now these machines clamp the covers on hermetically at the rate of thirty-five per minute. Next the tins are placed in a huge vat and boiled for two hours. Then the tins are dipped out of the vat with chain dip-nets, dried in saw-dust, and shot down into the shipping room, where the cases are made, and the tins packed for shipment. Considering the immense number of young herring which are caught in the weirs it is no wonder that many have predicted that the supply of herring would soon give out, but the fact remains that the season of 1911 was one of the best, if not the very best, in the history of the sardine industry in Canada, the owner of one weir making \$5,000 in two weeks.

The turning down of reciprocity has had a marked effect upon the Canadian sardine industry. In the past most of the New Brunswick fish has gone to the United States factories at Eastport and Lubec, Maine, where the Sea Coast Canning Company has a series of large factories. These factories are dependent upon Canadian fish, as there are not enough good weirs on the American side to keep them going. Now Sir William Van Horne has organized a Canadian company and a huge factory is in process of construction at Chamcook Harbour, on the C. P. R. line, some three miles from St. Andrews, N.B. Here a town is being laid out for the employees of the factory. All the equip-

ment of the factory is to be of the very highest grade. A law recently passed will ensure a constant supply of fish for this factory. It is to the effect that the Canadian weir-fishermen must sell to the Canadian sardine boats if they offer the same prices as the American boats.

That there is room for development of a big Canadian industry in sardines is shown by the import figures. In the fiscal year ending March 31st, 1912, Canada imported anchovies and sardines to the value of \$293,883. Of this total, Norway sent us anchovies and sardines to the value of \$148,873. The trade in French brands has declined in recent years. It reached its highest point in 1910, when Canada bought to the value of \$59,745. Last year the importations were \$19,724. Imports from the United States fell from \$23,000 in 1908 to \$5,000 in 1912. The largest import trade is in sardines packed in tin boxes weighing 8 ounces or less.

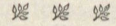


Connors Bros.' Sardine Factory at Black's Harbour, N.B.

Gordon was not very fond of the political strife which makes that body distinguished, and when Mr. Borden came into power last year Mr. Gordon resigned his seat so as to provide a place for the Hon. Frank Cochrane when he was selected as a member of the Borden administration. Mr. Borden and Mr. Cochrane do not forget their friends, apparently, and Mr. Gordon's reward for his courtesy came quickly and promptly.

The Hon. George Gordon will be an addition to the business element in the House of Senate. He is a successful lumberman and general merchant. For years lumbering and general merchandizing were the chief and only industries of Northern Ontario, and any man who attained prominence in that district had his success founded in one or another of these activities.

Senator Gordon was born at Pakenham, Ont., in 1865; was educated in the schools of Pembroke; married a lady from Dunnville, and now lives in Sturgeon Falls. He has squared a very small circle geographically, but has squared it with benefit to the community in which he lives. Indeed, he is a typical Scotch-Canadian, a class of men to whom much of Ontario's prosperity is to be credited.



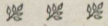
# Men of To-Day

## Senate Leaders.

CONTRARY to the state of affairs in the House, the real leader in the Senate is the leader of the Opposition. Hence the great interest taken in the election of Sir George Ross as Liberal leader in the Senate in succession to the late Sir Richard Cartwright. This selection came as a distinct surprise to the country. When it was first announced, many Liberals refused to believe it, and many Conservatives were joyful—since Sir George is not any too keen on reciprocity and a fairly strong imperialist. Indeed, a few foolish Conservative editors went so far as to write enthusiastic editorials extolling this Opposition leader.

Then the skies fell. Sir George Ross, before he got his title and when he was merely a provincial cabinet minister, was able to take fairly well-defined curves with ease. The curve now at hand was a most simple one and he took it without a jar. He declared in his first speech as leader that he was a stand-fast Britisher, but also a Canadian navy man. Indeed, he did not believe in the decadence of the British people. And certain Conservative papers now wish they had been less enthusiastic in their rash eulogies.

Sir George is crippled with rheumatism and is wheeled about in his chair. But in spite of his age and infirmity, the school-master from Middlesex is as bright as a dollar and as cheerful as a school-boy.



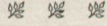
## Saskatchewan's Chief Justice.

HAD the Conservatives been in power at Ottawa when Saskatchewan was made a province, the Hon. F. W. G. Haultain had been its first Premier. But politics plays strange pranks with men's political promotions. Having been Premier of the Territories, he was the natural appointee—but fate or Sir Wilfrid Laurier willed otherwise. Had he become Premier of Saskatchewan, he would now be Minister of the Interior in the Borden Cabinet. Instead, he remained as Opposition leader at Regina for some years and was recently made Chief Justice—the best the Tories could do for years of faithful public service.

Not every political leader makes a good judge; not every politician is deserving of such honour. However, the people have confidence in the integrity and uprightness of Mr. Haultain and his bitterest opponents approved the appointment.

The father of Frederick William Gordon Haultain came to Canada and settled at Peterborough, Ont., about 1860. The boy was then three years of age, and so could not object to his father becoming a Liberal member of parliament. He graduated from Toronto in 1879, became a barrister in 1882, and immediately went West. From Fort Macleod, he passed to Regina and legislative service. From 1897 to 1905 he was Premier,

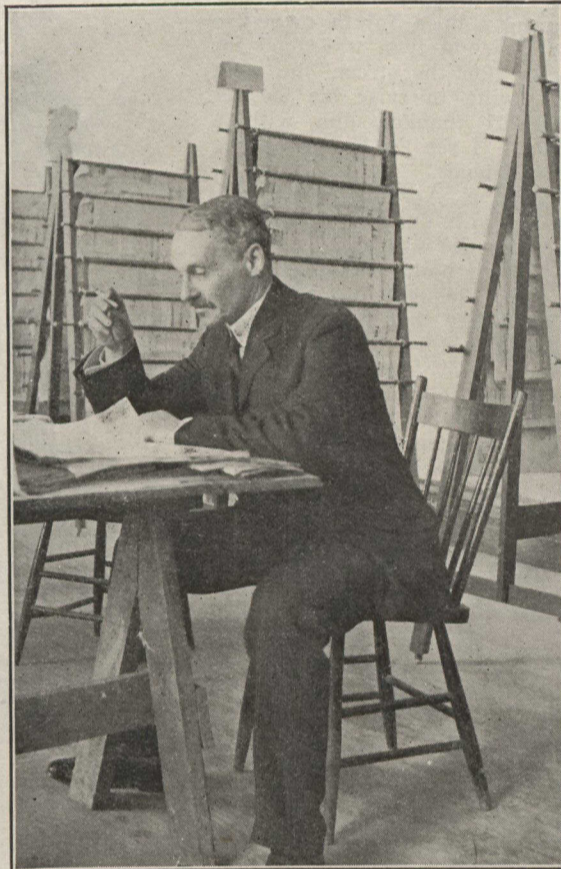
Attorney-General and Commissioner of Education for the North-West Territories.



## A Senator From New Ontario.

ANOTHER recent Senator is the Hon. George Gordon, who represented Nipissing in the House of Commons since 1908. Apparently Mr.

FROM LEGISLATURE TO BENCH



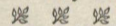
Hon. F. W. G. Haultain has Ceased to be Opposition Leader in Saskatchewan, and is Now Chief Justice of the Province. This is a Typical Picture of him—Working in the Reading Room of the Saskatchewan Parliament Buildings.

## An Eastern Ontario Senator.

THERE was a time when most of the senators from Ontario lived in that portion of the Province which lies west of Toronto. In recent years the majority have been taken from Eastern Ontario, although the preponderance of population is still in the western part. The reason, apparently, is that the politicians of Eastern Ontario are more popular and influential than those in the west. Of these popular gentlemen, "Harry" Corby is easily chief. It will be difficult for many people to speak of him as the Hon. Henry Corby. The formalism will be difficult.

If it were not for the presence in that city of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Belleville would long since have become Corbyville. There was scarcely an association of any kind from the Fire Department to the Yacht Club in which Harry Corby was not the leading spirit. A cricket club, a natural gas company, a bridge company, a summer resort—it was all the same to Mr. Corby. The fact that he was a miller, a distiller, and a general business man never seemed to interfere with his social duties. For thirteen years he sat in the House of Commons as member for West Hastings, but it is doubtful if he had much interest in the work. His enthusiasm for Belleville led him to present to that city what is known as Corby Park. This was in 1905. In 1908 he and Mrs. Corby presented the city with a public library, thus giving Belleville a distinction as one of the few cities in Canada which has not bowed to the Carnegie golden calf.

Mr. Corby is still comparatively a young man, and the honour recently bestowed upon him by Premier Borden will enable him to do some further service in the parliamentary work at Ottawa.

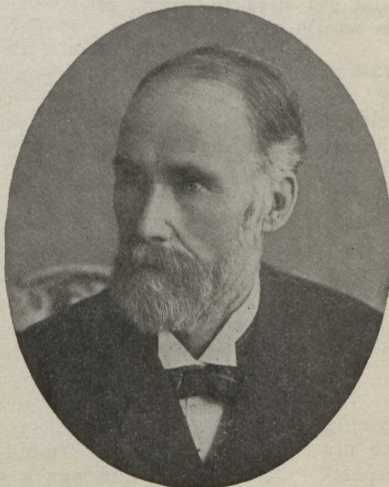


## Ettor and Giovannitti.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused all over Canada by the legal struggles now taking place between labour and capital in the United States. The "dynamiters" are still on trial and the verdict there will have considerable effect upon the relations between capital and labour in that country and in Canada as well. The trial of Ettor and Giovannitti, at Salem, Mass., and their acquittal is noteworthy. Ettor was a member of the Executive Committee of the Industrial Workers of the World,

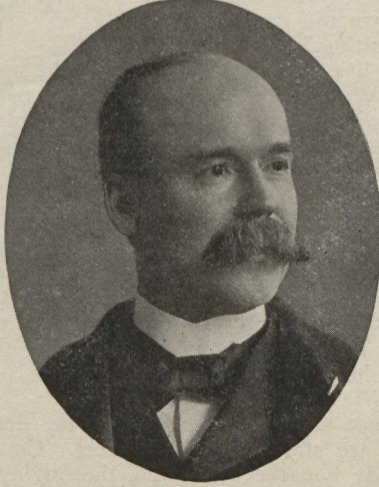
while Giovannitti was a Socialist in Brooklyn. These men went to Lawrence, Mass., where a textile strike occurred in January last. When a woman was murdered in a street riot they were arrested as accessories. The State maintained that they had incited the riot and made inflammatory speeches. The trial was long delayed and the whole force of the I. W. W. and of the Socialists in the United States was exerted to secure their release. A conviction would have caused much bitterness among a class not favourable to "the laws that are."

A NEW LEADER



Sir George Ross, has Been Called to the Leadership of the Liberal Party in the Senate, in Succession to Sir Richard Cartwright.

A NEW SENATOR



Hon. Harry Corby, ex-M.P., West Hastings, who for his Public and Political Services has Been Sent to the Red Chamber.

A NEW SENATOR



Hon. George Gordon, ex-M.P., Nipissing, Who Resigned to Give his Seat to the Hon. Frank Cochrane.

# MEMORIES

And How They Affected an Editor's Decision

By GEORGE F. MILLNER

"JOHNSON, I cannot do it. Your son is a thief."

"No, sir—only short in his accounts." "Well, what's the difference? The bank officials say he took the money. He doesn't deny it, does he? No. Well then my paper is run to tell the absolute truth without fear or favour. I cannot shield him. I should like to do so for your sake, but—good afternoon. I am sorry, very sorry."

Jethro Johnson turned away, dejected, miserable, his shabby clothes and down at heel shoes emphasizing his misery. His features as depressed as his appearance; the tears very near his smarting eye-lids; his weary brain obsessed with the fact that James Jepson, his former school-mate, would, as editor of a most powerful daily newspaper, print the next day, the disgrace of his only son.

"And you won't keep silence?" he asked, reaching the door to fumble nervously with the door knob, and the other looked up with a frown.

"I cannot," he said, harshly. "If I did, what good would it do? The other papers have it." Then the abject misery, the supreme wretchedness of the man standing waiting, touched a chord of memory, and he came to place a hand upon a shrinking shoulder. "See here, Johnson, you know my paper has been honestly run for twenty years. I have shielded none that I thought honestly deserved punishment. Never have I kept back from the people I try to serve, anything my duty plainly shows me is in their interest to publish."

"What good will it do the public to know of a boy's speculation?" came the sullen question.

"This much—a warning to those who are placed in positions of trust. That's what we print newspapers for, Johnson—warnings." And as the other shook off his friendly fingers—"It will do no good to become angry with me. I am simply doing my duty as I see it."

"Is it your duty to hound a youngster to jail?" "It is my duty to give publicity to wrong-doing. Besides, I am merely the instrument—and, well that's all there is to it. Another thing, the other papers have it. What good will it do if I keep silence?"

"The officials of the bank told me only half an hour ago, that no one outside their office knew anything of the trouble save one man. And he was a reporter of your paper. They pointed him out to me. I followed him here. He never spoke one word to a soul. I know your paper is the only one who has the tale. The bank won't prosecute. They told me so."

"All the more reason why the public should know." "Then you won't do as I ask?" Johnson's nervous hands clutched at the other's arm; trembling, yet with something of violence, he almost shook the black cloth coat sleeve. "You can do it," he gasped. "You must—for his mother's sake—for mine, a man who has sacrificed much in life to give his boy a good start."

MR. JEPSON frowned. The tears steaming down the cheeks of the man he had known from school days, came near unmaning him; near making him break that cast-iron rule, that news was news, and the public must be protected at all costs. Also that mention of mother—the unhappy boy's mother he had known and loved.

"I can't do it," he said, after a long pause. "I won't. Good morning, Johnson. I am sorry, real sorry, that is my last word," and he moved over to his desk and commenced to write.

"Oh, I know you've never forgiven me for taking her from you," the man at the door burst out. "I might have known what you would do, if the chance ever came your way. You and your d— paper. Print your cursed lies—send my boy to jail—break his mother's heart"—a torrent of sobs choked further speech, as the miserable one opened the door, slammed it behind him with a thud and disappeared.

The editor looked up from his desk, frowned, made a move to rise, then continued his work. He was, at the moment, busy with an article concerning the folly of shielding men in positions of trust. His words, a scathing diatribe directed against just such speculations as that of the boy, whose father had pleaded for silence. For half an hour he continued to write—he meant to prominently feature his article, and therefore paid much attention to its style—but the tears of his distressed school-mate

flooded his mind, interfered with logical reasoning, and at last, with an angry mutter, he rose, walked to the window to stare out over the grimy roof tops. "Johnson always was a selfish beggar, even when a boy," he muttered. "And to think of his saying I was doing this for revenge. Faugh! I suppose his youngster has been betting on horses or something of the kind. Boys nowadays want to be millionaires without working. I won't break the rules," he said, almost fiercely. "I won't do it." Then he turned again to his work, completed the article, laid it carefully away, donned his hat, and with a few words to his sub, walked out of the office, in search of dinner and a few hours' quietness at his bachelor home.

Rain had fallen in the afternoon, leaving a few puddles here and there, especially at the crossings. Just where he waited to board an up-town car, a thinly-clad girl stood, an armful of books beneath one arm, an umbrella whose ribs showed in places, a shabby raincoat tucked under the other. As the crowded car clanged to a stop, one book fell, stayed in the mud unnoticed by the owner, and Mr. Jepson, with a quick movement, rescued the pages, jumped for the step swinging past, clambered on board and struggled to the side of their owner.

"You dropped this," he said, puffing a little, for he owned to more weight than was good for him. "On the street," he went on, trying to raise his hat, as the girl thanked him with a smile. "I see we both have the same friends."

"Marcus Aurelius," she said, seeing with quick eyes that no impertinence was intended. "Yes, one of my best," she added, with a sigh, eloquent of weariness. "People say that he is dry, but I am afraid he became a trifle wet to-day." Again she smiled, the man followed suit at the trifling jest, but his face changed to a frown, for on the title page, the owner was wiping with a tiny handkerchief, he saw written in a flowing hand, "Agnes Johnson," and the name recalled the scene in his office, a memory he was doing his best to forget.

Just then his street was called, and the girl struggled through the crowd, evidently trying to leave the car. He followed her and they both came near smiling again, as they stood waiting to cross the busy thoroughfare.

"It seems we both live near here," he said, somewhat awkwardly, for the companionship of girls was strange to him. "My name is Jepson. I live on Queen's Square," he added, growing red, for the girl regarded him with some hostility of manner, her grey eyes betraying a sudden dislike Mr. Jepson found it hard to discover a reason for.

"You are the gentleman I intended visiting," she said, quickly. "I do not live any where near here," the tone rather bitter. "We live on Fourth Street, a cottage. A mansion would be out of place for a school teacher." "And may I ask the reason?" he said, slowly, though in his heart he suspected he knew only too well.

"I waited at your office," she replied, simply. "They told me you had gone for the night, after keeping me there two hours. Father told me it was of no use to see you, but he did not tell you the real reason of my brother's shortage, did he?"

"Does it matter how the money—er—disappeared?" he ventured.

"Does life or death matter?" "I do not see the analogy, and, my dear young lady, we are standing in the street. Come to my house. My housekeeper is old, thoroughly respectable, and—" he ended lamely, for the eyes of the girl shot sparks of anger.

"Respectability!" she snapped out sharply. "Re-

spectability. Do you think so much of that quality? I fear not, save only where your own interest is concerned. My brother will be respectable until to-morrow morning—then—" The tears were very near her eyes, and Mr. Jepson, thoroughly uncomfortable, motioned the girl to follow, and they came to a large stone house set back from the road in green velvet lawns.

"Now, young lady," he said, hanging up his hat and relieving her of her burdens, "my housekeeper shall make you a cup of tea, and I will hear your story—but," here he frowned, and the girl drew herself together in the huge chair, "I cannot see how you will make me change my mind."

"Not if I give you good reasons?" she queried, leaning forward.

"Not without excellent reasons."

"Then, my mother is one, I am another, my poor brother comes last of all."

"But the money was stolen."

"The money was borrowed," she said, fiercely. "Borrowed, I say. And if anyone should suffer, I am the one. No—please listen."

The housekeeper entered with a tray, and Mr. Jepson awkwardly did the honours, that the girl refused politely, but firmly. "I cannot drink," she said. "Please listen." The door closed behind the prim woman responsible for the editor's comfort, and he resigned himself to what he thought was to be a very painful story, with a decided refusal to follow. "Please listen," she repeated, but remained silent, as if considering best how to begin.

At last she commenced, two red spots on either cheek, her breath coming and going in little gasps that seemed to hurt the hearer more than the breather.

"My mother is sick, very sick," she said. "Oh, yes, she has not been well for years. I try to write short stories and articles for the papers, but I have had little success. I have no talent. All I do is the result of hard work."

"Genius is an infinite—" he muttered, encouragingly, but the girl interrupted harshly.

"Then I should be a genius of the first water," she said, quickly. "I spare no pains to make my work a success. Your paper offered one hundred dollars for a prize story. I competed. Indeed my friends said I must win. I thought so myself, though I am my harshest critic. The doctor said mother *must*, must be gotten away to the seaside if we would have her"—here her voice almost whispered—"live. Do you know what poverty means when the one you love best on earth is slowly fading away, for lack of means to keep her? Do you? I don't think so. It does not look like it, here."

"Why did your father not come to me?" the man muttered, uneasily.

"You see him nearly every day. Have you ever enquired how he was getting along? He is a book-keeper for a firm whose offices are in your building. He has

not missed a sight of you for years, but he is shabby—you are well dressed—you are editor of a powerful paper—he is but a poor, underpaid clerk—why should you see him?"

"That would make no difference to me. Anything I could do for him I would—"

"Then why refuse the first request he ever asked?" "Oh, but my dear young lady, this is a matter of duty—something entirely different."

"If my poor mother came to see you, would you do as she wished? You were old friends—she often has spoken to me of you. Would it be of any use if she came?"

"I thought you said she was very ill," Mr. Jepson said, rising to pace the room. The girl was so persistent. Her face reminded him of one wet day in April, years and years gone by, when some one very like her had gently told him that it could not be, and he had taken the matter so much to heart,

(Concluded on page 26.)



"A thinly-clad girl stood, an armful of books beneath one arm."





## The Cartwright "Reminiscences."

"And Sir Richard said again: 'We be all good English men.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,

For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet.' Sir Richard spoke and he laughed. . . ."

IN these lily-fingered days—in these days of lady-like politeness and serpentine dissimulation—in these days of "brave women and fair men"—in these days when we prefer the perfumed lie to the rough-edged truth—we have little love for such men as Sir Richard. They have gone out of fashion with the bold, barbaric, brave old days when there was still something to distinguish a man from a woman, save his clothes. But, at times, a spirit still seems to cling to a name. Sir Richard has a stout sound with us yet—though we may be at a loss to know whether we are thinking of the Richards of the clanging past, or of that saturnine, grim, sarcastic, fierce-mustachioed old figure that bore the name of Sir Richard Cartwright.

"OLD Sir Richard, caught at last." He lies now under the pines of Cataragui—not far from his doughtiest antagonist, Sir John Macdonald. We put him away with a little sense of relief that at last our shams and our pharisaism and our smooth conventions were a good bit safer than they were when he was alive and liable at any moment to unsheath the rapier of his scorn or the broadsword of his indignation and fall upon our little puppet show with all his Berseker wrath. We put him away—we buried him deep, deep as the law allows—we called down the blessings of heaven on him and hoped they would keep him quiet. But it seems that he left behind him a couple of volumes of memoirs, and—just as you would expect from such a man—they contain his real opinions. Alas! and alack! Memoirs, written by the right people, are a very edifying variety of literature. No one objects to memoirs as memoirs. But then, of course, it must be perfectly understood that they will contain no more of the news than is quite fit to print—they must be prepared with a wholly proper sense of what the people, spoken of in them, would like to see said about themselves.

MEMOIRS—to be entirely popular with the memoir-ed and their friends—ought to take as their model the ordinary newspaper obituary. But old Sir Richard never thought of that. He wrote down in his memoirs the exact truth as to his opinions regarding the people with whom he had been associated in public life. Just why anybody would have expected that they would be flattering opinions—that is, anybody who knew Sir Richard—I cannot imagine. He never concealed his opinions when he was alive—except for the purpose of making his opinions of some one else bite in more deeply. What I mean to say is that he did conceal from the public his opinion of Edward Blake; but I do not imagine that he did this to spare the Blakes half so much as to prevent his own isolation from his own party, and so the weakening of the effect of his opinions of certain other people. But now that his race is run, he apparently sees no further reason for dissimulation and suppression. And I make no doubt that the truth tasted good on his tongue as he growled it out to the imaginary interviewer.

"TRUTH"? By "truth" I mean the truth as his own opinions—not the truth about Blake or any of the other figures he limned. For example, I, personally, totally disagree with his opinion of Blake. I do not think that Blake was guilty of "treachery" to his party when he left them on the Unrestricted Reciprocity issue and wrote a letter to his late constituency about it. It seemed to me then—it seems to me now—that he was standing sturdily by his sincere convictions in the case. But I have no doubt that it looked like treachery to Sir Richard, who was in the thick of the fight, and who always had a fundamental faith in all proposals for the expansion of trade. He could not see how Blake could be a "free trader," and yet distrust reciprocity. So he put his action down to other motives. To my mind, Sir Richard's judgment was

fatally, cruelly wrong. A Servian might be a "free trader" and yet not want "Reciprocity" with Austria. But, even if Sir Richard was wrong, that was his opinion; and it is something to have his real opinions in his memoirs.

THIS is not a "review" of the book. I have had no time as yet to go over it with the care that that would require. I expect to find plenty of things in it which will make me—and I, I may say, have lived through many of the incidents dealt with—fighting mad. I decidedly do not like his treatment of Blake to begin with. Blake was one of my idols. He was one of the very finest products of Canada, take him how you like. Personally, I think that the Liberal party made a great mistake when they permitted Mackenzie to get the Premiership in 1873—they should have seated Blake in the Prime Minister's chair by force, if necessary.

## Corridor Comment

Ottawa, December 2nd.

HE was a typical country postmaster, a veteran who joyed to tell you that he owed his appointment to "John A." He combined his official duties with those of conducting a general store, where everyone within a radius of five miles or so "got credit," and where, six evenings in every week, the male citizenhood of the village gathered, with corn-cob pipes, to discuss the doings of the community and determine affairs of state. The opening of Parliament was always an annual theme for much illuminating interchange. The coterie was essentially democratic, and consequently liked to linger long over the freely-adjectived descriptions perennially perpetrated by enterprising press correspondents.

Others might dwell on the splendour of garish, gold-covered Windsor uniforms, the gorgeously attired staff of the Governor-General, the brilliant glitter of immaculate militia, or the lure of fair femininity in bewildering daintiness of costume. But, bye-and-bye, the old postmaster would remove his pipe and proceed—as he had done for years—to direct the current of conversation around that most picturesque and interesting of personalities, who always loomed large in the accounts of the opening of Parliament, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

There was something fascinatingly mediaeval and mysterious about the story of this functionary. They spoke of him with awe; they regarded him as a wonderful reincarnation of the strange species of tutelary genii most of them had read about in the Arabian Nights. They dwelt upon his raiment and his procedure. He was attired—so the papers said—in a Fauntleroy suit of rich, black velvet, with beribboned bows on his breeches and silver buckles on his shoes. An elaborate lace *jabot*—at least that was what the missus called it—adorned his bosom, and in his white-gloved hands he carried the magic Black Rod from which he derived his name. His visit to the Commons was heralded by the time-honoured three knocks. He made his entrance with three magnificent bows, triumphs of mathematical calculation and Delsarte accomplishment; and his exit with three more, all in sequence and equally perfect and precise. "Yes," put in the bearded Sandy, a canny and characteristically material Scot, as he borrowed a bit more tobacco, "he makes six bows a year and gets \$3,500 for it, which, at \$583 a bow, isn't bad, is it?"

One day the old postmaster visited the city to make his autumn purchase of merchandise. He was standing in the railway office, discussing freight rates, when he was accosted by a commercial traveller who had more than once visited the country store and been permitted to join in the nightly discussions. He led the veteran over to a large illustration of camp life which adorned the wall. It showed three men disembarking from a canoe. He pointed to one of them, a rough-looking individual with an uncouth slouch hat, a coarse camping outfit, big heavy boots and a browned, unshaven countenance. "That," said he, "is the Gentleman Usher

Blake is the one man who could have dominated the country along what were then Liberal lines. His subsequent attitude toward the tariff showed that he might have forestalled the Protectionist campaign of 1877-8, and prevented the "debacle" of that 17th of September when Mackenzie's cohorts melted away like snow. But it is not necessary that I should agree with the things which Sir Richard says to appreciate his courage and honesty in saying them. His outspokenness was always his chief characteristic; and, though it did not lead people to love him, it did lead them to admire—and envy—him.

I HOPE that we get more such memoirs. I hope that others of our public men will sit down before they die and tell us exactly how their contemporaries struck them. It is well worth while securing the view-point of the men among whom they worked. We are so apt to be put off with the conventional portrait of most of our celebrities—the mask which Bernard Shaw says that all men learn to wear in public—that it is revealing and instructive, and in a high degree entertaining, to get glimpses of these intimate pictures of them, coloured, perhaps, by prejudice, distorted at times by the "personal angle," but at all events uncovering the opinion of their Peers.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

of the Black Rod." The old postmaster all but gasped at the sacrilege of the revelation.

But the traveller was right. Captain Ernest John Chambers, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, when he doffs his habiliment of office, is litterateur, soldier and sportsman, and has established his title clear to all. He has of necessity to be an athlete, since how otherwise could he go through the wonderful contortions of those six bows? But he is more. He is a young Englishman, a native of Staffordshire, who came to Canada in his early youth and took up the calling of journalism. He was for two years the editor of the first daily newspaper in the then North-West Territories. And he has been connected with the militia since he was fifteen years old. He was press correspondent during the North-West campaign of 1885, and performed military service voluntarily. He was present at the engagements at Fish Creek and Batoche, and participated in the operations against Big Bear's band of Indians, receiving both medal and clasp for his services. He is, moreover, the author of some twenty-five publications, chiefly military history, books of reference and volumes of biography, and is a regular contributor to various magazines.

But, best of all, Captain Chambers is a rare good fellow. Everybody who meets him joins in this testimony. His unfailing courtesy, kindness and good humour are a great asset, official as well as personal. For the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod holds a position that but one in every ten thousand could hold. The Scot of the country post office was wrong. It isn't those six bows that a grateful country pays him for—not much. It isn't for sitting sphinx-like in the Red Chamber, tirelessly following the tedious debate of the Senate, for, like the unfortunate Speaker, he doesn't even get a chance to sleep or play solitaire. His duties are infinitely more arduous and exacting. He "runs" the social show. And just think for a moment what would happen to Canadian democracy, not to mention the whole British constitution, if, perchance, through some terrible oversight or accident, the wife of a deputy was permitted to take precedence at some of the myriad state functions over the ambitious better half of a Cabinet Minister!

SURELY the public man, like the prophet of old, is without honour in his own country. While Premier Borden was in England this summer, Hon. George H. Perley, Minister without Portfolio, was duly elevated to the position of Acting Prime Minister. In correspondence he used the stationery of the Prime Minister's office, and signed his letters "For the Prime Minister." Towards the end of his incumbency of the high office he received a letter from a prominent easterner addressed to "Mr. G. H. Perley, secretary to the Premier." Equally amusing was the direction of a communication which reached Hon. Dr. J. D. Reid's office from a manufacturer in one of the smaller Ontario cities only the other day. The envelope was carefully inscribed: "Hon. William Paterson, Minister of Customs for Canada, Ottawa, Ont." H. W. A.

# A Great Pathfinder

*Striking Career of a Man Who Governed the Yukon*

By HENRY J. WOODSIDE

**A**N able, honest and distinguished career suffered an untimely end, when ex-Governor William Ogilvie, of Yukon, literally died in harness at the Winnipeg General Hospital on the 12th of November.

After an unsuccessful venture in a Yukon dredging company, in which he "lost all but honour," he had for a couple of years past been conducting the very important work of reporting on the water-powers of the Albany and Saskatchewan Rivers, whose latent potentialities for Canada are as great as the wealth of the Klondike goldfields. While there his usual prophetic foresight outlined a plan whereby about five million acres of first-class land could be readily reclaimed; and on this he made a valuable and practical report to the Government.

About a year ago, while at Le Pas, near the mouth of the Saskatchewan, he suffered from what he believed to be ptomaine poisoning. On his return to Ottawa he was much troubled through the winter with the effects almost leading to a critical operation; but feeling better in the spring, he insisted on resuming work. This ended in his illness in the Winnipeg River district, and subsequent removal to Winnipeg, when it was too late.

Born near Ottawa, he took up the profession of surveying, and entered the service of the Government, where he became one of our most noted explorers and pathfinders. By Sir John A. Macdonald he was sent on important missions affecting Provincial and Dominion boundaries, which were executed with promptitude, thoroughness and economy.

When the Canada-Alaska boundary began to loom up in the middle eighties, he was sent to report on the strip of disputed territory bordering on the North Pacific Ocean, and adjacent islands. He explored the mountain ranges between Taku inlet and Lynn Canal. For this innocent but painstaking service he was rewarded by a broadside from the hysterical and lying press of Seattle and San Francisco, whose total lack of veracity and common sense cannot be better illustrated than by a perusal of their articles, calling on the U. S. Government to prevent that man Ogilvie from stealing the strip, or of fortifying its passes with artillery.

**I**N 1887 Mr. Ogilvie was sent into Yukon territory to begin delimitation of the 141st meridian, the established boundary between Canada and Alaska. The discovery of coarse gold had attracted some hundreds of miners to the Forty-mile River, but as it rises in Alaska and flows through Canadian territory for about 30 miles before joining the Yukon River, it was necessary to ascertain where the boundary ran through the gold-fields, to prevent clashes of authority.

Although Mr. Ogilvie had to abandon most of the proper, but heavy, appliances for astronomical observation, he adapted local aids so well, and did his work so thoroughly that his line was accepted by the U. S. authorities for twenty years. The observations made in 1907 by two clever young astronomers, F. A. McDiarmid and W. C. Jaques, of the Dominion Observatory, showed that his line was only a few hundred feet out, and that was in Canada's favour, as it should be.

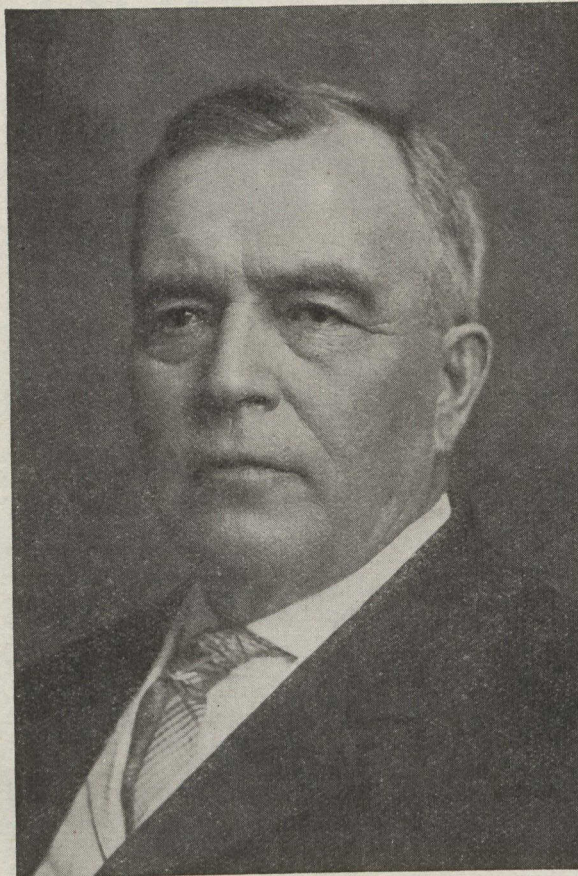
Mr. Ogilvie was doing this fine work with his small instrument clamped on a tree stump clinging to a slope, which persisted in shifting slightly with varying temperatures. Many of the observations were taken at night in a temperature of from 20 to 55 degrees below zero; and when after two hours of tense and motionless work, alternately watching stars chase each other across the hair wires of his telescope and the flying seconds hand of his chronometer, his own hands were usually paralyzed with cold. Also that he had only one chronometer, that there are five ticks to each second, and each tick means a difference of about 1,000 feet, and with other crude appliances, and remoteness from telegraphic connection twenty-five years ago, we can form a faint idea of the wonderful accuracy of his observations and deductions.

After accomplishing the work he was sent to do, and having had much intercourse with the scattered miners, he left on the 17th of March, 1888, by snow-shoe, and later by canoe, on his great trip of over 2,500 miles down the Yukon, across the divide and thence up the Mackenzie to Edmonton; later to Winnipeg and Ottawa, where he reported in January, 1889. Most of this trip was through an unexplored and uninhabited land.

After another short but perilous trip up the Taku inlet, in the end of November, 1894, where years of hardships were crowded into a few weeks, amid the storms, driving ice, and snowy desolation there, Mr. Ogilvie was sent in the summer of 1895 to Yukon again to prolong his international line. He remained in the territory until the summer of 1897.

When Robert Henderson, of Pictou, Nova Scotia, followed his discovery of gold in creeks in the Indian River Valley, 1894-95, by a richer discovery on Gold Bottom-Hunker Creek in the Klondike Valley in June-July, 1896, a stampede followed; and as Mr. Ogilvie says, there were parties of miners scouring the country in August looking for the new find. The Carmac-"Snookum Jim" and "Cultus Charlie" party went there to stake, by Henderson's invitation to the whiteman, George W. Carmac.

On their return, "Snookum Jim" stumbled on a find of coarse gold on what is now Bonanza Creek. Almost simultaneously a party of miners headed by Monahan, in crossing Bonanza on their way to Henderson's, also found gold, some miles below the others. In ignorance of the other discovery they staked there, and some time later at a meeting



The Late Wm. Ogilvie—Big Man Who Had a Big Job.

of twenty-five miners who had come from all parts hunting for Henderson's find, held a miners' meeting, named the creek Bonanza, its tributary Eldorado, and decided to remeasure the claims with a rope, which had been shortened some ten feet by one of the party.

Claim jumping followed, and when in the autumn some holes had been sunk to bedrock, about thirty feet, and the real riches of Bonanza began to be apparent, trouble and bloodshed was in sight, as a majority of the miners were from the western states and were not used to Canadian law and order. The North West Mounted Police were still about seventy miles away at Fortymile and were few in number.

**M**R. OGILVIE had gone up to the Dawson town-site to lay it out, and some miners remembered that here was the man who had surveyed their claims along the international boundary. Petitions containing 130 names were handed to him, asking him to survey the creek. This work he prosecuted free of charge through the dead of an Arctic winter.

He was warned that he might be shot if he attempted to trespass on the claims of some claim jumpers, but the bad men were soon won over by this honest, resolute, but genial man, who was doing his work with absolute impartiality and honesty. His decisions were accepted without dispute, and

no funerals followed, although in one case he surveyed his temporary host off his jumped claim.

Presents he would not accept, nor pay, except a nugget or two from claim owner friends; though in one case he was almost compelled to accept two pans of gravel from a rich claim. He panned out about \$110 (since exaggerated to over \$400), and in their presence put it into a small glass bottle, sealed it up, and so it has since remained.

Had he not been absolutely fair and honest he had many chances to have staked and held very rich ground, during the survey. This was particularly the case in what is known as the Dick Lowe fraction of 86 feet, which produced over \$400,000 of gold. Mr. Ogilvie became aware of this fraction while surveying near discovery, and fully aware of the richness of the claims on either side. He would not stake it himself, and he would not give any information to Lowe, who was working for him at the time, and sought his advice as to staking it. Lowe had to leave his service before he could stake the claim.

Again, he became aware of the Clarence Berry fraction, where all the work of four claims had been done on the forty-four feet which was not known to exist between two of the claims, and about \$130,000 of gold already lay in the dumps, which would become the property of whoever first guessed the secret and staked the fraction. Most carefully he warned Berry of his danger, and then through a skilful ruse instructed a friend of B— how to stake the ground properly and record it. Byrne, the friend, was handsomely rewarded, but as usual Mr. Ogilvie would not accept any remuneration for his invaluable assistance.

In 1887 he returned to Ottawa, and in 1898 was induced to accept the commissionership or governorship of Yukon, which had been practically offered to him before and was declined.

During his three years of administration, the most perplexing, strenuous and trying that any Canadian administrator ever had, he brought order and settled conditions out of the chaos following the great rushes of 1897 and 1898, when about forty thousand or more men passed inward to the Klondike region.

He was fortunate in having during the first year the loyal support of such a splendid officer as Col. S. B. Steele, commanding the R. N. W. M. P. in Yukon, until his transfer outside; and all during his term of the faithful and incorruptible services of Dr. J. N. E. Brown, who was his private secretary and also territorial secretary, and later became superintendent of the Toronto General Hospital.

**A**MID the charges; many of them false—some true; levelled at the government officials of the Klondike, there are three names which shine with undimmed lustre. They are those of William Ogilvie, Samuel B. Steele and Edward S. Busby. The latter occupied the difficult position of Canadian customs officer at Skagway, Alaska. Later he became collector at Dawson and inspector of customs for Yukon, and now is chief inspector of customs for Canada.

The conduct of these men, and some others, redeemed the name of Canadian officials in the land of gold—and bribes.

Had it not been for the powerful support and invincible prestige of the North West Mounted Police (about 100 scattered through Yukon then), no governor could have held in check for a single day the greed and passions, credulity and corruption in that mob of 25,000 determined gold hunters, drawn from all parts of the world, and reinforced by an army of dancers, prostitutes, gamblers, black-legs and crooks from Seattle and the western states; all chafing at regulations unknown in those slaughter pens—the U. S. mining camps. But a man's life and property and a woman's person were as safe there as in the city of Ottawa, night or day.

That a man who was forced into daily contact with scores of men and women, polished or in the rough, demanding "justice" or plotting for a claim or bribe, should be under suspicion at times, goes without saying; but the slanders whether to injure his character, or as an alleged "joke" have failed to affect his honour. His reiterated resignation was tardily accepted in 1901, and he was succeeded by one of the most competent and honourable men in the North-West: the Hon. Jas. H. Ross.

A short time before his death, Mr. Ogilvie had finished for press a work entitled, "Early Days in Yukon," which details a great deal of his experiences in Yukon up to 1897, and gives a historical sketch of explorations in Yukon, and in the neighbouring territory of Alaska. From long inquiry, thoroughness and a retentive memory he had become the best living authority on that north country, which is displaying to a surprised world a great variety and vast extent of native wealth.

# An Autumn Day With The Toronto Hunt



Mr. Aemilius Jarvis (left), and Lt.-Col. Chadwick.



The Master, Mr. George W. Beardmore (right), with the Huntsman and the Dogs of the Toronto Hunt.

## Hamilton Wins Three Rugby Championships

ON Wednesday of last week the Hamilton Alerts and the Toronto A. C. C. played off the tie in the senior O. R. F. U. championship, the Alerts winning by a score of 23-10. The Alerts proved themselves quite the better team.

On Saturday the Hamilton Alerts, leaders in the O. R. F. U., defeated the Toronto Argonauts, leaders in the Interprovincial league. The line-up:

Alerts—Flying wing, Flannery; backs, Carr, Leckie, Becker; quarter, Harper; scrumage, Craig, McCarthy, Pfeiffer; wings, Grey, Ross, Craig, Clarke, Bleakley, Fisher, Smith.

Argonauts—Flying wing, Meeghan; backs, Lawson, Clarke, O'Connor; quarter, Dissette; scrumage, Murphy, Mulligan, Sinclair; wings, Gale, Foster, Whale, Heuther, Reaume, Murray. Binkley replaced Clarke in first half.

The Alerts won by a score of 11-4. The Alerts Junior team also won their championship by defeating the O. A. C. 13 to 7. The Hamilton Rough Riders won the Intermediate by beating R. M. C. 40 to 18. Three championships in one day.

### The Two Royal Pages

WITH the arrival of a royal Governor-General comes the appointment of pages whose duty it is to carry the train of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught. These pages appeared at the opening of Parliament and the Drawing Room.



LAWRENCE SLADEN, Son of Mr. Arthur Sladen, C.M.G.



EDSON SHERWOOD, Son of Lt.-Col. Sherwood, Honorary A.D.C.



Hamilton Alerts, Senior Team, which won the Dominion Championship on Saturday Last by Defeating Toronto Argonauts.



"Red" Harper of the Alerts Bucking Through for the only Touchdown of the Game.



The Argonaut Half-back, Crossen Clarke, has Just Kicked the Ball. Final Score, 11-4.

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## A Minister's Grave Errors.

LAST week, in the House, Sir Wilfrid Laurier read from the *CANADIAN COURIER* the three letters written by a cement manufacturer and published in one of our July issues. He did this to emphasize a contention made in these letters that the reduction in the duty on cement made in June last was due to the Saskatchewan elections and not to any unusual state of affairs in the cement market.

Premier Borden, in his reply to Sir Wilfrid, touched slightly on the topic, and said:

"My right honourable friend has spent a very considerable portion of his speech in reading from a public newspaper a series of letters on the reduction of the duty on cement."

On the following day, the Minister of Finance replied at greater length to Sir Wilfrid, and said:

"The right honourable gentleman made the charge that the Government reduced the duty upon cement by reason of the fact that there was an election pending in Saskatchewan, and for the purpose of influencing that election. . . . He read a letter from a manufacturer of cement published in an obscure journal based upon the grossest misrepresentation. . . ."

Later on in his address, in a burst of mock heroics, the Minister of Finance added:

"Is it fair that, on the strength of an anonymous communication, a charge involving my personal integrity should be made against me on the floor of the House?"

Mr. Macdonald, of Pictou, then asked him if the Prime Minister had received such a "letter signed by a responsible person in the terms published in the *COURIER*." The Minister of Finance replied, "I am not in a position to say that. All I can say is that he said yesterday, as I understood him, that it was anonymous."

May I be allowed to point out to the Minister of Finance that the quotation from Hansard made above shows that Mr. Borden did not call these documents "anonymous letters." Moreover, I should like to add that if the Minister of Finance doesn't know who wrote them he has lost the cunning which distinguished him when he was a newspaper reporter. The letters were written by an Ontario manufacturer of cement and were not anonymous. The Minister of Finance was bluffing when he used that term. The originals are in Mr. Borden's office, and the Minister of Finance can see them whenever he desires to come down to facts.

Again, I should like to point out to him that it is improper for a junior minister to contradict his leader. Mr. Borden spoke of the *CANADIAN COURIER* as "a public newspaper," while the Minister of Finance refers to it as "an obscure journal." Any delight which may come to him from having tried to injure the feelings of the management of this journal should not blind him to the gross breach of etiquette towards his leader of which he has been guilty. We hope that Mr. Borden will excuse this impertinence on the part of his junior colleague, making due allowance for his inexperience.

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## Progress of Vegetarianism.

VEGETARIANISM is being forced upon the people of Canada and no one seems to know the reason why. When the wholesale dealers are asked they curtly reply "Beef is scarce." They try to put the blame upon the farmers and declare that these men who live upon the land are not producing the quantity of foodstuffs which is necessary to sustain Canada's rapidly growing city population.

Mr. Patrick Burns, known as the beef king of Western Canada, has been telling the people of that district how much he regrets having to charge them high prices for the beef which he sells them. Mr. J. W. Flavell and other packers in the East have voiced the same kindly sentiment. Indeed, the sorrow and grief of these distinguished citizens has been, at times, painful to behold.

Under these circumstances it is exceedingly regrettable to note that a Winnipeg paper gives space to a letter from a man who apparently does not appreciate the lamentations of Mr. Burns. This man claims to have been buying meat from "Pat" for thirty years. At the beginning of this period the farmers were getting from 6½ to 7½ cents a pound live weight for their cattle, and householders were paying 12½ cents for the best cuts. In the hot weather this price went up to 15 cents. Now, says the critic, the farmers are getting 6½

cents per pound live weight and the householder is paying 35 cents per pound for the same cuts that he got thirty years ago at 12½ cents.

Not satisfied with this whack at a prominent citizen, the critic goes farther and says that the advent of abattoirs and cold storage plants drove the price of live meat from 6½ cents to less than 4 cents per pound, so that the poor farmer either had to go out of cattle raising or starve at the business.

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## Truthful Correspondents.

A FEW days ago, a friend startled me with the question, "Can you name a paper which has an Ottawa correspondent who tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" My friend found it necessary to read two papers of opposite politics to get a fair idea of the recent debate on the address. I explained to him that no Ottawa correspondent was expected to be truthful and honest. His salary depended upon his concealing such truth, fact or argument as might displease the partisan readers of a partisan paper. I also explained that this did not make the Ottawa correspondent an outcast; on the contrary, it put him on a level with M.P.'s and even cabinet ministers. He is a superior person.

I have not met my friend since, but hope to discuss the matter again when he has had time to think it over.

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## British Troops in South Africa.

HOW far Canada has gone in providing for her own defence and in relieving the United Kingdom of a portion of her military burden is exemplified by the present situation in South Africa. For several years now the Imperial authorities have maintained an army of 12,000 men in that portion of the Empire. A few days ago the announcement was made in the British House of Commons that this force will be reduced to 6,500. The cost of maintaining this huge force in South Africa has been very considerable, and no doubt the Government has been influenced in its decision by a desire to reduce expenses. But even after the reduction is made the annual cost of maintaining an army of 6,500 men must be considerable.

It is not many years since a similar garrison was maintained in Canada. The first of our present militia regiments was formed about 1860, but it was not until fifteen years later that the British Government felt justified in withdrawing the last of its regiments from this country. Even then it maintained naval garrisons at Halifax and Esquimaux until about 1900. During the past twelve years Canada has provided for its own land defences and has supplied its own naval garrisons.

This is mentioned simply to emphasize the point that during the past half century Canada has been working steadily towards a self-reliant and autonomous policy of national defence. Those who know Canadian history best fully realize how inevitable such a policy has been and how equally inevitable is the natural development of that policy in the future.

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## The Patronage Evil.

THE other day, the president of one of the Conservative Ward Associations in the city of Toronto made his annual address and boldly proclaimed his own success. He held up a type-written list containing the names of over two hundred men from that ward who had got government positions during his year of office. He then went on to express regret that there were a number of old men in the ward for whom he had not been able to get "jobs" because of the age limit set by the Dominion Government. However, he still had hope that he could get this embargo against old men raised and that these men would be provided for.

What claim had these two hundred men? Only one, viz., they had voted Conservative all their lives. To this pretty pass have we come. Vote blindly for your party for twenty, thirty or forty years, and then, if you need it, the patronage committee will get you a government position!

No wonder that *The Civilian*, the organ of the civil service, says that political patronage induces "corrupt elections and an ineffective public service." If the ward organizations of our cities exist only

for the purpose of filling the service with men who have no merit other than having voted "straight" all their lives, how can we expect clean elections, an honest expression of the public will, or an effective public service? If the men who work in the customs department and the post office are to be selected by the patronage committee of a ward organization, how can we expect the business affairs of the country to be looked after?

Political patronage is costing the people of Canada fully twenty-five million dollars a year in excessive prices for supplies and in inefficient labour in public departments—and who cares? Apparently neither Mr. Borden nor Sir Wilfrid Laurier does. It is quite certain that the average member of Parliament, Liberal or Conservative, doesn't. The ward politicians do not. The newspaper editors do not. Who does?

## A Muck-Raking Week

THERE are times when the House of Commons at Ottawa somewhat resembles a trunk sewer. After the customary patriotic magnificence of the opening on November 21st—last week, the first of debate was one of them. Of course, a sewer is a very useful institution. One of the finest descriptive passages in Victor Hugo's greatest work concerns a sewer. And if last week's flushing of the national outlet for alleged corruption has the effect of getting the disorders out of the national system for a while, the people may begin to be thankful.

As usual, neither side of the House is to blame for turning on the sewage—and both sides are to blame. The debate on the address from the Throne is the kind of thing that permits a lot of members in Opposition to relieve themselves of rancours they have been accumulating in the interval since last session. There is no reason why the editors should have a monopoly of muck-raking. Opposition members will see to that. It is an axiom—that a Canadian Government is fundamentally iniquitous. It is the function of the Opposition to demonstrate this, as early in the session as possible, and as often as possible afterwards. The people at large may have some lingering respect for Parliament. The young men of Canada may be excused for believing that the first week in Parliament should be a patriotic spectacle, not of cheers and flag-waving and sentimentality over the Empire, but of real business tackled in earnest by a body of men whose time in session costs the people of Canada a large number of dollars a minute.

But the first business of our Parliament is to prove that the Government is rotten; and that the Opposition was always so. Evidence accumulates on both sides. Sir Wilfrid led the muck-raking brigade in a rather dignified way. The Premier retorted with the "tu quoque" argument, which is Latin for "you're another." Afterwards the Hon. Frank Oliver took the lid off the Macdonald election referred to by Sir Wilfrid. Siftons and Sullivans had been arrested by the Conservative Government of Manitoba. They had been jailed. The Liberals resented the jailing. Two members from Quebec had made a pilgrimage to Macdonald, finding out things. Hon. Robert Rogers riddled the pilgrims. According to the report, he landed with a straight left on the "solar plexus." He read three affidavits referring to the arrest of Sifton, who, he said, "had been employed by the Liberal Government for years, and practically performed no work, except that of debauching the half-breed vote." Augustin Chaboyer (a half-breed affidavit) swore that he had been offered a bribe by Sifton who had supplied him with liquor to give to other half-breeds. Mr. Carvell, of New Brunswick, asked if the man took the money. "He took the whiskey," answered Mr. Rogers.

Mr. Carvell rose to reply. A metropolitan newspaper report described him "as qualified to reprove sharp political practices to almost exactly the same extent as Satan is to reprove sin." He designated Mr. Rogers' speech as "bluster and threats."

During the course of his diatribe Mr. Arthur Meighen, of Portage la Prairie, accused Mr. Carvell of being worse than wrong if he were allowed to use the word.

Mr. Arthur Boyce, discussing the same election referred to Philip Wagner, once Edmonton interpreter, who, he said, had been promoted by the Liberals after being convicted of malfeasance in office. Hon. Frank Oliver very impulsively retorted that Wagner was less of a thug than Mr. Boyce. (Tu quoque again—from the other side.) Mr. Oliver was requested by the Speaker to withdraw the allegation; which he did.

The spectacle was regarded as highly diverting by the back-benchers, because, for two days, the debate had been deadly dull. And there is some foundation for the rumour that when it was all over, some French-Canadian members in the corridors banded together to sing, "O Canada! terre de nos aieux!" A. B.

## Two Great Rebukes.

(Toronto Evening Telegram.)

ASSUREDLY Hon. W. T. White's description of the *Canadian Courier* as "AN OBSCURE WEEKLY" is the most thrilling and impressive rebuke that has been addressed to an Anglo-Saxon publication since R. C. Lowry, of the New Denver Ledge, alluded to the *London Times* as "THAT SHEET."

# Recent Musical Doings

*Great Birmingham Festival Under the Baton of Five Famous Conductors. Dr. A. S. Vogt gives his Choral Impressions of England, France and Germany. Songs of Debussy and Hugo Wolf are given a Unique interpretation in Public Drawing-room Recital*

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

THE most remarkable musical event in England during the past few weeks was the Birmingham Festival, which occupied four days. Sir Henry Wood was the conductor. The chorus numbered 351; the orchestra 145—which in America would be considered an overwhelming preponderance of orchestra. The choral works given were the two great Requiems, the Manzoim of Verdi, and the German Requiem of Brahms; Elgar's oratorio, "The Apostles," and "The Music Makers" (a new work); Bach's "St. Matthew," Passion Music; Walford Davies' "The Song of St. Francis"; Delius' "Sea Drift," "The Elijah," and Handel's "Messiah."

To say the least this is not an overplus of new works. All but two or three of the minor pieces have become nearly as familiar in England as "The Messiah." But it is a tradition among Englishmen, in some respects well worth approximating to in Canada, that the real worth of a great choral work is in the people's knowing it almost as well as the choristers. In Canada we have been much favoured by novelties which we have very much needed in order to give us an outline of what is being done in the world of choral compositions. Canadian audiences have heard works that are scarcely even mentioned in English choral circles. Yet the repertoire of a big festival chorus in England naturally far exceeds in variety and range that of any choral society in Canada.

The orchestral works given at the Birmingham Festival by the colossal band under the baton of Sir Henry Wood were, "New Symphony No. 4 in A Minor," by Sibelius, fragments of whose works have been given by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra; "Fifine at the Fair," a new orchestral drama by Granville Bantock, illustrating a poem of Robert Browning, and said by eminent critics to be one of the biggest things of its kind ever written in England; "Don Quixote," by Richard Strauss; Symphony No. 7, by Beethoven; overtures "Coriolan," "William Tell" and "Tannhauser."

The chief soloists were Mesdames Donalda (Canadian), Ackte, Muriel Foster, Clara Butt and Ada Forrest; Messrs. John McCormack, Clarence Whitehill, Gervase Elwes, and Thorpe Bates; instrumentalists, Moritz Rosenthal, pianist, and Pablo Casals, Spanish cellist.

Sir Edward Elgar, Granville Bantock, Walford Davies and Sibelius each conducted his own works.

Strangely enough, the most sensational work performed was "The Messiah," due to the very modern reading accorded to the work by Sir Henry Wood, a somewhat detailed account of which will appear in the December 21st issue of the COURIER.

FOR the past six months Dr. A. S. Vogt, conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, has been in Europe on what he calls "A Canadian Musician's Wanderjahr," in an article written for the *Musical Times*, published in London. In this article he outlines his impressions, mainly of choral work, from the International Festival at Paris, last May, to the Birmingham Festival in October. Extracts, which show the astute and appreciative interest taken by this Canadian conductor in the choral affairs of Europe, are reprinted herewith. He says:

"Leaving Canada in April last, it was my good fortune to be present at the International Festival held in Paris, in May, at which about 180 of the best choirs of the Continent and England competed. No better opportunity could have been afforded for studying certain choral conditions of the Old World. It was soon made clear that French and British choral ideals were as far removed from each other as the Poles. In the principal competition for mixed-voice choirs, for instance, first honours were awarded a Belgian choir which, on account of fundamental tonal shortcomings and very faulty intonation, would in all probability hardly have been considered a serious factor in a competition presided over by a British board of adjudicators, or even by an International group of judges. The



Edmund Burke, the Famous Bass-Baritone, from Montreal. Helped M. Ysaye, Violinist, and Mr. Backhaus, Pianist, to Celebrate the Return to England of Mme. Melba in October. Mr. Burke is one of the World's Famous Mephistos.



Madame Donalda, also from Montreal, who Seems to be the Legitimate Canadian Successor to Mme. Albani. She Took Part in Elgar's Oratorio "The Apostles" at the Birmingham Festival. (From a Painting by Wilenski.)

relative positions of the British prize-winning choirs in this class would, apart from the foreign choirs, also doubtless have been changed had the adjudicating been done by English musicians. At the same time one was forced to the conclusion that the British choirs competing, whilst excelling in smoothness and roundness of tone, failed in certain interpretative qualities which the French judges evidently deemed absolutely essential to any performance aspiring to serious artistic recognition. Temperamentally, but more particularly in the subtler elements of rhythm and tonal colour, several of the foreign choirs achieved quite extraordinary results. Perhaps the most notable choral achievement of the Festival was the really superb singing of the Prague Societe des Instituteurs-Chanteurs, a men's chorus which, more than any other I heard, seemed to reveal most exhilarating rhythmic abandon and nuancing, combined with an almost orchestral command of colour and a warm and in most cases pure quality of tone.

"The Vienna Music Festival of last June provided rare opportunities for hearing a number of the leading choral bodies of the Austrian capital, including the famous Wiener Mannergesangverein and the very efficient mixed-voiced Imperial Society of Music Friends.

"In Germany my most pleasant choral sensations thus far have been those experienced through the remarkably fine singing of the choirs of St. Thomas' Church, Leipsic, and the Dom Kirche, Berlin. Church music in Germany does not, generally speaking, reach a high standard. But the two choirs named are certainly amongst the finest of their kind in the world.

"Those things which most impress one in a choral sense in travelling through England are the almost uniformly high vocal standard of its church choirs, the enthusiasm, endurance, and loyalty of its Festival choruses, and the inspiring spectacle presented by the multitudes attending such competitive events as the Blackpool Festival. The unusual technical efficiency and smoothness of tone displayed by the London choirs of St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, Brompton Oratory, Westminster Cathedral, St. Margaret's, and others it has been my privilege to hear, bear eloquent testimony to what is being consistently demanded by England in its ecclesiastical music.

"Birmingham Festival of October provided me with my first English Festival experience. Several things profoundly impressed me here—quite apart from the brilliant achievements of the very fine

choir and the pronounced success won by Sir Edward Elgar in his new work 'We are the Music Makers.' These were the superb quality of the playing of the orchestra under Sir Henry Wood, and the undisputable triumph won by Professor Granville Bantock in the great orchestral novelty of the Festival, his orchestral drama, 'Fifine at the Fair.' One may safely predict that this work is destined to go the round of the great orchestras of the world.

"The choir appeared to be strongest in its altos and basses, the former in particular being most sympathetic and rich in tone-quality. The sopranos, although quite effective, seemed hardly equal to those of several Yorkshire choirs I have heard, whilst the tenors appeared somewhat hard in tone and slightly throaty in production. To an outsider the official returns of the paid attendance at the Festival proved disappointing. It is possible that the great artistic development which is taking place in British music is doing much to render obsolete the old-time 'Festival,' the very name of which, under present-day musical conditions, quite wrongly suggests a prevailing state of musical starvation. Or may the comparative indifference of the public be ascribed to the rather too solemn general character of the choral music offered at most of these important events?"

NOTHING demonstrates the musical advancement of a community better than the intuitive interest in special lines of

work by relatively small audiences. As has been more than once pointed out in this paper before, the audience of from three to five thousand assembled to hear a big soloist or a choral society is not necessarily a musical audience. But the coming together more or less regularly of smaller audiences to hear "chamber music" and select recitals of songs may be regarded as the development of a real clientele based upon sound musical appreciation. Such audiences are regularly assembled to hear such organizations as the Hambourg Concert Society, the Toronto String Quartette and the Dubois String Quartette, of Montreal. In a near future issue we hope to review the splendid work done thus far in this season by these three organizations.

Quite as thoroughly musical an audience a few days ago listened to the cultured recital of songs given in Conservatory Hall, Toronto, by Madame Benita Le Mar, who came to Canada last May with a splendid European reputation in song programmes. One obvious proof that art and not the box-office was the object of Madame Le Mar's recital was the fact that she limited the seating capacity of the hall to less than half what it normally contains. The floor of the hall was arranged as a drawing-room. The recital became a sort of musical conversation. The audience were both fashionable and cultured. They came to hear—the songs of Debussy and Max Reger and Hugo Wolf; not to have either a merely social evening or to glorify a singer.

Madame Le Mar's work on this occasion may be described as the almost purely impersonal art of giving to songs the interest intended by the composer. She repressed any personal peculiarities of her own that the genius of the song might get expression direct from the composer to the listener. In this she was eminently successful in all but one group of songs. In the four numbers of Debussy and the two of Hugo Wolf she was *par excellence* the interpreter. One could scarcely imagine delineation of moods more exquisitely and subtly conveyed through the medium of rarely difficult songs. In the hands of any but a thoroughly impersonal Debussyite the songs of this wonderful modern French composer would be an awful infliction. As done by Madame Le Mar they were a simple delight. Abstruse, even baffling, in musical form as they are, "De Reve," "De Greve," "De Fleurs" and "Le Soir" were a quartette of splendid simplicities in exposition. The Madame was quite

(Concluded on page 30.)

Dr Aram

By

Effie Adelaide



Kalfian

Rowlands

## SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

DICK EMBERSON, aged twenty-five, of Ardwell Court, Sussex county, England, has become engaged to Enid Anerley. He is summoned to London by a letter from Denise Alston, a widow, whom he had loved and who still loves him. He tells her of his engagement. She says that she will not give him up, and she shows him a letter which greatly worries him. Soon after his return, his home burns down, and his father's body—the head missing—is found in the ruins.

As a natural consequence of the overnight agitation the household was somewhat late astir the next morning. There was no one about when Dick Emberson, a little before six, emerged from his room and crept noiselessly down the broad oak staircase. His anxiety to avoid waking the ladies would account no doubt for a certain stealthiness in his step, and for the uneasy looks he cast back over his shoulder, and yet his movements, his manner, suggested almost a sense of guilt. He drew back the heavy bolts of the front door, unlocked and opened it, and made his way swiftly, like a man with a purpose, towards what was left of his father's house. He had not seen it since Enid had taken him by the hand and led him, weak and unresisting, from the scene of the catastrophe, and he stood now for a few minutes gravely examining the extent of the devastation: the framework of the building was still almost intact, although the whole of the interior of the first and second floors had collapsed into the rooms below. The front of the house had suffered most; the fire had evidently commenced in Mr. Emberson's bedroom, the side walls being only scorched and discoloured. The old Hall appeared from the front to be holding up appealing arms to heaven in protest against the calamity which had befallen it; and the blackened and empty window-openings of the upper rooms looked like eyes that had wept themselves blind.

It would have been a pitiful sight enough to an utter stranger; how much more so must it have been then to one who had called it home and been proud of the associations clinging to it; yet Dick Emberson gazed at the ruins apparently unmoved. True, his face was white and lined with the mental suffering he had passed through—he had aged by years in those two days; but there was no softness of regret in his eyes—no mist of tears impeded his clearness of vision—they were hard and dry, and almost fiercely alert—like a man on guard against some threatened danger.

Walking around and clambering over the mounds of ashes and charred wood, he peered into what had been the library. Being at the side of the house, and giving on to the garden, it had been one of the last to be reached by the flames. On the night of the catastrophe, Dick had been like a man in a dream, scarcely conscious of what was going on around him; but now it came back to his memory that the servants had tried to save some of the contents of this room. Under Colonel Anerley's directions, eager hands had torn some of the more valuable pictures from the walls, and brought out some of the smaller pieces of furniture; finally, they had half dragged, half-lifted out into the open the square iron safe in which the master of the house had kept papers and personal valuables. Whilst doing this, the men had been nearly caught in a death-trap, for, as they staggered out with their heavy load, the ceiling of the room had fallen with a crash behind them.

All this came back clearly to Dick's mind as he stared in upon what was only a heap of wreckage; but where had the men placed their salvage? One of his chief objects in coming there that morning had been to ascertain if any of his father's private papers had escaped the flames; and, if so, to guard against the danger of their falling into any other hands but his own. He blamed himself now for having allowed a day to pass without seeing to this. His eyes soon convinced him that there was but one possible place of storage left standing—some out-houses in the background; and, striding quickly in that direction, he found, as he had expected, the interior of the sheds piled high with a heterogeneous

mass of household belongings. An indifferent person would probably have smiled at sight of some of the objects which had been carefully saved, whilst others, really valuable, had been left to the flames; but, intent upon his purpose, the young man was as blind to the ludicrous as to the pathetic. It was a good half-hour before, peering, pushing, lifting, he caught sight of one of the objects of his search. Yes, there was that bulky iron safe in which he had often seen his father place deeds and papers; it held its secrets grimly intact, they were safe enough for the present even from his hands; still, it would be wiser for him to beg the Colonel to allow it to be brought up to his house with as little delay as possible, lest by chance someone ferreting amongst the ruins should find the key. If the latter never came to light the safe would have to be broken open in his, Dick's, presence.

Thus reflecting, he made his way again round to the front. Once more he gazed along and intently at the blackened walls to which the giant ivy stems still clung tenaciously. It had covered with its waving green mantle two sides of the house, and had been the pride of several generations. Now its glory was shorn from it; but its gnarled and knotted branches, though scorched and blackened, still clasped the old walls tightly in their embrace, as if determined that even death should not sever them.

It will be remembered that it was by clambering down the ivy that Dick had succeeded in escaping from the burning building. He seemed now to be measuring with his eyes the distance between one of the main stems, thick as a man's wrist, and the opening which had been his father's window; it passed close enough to enable any active man to haul himself through the gap. Whatever the doubt was in his mind, for a moment it seemed as if he would be mad enough to try and set it at rest by attempting the ascent; then, with a stifled groan, he turned his head and looked about searchingly in all directions. He found what he wanted in the shape of a long iron pole, with a hook at the end, which the men had used to dislodge some tottering and unsafe portions of the building. Thrusting his implement between the ivy and the wall, he wrenched and pulled with a savage fury till he succeeded in bringing to the ground the long branches which had been trained over the front. They fell sideways with a thud, and as they did so something small and glittering escaped from them and fell a yard or so more forward. Whatever it was, it buried itself in falling; but Dick's quick eyes had marked the spot, and in a few minutes, raking with his hands amongst the debris, he had succeeded in bringing it to light. It was a sleeve link of some yellow metal. At first, dirty and stained as it was, it looked an object of little enough value; but when he had rubbed and cleansed it with his handkerchief, he discovered that the two sides of the link were oblong shields of beaten gold with a raised initial in the centre of each. The letters were "A. K."

## CHAPTER V.

## INTRODUCES TED ALSTON.

THE eight o'clock breakfast was just over at "The Lindens" when Dick, entering, took his place at the table with a murmured apology. The Anerleys were early people, and the Colonel had accustomed his household to a military punctuality. He greeted his young friend cheerily; then, leaving the other members of the family to look after him, took up his newspaper and passed out on to the verandah.

"The women, bless them, will fuss over the lad quite enough without my help; best leave him to them," he said to himself.

Needless to say, his expectations were amply fulfilled. Enid hovered about the late comer with a tender solicitude, hanging as carefully upon his words as if the fate of the nation depended upon his choice of grilled bacon or haddock; and that, in the event of his choosing wrongly, the Empire

would swiftly take that downward course with which it has so long been threatened.

Mrs. Anerley poured out his tea, and as she handed it to him, asked—

"What made you go out so early? I hoped you were resting, and sent the maid up with your breakfast; but she came down and reported that your room was empty."

"I got so weary of tossing about that I dressed and went out," he said, "to—to look at the old place."

"It was very wrong of you to go there by yourself, Dick," murmured Enid, reproachfully. "You might know how it would upset you. I shall ask Dr. Arnold to give you a sleeping draught to-night; we ought to have thought of it yesterday. Now, eat this, dear; do, to please me!"

Thus abjured, Dick did his best, though all food seemed to stick in his throat and threaten to choke him. It was curious, but he made no mention of the object he had found that morning, and which was at present lying safely concealed in his waistcoat pocket, although he might have known the matter would have been of interest to the two ladies; neither did he mention it to the Colonel when, a few minutes later, having finished his meal, or rather having succeeded in escaping from the tender ministrations with which he was beset, he joined the latter. He asked him instead about the possibility of his father's writing-table and safe being brought up to the house.

"Certainly, my boy," was the somewhat surprised rejoinder. "I will give orders about it at once. I expect some of the keys they have found belong to them."

"Keys! What keys? I did not know any had been found," replied the other, sharply.

"Nor I, till this morning. My man told me. I expect Pollard was his authority. I think the latter was rather confused at your reception of his report last night, and so forgot to mention it to us. It seems the blade of a pocket-knife, a bunch of keys on a ring, and one single one were found close to your poor father's body."

"Why were they not brought up here?" asked Dick, angrily; "they should have been given into my hands at once!"

COLONEL ANERLEY glanced up over his gold spectacles in mild surprise at this fresh proof of his young friend's irritability about trifles.

"No doubt they will send them up if you wish it," he said, soothingly.

"I do wish it," was the quick reply. "I don't choose my father's private papers to be at the mercy of strangers!"

"There is no fear of that, my dear boy; the keys are safe enough at the police station. As a matter of fact, I don't suppose they will be of much use to you or anyone else; bent and warped as they must be—they are far more likely to hamper locks than open them."

"That had not occurred to me," replied Dick, thoughtfully; "the safe then will have to be broken open."

The Colonel's brows knit together with a sudden frown, as if the remark which had fallen, half-meditatively, half-questioningly, from his companion's lips, was eminently distasteful to him. In truth, it both jarred upon his finer feelings and puzzled him. There are some heirs in whom a keen anxiety about the extent of their heritage would seem natural, if a little revolting; but Dick was not one of these: he had hitherto shown himself free from all mercenary calculations; it was singularly unlike him to be curious about the valuables his dead father had left behind. But, although this was the tenor of the older man's reflections, he showed no trace of them in his reply, which was simple and to the point—

"I suppose so; without you send to the makers, Prestiss & Usher, for another key. It is practically a new safe, for my poor old friend showed it to me on its arrival six months ago, so there will be no difficulty."

"Thanks for the suggestion; I will do so at once." Glad to escape from the restraint of a longer conversation with a person with whom he was momentarily out of sympathy, Colonel Anerley departed upon his self-appointed task; and Enid, stepping out on to the verandah, came and stood by Dick's side.

Pre-occupied with his thoughts, he did not speak to her; she cast one quick glance into his face, and then yielding to that feminine need of always touching or resting in some fashion against the one beloved, she placed her hand lightly upon his shoulder. Turning his head, he pressed his lips to it. A flush of pleasure passed over her sensitive face at the mute caress. He paid no further attention.

(Continued on page 27.)

# SUBURBAN & COUNTRY LIFE SUPPLEMENT

## Horticulture is Going Ahead

*Judging from what was seen at the Ontario Horticultural Exhibition—Written by a Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society (Eng.), and Vice-President of the National Rose Society*



First Prize Specimen Chrysanthemum Flowers.

THE recent autumn exhibition, held under the auspices of the Ontario Horticultural Exhibition, was a success all round, and marks in a sense an era in the progress of this beneficent organization. It was opened by the Hon. Martin Burrell, the Minister of Agriculture of Canada, who sounded the right note in stating that the Exhibition was attracting a great deal of attention. Apart, he said, from the commercial aspect of the question, horticulture was doing much for the country. In the first place, it had the effect of setting large tracts of land, and it was fast removing the old ideas that "any fool could be a farmer," for great skill and concentration were required to successfully rear an orchard.

Sir Henry Pellatt is the President, and in his interesting opening address stated that at the first show there had been 17 barrels and 11 boxes of apples, not one of which was fit for export, while this year there were 5,000 boxes and a large number of barrels, all in condition for abroad. Further, he referred to the increasing interest in horticultural pursuits. People were devoting more time to beautifying their homes and gardening generally than ever before.

The building during the five days that the exhibition remained open was filled with a miscellaneous collection of things from carrots to orchids, and presented a glorious picture of varying colours. Tier upon tier of apples, rare orchids, carnations, and roses, the air filled with subtle scents—a potpourri of many odours. Apples naturally formed the great feature of the display, and the writer has never seen a more imposing and beautiful display of the king of fruits. Not only was the colouring perfect, but the individual specimens were faultless in symmetry; it was a rare apple feast. It is computed that the number shown approached one million. There were contributions from Lambton,

Huron, Brant, Essex, and Peel counties, and the varieties represented consisted for the most part of Spy, King, Baldwin, Spitzenberg, and Snow, or, as it is also called, Fameuse. Alone in this gay throng were several dishes of the famous Blenheim Pippin or Orange apple, the fruits of rare colouring and shape. If this kind can be grown to such perfection as shown on this occasion, it deserves a better place in the orchard and garden.

Huron county exhibited fruits of superb quality and such boxes of Baldwins, Spys and Golden Russets it would be impossible to eclipse. A competitive class of importance was for 300 boxes (half car-load lots) of not more than three varieties, the first prize \$200, and the second \$150. The premier awards went to the Northumberland and Durham Association, who staged superb specimens, and the Norfolk Fruit Growers' Association made a grand showing. Much interest was taken in the exhibit consisting of about 80 boxes and 15 barrels from what is known as the "Spy" county, that of Brant. That apple, Twenty-ounce, King, Baldwin, Ontario, and Wagener were a pleasure to see. A patch of brilliant colouring suggested a little sea of some crimson flower; it came from the Snow or Fameuse fruits, packed ready for shipment, and shown by Mr. John King, of Norfolk county, and other kinds for which separate classes were set apart were Gravenstein, McIntosh, Spy, Wealthy, Baldwin and Greening, and the principal winners were Messrs. John King, G. Goring, St. Catharines; F. G. Stewart, John Winter, H. Youmans, L. A. Parisien, Summerstown; R. H. Johnson, Norfolk county; E. F. Augustine, P. Walker, H. Beckett and Sons, C. Woolley, and Wm. Burt.

Many of the same exhibitors were successful in the pear section, a fruit that is certainly not over-cultivated in the Dominion, though one of the most wholesome and delicious. A dainty morsel is the

Winter Nelis, bubbling over with juice, and grateful to the taste, when the sun shines hot, is the Bosc pear, and sweet memories are recalled by many little feasts of Anjou, Beurre Clairgeau, and Keiffer fruits.

In your last country life supplement I read an article on "Uncommon Vegetables," and that gave me food for reflection. The carrots, potatoes, beets, cauliflowers, and celery were excellently grown, and it is a pleasure to know the department was better represented than in any previous displays, but more variety would be acceptable. Perhaps the framers of the schedule will try and include even more toothsome esculents, at least, give them a trial to encourage a wider choice for the tables of the wealthy.

One of the most conspicuous exhibits was that of honey, a huge pyramid of the clear, nutritious condiment, containing no less than 3,000 pounds. A honey fancier told the writer it was the "finest exhibit ever seen in Canada," and one can well believe it. The Ontario Bee-keepers' Association deserves the warmest praise for such a representation, and we are not forgetful of that from the counties of Halton and Peel. A pretty effect was created by the Bee-keepers' Association of Middlesex, for the reason a praiseworthy attempt had been made to show the honey artistically. There were 1,200 pounds of comb honey in sections, 1,100 pounds of honey in glasses, and 1,500 pounds in tin pails. This reminds one that Mr. Hodgetts, who is secretary of the Fruit Growers' Association and of the whole exhibition, deserves the highest credit for the work he has undertaken to control, and Mr. Douglas, who is responsible for the flower department, must not be forgotten. Both are bringing the exhibition slowly but surely to perfection, so that in the course of time Canada will be prouder still of her fruit, vegetable, and flower displays, a



A Typical Chrysanthemum at the Exhibition, from Sir Henry Pellatt's Famous Garden on the Hill Overlooking Toronto.



Fruit and Flowers—A Striking Contrast.

reflection of those glorious manifestations of skill and art combined that are to be seen throughout the year in Great Britain.

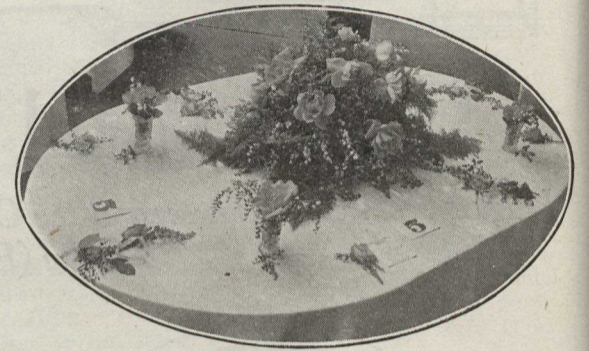
OF course the Chrysanthemum was the flower of the exhibition. It is the flower of the fall, and there were to be seen blooms as big as saucers, and to me the more beautiful singles and pompons. It is to be hoped that in the zeal for mere size the dainty little flowers represented by the two classes that have been mentioned will not be overshadowed. Sir Henry Pellatt scored heavily throughout the show and won the first prize and cup for an exquisitely arranged group to which several palms, especially Phoenix Roblinii, lent graceful aid. Mr. T. Manton, of Eglinton, was second, and his first prize Orchids were delightful, and so also were the displays from Mr. Chas. E. Lewis, of Toronto, and Messrs. A. J. Jennings and Co., Brampton. A charming flower feature was formed by the beautiful exhibits from the Dale Estate, of Brampton. Chrysanthemums were in grand array, and not only the monster blooms many inches in circumference, but the pompons and the singles. Of the last mentioned class a new kind received, and deserved, the first prize; it is named Dorothy Morgan, and originated in that well-known nursery; the flower is prettily formed and snow white. Carnations were superb. A noble bloom of purest white, William Turner, the largest in all the exhibition, was shown by Messrs. R. Jennings, Brampton. It measured thirty-two inches in circumference. A warm, enticing fragrance came from the Lilies of the Valley and Violets, and crowds centred round the decorated mirrors and dinner tables.

#### THE ROSES.

THE fairest flower of the garden was there in charming variety, and surely such a display suggests in time a society for the Rose alone. A great National Rose Society, of which the Dowager Queen Alexandra is the Patron, and takes a warm personal interest in its welfare, exists in England, and Canada should also possess such a delightful organization. This freemasonry of Rose-lovers is wanted, and no flower touches more deeply the heart of the people. The great Samuel Reynolds Hole, late Dean of Rochester, was the founder of the British Society, which comprises about 10,000 earnest members. He told the writer once a little

story of the love in which the queenly flower is held amongst the working population near Nottingham, the city of his birth. A lady friend of the Dean, while conversing with the wife of a mechanic during the coldest period of a long winter, observed that the parental bed appeared to be scantily and insufficiently clothed. She enquired if there were no more blankets in the house. "Yes, ma'am, we've another," replied the housewife, "but—" and here she paused.

"But what?" said the lady. "It is not at home, ma'am." "Surely, surely it's not in pawn?" "Oh, dear, no, ma'am; Tom has only just took it—just took it." "Well, Bessie, took it where?" "Please,



A Prize Table of Roses.

ma'am, he took it to keep the frost out of the greenhouse; and please we don't want it. We're quite hot in bed." A true story of floral devotion.

Novelties among flowers always fascinate not merely for their beauty, but showing that the hybridist is at work. His creations are the marvels of the vegetable world, and the writer's delight was sincere when a new Rose appeared in the exhibition. This is named "Milady," and came from A. N. Pierson, of Cromwell, Conn. The colour suggests that the parentage is Richmond and American Beauty, and three attributes are present—fragrance, rich colouring, and substance in the petals. It is a kind that should win popularity, and was given the hall-mark of approval, the certificate of merit.

# The Making of a Garden

*Eight Years of Personal Endeavour to Create an Interesting Garden Which is not yet Finished*

By MRS. ALLEN BAINES

THESE pictures are of a garden that has been eight years in the making, and is not by any means finished yet. Perhaps one of many garden joys is this constant sense of something yet to be done; a new spot for some favourite, another rose bed, a turn in the walks here and there. So, altering and adding, we make our gardens, as the potter moulds his clay, and the form grows in beauty beneath the touch of the hands that love it, daily becoming more and more individual in its charm.

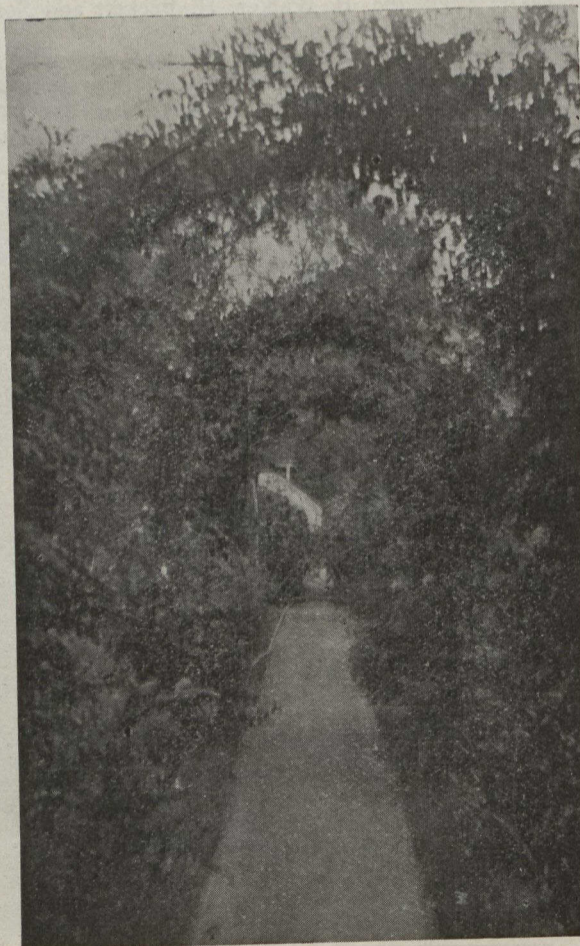
When building our house, we were fortunate in securing enough land to give us about one hundred and fifty by fifty feet at the back, with a frontage of about twenty-five by fifty feet. At the time of our entering into possession, the spot was, of course, disfigured by all the horrors of building excavation, but to part of it belonged the tradition of a former garden not to be forgotten by the citizens of Toronto. Upon it had stood the house of Mr. John Shaw, whose name is an historic one in the annals of the city. That home of his, in which he had received so many of Canada's most celebrated statesmen, and even Royalty itself, had been set among groups of lilacs and of flowering fruit trees, while around it white Madonna lilies had grown in masses of fragrant purity. Unfortunately, our house had to be built upon the site of all this beauty, but, if one believes in sweet influences, surely a message came from their garden of the past to mine in the making. The stones, standing in my rockery, were left for me by these kindly friends and contain sermons in themselves upon the lasting values of honour and worth.

Looking at these present pictures, the difficulties which had to be met present themselves very forcibly to me, and there comes a memory of that first view of featureless land, covered with building refuse and mortar, which made my heart sink within me.

There was, however, no garden expert at hand, upon whose shoulders I could heave my responsibility; November was here, winter was coming, the contractors were waiting and I set to work.

A detailed account of the garden-making would be tedious in the extreme, so I will try to take cer-

tain leading features which constituted, as it were, a nucleus around which all the rest of the plan shaped itself.



Arches of Honeysuckle and Other Vines in Mrs. Allen Baines' Garden, Bloor Street West, Toronto.

First there were the "bushbeds" near the house and on each side of it. These were planted with Syringa and with Deutzia, whose wreaths of snowy blossom were beautiful even in the following spring, and have been an increasing joy ever since.

Next in order came the planning of a centre garden path, covered with five rose arches made of galvanized wire. Against them were planted Crimson and Pink Ramblers, Hall's Honeysuckle, Clematis paniculata and White Polygonum. They looked very bare and very ugly until the climbers began, in the second year, to assert themselves. Now the "arch path" is a veritable bower in "leafy June." They have not been much trouble, though a certain amount of care, in the matters of summer feeding and winter wrapping, is necessary for arch roses.

With the ramblers the fact that the wood made in one summer provides flowers for the next makes the preservation of the young branches a matter of importance.

After the setting of the arches, the garden began to take form. So far, only half of the space had been planned, and it was arranged as follows: Along the boundary fences, east and west, were the perennial borders; between these and the centre path, on each side, was a small lawn, whose dimensions have waned, as those of the borders have waxed, until now they no longer deserve the name of "lawn," being only small plots of grass with a Colorado blue spruce in the centre of each. Should there be a vegetable garden? A fight commenced between the aesthetic and the utilitarian sense, and the latter prevailed. It was laid out and hidden from view, first by a double row of sweet peas, and later by a screen of those beautiful flowering shrubs which should find a place in every Canadian garden. Spiraea Van Houttei, or Bridal Wreath, Rugosa roses, large and single; Weigela, with its graceful festoons of apple pink; flowering Currant, filling the air with fragrance; Syringa and Lilacs of the best kinds, purple and white; of these my hedge was made.

The vegetable garden was divided into two long beds, and bordered with currants and gooseberries.



That designed for the Brassicas was filled with heavy loam and dressed with lime and salt, whilst the soil for the roots, beans and lettuce was of lighter texture. Each year the sides are changed and so the balance is kept. In the second week of April we sow the little English cabbages (full of heart and juice, flavoured like asparagus and utterly unlike the dreadful "Drumhead"), small Savoy, "Aigburth" Brussels Sprouts and early-sprouting Cauliflower. Thinned out and nourished with nitrate of soda from time to time, these all do well and last on until late autumn. Brussels Sprouts, by the way, resent summer nourishment, which sends them to leaf. Chard is better and more lasting than Spinach; Beans, preferably "Early Mohawk," have to wait until fear of frost is over and are then sown every fortnight until July 18th. Lettuce can be continued in the same way. An asparagus bed was made on the side of the garden facing west, and is now beginning to make us a return for many hard fights with the "beetle."

Six years ago, we added to our property by the purchase of a strip of the old garden, made a long time ago, by the Hon. Rupert Wells. It lay in a hollow at the south end of our ground. Time and unavoidable neglect had filled it with unwieldy overgrowth, but once it had been a river bed, a clay belt ran through it, and dreams of future rose beds presented themselves to me. There were difficulties, of course, but the gardener loves these. Now they have been gradually overcome. First a rustic summer-house was moved bodily, under the direction of Mr. Grainger, of Deer Park, and now, as the photograph shows, it is placed near the upper rockery and has become an indispensable blessing—a place for meditation and for afternoon tea, a refuge, later on in the year, for delicate plants, and now, in deep autumn, a storehouse for the leaves and straw that are to cover the beds.

OF course we had to grade to the lower land, and now the slope is a dream of beauty. First we sowed clover in the dreadful sterile sand, which we mixed, on the surface, with about an inch of good leaf-mould; then, having turned in the clover as a fertilizer, we sowed grass and cut beds, which we filled with heavy loam and planted with many kinds of Ramblers and Wichuraiana Roses. They flourished in their new home, and it is a delight, in June, to gaze at the long flowering sprays of Hiawatha, Tausendschon, American Pillar, Lady Gay, Dorothy Perkins and the Ramblers. Far below, at the end of a narrow path and under the shadow of a grape vine, ferns and pitcher plants luxuriate; near them is a bank of polyanthus and violas. Ascending this bank by a flight of steps over which two Pink Hawthorns stand sentinel, one finds the first fulfilment of the Rose dream in a bed of Hybrid Perpetuals which has been made upon the site of the summer-house. Since then, other spots have been found in this lower garden for Hybrid Teas, and a sight of them all on a June morning, as they spread their bright flowers to the light, and sparkle and shimmer with diamonds of morning dew, is a cause of thankfulness.

In a shady bed, beside the roses, there are lilies now; shade loving, stately lilies, growing in the peat soil that they love; and, so far, they are doing well. Among them are: Giganteum, with white flowers flushed on the outer side with purple; L. Sulphureum, L. Pardalium (the Leopard lily, yellow with spots of crimson); L. Krameri, a lovely pink; L. Speciosum or the Japanese lily, with their yellow cousin, L. Henryi; L. Testaceum, all clad in nankeen, and the beautiful "Madonnas." Truly a lily bed is an abode of peace. One word about my Darwin Tulips, another about my Crocuses, and I have done.

The former are now in the borders, ready for spring; and plants of Sutton's "Royal Blue Forget-me-not" are under cover, ready to join them in the flowering time. They make a pretty picture together; a harmony and yet a contrast; pride and humility; the Tulips standing as haughty champions over the little plants that look up with adoring gratitude in their blue eyes. The Crocuses are the one delight of the front garden. There is too much shadow there for perennials, though this year I have attempted a bed in fear and trembling. But the Crocuses, appearing in the grass, like jewels of topaz and amethyst set amid emeralds, are the joy of old and young, and the weary faces of the toilers light up when they see these little flowers. They are no trouble and are easily planted, by lifting the sod with an inch or two of soil, planting three or four bulbs in a group, and replacing the grass. They should never be disturbed, but a few should be added, every autumn, to their number.

I could write of a bed of giant Delphiniums, blue as the sky; of German and English Iris; of Columbines, Phloxes and Peonies, but there is no space.



In a Toronto Garden—China Asters in Full Flower.

One thing I will add: a splendid English gardener comes to me for two days and a half in the week and renders me invaluable assistance with his skill and his counsel. All the rest is done by myself,

and I can assure intending amateur horticulturists that their trouble will be well rewarded.

### A "Rare" Orchid

IN a daily paper it was stated that at the Ontario Horticultural Exhibition there was shown a rare Orchid, found in a London (England) backyard. It was correctly named, *Cypripedium spicerianum*, but to describe it as rare or that it was found as stated is inaccurate. The writer was one of the first to examine this flower, which at that time *was* rare. It is quite familiar now in many English greenhouses and came from abroad with other Orchids, which are always sent as dry roots. Sometimes a consignment contains precious rarities, as the plants are frequently collected out of the flowering season, hence the collector is unacquainted with the character of the kind he is gathering. That is the reason rich floral gems occur when least expected. This *Cypripedium* is not difficult to cultivate and should be one of the first chosen by the beginner in the growing of Orchids.

It is usually thought that the Orchid, of which so much has been written during recent years, is an exotic that as regards its cultivation and rarity stands alone, the aristocrat of the floral world. But this is a mistake. Many of the Lady Slippers, the popular name of the *Cypripedium* from the slipper-like formation of centre of the flower are in some instances, *C. insigne*, for example, almost as tractable to manage as a Geranium, and need simply a greenhouse to develop their fullest growth. The flowers last two or three weeks after they have been gathered from the plant. It must not be forgotten that some Orchids luxuriate almost on the snow line.



Midsummer Effects in an Arch of Roses and Honeysuckles in a City Garden.

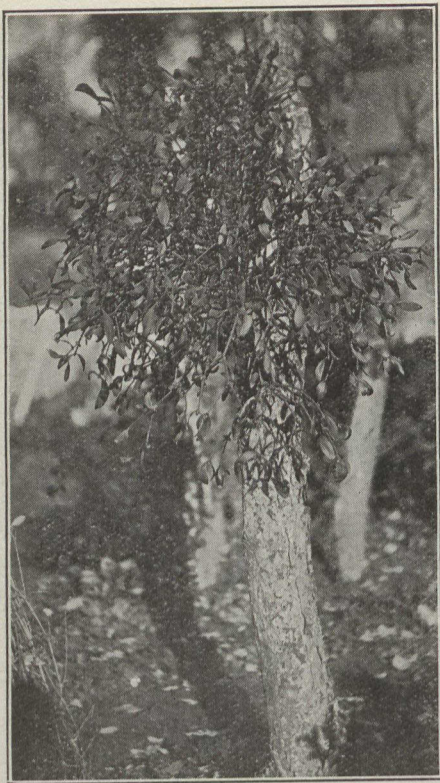


A Shady Corner in Mrs. Baines' Garden, Bloor Street West, Toronto.

# Mistletoe and Roses

*Pleasing Incongruities of a Christmas Garden*

By E. T. COOK



Mistletoe on the Stem of an Apple Tree—  
A Cluster with Half-formed Fruit.

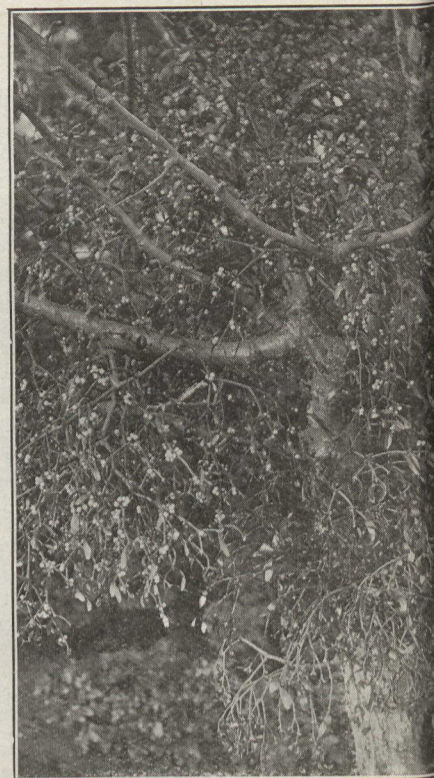
THERE is something strangely attractive about the Mistletoe, something that arouses the imagination. It is attractive and yet, at the same time, slightly repellent, for it has somewhat of a vampire nature in that it sucks out and lives upon the life-blood of some honest tree. Moreover, it is both ugly and pleasant to see, for it hangs in rather ungainly bunches and masses, and yet it is beautiful in detail. In form it is so simply constructed that it gives one the impression of being low in the scale of vegetable creation. It is built almost as scantily as a scant weed, but there is a rare and strange kind of beauty in the individual twigs, and especially in the relation of colour between the golden green leaf and the pearl white berry. The trees it most frequents are Apple, Poplar, Thorn and Mountain Ash. The seed can be sown by fixing the berry either in an artificial slit, or a crack in the bark of any likely

tree, preferably on the underside of a branch, and place a little strip of linen over for a time to prevent birds eating the seeds. The seed must not be used before it is ripe, which will not be until quite the spring. The writer would

value some information about the Mistletoe in this land. The thickly berried twigs seen in the markets at Christmas come for the most part from California.

The Christmas Rose or *Helleborus niger*, to give its botanical name, is not grown so much as its beautiful white flowers warrant; it is the flower pearl of winter, and is acceptable at the great festival of the year for the adornment for the church and for the home. A form of it named *altifolius* is the most satisfactory in all ways; the flowers have the advantage of size without coarseness and their pure colouring has a tinge of soft rose, with big, thick, leathery leaves mottled with shades of purple and green. The Christmas rose may be grown very readily in pots, filled with mellow soil after they have been crocked, that is, pieces of broken pot placed in the bottom to act as drainage. This prevents a sour condition of

the soil, which means decay of the roots and of course complete failure. A few weeks before flowering or just as the buds are appearing, place the pots in gentle warmth to encourage a free and full development.



Mistletoe on an Apple Tree—A Profusion of  
Pearly White Berries.

## The Work of P. W. Hodgetts

THE recent exhibition of fruits and other products in Toronto served to show the rapid strides that this important industry is making in the Dominion, and the associations founded for the purpose of spreading a knowledge of the many points in the culture of the trees are responsible for the praiseworthy results already achieved.

Much of the burden of the work falls upon Mr. P. W. Hodgetts, who is Director of the fruit branch in the Department of Agriculture, and Secretary of the Fruit Growers' Association, a position he has held for the past ten years, and Secretary of the Ontario Horticultural Exhibition.

Mr. Hodgetts was born in Collingwood, and speaks enthusiastically of the future of the fruit industry. He is a farmer himself, and on his many acres at Oakville superb specimens of the leading apples are produced, the outcome of tilling the land and treating the trees on the most approved scientific principles. Spys, Baldwins, Russets, Fameuse or the delicious "Snow," are a few of the most favoured kinds, and it would be well if all engaged in educational work were to live as much as possible upon the land. Theory and practice should go hand in hand, the two combined creating the most satisfactory results.

The Fruit Growers' Association is one of the

most active in the province, and comes into direct touch with the farmers, and when it is mentioned that last year there were 303,188 acres of orchards in Ontario, it is not necessary to emphasize the immense importance of such an educational body as this. Twenty-five thousand three hundred and sixty acres were given up to small fruits, 11,586 to vineyards, and 58,748 to gardens.

During last year, as recorded in the Canadian annual report, 10,121 persons attended meetings of Fruit Institutes, 38,850 short courses in seed and stock judging, 13,606 dairy meetings, while a train equipped with various agricultural exhibits, was for the first time sent through certain counties, and in eight days about 8,000 people were given new views of agricultural possibilities. Including these meetings and those of the Farmers' and Women's Institutes, 328,307 persons received agricultural instruction of some kind during the year.

Every branch of agriculture has a direct bearing upon the welfare of the community, and the fruit section is not the least remunerative and important. Demonstration orchards have been established all over the Province, and the fruit industry gives a tremendous lift up with the natural sequence, a decided increase in the value of the land.

But, as Mr. Hodgetts pointed out, there is much

yet to accomplish. Evidences of neglect and ignorant methods of cultivation are to be seen in many counties, and splendid orchards rapidly deteriorating through want of nourishment, attacks of insect and fungoid pests, and proper pruning. Indifferent farming can never pay. There is no excuse for ignorant methods when the means of enlightenment are within easy reach.

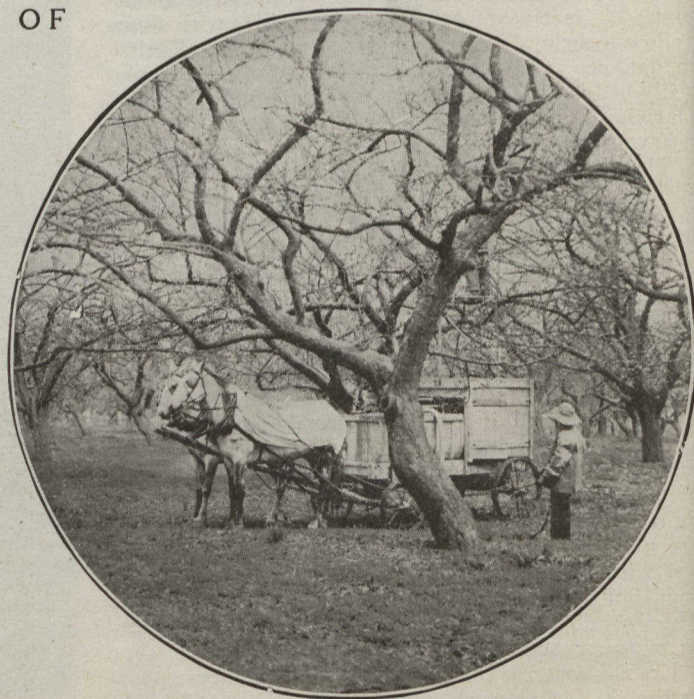
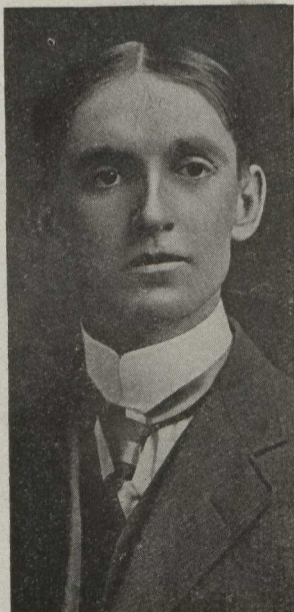
One of the most striking features of the great work undertaken by the Association is the success that has been achieved in reaching sections far removed from the busy haunts of men. It is a work that brings the farmer within touch of great central influences and in no small degree makes the farm a living reality. It is not so much the man, within a few miles of large centres, upon whom all thought is centred, but the workers away, workers accomplishing under sometimes immense difficulties the great questions of growing and shipping fruit for market under discouraging circumstances. Such work is far-reaching and has a direct bearing upon the prosperity of the Dominion. The Association and the farmer are brought into close contact, with the most satisfying results.

One phase of fruit culture should not be lost sight of, that is the raising of new varieties with a view to flavour, apart from mere size.

### VIEWS ON THE FARM OF P. W. HODGETTS



Willow Creek on Mr. Hodgetts' Farm at Clarkson's Crossing.



Fruit-Sprayer at Work on the Apple-Trees.

## An Ardent Horticulturist

THE accompanying photograph shows the Rev. A. H. Scott, M.A., Perth, who was elected in Toronto President, for the second time, of the Ontario Horticultural Association at the Horticultural Convention held here during the second week in November. Mr. Scott has travelled much in many lands, but he thinks his native land the best land of all. Addressing a large audience in the University Convocation Hall on the evening of November 12th, Mr. Scott used these words:

"I quarrel with no one who stands up for some other place east, west, or elsewhere. But the best east and the best west that I know of is the spot on this



Rev. A. H. Scott, President Ontario Horticultural Association.

continent that lies between Patricia on the one side and the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes on the other, the spot in North America that is surrounded at the one end by the district of the Lake of the Woods and at the other by my native Glengarry."

From Toronto at the close of the Ontario convention Mr. Scott proceeded to Baltimore, Maryland, to be one of the representatives from this Province to the convention of the American Civic Association. On this occasion the Hon. James Bryce, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Great Britain to the United States, who ad-

ressed the convention on National Parks, was elected a life member of the Association, and Mr. Scott was called at the same time to a place on the Executive Board.

He is a native of Glengarry county, a graduate of Queen's University, an ex-Moderator of the Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, and the Minister of St. Andrew's Church, Perth, in the Presbyterian Church in Canada. He has a charmingly situated country place, "Elmbank Crescent," in Charlottetown township, near the confluence of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers, where his fondness for the soil and for out-of-door architecture has vent for a little season each year. He is also one of the officers of the Perth Horticultural Society, which is one of the oldest, and bears the reputation of being one of the best informed horticultural societies in Canada.

In line with his tastes as a traveller and a lover of nature, Mr. Scott has paid special attention to matters relating to civic improvement and rural advancement in Canada. In visiting the cities of Great Britain, Scandinavia, and the continent, he has made a special study of the architectural principles that have made Paris the admiration of Europe. Two years ago from the public platform he outlined the history and progress of Washington, after a third visit to the American capital; and he has said many a time since that if the people of Canada realized what they had in and around the capital of their own Dominion, and would make judicious and generous use of the natural facilities that are found there, before a quarter of a century would elapse this young country of North America would have one of the most inviting capital cities in the whole world.

When Ambassador Bryce at the Baltimore convention was encouraging the people of the United States to set aside more national parks, Mr. Scott said to a Britisher who sat beside him in the audience that if wise discernment would set apart in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, to say nothing of other Provinces in the Dominion, forest areas that lie there for the carving out, we might have "National Parks," each one of them a thousand times larger than New Forest in England or Fontainebleau in France. By so doing Canadians would give evidence of sagacity and foresight, and at the same time they would be dedicating expansive areas to the health and happiness of generations to come.

## Care of Old Trees

ALMOST every garden contains one or more veterans which either for their botanical interest or for the associations that belong to them are precious to their owners. Some trees again, like the oak, are picturesque in decay. At any rate, one of the commonest applications made to tree experts is for advice as to the preservation of all trees. The two more immediate causes of premature decay are starvation at the root and injury by storms and disease. Such trees as the beech and horse chestnut that root close to the surface of the soil—quite differently, for example, to the oak—may often be invigorated by covering the ground with a few inches of good soil or short manure. Artificial watering during long drought, provided it is thoroughly done, is another great help. Trees with large crowns of branches are frequently seen thinly furnished with foliage and altogether sickly in appearance owing to unhealthy or insufficient roots. The balance between top and bottom has been destroyed. To restore it in some measure, the top growth may be reduced by pruning out and shortening back branches here and there, wherever it can be done without spoiling the tree. This demands careful judgment, but some old trees in a sickly state can certainly be rejuvenated in this way. It is of no value in the case of trees with decayed trunks, nor with those which will not break from the old wood.

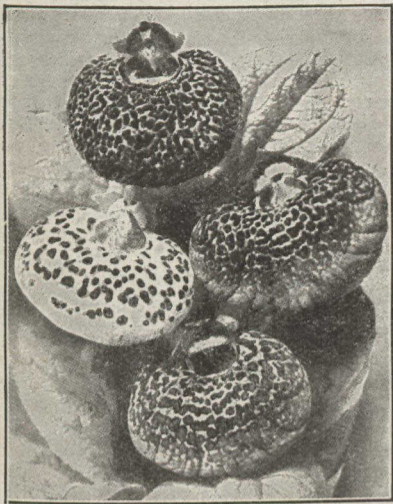
Old trees with insecure branches can often be preserved from mutilation by storms if the main branches are fastened together or to the trunk. The practice of putting an iron collar round the branch should be abandoned. The

iron prevents the natural expansion of the branch, and ultimately chokes it. A better way is to use a strong iron rod with a plate at the end, and, instead of supporting the branch by encircling it, a hole is bored right through the centre of it, through which the rod is pushed from the outer side. In this way the weight is borne by the iron plate, which should, by removing sufficient bark, be allowed to fit close in to the wood. New wood will gradually close over and hide the plate, and instead of an ugly collar cutting into the wood, the only evidence of artificial aid is the rod.

It is important that branches or snags that have to be removed should always be sawn off close to the trunk or large branch from whence they spring. When a stump even no more than a few inches long, is left, the new bark and wood are unable to close over it, and the wood ultimately decays and acts as a conduit for moisture and fungoid diseases. A coating of liquid tar over the wound, renewed once or twice till the new bark has closed over, is a perfect protection against these evils. Trees decayed in the centre, with only an outer layer of healthy wood, are, of course, doomed, but by filling up all holes in the early stages of decay, and thus keeping out moisture, their term of life can often be lengthened by many years. Holes made by woodpeckers can sometimes be plugged up with a piece of some very hard-wooded tree. This, if left on a level with the bark, will often enable the latter to close over the hole. Large holes may be filled with cement or even built up with bricks, the surface being made watertight and tarred over.

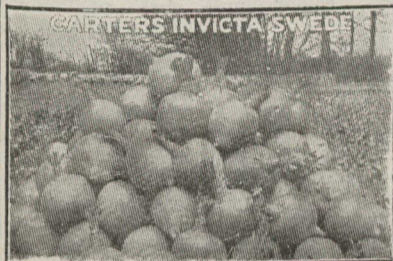
E. T. C.

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### Autumn vs. Spring Planting

IT seems to be a much debated question whether fall or spring planting is the most suitable but, as in most other things in life, everything depends upon circumstances. When planting has to be hurried in the fall it is wiser to wait until the spring, meanwhile getting everything in readiness for the early days of the first season of the year. The writer has seen great losses occur, almost sufficient to build a mansion, through absolutely indifferent work. Makers of gardens and parks have much to learn yet, and something not entirely realized is the necessity of planting well and at the right moment.

A shrub, tree, or perennial flower is a living thing, and a little forest of firs on a large estate not far from Toronto would not have failed so utterly if they had been planted in spring. Evergreens should not be set out in the fall. Large trees may be transferred from one place to another in winter when the soil is sufficiently frozen to allow the planting to be done with ample soil about the roots.

Middle-aged trees and shrubs require the most skilful management to transplant them aright, especially when they have to be taken some distance by road or rail. In most cases the cheaper plan is to buy young trees which may be purchased at a reasonable price.

E. T. C.

### Clothing Trees With Vines

DURING the present fall a strong colour note has predominated wherever Veitchi Ampelopsis or Vine has been planted, and, as this glorious climber may be set out now, the following note is in season.

The planting of such a vine as this against house front or a decaying tree is fraught with brilliant results, the leaves turning to shades of richest crimson. The strong clinging shoots ramble over everything within reach, almost too powerfully for the good of their host.

A well-known writer in a horticultural journal describes its good qualities thus: "Of all climbers there is of course nothing for clinging to a wall without support equal to Ampelopsis Veitchi, alias Boston Ivy, alias Japan Ivy. It will grow on and adhere to glass as well as to a brick wall. It should always be planted close to the wall, but a cubic foot or so of good soil prepared for it. Dormant plants should always be planted, for any growth made under glass will be injured by late frosts. The root can be strong but all growth that will be of any use must start from the bottom and do its own climbing. It is a little slow the first year and sometimes brings a growl from a customer, but from that on its progress is rapid. Millions are planted, and cover mansions, cottages and churches throughout the land, and millions more will be planted."

VIATOR.

### A Shrub For All Gardens

A SHRUB that flowers from summer until frost puts a stop to growth and bloom is a spiræa called spiræa Anthony Waterer. It is gratifying to find that it is becoming much grown in the Dominion, and unquestionably it is one of the most useful of dwarf shrubs, especially for the small garden, because it makes a bushy growth, crowned for many weeks with flat-shaped clusters of crimson flower, more full of colour from their association with dull green foliage. Plant it at once, but much depends upon the weather, which, if unkind, will mean postponement until next spring.

This spiræa is just one of those uncommon plants that rarely fail, and when planted near dark coloured maples the contrast is richly effective. It is not a species that is not a native of any country, but a sport, i.e., one of those mysterious breakaways from the parent (S. Bumalda) which has lighter coloured flowers. It occurred in the beautiful nursery garden of Mr. Anthony Waterer, Knaphill, Woking, England, and is named after him. I was one of the first to see it, and little thought that the shrub would become in the course of a few years almost world-famous. It is immensely popular in England, and decorates many gardens in the Dominion.

VIATOR.





**Courierettes.**

CANADIAN banks have \$676,000 of unclaimed money. We are poor but honest. We admit it is not ours.

Advices from England say there are too many women in the Old Land. Evidence on this point can be supplied by Premier Asquith, Lloyd George, and Winston Churchill.

"You are no gentleman," said Woodrow Wilson to a photographer. Spoken like a professor—not a President.

Her hired man is suing a Western widow for breach of promise. She probably concluded that he'd be worth more to her as a hired man than a husband.

The Toronto "Globe" is trying to find out who got the heavy end of \$5.75 which a Winnipeg man paid for a barrel of Ontario apples. "Where did the money go to?" makes a good companion to that paper's former puzzle—"Where did the money come from?"

"Your Vote and Influence."—It happens that Toronto's Mayor and four Controllers are all Orangemen. It happens also that civic election day is Jan 1; and, as New Year's Day nears, this quintette are very busy attending meetings.

The most remarkable incident of the campaign to date took place in an Orange lodge on a recent evening when Mayor Hocken and three members of the Board of Control were duly in attendance, cultivating the acquaintance of the "brethren," and exchanging fraternal greetings.

Of course, the Mayor was first called on to speak. He had just begun by the jocular remark that he was sorry to miss one member of the Board of Control—otherwise they could hold a full meeting of the Board in the lodge room, when the door opened, and in strode the fifth in the person of Controller Church, who is the champion campaigner of the City Council. "Tommy" had been to a few other meetings and was due to attend a few more ere midnight. He is known to have "covered" a dozen gatherings in a night, from one extreme end of the city to the other.

At a recent session of the City Council the members failed to get through in the afternoon, and free-flowing oratory made a night session necessary. Some of the members slipped away for an hour and met each other unexpectedly in various Orange lodges, then came back to Council before it was through with its labors.

**Signs of Progress.**

SAID Jones, returned from lengthy stay:

"It's growing, my old town—They're tearing half the pavements up And half the buildings down."

His Trouble.—"Never again," said Walker, "will I go ahead of time to anything at which there is expected to be a big crowd."

"Why?" asked Wilson.  
"Because," said Walker, "I arrived ahead of time at a meeting last night and got mixed up with the crowd who 'go early to avoid the rush.'"

The Printers' Joke.—Printers are the busiest, most pestered people in the universe. That statement doesn't need proving; they admit it.

But they manage to get a little fun into their busy days at times.

For instance, the other morning the foreman of a big Canadian printing office learned that an interesting event had taken place at the home of one of his men.

So "Mr. Foreman" forgot for a few moments the many jobs that had to be gotten out sooner than seemed possible, and, getting the biggest type in the house, he printed on a cardboard: IT IS A BOY. Then he placed the card on the machine at which the proud father turns out many galleys of type every day.

The father is a member of a Loyal Orange lodge, and carrying the fun farther, one of the men filled out an "application for membership" card for the new citizen. Thereon it stated that the infant's age was one day, and opposite "occupation" was written "unknown."

A Neat Thurst.—Like the people of other cities, Toronto folk hand out considerable criticism of the street car system of their city. One would imagine that Manager "Bob" Fleming's left ear must be burning all the time, but he doesn't seem to be getting thin over his worries.

All of which is introductory to an amusing incident which happened on a Belt Line car a few days ago.

The car was making slow progress, and a near-sighted, old gentleman glanced



THE VERY PLAIN TRUTH.

"I was sorry to see that your husband was not at Church last Sunday, Mrs. Perkins."  
"No sir. He's taken to sleepin' at home on Sundays."

out of a window to discover the cause.

He noticed that a number of men were standing near the track as the car passed, and that the motorman was ringing his gong loudly and insistently.

"I wonder if there has been an accident?" the near-sighted man said as he walked to the front of the car.

He saw that track repairing was the cause of the slow speed.

And, turning back to go to his seat, he said—in a voice loud enough to be heard by all the other passengers: "Everything's all right; 'Bob' is mending his ways."

**Limitations of Wireless.**

WONDERFUL is the wireless, But this sting with us sticks— They'll never be able to use it In the realm of politics.

A Great Colour Scheme.—"There," said the young man as he handed his mother a copy of a magazine, "I guess that completes the colour scheme."

"What do you mean?" asked mother.  
"Well," said the son, "that's the 'Red Book' I've just got for you. Sister is busy devouring the 'Green Book,' I was looking over the 'Pink Un' in the store, and father—I guess father has been look-

ing up some old 'Blue Book' as usual."

Precocious.—In many cases the small boy of to-day is a self-possessed creature who "knows his way about."

That, at least, is the opinion of a prominent business man to whom a very small boy had applied for a job.

"How much are you going to pay?" asked the youngster.

"Four dollars a week," was the answer.

"Four dollars?" said the tiny applicant disgustedly. "Say, you don't want a boy. You want a one-armed man."

**The Truth About Father.**

EVERYBODY works poor father, Drives him with a lash— Chasing him the whole long day

With pleading calls for cash; Mother wants a lot of it,

So does sister Ann; Everybody out at our house Works my old man.

A Funny Complaint.—Some amusing things are said by customers in stores.

A clerk in a store in a big Canadian city found something laughable in the complaint of a woman who had bought a medical battery.

"That battery you sold me doesn't work at all," she said. "It worked all right for a day or two, but now it won't bat at all."

Looked Unfamiliar.—The Bennett-Knoblach play, "Milestones," is now touring Canada, and the manager of the company is telling an amusing yarn about a woman in a Canadian city, who, without any previous knowledge of the play, attempted to classify it when she saw it advertised on the bill boards.

Walking along the street with a friend, the good woman studied the title "Milestones" for a moment, and then attempted to pronounce it.

"I guess that's one of those classical Greek plays," she said. "Miles-to-nes—that's Greek, isn't it?"

You Never Can Tell.—"That man has many medals."  
"He must be a hero?"  
"No—he's a pawn broker."

She's Right.—Hubby—"You seem to forget that I have to foot the bill."  
Wife—"I can't forget it. You always kick at them."

A Strange Start.—In Ottawa they are telling a little story about the start of Sir George Ross—the newly-elected leader of the Liberals in the Senate—in political life a generation ago.

Few folks are aware that Sir George found it necessary to borrow his campaign funds in his first political battle from his opponent for Parliamentary honours, yet such is the fact.

Sir George—of course he was then plain "George W."—was a personal friend of the Conservative candidate in the riding, a Strathroy banker named Johnston. The former obtained a loan of several hundred dollars from the obliging Tory candidate to carry on the Liberal campaign.

As the fortunes of war would have it, Ross beat out Johnston with the aid of Johnston's own cash.

It was with a smile that Mr. Ross paid his debt to the banker-candidate after the election.

A Guess at It.—Apparently the motto of the suffragettes is: "What man has done, women can do—better."

**Half—or Less—Truths.**

"CENTRAL, I've been trying for half an hour to get you."

"Yours truly."  
"I'm sorry I'm late, but the car just crawled along."

"I tried about a dozen times to raise you by phone, but your line was busy every time."

"If I were you I wouldn't tel a little thing like that worry me."

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Secretary Board of Trade.



**RESERVOIR PEN**

Writes long letter with one filling. Always ready. No coaxing. No blotting. Best for ruling, manifold and constant use. Fine or medium points. Sent postpaid, 16 for 20c., 3 doz. 40c., 6 doz. 75c. Postal Note or Money Order. Money back if wanted. A. D. HASTINGS, Dept. II-2, 893 Hargrave St., Winnipeg.

# Most Grocers Will Give You "SALADA"

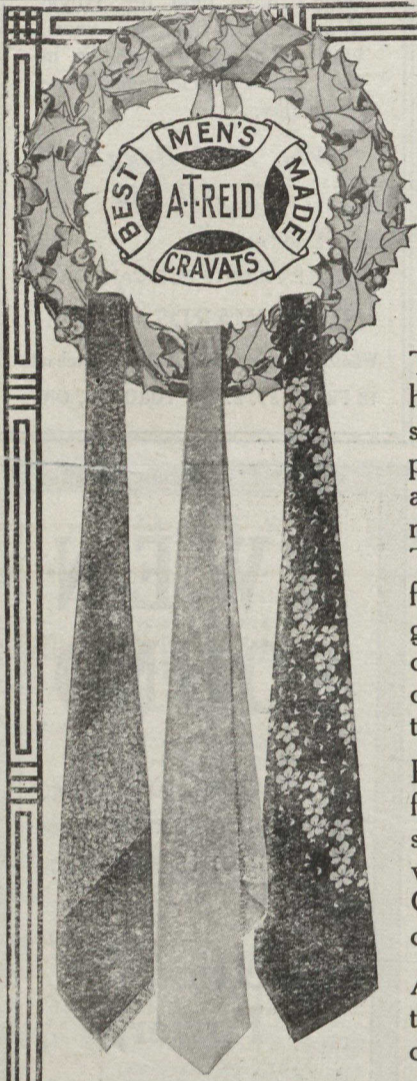
Ceylon Tea when you ask for it, but there are others who would rather make a big profit than serve you well. Ask for "Salada" and see that you get it.

BLACK, MIXED or GREEN.

013

Sold Only in Lead Packets

By all Grocers.



## RENEW OLD TIES WITH NEW REID TIES

The glow of pleasure and the heartfelt appreciation that surges up at the receipt of a particularly acceptable gift is always aroused when you make a present of a Reid tie. This, first, because a beautiful cravat is always a happy gift; second, because Reid cravats are of the most exclusive and stunningly beautiful patterns and materials.

Renew old ties with your friends with gifts of the handsome new Reid ties. They will strike the true note of Christmas spirit and good cheer.

Ask your dealer to show you the latest patterns of Reid cravats.

## Reid's Real Bengalene

This is an exclusive weave of rich silk and fine, springy wool that preserves the shape and newness, that does not show pin-holes, and that slides easily in the collar. In thirty-five new, rich shades, at all the better shops.

50c to \$1.50

OR WRITE

A. T. REID & COMPANY, LIMITED  
262 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

## A C.P.R. Trophy

A COMMITTEE named by the American Land and Irrigation Exposition of 1912, New York, to award a magnificent sterling silver cup for the best exhibit of grain and natural resources, have unani-



mously decided that this trophy shall be presented to the Canadian Pacific Railway for the finest display of grain ever made in America, and for its exhibit of natural resources.

## O.R.F.U. Honour Roll

THE games last week decided the winners in the senior and junior series of the Ontario Rugby Football Union, the list since 1900 being as follows:

- Senior.
- 1900—Ottawa.
  - 1901—Argonauts.
  - 1902—Ottawa.
  - 1903—Hamilton Tigers.
  - 1904—Hamilton Tigers.
  - 1905—Hamilton Tigers.
  - 1906—Hamilton Tigers.
  - 1907—Peterboro.
  - 1908—Toronto A. A. C.
  - 1909—Parkdale Canoe Club.
  - 1910—Toronto A. A. C.
  - 1911—Hamilton Alerts.
  - 1912—Hamilton Alerts.
- Junior.
- 1900—Toronto II.
  - 1901—Varsity III.
  - 1902—Hamilton Tigers III.
  - 1903—Limestones, Kingston.
  - 1904—Dundas.
  - 1905—Victorias, Toronto.
  - 1906—Tammany Tigers, Toronto.
  - 1907—Parkdale Canoe Club.
  - 1908—Lindsay.
  - 1909—St. Michael's College.
  - 1910—Alerts, Hamilton.
  - 1911—Petrolia.
  - 1912—Hamilton Alerts.

## Baseball Records

THE International League baseball averages for the season of 1912 issued last week in New York by President Barrow show that Toronto won the pennant by leading the league in batting and fielding, in hits made, in runs scored, in stolen bases, in total bases; had the most chances, and made the least errors—a real out-and-out, 14 karat champion team. The figures speak for themselves:

Club	G.	R.	H.	T.B.	S.H.	S.E.	S.O.	P.C.
Toronto	158	856	1540	2123	196	292	600	.293
Baltimore	155	781	1532	2062	143	266	561	.289
Rochester	154	745	1466	2014	189	276	578	.283
Buffalo	154	752	1435	1950	169	204	645	.279
Newark	153	702	1489	1849	177	215	453	.278
Providence	155	685	1413	1884	198	139	513	.272
Jersey City	156	689	1367	1820	157	222	535	.271
Montreal	153	679	1282	1748	149	188	581	.258

### Club Batting.

The Toronto batting averages are as follows: Lush, .352; Meyer, .343; Steele, .333; Bemis, .326; McConnell, .341; Shaw, .315; Jordan, .312; Drucke, .308; O'Hara, .304; Dalton, .293; Bradley, .292; Bachman, .292; Fitzpatrick, .273; Maxwell, .265; Higgins, Tor.-Newark, .261; Holly, .259; Gaspar, .240; Graham, .234; Rudolph, .234; Curtis, .231; Johnston, .212; Fischer, .207; Keit, .200; Mueller, .151. Corey, Winter, Isaacs, Stricklett, Cather, Kelley, and McGinley participated in less than ten games.

**THE DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED**  
ESTABLISHED 1901  
HEAD OFFICE: 26 KING ST. EAST TORONTO, MONTREAL LONDON E.C. ENG.

### SMALL BONDS

We usually have odd Municipal Debentures of small amount and continually have sound Industrial Bonds of \$100 Denomination.

May we submit a list of these small bonds? An excellent distribution for a limited sum could be made.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATION BONDS

## The Steel Co. of Canada Ltd.

PIG IRON BAR IRON  
BAR STEEL

RAILWAY TRACK EQUIPMENT

Bolts and Nuts, Nails, Screws, Wire and Fencing

HAMILTON TORONTO  
MONTREAL WINNIPEG

## THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

With which is united  
THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized ..... \$25,000,000  
Capital Paid Up ..... \$11,500,000  
Reserve Funds ..... \$12,500,000  
Total Assets ..... \$175,000,000

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL.  
H. S. HOLT - - - PRESIDENT  
E. L. PEASE, VICE-PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGER  
290 Branches in CANADA and NEW-FOUNDLAND; 28 Branches in CUBA, PORTO RICO, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC and BRITISH WEST INDIES.

LONDON, ENG. Princess St., E.O. NEW YORK, Cor. William and Cedar Sts.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all Branches

## STAMMERING

or Stuttering may make life miserable for your child, or for one of your family or friends. If it does, you owe it to the sufferer to investigate the successful Arnott methods of permanently curing these disturbing impediments. We will gladly give you full particulars and references. Cured pupils everywhere.

**ARNOTT INSTITUTE**  
Berlin, Ont., Can.

By APPOINTMENT.

## WHITE HORSE WHISKY

Established 1742.  
Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.  
Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.  
Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers, and Hotels.

## Willow River

D.L. 788

This new "TOWN OF IMPORTANCE" on main line of Grand Trunk Pacific, and Pacific and Hudson Bay, at junction of Fraser and Willow Rivers, British Columbia "has opened up" Canada's greatest treasure house, and "SPELLS OPPORTUNITY for the man or woman who wishes to judiciously invest a small or large amount." Lots \$10 down, \$10 per month; no interest, no taxes; 10 per cent. off for cash. Write today for maps, plats and printed matter.

PAC. BOND & LAND CORP., LTD.,  
570 Pacific Bldg., Vancouver, B.C.

Investment Series— Talk No. 8

**Seek Investment Advice**

Don't guess, don't be influenced solely by stock market quotations in making your estimate of values. Be advised. You can't be informed, for instance, without such advice, on quarterly dividend periods and how to take advantage of them in buying or selling. Then, too, the right sort of investment house knows the financial histories of the various enterprises whose stocks and bonds are on the market—it has made this its business.

So, unless you have a very good reason for so doing, do not go to your investment agents with an unalterable, iron-clad order to buy or sell. Confer with them—get their view point; and choose for your investment house only one with which you can do this.

**Our Security Reports**

are sent from time to time, as issued, to our clients and to those who, as possible investors, wish to keep informed on securities dealt in on all markets. May we not put your name on this list? It will obligate you to nothing and will be of undoubted value to you.

**F. H. Deacon & Co.**  
Members Toronto Stock Exchange  
**Investments**  
97 Bay St. Toronto, Canada

F. H. DEACON J. C. FRASER

**Rudolphe Forget**

Member Montreal Stock Exchange

83 Notre Dame St., Montreal

Carefully edited studies of leading Canadian securities mailed on application. Facts and figures compiled by experts

Paris Office

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**PELLATT & PELLATT**

Members Toronto Stock Exchange

401 Traders Bank Building  
**TORONTO**

**BONDS AND STOCKS**  
also **COBALT STOCKS**  
**BOUGHT AND SOLD**  
**ON COMMISSION**

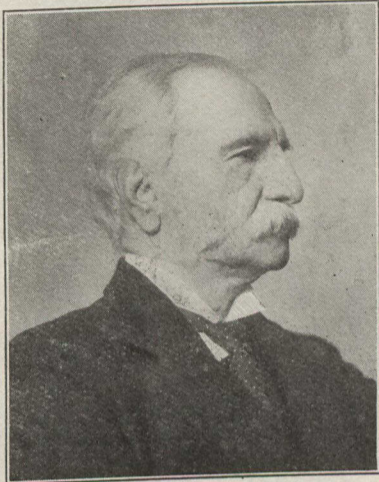
Private wire connections with W. H. GOADBY & CO., Members N w York Stock Exchange.

**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

**Father of Trust Companies.**

ON the board of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation, Mr. J. W. Langmuir has just assumed the office of vice-president in place of Mr. W. H. Beatty, the well-known Toronto barrister and financier who died a few days ago.

In some ways Mr. Langmuir is a unique figure in modern Toronto finance. In make-up he is a gentleman of the old school: a tall, erect man, in dark



**MR. J. W. LANGMUIR, TORONTO**  
Who Succeeds the Late W. H. Beatty as Vice-President, Toronto General Trusts Corporation.

clothes, grey spats upon his feet; kindly, keen Scotch face; deep voice; manner to the point, but with nothing of the abrupt "I am a success" air affected by some men of eminence to-day. For thirty years he has managed the Toronto General Trusts Corporation. He now takes over the duties of vice-president in addition to those of general manager. And judging by the enthusiasm and interest he displayed in his increased responsibilities, when interviewed by the CANADIAN COURIER, the other morning, Mr. Langmuir does not count upon entering his last credit in the ledger for many years yet. Perhaps, the senile energy of the vice-president is due to a reason more deeply personal even than that he possesses an unusually vigorous and enduring constitution. That is that his career is bound up in the success of the Corporation of which he has been from the first the guiding genius. Mr. Langmuir founded the Toronto General Trusts in 1882. It was the first trust company in Canada. Mr. Langmuir may be logically called the father of the Canadian trust companies, which is a form of financial organization now in much vogue in the Dominion.

Some of our greatest financial institutions are trust companies. Many companies exist in the Dominion which call themselves "trust companies," but are not to be trusted. The term "trust company" has been much abused. In British Columbia a government inspector has been appointed to watch the operations of a certain "confidence man"—kind of trust company. The writer asked the father of the trust company for his statement of the proper functions of a trust company. He replied, "The management of estates and deposit for safe keeping of private papers." He remarked that his idea of a trust company was derived from study of such institutions in the United States and England. In these countries years ago people began to be convinced that a strongly backed company was in a better position to act as executor or trustee than an individual, who might at any moment die or in some cases abscond. Such a company should have infinitely better resources for storing family papers in its fire-proof vaults than the traditional black box kept in the owner's house. Mr. Langmuir has little sympathy with stock gamblers or real estate butchers masquerading as trust companies to gain countenance in public favour for their schemes of speculation.

**New Bank Officials**

A NUMBER of vacancies in banking circles are to be filled soon and a number of changes made. A new director is to be elected to the Bank of Montreal, and a new vice-president is required to succeed the late Sir Edward Clouston. The Hochelaga requires a new president to take the place of the late Hon. J. D. Rolland. Mr. J. A. Vaillancourt may be chosen, and if so Mr. F. G. Leduc may succeed him as general manager. The Merchants Bank may add some new directors. The Molsons requires a new director to succeed the late Mr. Ramsay, and may possibly have a new general manager to succeed Mr. James Elliot, who is anxious to retire. Mr. J. L. Englehart, chairman Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, has been elected a director of the Bank of Toronto to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. W. H. Beatty.

**Real Estate in England**

OVER in London, a Canadian real estate man has started a paper known as *Canadian News*. Both the businesses of this man are being attacked by other London papers, including *Canada*.

The real estate part of the deal under the name of Canadian Capital Investments, Limited, are offering poor building lots for sale. These lots are on the bare prairie miles from Regina. Many unwary people are attracted by artistic pamphlets setting forth the value and opportunity. The real estate end of the deal, under the title of "Canadian Capital Investments, Limited, offers worthless building lots for sale. These lots are most untruthfully described as being "Government guaranteed." The registration of deeds at the Registry Office being the basis of this scheme. Playful little scheme, one will readily admit. Greatly distorted maps are also shown to prospective buyers. There is nothing wrong in boosting your goods, but false descriptions there, we take it, are, or should be, criminal offences.

Many British investors have lost their money in this scheme and find themselves possessors of beautiful, barren, good-for-nothing "cabbage plots," situated miles and miles from Regina right on the bare, wind-swept prairie.

What a shame it is that we Canadians have to suffer from the work of a few schemers of this sort. For, undoubtedly, our business methods and integrity fall in the estimate of our British brothers who have been bitten by these schemers or who have heard of them. The thriving city of Regina will suffer some loss of prestige in British minds on account of this deal.

Then the newspaper end. The interests publish *Canadian News*. In it is

**Municipal Debentures**

Present market conditions make an interest return of **5%**

now obtainable upon High Grade Municipal Bonds usually yielding a much lower rate.

Ask for a copy of our Bond List containing complete particulars of these issues.

**Wood, Gundy & Co.**

Toronto London, England Saskatoon

Chief Office for Canada: **TORONTO**  
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited,  
Chief Toronto Agents.

**Investors in Mortgages**

Portions of a mortgage on property worth over three times the amount of the mortgage can be obtained in any multiple of \$100, to yield over 6%.

Ask us to send you Circular N, giving particulars.

**Murray, Mather & Co.**

85 Bay St., Toronto

**Cawthra Mulock & Co.**

Members of Toronto Stock Exchange

**Brokers**

And

**Bankers**

12 KING STREET EAST  
**TORONTO, CANADA**

CABLE ADDRESS--CAWLOCK, TORONTO

**THE STANDARD LOAN COMPANY**

W. S. DINNICK, Vice-Pres. and Man.-Dir.  
Debentures for sale bearing interest at FIVE per cent. per annum, payable half yearly.  
Capital and Surplus Assets, \$1,400,000.00  
Total Assets, - - - \$2,800,000.00

Write for information.

Head Office: **TORONTO, Canada**

The surplus of liquid assets over liabilities (i.e., working capital) of the **Spanish River Pulp & Paper Mills, Limited**, as at 31st October, 1912, amounted approximately to \$1,200,000. As the fixed, appraised assets (pulp and paper mill buildings, machinery, power development, etc., at Sturgeon Falls) are \$4,157,021.75, the total issue of bonds is only approximately 60 per cent. of the actual appraised assets, while the surplus of liquid assets is practically 50 per cent. of the entire Bond issue.

*Complete details regarding the 6% Sinking Fund Bonds of the Spanish River Pulp & Paper Mills, Limited, will be furnished on request.*

## DOMINION BOND COMPANY, LIMITED

DOMINION BOND BUILDING  
TORONTO  
VANCOUVER

DOMINION EXPRESS BUILDING  
MONTREAL  
LONDON, ENG.

# THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Head Office: TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$15,000,000; Reserve Fund, \$12,500,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L. .... President.  
ALEXANDER LAIRD ..... General Manager  
JOHN AIRD ..... Assistant General Manager.

This bank having branches in all the important cities and towns in Canada, as well as in the United States, England and Mexico, is enabled to place at the disposal of its customers unsurpassed facilities for the transaction of every legitimate kind of banking business.

## Remitting Money To Foreign Countries

All the branches of this Bank are equipped to issue on application drafts on the principal cities and towns in the world, payable in the currency of the country on which they are drawn (that is drafts drawn on points in France are made payable in francs, etc.).

These drafts provide an excellent means of sending money to different countries.

J. W. FLAVELLE, President  
W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager

Z. A. LASH, K. C., } Vice-  
E. R. WOOD, } Presidents

## Naming the Executor

THE selection of an executor is a matter of very serious import, as it involves the proper handling of your entire estate. Expert and technical knowledge, together with experience, such as no individual could possibly acquire, make this company the logical selection as executor of your will.

**National Trust  
Company, Limited**

TORONTO

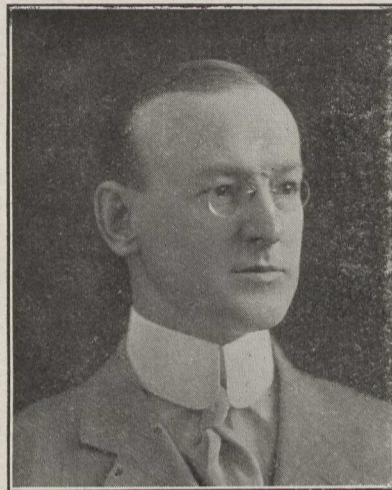
Montreal Winnipeg Edmonton Saskatoon Regina

set forth in glowing colours the worth and promise of these same bunch of bum lots.

On being criticized by *Canada* the editor of the *News* denies all rumours of personal dealings with Mr. Herne, as director of the Canadian Investments, Ltd. Nothing is said, he it noted, of relations between journal and firm. The question the *Canadian News* has put up to them is, "Does anyone hold interests in both enterprises?"

## New Director of National Trust.

THE National Trust Co. has been making some changes intended to strengthen its position in Montreal, where its chief branch office is located. On the first of January it will have a new general manager for that branch in the person of Mr. Percy Molson. It has also elected a new Montreal director, Mr. Henry J. Fuller, president and general manager of the Fairbanks-Morse Co.



HENRY J. FULLER,  
New Director National Trust Co.

Mr. Fuller was born in the state of Vermont. By profession he is an "M. E.," which degree he holds from the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, of which his father was at one time president. Engineering runs in the Fuller family. After learning all he could about dynamos and pressures, he joined the Fairbanks forces as engineer. His persuasive tongue and personality gained him an offer from the sales department. In due course he hit Montreal, which was in 1898. His energies have been largely employed in building up the Canadian end of the business.

In 1902 he married the daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Archibald, of Montreal. Although a comparatively young man, Mr. Fuller is recognized as one of the topnotchers in the industrial world, as well as a leader in social circles. He was a director of the Eastern Townships Bank before its amalgamation with the Commerce; a director of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Co., the Allis-Chalmers-Bullock Co., president of Dominion Safe and Vault Co., etc.

It is rumoured that the National Trust Co. will also shortly announce some changes in its western advisory board, and also in the management of one of its western branches. All these changes will help to strengthen this company's position as the leading institution of its kind in Canada.

## On and Off the Exchange.

### Winnipeg's Financial Activity.

FOR three consecutive weeks Winnipeg has wrested from Toronto the honour of second place in total bank clearing returns. The first two weeks the Western city obtained only a small lead. The third week, however, the difference in the figures exceeded a million dollars.

The figures for the three weeks are as follows:

For week ending	Winnipeg.	Toronto.
Nov. 14th	\$44,718,162	\$44,672,684
Nov. 21st	46,652,937	46,373,820
Nov. 28th	42,596,170	40,884,081

It is surprising that Winnipeg, with half the population of Toronto, should outdistance the latter city. But Winnipeg is in the midst of the busy grain season when so much money changes around out West.

### A New B.C. Coal Company.

A NEW coal deal is being floated in Montreal. Mr. James Carruthers, of Montreal, as president, with a number of influential men associated with him, is forming the Pacific Coast Collieries, Limited. This company will absorb the Pacific Coast Coal Mines, Limited, and will carry on extensive operations on Vancouver Island, where they have acquired a tract of 20,000 acres. The company is capitalized at \$8,500,000, \$3,500,000 in bonds, \$1,500,000 6 per cent. preferred, and \$3,500,000 common stock. The bonds are being handled by the Canada Securities Corporation, Limited, of Montreal.

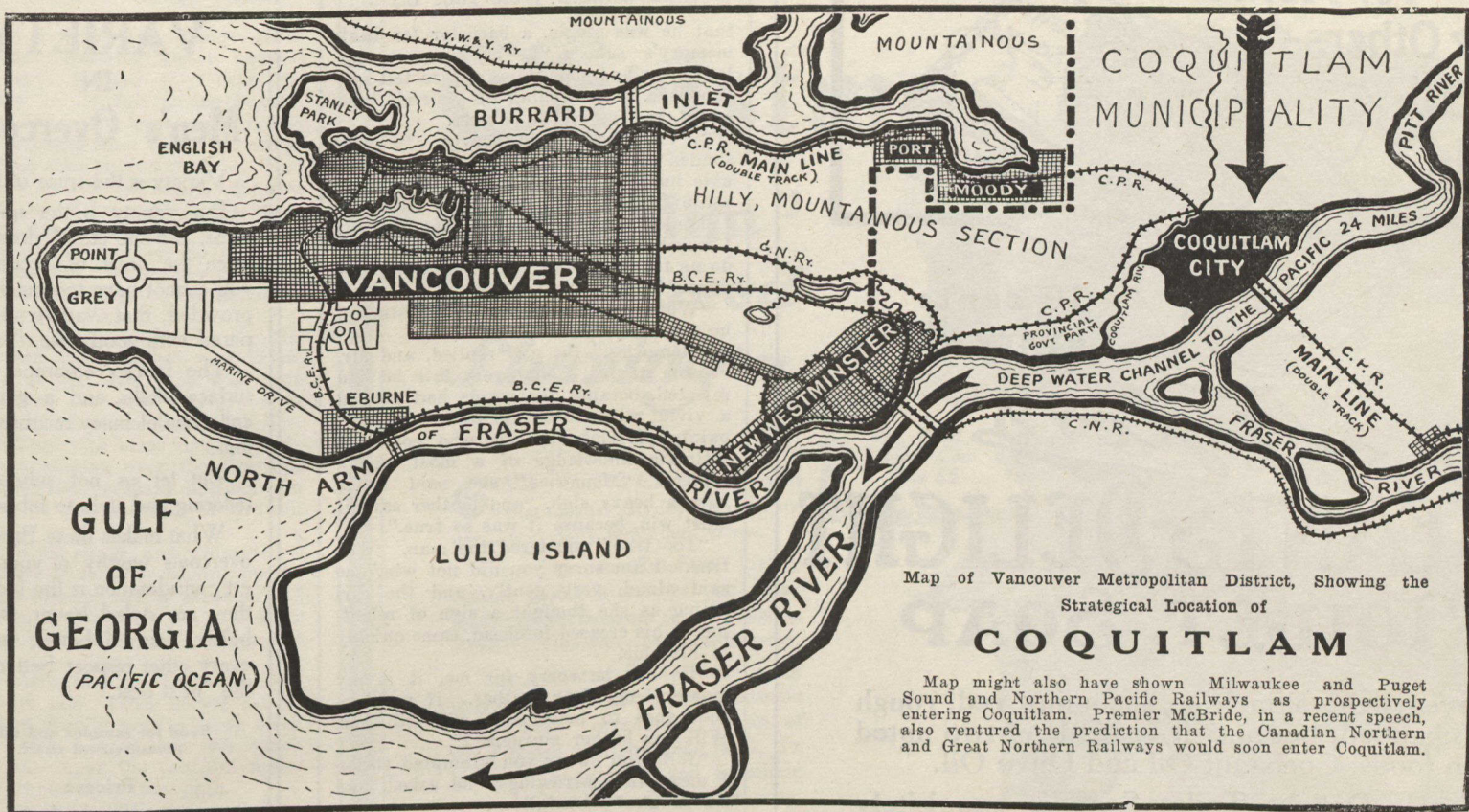
### Something Sweet for St. John

THE Canadian public's failing for sweet stuffs demands satisfaction in the consumption of approximately 8,000 barrels of sugar a day. These figures are growing day by day and as for twenty years or more no new sugar refinery has been built in Canada the outlook for a new plant to be built in St. John is rather promising. The company operating this refinery is the "Atlantic Refineries, Limited." Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon and others prominent in Montreal financial circles are interested in this enterprise. The company is capitalized at \$7,000,000. Of this, \$1,000,000 is set aside for a bond issue, \$2,500,000 for preferred, and \$3,500,000 for common stock. The plant, costing \$2,500,000, is expected to be running in about a year and a half. The estimated output will be 2,500 barrels a day. Halifax, no doubt, will be jealous of St. John rivaling her in this industry.

### C.P.R. and Halifax.

WHEN the things mentioned in Hon. Frank Cochrane's promise come true Halifax will have fine terminal and harbour facilities. The C. P. R. generally manage to have a finger in any pie worth bothering with, and undoubtedly they had a ground floor tip in regard to this scheme in its early stages. Moreover, it is almost certain they, in the near future, will go into Halifax on their own rails. They are proposing to build a more direct line from Montreal to Moncton, and it is rumoured they will build a line from Moncton to Halifax very soon. This new route will have lower grades than the present line of the I. C. R. in the northern part of Nova Scotia.





# COQUITLAM

Where the C.P.R. are Establishing Their Gigantic Pacific Coast Freight Terminals

LOOK at the map. It plainly shows the dominating, strategical location of Coquitlam City, where the C.P.R. are establishing their gigantic Pacific Coast Freight Terminals, there not being sufficient area of level land obtainable in Vancouver to accommodate such a huge undertaking.

Coquitlam City is the first location on the C.P.R. main line from Vancouver, where a sufficiently large area of land is available. The country along the main line between Vancouver and Coquitlam City is mountainous (see the map). It is altogether unsuitable for freight yards, round-houses, machine shops, etc.

### Its Dominating Situation

Notice, too, that Coquitlam is a short 24 mile sail along the broad and mighty Fraser to the Gulf of Georgia. The Fraser, between Coquitlam and the Gulf, is in reality a great fresh-water arm of the sea, on which great ocean liners and smaller coastal vessels will before long be steaming to and from Coquitlam.

The Vancouver or Coquitlam-Panama Canal route from Alberta Province to Liverpool will, according to Miss Laut, a world-famous authority on the Panama Canal question, effect a saving of \$8,000,000 in freight rates on a crop of 100,000,000 bushels.

There you have in a nutshell the reason for the colossal undertakings of the C.P.R., involving the expenditure of millions at Coquitlam.

### Its Future Assured

Coquitlam's future is assured. As a C.P.R. terminal, its growth will be rapid, very rapid. There will of necessity be thousands of railway employees, who will find it necessary to make their homes in Coquitlam.

Its dominating, strategical situation, its cheap water frontage sites, its low hydro-electric power, its close proximity to a cheap and abundant coal supply, assure a great future for Coquitlam as an industrial centre.

Already several big industries are locating at Coquitlam, including a large shipbuilding plant, the first of its kind at the coast. More industries are coming, including grain elevators.

In fact, the population of Coquitlam is growing faster than buildings and homes can be erected. During the last year nearly two hundred buildings for all purposes have been erected. Truly a remarkable showing for a new town.

### Profits of 50%, 100%, 125%

Property in Coquitlam has advanced rapidly in the last year. 50, 100 and 125% have been realized on re-sales. And, we believe, future advances will be even more rapid.

The C.P.R.'s official announcement that the first unit of their gigantic terminals would be ready for use on December 15, and that all

freight engines and train crews on the Cascade division are to be moved to Coquitlam, has added another impulse to the building activity in Coquitlam.

### Buy Inside Property Now

Now is the time of all times to invest in Coquitlam. Any keen business man can see that. So drop in to our office and let us show you the large wall maps of the different locations in Coquitlam, all of which is townsite property. This company owns no outside property.

If not convenient to call, 'phone us, and one of our representatives will call, with photographs showing recent building developments in Coquitlam. If you live out of town, use the coupon. Get full particulars about Coquitlam at once, for the sooner you invest the wider your margin of profit.

### FILL IN AND MAIL NOW

Coquitlam Terminal Co., Ltd. 15  
(Address Coupon to our nearest office.)

Without cost, liability or obligation on my part, send at once full particulars, maps, etc., of the Pacific Coast Operating terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, prices of lots in the coming industrial centre of Coquitlam, etc.

Name .....

Address .....

(Courier.)

Coquitlam Terminal Company, Limited  
Coquitlam Townsite Company, Limited

Head Office, 553 Granville St., Vancouver, B.C.

Toronto Office, Dominion Exchange Bldg., 14 King St. East.

AGENTS WANTED

Refer to R. G. Dun & Co.

Bankers---Bank of Hamilton.

"For Mother  
the Others-  
and  
Me"



10 cents  
everywhere

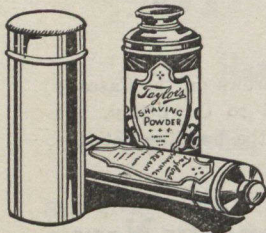
# Taylor's INFANTS-DELIGHT TOILET SOAP

prevents the skin from becoming red, rough or chapped, because it is made of two noted skin foods, Coconut Oil and Olive Oil.

Infants - Delight Toilet Soap is exquisitely perfumed, and simply delightful for bath, shampoo and toilet use. Use it this winter and keep your skin soft and comfortable.

Every dealer can supply you with any of the many Taylor-made Toilet Articles.

## Taylor's SHAVING TRIO



Whether you use them in Cream, Powder or Stick form, give a thick, lasting and softening lather that leaves the skin velvet-soft and satin-smooth. 25c. each at all Dealers. Free trial sample of Shaving Cream sent on receipt of 2c. stamp to cover Postage.

John Taylor & Co.,  
Limited, Toronto  
Oldest and largest per-  
fumers and Toilet  
Soap Makers in  
Canada.

Name .....

Address .....

Druggist's Name .....

Please  
send me a  
sample of Taylor's  
Shaving Cream to try.

SHAVING STICK  
CREAM  
POWDER



Don't waste energy counting them—spend it in convincing yourself that the silent, Vanadium built Ford is the car you ought to have—and can afford—right now. We've shared profits with you by reducing the price.

Every third car a Ford—and every Ford user a Ford "booster." New prices—runabout \$675—touring car \$750—town car \$1,000—with all equipment, f.o.b. Walkerville. Get catalog from Ford Motor Company of Canada Limited, Walkerville, Ontario, Can.

## Memories

(Concluded from page 8.)

that he was single, a bachelor for that memory's sake. "I,—my dear young lady, you had something else to tell me, I believe. Something of yourself," he added, to change the subject.

"I have," she said slowly. "I persuaded my brother to borrow the miserable hundred dollars he is short in his accounts, believing,—yes firmly believing I should secure the prize of that amount. I failed. I am to blame. Now, will you do as father wishes, and my mother implores?"

"What was the title of your story?" he asked sharply.

"Memories," the girl replied, and Mr. Jepson started. That very tale he had rejected, because the words had seemed a vivid relation of his own drab life, painted forcibly by one who possessed intimate knowledge of a most sacred subject. "Memories," she said again with a heavy sigh, "and mother said it must win, because it was so true."

"Too true," muttered the man. "Too true. I am sorry you did not win," he said aloud, very gently, and the girl seeing as she thought a sign of relenting on his creased forehead, came quickly to his side.

"Do not be sorry for me, it is my mother,—my dear mother. If my brother goes to prison,—it will kill her. Will you be her murderer?"

"Will you swear you prompted the,— I mean the borrowing?" he asked, and she laughed scornfully.

"Should I be here if what I have told you were not the truth? My brother was against the taking of the money from the commencement. Only after much persuasion on my part, would he do it," here she seized his arm, to shake it vehemently. "Are you of iron? Are you a man? Can you not see I am speaking the truth? I am guilty, for my mother's sake."

Mr. Jepson gently released his arm and left the room. Outside in the hall, the girl heard a conversation. A one-sided conversation it is true, because the man was giving instructions to some one to suppress—"kill" was the word he used—an article intended to appear on the front page of the next issue.

"Use anything you please," she heard him say gruffly. "Kill that stuff of mine. What? Yes, that will do. Run in the names of the prize winners. Take this name, as first, Miss Agnes Johnson. Got it?" Here followed a pause. "I know all about that," he continued harshly. "Do as I say, Miss Agnes Johnson, first. The others can stand. Be sure, now." Then followed the sharp click of the bell, and Mr. Jepson re-appeared.

"Now, Miss Johnson, you must have overheard me. You are the winner. Your brother is safe as far as I am concerned,—how the bank will look at the matter, is what I cannot tell."

"The manager told me he would reinstate my brother," she said quickly,—anything but gratefully. "I have told him all I have related to you. And he believed me," she ended sharply, rising from the chair.

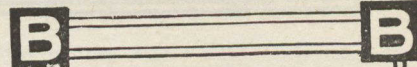
"Please pay my respects to your mother. Please say that memory saved her son. I hope he will deserve his mother. Good-bye. I shall be glad to read more of your work."

"Thank you," the girl said proudly. "Thank you, Mr. Jepson. I trust your mother possessed as good a son as my poor brother."

Without one other word, she departed; gathered up her bundles in the hall, and the last he saw of her that evening, was when she half turned to close the iron gate shutting out the street from the lawn. With a sigh he turned to his desk. Tried to work at several sheets of manuscript. Threw them down, and picked up a book. Tossed that on one side and returned to the window, staring out to the fine falling rain that like a curtain hid the noisy thoroughfare.

"Memories," he muttered. "Memories, what cast iron rules they make men break,—and, oh, what fools men are, who can't forget."

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# Dr. Aram Kalfian

(Continued from page 14.)

tion to her, but she was content—more than content. Nestling closer against him, her eyes strayed idly over the garden, now in its full spring beauty. At that moment the gate was pushed open, and a young man appeared, carrying a kit-bag, who paused with his hand on the latch and looked round. He was a stranger to Enid, and his manner showed the hesitation of a person uncertain in which direction to turn his steps. Seeing the two figures upon the verandah, he lifted his hat and advanced quickly towards them.

Enid, instinctively increasing the distance between her and her companion, glanced up at the latter; he was quite unconscious of the new arrival; with brows and lips fixed in a straight line, as if wrestling with some mental problem, he was staring over the tree-tops which formed the boundary line between the garden and the grounds of Ardwell Court.

She pulled his sleeve, and whispered—  
“Dick, there is someone coming up the path—a gentleman and a stranger. I wonder who it can be? If you don’t want to see him, go in and I will speak to him.”

With a start, and the half-scared expression of a man whose nerves are so badly shaken that he sees in every fresh arrival a fresh danger, her companion bent his glance upon the youthful figure advancing rapidly up the path.

“Ted!” he cried with amazement, a flush of pleasure rising to his pale face as he hurried down the verandah steps with outstretched hands to meet the newcomer.

Enid stayed where she was, wondering who the stranger could be. “Ted,” her lover had called him: the Christian name betokened a close intimacy; and yet she had never heard him speak of this friend of his. For a moment the two men stood with hands locked in a grip more eloquent than words. It was a frank, boyish face, with a something of foreign vivacity in it, which looked up into Dick’s. Its owner was the first to break the silence.

“I only heard of your trouble yesterday evening,” he said in a husky and rather unsteady voice, for the change in his friend’s appearance almost frightened him, “and came on by the first train from Oxford this morning. They told me at the station where to find you!”

“It was good of you, Ted!”  
“Good! pooh, nonsense!”  
The words were nothing, but the young face was alight and quivering with sympathy. For the moment Dick was touched, deeply touched; then an expression of the brown eyes, filled with an almost dog-like affection, suddenly reminded him that it was Denise Alston’s son who stood before him, and with the remembrance came a sudden revulsion of feeling. Dropping the other’s hand, he turned his head sharply away.

Guessing that the movement was an attempt to hide emotion, but very far removed from suspecting the cause of the same, Ted patted his friend soothingly on the shoulder.

“Bear up, dear old boy, bear up!” he murmured; then after a pause, added, “I felt I could not rest till I had seen you and heard what I could do to help you.”

Dick turned slowly round; the light had faded out of his face, leaving it blank and expressionless.

“No one in the world can help me,” he said; “no one!”

The words fell from his lips so desolately, so hopelessly, that they struck to the heart of the listener on the verandah, whose slight figure swayed against the rail as if a momentary faintness had come over her, whilst a quick flush of moisture suffused Ted’s eyes. Shaking his head as much in protest against his own weakness as his friend’s statement, he answered energetically—

“We will soon see about that. Why, Dick, it’s not like you to throw up the sponge, even though Fate has dealt you a nasty, knock-down blow! But your nerves are all to pieces, old man, and no wonder! That’s just why you need me; there will be all sorts of small worries I can take off your shoulders. Now

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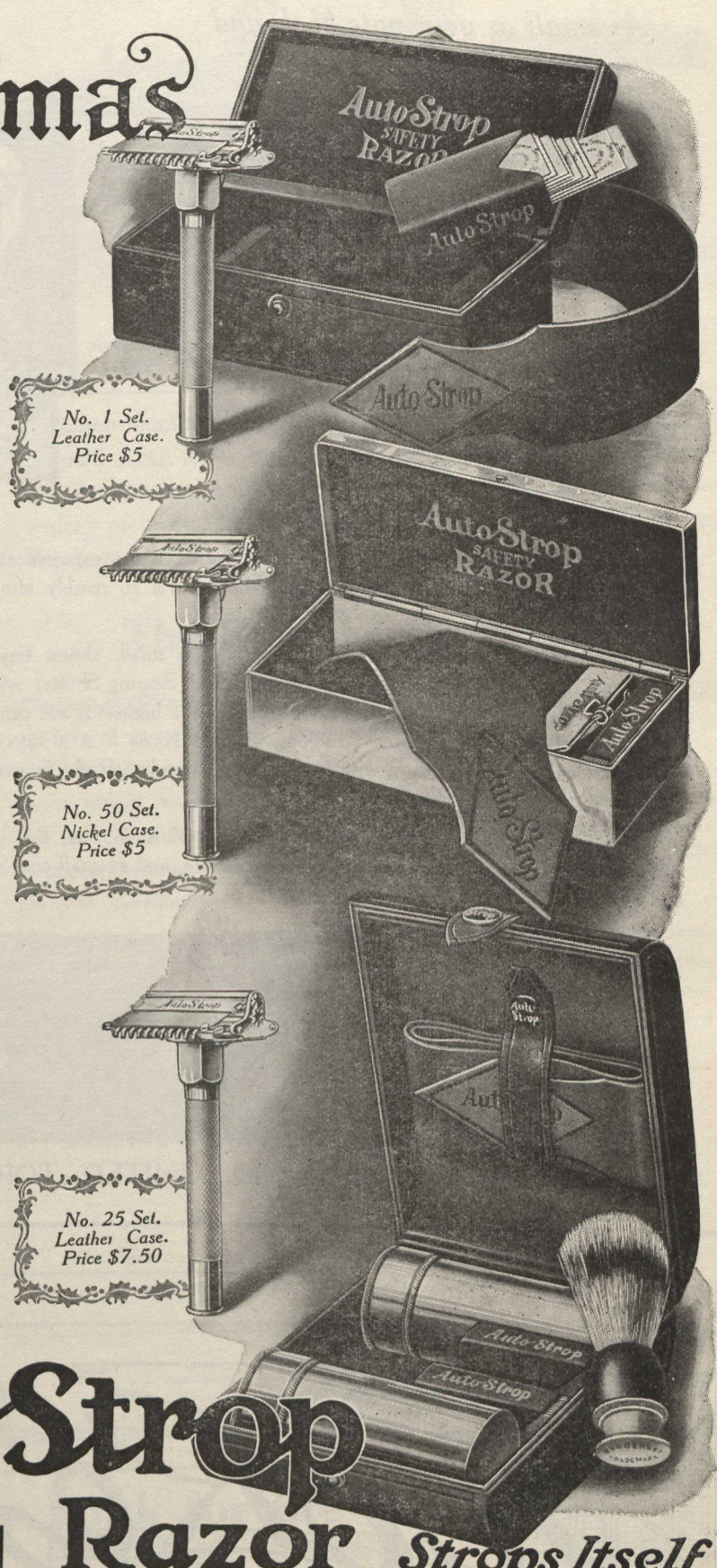
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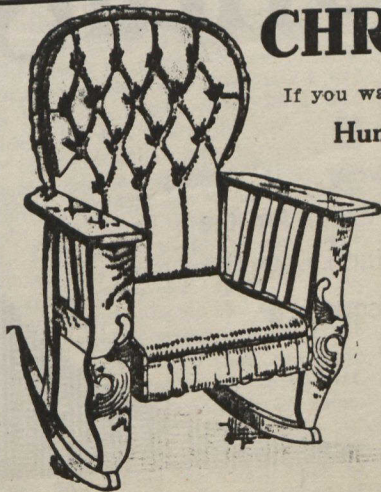
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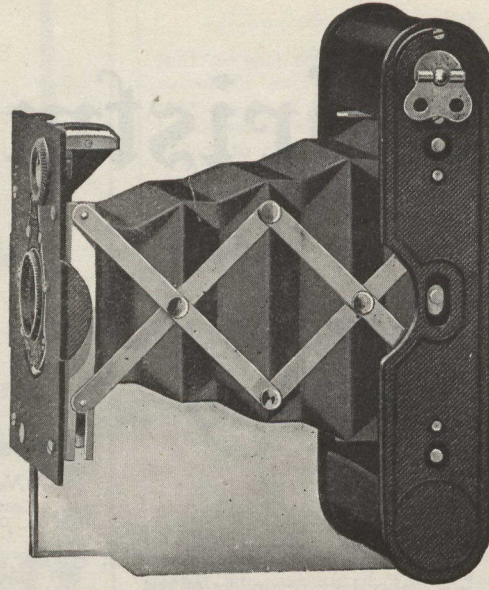
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tell me where I can deposit this thing," with a swing of the light kit-bag, "and then I am at your service."

"I—I am sorry; but I can't ask you to stay," replied Dick stiffly and abruptly. "You must remember I have no longer a roof-tree of my own. I am"—bitterly—"just a vagrant dog without a home."

"I did not come down to pay a society visit, old chap, but to make myself useful. I suppose there's an inn of some sort in the place. That will be good enough for me," said Ted, puzzled at his friend's manner, but determined not to be shaken off.

Enid during the last sentence had, unobserved, come slowly down the verandah steps; she now tapped Dick imperatively on the shoulder.

"Introduce me to your friend," she said quietly.

With a look of annoyance, and in the briefest manner possible, he complied—"Mr. Alston—Miss Anerley."

Ted bowed, and Enid extended her hand with a gracious smile.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Alston," she said, "and my father and mother will, I know, be equally pleased; but I am glad they were neither of them present just now to overhear Dick's speech, for it would have both hurt and angered them." She cast one swift, reproachful glance at her lover, and then turned again to the visitor. "Of course, you will stay here, Mr. Alston; a friend of Dick's is our friend; the idea of your going to the inn is preposterous!"

"If you are quite sure I shall not be in the way?" stammered Ted, his eyes rounding with admiration of the gracious figure before him, whilst he mentally wondered what the relationship between his friend and the young lady who made such free use of his name could be.

"Oh, well, settle it between you," remarked Dick, as if impatient of the discussion. "I will leave you two to make better acquaintance, whilst I write a letter which must be sent off at once."

"Take your friend's bag in with you, then; and tell Ann to put it in the green-room," said Enid. "Would you care to go round the garden with me, Mr. Alston?" she continued as Dick silently did her bidding.

"I shall be delighted," answered Ted, somewhat absently, his eyes meanwhile following his friend's retreating figure with a puzzled, wistful expression.

"Come, then," she turned to lead the way; but he made no attempt to follow.

"I scarcely know if I do right in staying, Miss Anerley," he said ruefully. "Dick evidently does not want me. We have always been such chums, and if I were in trouble he is the man I would choose to stand beside me before all others; I hoped he felt something the same for me; but it is plain he doesn't. At first sight of me he seemed pleased enough; but afterwards his one idea appeared to be to get rid of me. If I am to be an added worry to him instead of a help—why, I had better go."

He looked away from his companion as he spoke, and his brown, slim fingers played nervously with the bowler hat he had doffed on first seeing her. Both voice and manner betrayed the fact that he was deeply wounded.

Enid's heart went out to the young man with that fellow-feeling which promotes a quick understanding.

"You must not mind Dick's manner, Mr. Alston," she said earnestly. "He is not himself. I too sometimes feel that he does not want me—that I am powerless to help him—and it hurts—it hurts horribly! It is but a phase of his grief which will pass, my father says; and meanwhile we who love him must have patience, and do our best to fight the morbid melancholy which makes him shun the companionship even of those dearest to him. I claim your help in this; and he will thank you for it later. You will give it me, won't you?"

"Indeed I will!" The words shot out from Ted's lips with a fervour which brought a shell-pink to the clear pallor of Enid's face.

"Let us move on then," she said, with a half smile. "I don't want Dick to suspect we are talking about him; I have to show you round the garden, you know."

She turned down one of the side paths, and this time Ted, his serenity of spirit

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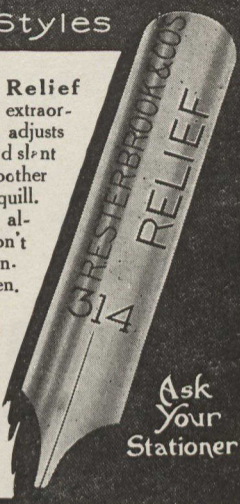
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quite restored, followed her contentedly enough. Never had he seen, he told himself, anyone quite so charming as this new acquaintance of his: the slim, willowy figure in the simple white serge dress, whose straight lines betrayed the beauty of the wearer's outline: the face with its exquisite colouring, and the blue eyes which met his so frankly and earnestly, seemed to him to belong to a creature of quite a different sphere to the everyday girls (for the most part poor imitations of their brothers) with whom he had previously come in contact. If matters were as he suspected, Dick was a lucky fellow! but perhaps after all, they were only old friends. Ted felt somehow that he must set this doubt at rest at once.

As if reading his unspoken thoughts, Enid remarked—

"Dick's introduction was not very illuminating, was it; he left us to make up deficiencies for ourselves. He might have told you, for instance, what I dare say you have guessed—that he and I are engaged."

Ted drew a long breath. "Yes, I suspected as much," he said dismally.

"And the confirmation of your suspicions does not impress you very favourably," she suggested, a slight smile again momentarily breaking the sweet seriousness of her face.

He flushed a guilty red. Had he given utterance to his thoughts, they would have been somewhat thus: "Supposing a fellow discovers a big treasure only to find that another man has been before him, and made it his own can the first mentioned be expected to show great delight even if the rightful possessor be his dearest friend?"

Instead of propounding this problem, however, he replied stammeringly—

"That is because I—I felt rather hurt at Dick's never having mentioned the fact of his engagement to me."

"He could not. It was only settled the day before the awful fire in which poor Mr. Emberson lost his life."

"Ah, that alters the complexion of things a little; but he has never even mentioned your name to me."

"Nor yours to me."

"Strange!" "Yes, it is strange. How long have you known him?"

"About four years now."

"You were at college together, then?"

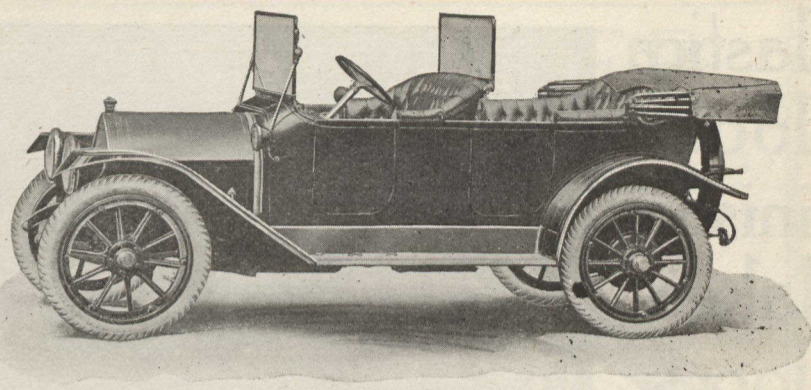
"Yes; and it's all owing to him that I did any good there."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, the first year I was up I got into a bad set: that is, an idle, rickety lot with more money than brains. I was a young donkey, and I kicked up my heels out of pure high spirits, just as one of my four-footed relations might do when first turned out to grass. I am speaking figuratively, of course."

"Yes, I gathered that much," interposed his listener, drily.

"It was some little time before I came in contact with Emberson. I was a freshman; and he was in his third year—that makes an awful lot of difference, you know." Enid bent her head encouragingly. "We met first at a wine party," continued Ted; "most of the fellows were more seasoned vessels than I, and several of the wilder spirits amused themselves plying me with liquor till I became beautifully and gloriously drunk. The worse I got the oftener they filled up my glass, with shrieks of laughter; there were bets as to how soon I should be under the table. I expect I shall sink fathoms deep in your estimation, Miss Anerley, by telling you this; but I owe it to Dick to show how head and shoulders he was above the rest of us. Some of the steadier men turned away disgusted, but he was the only one who interfered. He told my so-called friends in very round terms what he thought of them. Dick can be pretty peppery upon occasions; they retaliated by calling him a prig and a spoil-sport. He tried to get me away, they held on to me; there was a very pretty scrimmage, of which I remember little, but that one man went down like a log under Dick's fist. Then there was pandemonium let loose. How he managed it, I don't know; but it ended by his dragging me out into the open and taking me safely back to my rooms. That was the beginning of my acquaintance with Dick Emberson."



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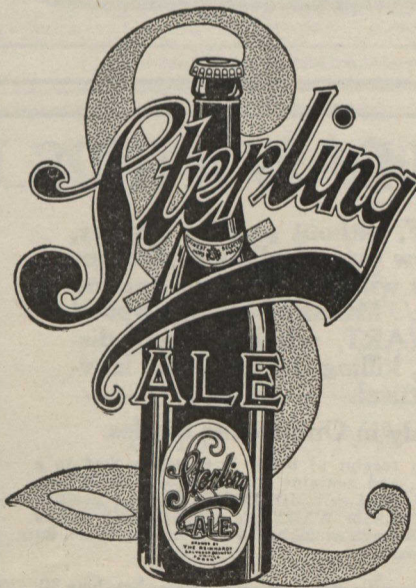
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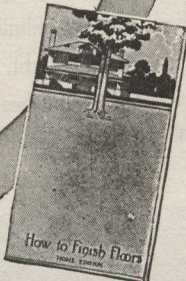
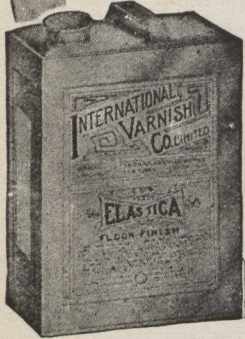
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"Splendid!" cried Enid, her colour rising, her eyes flashing.

Ted, nodding acquiescence, took up the thread of his story.

"The next day, when I was feeling pretty down in the mouth, he came and looked me up; he did not attempt to preach, and yet somehow before he had left he had made me mightily ashamed of the way I had been wasting time and opportunities; and he got me to promise to attend some of the lectures with him. I did so; and little by little we became friends. His example, and my personal admiration for him, did the rest. I worked first to please him, finally getting a taste for it, to please myself. To make a long story short, if I was fortunate enough to take my degree with honours, it is all owing to Dick; so it is not surprising that I think a lot of him. What drew him to me in the first instance, I can't tell you—his good heart, I suppose;—but when I turned out a credit to him, he got a bit fond of me for myself, and"—with a smile—"there we are, you see, a new Damon and Pythias."

"But where do I come in?" asked Enid, with a little questioning lift of her eye-brows; "in the old classical story there is no precedent for a feminine third."

"No; feminine thirds have as a rule a rather destructive influence on friendship, classical or otherwise," replied Ted drily.

"But that will not be so in our case," said Enid, in quick alarm.

He smiled reassuringly up in her face. "Never fear!" he answered slowly; "our case will be the exception that proves the rule."

At this moment Dick appeared again on the verandah and beckoned them to approach.

(To be Continued.)

### Recent Musical Doings

(Concluded from page 13.)

as successful in the trio of Hugo Wolf, which in their way are quite as remarkable as those of Debussy; particularly so in the way of contrast.

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He seized the depositions, and went on: "Ha! here we are. Oh, h'm!"

He faltered a little when he saw them. "Well, gentlemen, this uneducated woman does not put it as you or I would put it, but I said I would read her words and I will. What she says is: 'How the hell could I have the boots when he was wearing them?'"

"And, gentlemen," continued McKeand in a concluding burst of eloquence, "I ask you with some confidence, how the hell could she?"



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# FOR THE JUNIORS



The Carpenter Lad.

**W**HO shall build me a wonderful house,  
With a hundred rooms or more,  
With diamond windows and pearly roofs  
And gold set in the floor!"

"I," says the happy carpenter lad,  
"With my saw and hammer and fyle,  
If I wrap it up will you carry it home  
Or send for it after a while?"

### Baby Bear's Party.

**B**ABY Bear loved the birds, and so Mother Bear was not much surprised when Baby Bear dropped his wee porridge spoon at the breakfast-table, and said in a shrill voice:

"Let's invite all the birds to a party!"  
"We will give the party to-morrow," said Mother Bear. "But what shall we offer the birds to eat?"

"Blackberries and honey," replied Father Bear.

"Once I saw a robin eat a wiggly worm!" said Baby Bear.

"I'll tell you what we better do, Father Bear," said Mother Bear. "You take a walk round the edge of the woods and find out what the birds like best to eat."

Father Bear set out gaily enough, but he came back looking sad and discouraged.

"We can't have the party!" he said. "I have been asking questions, and what do you suppose I have learned? The robins eat worms, and they eat so many that we couldn't dig enough to satisfy one robin!"

"Then suppose we give a little party, and invite only catbirds?" said Mother Bear.

"Catbirds!" exclaimed Father Bear, in a big, gruff voice. "Catbirds eat grasshoppers—thirty grasshoppers at a time! You can't buy jumping grasshoppers by the quart."

"How about the handsome kingbirds?" asked Mother Bear.

"Kingbirds must have gadflies," grumbled Father Bear, "gadflies by the peck!"

"How about the swallows?" questioned Mother Bear. She had noticed that Baby Bear was winking hard to keep back the tears.

"Swallows must have flies!" roared Father Bear, for he was all out of patience. "And spotted squash-beetles! I'd look well stooping over in our garden five or six hours trying to catch squash-beetles for company!"

"We might ask chickadees," ventured Mother Bear. She saw two big tears rolling down Baby Bear's cheeks, and that is why she mentioned chickadees. "They like crumbs."

"One chickadee," said Father Bear, in gentler tones, "would much prefer five thousand five hundred and fifty canker-worm eggs in a day. I think we'll not invite chickadees!"

"Cedar birds?" murmured Mother Bear.

"Cedar birds dine on caterpillars. We

could fill the wash-tubs, I suppose, and pass them round!"

"Blackbirds spend half their lives chasing insects and eating weed seeds. Our old friend phoebe-bird works for the farmers. She eats weevils that spoil wheat and peas and beans. The woodpeckers eat house-flies. Woodpeckers and meadow-larks, hawks and all owls have strange appetites!"

Baby Bear covered his face and wailed. This would be a sad story if it ended here, but it does not.

The birds loved Baby Bear, and when they found out why he cried so loud, they came in flocks to comfort him.

After that, when Baby Bear awoke, he always saw hundreds of birds in the garden searching for bugs, worms and grasshoppers.

And that is the reason why the Three Bears have such a wonderful garden.—Youth's Companion.

### Say What You Mean.

**B**E sure to put your rubbers on," Said Mary Ann to me;  
"It's raining cats and dogs outside,  
As you can plainly see."

And when I skipped and shouted out,  
And clapped my hands with joy,  
Why, Mary Ann, she said to me,  
"Land's sake! what ails the boy!"

"Come on," I cried to Mary Ann,  
As out the door I popped;  
"We'll catch most forty-seven cats  
Before the rain has stopped."

But Mary Ann, she dragged me back  
And laughed her face all red;  
It wasn't really raining cats  
Or puppy dogs, she said.

That's just a "spression" some folks use,  
To mean "it's pouring rain"—  
I'm very cross with Mary Ann,  
But she won't fool me again.

### The Wind's Tales.

**A**T night when everything is still  
The wind it speaks so loud and shrill.

And tells the strangest tales to me,  
I wonder how such things can be.

It says the moon man comes at night,  
And walks the streets till morning light;

Then when he can no longer stay  
He goes home by the Milky Way.

It says a black and ugly bear  
Is living on our dark hall stair,  
To chase me up to bed at night,  
Though never yet he caught me quite.

And oh! the very worst of all,  
It says the grey bat on the wall  
At night creeps underneath the sheet,  
To nibble at my tired feet.

The wind it tells strange tales to me,  
I wonder if they true can be.

—Harper's Magazine.

### She Knew.

**P**RESIDENT TAFT was out for a walk in Washington one day when a flaxen-haired little girl ran out in front of him, held up her finger, and exclaimed in a shrill baby voice:

"I know who you are!"  
The President, thinking it not at all unusual that she should possess this information, but willing to gratify her, asked:

"Well, who am I?"  
"Aw," she said teasingly, "you're Humpty Dumpty."—Everybody's.

### Three Guests.

By Jessica Nelson North.

**I** HAD a little tea party,  
This afternoon at three.

'T was very small,  
Three guests in all,  
Just I, Myself, and Me.

Myself ate up the sandwiches,  
While I drank up the tea;  
'T was also I  
Who ate the pie,  
And passed the cake to Me.

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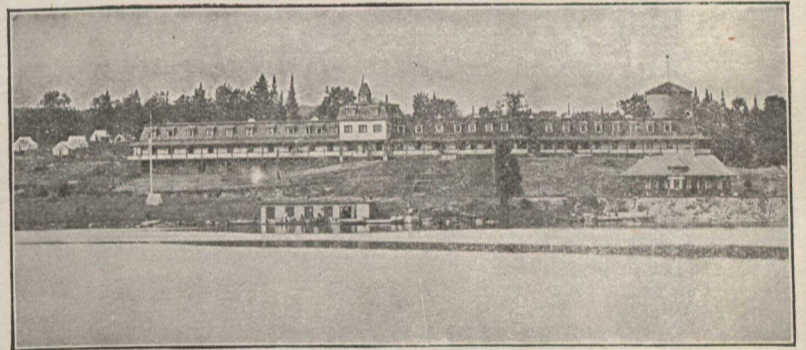
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