

The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE HISTORIC TOWER, HALIFAX, OCTOBER 2ND. SIR SANDFORD FLEMING AND LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR FRASER IN FOREGROUND.

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,
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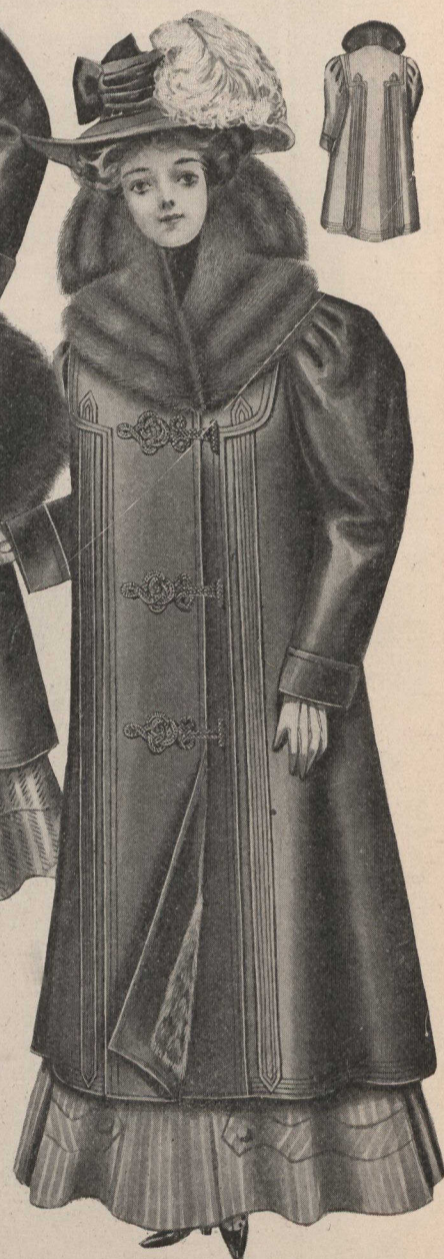
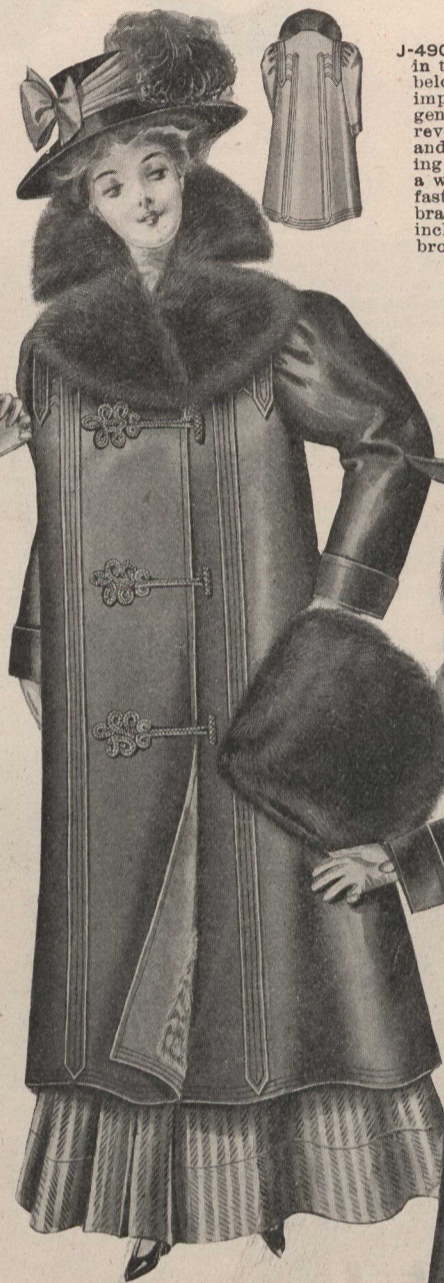
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THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

Published at 61 Victoria Street, Toronto, by The Courier Press, Limited

Subscription: Canada and Great Britain, \$4.00 a Year; United States, \$5.00 a Year

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PUBLISHER'S TALK

LAST week the "Courier" published three stories by Canadian writers—Mr. Lloyd Roberts, a son of that distinguished New Brunswicker, Professor C. G. D. Roberts, "Helen Guthrie," a native of St. John, N.B., who is now proud to be called a Manitoban, and "Noel Grant," an Ontario contributor. Lumber camp and prairie make stirring background for the narrator but, in the shifting scenes of our Dominion-in-the-making there may be found an infinite variety of incident—all of which the "Courier" is anxious to chronicle. This week there is a humorous sketch of an Atlantic City episode by Mr. R. S. Bond, an expatriated Canadian, and a romantic tale of Old France by a Montreal writer.

NEXT week's issue will be a special Hallow E'en number with a three-colour cover and special contents. As this number will also contain a summary of election results with comment on the outcome, it will probably be such a publication as our subscribers will care to preserve or send to friends abroad.



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Are we to have the failures of Europe for our next-door neighbors, or shall we have neighbors strong enough to take care of themselves?

How shall the seeds of empire be sown in this new Canadian domain?

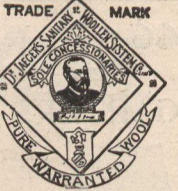
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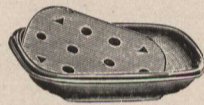


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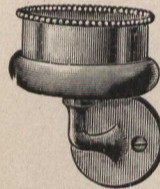


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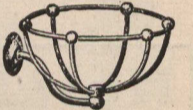
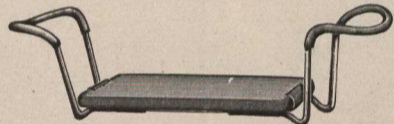
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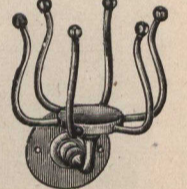


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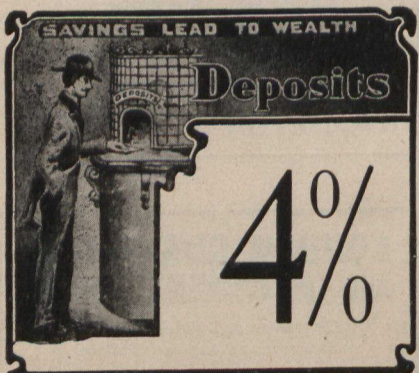
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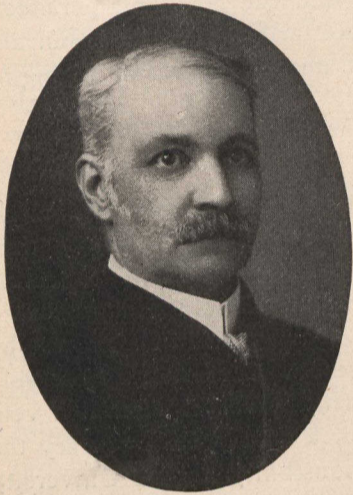
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Vol. IV.

Toronto, October 24th, 1908.

No. 21

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Mr. E. A. Grange,
Principal of Ontario Veterinary College.

THE history of the horse in Canada is the story of progress, not only in agriculture but in methods of transportation. More than twenty years ago Rev. Mr. Baird, then a preacher in Edmonton, wrote an editorial for the *Edmonton Bulletin* on the cause, in which he pointed out the inestimable value that primitive plains horse had been to the development of Western Canada. Now the west has as good horses as the east; importations of thoroughbred stock have produced a class of native western horse that for general purpose work is hard to beat anywhere. Much of the credit for the general development of horse culture in Canada is due the Ontario Veterinary College, whose new building is

now being erected in Toronto. This college has been a valuable contributor to the cause of practical education in Canada; and a few days ago there took place at the college a ceremony somewhat unique in the history of educational institutions, the valedictory of one principal and the inauguration of his successor. Fifty years ago the direction of agricultural matters in Ontario was in the hands of the Board of Agriculture, composed of representatives from the agricultural societies of the province. Mr. George Buckland held the chair of Professor of Agriculture in the university. Importations of valuable pure-bred stock were becoming somewhat extensive. It was felt that training should be provided in veterinary science. The Board sent Professor Buckland to Edinburgh, and Professor Dick recommended a young man named Andrew Smith for the work. In 1862, classes were organised in the old building at the northwest corner of Yonge and Queen Streets, with Professors Smith and Buckland as instructors. From that year up to July 1st of the present year, the Veterinary College has been under the direction of Dr. Smith.

In 1873 a young man named Grange, son of Sheriff Grange of Guelph, graduated from the college. Dr. Grange was instructor for a time, thence he went to the Agricultural College as Professor, later to the State of Michigan. Now, in the year 1908, the veteran of forty-six years' experience retires and his former pupil of thirty-five years ago takes up his work. The opening ceremonies were full of reminiscences of the past and apparently inaugurated a new era of enlarged work and increasing usefulness. The new college is now entirely under the direction of the Ontario Department of Agriculture and is in affiliation with the University of Toronto, lectures in physiology, chemistry and botany being given by members of the university staff.

MANITOBA Agricultural College is making headway; somewhat of a paradox that in the land where a generation ago scarcely a farm was to be seen there is now a college devoted to the science of agriculture. A new instructor has just been appointed in the engineering and mechanical department—Mr. W. Brandon of Winnipeg. Mr. Brandon's business will be to see that the farm youth of Manitoba turn out to be handy youths that can not possibly be stuck on any ordinary contraption about the farm; boys that will know how to tinker anything from a self-binder to a

sewing-machine; just such resourceful chaps as used to make farming in Ontario one of the great practical fine arts—for the Ontario farmer of twenty years ago was a hard man to tie up on any sort of mechanical contrivance, and he could do anything with land implements up to nineteen sorts of jobs in a day, and tinker to the king's taste any rig about the place. There are a few wrinkles in modern farming that he might not have known; running a gasoline engine, for instance. But the Manitoba college of husbandry intends to see that no youth leaves its precincts who is likely to be downed by any modern device. Mr. Brandon has had a good training for this sort of thing. He is an Orillia boy who has spent his life in mechanical work in Toronto, Grand Rapids and Muskegon; later in the C. P. R. shops at Winnipeg, where for six years he has been tool-maker.

* * *

MR. ARTHUR STRINGER

pays his disrespects to the folk whom in an article in "Canada-West" he terms "Canada Fakers." By this opprobrious epithet he means all those quill-driving gentlemen who for the past decade or so have been busy discovering Canada in the imagination. He makes examples of Jack London, Rex Beach, Stewart Edward White and even Sir Gilbert Parker, besides half a dozen others. These gentlemen he says have been painting Canada as she is not; they have made of a great, sensible and sober country a hectic delirium in which melodrama and vaudeville have usurped the true drama. "For this relief much thanks" to Mr. Stringer. He is the first writer who has had the courage to expose this kind of sensational chicanery in dealing with the material of our native art. He has, however, missed one of the worst offenders, Mr. Lawrence Mott, who in a mounted police story has his hero do a day's journey from Fort Graham to Hazelton, British Columbia, in pursuit of a desperado—and the distance is about six hundred miles. This is what they term "good going." However, Mr. Stringer has impaled most of the offenders very effectively and in so doing he has done Canada a service. In some minor incidentals he may have been a trifle rash; but if what he has said will induce these literary exploiters to begin telling the whole truth about this young country he will have performed a public service to Canada.

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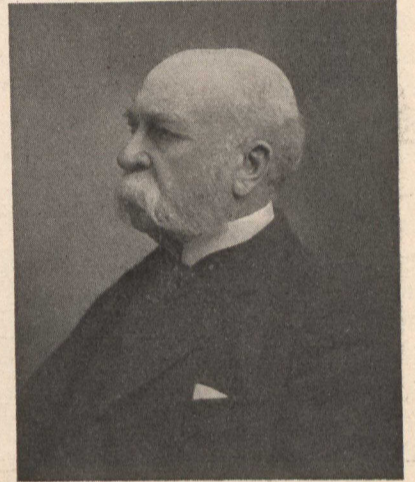
MR. WILLIAM WHYTE, second vice-president of the C. P. R., has recently figured in two public functions at Winnipeg; one being a banquet given by the C. P. R. officials to Sir Thos. Shaughnessy; the other as chairman of the dinner tendered to Lord Milner when the latter made perhaps the best speech he has delivered in Canada. Mr. Whyte is one of those forceful men who on occasions of this kind say things that carry the weight of experience. In his few remarks at the Shaughnessy dinner he alluded to the C. P. R. as "the greatest transportation company the world has ever known."

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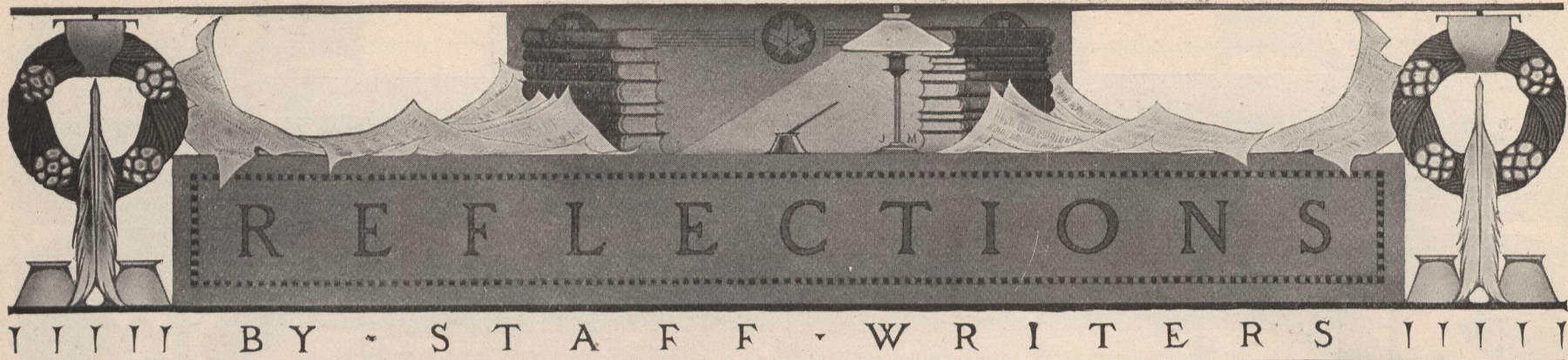
THE man of the moment in Calgary and the West just now is Mr. Dan. McGillicuddy, who has been a journalistic figure for a large number of years. The *Huron Signal* was just about created by McGillicuddy, who for many years has had a reputation among his fellow-editors for ready wit. He has gone after a brother editor, alleging things that overtop all other personalities in this campaign.



Mr. William Whyte,
Second Vice-President C. P. R.



Dr. Andrew Smith,
Former President Veterinary College.



THE FUTURE OF THE TARIFF

WHICHEVER party is in the majority after the General Election on Monday next, it seems reasonably certain that the tariff will not be greatly affected. In the West, the Hon. Frank Oliver and other speakers have been creating the impression that if the Conservatives were returned to power higher duties would be placed on implements, woollens and binder twine. Mr. Oliver has some basis for his argument, but it is doubtful if the Conservatives seriously contemplate going so far as he intimates. The agricultural implement people are not suffering, and binder-twine is an article not made entirely from Canadian raw material. There is no great reason for an increase of duties on these two items. As for woollens, the case is open to argument. As pointed out a fortnight ago in this journal, some woollen industries are doing well and some are not. A general increase in woollen duties is out of the question, though one or two lines may require attention. At the meetings in Wolseley, Sask., and other places one of the mottoes displayed was "A vote for Laurier is a vote against Protection." At best, this is only "approximately" true. In other words, it might possibly come true, but it is more likely to be false.

The editor of the *Toronto Star*, in a leading editorial of the issue of the 17th, declared that if the Conservatives came into power they would abolish the British preference. The writer says: "The average rate on dutiable imports brought in from Great Britain in 1896 was 30 1-5 per cent.; it is now 24 1-4 per cent. To restore the Conservatives to power would, therefore, necessitate the payment by Canadian consumers of nearly \$6 on the hundred more for all the British goods bought by them than they pay now." One wonders where the writer gets his justification for this statement. It is safe to say that ninety per cent. of the Conservative voters of Canada approve the British preference. A Conservative government could not abolish it. As one British writer says: "They might make it more businesslike, but they are not likely to eradicate it from the Tariff Act. Their sympathy with the Conservative party of Great Britain in its campaign in favour of British preference for colonial goods would be an almost sufficient reason for its retention." There are several others almost equally strong. The editor of the *Star*, we venture to assert, does not believe his own statement. In fact it would seem as if some "campaign liar" had stolen secretly into the *Star* office and inserted the editorial when its capable and usually sensible editor was out to luncheon.

So much for the tariff in its relation to Great Britain. As regards the United States, the situation is much the same—there is no change in sight. Speaking at Farnham the other day, Sir Wilfrid Laurier repeated his oft-made statement that the next move for reciprocity between our neighbours and ourselves must come from them. The Canadian pilgrimages to Washington are not to be repeated. According to the despatches Sir Wilfrid said: "I would be ready at any time to make such an agreement with them on a reasonable basis, but as leader of the Government I have made my course, and if we are to have any more treaties of reciprocity with our friends across the line the overtures must come from them, and not from us." The United States manufacturer has less to hope from Mr. Borden than from Sir Wilfrid, so there is little prospect of a change in the tariff in that direction. The Republicans are likely to control the Executive Mansion for another four years, and therefore United States advances toward reciprocity are at least that distance away.

The Canadian manufacturers are so well satisfied with the present tariff that they have refrained from interfering in the election campaign. Prominent manufacturers are found on either side. At their recent meeting in Montreal, they passed a resolution in favour of placing tariff matters in the hands of an independent commission of

experts. They are prepared to see the tariff taken out of politics altogether. This would not be the case, was there any deep-seated desire or hope that in the near future important changes would be made. The present tariff is moderately protectionist and any changes required in it are only such as may be necessary to bring it up to date in its classifications and to make it more scientific in its application. New methods of supplying old wants and the constant, persistent change in manufacturing conditions, make tariff revisions periodically necessary, but tariff revisions need not necessarily result in higher customs duties.

QUEEN'S AND THE CHURCH

QUEEN'S University and the Presbyterian Church must ultimately separate, though that separation can never be more than nominal. A church university may have an arts course in connection with its divinity work, but it cannot properly have a pedagogical, a medical or an applied science faculty. As the result of a protest by Mr. (now Sir) Mortimer Clarke at the Presbyterian General Assembly of 1892, the trustees of Queen's voluntarily gave the church a veto upon all theological appointments, but for a quarter of a century the church has refused to recognise any responsibility for the University as a whole. Thus "the Presbyterian University" has been such only in name. Its denominational character has, however, been sufficient to prevent the Ontario Government extending to it such aid as it gave to the University of Toronto, a purely provincial institution. The biographers of Principal Grant declare that he "came at last to feel that it was best to sever a connection which had become nominal and to make the constitution of the university representative of the work it was doing." They quote an expression of opinion written by him in the *Queen's Quarterly* of October, 1900, in confirmation of this statement. In 1901, a change was made with the consent of the Assembly, and a new constitution adopted. Divinity Hall was to be erected into a separate college, placed under the direct control of the church, and affiliated with the university. A bill was prepared for submission to the Dominion Parliament, whose ratification was necessary. Just at this stage, Principal Grant died and the whole nationalisation movement stopped. In 1903, the Assembly reversed his policy and the struggle has since been maintained without further definite results.

The question has been much discussed and only last week, the Senate and the Board of Trustees agreed to again recommend nationalisation to the Assembly. The resolution of the latter reads: "The trustees also beg to express their opinion that the altered conditions with which the University has had to deal in these later times call for the removal of the denominational disabilities in the charter of the University."

THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

AT the time of writing, there has been no official denial by Grand Trunk Pacific officials of the rumours that a reconsideration of the lease of the National Transcontinental from Winnipeg to Moncton will be demanded. The rumours may be political entirely. It may be that no such action is contemplated. Yet the evidence is steadily accumulating, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier made a hard bargain with Mr. Hays. This coupled with the wonderfully high cost of the national highway, as compared with first estimates, is probably the basis of the rumours.

The real facts as to the cost of the road from Winnipeg to Moncton are hard to get at. The road is far from being completed, and future work may be less expensive in the average than what has already been done. In general, however, it looks like a Quebec Bridge case on a larger scale. A company undertakes to build a bridge. The Government gives a certain measure of assistance. It then

develops that more is needed. More is given. An accident happens, the company goes "broke," and the Government assumes the undertaking. The first estimate of cost was about three millions, while the final cost may be anywhere from ten to fifteen millions.

The first estimate of the cost of the Transcontinental was less than \$30,000 a mile. The next estimate of importance was that of the Minister of Railways in July last who placed the cost at over \$60,000—or double the first estimate. The Opposition pessimists place it even higher. They declare that the fixed charges will be so high that the Grand Trunk Pacific could not possibly make it pay. They maintain that these fixed charges will be more than double those of the C. P. R. and nearly three times those of the C. N. R. Only a trained statistician could discover the truth, and unfortunately Canada does not employ such a person. In this country, we are always wallowing in a sea of diverse and opposing tables of figures concerning public expenditures.

The situation in regard to the Grand Trunk Pacific is so vital that, as soon as the elections are over, the Dominion authorities should hasten to give the public the facts. If the railway is likely to be too expensive, it is not too late to make a change in the plans. The eastern sections from Lake Abitibi to Quebec, and Quebec to Moncton might be abandoned until such time as the districts through which the line is to be built are more accessible and more in need of transportation facilities. Even a portion of the Ontario section might be delayed, if the situation is serious. The idea of the National Transcontinental is magnificent but we must not forget Franklin's advice—not to pay too much for our whistle.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION

THE Dominion Government has steadily refused to have anything to do with technical education, desiring to leave the whole subject of education where the constitution places it—in the jurisdiction of the provinces. The Canadian Manufacturers have been hoping that a Dominion commission would be appointed to report on the national importance of technical education and the best means of fostering it. Apparently the hope has, in a great measure, been abandoned. The C. M. A. has decided to appoint its own commission and defray the expenses out of the Association funds, with such contributions as it may obtain from the provincial administrations. The details of the proposition are now being worked out.

In the meantime, the provinces are themselves doing something for technical education. Nova Scotia has established a technical college and Quebec has a comprehensive system of elementary technical training. Ontario has gone some distance, though a comprehensive technical education policy has not yet been formulated. It is probable that in the near future, the leading cities will cooperate with the Education Department in formulating a general plan. For some time, Toronto has had a technical school to which the provincial government has given a small grant. A new school is now being planned with accommodation for 2,000 students, and some far-sighted persons are looking forward to the time when the provincial capital will have three such schools in different parts of the city. The Government cannot grant much aid to these schools without considering also the needs of other manufacturing centres such as Hamilton, Peterboro, Brantford and Berlin.

In the western provinces, wheat is still the main topic, but shortly technical education will be a subject for discussion. Manitoba and British Columbia have arrived close to the stage where this is necessary.

Canada's industrial progress in the future must depend more or less on the skill of her workmen. Technical schools, suited to the national requirements, are therefore a national necessity.

FREE TRADE IN GREAT BRITAIN

THE average Canadian believes that Great Britain is an absolutely free trade country, and that all revenue is raised by direct taxation. It will therefore surprise some people to know that the customs duties, in the ten years ending 1907, amounted to one billion, four hundred million dollars. Not a small customs revenue for a free-trade country! The difference between their tariff and ours is that the imports are levied only on food, drink and tobacco. Manufactured goods, such as Canada taxes heavily, enter Britain free. In the same period, a similar amount through excise duties on beer and spirits, so that about three hundred million dollars of the annual taxes are collected indirectly.

Those in favour of "tariff reform" are still carrying on a strong campaign for a readjustment of this taxation. The Rt. Hon. Lloyd George made a return to Parliament last year which stated "that the taxes on imports per head of the population in Germany were only 9s. 5d., whilst in Great Britain they were 15s. 3d." The tariff-reformers are making the most of this statement. For example one writer says: "In Great Britain all the import taxes are put on food, drink and tobacco, and the working classes pay most of them; and under the present so-called free-trade system, with the exceptions of alcohol and tobacco, no import taxes may be put on the many luxuries of the rich, or on competing manufactured goods." So the war against the "so-called" free trade goes merrily on with increasing prospects of early success.

THE NEW C. P. R. STOCK

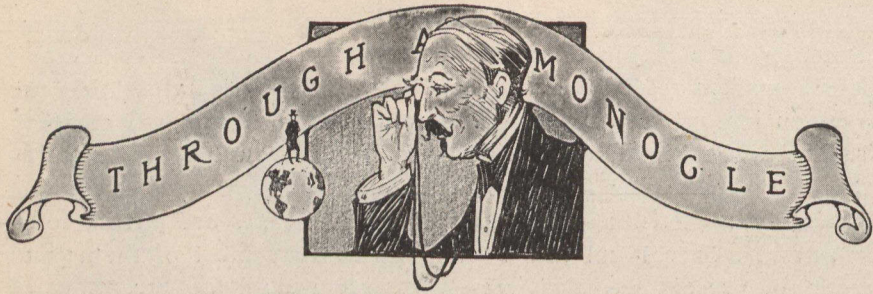
SHAREHOLDERS of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company met in Montreal a few days ago and decided to increase the capital stock from 150 to 200 millions. In this, all the people of Canada are vitally interested. In the first place, the activity and progressiveness of this company means much in Canadian development. The C. P. R. is a national institution, and its growth and development is a national asset. In the second place, the size of the C. P. R. capitalisation has, and will always have, an intimate relation to the freight rates which that company must charge its customers. In the early days, the stock was sold at 25 cents on the dollar and consequently four times as much stock was issued as should have been. At that time, no other course was open. The over-capitalisation was unavoidable, on account of the reasonable pessimism of the time concerning the undertaking. Later issues have always been placed at a figure somewhat below the market value of the existing shares. The last two issues were put out at par. The price at which the next issue will be sold is not yet announced, but it should sell higher than any of the previous issues.

In the year which has just closed, the gross income of the C. P. R. was but \$833,000 less than in the previous year. This in face of the industrial depression, and the small wheat crop in the West, is evidence that the C. P. R. found a deal of new business somewhere. Operating expenses were cut slightly, so that the net revenue only fell \$3,500,000 below the previous year which was a record in every way. In the six years from 1902 to 1908, the company increased its equipment by 659 locomotives, 842 coaches and 25,000 freight cars at an approximate cost of \$37,000,000. The total mileage of the system is now 9,500. With such a mileage and such an equipment, the C. P. R. should greatly increase its earnings with the return of good times. The bumper crop of 1908 will in itself increase the revenues very materially.

With such prospects, the new stock should be issued at 125 at least. To issue it at par is to give a tremendous bonus to present stockholders and to increase the "water" in its capitalisation.

THE "DEAD LINE"

SOME years ago, the most prominent medical authority of Canadian birth gained much undesired newspaper notoriety by a half-jesting remark regarding the age at which a man ceases to do effective work. The medical quoter of Anthony Trollope's chloroform theory was deeply disgusted with the discussion which ensued and no doubt resolved to risk no more playful "sulphitisms" for the bewilderment of a bromide public. A human being's efficiency is impaired the moment he believes that there is nothing further. The navigators who cut "ne plus ultra" on the rocks were not of the tribe of Columbus and would never reach San Salvador. Robert Louis Stevenson, who had a larger share of eternal boyhood than most of his age, was right in his interpretation of the classic saying—"Whom the gods love die young," as referring to the spirit, not the body. There are men who are preaching and teaching with vital warmth after they have reached three score and ten, while others twenty years younger have virtually retired from the intellectual arena. Those who attended the University of Toronto in the days of Dr. George Paxton Young can easily recall his wonderful hold on the student body, the mental invigoration of every lecture delivered to those crowded classes. Principal Grant, to the very last, brought an intense vitality to every assembly he approached or addressed. The only deadly decay is of the powers of the mind and this recent deliverance of a prominent bishop applies to all sorts and conditions of men: "The 'dead line' of the preacher is not one of the almanac, but one of the intellect."



DO you realise, as you read these calm and even commonplace lines, that the proportion of insanity in this country is very considerably higher at this moment than it has been for years, or than it will be again until the next general elections? In fact, the entire North American continent contains more unbalanced minds—more determined lunatics—to-day than it did four weeks ago, or than it will four weeks hence. The truth is that there are very few of us who are not a little “touched.” Between elections, we can all discuss political questions with a fair amount of “sweet reasonableness” and a moderately straight quality of thinking. But, as a campaign warms up, many people become steadily more and more insane. There is no other word for it. They cease to see things as they are; and that is the supreme test of sanity. They cannot hear anything against one of their own party without feeling a sense of exasperation; and they cannot hear of a discovery to the discredit of a public man of the “other party” without a positive accession of glee.

* * *

PARTY feeling is one of the most deeply rooted of the passions. It is immensely older than what we call “the party system.” Only the other day, comparatively speaking, did we begin to have Parliamentary parties; but party passion reddened the battlefields of the Wars of the Roses, raised its clamour in the circus of Christian Constantinople and the forum of Pagan Rome, surged about the temple of Jerusalem, rang through the streets of Memphis and was doubtless heard by the very bricks which the pick of the archaeologist is now digging from the most ancient mound of pre-historic ruins in the valley of the Euphrates. Ever since government began, there have been parties; though it is only of late that they have been willing to settle their difficulties without bloodshed. Now in a ruder age, it made a very great difference to the member of a party whether his “side” was in or out. If it were in, he lorded it over the members of the other party, probably took their property away from them, possibly their wives, in some cases their lives. This was “the spoils system” with a vengeance.

* * *

THUS the party passion has very deep roots in our nature. They are at least as deep as those which feed our love of law and order. And we therefore need not be surprised when a party struggle awakes in our breasts an unreasoning desire to see our party win, right or wrong. What did the partisans of a time when “elections” were held with spear and sword in the clamorous streets, whose gutters ran with blood, care whether their party was right or wrong? They wanted to win so that they might govern; and in that day government meant tyranny, oppression of the fallen and plunder of the weak. They expected to be “wrong” in our sense as soon as they got into power, no matter what fair promises they might have previously made to attract the populace to their side. This lust for personal power is the parent of party feeling; and yet we wonder that it does not nicely weigh the ethical worthiness of its own side.

* * *

OF course, party passion is all very stupid to-day. It is as useless and dangerous a survival of another condition as is the vermiform appendix. In flame it, and it may cost the life of the nation. To-day the party that wins does not enslave and plunder the party that loses. It may pick up a few pennies—relatively—from the pockets of the country, and it may find a few soft berths for its battle-scarred soldiers; but if we want to know how much better this old world is than it used to be, all we need do is to contrast these “fruits of victory” with the plundered palaces, the ravished wives, the enslaved prisoners of war, the butchered rivals which constituted the “fruits of victory” in those earlier “general elections.” Thus there is no reward for blind party passion to-day. It costs its victims more than it brings them. The men who really are moved by party passion seldom get any nearer to the “fruits of victory” than a hand-shake

with the successful candidate or a “franked” blue-book from their worthy member.

* * *

THE men who lead the parties and who get what “fruits” there are, are seldom victims of passion. They are the beneficiaries of cool calculation. They stir this ancient evil in others; but they do not feel it themselves. The methods which they employ to awake it in their followers are for them food for laughter or the cause of “ennui.” They have had their operation for this form of “appendicitis.” They have had their eyes opened. But party passion is very useful to them; and they hate to see the old flame die down. If the people once got it into their heads that politics was nothing more nor less than the discussion of the business of the country—about as wise a place to permit partisanship or any other intoxication to get hold of one as a meeting of a board of directors—they would cease to regard an election as a party struggle of the old kind, and approach it as the consideration by the stock-holders of two rival tickets for the Directorate. They would then all be independents and none of them partisans; and party passion would become as obsolete as the custom of sending members of the defeated party to prison or to the block.

Wilmporte

A MUSICAL DELEGATION

THE approaching visit of the Sheffield Choir to Canada is a musical event of importance beyond even the choral circles of the Dominion. There are about three hundred in the British party, of whom fifty are journalistic or business friends of the members of the great musical organisation. Two years ago, when this body of singers visited the German cities of Dusseldorf, Frankfort and Cologne, the Teuton laid aside his stolidity and gave enthusiastic civic welcome and honour to the Yorkshire choir. The councils in the Canadian cities to be visited are already preparing to show the guests from the “North Countree” that the musical and industrial importance of this visit of the greatest English choir is appreciated in a young country whose lungs have already proved equal to effective “attack.”

THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS

ONE of the least known corners of Canada comprises the Magdalen Islands, thirteen in number, with their connecting sandbars that lie in the very centre of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, receiving the angry surf and tidal currents of the Atlantic from every side. Fifty miles to the west lies Prince Edward Island; ninety miles to the east, King Edward’s oldest colony, Newfoundland.

One is apt to forget the existence of the Magdalens, with their six thousand souls, in reckoning the territorial assets of the Dominion; indeed, it almost requires a magnifying glass to discern the spots that represent them on the map, and few Canadians could probably pass a satisfactory examination as to their location.—Canadian Magazine.



ELECTION OF LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

Sir William Truscott Lord Mayor elect of London, is leading the procession. He is in Official Robes, bearing a Bouquet of Flowers. He was elected according to the old-time ceremonies on the hustings strewn with sweet herbs in the Guildhall.

INAUGURATING THE NEW RURAL MAIL DELIVERY



Chief Inspector Ross of the Post Office Department delivering an explanatory address at Crossroads, on the way from Hamilton to Ancaster, October 10th.



Collecting the Letters of the Countryside.



The New Mail-box Locally Inspected.

Shall Canada Have a Navy of Her Own?

By NORMAN HARRIS

ALL those in favour signify in the usual manner. Those opposed say "no" loudly, so their noes can be counted. Only subjects of the High Court of Canada are eligible to vote, and no one is supposed to vote more than once, as this isn't politics. American citizens and officers of the Toronto Ferry Company are hereby barred.

The Navy League has offered a prize of \$400 for the best essay on this subject, and as I require just that amount for a certain purpose, I pull out the third cylinder of my hired typewriter in a mad chase after the money.

I may say at once that it is and always has been one of my very firmest convictions that Canada needs a navy, and she needs it badly. Anyone will admit that we have no right to a Navy League, without a navy to back it up. I can think of nothing more stimulating than being waked out of a deep sleep at about five a.m. by the sound of a twelve-inch gun liberating the rest of those carelessly-glued shingles off the front roof. The bark of a twelve-inch gun is an inspiration that needs but to be felt to be appreciated, and we may say, sadly but truthfully, that Canada isn't making the noise in the world that she ought to. We read in the British magazines that gun practice has been renewed after the long winter months, the officers of the fleet being tired of diavolo. We read in the American papers that the Atlantic fleet has made a tour of the civilised world, including Australia, and has burned up \$5,000,000 worth of coal in the effort to impress yellow and other coloured perils with the

fact that these ships are built for a long voyage and can stand the strain of internecine scraps among officers; also that American paint will stick to any surface and is impervious to moisture. Any size, barrels \$65, cans \$4. At all good shops.

Is it not about time that we should show what Canadian paint will do? And will this country rest easily under the implied sneer that we have no one here than can touch off a twelve-inch gun without blowing the turrets off all interested observers?

The percentage of hits in the American navy has greatly increased since magazines adopted the course of having permanent correspondents on board. American gunners have now acquired the knack of hitting the thing aimed at, and their blows are harder than last year's. In fact, navy mechanics are protesting that the dents put in targets are difficult to hammer out, after practice at three miles. This means of course that if Taft is elected President, Congress will dedicate another billion dollars for warships. These will have to be steel-clad scows carrying twenty-inch rifled machine guns, the centre-board kind, very wide on the bilge and tapering aft to a ping-pong parlour, for there is nothing left for the American navy to build. She has so many warships now that the Civil Service is hard put to it to furnish enough admirals to go around, and every sweatshop from Maine to California is working overtime on uniforms for them.

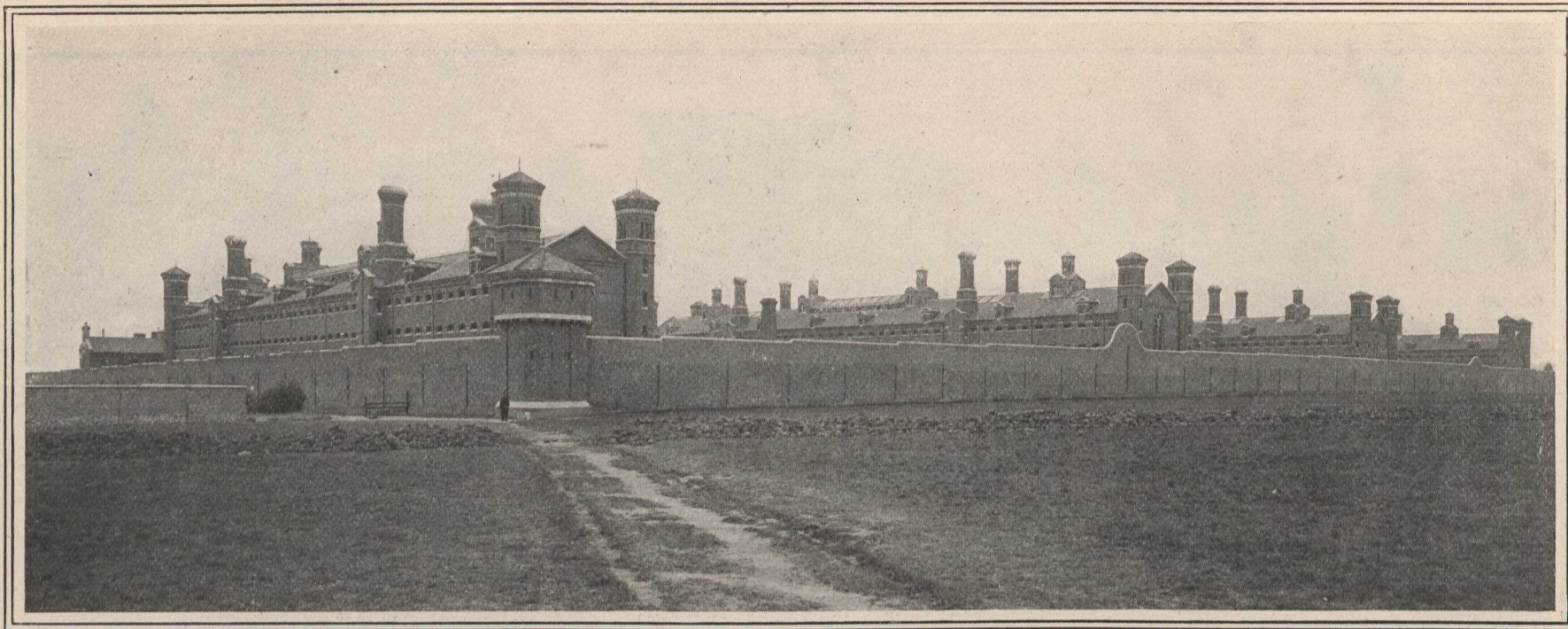
How does this affect Canada? Thus: With this additional fleet of battle scows, Canada will be practically at the mercy of Tammany Hall and the New York Journal. If W. R. Hearst succeeds in winning something, we will be safe for a time yet, but if he loses on a technicality or a stringency in votes, war correspondents are agreed that this country will stand in particular peril of a visit from a hostile fleet humping along here in nonpareil formation, heavily

leaded, carrying a seven-column truck pennant at the peak, or date-line. Fancy being aroused by the sound of New York extras on our streets announcing the arrival here of a school of American admirals, and hearing their hoarse shouts directing the helmsman where to cache his anchors on Canadian soil. Then let anyone attempt to state that we could do a thing without a navy. The visit here of an American armada fitted with canned goods and taut bowlines, would upset public confidence in the local administration, would interfere seriously with building operations, and would knock the whole Cobalt market to flinders.

The best opinion the world over amongst naval and military editors of newspapers with a guaranteed circulation of over 10,000 copies—spoiled papers not counted—is that a navy is a most formidable weapon of defence, and can be used also for conquests, fetes, and pleasure craft for politicians.

Touching on the political aspect of a navy, one can see at a glance that a fleet of fifty or so Canadian war vessels would solve our unemployed problem, and dissipate forever the great crowd that gathers daily about the Toronto Telegram building, to the great annoyance of Mr. John Ross Robertson. Every day two or three hundred men, many of 'em English, fine strategists, expert in the art of trimming sail or handling big guns, either on paper or in a sea, waits there for the appearance of the "Situations Vacant" column. Why should these men be walking the streets looking for menial work, when they might be standing fearlessly on the viaduct or bridge of a thousand-ton hooker of war, clad in pomposity and gold lace, howling fierce, unintelligible orders through a megaphone?

Let us have a navy by all means. Later on we will, after the contracts have been let, find a place to put it.



Wormwood Scrubs Prison, Shepherd's Bush, London. The largest Prison in England, accommodation for 1400 Prisoners.

LIFE IN AN ENGLISH PRISON

By H. LINTON ECCLES

A GOOD deal is said one way or another, by all sorts of people in all sorts of places, about the inside of prison life, but it scarcely follows that all so said is true, or even mostly true. It has been remarked that the only people who do know prison life as it really is are the prisoners themselves, and, naturally enough, almost to a man their versions are prejudiced. But by taking their views and those of the officials—particularly warders—it is quite possible to get at a pretty accurate picture.

All those who have had any practical experience of the inside of an English prison seem to be agreed that the bitterest pill to swallow is that portion of the sentence, whatever it is, which is known as solitary confinement. Solitary confinement is the first dose of the sentence, and it varies with circumstances. Convicts who are in the habit of "doing time" in gaol generally get nine months' solitary; "intermediates"—that is, those who have not acquired this habit but are still not reckoned as "first offenders"—have to serve six months; whilst first offenders are let off with three.

It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to explain that solitary confinement means that practically the man's mouth is sealed during the whole of the period of nine, six, or three months, as the case may be. He is a complete social outcast, cut off not merely from the world outside but from his fellow outcasts as well. Imagine, if you can, what it means to be

absolutely alone with your own thoughts sixteen hours of wakefulness per day for nine months!

Of course the prisoners have to work, and they are mostly started on oakum-picking, which vies with quarrying and stone-breaking as an occupation calling for the minimum of intelligence and the maximum of common philosophy. Happily, if the men survive this first ordeal and still show signs of possessing ordinary intelligence, they are turned on to making coal sacks, or to bricklaying, mending boots, or even tailoring or book-binding. Outsiders will at once say, "Well, at least, they are taught something useful." That is a debatable point, for work inside a prison is nothing like work outside. To begin with, strict silence prevails; there is no tuition to speak of and no exchange of ideas between man and man; therefore the work done is of the crudest and least imaginative kind.

But the worst point about the English prison system is that it begins and ends with the assumption that the prisoner has lost his self-respect. This is brought home to him in every dealing that the officials have with him. There is no contrast, no variation of the iron rule, and gradually but surely the man is brought to thoroughly believe that he is, indeed, past all reclamation.

The convicts are, of course, kept strictly in subjection. They are flogged for acts of insubordination, and for all other offences below that they lose marks in proportion to the official estimate of the

gravity of the occasion. Also punishment by curtailing privileges is frequently resorted to, no doubt because this method appeals to the convicts more forcibly than chalking up bad marks against them.

The value of these privileges is naturally esteemed far more highly by men who have been quite debarred from them for a lengthy term. It is not until a convict has served seven and a half years, and is placed in the long sentence division, that he is entitled to these privileges. In this class prisoners are credited with sixty cents a month for work done, and they may—by good behaviour of course—obtain "comforts" valued by the authorities at half this rate. These "comforts" consist chiefly of such luxuries as fruit and jam.

One ex-convict has admirably summed up his experiences as one of "His Majesty's guests" in the following words: "Prison is a terrible drag. You never get used to it. You never settle down. You never feel at home. There was never a moment of all my prison life in which I did not long to be free, in which the fact that I was in prison did not gall and wound my heart. But it would have been madness to have tried to escape." Religious service comes as a welcome relief to the awful monotony of the rest of the week. Said another prisoner: "I have never been so devout in all my life as I was



The Prison Kitchen—Dinner being prepared, each prisoner receiving brown roll, potatoes, and quarter-pound of meat.



The Prison Stores—Goods manufactured here are Post-Office Mail Bags, Letter Racks, Boots, Ships' Fenders.



The Exercise Yard. Prisoners have one hour's exercise every day to march round circular paths. The Wardens are on raised platforms.

then. The change was as welcome to us as a visit to the theatre is to the busy man."

How are the convicts fed? Well, the following copy of an official "menu" may be taken as typical of the ordinary fare in the average gaol:

THE PRISON BILL OF FARE

DIET for MALE Convicts after period of separate confinement when engaged in Industrial Employment.		
BREAKFAST..	Daily:	
	Bread	8 oz.
	Gruel, sweetened with 1/2 oz. sugar...	1 pint
	Sunday:	
	Bread	8 oz.
	Potatoes	12 "
	Cooked meat preserved by heat.....	5 "
	Monday:	
	Bread	8 oz.
	Potatoes	12 "
	Beans	12 "
	Fat Bacon.....	2 "
Tuesday:		
Bread	8 oz.	
Potatoes	12 "	
Cooked Mutton, without bone.....	5 "	
DINNER	Wednesday:	
	Bread	8 oz.
	Potatoes.....	12 "
	Pea Soup (Pork)	1 pint.
	Thursday:	
	Bread	8 oz.
	Potatoes	12 "
	Cooked Beef, without bone	5 "
	Friday:	
	Bread	8 oz.
	Potatoes	12 "
	Vegetable Soup (Beef)	1 pint.
Saturday:		
Bread	8 oz.	
Potatoes	12 "	
Suet Pudding	12 "	
SUPPER	Daily:	
	Bread	8 oz.
	Cocoa	1 pint.

A convict on attaining the third stage may have 1 pint of tea and 2 oz. additional bread in lieu of gruel for breakfast.

Pea Soup for Male Convicts—To every pint, 4 oz. salt pork, 4 oz. split peas, 1 oz. onions, 1-4 oz. vinegar, pepper and salt.

Vegetable Soup—To every pint, clod or shoulder, leg or shin of beef in the proportion of 8 oz., and in addition, the soup to contain 1 oz. pearl barley, 2 oz. fresh vegetables, 1 oz. onions, 1-8 oz. flour, with pepper and salt.

Meat Liquor—The allowance of cooked mutton to be served with its own liquor, flavoured with 1-2 oz. onions, and thickened with 1-6 oz. flour, with pepper and salt.

Ditto—The allowance of cooked beef to be served with its own liquor, flavoured and thickened as above.

Cooked Meat, preserved by heat—Colonial or American beef or mutton of approved brands and of best quality. This meat should not be cooked or heated in any way. It ought to be served cold as it leaves the tin.

Beans—Haricot beans, or broad or Windsor beans, dried in the green state and decorticated.

What becomes of the ex-convicts when they are once more "free men"? Well, that is a question too large and complex to be dealt with here. We know that many of them find their way back for another term out of sheer hopelessness and incapacity of facing the world again. Many others sink into the slums and gutters of our big cities and help to swell the large body of the unemployables. But how many go back to lives of respectability, and rehabilitate themselves in the eyes of their fellow creatures? We may well ask ourselves the question!

ture and a half of parliamentary government. The province is rich in historical associations and honoured names and with the record of its past and present is combined the sure promise of prosperity as an integral part of the great self-governing Dominion.

(Signed) CREWE.

EARL GREY'S TELEGRAM.

He also read a telegram from Earl Grey, now in British Columbia:

Grand Forks, B.C., October 2nd.

Lieutenant-Governor Fraser, Halifax:

I regret I cannot be with you at the semi-tercentenary celebration of the opening of the first Legislative Assembly established in the Dominion. The Legislature of Nova Scotia, associated as it is with the genius of Chatham and the oratory of Howe, has a special interest for every Briton. I sincerely wish you and Sir Sandford Fleming a complete success in your public-spirited efforts to raise a sufficient sum to enable your province to erect a semi-tercentenary memorial worthy of Nova Scotia, Canada and the Crown. This memorial will recall to the present and future Canadians the achievements of their ancestors, who animated by the twin spirits of individual liberty and Imperial duty, contributed a permanent addition to the character and strength of the Empire.

(Signed) GREY.

The following letter from Lord Milner was received a few days later:

Winnipeg, September 28th, 1908.

J. A. Chisholm, Esq., K.C.,
The Canadian Club, Halifax.

Nova Scotia's Memorial

ON October 2nd, as the photograph on the front cover shows, the foundation stone of Nova Scotia's memorial tower was well and truly laid by Lieutenant-Governor Fraser. At the same time Sir Sandford Fleming handed over to His Honour the trust deeds of one hundred acres of land to be used for park purposes and on which the tower is to be the central object. The memorial will stand on a promontory, ninety feet above the water, at a point part way between the city of Halifax and the Atlantic Ocean.

It was just one hundred and fifty years to the day, since the first body of elected legislators met in Nova Scotia—the first of the minor parliaments of the British Empire. The tower was Sir Sandford Fleming's idea and he contributes the land and one thousand dollars besides. The Canadian Club of Halifax is raising the other \$14,000 required. Excellent addresses were given by a number of speakers and a royal salute was fired from the citadel.

His Honour read the following cablegram from Lord Crewe, Secretary of State for the Colonies:

London, October 2nd.

Lieutenant-Governor Fraser, Halifax, N.S.

I shall be glad if you will convey to the citizens of Nova Scotia my hearty congratulations on a cen-

Dear Sir,—I am so sorry that the shortness of my stay in Canada, and the immense distances I have to cover, may prevent my visiting Halifax during my present journey, and particularly sorry that I cannot be with you on October 2nd when the foundation stone of your memorial tower is to be laid. The event which you are about to commemorate is a great landmark, not only in the history of Nova Scotia, but in that of Canada and the whole Empire. It takes us back to the most glorious period of British history, and is associated with the name of a great Imperial statesman, who not only did more than any other to enlarge the bounds of the Empire, but was the first to recognise that it could only be maintained by the extension of freedom and self-government. One hundred and fifty years ago Nova Scotia took the first step on a road on which all the British states on this continent, and in other parts of the world, have since travelled, as I hope and believe, to a world-wide union of free communities under the British Crown.

How marvellous has been, on this continent, the development and expansion of these British institutions of freedom and self-government, the first introduction of which in what is now the Dominion of Canada, you will be celebrating next Friday! It was, I think, in 1851 that a great Nova Scotian,

(Continued on page 17)



Berlin Public Library.



Collingwood Public Library.



St. John, N.B., Public Library.

THE MUSINGS OF A LIBRARIAN

Third Article

By ANDREW BRAID, WINDSOR PUBLIC LIBRARY



LIBRARIANS, whose duties in the estimation of some people entitle them to be ranked on the same level as teachers, are far too often not fully or properly qualified for the duties of their position, their literary equipment being not infrequently only confined to a knowledge of the merits or demerits of the latest novel. Fortunate indeed the town with the ideal librarian—happy the people who can go to their public library knowing their librarian is able and willing to assist them, no matter what the subject of their research is, whether it be the best authority on zygobranchia or a harmless novel to lull asleep o' nights. "You have myopia, haven't you?" asked an eye doctor who called at a public library to look at a reference book. "I don't know, sir," replied the near-sighted attendant, blinking at him, "but if we have you will find it in the catalogue."

Much has been said and written on the subject of the cataloguing of public libraries, and we are all familiar with the humour displayed in the ludicrous combination:

Mill on Liberty.
Do. the Floss.

But I knew a worthy librarian who, in the preparation of a classified catalogue of the library under his charge showed some remarkable examples of originality. Under Philology he included Drummond's "The Habitant," for the reason that the classification guide which he followed showed "dialect" as a branch of "philology." Jerome K. Jerome's little book, "Stageland," was shown among the books on Fine Arts; whilst the volume entitled "My First Book," and which gives the personally-related experiences of prominent authors of the difficulties they encountered in their first literary efforts, and therefore a very serious book from their point of view, was included by my friend among the books on humour, simply because Jerome K. Jerome, with a reputation for humour, edited the volume in question.

But not amongst librarians alone is unconscious humour displayed. The reading public has furnished their quota. A young man of Liverpool, studying the very commendable subject of shipping, on applying for a book shown in the catalogue as "The Flora of Liverpool," was pained to find it a book on local botany. In a library I know the attendants have been asked for "Miss Wiggins in the Cabbage Patch," and the same book has been twisted into "Mrs. Wigg's Vegetable Garden." "Jude the Obscure" was asked for by some one wishing Thomas Hardy's novel, "Jude the Obscure." A. E. Wilson's novel, "The Speckled Bird," has been enquired for as "The Speckled Hen," and also "The Speckled Cock." On a par with the experience of the Liverpool man just mentioned, was that of one embryo sportsman, who asked for "Back-

wood's Magazine," and quickly returned it when he received the staid, chocolate-covered, famous old Blackwood's! And "Public Libraries" for the month of May is authority for the statement that a high-school pupil appeared at a library recently and asked for "Graceology in a country churchyard."

Of catalogues of second-hand books there is no end. Yet I confess to a fascination in perusing these catalogues ("Got-as-a-clue," as some one has cleverly anagrammed the word), and I have a friend who finds delight marking books in such catalogues which he would like to buy but does not order. Whereby he avoids possible disagreeable consequences. I have heard of a librarian who, when ordering from a catalogue, included Archbishop Trench's book on proverbs; but, not being quite sure if the worthy cleric's subject was Solomon's wise sayings, and knowing how seldom readers call for biblical commentaries, wisely made the proviso that the bookseller was not to send the volume if it belonged to that unpopular class of literature. Piti-ful, however, are those catalogues of what are known in the book-trade as "remainders," that is, books which have proved unsuccessful or unpopular, and which the publishers dispose of in job lots, to be offered by the dealers at greatly reduced prices. With what enthusiasm perhaps did the author write his book, dreaming of the fame it was to bring, the friendships it was to create; and the result—only to find a place in one of those literary ceme-

teries, a remainder catalogue.

the fiction shelves of any public library, and note the books, now never read, but which for a period more or less brief represented current literature, and enjoyed temporarily a popularity so great that their readers deemed they would prove of lasting value. A librarian who takes an interest in his work and who knows literature ought unconsciously and without an effort to be a well-informed person; and if he loves books he need never have a moment's ennui, for he has but to open any volume and be immediately in the company of the masters. Dipping into dictionaries and other works of reference or general information even cursorily is sure to result in some information being fastened in the memory, and thus extend the knowledge and broaden the mind of the librarian; and a person thus happily endowed can be the most useful man in his community. But, alas, how many librarians there are who, when asked for bread, can only give a stone!

The Views of a Capitalist

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—I am for Laurier. No, don't say that. I will admit it—at least most of it. I am for Governments. I was for Whitney in Ontario, and for Gouin in Quebec. Yes, before they were elected. No, I am not always for Governments. I was against Ross.

Why shouldn't I be a Grit to-day and a Tory to-morrow? You see I am not a politician, only a business man. When you speak of the glorious traditions of the great Liberal party, or wave the flag in my face, and ask me to remember the old chieftain, Sir John A., and the National Policy, your eloquence stirs not a drop of blood in my veins. I am a business man and somehow I just can't help looking at it from a business standpoint. I've got some manufacturing interests in the East. Maybe you would call them small but they are big to me. I've got some land in the West; not much, but enough. I am not telling you this to boost myself, but simply to show you that I have a stake. Sir Wilfrid's tariff suits my factories, and his immigration policy is making my land more valuable. Possibly a sordid point of view—but it's business.

Maybe Borden would suit me as well—perhaps better—but if I am satisfied, why should I make a change? Every week I have a half-dozen good men

come to me for jobs and go away without them. Perhaps they would suit me as well as the heads of my different interests—perhaps better—but if I am satisfied with the men who are managing my affairs, you don't blame me for not making a change.

Sir Wilfrid's Government has made mistakes. Of course they have. Between the two of us, I have made a few myself, and if Borden were in power he would make some.

I am going to give Sir Wilfrid the same chance I give to the manager of one of my factories and I am going to support him until I am dead sure that I can't go wrong in making a change.

A BUSINESS MAN.



The New Toronto Public Library.

(Wickson & Gregg and A. H. Chapman, Associated Architects).

teries, a remainder catalogue.

I leave to librarians' associations and debating societies the settling of the question as to whether fiction should form part of public libraries. Goldwin Smith says somewhere that people have no more right to novels than to theatre tickets out of the taxes. But what about picture galleries, public gardens, public fountains? Besides, there is fiction and—fiction. No one will surely class the novels of Dickens, Scott, Thackeray and Stevenson, dead, and Meredith, Hardy, Hall Caine and Ralph Connor, living, with the output of some writers whose names for my own peace I shall not mention. It would astonish most persons, however, to carefully inspect

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT NIGHT IN TORONTO



Two Views of the Exhibition—Manufacturers Building and Fireworks.
(About 1 Minute exposure)



The Agricultural Building.
(1½ Minute exposure)

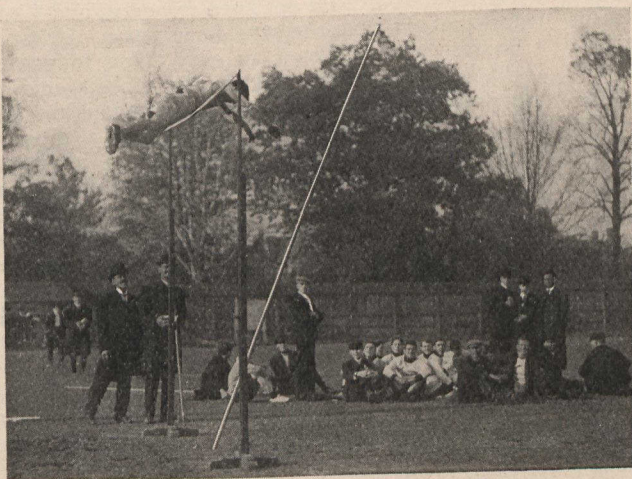


Some Illuminations in Yonge Street.
(2 Minute exposure in Stop F. 68)



Two Street Views—One of the Departmental Stores.
(Twenty-five Minutes exposure—Seventeen times screen)

ATHLETICS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



Elliott of the Dentals, winning Pole Vault event,
9 feet 4 inches.



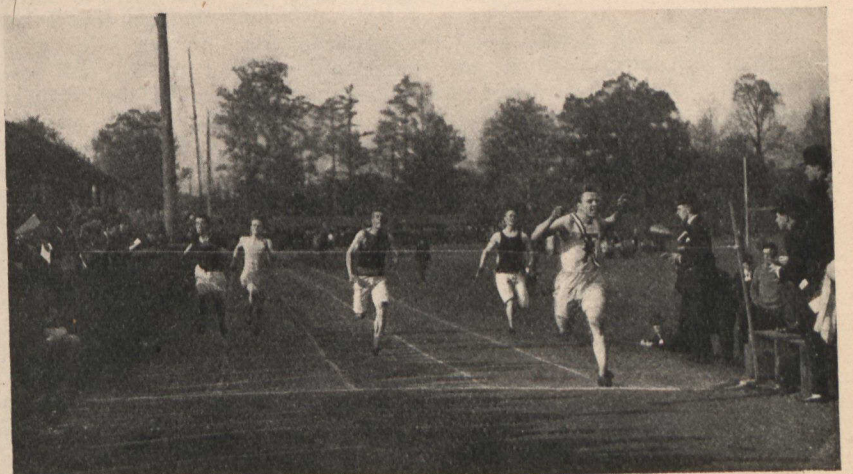
Frank of the Dentals winning the sixteen
pound Hammer event—Distance
114 feet 5 inches.



Wright, S.P.S., winning the half mile—Time 2 minutes
4/5 seconds.



Watching Sebert fly in on the 220 yards in 22 1/5 seconds.

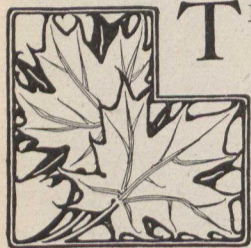


Sebert winning the 100 yards dash in record time of 10 1/5 seconds.

WANTED—A QUARTER!

A Clever Story of Hard Luck

By R. S. BOND



THERE it is. It's only a quarter, after all. Not likely you could get it. So, never mind wasting your time."

"All right. I don't care for a quarter anyway. I thought perhaps it was a gold piece I dropped, though."

Following these remarks, the four young men who

had been gazing through the cracks in the sidewalk, moved off down the street.

My companion turned toward me.

"Three years ago to-day," he remarked, "I'd have spent an hour fishing for that little piece of metal. Did I ever tell you of my experience in Atlantic City?"

"I don't believe you did," I replied. "But here's the house. Come up to the den and have a cigar and spin your yarn in comfort."

"Just three years ago to-day," began my companion some ten minutes later, when he was snuggled comfortably in my old-fashioned arm-chair with his feet deposited carefully on the mantel. "I had an experience in Atlantic City that I would not care to repeat. I was living down in Philadelphia that year. If you've ever lived there in summer you know just what I was suffering. But business was rushing and I was up to my neck in work.

"Every night I would stop and read the notices of the week-end excursions, and each time promise myself a holiday the following Saturday. But when Saturday came it was simply a duplication of the previous one and I would drag myself home at noon too hot and tired to think of going away.

"One Friday, however, the heat was more intense than usual. Ninety-eight degrees I think it was, but to me it felt like twice that much at least.

"About three o'clock I gave it up. Not for a hundred dollars would I have finished out the day. As I stood at the corner waiting for my car I thought of Atlantic City. The thought brought a breath of cool sea air with it, and firmly declaring that this time at least I would not be disappointed, I strolled into the depot to purchase my ticket.

"And right there my bad luck started. If I had purchased that ticket, everything would have been all right, and I would not have been telling this story now. But before my turn came to get at the window, I was grasped from the rear, whirled around, and looked into the eyes of Bill Jennings. You know Bill—or you remember. And Bill was just up from Atlantic too. Had a return half he wasn't using. Passed it over to me, and there the trouble began.

"Next morning I was up bright and early, ate a hasty breakfast, and was soon sitting contentedly in my coach watching the green fields slip by, and drinking greedily of the pure, sweet air that came dashing in my face. Ahead of me were two blissful days of cool enjoyment. In my pocket rested securely a neat little roll of greenbacks. I was happy as a lark, and laughed to myself as I thought of the thousand and one people who were even now starting to work in the building where I passed eight hours a day.

"Still chuckling to myself I detached a two-dollar bill from my roll and deposited it safely in an upper vest pocket. It has always been a habit with me to put my return fare securely away when I go on a trip of this kind. I then know that I can safely blow in my roll, and still have enough to take me home.

"Arriving at my destination I headed direct for my hotel. I always call it 'my' hotel, although before that I had only stopped at it once, and that three years ago.

"Fred Walters was there with an auto party, among whom were several girls. I was greeted rapturously, and one of the fair damsels immediately passed over to my protecting care. She was a winsome little thing, and for my short stay I flatter myself that we got on immensely. Anastasia was her name. I never liked the name until then, but it simply seemed to suit her from her patent leather ties to the peak of her jaunty little head-piece, and long before the day was over I found myself rolling Anastasia over in my mouth as a delicious morsel—I mean I rolled the name, not the original, over in my mouth.

"By nine o'clock Sunday night I found that my

finances were nearly exhausted. It would never do to acknowledge this to my companion, nor would it do to cease the extravagant attention I had been bestowing on her. The only thing was to get lost from the party, and this I speedily did, taking advantage of a jam at the corner of Georgia Avenue to slip away. I don't know what Anastasia said when she found herself deserted; whether she blamed the crowd or me, but I am inclined to believe she blamed the former, and hustled around for hours uncountable with one eye peeled for her devoted Romeo.

"As I emerged from the jam at the farthest corner from where I had left my friends, I looked at my watch and found I had still half an hour to spare before leaving for home. With an exhilarated feeling of freedom I commenced to spend my few remaining pieces of silver recklessly, and by the time it was gone, found that I had barely enough time to catch my train.

"Ticket to Philly, please," I cried jovially to the sour-looking animal behind the wicket.

"One and quarter," he responded gruffly.

"I threw down the folded bill from my vest pocket, thanking my lucky star that I had had the foresight to put it there.

"And quarter," gruffly said the ticket seller. I looked around with a start.

"Take it out of the two," I stammered, dim forebodings of some mistake filtering through my brain.

"Where's the two?" he queried. "This's one." Mechanically I held out my hand, took the one-dollar bill he passed to me, looked at it, and for the second time that night slunk off into a crowd.

"When I reached the fresh air I again examined the bill which I had tightly clenched in my hand. Sure enough it was a one. Feverishly I went through my pockets. In the corner of one my hand came in contact with a hard substance that sent a thrill of exultation through my veins. I pulled it out, but it was only a button, and disgustedly I hurled it through a window of the now departing train. Not a cent could I find. Not one mean, stingy, filthy penny. And to get home I needed a quarter—twenty-five of those selfsame mean and filthy pennies.

"I groaned dismally. I had not even a tie pin or ring that I could pawn, for with my usual excitement I had left my jewellery on the dressing-table at home, this last having also been a source of great worry to me when in the company of Anastasia.

"But it was no use standing around groaning. Already a policeman had sauntered by me twice, swinging his club nonchalantly, and each time eyeing me suspiciously.

"I strolled toward the boardwalk thinking deeply. Surely a quarter wasn't such a hard thing to secure. I had read times without number in magazines, how the broken down and penniless idler had secured the price of a meal, and surely I, with my education and my personal appearance, could raise a quarter in this vast city.

"But I was handicapped. I could not bring myself to beg, I was too proud to pawn my hat or coat and go home without that portion of my attire, and I did not know how to steal successfully. By successfully I mean without being caught, and even had I known how, I doubt if I would have had the nerve.

"My only hope was 'luck.' I have never doubted that there is such a thing as luck, notwithstanding the fact that I have read treatises without number on the subject, all heartily disagreeing with me. I am still bull-headed enough to believe in that so-called myth—luck. If there is no such thing as luck, why was it that as I passed up the boardwalk with my head down and my eyes on the flooring, I saw a bright new dime at my feet? Hastily I picked it up and stored it safely in my pocket, then doubled on my tracks as if fearing that the owner would pass that way in search of it. Ten cents already! My heart throbbed at the thought. Ten from twenty-five left fifteen. What a snap! Any person could get fifteen cents in Atlantic City. Why, probably I could find it like I had found the dime if I would but try. With a lighter heart I again turned and walked hastily up the walk, my eyes now eagerly searching for a gleam of silver. Bumping into a party I looked up into the face of Anastasia. She did not see me and thankfully I

dodged into a store where I stood with palpitating heart until she and her companions had passed.

"Some clumsy fool," I heard her mutter as she fixed the sleeve that I had disarranged, and I snickered in spite of my misery. One thing sure I must exercise more care, but still I could pursue my course for a time now, as my friends had gone the other way. I thought of hastening after them, explaining my plight, or even telling them that I had been robbed, and borrowing enough from Fred to see me safely home, but the thought of Anastasia's contemptuous look should I do such a thing gave me a thrill of fear, and I gave up the idea. No, I would have to trust to luck.

"Suddenly I thought of the urchins I had seen earlier in the day scrambling for pennies and nickels in the sand heap. I myself had carelessly thrown away several times the amount I now so ardently desired, and had laughed loudly over the scrambling youngsters, each eager to secure the coveted coins. Was it possible some Lord and Lady Bountiful were even now amusing themselves in this manner? Mechanically my feet drew me to the spot. Sure enough; a dozen wriggling bodies were rolling over each other in a struggle for a coin and several persons on the walk were good-naturedly abetting the frolic by keeping the youngsters supplied with money.

"I dropped from the walk and stood near the heap. In a minute a nickel rolled nearby. I had just time to place my foot on it when the urchins hurled themselves on the sand, and pairs of hands innumerable began to dig frantically. I looked on innocently.

"Move, mister, please," piped a small negro. I knew it was up to me to obey, but how I wanted that nickel under my foot! As I moved away I kicked backwards. Fortune favoured me, for the nickel fell in the edge of the grass. I stooped to pick it up but had barely got it in my hand when the sharp-eyed piccaninny cried:

"Hoy, kids. Pike der cheap sport. He's got de nickel. Hey, mister, tro' it here. Don't be a Jew." There was no time for thought. I saw them coming and ran. I knew they would not follow far with richer fields behind, and then, ten and five were fifteen, and fifteen from twenty-five left only ten to get. When I was a block away I felt safe. I had my nickel all right and it was worth the trouble. But where was I going to get the remaining ten? I realised that I could not hope to find it, and I knew I dare not go near the sand heap again. After all, a quarter was not such an easy thing to get.

"I had my hands stuck in my pockets, and was idly walking along, when a happy thought struck me. My knife! Why couldn't I get a dime for that? Surely any enterprising newsboy would gladly give that amount on speculation. I myself had given a dollar and a half for it scarce two weeks before. If I had not been so dense I would have thought of pawning it, but the thought never entered my head.

"A hearty voice shouting 'Extra!' drew my attention. I sauntered toward the corner on which the newsy was plying his trade.

"Want to buy a knife, sonny?" I inquired, trying my best to keep a trace of hatred from my tone.

"What'cha got?" inquired the boy. I showed him the piece of cutlery. "Gee. It's a beaut, ain't it, Mister? Where'd you swipe it?"

"I didn't swipe it," I gasped. "I'm broke and have got to get a dime somewhere and want to sell the knife."

"Dat's the woist of drinking, Mister," piped the urchin. "You can't never tell when you'll lose your head and tro' away all your dough. I got a uncle what boozes, too."

"I don't drink, boy!" I roared. "I'm simply broke. Broke! Don't you understand? Theatre, hotels, girls, entertainments. Don't you savey?"

"Oh," nodded the boy, "just plain everyday broke eh? Well, I ain't got but four cents. I'll give you that for the cutter."

"Are you sure you only have four cents?" I inquired, with as stern a look as I could muster. The boy pulled his pockets inside out and produced four dirty pennies.

"Spent de rest on cigarettes," he explained smiling.

"Give me the four," I demanded. He passed over his pennies and I handed him the knife. True, some other newsy might gladly give ten for it, but not for anything would I go through another ordeal

like this. The boy looked at me wonderingly as he pocketed his purchase.

"He's sure dippy, dat guy," I heard him mutter. "Gee. I'm de lucky kid."

"As I walked away I thought of a trick I had once read about, which is sometimes practiced by children, and often by some of their elders, whose training has been more conducive to dishonesty than otherwise. It was to go from store to store changing different denominations of money, trusting that some person less watchful than yourself would make a mistake in change. I decided to try it, and stepped into a convenient store.

"Will you change this dollar for me?" I inquired genially. "Give me nickels." Smilingly the proprietor passed over the coins. Excitedly I swept them into my hand, thanked him, and passed out. It would never do, I decided, to count my change under the watchful eye that would be as apt as I to note the excess. When I had reached a secluded spot I eagerly counted it over. In the handful of nickels there were but nineteen. With trembling fingers I recounted them; sure enough there were but nine-

teen, and I was stung to the tune of five precious cents which put me farther behind than I had been before I parted with my knife.

"Mentally I kicked myself for my stupidity, but seeing no other way than this to secure the coveted amount, I swallowed my chagrin and tried again and again, changing nickels into pennies and pennies into dimes; quarters into nickels and back to quarters again, until at last I had secured all but a penny of the quarter I had early that evening started out to get.

"It was just midnight as I entered a cigar store that was about closing. 'Will you give me a dime for these pennies?' I asked, jingling the coins in my hand.

"Certainly," replied the clerk. He passed over the coin, and hastily throwing my handful of coppers on the showcase, I snatched the piece of silver, and muttering something about my train, I ran. As I turned the corner I heard the clerk shout 'Crook!' after me, but although I longed to go back and make him retract his words I dared not do it. It had been a hard enough fight to win my quarter without

losing part of it again. No, I would go home and let bad enough alone.

"I soon reached the station, and striding up to the wicket threw down my dollar and a quarter and demanded my ticket. Sour-face was still on duty. 'Back again, I see,' he remarked. 'Well, you'll have to scrape up another quarter, young man. It's after midnight and the excursion rate has run out.'

"I'm afraid I groaned aloud. Already I could see myself rushing over the city repeating my former tactics, and trying to secure enough to take me home.

"Taking something pretty hard, old man, aren't you?" a familiar voice cried at my elbow. It was Fred, and alone. I fairly threw my arms around him as I explained my plight and begged for a quarter. Laughingly he fixed me up, and with a prayer of thanks I boarded a train which was to leave for Philadelphia in a few minutes. I was well out of the city when I felt something hard in the lining of my vest. Wonderingly I fished it out and looked at it.

"IT WAS A QUARTER!"

The Challenge of DeBoishebert

An Incident in the Courtship of Henri DeBoishebert and Genevieve DeRamezay, the daughter of the Governor

BY MARION MCCLURE STEWART

IN the midst of the brilliant throng that filled the salons of the Governor, De Boishebert moved to take his place in the dance. Clad in a costume of wine colour ruffled with gold lace with the Order of St. Louis shining on his breast, he bore himself with his usual grace; yet a shadow was visible on his brow. Silently he led his partner through the stately measures of the minuet, his glance wandering as if in search of some one in the long room.

The candles from their sconces in the tapestried wall threw a soft glow over the delicate gowns of the ladies, pale blue, saffron, white and rose colour embroidered with gold and silver lace and ornamented with jewels, as they swayed to and fro in the dance, the dress swords and shoe buckles of the gallants gleaming in the subdued light. The occasion was a brilliant one, the anniversary of the repulse of the Bostonnais' attack of 1709, to celebrate which De Vaudreuil had made the journey from Quebec to Ville Marie. On the dais at the end of the ball-room His Excellency surrounded by the Governor, Claude de Ramezay, his host and members of his suite, smiled his approval upon the assembly.

The minuet came to an end. De Boishebert made his partner a low bow and moved away with an uncertain step. His eye searched the maze of dancers till it fell on the slender form of a girl whose golden hair gleamed like an aureole in the candle-light. Dressed in white shimmering satin embroidered with golden fleur-de-lis and laced with saffron colour, a white ruff supporting her dainty throat, she moved slowly with an exquisite grace, the fairest maid in Ville Marie, the daughter of the Governor.

De Boishebert's glance kindled as it fell on her. Here lay the secret of his discomfiture. He, Henri Deschamps de Boishebert, the dashing young Capitaine de la Marine, a representative of one of the old families of France, had been snubbed and frowned upon by the lady of his choice. A flush rose on his cheek as she passed him on the arm of De Montigny, who bent towards her with an air of protective tenderness not conducive towards allaying the anger of his rival.

As it searched the assembly, De Vaudreuil's keen eye noted the glowering looks of the young man, to which he playfully drew the attention of De Ramezay.

"Our valiant Capitaine seems distraite this evening. What ill wind has ruffled the young cock's feathers? We will trust another embassy to Quebec will distract his thoughts speedily enow."

De Ramezay smiled but made no reply as his eye followed with some fatherly pride the steps of his daughter Genevieve who was moving to take her place in the quadrille.

De Boishebert stood irresolute watching the dance, his handsome face drawn into haughty lines of resentment. She had refused to dance with him; yet as she passed she had flung him such a smile as had caused him to forgive her. Conscious of the curious glances of his comrades, he hastened to seek a partner for the dance. A minute later his eyes met those of Mlle. de Ramezay as he touched the

tips of her fingers in the quadrille.

"Monsieur!" Her demureness held a note of raillery. "One would think we feared an invasion of the Bostonnais, to warrant so serious a mood."

"It is not only the Bostonnais whose wiles are to be feared, Mademoiselle," he made answer, not without a tinge of bitterness.

Her colour rose at the retort.

"In truth, Monsieur, our courtiers of New France must cross the seas to Versailles to learn true gallantry."

She turned to De Montigny, who claimed her hand at this juncture.

"I am weary of the dance," she said. "Monsieur, let us seek the cool of the moonlit terrace."

De Montigny bowed and offered her his arm. As they passed by him, De Boishebert caught the smile of triumph in his eyes, and his blood grew hot within him. The smile to him was a challenge. He wished it to be a challenge. He made his way through the assembly and directed his steps towards an adjoining salon, whence some of the young seigneurs had sought a respite from the crowded ball-room and were amusing themselves with cards and wine. His entrance was at once a signal of comment. He was hailed from all quarters by good-natured banter, which he bore with unflinching good humour till the appearance of De Montigny upon the scene attracted his attention.

"Messieurs," said M. le Comte de Mesy, "I pledge you a toast. Here's to the lilies of New France."

De Boishebert bowed as he held his wine-glass to his lips.

"I propose another toast," said De Montigny stepping forward. "Here's to the fairest lily of New France, a lily I would fain wear even in my heart."

The shadow darkened in De Boishebert's face. He alone of the assembled group did not raise his glass to his lips.

"Monsieur," he said, between his teeth, "I hurl your insolence in your face, thus!" So saying he knocked from De Montigny's hand the suspended glass which shivered into a hundred fragments. Awestruck, no sound escaped from the lips of the astonished company. De Montigny, on whose waistcoat the wine had made a crimson stain, turned white with rage.

"Monsieur," he said, his voice shaking as he drew his sword, "I accept your challenge, here and now."

De Boishebert's attitude was now one of satisfied composure. He smiled as he replied:

"It is what I desire above all things, Monsieur. M. le Comte, may I call upon your services?"

De Mesy bowed in silence. He was uneasy as to the propriety of the time and place, and would have desired to avert the quarrel if he had seen it impending.

In a few minutes the necessary details were arranged. The doors were closed leading to the ball-room and a guard stationed before them. The two men saluted each other before the word was given to engage. They were well fitted to compete, for the skill of each had been widely tested.

With gathering excitement the onlookers watch-

ed the sword play. Now the advantage appeared to be De Boishebert's, now De Montigny's, whose white heat had given way to a deadly calm, more dangerous. De Boishebert, whose lithe, graceful form was in contrast to his opponent's burly proportions, called forth much unwonted admiration by his skilful parries and repistes. Not once did De Montigny's blade touch him, though more than once the latter suffered pricks from his companion's point which goaded him to fury. His play became wilder and more desperate as De Boishebert's caution increased. In vain did he endeavour to prick him with his point. Suddenly De Boishebert swerved and caught his opponent off his guard. The point entered his shoulder from which the blood trickled onto the ruffles of his white shirt.

"A l'outrance," cried De Montigny, renewing his attack. There was a deadly vengeance in his eye.

Above the noise of the sword play, no sound broke the stillness in the room. From the ball-room sweet strains of fairy-like music came faintly to their unheeding ears when there was a movement in the tapestried wall opposite the door. The tapestry moved suddenly, disclosing a hidden door unknown to any but the inmates of the chateau. From this issued the figure of a young girl whose sweet grey eyes dilated with horror as her cheeks blanched at the scene before her.

"Messieurs, for the love of our Lady I pray you desist," she cried, pressing her hands over her heart. She turned her eyes beseechingly to the little group of cavaliers who alone had noted her entrance. The swordsmen seemed blind and deaf to all but the deadly purpose they had in hand. As Genevieve looked an inspiration seized her. Darting forward, she laid her hand on De Boishebert's arm.

"Monsieur, I pray you desist. He is the bravest who lays down his sword because a woman asks."

De Boishebert's sword dropped as with a perceptible start he saw her for the first time. De Montigny seemed not to have heard the hurried words of entreaty. He only saw before his fevered vision the man who had insulted him. His sword leaped forward, the point aimed at De Boishebert's heart, but as it flashed through the air, Genevieve de Ramezay with a cry flung herself before him. The point entered her side, and she swayed like a drooping lily, her hand pressed to her heart. On the white bodice of her gown a red spot became visible.

"Mon Dieu!" cried De Montigny, springing forward like a man awakened from a dream.

"Mademoiselle, ma petite!" He clasped his hands in an agony of remorse, but De Boishebert waved him aside. With a groan he caught her in his arms.

"Genevieve, my love, speak to me!" In that short minute his face seemed to have aged, so white and set had it grown. He moistened her lips with brandy that De Mesy held in readiness. Again he said, "Genevieve, speak to me!" There was agony in his voice. In the room there was an ominous stillness, as the little group of gallants, silent, awestruck, gathered about the two men so lately foes, now united by a common grief.

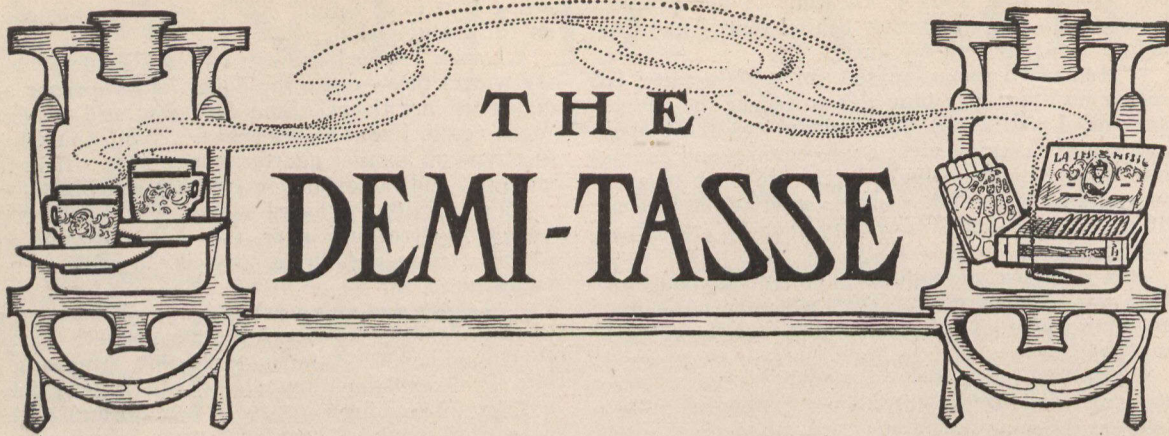
Slowly her eyes opened and rested upon De Boishebert as he bent over her.

"Art thou safe?" she said sighing.

"Thou wilt live, Genevieve—for me," he entreated.

She smiled and the tenderness of her glance was more speaking than words; for it held the secret of a woman's love.

Thus it was that Henri de Boishebert won the hand of the fairest maid in Ville Marie.



THE DEMI-TASSE

A STARTLING COMBINATION.

OF course, there is not anything in a name but the reader of Militia Orders does a whole lot of thinking when he comes to the announcement under G. O. 178:

"The 18th Mounted Rifles—To be provisional Lieutenant: Wilfrid Laurier Roblin, gentleman, to complete establishment. 12th August, 1908."

It is so reassuring to be informed that Wilfrid Laurier Roblin is "an officer and a gentleman." In these days he must find his Christian and surname somewhat at variance but it is nothing to the confusion his mind might know, were he Wilfrid Macdonald Roblin.

* * *

TROUBLES OF OUR VERY OWN.

Now, Turkey is a-flutter
With talk of Kaiser Will
And England thinks it time to add
Another Navy Bill.
And Europe's having quite a time
To give Sweet Peace a chance,
While Franz Josef is leading
The nations such a dance.

Now Austria is busy
And changes things about,
While Herze—what's the rest of it?
Is raising quite a shout.
But Brandon yawns quite audibly
And murmurs: "What's the use?
With Cliff and Daly on my hands
I'm busy as the deuce."

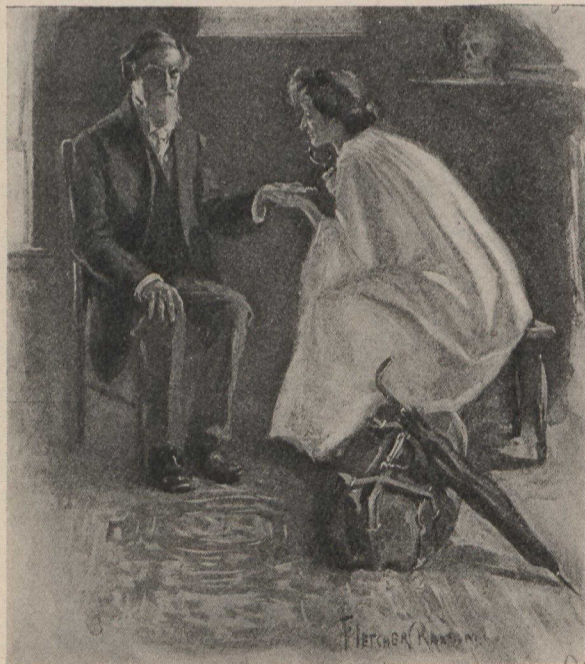
Away across in Servia
They're having lots of fun
And Bosnia is seething,
For trouble has begun.
The Balkans once again break out
And play Old Harry's game;
But to the people of St. John
It seems a trifle tame.

J. G.

JUST LIKE SOME MEN.

Howell: "Rowell thinks he is the whole thing."
Powell: "Yes, if he leans against a post for a few minutes, he has the idea that the post couldn't stand without him."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

* * *



NOT SO EASY.

"Now, suppose ye tell somethin' about the past, jest so I can figger whether I'm gittin' the worth o' my money."—*Life.*

A GALLANT POLITICIAN.

WHEN Sir John A. Macdonald was conducting the campaign of 1887, he came, in the course of political events, to the town of Cobourg where Victoria College then existed. The students intended to present the Conservative premier with an address but the Liberal element among them protested against this proceeding and it looked as if no college delegation would be formed. However, Mr. E. B. Ryckman, now a prominent lawyer in Toronto, and at that time a promising student, came to the front and led the Tory boys to the hall where the youthful admirer of Sir John read a glowing address of tribute to the premier's policy. Sir John replied with his usual urbanity and was applauded with vociferous student yells. At this point, a pretty young girl came forward with a bouquet of Sir John's favourite crimson roses. The gallant old gentleman showed his appreciation by kissing the lady of the roses, whereat the student body cheered more wildly than before.

"Ah! young gentlemen," said the Statesman of the Cardinal Cravat, "how rejoiced would you be, if in this instance, that motto held good." He pointed, as he spoke, to the end of the hall, where hung in gorgeous letters "One Law For All!"

* * *

THE CAREFUL CANDIDATE.

A GOOD story is going the rounds in Nova Scotia, and just at present it is being applied to "Ned" McDonald and his opponent, Charles E. Tanner, who between them are making a pretty warm and interesting fight in Pictou County. Pictou is one of the counties in Nova Scotia where honey will catch more votes than tomatoes—the only form of bribery that goes there is a casual J.P.-ship or so. Pictou is said to have a denser population of J. P.'s to the square mile than any other portion of the earth's surface. Not long ago, both Messrs. McDonald and Tanner were abroad, feeling the electoral pulse and struck the same district, unknown to each other, at the same time. Mr. Tanner drove up to a farm-house where the owner was considered by both sides as hopeful, but needing encouragement and cultivation. The good woman was out in the yard, chopping wood. Mr. Tanner jumped from his wagon with alacrity and gallantly proffered his services. He would not listen to the lady's protest that she could manage it all right herself; so she finally relinquished the axe with the somewhat disconcerting observation: "Well, well, have your own way; but I was only chopping a few sticks to get a cup of tea for Mr. McDonald. He's out in the barn, milking the cow."

* * *

IN HISTORIC KEEPING.

"That play, 'Samson,' at the Princess last week was a dandy," said one Toronto man to a facetious friend. "It was enough to bring down the house."
"It strikes me that's what Samson did." There was a hurry call for the ambulance.

* * *

NEWSLETS.

Mr. Carnegie has given one million and a quarter dollars to found a hero fund in Scotland. The ghosts of Wallace and Bruce are simply torn with envy.

A Canadian physician says that rabies is epidemic in the United States and Canada this month. He has been reading the political editorials in the party press.

There has been almost as much excitement in Servia as if the country were having an election. Sir Wilfrid and King Peter are really very busy in these beautiful October days.

There are "affidavits" to burn in St. John, New Brunswick. Where have we heard that word before?

It's like old times to have categorical denials served with the breakfast bacon.

Hon. R. P. Roblin has recovered his voice which he dropped in the neighbourhood of Brockville. It had suffered no serious injury beyond a few dints in the upper register. He advertised in the "lost" columns of the *Globe* and cannot say too much in praise of that organ. Our readers will be pleased to learn that Mr. Roblin is to write an article for the *Canadian Magazine* on "Wild Animals I Have Skinned."

Mr. Daniel McGillicuddy is in the lions' den and the Huron Old Boys are sorry for the lions and are laying heavy odds on Patriarch Daniel, whose vocabulary is all his own.

* * *

THE NEW STYLE.

"How's the campaign getting on in your section?"

"Very exciting," answered the sarcastic citizen. "Next week we're going to have a joint debate between a phonograph and a graphophone."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

* * *



LYNN N. KING

Tourist (after a long discussion with station-master on the subject of catching a steamer). "So you would advise me to come back by the Sunday night train in order to catch the boat on Monday morning?"

Station-master (severely). "A wud advise nae mon tae profane the Sawbath; but a'll jist repeat—if ye wait till the Monday ye'll nae get the connection."—*Punch.*

* * *

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION.

THAT eminently proper journal, *Good Housekeeping*, relates that Mr. C., a distinguished lawyer of Boston, was on his way to Denver to transact some important business. During the afternoon he noticed, in the opposite section of the Pullman, a sweet-faced, tired-looking woman travelling with four small children. Being fond of children and feeling sorry for the mother, he soon made friends with the little ones.

Early the next morning he heard their eager questions and the patient "Yes, dear," of the mother as she tried to dress them, and looking out he saw a small white foot protruding beyond the opposite curtain. Reaching across the aisle, he took hold of the large toe and began to recite: "This little pig went to market, this little pig stayed at home; this little pig had roast beef, this little pig had none; this little pig cried wee wee all the way home." The foot was suddenly withdrawn and a cold, quiet voice said: "That is quite sufficient, thank you."

Mr. C. hastily withdrew to the smoker, where he remained until the train arrived in Denver.

* * *

THE TRAMP'S REFUGE.

Weary Wilkins: "Yes, mum, I had a fine comfortable home, but I lost it."

Mrs. Goodsole: "Poor man! How did it happen?"

Weary Wilkins: "An engine backed up and pulled it away."

PEOPLE AND PLACES

TWO starvation stories—one of a Vancouver man in Alaska, the other of a woman in St. John. The man went hungry ten days because he couldn't help it. The woman fasted forty-eight days because she thought it was good for what ailed her. Singular how much longer a human being is able to go hungry when the act is voluntary. The young woman in St. John had "acromegaly"—which is excuse enough for almost anything desperate; a swelling of the tissues, enlargement of features and rapid increase in weight; for which abstinence from food seems to be the only remedy. Abstinence from breathing will yet be recommended by some wise curist. The St. John lady has enjoyed her fast; has lost thirty pounds; felt no ill effects; drank plenty of water and took lots of fresh air. The Vancouver party also had plenty of air and water; nine surveyors in Alaska being marooned on a river island through the break-away of their boat in the rapids. Archie Runaels was the Vancouver man in the party, and he had no appetite for fasting. Singular that when a man is forced to be without food he rebels. Archie was in a manner lost. But though marooned and hungry he decided that it was his business to make a break for food somehow. There appear to have been no berries in the land, and as the travellers were not wearing moccasins they had nothing of which to make soup as has often been done by northern trailmen lost without grubstake. Archie swam the river and took a four-days tramp across the mountains to reach the main camp of the survey. That four-days hoboing it without even an Indian camp on the way was an experience that no Scotchman would care to duplicate. However, Archie reached camp; and of course as he had done the work he got first to the grubstake which was six days' late reaching the rest of the party. All doing well at present.

* * *

FIRST courts have been opened in the Peace River country. Two Alberta judges—Noel and Beck—took a month's trip up into the northernmost part of that far-reaching province and established the law which hitherto has been dispensed by the mounted police. Peace River Crossing was the first court; the court-room being the police barracks. The judges were present; likewise the clerk of court, the police and the spectators. But there was no business; neither plaintiffs nor defendants. Peace River seems to have been well named; Potomac not being comparable for peace and quietness. As they do not have white gloves in that country, Mr. J. K. Cornwall, who is the steamboat Ookanett in the last great West, gave the judge a pair of brown leather ones.

* * *

A SUBMARINE relic has been dug up at Victoria—and one of the local papers thus introduces the story of the find: "Barnacle covered, corroded, showing ample evidence of its submersion in the tidal currents of the Narrows for nearly twenty years, the port crank shaft of the wrecked steamer *Beaver* was recovered yesterday afternoon by Mr. C. C. Pelkley and his associates, who comprised an expedition that went in search of the relic."

This port crank shaft was very ancient; and of course it would look very singular on exhibition in Regina, for instance, where they are more likely to show up the right wheel of a Red River cart. But the coastwise population of British Columbia are nothing if not nautical; and the article goes on to tell the story of this historic and venerable crank shaft as follows:

"The relic aside from the historic associations connected with it as belonging to the first steam vessel to plough the waters of the Pacific, is also of great historic value through the fact that it is known that it was built under the supervision of James Watt, the famous inventor of the steam engine. Anyway, this piece of machinery, made in a bygone age—1834—is tangible proof of the fact that they certainly made substantial machinery in those days. The solid, massive shaft is considerably heavier than would be made for a vessel of the *Beaver's* size at the present day. The substantial manner in which the braces and arms for the paddles are bolted to the mainshaft shows that the machinists of those days took no chances on a breakdown. And in fact, it is a matter of history that despite her antiquated machinery, the *Beaver* had practically no breakdowns—at least from flaws in her machinery—during her entire existence until she came to an untimely end one night when a quartermaster carrying too much of a deckload put her wheel the wrong

way just when she was entering the Narrows with a small boom of logs away back in the late eighties."

* * *

ACCORDING to Rev. Prof. Pisani, an Italian church dignitary who has been touring the Canadian West, there are a hundred and fifty thousand Galicians in that country. This is a remarkable statement. Eight years ago there were less than twenty thousand of these foreigners in sheepskins; so that the rate of increase since has been six hundred per cent. in eight years, or nearly a hundred per cent. each year over the original number. This is fulfilling the scriptural injunction almost with a vengeance; but it is almost too good to be true. The Professor must have taken a wrong census. However, he has seen much of the West and he relates very interestingly his impressions, part of which are as follows:

"In Winnipeg the Italians are not numerous, being no more than 1,000 all told. These, however, are prospering, about sixty being shopkeepers, and at any time in the past three years the Italians of Winnipeg have felt in a position to build a church for themselves. There are no Italian farmers in the West, the majority being occupied in the mines. In the coal mines of the C. P. R. and Rocky Mountains 500 are engaged. In British Columbia there are 1,200 all told. In Calgary there are 150 and others are in the neighbourhood."

Then appears this archaic statement about Edmonton, which makes the reader wonder what Edmonton the Professor could have seen:

"Edmonton was particularly noted as a town of great promise. Though the houses are few and of log or wood, the streets are wide and well laid out; the churches, the schools and the banks are all of stone or brick. From this the visitor inferred that religion, education and the prosperity which comes with the accumulation of money, all bade fair to develop most favourably."

Log houses in Edmonton are about as plentiful as Red River carts.

* * *

ANYBODY from down south who doubts whether Canada is a nation or not had better come up here next Monday. The spectacle is presented to the world of a general election representative of more pure geography than any election ever held in the wide world. The candidate for Cariboo knows that. Lord knows who he is—but he won't get his returns all in over the pack trails till a week or two after the polls are closed. That man's constituency may have power to win the country. Manhood suffrage—the basis of democracy; very fine thing—but when you have such geographical miracles as Cariboo from limbo to limbo where any man of age and residence qualifications is entitled to a vote, well, it's much like the British subject who was imprisoned by natives somewhere in the heart of darkest Africa, and it took a punitive expedition to get him out, since every non-criminal British subject is entitled to liberty. And there may be some gold-washing half-breed down in a canyon of Cariboo who has heard the phantom sound that an election is being held next Monday. He has a hazy idea that if the man they are all talking hardest about gets in—whatever he gets into and wherever it may be at a place called Ottawa—well, maybe the gold will drizzle out of the sluice a little bit faster and things will be better in Cariboo. As to the ballot—he knows not what it may be; but a very necessary thing. So he quits the sluice and he hits the trail for the pilgrimage point where they vote. Takes him days of travel; all the same; his only outing—to get somebody else in.

Also up at Prince Rupert there will be voters; this baby-new precinct where nobody as yet is corrupt; where a vote has no price and all is poetry even in politics. Is it? Still they are having progress in Prince Rupert, and as according to Henry George that spells also poverty, it may be presumed to mean also a few social infirmities such as come very close to the surface in the east about election day. There are six hundred people camped in that town with the far-fetched name; there is a large dock; also freight sheds—public works of a kind, but nothing to do with politics. But there is no liquor in the town—though there are two hotels.

But whether in the furthest canyon of Cariboo or at Prince Rupert; up in Dawson City or down in Pelee Island; in Charlottetown or in Victoria—the election makes everybody Canadian on Monday. All those Canadianised United Statesers in the heart of the wheat belt—they also will have to read up

on our elections as well as on their own; and because most of them know a hanged sight more about Bill Taft than about Borden, and think a great deal more of Bryan than of Laurier—yet when the third of November comes just a week after the twenty-sixth of October these expatriates will cause a fine hulabaloo here and there and a great sight bigger one than they will kick up next Monday. But some day they will forget it all and the biggest day in the quadrennial calendar to the sons of these people and of all other naturalised nationalities will be election day.

* * *

SOMEONE has written a fine little poem on St. John. The author's name is not intimated. The verses were published in the *Victoria Colonist*. They are the right sort of stuff—barring the technical flaws in construction. Here are a few of the stanzas, space not permitting them all:

Smile, you inland hills and rivers,
Flush, you mountains in the dawn!
But my roving heart is seaward
With the ships of grey St. John.

Fair the land lies, full of August,
Meadow island, shingly bar,
Open barns and breezy twilight,
Peace, and the mild evening star.

Gently now this gentlest country
The old habitude takes on,
But my wintry heart is outbound
With the great ships of St. John.

Once in your wide arms you held me,
Till the man-child was a man,
Canada, great nurse and mother
Of the young sea-roving clan.

Swing, you tides, up out of Fundy!
Blow, you white fogs, in from sea!
I was born to be your fellow;
You were bred to pilot me.

Loyalists, my fathers, builded
This grey port by the grey sea,
When the duty to ideals
Could not let well-being be.

When the breadth of scarlet bunting
Puts the wreath of maple on,
I must cheer, too—slip my moorings
With the ships of grey St. John.

Past the lighthouse, past the nunbuoy,
Past the crimson rising sun,
There are dreams go down the harbour
With the tall ships of St. John.

In the morning I am with them
As they clear the island bar—
Fade, till speck by speck the mid-day
Has forgotten where they are.

But I sight the vaster sea-line,
Wider lee-way, longer run,
Whose discoverers return not
With the ships of grey St. John.

Nova Scotia's Memorial

(Continued from page 11)

Joseph Howe, uttered the well remembered words that many men then living would "hear the whistles of the steam engine in the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and make the journey from Halifax to the Pacific in five or six days." Within a few days I shall myself be hearing the "whistle of the steam engine in the passes of the Rockies," and the significance of your anniversary will be brought home to me as forcibly as if I were actually present at Halifax.

With best wishes for the success of your memorial celebration, and kind regards, believe me,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) MILNER.

I venture to enclose a small contribution to the subscription which is being made for the erection of the memorial tower.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA



Miss Carrie Reynolds,
Imperial Opera Company.

ONE of the most finished artists and captivating soubrettes on the American stage is Miss Carrie Reynolds, who recently became a member of Toronto's home organisation, the Imperial Opera Company. Her disposition is exceedingly bright and cheerful and carrying this into her work as she does she lends a charm to the interpretation of her roles which is certain to find great favour with the audiences.

Previous to becoming a member of the Imperial Company, Miss Reynolds had achieved much distinction in the United States in soubrette roles. She appeared in prominent roles with the Rogers Brothers and as one of the features of the famous Tivoli Theatre in San Francisco and in the role of Marie in "Lady Teazle." Miss Reynolds was selected to follow Miss Edna May in "The School Girl," and later

she appeared with Mr. John C. Fisher's musical comedy organisations and in the soubrette role in "The Grand Mogul," and also with Mr. Charles Frohman's production of "Miss Hook in Holland."

* * *

ON Monday night at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, Mr. Charles Dillingham will produce the new college play with music with Miss Elsie Janis as the star, entitled "The Fair Co-ed." Through her work in "The Hoyden," under Mr. Dillingham's management, and also as the star of "The Vanderbilt Cup," Miss Janis won recognition in the lighter form of musical entertainment. She is to-day the youngest star on the American stage, but she has been a favourite with the public for years, starting from the time when she was a child mimic known as "Little Elsie," and long before she had made her present great New York reputation. She is to-day probably the best mimic on the American stage, and her charm of manner and talent have given her an enviable position. "The Fair Co-ed" is the joint work of George Ade, the prince of fun-makers, and of Gustave Luders, whose music has set the feet of a nation dancing and has made everybody whistle who could pucker his lips.

Mr. Dillingham has furnished a typical Dillingham production for Miss Janis' new play, with three elaborate acts painted by Homar Emens. The company will number about ninety people, thus being one of the largest that will be seen in a light musical production in Toronto this year. In the company supporting Miss Janis are such well-known people as Arthur Stanford, Sydney Jarvis, Edgar Halstead, H. David Todd, Lionel Walsh, James Reaney, Donald McLaren, Harry Clarke, Leavitt James, Stewart Belknap, Inez Bauer, Rose Winter, Marion Mills and Eleanor Pendleton. The chorus is said to be one of the most striking organisations of the kind assembled in New York.

* * *

MISS A. B. WARNOCK, better known to Canadian readers as "Katherine Hale," is one of the younger generation of our writers whose ambition and ability are likely to go far. Miss Warnock comes from that good old town of Galt which is the most Scotch community outside the Land o' Cakes. During last year Miss Warnock gave dramatic lectures of unusual nature in several United States cities, and in the month of August appeared before the Lyceum Club of London, England, in a lecture-recital on "Canadian Literature," of which the *Imperial Review* wrote a sympathetic account, remarking: "In her reading Miss Warnock wonderfully interprets the moods and meanings of the writers of her own land."

This week, Miss Warnock is giving afternoon recitals at the gallery of the Woman's Art Association, Toronto, on Ibsen, Sudermann and Hauptmann; on Monday next, Maeterlinck and Yeats, and next Friday evening, Rostand, Pinero, Shaw and Barrie. This is a field hitherto unattempted by Canadian women, although lecture-recitals are well known in club-circles of the United States. It is to be hoped that Miss Warnock's original work will meet the appreciation in Toronto that it has already received in larger cities, for it is only through such critical study of modern drama that the present condition of theatrical entertainment is to be improved by public demand for better things.

* * *

THE Victoria Musical Society, in its announcement for the season of 1908-9, shows the good taste and ambitious quality which have already made the musical societies of the British Columbia capital well-known along the Pacific coast and also among the musically-informed of the East. Five concerts are announced, for which the artists are Madame Nordica, Miss Katharine Goodson, Mr. Arthur Hartmann, Madame Galski, Miss Marie Hall. This is a list of which the western province may well be proud and it is altogether probable that Victoria citizens will show their practical appreciation of this enterprise by promptly filling the subscription lists.

* * *

THE Sheffield Choir and their accompanying friends have sailed from the Old Country and will soon be on Canadian soil. Public interest in their tour is daily increasing and they will doubtless be welcomed by enthusiastic crowds. Massey Music Hall, Toronto, has already received hundreds of outside applications and each of the four concerts in that city will no doubt have an audience of "Mendelssohn" dimensions. Applications have come from the Cobalt regions and from as far west as Chicago.

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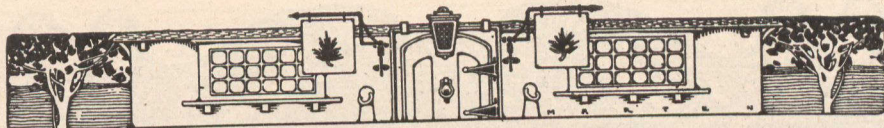
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

WOMAN AND HER WORK.

A WRITER in *Appleton's Magazine* has been considering woman's work in the business and professional world and has come to the conclusion that, so far, woman has accomplished little. That widely-read journalist, *Kit*, of the *Toronto Mail and Empire*, reviews the summarising article fairly and sensibly, remarking: "Fifty years from now will be soon enough to bring this topic into discussion."

This clever Irish-Canadian, (for *Kit* has been long enough in Canada to be almost one of ourselves) continues in amusing strain to reveal what the man editor thinks the woman's page should be.

"Very few journals permit the woman editor or contributor to write of larger issues than fancy work, love, marriage, how to take care of the baby, and cook hubby's dinner. Men have a crude idea that this is all women care to read. What do women want with a 'leader' on their page? Little paragraphs on the fashions, face creams, mince pies, and how to crochet booties—'these are what the women want,' says the Man Who Knows It All. . . . One would think male editors never married. . . . It is not paying women a very high compliment to suppose that they want only such stuff for their reading."

Every woman who has had anything to do with Canadian journalism will recognise the truth and justice of the remarks just quoted. When the man editor sits down and proceeds to inform you in all seriousness "what kind of stuff women read," you just yearn to tell him what you think of his estimate of feminine taste—and sometimes, if you are very brave and Irish, you *do* tell him—but it does not do one bit of good. He remains of the opinion that the only material of interest to women is deadly drivel about sweethearts, daisy chains and recipes for removal of wrinkles.

The woman who wants advice on domestic subjects is not going to seek it in the newspaper or magazine columns—not if she has any glimmering of common-sense. If the jelly won't "jell," or the dearest infant in the world has spasms, she is not going to sit down and write to "Marguerite," "Marquise" or any other conductor of a woman's department. She is going straight to a wise mother or a wiser grandmother. Should the affection of her husband show signs of diminution or disappearance, into whatever limbo contains husbands' vanished regard, she does not dream of writing to ask the newspaper person how to recapture what proved so fleeting, but concludes, if she be a woman of discernment, to hold her tongue about her troubles.

In these days, when woman sees nearly all gates thrown open before her eager young feet, it is too absurd to ask that paragraphs "of interest to woman" should concern themselves only with rice croquettes and cures for croup. There are cook books and medical books by the multitude. But, in the name of all that is wholesome and broadening, let the column for woman or the woman's page be something more than slush for the sentimental.

* * *

WHEN WINSTON WAS WED.

THE marriage of Mr. Winston Churchill has received a degree of attention from both the English and the United States press which could hardly have been greater, were he a belted earl or a Grand Duke. Mr. Winston Churchill, when he was in Canada about half a dozen years ago, made enemies wherever he went and whenever he opened his mouth. Tales of his colossal impertinence are told in London (Ontario), Hamilton and Montreal, to say nothing of Toronto, while the very best stories of the dear young man's bad manners have not been published. Wherefore, whatever Pretoria or Capetown may think of the wedding, the cities of Canada wish the bride all (possible) future happiness and trust that she is not a weakling.

The wedding was on a magnificent scale, so far as invitations were concerned, as more than fifteen hundred "friends" were bidden to the feast and many of these went so far as to send butter coolers and cake knives. In fact, "knives" of all shapes and styles were a striking feature of the display of gifts and hardly betokened a friendly disposition on the part of the bestowers.

King Edward, we are informed, sent a beautiful malacca cane with a massive gold knob, richly chased and engraved "W. L. S. C." The bridegroom gave the bride a ruby and diamond cluster necklace, with pendant and a pair of diamond cluster ear-rings. Most of the presents sound dull and practical until one comes to the two Louis XVI. wardrobes, given by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's fair daughter, the Duchess of Marlborough. The bridegroom's beautiful mother, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, also from across the sea, gave one of the most admired gifts, a dressing-case of gold, while there was a very shower of cut-glass and solid silver. Lucky Mrs. Winston!

CANADIENNE.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

Helen's lips are drifting dust,
Ilium is consumed with rust;
All the galleons of Greece
Drink the ocean's dreamless peace;
Lost was Solomon's purple show
Restless centuries ago;
Stately empires wax and wane—
Babylon, Barbary, and Spain—
Only one thing undefaced,
Lasts, though all the world lies waste
And the heavens are overturned;
—Dear, how long ago we learned!

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

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A bad skin, full of pimples, blackheads, etc., is a heavy handicap for any young man or woman to carry in the race for good situations.

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Canadian Courier, Oct. 24th, 1908.

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You must use Holbrook's Sauce, it's so good,
With soup, game and fish,
Or any roast dish,

Fill in last line here.

I agree to abide by the decision of the committee of judges as final, and enter the competition on that distinct understanding.

Signature

Address.....

All replies to this Limerick must be received by Nov. 14, 1908.

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- 1.—Cut out coupon above and write on it your suggestion for the last line of the Limerick.
- 2.—Send with each coupon or Limerick the outside paper wrapper, with label attached, from a bottle of HOLBROOK'S SAUCE.
- 3.—Readers may send in as many replies as they like, only each one must be accompanied by a separate wrapper.
- 4.—The Limericks will be judged by a committee of the following gentlemen, who have kindly consented to act:—
The Editor of The Canadian Courier, Toronto.
The Editor of The Mail and Empire, Toronto.
The Manager of Woods-Norris, Limited, Advertising Agents, Toronto.
- 5.—Address and send your communication "Holbrook's Limerick" care Woods-Norris, Limited, Toronto.

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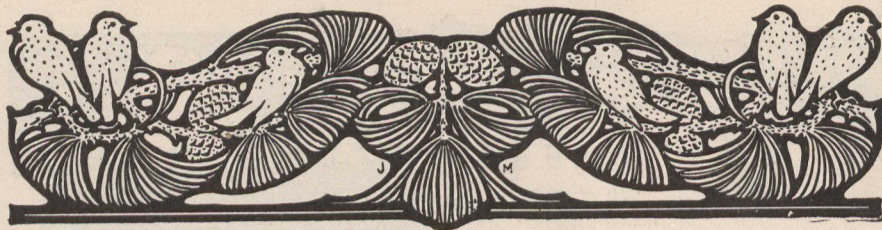
in the Home. It enables you to prepare tasty meals; to re-serve cold meat and vegetables in a palatable and wholesome form.

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A post card addressed to Bovril Limited, Mon'treal, will bring you our little booklet "Tasty Dishes."



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

ERIC AND "THE COLONEL."

By PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN.

ERIC went slowly out into the garden. For three long, creeping hours the sunshine and the birds and the smell of the clover had been calling, calling, while he lay in bed and wished mother would come and say the words which would show him that he was once more free and forgiven. "When will my little son learn self-control?" mother had said sorrowfully as she led him upstairs and began to unfasten the shoes from a pair of little feet that had taken him again out into the forbidden street and away from home.

"What shall mother do to make him remember not to run away?"

"How would tying him up do?" came Uncle Ben's merry voice from the next room. "I'll drive a peg for him just as I have for the old rooster. He runs away, too, and gets into the next-door neighbour's garden, and makes no end of bother. But the queer thing is that all the little chicks love their mother so much that they won't run away. I'm glad, for I should hate to see the old mother hen wandering about worried and anxious, looking for them. It must be a terrible trouble."

Mother did not smile as she often did at what Uncle Ben said. There was a weary look in her face that went to Eric's heart. He hung his head in shame, and was glad when mother went out softly and left him alone "to think it over."

He was really so sorry. He had not meant to disobey; but it was so hard to keep just where he belonged, and such a little step over the forbidden boundary seemed to make him forget all about his promises.

One day it had been an organ grinder and a monkey, oh, the cutest little monkey with a little red jacket,—a dear little monkey that bowed, and held out his cap for pennies, and cuddled right down in Eric's arms!

Probably Eric walked miles that day, through the hot, dusty streets, and mother was almost sick with anxiety.

Another time it was an unbroken colt that went curvetting by, escaped from the stables; and every bound of its light hoofs, and toss of its mane, and glance of its eye was an irresistible call to Eric to follow.

To-day it was a man who sold patent medicines. There was a chime of bells under his cart. His horses had red tassels on their heads, and he threw out little boxes of tiny bonbons at beguiling intervals.

Now any one can see that these were real temptations that Eric had to battle, and Eric knew this, and was thinking of it as he went slowly down into the garden and the sunshine and the smell of clover.

Suddenly he stopped, for there, within a few feet of him, was old Colonel, the rooster, tied to a stake and tugging to be freed at sight of Eric. Poor old Colonel!

Then it flashed across Eric what Uncle Ben had said: "The little chicks love their mother too much to run away from her, but the old rooster has to be tied up."

Eric loved mother so! He stood looking down at old Colonel, and then turned and ran back to mother.

"Mamma," he cried, "will you untie old Colonel, and let me have the care of him, and keep him from running away for the rest of the day? I will take a stick to drive him, and some corn to coax him back when I can, but I know if I have to keep something from running away, it will help me remember how you feel, and I do want to stay by you like the little chicks."

There was a soft light in mother's eyes as she untied old Colonel—a light which mothers know about. It is kindled in the heart. It shone all that long, hot afternoon, as she watched a little figure trudging about after a big, white rooster—coaxing, driving, feeding.

And glad indeed was Eric that chickens go early to roost.

It was a tired but happy little boy that mother folded in her arms that night.

"Eric," came Uncle Ben's voice from the door, "I have some tickets to the circus to-morrow, which I should like to use if I could find the right sort of a little boy who would like to go and see all the animals."

"For me, mamma? Does he mean me?" and Eric sat up in bed with sparkling eyes.

"Yes, dear, I am sure he means you, but go to sleep now."

The clock struck eight, as mother bent over the flushed little face to give another good-night kiss to the brave little boy who had tried. He stirred in his sleep and said, "The little chickens loved their mother."—*Kindergarten Review.*

* * *

THE other evening Marion's mamma called down to her from the nursery to come and get ready for bed. Much to her surprise and delight the little one came briskly up the stairs without any of the coaxing that is necessary usually.

"Now, Marion," said her mother, "you have been such a good little girl and came so quickly when mother called that she will read to you for a few minutes."

Marion thoroughly enjoyed the story, and when it was finished and before it could be prevented she slid from her mother's knee and ran down to the foot of the stairs.

"Now, muzzer, you call me," she instructed.

"Marion, come up stairs," complied her mother.

"All right, I'se toming," and just as fast as her chubby legs would carry her she came toddling up.

"Come get undressed for bed," said mother.

"No, muzzer, you must say, 'You been such a dood little dirl and came so kicky muzzer will read to you for a few minutes.'"

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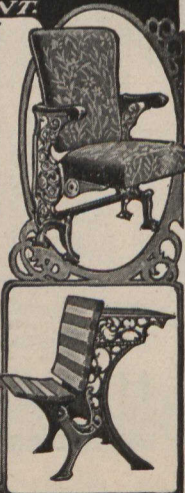
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LITERARY NOTES

AN OLD-FASHIONED NOVEL.

JUST as one becomes utterly weary of the "six best sellers" and vows to read nothing more exciting than statistics or the elections, there arrives a novel which is so well worth while that before the third chapter is finished one shakes hands with the hero, asks him to come again and decides that a world containing such a character is quite endurable.

Such a book is "Peter" by F. Hopkinson Smith, to which the author has given the sub-title: "A novel of which he is not the hero." Begging Mr. Smith's pardon, one would respectfully declare that Peter is the hero and one of an order that we have not met for many a weary month. The word "gentleman" is so sadly abused that one hesitates to use it regarding this fine old chap, the receiving teller in the Exeter Bank of New York, who actually stops on a busy day to salute the bronze figure of the Father of his Country, advising his companion thus:

"He wasn't put there for ornament, my boy, but to be kept in mind, and I want to tell you that there's no place in the world where his example is so much needed as right here in Wall Street. Want of reverence, my dear boy, is our national sin. Nobody reveres anything nowadays. Much as you can do to keep people from running railroads through your family vaults, and, as to one's character, all a man needs to get himself battered black and blue is to try to be of some service to his country. Even our presidents have to be murdered before we stop abusing them. By Jove! Major, you've got to salute him!"

Peter, as may be seen, has a way and a will of his own which he exercises always in honour or for help of another. Then there is the sister of Peter—Miss Felicia—a sort of duchess in disguise, who belongs to the Old South and who would be altogether pleasing if she would not meddle with the love affairs of Jack and Ruth, doing her best to put asunder those two young people whom Fate assuredly meant for each other, and who, of course, finally discover the truth in the case and have the most delightful wedding. Miss Felicia then displays her thoroughbred quality by insisting that the event shall take place in no other spot than her own old home in Geneseo, where the tropical garden was a-bloom with climbing roses and honeysuckle in November.

The young people, too, are of the good old-fashioned sort—a brave, spirited boy and a lovable, dainty girl—none of your modern "smart set" about these two young Southerners. The dark side of life is not ignored—dishonour and disgrace sadden poor Corinne's life and send her husband to an early grave. But if there is the graft of Breen and Company, there is also the honesty of Peter Grayson and his kind. There are the deeds of those who walk in financial darkness and there are the careers of men like Jack and MacFarlane—men who build firmly and enduringly the roads by which the next generation must travel.

It is a fresh and inspiring story, told by a writer who loves his fellow-men, who "never doubts that clouds would break" and who, moreover, can write with a finished grace which first captured one in the story of immortal "Colonel Carter." It is worth while being deafened by the hysteria of "Holy Orders" and bored by the nastiness of "Together," to come to a chronicle so full of simple, humorous charm as the story of "Peter." Toronto: McLeod and Allen.

THE HIGHLANDER IN CANADA.

MR. ALBERT E. NYHEN, of Boston, a grandson of the late Colonel John Cameron, of Glengarry, and Colonel J. P. MacMillan, of St. Andrew's, Ontario, are interesting themselves in a movement having for its object the compilation of a history of the pioneer Highland Scotch families settling in Glengarry and other parts of Canada, with reference also to their descendants who have become prominent in the Dominion and other lands. The Highlander in Canada has been a striking figure, and this history should prove highly interesting.

THE IMMORTAL.

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL.

Beauty is still immortal in our eyes,
When sways no more the spirit-haunted reed,
When the wild grape shall build
No more her canopies,
When blows no more the moon-grey thistle seed,
When the last bell has lulled the white flocks home,
When the last eve has stilled
The wandering wing and touched the dying foam,
When the last moon burns low, and, spark by spark,
The little worlds die out along the dark—

Beauty that rosed the moth-wing, touched the land
With clover-horns and delicate faint flowers;
Beauty that bade the showers
Beat on the violet's face,
Shall hold the eternal heavens within their place,
And hear new stars come singing from God's hand.
—Metropolitan Magazine.

A WORTHY DESIRE.

AN ambitious young Chicagoan recently called upon a publisher of novels in that city, to whom he imparted confidentially the information that he had decided to "write a book," and that he would be pleased to afford the publisher the chance to bring it out.

"May I venture to inquire as to the nature of the book you propose to write?" asked the publisher, very politely.
"Oh," came in an offhand way from the aspirant for fame, "I think of doing something on the line of 'Les Miserables,' only livelier, you know!" — Lippincott's.

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EVERY assignment of the right of a South African Volunteer entitled to a land grant must be by way of appointment of a substitute and must be in the form provided by the Act.

Special attention is called to Sub-section 8 of Section 5 of the Volunteer Bounty Act, 1908, which provides that no assignment of the right of a volunteer by the appointment of a substitute shall be accepted or recognized by the Department of the Interior which is NOT EXECUTED AND DATED AFTER THE DATE OF THE WARRANT FOR THE LAND GRANT issued by the Minister of Militia and Defence in favor of the Volunteer.

J. W. GREENWAY,
Commissioner of
Dominion Lands, Ottawa.

28th September, 1908.

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Keep it in force at any sacrifice. It may be, some day, (no one knows how soon), not only

"Glad News in a Sorry Season"

but the chief support of those who now make home the dearest and sweetest spot on earth. Stand by your policy. It is the anchor of the Home!

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

What Canadian Editors Think

FACTS ABOUT TARIFFS.

(*St. John Sun.*)

LET us get down to facts and specific instances. The centre of this tariff war is the woollen industry which is demanding higher duties, with the approval of the Conservative party. Supposing at their request the tariff is raised 25 per cent. against British woollens. The price of Canadian woollens will immediately increase 25 per cent., which means that the farmer and the labourer must pay 25 per cent. more for their clothes. The profits of the Canadian manufacturer would thus be increased. But would the whole increase find its way back to the workmen in the form of more work and more pay? Some of it might, but if it all went this way how much better off would the manufacturer be than he is now? And the Canadian purchaser of woollens would be out of pocket by just that amount which the manufacturer might retain as his profit. In other words, the working man would pay the manufacturer 25 per cent. more for his clothes and might get back say 10 per cent. in extra work and wages.

* * *

PITY DOCTOR KOCH.

(*Vancouver World.*)

THE opponents of Dr. Koch, the despatches tell us, have won a signal victory at the International Tuberculosis Congress, where they have succeeded in having a resolution passed to the effect that human beings may be infected with tuberculosis from bovine bacilli. The question is an important one, for if Dr. Koch is right we need not worry about the consequences, even though the milk which comes in the morning can be given by a more or less consumptive cow; while if he is wrong we may be taking desperate chances along with our oatmeal every morning. Nevertheless, the method of deciding the controversy adopted by the Tuberculosis Congress reminds us of the western city council which ordained that henceforth the circumference of the circle should be exactly three times the diameter, a by-law which, doubtless to the disgust of young students of Todhunter's world-famous books, has not yet been permitted to do its blessed work of eliminating the indeterminate decimals which the author, for this and other equally notorious causes the most hated literary man in Christendom, insists on lugging to the front on every possible occasion. We are inclined to think, indeed, that the show of hands which demonstrates the error of Dr. Koch will have as little influence with him as the resolution to which we have referred with the great mathematician. Dr. Koch may be right or wrong, but the vote of the Congress leaves the bacilli exactly where the vote of the western alderman left our old friend the ratio "pi."

* * *

PRAIRIE MAIL DELIVERY.

(*Regina Standard.*)

THE Standard is in favour of a free mail delivery in the rural localities, because it believes that the experience of other countries shows this to be a most desirable facility. It requires years to bring the postal system of a country up to the stage where a free rural delivery can be instituted, and Western Canada has yet to grow into the free delivery class. Down in Ontario conditions are about ripe for

the institution of such a system and it will be instituted there shortly. But here in the West every sane-thinking man knows that free rural delivery is out of the question for some time at least. Five years may see Saskatchewan at the stage where the farmer will have his mail delivered to his doors, but even five years is a short space in which all the changes, necessary before that day, can take place. Let it be repeated, and well understood, that the Standard favours the installation of a free delivery just so soon as it is feasible. The first essential is a wealth which will warrant the expenditures necessary for the system, and the West has not yet attained the wealth to warrant such a luxury. Why, the city of Regina, with nearly 9,000 of a population, cannot get a free city delivery system from the government. Then how in the name of common sense is a free rural mail delivery going to be established?

* * *

FERTILISE THE SOIL.

(*Neepawa, Man., Register.*)

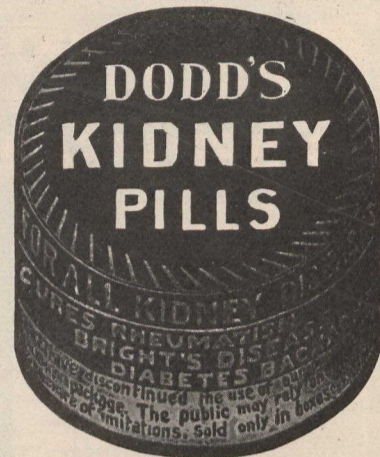
FROM the fact that Mr. W. F. Young, east of town, threshed over 40 bushels of wheat to the acre off new land and other yields from breaking are nearly as large, while summer fallow is yielding over 25 on an average, it may be seen that the drop in general average per acre in the West is caused by difference in the land since the old days when 40 to the acre was not more remarkable than 20 to the acre is now. How to restore this great fertility or at least to prevent further depreciation should be the problem for the farmer rather than how much more land to possess. Forty to the acre would double the profit of 20 to the acre, for all above a certain yield is nearly all profit—the fixed charges and expenses are about the same no matter what the yield. That yields can be kept up and even increased can easily be seen by comparing the crops on different farms. S. Benson, Geo. Hamilton and J. H. Irwin show a row of farms beside town yielding fully half more than the average of the district; others as good may be picked out in every district. Those farmers named are also noted for their herds of cattle. Is there not a good hint in that?

* * *

TOO MUCH UTILITY.

(*Catholic Record.*)

THE Ontario system of education is utilitarian, material, scientific, mathematical. Literature and the humanities play a secondary part. Even when literature is studied it is much more for the purpose of analysis and history than for culture and imitation. Still less is the disciplinary value of these subjects regarded as important in the mental equipment of a young man entering life. Greek is a forgotten language, and Latin is going out of fashion with the contempt of youth hurled against it. If these were replaced by fair substitutes we might suffer their loss with regret perhaps, and yet with the hope that something else was doing their work—that English undefiled was coursing its streams through the vales of young intelligences, strengthening them and rendering fertile the rich soil that awaits cultivation. We do not think that English or any other modern language has taken the place of the old classics. Book-making has interfered seriously with the virile classical study.



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Anticipate the opening day of the season; line up your arrangements now; get maps and general particulars of the new game-lands north of Parry Sound—the best deer country in Canada. Last year more deer were taken out of CANADIAN NORTHERN ONTARIO territory than from all other portions of the province combined, yet only 27 miles of the new extension from Parry Sound were open. This year the extension is completed from Parry Sound to Sellwood thirty miles north of Sudbury, a stretch of over 140 miles through the richest big game country in Ontario. Write or call for a copy of "Moose Trails and Deer Tracks," a new publication, brimful of useful information for hunters.

Address, Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Building, Toronto, or call at Ticket Offices of CANADIAN NORTHERN ONTARIO RAILWAY, Cor. King and Toronto Streets, and Union Station.



TO SPORTSMEN

The very best hunting territories in the "HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO" and NORTHERN ONTARIO are reached only by the

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Open Season for Deer, November 1st to November 15th

"HAUNTS OF GAME AND FISH" is the title of an interesting book full of information for the sportsmen and which is sent free to any Applicant.

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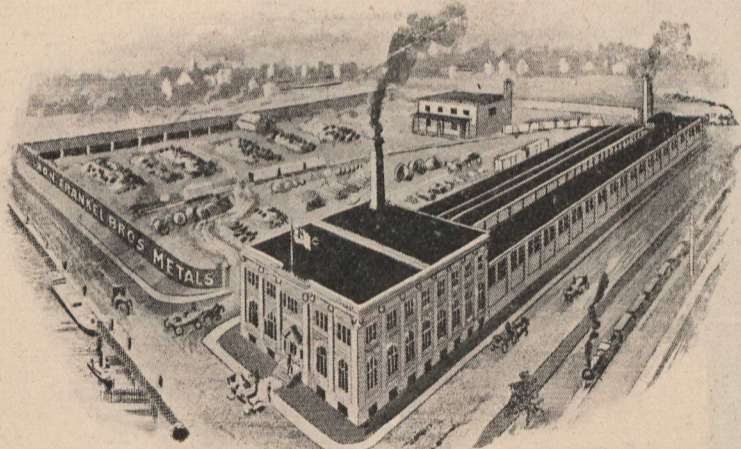
"Good place for hunting; plenty deer in neighborhood."—BYNG INLET.

These are replies from some of the Station Agents on the Toronto-Sudbury line of the

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

in reply to enquiries re hunting prospects in their districts.

Additional information will be gladly furnished by
R. L. THOMPSON, District Passenger Agent, TORONTO



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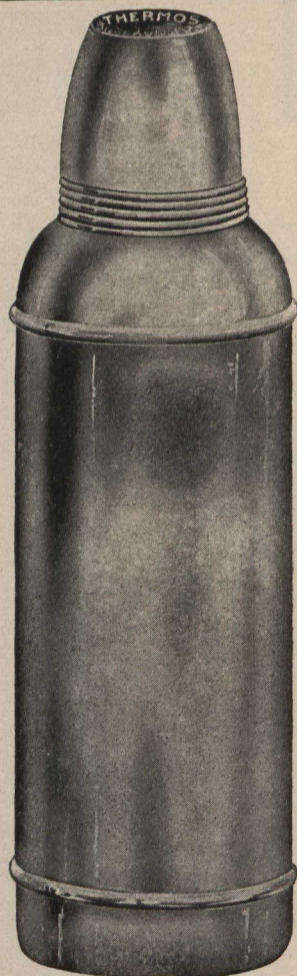
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