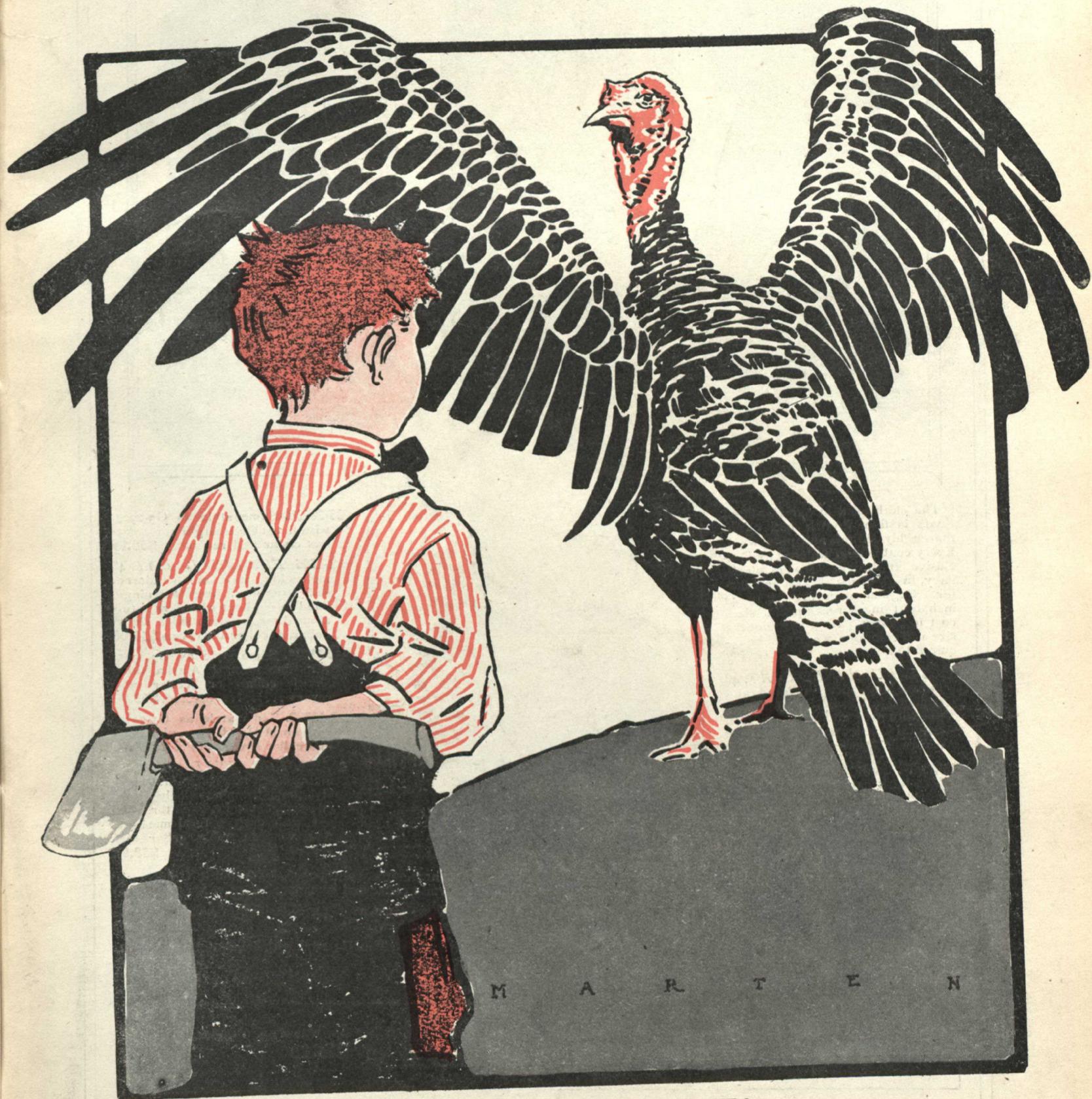


# The Canadian Courier

T H A N K S G I V I N G



M A R T E N

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EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.  
COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO.

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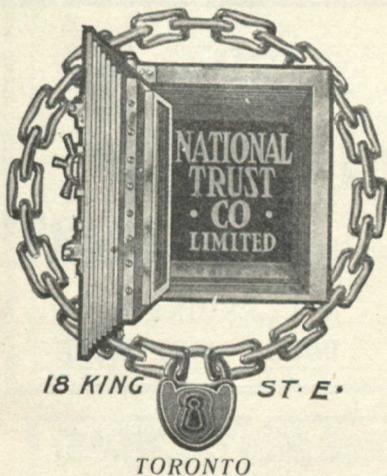
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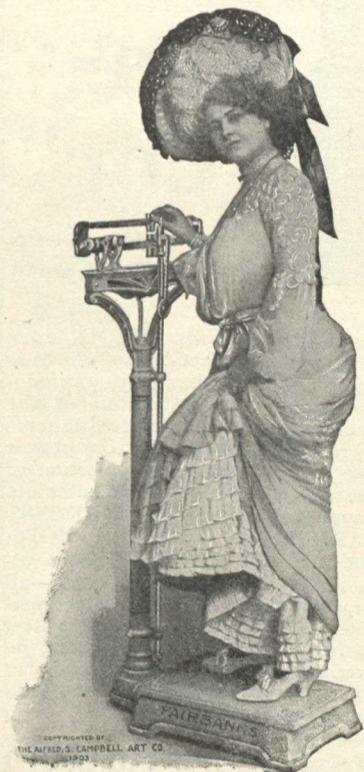
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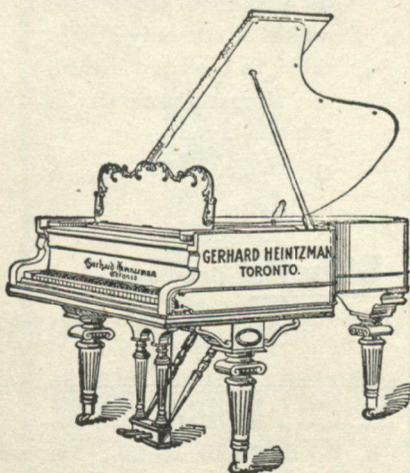
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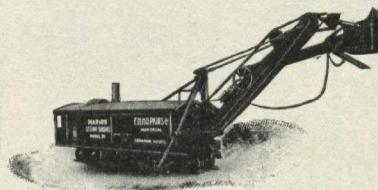
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From the time it was **ORIGINALLY** put on the market it easily led, so far as a Malt beverage was concerned, in the estimation of the connoisseurs. This lead it still holds by reason of the fact that the utmost care is exercise in the selection of 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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**Gilbey's** Genuine

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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.  
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The  
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Courier**  
A National Weekly

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61 Victoria Street - TORONTO

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**Editor's Talk**

This is the last week of the Canadian Courier at Five cents. Next week the price will be Ten cents. There will be few remarkable changes, however, until December 1st, when Volume III. will commence. After that the fireworks will begin in earnest.

During November the issues will be printed on heavier paper and otherwise improved. There will be a greater amount of reading matter and more illustrations. Each number will contain ten cents' worth.

New subscribers have only a few days to get in their subscriptions at the \$2.50 rate. After November 1st the price will be advanced materially. Quite a number have taken advantage of the opportunity to get a ten-cent paper at a five-cent price. All subscriptions mailed on the last day of October will be accepted.



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is all salt. Every grain is a pure, dry, clean crystal. That is why it never cakes—dissolves instantly—and goes farther than any other.

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E2-500

E2-501

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No other garment for men is so dressy as a good fur-lined coat. And no overcoat will be so popular and so just right for the winter season.

**E2-500.** This number is a favorite style, made of black beaver cloth and lined with choice Canadian Muskrat, full furred and fine even dark color. The skins are well-matched and chosen without any defects. The collar is of Persian lamb, glossy even curl. The cloth is our own importation and the pelts bought direct from the trapping company, saving all intermediate expenses. It is well tailored, fits perfectly and has smart appearance. 50 inches in length... **\$49.00**

**E2-501.** This handsome coat is extra value for the price we offer and will give all desirable wear. The shell is black beaver cloth lined with fine selected marmot, carefully matched pelts. The fur closely resembles mink, is warm and of light weight. The high storm collar is of fine Canadian otter making a rich dressy coat. The coat fastens with frogs and loops and is 50 inches in length. Altogether you will find this an ideal winter outer garment... **\$55.00**

There is a great saving for you in our practice of buying direct from the mills the material for these coats, saving all the profits of the intermediate dealers. Then manufacturing the garments in our own factory we can supervise the making and put every ounce of goodness that is possible in the cutting, fitting, sewing, finishing. Expert workpeople do the work in well ventilated rooms where any amount of comfort and pure air produce clear-brained results.

You'll find other articles of wear for men  
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TORONTO - CANADA

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription: \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. II

Toronto, October 26th, 1907

No. 22

## Topics of the Day

**O**CTOBER 17th will pass into history as the day on which commercial messages were first sent by wireless telegraphy over stretches of water. In January 1901, Mr. Marconi sent messages between the Isle of Wight and the coast of Cornwall, a distance of 183 miles. Today, he is doing the same work over a distance approximately ten times as great. The American station at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, was erected in 1902, and experiments have been proceeding off and on ever since. It was a matter of patience and determination, and Mr. Marconi is to be congratulated on the success which he has attained.

It has required a little more than six years to complete the experiments which have made possible wireless telegraphy over stretches of water. In January 1901, Mr. Marconi sent messages between the Isle of Wight and the coast of Cornwall, a distance of 183 miles. Today, he is doing the same work over a distance approximately ten times as great. The American station at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, was erected in 1902, and experiments have been proceeding off and on ever since. It was a matter of patience and determination, and Mr. Marconi is to be congratulated on the success which he has attained.

Canada has always shown great faith in Mr. Marconi, and the Hon. W. S. Fielding deserves special mention in this connection. Mr. Fielding was the more interested because he is the territorial representative of Nova Scotia in the Dominion Cabinet.

That this great accomplishment has been perfected by an Italian scientist on British territory, again draws attention to the cosmopolitan character of modern scientific research. The electrical inventors of Great Britain and the United States will not begrudge Mr. Marconi full honours for his faithful service and masterly achievement. True, what he has accomplished is based upon the investigations and experiments of scores of other scientists, since all such performances are necessarily cumulative. True, others will be needed to follow in his steps and extend the work in many directions. Nevertheless, Mr. Marconi justly and fairly wears the laurel wreath of victory.

The Canadian Northern announce that by next spring their short line between Montreal and Quebec will be in working order, that Toronto and Sudbury will then be connected and that their trains will be running into Ottawa. The Canadian Northern system is being very rapidly extended in Eastern Canada, more rapidly than most people realise.

Last Saturday, Mr. MacKenzie, Mr. Mann, Mr. Lash and Mr. Hanna, of the Canadian Northern were in New York and it was reported about the rotunda of the Hotel Manhattan that Mr. J. J. Hill had made an offer of \$75,000,000 for the entire MacKenzie & Mann system in addition to taking over all bonded indebtedness and other liabilities. It was there estimated that this would give these gentlemen a profit approximating \$50,000,000. It will be remembered that the main part of the Western

system of the Canadian Northern once belonged to the Minneapolis Railway King and was sold by him to Messrs. MacKenzie & Mann. It would be a strange turn of affairs, if he were now to take over the enlarged system. The story cannot at present be confirmed, and if confirmation were asked for, the report would probably be denied.

Once more the Kaleidoscope of Quebec politics has turned and Mr. Prevost and Mr. Tessier are replaced in the Gouin cabinet by Mr. C. R. Devlin and Mr. L. A. Taschereau. The Hon. W. A. Weir is transferred from public works to the treasury. Mr. Devlin has been a member of the House of Commons and Mr. Taschereau is one of the younger members of the Legislature. The Hon. Jules Tessier goes on the Bench and the Hon. Jean Prevost retires to private life.

Bishop Lofthouse of Keewatin has again declared his faith in the Hudson's Bay route before the Hamilton Canadian Club. The route via Fort Churchill would be nine hundred miles shorter for wheat going from Winnipeg to Liverpool than the route via Montreal. The steamers navigating these northern waters would need to be specially constructed and placed in charge of experienced navigators.

Captain Bernier has returned after another year in the northern waters, and his report may add something to our information on the subject. He wintered last season in Lancaster Sound.

The Ontario Government has decided to prepare a new set of school readers and has entrusted the work to Dr. D. J. Goggin and a committee of associates. The appointment is

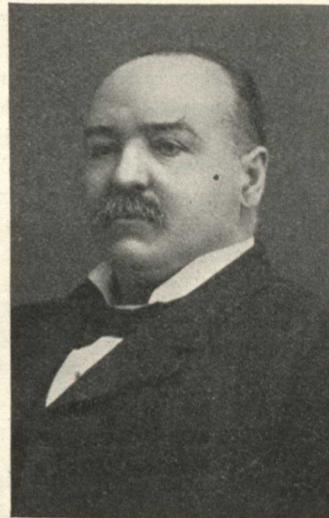
an excellent one and the new books will probably be the best ever produced in the country. Dr. Goggin is an enthusiastic patriot and will no doubt see that national sentiment and national literature are given due recognition.

It is said that the Government is considering the advisability of supplying the new readers free to all schools. There is plenty of time for such consideration as the new books will not be ready for a year at least. Manitoba now supplies readers free, as do several of the larger Ontario cities. The practice is quite common in the United States.

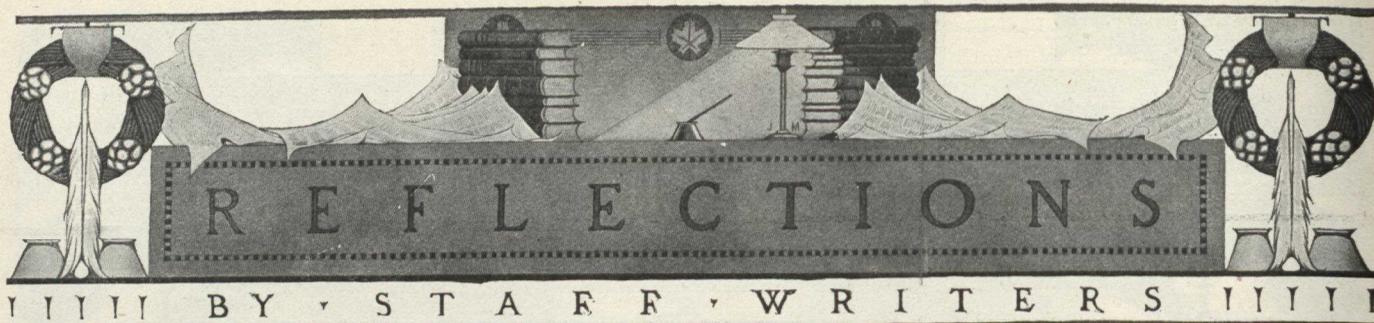
Deputy-Postmaster-General Coulter, who worked so hard to place British and United States periodicals on an equal footing in this country, announces that the first six months of the new arrangements show satisfactory results. The amount of periodical literature coming in from the South has greatly decreased, most of what reaches here coming in by express. The cheap stuff has almost entirely disappeared from the mails, and only the high-class periodicals have survived the increased rate. He declares that the Canadian post-office has been relieved of a great burden.



Chevalier Marconi.



Captain Bernier.



REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

**A** POLICE force is commonly supposed to exist for the detection and punishment of crime, and it is an agreeable surprise to occasionally find policemen engaged in its prevention. The students of a Montreal University held their annual theatre

**A POLICE SUGGESTION**

outing one night last week. Such events in all university towns are commonly accompanied by much drinking and disorderly conduct. On the event in question a large number of the students assembled in a cafe adjoining the theatre where there was generous libation. In the midst of the hilarity appeared Inspector McMahon and several officers in plain clothes. Proceeding quietly to a young student who was conspicuous for the amount of liquor he was consuming they courteously suggested that he should leave the cafe, and upon his refusal quietly but firmly led him to the door. Returning, another student who very apparently would soon overstep the bounds of propriety was requested to partake of the efficacious remedy, ozone. The trip from the bar to the door was conducted a number of times during the evening and each time an enthusiastic youth from the University who, if left alone, would have become intoxicated, found himself on the street with a gentle reminder that there is no place like home. The next morning the papers were singularly lacking in tales of broken signs and broken heads. All honour to the forethought of Inspector McMahon and the Montreal police force. Why not carry the principle a little farther? If it is good for vivacious students engaged in midnight revels can it not be carried into the world of vice? Cannot the policeman become a factor to prevent crime? Surely such a task is less disagreeable than punishing it, and of much more benefit to the community.

**M**R KIPLING'S phrase "Pump in immigrants from the old country" has been received with mingled feelings. In Great Britain, the labour party does not like it, because if the number of unemployed there be

**PUMPING IN WHITE CITIZENS**

seriously reduced the cry for reform will grow fainter. In the United States some people look upon British immigration to Canada as a menace to the Monroe Doctrine and a menace to United States supremacy on this continent. In Canada the labourites do not like it, because they fear that the supply of labour may soon exceed the demand. On the other hand, the enthusiastic Canadian who wants to see the country go ahead and develop, feels pleased with Mr. Kipling's picturesque phrase. He realises that the development of any country means more work for the labourers as well as more labourers for the work. He looks into the future and sees a Canada with twenty-five million busy and prosperous people and he throws up his hat for Kipling. He despises the trades unionist who, at Winnipeg the other day, decided to send a man to Great Britain to tell the people there to stay at home. He feels sorry for those who take narrow views about the country being overrun with undesirables and all other half-truth doctrines. He has faith and hope and confidence, and to him Kipling's phrase is a sweet, sweet morsel.

When Mr. Kipling went farther, and stated that the only way to keep the yellow man out is to get the white man in, he gave another piece of valuable advice.

The yellow and the brown are coming in because the country needs men who will handle the pick, the shovel the barrow, the fish-net and the plough. The need is known and if white men do not meet it the yellow man will. Here is where Mr. Kipling showed the absolute foolishness of the labour unionist's attitude towards British immigration. Here is where he struck his keenest blow for Canadian progress and for Imperial development.

**T**HE visit of Mr. Kipling to Canada at this season has been one of unusual interest and felicity. On his arrival, he found hundreds of readers; on his departure he left thousands of friends. He has given an impression of a manly and sincere personality, even more invigorating than "Many Inventions" or "The Day's Work." From the hour he landed at Quebec until his embarking for the homeward voyage he showed an eager interest in Canadian development which won a friendly response from all parts of the Dominion. His essential common-sense was refreshingly displayed in his unwillingness to give off-hand opinions, as was shown in his refusal to say anything with regard to the present political crisis in India, on the ground that he has been absent from his native land for many years. In the speeches delivered in the West, there was an unfeigned enthusiasm regarding that wide country's future, but it was tempered by a fine consideration of the responsibilities of such fortune. Mr. Kipling, with the characteristic turning back to the literature of the Bible, reminded his hearers that to whom much is given of them much will be required. In the Toronto speech every utterance of the singer of the true imperialism was the message of a man who has thought and fought every step of the way. His reflections concerning the self-governing nations, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Canada, the "Big Four," were no idle rant, no perfervid boasting. He did not disdain to talk of shacks and sewer-pipes and yet, through all the practical plans and beyond all the merging of imperial markets, there was the vision of the poet who told the Winnipeg Club that a few packing cases tack-hammered on the prairie and a national spirit therewith meant more than a city without that vivifying power. The Kipling who gave us the splendid "Song of the Cities," talked in a velvety voice of the children keeping store on the fringes of the Empire and we listened to every word with the assurance that the speaker was one of us, in sympathy with our efforts and aims, even if his imaginative grasp were far beyond the things which are seen by the faint-hearted citizen. Mr. Kipling has promised to come again, and the Dominion will give him welcome as an adopted son. He has proved the truth of his own lines regarding Canadian cities:

**KIPLING AND CANADA**

"From East to West the circling word has passed,  
'Till West is East beside our landlocked blue;  
From East to West the trusted chain holds fast,  
The well-forged link holds true."

On his next visit he hopes to spend more time in the East and to see our Atlantic ports. But, in the meantime, we are congratulating ourselves on that practical consideration—the weather. Never did October behave

more beautifully. It hardly gave the distinguished visitor a chance to unfurl an umbrella or wear an overcoat. So Our Lady of the Sunshine bids her late guests a smiling "bon voyage."

**O**NTARIO has inaugurated a splendid pulpwood policy, and the other provinces will forgive this drawing attention to it. If Ontario tends to be a leader in inaugurating reforms, it is because her politicians have statesmanlike moments. This new policy is being applied in advertising for tenders for two pulpwood concessions. The chief condition is that those who get the concession must manufacture the pulpwood into paper within the province. There is to be no exporting of the raw material.

This policy was first laid down by the Hon. A. S. Hardy when he prohibited the export of sawlogs. Because of that reform, Sir William VanHorne has declared that Mr. Hardy did more for Ontario in a year and a half than others did in twenty-five years of opportunity. The policy is being developed by Mr. Whitney, so that it is now a non-political movement.

If Mr. Whitney succeeds in establishing new paper mills in Ontario, the whole of Canada will benefit. Every consumer of paper will be able to secure his supplies more readily and perhaps more cheaply than he otherwise would. As these mills will be nearer the West than those at Hull, Cornwall, Grand Mere and Windsor Mills, the West will be especially benefitted. Paper mills in the Nipigon and Rainy districts will enable supplies to be distributed among the three newer provinces with greater facility and at less cost than at present. In these days of national progress and development, no province lives unto itself, but the good or bad work of each has its national effect.

In an address to the Montreal Canadian Club last week, Mr. Donald McMaster, K.C., advocated a similar policy in Quebec and remarked, "Our own laws permit the foreigner for a nominal hire to plunder our forests and rob us of the wealth which bountiful nature intended to endow us and those for whom we are trustees—our children and our children's children."

**C**ANADA'S boys get much good advice which with the true instinct of boydom they promptly disregard the most. It is to be hoped, however, that Lord Grey's advice to the boys of Trinity College School, Port

#### GOOD ADVICE FOR THE BOYS

Hope, at their annual prize-day, will not soon be forgotten by them or by those who have influence with other Canadian youth. His main plea was for fair play in sports, and never was a plea more opportune nor more necessary. Thousands of lacrosse games have been marred this year by unseemly and ungentlemanly conduct. Tripping, slashing and other infractions of the rules have been more common than goals.

The same is true of almost every other sport. To win by skill alone is scarcely ever attempted outside of teams which represent high schools and the large private schools. "Town" teams are too often a set of vile blackguards or hired ruffians. Earl Grey's warning was hardly needed where it was given, but it is much needed in general sporting circles.

Nor are the players more blameworthy than their supporters. A Canadian audience rather likes to see a man disabled and is not averse to a little blood-letting. Further, it makes little pretence of being desirous of seeing the best team win. It would rather see a game stolen than lost. The occasions when it applauds a visiting team are so rare as to be noteworthy when they do occur.

To be unfair in sport is to be unfair in business and in politics. Much of the looseness in our governmental methods may be traced to the lack of fairness, openness and generosity in sport. As the sapling is bent, so grows the tree. What the young man learns on the athletic field he is not likely to forget or abandon in his after life. Good citizenship is in a measure dependent on good sporting principles.

**P**ROSPERITY begets pride, and pride begets self-satisfaction and insularity. Is that to be our history? To-day, certainly, Canada is too much with us. As we loom larger in our own eyes we find it more difficult to see the world beyond.

#### OUR NATIONAL SELF-SATISFACTION

Our friends and advertisers speak so highly of us, that we accept our estimate as our due. We search out every stranger to hear his good opinion of our country and our ways. In the complimentary phrases which he and the newspapers prepare we take a real delight. Anyone who is rash enough to offer criticism we set down as a snob. The danger is that all this will destroy our sense of perspective. In a down-town school the other day the boys were bent over a task and the master looking from the window recognised Kipling passing. He was interested and exclaimed: "That must be Kipling." Scarcely a boy raised his head. A moment later he saw a well-known local athlete going by, and, to test the feeling of the class remarked, "I think I see Longboat in the street." In the twinkling of an eye every boy was at a window. It will be a sad day for us when we come to ignore Shakespeare because he was an Englishman and wrote a few centuries ago.

In the meantime, let us not be cast down by our possession of some of the faults of youth. Our editors, teachers and ministers seem to be aware that we are in danger of that fall which is preceded by a haughty spirit, and Young Canada is being forewarned from the Sunday pulpit and through the leading articles of the Monday papers. It may be impossible to put an old head on young shoulders, but the young cranium may be protected from undue expansion.

### Will Parliament Interfere?

**"M**ARK MY WORDS" said the prominent Montrealer, as we dallied with our cigarettes and our Radnor. "Mark my words, some one will gain political popularity by introducing a law against the bankers sending Canadian money to New York. That old cock-and-bull story about 'liquid assets' will not go with the public. Sixty millions of 'liquid assets' in New York is too much of a good thing. The bankers have gone too far this time. There will be a debate in the House of Commons next session which will make some of the bank managers sit up. I know some of the members are preparing their speeches now.

"Yes, I have read the articles in the COURIER and I don't think they are a bit too strong. In fact, I wouldn't be so mild if I were writing them. And my feelings do not differ very much from those of thousands of business men from Halifax to Victoria.

"Then you ought to get after those brokers who introduce United States stocks in the Canadian stock markets and then neglect to look after the interests of the Canadian investors. I have a hundred shares of Detroit United, for which I paid over ninety, and I am glad to see that the papers are talking plainly to Mr. Holt, the Canadian representative on the Board. He should have fought against the passing of the dividend, but I understand he has not been in Detroit in three years. This kind of thing won't do, and the brokers ought to be shown up. There are other cases worth investigating."

# Through a Monocle

"CHARLEY" DEVLIN has handed back his seat in the Federal Government before he had fairly warmed it, and gone to the assistance of Premier Gouin in Quebec who is re-making his Cabinet just now. Devlin is an excellent fighter; and it is fighting material that the Quebec Premier needs. Mr. Gouin is showing that he has the courage to take his own measures to strengthen his Government under fire; and likewise that he is not afraid of the big majority at his back. When he sees a man outside of the Legislature that he wants, he goes after him, regardless of the fact that there may be members of his own legislative party who will feel slighted. The appointment of Mr. Devlin gives the Quebec Cabinet two English-speaking members, and at the same time extends representation to the Irish. It is difficult to say just what Mr. Devlin gives up by going to Quebec. There was an impression that he was to be taken into the Federal Ministry as the representative of his fellow Hibernians; but there is little certainty of anything in politics which has not actually happened. Still if it is a fight that "Charley" is spoiling for, he has got a better one in Quebec than he could possibly have looked for at Ottawa.

\* \* \*

There will be general hope that Mr. Aylesworth will recover from his deafness and keep his place in public life. In fact, there seems to be no good reason why one fact should be contingent on the other. Deafness would appear to the rank outsider to be a most desirable qualification in a public man. It would protect him from all sorts of annoyances which must now make his life a burden to him. Only an Oppositionist with a hundred horse-power voice could disturb the serenity of a Minister who was hard of hearing; and it is the Minister with the disturbed serenity who gets himself and everybody else into trouble. A non-talking Minister would also be a great blessing. The unparalleled Addison was a Minister in his day, but he never addressed the House of Commons; John Henry Pope was a good Minister but a bad talker. The British Government usually has several members who say little or nothing; and yet they are of quite as much value to the Empire as even Mr. Winston Churchill.

\* \* \*

Not that I undervalue Winston Churchill. A young man who makes his way from a cross-bench to the Privy Council within something like three years is nothing short of a wonder. That he should be annoying on the cross bench, with a vacillating weakling like Mr. Balfour in office, was only to show that he had in him some of the spirit and pugnacity of his father. That he should follow Mr. Balfour to Manchester and defeat him in an election, the tide of which was flowing with Winston, was a better achievement; but still not one to mark him as a great man. But that he should make his way in so capable and brainy a Cabinet as that which assembled at the call of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and should bear himself so well in a stormy House of Commons at its stormiest, is an achievement of which even his marvellous father might have been proud. The two Churchills have been great men. It now remains to be seen whether the younger of the two has a steadiness which his father lacked.

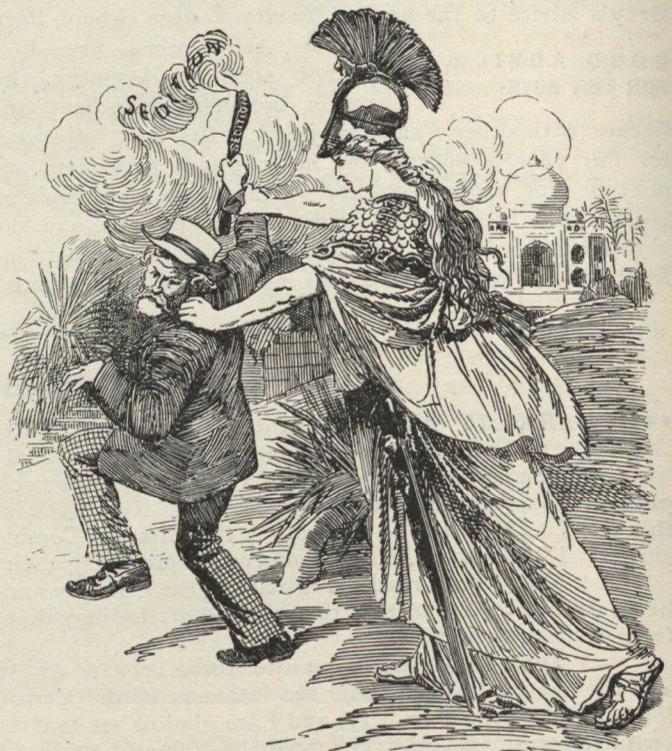
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It is a pity that we have no Churchills in Canada. We need men of first rate political power who have a

profound contempt for party lines and party leaders. Randolph Churchill was born a Tory and went into politics under the shadow of Blenheim Palace; but he was not long at it before it was plain that he cared little whether principles were Tory or Whig—so long as they seemed good to him—and that he had no more scruple in upsetting a Tory leader who stood in his path than one wearing Liberal colours. In Parliament, he was about equally annoying to the "front benches" of both parties; and, when he himself finally became a "front bencher," he was quite ready to leave that cushioned seat at a moment's notice when he believed that the programme he favoured would be helped thereby. His son, Winston, is a young man yet; but he has been in Parliament already as a Conservative and as a Liberal, and he is now a member of His Majesty's Privy Council. But there is no reason for believing that he is any more afraid of party leaders than was his father. When Chamberlain and Balfour could not frighten him, he is not likely to cower before Campbell-Bannerman

\* \* \*

Our need in this country is a few men who are not afraid of party names or of party discipline or of party vengeance. They must, of course, be popular tribunes as was Randolph Churchill, and as is, though to a lesser degree—his son. A man who presumes to defy party must be able to invoke the help of the people. Party will quickly crush any daring rebel who cannot appeal with success to the master of all parties. But it ought not to be impossible for our six millions in Canada to throw up a man every now and then who can command the confidence of his fellow countrymen and who will not bow the knee to Baal. Our own "Billy" Maclean has the heart of such a role; but he did not begin early enough to cultivate public confidences. Quebec is offering us such a man in Henri Bourassa; but he has yet to develop the steadiness of purpose which a practical age asks. The position is hard to fill but the national benefit would be great. In one sense, it would be far easier to fill in Canada than in Britain; for here there are in reality no fixed principles dividing our two parties. A man could cross the House here without changing his coat—or his convictions.



The Mischief-Monger.

Brittannia (to Keir Hardie). "Here, you'd better come home, we know all about you there, and you'll do less harm."—Punch.

## Driving them Out

**D**OWN in New York, the other day, two Canadians were talking together, the one an expatriated citizen and the other merely a visitor. The Expatriated One undertook to explain the whenceness of the why, and put the blame on a certain local manager of a large Canadian company.

"That man," said he, "has driven a lot of fine young men out of Canada. He is the meanest skinflint that ever walked. I see that a Commission investigated him the other day, and passed judgment on him. They hit him hard, but not a bit too hard. I can remember when the head office wrote him and told him that he was paying lower wages than were being paid by the company in either of the other two large Canadian cities and suggested that he treat his employees more liberally. He wrote back and said there was no use as he could get all the men he wanted at existing rates. It was true, but he never kept a man very long. Every

treasures and he and Mrs. Hearn have given wonderful collections of paintings, watches and so on to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

When the "Canadian Courier" representative called on him the other day in his office, he was ushered into the presence of a somewhat typical Uncle Sam, with the usual fat cigar. But the speech was gentle and modest as became a man who had been touched by the gentler view of life, who had learned that it is not all to bargain and sell. He instructed one of his secretaries to take the young man around the store and tell him about the pictures. She was also to see that he had a look over the photographs of the canvases in the family mansion, and that he got a copy of the beautiful illustrated catalogue describing the gifts of Mr. and Mrs. Hearn to the people of New York—gifts worth millions perhaps.

"Yes, I know Canada fairly well," said Mr. Hearn. "I remember going up to Toronto once, and the daughter of the then president of the New York Central was along. She was a bright girl and she made great fun at



### AU REVOIR, KIPLING!

Rudyard—After the warmth I have experienced, I take it all back about the "snows!"

smart man he had left him, and several of them now occupy leading positions in the United States.

"That kind of employer," said the New Yorker, "drove many young men out of Canada. I am glad to hear that a young man now has a chance at home, especially in Ontario and the West. It meant much to Canada to stop that drift to the United States; she must make sure it does not start again. That old local manager is still there, and so long as he stays I shall not feel absolutely certain about Canada."

And the Canadian visitor returned home to tell the story in the club, and to discover that there were other employers in the old days who paid starvation wages, if reports are to be believed.

## A Noted Artist Merchant

**M**R. GEORGE A. HEARN is one of the numerous remarkable citizens of New York. In his dry goods store on Fourteenth Street may be found some of the most celebrated pictures of the world—paintings by Romney, Lely, Lawrence, Rubens, Botticelli and other great masters. His home is full of art

the station by demanding to know why the Queen hadn't sent someone down to meet us." And Mr. Hearn chuckled.

There is a possibility that Mr. Hearn may some day loan a number of his valuable pictures to the annual art exhibition of the Toronto Fair. Just now Mr. Hearn is building new stores and remodelling his house, but when he gets time he intends to take up the matter and see if he can arrange this matter to please his Canadian admirers. He thinks the laws might be modified a little so as to permit art treasures to pass back and forth among all countries without let or hindrance, but recognises that there are dangers in opening the gates too wide. If it were not for customs barriers, the cosmopolitan knowledge of art possessed only by those who can afford to travel all over the world would become much more general with great advantage to mankind.

Tennyson's eldest grandson, who bears the imposing names of Alfred Browning Stanley, is the stepson of the present Secretary of State for Ireland. He will be thirty next year, eleven years older, that is, than his cousin, Lionel Hallam, the future Lord Tennyson.

—M. A. P.



CANADA AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

If it were not for the neat little Grand Trunk Railway building at Jamestown, the people visiting that Exhibition would not know that there is such a country in existence. Nevertheless, the number of visitors who call there each day show that even in the Southern States, Canada's fame is growing. This photograph was taken especially for "The Canadian Courier" at the time of the visit of the president and officers of the Toronto Exhibition.

## How will West Deal with East ?

By CHARLES HERBERT HUESTIS, M.A.

A TORONTO professor, addressing a number of young ministers assembled in a Western city a short time ago, said, "Gentlemen, you are the Empire-builders of the West." The remark was significant and true in a very real sense.

James Anthony Froude tells us that history has only one clear lesson to teach us and that is that the world is built somehow on moral foundations, and hence all progress is moral. The chief exponent of moral ideas in so far as public instruction is concerned, is, or ought to be, the minister of religion. Herein lies the answer to the question at the head of this article.

The assumption is that before long the balance of power, commercial and political, in Canada, will lie west of the Great Lakes. The question arises, What shape will this power take, what will be its ideals and purposes, what sort of character will it give to Canadian citizenship? That will depend upon the sort of men the East is sending to the West to-day—and chiefly upon the character and ability of the men who set ideals in public expression—the Christian ministry of the West. For whatever the West may do with the East in the days to come, it is the East that is doing the doing to-day, and it is out of the timber that the East supplies that the West must build its empire, and shape its destiny.

What is needed in the West is a gospel mediated by men of strong intellectual power, who have force of character enough to apply Christian ideals to the life of the people. This is all the more a necessity because there are climatic influences at work in the West which favour the growth of an emotional type of religion and a corresponding shallow type of manhood. This means a people of unstable equilibrium, open to all sorts of social and religious obsessions. This would seem to be clear from a study of religious conditions in the Western States. The type of man who mediated Christianity to the pioneers of the Western States was chiefly emotional: men of great zeal and aggressive force they were but lacking judgment and knowledge. The result is that nearly every religious and social vagary has its origin in the West and moves eastward. If we would guard

the Canadian West and Canadian national character generally, from this type, and also from that bondage to "das Gemeine," as Goethe calls it—the common and inferior in ideals and tastes—which holds sway in the Western States to-day, the East should see to it that religion is represented in the West by men who will command the respect of the settler by virtue of their character, and who are able to preach a gospel intellectually mediated.

The call of the West is strong and alluring to young men who desire to acquire wealth and power, and the call is meeting with a ready response. There is a call no less urgent, which the present writes would voice, to young men, and especially college-bred young men, who have within them the old puritan sense of ideals, and a passion to make them prevail in the world. To such men there was never offered in the history of the race a more glorious field for service than in the Canadian West.

Gentlemen, you may be the Empire builders of the West.

Red Deer, Alberta.

## A Deal in Diamonds

ONE of the most famous of smart strokes of business in modern times is credited to the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Years ago, before the amalgamation of the Kimberley Diamond Mines, Mr. Barney Barnato made, on behalf of his firm, an offer for the whole of the De Beers stock of diamonds. Mr. Rhodes replied that he should have them on one condition, namely, that the entire lot, 220,000 carats in all, should be poured into a bucket, so that they might be able to gaze upon what no human eye had ever before seen—a bucketful of diamonds.

The bargain was completed, and the great mass of gems poured into a bucket and photographed. The money was paid over, and Barnato Brothers took their purchase away. But sorting and classifying diamonds is a long and tedious process. There were no fewer than 160 different sorts and sizes of stones in the bucket, and it took their owners six long weeks to re-sort and classify them. Meantime Mr. Rhodes had the world's market to himself and sold all that he could dig in that time practically at his own prices!

# A Smiling Prospect in Alberta



- A lakeside farm near Edmonton, showing the raw material of Alberta's Thanksgiving Dinner.

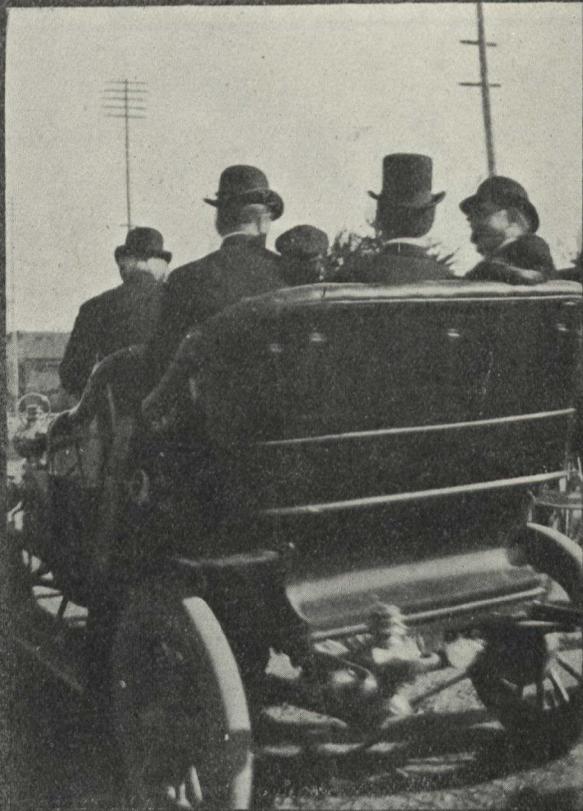


The farm and crops of Mr. Seton-Smith, Edmonton.

## The Empire's Laureate at Victoria, B. C.



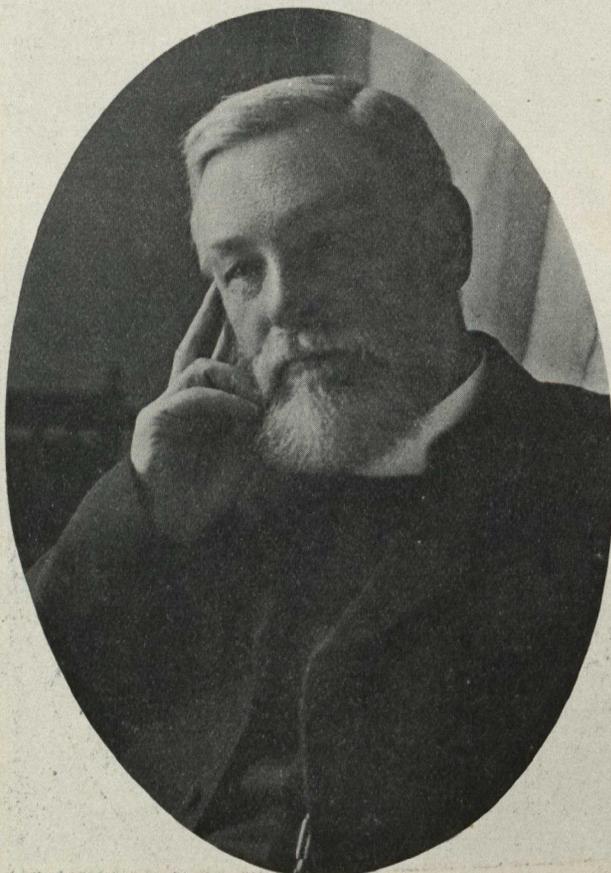
Mr. Kipling leaving the Hall in company with Mr. A. W. McCurdy, President of the Victoria Canadian Club.



Mr. Kipling leaving for an automobile ride after the luncheon. At the moment of the snap-shot he is talking to Mayor Morley.

### A Prince of the Pulpit

**W**HILE the death of Dr. John Potts has removed the most prominent figure in the Methodism of Canada, the loss suffered by the committees and institutions of the church he loved so well is not to be compared with that sense of personal bereavement felt



The late Rev. John Potts, D.D.

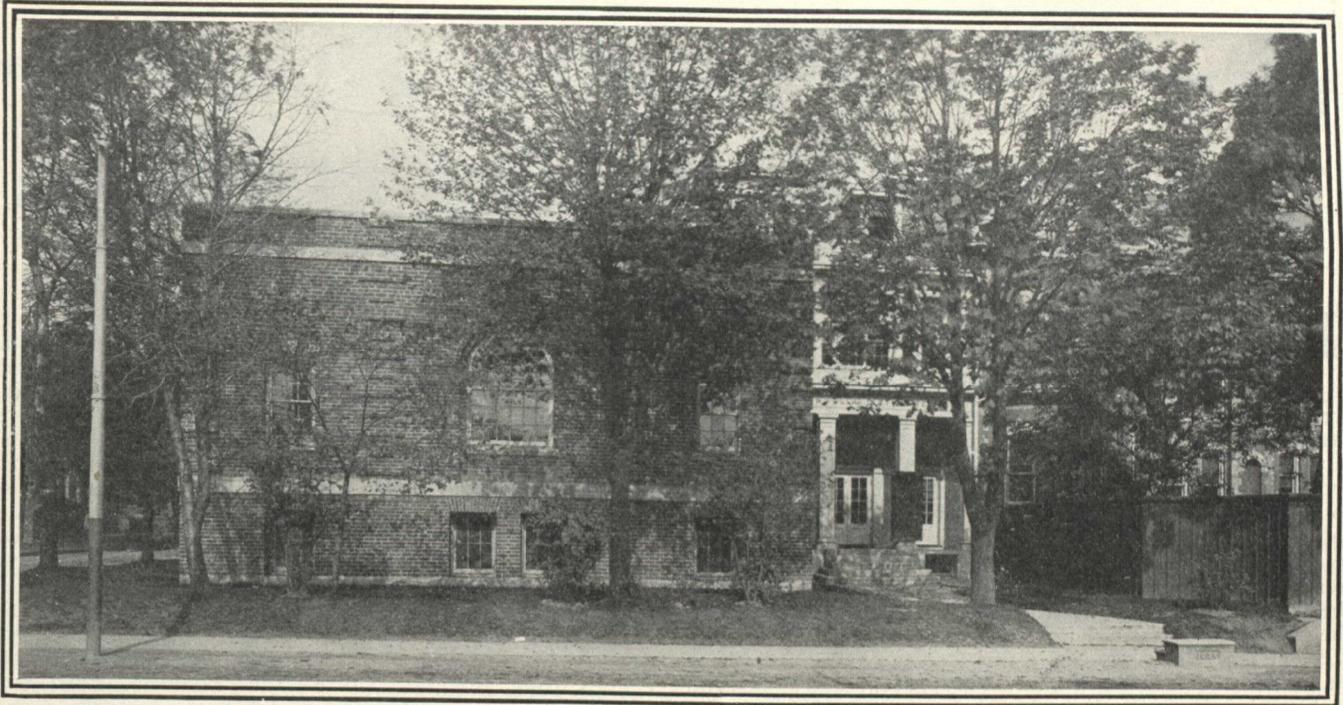
by the thousands unto whom he ministered. It was once said of him by Sir John Macdonald that his smile was worth a thousand a year, and truly no one who had met him could forget his cordial hand-grasp, his genial warmth and his rich Irish voice. Sturdy Canadian as he was, yet his nativity was unmistakable and no one was surprised to read in the papers of last week that he was born in 1838 at Maguire's Bridge, Fermanagh County, Ireland.

When he was but seventeen years of age, John Potts left his native land for the United States where he lived for a short time before coming to Canada. In the city of Hamilton he found a home and there was influenced to enter the ministry of the Methodist church. He had been a member of the Church of England, although no one who knew him after his entering the church of his choice could identify him with any other, so ardent was his loyalty to Methodism. But, while he was an enthusiastic son of his church, and its frequent representative in Great Britain and the United States, his sympathies were too broad to be bounded by any class or creed.

From 1861 to 1886, Dr. Potts was known in the pulpit and the pastorate as one of the most influential preachers in the Dominion. Honours came to him from the first but never affected his manly simplicity. There was none of the conventional cadence about his sermons or conversation, which some clergymen seem to regard as an essential. His was too wholesome a nature to attempt arbitrary division of matters sacred and secular. He was frankly interested in all that concerns a good citizen and his list of offices included many of the charitable institutions of the city. He was known and welcomed from Vancouver to Sydney and it would be difficult to go into a city of the United States where there is no one who has listened to Dr. Potts.

It was fitting that the procession which marked the last sad rites should set forth from the stately Metropolitan Church whose erection he watched with pride many years ago and whose pastorate he was twice called upon to fill. Not the Methodist Church alone, but all who knew the great-hearted man who has gone, mourn for the passing of one who had a genius for friendship and who gave his rarest service to humanity.

J. G.



The "Evangelia Settlement," Queen and River Streets, Toronto.

### A Social Settlement

**D**URING last week, His Excellency Earl Grey was unusually busy in paying visits to Trinity College School, Upper Canada College and St. Andrew's. But he probably enjoyed nothing else quite so much as his visit to the Evangelia Settlement, Toronto, on the evening of October 17th, for His Excellency has taken an especial interest in the work of this institution. There are many citizens of Toronto who are quite unaware of the existence of such a movement, as the Trustees and workers of the Evangelia Settlement have a strong aversion to either advertising or solicitation. The new building, erected at the corner of Queen and River Streets, was formally opened by the Governor-General last week, when its aims and progress were made fully manifest to the assembled guests.

Less than six years ago, according to the statement of Professor Wrong, the work commenced in a store on the other side of the Don and had grown so rapidly that they had to take in a second store, then a third until at last they had obtained their fine new building. He stated that there was the need for at least half a dozen or a dozen similar institutions in other parts of Toronto.

As those who know anything of Toronto's growth are aware, there is a large population of working people "over the Don," many of them hardly more than girls and boys, to whom such an institution as the Evangelia Settlement affords an opportunity for intellectual and manual training under conditions of social cheerfulness and refinement. The curriculum includes plain sewing, dress-making, embroidery, book-keeping, drawing, physi-

cal culture, millinery, wood-carving, stenography, Bible study, literature, composition and arithmetic.

Earl Grey, who had a great ovation at the opening, made some interesting comparisons between the humble quarters which existed when he first visited the settlement, and the splendid new quarters in which it is now located. He was returning from the races when he first saw the Evangelia Settlement, and he stopped his carriage and called upon "Miss Evangelia." It was obvious to anyone at that time that all she wanted was larger buildings and larger finances to increase her success, and he was now pleased to find her located in a larger home. He expressed a hope that it would be possible to form similar institutions in other parts of the city. He spoke in high terms of the excellent services of Miss S. L. Carson, the head worker. He extolled the value of the institution for what it was doing in the way of bringing about social reform. He mentioned that he was a friend of the late Mr. Toynbee, after whom Toynbee Hall, in Whitechapel, was named, and said he understood that this institution was an offshoot of that institution. He was therefore greatly touched on visiting the settlement in its first quarters to find that that little institution was the result of what was being done at Toynbee Hall, and that the movement had spread across the seas to the United States and into Canada. "It leads me to hope," said His Excellency, "that just as Toynbee Hall, as a moral force has crossed the Atlantic, so this off-shoot may grow, so that other offshoots may spring from it to reach not only the other parts of Toronto, which are already calling for them, but will reach every other city and town in our fair Dominion."



A Recreation Corner, Evangelia Settlement.



The Reading-Room, Evangelia Settlement.



# THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER

A Reminiscence. By BONNYCASTLE DALE

Photographs by the Author.

THERE is no doubt that the engineer of the "Mishap"—pardon—"Mizpah" understood steering. Equally certain was it that the wheelsman might be qualified to run even a double compound, whatever that is. But they had become mixed in the shuffle. From his post at the wheel, while the boat lurched giddily towards the old ruined bridge, the wheelsman gave orders to the engineer, totally overlooking the bell. Not to be outdone in courtesy, the man at the engine hurled epithets at the cause of our crooked course. But these two misplaced men were stars in their respective occupations beside the trio of imitation hunters that dozed in the stern. Their guns were of the latest bore and make, their hunting suits faultless, excepting where one budding M.D. had carefully pressed a large piece of oily waste for an hour or two. Each had his pet special load and make of shells and all had weird tales of slaughter in distant fields. One I offended mortally. While I was hanging over the stern, busily engaged in tearing wild rice off the screw, he asked me my advice re gun and powder, I simply said a nice light blue gun with yellow powder and perhaps violet coloured shot would match his hunting suit very well—and now he does not speak to me. "Clang-clang-clang-clang" went the bell. "Now what in thunder does four bells mean?" yelled the suddenly awakened engineer. We had all gone to sleep and the bally boat was three times her own length in a thick wild rice bed.

Once more I performed upside down, removing rice that was wound as tight as wire on a drum. We got her out, turned, and, at this interesting moment, the wheelsman forgot the bell numbers and gave "one!" to stop, "one!" to go ahead, hitting it correctly, but the man in the engine room read it "back up!" and into the rice we plunged again. I let the rest of the blood in my body run into my head but removed that tangle on the screw. Ahead of us, half a mile off, lay our camping ground. Around us were thick wild rice beds, and near us was a tortuous channel difficult to find in the growing darkness. Now the engine worked slower and heavier, then stopped dead on centre. Once more the propeller had wound up a load of rice straw. One would think we were a harvesting machine instead of a pleasure craft. I only lost my fountain pen and knife leaning over this time. Then in desperation I proposed that we jump into the canoe and tow her the last half mile. I dwelt on the lightness of the craft, how easily, yes even in an airy manner, she had carried us over hundreds of happy miles. And tow! I knew she would tow like a charm—now, how a charm tows I had forgotten, but if it is anything like the work we underwent for the next hour I deserved the taunts of my fellow perspirers. I had told them I knew the channel, but I went astray once and they lost confidence, installing in my place the youthful medico, who based his steering claims on having studied the rice plant in botany classes. Result—we were finally stowed in wild rice over our heads. It was just about midnight when the sand on the north shore of Rice Lake grated under our keel. Ahead, under the rising moon's beams, we could see the flotilla of canoes and the tents of the amateur army that would next day cause the wild ducks to think the rice had turned into pop guns and the trees on the bog edge into miniature cannon.

We tried to sleep. Then the dampness shrunk the

cord and made night hideous with our boat's whistling. The campers woke up and said things, and the carousing Indians on the distant point sent choruses of "wah-tuyahs" floating down on the night wind. By one o'clock the canoes began to steal away. One clever chap, to conceal his direction, carried a lighted candle on the bow, but once well out in the rice he knocked the tell-tale light overboard, doubled on his tracks and secured a much-sought point easily. Why is it that men possessing the average amount of brains will not sleep on the last night of August? At two o'clock, alarm clocks told of early risers and camp fires twinkled on the points. Ours soon sent its starry shower on the West wind and the first free meal of the season was eaten. Through the ghostly looking wild rice beds our canoes stole along. Before the hour of three was reached, the "tump, tump" of each muffled stroke sounded dismally over the far-reaching beds. I had faithfully advised each enquirer as to the best place to go, but each in the newness of his wisdom selected what he thought was the very place he would fly to were he a duck. So I left them alone, so did the ducks later. The cover was poor, so I built a rice hide and threw out a few decoys and sat listening to the mass of birds feeding, diving, squawking, quacking in every part of the rice where a canoe had not disturbed them.

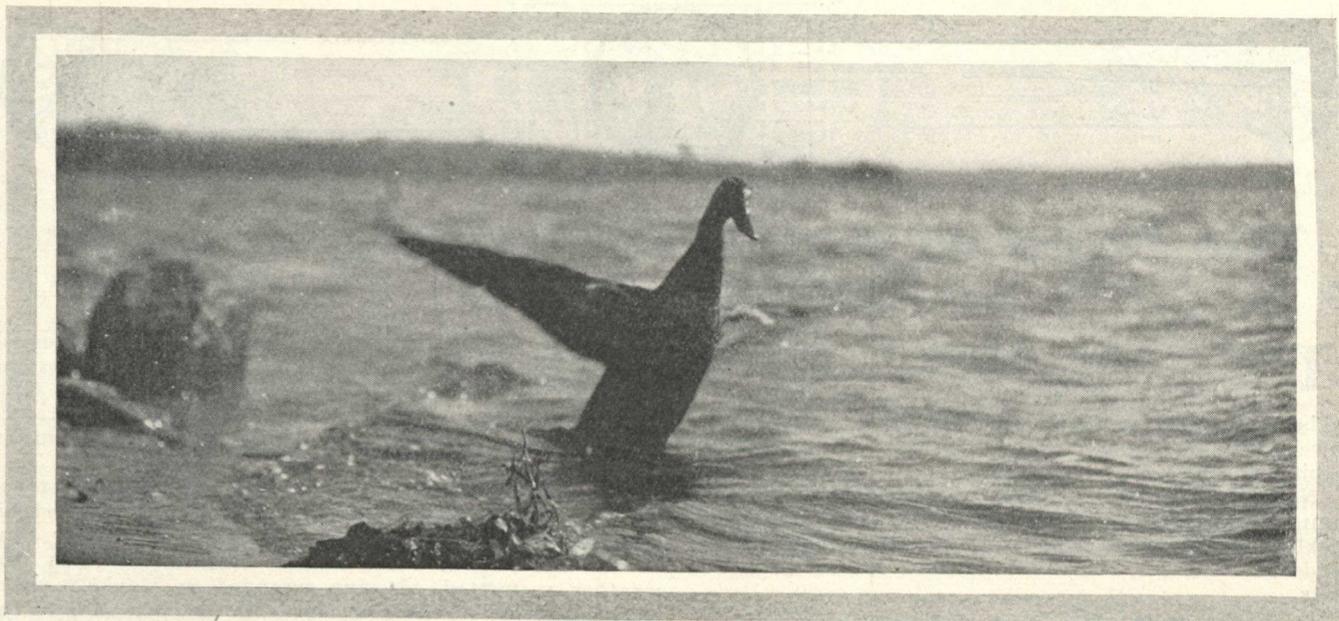
As if hung on a great axis the moon slid down the western sky while the uprising sun showed its first faint light on the Eastern horizon, fainter gleamed the camp-fires, more restless became the great flocks of wild ducks. Now a nervous black duck calls over the beds in her strident note "quack, quack, quack," telling it is time to be gone. A deep, hoarse, single note of the drake answers her "quack"; then all is still again. A few ominous red dots show where the waiting hunters hide with pipe in mouth, matches flickering before the cool West wind. "Whirr!" with a mighty flapping of wings a dozen birds jump, sounding like a hundred over the silent rice beds.

The sharp, quick call of the teal, "quack-quack!" rapidly repeated and the soft winnowing passes in the air tell of this swift bird's leaving. Then, as the light increases, comes the deep "bang! bang!" of a gun in some distant bay and all the woods are eloquent of the herald of the sport. As the rolling echoes cease, the querulous squeal of the wood-duck passes over the rice and these graceful birds leap and sail away unseen overhead, their silky rustling nerve-kindling in the darkness. Towards the east the birds now show like dim silhouettes and long streams of fire shoot upward and a few dull splashes tell of the first birds killed.

Had the flight consisted of young pigs many would have answered the uncouth calling from the beds. Its only noticeable effect on the ducks was to make them turn and mount. The low, single, deep mouth-uttered "quack" of the Mississaugas is the right call, when the incoming bird throws her head sideways and searches the scene, with her bright eyes and says "quack, quack!" in low rich notes, she is searching for the drake; and only the single low call—a deep "quack!" of this usually silent bird will decoy her. Nearly all the wood and metal calls give a sharp, insistent note—the very note a mallard uses when alarmed. This will turn the bird away. Never call an incoming bird. It cannot do any better than come.



A Bag of Ducks.



A Leaping Mallard.

The M.D. persisted in shooting ahead of the bird from a gun held rigid, insisting that the shot and the bird would meet. There were no soul-harrowing collisions while we watched. The imitation engineer, profiting by asked for advice, held on the bird, followed it with the gun until he got the speed, pulled slightly ahead if the flight was very fast, kept the gun moving while he was pressing the trigger, and had the satisfaction of seeing a bird plunge headfirst for the rice, both wings neatly folded up, caught right in the centre of the charge and mercifully and instantly killed.

Our rice "hide" gave us a great advantage, and many easy chances. All over the lake the frightened ducks were flying madly. What was the matter—what had broken loose? These peaceful rice beds where they had been reared now seemed to conceal a red skin at the foot of every rice stalk, the bogs held murderous whites, and these natural looking "hides" with the hunters concealed by the bending grain—it was too much, and the birds wisely mounted a hundred and fifty yards in the air. Here they were still saluted by the innocents who poured streams of unavailing shot from vertical guns, showering themselves or their near neighbours with a hail of harmless lead.

Some teal passing on the wind scored a clean miss for our "hide." On the next bunch we gauged their speed better, swung well ahead. It seemed I led my bird six inches at the muzzle and down it went splashing into the rice. Here is the sorriest part of the glorious sport, the many poor wounded birds we are unable to kill before they scuttle off into the rice. Here they linger, wing-broken ones feeding well, body struck ones slowly starving, until a passing hawk or rice-gathering Indian finishes them. So, never count your bird until it lies all smoothed out, every feather carefully brushed into place, before you in the bow. As our score ran up we added camera to gun and the noiseless, merciful weapon gathered in a few birds for itself, or we left the hide and went up the wind to jump birds we saw settle. I cannot too strongly commend this style of shooting; it is excellent flight practice, and the majority of the birds are thoroughly killed, leaving few cripples in the rice. I endeavoured to teach our most innocent ones the much needed art of speedily and correctly telling how far distant the passing bird is. The only way I have ever been able to illustrate this is to have a piece of heavy white line, fifty yards long in the canoe, knotted on corks at twenty-five, thirty-five, forty yards, and buoyed at the end. Tie this line to the hide and anchor the end outside the decoys, which should be about thirty-five yards from the

hunter, and it will surprise the average man how far fifty yards is.

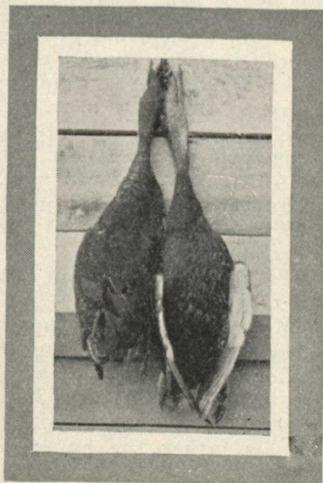
We noticed the principal cause of the amateurs missing was undershooting. They often flinched just at the trigger pull and down went the gun an inappreciable fraction of an inch, but enough to throw the shot two feet below the bird at thirty yards. Keep the gun firmly to the shoulder, pull instantly you get the first aim; and pull with the first joint of the index finger only. Another cause of loss was not keeping the gun rising when the trigger is pulled at a jumping duck.

The morning shoot ended about ten, the evening one began about five. The returning birds flew high, carefully examining the beds to see if those odd animals with the long shells—shells that sometimes extend great white wings and seem to fly over the water—were there. Of course, they saw most of the hunters, for, like the ostrich that hides its head in the sand, the average hunter thinks he is concealed from the flying birds by crouching in the rice or in an open top hide. Cover the top in with leaning grain if you want to fool these unusually clever birds. We had built our hide so that the slanting tops of the tied rice that formed the sides met over the centre of the hide. By breaking down a place to shoot out of we were concealed until the webfooted one was well over the danger mark. Many a time I have bobbed up like a "jack in the box" right under a big black duck. If the score had passed a fair mark and I was photographing, a loud "quack, quack!" made the alarmed bird mount rapidly into the air, casting anxious sidelong glances down at the unexpected animal peering from the rice.

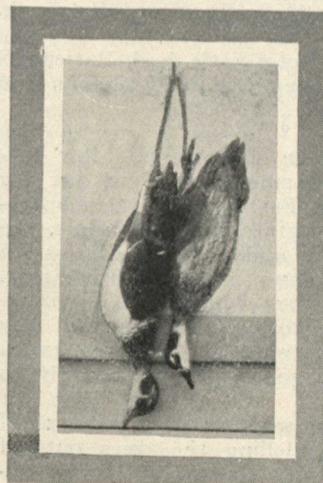
Our crowd was gathered on the rice harvester, otherwise the steam launch. Five shells it had averaged each fair shot for his birds; counting wounded birds this is good. As we towed the jaunty craft—she had lost that lead-like weight of last night—even the imitation hunters, buoyed up by the birds they were sure had fallen after they had hit them, towed nobly. Great crowds of blackbirds leaped from the cover near the

beds. How many thousands of lives do these wild rice beds support. We calculated one hundred thousand birds of various kinds—ducks, rail, plover, snipe, blackbirds, a few geese, bitterns and two big camps of Indians secured daily food from this long stretch of moonlit, waving green grain.

We spread the dead birds on the bow, covered them with a thin cover of wild rice straw and laid thick covers over so that early morning flies could not find them. The "Mizpah" at last emerged into the open lake on her homeward course through the heaving swells.



Pair of Black Ducks.



Pair of Wood Ducks.



# The Story of the First Thanksgiving Day

By HENRY BRYDON

"**T**HOU art a brave lad! May God reward thee for thy courage. I can give thee naught but the undying gratitude of a father."

The deep voice trembled with emotion as the heavy-browed man, intense and earnest, grasped the hand of a dripping youth.

"Nay, sir, it was but what any would have done," stammered the lad, blushing under the words of praise. Quickly slipping away from the crowd of sympathetic friends he went below decks to remove his soaking garments.

The "Mayflower," bearing her precious cargo, the Pilgrim Fathers, after passing through the perils of an ocean voyage in a sailing-vessel, had arrived off the coast of America, and the little band of men, women and children, but one hundred and two in all, were preparing to land on the untried, barren coast of the new world.

It was in November of the year 1620; nine long weeks they had spent on the ship, and there were great rejoicings at the prospect of a journey nearly ended. Always ready to acknowledge the guiding hand of a merciful Providence, prayers of Thanksgiving were earnestly offered up ere the land was reached, when suddenly, while still standing with bowed heads, a shriek struck terror to the hearts of all present.

A little fellow, not more than three years of age, had toddled across the deck, when a lurch of the ship sent him flying into the water just as his mother started towards him.

Before the others realised what had taken place, a tall, flaxen-haired lad had leaped into the water and caught the uplifted hand of the baby. It was some minutes ere the sailors were able to lower a boat and row away to the rescue, for the vessel was running before a stiff breeze. Those on board, with white faces, watched breathlessly as the lad with his burden was knocked about by the waves. At last the boat reached them and the strugglers were grasped by eager hands, and, ere many minutes had elapsed, were safely landed once more on the ship's deck.

When John Kemp appeared on deck again after donning dry apparel, the excitement subsided, though all were anxious to grasp the hand of the lad. He had indeed averted a tragedy which would have saddened the arrival in the new land.

After the elders had bestowed their blessings and turned again to look anxiously at the coast line before them, a young girl shyly approached. Timidly she extended her two slender little hands, while her deep blue eyes, brimming with unshed tears, hid behind a dark fringe of curling lashes and the colour rose in her softly rounded cheek.

"John Kemp, I know not what to say to thee who hast saved to me my dear brother," and with the impulsiveness of a child, than which she was little more, she raised herself on tip-toe and softly kissed the boy's smooth cheek.

"Ah, thou makest too much of a little deed, Patience," said the lad, awkwardly dropping the maid's hands and shamefacedly rubbing his cheek.

\* \* \* \* \*

At last the ship dropped her anchor, and after several tours of investigation, the small boats put out for shore, laden with the Pilgrim Fathers and their household goods. With a less determined band of people, the bare bleak shore, the absolute and awful loneliness of this great land would have dampened the enthusiasm. Beyond the shore was the deep impenetrable wilderness with all its untried terrors. Alone in the new land the little band of men, women and children, with their meagre store of worldly goods, started bravely to make their new home.

The men and boys worked with an energy born of determination and necessity, felling the trees out of which they built their rough log houses, while the women and girls went about their work happily, their

hearts responding to the ringing music of the woodman's axe. The cold weather was close at hand and preparations were pushed forward with all haste. Gunners and trappers went to the forest, bringing back each day provender to be stored away for the coming winter months.

John Kemp worked with the other men, his strong young arms bringing down many a tree as he plied his axe day after day. He and his father gave their time to the building of other homes, themselves, when the weather permitted, sleeping wrapped in blankets under the vast dome of the heavens. The smooth skin of the lad became firm and brown, and in this wilderness where grave responsibility rested on the shoulders of each individual, every day seemed to add to his stature and simple manliness.

Besides building the houses it was necessary to erect log fortifications for protection against man and beast, and winter was upon them before their operations were completed.

John Kemp and Patience Grail were thrown much together in these days, as stern Peter Grail, never forgetting the debt of gratitude he owed the lad, insisted that John and his father make their home with him for the present. As the weeks flew by, John began to realise with awakening manhood the winsomeness of the golden-haired little maid who was rapidly developing into a woman. He began to watch for the welcoming smile when they returned at dusk tired and hungry, to the rough log cabins which meant home to these sturdy pioneers. He delighted to watch her, as, deftly and quietly, she attended to the wants of the family gathered about the table. He found himself during the day picturing in his mind a pair of deep blue eyes fringed with curling black lashes, or listening for the lilting of a fresh young voice as she sang snatches of song while she went about her work.

"Patience," mused John, retrospectively, as they sat one evening before the great bon-fire that had been built in a wide clearing, "Dost thou remember the day we landed on this coast?"

"Aye, well do I remember, John. Was not that the day thou didst save our little Will?" And the girl's eyes lighted with a glow of tenderness.

"Well, Patience, I would—just as soon that thou wouldst—wouldst kiss me again," continued John, with a boyish attempt at indifference regarding a matter which made his pulses throb.

The girl glanced up quickly, her great blue eyes full of amazement, then suddenly veiling them, the rich colour mounted to her forehead.

"Then thou wilt not have thy wish, John Kemp," in a crisp, indignant tone. "I was but a child, and thou wast none too gracious even then."

"Ah," he laughed back, "Then was I but a child also. Mayhap thou wouldst find me more courteous now, Patience." And he glanced slyly into her wondering eyes.

"John, thou art a great silly," exclaimed Patience, as in confusion she jumped to her feet and ran home, where she knew she would find her mother softly singing a lullaby to the little ones.

John rose too, but not attempting to follow her, he strode over to his father, who was in earnest discussion with other serious-faced men.

"Father, may I talk with thee a while?"

"Why surely, my son!" and they moved apart from the group.

"Father," blurted out the lad, "how young may a man marry?"

"Marry, boy? Art thou thinking of marryin'?" And the father looked in amazement at his stalwart son, and looking critically, suddenly realised for the first time that this was no longer the simple English lad who had left his companions at school, to seek and find with his father the haven of peace and freedom in the new land.

"Yes, father," answered John simply, in a serious tone.

"Not that I would marry at once, not even that I know whether the lass would have me. Father—I love Patience Grail."

"Child, child!" and the father grasped the strong arm of his son. "Ah, that thy mother might have lived to have thy confidence. I am but a rough fellow—thou shouldst have a woman to counsel thee. But hark, ye, lad, though to me she seems but a child, yet she is a good and winsome lass. Hast thou told her, my boy?"

"No, father—nor have I asked the right to win her from her parents. My first thought was to tell thee."

"My boy, I give thee my blessing, and God grant thee such a wife as was thy sweet mother," and the older man sighed sadly, for in sixteen years he had not learned to forget the frail, exquisite English girl he had called wife for three happy years, before she faded away, too delicate a flower for a world of troubles.

John was not long in approaching Peter Grail on the subject so near his heart. He was fearful of the stern man's decision and was therefore amazed and delighted when Peter, ever a man of few words, after hearing John's declaration, gave his hand a firm grasp and said in a deep voice:

"John, thou shalt have her gladly, if thou canst win her. But mind—be faithful and true to her, else may the good God give thee thy desserts."

But the bitter winter was soon upon them and there was little time for the wooing of ever so sweet a maid. Sterner tasks were set for all that little band.

There was insufficient food and shelter from the keen winds. The terrible cold was almost unbearable, and the men, women and children endured untold sufferings and privations.

Nearly half of the colony perished from an epidemic of sickness which spared neither old nor young. Weakened by privation and sorrow, it seemed impossible to continue the unequal struggle.

Peter Grail's family was one of the few from which one of the dearly-loved faces was not missing. Patience, a never-tiring nurse, went from house to house, with a helping hand, and a bright smile for everyone. Grown tall and slight, her blue eyes shining with a tender womanly light, she was proving herself more than worthy of the deep love John had learned to feel for her.

"Mistress Grail! Mistress Grail! My father is ill. Canst thou come to see him?" and a great sob broke from the throat of John Kemp who had rushed early one cold morning from the little log cabin he and his father had finally built, to the door of the Grail homestead.

"Thy father ill, boy? Nay, nay, but we shall surely make him strong again." Then, bundling up a few articles and accompanied by Patience they hastened back to the cabin where the man lay tossing and moaning under the fever.

For days they watched him and cared for him, tenderly, fearfully, until at last the fever broke, and the man, all his strength gone, was slowly coaxed back to life by the gentle ministrations of Patience. By the time the snow had disappeared, leaving the moist earth ready to be ploughed, there were barely half a hundred souls left, and these were heart-sore and destitute. The "Mavflower," which had waited until the coming of the Spring, was to set sail very soon. Earnestly the captain besought those remaining to return to the old land, offering to all a free passage. But they declined. They had put their hands to the plough and would not turn back. Their duty to God, Whom they could at least worship here after their own fashion, and the memory of those who lay buried on the brow of yonder hill demanded that they should remain.

Ever ready to appreciate their blessings, however small, the little colony looked upon their life during the ensuing months as happy and prosperous, filled as it was with hardships and privations.

In the spring they tilled the ground and sowed their seed, they enlarged and improved their homes, and life seemed at last to promise some slight fulfilment of their hopes. Once more the birds were singing in the treetops, while the joyous, light-hearted voices of the young people were heard about the settlement, making music for the older people who could not so readily throw off their burdening sadness.

"Sweet lady Patience, wilt thou walk with me this evening?"

John stood in the open doorway of the Grail house, and bowed low in mock ceremony to the girl who courted as she laughingly assented.

"Your lordship, I would e'en be honoured to walk with so worshipful a personage as thee. I will but don my bonnet and then join thee, noble sir!"

Her tone was bantering and a provoking little smile flirted about the corners of her mouth, while her eyes none might read.

They walked away from the settlement, down towards the sea.

"Patience, Patience, dost thou know that I love thee?" asked John with a sigh.

"Nay," in mock surprise. "It almost seems to me I have heard thee say so ere this. And if I believe thee—what then, sir?"

She was in an exasperating mood, yet a light in her blue eyes and a tender smile hovering about her lips and asserting itself in a twinkling dimple, might have been a revelation to John had he glanced at her face that moment.

"Ah! I have indeed need of patience—and Patience," he sighed lugubriously. Then as she gave the merest suggestion of a tiny laugh in which there was almost a caress, he suddenly stopped and took both her hands in a firm, determined grasp.

"My dear, my dear! Thou must marry me—for oh! I love thee. Dear heart, let me see thine eyes."

Gently he encircled her chin in his rounded palm while the hot blood surged to her face.

"Yes, dear," in answer to the longing look in his grey eyes, "I love thee." And in confusion she hid her face on his sleeve.

"And thou wilt marry me?" he whispered, putting his protecting young arm about her, as she stood there just high enough to reach to his heart, while he an adoring young giant looked down tenderly at the curve of her cheek, all that was visible of her very dear face.

"Y—yes, John," came in a stifled gasp.

"Say it again, dearest, say it again."

"Y—yes, John," she stammered.

"No, no, not that; what thou said before."

"Oh—I cannot," then suddenly grown sweetly serious, she placed a little hand on each shoulder and looked earnestly into his steadfast grey eyes. "Ah," she said softly, "thou must surely know, lad, that I love thee."

And so they were betrothed, and during the spring and summer months while John was busy working in the fields, there was ever a song at his heart. He and his father were adding to and improving their rough home, for it had been promised that before the year was out Patience would become John's wife.

Young in years though they were, they had learned much of the wisdom of their elders in a year of work and sorrow.

One August afternoon John, with several companions, was returning from a hunting expedition, and in passing her home he halloed to Patience to come and see their trophies.

With a startled face, Mrs. Grail appeared at the doorway.

"Why, John, Patience started an hour since to meet thee."

"Patience—to meet me? Oh, Mistress Grail—where can she be? We saw no sign of her. Oh—my little lass!" And dropping his load, he rushed down the road, back to the forest, with a wild tumult of fear and anguish at his heart. It would be so easy—so terribly easy to be lost and to wander and wander until one's strength had gone, in those trackless woods. He plunged wildly over fallen trees and deep underbrush, loudly calling her name, hardly conscious that a dozen or more men has joined in the search and were going off in different directions in order to cover as nearly as possible the places where she might have strayed.

Deeper and deeper they penetrated into the forest. The sun was setting and still she was not found. But they must not give up. Faintly he heard the other men as they called and then felt the intense silence as they listened for the answer that did not come. Each minute the woods grew darker, and despairingly the men were forced to retrace their steps lest they themselves be lost to those remaining at the settlement.

How earnestly they prayed that Patience might in their absence have returned.

But no! As they approached their homes they were met by the women, whose white anxious faces told their own tale.

All night long an immense bon-fire was kept burning, while the men skirted the edge of the woods, and penetrated as far as they dared with their flaming torches.

# The Bow of Ulysses

By PEGGY WEBLING

**H**IS name was Ulysses Boehm, and he made his first appearance in the good old days when shows were scarce in Sterryville, Canada, as solo violinist with the Mandrake Vaudeville Company.

Sterryville was such a small town that the only advertisements were half a dozen bills in the store windows. The hall was lighted by two hanging oil lamps, the stage being illuminated by four footlights, with pieces of tin-foil as reflectors.

Mr. Hiram Sterry, the most prosperous merchant in the town, was sitting in the middle of the front row, with his wife on his right hand and his eldest daughter on his left. Hiram was a big man with closely cropped hair and grey beard, strong featured and wrinkled; his wife was a quiet, worn little woman, and his daughter was a captivating girl of twenty, as delicate and springy as a bow of witch-hazel, accustomed to be flattered and admired, but so frank and lovable that all the girls, as well as half the boys, were devoted to her.

"Think it will be a good show, Cissy?" asked her father, giving her the programme.

"It looks promising, pa," answered Myra; "I'm very glad there's such a good crowd. It's simply packed! It might be election times."

"Thank heaven it isn't!" observed her father.

Feeling ran very high in Sterryville at election times, and Hiram Sterry belonged to the then unpopular "Grit," or Liberal party. It was a conviction among his friends that if ever a Liberal government went into office this strong, self-made man would be heard of in Ottawa. Time was to prove the truth of the prophecy.

The Mandrake Vaudeville Company opened the programme with an old-fashioned farce, in which Mandrake and his wife played the chief parts, supported by an old, broken-down actor who worked for his expenses, without salary. After the farce Mrs. Mandrake sang a lengthy song, accompanied by the remaining member of the company, Mr. Ulysses Boehm.

Ulysses was a tall, heavily-built young man, with thick brown hair, his overhanging forehead shading a pair of moody, hazel eyes, and the sulky expression of his singularly mobile mouth making him look like an injured schoolboy.

He did his best with the ancient square piano, rattling snatches of popular airs between the different items of the programme, and in the middle of the second part he played a violin solo.

"How will he ever be able to manage with that awful old piano?" said Myra Sterry.

The big, sulky boy had awakened her interest. She wondered how long it would take her to put him in a good temper. She had great experience with boys.

Ulysses Boehm played his solo without an accompaniment. He lounged awkwardly on to the stage, took up his position in the centre, and, stretching out a powerful hand, struck his keynote and tuned his fiddle. He played well, surprisingly well, with skill and feeling, and the music crept over the audience like the notes of a strange, haunting song.

Myra Sterry, young and impressionable, bent forward eagerly, forgetting herself and her surroundings, hanging on every note, and positively trembling with suppressed excitement.

"Isn't he great, pa! Wasn't it lovely?" she exclaimed, as the young violinist bowed and made his way, awkwardly as before, off the platform.

"Fine! First class!" said Hiram Sterry.

"I wish I could hear him play with that funny old-fashioned violin bow that we've got at home," said Myra.

"Your father's people brought it from the old country, so I guess he don't want to exhibit it to a pack of show folks," said Mrs. Sterry.

Myra said no more, but she thought of that old bow, again and again, during the entertainment.

On the following morning, before anyone in the house was astir, Myra rose softly, dressed, and crept downstairs. She opened her father's old English cabinet and took out the precious bow. Wrapping it carefully in paper, she slipped out of the front door, and turned her face towards the other end of the town. The hall-keeper had told her father, on the previous night, that the Mandrake Company was leaving Sterryville by an early train in the morning.

Myra had no intention of making her presence known

at the hotel. She trusted to luck—and the help of one of her many admirers—to see Ulysses by himself. Her luck did not fail her. The admirer, who was the son of the hotel proprietor and acted as booking clerk, was standing at the door and greeted Miss Sterry with pleasurable agitation.

"Has the troupe gone away yet, Teddy?" she asked.

"They're havin' breakfast now, Miss Myra," answered the booking clerk.

"Will you do me a favour, Teddy? Ask Mr. Boehm—the tall young man who plays the violin—to speak to me in the parlour. He's an old friend of father's, and I've brought a message.

When she reached the little parlour unseen, Myra Sterry was suddenly overwhelmed with self-consciousness. What was she to say to the young stranger? What would he think of her? While she was debating with herself the possibility of escape, the door opened, and Ulysses Boehm, shyly and hesitatingly, entered the room.

He was taller and older than she expected; his dark hair was brushed smoothly back, and his expression was perhaps a little more amiable than on the previous night. He gave her a quick, curious glance, and then dropped his eyes, making an awkward bow.

"I—I—wanted to see you, Mr. Boehm," said Myra, and hesitated.

"You are very kind. Can I do anything for you?" answered the young violinist.

He spoke like an Englishman, and his voice was peculiarly soft and musical. His thin shoes were trodden down, and his clothes were miserably shabby.

"I want to thank you for last night," she said, recovering her usual self-possession, "I want to send you away from our town with the knowledge that you leave a friend behind."

"You are very kind," he repeated, all his youth responding to the innocent enthusiasm of the girl. "I don't know how to thank you. I was rather discouraged—last night—I used to play well, but lately—times have been very hard—and I—"

His voice shook and he turned abruptly away.

"Poor fellow!"

The words broke from Myra's lips before she could check them. She knew, without words, that he was poor and wounded—lonely—misunderstood—and she had the courage to speak to him at this vital minute with pity and sincerity.

"You must be brave!" she said. "You are a brilliant player. I guess you've lost heart. Why don't you shift these Mandrake people? You're far too good for them."

"I must earn my bread somehow," said Ulysses hoarsely.

"I know!" said Myra, "But you're working your way towards Toronto, and you must hustle round when you get there. Don't be scared because you feel poor and don't look tony. When people hear you play they'll forget everything else."

"Do you really mean that?" said Ulysses Boehm.

"Yes, I believe in you with all my heart," said Myra simply.

He grasped the hand she had laid on his arm, and, stooping, kissed it almost roughly.

Myra gently drew away her hand, and remembered the old bow. She asked him to look at it, and he drew it through his fingers caressingly, testing it on the table, as a man tests the point of a rapier, by pressure of hand and quickness of eye.

"This is a French bow," he said, "one of Tourte's—as hard as iron and not too heavy. A perfect bow. Did you come to ask me its value?"

"No!" said Myra, smiling at her own frankness. "I came to wish you luck. I brought the bow as an excuse."

"You are a strange girl!" said Ulysses, looking at her thoughtfully under his heavy brows.

Once more he pressed the point of the bow on the table, and then gave it back to her.

"Perhaps you will return to use it some day!" said Myra.

"Will you keep it for me—Penelope?" asked the English violinist.

"My name is Myra," she said.

(Concluded in next issue.)

## Literary Notes

### A WORD FROM KIPLING.

THE "Canadian Courier" of last week contained a reference to the Calgary despatch concerning Mr. Kipling's alleged investments in South Africa and Canada. The distinguished author, who visited Toronto last week, received the "Courier's" comment and wrote in reply an extremely pleasant note which concludes: "Thank you for the delightfully comic account of my 'fortunate investments' in South Africa and Canada. I very much wish this were true or that I had the pleasure of knowing Lord Strathcona.

"Very sincerely,  
"RUDYARD KIPLING."

\* \* \*

Dr. W. J. Dawson, who is to conduct evangelistic services in Winnipeg in the church of which Rev. C. W. Gordon ("Ralph Connor") is pastor, has a literary record of more than usual interest. Dr. Dawson is a Cornishman by birth and is the son of a Methodist minister. At an early age the future evangelist entered the Congregational ministry and soon became known as one of the most prominent members of that influential Non-Conformist body. Several years ago Dr. Dawson came to this continent on a lecture tour and afterwards published his American addresses under the heading, "The Evangelistic Note." The volume attracted general attention on account of the somewhat rare union of deeply spiritual feeling with delicacy and finish of literary expression. "Makers of English Fiction" and "Makers of English Prose" also proved that the evangelistic author has a remarkably wide acquaintance with the literature of his native land and as remarkable critical discrimination. But Dr. Dawson's latest achievement entitled "A Prophet in Babylon" is likely to become more widely known than any of his former volumes and has already, although a work of fiction, furnished Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis with the matter for a startling discourse.

"A Prophet in Babylon" is a book which is sure to provoke discussion, for it is an attack on the conventional church-goer's attitude towards the Great Submerged, and concerns itself with the retirement of a fashionable pastor from his charge and his final absorption in work where he is brought into immediate relations with New York's poorest and neediest.

It is rather curious that an Englishman should have written such a striking story of New York life. Of the author's discernment of character there is no finer instance than this paragraph describing Deacon Roberts and his wife:

"There are many people of this description to be found in all large cities—people to whom the city as a vital entity does not exist. They never go to a theatre or a concert; they take no part in those intellectual conclaves where the movements of art and literature are discussed; they never look upon a celebrated person, or are present at an historic occasion; they remain provincials with a provincialism more inelastic than any other, the provincialism of cities. The only New York they know is bounded by the business office on one side and the apartment house on the other. They are ignorant alike of the splendour and the squalor that surround them. They are like the peasants of some war-devastated country, who see without curiosity the spears and banners of contending hosts marching hither and thither, themselves content to go on tilling the soil, without so much as a question concerning the tremendous issues which antagonise the nations. The capacity for the tragic is not in them. They would stick to the narrow round of daily habit even though the Last Trumpet blew, and would resent an interruption which disclosed to them the Gates of Paradise." Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company.

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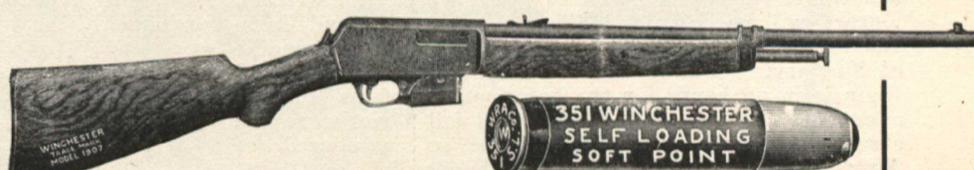
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## British Gossip

WHILE the fiftieth anniversary of the relief of Lucknow, September 25th, 1857, was celebrated in London by the decoration of Sir Henry Havelock's statue in Trafalgar Square, that Man of Unrest, Mr. Keir Hardie, M. P., was making inflammatory speeches in the East, causing much clamour by his fulmination against the country which is supposed to be his native land. The average British subject is quite at a loss to understand the mental gyrations of the Keir Hardie type and comes to the conclusion that the gentleman in question is seeking to advertise his eloquence and importance. Such a demagogue is not a source of much danger where he is known but the trouble is that the educated natives of India are not aware of Mr. Hardie's standing among British public men and may come to the highly incorrect conclusion that his opinions are of weight and majesty. How happy such chaps must feel in Hyde Park or Southern Asia where they can find a multitude to take them seriously. It may occur to the Englishman who has read the history of the Black Year that this is not an opportune time for a British M. P. to abuse Great Britain in India. The innocent and industrious may have to suffer for the vain imaginings of this inflated Socialist who, of course, would not be on the spot if his words excited blows.

\* \* \*

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's recent marriage was celebrated quietly in London and the dear public which loves a pageant and which would certainly have thronged to the wedding of the creator of "Sherlock Holmes," was kept in ignorance as to the scene of the ceremony. Some of the English journals and many Canadian newspapers made a curious blunder in connection with the affair. The announcement was made that the novelist was a bachelor "caught at last," and various pleasantries were the outcome of this remark. As a matter of fact, Sir Arthur, then plain Dr. Doyle, married in 1886 Louisa Hawkins of Minsterworth, Gloucester. He has been a widower for some time and the announcement of his engagement came as a surprise to most of his literary friends. The bride was Miss Jean Leckie, a pretty and graceful Londoner, concerning whom the papers made the cheering announcement: "She is not prominent."

\* \* \*

Mr. Winston Churchill, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, set out on a prow after problems during the last week of September and has visited Malta, Cyprus and Mombasa already. After spending a fortnight in British East Africa, Mr. Churchill will cross Lake Victoria and will travel through Uganda to Lake Albert. His return journey will be down the Nile, via Khartoum and Cairo and his return to England is expected about the middle of January. "Punch" has already indicated that Lord Elgin is in no hurry for the home-coming of his buoyant assistant. If the young man should fall a victim to the sleeping sickness or should become so enamoured of Africa as to set up his tent on the banks of Lake Albert, there would not be many mourning politicians at home—or in the Dominion of Canada, which Mr. Churchill once dazzled with a meteoric lecture tour.

\* \* \*

Centuries ago, before the Anglo-Saxons had dreamed of making their piratical way to England, the Island of Britannia was famous in Rome because of its oysters, a delicacy which the citizens on the Tiber highly enjoyed. British oysters have lost their supremacy, but a reminder of their early importance was received when the civic opening of the Colchester oyster fishery took place last month with the customary quaint ceremonial. The mayor and corporation went in a steam dredger to the limits of the fishery off Brightlingsea, where they consumed gin and gingerbread while the town clerk read in archaic phraseology the proclamation which declared that the fishery had been the property of the corporation "from time beyond which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." The town sergeant then shouted "God Save the King," cheers were given, and the mayor hoisted up the first dredge of oysters.

It is quite difficult to remember that Mr. Alfred Austin is poet laureate, so lamentably has he failed in impressing his official songs upon the people. By way of reminding the public that he is still among the living, Mr. Austin has written to the papers to say that he is thinking of having cheaper editions of his poems published in the near future. Mr. Austin, we are informed, has been a man of several professions. He has been a barrister, a journalist and has actually faced the duties of war-correspondent. In the last capacity he represented a London paper throughout the siege of Paris. Mr. Austin's prose is gentle and fairly readable and had he been content to write paragraphs about gardens instead of poems on Mafeking, he would have been regarded as a pleasant dilettante sort of a chap.

\* \* \*

The novels of "Q" give us to understand that Cornwall is really a Delectable Duchy in which it is well to wander. Mr. James Douglas of M. A. P. has lately been spending a holiday there and gives that lonely country a testimonial which would make the fortune of a fashionable rest cure. Thus does the modern scribe reflect: "If I cannot be a cow or a cormorant, I would be a Cornish vicar smiling my sleepy smile and rubbing my hands together in the sun. Such a man surely was Hawker of Morwenstow, the vicar who deliberately chose Cornish quiet in preference to the restless glory of a London parish. In all the world there is no place like Cornwall for the rest. Its old churches are full of it to their crumbling roofs. For half an hour I drank deep draughts of it as I wandered among the tombstones in the peaceful graveyard of Manaccan. If not gay, I was at least healthy and I was admonished. . . . While we were driving back to Mullion Cove I nearly burst my lungs with trying to blow hideous sounds out of a coach horn. Really life is very like that. We all pass our lives in despairing attempts to blow dreadful dissonances out of an instrument which we do not understand. The Cornishmen and the cows and the cormorants know better."

\* \* \*

Transportation problems are likely to bear heavily upon British railway authorities this winter and a strike is to be averted only by care and concessions. The speed mania seems to have taken possession of the steamship companies, and the "Lusitania's" record is already menaced by the "Mauretania." Then the equipment of war vessels goes on apace and ships of the "Dreadnaught" class now form a quartette, while two more such monsters are promised. War-balloons are also a department of the latest experiments and aerial destroyers may soon follow. Altogether it is no wonder that the journalist of to-day regards Cornwall as a spot of refuge and refreshment.

\* \* \*

The disturbance created by Sir James Crichton-Brown's paper on sanitation and diet has not yet been quieted. Sir James is described as a gentleman of the old school, whose enormous Dundreary whiskers render him a remarkable figure in the modern assembly. Two years ago he was sent on a mission to Jamaica in connection with the Colonial Office. While at Kingston he had an amusing encounter with a coloured but very humble official. Sir James is an ardent Scot and was keenly interested in the Scottish population of the island.

"Do you have many Scotchmen in these parts?" he asked of the official.

The darkey thought for a moment, and then answered: "Not many, just a few—but enough." Sir James collapsed.

\* \* \*

The Cullinan diamond which the Transvaal proposes to send to King Edward may prove an embarrassing jewel to His Majesty. The gift is worth about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds and its money value might better be spent on a somewhat exhausted South Africa. The diamond itself appears to be a fairly handsome stone, weighing, uncut, 3,025 carats. The manager of the Premier mine found it by accident one day when he was taking a careless stroll.



Lady Doyle, wife of the novelist,  
Sir A. Conan Doyle.



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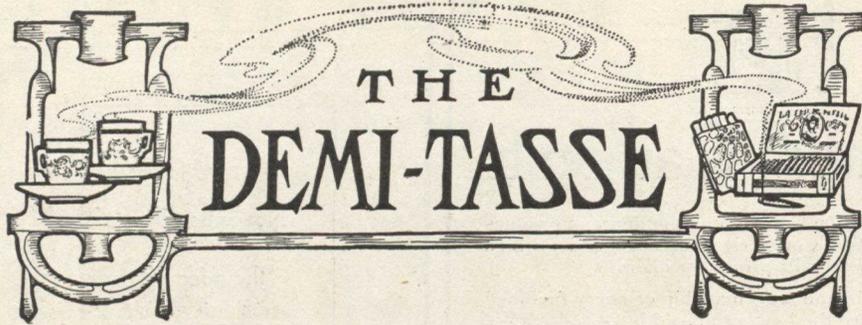
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## LIMERICKS OF THE HOUR.

Poet Kipling, who also writes prose,  
Once breathed a few words about snows.  
But he found us so nice  
That he said: "There's no ice  
In the land where the maple tree grows."

There once was a bold Registrar  
Whose speeches were read near and far.  
He said: "If I choose,  
I'll give you some news."  
Said Whitney in haste: "Don't you dar!"

A Minister went for a moose  
To the North where they roam about loose.  
He took a big gun  
And had lots of fun,  
And Beattie may go to the doose.  
J. G.

## A SAFE PLACE.

During a certain battle the colonel of  
an Irish regiment noticed that one of the  
men was extremely devoted to him, and  
followed him everywhere. At length he  
remarked:

"Well, my man, you have stuck by me  
well to-day."

"Yes, sorr," replied Pat. "Shure it was  
me mother said to me, says she, 'Just you  
stick to the colonel, Pat, me bhoy, and  
you'll be all roight. Them colonels never  
gets hurted.'"

DEPRAVITY OF INANIMATE  
THINGS.

Sometimes there are nights when the  
blanket  
Goes crooked, however you yank it,  
Till you're forced to exclaim,  
"Oh, bother and blame  
This blankety, blankety blanket!"  
—Windsor Record.

## METAPHORICAL.

Hamilton Sport: "That Lusitania's a  
great boat. Beaten all records."  
Toronto Sport: "Yes—a kind of Long-  
boat of the Atlantic."  
Hamilton Sport goes to the Emergency  
Hospital.

## THRILLING.

First Citizen: "Are you going to hear  
Mark Hambourg?"  
Second Citizen: "No. I'm saving up for  
Paderewski."  
First Citizen: "Oh, I suppose you prefer  
to make a dash for the Pole."

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

There was a tall Russian named Muski—  
Wumiskiliviskivitchuski.  
You may say his name twice.  
If you think it sounds nice,  
But I bet it will make your voice husky.

## FAME IN CERTAIN QUARTERS.

Edwin Markham was one of the guests  
of honor at a reception given by a wealthy  
New York woman. During a conversation  
she said:

"My dear Mr. Markham, I've wanted for  
years to meet you and tell you how I just  
love that adorable picture of yours—the  
one with the man hoeing, you know—and  
he is taking off his cap, and that poor wife  
of his—at least I suppose it's his wife—  
bowing her head, and they both look so  
tired, poor things! I have a copy of it  
in my own den, and the children have

another in their playroom, and it's—it's—  
simply exquisite!"

"The Angelus,' I presume you mean?"  
replied the poet gravely.

"Yes," doubtfully, "but we always call it  
'The Hoe Man!'"

"I am glad you like it, madam," said Mr.  
Markham. And he took an early oppor-  
tunity of escaping from his sincere but  
mistaken admirer.—Success Magazine.

## A DESCRIPTION.

Seaside Hotel Guest: "How big was that  
sea serpent, and what did he look like?"

Seaside Journalist (dreamily): "Oh, he  
was about a column long and had a fierce  
looking display head."—Illustrated Bits.

## A GOOD MOVE.

"Out of a job?"

"Yes—and they put a woman in my  
place."

"Gee! Well, I'll tell you—why don't you  
marry the woman?"—Cleveland Plain  
Dealer.



## The Answer Unfortunate.

"What are these cigars called, Collins?"  
"All sorts of things, sir!"—The Bystander.

## HIS PRAYER.

A minister accepted a call to a new  
church in a town where many of the mem-  
bers bred horses and sometimes raced them.  
A few weeks later he was asked to invite  
the prayers of the congregation for Lucy  
Grey. Willingly and gladly he did so for  
three Sundays. On the fourth, one of the  
deacons told the minister he need not do  
it any more. "Why?" asked the good man,  
with an anxious look, "is she dead?"  
"Oh, no," said the deacon, "she's won  
the steeplechase."—The Bellman.

## EVERYTHING IN PROPORTION.

For many weeks the irritable merchant  
had been riveted to his bed by typhoid  
fever. Now he was convalescing. He  
clamoured for something to eat, declaring  
that he was starving.

"To-morrow you may have something  
to eat," promised the doctor. The mer-  
chant realised that there would be a re-  
straint to his appetite; yet he saw, in vision,

a modest, steaming meal placed at his  
bedside.

"Here is your dinner," said the nurse  
next day, as she gave the glowering patient  
a spoonful of tapioca pudding, "and the  
doctor emphasises that everything else you  
do must be in the same proportion."

Two hours later the nurse heard a fran-  
tic call from the bed-chamber.

"Nurse," breathed the man, heavily, "I  
want to do some reading; bring me a  
postage stamp."—Harper's Weekly.

## USED TO IT.

Mrs. Wickwire: "If you die first, you'll  
wait for me on the other shore, won't you,  
dear?"

Mr. Wickwire: "I suppose so. I never  
went anywhere yet without having to wait  
for you."

## TROUBLE FOR THE EDITOR.

"I can't keep the visitors from coming  
up," said the office boy, dejectedly. "When  
I say you're out they don't believe me.  
They say they must see you."

"Well," said the editor, "just tell them  
that's what they all say. I don't care if  
you cheek them, but I must have quiet-  
ness."

That afternoon there called at the office  
a lady with hard features and an acid ex-  
pression. She wanted to see the editor,  
and the boy assured her that it was im-  
possible.

"But I must see him!" she protested.  
"I'm his wife!"

"That's what they all say," replied the  
boy.

That is why he found himself on the  
floor, with the lady sitting on his neck and  
smacking his head with a ruler, and that  
is why there is a new boy wanted there.—  
Answers.

## AN INTRODUCTION TO BARRIE.

Miss Grace Lane, an English actress,  
who achieved her first success as "Bab-  
bie" in "The Little Minister," tells an inter-  
esting story in M. A. P. of her introduc-  
tion to the author of that charming novel  
and play. One night at a Stoke Newington  
theatre the manager told her that Mr. B—  
was coming round to see her at the end  
of the act. She did not catch the name, and  
thought that a representative of the local  
paper was seeking a chat with her. "Very  
well," she answered, and gave the matter  
no more thought. At the end of the act  
she found the manager and a small, deli-  
cate-looking man awaiting her; and with-  
out stopping for an introduction, Miss  
Lane started talking nineteen to the dozen,  
that she might get the interview over and  
take a little rest in her dressing-room be-  
fore the next act.

"I hope you are enjoying the play," she  
said, when she had finished giving the  
astonished young man a long account of  
her private history and her early profes-  
sional career.

"Oh, yes," he answered.

"Don't you think it is a pretty play?"  
she asked.

"Quite a pretty play," was the reply.

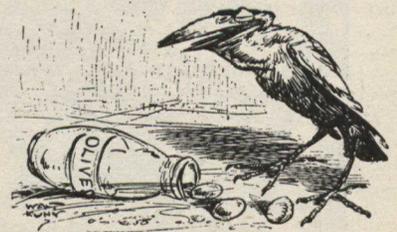
"Did you see it at the Haymarket?"

"Oh, yes, I saw quite a lot of it. You  
see, I wrote it," said Mr. James Barrie.

## HARD HIT.

Gwendolen Gush: "What glorious sun-  
sets you have here!"

Tom Doughhead: "Yes; aw—especially in  
the evenings."



"I wonder what queer Irish bird laid these  
green eggs."—Life.

## Music and Drama

**T**HERE is talk once more of a musical festival in Toronto. In 1886 there was such an event which was an artistic and financial success. There was a chorus of over a thousand voices, while an orchestra of one hundred pieces did justice to the great occasion. Madame Lilli Lehmann was one of the soloists at this feast of song and Dr. F. H. Torrington was its presiding genius.

A dramatic festival will be held at Massey Hall, Toronto, during the week of October 28th when Ben Greet's company will give "Macbeth," "Julius Caesar," "Romeo and Juliet" and "As You Like It." The famous morality play, "Everyman," in which Mr. Greet and his players first won the attention of America, is also to be presented.

"The Story of My Life," by Ellen Terry, which is enlivening the pages of M. A. P. from week to week, is decidedly amusing, if rather gushy, and contains many items of domestic news as well as accounts of dramatic success. In the number of October 12th, the veteran actress tells of her second (or perhaps it is third) marriage to Mr. Charles Wardell and also of her theatrical engagement with Mr. John Hare. In view of the latter's recent retirement from the stage, the following remarks are interesting:

"Mr. Hare was one of the best stage-managers that I met during the whole of my long experience in the theatre. He was snappy in manner, extremely irritable if anything went wrong, but he knew what he wanted and he got it. No one has ever surpassed him in the securing of a perfect ensemble. He was the Meissonnier among the theatre artists. Very likely he would have failed if he had been called upon to produce 'King John,' but what better witness to his talent than that he knew his line and stuck to it?"

The Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, has introduced a novel way of taking the votes of the audience as to the plays desirable to produce. Last week slips of paper were placed in the programmes during the week for the audience to choose a play from the list of attractions. There is a dread rumour to the effect that "The Christian" was the popular choice, but let us hope for something better.

The concerts to be given by the National Chorus in Massey Hall, Toronto, on December 16th and 17th promise to be the most interesting events in which this organisation has taken part. In addition to the engagement of Mr. Walter Damrosch and his well-known New York Symphony Orchestra, the assistance of the soloists, Miss Helen Davies, Mr. Kelley Cole and Mr. Francis Rogers has been announced by the conductor, Dr. Albert Ham.

Mme. Bessie Bonsall and Miss Jessie Alexander drew a large and appreciative audience to Association Hall last week, on the occasion of a combined recital, when it was discovered that the rich contralto voice of the former and the excellent mimetic qualities of the latter have suffered no deterioration during their absence from the Canadian stage.

Mr. Channing Pollock, who has written a play or two of his own, and who indulges in occasional dramatic criticism for New York publications, took occasion to visit Europe last summer and explore the theatres. He gravely assures his readers that English plays are poor things and that the only real "successes" in London last year were "American." One of the latter is "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," about as tawdry a performance as can be imagined. Then Mr. Pollock proceeds to pull to pieces "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which is a romantic play of light and diverting order, but which, alas! is English.

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## For the Children

AN' EAT, AN' EAT, AN' EAT.

Our cellar's full as it kin be  
'Ith eatables. There's ham,  
An' beef, an' chicken, headcheese, an'  
A great big leg of lamb.  
A feller's mouth jis' waters when  
He sees sich piles o' meat.  
I wish't 'at I could go down there  
An' eat, an' eat, an' eat.

There is a dozen lemon pies  
'Ith yaller cream on top,  
An' twenty-seven jelly cakes.  
I'm jis' as mad as hop  
'Cause mother sez I got to wait.  
By jing, it would be sweet  
To git inside that cellar, an'  
Jus' eat, an' eat, an' eat.

There's pecks an' pecks o' pickled beets,  
Potato salad, too.  
There's cherry pies an' cookies, just  
A-starin' straight at you.  
I'd like to git down cellar now,  
Away from all the heat.  
I'd sit in there fer half a day  
An' eat, an' eat, an' eat.

Both Maw an' sister Emeline  
Has cooked fer days an' days.  
The threshers 'll be here to-night.  
They hev sich hungry ways  
'At we'll hardly have enough.  
I never seen the beat  
The way them fellers kin sit down  
An' eat, an' eat, an' eat.  
—B. C. Saturday Sunset.

\* \*



"Say, Pa, won't you buy me a drum?"  
"No, I'm afraid you'd disturb me with the noise."  
"No I won't, Pa; I'll only drum when you're  
asleep."—Life.

\* \*

### I WONDER WHY.

(By Mazie V. Caruthers.)  
I wonder why, when mother's tucked  
Me in an' I'm alone,  
My room should seem so different?  
Now, if I hadn't known  
That great black Something by my bed  
Was just a chair, I'd 'most  
Been half afraid it was a giant  
Or Mr. Bluebeard's ghost!

My curtain, flowered pink by day,  
Hangs long and limp and white,  
So like a lady Goop I feel  
A little scairt at night.  
I try to be courageous, but  
When you're alone in bed  
You think of all the awful things  
In fairy tales you've read,

And, first you know, queer shadows steal  
From out the corners, so  
Right where I hung my clothes I'm sure  
There's Something moves, and oh,  
I feel a crawly, creepy chill  
'Way from my head to feet,  
And little girls feel comf'tabler  
To hid beneath the sheet!  
—Lippincott's Magazine.

\* \*

A teacher in a small school had been giving  
some talks on the protective colouring  
of animals, and she felt sure that her questions  
would be answered correctly. "Why  
do we find that so many worms have a  
green colour?" she asked.

Willie, the youngest, was called upon.  
"Cause they aren't ripe yet," he said.  
"When they're ripe they're butterflies." —  
Youths' Companion.

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**Peculiarities**

**A** TRIO of R.N.W.M.P., who were left at Cape Fullerton by Major Moodie of the "Arctic" expedition, have drifted into Winnipeg. Cape Fullerton is about 1,600 miles north of Winnipeg and, according to the escaped explorers, it is forbidding and bleak, with a frozen thermometer. Fort Churchill, the cherished port for that dream of a Hudson's Bay route to Europe, is described as a place where you want ear and nose protectors in the winter, goggles for the glare in the spring, and mosquito veils in the summer.

The medical health department of Toronto is extremely anxious to secure full-weight bread and butter. It might be as well to provide Toronto with pure water and a decent morgue in the meantime.

Mr. Cyrus A. Birge of Hamilton has donated \$50,000 to Victoria University, Toronto. A Hamilton man is always willing to help educate Toronto. The \$50,000, promised conditionally by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, will now be available. So far the string has been attached to the Pittsburg plutocrat's gifts.

Speaking of Pittsburg, one is reminded of the "Globe's" prophecy that Toronto will yet be the Pittsburg of the North. How unkind of the Great Grit Organ! Just because Toronto doesn't send Sir Wilfrid five supporters, the "Globe" is willing to consign it to the Harry Thaw class. Toronto is not so black as it's smoked.

At Chillicothe, Ohio, a young Scotchman has been denied papers which would make him a citizen because he refuses to renounce King Edward as King of Scotland. He is willing to renounce allegiance to him as King of England, but not as King of Great Britain and Ireland, as forms call for. That young man had better come to Canada and take up a farm in Glengarry County.

A temperance lecturer in St. John, N.B., has startled the community by declaring that the policemen in a license city should take a drunken man home instead of to jail. The city, remembering that his drunkenness contributes to the municipal revenue, should see that he is conveyed to a place of comfort and safety. How the cabmen must love that lecturer!

It is quite shocking to read that Rev. S. J. Farmer of the First Baptist Church, Brantford, declares the telephone city to be the most drunken and profane he has seen or heard in his experience, which includes travels through the principal centres of Canada, the United States and England. But those who have known the town for many years think that the divine's opinion resembles the report of Mark Twain's death.

There was a story from a "wireless" experimenter at Morien, Cape Breton, to the effect that he had picked up a message from far-off Manila. Signor Marconi hastily denied the report but the mischief was done. It seems that the United States cruiser which figured in the world-beating record was not only not at Manila, but is out of commission at Seattle. Some of these reporters ought to be writing Marie Corelli fiction.

Still another bank is to apply for incorporation at the coming session. This is the Bank of Winnipeg, which ought to have golden deposits.

'Tis the bank of the prairie province,  
Where the golden wavelets play,  
Where the fields prove an Eldorado—  
As they pay—pay—pay.

A Kingston paper tells a weird tale about a farmer on the Comewago Hills, who declares that three of his geese went on a disgraceful spree after having eaten some pulp from a cider mill. They swayed from

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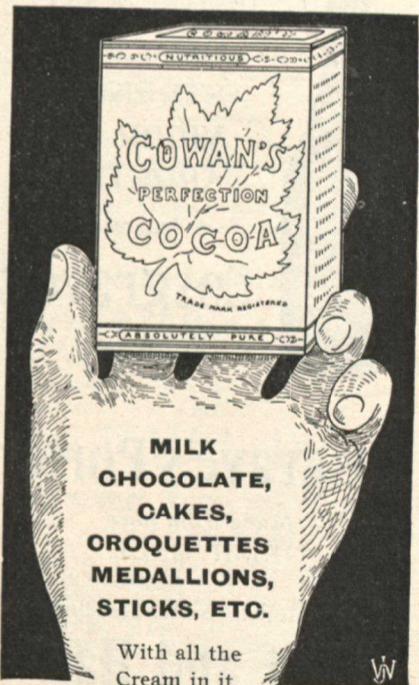
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side to side and cackled hoarsely. Since recovering from their debauch they have kept afar from the cider mill. How very human!

A Winnipeg girl, by name Flora Money, has disappeared. Of course the newspaper humourists see nothing strange about this, but, personally, we object to the form of wit known as paronomasia.

Those farmers in Manitoba who made contracts to sell their wheat at one dollar a bushel are now engaged in kicking themselves. But the Eastern school-teacher who is watching eggs, butter, flour and beef go steadily up wishes he were a son of the Saskatchewan soil, and groans with envy as he reads in a Victoria panegyric on British Columbia's real estate: "Tickle it with a hoe and it will laugh with a harvest."

This climate of Victoria, B.C., is something to amaze the outsider. Even Kent and Niagara turn pale at the news that Victoria is proving the possibility of producing two crops of strawberries a year. However, it must be admitted that the strawberries of this October made an extra effort, on account of their desire to show Mr. Kipling a few "ruddy-yards." (Consolation prize joke.)

President Eliot, speaking to the Harvard students recently, told them that the university should prepare them for the conflicts of life. Then he advised an early marriage. "On to the Fray!" would seem to be the distinguished adviser's motto.

Several Canadian journals have published cuts of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, the New York multi-millionairess who is to become the bride of Count Ladislaus Szechenyl, a Hungarian nobleman. If the pictures are not a libel, the Count ought to demand a substantial fortune.

A worthy citizen of Toronto has written to the "Sunday World" to call public attention to the fact that, for more than twenty years, no Presbyterian has been mayor of the capital of Ontario. Baptists, Episcopalians and Methodists have sat at the head of the Board of Control and waited for the architect's account to come in. But the Church of Scotland has put up with such inferior offices as the Premiership of Ontario and the Lieutenant-Governor's pleasant and smiling task. If Toronto wants to see the viaduct become substantial, let her put a Scotch elder in the chair.

Rev. Dr. Sparling, of Grace Church, Winnipeg, formally dedicated the new Metropolitan Methodist Church at Regina last month and in the course of a Monday lecture declared that Oriental labour is needed in the West. It is dollars to doughnuts that the Winnipeg divine has a Chinese cook whose services are to be retained at all costs.

Ten complete human skeletons have been unearthed in the course of excavations at Souris, Manitoba, by Professor Montgomery of the University of Toronto. It is just like a Toronto man to dig up things that were comfortably buried. Some people never can be happy unless they are disturbing bones which have just got nicely settled after seven hundred years.

All is not partisan in Canadian politics. In Sussex, New Brunswick, Hon. Dr. Pugsley, Minister of Public Works, has been given a complimentary banquet by his friends of both sides of the political line. On the committee were both Liberals and Conservatives who united to give the worthy minister the banquet of his life. There are no dinners like those at home.

AFTER SETON THOMPSON-ERNEST.  
 The old mother bear, having robbed a bee tree, had brought a portion of the spoil home to her cubs. One of them attacked the honey greedily. "The little darling!" exclaimed the happy old mother bear. "He has cut his sweet tooth!"—Chicago Tribune.

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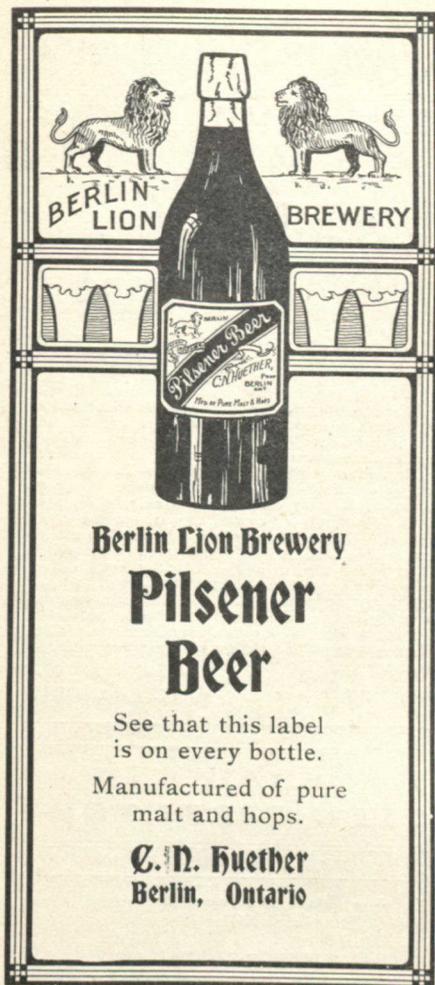
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**THE STORY OF THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY**

(Continued from page 19)

With the first streak of dawn the search was recommenced. For a moment the little band of men and women and frightened children stood with bowed heads beneath the fading stars while the Governor prayed as he had never prayed before, and a deep, sobbing "amen" arose from fifty stinging throats.

John, hollow-eyed, his face strangely aged, strode off between his father and Peter Grail, who had not uttered a syllable but walked like a stricken man.

Scarcely had they been walking half an hour when they heard the faintest echo of a "coo-ie!" In wild excitement they responded and rushed in the direction from which the sound seemed to come.

"Coo-ie!" This time a little louder.

Again they responded in voices that leaped madly from swelling throats. In another fifteen minutes a pattering of moccasined feet and the breaking of twigs was heard, and in another moment which seemed endless, three figures were distinguished coming quickly through the forest.

John's heart seemed to stand still until he recognised Patience as one of the figures. In a moment she was clasped in his arms regardless of the curious looks of her two companions.

The happy news was quickly carried back to the anxious watchers and half-a-hundred bursting hearts sent the blood tearing madly through the veins, while men and women sobbed unrestrainedly in their joy.

For a few moments the two who had accompanied Patience were unnoticed. Then suddenly the men turning to the Indian boy and girl, poured blessings upon their heads in a quaint mixture of the English and Indian speech. They were taken to the village and royally treated, and before returning to their wigwams were loaded with gifts.

Patience had lost her way in the forest, and terrified, had wandered farther and farther from her home. After walking for what seemed endless miles, with a terrible dread in her heart, and calling loudly for help every minute, she sank on the ground exhausted. Suddenly through the blackness of the forest she spied a wavering light. Half-frightened to make herself heard, she cautiously approached, finding a group of Indians squatting before a fire.

In desperation she boldly walked forward, when to her unspeakable delight she recognised the garb of a tribe who had proved friendly to the whites with whom they had bartered for beads and other gaudy trinkets. Making known by signs her distress, she was welcomed with Indian hospitality, and after partaking of food and a few hours of sleep, she was piloted back to her home by the two young Indians.

The summer days soon slipped away, and the golden autumn was burnishing the woods and the fields with her gorgeous gipsy colouring. The harvest had been gathered in and great had been the rejoicings at its success. Everything was in readiness for the winter, and this time cold and want were effectually barred out by store-houses of provender, while a wide chimney in each home foretold comfort for the coming winter months.

With a steadfastness of faith which never faltered through all their bitter trials, they were anxious to show their gratitude after this the first year of life in the new homes which they had raised up about them.

A proclamation was accordingly issued by the Governor, appointing a feast of thanksgiving, that they might thus all rejoice together. Gunners were sent to the woods for wild turkey and great preparations were carried on in the kitchens, while a messenger was despatched to Massasoit, the chief of the friendly tribe who had found Patience in the depths of the forest, to invite them to celebrate with the white men.

To the earnest request of John Kemp and his father that this might also be made the occasion of the wedding of John and Patience, Peter Grail and his wife consented, and the sympathetic women of the

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little community were vying with one another in their offerings towards helping to prepare the home for this their first bride in the new land.

Early in the morning of the appointed Thursday, about the first of November in this year of 1621, Massasoit and ninety of his warriors arrived on the outskirts of the village, and with wild yells announced their readiness to enjoy the white men's hospitality. They were gladly welcomed by the men, women and children, and showed themselves highly pleased with the attentions and gifts bestowed on them by Patience and John. Their stolid faces wrinkled in delighted grins when they understood that a marriage was to be celebrated between the two young people.

Soon the roll of a drum announced the regular morning prayer, and as the people gathered together in their rough log meeting-house, and the tender music of their voices floated out on the morning air, the savages stood by motionless in unconscious reverence.

Then followed a holiday-time of feasting for three days. But in the midst of these festivities the real purpose of the celebration—thanks to the bountiful Father—was never allowed to be overlooked.

The real Thanksgiving dinner took place on the Saturday, the last day of the celebration. The good dames had done honour to their skill and ingenuity in the preparation of this sumptuous repast. Foremost of all was the roast turkey, followed by all manner of delicious viands, such as venison pasties, savoury meat stews with dumplings of barley flour, great bowls of clam chowder, and all kinds of roasts, fish, cakes and plum porridge, amongst other things oysters, the gift of the Indians and the first ever tasted by the white men. The long tables themselves, of rough boards, were adorned with baskets of wild grapes and plums, and nuts of every variety.

It was in the time of the Indian summer and the tables were spread under the trees where the mellow sunlight shone warmly through the soft haze, illumining the sombre woodland with a golden light and giving glimpses through the tracery of leaves of Heaven's azure canopy. Here with the sun shining on their bowed heads, John and Patience were wed, Patience as sweet and fresh as a rosebud, arrayed in her simple grey gown, snowy kerchief, and demure little cap from which the sunny curls would escape and beneath which smiled as winsome a face as one might meet, and John, a stalwart, beardless man, his tanned face serious and steadfast in expression while he looked tenderly and reverently at the girl he now claimed as his wife.

While the gentle winds from the south laden with the sweet perfumes of the forest came as a lingering dream of summer, the minister uttered the sacred and oft-repeated words of the beautiful service, "to have and to hold, till death us do part."

And here on the New England coast, surrounded by the deep wilderness, the Pilgrim Fathers with their dusky guests celebrated on that far November day, the first Thanksgiving.

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"It does."

"Sound asleep, so you can't wake him up?"

"Yes."

"You could break his jaw or black his eye and he wouldn't feel it?"

"He would know nothing about it."

"How long does he sleep?"

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