

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



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DRAWN BY GEORGE BUTLER

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.
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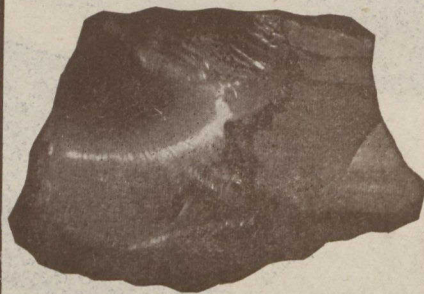
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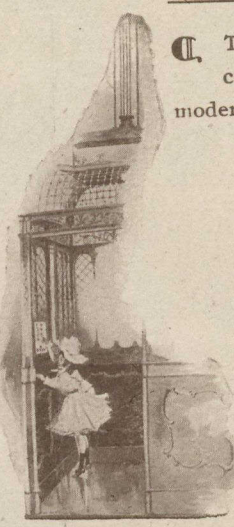
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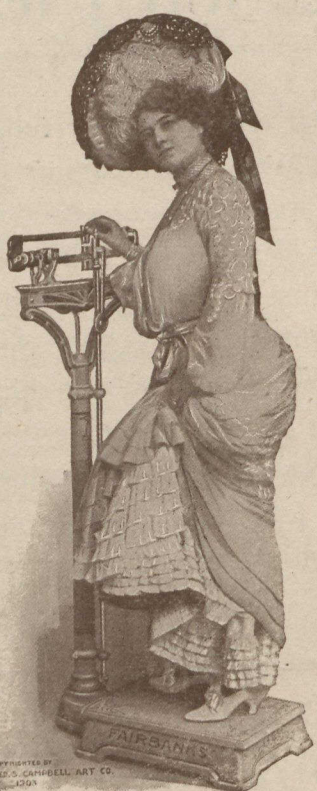
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Editor's Talk

WHEN we started to publish an illustrated weekly, we fully appreciated the difficulties. We also knew that a five cent paper in a country of six million people was an impossibility, if the journal was to be high-class. We thought it best to keep the price low at first and raise it when sufficient circulation had been obtained to justify the change.

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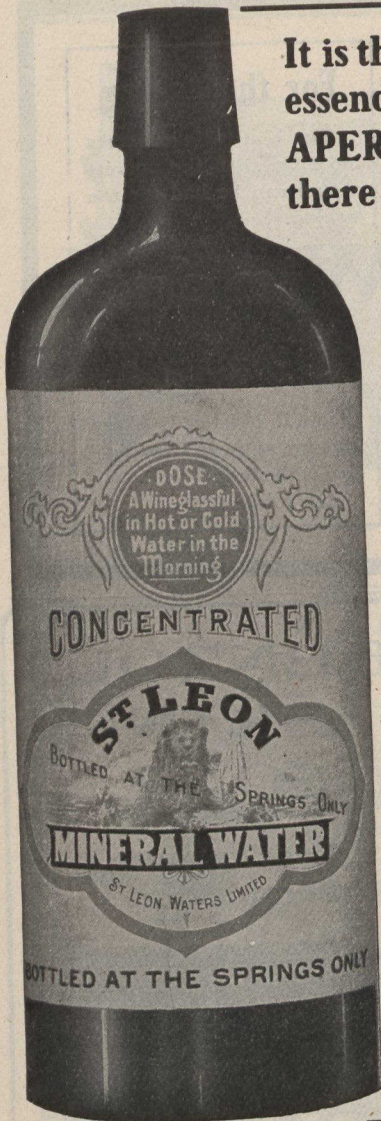
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription : \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. II

Toronto, October 5th, 1907

No. 19

Topics of the Day



President Falconer.

THERE should be a Board of Arbitration to decide between the Manufacturers and the Labour Congress. The latter at Winnipeg declared that immigration must be regulated and restricted and that too many workmen were coming into the country. The Manufacturers, meeting in Toronto a week later, declare that more mechanics are needed. What is the average citizen to do under these circumstances? How is he to know which movement to support, and which side to encourage? A Royal Commission is needed to guide the public.

The newspapers might be a guide but a curious condition prevents them. The

editors of the newspapers neither criticise nor support trades-unions. They have a special labour reporter who writes signed articles which are not regarded as binding on the Editor, but which, nevertheless, are especially designed to promote friendship with the unions. It is a cheap device, but apparently effective in this peculiar part of the world. One would imagine the insincerity of it would be manifest, but insincerity seems to have become so common that it has ceased to be remarkable.

* * *

The truth is that Canada needs men of all kinds, capitalists, merchants, mechanics, farmers, agricultural labourers and navvies. There is much work to be done. There should be regulation, and all persons inimical to the moral and physical health of the community should be excluded. No other kind of exclusion or discouragement should be permitted, unless it be in the case of the strike-breaker. He is in a class by himself.

The men who would hold back Canada's advance simply from fear that wages will be lowered and the cost of production come down are lacking in wisdom. To-day, the pork-packing industry is at a standstill because hogs are scarce. The exports of cattle from the West are very small this year. General exports are declining. Over production is not keeping pace with our growth in population. Labour is producing less to-day than a few years ago. Prosperity has made us lazy, given us shorter hours of labour and raised the wages bill. This state of affairs cannot continue.

* * *

In the report of the Tariff Committee presented to the Manufacturers' Association by Mr. W. K. George, it is pointed out that a favourable trade balance of six million dollars in 1901 has been converted into an adverse balance of one hundred and four million dollars in 1906-7. Neither the manufacturer nor the agriculturist has kept up with the expansion and Canada has proportionately less to sell abroad. It is an argument against a higher tariff and the committee very properly made the admission. The situation is grave. Canada

cannot go indefinitely importing annually a hundred million more than she exports. There must be a settlement and if production does not increase that settlement will drain Canada of its accumulated savings—in other words, its newer capital.

A higher tariff might increase production even if it were an expensive proceeding; restricting the importation of skilled workmen will tend to restrict production. With this in mind, the average citizen will support the manufacturer rather than the trades-unionist. National prosperity of the material kind can come only through increased production.

* * *

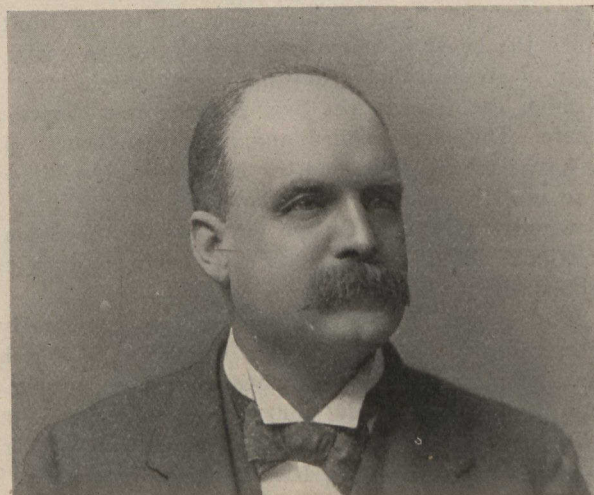
Some person should slap the Asiatic Exclusion League on the hand and tell it to be good. Its childish telegrams are causing sensible people to lose sympathy with the movement.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has wisely refused to be moved by the clamour; Mr. Borden seems to have followed suit with more reservations. Canada has two very sensible leaders just now, and there is not likely to be any rash move. Sir Wilfrid is acting minister for foreign affairs and Sir Wilfrid has seen several impetuous movements come and go since he became a party leader.

* * *

Mr. Edward Gurney, a Toronto manufacturer, with a national reputation, rather startled people by his declaration that he would build the Tariff "as high as Haman's gallows" if it would keep out United States manufactures. The phrase is perhaps more intense than Mr. Gurney intended, but the policy indicated is certainly too sweeping. There is no special reason for keeping out the goods of any country, if those goods cannot be produced here advantageously. Protection requires something to protect, otherwise it is a phantom of the mind. Canada cannot shut her doors to the world, since foreign trade is essential to her all-round development.

It is perhaps true that certain Canadian industries are not making much progress in competition with United States manufactures brought in here in spite of the tariff. There may be low spots in the wall. It is possible that one or two of these might be built up with advantage. For example, a duty might be put on periodicals carrying a preponderance of advertising, since at present paper in this form pays no toll whatever. No doubt there are other cases. To raise the general tariff in order to restrict general importations from the United States, would be unfriendly, unprofitable and unwise.



Mr. Edward Gurney, Toronto.

Who would put the Canadian Tariff as high as Haman's Gallows.



REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS

THERE are many people in Canada engaged in improving the minds of the youth, few are engaging in the work of developing their bodies. Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia, has come at this lack

BUILDING THE BODY

through his investigations as to the conditions underlying military efficiency. He finds that there is justification for instituting a system of physical training and military drill in all the larger public schools, and for some time has been discussing the subjects with various educationists and ministers of education throughout the country. A beginning is to be made in Halifax, a place most suitable for the experiment. The Swedish method of physical culture will be adopted for all children under thirteen years of age; after that, it may be assumed that they will pass into more serious work in cadet companies, with special instruction in rifle-shooting. Gymnasiums and drill-classes are to be instituted at all points in Nova Scotia where teachers are trained, and all future teachers' certificates are henceforth to include ability to teach physical drill. The Militia Department is to bonus teachers who give instructions in military drill. The regular drill-sergeants of the Halifax garrison will be utilised in starting the system and in providing trainers for the candidates for the teaching profession.

It is a generous policy and, if not carried to an extreme, will be productive of much good. Systematic physical training is woefully needed in connection with the public schools of all the provinces. In the private schools, more attention is given to this feature of a school-boy's education and hence the favour with which these independent institutions are regarded. From the viewpoint of its effect upon the carriage and physical characteristics of the future men of Canada, the system proposed by Sir Frederick has much to commend it.

"THERE'S thousands of women that'd ride out mad to meet him; women that like to see an Englishman that's done his duty—ay, women and men that'd ride hard to welcome him back from the grave."

BRITISH IDEALS

In these words, put into the mouth of a drunken chairmaker, Sir Gilbert Parker has described a characteristic of the British people. For centuries, the British Isles have been sending men out to the frontiers and into the heart of unexplored continents to carry the message of civilisation. They have gone into China, Japan, India, the Isles of the Sea, Egypt, West Africa and elsewhere. They have toiled and striven in behalf of an ideal, have suffered and died, or have occasionally come back to meet a generous welcome home. They have not always acted wisely, but they have usually been honest and faithful. Dogged, tenacious and stubborn, they have blazed a path for progress.

It is of Egypt that Sir Gilbert writes particularly in his latest novel "The Weavers." Gordon Pasha, Kitchen Pasha, Cromer Pasha and others whose names are less familiar to the colonial ear, have striven and laboured to raise the people of that country to a higher level. The slave-trade has been limited, irrigation has been extended, new ideas for the administration of justice and the public finances have been introduced, and

government by sane and sensible methods has been substituted for anarchy and an irresponsible oligarchy. The process by which these reforms have been accomplished is Sir Gilbert's worthy theme, and magnificently has he pictured the wonderful struggle.

What is the impelling force which has animated these men who have given their lives to redeem a desert waste and a nation of degenerate Mohammedans? Is it something which appealed to their imagination or to their reason? If Sir Gilbert is right in his analysis, it is a combination—a constructive and practical idealism born of religious, educational and national training and inheritance. There is in it an element of mysticism which makes these men believe that they are heaven-called to the work of elevating mankind. He describes the face of this great reformer as expressing "a self-effacing man of luminous force, a concentrated battery of energy." Nelson's old watchword seems to be still ringing in the ears of the modern Englishman of the better type, and he feels still that he is expected to do his duty. Moreover, he gives a broader interpretation to that word duty than is found in the minds of citizens of other nationalities. His eyes are upon the whole world, not alone upon the tiny spot of earth which he calls home. His would elevate other nations as well as his own, and, as Sir Gilbert points out in the phrase quoted above, the women and the men who stay at home will ride out to welcome him back and pay him due honour if he has worked well and brought further honour and glory to his race.

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S novel is interesting just at the present moment because it deals with the conflict of the East and the West. To-day, these two civilisations are meeting on the western coast of North America and in the Isles of the Pacific Ocean; they have also been in conflict for many years in

THE GREAT CONFLICT

Egypt, Turkey and the western portions of Asia. At times the conflict has been bloody, at times it has been merely a matching of wills and brains and ingenuity. David Claridge, the leading character in "The Weavers," led in the fight in Egypt some fifty years ago if this story were real instead of fanciful. He realised that he was a leader in this great struggle which must go on and on until one side disappears or until the two assimilate. Oriental "guilt and cruelty and self-indulgence" have to some extent been tempered by the example and forcefulness of those representatives of Western civilisation who have exercised influence around the Levant and in India. The Oriental of yesterday is not the Oriental of to-day. Occasionally armed force has been necessary to drive home the lesson which peaceful methods were insufficient to inculcate. But the conflict is not yet over, nor will it be for some centuries yet.

The picture which Sir Gilbert paints is full of dramatic vigour and entrancing colour. He has studied Egypt, caught its characteristics and woven a tale which fascinates as well as interprets. His modern Joseph, leading the unscrupulous and crafty Kaid up to higher levels, is a masterly conception even though he had the careers of Gordon, Kitchener and Cromer as inspirations.

IN certain moments of complacency the East regards and even characterises the West as crude and indifferent to aesthetics. We have been told of the Chicago man, who, on being informed that his city was lacking in culture, declared that he was glad of it and that if Chicago ever wished for culture she could get it in five minutes—for she had the money to pay for it. But just now Chicago is setting the continent a fine example in the matter of a parks commission which is endeavouring to put a quadruple girdle of parks around the city heretofore associated with high winds and low politics. Even Packingtown may be forgotten when the plans of the commissioners are successfully executed. An Edmonton contemporary draws attention to the good work being done in Chicago, and applies the lesson to Alberta, urging that the capital of the province be made an aesthetic model for the West. Nature has been kind to the city on the Saskatchewan and it will take a good deal of man's blundering to make the prospect unpleasing. But it is just as well to warn the authorities while it is yet early and see that narrow streets and ugly thoroughfares are neither the rule nor even the exception. Edmonton has already shown a commendable civic pride in this respect—a spirit which is by no means manifest in some of Canada's older cities. Montreal's filthy streets are a disgrace to any town calling itself a metropolis, and it is no wonder that a civic journal in the United States has recently criticised our largest city for its lack of ordinary cleanliness, calling it "mediaeval" Montreal. "Muddy-eval" would be nearer the facts of the case. Toronto's business streets are about as ugly as a pavement constantly in eruption can make them. Mr. Byron Walker has left the capital of Ontario in no doubt as to its architectural unattractiveness. London has some beautiful wide streets and Hamilton prides itself justly upon its picturesqueness. The women of the United States have played a worthy part in rousing certain communities to a realisation of their uncleanness and ugliness, with the result that what once were dreary stretches now blossom as the rose. Civic neatness and adornment are matters in which Canadian women may accomplish much. Purifying politics would be a thankless undertaking. But insistence on cleaner and more beautiful cities is the right of every patriotic Canadian woman.

A CANADIAN who has recently visited his native land after many years of absence in Europe, says that he is impressed by the modern Canadian school-boy more than by any other personality. "When I was a boy," he says reminiscently, "I learned precious little about Canada and not much more about the British Empire. But a small Canadian taught me several things the other day about what he gravely called 'our resources' and he also seemed to know what the crosses in the Union Jack mean. In fact, he knows far more about both his own country and the empire than the last generation learned in school-days."

There is no doubt that within the last decade there has been a growth of national spirit which has found expression in the school-room as well as in the Canadian Club. With this spirit there has been little of the inclination to call ourselves the biggest country on earth, the most wonderful aggregation of provinces which ever existed, in the style of bombastic boasting, which marks the *novus homo*. While Canada may be exhilarated by the realisation of her breadth and wealth, she is steadied by the reflection that she is but one of the states in a globe-wide empire. There is nothing antagonistic between nationalism and imperialism. Some citizens are actually afraid of the latter word, as if it implied something akin to flunkeyism. There is a false imperialism, made of "putty, brass and paint," which is to be avoided and which has brought reproach on the real sentiment. The crimes committed in the name of liberty have almost been equalled by the follies perpetrated in the name of imperialism. But the genuine liberty and the significant imperialism remain. The Little Englander loses much by his insular limitations, and the Canadian who does not look beyond Cape Breton or Vancouver deprives himself of the enlightenment which comes with widening horizons. Our Dominion is, indeed, a broad and inspiring country but we make a mistake if we try to constitute it the universe, just as surely as did the parochial authority who considered that no one outside his hamlet would be "saved." We may have neglected our own interests too long, but we have roused to the Made-in-Canada cry and are anxious to have manufactures for and by our own people. But we should not be of the stock we are, if we found it easy to forget the islands from which our fathers came, which, according to an alien statesman, are "a speck on the world's map but a monarch in the world's councils."

A Magnificent Opportunity

HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX has had some excellent opportunities since he became Postmaster-General. One of these was the possibility of getting British periodicals into Canada at a low rate, and he seized it with credit to himself and advantage to the Canadian readers of that portion of Anglo-Saxon literature.

Another now presents itself. Death has removed from the Post Office service, Mr. T. C. Patteson, the postmaster at Toronto. The office must be filled. Will it be given to some Liberal who is known to the community as a party worker, or will it be given to a man trained in post office work? This is Mr. Lemieux's opportunity.

In a similar situation in business life, there would be a promotion. If there was no man among the subordinates equal to the position, a man would be drafted in from some similar service. The managers of our branch banks gain their positions by promotion from other banking positions. So it is in railway companies and other commercial institutions. Mr. Lemieux may find a man among the present staff in Toronto, or he may find him among the staffs in other large cities. He should find him in the post office service.

In New York, the present postmaster is said to have worked his way up from a mail-carrier. This is the exception in the United States, but it is an exception which should be duplicated in Canada.

In the Toronto service, there are at least two good men available, The chief post office inspector, Mr. Ross, has been thirty-two years in the service in Hamilton and Toronto, and is a most capable and efficient civil servant. The present assistant postmaster, Mr. Lemon, has been twenty-five years in the service and is also quite worthy of promotion. There are other men in other cities with extended experience, who might be considered.

In Great Britain, there would be no doubt in the matter. In that country, a civil servant may rise to the top if he is capable. He has an assurance in the Civil Service Acts that no third-rate politician will ever be put over his head. It should be so in Canada. If Mr. Lemieux is in favour of Civil Service Reform, he has an excellent opportunity of proving it. A few politicians would murmur, no doubt, but the great body of the public would rejoice that a beginning had been made. If Mr. Lemieux can withstand the lobbying which the politicians and members of parliament are sure to institute, he will have performed a public service which will place him in the front rank of Canadian administrators, past and present.

Through a Monocle

SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S remarks at the banquet of the Manufacturers' Association, summarising the "sufferings" of Canada from British diplomacy have excited some critical comment in Britain—as might be expected. The British people will not like to be told that their diplomacy has sacrificed Canadian interests to their own; and they will feel this with particular keenness at a time when their press is constantly reminding them that Canada is contributing nothing to the support of the Imperial navy. Thus there need be no surprise when they say to us, in effect:—"You cannot expect us to let you drag the Empire into a quarrel in which we must do all the fighting." Of course, this position is ill-founded. We are contributing to the support of the Empire in many ways at the present moment, and ways in which we can most beneficially spend our money for Imperial defence. We are, in a word, equipping the West to accommodate a British population and thus are doing more for Imperial stability than we could by winning for the Imperial Government a great naval battle.

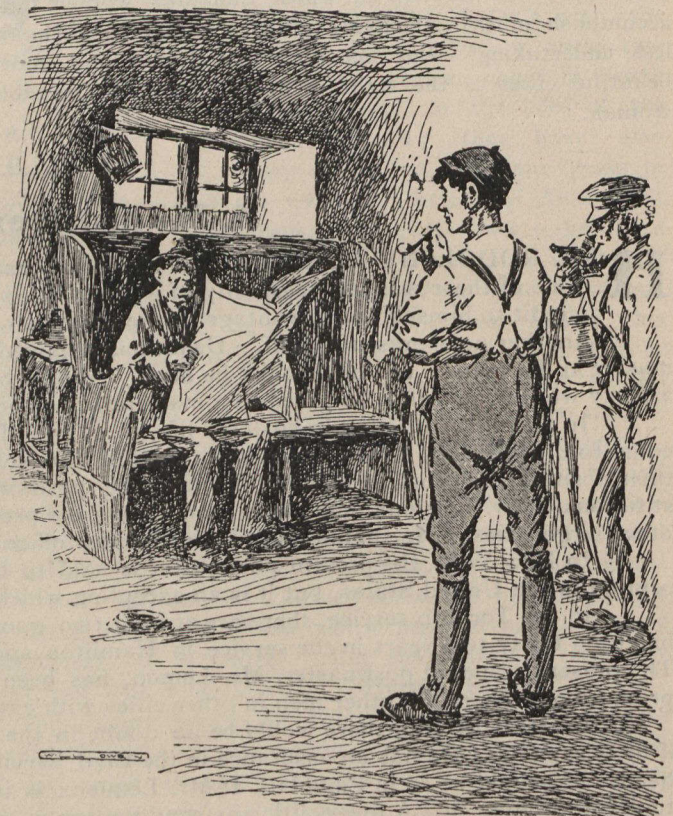
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But, that aside, it is interesting to remember that Sir Wilfrid's complaint was ante-dated by his great predecessor, Sir John Macdonald, by more than thirty-five years. At that time, Sir John was negotiating the Treaty of Washington with British statesmen as his colleagues; and Mr. Joseph Pope has given us in his "Life" the private correspondence which Sir John sent home during the sessions of the Commission, chiefly to Sir Charles Tupper. I cannot begin to quote all the evidence he gives of friction with the British representatives over Canadian questions, but I shall mention Sir John's comment on a letter which he felt compelled to address to Lord de Grey—the head of the Commission. "I was resolved," he said, "not to let any blame be attached to Canada in that respect (the failure of the treaty), and thus strengthen the hands of the party in England who consider Canada a burden to be got rid of and an obstacle to friendly relations with the United States." Then, at the end, he writes to Sir George Cartier that he had taken occasion to "have an éclaircissement with Lord de Grey." "I told him," writes Sir John, "that while I had, as in duty bound, done all that I could to prevent serious mistakes being made with respect to Canadian questions, and to make the treaty as little distasteful as possible to the people of Canada, yet I must repeat my opinion that the arrangements with respect to the fisheries were decidedly injurious to Canada, whose interests had been sacrificed, or made of altogether secondary consideration, for the sake of getting a settlement of the Alabama and San Juan matters."

* * *

Now, when Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier are of the same opinion touching such a matter, we may regard it as having been made unanimous for Canada. The British point of view is not difficult to see, of course. They are conducting the foreign policy of the Empire wholly at their own expense and well-nigh wholly at their own risk. It is a difficult sort of policy to conduct, too, involving many questions of immense import which do not touch Canadian life at all, and which they believe—and believe rightly—that we do not appreciate. They themselves have to make sacrifices in order to keep the British ship on its way; and consequently they reason that we ought to be willing to make some sacrifices on our part to this same end, especially as any failure to keep the ship off the rocks will bring wreck to them far more disastrous than to us. What we can do for the Empire, they argue, is to help keep the friendship of the United States, now a first-class power; yet what we seem bound to do is to prevent such a friendship, and all in order to save a few fish or a couple of sub-Arctic islands.

This is very good reasoning as far as it goes; but we feel in Canada that it fails to take account of several important facts. First, we do not believe that the British policy of propitiation is the best way to keep the friendship of the United States. American "friendship"—in an international sense—is precisely like German friendship or French friendship or the friendship of any other power. It depends—not upon gratitude for the past nor even upon a reasonable expectation of getting a sweet morsel occasionally at the expense of a colony in the future—but upon the conviction of the "friend" that it will pay it to be friendly. The respect of the United States is more to be sought than its gratitude; and its respect is not to be gained by permitting it to wheedle or bamboozle us out of our rights whenever a dispute arises. The United States will be friendly to Great Britain precisely in proportion as she expects to get valuable assistance from her in carrying out her world policy. Now this ability to help the United States will not be affected by the giving up of a boundary claim or a fishing right; but it may be effected by creating a feeling of soreness or sulkiness in Canada. Moreover, a discontented Canada is far more likely to bring trouble between Britain and the United States than a superlatively contented Canada, happy in its British citizenship. A discontented Canada might offer some adventurous American politicians a temptation which a contented Canada would never suggest; and British statesmen ought to remember that their friends at Washington are not such colossal fools that they would not trade the Philippines, Hawaii, and all their Oriental interests ten times over, for a fair fighting chance to secure the voluntary annexation of the northern half of the Continent to which they belong. It is my earnest hope that they never will secure it. But a policy of irritating Canada and yielding to the United States is undoubtedly the policy best calculated to bring this ambition again within the sphere of hope among American publicists.



Heckling Thomas. "D'yer mean ter say if yer 'ad two 'osses yer 'd give me one?"
 Socialist. "Cert'nly."
 H. T. "And if yer 'ad two cows yer 'd give me one?"
 S. "Course I would!"
 H. T. "An. if yer 'ad two pigs?"
 S. "Wot yer talkin' about? I've got two pigs!"—Punch.

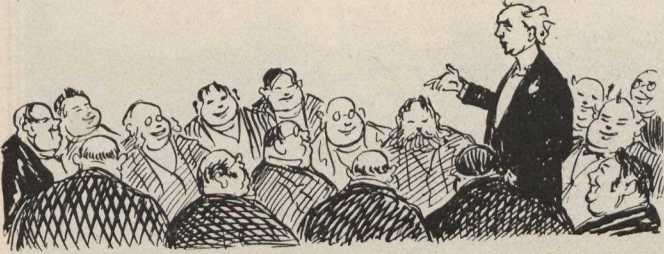
Thought Points

SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S speech at the Manufacturers' Banquet last week was a magnificent effort and quite worthy of him. Sir Wilfrid's speeches are usually broad-based and always graceful, but on this occasion he took even higher ground than usual.

His definition of Canada's relation to the Empire was an old theme, but he gave a new phrase. Equal and independent communities under one sovereign is a definition which will please both English and French-Canadians.

* * *

The Canadian Manufacturers, whom Sir Wilfrid ad-



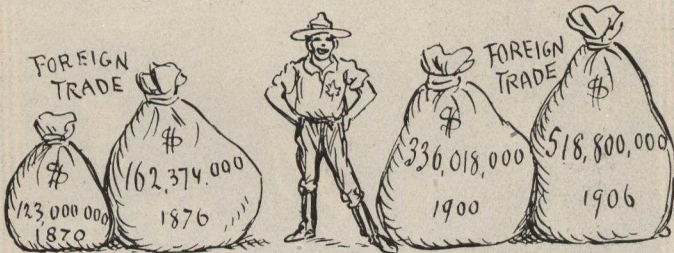
ressed last week, are a healthy body of men.

* * *

In handling the tariff question, he kept safely on Great Britain's attitude. He declared that the people of the old land are not prepared to put a tariff on foreign goods to create free trade within the Empire, nor is Canada willing to throw off all duties on British goods. Therefore, he, Sir Wilfrid, can but stand back and wait until the two countries come to an agreement concerning a tariff policy.

* * *

As Mr. Blue, Dominion Statistician, has been pointing



out, Canada's foreign trade is growing some.

* * *

As for the French Treaty, Sir Wilfrid saw in it an advance in our diplomatic relations with the world. We are now being allowed to negotiate our own treaties. He did not say so, but he indicated that his government deserved a little credit for the advances made.

* * *

Toronto is having a great time deciding whether the



railway tracks shall cross the streets at the level or by a viaduct.

* * *

Major Stephens told the Manufacturers of the progress that is being made in Montreal, of the new berths for ocean vessels, the new sheds, the new tracks alongside the vessels and the new method of handling freight cars on the docks. He indicated that for five million dollars, Montreal was getting as much as New York was getting for thirty millions. He also declared that the new methods would reduce freight charges very considerably. In fact, there was an optimistic note in the speech of the Chairman of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners.

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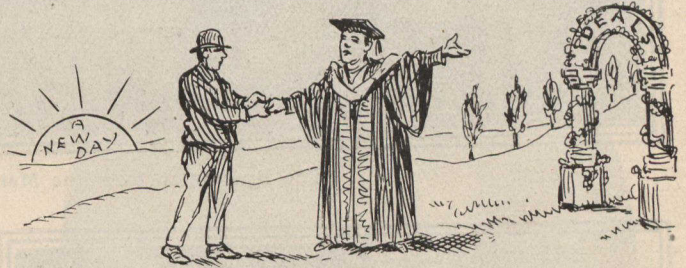
The installation of President Falconer at the University of Toronto last week was a somewhat gorgeous and important occasion. The University of Toronto has been fighting hard to get back to the front rank in fame

and reputation, and it has now succeeded. The graduates of Queen's have been proud of their institution and for a few years they have been inclined to claim intellectual pre-eminence over both McGill and Toronto. This has spurred both these institutions to greater efforts.

At this function, the new president gave his ideals, or some of them, to the public. He deprecated intellectual aloofness on the part of the university professor and asked the non-university public for more sympathy and consideration. He indicated his hope that the University would keep in touch with the life of the people and the needs of the nation, at the same time preserving the true attitude towards things of the mind and the spirit. It was a hopeful and enthusiastic address from a man who realised the new opportunity presented to him, who was not dismayed by the greatness of the responsibility, and who was determined to face his battle cheerfully and calmly. Canada expects much from President Falconer, and it is not likely to be greatly disappointed.

* * *

President Falconer believes that a university should



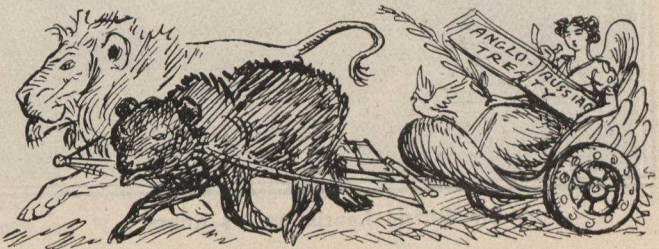
be a help for the common man.

* * *

Premier McBride seems to have carried Mr. Borden into camp, judging by the reports of the latter's British Columbia speeches. Mr. Borden approves Mr. McBride's withdrawal from the interprovincial conference when British Columbia's claims were not receiving the treatment Mr. McBride thought they were entitled to receive. He has promised, if he comes into power, to create a commission of enquiry into the whole situation. On the Japanese question, Mr. Borden also went a considerable distance in his expressed sympathy with Pacific Coast desires.

* * *

Peace now rides more securely in her chariot since the



signing of the new treaty between Great Britain and Russia.

* * *

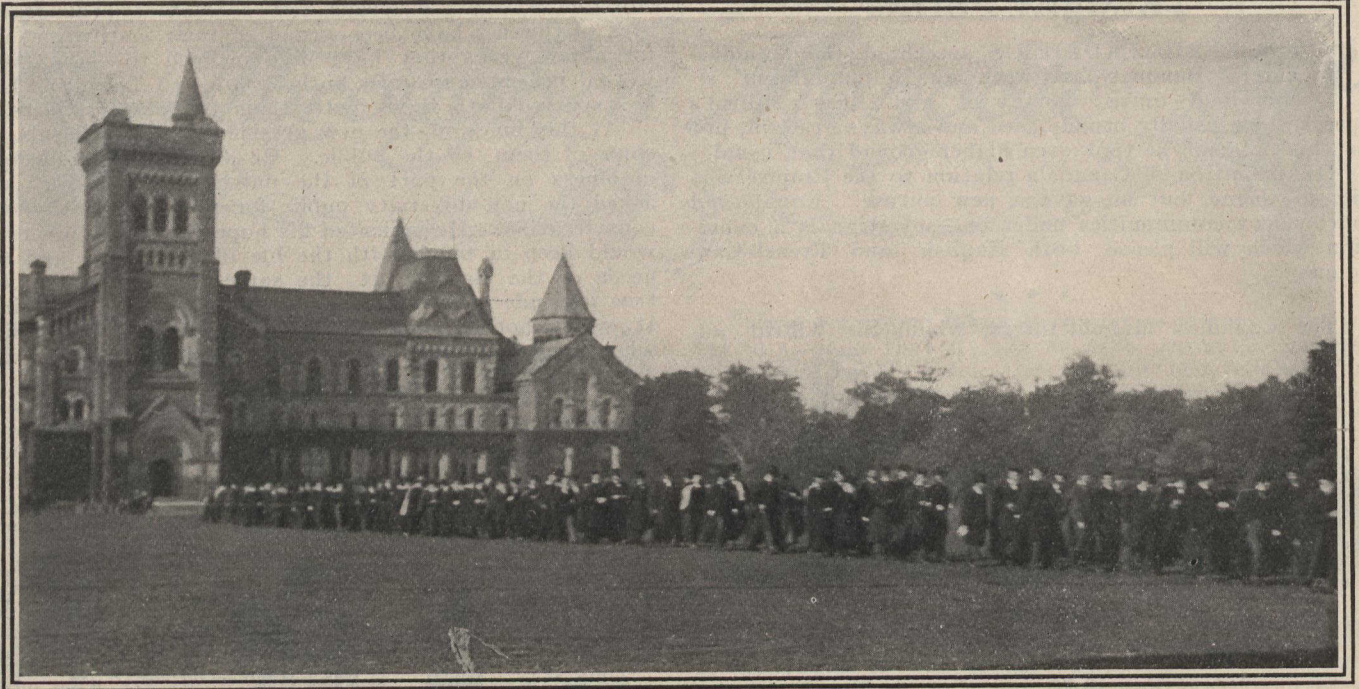
The Civil Service Commission is getting some advice as to how appointments should be made to the Civil Service. The Inland Revenue Officers of Toronto presented a resolution to the effect that before political appointments are made, the collector who will have to deal with the new appointees shall be consulted. But why not go farther and suggest that all appointments to the Inland Revenue Department shall be made after a competitive examination open to outsiders as well as persons within the service? This would do away with pernicious political appointments altogether. These have been eliminated in Great Britain and, to a great extent, in the United States, and why not in Canada?

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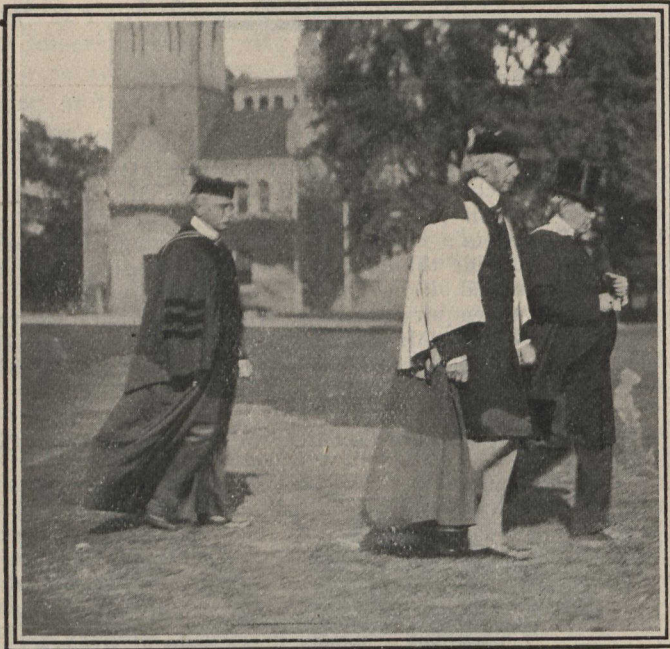
Lord Rosebery would like the House of Lords to re-



form itself before the Bogey-man arrives.



The Procession from the Main Building to Convocation Hall.



Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his Robes.



The Procession Enters Convocation Hall.

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

A University Inauguration

THERE was a brilliant gathering at the University of Toronto for the inauguration of President Falconer on September 26th. Sir William Meredith, the Chancellor, presided. Among the notable persons present were Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Mortimer Clark, Hon. J. P. Whitney, Professor J. B. McMaster of the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Henry S. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, Sir Sandford Fleming, Chancellor of Queen's University; Chancellor Cecil C. Jones, of the University of New Brunswick; Professor Howard Murray of Dalhousie; Principal Peterson, of McGill; Hon. A. C. Rutherford, of Edmonton; the Bishop of Huron and the Hon. H. E. Young of British Columbia. Most of these received degrees. Those who were honoured in absence were Hon. J. A. Calder of Regina, Hon. J. Dubuc of Winnipeg, the Bishop of London and Monsignor Mathieu of Laval.

It will be seen from this list that the affair was national in character, as befitted so important an occasion. Every province except one was represented. The accompanying photographs give some idea of the procession of learned men which that day passed from the assembly room in the main building of the university, across the historic lawn to the beautiful new Convocation Hall, where the installation took place.

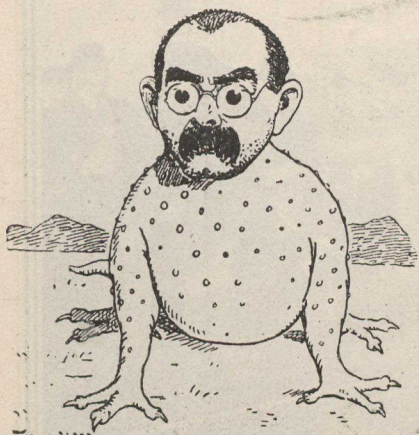
The Gold of the North

ONE of the most interesting exhibits at the great Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, which will be held at Seattle in 1909, will be the gold exhibit of the North. To those who know nothing of a mining country, the information that gold runs in value all the way from fourteen to nineteen dollars an ounce, may come as a surprise, and gold of all these different values, gold varying in colour from the yellow of butter to the cream of a cheese, gold in dust as fine as flour and gold in lumps as great as the rocks that are thrown on a road to make its foundation, all different values, colours and kinds will be exhibited from different parts of the North.

The finest and most valuable gold of the North is said to come from Anvil Creek in the Nome district. It is said to be as powdery as fine flour and to run nineteen dollars and a quarter to the ounce. On the other hand the gold of Eldorado Creek, Klondike, often was found in five and ten-ounce nuggets, whose value, owing to impurities in the nuggets, ran only fourteen and a half to the ounce. At one point on Eldorado opposite Nugget Gulch, all the gold taken out was in the form of nuggets that ran from the size of a walnut to the size of a dinner plate. The exhibit will be international in character.

CONCERNING KIPLING

The Ruddkipple



This little animal is very strong and viggrous, and knows everything. If anybody tries to beat it, it brings out a fresh tail and then nobody can't touch that either. It stirs everybody up, so it would make a pew-opener want to die for his country. If a Lorryit shews his nose, it just squashes him flat.—Mr. Punch's Animal Land.

Anglo-Indian flirtations, of dour Scottish engineers and their ships which find themselves, of men who build bridges and lead armies, of the twilight fancies of little children and the boisterous chanty of the jolly, jolly mariners. We turn shuddering from the tale of a fight fairly dripping with blood and find ourselves in the heart of the Brushwood Boy, knowing one of the sweetest love-stories ever written, or watching the Little Blind Devil of Chance as he sends pretty May straight into the arms of the Hawley Boy. It is unsafe to prophesy what Mr. Kipling will say or do; but, at least, his readers are free from boredom—so long as he keeps away from torpedo boats and destroyers.

So many-sided is the Kipling genius, that it is unsafe to generalise from "The Seven Seas" or the "Barrack Room Ballads," unless one has read "Kim," "The Day's Work," "Many Inventions" and about fifteen other volumes. After the manner of his own Tramp Royal, "he likes it all." His Hereafter is one of endeavour where we "shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair." If this is an age of go and getting, then Kipling is its prophet, who frequently deserves the adjective "breathless," used by Mr. Augustine Birrell to characterise the Kipling style. He is tinker, tailor, soldier and sailor; but, just as one reaches the conclusion that his hero is the practical man, there comes to the ears the story of a dreamer and one wanders with Kim's teacher in search of the magic river.

The mysticism of the East has had its influence upon this writer of brave tales. During those weeks when

THERE is no other modern writer who has been so discussed and dissected, written up, down and about as the man who was born in Bombay in December, 1865, and who has lived almost everywhere since leaving childhood's estate. Kipling has been called a jingoist, a prophet, a banjo bard, an idealist, the exponent of brute force, the prince of raconteurs, the caretaker of the British Empire and the wizard of the unole. He writes about frisky grass widows and their

Kipling was on the verge of the Great Perhaps, the editor of the "Century Magazine," referring in sympathy to his illness, quoted those courageous lines from "The Children of the Zodiac," which admonish us all whatever comes or does not come, never to be afraid. That strange little allegory has reached many a heart which was all unstirred by the exploits of "Soldiers Three." Those who find Kipling merely material have read him with the unseeing eye and the unopened heart. Blending with the mystic lore of India is his marvellous knowledge of the Old Testament, and it must not be forgotten that both Mr. Kipling's grandfathers were in the Methodist ministry. The Puritan spirit of his forefathers is manifest in "The Recessional," "The White Man's Burden" and the matchless "MacAndrew's Hymn." Somewhat too brutally at times, he depicts things as they



Mr. Rudyard Kipling
Now visiting Canada.

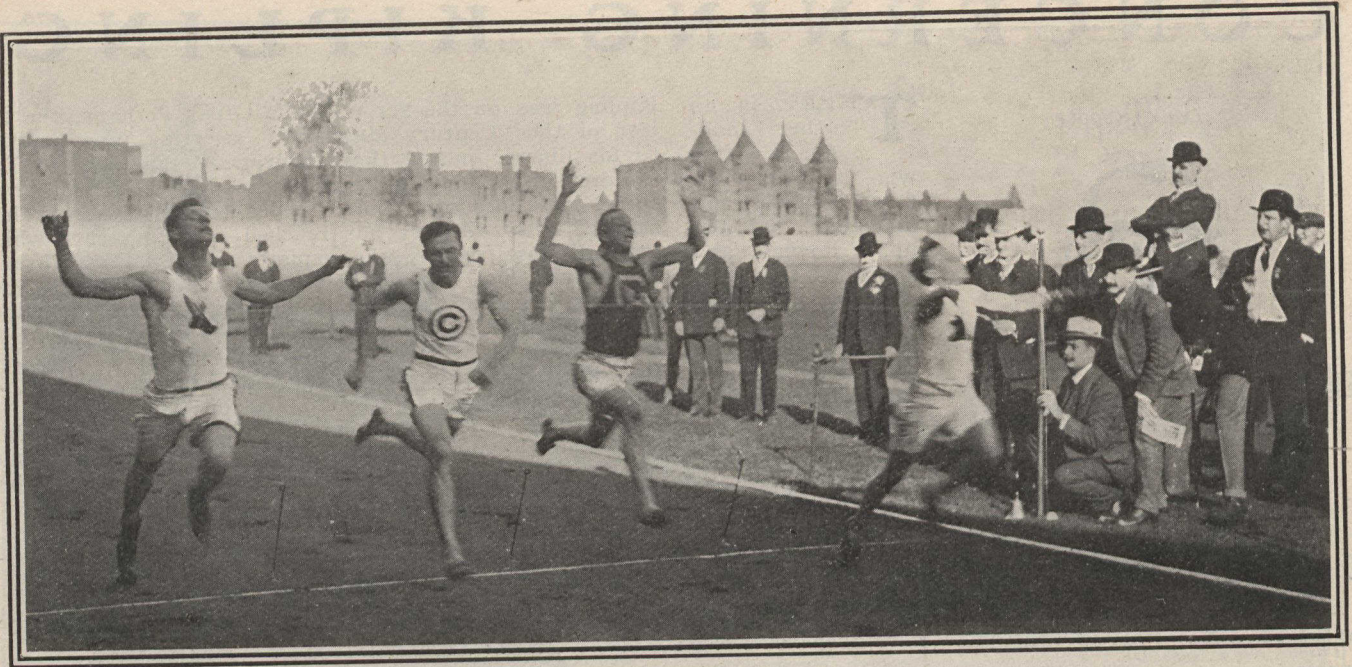
are but he never allows himself or the reader to believe that they are things as they ought to be.

His relation to the British Empire is such as no other writer has held. He would, like his own sergeant, make a mummy fight; yet he never forgets the civil servant or the Finlayson who almost gives his life for the bridge he has built. Hummel is just as much of a hero as Bobby Wick, but either would hate to be called by that dissyllable. Kipling's "Song of the Cities" is idealised imperialism. Haunting in their melodious beauty are many of the verses, such as the memorable lines on Halifax, beginning—

"Into the mist my virgin prowls put forth."



Mr. Kipling's Present Residence at Burwash, Sussex.



The M. A. A. Games.—W. D. Eaton, of Boston, won 100 Yards in 10 1/5 Seconds.

The passionate love of the Motherland is tenderly voiced in "The Flag of England"—

"Never the lotos closes, never the wild fowl wake,
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for
England's sake."

But literature is wider than any empire and it is to the universal heart that the ultimate appeal must be made. Kipling has frequently been accused of lack of the gentler feelings, the finer perceptions. But only the superficial or casual reader will bring such a charge. What writer has more surely caught the beauty of childhood's trust, the tragedy of childhood's betrayal! The winsome mischief of "Wee Willie Winkie," the heart-breaking pathos of "Black Sheep" and the primitive strength and tenderness of "Mother o' Mine" should confuse these would-be critics.

Faults he has, both as man and as artist. But when one looks at the row of over twenty volumes and considers what they have meant, in songs of strife and

laughter, in stories of comradeship, love and rollicking adventure, in chronicles that have swept one away over the Seven Seas and along the golden road to Mandalay, there is room for naught but gratitude and the remembrance of a Tommy Atkins line—

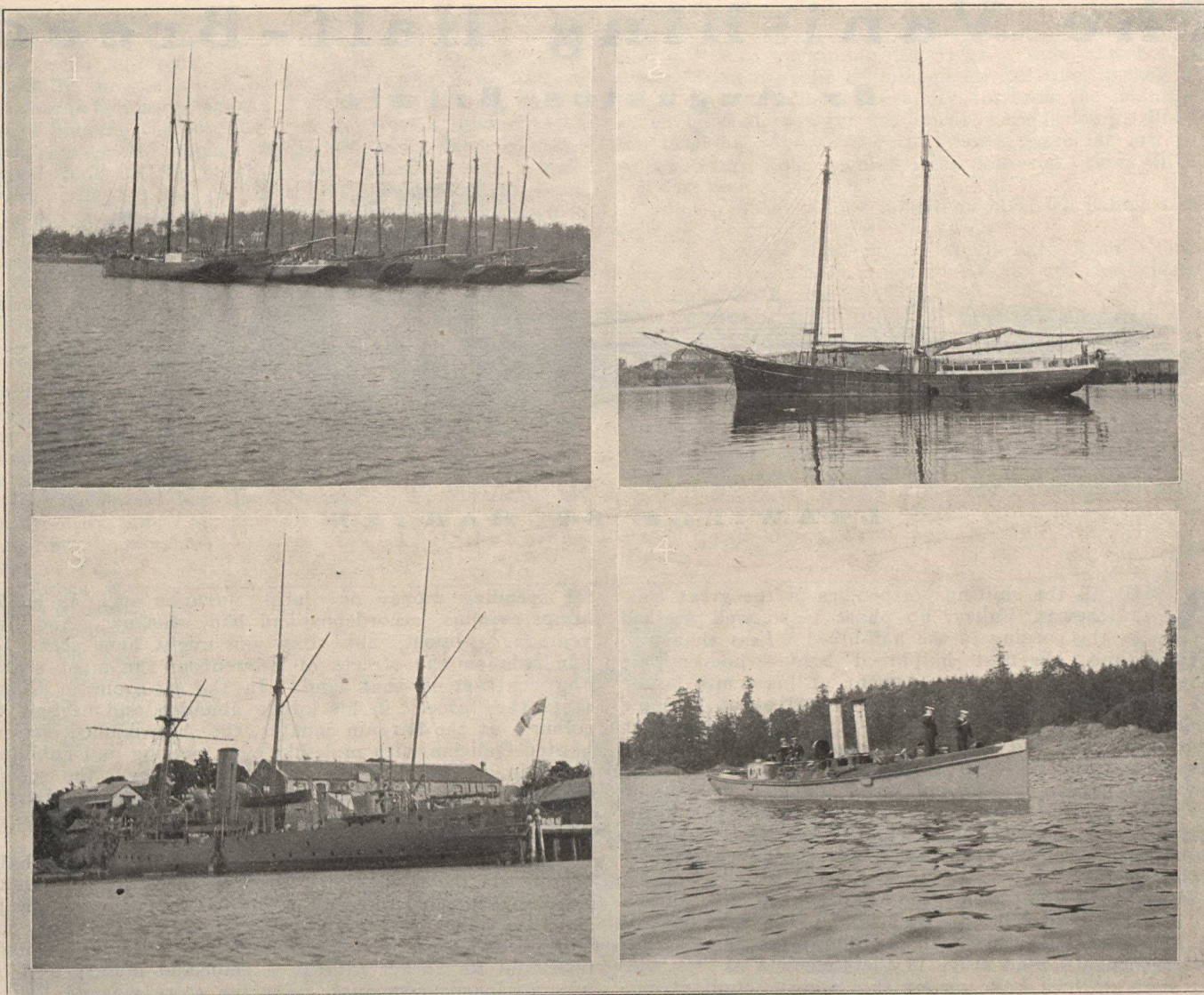
"Rudyard Kipling, here's our best respects to you!"

Montreal's Athletic Meet

MONTREAL had an excellent athletic meet on September 23rd under the auspices of the new Amateur Athletic Federation. It was held on the M.A.A.A. grounds and four records were broken and four new champions crowned. Ralph Rose made a new Canadian and a new world's record putting the 16-lb. shot 49 feet 7 1/4 inches, being three-quarters of an inch over the previous record. It was not much, but it was enough. In competition, he won with a throw of 48 feet 1/2 inch. W. Halpenny, of Montreal, added five inches to the Canadian record for pole-vaulting, going 11 feet 5 1/2



The M. A. A. Games.—Pole Vault, Making a Record of 11 Feet 5 1/2 Inches.



1—The Sealing Fleet in Victoria Harbour. 2—Seized Sealer "Carlotta G. Cox," of the Customs House, Victoria. 3—The "Shearwater" at Esquimalt. 4—The Gig of the "Monmouth."

inches. In the three mile race, J. J. Daly, of New York, made a new Canadian record of 15.15. In the hurdle race, F. C. Smithson equalled the record. McGrath, of New York, broke the American record by throwing the 56lb. weight 30 feet 6 inches.

The meet was well managed, well attended and most successful and satisfactory in every way.

Sealers of the Pacific

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

TO look at this fleet of small sailing vessels anchored in Victoria harbour one would never suppose that craft of this size would battle with the elements on the heaving waters of the northern Pacific and Behring Sea. These boats, no longer than our first-class yachts, but much wider, are good sailors and come through some storms that wreck much larger and heavier boats. The centre of attraction to these storm-tossed craft is the Pribyloff Islands in the Behring Sea, the breeding grounds of the fur seals. These rookeries are leased from the U. S. Government by the North American Commercial Company, the headquarters being on the Island of St. Paul.

Around this group of islands is drawn a sixty mile line within which none but the company's vessels may hunt. There is also enforced a close season, from April 30th to August 1st, both upheld by the agreement between Great Britain and the United States—and often strongly objected to by Canadian sealers, but totally ignored by that swiftly growing power Japan. She recognises only the regular three mile shore limit.

Late in May the sealer "Carlotta G. Cox" was breasting the swell on her way from our British Columbian coast to Copper Island in Behring Sea, with seal-skins in her salt-room taken in Canadian waters. When she was some two hundred and twenty-five miles from Sitka and over a hundred miles from any part of the U. S. coast of Alaska she was signalled by the American revenue cutter "Rush" (the same boat that some wag among the sealers placarded years ago with "Start

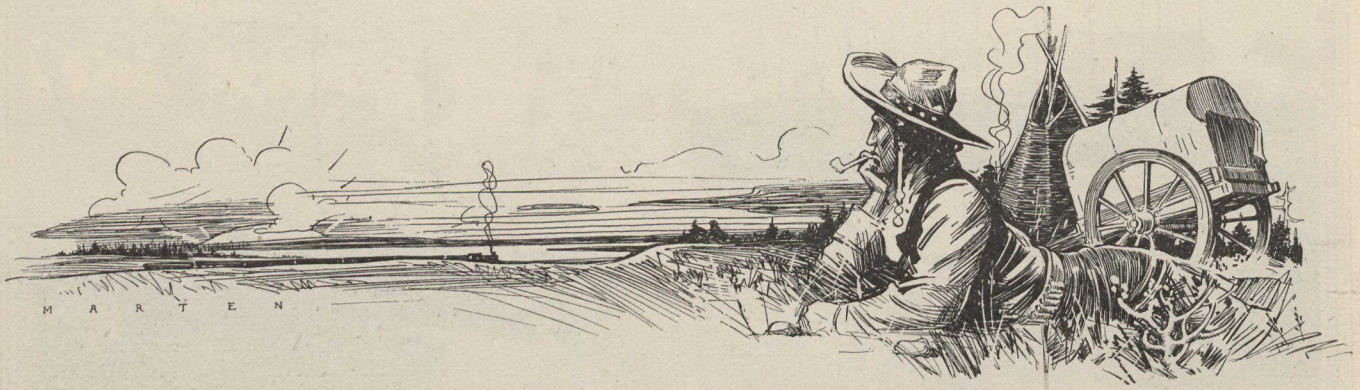
early to avoid the Rush"). After three visits from the revenue cutter's boats the "Cox" was declared seized for violation of the Paris Tribunal of 1893, as having green and bloody skins aboard. Against a heavy sea the "Rush" towed the plunging schooner, considerably damaging her—it must have been bad when an old sealing captain admits that it was wet. Three days later a decision came from Washington and the "Carlotta G. Cox" was formally seized and finally towed to Victoria and, according to the rules of the Paris Tribunal, turned over to the country that owns the seized vessel—Canada in this case. Now, remember the seizure was on the high seas while a Japanese sealing schooner was hunting a few miles away. This vessel was visited by boats from the "Rush" but she was not molested. Again note that as the "Carlotta G. Cox" was proceeding south with a prize crew aboard, on her way to be tied up by our authorities at Victoria, she was again boarded by a boat from an American revenue cutter, this time the "McCulloch." Pur sealer was now off our own coast.

Now, a month later, the U.S. revenue cutter "Perry" found a Japanese sealer anchored carefully, just outside the three mile limit off the celebrated Seapandi rookery itself. Fifty boats and crews from the sealer were actually on their way to the island rookery, armed. Did the "Perry" seize the Jap? Nay, nay—she conducted these naughty little brown men back to their carefully anchored schooner, found that there were twelve seal skins aboard—but possibly, the wind being strong, these may have blown on—and told them to sail away and "not do so any more." Now, compare this actual armed raid of the Japs with our sealer sailing the high seas and tell me whether the Paris Tribunal needs revision or amendment—or burning.

Now the sealers are off for the open season. From where I write this, I could see the discoloured sails of one tacking out of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, black against the fogbanks that hide the Olympics from view. But it looked strange to see another sealer with all sail spread going back to Victoria. The reason was plain. Many a Siwash has started on these long dangerous trips and not all the big round brown faces have been seen smiling over the bulwarks when the sealer returned.

The Vanishing Half-Breed

By Augustus Bridle



DRAWINGS BY MARTEN

AMID all the shiftings of peoples in the great Saskatchewan Valley, no phase is so well marked as the passing of the half-breed. Less than two centuries ago the first half-breed baby—whoever that was—looked in blinking amazement at his white father and copper-skinned mother. That would be up in some Hudson's Bay Company trading-post. The youngster babbled in Cree and almost as soon as he could creep, dressed in furs and went trapping mink. At knee-high he was an expert at bow and arrow and dog-driving; at the change in his voice he could skin a moose; and the older he got the less he resembled his Scotch father, whom he must have regarded as a strange experiment in that country.

That boy's great-great-grandchildren are now fading into the limbo of relics in that land. The decadence of the half-breed began with the extinction of the buffalo, and reached a second stage in the Rebellion of '85. The first shot at Duck Lake meant that Gabriel Dumont and his people would soon be a souvenir of a romantic past as the white peoples trekked into the big valley.

This, however, was not the intention of the Government. After the little war most of the Indians went on ten-mile-square tracts of land called reservations. Most of the half-breeds elected to remain nomads, and take scrip for Government land. The fiction was that the half-breed would become a farmer and take his place among the new peoples. The fact is that the cowboy-hatted, red-sashed individual with the moccasins and the long black hair, has never got any higher in citizenship than the right to vote.

Five years ago the half-breed was not yet seriously alarmed over the invasion of foreigners. He was still waiting for his final issue of scrip entitling him to 160 acres of land for each child born before the rebellion. He still lived in his pole and mud shack miles out. The half-breed has piled up some huge majorities out there without knowing any more about politics than that a Grit is one who wishes to stay in and a Tory one who wishes to get him out.

If the half-breed had been half as good a citizen as he was a voter, he might now be paying taxes. But he has squandered himself out of the race. Never was this more evident than at the last issue of scrip to the half-breeds in 1900. That fall hundreds of half-breeds congregated at Edmonton and camped for a week out at Rat Creek. That sitting of the Commission pictured the whole trend of modern development in that country. The "breeds" got their scrip allotting 160 acres of land to each child born before the fight at Duck Lake in 1885. The speculator met the half-breed at the door. Before his confab was over the scrip was in his pocket; a wad of bills was in the pocket of Pierre—and before night crawled over the camp, most of his wad was at the hotel and Pierre and his people had a glorious drunk costing 160 acres of the best land in Canada. The thing in the half-breed's makeup that makes him the biggest spendthrift in Canada is the thing that has driven him now into the ranks of the vanishing people.

Five years ago the half-breed was not much alarmed over the influx of foreigners. He still lived in his log and mud shack miles out from such a place as Edmonton; still rode or drove his cayuse to town in the summer and his dog-teams in the winter; still made Edmonton a regular market for his furs and his metropolis

for spending money on lurid luxuries such as shade lamps, violins, accordeons and bad whiskey. And five years ago almost any day you might have seen by hundreds on the streets of Edmonton, the most startling contrast in that land. In the fur-room of a big store the "breed" in his lolling abandon and negligence of colour; at the bargain counter, the sheepskinned, straw-booted Galician with mole-like eyes, peering and gabbling for "big goods" in return for small money; the spendthrifts and the Shylocks; one historic and reminiscent; the other economic and prospective. But you never could find the Galicians in the hotels.

The sequel of this contrast is the fate of the half-breed. On the streets of Edmonton there are still hundreds of Galicians, most of whom no longer wear sheepskins or talk a strange tongue to buy goods. But the half-breeds have gone. The young city with its automobiles and its corner lots at a thousand dollars a foot was no longer congenial. The fur store was no longer the chief rendezvous. The high-built main street with its civilised turnouts was no place to gallop skinny cayuses. The number of white men who had married half-breed wives in the old days seemed to be nothing compared to the number of men who had brought wives and children with them. For it was once said that before passing any remark about the character of the half-breed it were well to cast an eye about the room and see how many half-breeds were present.

In this respect the Edmonton of an earlier day was but an exaggeration of any Hudson's Bay trading post in the north land. The half-breed was a prominent citizen. He was a good hunter, knew the value of furs, owned horses and lands and built houses. His language was the medium of commerce. His trade made the life of the place. His children were a majority at the school, and his wife and family occupied pews at the wooden church. His ideas of citizenship, primitive as they were, dominated the social fabric. He had no need to read newspapers or study debentures: municipal politics to him were as plain as the laws of a tribe, and very much similar. The log house diagonal to the trail still stood there marking the future street. The corral of the modern horse-dealer had not come as yet. There were no swallowtail coats and low-neck dresses. The balls of that day were old-timers, "hoedowns" with one half-breed scraping the fiddle and all the belles of the ball half-breed girls with dubious skins, mobile eyes and lithe, graceful figures. And there was no railway, neither any bridge over the Saskatchewan, nor any way to cross the river except by cable ferry.

Where on the continent of America may you behold a greater change than from the Edmonton of that day to the city and seat of government of 1906? And the whole spic of the transition is summed up in the vanishing of the half-breed. The moccasined, red-sashed chevaliers have gone—to the half-breed settlements down the river; to the reservation where many of the Indians are half-breeds; to the trading post in the far north; to the camp and the hunting ground. The lands given by the government are sold and the monies are spent. Most that is left is the cayuse and the gun, and the log shack with the mud chimney and the mud fireplace beneath. Yet it was but six years since the Governor-General was entertained by a half-breed lady in Edmonton!

Down the Saskatchewan, if you should have journeyed

by rowboat and scow as I did five years ago before the coming of the Canadian Northern Railway, you would have seen hundreds of half-breeds. Here and there, especially on the north banks you would have noticed the humpty-dumpty shacks; yonder a galloping cayuse and a bobbing cowboy hat; on the river a scow covered with canvas and manned by half-breeds; there on that gravel knoll on the beach a gold "grizzly" with a half-breed plying his pail on the end of a pole; further down a band of horses swimming the river with half-breeds following hard in a big boat. And wherever you saw these people with their hardy, weatherbeaten figures, their long hair and their jabbering patois of Cree and French, you would feel the lingering charm of the wild life on the prairie and in fancy smell the smoke of camp fires.

There were three broad types—French, Scotch and English half-breeds. To quote the words of an old military man in Edmonton—"The French are the pick of the outfit, the Scotch come next, and the English are no damned good whatever." This, like all epigrams, must be taken with caution. On the merely physical side the French half-breed has the advantage. He simulates the "courier du bois" of the Ottawa Valley. The most magnificent physique I ever saw in that country was a French half-breed who sat in a church one evening to hear the Rev. John McDougall lecture on buffalo hunting. He himself was a great hunter, and he had a nobility of face as well as majesty of figure, that would have done credit to any king of an olden day.

With Scotch half-breeds I had no acquaintance. But the half-breed I knew best of all was an English half-breed; and if he is a sample of the riffraff the rest must have many virtues which no historian has yet discovered.

This man's name was John Bangs. I

met him at Onion Lake, which is a reservation with an Agency, two missions, a Hudson's Bay Company post and a police barracks. John was one of the strongest men in that country; six feet four in height, lithe as a panther, keen of eye and normally as convivial as a Frenchman. Having been told that the half-breed inherits the vices of both parents and the virtues of neither, I expected to find John a bold bad man.

But John was a gentleman. I had a good chance of testing him for he was captain of a scow going from Onion Lake to Battleford and I was the invalid passenger with a game foot. On his way down to Onion Lake from Edmonton John had secreted in the hold of the scow one bottle of good whisky. The craft had been taken down with a cargo of goods for one of the missions, and as the preacher himself was on board John abstained from the liquor all the way down. But before the scow started out again her hold became full of water and the bottle of whisky floated away no man knew whither, though John diligently explored the hold with a long pole for half an hour.

"Go'n be a pretty dry trip, boss," he said to me.

But it was anything else with John as captain. We had experiences. John's strongest temptation was to jump out of the scow into the yawl-boat and go gunning whenever we came to a stretch of straight water with

a flock of geese near an island yonder. One morning shortly after dawn, John, poling at the front "sweep" saw a moose swimming the river a mile ahead of the scow. With a grunt he jumped for his rifle, sprang into the boat and pulled off grandly towards the island to which he could see the big horns were heading. But by the time he got ashore the horns were far into the woods where John would have followed them all day but for that scow.

John frequently took a kink in his back poling at the forward sweep.

"Got a damn ball in my small back from a horse-thief when I was help police round 'em up," he explained over his pipe.

He seemed rather proud of this affliction. On some points, however, he was highly sensitive. One day in a reach of straight stream with no islands ahead, we were having a confab back at the fireplace. Inadvertently I alluded to half-breeds and in so doing used the word "breed." Suddenly John's big face got as grave as an owl's; he got up and went quickly to the bow where he finished his smoke in silence.

"For heaven's sake!" said my companion to me, "never mention the word 'breed' to a half-breed. You couldn't call him a worse name." But John rigged up

my canvas that night as smilingly as ever, and next morning handed me porridge that he had made.

John's virtuosity was at its height whenever we got hung up on sand-bars. He was first to jump overboard with his pike-pole to shove off; he disdained to remove his trousers as the others did, and after ten minutes waist-high heaving at the pike he climbed on board in his sappy blue jeans which he let dry in the sun as he poled away at the sweep.

My last recollection of John was when we finally stuck on a

bar from which not even his big muscles could shove us off. After gang-planking the horses and oxen ashore John got down camel-like and told me to crawl on to his shoulders.

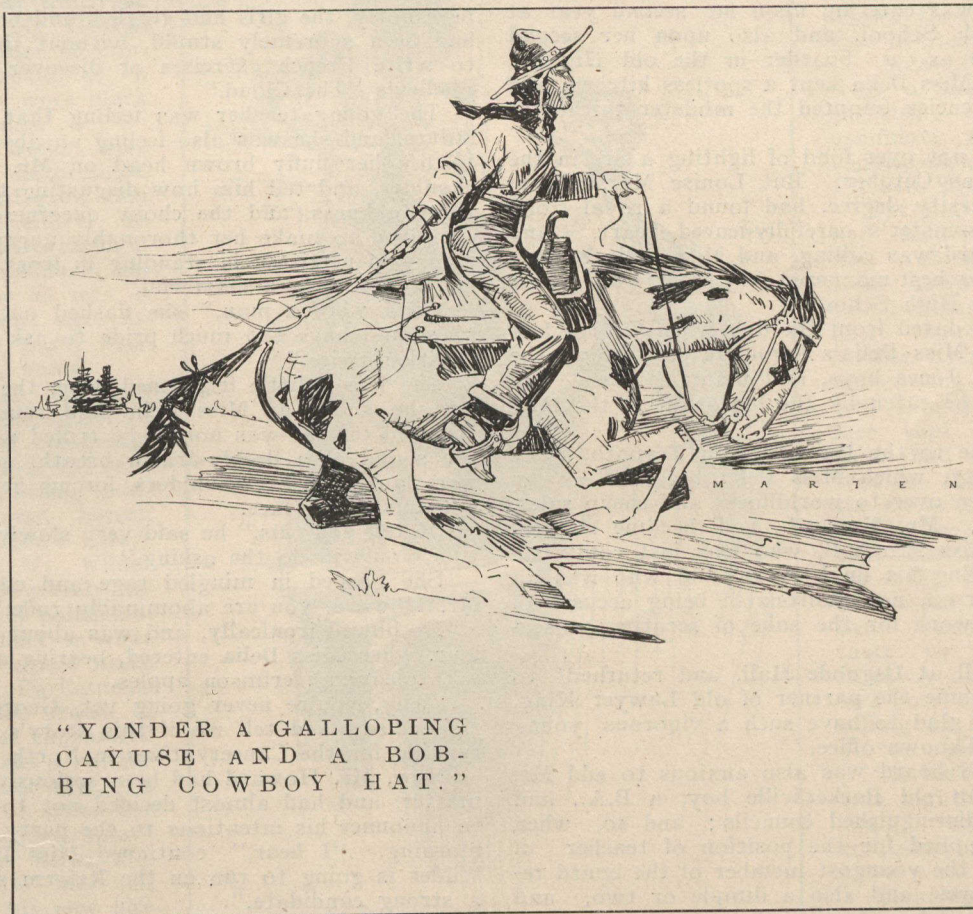
"Now you hang on choke to my neck," he said. "I get you up the bank all right."

It was a two hundred foot bank rising by sheer ledges to the level of the prairie; but the ledges were treed, and at every one, John, puffing like a porpoise, grabbed the young poplars and hauled himself up with his parasite; and he got me landed with a grin.

If you would find the real surviving "bad man" in that country however you must see the half-breed such as Oscar Padelein who broke out of barracks at Fort Saskatchewan and did his best to steal an Indian's wife down at Onion Lake. Oscar, however, was rounded up with a bullet by the Onion Lake detachment just a few months before our party landed there. I slept in the room into which they carried him after the scrap.

"And if ever that son of a gun gets out of penitentiary" said the Sergeant to me, "I'll shoot him at sight, for he made a vow when we nabbed him that he would put an end to yours truly."

In the name of civilisation the half-breed is vanishing from the Saskatchewan land. With him fades an era of romance.



"YONDER A GALLOPING CAYUSE AND A BOBBING COWBOY HAT."

A WOMAN'S WAY

A GAME OF HEARTS AND BALLOTS

By EDITH GWYNNE

IT was a rather cold night for the first week in October, but in Miss Higgins' parlour there was a grate fire whose radiance would have bade defiance to a January gale. It flickered on the old mahogany sofa, which had been the pride of Delia Higgins' grandmother, and it flashed mirthfully over the faces in the black-framed portraits, almost bringing a smile to the prim old features whose severity was awesome to the frivolous caller.

But the flames seemed to fall most comfortingly upon a slender girlish figure in a gown of richest chestnut colour, which matched the shining hair almost too wilful and fluffy to cover the wise head of Miss Louise Marshall, a graduate of Toronto University, who taught French, German, English and History in the High School of Parkersville, and who received for her faithful services the sum of six hundred dollars a year, which, as Trustee Murchison had observed, "was a handsome sum for a female to get."

Miss Marshall was entering upon her second year at the aforesaid High School, and also upon her second year of experience as a boarder in the old Higgins' homestead, where Miss Delia kept a spotless kitchen, and a table whose delicacies tempted the minister thither at least once a week.

Miss Delia was not over fond of lighting a fire in the parlour so early as October. But Louise Marshall, in spite of her University degree, had found a royal road to the excellent spinster's carefully-fenced heart, and then George Howard was calling, and Miss Delia regarded George as "the best-mannered boy that ever came out of Parkersville High School."

Their friendship dated from the day when George had rescued "Nigger," Miss Delia's favourite cat, from the rude hands of the Jones boys, and many a cookie and harvest apple had he eaten by the big stove in the Higgins' kitchen.

George had gone to the University in Toronto, three hundred miles away, which Miss Delia regarded as an ungodly town, given over to worldliness and cheap sales. At the University, Mr. Howard had become slightly acquainted with Miss Marshall, who was just commencing her course during his final year, and who was a studious young person, not desirous of being accused of taking University work for the sake of securing masculine society.

Howard did well at Osgoode Hall, and returned to Parkersville to become the partner of old Lawyer King, who was only too glad to have such a vigorous young presence in his well-known office.

The High School board was also anxious to add Mr. George Howard, an old Parkersville boy, a B.A., and an LL.B., to its distinguished councils; and so, when Louise Marshall applied for the position of teacher of modern languages, the youngest member of the board recalled her brown eyes, and also a dimple or two, and strenuously supported her claim with successful effect.

For a year he had shown admirable zeal as a trustee in looking after the most recent member of the High School staff, and before Miss Marshall went home to Brantley in June, he begged of her to consider the advisability of reducing her efforts to a class of one, and allowing him to absorb her future attention, with Cupid to mark the examination papers.

Louise Marshall was a young woman possessed of ambition, even though her ambition had brought her only so far as the Parkersville High School and six hundred dollars a year, and she refused to listen to Mr. Howard's eloquence on the subject of a certain white brick house on Lawrence Street, which might be transformed into a twentieth century Eden if she would only consent to take the name of Eye, alias Louise Howard.

The young man was deeply hurt, and also somewhat indignant, for most of the Parkersville girls had shown their feminine appreciation of the young lawyer's graces of intellect and person. He had made up his mind to avoid Miss Marshall on her return to Parkersville in September, but he discovered, as many a clever person has found out in previous centuries, that for a man to make up his mind in one fashion, when his heart has taken a different way, is extremely baffling to weak humanity.

After all, there was no reason why he and Miss Marshall should not be friends. She was an extremely in-

telligent girl, whose conversational powers were so remarkable, that the old clock in the hall could only be regarded as Ananias with a pendulum when it asthmatically struck the hour of ten.

Wherefore he had made his way to Miss Delia's every week since school had opened in September, and on this very chilly October evening had ventured once more to intimate that life and law were poor things in his eyes unless he could complete the alliteration by adding Louise and love.

"I thought I told you," said Miss Marshall sternly, "that I like you very much, except when you talk like this."

"I am sure I can't be accused of worrying you about it. This is only the second time I've referred to the subject."

As a matter of fact, Louise Marshall was on the verge of an unlearned burst of tears. From nine o'clock until four, everything had gone wrong. The boys had been noisy, the girls had giggled, and both boys and girls had been supremely stupid, without the slightest desire to write French exercises or discover the beauties of Shelley's "The Cloud."

The young teacher was feeling that her work was a failure, and she was also feeling an absurdly weak desire to lay her fluffy brown head on Mr. Howard's broad shoulder, and tell him how disgusting the day had been. Her weakness, and the choky queerness in her throat, combined to make her thoroughly angry with the young man who persisted in standing in front of the fire, looking so strong and masterful.

"If I were a man," she flashed out contemptuously, "I should have too much pride to ask a woman such a question twice."

She was a little frightened when the words were out, for she knew, as Miss Delia had remarked, that "the Howard temper was not to be trifled with." There was the sound of a deeply-drawn breath, and strong hands were laid upon her shoulders, forcing her to look up into a man's white face.

"I tell you this," he said very slowly, "that the third time you will do the asking."

She gasped in mingled rage and consternation. "I—Mr. Howard, you are abominably rude."

He bowed ironically, and was about to leave the parlour, when Miss Delia entered, bearing a plate filled high with gleaming, crimson apples.

"Why, you're never going yet, George Howard. Sit right down and tell me if this story's true about your running for the Conservatives in North Grant."

Now, Mr. Howard had been seriously considering the matter, and had almost decided not to stand. He was to announce his intentions to the party on the following morning. "I hear," continued Miss Delia, "that Ben Wilder is going to run on the Reform side. He'll make a strong candidate."

It happened that Mr. Benjamin Wilder was also an admirer of Miss Louise Marshall, a school trustee, and an old bachelor of considerable wealth, as Parkersville esteemed wealth.

"I'm going to run, Miss Delia," announced the young lawyer with sudden resolve.

"Well," said Miss Delia sorrowfully, "I've always been a good Grit, but I declare to goodness, George, that I hope you won't be beaten."

"Thank you," he said, with an unsteady laugh, "that's a great admission for a Higgins to make; your father was the warmest Reformer I ever knew."

"You're a Reformer, too, aren't you, Louise?" asked Miss Delia.

"Yes," said the girl, looking at Mr. Howard with her dark eyes aflame, "and I hope with all my heart that Mr. Wilder will get in."

"You are honest, at least," said Mr. Howard quietly, as Miss Delia murmured a protest at this declaration of political enmity, "it is just as well to know who one's friends are."

"Have an apple, George," urged Miss Delia, "these are the best we've had for years."

"If you'll excuse me," said Louise faintly, "I think I must go and look over some exercises for to-morrow. And I have such a headache!"

After she had disappeared, Miss Delia said with a puzzled frown, "there must be something wrong with

that girl. She's usually awfully sweet-tempered, but the way she spoke to you was downright rude."

George laughed leniently, and said in reply, "These apples are all right, but they're not so good as the ones I ate fifteen years ago. Do you remember the 'water-cores' at the old farm?"

"I should think I do. Brother George has the place, and his second wife is just letting everything go to rack and ruin."

In descanting on the delinquencies of the second Mrs. George Higgins, Miss Delia forgot all about Louise Marshall's headache and ill-temper, and Louise felt utterly disgusted when she heard her rejected lover's merry laugh over Miss Delia's quaint reminiscences.

"I don't believe," said the young woman wrathfully, as she pounded an unoffending pillow, "that he cares the least bit whether I like him. To think that he said I would ask him the third time! Men are hateful creatures!"

Miss Louise Marshall might be a most ambitious young person, with a strong determination that her own efforts should provide her with bread and butter, not to speak of silk blouses; but she cried herself into very disturbed slumbers, in which she had a vision of Mr. George Howard as Premier of Canada, and the husband of a stout blonde who wore black velvet and diamonds.

The following weeks were full of political disturbance, and Mr. Howard grew thin and hoarse in his efforts to keep up with the campaign, and to help his friends in adjacent ridings, for he was a good speaker, fluent and effective, and the party realised his oratorical value.

He met Miss Marshall several times in the course of the campaign, and recognised that young woman's frosty bow with corresponding coldness. She assured herself daily that she "didn't care," and smiled upon Mr. Wilder in a way that completely bewildered that staid politician, and made him reflect on what a fine wife she would make for a Member of Parliament. "A man might be proud of her anywhere," he murmured to himself, "and she's got the prettiest eyes I ever saw. It's a shame for her to spend her time in a stuffy school-room."

Acting on this belief, Mr. Wilder invited Miss Marshall to drive behind his new bay team which had won first prize at the Western Fair in London, and political interest in the contest suddenly deepened in Parkersville. Was Cupid going to take a hand in the game and play for the Reform side? It looked as if Miss Marshall had discarded her lawyer admirer, and the women of the town hardly knew whether to condemn her for fickleness or to wonder whether she had suddenly discovered the extent of "Old Ben's" savings.

"It's my opinion," said Mrs. Pascoe to Miss Delia, "that Miss Marshall, for all her innocent looks, is a deep young woman. She thinks the Reform side is going to win, and she wants to be the wife of the Member and have Ben's money to spend in Ottawa."

So the October days passed away, and Parkersville was surrounded with woods that became a flaming crown of gold and crimson. English Devonshire may have her April, and Italy her glorious sunshine that makes summer of many months. But if ever Canada becomes a queen, it is when October scatters her glory and colour in all the woodland ways, and wears a garland of scarlet maple leaves on the brown richness of her gypsy hair.

But in all this mellow loveliness, there were people in Parkersville who talked politics when the moonlight was making the town's prosaic streets a silvery highway,

and there were others, quite as oblivious of Nature's pleading, who spent the dreamy afternoons in criticising their neighbour's methods of making pickles, and insinuating that some persons were no better than they should be.

In all that busy little town there were no more unhappy hearts than the two which were intended to beat as one. Pride, however, is no mean master, and he managed to keep at a chilling distance poor Cupid, who, no doubt, had to betake himself to the woods for the afternoon, and perhaps dropped some of his arrows among the fallen leaves.

Then November came with a shiver and a snarl, and the trees awoke from their dreaming and howled all night because of their discomfort. And the rains came in torrents, and with them the elections, which kept Parkersville in a ferment until late in the afternoon.

About 10 o'clock, Miss Delia's door-bell rang furiously, and Miss Marshall, who flung the heavy old door wide open, was startled by the appearance of Mr. Benjamin Wilder, who, flushed and jubilant, grasped her hands effusively.

"I've got it," he said with pardonable triumph. "It's not a large majority, but I guess North Grant has shown Howard that it wants him to stay at home."

"Indeed," said the girl, with a lack of enthusiasm surprising to the successful candidate and to herself, "I congratulate you, Mr. Wilder. I'll call Miss Delia."

But that worthy spinster had seen fit to retire at nine o'clock, and refused to come down for any "political foolishness." Mr. Wilder had thought to win a further triumph before he regained his hilarious friends, but something in the girl's face kept back the words that had given him more trouble than any speech to the noble army of electors.

"I'm a good Grit," crumpled Miss Delia, "and so was my father before me. But I'll be blessed if I don't think Ben Wilder'd show better taste by going home and thinking over the good laws he's goin' to bring in, than by calling on decent quiet folks at ten o'clock at night."

"It isn't very late for election night," said Miss Marshall, "but men are foolish creatures anyway. They never know what they want."

This was a speech that might have been supposed to appeal to Miss Delia, who had small mercy on masculine weakness, and who felt a stern joy ten years ago in refusing a widower with a large family of small children. But

Miss Delia, for some mysterious reason, was not pleased and retorted:

"Well, they're no greater fools than women make them, and I've known George Howard since he wore pinafores and played with a hoop. He's a fine boy yet, and I'm not saying anything against Ben Wilder, but I won't hear a word against George Howard, for I've known him, boy and man, and I'm going to leave him grandmother's china and the old silver tea-pot."

"I'm not saying anything against Mr. Howard," said Louise stiffly, "but he's just like every other clever man. He's so conceited that he thinks nothing is too good for him."

An exclamation that could be truthfully called nothing but a grunt was the only response, and Louise went away to her own room, wondering why she did not feel more elated over the downfall of the man whom she was trying to regard as an enemy.

The next Sunday night, Mr. Wilder called again, and once more encountered a frostily-reserved young woman,

(Continued on page 29)



"I tell you this," he said very slowly—"That the third time you will do the asking."

The Shepherd of Little Longacoming

A STORY OF OLD-TIME FAITHFULNESS AND MODERN PROGRESS

LITTLE LONGACOMING had escaped the march of improvement. No railway linked restful town with restless city; and the wide sandy streets, shaded by old maple trees, remained for hours undisturbed. A few shops disfigured the main street. With this exception, that street was lined with old-fashioned homes—frame buildings rich in wide verandas and great chimneys. In the heart of the town stood the First Presbyterian Church; brick walls blushing through leafy screen, wooden spire lifting a white finger against the sky.

Across the way from the old church stood the old manse. This was the home of Dr. Will, an old-fashioned shepherd who for half a century had led his old-fashioned flock through green pastures and by still waters. Happy days were those old days in Little Longacoming—too happy to last. For one evil day American enterprise built a railway and linked the old town to the new world.

* * * * *

The "iron horse" wrought a transformation in Little Longacoming. In six months the population doubled; old homes changed into new shops; factory smoke polluted the clean, clear air; the meadows behind the town parted into building lots; the great wind-break of pine woods fell before the axe of enterprise. New people who came with the railway were full of new energy; they put "go" into secular affairs; they tried to put more "go" into that old-fashioned Gospel which had satisfied Longacoming for generations.

The natural optimism of the old town angered the new Christians. Truly, Doctor Will's people were noted for clean living, honest dealing. The town had always been free from the coarse dissipation of other towns. But all this counted nothing, so the new folk said, in the absence of that loud profession of faith which proved spirit wrestling with flesh. This spiritual deadness of Longacoming was charged to the sinful sunniness of Doctor Will.

The new element in the townfolk, being aggressive, soon captured the First Presbyterian Church. And the first act of the new men was to ask Doctor Will to resign.

"The Doctor must realise," the new trustees wrote, "that he is too old for the leadership of a large congregation. They would pay him up to the end of the year, but he must vacate the manse at once."

* * * * *

It was Sunday afternoon; the Sunday after the message of dismissal had been received. That morning Doctor Will had preached his farewell sermon, had spoken, in his old-fashioned way, from the text, "Love is God, for God is love," the key-note of his own life. But not a word of protest at his dismissal had fallen from his lips.

"He was an old man: it was right for him to make room for the new generation: he loved them all: he hoped they would continue to love him: his prayers would follow them: he asked the prayers of his old congregation."

Through the open window came the spring sunshine and the sweet music of rustling leaves and fretting branches. A new light rested, so many folks fancied, on the rugged face of the old shepherd, a new note rang clear in his deep, rich voice.

After the benediction came many handgrips: and in many voices, some broken: "God bless you, Doctor Will!" Then a bevy of young folks had brought the old "shepherd" home, as young folks had formed his body-guard from church to manse every Sunday morning during half a century. Many friends called during the afternoon. It had been a busy, trying day for Doctor Will, and the coming of twilight was indeed welcome.

But when at last he was safe in the twilight and alone, a wave of sad thought swept over him.

"Father, how can I live without my work?"

The old, dim eyes lifted to the white church spire over the way.

"It is my life, Master!"

Then Doctor Will turned, and with trembling hand, plucked a spray of honeysuckle, pressed it to his white lips; then he dropped the flower and took up his old Bible. Opening at random he read aloud, memory aiding dim old eyes—

"I will not leave you comfortless." Then the peace of twilight fell on Doctor Will's face, his head sank back, and the dim old eyes closed as if in sleep.

* * * * *

Wind of eventide stirred the honeysuckle; a rose overhead swayed like censer swung by unseen hands; a bird hopped slowly along the veranda rail. And then the still air grew tremulous with the first note of evening bell. At the familiar sound Doctor Will started forward.

"The bell—yes, Master."

And then twilight and Doctor Will faded out of Little Longacoming.—Illustrated News.

The Sons of Martha

By RUDYARD KIPLING

The Sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have inherited that good part,
But the Sons of Martha favour their mother of the careful soul and the troubled heart;
And because she lost her temper once, and because she was rude to the Lord, her Guest,
Her sons must wait upon Mary's Sons—world without end, reprieve or rest.

It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet and cushion the shock;
It is their care that the gear engages; it is their care that the switches lock;
It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their care to embark and entrain,
Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary by land and main.

They say to the mountains, "Be ye removed!" They say to the lesser floods, "Run dry!"
Under their rods are the rocks reprov'd—they are not afraid of that which is high.
Then do the hilltops shake to the summit; then is the bed of the deep laid bare,
That the Sons of Mary may overcome it, pleasantly sleeping and unaware.

They finger Death at their glove's end when they piece and repiece the living wires.
He rears against the gates they tend; they feed him hungry behind their fires.
Early at dawn ere men see clear they stumble into his terrible stall,
And hale him forth like a haltered steer, and goad him and turn him till evenfall.

To these from birth is Belief forbidden; from these till death is relief afar—

They are concerned with matters hidden—under the earth line their altars are.

The secret fountains to follow up, waters withdrawn to restore to the mouth—

Yea, and gather the floods as in a cup, and pour them again at a city's drouth.

They do not preach that their God will rouse them a little before the nuts work loose;

They do not teach that His Pity allows them to leave their work whenever they choose.

As in the thronged and the lightened ways, so in the dark and the desert they stand,

Wary and watchful all their days, that their brethren's days may be long in the land.

Lift ye the stone, or cleave the wood, to make a path more fair or flat—

Lo! it is black already with blood some Sons of Martha spilled for that.

Not as a ladder from Earth to Heaven, not as an altar to any creed,

But simple service, simply given to his own kind, in their common need.

And the Sons of Mary smile and are blessed—they know the angels are on their side

They know in them is the Grace confessed, and for them are the Mercies multiplied.

They sit at the Feet, and they hear The Word—they know how truly the promise runs.

They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and—the Lord He lays it on Martha's Sons.

Very-Great-Grandmother

(From Ottawa Free Press.)

NOT often in fairy tales do people read of great-great-grandmothers, but there is in Ottawa to-day a little boy who possesses not only a real, live, great-great-grand-dame, but also, in unbroken line, a great-grandmother and a grandmother. This fortunate little boy has been a resident of Ottawa for two months, in fact has spent his whole life here. This much grandmothered youngster is Angus Robert McClelland, the two months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald McClelland, 203 Flora Street. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that Angus Robert is the great-nephew of Johnnie Powers of lacrosse fame.

The great-great-grandmother, Mrs. Jas. McMullen, lives in the land of the sham-rock. Now 89 years of age, she resides at Carnlea House, County Antrim, with her son, Hugh. Mrs. McMullen is still as fresh and spritely as any Molly Bawn in the Emerald Isle. All over County Antrim she is known as a dame who makes a good cup of "tay and puts two lumps of sweetie in it."

Mrs. McMullen's daughter, Mrs. S. Powers, 388 Gladstone Avenue, came to Canada about twenty-five years ago and settled in Ottawa. She is great-grandmother to little Angus. Mrs. Powers' daughter, Mrs. John Davis, of Catherine Street, is the grandmother, and the latter's daughter, Mrs. McClelland, is the proud and happy mother of Mrs. McMullen's great-great-grandson. From all accounts Angus Robert is a precocious boy, and the twice great-grandmother in Ireland may still live to hear herself addressed as "great-great-great-grandma."

On the Open Trail

This paltry earth and the low-hung sky,
Like a little tent around it,
Too cramped I find to feel at home,
Too cramped I always found it.

Since I was ever a vagabond,
A vagrant-foot and rover,
O, give me the width of the skies to roam
When my earthly days are over.

Let me out where worlds the mile-stones
are,
Where the unresting stars walk my way;
Out, out, where a man has elbow-room,
To travel his old-time highway!

And when the journey is done, God grant
That one lone Inn I find me,
Where I may enter and greet but Him,
And close the door behind me.

—Arthur J. Stringer.

The Name Moose Jaw

IN connection with the death of the Earl of Dunmore the Winnipeg "Telegram" recalls that Dunmore Junction on the Canadian Pacific Railway is named after him, and the now flourishing town of Moose Jaw owes its name to him through very peculiar circumstances. At this spot he mended the wheel of his Red River cart with the jawbone of a moose he had shot and the Red Indian scouts called it the place where "the one-eyed white chief mended his cart with the jawbone of a moose." This was shortened into "moose jaw." Lord Dunmore had lost the sight of one of his eyes in a sporting accident, hence the name bestowed on him by the Indians.

Three Voices

(Harold Begbie, in London Chronicle.)

THE gentle, reflective and sentimental traveller from the Old World, as he journeys across the intolerable distances of Canada, becomes gradually conscious of three separate voices. There is the voice of the people, the voice of the politicians and the voice of the land itself. This trinity of tongues makes a new and thoughtful music in his soul.

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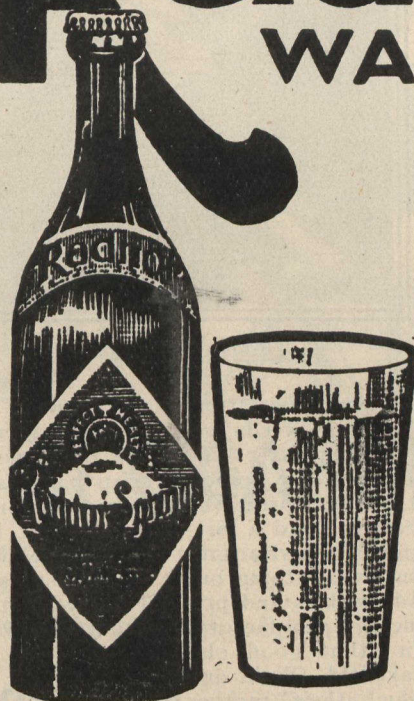
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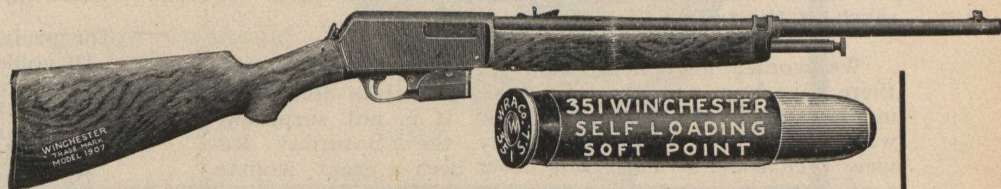
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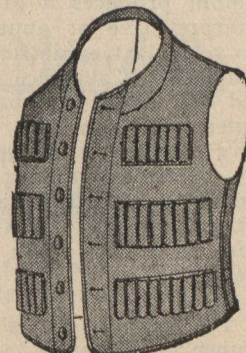
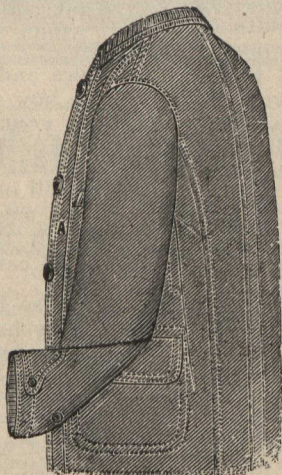
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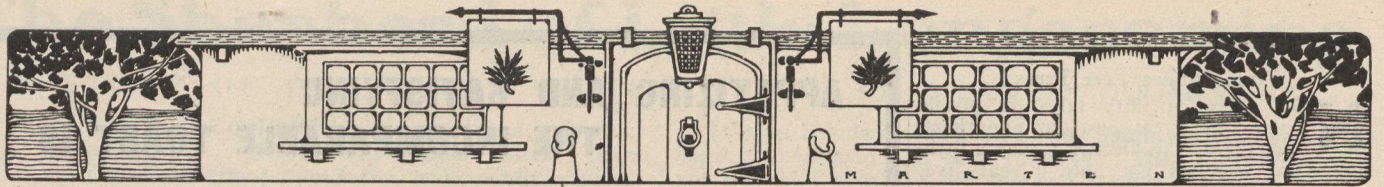
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

ANYTHING uglier than the hats which bloomed in the spring of 1905 could hardly have been imagined; but the impossible has come to pass and the headgear of the present autumn, as the purely hideous, has every former achievement beaten. A waste paper basket trimmed with a feather duster is the prevailing style. When the stormy winds do blow, the hats of feminine shoppers resemble a barnyard in a cyclone. There is a deadly monotony about the prospect which depresses the most optimistic citizen. The floral designs run riot in morning-glories, pansies and bilious roses until one is anxious for even the shrinking violet by way of relief. Whoever set the fashion in hats for the present season has much to answer for and must have been suffering from an attack of Dementia Americana. It is related that a woman who had purchased one of the very latest purple monstrosities appeared before her husband, demanding—

"Well, John, how do you like it?"

He gave one affrighted glance at the object in question. "By Jove! I thought I had 'em again. It's worse than rose-coloured mice."

* * *

Now that the season we used to call summer has left us, the aroma of autumn is strong in the land. This is not the smell of burning weeds, referred to by the English poet, but something rarer and more satisfying. As one walks past comfortable homes, one becomes aware that tomato catsup and preserved peaches are being provided for future comfort and a foretaste of their sweet and spicy joys is ours. Away with the canned and tinned stuff which is surely anything but what it says on the label! Home-made pickles and preserves have a flavour and charm such as no factory, however inspected, can provide. In that good old-fashioned household of the Vicar of Wakefield, Olivia and Sophia showed a domestic skill of which their mother never failed to boast to the young men who found their way to the vicarage parlour. But I have often wondered why the good Mrs. Primrose declared that it was Sophia's fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green. The compliment is expressed in strange terms but we all know just how piquant must have been the relish at the table of worthy Dr. Primrose.

* * *

We women have heard and read so frequently that there have been very few of our sex to attain distinction in the sphere of creative art that it is not surprising when that caustic English weekly, the "Saturday Review" remarks: "There has never been a great woman composer nor a great woman painter. But what women have the faculty for, above all other executive faculties, is to produce an imitation of the real thing so much prettier than the thing itself that the majority of their fellow-creatures will infinitely prefer it." But if woman seldom produces a great poem or picture, she has the interpretative or appreciative faculty in a high degree. Go to an art exhibition or a Paderewski recital and you will find the audience composed largely of women. Music and art would fare badly if there were no women who understand. In fact, most of the great creative artists have received far more encouragement in childhood from the discerning mother than from the practical father. Woman's emotional nature responds more readily to the artistic appeal. Most men prefer a game of poker or a prize fight to a Bach recital or an evening with Dutch art.

* * *

The Turkish girl is usually regarded with pity by the women of America. But we probably take our ideas from those who see only the most unhappy specimens.

The costume of the Turkish dancing-girl, as shown in the accompanying photograph, is not according to feminine notions in this country but is none the less decidedly ornamental. The silken knickerbockers, soft sash and Zouave jacket are not masculine and the gauzy sweep of veil gives the last touch of Oriental fascination. But as we regard the eyes above the filmy stretch, the Kipling line

"Oh, East is East and West is West

And never the twain shall meet"

comes into the head and forces its truth upon us. The barrier between the Englishman and the Hindu or Japanese man is not so strong as that between the dusky-eyed daughter of the Orient and the woman of the West.

* * *

"Doesn't it make you angry to be praised with the qualifying addition, 'for a woman'? To be told by a man that I have written, played or drawn something rather well—for a woman—is simply maddening."

The woman addressed smiled sweetly as she regarded the girl's indignant face. "You become indifferent to it," she said consolingly, "You see, men can't help being condescending. The dear creatures

don't mean to be insulting or irritating. They just can't get over the idea that women are fools and when one of us writes a good business letter, dashes off a crisp paragraph or draws a half decent sketch, the man salves his pride and does what he considers justice by saying 'not half bad—for a woman.' Some day," continued the woman, "work will be judged on its merits, without regard to the worker's sex—but not till the Twenty-First Century."

CANADIENNE.

Do You Remember ?

By ETHELWYN WETHERALD

Do you remember the drive we took
Years ago in the early Fall,
When the moonlight lay like the visible look
Of God, deep-brooding over all ?

The prairie had broken into bloom
Of golden-rod, like a web unrolled,
And there wasn't a tree to cast its gloom
Over all that lustrous sweep of gold.

Never a house for miles and miles,
Save our airy castles, columns and towers,
That rose in dimly magnificent piles
Above a foundation of moonlit flowers.

Miles and miles through the loneliness,
A boy and a girl and a slow, slow steed,
The young hearts fluttering to express
Their highest thought and their deepest need.

No hill of hardship, no vale of despair,
But a golden plain and a golden sky.
We felt that life was thrilling fair
And cared not to ask the reason why.

Ever so long ago—and we—
How have we drifted each from each ?
Achievement's height, where we longed to be
Is all untraversed by smile or speech.

But still you remember that vanished year,
When we rode alone in the smile of God,
And all of our wealth on this mortal sphere
Was poetry, youth and goldenrod.



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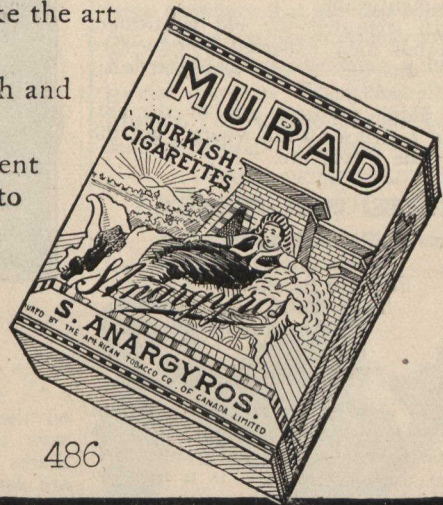
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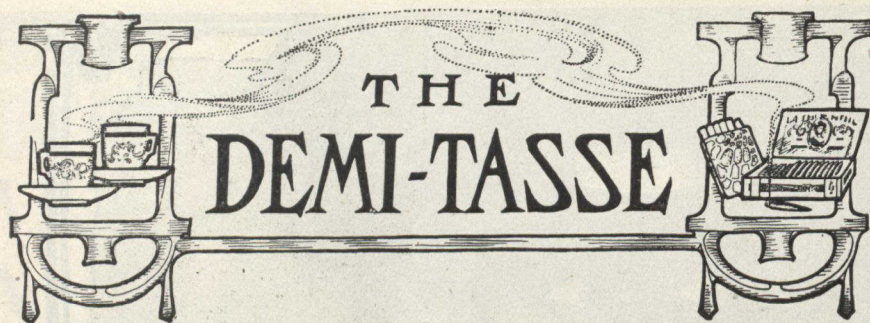
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THE DEMI-TASSE

THE LURE OF LIMERICKS.

THE world has gone wild on the subject of limericks and everyone is writing the paste jewels five lines long which, it is to be hoped, will not sparkle forever. In England, the United States and Canada, journals are receiving limericks by the barrel, in answer to their competitions. Rhyming dictionaries are working overtime and Mark Twain's obsession of "punch, brothers, punch with care" is entirely outdone by the lure of the limerick. We spend our quiet evenings in composing limericks, go to bed and suffer from nightmare in which lame limericks with halting feet go flopping all over the counterpane. We awake, to find limericks in the breakfast food, poisoning the just-as-good-as-coffee drink and waiting for us with fiendish leer on the seventh page of the morning paper. Then, as we go down town in the car, we involuntarily compose such a horror as this:

There once was a limerick fad,
Which made all the people quite mad,
They said: "We can't choose
But court this queer Muse,
Though our brain power's quite to the bad."
J. G.

HIS REASON.

A Canadian professor recently met a former pupil who had been anything but studious and was rather surprised when the latter became enthusiastic over a trip to England taken last summer. The professor beamed on the young man when he declared that Oxford was the town which he found most enjoyable.

"Oxford!" repeated the old gentleman. "I should not have expected you to care much for the old town. Did you visit most of the colleges?"

"Oh, I didn't go near any of the colleges. But I struck an inn where I got the best fried sole I ever ate."

NEVER UNTIL BROKE.

While the corn
Holds out to burn,
Few are the sinners
That return.
—Washington Herald.

THE HAPPY PARENTS.

They were elopers, and the stern parent was supposed to be in pursuit. But he wasn't. On the contrary, a telegram awaited them at the next town. "Is it forgiveness?" asked the agitated youth, as he handed it to the angelic one. She read it through and burst into tears. Then the startled youth took it and read it aloud. "Your mother and I offer congratulations. Your hasty action meets with our approval. We can now carry out a plan that we have long contemplated, and that was delayed only because we had you with us. In other words, we are about to break up house-keeping and go into a flat!"

A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE.

Dolly: "No, I won't wash my face. I just hate to wash my face!"
Grandma: "Naughty, naughty! When I was a little girl I always washed my face."
Dolly: "Yes, an' now look at it."—Cleveland Leader.

A FAMOUS SPOT.

Miss Ellen Terry was born in Coventry fifty-nine years ago. Two houses in that

English city claim to be her birth-place. One house has the sign: "This is the birth-place of Miss Ellen Terry." The other, just opposite, bears the legend: "This is the original birth-place of Miss Ellen Terry."

NATURE FAKERS.

Kind Lady: "What occupation do you two poor men follow?"

Gritty George: "Why, mum, we are 'nature fakers.'"

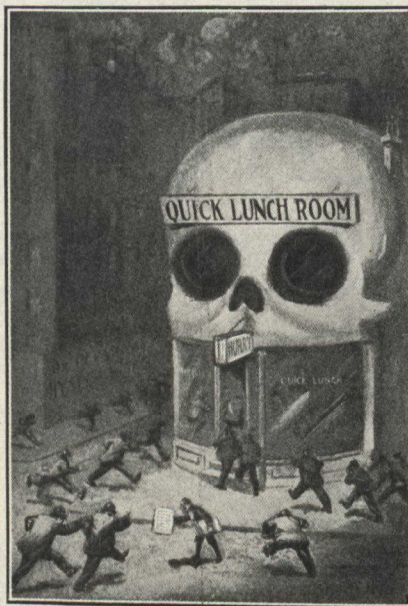
Kind Lady: "Nature fakers?"

Gritty George: "Yes, we play de elephant in de show. Sandy is de head and I am de legs."—Chicago Daily News.

UNKIND.

"You wouldn't believe it, but she said 'no' to six different men last summer!"

"Oh, I don't doubt it. What were they selling?"



Saving (?) Time.—Life

SOME SARCASM.

"A subscriber has asked us for advice on the subject of buying mining stock," says the Confidential Banker, a United States journal. "If there is anything we are long on it is advice, and we cheerfully comply. Mining stock should be bought in the dark of the moon from a total stranger. If possible pay him in lead money. Mining stock is useful for many things. The long, narrow certificates are good for laying upon pantry shelves. The short, fat ones can be used in the bottoms of drawers, the handsomely engraved certificates on hand-made paper can be rolled up and used for killing flies. You should, of course, buy your stock carefully and choose the size which will come in handiest."

"Several enterprising companies are now putting out stock which comes in assorted sizes and can be used for doilies, paper spills, shaving paper and table cloths. There is a general complaint because the ink of many of the certificates is injurious to health. If some company will put out a line of mining stock on perfectly blank and sterilised paper, it will make a great hit. "Low grade mining stock should be bought just before house cleaning. It can then be laid under the carpets during the

summer. Late in the fall it can be taken up and used for bedding the horse."

A BURLESQUE ON THE BARITONE.

Col. D. Streamer, the rhymester of "Ruthless Rhymes" and "Misrepresentative Men" signs himself frankly "Harry Graham" on the title-page of his fifth little book of verses, "Familiar Faces." This is a part of his poem on "The Baritone":

Will no one tell me why he sings
Such doleful, melancholy lays
Of withered summers, ruined springs,
Of happier bygone days,
And kindred topics, more or less
Designed to harass or depress?

That ballad in his bloated hand
Is of the old familiar blend:—
A faded flower, a maiden, and
A brave kiss at the end!
The kind of kiss that, for a bet,
A man might give a Suffragette.

NOT THE SOUL OF WIT.

"And the name is to be"—asked the suave minister as he approached the font with the precious bundle of fat and flounces.

"Augustus Philip Ferdinand Codrington Chesterfield Livingston Snooks."

"Dear me!" Turning to the sexton: "A little more water, Mr. Perkins, if you please."—Tit-Bits.

THEIR FINISH.

"Yes," said the prospective purchaser, "I always select an automobile by its motors."
"But don't you pay any attention to its finish?" asked the salesman, who had been showing the upholstering and brass trimmings.

"Oh, no. All of my automobiles generally finish up in a tree or in a haystack."—Chicago Daily News.

REALLY AMAZING.

An American tourist on the summit of Vesuvius was appalled at the grandeur of the sight.

"Great snakes!" he exclaimed, "it reminds me of Hades."

"By Jove, how you Americans do travel!" exclaimed an English friend who stood near.—Short Stories.

THEIR MARITAL RELATIONS.

Merritt O. Chance, chief clerk of the Post Office Department, several months ago sent to all the postmasters in the United States a list of questions asking for certain information to be used in the preparation of the Government Blue Book, which is published every two years. One of the questions in the list was:

"What are your marital relations?"

The object of this particular question was to find out whether the postmasters are married, single, widowed or divorced. But some of the rural postmasters did not understand.

Mr. Chance has received several answers, in which the persons addressed endeavoured to give a clear and lucid explanation of the status of their married life.

One postmaster said his domestic affairs were "fine and dandy."
Another, not so fortunate, replied, "Fairly middling."

A third filled in the blank space with one word—"H—ll."—New York Sun.

CONCLUSIVE.

Hoax: Did you really enjoy your stay at Paris?"

Joax: "I came home in the steerage."—Baltimore American.

MODEST.

Magistrate: "What is your name?"
Prisoner: "Please, your Worship, I'm travelling incog."—Cassell's Magazine.

WELCOMED.

"So this is Hogtown," said the visitor to Toronto, as he seated himself in a Yonge Street car at the Union Station.

"Just make yourself right at home," was the cheerful retort of a loyal citizen.

A Nation of Bondholders

SOME years ago Englishmen were called a nation of shop-keepers. To-day they may be styled a nation of bondholders. It is characteristic of the Englishman to demand first security in his investment and second profit. In bonds he finds both security and profit, and as a result the United Kingdom has become the world's bond market. If you will send us your address we will write you about an investment in bonds that in our opinion should appeal to your judgment as unusually remunerative as well as secure.

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East and West

The Growth of National Spirit in This Country

There are still some people who imagine that the extremities of Canada are self-centred and careless of what is being done in Ontario and Quebec. It has been said that the Nova Scotian doesn't know what is being done in Toronto, and more than that doesn't care. This is not a fair statement. All manufacturers know that the growth of the national spirit has awakened a keen interest. An example is provided by the J. A. McDonald Piano and Music Company, of Halifax, the leading Nova Scotia music firm. Last year this firm made at the Dominion Exhibition in Halifax the finest display of Gourlay art pianos ever seen in the East. The business growing from that exhibit was so large that Mr. McDonald resolved to make even a better display for this year's Fair. In order to provide himself with the goods he required, he travelled to Toronto in the early days of the recent Exhibition to see the Gourlay exhibit here, and, if possible, to make his selections in advance of his competitors. He was successful in being first on the ground and in purchasing most of the Art Gourlays displayed. In consequence he went away with large satisfaction in his heart. It has been proved that the people of Nova Scotia want pianos, not alone beautiful in tone quality, but of artistic case design as well. In the Gourlay the combination is found

For the Children

A LITTLE DEAR.

For me to have another doll
I somehow felt the time had come,
For Adeline had lost her hair,
And Jane, the one that cried, was dumb
Of hearing me explain the case
Papa grew weary, it was clear;
"You're tired?" I asked, and he replied:
"A little, dear!"

That very day, when he got home,
He had a parcel in his hand,
And mother smiled, and I did, too,
For I began to understand.
"With her extravagance," he said,
"This child will ruin us, I fear;
Some toys are cheap, but this one came
A little dear!"

I clapped my hands, and hugged
And then, when he'd the string untied,
I took the paper off and found
A dainty cardboard box inside;
And when I pulled the lid off that,
I saw a lovely face appear—
And there I saw my doll, and she's
A little dear!

—Felix Young, in Little Folks.

* *

THE FLOWERS.

All the names I know from nurse:
Gardener's garters, Shepherd's purse,
Bachelor's buttons, Lady's smock,
And the Lady Hollyhock.

Fairy places, fairy things,
Fairy woods where the wild bee wings,
Tiny trees for tiny dames—
These must all be fairy names!

Tiny woods below whose boughs
Shady fairies weave a house;
Tiny tree-tops, rose or thyme,
Where the braver fairies climb!

Fair are grown-up people's trees,
But the fairest woods are these;
Where if I were not so tall,
I should live for good and all.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

* *



Tommy: "Ma, baby is naughty. He cried because I wouldn't give him any of my cake."
Mamma: "Is his own cake finished?"
Tommy: "Yes: and he cried while I was eating that too!"—Punch.

* *

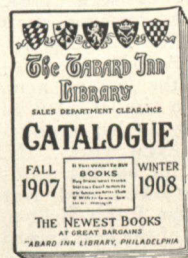
DRESSING UP.

On rainy days, sometimes we go
Up in the attic, still and dark,
And Sandy, that's my dog, goes too;
I like to hear his cheerful bark.
Way over in a dusky corner
There stands a cedar chest, you know
It's filled with quaint, old-fashioned dresses
That grandma wore so long ago.
There's one of blue brocade and silver
With silky fringe, you've seen the kind
And Sara tucks it up around me
And makes a long trail, out behind.
She twists my hair up in a top-knot
And one fat, yellow curl hangs down;
I feel so very tall and stately
In grandma's dainty, trailing gown.
It's fun, until the rain is over,
Then, suddenly, I think that maybe
I'd rather be a little girl
Than any solemn, fussed-up lady!
—The Echo, London, Ont.

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Dramatic Notes

THE announcement that the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, is not to be a vaudeville retreat has proved distinctly satisfactory to the patrons of the newest Toronto theatre. For those who like vaudeville, Shea's Theatre provides, as a rule, a clean and amusing bill. At the Royal Alexandra, arrangements have been made for performances by a stock company which will present from week to week plays which are recognised as notable achievements by modern dramatists. The players have talent and versatility, but the "star" system will not be in vogue. There may be all the better opportunity for the public to form some judgment of the unity of the play. Citizens who know anything of the operations of the Trust will congratulate the Royal Alexandra management on its independent stand in refusing the dictation of the Booking Trust. A letter from Mr. Belasco to the Toronto trustees was widely published last week, as an evidence of the approval of the Royal Alexandra programme by the famous independent manager.

The present company, which is known as the Royal Alexandra Players, was organised by and is under the personal direction of Mr. W. H. Gregory, of New York, whose long experience in forming stock companies fully fits him for the responsibilities of this position. Among those engaged are Mr. Conness, the leading man, who last season occupied a similar position with Miss Katherine Grey in her production of *The Reckoning* in New York. Mr. Albert Brown was one of the leading members of Miss Julia Marlowe's and Nat Goodwin's companies. Miss Edith Evelyn, the leading woman, is one of the best known actresses in this class of company. Miss Elfreda Lasche, who plays the gentle part of ingenue, has had such a role for two years at Castle Square Theatre, Boston. In fact the company is made up of artists whose reputation assures an interesting season.

This change of policy on the part of the Royal Alexandra is generally approved, as Toronto has too much of undesirable vaudeville and quite sufficient of the respectable class.

Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" is to be presented in Toronto at the Princess Theatre during the week beginning October 14th. Mr. Guy Standing takes the part of "Charlie Steele," and is said to be admirably fitted for the part of that many-sided, enigmatic hero. Mr. Presbrey has done the work of dramatisation in a thoroughly sympathetic spirit.

Canadians have hoped that Miss Anglin might be tempted to appear in her native land this winter in "The Great Divide," the play by Mr. W. V. Moody in which she has made such a conquest of the public. Present indications, however, do not point to Miss Anglin's early appearance outside New York. It is stated that she will soon give up "The Great Divide" for a drama in which the heroine is Joan of Arc. The exploits of the Maid of Orleans have more than once lent themselves to dramatic setting and Miss Anglin's emotional gifts are peculiarly fitted for the interpretation of the triumphs and tragic final failure of the girl who led Charles to Rheims.

It seems that Mr. John Hare was in earnest when he bade farewell to the American stage some years ago. It is only of Patti that it may be said: "Men may come and men may go but she farewells forever." Mr. Hare has started on a tour in the "provinces" (which seems England outside the City of London) and is to remain away from the capital for three months. He retires from the stage next year. A modern critic has called the actor's fame a statue of snow. But in some impalpable fashion, such delicate, masterly work as that of John Hare must live in "minds made better by his presence."

The St. Thomas "Times" has a few re-

marks concerning the folly of such an actress as Miss Isabel Irving spoiling the illusions of the audience by reappearing immediately at the close of each act and bowing acknowledgements. The inartistic vanity of such a smirking performance has been criticised frequently. But when Mr. Forbes Robertson, after the Hamlet farewell, "The rest is silence," is carried solemnly away on a black velvet bier, only to appear in a moment and bow foolishly to the school-boy gallery, what is to be said? The vanity which is to be found in all human beings must find itself unusually at home in the breast of the actor or actress, as very few members of the profession seem to be able to resist the cheap joy of acknowledging applause, however lukewarm the latter may be. But worst of all is the dramatic resurrection when the defunct hero or villain sits up and takes notice.



Mr. Robert Conness

Leading man of Royal Alexandra Players.

"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" seems to have a place all its own in the theatrical world. It affords an excellent opportunity to the most puritanic to attend the theatre, as it was written by a clergyman and is concerned chiefly with engagingly simple characters. To those who have read the books, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and "Kate Carnegie," the play is a decided irritation since it mutilates the stories of the two volumes and confuses characters in a bewildering fashion. But "Lachlan Campbell" is a character not to be easily forgotten by those who have seen J. H. Stoddart in the role. This play of Scottish life has lately been presented in Sydney, C.B., and other Eastern towns.

Most Canadians have heard of the famous strife which arose between Mr. James Metcalfe, dramatic critic of "Life," and the Theatrical Trusts. Now Mr. Metcalfe has a precious morsel to enjoy and this is none other than an adverse criticism of Miss Illington's acting, written by the dramatic critic of the "Sun." The "Life" critic gravely asks:

"Is the 'Sun' aware that Miss Illington married Mr. Daniel Frohman, who manages the Lyceum Theatre where 'The Thief' is playing?"

"And that Mr. Daniel Frohman has done a lot of unpleasant things to oblige the Theatrical Managers' Association of Greater New York."

"And that the Theatrical Managers' Association, through the Hon. Timothy Drydollar Sullivan, practically controls the New York State Legislature in all matters concerning theatrical legislation?"

"Has the 'Sun' gone daft? Has it no favours to ask of the Legislature? Has it no libel suits to defend in the New York courts? Has it no regard for its theatrical

advertising? Do its proprietors want their free theatre seats cut off?"

Evidently it is a risky matter for a New York critic to tell the truth and it is to be hoped that the man on the "Sun" has an independent income, for his removal looks like a certainty. It will be a case of the lion in Daniel's den.

Madame Nordica, who has been making a visit to Europe, laying the business foundations of her Institute of Music on the Hudson, told a representative of M. A. P. all about the pageant she is going to hold. "As you know," she said, "I have been dreaming of the Institute for years, and sometimes I think of it as a whole, just as if my wildest dreams were realised, with sections for opera, oratorio, sculpture, painting, and everything that is artistic. That is why I am going to have pageants and Greek plays, and revive all those pretty dances which have somehow died out—the minuet, the Sir Roger de Coverley, and heaps of old country dances. I tried to get to the pageant at Bury St. Edmunds and also to the Masque at Claremont, but really your English weather is so overwhelming. I had a glorious day at St. Albans though, and I am going to start with a pageant on the Hudson on the same lines."

The American world has exceedingly vague ideas concerning the institution Madame Nordica is to establish on the banks of the Hudson. Some call it an American Bayreuth, others declare it is to be a Conservatory of Music and Drama. But, as the famous singer has twenty acres of country, a pageant would not be an impossibility. Scenes from American history may be presented to the gaze of modern and blase New Yorkers. Madame Nordica herself has suggested the landing of Columbus. A more popular presentation might be the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. Since most citizens of the United States claim to have had an ancestor or two on the "Mayflower," there would be an immense audience to witness how their forefathers behaved when "the breaking waves dashed high, on a stern and rock-bound coast."

Fritz Kreisler, the famous violinist, is to give recitals in Montreal and Toronto during the winter. Kubelik also may come to Canada next spring.

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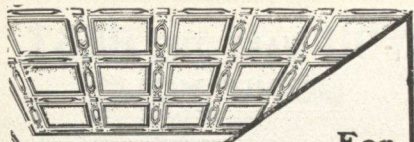
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HER PART.

"What I would like," said the eager young actress, "is a part with a death scene in it. I never fail to make a big hit when I die." "I don't doubt it," replied the heartless manager, "and I may say that you would make the biggest hit of your life if you would go away somewhere and die right now."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE LADIES.

"Mark Twain," said a Chicagoan, "crossed the Atlantic with me on the Minneapolis lately, and his conversation made the captain's table very gay. The ladies continually encircled the humourist, and the last night on board he proposed a toast in their honour. 'The ladies,' he said, raising his glass and bowing. 'The ladies—second only to the press in the dissemination of news.'"



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Peculiarities

MONTREAL has had a curious organisation, recently exposed as the bogus funeral society. A number of persons became members of this society by paying two dollars on condition that if they died within the year they would receive burial free of charge. It was afterwards discovered on the death of one of the members that the society had not sufficient funds. Whereupon, the head of this remarkable affair was arrested and is condemned to three months' meditation on how hard it is for an aspiring man to make a living.

* *

It has been alleged in Victoria, B.C., that Huc To, Laim Poo, Law Wai and Chong Quong Duck were in a conspiracy to bring the last-named gentleman into the country without paying the head-tax. But what's the matter with the names?

* *

The celebrations for the coming of age of Lord Cochrane, eldest son of Lord Dundonald, are to begin on October 25th at Abergele and will continue for about a week. Several Canadians have "not" received invitations for these imposing festivities.

* *

There's a pleasant feeling between the magistrate in Ottawa and those who are brought before that official, judging from the reply, given by a prisoner of Gallic descent who replied to a question of His Honour: "Well, now, my dear friend, I don't think so." In Toronto, where the population is chiefly Anglo-Saxon, the answer to official queries seldom assumes such a debonaire form.

* *

At a fire in the Amasa Wood Hospital in St. Thomas the nurses had the flames well under control before the fire brigade arrived. The Canadian woman is becoming so resourceful in any emergency that mere man may soon leave her to light the fires, as well as to extinguish them.

* *

The people in the vicinity of the First Baptist Church, Ottawa, had an exciting time watching a steeplejack from Toronto who was engaged in repairing the church spire, and who swayed dizzily to and fro as a high gale arose. But the steeplejack came to no injury as he recognised the familiar sensations of a Toronto street car and fancied himself hanging on to the strap.

* *

The school children of Windsor, Walkerville and Sandwich are getting school buttons and choosing colours for each school. The idea is said to have attained instant popularity and the youngsters are busy over buttons and ribbons, which will no doubt be conspicuous in many a future fray and lend "colour" to school loyalty.

* *

The West has taken big things for its motto. One of the largest and finest church bells which Montreal has seen for many a day is at present in the London and Antwerp shed of the Canadian Pacific Steamship line. It arrived from Antwerp and is consigned to the West. The bell stands more than four feet in height and was made by the firm of Jules Robert of Geneva, Switzerland, famous as makers of bells for nearly four hundred years. Father Hepu of Edmonton will be a proud man when it is installed in the parish church and when it rings for the first time the proverbial "boom" will be once more in town.

* *

The town of Kenora had a little mild excitement lately over seven Doukhobors who were sentenced to jail for trespass on the railway. Upon their removal in a van, the Doukhobor women forgot their principles of peace and soundly pummelled the Kenora policemen who were, for a few moments, at the mercy of their fair (!) assailants.

* *


The Dominion Government will "install" fog horns on Welcome Island and Point

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Leave Napanee at 2.20 a.m., 3.30 a.m., 6.30 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 12.05 p.m., 1.20 p.m., 11.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 8.15 p.m.

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THE CANADIAN COURIER,
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Porphrey this autumn. These horns, it is said, will be of material assistance to mariners navigating the north shore of Thunder Bay. The residents of Toronto are inclined to condole with the inhabitants along the shores of the bay with a loud name. 'Tis not sweet to hear the fog-horn's honest bray.

Lake Winnipegosis has a pleasant Latiny sound. According to Mr. E. W. Darbey, provincial taxidermist of Manitoba, it is surrounded by an interesting region. There is an amber deposit somewhere near Cedar Lake. Mr. Darbey found some wild fruit which was quite edible and noticed several "freak berries." The latter sometimes get into otherwise well-conducted cocktails.

Talk about the East being slow! At North Sydney it was discovered that a young steer landed from the steamer "Marion" was missing. After diligent search the young steer was found in the upper part of a warehouse, having climbed the rickety stairs with grace and ease. It objected strongly to descending and altogether gave the wharfinger a lively quarter of an hour. It is now up to President Roosevelt to write to the magazines declaring that such a steer is an impossibility.

Some weeks ago, the wife of a "wealthy resident" of an Ontario community wrote to Hon. Dr. Pyne, Minister of Education, making serious charges against a young school-teacher. But when the writer of the letter was called to account for her communication she pled ignorance of the matter of her charges, stating she had written at the request of parties whom she would not name. The girl school-teacher has taken legal action. What a pleasant person that wife of a wealthy resident must be!

Out at Prince Rupert, B.C., a dauntless editor set up a printing press on the wharf. Last month a G.T.P. harbour engineer named Bacon took forcible possession of the printing press, after the latter had been standing on the wharf for five weeks. The editor has had a writ of search issued and provincial constables will bring the press into court. Great is the Fourth Estate. The name of the lonesome publication is "The Empire."

Nanaimo, British Columbia, is in a flourishing way and has no complaints to make about the tightness of the money market as the payroll records are being broken by such disbursements as \$125,000 by one company alone on a certain glad Saturday in September. As a coast authority might remark, Nanaimo does not make much noise but delivers the goods promptly — C. O. D.

The Royal North-West Mounted Police, after two years' work, have cut an eight-foot trail from Peace River through the Rocky Mountains to the Yukon, giving a route from Edmonton to Dawson entirely over Canadian territory. Colonel White, comptroller of the R.N.W.M.P., has received a telegram from Commissioner Perry announcing his arrival on the Pacific coast after a seven hundred mile ride on the trail from Edmonton.

A bank manager in Brantford has been fined one dollar for using insulting language to a local newspaper reporter. The prospects for the press are bright indeed when a really important official like a bank manager has to pay for saying "sugar" and "scissors" to a mere reporter.

Some office boys are lucky. Arthur Bond, a young Englishman employed in that capacity at Victoria Hospital, London, Ontario, has been notified that he will receive a large sum of money on coming of age next month. His father is a wealthy manufacturer but the son was desirous of seeing life in the colonies.

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A WOMAN'S WAY

(Continued from page 19)

who yawned daintily when the election was discussed, and insisted on playing hymns from the "Presbyterian Book of Praise," and forcing Mr. Wilder, who had no ear for music, and who bellowed savagely to make unwilling melody of "Now the Day is Over."

The prosperous and genial bachelor made his way home with his thoughts in sad confusion. "I wish I'd never set eyes on the girl," he muttered as he turned the corner, "winning an election is easy guessing, compared to knowing what a woman's going to do next. Perhaps she thinks I'm set up on account of the election, and doesn't want to give in too suddenly. Well, it's a comfort to see a shy girl in these days. Oh! Hello, Howard!"

The young lawyer turned and shook hands warmly with his former opponent, as he had done on the night of the election, for in spite of twelve years disparity of age, they were strong personal friends.

Wilder was a man who paid little attention to town talk about the girls of the neighbourhood and their lovers. Consequently, he had forgotten that rumour had been rife concerning Mr. Howard's attentions to the "pretty teacher," and he suddenly felt the need of a confidant.

"I say, Howard, you knew Miss Marshall pretty well at the University, didn't you?"

"I didn't see much of her, I have known her better since she came to Parkersville," said Howard, trying to assume an indifferent air.

"Well—the fact is—oh, hang it all! I can't make out women at all. You see, I thought we were very good friends, but the last few times we've met, she's acted as if I were a stranger, and a mighty undesirable one, too. Do you suppose I've done anything to offend her, or is it just because—"

"I fancy it's just because," said Howard, laughing unpleasantly. "Miss Marshall is a nice girl, but even a University course doesn't take the infinite variety out of a woman's moods. Don't worry about it, Wilder. She may smile on you the next time."

"And her smiles are worth while," said the elder man, adding rather sheepishly, "well, good-night, Howard. Glad the row's over, and we don't have to abuse each other's policies any longer."

But as he left Howard, the younger man walked away in a blaze of indignation. "She's nothing but an ordinary flirt," he mused angrily, "first playing fast and loose with me, and then with Wilder, who's old enough to know better than to bother about a woman."

But George Howard, defeated candidate and disgusted lover, fell asleep that night with his opponent's words ringing in his ears—"and her smiles are worth while."

On the following Thursday, as Howard was passing the High School shortly after four o'clock, he met the Head Master, who seemed to be spluttering about something.

"Have you seen the 'Grant Tribune'? It's a shame," vigorously asserted Mr. Charles Fielding, the "Dominie."

"What's the matter? Anything about politics?"

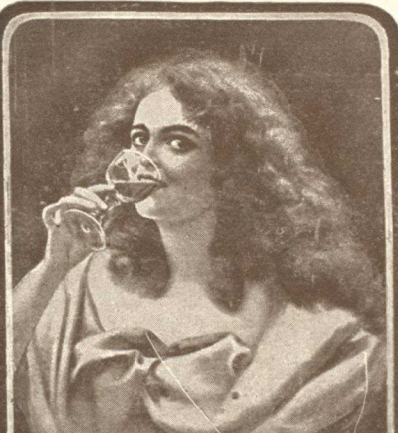
"It's just a piece of vulgar, personal abuse. I thought Canadian papers were above that sort of thing. I know that Wilder and every decent man in his party will be annoyed about it. I've left a copy of the paper on my desk in the school-room—was too disgusted to take it home with me."

"I think I'll go in and read it."

"Do. I'd go back with you, but I'm going to see about that last football match."

Howard entered the old building, and opened the door of the Head Master's room which he had only too good reasons to remember. But he suddenly paused, for Miss Louise Marshall, instructor in Modern Languages, was seated in the old chair holding a copy of the "Grant Tribune," and weeping unreservedly over the editorial paragraphs. She jumped on hearing Howard's footsteps and tried to pass him.

"No," he said grimly, catching her wrist with his left hand, and holding the offending newspaper with his right, while he read



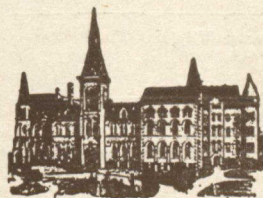
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HAMILTON - - CANADA

the attack on himself. There was nothing especially galling in the lines—only a piece of vulgar and decidedly bucolic ridicule of his personal appearance, winding up with unkindly reference to his "swelled head." The wit was that of the small boy who shouts "smarty" from the backyard fence, and Mr. Howard laughed gleefully as he flung the paper aside.

"Well, so much for that. Now tell me what you are crying about, Louise."

"I'm not crying," she replied in a quavering voice.

"Then they're the best imitation tears I ever saw—or felt," he answered, gently touching her damp cheek.

"Well—I'm tired—and—and that tiresome paper had no business to say such things about you. I—I just hate politics."

Mr. Howard laughed again, for by this time his left arm was around the teacher's shoulders, and the teacher's tired head was dangerously close to a gray sleeve.

"So you don't care for politics. Well, neither do I. There are much better things in the world." He proceeded to give a lengthy illustration of what he meant by the "better things," undaunted by the severe environment of blackboards and knife-scarred desks.

"You haven't any right," protested Louise rather faintly.

"They have rights who dare maintain them," quoted her lover. "I've read that in some old school book. Now, are you going to apologise, and—well, this will be the third time of asking, and you know what I said about it."

"You were very rude," said Louise, with a flush in her cheeks, that Mr. Howard considered extremely attractive,—"no, I'm not going to apologise, and I'm not going to ask about—about anything."

"Then we'll consider the matter arranged," said the gentleman calmly, "and if you don't resign the first week in December, I'll ask for your resignation, because you don't give enough attention to the backward pupils, the ones who need encouragement."

"I'm not going to resign," said Louise, firmly—"at least, not for a long time yet."

"Yes, you are," said Howard confidently. She raised her head imperiously to meet a glance just a little firmer than her own. Then she looked at the defeated candidate's determined chin, and with a sigh of mingled relief and shame, decided that it is just as well to know when one is beaten.

"I really was rude," she admitted without much show of repentance, "and I wanted you to get in all the time."

"My dear little girl," said George tenderly, as he wondered if the school janitor could be bribed to stay away for another half hour, "some day I mean to be Member of Parliament. But I am prouder of this victory than I could be of a province full of votes. And I'm awfully sorry for Wilder, who is too decent a chap to be ill-treated by a frivolous young woman, and I'm going to write to the editor of the 'Grant Tribune' to-morrow, and tell him that he's done me a great personal favour by abusing me in his miserable columns. I think I'll ask him to be my best man."

"Well," said Miss Delia, as Louise went upstairs that night at the unapproved hour of eleven, "do you think you can take care of my grandmother's china and the silver-teapot?"

"I don't know what in the world you mean, Miss Delia," stammered the prevaricating maiden.

"Didn't I say I was going to leave the china to George Howard? Well, when a girl comes home with her hair looking as if some one had been stroking it the wrong way, and with her eyes looking like brown diamonds, and when a man who was beaten for Parliament last week stays for tea and doesn't eat anything but biscuits, and yet keeps grinning as if he'd found a gold-mine, I'm not such a fool as not to know what's happened. I'll give you my recipe for mustard pickles if you like, and that India relish. George was always awful fond of them, and it's a queer world anyway, and men aren't easy to understand, but I've never known one of them that didn't take to those pickles."

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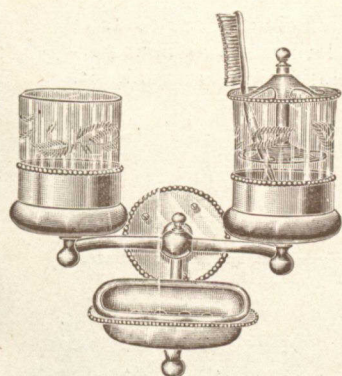
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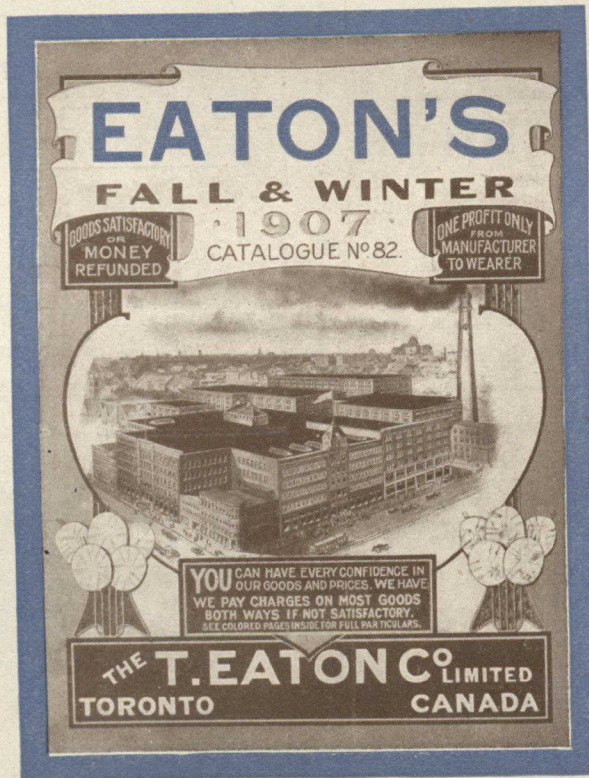
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