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# The Canadian Courier

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EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.  
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# THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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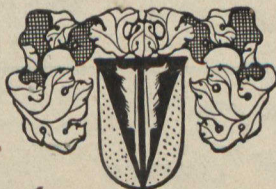
## PUBLISHERS' TALK

THE jingle of sleigh-bells grows louder as Christmas approaches and this number of the "Canadian Courier" keeps in mind the season of good-will. The story, "Home for Christmas," by Alice Jones, the well-known Halifax novelist, is a bright bit of holly fiction, and "Abdul, a Tale of a Christmas Turkey," by E. A. Dent, is just the sort of story to be taken with cranberry sauce. The serial story is one of unusually dramatic situations and will hold your attention for many weeks to come. Next week, "The Man from South Africa" will be the narrative attraction.

OUR mistletoe cover with its courtly figures was generally popular as a highly artistic piece of work. This winter we shall give you others quite as picturesque. With the season's sports we are keeping up bravely and next week shall publish an illustrated article by Mr. H. J. P. Good on the past and present of hockey.

THE region of James Bay is growing in national importance as its extent and wealth are realised. An illustrated article on this great district will be in our next issue. The Island of Newfoundland is too near our own territory not to be of vital interest to Canadian readers in both scenery and population. Mrs. Grace E. Denison, whose articles on that colony have a vivid quality which few writers attain, will contribute a sketch "Hymen in Newfoundland" to an early issue of this journal.

OUR photograph friends are reminded that the "Canadian Courier" is interested in seeing and exhibiting their best work and is not at all afraid of snowy scenes or frosty backgrounds, realising that Canada has all seasons for her own.



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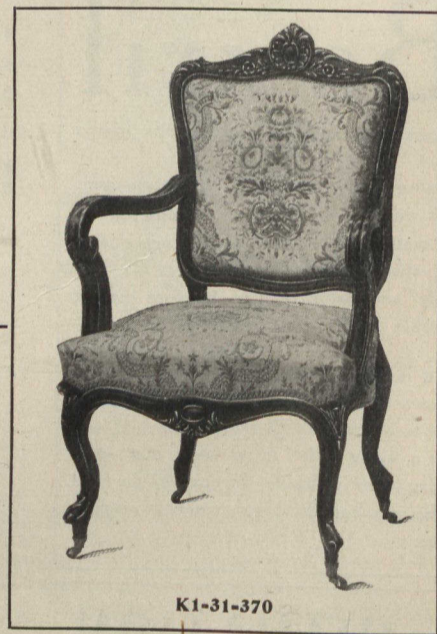


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THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED - TORONTO, CANADA

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. III.

Toronto, December 21st, 1907.

No. 3

## Critics of our Trade

THE Minister of Finance has been telling the people that our foreign trade has been increasing by leaps and bounds, and has indicated that we should remember the present rulers in our prayers for that reason. There is no doubt a great deal of credit is due these gentlemen for their perspicacity in electing to rule Canada during a period of expanding trade. One cannot fail to admire their good judgment in this respect. In fact non-political persons like the writer are inclined to accept what Mr. Fielding says and to render thanks that Canada has so able a trade-director in office.

However, just as this pleasant state of mind is reached, the critics come along. The President of the Bank of Montreal gets up to say, in a manner befitting a Knight of the Imperial Realm, that he is not sure that this expansion of trade is proceeding along correct lines. He would have us believe that all is not gold that glitters, or words to that effect. He points out that between 1898 and 1902, Canada was exceedingly fortunate. Her trade increased fairly rapidly, and she bought only twenty-five million dollars' worth of goods more than she sold. To be prosperous there are two requirements: Your trade must increase and your sales and purchases must nearly balance. In that period, they nearly balanced. On the other hand, between 1902 and 1907, instead of buying twenty-five millions more than we sold, we bought three hundred millions more than we sold. Sir George does not like this showing.

Just as we have almost recovered from this douche of cold water, Mr. R. S. Lake, M. P. for Qu'Appelle, gets up in the House to say the same thing, but to put it even more broadly. He shows that Argentina's foreign trade has increased faster than Canada's. Between 1900 and 1905, Canada's trade increased twenty-three per cent., while Argentina's increased ninety-seven per cent. To make matters worse, according to Mr. Lake and Sir George Drummond, Argentina exports were 455 millions greater than her imports, while Canada's exports were 116 millions less than her imports. The relentless Prairie Member does not stop there. He quotes Mexican figures to show in ten years the trade of that republic increased 145 per cent. as against our 130 per cent., while the balance of trade has been in favour of Mexico and against Canada. Still unsatisfied, he states that Australia and Cape Colony have increased their trade faster than we have, while even Newfoundland and India are doing better than the Dominion. The only colony which is behind us in the race is New Zealand.

Still Mr. Lake is not satisfied. He claims that our trade is not increasing, a most astounding assertion. He states that our exports are actually falling off and only our imports are increasing. He reasons that imports are not trade except when they are balanced by exports and concludes that our trade is really at a standstill or going back. In the year ending August 30th, he states, our exports actually fell off two millions of dollars.

The thought occurs to one, that there may be something in what Sir George Drummond and Mr. Lake say. In fact, in the situation which they outline in such cruelly clear language, there may be an explanation of some of our present money-tightness. We may have over-bought. We wanted expensive silks, laces, tweeds, automobiles and all sorts of gold and silver ornamentations and we bought freely. While we were buying so freely of these, we were also bringing in railway engines, railway bridges, steel rails and all sorts of machinery for our mines and our factories. The thought grows on one, the

longer it is harboured. Perhaps this is a partial explanation of our situation.

There is another thought of greater importance. British and United States manufacturers are coming in here and bringing in machinery and capital. These increase our imports and they are permanent additions to our wealth. Then the immigrants who cross from the United States or arrive from Europe bring household goods and money. These are also permanent additions to our wealth. From these two sources, Canada's imports ought to be increased at least fifty million dollars a year. This is the feature which both Sir George Drummond and Mr. Lake overlooked. This form of imports is not trade; it is wealth coming in here for permanent investment. Surely Canada must rejoice in the excess of imports over exports, in so far as it is caused by this sort of immigration.

If this estimate of the situation be correct, there is no reason for sitting down and railing at Mr. Fielding or the Government for lulling us into false security. If our exports are falling off let us have a business revival. Our manufacturers must increase their foreign sales. They have been relying too much, perhaps, on the home market. They must institute new campaigns to help swell the sales of Canadian goods abroad. The Government may help at one point; they can put an export duty on pulp wood and cause it to be exported as wood-pulp or paper. This will increase the value of our annual exports by several millions of dollars. Our lumber dealers must see what can be done to increase the value of the lumber products. Our exports of cheese, butter and cattle are not increasing; the dairyman and the cattle-dealer must do their part. The wheat-grower is doing very well and he will do his share if the weather man will but give him an opportunity. The transportation companies should do everything they can to facilitate exports by providing low rates and giving cheap passages to commercial travellers going abroad.

If Canada makes an effort she can speedily bring her exports up to the expanding point. Our factories can employ more workmen and ship more goods abroad. Our farms can be cultivated more thoroughly with more labour. This is not a period in which mechanics and labouring men should be discharged. Optimism should be the keynote, not pessimism. Moreover, this examination of the situation regarding imports should show that here also there need be no pessimism. Our excessive imports are to a considerable extent at least, caused by permanent investments coming in from abroad.

\* \* \*

## A Worthy Governor

HIS Excellency, the Governor-General, is proving himself in cordial and democratic sympathy with all progressive movements in the country. The trophy competition, which was initiated last year, and which promises to attract companies of amateur musicians and dramatists from all over the Dominion to the Capital next February, is a proof of Earl Grey's interest in the growth of Canadian culture. His Excellency's recent speech at the opening of the Women's Canadian Club, Montreal, manifested a strong desire to interest the women of the country in the memorial to be established on the Plains of Abraham. No son of our own soil, whether of British or French origin, could have spoken more warmly and sympathetically on the subject of the great Quebec tercentenary. A few weeks ago, the Evangelia Home in Toronto where the young workers in the eastern part of the city find congenial classes and amusement was also visited by this vice-regal authority who has done much towards the success of such undertakings. Into every department of beneficial public activity Earl Grey has entered with an earnestness which far exceeds any perfunctory performance of officialdom.

## JOIN THE BAND.

*Do you believe in A Merry Christmas?*

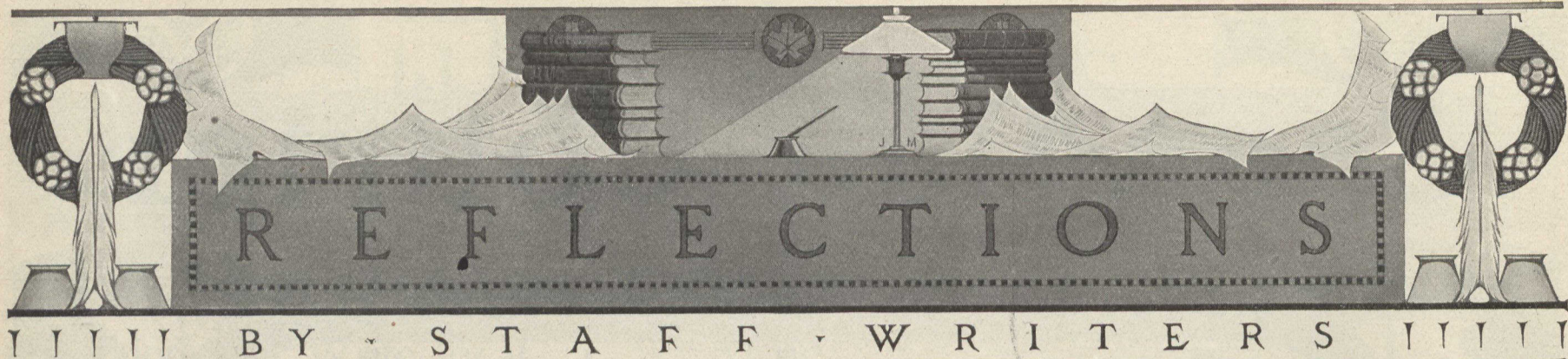
*Then help to make it so.*

*Don't be a "Calamity Howler."*

*Don't go around saying business is bad and will likely be worse. Business is just what the people make it.*

*Duplicate the faith you had last year. The country hasn't changed, why should you?*

*Join the Little Band of Optimists who are trying to Banish Pessimism.*



**T**HERE are many Canadians, not Irishmen, who deeply sympathise with that perturbed and disturbed portion of the Empire.

Its uneven existence is one which must be wearing on the national nerves. Its pathetic struggles for economic independence demand our sympathy, even while we are precluded from expressing strong opinions about Parliamentary Home-Rule.

#### IRELAND AND THE ALL-RED ROUTE

The speeches delivered by two Irishmen at the meeting of the Montreal Canadian Club last week were not, however, likely to increase our sympathy for the Emerald Isle. The people who listened to Dr. Ambrose's hurried remarks may or may not have been in favour of an All-Red Route. But they certainly resented his attitude when he declared that the All-Red Route must come by Ireland or be blocked by the Irish Party. He doesn't understand the western spirit or he had not made that sort of speech. If Ireland expects to gain our co-operation, it must be by appealing to the Canadian judgment; threats of what a few Irish members will do will not cause us to lean over and pat the Irish cheek.

Even the Bishop of Sligo's speech was not all that could be desired, though it was certainly more pacific and more friendly than that delivered by Dr. Ambrose. The Bishop, being the chief speaker, occupied most of the time and though he did not convince his audience he kept them in good humour and never discouraged their natural sympathy. Tall, well built, gray and somewhat bald; a face that is round, well coloured, and beaming with good nature; a voice that was certainly not English, but might have been cultivated Canadian—such are the open characteristics of the Bishop. He pronounced the word "party" quite differently from Dr. Ambrose, and in fact he spoke as if he had lived the major portion of his life on this continent.

The Bishop's argument was that the distance between Blacksod Bay and Quebec or Halifax is the shortest possible. From Blacksod Bay, a wonderful natural harbour where the British fleets may safely ride, to Halifax is 2,113 nautical miles. This distance can be covered in three and a half days. From London to Blacksod by rail and packet requires 14 hours; from Halifax to Montreal 20 hours. The total would be a little less than five days, from London to Montreal via Blacksod and Halifax. It would be a great benefit to Ireland, because it would bring tourist traffic that way and leave millions of money in that country. The big steamboats would get their supplies there instead of in Liverpool, and Irish vegetables, fruits, fowl, eggs, and butter would be greatly in demand and never a drug on the market. And then the Bishop brought the audience to the applauding point by remarking, with evident delicacy and good humour: "What God has bound together, let no man put asunder."

What the Bishop did not say, was considerable. He had nothing to tell his audience as to how people were to get from London to Blacksod without discomfort. His figures as to savings were inadequate and even misleading. His remarks on immigration and imported Irish labour were quite irrelevant, and he did not greatly help the cause he advocated. His kindness saved him, however, and his audience were pleased to have met him.

**D**OUBT seems to reign in many minds as to the advisability of increasing the rate of interest on deposits in the savings and chartered banks. The rate is now three per cent. as against four per cent. paid by British banks to their depositors. Mr. Clouston, of the

#### THE RATE OF INTEREST

Bank of Montreal, has not favoured us with his views, but we can imagine that he would be adverse. He usually is, where the profits of the Bank are brought into jeopardy. He apparently believes that if all the wealth of the country were brought under the control of the directors of that great financial institution, Canada would at once enter into its millenium. Mr. Walker, president of the Bank of Commerce,

has not told us what he thinks. Mr. Walker is not quite so monopolistic as Mr. Clouston, and we fancy that he would raise the rate of interest if the depositors would agree to devote the extra one per cent. to the support of Canadian art and literature, and the beautification of streets, parks and public buildings. Mr. Wilkie, of the Imperial, is usually so influenced by English ideas that one wonders he has not already raised the rate on deposits. It is rumoured that in order to avoid doing so, he has been forced to discontinue his daily perusal of the leading British publications which contain the advertisements about the new rate of four per cent. The other bankers are no doubt waiting to hear from Messrs. Clouston, Walker and Wilkie, although the general managers of the Nova Scotia, the Royal, the Merchants and the Dominion may be thinking seriously of breaking away without the consent of their elders.

So far as the post office savings bank is concerned, Mr. Fielding is the man responsible for the prevailing rate and it is believed that he is seriously considering raising it from 3 to 3½ per cent. Money borrowed on bonds or from banks is now costing the Dominion Government more than four per cent. Why should they refuse to pay the poor working-men, who deposit their money with a generous government, as much as they pay to the gilded bond-dealer or the banker? Why should Mr. Fielding pay four to five per cent. to the wealthy capitalist and refuse to pay 3½ per cent. to the widow and the orphan? It cannot be that rumour is true and that the Government is afraid of the Bankers' Association! It cannot surely be that a Government, which builds so many nice post offices and armouries, so many picturesque wharfs and canals, would refuse to be generous to the weakest class of citizens!

The greatest objection to an increased rate on deposits is that the present money-stringency may be but temporary and that money may soon become so cheap as to render the rate of interest too high. This, however, is not of overwhelming force, since the rate can be brought down again at any session of Parliament just as easily as it can be raised. Moreover, the argument applies with less force to the bankers than to the Government, since they may put the rate up one day and bring it down the next.

Those who declare that industrial corporations should be limited to a profit of ten per cent. might take up this question of a higher interest rate on deposits since the leading chartered banks are making a profit of twenty per cent.

**H**AMILTON has shown an excellent example to the rest of

Canada in its purchase of the historical ground at Stoney Creek. Toronto has secured the Old Fort from the Dominion authorities and proposes to run a street-car line through it; already an abattoir

occupies the site of one of the bastions. Quebec **THE NATION'S BATTLEGROUNDS** has been somewhat careless of the Plains of Abraham and the wheels of industry disturb its sacred

atmosphere. It seems a pity that as a people we do not care more for our past. We have so little reverence for our history, for our historical relics and for the memory of the pioneers who laid the foundations of our state. We are hoisting flags over the school-houses and building factories on the spots which should be historically sacred. Even in our universities, we pay little or no attention to Canadian history. The history of Assyria and Greece and Rome receive five times the attention which falls to the lot of our native records. By a negative process, the university graduate is taught to despise and neglect the glories and triumphs of his Canadian ancestors.

Respect for national institutions and ambition for national development to be permanent must be based upon reason and knowledge. When two-thirds of the voters of a country do not know when the Dominion of Canada was created or why it was created, when one-

half of the adult citizens know nothing of the great wars which made and kept Canada, how can national sentiment be deep-based? When the university professor mocks at Canadian history, Canadian literature, Canadian art, how can it be expected that the general public shall reverence the battlegrounds and graveyards of 1759 and 1813?

**P**ROFESSOR ADAM SHORTT, who is an unusually sane and comprehensive observer of modern conditions, in a recent address to the undergraduates of the University of Toronto declared that we have reached the civilised stage in the production of wealth, but in the uses of wealth we are to be numbered with the barbarians. The Editor of the "Globe," in amplifying the subject drew attention to the cheap play-houses and show-places, opened during the last few years, which are "neither elevating nor recreative in their influence." Professor Alexander, on the opening of an educational institution some time ago, referred to the loafing and loitering groups of young people, to whom an evening of intelligent enjoyment or finer recreation seems unknown. The poverty of their mental or aesthetic resource is simply deplorable. However, even in the older lands, the same cry is heard. Mr. William Stead, in his forceful and alliterative style, has referred to the ordinary music-hall programme in London as "drivel for the dregs." If a man may be known by what he laughs at, the majority of the youths who flock to tawdry, and frequently vulgar vaudeville have an inadequate supply of gray matter. Perhaps in the matter of musical appreciation we are more advanced than in either literary or artistic taste. The games of the people, however, are no mean test of their spirit and here we are in danger of degenerating into the brutal or the foolish, losing that sense of true exhilaration and fine honour which should belong to all healthy amusement. Sensibility is a quality inseparable from a civilised condition but it is to be feared that the matinee girl and the vaudeville youth are destitute of the distinction.

**B**RITISHERS whose wealth is in the form of invested capital and land are having a hard time. Investments have been declining in value and there is a determined movement under way to take over the larger landed estates for division into smaller holdings. The financial writers have been quite busy filling the magazines and reviews with articles showing how the British investor is being driven from home. In ten years the price of consols has declined from £112 to £81 for £100 shares. True, in 1903 the dividend was decreased from two and three-quarters to two and one-half per cent., but allowing for that the drop has amounted to 22 points. This is a serious position for those whose savings are invested in this, the highest, form of British security. For example, if a man invested £224 or \$1,120 in Consols in 1897, and sold them to-day he would get back only £180 or \$900. In fact, the fall in Consols has been greater than the fall in any other well-known national securities with the exception of Russian national bonds. Nor is this fully explained by saying that the price of British Consols was too high at one time, because of their superlative popularity.

In the December "Windsor Magazine," a writer gives a diagram which may be summarised as follows:

Yield in £, s., d., per £100 invested in Government securities of the United Kingdom, of British colonies, and of foreign countries during the first half of the year 1907:

	£	s.	d.
United Kingdom .....	2	19	4
British Colonies .....	3	16	1
Foreign countries .....	4	4	7
Foreign countries, excluding Russia .....	4	0	4
All securities .....	3	18	3

Canadians will be interested in noting that colonial Government securities pay nearly one per cent. more than British Government Funds, and that they show even "more stable as capital investments." The writer concludes: "The inevitable tendency is that capital will increasingly be taken out of the United Kingdom, and put into British colonies and foreign countries, with the result that British securities will continue to fall. And British capital is the life-blood of British labour."

Nor is the fall in value confined to Government securities. The price of other British stocks is steadily falling. The writer referred to takes nineteen leading securities, corporations, railways, banks and breweries, commercial, industrial and shipping, and shows the

range of prices by quinquennium periods. The result is to show that the prices of these reached their highest point in 1895-1899 and amounted to £2,985. For the latest quinquennium, 1902-1906, the total price of these nineteen securities had fallen to £2,518, and are practically at their lowest point at the present time. If the British people knew these facts, the tide of socialism might be more easily stemmed.

There is a lesson in this for Canada. The feeling that capital is getting too great a reward should not be allowed to run away with sound judgment. Competition, regulation, local and national taxation, and other causes are steadily reducing the rewards coming to the genuine investor of capital. Canada must therefore encourage capital—that already invested here, that which is being created at home by saving, and that which is coming in from abroad. Without capital, progress is impossible. This is not to say that grasping corporations and company exploiters should not be held in check by adequate regulation. Regulation and restriction are necessary, but it must be done in such a way as not to deprive capital of any of its legitimate and just rewards.

**T**HOSE who are familiar with conditions prevailing in the new belt-line of huts and shacks which now embraces Toronto, foretell starvation for many of the unemployed this winter and urge that the city should at once provide soup-kitchens against this event.

**THE ETHICS OF SOUP** We are bound in charity, they plead, to render this assistance; the newcomers if they are tided over this winter will be off our hands in the spring.

But the taxpayer may well protest against the dangers of indiscriminate giving. Who is to have soup, and who is not? What is to be the soup-test? Are all the cities and towns of the province ready to make similar provision? If not, Toronto will be the goal of all the country's unemployed. At present it is sought out by most of those who are dismissed from the farms after the summer's work. Is the city to solve a problem which is provincial or national? The taxpayer wants to get at the root of the difficulty. He wants the lying reports, which bring out too many immigrants, removed from British papers, and he wants someone to feel responsible for the welfare of the newcomers after their arrival. So he shakes his head about the municipal soup.

**T**HERE was a column article cabled from England regarding sordid sweating conditions in Birmingham factories, where four hundred hooks and eyes are stitched by women and children for the wage of a penny, since humanity is cheaper than machinery. There are women, said the article, who work twenty hours a day and their lot means dreariest poverty, until death takes off the burden and the toiler staggers into a grave. It may have been a truthful, but it was not a comforting article. Then there was an account of the suicide of a fifteen-year-old girl in Brantford, also of an alleged murder of a child two-and-a-half years old by a half-witted boy at Regina. At the bottom of the page was a three-column cut of a "layman" upholding Toronto's "honour," also a banner with the strange device: "Half a million for missions." Nay, gentle reader, this is not a satire, but a few items on the front page of a Toronto morning paper. By all means, let us hurry the Gospel to the Chinese, but it's a good thing that they cannot see our daily papers. Otherwise, "John" might laugh in his roomy, Oriental sleeve.

The word "honour" is capable of being twisted and turned in about as many fashions as the word which called forth Madame Roland's famous apostrophe. A certain class would consider it no disgrace to allow the grocer or the dress-maker to go unpaid but would be horrified at the notion of repudiating gambling debts. A citizen boasted some time ago that he had mortgaged his house in order to subscribe towards raising the church debt. We may owe China a great deal but the views of the new immigrants within our gates regarding Toronto's "honour" might be worth hearing. The capital of Ontario has so frequently been patted on the back and called a good boy by the Sunday visitor from Chicago or San Francisco that it is in danger of thanking Heaven that it is not as other cities are. Consequently, it is peculiarly sensitive to an appeal to show the rest of the world how noble it can be and how many dollars it can lay upon the plate in the case of a very special collection. But it is pleasant to be assured that the eyes of the "world" are on generous Toronto.

# Through a Monocle

THERE is no denying that His Majesty's Loyal Opposition at Ottawa seems to have taken a tonic—and not before it was needed. They have started the session with a lively series of fusilades, though they did make the mistake of blazing away at first with the old "blue ruin" blunderbuss which the Liberals must have left in the Opposition trenches when they joyfully went over to take possession of the City of Power after the pitched battle of '96. However, we will hope that the rusty old muzzle-loader "kicked" good and hard, and that they will never fire it off again. The cannonading that followed was certainly not of the obsolete class. It was as good as the Liberals used to do at their best when they sat in Opposition; and that was a pretty fair "best." The Conservatives brought forward their amendments to the Address, debated them briskly, and ceased firing when their ammunition was gone. They did not make the capital mistake of keeping up a noise when they had nothing left in their pouches but powder.

\* \* \*

The Government, having to fight upon ground of the Opposition's choosing, did not show up any too well. Their defence in the case of the Quebec Bridge was feeble and unconvincing; and they were not in a popular position when they had to discourage the idea of a rural mail delivery. However, they do much better on the estimates. There is no use trying to tell this people that it should not spend money. Canada feels rich, in spite of all the "financial depressions" that Wall Street can breed. Our mounting revenue flows into the coffers of the Government without our citizens feeling any pinch. I remember riding down town in Toronto in a Church Street car one morning, many years ago, just after Sir Richard Cartwright had made one of his terrific attacks upon the then Conservative Government for "its enormous expenditures." Two old gentlemen were discussing the speech. "Ye-es, it sounds bad," one of them was saying, "it sounds bad. But this heavy taxation—I don't feel it. Do you?" "No," admitted the other old gentleman, "I don't; but it must be there." "Yes; but that's just it," insisted the first speaker. "It's there. Cartwright can prove it in figures. But nobody feels it. You cannot get the people indignant over a burden they do not feel."

\* \* \*

So long as we do not feel our taxation, we like the Government to spend money. I am not defending this attitude; I am simply stating the fact. If we had direct taxation, we should probably take a different view of the subject. But when the Federal revenues seem to fall from a kindly heaven, and when we can borrow money in London without being conscious that we owe a cent in the world, it is only human on our part to like to see Government money spent where we can at least enjoy the glitter of the stream as it flows by. Then judicious spending at this stage in our national career, is not extravagance—it is shrewd investment. We are in our very young manhood. We are merely preparing the basis of our business. We are hardly thinking yet of asking for a dividend—nationally. That will come in good time. Now we are planting branch stores to catch the trade, flinging our advertising abroad to catch customers, making our name known, establishing a reputation for our goods, compelling people to recognise our enterprise and our fitness for our unparalleled opportunity. It is no time to count the pennies.

\* \* \*

The only way to fight estimates is to show that certain specific items are wasteful or corrupting. And that is precisely the way that no Opposition, yet born into the world, dare fight estimates. It will criticise the expenditure of money after it is spent, and the locality affected is not to be alienated by being told that the Opposition will not spend money in its midst. But to attack an item in the estimates yet to be spent—on any other ground than that it is too small—is to make a present of the vote of the interested community to the generous

Government. The consequence is that criticism of the estimates usually resolves itself into two lines of attack—safe generalities as to the "demnition total" and bitter reflections on the details of similar past expenditures as set forth in the Auditor-General's report.

\* \* \*

The spice of the session up to the time of writing has been supplied by the efforts of the Opposition to "draw" Mr. Pugsley. But Mr. Pugsley is—again up to the time of writing—stronger on dignity than detail. He proposes to take his own time to make his charges. Mr. Pugsley is an experienced politician, and he knows as well as the next man what effect his hesitation is having on the country. People do not like too much shrewd calculation when it comes to launching charges of wrong-doing. They prefer that the accuser should feel his righteous soul so outraged by the evil he has discovered that he cannot keep from blurting out his indignation at the first opportunity. When he holds it back, contingent upon an "if" and a "but," they fear that he is either tacitly bargaining for its suppression or preparing to get the best theatrical effect from its launching. Then none of us like a man to "take a dare." There is enough of the boy in us all to want to see him hit out when his own face is menaced. Still Mr. Pugsley is an experienced politician.

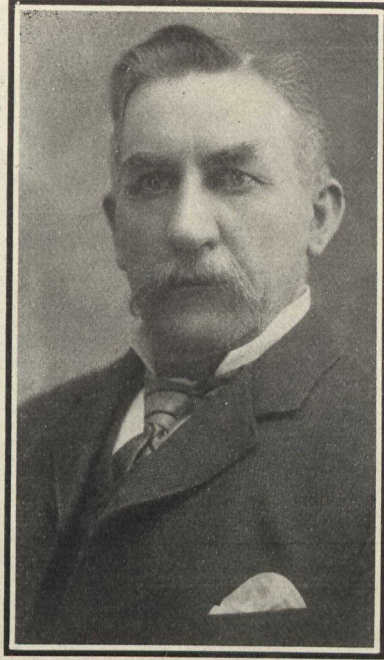


"Will you excuse me, Mother, if I don't go in with you? You see Father said I was to live within my means, and I don't feel as if I could afford the collection!"—Punch.

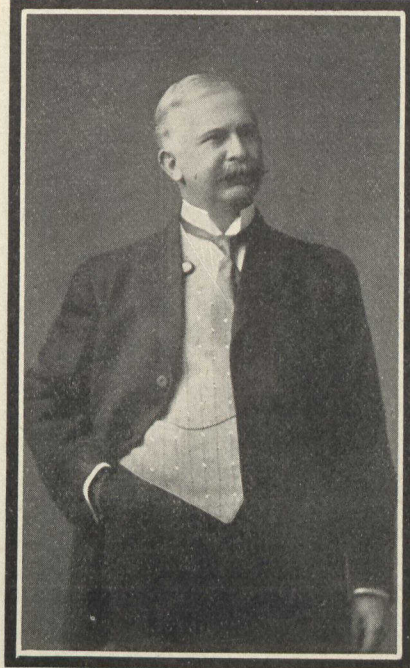




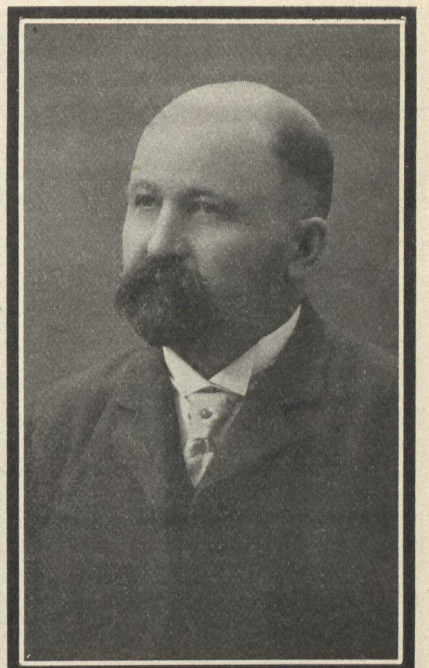
The late F. H. Mathewson, Manager of the Bank of Commerce, Montreal.



Hon. Archibald Campbell, Toronto Junction, recently called to the Canadian Senate.



Mr. A. E. Kemp, Member of Parliament for East Toronto.



Hon. W. R. Motherwell, Commissioner of Agriculture for Saskatchewan.

## In the Public View

THERE was something extremely sad in the sudden death of Mr. F. H. Mathewson, manager of the Bank of Commerce in Montreal. His horse ran away when he was taking the first sleigh-ride of the season, and he was thrown out. He seemed uninjured and drove home. Later some heart trouble developed and he soon passed away. That his death should occur just when the Bank of Commerce's new palatial structure is approaching completion and when he was able to see the fruits of many years' work in the Montreal field ripening for the harvest, seems an almost too sudden ending to a human ambition. Mr. Mathewson was well known for his breadth of view and his keen interest in all public movements.

\* \* \*

Two of the Toronto members in the House of Commons have attracted attention in the past few weeks. Mr. A. E. Kemp made an address which was remarkable for its "baiting" of Hon. Mr. Pugsley but most important for its suggestions re election reform. He declares that the election petition is the greatest farce in existence and that private parties should not be compelled to prosecute offenders against the election acts. He believes, apparently, that evidence of electoral corruption should be laid before some judicial body, and that instead of election petitions on behalf of defeated candidates, there should be public investigation and prosecutions. This would do away with the necessity of each party raising a campaign fund to cover the cost of these prosecutions. He estimates that under present conditions, fifty election protests will cost each party about \$200,000. He would also like to see an obligation laid on the attorney-generals of each province to prosecute, under the criminal code, all those found guilty of bribery and corruption. Mr. Kemp is a successful manufacturer in the city of Toronto and is reported to have some inside knowledge as to the amount of money which a party requires to carry it through a general Dominion election.

Mr. Claude Macdonell, M. P. for South Toronto, has introduced a measure into the House in favour of compulsory voting. A discussion of this subject may do good, but an enactment along this line is hardly within the bounds of practical politics. The people are not yet ready for such a measure. Mr. Macdonell's Bill to shorten the notice of copyright which is now required on books, pictures and so on, to the words "Copyright, Canada, 190—" is a reform which has long been needed. The necessity for it is so self-evident that argument is unnecessary.

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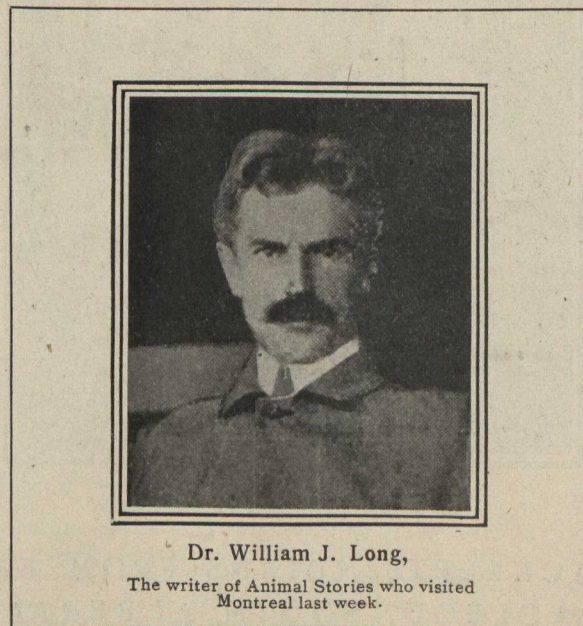
The Hon. Archibald Campbell, the new Senator from Ontario, lives in Toronto Junction, where he has a large milling business. Mr. Campbell has been one of the leaders of Ontario Liberalism for a considerable period, has been in politics for twenty-one years, and has fought seven political battles.

His name was very strongly mentioned when the recent Cabinet positions were being filled and though the vacant portfolio went to Mr. Graham, it was thought advisable to give Mr. Campbell a senatorship and absolve him from further political uncertainties. In the Senate, Mr. Campbell should be a model legislator, both because of his close contact with all classes of the public and because of his long and continued interest in a large number of public questions. The bye-election in West York made necessary by Mr. Campbell's entrance to the Senate will be held shortly and is made interesting by the fact that a son of the late Hon. Clarke Wallace is the Conservative candidate.

\* \* \*

At the dinner of the Fish and Game Club at Montreal last week, Dr. W. J. Long, of Boston, writer of many animal stories, some of which are not approved by President Roosevelt, was the chief speaker. He was introduced by Cy Warman with the phrase, "The friend of you and me and every other animal." Mr. Long's first act was to suggest a silent toast to that departed poet of out-door life, Dr. William Henry Drummond. His second was to suggest that he himself had done what he could to protect game by showing that animals are vastly more interesting alive than dead. His third was to tell a series of wonderful stories about animals which he had met, to say nothing of guides and Indians.

The story by Mr. Long which has brought forth a condemnation from President Roosevelt is entitled "Wayeeses, the White Wolf." It was originally published in a large volume called "Northern Trails," but has recently been issued in separate form.



Dr. William J. Long,  
The writer of Animal Stories who visited Montreal last week.

Among the other volumes are "A Little Brother to the Bear," "Brier-Patch Philosophy," "Following the Deer," "School of the Woods," and a number of others. For the general reader, "Northern Trails" will be found most characteristic and more general. Ginn & Co., of Boston, are Mr. Long's publishers.

\* \* \*

A notable exhibition of Canadian art is now being held in Montreal, under the auspices of the Art Association of which Dr. Shepherd is the leading spirit. The exhibition is composed of oils, water colours and sculpture by Maurice Cullen, R.C.A., William Brymer, R.C.A., John Hammond, R.C.A., and A. Laliberte. The latter's modelled figures and habitant studies are much admired and give evidence of a growing interest in sculpture.

\* \* \*

British Columbia's newest sensation is the attack on Lieutenant-Governor Dunsmuir. This gentleman is a large mine-owner and is accused of having made a contract for the importation of Japanese labour. To do such a horrible thing is, in the present state of public opinion in that province, a most criminal and despicable act. Mr. Dunsmuir, never having been very popular with the mass of the people, is probably not very much worried over the situation. In another place in this issue will be found an article on Nanaimo which gives some idea of the coal industry of Vancouver Island which has been the foundation of the Dunsmuir wealth.

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Mr. R. F. Stupart, director of the Dominion Meteorological Service, has been telling the Ottawa Canadian Club about the climate of Hudson Bay and James Bay. He declares that, so far as the country between the Height of Land and James Bay is concerned, the climatic conditions are favourable to agriculture. This means that if the soil is good, Northern Ontario will yet be a farming country and the National Transcontinental may eventually be bordered by magnificent farms. An illustrated article on this region will appear in next week's issue of the "Canadian Courier."

\* \* \*

Saskatchewan has as Minister of Agriculture a real farmer, a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College, the organiser of the Grain Growers' Association, and the operator of a large farm in the Abernethy district—a homesteader in fact. The Hon. William Richard Motherwell was born at Perth, Ont., in 1860, and went west in 1881. After one year in Manitoba, he took up land in the Territories and commenced his life work. He takes a keen interest in all questions affecting the farmers of the West, their markets, their fuel supply, and quietly keeps their problems to the front. Recently he has been protesting against "absentee landlordism" in his Province. He speaks of one district where there is only one landowner occupying and working his farm, all the rest of the early settlers having leased their farms and retired to the city. He deprecates this deserting of the farm by men still in the prime of life.



A Thoroughbred.



Blackfoot Bucks.



In Brave Array.



A Sinewy Type.



In Full Regalia.



A Piegan Burying-Place.



A Retired Chief.



Piegan Survivals.



A Striking Trio.



A Prosperous Household.

PIEGAN, BLOOD AND BLACKFEET INDIANS FROM THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF MACLEOD, SOUTH ALBERTA.

Photographs from Mr. Colin Genge.



One of the Great Marble Figures along the "Holy Way," leading to the famous Ming Tombs in Northern China. The Ming Emperors reigned in the middle ages before the Manchus displaced them.

## The Thirteen or Ming Tombs

IN Northern China stand the famous tombs which have been erected to the thirteen Ming Emperors. The Mings ruled before the Manchus, which is the name of the present ruling dynasty. These thirteen tombs were built in succession, the one to the first emperor being the largest and grandest, each succeeding monarch having to be content with a somewhat smaller tomb than his predecessor. The tombs are large and ornamented in various ways and stretch through a very considerable distance between Peking and Nanking. In fact, it would not be unfair to say that the tombs constitute a range of hills stretching across the country.

There is a sacred way leading to these tombs. At the beginning of this road there stand two huge pillars and along the road at irregular intervals are exquisitely carved monoliths and huge stone animals. One of the latter is shown in the accompanying illustration. Mrs. Archibald Little in her excellent work, "Round About My Peking Garden," thus describes a visit to the tombs which lie close to the Imperial City:

"The workmanship and decoration are far finer than at Nanking, and they are also in a much better state of preservation, though even here too many fine memorials of the past are missing. Visiting them from Peking, they are approached, as they should be, through the long array of memorial arches, gates, and processions of stone animals that lead into the sacred valley. Coming to them from Nankow you arrive at the beginning of the now somewhat dreary two miles of millet-fields, leading up to the tomb enclosure and at the end of the grand approaches. Thus taken separately, the effect is somewhat marred, though nothing can detract from the solemn beauty of the setting. Indeed, it is hard to say whether the beauty of the position does not more appeal to those who descend on the tombs from the somewhat

savage pass. Rather over two miles from Chang-ping-chow the approach begins with a magnificently carved pailow, or memorial arch, considered the finest in China, all of white marble, fifty feet high, and eighty feet wide, formed of five arches built upon square pillars.

"Half a mile further is the Red Gate, with an inscription, ordering all people there to dismount from their horses; but the beautiful pavilion, also of white marble, supported upon four carved columns and the work of the same emperor, is no longer there.

"There is still a monument to Yungloh, erected by his son, standing on a huge stone tortoise twelve feet long. The famous Emperor Chien-lung wrote a poem engraved on the back of the tablet in the eighteenth century. Four griffin-topped stone pillars, exquisitely carved, stand round it. On each side of what reverent Sinologues please themselves by calling the Holy Way there is a regular procession of animals and people, each formed out of a monolith of bluish marble, remarkable both from the workmanship and the great size, which last makes people, unaccustomed to the wonderful dexterity displayed by Chinese in handling great weights with what seem to our engineers the most inadequate appliances, marvel how they can have been brought there. All the men wear the old Ming dress, common to Chinese before the Manchus forced on them their own long plaits of hair and horseshoe cuffs, or the long necklace they, in their turn, borrowed from the Lamas. After about an hour spent in passing through all these entrances, what was once a stone road leads us beneath the light perforations of the very elegant Dragon Gate, again griffin-topped. Clumps of foliage then become visible in the distance, enclosing the golden-roofed buildings clustered round the different tombs, some at three, some at four miles distance, but all alike beautifully

enshrined in the bosom of the hills, at the upper end of the long wide valley.

"For natural beauty and grandeur the site could not to this day be surpassed; but alas! three beautiful marble bridges lie in ruins, and many other architectural ornaments have been destroyed, whilst even the way can be found now only with difficulty through millet-fields and persimmon orchards with brilliant orange fruit hanging from the trees; till, two miles further on, the special enclosure round Yungloh's, the first, and therefore the largest, of the tombs is reached, encircled by cypress-trees. Again a pavilion protecting a huge tablet, this time on the back of a ten-feet-long fabulous monster; then the 'Rest the Spirit' entrance with white marble steps and railings, the latter carved into the likeness of clouds, phoenix and dragons."

### Her Reward

"SOME weeks ago the wife of Judge Blank of Pacific Avenue lost her cook, and since she had no other resource she rolled up her sleeves and for a week provided such meals as the judge had not enjoyed since those happy days when the Blanks did not keep a cook. The judge's delight was so great that by way of appreciative acknowledgement he presented Mrs. Blank with a beautiful ermine cloak. Quite naturally, the incident was a good deal noised about among the social acquaintances of the Blanks and a spirit of envious emulation was developed in certain quarters. It was in this mood that Mrs. Jerome recited the story to her husband. "What do I get, Jerry," she asked, "if I will do the cooking for a week?" "Well," said Mr. Jerome, "at the end of a week, my dear, you'll get one of those long crepe veils."—The Argonaut.

# THE WHITE MUSLIN GIRL

A Creature More Common in Books than in Reality

By EDITH GWYNNE

THERE is a certain interest attached to those neat little volumes so carefully compiled and so daintily bound, bearing the titles, "What Men Have Said About Women" and "What Women Have Said About Men." They consist of hundreds of epigrams, rather acid in flavour, and are sold largely during the fortnight before Christmas. In spite of our enlarged interests through travel and science, it is merely human to take an interest in what has been said about our sex by those of the other and, therefore, unfair sex. But just here a curious difference may be noticed between men and women. A woman is rather attracted by a man who says bitter things concerning women, and who is regarded as a hater of petticoats, while a man views with distrust and dislike the woman who says scornful things about her brethren. What is the reason of such opposite attitudes? Well, it may be that woman thinks that she will succeed where her sisters have failed in revealing to the woman-hater the real loveliness of feminine creation; but man usually comes to the sapient conclusion that the woman who sharpens her tongue upon her fellow-beings has not been gallantly treated, and it is the way of a man to value chiefly the woman whom others admire. Buttercups and daisies are nice little flowers, but the American Beauty rose is the queen of them all.

\* \* \*

BUT when we consider the loads of advice that women have bestowed upon men, and that men have in turn lavished upon women, we wonder at the leisure some people can command. Strange to say, man has been more liberal of his advice than has woman, perhaps because Eve set out so badly when she persuaded Adam to indulge in early fruit, that her daughters have felt somewhat discouraged. Look at the average household, and you will find the brother interfering far more with a sister's friendships than she ever dreams of doing in his affairs. She usually listens with some respect to his expressions of opinion regarding "that Jones fellow," while he is extremely impatient if she ventures to warn him that "Ethel Morrison is a cat." Most girls are quite justified in giving heed to a brother's heart-to-heart warnings, for a man's judgment of his comrades is seldom astray; but equally well-founded is a woman's judgment of her feminine circle. Just at this point a man shakes his sagacious head and mutters, "I don't believe it. Women are all jealous of each other." He proceeds to speak of Gladys Merton, who is such a jolly, pretty little thing, and whom the other girls never seem to appreciate—a pure case of feminine spite. But the dear man does not see Miss Gladys Merton when the men have departed, and with them her good spirits. She yawns and grumbles and makes herself an utter nuisance, borrows one girl's gloves, and leaves another girl's new novel out in the rain. Of course there are always women of spiteful nature who can see nothing good in a pretty and popular member of their own sex. But such creatures are in a rapidly diminishing minority, and if man will only observe more closely he will find that, no matter how beautiful the maiden may be, if she treat her less fortunate sisters with ordinary consideration, her girl friends will be legion and her wedding-presents will be a magnificent display of cut-glass and hand-painted china from women who have called her blessed.

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CRITICS are fond of pointing out that when woman stoops to the folly of writing fiction she usually fails with the masculine characters and makes the man of whom she writes either an unbearable prig or a villain of so deep a dye that one has to go back to the old green-backed history's description of King John to find his parallel. This charge may be true of the lesser women writers, but it can hardly be brought with justice against those whose work is seriously considered. It may be true of Miss Marie Corelli, but hardly of Mrs. Humphry Ward or Mrs. Edith Wharton, to say nothing of George Eliot of greater fame. But, on the other hand, we may consider whether men writers have not sometimes been singularly wooden and inanimate in their feminine creations. Dickens' tiresome little nonentities are proverbial, although he does occasionally give us a Betsy Trotwood by way of relief. Most of Thackeray's young persons are rather deadly, although Ethel Newcome and Beatrix Esmond are flesh-and-blood girls. "Becky," of course, is in a class by herself, but no woman can forgive Thackeray for silly, sentimental Amelia

Sedley, who may fairly stand as the sort of girl the early Victorians professed to like.

Amelia belongs to that large class of heroines who may not inappropriately be called white muslin girls. Whatever else may be forgotten, the man who is writing romance, either historical or domestic, usually remembers to provide the lady of the story with an unlimited number of white muslin gowns—and there is method in his extravagance. It is believed by most men that white muslin means innocence, simplicity and all those charms which belong to the ingenuous. Wherefore, the designing woman, the *intrigante*, is obliged to robe herself in rose brocade or Nile green velours; but the maidens of the Amelia order are arrayed in white muslin with fluffy frills, and the misguided novelist sometimes goes so far as to have a pale blue sash, and blue ribbon in the heroine's golden hair. Seasons come and go, the bicycle declines and the automobile flourishes, we forget Mark Twain for Mr. Dooley, and then discard Mr. Dooley in favour of George Ade. But the white muslin girl fades not, neither is she discouraged. She springs eternal in polite fiction and on the stage of sentimental drama.

If there is one class of novel to which she naturally belongs it is fiction dealing with Southern life. Thomas Nelson Page and Winston Churchill may be readily forgiven when they present us with fresh and charming maidens sweeping interminable yards of white muslin down old staircases of Maryland mansions, across piazzas of New Orleans and balconies of "Ole Virginia." Especially in those glorious old days "befoh de wah," when duels were not unheard of, when serenades were not absurd, the white muslin girl is set beautifully against a background of old mahogany. But in those days the laundry was not to be considered, and there were numberless Dinahs and Aunt Rosies who toiled cheerfully over the snowy frills belonging to Miss Mamie or Miss Jacqueline. They are quite to be believed in, these white-gowned maidens of Dixieland. Of course, they have dark eyes, and soft voices which utterly disdain the letter "r" as the harsh speech of the North knows that much-disputed character. In the romance of the sunny South, therefore, the white muslin girl is very much at home, and it is all the more delightful if she is found in the corner of an old garden contemplating a remarkable family residence whose glories have departed with the duel and the crinoline.

But the English novelist has a peculiar pride in the white muslin girl, and insists on introducing her to our notice even when the November winds are high and there isn't even a chrysanthemum to be seen. How we have all loved from childhood those Christmas numbers of the "Graphic" and the "Illustrated London News," with pictures galore of mistletoe and holly and the inevitable demure maiden in white attire. From the Klondyke to New Zealand, wherever the Union Jack is to be found, there also is the fluttering raiment of the white muslin girl. She suggests the agony of the first party, when the small boy was led unwillingly to the Lancers and Sir Roger; she brings back memories of Sunday evening service, when she shared her hymn-book with unappreciative man, while the lace trimming of her immaculate sleeve brushed against a black coat. But, above all, she suggests the strains of Mendelssohn, the "Voice that Breathed O'er Eden" hymn and the maternal tears dropping upon some rare point lace. No wonder that she gazes at us with round, innocent eyes, from the full-page illustrations of the old magazines that fly around the cities of the Empire. She is a Christmas institution with those worthy publications, and is dearer to the heart than many British matrons. She is not exciting, but life without her is not to be imagined. So we cheerfully look forward to the Yuletide "Graphic" for 1950 with a sweetly insipid array of white muslin girls.

But with all her sweet smiles and her delicate air, she is a most delusive bit of humanity, as her admirer sometimes discovers to his great cost. In reality, there is nothing more exciting and less simple than a white muslin gown, and every woman is aware of that circumstance. It is so alluring when spotless, but it is kept spotless only at an expenditure of money and labour which the masculine mind could not bear to contemplate. The wearer can hardly be completely happy unless she have wealth beyond the dreams of avarice or a "wash

lady" of a rare variety. It is only in books, then, that white muslin is simple and of a cheapness to be desired. And the white muslin girl is like unto her gown. She is not for human nature's daily food. Think of her dainty loveliness preparing an evening meal, mending John's every-day garments, or helping Mary Ann with the dishes. No, indeed, she is in her element when seated in an antique chair before a grate fire, with a crimson-shaded lamp casting a glow over her delicate features. In Sir Walter Scott's day she dallied with the strings of a harp and sang ballads of a soulful nature. In our own material age she is past-mistress of the arts of manicure and massage, and is as adorably feminine as ever.

Will she ever disappear from fiction, with her air of sweet simplicity and girlish appeal? Not so long as man desires what is the reverse of his own unlovely environment. She is as necessary to man's ideal as the fighting man is to woman's. There are certain dreary prophets who tell us there is going to be no more romance. Science is to become so all-pervading that everything will be done by electricity, and there will be no time for philandering. The honeymoon will consist of an airship trip to Ceylon, and life will be all rapid transit and a race for the millions. But human nature will preserve some of its old illusions all unspoiled—the strong man and the gracious woman. War is going to die out, they say, and Japan telephones in affirmation while Russia pauses to count her losses. But the feminine heart will always cherish a love for the man who is a soldier, and who can defend his rights with his own stout arm. And, although woman may take to philosophy and Browning, with golf by way of interlude, man will invariably turn to the maiden of feminine grace and of womanly charm, and find in the white muslin girl an incarnation of all that is ideally fair.

## Christmas in Ceylon

To give an idea of the flowers at the end of December in the Island of the Eastern Wave at Hadgalla, where the botanical gardens are, I saw forget-me-nots, pinks, violets, pansies, daisies, begonias, fuchsias and nasturtiums, azaleas, poppies and gladioli, heliotrope, mignonette and primulas, lilies, honeysuckle, and foxgloves, wood anemones, roses and verbenas, camelias and many others, blooming in profusion. After a hearty meal with one of the many congenial planters gathered round the hospitable table in the bungalow, we walked to the club at Newara Eliya. Here some members were preparing to play golf, others tennis and croquet, while the coolies on the tea estates rested from their labours.

H. S. H.

## Ballade of the Mistletoe

CHRISTMAS EVE! and shadows gray  
Hide the windows of the west  
Where the antic elves of day  
Cheerily have gone to rest;  
They have pranked, with perk and jest,  
In the shine and in the snow;  
Dreams now crown their happy quest—  
Dreams of gleams of mistletoe.

Christmas Eve! and frolics gay—  
Madcap jollities—attest  
Other jocund folk than they  
Deem this night the merriest;  
Lad and lass, with buoyant zest,  
In the dance's to and fro  
Hope for—softly 'tis confessed—  
Dreams of gleams of mistletoe.

Christmas Eve!—to steal away  
To a dimly curtained nest!  
Kisses stolen!—who will say  
Youth and Love are not the best  
Gifts with which the Fates have blessed  
Us poor mortals here below;  
For we have, at our behest,  
Dreams of gleams of mistletoe!

Envoy

Christmas Eve! Ah, welcome guest  
From the bourn of long ago,  
Bring this boon to every breast—  
Dreams of gleams of mistletoe! —Life.



Nanaimo—Bunkers and Sacked Coal.



Nanaimo—A General View.

# A Coal and Herring Town

Something About Nanaimo, or the Sunset Island of the Pacific

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

**T**HIRTY-FIVE miles across the usually calm Gulf of Georgia from Vancouver, or seventy-three miles north of Victoria on Vancouver Island, lies the rich brown humus loam valleys, the lighter sandy soils on the higher benches, the great deep-lying seams of valuable coal, the mountain-climbing fir woods, the safe harbour with its wonderful marine life that surround and build and invigorate the thriving city of Nanaimo. Here the Dominion Government, under the supervision of the energetic inspector, Mr. E. G. Taylor, is establishing a biological station.

I never entered a city that owes its supremacy to the rich veins of coal that underlie it, which showed so little of that industry in its streets, buildings and inhabitants. There is little sign of the mining town here. This is a clean, bright business town surrounded with rich ranches, and well-laden small orchards. A really excellent series of five-acre lots lie close to the town. Trim homes line the streets. The stores are most modern. The post-office and court-house models of western architecture. Far off on either side of Nanaimo are the bunkers of the coal mines, where the black diamonds pour into the holds of steamers from all the civilised ports of the world, and the sawmill where the huge red and white fir is rapidly turned into commercial form. If near road, railroad or water, it must pay to clean off your farm, when lumber is selling at seventeen dollars in the rough. Note in the picture of the harbour the mighty pile of sacked coal to be shipped to the far northern port of Nome.

This is one of the oldest cities on the Island of Vancouver. These coal mines have been worked since 1850. The population is now between seven and eight thousand and the yearly payroll from the mines alone is over a million and a quarter dollars.

Many more farmers are needed to supply the active demand for milk, butter, eggs, vegetables and fruit. These all command a high price, for remember living is not as cheap as in the more settled

places in the centre of Canada, and if you are coming here to work in the mines, the sawmills, the lumber camps, you can be assured of a good fair rate of wages. If you are going on to the land you can take up uncleared portions within a few miles of many of the towns along the line of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway at as low a price as five dollars per acre, up to say fifteen. These timbered lands are hard to clear, but if you choose the right soil the land is wonderfully productive. The days are warm—not too hot—and the nights are cool. If you buy cleared land you will pay from one hundred and fifty dollars per acre upward, and the investment is safe since the tide of men with money is turning this way. These are the men that are wanted.

Across the island the surveyors are now prospecting a continuation of the E. & N.—now a part of the Canadian Pacific Railway system. This is not yet the place for assisted emigration. It needs men with a little capital and plenty of energy, but the man who takes and clears up land that costs him only a few dollars per acre now will assuredly have a very valuable farm in a few years, even if the work of clearing is hard and expensive. The C.P.R. have a plan now to clear up a great amount of their immense belt of railroad lands, using heavy machinery and reducing the cost of clearing to a third of the usual price.

Of the herring fishery right in the harbour of Nanaimo I hesitate to use the figures. From all I can read and gather the results are unique. Right in the harbour, above where the miners are busily picking out the coal in the seam that underlies the water, runs every winter a closely packed mass of herring, so close that the waters are agitated and the silvery fish leap and sparkle in the sunlight, or strand and perish on the beach in thousands. Only three years have elapsed since the industry was started and yet last year eighteen millions of pounds of these excellent fish were captured. There is also

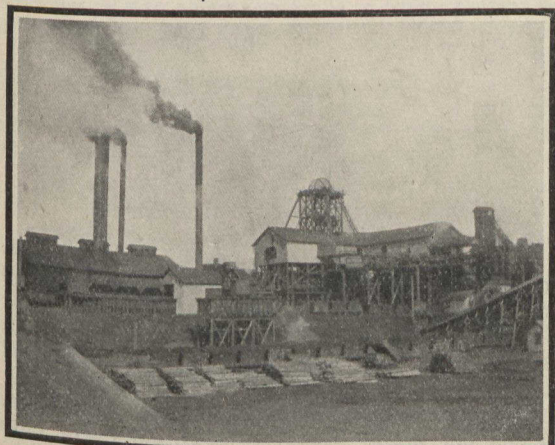
the salmon fishing, the cod fishing, and many a lake and river where the nimble speckled trout lie. Three miles from Nanaimo a branch of the whaling station is now being built, for they have great fishes in these waters, halibut, sturgeon, as well as these oil-giving sea animals, the black-fish, the sulphur-bottom whale and quantities of hair seals.

Seldom have we seen better dairy stock than feed in the meadows and on the ranches of this great valley. The creamery in the town is a fruitful source of revenue to the happy farmers and ranchers that have their land cleared up. Amid the luxuriant ferns, that grew to a man's height on the upper benches, we saw many fat pigs. Ranchers tell me that this ever-present vascular cryptogamous plant, the fern, is not a despised weed. True, the horse will not eat it unless driven by need or when he snatches a plant to moisten his mouth while in harness; but it gives shade for the smaller parching plants and its roots are greedily rooted up by the pigs.

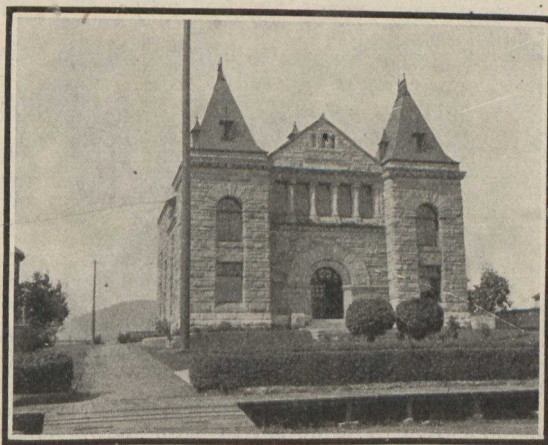
The roads are excellent. In many places they are not wider than a trail, but they run amid the tall firs, skirting the mighty boulders placed here by old-time glacial or volcanic force, interspersing patches of clear sunshine or cool shadow. There is never a poisonous reptile nor weed, nor an animal which will injure that most belligerent of all animals, man, unless man is the aggressor. This sunset island of the Pacific is a happy home for the race.

## A Perfect Understanding

He hovered around her and watched her eyes,  
And hung on each musical word—  
And she was aware of his stifled sighs  
And the throbs of his heart she heard;  
And though nothing was said between these two,  
He knew she knew that he knew she knew.  
—Puck.



Nanaimo—The Colliery.



Nanaimo—The Court House.



Nanaimo—The Post-office.

# HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

A Story Where Journeys End in Happy Greetings

By ALICE JONES, Author of "Bubbles We Buy," "Gabriel Praed's Castle," "The Consul's Niece."

THE Canadian-bound steamship Muskoka was nearing the end of her westward voyage, and the usual concert had just taken place in the saloon. Supper, delayed for an hour, was in full swing, and around the table the passengers were eating Welsh rarebit and broiled sardines with the courage of sea appetites.

In one group sat two sisters; Mamie Kingsland, a bright-faced girl bubbling over with the excitement of her first serious love affair, her adorer being a red-haired English boy going out to join his ship at Bermuda. Her sister, Mrs. Safford, was an older, sharper and less cheerful edition of herself. She was a widow with one boy, who, to the relief of the company, was now safe from mischief in bed.

Beside her sat Mr. Hawtry, a quiet man, with aquiline, bronzed face, and thick grey hair. Mrs. Safford knew that he had left her native town thirty years ago as a mining engineer, and that he was now returning with a substantial fortune acquired in Korean mines.

Beyond him were Mr. Devon, the amorous navy youth, and the ship's doctor, a large man with well-cut, impassive face, noted for his remarkable powers of silence.

Mamie Kingsland attacked the latter's reserve, saying:

"Why didn't you come to hear my song, doctor?"

He looked up from his plate of sandwiches.

"Couldn't manage it. Was called off to the steerage," he vouchsafed.

"Anyone ill?" asked Mr. Hawtry. The two had already had several quiet smokes together.

"Poor fellow died of pneumonia. Must have gone soon anyway from his heart. Case of privations, I fancy, though he has seen better days. A Frenchman."

"Not the dark, thin man who was playing the violin when you took me forward? The one with the little girl?" Mrs. Safford asked. She was inclined to try her charms on the big, silent doctor.

"Yes."

"Oh, how sad! And the child is alone?"

"Yes."

"Well, she'll likely benefit by his death," the lady decided. "Instead of vagabondising, she will be placed in an orphanage, I suppose?"

"Probably," the doctor agreed.

Mr. Hawtry, watching, thought there was more left untold.

"And his name?" he asked.

"Levoiseur."

At the word, a perplexed look came on Mrs. Safford's face.

"I seem to have heard the name somewhere," she murmured.

"Sounds aristocratic," commented Hawtry. "But I suppose these ends to life failures are everyday matters to you, doctor?"

"God knows they are. Sometimes—like to-night—they choke the air I breathe."

This unexpected vehemence caused a silence until Miss Kingsland protested cheerfully:

"Come, doctor, you musn't be gloomy. Remember we're getting home in time for Christmas."

"Don't say that. It's unlucky," cried Mrs. Safford, but unheeding, the doctor answered Mamie, "But I'm not, you see."

"Oh no, of course, you're English. But your welcome will come when you turn eastward," the girl said comfortably.

"Will it?" he asked. "I wish I knew where to look for it. Well, I must go. Perhaps you'll turn up for a smoke later, Mr. Hawtry."

As he walked away Mrs. Safford watched him with a pathetic expression.

"I'm sure he has a sad story. A man of his age and manners must have had hard luck to be in this position. Does he talk to you, Mr. Hawtry?"

"Oh, yes, we old fogies have more in common, you know. We enjoy our little growl at the universe."

"Old fogies!" and Mrs. Safford looked a tender reproach at the man whose grey hairs were his only sign of age. She knew that Mr. Hawtry was impervious to her little confidences, but she still did her best.

If she had guessed that his object in revisiting his old home was to seek his first love, her childless

widowed aunt, only ten years older than herself, whose fortune she hoped would some day come to her boy Julian, her smiles might have waned sooner.

The next morning was fine, with sunshine and dry decks. But the daily diversions of shuffleboard and sweepstakes were stilled, and there was a hush over the ship. That dread thing, a sea funeral, was about to take place.

Earth was not to give even a grave to the poor musician to whom in life she had been but a harsh step-mother.

Mrs. Safford, who systematically avoided her neighbours' sorrows, was careful to remain below.

She was passing the ladies' cabin when the sound of a child's sobbing checked her with fear of harm to her ewe lamb.

Peering in she saw a queer sight. The two stewardesses stood staring at a thin, sallow child of six, who sat forlornly upright, gazing straight ahead with sombre black eyes. She was grotesquely bundled in a red shawl such as Italian peasant women wear, and a lock of dark hair fell over her eyes. For all her incongruous drapery there was nothing squalid about her, and even her grief had a touch of unchildlike dignity.

Beyond her low, tired sobbing she betrayed no feeling, save in her tight clutch on the hand of the doctor who sat by her.

As the widow appeared, the doctor looked up without speaking.

"Dear me. Is this—" she began.

"Yes," he checked her, "this is little Louise, and I brought her to stay with Mrs. Flaherty while—while I go on deck," he added significantly.

Mrs. Safford shivered. She hated being reminded of the funeral.

The eyes that revealed all the forlornness of a lost dog, were turned critically on the stewardess, and a weak little foreign voice spoke with brave politeness:

"Thank you, we do not like women. We never spoke to any but old Assunta, and she did not count, she was so good and ugly. I want to go to my father."

The last words broke in a subdued wail. The doctor put a protecting hand around her shoulder and soothed her.

"You cannot, little one. You must be brave, as you promised me."

Unheeding, she persisted:

"If my father is dead I want to be dead too. Make me dead, good doctor."

"No, child. Your father would be sorry for that."

"My father would not know," she pleaded. "He shut his eyes and was dead. He would be glad if Louise came to him, dead too."

The doctor sighed, and pulled out his watch. Mrs. Safford, feeling that he expected a display of motherly kindness from her, spoke melliflously:

"Come with me, Louise. We will find Julian to play with you."

"He made faces at me like a monkey every day."

The statement was dispassionate but final, and the outraged mother could hardly preserve her amiability.

"Well, boys will be boys," she allowed, "but we'll go to my cabin and get some bonbons."

She stretched out her hand, but the child, clinging to the doctor, insisted:

"I want to go where the dead people are. Did my father take his violin?"

"No, he left it for you to learn to play on," the doctor answered more hopefully.

"Ah, but no! He needs it! I must take it to dead people's country. Please, my friend!"

Even the doctor was silenced, and no one ventured a suggestion until Mr. Hawtry spoke from the doorway.

"Aren't you going on deck, doctor?"

"It doesn't seem like it," was the rueful answer. "He waits to take me to dead people's country, Monsieur," Louise explained politely.

"That's a large order. But if the sick children need him, you will stay with me, won't you?" Mr. Hawtry asked in friendly tones.

He did not waver before the terrible scrutiny of childhood, that scrutiny gifted with mystic power of detecting the true from the false.

Keenly the child looked from her first friend to her new one, ignoring the lady. Then she clambered down and going to Hawtry put her hand in his.

"Yes, I think you are honest man," she said in her precise fashion.

As Hawtry led her away, Mrs. Safford stood staring. She had marked with surprise the kindness in his eyes and voice. What an ideal step-father for her boy he might make!

Late that night, the doctor and Hawtry sat smoking. The latter had been speaking of himself and went on thoughtfully:

"Yes, I suppose as things go I might be called a successful man. And yet at fifty I am at a loss to know how to spend a cheerful old age."

"Better be like me, still at grind for a poor living; dosing hysterical women with bromide, and helping into the world emigrant babies who would be better out of it. And if things hadn't gone wrong I'd be one of those medical colonels now. I saw my junior's promotion last week. And so you are trying the experiment of going back?"

"Yes; rash, isn't it?"

"With no family ties?"

"None. But there is one friend who might take off the chill. And—look here, I'll be frank with you. When you showed me those papers belonging to the poor wretch we buried to-day, I found that he was on his way to that same friend of mine. As you saw, he had eloped with her daughter, and now that his wife was dead and he must soon follow her, he was going to ask a home for the child with her grandmother.

"Now I've been meditating, and have decided to make a fool of myself. If she won't take the child as her own—she's a widow, I know—I'll adopt the mite myself. I might as well spend my money on her as on anyone else. I suppose the captain will not object to that?"

"Sure not to. She must otherwise go back at the company's expense."

"Well, that's settled. There's another queer chance. The sisters are nieces to this same lady, and Mrs. Safford, at any rate, will hardly welcome an unexpected grandchild," Hawtry said.

"Do her good. She has no heart or the child would have gone to her."

"Why, she wastes no end of sympathy on your mysterious sorrows."

"Daresay. They're apt to. They try to make me confidential on moonlight nights in the Gulf. Pleasant little surprise if I were," and the doctor chuckled.

"Well, we have one genuine love affair on board," said Mr. Hawtry.

"Miss Kingsland and her sub? Yes, they are a refreshing case of young love. Will it come to anything?"

"I daresay. Her people are all right, and the boy seems flush of money. Well, I must turn in," said Hawtry. "I'll have a talk with the captain about the child."

"All right—good-night."

The next day the matter was settled, and the captain, a warm-hearted man, grasped Hawtry's hand, saying:

"It's a good deed that ought to bring you luck, sir."

As the child was moved to a first-class cabin, and trotted about at Hawtry's heels like a dog, Mr. Hawtry's freak, as Mrs. Safford called it, was soon ship's gossip.

That lady attempting some semi-acid congratulations met so impassive a front that she henceforth left the queer pair severely alone. Hawtry took care that she should know nothing of the little waif's relationship to herself.

Meanwhile Christmas and the Canadian coast were drawing nearer.

It wanted three days of Christmas when Mrs. Stokes sat alone in her drawing-room facing an array of gifts to be addressed. Generally she set promptly to any business in hand, but to-day she was restless with a haunting sense of loss astir under all the routine of her busy life.

It was her children, not her husband, who had touched her deeper heart springs, and every child save one had died in babyhood. That one, a girl,

had lived to grow up and had been sent by her father, against the mother's wishes, to a French boarding-school.

At eighteen she had eloped with her music-teacher, and from thenceforth her father forbade all intercourse.

A sudden illness forced the mother into acquiescence, but when she recovered enough to rebel and try to obtain tidings it was too late. All traces of Louise were lost.

When her husband had died three years ago, leaving her a rich woman, she spent large sums in seeking her daughter, but uselessly.

She had resolutely turned to all healthy activities to crush down her heart-ache, but Christmas, the children's festival, would bring back the days when she had her child by her.

She strolled to the window and stood looking out down the white slope towards the frozen bay and the wooded hilltops behind which the sun was sinking. She could see a slim little red-coated figure as it would skim down the hill, and toil upwards dragging the sled behind it. Often after such a day the child would come in benumbed and she would strip off snow-boots and stockings and take the pink feet in her hands and breathe on them and rub them. Where had those little feet strayed now?

To-day for all the splendour of sunshine, the thermometer was close on zero, and, though the air of her flower-laden room was like a conservatory, Mrs. Stokes shivered as she turned from the window, murmuring, "A hard day for the homeless."

The door-bell's peal broke the silence of the house, and its mistress stood waiting in a vague expectancy.

The door opened to reveal a strange pair; a slim, grey-haired man leading a quaint-looking child, bundled in a red shawl. Had Hawtry counted on the pathetic effect of the incongruous garment?

Something in the restrained eagerness of the man's dark eyes, in the whimsicality of his hovering smile, brought back a treasured, stored-away memory of youth, and she made a step forward as the newcomer said: "I have come to renew an old friendship."

"You are—"

"Arthur Hawtry."

"I knew it. And the child? Is it yours?" and she looked down with a wistful smile at the outlandish creature, with visions of every possible type of brown mother.

"No, I never married. She is a little waif I have provisionally adopted."

In spite of herself, Mrs. Stokes' glance was softer.

"Provisionally?" she asked.

"Yes, in case her own kinsfolk should discard her," he answered, his eyes steady on her.

"Who is she?" she asked with a curious fluttering of breath.

Quiet and low came the answer, his eyes never off her face.

"Louise Levoiseur's child."

A flood of crimson dyed her face, and her hands went out hungrily. But checking the impulse to catch the child to her, she demanded hotly:

"And by what right have you adopted her?"

Impassively he retorted:

"Surely a child may have two guardians. And then—"

"You thought that I might be wicked enough to turn her away," she accused him.

Whatever defence he might have made remained unspoken—Louise had the floor. "Please, madame," she broke out vehemently, "do not be angry with my friend. He is good and will take care of me and my father's violin until we go to the dead people's country."

Mrs. Stokes had sunk to her knees before the child and was unfastening the red shawl with shaking hands.

"Yes, he is good, little one," she said in a voice like music. "If he promises to come and see us very often will you live here with me and be my little girl?"

"Not unless he comes to live here, too," was the staunch protest.

Mr. Hawtry, standing behind, laughed shortly.

"An ultimatum. And we are nothing if not firm, not to say obstinate."

"Grandmothers cannot adopt gentlemen."

As this was said the dark, silver-threaded head was bent over a troublesome knot.

"Oh, yes, they can. If they have sufficient moral courage," came from behind her.

"Well, we will see."



"The door opened to reveal a strange pair."

The red shawl had dropped and the thin little figure was drawn into Mrs. Stokes' arms. "Come, sweet one," she murmured, "you shall have some milk and cake by the fire."

"And am I to have nothing?" Hawtry put in.

"You have my best thanks." And with that she looked up and smiled at him in a fashion that set his heart throbbing faster than it had for many a day.

"I want more than thanks," he persisted. "Only think—I have come so far, and I am so lonely, Louise."

"And so am I," she whispered.

That Mr. Hawtry got what he wanted was made certain at the Christmas gathering of a large family circle, where the new French cousin and Aunt Louise's quiet marriage on Christmas Eve were the two sensations of the hour.

"And I'm really afraid that the dear creature has got hold of a husband who isn't all there, you know. He was so queer at sea," said Mrs. Safford.

## The Inventor of the Limerick

By SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES

THE "Letters of Edward Lear," author of the "Book of Nonsense," which have just appeared in a handsome volume edited by Lady Strachey, and published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, could not have been produced at a more appropriate moment. For Lear is generally recognised as the inventor of the Limerick, and the year 1907 is likely to be remembered in history for ever as the Limerick year. There may be people here and there who have not tried, I will not say their luck, as the law officers of the Crown have officially declared that this is not a game of chance, but their skill in these enterprises. I say such curious people may, perhaps, be found in the land, just as there are folk even in this small island who have not seen a railway train or the sea. But for months the writing of Limericks and the learning of Diabolo have absorbed the attention of a great and a free people. The competition between the two has been fierce. No man and no woman is likely to excel at both, for each demands an undivided devotion, and will bear no rival near the throne. Who invented Diabolo

I know not, though I know there are some who have been baffled by the game who claim that it is named after its inventor, and that it was devised by the Evil One himself.

That is a point which I leave for the quidnuncs and pundits to quarrel about, but in regard to the Limerick, I think it is generally conceded that Edward Lear, the artist, was the first to introduce this form of versification to the public. In one important point, however, the Limerick has changed since his day. That which is turning women grey and men bald is the attempt to make up a line to rhyme with the two first lines, and thus the last word is of importance as constituting the rhyme. Lear, however, was in the habit of ending the first line and the last with the same word. I will give one of his verses just as a sample:

There was a young lady of Clare  
Who was sadly pursued by a bear;  
When she found she was tired,  
She abruptly expired,  
That unfortunate lady of Clare.

Let me confess that I do not regard this as the very highest form of art, nor do I suggest that work of this sort entitles Lear to have his name included among the immortals, or the alleged immortals, the demi or demi-semi immortals who have been chosen to ornament the dome of the British Museum reading-room. Indeed, there are no doubt thousands of better verses turned out each week, verses which cause the waste-paper basket to bulge. But we should remember that Lear began the style, he created the mode, he was the pioneer, and while later bards may have produced more effective verses, they have done so by improving on his model. If you place one of the earliest locomotives—the Rocket or some other of Stephenson's original conceptions—by the side of one of the latest monsters that whizz the modern express from north to south, the little ramshackle bit of machinery will look quaint and humble indeed. But it contained the germ, the idea—and so with Lear's somewhat simple Limericks:

Most can raise the flowers now,  
For all have got the seed.

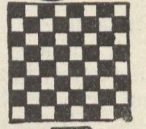
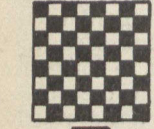
And what sort of a man was this same Edward Lear? It seems to me that these letters reveal him all the more effectively because it is so obvious that they were not written for publication. Letters that are written in order to be published, or those written when the author has a shrewd suspicion that one day they will appear in print, may gain something in the way of literary polish, but they lose much in charm. Edward Lear had a way of prattling on paper, talking about his struggles and his prospects, his art which he loved, and that want of pence which from time to time vexed him as it has vexed other public men. He was singularly fortunate in forming friendships with men and women in the high places both of society and of politics, and yet he was by no means born in the purple himself. He was the youngest of twenty-one children, and according to his own account he was only fifteen years old when:

"I began to draw for bread and cheese, but only did uncommon queer shop sketches—selling them for prices varying from ninepence to four shillings; colouring prints, screens, fans; awhile making morbid disease drawings, for hospitals and certain doctors of physic."

Before long, when only nineteen years old, he was engaged as a draughtsman at the Zoological Gardens, and his fine work in producing a collection of coloured drawings of parrots and other birds attracted the attention of Lord Derby, who had formed a magnificent collection of animals and birds at Knowsley and had resolved to produce an illustrated volume describing that collection. The volume was privately printed in 1856, is now the extremely rare and valuable "Knowsley Menagerie," and the bird part of the work was left in the hands of Edward Lear. That was the tide in his affairs which, taken at the flood, led on to fortune, or something like it. For he was associated with Knowsley for twelve or thirteen years, and, as he says, "during those years I saw half the fine people of the day." —M. A. P.

# LIFE'S CHEQUERBOARD

By Helen Wallace



Resume: Lady Marchmont and her grandniece, Lesley, are visiting the former's nephew, Richard Skene, at "Strode," his Scottish home. They withdraw from the dining-room, after Lady Marchmont has pled with her nephew to forgive an erring member of the family. Mr. Skene's lawyer, Dalmahoy, ventures to refer to this injury of many years before. The offender, Adrian Skene, the son of Richard's cousin, had refused years before to marry Lesley and the old lawyer advises his friend to alter his will. Mr. Skene tells of how Adrian had won Mary Erskine, the girl whom he had loved, and the emotion called up by this recital of past wrongs proves too much for his failing strength. He falls to the floor and dies of an attack of heart trouble. Lesley Home, after her uncle's death, dreads the prospect of meeting Adrian again.



SLIGHT commotion behind her made her turn swiftly round. In her absorption the light roll of the wheels, the trot of the horse, had passed unheard. The big double doors were already flung open. Out of the square of misty, midnight blackness which they disclosed a tall figure was advancing—a stranger surely—no, it must be—"Adrian!"

The cry was forced from her by his sudden, unlooked for appearance, and by that strange, rising excitement which she could neither repress nor understand, and which from her quick-beating heart thrilled in her voice and shone in her eyes.

For a moment she stood still, holding the lamp aloft. Adrian Skene had had his own thoughts during the long, dark journey of what it would mean to him to stand in the old hall at Strode once more, but in that instant sheer wonder blotted all else from his mind. Who was this—this tall, splendid young creature, wearing her sweeping folds of black like a royal robe, and holding her head high as if its burnished, ruddy coils were a crown royal? In the strong shower of light from the uplifted lamp the young, round neck and the fair face showed privet-white against their swart setting. With the next breath their eyes met—that delicate, virginal whiteness was drowned in the sudden uprush of the quick, bright blood, spreading its vivid glow over throat and cheek and brow.

Who could this be? Not surely little Lesley Home, though in truth "little" was a word which could never literally be applied to her, his little comrade and good friend of long ago, till he had suddenly been bidden to regard her as—

The wonder had lasted but an instant. Already Lesley had handed the lamp to a servant, and was coming towards him with extended hand. He glanced at its strong, shapely whiteness with a grotesque, darting recollection of the traces which "little Lesley's" hands used frequently to bear of her varied outdoor pursuits, before he could respond to the conventional:

"You are very late; I am afraid your train must have been dreadfully delayed," which seemed all she could find to say.

"It was late, but one is prepared for that on our good old dawdling line. But I was not prepared to find anyone awaiting me. It was very good of you, if it was really for me you were waiting, that is," he answered with equal originality; but then he was somewhat thrown off his balance, and was in doubt whether to tone his reply to her formal words or to her look and that sudden flush which had curiously stirred him.

"If one sets out to wait for anyone, one feels bound somehow to see it out," said Lesley, rather coldly. She could have beaten herself for that sudden tingling blush, which still seemed to scorch her, and for the "missishness" which prevented her from uttering the few words of warm, simple welcome which should have been so easy to say. And yet was she so much to blame? How welcome a man to what might be his own house—how refer

to the past or to his long absence, when each knew what had caused it—how even say a kindly word of the dead, knowing all that lay between him and the living? Lesley at least felt herself incapable of it, and all the more with Adrian's eyes fixed upon her. Like her, he was perhaps trying to piece the present to the past.

This was neither the Adrian of the portrait nor of her vague dreams and memories. He had his father's features, modified somewhat by the stronger mould of the Skene strain, his father's dark colouring, but the gay, easy triumph on the pictured face was lacking. Instead the living one had a look of weariness, which seemed to go deeper than the fatigue of a long hurried journey warranted; and the eyes, which Lesley remembered as dreamy yet fiery—a spark through a cloud—had lost that quick, vivifying gleam. But it was idle to judge anyone after twelve hours, or more it might be, of constant travelling. She would likely have to recast all her ideas to-morrow, meantime the greatest kindness she could do was to leave him in peace. But before she could speak Adrian exclaimed:

"And you are really Lesley—*little* Lesley!" with a sudden, illuminating smile which proved him to be his father's son. The weariness vanished from her eyes, though it might still linger in the lines about the sensitive mouth.

"I am certainly not *little* Lesley any longer, if ever I was. Do you remember how angry I used to be when you called me so, and treated me like a child, as I thought?" Then the quick smile which the words had called up vanished. "We shall have to make each other's acquaintance to-morrow," the touch of ceremony returning to her voice. "But you must be dead-tired, I am sure. Soames has everything ready for you. I thought you would like to have your old room again. I am glad you were able to reach here in time," she added after a moment, in a vain attempt to atone for a reception, which she confusedly felt had been at once too warm and too cold.

"Thank you; it was kind of you to remember the old room," said Adrian. He had averted his eyes to the heaped logs under the cavernous canopy of the fireplace. "It has certainly been a long day. Dalmahoy's letters and telegrams seem to have been wandering about a good deal before they reached me, but I am glad to be here, as you say, in time. After all, it is much only to be here again." And his eyes kindled in the old way as they flashed a quick look round the vast, dim space, with here a half-seen face looking down from the shadows, there a sudden gleam of steel as polished helmet or morion caught the flicker of the flames.

Something in his look and tone touched Lesley to the quick and shook her out of the dumb constraint which held her.

"I hope you will always be here, Cousin Adrian. I hope that you have come *home*," she exclaimed warmly, heartily, cordially, and stretching out an impulsive hand. Afterwards she was glad, very glad, that she had said it.

## CHAPTER III.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." The old cathedral bell, which had called so many generations to pray, had tolled through the dense white smother of autumn mist which lay thick and heavy over hill and valley like the ure-cloth upon a dead man's face, moulding and yet muffling every feature—that dead man's it might be whose passing breath had given speech to the iron tongue of the bell, booming its message far and wide over the broad lands which so short a time ago men had still called his.

At last it was all over. Richard Skene had been laid with his fathers, the vault had been closed again and the great concourse of tenants and onlookers, the long train of neighbours and acquaintances—save Dick Dalmahoy it may be doubted if Richard Skene had ever had a friend—had slowly dispersed. By some Adrian had been greeted with warm cor-

diality; others had availed themselves of "the melancholy occasion" to limit their salutes to what civility demanded. They, like most of the tenantry, felt conscious of a dilemma. The young man had filled the place of chief mourner—that could hardly be denied to him—but who could tell whether Richard Skene had relented at the last, whether they saw before them the new Laird of Strode, the arbiter of fate to so many of them, or whether they must carry their homage elsewhere. Those who were near enough eagerly scanned the grave, dark features, like and yet so unlike "his forbears," in search of some clue, but they could read nothing there.

At that moment Adrian Skene was not thinking of himself, cause enough though he had to do so. Standing by the open vault in the hoary, roofless aisle, while the spectral mist crept in around slender shaft and broken arch, and the slow, heavy drip, drip of the moisture from every lichened ledge and lintel could be heard in every pause of the service—the only tears likely to be shed at this burial—he was honestly trying to keep past and future out of his mind. So much honour he would strive to pay to the dead. Between Richard Skene and himself there had been no love lost, nor even liking, but with that open grave at his feet, a factor which so strangely alters the values of human things, he may have wished that he had been more forbearing, that he had dealt more gently with the dead. At least he could feel profound pity for the man who, though a crowd had come to bury him, had lived so lonely a life, and however he might have marred the hopes of others, had had but bleak disappointment for his own portion.

But when Strode was reached again, Mr. Dalmahoy's keen, trained scrutiny could read no more in the young man's face than the eager eyes which had peered through the baffling mists in the cathedral aisle.

"H'm, there's where breed tells. Cool as he looks, there's no man alive but would be on thorns to know what was in those papers," ruffling the edges of the leaves before him with an uneasy hand. "Oh, my poor old friend Rich, I wish you had left this task to any man but me, or rather that you had left it to no one. I wonder how it looks from the other side, if you know anything of it, that is," the lawyer was thinking as he studied the face and figure once so familiar.

There was little fault to find with either. Adrian had the stately height of all the Skenes, but he carried it with an easy grace, which, like his dark colouring, he owed to the dash of Southern blood in his veins.

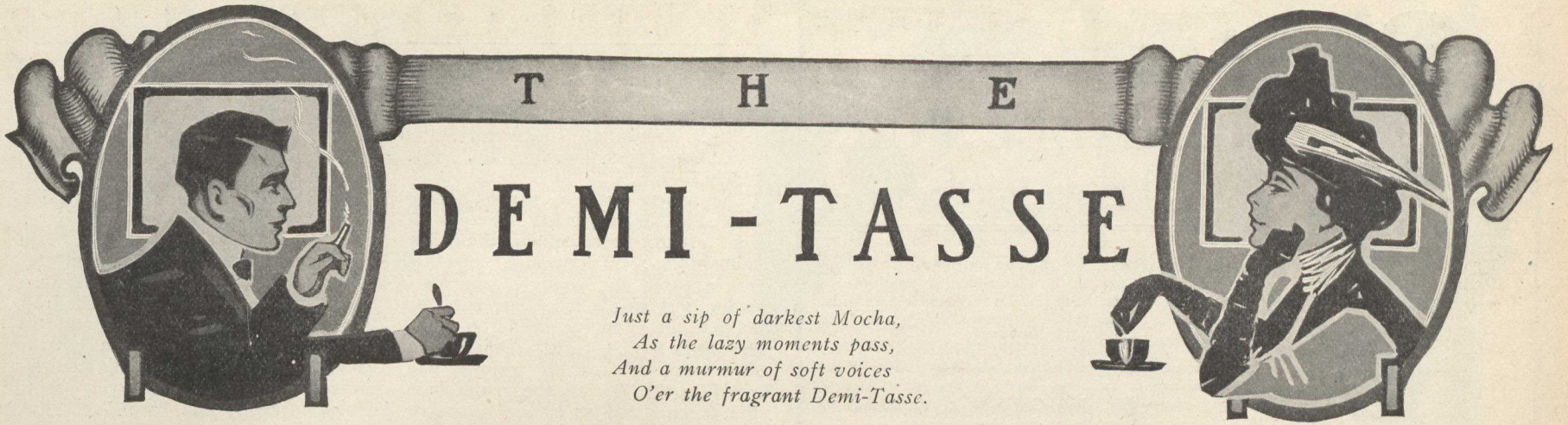
"A fine fellow, though he has none of his father's ways with him. All the better without it, maybe, though he looks over-old for his years. The wide world and freedom isn't a well-lined nest like Strode, as no doubt he's found out. They'd make a braw pair"—his thoughts ran with seeming irrelevance—"but neither of them is likely to see that any the clearer for having a pistol put to their heads."

Out of the great gathering in the kirkyard it was but a small company which was assembled in the library, where Richard Skene had spent the greater part of his days, and where his chill presence still seemed to linger. The big writing-table was cumbered yet with his books and papers, arranged in the precise order which he loved. The lofty walls were lined with books, chiefly bound in old-fashioned pale leather, and carpet and hangings had faded to the same neutral drab hue. In the cold light filtering through the white mist lying close and thick beyond the tall windows, the room had a dreary, chilly effect, which not even a generous fire could brighten.

Beside the lawyer and Adrian, there were present only a kindly, fidgety, elderly man, whom the latter knew well as Lord Polmont, and a tall, vigorous-looking man, the tan of whose bronzed face seemed the deeper for a pair of very keen light-blue eyes and his reddish fair hair. Mr. Dalmahoy intro-

(Continued on page 18)





# T H E D E M I - T A S S E

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

### LETTERS TO THE SEASON'S SAINT.

**H**OMER nods and sometimes Santa Claus goes to sleep, for this keen Canadian air makes the old boy drowsy. Here is what a "Courier" correspondent stole from his mail-bag one night last week:

Dear Santa: I really hate to trouble you again but that Beck boy won't be quiet. I wish you'd give him a good, stiff dose of lumbago or nervous prostration that would take him off to California for a season. You know it doesn't require much to drive a London member down south. If you'll only take Adam off for twelve months, I'll forego any little trifles you might have felt disposed to drop in my stocking.

Freddie N.

Dear Santa: How are you, anyway? There's a lovely toy donkey called "Public Ownership" which I'm just dying to have. It brays like real life if you put a penny in its mouth. Drop it down the shaft and I'll give you a free ad.

Billy Mac.

Dear Santa: Please send me a bright new chip for my shoulder. It's lonesome this Christmas since Adelard told me to go away back and sit down. Sir Wilfrid seems to be able to get along without me, the Premier of Quebec says, "Ah, G'wan," and no one wants to fight me any more.

Henri B.

### \* \* \* SOME CHOICE LIMERICKS.

**S**EASONS may come and go, violets may come up and leaves may tumble down, but the limerick, like death, has all seasons for its own. There are some poor ones flying about and some of a more exhilarating order of which we quote a few:

There was an old man of Tarentum  
Who chewed on his teeth till he bent 'em.  
When he found they were bent  
He said: "I don't care a cent,  
For you know I don't own 'em—I rent 'em.

There were three young ladies of Birmingham  
I know a sad story concerning 'em;  
They stuck needles and pins  
In the right reverend shins  
Of the bishop engaged in confirming 'em.

A faithless young flirt of Dundee  
Invited six sweethearts to tea;  
But I'm sorry to say  
They all came the same day;  
Down the

steps  
just  
like  
this  
she  
did  
flee.

### \* \* \* A LOAFER.

**M**R. WILL CROOKS, a British M.P., has a great dislike for the loafer; and the man who will not work may expect but little of his sympathy. In the House of Commons he once told two amusing stories of idlers whom he had met. A certain "out of work" went to a foreman for a situation, but he was told that there was scarcely enough doing to keep the regular hands employed. "Oh, that's all right, gov'nor," said the applicant, "anything I do won't make very much difference." Mr. Crooks also described the case of a lazy artisan who was engaged in some work which could only be done on fine days. When his wife called him at six o'clock in the morn-

ing he used to inquire anxiously if it was raining. When she said "no," he inquired if it looked like raining, and when she had killed all hope, he tumbled into his clothes muttering, "I wish to 'eaven it was Sunday!"

### \* \* \* HER PROTEST.

**A** LADY entered a railroad station not a hundred miles from Edinburgh, the other day, and said she wanted a ticket for London. The pale-looking clerk asked, "Single?"

"It ain't any of your business," she replied. "I might have been married a dozen times if I'd felt like providin' for some poor, shiftless wreck of a man like you."

### \* \* \* UNLUCKY.

**T**HAT was an unlucky thing that Peck, the engineer, done," said the brakeman. "They gave him one of them new engines yesterday, an' he named it after his wife." "How was that unlucky?" asked the track-walker. "Why, the blamed thing blew him up this morning."

### \* \* \* SHAKY.

**"I**S there malaria around here?" asked the stranger. "I should say so," observed Farmer Corntossel. "There's so much shakin' goin' on that all a man needs to do to shine his shoes is to hold a brush in his hand and stand still."

### \* \* \* A PITIFUL OBJECT.

**"I**T looks as if these trusts," said Mr. Sinclair, "will have to obey the law, or else their owners will find themselves as badly sold as the rich Bostonian who bought an estate in Scotland called Glen Accra.

"The Bostonian bought this estate without havin' seen it. He believed that he could trust the

man he bought it from. And last summer he went over to have a look at the place.

"The drive from the nearest railway station to Glen Accra was a matter of twelve miles. The Bostonian hired a Highlander to drive him.

"As the cart joggled along, the Bostonian said: "I suppose you know the country hereabouts pretty well, friend?"

"Aye, ilka foot o' 't," the Scot answered. "And do you know Glen Accra?"

"Aye, weel," was the reply. "What sort of a place is it?" the American asked. "The Scot smiled grimly.

"Aweel," he said, "if ye saw the de'il tethered on it, ye'd juist say, "Poor brute!"'" — New York Tribune.

### \* \* \* HIS CHOICE.

**"N**OW, Patsy, if it should come to a real issue, which would you rather lose—your money or your life?"

"Me loife, begorra. Oi'm savin' me money for me ould age." — The Bohemian.

### \* \* \* MIGHT BE MONTREAL.

**F**IRST Country Councillor: "Here's a fine-looking street."

Second Ditto: "You're right there. What's best to be done with it?"

"Let's have it dug up for a sewer."

"But wouldn't it be proper to pave it first?"

"Of course; I supposed you understood that. Then, after it is paved and a sewer put in, we'll have it repaved."

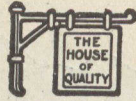
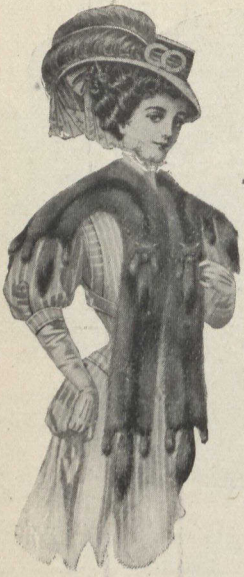
"All in readiness to be dug up again for the gas-pipe? I see you understand the principles of municipal economy. And after we have had it repaved for the second time, then what?"

"Well, then it will be in order for widening. There's nothing I admire so much as system in the care and improvement of our roadways." — London Tatler.



"Well, Maria, what's wrong?"  
"Why John, here's a letter from Sarah Matthews, an' she says she's been to Sunday supper at Delia Daly's (that's my sister's eldest girl, you know) an' she give them oyster cocktails. To think of our own flesh and blood comin' to that!"

(Continued from page 16)



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duced him as "Sir Neil Wedderburne," adding, somewhat awkwardly, "a newcomer since your day, Mr. Adrian."

Then there was a pause, during which Sir Neil regarded Adrian with even greater earnestness than Mr. Dalmahoy's, which would certainly have aroused the younger man's attention and awakened some surprise had not his thoughts been too busy. The pride which, to Mr. Dalmahoy's admiration, masked his feelings had kept him through all the years from vain speculations as to the future or unworthy hankerings after dead men's shoes, but Adrian Skene would not have been human—and he was very human indeed—had he not felt that life was at a crisis, and held his breath before the issues at stake. For all his outward calm, he was conscious that he had less grip of himself when he was like to need it most. The return to the old home of his race, unseen so long save in dreams, the sight of his father's brilliant face veiled by the shadows of its dim corner, the thoughts and the memories which he had carried away from the kirkyard aisle, all had shaken him more than he cared to admit. Above all, the apparition of the new Lesley which had startled him the night before had compelled a difficult readjustment of ideas. He would fain have seen her that morning, but the old Scottish custom enforced an almost Oriental seclusion upon the women of a household on a funeral day, and Lesley, believing that her uncle would have liked her to conform to the old fashion, had remained with Lady Marchmont until the long procession had started upon its slow way.

The door opened. Adrian looked up with a start and, with the other men, rose to his feet, as Miss Home entered with old Lady Marchmont leaning more heavily than usual upon her arm. The white ghostly light would have made many a fair enough face look dull and sallow, but Lesley's faint bloom and the warm glow of her hair seemed to gain in purity and depth from the chill effect of the mist without, and from the low-toned background of these rows upon rows of pallid, unused books.

Sir Neil Wedderburne evidently appreciated the contrast for a sapphire gleam kindled in his eyes as she passed him with a silent bow.

But for Lady Marchmont convention did not exist, unless when it so pleased her. She dropped Lesley's arm and crossed the room to Adrian, holding out her little old jewelled hands, which quivered like sere aspen leaves.

"My dear boy, why didn't you come to see me this morning?" she exclaimed. "When I sent for you it was too late. I am glad to see you here again, though I wish some other cause had brought you. Poor Richard has given me a great shock. A man at his years has no right to die, and no need to die, if only he cares enough to go on living. Oh, yes, Mr. Dalmahoy," as the lawyer gave a little dry professional cough, "you can go on. You will have it all your own way now, so you will not grudge me a few words, since we are all friends here." The smile with which she surveyed the company had an ironic tinge, as her eyes passed from Adrian to Sir Neil.

But having received this permission, and the rustle of Lady Marchmont's silk and crape having subsided, Mr. Dalmahoy seemed for a moment unable to break the silence which ensued. At last he said, in a

nervous, difficult voice very unlike his usual full, even tones:

"I have ventured to restrict the company present as far as possible, as the will which I have now to read is of so peculiar and—er—personal a nature that, though it would be irregular, I would fain have communicated its contents to the possible legatees separately, but I am debarred from this course. Lord Palmont and Sir Neil Wedderburne," with a bow to each gentleman, "are nominated for positions of trust, if they choose to accept them, and are therefore present."

Again there was a pause. No one spoke nor moved, and yet a shock, a thrill, palpably stirred the silence.

"As I was with the testator during the last hours of his life, I should like to state," resumed Mr. Dalmahoy, in a voice in which formality and feeling were oddly blended, "that I have some cause to believe that his views had been somewhat changing and—er—softening, and that if time had been granted him, we might have had other dispositions to consider to-day, but of course all that is surmise, and we have nothing to do except with the document which I am now about to read, but I have stated my impressions as gathered from the deceased's last words, for what they are worth, as I thought it desirable that those concerned should know."

He glanced at Adrian, but the young man's eyes were fixed on the Skene coat-of-arms, carved on the chimney-piece. To all appearance he was more intent upon following out its lines than on Mr. Dalmahoy's words, but the supple, well-shaped hand lying loosely on his knee had clenched itself tight and hard. Mr. Dalmahoy lifted the document, adjusted his eyeglass, and began to read. A long breath went round. The best or the worst would be known now.

There was a long list of minor bequests and charitable legacies before the gist of the will was reached.

"And I give and bequeath the entire residue of my estate, heritable and personal" (here followed another long list of subjects, including the estates and mansion house of Strode and funded money, a fortune in itself) "to Adrian Skene, the only son of my first cousin, Adrian Skene, on the condition"—involuntarily Mr. Dalmahoy paused, again there was a quick breath, though everyone sat statue-still—"that within a year he shall marry my niece, Lesley Home. As the last male of our name and of the direct line, I give to the said Adrian Skene this final opportunity of carrying out my deepest and most earnest desire, which is already well known to him, but should he fail or refuse to implement this condition, I give and bequeath my whole estate as above stated to my said niece, Lesley Home, for her sole and absolute use and enjoyment—"

"One moment, Mr. Dalmahoy." Adrian Skene rose suddenly; his voice, breaking in on the even, monotonous flow of the lawyer's, was clear and steady, though his face had that curious dry pallor which a dark skin shows when the blood suddenly drains away from it.

Before he could utter another word, two voices rose in altercation beyond the door, one, a servant's, hushed and decorous, the other, a woman's, light, high, and evidently excited. Every face was turned to the door in frowning surprise at this strange and unseemly interruption, when the handle was wrenched round, the door flung open, and with Soames' shocked,

protesting face for a background, a tall, slight girl stood on the threshold. Her copper-hued hair, brought down over her ears in heavy waving bands, framed a small oval face, the slightly sallowness of which had the waxen smoothness of a gardenia petal. She wore what seemed hastily improvised mourning. A Gainsborough fichu of black, ruffled gauze draped her slight shoulders, and her broad hat was tied under the white, pointed chin with long streaming ends of black chiffon—a sombre setting which gave full significance to the little pale face and the striking hair.

For one second she stood there, her hands, in their long black elbow gloves, resting on each door-post. Stooping forward, she looked round in pathetic appeal, while the little company within stared at her, too dumb struck by surprise to connect this startling apparition with one of their number.

Mr. Dalmahoy found voice first.

"Soames, you know that we are most particularly engaged—who is this lady?" he exclaimed, as if voicing the ruffled majesty of law.

"She is my wife!" answered Adrian in a voice half haughty, half defiant.

"My wife!" The two words dropped into the wondering silence as a stone plunges into a still pool, setting the waters rocking. Unheeding, he made a swift step forward as, in a flute-like tone of entreaty, the girl cried "Adrian!" and fluttered across the room to his side.

Now the open-eyed stare was transferred to the young man. His face was one dark flush, it might be of shame or of anger or shock, but

though he could not control the swift rush of blood, his features still kept their set, proud quiescence.

His wife! Mr. Dalmahoy whipped from his chair and slapped the door to in the face of Soames, too amazed or too interested to close it. Lord Palmont forgot to fidget with his eye-glass and sat, with bulging eyes, gazing like a cod fish. Lady Marchmont, for once in her life, had nothing to say, but sat, as if petrified, gazing at the intruder through her long-handled glass.

His wife! Sir Neil shot one glance from Adrian to Lesley, then he hastily averted his gaze and stared hard at the faded carpet, lest anyone should catch the gleam of hope and exultation in his eyes.

While Mr. Dalmahoy, as the mouth-piece of fate, had uttered his momentous periods, Lesley had flushed hot and high; now she had paled to the dead whiteness of the blurring mist without, but her head seemed held a trifle higher, and she still kept her erect, easy pose.

"Oh, I'm afraid I shouldn't have come," the newcomer broke the brief silence with her plaintive, child-like voice and with a timid glance around. "I've made you angry, Adrian, but it isn't my fault, really—really it isn't. Father insisted that I ought to be here with you. He quite put me into the train, he did, indeed. I've had such a journey. I thought I should never reach you, and when I heard you were here, though the man said you were engaged, I couldn't help coming in. I am sure you will forgive me—"

(To be continued)

## MUSIC AND DRAMA

THE Royal Alexandra Players, Toronto, are sustaining their reputation as the best stock company which Canada has known. The leading man, Mr. Conness, does particularly good work. The feminine members of the cast have had no easy task with such emotional plays as "Camille" and "The Masqueraders" to present during the last fortnight.

\* \* \*

NEXT to accomplishing the impossible, achieving the improbable is a heroic feat. Mr. Frank Welsman has succeeded in the latter, in the conducting of a symphony orchestra in a community which is disposed to applaud a local chorus and scoff at a local orchestra. The concert given in Massey Hall last week by the Toronto Conservatory Symphony Orchestra was the second and confirmatory occasion for the performance of this organisation which proved itself of musicianly equipment in such numbers as the Nicolai overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Grieg's "Anitra's Dance" from the Peer Gynt suite, Beethoven's Symphony No. 2, D major, Dvorak's Slavonic Dance, Op. 46, No. 8. The varied and exacting programme proved to the most sceptical that Toronto talent, under the proper unifying influence, has furnished an orchestra deserving of enthusiastic support and capable of fine achievement. The soloists, Mr. Ellison Van Hoose, whose sonorous tenor voice was a temperamental delight, and Miss Mary L. Caldwell, whose playing of Saint-Saens' G Minor Concerto was received with the most marked appreciation, were happily chosen and altogether the concert formed occasion for sincere congratulation.

\* \* \*

HIS Excellency, Earl Grey, has recently visited the city of Quebec where he presented the Symphony Society with the trophy which it won at the musical and dramatic competi-

tion held in Ottawa last winter. The trophy is emblematic of music and was executed by Mr. Hebert, the renowned sculptor.

\* \* \*

IT is not often that a high-class theatre of Montreal or Toronto has the opportunity to present to the public a comedian against whom criminal charges have been laid by Attorney Jerome of New York and the Gerry Society for the protection of infants. Mr. Raymond Hitchcock disappeared from New York some weeks ago when these charges were laid, returned after a time and was released on bail. The trial has not yet taken place and the accused declares he is the victim of blackmail. But his appearance in comedy shows a remarkable insensibility and the "Canadian Courier" agrees cordially with a Toronto editor who is of the opinion: "Unless this man can clear himself he should be in jail, and until he does clear himself he should be in retirement."

\* \* \*

THE National Chorus concerts which took place in Massey Hall, Toronto, on Monday and Tuesday, show the increasing public regard for this organisation. On Monday night a large audience enjoyed an excellently-arranged programme of which the most imposing choral number was Coleridge-Taylor's "The Death of Minnehaha," which is the second scene from the trilogy known as "The Song of Hiawatha." Its wonderful forest harmonies were beautifully interpreted by the chorus and the New York Symphony Orchestra. The lighter numbers by Pinsuti and Lee Williams, as well as the Lohengrin "Bridal Chorus," were effectively rendered. The soloists, Miss Helen Davies and Mr. Francis Rogers, gave artistic assistance, while the orchestra selections were such as make a yearly visit from Mr. Damosch a positive necessity.



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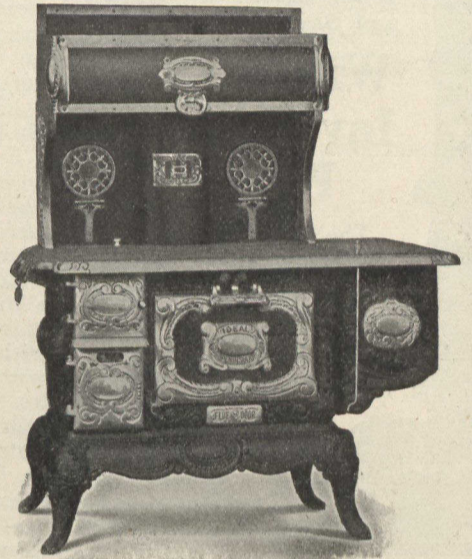
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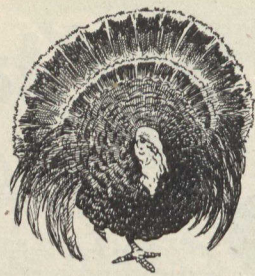


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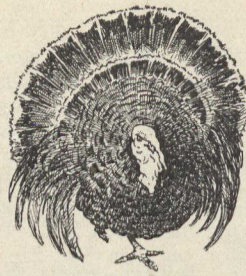
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# ABDUL

A Tale of a Christmas Turkey

By E. A. DENT



THE trouble really began with our wedding trip. Not that we realised the beginning of any trouble at the time, for we had a perfect honeymoon. We did not go to New York or even down the St. Lawrence, as all orthodox bridal couples are supposed to do. We are most unfashionable folk, and as we were both tired out with a hard winter's work followed by a hot summer, we decided to go to a quiet little farmhouse on the border of a secluded Muskoka lake where Marion had spent her holidays a summer or two before and where we found the restful holiday we both needed. I say both, for we were both workers. Marion had been a teacher in one of the city public schools, and I am book-keeper in one of the big wholesale houses.

It was September, and we had ten days of bliss at the lonely little farm, walking, boating, canoeing, just as we had planned to do, and breathing in health and happiness with every breath of the delicious pine-laden air. Mrs. Martin, our kind hostess, raised poultry, and the poultry-yard was a constant source of interest to Marion. She loved to feed the chickens and ducks and to make pets of the little ones—barring the turkeys, which she said were both ugly and cross.

One day very near the close of our honeymoon, my wife came to me, her face aglow with enthusiasm.

"John, dear, do you remember the dinner we've planned to have next Christmas?"

"Oh, yes; the two maters, I remember."

"Well, I've been thinking—don't you think it would be lovely to get one of the young turkeys here and take it home and feed it, and so raise our own Christmas turkey?"

"Jehosaphat, Marion!" I laughed. "I thought you were afraid of the turkeys! Anyway, that yard is rather small to take any off to make a turkey yard, don't you think so?—for we simply must have a little garden."

"Yes, I know, John—but I've thought it all out, and Mrs. Martin says we may have a young turkey and welcome—she says they're not hard to raise after they've reached a certain age—and that if they don't get wet they're all right."

"Well, I suppose we could have rubbers made for it, and rig up a little umbrella for it to use in wet weather—"

"Don't be ridiculous, John. We'd keep him in his coop in wet weather. I feel sure I could manage it quite nicely. He'd get tame, of course, and we could make quite a pet of him. He would eat all the scraps, so that our Christmas turkey would practically cost us nothing, and of course that's a great consideration. Then think of the triumph it would be to raise our own Christmas turkey right in the city!"

Well, of course, I told her to go ahead and do as she liked—it was her establishment from the front door clear out to the lane gate, and when we left for home, in addition to our ordinary baggage, there was a largish basket of which I was directed to take charge, containing a particularly ugly young turkey which was declared by Mrs. Martin to be the flower of her flock.

One of my first tasks on arriving at the little home which I had in readi-

ness for my bride was to get some lumber and slats and make a pen for the turkey. I never was a handy man with a hammer and saw, but the boy next door, who was intensely interested in the proceeding, gave me the benefit of his advice, and as it seemed to be rather good in most cases I followed it, and so the pen was made before nightfall and his turkship duly installed.

"Now, my dear," I said, when I entered the kitchen, where Marion was cooking some bacon and eggs for supper, "Now, my dear, come out and see your turkey."

She came out. She had a big blue apron on, and the sight of her radiant face and housewifely costume was a most satisfying compensation for a few hammered thumbs and chipped fingers which I had won in the course of the erection of the turkey's domain. She declared that the pen was perfectly lovely—I'm not so sure that she didn't say "sweet"—and she talked baby-talk to the turkey. She liked the way I had partitioned off a corner of the shed and made a little door opening on the penned up corner of the yard, and the box of straw and a roost which I had placed inside the turkey-house, as I called the shed apartment (not knowing whether he would want to sleep in straw or on a roost I gave him the benefit of the doubt and let him take his choice).

That night we consulted the great encyclopaedia that Uncle Mortimer had given us for a wedding present, and read all we could find on the subject of turkeys.

"What are you going to call him?" I asked.

"I haven't been able to think of a name that I quite like. I would like something out of the ordinary, a Turkish name, I think, although the encyclopaedia does not say that the bird came originally from Turkey, as I thought it had."

The only Turkish name I could think of was "Abdul." I read a sonnet once written by an English poet and addressed to the late Sultan of Turkey; "Abdul the Damned," I remember was the pet name by which he playfully accosted His Majesty. I therefore suggested "Abdul" which Marion liked at once. When I told her about the sonnet, though, she cooled a little, and said she disliked profanity. It took me some time to make it clear to her that there was no intention of being profane, either by the poet or by myself, and I explained under what circumstances the name had been employed. She came to see after a bit that it was all right, and then she objected that it was hardly fair to saddle a poor young, innocent turkey with the name of such a Sultan. However, we couldn't think of any other name she liked as well, so we finally agreed that "Abdul" it should be, in spite of the bad odour attached to the name, and I may add that my wife has since expressed the opinion that we would not have had so much trouble with the turkey if we had started right and given him a better name. (Just between ourselves I don't mind confessing that there have been times when I have given him in private the full title hurled by the poet at the Sultan.)

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yard, was Abdul—Abdul, whose mission in life seemed to be a constant annoyance and irritation to the community. He had practically every fault to which the whole animal tribe is prone. He was vicious; indeed, he tore several of Marion's aprons with sheer greediness when she was feeding him, and he was always ravenously hungry. As for gratitude—he knew not the meaning of the word. He was exceedingly destructive, and he would break out of his corner once in a while. But it was his voice which was his chief crime—oh, heavens! that awful voice—the most penetrating, maddening rattle I ever heard in my life. It started before daylight—"gobbly-obblly-obblly—" like an old-fashioned watchman's rattle, only more so. We were fortunate, however, in having on both sides of us people who were willing to put up with almost anything for the sake of peace; otherwise we or they or Abdul would have had to move. As for the little garden, which was blossoming like the rose when we arrived in September—the late asters and nasturtiums making it a perfect little bower—by the time Abdul had broken out of his pen once or twice it was laid waste, so we finally gave it to him and let him have the run of the whole yard. You will remember, though, that one of the reasons we had for adopting Abdul was that he would cost us nothing. It turned out, however, that we had very few scraps from our table, for Marion is such a clever little cook that she can make the most delicious things out of "left-overs," and so we had to buy grain and fancy poultry foods for him, and these things cost money. I began to understand why turkeys are so dear to buy.

One day when I arrived at home, our first greetings over, I noticed that Marion looked somewhat disturbed. This was unusual, for she was very happy with her housekeeping, though there was seldom a day on which she had not some misdemeanour to report on the part of Abdul. The day he broke into the cellar she was particularly annoyed. He got in through the wire screen, ate his way through apparently, and was found there calmly walking on and sampling one by one Marion's array of freshly baked buns and delicious loaves of home-made bread. The poor girl could not get him out of the cellar, and he flew at her in a tantrum of frightened rage, whereupon she hastily retreated up the cellar stairs and shut him down till I came home. I threw a large piece of bagging over his head and popped him out of the window. The baking was ruined, so he had it after all.

Well, as I say, when I arrived home one day I saw that something unusual had happened. I guessed the probable origin of that anxious expression on my wife's countenance.

"How has Abdul been behaving himself to-day?" I asked.

"Oh, John, he's perfectly dreadful. You'd never guess. If it wasn't that we have looked forward to giving our mothers a turkey of our own raising at Christmas, I declare to goodness gracious I'd get rid of him. It seems that to-day Tommy Johnston, next door, and some other boys were teasing Abdul through a knothole in the lane gate, and the first thing they knew the latch became undone and Abdul went out after them. Of course the boys ran away, but little Dorothy Wood had been watching them at a little distance away, and she had on that pretty red dress that she wears, and oh dear, John! that brute attacked her and actually bit her leg and made it bleed! A man who was passing the corner of the lane saw it all and rescued her and took her home, and Mrs. Wood has been here, and oh—oh—oh!" and she broke down.

Well, this was pretty bad. I called to see Mr. and Mrs. Wood that evening to try to make what amends I could. They were both polite but icy, and I think they were sarcastic. They had had the doctor to look at the wound and bind it up, and he said it was not very serious. I said that I was exceedingly sorry, that my wife was heartbroken over the incident, etc., and that I would pay the doctor. They thanked me frigidly, and said they would not allow me to do that, but that they would thank me to have a proper fastening put on my lane gate or else get rid of the turkey. I said I would certainly get a good lock on the gate, but I explained that, on account of our proposed Christmas dinner, and our desire to have a home-raised turkey, it would be—really too bad—now that the time was coming so near—etc., etc.

I saw Dorothy a day or two afterwards playing on her verandah, and her little stocking was all bulgy with a bandage under it, and upon my word it made me feel like a villain, as though I had done the damage myself deliberately and with malice aforethought.

About this time, six weeks before Christmas, in order to fatten him and keep him warm, Abdul was transferred to a good-sized coop which I made for him in the back kitchen. Here Marion stuffed him with all sorts of patent fatteners and fed him porridge and milk like a Christian, and he certainly waxed plump, growing in beauty if not in grace. So the days went by till about a week before Christmas, when I went out to inspect him. He was in prime condition, sleek and shiny, and he "gobbled" at me for something to eat. I said to Marion that about Monday (Christmas falling on a Thursday) I would call in at the butcher's and ask him to send for Abdul. Never shall I forget the startled look in her soft eyes.

"Yes," I went on, "I'll get Brown to do it—I don't particularly want the job of killing him myself. Shall I tell him to pluck him as well, or shall we do that ourselves?"

"Oh, goodness, John, I'm sure I don't know—some way, know that the time has come, it seems perfectly awful to kill him, and yet of course that's what we've kept him for," and she gazed at Abdul in an abstracted way as he bolted his food and cast his impudent eye at us between bites. "Sometimes I think he's improving and growing more intelligent than he was a while ago. Really, John, now that you look right at him and think of it calmly—could you actually taste him, even if he was cooked?"

"Would I taste him if he was cooked?" I repeated, smacking my lips, "would I taste him? Well, just wouldn't I—with a mighty good appetite, too—just give me a chance at him, that's all."

"Well, then, I wouldn't, and you won't either, John," she replied with considerable asperity, and to my astonishment her voice almost broke. "You're not so bloodthirsty as that, I'm sure, John," and before I realised it she was inclined to be hysterical.

"But Marion, little woman, I thought you wanted a home-raised turkey—"

"John, if you love me, stop. The more I think of it the more my mind is made up. I will not have Abdul killed and eaten. I know I'm silly about it, and I know he's an ungrateful wretch for all my care of him, but then, when you come to think of it, why should he be grateful if I was only feeding him to eat him? He's never got the least bit fond of me—but anyway he's not going to be killed for food. Why, I'd feel like a cannibal if I ate any of him!"

I got her into the house and tried to reason with her. She was wrought

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up and excited, and I thought I was suggesting a solution of the difficulty that would please her when I said:

"All right, Marion—do just as you like about it. We won't eat Abdul; we'll trade him off to Brown for another turkey, a nicely plucked and plump one that you never saw before. Brown will allow us what he's worth—"

"John, will you stop talking about eating turkey? Don't you understand me? I say that *Abdul shall not be killed—and he won't be.* I don't care what you say, but I think it would be perfectly awful of us to have fed him and taken care of him only to take his life for food as soon as he got big enough to eat. I don't want to quarrel, John, but I mean what I say. He's not going to be eaten, either by us or by anyone else."

"Oh, well, all right, all right, girlie, only what are you going to do with him? A turkey that musn't be eaten is rather like a white elephant on one's hands, it seems to me. I really don't see that we can make much of a pet of him—at least I never heard of anyone keeping a pet turkey. They keep pet lambs sometimes, and pet alligators (not together, though) so there's no reason why we shouldn't if we want to. Whatever you say goes. If you say he shall wear a ribbon round his neck and that he can have the run of the house like a Persian cat or a pug dog—"

"Oh, John, don't be so ridiculous! I never said any such thing!"

"Well, what are you going to do with him?"

"I don't know. I'll think about it. I might give him to the Zoo, that is if they'd promise to be kind to him."

Kind to him, indeed! However, I made no comment on the suggestion. I merely remarked:

"A week from to-day will be Christmas. What shall we give the mothers for dinner?"

"I don't know, John. I'll have to think out something—something not turkey. Luckily we have kept it a secret that we were raising a turkey, so they won't be expecting to see the result of our experiment."

On the way down town the next morning I had an inspiration. On arriving at the office I descended to the basement and found our messenger, Billy Jackson, as obliging an old ducky as I ever knew.

"Morning, Billy," I said. "Would you and Mrs. Jackson like a turkey for Christmas?"

"Thank ye kindly, sah. The firm allus gives us one, but o' course we could make good use of another."

"Well, Billy, I'm in a bit of a fix. There is a turkey being fattened in my back kitchen, and I want to get rid of it. So does my wife, but she's too kind-hearted to have it killed. Now, if I were to leave the back kitchen door unlocked while we are at church on Sunday night, and the lane gate, would you mind going up and taking it away?"

"W'y, do you reelly want me to do dat, sah?"

"I really do, and I also want it kept a dark secret. Here's a plug of tobacco. You'll find a big canvas bag on the box. That'll do for you to carry him in, you understand, and don't make any noise, for I don't want the neighbours disturbed, as they certainly will be if you let the turkey open his mouth."

On Sunday night Marion and I went to church, and after church made a little visit with some friends on the way home. When we arrived at home I went directly to the cellar to see to the furnace, while Marion, according to custom, went to the back kitchen to see that Abdul was tucked in warmly all around his box. I was chucking coal into the furnace when, as I anticipated, I heard her call from the top of the cellar stairs.

"John, come here quickly—Abdul's gone!"

"Gone—where's he gone?" I called. "I don't know, but the back door was unlocked, and I think he's stolen."

I investigated. The back door was certainly unlocked, also the lane gate. Abdul was gone. I never knew before what histrionic gifts I possessed. (I really should have gone on the stage.) I affected, and with success, the deepest indignation that anyone should have dared to enter our premises during our absence. I would send for the police. (I hadn't the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind.) Marion was much upset, until I said:

"Oh, well, if we were to be burglarised, I do not see that there is anything we could better spare than Abdul."

An expression of relief broke over her face as she realised that the burden was lifted.

"Oh, yes," she said, "that is so. Well, poor fellow, he had a good time as long as we had him, and of course we can't help it if he's stolen and killed and eaten. It doesn't seem so bad as if we'd eaten him ourselves."

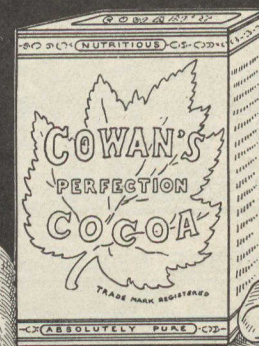
"I guess it's just as bad for Abdul. I fancy he'd just as leave be eaten by us as by anybody."

The next morning brought us letters from both of the maters. Mine was coming on Christmas Eve and Marion's about noon of the same day. "Do not meet me," she wrote, "for I am not quite certain whether I can get there on the noon train or at three. I will take a cab and drive right up, so you won't need to meet me. I will give the check for my trunk to the transfer company's man. I am bringing you a nice young turkey for the Christmas dinner."

Marion was somewhat dubious about leaving her mother to find her way home in a cab, but I promised to run down and meet both trains if I could possibly manage it. As for the turkey, she said that, as her mother was bringing it, she supposed that we would have to eat it, but that she had no appetite for turkey, and that we would have a good roast of Christmas beef as well; also that I was forbidden to mention Abdul during dinner.

Mrs. Leslie, my mother-in-law, did not arrive on the noon train, and by the time the next was due I simply couldn't leave the office. I knew she would be all right anyway, and so she was. When I got home to dinner that night there she was, and I went down to the station an hour or two afterwards and brought home my own mother. As the two elderly ladies were old friends we spent a most delightful evening while they compared reminiscences respecting Marion's childhood and mine. I was shown the turkey that Mrs. Leslie had brought, and it was a good-looking turkey as turkeys go, not extra large, but plump and well covered, and certainly large enough for our small gathering.

Marion turned us out to church the next morning while she fussed over the dinner. She was very anxious that everything should turn out well, and of course it did. (In case I have not mentioned the fact, I may say that my wife is a born cook.) The dinner was simply perfect; both of the maters confessed it, and my own congratulated me upon the fact that I had actually found a girl who knew how to cook, a most remarkable accomplishment among girls nowadays, so she said. The turkey was delicate and juicy, and I ate of it heartily, while Marion, for reasons known only to herself and me, nibbled a little but preferred the beef. The pudding was a symphony in the pudding line, and the "fixins" were all there, and we were all very happy and very well



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We were sitting about the table at the close of the meal, cracking nuts and chatting, when a ring came to the door bell. I answered the ring. To my astonishment there stood Billy Jackson in charge of a policeman. The policeman explained that he had found the person who stole our turkey on Sunday night, and that poor Billy, in a blue funk, had confessed that he had taken the bird and sold it in the market, but insisted that I had given him permission to do so, which was regarded by the policeman as a cock-and-bull yarn. As it was Christmas Day, however, and as the sergeant of the police division was reluctant to keep Billy in durance vile till the next day, if there was any reasonable excuse for letting him go, they had, on the earnest appeal of Billy, come up to my place to see what I had to say.

Good Lord—what did I have to say? What can a poor wretch of a man say when a decent old darky is in trouble through him and nearly frightened to death, and when not only his mother and mother-in-law but his wife are an audience? I told the policeman it was all right. I explained the whole affair to him clearly and in detail (the women-folk listening all the time in the parlour) and I gave him a fiver to hold his tongue about the occurrence and allow Billy to go home. Then we went to the dining-room and I gave them both a glass of our modest wine (it was Christmas time, you know). The policeman explained that my wife had called him in on Monday as he was passing and had asked him to try to trace the thief, and that he had only found him this morning. And then the policeman and the accused left in company, apparently the best of friends.

Meantime, my mother-in-law had been listening astonished and gazing in bewilderment from one of us to another. When the door closed after our visitors she came out of retirement behind my wife and mother.

"Oh, dear, dear—if I'd only known. Marion and John, I've a confession to make. The turkey which I was to have brought to you I—I left it in the waiting-room at the junction where I changed cars. It was in a basket, and how I came to forget it I can't imagine. My trunk was checked, but I had quite a few things to carry, my wrist-bag and my shopping-bag and my umbrella—anyway, I forgot it. So when I got to the city I told the cabman to drive me to the market and there I bought the turkey which we have had for dinner from that nice old coloured man, who appears to have obtained it from you. Wasn't it queer? There were plenty others there, but this old man had only one, and it was so nicely done up in a clean towel and a nice tidy basket that I bought turkey, towel and basket from him. Of course I hadn't an idea that you had raised a turkey, or I wouldn't have thought of bringing you one, but as I had written to say that I would do so I felt that I couldn't disappoint you."

Marion's face during this narration was a picture—a study in mixed emotions.

"Mother," she gasped, "do you really mean to say that we have had our own turkey for dinner—that we have actually eaten Abdul—or a considerable portion of him? Oh, John, I'll never forgive you!"

Now, wasn't that just like a woman? After all the trouble I had taken to save her trouble and anxiety on account of that pestilential fowl, and after she had just seen me pay out a five-dollar bill of hard-earned money to have the matter closed—to have her declare that she would never forgive me—

Bless all mothers and mothers-in-law! They came to my rescue, and

nobly, especially Mrs. Leslie. They showed Marion how well I had behaved all the way through, and how she was an unreasonable woman; in fact, they made me out such a "white-headed boy" that I began to feel embarrassed. Suddenly the absurdity of the whole affair seemed to dawn upon us all. A light began to break through Marion's frown, and her mouth began to twitch, and almost before we knew what we were doing we were all laughing hilariously, and we kept it up till we were tired out. When my wife had again assumed her usual good-humoured demeanour she said:

"Well, John, as I understand the decision of the majority, you're not guilty—but I warn you solemnly, you'd better not do it again."

"Do what again, my dear?"  
"Treat your wife in such an outrageous manner! You've got to do penance for this. Stand up, sir!"

I obediently stood up. She stepped to the kitchen and brought back one of her big blue aprons, which she solemnly fastened around my waist.

"Now, then, sir, we'll bring the dishes out to you and dry them for you, and you'll wash!"

And that was my penance. Penance for what? Search me!

### The Escaped Turkey

OF course I'm cold. Who wouldn't be,

Perched here on the limb of the maple tree?

But I think I know a thing or two, I'll forthwith tell to the likes of you. My brother's wattles were red, bright red—

But what's the good since he's lost his head?

His breast was proud as you'd like to wish—

But pride goes nit on a china dish.

There's cranberry sauce and things galore,

And celery, pie and pudding store, There's sound of song, that's all immense—

Where he is king—thanks, but I am hence.

I hopped the twig in the nick of time: Got here the reason of my glad rhyme. I'm off for keeps—and I've learned a few

Of the parables, child, I tell to you.

I'll sneak for years in the goodly wild, I'll grow up tough as the vagrant child;

I'll never go back to the flowing bin Of the corn-fed staff—for to gorge is sin.

That's why I'm blithe as a songful lark;

That's why I hike to the forest dark; Of course I'm cold—but I do not yearn

For my brother's berth, who has pride to burn. —H. S. Keller.

### A Christmas Fairy-Tale

I KNOW the tale I tell will seem "The baseless fabric of a dream";

I tell of one who, Christmas-time, Displayed a spirit so sublime,

With unfeigned gratitude she took Three pin-balls, and a needle book;

Four doilies, and a hairpin case, And two small trays received with grace.

She recognised, without a tear, The crocheted doily sent last year

To a dear, absent minded friend, Who back again the gift did send.

Without a frown, this angel took Two copies of the self-same book;

Accepted, with a happy face, Three hat-pin bottles trimmed with lace;

She had no scornful thought or hard For a much-travelled Christmas card;

And, greatest miracle of all; As she received her last pin-ball

Not even in her heart did say, "They will be good to give away."

—A. G. Davies, in Harper's Bazaar.



The Harry Webb Co., Limited  
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## Christmas Cakes

Unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration. Shipped safely by express to all parts of the Dominion. 5 lbs. and upwards, 40c. lb.

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As good as the best men and the best materials can make them. Put up in cloths, cooked, ready for heating and serving. 30c. lb.

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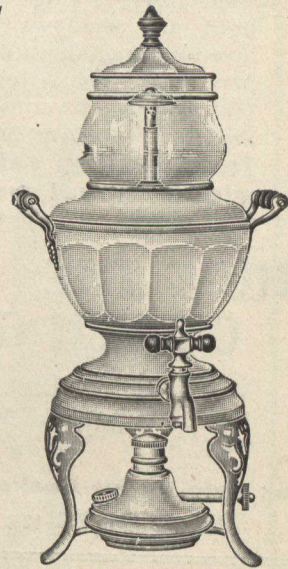


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The Coffee Percolator gives you the real flavor from your Coffee. The bitter, injurious principle is entirely eliminated, making the Coffee always the same—Delicious, Clear and Fragrant. This would be a most acceptable Christmas Gift.

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(Jacques Cartier)

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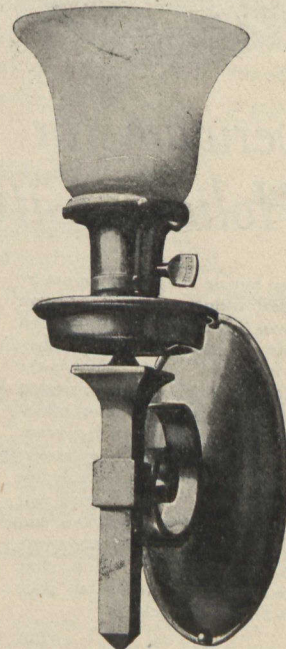
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**Standard Silver Co.**

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## BRITISH GOSSIP



Admiral Charles Beresford.

IT was a pretty tempest in a paint pot which arose when Lord Charles Beresford ordered Sir Percy Scott to appear before him and explain the seeming impertinence of the latter's signal which suggested that the naval powers put paint ahead of gunnery. The public has naturally taken sides since each of the parties to the quarrel is popular, both in the social and democratic sense. Lord Charles Beresford is not known as being slow to wrath, while the offending sea-dog is noted for a satirical turn of the tongue which seems to have affected his public messages to an unfortunate degree. The social concern in the matter has by no means subsided.

\* \* \*

ENGLISH papers have taken an overwhelming interest in the Kaiser and his doings in England. The Queen of Portugal is a beautiful woman, the Queen of Spain is looking very well indeed and little Prince Olaf is a charming little chap. But, after all, the Kaiser is the towering figure of them all whose fierce moustaches swept everything else out of public view. He and the Kaiserin were greeted with something like an approach to enthusiasm with which display His Imperial Majesty is said to have been highly pleased. The subject of the Kaiser's health is a matter of sensitiveness, not only with the Emperor himself but with the Berlin public. His retirement to Highcliffe Castle as a temporary rest cure has set the curious wondering as to the reason for his trip across the North Sea. Luckless Emperor! He may not "enjoy" poor health for one lazy week without a host of politicians and newspaper men conjuring up dire complaints. A sore throat or a touch of indigestion means a flutter in court circles. The head that wears a crown is not allowed to ache.

\* \* \*

THE Home Secretary, Mr. Gladstone, has announced that the Government has no intention to do away with barmaids on licensed premises. Miss Eve Gore Booth, of the Barmaids' Political Defence League, headed a deputation to the Home Secretary and presented the arguments against the abolition of the barmaid's estate. One of the most telling points seemed to be that, if the threatened bill were to become law, one hundred thousand women would be thrown out of work and add to the army of the unemployed. Dispensing alcoholic drinks is not an ideal task for young women, but the English custom has associated itself with the picturesque old inn of the poet rather than the riotous city bar. There is no doubt that civilisation will finally send the barmaid to more savoury employment but for the present she retains her place and Mr. Gladstone is popular with one hundred thousand feminine drink-dispensers.

\* \* \*

THE recent appointment of Miss Florence Nightingale to the Order of Merit is one of King Edward's most popular acts. The Order of Merit was founded by the King in 1902 and was first announced in the Coronation Honours List. The first to receive the honour were twelve men who had gained distinction in science, letters, art and war. The badge of the Order, to be worn by its members, consists of a cross of red and blue enamel of eight points, having "For Merit" in gold letters within a laurel wreath on a blue enamel centre. The reverse of the badge shows the King's royal and imperial cipher in gold. Miss Nightingale is in her eighty-eighth year and sees very few friends, although she is yet greatly interested in all which relates to the nursing profession. Her deeds of mercy during the Crimean War will probably be remembered longer than the charge at Balaklava. Miss Nightingale declares her favour of a thorough professional training in language which shows a quiet, underlying humour:

"The commonly received idea among men, that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, the want of an object, a general disgust or incapacity for other things to turn a woman into a good nurse, reminds one of the parish where a stupid old man was set to be a school-master because he was 'past keeping the pigs.'"

\* \* \*

IT is rather surprising to read serious paragraphs deploring the limerick habit and sermons which declare it to be a pernicious lottery indulgence. Really, has it come to this? Those five little lines, seemingly so innocent, have the trail of the serpent in the missing fifth. The contests which give away a limerick chance with a pound of tea are wrecking happy homes and turning the heads of families. The limerick looks so easy and the sixpenny postal order is not so much. Before you know where you are, you have sent in seven "filled" stanzas and the fever is burning madly in your veins.

\* \* \*

THE Highways Committee of the London County Council has recommended the sale of six of the Council's passenger boats plying on the River Thames. The waterway is doomed, as an old-fashioned transport, and many of the old canals are picturesque—but nothing more. But the river will gradually become a place of pastime, while the quiet reaches will afford relief from the rush of modern traffic. The Thames steamboat was neither a thing of beauty nor a melody forever and its whistle would not be missed. It was a very different structure from the stately barges of the olden times which the fanciful gazer sees floating down the centuries. Not the most inveterate romancer is pensive over the disappearing crafts.

## A Mother's Testimony



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

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

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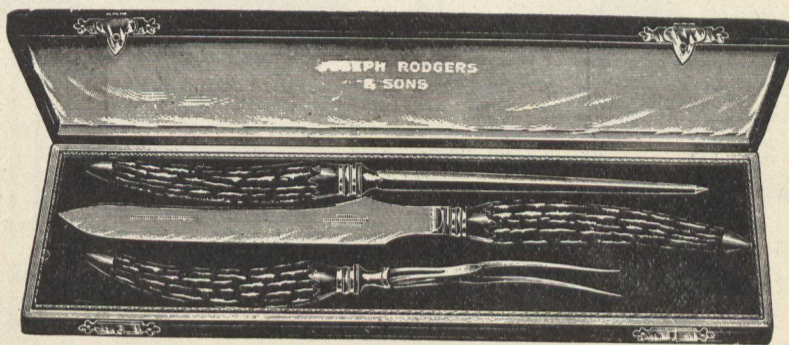
## A LIST OF Good Books for Gifts

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The popularity of this book has been such as to cause our going to press with the fourth thousand since publication in September. Get it—Read it—Tell your friends about it.
- THE OLD PEABODY PEW.** Kate Douglas Wiggin. Illustrated, \$1.50.
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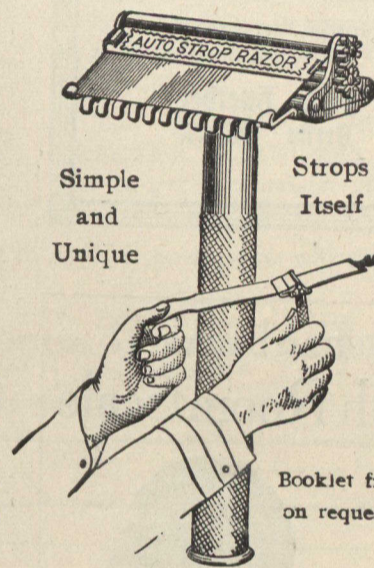
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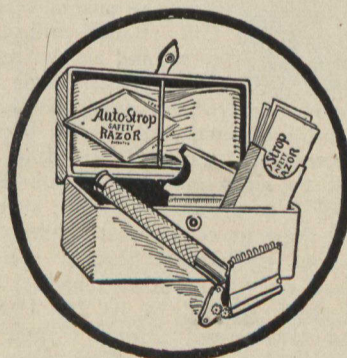
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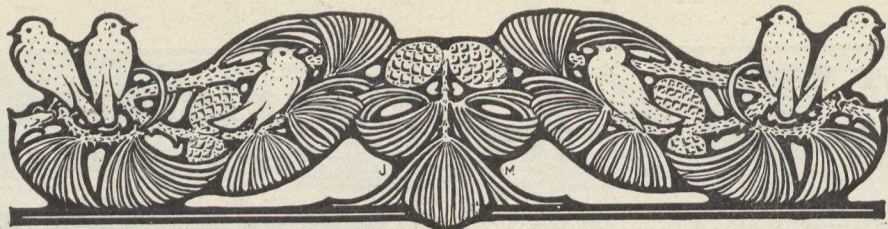
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**FOR THE CHILDREN**  
ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE children were glad enough to go to bed early that night. "Do you think, Mummy dear, I'll get the skates?" Bud asked anxiously, breaking in on Dorothy's prayers.

"If you're a good boy, I think you might, but not if you interrupt your sister again; this is the third time you have done it, you know, Bud," said mother, and for nearly nineteen seconds Bud lay still. What did that kid want to hunt up all the relations she had ever known for, and say "Dod bless dem" so awful slow after each name, when he was dying to talk about to-morrow and the tree and skates and things? Why couldn't she be satisfied with the family? He didn't even mind Rover and the kittens so much, but when it came to a whole stack of cousins and aunts and people that she hadn't ever seen—well, that was the worst of being a girl and liking to say your prayers, and not—and not—

Gez whiz! what a jolly lot of bright little lights, and what heaps and heaps

'Merry Christmas, little cousin,' from Jane; and here's another from Aunt Mary; and this fat one, which looks to me suspiciously like something Miss Dorothy has been wanting for a long time, is from Cousin Reg. He sends 'love and a merry Christmas to the little cousin he has never seen.'

"And not one for me," thought Bud. "I don't even believe I'm going to get the skates."

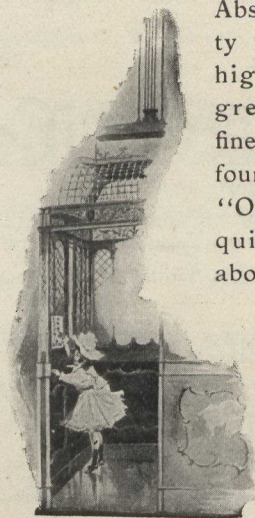
"And these," Santa Claus continued, pointing to a branch Bud hadn't before noticed and which was laden with the jolliest lot of presents that ever a boy had seen in his life, "as well as this pair of silver-plated hockey skates, were to be given to Master Bud Newcombe. They are presents from cousins and uncles and aunts that this boy has never seen, but who love him none the less. I am very sorry that he is not here to receive them, but to tell the truth, he fell asleep to-night without saying his prayers, and of course we have no children at this Christmas tree who forget to say their prayers on Christmas Eve. However, perhaps he may wake up and remem-

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When you are fatigued take a glass of BYRRH TONIC WINE. It recuperates your strength.

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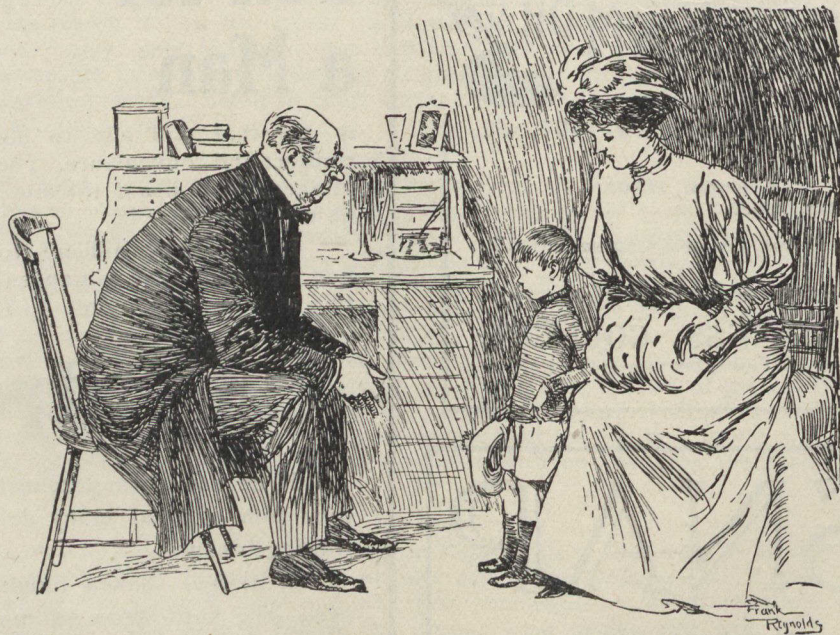
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Doctor "Now, my boy, show me your tongue. That's not enough. Put it right out."  
Small Boy: "I ca't—'cos it's fastened at the back."—Punch.

of twinkly, winkly, shiny stuff all strung 'round. Why, of course, it was the Christmas tree and there was dear old Santa Claus smiling and skipping here and there putting a magic light to everything he touched. And there was Micky White hugging a parcel that looked mighty like a pair of hockeys. How the mischief did he get in! and Billy Banks and Larry Mills and Dorothy and all the rest of them. Well, wherever they came from he must be late, for everyone seemed to have his arms filled with bundles. He wasn't afraid of Santa Claus, he'd just go right up and ask him about those skates. Was it?—yes, surely it was them he could see twinkling way up on the highest branch. And all those other poor little packages? Most of them seemed to be for Dorothy and Micky and Billy. It just kept Santa busy handing them down and saying a jolly word with each in turn.

"Here, Billy-boy," he was crying, "here's a present from your Aunt Lou 'way out in Manitoba. She asked me to bring it along with the rest of my things for you. And what's this? Master Larry Mills, from his Uncle John. There you are, son. And here we have, Miss Dorothy Newcombe.

ber, so we will keep them for him in case he comes."

"Mummy," called a small voice from the next room, and when mother came and leaned over his bed and said "What is it, Bud?" "Mummy," he answered, "I forgot to say my prayers to-night." And this time nobody was missed.

M. H. C.

**DISCONTENT.**

A **SULKY** little grain of sand Lived by a stone upon the land; But all day long she'd sigh "Dear me! I wish that I were in the sea!"

A little wavelet heard her sigh, And dashed up on the land so high, And caught the little grain of sand, Right in his little, cold, wet hand!

And then she couldn't say "Dear me!" Before he pushed her in the sea; And then that foolish grain of sand Just wished that she were back on land.

And so you see, my little lad, You sometimes want things very bad; But when you get them you may be Just like the sand that went to sea. —Victoria Colonist.

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good going Dec. 24 and 25, returning until Dec. 26, also Dec. 31 and Jan. 1, returning until Jan. 2, 1908.

### FARE AND A THIRD

good going Dec. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25, also Dec. 28, 29, 30, 31 and Jan. 1, all good returning until Jan. 3, 1908.

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Hawkesbury to Ottawa.....	48

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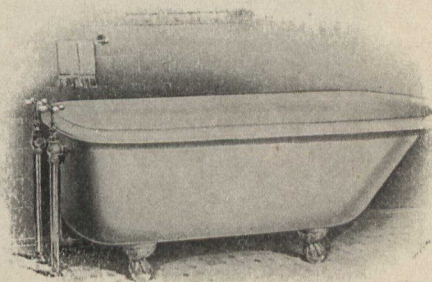
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