

The Canadian Courier

A · N A T I O N A L · W E E K L Y



SKETCH BY F. S. CHALLENGER

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,
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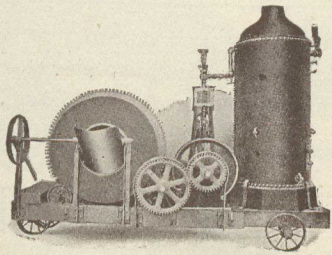
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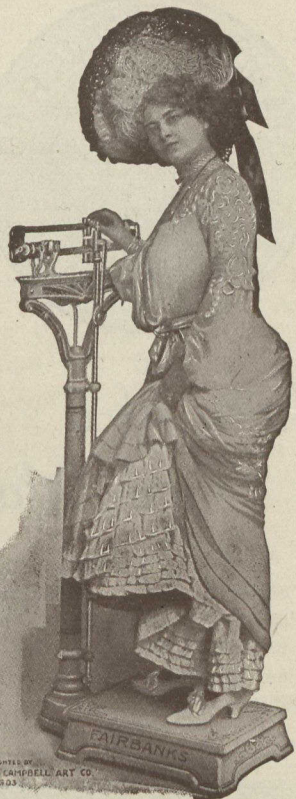
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THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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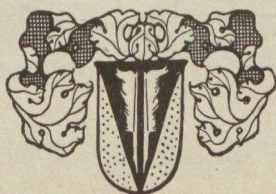
PUBLISHERS' TALK

A PROPHECY is not without honour except in his own country and among his own kindred. This is true of Canadian newspapers and periodicals; many people seem to think that enterprise and a progressive spirit are confined to New York and London. To say that it is our ambition to change this state of affairs would be so extremely frank and egotistic that we are not really capable of it. Yet we desire to announce that "The Canadian Courier" has arranged for a series of short stories by some of the world's best writers. Among the first of these will be tales by Kipling and Jack London.

AS might be expected, the Kipling story will come first. It will appear next week. Those who admire his short stories will appreciate the delightful account of how a young British assistant-commissioner in an outlandish district of Africa managed to secure enough fines to devote to his pet hobby of cotton culture. Such old friends as Stalky and Strickland, to say nothing of the Infant, reappear and listen to another plain tale. Mr. Kipling's recent visit to Canada and appreciation of the makers of our Dominion make this buoyant tale of an enterprising financier all the more enthralling.

The story by Mr. London is a characteristic account of a Yukon trek and of how a comrade kept trust through the perils of the wilds. Both of these stories tell of frontier life—a white man's struggles against titanic forces.

WE are pleased to be able to tell our readers and patrons that the general reception accorded the enlarged "Courier" has exceeded our expectations. The sales receded slightly at first, have since recovered and are now forging ahead at the higher price.



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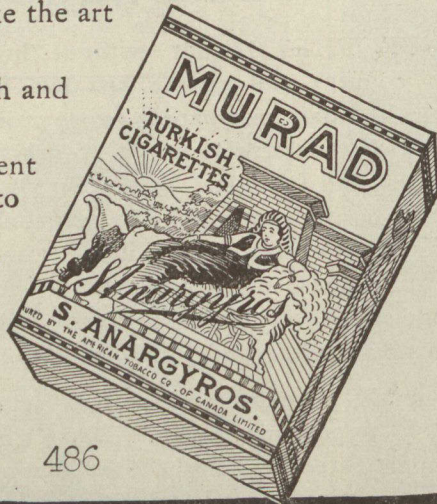
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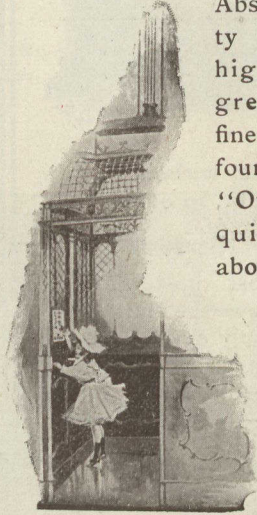


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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

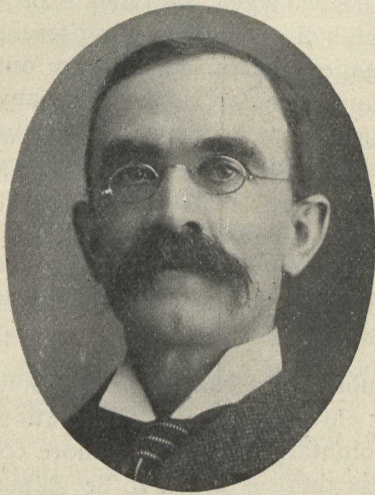
Vol. III.

Toronto, January 11th, 1908.

Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

No. 6

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Mr. H. H. Miller, M.P.,
Chairman Banking and Commerce Com.

SEVERAL members of the Canadian House of Commons have lately been elected chairmen of standing committees. Five members from Ontario have been so honoured. Mr. Hugh Guthrie, member for South Wellington, is chairman of the Railway Committee. Mr. A. H. Clarke, South Essex, is chairman for Public Accounts. Mr. H. H. Miller, South Grey, has been re-elected chairman of Banking and Commerce. Mr. G. D. Grant, North Ontario, will preside over Standing Orders. Bruce County, which has always a good man to send somewhere, has furnished one chairman, Mr. P. H. McKenzie, of South Bruce, on the Committee of Agriculture. Nova Scotia furnishes genial Hance Logan, of Cumberland County, re-elected to the chairmanship of Privileges and Elections.

From Quebec, Mr. J. A. C. Ethier, of Two Mountains, presides over Private Bills.

Mr. Hugh Guthrie is a native of Guelph and a lawyer. His father was for years one of the best-known members of the Ontario Legislature and from him Hugh inherited much of his forensic ability. This is Mr. Guthrie's second term in Parliament. He is a K. C. and a Presbyterian. In the session of 1902 he moved the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne.

Mr. George D. Grant will be remembered for the spectacular campaign in which he defeated Mr. G. E. Foster in the wilds of North Ontario. In those days Mr. Grant was regarded as a young political giant, but since his election he has, as is usually the case at Ottawa, retired somewhat from public view in order to learn many parliamentary lessons. He should make an efficient chairman.

Mr. H. H. Miller hails from South Grey, in which constituency he now resides, although Owen Sound is the place where he spent his youth. By occupation he is an estate agent and a dealer in lands. He was first returned at the general elections of 1904.

Mr. Hance J. Logan is a lawyer and has been three terms in Parliament. He was born at Amherst Point, N.S. He had the distinction of defeating Hon. A. R. Dickey, Minister of Justice in the Tupper Government, in the great turn-over of 1896. He is the first Liberal ever elected in Cumberland County. Mr. Logan is now the assistant Government whip in the House.

Mr. Joseph A. C. Ethier has been in the House of Commons as

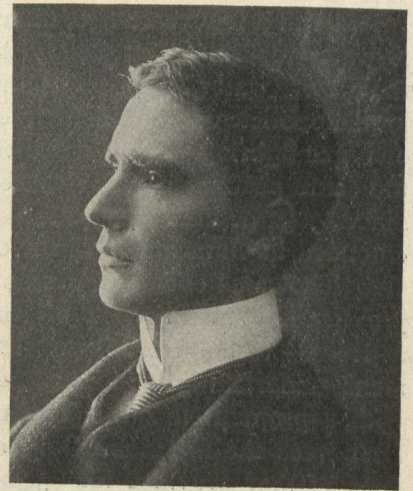
member for Two Mountains since the Laurier Government came into power. His first majority was 17. He is a lawyer and for three terms has been Mayor of the village of St. Scholastique.

Mr. A. H. Clarke is also a lawyer who has written a book on law. He was born at Manilla, in the County of Essex, in 1860, and has been but one term in the House of Commons.

Mr. P. H. McKenzie is a native of Wellington County, who has graduated through all the degrees of honour from township councillor to being president of the Lucknow Agricultural Society and the South Bruce Farmers' Institute. This is Mr. McKenzie's first term. He is a Presbyterian and his father was a native of Rosshire, Scotland.

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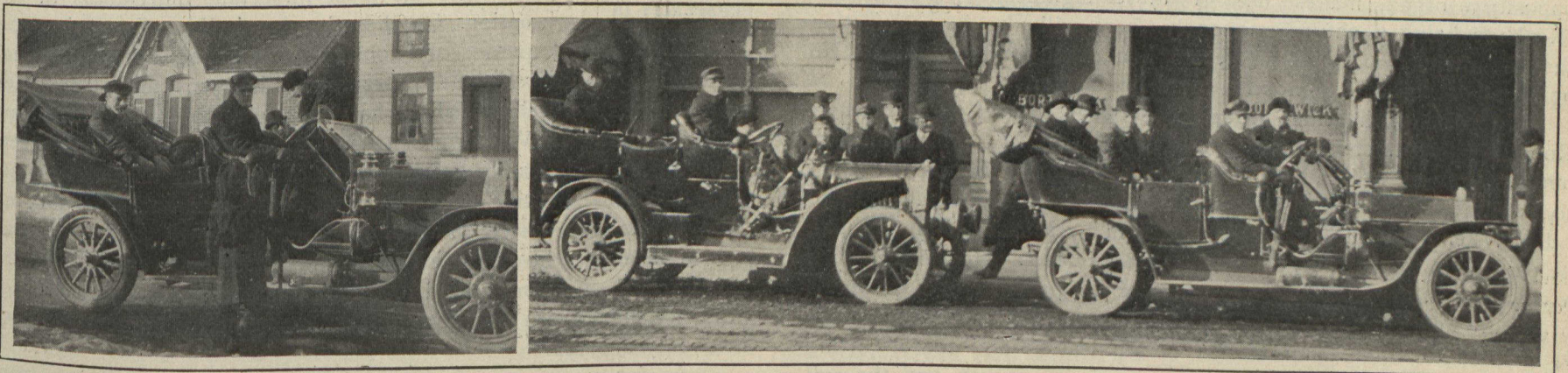
MARCONI has sailed on the Tunisian for Ireland and will return to Canada about the middle of April. The Irish station at Clifden is to be enlarged so that it will correspond with the Canadian station at Glace Bay. Just now it cannot take all the messages which the Canadian station can furnish, but the extensions can be made in a very short time. Marconi expects a twenty-four-hour service in good working order by February 1st. Then there will be accommodation for all business offering. Some new photographs from Glace Bay will appear next week.



Geo D. Grant, M.P.,
Orillia.

THE Postmaster-General of Great Britain, Mr. Sidney Buxton, has been telling the British people about the great change he has worked in Canada by reducing the postage on magazines and newspapers sent west across the Atlantic. Only those who know how hard it was to convince the permanent officials of the British Post Office that this reform was necessary in the interest of Imperial sentiment and British business with Canada, can realise how bold Mr. Buxton was in making this reform. Mr. Buxton, in a speech last month, declared that the additional number of periodicals and newspapers sent from Great Britain to Canada would amount to five or six millions a year. "Additional," not total, number, it will be noted. He also ventured the information that the greatest increase had occurred in the high class periodicals.

For this reform, Canada and the Empire should hold Mr. Buxton in kindly remembrance. Before the four years of the arrangement have passed, British periodicals should have obtained a permanent footing in this market, and young Canadians will have become more interested in the people and events of Great Britain and the Empire generally.



The Automobile in Elections—These pictures were taken on Election Day (January 1st) in Toronto, and show how the Auto is playing a considerable part in modern election campaigns of all kinds. The larger picture shows two Autos working for Mr. Oliver, the Mayor-elect. He is seated in the rear seat of the rear car, his face obscured by his fur collar.

Photograph by W. W. Sloan.

REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS

EVENTS of the past two weeks indicate that the principle of public ownership is gaining ground rapidly. Ten years ago it was scarcely ever mentioned; to-day it is in the air everywhere. Municipalities and provincial governments seem to be most affected by the tide of popular enthusiasm; the Dominion Government

PROGRESS OF PUBLIC OWNERSHIP

has not yet shown any great sympathy with the movement, and it is generally known that Sir Wilfrid Laurier prefers regulation to ownership.

Until a few years ago, municipal ownership was confined mainly to waterworks. In 1903, sixty-three Ontario municipalities controlled their own water supply. In the same year, there were thirty-nine municipalities which did their own electric lighting and three their own gas lighting. This indicates that lighting was coming rapidly to the same position of importance in the public mind as water-supply. Since 1903, the municipalisation of these services has been considerably extended in Ontario and in the other provinces as well.

The same course of events has occurred in public ownership by provinces. The Province of Ontario inaugurated the new era when it decided to build a railway through Northern Ontario as a government undertaking. Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba followed with a proposal to have provincial control of trunk telephone lines. Last week the Manitoba Government bought out the Bell Telephone lines in that province for \$3,300,000 or thereabouts. This indicates that Alberta and Saskatchewan may make a similar purchase if the governments of those provinces so desire. Ontario has for several years been investigating the electrical energy situation; while not prepared to go in for provincial ownership, the government has agreed to help the municipalities to secure municipal co-operation for transmission lines and municipal plants for distribution of electrical energy within municipal areas. This is not exactly public ownership, but the results are much the same. The only difference is that the loss in experimenting or bad investing will fall on the municipal instead of on the provincial revenues. From this point of view, it is a rather shrewd plan.

The enthusiasm for municipal and provincial ownership is rapidly increasing. The vote last week in Toronto on the by-law to establish a municipal plant to compete with the present private monopoly was so overwhelming as to remove any doubt as to the temper of the people in regard to this question. The case was fully argued from both sides. The forces of each were well organised. The vote was large. There is no evading the verdict. On Monday a number of Ontario municipalities voted on similar by-laws and every one was carried. Public ownership has won all along the line.

In Manitoba, the general praise which has been extended to Premier Roblin for his purchase of the Bell plant and franchise, indicates a similar enthusiasm among the people of that province in regard to public ownership. The Winnipeg "Free Press," the leading opposition organ, makes use of these significant words: "The telephone being a natural monopoly there will also be satisfaction that its ownership is to be vested henceforth in the State." No publicist or political economist could go farther.

In passing, the chief difference between the action of Premier Roblin's Government and the action of the City of Toronto may be noted. Premier Roblin bought Naboth's vineyard. He was prepared to duplicate but only on condition that the Bell were unwilling to sell. When he found the Bell Company in a reasonable state of mind, he paid them a fair price, a generous price in fact. He acted in such a way as to safeguard both the funds of the province and the funds of private investors. In Toronto, there is a tendency to disregard the latter and to enter upon an era of duplication and throat-cutting competition. However, this is but a tendency as yet, and the evil results may still be prevented.

The Ontario Government is face to face with a grave situation.

The people have by their votes indicated their desire to have the government assist them in securing public control of the distribution and sale of Niagara power. There are already two transmission lines, and several private generating and distribution plants in operation in the district which may be served by the new public operations. Much private capital has been invested in these undertakings. It remains to be seen whether Premier Whitney will follow the course which found favour in Kingston and Ottawa when the cities expropriated existing plants, or whether he will disregard entirely present private investments. If he follows Premier Roblin, he will buy out the Electrical Development Company and Cataract Power Company and will encourage the municipalities to purchase existing local plants. This may not be quite so easy as it was in Manitoba, since Sir Henry Pellatt, Mr. Frederic Nicholls and Lieut.-Col. J. M. Gibson are more inclined to go into battle than was General Manager Sise of the Bell Company; yet the obligation rests on Mr. Whitney to prove that he has done his utmost to protect private investments before he lets loose the dogs of cut-throat competition.

IT is inevitable that the Canadian Clubs of the country, now about thirty in number, should ultimately enter some kind of federation. The union may be slight and purely voluntary. It may be more co-operation than federation. Nevertheless there is much to be gained

CO-OPERATION AMONG CANADIAN CLUBS

for unity of aim and direction by some form of association. Lord Grey, with his usual perspicacity, is the first to ask these scattered but kindred bodies to co-operate in a national undertaking. He has called a meeting of the Canadian Club presidents to take place in Ottawa next week, and hopes to have the support of these organisations for his movement to nationalise the battlefields of Ste. Foye and Abraham. The cost of the undertaking will be about one million dollars.

Canada was born in 1608. There were earlier settlements but none continuous until the founding of Quebec in that year. This is therefore the nation's three-hundredth anniversary, an occasion worth signalling. As these battlefields are close to the City of Quebec, it is exceptionally fitting that their nationalisation should occur at this time. History and geography combine to make the proposition most opportune. No doubt the Canadian Clubs will realise this and give His Excellency their fullest assistance.

If the Clubs do this, a precedent will be set. Edmonton Canadian Club has already wired its promise of co-operation and contribution. It is just like a Western organisation to be quick and impulsive. Hesitation and deliberation are not yet Western qualities.

ONTARIO and the West have had a slight attack of the blues, because the returns from agriculture were not quite so good in 1907 as in 1906. The farmer's prosperity is the barometer of general business, though the manufacturers and financiers continue to believe

PROSPERITY IN NOVA SCOTIA

they are the most important individuals in the nation. On the other hand, Nova Scotia is prosperous and optimistic because agriculture has

shown the greatest returns ever secured in that province. Combined with this is an excellent fishery harvest and a developing manufacturing output. In Western Canada, the price of wheat is of great importance; in Nova Scotia, the value of oats, hay and apples are considered side by side with the value of the fish harvest. During 1907, the average price obtained for codfish was \$5.50 per quintal, which is about the average also of the past four years. Yet the average of the previous period 1900-1903 was only \$4.00. The average price of haddock was even more favourable, being the highest obtained in twenty-one years.

As for manufacturing, with which we may class mining, 1907 was an excellent year. The coal output is valued at about fourteen million dollars, the steel and iron products at the same figure, and the

other manufactures at forty millions. These figures are given on the authority of the New Year edition of the Halifax "Chronicle," which is usually reliable. Those given for manufacturing will probably excite the greatest surprise, but in the town of Amherst alone there are 3,000 men engaged in factory work, and the industries in Truro, New Glasgow and other towns are steadily growing. There are cotton factories at Windsor and Yarmouth, while the shipbuilding and lumber industries are scattered at favourable points along the unending coast.

GRADUALLY but slowly, the idea of Civil Service Reform is growing in the minds of the people. The university students are taking it up and discussing it in speeches and essays. This is an excellent sign. During the past three or four years, several men over 60 years of age have been appointed to positions in the Dominion Civil Service. In one case a man of seventy was appointed. This is one of the incongruities of the present system. These old school-teachers, tradesmen and mechanics cannot possibly give efficient service. An independent Commission would choose well-educated and promising young men to fill vacancies and new positions. Petty patronage of this kind would disappear, with good results to public administration.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

Imagine the effect on one hundred employees in a custom-house or post-office when a man sixty years of age reports as a new employee! Imagine, if you can, how their respect for the Government of the day will shrink into the darkest corner of their minds! What a magnificent effect the entrance of this ancient mariner and ward politician will have upon discipline within the service!

It is reported in Toronto that a defeated Liberal candidate, a furniture manufacturer, is to be made Postmaster of the second city in Canada. The report may not be true, but it is known that the Liberal Patronage Committee has recommended him. What splendid encouragement such an appointment will carry to all the young men in the postal service! It is enough to make one laugh hilariously, were the situation not so deplorable.

It is to the young voters that Canada must look for this reform. The hoary-haired veterans have become hide-bound in their partisanship and must finish as they have begun. With the young men, it is different. In them is the hope of the future.

LA TE despatches from Vancouver indicate that the feeling with regard to the Japanese is not becoming much milder. The Trades and Labour Council had a warm meeting last week, and the police magistrate, the police and the city council were accused of being afraid to take such action as would assure the public that the Japanese were not prepared for armed struggles. In Eastern Canada it is the Italian knife which is feared; in Vancouver it is the Japanese knife. Four Japs have been arrested, charged with taking part in the riot which occurred on New Year's Day and which resulted in a white man losing his nose.

THE PERSISTENT JAPANESE TROUBLE

Japs continue to arrive from Honolulu and more are expected. This is the part of the Japanese invasion which is hard to control, since the invaders do not come direct from Japan. The United States controls Honolulu, but we cannot look to Washington for relief since the authorities there are as helpless as our own. The situation is a difficult one, but when Mr. Lemieux arrives back from Tokio the Ottawa Government will be in a better position to know what action will be best. No doubt the people of Vancouver will have some message to deliver to Mr. Lemieux as he passes through.

IT is not so much the unemployed as the unemployable who are now distressing the souls of civic authorities and philanthropists. Nearly every week there is quoted from a British paper, the dismissal of a case by a British judge, with this comment on the prisoner:

THE UNEMPLOYABLE

"He has promised to go to Canada." This sort of thing proves highly irritating to the Canadian, who does not care for the Dominion to be regarded as only a little higher than a penal colony. Let a stupid, dogged English "hired man" and an unsympathetic Canadian farmer be in daily contact and you have the elements of a tragedy of most distressing order—as the front page of our newspapers occasionally testifies. We cannot have too many immigrants of sound constitution and skilled hands; but we have no room for degenerates or incapables. Brutal it may sound, but it is hardly to be disputed, that Canada will

work the deportation process early and late before she will become a last resource for the criminals and wastrels of London and Glasgow. A healthy man who is not afraid of hard work can find enough to do and if he brings money with him can get out to the West and find himself a land-owner. But it cannot be stated too often that Canada is no paradise for loafers, no sanitarium for the diseased, no refuge for the unfit. This winter on the streets of any Canadian city may be seen groups of newcomers who seem to be physically and mentally unequal to the situation. Instead of being a benefit they are a burden to the community, while local charities arise and call not blessed the steamship agencies which sent them here. It is useless and cruel to despatch large numbers of the unemployable to a country which demands strength and in a season which tries even the hardy native. The survival of the fittest is a doctrine which works out its evidence in this zone.

THE discussion, referred to in last week's issue of the "Canadian Courier," regarding the personality depicted by Sir Gilbert Parker in the hero of "The Weavers," shows how difficult a matter it is for the novelist to escape labels for his characters. He may protest

PUTTING THE CAP ON

with all earnestness that the character is purely imaginary, that he had no designs upon Winston Churchill, Cecil Rhodes, the Emperor of Germany or Theodore Roosevelt. But furtive paragraphs appear from time to time insinuating that the hero's walk reminds us of Lord Rosebery or the villain's sneer bears a marked resemblance to the twist of Mr. Arthur Balfour's upper lip. Then the novelist ceases from denial and prays that the feminine characters may escape alleged identification. Why should not a Canadian novel of this sort be written? Mr. Anthony Hope is said to have borrowed Cecil the Great for the hero of "The God in the Car," and an Australian politician for "Half a Hero." There have been several Canadian public men whose careers afford dramatic and diverting material for the enterprising teller of tales. Making a few changes in names and constituencies would by no means spoil the human interest of "An Ottawa Idealist" or "A Winnipeg Wonder." Sir Gilbert is very shy about using modern Canada, preferring ancient Quebec and the remote wilderness for the novels dealing with his native land. But there is a vast field all unexploited in our modern capital, and in the great and growing West where deals and dissolutions are of picturesque suddenness, and where a vigorous personality is strongly felt.

EXPANSION CONTINUES

The city of Winnipeg's Bank Clearings in 1907 were 600 millions as compared with 504 millions in 1906 and 134 millions in 1901.

The London, Ontario Street Railway increased its earnings during the past eleven months just 100 per cent.

The flour mills of Weston, Canada, had a capacity of 13,000 barrels a day more on December 31st, 1907 than on December 31st, 1906.

Wheat is maintaining its high price and Canada has much to sell. The prices of stocks and bonds are slowly recovering. The general outlook is good.

Don't be a "Calamity Howler." Business is just what you make it.

Through a Monocle

THE municipal politician has been occupying the stage recently. He comes in between Santa Claus and the annual upset of the "water wagon," and partakes something of the character of both. He is usually quite a different sort of individual from the parliamentary politician. One great saving grace he has, in that he seldom takes himself so seriously. He feels more conscious of his precarious position as a servant of the people, and is not half so inclined to act like their task-master. He deals with matters that come closer to the people, and so is more constantly and carefully criticised. The member of Parliament gives himself lofty airs as understanding the great measures, which his master mind considers very much better than any of the mere voters who sometimes presume to ask him questions; but the municipal politician cannot pretend to know more about broken sidewalks than the people who trip over them or to have any special knowledge on the subject of street cars. He is simply one of us, elevated for the time to the position of our executive committee; and we know at once when he makes a misstep.

* * *

Yet in many ways it matters more to us whom we elect to our municipal councils than whom we send to Ottawa or the provincial capitals. When we have settled the great question whether the Liberal or the Conservative "caucus" is to rule at Ottawa, we cannot mitigate the result a great deal by electing any particular man to the back-bench we are asked to fill. If we happily hit upon a giant, or a Bourassa, or a Weldon of Nova Scotia, or a D'Alton McCarthy, it does matter; but usually we do not aim so high. But the calibre of the men we elect to our municipal bodies is revealed in the sort of civic house-keeping they do for us. Do they give us good water?—smooth and clean streets?—good police protection?—effective fire protection?—decently low taxes? When a city or town is badly governed, it should change its board of aldermen. They lack either wisdom or courage or both. Some municipal councils get a bad name because they have not the courage to tell their constituents that they should accept a higher tax rate—and why? If they had the pluck to give their burg good government and make them pay for it, their names would be called blessed for ever after.

* * *

One sort of man whom municipalities should shun is the politician who proposes to make the local council a stepping stone to a seat in Parliament. With him, all will be for the party and nothing for the State. He will use the petty "patronage" of the municipality to strengthen himself with his political friends and with the people, and will spend the town's taxes with an eye to political prestige rather than the comfort of the townsmen. It would be better to have a frank government of our municipalities on party lines than to have that government employed by individual partisans to line their personal nests. It is perfectly legitimate for a man to win the franchise of a town in Parliament by having served it faithfully and successfully for years as councillor or mayor. That was the way in which Joseph Chamberlain won his spurs. But these are not the methods of the man who would leap into the saddle by simply resting his foot on a civic office.

* * *

The action of the Countess of Yarmouth for the nullification of her marriage is another of a long series of object lessons in the folly of trying to mate the American girl to the European man. Those who were lucky enough to see a play of a few years ago, called "Her Lord and Master," will understand the position as touching the English husband and the American wife better than they could learn from many books; and, when the European husband is a Continental, the difference is more striking. "Wed a maiden of thy people" is as good advice now as it was when old Nokomis gave it to Hiawatha; and "wed a husband of thy people" would be even better

advice, for the wife is much more helpless in the hands of an unsympathetic husband than is the husband when yoked to a wife he does not understand. I have used the word "understand" purposely; for that is the explanation of the whole trouble. People brought up amidst differing conditions, with different ideals and different rules of conduct, do not understand each other. That is the chief barrier between them.

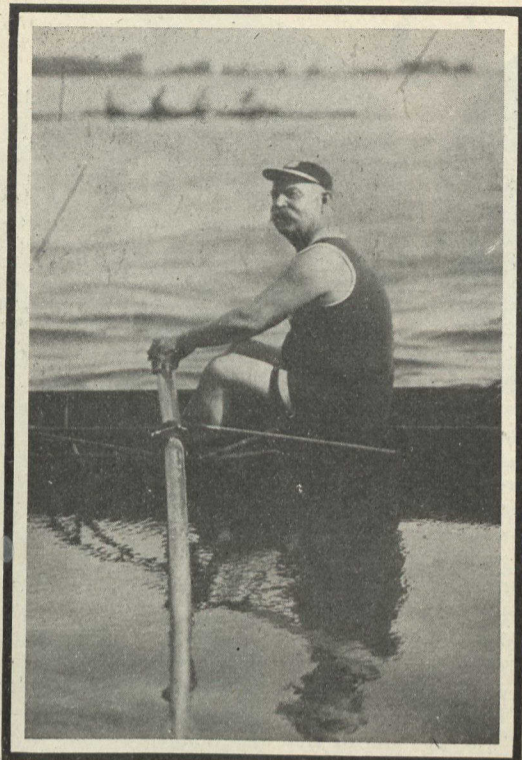
* * *

The American wife and the English wife are two different sorts of people. The American wife is free, self-assertive, mistress of herself and her house, controlling her husband in the matters they have in common nine times out of ten. The English wife is constrained by many rules of decorum and usage, is seldom very self-assertive, is submissive to her husband in most things and is controlled by him in matters regarding which the American wife would never even think of consulting hers. In the case of the Continental husband, the difference is even greater. It is easy to believe that Count Boni de Castellane thinks himself a good husband. Our girls—that is the girls on this Continent—should go to live for a time in the homes of the people with whom they expect to marry, and get their point of view, before they sign the marriage contract. That is, they should do this if they expect to be happy. If all they want is a title, they can take it; but then they should not complain of the consequences. If they think that they can get a European title attached to an American husband—both the best of their kind—they will be doomed to disappointment.



"A Verray Parfit Nobel Knight."

The Swedish trustees of the Nobel bequest have this year awarded the International Prize for Literature to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.—Punch.



The last picture taken of Edward Hanlan in a rowing shell.

Edward Hanlan, Oarsman.

By H. J. P. Good.

EDWARD HANLAN, who died at his home on Beverley Street, Toronto, early Saturday morning, the 4th inst., in his 53rd year, was a man of more parts than the world was inclined to give him credit for. His knowledge of the particular avocation that brought him fame and made him champion oarsman of the world for four or five years, was thorough. He knew not only every part of a boat, but how best to get all the speed possible out of it. So perfectly did he understand this particular art that when he was at his prime sundry people in England and elsewhere were firmly persuaded that there was something devilish in his methods and that he must have connected about his person or in his craft some other means of propulsion than lay in the good workmanship of the shell and his own strong arms, legs and body. These doubters in his individual ability had their surmises well laid at rest when in Australia he thrice suffered defeat from Wm. Beach and once from Peter Kempf. That his downfall was due to the climate following an attack of typhoid at his home in Toronto, combined possibly with too free living, is undoubted, and that at one time he was unbeatable even by his subsequent conquerors is also not to be questioned. The secret of his rowing lay not only in the superiority of his well-proportioned and nicely adjusted physique—his doctors declared they had never seen so perfect a man—but also in the skill of his actions and in the perfect balance of his boat. His shell and himself were to all intents and purposes one piece of machinery. He was a watersprite almost from his very birth on Toronto Island, where his father plied the peaceful trade of a fisherman and acquired considerable of what was then considered worthless property, but that subsequently kept both the champion and his family from poverty. As a very young child he learned to row on a plank with a soap-box for a seat. A plank that dipped and sagged would not be a very safe or desirable species of craft. Thus he learned how to keep an even keel and maintain a proper and a useful balance, for in after years it was noticed that while the boats of other men checked up at the end of each stroke, Hanlan's kept on its easy and level way. Although he got on tremendous speed and kept it up for the long distance of five miles, as compared with the three miles and less of more modern scullers, he never appeared to be making extreme effort. Defying all expert judgment of the day in style and manner, he obtained more headway than his rivals, some of whom were of much greater strength and weight. That he was honest all through his sculling career is not to be doubted. He suffered defeat, it is true, at a time when other men are at their prime, or, like Beach, who was 35 when Hanlan was less than 30, have not reached it; but on his own waters, and even on the rivers of England, he was without a peer. Had he seen fit to stay with the Hanlan Club and continued to profit by the sage counsel and wise care and provision of its members, his

supremacy would probably have been of longer duration than it was. Hanlan, however, was no different to colts and men, and, taking the bit between his teeth, he bolted with disaster alike to his pocket and to himself. But on the whole he lived for the good of the country and for the physical welfare of mankind. Unknowingly and unwittingly he dealt a death-blow to English professional rowing, but in that direction England's loss was Canada's gain, for healthful sports on the water received an impetus hereabouts that has never been entirely lost. He also opened the eyes of the world to the manner of men that this good country was raising. Honour, therefore, accompanied him to the grave.

And Hanlan once remarked to a local politician of some repute: "When you die the newspapers will contain paragraphs; when I die they will have pages!"

Our Capacity for Government

WITHOUT being either optimistic or pessimistic, there are some whose investigations lead them to believe that Canadians have not a wonderful capacity for government. Neither have the British people; they blunder along in a remarkably uneven way, making progress only after repeated and costly experiments. Neither have the United States people. Their Presidents are perhaps the strongest administrators in the world, but their Congress is divided into two unequal parts and usually contains a large minority of men who know more about partisan politics than the ethics of government. Their municipal government is affected by partisanship even more than ours.

A recent volume on "Municipal Government," edited by S. Morley Wickett, Ph.D., and published by the University of Toronto throws some sidelights on this situation. The criminal libel action which brought Hon. Joseph Howe into prominence was due to an attack made by that gentleman on the Halifax County Sessions. He charged them with unfair assessment, mismanagement and corruption. A grand jury stated, according to Professor Murray's article in this volume, that "but £36 of the whole assessment of the year had been collected and that from persons much less able to pay than many who stand in the list of defaulters." Magistrates were indifferent, the police inefficient and the bandage had been removed from the eyes of Justice. Halifax, Professor Murray thinks, was in a worse state than other parts of Nova Scotia, but the history of the time shows that the capacity of the people for government was not highly developed. No doubt there are many incidents of a similar kind in the history of the other provinces. Even to-day, the system of civic administration in Toronto and Montreal is wonderfully crude, the organisation of services weak, and the book-keeping methods about equal to those of the rural general merchant.

The history of the administration of the Yukon, as told in this volume by Dr. J. N. E. Brown, first territorial secretary of that district, is another piece

of evidence to show that Canadians have still much to learn. For rank injustice and unwise administration, that part of Canada apparently holds the laurel wreath. The officials were partisan or corrupt or weak, it is difficult to say which. The official regulations sent out from Ottawa, through the Commissioner, were unequal and often impracticable. The consequence is that since 1901, the population of the district has declined from 27,219 to about 8,000, and the gold output has declined from ten to five million dollars. One government official, so Dr. Brown states, went so far as to state publicly that only those who were in friendly sympathy with the government could have liquor licenses.

The record is not all so blue. There is no doubt that municipal government considered as a whole has made progress in the last fifty years. The editor says:

"The pre-confederation systems of local government were continued, and as population grew slowly there was little occasion to investigate them. The past ten or twelve years, however, have seen population increasing rapidly and the sphere of municipal activity widening. The magnitude and complexity of local interests are at length compelling attention. One might even say that many localities are already feeling that the simple organisation of the past is unequal to the strain of modern municipal activity. The near future should see many important changes in the system and methods of conducting municipal business."

No one can read these various papers on local government in British Columbia and the Maritime Provinces and on civic government in Montreal and Ottawa without feeling that Canada has proceeded some distance in developing a municipal system which may eventually possess great strength and virtue. The public discussion of civic questions is growing keener year by year. The Hon. R. Stanley Weir, in his paper on Montreal, deals with the proposition to put the city government in the hands of a commission of three. He feels that "the loss to civic *amour propre* from the abandonment of the cherished right of the people to elect their representatives would prevent the system from attaining permanence." If this opinion be correct and the people are really interested in attaining a higher degree of efficiency in municipal government then there is hope for the future. The carelessness of the past may be changed to keen interest and a higher degree of civic pride. Then expert advice and expert administration will be substituted more and more for village methods and partisan administration of patronage and public undertakings.

There is no doubt that there is in the minds of many persons a lack of faith in the capacity of the people as a whole to govern themselves. The proposition to substitute municipal commissions for city councils, which Mr. Weir thinks would prove unpopular, is being seriously considered in many quarters. "The Ottawa Improvement Commission" is the nearest approach to this principle which Canada has yet experienced. Halifax has recently been discussing the question theoretically and other cities have at one time or another had the question

(Continued on page 12)

A REMINISCENCE OF EDWARD HANLAN



Standing—H. J. P. Good, present press representative Canadian National Exhibition; P. B. Ball, commercial agent for Canada at Birmingham, Eng.; Edward Hanlan, at the time the photograph was taken in his 26th year, and champion oarsman of the world; Sitting—T. B. Whitefoot, deceased, then editor-in-chief of the London Daily Sportsman.



M. Dutet.



Mlle. de Luys.

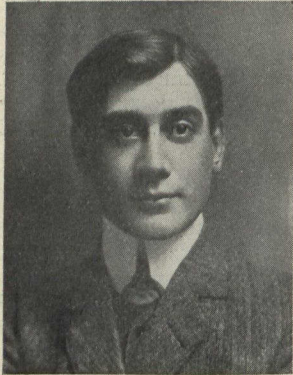


M. Paul Marcel.



Mme. Rysler-Neumann.

A FRENCH THEATRE IN CANADA



Mr. Leclercq.

THE French-speaking element in Montreal is large and has its own theatre, the "Theatre des Nouveautes," which is in the heart of the French population, holds a leading position amongst the theatres of that city, and is patronised by the best class of people, English as well as French-speaking, and is distinctly French in all its features.

The repertoire includes the works of the best-known French playwrights, such as Dumas, Sardou, Labiche, Bernstein, Lavedan, Hervieu, Brieux, etc. Since its opening, February, 1902, the "Nouveautes" has been run on the stock company system, and the actors and actresses engaged each season are all from France and secured from amongst the most talented on the principal stages of Paris.

While the management is entirely Canadian, the artistic director is, however, always selected in France, and this year is Monsieur Feurion, who was for many seasons director of the celebrated "Theatre des Arts" in Rouen, France.

The "Nouveautes" is controlled by the "Compagnie des Theatres de Montreal," of which Mr. R. J. Demers, of Montreal, is president, and the manager for the theatre is Mr. R. Ravaux, who was born in France, came to Montreal nearly twenty years ago, and since the opening of the theatre has risen successively as actor, stage manager and manager.

Of the favourites who have been seen there the following deserve mention: Messieurs Dhavrol, Lefrancais, Victor Perney, Laurel, and Mesdames Ducange, Clara Dartigny (Mme. R. Ravaux), Mlles.

Helene Gondy, Marguerite Minove, Rose Syma, etc., and we reproduce on this page portraits of some of this season's company, including Messieurs Paul Marcel, Leclercq, Dutet, and Mesdames Farnes, Rysler, DeLuys, the entire company's players and staff numbering in all over forty persons.

On one occasion the "Theatre des Nouveautes" was honoured by the presence of His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Grey, who, with the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey and party, witnessed a performance of "Les Vieux Garcons" by Victorien Sardou.

This season's plays produced have included "L'Aiglon" by Rostand, also "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Mme. Sans Gene," by Sardou, "La Dame aux Camelias," by Dumas, "Le Duel," by Lavedan, "La Rafale," by Bernstein, "Sapho," by Daudet, "Les Affaires Sont les Affaires," by Mirabeau, "Ruy Blas," by Hugo, "L'Evasion," by Brieux.

LORENZO.

A Winter Adventure

By Harold Sands

I MET "Old Ben" at the old Colonial Hotel in Victoria, the stamping ground for British Columbia pioneers. He was playing cribbage with a young lawyer who is now a prominent Vancouver barrister. After the game he called us all up to the mahogany bar. He was in good humour and I had no difficulty in getting him to tell some of his early experiences in the days when the Indians were not so inoffensive as they are now.

"I can tell you a regular blood and thunder yarn, my boy," he said as he charged his old pipe, "one which you may find hard to believe if your knowledge of Indians is confined to the Siwash.

"You see," he went on, "I was up with a crowd of the boys on the Stikine River in 1862, and made a little pile. Late in the fall I decided to come outside for the winter. 'Long' Joyce and Jim Stevens allowed that they would come out with me. We had a hard trip down to the coast and by the

time we got to Metlahatla it was so late in the year that we decided to winter in that locality. There were no steamers in those days to take a man down to Victoria in comparative luxury. We camped on a little island about five miles to the south of Father Duncan's mission, built a log shanty, and settled down to pass the winter as best we could, hunting when the weather admitted, or in foul weather cleaning our guns and doing other indoor chores.

"The Indians of that neighbourhood had always borne a bad character. They were dog-eaters and indulged in dances, part of the programme of which was to bite bits of flesh out of the spectators. However, we got on friendly terms with those near us by giving them presents. One day in December we spent all the hours of daylight hunting, but nary a thing did we shoot. Just before reaching our cabin we met a party of Indians who wanted us to buy a couple of salmon. After some haggling over the price we took the fish.

"Strange as it may seem, I had great misgivings as to the friendliness of those blackguards. I had noticed the greedy glances they cast at a heavy belt which Joyce, miner fashion, wore round his waist, and which he incautiously disclosed in opening his coat to pay for the salmon. My fears made me restless, and leaving Joyce tending the fire and Jim washing the fish, I wandered down to our boat and commenced to bail her out.

"I could only have been down there two or three minutes when I was startled by two sharp reports, followed by a blood-curdling yell, which thrilled me to my very marrow. One rapid glance served to show me those Indian devils running out from behind trees in the rear of the shanty towards the fire, into which poor Joyce, stone dead, had fallen, shot through the temple. Jim, who had been badly hit, staggered towards me. I launched the boat and, springing in, had got her a few yards from the shore when Jim was struck by a third shot, which had evidently been aimed at me. The bullet penetrated his back and he sank with a groan to the ground, the blood gushing from his mouth. Seeing he was dead, nothing remained for me but to save myself, and, putting all the grit I could into the work, I bent to the oars and shot out for the mainland, where I knew I could hide until nightfall and then make for the Mission.

"The Indians pursued me in a canoe. There were four of them. I redoubled my efforts but soon felt that my last hour had come. What could one man do in a heavy boat against a light canoe and four Indians? Already in imagination I felt the terrors of death. I could plainly see one of the Indians in the centre of the canoe recharging his gun. I shut my eyes and, with a muttered prayer for help, kept rowing my hardest. I expected every moment to hear the report of the rifle and to receive the bullet which would mean my death. But no sound followed, and, opening my eyes, I found I had rowed into a dense fog. Thank God! I felt I was safe.

"At last I reached it and, stepping ashore, I struck into the woods and travelled till darkness fell. Then I was too exhausted to go any farther. It was a terribly cold night, sleet falling, a northerly wind blowing, and I had no shelter to speak of. I can tell you I passed a wretched night. In the morning, famished, cold and miserable, I reached good friends, but I am often haunted even now by the sight of my dead comrades, murdered in cold blood by those treacherous Tsimpsonian Indians."

"Were any of the Indians captured and punished?" I asked.

"Not for that, but the Unseen Hand has not permitted them to escape," replied "Old Ben." "One of them was hanged for murder a few years afterwards at New Westminster, another was killed in a quarrel, the third went mad and drowned himself, while the other became a pitiable wreck upon whom virulent smallpox and acute rheumatism worked a dire revenge."



Mr. R. Ravaux, manager of "Theatre des Nouveautes."



Mlle. Farnes.

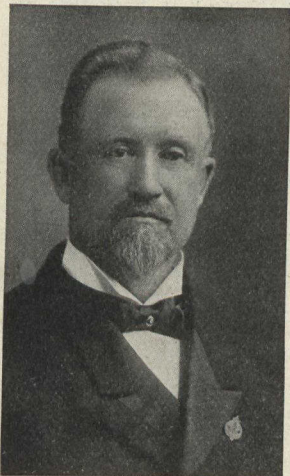


Mme. Ravaux, (Clara Dartigny.)

CURLING

The Most Popular Winter Game on Earth—First of Two Articles.

By H. J. P. GOOD



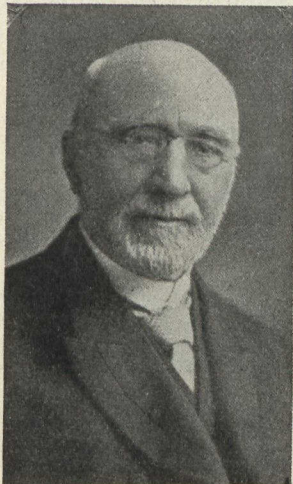
Mr. J. D. Flavelle,
The famous Lindsay Curler.

ALTHOUGH not exactly suitable for tropical climes a perusal of any decent proportion of the literature devoted to curling—a perusal of the whole would tax the lifetime of an octogenarian or perhaps a nonogenarian — would convince anybody that curling is the most numerously played game on earth—or should it be said ice? Peradventure it is hardly correct to call it the most “popular,” as it is by no means a “spectators’” pastime, notwithstanding that it is not lacking in picturesque, so far at least

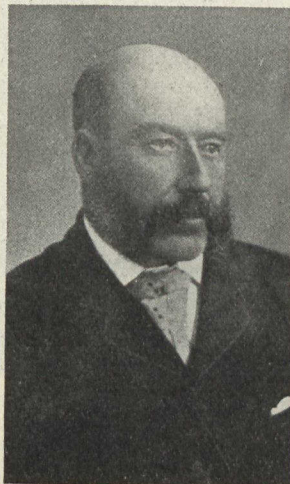
as the varied costumes, postures and groupings, not omitting the language, of the players are concerned. But that it is more generally played than any other game in the cold countries of the British Empire is undoubted. The devotees of hockey are numerous—in Canada—but there are far more lookers-on than participators, whereas with curling it is the other way on. There is hardly a town of any size in this country where clubs do not exist, and few villages where curling is not to some extent practised. Every section has its association, but no association includes either all the clubs or all the players. There are distributed throughout the Dominion innumerable unattached clubs—possibly “coteries” would be a better word to use in this connection—that owe no allegiance to any central body. These have their scratch matches and even their organised matches, but distance precludes their going in for district medals, tankards, and so on. Explorers of the far north have carried their stones with them, notwithstanding the addition they have been to their burden, of which the lighter the better, and pioneers have hastened immediately on settling to clear a space for a wee bit of the grand auld sport.

I have heard hockey described as the young man’s game and curling as the old man’s. There is certainly some foundation for the idea suggested, for hockey, as played hereabouts at any rate, is far too strenuous for aged bones and set muscles, but to relegate curling exclusively to the grey-bearded and hoary-headed is to slander a pastime that is quite as well adapted for the youth. As a matter of fact I am rather inclined to think that many a man would have reaped more advantage both physically and mentally had he taken up curling rather than hockey in the earlier days of his career. However that may be, that curling is conducive to activity as well as to steadiness of mind, to health and to vigour and to longevity is most certain. And these are by no means its only beneficial qualities, for as a promoter of good fellowship, as a friendship strengthener, it has no equal. No man of warped faculties can be a good curler. And that it encourages a Christian spirit—Rev. Mr. Milligan, whose tirade against the Scottish curlers for visiting Niagara Falls on Sunday, will not soon be forgotten, to the contrary nevertheless—is abundantly proven by the number of clergymen who affect the game.

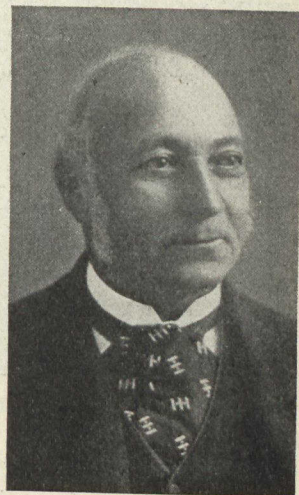
It has been said that every section of Canada has its central or governing association. This is true. The Maritime Provinces have theirs with a membership of some twenty clubs. Quebec has hers with a roll of twice as many. Ontario can boast in her association at least twice and a half as many affiliated clubs as Quebec. Manitoba can claim two score. The Northwestern Association, in spite of the prevailing magnificent distances and the frequent inconveniences of travel, possesses the loyalty of a dozen, and British Columbia a like number. I shall probably be told that hockey can boast in Ontario alone of as many as all these put together. Perhaps, but there are half a dozen curlers to one hockey player—mind I said “player”—and ice-hockey as an organised institution has no very extensive foothold elsewhere in the British Empire except in Quebec. Comparisons, however, are always odious, and, to tell the truth, in trying to make this deduction, I



Mr. J. S. Russell,
Toronto,—21 years Secretary of
the Ontario Association.



Mr. J. S. Robertson,
Sec. Manitoba Curling Association



Mr. A. A. Stevenson,
Montreal.

came exceedingly near finding myself in a difficult labyrinth of doubt. But it still appears to me that as an active, well sustained species of recreation curling has the pull. Witness the fact that in this city, where the roaring game has half a dozen more or less handsome covered rinks devoted to its use, hockey has not one that was primarily dedicated to it or one for even the use of which it is not indebted to curling. That is surely something for the admirers of the energetic, dashing game to ponder, and, in passing, I may be permitted to say that it is something not altogether to its credit.

Curling may be, as it is styled by the Rev. J. Kerr, captain and chaplain of our Scottish visitors of 1902-3 and chaplain of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, and the author of “The History of Curling” and of “Curling in Canada and the United States”—the latter being an eight-hundred-page story of the Scottish trip—the most characteristic of Scottish sports, but it is also a game that Canada has adopted as its own and adopted so thoroughly that it has become one of three games in which this country can lead the world, the other two being lacrosse and hockey. The United States can boast supremacy in baseball, England shares with Australia the honours of cricket, but this country eclipses them all in three different sports—two indigenous and one appropriated. At the beginning curling was a species of quoits played on ice with stones smoothed by and found at water-courses. Next, as Mr. Kerr says, came the Giant, or Boulder age, when the curler took a large boulder or block

from the river-bed, inserted a rough iron handle therein, and propelled it along the ice to the desired goal. There was apparently considerable variety about the size and weight of the “stane” at this time, for we are told that 60 lbs. was the minimum and 200 lbs. the maximum. It is not astonishing that in those days the player used but one stone, for two would have out-weighed, if they did not out-size, the most ponderous of men, excepting of course a freak like Daniel Lambert, and of a surety cracked, any but most substantial ice. It was not until the middle of the Eighteenth Century that the stane took on a civilised shape, but it was not until a century later that the artistic and even dainty affairs that now skim along the ice in snug houses that are veritable winter palaces came into vogue.

Ice is of course the first requisite of curling and it is in Canada where ice can be found of the best quality. And this is not because of the coldness of our climate, but because of the ingenuity and enterprise of our people, who have provided their favourite recreation with a habitation instead of leaving it to the rude, bleak mercies of generally severe and always uncertain elements. That the sport is best enjoyed in the open air, as the afore-quoted Mr. Kerr remarks, is possible to the ultra-rugged, but it is not only possible but absolutely certain that the lovers of the game in this country prefer shelter and some degree of comfort with theirs; and statistics have not yet shown that life has deteriorated or death benefited by the preference, while it is certain that the game has reached



Barrie Curlers who Won the Ontario Tankard, 1907.

Standing—Messrs. A. E. Stapleton, Sheriff Harvey, Alex. Brownlee, Alex. Habbick.
Sitting—Messrs. D. A. MacNiven, H. J. Grasett (skip), Geo. Hogg (skip), J. G. Scott.



Preston Curling Club—The two rinks who were runners-up for the Ontario Tankard last season.

a high standard of excellence that its prehistoric founders never dreamt of. There is still, it might be remarked, some variance in the weight of the stanes, for whereas in Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia, where granite is used, they do not usually exceed from 35 to 38 lbs. and the maximum is 44 lbs. in Quebec, where iron forms the instrument of play, the scale runs from 60 to 70 lbs.

Every Canadian who has ever wielded a stone or boosted the iron will agree with the reverend chaplain of the game, Mr. Kerr, to wit, that curling is the healthiest of all sports, giving, as he puts it, "burr and smeddum" to the body at the season of the year when it is most needed. Also that it is the most democratic, for on the ice all are equal, peer and peasant, and it might be added servitor and lord, for did not the most noble the Earl of Dalkeith play third in a memorable bonspiel, to the skipping of his coachman, thus proving that Jack is even better than his master, if he can "guard" or "draw" or "wick or bore" or "inturn" or "out-turn." This state of things, strange to say, is more true of Scotland than of Canada, for whereas ice and air are free to all over there, the palatial surroundings of the game this side of the big sea practically preclude all but the fairly well off or well-to-do from its enjoyment. And I regret to say that it is the tendency of most modern games to make their playing too much of a privilege, thus either clearing the way for professionalism, which means for the few social degradation and for the many physical degeneration by converting them into mere onlookers, or creating not always desirable class distinctions. This is true of golf, lawn tennis, rowing, canoeing, yachting, and, in fact, as I have said, of the majority of games.

Yet it cannot be denied that wherever curling is indulged in it is the game that of all others is the more sociable. It is not alone the livery or the hand-grip that tells, but the merry gatherings that follow the play that bring around heartier and healthier understandings and lay and cement friendships. But a truce to parley. Much more space devoted to disquisition would leave but little for practical story.

There is a slight haze of doubt as to the time when curling was first played in Canada. One of the grand old men of the game, Col. A. A. Stevenson, of Montreal, claims that to his city belongs the honour of initiation—this was in 1807—but sundry Blue Noses, of Halifax, dispute the pretensions of the Commercial Capital and dare avouch that a year or two prior to the seventh of the last century the roaring game was no stranger to New Scotland. However substantial the rival claims may be, Montreal celebrated its centennial pretensions early in the present year by a grand bonspiel, of which more anon, while Halifax has not, so far as I have heard, set any precise date as the beginning of the curl. From the seed sown somewhere at the commencement of this land off-shoots have sprung and spread in all directions until we find branches of the good old Royal Caledonian Curling Club established in Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, British Columbia and the Northwest provinces. It is true that this province has since 1892 called itself the Ontario Curling Association, having dropped the "branch" in that year as unworthy of its dignity, but both in method and in matter it remains as of yore and would doubtless scoff any suggestion that it was not loyal to the parent body. If in years it is not the heir-apparent, in numerical strength it certainly is. It was in 1841 that was formed the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, then known as

"Grand" Caledonian, which now has in affiliation 550 clubs in Scotland, 40 in England, 1 in Ireland, 36 in Canada, 2 in Newfoundland, 7 in New Zealand, 1 in Russia, 2 in Switzerland, and 2 in the United States. Some 40 years ago the Canadian branch, with headquarters in Montreal, was established. At that time Ontario was for curling purposes an attachment of Quebec. In 1874 the "iron" domination was felt to be irksome and in November of that year, in response to a petition from 37 clubs of this province, a divorce was granted and Ontario, as a distinct branch of the Royal, undertook the management of its own affairs, Hon. Peter Gow of Guelph becoming the first president and being followed by a galaxy of gentlemen famous in the annals of curling, of the first dozen of whom those only who are living are Mr. J. S. Russell, the oldest Roman of them all, who for 21 years following was the honoured secretary-treasurer, and Mr. J. D. Flavelle, of Lindsay, a stalwart of the stalwarts who has led his rinks oftener to victory and farther abroad than any curler, living or dead, not excluding the famous "Red Jackets" of Toronto, comprising Thomas McGaw, Major Grey, David Walker and Captain Perry, who from 1871 to 1877 won 44 out of 55 matches, tied 2 and lost 9, their aggregate majority being 587, an average of 13 1-2 shots to each victory, and their minority 62, an average of 7 to each loss. On water-covered ice, on one occasion, they made 26 to "love" by their opponents. But of Mr. Flavelle and other Canadian curling celebrities more in the future.

Concerning Flabby Hymns.

IN last week's issue of the "Canadian Courier" there was an editorial paragraph on a recent sermon by Rev. George Jackson, of Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto, in the course of which the reverend speaker criticised the flabbiness and sentimentalism of certain hymns. A correspondent has written, strongly disagreeing with the clerical critic and ourselves and we take this opportunity of publishing his protest. But our esteemed correspondent makes a mistake if he considers either Mr. Jackson's remarks or our paragraph an attack on Christianity. On the contrary, both the pastor of Sherbourne Street Church and the "Canadian Courier" writer expressed a dislike for the hymns which misrepresent the Christian spirit and which do not properly belong to the Church Militant, preferring the dignified simplicity of Wesleyan poetry to the rubbish of the "Glory" song. We probably agree with our correspondent regarding the ends to be attained but differ as to the means. If the "Glory" song has done good, we are glad to hear of such benefit; but it has also stirred irritation and revolt in those who believe that the best poetry and the highest music are not too good for religious services.

Editor "Canadian Courier":
Toronto.

Dear Sir:—Your reflection re "Flabby Hymns" in your issue of January 4th, 1908, came to my notice, and I am certainly very much surprised that a paper having the good and noble name of the "Canadian Courier" should put such an article before the public. The "Glory" song (which you call a bit of religious ragtime, and which you also state made Toronto nights hideous) has echoed all over the world, and has been the means of leading

many to a nobler and better life; and furthermore, I defy anyone to find anything to be condemned in that hymn. If that "reverend critic" would go into some of these small churches he would be surprised to find that the "rhyming doggerel" "Have courage, my boy, to say no," and the other "syrupy sentimental interrogation," "Shall we gather at the River?" has done more good than he or other of his learned friends could do. I would like the persons who call these hymns "deadly rubbish" and "trash" to go into some of these missions where they are sung and see for themselves how this so-called "rubbish" and "trash" does more good than some of the learned reverends with their smooth sermons. It may be true that people can be reached by such addresses and good singing as Messrs. Torrey and Alexander had about two years ago; but as to being "slang" and "slushy," I fail to see where you or anyone else can class them so, and I defy you or anyone else to find anything which is unchristianlike in those or any other sacred hymns. I believe in fair play. I know the pulpit occasionally indulges in criticism, but it does not do anything to harm or destroy the press or its reputation; furthermore, a paper such as the "Canadian Courier," which every true Canadian should patronise, ought to be a little more careful in its assertions regarding Christians, or the hymns Christians sing. Remember this is a Christian land, and if a magazine such as yours goes against the Church it will turn out a sad failure.

Yours truly,
W. H. RILEY.

Vita Lampada.

SEVERAL of the readers of the "Canadian Courier" have asked for the publication of the poem by Henry Newbolt, of which the late Dr. Drummond was so fond and from which a quotation was engraved upon his coffin-plate. The poem is to be found in the volume "Admirals All."

There's a breathless hush in the close to-night—

Ten to one and the match to win—

A bumping pitch and a blinding light,

An hour to play and the last man in,

And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat—

Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,

But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote—

"Play up, play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,

Red with the wreck of the square that broke—

The gatling's jammed and the colonel dead,

And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.

The River of Death has brimmed its banks,

And England's far, and honour a name;

But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks—

"Play up, play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,

While in her place the school is set,

Every one of her sons must hear

And none that hears it dare forget.

This they all with a joyful mind

Bear through life like a torch in flame,

And falling fling to the host behind—

"Play up, play up! and play the game!"

OUR CAPACITY FOR GOVERNMENT

(Continued from page 9)

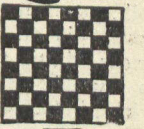
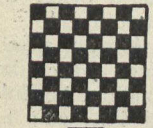
before them. The difficulty of getting first-class business men to stand for public office in the larger cities and the difficulty of electing these men when they do stand, makes certain people impatient. They see men who have failed to make a success of their own business and who spend most of their time in bar-rooms, lodge-rooms and places where "the boys" gather—they see these men elected to the highest offices and they grow pessimistic. With such administrators, no broad civic policy can be conceived or carried out. Petty patronage, petty graft and ward politics take the place of civic patriotism and a keen civic vision.

On the other hand, the optimist says the people are being trained and that the people can only learn to govern by governing. He points to the cupidity and relentlessness of capitalistic corporations and says that these high-class individuals are too selfish and too keen to amass private fortunes to allow them to have any greater share in civic affairs than they now have. He maintains that in the long run, the people's good sense will bring them through all their struggles with small financial losses and great ethical gains.

The question is too large to be discussed in one article or even half a dozen. Those interested in municipal government in any sense—and that should comprise all urban voters—should study this volume thoroughly. It will broaden their view and supply them with thought-food for many days to come.

LIFE'S CHEQUERBOARD

By Helen Wallace



Resume: Lady Marchmont and her grandniece, Lesley, are visiting the former's nephew, Richard Skene, at "Strode," his Scottish home. They withdraw from the dining-room, after Lady Marchmont has pled with her nephew to forgive an erring member of the family. Mr. Skene's lawyer, Dalmahoy, ventures to refer to this injury of many years before. The offender, Adrian Skene, the son of Richard's cousin, had refused years before to marry Lesley and the old lawyer advises his friend to alter his will. Mr. Skene tells of how Adrian had won Mary Erskine, the girl whom he had loved, and the emotion called up by this recital of past wrongs proves too much for his failing strength. He falls to the floor and dies of an attack of heart trouble. Lesley Home, after her uncle's death, dreads the prospect of meeting Adrian again. Adrian arrives and is greeted warmly. At the reading of the will it is found that the property is left to him, on condition that he marries Lesley. Otherwise the latter becomes owner of "Strode." In the excitement following this announcement, Adrian's wife appears. Lesley wishes Adrian to accept position of manager of the Strode estate. The latter accepts and informs his wife, Alys, a shallow and rather disappointing young person, of his new position with which she is naturally delighted since Adrian had not been successful as a London journalist.



At length, by such efforts as only those who have been through the mill can know, he had gained a footing which, though precarious enough, allowed him at times to write for something beyond the day's wages. His delicate, subtle prose and verse, though little known to the world, which likes the colour laid on thick and

strong, had gained him some reputation in more critical circles, while, as men do, he had made many and diverse acquaintances up and down amid the free lances of literature and art.

At one of their easy friendly gatherings he had encountered Alys D'Alleyne, and somehow had drifted into a certain intimacy with her and her family, how he never exactly knew, since their ways were emphatically not his ways and jarred ceaselessly with his fastidious nature and habits of thought. A parcel of racketty, headstrong, half-educated lads and girls, all eager to fight their way to the stage or the platform, to publicity and notoriety at any cost, they had scrambled through life under the nominal care of a somewhat nondescript father, a dabbler in all the backwaters of the theatrical world. Amid the noisy, heedless rout of brothers and sisters, Alys, timid, fragile, and shrinking, showed to Adrian's fancy "like a lily among thorns." She seemed also the Cinderella of a household where there was never any money, nor apparently any regular meals, and yet food and drink of a sort could be had at all hours.

Now a sudden, vivid picture of Halcyon Villa arose before him, and of that shaping hour which had all unexpectedly decided his destiny. How well he remembered it—the dreary, pretentious house, with its cracked stucco and peeled paint, and the drift of straws and flying papers which some circling eddy of wind seemed always to deposit in the plot of sickly grass within its florid, broken railings. The electric bell, in brazen defiance of its invitation, refused to "push," and he had had to wait a long time till a slipshod damsel, who would doubtless have alleged that she had been "cleaning herself"—though, judging by results, the process had been a somewhat partial one—at last admitted him.

There was no one in the drawing-room, where the ashes of yesterday's fire still encumbered the grate. The chairs stood about anyhow. One was heaped with some sewing, a mass of flimsy, brightly coloured stuff, snips and cuttings of which bestrewed the carpet; under another a pair of battered little slippers with preposterous heels had been pushed. The blinds, hanging all awry, were pulled up, probably because they had refused to come down. The

clear, spring sunlight was staring in over some wilted plants, which Alys sometimes remembered to water, and mercilessly revealing the threadbare shabbiness of carpet and cushions, and the undisturbed film of dust which overspread every flat surface.

Though the sight was not unfamiliar, Adrian looked round with a shrug of distaste, which changed to a whimsical smile as, amid the crowd of objects—ornaments, their owners doubtless considered them—which jostled each other on the mantelpiece, his eyes fell on a bit of Devonshire pottery in which some fading flowers were stuck. Cracked and spoutless, it bravely bore the legend, "Adventures are to the adventurous." Had the poor clay pot taken its chances amid the brazen ones, Adrian wondered, with a twitch of the lip, when the door opened, and, like a white, frightened mouse, Alys stole in. Clearly she had been crying, and had dabbed her face more plentifully than skilfully with powder to hide her swelled eyelids and the bluish rings which circled her eyes.

Without greeting her visitor, she paused and looked round her tragically.

"It's too bad! Gwen promised me that she would see things tidied up, but nobody ever does anything in this house," she exclaimed.

"Except you," said Adrian, with a smile, and then, at sight of her face, he exclaimed, "What is the matter, my poor child?" Unconsciously his tone was warmer than he knew.

Next instant the choking sobs broke out anew, and he was trying to comfort her, as if she had been indeed the child she seemed.

"Tell me what is the matter, and perhaps I could help," he was repeating, when from under the heavy eyelids the grey eyes met his, and Adrian Skene would have been blind indeed if he had not understood.

To the girl, accustomed to the "hail-fellow" familiarity of her own set, Adrian Skene, with his innate chivalry and his touch of the "grand manner," inherited, perhaps, with his French blood, had seemed a prince-errant, a being from another world. She had taken no pains to hide her feelings, and to-day Adrian could not but see what was made so plain. He hardly heard her sobbed-out tale of an invitation meant for her, but which Rosalind, as the eldest, had appropriated.

"It was to one of Mrs. Delville's 'at homes,' and Mr. Mountford, of the 'Imperial,' was to be there, and I know I would have been asked to recite, and who knows what might have come of it, for I can recite," falling unconsciously into a pose at once. "I never get a chance, but I am fit for something better than to darn and to dust, and coax the tradespeople, and do all the things in the house that no other one will do. But that's always the way; they won't do it, and somebody must, and it's always me, and now Rosalind says she must have her chance first, so she's going to-night, and it's not fair—nobody thinks of me—nobody cares—" The broken words were swept away in a storm of tears.

It was all so young, so artless, so pitiful—the little oval face all blurred with tears and powder, the eyes telling their innocent story with every glance, the girl's lithe young warmth pressing so trustingly against his arm—it was little wonder that pity and kindness should for the moment swamp reason and memory. What he said, Adrian could never clearly remember, but next instant Alys was drying her tears against his shoulder.

"Do you mean it—oh, do you really mean it—it can't be true—it's too good to be true—and to think I was so miserable a little while ago, and—and now I am—so happy," came in broken snatches between the lessening gusts of sobs. With the last words the little, tear-stained face was raised for a moment, the wet, grey eyes glorified by exultant love.

What could Adrian, impulsive and generous as he was—what could any man do, but whisper the assurance that he did mean it, however far it might have been from his thoughts even a few minutes ago. From that casual visit to Halcyon Villa he came away an engaged man, but it required all the

recollection of Alys's tearful raptures to blot out the memory of Captain D'Alleyne's paternal blessings. Though perfectly willing that anyone should relieve him of his very lightly-carried responsibilities he had shown himself astonishingly well aware of his prospective son-in-law's connections and possible prospects, and had been most happily indifferent to Adrian's blunt statement that nothing was to be hoped for from that quarter.

No doubt, as Alys had said, it was he who had planned that little *coup* yesterday, which made the young man's face burn again as he recalled it.

"Never let yourself be left behind in a corner, my girl. Better let these fine folks know at once there is a Mrs. Adrian Skene, and then you can look after your interests; and that superfine husband of yours among them all," Adrian could hear the big, rolling, husky voice saying.

But all that was for the time forgotten in the cleaving decision which was now forced upon him. Strong as was the call of the hills, of the old life, of the old memories, it had not sufficed that morning to silence the voice of pride, or to slacken the grip which, through years of disappointment, his life-work had laid upon heart and mind. But since then he had made a surprising discovery—he had failed to make Alys happy! Her sudden, sharp outburst of weariness and dissatisfaction, her last words—words which surely she would never have used save under the utmost pressure of desire—had awakened a searching question. Was it not his duty to yield to this passionate desire of hers, since he had done and could do so pitifully little to ease and brighten life for her?

Once more he was passing through one of Life's shaping hours, and, little though he realised it, it was Alys's little slim hands which were moulding his destiny, her eager desires which would form and colour his future.

He gazed at the far-off hills, where the pearly shadows were deepening to the violet of evening, as if to read his answer there. He, too, realised how many and how various were the "buts" arrayed against Lesley's project, but, as the shrewd lawyer had conjectured, there was one which no more occurred to him than it had done to his cousin. He never dreamed of asking himself whether he could live side by side with the new Lesley whom the years had developed and not be visited by the old dreams in which "little Lesley" had once long ago played a part.

CHAPTER VI.

"So you've got your own way," said Lady Marchmont a few days later. "I wonder what Richard, poor man, would think if he knew what a coach-and-four you had driven through that misguided will, and that Adrian was settled at Strode again?" with a dry laugh. "He should have appointed other trustees if he wanted his wishes carried out."

"On the contrary, Sir Neil stood out for some more experienced—as if Adrian didn't know every inch of Strode," said Lesley rather stiffly. "And if he doesn't, I do," she added. "But, of course, both he and Lord Palmont feel that their trusteeship is rather a matter of form. In little more than a year I shall be my own mistress."

"I wonder when you were anything else," drily. "But I should like to get at Adrian's view of it. I can't think he'll altogether like being man where he ought to have been master."

Lesley winced, her colour rose.

"I know—I know, but what else could I do?" she said hurriedly. "It was all I had to offer. At least, it was better than nothing, as, from what Alys said, I gathered that things were—were not going too well."

"Alys?" queried Lady Marchmont, with a disdainful sniff, as if at some disagreeable odour.

"I don't suppose she can help her name. She is not to blame for that at least," said Lesley, trying to laugh. "What else am I to call her?"

"That's as you please, but why did she come whining to you?" sharply.

"She didn't whine," said Lesley, half-laughing, half indignant. "I only asked her a few questions,

as—as kindly as I could, which I couldn't well ask Adrian—"

"And you got them very fully answered," struck in Lady Marchmont. "Well, my dear, like all young folk, you must 'gang your ain gate.' 'Si la jeunesse savait' is all very well, but youth doesn't want to know, that's my experience, so I'll keep my advice to myself. But the little kitten Adrian has brought with him can scratch as well as purr, I fancy, though it is purring very assiduously just now."

"At least I shan't bring my scratches to you, to kiss and make well," laughed Lesley.

"Better not—they might be too deep for that," said the old woman grimly, and with this ominous last word Lesley left her and went out into the windy morning.

The weather had changed since hill and valley had lain steeped in the sunset glory. The moors were cloaked in grey mists, whose rugged fringes trailed low over the firwoods beyond the river, swirling hoarse and high down the glen. Every blast of wind brought down a shuddering rain of leaves to the ground to swell the deepening drifts or to be driven headlong in fantastic flight.

Lesley, accustomed to be abroad in all weathers, walked briskly along, rather enjoying the struggle against the rising wind. It was a relief to fight against something fresh and open and tangible after Lady Marchmont's hints, the head-shakings of her trustees, and the doubts as to the wisdom of her course which inevitably assailed her when her point was once carried, and the hot fit was succeeded by the cold.

Had she done right to meddle with the lives of others, to thrust in her hand amid the wheels of fate and divert their course? She had asked herself this question more than once since that memorable evening when Adrian had come up and had stood beside her in the dusk of the hall. Since, with a hot, hurt heart, she had turned away from him that morning upon the moor, she had not seen him. He had contrived to be too late for luncheon, and Alys had claimed the afternoon. Now she was bracing herself for the inevitable ordeal of meeting him at dinner, and blaming herself for not having made sufficient allowance for his position and the point of view it inevitably entailed. No man worth counting on cared to be indebted to a woman, not even when love had made them one and "mine and thine" were happily merged in "ours." How much less, then, was to be hoped for from friendship? She had been too hasty, as she so often was. She had expected Adrian at once to give up the hopes and aims of struggling years, while if she had been more patient—

"Lesley," Adrian's voice had said at her side, and she turned to him with a start, "you told me this morning," he began, without any preamble, "that I was ungenerous—perhaps I was. I have never thought that of you, and I can't give you a better proof of it than by asking you to forget what I said to-day, and let me serve you as you wish."

"Oh, Adrian, I am so glad; you have made me very happy," she exclaimed, involuntarily stretching out her hands to him, too relieved for the moment to wonder what had led to this sudden and startling change of front.

Amid the fire-chased shadows she could not clearly see his face, but as he caught and held her hands in a close clasp something struck chill through her thrill of relief and joy. It was wholly absurd, and yet somehow she felt half frightened at this unlooked-for fulfilling of her desire. She knew that she had taken Adrian's refusal as final, that when he had said, "It would not be honourable," she had never expected him to yield. How had he so swiftly reconciled her offer with his honour? But the question passed, and the curious, momentary sensation with it, as he went on in the same almost over-steady tone.

"At least you will let me *try* to serve you—that is all I ask. We shall be wise to regard it as an experiment, and if I prove a hopeless failure, then you can kick me out and try your experienced man."

"I am not afraid," she had said, the ring returning to her voice.

"Then we shall seal the bargain," said Adrian, lifting her hand to his lips in his easy, graceful fashion, and so the momentous question was settled and she had got her desire.

Now her vaguely recurrent doubts, awakened by Aunt Mary's "croaking," as she irreverently styled it, were put to momentary flight when, nearing the gates, she encountered a draggled and melancholy figure.

"What a dreadful day," pouted Alys, as Lesley came up. "Do you often have weather like this?"

"I am afraid I must confess that we do," said Lesley, "but then I am so used to it, I don't mind it, or rather I love being out of doors in all weathers, there is always something to see and to enjoy. I

sometimes think that a grey sky brings out the colouring even more than a bright one. See how green that moss shines out against the dull light."

"Perhaps," said Alys, without looking round. "I suppose one might get accustomed to it in time," dubiously.

Her quick eyes were running over Lesley's short, serviceable tweed skirt, her easy coat, and her plain, close-fitting felt hat. Hideous, she mentally pronounced them, but undeniably suitable, if one must be out in such horrible weather, though where the necessity came in she could not see. Her conviction was strengthened by the knowledge that her gauze frills were limp and flabby with the damp, that her trailing skirt had slipped more than once into the mud when both hands had been required to maintain the poise of her hat against the assaults of the wind.

"I can't see why anyone should *want* to go out on such a day," she said dolefully, "but Adrian fairly dragged me out. He says I am far too much in the house, but where could one be better on a day like this?" with a shiver. "He wanted me to go to the village, or somewhere, with him. It is not so bad here," with a condescending glance at the roadway, rolled to the last pitch of smooth firmness, "but once beyond the gates—look!" tragically. She lifted a shabby-smart little French slipper, its absurd heel crusted and clogged with mud, much as a dog might hold up a hurt paw.

Lesley smiled.

"You will have to follow my example; nothing else will do for our roads here," glancing down at the natty, thick-soled boots displayed by her short skirt. "But there is no need always to walk; perhaps you prefer riding."

"Thank you, I haven't learned yet," said Alys stiffly, and indeed a hippogriff would have been as feasible a mount at Halcyon Villa as a lady's horse.

"You could soon learn. Adrian could soon teach you," urged Lesley kindly. Her hands were always full, but in the press of legal and other business during the last few days she felt that she had perhaps somewhat neglected her guest—her new house-mate, rather. "Have you seen the greenhouses yet? Would you care to look round them, or would you rather go back to the house?" she asked, wondering what she could do to entertain this girl, who looked so forlorn.

"Thank you, I should like to see the greenhouses," said Alys submissively, "but I am sorry to take up your time, everyone says you are so busy."

"I am not so desperately busy as all that," said Lesley with a laugh, to cover a slight sigh over the dozen things she had wanted to do this morning. However, to make acquaintance with Alys was more important, and in any case she had wanted a few minutes alone with the girl.

They turned to the long line of glass gleaming white under the low sky, and as they stepped in Alys drew in a deep breath of the warm, moist, heavily-scented air.

"I should like to live in here!" she exclaimed, in the first spontaneous-sounding words which Lesley had yet heard her utter.

"I would rather have the open air and the heather," said Lesley.

Alys looked at her pityingly, and then wandered on from one mass of glowing colour to another. "And Miss Home was mistress of all this, and would rather tramp through the mud in a man's boots," she was thinking disdainfully, with a sigh over the unequal ways of life.

"Shall we sit down?" said Lesley, when they reached one or two seats grouped round a little tinkling fountain. For a moment or two there was silence, save for the whisper of the water; then Lesley said, with some difficulty, "I am glad that Adrian has decided to stay. I feared at first that it would be very difficult to persuade him."

"There was not much difficulty in that," said Alys simply, looking up from some gardenias she was listlessly arranging. "I told him I should like it, and that settled the matter."

Lesley glanced round and met the gaze of the limpid eyes, as clear to all seeming as the tiny pool of water at their feet. Then she looked hastily away. The scent of the gardenias suddenly seemed sickeningly heavy, the air intolerably hot. A word from this pale girl at her side had been enough to clinch a momentous decision, which for all her own arguments and entreaties had still hung doubtful. But of course it was quite right—surely a man's first duty was to please his wife, if he could.

"I am glad you wanted to stay here. I hope you will like it," she forced herself to say, and was surprised at the effort it cost her to make her voice sound, as she hoped, cordial. "But I hope that you won't find it dull, that it won't be too great a change from town, for, of course, we shall be very quiet this winter," she added.

Alys's face fell. What had seemed so absurd

when Adrian had first suggested it, did not seem quite so impossible now. It would be hard to say what vague but brilliant visions she had been cherishing. Still, she reassured herself by thinking that Miss Home's ideas of "quietness" might differ as much from her own as their circumstances did.

"How funny; that is just what Adrian asked me, too," she said. "There is no place quite like London, is there, but I am sure I could not be dull here," with effusion. "But I should like you to understand, dear Miss Home, that it wasn't so much of myself I was thinking when I told Adrian I wanted to stay, though of course I did want ever so much. Though it's hard for Adrian in many ways, it means so much for him to be at Strode again—a wife soon learns her husband's thoughts, doesn't she, and life has been such a grind in town; and though he needed a change so much, he couldn't have got it but for coming here, and I think it so sweet of you to have Adrian and me here. It's more than that—when one remembers everything it's—*it's great!*" and over her clasped hands, still half full of the gardenias, she gazed earnestly at Lesley.

Lesley rose hastily. Had Lady Marchmont been right, or was it some confused, unacknowledged consciousness which had made her smart under these simple-seeming words and glances? For the present she felt no desire for further intimate talk with Mrs. Adrian Skene. There was still something to be said, however.

"I suppose there should be no secrets between husband and wife," she said, with rather a faint smile, "but you needn't tell Adrian anything about this. Travelling and leaving home cost a great deal and mourning is always expensive, and of course you hadn't time to provide yourself with it." She hastily drew an envelope from an inner pocket of her coat and put it into Alys's not unwilling hands. "Oh, please, don't!" earnestly, as Alys, peering into the envelope and between the folds of the strip of pink paper, began to exclaim:

"But, Miss Home, this is a fortune—"

"Not much of a fortune," went on Lesley hastily, and flushing hotly the while. "Black things are always horridly dear—"

"But must I wear black? It makes me look so pale—I look a perfect fright," exclaimed Alys, with that sudden droop of the mouth which was so child-like and so pitiful.

Lesley was forced to smile.

"During the day at least, I am afraid it would be expected, and that is why I have ventured to do this, for no one has a store of black clothes on hand—but you might wear white in the evening," she added, her smile reflecting the sudden radiance on Alys's face.

Surely her first impression was right. Alys was only a child after all, was Lesley's conclusion, as she hurried away to escape the girl's outburst of thanks.

CHAPTER VII.

"Adrian, shall I do? Now look at me for once, please, not through me nor beyond me, but look at *me*—*me*, and tell me if I shall do."

"Do for what? My dear child, where on earth are you going?" exclaimed Adrian, gazing at her astonished.

"Adrian, you can't possibly have forgotten—to lunch at Wedderburne to meet Sir Neil's sister, Mrs. Kenyon. Why, I've been counting the hours. It's the first prospect of a little change in all the weeks I've been here. We can't go anywhere because of 'the bereavement,' as that stodgy old clergyman's wife always calls it, and I believe Lady Marchmont would have put a spoke in our wheel to-day, but she is so keen for Miss Home to go to Wedderburne," with a quick glance at her husband. "And nobody has been here but a few high and mighty county folk, who can only see me by a great effort, and some Noah's Ark people from the town, and I don't see why I should trouble myself to entertain Shem, Ham, and Japhet and, above all, their wives."

"Why, Alys, this is a different story. I thought that if only you were at Strode," began Adrian.

"That I should be quite happy," broke in Alys with rather a forced laugh. "But I am happy," she said eagerly, "and I am sure I shall be *quite* happy if I weren't quite so much alone. You know, I've never been used to it. Must you be out all day and every day, Adrian? It is not very lively for me, sitting for hours over the fire with a book, or winding a little wool for Lady Marchmont, if she's in a good humour and chances to remember my existence."

"But what can I do, dear?" said Adrian gravely. "I have both to learn my work and to do it, and I'm bound to justify my cousin's choice of me—"

"And is Miss Home teaching you? She is always with you," broke in Alys pertly, though the eyes which she hastily averted were piteous.

(To be continued)

MR. DONALD MACDONALD

About a Mysterious Letter and a Curious Clan.

By J. J. BELL, author of
"Wee MacGregor."

THE elderly postmistress of Port Sunart sub-office was in a quandary. The mail bag which the bi-weekly steamer had just put ashore contained seven letters and postcards. The addressees of six of these were familiar to her; the addressee of the seventh was not—or, rather, he was too much so. The envelope, a tightly packed business one, was directed in type-written characters to

"MR. DONALD MACDONALD,
"Port Sunart,
"Argyllshire, N.B."

The postmistress read these words aloud several times, also the postmark, which was "London, E.C." She turned the envelope and examined the back with its Oban postmark. With a sigh she laid the packet on the counter, and from a tin labelled "Finest Cough Drops," took a pair of eye-glasses with a cracked lens. Some years ago these glasses had been lost by a tourist in the neighbourhood; they had been advertised as "found" on a half-sheet of note-paper stuck on the little window of the post-office, which was also the shop of Port Sunart; six months had passed without any claim; the soiled advertisement had been taken down, and the postmistress had felt justified in regarding the glasses as her own. They made her eyes ache, but she put them on when her official duties were exceptionally trying. Fortunately for her sight this was not often.

Placing them upon her nose, which the spring gripped rather painfully, she again took the packet in her hand and gazed upon it till the tears came. But no inspiration accompanied them.

"Father!" she called.

A narrow door at the back of the shop opened, and a very old man came slowly forth.

"Here iss a letter for Tonald Mactonald," she said speaking English, as she and her father always did when the matter was official. "And I am not knowing what I am to do wis it."

She paused, and the old man looked inquiringly.

"There iss the letter. Can you read it?"

He peered at the address, and slowly repeated it.

"It iss plain enough," he said. "What iss wrong wis it, Flora?"

"How many Tonald Mactonalds are in Port Sunart?" she asked meaningly.

The old man began to laugh.

"Well, well, that iss a goot joke! Five Tonald Mactonalds, and a letter for one! Got bless me! It iss fine fun you will be hafing, Flora. There iss Tonald Mactonald, Fesdale; and Tonald Mactonald, Inverewe; and Tonald Mactonald, the Ness; and—"

"Will I not pe knowing it?" cried Flora irritably.

"Haf any of them peen puying stamps the last mons (month) or two?" her father inquired.

The postmistress shook her head.

"And there haf peen no letters for any of them since little Tonald Mactonald's sister tied in Greenock. And that will pe three years and more."

"Then what iss to be done, Flora? Could you not send pack the letter?"

"How could I send pack the letter when there iss plenty of peoples to teliver it to? Do not speak such foolishness, father! If you will help me, you will go to the five Tonald Mactonalds and tell them there iss a letter for one of them; but they must all come togesser to see who iss to get it."

"A very goot observation, Flora," said the old man. "I will pe going now. Maype there will pe a fortune for one of the Tonald Mactonalds."

The five members of the ancient clan gathered in a semi-circle before the counter, behind which the postmistress, solemn and dignified, blinked through her glasses. The men replied to her questions in Gaelic. None of them had seen typewriting before. They examined and touched the packet.

"The letter wass posted in London," said the postmistress. "Haf any of you got friends in London?"

There was a long silence, broken at last by Donald MacDonald, Inverewe.

Twelve years ago, he explained, he had tried the lobster-fishing, and had sent a consignment of the crustaceans to a man in London, who had never paid for the same.

"Perhaps," he concluded, "the man has reformed, and sends me the money at long last."

"That is very likely, indeed!" said Donald MacDonald, whose croft was called Sligachan. He spoke sarcastically.

"If the letter had been from Campbeltown," began Donald MacDonald, Fesdale.

"Or California," put in Donald MacDonald, the Ness. "I once had a cousin—"

"The letter is from London," interrupted little Donald MacDonald, who had no special address. He dwelt alone in a small hut on the shore, and was no great favourite in Port Sunart. "The letter is from London," he said dryly, "so there is no use speaking about other places. I am the only Donald MacDonald whose address is nothing but Port Sunart, and I will take the letter."

A murmur rose from the others.

"Do you know anypody in London?" demanded the postmistress as a tear rolled from under the cracked lens.

"How can I tell till I see the letter?" retorted the little man, holding out his rough weather-bitten hand.

The postmistress looked at the others. With one accord they forbade her to deliver the packet.

"What am I to do?" she said helplessly.

A tremendous discussion arose among the five and seemed like to continue indefinitely, when the father of the postmistress, who had been watching the proceedings with an amused grin, held up his hand and called for silence. He was highly respected by the Port Sunart folk, all of whom were his customers, and not a few his debtors.

"If you cannot agree who iss to get the letter," he said, "we will send it pack to the Post Office in London. Will not one of you open it and see what—"

Five hands were outstretched.

"One of you."

But that could not be arranged.

"Draw lots who is to open it," cried Donald MacDonald, Sligachan. "If it is not for him, he will give it to the right man."

After much talk the suggestion was accepted. The old merchant cut out five pieces of paper, marked a cross on one, folded them up and shook them long and violently in an empty tin.

"The biggest man will draw first," he said, and this was agreed to in spite of little Donald's protest. "I am the oldest," said little Donald, vainly.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Donald MacDonald, Sligachan, whose mind was fertile in ideas. "I propose that the man who gets the letter stands a glass of good whisky to each of the others before he opens it. That will make it fair for everybody."

This suggestion was also carried in the face of little Donald's frantic protests.

The postmistress may not have approved of the method for the delivery of a portion of His Majesty's mails, but the glasses were causing her such discomfort that she could hardly think of anything else. Still, she was determined to keep them on until the business was concluded.

The drawing proceeded, and the crossed paper was the last in the tin. Little Donald took the letter, and sulkily led the way to the inn, while Flora doffed her glasses and wiped her streaming eyes. She was doubtful as to whether she had done right, but the old man reassured her by saying:

"If it iss for none of them, you can still send it pack."

At the inn little Donald stood treat in a surly fashion. The others laughed as the glasses of Talisker were set before them. Never before had a man in Port Sunart been treated by little Donald, who was reputed to be a miser, though what he could have found in his poor fisherman's life to amass would have been hard to tell.

"You can open the letter now," said Donald MacDonald of Fesdale.

Little Donald said nothing, but betook himself to the farthest corner of the taproom. There he turned his back, and the others heard the tearing of paper. It took him some time to understand the contents of the envelope. When he did so he swore under his breath and scowled blackly. Gradually, however, a sly smile dawned on his bronzed, bearded countenance. He returned the contents to the envelope, and turned towards the four, who had now grown mightily curious.

"For whom is the letter?" said two of them together.

"For myself," said the little man, grinning. "I knew it would be for myself."

There was a short silence. None of the four knew exactly what to say. Then, to their amazement, little Donald called for five glasses of the best Talisker.

"You have good news?" they exclaimed.

"It will not be bad news," said little Donald pleasantly. "But it will be private."

The whisky was brought and paid for.

The little man raised his glass. "Your very good healths, all you Donald MacDonalds!" he said. He gulped the neat spirit and left the tap-room.

* * * * *

Alas for the four Donald MacDonalds! With the second glasses of whisky four fiends, more potent than the fiery spirit, entered into them and would not be at rest. In two bosoms the fiends were Curiosity; in the others they were Suspicion. What was the letter about? Was it really for the man who now possessed it? Ere long the entire adult population—happily, in this case, a small one of thirty souls—of Port Sunart was stirred to its minds' depths. The farming and the fishing were no longer the chief topics of conversation; the kirk controversy then raging was, for the time being, allowed to lapse; the hatchet was buried under an avalanche of suggestions and suppositions regarding the mysterious letter; while the possibility of a visit from the royal yacht during the approaching summer was scarcely discussed.

Little Donald kept more aloof than ever, but it was observed, by those who contrived to see his face at close quarters, that he smiled the smile of one who knows something.

His entering and his leaving the lonely hut were closely watched, and at night the men sneaked along the shore in the hope of making discoveries. But nothing happened.

By the end of a week the situation had become desperate. It was rumoured then that the little man had been seen purchasing a postage stamp, though no confirmation of his having posted a letter could be obtained. One bold spirit made enquiries at the post-office, but the postmistress, donning her glasses in a hurry, sent him out in quick time. His Majesty's mails, she informed him with crushing dignity, were private.

From being desperate the situation soon became intolerable. The suspicious party called for action, the merely curious echoed the call. Some suggested a deputation, others pointed out that a deputation would either alarm or irritate the holder of the secret.

Then came Donald MacDonald, Sligachan.

"Leave it to me," said he. "I will find out what is in the letter." He was of the curious party.

And that evening Donald MacDonald, Sligachan, called on Donald MacDonald, Port Sunart. To his surprise he was received in quite a friendly fashion. He was no hypocrite, and he came to the point at once.

"Is it a fortune?" he asked.

Little Donald stroked his grizzled beard, smiling a knowing smile.

"Well," he said slowly, "it might be a fortune to somebody."

What in all the world did he mean? thought the Sligachan Donald. Had the letter not been for the little man after all?

"I would gie a bottle of the best Talisker to see the letter," he said, half to himself.

"I will let you see it for that, Donald MacDonald, of Sligachan," said the other quietly. "But you must swear to keep it a secret."

The crofter jumped at the offer.

"Where is the letter?" he cried eagerly.

"Where is the best Talisker?"

Eventually it was agreed that the bargain should be completed the following night.

"But what am I to say to the others?" asked the crofter.

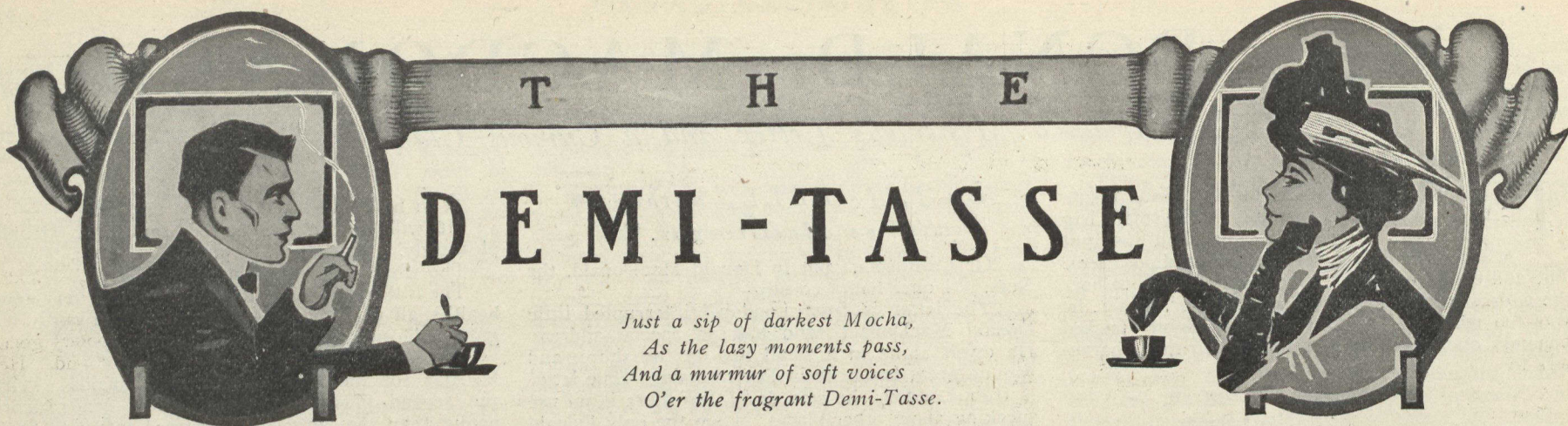
"Oh, you can tell them that I gave nothing for nothing," the fisherman calmly replied.

The indignation aroused by this message was great, but it did not overcome the suspicion and curiosity, which, indeed, became more than ever acute when the crofter repeated the words, "It might be a fortune to somebody." One or two advocated the extreme measure of calling in the policeman who visited Port Sunart twice a week, but they were not encouraged. After all, little Donald had never really harmed anybody, and, moreover, he had once stood four men two glasses each of the best Talisker.

Early on the following evening the Sligachan man reached the lonely hut, his jersey bulging with his fee for knowledge.

"Come in, Donald MacDonald," said the fisherman. "You swear never to tell any soul what I show you?"

(Continued on page 17)



THE DEMI-TASSE

*Just a sip of darkest Mocha,
As the lazy moments pass,
And a murmur of soft voices
O'er the fragrant Demi-Tasse.*

A BRIEF DEBATE.

IT is a popular belief that women are averse to war or anything resembling a conflict. But, as a matter of fact, women are deeply interested in whatever approaches a "scrap" as their attendance at Rugby games and their deification of the football hero will readily show. A former Speaker of the Ontario Legislature tells an amusing yarn about an occasion on which Lady Aberdeen paid a visit to the local House and found a deadly dull debate in progress. The Speaker noticed her disappointment and quietly had a message sent to Mr. Whitney, at that time Leader of the Opposition, telling him "to pitch into Hardy—about anything—only make things lively." Mr. Whitney, who can always rise to such an occasion, complied with the request and revived an ancient grievance upon which he dwelt with such force and eloquence that the late Hon. A. S. Hardy, who was not in the secret of the attack, also aroused to wrath and replied with all the vivacious sarcasm of which he was master. The whole affair was explained to the Government afterwards but Lady Aberdeen thought it was all genuine politics and declared that she had "enjoyed the animated discussion so much."

A GOOD DOSE.

IT is told of an old Highlander who was rather fond of his toddy that he was ordered by his physician during a temporary illness, not to exceed one ounce of spirits daily. The old man was dubious about the amount and asked his son, a school-boy, how much an ounce was. "Sixteen drams," was the reply.

"A guid doctor!" exclaimed the patient. "Run and tell Donald Mactavish and Big John to come doon the nicht."

AFTER ELECTION.

In city halls throughout the land
A busy sight is seen,
For all the new mayoralty brooms
Are sweeping very clean.

Among the rubbish heaps are found
Strange fragments, cracked and cleft—
They are the broken promises
Which last year's Council left.

AN EASY CONDITION.

THE young man gazed at his fair one in dire suspense, for not yet had she uttered the wished-for monosyllable.

"George," she faltered winsomely, "I am yours, dearest—on one condition."

"Name it," he said eagerly, for he would have risked many dangers for her dear sake and he was willing to challenge Longboat or do any other deed of prowess, like the knights of the olden time.

"Promise me—promise me," she pleaded tearfully, "that nothing will ever induce you to run for mayor of Toronto."

A bright smile illumined his features and he clasped her slender form in his arms. "Darling," he answered rapturously, "why don't you ask me to do something really hard for you?"

JUST A COLD.

MR. E. C. TOWNE is a tenor singer from Chicago with whom Canadian audiences are familiar. Last week he was singing in "The Messiah" at Massey Hall, Toronto, and on the conclusion of the first part of the programme, while the Chicago artist was absent from the stage, Dr. Torrington explained that Mr. Towne was really quite afflicted with influenza and had been forbidden by the Chicago doctors to come to Toronto but had persisted in filling his engagement. "In fact, ladies

and gentlemen," said Dr. Torrington, "Mr. Towne is singing under difficulties. He is now spraying his throat." This innocent explanation provoked the audience to open mirth, for Toronto is not a local option town and "between the acts" is sometimes employed in less innocuous performances than gargling. On Mr. Towne's return to the stage, he appeared, stroking his moustache carefully, and evidently was surprised and pleased by the vociferous applause with which he was greeted, and to which he responded by repeated bowing.

TIMELY ADVICE.

To any politician, on dreams of Power intent,
You'd better go to Sunday-school and mind what
you're about
And keep away from County Perth where life gets
sadly bent
Or the Editor will get you
Ef
you
don't
watch
out.

You'd better heed the curfew's call, where'er your
lot be cast
And e'en in cheerful Ottawa, where life is gay,
no doubt,
You'd better ponder on your ways and with the
good be classed
Or the Editor will nab you
Ef
you
don't
watch
out.

NO BAD LANGUAGE.

SEVERAL Canadian communities have become interested in anti-profanity leagues and are studying how to avoid strenuous language. It remains, however, for a Montreal paper to quote a unique piece of roundabout naughtiness in "a travelling whitesmith's execration."



Exceptionally Dense.
Mr. Binks [more than usually shortsighted after attending a friendly gathering]: "Blesh my soul! 'Worsh fog I ever 'member. Positively coming down in lumps!"—The Bystander.

SOMEWHAT REDUCED.

A FRIEND once met Sydney Smith at Brighton, whither he had gone to reduce himself by the use of certain baths in vogue in those days. He was struck by the decrease of Sydney's size and said, "You are certainly thinner than when I saw you last."

"Yes," said he, "I have been here only ten days, but they have scraped enough off me already to make a curate."

HIS FIGHTING LIST.

MIKE sat busily engaged in copying the names of the male population of the immediate vicinity. His good wife, noticing the apparent industry of her lord, asked what he was doing.

"Begoira, an' it's wroitin' the names o' the min phwat Oi kin lick, so Oi am!" he exclaimed.

A few minutes later the woman put on her shawl and went to Pat O'Leary's humble home where she informed Pat that she saw his name was on the list.

Without waiting to don his coat, O'Leary sallied forth in search of Mike, who was found still engaged at the list.

"Moike," said Pat in a tone that sounded like the thunders of heaven, "they say as how yez air makin' a list o' the felleys yez kin lick an' thot me name's on it."

"An' so 'tis," retorted Mike. "But, rist yer sowl," exclaimed Pat, shaking his fist close to Mike's proboscis, "yez can't do it."

"Thin Oi'll scratch yer name off," said Mike, feebly, and he continued adding to the list.—Democratic Telegram.

NOT TO HER TASTE.

THE young man pleaded humbly. "I know I've been rather too much given to drink but don't you think it's a noble thing to reform a man?"

"Not on your life," said the cynical modern maiden, "the gold cure's in the next block."

HIS JOB.

A YOUNG graduate of a Canadian university who is engaged as reporter on a city newspaper in the course of the day's work recently came across an old friend of the family who regarded the youth with some curiosity when he learned of his employment.

"It's a great responsibility, John, to be employed on the press. It has a wonderful power for good or evil."

John, who was in a hurry to "do" the police courts, agreed promptly.

"Tell me," urged the elderly monitor, "do you realise that you may be writing for eternity?"

"No," said the boy, as he made a rush for the car, "my job is to write against time."

BITS OF BIOGRAPHY.

AN English authority says that the following biography of the patriarch Abraham was furnished by a Board-school boy who was competing for a prize: "He was the father of Lot, and had two wives. One was called Ishmale and the other Hagur; he kept one at home and he turned the other into the deserts, where she became a pillow of salt in the day-time and a pillow of fire at night." The grave and comprehensive simplicity of this tale is quite impressive. Equally attractive is the life of Moses as presented by another Board-school boy: "He was an Egyptian. He lived in a ark made of bullrushers and he kept a golden calf and worshipped brazen snakes, and et nothing but kwales and manna for forty years. He was caught by the hair of his head while riding under the bough of a tree, and he was killed by his son Absalom as he was hanging from the bough. His end was pease."

Mr. Donald Macdonald

(Continued from page 15)

The crofter set the bottle on the table and took a solemn oath.

"Read," said little Donald, handing him the letter. "Remember, I never asked you to come here."

The other took the envelope in his big trembling fingers. Three minutes later he flung the papers on the table, and with a fearful curse strode to the door.

"Remember," said little Donald quietly, gathering up the papers, and returning them carefully to the envelope, "remember that I have not sworn not to tell a soul."

As the crofter hurried homewards he met several neighbours bound for the hut. Each carried a parcel of some kind. They accosted him, and endeavoured to extract information.

"It is nothing at all—nothing at all," he replied evasively.

"We will see for ourselves," they stoutly retorted.

They reached the hut and proclaimed their errand boldly.

"One at a time," said little Donald coolly. "Come you, first, John MacTavish."

"I will give you this sack of potatoes," said MacTavish, slipping the load from his shoulder.

"It will do. You have offered it, remember."

John MacTavish took the oath, read the contents of the envelope, and departed cursing softly. He managed, however, to smile as he passed through the little cluster of neighbours.

"I am next," said a brawny matron at the door.

Little Donald shook his head. "I deal not with women."

She would have made trouble, but the men were in the majority, and impatient to read for themselves.

"Here are two pounds of fine butter," said Donald MacDonal, Fesdale, on gaining admittance to the hut.

"It will do."

Four minutes later Donald MacDonal went back to Fesdale, cursing.

It was after nine o'clock when little Donald was left to himself. He looked about him with a satisfied grin. On the table lay five pounds of butter, two dozen eggs, a fowl, a pound of cheese, half-a-pound of tea, twelve ounces of twist tobacco, a wooden pipe, not quite new, a pair of socks, and two bottles of Talisker; on the floor rested a sack of potatoes and another of neatly chopped firewood.

"It will do," he muttered, as he lit his lamp.

He opened one of the bottles, cut himself some bread and cheese, drew the table near the fire, and seated himself by the hearth. He stirred the fire, flung on a couple of peats, got rid of his sea-boots, and stretched his feet to the blaze. Presently he took from his pocket the now thumb-ed and frayed envelope. He regarded it almost affectionately.

"I wonder how they knew my name," he said to himself. "It is very strange that they should have known my name in London. But I have heard that the people who send such letters as this one—he tapped the envelope—"are very clever. Perhaps they just guessed that there was one of the name of Donald MacDonal in Port Sunart. Now I remember there was a Sir Donald had the shooting one year. But it is no matter. It has been a good advertisement for them, whatever. Now I am finished with it."

He emptied the envelope and threw it on the fire. It was followed by a few closely printed leaflets. Finally the flames received a neat and bright-

ly coloured booklet. As the cover of the booklet caught fire, little Donald read the title, and repeated it.

"What is Indigestion?" He smiled. "I thank the good God I do not know," he murmured, and turned to his supper.

Flour from a Far Country

ONE of the most effective advertisements and interesting souvenirs ever sent out by a Canadian paper reached the friends of the "Manitoba Free Press" in the Christmas week of 1907, consisting of a small barrel about five inches in height and 10 inches in circumference, containing flour from wheat grown in the Peace River country 400 miles south of the Arctic Circle. A daintily-bound and illustrated booklet accompanied the barrel giving the story of wheat-growing. The Hudson's Bay Company's mill, in which this flour was made, is the northernmost mill on the continent. It is at Vermilion, 700 miles due north of the United States boundary and 650 miles west from Hudson's Bay. The mill, which was built in 1902 and began grinding in the autumn of that year, has a capacity of 35 barrels a day and supplies flour to the northern posts of the Hudson's Bay Company which dot the basins of the Peace and Mackenzie Rivers. There is another flour mill in the same neighbourhood belonging to the Roman Catholic Church. Wheat grown in the Peace River region took the First Prize at the World's Fair in Chicago, 1893. Fully twenty years ago several small stone mills were grinding wheat within a distance of 100 miles from Fort Vermilion and more than forty years ago Roman Catholic and Anglican missionaries in that country were growing fine vegetables and some grain.

Fort Vermilion is more than 1,800 miles northwest of Winnipeg. On its journey from the mill, this sample of Peace River flour travelled first some 300 miles in a Hudson's Bay stern-wheel steamer down the Peace River to Lake Athabaska and across to the mouth of the Athabaska River, thence by that stream to Athabaska Landing, nearly 400 miles, in a York boat. It was then brought by pack train to Edmonton and from Edmonton it travelled 1,032 miles to Winnipeg. But the little barrel containing the flour has travelled farther, we are informed by the "Manitoba Free Press," since it has come across the Atlantic from Stavanger in Norway. Miniature barrels of this sort, made of staves with wooden hoops, could not be secured from any nearer land than the realms of King Haakon.

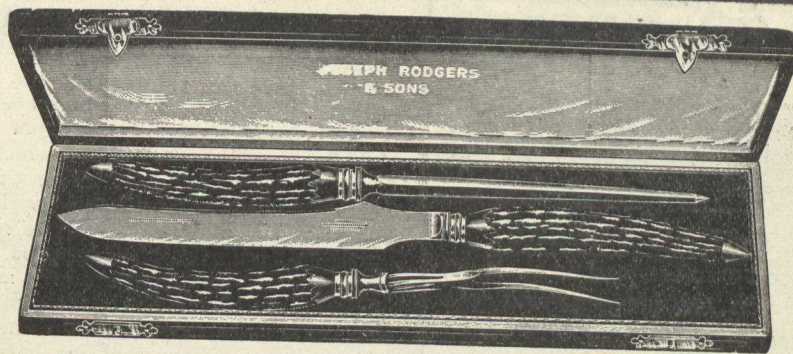
The Fatal Ham Sandwich

PUBLIC confidence in the ham sandwich, that conspicuous feature of railway restaurant fare, has been steadily undermined during the last few years and has lately received a new and severe blow.

The fact that bread is often made of flour containing alum, lime and other unpalatable minerals first excited suspicions, which later revelations as to the nature and wide use of oleomargarine enhanced. Then vague alarm was aroused by the discovery that a serious danger might lurk in the tender ham.

Now comes the startling announcement that some mustards are often adulterated with naphthal yellow, which is not only a poison, but a dangerous explosive also. The case against the sandwich, therefore, seems to be complete.

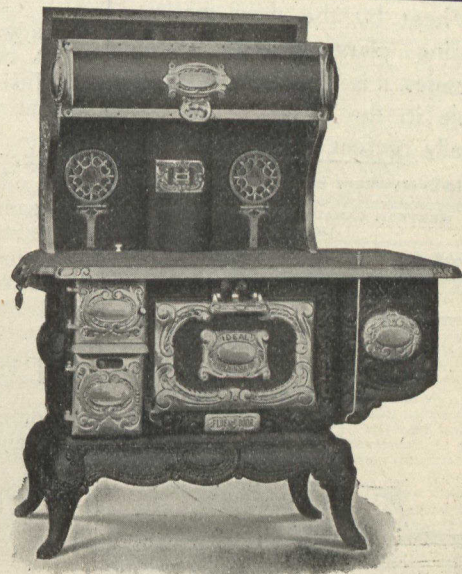
Having forfeited all claims to popular trust and affection, it should be consigned to the realms of bombs, infernal machines and other devices of conspirators.—What to Eat.



Carvers in Cases or Pairs. Pearl Handled Dessert Sets. Fish Servers. Cutlery Cabinets, Spoons, Forks, Etc. AIKENHEAD HARDWARE LIMITED, 17-19-21 Temperance St., TORONTO

THE PEERLESS PENINSULAR THE IDEAL PENINSULAR

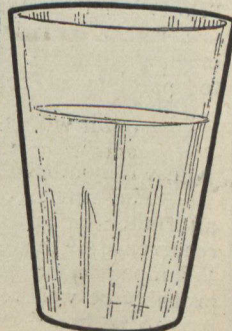
When buying your range this autumn insist on having your dealer show you "The Peerless Peninsular" and "The Ideal Peninsular," the latest triumphs in stove range construction. If you should find any difficulty in securing one, write us a postal card asking for full information which will be promptly furnished.



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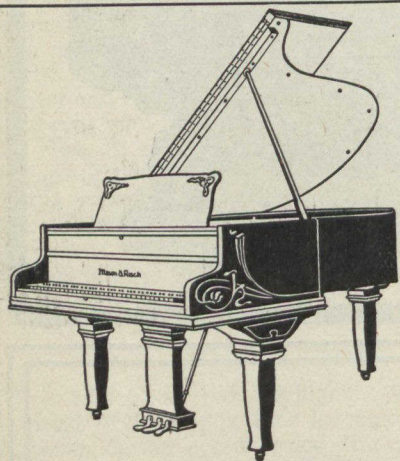
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MUSIC AND DRAMA

AT a recent meeting of the Clef Club of Winnipeg, Mr. P. B. C. Turner read a stimulating paper on "Musical Criticism" which is published in "Town Topics"—which, by the way, is quite different from the new York publication of that name. The writer shows himself entirely unconventional and fearless, while the following remarks on newspaper criticism of music will be read with rejoicing by many citizens.

"When, as so often happens, the press criticisms of musical performances are assigned to youngsters who may happen to have a liking for the subject, or to disappointed musicians temporarily out of a job; or to some would-be musical has-been who heard things when he was a boy, and who repeats the statement so often that we half believe it is true; or to some prejudiced dyspeptic who has learned the art of word-juggling from meeting musical people, reading musical magazines, and in whose mind only two classes of musicians exist—the friends of the critic and their rivals—such criticisms have materially lowered the influence of the press."

The writer has evidently come across a few critics of the rough-and-ready order. His further remark relative to Winnipeg is of general interest: "A newspaper man recently told me that our papers devote more space to 'Music and Drama' than is to be found in any city of its size on the American continent. If this be true, I regard it not as a sign of health, but of disease."

There is little doubt that Winnipeg is destined to be a larger city than either Montreal or Toronto. Hence, the present attention paid by the press to music and drama would indicate that Winnipeg has rapidly acquired the means for gratifying the demands for such entertainment. While all his hearers may not have agreed with Mr. Turner's condemnation of such lavish notice of music and drama, his frankly-expressed opinion is decidedly a welcome novelty in this age of platitudinous papers.

* * *

THE crowds which attended "The School for Scandal" at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, during the last week, proved that the old comedies have by no means lost their charm. So remarkable was the attendance that there will probably be a repetition of the performance before the season closes. It would be a pleasure to many to have a revival of "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Good-Natured Man." Miss Ida Conquest, whose first "Alexandran" appearance takes place next Monday night, would make a charming "Kate Hardcastle."

* * *

SAN FRANCISCO is jubilant because it now has the opportunity to sit up and say to New York: "I told you so." Some time ago, before the City of the Golden Gate was a sufferer from earthquake disturbance, Madame Tetrizzini, who happened to be near the western coast, paused at San Francisco and sang to thousands of Californians who straightway went into raptures of eulogy and were scoffed at by far-away New Yorkers who chose to consider this enthusiasm the untutored exuberance of a youthful people. But now that London has "discovered" Madame Tetrizzini and has fairly lost its sober British head, New York has developed a desire to hear this wonderful prima donna and has offered a magnificent salary to the lady of the Latin name. It is San Francisco's hour of triumph and she is enjoying it to the full.

* * *

IT is said that Mr. Warfield, who has made a popular hit in the character of "Wes' Bigelow" in "A Grand Army Man," is to play in Canada this winter. Mr. Warfield's career has been one of tremendous work since the days when, as a San Francisco newsboy, he saved his pennies that he might have a seat in the gallery and see the performance of a favourite actor. He is now recognised as an artist, as the first among actors in emotional "domestic-comedy."

* * *

MISS ABBIE MAY HELMER, a well-known pianiste, who was for some years a pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth of Toronto, has lately given recitals in Western cities and was especially successful in the impression produced at the Women's Musical Club in Winnipeg. Miss Lottie Jolley, a pupil of Mr. Owen Smily, is another talented Ontario girl who has found favour with a Winnipeg audience, her rendering of Whitcomb Riley's poems at a City Band concert, recently held in the Walker Theatre, being highly praised by local critics.

* * *

THE public lectures and recitals at the Margaret Eaton School of Expression, Toronto, are proving highly attractive. Principal Hutton's lecture on "Antigone" was delivered the week before Christmas and this Thursday Captain Scott-Harden gives "A Vision of the East."

* * *

"BESIDE the Bonnie Brier Bush" seems in a fair way to become a stock play in Canada. It has lately been enlivening western cities where "Posty" and the fair "Flora" have elicited much admiration. As a drama, it is a rather irritating piece of patchwork to those who are familiar with the original material. But it is a harmless bit of kailyard comedy which is sure to appeal to a Scottish-Canadian settlement.

* * *

NEXT month will see the second competition for His Excellency's trophies. The entries of musical and dramatic societies from Quebec, Winnipeg and other cities assure the promoters of the general interest aroused by a recurrence of this event. Quebec carried off the musical trophy last year and Winnipeg came first in dramatic contest. The Maritime Provinces will probably be well represented. There is no mention of Newfoundland yet but it is to be hoped that the Ancient Colony will send a company again, as the visit of the Boys' Band last year proved decidedly interesting.

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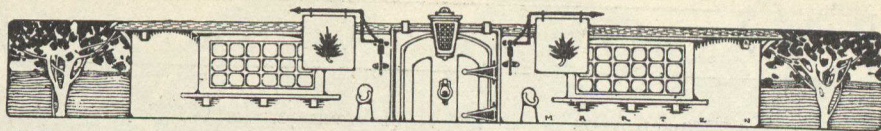
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE



A Winter Blossom.

brother, a bonnie "sailor boy."

CANADIANS are recovering from their distaste for winter pictures. The ice palaces and January carnival scenes were sadly overdone for several years and led to all manner of misconception regarding our glorious, if slightly erratic, climate. So many photographs and illustrations, displaying our icy loveliness were sent abroad that whenever reference was made to Canada in European publications, it was represented as a kind of Arctic annex, having long distance telephone to the North Pole. Then we arose and reviled such representations and sent across the seas sheaves of grain, baskets of fruit and all manner of literature setting forth the charms of our sunny ways. But we are gradually assuming a sensible attitude on this subject of the winter when "the white gifts" are ours in abundance and brilliancy. In this column we present the jolly picture of a little winter belle who is prepared to enjoy a frolic with Jack Frost and farther down the page will be found her

SOME months or, it may be, years ago, a decidedly clever writer contributed to a New York magazine an essay which has caused much tribulation. It has since been published as a booklet and has been sold by tens of thousands. The writer under the heading, "Are You a Bromide?" discusses two classes of people, the Bromides and the Sulphides, and gives concrete examples of the conversational style of the former. Such remarks as: "I don't know much about good music but I know what I like" and "Someway, I feel as if I must have lived in this world before; I so often feel that a new scene is dimly familiar and belongs to another existence," are the stock-in-trade of the Bromide. The gentle ridicule which was poured in sparkling paragraphs upon the bromidic person has led to some embarrassment in social circles, for nearly everyone has read that famous essay. Few of us are capable of eliminating bromidic sayings from our conversation and yet it is horrible to have a neat quotation from that article thrown in one's face after a gentle platitude has been uttered. The truth of the matter is that we cannot be either bromidic or sulphidic consistently if we are to pass our days in peace. We must occasionally find the former too deadly and the latter too unrestful. But there is no doubt that the Sulphide makes the more delightful reading. What Bromide has ever written anything so utterly captivating as "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," by that Prince of the Sulphides, James McNeill Whistler?

THE spell of the French peasant girl who led Charles to Rheims and who was burned in the market-place of Rouen has been strong over the souls of her countrymen and has inspired both poet and artist. Joan of Arc, as she is popularly called, in spite of the efforts to introduce the more accurate Jeanne d'Arc, is one of those romantic figures which shine amid the carnage of the Fifteenth Century. Singularly enough, the boldly masculine part she played has been transformed through her belief in the heavenly voices and their message into the role of an inspired deliverer whose snow-white armour makes her captaincy a matter of grace and courage. "Joan of Arc in Portrait and Picture" is the subject of an interesting article in the December "Windsor Magazine," in the course of which twenty-four reputed portraits or historic paintings are reproduced. The most striking of these are the Dante Gabriel Rossetti picture, "Joan of Arc Kissing the Sword of Charlemagne," and the pathetic depiction by George W. Joy of the tired, slumbering "Maid of Orleans" over whom the heavenly guardians watch.

WE poor women are accustomed to having men's failures attributed to malign feminine influence but sometimes such blaming it all on Eve seems especially unfair. Mr. James Douglas, one of England's most entertaining journalists, has lately declared that the present disease of smartness is worse than the disease of gentility which Carlyle and Thackeray satirised and he has the nerve to say that the root of the mischief is in the woman rather than in the man. Thus he moralises: "Envy is the master vice of femininity, because it is the vice of idleness. The man who works hard has no time to be envious. The modern woman is devoured by a frenzied idleness. She finds no outlet for her ambition, save in society, and she tries to express herself by outstripping her friends in display. She is frantically jealous of the woman who lives in a larger house in a smarter district, who has smarter furniture in her rooms, who wears smarter clothes and who gives smarter dinners. She goads her husband into ostentations far beyond his income. His pride forbids him to rebel. He struggles against the furies of debt. He grows prematurely old. If he is lucky, he dies. But often he is driven into embezzlement. Nearly every bankruptcy has a spendthrift woman in the background."

Is this horrible indictment just? We hear enough in these days, goodness knows, of financial strain and stress. But woman is not alone in her extravagance. Man must have his good cigars, his old wines and his quiet little game of poker.



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BRITISH GOSSIP

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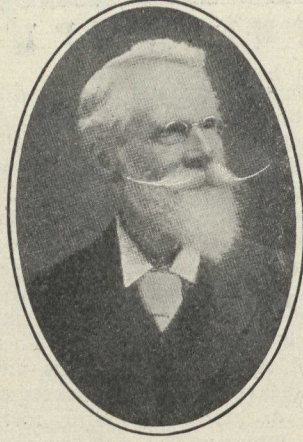
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Sir William Crookes, winner of the Nobel Prize for Chemistry.

THE awards in the Nobel prizes have occasioned more than the usual comment. According to the latest criticism, the terms of Nobel's will have been ignored. The awards, Nobel specified, were to be made annually to those persons who shall have contributed most to the benefit of mankind during the year immediately preceding. But this condition has not been observed and Nobel's desire to encourage the younger investigators is hardly respected. Six of the twenty-eight recipients of the Nobel prizes are dead, three of them having died of sheer old age. Professor Sir William Crookes, the discoverer of thalium and the inventor of numerous devices for showing the effects of radium and other elements, is the winner of the Nobel prize for chemistry, worth £7,800. It is recalled by an editor of retentive memory that Sir William Crookes, some nine years ago, made the alarming announcement that the wheat supply of the world could not be relied upon

as a permanent source of subsistence, as wheat-eaters multiply faster than the wheat-producing area. Sir William, who is seventy-five, is the sixth English winner of the Nobel prize. Mr. Kipling has been awarded the Nobel prize in literature which amounts, financially, to his charge for 78,000 words. This is a horribly commercial age and young writers will doubtless envy the author of "Plain Tales" and others not so plain. But the Nobel awards cannot avoid illustrating the small boy's rendering of a sacred proverb—"Them that has, gits."

* * *

ON December thirtieth of last year, the vault in Highgate Cemetery, in which lies the famous Druce coffin, was opened by the highest authorities and within the casket was found the body of an aged, bearded man. Thus the melodramatic story of the lead which was placed there forty-three years ago is proved a fabrication and another chapter in the great case is closed. The suit of George Hollamby Druce, financed by a joint stock company, falls to the ground and it is probable that a charge of perjury will be brought against certain witnesses. As about a dozen witnesses had testified at the trial that Druce and the Duke of Portland were one and the same person, the proceedings following the exhuming investigation may become distinctly unpleasant for these cocksure persons. Chief among them was Robert Caldwell, who stated that he had been present at the bogus funeral and had assisted in placing a roll of lead in the coffin instead of a body. This positive gentleman fled to New York after giving his testimony and was arrested there but is now ill at his home in Staten Island.

* * *

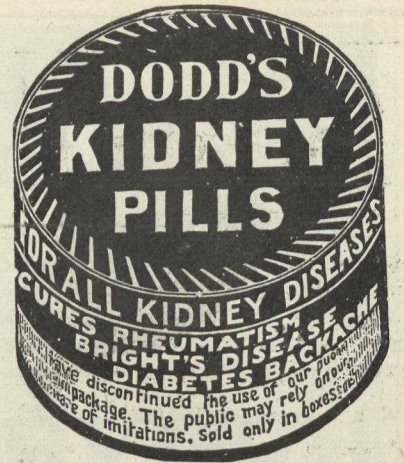
IF the late poet, Francis Thompson, had possessed more genius, he would have been called eccentric. But, as his muse was of rather feeble constitution, he is more likely to be dubbed freakish. About twelve years ago, it looked as if Francis Thompson would write poetry of a surpassing order. But he has left little that is of golden note. His chief unusualnesses are cheerfully summed up by James Douglas: "He wore a long ulster in summer and left it off during the winter. He carried his books in a little basket on his back. He talked to himself all the time. Like Rossetti, he was fond of roaming through the London streets all night long. He starved as gloriously as any bard in Old Grub Street. He called cabs for coppers in the Strand. He served in a bootshop near Leicester Square. He was a bookseller's 'Collector,' going from publisher to publisher with a sack on his back filled with the books written by the Philistines. Like De Quincey, he palliated the ills of life with opium. But his queerest trait was his passion for cricket. . . . Yet he was a mystic and a scholar, a master of divine word-music."

* * *

THE Countess of Warwick is said to be engaged in writing her memoirs, which ought to make sprightly reading, for it is not often that the wife of an English Earl is numbered with the socialists. Lady Warwick seems to have more than her share of talents and grace as she is a musician, a public speaker, an expert motorist and a famous sportswoman, as well as a fashionable beauty. It has always been difficult for the British public to take Lady Warwick's socialism seriously and it is to be feared that they look at her more appreciatively than they listen to her disquisitions. Not even when she sold some jewels in order to give money to a pet movement have they regarded the Countess as anything but a picturesque experimenter in politics.

* * *

THE recent marriage of the Lord High Chancellor at St. Stephen's attracted public interest, largely owing to the office of the bridegroom and the strange scene of the ceremony. Although the bridegroom is over sixty years of age, he is said to be stalwart in figure and agile in movement. Indeed, his honeymoon was partially devoted to golf, a game of which Lord Loreburn, to give him his everyday title, is decidedly fond. The four men who follow royalty in the table of precedence, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of York and the Prime Minister, are all natives of Scotland and are all said to be addicted to the royal game. An archbishop on the links must be an awesome sight and the distinguished player must occasionally be afflicted by a desire to lay aside his vocabulary. In his early years the Lord Chancellor was known as Rob Reid and has won his way to the woosack by sheer ability and industry. Yet, in spite of the place held by these four distinguished Scots, a member from somewhere north of Edinburgh arose in the House last year and protested that no plums fell to the men from Caledonia.



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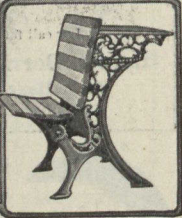
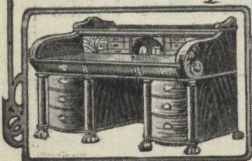
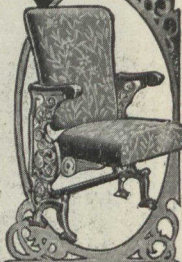
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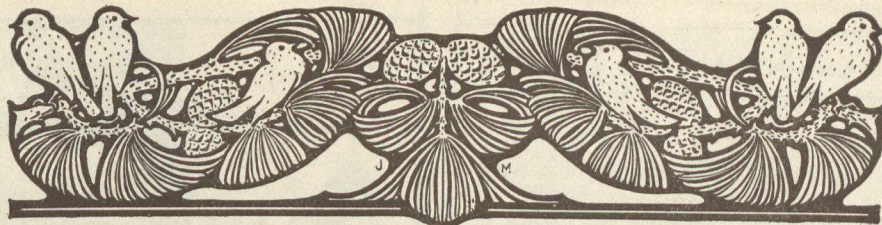
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F O R T H E C H I L D R E N

WHAT is it, dear heart? Too big for dolls?
Is that what the wise folks say?
You "must say good-bye to your childhood friends,
For you're twelve years old to-day"?
The dear little lady with flaxen hair
And the darling with black eyes bright,
And—dearest of all—the raggedy doll
Must be hidden away from sight?

Ah, dear little girl, I know; I know;
For the very saddest day
Is the day that comes to us, one and all,
When we lay our dolls away;
The beautiful doll of Innocence,
And the sturdy doll called Truth,
And—saddest of all—the "raggedy doll"—
The unquestioning faith of youth!
—Florence A. Jones.

THE SOCIAL SENSE.

AN enthusiastic teacher in the slum district of a large city once gathered her flock and led them to a vacant lot, where she proposed they

"Hi! Ho! What's this?" he cried when we
Came piling in to climb his knee.
So we 'splained to him about the fun,
And how Saturday shopping *must* be done.
"Of course," he said. "Well, here we go
To see how many pennies has Molly-o.
There's one, two, three, four, five, six, seven,"
"Goodness!" cried Tom, "she's more than eleven."
And so she had, for when we were through,
Why, our Dad, he said there were sixty-two.
My turn came next and we counted mine
Four more than Molly, and Tom'd sixty-nine.
"I'll tell you what we'll do," said he,
"Here's a penny for you, and I'll give Molly three,
And then we'll all have just the same."
"And here's ten apiece to help the game,"
Said our nice Dad, and to-morrow-day
We've shopping to do instead of play.
So you be good peoples, and won't it be fun!



Teacher: "And what do we see in the country besides flowers and birds?"
Small Boy: "Pictures of pills and cigars."

should create their own playground. The idea was received with wild enthusiasm, and the youngsters fell to work with a will removing stones and debris. In the midst of the excitement a large boy was needed to move a particularly obstinate stone. "Smith, Smith," called the teacher to one of her star pupils, "come and help us."
The boy came with seeming reluctance, and having removed the stone, drew the teacher aside. "Say, teacher," he begged, "please don't call me Smith."
"Why, what am I to call you?" she asked in astonishment.
"Schmittty, please, teacher. You see, I'm Smith in society; but, here, I'm Schmittty on the dump."—The Circle.

*BREAKING THE BANKS.

THE other night, right after tea, Why Tom, and Molly-o, and me Thought it would be the biggest prank For each of us to open his bank, And see how many pennies he had. So we scurried off with them to Dad.

There'll be presents for you when our shopping is done.
M. H. C.

HIS ROAD.

By E. H. T.

I KNOW a railway president,
And, what is rather queer,
He says he is conductor, too,
Brakeman, and engineer.

His railway is a great through line,
He owns it, every share,
One terminus is "Gran'ma's Room,"
The other, "Father's Chair."

WHY HE CRIED.

HARRY and Charlie, aged five and three respectively, had just been seated at the nursery-table for dinner. Harry saw that there was but one orange on the table, and immediately set up a wailing that brought his mother on the scene. "Why, Harry, what are you crying for?" she asked. "Be-cause there ain't any orange for Charlie!"



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LITERARY NOTES

MORAL AND SOCIAL DUTIES.

W. T. HAMBROOK is the name of a new Canadian author, with a religious turn of mind. "How Are You Living?" is the title of a practical, sensible and readable volume discussing the social and religious relations of the average young man, the "son." The chapter on "The Son's Duty to the State or Country" indicates that the author is not narrow in his conception of the place of man in the cosmos. Nor is the discussion confined entirely to the son, for there are suggestions and terse pieces of advice for father, mother and daughter, as well as wife and husband. If the fact has a fault, it is discursiveness; yet there is so much that is excellent in style and treatment, so much that indicates close thought and broad reading, that one hesitates to write other than praise for this "first" volume.

* * *

MR. YOUNG'S NEW VOLUME.

MR. EGERTON R. YOUNG has made the most of his experiences in the North, as far as turning them into literature is concerned. Over and over, he turns this little experience and that, until the reader wonders if one man could really have lived through so many little incidents and remembered them all. There are no large incidents; they are all wonderfully small. His latest volume is entitled "The Battle of the Bears," and from this one would judge that here is a volume to rival the works of Seton, Roberts, Fraser and Long. Any one who gets that idea will be greatly disappointed. "The Battle of the Bears" is only the title of one of twenty-three chapters, each dealing with a minor experience in the missionary's life. There should have been a modifying phrase—"and other incidents," and because of its absence both the publisher and the author are deceiving the public.

Any one who is interested in missionary life in Northern Canada where potatoes and animals are practically the only "fruit of the earth" and where civilisation is only now working its way forward, will find the volume fairly entertaining. The author's long life in the West entitles him to speak with authority as to the manner of life characteristic of the Red Man.

* * *

CHEERFUL TALES.

SEVERAL Christmas volumes receive rather belated notice but they are books good to read at any time or season. Among these is "The Little City of Hope," by that writer of many novels, F. Marion Crawford, who has succeeded in telling an old-fashioned story in modern, epigrammatic style. The book is daintily and appropriately illustrated and is published in Canada by the Macmillan Company.

"The Ozma of Oz" is a wonderful book for small persons by L. Frank Baum, whose Land of Oz is a realm of never-failing delights. This latest story is as fresh and attractive as the original tale of the Wizard. Toronto: Copp, Clark Company.

* * *

THE LYRIC OF PRAIRIE LAND.

THE anniversary of Whittier's birthday, celebrated last month, has recalled that tender song by the Quaker poet, "The Red River Voyageur," which, according to a writer in the "Manitoba Free Press," is responsible for "the regard in which Whittier is held by the people of Manitoba, particularly, and by the people of the whole West and even of the Dominion, in a general way."

Certainly it is highly appropriate that on the centennial anniversary of Whittier's birth, the school-children of Manitoba should recall the poem which so picturesquely describes the music of the bells of St. Boniface.

"The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

"The bells of the Roman mission
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain."

It was curious that Whittier should have seen so clearly in mental vision the "gusty leagues of plain" and "belts of dusky pineland," but his verses on the lonely scene and the echoing bell-music will form an historic link between the gentle New England poet and the West so rapidly growing beyond recognition.

* * *

THOSE YUKON SONGS.

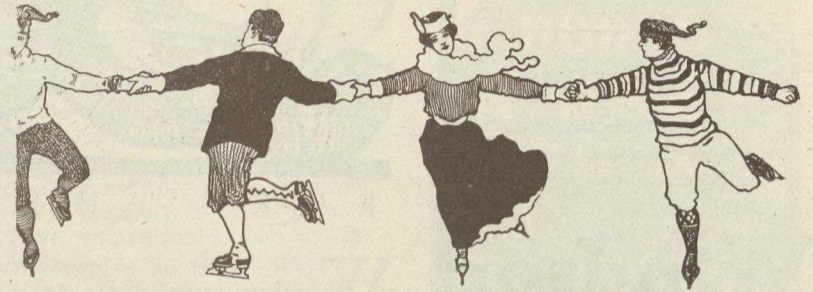
IT is rather remarkable that one of the best selling books this autumn is a volume of Canadian verse. But this is the fact. William Briggs made a fortunate find, not only for himself as publisher, but for the public, when he discovered the Poet of the Yukon in the young bank-teller, Robert W. Service, of White Horse. Already the book has run to the eighth edition—the last two of 2,000 copies each. The publisher is to be congratulated on the style and appearance of the illustrated Holiday Edition of "Songs of a Sourdough." In every respect it is worthy of comparison with the issues of the best publishing houses of the older countries. It has been a popular giftbook this Christmas.

* * *

NOTES.

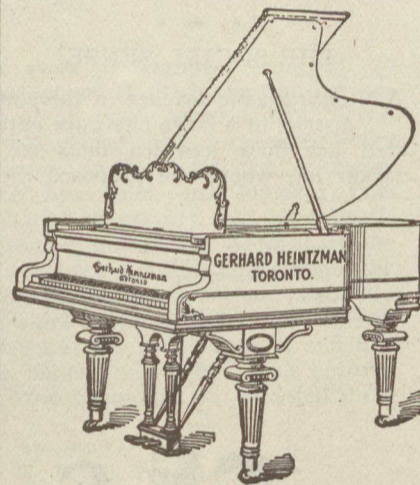
ANY literary club with a programme is invited to write Mr. W. F. Hatheway, St. John, N.B., corresponding secretary of the Fortnightly Literary Club, who is anxious to exchange programmes. The Fortnightly is one of the most enterprising institutions of its kind and has had a successful ten-years' existence.

A side-light on Salvation Army life in Canada may be found in "Just One Blue Bonnet," an illustrated volume recently issued by Wm. Briggs, Toronto. The contents are mainly extracts from the diary of the late Ada Florence Kinton, and there is an introduction by Miss Agnes Maule Machar.

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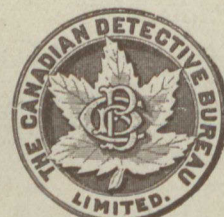
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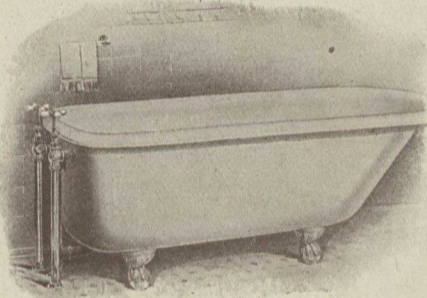
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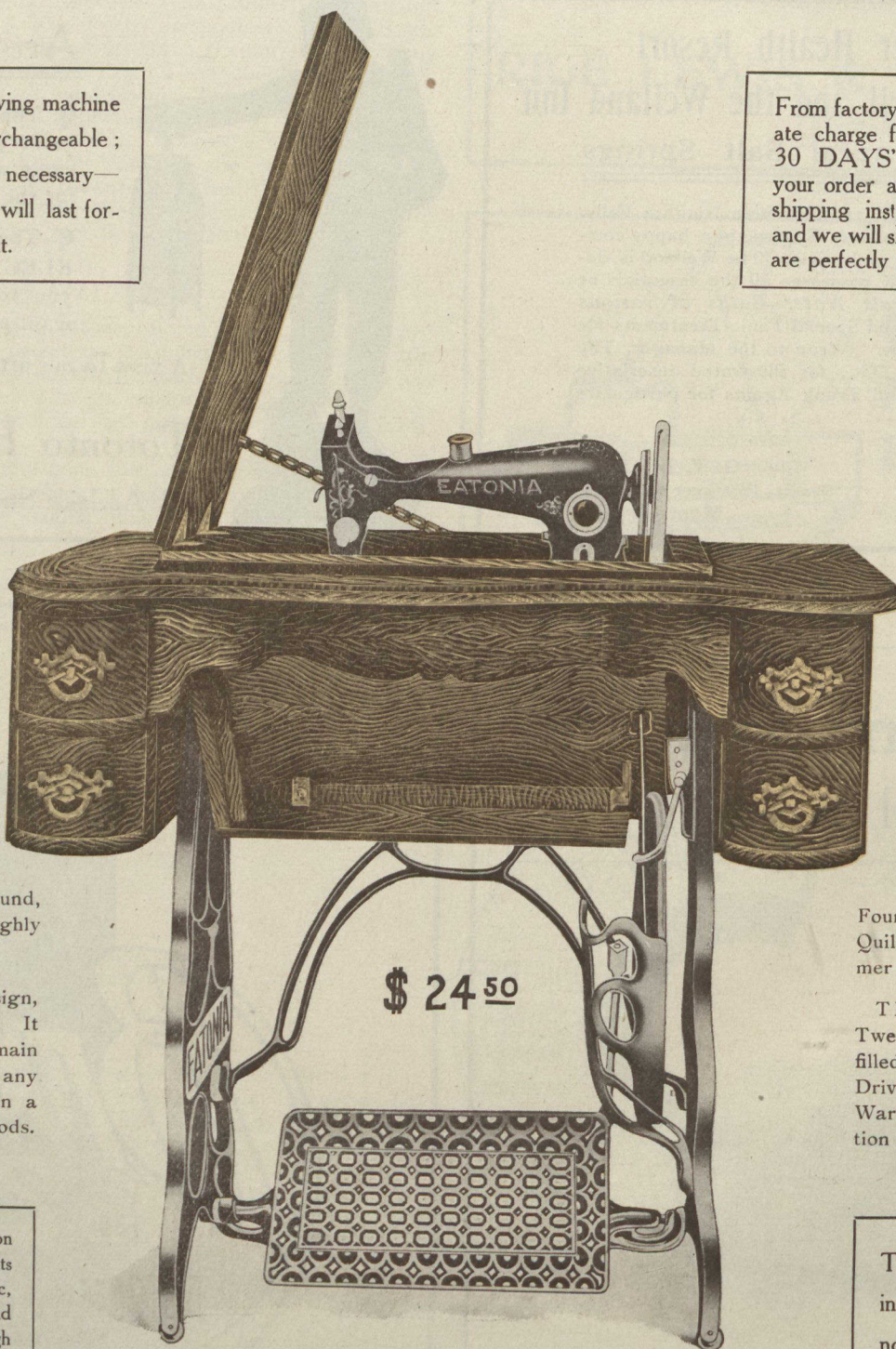
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