

The Canadian Courier

A · N A T I O N A L · W E E K L Y



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Peterborough's Fire Hall



Chief Rutherford.

THE opening of a new fire-hall is not often made a social event, but in Peterborough, Ont.—the electric city—a few days ago a new hall was thrown open to the citizens by Chief Rutherford and his firemen, who from morning till night entertained a stream of visitors. The hall was lavishly decorated for the occasion; the Chief and

his brigade in new gold-braided caps and new uniforms. Refreshments were served in a buffet at the head of the stairway—cake, wine and cigars being freely dispensed. Exhibitions of harness drill were given. In the evening an "At Home" was held, with a dance in the large hall upstairs.

Never before in Canada, perhaps, have the citizens of a town taken such keen personal interest in the home of the fire brigade—which in Peterborough, a solid, progressive city of business houses and modern factories and splendid homes, means so much to the inhabitants. Fortunately no fire occurred during the opening of the hall.

What a good modern fire-hall means to Peterborough may be inferred from the fact that in 1905 the total value of the city's industrial products was \$11,566,805, which means an output of \$733 worth for every man, woman and child in the place. This splendid industrial showing is largely augmented by the huge output of the Canadian General Electric Co. The total number of hands employed in the thirty-one factories of the city is 3,255; total population, 16,000. The public buildings of Peterborough are a credit to the city and the county.

Monuments.

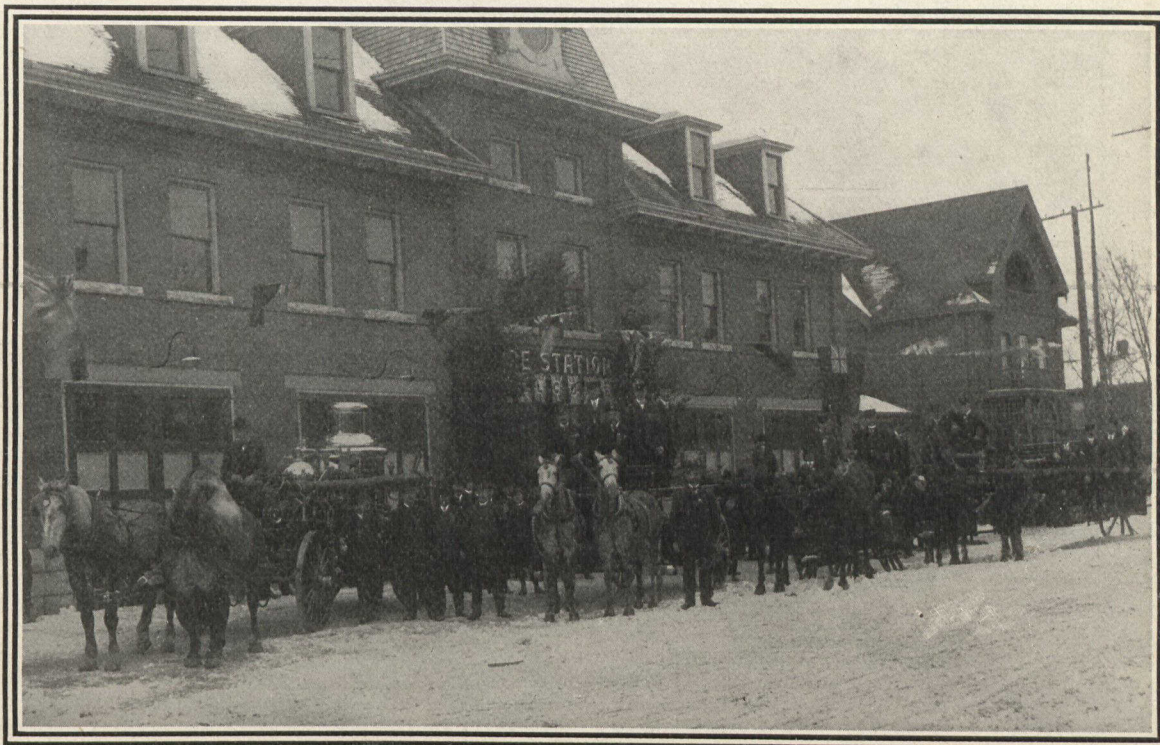
THE closing words of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's address in Ottawa, in connection with the movement to nationalise the Battlefields of Foye and Abraham, are of exceptional interest. They are here reproduced by courtesy of the Ottawa "Journal":

"Sir, these battlefields are being altogether too long neglected. No one can go to Quebec and visit

the Plains and not feel some shame that the monument which has been erected to the memory of Wolfe is one that is absolutely unworthy of the hero it is intended to recall and absolutely unworthy of Canada. But there is on the Plains in the city of Quebec a monument which for my part I never can see but I feel my soul thrill with pride as a Canadian. In a small public garden in the city of Quebec overlooking the St. Lawrence there is a monument erected, certainly nothing very artistic, simply a modest stone pillar. But I venture to say that the like of that monument is not to be found anywhere in the circuit of the earth. Monuments to the victor are not rare in this world, monuments to heroes who have been crowned by victory can be found almost

Montcalm, by the British Government, he could not but feel proud that he lives under institutions which can promote such a breadth of thought and action by the authorities of the land. (Cheers.)

"Well, sir, His Excellency the Governor-General, the successor of Lord Dalhousie, who in 1826 erected this monument to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, Earl Grey has conceived that we should erect on the Plains of Abraham, which saw the last conflict on this continent between French and English, a monument not to the God of War but to the Angel of Peace. (Cheers.) Could anything more fitting be accomplished by the Canadian people in order to symbolise the reconciliation of the two races which now make a proud and



Peterborough's new Fire Hall as it appeared on the day it was opened, when the Brigade held "Open House."—Photographed specially for the "Courier."

in any country, but a monument to the vanquished is not to be found anywhere.

"In the city of Quebec there is a monument erected to the memory of Wolfe, which was natural, but there is also one erected to the memory of the man who lost, to the memory of Montcalm, and erected I am proud to say, by the British Government. Well, sir, I say that whenever I or any one else of Canadian origin, and a British subject, and a Canadian citizen, visits the city of Quebec and there sees that monument, that noble pillar erected to the memory of Wolfe and to the memory of

happy Canadian people, and which have been at the head of modern civilisation? Can we wish a more noble idea than to have on the ground of the last conflict the Angel of Peace raising her wings towards Heaven from that famous ground?"

Latest in Transportation.

SPEAKING at Exeter the other day, the Hon. George P. Graham, Minister of Railways and Canals, gave some up-to-date information concerning transportation. According to population, Canada has now more railway mileage than any other country in the world. This mileage now stands at 22,452; and the amount of work projected was never greater. The Intercolonial, the Government railway, is now 1,700 miles long and Mr. Graham hopes that this year it will have a surplus of \$300,000.

Speaking of the Georgian Bay canal project, Mr. Graham advised caution. The Government had spent half a million dollars making investigations and he believes that the total cost of the canal would be one hundred and thirty millions. If this estimate be accepted, then Canada is not likely to undertake the work until such time as the National Transcontinental is built and paid for. The canal would shorten the distance between Fort William and Montreal by water, to 878 miles. By the ditch known as the Trent Valley Canal, the distance is 969 miles. By the St. Clair River and the Lakes, the distance is 1,223 miles. To spend such a vast sum to save 360 miles of water travel is a doubtful proposition, so long as the present canals are of sufficient depth to accommodate present boats, and so long as there is no alternative route by water and rail. At present the railways are developing their ports on the Georgian Bay and improving their facilities for transporting grain by rail from these ports to Montreal. The Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk have each paid special attention to this, and also to the shipment of wheat overland from Goderich, the best port on the south-east shore of Lake Huron. The Canadian Northern is developing a brand-new harbour on the Georgian Bay and its short line to Montreal is surveyed and ready for the actual building. With all these facilities increasing, the public will agree with the Hon. Mr. Graham that the Georgian Bay Canal may be safely pigeon-holed for a few years.



Stratford Hockey Team.—Senior Champions of Ontario in 1907, and promising competitors for the honours of 1908.



CURLING



Particularly in Quebec, Ontario and Nova Scotia.—Article Number Two.

By H. J. P. GOOD.

MY first article was general in character. This I propose shall be more specific. At the same time it must be clearly understood that anything like a history of curling in two comparatively brief articles of some 2,000 words each is a practical impossibility—an impossibility which appears especially striking when it is considered that the Rev. John Kerr, chaplain of the British curlers who visited Canada four or five years ago, took no fewer than 788 pages, comprising something like a quarter of a million words, to tell the story of that one trip.

Wherever clear ice can be obtained or secured curling is likely to be found in Canada. In Ontario affiliated with the Ontario Curling Association there are close upon 100 clubs, representing something like 4,000 members. This number could probably be duplicated by unattached clubs and clubs having their membership in a less general organisation like, for instance, the Western Ontario Colts' Curling League, which takes in 16 or 17 clubs, and of which Major Beattie, the recently elected M.P. for London, and A. F. MacLaren, M.P. for Perth, are honorary presidents. It can thus be fairly said that there are between 6,000 and 7,000 curlers in Ontario. In the Canadian or Quebec branch of the R.C.C.C. there are, according to a most interesting and most ably compiled brochure issued under the auspices of the centenarian Montreal Curling Club, 35 clubs with a membership of 2,207 members. In the Nova Scotia branch, organised 1852 and reorganised 1904, during the visit of the aforementioned British curlers, there are 14 clubs with a probable aggregate membership of 500. Other known clubs in the province will swell the number of curlers to at least 1,000. The Manitoba Association is as rich in clubs as Ontario, having at last reports somewhere around 95; but the total membership is naturally smaller and would not probably exceed an average of 30 to a club, making less than 3,000, which number with the unattached clubs and players could probably be swollen to 4,000. The Alberta Association can boast a dozen clubs with a membership of perhaps 500, a total that could well be swollen by the unattached to 1,000. Saskatchewan drops in with a quarter of a hundred clubs and a membership of 750, which the unattached would bring up to 1,200. The British Columbia Association, of which an old Torontonian in Archie Mackenzie, now of Rossland, is past president and patron, and His Honour P. E. Wilson, of Cranbrook, B.C., president, with A. C. Nelson, of the same place, secretary, has a dozen clubs with a membership of 500; unattached would perhaps add another 300. In New Brunswick there are a dozen known clubs and probably half a dozen unknown with a grand aggregate of 800 members. In Prince Edward Island there are ten or twelve clubs and a membership of 600. Thus we have a noble army of curlers in Canada numbering a good 20,000. Devotees of other pastimes may boast, but it would take them a long time to make such a muster as that of active players, and the beauty of the membership of curling clubs is that there are few or no drones. The call of the game is too strong and the

various executives see to it that all participate in the sport or give a satisfactory accounting of themselves. Thus curling is at once the purest amateur and most social of all games. It has never yet felt the taint of professionalism and the one common prayer is that it never may.

Quebec can claim priority in curling of the provinces by reason of its age, but not by reason of its numerical strength. The celebration of its centennial last year by the Montreal Club brought forth many interesting facts and reminiscences, as such affairs always do. Among other relics published in the brochure before referred to is a facsimile of the first minutes, which commence with this practical if somewhat sing-song verse:

Foot fair, draw to a hair,
Your stone being well directed,
You'll hit your aim and win the game;
If you miss, be not dejected.

While the Montreal club can boast of between 1,100 and 1,200 names, including many most illustrious, but rarely few French-Canadians, if any, on its membership rolls during its existence, originally that same membership was limited to 20, who each and every one under stern penalties had to meet for play every Wednesday between 12 and 3 and for dinner every other Wednesday at 4, to eat "salt beef and greens" at 7s. 6d. per head. And this is about all the "rules and regulations," which are dated Montreal, 22nd January, 1807, call for. Simple enough in all conscience! But curling has prospered in Montreal and to-day there are half a dozen clubs in that city with more or less palatial headquarters, the principal of which are the Montreal, the Thistle, the Caledonia, St. Lawrence and Heathers. Up this way to date, ladies have not affected the roaring game to any great extent, but in the sister province there are ladies' clubs, and good live clubs, too, at Montreal, Quebec and Lachine, and perhaps other places. The Montreal club is very rich in trophies, and so, indeed, are other Quebec clubs, and in fact the entire branch. Corresponding in some measure to the Ontario tankard, and which like it has been played for since the break-away from the Canadian Branch in 1874, is the Quebec Challenge Cup. This cup, however, is played for not on the district system like Ontario's tankard, but in the old style challenge way. It has thus been played for 138 times and won by Ottawa 37 (Ottawa is now the holder); Montreal 30, Quebec 17, Ormstown 16, Arnprior 11, Caledonia (Montreal) 11, Thistle (Montreal) 7, Rideau (Ottawa) 5, Heather (Montreal) 3, Sherbrooke 2, and Pembroke 1. For the purposes of the centennial celebration bonspiel last January, like worthy "brithers" all the Montreal clubs joined together, and the bonspiel attracted some four or five hundred players, about equally divided between irons and granites. The Centenary Cup, played for by irons, was won by the Caledonias of Montreal; the club cup, also irons, by Messrs. W. B. and A. K. Hutchison, of the Heathers; the single-rink iron championship by W. R. J. Hughes of the Caledonias; the club cup for

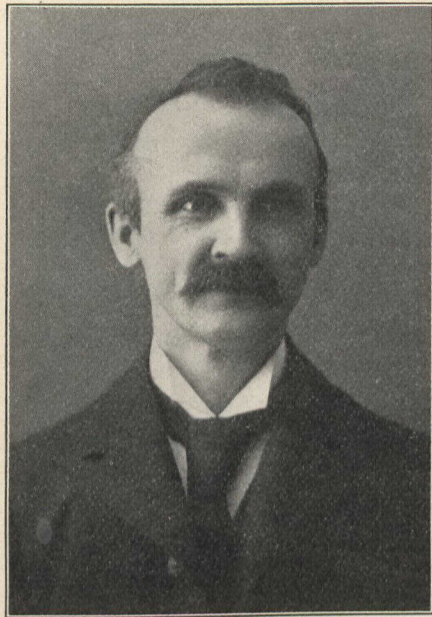
granites by J. F. Shaw and J. T. Malcolm, St. John, N.B., and the single-rink granite championship by J. Pitblado, Montreal, who thus proved himself even more able with granite than iron, the final in which he beat G. H. Muntz of Toronto by one shot, or by 15 to 14, being a dazzling game. The bonspiel attracted players from all parts of Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces and from New York, Boston, Utica and Newfoundland. The French-Canadian does not affect the game at all, and consequently curling in Quebec province is confined to English-speaking communities, thus greatly limiting its sphere. A ladies' bonspiel is an annual event. The Countess Grey is hon. president of the Montreal ladies' club, Mrs. E. A. Whitehead, hon. president, Mrs. J. G. Dunlop, president, Mrs. Ryde, vice-president, Miss E. Rawlings, secretary, and Miss E. Clay, treasurer.

The most ancient clubs in Ontario, where the game grows in popularity every year, are Fergus, 1834; Flamborough, 1835; Toronto and Milton, 1837; Galt, Guelph and Scarboro, 1838; Paris, 1843; Elora, 1847; Kingston, 1859, and Ottawa, 1862, the last-named being affiliated with the Quebec Association. The Caledonians of this city came into being in 1872, the Granites in 1875, the Prospect Park and Queen City in 1888, Parkdale in 1893, and Lakeview in 1896. Thirty and forty years ago all the playing was done in the open, but there were some grand contests for the Thompson-Scoville medal between Toronto and Buffalo, and the Macpherson cup, played for on the old John Street rink at points by members of the Toronto club, and won, among others, by Tom McGaw, of the Red Jackets, three times, Pat Finnegan, he of the loud laugh, and J. S. Russell, the until recently veteran and highly esteemed secretary of the Ontario Association. The Red Jackets, Tom McGaw, Major Grey, David Walker and Capt. Chas. Perry, skip, were very much to the fore in those days, as were various rinks of four brothers, mainly from Scarboro, including the Gibsons, the Malcolms, the Greens, the Thomsons, the Clarks, the Hoods, and of more recent date the Rennies. Another annual match of superior interest was for the Réid cup, in which the Caledonians respectively of Hamilton and Toronto took part. Then the Don and the Bay resounded with the merry laugh and the joyous voices of the curlers. The era of covered rinks commenced with the erection in 1873 of the rink on Adelaide Street, a little to the west of John Street, under the auspices of the Toronto club, now housed at the Victoria rink on Huron Street. The Caledonian, on Mutual Street, followed, then the Granites on Church Street and later the Victorias on the disappearance of the Adelaide Street rink. Prior to the erection of the last-named there was a rough-covered board rink at Scarboro, but it bore as much resemblance to the handsome social quarters of to-day as a hovel to a palace.

While there are older clubs in Ontario than the Lindsay club, with its 125 members, it is doubtful if there are any which have been more successful, or, thanks largely to the generosity and enthusiasm of the treasurer, Mr. J. D. Flavelle, have travelled more abroad. Having this state of affairs in mind I wrote to Mr. Flavelle, who sending a very kind letter in reply, said he had referred the matter to the secretary, Mr. J. C. Harstone, who most courteously supplied me with the details which follow. The Lindsay Curling Club, organised in 1876, has now on the roll of active members only two players (Mr. Wm. Needler and Mr. J. D. Flavelle) who joined the club at the date of its organisation. The club came first in prominence in the year 1883, when Lindsay rinks won the first prize at the Montreal Ice Carnival. In 1889 the Manitoba Branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club inaugurated the annual bonspiel. Mr. Flavelle attended this bonspiel with a rink of Lindsay curlers and though not successful in landing any of the big trophies, he was so impressed with the true sportsman spirit of the western curler that he has been led to make the same trip on ten different occasions since. On his third visit in 1891 he won the International Trophy and the Royal Caledonian Cup. The following season saw him back in Winnipeg and he came home with the Grand Challenge Cup, the "blue ribbon" of the 'spiel. After a rest of seven years, during which time the club had been active in Ontario curling circles, winning the Ontario



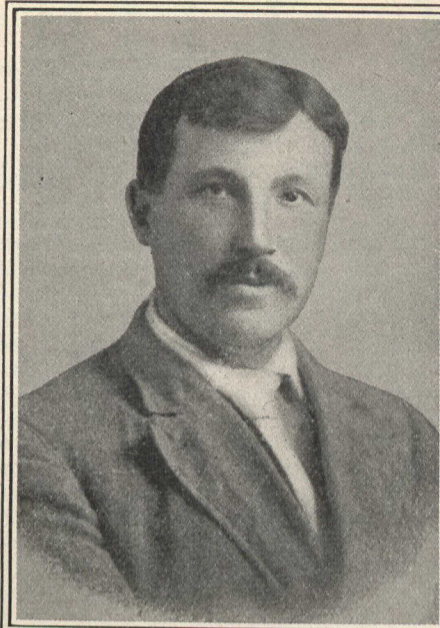
Out-door Curling—Though most of Canada's Curling is done in-doors, occasionally matches are held in the open.—This particular picture was taken at Grenadier Pond, Toronto.



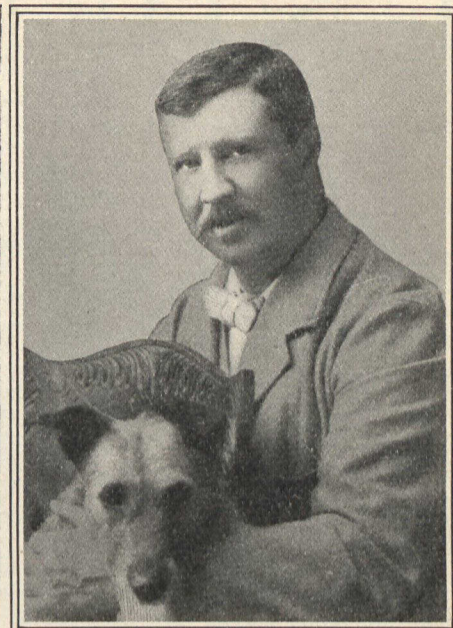
Prof. W. C. Murray, Secretary, Maritime Province Branch of Royal Caledonian Curling Club.



Lieut.-Col. James Walker, Founder Alberta Branch, R.C.C.C.



Judge P. E. Wilson, President of the British Columbia Curling Association, 1907.



Mr. J. S. C. Fraser, of Rossland, an ex-President of the British Columbia Curling Association.

Tankard in 1897 and again in 1898, also the Governor-General's Cup both of these years, together with a number of other cups won at different curling centres in Ontario. Mr. Flavelle again took a rink with him to the Winnipeg bonspiel. During this visit the rink had an exciting experience, as they were guests at the Hotel Manitoba the night that it was destroyed by fire. In the year 1902 the Lindsay rink won at Winnipeg the International Trophy and the Galt Cup, and in this province the Ontario Tankard was won by Lindsay curlers. In 1903 Mr. Flavelle took a Lindsay rink to Winnipeg and as this was the year of the visit of the Scotch curlers to Canada he had the pleasure of journeying with them from Toronto to Winnipeg. This year the Flavelle rink won first prize for grand aggregate. In the season of 1905, the Flavelle rink won the fourth place at the Winnipeg 'spiel for the grand aggregate and the Dolge trophy. In this year the Lindsay club had two rinks present at the Winnipeg gathering. The second rink, skipped by Mr. L. V. O'Connor, made a creditable showing. Last year Mr. Flavelle visited the Winnipeg bonspiel, but though the average of wins and losses was good, none of the big trophies were won. The record of the Lindsay club would not be complete without some reference to the other games of the club. It has been mentioned that the club won the Ontario Tankard in 1897, 1898 and 1902, and for the fourth time this Tankard was won in 1905, while Governor-General's cups have been won at Ottawa in 1884, 1887 and 1889.

As little is known in these parts about curling in the Maritime Provinces, I wrote on the advice primarily of Mr. J. A. McFadden, the courteous and always obliging secretary of the Ontario Association, and secondarily on a suggestion from Mr. J. A. Craig, president of the Nova Scotia branch of the R.C.C.C., to the secretary, Prof. W. C. Murray, of Dalhousie College, who was kind enough to furnish complete details of curling progress down by the sea. To a distinguished naval officer, Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Houston) Stewart, Halifax, and consequently Nova Scotia, owes its first introduction to curling. In 1825 Captain Stewart induced a number of army officers and some ardent citizens of Scottish descent to form a curling club. For a few years curling flourished and then with the departure of the Scottish officers it disappeared for a time. Towards the middle of the last century it revived and waxed mightily. In 1851 the Royal Club in Scotland sanctioned the formation of a Nova Scotia branch. This was organised the next year and clubs in Pictou, New Glasgow, Antigonish, Dartmouth and Halifax became members. For fifteen years the branch kept the clubs together and proved a useful medium between the curlers in the old land and the new. In 1886 a Maritime Association arose in the place of the branch which had become dormant. For a few years the association held annual bonspiels. Uncertain weather coupled with long distances made the bonspiel a dubious joy. With the bonspiels disappeared the association. The visit of the Scottish curlers led to the revival of the old Nova Scotia branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club. Already the branch has brought nearly every active club in the province within the fold. The branch offers two trophies, the Johnson Cup and the Junior Cup. The latter is open to junior players only. Medals for competition at points are offered

to the different clubs in the branch. The interest in curling is keen and several new clubs have been organised within the last few years.

Nova Scotia curlers have had few opportunities to test their skill with curlers outside the Maritime Provinces. Yet in the days when the Marquis of Lorne was Governor-General they gave a good account of themselves abroad. In 1881 the Governor-General offered a valuable trophy to popularise the points game. Each club in the Dominion had the privilege of entering eight men in the first stage of the competition. The two clubs making the highest scores (for the eight) at points played off at Ottawa for the trophy. In each of the six years of the competition Nova Scotia was in the finals and in five of the six years the trophy went seaward. 1881, New Glasgow defeated Toronto; 1882, New Glasgow defeated Hamilton; 1883, New Glasgow defeated Halifax; 1884, New Glasgow defeated Halifax; 1885, Lindsay defeated Halifax; 1886, Truro defeated Lindsay. The recent points competitions of the branch have resulted: 1904, Halifax 41; 1905, New Glasgow 49; 1906, New Glasgow 50; 1907, New Glasgow 49. The MacLellan Cup has for a number of years been the great inter-provincial trophy. For several years the Truro club was the undefeated champion, but last season the Thistles of St. John succeeded in capturing the prize. The Johnson Cup, presented to the branch by Mr. J. A. Johnson, has hitherto shown a tendency to alight among the trophies of the Truro or New Glasgow clubs, but has never been quite certain as to which it intended to favour. The Bluenose Club of New Glasgow last year succeeded in persuading it to honour them. The Junior Cup has shown a preference for Halifax and Antigonish. Last winter a successful bonspiel was held in Amherst. The grand prize went to a rink from the small and comparatively young club at Hampton, N.B. In the other competitions the Amherst rinks made an excellent showing.

Curling has made great advances in Nova Scotia within the last ten years. Not only has the number of clubs increased, but better rinks have been built, better stones are used and greater numbers have turned to curling. It is still a question whether the crack curlers of other days—the famous fighting rinks of Truro under the leadership of Mr. H. C. Blair or the New Glasgow or Halifax combinations—have their equals to-day in Nova Scotia or in the Maritime Provinces. Yet the wonderful successes of the St. John, N.B., Thistles with the great fighting combinations of Malcolms and Shaws seem to shake the faith of those who think only of the glorious days of old. The Thistles have shown themselves experts in the driving as well as the drawing game. The older game was a draw game, first, last and all the time. It is possible that the better ice makes the drawing game more certain. In knowledge, in generalship as well as in skill, Mr. H. C. Blair stands unrivalled among the curlers of the last twenty-five years, and to this day the Truro Club has not lost the beneficial effects of his work among them. The most notable improvement in recent times has been in the character of the stones. Nova Scotia ice is subject to sudden and great changes of temperature. Irons are out of the question. The cupping of the granites must be suitable for all conditions of ice. At present the most popular stone has a raised sole. It is claimed that this frees the

stone from many of the dangers of straws, particles of dirt and other obstructions on the ice. It also seems to keep the stone more true to its course and to make it less susceptible to moisture on the ice. Another innovation of less popularity is the "T" handle. Old curlers prefer the "goose-neck" handle, but the young curlers find the "T" handles helpful in preventing the "round arm" delivery and in securing greater delicacy in delivery.

This article has run to such great length that I shall have to ask the editor to allow me to deal with curling in New Brunswick, Manitoba and the Northwest at some future time.

California and the Asiatics.

By Harold Sands.

CALIFORNIA, of course, is just as much interested in the Asiatic labour question as is British Columbia. The year before last fruit growers and farmers of Nelson, B.C., adopted a resolution favouring the admittance, without paying poll tax, of a limited number of Chinese who could work in the fields. The farmers of Northern California recently sent a memorial to Congress advocating a similar move on this side of the line. The big newspapers in San Francisco opposed the movement and in pelting the farmers they used more epithets in a day than the strongest anti-Asiatic newspaper in Vancouver would get rid of in a week. While I have hitherto written strongly in favour of the regulation of immigration from across the Pacific, I believe in giving both sides of the case. Therefore the "Courier" may be interested in the opinion of a sane and conservative editor of a well-known California agricultural paper. He said:

"Everybody is against the further encouragement of Japanese labour. No one has yet denied the superiority of the Chinese for the common work of fruit farm and vineyard, and with one accord every man admits that the American will not do the menial, stooping work of cultivating and harvesting many of the dominant crops of the State.

"I believe the following facts are admitted on every hand: The shortage of lower-class labour has caused the introduction of Greeks, Hindus, Mexican peons and to some extent of Southern Europeans, a majority of whom are degraded physically and morally; meetings have been held to protest against further influx from these sources; there is no solution of the farmers' stress in sight except the introduction of sober, honest, industrious Chinese; the white labour offering spasmodically for the fruit growers' work is unreliable, scant and generally inefficient; the conditions of labour are now altogether different from those prevailing when Coxe's men marched eastward.

"All agree that further Asiatic or other immigration is not the ideal solution of this vexatious and paramount problem. Ideally there should be little villages of American labourers in every raisin, wine and sugar-beet district. . . . But many circumstances conspire against the farmer in his efforts to improve the labour problem by the employment of his own race. There seems to be no solution upon a better basis than the introduction of Chinese. The man who solves this burning question will be great indeed."

UNDER THE TAMARIND

A Story of Oriental Vengeance.

By W. A. FRASER, author of "Thoroughbreds," "The Lone Furrow," etc.

THE big bronze gong had just boomed out in slow, droning tones the hour before midnight. The damp Burmese night lay heavy on the land; white, ghost-like fog-forms were stealing up the banks from the Irriwaddi River below, and spreading themselves over the tree-shrouded, sleep-silenced town of Theyetmyo.

Just beyond the red, burnt-clay road that skirted the top of the high river bank were the barracks.

Private Hutch had come to the end of his post, and was leaning on his rifle, staring out over the waste of rushing water; the rains were on up in the Yomas, and the mighty river had spread out over its miles of gravel-studded bed, until the farther side was lost in the grey wall of the slow-rising fog.

Suddenly he swung his rifle to the port, and called out in sharp, clear tones: "Who goes there?"

His quick ear had caught the sound of swift-moving feet, and it was no time to be caught napping for there were *dacoits* about. He fancied that a faint scream had come to him a few minutes before, pushing its way through the heavy, smothering night.

"A friend!" answered the familiar voice of his companion, the sentry who was on duty at the other end of the post.

"Is that you, Peter? An' what's hup with yer?"

"A dahm ghost, Hutch. The wife av the Divil is cavortin' about the big tree down ferninst my post." And Peter looked it; the ghost was in his face, which was drawn like unto the face of death; it was in his eyes, which gleamed with overmuch white in the fitful moonlight; and it was the ghost tugging at his fingers that made him fumble like an imbecile nervously at the guard of his rifle.

"Ghost be blowed!" said Hutch, with fine scorn in his voice. "Yer've been lushin' it too much down th' Canteen, or yer've tuk on a jag of that bazaar stuff—it'll kill hany man, that will."

"No, mate," answered Peter, in a subdued tone, "I saw it right enough. I was standin' under the big tamarind tree that grows just there be the Dak Bungalow, whin I hears a quare wailin', as though some one was chokin' to death. Sure I was dozin' a bit, I won't deny. I looks round quick, an' there, lyin' be the tree with a divil chokin' him, was meself. I'll not go back on that post agin."

"Stay ye 'ere," says Hutch, "an' I'll go down an' hintervoo th' bloomin' ghost."

Hutch marched down to Peter Doane's beat, leaving Peter to guard his. At first he stepped out boldly; but when the wall of damp fog-gloom had come between him and his mate and blotted out all there was of life in the depressing night air, he went more gingerly. "I don't wonder at Peter feelin' scary down 'ere," he muttered, "fer it's a blawsted 'ole, sure ernuff."

Here and there he poked about, looking into all the corners and shadowy places there were; but there was nothing to be seen.

Then he let his shoulder rest against the big tamarind lazily for a minute. How still the night was! Not a sound; only the gurgle of the water under the bank as it swirled in brown coffee-coloured eddies, and sucked the yellow clay into its rushing tide.

"That's the bloomin' chokin' noise 'e 'eerd," muttered Hutch, shifting from one leg to the other.

As he did so he got a start that brought him to attention and sent queer, creepy tightenings up and down the back of his scalp. It was a wailing sigh at his elbow. He listened breathlessly, holding his rifle at the "ready." There was the same deathly silence as before; only that strange gurgling just over the bank as though somebody were being throttled.

"May I be blowed!" he ejaculated in an uncertain whisper; this by way of reassuring himself, and to hear the sound of a voice, even though it were his own. The tension of listening in that eerie atmosphere was trying to the nerves of even unbelieving Private Hutch.

Again the wail struck on his ear. He could locate it this time; it was just above his head, up in the tree.

The tense muscles of his face relaxed in a broad grin of relief. It seemed a waste of energy to smile in the sombre gloom, but Hutch could not help it. His scalp settled back to its normal condition, his limbs assumed their old suppleness, and he brought the butt of his gun

down on the brick-red earth with a slang, as he cocked his eye up at the deeper gloom of sleeping foliage.

"So that's yer ghost, Mister Peter—a bloomin' cat! Come down hout o' that, ye blawsted heathen, and he felt around on the ground for a chance stone. A stone is the handiest argument for a cat.

After he had fired a volley of loose missiles into the deep mass of leaves and brought forth nothing, he marched back to his post and regaled Peter with a generous outpouring of ribald jest.

"Get away down to yer post quick, fer the relief 'll be 'ere in hanother ten minutes," he said, "an' it'll not do fer them to find ye 'ere talkin' along o' me."

The next day as the soldiers were sitting about in barracks waiting for the daily sixpence, Hutch took Private McGinnis to one side and said: "Would yer like to 'ave a arf-pint along o' me? Yer look dry as one o' them injy-rubber-skinned helephants hout there be the gun carriage. Yer jus' slip hup be'ind Big Peter, a-standin' hover there be the table, pinch 'im hin the leg, an' go 'n meow! hin 'is hear; blowed if I don't stan' yer a 'arf-pint."

McGinnis would have charged a battery at any time with the prospect of beer on the other side; so, no sooner had Hutch made this flattering proposal, than he proceeded to earn the "'arf-pint."

Peter thought somebody had stabbed him with a bayonet when McGinnis grabbed him with the forefinger and thumb by the leg; but when a demoniac "Meow!" was screeched into his ear as he faced about, his ire rose, and seizing his mocker by the neck and his good strong khaki breeches he hurled him over his head. McGinnis fell with a crash on the hard teak-wood floor.

"That'll t'ach ye ter mind yer own business!" he growled as he went out on to the verandah.

"Ye see, Peter got frit las' night down on 'is post," explained Hutch, to the others—"eerd a cat, an' tuk it fer a ghost, an' McGinnis 'ere was a charfin' 'im habout it."

The others gathered the fallen man up. Big Peter had given him a terrible fall, but he grinned gamely.



"Seizing his mocker by the neck and his good strong khaki breeches, he hurled him over his head."

"I think I've ained that drink, Hutch," he said, with a plaintive attempt at good humour, "but I'm blowed if ye'd ever git me to say meow to Peter agin."

So they hobbled off to the canteen and had the "'arf-pint"; and another on top of it, "Just t' 'elp the bones," Hutch said.

But that night McGinnis was in hospital, and the next, and for many after that; and when he left it was feet first, as they carried him to the beat of muffled drums.

On the night following the burial of McGinnis, Peter was getting back to barracks from an outing down in the bazaar, for he was off sentry duty for four days. As he came by the big tamarind tree he saw a grim cortege pass up the road that skirts the bank of the river, and disappear over the high ground beyond—beyond that was the burial-ground.

Hutch was the only one he told this to, and the latter looked at him queerly when he heard it. Nothing had passed up the road on that night, except three drunken Madrassies from the crew of the big river steamer; Hutch knew that, for he had been on the upper post himself.

"It's 'ome yer ought ter be, Peter," he said; "this blawsted climate is takin' the nerve hout o' yer."

But there was a look of haunted weariness in Peter's eyes which was not of the climate, nor yet of the straining for a glimpse of the emerald clad hills beyond the sea.

Ever since the time he had gone hurriedly up to Hutch's post, the look had been coming there, and the nervous restlessness had been growing on him.

"Look here, mate," he said, turning sullenly on Hutch, "it's not the cursed country, though that's bad enough, faith knows; it's somethin' else—somethin' ye don't know anythin' about, or ye wouldn't gabble like a muddle-headed goat. But I'll tell it to ye, for it'll ease me mind, an' p'raps then ye'll hold yer awkward English tongue. I must talk to somebody about it," he added despairingly, "for the drink nor nothin' drives it from me mind—lushin' only makes it worse.

"There's niver a night that I go on me post but I see her eyes starin' at me. If McGinnis was alive I'd niver minton it, for it was all his fault anyway; an' to think that he died by my hand, though he desarved it, God knows. I'll have a drink first, an' ye'll pledge me in the beer to kape it to yerself.

"It was at the sack of Mandalay last year. McGinnis an' me was in the same company then as we was here, an', as ye know, whin the ould fort was tuk we spread all over the place like hungry blue-bottles after a piece of fresh beef in hot weather, an' plenty of lootin' was done before the Colonel got us in hand agin.

"McGinnis an' me went tearin' about lookin' for some of the big rubies an' pearls we'd heard was stored about there be the bushel. The first place that we stormed was a shanty that every true soldier would 'ave made for. It was a liquor shop kept by a Rajah of a Burman. We frightened the life out av him, an' p'raps more'n that, fer McGinnis was a divil whin he got started. When the man in charge, the Burman Rajah, was settled with, I axed McGinnis if he'd have a champagne cocktail to sharpen up his appetite fer the jools that we felt shure was hid away up in the bungalow, lookin' fer all the world like a hen-coop. We drank bottles av it, fer it was cheap—to be had just fer the pullin' of a cork.

"Thin we wint up the funny old wooden heathen stairs they have, to look fer the jools, our guns bangin' the steps, an' makin' a fearful noise.

"Whin we got to the top the wimen screamed, an' McGinnis grabbed one of them. I r'ached fer the other, but the champagne made me a bit slow, an' she got away; but the ould mother, too ould to run away, lay there an' saw it all.

"Then the curse av me life came upon me, fer, mad with the dhrink, an' because the girl wouldn't show us where the jools was, McGinnis tuk her be the throat an' choked her. An' whin he let go, an' she fell back on the bamboo mat, she was dead. Drunk as we was, we saw that, fer the marks av his big brutal

fingers was on her small throat, an' she was dead—dead as McGinnis is now.

"An' thin the ould woman, with the divil shinin' from her eyes, raised herself up on the mat-covered bed where she'd been lyin', an' cursed us in her Pagan tongue, an' held out her long, skinny hand like a bird's claw, an' clutched the air as though she'd took us be the throat. It was awful. I felt meself chokin' in the room, with the glassy eyes of the dead girl starin' up at us, an' the curses av the ould hag ringin' in our ears. The dhrink had turned McGinnis to a divil, an' he'd have brained the mother with his gun, but I threw him down the stairs an' nearly broke his neck, murderer that he was.

"An' that's what I see now, Hutch, the dead girl starin' at me from every bush an' every corner; an' whin I rush after her, sometimes, whin I'm on the post, she vanishes up the road. An' the night you come down she was there, an' turned into the cat ye heard.

"What else was it made McGinnis meow into my ear with *her* voice, an' made me hurl him to his death, but the banshee? It was not my doin', the murder; but I might have stopped him."

Peter sat silent and moody for a time, and neither of them spoke.

"Come an' ave a pint," at last said Hutch. "Yer must drop this bloomin' rot. Yer don't see no ghost—it's yer conscience a-prickin' of yer, that's hall."

Peter had the pint, but it lifted no load from his mind; that had come to stay.

On the seventh night from the day McGinnis was buried, the relief going the rounds found Private Peter Doane dead on his post. He was stone dead, and in the eyes the haunted look had grown deeper and deeper until it was horrible.

There were the marks of slender fingers upon his throat as though he had been choked to death by a woman's hand. But that was impossible; Peter was a giant, and no woman in all that land could have hurt him, even, with her slender fingers.

What Hutch knew he kept to himself. "Let the dead lie, that's my motto," he said. "Hit won't do him no good to tell hit, fer 'e's gone now hanyway."

"A devilish queer woman scrape," the Captain called it. Of course, the general impression was that half-a-dozen of them had managed it somehow on poor Peter. The sentry was doubled at this point for a few nights, but as nothing further hap-

pened things soon ran back into their old course again.

McGinnis had a double in the regiment, Private Armstrong, as like him in appearance as one pea is to another; but that was all—like him in appearance only. He was as good as the other had been bad.

Peter was dead two weeks the night Armstrong was on the same post. The night air was rustling among the closed tamarind leaves overhead, the moonlight breaking through the branches and lighting up the road in fitful patches. A pariah dog was howling mournfully down in the native village. Far out on the gliding waters of the river a belated native boat was darting past; the range guttural song of the boatmen came brokenly up the steep bank.

Suddenly a woman's scream cut through the droning song like a sharp knife; it came from down the road. A female figure rushed toward the sentry in the moonlight, and threw herself at his feet.

"Oh, Sahib, I am afraid; an evil spirit frightened me," she said.

"Perhaps it's the ghost," thought Armstrong. He lifted her up; she was trembling. With native versatility she explained that she'd been frightened by a spirit with three immense heads—a dragon-headed *nat*.

"What's your name?" asked Armstrong.

"Me-mah," answered the frightened woman.

Armstrong started. Surely the moonlight had played him a trick, or else his ears—which was it? He looked again at the face, closely, sharply; it was certainly old; but the voice was young—only a girl's. It was a trifling thing, but it put him on his guard. A sentry takes nothing for granted—it's too dangerous.

"You've got a soft voice, my Judy," he thought, "but the very fiend's in your eye."

It was true. There was a mad fury not at all like fright in the big, dark eyes of the girl. "It's murder, if I ever saw it," said Armstrong to himself.

Unconsciously it made him think of poor Peter's strange death, and the finger marks on his throat.

"You are frightened, Me-mah," he said. "Sit here under the tree. Somebody will come up the road, and you can go along with them."

She obeyed eagerly—too eagerly, he thought, but it did not matter; he could take care of himself, now that he was on his guard.

"How you tremble," said Armstrong. "A little brandy would steady your nerves if I had it."

"I have some, *Thakine*," answered Me-mah, taking a flask from the closed paper umbrella which she carried under her arm. "Will the *Thakine* take some from Me-mah, whom he has befriended? Me-mah was taking it home to her brother, who is a writer."

The voice was low and sweet, but Armstrong felt as though a cobra had blown its breath upon him. He took the flask and put it to his lips; the liquor ran down his throat, but on the outside. It was dark under the tamarind, and Me-mah's furtive eyes saw only that much had gone out of the flask.

The cold liquor on the inside of the khaki jacket caused him to shudder involuntarily.

"Is it not good, *Thakine*?" asked the soft voice.

"It burns!" answered Armstrong laconically. "You had better take some," he added, "to steady your nerves."

She put the flask to her lips. "That's a dry drink," thought the soldier. She held it there too long, the feint was too evident.

"I'm so sleepy," said Armstrong drowsily, stretching his arms. "I think you had better go—" but he lurched heavily forward before he had finished the sentence, and rolled over on his back; there he lay as one dead.

Me-mah sat silent for a moment, then rose, and coming cautiously over, with a cat-like movement, peered into his eyes, bringing her face down close to his.

His eyes were closed—there was no sign of life in the face. A small slender hand stole out from under the silken shawl which hung about the shoulders, and the fingers fastened upon his throat like the talons of a bird of prey. They were like steel in their intense strength, but a wrench from the sentry's powerful hand tore them away from his throat.

Me-mah was a prisoner, and Armstrong knew that he had caught the murderer of Private Peter Doane.

To the Colonel next day she told her story simply enough; and it was a queer tale of revenge.

It was she who had escaped from Peter's drunken grasp at Mandalay.

She promised the old mother to have revenge for the murder of her sister. Peter Doane had taken the drugged liquor, and the rest was easy enough. She did not know of McGinnis' death, and had taken Armstrong for the slayer of her sister.

Me-mah is now a life prisoner on the Andamans.

THE PASSING OF THE "TIMES."

By H. LINTON ECCLES.

MANY people rubbed their eyes as they read their newspapers over the breakfast-table on the morning of January 7. The action was not the outcome of sleepy-headedness, nor was it due to the announcement of some such natural phenomenon as, say, the Thames being frozen over within the London area. But the item that caused the manifestation of surprise was startling enough in all conscience. The "Times" had changed hands! The old "Thunderer," that had dictated policies of state, that had held the balance between peace and war, that had made and unmade Cabinets, was to pass out of the control of the Walter family, which had made it what it was. To pass into whose hands? Why, one of the most advanced of the younger school of the new journalism. Perhaps, after all, it did appear to be a phenomenon to those who had come to look upon the "Times" through every troubled phase of its recent existence, as nevertheless being stable as the Palace of Westminster itself.

The "Times" newspaper is more than a powerful organ of the Press; it is as much an English institution as Parliament, roast beef or football. As a newspaper alone, it is looked upon as the greatest in the world. No wonder, then, that the news that the control of the paper had passed into the hands of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson came as a shock to the British public generally. As Mr. W. T. Stead said when he learnt of it: "To hear about the 'Times' being sold depresses us as would the report that the Crown jewels had been pawned, or that Windsor Castle had been let for a first-class hotel."

And when the first shock had passed, people naturally began to ask, why was the change made, and what will be the effect of it upon the traditional character and position of the "Times"? To meet the new situation, it is interesting to consider the career of Mr. Pearson, in whose hands the destinies of the "Times" now lie.

Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson is the son of a country clergyman, and was born near Wells, Somersetshire,



Mr. C. Arthur Pearson.

in February, 1866, so that he is only now in his forty-second year. If ever anyone takes up the pen of Dr. Smiles to write another "Self-Help," a special chapter will have to be devoted to Mr. Pearson, whose career, in some respects, at least, has been a romance after Dr. Smiles' heart. Mr. Pearson is credited by all who know him—and by many more who have reason to feel his influence—with amazing self-confidence, amounting sometimes almost to recklessness.

His first chance in life came to him at the age of eighteen, when he was adjudged the winner of a novel competition run by "Tit-Bits," the popular "snappy" weekly upon which Sir George Newnes, M.P., founded his fortune. "Tit-Bits" offered, as a prize for the best answers to an examination paper, a position in its office, carrying a salary of ten dollars per week.

Mr. Newnes, as he then was, soon found that he had discovered a journalistic nugget, and a bright one at that. Young Pearson had not been with "Tit-Bits" twelve months before, an opportunity arising, he put in an application for the management of the paper. Sir George Newnes admits that the audacity of the application almost took his breath away. But, instead of treating the affair as a joke, he had a long talk with his enterprising young clerk, which resulted in Pearson being made manager of the paper at the mature age of nineteen!

He justified the confidence placed in him, kept his place for four years, and then left Sir George Newnes to start a similar venture on his own account—with borrowed capital. "Pearson's Weekly," as he called it, caught on with the public after a time, its circulation jumping up as the result of a succession of the popular competitions which are even now so prominent a feature in that and similar publications. So we see that young Pearson owed his two big first successes in life to this rather uncertain way of making money; first, his place

under Sir George Newnes, a master journalist; and, secondly, the financial security of "Pearson's Weekly."

"Nothing succeeds like success" is a trite enough saying, but such instances as that of Mr. C. A. Pearson have helped to make it so. He had an excellent model to work upon in Sir George Newnes, and many of the latter's big journalistic ventures have been duplicated by his one-time junior clerk. The "Strand Magazine," for instance, has its counterpart in "Pearson's Magazine," just as "Tit-Bits" has in "Pearson's Weekly." And there are plenty of other comparisons between the output of the two big publishing houses.

Mr. Pearson, besides keeping his business eye on the publications of the Newnes firm, has always been mindful of the doings of the Harmsworth group. The "Daily Mail" was practically the herald of the halfpenny press in England, and Mr. Pearson soon followed it with his "Daily Express," on the same lines. Then he founded the "North Mail" in New-

castle-on-Tyne, and bought and remodelled the "Gazette and Express" in Birmingham. His next conquests were the London "Standard," the "Evening Standard," and the "St. James's Gazette,"—the two latter were afterwards amalgamated, with successful results—and now he has "capped" all his previous performances by securing the managerial control of the "Times."

Mr. Pearson is a vice-president of the Tariff Reform League, and was vice-chairman of the Tariff Commission, in which capacities, with his several papers to back him up, he has become one of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's chief henchmen. Mr. Chamberlain well knows the value of Mr. Pearson, and has paid him the high tribute of being "the greatest hustler I have ever known."

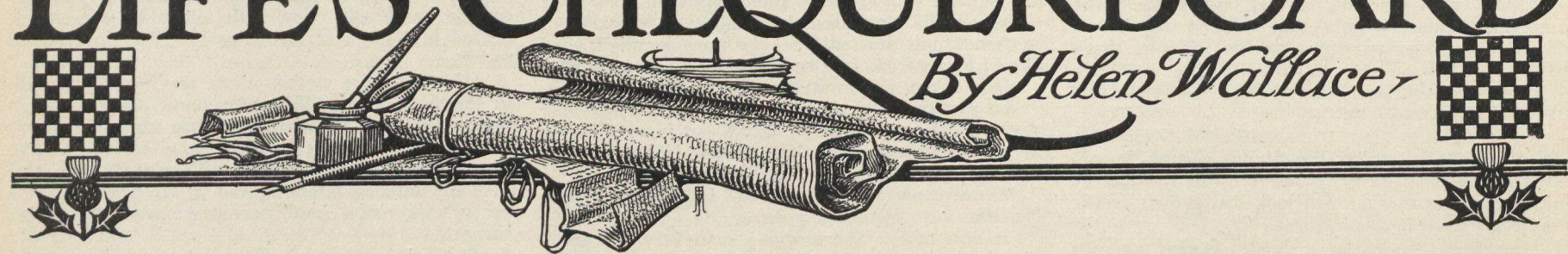
It has been stated that, in obtaining control of the "Times," Mr. Pearson was acting for a party of wealthy Tariff Reformers, but this statement Mr. Pearson will not admit. Colour was lent to the rumour by the announcement that Sir Alexander

Henderson, who is a large holder of shares in the "Standard" group of papers, is also financially interested in this new move of Mr. Pearson's. Sir Alexander Henderson is also a prominent Tariff Reformer, and was, like Mr. Pearson, a member of the Tariff Commission. Following Mr. Pearson again, Sir Alexander is an entirely self-made man. He is an exceptionally able business "head," and, as chairman of the Great Central Railway, has had a great deal to say in the making of that company's reputation as one of the greatest and most progressive of the English railroads.

At present, it is understood, Mr. Pearson is going to confine his attention to reorganising the business side of the "Times." He has plenty of ideas of his own, and, what is more, abundant energy and ability to carry them through. Exactly how much he will have to do with changing the character and policy of the "Times" remains to be seen.

LIFE'S CHEQUERBOARD

By Helen Wallace



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

ready to conclude that, having got her wish, she would be satisfied, though experience might have taught him the direct contrary. He had all the business of a great estate to learn anew, and though he set himself to his task with dogged determination, he was acutely conscious of his inexperience and the mistakes into which at times it betrayed him.

But Alys had no interests or resources of her own, and she perversely refused to widen her outlook or to seek distraction or occupation in the pursuits of others. In her empty hours she had but too much time to brood over her grievances, and in the congenial soil of fretful, self-absorbed idleness the seeds of doubt and suspicion soon germinate and spring to a giant growth. With them there rose up a hard anger, a determination to assert herself and somehow to make her presence felt. She would no longer sit silent as she had done at Wedderburne; she would glide about like a shadow on sufferance no longer. "The role of the modest violet is played out long ago—sit in a corner and you'll be left there." So her father used to say, and he was quite right. She was a fool to have let herself be thus thrust aside. She would begin at once.

Next day Mr. Dalmahoy came from Edinburgh on some business which occupied him and his fellow trustees so long that they stayed for dinner. Dr. Campbell, the minister of the old cathedral kirk, and his wife had been added to the party, which was the largest which had assembled at Strode since what good Mrs. Campbell had already irritated Alys by always referring to as "the bereavement." The party had been waiting for some time with that growing sense of injury which a delayed dinner always arouses, when Alys at last entered the drawing-room with no further apology than a careless "So sorry to have kept you waiting."

Her entrance attracted all the attention she could have desired. The effect of her white gown, with its black velvet shoulder-straps, was audacious in the extreme. Her copper-hued air—and now Adrian recognised the change which had puzzled him for some time—no longer demurely framed her face, but was swept up to the top of her head in flamboyant waves, above which was poised a huge butterfly with outspread wings of glittering jet.

Adrian regarded her in dumb wonder, while the others accorded her a glance of astonishment before hastily pairing off together to the dining-room.

The party was not a very lively one, in spite of Alys's high-pitched chatter to Sir Neil, who did not respond over-graciously, since he felt himself rather injured by being paired with Mrs. Adrian instead of Miss Home. Lord Palmont considered that the chief business of dinner was to dine, and devoted himself to the menu. Adrian could indulge his pre-occupation, as Mrs. Campbell, who was fond of recalling that she had known him in short frocks, required only an occasional "Yes" or "No" to keep the stream of reminiscences or kindly gossip flowing. He was tired and jarred after the long meeting of

the afternoon, and now there was added the pain and perplexity with which he listened to his wife's would-be easy talk, which only succeeded in being flippant.

What had come to the child—was this Alys, who, amid the riot of tongues at Halcyon Villa, had always seemed so retiring and gentle? He seemed to be seeing his wife to-night with other eyes—as if she were a stranger. Was it merely the effect of her new environment which might well affect an excitable nature, or was it those very surroundings, so homely and familiar to himself, which had at last forced him to see his wife in a new light, as a different background may throw the foreground out of perspective and destroy all harmony of colouring.

To Mr. Dalmahoy, the memories of the last evening he had dined at Strode with his old friend were keenly present. Again he seemed to see the crimson stain spreading upon the white damask, and the tall, thin figure standing in the window and gazing out into the night.

Poor Rich, if he could but have waited. Truly the pair seemed made for each other, glancing from Lesley, talking to Dr. Campbell with serene, easy grace, to Adrian's fine, dark face at the other end of the table, for, by his cousin's wish, he took the place of host. If Richard could but have had patience, sighed Mr. Dalmahoy again, the lad need never have taken up with this "flibbertigibbet," glancing round with distaste at Alys's slim, uncovered shoulders and the towering masses of her hair. Eyes, lips, hands, arms, and those slight shoulders were all employed in grimace and gesticulation while perforce she held Sir Neil's attention.

"She's come out of her shell with a vengeance since her first Lydia Languish appearance," he thought in secret wonder, recalling the pathetic apparition of the library. "I wonder how our friends here like it, and, above all, Master Adrian. Marriage is a queer affair, but I shouldn't have thought this little carrot-headed minx would have been his fancy."

"Ah, you are thinking so, too," said Alys's light, high voice at his side. Mr. Dalmahoy turned to find the grey eyes fixed on him with an expression which he could not read. Sir Neil had wrenched himself free, and had plunged boldly into Lesley's talk with Dr. Campbell.

"Thinking what?" the lawyer asked blankly.

"It was in this room Mr. Skene died—you were with him," she glanced with a slight shiver round the glossy, glowing walls. "If he could see us all here to-night, don't you think it might seem to him that his wish had been fulfilled?" With an odd laugh, she in her turn looked from Adrian to Lesley. "He must have set his heart very much on it to have been so keen about it. I sometimes wonder how Adrian had the courage to stand out against him. Perhaps he wouldn't do so now," she added musingly, again voicing Mr. Dalmahoy's thoughts, while he sat silent, too surprised to speak.

He looked at the "flibbertigibbet" now with a



WHAT would they be doing at home just now? To her amazement she found herself recalling with longing the scrambling teas at Halcyon Villa, where one burned one's face as well as the bread trying to make toast at the drawing-room fire, and then the rush to get dressed for the theatre for which somebody had given

Dad tickets, and perhaps there would be a supper afterwards. Dust, dilapidation, selfish exactions were alike hidden for the moment by the merciful haze of memory, which threw a roseate veil even over Mostyn Mansions. If she could be happy there, how much happier she might have been here if—if she were not left so much alone—and bitter brooding would find its climax in a burst of angry tears. Her plight was no uncommon one, she had got her desire, but with it leanness had entered into her soul.

Adrian Skene, whatever Alys might think, was far from indifferent to his wife's comfort and pleasure, but since he had himself no time to be dull, he had, man-like, accepted at their face value her assurances that she could not and would not be dull at Strode. In spite of occasional doubts he was

gentler eye. The limpid eyes were wistful, but the pale face under that preposterous, poisoning butterfly was hard and strained. Under her pert manner and her absurd dress his keen perceptions divined a spirit in straits, but the situation was developing too fast, and from the side from which danger was most to be dreaded. If Lesley, in her own impulsive generosity, had forged a dart for her own bosom, she would carry her wound with a high head and a still face, and so would Adrian. They were Skenes, both of them, but who knew what this undisciplined young creature might do?

"My dear young lady," he said, "what we've got to concern ourselves with in this world is—what *is*; I don't believe much in might have beens. That at the time so and so didn't happen is usually pretty plain proof that it couldn't have happened, whatever we may fancy afterwards, and I wonder"—smiling—"who has better reason than yourself to know why Adrian's courage did hold out. As for my poor old friend, he had a sad life of it, and the idea had become to him like a sick man's fancy. At the last there was neither rhyme nor reason in it."

"But you said that at the last he seemed to be thinking more kindly of Adrian, and not for the first time—so at least I have been told," said Alys, passing from the personal note, which relieved though it did not altogether reassure her hearer.

"I did say so, and I believe it's true, if it's any pleasure to Adrian to know that the grudge wasn't carried to the grave, but it's ill for a man like Richard Skene to go back on his word. If he had had more time, who knows—but"—shaking his head—"here again it's a case of 'what is.'"

"But you don't suppose that he might have perhaps put down his wishes—written something—but, since he was such a proud man, not have cared to tell anyone?" suggested Alys.

Mr. Dalmahoy laughed indulgently.

"No, no; these are the things that happen in story-books, though there was nothing to hinder him doing it, for in Scots law if a man writes his will in his own hand and signs it, he doesn't need witnesses, but 'every man his own lawyer' is as dangerous as 'every man his own doctor,' and more so, maybe, for the mischief spreads further. If there had been anything of the kind, we should have found it long before now, and no one would be more pleased than I, unless Miss Lesley," looking down the long, shining table to his young hostess.

Alys's eyes followed his, and her mouth set hard again, but at that moment Lesley rose. As Alys rose to follow her, she hurriedly whispered to Mr. Dalmahoy:

"I know you think I shouldn't have been asking all these questions, but, do believe me, it is Adrian I am thinking of. He is wasted here—I see it now." She was the pleading *ingenue* again, but there was the unmistakable ring of truth and passion in the last stifled words about Adrian.

In the drawing-room Alys deliberately withdrew to a distant chair, but Mrs. Campbell, to whose motherly eye the girl looked somewhat forlorn and lonely, followed her, and, thinking it the best entertainment she could offer a young wife, began regaling her with tales of Adrian and his early days.

"He was left so much alone as a child, poor dear, that we were quite glad when poor Mrs. Home died, and little Lesley was brought here," rambled on the good soul, and then caught herself up in sudden distress. "Of course, I don't mean that we were glad that dear Mrs. Home died, for it was so very sad and she so young, poor thing. The ways of Providence are very mysterious, but since it had to be, it was very nice for Adrian, poor boy, to have Lesley here."

"Oh, yes, I quite understand. I don't know much about Providence, except that it always seems to need an apologist," broke in Alys, impatiently. "I have no doubt it must have been very nice for Adrian. I suppose he and his cousin were always together. Do tell me more, a man is never inclined to talk about such things," she added coaxingly, not while Mrs. Campbell sat in flustered silence, not quite certain whether she shouldn't be shocked or not by Mrs. Adrian's daring allusion, and inclining again to her first conclusion that with such a dress and a head like a haystack the girl must be rather "a trial" to her friends at Strode.

But the invitation "to tell more" was one which she never could resist, and since Mrs. Adrian came from London, that vague and mysterious Babylon, from these might be the fashions there, so she took up her artless tale with zest again, and ambled amiably and unconsciously on. Alys, leaning back with the averted face, gripped the arms of her chair, till the knuckles stood out white, as the good-hearted gossip brought her tale of a boy and girl friendship down to its last phase.

"I don't wonder that poor Mr. Skene was so keen on the wedding, it seemed such an ideal

arrangement. Adrian is a good few years older than dear Lesley, and I daresay she seemed too young at the time, but we always hoped it would come about sooner or later. Lesley needn't have been Miss Home for these five years unless she had chosen, and there's Sir Neil, it's plain enough what he wants, so one couldn't help drawing one's own conclusions; but of course, my dear," in sudden confused recollection, "that was before we knew anything about you. Of course, we couldn't be expected to know"—smiling—"but when we did hear—"

"You thought that the ways of Providence were very mysterious," Alys cut sharply through the would-be explanation, and sprang out of her chair with a sudden swiftness which set the long antennæ and the spreading wings of her butterfly a-quivering.

CHAPTER IX.

"Adrian," said Lesley one morning at breakfast a week or two later, "Mrs. Burnett was arranging some things in Uncle Richard's room, and I was with her, and made rather an odd find. There are a lot of letters in one or two drawers in that big old bureau in the turret room. They were under some clothes, which I thought should be given away. I never knew that Uncle Richard kept any papers there. I suppose Mr. Dalmahoy must have looked over them and decided that they were of no importance, but I wish you would go over them with me, for if they are only letters, as they seem to be, they ought perhaps to be destroyed."

"Of course I shall," said Adrian. "When should you like to do it—to-day?"

"No, there is no special hurry, and I suppose you have your plans made for to-day. But there are the keys, if you will keep them meantime," laying a little bunch on the table. "It would be a shame to waste a morning like this. If you are going to Craigs, why not drive, and Alys could go with you."

She turned with a smile to Alys, who was reading a letter with an air of extreme detachment and aloofness.

"I don't know Adrian's plans, but I don't care to go out to-day, it is too cold," said Alys indifferently.

If her husband had to be prompted to remember her pleasure, then she would go without.

"Cold?" echoed Lesley. "Oh, surely not, if you had plenty of wraps—it is so bright," glancing out.

The long range of windows showed a transformed world. The first snow had fallen, and against a pale blue sky, infinitely pure and rare, the high moors spread their sheen of virgin white, every fold and slope and corrie where a shadow lay traced in violet or deepest indigo. In the valley there was but a thin sprinkling of snow, enough to strike the sombre pine trees to a brighter green, and to enhance the countless tender tints of a winter woodland in the glancing morning sun.

"I wish you would come, Alys," urged Adrian. "The air is like wine. It would do you all the good in the world."

"I wish you good people would remember that tastes differ," said Alys pettishly. "I don't like my wine iced. Besides, if I don't go, you needn't bother with the cart. Since it is such a fine day, why not ride?" with a quick flashing look from Lesley to Adrian, her eyes keen to catch any fleeting change of expression.

"The roads are too hard," said Adrian quietly, slipping the keys into his pocket and beginning to gather up his letters.

Lesley took no notice of the suggestion, as though it in no way included her. Those rambling rides, since she had remarked upon them one evening, had come to an end, Alys had been quick to notice, but she was none the happier for that. Jealousy, like those plants the roots of which draw their nourishment from the air, can feed fat upon the veriest nothings.

Left alone, Alys sat for a time gazing out upon the sparkling snowy world. Her face was set in hard and bitter lines. It would have been delightful to have had Adrian all to herself for an hour or two, to have been whirled along close by his side through the clear, diamond-bright morning, but it was not only foolish pique which had made her condemn herself to another solitary forenoon. A sudden wild idea had clutched her when Lesley spoke of these newly-found papers and laid the keys on the table. Her fingers had itched to snatch up the little shining bunch. It was just possible that Mr. Dalmahoy had not known of them. What if there might be something among them—some codicil to that hateful will, she had heard of such things, and Adrian was so absurdly quixotic that if his cousin's interests were at stake, he might be capable of any foolishness. Oh, if only she had those keys!

Suddenly she rose, dropped the knife with which she had been absently tracing patterns on the cloth, and, to the relief of the footman in the background, silently waiting her pleasure, she hurried from the room. She darted up to the state bedroom which had once seemed so oppressively vast and splendid to her, and passed on to Adrian's dressing-room. She paused, almost startled by finding that one part of her expectations was fulfilled; Adrian had changed his coat before going out, and the one he had been wearing at breakfast was thrown down upon a chair. She slid her hand into the pocket—yes, drawing a quick breath, the keys were there!

As her hand closed upon them a flush dyed her face. The keys were there simply because Adrian thought them quite safe, because he would never dream that anyone, that she least of all, would do what he would deem so mean a thing. For a moment Alys paused, her hand still in the depth of the pocket; then she withdrew it with a jerk. After all, with a stubborn setting of the mouth, it was for Adrian's sake, and she was doing no wrong. Where could be the harm of turning over a few old papers? Who would be the worse, and—most powerful plea of all—who would know? Lady Marchmont never appeared till lunch. Miss Home was out. Adrian would not likely return for hours. She must risk encountering any of the servants on her way to Mr. Skene's rooms, which she knew were in the old part of the house.

Presently, with a beating heart, Alys found herself in the narrow passage outside the heavy door. Cautiously she tried the door, with a sudden fear of finding it locked, but the handle turned, the door opened, and she stepped swiftly in, closing it silently behind her. For a breath's length she dare not lift her eyes, while the cold air of the unsunned, unused room struck through her like the very chill of death. Too self-absorbed to be very imaginative, she yet felt, as the door closed behind her, as if she were violating a sanctuary. By instinct she knew that nothing had been changed, that all was still as the dead man had left it. Left it? To her it seemed that his presence still pervaded the gloomy room, and that at any moment her quick, scared glances might meet the gaze of those steely eyes which looked out so coldly from the portrait downstairs.

At last she took hold of her vanishing courage. She must not be caught prying here, and she slipped the key from the outside to the inside of the door, turned it hastily, and looked round her for the "big old bureau." The light was dim, for the blinds were closely drawn over the narrow windows, set deep in the thick walls. At first she could only discern the outlines of the big, canopied, heavily-draped bed, and of the solid, old-fashioned, rose-wood furniture, so dark as to seem black in the grey light. There were no ornaments and hardly a superfluous article, and the only picture was a slight, faded, crayon sketch of a fair, girlish face.

But Alys had no eyes for such details. Keys in hand, she passed from the bedroom to the dressing-room, and thence into a quaint little circular room formed by a flanking tourette. It contained only a single chair and a tall bureau. With a sigh of relief she thrust in a key at random. Here she seemed more free from that indefinable oppression which had haunted her since she had locked the door between herself and the living world.

Luck favoured her, the key turned, the drawer opened, and showed a quantity of dusty, yellowing papers, and yet before she plunged her hands among them she cast a terrified glance over her shoulder at the half-open door behind her. Then, with a would-be laugh at her folly, she turned the papers over with swift, deft hands. Some were neatly tied up in bundles and duly docketed with the precise neatness characteristic of Richard Skene, others were huddled in as if the dead man had wearied of the task and left it for another day.

In a more ordinary mood Alys might have been tempted to investigate more closely, or to read some of the fading lines, but in her panic haste she had no time for that, and little thought for the tragedy of life and death which lies folded up in old letters. If what she sought was here at all it would be something fresher, more recent than these musty memorials, but in this drawer there was nothing of the kind, and with a sigh she closed it and tried another. Empty save for a few trifles, and in her disappointment she shut it with a snap, which, to her ears, reverberated through the dead stillness like a thunder-clap. It must rouse the house, she thought, starting to her feet for instant flight, but, though the heavy air seemed to vibrate with the dying echoes, no sound from without broke the silence, and, setting her teeth, she sat down again and opened another drawer.

(To be continued)



T H E

DEMI-TASSE



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

OUR LADY OF THE SNEEZE.

QUITE-A-BIT AFTER KIPLING.
Through all the grippy nation
We're chilled e'en to the bone,
We care not for toboggan joys
And ski-ing makes us moan.
The gates are ours to open
To every passing breeze,
"But, for goodness' sake, just close the door,"
Said Our Lady of the Sneeze.

Neither with laughter nor jesting,
But with bleary, saddened gaze,
Soberly into the drug store grand
My white men go their ways.
Not for a dread disaster
A furtive tear we squeeze,
But all on account of this horrid grippe,
Said Our Lady of the Sneeze.

Carry the word to my sisters,
Who cough in the east and west,
I have tried all syrups and balsams
And little I think of the best.
They that are wise will plasters wear
And hot-water bottles seize;
And I,—I shall send for more quinine,
Said Our Lady of the Sneeze.

Throughout this broad Dominion
We're chilled to the very bone,
We care not to hear of Russia's wrongs,
We've misery of our own.
The gates are mine to open,
But, lest our features freeze,
For goodness' sake, just close the door,
Said Our Lady of the Sneeze.

J. G.

A PERPLEXED POET.

IT is said that Mr. Stringer, the successful young Canadian novelist, was not a notable credit to his teachers in the London High School days. Upon one occasion he was called on to conjugate the verb, "to hold," in German. He arose with evident reluctance and looked helplessly about. After a weighty silence, the teacher remarked sarcastically: "Very good, Stringer, as far as you have gone." "Plural same as the singular," stammered the future poet and sat down amid the applause of the class.

M. M.

DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED.

How glad would be our public
How would relief be felt!
If in the heat of argument
Bad Harry Thaw would melt.

A NEEDED TONIC.

TWO Ontario public men were recently discussing the intellectual pre-eminence of the college men of Nova Scotia, who pick up presidencies as easily as in their youth they gathered the apples of Acadia. "I wonder what makes those chaps so keen," said the first citizen. "It must be the ocean," replied his friend; "look at the men from Pictou! They could lead a forlorn hope at a moment's notice." "John," said the first citizen impressively, "do you suppose it would be a good idea to have salt baths for our politicians?"

NOT THE RIGHT SIZE.

SOME years ago, says M.A.P., Mark Twain was in the habit of frequenting a certain hotel to have his hair cut. On one occasion, while having his white locks trimmed, he caught sight of a very diminutive boy in buttons, who was standing near

trying to attract his attention in order to present him with a card. With a twinkle in his eye, but looking profoundly solemn, Mark inquired: "Who are you?"

"A page, sir," the boy replied.
"A page!" exclaimed Mark with feigned scorn.
"Why, you are hardly big enough for a paragraph."

* * *

AN APROPOS REMARK.

A CANADIAN reporter, new to social duties, recently wrote of one of the most fashionable weddings in a small town: "The knot was tied in the bow window." How highly appropriate!

* * *

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

THE advice offered by the "saleslady" in some of the cheaper bookstores is often a display of considerable ignorance. According to "The Bohemian," Miss Ethel Barrymore is telling of an amusing episode of this sort. The heroine of the story was a young person who presided over the news-stand at a certain railroad station. Thinking to buy a magazine, Miss Barrymore went to the counter of the booth and looked over different publications. The salesgirl hustled to her officiously.

"Can I show you some books, ma'am?" she asked. Miss Barrymore suddenly remembered a book which had been recommended. "Yes," she answered, "have you 'Joseph Vance' by William De Morgan?"

"Guess you've made a mistake," replied the purveyor of literature, "you've just naturally mixed the

title and the author. Joseph Vance is the name of the author and his book is 'The Brass Bowl.' Like to see it?"

Miss Barrymore did not like to see it, in that she had already read it. At first she was inclined to be angry. Then she started to explain to the girl and finally the humour of the situation overcame her. "No, thank you," she replied smilingly, "but it is good of you to have corrected me. You see I might have gone on making the mistake."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the guardian of the books benignantly, "people do make such funny mistakes, you can't imagine. And people you'd think would know better, to look at 'em. Guess they use up all their intellect getting their dresses on their backs. Do you love Robert W. Chambers? Ain't he grand? I dote on him."

Then Miss Barrymore thought of another title which had been mentioned to her. The impulse to use it became over-powering. "Have you," she said, "A Corner in Lemons? I think that is the title."

The Minerva-in-apron was equal to the occasion, besides, she was flushed with recent success. "Guess," she said, "you've made another mistake. This is what you mean." And she handed out a small book. It was "The Great American Pie Trust."

* * *
ALL HE HAD.

WIFE—What do you mean by bringing those muddy feet in here?

Husband—'Scuse me, m'dear (*hic*); did'n' have any othersh t'bring. Had hard time gettin' thesh in.



Mr. Henpeck and the January Sales.

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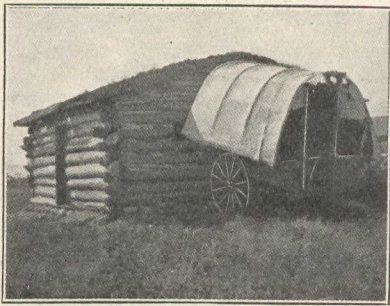
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PEOPLE AND PLACES



Macleod's First Passenger Train.

Spokane line of the C.P.R.; great coal chutes and miles of tracks and switches in the yards—and a correspondent from Macleod claims that more passengers pass through that town in a day than through either Calgary or Edmonton. Twenty years ago every man in Macleod rode a horse. Since the town has become a divisional point the train crews will change there and the railway men will build houses in the town. A Chinese restaurant has been opened. Real estate offices are multiplying. Wander through the streets of the old cow town, along the banks of the Old Man river where thousands of cattle used to drink, and around the Mounted Police barracks where once all the Mounted Police of the West had their headquarters; watch the Piegans and the Sarcees trail through with their waggon loads of tepee poles and paposes—and you realise that the romance of the cow country has gone forever. Once the town knew nothing but mounted policemen, bad whisky and cows. Now it has gone clear over to the cow-catcher. A few years ago the nearest approach to a railway train ever seen in Macleod was the passenger caboose that was hitched behind the string of freight waggons that fetched the freight up by trail from Fort Benton, Montana. In this bus the passengers sat and smoked and kept their camp utensils. But the caboose is cocked high and dry by the old log shack and you can find only two or three men in the whole town able to tell you whose it was, and what this railway cow town used to be like in the days when the mounted police rode in there and started the first round-up against the whisky smuggler, the horse-thief and the bad Indian.

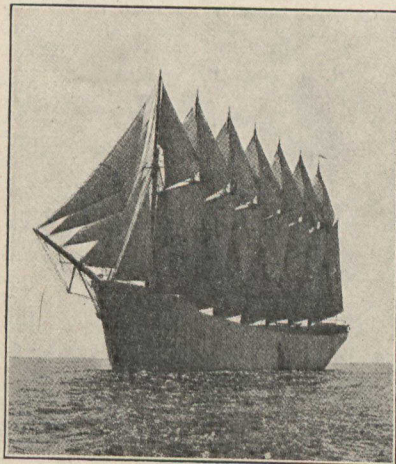
* * *

NAG TANY, an enterprising Jap, has purchased twenty-five thousand acres of irrigated land from the C.P.R. east of Calgary. He has embarked in a colonisation scheme to bring out Japs to farm this land; a company has been capitalised; two hundred Japs will arrive in the spring and begin growing sugar beets in Alberta; a refinery will be erected next year. The Japanese Government is favourable to allowing Japs to enter Canada as farmers; the western people fear that while they may smuggle themselves in as tillers of the soil they will soon get into competition with white men in other lines. Not so long ago there was talk of a Hebrew farming colony in the West. Already there are more nationalities farming on the Canadian prairie than there are languages spoken in any city east of Winnipeg. The only immigrants in that country who do not farm are the Hindus and the Chinamen. The Chinamen are swarming into the new towns. In one town two years old on a side line of the C.P.R. a Chinese cook had arrived last summer. But no Chinaman has taken to farming in the West; neither will the Chinaman's cousins, the Crees and the Blackfeet, do any more farming than they are compelled to do in order to live; for the Oriental who came across Bering Straits centuries ago has never been anything but a hunter; so that he will probably regard with some curiosity this experiment in raising Alberta sugar beets by the Japs.

* * *

FOR the first time in the history of Canada a whole navigation season has closed without a single sailing vessel calling at the port of Montreal. The sails will probably never come back to Montreal. All that is left in that line is the ice-boat. A good carrying trade used to be done by sailing vessels to and from Montreal, in sugar, molasses and lumber. Steamers will carry it henceforth. Montreal was visited by 378 steamships during 1907. A few schooners still ply on the lakes; relics of an earlier day. In many of the lake harbours of Canada may still be seen the sunken hulks of these old-time craft, but there has been no attempt to revive the sailing industry in Canada. On the high seas the schooner has been revived—without much success. Sails are no longer able to compete with steam except in the case of long voyages where steam bunkers must be so full of coal that other cargoes are crowded out, or in the coasting trade between small ports. The ocean tramp, however, has survived. The most spectacular attempt to put sails into competition with steam on the high seas has within the past month been reduced to a fiasco by the wreck of the seven-masted schooner "Lawson." This, the world's largest sailing vessel, carried 43,000 square feet of sail. The "Lawson" was originally built for carrying coal; afterwards she carried oil from Texas to New York. When she undertook to carry oil in bulkheads across the Atlantic to Great Britain she rolled and pitched so badly in a gale that she had trouble getting across; when she struck a hurricane at the Scilly Isles off the British coast she was anchored, but with a high sea rolling and hundreds of tons of oil lurching from starboard to larboard, she at last rolled clear over and gave up the job. If the oil carried by the "Lawson" had been used as fuel in auxiliary engines she might still have been running in the sail class.

THE town where this picture was taken last summer is now a railway centre and has just been made a divisional point of the C.P.R. Macleod, once the most famous cow town in the West, has gone clear off the cow-trail on to the main line of modern progress. When the main line from Calgary was built a few years ago to connect with the Crow's Nest line at Macleod the change began to come. Now it is barb wire and wheat fields on the ranches; coal and grain trains and through passenger trains of the Soo-



The Lawson.
(Photo Literary Digest.)

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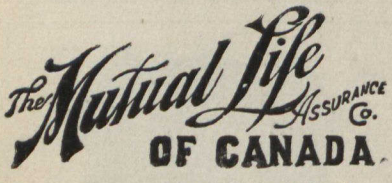
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HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

THE most important musical event of this month in Canada is the visit of Vladimir De Pachmann, who plays in Montreal on the twenty-third and who comes to Massey Hall, Toronto, on Monday evening next, the twenty-seventh. The artist's name proclaims his Slav extraction. This great interpreter of Chopin was born in Odessa, Russia, 1848, and owes his musical instruction to his father and to Professor Dachs of the Vienna Conservatorium. Attempts to explain De Pachmann's marvellous kinship with the great Polish composer are merely attempts. Talent is tangible and explicable but genius is not to be classified or traced. It is the surpassing gift which has been bestowed upon this Russian artist of whom Philip Hale has said: "A phrase of Chopin, to borrow a fine thought of Hazlitt inspired by a Mozartian melody, when it is invoked by De Pachmann, comes from the air and then returns." The Chopin numbers, of which there are seven on the programme to be played in Toronto, are wisely given the final place, for, however finished may be De Pachmann's rendering of "Perpetuum Mobile" or "La Fileuse," his supersensitive touch in nocturne, prelude, valse or etude by the Polish tone-poet is sheer magic and leaves



Vladimir De Pachmann.

the audience nothing to desire—save more Chopin.

AT His Majesty's Theatre, Montreal, a week of Grand Opera is being presented by the Van Den Berg Lyric Opera Company. "Carmen" is the favourite of the list, appearing twice in the evening and once in matinee. The prices are matter for surprise, the highest mentioned being \$1.50. Perhaps we shall have European admission charges some day.

MISS GRACE GEORGE, the famous comedienne, has recently presented at the Walker Theatre, Winnipeg, Sardou's diverting play, "Divorcons." It is some time since Miss George was in Eastern Canada which still retains lively memories of her success in musical comedy.

"THE days of Ysaye's youth," says an English critic, "were fraught with many hardships in the cause of his art. In these days of prosperity he is fond of telling his pupils of his struggles. 'Ah,' he says, 'at your age I practised in a garret, and only went out when too hungry to go on playing.' Times have changed, however, and for one American tour of fifty concerts he received the enormous sum of £25,000. With so princely an income at his disposal, there is little wonder that Ysaye—the name is trisyllabic, whether it is

cognate with that of the Hebrew prophet it so closely resembles is a question—has a unique and fabulously expensive collection of violins, the gathering of which has been one of his hobbies."

It has often been said that the United States has a habit of too frequent mention of the "financial consideration." But even in notices of musical celebrities the modern British paragrapher is fond of dragging in the dollar.

UNDER the distinguished patronage of Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess Grey, the first concert this year of the Canadian Conservatory of Music Symphony Orchestra was given last week in the Russell Theatre, Ottawa. To Mr. Donald Heins, the conductor of the orchestra, is due the credit of having inspired the members with an unselfish enthusiasm for the artistic success of this organisation. Only one other city in Canada, according to an authority in the Capital, enjoys with Ottawa the possession of a Symphony Orchestra of its own, and to Ottawa alone is accorded the privilege of having one without any expense to the public, the Conservatory bearing all the expense and "enabling the public at intervals far too infrequent to enjoy it."

REPORTS have reached Canada at various times of the great expectations aroused by Miss Kathleen Parlow, a Canadian violinist, who, according to an Old Country exchange, is said to threaten Miss Marie Hall and Kubelik with successful rivalry. The story of her discovery is to the effect that a Berlin concert agent, Dr. Grosz, was told by a passer-by of the wonderful violin-playing in a certain London house. A detective was employed who discovered the wizard music to be produced by this young Canadian who is to play in London in March and afterwards in one-hundred-and-twenty concerts in North and South America.

THE Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, has introduced a novelty this week in the form of two student nights, with the play, "Old Heidelberg," as attraction. Monday belonged to the "boys" who duly appreciated the occasion. Friday was an event of vice-regal importance with that almost-Canadian Governor, Earl Grey, in attendance. Hon. J. P. Whitney, Hon. Dr. Pyne and other provincial dignitaries also showed their enjoyment of student scenes by appearing on 'Varsity night.

A UNIQUE ADVERTISEMENT
A BOSTON despatch states that Joseph Keening, a wealthy real estate owner of Brookline, Massachusetts, wants a wife, and to get one will resort to advertising in Toronto. He tried it about a year ago, and had a big bunch of answers, but none suited.

Now he has had printed a number of circulars bearing his picture, which will go in the mails to Toronto to a list of claimed eligibles, and it being leap year he expects this time to be successful.

Mr. Keening is the owner of "Honey Moon Flats," a fine apartment house near the parkway in Brookline, and this will be the home of the bride. The circular bears a large black heading reading "Rich Brookline Man Wants Wife," the centre being adorned with a large photographic likeness of the advertiser.

Head Office for Canada: MONTREAL
 W.M. MACKAY, Gen. Manager. J. H. LABELLE, Asst. Manager.

 The Largest and Strongest Fire Insurance Company in the World.
Maguire & Connon
 GENERAL AGENTS
 Office: "Royal Building," 27 Wellington St. E., TORONTO.
 Telephones: Main 6000. Residence, North 3571 and M. 978.

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Wurzbürger
 and
Pilsener Beer
 See that our label is on every bottle.
 Manufactured of pure malt and hops.
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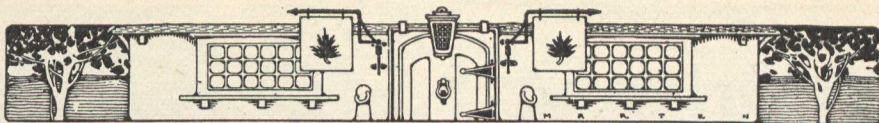
The CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.
 PRESTON, ONT.
 Manufacturers of High Grade Bank & Office Fixtures, School, Library & Commercial Furniture, Opera & Assembly Chairs, Interior Hardwood Finish Generally.

Duc de Montebello
 A champagne of the highest quality. Try it and be convinced.
 For sale at all the best hotels and clubs everywhere



CHILDREN THRIVE—
grow strong and active—on pure, wholesome Bread. That's the kind of Bread you can bake from **PURITY FLOUR.** It's full of nutriment, because it is milled entirely from the very finest Western Canada Hard Wheat in the best equipped flour mills in the world.
It makes tasty and wholesome Bread, and it never disappoints in the baking.

Sold Everywhere in the Great Dominion
WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO. LIMITED
MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH, BRANDON



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE



A Jolly Canuck.

CANADIANS who live inland sometimes forget what a great stretch of sea-coast the Dominion has, both in east and west. A ship lost at sea seems a calamity very far from Toronto or Winnipeg. Yet the whole country was roused to anxiety when the news spread that the C.P.R. boat, "Mount Royal," was many days late. All attention was turned to the harbour at St. John and the bulletins were scanned every day, from Montreal to the Pacific, in the hope that the missing steamer would be announced as safe in port. The simple majesty of the "Mariner's Hymn" must have come home to the people of St. John as never before when they sang on the first Sunday in the year "for those in peril on the sea." Just as the most hopeful were beginning to shake their heads over the prospect and admit that "she may have gone down, after all," word came that the missing steamer had crawled into an Irish port. It is the waiting woman who

suffers most during those awful days of uncertainty and it is no wonder that the women of seaport towns show in their eyes the searching intensity of those who have spent hours in looking across the cruel, surging sea. It is savage and unrelenting in its sweeping storms; yet the love of the sea and the hills will remain while there are strong hands and brave hearts.

A GREAT deal has been written lately regarding the nasty novels which certain writers (most of them, women) have perpetrated during the last five years. The authors have written as if there was nothing in the world but a sentiment, which they are pleased to call love, but which is no more like the real thing than a pot of rouge is like a roseleaf or the flush on a child's soft cheek. Amidst all this ultra-modern mess (which most of us can avoid if we wish) come the books of William De Morgan like a chime of sweet bells all unjangled. So tenderly does he speak of the dead woman whose life had been so shadowed by pain: "And what was the meaning of it all?—of the thread that was now broken—of the memory that would remain? All was not Vanity, preach whoso might! So long as Love itself—the mystery of all mysteries—shall remain unsolved, there is an immeasurable music beyond the octave-stretch forlorn of our fingers, an unfathomable ocean beyond our little world of pebbles on the shore."

A WRITER signing herself "Frances" contributes to a Victoria, B.C., paper an interesting article, "Are We Advancing?" in which this suggestive paragraph occurs: "There is a lot of talk about woman's advancement; about woman's position; about woman's attitude towards life. And, taking it all round, we are a bit proud of ourselves; we are very much inclined to consider every woman who lived before the last two or three decades as having a very backward place in the world of endeavour and action. But, sometimes, in turning over the pages of history, and more particularly of memoirs, we are brought to a sudden standstill in our march of complacent and self-satisfied vanity, and we suddenly find ourselves asking how would the greatest of modern women bear comparison with some of the old in similar circumstances and similar surroundings."

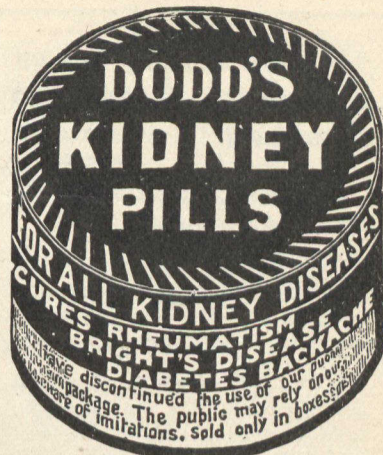
The Victorian writer points the moral and adorns her reflections with the story of a strenuous Italian Lady of the Old School, Catherine Sforza, who, widowed at the age of twenty-three, led an army, endured a siege, and managed to conduct the politics of a small state between two such powerful influences as Venice and Florence. The vivid sketch of this lady makes modern feminine performances look colourless indeed, for Catherine was warrior, legislator, a patron of arts and science—and an excellent house-keeper. The most delightful affair about Catherine, according to the modern chronicler, was her ability to prepare beauty recipes, creams for whitening the hands, washes to improve the complexion, dyes to colour and brighten the hair, even while the Borgias were besieging her city. Could one imagine a truer *grande dame* than this? Think of a woman who was capable of dealing with oil of sweet almonds and a host of armed foes in the same busy morning! The most capable club woman of us all must evidently retire in favour of Catherine Sforza.

An Overbalanced Want.

THE vicar of a large country town in England visited a parishioner, a widow, seventy-five years old, who had ten children, all of whom except one daughter had married and left her. Now this daughter also was about to be married. The old lady would then be left quite alone, and the clergyman endeavoured to sympathise with her. "Well, Mrs. Higgins," he said, "you must feel lonely now, after having had so large a family." "Yes, sir," she said, "I do feel it lonesome. I've brought up a large family, and here I am living alone. An' I misses 'em an' I wants 'em; but I misses 'em more than I wants 'em."—Bellman.

Right-o.

If your wife keeps you puzzled and guessing,
And, instead of a comfort and blessing,
Proves a grievance, don't frown,
But buy her a gown—
The grievance, no doubt, needs re-dressing.
—Harper's Weekly.



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HEALTH
STRENGTH
VIGOR
APPETITE
DRINK
Cosgrave's Ale

OR
Cosgrave's Porter

Made from pure
IRISH MALT.

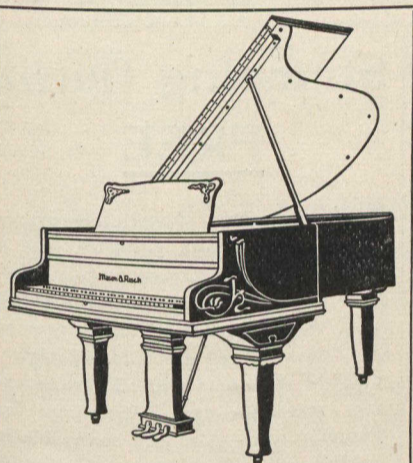
Or a delicious blend of both
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Always Ask for Cosgrave's

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As a Champion protector of the skin and complexion, first comes **MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER** a safe and pure healing and protective powder, the merits of which have been recognized and commended by the medical profession for many years. Winter winds have no ill effects where Mennen's is used daily, after shaving and after bathing. In the nursery it is indispensable. For your protection—put up in non-refillable boxes—the "box that lox." If MENNEN'S face is on the cover it's genuine and a guarantee of purity. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample Free.
GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.
Try MENNEN'S Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder. It has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets.



The day has passed when a piano is bought for its BEAUTY, or for its TONE, or for its SERVICE, or for its NAME.
The real test is—Which piano has a continental REPUTATION for ALL these qualities? The

Mason & Risch Piano

has a superb beauty of its own and a tone unrivalled in sonority and sweetness—resonant as a cello's and brilliant as a violin's. For strength and resistance to the rigors of the Canadian climate, it is like the oak.

We send free descriptive literature on request.

The Mason & Risch Piano Company Limited
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We consider "Perfection" Scotch Whisky to be specially worthy of recommendation.

There is a reason for this, which users of Scotch Whisky can discover if they give this brand a trial next time they order.

Michie's assortment of Scotch Whiskies affords a choice of 35 different labels, in addition to those imported in casks and bottled by the Company, or sold by the gallon on draught.

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of Every Description.

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"Not on Morality but on Cookery let us build our Stronghold."—SARTOR RESARTUS.
—Carlyle.

If your food is not right your life will not be right.

Dr. Snow, late Senior Surgeon at the Cancer Hospital, London, wrote in a paper on "The Scientific Prevention of Disease"—

"The maintenance of sound nerve equilibrium by scientific tissue nutrition like Bovril, will do more to stay the ravages of any malady than a century of progress in drug treatment."

O'KEEFE'S Pilsener

O'Keefe's "Pilsener" Lager is brewed with filtered water, choicest hops and pure barley malt. It is always fully aged, filtered again before bottling and pasteurized.

IT IS THE IDEAL BEER FOR THE HOME.

AS FAMOUS FOR ITS PURITY AS FOR ITS DELIGHTFUL FLAVOR.

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"THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE" (Registered)



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MAGIC BAKING POWDER

INSURES PURE FOOD.

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Peoples Building & Loan Ass'n LONDON, ONT.

Useful Reindeer.

A DESPATCH from St. John's, Newfoundland, states that the steamer "Anita," bringing three hundred reindeer from Norway for the use of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, the medical missionary, sought a harbour off the northern coast of Newfoundland on January third. The "Anita" was unable to reach her destination, St. Anthony, Labrador, where Dr. Grenfell maintains a hospital, owing to the prevalence of ice floes, in the midst of which she had a narrow escape from sinking. Dr. Grenfell left St. John's on hearing of the whereabouts of the "Anita" and will remain during the winter at St. Anthony. The reindeer are in excellent condition and Dr. Grenfell expects to use them constantly in his work in Labrador.

The ice floes have proved a more serious danger than was feared at first and a few of the "missionary steeds" were lost in the transfer from the "Anita." But Dr. Grenfell has reported that most of the Greenland cargo is in safety and that it is expected to provide a great improvement on former conditions.

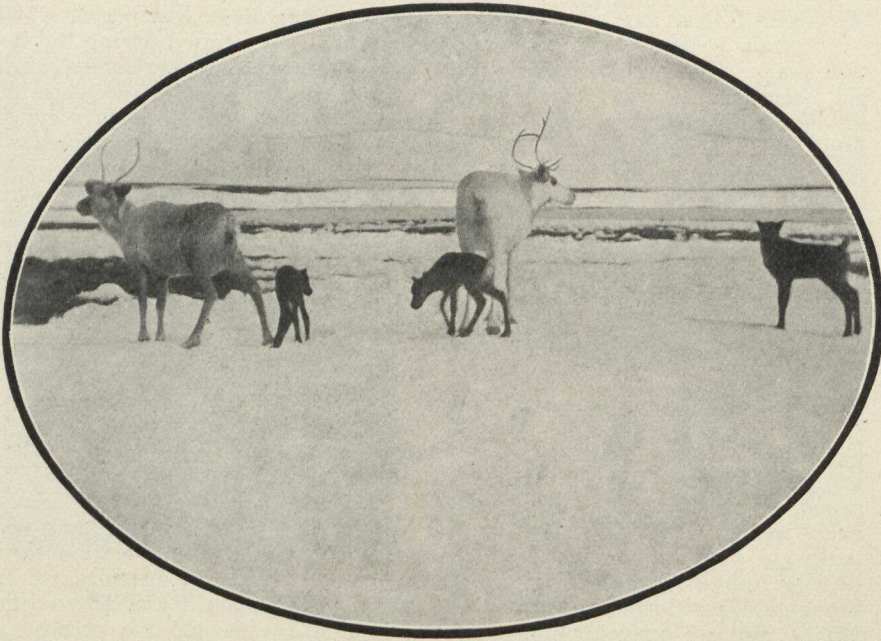
The photograph of reindeer reproduced on this page gives a group, not from Norway, but from Cape Prince of Wales in the Alaska region. In conventional communities, reindeer

palace gardens where the isolated pelican walks amongst the tropical flowers, and Gordon's rose tree, dropping season after season its red petals on the grass. . . . All this and the warm flash of the brilliant days, the odours of the desert and the odours of the rivers, the waves of perfume that flutter like Eastern banners on the air, make the heart of the traveller ache to remember, and call on the nomad to return.—Pall Mall Magazine.

An Enterprising Artist.

MR. ALFRED PEARSE, an English artist, who, like Mr. Frederic Villiers, has added the art of the lecturer to his many accomplishments, is one of the most versatile artists at present before the public. For many years Mr. Pearse was the special artist to the now defunct "Pictorial World," and in that capacity passed through more eventful times than, perhaps, any of his famous colleagues. In the artist's early days the "glad hand," as our American friends call it, was not extended to newspaper men. All sorts of artifices had to be exercised to obtain entry to important functions, and in the evolution of these Mr. Pearse was phenomenally expert.

Once when the King, as Prince of Wales, opened the Norwich Agricul-



Reindeer and their Young.

are seldom considered, except as a spirited adjunct to Christmas. But there are far corners of the continent where they must be depended upon in extensive travel.

The Vanishing Sudan.

SUDAN, of which Khartoum is the jewel, is full of delicious enchantment. The aspect of the country is ephemeral, and if one would see any remains of the old civilisation in what still exists of national forms and characteristics, the journey should be made before schemes for the opening up of the province are carried out. Modern water-wheels must replace the sakieh, and the native who is content to work two hours a week and live upon twelve cents a week, will be replaced by the ambitious and greedy folk whom civilisation will make men, and commercial men. Khartoum will prove in a few years to be only a vision—the old charm of it, that is—to be only a mirage on the desert's face, dispelled by the dry commonplaceness of the twentieth century. Meanwhile it allures and beckons, with its avenue of mimosa and the city's broad white wall above the Nile, the flashes on the heavenly waters of the native sail, the long sweep of the chocolate shores, the

tural Show, Mr. Pearse found that special artists were taboo, and that tickets for the ceremony had not been issued to them. In vain he argued with the secretary. Beyond suave and polite refusals he got nothing in the way of satisfaction. But the artist was equal to the emergency. He rose at five the morning of the show and, dressed in his roughest clothes, entered with a body of cowmen. As the day wore on Mr. Pearse concealed himself in a sack among the potato exhibits, and stayed there until the Prince approached the spot. At the psychological moment he emerged. It was too late for the fussy officials to interfere, and the artist sketched the Prince to such good purpose that his paper secured two pages of exclusive illustrations besides the notice of his royal highness.

Another of his commissions was to sketch the late John Bright speaking at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. As usual, there were no tickets, and the artist knew that it would be difficult to pass the stewards. He, therefore, went to the nearest stationer's and purchased notepaper and envelopes. Sealing up a blank sheet he addressed it to "Mr. John Bright, Urgent." Armed with this passport he succeeded in passing the doorkeepers.

M. A. P.

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That's Armour's Extract of Beef. All of that rich savory taste of prime roast beef with none of the waste incident to its preparation.

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THE HOME JOURNAL

59-61 JOHN STREET - TORONTO
Pattern Department

A Mother's Testimony

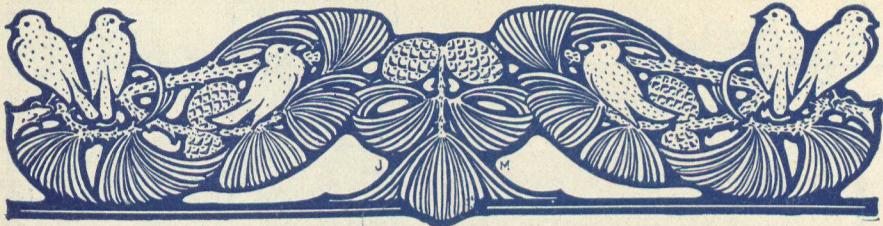


About a month ago I received one of your LITTLE BEAUTY HAMMOCK COTS and find it perfectly satisfactory in every respect and would not like to part with it, for it is the best thing I ever saw.

Write for a copy of "BABY'S SLEEP" telling all about it.

The Geo. B. Meadows, Toronto Wire, Iron & Brass Works Company, Limited

479 Wellington St. W., Toronto, Canada



FOR THE CHILDREN

TELLTALE TRACKS.

By Frank Sweet.

ON a clear, frosty morning, when the snow is soft and white, Ere the sun has wiped the dainty footprints out, One sees the tracks of squirrels who went calling through the night On their neighbours in the forest round about.

* * *

FUN FOR THE BOY.

THE parents of a Baltimore lad, a pupil in one of the public schools, are fond of boasting that their hopeful has never missed a day's attendance at school during a period of eleven years.

On one occasion the proud father was asked to explain how this apparently impossible feat had been accomplished. "Did he have the usual childish diseases—measles, whooping-cough, and so on?" the father was asked.

"Oh, yes."

"How, then, could he have always been at school?"

"The fact is," explained the father, "he always had 'em during the holidays."—Harper's Weekly.

* * *

KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED.

A TEACHER asked her class to draw a picture of that which they wished to be when they grew up. The pupils went diligently to work with paper and pencil, some drawing pictures of soldiers, policemen, fine ladies, etc. They all worked hard, except one little girl, who sat quietly holding her pad and pencil in hand.

The teacher, observing her, asked: "Don't you know what you want to be when you grow up, Anna?"

"Yes, I know," replied the little girl, "but I don't know how to draw it. I want to be married."

* * *

Mama—Oh, children, why are you so naughty to-day? Children—Why, sister said if we were good she'd sing to us to-night!—Stray Stories.

* * *

WHOBODY?

EVERYBODY tells me things I should know, But Nobody tells me why they are so; Somebody knows why things must be, But Whobody's going to teach it to me?

Anybody seems to be able to tell, When the sun is shining, that all is well;

But sometimes clouds will darken the sky, Whobody's going to tell me why?

—Peter McArthur.

* * *

THE SNOW-BALL CHIEFTAIN.

ALL in the tingling frosty weather I met a chieftain brave and bright;

He'd a scarlet hat with a snow-white feather,

His step was brisk and light.

His twinkling eyes were soft and star-like,

His lips and cheeks were rosy red; "He doesn't look so very warlike!" Beneath my breath I said.

So I a kind good-morning bid him— With snow-balls three he pelted me; Then laughed, and ran, and quickly hid him

Behind a hemlock tree!

—Edith M. Thomas.



Margaret (to young brother, coaxingly). "Oh, Willie, are you an angel?" Willie: "Not if it's anything up-stairs."—Punch.

Mathematical Instruments



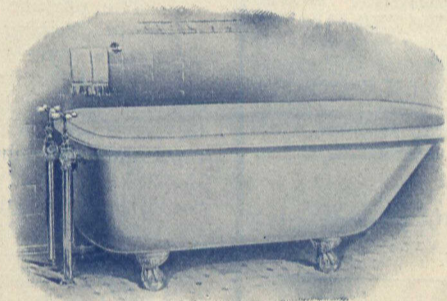
The Superior "High Grade" Mathematical Instruments are made of wrought German Silver with best English steel points.

The Compasses and Dividers have the improved straightening device with rivet joints and Set Screw attachment. In finish as well as material these instruments are of the highest type that skilled workmanship can produce.

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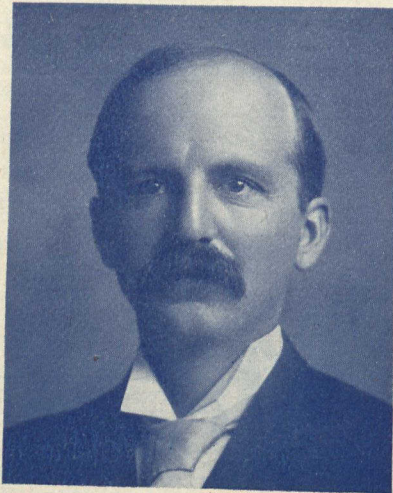
CABLE ADDRESS, "CANDEC"

This Bureau is prepared to undertake all classes of legitimate detective work for railroads, banks, insurance companies, other corporations and private individuals.

Our offices being located from one end of the Dominion to the other give us specially good facilities for handling business for clients with connection throughout the various provinces.

LITERARY NOTES

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAISE.



Mr. J. Edmund Jones.

readers, contributes two, and Rev. Canon Welch, formerly Provost of Trinity College, Toronto, also contributes two. Dr. Scott's "Hymn of Empire," commencing "Lord, by Whose might the heavens stand," is among those for National Occasions.

Rev. Robert M. Millman, the well-known champion fencer, of Toronto, accomplishes that difficult feat, the writing of an acceptable and literary temperance hymn: "Temple of God's Holy Spirit." His last verse is:

"Then, O Saviour, I beseech Thee,
Cleanse this temple, make it Thine;
Come, possess me, rule and teach me
By the power of love divine—
Not my own—
By the power of love divine."

A hymn by the late Dean Partridge, of Fredericton, is included, a stirring missionary hymn, beginning "Uprouse, ye soldiers of the Cross," which has already been largely used. Canadian musicians are also represented. Dr. Albert Ham, of Toronto, Dean Crawford, of Halifax, Canon Roberts, of Adolphustown, Mr. Jas. Edmund Jones, of Toronto, Mr. Lawrence Watson, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., and many others have contributed music, all of which was considered anonymously before the names of the composers were known, so that contributions have been considered strictly on their merits.

The preface to the book is a model of correct English, the compilers evidently desiring it to be a fit companion to the preface to the Book of Common Prayer.

The Compilation Committee is not a large one, but there is a larger Consulting Committee composed of twenty-two bishops and thirty-six others, to whom the drafts have been submitted from time to time, so that the book represents the mind of the whole church in a manner that no unauthorised hymnal could. It claims to be "an inclusive hymnal," and therefore naturally contains more hymns than many other English Church collections, but fewer, we notice, than many books of other denominations. Although the book is the work of Canadian compilers, Sir George C. Martin, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England, and Rev. James Mearns, the celebrated English hymnologist, have been engaged to revise the musical and literary work of the Committee with a view to securing absolute accuracy in detail. The volume is a model of the printers' and binders' art, the work of the Oxford Press, London, England, who will print and bind it in over one hundred different sizes and editions.

* * *

THE new postal regulations, although in force for only a short time, have resulted in a greater number of British publications coming into Canada. Too few Canadians are acquainted with such English monthlies as the "Windsor Magazine" and the "Pall Mall." An excellent feature in the former is a monthly article on a modern British artist. The "Dicksee" fraternity has lately been receiving attention and the coloured reproductions of their paintings are unusually finished. The January issue contains three contributions from Canadians, Sir Gilbert Parker, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts and Mr. Robert Barr. "The Glutton of the Great Snow," is a characteristic Roberts' story, in which the chief figure is a hideous wolverine, known as "Glutton" or "Injun Devil." It is a yarn of intense animal interest and the reader is fain to agree with the human hunter who, at the end, addresses the dead carcajou thus: "When it comes to grit, clean through, I takes off my cap to ye." It is to be hoped that President Roosevelt and Mr. John Burroughs will not pounce upon this exciting story and endeavour to show that Mr. Roberts is a mere amateur when it comes to the true inwardness of the wolverine. Sir Gilbert Parker tells one of his best short stories in "To-morrow," a tale of the Canadian Northwest with a heroine fit to rank with Guida Landresse, the gracious heroine of "The Battle of the Strong." The reader whose pulses are not quickened as he learns of how Jennie Long steered her canoe through the rapids which never before had been run by night, is not to be envied. Jennie is a heroine to be long remembered, like a breath of pines from her own north country. Not often does a writer put into one sentence such hill-magic as this. "The snow-tipped mountains far above and away, the fir-covered, cedar-ranged foothills, and, lower down, the wonderful maple and ash woods, with their hundred autumn tints, all merging to one soft, red tone, the roar of the stream tumbling down the ravine from the heights, the air that braced the nerves like wine—it all seemed to belong to her, to be part of her, the passion of life corresponding to the passion of living in her."

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The PEDLAR People (Est'd 1861).
Oshawa Montreal Ottawa Toronto London Winnipeg

“Sal =va= dor”

Does not need to be introduced. It is well known.

From the time it was ORIGINALLY put on the market it easily led, so far as a Malt beverage was concerned, in the estimation of the connoisseurs. This lead it still holds by reason of the fact that the utmost care is exercise in the selection of the several ingredients that enter into its makeup, namely, the CHOICEST BARLEY, the CHOICEST HOPS, and FILTERED WATER—the utmost cleanliness being observed—all departments being under the superintendence of the ONLY Brewmaster in Canada who came from the original "Salvador" Brewery, Munich, Germany Mr. Lothar Reinhardt, and so we say

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Largest, Best and Most Central.
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A Popular Way to Travel

Canadian Pacific Tourist Sleeping Cars need little introduction to the general public. Since their introduction thousands of people have used them and found them comfortable, economical and in fact indispensable to people of moderate means, to whom the cost of berths in a palace car on a long journey would be prohibitive.

Many things can be said in favor of the Tourist Car: The berths are of ample size, wide enough to accommodate two persons; everything in the way of bedding, towels, etc., is provided, everything moreover of good quality; the ventilation and

heating arrangements are as perfect as it is possible to make them; seats are comfortably upholstered in rattan or leather.

The lack of elaborate ornamentation will not affect the comfort of your trip.

The berth rates are just half those charged in palace sleepers.

Through Tourist Sleepers leave Toronto daily for Winnipeg, Calgary and the Pacific coast. Ask for the book about Tourist Cars, free from any Canadian Pacific agent or direct from **C. B. FOSTER**, District Passenger Agent, TORONTO.



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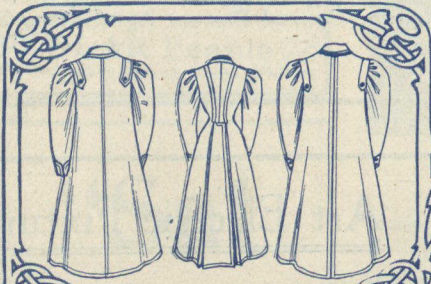
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Special Sizes, \$1.00 Extra.



G-2494—Stylish Fitted Coat of black vicuna, 50 inches long, trimmed with tailored strapping, inlaid velvet collar, sleeves and body lined with sateen, brim full of style and quality, comes in sizes 32 to 40 inches bust measure, a limited number only to sell at **JANUARY SALE PRICE** \$9.50
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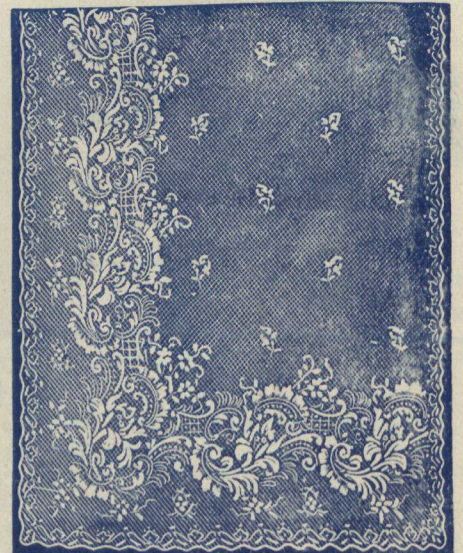


K2351—Boys' Medium and Dark Grey Winter Overcoats, fancy Russian style, made to button close up at throat, of a smooth soft-finish cloth, neat velvet collar, turn-down Prussian style, fancy metal button, patent leather belt, and Italian cloth lining throughout, same style as cut K2351, in sizes from 3 to 8 years, regular \$3.75. **Special Mail Order Cut Price** \$2.49

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R1-2072—Nottingham Lace Curtain, 60 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards long, January Sale Price, per pair, **97c.**



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