

The Canadian  
**Courier**  
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THE SELF-MADE COLLEGE GRADUATE

BY CLARK E. LOCKE

CAN WOMEN EVER GET THE FRANCHISE?

BY THE MONOCLE MAN

THE ESSENCE OF A MAN

A STORY BY ALAN SULLIVAN

WINNIPEG'S DEBUTANTES

WITH TWENTY-ONE PORTRAITS



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Nine  
Provinces

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

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Reserve Fund, - 8,000,000

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## Wilson's Invalids' Port

[a la Quina du Perou]

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# HEALTHY HARDY & HAPPY

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Ask YOUR Doctor



Just  
**WHY**



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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. XI.

TORONTO

NO. 3

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## Editor's Talk

**M**ANY kindly comments upon the fact that the "Courier" has entered upon its eleventh volume have reached us during the past fortnight. Even more enthusiastic were the compliments which greeted last week's Christmas number. Those who have followed most closely the development of national periodicals in this country freely admit that our Christmas issue was the most attractive regular issue of any periodical ever issued in Canada. It is exceedingly pleasant to feel that the public are with us in our efforts to publish a national weekly which will be creditable in every respect.

Our plans for 1912 are fairly well formulated and we are quite safe in promising our readers larger and more interesting weekly issues than we were able to give them during 1911. Increased circulation and increased advertising patronage are the foundations of that promise. During the past twelve months the circulation of the "Canadian Courier" has increased more than fifty per cent., and the advertising patronage has increased in proportion. During the next two months considerable improvements will be made in our mechanical facilities, and when these are completed we should be in a much better position to print and issue a periodical which will compare favourably with anything published in New York or London.

The "Canadian Courier" has one great need which is causing the editorial staff some anxiety. While the quality of the short stories used each week has shown a steady improvement, we find considerable difficulty in getting stories in which the "love" element does not predominate. Stories of adventure, stories of romance in business life, humorous stories and stories of domestic life, which would reflect the peculiar conditions in various parts of the country, do not often come our way. Canadian writers are growing in number, but it is questionable if they are increasing in originality. They are somewhat inclined to follow the old-fashioned, humdrum lines. Especially do they seem afraid to write anything in which humour plays a distinct part. We sigh for a Canadian humourist who can supply the readers of "Canadian Courier" with a weekly laugh either in picture, sketch or story. If such a man or such a woman exists we should be glad if he would reveal himself to us.

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REGINA

4

# MAGI

Taken before meals excites the flow of the gastric juice; drunk after meals, it neutralizes the acidity of the stomach.

16

## THE WATER OF QUALITY

12 STORIES OF SOLID COMFORT  
IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK



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One short block from Broadway and New York's Newest, Largest and Finest Department Stores, Fashionable Shops and Theatres.

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Write Hotel for Map of New York

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Five  
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\$200

I sell fruit land in the Fraser Valley of British Columbia on easy terms—\$200 cash and the balance over five years.

The price runs from \$150 to \$350 per acre.

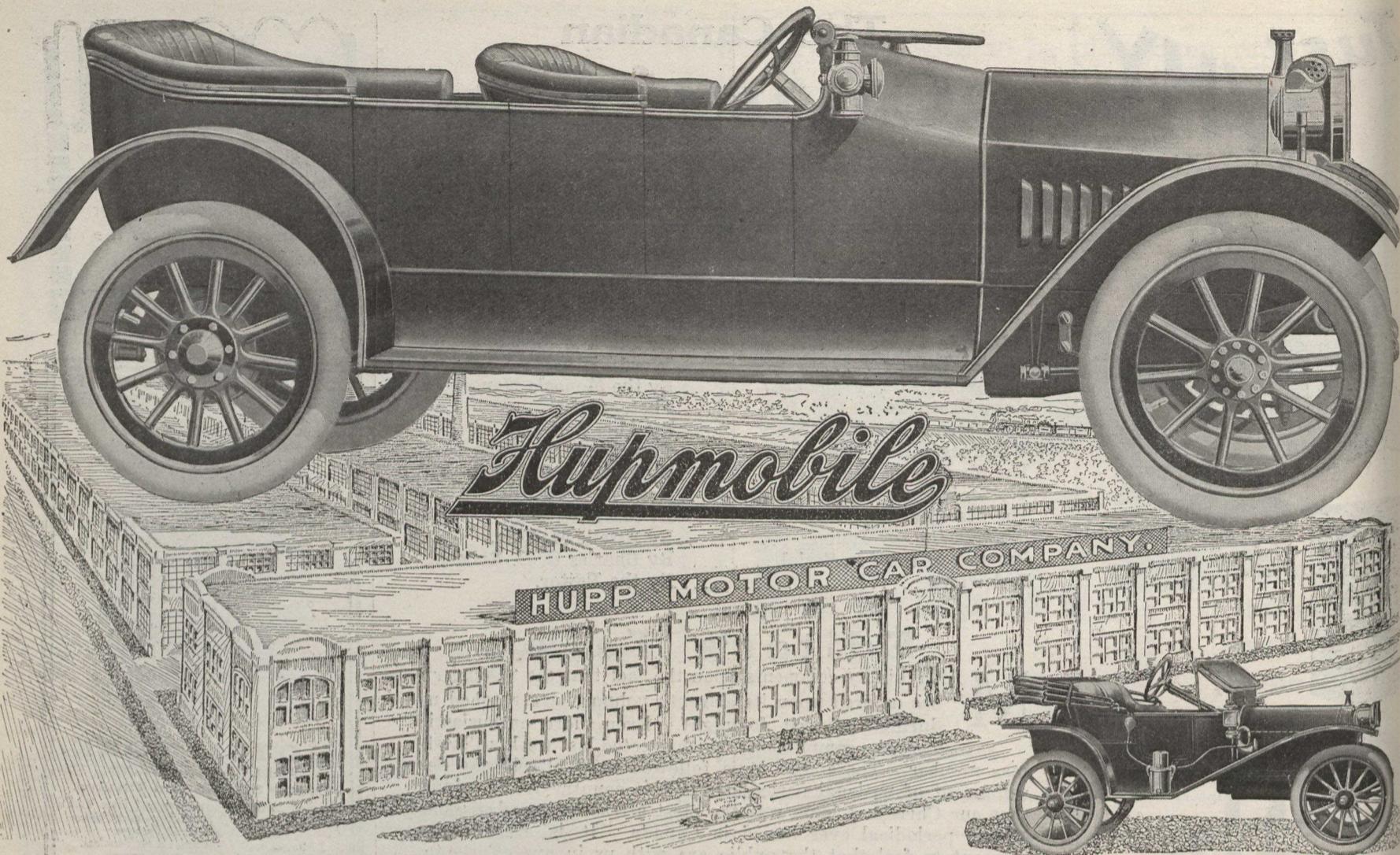
Returns have been known to go as high as \$2000 per acre, and \$1000 per acre is not at all unusual.

Tramways, railways and good roads all around.

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**Hupmobile Long Stroke "32" Five-Passenger Touring Car—\$1,000**

F. O. B. Windsor, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four-cylinder motor, 3 1/4-inch bore x 5 1/2-inch stroke. Bosch magneto. 106-inch wheelbase. 30 x 3 1/2-inch tires. Color—Standard Hupmobile blue.

The new touring car will be first exhibited at the Grand Central Palace, New York, Jan. 10-17; and subsequently at the principal automobile shows throughout the country.

**Hupmobile Runabout—\$850** F. O. B. Windsor, including top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, three oil lamps, tools and horn. Four cylinders, 20 H.P., sliding gears, Bosch magneto. In the new Hupmobile plant, now nearing completion, which will have when finished a capacity of 15,000 to 20,000 cars a year, the Runabout—always a car of unprecedented popularity—will continue to occupy the same large part in our manufacturing plans that it does at present.

**Hupmobile Coupe—Chassis same as Runabout—\$1,200** f.o.b. Windsor.

**Hupmobile Roadster—Chassis same as World Touring Car—\$950** f.o.b. Windsor.

# A car that gives you a totally new idea of what you ought to get for \$1,000

A new and larger Hupmobile which immediately thrusts upon your attention a score of *tangible superiorities* which set it in a class apart from cars of its price.

A five-passenger Touring Car for \$1,000 which *rejects every characteristic of commonplace construction*; and makes clear its invasion of the field above that price; by points of difference and departure which no motorist can mistake.

Evolved out of the experience which has built thousands of the Hupmobile Runabout—the quality car to-day, and it always has been of the runabout class.

Designed by E. A. Nelson, Chief Engineer of the Hupp Motor Car Company since its inception and designer of the original Hupmobile Runabout. To him and the skilled shop organization which he has continuously maintained, we owe the inimitable lines, the marked simplicity, the efficiency and the high quality of workmanship incorporated in the Runabout.

Impressed with the same strong individuality as the Runabout; and still further removed from comparison by:—

First, the small-bore, long-stroke motor.

Second, the body design and construction which attains the purpose of the "underslung" and avoids all of its disadvantages; and

Third, the Americanization, after close study abroad, of invaluable engineering principles entirely new to this country.

**Some of the points which make the price unprecedented:**

The three chief characteristics of the new Hupmobile are Durability; Efficiency, and Ability.

By durability we mean that we believe that there are more years of quiet, competent service, and a greater capacity for withstanding hard knocks in this car than has ever before been incorporated in a car at any figure near this price—because every part is made of good material and more than amply strong for a car of this size and weight.

By efficiency, we mean lower oil and gasoline consumption; a lesser tire cost; and a smaller outlay for repairs.

By ability, we mean 60% more pulling power for mountain work and heavy

roads; 4 to 50 miles of speed at any time and all times; and ability to throttle instantly to a walking gait or to pick up quickly without feeling the weight of the car.

These latter advantages are due in large measure, of course, to the motor, one of the first of the small-bore, long-stroke type peculiar to the finest foreign cars, ever manufactured in this country.

The cylinders are cast en bloc, a practice which, except in cars selling for \$2,500 and more, implies a two-bearing-in crankshaft.

The Hupmobile crankshaft has three large main bearings, bronze back, Babbit lined—less wear—fewer adjustments—longer life.

Other bearings include high duty Hyatt roller and F. & S. annular; while the wheels are mounted on Bower bearings.

The valves—all on one side—are enclosed by a pressed steel cover, which keeps oil in and dirt out; and because dirt is kept out, the valves remain noiseless, show minimum wear and require minimum adjustment.

Many a car of 50 to 60 horsepower carries a clutch no larger than the clutch of the new Hupmobile. Multiple disc type, with 13-inch discs—gives positive action and starts the car smoothly and easily.

Transmission gears are amply large for a 40 horsepower car; run slowly and are quiet at all speeds.

This excess strength extends also to the full-floating rear axle—large and strong enough for a seven-passenger car. The gears have an unusually large number of teeth—another precaution against wear and the possibility of trouble.

Oil is fed to all parts and bearings of the unit power plant under pressure—the flywheel runs in oil and its centrifugal force takes the place of a pump. One kind of oil is used for engine, clutch and transmission instead of oil and grease, and it circulates and lubricates until it is literally worn out—a self-evident economy.

Body and chassis design embody a low centre of gravity, and minimize skidding.

The springs are strong and unusually flexible; the rear spring is the patented Hupmobile cross type; the upholstery is deep and soft—all features that add to the comfort of those in the car.

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Name .....  
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**HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY 1235 Jefferson Avenue DETROIT, MICHIGAN**

Canadian Branch Factory: WINDSOR, ONTARIO

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

# The CANADIAN COURIER

*A National Weekly.*

Vol. XI.

December 16, 1911

No. 3

## MEN OF

## TO-DAY

### Mr. C. A. Magrath to the Chair.

**M**R. CHARLES A. MAGRATH is again a public figure—appointed chairman of the Canadian section of the International Waterways Commission. The gigantic well-poised man from Medicine Hat did not share in his party's triumph last September. When Mr. Magrath failed to carry his constituency, both Conservatives and Liberals agreed that the big, brainy Westerner had left a gap in Ottawa. Mr. Magrath, while in Parliament, had been one of the elect at Leader Borden's elbow, helping him steer the Opposition ship to the goal reached on September 21st. Had he been returned, Mr. Magrath would have been a Western representative in the Cabinet. But though the fates seemed unkind in barring him from the titular prefix "Honourable," Mr. Magrath has not failed to come into his own. As chairman of the Canadian section of an international body like the Waterways Commission, he holds an office quite as important as membership in the Cabinet, with great opportunities for public service. The last chairman, Sir George Gibbons, was knighted; Mr. Magrath may not escape the King's honours. Mr. Magrath will not find his experiences on the Ottawa benches amiss when he comes to arbitrating with Uncle Sam and other powers about fishing rights and like matters. His new position is, essentially, a diplomatic one, requiring governmental training. Mr. Magrath has the diplomatic air—a deep-chested, sociable manner, which subtly dominates. He has accumulated a fortune in Medicine Hat sufficient to grace any position with eclat; and, so, unfettered by monetary worries, he can give his whole time to sharpening his natural diplomatic wit and to learning the details of his post.

The new chairman was born at Augusta, Ont., in 1860. He trekked West in the reign of the half-breed, whiskey smugglers, and remittance men on the prairie. For two terms he served in the Northwest Legislative Assembly. Last term was his first in Ottawa. Before the elections this autumn, he was permanent chairman of the Conservative caucus. Mr. Magrath is the author of a readable book on immigration problems.

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### Speaker Landry's Irish Accent.

**I**T has been remarked that Speaker Auguste Charles Philippe Landry of the Dominion Senate is a better linguist than Speaker Sproule of the Commons, because the genial French-Canadian Senator is eloquent in both French and English, whereas yet the Orange Doctor has only a schoolboy knowledge of the Gallic tongue. But Hon. Mr. Landry goes Dr. Sproule even one better in linguistic attainments. He, a French-Canadian, actually speaks English with an Irish accent! Those who heard Colonel Landry on opening day read from the Speaker's throne the high flown official documents, noticed that he referred to His Royal Highness, the Governor-General, as "Goovernor-Giniral." Speaker Landry fraternizes with the Irish. Down in Montmagny County, in Quebec, there are not a few Hibernians, who assisted in sending Colonel Landry to the Commons at the beginning of his public career twenty-five years ago. This may account for Colonel Landry's brogue. The Irish and he find a common bond in Hon. Mr. Landry's exquisite sense of humour. Speaker Landry is an agile denizen of the Red Chamber, just sixty-five years



MR. CHARLES A. MAGRATH  
Medicine Hat  
Chairman, International Waterways Commission.

of age. Away from the Senate, his chief interests are agriculture and the militia. Farmer, soldier and Senator, there is something Romanesque about Speaker Landry, as well as Irish. He has been President of the Council of Agriculture of Quebec; for seventeen years commandant of the 61st "Montmagny" Regiment, and a Senator since 1892.

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### Hugh T. Kelly, Lawyer.

**T**HE other day at Owen Sound, Ont., a judge held his first court and was presented with white gloves and an address. The novice on the bench was His Lordship Judge Hugh T. Kelly, of Toronto, who was appointed a few days ago to succeed the late Mr. Justice Macmahon in the Ontario High Court. Hugh T. Kelly has for years been an unique figure at the Ontario Bar. He is a quick moving, taciturn man, who looks like Mr. J. W. Flavelle. He possesses the distinction of having grown up in the law in one office from student to judge. To make the climb it has taken him thirty-one years. They have been years of steady, progressive legal development. Judge Kelly may seem somewhat old-fashioned in his professional ideals in these days, when many lawyers forsake the court for the real estate market and mining exchange; he confines himself strictly to legal practice, believing that a lawyer should be first a lawyer. He has never even got off on a political tangent, though his partner, Attorney-General Hon. J. J. Foy, is one of the best known politicians in Ontario. By sticking strictly to the law, Mr. Kelly has made money incidentally and a legal career, which is always on the ascendent. Judge Kelly's citizenship is quiet, inspiring earnestness. Without fuss, he has held several prominent offices in Toronto. For two years he was President of the York County Bar Association. In 1896 and 1909 he was chairman of the Toronto Library Board. When Mr. Andrew Carnegie handed Toronto a check for a new library, the city chose Mr. Kelly to spend the money; and, owing to his shrewdness, the magnificent Reference Library was constructed within a cent of the estimates. Judge Kelly is a member of the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto.

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### A Broker in Politics.

**M**R. F. B. McCURDY, M.P. for Queen's and Shelburne, is another of those young Canadians of sudden financial eminence, like Sir Max Aitken and Hon. W. T. White, who have elected to devote their new-found leisure to a legislative career. This Haligonian is quite as much a meteor financially and politically as the Canadian-Imperialist, and the Finance Minister. With a jaw like a steel trap, and eyes which only take in the essentials, since he was twenty, he has bothered merely with big things. Until reciprocity became an obsession, Mr. McCurdy sat on the Montreal Stock Exchange, and was known also on the Rialto at St. John's, Charlottetown, and Sydney, as a cool young broker with the distinction of having amassed a million at thirty-five. It was his youthful lance which worsted that veteran of the stock tournament, Hon. Rodolphe Forget, for control of the Nova Scotia Steel Company. He now sits on a bench at Ottawa in Premier Borden's following, and is pointed out by gallery spectators as "The man who beat Fielding."



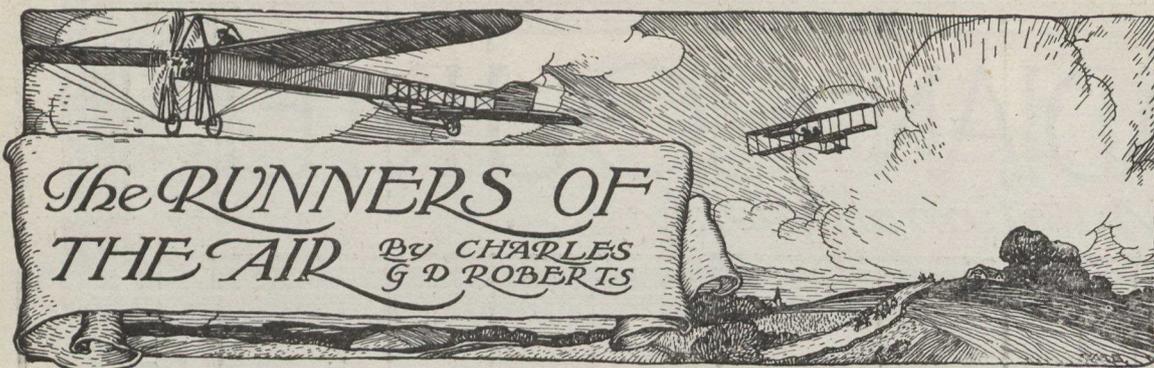
HON. MR. LANDRY  
Quebec City  
Who presides over the Red Chamber.



JUDGE HUGH T. KELLY  
Toronto  
Who succeeds the late Mr. Justice Macmahon in the Ontario High Court.



MR. F. B. McCURDY, M.P.  
Halifax  
"The Man who Beat Fielding."



## CHAPTER IX.

## RUNNING THE AIR.

AT midnight, exactly, both aeroplanes were run out of their hangars and the doors locked behind them. Then, within the shelter of the high-fenced enclosure, the motors were given a final test and everything aboard was minutely checked off to see that there had been no oversight.

At last the wide gates were thrown open and the great white biplane was rolled out into the practise field. The long, low, silvery form of the Antoinette, the specter of a giant dragon-fly, came crawling sluggishly after. Behind the machines the gates of the enclosure were locked. The hangars were to remain conspicuously guarded, that they might seem still occupied.

The night was one of Spring's most divine enchantment. A full moon, honey-yellow in a faintly purplish sky, swung just above the mountain ridge which bounded the valley on the east. There was no wind. But mild as was the night at the valley level, all four voyagers were clothed as for Winter travel, for Spring is a sluggard when it comes to mountain-climbing.

Each aeroplane carried a powerful acetylene head-light and, bright as was the moon, these lamps were lighted, in case there should be need to choose a landing-place suddenly on shadowed ground. But lighted though they were, their betraying glare was not in evidence, for the ingenious American had fitted them each with a metal shutter or blind, operated by a cord from the passenger's seat.

Besides these lamps, there was also a tiny but brilliant acetylene lamp attached under the hood of each passenger seat, for use in consulting the compass, the maps, the barometer, and the speed-gage.

Having the slower machine, Andrews was to get away first. Without a word he climbed into his seat. Old Ivan followed alertly and the first thing he did on gaining his place was to see that his rifle was exactly ready to his hand.

A few directions were given in strained, unnatural voices. The motors roared and the propellers set up their mystic drone. Every man present felt that he stood face to face with Destiny.

"I'm all ready, Serge."

The voice of Andrews, cool, crisp, decisive, struck as clear across the noise of the motors as if they had been still.

"All right, Bob. Go ahead!"

The commonplace words came slowly, weightily. The face of Count Sergius as he spoke was in shadow, beside the lofty *empennage* of the biplane.

"Let her go!" rang out the command of the Englishman, as if he were leading his company into battle.

The machine swept forward with a rush for some forty or fifty yards, then sailed majestically into the air. Rising steeply to a height of perhaps a hundred feet, it flew off down the valley toward the V-shaped pass where the river broke through its prisoning mountains.

Every one watched it breathlessly till it was no more than a mist-wraith in the illusive light. Then Count Sergius climbed into his machine, where Carver was already seated, with a big cigar between his teeth.

He leaned sideways and gave ear to the high drone of motor and propeller.

"She's working smooth as silk, Plamenac," said the American, in a tone of intense satisfaction.

Count Sergius turned and gazed at him for a moment or two in an amiable but absent-minded fashion. Then all at once his face changed and he seemed to swallow hard. Tears came into his eyes. He gripped the American's gloved hand.

"God!" he muttered—and the expletive sounded like a prayer—"I don't see what I've done to deserve that two such chaps as you and Andrews should stand by me this way. Old man, it must mean that God intends that I should succeed! Don't you see it? It's clear!"

Carver chewed hard on his cigar till the glowing tip described a wobbly circle and he returned the

grip of Count Sergius with vigor. Otherwise he made no reply. None, indeed, seemed necessary. Dropping his hand, Count Sergius glanced around at the men. Then, looking up at the pale stars, he lifted his hands for an instant in a gesture of invocation—and the mountaineers clutched off their caps.

Then—"Let her go, my friends! And pray for us!" said he.

The monoplane darted forward with such a rush that it seemed she was in the air at the first instant. Steady and unswerving she swept upward; the ground seeming to sink away as it slid beneath them.

"About a hundred and fifty feet," reported Carver presently.

Sergius brought her to her level and flew after the other aeroplane at top speed down the valley.

"Never before, in the history of the world," he cried—and the words stormed back to Carver's ears with the roar of the wind and the motor—"never before have men gone forth upon such an adventure as ours!"

"I was just thinking that same," replied Carver.

For some moments they were silent. Then Carver, peering ahead, spoke. "We don't seem to be overhauling Andrews very fast," he said. "But how he's mounting! He must be a thousand feet up!"

"He's finding air-currents, likely, there in the mouth of the pass and trying to get above them," answered Sergius. "We may as well follow suit. Saves time and petrol not to fight air-currents."

He slanted upward steadily and entered the pass at a height of fifteen hundred feet. Here there was full calm, for the crests were wide apart. Below, the gorge was in blackness, with the river, now a torrent, shining up through it, a ribbon of white foam.

THEY were overtaking Andrews rapidly, for they could see from the swervings of his machine that he was meeting adverse gusts at the turn of the gorge. Ten minutes more and they were almost above him and having no gusts at all to butt against. At this moment Andrews came slanting upward. After a rise of a couple of hundred feet he shook off the whirling adversaries. At once his speed returned; but he kept on mounting till he reached the level of the Antoinette.

Then the two machines flew on side by side, about fifty or sixty yards apart. Count Sergius slowed down a trifle, to keep from forging ahead.

"He's doing a good thirty-nine," said Carver. "The best he's ever got out of her. The Gods are with us!"

"We need them!" answered Count Sergius fervently. "We'll be crossing the frontier in some fifteen minutes at this rate. What's that down there to the left, across the gorge, on that bit of open field away up above the shadow? Is it two little patches of white?"

Carver levelled his glasses.

"Yes, I make it. It's the two white sheets that Gregory was to peg down at a good landing-place, where he'd hide some petrol. Good old Gregory! Ah, and there go the two fires the watchers were to light as soon as they heard or saw us coming, if the coast was clear."

"If we'd had a head wind, we'd have needed the stuff by this time," said Sergius. "But we're good for nearly two hours yet, if this calm holds."

About fifteen minutes later the Count spoke again. "There's the elbow of the gorge, where the boundary-line crosses the river. Once over that and we're in the enemy's country. The Austrians have a patrol on both sides of the river. We'll open up their camp-fires in half a minute. There! I think we'd better get up another four or five hundred feet."

"Shall I signal Andrews?" suggested Carver.

"No. Ivan will explain. And he'll follow us up quick enough."

By the time the aeroplanes were over the line they were not less than two thousand feet in the air. Staring down with awe from that terrific height, Carver noted the black shadows of the two aero-

planes sweep across the open space before the tents of the patrol. He saw tiny figures. Could such mites be men? They rushed out from the tents, aroused by that portentous humming in the sky. He lifted his glass. As he brought the camp into its field he ripped out an indignant oath.

"The dirty dogs!" he added. "They're going to fire on us!"

"They'll not find us much of a target," said Count Sergius with composure.

From the group before the tiny tents came a flash of keen, pale light. Then a small, flat report. As for the bullet, it may have gone anywhere—its whine had been drowned in the great drone of the propellers. The next moment came a report from the other aeroplane.

"By George, that Ivan can shoot!" cried the American. "He's hit the beggar in the hand or the arm. It serves him — well right, potting at us that way without any excuse whatever!"

"Ivan couldn't be expected to let that insult go unavenged," answered Count Sergius. "But I hope Andrews won't let him waste any more cartridges. We're here to run, not to fight—unless we get cornered."

Apparently Andrews was of the same opinion, for, doubtless much against his will, the old Montenegrin made no further display of his marksmanship. Nor did the Austrians fire again. They had probably found that shot from the sky discouraging.

A few minutes later, being well beyond range of any frontier patrol, Sergius sloped his great dragon-fly down to the fifteen-hundred-foot level, the big white biplane swooping after him. Almost immediately the gorge widened to a spacious valley. The river, forgetful of its tumult in the mountains, once more slipped waveless and silvery between tilled shores.

Following on down the river, they presently made out the scattered and feeble lights of dreaming Fotcha. Immediately Count Sergius turned his course sharp to the right, giving wide berth to the town and cutting off a long curve of the river.

Holding their course true by the compass, he struck the river again some twenty miles farther on. It led them close round the base of a southward-jutting shoulder, dense with oak-forest. Along the skirts of the wooded height lay frequent patches of meadow and pasture. Here Sergius dropped again, till his flight was not more than fifty feet above the tree-tops.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Twelve past three," announced Carver.

"Keep your eyes open," admonished Sergius. "Petrol's nearly out. And Gregory was to have established one of his depots about here."

The words were hardly out of his mouth, when, a little ahead and far to the left, the light of a small fire glowed through the trees. A few seconds more and another fire revealed itself, very near the first.

"Doesn't look a very likely place for a landing," said Carver, peering through his glass. "But we're too low to see. Better swing aloft."

"All right," responded Sergius. The dragon-fly shot upward, circling around toward the left. At a height of two hundred feet a lonely patch of upland meadow opened out, a sort of amphitheatre islanded in deep woods. There at the back of it burned discreetly the two signal-fires and near them two square white patches on the ground.

Circling widely, like the fishing eagle, the two aeroplanes descended over the meadow. At a height of not more than twenty feet above the ground, Sergius made a complete circuit of the meadow, satisfying himself that it afforded good landing. Then, gently as an alighting snipe, he came to earth just in front of the fires. Ten seconds later the biplane ranged up abreast of him, not twenty yards away.

Carver and old Ivan sprang eagerly from their seats, and Ivan, sputtering with exultation, ran forward to greet his friends by the fire. Andrews and Count Sergius climbed down stiffly, being cramped and half numb from the long strain and the cold. Andrews took out his watch. It was half past three and the night was just beginning to change with that mysterious gray pallor which comes in just before dawn. They had run the air for one hundred and fifteen miles!

"Kick up one of those fires a little bit, boys!" said Count Sergius, swinging his arms. "We're frozen!"

## CHAPTER X.

## OVER BOSNIA.

HERE they drank hot coffee, while their tanks drank petrol. Fifteen minutes sufficed, but to their impatience it was hours. The lowered moon was beginning to whiten and grow papery as they climbed back to their seats. They shook hands

(Continued on page 25.)

# Can Women Ever Get the Franchise?

By THE MONOCLE MAN

THE visit of Mrs. Pankhurst to Canada has created something of an interest in the woman suffrage question—a topic not very “live” with us except when we are temporarily stirred up by outside agitators. It may be more correct to say, perhaps, that our people have been interested to know what could be said in defence of the astonishing “Suffragette” tactics in England, where they seem to have about succeeded in finally killing all chances that woman suffrage will carry. Still they resemble a “sporting event”; and our people have never been accused of lacking interest in “sport.” They seem to be a sort of glorified “scrimmage,” with the “female team” made up of members of the aristocracy. I have not heard Mrs. Pankhurst, as I write; but I am told that she is a very gentle, refined and cultured lady, not at all like the virago the antics of her party would lead you to expect; and, in some curious fashion, this is taken by some people as practically cancelling the effect of the antics.

\* \* \*

HOWEVER, there is no question of the ladylike character of many of the “Suffragettes.” I know one myself—a Canadian—who is a perfect gentle-woman. Yet I haven't the least doubt that, in her devotion to a holy cause, she would smash a policeman on the nose with a stocking full of stones, and be all the time tremendously sorry that the innocent policeman and his still more innocent wife simply must, MUST be sacrificed. We have, however, quite a number of Suffragists in this country who deplore the tactics of their sisters, while holding sincerely that the suffrage should be given to women. They insist, too—like Mr. Lloyd-George—that the movement should not be damned because it is supported by a few crazy advocates. There is, however, a very close connection between the objection to “Suffragettes” and the objection to woman suffrage itself which these people seem to miss. The objection to the “Suffragette” movement at bottom is simply this—The women are trying to employ an “argument” which all masculine suffrage movements have employed with great success, but which women do not properly possess; and that is the “argument” of Force. If women could really marshal Force on their side, few would deny that a display of that final arbiter was the best method of getting their way. But the truth is women have every other weapon in the arsenal, except Force; and for her to demand the franchise by Force is as if a generation of dwarfs should demand the vote on the ground that all tall persons ought to have the franchise.

\* \* \*

IT was all right for the peasantry of France to argue with Force; for they had Force, as the Place de la Revolution proved. Force frightened the

British Parliament into carrying the Reform Bill; but it was real Force. It could, if driven to desperation, have won a Civil War. But the Suffragettes are merely showing how wholly without Force they are. They are like angry children who kick their nurse's shins. Still are they not right in seeing that Force—if they only had it—is the true key to the position? Think a minute! What is this suffrage that they want? How did we men come to get it? What does it mean? We use it to-day to decide who shall govern the nation, and what the general policy of that nation shall be. Did we always govern ourselves in this fashion? Let us look back. They were discussing which party should be in power in England a little before Columbus discovered this enlightened Continent. Were they holding a general election? Not exactly. They were fighting the Wars of the Roses. They were settling this purely political question by Force.

\* \* \*

OH! but that was long ago. Come down a bit. Some people in England did not like the government of Charles I. Did they vote him out? No! they forced him out. They had a Parliament, too, then; and they had what we call the franchise. But when a real issue arose, they took to Naseby and Marston Moor. Come nearer. There was another “general election” in England which resulted in the overthrow of the Government of James II. One of the “polling booths,” Toronto will never be allowed to forget, was held at the Boyne. Force once more. Then when Anne died and the House of Hanover came in, the English people had a narrow squeak from another “general election” with powder and shot. The King by now was regarded as pretty much the creation of Parliament; and yet the Stuarts did not try to carry the “elections”—they appealed to Culloden. As for the rest of the world at this time, France had not even the States-General; the Hapsburg was absolute in Austria; Germany and Italy were only geographical terms. The Franchise was beginning in England alone to make its way as a method of measuring Force.

\* \* \*

FOR that is what it is. We do not go to war to change our Governments now; we count noses and take it for granted that the greater number will have the greater Force. It saves waste and bloodshed. But even yet, when the issues are important, the minority at times appeals to the Supreme Court of the battlefield. Lincoln, for example, was elected by an anti-slavery majority; but the pro-slavery minority believed that the “greasy mechanics” of the North would not fight. So they appealed to

Force. And I believe that the Americans of 1860 were of a higher average of intelligence and morality and reason than the Americans of to-day. Always our elections mask possible Force. Did you not hear threats of Force when it looked as if Bryan would carry the Republic for “free silver” and so ruin the East? Aren't they talking Force in Ulster to-day?

\* \* \*

THE ballot-box is a Force Meter. Run a lot of non-Force ballots through it; and you will be in the position of the householder who finds that a lot of air has been run through his gas meter. He will no longer accept its verdict as true. Let the ladies put their ballots in the ballot-box, and then let a real issue arise; and a largely masculine minority will appeal to Force. Do you imagine, for example, that a majority of Englishmen would permit the ladies to vote the Empire out of India, if they had been stirred by some such crusade as the Lock Hospital affair? Do you imagine that that same male majority would allow a feminine majority to plunge Britain into war with Belgium over the Congo atrocities when such a step would throw Belgium into the arms of Germany? Woman Franchise would create a profound distrust of the ballot-box as a Force Meter; and so give civilization a setback it might not recover in a century. I am not joking when I say that, with the best will in the world, we cannot give the ladies the ballot—we can only let them “spoil it,” as a substitute for the horrors of Civil War. It might be a gallant action, but gallantry has small place in national warfare.

\* \* \*

NOW, of course, by the franchise, I mean the National Franchise. If the ladies will take hold of our schools, they will help them a lot—the education of their own children is precisely one of the tasks for which they are especially well-fitted. The ladies are our home-makers; and they would make unmatched municipal house-keepers. They would give us clean streets that were clean, stop the spitting habit, put sanitary cars in commission, find us pure water, and generally make the cities better worth living in. By all means give them the municipal franchise. Personally, I wouldn't like to see them jostling with aldermen in the council-room; but I would dearly like to see a Woman's Committee or Commission with civic tasks of its own. But this sort of voting is an entirely different thing from the Franchise—the substitute which Civilization has painfully found for Force. If the women want to keep us on the present higher level where we settle our differences in superior fashion to the brutes, then, in the name of humanity, do not let them tamper with the intricate machinery of the Force Meter which we have slowly learned to trust!

## Going Through College

By CLARK E. LOCKE

A COLLEGE education to-day is not a matter of money, but of ambition. A power of application and a knowledge of hard work are more essential to the student than a balance at the bank. An Arts graduation is no longer regarded as an aristocratic luxury, but as a democratic privilege; and for every man capable of the aspiration, it exists as a possibility abundantly capable of fulfillment. The sweat of his brow by which a man eats bread will also warrant his education.

People do not readily recognize that the self-made college graduate is a possibility. The dizzy glory of the plunging half-back hides him; the sage grey heads nodding in approval at scholarship laurels ignore him. But this lack of recognition bothers him little; he has his own peculiar glory, the self-satisfaction, the confidence which only comes to those who have fought a good fight and finished their course. Now there was the case of John.

IT was an eleventh-hour decision on John's part, for not until the last year at High school did he determine on a university training. He was but an ordinary youth, and to him as to every other at one time in his life came the thought of a college education, and his eyes grew bright and his heart swelled at the thought of it. But he had suppressed it. “It is out of the question,” he had said, “there are several reasons why I can never do it.” Even as he spoke he felt his many reasons dwindle

and merge into one, the mighty one of finance. And here stood the boy on the eve of matriculation, and once more the university thrust its wonderful bulk before his imagination and beckoned him. And he, foolishly enough he thought, allowed the temptation so long subdued to again appear. Thrusting his hand into his pockets the jingle of a few coins brought him to his senses. Ah, the money. That was the trouble. Fifteen dollars and twenty cents and thinking of college. Faugh! What was the use of it? Father could not help; were there not yet three children to be educated.

At this juncture the thought came to him, “Why not put myself through?” It may seem ridiculous to know that the boy regarded this idea as an inspiration. He had never heard of fellows paying their own way through an advanced education. The country town he lived in, took no interest in universities. Most people were content to have William and Mary pass the Entrance examination, and then consider their education completed. The High school staff even never looked beyond the turning out of teachers and matriculants, and taught but two languages with that end in view. But no matter, in this his last year at High school John had determined to go to college.

IT is a moot question as to which makes the most out of his four academic years, he who enters with expenses all paid, or he who struggles with his

finances all the way through. And the question is not so one-sided as may at first appear. Granting both men determination, ambition, and application, as students they rank about the same, but their circumstances are necessarily different. A mistake is frequently made in this connection and that, too, with a good intention. It is claimed that the self-made student graduates the stronger man. Is this a fact? Yes and no. Because of his position, the self-supporting man perforce must spread his energies into different fields. His means of livelihood demands a large part of time and thought, and then turning to the scholarly part, for the sake of application he is forced to redouble his energy. On the other hand, the scholar with only the purely educational part to consider, finds more time, opportunities, and advantages, to assist him toward his purpose. It is conceded that university authorities throughout the world, in lowering fees and making general expenses lighter, are beginning to recognize that whereas the young man who puts himself through, may prove a splendid scholar and be better fitted for pushing his way in the business world, his more affluent contemporary has enjoyed opportunities for scholarly advancement which are usually beyond the reach of the other. But John had settled the matter for himself; he would be responsible for his own Art's course.

That summer he spent as usual, clerking in Tanner's corner grocery. In the Fall he reckoned up his accounts. Two months and a half at ten dollars per week, had made him an even hundred. This,

together with his dwindled bank balance amounted to one hundred and nine dollars. One hundred and nine dollars, and thinking of college. Now had the boy known it, to think of a year in Arts with such a sum in pocket, was utter folly. Even the faith of a Moses could not shift the mountainous difficulties which would hedge him round. The most abstemious self-sacrificing young men can barely keep within the two-hundred-dollar limit. But very fortunately, the interest of another party had been aroused and a good angel appears on his behalf. In this ordinary little country town there lived a merchant, retired and well-to-do, and he, chancing to hear of the boy's intention, called him in one day. In the conversation which followed he outlined a plan but recently mentioned to him.

THERE are two ways in which men push their way through college to-day. Some will engage in business of a financial nature during spare hours, and thus pay their way as they go. Last year it was remarked in a group of fellows that Brown never seemed to be around the college out of lecture hours. "Why he's in business," exclaimed one, "I saw him in a store on King Street the other day." This method has been very much in vogue, but the plan referred to by the old merchant is gradually superseding it in popularity. The "insurance" method consists in an agreement between two parties, one lacking funds for an education, the other willing to lend assistance. The party of the first part insures his life and hands over the policy to the party of the second part, as collateral security for the money he advances from time to time, at a fixed rate of interest, and the yearly premiums he pays on the policy. Thus the student has money, the lender has security, and both parties are satisfied. All of which explains how John set off to college.

After the May examinations, five thousand young fellows were turned loose from Toronto University, and the four golden summer months lay before them to be exploited and redeemed. One went to his farm, another to his merchandise, some considered a holiday, but the majority looked for a job. John, determined to work, hardly knew on what to lay his hand. He applied for work in different business places. Then he began to learn things. Any experience? No. Well we can't do anything for you. Sometimes they told him that trade was dull in the summer. Oh yes, they would put his name on the waiting-list, but where was the satisfaction in that. The man at the desk hasn't time to study faces or personalities. John began to buy the *Telegram* every night. No need to say what page he devoured so eagerly. Surely the sporting news, editorials, or the funny column. "Not a very funny column," he thought grimly, as he leaned against the bank

on the corner. "Let's have a look, gov'nor," an eager, husky voice whispered at his ear, and a dirty, stubby finger ran down the "Wanted" column in front of him. But what is a fellow to do in a big city, with board and lodging running away with his last few dollars. One can't borrow money to live on. Always a source of employment remains. Mark, always a source of employment, sometimes of remuneration. Students may come and go, times change, but the book agency is constant. It never fails. Annually it selects its quota of victims. To the bankrupt student, it's glowing prospectus is irresistible. So John went in and talked with the manager.

HE started out next day with a book under his arm, and a fifty per cent. commission promise tucked away in his vest pocket. It was a good book, a family book, one for everybody to read, and it ought to go splendidly. The publisher said "like hot cakes." John worked hard. He met the usual people. There was the grim-faced lady who always listened through the locked screen door. She was hopeless. Very few arguments will stand the screen-door test. Then came the busy matron. She had a duster on her head, and a smudge of stove polish on the left cheek, and anyone could see that she was busy, that is, of course, anyone but an agent. He would begin bravely, "Madam, I have a little work here—." At this point he usually stopped, for the door had usually closed. He met the funny fellow who always had lots of fun with the agents, the man who didn't believe in so much reading for the "wimmen-folk," and the dear, deceptive old lady. She looked so kind and motherly, standing patiently in the doorway, listening attentively to his exposition, even encouraging further explanation. "Here surely is a good sale," thinks John, "perhaps two," and he calculates quickly. Two books at one-fifty per, makes three dollars, and half belongs to me. One-fifty. So he holds out his subscription book, rolls the pencil toward her in the most approved salesman style, but—No, she cannot take one, although she is "sure" it "must be" a good book, it is "simply impossible." And after all that, he must lift his hat and smile, though his mouth is dry, and his throat sore from talking. Discouraging? Well rather. Yes, he went through it all, did well some days, too, and sold books, but he threw up the job. It was not because as Eugene Wood maintains, that on some days he could not force himself to do it, not because there was no one to hear him recite, and mark him 85 per cent., not even because there was no one to stand over him and make him do it, but because the summer was half-gone, and the money wasn't coming in. He had learned something, too. He had learned that the book-agency business is played out. Even

the mildest and most philanthropic feels a burst of surprising enmity towards the man who rings the front door bell, and tries to sell something. Every heart is hardened to his appeal. Persistence, extolled as a business virtue, becomes a crime in the book agent.

WELL he must have steady work. He bought a paper again and turned to the old familiar page. Ah! the very thing. "Men Wanted—to hoe \$1.50 per day. Apply at once, etc." Here at last was something he could do, and the pay was sure at least. No off days in this either. He walked a mile to work in the morning. "Poor section of the city," he thought, sniffing the air. "Where does Blank live?" he shouted across to a man in a yard. "Up there by the glue-factory. Follow the smell," came the reply. He followed directions without difficulty. A group of men were sharpening hoes in a field adjoining the factory. "Another man! Sure; help yourself to a hoe," and in line they trudged off to the end of the field. Hoeing sugarbeets is usually not an unpleasant job. This hoe had been fertilized with factory refuse. At one end lay a small lake of drainage, crusted over with thick dirty-grey scum. Little boys paddled in the warm, greasy water, and the stench about the place was appalling. He remembered all these things. They would be something to look back to, after graduation. John was a fairly good hoer. True the sun was very hot and the blue-green flies buzzed horribly about the soil, still he managed to keep up with the other two white men. The Macedonians were slow workmen, and kept together farther down the rows. In three weeks the hoeing was finished.

THEN college re-opened, and he went back with money in his pocket. He enjoyed the college year. Lined up for rugby in the field, gained an office in the Lit., figured in a small way in the social affairs, and carried his year without a star. Of course in view of the little debt to be paid some day, he always felt careful of his expenditure, but never to an embarrassing extent. The next summer passed splendidly. A little shrewdness and foresight early in the Spring term had settled that. Julius Caesar in his Gaelic history favoured the expression, "That which I thought would happen actually did happen." So, too, with the boy, who found his first faint hopes of an education realized in graduation. He did not get the gold medal, but he was sure, nor even first-class honours, for he was but an ordinary boy, but the folks in the old home town were proud of him, proud of his ambition and scholarship, prouder that he had worked out his own educational salvation, and had shown that any boy with average ability, shrewdness, and application might do likewise.

## The Essence of a Man

By ALAN SULLIVAN

THROUGH level lines of streaming snow, a huge figure loomed large and portentous. Vanishing in blinding gusts, it ever and ever appeared again, thrusting itself onward with dogged persistence. Across flat and frozen plains forged the great piston-like legs, driving down his snowshoes with a clocklike regularity that suggested, rather than told of, enormous muscular force. Behind him, knee-deep, toiled five yellow-coated, black-muzzled dogs, their shoulders jammed tight into their collars, their tawny sides rippling with the play of straining tendons; and, last of all, a long, low toboggan lurched indomitably on, the trampled trail breaking into a surge of powdered snow under its curving bow.

Into the teeth of the gale pushed this pigmy caravan—a gale that was born on the flat shores of Hudson Bay, that breasted the slopes of the Height of Land, that raged across the blank white expanse of Lac Seul, and was now shrieking down, dire and desolate, to the ice-bound and battlemented borders of Lake Superior. It was a wind that had weight. Tom Moore felt its vast and impalpable force, as he leaned against it, when he stopped for breath. It assailed him—it tore steadily, relentlessly, at him, as if seeking to devour—it lashed the stinging grains into his face, and into the open mouths of his panting dogs—it smoothed out the crumpled trail as the wake of a ship is obliterated by closing waters—till, a moment after his passing, the snow ridges lay trackless and unruffled. Still, however insignificant in these formless wastes, that silent progress held steadily on; and so it had held from early morn. These black specks on a measureless counterpane, guided by some unerring instinct that lurked far back in the big half-breed's brain,

were making an unswerving line for a wooded point that thrust out a faint and purple finger, far ahead in the gathering dusk. As they drew slowly in, the wind began to abate its force, and Tom, peering out from the mass of ice that was cemented to his mouth and eyes, looked for some sheltering haven. The dogs smelled the land, and more eagerly flung themselves into the taut traces, while over them gathered the shadows of the welcome woods.

Peter Anderson, the Hudson Bay factor at Lac Seul, was low in provisions, and had sent to the Ignace post a curt suggestion that the deficiency be supplied; and Tom Moore's laden toboggan was the brief, but practical answer to his letter. The three-hundred-pound load was made up of the bare necessities of life—pork, flour, and the like; these, delivered, would be worth seventy-five cents a pound and thirty dollars a sack respectively; and Tom was the arbiter of transportation. In summer his canoe thrust its delicate bows through the waterways that interlaced the two posts, and in winter his snowshoes threaded the stark and frozen wilderness. He had always travelled alone on the ice. Nature had moulded him with such a titan frame, so huge and powerful a body, so indomitable and fearless a soul, that he had become accustomed to laughing at the fate that overtook many of his tribe. They disappeared every now and then, utterly, silently, and mysteriously; but ever Big Tom moved on, the incarnation of force and of life that mocked at death.

When, two days before, MacPherson had summoned him to the Ignace post, and pointed to the

pile of provisions, and said laconically: "For Anderson, at Lac Seul," Tom had merely grunted "How," and set out to harness his dogs. But the last day had brought him more serious reflection. By the flight of the goose it was two hundred miles and by the winter trail perhaps two hundred and fifteen; and of these forty now lay behind him. He made his camp, he lit his fire, he flung to eat a ravenous dog a frozen whitefish, and ate, himself, almost as sparingly; then, rolled in his rabbit-skin blanket, he lay down on his back, and looked up at the winking stars.

About midnight the wind changed, and veered into the southeast, bringing with it a clammy drizzle, half snow, half rain, that plastered the trees with a transparent enamel, and spread over the surface of the earth a sheet of ice, half an inch thick and exceeding sharp.

In that shivering hour which heralds the dawn a branch cracked sharply a little distance from the camp. One of the dogs twitched an ear, and Tom was too deep in sleep to notice it. The five huskies were buried in snow beneath a tree, from a branch of which swung a sheaf of rigid fish, suspended in the air for security. But, in the half-light, something moved, a something that turned upon the smouldering fire great luminous eyes, and give it out again in a changing iridescence. Around the eyes was a white-gray mask, crowned with short-black-pointed ears; behind the ears moved noiselessly a tawny body, with heavy legs and broad, soft pads. It slipped from tree to tree, touching the ground lightly here and there, till the great lynx hung, motionless and menacing, above

(Continued on page 22.)

# SOME PICTURE STORIES FROM GREAT BRITAIN



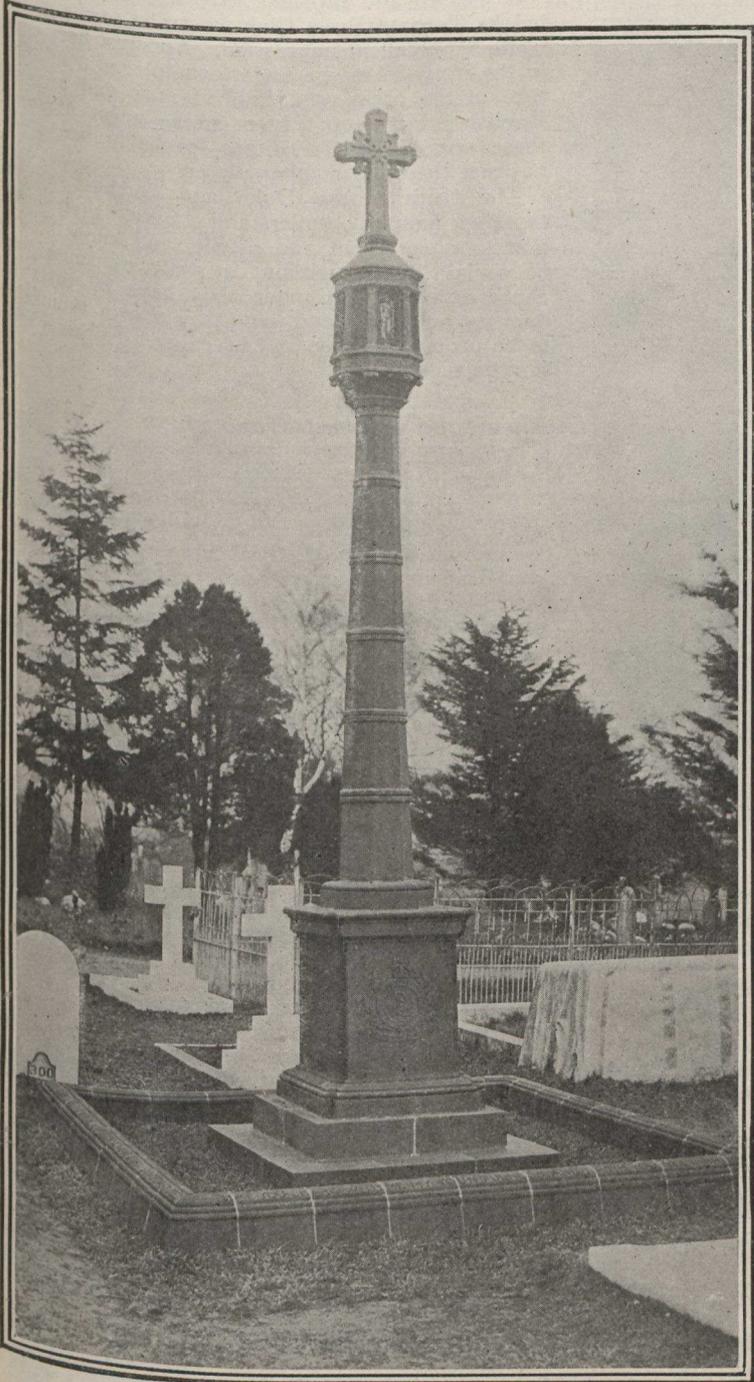
Mr. Bonar Law, the new leader of the Unionist Party in Great Britain, speaking at the great Unionist gathering held at Leeds immediately after his selection as leader.

Photo by Topical.



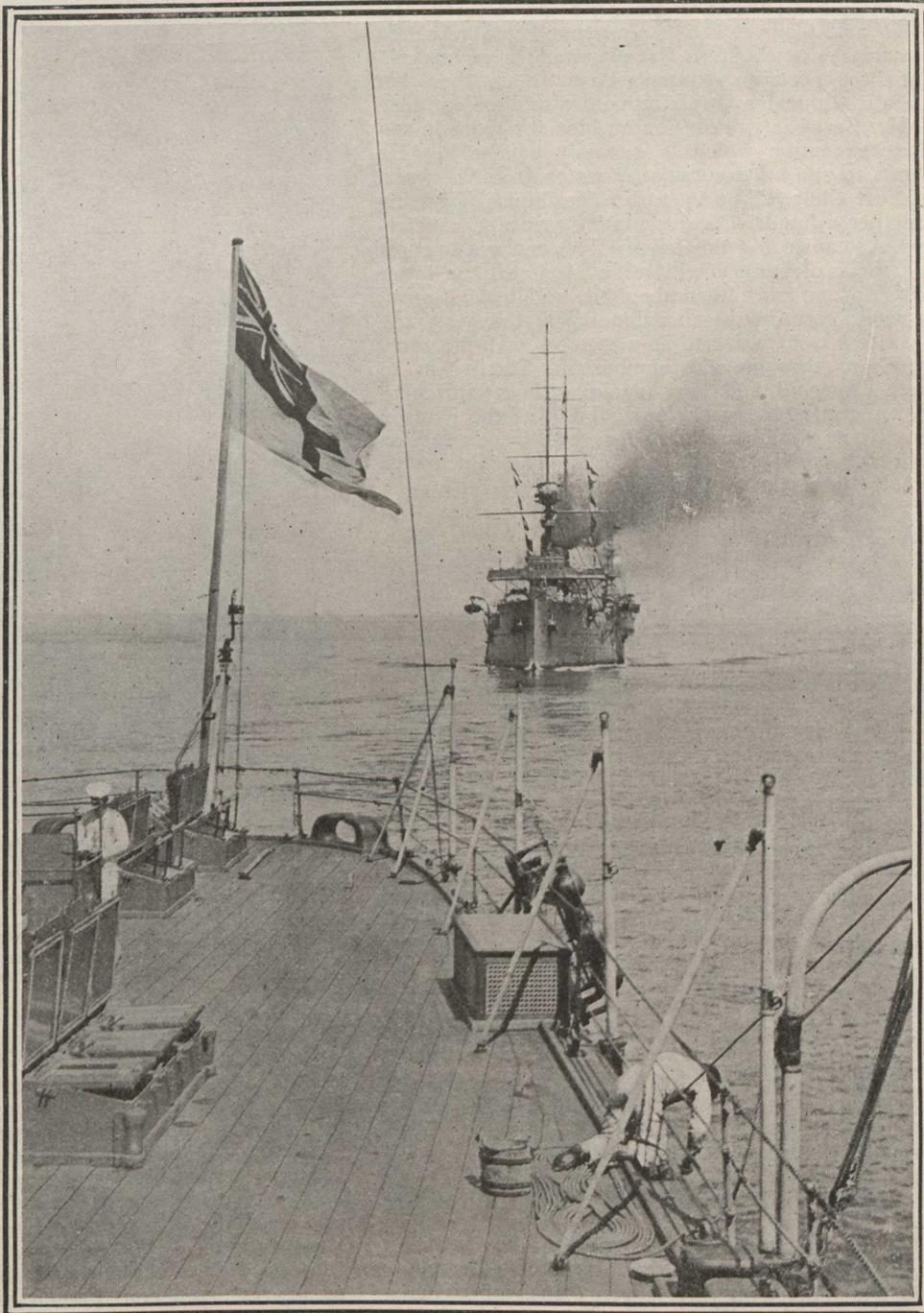
A recent picture of Bonar Law, M.P. the Canadian born British statesman.

Photo by L.N.A.



Memorial erected by the officers of the Aldershot command in memory of Lieut. Gzowski of the Queen's Own Rifles, of Toronto, who died of fever while that regiment was in England in September, 1910.

Photo by Topical.



A picture taken from the deck of H. M. S. "Argyle" showing the Medina, the vessel which bore the King and Queen to India. They arrived at Bombay on December 2, and at Delhi on December 7. The Durbar, or crowning of the King and Queen as Emperor and Empress of India, took place on December 12.

Photo by Topical.

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## A Sublime Optimist.

JUST the other day in the famous rotunda of the Russell House, Ottawa, I met Mr. William Beech, the man who has pinned his faith to Port Churchill as the future grain port of Western Canada. Many a trip has Beech made from Winnipeg to Fort Churchill and back. Summer or winter makes little difference to him when he desires to visit his townsite. Nevertheless, he prefers the summer trip. He usually leaves Winnipeg about the middle of June and returns about the middle of August. With his tall, erect figure, and his long, but tidy, silvered beard, he has little of the appearance of a voyageur or a coureur du bois. Yet he is a trail maker of the nineteenth century quite equal in many respects to those romantic figures of two centuries ago whom Parkman, Ballantyne and Fennimore Cooper have made famous. His subdued tones and confident manner are what one would expect from a pioneer trailsman even though his facial appearance refuses to confirm this impression.

When I mentioned to Beech that it looked as if the Hudson Bay Railway, which has been built and rebuilt on paper by several governments, would likely go to the mouth of the Nelson instead of to Fort Churchill, he did not seem a bit dismayed. He quite admitted the possibility; and the admission was made in a quiet, off-hand, careless manner which indicated that it made no difference to his ideas and plans. The explanation came when he remarked that Western Canada would need not one, but three, ports on Hudson's Bay. It was then that I realized that I was talking with a sublime optimist.

Mr. Beech is working on an idea for more immediate execution which is certainly admirable. He wants to run an excursion by water from Montreal to Fort Churchill and return. He thinks of getting together a hundred representative men and chartering a steamer for the trip. If he can get support for the project they will leave Montreal the latter part of June and return about the middle of August. It would certainly be an unique excursion party and I confess to a desire to be a member. If the party could go through Northumberland Straits, in to Fort Churchill and back again without difficulty, then the question of the navigability of the Hudson Bay Route would be settled forever. Here's success to Beech and his Fort Churchill party. Such men supply the springs of national progress.

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## McGill and Montreal.

MONTREAL is to be congratulated upon its appreciation of the work done by McGill University. Canada has too many universities, but of these institutions none has performed services equal to those of McGill. Unlike the University of Toronto, it is not a state institution. Unlike Queen's University, it has no connection with a church organization. It is therefore a purely voluntary institution. As such it should command the sympathy of the general public in the section of the country which it serves most. That the citizens committee which undertook to raise one and a half millions for it a few days ago were able to do so within so short a space of time, proves the civic spirit of the Montreal people and the general good feeling of the Canadian people towards their universities. It was a fine spectacle.

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## Not Very Creditable.

OTTAWA newspapers are authority for the statement that a "round robin" was recently put in circulation in the House of Commons, requesting Mr. Borden to prorogue before Christmas so that members might draw two indemnities instead of one during their first year. This is not creditable to the members of the House. Indeed one wonders sometimes at the selfishness of the members of that honourable body.

To the credit of the best men in the House, it must be stated that the "round robin" referred to failed to meet with their support and consequently failed. The *Free Press* says: "The real representatives of the people, the men who are constant in their attendance at the sessions of the House, would have none of it."

By reducing the size of the standing committees, the new Government has made the first move to-

wards shortening the sessions and increasing efficiency. There is some talk of having a committee deal with non-contentious items in the estimates with a view of still further lessening the amount of time necessary for the despatch of parliamentary business. Another ancient, but ever new, suggestion, is the abolition of Hansard. This would decrease the temptation to make long speeches and have a decided effect upon the length of the sessions.

There is another suggestion which looks toward a fuller House and fewer members in the smoking rooms. It is difficult to see how compulsory attendance could be worked out, but possibly it might. The average member spends less than half his time in the House. The proceedings drag so horribly that he cannot endure continuous sittings.

Whatever the remedy or remedies, a six-months session, such as we have had in several recent years, is not a necessity, and is subversive of parliamentary discipline and efficiency. Long sessions mean inattentive members, and inefficient administration on the part of cabinet ministers.

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## Influencing the Press.

WHEN a large corporation or business gets in trouble with the public, it is usually anxious to placate the press. If it hasn't been advertising in the papers, it proceeds to spend a "bunch" of money in that way, hoping that this will temper the attitude of these guardians of the public



MR. SAMUEL GOMPERS

Autocrat of the American Federation of Labour, as he appeared on arrival at the Union Station, Toronto, during his last visit to Canada in November, 1909. He is the smaller man in the picture. He is much in the public eye now because of the confession made by the McNamara brothers.

rights. Sometimes the move is successful. During the insurance investigation some years ago, one life insurance company came out in the leading daily papers with large advertisements telling of the merits of its business and apparently appealing to the public in the regular advertising way. That company doesn't believe in newspaper advertising. It was not spending its money in that way before the investigation, nor has it spent its money in that way since the investigation closed. The inference is natural and clear.

Recently there has appeared in a number of leading papers throughout Canada an illustrated article telling of the wonderful growth of the United Shoe Machinery Company, at Montreal. It purports to be a reprint of an article by Howland E. Watson, first published in a Canadian magazine, but it is an advertisement pure and simple. The better newspapers put the mystic sign: "(advt.)" at the

end. Is it not reasonable to suppose that the Canadian magazine and the daily papers were paid much good money to advertise this company, simply because an investigation is now being held in Montreal to find out whether or not this company combine or something of that sort? Is it reasonable to assume that there is a faint hope in the minds of some persons connected with the United Shoe Machinery Company that this general expenditure of money will make the press sympathetic in its reports of the investigation?

Of course, it is reasonable to assume that a newspaper is as friendly towards its advertisers as other business man is towards his customers. Nevertheless it is foolish for any man or any number of men to think that the press of Canada can be muzzled by an unusual or exceptional advertising appropriation. Perhaps the United Shoe Machinery Company had nothing of the kind in mind; if it had not, then it is merely a curious coincidence.

\* \* \*

## The Duke Goes A-visiting.

A NUMBER of journalists of the pugna semi-socialistic type are wondering about the Duke and his receptions at Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton and Kingston. When they first heard His Royal Highness was likely to come to Canada they tore their hair and declared that this continent was not a fit place for royalty or that royalty was not fit for the continent. Yet the destiny which guides our supply of executive heads headed for the Duke and the Duke came. And, lo the evenness of Canadian life is undisturbed.

Even his visit to Toronto, that most democratic of cities, was apparently pleasing to the people. Every function in his honour was most successful. Every person who met him and his Royal Highness was pleased and satisfied. He was even welcomed by the Toronto Press Club where he seems to have made an excellent impression. And just here comes in the irony of it—he undertook to read a mild lecture to the press on behalf of pure and unadorned English. He doesn't seem to be a bit afraid of these semi-socialistic editors—probably because he has met the type in other places.

The truth is the Duke and Duchess are intensely human, understand fully their relation to government and people, and know how to be social leaders without a show of superiority. Since arriving in Canada they have by their varying politeness and sympathy shown themselves to be people of sense and breeding. Nothing more is required.

\* \* \*

## Manitoba's Great Harvest.

MANITOBA may be the postage-stamp province but it certainly grows grain. To the mind it is wonderful to think that such a small province should in one year produce six million bushels of wheat and seventy-three million bushels of oats, and twenty-three million bushels of barley. Yet such is the Manitoba government's estimate of the yield in 1911. Of course, this is an exceptional year. The wheat crop is twenty-two million bushels and the oat crop is twenty million bushels larger than last year.

The moral for all Canadians is, "Have Faith." This country is only on the threshold of its greatness. There are wonderful things to come.

\* \* \*

## Women and the Ballot.

WOMEN who want the ballot must learn to use the ballot. The Kingston *Whig* tells us that the day of the women is coming, but adds: "In Kingston many of them have votes and will use them. They refuse to visit the polls on account." The *Whig* concludes, and most people will agree, that "universal suffrage cannot be expected while limited suffrage remains a failure." Women cannot secure the ballot by any means other than an evidence of willingness to use it with respect for its power. They must show "public spirit." They are coming closer to doing this, a few steps more will bring them to their goal. Let them poll every woman's vote in municipal elections and it will be an evidence of their capacity for a further share in government.

Ontario General Election 1908		Ontario General Election 1911	
Conservatives	- 86	Conservatives	- 84
Liberals	- 19	Liberals	- 21
Labour	- 1	Labour	- 1
	106		106

# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## THE EDITOR'S SCRAP HEAP

### Christmas Gift Giving.

THE season is right upon us. We can feel it in the air, we can see it in all the shops and periodicals. There is not one of us who has not been touched by the magic brush of gift giving, and—let us whisper it softly—there is scarcely one of us who has not allowed the little sprite of compulsory gift-giving to whisper in our ears.

Women are credited with being the most precipitous givers. They are said to rush into it, with all their heart and soul, and never stop to consider whether they are violating the sacred principles for which the season stands. You can see them wandering around the shops, carrying tiny pads and pencils, and deftly stroking off the names, as they are outfitted with a suitable gift.

The spirit of competition seems to have stolen into our modern habit of Christmas giving. The cry no longer is, "I would really like to give Mrs. So and So a present this year, but don't know how to do it, without making her feel sorry she had not given me any." This is what one hears to-day, when discussing the habit with one's teacup acquaintances. "Dear me, I suppose I'll have to get something for Mrs. Spendum. I am quite sure she intends to give me something. She hinted as much at the Hightone's bridge, the other night. I'll look at the bargains to see if they won't have some little cheap thing on sale, just for a remembrance, you know."

"Just for a remembrance." What a misconception of that sweet old phrase! In the olden days, a remembrance was one of the most cherished of all gifts. Is it possible that as civilization advances, the most beautiful of thoughts are to be turned into mercenary satisfaction of having paid a social debt? Insincerity among women is probably due to the fact that everyone longs to be a "good fellow," but seems almost at a loss how to obtain that title. But we are all beginning to realize that a successful Christmastide does not depend so much on the amount of money expended on the gift as of careful thought.

\* \* \*

### The Society Germ.

ROYALTY are in our midst. We know it from the society columns of the newspapers, we feel it from the conversation that is wafted toward us in the cars, on the streets, in the theatre lobbies. Several cities have been visited by our Royal Governor-General and his handsome consort, since they first came amongst us. And there is scarcely a kiddie on any of the streets of the cities visited, who cannot tell what the noble couple look like. Which is just as it should be, for does not Canada's Governor-General administer the affairs of all classes, rich and poor alike, and should not the kiddies in the streets be taught the greatness of those in power? And everyone was out to see. Toronto declared a half-holiday the day the Duke and Duchess arrived—which was very proper and very patriotic, just as it should have been. And then there was a civic reception. That is where we caught sight of the society germ. It lurked in every possible corner of Toronto's fine city hall, it crowded the corridors and wound along toward the Council Chamber. And arriving at that Most Holy Edifice, it proceeded to gnaw and gnaw at its victim's will-strings till they snapped suddenly, and first thing we knew, each afflicted one marched in solemn swing up toward the Royal pair, who sat bowing graciously to each aspirant for social honours. Truly, it was civic. From the dusky hued representative of the South, to the poor, old woman who boasted only one costume and that a shirtwaist and skirt, the civic spirit of Toronto was well repre-

sented. And to each and all, our Governor-General and his Duchess emphasized the old, old adage of "Noblesse Oblige." Not once did they allow an expression of boredom to overshadow their countenances.

And so it goes. The reception was utterly inclusive. All the social aspirants realized that fact, and acted upon it. How they crowded the corridors to be the next to bow to the Royal pair! There is something about this society germ, more potent than all the swords of all the nations, more alluring than the most fascinating novel which, in vain, would keep one by the fireside, more distracting than a whole colony of servant problems. The Duke and Duchess have gone back to Rideau Hall, leaving in their train some thousands of satisfied souls, with unsatisfied longings for many more civic receptions.

\* \* \*

### On Suffrage.

THE latest news tells us that England has, at last been disposed to look favourably on the suffrage question. The women who have been working for this, their greatest triumph, deserve all the credit possible. They have been thinking women, who realize that there is a great crisis overhanging the civilized nations, and know that they are the ones to prevent that crisis from swooping down and enveloping the feminine elements of civilization.

Mrs. Pankhurst is with us, once more. People who expected to see some howling virago were doomed to bitter disappointment, for they beheld, a dignified, womanly woman, who has a keen insight into the great issues of the country, who has made a study of things as they really are, and who knows, to the letter, whereof she speaks. We say, perhaps, that here in Canada, we do not need enfranchisement for women, that conditions are satisfactory enough. Possibly, yes, as far as we can see. But when we consider the thousands of young girls who go to the cities utterly unprotected, when we think of the hundreds of places which hold out inviting arms to them, and open hospitable doors, when we come to realize that there are hundreds of such places right before our own eyes, if we would only look and see them, it is then that we are obliged to reverence the movement which Mrs. Pankhurst and her colleagues are endeavouring to bring to a successful outcome.

The unthinking shrink from the mention of such things as these women are trying to bring under the public search-light. They say they are indecent and should not be discussed. And that is the greatest possible argument in the suffrage leaders' favour. It is their intention to bring about such a state of affairs as will eventually make any discussion impossible, simply because there will be no such subject. Young girls will be protected by law, there will be a higher tone in political life, and the attributes which make a good woman the greatest creation of the Almighty will be brought into force.

\* \* \*

### Christmas in the Shops.

NOW indeed is the time when one can help the tired shop girls. The shops are stifling, particularly in the afternoons, the shop girls are in a constant turmoil. Customers are busy people, truly, but there are often little moments which can be snatched in between hours of business, little moments which mean so much to the girls whose duty it is to stand from eight till five or six and appear pleasant to all. Let us all re-echo the slogan, "Shop early and make the shop girls happy." M. B.



Toronto Brides are always fair to look upon. This is a photograph of Mrs. Cecil Crampton, an October bride.



# The Shadow on the Dial

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

As one grows older, Christmas becomes more and more the time for remembrance. The garlands should be woven of rosemary rather than merry holly, because rosemary, "that's for remembrance." But Canadian gardens do not grow rosemary; the *Encyclopaedia Americana* lists it as "not hardy north of Virginia." And so you will never see the rosemary at Christmas night in full bloom, what time also the cattle turn eastward in their stalls to hail the newly-risen Star. This is what they sing about the rosemary—ros maris, sea-dew—in Suffolk of the long and crumbling coasts:

Rosemary green,  
Rosemary gray,  
Name of old, incensewort,  
Flower like sea spray.

Dew of the ocean, fair Rosemarine,  
By hall and by cottage  
There you are seen.

Old Christmas Day,  
Hear them declare,  
Rosemary's silver gray  
Blossoms are there.

Incense from garden  
Lowly and fair,  
Their homage and worship  
This winter night share.

With men and with angels,  
With beasts in the stall,  
Who eastward have turned them  
To the Maker of all.

Rosemary green,  
Rosemary gray,  
Why do you blossom  
On old Christmas Day?"

Nor will you now hear the old, old carols, except at a concert, where they are as strange as shepherds strayed into a city with a gospel of faith and loveliness to which no one has time to listen. Some six years ago an effort was made, by some Englishmen exiled in New York, to revive the beautiful old custom of carol-singing in its own proper sphere, which is the sphere of night and snow and stars and of friendly windows hailing with their lights the season of peace. It was a brave and touching effort, but I believe it was never repeated. We are too self-conscious in these days to sing in the streets for the pleasure of our friends. At Oxford they still bring in the boar's head, and sing the carol sung five hundred years ago—

"Caput apri defero,  
Reddens laudes Domino—  
The bore's heed in hand brynge I  
With garlans gay and rosemary,  
And I pray you all sing merely  
Qui estis in convivio"

Even older versions of this carol are said to exist; the ceremony that it celebrates dates back—so the learned tell us—to the sun-festival of Babylon and the wild boars slain yearly in honour of Tammuz.

Froude found some beautiful carols in the *Commonplace Book of Richard Hilles*; foremost among them that which he justly termed "exquisitely graceful:

"There is a flower sprung of a tree,  
The root of it is called Jesse.  
A flower of price—  
There is none such in Paradise.  
Of lily white and rose of Ryse,  
Of primrose and of flower-de-lyse,  
Of all flowers in my devyse,  
The flower of Jesse beareth the prize,  
For most of all  
To help our souls both great and small."

Most beautiful, too, is the carol of Joseph and Mary, taken from an old miracle play, familiar to most of us in its first lines:

"As Joseph was a-walking  
He heard an angel sing,"  
not so familiar the lovely ending—

"Then Mary took her young Son  
And set him on her knee—  
'I pray thee now, dear Child,  
Tell how this world shall be?'

'This world shall be like  
The stones in the street,  
For the sun and the moon  
Shall bow down at thy feet.

And upon a Wednesday  
My vow I will make,  
And upon a Friday  
My death I will take.

And upon the third day  
My uprising shall be  
And the sun and the moon  
Shall rise up with me.'

\* \* \*

THERE is another strange old story about a warrior who bore the golden wings upon his shield and his helm. He was no true knight of the age of romance, but a rough Northman, who was too proud to bow the knee to the new God whom Olaf the King gave to Norway. He said Odin and Thor were his gods and he would be their man as long as he lived unless they themselves bade him go. So he painted gold wings on his shield to show he was a free man and golden wings he wrought on his helm to show he could go where he would, and he took ship and sailed away from the displeasure of Olaf. The world was wide in those days, and the warrior of the wings found much in it to please him. He harried the pleasant coasts of Kent, and laid a toll on all the Calais Keels. He went south to Egypt and was burnt by the Syrian sun. He traded with nameless folk about the Baltic and had a journey into Muscovy that all but cost him his skin. By and by his rough fair hair was streaked with gray, and wrinkles gathered deep at the corners of his level blue eyes, but he was still a man of a merry heart—"For my gods are the best," he said, "and I will worship none but Odin and his children."

But at length he grew old and his strength failed and his wild men fell away from him to follow more profitable chiefs. At last he was so old and poor that he had nothing left but his brave heart, his sword, the wolfskin cloak upon which he slept, and the battered golden wings upon his helmet. The wings upon his shield had been worn away long ago. And his heart turned to his own country. He

followed it, and saw again the blue fjords and the bleak hills that stood high as the foundations of Valhalla. But all the men and women he had known in his youth were dead; Olaf the king, too, was dead; and on the high sea-cliffs where his father's stead had stood there was now a wood-built monastery, and a church where they worshipped the new God.

In this monastery the old warrior found one face he knew, one tongue that greeted him by the name of his youth. So here he hung up his sword and in a little stone cell unrolled his wolfskin and lay down to rest awhile ere he went forth to seek his part through some last fight, to the halls of Valhalla and the eternal battles of the gods. The valiant proselytes and fiery monks honoured the old man even though he would not listen to their words; he listened to his tales and prayed for him to the Virgin and White Christ and all the warrior saints that his heart might be softened before his head. For they saw death coming for him.

So there, in the little cliff-cell overlooking the northern seas where the gyrfalcon passed like blowing snow and the kelpies screamed of a winter's night and the roar of the monks' psalms warned the long ships from the shoal, the old man of war rested and dreamed of his last fight, and he knew not that every day death was a little nearer. He walked no longer on the ledges among the gannets, but he rolled in the wolfskins, seeking a little warmth from the December sun that scarcely showed his face above the waves. And one day when the monks were all in the church celebrating the Nativity, he awoke from the thin sleep of age and saw that his cell was all alight with a red glow. He stood and felt for his sword. "Is it war?" he cried to the dark. And a voice said, "Nay, it is Peace."

Then he saw that his cell was changed. It was the seeming of a stable at the back, and a girl sat among the hay with a cow at her feet, and in her arms she had a Child. And one by one, green and shining folk came and greeted her and the Child.

The first was a young man, more beautiful than Einar the friend of Olaf, who had bright hair woven with the gold of his hair. And he stooped above the Child and sang to Him, and the old warrior trembled, for he knew he saw Balder the loved. And the Child laughed. Then there came a woman, Freya, Fairest in Valhalla, and she took the Child in her arms and rocked him. And the Child touched her face with his hand. Then there came, one by one, all the gods of Asgard the Golden City, and they put their hands between the hands of the Child and were His men. And the old warrior leapt again to his feet.

"I follow my gods," he cried, and stumbled forward to the feet of Mary. The Child stooped and leaned above him, and grew greater until he was lifted up, higher than the world, while all about Him was a glow of golden wings, and the singing of Balder and Freya was so sweet that the old man's heart broke.

The monks found him in the morning, and wept, and because he died a heathen and would go to Hela, they gave him a heathen burial in a flaming ship. The ship was so old it would have sunk at the moorings, but a soul in Hela could not know that, and they meant well and friendly by the old man.



Miss Crosby, the new Lady Mayoress of London, Eng., and her maids of honour.

# FROM COAST TO COAST

## Royalty Entertained.



THE principal Ontario cities have experienced a succession of thrills, this past month. Thrills occasioned by a visit of Canada's Royal Governor-General and his gracious consort, and thrills within thrills occasioned by a look, a bow from the same Royal couple. For many were the citizens who were presented.

In Toronto, over two thousand of them filed up the narrow way, into the Council Chamber of the City Hall, and made their bows to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. In Hamilton, another civic reception was held, where several hundred "Ambitious" ones, likewise bowed, and likewise were bowed to, in return. In Kingston, their Royal Highnesses reviewed the cadets, at the Royal Military College, and presented Cadet J. O. Leach, of Toronto, with a medal, on behalf of the Royal Canadian Humane Society. This brave young man saved the lives of six people, on Georgian Bay, a few months ago.

In Toronto, the Duchess laid the corner-stone of the new Frances Willard home for girls, also visited the General and Sick Children's Hospitals, distributing flowers among the kiddies at the latter. Their Royal Highnesses were also the *raison d'être* of a large ball given by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, in the Armouries, the most brilliant ball in the history of the Club.

Particular mention must be made to Miss Pelly, the beautiful lady-in-waiting to Her Highness. At every function she was a very noticeable figure, in her exquisite gowns, and aristocratic English bearing. At the ball, she was quite the most handsome woman present, which is saying a good deal.

The Duchess is said to have made the remark that she had never seen more handsome women or more beautiful gowns at any function in London, than were present at the drawing-room in Ottawa, this fall. Only in jewels were our Canadian women surpassed.

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## Women's Canadian Club Annual.

THE fourth annual meeting of the Winnipeg Women's Canadian Club was held on the twenty-sixth of November, at which, on presenting her report, the secretary, Mrs. F. Graham, showed that eighty new members had been added during the year, making a total of six hundred and sixty. She further remarked that no changes had been made in the constitution during the year, and suggested that in future all members should take more active part in the club's work, and that there should be a means provided for members to send in written suggestions to the executive.

Miss Jones, the retiring president, reviewed the year's work, and made some suggestions for the future. She discussed the question of erecting a memorial to Lord Selkirk, next year, being of the opinion that a bronze statue of such a young man would be a great inspiration to young Canadians. She also commended the energetic efforts of Mrs. Graham, to secure homesteads for women.

The following was the result of the election of officers: President, Mrs. W. F. Osborne; First Vice-President, Miss Jones; Second Vice-President, Mrs. W. H. Thomson; Third Vice-President, Mrs. Steele; Fourth Vice-President, Mrs. Matheson; Treasurer, Miss Mantle; Secretary, Mrs. R. F. McWilliams; Literary Correspondent, Mrs. Nash; Advisory Members, Lady White, Madame Bourgouin, Mrs. W. J. Boyd, Mrs. C. N. Bell, Mrs. J. A. M. Aikins, Mrs. Moody, Miss Johnstone and Miss Crawford.

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## Happenings in St. John, N.B.

THE Fourth lecture in the series conducted by the Ladies Association of the Natural History Society, was held on Thursday afternoon, November 30th, when Mrs. John Sealy gave a talk about the Chartres Cathedral. The address was made especially interesting by the addition of illustrations, from views.

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## Ottawa Hospitality.

THE season is now well on, and invitations are coming from everywhere, to everywhere else of importance, to help the society fairy on her way. The Premier and Mrs. Borden have begun their busy life, a dinner given on November 30th having been particularly successful and well appointed.

The guests included, the Archbishop of Ottawa and Mrs. Hamilton, Hon. Samuel and Mrs. Hughes, Hon. J. D. and Mrs. Hazen, Mr. F. W. Cockshutt, Mr. and Mrs. Schreiber, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Anglin, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Kingsmill.

The buds are having a gala time, flitting from one tea to another, and hurrying home to dress for dinner. One of the largest teas of the season was given recently, by Mrs. Ruggles Wright, for her daughter, Miss Evelyn, who wore a pretty gown of old rose crepe de chine, and carried pink carnations. The drawing room, where Mrs. Wright received, was decorated in pink mums. The table in the tea room had vases of pink roses and asparagus fern, while subdued pink shaded lights shed a soft radiance. Mrs. Geo. E. Foster poured tea, Mrs. W. G. Perley coffee, Mrs. Bingham served ices, and in the drawing room, Mrs. A. F. May and Mrs. J. F. Cunningham served claret and ices, assisted by a whole bevy of budding beauties, including Miss Dorothy Cook, Miss Marian Allan, Miss Marguerite Morse, Miss Lois Scott, Miss Claire Walters, Miss Doris Jarvis, Miss Kathleen Snowdon, Miss Katie McDougall, Miss Bessie Brook, Miss Hope McRae, Miss Dolly Goodeve, Miss Margaret Cunningham, Misses Inez and Rosa Wright, Miss Lily Weatherly.

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## Western Workings.

ONE of the most recent achievements of Vancouver is the opening of the Florence Night-



Miss Katherine Hughes and one of her Indian boatmen, drinking tea as they "spelled" by Vermillion Falls, on the Peace River. (See page 16.)

ingale Home for the Victorian Order of Nurses. It has been furnished and re-fitted throughout, by the kindness of many firms of the city. The lower floor consists of a roomy hall, to the right of which are the comfortably furnished living rooms, and dining rooms. At the end of the hall is the kitchen, most attractively decorated, and to the left, the office.

The upper floor contains five dainty bedrooms and a large central hall, furnished with desk and easy chairs. Here the five nurses who comprise the present staff may find relaxation and rest after their hours of work.

Among those who have contributed materially to the success of the organization have been: Mrs. R. R. Wallace, Mrs. P. Wallace, Mrs. Harry Newton, Mrs. Salsbury, Mrs. George Little, Mrs. Dewar, Mrs. W. B. Burnette, Mrs. Plummer, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Sillitoe, Mrs. Buchan, Mrs. Macauley, and others.

On a small table in the drawing room is an autographed portrait of Miss Clara Fisher, the first nurse of the Victorian Order, to whom Queen Victoria granted a pension in 1887.

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The Victoria young ladies of St. Mary's Sodality held a most successful sale of work, on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, December 9th, in aid of St. Andrew's Roman Catholic funds. Great was the variety of hand-made needlework displayed,

and not a few availed themselves of the opportunity to procure Christmas gifts. It seems to me that the young ladies out West might well be imitated for their activity in helping along worthy causes.

Speaking of worthy causes brings to mind the dance given recently in Edmonton, by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The younger set were there in full swing, and not only the younger set, but many of the dowager class, and the dear old men of cavalier days. For everyone goes to this annual dance, and everyone gives willingly toward this probably best of all charities.

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## Montreal Matters.

MONTREAL is to be congratulated. Her Royal Highness Princess Patricia, the darling of the English people, just a short time after her arrival on Canadian soil, is to be the guest of the St. Andrew's ball, which will be held at the Windsor, Montreal, on Thursday evening, December 14th.

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Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Connaught, has graciously consented to become honorary president of the Montreal Foundling and Baby Hospital. Their Royal Highnesses also have extended their patronage to the concert to be given in aid of the hospital at His Majesty's Theatre, on February the second.

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## Activities in Halifax.

THE Alumnae Society of Dalhousie University, Halifax, a day or two ago held a bazaar by which, in two afternoons and evenings, a thousand dollars was raised for the erection of a residence for young lady students at the University. Dr. Eliza Ritchie is the President of the organization, which has become a real force in university life, although only two years old.

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The organization of "The Graduate Nurses Association of Nova Scotia" is proving very effectual in raising the standard for the nursing profession and in "weeding" ill-equipped, incompetent young women out of the ranks.

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Rev. Alfred Hall, of Toronto, Commissioner of Distribution for the "Nelson" Shields in Canada, was the other day received on board H. M. C. S. Niobe, and presented one of the Shields to Commander McDonald, who was formerly in command of the historic flagship "Victory," and who has in his possession some very interesting relics of Admiral Lord Nelson. Among them is the little shirt in which the Admiral was christened.

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## Princess Pat in Canada.

HER Royal Highness Princess Patricia of Connaught arrived in Halifax on December 8th, where a group of military officers were on the gangway to welcome her.

In the Princess' party were Major Malcolm D. Murray, Miss Adam, lady-in-waiting, and Lord Norfolk, who will be an aide to the Governor-General. The royal party arrived in Ottawa on December 9th.

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## Ottawa's Women's Art Association.

ON December 5th, the Women's Art Association of Ottawa entertained at tea in honour of their new president, Miss Pelly, who wore blue-green silk and sable furs.

Examples of work done in the various classes in basketing, metal and jewel work, wood-carving and painting were on view. Mrs. Lyons Biggar and Mrs. H. K. Egan presided at the tea table, which was decorated with yellow mums.

Among those present were Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mrs. J. D. Reid, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. Charles Morse, the Misses Wickstead, Mrs. Remon, Miss Molly Cartwright, Mrs. Hamnet Hill, Miss Bessie Hill, Mrs. Braddish Billings, Miss Haanel, Mrs. J. P. Fisher, Miss Marie Hewson, Mrs. Harry Baine, Mrs. Aylwin Creighton, Miss Rothwell, Miss May Loucks, Mrs. H. F. MacLachlin, Mrs. A. W. Fleck, Mrs. E. C. Grant, Mrs. H. Ami, Mrs. T. P. Foran, Mrs. J. J. Codville, Miss Maud Codville, Mrs. Rex Scott, Mrs. Charles Read, Miss Mildred Low, Mrs. J. A. Wilson, the Misses Stratton, Mrs. G. W. King, Mrs. R. Duff, Mrs. J. F. Kidd, Mrs. Butterworth, Mrs. Duclos and others. Undoubtedly the Association will receive many helpful suggestions from their new president, for whom the art of England and the Continent has been of especial interest.

# WINNIPEG'S SEASON OF BUDS

Twenty-one of the city's Brightest Blooms.



MISS EDITH BELCHER

There is an exhilaration about the Western breeze which brings an added blush to the face, an enthusiasm to the mind, and makes life truly worth living. Breeziness is always a characteristic of young girls, breeziness and enthusiasm in things worth while. Even a girl of plain features is not considered plain, if she has a supply of repertoire in her storehouse of wit. But when she is blessed with beauty, enthusiasm and wit, then indeed have the gods been kind. And just these attributes are the ones which fit all the young things who are making their formal bow to society this year, under the chaperonage of Winnipeg's breezy atmosphere.

Luncheons, teas, receptions, balls, all have their place in the pretty debutantes' calendar of events. The great new realm of social doings has been opened to them, and now begins their race for social supremacy. If some great Queen of all Society, every year, offered a medal for the greatest number of masculine scalps added to the debutantes' hunting belts, indeed, the whole world of Adamite followers would be annihilated, and in a very short time there would be no more prey for coming debs to seek.

A ballroom full of newly-neged aspirants to social honours always reminds me of a wonderful garden of blooms, multi-coloured and beautiful in their fluffy, filmy garments. And then again, one always thinks that the debutantes should be allowed more social privileges than older members of the great brigade. They are so irresponsible, so buoyant, so babbling over with enthusiasm in the great world around that it seems a shame they should be caged within the confines of society and made mere hothouse plants, which become pre-



MISS CLARE HEUBACH



MISS ALICE PATERSON



MISS ALISON MACDONALD



MISS FLORENCE ANDREWS

maturely pale by too much attention. And just here is where the Winnipeg deb "has it over" her sisters from other cities. She is such an adept at all outdoor sports, she takes so much interest in side issues apart from the social game, that she never will allow her attention to be wholly engrossed by the land of indoor gaiety. That is where the buoyant atmosphere of Manitoba shows its influence, perhaps. And from her association with the natural things in life, she has learned to forget all about self, when she takes her place in the ball-room or *salle a manger*, and thus is equipped for her position better than a carefully nurtured, house protected young bud, who does not know the glory of a head touseled by an occasional tumble from a toboggan.

Just cast your eye over these two pages. Undoubtedly you have already given each picture a careful study. You will all agree with me, that to find two more charming pages would be no easier task than to discover the proverbial stick pin in the straw-stack. Here we have more than ordinary beauty. We have intellect, refinement and culture. We could pick out any member from this group who would be capable of filling almost any position in life. Some would make excellent artists' models, others could grace any star dressing room, still others could play a clever duel with Cupid, and come out loser.

Some have already proven their worth at amateur theatricals. Winnipeg is becoming one of the leading cities in music and the drama. We doubt if any city could produce more talented debutantes.

Last issue challenged any Canadian city to produce a more beautiful group of debs than it contained. This is the result of that challenge.



MISS CONSTANCE GILMOUR



MISS FRIDA MAW



MISS ALICE GALT



MISS MAE NICHOLAS



MISS MADELINE CHRISTIE



MISS JEAN McINTYRE



MISS MAY NILES



MISS MARGARET JUKES



MISS CONSTANCE MILROY



MISS DOROTHY CORNELL



MISS KATHLEEN O'GRADY



MISS HELEN McKELVEY



MISS KATHERINE SUTHERLAND



MISS DOROTHY LANGFORD



MISS RAE NEW



MISS KATHLEEN ADAMS

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**The Canadian Women's Press Club**

MRS. C. P. WALKER entertained the Winnipeg Women's Press Club at tea on November 23rd in her new home, 771 Dorchester Avenue. Mrs. McClung, the President, addressed the members. During the afternoon Mrs. A. V. Thomas, formerly Miss Lillian Beynon, Recording Secretary of the C. W. P. C., who has recently returned from her wedding trip in Great Britain, was presented with a brass reading lamp by Miss Cora Hind on behalf of the branch club. Mrs. Osborne presented Miss Florence Lediard with a silver dish. Miss Lediard is shortly to be married at her old home in Ontario. She is to live in Detroit, Michigan, but will retain her membership in the Winnipeg branch. Mrs. Holt Murison, of the Vancouver branch, has removed to Winnipeg, and has been made welcome to the Winnipeg branch.

THE CHRONICLE, an attractive new woman's paper, published in Vancouver, is edited by Miss Laverock, a member of the club. A recent number contains a biographical sketch of Miss Pauline Johnson, which is the most complete account of Miss Johnson's work that has yet been published. The Chronicle has made an excellent beginning. The C.W.P.C. wishes Miss Laverock every success. The dance given by the Vancouver Women's Press Club early in November proved a great success, and besides paying for four shares in the Women's Building, has provided the branch with a rest fund.

MRS. JEAN BLEWETT has lately given addresses on the Women Writers of Canada before large audiences in Barrie and London. The London Free Press says of Mrs. Blewett's address, given to the Women's Canadian Club, that "It was one of the most scholarly, human, and delightful addresses given to the club."

MISS MACLEOD MOORE, a member of the C. W. P. C., at work in London, Eng., has been elected to the Council of the Society of British Women Journalists. Among other members of the Council are Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, Miss Beatrice Harraden, and Dolf Wyllarde. Miss Macleod Moore was presented with a hand-made chain set with amethysts and Mexican opals on her retirement from the honorary secretaryship of the United Empire Circle of the Lyceum Club.

MRS. PATRIARCHE, of Winnipeg, is spending the winter in Toronto with her mother, Mrs. Berryman, and was a welcome guest of the Toronto Women's Press Club at the reception in the King Edward Hotel given for Mrs. Macdonald and Mrs. MacGregor. Mrs. Patriarche is bringing out a new book shortly.

"THE Life of Father Lacombe," by Miss Katherine Hughes, of Edmonton, is a delightful biography of a remarkable missionary. It has been very well reviewed, and is likely to be one of the book successes of the season.

THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT when in Toronto, accepted a specially bound copy of "Canadian Days." The poster for "Canadian Days," which is the work of one of the members of the Toronto branch, Miss Estelle Kerr, has been much admired. The first edition of this year book of Canadian literature bids fair to be exhausted by Christmas.

THE Toronto Press Club invited representatives of the C. W. P. C. and the Toronto Women's Press Club to be present at the reception given for the Duke of Connaught at the King Edward Hotel on November 29th. His Royal Highness gave a delightful address to the newspaper writers of Can-

ada, and is already the most popular Governor-General in Canadian history.

MISS MARSHALL SAUNDERS has written a story of a Canadian girl doing newspaper work in Boston who travels across Canada, and on her return to Boston tells her friends in a



MISS MARSHALL SAUNDERS  
In the cap and gown she wore when given an honorary M.A. at Acadia University last June.

girls' club of the attractions of her native country. The story is to be called "Wandering Judy."

THREE new members have been added to the C. W. P. C. during November. Miss Georgina Binnie Clark, of Fort Qu'Appelle, is an Englishwoman now resident in Canada. She is the author of "A Summer on the Canadian Prairies," and contributes to The London Daily Mail, Pall Mall Gazette, and The World's Work. Two of the three are from Winnipeg: Mrs. Nina Glencross Dennis, a contributor to The Daily Tribune and various papers in the East, and Miss A. Carolyn Cornell, who is on the staff of the Western Outlook.

THE Toronto branch gave a reception to Mrs. Ewan Macdonald (Miss L. M. Montgomery) and Mrs. MacGregor (Marian Keith) at the King Edward Hotel on the afternoon of December 6th. Over a hundred guests were present and were received by Miss Jane Wells Fraser, President of the Toronto Women's Press Club, who introduced them to Mrs. Macdonald and Mrs. MacGregor. Among those present were Mrs. Gibson and Miss Gibson, President and Mrs. Falconer, Sir Edmund and Lady Walker, Miss Whitney, Miss Pullen-Burry, of London, England, a number of Toronto editors and their wives, and many representatives of Canadian work in music, art and literature.

A CHRISTMAS edition of Miss Pauline Johnson's new prose work, Legends of Vancouver, has been brought out by the Pauline Johnson Trust Fund. It is attractively bound in stiff buff paper, with a fine head of an Indian Chief embossed on the cover. Many of the legends, Miss Johnson mentions in an introductory note, were told her by Chief Joe Capilano, one of the great chiefs of the West Coast Indians, and were previously quite unknown to any English-speaking person. Miss Johnson has written them with a thoroughly sympathetic touch, and much charm of style. A de luxe edition of Legends of Vancouver is to be published later.

A NUMBER of the members of the Canadian Women's Press Club are publishing new books. Mrs. Virna Sheard, so well known for her lovely verse and her successful stories, has written a novel, "The Man at Long Lake." Mrs. Arthur Murphy, of Edmonton, author of "Janey Canuck in the West," has chosen a very attractive title in "Open Trails." "The House of Windows," by Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, of Vancouver, is also announced.

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**UNDERCLOTHING**

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of Galt, Limited  
GALT, ONT.

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP  
ON EVERY GARMENT



# THE MATINEE GIRL

By MARGARET BELL

## PLAYS WE HAVE SEEN.

### The Piper.

TORONTO has been particularly fortunate this season in her theatrical bowls of bouillon. There have been fewer of those concoctions of horse play, suggestiveness and tinny music, called out of courtesy musical comedies. There have been a few strong plays, a few good

gradually changed to the hoyden, the swearing, infuriated Becky, was really wonderful. Her acting of the part was never overdone, as it might easily have been with any less capable artist. And to help her along, she was assisted by the best balanced company we have seen for many a day.

### A Witness for the Defence.

ETHEL BARRYMORE came back to us once more, this time in a gruesome play, dealing with murder, narrow-minded society, and the application of theory to real life.

Somehow or other we went away from the theatre unsatisfied. The action dragged; sometimes Miss Barrymore posed in her same old way, and did not rise to her great climax in the third act. She has grown much stouter, and really looks regal. There is one thing about her, she always knows just what jewels to wear to display her own good points to the best possible advantage. She wore some very handsome ear-rings, whole pearls, suspended by diamond-studded chains. A single sapphire and diamond cluster ring was the only ornament on her hands. And it also seemed to me that she was not as gracious as she might have been in acknowledging her applause. She has become blasé with her audiences, and allows this to evince itself before the curtain. I should think Miss Barrymore would be more tactful.

Now, perhaps the matinee girls will not agree with me one bit. And I forgot, for the instant, that I am supposed to be addressing them. Ethel Barrymore will always be an afternoon favorite, and I should not forget this when I write of her posiness and Barrymore mannerisms.

However, here is an item that may interest the girls. She had her baby with her, a dear, chubby little fellow of two summers. He travels wherever his Thespian mamma travels now, and is quite a petted offspring.

### The Gamblers.

It is something to be called the handsomest woman on the American stage, yet that is the well deserved title by which Jane Cowl is known. She appeared recently in Toronto in "The Gamblers," and convinced the most critical that she is not on the



MISS FRANCES STARR  
Appearing in "The Case of Becky."

farces, and one delightful poetic drama. To judge from the items the press agents have on their books-to-be, Toronto is to enjoy a good season's run, for which the Thespian gods be praised. For the stage seems to be leaning—rather it has had a tendency toward froth and piffle such as should grace the inside of a side show tent at some country fair.

To begin with, the best of all the season's offerings, so far. Edith Wynne Matthison was responsible for most of the success of "The Piper," which appeared in the New Theatre last spring. Seldom has it been my good fortune to see such a play. The daintiness of it, the beauty, the poetry throughout, combined with a stage setting seldom equalled outside of the Lyceum in London, all combined to make the most delightful offering of Toronto's theatrical season so far. Miss Matthison's knowledge of Shakespeare undoubtedly aided her in reading the blank verse, and her beautiful speaking voice made them still more poetical. I cannot think of anyone else who would have made the play such a success.

### The Case of Becky.

NEXT in importance, perhaps, is "The Case of Becky," Frances Starr's starring vehicle for this season. Toronto was the third city to see this play, but Toronto did not seem to appreciate it as much as she might have done. But that is a habit of Toronto, not to appreciate the plays that are really worth while. You see, we are developing such a spirit of commercialism here in the second city of the Dominion, that thought at any time other than is absolutely necessary, seems absurd. The musical comedy will always mean packed houses in Toronto, I fear.

The play dealt with the subject of heredity, dual personality, and prenatal influence, all three of which are of great interest to the leading physicians and thinkers of the day. Frances Starr seems to have improved wonderfully since she appeared in "The Easiest Way." One could scarcely imagine two such different characters as those she had in the play. The first, that of a sweet, trusting young girl, almost of the bromide type, made us long to see some hoydenish escapades. Which we surely did. Miss Starr's facial expression, as she



MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE  
Touring this season in "A Witness for the Defence."

stage on account of her beauty alone. She has a beautiful voice, and the most wondrous eyes you ever saw. Every little gesture in her acting is so studied that it is a bit of art, and becomes so natural that one forgets

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powers have become weakened by  
illness or advancing age.

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The "British Medical Journal" says—"Benger's Food has, by its excellence established a reputation of its own."

BENGER'S NEW BOOKLET deals with the most common doubts and difficulties which mothers have to encounter. It is sent post free on application to Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, England.

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We refer to your sitting-room—the room you live in most—the "Show" room of your house!  
Is the floor worn in places?  
The wainscoting scratched?  
Table and chair legs marred?  
Picture frames a little shabby?



will restore the original finish, and it is so easy to apply. It dries over night, and is made in eight shades and clear. Also Silver and Gold, flat and gloss white and flat and gloss black. It works wonders on any kind of wood. Send for our booklet the "Dainty Decorator," it gives you a better idea of what can be done with "Lacqueret." Cans contain full Imperial Measure. Don't accept a substitute! Ask your Dealer for Lacqueret.

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NOT to IMPROVE on NATURE, but to SHOW HER at HER BEST

A Skin soft and aglow with health—Hair that glistens in silky, wavy masses; and Hands smooth, white and perfectly manicured.

Wrinkles, blotches and an unhealthy appearance to the skin mar a woman's face more than irregular features.

**DAGGETT & RAMSDSELL'S  
PERFECT COLD CREAM**

is a skin food and a purifier. It builds up the tissues, removes impurities and gives the clear, natural color of perfectly healthy skin. It's good because it's pure.

At the first sign of dandruff in your hair, or when it starts to comb out, start using

**PALMER'S  
Hair Tonic**

50c. and \$1.00 sizes.

It cleanses, stimulates and refreshes the scalp. Contains no oil or any injurious substances. Your hair will then exhibit all its own natural beauties.

You cannot give a finished appearance to your nails by merely trimming them with a pocket-knife.

**LUSTR-ITE**

preparations and tools are used by 90 per cent. of the leading manicurists, and give to your hands that subtle charm that distinguishes those who care for the niceties of good breeding.

J. PALMER & SON, Limited.

7 De Bresoles St., Montreal

that she is only acting a part in the mimic land beyond the lights.

How aptly she was chosen for her part in "The Gamblers." The moments when she held the stage, without speaking a word, were just as tense as the tensest part of her dialogue. America is watching this young woman, and some day will see her do much greater things, if she does not have the ill-fortune to be placed in a trashy play. Her personal attraction is bound to reach out to any audience, and the managers, realizing this, very often place such an artist in an inferior play, trusting that this same magnetism will tide it over.

And back of the lights, back in her dressing room, with all her rouge and grease paint, Jane Cowl is just as erratic, just as impulsive and enthusiastic, just as charming, moreover, as she was two years ago when she made her first bow to us in Canada. I spent a couple of hours with her during the run of "The Gamblers," and listened to her discuss everything, from press notices, the awaiting of which almost makes her lie awake every Monday night in dreadful anticipation, to tea parties, in which she often indulges, much to the delight of her many matinee admirers. By the way, I must not fail to send her a copy of this little notice. I promised on my sacred word as a journalist I should.

Yes, she loves girls, and her great delight is to have them gather in her dressing room after the play and wait till she gets the rouge and stuff off her face, after which they all start out on the hunt for some favorite tea room. She is a great optimist, also quite a child. For she informed me herself that only that afternoon she had a spell of the down-and-outs, or some other dreadful attacks of blues, equally as disastrous, and immediately had gone out to buy something for herself to cheer Janie up. In a great secret she confided to me that the purchase had been a handsome set of furs. I would not have dared to tell it before, or the duty might have been immense. It is safe enough now. Here's hoping she will always retain her optimism and enthusiasm in life!

*The Lady of Coventry.*

THERE will always remain in the most practical of us some spark of sentiment, some bit of the old-time chivalry which once was the subject matter for so many novelists. In the same category is the romantic drama of to-day, of which Louis N. Parker is one of our best writers.

He gave us a delightful bit in "Pomander Walk," and came to the fore again with "The Lady of Coventry." In the latter named play, Viola Allen, one of our Canadian actresses, was chosen to play the title role. We saw her as the beautiful Dorothea, who chooses to ride through the streets of Coventry, nude, on her snow white horse rather than surrender to the fierce Leofric. If there is one outstanding feature of all Miss Allen's acting, it is the wonderful expression of her hands. This, many will remember, was one of Ellen Terry's bits of art. Undoubtedly Miss Allen has studied it carefully, for when I mentioned it to her she seemed quite aware of the beauty of her own gestures.

Again Toronto did not appreciate the beautiful. Miss Allen played to a handful of people at every performance. Perhaps, too, this was due to the fact that the play was still in the "dog" stage, and was being tried out on Toronto audiences.

*New Stellar Lights.*

IT is the day of new stars. We can scarcely pick up a magazine or newspaper without being confronted by a whole series of unfamiliar satellites. Many of these are followers of the musical comedy goddess, who indeed, seems to have a greater following than any other Thespian deity. It would seem as if the wheels of ragtime propelled the theatrical world.

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Florida Water**

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"

Has a distinctive invigorating quality, a permanent, fragrant, and distinguishes it from every other toilet water, and appeals to all people of taste and refinement. Its use trans-forms the daily bath into a luxury and a pleasure; it is the best after shave every toilet actual necessity in every household.



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BEETHAM'S  
**La-rola**

Is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use. Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Frost, Cold Winds, and Hard Water, it not only

**PRESERVES THE SKIN** and beautifies the Complexion, making it **SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.** The daily use of La-rola effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation, and Chaps, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully soothing and Refreshing after **MOTORING, GOLFING, SHOOTING, CYCLING, DANCING, ETC.**

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

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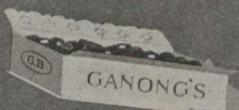
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**GANONG'S**  
THE FINEST **G.B.** IN THE LAND  
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**EXAMINE YOUR DENTIFRICE**

Acid and grit, deadliest enemies of the teeth, abound in cheap dentifrices. Fine perfumes do not make fine dentifrices. Your teeth deserve better of you than to be offered up a sacrifice to your pocketbook.

**SOZODONT**

is of proven value. Sixty years is a pretty good test. No acid, no grit in Sozodont. The Liquid penetrates the little crevices and purifies them; the Powder gives a bright and polished surface.

**3 FORMS: LIQUID, POWDER, PASTE**

**The STERLING BANK OF CANADA**  
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The foundation of a competence is laid in the first dollar you save. This bank offers you courteous and careful service, and encourages the opening of savings accounts.

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College and Grace  
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**DEMI-TASSE**

**Courierettes.**

The University of Oxford refuses to abolish Greek. It seems impossible to kill those dead languages.

The French have invented a puncture-proof pneumatic tire. What is really needed is some invention to make pedestrians puncture-proof.

There's hope for Champ Clark. A Yankee who was blind for fifteen years has had his sight restored.

A Toronto Irishman wrote a poem describing Princess Patricia as "Ireland's sweetest colleen, I ween," etc. Her father is English, her mother is German, her name is Irish. The poet has his license. Let him live.

J. Whitcomb Riley's writing hand is paralyzed. Poetic justice would have paralyzed the hand of the rhymester who pens the campaign songs.

Tom Longboat proposes to become a pugilist, and his well-known speed may possibly prove the truth of the old couplet—

"He who fights and runs away,  
May live to fight another day."

German military authorities are planning to build an aerial cruiser that would carry three hundred persons. Soon there'll be an aerial cruiser big enough to lift society's "four hundred" above the common horde.

Newspapers on the Reform side of Ontario's political fence may get a little consolation from the fact that Liberals made gains in the recent elections in Sweden.

**A Pathetic Plea.**—Among the humours of the Ontario election campaign was the novel plea of Thos. R. Whitesides, M.P.P., for the labour vote in East Toronto.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Whitesides, "years ago my father walked from the east end of this city to Queen Street asylum in the west end every morning, worked ten hours, and then walked back home again at night."

On this record of his father's toil he based his appeal for the workingman's vote, and his plea moved a party worker to remark that all candidates should be compelled to "speak their pieces" into a phonograph, so that an astute party manager could hear the record and censor it before the speech was sprung on the electors.

**One Mis-spelled Word.**—An amusing example of what a telephoned advertisement frequently develops into was given by the Toronto Telegram recently. It announced that Rev. C. O. Johnston would preach on "Pearls of the City," but the pastor's sermon was on "Perils of the City."

The congregation was largely composed of young women, and a pillar of the church suggested that possibly their presence in such numbers was due to their having read the advertisement and taken it for granted that the sermon was to be about them.

**A Pessimist's Wail.**

The melancholy days have come,  
The saddest of the year—  
Of failing wads, dejected dads,  
And Christmas presents dear.

**Fooling Himself.**—That he could sleep far better if the head of his bed were to the north than if it lay in some other direction used to be the idea of a certain Toronto editor, who was the proud possessor of a good education. However, he had an experience that should have made him cease worrying about which way his head lay when he slept.

He and another Toronto man went to New Liskeard. They had to occupy the same room, but they had separate beds.

"Do you mind changing beds with

me?" asked the editor when the hour for retiring came.

"No," said the other. "Why?"

"Well," said the editor, "I always sleep much better if my head is to the north. If I take your bed my head will be that way."

The change was made.

Next morning his friend said to the editor, "Well, how did you sleep?"

"Fine," was the answer. "I always sleep well with my head to the north." "I thought you would sleep well," said the other. "You had the idea that your head was to the north and so you were prepared to sleep well. But, as a matter of fact, your head was pointing pretty nearly to the south-east."

And inquiry proved this statement to be correct.

**"Business Is Business."**

Mighty Jack Horner  
Made market corner,  
Tying up all the wheat.  
It hardly seemed fair,  
But he didn't care  
If people had nothing to eat.

**Neatly Said.**—Piano Agent: "Are the people in the flat above musical?"  
The Lady: "They have a piano."

**A Terrible Possibility.**—Concrete furniture, indestructible, and only half as expensive as the cheapest wood, is the latest promise of Thomas A. Edison.

Aside from the upsetting it might mean to the furniture trade, the idea looks as if it may cause consternation in some quarters. No longer would it be possible for the valiant householder to snatch a leg from a chair for the purpose of driving out burglars, and no longer would one be able to turn a chair into a step-ladder by a few simple moves.

Then, too, fancy the despair of the women who would no longer have any excuse for making seats, bedroom suites, and wonderful tables out of a few old soap boxes!

**The Early Birds.**—Brown—"I'm not going to go in extra good time to any more meetings where there's likely to be a great crowd."

Jones—"How's that?"

Brown—"I arrived last night at a hall several minutes before a meeting was to start, and I got mixed up in the mob that went early to avoid the rush."

**A Good Guess.**—"I wonder why it is that when things go wrong, we say they are 'at sixes and sevens.'"

"Probably because six and seven make thirteen."

**Knew His Business.**—Jones had just run over to see if Mr. and Mrs. Blank would go to the theatre with them. Mrs. Blank was sorry, but, unfortunately, Blank was out. Probably he was at the club. She would telephone. The following conversation ensued:

"Hallo! Is this the Club? Is my husband there? Hallo! Not there? Sure? Well, all right then; but hold on. How do you know? I haven't even told my name."

"There aint nobody's husband here—never," said the wise attendant.

**The Angry Answer.**—Here is a story which has found its way over from England, and is being well received:

A man who wanted to obtain a chauffeur's license had been asked a great number of questions by the county commissioners. Some of the questions seemed foolish, and his patience was at last exhausted.

"What would you do if you met a restive horse on the road?" he was asked.

He answered thus: "I would stop the car, get out of it, take it to pieces and hide the pieces in the grass."

**OXO IN CUBES**



CANADA is now an Oxo Cube country. You would be amazed to learn how many clever women have adopted the Oxo Cube way of cooking.

The convenience, simplicity, economy of Oxo cubes make them invaluable in the kitchen.

Soups, sauces, gravies, meat jellies, stews, croquettes and all sorts of savory dishes are easily and quickly made with the help of Oxo cubes. Learn the Oxo way of making dainty novel dishes.



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What can I give that will be useful? This question arises in the mind of most people at Christmas time. A PORTABLE LAMP is a most acceptable and suitable gift. It is both useful and decorative. A large selection to choose from. If you want to make a present to your friend, or for the home, buy only

**Gifts That Are Appreciated**

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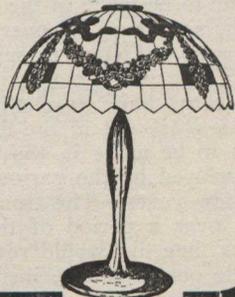
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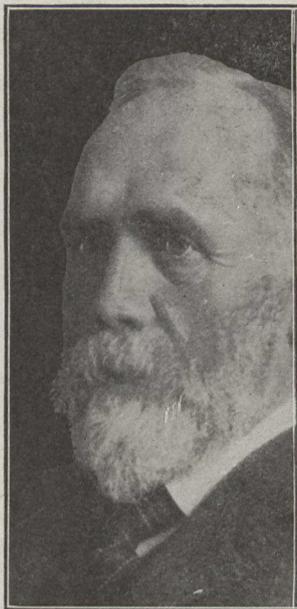
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**MONEY AND  
MAGNATES****Largest Holder of Montreal Power and C. P. R.**

FOR a considerable time the "Street" has been guessing at just what Mr. James Ross, the former Coal King, was doing with the five million dollars cold cash which he took out of Dominion Coal. It now turns out that a very large proportion of the money has been reinvested in the common stock of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company and C. P. R., with the result that Mr. Ross is now the largest individual holder in both these companies. The change is all the more interesting because, since he left the Coal Company, the Coal stock has declined to about half the value it had at the time he left, while, on the other hand, the strength in both C. P. R. and Montreal Power during the past year has been one of the outstanding features of the Canadian Markets. Of course, Mr. Ross's purchases alone have been on such a large scale that they have gradually reduced the floating market supply; but what is perhaps more interesting still to the average man on the "Street" is the ability with which Mr. Ross seems to be able to pick out the good ones.



MR. JAMES ROSS.

Of course, the "Street" believes that Mr. Ross is not anxious to become actively identified with any of the companies in which he is investing his money at the present time, but it goes to indicate how Mr. Ross has sized up the general situation. His large investments in Canadian Pacific were made after he had taken a trip right across the continent and looked very closely into the development which had occurred, and he is evidently satisfied that the growth of the country will mean the growth of the C. P. R. in the same proportion that the growth of Montreal will mean the growth of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company.

\* \* \*

**Value of Real Estate of Banks.**

PERHAPS one of the features of the different statements of the larger banks that has attracted the most attention in financial circles this year is the very radical change of policy that has been made by the Bank of Montreal in its treatment of its accounts that come under the heading of Bank Premises. For a great many years the Bank has maintained this account at \$600,000, notwithstanding the fact that many millions of dollars had been invested in its properties in the various cities of Canada. For a long time financial critics had taken exception to the Bank in not changing its Bank Premises Account, but Sir Edward Clouston, who was then General Manager, pointed out that in the event of forced liquidation it would be difficult to realize the real value of the property. Evidently, however, after looking into the matter from different viewpoints, the Directors have decided that the value of the buildings could be greatly increased and yet maintained at a conservative level, as they have seen fit to advance it from \$600,000 to \$4,000,000. In fact, it might as well have been increased at a rate of half a million or so every year, so that it would have been gradually brought up to the present level instead of one big jump being made.

\* \* \*

**Where Milling Companies Made Profits.**

BACK a few years ago the principal milling concerns of the country were making such a large amount of money that scores of people made up their minds that there were tremendous profits to be made in the flour milling trade, with the result that dozens of concerns sprang up all over the country till to-day the milling capacity of the country is sufficient to supply a population of something like fifty million people. Last year flour trade conditions were very unfavourable, and scores of concerns have gradually found out that the big profits the older companies made were not in the flour business at all and that very little, if any, money is to be made in the flour milling business unless very different tactics are employed by the various companies than have been resorted to during the last few years. The tremendous profits made by the older concerns were only over a period of three or four years, and a close scrutiny into the business they did would reveal the fact that about nine-tenths of the profit was made out of wheat, just because the conditions in the world's markets for wheat were such that even without exercising much judgment the companies could not help making a great deal of money. During the past couple of years the competition among the various concerns in different parts of the country has been simply terrific, and it is even stated that the tactics resorted to in the way of cutting rates and guaranteeing prices to large consumers, were such as to even make the so-called "cut-rate drug trade" take a second place.

Now the shareholders of many of our flour milling concerns, seeing their concerns adversely affected by such conditions, are loud in their complaints about the way things are being managed and are trying to have the companies get together on some more satisfactory basis, with a view of getting the trade in proper condition. It is even stated that a couple of flour milling concerns, who last year had a gross business of something like eleven million dollars, made even less than 2 per cent. on their total turnover, which is a pretty good indication that something must be wrong somewhere. In view of these facts it will be interesting to see what attitude the companies will take in the matter.

COUPON.

We have prepared a comprehensive booklet entitled

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which contains full particulars in regard to twenty-nine leading companies, whose securities are listed on the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges. Among the companies dealt with are the following:

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# FOR THE JUNIORS

## Gifts Worth Giving.

DEAR Boys and Girls,—This is a busy time for all of us, with Christmas only a week off, and the question, "What shall I give?" is in the mind of everyone. Alas! it is accompanied by the puckering of brows that should be radiant at Christmas time, and by anxious peeps into pocket-books that grow slimmer and slimmer as Christmas Day draws near.

But this should not be. The Christmas spirit calls for free-will offerings of love, and "duty gifts" should be abolished. Because "she gave me one last year" is no reason why you should continue the exchange if love has ceased to prompt the gift. The cost is the smallest part of the value of a Christmas present, and a note or a card or a bit of handiwork given to a friend or to some one in need, with a loving thought—that is a Christmas gift worth giving and worth receiving; while presents bought in a hurry, with money that can be ill-afforded, is an offence against the spirit of Christmas.

I'm afraid a good many of you are wondering "What shall I get?" but if that is all you think about at Christmas time, you are missing more than half the fun, for the pleasure of giving—if you give in the right way—is so much greater than that of receiving.

One of my friends last year announced that he was going to give a Christmas tree for poor children, instead of giving the usual presents to his friends and relations, who were already so well supplied with this world's goods that it was difficult to think of anything they might possibly desire. He invited them all to come to the Christmas tree, and such an entertainment it was! First, everyone was served with cocoa and cake, then came a Punch and Judy show, followed by an exhibition by a Chinese conjurer, who juggled plates on the end of a stick in the most amazing manner, and caused real roses to grow from the bare ground; and last of all came the Christmas tree, and a real Santa Claus presented every child with a toy and a bag of candies. Do you wonder the children loved it? There were nearly 100 of them, all little tots that live in the poor district of a big city, and most of them foreigners; you could plainly see they were having "the time of their lives," and the friends and relatives who were asked to come and see their enjoyment all said that watching the faces of those little ones gave them more pleasure than any present.

That is what Christmas is for: to keep the memory of the birth of Christ fresh in our minds, and make us more loving to one another. Surely the man who was born in a manger would not like us to celebrate His birthday by counting our pennies, and so estimating the value of our gifts.

Here's to a Merry Christmas for all of you, whether you get it giving or receiving; by seeing old friends, or meeting new ones; by jollifications or by sitting quietly around the fire; only let there be a fire on your hearth, and a warm place in your heart, full of love and joy and thankfulness for Christmas time!

AUNT HELEN.

### Menu

- SNOW, garnished with Icicles.
- x
- HOLIDAYS, with Sauce of Joy.
- STOCKINGS, stuffed a la Santa Claus.
- x
- YULE LOGS, roasted whole.
- x
- FESTIVALS, with Holly and Mistletoe.
- GIFTS, flavored with Love.
- FIR TREES, dressed with Charity.
- x
- Sweet Music. Good Cheer.



## Preparing for Christmas.

By Zitella Cocke.

THERE'S a secret in the air,  
Something brewing, so much doing.  
Though the light it will not dare,  
You can feel it everywhere;  
See its shadow here and there,  
Hear it tripping o'er the stair;  
Always shying, sometimes flying,  
And we boys watch day and night,  
Hoping still to get a sight.

There are mysteries about.  
Oh, what hiding and confiding,  
As the girls run in and out,  
For they know, we have no doubt;  
But poor boys they scorn and flout.  
If we ask a word, they shout,  
"Stop your prying and your crying,  
Naughty boys, to tease us so!  
Do you think we'll let you know?"

But we learn a thing or two  
When they're sitting at their knitting,  
Whispering what they mean to do;  
Which is best for little Sue,  
White or red or pink or blue;  
And we often get a clue  
While they're showing fancy sewing.  
We are studying our books  
With the soberest of looks!

And we find things every day  
In queer places—pretty laces,  
Boxes, pictures, ribbons gay,  
And the stuff girls call crochet,  
Tools for work and games for play.  
We search well and nothing say.  
Christmas folly makes all jolly,  
And amid our Christmas fun  
We will tell them what we've done.  
—Youth's Companion.

### A Cold Snap.

Willie—"Say, pa, doesn't it get colder when the thermometer falls?"  
Pa—"Yes, my son."  
Willie—"Well, ours has fallen."  
Pa—"How far?"  
Willie—"About five feet, and when it struck the porch floor it broke."  
—Exchange.

Dear Santa Claus,—  
I want a sled,  
And skates are very nice,  
But even if you can't bring these  
Bring lots of snow and ice.  
—Tommy.

## Our Pets Competition.

For boys and girls under eighteen.

Six books (the titles to be selected from our Library List) will be awarded as prizes for the best stories, letters, poems, drawings or photographs about your pets. Contest closes January 1st.

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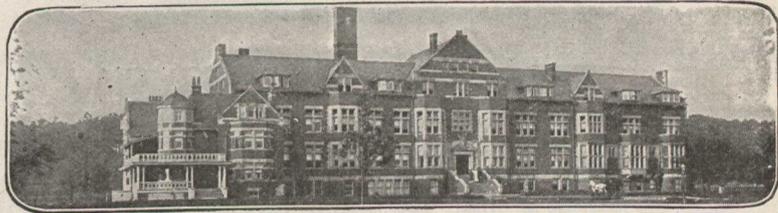
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- Diamond "Twin" Rings, \$40.00 to \$125.00.
- Diamond "Three Stone" Rings, \$25.00 to \$150.00.

These merely are representative examples selected at random and to mention the fact that our 1911 Xmas selections are far in advance of any former occasion.

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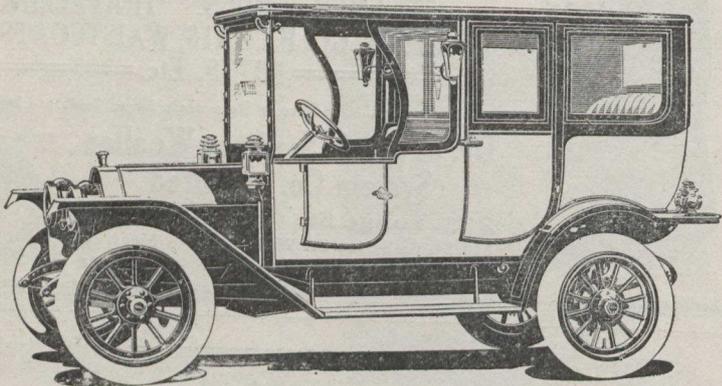
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--said another man recently.



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Quality Talk No. 2.

Watch this space for Talk No. 3.

## THE ESSENCE OF A MAN

(Continued from page 8.)

the sleeping camp. It stopped, sniffed the tainted air, and then stared, fascinated, at the sheaf of fish, which hung, slowly revolving, in tantalizing proximity. Silently, with dainty and delicate caution, the lynx laid itself out on the branch, and, clinging tight, stretched out a curved forepaw; it just touched its object, and set it swaying. Again the paw went out, and again fell short. A quicker thrust, and the big pads slipped on the frozen wood, and, with a scream, the great cat fell fair on the sleeping dogs.

In an instant the air split with a frenzy of noise. Tom sprang up, and saw a malestrom of yellow forms, a convulsive, contorted mass, from which came the vicious snap of locking jaws, the yelp of agonized animals, and the short, coughing bark of the lynx. Around and in and out they rolled, buried in fur and snow. The wolf was born again in the huskies, and, with all their primal ferocity, they assailed each other and a common enemy. Two of them crawled away, licking great wounds from deadly claws; and then gradually the battle waned, till it died in a fugue of howls, and the marauder escaped, torn and bleeding, into the silence from which he came.

Tom stood helpless, and then, when the three came limping home, went over to where his two best dogs lay, licking great gashes—for the lynx had literally torn them open. As he approached, they lifted their black lips till the long fangs shone, ivory white; and death and defiance gurgled in their throbbing throats. A glance told him that nothing could be done; the frost was already nipping the raw flesh till they snapped at their own vitals in desperation. He raised his axe, once, twice—and his two best huskies lay on a blanket of blood-stained snow, with twitching bodies and glazing eyes.

Then, very soberly, he examined the others. They were still fit for harness; so, in the yellow light that began to flood the world, he shortened his traces, twisted his feet into his toe straps, and, with never a look behind, faced again the burden of the day.

The trail was hard to break. The crust, that would not carry the dogs, was smashed down, and tilted cakes of ice fell over on his shoes, a deck load that made them a weariness to lift. Behind floundered the toiling huskies, the leader's nose glued to the tail of the trailing shoes. What vast reserve of strength did man and beast then draw upon, Tom could not have told you; but, hour after hour, the small, indomitable train went on. As the day lengthened, Tom shortened his stride; for the dogs were evidently giving out, and his thigh muscles were burning like hot wires. At four o'clock the team stopped dead, the leader swaying in his tracks. The big half-breed, running his hands over the shaking body, suddenly found one of them warm and wet—it was sticky with blood. Then he saw blood on the trail; looking back, he saw crimson spots as far as the eye could distinguish them; lifting the matted hide, he revealed a gash from which oozed great, slow drops. The valiant brute had drained his life out in a gory baptism of that killing trail. Then Tom sat down in dumb despair, took the lean yellow head upon his knees, smoothed the tawny fur back from those clouding eyes, and set his teeth hard as the dying beast licked his caressing hand in mute fidelity.

The great frame grew rigid as he watched, and slowly into the man's mind, for the first time in all his life, came doubt. Perhaps it was more of wonderment. It was not any suggestion of failing powers, imminent danger, or impending hardships; it was rather a mute questioning of things which he had always heretofore accepted, as he did the rising and sinking of the sun—things which began and ended with the day. His reasonings were slow and laborious; his mind creaked, as it were, with the effort—like an unused muscle, it responded with difficulty. Then, finally, he saw it all.

Long ago, when his mother died, she



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had warned him against the false new gods which the white man had brought from the big sea water, and in her old faith had turned her face to the wall of her teepee. She had been buried in a treetop, near a bend of the Albany River, where it turns north from Nepigon and runs through the spruce forests that slope down to Hudson's Bay. But Tom had listened to the new story—more than that, he had hewed square timber for the Mission Church at Ignace; and now—retribution had come, at last. No sooner had the idea formulated itself, than it seized upon him; and then there rose to meet it—defiance. Grimly, he slackened the collar from the dead husky, and laid the empty traces across his own breast; savagely he thrust forward, and started the toboggan, and the diminished company stayed and stopped not till, once again, the darkness came.

That night the two surviving dogs eyed him furtively, when he flung them their food. They did not devour it ravenously, as was their custom; but crouched, with the fish under their paws, and followed, with shifting look, every move he made. He was too weary to care; but, had he watched them an hour later, the sight would have convinced him that there was an evil spirit abroad in those frosty woods.

Noiselessly, they approached his sleeping form, sniffing intently at everything in the camp. He lay, massive and motionless, wrapped in an immense rabbit-skin blanket, one fold of which was thrown over the bag that held his provisions; his giant body was slack, relaxed, and full of great weariness.

The dogs moved without a sound, till they stood over the sleeping man. The long hair rose in ridges along their spines, as they put their noses to his robe, and sniffed at their unconscious master; for, whether it was the fight with the lynx, or that yellow body out on the ice, some new and strange thing had come into their blood; they had reverted to the primal dog, and no longer felt the burden of the collar or the trace—the labor of the trail had passed from them.

At first, the smell of man repelled them, but it was only for a moment; their lean shoulders swayed as their twitching noses ran over his outline, and then a new scent assailed them. It was the provision bag. Gently, and with infinite precaution, they pulled it. Tom stirred, but only stirred. The sack was trailed out over the snow, and the tough canvas soon gave way before those murderous teeth. In silence, and in hunger, they gorged; what they could not eat was destroyed, till, finally, with bulging sides, they lay down and slept, in utter repletion.

It was the sun on his face that woke Tom to a consciousness of what had happened. He felt for the bag, and, finding it not, looked at the dogs, and, on seeing them, raised his hand in anger. Now, this was a mistake; few dogs will wait for punishment, least of all a half-savage husky who expects it. He approached, they retreated; he stopped, they squatted on their haunches and eyed him suspiciously; he retreated, they did not move; he held out a fish, they were supremely indifferent. They had entered a new world, which was none of his; they suddenly found that they did not have to obey—and when man or beast reasons thus, it spells ruin. All his arts were exhausted and proved fruitless, and then Tom knew that an evil spirit—a Wendigo—was on his trail.

To push forward was his first instinct. Slowly, he rolled up the blanket, and laced it to the toboggan; and, as the sun topped the rim of the land, the unconquerable breed struck out across the ice, the traces tugging at his shoulders. A few yards behind followed the enfranchised team, drunk with the intoxication of their new-found liberty. Never did he get within striking distance, but ever he was conscious of those soft, padding sounds; he felt as if they were always about to spring at his defenceless back, but all through the weary day they followed, elusive, mysteriously threatening.

He pulled up, faint with hunger, in midafternoon, and went into a thicket.

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They contain no Mercury, Iron, Cantharides, Morphia, Strychnia, Opium, Alcohol or Cocaine

The Specific Pill is purely vegetable, has been tested and prescribed by physicians, and has proven to be the best and most effective treatment known to medical science for restoring impaired Vitality, no matter how originally caused, as it reaches the root of the ailment. Our remedies are the best of their kind, and contain only the best and purest ingredient that money can buy and science produce; therefore we cannot offer free samples.

Price ONE DOLLAR per Box, No Humpug, C.O.D., or Treatment Scheme  
by First Class Mail.

**PERSONAL OPINIONS:** Dear Sirs: For Neurasthenia the Hypophosphites are our main stays.—Dr. JAY G. ROBERTS, of Phila., Pa.

I can certify to the extreme purity of your Hypophosphites.—Dr. L. PITKIN, New York.  
I have taken this excellent remedy (Winchester's Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda) as a Nerve Food by my physician's order. It has so greatly benefitted me that I hope other sufferers may be helped likewise.—Miss ELLA H. JOHNSON, Irvington, N. Y.

I don't think there is a more honest remedy for Nervous Debility than your Specific Pill.—B. R., Princeton, Ills.  
I find your remedies excellent.—ASSISTANT ATTY. GEN. N. D.

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The Flavor will be to  
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Try a glass of Cosgrave's new Golden Gate Beer the next time you feel thirsty.

It is becoming the first choice of every one who appreciates a beer that is both delicious and wholesome.

**Cosgrave's Golden Gate BEER**

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Now on sale at all hotels.

In wood at all dealers for family use.

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The cleanest, safest, surest way of getting rid of cockroaches and other house bugs is to use Keating's Insect Powder. It is a wonderful, potent exterminator of insect life—yet is odorless and not poisonous except to bugs and insects. Sold by all druggists.

In tins only: 10c.,

### A GIFT EVERY MAN WANTS

#### "EZE" SUSPENDERS

(Pronounced "Easy")

"EZE" (pronounced easy) Suspenders are so stylishly finished, and the quality is honest through and through. Better still, they have the famous "EZE" double back.

In a Handsome Christmas Box without extra charge

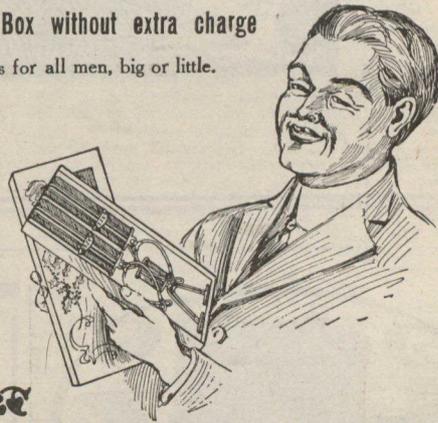
Dressy colors; smart designs; sizes for all men, big or little.

A pair of "EZE," in fancy 50c box

A pair of "EZE," with armbands and garters, in fancy \$1.00 box

If your dealer hasn't them, write us. Postpaid anywhere upon receipt of price.

**THE KING SUSPENDER CO.**  
64-68 Adelaide St. E., TORONTO



## THE TRADERS BANK of Canada

DIVIDEND No. 63.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend at the rate of 8% per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of the Bank has been declared for the current quarter, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after the 2nd day of January next to Shareholders of record of 15th December, 1911.

By order of the Board.

**STUART STRATHY,**

Toronto, November 3rd, 1911.

General Manager.



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Every artistic home should contain a

# GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANO

because this instrument presents the most up-to-date features and improvements; is in fact the

## IDEAL PIANO

for the home. This reputation has been gained entirely through merit during the past half century of honest endeavor. A demonstration at our salesroom will convince you. Descriptive literature sent free on application.

## GERHARD HEINTZMAN, LIMITED

NEW SALESROOMS

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Hamilton Salesrooms: 127 King Street East

of cedar to set rabbit snares; but no sooner had he turned than the dogs were at the toboggan. A ripping of canvas caught his ear, and he rushed back in fury. They fled at his approach, and lay, flat on the snow, their heads between their paws; so Tom pulled up his load, built a fire beside it, and watched the huskies till morning. He had now one hundred miles to go; he had three hundred pounds to pull, and no dogs; he could not, dare not sleep; and he had no food, but—Anderson was waiting at Lac Seul.

Who can enter into those next days? Through the storms—and they were many—moved a gigantic figure, and, after it, crawled a long coffin-like shape; and behind the shape trotted two wolfish forms, with lean flanks and ravenous jaws. Across the crystalline plains plodded the grim procession, and, at night, the red eye of a camp fire flung its flickering gleam on those same threatening forms, as they moved restlessly and noiselessly about, watching and waiting, waiting and watching. As his strength diminished with the miles, Tom began to see strange things, and hear curious and pleasant sounds. Then he got very sleepy; the snow was just the color of the twenty-dollar blankets in the H. B. post; it was not cold now; he experienced a delicious languor; and people began to talk all around him; only they wouldn't answer when he shouted at them. Then the Wendigo came, and told him to lie down and rest, and, as he was taking off his shoes, another spirit called out: "Kago, kago—nebowah, neepah pan-emah."

("Don't, don't! You will find rest by and by.")

At noon, on the eighth day after Tom left Ignace post, Peter Anderson looked across the drifts of Lac Seul, and shook his head. The horizon was blotted out in a blizzard that whipped the flakes into his face like needle points, and the distance dissolved in a whirling view. The bush had been cleared away around his buildings, and, in the bare space, a mighty wind swooped and shrieked. As he turned, the gale lifted for a moment, and, infinitely remote, something appeared to break the snow line at the end of a long white lane of dancing wreaths; then the storm closed down, and the vision was lost. Keenly, he strained through half-closed lids; once more something stirred, and, suddenly, the wind began to slacken. In the heart of it was staggering a giant shape, that swayed and tottered, but doggedly, almost unconsciously, moved on into the shelter of the land; behind trailed a formless mass, and, last of all, the apparitions of two lank, limping dogs.

Drunkenly and unseeingly, but with blind, indomitable purpose, the man won every agonizing step. His snowshoes were smashed to a shapeless tangle of wood and sinew; his face was gaunt, patched with gray blots of frost-bite; and, through his sunken cheeks, the high bones stood out like knuckles on a clenched fist. Ice was plastered on his cap, and lay fringed on brow and lids, but beneath them burned eyes that glowed with dull fires, quenchless and abysmal. By infinitesimal degrees he drew in, with not a wave of the hand, not a sign of recognition. Up the path, from shore to trading post, shouldered the titan figure, till it reached the door. At the latch, stiff, frozen fingers were fumbling, as Anderson flung it open; and then a vast bulk darkened the threshold, swung in helpless hesitation for a fraction of time, and pitched, face foremost, on the rough pine floor.

A few hours later, he looked up from the pile of skins upon which Anderson had rolled him. His eyes wandered to the figure of the trader, who sat, serenely smoking, regarding with silent satisfaction a small mountain of provisions.

"All here, boss?"

"Ay, Tom, all here, and I'm muckle obliged to ye; are ye hungry, Tom? Will ye hae a 'bit sup'?"

"No eat for five days; pull toboggan. No dogs."

Anderson stiffened where he sat. "What's that? Haulin' three hunder' of grub, and ye were starving? Ye big copper-colored fule!"



## NORWICH UNION FIRE

### Insurance Society Limited

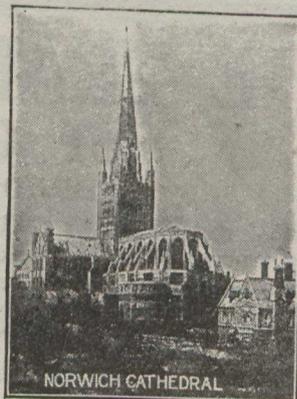
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**ALL Scotch**  
**WHISKY**

It's  
**ALL Scotch**  
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Writes long letter with one filling. Always ready. No clogging. No blotting. Best for ruling, manifold and constant use. Fine or medium points. Sent postpaid, 16 for 20c, 3 doz. 40c, 6 doz. 75c. Postal Note or Money Order. Money back if wanted.  
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**TORONTO**

**Hotel Directory**

**HOTEL MOSSOP**  
Toronto, Canada. F. W. Mossop, Prop.  
European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.  
RATES:  
Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up.  
Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up.

**THE NEW RUSSELL**  
Ottawa, Canada  
250 rooms  
American Plan, \$3.00 to \$5.00  
European Plan, \$1.50 to \$3.50  
\$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements.

**LA CORONA HOTEL**  
(Home of the Epicure)  
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European Plan \$1.50 up. John Healy, Manager.

**KING EDWARD HOTEL**  
Toronto, Canada  
—Fireproof—  
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.  
American and European Plans.

**GRAND UNION HOTEL**  
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Geo. A. Spear, President  
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**PALMER HOUSE**  
TORONTO : CANADA  
H. V. O'Connor, Proprietor  
Rates—\$2.00 to \$3.00

**CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.**  
**Queen's Hotel** Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Free 'Bus to all trains.  
H. L. Stephens, Prop.

**THE NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL**  
(European Plan)  
One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.  
Single rooms without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.  
St. James and Notre Dame Sts., Montreal.

"No packer's grub, boss; Hudson Bay grub!"  
It was almost a groan, for Tom was far spent.  
Involuntarily, the quiet Scot lifted his hands in amazement, and then hurried into his kitchen, murmuring, as he disappeared: "Man, man, it's with the likes of ye that the Hudson Bay keeps its word."

**THE RUNNERS OF THE AIR**  
(Continued from page 6.)

formally with each of the little band of watchers.

"How did you come to be so sharp on the lookout?" asked Count Sergius of their leader. "You couldn't have expected us so soon."

"The Captain said you might come any minute!" answered the mountaineer a little stiffly. "Did you think to catch us sleeping at our post?"

"Does one expect to catch the eagle asleep?" demanded Count Sergius in reply. It was not a question that called for an answer, but it soothed the mountaineer's resentment.

"Better keep wide of Vishegrad, Count," he admonished. "Better keep to this side, along the hills. There's a troop of Austrian light horse in the town and they might give you some trouble."

"Good!" said Sergius. "Hear that, Bob?"

"Right!" answered the Englishman. "Austrian Horse at Vishegrad. Keep clear, to left along the mountain. I caught it. Let me get off ahead, now."

Motor and propeller broke out with their high chanting.

"Let her go!" sang out Andrews, in Servian.

The great white biplane rushed and soared. The watchers shouted involuntarily and then stood silent, spell-bound. Half a minute later the pale dragon-fly followed, springing aloft more steeply and swiftly overhauling its fellow.

"It is a miracle!" muttered the leader to his awe-struck companions, as the two machines, a hundred feet in the air, swept from view around the shoulder of the mountain.

Day broke swiftly. As the flyers climbed the air, to get above the swirls and turmoil which the first light would cause at earth's surface, the black Servian summits were suddenly outlined in rose fire. Vishegrad came into view some five miles ahead and to the right, nestled in a bend of the Drina.

Sergius, now leading, but careful not to get far ahead of the biplane, pressed farther to the left, till he was over the broken ground and oak-woods which divided the cultivated foothills from the heights. In a few minutes they were abreast of Vishegrad, still at a distance of perhaps five miles.

"I don't wonder you Serbs won't stand it, to have such a land snatched from you," said Carver in the Count's ear.

"We won't!" shouted Sergius in the teeth of the wind.

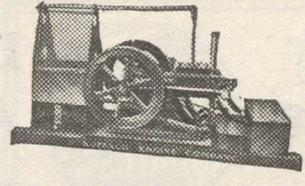
Some ten miles farther on they bade farewell at last to the river which had thus far guided them. In another hour they caught sight of two signal-smokes rising from a field to their right and swerved wide to pass over them.

There they saw the two white sheets neared to the ground, the group of watchers about the new-lit fires, and they realized how efficiently Gregory had done his work. But they had netrol yet for a good hour and a half. They were sweeping onward triumphantly above the two thin smokes, when Plamenac seemed to feel a tug at his inner consciousness. It was as if he were leaving something down there by the smokes, something which he might need very badly.

"Signal Andrews!" he shouted, beginning to circle to the right, away from the other aeroplane. "We'll stop here and fill up."

"But we're loaded for another seventy miles yet!" protested Carver, as he waved the little red flag.

The pale dragon-fly was already swooping back and settling over the smokes.



**\$99.<sup>00</sup> for a POWERFUL 4 H.P. BUFFALO ENGINE**  
WATER COOLED

Write for Circulars

The C. H. LEPAGE CO., Limited : Quebec City, Canada

**LEGAL NOTICE**

**PUBLIC NOTICE** is hereby given that under the First Part of chapter 79 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, known as "The Companies Act," letters patent have been issued under the Seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, bearing date the 23rd day of October, 1911, incorporating James Stewart, accountant; William Gilchrist, solicitors' clerk, and Alfred Ernest Day, Alexander Murray Garden and Waldron Lawr students-at-law, all of the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario, for the following purposes, viz.:—(a) To carry on the trade or business of engineers, dredgers, contractors, founders, smiths, mechanics and manufacturers; to carry on the business of dredging and that of ship owners and shippers, barge owners, lightermen, carriers by land and by water, forwarding agents, warehousemen, wharfingers, store keepers, dock owners, harbor masters, merchants, traders, importers, and exporters, and all kinds of goods, merchandise, freight and property, and to deal in articles, goods and chattels of every kind; (b) To build and construct or to order or procure to be built and constructed or to acquire by purchase or otherwise or to charter or hire any ships, vessels, tugs, dredges, dredging equipment, lighters or barges, or any share or shares therein, with all necessary or convenient engines, furniture, tackle, stores and equipment; (c) To acquire by purchase, lease or otherwise, or to erect, build or construct or cause to be erected, built or constructed, and to operate or cause to be operated any wharves, docks, dry docks, harbours, breakwaters, dredges, dredging machinery or dredging equipment, offices, warehouses, factories, tramways, upon the property of the company, elevators, cranes, lifts, machinery, engines or plants, or to acquire any right to use the same or any of the same; (d) To maintain, repair, improve, convert, alter, fit and re-fit, provide with engines, furniture, equipment, tackle and stores, ships, vessels, tugs, dredges, lighters and barges of or under charter to whomsoever; (e) To employ in trading or in the carriage of goods, merchandise or passengers, or for surveying, dredging or other works, the ships, vessels, tugs, lighters or barges of the company or under charter to the company, and to let on hire or charter or otherwise employ the said ships, vessels, tugs, dredges, lighters or barges for profit; (f) To construct, carry out, maintain, improve, manage, work, control, and superintend any roads, ways, pipe lines, tramways, terminals and railway sidings on lands owned or controlled by the company, bridges, reservoirs, storage, stations, watercourses, water rights, water powers, water lots, aqueducts, wharves, furnaces, sawmills, mill sites, crushing works, hydraulic works, electrical works, factories, warehouses, shops, dwelling-houses, and other works and conveniences which may seem directly or indirectly conducive to or convenient for any of the objects of the company and to contribute to, subsidize or otherwise aid or take part in any such operations; (g) To furnish and sell electricity for power, heat, and lighting purposes, and all appliances incident or necessary thereto, provided, however, that any distribution or transmission of electricity beyond the lands of the company shall be subject to local, and municipal regulations in that behalf; (h) To apply for, purchase or otherwise acquire any trade marks, trade names, patents, licenses, copyrights, concessions and the like conferring any exclusive or non-exclusive or limited right to use or any secret or other information as to any invention which may seem capable of being used for any of the purposes of the company or the acquisition of which may seem calculated directly or indirectly to benefit the company, and to use, exercise, develop or grant licenses in respect of or otherwise turn to account the property, rights or information so acquired; (i) To buy, sell and manufacture, refine, manipulate, export and import and deal in all substances, apparatus and things capable of being used in any such businesses as the company is authorized to carry on or required by any customers of or persons having dealings with the company; (j) To carry on any other business, whether manufacturing or otherwise, which may seem to the company capable of being conveniently carried on in connection with the company's businesses or calculated directly or indirectly to enhance the value of or render profitable any of the company's property or rights; (k) To acquire or undertake the whole or any part of the business, property and liabilities of any company carrying on any business which the company is authorized to carry on or possessed of property suitable for the purposes of this company, and to pay therefor in fully paid-up or partly paid-up preference or ordinary shares of the company, or in the bonds, debentures or other securities of the company; (l) To enter into partnership or any arrangement for sharing profits, union of interest, co-operation, joint adventure, reciprocal concession or otherwise with any company carrying on or engaged in or about to carry on or engage in any business or transaction which this company is authorized to carry on or engage in, or any business or transaction capable of being conducted so as directly or indirectly to benefit this company; and to lend money to, guarantee the contracts of or otherwise assist any such person; (m) To take or otherwise acquire and hold and to sell or otherwise dispose of shares in any other company having objects altogether or in part similar to those of this company, or carrying on any business capable of being conducted so as to directly or indirectly benefit this company, notwithstanding the provisions of Section 44 of the said Act; (n) To enter into any arrangements with any authorities, government, municipal, local or otherwise, that may seem conducive to the company's objects or any of them, and to obtain from any such authority, any rights, privileges and concessions which the company may think it desirable to obtain, and to carry out or exercise and comply with any such arrangements, rights, privileges and concessions; (o) To establish and support or aid in the establishment and support of associations, institutions, funds, trusts, and conveniences calculated to benefit employees or ex-employees of the company, or its predecessors in business, or the dependents or connections of such persons, and to grant pensions and allowances, and to make payments towards insurance, and to subscribe or guarantee for charitable or benevolent objects or for any exhibition or for any public, general or useful object; (p) To promote any company or companies for the purpose of acquiring all or any of the property and liabilities of this company, or for any other purpose which may seem directly or indirectly calculated to benefit this company; (q) To purchase, take on lease or in exchange, hire or otherwise acquire any real and personal property and any rights or privileges which the company may think necessary or convenient for the purposes of its business; (r) To invest and deal with the moneys of the company not immediately required in such manner as may from time to time be determined; (s) To lend money to customers and others having dealings with the company and to guarantee the performance of contracts by any company, to issue bonds or debentures for the construction, acquisition, maintenance or operation of any of the properties or works of the company; (t) To remunerate any company for services rendered or to be rendered to the company in placing or assisting to place or guaranteeing the placing of any of the shares in the company's capital, or any bonds, debentures or other securities of the company, or in or about the formation or promotion of the company or the conduct of its business; (u) To sell or dispose of, lease or otherwise deal with or dispose of the whole or any part of the property, assets or undertaking of the company as a going concern or otherwise for such consideration as the company may think fit, and in particular for shares, bonds, debentures or securities of any other company having objects altogether or in part similar to those of this company; (v) To adopt such means of making known the products of the company as may seem expedient and in particular by advertising in the press, by circulars, by purchase and exhibition of works of art or interest, by publication of books and periodicals, and by granting prizes, rewards and donations; (w) To obtain any order or Act of Parliament for enabling the company to carry any of its objects into effect or for effecting any modification of the company's constitution or for any other purpose which may seem expedient and to oppose any proceedings or application which may seem calculated directly or indirectly to prejudice the company's interests; (x) To sell, improve, manage, develop, exchange, lease, enfranchise, dispose of, turn to account, or otherwise deal with all or any part of the property and rights of the company; (y) To do all such other things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects, and to do all or any of the above things as principals, agents, contractors, trustees or otherwise and by or through trustees, agents or otherwise, and either alone or in conjunction with others; (z) The word "company" wherever the same occurs herein shall be deemed to include any person, partnership or other body of persons, whether incorporated or not incorporated, and whether domiciled in Canada or elsewhere, and the objects specified in each of said clauses shall be in no wise limited or restricted by reference to or inference from the terms of any other clauses or the name of the company; (aa) To amalgamate with any other company having objects altogether or in part similar to those of this company; (bb) To distribute any of the property of the company in kind among the shareholders. The operations of the company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere by the name of "Polson Dry Dock & Shipbuilding Company, Limited," with a capital stock of one million dollars each, and the chief place of business of the said company to be at the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 25th day of October, 1911.  
THOMAS MULVEY,  
Under-Secretary of State.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

Shipping  
Manufacturing

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Wholesale  
Centre

# YORKTON

Railway  
Centre

## COMMERCIAL CENTRE OF EASTERN SASKATCHEWAN

As a Location for Wholesalers and Manufacturers is Unexcelled in Eastern Saskatchewan.

The town of Yorkton, the largest and most prosperous town in Saskatchewan, appeals strongly as a location for Wholesale Distributing Houses and Industrial Enterprises. It has four railway outlets and will shortly have six. It is on the Winnipeg Edmonton main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Hudson Bay-to-Boundary main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and will be one of the most important towns served by the proposed Canadian Northern Railway line to Craven, Sask.

Railway transportation to Fifty Towns and Villages within 100 miles radius of the town.

Adequate Electric Light and Power facilities under civic administration and control.

The world's Oat centre. Excellent track sites available for wholesalers.

This is not a prospect. It is a certainty.

The large wholesale distributing firms now located here, including the International Harvester Co., The A. McDonald Co., The Massey-Harris Co., The Imperial Oil Co., The Winnipeg Oil Co., and others, prove that.

### Building Permits

In 1908 .....	\$100,000	In 1910 .....	\$185,000
In 1909 .....	150,000	In 1911 .....	300,000

### Municipal Work

In 1909-10 .....	\$371,000	In 1911 .....	\$300,000
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### Employment is Given in Yorkton now by

A flour mill	Two brick yards
Cereal mill	Two newspapers
Nine elevators	Municipal works
Foundry and machine shop	The building trades
Steam laundry	Bottling factory
Sash and door factory	Dairy industry
Four lumber yards	Cattle shipping
Two oil companies	Wholesale implement companies

And there is a field for the expansion of all of these businesses, as well as for the establishment of new ones. Many openings in the professions.

### Yorkton Offers the Man Who is Looking for a Home

Employment at highest wages, whether he is skilled or unskilled.

A large and growing field if he is a professional man.  
Business opportunities if he is a tradesman or merchant.  
A huge market if he is a manufacturer or wholesaler.

The offer is backed by the guarantee of what the country has produced in the past and its increase as additional lands are put under cultivation.

Land under cultivation now amounts to 100,000 acres immediately adjoining the town.

Tributary country extends 100 miles east, 75 miles south, 100 miles west and 100 miles north.

Grain shipments last year were 2,600,000 bushels and 125,000 bushels remained in farmers' hands.

Last year the farmers of the Yorkton district sold ten train loads of cattle for shipment east and south.

Implement sales made by local merchants last year amounted to \$160,000, and many more were shipped out.

Here is what the merchants now on the ground did last year, a retail business of \$800,000.

Six general stores handled trade worth .....	\$459,000
Three fruit stores handled trade worth .....	60,000
Three hardware stores handled trade worth .....	160,000
Two gents' furnishing stores handled trade worth .....	50,000
Three drug stores handled trade worth .....	50,000
Two electrical supply stores handled trade worth .....	20,000

In addition there was the trade of the mills, butcher shops and other industries established

The Yorkton Board of Trade will advise you as to what opportunities are most readily available. Detach the coupon or write to-day to

Secretary Board of Trade  
Yorkton, Sask.

### Yorkton Must be a Distributing Point, Because

It is 200 miles to Saskatoon.

It is 150 miles to Regina.

It is 280 miles to Winnipeg.

It is one of the most important towns on the C. P. R. main line to Edmonton.

It is a junction point on the G. T. P. line to Hudson's Bay.

It will be a collecting point on the C. N. E. line to Hudson's Bay.

It has an 18-hour freight service from Winnipeg.

It has a distributing tariff on the C. P. R. and G. T. P. systems.

Freight will gather here from branch line to be forwarded east and north.

### Yorkton Has all the Comforts of a City. There are

A general and isolation hospital.	Five churches.
Four banks.	Three hotels.
Telephone system.	Electric lighting.
Fire department.	Sewers and waterworks.
Granolithic sidewalks.	Two public schools.
Collegiate institute.	Charming summer resort.
Attractive residential sections.	Two newspapers.

Home comforts, educational facilities for your families, numberless openings for yourself, and a positive guarantee of constant expansion in business and property values are back of Yorkton.

### Growth of a Decade-and-a-Half as a Village

Incorporated in 1894 with a population of 215.

Became a town in 1900 with a population of 600.

Five years showed a population of 1,200.

Doubled again, and in 1910 had a population of 3,500 and assessments of \$2,400,000.

Yorkton has a tremendous tributary country to draw from and which must be supplied from that centre.

Yorkton is a natural distributing point for merchandise and collecting point for outgoing products.

Local consumption and existing business houses handle an average of 14 cars of goods daily.

"Coast clear here and we'll make the most of it," replied Sergius. "Next depot is where this chain of hills comes to an end, not far from Zhupche. We'd have to stop then. And if the coast wasn't clear, we'd find ourselves in a hole!"

"Right O!" agreed the American heartily.

"Do you chaps drink petrol?" demanded Andrews, from his seat, after they had landed. "I've enough still in my tank to take me all the way to Mother Maria's hog-pens, if this weather keeps up."

"You never can have too much petrol!" retorted Sergius.

The sun was well above the mountains by the time they were again under way. It presently raised a light wind, but fortunately a following wind.

They were running now at a height of about a thousand feet, for greater safety.

All at once Count Sergius heard a change in the roaring hum which filled his ears. It had suddenly diminished in volume. Anxiously he glanced at his own motor and propellers. They were attending strictly to business. Then he heard Carver's voice at his ear.

"By George! Something wrong with their motor. It's stopped!"

With a quail of dread Sergius looked across the hundred yards or so which separated him from the other machine. The great biplane's propeller was still! But it was clear, to his great relief, that Andrews had the situation in hand. He had turned half round to the left and was gliding downward, swiftly, but steady as a table, toward an expanse of what looked like pastureland.

Sergius could make out some shepherds, with several large flocks of sheep. Where sheep feed, that is likely to be close turf and firm ground. He headed his dragon-fly downward toward the same landing-place.

"Let's pray it's nothing serious!" he cried.

"It'll have to be something pretty bad that we can't amend!" answered the American confidently, following the descent with his glass. "That looks like good ground."

"And old Ivan's sure to find friends, or fellow-outlaws, among those shepherds," added Sergius.

The flocks fled in uncontrollable panic as the humming white monster swooped down upon them out of the blue. Some of the shepherds followed their charges; while the others, awe-struck, but scorning to run, stood staring up with blanched faces.

Through his glass Carver saw old Ivan looking at the silent motor. He saw Andrews put the wheel into the old mountaineer's hand, with a gesture which seemed to say, "Hold it steady!" Then Andrews turned in his seat, reached backward and with his right hand did something swiftly.

The biplane was within fifty feet of the earth and staggering dangerously under Ivan's untaught guidance. In a flash Andrews had turned and clutched the wheel again. The propeller was seen to spin and to whirl once more into invisibility!

"Oh, neat! Neat, by George!" shouted the American. In the same second the heavy hum of the Gnome motor rose again to Plamenac's ears. The biplane's descent stopped. It ran along on level planes, some twenty feet above the shepherds, to whom Ivan, leaning down, was seen to shout something. Then it turned upward and swiftly remounted the morning air.

"Thank God!" cried Count Sergius fervently. Once more he turned the humming nose of his dragon-fly toward the sky.

"About the coolest and neatest thing I've ever had the luck to see!" remarked the American.

"When anything can be done, you can count on Bob to do it!" said Sergius, steadying the monoplane at the four-hundred-foot level. "Keep a sharp watch ahead and if we catch sight of a patrol we'll run up higher. By the look of the country we're all right down here for a while."

(To be continued.)

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# If Men Knew How to Lather, They Would Shave With More Comfort



THE action of lather on the beard is a *double* one.

First--the natural oil which covers each hair is removed by the soap.

Second--the water is thus enabled to get to the hair, *moistening* and *softening* it.

A certain amount of *friction* aids the lather in the performance of its duty.

*Too much* friction irritates the skin and causes that smarting sensation for which soap or razor is often blamed.



**Stick**

Moisten the beard with the wet brush, rub stick over face, work up lather with brush.

It follows that the method of lathering which most thoroughly penetrates the oil-covered hairs, with the least amount of rubbing, is not only the *quickest*, but the most *comfortable*.

Mixing the lather in a *cup* and then spreading it over the face does not properly soften the beard. That mussy but frequent habit of rubbing in the lather with the fingers must then be resorted to.

And rubbing in means not only skin irritation, but a *waste of time*.

It is logical that the *proper* place to mix the lather is *on the face*, where every motion of the brush not only works *up* the lather, but also works it *in*. With this method it is unnecessary to touch face or lather with the fingers, and, without a wasted motion or a wasted

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**Powder.**

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