

The Canadian Courier

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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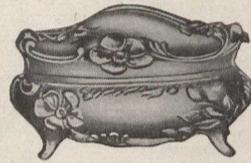
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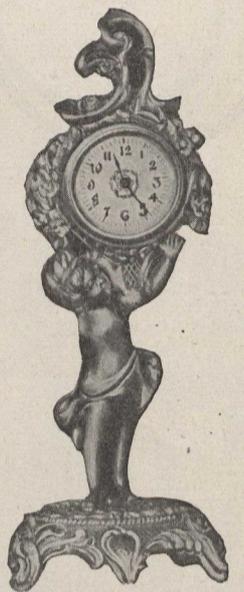
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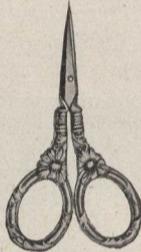
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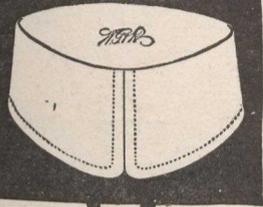
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Editor's Talk



Isabel E. MacKay.

OUR new serial story which commences next week is by Isabel Ecclestone MacKay. Mrs. MacKay has not a great reputation as a novelist. Her only publication up to the present time is a volume of verse which was published in 1904. She has written a number of short stories and her work has been published in *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *McClure's*, *Ainslee's*, *The Red Book*, *Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, *Life*, and other United States publications. She has also contributed to the leading Canadian periodicals. Mrs. MacKay was born in Woodstock, Ontario, and lived there until quite recently. She is now a resident of Vancouver.

The story by Mrs. MacKay which we intend to publish is a purely Canadian story. Some people may think it is too Canadian since the scenes described may be somewhat too familiar to the average reader. Nevertheless, we hope that on the whole our readers will consider it one of the best Canadian stories they have ever read. It will be completed in eight issues of the paper.

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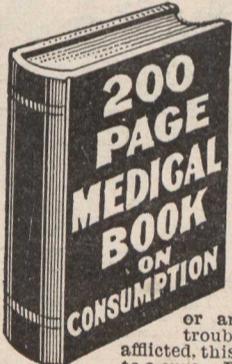
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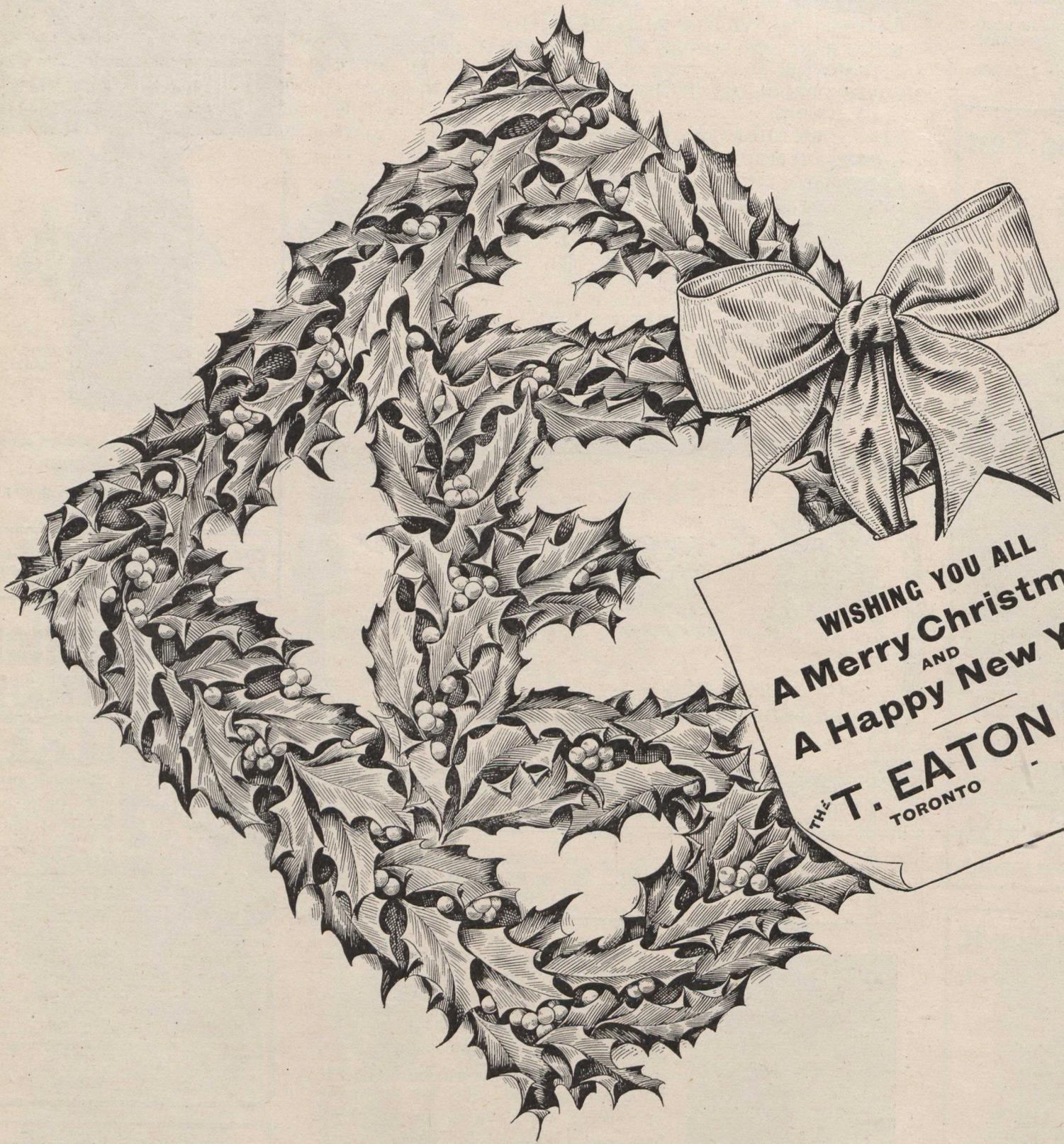
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T H E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 7

Toronto, December 25th, 1909

No. 4

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

MR. FIELDING is a conservative statesman. For more than ten years he has known that there was a serious defect in the anti-combine clause of the Tariff Act of 1897, and more than ten years he has hesitated about making the necessary improvement. The defect in this clause, which provides for a Royal Commission to investigate cases where manufacturers have combined to "unduly enhance prices," is its failure to say who would bear the cost of the investigation. When the first case appeared, Mr. Fielding said the appellants should bear the costs and the persons concerned looked up in amazement. Here was a clause, intended to provide against combines, and the Finance Minister ruled that any investigations under it should be borne by the consumer! If a retail merchant was ostracised and put out of business by a combine, he must pay the expenses of a Royal Commission to investigate his case—surely not, Mr. Fielding? "Yes" was the answer—and the answer has ever since held good. Hence the anti-combine clause became a dead letter, much to the regret of many good, free-trade Liberals.

THE first case under this anti-combine clause arose in 1901. The Canadian Papermakers' Association, about the time the Eddy mills at Hull were destroyed by fire, found the demand for news print to be greater than the supply and they raised the prices very materially. Immediately every publisher of a newspaper in Canada arose in his wrath and declared for a fight. Only two papers refused to join in an appeal to the Government for an investigation. Those papers were the *Montreal Gazette* and the *Montreal Star*—but that is another story which will keep.

The Canadian Press Association, as the older and stronger press body, undertook the task and sent a committee to Ottawa. They were courteously received and attentively listened to. They stated the circumstances and produced their evidence. Mr. Fielding considered them and shortly announced that a Commission would be granted. He selected a Commissioner—Mr. Justice Henri Taschereau of Montreal. He appointed a date for the first meeting. Then arose the question of costs—counsel fees, stenographic reports, witnesses' expenses and other sundries. Mr. Fielding decided that each side should pay its own expenses, no matter how the decision went. The Press Association protested and another committee was sent to Ottawa. Mr. Fielding refused to relent. The Press Association urged that as a matter of principle the Government should pay the chief expenses; that the anti-combine clause was a delusion if this were not done. Mr. Fielding was adamant. The Press Association pointed out that they must send witnesses and solicitors and counsel to Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto and perhaps New York, and that the investigation might last a long time if the papermakers thought it advisable to make a running fight of it. Mr. Fielding would not relent.

THEN occurred one of the most remarkable incidents within the writer's knowledge. The Press Committee having exhausted every effort decided to refuse to appear before the Commission which was announced to meet within a week. They decided to fight the point out before the public. They prepared a memorandum of their views, delivered it to Mr. Fielding by messenger, and took the first train out of Ottawa.

The situation was dramatic. The whole press of Canada was behind this committee, irrespective of politics, and the committee declared that it would not yield. Mr. Fielding was then at the height of his early popularity as a Federal Minister and was undoubtedly supported by the members of the Cabinet. Had the fight occurred it would have been a merry one.

But the battle never took place. About forty-eight hours before the Commission's first sitting, Mr. Fielding wired the secretary of the

Press Association that the expenses of the witnesses on both sides would be paid but that each should pay its own counsel fees. The compromise was accepted and the investigation went on. The present Minister of Justice was the counsel for the Press Association and he scored a complete victory. Judge Taschereau found the papermakers had formed a combine to unduly enhance prices. No one was punished, but the papermakers lowered the price of news print and have since acted reasonably.

AFTER the case was closed and the verdict given, the Press Association presented a bill of \$2,000 to the Government and asked that it should be paid. This represented the outlay to which the Press had been put for proving that in one instance at least, the manufacturers had taken advantage of the tariff to "boost" prices. This bill was sent in as a further protest against Mr. Fielding's decision and in the hope that the protest would lead the Government to provide better facilities for the next complainant. The bill was never paid, and the rule was never altered.

Now after ten years, Mr. Fielding admits that his decisions were wrong and that the Press Association was right. He announces that a measure will shortly be introduced to provide that, when any claimant has made a prima facie case, all expenses of the investigation will be borne by the Government, including the fees of counsel. This decision is to be commended, even if it comes late. It should commend itself to both consumer and manufacturer. To the consumer, because it will enable any man with a good case to start an investigation which will render justice and settle disputes. To the manufacturer, because it will be a warning to greedy members of that fraternity that unfair combination will be punished. The tariff which does not oppress will last longer and arouse less opposition than the tariff which is made the instrument for extorting undue profits.

NEVERTHELESS the *Toronto Star* is not satisfied with Mr. Fielding's amendment. It says "the announcement is disappointing" because it does not go far enough.

"The alleged remedy does not go to the root of the wrong, which is that the Government provides no machinery for the enforcement of its own law. It does not take the initiative. It provides a court. It leaves the complainant to collect the evidence, engage counsel, assume all the responsibilities and anxieties that are assumed by a private litigant. All it promises is that under certain conditions he will be reimbursed.

"This is not the procedure adopted in the case of other offences against the Customs law—smuggling, undervaluing, or dumping. These laws are enforced by Dominion Government officials. The person who believes that goods are being smuggled or undervalued is not required to collect evidence, hire counsel, and prosecute the offenders. He simply states his case to a Government official—imparts his information, perhaps his suspicions. He touches the button, the official does the rest. The Government takes the initiative."

Perhaps the amendment does recognise the injustice without providing an adequate remedy, but Mr. Fielding must be given credit for a decided improvement. If the improvement is not sufficient, a further agitation will probably secure what the *Star* desires—a prosecuting and investigating official. There is little evidence to show that such an official is necessary, as the manufacturers are not apparently making any greater profits than any other class of merchants or financiers.

A RATHER strange incident occurred at the Board of Education meeting in Toronto the other day. Trustee Simpson, a socialistic labour representative, argued against flying the flag on anniversaries of battles and said that it would be better to fly the flag every day

than to pick out military anniversaries for flag distinction. The Board took him at his word and the flag will fly every day. Trustee Simpson may think he won an advantage but it looks as if he had made a tactical error and lost where he had hoped to gain.

Flying flags on school-houses every day is an idea which we have borrowed from the United States where flag-flying is a disease. Its extension to Canada is not to be commended. Loyalty to the flag is not proven by excessive display; parading one's virtues is usually taken as evidence that one holds them lightly. Flying ten thousand flags a day will not add to Canada's reputation for either patriotism or loyalty.



WINNIPEG'S municipal elections are over and, in the eyes of the rest of the country, Winnipeg is not so progressive a city as it was thought to be. The by-laws to provide for public baths and underground conduits were carried, but the by-law to provide \$50,000 for a public art gallery was defeated. The property owners of Winnipeg have proved that they are no better than the property owners of other cities in the Dominion and have refused to recognise the value of a civic art gallery. They will vote money for any commercial purpose which can be devised, but they have not a cent for culture.

Canada is woefully lacking in an appreciation for the higher and better things of life. We are still in the primary stages of development. We are still barbarians to a large degree. The dollar mark is the only one we fully appreciate. We even reduce education to a commercial basis and refuse to countenance that which is purely for the purpose of distinguishing gentlemen from men. Not a single city in Canada has an art gallery, though every city of any importance in Europe recognises its culture value. Even in the United States and Australia, the larger cities have galleries where the poorest citizen may see something which will enable him to feel that adding machines and cash registers are not the greatest products of man's genius.



HON. R. P. ROBLIN, speaking as a private citizen before the Conservative Association of Winnipeg, on Thursday evening of last week, again spoke most disparagingly of our proposed "tin-pot" navy. Just when the gentleman, who in public life is known as the Premier of Manitoba, became such an ardent imperialist history does not record. Some say that it was when Lord Milner visited Winnipeg; some put it down to the influence of a visit from Sir James White; others think the conversion took place when Earl Grey honoured the domicile of Hon. Robert Rogers a few months ago. Whenever the conversion took place it was certainly complete. As an imperialist, the Hon. Mr. Roblin quite outshines Colonel Denison, Mr. Castell Hopkins, Mr. Alexander McNeil and Col. Sam Hughes.

He maintains that a Canadian navy will be both a menace to Canada and to Great Britain. It will be a menace to Canada, since it may possibly embroil us with the United States. One of our Admirals may get "chesty" and insult Uncle Sam. It is a menace to Great Britain, because when we get into trouble, the British fleet will find it necessary to come over and get us out of it. There is the first Argument. Mr. Roblin does not say the militia is a menace to Canada and to Great Britain, though he might reasonably use the same line of argument concerning it. Apparently our militia officers are to be trusted—which is a compliment for General Otter and Sir Percy Lake.

The second Argument is that Chauncey M. Depew says that war between Great Britain and Germany must come within two years. How flattered our old friend Chauncey will be to be quoted by Mr. Roblin on such an important subject! Where Ex-Senator Depew is best known, he is considered to be an authority only on after-dinner jokes. Perhaps this is really one of Mr. Depew's jokes which Mr. Roblin has mistaken for a serious statement.

The third Argument is that a Canadian navy is the beginning of Canadian independence. This was followed by a burst of eloquence in which he said: "It is our duty to stand together and resent this attempt to wreck the bonds that tie us to the mother land." Whether the audience wept or not, the despatches do not tell us and the writer was unavoidably absent.



WHILE Mr. Roblin, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Mr. Hazen are declaring for a direct money contribution to the British navy, instead of a Canadian-built and Canadian-controlled unit of that navy, the members of Parliament who represent rural constituencies are telling us that eighty per cent. of their constituents are

opposed both to a Canadian navy and a direct contribution. The people of the towns and cities are quite willing to do something, the less the better; the people of the country districts are not anxious to do anything. If Sir Wilfrid Laurier carries the Canadian Navy bill through the House in January he will have done so in the face of much opposition from those who represent rural ridings. Almost every farmers' organisation in Ontario which has expressed an opinion on the subject is opposed to all kinds of naval expenditure. Perhaps this is due to the fact that they have not yet heard from Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, friend to Hon. R. P. Roblin.



MR. FIELDING has made another budget speech and this time a most cheerful one. The palmy days of 1907 have been duplicated in 1909 and the rivers of coin are again flowing Ottawaward. Mr. Fielding says that the revenue is sure to be ninety-six million this year, perhaps a hundred million. The surplus over current expenditure will be something like sixteen million.

After all, this is a small matter. The earnings of the Canadian Pacific Railway will be about the same, and the surplus will be much larger. The larger surplus is due to the fact that Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and his board of directors spend very little of their income on furbelows. The meetings of the C. P. R. directors are not very numerous and they occupy very little time. They have no Hansard and because their speeches are not reported they do not make them. If Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fielding could get the House of Commons to take a leaf out of the book of the C. P. R. directors and despatch the business of the country in a businesslike manner, the surplus would be larger. It is only when two institutions with equal revenues, the one public and the other private, are compared that we are able to get some idea of how awkward an institution is a People's Parliament.

Mr. Fielding announced one reform which is worthy of special mention. Certain military expenditures, hitherto chargeable to capital account, are to be charged to current expenses. Good. Further, all naval expenditures are to be charged to current expenditure. This is excellent. For half a century, finance ministers have been pursuing a system of bookkeeping in Canada which is not supported by the practice in other well-governed countries. Just why a rifle, which is worn out in six years, should be charged to capital expenditure, is difficult of explanation. Indeed all military expenditure should properly be charged to current expense account. Railway bonuses and steel bounties should also be charged to current account, though Mr. Fielding tried to show reasons for not doing so.



WE confess to considerable sympathy with the Dukes. The House of Lords must be reformed, of course, but the process is rather trying. For example, a speaker declared that the Duke of Portland's ancestor had filched 60,000 acres of public land when he was Ranger of Sherwood Forest. It was subsequently shown that the only land ever acquired in Sherwood Forest by a Duke of Portland amounted to 939 acres, for which he paid \$140,000. All sorts of cock-and-bull stories are being trumped up against them, and they are kept busy proving that they and their ancestors were not really criminals.

Again, we feel sympathy for them in their objections to paying higher taxes and a share of their "increment." The present system has lasted so long that they thought it would last forever, and made their investments accordingly. Whether the Liberals win in the forthcoming election or not, the House of Lords must be reformed and there must be a better distribution of taxation. It is inevitable, but the outlook is not pleasing to the present holders of large estates. They have much the same feelings as the hand-loom workers had when the steam-driven spinning and weaving machines were introduced or as the type-setters had when machines for setting type were first introduced.



THE real trouble in Great Britain is unemployment and decreasing population. Between 1896 and 1902, there was an emigration of 400,000 people; in the next six years it amounted to 934,000. Between 1896 and 1902, public savings banks deposits rose by \$200,000,000; in the next six years they rose only \$75,000,000. Between 1896 and 1902, the average unemployed was 30 in the thousand; in the next six years it was 51 in the thousand. Any country with such an industrial record and an increasing tax-bill is sure to have heart-searchings of an extraordinary kind. We can but hope that they will find the correct road out of their difficulties.

MEN OF TO-DAY

Manitoba's Chief Justice

THIRTY years in the judiciary of a province whose legal machinery has been operating for little more than that time, is the record of Chief Justice Dubuc of Manitoba, who is now being permitted to accept superannuation. Relieved of the arduous duties of the Bench after giving service of nearly a third of a century, no one of the early pioneers of the West can say that he witnessed a more tangible development than the retiring Chief Justice. Born in St. Martins, Que., in 1840, and descended from a family that settled near Montreal as early as 1682, Hon. Joseph Dubuc spent his student days in the educational institutions of the French-Canadian province. He was a fellow student of Louis Riel and graduating from college with the degree of B.C.L., he followed the law course in McGill University, and in September, 1869, was admitted to the bar of the Province of Quebec. While a young barrister he went to Manitoba, arriving on June 17th, 1870, the journey westward occupying seventeen days. At old Fort Garry he was the guest of his former college companion, Louis Riel, and later he moved to the Archbishop's palace in St. Boniface, where he remained for two years until his marriage.

The formative period of Manitoba was one of quick promotion for those possessed of any education. Six months after his arrival Mr. Dubuc was elected to the first legislature of Manitoba in which he sat until 1878, when he was elected to represent Provencher in the House of Commons. Although he held the portfolio of Attorney-General of Manitoba for a few months in 1874 and became Speaker of the Legislature in 1875, he played no striking part in politics. His temperament was hardly that of the political fighter. His mental attitude was always that of a lawyer and a jurist; and moreover, his time was much taken up by other duties than those he had in the Legislature. He later became a member of the newly created executive of the Northwest Territories and became its legal adviser in 1874. In 1875 he was appointed Crown Prosecutor in criminal cases and held the position until 1878. Mr. Dubuc had hardly sat in the Dominion Parliament for one session when an opportunity offered to ascend the bench and he accepted it. In November, 1879, he was gazetted a *puisne* judge of the Court of King's Bench and he discharged his new duties in such a satisfactory manner to all concerned that upon the Chief Justiceship becoming vacant in August, 1903, he was elevated to that position.

Chief Justice Dubuc's interest in higher education found scope in his later years in the Council of the University of Manitoba, of which he has been a member since its foundation in 1877. In 1888 he became vice-chancellor of the university and nearly all the degrees of this institution have been formally conferred by him.

An Englishman in the West

NOWADAYS when so much criticism is being levelled at Englishmen in Canada, it is of interest to note what is being done by some Englishmen in the West. Mr. J. F. C. Menlone, of Virден, elected at the recent convention at Portage La Prairie, to a second term as president of the Union of Manitoba Municipalities, is a well-known personality in the municipal activity of the West. Mr. Menlone is secretary-treasurer of the Town of Virден and of the rural Municipality of Wallace. He is also Chief of the Fire Department of Virден, and, for years, has been known as a most enthusiastic fighter of fires, and reformer of methods. Mr. Menlone was the promoter and is now the manager of the first municipally-owned

rural telephone system in the West. He is one of the vice-presidents of the Union of Canadian Municipalities. An Englishman by birth, he visited his old home last summer after an absence of twenty years.

A Winnipeg Clergyman of Note

FROM the northernmost regions of the Dominion comes to Winnipeg a minister who has been associated with the capital city of the Yukon for years, and who knows the conditions in that region which has for so long furnished a theme of discussion. Rev. A. G. Sinclair, Ph.D., of St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, is a son of Rev. R. G. Sinclair, who was engaged in mission work in connection with the Presbyterian Church in the Northwest thirty years ago, and is a native of Edmonton district. The family removed to Ontario after the rebellion of 1870 and Mr. Sinclair's father became pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Mount Pleasant. He himself was educated at Toronto University, where he secured the fellowship that carried with it a year's course at Edinburgh. Returning to Canada, he was called to Port Hope, where he remained for three years. He thereafter took a post-graduate course at Berlin and Heidelberg universities, where he received the degree of Ph.D. While there he wrote a philosophical thesis in German of so high an order that the German professors had it published in book

form. At the conclusion of this course he came to St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, to relieve the then rector, Rev. J. W. MacMillan, now of St. Matthew's Presbyterian Church, Halifax, and later he located in Dawson City.

A Border Colonel

MILITARY orders for November created several new colonels. Indeed, the making of colonels is an endless process. The fact that most of them are good fellows as well as patriotic citizens is the only real justification.

Lieut.-Colonel Fred W. Hill, of Niagara Falls, is well known throughout the militia. He commenced his military life in the famous "K" Company of the Queen's Own Rifles, which has probably supplied more officers for the Canadian militia than any other company known to history. That was in 1884 and 1885. In the latter year he took a commission in the 44th Battalion and has served continuously in that corps. He was made a captain in 1894. He had been adjutant for several years prior to that event and took part in the Quebec Tercentenary last year. By profession he is a lawyer, is solicitor for the Bank of Hamilton and has also considerable to do with the Ontario Power Company and electrical development at the Falls.

A Brigade Commander

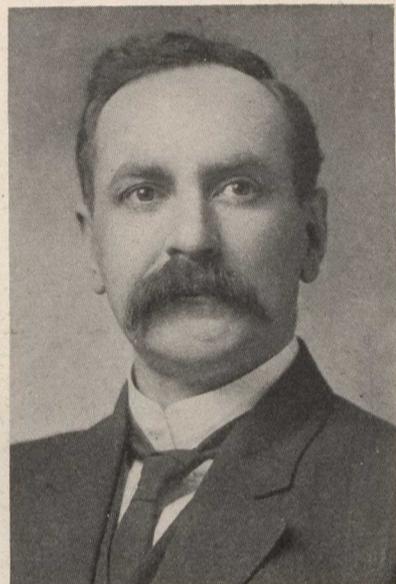
FROM an engineering corps in Newcastle, England, to Commandant of the Second Brigade of Canadian Field Artillery is a long stretch but it has been accomplished by Lieut.-Colonel W. O. Tidswell of Hamilton. Colonel Tidswell joined the 13th Regiment of Hamilton in 1884, became a captain in 1890, and a brevet major in 1900. For two years he was adjutant of that corps. In 1900 he took a certificate from the Royal School of Artillery and transferred to the 4th Battery C. F. A. with the rank of Captain. Three years later he became Major and in September last Lieut.-Colonel with command of the brigade. Colonel Tidswell has had more military experience than a mere recital of these events would indicate. He has done considerable work in connection with the Niagara Camp in staff positions. The old Deseronto Artillery Camp is thoroughly well known to him and he has served at least three seasons in Petewawa. In 1901 he received his long service medal and in 1904 the Officer's Decoration. Colonel Tidswell has been long enough in Canada to know that there are possibilities here for real soldiering.



Chief Justice Dubuc, of Manitoba.



Rev. A. G. Sinclair, St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg.



Mr. J. F. C. Menlone, Pres. Manitoba Municipalities.



Lt.-Col. F. W. Hill, New Commandant, 44th Batt.



Lt.-Col. W. O. Tidswell, Commandant 2nd Brigade, C.F.A.



EXPERIENCES AT SEA.

DID you ever open your suitcase on ship-board and find hidden away therein a great "mail bag" of ship-letters? If you ever have, you know with what mixed feelings you regard the packet. You are sorry that they have taken so much trouble, and glad that they have thought of you enough to do it. If you have had experience in helping to fill such a packet for others, you feel that they have probably wondered much what to say in these letters which were not to be read until you were well at sea; and now you know that it does not matter much what they say, so long as it mirrors the good will which prompted it. Most of all, you wonder how you will like the reading of them. The dear chirography will be a little like home photographs tumbling out on one in a foreign land. They will bring a touch of homesickness. But as the days go by, you open them and find that the pleasure drowns out the pain. They awake more love than longing. You are glad that you have them. They bring a new pleasure to the moments between dressing and breakfast when you are likeliest to read them.

* * *

YOU know, of course, how they are arranged. Each is enclosed in an envelope of its own on which is written simply the date when it is to be read. If you are lucky, you have at least one for every day. Thus you begin the day with a hand-shake of good will from the people you have left behind. These dates should all be written in the same hand, so that you have no inkling as to the writer of the letter until the day has come and you have broken the seal. This enables you to wonder each day whom to-morrow's missive will be from. You are to see an old friend in the morning amidst all these strange faces; but, until the time comes, you do not know whom. What should be in the letters? Just what you find there. After this, I shall never refuse to write a ship-letter for anyone on the poor excuse that I have nothing to say. It is impossible to say anything with right good will which will not be doubly welcome. It is a daily mail from home without the possibility of bad news and without the necessity of replying.

* * *

I DON'T wonder that doctors often recommend an ocean trip for invalids. It is a rest cure in a cradle. If you are very susceptible to *mal de mer*, it might not fit your case; but otherwise it is a cross between *dolce far niente* and a perpetual table d'hôte. There is your sea-bath before breakfast—not too early. After breakfast, you may lie in your steamer chair on deck, take a morning constitutional or go up to the gymnasium. A ship gymnasium is one in which the passenger is passive and the machinery does the exercising; and this is beautifully in accordance with the spirit of ship life. There are machines which massage your spine and others which pound your stomach; others roll up and down your back, while still others toss you in the air. You do nothing but smile amiably when the attendant asks you how you like it. Next the deck steward brings you a cup of bouillon, and then there is chat and lethargy until luncheon. The afternoon is more lethargy, more desultory chat, more passive gymnastics, and, perhaps, a story or two in the smoking-room. Then dinner, and the subsequent developments depend on your age and inclinations. It may be "bridge" in the saloon or it may be watching the moon-track on the waves with the company that goes with that sort of thing.

* * *

THEN there is gossip. The staidest acquire a taste for gossip on ship-board. There is no real news, save the fragments Marconigraphed to the wireless man and published in the ship "daily"; so we must all be interested in the probable past and future of our fellow travellers. It is genuinely exciting when it is whispered from deck chair to deck chair that the English girl sat out on the upper deck last night till midnight with the young Swede; and a great interest

is taken in the efforts of the French doctor to teach his beautiful tongue to the lady in the "tam." Sometimes a passenger does not appear on deck until late in the voyage—for reasons which only Neptune could control—and then everyone is lost in surmise who he or she can possibly be. Finally, however, on the slower and less crowded vessels, everybody gets to know most of what is worth while about everybody else, and there grows up quite a family feeling. The plans of everybody are common property. Addresses are exchanged, and advice given with the lavish feeling that here at least is something more blessed to give than receive. There are few places like ship-board for getting acquainted, and every voyage ends amidst a shower of regrets.

* * *

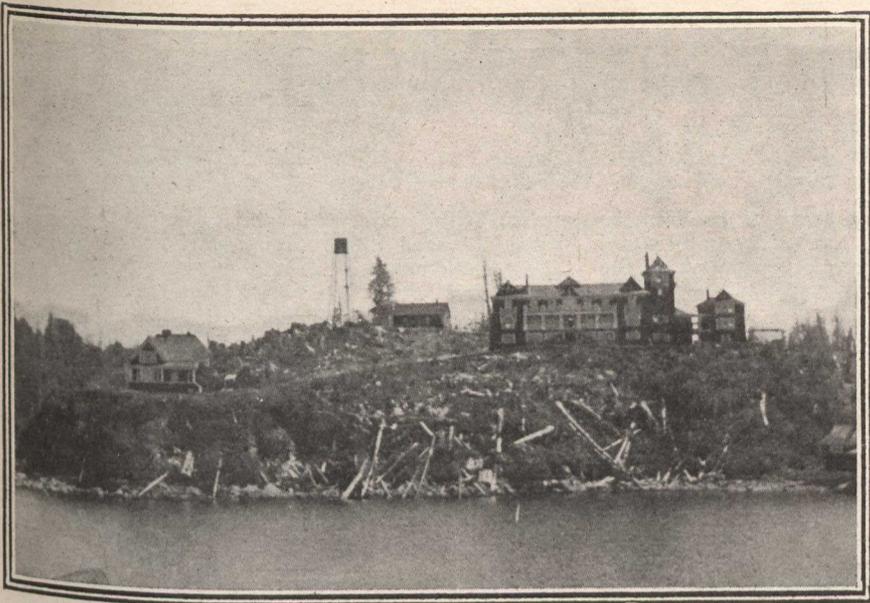
IF you cross on a German ship, you may be sure that everything will be done on time and in order. Even the stewards — who usually are most pliable to the passenger's whim with an eye on the tip which is to come — move and act with military discipline on a German vessel. My bath steward on such a voyage agreed to call me at 7.45 for a bath at 8. The call seemed to come the first morning atrociously early; and I was a bit slow about turning out. So presently he is back again to inform me once more, and this time in a grieved tone, that my "bad is r-ready." So insistent was he that I drew the inference that he had not called me to begin with until eight when the bath was actually ready; so I suggested that he summon me a quarter of an hour earlier. This he solemnly agreed to; and the next morning, he announced: "Mr. Monocle it iz half-past zeven." This was a trifle too early; so I got him to agree to put the alarm visit back again to 7.45. As solemnly as ever, he agreed to this; and the next morning, his summons was simply: "Your bad is r-ready." I looked at my watch, and it was only half-past seven. He was willing to oblige a passenger by pretending not to wake him until the hour he preferred; but he was not going to let a lazy man interfere with the iron routine of that ship, even if he had to wake him at half-past six.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

THE ORDEAL BY FIRE



Dame Asquith—"Here, I say, you are cooking my pet bird!"
Lansdowne—"Well, mum, if he is the phoenix you make him out to be, that won't hurt him. He'll rise from his ashes."—*Punch*.



The Cable Station at Barclay Sound, on the West Coast of Vancouver Island.



Hotel on Alberni Arm, at Port Alberni, Barclay Sound.

Will Barclay Sound be a National Port?

A Study of Economic Conditions on the Pacific Coast.

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

THERE have been vague rumours from time to time that some day there will be a port on the Pacific Coast which would be more of a national port than Victoria, Vancouver, or Prince Rupert. During recent elections in British Columbia the question has again been raised, "Will Barclay Sound be the great national port of the Canadian Pacific Coast?"

If you will take your map of Canada and let your eye rest upon that portion of it containing the Strait of Georgia and Vancouver Island you will notice that ships coming in from the sea go a considerable distance inland, if one may use such a term, before reaching Victoria. They go a still greater distance before they reach Vancouver, the terminus of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Then let your eye run up the west coast of Vancouver Island and you will come to a huge indentation known as Barclay Sound. It is here that the Pacific cable lands, and it is here that a national port should be created if the present national ports are unsatisfactory.

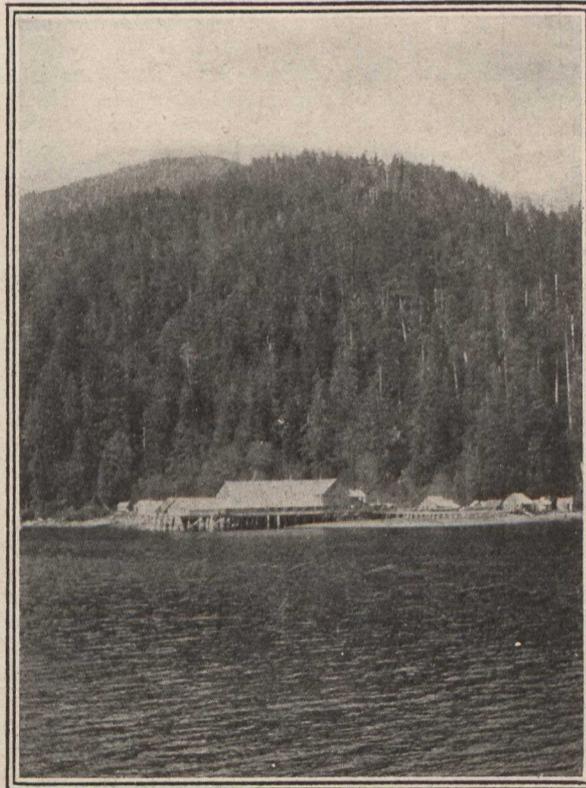
Perhaps it is too early to ask this question and discuss this subject. The great prairies in the middle west are still monopolising the attention of governments and people. The wonderful development in that district, the rapid influx of United States farmers, and the phenomenal growth of railways, towns and cities has caused the development in British Columbia to be overshadowed. Nevertheless it would seem that Canada's next great development will be in the Pacific Coast province. The building of the Grand Trunk Pacific through the northern portion of that province will open up an entirely new district, partly suitable for lumbering, partly an agricultural country, and partly a mining district. When Prince Rupert is connected with Winnipeg there will be an immediate extension of western commerce, both inland and sea-going.

The Canadian Northern proposes, under its recent agreement with the British Columbia Government, to build a line through the Rockies down the Fraser to the edge of the Gulf of Georgia. Thence it proposes to carry its trains by huge car-ferris across the Gulf to the capital city of Victoria. From Victoria trains will run along the western coast of Vancouver Island to the terminus of Barclay Sound. This is the proposal. Whether it will ever be carried out is another matter. There are people who think it will be many years before the Canadian Northern Railway goes beyond New Westminster. Nevertheless, it would seem that either the C. P. R. or the C. N. R. will shortly be at Barclay Sound. Already the C. P. R. has a line from Victoria to Nanaimo and it is not far from Nanaimo on the east coast, to Barclay Sound on the west coast.

Besides the strategic situation which a national port on Barclay Sound would have, there is an additional reason why the railways should push across Vancouver Island. On that wonderfully valuable piece of territory there are billions of feet of timber, hundreds of thousands of acres of agricultural land, mighty ranges of commercially valuable iron ores, countless signs of copper, mighty veins of marble, great hills of building granite,



How they Transport Supplies along the West Coast of Vancouver Island.



A Typical Bit of the West Coast of Vancouver Island, with a Salmon Cannery in the foreground.

Photographs by the Author

masses of limestone, incalculable tons of food fishes — all undeveloped and withheld from the market through lack of common railroad facilities. The aggressive transcontinental magnates are not likely to allow such vast worth to remain undeveloped.

Even if the railways were to feel satisfied with the present work they have on hand, the people of British Columbia are sure to find some method by which these rich islands shall be developed at a pace which corresponds with the other parts of Canada. British Columbia is determined not to be a laggard in the provincial race. From every settlement comes a cry for roads and trails and railways. When Premier McBride made his contract with the Canadian Northern he was only making a necessary answer to an imperative demand. The man who will rule British Columbia will be the man who will provide transportation facilities. The lumbermen, the miners, the farmers and the merchants can do everything for themselves with one exception—they cannot provide transportation facilities. For this they must look to the government.

Vancouver Island has one disadvantage, it lies eighty miles off the long mainland. This cuts it off from the railways of the main line. Nevertheless, the people of Victoria, Nanaimo, Ladysmith, Duncan, Cumberland, Alberni and the other towns and villages are just as determined to have roads and railways as if they were not handicapped by the Strait of Georgia.

The men who are looking forward to future developments and are always ready to make a small investment in undeveloped but promising districts should keep their eye on Barclay Sound. Here there is a possible railway terminus free from narrow inland water, with very slight possibility of fog, and which is two hundred miles nearer Yokohama than Victoria or Vancouver. The possibilities of a national port are there. If fortune favours it will some day be built.

Gold Coins in Canada

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Dear Sir,—In a recent issue of your paper, and on page six, you refer to the making of gold coins in Canada.

The Dominion Government have an assay office in Vancouver, where they buy gold from the mines in British Columbia and the Yukon. Any one can send their gold to this office, get it assayed, receive a Government certificate for the same, and if they like can sell it to them. The chief drawback to the sale is that only \$20 per ounce is allowed for 1000 fine gold, while you can get \$20.67 from the refineries in the States. I have been told that the Government are buying large lots of gold and silver from the Kootenays.

Yours very truly,

E. W. WIDDOWSON,

Provincial Assayer.

New Brunswick Forestry Problems

By MANNING W. DOHERTY

A FEW years ago the man on the street regarded the then incipient agitation for forest conservation as a fad of a few theorists. That the theorist of those days was more practical than his practical critic has been proved by the demand to-day of the public at large for the Federal Government and the several Provincial Governments to undertake a policy looking toward a preservation of what remains of our once regarded inexhaustible timber lands.



Mr. M. W. Doherty,
Sussex, N.B.

Unfortunately it is not history alone which proves that the public in general and governments in particular, were inexcusably shortsighted in regard to our forests. On every hand

we have dismal evidences that those in authority regarded our forests as an asset to be exploited for the benefit of the present generation without consideration for the future, or else regarded them not at all.

The Province of New Brunswick is no exception. The public domain of this province consists of about seventy million acres, ninety per cent. of which is leased to lumber operators. As to what proportion of this land carries timber, and what percentage of this timber is of merchantable quality and size, can only be roughly guessed. The fires of the last thirty years have destroyed more than enough timber in value to pay the entire provincial debt and have left large areas of wilderness, for here as in other places fire breeds fire.

But one of the greatest mistakes made in the forestry policy of New Brunswick has been the failure to prevent settlement upon lands unfit for agriculture. Much destruction has been caused to the forests by the "illegitimate settler" and to his footprints we wish in this article to call special attention.

The Labour Act permits any person not owning other land in the province to take up 100 acres of land by paying twenty dollars, and requires the doing of thirty dollars worth of road work and in the building of a house fit for occupancy. There is nothing vicious in the act itself, but the failure to segregate agricultural land and land fit for growing only timber crops has resulted in a very extensive and deplorable destruction of the chief asset of the province, its forests. To-day there are hundreds upon hundreds of abandoned farms dotted throughout the non-agricultural parts of this province.

What has been the unvarying history of these blots on the landscape?

"Timber thieves (for as such they must be regarded), would apply for a homestead in a district possessing a valuable growth of timber, but totally unsuited to farming. On receiving the grant they would more or less comply with the requirements of the Labour Act and would then proceed to sell out to the lumber operator from whose leased lands the grant was taken, or as happened in hundreds of cases, they became the cause of forest fires which destroyed not only the timber on their own land, but also the timber on adjoining lands. If the "illegitimate" succeeded in selling out he would move away to repeat the operation in some other part. In some cases the settler found a few acres of his grant which would produce sufficient crop to sustain himself and his rapidly increasing family. Living in this isolated home frequently far removed from a settlement, the children would grow up without the advantages which could have been had in any agricultural section of the province.

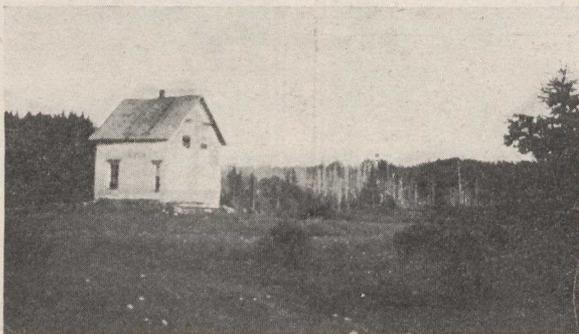
As a sum total of the transaction there passed out of possession of the Crown one hundred acres of timber lands to become the freehold of the lumber operator or valuable timber was destroyed by fire, and a number of uneducated children added to the population.

A year ago an account was taken of these deserted farms and a prominent man, much interested in agriculture, stated that it was regrettable that they numbered up in the hundreds. The fact that the farms are deserted is not to be deplored, but that they were ever settled upon will remain for some years yet as a blot on the record of those in charge of the Crown Lands of this province at the time the lands were opened up. It would not have been so disastrous if these holdings had reverted

to the Crown. Unfortunately many passed into the free-hold possession of the lumber operators and will be used to embarrass the government at the expiration of the timber leases which is only nine years distant.

The government of to-day has apparently awak-

AN HISTORICAL CONTRAST



A Typical Deserted Homestead, first year after being abandoned



Deserted Homestead, five years after desertion. Showing the growth of young trees.

ened to a sense of its responsibilities and has avowed a policy of not allowing settlement on lands not suited for agriculture. The same policy was proclaimed by previous governments. The public are not interested in the policy as proclaimed but will

watch with anxiety the policy as carried out. It would be well to go even a step farther and not allow settlement on land suited for agriculture, unless a fair proportion of the surrounding territory was suited to growing field crops. This would ensure that where a settler was allowed in, it could be expected in time that a fair-sized community would spring up, able to support a school and to give to the young generation at least some of the advantages of modern civilisation. Necessity cannot be contended in opposition to this policy, for there is plenty of room for settlers in agricultural districts. No part of Canada can boast of more fertile lands than are to be found in the valleys of the beautiful rivers of New Brunswick, lands highly suited to dairying and mixed farming.

Let settlement be restricted to these districts and as a result there will be founded many happy, prosperous homes which will add greatly to our agricultural wealth and at the same time will not endanger our valuable forests.

Proceeding on the assumption that the Government will not hereafter allow settlement on lands unsuited for agriculture, it remains to decide what is best to do with the farms already abandoned and those which will be abandoned in the next few years. The question is one easy to answer by anyone acquainted with the conditions of forest growth, especially in Southern New Brunswick.

The writer has travelled over much of the timbered areas of Canada and has never seen anything approaching the phenomenal growth of spruce to be found in New Brunswick and parts of Nova Scotia. In Ontario an abandoned field produces weeds; in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, spruce. In the counties of King and Albert farms abandoned ten years ago are to-day covered with a thrifty growth of spruce, and farms abandoned thirty years ago are to-day carrying a heavy stand of spruce from thirty to forty feet in height and from six to ten inches in diameter breast high. With nature thus asserting itself, it becomes only necessary for the Crown to repossess these deserted farms and allow them to grow up with spruce. They never should have been allowed to pass out of the hands of the Crown. Action should be taken at once to see that they revert to where they belong.

If this is done and anything like proper fire protection afforded, these deserted homesteads will in a few years become valuable timber-bearing lands and will add considerably to the public domain.

LORDS AND JOURNALISTS

'Tay Pay' Records His Impressions of the Colonial Scribes and a Few of the Lords

NOW that several leading Canadian journalists are over in England studying the British election campaign, it becomes of interest to recall the impression made upon "T. P." by the delegates to the Imperial Press Conference last summer. When that conference was held, none of the delegates foresaw a general election so soon. They went in the interests of Empire, quite, unknowing that in less than six months the biggest problem of Empire would centre right around St. James and the House of Lords. They witnessed the manoeuvres of the greatest fleet ever gathered together in the world, wholly unaware that in a very brief while the navy scare would be overshadowed by the question—is it the Lords or the Commons that rule England?

T. P.'s observations on the kind of men the colonies send over to study Imperial questions and of one or two of the men who make up the House of Lords, have especial point just now. He says:

"The Imperial Press Conference has been a big success. Everywhere the journalists from the overseas lands have been received with enthusiasm, and, indeed, have themselves been surprised and almost overwhelmed by the heartiness of their welcome. If they have any fault to find with their hosts it is that, as so often happens, the very generosity of the hospitality makes a great strain on the health and strength of the guests. I have had to try and keep up with the delegates for one or two of the many days of their visit, and I have felt pretty dead-beat at the end of the day; where I should be if I had not been compelled to attend to my own business on the other days of a memorable week I cannot say.

"I have had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a considerable number of the delegates, and my dominant impression is that these oversea journalists bring to their profession the sharp wit, the great energy, the freshness and clearness of mind, and, in short, the general go-aheadness of those stalwart New Worlds of which they are children.

"The first of the festivities which I attended was the lunch given by the men of letters and journalists of the Houses of Parliament. This happy idea first found its home in the mind of Sir Gilbert Parker. Sir Gilbert is a Canadian by birth; has been in his day a wandering journalist, and served part of his apprenticeship to life and letters in Australia, and he is besides an ideal host and a man of boundless personal popularity.

"The afternoon of Tuesday belonged to Lord Northcliffe. The colonial journalists were invited to pay a visit to his beautiful residence in Surrey—Sutton Place. Here they had the opportunity of seeing one of the most historic, typical, and delightful of those great English country seats.

"Here again our guests had an opportunity of seeing some of the most striking figures of the mother country. A little man with the short grey moustache, the bright, palest, piercing eyes, the frame as taut as a rope in a well-fitted and well-kept man-of-war, and all the frame and appearance breathing at once boundless energy and boundless self-command—that little man is no less a personage than the great and daring soldier who led the march to Cabul and then to Pretoria, and when the single toast of the day—the toast of the King—was given, it was Lord Roberts who gave it."

NEW YORK THEATRES

By SYDNEY DALTON



Miss Margaret Anglin in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie"

THE theatre in New York is the standard by which theatres in Canada are determined. In this respect we are not Imperialistic. Art knows no international boundaries. Very rarely does Canada see a company of all-English players; and when they come it is usually from New York. What Gotham is seeing this year, Canadian centres will see next year or year after next. What London sees this year Canadians rarely or never see except in the case of a few eminent actors, and these often come from New York. This season Mr. Forbes Robertson has produced his new play by Jerome K. Jerome, in New York. We shall probably see it in Canada within a year or so. Margaret Anglin, the great Canadian actress with Henry Miller, produced "The Great Divide" in New York three years ago. It got to Canada last season. Between the theatre life of Canadian centres and that of New York there is a difference in degree rather than in kind. Between New York and London there seems to be a distinction in kind. Mr. A. B. Walkley, dramatic expert on the *London Times* has been seeing the theatres of New York, and he says among other clever things that the great town on the Hudson is a year or two behind London. He alleges that New Yorkers—and by inference Canadians—are more unsophisticated and more fond of the purely sensational than Londoners are. He says:—"Playgoers here seem to be more credulous, less intent upon testing fiction by fact, more prone to forego the satisfaction of the real for the delight of the romantic. One may discern that tendency, I venture to think, in other regions beside the theatrical. What, to take the most familiar instance, is the typical American newspaper of to-day with its ruthless sacrifice of accuracy to picturesqueness, with its persistent determination to make every piece of news a thrill?"—*Editorial Note.*



Miss Frances Starr as Laura Murdock in "The Easiest Way."

WHAT is more natural than that two temporarily expatriated Canadians wandering along Broadway should seek diversion in attending a performance of "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" at the Savoy Theatre? For this play, a dramatisation of the novel of the same name by Margaret Deland, is affording Miss Margaret Anglin a splendid medium for her great talent.

Miss Anglin is one of the greatest actresses of the day, and the record of Canada's contribution to the American stage will put her name with that of the other famous Canadian, Miss Clara Morris. There is no doubt about Miss Anglin being a genuine Canadian, for she had the unique distinction of being born in the Canadian House of Commons in Ottawa. For many years she was associated with Mr. Henry Miller, who, though an Englishman by birth, lived in Canada for some time. This association was undeniably advantageous to both; under Mr. Miller's direction Miss Anglin's art matured, and she reached her present eminence with the aid of his master-art as a producer and manager; and Miss Anglin, in turn, made Mr. Miller famous as a manager, and was a source of continual inspiration to him as an actor. The result was that they both found themselves too big to share laurels, so Miss Anglin struck out for herself and Mr. Miller packed his trunk and went over to show Londoners what he can do, and he has just returned after having appeared successfully in "The Great Divide" over there, with Miss Edith Wynne Matthison as his leading lady.

In the meantime Miss Anglin has found that she does not need any assistance as a producer. She surrounds herself with a company of players of uniform excellence, far superior in merit—at least in the case of her present play—to most of the best New York productions, and every detail of the piece is correct and elaborately staged.

In dramatising Miss Deland's novel, Miss Charlotte Thompson has done her work well. These "adaptations" are usually things to be sedulously avoided, but "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" is excellent. I shall not sketch the plot, because the novel was widely read, but suffice it to say that Helena Ritchie (Margaret Anglin) is a young lady living in seclusion in Old Chester, Pa., and has transgressed certain established conventions, the man in the case, Lloyd Pryor, (Eugene Ormond) passing as her brother. When she finally hears of the death of her husband, a drunkard who abused her, Pryor is found wanting in his loyalty and will not marry her. Eventually she finds consolation in a little waif whom she adopts, David Allison, by name.

The play contains many well contrasted and finely drawn characters: the charming, worldly, affectionate Helena; the honest, good friend, Dr. William King; the noble old minister, Dr. Lavender, whose type is sadly rare in this day; Sam Wright, the sentimental, unsophisticated youth; Lloyd

Pryor, the self-centred, heartless lover, whose apparent refinement and gentlemanliness makes his lack of honour the more subtle.

Of Miss Anglin herself one cannot speak too highly. Her portrayal of the role of Helena Ritchie leaves nothing to be desired. One feels from first to last that she is Helena Ritchie; that she is not acting but is living a part of her life before our eyes—letting us into a few of her life-secrets. It is that consummate art that conceals art. In saying that Miss Anglin's acting is of greater merit than the play, Miss Thompson's creation does not suffer disparagement, for it is a well written, interesting drama, and affords Miss Anglin a good role, but one could wish that such a great actress had a play of more vital importance.

THE popularity of most plays is like the popularity of the season's "best sellers"—in a few months, at best in a year, they are forgotten, save for the excellence of the acting of some person or persons of the cast. But there are a few plays, like the few books, that strike deeper, and leave a more lasting impression. It is not always easy for one to place a finger on the very situation which has



Edwin Arden and Constance Collier in "Israel," by Mr. Bernstein

caused the long life of such an one, for if the very elements of success in a drama could be analysed unflinchingly every playwright would be rich; but it is not hard to see why "The Easiest Way" has won its success and retained its popularity. It is, we are informed on the programme, "An American play concerning a particular phase of New York life"—and that particular phase is the life of the chorus girl.

Mr. Eugene Walter, the author of "The Easiest Way," finds an inexhaustible fund of material in the everyday spectacle of the New York streets to stir his fertile imagination to create plays of great merit. He does not try to write plays with a "mission," nor does he claim in interviews for the Sunday papers to be elevating the stage. He is in truth "holding the mirror up to nature," as we have repeatedly been told that the stage should, and his mirror reflects for our delectation many a scene that holds our interest because of its very truthfulness—probably, as in the case of "The Easiest Way," on account of its pathetic reality.

Briefly, "The Easiest Way" is the story of a young actress with a "past" who, when on a visit to a ranch in Colorado, meets a young western journalist, John Madison, and they fall in love. They are quite frank with each other, and discuss their respective "pasts." They find that honours are about even on that score and agree to turn over new leaves and never again stray from the straight and narrow. They are both poor, so they agree to separate and work until such time as they can afford to marry. Laura Murdock returns to New York, Madison remains west. She wishes to forget her old life and remain out of the chorus, and we find her in one scene living in a hall room with barely enough to eat. At last she can stand it no longer and goes back to her Wall Street broker. In the meantime Madison has made a fortune in the mining country, but instead of telling her about it he comes east to get her, and finds her living in a fashionable hotel. She tries to make him believe it is all the result of her success on the stage, but while cruising about the newspaper offices he finds out the truth, and, to make a long story short, he just tells her what he thinks of her, packs his suit case and goes back west. As the final curtain falls Laura, in desperation, calls for her most fetching gown preparatory to going to Rector's to make a "hit."

Mr. Walter has developed his plot splendidly and has made "The Easiest Way" one of the best plays seen in New York for many seasons. Miss Frances Starr in the role of Laura Murdock, a charming and well-meaning girl but lacking in stamina and a hopeless prevaricator, is truly splendid. It is doubtful if the role could be better played. The balance of the cast is consistently meritorious, and Violet Rand as the coloured maid, Annie, does some character acting that is deserving of all praise.

In the philosophical phraseology of the

Bowery, one might remark that things seem to come in bunches. If I ever knew, I have forgotten who it was who wrote the first successful play dealing with the Jew last season, but someone must have started the ball rolling—and it is still going at a rate that exceeds the speed limit. I wrote about "The Melting Pot," and then there was Wm. Dodson in "The House Next Door," and others I don't recall at the moment. Not satisfied with the list, along comes Henri Bernstein with "Israel" and has another go at the same subject. The play was a great success in Paris and has been here, despite the fact that he who adapted it from the French took it upon himself to make a change in the ending—though apparently he repented and recognised his misdeeds, because his name does not appear on the programme. Despite a weak ending, however, "Israel" is a remarkable drama, which rises to the Parnassus of real greatness in the second act—one of the greatest and best built climaxes ever seen on the American stage.

The plot deals with a young French prince, Thibault, who hates the Jews. Notwithstanding the fact that Thibault is a man of great intellectuality, his hatred for Hebrews is purely blind, unreasoning prejudice and jealousy. At his club he has a large following of young men who, for the most part, not having brains enough to think for themselves, allow Thibault to think for them, forming a background for him, as it were. In the same club there is a fine old Hebrew gentleman, quiet, dignified, polished. Thibault, however, decides that he must leave the club as he will not tolerate a Jew. With his followers he meets the Hebrew, Justin Gutlieb, leaving the club. Thibault tells him of the objection he and some of his friends have for the presence of a Jew and asks him to resign. Gutlieb refuses, whereupon Thibault insults him by knocking his hat from his head. Gutlieb calmly picks it up and walks out. Of course he is forced to challenge Thibault to a duel. Thibault's mother, the Duchess of Croucy, asks Gutlieb to call upon her. She does her best to get him to retract his challenge but he is obstinate. During their conversation we learn that the Duchess' late husband was a financial partner of Gutlieb, and also that Thibault, though the young man of course does not know it, is Gutlieb's son. Here, in truth, is a nice complication! Thibault arrives upon the scene rather inopportunely and finds Gutlieb and his mother in conversation. His mother explains, when the Hebrew leaves, that she was endeavouring to avert the duel. By clever pleading and reasoning she persuades Thibault to spare Gutlieb, but suddenly the prince becomes suspicious. Why does his mother plead the cause of the Jew? Why is she so con-

cerned about the impending duel when she has praised him for former duels he has fought in the same cause? He puts these and other questions, her answers only making him more suspicious. Throughout this act Bernstein builds his climax with great skill. The wordy duel between mother and son goes brilliantly on; bit by bit Thibault gets nearer the truth, and the tremendous scene culminates in Thibault learning, to his utter bewilderment, the secret of his extraction. This is a truly great scene—one which alone would put Bernstein among the greatest playwrights of the age. In the subsequent duel Thibault refrains from killing Gutlieb, though he can not explain why. The Hebrew receives a slight wound in his sword-arm. Thibault's discovery of his own Hebrew extraction does not lessen his hatred of the race, but merely makes him hate himself, and in the last act he threatens to kill himself, and really nobody in the audience would regret the demise of such a prejudiced, if intellectual, young cad. But—and here is a great weakness of the ending—instead of killing himself he marries a rather flighty female who would surely strengthen the suicidal tendencies of many Thibaults.

But that second act is sufficient to keep it going, combined with the excellence of the cast which has been entrusted with its presentation. The three chief roles are played by Miss Constance Collier as the Duchess of Croucy, Mr. Graham Browne as Thibault, and Mr. Edwin Arden as Justin Gutlieb.

They are splendidly cast. Miss Collier, a popular English actress, came over last season to play in "Sampson," but she did not succeed in attracting much attention. Her work in "Israel," however, is marked by great emotional ability, and in the scene with Thibault her efforts to avoid a confession by banter, severity, humour, maternal affection and tears alternately is a notable piece of acting. Mr. Graham Browne plays the part of Thibault in a manner worthy of Miss Collier's art, and Mr. Edwin Arden makes Gutlieb the favourite throughout, with his fine, dignified mien and impressive presence.

George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man" has been done into an opera, and "The Chocolate Soldier" is the result. It has made a decided hit, and passed its 100th performance last month. The music is good—better than the libretto version of Shaw's play—and the cast is eminently satisfactory.

Mr. Wm. Faversham is on tour after a New York run in an elaborate production of Stephen Phillips' "Herod." He has made a splendid setting of the admirable drama.

Critics and public alike agree that Forbes Robertson in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is beyond adverse criticism. The great English actor has as many admirers here as he has in London.

David Belasco will produce three new plays later in the season. One is from the pen of Eugene Walter, who wrote "The Easiest Way."

A PARK OF MOUNTAINS

TWO years ago when visiting a ranch in the Foot-hills, forty miles west of Calgary, a man from the east asked where the man of the house might be. He was told that the rancher had left home early in the summer with his brother, an eastern professor of geology, a party of prospectors, a pack of ponies and a camp outfit—in order to scale Mt. Robson. It had been rumoured that a party of United Statesers had their theodolite packed ready to make the ascent, and it was counted bad form for the experienced Canadian mountaineers who had spent years exploring other mountains, to let any outsider make that climb first. They spent ten weeks in the attempt to scale Mt. Robson. They were beaten by a September snowstorm. A year later they tried it again and made the ascent.

Mt. Robson is one of the highest mountains in America, and it is one of the little items in a new national park which has been laid out on a scale of magnitude unsurpassed in America. Two

years ago the Stoneys in the foot-hills began to be alarmed because they understood that their good autumn hunting ground up around the head waters of the Saskatchewan was to be made into a national park. The park has been determined; and it reaches from north of the Yellowhead Pass clear down to the watershed of the Saskatchewan, where it joins the Banff national park that extends down to the C.P.R. The new park, situated on the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, has about five thousand square miles. This, of course, does not include the slopes of the mountains which are not square, but rise in all shapes and sizes, mostly sublime, everywhere within sight of the tourist. This is practically a *terra incognita*, though here and there may be found ruins of Hudson's Bay posts, such as Henry House and Jasper House. Here also are great sulphur springs which with temperatures ranging from 116 to 125 degrees Fahrenheit will make excellent mineral baths for tourists.



Mount Robson is the highest known Peak in the Canadian Rockies; one of the stupendous objects of interest in Jasper Park.

THE BRITISH POLITICAL LEADERS

By H. LINTON ECCLES

LONDON CORRESPONDENT OF CANADIAN COURIER

Canada is fated to be interested in many elections. With ten possible of our own every four or five years, we are regularly interested in the Presidential elections across the border; and it has been said critically by some that we know more about the politics of the United States than about the affairs of Great Britain. As a simple test of this, not long ago a Canadian gentleman who closely observes the tendencies of things in public life, said to another: "Off-hand, how many of President Taft's cabinet can you name?" "Well, not more than one," was the reply. "And how many of the British cabinet could you set down?" "Easily half a dozen." "Precisely," said the observant one, "you are more interested in British politics than you are in those of the United States. Every Canadian is."

At all events, for the next few weeks Canadians will be more interested in a British election campaign than at any other time. Most of us have never seen Mr. Chamberlain; but we know pretty definitely what his tariff reform scheme means; have never seen Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Asquith or Lloyd-George, but we understand where each of them stands in this struggle between the Commons and Lords and between industrial depression and free trade. We have pretty definite notions as to what free trade means to Great Britain and what it would mean to the Empire; have ourselves proved our interest in free trade by uniting people and parties to build up a system

of adequate protection—largely in self-defense against the United States whose industrial life we know better than we do that of the Mother Country. In a sort of way we comprehend the House of Lords for we have a titled aristocracy of our own, a titular Governor-General and a Senate. In a very unmistakable way we understand the unemployed British labourer who seems to be the CASUS BELLI in this election; for we have had him in large numbers in our cities and towns. We know the ethics of preference on colonial grain as an item of tariff reform because we are sending millions of bushels of wheat every year to the consumers of Great Britain and prefer so to do rather than to ship it across the border under a system of reciprocity with the United States.

All these matters we as Canadians understand, not because they are items in British party politics which we comprehend but little, but because they are matters of economic common sense appealing to the life of the people. Now and then we begin to have a glimmering notion of what is a suffragette and what part she intends to play in this election; but that is a stretch of imagination. Taken all in all, we may be said to have as keen an interest in this British election as in almost any election of our own: and that is a more practical test of Imperialism than literature about the flag, or gush about the King, or even our attitude regarding the Imperial navy.—Editorial Note.

THE general election crisis in Great Britain is now engaging the attention of the civilised world.

Never was there an appeal to the English constituencies which so unmistakably attracted the notice of politicians and people generally, not only in the Mother Country and the colonies, but in foreign countries as well.

This arises from the simple yet pregnant reason that one has to look back along the ages for evidence of a clearer and graver issue. The present position of English politics is remarkable indeed. No war-clouds are gathered or are gathering on the horizon; for while all the powers are falling over each other in their desperate eagerness to increase the strength of their armaments, there is apparently no immediate prospect of battleships and regiments being called into action. There is no serious industrial crisis facing the nation; for now England is blessed with legislation that makes strikes almost a thing of the past, and the relations between masters and men are remarkably peaceful. Financial panic and national bankruptcy, whatever harum-scarum platform speakers may say, are certainly not brewing within the bounds of the British Empire.

The present crisis is constitutional; the beginning of what threatens to be a veritable life and death struggle between the two powers in the State apart from the Throne—between Lords and Commons. There is a curious absence of heroics and word-painting in the heralding of this great conflict. Some of the dukes, reading into recent defiant utterances by younger members of the Government deliberate threats against the continued existence of the House of Lords, have hit back vigorously and said things which are, to say the least, unusual in English politics. Generally, however, there is (I am writing on the eve of battle) a calm which may signify a violent storm when the real hostilities commence.

It is not now the Budget that claims the premier consideration; the people have had enough of the Budget, so far as the expounding and denouncing of its provisions go. The declared intention of the vast majority of the Lords to kill this year's Finance



Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill
Under-study to Lloyd-George.

Bill has cleared the way for a much older and wider issue: the right of the Upper Chamber to veto bills which have been approved by a convincing majority in the House of Commons.

The Budget is the off-spring, of course, of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is second in command to the Liberal Premier, Mr. H. H. Asquith. The rise of Mr. Lloyd-George in British politics is an astonishing record, which puts even that of Disraeli in the shade. Mr. Lloyd-George was born nearly forty-seven years



PREMIER ASQUITH

ago, the son of a struggling Welsh schoolmaster. From his village obscurity he forced himself, like so many of his colleagues, by way of the law, into the people's House of Parliament. He kept himself there by sheer grit, and by his persistence in debate and his natural fund of Celtic oratory, won his way to high office. The Liberal Chancellor may be said to have made his name in Parliament by his dogged opposition to the expressed opinions of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who is now lying *hors de combat*, a pathetic physical wreck, and compelled to remain a mere spectator in the present struggle. No man, in or out of Parliament, showed greater keenness or used his abilities to more effect in refuting Mr. Chamberlain's policy than did the little Welsh lawyer who now is Mr. Asquith's chief henchman.

Mr. Asquith, the Premier, is himself—calm, cool, deliberative, watchful—the ideal "safe" leader who does not believe in wasting time over showy gifts of speech and policy. At 57 his hair is as white as it can be, but that was not the case before he assumed his high responsibilities. There have been in the past rumours of dissensions in his Cabinet, and certainly he has shown remarkable adroitness and skill in weeding out the "shaky" members who were not prepared to go the whole way with him in the programme that he and his chief supporters marked out.

The third men on the Government side—and we have to bracket them as practically equal—who have been most in the limelight recently, are Mr. Winston Churchill, President of the Board of Trade, and Mr. Alexander Ure, Lord Advocate of Scotland. The last-named is the surprise packet of the successful men in the present Parliament. Son of an ex-Lord Provost of Glasgow, and a capable K. C., nobody would have accused Mr. Ure up to a few months ago of possessing out-of-the-ordinary political gifts. He is fifty-six, and has been in the

House of Commons for sixteen years. By what seemed merely patient plodding, added to a thorough grasp of his profession, he was given various legal offices under the Crown, succeeding to his Lord Advocateship, not so long ago, upon the granting of a peerage to Mr. Thomas Shaw. But Mr. Ure had his eye on something higher and better than a legal lordship. His chance came upon the introduction of the Budget, and he has toured the country two or three times over making rousing speeches in support of the Bill. Even then, he might have finished up a long way behind the more-pushing Lloyd-George and Churchill, had it not been for one of those lucky accidents which abound in political history.

In several of his Budget speeches Mr. Ure expressed the opinion that if the Conservatives were returned to power he did not think they would be able to continue the payment of the old-age pensions granted by the Liberal Government. That was a serious statement to make and it had a certain effect upon the electorate. Mr. Balfour took it up, and in a speech which for invective he has never equalled, denounced Mr. Ure as having uttered "a frigid and calculated lie," and said he was a disgrace to his country, his profession, and to the House of which he was a member. The Lord Advocate was given an opportunity in the House of Commons of replying to this strong attack upon his personal character, which he did in a remarkable and historic speech that outshone any in the Budget debates, both for its delivery and its reception. Mr. Ure has been the idol of a considerable section of the public since then, and it is almost certain that the next Cabinet vacancy will be filled by him.

Mr. Winston Churchill, son of Lord Randolph Churchill, and himself a revolter against Conservatism, is now as thorough a Liberal (some of his opponents say radical and even socialist) as any member of the Government party. More than that, he is the close political friend of Mr. Lloyd-George, and many prophets read into this David and Jonathan alliance a significance having a separate and distinct bearing as regards future events. He has been a powerful force on the side of the Budget and against the veto of the House of Lords.

What about the Opposition? Well, Mr. A. J. Balfour was never more firmly seated as leader of the Conservatives, in spite of his somewhat cryptic handling of the Tariff Reform policy of his party. Whether he would have sat as firmly if Mr. Chamberlain were fit and well and ten years younger is a question which can not again be lifted into practical consideration. It is difficult to say who is Mr. Balfour's right-



Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour
Leader Unionist Party

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WITH THE OTHER HAND

A shrewd, discriminating Study of Maternal Influence

By KATE SEATON

GODFREY CARSON, sole proprietor of a prosperous wholesale and retail stationery establishment in the city, glanced rapidly through the open circular in his hand and, with a muttered exclamation of contempt, threw it into the already overflowing wastepaper basket.

"There's no end to these begging letters!" he grumbled. "Hospital Fund—a good cause, indeed! Catch me giving my money to keep up a set of useless officials and an army of nurses and doctors who never work half as hard for their money as I do, for the sake of people who don't deserve to be helped, or who can well afford to help themselves! Eh, what's that, Jefferson!"

He turned irritably towards the man who had entered the close little den he called his office, and who now stood before him with an air of apology.

"A boy to see you, sir."

"What's he want?" asked Carson gruffly. "What's the use of keeping you fellows if I'm to be bothered with every chance boy who turns up?"

"Sorry, sir, but—he won't tell me." A flicker of a smile appeared on the man's face. "Says his business is important—he must see you. Shall I bring him in, sir?"

Carson turned to the desk with an impatient gesture which the man could not fail to understand; but, with a sudden flash of daring, he pushed open the glass door and whispering hurriedly, "Go in, youngster!" returned to his task behind the counter.

The boy stepped fearlessly in, removing as he did so, a small cap from his mass of sunny curls. His bright eyes glanced eagerly round the dingy room, then at the man who—after the first quick frown of surprise with which he had greeted his entrance—went on coolly with his writing, deliberately ignoring the boy's presence.

Presently the scratching of the pen ceased—only, after a scarcely perceptible pause, to recommence upon another sheet.

The boy stood his ground, with an air of respectful patience, only the scraping of his feet, as he rested, boy-like, first upon one foot and then upon the other, betraying the ill-suppressed eagerness with which he waited.

At last the man flung down his pen and faced the intrepid intruder with frowning brows; but as his eyes lighted fully on the childish form, and frank, open face, he started and, with a grim laugh, said curtly, "Well, my boy, and what important business can a youngster like you have with me?"

The boy drew himself up to his full height. "I know I am rather small for my age," he said apologetically; "but—I'm ten, sir, last birthday, and—I'm strong!"

"Really!" Godfrey Carson's hard face looked scornful; but as he fixed his keen eyes upon the slight, almost frail little figure, a softer expression stole into them.

"Well, and—this important business?" he asked.

"You want an errand boy, sir?"

"Yes; and you have come to plead on behalf of a big brother, eh?"

The boy smiled ingenuously. "Oh, no! I haven't got one; I wish I had. I've only got mother, and—she's only got me."

"Then what do you want? Come, I've no time to waste, boy!" Carson spoke more gruffly to hide the feeling evoked by the boy's naive disclosure.

"I want the place, please, sir."

"You want the place?"

"Yes, but only for five weeks, sir. You see it's like this," the boy took a step forward and laid his hand confidently on Carson's arm. "I've five weeks' holiday from school and—I want to earn some money very badly."

Carson eyed the boy again keenly. His clothes, though not of the best, were anything but shabby.

"You don't look in need," he said curtly.

"In need?" The boy looked puzzled.

"Yes—poor; you don't look very poor," explained Carson more bluntly.

The young face flushed, and involuntarily the curly head was poised more proudly.

"I—don't want the money for myself," he said slowly.

"Then whom do you want it for?"

The blue eyes fell. "I—I would rather not say," he faltered. Then, raising his head, he flashed a frank look at the dark, stern eyes bent inquiringly upon him, and said, with a mysterious smile, "You see, if I did I should be telling the other hand."

Still more mystified, but interested in spite of himself, Carson smiled back at the eager child.

"Who are you?" he asked abruptly.

"Tony Harland, sir."

"Does your mother know you've come here today?"

"No, she doesn't, 'cause—the young voice trembled slightly—"she's gone away."

"And left a young child like you alone!"

"She couldn't help herself!" said the boy quickly, resenting the implied reproach. "She's been ill, very ill, and now she's had to go to the seaside with a family, to help two little girls with lessons, so she couldn't take me."

"I see. Then who is looking after you?"

"Mrs. Cresswell—we lodge with Mrs. Cresswell, the lady who comes to clean your shop." The man smiled as the image of the said "lady" rose before his mental vision. "She told me you were wanting a boy, and—I wish you would take me for five weeks, sir. I'd work very hard, and I can go errands ever so quick—ask Mrs. Cresswell."

Carson remained silent, eyeing the boy doubtfully.

"Please take me, sir," said the child pleadingly. Carson laughed.

"How much do you expect a week?"

"Only what I'm worth to you, sir," answered the boy promptly.

With a shrug of his broad shoulders, and a laugh at his own foolishness, Godfrey Carson turned to the desk again, and taking up a sealed letter held it out, saying briskly, "All right, Tony. You might as well begin now. Do you know where Cardigan Place is?"

"Yes, sir; quite well."

"Then take this, and wait for an answer."

"Yes, sir."

With a military-like salute, the boy darted off through the swing-door, and flourishing the letter before the astonished shopman, cried elatedly, as he dashed out of the shop:

"I'm your errand boy now! I've begun already!"

A sharp, imperative ring from the inner office recalled the man's scattered senses, and he promptly obeyed the summons; but he gave a somewhat divided attention to the various orders he received, and still lingered when Carson turned back to his desk with a gesture of dismissal.

"Shall I take the card out of the window, sir?" he asked tentatively.

"The card?"

"Yes, the 'Boy Wanted,' sir?"

"Certainly not."

"I beg your pardon, sir. I thought the youngster said you had engaged him."

Carson smiled grimly.

"I have—couldn't help myself!" The man's eyes widened at the admission of weakness from his usually strong-willed employer. "I—have taken him on for a few weeks—just for the lighter errands; but, of course, I shall need a boy—the usual strong boy for the heavier work."

And Godfrey Carson, whose heart had so long been closed to genial, human influences, began to look forward to the entrance of the bright, boyish figure, and would smile as he answered, "Good-morning, Tony!" and gravely returned the salute.

Saturday found the youthful errand boy in possession of his first earnings.

"Sure I've been worth that, sir?" he asked doubtfully, as Carson handed him five shillings.

"Quite," assured that usually keen, astute business man, unhesitatingly.

"Then thank you, sir!" said the boy gratefully, and full of excitement he danced off with such evident delight that the shopmen looked after him with feelings of envy.

The second week saw the advent of the errand boy proper, and though, on one pretext and another, Carson kept his protege in close proximity to himself, except when out on messages, Tony eyed the other boy with increasing suspicion.

Godfrey Carson, with a feeling of disappointment, was quick to notice a change. The boy's entrance in the morning lost its old briskness, became more hesitating, and his greeting less bright and eager.

"Boy-like, he is tiring already," Carson told himself disappointedly.

But though Tony seemed to have lost the old bright eagerness, he fulfilled his little commissions with the same promptitude, and showed no lack of energy in his work.

"Well, Tony," said his employer, when the next Saturday came round; "here are your wages."

Tony looked at the two half-crowns on the desk, but did not offer to take them up. Instead, he half drew back, his face flushing painfully.

"I'm sorry, sir, but—I can't take it."

"Can't take it! Why, how now, Tony? What is the matter, my little man?" asked Carson, surprised.

"I—I thought—when you took me, that I was the errand boy, sir. I know now I'm not. Tom's the real errand boy; I'm only—only—"

His voice trailed off as he made a manly, determined effort to check the rising tears.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" cried Carson, with a feeling of relief, the tremor in the boy's voice finding a faint echo in his own. "Why, Tom is only a sort of outside porter, just to take the heavy parcels and such like things."

"He's the errand boy, sir, not me," persisted Tony emphatically.

"Now, look here, Tony; I see I shall have to explain things to you. I need you both. You—"

"You didn't use to keep two boys, sir," broke in the boy suspiciously.

"No, but—I used to often use the messenger boys; now I don't need. You are far more use to me than an ordinary messenger boy. And besides, my business is constantly growing," he went on, as the blue eyes still looked at him doubtfully.

"When I began business I had only one young man in the shop, now I have eight, as well as those at the warehouse. So why should I not keep an extra boy, if I need one?" he finished humbly.

The old sunny smile flashed over Tony's face. "And you need me, honour bright?"

"Honour bright, I need my little messenger boy, Tony."

"Thank you, I'm glad!" The little fellow heaved a sigh of relief, and eagerly grasped the silver coins, "cause I *did* want the money."

The man smiled, then half sighed. Was this but the echo of the usual cry of the multitude? Did the same sordid spirit rule this apparently sweet young life? he asked himself regretfully.

"This makes ten!" said the boy, gleefully. "In five weeks it will be twenty-five, won't it?"

"It will. Why, you'll have quite a small fortune by then, Tony—if you don't spend it as you go on."

"Spend it—as I go on!" gasped the boy, in tones of indignant surprise. "Of course not. How could I—" he broke off confused. "Oh, dear, it's real hard keeping it from the other hand."

With which enigmatical speech he turned and fled, as if afraid he might say more.

Carson looked after him with a smile, muttering to himself. "What a droll little chap he is! Whatever does he mean by 'the other hand'? He used the same phrase the day he came."

Finding this mysterious sayings of Tony's beyond him, with a little laugh he turned again to his papers.

But ever and again the bright, eager, boyish face would intrude upon the dry details of his work, and a pair of deep-fringed blue eyes looked at him with disturbing results. The man's face softened, and, dropping his pen, he leaned back in his chair with unwonted idleness, as another face—almost a dream-face now—rose before him—sweet and girlish, with deep-fringed, blue-grey eyes.

If only that far-away idyll had not been interrupted! If only that misunderstanding had not arisen—to be explained away too late! But of what use now, these vain regrets? It had been interrupted; the misunderstanding, which had severed two lives, had arisen. She, after a year's struggle with poverty, had married another man—many years her senior. And he—he had drifted away to the big city, there to enter the ranks of those who fight and push and toil for position and wealth. He made few friends, and the few he did make were only with a view to business gain. As his profits increased and his bank-account grew larger, his character became correspondingly hard and narrow, and though now he was counted rich and successful, he was of those who, to gain the world, was fast losing his soul.

But with the advent of Tony Harland had come a new glow at his heart—melting the coldness of years, and bringing a new revelation which had altered his outlook on life and his ideas of success.

RETURNING from lunch one day, towards the close of the week, Carson pushed open the door of his office and entered quickly, to find Tony

seated upon the table, swinging his legs to and fro in boyish abandon.

In a moment the little fellow slipped down from his perch.

"I've brought the answer, sir," he said, with that odd mixture of respect and freedom so attractive to his employer.

"Already!" cried Carson. "You are the quickest messenger boy I ever had, Tony!"

"Am I? I'm so glad!" said the boy with a gratified air.

The man laid his hand on the sunny curls and sighed.

"I shall miss you, Tony."

The blue eyes looked up at him with a new sympathy.

"Pity you haven't got a boy of your own, sir. You'd have made such a nice father."

Carson laughed a trifle unsteadily.

"Think so, Tony?"

"Sure so!" he asserted emphatically. "I only wish I was that boy!"

"So do I, child." The man's eyes grew wistful, but with a little laugh he turned abruptly to business matters again. "I've nothing else at present, Tony; run out and—" He was going to add "play awhile," but checked himself in time. "Or, stay—you might just arrange those boxes a little more tidily for me," he substituted diplomatically.

When he had completed his task, the boy stood back to survey his handiwork; then looked restlessly round the office, glancing up at the clock with ill-concealed impatience.

"Want to get home to-day, Tony?" Carson asked.

"Well, the clock does go awful slow. You see, mother's coming home to-day, and I do want to see her real bad!"

"Coming home to-day, and you not gone to meet her?"

"Couldn't—in business hours, sir!" answered the boy, with reproachful dignity.

Carson smiled—indeed, his smiles had become quite frequent of late.

"What time does she arrive?"

"At half-past four, sir."

Carson looked at the clock—it was close on four.

"I was wanting a note taken to Swainson's," broke in Carson cunningly, "and as that is well on your way home it wouldn't be worth your while coming back. Besides, I shall not need you again, I am going out myself."

Tony seized his cap and was making for the door, when Carson stopped him with a laugh.

"Wait a moment, Tony. I am coming partly in your direction, and—I have to call for something on the way that I want you to take with you."

Tony waited, a shade of anxiety on his face; and in response to his eagerness Carson set off with more than his usual briskness.

On reaching the first florist's he halted, and stepped quickly inside, emerging presently with a bunch of bright, sweet-scented carnations.

"Here you are, Tony. Hurry up, my boy, and get those on the table before your mother arrives. They'll be a little welcome for her."

The boy's eyes glistened.

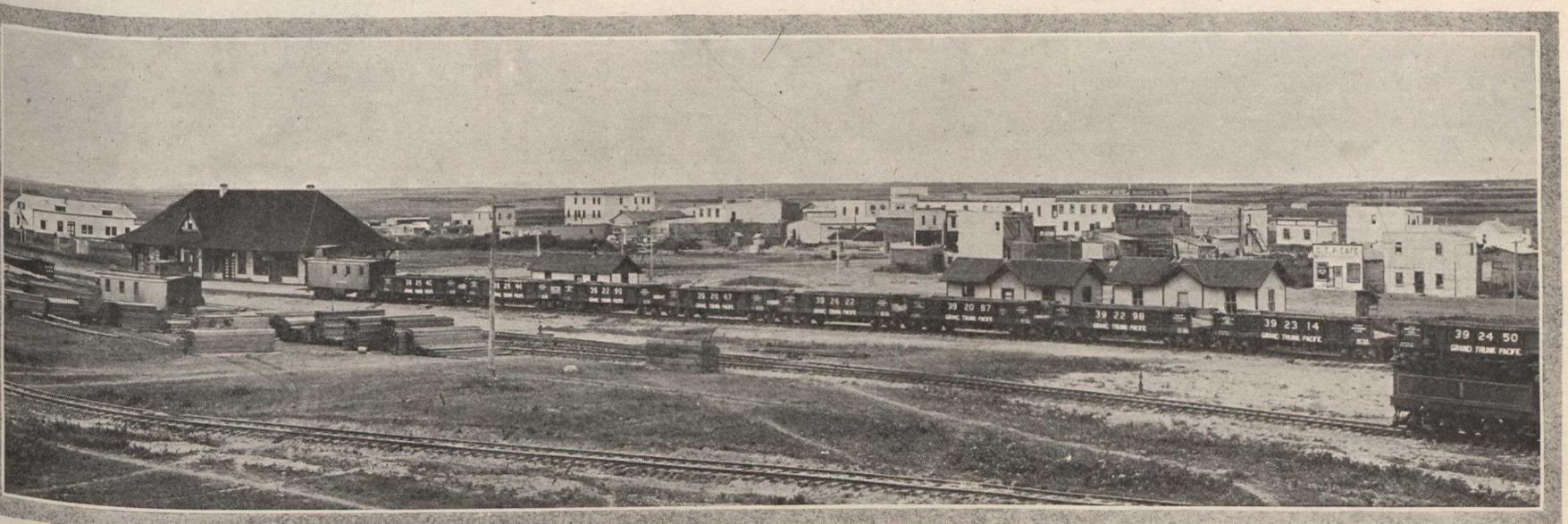
"Thank you, ever so much," he said delightedly. "You are almost as nice and kind as—as—my mother!"

"WELL, Tony, and how is your mother, after her visit to the seaside?" asked Carson the next morning.

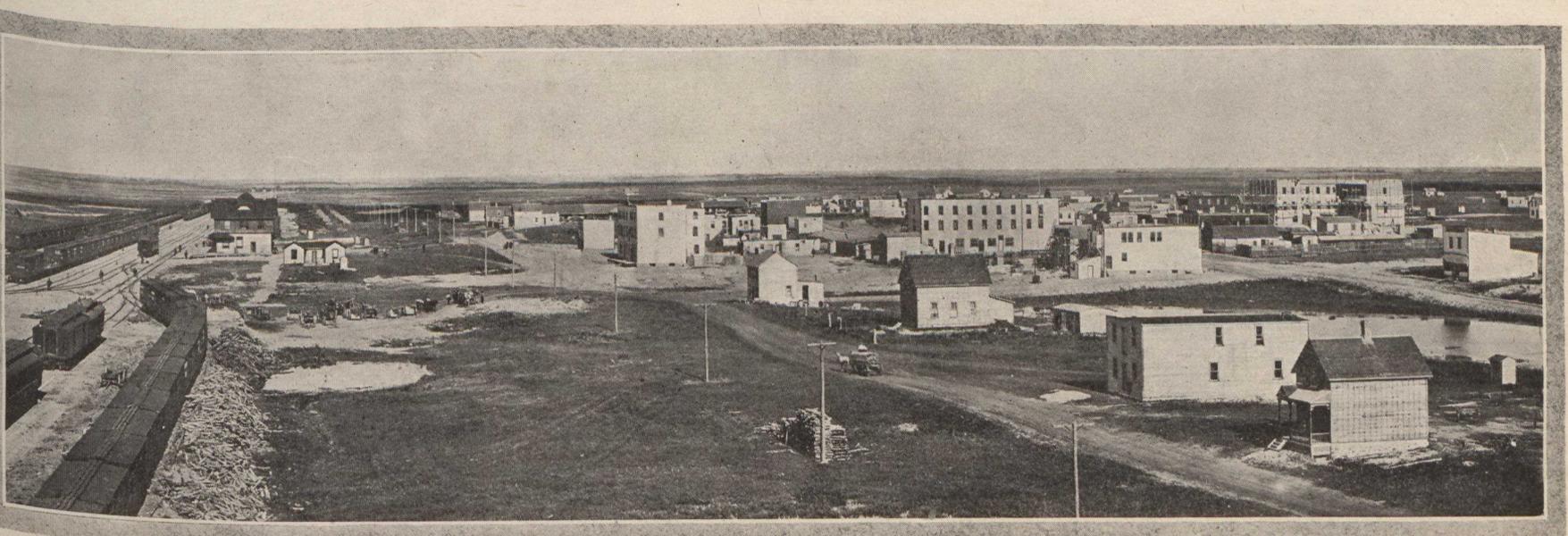
"Just splendid!" cried Tony enthusiastically. "She's got roses in her cheeks, and—and her eyes shine again, like they did before she was ill. But the 'firmary began it—it was there she was made

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.

PRAIRIE TOWNS CREATED IN A DAY BY A NEW RAILWAY



Wainwright, Alta., a new Town called into existence by the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Situated 666 miles west of Winnipeg, it was for a time the terminus of the passenger service. Since the extension of the service to Edmonton, Wainwright is only a divisional point. It was named after the Fourth Vice-President of the Grand Trunk.



Rivers, Man., another baby town on the G.T.P. It is the first divisional point west of Winnipeg, distant 142 miles from that city, and 65 miles from Portage La Prairie. It was named after Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, lately President of the Grand Trunk. Photographs by Swan.

THE DEMI-TASSE

A POLICE TESTIMONIAL.

THE story is being told at the City Hall, Toronto, that, on the Saturday evening when Mrs. Pankhurst addressed a meeting in Massey Hall, the subject of a police guard for the hall came up.

"We'll need several men," remarked one in authority.

"If you'll excuse me, sir," said one of the younger men, an English member of the force, "I don't think you'll require many of us. You see, I knew Mrs. Pankhurst in the Old Country and she can hold a crowd better than the police."

* * *

NEWSLETS.

THERE is a beautiful silver lining to every cloud.

Canadian women do not take much interest in politics but then they are not written up by the poets. Just think how dreadful it would be to have Duncan Campbell Scott or Wilfrid Campbell writing "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue" about some fair lady in the land!

Captain Bernier was not greeted with hilarious crowds in Massey Hall, Toronto. Who wants to hear about polar regions any more? The N. P. is N. G.

Steffof is to be hanged—no appeal considered. Now, if Steffof had only been Blythe, instead of a poor benighted Russian, he might be looking forward to a pleasant little week-end in Kingston, instead of the gallows. Moral: Beat your wife to death, if you must have a little exercise of the murderous sort.

Commander Robert Peary is in such distress! He has crocheted a perfectly lovely pair of bedroom slippers as a Christmas present for Dr. Frederick A. Cook, and now he does not know the latter's address.

Canada is getting to be the loneliest place. Mr. Stewart Lyon is away in England writing up the British Elections, Mr. J. S. Willison is away in England writing up the British Elections, and, now, if Mr. Joe Clark, the bright and particular scribe of the *Star* hasn't gone to England to write up the British Elections.

* * *

HER REASONS.

WOMEN, it is declared, are more personal than men in their reasons for a certain course of action. This theory was forcibly expressed by a Toronto citizen whose wife was with the deputation which visited Sir James Whitney last week, in connection with the bonusing of Old Country servant girls. Sir James, as is well known, is of the bluff order of knighthood. His worst enemy would not call him a hypocrite, his best friend would not call him a Chesterfield. Sir James was not in a pleasant mood and the ladies were ruffled in spirit when they



"To him that hath shall be given."—Life.

left. Consequently, the Toronto citizens heard these few remarks at dinner:

"No, Edward, I've never wanted a vote. But I do now, and I'm going to have one. If you'd just heard how Sir James sneered when we told him of our troubles with the servants, and of how hard it is to do anything without them, your blood would have boiled. Do you suppose he'd have dared to treat us like that if we had votes? Now, I've always been a Tory and I've not believed in woman suffrage. But I'm going to join the suffrage association to-morrow, and you'll just see if I don't worry that Government."

"You aren't going to throw bricks at Whitney's windows, are you?" said Edward in alarm, "because, I'll take the money for fine's out of your housekeeping allowance."

"You'll see," was the ominous response. "He'll be sorry he did not give us that separate office. It's a queer thing if women can't have what they want from horrid old premiers. You just wait until the next Provincial Election. We'll show Sir James that he can't laugh at us."

Whereupon Edward reflected deeply and long.

* * *

A GOVERNMENT DOCTOR.

WELL, Batisse, have you been troubled much with your rheumatism lately?" asked an Ontario farmer of a habitant neighbour.

"By golly, sir, dere was a man come round the odder day and he fix my roomatism better dan all the doctors in town."

"That so. Who was he anyway?"

"He was some Government doctor. The Government send him roun' for the poor people who can't pay. He don' charge you not'ing excep' one dollar for the medicine." W. L. U.

* * *

BY THE CARTLOAD.

MACKINTOSH (to his elder, who has advised him to try and check his strong language at golf by picking up pebbles, one for every bad word, and bringing them to the elder on Sunday after kirk)—Here, man, is a handfu' for "Bothers," and here, man, is anither for "Hangs."

Elder—Well, that's no verra dreadfu', I'm thinking.

Mackintosh—Ay, but bide a wee; there's a cart coming up the hill wi' the "Damns!"

* * *

SOMEWHAT MIXED.

THERE was great excitement in the office of the County Clarion, the local newspaper of a small up-state town. The handy man of the office, who usually acted as proofreader, was unaccountably absent. A prominent citizen, long past the allotted "threescore and ten," had departed this life, and a fire of mysterious origin had totally destroyed an unoccupied old house that had long threatened to fall down.

In making up the paper the printer mixed the galleys. Imagine the astonishment of the readers when they came across the following paragraph in the obituary column:

"The scene was one of impressive solemnity amid the sobs of the grief-stricken mourners, all that was mortal of our fellow-townsmen was lowered to its last resting place. Then, eager for their prey, the flames leaped high and swallowed the battered framework in a blaze of gold and crimson glory, and so another relic of bygone days vanished into the past. There were few regrets, for, in spite of the fact that it possessed many historical associations, the old ruin had been an eyesore to the town for years."

* * *

LORD CHARLES AT HOME.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD is devoid of any suspicion of "side" or nonsense. At the close of one of Lord Charles' meetings at York, at the time he was wooing that constituency, a solemn and sedate old clergyman who had been seated on the platform came up to the candidate and said with much gravity: "Allow me, Lord Charles, the pleasure of shaking hands with you. I had the honour of being confirmed, many years ago, by your respected uncle, the primate of all Ireland."

Lord Charles instantly shouted in stentorian tones to his brother, who was near the door at the

other end of the hall: "Bill! Bill! Here's a parson who says he was confirmed by old Uncle John; come up here and have a talk with him!"

* * *

GOOD ADVICE.

IT was at a Chicago literary club, and one of the members had just made a terrible, irremediable break about another—made it in his presence and that of several other members. "What ought I to do now?" asked the break-maker, much embarrassed. "If I were you," suggested an artist who had heard the whole proceeding, "I should go out and wiggle my ears and eat another thistle."

* * *

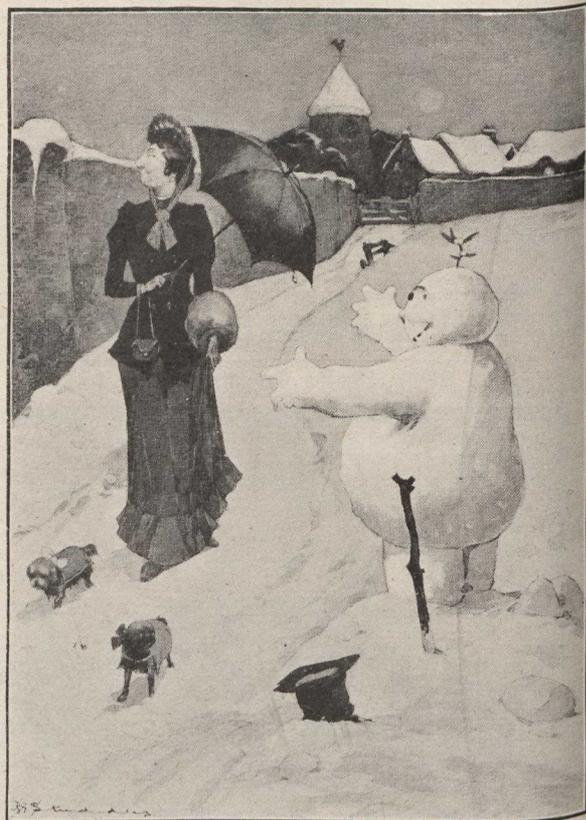
THE RIGHT WAY.

WHISTLER once undertook to get a fellow-painter's work into the autumn salon. He succeeded and the picture was hung. But the painter, going to see his masterpiece with Whistler on varnishing day, uttered a terrible oath when he beheld it. "Good gracious," he groaned, "you're exhibiting my picture upside down."

"Hush, said Whistler, "the committee refused it the other way."

* * *

UNWELCOME ATTENTIONS—



And Proper Disapproval.—Bystander.

* * *

EXCELLENT ADVICE.

AT the death of the Duke of Wellington the whole diplomatic corps was invited to the funeral at St. Paul's. The French ambassador, on receiving his invitation, was very much upset. He hurried off to his colleague of Russia, Baron Brunnow, and confided to him the difficulty in which he was placed. "The queen," he said, "expects us to go to St. Paul's to the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. How can I go, considering the injuries which the duke inflicted on my country? What shall I do?"

Baron Brunnow listened gravely to his colleague's exposition and then replied: "As the duke is dead, I think you can safely go to the funeral. If you were asked to attend his resurrection, I should say refuse the invitation."

* * *

DIDN'T WEAR 'EM.

JIMMIE giggled when the teacher read the story of the man who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt a trained swimmer could do that, do you, James?"

"No, sir," answered Jimmie; "but I wondered why he didn't make it four and get back to the side his clothes were on."

* * *

YES; WHICH WAY?

"What did you say last night when Jack asked you to marry him?"

"I shook my head."

"Sideways, or up and down?"—Chicago Daily Socialist.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

OUR STYLISH GLITTER.

There is nothing like a New York paragraph or London phrase for revealing the Canadian character. The latest gleam of searchlight comment comes from the bright British weekly known as *The Bystander*, which is a thing of liveliness and a joy forever. The next Governor-General is a matter of serious speculation among the mighty, and Ottawa is already wondering what will be the characteristics of the next *châtelaine* of Rideau Hall, whether she will be young or old, frivolous or serious, given to dances or the Victorian Order of Nurses.

There will be several vacant viceroalties during the next twelve months. Lord Pentland is named to succeed Earl Grey in Canada, Lord Crewe is to replace Lord Minto in India, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone to become first Governor-General of United South Africa. Lady Pentland was known in Canada as Lady Marjorie Gordon, a slender, dark-eyed girl, the only daughter of Lord Aberdeen. The British weekly makes the following remarkable comment on the probable appointment of Lord Pentland: "Lady Pentland, like her mother, Lady Aberdeen, much prefers affairs of the mind to the dress and dinners and diamonds expected of a vicereine, especially in Canada, where they do so love a stylish glitter."

Now, really! Here we have been scolding ourselves for years for our sobriety, our dreary staidness and our lack of that *joie de vivre* in which the French and the Irish delight. In fact, we have been called puritanical and solemn for so many long years that we have become deeply convinced of our own decorum. Now, our complacent satisfaction with our principles, our decent resignation to a state of sobriety are disturbed profoundly by this bit of fugitive criticism which holds us up to the gaze of all Europe as a people who love stylish glitter. It is enough to make our sturdy pioneer grandfathers turn in their graves and to bring tears to the eyes of the oil portraits in the Toronto City Hall. We repudiate the charge with scorn, point to the simplicity of our happy homes, to the unadorned condition of our highways as plain proofs that style and glitter are not for us, but that we are sworn to devotion to the Serious Life.

J. G.

* * *

FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S SOCIETIES.

In conversation with Miss M. A. Fitzgibbon, so well known throughout the Dominion in connection with her labours for the Women's Historical Society, one learns that a systematic effort is shortly to be made to purchase a site for the Victoria Memorial Hall. The building will of course be situated in Toronto, but donations and suggestions should come from all Canada. In this way true patriotism and true loyalty will be maintained and observed. There need be absolutely no risk or difficulty in the affair if so conducted. Women's clubs are to be found all over Canada, embracing music, art, history, education, and social and economic reform. If every member of every club would but make a small donation towards the erection of a suitable and elegant building, subject to the wishes and ideas of the original founders and promoters of the scheme, a veritable palace of art would shortly arise in one of Toronto's favourite suburbs or tree-shaded streets midway between the Bay and Davenport Road. Sites are several and enthusiasm no doubt runs high among the members of the Historical Society, but to bring off a really big and creditable thing they must appeal to a large constituency and enlist varied sympathies. A good many excellent people in Canada might and prob-

ably do feel little interest in Historical Societies from the fact that they are themselves deficient in ancestry and that they are not identified with whatever of pomp and circumstance, of any kind, attended the birth and infant struggles of a colony. How would it answer to follow the custom of the D. A. R. (Daughters of the American Revolution) and endeavour to interest *everyone*, of whatever class of society, who may possess an ancestor, however humble, but who can be proved to have existed at a certain important date and to have exerted an influence, also however humble, upon the events of that time. In this way, one would think, tremendous currents might be set in motion and caste lines obliterated. Take, for an example, the cab-drivers of any city you choose to mention. Many legends abound in Ottawa about cab-drivers. The men who drove important persons at important times; Sir John A. Macdonald's drivers; Sir George

Cartier's drivers. Then the small tradesmen who supplied the great ones of the community—hasn't everybody heard of the Chelsea grocer (or butcher) who used to send green peas to Lewis and George Eliot? The faithful servant, the non-uniformed nurse, the un-

derpaid physician, the stilted lawyer, the local clergyman or druggist or barber or carpenter—all these individuals may have left descendants who would be proud, if able, to contribute their mite towards the great whole.

The three ladies who are most prominent in this movement at present are Lady Edgar, Mrs. Forsyth Grant and Miss Fitzgibbon. In every way this distinguished triumvirate is worthy the respect and admiration of the community. The Women's Historical Society incurred a great loss last year when the able and magnetic personality of Mrs. Christina Dick Paterson, lamented wife of J. A. Paterson, K.C., and mother of that brilliant young actor, Douglas A. Paterson, now playing in New York with Belasco, was removed by a sad and tragic accident from a large sphere of action. Mrs. Paterson was indeed a woman of affairs.

Bloor Street East has been visited by these ladies with reference to a proposed site of the Victoria Memorial Building, although an optional site, near the Grange, is also under consideration. All that is needed further in this scheme seems to be, as above suggested, the unification of all Women's Clubs and the widening of general interest by including all connected, however remotely or humbly, in the history of Canada.

SERANUS.

* * *

PATTI AND THE OLD EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY.

When Mme. Patti—who celebrated her jubilee the other day—was about nineteen, she went to sing for the first time in Homburg, accompanied by her father. Now, the gallant old Emperor William was there, says a writer in *M. A. P.*, and when the young diva was presented to him, he asked her to join him at seven o'clock the next morning on the promenade whilst he drank the waters. Patti made a little *moue*, and the next morning she did not join the illustrious water-drinker. The Emperor, amazed, sent his equerry to know if she was indisposed. "I am very well indeed," said Patti. "And you may tell his Majesty that not for him or any other king in this world does Patti get up before seven o'clock in the morning to see him drinking water." The old King—for he was King then—like his Majesty of Cole, was a jolly old soul, and laughed heartily when he heard the message.

A year or two before the Emperor William died, Patti visited Berlin and sang there for three nights at the Royal Opera House. At her last appearance, the old Emperor tottered to his box to hear her, and

sent her an invitation to visit him after the opera was over.

"Oh! I ran then," said Patti, "and I could hardly help crying when the kind old man held out his hand to me, saying, 'It is good of the queen of song to visit the King of Germany to-day. Does she remember how she snubbed him once at Homburg?'"

* * *

PERSIAN LOVE SONG.

BY SERANUS.

Rose of the Throne, incline
Thy soft pink ear,
O hear,
At evening cool and clear—
Rose of the Throne—be mine!
Bud of the Rose, make sign!
Fear not that day
Betray.
Open a little way—
Bud of the Rose—be mine!
Leaves of the Bud, divine
Love unconfessed,
Suppressed,
Long pent within the breast—
Leaves of the Bud—be mine!
Heart of the Leaves, like wine,
Thy redness fills
And thrills.
One draught although it kills—
Heart of the Leaves—be mine!

Heart of the Leaves of the Bud of the Rose of the Throne,
If thou comest not I will climb. I will have thee,
Love, for my own.

* * *

THE PERSONALITY OF A PRINCESS.

INTERESTING paragraphs have been appearing lately concerning the personality of the Kaiser's attractive daughter, the Princess Victoria Louise, who has been receiving the good wishes of her friends on the celebration of her seventeenth birthday. An English paper describes her as a charming type of German girlhood at its best, a capital linguist, and accomplished amateur actress and a splendid horsewoman. The question of her marriage, which interesting contingency cannot be



Princess Victoria Louise

The German Emperor's only daughter, who has been photographed for the first time with her hair up.

far off, is already being openly discussed, the favourite suitor for her Imperial hand being, at the present time, the Archduke Karl, Austrian Heir-Presumptive. The portrait of her shown above is the first to have been taken since the Princess discarded the "Gretchen Plait" for the chignon. Nor are we given to understand that this process of skirt lengthening will be altogether delightful to the little lady herself, who in spite of dancing, deportment and voice-production lessons, has always been somewhat of a "tomboy," and can climb a tree or take a fence with considerable more ease and dash than any of her brothers. However, now that she is out and eligible, she will no doubt throw herself into the social activities of the court, where she is already very popular, with all the enthusiasm of her young nature. She is exceedingly fond of children, and among those belonging to her father's tenants she is affectionately known as "Little Princess."

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PEOPLE AND PLACES

A POLITICAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

MR. MEDILL McCORMICK of Chicago is an American publicist of note who dreams still that pipe dream of long ago that Canada will be forced out of business by his country and compelled by fate to become part of the United States. He has been recently making a tour of the Dominion, taking a look at some of Canada's mushroom towns and sizing up the twentieth century prospects. The other day, taking a run out of Toronto, he found himself at Ottawa. Mr. McCormick gave an interview. He talked annexation. The first thing he said was that Canada did not want to lose her identity in that of the United States. Then, he added politely that the United States did not want to lose her identity in that of Canada. However, when Canada grew up to be two-fifths as big as the United States, she would be sure to be absorbed by the United States.

Proceeding by easy stages, Mr. McCormick began a consideration of the capital city of his vast visionary state. One of his audience, minding his manners, suggested Washington. The Chicago publisher thought of the White House and the wide, free streets, but only smiled. "Ottawa?" No reply. "Toronto," hazarded someone. "Ah," gasped Mr. McCormick, "I don't see why Toronto would not make just as good a capital of the new nation as Washington is of the United States. I like Toronto. Except for the 'E. R.' on the post boxes, and a few little things like that, you might think you were in one of the large American cities. I don't see why it wouldn't make as good a capital as Washington."

So small a matter might have been adjusted long ago. It would be a mere trifle to change "E. R." to "U. S." on the mail boxes. It is of no interest to Mr. McCormick that Canadian people are studying an election campaign in Great Britain, from three to five thousand miles away, with much more interest and knowledge than they ever displayed in a United States election right next door. He forgets that we are building a Canadian navy — in imagination at least. He seems quite oblivious of the fact that the border between Canada and the United States is one of the most remarkable in the world; a border along which a hundred years ago there was a long, hard little war for the sake of Empire, followed by an era when having kept out American soldiers, Canada let in practically duty free American goods. When the Civil War broke out, thousands of young Canadians crossed that same border to help the cause of the Union. When the United States began to build up an industrial fabric, using Canada for a practically free outside market, Canadian autonomy evolved the National Policy; and the party which stood then for Free Trade has since put up the tariff wall so high that United States capitalists have invested a couple of hundred million dollars of capital in Canadian factories.

Surely Canada has been footballled about by the two great English-speaking powers, one her mother, the other an elder sister. But we have grown a little too fast and seriously of late to regard such pow-wowings as these of Mr. McCormick as anything but idle extravaganzas.

* * *

A CITY OF SUNDAY SLEEP.

ANOTHER newspaper man has been taking a rise out of London, Ont. Mr. Edmund Vance Cook of Cleveland, Ohio, has been visiting the inland city of Ontario and records some of his impressions in the Cleveland press. The Canadian Sunday in London struck Mr. Cook all of a heap. He pens his experiences thus:

"Picture the American guest at the Tecumseh House, rolling over in bed, fumbling to the phone and yawning, 'Sen' me up mornin' paper.' The bellboy brings stationery, of course. 'What's this?' demands the guest. 'I want mornin' paper.' The bellboy vanishes and returns with more stationery, black-edged. 'Yessir. Mournin' paper, sir.' The guest says a word or two and the bewildered boy tries again, and yet again, bringing him everything from flypaper to sandpaper. 'Newspaper!' roars the guest, in black-face caps. 'Morning newspaper!' The boy drops his jaw. Noospaper? On the Sawbath? And in Lunnon? Man! Man! And has no one warned you to flee from the wrath to come? The visitor goes out into the silent streets. Everything is shut up so tight he marvels that the churches are permitted to do a side-door business. It is Sunday in London! A cemetery is a carnival to it."

* * *

THE CALL OF THE WILD.

REV. FATHER HUSSON of Edmonton is the man who superintends the missionaries of his church; those who, coming into the wigwams along the Mackenzie basin by the crackling campfires, tell the loafing hunters through the gloom of the Arctic nights the "old, old story." The high priest to the Indians is affectionately called the "patriarch of the North" by the Edmonton people. None have a better claim to this title than this kindly old man, whose beard has grown white with thirty-five years of toil among the lonely at the fringe of civilisation. At sixty years of age, Father Husson steps up the street with the vigour of a popular young curate, just out of college. The other day he returned to the Edmonton monastery after a fifteen-hundred-mile jaunt to Fort Chipewyan. He hit the trail last May en tour of the mission stations. Before it was time to start home, he had preached at twelve of them; also he had taken a run out into the outlying districts of the parishes to size up the prevalent economic conditions. Father Husson reports that the Redmen worried many moons when the hunting was so poor last winter. Not a few chiefs growled without their dinners, and disease made sleepless nights in the lodges. Winter comes once more and with it missionary problems. Father Husson will make a flying trip to Montreal and book a few supplies; then the "Patriarch of the North" will again bury himself in the unknown.

* * *

MR. S. E. LANG of the Manitoba Normal School has written a rather severe review of Emerson Hough's book "The Sowing," which beginning as a serial in the *Canada West* monthly dealt with the problems of British emigration to Canada. He criticises Mr. Hough's methods while agreeing with the main points of his doctrine. He says in conclusion: "Let us turn our attention to those members of our own Canadian community who because they do not fit into their present environment, are gradually descending in the social scale."

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- His Majesty The King of Italy.
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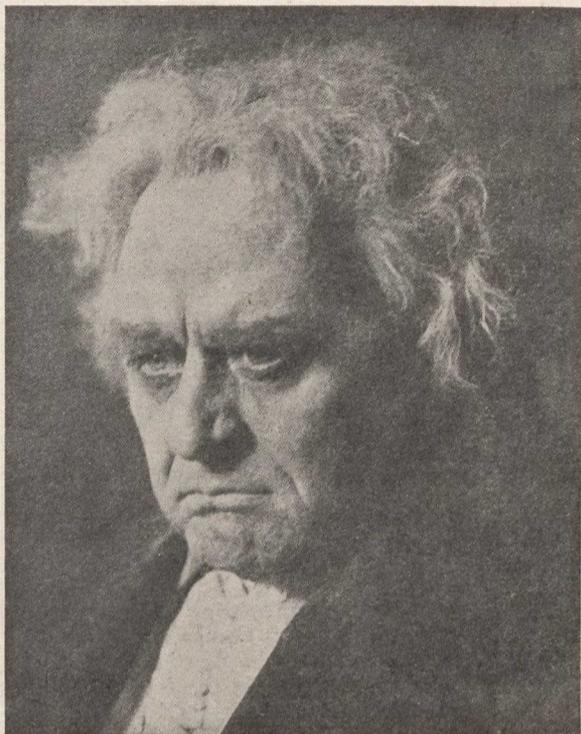
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MUSIC IN CANADA

BEETHOVEN'S Seventh Symphony was given by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra last week. The Seventh has not been much given in this country. In most respects it is a noble work. In some respects it must be admitted that the orchestra did not quite satisfy the desire for complete tonal expression. This is not depreciation of the orchestra. Beethoven himself is said to have had no end of trouble with the orchestras of his day getting them to interpret his symphonies. In all probability the best orchestra of Beethoven's time was inferior in many respects to the Toronto Symphony. Modern orchestration is less than a hundred years old. In these days we have become so accustomed to the beautiful big noise from orchestras that we have become rather spoiled for the sedate, unsensational delights of a band which does its work unostentatiously and with a conscience, with fidelity to detail and extreme care as to intonation; with eminent respect to the composer's meaning and intention — which by some bands we have heard has been sadly overlooked.



Sir Beerbohm Tree's Impersonation of Beethoven in the dramatic portrayal now running at His Majesty's Theatre

There is no movement in any of Beethoven's symphonies which for beautiful utterance surpasses this—not even the immortal *Adagio* of the Ninth. Only in this movement does one observe the customary emotional content which is credited to the average symphony. The intimations are of that profound character which does not belong to what may be called absolute or pure music of which Beethoven was the great apostle. In fact in few of his great symphonies does Beethoven allow himself to be drawn into merely emotional expression. In the Ninth this element is at its height; as though he had quite exhausted the possibilities of constructive pure music and had a direct message to convey of a spiritual sort. Where Beethoven left off others have begun; until the modern symphony has become first of all a soul-picture such as in the case of Tschaiikowsky's three greatest and last culminating in the *Pathetique*; such as has been credited to Elgar's First Symphony produced in America by the Damrosch Orchestra last year.

In many respects the world has been the gainer by this evolution on the work of Beethoven, who probably never expected to traverse all the possibilities of musical utterance and surely never anticipated a Strauss or quite apprehended what the world would do with Wagner. In fact the drama music of Wagner and the programme music of Strauss are a huge illumination, or as the case may be perversion, upon the pure music of the Beethoven symphony. They tell a story or portray a picture. Beethoven was largely satisfied to produce a state of feeling which should be elevated and refined without being sensational. Seldom does he permit his mere love of noise to dominate. Here and there in the Scherzo of the Ninth he does so; also in the improbable vocal utterances of the Choral movement. Now and again in the *Presto* and the *Finale* of the Seventh he does this and the effect is not always grateful.

Taken all in all, the Toronto Symphony Orchestra may be said to have given the Seventh in a true Beethovenian style—without exaggeration and with careful attention to tonality and balance of tone and blending of instruments. For in the case of music like this the small details of technique are essentially part of the interpretation; which cannot be said so clearly of the more modern symphony. Mr. Welsman has attempted and achieved a good deal in Beethoven since the orchestra began. He has given now four of the great master's works. none of them so well as the Seventh—which many people in Toronto once upon a time expected to see danced unto by Isadore Duncan but were disappointed.

BEETHOVEN ON THE STAGE.

BEETHOVENISM in England has been getting a new and rather sensational turn from the latest development of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree who has undertaken to dramatise the story of Beethoven's life for presentation at His Majesty's Theatre. The play, if such it can be called, is not one with a plot; rather a series of episodes in which the various stages of the composer's career are presented, his only love affair delineated, his symphonies impersonated by fair maidens, and the composer's deafness given a stage setting that is altogether of the unusual. The biggest thing about the dramatisation is Sir Beerbohm Tree's make-up as Beethoven. What he really knows about the scores of Beethoven is not understood. Perhaps there is some excuse for the rather flimsy monstrosity in the attempt to universalise Beethoven. Very likely quite a number of people will get their real knowledge of Beethoven from Beerbohm Tree; which is a shade better than none at all. Now if some one will put the shade of Richard Wagner on the stage—!

The Montreal Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Prof. Goulet, has just given a performance of a varied programme, of which the principal numbers were Schumann's Second Symphony, the overture to Massonet's "Phedre" and Erdmandorfer's orchestration of Rubinstein's "Bal Masque" music.

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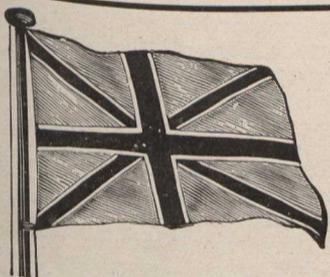
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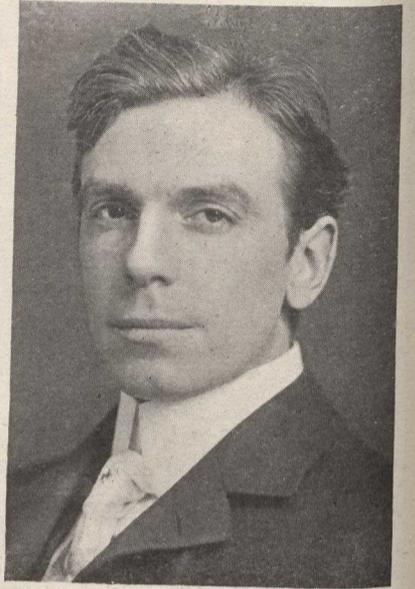
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

A YOUNG MONTREALER WHO MADE A MILLION BEFORE HE WAS THIRTY YEARS OF AGE.



Mr. E. Mackay Edgar.

THE other day the name E. Mackay Edgar, London, Eng., was written in large, bold letters across the register of the Windsor Hotel at Montreal and the mention of the name brought to mind one of the most interesting stories of a young Montrealer who by his own endeavour had become a millionaire while he was still within hailing distance of the thirty-year mark.

"Mackay" as he is more generally known, was on one of his frequent flying visits to Canada in the interests of the firm of Sperling & Co., the prominent London bankers, of which he is a member. It was only a few years ago that young Edgar was a struggling insurance agent and stock broker in Montreal, but once he got going along the road to success he went at an awful pace and in a few years had accomplished a task that made even the quiet old bankers sit up and take notice of what was going on about them. Things kept on happening so fast with "Mackay" in connection with enormous sales of the securities of the Mexican Light and Power Company, the Mexico Tramway Company and the Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light and Power Company, that the first thing his confreres on the Montreal Stock Exchange knew was that he had not only succeeded in getting the support of such a prominent London banking house as Sperling & Company to take a very substantial interest in the very promising concerns he was identified with, but that he had become a member of the firm and that, in the future, it was its intention to pay particular attention to things Canadian. And, as was quite natural, all this time Mackay saw to it that Mackay was being well looked after with the result that in something like six years from the time he had started out to sell Mexican Power bonds to almost every man he met on the street, even a conservative estimate of his personal fortune was well above the million mark.

And the funny part about it all was that young Mackay Edgar never seemed to have more than ordinary business ability. Somehow he seemed to devote about as much time to amateur theatricals as he did to his business and even at that he was a pretty fair actor. What is more, he has never quite ceased to be the actor on or off the stage, evidently reckoning that the whole world is a stage on which every man must play his part. Over in London, Edgar has the reputation of doing in a day as much as even big brokers contemplate doing in a month, and it is even said that within three days and without any assistance whatever he managed to gather together for a syndicate as much as \$5,000,000 in order to permit of the Mexico Tramways Company securing a lease of the Mexican Light and Power Company and to pay off at once the heavy indebtedness of the Power Company to one of the leading Canadian banks.

* * *

FINANCIAL INTERESTS GET TOGETHER AFTER BITTER FEUD.

IT was certainly very gratifying to see the rapid manner in which the leading interests of the Dominion Coal Company and Dominion Iron & Steel Company made up friends again, in order that they might all co-operate together in working out the new Canadian Steel Corporation to a successful issue.

High financial circles in Canada had perhaps never seen such a bitter feud, as existed between some of the leading interests in both these companies during the long period in which the strife between the two companies worked its way through the various courts until finally it reached the Privy Council. Considering the fact that the men on both sides were to a very large extent working in the best interests of their respective shareholders, it was rather surprising that there should have been so much personal feeling displayed on both sides, and yet, when the fight was over and finally won and lost, there was a disposition on both sides to lay aside all personal feeling and to adjust all matters on a straight business basis.

But it has rather been in the more recent negotiations, tending to the merger of the two companies, that the leading interests gave such a nice example of broadmindedness and of that spirit which makes bygones bygones and permits of all the interests getting close together and working shoulder to shoulder towards the common good of all their shareholders. Naturally, of course, till such a situation was finally reached, there were quite a number of delicate incidents that had to be smoothed over very tactfully. For instance, when it became an assured fact that the two big companies would come together in one big corporation and that the Dominion Steel interests would dominate the latter through the purchase of the very large holdings of Mr. James Ross in the Coal Company, a great many people wondered just how the officials of the Coal Company would deal with the interests that they had been fighting for quite a few years. By far the greater number of people rather expected that they would resign and leave the Steel interests to work out the Coal proposition to the best of their ability. But such was far from being the case. For instance, Mr. Plummer as president of the new consolidation intimated to Mr. Ross that he desired that Mr. F. L. Wanklyn, vice-president of the Coal Company (who has been somewhat of a managing-director for a number of years past) should continue to act in the same capacity as he had under Mr. Ross. On the other hand, Mr. Wanklyn, although possessed of a comfortable fortune that would warrant his no longer retaining such active participation in the concern, right at once intimated that he would be only too pleased to give the new interests the full benefit of his long and practical experience and do all he possibly could in helping the new concern out to a successful issue. Mr. G. H. Duggan, the general manager of the Coal Company, took a similar view of the situation, and although he

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CIRCULATION DEPT.

had a very attractive offer from two different concerns he conferred with Mr. Plummer first of all, with the result that he will continue to act in a close advisory capacity, which will ensure to the new corporation the advantage of his large technical knowledge as engineer. Then again, the board meeting at which Mr. James Ross and Mr. R. B. Angus retired from the directorate of the Coal Company and their places were filled by Mr. J. H. Plummer and Senator Forget, was somewhat of a love feast at which all thought of past encounters was forgotten, and every indication given that the old directors of the Coal Company will help the new interests out in every way possible. The whole deal is such a tremendous one that it would seem necessary to have the best of feeling and support on all sides in order that it might be worked out successfully, and that the many thousands of shareholders, who have thrown their lot in with the new concern should have an opportunity of making a much money as possible out of it.

* * *

A NEW CONDITION ON CANADIAN STOCK EXCHANGES.

SOMEWHERE about twenty years ago, old Jesse Joseph, who at that time was one of the largest market operators in Montreal and luckily made so much money out of it that he was able to buy all kinds of real estate in almost every part of the city, is said to have remarked after the stock market in Montreal had enjoyed a very active period that it would be fully twenty years before such a period of activity was again witnessed. It was a rather difficult forecast to make, but ever since a number of the men who were then associated with him have paid considerable attention to the remark as year by year rolled by, and the truth of his statement became more apparent. The other day, I was discussing the meaning of the statement with one of his former colleagues who is now a director in some twenty different corporations, and he expressed the opinion to me that what Mr. Joseph meant was that it would take at least twenty years before absolutely new conditions would prevail and an entirely new generation would spring up. These new conditions now seem to have come into existence and a new generation is here to take advantage of them. From this, it must be taken that a new period of activity is at hand, as far as the Canadian stock exchanges are concerned, and the more closely one studies the situation the more does this seem to be the case. The new condition results from the large amount of English capital that is pouring into the country and is being invested in the various securities that are listed on the exchanges. When it is remembered that one English house alone, that of Sperling & Company, has invested as much as \$200,000,000 in the country during the past two years and are seeking new opportunities for further investment, it will be seen what an opportunity there is right from this source alone. But while Sperling & Co. may have been the pioneers in this business, there are dozens of other firms, all of which control a large amount of capital, that are devoting almost equal attention to things Canadian. Then again, there are almost constant orders in the market now from Paris for Canadian securities such as Montreal Power, Montreal Street Railway, Toronto Railway, and industrial bonds of all kinds. The new generation is also here and is equipped with enough wealth to be able to take proper advantage of the opportunity that is afforded by this large amount of English and foreign capital that is making its way into the country. Great as have been the strides in this class of business during the past two years, the year 1910 rather looks as though it would prove a banner year and it rather looks as though the shrewd Canadian might get ready to take proper advantage of it.

* * *

THE MERCHANTS' BANK REPORT.

BY reducing its balance of profits carried forward to \$100,000, the Merchants' Bank is able to add a round half million to its reserve fund. Any bank which can perform such a feat in one year must be well managed. Last year, the balance carried forward was \$400,097; this year's balance after paying dividends and writing \$100,000 off bank premises, amounted to \$602,157. It was thus easy to take \$500,000 and place it in reserve. This reserve now stands at \$4,500,000, or just three-quarters of the capital stock. Most banks made less money in 1909 than in 1908, but the Merchants' is an exception. In spite of the cheapness of money and the difficulty in using funds safely and profitably, the rate of profit went up from 12.30 to 13.85 per cent. Sir Montagu Allan, the president, might reasonably feel a glow of pride in presenting such a report. The assets at the close of the year amounted to \$66,800,000.

Mr. Hebden, the general manager, was justified in claiming that these figures established that the record of the bank was fairly good. He spoke also with effective brevity on the general business situation in Canada, and especially in the West, which he recently visited, and where the bank was a pioneer, its branch in Winnipeg dating from 1872. His observation justified him in saying that Canada is enjoying an era of prosperity unexampled in its history. The time, however, he also pointed out, is not one in which to forget the dictates of prudence. Public expenditures are growing fast, faster, as some think, than the conditions warrant, and there is now as great wisdom as ever in holding to a redeeming economy in public as in private affairs. The whole was wisely spoken. The shareholders at the suggestion of the directors, voted to authorise an addition of \$4,000,000 to the capital. The action is on the line that other old institutions have found it wise to follow, and indicates that the larger banking capital which the country will require will be provided through established rather than through new banks. That the Merchants' will soon be called on to provide some of it seems a reasonable conclusion from its position.

* * *

CENTRAL CANADA'S BONUS.

THE Central Canada Loan and Savings Company of Toronto has declared a bonus of two per cent. at a meeting of the directors this week. The Central Canada controls the Dominion Securities Corporation which deals exclusively in bonds, and it is from the expanding business of the Dominion Securities that the additional profits have come this year. Senator Cox is president of the Central Canada, Mr. E. R. Wood is vice-president and manager, and Mr. George A. Morrow is assistant manager. The company has been doing business for many years and has always been remarkably successful. The bond business, like all other Canadian businesses, has been exceptionally good this year and loan company business has also been feeling the activity of the times. All Canadian loan companies should show a good year, and bond companies should show the best in their history.

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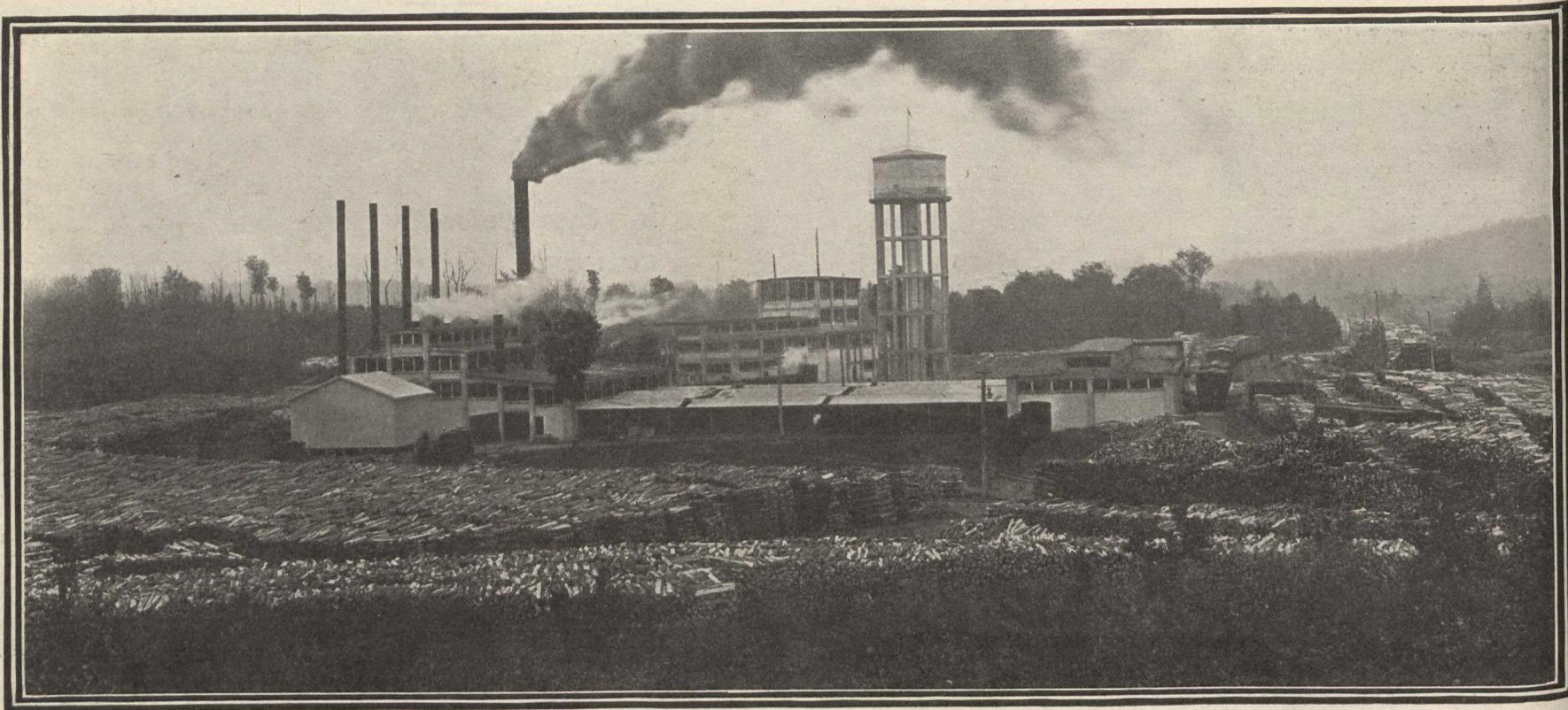
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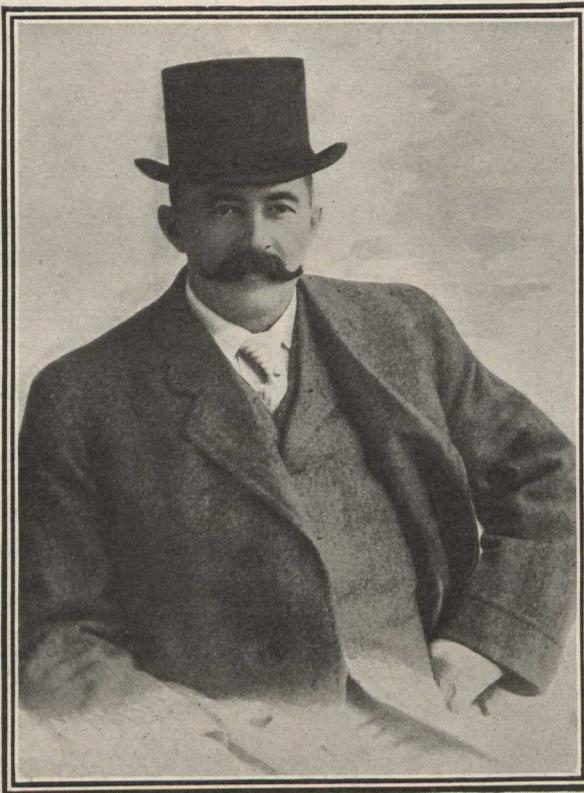


View of Factory and Yards at Donald, Ontario, of the Wood Products Company of Canada, Limited

THE destructive distillation of wood for the production of Wood Alcohol, Acetate of Lime and Charcoal, while not a new industry in Canada, has of late received a considerable impetus, owing to the demand which is gradually arising for Wood Alcohol or Methylated spirits for internal combustion motors, which are so largely coming into use in aerial navigation, automobiles and power motors for manufactories of all kinds, more especially where isolated plants are required and fuel scarce, such as Mining and Farming operations. Charcoal is more prominently coming into household use in our larger cities and in the last few years large distributing plants have been established.

Acetate of lime finds a ready sale in European markets, so that the industry is a rapidly growing one and the illustrations on this page show one of the latest of these plants for the production of Wood Alcohol, Acetate of Lime and Charcoal, erected in Canada. To describe this plant as the "best in Canada" would ordinarily be enough to put it in the front rank, but a Swedish Professor of Chemistry, a recent visitor from the home of this industry, says that "the best in the world" would be more fitting and gave unqualified praise to the perfect arrangement and stability of the plant and its accessories.

This plant was erected by the Wood Products Co. of Canada during 1908, and has been in operation about one year; it is located six miles south of Haliburton on the line of the Grand Trunk Rail-



J. A. Kammerer, President, The Wood Products Co., of Canada, Ltd.

way, which passes through the Northwestern portion of the Company's wood limits. These limits are located in the Townships of Snowdon and Glamorgan and consist of 25,000 acres, most of which is covered with a dense growth of Beech, Birch and Maple and an endless variety of the softer woods. The hardwoods are charred to produce Acetate of Lime, Wood Alcohol and Charcoal, while the soft woods are used for heating purposes in the manufacture of these commodities. The charring ovens have a capacity of 50 cords per day or about 15,000 cords of hardwood per year of 300 working days, and about half the quantity of soft wood is required for heat so that the plant eats up from 22,000 to 23,000 cords per year.

The entire Buildings, Tank and Dam are of reinforced concrete and absolutely fireproof and look as though they would last forever. The Water Tank structure is 90 feet high and has not a nail or piece of wood in it, being from the ground to and including the Tub, of re-inforced concrete and is the only one of its kind in Canada. The entire buildings have a massive and dignified appearance and the machinery throughout the work is in consonance. Special attention has been given to the housing of the employees and quite a village has grown up around the Works.

The Railway Station is called "Donald," named after R. A. Donald, the Secretary-Treasurer of the Company.



General View of Works of the Wood Products Co., Limited, at Donald Station, Ontario

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British Political Leaders

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 13

hand man. Mr. Walter Long, ex-Chief Secretary for Ireland, has been the most active speaker in the country against the Budget, whilst Mr. Austen Chamberlain, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, and son of the more famous statesman of that name, has backed up Mr. Balfour in the House with untiring persistence.

There is, however, a rising man on the Opposition benches—a counterpart of Mr. Ure—who will have to be reckoned with in the formation of the next conservative administration. This is Mr. F. E. Smith, who is quite young and one of the Liverpool representatives in the House of Commons. Mr. Smith has made a big reputation as a brilliant and successful K. C. Unlike most men at the Bar who find their way into Parliament, he has done just as well in his changed circumstances, and most people who know are convinced that he will do a long way better. Anyhow, he has been a thorn in the side of the Budget supporters, and his ready and slashing oratory has been a definite factor in the campaign carried on by his party.

Other men on both sides are mostly "as you were"; that is to say, there is not much that is new to be said about them. They have generally done what was expected of them—neither more nor less. Looking into the "Holy of Holies," the House of Lords itself, one man stands almost head and shoulders above his fellows. That august assembly changes very very slowly, oh so imperceptibly, in its men, its manners, and its mannerisms.

Lord Crewe, the Leader of the Government in the House of Lords, had always a passable reputation. He was careful if not brilliant, courteous if a little caustic, and he did his official duties well enough. But since, following the retirements of Earl Spencer and the Marquis of Ripon, he has been the Liberal spokesman in the Upper House, he has abundantly and completely justified himself. His task nobody envied, envies, or probably will envy. For his party is hopelessly outnumbered to the tune of five to one in the House of Lords, and this majority has shown what it can do with the veto when Liberal bills come up from the Commons for their lordship's approval. Lord Crewe, having only eighty or ninety supporters out of a full house of six hundred, has had to display wonderful tact and perseverance in his dealings and with the "noble lords opposite." He has developed a delightful vein of sarcasm at once cutting and polite, which has served him well in supplementing his otherwise somewhat unattractive style of speaking. He showed his opinion of the Lord's claim that they could either amend or reject the Budget by simply nodding his head as a signal that he moved the second reading of the Bill. So without a word from the Leader of the House, was the great Budget debate opened in the House of Lords.

Canadians in Elections

SIX Canadians are in the thick of the election campaign as candidates—four being standard bearers in the Conservative cause and two in the Liberal. Conservatives: Sir Gilbert Parker, of Gravesend; Donald Macmaster, K.C., former member for Glengarry, in Canada, running for Dulwich; J. Hamilton Benn, formerly of Quebec, in Greenwich. Liberals: Joseph Martin, ex-member of three Canadian Legislatures, running in St. Pancras Division, London; Hamar Greenwood, late member for York, asking for re-election.

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SPECIAL EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE

HOLBROOK'S
Adds a delicious zest and piquancy to **SAUCE**
SOUPS, FISH, MEATS, POULTRY, GAME.
MADE AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND—SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

THE MERCHANTS BANK

Report of the 46th Annual Meeting of Shareholders

The annual general meeting of the Shareholders of the Merchants' Bank of Canada was held on Wednesday, December 15th, at the head offices, 205 St. James street, Montreal. The chair was taken at noon by Sir H. Montagu Allan, the President.

Mr. J. M. Kilbourn, Secretary of the Bank, was appointed Secretary of the meeting, and read the notice calling the meeting.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were taken as read, after which the President presented the report of the Directors, as follows:—

THE DIRECTORS' REPORT.

The Directors have pleasure in submitting the report of the Merchants' Bank of Canada covering the year's business up to the close of books on 30th November, for the information and approval of the shareholders.

The net profits amount to \$831,159.57, equal to 13.85 per cent. upon the capital, as against \$738,597.19 or 12.30 per cent. for the previous year. We hope you will consider this a good return, and from present indications we feel safe in saying that the outlook is promising for equally good results covering the next twelve months. We are loath, however, to predict, for we all know how easily it may turn out otherwise, so many factors come into the calculation.

The past year's earnings have been dealt with as follows:—After paying the usual dividend at the rate of 8 per cent., we have written down our bank premises \$100,000, and credited \$50,000 to the Officers' Pension Fund, leaving a balance to be dealt with of \$201,159.57. This sum, added to the amount brought forward, enables us to add 500,000 to the Reserve Fund, making it 75 per cent. of the capital, and to carry forward a balance in the Profit and Loss Account of \$102,157.51.

All the branches of the Bank have been inspected during the year. We have opened fourteen offices, namely, St. Eugene, Ont.; Ste. Agathe, P.Q.; Unity and Kisbey, Saskatchewan; Castor, Mannville, Viking, Acme, Trochu, Killam and Okotoks, Alberta; Nanaimo, New Westminster and Sidney, B.C. We have also opened four sub-agencies, viz., Meadowvale and Muirkirk, Ont.; Strome and Botha, Alta. We have closed the Fort Saskatchewan Office.

We are asking you to authorize us to apply to the Dominion Government for power to increase the capital stock of the Bank by issuing, at a convenient time, 40,000 new shares, equal to \$4,000,000. We are not proposing to issue this stock now, but think it desirable in your interest to take the necessary power.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

H. MONTAGU ALLAN, President.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Statement of the Result of the Business of the Bank for the Year ending 30th November, 1909.

The Net Profits of the year, after payment of charges, rebate on discounts, interest on deposits, and making full provision for bad and doubtful debts, have amounted to..... \$ 831,159.57
The balance brought forward from 30th November, 1908, was.... 400,997.94

Making a total of \$1,232,157.51
This has been disposed of as follows:

Dividend No. 86, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum \$120,000.00
Dividend No. 87, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum 120,000.00
Dividend No. 88, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum 120,000.00
Dividend No. 89, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum 120,000.00

Transferred to Reserve Fund \$480,000.00
Written off Bank Premises Account 500,000.00
Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund 100,000.00
Balance carried forward 50,000.00
102,157.51

THE STATEMENT.

The Statement of Liabilities and Assets at 30th November, 1909, was read as follows:—

LIABILITIES.		1909.	1908.
i. To the Public.			
Notes in Circulation		\$ 5,541,700.00	\$ 4,740,478.00
Deposits at Call	\$19,220,454.53		12,514,562.52
Deposits subject to notice (accrued interest to date included)	28,987,961.64		25,880,153.87
Deposits by other Banks in Canada	1,263,178.76		2,913,156.29
Balance due to agents in Great Britain		49,471,594.93	
Balance due to Agents in the United States and elsewhere		711,330.93	8,412.15
Dividend No. 89		352,661.33	
Dividends unclaimed		120,000.00	120,000.00
		707.00	865.00
and Stocks in Canada	\$3,863,775.42	\$56,197,994.19	\$46,197,627.83
Call and Short Loans on Bonds and Stocks elsewhere than in Canada	9,504,602.87		1,957,782.71
		13,368,378.29	8,958,351.07
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities		699,144.81	609,071.56
Municipal, Railway and other Debentures.....		5,835,529.08	6,344,224.22
		\$28,650,065.92	\$24,746,377.75

2. To the Stockholders.

Capital Paid up	\$6,000,000.00	\$6,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	4,500,000.00	4,000,000.00
Balance of profits carried forward	102,157.51	400,997.94
		10,602,157.51

ASSETS.

Gold and Silver Coin on hand	\$1,588,652.57	\$1,569,822.58
Dominion Notes on hand	3,777,988.50	3,013,220.00
Notes and Cheques of other Banks	3,223,191.96	2,276,482.88
Balances due by other Banks in Canada	7,326.61	4,796.95
Balances due Banks and Agents in the United States	149,854.10	12,625.78
Call and Short Loans on Bonds Time Loans on Bonds and Stocks in United States	\$1,371,894.71	
Current Loans and Discounts (less Rebate of Interest Reserved)	34,819,043.68	
Loans to other Banks, secured	36,190,938.39	29,799,622.31
Loans and Discounts overdue, (loss fully provided for)	337,617.87	486,889.89
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of Note Circulation	31,418.52	86,798.01
Mortgages and other Securities, the property of the Bank	240,000.00	240,000.00
Real Estate	48,134.87	53,794.88
Bank Premises and Furniture	40,794.44	49,368.69
Other Assets	1,227,047.39	1,118,685.03
	34,134.30	17,089.21
	\$66,800,151.70	\$56,598,625.77

The President—You will see from this that the figures in the Statement are clearly shown, with last year's figures introduced to form a basis for comparison and show the progress of the Bank during the year just ended. Before the motion for the adoption of the report is put, I shall be very glad to answer any questions any of the stockholders may wish to ask.

Mr. Thomas Long—I think the stockholders would like to have the General Manager say a few words in connection with this statement.

GENERAL MANAGER'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Hebden, General Manager of the Bank, then made his annual address. It was then moved by the President, seconded by the Vice-President, that the report of the Directors as submitted be, and the same is, hereby adopted and ordered to be printed for distribution amongst the shareholders. Carried unanimously.

THE CAPITAL STOCK.

It was also moved by the President, seconded by the Vice-President, that: "Inasmuch as it is expedient that the capital stock of the Bank should be increased from six million dollars to ten million dollars, that for that purpose the following by-law be, and the same is, hereby adopted as by-law No. X. (Ten) of the by-laws of the Bank:

BY-LAW No. X.

"The capital stock of the Bank is hereby increased from six million dollars to ten million dollars by the creation of forty thousand new shares of the par value of one hundred dollars each."

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

THE DIRECTORS.

It was moved by Mr. A. Haig Sims, seconded by Mr. M. S. Foley, that Messrs. C. R. Black and D. Kinghorn be appointed Scrutineers for the election of Directors about to take place, and that they proceed to take votes immediately; that the ballot shall close at three P.M., but if an interval of ten minutes elapse without a vote being tendered the ballot shall close immediately. Carried.

Moved by Mr. A. Piddington, seconded by Mr. G. Durnford, that the Scrutineers cast one ballot in favor of the following persons as Directors:—

SIR H. MONTAGU ALLAN	MR. C. M. HAYS
MR. JONATHAN HODGSON	MR. ALEX BARNET
MR. THOMAS LONG	MR. F. ORR LEWIS
MR. C. F. SMITH	MR. K. W. BLACKWELL
MR. HUGH A. ALLAN	

This was unanimously adopted, and the Scrutineers accordingly reported that the old Board of Directors had been unanimously re-elected.

The President—Gentlemen, you have heard the result of the election of Directors. This ends the business of the meeting, and all that remains for me to do is to thank you for your attendance.

VOTES OF THANKS.

It was then moved by Mr. A. Haig Sims, seconded by Mr. G. F. C. Smith, that a vote of thanks be tendered the President and Directors for their able services during the past year. Also that a vote of thanks be tendered the General Manager, Mr. Hebden, and his staff for the loyal manner in which they have worked to further the interests of the Bank. (Hear, hear.)

This motion was unanimously carried, with applause. The meeting then adjourned.

At a subsequent special meeting of the Board of Directors the following officers were re-elected:—President, Sir H. Montagu Allan; Vice-President, Mr. Jonathan Hodgson.

An Inspired Hymn

STORIES of famous hymns are among the most interesting in literature. Most people know that Ira D. Sankey composed the tune for "Ninety and Nine" while at the harmonium in a Moody meeting in England—singing it from the words scribbled on an envelope and inspired by the sermon of Moody. Everybody knows that "Home Sweet Home" was composed in much the same way. "Jesus Lover of My Soul" was written at the prompting of a sparrow that pursued by a hawk, flew for protection to the bosom of Charles Wesley.

"Lead Kindly Light" was written at the time when Cardinal Newman was beset with religious doubt and about to leave the Anglican Church. "The Maple Leaf" is said to have been suggested by the fluttering of a crimson leaf of maple on the coat of Alexander Muir.

The Westminster (Philadelphia) tells how it was that Dudley Buck, the noted Brooklyn organist came to compose the music to a celebrated hymn. It was in his early days when organist in Hartley, Conn., at the church of Rev. Dr. Spalding, who says in telling the story:

"From my study window I heard

the organ as Buck was practising in the church just across the street. I went in for the purpose of getting his choice of music for a hymn which I wished sung on the next day at which there was to be the sacramental service. The hymn had stirred me greatly. I handed it to the organist. Its tremendous dramatic power seized him—for he had never seen it: 'Darkly rose the guilty morning, When, the King of glory scorning, Raged the fierce Jerusalem;'

"As Buck read on, his face gathered into a very agony. 'There is no tune,' I said, 'for such a hymn.' 'No,' he replied, 'but I will have one.'

"The Sunday morning came. The holy sacrament was observed. Then I read the hymn slowly to the congregation. The first breath of the great organ under its master's touch was like the prelude of an awful tragedy, and as the choir caught the hymn inspired by the full meaning of every word, the whole scene of the fierce Jerusalem, and the sad Gethsemane, and the cruel Calvary burst upon the great congregation, filling them with very terror.

"I asked Buck, as others did, for the composition of that music. He promised it and he tried to reproduce it, but he never could do it."

WITH THE OTHER HAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

better first. 'Firmaries are good places, aren't they, sir?'

"I—I suppose so."
"But, of course you'll know all about it, sir. I guess you'll be a 'scriber?" he finished confidently.

Carson flushed and turned his face from those bright, questioning eyes. "You are, aren't you, sir?" persisted the boy.

"Well—no, Tony. I haven't been, but—I think I must become one."

Tony's face brightened. The entrance of a gentleman on business prevented any further conversation, and, the day proving more than usually strenuous, the matter slipped entirely from Carson's mind.

As Tony's hour for finishing arrived he looked at the boy with a quizzical smile.

"So this is the end of your business career for the present, Tony?"

"Yes, sir. But when I've finished at school I mean to come and see if you want a boy then."

"So you would come and work for me again?"

"Course I would!" said Tony stoutly.

Carson turned to his desk again and sat fingering a small gold coin hesitatingly, but finally slipped it back in his pocket.

Tony, who was busily diving into his own pocket, pulled out a soiled little bag and began carefully counting out a number of half-crowns into his little pink palm.

"Yes, that's right," he said under his breath. Then he looked up at Carson timidly. "Please, sir, I've been thinking; would you mind taking these back and putting the other five shillings to, and then write me out a cheque for twenty-five shillings instead?"

With secret amusement the man turned to comply with the strange request.

"Do I make it out to you, Tony?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, no! It—it—oh, dear; that won't do! I'll just have to take it, after all."

"Need you? Couldn't you tell me whom it is for? The secret would be just between ourselves, you know."

The boy hesitated; then slipping the coins back into the little bag, said firmly:

"No, it wouldn't do sir. I'll just take the money, please."

HIS curiosity now thoroughly aroused, Carson determined to follow the boy, and after bidding him good-bye, he put on his hat and stole quietly after him.

He had a little difficulty in keeping the child in sight, he hurried along so eagerly; then, to Carson's surprise, the little fellow sprang upon a passing car. The man watched him mount to the top, then stole inside, where he kept a sharp look-out for the boy's descent.

Just as he was beginning to conclude that he meant to travel to the terminus, he saw him dart suddenly down and off into the roadway, and almost before he himself could dismount, he had passed within a pair of large gates, and was making his way quickly up a broad gravelled path.

Carson looked up at the building before him, and at once recognised the hospital. After a moment's hesitation he followed the boy, and, passing up the steps, kept himself well in the shade of the porch.

"Please, I want to see the secretary," he heard Tony say, in his clear, shrill voice.

"He doesn't live here, my boy. What is it you want?" answered the porter.

At that moment the matron crossed

the wide hall, and her curiosity was at once aroused by the sight of the small figure standing irresolutely on the mat.

"What is it?" she asked the porter, coming towards them. "Why, it's Tony!" she cried delightedly, as he turned his face in her direction.

"What is wrong, Tony? Not your mother, I hope?"

"Oh, no, thank you. She's just all right now. I—wanted to see the secretary, but the porter says he isn't here."

The matron smiled. "Is it a message from your mother? Couldn't I give it to him?"

"Of course, how stupid of me! It's it's a 'scription, nurse, for the firmary—twenty-five shillings!" he said proudly. "He—the one who is giving it—doesn't want his name put down; so please say it's—from some one who thinks 'firmaries real good places to come to when they're very sick."

He thrust the money into the matron's hand, and, before she had time to recover from her surprise, darted down the steps—almost colliding with Godfrey Carson in the porch. But without noticing him, he set off at a run down the carriage drive.

WHEN Carson reached the gates Tony was out of sight, and after standing a moment, hesitating as to his next move, an empty taxicab drove up the street and slowed down near the hospital gates. Instantly his decision was made, and, hailing the cab, he was soon riding rapidly in the direction of the poor lodgings occupied by Mrs. Harland and her boy.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Cresswell," he said, smiling at that good woman's look of surprise—almost alarm—at the sight of Mr. Carson at her door.

"Is Mrs. Harland in?" he asked quickly. "I just wish to see her if she is not engaged."

"Certainly, sir—yes, sir." And the flurried woman hurried him straight into the little parlour, where a lady sat quietly reading by the fading light near the window.

"Please forgive my intrusion," he began. "I am Mr. Carson, and I thought I would like to call and have a talk with you about your little boy, Tony."

The lady rose and politely returned his bow, and in a low voice both sweet and refined, bade him be seated, herself coming forward to a seat by the table.

Godfrey Carson started as he heard her voice and, bending forward, eagerly scanned her face, which was in shadow.

"Don't you know me?" she asked with a soft little laugh.

In a moment he was on his feet, his hands outstretched towards her. "Marion!"

Tired of Fake Appeals

MANY merchants in towns and cities will be interested in what their confreres in one city have done to eradicate a growing evil. The Stratford Merchants' Association have adopted the following resolutions:

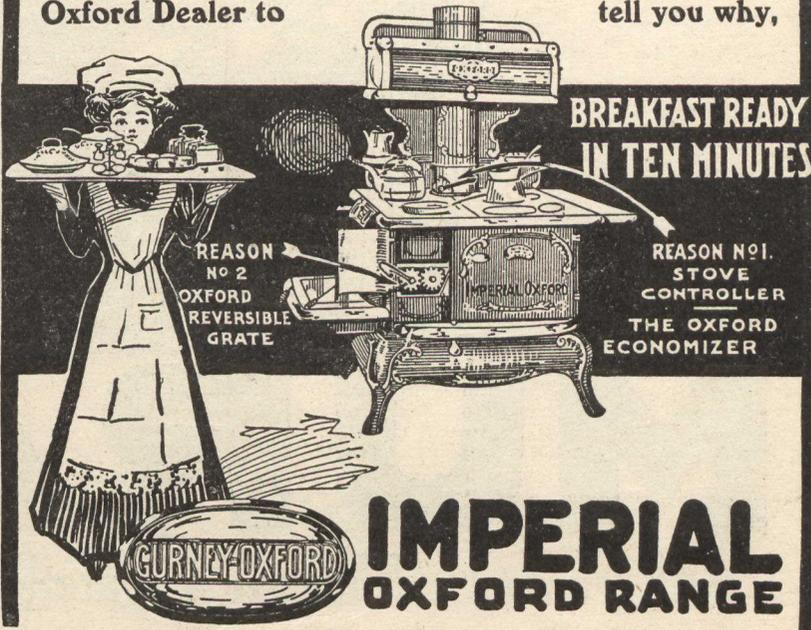
1.—Not to buy tickets for concerts, excursions or games of any kind in our places of business.

2.—Not to advertise on programmes, hotel blotters, clocks, writing desks or any other promiscuous advertising schemes.

3.—To discontinue the giving of prizes or subscriptions to picnics, societies, etc., unless recommended by the executive.

Merchants in other cities might reasonably follow this precedent.

A Range to be proud of—so dependable—cooks—roasts, bakes to perfection. It's so very modern too. You can buy an Imperial-Oxford Range with an "Economizer"—"one damper controls the fire"—cuts the coal bill in half. The new reversible grate guarantees a clear fire. Ask the nearest Gurney-Oxford Dealer to tell you why,



The Gurney Foundry Company LIMITED
TORONTO
With Branches at MONTREAL, HAMILTON, LONDON, WINNIPEG, CALGARY, EDMONTON, VANCOUVER



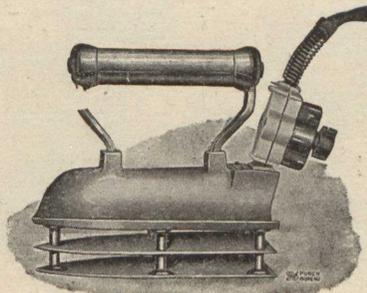
Alma College Opens January 5th Will Your Daughter Attend This Term?

recreation; athletic and social organizations; largest Fine Art Studio. First College in Ontario to organize diploma courses in Music and Domestic Science. Local Music Examinations of University of Toronto held here. Canada's most southerly College; healthful location. Limited number of younger girls received in separate apartment. Write for our Free Booklet to-day.

The cost of tuition depends upon studies selected; endowment permits low rates. Unexcelled advantages in Literary Course, Music, Fine Art, Commercial, Expression and Physical Culture, Domestic Science, Social Training, etc. Large Campus for health developing out-door

Alma Ladies' College St. Thomas, Ont.

ALMA COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS, ONT.



An ELECTRIC IRON

would make a most appropriate

CHRISTMAS GIFT

Leave the order or phone in and we'll send an iron neatly boxed Christmas morning.

THE TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. LIMITED
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Literary Notes

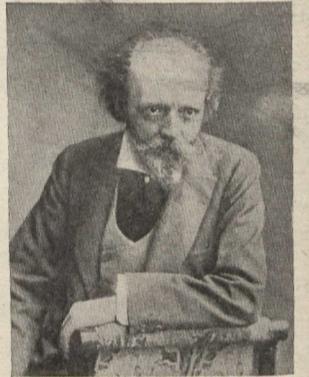
THE WHITE PROPHECY.

(By Hall Caine. Toronto: McLeod and Allen.)

THE other day a Toronto man was recalling experiences of his summer itinerary, and mentioned an incident which occurred while he was a Manxman. Mr. Hall Caine, whose new novel has just been published in Canada by McLeod and Allen, had returned to the Isle of Man after an Italian tour when the man from the Queen City entered upon his visit. One day, the distinguished novelist dashed up in his car to the house where the Torontonians was a guest. He rang the bell. There was no answer, again he pushed the button. He heard voices within, for the doors throughout the house were all open, and as his summons met with no response he judged that the bell was out of order. Suddenly, he became conscious that his name was being mentioned by the speakers. Impatient he listened. Judging from the pitch of the voices, he was a subject of earnest discussion.

"I tell you what, Cook, you can say what you like, but them books of Caine's are swell. The 'Ternal City —'

A long sigh from Cook. "Come off, Jane, they're all right maybe, but I do wish he'd cut his hair. He do



Mr. Hall Caine
Author of "The White Prophet"

look a specter his hair hang'in down like a woman's."

One of the servants walked out into the main hall. There was a shriek of dismay.

Mr. Hall Caine pulled at his beard and smiled.

The eccentric appearing tenant of ancient Greeba Castle on the Isle of Man is quite accustomed to find himself being talked about though not, perhaps, under the above unusual circumstances. He has grown used to the criticism of himself and his books which is hurled at him year in and year out by the press. Whether his readers take him seriously or not, Mr. Hall Caine does not appear to worry; he keeps issuing his ideas on socialism and politics and has probably, many a quiet laugh over the royalty checks. "The White Prophet" expresses the author's opinions upon the government of Egypt. Students of history claim that they have discovered certain resemblances between the characters which move in the story, and crown officials who have had charge of the administration of Egypt. Lord Nuneham is said to be the prototype of Lord Cromer, and there is a suggestion that his rule was rapidly bringing to an end British control of the Khediviate. The plot of Mr. Caine's book is too involved to set down in the space at our disposal. For the story as a whole, it may be said, that while long drawn out, it contains chapters of striking dramatic interest written in Mr. Caine's most brilliant style.

MURAD

Turkish Cigarettes

Turkish tobacco, like wine, improves with age. It takes some years for Turkish tobacco to properly mature. Before the tobacco can be used for making MURAD Cigarettes, it is laid aside for a time to age. Every MURAD Cigarette is carefully made and wrapped with pure rice paper of the highest quality. Greeks, the best cigarette makers in the world, are employed to make them.

If you've never smoked a MURAD Cigarette, you've yet to know what constitutes a good smoke—10 for 15c.

S. ANARGYROS.

450

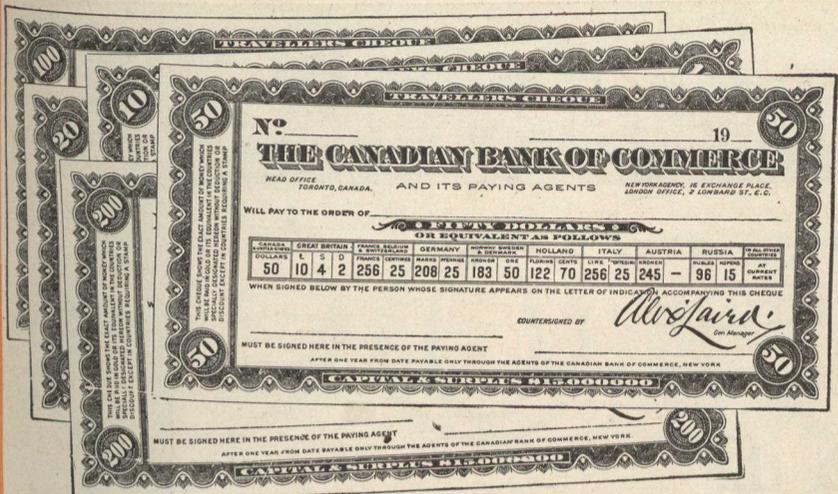
PURITY FLOUR

Take Your Choice

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196 POUNDS 98 POUNDS 49 POUNDS 24 POUNDS 14 POUNDS 7 POUNDS

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The Canadian Bank of Commerce

These cheques are a most convenient form in which to carry money when travelling. They are **NEGOTIABLE EVERYWHERE**, SELF-IDENTIFYING and the **EXACT AMOUNT PAYABLE** in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

OPPORTUNITIES

The vigorous development of the Canadian Northern Railway—now the second largest railway system in Canada—has thrown open immense new fields of activity to the business man and agriculturist. New enterprises have been made practicable in the six leading provinces, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Hundreds of new towns have been established—all prosperous and progressive communities—where opportunities wait for the enterprising. The story of this new birth of Canada as a first-class commercial power in the world generally, and especially in North America, is well set forth in the interesting publication—



A MILE A DAY FOR TWELVE YEARS

Write for a copy of this book to the Department of Publicity and Industries, Canadian Northern Building, Toronto.

FRENCH CLARETS, &C. CALVET BRAND



- CALVET** Stands for **GOOD FRENCH CLARETS, SAUTERNES or BURGUNDIES.**
- CALVET** Ensures you getting **THE BEST FRENCH CLARETS, SAUTERNES or BURGUNDIES** in any part of the world.
- CALVET** Is the name of the celebrated firm of **J. CALVET & CO., BORDEAUX**, the leading Claret and Burgundy house in France.
- CALVET** Wines can now be obtained if specially ordered from all leading Wine Merchants and Hotels in the Dominion. **The public are informed that each bottle bears the name of J. Calvet & Co., which is a guarantee that contents are true to description as to growth and quality.**

Prices range from **\$4.50 PER DOZEN** large bottles, upwards

- CALVET** Wines will be found to contain a minimum of Sugar and Alcohol, and to be practically free from acidity.
- CALVET** Wines can be obtained from all Wine Merchants or on application to the General Agents for Canada,

S. B. TOWNSEND & CO., 18 St. SACRAMENT ST., MONTREAL

THE ADDRESS OF THE NEAREST AGENT WILL BE GIVEN

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Boys as Club-Getters During the month of December we are offering smart boys everywhere a chance to make Christmas money by the securing of subscribers to the **COURIER**. Any boy who can get up a club for the **COURIER** amongst his friends or neighbors will receive a handsome commission from the publishers. Here is a fine chance to make some money and at the same time introduce yourself to a profitable side line to work whilst securing an education. Clubs of **COURIER** subscribers for 1910. Who will be the first to write for terms.

Circulation Department, Canadian Courier, Toronto

COB

NO MAN CARES TO PRESENT A POOR CIGAR TO HIS FRIENDS
You can't smoke fancy bands, gaudy ribbons or looks, and a cheap, highly lithographed box has nothing to do with the quality of the cigar but costs money.

COB LONDRES CIGARS are **QUALITY**—nothing else—packed in plain boxes—no gaudy, ornamental touches—not a penny wasted on looks. But the quality is the best.

I **GUARANTEE** every **COB CIGAR** to be equal to and in most cases better than any ten cent straight cigar on the market, and I let you be the judge. I want **YOUR** business. **READ MY OFFER**

MY OFFER IS

I WILL, ON REQUEST, SEND FIFTY **COB CIGARS** ON APPROVAL TO A READER OF THE "**COURIER**," EXPRESS PREPAID. HE MAY SMOKE TEN CIGARS AND RETURN THE REMAINING FORTY AT MY EXPENSE IF HE IS NOT PLEASED WITH THEM. IF HE IS PLEASED WITH THEM HE AGREES TO REMIT THE PRICE, \$3.00, WITHIN TEN DAYS.

You are consequently getting a ten cent straight cigar for **SIX CENTS**—delivered to you.

DO YOU SUPPOSE I COULD AFFORD TO MAKE THIS OFFER UNLESS I KNEW MY CIGARS WOULD PLEASE YOU?

I cut out the jobber and the retailer and I have no agents. By selling direct to the smoker he gets them at the price the merchant ordinarily pays.

In ordering please order on your business letter head, enclose your business card or send personal reference.

Sit down and drop me a line **NOW**

GEORGE H. TEED
ST. STEPHEN, N.B.



Christmas and New Year EXCURSIONS

Between all stations in Canada, also to Detroit, Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N.Y.

At Single Fare

Good going December 24th and 25th, 1909. Returning until December 27th, 1909. Also good going December 31st, 1909 and January 1st, 1910. Returning until January 3rd, 1910.

At Fare and One Third!

Good going December 21st to December 25th inclusive. Also good going December 28th, 1909 to January 1st, 1910. Returning until January 5th, 1910.

Secure tickets and further information from any Grand Trunk Agent.

J. D. McDONALD, D.P.A., Toronto

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A Real Railroad



Limited Trains with Unlimited Conveniences

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SINGLE FARE Good going Dec. 24th, 25th; Return Limit, Dec. 27th. **ALSO**, Dec. 31st, Jan. 1st; Return Limit, Jan. 3rd.
FARE AND ONE-THIRD Dec. 21st to 25th, and Dec. 28th to Jan. 1st; Good for return until Jan. 5th.

Insure a Comfortable Journey by Travelling by **Canadian Pacific Railway**

**Hear the Best Talent
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THE World's Best Entertainers, the Headliners of the Vaudeville Shows, the Stars of the Operas, the Good Composers, Band Leaders and Orchestra Conductors are making Records for the Edison Phonograph. All of them are represented in our catalog.

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When you listen to an Edison Record played by an Edison Phonograph, you hear the original just as it were sung or played. Can you do this with any other instrument?

Edison Phonographs can be had from	\$16.50	to	\$240.00
Edison Standard Records	-	-	40 cents
Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long)	-	-	65 cents
Edison Grand Opera Records	-	-	85 cents and \$1.25

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records and get complete catalogs of Phonographs and Records, from your dealer or from us.

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