

The Canadian

# Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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the Year”  
in this Issue.



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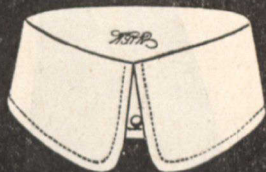
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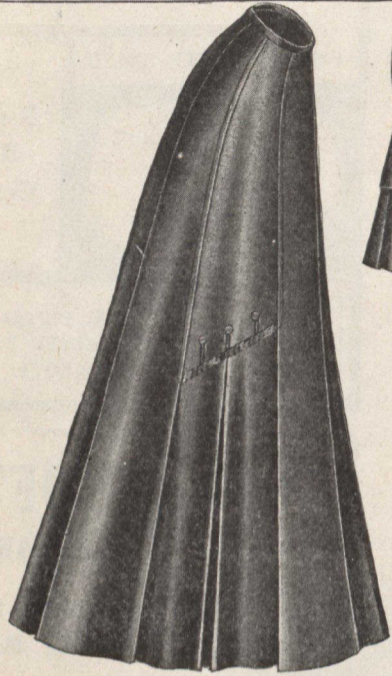
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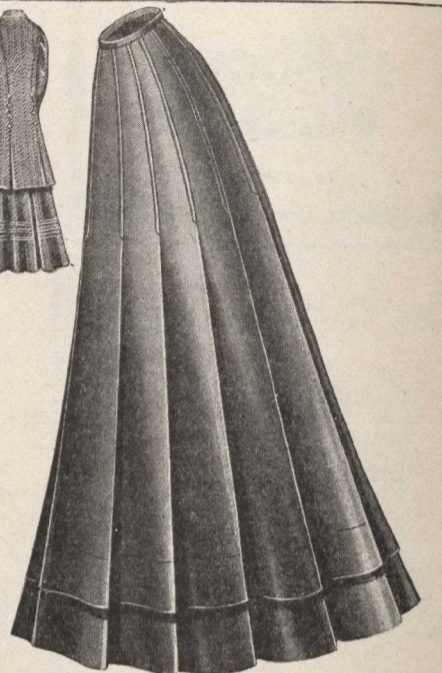
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T H E

# Canadian Courier

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 6

Toronto, November 27th, 1909

No. 26

WHEN a Canadian has attained to years of maturity in reputation and wealth, he usually becomes an ardent advocate of the Empire. Younger men may prate of Canadian nationality and of the development of this portion of North America, but the older men take a different line. For example, a meeting of the Canadian Club in Toronto will include few grey-beards while an audience at the Empire Club in the same city will include many whose brown and black hirsute adornments have grown grey or have disappeared altogether.

It may be that the older men have come to realise, what the younger men overlook, that national greatness will be slow in coming to Canada, and that for the present Canada can only attain to pre-eminence as a portion of the Greatest Empire that has been. Or it may be that as men grow older, they place greater stress on historical associations; with a broader knowledge of history they realise more fully what a debt Canada owes to British history and British institutional development. Or again it may be that the older men value more highly that social distinction which comes from association with the Honourable this, Sir Somebody that and My Lord So-and-So. The explanation may lay in one of these statements or in a combination of all three. Whatever the reason, it is clear that the older and more experienced public men of Canada are usually ardent imperialists. Judges, bankers, railway magnates, bond dealers, university presidents, and statesmen are the keenest admirers of the imperial connection.



LORD STRATHCONA has been foremost in setting the example. Almost everything which the High Commissioner has done in recent years has an imperial significance. He found the Empire Club of Toronto, of which he is honorary president, doing a good work on behalf of imperial sentiment and he recently sent it a cheque for one thousand dollars to assist it in printing and distributing its annual volume of speeches. Influenced by the work of Lord Roberts and Baden-Powell in Great Britain he has established a fund to provide for more adequate physical and military training in the public schools of Canada. Whenever he makes a speech he mingles his eulogies of Canada's progress with fervent praise of the Empire and of Canada's fidelity to the ancient traditions.

Somewhat similar is the attitude of every prominent Canadian whose family has been presented at Court or who has been personally singled out by His Majesty for knighthood or other distinction. The influence of Windsor Castle extends indirectly but forcibly through these gentlemen into all the select circles of Britain's premier colony. To be a distinguished subject of a King and Emperor is better than being an undistinguished citizen of a struggling colony. To be a citizen of a Great Empire whose flag floats on every continent and in every zone is more important than being a citizen of a country which may be great two centuries hence.



WITH a clear view of this state of affairs in mind, it is not hard to understand why imperialism is making such rapid strides in Canada. It can scarcely be denied that Canada thinks more and talks more to-day of the British Empire than at any time in her history. While there is great fidelity to national autonomy there is an almost greater fidelity to the cause of Empire. Canadians recognise the imperial obligation more fully than at any time within the past half-century. Indeed, in the early nineties, a candid and acute observer might reasonably have argued that it would not be long before another great colony would imitate the example of 1783 and set up national housekeeping. To-day, the creation of a Canadian unit of the British Navy is opposed only by those who would prefer to make a cash contribution such as caused a revolt on this same

## REFLECTIONS

By STAFF WRITERS

continent something more than a hundred years ago. That so large a body of influential persons could be found who are willing to make such an unfettered and unlimited contribution of

the national wealth to be expended by the London authorities, is a most significant circumstance.

We are not seeking here to argue for or against the growing imperial sentiment, but simply to place a few general observations before our thinking readers. The writer can remember with ease when the educating of the school-children of Ontario in regard to flag-reverence was left to the efforts of a few enthusiasts who were not then considered influential. To-day, the school readers of the province have as their frontispiece a coloured reproduction of the Union Jack and among their prominent illustrations pictures of their Most Gracious Majesties. As in Ontario so in Manitoba and elsewhere. The influences making for a broadening and deepening of affection for and knowledge of the Empire are in remarkable contrast to the conditions a quarter-century ago.



HUMANITY should be grateful to the management of the New York Central Railway. Dr. Osler wanted us to believe that a man's zenith was reached at forty and his western horizon at sixty years of age. In Canada, the Government and the railway corporations have set the limit of activity at sixty-five, by providing that after that age is reached employees shall go on the pension list. In other words, these employees are relegated to a sort of honourable museum where they are to be maintained in idleness for their historic value. To many, the limit has come too soon. To some of us, with the red mark already within measurable distance, the limit seemed to be overly short. Now comes the New York Central directors with a pension scheme which is based on the assumption that a man is a capable employee until he is seventy. Even those of us who are not among the hundred thousand employees of that great corporation must be grateful for this extension of our time to the Psalmist's limit. We may now stand boldly in the presence of Dr. Osler and assure him that he is not more successful in establishing a new cult than was Mr. Dowie of Zionville or than is Mr. Stead of London, England.



OVER in the United States, the popularity of Commander Peary is growing and that of Dr. Frederick A. Cook is on the wane. Since Peary received that gold medal, the critics of Cook have taken greater liberties with that gentleman's reputation. The other evening, in New York, before a body of representative men, Admiral Colby M. Chester stood nobly by the explorer who represented the United States navy in the north, and most brutally belaboured his civilian rival. He stated publicly, and his words were fully reported in the press, that Dr. Cook had admitted that the flag he (Cook) had been carrying about the country was a fake flag, and "that his Mount McKinley flag is also a fake flag." The Admiral further stated that Cook's records had been scientifically examined and scientifically condemned. There can now be but one hope for the Cook believers, and that is the instruments and records which Cook entrusted to Mr. Harry Whitney in Greenland and which were left there because that gentleman could not get permission to bring them home on the Peary ship. Until these are brought back to civilisation, Dr. Cook should refrain from any further claims to be regarded as the first discoverer of the North Pole.



WE must confess to a disappointment with Captain Bernier, over whom we had grown quite enthusiastic. The other day, the New York papers came out with splendid pictures of the baby musk ox which the Captain had brought down from Melville Island to Quebec on the good ship *Arctic*. With the pictures were long accounts as to how Mr. Hornaday, director of the zoological collections at

Bronx Park, had secured this animal in Quebec for \$700; and that New York now possessed the only captive musk ox on the North American continent.

Can it be true that Captain Bernier for the modest sum of \$700 disposed of this great treasure? Or was it a fit of economy on the part of the much-persecuted Minister of Marine which caused this living trophy of Captain Bernier's historical voyage, on an historical vessel, with an historical equipment, to be sold for a paltry \$700? We cannot believe that Captain Bernier, patriot and explorer, would be guilty of such a national sacrifice. Indeed, we refuse to believe it without further proof. We herewith demand the appointment of a Royal Commission to determine the name of the guilty party and to have him held up to the execrations of the citizens of Quebec, Ottawa, Montreal and Winnipeg, all or any of whom would quickly have raised \$700 to prevent New York being able to boast of superior business ability.

Again, think of the cruelty of it! New York has had musk oxen before, but they do not live long in that climate. Pneumonia soon carries them off, after the first hot summer. Had the Baby from Melville Island been kept in Canada, she might, in our more invigorating climate, have grown to maturity and strength and remained for many years a national witness of a national accomplishment.



IT is kind indeed of the New York *Tribune* to say that the Monroe Doctrine protects us and to express its opinion that "Canada is as safe from attack as is the United States." Equally kind and probably more accurate is its stated belief that the Canadian navy is no more a menace to the United States than the United States navy is a menace to Canada or to Great Britain.

The only difficulty about this view of our affairs is that the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine must come from the United States. If Japan for example were to make an attack on Canada, and Canada were to appeal to the Monroe Doctrine, who would decide whether the United States should come to our defence or not? Plainly, the United States authorities. Then, supposing the United States authorities were hostile to us and friendly to Japan, who could force the United States to help us?

Aside from this, however, there is a reason why Canada should have a navy. The other day, when two Americans were shot in Nicaragua by order of President Zelaya, two warships, the *Des Moines* and the *Vicksburg*, were despatched to Preytown to "protect American interests." If two Canadians were so treated, and as there are Canadians there the circumstance is equally possible, what would Canada do? She would cable to Great Britain and a British war ship would be sent thither. There lies the reason why Canada should have some cruisers of her own, so that she may relieve Great Britain of this police duty so far as this continent is concerned. Of course, a cash contribution to the British navy would equally serve the purpose, but most people will prefer the method of having Canadian boats for such an expedition. The Canadian vessels would be useful also if British subjects, as well as Canadians, were in danger.

#### MRS. PANKHURST IN TORONTO

MRS. PANKHURST, familiarly known as the leader of the militant suffragette party of Great Britain, visited Toronto last week and fairly captured that Tory stronghold. The Canadian Club listened to her after-luncheon talk last Saturday, and, in the evening, Massey Music Hall was packed to the doors with an audience which endorsed the movement of which she is the head. Many of those who attended the great meeting doubtless went, out of curiosity, but this feeling quickly deepened into admiration and good-will. Whatever may have been the views of those who listened, there was but one opinion as to the speaker. She is an orator with the true *voix d'or*—rich, soft and plaintively appealing—but she addresses herself to the reason and the sense of justice rather than to the emotions. She traced the agitation for woman suffrage in England from its early days, in order to show the reason for the present strenuous methods. Kindness, persuasion and petition having been tried for thirty long years, thirteen women—no unlucky number there—decided, as men have decided in the days of grievance, to make the government exceedingly uncomfortable until wrongs were righted. When women really set to work to make things uncomfortable for any man, or body of men, they usually succeed in the enterprise, and the audience fully appreciated the good-humour and wit with which the speaker of the evening presented the case. Mrs. Pankhurst admitted the revolutionary state of affairs in England, but declared

that no serious harm had been done to life and property and that the suffragettes themselves were the ones to suffer. In fact, to use the French phrase, Mrs. Pankhurst "gave us to think." When women, gently bred and nurtured, are willing to die by starvation in order that justice may be done in the matter of the suffrage, they are in earnest and deserve a respectful hearing and consideration.

Mrs. Pankhurst showed commendable discretion in refraining from discussion of Canadian conditions, alleging that she is unfamiliar with them. In this instance, as in several others, she was a model of wisdom for certain transatlantic masculine orators—Mr. Keir Hardie, for instance, who goes out to India and knows all the affairs of Hindostan in a fortnight. The cases of extreme violence were repudiated and the "acid-throwing" denied. In fact, the sensational tendencies of the modern press may be used to account for the details of many so-called atrocities.

Mrs. Pankhurst, at the club and in the auditorium, gave the impression of a sweet, womanly, brilliant personality, utterly incapable of seeking notoriety, desperately convinced of the justice of her cause, and equipped with an eloquent advocacy, such as one seldom hears in these days of unpolished speech. To doubt her ability, her earnestness and her real refinement would be stupidity.

FRITH.

#### UNE ELECTION A MONTREAL

LA physionomie, le caractère de la campagne électorale de Saint-Jacques, a été particulièrement intéressant.

Ce ne fut pas une lutte de partis, mais un duel à l'américaine entre le pouvoir et l'opposition, ou plutôt un groupement de tous les mécontents contre le gouvernement.

D'un côté le ministère arborant fièrement le drapeau libéral dont il couvrait son candidat, de l'autre les mécontents: conservateurs, anciens libéraux se qualifiant "libéraux-indépendants," et enfin nationalistes menant la troupe au combat derrière leur propre bannière.

La lutte fut chaude, le succès très disputé, les discours très animés: tout cela pour en arriver à un résultat rappelant les bulletins des soirs de bataille où le général victorieux admet que l'ennemi s'est retiré en bon ordre.

La victoire est certainement un triomphe pour le ministère; mais le gouvernement commettrait une grave erreur s'il la considérait comme une approbation absolue de sa politique. Elle est due, cette victoire, au choix d'un excellent candidat ministériel et aux fautes incompréhensibles, impardonnables des oppositionnistes.

M. Clément Robillard, le candidat libéral élu, est un de ces rares hommes publics contre lesquels la critique est désarmée. Honnête homme, ayant traversé la vie sans jamais faire de mal à son prochain, serviable, à la tête d'une modeste fortune acquise par trente ans de travail, ayant vécu toute sa vie dans le quartier qui vient de l'église, ce candidat avait pour lui toutes les chances imaginables. Seulement, il ne parlait pas ou peu, et quand il parlait, il le faisait sans la moindre éloquence.

Son adversaire, Mtre. N. K. Laflamme, est un de nos jeunes avocats les plus célèbres. Quelques procès criminels retentissants, plusieurs causes politiques bruyante l'ont placé au premier rang du barreau, et, chose rare, son talent est à la hauteur de sa réputation. Son prestige est d'autant plus grand que nous étions au lendemain de l'enquête de la Commission Royale sur nos affaires municipales, enquête que Mtre. Laflamme avait conduite avec beaucoup de brio en sa qualité d'avocat du Comité des Citoyens. Ajoutez à cela une grande facilité de parole ne s'élevant pas jusqu'à la grande éloquence, mais servant une dialectique puissante, serrée, vigoureuse, produisant une forte impression sur la foule.

Malgré cela, on s'aperçoit—en comparant les résultats du 12 novembre à ceux du 8 juin 1908—que Mtre Laflamme, bien que son adversaire fut moins redoutable qu'un premier ministre, n'a pu augmenter le nombre des partisans ralliés par M. Bourassa l'an dernier.

C'est autant par la faute de son entourage que par la réputation inattaquable de son concurrent que la victoire lui a échappé. Mtre. Laflamme a eu le tort de laisser porter la discussion sur le terrain municipal et de l'agrémenter d'accusations en l'air, de propos injurieux, de sarcasmes à l'adresse de son adversaire moins instruit que lui, de caricatures déplacées, le tout accompagné de processions, de fanfares et de transparents dignes du plus vulgaire barnum.

Sa défaite a réjoui nombre de citoyens désireux de voir ces consultations populaires, que sont les élections, entourées du décorum, du calme et de la dignité dont son heureux adversaire ne s'est pas départi un seul moment.

SAINT-LAURENT.

# MEN OF TO-DAY

## Lord Lansdowne and the Budget

IN the days when most middle-aged men in Canada were young there was a Governor-General known as Lord Lansdowne, who succeeded the Marquis of Lorne, way-maker in the West, and Lord Dufferin, the smooth maker of speeches whose oratory has never been equalled by any other governor. Lord Lansdowne was never a spectacular vice-regent. He was a plain, practical man who had a fairly good time, went shooting and saw as much of Canada in the making as he could. Happened that he saw a good deal of that; for he was at Rideau Hall when the Canadian Pacific began to crawl towards the Rockies—coming on the scene two years after the road was opened to Winnipeg. He saw Canada as a huge experiment not only in government but in transportation. He was supreme commander of the militia when the Riel Rebellion broke out; and there may have been some English folk who dreamed that the redskins would have him scalped before the war was over.

Long before he came to Canada the Marquis of Lansdowne, who was born in 1845, had a record in British politics. He began his political career as a Liberal—and just the other day as leader of the Tory Opposition in the House of Lords he succeeded in evading the axe-blow to the Budget bill by passing it on to the will of the people, thereby precipitating an early election which will be one of the most interesting and vital ever held in that country. Four years—'68-'72—he was Lord of the Treasury and for two years afterwards he was Under Secretary for War; a year later made Under-Secretary for India by Mr. Gladstone, but resigned in consequence of the Government's bill on compensation; after which as a salve to his wounded feelings he was made Governor-General of Canada. His five years in Canada were notable in construction. He was immediately transferred to India, which seems to be something of a natural antithetical sequence for retired Canadian governors-general. He served his full five years in India and in 1895 was made Secretary of War by the Tory Government of Lord Salisbury; in 1900 Secretary of Foreign Affairs—just after he had got through with the gigantic half-muddle known as the Boer War; and if any minister felt relieved at being rid of a nightmare it must have been Lord Lansdowne when he got clear of the war in South Africa—very probably wishing he were again governor of the peaceful northland that sent so many good men to the front. If the present Liberal Government gets a swamping at the next election, Lord Lansdowne will go down to history as the Tory who precipitated the crisis. If the budget is supported by the people, Lord Lansdowne will still be remembered as the Conservative leader in the House of Lords who did his best to keep the great hierarchy out of a predicament.

\* \* \*

## A Constructive Financier

IN the matter of financiers, Montreal and Toronto have been fairly well represented by two distinct camps. Most people are accustomed to considering Montreal as the financial centre of Canada and probably it is. More big deals are put through in that city than in Toronto; more big financiers are born there; and the greatest Canadian bank is headquartered there. However, in Toronto there is now and again a man who feels quite at home among the magnates of Montreal. There are some men in Toronto able to hold their own with the best in the eastern city. Senator Cox is perhaps the equal in natural shrewdness of any man in Canada. Not the least conspicuous among the number is Mr. E. R. Wood, who a week ago entered the Montreal preserve and practically effected the merger between Dominion Iron and Steel and Dominion Coal.

How Mr. Wood, a comparatively young man, was able to do this

when nobody else could have done it so well, is a story dating back to the days when he was a promising young man down in Peterboro—the cradle of not a few Toronto financiers. He began in the good old-fashioned way—not without a helping hand from above. The hand was that of Senator Cox, who has become the natural originator of most of the big financial enterprises developed west of Montreal. One faculty the Senator possesses in a very high degree; he knows how to pick men. When E. R. Wood was a young lad knocking diligently about Peterboro, the Senator took him in as an office boy. That was before Mr. Cox came to Toronto and in the old days when he was manager in the old home town for the G. N. W. and the Canadian Express. Young Wood took hold as an office boy with a grip of split hickory, and he didn't let go till he entered the Central

Canada Loan Company, then transferred from Port Hope to Peterboro, and it was but a few years till he was moved to Toronto, along with the offices of that company, and became assistant to the general manager. Neither was it long till he shoved his way through and became much more than a cog in the wheel of the Cox regime; became in fact a part of the motive power—and was made general manager. From that to the first vice-presidency of the Dominion Securities Co. was but an easy transition without much change of venue.

Since that elevation, however, Mr. Wood has been quietly branching out along his own lines in the realm of stocks and securities and he has made a pile of money. In fact the story goes that if he were compelled tomorrow to show how much

he is actually worth he could convert his holdings into ready cash to a larger amount than almost any other financier in Canada. His work in the recent merger, being the real effective cause, following the preliminary steps taken indirectly by Sir Henry Pellatt, a heavy holder of Dominion Coal stock, has proved Mr. Wood's worth as one of the most constructive financiers in Canada.

Like some others of our strong financial men, however, Mr. Wood has found time and energy for other things besides money. He is a strong worker in church circles, being one of the most prominent members of St. Paul's Methodist Church, Toronto. He takes a strong interest in music and for years has been mainstay of the choir, paying a large share of the expense in connection with the choral service; in many cases paying the salaries of singers out of his own pocket. And he has never been ostentatious, or made any noise about such things, more than he has about matters of money.

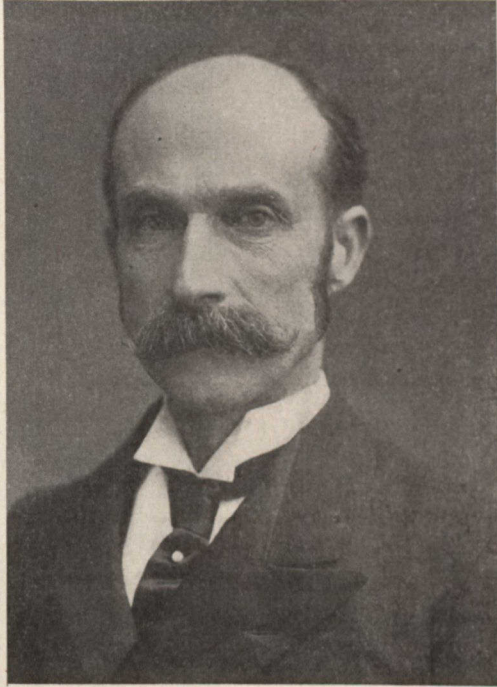
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## Two New Professors

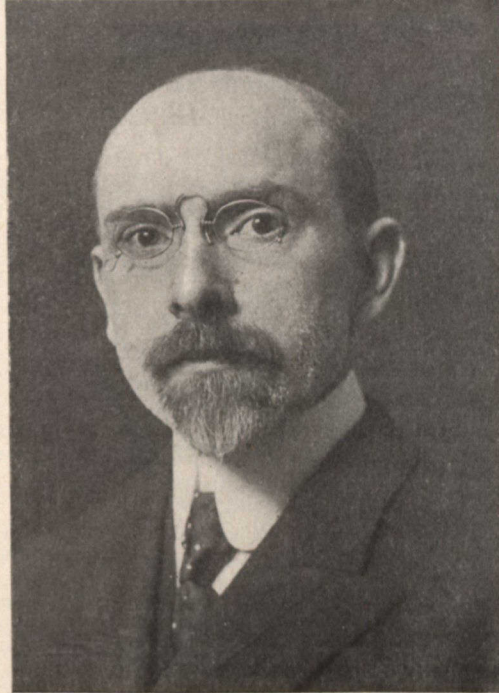
PROFESSOR A. B. CLARK, the head of the new Department of Political Economy at Manitoba University, had a brilliant career in Scotland and is regarded as an authority in the old land on economic questions. He is a graduate of Edinburgh University. Since 1897 he has been lecturer to students appointed by the Society of Accountants in Edinburgh. Since 1899 he has been examiner in political economy for the Institution of Bankers in Scotland. Professor Clark has written many economic articles. In the autumn of 1906 he made an investigation into the taxation of the unearned increment in land values in Germany and other foreign countries, the result of which was published as an appendix to the report of the select committee of the House of Commons on the subject.

Not less than twelve hundred college students will spend their winter in the prairie capital, and to these may be added those who are attending the agricultural and musical colleges, making almost eighteen

hundred. Prof. E. P. Fetherstonhaugh, who holds the chair of electrical engineering, is both an engineer and a teacher. For the past two years he has been located in Winnipeg. In 1899 he graduated from McGill. In September, 1905, he accepted an appointment as lecturer under Dr. R. B. Owens, Professor of Electrical Engineering in McGill University.



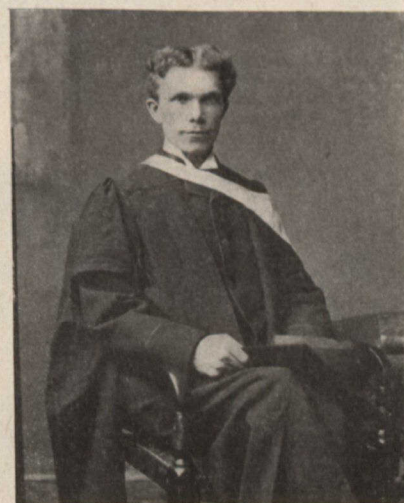
Lord Lansdowne, Opposition Leader in the Lords, distinguished by recent action over the Budget.



Mr. E. R. Wood, Toronto Financier, chief factor in the big steel merger in Montreal.



Prof. E. P. Fetherstonhaugh.



Prof. A. B. Clark.



## POLITICAL REVERSION TO TYPE.

**A** CURIOUS example of what the scientist would call "reversion to type" has been furnished in our federal politics since the national "talking-house" re-opened its sittings at Ottawa. I refer to the demand made by the leaders on Mr. Speaker's left that the Government should not press the French treaty until it is known how that document would be interpreted at Washington. They quite justly pointed out that our trade with Uncle Sam is a score of times as large as the business we do with Jacques Bonhomme, and so, they ask, why should we blindly run the risk of losing our best customer for the sake of encouraging another who can never turn as much business our way as the patron we already have. The Government, however, have interpreted the Opposition attitude as a suggestion that we should resume "pilgrimages to Washington" just as in the "wilderness" days of the Liberal party, the then Conservative Government taunted the then Liberal Opposition with disloyal leanings to the Stars and Stripes.

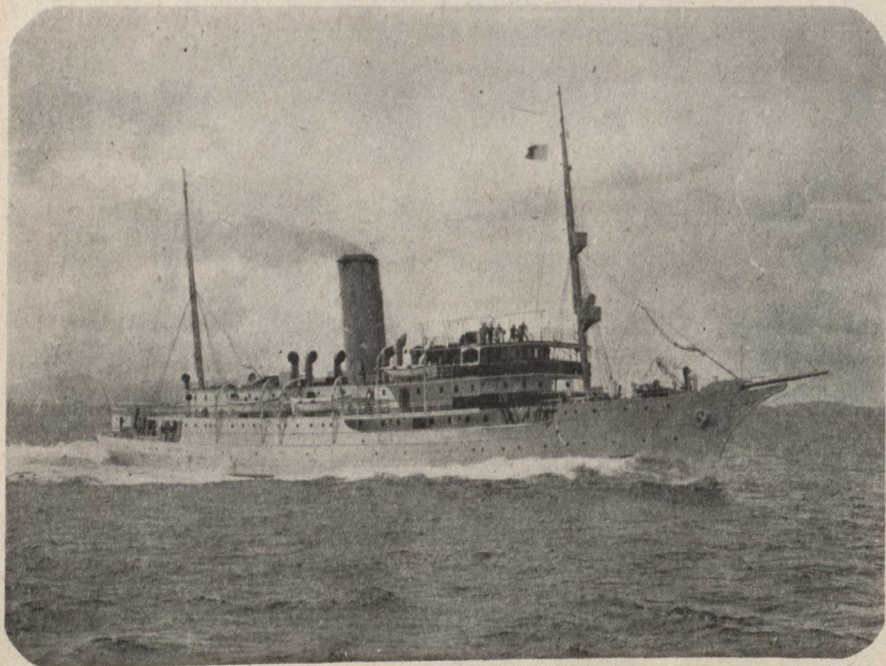
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**I** DO not see how you are going to explain this political "see-saw," except upon the principle that there must be something in long exclusion from the sweets of office which tends to blind the politician to the strivings of the spirit of the nation. The Liberal party were long learning the lesson and their lack of "understanding" cost them weary years in the "cool shades." For the present it seems that they have learned it well; but it must be discouraging to the guardian spirit of our nation to see how his earliest and quickest pupils have forgotten what he revealed to them.

\* \* \*

**L**ET me tell you "an old, old story." Though our Canadian confederation was born on July 1st, 1867, the spirit of the Dominion was not really clothed until the birth of the "Canada First" party, six years afterwards. "Canada before any party; the country before any faction" was the watchword of Thomas Moss, its first political candidate, and though he ran as a Liberal in the city of Toronto his appeal to the national spirit of the electors carried him to victory. The object of the new movement was to foster national pride and

## ONE LINK IN CONFEDERATION



The Government Ice-Breaker "Earl Grey," on her trial trip to Prince Edward Island—pending the construction of the phantom 'Tunnel.'

Photo by Bayer, Charlottetown

one of its chief planks was "encouragement to native industry."

\* \* \*

**T**HAT is the first chapter of my story. The second tells that though young Liberals were prominent in the councils of "Canada First," their party organisation was blind to the message which they brought. The Conservatives, under the inspired leadership of "John A.," were open to the spirit of the day and of the people. They adopted the "Canada First" principle of "encouragement of native industry" and they gave it the "Canada First" name of the "National" policy. It was just what the country was hungering for, and the campaign of 1878 selected the governors of the Dominion for eighteen years.

\* \* \*

**B**UT there is another chapter to my tale. The Liberals did not yet learn their lesson. For ten years they continued their quixotic tilting against the national demand for a self-dependent industry. Their adherence to the British orthodoxy of free trade was admirable, but they had allowed that doctrine to be hopelessly handicapped by antagonism to the exuberant spirit of nationality which was all-powerful among the Canadian voters. Then, after this decade of discouraging political warfare, they once more misread the spirit of Canada and embarked upon the crusade for "Unrestricted Reciprocity." Edward Blake had had his eyes opened and he saw their blunder. Parallel with the desire to build up the Dominion, the "Canada First" movement had cherished the preservation of British connection. In his last message to the Liberal party, their former leader warned them that they were starting on a journey which could end only in political union. On this one occasion Blake, though not usually a shrewd politician, read the Canadian people aright. But his warning was not heeded; and the Liberal party once more paid the price for lack of sympathy with the feelings of the young and vigorous nation.

\* \* \*

**T**HIS time, however, the lesson seems to have been learned thoroughly. After reaching power in 1896 the Liberals made one "pilgrimage" to the American capital. But that was enough. They have caught the spirit of "Canada First," though it took them a score of years to do it.

\* \* \*

**W**HY their political opponents should have chosen this, the hour of Liberal conversion to the old Conservative gospel, to pick up the "cast clouts" of their rivals, I must leave to you and the historical philosopher to find out. I have hazarded one guess, the atrophy of sight in the "Mammoth Cave" of Opposition. I will leave that problem there. But I will hazard a guess that the spirit of nationality still rules in the hearts of the Canadian people; and that they are being misunderstood to-day by the Conservatives as they were in other days by the Liberals.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## AN ALL-CONQUERING FOOT-BALL TEAM



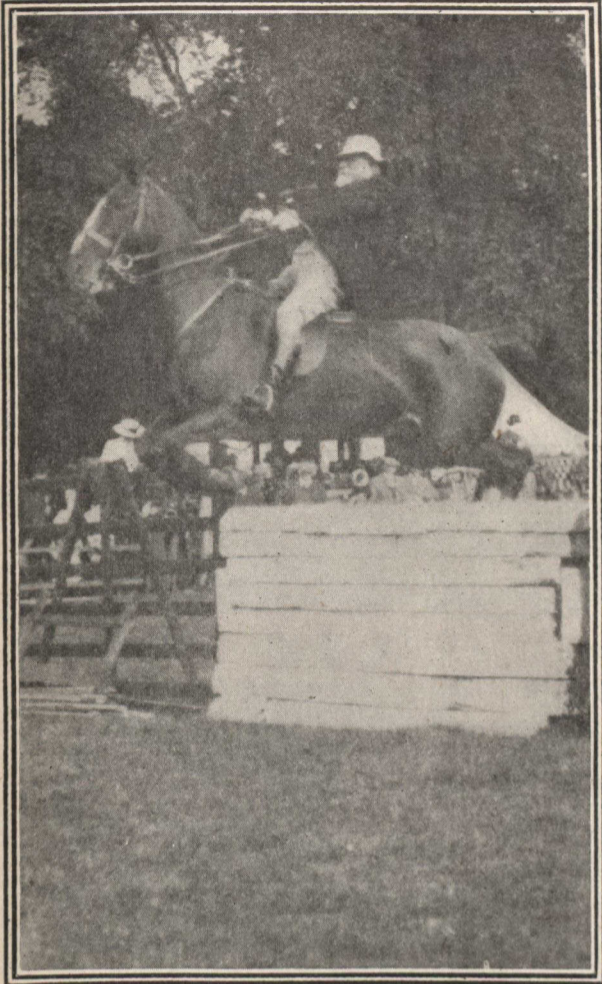
The Pilgrims, an English "Soccer" Team, now touring the United States, lost but two games this year, at Fall River, Mass., and at Philadelphia.

Photo by J. Ball, Brooklyn.



# HOW AN ENGLISH LORD KEEPS HIS YOUTH

EIGHTY-ONE YEARS OVER THE HURDLE



The Earl of Harrington rides like a man of forty.

**T**HE House of Lords has been variously depicted in cartoon as a senile, decrepit organisation whose principal function is to get the gout, follow the hounds and obstruct useful legislation. 'Tis true that many of the lords are old; true that a few days ago Lord Lansdowne, leader of the Opposition in the Upper Chamber, threw the Budget bill out for a popular decision. But the great oligarchy is by no means all decrepit; and the Earl of Harrington, who is represented on this page, is surely one of the most youthful old men in any walk of life in the world.

The Earl of Harrington is eighty-one years of age. But he knows nothing about a cane. He is a standing rebuke to the theory broached by Lord Beresford that the British are a tired people. This octogenarian rides, shoots, plays golf, walks long distances—and not long ago won a swimming contest. True this does not prove that the noble earl ever worked hard; in fact he probably has no need to do much except spend his time in these robustious pastimes that keep him young and clear-eyed and supple in the sinew, when many a man of fifty and even forty this side of the Atlantic complains of rheumatism and stiff joints. He has perhaps never had to worry over financial troubles; neither to chase his shadow very hard after the daily routine. He lives out of doors; and he is one of the beefiest, ruddiest and ozoniest old men that ever drew the breath of a moor in the crisp of the morning.

It was said very recently by the president of the Eugenic Society that the families of the English aristocracy are altogether too small. The Eugenic Society has for its chief propaganda the selection of better ancestors and therefore of better offspring for the human race. Its members believe in quality rather than quantity in families, and on this point Dr. Saleeby remarks that in physique the upper classes of England are immensely superior to the lower, and that it is therefore the duty of the aristocracy to bequeath to posterity a larger legacy of children. Certainly if most of the aristocracy in England are as vigorous and healthy as the Earl of Harrington, there is force in the argument.

THE VIGOUR OF AN OCTOGENARIAN



Even the Hounds marvel at the old Earl's agility.

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## CANADIAN GIRLS KEEP FROM GETTING OLD

*A Form of Out-Door Sport for Women immensely superior to bicycling*



Even the Greek Dancing Girls might have got some ideas in freedom of natural movement from these Canadian Girls in the out-of-doors.



There was once a mild game known as Croquet; but the sport on the green for Canadian Girls now is Autumn Hockey, which is much more invigorating.

Photos by Pringle & Booth

# THE COUNTESS DECIDES

*A Story of Strong Motives and Sharp Wits.*

By ROBERT BARR \*

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

"DOES that refer to me or the thermometer? You are rather bright at times. You remind me of the moon—the glorious moon. There is a compliment for you.

Do you remember that song in 'Pinafore'—

"Fair moon of thee I sing,  
Sweet regent of the heavens"?

"Yes I remember it," he replied gloomily, "and in the words of the last two lines of your verse, I wonder why everything is at sixes and at sevens."

"How long ago 'Pinafore' seems!" she said with a sigh, folding her hands upon her lap. "I suppose that it is the Pyramids that call it to mind."

"Madam, you have not answered my question."

"Neither I have. I shall make up for the delay by giving you the choice of two answers. The first is 'No'; the second is 'Wait.'"

"Why should I wait?"

"No reason at all. Then 'No' is your answer."

"That is a very good reason, so I shall wait."

"Just as you please. Let us get to the hotel, or even my chaperonage will not protect you from gossiping tongues. Come."

Before he could move to her assistance, she had run lightly over the rocky declivity and was standing on the sand awaiting his more cautious descent. Then they walked back to the hotel together.

The result of this conference was exceedingly unsatisfactorily to Lord Warlingham; and the more he thought of it, the less he liked it. On several following nights he tried to induce the Countess to accompany him again to their former trysting-place, but the lady seemed to have lost interest in the moonlight. One evening she had dinner served in her own room and, although he waited for her in the hall, she did not put in an appearance. He went to the *table d'hote* alone and afterwards searched in vain for the lady. He thought, at first, that she had not come down; but as he wandered about the place, he noticed that Sanderstead also was missing, and he muttered maledictions under his breath. At this moment a waiter approached and handed him a letter, which he tore open and read with some eagerness. Then he stared out of the window on the moonlit road.

"Well, I'm blessed!" he said.

His impatience fell away from him like a discarded cloak, and he sat down in one of the armchairs, lighting a cigar.

"Just in the nick of time!" he muttered, with a sigh of great relief.

The Countess, after an early dinner, slipped down the stair, through the hall, and out of the hotel. All the guests were at *table d'hote*, and she hoped thus to depart unseen. But on this occasion she had to deal with a man of mathematical mind, who left nothing to chance, as did the easy-going Warlingham. As the waiter placed a plate of chicken before Richard Sanderstead, he whispered, unheard by even the next neighbour: "Just gone out, sir." Sanderstead rose at once and very quietly left the chattering table. Half a dinner is better than no meal.

The Countess walked straight south, across the desert, looking neither to the right nor the left, deep in thought, with head down. It was a rough road, yet she walked fast. Once or twice she half thought she heard other footsteps than her own, and at last a distinct crunch on the gravel brought her suddenly out of her reverie. She turned quickly and stood still, startled. The moonlight fell full on the spare figure and swart, determined face of the man at that moment in her mind.

"Why are you following me?"

"Because your excursion, unwise in daylight, is doubly dangerous at night," replied Sanderstead.

Who made you my guardian?"

"I am self-appointed."

"I ask you to return."

"Willingly, if you come with me."

"I refuse."

"Then so do I."

"Do you mean to say that you will force your company on me when I forbid it?"

"I shall not force my company on you; but I'll follow you to Khartoum if you go that far."

"A gentleman would not do so."

"Some would and some wouldn't; all depends."

"I wish to be alone with my thoughts."

"I shall not disturb them. I didn't begin this conversation."

"Oh, very well," she replied, with offended dignity, turning from him and walking rapidly to the south again, as if she hoped to outdistance him; but

he kept the space undiminished between them, with no show of effort. They had gone thus perhaps a mile when Sanderstead sprang forward and passed her. Before she could protest she was somewhat taken aback by seeing a horseman emerge at a gallop from behind a sand-dune and draw up before them, the beautiful horse, at a word, bracing its slender fore-legs and standing like a bronze statue. The Arab had his rifle ready, but catching the gleam of Sanderstead's revolver, he placed his own weapon peacefully athwart the saddle. Sanderstead spoke quietly in Arabic, and the horseman answered with something more of a deference in his tone than his attitude had at first betokened. Sanderstead strode forward and patted the lovely arched neck of the horse, complimenting its owner on its possession. With a touch of the heel and a sweeping salutation the Arab disappeared as speedily as he had come.

"What did he say?" she asked breathlessly.

"Oh, he just asked the way to Piccadilly Circus."

The Countess drew herself up; and as the moonlight now flooded her, while he had his back to it, he saw the deep frown that marred her fair face.

"Sir, you are insulting. If you think because we are alone you can treat me like a child, you are mistaken."

"Alone!" he laughed, then checked himself. "By Jove! you *do* look like a Countess, after all!" he cried with unfeigned admiration, as he gazed upon the girl. Her defiant manner changed instantly.

"What do you mean by *that*?" she gasped.

"It was merely an expression of my esteem for you. I think it is time to turn, you know. We will leave Khartoum for another night."

"You expected me to lose myself; but you forget we are in a land that has Pyramids for finger-posts."

"Where are they?"

She swept a glance around the northern horizon. Although the moon shone with undiminished brightness, the air in the distance seemed thickened, or else she had travelled further than she thought. There were no Pyramids in sight.

"I'll soon lead you to them," cried the Countess, undaunted, as she set out resolutely toward the north.

And she did. When their dim outline appeared, she pointed in triumph, crying: "There!"

"You followed your shadow," he said; "an excellent guide until the moon gets low. I've been following a shadow, too, which I wish to change into substance. Countess, I love you. Will you marry me?"

"How abrupt you are! and what a stand-and-deliver tone! Is that because you carry a pistol?"

"I am not nearly so abrupt as you imagine. I have been meditating this appeal for a long time; and as the Pyramids begin to appear, my opportunity begins to vanish."

"You know nothing of me."

"I know enough."

"That does not sound in the least complimentary. I will give you an answer as abrupt as your question. Yes, I will marry you—if you are rich."

"If I am rich? Are you so fond of money as all that?"

"Ah! I said you knew nothing of me."

"Let us sit down here and discuss the question."

In the desert are numerous hollows, some deep and some shallow. On the edge of one of these they sat down in the sand, like a pair of children at the seaside.

"Rich!" he reiterated. "What do you call rich?"

"I don't know," she answered dreamily, her chin resting on her hand, contemplating him with a steady gaze that he found somewhat disconcerting.

"Are you rich?" he asked.

"Don't you know I am?"

"I have heard it so stated."

"Then why did you ask?"

"I wished to learn your idea of riches. How much have you got?"

"I don't know," she repeated in the same nonchalant tone.

"You have some idea. Make a guess."

"One hundred thousand pounds," she hazarded.

"Oh! is that all? I have a hundred and twenty thousand."

"Have you, really?"

"That is to say, for the past five years or so I have earned an average of thirty thousand pounds

per annum. That equals the income of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, or thereabouts, in Consols."

"Oh! that's not quite the same thing. If a bridge you were building collapsed upon you, there was an end of your hundred and twenty thousand."

"The bridges I build don't collapse."

"I am so glad."

"But banks containing money do. I think we're about equal on the money question."

"I don't really care about riches, yet they have been the bugbear of my life. I distrust everyone. I refuse to be married for my money, therefore I demand equality of wealth. I thought this little dip into society, such as it is, might dissolve my diffidencies. It has not done so."

"Why don't you give your money away?"

"I know something of the comfort of wealth, and I don't know the value of what I might get in exchange. It would be a case of flying to others that I know not of."

"Look at me and see if you think it would be worth while."

"How conceited you are! I have been doing nothing else but look at you."

"And the distrust continues?"

"Not while I look. If I gave my money away, what could I do until the undoubted man came along?"

"You would make an admirable actress."

The chin raised from her hand, and the dreamy expression gave place to one of alert alarm.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because you are so beautiful—the whole theatre would fall in love with you."

"I don't believe that is what you mean."

"I assure you it is. Don't let money stand between us. Tie it up in a hard knot so that I can't touch it, and marry me."

"Excellent plan! As if the man I married could not get every penny he wanted from me! However, I'll think over it and let you know. Come; we must be journeying."

"Better take the plunge now, Countess."

"No. I distrust—myself. Here we are building on a foundation of sand; surely an engineer knows how unstable *that* is; and we are constructing a house of moonbeams, also unsubstantial. I must think in the clear light of day and in a modern room furnished by Maple. Come along."

In the hall of the hotel she met Lord Warlingham pacing up and down. She had asked Sanderstead to allow her to enter the hotel alone, which, somehow, the young man regarded as an encouraging omen. Warlingham stopped in his perambulations and faced her. The usual welcoming smile on his lips was absent.

"Madam," he said, "I wish a few words with you in private."

"Not to-night," she almost whispered, shrinking from him.

"It must be to-night and now," he said harshly.

"If you imagine that it is to be a repetition of my proposal, you may calm your fears. It is a matter of business."

"Very well. Come to my sitting-room."

They went upstairs together, her waiting-maid following her with her wraps and glancing sourly at her escort.

"I wish to speak with you alone. Please ask your maid to leave the room."

"You may speak quite freely before Parker. Won't you sit down?"

But his Lordship remained standing. The Countess sank into an armchair with a sigh of weariness.

"It shall be as you please, but I advise you to hear me alone. Servants gossip."

"Parker never does," said the girl, with her eyes closed.

And, indeed, Parker looked forbidding enough as she stood behind the chair of her mistress, seeming the last one on earth to indulge in confidences.

"I have received a letter from London, and with your permission will read an extract."

"It is well known that the Countess intended to winter in Egypt; but we are credibly informed that she changed her mind at the last moment, as she has so often done before, and we believe she is still at her place in Devonshire. If there is anyone in Cairo calling herself the Countess of Croydon, her claim to that title should be subjected to critical scrutiny."

"Now, madam, what have you to say? Are you the Countess of Croydon?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.

# UP IN THE HIGHLANDS WITH THE DEER



To every man two deer ; no more and no less—if possible.



Boss Printers when they're at home ; but up in the deer-lands—!



A HUNTER'S AUTUMN VILLA IN THE LAND OF VENISON.

This house has a lichen-scaled granite mountain for a pillar, a canvas door and the best of ventilation. The animal hung over the pole is another feature of design.



Just a comfortable little jag when you get hardened up



All packed up, camp truck and carcasses ; waiting for a train.

# CANADIAN BOOKS OF THE YEAR

*Story of the Books that for the last Twelve Months have kept Canadian pens busy for the sake of the Canadian Public.*

By MARJORY MACMURCHY

THE famous question Is there a Canadian literature? need not cast a gloomy shade over an article on the Canadian Books of the Year. However the query may be answered by those who feel called on to come to judgment there can not be any doubt that no good Canadian who reads widely is in sympathy with the best spirit of Canadian life if he does not read the books which have been published this year and are either the work of Canadian writers or have been written about Canada by visitors like Lord Milner and students of Canadian history like Sir A. P. Lucas.

There was a time not long ago when Canadians were told to buy Canadian books for the sake of Canadian writers. But today Canadians buy "Ballads of a Cheechako" for their own pleasure and not solely for the benefit of Mr. Robert Service. A book not three weeks old, "Tales of Old Toronto," by Suzanne Marny, promises by the praise which it has won from reviewers to rank in style and imagination with the best work of the year. Mr. Arnold Haultain's "Hints for Lovers" may easily become a little classic in the study of men and women and love. To buy and read a book only because it is Canadian is not a reason which should appeal to those who care most for books. But if a book is so good that those who read and possess it are the better citizens of the country that has made the book then the reader and the author have entered into a partnership which will tend towards better work and keener pleasure. The survey of the Canadian books of the year is intended to put into shape for Canadians who are living in touch with modern life and thought information about Canadian books which ought to be read because they are worth reading.

It can be said truly that Canadians have an inclination for the study of history. The Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada, edited by Professor Wrong and Mr. H. H. Langton, is now in its thirteenth volume. It has a high standing with scholars. But whether the Review of Historical Publications has helped to make Canadian writers turn to history or the Canadian bias for history has produced the Review of Historical Documents would be difficult to decide. Both statements may be true. When, however, the man who has helped to make the history tells about it as in Colonel George T. Denison's "Struggle for Imperial Unity" the result is both stimulating and delightful. Colonel Denison does not care to please his audience first of all. He writes as he thinks. His book has pleased many and disturbed a few. Dr. MacPhail's "Essays in Politics" is another volume which like Colonel Denison's is carried valiantly on the road to eminence by a personality which cannot be hidden. The Editor of the *University Magazine* is a brilliant essayist. He writes for the pleasure of writing and would sooner score off an opponent and his theory than rediscover the North Pole. His "Essays in Politics" is

meant to be a prop to the Empire. It has already succeeded in this object in Great Britain and is likely to attain the same success in Greater Britain when the reader does not disagree with Dr. MacPhail's conclusions.

An unusually readable history is Mr. A. G. Bradley's "The Making of Canada." He pays a fine tribute to the

United Empire Loyalists. "The Speeches of Lord Milner in Canada" recall the able discretion of the great proconsul in addressing Canadian Clubs. Sir A. P. Lucas has written a "History of Canada" for



"For once you've panned the speckled sand and seen the bonny dust."—From "Ballads of a Cheechako."

the Clarendon Press which shows what recent historical work has done for the memory of the Canadians who fought in 1812. A picture of the monument at Lundy's Lane is one of the many illustrations of Miss Laut's "Canada: The Empire of the North." A recent visit to the scene of the battle which, as every Canadian knows, is in the graveyard of the old Presbyterian church, coincided with a visit paid by a cleric of the neighbourhood, who was accompanied by a brother divine. The man of the pulpit traced how the opposing forces shifted during the night and how a detachment of American soldiers wandered across the Lane and back again looking for someone to whom they could surrender. Miss Laut's book is written for boys and girls and for those of maturer years who are not historical students. She disclaims any intention of making it a history. Like all Miss Laut's work, the story of Canada is vivid and picturesque. The illustrations are specially valuable.

The Champlain Society stands with the Review of Historical Publications as one of the influences in the writing of Canadian history. It has published in 1909, "The Logs of the Conquest of Canada," edited by Lieut.-Col. Wood, of Quebec. Such a volume is the best material out of which the historian may fashion his recollection and discussion of the past. Mr. J. Ross Robertson's "Landmarks of Toronto" has reached its fifth volume. It will not be the fault of this newspaper publisher and patron saint of suffering children if the historical precincts of Yonge, Bay and King streets do not live in history for all time.

Cities since the days of Jerusalem and before have been dearly loved by their citizens. Professor Bryce's "The Romantic History of the Selkirk Settlement" is lyrical in its praises of Winnipeg, which the author declares has a stronger Canadianism than any other part of Canada. With great enthusiasm,

Professor Bryce tells the story of the Selkirk settlers, their courage, their privations and final triumph. The Acadians have been too much pitied and the sufferings of Selkirk's people have not been sufficiently weighed by the world in the opinion of Professor Bryce.

After a novel there is nothing the average individual is more likely to choose for reading than biography, unless there happens to be near at hand a notable volume of travel and exploration. "The Life and Letters of James Wolfe" by Mr. Beckles Willson is a biography told mainly by means of extracts from the hero's letters, many of which are now given in print for the first time. It is possible to make out from these letters more plainly than could have been done before the book was published what kind of man Wolfe was. Mr. Willson has shown good judgment both in the extracts given and in the writing of the paragraphs which connect one letter with another.

An autobiography, which is partly concerned with British Columbia, has recently been published in England. "A Bishop in the Rough," by Bishop Sheepshanks, is an account of pioneer days of the Church of England in Western Canada. Of special interest to Eastern Canada is "Carlyle's First Love" by Mr. Clare Raymond Archibald. The book has little to do with Carlyle but relates with minute care the history of Margaret Gordon, afterwards Lady Bannerman, who was born in Prince Edward Island, the grand-daughter of Governor Walter Patterson, and returned to her native place as the wife of Governor Bannerman. To this day Prince Edward Islanders have a keen liking for a frolic and will proceed to make merry with their friends and kinsmen on every proper occasion. When Sir Alexander and Lady Bannerman visited the different parts of the Island the people had the pleasant custom of driving about from place to place as an escort to the Governor and his lady. Mr. Archibald says that as many as fifty vehicles at one time could have been counted in their train.

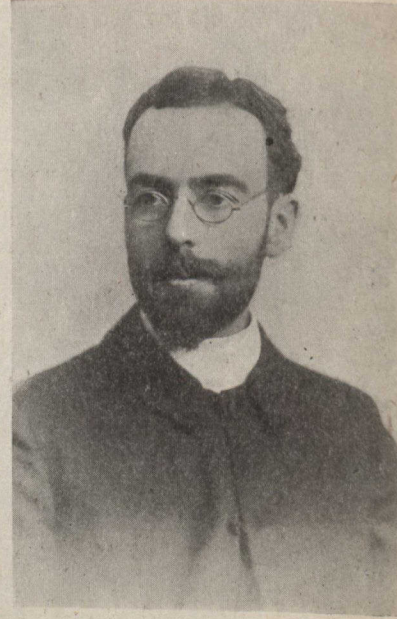
The power of the North has laid its spell on many writers besides Mr. Service. Miss Agnes Deans Cameron's "The New North" is one of the November books belonging to Canada. It gives an account of her journey a year ago. The *Canadian Alpine Journal*

deals more powerfully than any other publication with the magic of the Rocky Mountains. There is a fascination about mountain climbing which mountain climbers discuss among themselves with joy for the few who know and pity for the many who understand nothing of it. "Town and Trail" by Mrs. Balmer Watt is a little book of western sketches that tell of the charm of a new country, the heart of which is being won for the first time. A book of sparkling humour by a woman is Mrs. Townley's "The Opinions of Mary." Mrs. Townley is now a resident of Vancouver. Many of the chapters in "The Opinions of Mary" were written while the author was a regular contributor to the *Mail and Empire*.

Two discussions of religious belief have been among the notable Canadian books of the year. Dr. Goldwin Smith's "No Refuge But in Truth" repeated in his perfect English style the conclusion, which those who are



Rev. George Jackson.



Mr. W. M. Mackeracher.

familiar with his writings will recognise as having been held for many years, that although there is little other religious certainty which a student may hold he may still hope that there is something in the character of Christ which ought to ensure a future life. In striking contrast is the optimism of "Studies in the Old Testament" by Rev. George Jackson. This is a book belonging to the Higher Critics. But Higher Criticism has ceased to be the boggy that it was once. Dr. Jackson's book is as honest as daylight. His writing is quite without the taint of bitterness or controversy.

Not every man would have had the courage to write a book for lovers. But a good book, one which holds a vast amount of meaning well put, is always justified. Mr. Arnold Haultain's "Hints for Lovers" cannot be read through at one time, or if it is it will not be wholly understood. It is quite possible that this book on the nature of love will be

remembered after most of the books of the year have been forgotten. Mr. Haultain is at his best in the chapter on beauty, which has least to say on the little ways of woman and most concerning the ideal. He ends with the saying that "the mystic unity of the human soul is never wholly divulged—not even to love—not even to love."

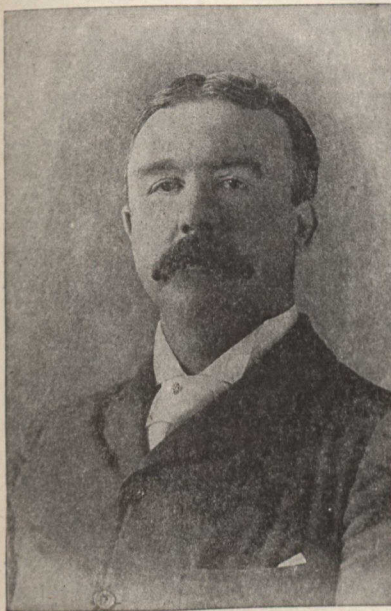
### On the Making of Books

A TOTAL of well up to a hundred books produced in Canada within a year is a record that for quantity at least ought to be satisfactory to critics who complain that Canada is eternally commercial. True, the genius novelist is rare—as is the poet. We may be much the better off without the sort of novel-writer that brings out an English novel every half-hour or so; and we are not the

less a progressive, as well as fairly decent people if we have sent no golden-winged poet of the new dawn adrift on his evangelical way. We shall get poets—in due course. Just at present we are over busy with prosperity to trouble with much poetry. As for novels—it is doubtful if Canada ever yet produced a novel really classifiable as such; still more doubtful if we shall ever get one until we have worked our local and provincial fields in the realm of *genre* literature. In this connection that almost brilliant and always entertaining writer, T. Arnold Haultain, said in a magazine article not long ago that Canada is waiting for a literature of factories and mines and railways and construction camps, et seq. ad. lib—oh dear! There is good literature in all these things if only the men who write them have enough of the universal sense to put the universal note of literature into them; otherwise the result is mere descriptive writing.

## AMONG THE NOVELISTS

By JEAN GRAHAM



Mr. E. W. Thomson.

THE novel has bloomed sturdily, if not brilliantly in the year 1909. There are certain writers of fiction from whom we may expect an annual contribution. Such are Ralph Connor, Robert E. Knowles and Norman Duncan, who have come up to our expectations even if somewhat late in the year. Miss Lily Dougall, a Montreal writer who spends most of the year in England, wrote a remarkable novel in "The Paths of the Righteous," a book which hardly possesses "popular" qualities in an age which demands the obvious. The scene of the intense conflict between Non-Conformist and Churchman is laid in an English village, and the belligerence of the one and the arrogance of the other are strange to Canadian readers—who live in a land of Unestablishment. The types of character are carefully and delicately drawn, with a precision which is characteristic of all this author's work. It is a study of social and ecclesiastical complications and intensely human withal.

Miss Lucy Montgomery of Cavendish, Prince Edward Island, gave us a delightful chronicle of a schoolgirl's fancies and aspirations in "Anne of Green Gables," in 1908, and this year has contributed "Anne of Avonlea" for our edification. We are pleased to greet a more mature Anne, who is teaching school this time and is as "aspiring" as ever. The fresh naturalness of her enthusiasm and beliefs infect the reader, who finds Anne a comrade to be desired who improves on a sequel acquaintance. However, one may venture the hope that "Anne of Avonlea" is not to be followed by Anne as a Fiancee, and so on, for eighteen volumes—after the fashion of the immortal and unbearable "Elsie" books. One of the most charming features in the story is the picturesque island setting, with gardens—always gardens—old-fashioned, demure and fragrant. These books are a pleasing chapter in Canadian fiction and should bring the author much kudos and Prince Edward Island many tourists, all intent upon discovering the real and original Green Gables.

Mr. Wilfred Campbell is so closely associated with poetry and drama that there must be a kind of re-adjustment of attitude towards this Ottawa writer before one can be assured that he is writing mere prose. In all his work, Mr. Campbell has a purpose—and that purpose is touched with the vision of the Celt, rather than with the stern didacticism of the Puritan. In "A Beautiful Rebel," Mr. Campbell's second work of fiction, there is a romance of the good, old-time sort—none of your tiresome and unpro-

fitable problems—and it adds to traditional interest to discover that hero and heroine belong to opposite political camps, ought to be enemies "by rights" and consequently fall very much in love with each other. The spiritual thread of the narrative is patriotism and honour, in which the writer believes, with an impassioned fervour good to feel. Pessimism is far from this poet-novelist. Even when he upbraids, as in "Canada, My Own, My Own," it is because he loves and believes in his country. "A Beautiful Rebel" is a spirited and charming heroine.

Mr. Robert Barr has done good work in "Cardillac"—a romance which lives and moves and leaves the reader no leisure for yawning. Mr. Barr's recent novel, "Young Lord Stravleigh," was an evidence of growth in romantic narrative, while "Cardillac" will be considered by many readers the most finished story which Mr. Barr has yet written. It is encouraging to note that this Canadian novelist, to whom England has been so kind, is in no danger of "writing himself out."

Mr. O'Higgins has devoted himself to the fire department of New York City with such success that not one of his tales may be called a false alarm. "Old Clinkers" opens with a flaming scene—a fire on a freighter tied up to the North River piers. Captain Keighley of the fire boat Hudson is the "Old Clinkers" of the story and is a bluff and resourceful specimen of his tribe. Petty politics will find its way everywhere in this troubled world and the fire department is not exempt from ways that are dark and deeds that are vain. "Old Clinkers" has to fight more than fire and emerges victorious from the smoke of the conflict. The narrative has a "straight flung" style which appeals to all lovers of "men who do things."

Sir Gilbert Parker's "Northern Lights" is a collection of seventeen short stories of the West, vital, glowing and realistic, with a fine appreciation of the scenes and characters of a land that is in its buoyant youth. Mr. Lawrence Mott undertook to write about our Royal Northwest Mounted Police and produced large figures which the English readers of the *Pall Mall Magazine* mistook for the real force. Sir Gilbert knows his Western Canada and writes about it as convincingly as in the far-off days, when he told the story, "The Translation of a Savage." This volume is not one of Sir Gilbert's best productions. It is neither a "Battle of the Strong" nor a "When Valmond Came to Pontiac." But every story of the seventeen is worth reading, and that is much to say in the modern world of many best sellers.

"The Backwoodsman," by Charles G. D. Roberts, proclaims its nature in the title, and is familiar to those who have been reading the *Windsor Magazine* during the last year. Nature and the human nature which loves the forest and the stream are the essence of this latest Roberts novel and make it a story of primitive appeal. Mr. Theodore Roberts has written a captivating story in "Flying Plover," Rev. R.

E. Knowles is in the Christmas market once more with "The Attic Guest," in which he deals again with Presbyterianism and Scottish character, this time in a Southern environment. Ralph Connor is to be depended on for a "hardy annual" and this autumn the volume, to which his successful pen-name is attached, is "The Foreigner," a suitable gift for all good Presbyterians. Mr. Duncan also sends another novel into the world with the title "The Suitable Child," which is much more creditable to the writer than "The Mother" of untender memory.

A work of fiction which is likely to attract wide attention is "Tales of Old Toronto," by Susanne Marny, who the author is, no one knows, while the publishers look wise and, say nothing. The title of the book is unfortunate and the illustrations are a tragedy; but the stories themselves are of a rare delicacy and insight. There is a quiet acceptance of the ironies of life which is not exactly pathos and yet is sadder than tears. This is better writing than one finds on the ordinary book-shelf and, strange to say, the fact is being recognised by reviewers and non-reviewers alike. "The Unhappy House" will be remembered when the matinee girl heroines are forgotten. Susanne Marny is a literary force to be reckoned with in this country and, we hope beyond it.

### With the Poets

OF course, books and banknotes have nothing in common, while poems and greenbacks are seldom on a speaking acquaintance. However, when it was announced about a fortnight ago that William Briggs of Toronto had sent Robert Service of Dawson a cheque for five thousand dollars in payment of royalties on "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako," the boldest held his breath while every minor poet in the land went into a fit of hysterics. No one dared to say that Mr. Service did not deserve every figure on the cheque. Who that has read "The Ballad of the Northern Lights" or "The Trail of Ninety-Eight" would wish to



Mrs. Nellie McClung in her Library.

deprive Mr. Service of a single penny of his nobly-earned royalties? We know them all—Pious Pete, Gum-Boot Ben, Hard-Luck Henry and Clancy of the Mounted Police—and we know the wonderful white North, hard, cold, and brilliant—soft and alluring in the brief summer which burns itself out all too soon—and we thank the man who wrote of their woes and their adventures, and will even buy his books to send home to a friend in England or away to another in Texas, just to show them what a wonderful land is this of the North and what a man has arisen to tell its story.

Mr. E. W. Thomson, who will always be associated with "Old Man Savarin" has written a volume of considerable merit in "The Many-Mansioned House," although no one can blame us if we

prefer "Old Man Savarin" to democracy in verse. Mr. Thomson is especially happy in narrative poems, as "Mary Armistead" and "Cupid in the Office" readily prove. Mr. Thomson is a Canadian still, if one may judge from "Peter Ottawa," and "The Canadian Abroad." The quality of his poetry is of a high order and leads us to hope for further volumes of such lyrics and story-in-verse.

Mr. W. M. MacKeracher's "Sonnets and Other Verse" is an unpretentious little volume which contains much that is lofty in sentiment and attractive in form, but there is a necessity for "pruning" which the writer will, no doubt, realise. "Paestum" is an especially dainty poem, with the historic regret and reminiscence which show the scholarly instinct and are appreciated.

## A TRIO OF WOMEN WRITERS

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

WOMAN is to the fore in letters to-day. Her rise has been contemporaneous with the ascendancy of the novel as the chief form of expression of the literary art. In the palmy days of poetry and the drama and history woman did not do much writing. She could not wholly comprehend the intricate problems of history; and her attitude toward the drama and poetry was more sympathetic and interpretative than creative. So she preferred to lean back and provide the inspiration for the verse-making. But in the novel she found a vehicle suitable for the conveyance of her ideas. She realised at once that her feminine qualities of rapid intuition, delicate insight into character and motive, and super-sensitiveness enabling an innate recognition of the finer and more subtle touches of feeling, were the very requisites for success in the new branch of literature. From a dormant one, she became an active factor in the book world. She strove with men and equalled and beat them at the game of story-writing. To-day, who enjoys among masculine wielders of the pen, a larger audience in England than Mrs. Humphry Ward or Marie Corelli, or in America than Mrs. Wharton or Mrs. Deland? We in Canada have not been behind. One of the signs of the times in the Dominion is the majority of women among those whose vocation is the making of the books of the land.

In the last two years three women writers, who before then were comparatively unknown beyond their own tea tables, have commanded the attention of the Continent.

Miss L. M. Montgomery is the Prince Edward Island lady who wrote a story about a winsome little girl called Anne, sent it to a publisher across the line, and awoke to hear Mark Twain telling her that he had found "Anne of Green Gables" the "best ever" since the chronicles of the renowned Alice. Miss Montgomery lives at Cavendish, Prince Edward Island. She was brought up there among the tillers of the soil of the "Million Acre Farm," and the toilers on the shore of the sea. She is an orphan and resided with her grandparents. Her education went as far as the freshette stage at Dalhousie. Then she went into school-teaching. That only lasted two years. From report, Miss Montgomery's pupils had not a very strenuous time of it. Their teacher was more inclined to be delighted at their vagaries than proud of their scholastic virtues. When she found teaching uncongenial, Miss Montgomery retired from the profession after the example of Archibald Lampman at Orangeville, and did a lot of thinking. Her contemplations found expression upon paper. She dreamed of writing. Now, when a Canadian girl gets literary notions, her first efforts are invariably along the line of verse. Miss Montgomery versified. The editors called her creations poetry, and paid her for them. One of them conceived the idea that she might write a story. He was a Sunday School editor and he wanted a Sunday School story. Miss Montgomery thus relates the account of her attempts:

"I looked through an old notebook and found a faded entry written many years ago: 'Elderly couple apply to Orphan Asylum for a boy, a girl is sent them.' I thought that would do for the foundation of my serial. I blocked out a few chapters and hunted through the aforesaid notebook for suitable incidents. I intended to write a good little yarn with a good little heroine and a good little moral, and, if I had had time to go at it at once, that is all it would have been, and Anne would have begun and ended her career in the pages of a Sunday School weekly. But I did not have the time, and in the weeks that followed, as I 'brooded' over the tale in my mind, Anne began to expand in such a fashion that I soon saw I would never confine her career to a seven

chapter serial. It is really a mistake to say that I created Anne. Like Topsy she 'grewed' of her own accord, and I simply seemed to watch her growth. The result was 'Anne of Green Gables.'"

Anne was such an attractive young lady, and was received so generally, especially in the United States, that Miss Montgomery was prevailed upon to promise a further account of her heroine. Fagged out folks who this Christmas find "Anne of Avonlea" in their Santa Claus stocking, will discover in Anne's latest piquant philosophy a sure tonic to help them tide over another year.

A couple of years ago, Miss Agnes C. Laut dropped into a New York publisher's office. She noticed a manuscript lying on the Reader's desk.



Scene in Prince Edward Island, the habitat of Miss Montgomery's stories.

"A Canadian yarn and rotten, Miss Laut," remarked the publisher cynically.

"What's the matter?"

"Too Evangelical."

Miss Laut asked for permission to take the story home.

Next morning she bounded into the publisher's sanctum.

"You've got to take this story," she cried. "I know the scenery of it—lived through it—and just say, the story is one great big hit."

And so "Sowing Seeds in Danny" got into print, and Mrs. Nellie McClung, who milked cows and baked for four little McClungs out in Manitou, Manitoba, became Canada's Alice Hegan Rice.

Mrs. McClung has been part of the West for a long time. She went out from Grey County, Ontario, in 1880, crossing the Red River by boat to Winnipeg in the wind and rain of a stormy May night. For a good proportion of her early life, Mrs. McClung ran tutorless among the prairie grass. In

this way she cultivated her love for the wild, rude simplicity of the West. In time, she was closed up in school and emerged a teacher after the manner of Miss Montgomery. She forsook the blackboard for matrimony in 1896. Literature began to trouble Mrs. McClung early. According to herself, her first attempts were the composition of epitaphs to dead kittens, setting forth their virtues and the sad parting from their bereaved mother. It was in the way of writing for Sunday School papers, as in the case of Miss Montgomery, that Mrs. McClung did her first work for money. In 1905, she had a short story accepted by the *Canadian Magazine*. It was called "Sowing Seeds in Danny," and was received so well that the author was urged to expand it into a novel. She did so and mailed the manuscript to a New York publisher. His Majesty's mails erred, and "Danny" did not arrive. The undaunted author set herself the task of rewriting the whole book in the short intervals from her housework at Manitou. Even after she had laboured thus, her work might still have been in vain but for the intervention of Miss Laut.

Another story of the "Danny" type is now in the hands of Mrs. McClung's publishers, who claim that the author has this time excelled herself. A host of people believe that the great Canadian novel will come out of the West. Mrs. McClung may be the long-awaited voice.

Alice Ashworth Townley is the third Canadian woman who has come into fame and fortune by her pen in the past few months. She is a Vancouver resident, who like Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, migrated to the Coast City from Ontario. Mrs. Townley excels in her delineation of child character. Her two early books, "Just a Little Boy" and "Just a Little Girl," were published in New York by Frederick Warne and Company. The tots in the public schools lisp these stories in their first reading lessons. This year Mrs. Townley marked a decided advance in her work by the publication of the "Opinions of Mary," a series of humorous essays. Essay writing she has done before. Readers of the *Mail and Empire* remember with pleasure the "Ir-magh" articles which appeared in that paper several years ago.

## A Book for Mothers

A BOOK of special interest to young mothers and those who have the training of small children under their care is "The Kindergarten in the Home," by Carrie S. Newman, recently published in Boston by L. C. Page and Co.

In the preface the author states that "to present in a simple and attractive form some of the truths underlying Froebel's system of education" is the object of her book, and before you have read many of its pages you feel that her intention has been beautifully fulfilled. There is an earnestness and sense of force in her writing which convinces you of the absolute grasp the author has upon her subject, notwithstanding the fact that the language is of the simplest possible.

The book is written in the form of a story in seven chapters, the principal characters of whom are a young married couple named Brown, their infant son, Robert, and two little nieces and a nephew, all of different ages. These the author has chosen to give practical demonstration of the theories which she sets forth. A clever device is used to contrast the new and more advanced ideas of Froebel with the old, by the introduction of two unbelievers into the story, who finally become converted to the newer principles.

The book is daintily bound, the print is large and easily read, and the illustrations, which show ease and ability, are numerous. The author is at the present time teaching in the kindergarten of one of Toronto's public schools. A copy of her volume should prove a welcome addition to any home wherein little children dwell.

## A Sparkling Book

THERE is not a dull paragraph in Valance J. Patriarche's clever little book entitled "Tag, or the Chien Boule Dog," recently published by L. C. Page & Co., of Boston.

A young couple on their wedding tour, and a fat, food-loving, little French boy, and a bull dog, freely blessed with all the pertinacity of his ugly race, form the principle characters, and the story of the bride and groom's chance meeting and subsequent and forced ownership of the youngster and his dog, makes the basis upon which this bright little tale is constructed. Its one hundred and thirty-eight pages are cleverly and profusely illustrated and the story itself is so very original and told in such a brisk and entertaining manner, that one is certain to find it thoroughly enjoyable reading.

# THE ARCHDEACON'S FIRE

By ARTHUR HEMING. Illustrated by the Author

"YES, sir, it's true; fire attracts 'em. Why, I've knowed 'em come from miles round when they caught a glimpse of it, an' as long as there's danger o' white bears bein' round you'll never again find old Billy Brass tryin' to sleep beside a big fire. No, sir, not even if His Royal Highness the Commissioner or His Lordship the Bishop gives the word."

All day the going had been hard, so we stopped a little before dusk to make our camp. While we were shovelling away the snow with our snowshoes, the packet from Fort Determination hove in sight. It was in charge of Standing Wolf and a half-breed. They halted their dogs, unharnessed them beside our sleds and prepared to spend the night with us. After supper we all squatted before the huge fire—some fifteen feet in length—each with the hood of his capote drawn over his head to protect his neck from the biting cold that forever hovered among the dancing shadows. Whilst pipes were busily going the conversation had as usual, drifted upon hunting stories. When old Billy Brass introduced the subject of polar bears and the power of fire to attract them, we listened attentively in the hope of his continuing; but he sat there drawing slowly upon his pipe with apparently no intention of adding a single word to what he had already said. Lest something interesting should be lost, I ventured:

"Was it the Bishop or the Commissioner that made the trouble?"

"No, sir, neither; 'twas the Archdeacon," replied the old man as he withdrew his pipe and rubbed his smarting eyes clear of the smoke from the blazing logs. Taking a few short draws at the tobacco, he continued:

"There was three of us, me an' Archdeacon Lofty an' Captin Hawser, who was commandin' one of the Company's steamers that was a goin' to winter in Hudson Bay. It happened in September. The three of us was hoofin' it along the great, barren shore o' the bay. In some places the shore was that flat that every time the tide came in she flooded 'bout all the country we could see, an' we had a devil of a time tryin' to keep clear o' the mud. We had a few dogs along to help pack our beddin', but, nevertheless, it was hard work; for we was carryin' most of our outfit on our backs.

"One evenin' just before sundown we stumbled upon a lot o' driftwood scattered all about the flats. As so much wood was lyin' around handy, we decided to spend the night on a little knoll that rose above high-water mark. For the last few days we had seen so little wood that any of our fires could a been built in a hat. But that night the sight o' so much wood fairly set the Archdeacon crazy with delight, an' nothin' would do but we must have a great, roarin' fire to sleep by. I would have enjoyed a good warmin' as well as any one, but I was mighty leary about havin' a big fire. So I cautioned the Archdeacon not to use much wood as there was likely to be bears about, an' that no matter how far off they was, if they saw that fire they would make for it—even if they was five or six miles out on the ice floes. He wouldn't listen to me. The Captin backed him up, an' they both set to an' built a fire as big as a tepee.

"We was pretty well tuckered out from the day's walkin'. So after supper we dried our moccasins an' was about to turn in early when—lo an' behold! the fire. That made me mad; for unless he was huntin' for trouble he couldn't a done a thing more foolish, an' I says somethin' to that effect. He comes back at me as though I was afraid o' me own shadder, an' says:

"Billy Brass, I'm sapisred that a man like you doesn't put more faith in prayin' an' trustin' hisself in the hands o' the Almighty."

"I was so hot over the foolishness of havin' such a big fire that I ups an' says:

"That may be all right for you, sir, but I prefer to use my wits first, an' trust in Providence afterwards."

"Nothin' more was said, an' we all turns in. I didn't like the idea of every one goin' to sleep with

a fire so big that it was showin' itself for miles aroun', so I kep' myself awake. I wasn't exactly thinkin' that somethin' really serious was goin' to happen, but I was just wishin' it would, just to teach the Archdeacon a lesson. As time went on I must have done a little dozin'; for when I looks up at the Dipper again, I learns from its angle with the North Star that it was already after midnight. An'—would you believe it?—that fire was still blazin' away nearly as big as ever. The heat seemed to make

a single glance behind just to see which was gainin'. It was a sure case of life or death, but principally death; an' you can depend on it we wasn't takin' any chances.

"Me an' the Captin was crowdin' so close upon the Archdeacon's heels that in his terror lest we should pass him by he ups an' sets the pace at such a tremendous speed that the whole three of us actually catches up to the bear without the brute's knowin' it. If it hadn't been for the Archdeacon steppin' on the sole of the bear's up-turned left hind foot as the hungry beast was gallopin' round the fire, we'd have been runnin' a good deal longer.

"Well, sir, if you had just seen how foolish that bear looked when he discovered that we was chasin' him instead of him chasin' us, you'd have died laughin'. Why, he was the most bewildered an' crest-fallen animal I ever did see. But he soon regained his wits an'—evidently calculatin' that his only salvation layed in his overhaulin' us—lit out at a sapisrin' gait in a grand effort to leave us far enough behind for him to catch up to us. But it didn't work; for by that time we had all got our second wind an' he soon realised that we was determined not to be overhauled from the rear. So he set to ponderin' what was really the best thing for him to do; an' then he did it.

"You must understand that we was so close upon his heels that there wasn't room for him to stop an' turn around without us all fallin' on top of him. So what do you think the cunnin' brute did? Why, he just hauled off an' kicked out behind with his right hind foot, an' hit the Archdeacon a smashin' blow square on his stomach, an' knocked him bang against the Captin an' the Captin against me an' me against the dogs; an' we all went down in a heap beside the fire.

"Well, sir, that old brute had put so much glad an' earnest energy into its kick that it knocked the wind plum out of every one of us, an' for the next few seconds there was a mess of arms an' legs an' tails frantically tryin' to disentangle themselves. But, as good luck would have it, I went down upon the gun. As I rose to my feet, I slipped a cap on the nipple just as the bear comes chargin' around the fire facin' us. I ups an' lets him have it full in the mouth. The shot nearly stunned him. While he clawin' the pain in his

face, I had time to re-load, an' lets him have it behind the ear, an' he drops dead without a whimper.

"Then,—would you believe it?—the Archdeacon goes up to the shaggy carcass, puts his foot on the bear's head, an' stands there lookin' for all the world like British Columbia discoverin' America, an' says:

"There, now, Billy Brass, I hope you have learned a lesson. Next time you will know where to place your trust."

"Well, sir, the way he was lettin' on that he had saved the whole outfit made me mad. So I ups an' says:

"Yes, sir, an' if I hadn't put me trust in me gun, there would have been another Archdeacon in heaven."

## The Judge and the Picture

AN eminent Canadian chief justice who used to be equally prominent in statesmanship was busy trying to get his bearings in an art gallery.

"Now, Mr. A.," he said, energetically waving his gloves at a fantastic river picture by an English artist, "I'm convinced that this is a lovely picture. Now, I wish you would tell me why it is so."

"Well, I'm not technically capable of that, Judge, but I'll tell you—here comes an artist; I'll get him to enlighten us."

Said artist is duly guided to the Bench; same question asked; artist technically hesitates—not feeling sure the picture was as fine as the Judge thought. Another artist is introduced; and he more plausibly set forth the claims of the picture.

"Oh," said the Bench, when the disquisition was done, "I think if the name of the firm who loaned that picture were painted across that bridge, it would be a real masterpiece."



"Billy Brass."

Drawn by Arthur Heming.

me drowsy; for I began to doze once more. All at once I heard the dogs blowin' so hard—

"Blowing?"

"Yes, that's right; they were blowin'; for 'geddies' don't bark like other dogs when they're frightened. Well, as I was sayin', they were blowin' so hard that my hair nearly stood on end. Like a shot, I throws off me blanket an' jumps to me feet; for I knowed what was comin'. The Captin an' the Archdeacon heard them too, an' we all grabbed at once for the only gun, a single-barrelled muzzle-loader.

"As ill luck would have it, the Archdeacon was nearest to that gun an' grabbed it, an' by the time we was straightened up we sees a great, big white bear rushin' at us. Quick as thought the Archdeacon points the gun at the bear an' pulls the trigger, but the hammer only snaps upon the bare nipple; for the cap had tumbled off in the scramble. There was no time for re-cappin'; so, bein' the nearest to the chargin' bear, the Archdeacon just drops the old gun an' runs for dear life around that fire with me an' the Captin followin' close behind him.

"When I seen the way the Archdeacon an' the Captin went a sailin' round that fire, it fairly took me breath away; for somehow I never had any idea that them two old cripples had so much speed left in 'em. An' you can bet it kep' me unusually busy bringin' up the rear; an', anyway, the feelin' that the bear was forever snappin' at me coat-tails kep' me from takin' things too easy.

"Well, we tore round an' round an' round that fire so dang many times that we was not only rapidly losin' our wind but we was beginnin' to get dizzy into the bargain. All the time we could hear the great beast thunderin' after us, yet we daren't slacken our pace; no, sir, not even enough to take

# THE DEMI-TASSE

## THE PROPER NAMESAKE.

MR. John Knight, Secretary of the Bankers' Association, is a genial and dignified gentleman, who is a popular figure in Canada's commercial life. He was lately a guest at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, while the races were going on, and, during the course of these exciting events, a youth who was more familiar than discerning approached Mr. Knight in the corridor one evening.

"Hello old chap!" was the former's glad greeting. "Do you know that they are naming horses after you?"

"I beg your pardon" was the cold rejoinder.

"Sure thing!" replied the youth. "There's the name of the winner—Gay Knight."

"The next thing you know, my friend," was Mr. Knight's incisive retort, "they'll be naming jackasses after you."

## NEWSLETS.

It is rumoured that ex-President Roosevelt has penetrated to the interior of a wild animal and has served as a noble dessert for some monarch of the jungle. We believe this is a mere lion report.

Dear me! These Yankees are a strenuous lot. No sooner do a couple of them chase up the North Pole and bring a few chips back on their shoulders, than another cheerful band of Yankee pilgrims digs under an ancient residence of Lord Bacon, in order to find out who wrote "Romeo and Juliet" anyway. But when they declare that Queen Bess was the wife of Robert Leicester, this is too much. Next thing we know they'll have Washington coming over with the Conqueror and Shakespeare a cabin boy on the *Mayflower*. Why can't they stick to their own mysteries and find out who blew up the *Maine*, to say nothing of why is a hen. They're a fussy lot, but the only way England can get even is to send them Mrs. Pankhurst.

Oh joy, Oh rapture! Winston Churchill, the saucy thing, who came out to Canada in the Boer War days and made fun of our art, abused our hospitality and was perfectly hateful to every man, woman and child whom he met during his sojourn, has been hit "right square in the face" by a whip wielded by a fair suffragette named Theresa Something-or-other. Three cheers for Tessie! Let's send her a wreath of maple leaves and our everlasting love. Perhaps a few of Mr. Churchill's Canadian hosts won't smile when they read this little item. After all, there are cheerful things happening in this old world.

## SEEING THINGS AT NIGHT.

A PHYSICIAN engaged a nurse, recently graduated, for a case of delirium tremens. The physician succeeded in quieting his patient and left some medicine, instructing the nurse to administer it to him if he "began to see snakes again." At the

next call the physician found the patient again raving. To his puzzled inquiry the nurse replied that the man had been going on that way for several hours and that she had not given him any medicine.

"But didn't I tell you to give it to him if he began to see snakes again?" asked the physician.

"But he didn't see snakes this time," replied the nurse confidently; "he saw red, white and blue turkeys, with straw hats on!" —Illustrated Bits.

\* \* \*

## A TIMELY RHYME.

Sing a song of mergers,  
A corner full of coal!  
Half a dozen magnates  
Find it awfully droll.  
When the merger's opened,  
Jim Ross begins to sing.  
Isn't it a lovely dish  
To gratify a king

\* \* \*

## A CAREFUL PATIENT.

Isaacs (who has just recovered from typhoid): Doctor, you have charged me for four weeks' calls; I will pay for only three weeks!

Doctor: But I called on you every day for four weeks, Mr. Isaacs!

Isaacs: Well, there was one week I was delirious and I didn't see you come in!

\* \* \*

## THE BRUTE.

Wife: I've invited one of my old admirers to dinner. Do you mind?

Husband: Mind? Heavens, no! I always love to associate with lucky people.

\* \* \*

## GOLF STORIES.

A WRITER in the *Strand Magazine* tells some famous golf yarns, remarking:—A celebrated champion, Mr. J. H. Taylor, sends us two stories:—"The Golfer, attired in clerical garb, had finished his round, in which he had been badly beaten, and with a doleful countenance slunk off to the club-house, while his caddie went off and joined the others.

"What denomination will he be, Sandy?" asked one of them.

"Well," Sandy replied, 'they tauld me he was a Congregationalist, but A'm thinkin' he'll be just ane o'thae Profaintarians—aye, just that!'

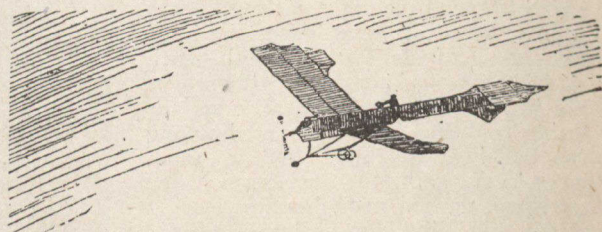
"The scene was Westward Ho, and two players were driving off from the fifteenth hole. One of them was possessed of a quiet pawky kind of humour, while the other was of the 'hit-'em-high-and-often' order. Not knowing the course, the slasher asked his partner for the line of the hole, and was told to play on to Dr. S——'s house, which was perched on the sky-line. The slasher let out, and his ball was skied to an enormous height. 'You

mistook me,' said the quiet one. 'I meant his earthly, not his heavenly habitation!'

No fewer than three players send in the following story, which is also the favourite of Mr. Harry Rountree:—

"There was an elderly Indian Colonel, whose boast it was that he had a very tranquil disposition that nothing could ruffle. He took up golf, and for a long time his friends failed to notice any disturbance of the colonel's outward calm; but one day when playing a foursome he got into a notorious 'Devil's Punchbowl' bunker, and spent a terrible fifteen minutes trying first to find his ball and then to play it out. He tried every club in vain, and at last, glaring like a demon, he smashed them one after another across a jagged rock. 'What are you doing?' cried out the party above. 'It's all right,' he snorted. 'It's—its better to—break one's clubs than to—lose one's temper!' And the caddie gathered up the pieces."

\* \* \*



"UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH."

Housebreaker.—"Well, that don't look to me 'ardly safe, some'ow."—*Punch*.

\* \* \*

## HARD TO PLEASE.

Her Husband:—"Well, it takes two to make a quarrel, so I'll shut up."

His Wife.—"That's just like a contemptible man! You'll sit there and think mean things."

\* \* \*

## NOT A CANADIAN BAND.

TO the leader of a band in Omaha, jocularly spoken of in that locality as "the worst in seven different States," there once came a man with a request that the band play at a cousin's funeral.

"Is it a military funeral?" asked the leader.

"Not at all," was the reply. "My cousin was no military man—in fact, he was never even interested in matters military. Nevertheless, it was his express wish that your band should play at his funeral."

The leader was surprised and flattered. "Is that so?" he asked.

"Yes," responded the other. "He said he wanted everybody in Omaha to be sorry that he died." —*Harper's Weekly*.

\* \* \*

## A RETURN IN KIND

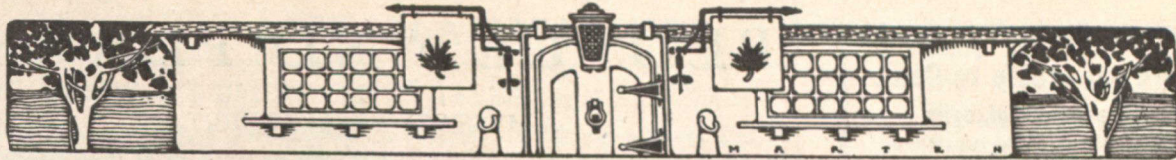
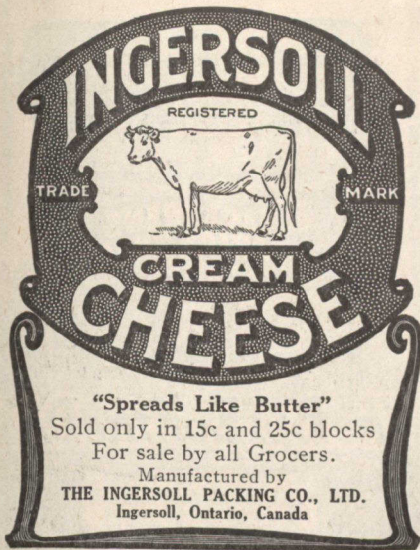
MARK TWAIN once asked a neighbour if he might borrow a set of his books. The neighbour replied ungraciously that he was welcome to read them in his library, but he had a rule never to let his books leave his house. Some weeks later the same neighbour sent over to ask for the loan of Mark Twain's lawn-mower.

"Certainly," said Mark, "but since I have made it a rule never to let it leave my lawn you will be obliged to use it there." —*Ladies' Home Journal*.



The Hunter's Moon —*Life*.





AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

THE light of other days reillumes and reanimates the bare reporters' details of the recent Drawing-Room at Ottawa, by which scores of lovely ladies, the old in black satin and jet, the young in what the untutored people who go to see the "dress demonstrations" in Eaton's call "Mayon-Naise" costumes (Moyen Aye, dear reader), walked up that dreadfully long red aisle in the Senate Chamber and made their proper bow and courtesy to their Excellencies. In those "other days" feathers and lappets were not *de rigueur*, but trains were to be deftly whisked out of the way by the aide-in-waiting usually so handsome in his pale blue facings that one forgot to look were one was going and was apt to tread on the "train" in front. Gracious and dignified figures were those of Lady Macdonald, fond of amber or maize Satin and her charming niece, the slender dark-haired May Bernard, now better known as Mrs. Clare Fitzgibbon. The Black Rod of those days was the inimitable little Frenchman, actor and singer, genial host and patron of classical music, Mr. R. G. Kimber. Anachronisms in dress and curiosities among individuals were perhaps more usual than to-day. The country member and his wife were enthusiastic and never awed. Even the presence of a Princess did not astonish them. One remembers the fateful night when the gay crowds assembled in the Lobby, elbowing each other and listening to the strains of a very good band in the ante-room. The time wore on, and like the child who wanted the party to begin, we waited and yawned and wondered, and found the hours dragging on, what could be the matter? Then a whisper grew and passed from one to another and faces lengthened and men went away and came back again. The Princess had met with an accident. She was perhaps killed, injured at least. The band stopped, spurs clanked, groups divided and grave Signiors in uniform appeared in clusters, talking earnestly. The suspense grew, became unbearable. The Princess was ours. She had been lent us, as it were, by her good and gracious mother, Victoria, ever beloved. If harm had come to her, journeying along that frigid Northern road, the skies shining, the stars like points of steel, the snow four feet high on either hand of the frozen Rideau, what could we ever do or say in reparation? And indirectly, of course, what a blow for our country! The Northern wilds indeed, when the glacial yet tingling air set every pulse in the horses stinging and jumping what did horses know of care of Royalty? The rumour spread, and we braced ourselves for the worst, but none seemed to think of going home. We must remain till we heard the truth. Again the spurs clanked. Again the uniforms flashed past, and finally, some official in authority, Black Rod or another stated the facts, just correctly gleamed from a special messenger (for this is so long ago that it is doubtful if telephones were installed in the House), and we listened to the tale of an accident serious enough, it is true, but fortunately not fatal. Then, but not till then we dispersed in a tumultuous yet inwardly subdued and grateful throng, and many, no doubt secretly relieved that Providence had intervened and spared them the ordeal of walking up the Red Aisle. For it is an ordeal. The long empty Chamber, the wide crimson spaces of the floor the single file procession of which you make one, and once committed to, cannot draw back from, the wavering of the eyes and the trembling at the knees—from the moment your card is handed to the obliging Aide at the door till that other moment when the deed is done, the difficult duty heroically performed and you beat a retreat by the side door leading to the miscellaneous crowd of the galleries—it is all an ordeal, but one which once over beins to grow a blossom in the mind and materially heighten one's self-respect. Respect for other things too and other people, for law and order, for ritual and splendour, for elegance, refinement and a certain spectacular pomp without which the world would be grey and commonplace—even in Missouri.

THE KITCHEN CABINET.

PIANOS soothe the savage breast, when they are played, not pounded, telephones are a boon to the busy man or woman—coffee substitutes cheer but does not inebriate. Indeed, a host of other blessings could be mentioned which have come to this generation from man's inventive genius; but none have been so beneficial to the tired brains and feet of the housekeeper as the kitchen cabinet.

When we remember the many miles a day, women used to travel, from the kitchen to the pantry, thence to the cellar or the shed, carrying the bake board from one spot, the rolling-pin and cake cutters from another, the spices from a far corner, the butter and eggs from another, the flour and yeast or baking-powder from a remote receptacle, we marvel at how they endured such a variety of petty journeys. It was small wonder that they developed bad knees and stiff joints, that they became scolds and abused those who "cluttered up the kitchen," while the process of baking was going on. The unkindest cut of all, however, was when the husband asked, as was his pleasant wont: "What have you to do? What is woman's work, anyway? Just running around the house, making a few beds, doing a little sweeping and a little cooking—that's

Yes, that was all—but it proved a great *all* when the tired feet gave way, the brain wore itself out, trying to keep things going, and the woman became a nervous wreck. But "the old order changeth" and the new order has brought with it many desirable features. The era of labour-saving machinery for men and women. When the head of the household is a thoughtful man, the housewife ought to be a happy woman, filling every hour of her days with congenial work and healthy diversion—for this *rara avis*, the thoughtful man, will see that her steps are saved and her toil lightened with all the modern "helps" which science has brought to the home.

None of these "aids to industry" is more useful than the kitchen cabinet, which is made to hold all the small necessities and conveniences for the domestic and culinary arts. It is even provided with drawers for clean kitchen linen, such as dish and roller towels, and dusters. One stands before such a boon of the cabinet-maker, with a feeling of gratitude to the man or woman who invented the treasure.

Now, when the Christmas-tide is coming, let the father

and the husbands in this fair and prosperous Dominion count their shekels with care and put aside a "cabinet sum" which will prove a joy and a rest for "Somebody." Though Santa Claus may not be able to put it down the chimney or in a stocking, he may be equal to pushing it through the back door,

"On the night before Christmas  
When, all through the house,  
Not a creature is stirring  
Not even a mouse."

Try it, and the interest on the Yuletide investment will be the beaming smiles and rejuvenated constitutions of the women who preside over the destinies of the dinner.

\* \* \*

Wisdom is but a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff. The man who thinks he's all wheat is all chaff.

\* \* \*

THE SUFFRAGETTES.

NOW Mrs. Pankhurst has come to Canada, and it seems that many of the most rabid anti-suffragettes have become somewhat converted to her way of putting things. She is evidently not much like that mother of suffragettes, Mrs. Carrie Nation, who, however attractive her doctrine, succeeded in alienating most people by her obnoxious personality. Mrs. Pankhurst is said to be a charming woman. "That's perhaps another case of woman's inconsistency"—says the mere man, we fancy. Possibly the mere man is right. In this country we are scarcely far enough advanced in socialistic doctrines to get a clear perspective of the suffragettes.

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# PEOPLE AND PLACES

## A MESSAGE FROM ALBERTA.

THE other day an illuminative big man dropped in at the COURIER office with a serious look and a face that stamped him off-hand as one with an eternal fund of good-humour. He was from Alberta and his name was MacGrath. He had a message. MacGrath usually has. Most Westerners usually have—messages. Most Albertans are just as liable to loosen up on a good square advertising talk as they are to eat. It's part of the optimism of the West.

But Mr. MacGrath was not advertising. He was just talking sense; spoke his name as soon as the writer entered the room.

"Oh, yes, you're from Alberta. Uh—"

"Now, I hope you're not going to tell me that the people in Alberta are the finest in Canada. While it may or may not be true, it's not good policy to say so."

This was a decidedly new note in a Westerner. Here was a man who was willing to be critical about his own province and country.

"Yes," he went on in a stately, slow sort of voice, "it becomes very wearisome to have people from other countries stand up in public and tell us we're the finest ever. The Britisher is the worst man for idle boasting. For years now we've been hearing palaver from these good-humoured talkers over the water. Every Englishman of note who comes to Canada for a visit thinks it's good form to wheedle us with a feeling of unctious colonial superiority. Even Kipling did it. Northcliffe does it. Beresford—laid it on thick. Scores of others have joined in the chorus—till at every Canadian club luncheon in the country we've been told in just about all the ways there are to tell it—that we are the people, the whole people and nothing but the people."

"And you think it's not so, eh?"

"Well, what's the use? We can't unmake history. We're doing well; but we're a young experimental lot and it's only a little while since we began the experiment of doing things off our own bat. Canada isn't the seat of empire. Canada is a great country with a few people earnestly endeavouring to work out a future. There's a great future for this country—no doubt of it. But why rush the prospect. Why not take stock in ourselves and try to find out exactly where we are in the scale before we say 'Hear, Hear!' to every orator that tries to tickle our vanity?"

"Have you read Emerson Hough's articles?"

"On Canadian assimilation and British population? No. I don't know that Hough had any particular knowledge of the subject."

Mr. MacGrath—has studied the subject. It was clear that to him population is not the whole law. Just what his views are on the immigration question he had not time to set forth. But he has a knowledge of it that very few men in this country have. He hails from a land where people are jostling one another in all sorts of strange ways: where the old nudges the new and the vacant land of to-day is the town of to-morrow; where there is a conglomerate, composite mixture of peoples alive with diversified notions about government and civilisation and sociology. The West is the great mixing-place. There sociology is to be studied anew. The Canadian countryside and the Canadian town are both a new thing west of Keewatin. It's going to be a serious deep study one of those days to discover precisely what the meaning of this new civilising aggregation is; where it's forces lie; what it's going to do for the structure not only of Canadian politics, but also of Canadian society based on capital and labour. It's the great democracy where the verified fact of now becomes the fiction of next year. It's the place where no man can lay down the hard and fast law without mental reservations, because the fixture you make to-day is too small to do the business by the time the next election comes round.

Of course Mr. MacGrath didn't say half of this; but he meant most of it and a good deal more besides. He has a lot of things up his sleeve about the making of the West and one of these days we shall know what they are.

\* \* \*

## THE MAN ON THE STREET.

THE street-corner solicitor and the dark-alley asker of alms is getting to be with us again in the cities, now that winter begins to flop her cold wings down the north. Last two winters have produced a large crop of these rather unwelcome people; and it is to be feared that many thrifty folk regard the street solicitor with a dim eye. As cities grow—even in prosperous times—we shall be less and less able to keep organised relief work abreast of the conditions. Besides there are many who prefer to take chances on the casual generosity of the man on the street to lining up in a relief department where every man gets so much and no more. There is an element of the gambler in many of these people. There are also many very decent old country folk as well as native Canadians who are compelled to pop out of a dark doorway on a stormy night and in the politest of accents ask the price of a meal or a night's lodging. No hard and fast rule can ever be made to apply to such cases. The man who never gives to a beggar is as liable to be wrong and wrong very often as the man who gives to all and sundry. We shall never be without these people. For that matter we have had tramps in the rural sections for nearly a hundred years.

\* \* \*

## THE ACTOR AND THE DOGS.

AT a luncheon tendered an English actor in Toronto the other day, the said gentleman was pleasantly reminded of a former occasion when he was given a midnight dinner of weiners and beer—with the family dogs all buried in the yard; being presented with a plate of weiners and this inscription:

Once in a "kennel" a party was gathered,  
With beer and with weiners they prompted the bard;  
And a man from the footlights sat by in the smoke there,  
His name it was Hadfield—nine dogs in the yard!

The silentest man in the crowd was the actor,  
They rhymed and they storied—but he listened hard;  
For the corks they were harmless, the bottles were empty  
And he sat rememb'ring—nine dogs in the yard!

The scenes they have shifted, the "props" have got straggled,  
The stage has been altered—and here comes the card,  
The dog and the bottle, the very same menu—  
Miserabile dictu! No dogs in the yard."

### We are all Liable to Colds

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Trace a cold back to its cause and the fact is found to be that it came through exposure when the vitality was low.

Therefore, the body should be well fortified by a generous diet. A cup of **HOT BOVRIL** at eleven or at five o'clock, or before going out into the wet or cold will impart strength and increase your power of resistance.

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WRITE TO-DAY

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LONDON, Ont.

## MONEY AND MAGNATES

WHERE CANADIANS BENEFITED IN TELEGRAPH STOCKS.

CANADA, and more particularly Montreal, is taking a great deal of interest in the reports of the merger that is proposed of a number of the leading American telegraph and telephone concerns, mainly because quite a large group of Montrealers have made quite a little money in telegraph stocks, very largely because they followed the advice of Mr. Charles R. Hosmer. This happened at a time when Mr. Hosmer was at the head of the telegraphic department of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and was in close touch with old John W. Mackay, who at that time was in the heyday of his prosperity at the head of the big postal system of the United States. From this connection Mr. Hosmer was able to learn a great deal about Mr. Mackay's plans regarding Commercial Cable and many other concerns, and he willingly passed the word along to scores of his friends, who in turn were willing to tell some of their own friends, till everybody in Montreal, who had anything to do with the market, was buying either a lot or a little telegraph or Commercial Cable stock. Mr. Hosmer, besides being head of the telegraph department, was in those days looked upon as one of the keenest and most daring operators in the Montreal Stock Market, and many have thought that it was very largely through the information that he received from Mr. Mackay that he was able to put through a number of successful transactions that went to form the foundation of the fortune that is now away up in the millions. But there was one thing about C. R. (as his friends liked to call him), and that was that he never closed right up when he got any good information, but rather passed it along in order that as many people as possible might take full advantage of it. It was through him that such a ready market for the Mackay issues was found in Canada, and people who have kept their securities since those days have not only made considerable money, but have really seen comparatively small investments grow into real fortunes. On the death of old John W. Mackay, however, Mr. Hosmer's close connection with the company ceased to a considerable extent, and of recent years the main interest in the issues, as far as Canada is concerned, has been in Toronto rather than in Montreal, and when some little time ago there was an agitation for a greater Canadian representation on the Mackay Board, a Toronto financier was selected in preference to one from Montreal.

With a telegraph and telephone merger being carried through on the other side of the line, the question naturally presents itself, "How long will it be before Canada sees a merger of its principal telegraph and telephone concerns?" Of recent years the telephone concerns have encroached to a considerable extent on the business of the telegraph companies, rather forcing the suggestion that it would be well to have a very close working arrangement between the two concerns. The distance between working agreements and mergers is often times not very great, so that it may not be very long before some financier comes along with what will be considered a feasible plan to bring our leading telephone and telegraph concerns together.

\* \* \*

NOW FOR ONE BIG CANADIAN STEEL CORPORATION.

AND now a gigantic Canadian Steel Corporation is mooted. Away back some five or six years ago Mr. Clarence J. McCuaig, the leading Montreal broker, had plans for just such a corporation, and he discussed them with a number of Steel and Coal interests, but just at that time there was a great deal of rivalry between the different companies and it seemed impossible to get them to agree to any basis on which all companies might be included. The developments of the past few weeks have shown that there was absolutely nothing the matter with Mr. McCuaig's plan, and that at most it was only a little ahead of its time. Now there is every indication that some such project will be carried through successfully and the negotiations that are now under way for a merger of the Dominion Coal and the Dominion Iron and Steel Companies may be regarded as the first and yet very important move in the direction of including all the leading steel companies and the largest coal companies in the one concern. Men with whom I have discussed the matter during the past few days, and who are very close in touch with the industrial development of the country, maintain that Canada has just reached the stage where she can stand just such a big concern, both from an industrial and market standpoint. Rapid as has been the growth of the steel industry of the country during the past ten years, it is maintained that it will show still more rapid strides, and greater development during the next ten years, or for that matter for the next generation or two. In this connection the leading interests point out to you the fact that the steel rail industry even to-day is in its early infancy, and that it is only a matter of a few years when the renewals that will be necessary on all the Canadian lines will alone be sufficient to keep quite a few mills in operation the whole year round, without taking into consideration the large amounts that may be required for any new lines. Then again there is the question of ship-building plants and also, if Canada is to have a navy of her own, it should be only natural that most of the construction work should go to a Canadian concern. So much for the industrial aspect. Then how would the market take it? The men who are in favour of such a corporation maintain that instead of loading up the Canadian markets with far more securities than they could possibly digest, it would only provide issues of sufficiently large amounts that they would immediately become very attractive to the London and continental markets. In this way by far the greater amount of the securities of the company, more especially the bonds, would go to London, and it would be rather the preferred and common stocks that would remain in this country.

As an example of just what can be achieved along this line, bankers point to the phenomenal success which has attended the operations of the United States Steel Corporation. When this concern came into existence hardly one man in a thousand believed that it would have a chance with its hundreds of millions of capital to pay even a small dividend on its common stock for at least twenty-five or fifty years. Hardly had it been in existence for a few years when it was able to show a nice surplus on the common stock, and to-day this issue is selling within hailing distance of par, in anticipation of a regular 4 per cent. dividend. Not only this, but its preferred stock is regarded even by conservative bankers as one of the really gilt-edged investments of the Wall Street market.

The way the interests behind the Canadian Steel Corporation look at it is that if there is any future to Canada, there will always be just as great a future for one leading steel corporation in it. Time will tell.

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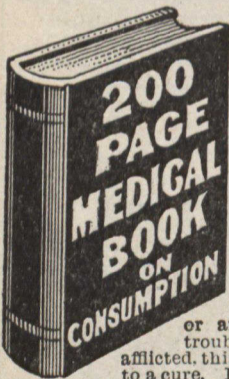
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**The Countess Decides**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.

The young lady's eyes had opened as he read. Parker's countenance remained unmoved, as if she were a feminine Sphinx.

"What is the rest of the letter?" asked the girl.

"That is neither here nor there."

"It is quite evidently there. May I suggest that it is an inventory of the Countess' possessions? Are you chagrined to learn that your proposal was wasted on the undeserving?"

"I ask you if you are the Countess of Croydon?"

"I reply that I never said I was."

"That reply will not do, madam. The honour of my family is at stake."

"Your family has nothing to do with me."

"I begin to suspect that my family has indeed nothing to do with one who pretended to be a member of it."

"Your memory fails you. I disclaimed all relationship when you asserted it."

"I asserted it under the supposition that you were the Countess."

"Very well. No harm is done. I did not take advantage of your offer. I never said I was the Countess; and so long as I pay my hotel bill, no one has a right to interfere."

"You are very much mistaken. Such masquerading is not to be tolerated."

"I am leaving here the day after to-morrow, and I sail from Suez a week from to-day. I ask you to say nothing of this until I am gone."

"I refuse."

"Then this confession must be made in my own way, and I must choose the person who is to set the gossips a-prattling."

"I agree, so long as it is done at once."

"Parker, go down and ask Mr. Sanderstead to come here."

The maid departed, and the alleged Countess leaned back in her chair.

"Who are you?" asked his Lordship, but the girl made no reply. A moment later, Sanderstead came in.

"Will you read to Mr. Sanderstead the extract from your London letter that you read to me?"

"Mr. Sanderstead has nothing to do with my correspondence. You were to make your confession, as I understood your proposal."

"Lord Warlingham has discovered that I am not the Countess of Croydon."

"Oh, is that all," said Sanderstead. "I knew it almost from the beginning."

The lady sat up now, very wide awake.

"How did you know it?" she asked in surprise.

"Well, you had none of those middle-class deficiencies of manner which I have often deplored in the titled persons I have met. I recognised at once that you were a lady."

"Then that is what you hinted at twice this evening. I wish to say before you both that I meant no harm, and did not see at the first what complications might ensue. I may say at once that I had the Countess' permission to do what I have done; indeed, it was owing to her urging that I did it. I can prove that to you, Lord Warlingham, in her own handwriting. Often I have persuaded her to emerge into the world, and as often she has refused at the last moment, much to my disappointment. On this occasion I confess I wept when I found her determined not to go to Egypt. With great generosity she insisted that I should take her place. I admit that I have done wrong technically, perhaps, but I deny that I have done any real harm, and I have asked Lord Warlingham to say nothing."

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 22

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## CANADIAN BOOKS OF THE YEAR

## GENERAL LIST.

Canada: The Empire of the North, Agnes Laut; Briggs.

Fruit Ranching in British Columbia, J. T. Bealby; A. and L. C. N. Black.

Life Histories of Northern Animals, Ernest Thompson Seton; Briggs.

Logs of the Conquest of Canada, Ed. by Lt.-Col. Wood; Champlain Society.

Adrift on an Ice-Pan, Wilfrid Grenfell; Briggs.

Labrador, Wilfrid Grenfell; Macmillan.

Struggle for Imperial Unity, George T. Denison; Macmillan.

Annual Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada, George M. Wrong and H. H. Langton; Morang.

A Bishop in the Rough, Bishop Sheepshanks; Smith Elder.

Life and Letters of James Wolfe, Beckles Wilson.

Landmarks of Toronto, Vol. 5, J. Ross Robertson.

Heroines of Canadian History, W. S. Herrington; Briggs.

Your Boy, Dr. George A. Dickinson; Briggs.

Speeches in Canada by Lord Milner; Tyrrell.

Studies in the Old Testament, George Jackson; Briggs.

Hints for Lovers, Arnold Haultain; Houghton, Mifflin.

Carlyle's First Love, C. R. Archibald; John Lane.

History of the Catholic Church in Western Canada, Father Morice; Musson.

Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs, Castell Hopkins; Annual Review Publishing Co.

The City with Foundation, Prof. McFadyen; Westminster Co.

Essays in Politics, Andrew MacPhail; Longmans.

Canadian Alpine Journal.

A History of Canada, Sir A. P. Lucas; Clarendon Press.

Town and Trail, Mrs. Balmer Watt.

The Romantic History of the Selkirk Settlement, Dr. George Bryce; Musson.

Romance of American Expansion, H. Addington Bruce; Moffat Yard.

No Refuge but in Truth, Goldwin Smith; Tyrrell.

The Making of Canada, A. G. Bradley; Copp, Clark.

The Opinions of Mary, Mrs. Townley; Briggs.

Imperial Anniversary Book, Harold Saxon; Briggs.

Essays: Literary, Critical and Historical, Thos. O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D.; Briggs.

The House on the Cliff, Charles Sparrow; Briggs.

Three Premiers of Nova Scotia, Johnston, Howe and Tupper, Edward Manning Saunders; Briggs.

A Soldier's Life, Edwin G. Rundle; Briggs.

History of the Union Jack, third edition, revised and enlarged, many new illustrations, Barlow Cumberland; Briggs.

The Spirit of God in the Universe, Alex. Inrig; Briggs.

Choice Thoughts from Master Minds, W. T. Robinson; Briggs.

The Broken Trail, Rev. G. W. Kerby; Briggs.

Martyrs of New France, W. S. Herrington; Briggs.

The Lord's Day Observance Vindicated, Rev. T. J. Johnston; Briggs.

Memoirs of the Late Sandy Stewart, Alfred Morton; Briggs.

Two Christmas Gifts, Mrs. L. A. Dill; Briggs.

The Amber Army and Other Poems, W. T. Allison; Briggs.

The Canadian Apple Grower's

Guide, Linus Woolverton (in press); Briggs.

## FICTION LIST.

Old Clinkers, Harvey O'Higgins; McLeod and Allen.

Tales of Old Toronto, Suzanne Marny; Briggs.

Anne of Avonlea, L. M. Montgomery; L. C. Page.

The Foreigner, Ralph Connor; Westminster Company.

The Backwoodsman, Charles G. D. Roberts; Macmillan.

An Unofficial Love Story, Albert Hickman; The Century.

Cardillac, Robert Barr; Copp, Clark Co.

Redney McGaw, Arthur McFarlane; Little, Brown.

Flying Plover, Theodore Roberts; L. C. Page.

The Greater Power, Harold Bindloss; McLeod and Allen.

The Suitable Child, Norman Duncan; Frowde.

The Attic Guest, R. E. Knowles; Fleming H. Revell.

The Gun-Runner, Arthur Stringer; Thomas Langton.

Biography of a Silver Fox, Ernest Thompson Seton.

A Beautiful Rebel, Wilfrid Campbell; Westminster Company.

Child of Destiny, W. J. Fischer; Briggs.

## LIST OF POETRY.

The Many-Mansioned House, E. W. Thomson; Briggs.

Ballads of a Cheechako, Robert Service; Briggs.

Pebbles and Shells, Donald A. Fraser; Briggs.

The White Plague and Other Poems, T. A. Browne; Briggs.

Sonnets and Other Verse, W. A. MacKeracher; Briggs.

The Empire Builders and Other Poems, R. J. C. Stead; Briggs.

The Amber Army and Other Poems, W. T. Allison; Briggs.

## Football Championships

By H. F. S. PAISLEY

"**V**ARSITY or Tigers for the Canadian championship?" asks the writer of an interesting article in a recent issue of the *COURIER* and wisely goes on to refer to Quebec and Ontario as that part of Canada "which arrogates to itself most Canadian championships." Sectionalism may prompt the question, but why should these annual contests between the respective winners in rival senior football unions in Ontario and Quebec be looked upon as having the right to settle the "Canadian championship?" Just as fairly might the Dalhousie College team of Halifax claim the title. Perhaps its right to the honour might be even stronger since the college has sent out the best team in three provinces and since the style of game which is played by its team is of much longer standing than that followed in Upper Canada.

However, under existing circumstances the claiming of the championship by a Quebec or an Ontario team makes little difference to anyone outside of those provinces, just as a similar claim by one of the English Rugby teams of the far east or the far west would not affect the people of the provinces in which the Canadian Rugby game is played. Each section can now rejoice in the possession of the Canadian championship, and the possession can hardly be disputed. English Rugby has a strong hold in Halifax, where for years the presence

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.

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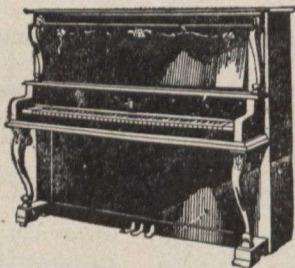
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## The Countess Decides

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 20.

ing until I sail from Suez, a week from to-day."

"Of course, nothing will be said either then or after," proclaimed Sanderstead stoutly.

Lord Warlingham stood silent for a moment; then his anger being somewhat cleared away, he echoed—

"Of course."

The lady sprang to her feet with radiant face.

"You are both very good to me. Lord Warlingham, I ask your forgiveness, and I deeply appreciate your promise of silence. Won't you shake hands with the adventurers and say you are sorry I sail so soon?"

"Indeed, madam," said Warlingham, cordially taking her hand, "I do say so with all my heart, and I wish you well."

"And are you sorry, Mr. Sanderstead?" she cried, with a touch of fear and pathos in the eyes she turned upon him.

"No, I am not."

The lady caught her breath, and the colour left her cheeks.

"Oh, I say, Sanderstead!" protested his Lordship.

"Why should I be sorry when I sail on the same steamer, if the lady permits me?" He took her hand and raised it to his lips.

Lord Warlingham beamed upon them with a smile half tender, half comical. He was an experienced man and knew the signs.

"Is this a case of 'Bless you, my children'?" he asked.

"Again, if the lady permits."

The colour came back redoubled and brought with it a smile to the lady's lips.

Yet she *was* the Countess, after all.

THE END.

## Monroe Doctrine in Canada

(New York Tribune)

TO what extent Canada contributes to imperial defence or provides for her own defence is her business and not ours. The United States has no occasion to view with concern the development of a Canadian navy or of a Canadian adjunct to the British navy. It will be no menace to us any more than our navy is a menace to Canada or to Great Britain.

But Professor Goldwin Smith is right in regarding the Monroe Doctrine as applicable to Canada just as much as to Mexico or South America. It will be recalled that that doctrine, together with its corollary or complement, the Polk Doctrine, was effectively applied to Cuba many years ago to prevent the forcible or other acquisition of that island by any other European power than Spain. The United States specifically pledged itself to use, if necessary, its whole army and navy to defend Spain in her possession of Cuba or to restore that island to her if it should be taken from her.

It is to be assumed that should occasion arise precisely the same policy would be adopted and would be executed concerning Canada. This country would not permit Canada to pass into the possession of any other European power than that to which it now belongs. And that is to be said entirely without regard to any self-defence measures which Canada may or may not adopt. However, we have no idea that any such contingency will ever arise. Canada is probably as safe from attack as is the United States.

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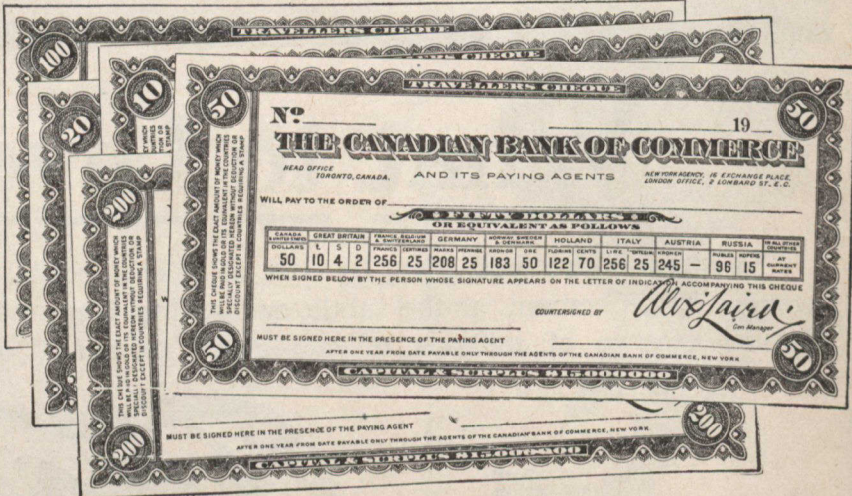
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Make sure your new range has a steel oven, and "Pandora" nameplate on the door. Go, at once, to nearest McClary Agency and pick out size desired.

McClary's Pandora Range



# Football Champion- ships

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.

of the Imperial military and naval forces aided materially in the encouragement of the game. Both branches of the service were prominent in the game, the navy particularly so, in the Halifax League. Strong rivalry between Dalhousie and the Wanderers' Amateur Athletic Club for a time helped to maintain the keenest interest in the game in the Garrison City. For several years past the presence in the league of teams representing the Crescent Amateur Athletic Club has brought a new element of interest. But for some seasons now Dalhousie has had little difficulty in retaining the league championship and this fact has deprived the city race of its old-time keenness.

In St. John football, in common with all other kind of athletics, has fallen on evil days of late seasons. Each year the Winter Port has its football fifteens, senior and junior, but, generally speaking, they are not strong and the city does not prove much of a factor in Maritime Province football circles. At present, practically the only organised senior team in the city is the Algonquin fifteen.

In Prince Edward Island a league series is fought out each year, but the Island teams rarely visit the mainland, so there is little idea of their real strength. Whether correct or not, probably most football enthusiasts on the mainland do not regard the Island teams as equal in prowess to the stronger fifteens of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

Cape Breton has its teams, and in several of the towns of both New Brunswick and Nova Scotia which have not been mentioned the game has more or less of a hold, but it is in college circles that the chief interest is shown in Rugby outside of Halifax. For some six years past the King-Richardson cup has been battled for annually by the University of Mount Allison, Sackville, N. B., the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N. B., and Acadia College, Wolfville, N. S. Once it has been won by the U. N. B., once by Acadia, and twice by Mount Allison.

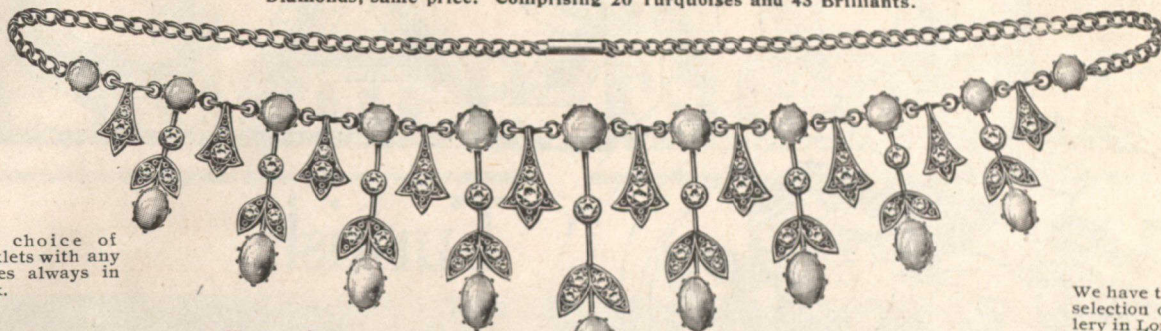
Probably more interest centres around the Mount Allison-Acadia game each season than upon any other game in the provinces. This is not because of the superior strength of the teams, though each college has sent out fifteens of unusual strength from time to time, but because of the rivalry which has grown up between the institutions.

The interest created by this Inter-collegiate League is largely due to the fact that it is the only football organisation in the provinces which bring into annual opposition teams which in some degree represent different provinces. The steady rivalry between the universities in these small provinces also naturally tends to bring interest to a college athletic league. Dalhousie has never entered the league, preferring to stand by the Halifax League. Membership in this latter organisation, of course, does not necessitate extended trips as does membership in the intercollegiate body. The city league also yields better "gates" than the other and in it Dalhousie may play the men of her post-graduate schools who would be ineligible to compete for the King-Richardson trophy under the existing regulations, which bar men having degrees.

It will hardly be disputed even by the strongest partisans of other teams, that for several years past Dalhousie has had the best team in the provinces. This is quite probably the case this season also.

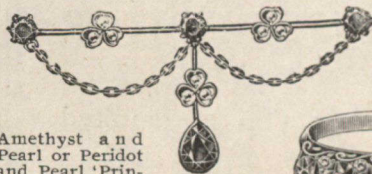
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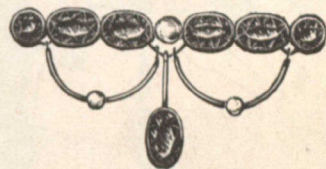
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"CEETEE" Underclothing is knit to fit the form by a special process, making the garments comfortable from first to last—also your outer clothes will look well. "CEETEE" is made from the finest Australian Merino Wool and is guaranteed against shrinking.

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One package of MURADS will convince you that, for the price—15 cents for 10—they're the best cigarettes you've ever used—try them.

S. ANARGYROS



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## Another View of the Navy

THE subjoined verses on the navy seem to be a reflection of the state of mind represented by those of the Dreadnoughters who object to a navy built in Canada because they believe it cannot be built in Canada without corruption creeping into the contract. It is certain that all Dreadnoughters do not take quite the extreme stand intimated by these caustic lines from the Kingston Standard:

Long live our noble navy, long may it rule the waves,  
From Gaspe to Newmarket; out on the sordid slaves  
Who will not fight for Canada across the briny main,  
And think of the Armada, and the sinking ships of Spain,  
With Sullivan the captain, and Byron Lott the brave,  
We'll stand together hand in hand, each merry, dashing knave,  
And while fighting we'll remember amidst the blinding spray,  
That our force is all Canadian, and we spell it with a "K."

From the Arctic to Vancouver the cry is ringing yet,  
Be quick and build the navy, we do not mind the wet;  
There's Mayes and McAvity and twenty thousand more,  
Who will stand fast for sailor-men and the agent on the shore,  
Though some may call him middle-man, and others term him thief,  
We'll spend the money while we can, and spend beyond belief.  
And so throughout the happy years, forever and a day,  
We'll have a Navy of our own, and spell it with a "K."

Let's go and find the stalwart crew of the frigate *Minnie M.*,  
And give out cutlasses and clothes to every one of them,  
And teach them how to guide our ships in any raging squall  
Which dares to touch the peaceful banks of Newmarket Canal.  
See to the commissariat and buy the cut-glass fine,  
The entree dishes and finger bowls, and proper mellow wine,  
And then parade our Navy, get each ship under way,  
But, scholars, one and all be sure to spell it with a "K."

## A Bright Volume

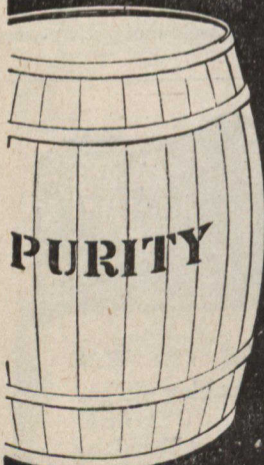
ONE of the most delightful and interesting books that has recently been born into the juvenile world of literature is G. E. Theodore Roberts' "Flying Plover." The book is a collection of tales, each chapter being a complete story in itself, told by an old Indian woman of a Labrador tribe to her young grandson whose name gives the title to the volume. Flying Plover himself is a very lovable little Indian boy blessed with the same lively curiosity of things strange and unheard of as any town or city bred child, and just as these stories told by the old woman were to him splendid and fascinating so they are sure to prove to the average young person who is fortunate to read them. The book has many handsome illustrations, and no more suitable or sure-to-be-appreciated gift could find its way into the Christmas stockings of the little ones. The book is published by L. C. Page and Company, Boston.

The Pilgrims English football team have decided not to play in Canada this season. Probably they fear the Tigers of Hamilton. However, the Sheffield Choir toured Canada last year.

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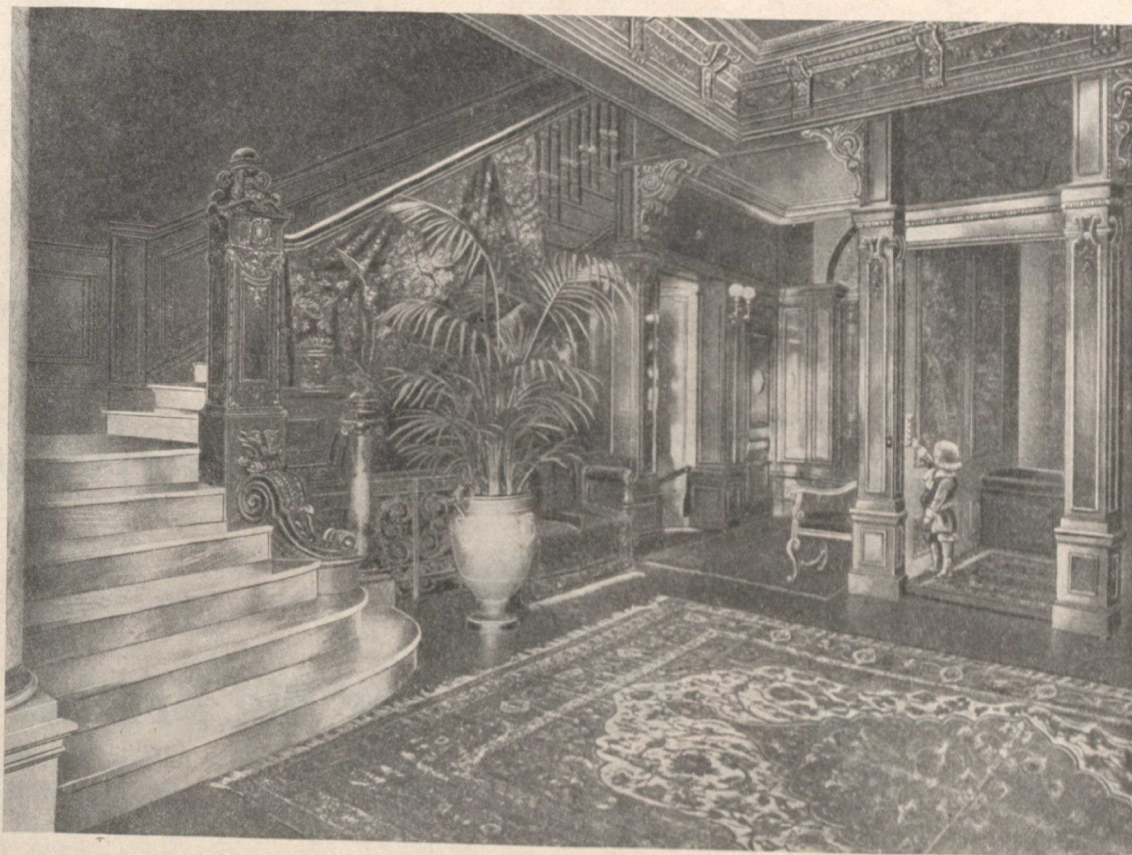
7 POUNDS

Western Canada Flour Mills Company, Limited

20

# Otis Residence Elevator

No  
Attendant  
Necessary



A  
Child  
Can  
Operate  
—  
See  
Illustration

Above illustrates typical entrance to Otis Residence Elevator

## Description of Operation

The Otis Automatic Electric Elevators are designed primarily for private residence service, as with our improved push-button system of control a regular attendant is unnecessary.

By pressing a button placed in a hallway, the car is brought to that floor, stopping automatically when opposite the landing.

Inside the car we place a row of buttons, which are numbered to correspond with the various floors. By momentarily pressing one of these buttons the passenger operates the car to the desired landing. At the will of the passenger the car is instantly stopped at any

point in its travel by pressing the Stop Button.

The passenger has entire control of the elevator as the hall buttons are not in operation while the car is in motion and until the passenger has left the car.

We provide the enclosure doors with automatic interlocking door fixtures which prevent the opening of any door until the car has stopped opposite the floor corresponding to the button pressed.

The car cannot be operated until the door has been closed and also locked.

Elevators of this type are installed in principal cities of the world. We have several installations in Canada. Write us for catalogue and list of users.

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**Phonograph** means  
**A Merry**  
**Christmas**  
for Every Member of the Family



**For Father**

who comes home tired but eager to be amused, who cannot afford the theatre for himself, to say nothing for a large family, who enjoys the old ballads such as "Robin Adair," "Highland Mary," "Annie Laurie" and "Home Sweet Home," the Edison Phonograph is an ideal Christmas present because it gives him the music that he loves, sung by great singers, at a less expense than attendance at theatre or concert, and by his own fireside.

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who loves sacred music and who does not often have an opportunity to hear "The Palms," "Holy City," "Gates Ajar," or "Lead, Kindly Light," as sung by the great tenors and sopranos of the city churches, but who can enjoy this music at home with the aid of an Edison Phonograph just as often and just as fully as she cares to listen, and who will find in the ownership of an Edison Phonograph and the Records that she loves a perpetual reminder of the affection of the family that presented them to her.

**For Big Brother**

who would go to the musical comedy and variety show oftener if he could, and who likes the sort of things a fellow can whistle, and wants to hear "Hello People" or "The Glow Worm" or "Cuddle Up a Little Closer," or something of that kind, the way they sing it at the shows or at the halls, and who could hear these things that way, because an Edison Record faithfully reproduces the exact mannerisms of the singer as, for instance, in the Harry Lauder Records, if he could only be so fortunate as to get an Edison Phonograph for Christmas.

**For the Children**

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