

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



"THE SOUTHWARD FLIGHT."

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.
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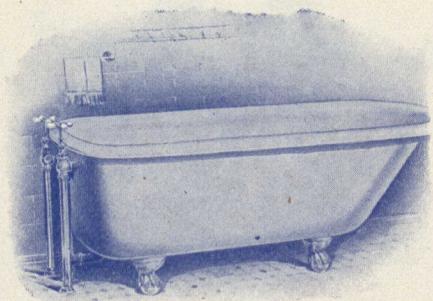
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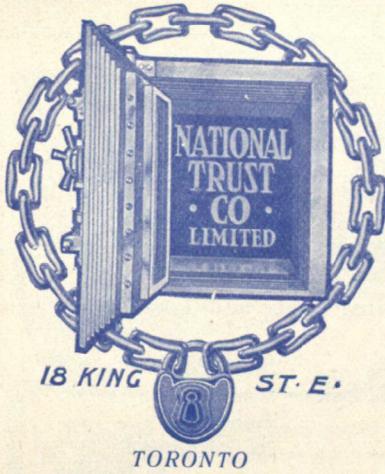
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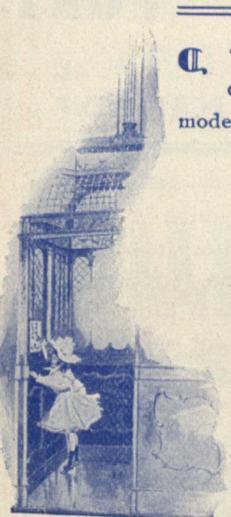
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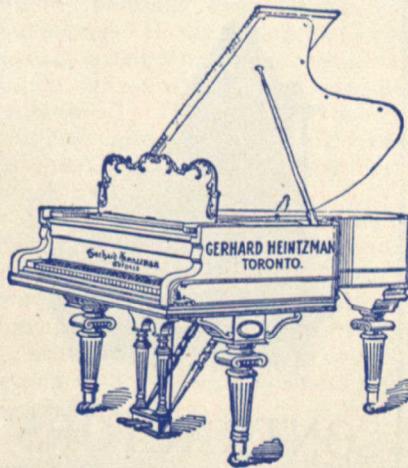
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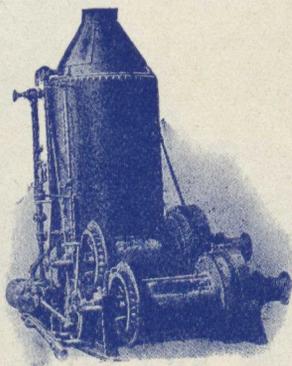
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Editor's Talk

WITHIN a few months, five leading British magazines have ceased publication, mainly because they were unillustrated. The English unillustrated weeklies maintain their vigour because they discuss public questions. In the CANADIAN COURIER, we are attempting the combination—an illustrated weekly discussing public questions. The idea is somewhat original, although there are weeklies in the United States which embody much the same idea.

So far, the experiment has been justified, and the public have extended a comforting support. During the past week, quite a number of our subscribers have paid for two years' subscription in advance. This gives us courage to go on with our improvements and enlargements.

Next week, we will be able to give some particulars of the features which are to distinguish the larger paper which is to mark the opening of Volume III, on December 7th. While it would be too much to say that these will be startling, we believe they will indicate that the CANADIAN COURIER will mark a new era in periodical publication in this country, and make it less dependent on the outside world for its most popular reading-matter.

In the meantime, subscribers are again reminded that all renewals at the \$2.50 rate must be mailed this month. There are only a few more days in which to claim the privilege.



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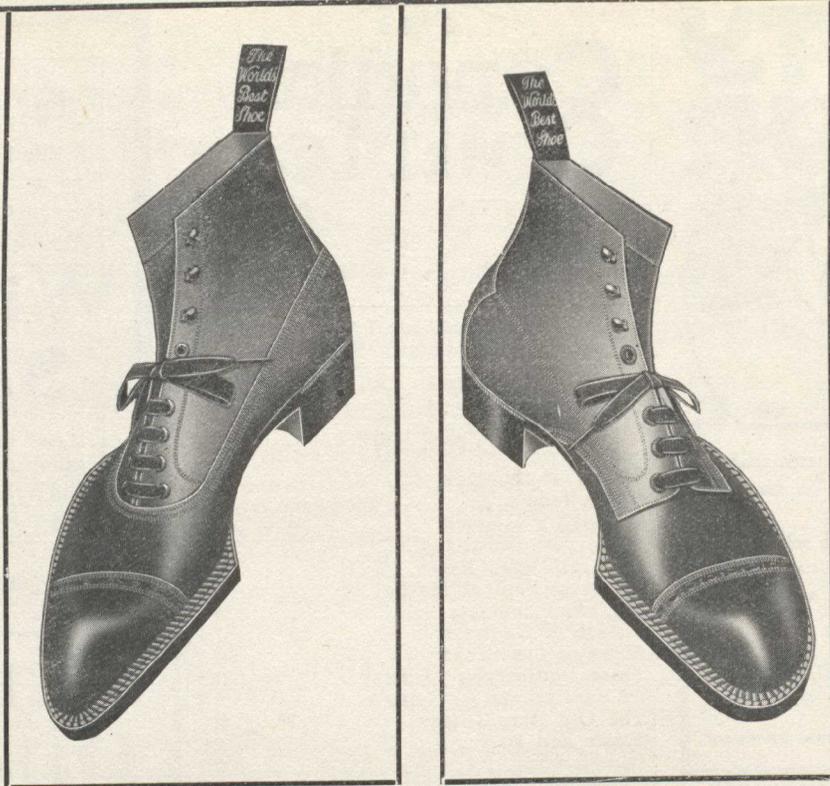
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TORONTO - CANADA

The Canadian Courier

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Vol. II

Toronto, November 16th, 1907

No. 25

Topics of the Day

LITERARY societies and other debating organisations find that the regulation of immigration is to be a popular subject this winter. Shall we exclude or restrict the Oriental? Is Canada's immigration policy too broad? Resolved that this country should cease to encourage immigration. These are some of the forms which the text will take.

Canada almost wept during the eighties and early nineties because immigrants did not come this way. When the Hon. Clifford Sifton became Minister of Interior he changed all that—assisted by time, opportunity and circumstances. Now public opinion is veering around to the other side and unrestricted and assisted immigration is being questioned with a large interrogation mark.



The Kipling Policy in Operation.

Mr. Henri Bourassa states that he will not return to Labelle and his sphere in the House of Commons. Though defeated in Bellechasse, he will continue to take an active part in provincial politics. His decision could scarcely be otherwise.



Final Tableau in the Bourassa-Turgeon Drama.

The stock market is beginning to recover, but the world is still short of gold and currency. When gold is scarce, prices usually fall, especially in time of panic when prices fall rapidly on account of the exceptional demand for gold. This is the situation at the moment. According to the London "Economist" prices in June were at the highest point since 1876. Since then there has been a steady decline amounting on the average to eleven per cent. There is little doubt that prices will continue to decline during the next six months.



The Teddy Bear in Wall Street.

The medical men of the west half of the city of To-

ronto have formed a union and the labour writer on the Toronto "News" wants to know whether they will send representatives to the Trades and Labour Council. The insinuation is one which will probably be tolerated with dignified reserve as becomes an important intellectual profession. Nevertheless, an association of this kind has in it much that is akin to a trades union.

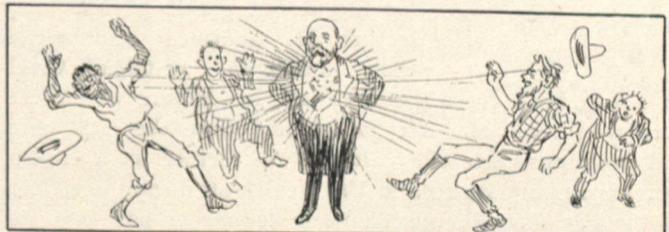


Mr. Borden is Back from the Wild West.

The Railway Commission seems to be getting into its stride. When the railway lawyers asked for delay in connection with the proposed Toronto viaduct, urging legal objections to speedy action, the Commissioners would have none of it. "Go on" they would, and did. This action indicates that they are beginning to be confident; they feel they have taken the "metier" of the corporation lawyers, and are convinced that the public is with them in their determination to "settle" things.

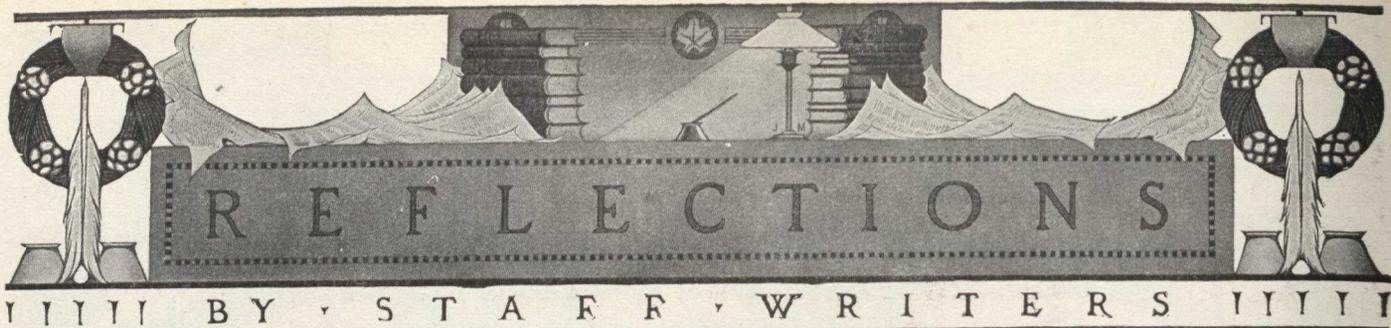
If the Commission is enlarged to five members, as rumour has it, the proceedings will be as important as the discussions before the Railway or Finance Committees at Ottawa. The public seems to have conceived a great liking for telling its grievances to the Commission. If the practice grows, the "Letters to the Editor" may become a lost art.

The Empire's eyes are this week on London where the Emperor and Empress of Germany are paying an important visit to the King. They arrived at Portsmouth on Monday and reached Windsor Castle in the late afternoon. These visits are indicative of a better understanding among the crowned heads and governments of Europe, which means much for the world's peace, prosperity and progress. This is especially true of Great Britain and Germany, since agreement and cordiality between these great empires almost ensures peace in the rest of Europe.



His Majesty's Birthday Diamond.

On Saturday last, on the King's Birthday, His Majesty was presented by Sir Richard Solomon, on behalf of the people of the Transvaal, with the famous Cullinan diamond. The stone weighs over 3,000 carats and came from the Premier mine which for five years has defied the gigantic De Beers corporation. It is said that the smaller institution will soon amalgamate with the larger, and when this is accomplished the diamonds of South Africa will practically be controlled by one company.



REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

THERE is a famous classic known as "Innocents Abroad," a book well worth reading. The title comes to mind in thinking of that sixty-three millions the bankers had down in New York last month. They termed them "Liquid Assets" in Montreal and Toronto. Just what they were termed in New York is not exactly known. If the Canadian bankers had needed those Sixty-Three Millions, they might have got them. Then again they might not. Opinions differ on this point.

When it is considered that some firms in the United States have been forced to pay their help in the firm's own certificates because currency could not be obtained; that the bankers in New York and elsewhere would give only a limited amount of currency on cheques presented to the paying tellers; that the financial institutions were paying two to three per cent. premium for currency which people brought in hats, handkerchiefs and socks; that the United States had to rush fifty million in gold from Europe to New York to relieve the scarcity of bullion, and that it paid a very high price for this luxury; that even the marked cheques of New York banks could not be cashed in Canadian banking establishments, one gets an idea of what would happen if that Sixty-Three Millions had been demanded for Canadian use. Undoubtedly this is a liquid asset under ordinary circumstances. Yet, to satisfy all the demands, it must be a liquid asset on all occasions.

Fortunately the sanity of the Canadian mind and the confidence of the Canadian public in its banking system have not put these "liquid assets" to the test. Those Sixty-Three Millions were not needed. Still, it is open to question whether New York is an ideal place in which to keep Canadian bank reserves. As soon as the present trouble is over, it will be the duty of the Minister of Finance to look into this matter and to assure himself that the policy is a wise one. He is the member of the Government who is most responsible for the regulations in the charters under which our banks do business.

PRINCIPAL CREELMAN of the Ontario Agricultural College read the Toronto Canadian Club a lecture on Monday last, the echo of which will travel some distance. A man with a sunny smile and a happy faculty

**HAYSEED
AND DUDE**

for bright but gentle phrases may lecture his audience and retain their good-will. Principal Creelman has both these qualities and his lecture was therefore well received. He complained that the city man did not appreciate the value of the farmer as a citizen, nor his important role in the wealth-producing activities of the nation. He was also fair enough to say that the farmer was too often jealous of the apparent easy and luxurious life of the city man. The city man calls the farmer a "hayseed"; and the farmer retorts with "dude." Principal Creelman would abolish both terms and have each class try to appreciate the other with a sympathetic understanding.

The idea is excellent. It should be upheld and maintained everywhere throughout the broad Dominion. It would conduce to unity in our national life and to a greater working together of classes, now sometimes antagonistic. Not that the situation is acute, for there is

much mutual understanding. Yet it is neither so broad nor so universal as to be labelled complete. There are many petty jealousies in Canada, and in so far as this misunderstanding can be so classed, it should be fought against both in front and rear. The town and the country have each a part to play in the economy of nation-making.

The chief difference between the farmer and the city man is the condition of their boots. The farmer objects to blacking; the city man is fastidious in its use. If Principal Creelman could work a change in this respect he would undoubtedly bring the two classes nearer together. A farmer with a pair of well polished boots could move anywhere in a great city without being conspicuous, since now-a-days his clothes are usually passable. This matter of a little difference in boots should not keep these classes apart.

THE Post Office has a surplus of a million dollars, but what surplus would it have if it paid for its buildings, the repairs to the same and all the little incidentals now charged to the Department of Public Works?

**THAT PHANTOM
P. O. SURPLUS**

This is a question which is seldom discussed but to which some attention might reasonably be given. The Militia Department builds unnecessary armories, but these are charged against the militia expenditure. If unnecessary post-office buildings are erected, they are not charged against the Post-Office Department. Further, this Department does not even pay rent or current repairs.

The Canadian Pacific Railway or the Grand Trunk would make a much better showing, if some person would be kind enough to build all their station-houses without charge and also keep them in repair. It would undoubtedly delight the hearts of the directors. Even the Intercolonial might make a better showing, if all the stations were built by the Public Works Department instead of being charged up against the Intercolonial's "Expenditure on Capital Account."

A good result would flow from charging the Post-Office Department a rent for all buildings occupied by it, since it would object if the rents were too high. This would prevent \$25,000 post-office buildings being erected in towns where suitable buildings could be secured for \$200 a year. In fact if the Post-Office was suddenly forced to pay rentals and repairs for its premises, that phantom million-dollar surplus would vanish like the spring snow-drifts. Moreover, if the Public Works Department was forced to show that the Post-Office could only reasonably be asked to pay one per cent. per annum for these buildings, the public would be likely to ask why such expensive buildings have been erected. The bribery of constituencies by means of fancy post-offices in small towns might thus receive a check.

THIS is the cry of the West, a strange cry in a land which speaks the English tongue, and enjoys the liberty of England. It is the cry of a busy, strenuous people who find the newcomer from the streets of London—we know the grey figure, be-

**"ENGLISHMEN
NOT WANTED"**

capped, beneckclothed, with the soulless face—unadaptable, adverse to discipline and steady toil. And in the West, especial-

ly, where so much must be built up by vast undertakings dependent for their success upon silent docile labour. There is no place for grumbling and discontent among the workers. In the eyes of the railway contractors, the ideal labourer is the Chinaman. But at the same time this attitude toward the Englishman is open to just criticism. It is a hard and pitiless attitude toward those who have been cut off by their environment from all refining influences, and now torn from everything dear and familiar to them, are disturbed and bewildered by strange surroundings. Into our comfortable, secure, well-fed existence there could come no such convulsion as has changed the lives of these homeless immigrants. But by our impatience and our unwillingness to leave them time to become acquainted with our ways we only render more difficult the process of adjustment. Too often we forget that it is not only the privilege of the Englishman to grumble, but his highest virtue. English liberty is begotten of grumbling. Had Englishmen been as content to put up with misgovernment as we on this continent have been, on the terms of being left free to enjoy wealth and leisure undisturbed, they could have kept the Stuarts. John Hampden might have paid the few pence of shipmoney and remained at his ease, but he was an arch-grumbler. And, oddly enough, it is the descendants of the rioters, disorderly Londoners surging around Whitehall in the anxious months of 1641 who come to us now. Against any injustice to himself, the Englishman has always been a rebel—it is the very spirit of his tight little island—and in consequence he is free from the tyranny of capitalism and militarism. And were we more reasonable, we should welcome amongst us his independence and courage, which may save Canada from such a national slavery to corporations as our neighbours to the south have long endured.

IT is an open question whether Great Britain ever had, or the British Empire ever will have, a definite Colonial Policy. There are those who assert that the British people have just blundered into the best parts of

DANGER POINTS IN COLONIAL POLICY

the earth and have kept them by instinct rather than by any clear and well-defined intention. There are others again who are loath to admit that the British Empire is an accident and that its greatness is due to individual rather than concentrated action. In the preface to his admirable "Short History of British Colonial History," Mr. Egerton (now Beit professor of Colonial History in Oxford) deals with this point and concludes:

"The thoughtful student of the past finds himself somewhat in the position of Aeneas, when, enlightened by his goddess mother, he recognised the deliberate work of the very gods in what at first had seemed the mere spirit of fire and chaos."

Without pursuing this point further, attention is directed to a remarkable book just issued, entitled "British Colonial Policy, 1754-1765," by George Louis Beer, sometime lecturer in History at Columbia University. (New York and Toronto: The Macmillan Co.) Every well-informed Canadian will find in the volume much to interest him and much that will instruct him in his consideration of present-day problems. During the period covered by this volume, 1754-1765, there were events of the utmost importance to Canada and the United States, and to the Empire. The Empire was extended very considerably and the description had its organised beginnings. French Power in North America was displaced, and this part of the world was made Anglo-Saxon. There were similar decisions in India and West Africa.

The conquest of Canada, which we in this country now look back upon as a fortunate move on the part of the British authorities, in reality paved the way for the creation of the United States. Previously the North American colonies were dependent upon Great Britain for assistance against Spain and France. So

long as there were French forts along the northern boundary from Lake Champlain to the Mississippi, and French harbours on this side of the Atlantic, the colonists looked to the British fleet and the British army for protection. With the peace of 1763, and the transfer of Canada to the British Crown, this danger ceased, and the older colonies could afford to be saucy and independent. As Mr. Beer says: "The conquest of Canada severed the material bond attaching these colonies to Great Britain, and made their independence a political possibility." Further, since the colonial forces worked together during the long campaign against France, a bond was created among them. They realised that they had more in common with each other than with the British soldiers with whom they served. The haughtiness of the British officer offended the pride of the colonial officer.

Just as it is to-day, the great question of the period was Imperial Defence. "Imperial defence was the rock upon which the old Empire shattered itself, and toward which similar disruptive currents in the modern Empire again tend to draw the ship of state." The mother country had to bear the entire cost of the fleet which was necessary to protect British and colonial shipping from privateers and pirates, and there was a more or less vague feeling that the colonies should contribute in some way by paying taxes or maintaining armies. Taxes and armies were never very popular with the colonies, and they resisted the one and were careless about the other. The British government laboured to get the colonies to work together for the protection of each and of the most exposed colonial localities. The effort was made in vain and Great Britain was forced to keep garrisons in New York and South Carolina to keep back even the Indian tribes.

To bring about greater co-operation, the famous Albany Congress of 1754 was ordered, and it was then decided that a union of all the colonies was absolutely necessary for their security and defence. When the resolution was laid before the different colonial assemblies, it was quickly rejected, showing that they had local ambitions and were afraid of being tied in any more definite manner than at present obtained. They would neither work together nor with the English government.

As a consequence of this situation, the British Government was forced to send an army, under Braddock, into Virginia; and to meet the cost of such expeditions the British parliament extended its system of colonial requisition. The Governors could not persuade the Colonial Assemblies to grant supplies or money, and they frankly stated that the British Government would get assistance from the colonies only by Imperial statutes. After the war with France was over, the system of requisition was followed by a system of taxation, and that was the beginning of the end.

Of courses, there were additional causes of friction in connection with the navigation, trade and customs acts and regulations. Nevertheless, it is quite clear that the same questions as were discussed in the Eighteenth Century and which caused the loss of the American colonies are the same questions as the Empire is discussing to-day. These are the distribution of the burden of Imperial Defence and the regulation of the internal and foreign commerce of a widely-scattered and many-sided Empire. Since this is the case, a study of the conditions of the period which Mr. Beer has examined is decidedly instructive, if not absolutely essential, to modern British and Colonial statesmen, publicists and writers who are dealing with these greater questions of Empire. Too often, we are inclined to think that the questions of to-day are new and different. They are different in many ways, but the underlying principles are much the same. The problems which the Old Empire had to face are much the same as the New Empire must solve. If they are not more successfully met, then the New Empire must suffer the fate of the Old.

Through a Monocle

THE calling of Sir Charles Tupper to the Imperial Privy Council—presumably on the suggestion of Sir Wilfrid Laurier—is a grateful recognition of great deserts. The importance of the career of Sir Charles Tupper in Canadian history has been somewhat obscured for the rising generation by its later incidents. At a time when Sir Charles was in his prime, and was easily second to Sir John Macdonald in the command of the Conservative party, he was sent off to London to fill the post of High Commissioner, and so was lost to sight for most of us. The High Commissioner's office was not then as prominent in the public view as it is now; and a comparatively small class of Canadians were at all aware of the splendid work which Sir Charles was doing in that position. Fortune found him there when Sir John Macdonald died; and his lieutenants who were left tried every other expedient before sending for the man who was properly second in command. The consequence was that, when Sir Charles came, he found a divided, discouraged and discredited party which even his tremendous courage and activity could not rescue from defeat.

* * *

But Sir Charles Tupper is not a man who should be remembered by defeat. He espoused the cause of Confederation in his native Nova Scotia and overcame tremendous odds against it, thereby putting the Dominion and the Empire under permanent obligations to him. He was Sir John's best fighting man through the years of Opposition, and he was his most progressive and optimistic lieutenant after his return to power in '78. He has always been a great believer in the future of Canada, and a stout champion of her rights within the Empire. He is an Imperialist whose loyalty is so well assured that he can oppose the fanatics amongst the Imperialistic host with a stout front. For instance, he has long told the British members of the party that Canada is now contributing handsomely to the defence of the Empire and should not be asked to assist the British Admiralty raise its funds. If some men took this position, we should hear them called disloyal.

* * *

The Tupper cult is still very much alive in Nova Scotia. It is said that the Liberal "machine" has that Province tied down and ticketed, and that only enough Conservatives are left on the voters' lists to afford a background for Liberal victories; but it would be interesting to see what would follow the irruption of Young Tupper into the Province. A lot of voters would break away from their corrals in order to follow the old name and the old voice. Sir Charles was a man who made his followers love him; and Sir Hibbert—now that he has outgrown a certain youthful consciousness of his own power—is much the same sort of a leader. I am perfectly aware that a lot of Conservatives do not like him. Most of them are leaders who would have to take a step back if Sir Hibbert were to reappear at Ottawa. Of course, that does not affect their judgment of him. Of course not. There is no room in politics for personal jealousy. Still I believe that the Conservative rank-and-file would feel their enthusiasm go up about twenty-five degrees if they were told that a Tupper was back in public life again with the old energy and the old fighting force.

* * *

We are all so fond of the excitement which the Independent offers us in politics that we hasten to console him for his bruises when he is violently unhorsed before our eyes. "Billy" Maclean goes up to London and gives the contest a national interest, with the result that his prestige gets a "bump" when the votes are counted. Bourassa rushes into Bellechasse—which would be a little like tackling George Graham in Brockville—and we all

stand on tip-toe to see the fun, with the result that on the evening of polling the jaunty Henri picks himself out of the dust and remarks cheerfully that he is confident that no bones are broken. Now we are mightily afraid that these "make sports" will get discouraged at this sort of game, and that politics will settle down again to the dull grey of the eternal duel between two party machines; so we hasten to assure these doughty champions that they are not hurt, that we all knew they were all running for exercise and some incidental advertising, and that they must stand up and "be men" and not let the ladies see them crying. This does something towards keeping them going and adds to the gayety of the nation. But will these valiant war horses always be satisfied with this sort of fodder? Will they not be tempted on some weary morrow to take the shilling of party and pull in the party traces?

* * *

I fear so. If Canada wants to keep Independent in politics, I think she must occasionally give them some tangible encouragement which will not always smell of arnica. "First aid to the wounded" is a very pretty charity; but no man is going into battle with much spirit if that is all he expects to get out of it. We must put something on the Christmas Tree for the "strange children" if we expect them to continue to come to Sunday School. Now no harm would have been done if Canada had made "Billy" Maclean a present of London. Another Labour member in the House would have been a good thing; and more power to Billy's elbow would have made for more entertainment. Quebec could not very well have given Bourassa Bellechasse—Turgeon has too promising a career to mar—but if Henri remains a suitor in the Provincial field, it might very well give him some less important scalp. It would not hurt the Gouin Government which has the support of the entire House—practically—and would help to keep Henri going. And a vigilant critic would be a decided assistance to a well-meaning Premier.



Miss Ethel Dufre Houston in the role of Suzuki, in "Madame Butterfly," which is to be given in the Princess Theatre, Toronto, next week.



Sir Charles Moss.



Major Thomas Beattie, M.P.



H. M. Tory, B.D., D.Sc.,

Personalities

SIR CHARLES MOSS.

LAWYER, political candidate, judge, Knight—this is the course followed by many men, the latest addition to the last being Sir Charles Moss. Sir Charles, however, has been much more a citizen than a politician and fully deserves the honour which His Majesty has been pleased to confer. For ten years he has been in the Court of Appeal and for five years he has been President of the Supreme Court of Ontario. For six years he was Vice-Chancellor of the University of Toronto.

The late Chief Justice Moss was a brother and partner of the new Knight in his early days. Mr. Justice Osler was also a member of the firm—Osler and Moss. In 1894, Sir Charles essayed the field of politics but was defeated by the late Mr. O. A. Howland in South Toronto.

* * *

SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

IN the year 1900, Sir Charles Tupper completed the 45th year of an active public career. On May 22nd of that year, a huge basket of red roses was placed on



Right Hon. Sir Charles Tupper.
Photographed at Peterboro in Campaign of 1900.

his desk in the House of Commons to commemorate the occasion, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier added a few generous words. Later came the general election, during which he made his famous tour and in November his retirement followed. Yet another seven years has passed and Sir Charles is still with us. And now His Majesty has honoured him with a call to the Privy Council. His old friend, Sir John Macdonald was called by Her Late Majesty in 1872, and sworn in at Osborne seven years later. Nearly thirty years have passed since then, but Sir Charles' honour has eventually come. No Canadian will begrudge it to this wonderful old man who was present at the Quebec Conference of 1864 and who has always stood for a united Canada and a united Empire. His reputation for forcible fighting and seven-hour speeches is almost unknown to the younger generation, but there are still many living who have distinct memories of his wonderful performances in the political sphere.



R. M. Coulter, C.M.G.
Deputy Postmaster General.

* * *

LONDON'S NEW MEMBER.

LONDON has found a new member to represent it in the House of Commons as successor to the Honourable Charles Hyman. Major Thomas Beattie is an old opponent of Mr. Hyman and defeated him in the general election of 1896 by a majority of 41. The only trouble was that Mr. Hyman would not stay defeated and ultimately gained the seat. Now Mr. Hyman is a wanderer and the Major is safely in the saddle once more.

The Major started out as a dry goods merchant, but is now president of a gas company and director of a loan and a trust company. He has served as an alderman. He was formerly Major of the 7th Fusiliers and served his country in the Northwest Rebellion.

* * *

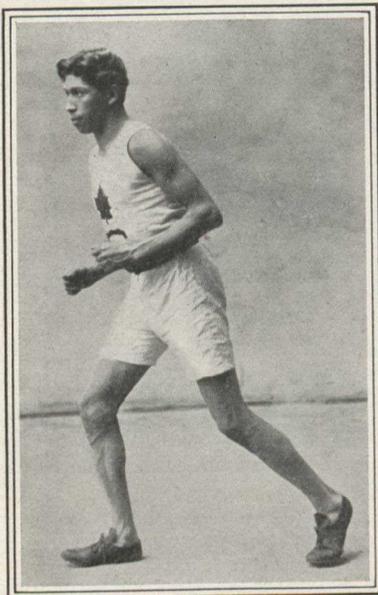
MR. R. M. COULTER.

WHEN Sir William Mulock wanted a deputy to rule the Post-Office Department, as he desired it should be ruled, he sent to his own constituency for a certain Dr. Coulter. It looked like a cheap way of rewarding a political henchman. Subsequent events proved that Sir William knew what he was about, since to give the Civil Service one of its fairly numerous



THE FIVE-MAN TEAM ROAD RACE AT MONTREAL.

Ten, fifteen and twenty mile road races are becoming very common. The nation's young limbs and lungs are being developed as in the days when the Red Indian roamed the almost trackless forests. The winning team on this occasion represented the West End Y.M.C.A., Toronto, while the Irish-Canadians of Toronto were second, and the Halifax Harriers were given a special third prize.



Longboat

stars. Dr. Coulter has not only maintained an economical department, but he has kept it progressive. Moreover, he has followed his old chieftain's ambitions with success and has assisted in removing from the Canadian post-office the great burden of distributing tons of cheap United States periodicals. For his service in this respect and in the cause of cheaper periodical postage between Great Britain and Canada, he has been made a Companion of St. Michael and St. George, an honour none too great

to commemorate one of the grandest reforms which has been accomplished in recent years.

* * *

DR. H. M. TORY.

MR. H. M. TORY, Associate Professor of Mathematics, McGill University, who has been appointed organiser of the Provincial University of Alberta, was born in Guysboro County, Nova Scotia. His great grandfathers settled in Nova Scotia at the close of the American Revolutionary War, so he comes from true Bluenose stock. His education was received at Guysboro Academy, McGill University and Cambridge, England. He prepared to enter the Ministry of the Methodist Church but retired from the pastorate after two years to become, on the invitation of the late Sir William Dawson, Lecturer in Mathematics at McGill University. In addition to work in scientific research, Dr. Tory has been engaged in the general educational work of the University and the country, establishing McGill University College of British Columbia. Dr. Tory goes to Edmonton next January and, no doubt will meet with the educational success which seems to be the lot of sons of Acadia.

The West is determined to have excellent educational institutions and strong men to guide them.



FOOTBALL IN MONTREAL—OTTAWA vs. MONTREAL.

In the Inter-provincial Senior League, the outstanding feature is the superiority of Montreal over Ottawa, Toronto and Hamilton. In the Inter-collegiate Union, Ottawa College and Queen's are crippled, and it looks like a race between McGill and Varsity. The movement to substitute English Rugby for our present hybrid game, ought to be strengthened by the continued brutality which has distinguished the season.

Photograph by R. F. Smith

Christian Science Movement in Canada

By AN ADHERENT

EDITOR'S NOTE: There are many sorts of religions and creeds in this country, and a history of each of these should prove interesting. Accordingly arrangements have been made for a series of articles on the smaller and newer religious bodies. There is no intention of proving their correctness or incorrectness, nor of revealing their strengths or weaknesses; the articles will be merely historical and explanatory. They will appear from time to time during the next few months, as may be found convenient. This is the first of the series, the second will deal with the Mormons.



Mrs. Stewart, Founder of the Toronto congregation.

WHATEVER one may think of Christian Science as a religion, it must be admitted that Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy has had a wonderful career. She has founded a sect which numbers among its adherents successful men of business and thousands upon thousands of ordinary men and women. Now in her declining years she is the centre of a great controversy as to what will happen when she passes away. She herself declares she will have no successor, which probably

Eddy, commenced teaching, the first students being those who had been healed.

As the healing advanced, the medical fraternity became disturbed, and legal proceedings were begun, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart being summoned to the police court on a charge of practising medicine without legal registration, because they were healing people. The prosecution furnished all the witnesses and they testified that no medicine had been given them. The magistrate, however, imposed fines of one hundred dollars and costs. The cases were appealed to a superior court on a writ of certiorari, and before a bench of three judges the conviction was quashed.

Public interest, in the meantime, had been awakened; parlour talks were given, and subsequently a church was organised. As the halls in which services were being held became too small, a church in the central portion of the city was rented and afterwards purchased. With the intention of remodelling and enlarging and in March, 1898, a corner stone was laid, the first in Canada or under the British flag. In this was placed the Bible and a copy of the Christian Science text books, "Science and Health, With Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker G., Eddy. The following June the church was dedicated.

means that the sect will become more or less self-governing.

There are Christian Scientists in every part of Canada, but Toronto has the largest following and was the first city where a church was established in Canada.

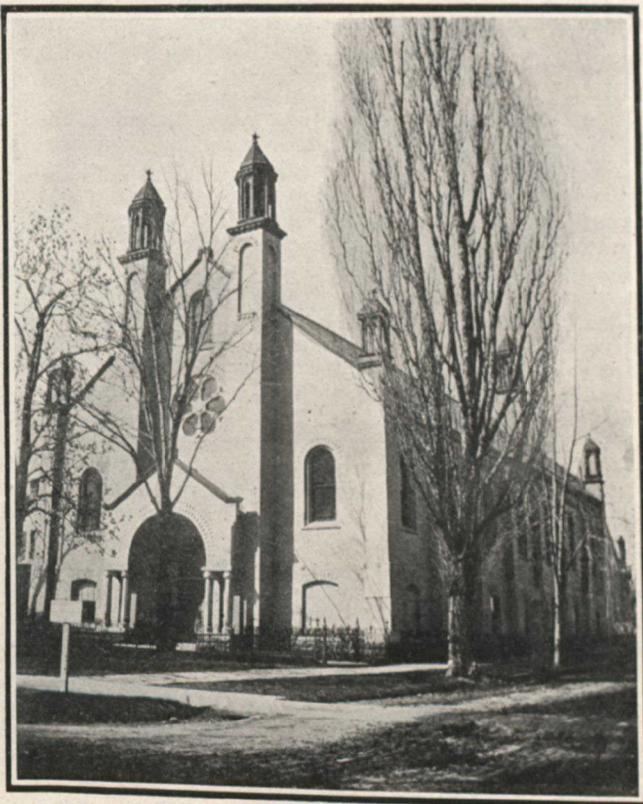
In the year 1887, Mrs. John H. Stewart left her home in Chicago to carry this message of truth as revealed in Christian Science to Toronto, and, as she believed, to prove to the community that Truth scientifically understood can and will heal the sick at this period as surely as it did when Jesus was personally on earth preaching, teaching and healing the sick.

The demonstrations were so convincing that Mrs. Stewart's husband joined her, and Mrs. Stewart, having in the meantime gone through the Massachusetts Metaphysical College under the personal instruction of Mrs.

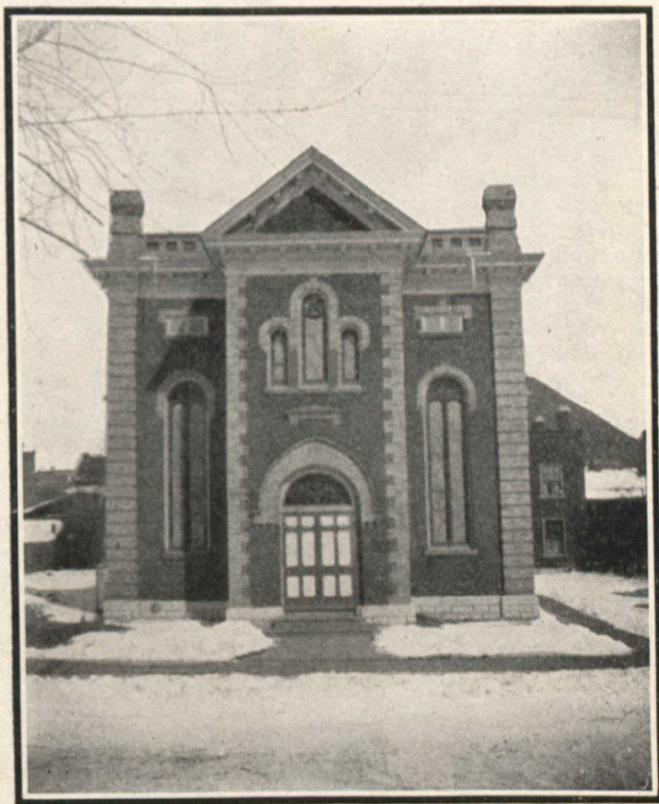
The Students' Association, which had been formed under a charter from the "National Association of Christian Scientists," in 1889, had from a small nucleus increased to several hundred members. Many of these students went into active work in the cities and towns of Ontario and other provinces.

With steady gain the work has gone on in Toronto, till now there are over 650 members and several hundred beneficiaries and adherents. The Toronto congregation are now negotiating plans for a fine new edifice of much larger proportions. The present readers, Mr. Fielding and Mrs. McCall, now face an audience each Sunday that overflows even unto the stairs that lead up from the reading rooms beneath.

The Second Church, which for many years held services in a building at the corner of College and Yonge



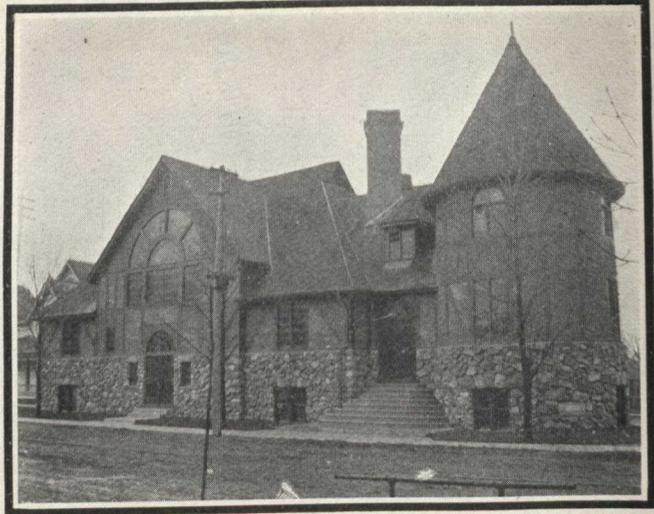
Christian Science Church, Toronto.



The Christian Science Place of Worship, Kingston.



First Church of Christian Scientists, Montreal.



Christian Science Church, Berlin.

Streets, and now united with the First Church, carries the honour of having sent out into the field two of the prominent lecturers, Mr. Miller of London, Eng., and Rev. Mr. Mackenzie of the United States.

Thus we have before us the simple facts of a marvellous growth in Toronto. Starting with a few humble students studying the Bible and the teachings of their revered leader in a parlour of modest pretensions growing into a following large enough and prosperous enough to about erect a building that will be one of the show places of the city.

Second in size in point of membership is the London church, now reaching into the hundreds. In this field there has been a phenomenal growth also. Many people are satisfied that mankind has been benefited by Mrs. Eddy's promulgation or resurrection of the simple mode of healing sickness and sin as practised by the Galilean Master of old.

In Montreal there are two churches. The First Church was founded in December, 1890, under the leadership of Mrs. Clara Shannon, C.S.D. The present church edifice was erected in 1899-1900. The pipe organ built by Casavant Bros. of St. Hyacinthe, P.Q., is celebrated for beauty of tone. The present membership is something over 70. The church is built of brick with stone trimmings. The architectural scheme embodies the flat Tudor arch. The seating capacity is about two hundred

and fifty. Mrs. S. D. Fisher and Mr. Ed. Foote are the present readers.

Winnipeg, the bustling Western city, adds its quota by some hundreds and over. Vancouver and Victoria swell the number of its adherents. In Berlin, where they have one of the prettiest churches in the land we find it reaching out into the business life as manifested in the factory of Williams, Green and Rome Co., well known for its inception and introduction of welfare work. In fact there is hardly a town or village of any size, especially in Ontario, that at least a few do not gather together to spread the doctrine of their belief by their work for the betterment and the lifting of the shadow from sick and sinning humanity. "By their fruits shall ye know them" is undoubtedly proving true, and inquiring minds are reading up on the subject, and putting to the test the claimed merits of Christian Science.

As to the class of people who have been benefited, they are cosmopolitan. From the poorest old lady one could imagine, whom I found happy in her study and practical understanding, to some of our most prominent business men who daily carry the "little book"—Science and Health—to their offices, they one and all radiate a healthy outlook upon life and give convincing proof of their firm belief in the Allness of God-good and the supremacy of right over wrong.

The Future of the Railways

WITH SOME QUOTATIONS FROM THE VIEWS OF MR. B. D. WHITING,
RAILWAY COMMISSIONER OF NEW JERSEY.

CANADA has not yet entirely made up her mind as to the course she will pursue in regard to her future railway policy. A tendency toward Government ownership and operation is manifest in certain quarters, although the movement has not yet assumed important dimensions. At present there is a lull in the discussion, and this should be a good time for the level-headed citizen to turn the subject over in his mind. A few extracts from a recent article in the New York "Outlook," by Mr. Borden D. Whiting, of the Board of Railway Commissioners for the State of New Jersey, will be found to state the basal principles with a considerable degree of clearness and with the authority of one who has made the subject a specialty.

"It is recognised that we may adopt one of the three general policies toward the railways: first, the policy of private ownership regulated only by the common law, and hereinafter referred to as 'laissez faire'; second, the policy of private ownership regulated by government; third, the policy of government ownership. Each policy has its variations, and at times may approach or unite with one of the others, but the division is convenient, readily understood, and substantially comprehensive, and for those reasons it has been adopted.

"Each policy has its advocates. They have all been heard during the passing agitation of the railway question; yet it seems to me that the net results of that agitation conclusively show that, whether for better or for worse, we are done with the policy of 'laissez faire';

that most of us have a very real dread of the difficulties and dangers attendant upon government ownership; and that before resorting to it we are bent upon a final attempt to preserve the principle of private ownership through an effective regulation by government. Congress has passed the far-reaching and thorough-going Hepburn Act. Here in the conservative East, New York has followed with a statute which aims to bring the law of that State into true alignment and harmony with the Federal act, and sets a standard which the other States will sooner or later tend to follow. Pennsylvania has created a Railway Commission with broad powers. Even New Jersey has been able at least to establish the principle of railway regulation by commission, and in time may be expected to second the action of her sister States and frame her laws so as to dovetail the Hepburn Act and assist in the great work contemplated by the Federal Administration.

"We have, then, in no uncertain terms declared against the policy of 'laissez faire.' Most of us are likewise loath to be prematurely forced into Socialism against our will, either because of the clamour of professional agitators or the avarice, cunning and temerity of certain reactionaries. We have consciously entered upon a policy of government regulation of the railways, and have created, or nearly so, the State and Federal Commissions and the machinery with which they shall endeavour to work out the great problem which we have set before them. What that problem is I have perhaps already indicated. I believe it can be put into a

very few words, and to my mind it is this, namely, to regulate the railways in such manner that private ownership and operation shall survive.

"Now the solution of the problem before the railway commissioner seems to me to be just as simple to express as is the problem itself—although it will be far from simple to effectuate. For him to succeed at his task all that is required is that his action shall preserve two things, without either of which the policy of private ownership with government regulation will fall to the ground, and, unless all the signs of the times fail, that which will take its place will not be the policy of 'laissez faire.' These two things are first, fair profits, and second, fair service. The order here given is one of convenience and quite free from significance. Each requisite is paramount.

"First as to profits: the railway commissioner must preserve to the private owner opportunity to secure fair profits upon his fair investment in railway property. Without this there is an end of private ownership. This phase of the railway question has not yet received the public attention which has been devoted to railway abuses, but of course its importance is vital to the principle which we desire to preserve. The private ownership of railways consists of nothing more than the private ownership of railway stocks and railway bonds. From the holder's point of view these are owned but with one idea, namely, expectation of profits. Let there be no doubt about that. Once it is clear that the stocks will not pay fair dividends and the bonds fair interest there is an end of private ownership. No one will privately own for the pleasure of the thing. Fair dividends must be earned. Fair interest must be paid. Otherwise the private owner will sell his railway stocks and bonds for what they will bring, and they won't bring what he paid for them. Foreclosures and re-organisations will be followed by panic, bankruptcies, and grim financial disaster, and the public, which must have the railways operated, will have no choice but the adoption of a policy of government ownership in some form or other, and sooner or later.

"And that brings us to a consideration of the other requisite of private ownership. I have said that we must have fair service. Here again let there be no mistake. If we cannot secure fair service through regulation, we are going to try some other policy, and I fear

it will not be 'laissez faire.' The unmistakable Socialistic trend of affairs cannot leave any substantial doubt in our mind as to what that policy will be if we have to come to it. Come to it we must, however, if we can't secure fair service by the regulation of private ownership. In the last analysis, public opinion rules the day with us. Overwhelming public opinion is settled in the conviction that for various reasons our railway service has not been fair. The Railway Commissions have been overhauled, and in some instances newly created; their powers have been radically changed and enlarged; the public now looks to them to secure fair service, and if they fail, it is my unqualified opinion that private ownership will no longer be tolerated.

"Now, fair service does not mean perfect service. The passing agitation has reached its present momentum not because of any senseless clamour stirred up by demagogues. Its strength lies in the fact that it is based upon the conviction of radical and conservative alike—of the great majority of sound-thinking, common-sense, middle-class citizens who can determine the policy of this country when they see fit to exercise their power. They know well enough that government ownership of the railways would be a dangerous experiment for the Republic to make. They know that under such a policy there would still from time to time be railway financial scandals, railway abuses, railway sins of omission and commission, to say nothing of the many real political and economic dangers attendant upon such a policy, and they are accordingly minded to demand under a continuation of the regime of private ownership only fair service. Reasonable allowance will be made for mistakes, for human frailty, for the equities presented by each specific case which may arise; but the sum total of the achievements of the policy of private ownership with government regulation must amount to fair service—at least to such an extent that its benefits clearly outweigh the dangers and difficulties of government ownership—or the policy of private ownership and operation becomes a lost cause.

"There is no necessary conflict between their purposes and ours, and each of us will be held responsible if discriminations are not within reasonable limitations abolished; if fair service is not accorded to the public; if the principle of private ownership is not preserved."



SIGNS OF THE SEASON

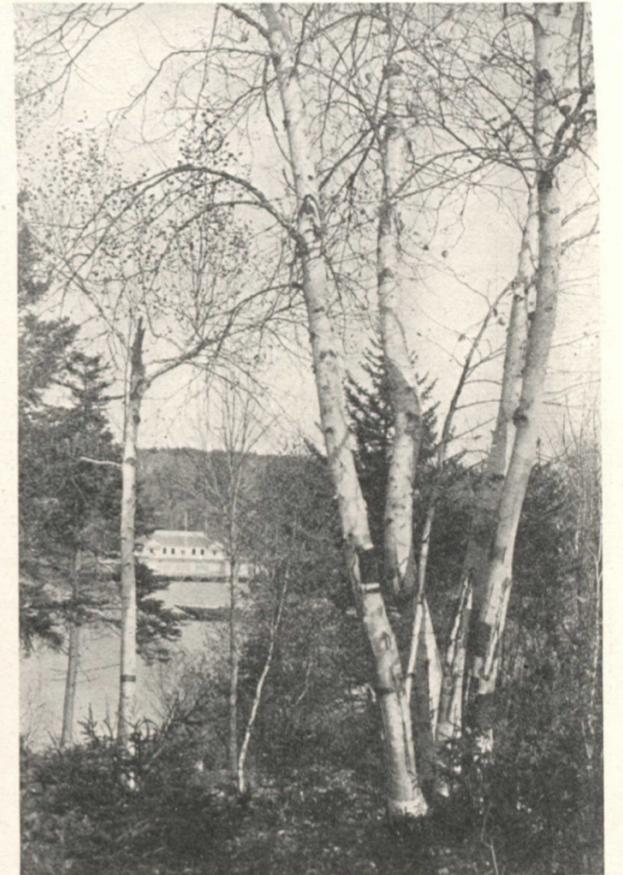
THE WONDERFUL VARIETY AND CHARM OF CANADIAN LANDSCAPES



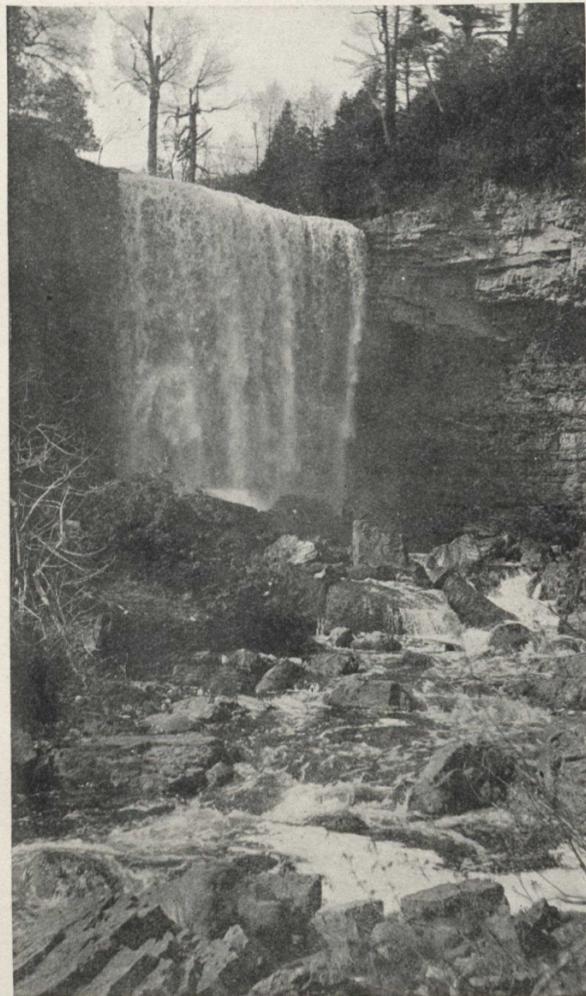
No. 1—"Morning Mists, Don Valley, Toronto." J. F. Scott, Toronto.



No. 3—"Quietude." A. W. Hall, Toronto.



No. 2—"Birches." J. H. Jost, Halifax.



No. 4—"Webster's Falls, Dundas." Arthur T. Coombes, Hamilton.



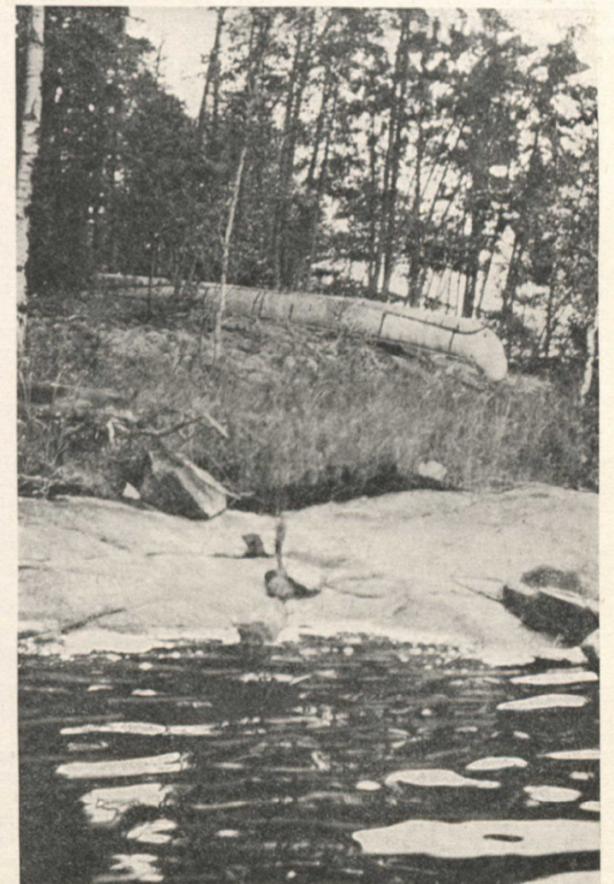
No. 5—"On Slocan River, B.C." Laura E. Irwin, Kamloops, B.C.



Hon. Mention—"A November Sunset, River Thames." Mrs. H. G. Hines, London.



Hon. Mention—"Devil's Canyon, Banff." Miss M. J. Philbin, Montreal.



Hon. Mention—"In the North Country." No name attached.

Best Landscape not introducing figures.

WINNERS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST No. 3.

There were over Sixty Competitors.



AT VARSITY GATES

By ETHEL HARVEY

"MUST I give up my year?"

The doctor was accustomed to scenes that most people would have called painful, but he avoided looking at Charlie Winston as he replied: "There's no doubt about that, my dear fellow. You must go away at once, be outdoors nearly all day and neither read nor worry for a year or two."

"But I was to take my degree next spring."

The doctor saw that he must be brutal, "A blind B.A. would not be of any great use in the world," he said dryly. As the boy winced, his adviser continued, "You will be another man before you've been in the West for a month. It's hard luck, but you must face it. You may be able to complete the work later, but you have come to me just in time."

It was a mild October morning, but Winston shivered for he was a boy of keen imagination and he had read "The Light That Failed," during the holidays. To give up 'Varsity life and work was bad enough, but to give up the light of day would be a blacker tragedy. So he held out his hand bravely, although there was a quiver about the boyish lips:

"Well, good-bye Doctor—and thank you."

"Good-bye Winston," And Doctor Bradley's strong slender fingers closed heartily around the boy's unsteady hand. "You'll be all right, remember, if you'll only have some sense and take care of yourself. You'll be M.P. for one of those western towns before many years." There was a challenge in the elder man's glance and the younger responded to it swiftly.

"I'll find enough to do at any rate," was the answer, "and lots of chaps have had worse luck."

But as the boy walked away from the Bloor Street office, the future seemed dark indeed as he thought of the chums he must leave, the college course given up and the untried life in a new territory. His work had meant more to him than classes mean to the run of college students, and he did not like to think of telling Jack Munro that they were not to take their degrees together. Then there was Mabel Herald, who ought to know by this time why he was anxious to "get through" and be at work. Of course, he had not said anything to her about love in a cottage or a flat because a girl ought to understand perfectly well when a man thinks she is the very finest specimen of her sex permitted to exist in an unworthy world. Mabel was so reserved and dignified that he had not yet been able to discover her exact sentiments towards himself. But did she understand? Would she know what he felt at giving up in his very last year and trying to act as if it wasn't hard lines to have a pair of weak eyes which must be protected at all costs? This was what the headache and strain of the last six months meant, but he wasn't going to tell Mabel about it and work on the girl's sympathies until she thought he was to be pitied and cried over. He believed he would go away without saying a word to anyone about his health. It certainly wouldn't be fair to try to win a promise from Mabel when they were both so young and his future was so uncertain. Thus reflected the disappointed young student and grew moodier as he pictured Mabel as the wife of Frank Russell who thought so much of himself that he seemed to be able to impress others also with an idea of his surpassing ability.

The next afternoon was a perfect burst of autumn sunshine and Toronto was wearing its best, for King Edward's only son and the Princess May were the city's guests and even as the young prince had been greeted in 1861, so, on this October afternoon in 1901, the Queen City was radiant for the heir to the Empire's throne. As Charlie Winston walked across the park, aglow with rich colour, he felt a thrill as he looked up at 'Varsity and realised that his student days were at an end. He loved every gray stone in the building and the sight of the lawn brought a lump into his throat. What Varsity means to youth—sport, ambition, toil, triumph—came before his aching eyes and he walked with heavy heart

through the crowd and up the stairway. What a fine old crowd the fellows were, singing songs, patriotic and sentimental, as they waited for the arrival of royalty. Sir Wilfrid Laurier appeared in a splendour of gold lace and the boys informed him repeatedly that he was a jolly good fellow, receiving in return the Premier's courtly bow. Then, with shouting crowds and scattered roses, appeared Prince George and Princess May and the hall echoed to the cheering of Canadian youth. But Charlie Winston sat with firmly pressed lips and clenched hands, listening to the speeches and seeing the stately robes of the Chancellor through a mist. The ceremony was quickly over, the distinguished visitors and the worthy professors passed solemnly away, and Charlie Winston, avoiding the crowd of student friends who were going across to the athletic grounds, found himself at the eastern entrance and beside a girl whose gray gown looked familiar.

"Miss Herald!" he exclaimed in surprise, for he did not know that she had returned to the city.

"Yes. We came back yesterday. Wasn't it lovely! I think the Duchess is a dear."

"She's all right," said Winston soberly, "I thought they both looked tired. It must be a great bore to belong to a King."

Miss Herald laughed gayly and replied:

"Some of us would like to know how it feels. I suppose your work will be heavy this year."

"I don't know," he answered with hesitation. "I've given up my year and leave for the West next Tuesday."

"You're not going to graduate!" she cried in dismay, "Why, what are you thinking of? I thought you were ambitious." The tone stung him, and, with the hasty pride which only very young people cherish, he decided to keep his failing sight a secret and replied—

"Oh, if a man wants to do anything out there, he'd better not waste any time."

"And you call it a waste of time to spend another year at the University? Then you've only pretended to care about your work and the foot-ball and all that. I didn't think you were so fickle."

"I'm not fickle," he contradicted, feeling as annoyed as if she had known his reason for going away. "I may take it up again, but just now I feel as if I wanted to get away from it all. Blindly he spoke the last words, not recognising the meaning of the flush that came to the girl's fair cheeks.

"Of course," she said coldly, "it's your own business and, no doubt, you will succeed in the West. But if I were a young man and given a chance at 'Varsity I should not throw it away like this. It's a pity that you don't appreciate it."

This was gall and bitterness, but it was quite impossible now to explain to this superior young person and to reveal his own grief at the parting from his first ambition. He was hurt and angry and almost savagely desirous of making someone else uncomfortable. How foolish he had been to think that Mabel Herald cared anything about him! She was angry because he was giving up his work but did not care the least bit in the world because he was going a thousand miles away. Girls are poor creatures anyway, entirely unworthy the serious consideration of a young man nearly twenty-two years of age.

"I can't expect a girl to understand a man's impatience to be really doing something," he replied, with the consciousness that he was talking like a prig.

"And I can't expect a boy," she said, with crushing emphasis, "to know his own mind long enough to take a degree."

Winston had always considered Mabel Herald the most amiable of maidens and now he felt both aggrieved and surprised by her spirited retorts. A nice girl had no business with a temper, even if an angry mood were extremely becoming to her and disturbing to a lover. He was very glad, he assured himself, that he had said nothing to her about his dream of a cottage where they

would be happy ever after. A wife who could develop such capabilities in repartee would be a serious matter. She might have sense enough to know that he would never think of leaving college except for a compelling cause. But how pretty she looked with that haughty flash in her eyes and how pleasant it would be to see it melt into friendliness again if she knew all about his trouble. But no! He was not going to beg for sympathy and he would not tell even Jack Munro.

"I wrote to you two weeks ago," he said, feeling that he dared not talk any further on the subject of his departure.

"Yes, but I did not receive your letter until this morning. You see, we've been out of the world for the last two weeks. I suppose we shall see you before you go."

The cold conventionality of the last remark was almost too much for Mr. Charles Winston's endurance. But he smiled back bravely and said: "Of course I'll be pretty busy, for I've made up my mind in a hurry. But I'd like to see you all before I leave. I'll probably come over on Monday night."

Such indifference on the part of a young man who had shown before vacation an anxiety to spend Monday and any other available evening in her society was rank insolence to the ears of Miss Mabel Herald, and three days later she listened coolly when her mother said, "It's too bad that you were out, Mabel. Charlie Winston called and we had a long talk about his going out to the West."

Hardly six years had passed since Winston gave up his "last year" and went out to the great country beyond the Prairie Province; but it might have been ten years, judging by the weary white face of the woman who watched the breakwater as it dashed in cooling waves on the shore of Centre Island. It was Saturday afternoon, and crowds of hot, tired people were shaking off the dust and weariness of the city as they rowed on the lagoon or sat on the sands where the children's castles were built and destroyed every moment. But Mabel Herald had hardly recovered yet from the week's toil and she wandered off to be utterly by herself until she had almost reached the gap through which even now a great steamer was slowly passing. Gradually the lines of care in the girl's face softened and her mouth lost its expression of stern endurance.

Just six months after Winston left Toronto, Mr. Herald had died and it was found that like many generous, easy-going men he had left comparatively small provision for the wife and daughter who had hardly known what it was to have an ungratified desire. A change to a boarding-house of comfortless aspect had almost crushed her mother, but Mabel was apparently indifferent to their altered circumstances. For more than two years she had been acting stenographer in a lawyer's office, and after she reached the house she called home she submitted to maternal wailings about their unparalleled misfortunes with the inevitable conclusion: "Little did I think my daughter would come to this."

"It's honourable work, mother," was the reply, at first. But gradually Mabel became so accustomed to her parent's repining that it fell upon unheeding ears and she accepted it as part of the day's work and worry. Mabel was as healthy-minded and independent as most Canadian girls, and work in itself would have only been a joy. But she was essentially an out-doors girl, to whom sky and woods and water made irresistible appeal and the days in the office with the clack of the typewriter were wearing out her patience and her spirit. The loss of her father who had been as much companion as parent was a shock from which she had been slow to recover. Deep in her heart was another loss which she would have refused to name, even to herself. Charlie Winston had been unconsciously the fulfilment of her ideal of manly strength and pluck and she could never understand why he had so suddenly thrown up his work and gone away. It had seemed in a sense like desertion of his highest purpose, and, like most young girls, Mabel had been severe in her judgment. Months after her father's death a letter of sympathy had reached her, but Winston had all a reserved man's awkwardness in speaking of such a sorrow and the tardy condolence had seemed forced and formal. Nothing affords more room for misunderstanding than a letter and her reply had seemed to Winston to possess a final note that the young man's pride accepted—all the more readily, perhaps, because he was finding in the work of the strenuous intoxicating West a fierce fascination that held him for the time. Man's sorrow is like his love—"of this life a thing apart"—and he put away the cold little letter and rode out with greater vigour than ever to inhale the air that means ambition and absorption.

All the disappointment of the past and the discouragement of the present came over Mabel Herald as the waves of Lake Ontario broke higher and higher, ruffled by a breeze that had sprung up in the west. What was the use of it all? She would go on whacking those tiresome keys until she was old and gray and then she would go to a home for distressed old ladies. There was nothing but a colourless life before her and tears of self-pity rolled down the girl's white cheeks.

"I'm a little fool," she said angrily, rubbing her damp face vigorously, "lots of girls would be overjoyed to be getting seven dollars a week with the prospect of eight dollars in September. I'll buy some flowers to cheer up mother and we'll try to forget that we ever saw better days." The cluster of pink carnations did indeed brighten Mrs. Herald's eyes, but she looked anxious as she noticed that Mabel ate a few berries and then pushed her plate aside.

"What's the matter, dear?" said the mother, who was really devoted to her only child and for whose sake she was constantly deploring their vanished comfort.

"Nothing much. I think I'm developing nerves."

After dinner Mabel seemed exceedingly restless and she finally arose and said: "I'm going for a long walk—up to College Street and around the University and then through the park. I want to see all the ivy and trees I can get this summer. I'm so tired of desks and paper." Her mother made no comment, but watched the slender figure as Mabel walked away and inwardly feared that the girl's strength was giving way.

Almost an hour later, Mabel rose from a seat in the park under a friendly old elm and began to walk toward the eastern entrance to the University grounds. As she passed the memorial to the soldiers who had fallen thirty odd years ago, and had entered through the old gateway, she noticed a man striding along the walk with a swing that was familiar and yet strange. He came nearer and the brown face lighted in unmistakable eagerness at sight of Mabel.

"It can't be," she said, brokenly, "why, Charlie Winston!"

"The same, at your service," he said, lifting a wide hat to reveal hair that had not yet lost its boyish curl. Mabel had turned very white and he quietly drew her hand within his arm as they walked towards the Varsity. "I went to see your mother first," he said, "and she told me that you had gone for a walk in this direction."

"Yes," replied Mabel faintly, "I often walk over to Varsity."

"Why?" he said, with a quick, commanding glance that he assuredly must have learned in the West. A flush came to the girl's face and then she looked up defiantly.

"Because it's a beautiful place—and I love it—and—"

"I would have come," he said boldly, "because it was at Varsity gates that I saw you last. What a young idiot I was not to tell you why I gave up, Mabel; the doctor had told me that my sight was failing and that there was nothing for it but a change of life. I was too proud and stupid to tell you the real reason—and then, you were out when I called to say good-bye. I intended to tell you then but everything seemed to go wrong."

"And are your eyes all right now?" asked Mabel, looking up in alarm. The response in his glance made her suddenly draw her hand from his arm and endeavour to frown.

"What do you think?" he said, smiling wickedly.

"Your eye-sight seems quite strong."

"Strong enough to see you very clearly, Mabel."

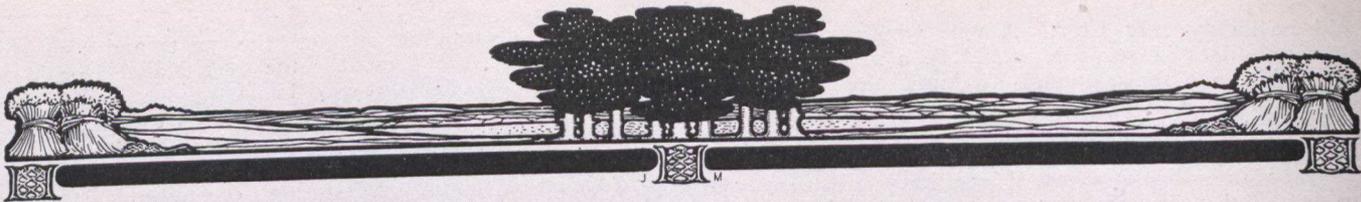
"You did not call me 'Mabel' years ago."

"But there isn't any sense in wasting more time, my dear. I want you to tell your employer on Monday that he must have some one to take your place before next week is over. You are going to look after my ranch for the rest of your life, you know. Your mother is coming too. We arranged it all in about a quarter of an hour."

"I am quite capable of taking care of myself," said the girl, refusing to look at this wild Westerner.

"You don't seem to have made a very good job of it," he said critically, taking a thin little hand between his hard brown palms. "If I couldn't do better I'd be ashamed of myself."

It was insulting and preposterous to have her consent taken for granted in such a manner; but this new Charlie Winston, like Father O'Flynn, "had a way with him," and when he talked about the view of the Rockies and the morning ride and the air that was champagne and when he spoke of the love and care that would always be hers, Mabel Herald surrendered at discretion, feeling that when the West woos it is folly to do anything but follow Love even though it lead to the Pacific.



THE OLD BARN

By MARGHA

ON the picturesque banks of Rice Lake is situated the Indian village of Hiawatha. In 1860 it consisted of a few cabins built by the Government for the civilisation of that small tribe of Ojibways who hunted in the northern woods and fished in the waters of the lake.

They were a contented band, nurtured and fostered by the Missionary, whom they called the Meens'ter. Only one disturbing element entered into the life of the little village, and when it appeared, it came like the bursting of a bomb, causing dismay and trouble.

Paul Gondeau, a French half-breed, who was as reckless as he was evil, came periodically to the village with his fiddle and a keg of liquor and proceeded to lure away the youth of the settlement. He took delight in undoing the work of the Meens'ter and laughed at the victims who fell an easy prey to his wiles—for he was a handsome as well as a cunning devil, and drew the young men and maidens by his evil magnetism until their will was not their own and (even as it was in olden time) he cast them into the fire or the water as it pleased him.

The Meens'ter prayed against him and the older Indians lay in wait with guns and clubs to punish him, but he was too wily and always slipped away. He knew his danger and like the wild beasts he stayed in the woods which lay west of the village, by day—only coming out at night to capture his prey. One morning an old Indian named Jim Crow ran to the Mission House, his black hair straggling over his eyes and his features distorted by grief.

"Oh, Meens'ter," he cried, "dat devil Gondeau, he run away with my girl!—gone away—not come back—my heart sore—I too old to go—pray Manitou."

The Meens'ter drew the old man into his little sitting-room and prayed as the prophets of old must have prayed—when the heavens opened and an answer came, swift as the lightning flash. Then he put on his hat and went down the lane, through the gate into the village street. The women were gathered around their doors, while the Indians growled their rage.

"What is this I hear?" he asked Tobias Smith, who was one of the pillars of the little church.

"Oh, Gondeau he cam' las' night—tak' girls and boys to woods, haf whiskey plenty—they dance an' stay all night in ole barn. Gondeau, he tak' Nita—Jim Crow's girl—he go away—not come back."

"Why," said the Meens'ter, "she was to be married to John Bearfoot. Is that so?"

"Yah, yah—an' John, he'll kill Gondeau—he like Nita much—he'll kill him."

The Meens'ter looked as though he would make no objection to such an action and turned to Jim Crow.

"Go home," he said; "Manitou hears—He will speak to John and he will obey."

That night a loud rap on the door of the Mission House brought the Meens'ter down stairs, candle in hand. To his surprise he saw John Bearfoot standing in the porch, while Nita crouched behind him, pale and trembling.

"Come in," he cried; "I am glad the girl is safe."

"You marry us quick," said the Indian, a fierce tension in his voice. "I got licence."

The book was brought from the study and at midnight the two were made man and wife. John took her to old Jim's cabin, while the Meens'ter spent the night wondering what had befallen Paul Gondeau. Many surmises were indulged in and many questions asked of Nita and John, but they were not answered. Paul came no more to the village either by day or night—he was like an evil dream which had fled but had left a malodorous breath.

When three months had passed, however, and the snow began to pile its white banks in the fence corners and around the cabins, Nita's face wore a troubled look which puzzled the Meens'ter. He was not surprised to see her, one day, coming up the lane, glancing furtively around lest she should be seen. Her red shawl was wrapped

closely around her head and shoulders for it was November and a cold north wind was blowing. When the Meens'ter had taken her to the study and shut the door she burst into passionate cries:

"Paul in the ole barn. I take him milk and fish. Now he cold—he freeze—very sick—he die you not come quick."

"How long has he been there?"

"Oh, he go way off—he get sick, very—he come back to ole barn las' week, but he die. Meens'ter—go quick—please, an' don't tell John I come here."

"I shall see to him, Nita, but go to Tobias Smith and tell him to come."

He saw her go down the garden path and cross the meadow, which was a short cut to the cabin of Tobias Smith. Then he went to the stable and gave the old pony a feed of oats. When Tobias arrived breathless (for the Meens'ter's call was thought divine) he found him ready for a journey.

"Get in, Tobias, we're going to the old barn. You must show me the way. I got a lantern for it may be dark when we return."

After twenty minutes' ride over fallen branches and stones and through snow drifts they arrived at the old barn. The crazy door hung by one hinge and the wind whistled and wailed through its broken rafters and crevices. They found Paul Gondeau lying on a pile of straw and covered by blankets which Nita had secretly conveyed to him. He was wasted and worn by disease and it was evident that he would commit no more depredations on either the law or the morals of the village.

The Meens'ter bent over him. "I have come to take you home with me."

"Me? To the Mission House?" his strained and wheezy voice whispered.

"Yes. Here, Tobias, lend a hand. Let us get him out of this. It is not fit for a dog here."

"He dog," grunted the Indian, "let him die."

They lifted the limp figure and put him in the sleigh. The Meens'ter held him while Tobias drove the pony, and in another hour he was lying in a warm bed in the Mission House and had sunk into the deep sleep of exhaustion.

When morning came, a doctor was brought from Keene, who said it was only a question of days as his lungs were almost gone. He also discovered an unhealed wound in his side which was enough of itself to kill him. So the Meens'ter and his wife nursed and waited and the third night, as the clock struck twelve, a timid rap was heard on the kitchen door.

When the bolt was drawn, Nita, white and stricken, came in.

"Where is he?" she asked; "I go to ole barn—he gone."

"Come in, Nita," said the Meens'ter, "Paul is here."

He led her to the room where the dying man lay gasping out his last breath.

"John kill you too," he moaned, then suddenly raising himself, he cried in a loud voice.

"The devil went away when I was lying in the barn. I'm sorry—sorry for all I've done. I wanted Nita—to marry her—but John he follow and shoot. I am not afraid to die—but, I'm sorry. Pray Manitou."

They knelt around the bed, while Nita flung herself on its side and put her arms around his neck.

When the Meens'ter rose to his feet after long wrestling with an angry God, Nita said quietly: "See! Manitou come—take him!" The laboured breath had ceased and on the wasted but still handsome face was a smile of emancipation.

The Indians would not allow the Meens'ter to bury him in the graveyard by the church, so he and Tobias dug a grave on the edge of the wood that skirted the meadow.

Every week during many summers a bunch of flowers was laid on the lonely grave by Nita. No one knew of her secret visits to the wood save the Meens'ter—and he never told.



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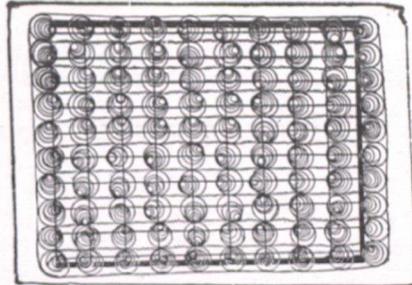


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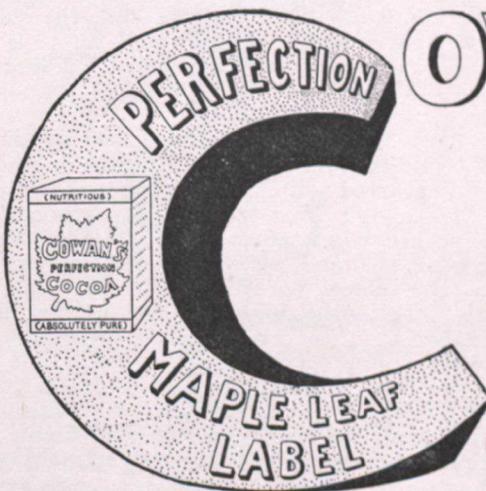
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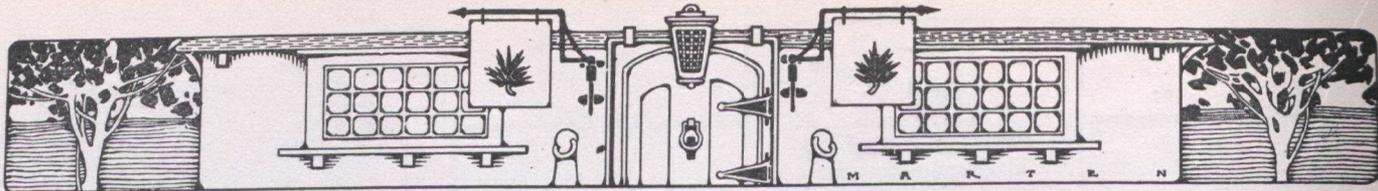
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

IN these days of clubs and rumours of clubs there has arisen some talk as to the formation of Women's Canadian Clubs. By all means! We have missionary, temperance, literary, patriotic and musical societies. Why shouldn't we have a club which forms a happy meeting-ground for just plain and simple Canadians, who wish to have a cup of tea and hear something about what the world is doing? Of course, the men will make fun of it—but when haven't our dear brethren made fun of us? Feminine variety is the spice of the masculine life and if we weren't changing our minds and altering our hats every few weeks, the funny men on the newspapers would be out of copy.

If we are going to have Women's Canadian Clubs, let them be on the same broad lines as those organizations which are already doing so much in our cities and towns for the enlivening and elevating of Canadian manhood. Domestic questions, so far as minor matters are concerned, may safely be left to special clubs for discussion. It has been manifest during the last few years that women in the large cities of the country have felt a desire to hear the different distinguished men who have addressed the Canadian Clubs. But, as the halls in which these meetings are held are hardly equal to the membership, it is practically impossible for women to be admitted to the galleries. Nor is it desirable, for the masculine members are happier with no other feminine presence than that of My Lady Nicotine.

A pleasant note from a Kingston correspondent, "C. L.," comments on the remarks in this column a fortnight ago concerning "Bystander's" desire for limericks on the long-disputed definition of "lady." The Kingston reader contributes a couple of limericks on the subject, of which I quote the first:

"She may dwell in Ceylon or Araby,
Her skin may be fair or shady.
She judges a man by his goodness of heart,
Not by his clothes, or his stocks on the mart,
This rare being I call a lady."

I fear that she would be rare, indeed, if she judged a man by his goodness of heart. Don't you know, "C. L.," that the average woman is a very poor judge of her brothers? Trust a man's verdict on a man and a woman's verdict on a woman and you are fairly safe. Of course there are spiteful men and catty women who cannot say a generous word of anyone; but the man whom other men call "a decent chap" and the woman whom other women call a "dear" are usually worth while. By the way, any woman who has been judging a man by his "stocks on the mart" must have had to revise her rapidly falling estimate during the last month.

The papers have lately contained obituary notices of Mary J. Holmes, who was engaged in novel-writing for over half a century, her first novel appearing in 1854 and her latest in 1905. Most of us remember Mary J.'s "English Orphans" and "Lena Rivers," to say nothing of "Tempest and Sunshine," which a small chum and I read during one golden August week and which we regarded as a most remarkable volume. Some years ago, successful novelists were induced by a popular New York magazine to contribute articles of literary confession, telling what work of fiction had influenced them most deeply. Sir A. Conan Doyle mentioned "The Cloister and the Hearth," Ian MacLaren owned to a natural pre-

ference for "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," but a woman writer (I think it was Constance Fenimore Woolson), frankly stated that the novel she had most enjoyed was "The Jilt," by an author unknown to fame,

a thoroughly fascinating account of the trials and triumphs of a haughty, golden-haired beauty, who had the world at her exquisitely-arched feet. The most enthralling novel which brightened my childhood reading was "Guy Earlscount's Wife," which that same small chum used to read out of a daily paper—I think it was the London "Advertiser." There was a most unfortunate creature named Olivia who was forced to marry a cruel and wealthy baronet and her woes made the finest sort of melodrama. She wore a wine-coloured silk dress which created envy in our young hearts. That wonderful tale with its murder of sweet Alice and secret marriage of beautiful Pauline, was all very well until "St. Elmo" came along and put lesser loves to flight with his subtle and mysterious arts. The boy grows up to prefer Thomas Hardy to "Dick, the Terror of the Plains" and the girl smiles at the lurid splendour of "St. Elmo's" career. But, after all, do we enjoy "The Egoist" or "Fenwick's Career" half as much as we did the shiny-covered old books which we read in the years when we almost believed in Aladdin and Ali Baba?

* * *

The "American" woman, by which adjective is meant the country started off in its proud career by George Washington, is extolled by her countrymen in a fashion which is highly amusing. Diana, Venus and Minerva are nowhere when the New York girl appears on the scene. Recently the magazines of her native land have been indulging in a few pensive criticisms of this radiant being and have actually been able to discover faults in her hitherto perfect character. In the "Atlantic Monthly," Anna Rogers discusses the matter of divorce and lays the large share of blame for what is a national disgrace on the trivial selfishness of the women who, too often, seem to consider "matrimony a picnic and a husband a shawl-strap." In the "Saturday Evening Post" a Frenchman is induced to say a few words regarding the "American" woman. While he diplomatically praises certain qualities, he reserves his warmest praise for the women of his own land.

* * *

It is generally admitted that the French woman is more charming than the feminine representative of any other land. She is intellectually stimulating in an essentially feminine fashion and never forgets the seductiveness of frills and chiffon, even in her consideration of a sonnet or a sermon. The photograph of Madame Rostand, reproduced on this page, shows a graceful woman, possessed of the indescribable quality for which we use that over-worked term, "chic." The French woman wears even a black gown with an air which gives distinction to mourning. In figure and bearing, Madame Rostand is said to resemble the great French leaders of salon days. Her husband is known as one of the foremost dramatists of the day, although no later work has been acclaimed as was "Cyrano de Bergerac," with its spirit of a chivalry which is never quite dead in Bayard's country. Their mountain home with its grove and garden is said to be the favourite retreat of the dramatist and his wife who have no love for the noisy life of the capital. The former's recent illness has elicited general sympathy.

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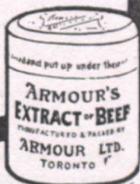
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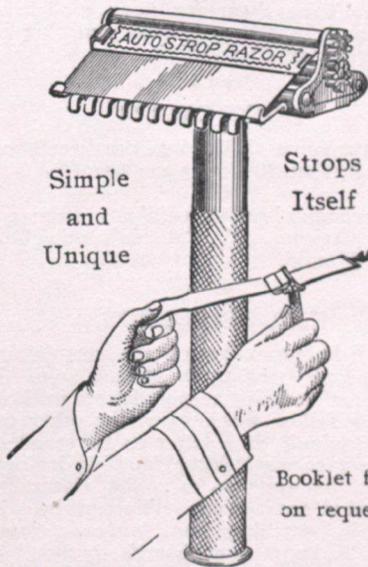
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A Gentleman Unafraid

THE editor of the St. John "Sun" pays an earnest tribute to the late Minister of Education for Manitoba, who, from his deathbed, last week sent a message to the people of Brandon, his constituents and fellow citizens, which, with pride that the city of St. John bred such a man, is published in the columns of his old home journal.

The editor continues: "Dr. McInnis was only forty-two years old. A week before, he stood, full of bodily and mental vigour, just over the threshold of a brilliant and useful public career. He sent this message with the full knowledge that his work was done, that in a few hours he must leave this world and its activities—a world which had been good to him and in which he had taken keen delight. And he never whimpered, never gave a sign of self-pity or fear. With the long shadow creeping over his face, his thought was for the good of his people and of the town he loved. Knowing that all his share of Brandon's future would be six feet of grass mound, he still could calmly advise those who would participate in its progress and partake of its prosperity how best to build—to improve their hospitals, to provide schools for the children of the new peoples, to leave room for beauty and to guard its public utilities.

"No man could make a better end. There is more than courage shining through that message. To many it is given to face death bravely, but to few to show in their supreme moment such clear and splendid unselfishness. The town of Brandon, even in its mourning, is to be envied. The memory of this man should prove for it particularly, and for all Canadians, a high inspiration."

The Little Blue Bead

NOWHERE in all Western Canada do the waters of romance lie deeper than a generation. So that the imagination of the Westerner, be he farmer, rancher, merchant, or real estate dealer, is never athirst. The farmer breaks a patch of virgin prairie, and the plough turns up a creelful of white bones; and hard by he sees the "wallow" or shallow depression in which the mighty dead, a lord of the Northern buffalo herd, took his last dust-bath. The rancher, riding towards the foot-hills on a round-up, chances on a place where stones have been laid in a wide circle. Here was, in olden days, a city of the Black-foot nation; each fragment of rock was once the hearthstone in a tepee thronged with the voices of men, women, and children. These stones are half-sunken in the prairie; in another century they will have sunk out of sight. The rancher's keen sun-bleached eyes, focused in a frown, discern a point of blue gleaming in the grey-green expanse. He dismounts and picks up a little blue bead about one-quarter of an inch in diameter. To-day his three-year-old daughter wears it in her coral necklace—so that the long day's work of the Indian artificer has not been wasted. Who was the first to wear it? And who shall be the last? — Canada.

Not the Right Kind of Head

An Irishman named Hickey, who was killed by a blow on the head recently was found, on surgical examination, to have had a skull no thicker in some places than blotting-paper. This recalls a story of an altercation between two natives of Dublin at Donnybrook Fair. There was the usual exchange of shillelah compliments, and the skull of one was smashed. At the trial of the victorious youth, a surgeon testified that the victim's temporal bone was as thin almost as an egg-shell. Nevertheless, O'Sullivan was convicted of homicide, and when asked if he had anything to say before sentence, he simply remarked to the judge, "Yer honour, I'm sorry about this thing, but you heard what the doctor said about the unfortunate young man, an' I leave it to yer honour, now, if that was any kind of a head to go to a fair with in Ireland."

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THE HONKERS.

THE "CANADIAN COURIER" has a honking cover this week which pictures the flight of the wild geese as the cold days and long nights come upon us. In the latest issue of "Lippincott's Magazine," that delightful writer of light verse, Minna Irving, has a two-stanza poem on honkers, ancient and modern, which gives more than one version of the flight.

When all the woods are red and gold,
And corn is shocked and dry,
I see the wild geese overhead
Go speeding down the sky.
Their mighty pinions cleave the air,
To southern marshes bound,
And through the gray and drifting clouds
Their ringing trumpets sound,
Honk, honk!

Between the meadows bare and brown,
And waiting for the snow,
The autoist is speeding fast
His scarlet car below,
And like an echo loud and far
Across the frosty morn,
I hear upon the whistling wind
His wild and warning horn—
Honk, honk!

THE PRACTICAL LOVER.

As prices continue to rise, the young man who once sent roses, violets and bonbons comes to the conclusion that his sweet-heart requires more convincing proof of his affection and muses thus:

Oh, Laura is a lovely girl,
My fairest favourite cousin!
I think I'd better send to her
Of eggs a precious dozen.

My love for dainty Muriel
Is more than I can utter;
I really must bestow on her
A pound of dairy butter.

My feelings for Alicia
In gifts must find relief.
I'll send to her next Saturday
A five-pound roast of beef.

—J. G.

WHY?

Why is it folks 'sit this way in
The car we miss,
While in the car we catch at last
We're jammedlikethis.

—Town Topics.

IRISH LOGIC.

In a Glasgow car was an aged Irishman, who held a pipe in his mouth. The conductor told him he could not smoke, but he paid no heed. Presently the guard came into the car, and said, with a show of irritation:

"Didn't I tell you you couldn't smoke in this car?"

"Well, Oi'm not smoking."

"You've got a pipe in your mouth."

So Oi have me feet in me boots," said Pat, "but Oi'm not walking."

IN SOCIETY.

The negro barber on a limited train running from an eastern city to Chicago was once shaving a man whom he recognised as a well-known merchant of Albany. The barber worked with especial skill and was rewarded with a substantial fee.

When the barber was telling the other

employees on the train of his good luck, he announced pompously:

"He's shore a mighty fine genulman, dat Mr. Smith; jes' as nice a man as you'd want'er meet. I's often been in his sto' in Albany, but dis is de fust time I's ever met him socially."—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE LIMIT.

Canada's Supreme Court has fixed a maximum of three hours for counsel's addresses, which decree has recalled some tales of overlong speeches. The story is told of a counsel who pressed his argument for a long time with frequent repetition.

"Mr. ———," said the judge, "you have said that before."

"Have I, my lord?" replied counsel, apologetically, "I am very sorry; I forgot it."

"Don't apologise," was the judicial response; "it was so very long ago."

An American lawyer, who seemed unable to arrive at the end of a prolonged speech, at last ventured to express a fear that he was taking up too much time.

"Oh, never mind time," observed the judge, "but for goodness' sake, do not trench upon eternity."—Buffalo Commercial.



The Proposal.—N.Y. Life.

TRAGEDY.

Suddenly the man fell to the sidewalk writhing in agony and foaming at the mouth.

"Take them away! Take them away!" he gasped, as he clutched at his throat and made effort to rise. The crowd looked on with horror.

Suddenly the sharp clang of a patrol wagon was heard close at hand. In a few minutes two burly patrolmen had placed the man in the wagon and taken him away.

"Delirium tremens?" asked a bystander. "No," replied another. "He has been looking at some ladies' new fall hats in a millinery window."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE POOR SERVICE.

Mrs. Ray-Shershay had just returned from a visit to the foreign cruiser that lay at anchor in the harbour of the great American city.

"We had a fine time," she said. "They showed us all over the ship and paid us

every attention. We didn't know they had arranged an elegant luncheon for us, and we were agreeably surprised, of course, when the captain invited us into the dining-saloon and seated us at a long table spread with everything that could tempt the appetite. I tell you, Mrs. Upsome, we enjoyed that luncheon. We didn't have to hurry through it, either, and we were waited on with the utmost politeness and cordiality."

"The service was first-class, was it?" interrupted Mrs. Upsome.

"The service?" said Mrs. Ray-Shershay, lowering her voice. "No; that was nearly all imitation. I give you my word there was hardly a thing worth carrying away as a souvenir. All I grabbed was this little pickle-fork, and I do believe it's nothing but plated ware!"—Chicago Tribune.

VEGETARIANS.

"I am thinking of becoming a vegetarian."

"Which kind?" asked Miss Cayenne.

"Are there two kinds?"

"Yes; those who don't like meat and those who can't afford it."—Washington Star.

A WISE TRUSTEE.

A member of the school board of Cleveland, Ohio, was once addressing a class in the poorer quarter of the city, when he touched upon the beauties of friendship. "Friendship, boys and girls," said he, "is a thing to be cultivated and practised by all of us. Read and ponder the stories of the great friendships of sacred and profane history. Take them for your models — David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, and Scylla and Charybdis."

DIDN'T OWN IT.

"I have come all the way out here," said the tenderfoot, "to see your beautiful sunset."

"Somebody's been stringin' you, stranger," replied Arizona Al. "It ain't mine." — Record-Herald.

THE WRONG BOX.

The Edmonton firemen are complaining about people sending in alarms from the new boxes by trying to post letters in them. A young fellow was noticed the other day gazing lovingly at a letter as he stood on the street corner. After fondling it for a moment, he went up to a fire alarm box and tried to get it inside. A passer-by, who had been watching him, however, intervened: "I know your heart's on fire," he observed, "but I think you had better use the box at the next corner."—Edmonton News.



Vicar's Wife. "No. The vicar is not in just now. Is there any message you would like me to give him when he returns?"

Old Woman (cheerfully). "Please, mum, Martha Higgins would like to be buried at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon."—Punch.

Music and Drama

THE English Grand Opera Company, controlled by Mr. Henry W. Savage, will present Puccini's delightful and picturesque modern grand opera, "Madame Butterfly," in Montreal and also at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, the latter engagement opening next Monday.

In the score of "Madame Butterfly," as in the music of "Tosca" and "La Boheme," Puccini demonstrates how musical style may be made to conform to the varying moods and emotions represented in a play. The correct interpretation of the idea into music, the sincere expression of the passing idea of the drama into tones, is the absorbing aim of every Puccini measure. He brushes aside all the established traditions, whether of form, harmonic relationship or melodic progression, that the one ideal may be devotedly and reverently followed.

The orchestra in "Madame Butterfly" finds no easy task before it. Pages upon pages of the score, containing some of the most beautiful passages of the opera, are allotted to the instruments alone. The score realises the breadth and sweep of the emotional contents of the play in a way to complete the story. The listener is fascinated, even if he be a lover of the simplest melodies only.

The music abounds in beautiful duet passages, among them the scene between the naval lieutenant, Pinkerton, and the United States consul, Sharpless, and the ravishing music sung by Butterfly and Pinkerton in the first act. This closes with a powerful duet that ends with a thrilling high C. In the second act come the duets between Butterfly and Sharpless, and the dainty flower scene duet of Butterfly and her sad-faced maid Suzuki during the scattering of flowers ravished from their garden. After this comes the tender strains of deep passionate longing as the occupants of the cottage prepare for the all night vigil at the window. One of the numerous beautiful effects throughout the entire opera is also at this point. It is the invisible chorus of ladies who accompanied Butterfly to her wedding. The contrasting motives of Pinkerton's love for Butterfly and her affection for him are woven contrapuntally into this music.

The second act is followed by the graphic intermezzo that prepares the audience for the pathetic picture on the rise of the third act curtain, showing the trustful Butterfly still watching until day-break at the window with both the baby and tired-out Suzuki asleep on their cushions.

* *

The Pittsburg Orchestra, which is to give two concerts in Toronto with the Schubert Choir on March 2nd and 3rd, 1908, opened the season in Pittsburg by giving two concerts on the first two nights of November. The opening event took place in Carnegie Music Hall, with Madame Marcella Sembrich as soloist, who was greeted with enthusiasm by an audience which packed the hall, until standing room was at a premium. Director Emil Paur, whose small difficulties with "federated music" have been happily adjusted, appeared in smiling form and was welcomed with loud applause which was repeated as a great expression of appreciation at the close of the "Freischuetz" overture. The new concert master of the orchestra, Vladislav Wyganowsky, was naturally the object of close criticism, but his first public appearance came to a most satisfactory conclusion, with the general opinion that Mr. Paur has secured a musician and master of unusual ability in this recent appointee.

The financial outlook for the season is most reassuring as every seat for the thirty concerts in Carnegie Music Hall and Exposition Hall has been sold, the total receipts being an advance of \$10,000 on any former year.

* *

The Women's Musical Club of Winnipeg has prepared its programme for the current season and has begun the weekly meetings in the Y.M.C.A. auditorium of the city. The club is said to be in a most flourishing



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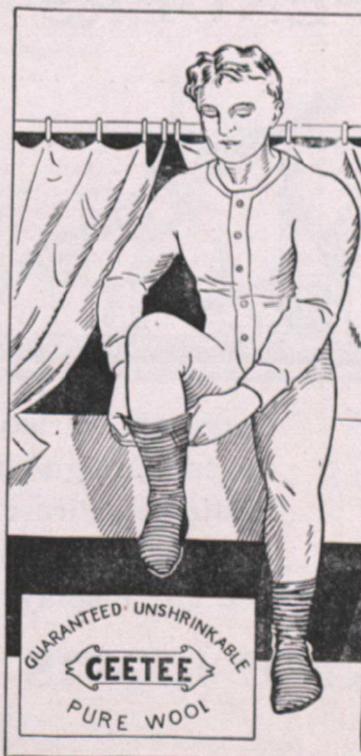
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condition, with an associate membership limited to four hundred and a long waiting list. The programme is also admirably arranged, not the least suggestive number being the last which announces: "Music relating to children, assisted by student members and the Junior Musical Club." Young Winnipeg is evidently being trained to appreciate the music which is more excellent.

* *

The writer of "Musical Notes" for the "Winnipeg Free Press" stated in an early November issue: "The writer of this column claims the distinction of being the first concert manager to take a concert party over the Canadian Pacific Railway to Vancouver and just twenty years ago this month the party returned to Winnipeg after a most delightful and memorable trip and gave a concert to their friends in honour of the event." It is to be hoped that some one has a diary of that tour, because such a journey when the C.P.R. was a very new road will some day make historic material.

* *

"Women are much more appreciative listeners than men," declares Jan Kubelik, the remarkable young Bohemian violinist who is now on his third triumphant tour of America. "More than half the auditors at my concerts—and those of other artists, for that matter—are women, and they are much more sensitive to musical beauties than the men in the audience are. I am afraid the everyday man is too full of business cares to approach great music properly. Women are more likely to have the high-strung, nervous temperament which responds readily to musical impressions. Man, even the musically-trained, because of his superior knowledge, is likely to be super-critical. This must not be taken as implying that women are easy to please. Many of them are very exacting critics, but they have an innate feeling for sentiment which renders appreciation easy and sends them to concerts primarily to enjoy, not to criticise."

Kubelik would be a brave musician if he were to deny woman's qualities as listener. While it is true that there have been no great women composers, it can readily be seen, by one glance at a recital audience, that women possess appreciative, if not creative, musical capacity.

* *

However, it is another matter when feminine appreciation degenerates into hysteria. A Chicago journalist states that the most sensational scene ever enacted in a Chicago concert hall occurred in Orchestra Hall about a fortnight ago when Vladimir de Pachmann, the great pianist, drove an audience of women into frenzied outbursts which resulted in broken umbrellas, torn gowns and battered hats.

* *

The Victoria Musical Society appears to have the ambition which is seldom lacking in Pacific cities. This organisation has added greatly to the finer pleasures of the concert season but local critics might well be dubious when the Society announced the engagement of such artists as Kubelik, Witherspoon and Paderewski, for the undertaking showed immense hopefulness. However, the latest announcement shows that only thirty of the season tickets are yet unappropriated and these will doubtless be seized by eager subscribers before the month is over. Such enterprise as that manifested by the Victoria Musical Society is one of the most encouraging signs that our young country, so magnificent in material possibilities, is not forgetting the higher development which means greater wealth than mines or forests.

* *

The letters of Adelaide Ristori, published this autumn, are of unusual interest. Even in 1894 the tricks of vaudeville had led to a neglect in Italy of the great tragedies. Such is Madame Ristori's complaint:

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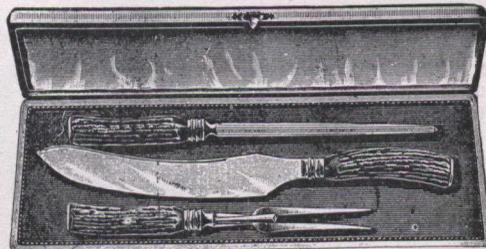


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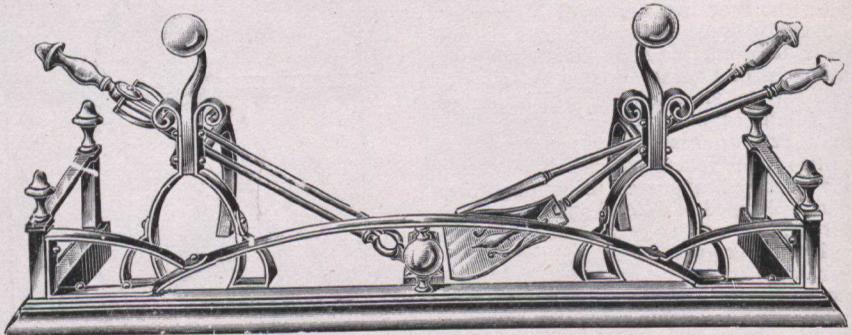
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Peculiarities

HON. G. P. GRAHAM, the new Minister of Railways and Canals, has started on a trip of inspection over the Intercolonial. What is the use of envying successful politicians? They have their own bitter trials.

The St. Thomas "Times" has the limerick fever in a rash form and is dispensing cheques with neatness and despatch to those who are lucky enough to send a fetching fifth line. Even the opera house in St. Thomas has the limerick malady and is appropriating prize seats to the winning bards.

There is a rumour to the effect that, in the event of the retirement of Sir Frederick Borden, the portfolio of Minister of Militia would be offered to Hon. J. M. Gibson of Hamilton. Wouldn't the City of the Hill be happy with a Colonel in the Dominion Government and another in the Ontario Cabinet?

The murderer Capelli has been reprieved. It is really hard for a man to commit a crime in Canada for which he will be hanged, although to most people this Italian desperado seems to have tried very hard for the place of star criminal.

The Fenelon Falls "Gazette," which advocates socialism, says that every child will be able to travel and see the world when socialism comes and will thus "know more of life and its surroundings at twelve years of age than the full-grown man knows now." This will prove a horrible state of affairs and one sympathises with the Orillia editor who protests against such omnipresent and omniscient juvenile freaks. The twelve-year-old boy is in more places in less time than can be regarded as comfortable for the community.

The Ingersoll Caledonia Society made a curious announcement some time ago, stating that it was compelled to cancel a Scottish celebration, because the hotels had refused to cater. Is it possible that haggis presented a culinary problem too disturbing to local ability?

Mr. Hamar Greenwood, Member for the ancient city of York in the British House of Commons, is a Canadian who finds the Dominion a-callin' as soon as the session is over, when he slips across to Whitby and then finds his way to the West. His latest photograph shows the stalwart M. P. as a mere accessory to a forty-one pound salmon, which he caught in Campbell River, Vancouver Island, and of which the worthy sport-statesman looks prouder than of a Liberal majority.

There will be a candidate in the field at the next Regina municipal election who will be endorsed by all members of the Sons of England, although he will not be announced as the official candidate of that order. Here is a good idea for Toronto and other partisan-ridden towns. Instead of having political clubs pull the wires, why not have the Sons of England, the Brethren of Scotland and the Offspring of Ireland put up suitable candidates. It would be far more picturesque, seeing that the Caledonians could do the Highland Fling on the eve of election, while the good old days of Donnybrook might be revived with Erin in the fray.

The Windsor "Record" says that the election of Major Beattie in London, Ontario, shows that London is still "wedded to its wallow!" Just listen to that! The editor of the journal which brightens the county of Essex is a positive peach for apt alliteration.

Three young deserters from the Lebre industrial school were rounded up by the police and taken back, but managed to give their captors the slip before the institution was reached. That is what comes of having Poet Kipling in the country. The wan-

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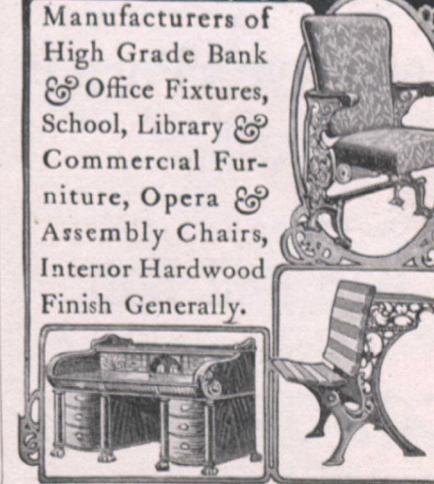
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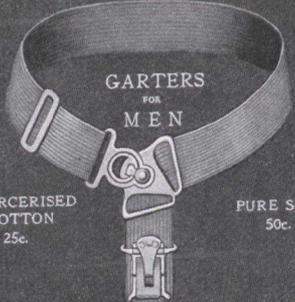
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derers had probably become acquainted with the call of the Red Gods and wanted to be off again on the "trail that is always new."

* *

A Wolfville despatch in the Halifax "Herald" states that there have been marriages in Paradise. The original garden of Eden must have been somewhere in that region. Certainly the orchards would lead the archaeologist to suspect the Annapolis Valley.

* *

A Sydney man asserts that he has been privileged four times to behold a supernatural visitant in shining garments who has told him that the churches are not doing their duty and that Heaven has a work for him to do in proclaiming the end of time. The mortal hero of this episode is said to be preparing for a grand tour of Canada. Now that will be an evangelist worth while, who can tell with realistic fervour of "seein' things at night."

* *

But spooks are not confined to one province of the Dominion. From Revelstoke, B.C., comes the story of a tale brought down by prospectors who have been to the north of Shushwap Lake. There is a solitary cabin buried in the forest on the banks of Scotch Creek. In the mad old days of a rush for gold, deeds of crime were committed near the spot and now strange noises and sights are heard and beheld at night, where a trading-post of ill-repute once stood.

* *

An Ottawa clergyman has stated that gum-chewing is villainous and an attorney in Illinois has started up to declare that the game of foot-ball is "degrading, un-American, un-Christian and uncivilised." Horrors! It isn't nice to be no Christian, but to be no American is a depth of infamy from which we shrink appalled. What would these critics think of a young man with a chrysanthemum crop of hair who both chews gum and plays foot-ball? Then there might be epithets to burn.

* *

The gold brick men of New York are not the only sharp people who get caught. A New Brunswick farmer brought into town nine boxes of butter, one of which he displayed proudly. But the canny merchant insisted on turning out the contents of the other eight, when large deposits of common salt were discovered, also an ordinary brick. "An honest man's the rarest work of God," exclaimed the dealer.

* *

S. J. Jackson, M. P. for Selkirk, announces that the boundaries of Manitoba will be extended, so as to include 200,000 additional square miles. This is Manitoba's "growing time," and it's really surprising how she is adding cubits unto her stature.

* *

The Kingston "Whig" complains of certain glaring, offensive posters which disfigure the fences of the town, and calls upon the chief of police, the official censor, to have such atrocities removed. This is a matter which concerns all Canadian cities. Too many of our towns are ugly in the planning of highways and the style of architecture. But there is no reason for their adding vulgar or indecent posters to their unattractive thoroughfares.

* *

A young Italian in St. Catharines who eloped with a fair maiden fourteen years of age has been condemned by the magistrate to live with his mother-in-law. Another Daniel on the bench!

* *

The Canadian Detective Bureau of Vancouver has found 350 ounces of pure gold, part of \$40,000 worth which disappeared from the registered mail sack last July while in transit from Fairbanks to Dawson. A miner who arrived from the north brought it down as an accommodation for a friend and was to have taken it to Seattle. But when a local detective desired to possess it as a Dawson souvenir, the miner cheerfully handed over the parcel.

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For the Children

MY UNCLE KNOWS.

I always used when I went to bed,
 Right under the clothes to hide my head.
 But my Uncle Joe came back one day—
 I was only three when he went away—
 And he told me what I didn't know
 In all my life, did my Uncle Joe.

"There are no bogies at night," he said;
 "Just birds and flowers that have gone to
 bed,
 And crickets and such things scattered
 'round,
 Tucked up in the dark all safe and sound;
 And dreams out of Wonderland, too," said
 he,
 On the look-out for sleepy heads like me.

So I'm not afraid of the dark one bit;
 But I lie half awake, just watching it,
 And wait for the dreams to take my hand
 And lead me away to the Wonderland.
 Sometimes I think if it wasn't true,
 But just pretending, what should I do?
 But since he says it, it must be so,
 For my uncle knows, does my Uncle Joe.
 —Holiday Magazine.

ALPHABETICAL.

The kindergarten children are struggling
 with the alphabet.

"Who can tell what comes after G?"
 asks the teacher. Silence reigns.

Again she questions, "Doesn't any one
 know what comes after G?"

Then Carleton raises his hand. "I do,"
 he says. "Whiz. Gee whiz." — Women's
 Home Companion.



"Tommy Brown, if you had been Adam in the
 Garden of Eden, Eve never would have had a chance
 at the apple."—Life.

SHE WANTED MORE.

Little Ethel had never eaten any corn
 boiled on the cob, and so enjoyed very
 much the ear given her at a neighbour's
 table.

When she had gotten off all the corn,
 and desiring some more, she handed the
 cob to her hostess, and said very politely,
 "Please, ma'am, but some more beans on
 my stick."—M. C.

A MOVING APPEAL.

He was a motherless boy and his father's
 only child, but some of the relatives had
 decided that he should be sent to a boys'
 school, fifty miles from home, and at last
 the father had agreed to the plan.

Forty-eight hours after his boy's depar-
 ture the father received a letter, which was,
 although not faultless as an example of
 spelling, so much to the point, and so in
 accord with his own feelings, that his plans
 for the future were speedily readjusted.

"Dear father," wrote the exile, "it's all
 right here and I'm not homesick I believe,
 but life is very short, and don't you think
 you'd better let us spend some more of it
 together?"

"Your affectionate son, Thomas."
 —Youth's Companion.

A Mother's Testimony



About a month ago I received
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Literary Notes

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT has written a good novel, "Through One Administration," and a charming chronicle of child life—not "Little Lord Fauntelroy" but "The One I Knew the Best of All." During the last year the "Century Magazine" has indulged in a serial story, "The Shuttle," by the well-known writer of multi-millionaire romance. The book has recently been published in book form and is likely to be as popular as anything which Miss Corelli has done.

"The Shuttle" is intended to be a metaphor and, after reading the book, one comes to the conclusion that it relates to the Anglo-American marriage, which, in some mysterious way, is going to work international wonders. The Vanderpoels are a New York family possessed of that marvellous United States wealth which, like the heart of the Tennysonian hero, "blossoms in purple and red." There are two daughters of the house, the elder of whom, Miss Rosalie, becomes the bride of Sir Nigel Anstruther who is brutal and had to a degree attained only by the British aristocrat who weds the innocent Yankee maiden. Rosalie is a deadly dull and cowardly person who can call neither her soul nor her cheques her own and Sir Nigel hits her on the jaw in a perfectly disgusting style. Rosalie's mother-in-law is also a dreadful person who encourages her son in these pugilistic extravagances. However, the dowager dies and Betty Vanderpoel, who has grown up in the twelve years since Rosalie's marriage, comes to England to rescue her distressed relative, who has been "cut off" from her family since the fatal wedding. Betty is the stock heroine for cheap "Laura-Jean-Libbey" romance. She is so beautiful that advertisers long to have her head on a soap-box and she is so 'normously rich that she could buy up an English castle as an afternoon's shopping. Betty is also an intensely active young person, whose eternal going-to-and-fro reminds one of President Roosevelt or a Chinese gong or anything else which arrests the camera or the gramophone. Her eyelashes and her energy are insisted upon in nearly every chapter until the reader wishes that Betty would go to a rest cure.

In the meantime, a red-haired "lord," very much out-at-elbows and of decidedly sulky tendencies, appears upon the scene and begins to show an interest in the heiress whom he had first seen on the steamer, although the poor aristocrat was a second-cabin passenger. The latter's ancestors were a thoroughly bad lot but he is as good as if his parents had been born in Pittsburg. The tale of Betty's dealings with her down-trodden sister and with the impetuous nobleman is not by any means without entertainment, but the narrative may be described in the words used by the author concerning Betty's first school: "It considered itself especially refined and select, but was in fact interestingly vulgar."

The prevailing fault of the book is over-emphasis. It fairly reeks of dollars and cents, to say nothing of lace and diamonds. It will be dramatised, we fear, and Sir Nigel in the act of smiting the fair Rosalie will drive the matinee girl to tears. But, alas for the novelist who wrote "Through One Administration." Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

In last week's issue the "Courier" credited Dr. MacPhail with a poetical contribution to the "University Magazine." As the quotation showed, this term was a mistake, since "The Patience of England" is written in excellent prose style.

A movement is now being made, the purpose of which is to acquire Coleridge's house at Nether Stowey for the English nation. The King has expressed his sympathy with the object in view and the subscribers include the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, Mr. Balfour, Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. George Meredith. It is said that Mr. Andrew Carnegie has promised the last two hundred pounds. The Pittsburg plutocrat again!

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