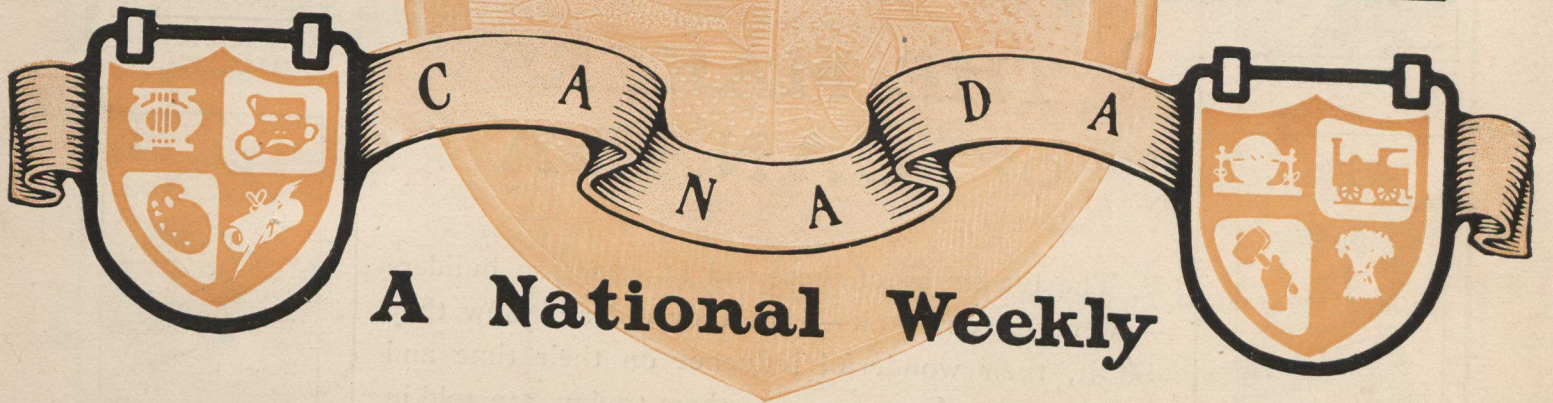


The Canadian Courier



SCENE AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

JOHN A. COOPER, Editor
THE COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO



CHAMPLAIN



LAVAL



FRONTENAC



WOLFE



DORCHESTER



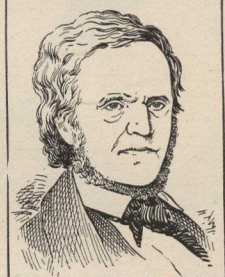
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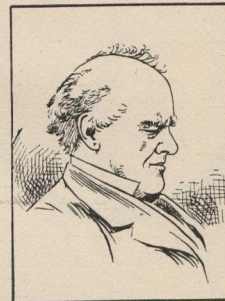
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The Publishers' Speech

THE gathering together of all the ingredients for a new paper is a slow and tedious process. The idea is simple ; but the working out is another story.

The organizing of an editorial staff was the first task. At least half-a-dozen good writers were necessary, and they must be carefully chosen with a view to the diversity of work to be undertaken. Already four leading journalists have been engaged to write regularly—they have no superiors in the business.

The circulation department was next organized. A Canadian who had served five years with Collier's was secured as its head after considerable trouble. The rest was easy.

Next came the question of an art editor, for THE COURIER must be second to none in its art features. The best man in Canada, so far as we know, has been secured. Just watch his improvements from week to week.

Then came the advertising department. Two good men were started. They went to work and did too well. There was room for

only about seventy-five per cent. of what they secured.

Then began the chase for drawings, photographs and contributions, for ideas and features. Then followed the selection of paper, body type, display type and other accessories.

Here is the result. It is only a diminutive sample of what we will have to offer. The number of pages must be increased at once. This will be a big paper when it gets going properly.

A staff of artists are now working on full page drawings, on illustrations for stories and features, and the first of these will appear next week. The world will be scoured for pictures and photographs. The use of colour-work is under consideration and some of this may be expected at once.

A splendid serial story has been arranged for and will begin next week.

Any person who can make a suggestion, send us a photograph, or assist in any way in making THE COURIER the greatest paper in Canada is our friend and we want to hear from him.

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DECEMBER 1st,
1906.

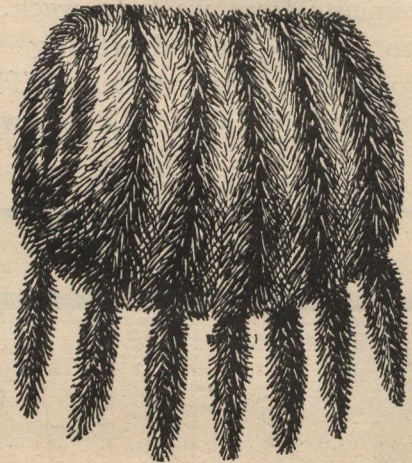
Suggestions for the Gift Season

SIMPSON'S EXCEL IN FURS



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THESE are first quality and perfect in every respect, and they look the part. But see the prices! You can save money buying furs at this store. If you cannot come to Toronto conveniently, order by mail. It is just as safe, just as cheap and it's even less trouble than ordering right here in the store, and furthermore, you have the advantage at this store of returning any purchase that is not entirely satisfactory to you and your money will be refunded.



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IT'S hard to tell, from the cut, how good a watch is represented here. But if we could give you this watch to examine, so that you might go and price as good a one at the jeweller's, you'd find that he'd ask about ten dollars for it.

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NEWS CO. EDITION

The
Canadian Courier
A National Weekly

Vol. I

Toronto, December 1st, 1906

No. 1



HIS EXCELLENCY, THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL GREY, G.C.M.G.
Governor-General of Canada.

Topics of the Week

Canada Internationally

THE question of Canada's relation to the outside world is continually cropping up for discussion. Theoretically, Canada has no existence internationally; practically, she is coming to be known among the nations. Both theoretically and practically this country is represented in foreign affairs either by the Foreign Office of the British Government or by the Secretary of State for the Colonies. As these gentlemen know very little about Canada, other than that she is one of about fifty colonies owing allegiance to the British Crown, this representation is at times likely to be unsatisfactory. The question of a consular service comes in at this point and complicates matters. Some people advocate a set of Canadian consuls, and perhaps some scheme could be worked out which would not conflict with the British system. A Canadian attache at Washington has been suggested, and perhaps in due course this may reach fruition. Sir Wilfrid Laurier once seemed inclined to ask for the treaty-making power within certain limits, but little has been heard of the idea recently. Newfoundland came off rather badly the other day in some negotiations between the British Government and the United States with regard to fishing privileges. This has caused Canadians to recall the Alaskan Boundary negotiations and award. There is no necessity for excitement at present but the subject is one which deserves some academic treatment at the hands of our professors of International Law. It also deserves the close attention of leading statesmen at home and in London. Canada does not care to be rocked in a cradle always.

The Fielding Banquet

MR. FIELDING'S speech at the Montreal banquet was a curious combination of politics and statesmanship. First he was the politician hammering his opponents; then he was the statesman discussing public affairs. After he got past the enumeration of Tory wickednesses his speech was worth reading. He referred to the excellent state of our credit in the London market and defended our expanding expenditures by declaring that they are to some extent a measure of the progress and prosperity of the country. In the last ten years our total foreign trade increased over three hundred millions. Ten years ago there were few immigrants arriving; last year there were one hundred and sixty thousand.

When he came to consider the tariff question, he spoke of the danger of a cleavage in opinion between the East and the West, the former dominated by interest in manufacturing, the latter by interest in agriculture. He hoped that the Western farmer would be satisfied with the same tariff as the Eastern manufacturer, though neither would have things entirely as he would wish them. He expressed the Government's intention of adhering to the British preference. A third schedule is to be added which will practically put a surtax on goods coming from countries which have extremely high tariff walls against Canadian goods.

A Note of Warning

THERE was a measure of contrast with Mr. Fielding's utterance in Mr. Courtney's address to the Canadian Club of Toronto. Having been Deputy Minister of Finance for many years, and having seen all the phases of our confederated existence, Mr. Courtney was in a position to offer advice on the question of national expenditure. Therefore, when he declared that this was an opportune time to draw tight the reins, his remarks were received with due respect. The Toronto "Globe" echoes his advice and says, "Clearly, the lesson of the situation is to use some of this great revenue for the reduction of our debts while it continues to pour into the treasury in expanding volume."

Mr. Courtney also commented upon the indifference of electors towards expenditures of a general nature. Unfortunately "the average voter considers that the great impersonal thing called Parliament is created to find money to be spent in his own locality." It is too true that the promise of local expenditures on harbours, post-offices or armouries, is more influential in elections than it should be; and too often a member's success is judged by the amount of money which he has secured for such expenditures in his constituency. Mr. Courtney believes that there are signs of a change in this respect.

Let us hope he is right, but he did not offer any evidence on the point.

The New Session

THE third session of the tenth Parliament of Canada was opened by His Excellency, the Governor-General, on the 22nd. After remarking upon that continued prosperity which is now the universal theme, the Speech from the Throne indicated the proposed legislation. The new provinces, Alberta and Saskatchewan, are to have increased representation in the House of Commons. The West is to increase the size of its voice. The customs tariff is to be revised, as announced by Mr. Fielding in Montreal. The question of increased provincial subsidies is to be considered as a result of the recent conference between the Provincial Premiers and the Ottawa authorities. There will be minor legislation, but these are the three important pieces of work to which Parliament must give attention. The first will probably require little discussion. The other two will undoubtedly be productive of many weary sittings and many dreary pages in Hansard.

The Growing Chains

TORONTO has always felt that Montreal's possessing the headquarters of the two great railways of Canada gave her rival an undue sense of importance. When the Grand Trunk Pacific came into existence, a third headquarters came to swell Montreal's pride. True, the head offices of the Canadian Northern were in Toronto, but the Canadian Northern system really centred about Winnipeg, with its western terminus at Edmonton and its eastern at Port Arthur. However, the Canadian Northern has decided upon building throughout Ontario and its first important line was opened on the 19th of November. This runs from Toronto to Parry Sound, through the Muskoka region. The Toronto Union Station is now the meeting place of three systems instead of two, and the citizens are visibly elated. The Board of Trade is delighted and will tender Mr. McKenzie and Mr. Mann a banquet in a fortnight.

That is the human side of it. The national side is that Canada is likely soon to have three great railway systems connecting the East with the West, binding together the commercial, industrial and agricultural interests in a manner which makes for solidarity and national development. The success of the Canadian Pacific has opened the way for the success of the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern.

A Gift-Bearing Greek

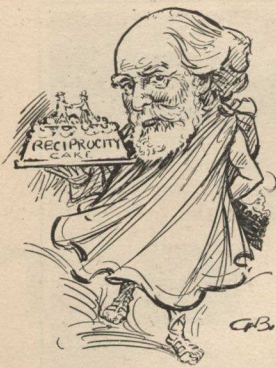
AT a banquet of the Merchants' Club held recently at Chicago, Mr. James J. Hill presented an exhaustive argument in favour of free trade between Canada and the United States. James J. Hill, railway magnate, and James J. Hill, publicist, are very much one and the same being. As railway magnate, Mr. Hill is constructing branches from his Northern Pacific and Great Northern systems across the border line into Canada and, as publicist, he is advising Canada to adopt a trade policy which will bring traffic to his railways. Mr. Hill always has an eye to the main chance. It is only recently that we have heard very much from Mr. Hill as to his Canadianism. As a matter of fact, enthusiasm for the country of his birth appears to have been born contemporaneously with the rush of emigration to the Canadian North West.

Canadians are proud of what Mr. Hill has achieved in the United States and are prepared to recognise his worth,—to the United States; but Mr. Hill's name will not be handed down to posterity as a Canadian pioneer. Mr. Hill, like a great many others, left the land of his birth many years ago for the wider field across the border, and like a great many others after the great resources of Western Canada have been proven, is now anxious to have a share in them.

There are no better farmers going into Western Canada than those who are leaving homes in the Western States. Good farming in the West is second in importance only to good citizenship,—the kind of citizenship that looks to the building up of a strong self-supporting Dominion.

Nature has made Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta the complement of Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. Between the broad fertile plains of the West and the East, with its plentitude of commercial water powers and well established manufacturing centres, there should some day be an exchange of vast commerce.

The same sort of complement has contributed to the greatness of the United States and, until its existence



was threatened, there was no general desire for reciprocal trade with Canada. The *raison d'être* of his present attitude, Mr. Hill frankly explains:

"In ten or fifteen years, according to present indications, the United States will need every bushel of its wheat product at home. Would it then be disadvantageous for us to share in the products of the fields of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan?"

In other words, the complement essential to United States prosperity is being broken. While the factories of the East were capable of almost infinite expansion, the farms of the West were strictly limited by the quantity of arable land available. To this, add the fact that Western farmers have been notoriously prodigal of the fertility of their soil and the cause of Mr. Hill's anxious interest in "the fields of Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan" becomes apparent.

If Mr. Hill's Canadian railway policy and Canadian tariff policy are to succeed, the exchange of commerce between Eastern and Western Canada will practically cease to exist and certainly not increase to the hoped for vast dimensions. The grain of the Canadian West will be carried in increasing quantities to Minneapolis and there, will be ground into flour for exportation. The goods requirements of the farmers of the Canadian West will be supplied from Chicago, Minneapolis, and St. Paul, instead of from Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, and the cities of Eastern Canada. If interchange of commerce within the Dominion is essential to the growth of a strong self-supporting nation, then Canadians must be watchful of Mr. Hill, his railways, and his tariff policy.

Where Canada Stands

THERE is a lesson to be learned from the controversy over Professor Wrong's letter to the London "Spectator," in which it was stated that Canadians regard British policy towards this country with distrust and often anger. The lesson should be learned by Mr. Strachey, the editor of the "Spectator," and the other editors in England.

Professor Wrong's remarks were evoked by one of those imitatingly patronizing articles concerning Canada which English editors are only too prone to print. Not one Canadian in a hundred reads them, but many Canadians hear of them, and resent them.

The truth seems to be that Englishmen in the mass seem to be unable to get the "Colonial" idea out of their heads. Canada and Trinidad, Australia and Jamaica—all are "Colonies," and the dwellers in or the visitors from them are all "Colonials." Canadians, in the word of a Cabinet Minister at Ottawa, "doesn't like being bunched in with a lot of lazy officials and niggers." Condescension of the cordial variety is handed out to "Colonials" in large instalments. The American literary man who, sixty years ago, wrote concerning "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners," could have written a correspondingly acute treatise on the quality of condescensions which Canadians receive. They should not become irritated, but they do.

Professor Wrong told a lot of truth. The articulate classes who have thought deeply on the lamentable history of British dealing with Canadian interests are far from being unanimously glad and proud to occupy a position of tutelage, but it was a surprise to many to hear Professor Wrong boldly voice what they believe to be the truth; not that the Professor is any faintheart, but because it has not been considered discreet as yet to announce such views. If the truth were known, in many cases business reasons have prevented.

Another great source of trouble is the letters which some few enthusiasts send to English newspapers. The "Spectator" itself published one of them the other day in which the writer—who signed himself "Colonial"—announced that Canadians are wildly enthusiastic Britishers. He remarked in Kipling's verse:

"We were taught by our English mothers
To call Old England 'Home.'"

Of Canada that is simply not the truth. Eighty-seven per cent. of the people living in Canada were born in this country. Not five per cent. of that number ever crossed the ocean or have any prospect of ever crossing it. Canada is their home and their country. Has anybody ever heard a native-born Canadian call any country but Canada "home"? One country is enough

for them. They have a respect for Great Britain. Does the feeling go any further? Yes. Some of them, no matter what Canada's status might be, would fight in England's aid, but that does not check their national aspirations.

Traveller after traveller comes and goes back to England having learned nothing of the real attitude of the Canadian people. The few "All Red" enthusiasts frequently "fill them up." There is little real hostility to England but there is really great indifference. The visitors are slow to grasp the Canadian's attitude, which is that of one absorbed in his own business and not wishing to be disturbed. As for Mr. Strachey and his kind, there are a dozen reasons why they should know nothing of Canadian sentiment.

Mr. Hyman's Resignation.

THE Hon. Charles Hyman is an exception to the rule that Canadian cabinet ministers go South for coolness when the North gets too hot to hold them. Mr. Hyman's ill health is not merely an excuse; it is a fact. His constitution, strong as it is, has been undermined by his faithfulness to duty. Mr. Hyman took his office seriously. In the language of the street, he was a horse to work. He used to put two eight hour days into every one.

Before he went away he resigned his portfolio. Was he right in doing so? Seeing that politics is a game, was this just the best way the game could be played? Does a man throw his cards on the table before the hand is fought out? Some of Mr. Hyman's best friends think he would have done better to sit tight until the other fellows got tired of bluffing.

If every Conservative paper in Canada demanded it of Mr. Hyman, that would be no reason for him to resign, because the Conservative newspapers are the natural enemies of those at present in power at Ottawa. Their anger and their surprise at the wickedness of their political opponents is taken by the worldly wise with a grain of salt. If the weak sisters of the Liberal Press joined in the clamour, that would still be no particular reason why Mr. Hyman should yield points to the other side. Mr. Hyman's critics have no monopoly of virtue. If his accusers could wait a year to warm over their rotten herring, Mr. Hyman could fairly claim a similar period of time in which to think his resignation over. While it was very noble to give up the Department of Public Works at this stage, it would have been more discreet to have kept it until the election trial was over and he knew how the cards would stack for a new deal.

Mr. Hyman was the victim of a system of elections which has grown up in Canada whereby the statesman's right hand does not know what his left hand is doing. Which is to say, the rough chores of politics have fallen into hands not too nice. Very often the public man is up in the clouds where he cannot keep an eye on the unbridled enthusiasms which exist lower down. Whence come bribing, switching, ballot-stuffing and what is generally known as "fighting the devil with fire." For many years before Mr. Hyman impinged on politics, London was a place in which both sides used the recognized means of combating the Evil One with his own weapons. Mr. Hyman is the martyr of a bad practice, and the pity of it all is that the devil in this particular instance had no need of being fought that way. Although a great deal was said about the Autonomy Bill in that campaign, the Autonomy Bill was not the issue. Charlie Hyman was the issue. And the question was, would London turn him down for William Grey just when Sir Wilfrid Laurier had made a cabinet minister of him? Would London nip the career of a tried and favourite son just when it had burst into flower? London said no. And London was mighty proud of the man-to-man way in which the cabinet minister got out and made his canvass. Charlie Hyman would have won on his merits if there hadn't been a single dark lantern agent or one dollar of sly money in the constituency.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Hyman will find in the South not only health but courage. He can carry London again. His friends believe in him and would like to see him back in the Department of Public Works, of which he has been an able and efficient minister. He has done nothing in office to reflect on Sir Wilfrid Laurier's good judgment in choosing him as a business man to run a business department in a business way. The remuneration of a cabinet minister is not an object to a man like Mr. Hyman, but the honour is a great deal. He has given Canada his best service and Canada is under obligation to give him fair play.



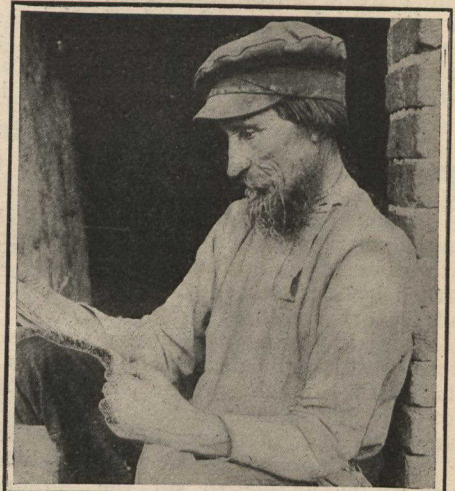
Peasant Life in Central Russia. The most important Shop in Tula.



A Female Doctor examining Children.

RUSSIAN PEASANTS

Canadians can scarcely grasp the poverty of the peasants of Russia. The Canadian farmer owns his land and consequently is a king in comparison with these slaves of the soil. These pictures explain Tolstoi's tirades against land monopoly, against the aristocracy and the bureaucracy. They explain the revolutionary attitude of recent years. For over half a century one reformer after another has attempted to do something for these ignorant and poverty-stricken people, and something has been accomplished. Much remains to be done, and that "much" will keep the reformers busy for another century at least. It is either reform or revolution.



Reading a Revolutionary Paper.



A Revolutionary Meeting of Peasants in Tula.

The National Idea in Periodicals

THE confederation of the four provinces forming the Dominion of Canada was the consequence of many years of struggle towards political union. There existed at the same time a desire to express national aims and ideas in other than political form and this desire found journalistic fulfilment when "The Nation" was published in Toronto. The first number was issued on April 2, 1874, at 66 Church Street, and the prospectus shows the ideals of the new weekly.

"The Nation," an independent weekly newspaper devoted to National politics, National culture and National progress.

"The time appears to have arrived when an appeal may be made with confidence to those who prefer the

"controverted elections," and "thoroughly non-committal" is a phrase that even yet properly describes the Vice-Regal speech.

This bit of political gossip, in connection with the rumour that Sir John Macdonald was about to resign as Leader of the Opposition, is of interest: "Sir John voluntarily resigns, on the ground or plea of ill-health. * * * Whether his retirement will be more than temporary—it would be useless now to conjecture; for that will depend on circumstances which no one can foresee." The "retirement" took place just seventeen years later, when Sir John A. Macdonald, after long service as Premier, died in the midst of his work.

The stormy days of the first Riel rebellion are recalled in this paragraph; "Louis Riel, the member elect for Provencher, Manitoba, over whose head is hanging the charge of being concerned in the murder of Thomas Scott, made his appearance at Ottawa on Monday, and took the oath and signed the roll in the Clerk's office. * * * The temerity of Riel appearing at Ottawa and entering the Parliament buildings, under the circumstances, has created a strong feeling of indignation throughout Ontario, and steps have been taken to secure his arrest, independent of the warrant in possession of Attorney-General Clarke."

In the literary notes the reader is informed that the enthusiastic youth of Glasgow University are clamouring for Emerson as Lord Rector in the room of Mr. Disraeli. A despatch from the "Daily Telegraph" announces: "The remains of Dr. Livingstone were embarked on the steamer at Aden on the 23rd ult., and are now on their way to England."

The social news from England includes an account of the reception accorded the Duchess of Edinburgh, on which occasion Queen Victoria's costume, instead of being unrelieved black, was distinguished by such touches of color as mauve and white daisies in her bonnet and a mauve parasol.

The new books announced are sermons by Dr. W. Morley Punshon and Dr. Cochrane of Brantford, "Letters from High Latitudes," by Lord Dufferin, "The Wild North Land," by Captain Butler, and a "Complete Canadian Edition of the Poems of Alfred Tennyson, D.C.I."

Among those who took an active interest in "The Nation" and who are yet known as public-spirited Canadians are Lieutenant-Colonel George T. Denison and Mr. John Ross Robertson. But after a few volumes of "The Nation" had appeared, the spirit which had led to its publication found expression in other forms than journalism and it was not until 1883 that the national idea once more found outward and visible sign in "The Week."

It is dangerous to use the comparative degree, and still more risky to resort to superlatives. But we are safe in saying that "The Week" was the most satisfactory literary publication that Canada has seen. When we remember that Mr. Goldwin Smith, as "A Bystander," wrote "Current Events and Opinions," and that Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts was editor, the reasons for its literary excellence and influence have been supplied. The first number of "The Week" was issued on Thursday, December 6th, 1883, and, even after the lapse of twenty-three years, contains much that is suggestive by way of literary and political comment.

The editor refers to the recent election of Mr. James Russell Lowell to the Rectorship of St. Andrew's University as a "generous disposition to recognize a commonwealth of letters divided by no national boundaries." It might occur to the reader of 1906 that the influence of the Lowells and the Emersons was rather to be desired than the present ascendancy of Carnegie and Morgan. In the next column we are informed that Mr. G. W. Ross has just been appointed Minister of Education vice the Hon. Adam Crooks, and the Ontarian, of whatever political stripe, reflects with pleasure that Hon. G. W. Ross, after years of service in the Education Department and as Premier of the Province, is yet equal to the task of leading the Reform Party in the



Facsimile first page of "The Nation," April 2nd, 1874

interests of the Dominion to the aggrandizement of party.

"Its only objects are the earnest advocacy of essentially Canadian views, the building up of a Nation, imbued with thoroughly British views of progress, and the endeavour by moral and intellectual culture, to assist in raising the masses to a sense of the dignity which they inherit from the past and may enjoy in the future."

The first volume of this weekly of a generation ago makes interesting reading in the light of Canadian development that has taken place in the last three decades. A mighty volume of water has flowed beneath Canadian bridges since Manitoba and British Columbia were first called provinces. The opening announcement is as follows:

"The first session of the new Parliament opened at Ottawa on the 26th ult., when the Speaker was elected. Next day the Governor-General, the Earl of Dufferin, read the Vice-Regal speech; the topics of which are the ballot, a Court of Appeal, controverted elections, the insolvency law, the militia, the Pacific Railway, canal improvements, the progress of the Intercolonial Railway, the control of which is to be transferred to the Public Works Department. The speech is thoroughly non-committal." Hon. T. W. Anglin was the Speaker elected. There is a drearily familiar sound about

Local Legislature and has retained unimpaired his oratorical ability.

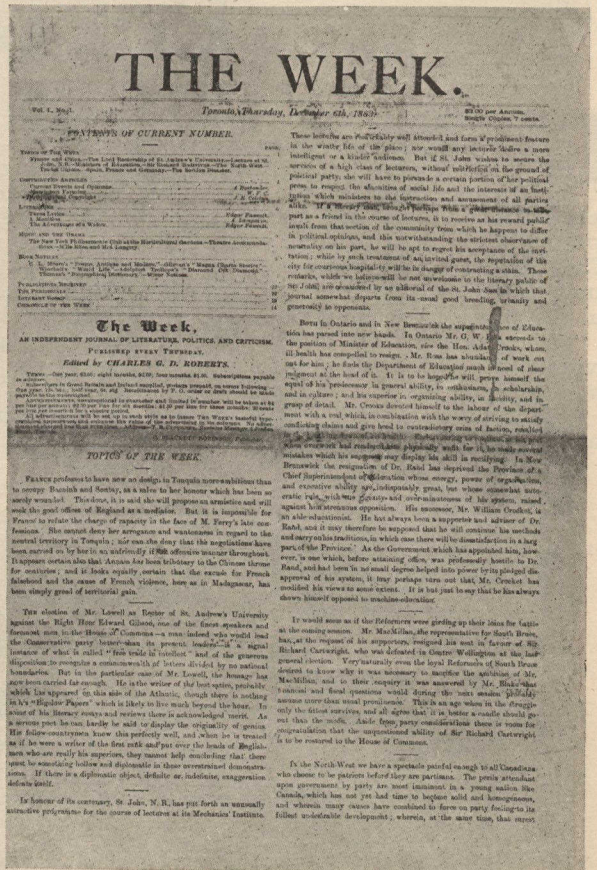
In "Current Events and Opinions," reference is made to the celebration of Evacuation Day at New York, on which occasion in 1883, the orator was Mr. George W. Curtis. This comment is characteristic of "A Bystander's" historic sense. "But the best of Revolution orators has now to squeeze an orange which has been squeezed by a hundred orators before, and which, to tell the truth, never was over full of juice; for the heroism of the American Revolution was not unlimited: it fell very far short of that displayed by the Dutch in their sixty years' struggle against Spain."

There are articles on "Manitoba Farming" and "International Copyright" and a serial story, "The Adventures of a Widow," by Edgar Fawcett, then a popular novelist. There is an exquisite bit of poetry by "A. Lampman," for "The Week" made an effort to encourage Canadian poets, and in its columns many fragments of worthy verse are found. In "Music and the Drama," we are informed of the recent appearance of Mile. Rhea and Mrs. Langtry in Toronto. The writer of "Literary Gossip" announces that Mr. Matthew Arnold will visit the principal Canadian cities during the months of February and March. There is one item that is amusing to the modern reader, "Mr. W. D. Howells is as indefatigable, almost, as the marvellously prolific Mr. F. Marion Crawford." More than twenty years ago, the author of "Mr. Isaacs" was called prolific. Just last month, the novel, "A Lady of Rome," showed that he is industrious as ever, but we should be afraid to number the volume.

"The Week," an "independent journal of Literature, Politics and Criticism," was in existence for about a decade, and exerted a healthy and stimulating influence in Canadian journalism. Its editor, Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, has been for several years a resident of New York, where his literary work has met with gratifying appreciation. "A Bystander," full of years and honours, still dispenses the hospitality of "The Grange," and delights Canadian audiences with those addresses, so chaste in literary expression, so admirably liberal in spirit. To appreciate our debt to Mr. Goldwin Smith, it is necessary to know something of the "Current Events and Opinions," which, to quote Ian MacLaren, made "gran' feeding" for the readers of "The Week."

The growth of national feeling during the last ten years has been very marked and, while indulging in no idle rhetoric about this being Canada's century, we are

confident that the year 1920 will see a country undreamed of by the pioneers. That we may not confuse bigness with greatness and dollars with development is the petition that the Canadian of to-day needs to offer.



Facsimile first page of "The Week," Dec. 6th, 1883

As a great English lecturer said of the Canada of 1875—"May no Marius ever sit amid the ruins of a promise so fair!"

CANADIENNE.

A Municipal Democracy

IN modern life one hears a great deal about the problems of the Twentieth Century city and the apparent hopelessness of solving them. But in an article, "London: A Municipal Democracy," Mr. Frederic C. Howe explains to the readers of Scribner's Magazine how the greatest city in the world is making progress towards cleanliness and comfort. We are reminded in the first place: "London is not a city—London is a place—a place where the world-wide empire of Great Britain and, in a sense, all mankind converge. Men live in closer association here than anywhere else in the world. It is not a city in the eyes of the law. It is a county. And its governing body is called a county council."

The powers of the Council are thus defined: "The Council has control of the main sewerage; the protection of the community from fires; the building and maintenance of bridges and ferries; the control of the means of transit on the streets; the street improvements; asylums; housing; parks and open spaces. It has large control over education, and enjoys many lesser powers. It is the County Council that is making of London a city.

"It is the London County Council that inspires the affection of the Londoner. There are some men who are beginning to love London. Not as Lamb, Johnson and Goldsmith loved London, not as the world which gathers there loves it, but as the burghers of the free cities of old Germany, or the people of Florence in the days of her greatness loved their cities. It is a big body, is the Council. It contains 118 men.

"The Council knows no politics—at least its politics bears no national names. The Progressive programme included the clearing away of disease-breeding slums and the erection of fine model dwellings owned by the Council

and rented to the occupants at a reasonable charge. It included the ownership and operation of the tramways and their extension into a splendid system, as well as a new municipal steamboat service on the Thames. The taxation of land values is the next step in the Council's policy. The improvement of the port of London, the municipalisation of the water-supply, the widening of many thoroughfares, the completion of a main drainage scheme, the opening up of small parks and open spaces, the promotion of temperance and of education, the betterment of the condition of municipal employees and the development of the Works Department, for the doing of all public work without the intervention of the contractor, are some of the other things the Council is doing."

"The Council itself bids upon all work, and if its proposal is the lowest, it secures the job as would any other contractor. It has shortened the hours of labour and pays the trade-union rate of wages."

In the matter of transit much is being accomplished. "To the south of the Thames forty-six miles of track have been laid which converge on the river about the heart of the city. Forty-eight miles are also owned to the north of the Thames."

The Canadian reader of modern investigations turns eagerly to such information as this: "There is only one way to kill graft, and that is to absorb within the sphere of municipal ownership these public franchises that are a fruitful source of jobbery and robbery. * * * There is no incentive to making money out of a franchise when the public itself owns the public utility."

This article, after reciting what the Council has done, justifiably concludes with the statement: "The London of to-morrow is as full of hope as the London of to-day is full of misery."

Castes in Canada

By F. D. MONK, M.P.

The following is an address delivered before the Canadian Club of Montreal a few days ago, and now published in full for the first time. Mr. Monk represents Jacques-Cartier in the House of Commons and has been for many years a prominent figure in political life.

A MAN who has been more than a decade in Canadian public life, face to face with the problems which our country presents, must have endeavored to gauge at times the mental condition of his fellow countrymen; he must have sought to fully understand what I might call the Canadian idiosyncrasy. A special study is necessary and there is knowledge to be gained which cannot be found in books; there is no analogy between the situation of the Canadian people and the conditions which prevail in older countries. In Europe, material resources have been measured, counted, valued; conditions are more or less stable and settled. In the social, political, economic, racial and religious spheres, centuries of strife and bitter struggles have rendered the peaceful settlement of momentous questions well nigh impossible. But a Canadian who looks at his country is like a child who looks upon the ocean for the first time. It is a new world without him and it awakens a new world within him. Questions rush upon the mind. Many are beyond answering. The sight alone satisfies.

That great outstretched dominion, with its resources, possibilities, wealth, and a free people! The child is a different child because it has seen the sea and we must be different men when we realize all that we have, what we are, what we should be and what we must become, if only we are true to ourselves. Surely with our matchless inheritance, with the patrimony which Providence has carved out for with such a prodigal hand upon this continent, we have a mission, there is a design. A destiny lies before us! But what is it? Have we that unity of purpose, that rugged faith, that unalterable patriotism required to build up a commonwealth such as ours ought to be?

Perhaps I may open the way to its solution by laying down the proposition that we are sectional, provincial, inclined to maintain distinctions between races and creeds and that unless we rid ourselves of this tendency and cultivate a very broad and liberal Canadian citizenship, we will surely never achieve anything worth recording.

Do you adhere to the shibboleth that the 45th parallel of latitude which separates us from our powerful neighbours to the south is an imaginary line? That inevitably a common destiny must in the end envelope all communities living on this continent?

I for one have a different creed; there is a kind of effusive loyalty that some people are always parading and which amuses Englishmen when they visit us because it is not just the thing at home. I cannot say I was ever moved to it but I am proud of my flag, my King and my position as a British subject. We are ready to work out our own destiny, in our own way, under our own flag and with the political institutions with which we are blest to-day.

Again I say: Are we ready and fully equipped for this noble and important task?

I suppose we will all admit that no people can be really great, can truly prosper, unless they are united; a strong national feeling is the very ground-work and corner-stone upon which to lay power, strength and happiness. This is the teaching of History. Canadians appear to me to lack that broad national feeling, so necessary, as all admit, to future greatness, to rapid progress. Between ourselves be it said, we are still a little provincial, a little sectional, and our people are too divided in classes. Those of us who have travelled the country from ocean to ocean must have noticed it; it has often so appeared to me and I do not wonder at it, nor despair, for we are young. The confederation is relatively new and I have discerned in every province, a most encouraging awakening of what may be called the Canadian feeling.



Do not think that politicians are soulless like corporations; I am prepared to say you are doing better work than we are; when I read of Canadian club meetings anywhere, but here particularly, I feel that a great work is being proceeded with under the direction of unselfish men whose object is the country's uplifting and its good.

Leaving aside the provincialisms, which are found from province to province and are often commented upon by the most superficial observer, we find in this Eastern part of our Dominion, especially in our own province, markedly in this great city, two races, differing in origin, in creed and language, in past history and traditions; perhaps there is a degree of difference in aims. Yet all Canadians are agreed that whatever may be these ethnical divergencies, we should, we must find some common ground upon which, as upon a rock, we must stand unalterably together, hand in hand, strong, working out the arduous and noble problem of our destiny. That this starting point has been conceded generally is already an invaluable factor in the solution of the question we are considering.

We can affirm that the platform upon which Canadians of every race, shade and hue of opinion wish to meet is not a changing political one but the very platform adopted by your association, namely that of common citizenship, of men brought together by mysterious and providential agencies, owing allegiance to one flag, blessed with freedom, and manifestly called, in a land of incomparable wealth, to build up one of the most prosperous communities of the twentieth century.

The importance of this unanimity cannot surely be overestimated, but it does not dispose of the whole question. If we are agreed about the end, we must be prepared to adopt the means. If we want the Canadian feeling to thrive and grow, that basic feeling which supports the whole work and structure, we should learn and know more of each other, of our history, of our feelings good and bad, of our trials, of the elements, in a word, which have made us what we are to-day.

A great French thinker has said: "Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner." To understand all is to forgive everything. If the two great races knew each other and their history since they first landed in this country, I venture to say that racial difficulties in Canada would be eliminated forever.

Years ago, when I was a young man and a barrister without briefs, I was associated in the profession with an older confrere who, like myself, was privileged or handicapped by being half English and half French. He used to say: "When I hear people referred to as 'ces maudits Anglais,' I immediately call to mind the admirable qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race; when allusion is made to 'the d—d French-Canadians,' I think of the mother who nursed my infancy and of all the sterling fellows of French origin whom I have known. This is no doubt the feeling and experience of many here, irrespective of questions of race, creed or environment. Perfection is not to be found. Nihil ex omni parte beatum. "We must live and let live," said one of the many distinguished men who have represented the

British Crown in this country. We all have our little weaknesses, our susceptibilities.

Take an Englishman for instance. He is proud of it. I feel it myself; at any rate one half of me does. And when we reflect that he has led the world in the path of emancipation, free government, industrial supremacy and founded an empire so vast that it is without parallel, and installed great communities all over the globe, endowing them with the priceless blessing of liberty, who will deny that he is rightly proud?

Well John Bull's pride is all right, but it is inconvenient sometimes; French-Canadians understand it thoroughly. It, in no way, interferes with friendly intercourse. Allowance is made for this apparent hauteur behind which are so many estimable qualities. How often have I heard this peculiar trait of the English character appreciated by my French fellow citizens, in a manner indicating that they had studied it, measured it, justified it and were seldom, if ever, put out by it. The circumstance may appear of small importance. Yet, as a matter of fact, in the daily contact between the two sections of the people, it is essential to easy intercourse and pleasant relations.

Another circumstance should facilitate the national aim of your association. The French-Canadian people fully appreciate the value of the political institutions under which they live; no people in Canada are more familiar with the constitutional guarantees under which British subjects are protected. They were the pioneers of responsible Government here and for nearly a century discussed nothing else. They are happy, satisfied with British rule, conscious of its present liberality; they want no change; they have no separatist desires.

But let me present another view: I have said that to know each other well must lead the two races to a better, to the best understanding. May I utter a mild reproach, in the intimacy of this gathering which brings together men of so much good faith and earnestness? One can say everything to a friend, if only it is said in the proper way. Nay, it is scarcely a reproach, merely a gentle suggestion. Have we sufficiently studied the past history of that section of our people which, we all agree, constitutes a factor, an important element of it, in order better to apprehend the formation of its character since the great change of 1759?

(Continued on Page 17)

But indeed that history has not been fully written out; it is still in fragments. I am reminded of a great painting I saw somewhere in Europe where the Muse of History is portrayed as a grave woman of stately mien, holding in her hand a book from which she severs the leaves and casts them around her. Gather some of these scattered leaves, gentlemen, and you will, I am sure, find much that will appeal to your higher feelings in the story of the men to whom with yourselves are confided the destinies of our common country. It is a romantic and chivalrous tale, but it has a sad and melancholy side to it. I can but briefly refer to a few features of it which bear upon our subject, not to revive a buried past, but to explain.

They are indeed a very wretched people who, after the heroic struggle of 1759, had to give way to the conquerors, but among all the harrowing circumstances of their defeat, they were sustained by the hope that under the terms of a capitulation where you can trace a kindly feeling of the invading generals, that at least would be safeguarded which is never refused to a brave and generous enemy. It is, I think, a moderate statement to say that the few scattered thousands who chose, under the terms of the treaty that ended the war, to remain under the British flag and become subjects of the King, might have been better treated.

Much may be said in extenuation, I know. England was still groping in the dark and no statesman had yet arisen to proclaim the colonial policy which built up Greater Britain but came too late to avoid irreparable losses. The fact remains that for more than half a century, after New France had been ceded to England, the new subjects of the Crown were given over to an administration which was little calculated to conciliate and to attach them to the new rulers. Misrule was the order of the day. Three years of military Government were followed by a system of absolute civil Government which practically amounted to an oligarchy, with all its concomitant evils. No share for the people in the direction of public affairs, a haughty bureaucracy in charge of almost every public function, cumulating several offices in the hands of one, often an incompetent man! Over all, present everywhere, the evil of taxation without representation and responsibility, so repugnant to British ideals of freedom!

It is necessary to study closely this now remote

The Typhoon at Hong Kong

ON the eighteenth of April, 1906, an earthquake laid prostrate the greatest American city on the western coast. Just five months later, a typhoon played havoc in one of the finest harbours of the world and left thousands of corpses in the waters surrounding the British colony at Hongkong. At eight o'clock on the morning of September 18th, orders were issued at the Hongkong Observatory to hoist the Black Drum; forty minutes later, the typhoon gun was fired; then, for more than two hours the Colony suffered the most appalling devastation in its history. While some of the larger boats, moored in the harbour, or entering it at the time of the typhoon's burst of fury, were destroyed, the greatest loss was suffered by the Chinese boat population. Fully fifty per cent. of the Chinese craft usually employed in the harbour were either sent to the bottom or dashed to pieces by the angry waves which flung them ashore or against the sea-walls.

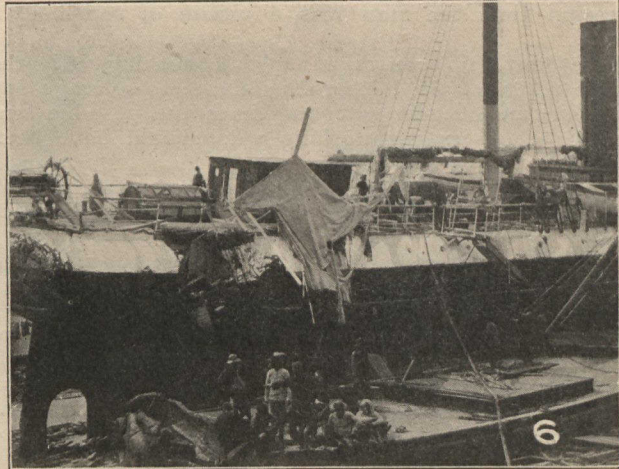
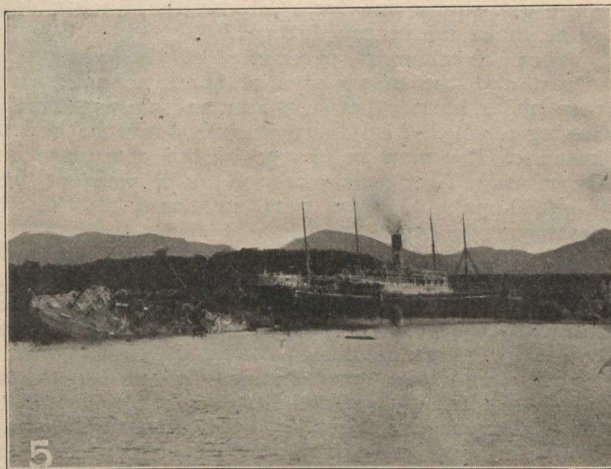
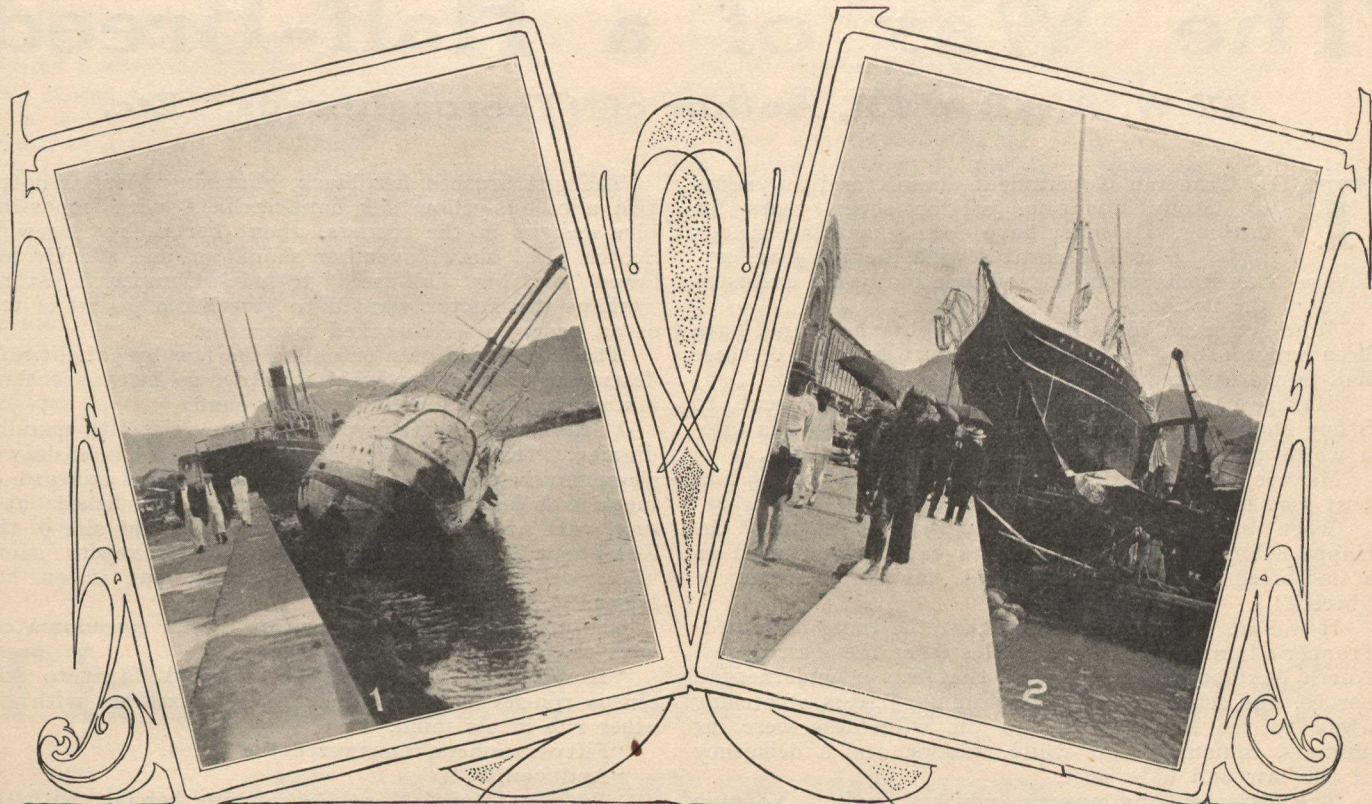
Kowloon was harder hit than any other part of the Colony. As the westerly wind rose to a hurricane, this part of the island felt the full force of the gale. The Hongkong Daily Press records: "Here wharves disappeared, sea-walls were broken down, railway beds with masses of concrete were wrenched from the ground and crumpled up, junks and sampans were tossed on the Praya as jetsam, big ships were dragged from their moorings and driven against the walls, others sank where they lay, and last, but saddest of all, hundreds of the boat and maritime population perished."

Eight ships were sunk during the storm, but the P. and O. Company were fortunate in escaping lightly, their boat, the "Poona," giving valuable assistance to the distressed and endangered. Most of the ships were fast

to their moorings but the iron and rope cables by which the vessels were secured were snapped like string in the force of the gale. The "San Cheung" broke away from her moorings, smashed into her wharf, and went crashing into another. When she was made fast to the second wharf, she slowly settled in the water and sank, "with her back broken at the pier." The river steamer, Kwongchow went down, showing only a slight projection above the surface; while near her, the Apenrade, a German steamer, was sunk, and a little distance on, at the Naval Torpedo Depot lay the wreck of the French torpedo boat Fronde. The C.P.R. steamer, "Monteagle," was little injured, beyond a broken stern post and the loss of her propeller, and the day after the storm she was clear of the beach and riding at anchor. At noon on the eighteenth, the jetty and matsheds of the V.R.C. were simply a mass of rubbish, the Monteagle having given the finishing touch to the wreckage of this resort.

But it was among the lesser craft that destruction was rampant. They were driven by hundreds before the merciless wind, and in many cases the terror-stricken occupants seemed to make no effort to save themselves. The stone pier at Observation Place proved a death trap to many small craft and there was soon a pile of wreckage and overturned boats, which exemplified all too vividly the fury of the storm. The Water Police responded gallantly to the call for heroic exertion and rescued many imperilled sailors.

On land, the destruction was comparatively slight and on the whole it was remarkable that so little damage was sustained in the city itself. The solidity of the large public buildings was such that they were almost unhurt.



1. H. M. S. Phoenix and C. P. R. S.S. Monteagle 2. Bow View of Steamer Petrarch 3. Removing Guns from the Fronde
4. The Wreckage Surrounding the Fronde 5. Another View of Phoenix and Monteagle 6. Stern View of S. S. Petrarch

EFFECTS OF THE TYPHOON AT HONG KONG

The Way of a Half-Breed

BY W. A. FRASER, Author of "Thoroughbreds," Etc.

THE Canadian Government doesn't feed an Indian at Stony Mountain jail for seven years for nothing. He must have done something serious to be fed well, decorated with the iron jewellery, have a trained chaperon, and become really the exclusive ward of the nation.

If he get seven years in all probability he should have been hanged, for the Queen's agents are tolerant of these half-tamed children of the forest.

Maxepeto, a Blackfoot half-breed, had been sent to Stony Mountain for seven years. According to this tale, a white man, in his place would have been hanged.

Maxepeto was always bad. Those who knew him best said he was exclusively bad.

When an evil Indian dies,—too evil to get into the Happy Hunting Ground, he comes back reincarnated as a half-breed; and Mazapeto was unholy even for a "breed."

It was at Trapper's Landing that the thing happened—Trapper's Landing was seven miles from the Territories' North West boundary. Beyond that was a wilderness of spruce, and muskeg, and fierce running rivers stretching away to the Arctic Ocean. In the wilderness were fur animals, Indians, a few white traders, and a deficiency of the law and holy writ.

Trapper's Landing was the whiskey limit. No man might take the fire-water beyond the Territories' borders, and to that end two preventive police abode at the Landing.

With extreme diligence that liquor law was enforced, so that the Landing's soil was more or less always soaked in corn juice. A keg stopped was a keg broached, and liquor drunk was liquor destroyed.

Life at the Landing in consequence was one long jubilee of hilarious precaution; it would have been a sin to let the liquor go out amongst the benighted red-men of the North.

The Trading Company's Factor was king of this bacchanalian vale. He was magistrate in the face of the law, and arbiter of all things in the belief of the Indians. Sometimes when a petty case was on in his court room, which was the store, and it dragged a bit he would say with drunken gravity, "Oh, Shoed! Give him three years."

Then court would stand adjourned for a week, and the policeman would bring the case up again at the end of that time; the magistrate would have forgotten all about it, and probably put the culprit on to work for the Company at a dollar-and-a-half a day, under the impression that the man was a victim of somebody's malice.

There were no courts of appeal, nothing only the varying moods of the Factor Magistrate to average out justice. Some offender got ten times the possible sentence, while others got nothing who should have been hanged.

It was because of this climatic atmosphere that Maxepeto selected Trapper's Landing as his place of abode.

One morning the Factor called Maxepeto into the store and said: "Go and get Nonokasi and bring her here; I'll marry you."

There was nothing very startling in this sudden command, because they were all at Trapper's landing. If the Factor had said, "Here's a pair of new boots for you, Nichie," the half-breed would have been more surprised. That he had never thought of marrying Nonokasi, or for the matter of that any other woman, did not matter in the slightest: the factor had not consulted his wishes in the affair—didn't care a mink skin whether Maxepeto would like to have Nonokasi for squaw or not. Also what the Indian maiden might think about it was of small moment: Hudson's Bay Factors are supposed to do the thinking for the people in these districts. So he simply said: "Marsh! (Go) bring her soon."

Maxepeto rummaged among the tepees until he found Nonokasi.

"The Ogama wanting you, I think me," he said in his crook-limbed paters.

The girl brushed her black, glistening hair smooth; tied a bilious-yellow silk handkerchief, with impossible blue designs in the corners, about her neck; threw a Scotch plaid shawl over her shoulders, and silently followed the big half-breed to the Company's store. Perhaps the Factor wanted to give her a pound of tea, or an order for silk-worked moccasins.

The Factor had been enforcing the law by patriotically destroying much over-proof whiskey, so he was enthusiastically primed for the work in hand.

"Stand up there together," he said with maudlin dignity. "Hold on a bit!" and he fumbled in a drawer where much jewellery of unique design and unheard of metal was kept in disorderly abandon. He fished out a ring, with an olive coloured diamond half the size of the Koh-i-noor in it, and handing it to Maxepeto said: "Now we'll go ahead. When I shout, put it on her finger."

The marriage was more or less legally consummated, with the store assistant as witness.

"How old are you?" the Factor asked Maxepeto; the census routine becoming indefinitely mixed up with the other rite in his mind.

"Fifty summers," answered the breed.

"And you?"

"Twenty," lisped Nonokasi covering her face with the red-checked shawl, bashfully.

The Factor pulled a big sheet of brown wrapping paper toward him, made an exhaustive calculation with his pencil and said: "That averages thirty-five. Write them down as thirty-five years old," he added to the clerk.

Then, Maxepeto's reward materialized immediately.

"Give them debt for a good outfit," the Factor commanded the clerk.

The bridegroom loaded up the bride as he would a pack horse with tea, sugar, biscuit, tinned jams, fat pork, and some household furniture consisting of a looking-glass, comb, a frying pan, and several yards of gaudy print. He threw a bag of flour on his own broad shoulders, and stolidly led the way over the hill behind which nestled the smoke-tanned canvas tepees of his red-skinned friends.

"He's a damn bad lot," muttered the Factor leaning groggily against the door jamb as he watched the two figures slouch along the winding trail. "He's a bad lot, but she'll steady him, and it'll take her out of the way."

"By Goss!" muttered the breed, as he labored along under his hundred-weight of flour; "What the debbil I want get squaw me for. S'pose the Factor got some game make me marry dat gal."

Then he thought cheerfully of the pork, and the sugar, and the many plys of black tobacco, and they rose like a barrier between him and the inconvenience of having a wife. Also there was no doubt he had made a friend of the man in charge of the commissariat, the Okamous. That was as good as a pension. He even might hope to take part in some of the whiskey destroying bouts.

The marriage was the making of Maxepeto from a worldly point of view. From that time forth he was like the lilies of the field; he toiled not, yet still had raiment—not gorgeous, but shop made and of wondrous cut—still it was raiment.

Of a free choice, work is never included in the curriculum of an Indian. Maxepeto was a specific red man in his abhorrence of labor. There were many things he could do, but best of all could he steer a six-ton flat boat, carrying a hundred pieces of goods down through the treacherous rapids of the Saska River.

And this was the one thing he would do. When well loaded with liquor of unquestioned vileness his constant boast was, "I'm de bes' bloody steersman on the ribber!"

No man on all that boiling turbulent stream, with its rock-blocked rapids, could handle a boat like the big half-breed. He liked the danger of it, and the pay was big. There was little manual labor, which was the saving grace of the thing in his eyes.

Two months after his marriage he went down with the first boat of the season; he was gone three moons,

The boats never came up the river again—they couldn't; so the pilots always walked back.

Maxepeto tramped up the river bank day after day, and when he was near home cut across the hillside and appeared unannounced in his tepee home.

He should not have come as a leopard stalks a deer. But he was a big blundering breed with a thousand year heritage of savagery in his blood.

That night he came to the store, and asked for a bottle of Jamaica ginger for Nonokasi; she was ill, he said.

The next day he came again, and fumbled among the limited stock of patent medicines, and went off with a bottle of fruit salts and a tin of mustard plasters—his wife was worse.

Next day he came back and said she was dead.

The clerk went over to the tepee and had a look at Nonokasi. She was dead, of a surety.

Maxepeto got a few rough pine boards from the Factor, made a rude coffin, and in that she was brought down to the Mission House so that Father La Farge might perform the last rites before she was laid away in the little clay cell up on the hillside.

There was no inquest, no bother of any sort; doctors and lawyers, and undertakers, and coroners, and the others who make such a serious business of dying were hundreds of miles away. Trapper's Landing had no time for that sort of thing. When people wanted to die in peace they just died, and nobody bothered them or the friends who were left behind.

There was the body in its rough pine case, down at the Mission House if anybody wished to look at it. Father Le Farge would return that night, and Nonokasi would be buried next morning as became a good catholic.

In the morning, after the simple service, they were carrying the coffin outside to fasten on the cover. Some one tripped on the step and the case fell. The good Father started back with a cry of horror; for the head of the dead girl had rolled to one side.

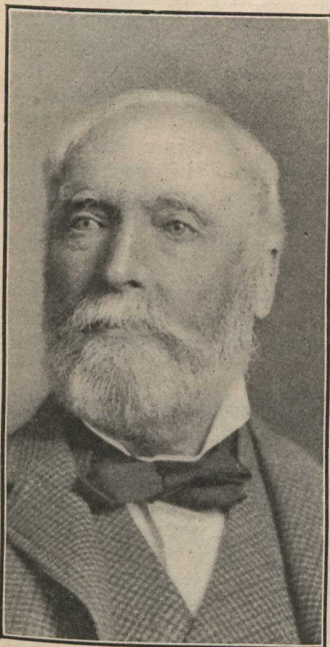
The slender neck had been completely severed by a sharp knife, and that while she was still alive.

The glazed eyes stared with horrible grotesqueness into the face of the evil Maxepeto, as he stood beside the coffin and glared down at his dead victim.

Why he only got seven years no one can say, for he never denied it—but that was his sentence.

The Saint of Scotland

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE WEEK



Mr. W. M. Ramsay
President of St. Andrew's Society,
Montreal

ON the seventeenth of March, the sons of Ireland, whether of Ulster or Connaught remember the verdant land of their birth and wear the shamrock in honour of St. Patrick. On the 23rd of April, Englishmen recall the story of St. George and the dragon, and red roses are worn as loyally as if the day of the Lancastrians had come again. But as the year wears away and the long nights descend, it is Scotland's turn to celebrate. Hallowe'en is kept by some true Caledonians, but the thirtieth of November, St Andrew's Day, is the season for all good Scots to "gie a han'" and indulge in a "richt good willie-waught." The heather and the thistle are the emblems of the night, while the songs of Robbie Burns are the sweetest

music that ever enlivened a banquet.

St. Andrew, the brother of Simon Peter, is said to have journeyed into Scythia, Cappadocia and Bythnia preaching the Gospel. He was crucified at Patras in Achaia on a cross shaped like the letter X—which was afterwards called the St. Andrew's Cross. As he was believed to have been the first to proclaim Christ to the Muscovites of Sarmatia, he became the titular saint of the Russian Empire. According to tradition, St. Regulus or Rule brought certain relics of St. Andrew from Constantinople to Scotland in the fourth century and was wrecked at Muckros near the site of modern St. Andrew's. There were several monasteries established near the scene of shipwreck and these are now in picturesque ruins. The Augustinian Priory was the most famous of these retreats.

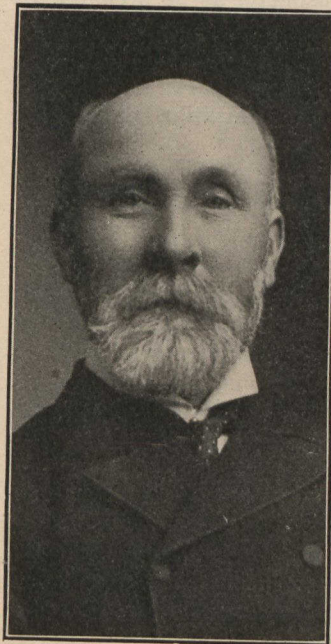
The present town of St. Andrew's is the Mecca of all who love the "Royal Game," and is regarded as the headquarters of golfdom. But the name of the crucified saint belongs to Scotland still, and his X-like cross has

for some centuries floated in the British flag. The Knights of the Golden Fleece, founded by Philip of Burgundy, the chief Scottish order of knighthood and a Russian order, all wear the Cross of St. Andrew. Last year, a Scottish poet, in lines called "Thistledown," well described the scattering and the loyalty of those who belong to the land of St. Andrew.

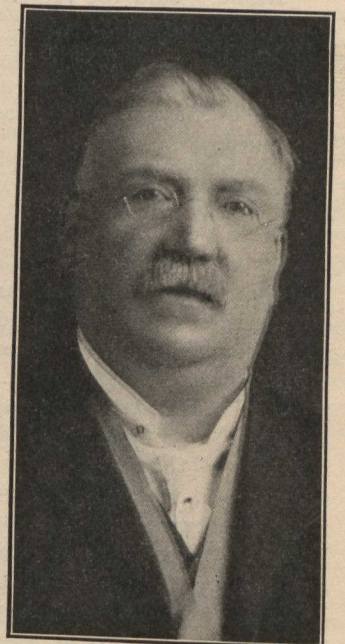
"There's never a sea for its flight too wide,
There's never a cloud for its wings too high,
And a rival shall ride at the eagle's side
When the silken tassel goes floating by.

Down in the grasses the shamrock grows
With the shadows cast on its blades of green,
Deep in the hedge you may look for the rose,
But the thistle's seed in the air is seen.

Swift and unburdened and void of fear
By the loot of a fenceless freedom fed,
The Sons of the Thistle go far and near
As the thistledown on the wind is sped."



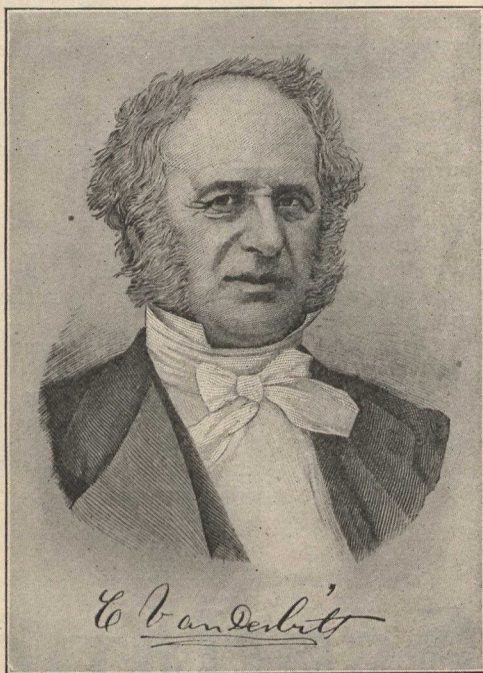
James Bain, D.C.L.
Pres. of St. Andrew's Society,
Toronto.



Mr. A. S. Murray,
Pres. of St. Andrew's Society
Fredericton.

When the Commodore came to Canada

A BIT OF HISTORY



Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt

THE month of August, 1869, was marked by much social diversion in Canada, as Prince Arthur, now the Duke of Connaught, was visiting Halifax, and being royally entertained by that garrison city. But on Friday, the twenty-first of the month, the city of London, Ontario, became slightly disturbed when it became known that "Commodore" Vanderbilt and Sir Francis Hincks were both visiting that picturesque town. There was a young Methodist minister then in the Dundas Street Church and the presence of this young clergyman, Rev. William Briggs, was requested by a party of Americans at the Tecumseh House, where was revealed to him the secret of the Commodore's visit. Mr. Briggs went forth with two bewhiskered and elderly gentlemen in search of a certain office.

The office was found but it was a warm day and the gentleman in charge was just about to leave the premises. However, Mr. Briggs, with that persuasive power which has since made him a leader in his church, soothed the heated official and induced him to attend to business.

"Name?" said the latter brusquely, as he prepared to fill in a certain document.

"Vanderbilt," was the reply of one of the elderly visitors.

The official moved uneasily. "Christian name?" he continued.

"Cornelius."

The official turned pale. "Residence?" he faltered.

"New York City."

A multi-millionaire was something to be marvelled at in those days, ere trusts and combines had made a few of us rich, and the London license-monger arose in trembling awe. "Gentlemen," he stammered in apology: "Take chairs, I beg of you."

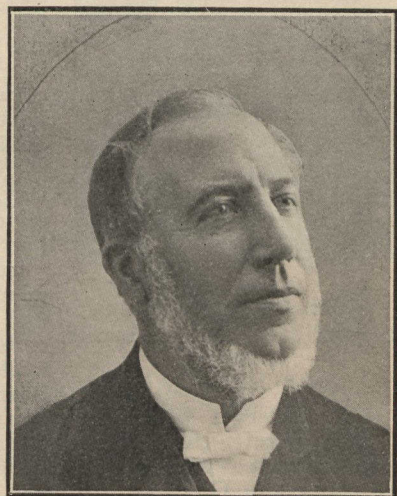
In the registry office at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, on page 367 of a ponderous book, there is a record to the effect that Cornelius Vanderbilt, aged seventy-six, widower and gentleman, was united in marriage on August 21st, 1869, by Rev. William Briggs at London, Ontario, to Miss Frank A. Crawford, spinster, aged thirty, daughter of the late Robert L. Crawford of Mobile, Alabama. But why did he and his bride forsake their native land to be married on foreign soil? Let it be remembered that the bridegroom was a widower with a family of eleven grown-up children who were not disposed to look too kindly on Papa's Autumn love. And

the bride was a Southern belle. So, who can blame the Commodore?

The "Daily Globe" of August 24th, 1869, contains on one of the four pages that then made up that excellent journal an article on "Vanderbilt's Wedding":—

"The arrival at London of Commodore Vanderbilt, the celebrated New York railway magnate and party on Friday morning was the occasion (says the 'Free Press') of quite a flutter of conjecture amongst the "quid nuncs" and gossips of the Forest City. His every movement naturally attracted observation and excited the most wide and extravagant surmises. Every conceivable purpose, from that of buying up the Great Western, body and breeches, to taking a dip in the modern Pool of Bethesda, the Sulphur Baths here, was discussed with painful gravity. What did he come here for and what did he want? Had it anything to do with Sir Francis Hincks? Doubtful! Was it in any way connected with the great corn question or the inspection of the London volunteers? Not probable; and indeed every other conjecture seemed at fault, especially that of a local contemporary in regard to his pursuit of the water cure. The Commodore preserved the most vexatious reticence, even his name did not appear in the hotel register and he kept in religious seclusion, as if under strict medical injunctions to avoid pernicious drafts and the still more afflicting effects of vulgar curiosity. But our little world went to sleep, fatigued by the heat of the weather, and forgetful that so great a personage as an eighty-million dollar capitalist, with his stocks and his steamers, railroads and river palaces, had even paid us a visit and still more oblivious of its purpose.

"Early on Saturday morning, however, the great question was answered. And the answer was that the Commodore had merely taken a temporary refuge in the respectability and quietude of the most flourishing city of the Dominion to consummate a marriage with a young, beautiful and estimable young lady, and thus escape all the glare and heat, the fuss and feathers, the lace, vanity and oppressive stare of the New York fashionable world. And so it came about that at seven o'clock on Saturday, in a private parlour of the Tecumseh Hotel, Commodore Vanderbilt was married to Miss Crawford, daughter of the late Mr. Robert Crawford, cotton broker of Mobile, Alabama, the Rev. William Briggs of this city officiating at the ceremony.



The Rev. Dr. Briggs

Who Performed the Historic Ceremony

"The gallant bridegroom, whose summers are seventy-six, was dressed in plain black, wearing in his shirt diamond studs of intense brilliancy and great value. He is a noble-looking gentleman, erect in figure, active in movement, intelligent in expression and almost courtly in bearing. As may be supposed from the fact of his years, his hair and whiskers are white; but he is so well preserved, even amid all the cares and responsibilities of his position that he looked to be not more than sixty-one years old. His bride is comparatively young, being

but thirty years of age. She is of medium height and symmetrical figure, wearing always a singular happy expression of face, which was one of gentle beauty. She was dressed in a simple travelling costume and wore a blue veil on her bonnet which was not lowered.

"Among the witnesses to the ceremony were the mother of the bride, Mrs. Crawford; Mr. Crawford, jun.; her brother and his wife; General Bragg and Judge Bragg; Mr. J. Tillinghast, manager of the New York Central of Buffalo; and Mr. Augustus Schell, the well known lawyer of New York.

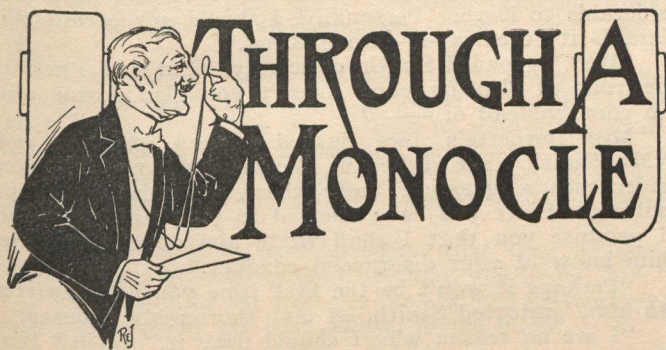
"After the ceremony had been consummated, the happy couple received the congratulations of the American families and others staying at the hotel, which the Commodore acknowledged most cordially, he looking proud, she radiant, and both happy. The adieux over, and the morning express east being ready to start, the party repaired to the G. W. R. Station and entered the Commodore's special car, bound direct to New York City. As the train moved off a series of twenty-one detonating signals were given in honour of their departure.

"Talk of railway rings and stock corners; bulls and bears; hedging and hypothecating; selling short, operations for a fall; Wall street doings and the Gold Room. Mere nothing all these compared to the great-

est speculation of life, that of Matrimony, which the gallant old Commodore has for the third time ventured upon. Let us hope that he will enjoy, for many years to come, an ample 'margin,' never prove himself a domestic 'bear,' and avoid all dangerous 'corners!'"

Such is the sprightly Free Press account, which is quite equal to the modern social column. But from 1869 to 1906, no one has heard Rev. William Briggs mention the amount of his fee—save to remark that the interest alone exceeded any other fee that Hymen has brought him.

Two fair descendants of the romantic Commodore have recently attracted public attention. On October 14th of last year, Miss Fredericka Vanderbilt Webb, great-grand-daughter of the founder of the Vanderbilt fortunes, became the wife of Mr. Ralph Pulitzer, son of the proprietor of New York "World," thus "gilding the refined gold" of yellow journalism. Another great-grand-daughter, Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, has lately separated, so rumour declares, from her aristocratic husband and is to be known no longer as the chatelaine of historic "Blenheim." J. G.



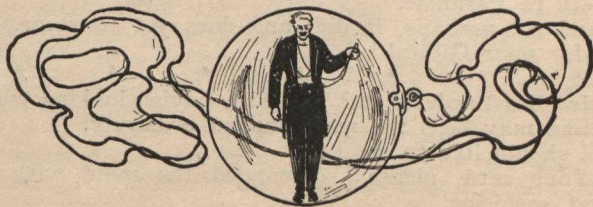
WHY "through a monocle"? For one thing because it is an achievement. Did you ever notice a man managing a monocle? You see him screw it into his eye and you marvel that it stays there. Yet he can do it every time. By practice, he has become an adept at it; and he does not always look like a man who can do difficult things easily. So you fish a penny out of your pocket and try it surreptitiously, when you find that—with all your superior intelligence—you cannot do it. Thus it is seen that the man with the monocle is cleverer than you imagined. Then, by a sort of reversed wink, he can drop it like a ray of light into his lap. That, too, looks clever. If you tried it, you would expect it to bounce on your cheek and roll on the floor. With a quick motion, he deftly screws it in again, and gazes at you opaquely—superciliously—enquiringly—crushingly. But there is one thing which, with all his cleverness and superiority, he cannot do. He cannot by any possibility see through it. When he wants to see he must wink it into his lap. Or he must depend upon his unbarricaded eye. He can look you down—he can look you through—he can visually knock you over and flatten you out. But he cannot look at you. So this being a cleverer thing than the clever man with a monocle can achieve—this seeing "through a monocle"—I thought it worth the trying.

One of the first figures who is to be seen "through a monocle" in Canada these days is Monsieur Henri Bourassa. If there is any period when a stare across the landscape will not detect the lively, picturesque figure of Monsieur Henri, rapidly going somewhere—anywhere—so long as it is not into a valley, the fault must not be laid at the door of Monsieur Henri himself. There is nothing clandestine about Henri. He is always willing to be detected. You may remember that "Little Billee"—Trilby's "Little Billee"—could "feel the north" when he was on good terms with his sweetheart. Monsieur Henri can, in the same magical and mysterious and unerring way, feel the "spot-light." He knows exactly where the artist in the gallery is about to throw the calcium circle, and that is where he is making for when we catch sight of him through the monocle hurrying across the scenery. It is this positive genius of his for getting into the lime-light at the right moment which has led some people to see in him the Man who will

take Quebec away from Laurier. He is so often discovered, when the curtain goes up, at the head of the people, that we might begin to think that they were following him. But then we might think, too, that the circus procession was following the small boys who strut in front of the band.

Now do not for a moment imagine that I do not like Henri Bourassa. I do like him. I liked him when it was he and Dr. Goldwin Smith against All Canada on the Boer War; and that is more than a lot of people can say who are now trying to make themselves think that he is a second edition of Moses leading "the chosen people"—themselves being the judges about the choiceness—out of the Wilderness. He has courage, ability, a well-stored mind, the eloquence of a popular tribune. He is as refreshing as a sea breeze after all the deadly-dull, smoke-laden and foul-smelling atmosphere of partizan fogginess which one usually breathes at Ottawa. It is a great comfort to see a man who dare stand up in the House of Commons and call his soul his own—even if he does his calling in such a way as to lead some people to think that he has thereby imperilled his soul's immortal welfare. Then he is a fighting independent. We have any number of arm-chair independents in this country of ours, who may possibly vote on election day if they happen to be passing the polling booth when the populace are not too numerous. But Henri Bourassa is an independent who is not afraid of "the populace." He will get up mass meetings and bring out candidates and go through election campaigns. In two words, he is an independent whom the party men fear.

But he is a "cub" publicist as yet. With a boy's enthusiasm, he has a boy's absorption in the moment—and in the visible. He cannot see much farther than his voice will carry. Grandma Globe looked him over the other day and announced that he would never be a leader, which shows that our venerable friend reads her prophecies in her dear old heart. But it is too soon to prophesy on this point. He is growing visibly every year; and he may be a man yet before his Grandmother. He has quite visibly out-grown some of his provincialism within the life of the present Parliament. But he still lacks that wide vision which makes a national leader—that acceptance of all the facts in the nation—that sympathetic understanding of all the elements in the community which Sir John Macdonald had and which Sir Wilfrid Laurier has. Without this, he certainly never can be a leader, but men have come and men have gone who have broken the shackles of a narrow environment and have grown from the attorneys of a section to be the interpreters of a people.



Smith Senior and Smith Junior

By G. M. L. BROWN

WHEN Gilford Smith wore a beard he passed for a man of forty, when he went clean shaven he was taken for a youth not more than twenty. His real age lay between these extremes—he was exactly thirty. His manner, so his friends asserted, were even more misleading. When bearded, he carried himself with an air of dignity that commanded instant respect. He was regarded as a person of importance, a man, evidently, that stood high in the business world, or in his particular profession. Beardless, on the contrary, Smith was a mere office boy, a green stripling from the back woods, or perhaps an under-graduate—in any case a rare subject for snubs and jests on the part of his assumed elders. If in his other character he might be likened to Dr. Jekyll, in this he was at best a juvenile Jekyll. Strive as he would, he could not alter his dual personality, nor could he, for the life of him, determine upon either the continuous use or the omission of his razor.

It was Smith Senior who had met Miss Burdette of Winnipeg, a charming young lady of nearly his own age—about twelve years his junior she thought at the time. Their acquaintance had been limited to a few brief interviews in Smith's Toronto office; but the correspondence that ensued soon drifted from legal formalities—to which, indeed, it had been but insecurely moored—out upon the broad, misty expanse of love. Before long, in short, they knew each other as Maud and Gilford, and were prepared to have their engagement announced upon Smith's first visit to Winnipeg.

Smith practised law, in partnership with his twin brother Charles, his senior or junior according to Gilford's facial aspect. For the latter wore an honest moustache which neither added to, nor lessened, his actual age, a point in his favour not duly considered by his detractors to whom Charles, so they stated, was the very personification of duplicity.

"Sometimes I'm taken for Gilford's father, sometimes for his son," he used to remark; "almost never for his brother—I believe they would take me for his grandson first."

"Grandfather, you mean," interrupted Gilford one day as he bounded into the office, fresh from the barber, his ruddy, boyish cheeks glowing from the operation to which he had just submitted.

"Yes, or great-grandfather, if you like, you blamed idiot," growled Charles, highly displeased to note another lightning transformation in his mercurial partner. "Thank heaven, you aren't to represent us in Winnipeg—or yourself, either, for that matter!"

Now by an odd coincidence Charles was scheduled to leave for Winnipeg to appear in an important trial the very week of Gilford's new-found joy. The latter, though deeply grieved to find that he could not go himself, thereby attending to two pending cases instead of one, had manfully faced the situation and written Maud that she might expect to meet his brother in a few days, but that his own visit was indefinitely postponed. At the last moment, however, despite legal complications and tonsorial objections (on the part of Charles, of course), the brothers succeeded in rearranging their plans, and not Charles, but Gilford, unboundedly happy, boarded the Western Express.

"It's a clear dispensation of Providence," he panted gleefully as he fixed his dress-suit case for a foot-stool and leaned back in the cushions to wave good-bye to his paternal twin.

Thus began the blissful journey—a journey that was to seal his everlasting happiness, broaden and inspire his whole life, eradicate the commonplace and sordid, eliminate all worry and discord and ill-will. "God bless the C.P.R.," he found himself saying, "for verily it leadeth to Paradise."

And so, perhaps, it did, and does yet to some, but alas for poor Gilford!

* * * * *

"Is Miss Burdette in?" asked a boyish looking caller.

"She may be," the maid replied evasively.

"I should like to see her."

"Your card, please," demanded the maid with apparent suspicion.

"I fear I have forgotten to bring my cards," muttered the caller, fumbling nervously in his pocketbook. "Say Mr. Smith."

"Oh, Maud, I'm so glad to see you," he exclaimed as his sweetheart entered the hall where Smith had unceremoniously been kept standing.

"Ah, Mr. Smith, I presume!" said Miss Burdette, with no little dignity.

"Yes dear—er—Maud; I have relieved my brother of a trip West, you see."

"Indeed!" The tone was decidedly forbidding.

"Why, Maud—"

"Pardon me—I didn't expect this liberty."

"Liberty, dear!" gasped Smith.

"Yes liberty, since you force me to repeat the word. I think you have taken a distinct liberty."

"But darling, I'm sure I don't understand you."

"Well, Mr. Smith, if you will pardon my not returning your endearing epithets, I don't know what you may consider good form in Toronto, but here you have considerable to learn. Personally, I should not permit this familiarity even in—Hong Kong."

"Well," groaned Smith, dejectedly, "I'm sure I'm only desirous of pleasing you. Aren't you glad I was able to come instead of —"

Miss Burdette's face flushed a deep, ominous red. "Mr. Smith," she replied in ill-concealed wrath, "I consider such a question more than impertinent—it's insulting. Since you have referred to your brother twice, I promise you that I shall write him at once and let him know of your disgraceful conduct."

"Perhaps it won't be the first time you have written to him," retorted Smith, at last thoroughly aroused.

"I see no reason why I should deny it," replied Miss Burdette with fire glaring from her eyes.

"Good heavens!" groaned Smith. "But Maud dear, do I understand—?" His anger was fast changing to despair as he grasped the import of her reply.

"I wish you good evening, Sir," responded Miss Burdette, and she actually left him alone.

How long he was in taking his departure Smith cannot recall; but he faintly remembers hearing the maid call sarcastic messages after him as he stumbled down the front steps. Then he recollects crawling into a cab which took him to the depot. It was a most ignominious flight, and the memory of it brings a flush of shame to his cheek even to the present day.

* * * * *

In just forty-eight hours from the time of his departure, Smith was back again in Toronto forty-seven hours, however, behind a telegram that he had dispatched to his brother. The cost of the telegram, he remembers, was five dollars, and he had some difficulty in persuading the receiving clerk that he was not a dangerous anarchist. Charles duly received the telegram, but instead of complying with the command to meet Gilford at the station, he sent the office boy with the following message:

Gilford: I don't care to meet you while you are so unreasonable. I may say, however, that I never met your lady love, nor have I ever written a line to her nor received any message whatsoever from her. Would suggest that if you grow you beard again, and keep it, you may succeed in cutting out the other fellow, whoever he may be. You are certainly on the wrong trail now.

Charles.

P. S. Your language, I hear, has demoralized the entire local staff of telegraph operators.

For a time Smith was dumbfounded. Then, as he re-read the brief note before the mirror in an adjacent barber shop, a sudden light dawned upon him. Like a child that had been playing blind man's buff with eyes bound, he stared with amazement as his vision returned. But the effect, so far as his temper was concerned, was painfully disquieting.

"Excuse me boss," interrupted the barber, who happened to be a member in good standing of the First Baptist Coloured Church, "did you take this here chair to practice profanity in or to have a shave?"

"Shave, you old Jack of Spades!" roared Smith;

the next man that says "shave" to me, I'll, I'll—gad, I'll brain him."

Not for three months did Smith again journey westward. When he finally reached Winnipeg for the second time, however, he proceeded, as before, directly to the home of the Burdettes. The maid, evidently, did not recognize him, but hastened to do homage to such a distinguished looking stranger by ushering him into the drawing room. His card was presented as a matter of course—there was no fumbling now.

But mental telepathy had forestalled the maid, who had barely reached the door as her mistress fluttered down the stairway.

"Oh Mr. Smith—Gilford—I'm so glad, so glad to see you at last," she cried, as she glided into his outstretched arms.

"But, dearest," she exclaimed, when the fervour of the first greeting was over, "give a better account of yourself—why did you delay coming so long?"

Gilford stroked his neatly trimmed beard with a guilty tremor while his manly cheeks blushed rosy red. "Maud dear, I can't—er—don't ask me that. Ask me any other question you like."

"Well, then, dear, tell me why you want your brother to act as best man. You must realize that it isn't only for my sake that I object, but I feel as if it would spoil everything." The tone had become almost tearful.

"Don't speak that way, precious, returned Smith, again perceptibly embarrassed, "you don't know Charlie."

"Don't know your brother, your twin brother, though I'm sure I thought him ever so much younger than you! What are you talking in riddles for, dear—didn't he come to the house, and, and—"

"Stop, darling—stop—don't cry—I mean—er Charlie just assumed the responsibility of that affair to screen another."

"Why, Gilford! And he wrote that long letter of apology, and you wrote about it, too, you know, and—"

"Yes, dear, he did that to screen the real culprit—Charles is one of the best fellows in the world."

Castes in Canada

(Continued from Page 10)

period, in order to fully realize that a natural feeling of diffidence, discontent and distrust must have sunk deep into the hearts of those who were subjected to this regime, what impressions must have been created by the efforts of inefficient and often overbearing officials, to rudely change the old order of things and invade with singular tactlessness the laws, traditions and whole make up of the "Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands, darkened by shadows of earth but reflecting an image of heaven."

General Murray, who had taken a prominent part in the campaign against Quebec, became the first British Governor of the Province. In his report to the Home Government in 1766, he says:

"The poor choice of and the number of civil officers sent out from England have increased the anxieties of the people. Instead of men of ability and of high moral character, we have had the very opposite in the most important positions and it became impossible with such men to give the population that impression of the dignity of government which is so essential to the maintenance of society.

"The judge chosen to conciliate 75,600 new subjects and reconcile them to British law and authority was taken out of jail. He was ignorant of the civil law and of the language of the people. The Attorney-General was no better qualified as to the French language.

"The Secretary of the Province, the Registrar, the Clerk of the Council, the Commissioner and the Prevost lived in England and leased out their offices by auction to the highest bidders and were so indifferent that not a single one of these officers understood the language of the country."

It is curious to note that during these long years, when every executive act tended to estrangement and when everything looked so hopeless and dreary, there was no uprising or commotion.

Protests, it is true, were made; an agitation for autonomy in domestic matters was commenced, but the people remained loyal, they took up arms readily in defence of the flag and never failed to give a good account of themselves.

Even when the New-England colonies revolted, they

vainly sought for co-operation among the dissatisfied people of this province. Every inducement was rejected and in that, as well as subsequent conflicts, we have the strange spectacle of a race which considered itself aggrieved and even oppressed, stoutly resisting an enemy which offered the allurements of political freedom to a mis-governed people.

The long struggle from the passing of the Quebec Act of 1774, when representative institutions were introduced here, and which culminated in the regrettable troubles of 1837-38, was in reality a long endeavour to obtain responsible government; it was a struggle varying in form throughout all the great British dependencies. If it was acute and violent here, the cause is to be found precisely in those racial and religious differences which are rapidly being obliterated in the growing national feeling that can easily be discerned everywhere in Canada. The uprising itself was regrettable no doubt; it occurred at a moment when the British Government was inaugurating a new policy of concessions to the colonies and grants of autonomy, but who can deny that there had been much provocation and a long suffering borne with patience and forbearance? Disregard of petitions and harsh treatment had aroused men of impetuous natures who were accustomed to perils and were the descendants of soldiers. Englishmen would not have endured so much.

Then came the court-martial and the executions. It is enough to say they were a grave political mistake which a later statesmanship would not have committed and that they left behind an unnecessary leaven of bitterness. The deportations constituted a severe punishment and were carried out with harshness, but, of course, they had not that supreme feature which marks the taking of human lives. I knew some of the deported prisoners, after they had returned. They were loyal and contented citizens.

One of them had been flogged, on board the Buffalo, the ship which carried the condemned prisoners to Australia; he bore the marks to his grave and his ankle was callous and bruised from wearing the convict's iron ball. He was a man of upright, generous nature. The Buffalo, on its lonely voyage, met a British man of war whose commander boarded the convict ship; he evinced a warm sympathy for my condemned friend, gave him his card and made him promise to look him up later. Long after, when he had served his time, the released man returned to England, without money, almost without clothes. He sought out the commander who had become an admiral. Did he receive him? He took him to his home, extended to the returning exile that hospitality which you meet nowhere but in old England and sent him to his country and family, a contented subject of the Crown.

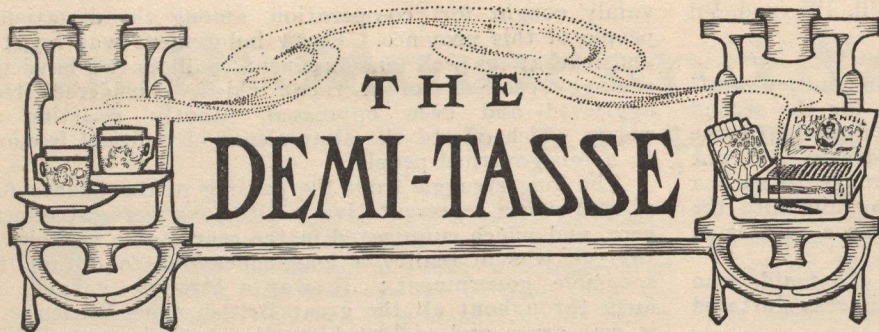
I need not dwell upon what followed; the union of the two Provinces, which lasted more than a quarter of a century, was a very imperfect measure of redress, but it brought the inestimable boon of responsible government, and confederation swept away the remnants of past grievances, opening a vista of national evolution which we scarcely realize yet.

My object, gentlemen, in thus exhuming an almost forgotten past, has been to accentuate the importance of the task you have undertaken and are so creditably fulfilling. The vicissitudes I have briefly alluded to have left no painful traces, but they have perhaps left upon the character of the people an impress which it is useful to bear in mind in our daily relations and in your patriotic efforts. Mere politics become at times wearisome and distasteful, but it is a cheering and hopeful feature of our public life to see men of different races and creeds associating themselves in aims so unselfish, so timely and so lofty.

In the heyday of chivalry there was a legend which the minstrels and troubadours kept alive in their ballads. Roland, who was the ideal knight, faithful to the king and his lady, had perished, bravely fighting in the dark valley of Roncevaux.

But when any noble cause wanted a defender, then would be heard, in the famed valley, a horn sounded by unknown lips; it was the call of the dead hero, it aroused his faithful companions and with the rising night wind again the valley was "filled as with the shadow of sound, with the pulse of invisible feet."

We live in a very positive age and our 20th century imaginations cannot conjure up these romantic visions which charmed our remote ancestors, but the reality of to-day is fraught with more fruitful results: your call has aroused the men upon whom Canada can rely for a gathering together of the best elements to the furtherance of union and true national greatness.



A Loyal Canadian

An Englishman and a Canadian were disputing about the natural beauty of their respective countries. Finally the Canadian admitted that English scenery had more romantic charms than that of his own land. "But," he added, "we're away ahead of you when it comes to size. Just look at your Thames! It wouldn't make a respectable gargle for the Mouth of St. Lawrence."

Pies of the Past

The poets sing of glories past
And rhyme of roses dead;
Of childhood's smile and girlhood's
wile
And joys forever fled.
But in our hearts a memory clings
Whose sweetness ne'er can die,
And we recall the tender thrall
Of Mother's pumpkin pie.

Let Swinburne sing in splendid verse
The snows of yester year,
The home-made bread of days now fled
Is to our hearts more dear.
I care not for the violets
Which dry and withered lie;
I merely wish an old-time dish—
My Mother's pumpkin pie.

The crust was crisp to flakiness,
The rest of it was brown;
And Father said with nodding head:
"It is the best in town." @
I'd give the richest modern fare
Carnegie's purse can buy,
For just a taste of melting paste
Of Mother's pumpkin pie. J. G.

Theft

In the golden summertime
Molly stole my heart from me;
Now she glories in the crime—
Calls it petty larceny.

When Bridget Disapproves

"Bridget, I am going out to-night."
"And lave the house alone!"—Life.

Very Likely

"You seemed to size that man up
pretty well," remarked the talkative
patron.

"Sure," replied the waiter, "It's
easy for us waiters to take a man's
measure."

"Yes? I suppose you measure him
from tip to tip."—Philadelphia Press.

In Search of the Joke

A play founded on Mrs. Wharton's
novel, "The House of Mirth" was
presented in Canada this autumn. A
man who was feeling rather blue went
to see the play, thinking that the
title promised amusement. But as
the sombre story of Lily Bart was
unfolded, he became more and more
bewildered and depressed. Finally

when it came to the suicide scene he
turned in disgust to a friend and re-
marked audibly: "I'll be hanged if I
can see the joke in this blamed show."

Dives A Teetotler

The Temperance Orator—And re-
member that when the rich man was
in Hades he didn't call for beer—or
wine—or spirits, my friends. He called
for water. Now, what does that
show?

Voice from the Crowd—Shows
where you bloomin' teetotalers go to!
—Pick-Me-Up.

A Late Supper

Ambrosia and nectar, nothing more,
The gods who dwelt on high Olympus
had
Wherewith to brace themselves and
keep them glad
Throughout the dull and dreary days
of yore.

Simple their needs and scant the
Superior to fashion and to fad;
clothes they wore,
To think upon them makes a man feel
bad;
What deprivations these immortals
bore!

Gone are the gods, save when the
poets sing;
Their ancient menu sounds a trifle
strange;
But there is left to us one toothsome
thing,—
I hear it grilling now upon the range.
Waiter,—A Lobster. With it also
bring
Some Scotch and Seltzer—You can
keep the change.
—Metropolitan Magazine.



A Matter of Business

Daughter—"He said he'd die if I re-
fused him."

Father—"Let him die, then."

Daughter—"But, Papa, he's insured
in your company!"—Smith's Maga-
zine.



Furs from "The House of Quality"

FUR JACKETS have always
been the first and last ideal
of well-dressed women. Nothing
is smarter as a garment and
nothing could be better for com-
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Music and the Drama

THE Executive Committee in charge of His Excellency's Musical and Theatrical Trophy Competition to take place at Ottawa in the week commencing January 28th, 1907, seems to have satisfied most critics with the conditions set forth. Each competing company must be prepared to meet its own expenses, as it is understood that the various competing companies are representing their respective cities. The General Committee at Ottawa has assumed all the expenses in connection with the theatre for the week and all other incidental expenses. The last week of January promises to be an exacting period for those concerned with judging and management.

The fact that more than two thousand people assembled to hear Moriz Rosenthal, the Roumanian pianist, shows that we are not altogether benighted in the matter of musical judgment. So pronounced was the popular approval of Rosenthal's performance, especially of the Schumann "Carnival" music, that an early return of the distinguished musician is promised. One might have wished for a different Beethoven number, as "Sonata, Op. 109" is hardly characteristic of the "infinite composer." But the Chopin group left nothing to be desired, the "Berceuse," the "Scherzo in C minor" and the transcription of the "Valse in D flat" affording ravishing melody. The last was a technical achievement that was bewildering in gymnastic perfection. In spite of Rosenthal's amazing technique and dynamic force, there was throughout his performance, an interpretative restraint as delightful as his colour and vivacity.

Mr. Willard's visits to Canada are a perennial pleasure, of which the English actor seems to be in no haste to deprive us. He fits so naturally into the parts of "Tom Pinch," "Professor Goodwillie," and "Colonel Newcome" that he is as welcome and wholesome as the Christmas number of the London "Graphic." But the best piece of acting he has done in his later work is the part of "Austin Limmason," in "The Man Who Was." The poor demented lieutenant will be remembered when "The Professor's Love Story" and "David Garrick" are but dimly recalled. The members of Mr. Willard's company are not equal to the demands of the plays in which he appears and Miss Alice Lonnon is a decided weariness to the public in her unvarying ingenuousness.

The most notable event in theatrical circles was the appearance of Mr. Robert Loraine as "John Tanner" in Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman." The sophisticated epigrams of the play were keenly enjoyed, even though the drama displayed constructive deficiency. Mr. Shaw's "philosophy" is never serious and is frequently absurd, but it is invariably clever, or rather "smart," as the modern world understands the adjective. His real sphere is vaudeville and he would write delightful humoresques and morbid monologues. Mr. Loraine's acting was charming in

humorous suggestion and it is to be hoped that he will soon visit Canada again in more dignified drama.

The Last of the Indian Treaties.

MR. Duncan Campbell Scott has written for "Scribner's Magazine" an article dealing picturesquely with the subject of the recent negotiations with the Indians of Albany River. As the writer points out, the Indian policy of the Canadian Government was inherited from the British procedure in the American colonies.

The treaty policy was well established at the time of Confederation, and "nearly all civilised Canada is covered with these Indian treaties and surrenders. * * * Until lately, however, the map would have shown a large portion of the province of Ontario uncovered by the treaty blanket. Extending north of the watershed that divides the streams flowing into Lakes Huron and Superior from those flowing into Hudson's Bay, it reached James Bay on the north and the long curled ribbon of the Albany River, and comprised an area of 90,000 square miles, nearly twice as large as the State of New York. * * * Through the map of this unregarded region, Sir Wilfred Laurier had drawn a long line, sweeping up from Quebec and carrying down upon Winnipeg, marking the course of the eastern section of the new Transcontinental Railway. The aboriginal owners of this vast tract * * * asked the Dominion Government to treat for their ancient domain, and the plans for the new railway made a cession of the territory imperative."

In June, 1905, three commissioners, among whom was Mr. Scott, were appointed to visit the Indian tribes and negotiate a treaty. Setting out from Dinorwic, a small station on the Canadian Pacific Railway two hundred miles east of Winnipeg, their route reached the Lac Seul water system, crossed the height of land and extended to Lake St. Joseph, the first great reservoir of the Albany River. The party included Messrs. S. Stewart, D. G. MacMartin and D. C. Scott, Commissioners; A. G. Meindl, M. D.; T. C. Rae, Chief Trader, Hudson's Bay Company; and two constables of the Dominion police force, Parkinson and Vanasse. "The flotilla consisted of three canoes, two large Peterboroughs and one birch-bark thirty-two feet long which could easily hold eleven or twelve men and 2,500 pounds of baggage and supplies, as well as the treasure-chest, which was heavy with thirty thousand dollars in small notes." A crew of half-breeds and Indians accompanied the Government party.

In return for their lands the Government would give: "Eight dollars to be paid at once to every man, woman and child; and forever afterward, each year, so long as the grass grows and the water runs, four dollars each; and reserves of one square mile to every family of five or in like proportion; and schools for their children; and a flag for the chief * * * They were assured that they were not expected to give up their hunting-grounds, that they might hunt and fish throughout all the country, just as they had done in the past."

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

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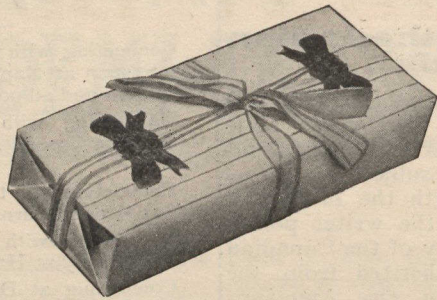
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BOOKS

IN spite of the many prophecies that the public would tire of fiction, the production of new novels goes on industriously, the book-seller's counters being crowded with historical romance, problem novels, muck-raking narratives and psychological studies. Among the new novels are several by Canadian writers which claim early attention.

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts is associated with poetry rather than with fiction, and the poet is easily discernible in the style of "The Heart That Knows." The story is the old harrowing tale of a woman whose love knows no reserve and who suffers many things because of her folly. "Luella Warden" has been compared by several reviewers to Hardy's "Tess," and this comparison indicates sufficiently the strong impression made by Mr. Roberts' latest heroine. To some readers, "Melissa Britton," through the sheer malevolence of her jealous passion, is the most memorable character in the book. Although the story is of dramatic power, those who are familiar with the writer's earlier work turn with special enjoyment to the description of the tides of Tantrammar and the "fir-crested ridge of uplands behind Westcock village." The poet of Acadia reveals himself in such a sunset as this: "The crimson died slowly to cold purple, the orange blaze to tenderest lilac and lavender; and the zenith took on the green of a clear sea that washes over white sands." (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.)

From Tantrammar to Simla takes us across many a mile of foam, but Canadian writers are going to and fro in true Twentieth Century fashion. Mrs. Everard Cotes, who is better known to Canadians as Sara Jeannette Duncan, has written several novels with an Oriental setting but none of greater interest than her latest story, "Set in Authority," which deals with the effort of an idealistic Viceroy to mete out impartial justice to native and Englishman. The conclusion, however, leaves the reader in doubt as to how much the "little blind Devil of Chance" has interfered with the administration of the admirable representative of His Majesty. The delicate humour which is this Canadian writer's rare gift comes out delightfully in her depiction of such types as "Lady Thame" and "Mrs. Tring." The latter is easily recognized as ultra-modern. "She absorbed London and the time, consumed much social philosophy, became a Fabian as strenuously as she might have become a Mahommedan, threw off her convictions in essays and her impressions in poems, rode in the very van of progress, was, I have no doubt, the first woman who smoked a cigarette in a public restaurant. The one stimulant she required was the evening paper." (Toronto: Wm. Tyrrell and Company.)

There are only twenty-one pages in the dainty booklet, "Via Borealis," which contains seven of Duncan Campbell Scott's latest poems. But the little volume is a casket which contains none but gems of rarest polish. "Spring on Mattagami" is a wonderful blending of Nature's forest freedom and loveliness with the pas-

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sion of the human heart. "Night Burial in the Forest" has a sombre strength that is almost uncanny and in "The Half Breed Girl" there is heard again the note of native magic that removes this poetry from the conventional mediocrity of most modern verse. The illustrations by Mr. A. H. Howard, R.C.A., are in artistic harmony with the forest life so strongly yet subtly revealed. Especially suggestive is the gloom of pines and bracken in the heading to the poem describing the burial of the murdered man. There is no modern Canadian production with more of promise for native literature and art than this small green-bound book. There is nothing imitative in the forest songs which, like the harp of Erin, have a wild sweetness all their own. Mr. Scott went into the northern wilderness, away to the regions where the Albany and the Abitibi flow, to represent the Government in final treaty with the Indians. But the outcome of the mission is poetry not politics and "Via Borealis" has proved a path of wild roses and red willow, with the white-throat sparrow's bright note for cheer. The booklet is appropriately dedicated to Mr. Pelham Edgar who has been the author's companion in several of his northern pilgrimages. (Toronto: Wm. Tyrrell and Company.)

"Makers of Canada" is the title given to a series of biographies which have been appearing for the last three years in "edition de luxe" form. The volumes really present a history of the Dominion, in its most attractive aspect and are essential in a library whose owner professes to be acquainted with his country's development. The editors, Prof. Pelham Edgar and Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, have spared no expense and care in the preparation of these biographies which have been written by prominent Canadians whose historical and literary equipment fitted them for the task. Morang and Company, the publishers of this admirable series, are issuing a cheap edition which will place the work within financial reach of all classes. In paper, type and binding these books are the "last word" in the publishers' art, and will be appreciated by all who rejoice in a good book worthily bound. The craze for seaside library books and paper covers is a thing of the past and we are slowly learning the lesson which Ruskin taught in "King's Treasures." To read a book from the public library may be better than not to read it at all. But to get any permanent good from it, we must hold it as a real possession. "Makers of Canada" ought to find its way to many a Canadian book-case this Christmas.

The definitive edition of Bliss Carman's poetry has been recently published by the Copp, Clark Company, Toronto, and affords much satisfaction to those who have had to rely on several slender volumes, representative of this New Brunswick poet's work. A critic in the London "Times" recently dealt rather severely with the poets of America but, in referring to Bliss Carman he said: "But with all his lamentable extravagance * * * he has that quality of which we have noted the lack in most of his predecessors, a youthful gait and bravery, due perhaps, to his Canadian birth."

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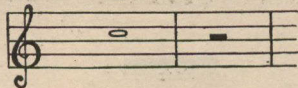
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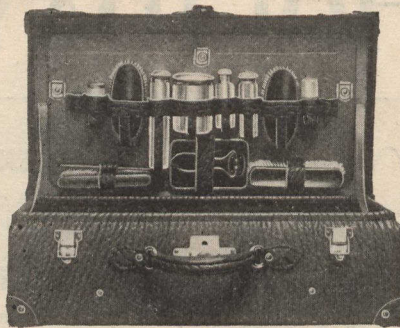
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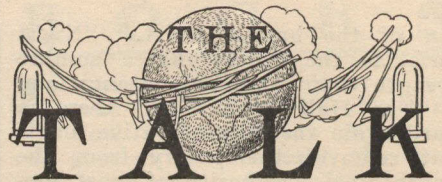
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IN ONTARIO.

The Canadian Club of Toronto banquetted His Excellency, the Governor-General, on Thursday evening. Mr. Mark H. Irish, president, was in the chair. Representatives from sister clubs in Canada and the United States were present.

By a recent militia order, the Union Jack is to fly daily at Tete de Pont Barracks, Kingston.

IN QUEBEC.

Montreal "La Patrie" publishes a letter from a correspondent in Rome giving what is declared to be reliable information that Monsignor Mathieu rector of Laval University, will soon be raised to the dignity of Canadian Cardinal.

The name of the Highland regiment in Montreal has been changed from "Royal Scots of Canada, Highland-



Mr. Mark H. Irish

President of The Canadian Club, Toronto

ers" to 5th Regiment "Royal Highlanders of Canada."

At the annual meeting of the Canadian Amateur Billiard League held in Montreal on November 13th, Mr. Arthur Talbot of Quebec was elected president. It was decided that the games should be 14-inch balk line as before, but teams of four instead of two.

Dr. Arthur Rousseau of Quebec, a well-known surgical specialist, and professor of Laval University, has been named an Officer of the Academy by the Government of France.

IN NOVA SCOTIA.

The Royal Cape Breton Yacht Club tendered Lieutenant Peary an informal reception at Sydney last Friday night. The explorer was present for about an hour and briefly thanked the members for their kindness.

Mr. Bosworth, fourth vice-president of the C.P.R., announced on November 15th, that Halifax will be retained as a port of call for mails to and from the old country and the C.P.R. "Empresses" will follow the custom of the Allan liners and call at that port throughout the winter. This is but a fair recognition of Halifax.

IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

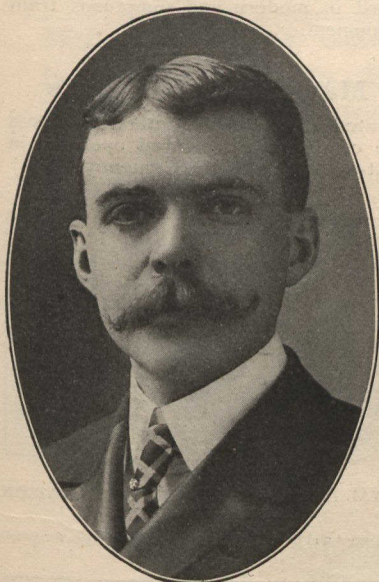
The gales in the Bay of Fundy during the third week of November resulted in several wrecks. The wind during the storm on the fifteenth at times reached 72 miles an hour. The schooners "St. Bernard," "Silver Wave" and "Wood Bros." went ashore.

A despatch from Fredericton states that about three hundred non-resident sportsmen have hunted in New Brunswick this season. Statistics show that up to and including November 13th there were exported from this province to the United States 120 moose heads, 25 caribou heads and 24 deer heads.

The winter business opened at St. John on November 21st by the arrival of two Donaldson liners from Glasgow, also of the C.P.R. line tender "Cruiser" which is to be used for landing mails and passengers.

IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Major Bartlett of Charlottetown prefers association football to rugby and this year donated a trophy to the



Mr. Asa R. Minard

Secretary Canadian Club, Boston,
Special Delegate to the Vice-Regal Banquet,
November 29th.

P.E.I. Football League. It was won by the Abegweits, which is perhaps the finest team in the Maritime Provinces.

IN MANITOBA.

At a meeting of the grain commission on November 16 at Deloraine, there seemed to be a strong sentiment in favour of government supervision at terminal elevators. The shortage of cars had proved a serious matter, and it was suggested that the railway companies should furnish storage either at lake terminals or at country points.

At the public auction sales of Manitoba school lands held during the first fortnight of November, at Wawanessa, Virden, Miniota and Oak River, under the direction of the Dominion Government, \$394,817 has been realised for the Province, some 33,500 acres being disposed of. Ninety-five per cent. of the purchases were made by farmers and speculators had no show.

IN ALBERTA.

Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, Deputy Minister of Labour, was in Lethbridge, Alberta, last week in active



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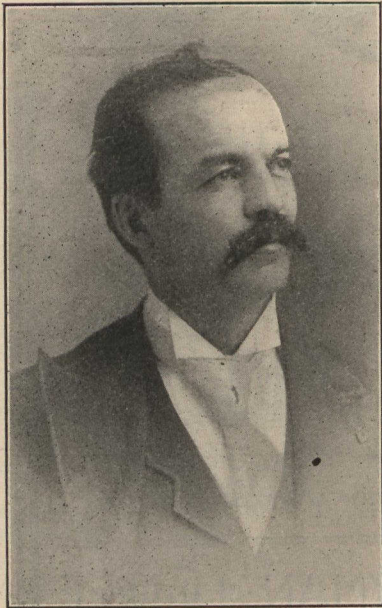
consultation with the representatives of both sides in the coal strike. It will still be a matter of three weeks before the present output from mines is increased. In the meantime, the people are making great protest over the lack of coal.

After a survey of the available passes through the Rockies, the Grand Trunk Pacific has chosen the Yellowhead Pass, which is regarded as the easiest and most direct line from Edmonton.

IN SASKATCHEWAN.

Four weeks ago, Timekeeper August Nelson, while crossing the large bridge across the Moose Creek, was struck by a freight engine and hurled to the dizzy depths below, some eighty feet. He was found by a rescue party and taken to Alameda, where his injuries were attended to. Saskatchewanans have robust constitutions.

The centralisation of the courts of Saskatchewan in the capital city is understood to be the policy to be adopted by the Government, when they bring in the new courts act at the coming session of the Provincial Legislature. Under the new system all judges of the supreme court will be located in Regina.



Mr. Arthur Talbot, Quebec
President Canadian Amateur Billiard League.

The secretary of the Prince Albert Board of Trade states that two new industries are to be established in that thriving Saskatchewan town. Among the natural resources of the district are pulp wood and clay deposits and capitalists have now been interested who will convert these into paper and pressed bricks.

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Negotiations are progressing between the British Columbia Legislature and the Federal Government looking to the sale of lands by the former for occupancy by the Babine Indians. In return for this grant the Indians agree that the barricading of the rivers be permanently prohibited.

All that immense stretch of country in British Columbia, lying adjacent to the Portland Canal, or anywhere in the neighborhood of Prince Rupert, the new terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway, is being thoroughly prospected by speculators in agricultural lands and mining property.

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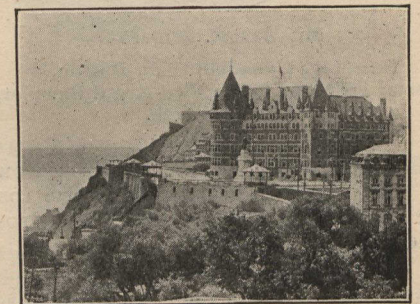
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**SPECIAL
EXTRA MILD**

Porter

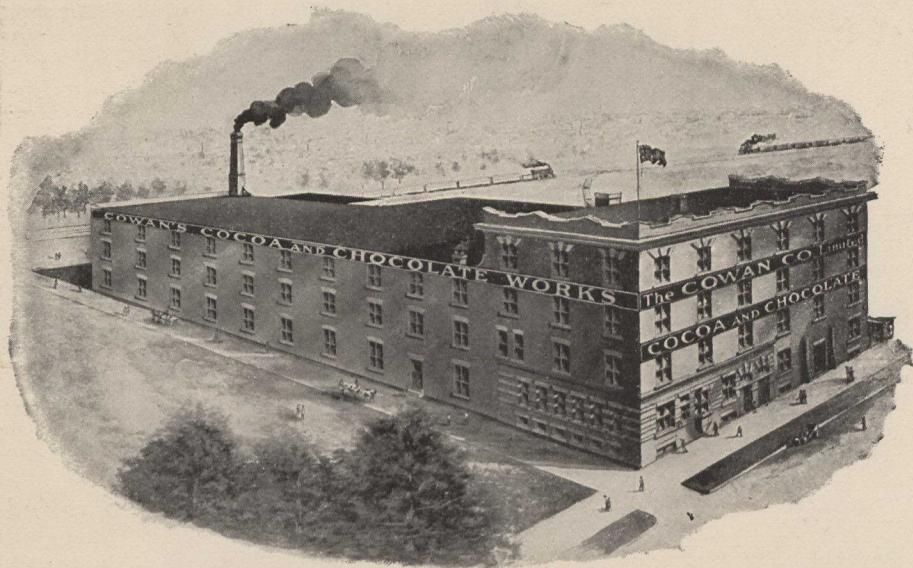
Extra mild, remember. A rich old brew—free of dregs and sediment—that you may enjoy as often as you like without fear of upsetting the stomach or of making you bilious.



The
**SHORT
LINE**
to
Parry
Sound
and the Muskoka Lakes

There are two trains daily over the C.N.O., one starting from Toronto at 8.10 a.m., arriving in Parry Sound at 3.15 p.m., and one starting from Parry Sound at 7.30, reaching the Union Station, Toronto, at 2.30 p.m. The regular depots between the two points are: Rosedale, Duncan, Thornhill, Richmond Hill, Gormley, Vandorf, Pine Orchard, Mount Albert, Zephyr, Cedardale, Pepperlaw, Beaverton, Gamebridge, Brechin, Udney, Monk Road, Fawkham, Washago, Sparrow Lake, Ragged Rapids, South Wood, Torrance, Bala Park, Bala, Dudley, Footes Bay, Lake Joseph, Long Lake, Blackstone, Falding, Otter Lake, Parry Sound. The C.N.O. is the only railway entering the town of Parry Sound.

WM. PHILLIPS,
General Passenger Agent Canadian Northern Ontario,
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