

The Canadian 30

# Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Alex. Fraser, Woodlawn Ave.  
53



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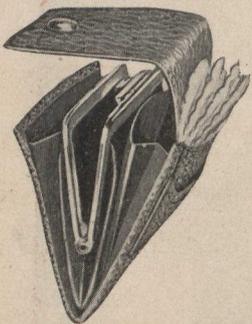


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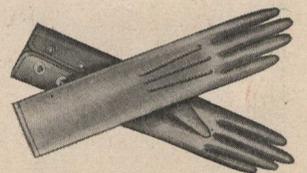


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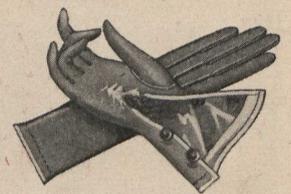
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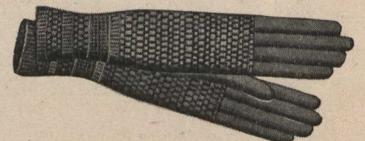
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1907	2,243,570	11,656,410	1,503,718	51,091,848

HEAD OFFICE . . . WATERLOO, ONT.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

THE  
**Canadian Courier**

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Subscription: Canada and Great Britain, \$4.00 a Year; United States, \$5.00 a Year . . . . .

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**PUBLISHER'S TALK**

THE magazines are beginning to take on a festive air with wreaths of holly and branches of mistletoe, while the "Courier" is to give its readers a liberal serving of Christmas fare. "A Sack of Plum-Pudding" by Hopkins Moorhouse is a story of the cheery traditional sort, of which the Canadian rights have been secured. It tells of a Christmas in the genuine North—far beyond the outposts of civilisation—in the Great Slave Lake district. The reader can fairly see the vast fields of white, on which the cold stars look down, and the two old factors who meet at the Christmas board. The other stories will be contributed by Mrs. Jean Blewett and Mrs. Mead.

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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Vol. V.

Toronto, December 5th, 1908.

Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

No. 1

## IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Dean Farthing,  
Anglican Bishop-Elect of Montreal.

**T**HE new Bishop of Montreal has earned well his title. No bishop has ever been chosen in Canada during recent years with so much expenditure of brain power on the part of a Synod. Bishop Farthing is the result of a deadlock which lasted for weeks and involved the names of four candidates. When the invitation was at last extended to Bishop Lang, that dignitary declined just in time to be translated to a higher sphere.

Church men who were supposed to be good authorities contended that there was no use trying to find a Bishop of Montreal in Canada. Now the man has been found in Kingston and no one doubts his eminent fitness for the position. Bishop Farthing has come in for a number of smart jibes in the daily

press—concerning his name. Most of the scribes, however, have forgotten that they may be, after all, but penny-wise and perhaps pound foolish. Bishop Farthing was born in Cincinnati, but his parents were English and the Bishop is a good Canadian by bringing up. Most of his school and academic training he got in England; graduating from Cambridge in 1885; ordained by Bishop Baldwin, of Huron, in that year and installed as clergyman of Trinity Church, Durham. Three years later he went to Woodstock as curate of St. Paul's; the following year being made rector. Two years ago he was made Dean of Ontario and appointed to St. George's Cathedral in Kingston. In that city he has become a popular and influential figure; a man who has won enviable distinction by his fine preaching and breadth of view; who has made many warm friends. He goes to the Bishopric of Montreal while still a young man with perhaps the best part of his career to make.

\* \* \*

**T**HE man who in restoring the reformatory to its real and true status has robbed the reformatory of most of its terror was a distinguished visitor and speaker in Canada a week ago at the Conference upon Charities and Correction. Mr. J. A. Leonard has charge of the most remarkable reformatory in the world. The Mansfield Reformatory in Ohio has done more to make good, useful men out of so-called criminals than any other house of correction anywhere. Not long ago a remarkable series of stories was running

in one of the United States weeklies showing how the average prison makes hardened criminals and murderers of men merely gone wrong. The Mansfield institution reverses the process. It is not a prison; it is a moral hospital where the disease of crime is treated as skilfully as bodily disease is treated in a sanitarium. Mr. Leonard pointed out that the school and the street and the home are more to be considered in the making of criminals than heredity. He accuses the school and home of leaving too much to the street. This is true in the United States; it is becoming more and more the case in Canada. In the school, ethics is neglected. People are so busy getting education that many of them have no time to get moral manhood. In Mansfield

Reformatory they have a school of ethics where those boys who missed that subject at school may get a first moral training. Most of this teaching, while not absolutely new even in Canada, had never been enunciated before with such eminent and practical authority. Mr. Leonard has preached a thousand sermons in one to the Conference on Charities and Correction. His views have been sown broadcast by the newspapers. They will be still further disseminated by most wise and thoughtful preachers and principals of schools—perhaps even parents.

\* \* \*

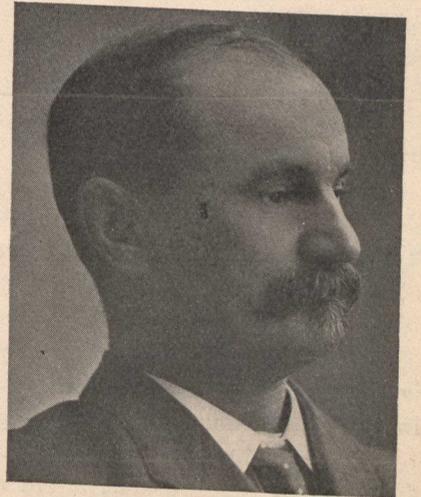
**T**HE Conference of Charities and Correction, recently held in Toronto, reached some advanced conclusions regarding prison reform. Among those who have for years advocated more discriminating and scientific methods in dealing with criminals is Dr. J. T. Gilmour, Warden of the Central Prison, Toronto. Dr. Gilmour is a native of Durham County, Ontario, was educated at Port Hope High School and Trinity University, Toronto, graduating in medicine in 1878. He practised his profession in West Toronto for some years, established the *York Tribune* and represented West York (Liberal) in the Ontario Legislature (1886-1894). He was appointed Registrar of Deeds for York in 1894, but in 1896 became Warden of the Central Prison. Dr. Gilmour is an official of wide experience, has the combination of shrewdness and sympathy essential to one holding his responsible position and possesses both a sense of humour and a literary appreciation which render his public addresses more effective than the majority of deliverances on penology. Dr. Gilmour is a man who accomplishes the maximum of reform with the minimum of fuss. All the heavy responsibilities of his wardenship have failed to diminish a geniality of spirit which made him the most popular "chairman" whom West York has known.

The American Prison Association, of which Dr. Gilmour was recently elected chief officer at Richmond, Virginia, is continental in scope and has, for the first time, elected a Canadian to presidential honours. To the attention which is now being directed to problems of criminology the Warden of the "Central" will doubtless contribute an enlightened share.

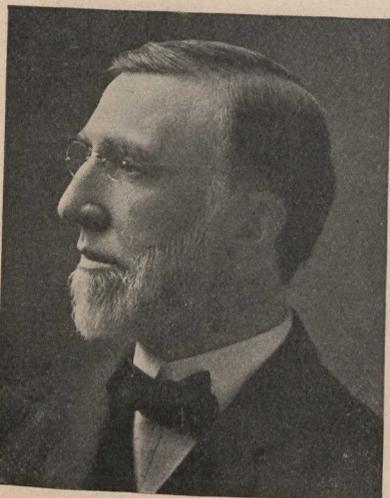
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**H**ON. MR. TEMPLEMAN, who was defeated in British Columbia and thereby lost both a seat in the Commons and the portfolio of Mines, is wanted back in the Cabinet. The Canadian Mining

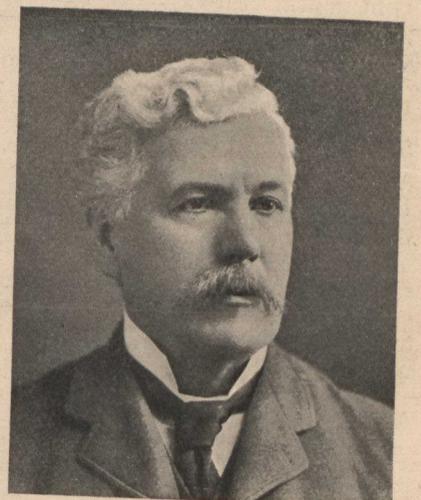
Institute wants him; the Toronto branch of that body has addressed a resolution to the Premier asking that a seat be found for the first Minister of Mines in Canada. Mr. Templeman had the honour of inaugurating the portfolio of Mines, which is little more than a year old. He has made it a good working department. Hailing from a province full of mines, he has gone in for helping the miner. The subject, to be sure, was very deep; but Mr. Templeman has been always equal to the occasion. He has won the confidence of miners. By this we understand that he has not been a speculator in mining properties. Mr. Templeman was the man who put lobsters in the Pacific, thereby showing his concern in the watery depths of British Columbia.



Dr. J. T. Gilmour,  
Warden, Central Prison, Toronto.



Mr. J. A. Leonard  
Superintendent Mansfield Reformatory.



Hon. W. Templeman  
Minister of Mines for Canada.



# REFLECTIONS

BY - STAFF - WRITERS

## THE PRICE OF C. P. R. STOCK

IT was to be expected that the *Montreal Gazette* would defend the issue of the new Canadian Pacific Railway stock at par. That it would make such a weak argument is disappointing. It tries to make out that the critics have been advocating that stock should not be sold unless it can be sold at par or at the present market value of old stock. This is quite untrue and unworthy of the *Gazette's* reputation. What has been advocated is that the new C. P. R. stock should be sold at public auction at the best price it will bring, instead of being given to the present stock-holders at a reduced price. The contention is clear, and the *Gazette* is challenged to make an adequate reply.

## THE FUTURE OF WHEAT

WHEAT produced in Western Canada has a serious problem ahead of it. It is likely to find great difficulty in deciding where it shall be shipped to. Just now it has little choice. A little of it goes west and finds its way to Mexico and Japan, but most of it must go east via Fort William and Port Arthur. But soon it will have other choices. Mr. Hays declares he will invite a lot of it to go to Prince Rupert, when the Grand Trunk Pacific is opened in 1911, and from thence be distributed all over the Pacific. The Dominion Government is to build the Hudson's Bay Railway and invite a lot of it to try the Hudson Bay route to Liverpool. Mr. J. J. Hill thinks that in a few years, the United States will take off its import duty and invite all the surplus Canadian wheat to visit the markets of the Great Republic.

It is to be hoped that Western wheat will not get confused over all these invitations. Nor must it refuse any of them. Its profits depend upon competition, and to get the best results it must accept every invitation to a certain extent. In the meantime it should feel highly flattered over the attention which it is receiving and the efforts which are being made by great men to provide for its speedy and comfortable passage to its ultimate destination.

## SELLING A TOWNSITE

THERE was a time, and it still is, when government favourites or friends of railway corporations were allowed to make a profit on new townsites. The system of patronage has so far vanished in the Province of Ontario, that the first profit from townsites passes into the coffers of the Government and thus indirectly into the pockets of the people. The reform is probably due to the agitation of single-taxers or other such foolish enthusiasts.

The other day, the townsite of Cochrane was put upon the market. Cochrane is the name of a new town which is to be the junction point of the Ontario Government railway and the new trans-continental railway. It lies just five hundred miles straight north of Toronto. Though the sale was held on one of the last days in November, there was no snow on the ground and the weather conditions were about the same as in the capital of the province. The sale was held in the freight shed, the only railway building yet erected. Not all the thousand acres on Commando Lake were put up for sale, but 145 parcels of land were sold for a total of \$50,045. The lots are 66 feet by 132 and the highest price was \$1,050 paid by the Imperial Bank.

The Ontario Government is to be congratulated on the way in which it has managed these townsite sales in recent years. The Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Mines, is probably most responsible and to him comes much of the credit. The example should do much toward encouraging other provinces to adopt the newest methods of handling Crown property. One of the finest results is that no unscrupulous real-estate dealers are allowed to work up booms and sell lots to innocent purchasers at exorbitant prices. Moreover, the clause

in each contract which provides for the erection of a building within a year, greatly hampers the speculator who buys to hold for a general rise in price. It also ensures a series of compact buildings.

## THE DEATH-KNELL OF PATRONAGE

RECENT startling events have sounded the death-knell of political patronage. The political axiom that "To the victor belongs the spoils" is about to be limited in Canada as it has been in Great Britain and the United States. Mr. Brodeur has abolished it from the Marine Department and Mr. Pugsley from the Public Works Department. They cannot do it all at once, but they have made a beginning. Some newspapers, notably the *Toronto News* and *Toronto Saturday Night* doubt the bona fides of these politicians, but the average man will accept the public statements of these gentlemen until they are shown to be hollow. The politician moves along the line of least resistance and fortunately to-day that means the patronage list is to be avoided.

Patronage is a burden to the public man and a curse to the political organisations. The other day, the Government steamer *Bayfield* ran into Collingwood harbour for \$40 worth of groceries. The question as to where the captain should buy these supplies had to be settled by the Liberal Executive of that city before they could be secured. In the settlement, the Executive broke into two factions and peace may not be restored for a long time. Patronage makes more enemies than friends for the party which attempts to distribute it, although the contrary impression has long prevailed.

It behooves every good citizen who is anxious that Canadian public administration should be clean, wholesome and economical to go about these days shouting against political patronage. There are a large number of politicians who are waiting with their ears to the ground before entering upon a strong campaign against this political evil. From the daily conversations of the people, from the editorials and communications in the newspapers, from the hundred avenues by which people gather information, they should learn that the better element among the electorate is against this pernicious system.

Let it be admitted that no particular party is to be blamed. Let it be admitted that the patronage evil exists in provincial and municipal administrations, as well as the federal government. The fight must be against patronage wherever it exists and in whosoever hands it may lie at the moment. If this is made a partisan fight, little good will be accomplished. It must be made a fight for a principle, not a fight for a party or against a party.

## BRITAIN AND GERMANY

JUST why Germany is jealous of Great Britain and why Great Britain is afraid of a German attack has been explained many times, but Canadians do not seem to be clear upon the subject. By extreme good luck, Great Britain has become possessed of much of the open space of the world. Her surplus population can easily find new homes in the newer portions of the Empire. Somewhere in the 7,750,000 square miles of the earth's surface over which the British flag floats, the crowded-out Britisher may find room for himself and his family. On the other hand, Germans find themselves confined to about one-thirty-seventh as much territory. The German Empire was created late and when it began to look about for new territory it found that the Anglo-Saxon had pre-empted all the available spaces. As "one million more German cradles are filled every year than German graves," the Teuton is face to face with a serious difficulty. To find open space, he has been forced to go to the United States, Canada, South Africa, Australia and other places where he is lost to the Fatherland.

Why should Germany visit its wrath on Great Britain, because of this situation? Why are we to blame? Because British diplomacy has pursued a dog-in-the-manger policy. They have hampered Ger-

many and German aggrandisement in all the open continents. The United States has added to the Anglo-Saxon impudence by telling Germany to keep out of South America. Naturally, the Teuton rebels. He feels that he is as good a man as the Anglo-Saxon, that his race-making power is superior and that to confine him to a small territory, south of the Baltic, is something to which he cannot submit. If the German Empire is to continue its present expansion it must have new territory. If Great Britain is to oppose Germany in Turkey, in Northern Africa, in South America and in Asia, then Great Britain must be fought. Japan fought Russia to obtain recognition as a "great nation" with all that term implies in the code of nations. Germany would fight Great Britain for the same reason—if necessary. A victory over Great Britain would mean at least a division of the carrying trade and the privilege of acquiring a few important spaces suitable for colonisation. It would mean the placing of Germany and Great Britain on a more equal basis, in regard to possibilities in the development of Empire.

These are, crudely, the reasons why Germany is making such tremendous efforts to create a fleet which may successfully meet a British fleet, and maintaining an army which is superior to the British army. These also are the reasons why British diplomacy is straining itself to isolate Germany by international combinations and why British statesmen and military leaders are warning the British people that the army and the navy must be rapidly and intelligently developed. There is no right nor wrong in the question. It is a question of race against race, of nation against nation, in a rivalry which it is impossible to avoid.

#### WOMEN AND VOTES

ONCE upon a time, wealth and rank alone entitled a man to the franchise. To-day, almost any able-bodied man, twenty-one years of age or over, has a share in the governing of the country. Not long ago, a woman was supposed to have no political personality, except that of influence with her husband or some male relative. To-day, women who own property and are widows or spinsters of legal age are recognised as having minor privileges, such as municipal suffrage. In the near future, women may come more nearly to political equality with man.

There are many objections to manhood suffrage, yet the good which it accomplishes outweighs the evil according to the general acceptance. There are many stake-less and ignorant men who have the right to the broadest political suffrage who are not competent to exercise it wisely. As the law cannot recognise intellectual differences among men, all are given equal privilege. The man who is earning a weekly wage of \$15 a week may be better informed, more broadly patriotic and more capable of marking an intelligent ballot than some men with a weekly revenue five or ten times as great.

To say that women do not know enough about social, municipal and political matters to cast an intelligent ballot is on a par with saying that half the men who have the right to vote know little of the real merits of the questions on which they adjudicate. To say that they are so under the domination of the male members of the community that they cannot exercise independent judgment, is to give a reason why many blind male partisans should not have the privileges of the ballot. A more potent argument is the one that women have not yet been sufficiently trained for the responsibility of citizenship. Their education along social, economic and political lines has been neglected until recent years. This, however, is a vanishing argument. Public schools and higher co-education will shortly make the gulf between the political man and the political woman much narrower.

The women of Canada may not be quite prepared for the exercise of a broad franchise. There is no doubt, nevertheless, that that preparation is proceeding. Women's interest in public questions is increasing rapidly. Their conversation concerning public questions and their activity in connection with charity, hospital and other movements show a remarkable growth. In church and educational work, woman does many things which were once left entirely in the hands of men. That she will eventually extend her activities to political work is almost certain.

Under these circumstances, the individual who refuses to discuss the possibilities of woman suffrage is an ostrich. The question is one which must be fairly and reasonably faced. An immediate decision is not necessary, but the discussion is absolutely necessary in view of the great progress women are making in industrial, commercial and

public activities. To call women who are clamouring for votes "suffragette poll-parrots" is not argument.

#### THE AMATEUR IN CANADA

IN England, where classes of society are duly recognised, there are amateur rules to fit the various stages of life. Rowing is the ideal of amateurism and that ideal requires that the amateur must never have worked as an artisan or in any menial position. From this, the amateur requirements grade down a bit to fit those who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow and who are somewhat given to believe that sweat, whether produced by labour or sport, should have a certain monetary value.

But in Canada there is an erroneous belief that there are no "classes" and acting on this the amateur sporting authorities have decreed that one amateur definition is good enough for all. And they have made that amateur definition come up to the English ideal, save and except that they make no distinction between the barber and the bank clerk, the artisan and the aristocrat.

Are the results satisfactory? Well, would you expect them to be? We find amateur athletes coming home from the Olympic games at London, whither they travelled at a proud country's expense and hippodroming around country fairs for "medals." We find amateur boxers who can easily be hired for exhibitions at the reasonable rate of ten dollars a night. We find lacrosse teams that are as amateur as anything that ever carried white wings till they get a chance to play against professionals for the Minto cup; and others not quite so hidebound in their opinions who are ready to shed their wings for the gate receipts an exhibition game with a professional team will bring. We find amateur hockey teams run at such an expense that there is no money left in the treasury to run a professional lacrosse team the next summer. We find football teams striving to get men into the game who have broken the letter if not the spirit of the amateur law.

Of course, all this is done quietly, and on the surface it looks as if the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union was triumphing in the great work it has undertaken and is honestly trying to carry out. But underneath that shining surface is much that is vile and it is extremely doubtful whether Canada's universal amateur definition is not conducive to perjury rather than clean sport. It is fitted to ideals rather than conditions. It tries to convince the man, whose every energy is strained to earn a living, that under certain conditions the almighty dollar is something to shun.

Not to go into matters at too great length, the amateur sporting authorities in Canada should recognise one of several things, viz., that there are classes in Canada and their amateur rules should be tempered to fit these classes; that there are certain lines of sport they had better not attempt to control; or that, lastly, they should abolish all "gates" and thus make the managements as amateur as the players and at the same time remove all the temptation to which the latter are subjected.

#### THE SALE OF COCAINE

THE recent prosecution of certain dealers for the illegal selling of poisonous drugs in Montreal elicited a statement from Chief of Police Carpenter of that city to the effect that dealers were selling cocaine freely, even in five-cent lots to children, and that it was not overstating the case to say that over three hundred young men had acquired the habit during the past year. The Chief also stated that more than two-thirds of the pickpockets brought to the police station are users of opium, cocaine or morphine. In the opinion of Chief Carpenter the law which prohibits the sale of such drugs does not go far enough. The restriction should be made absolute that no minor should be served except on the written order of a physician. The Chief also declared that the Government should see to it that no dangerous drugs are brought in through the customs under the guise of patent medicines. The Council of Pharmacy moved in the matter by securing evidence against the guilty parties; but the Quebec Pharmacy Act plainly requires such amendment as the Ontario Pharmacy Act received during the last session of the Legislature. The *Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal* declares that conditions in Toronto regarding the sale of such drugs appear to be satisfactory. Although ours is a country of small towns and rural districts, where this evil is hardly known, it is well to see that legislation restricting these sales is strictly enforced. Certainly Chief Carpenter's remarks justify alarm among those who are dealing with the problems of criminology.



THE reverberation of the far-sounding voice of Mr. James J. Hill, talking free trade between Canada and the United States, carries my mind back to a lovely autumn day some time prior to 1891 when I found myself on the Fair Grounds of Napanee to listen to a speech in favour of Commercial Union by that compact dynamo of energy, the late Erastus Wiman. I was little more than a boy at the time, and knew practically nothing about the points at issue. Wiman attracted me, however, very much. He seemed so sincere, so earnest and so well-informed. When he got through, old Senator Reid—long since dead—arose on the platform to state his opposition to Mr. Wiman's general conclusions. The Senator was sour and crabbed in his attitude toward the public, and he had not prepared himself for the encounter. So he was "short" on facts, but "long" on denunciation. Mr. Wiman replied, in an amiable manner in which he seemed to be sorry for the poor old gentleman who could not see the dawning of the light. If I had voted on the question then, I would have voted with Wiman.

\* \* \*

THEN came the thorough discussion which led up to the electoral campaign of 1891. The Commercial Unionists had to change their ground to that of Unrestricted Reciprocity; and even here they were beaten. The Canadian people were fearful lest Unrestricted Reciprocity might imperil British connection; and they were not to be dazzled into taking the risk. I knew a lot more about the subject before the results were announced that spring evening in 1891; and I was then convinced that the Canadian people would have to change materially before they would even think of such a policy. During the campaign, the Liberals maintained that their policy did not imperil British connection to the smallest extent, and they thus kept thousands of votes they would otherwise have lost; but Mr. Blake's letter, published in the *Toronto Telegram* as the news of the polling came in, banished much of the security with which these staunch British connection men had voted. In later years, the Liberals abandoned the policy, and gave the country an Imperial preference instead.

\* \* \*

IF Mr. Hill persists, he has the dead-weight of this failure to lift. He is appealing to the Americans, to begin with, and that is where any appeal now must be made. But if he should succeed with his adopted countrymen, what of Canada? Has Canada changed since 1891? It would be fairer to ask, has Canada changed since 1893-4-5 when the Liberals were slipping out of the skin of their late policy as quietly as they could? After Mr. Blake's letter, you could not have carried half the Liberal seats in the then Parliament on such an issue. The country was overwhelmingly against it. This position has been emphasized since then by the adoption of the British preference, and our commercial and industrial success under it; and there is to-day the additional lure of a high possibility that the Mother Country will soon give us a preference in return. Can even the great James J. Hill make headway against such a stream of influences? He should consult the spirit of that other Canadian-American, Mr. Erastus Wiman.

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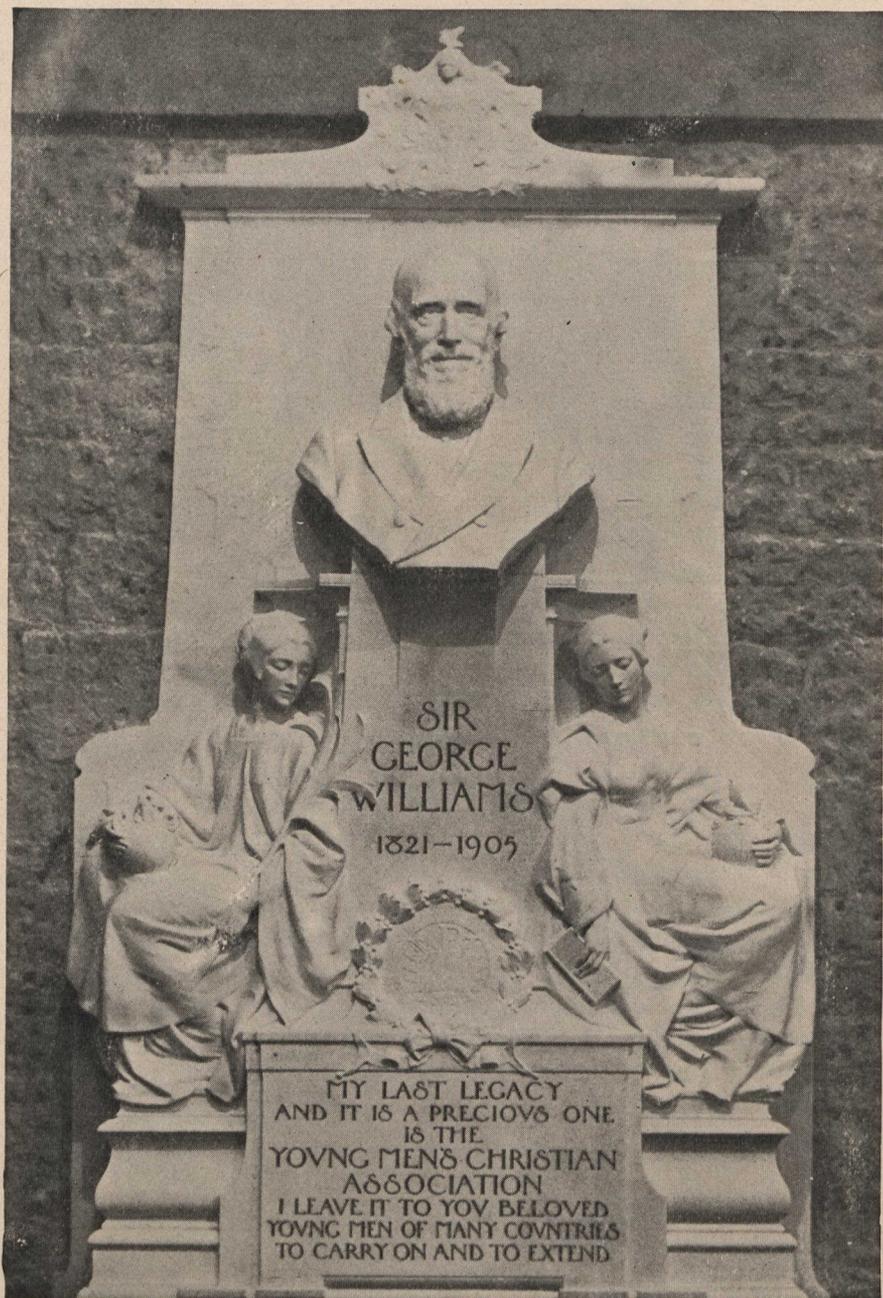
I SEE that the politicians have turned away from talking of "graft" in the Government departments alone, and are talking more largely of similar "graft" in all business. This is doubtless more comfortable for them. It seems less personal. They would have us believe that it is the common practice of business houses, when dealing with other houses which are their customers, to "bribe" the private servants of these customers in order to get favourable reports on their goods. That this happens sometimes, every one of us knows. To say that it is universal, however, is to accuse our whole business community of a purblind, self-deluded, trebly stupid and exceedingly costly form of lunacy. When a business house goes into this sort of thing while carrying through transactions with another business house, it cannot escape noticing that it is suggesting to its own

servants that they, too, should take bribes when they are dealing with other business houses. That is, it pays out good money to bribe the servants of a customer to betray their employer; and the chief thing it gets for this outlay is the certainty that its own servants will betray it in turn.

\* \* \*

IF our business houses are engaged in this fool's game of "beggar my neighbour," they have less business shrewdness than is commonly supposed. A man who hires another to corrupt a third, must be very confiding, indeed, if he does not expect his own instrument to take the hint and be open to such profitable corruption himself. Even in these Marine Department exposures, we have seen cases in which the servants of a merchant, who was sending "presents" to Government officials, hinted to these officials that they might well hand back a part of the "present" to the obliging servants who carried it to them. Corruption is a contagious disease of the utmost virulence; and the merchant who plants the virus in his own establishment must expect it to infect every man he has. In the long run, he is bound to lose far more than he gains. He will be betrayed quite as often as his rivals; and he will pay the price of at least his rival's betrayal into the bargain. I cannot believe that any such custom is universal. Where it exists, it ought to be treated like any other form of criminal treachery. There is no baser, more dangerous or more odious crime than treason, public or private.

*Widmporte*



THE "Y.M.C.A.'S" FOUNDER

The Monument which has just been Unveiled in St. Paul's Cathedral, to the late Sir George Williams, is by Sir D. J. Frampton, and bears the words "My last legacy, and it is a precious one, is the Young Men's Christian Association. I leave it to you, beloved men of all countries, to carry on and to extend."

# FOR THE FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP OF CANADA

HAMILTON, (21) vs. UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, (17)



The Ball is put into Play in the presence of 8,000 People.



A Place Kick.



A Dangerous Corner.



Hamilton Gets the Ball and goes round the end.

The Tigers were undoubtedly a better team than Varsity, and Simpson one of the best of the Hamilton men did not play. The game was won in the first half when Hamilton scored 19 to Varsity's 9. In the second half the Students did well and scored 8 to their opponents 2. The lead however was too great. Superior weight and experience gave Hamilton its advantage. Yet Varsity has undoubtedly the best Student Team of recent years, and must be credited with making an exceedingly plucky fight against odds.



The Club House Crowd.



Some Howling Enthusiasts,

# A COLLISION IN THE PACIFIC

## Smashing a Fishing Schooner in an Ocean Fog

By W. LACY AMY



TO the land-lubber, the man who prefers the all-train route west rather than risk the crossing of Lake Superior in greater comfort, the mere feeling of being on the ocean is sufficient to make him figure on the number of life preservers compared with the list of passengers and the possibilities of the distance from the mast head to keel being greater than the depth of the water. When you add to the miseries of the fearful one by placing him on the ocean in a dense fog, the shivers that run up and down his vertebrae as he hears boats all around him, are concealed only through the calmness of the older travellers.

When the *Princess Victoria* left Vancouver sharp at 10 p.m. on the night of Tuesday, September 30th, there were many on board taking their first trip on ocean waters. The night was dark but the Sound was as calm as a mill pond.

However, when the continuous whistling of the ship's whistle woke the passengers next morning at 6 o'clock the fearful ones hastily dressed and enjoyed for almost an hour the doubtful pleasure of hearing huge whistles blowing all around them without seeing one boat. Large boats passed within a few yards or cut across bow or stern, but apart from one or two shadowy outlines and the whistling there was nothing to show that the *Princess* was sailing through scores of boats, a collision with any one of which might bring disastrous results. Once or twice when the ship was set hard astern the closeness of a calamity did not tend to brighten things.

At 8 the *Princess* left the Seattle dock with the fog as dense as ever. For a few minutes the whistling was almost as fearsome, the short, sharp whistling of the big vessel at certain intervals conveying the idea of danger even to those who did not know the whistle signals.

For a time then, there was free sailing but full speed could never be risked. Then about 9.15 more whistles were heard, and for a few minutes there seemed to be a mix-up in signals. The *Princess* finally seemed to get free from the tangle and was settling down to half speed with a few whistles still sounding.

Many of the passengers were in the bow trying to pierce the fog, which allowed vision for about forty yards by this time.

Suddenly there seemed to step out of the fog into clear view ahead a fishing schooner almost in our path and approaching. The puff-puff of the gasoline engine showed its method of propulsion. On its deck the fishermen were clustered, looking helplessly at the *Princess*. From their course it seemed that they would strike us just on the starboard side of the bow. It was useless to attempt to turn the big C. P. R. steamer off. The engines were put hard astern but there did not seem to be the slightest diminution in the speed.

When just a few yards off, the skipper of the schooner seemed to lose his head and a turn of the rudder threw his boat with its bow directly in our path. The fishermen were too frightened to move and with a crash the *Princess* cut into the port side of the bow of their boat about twelve feet back and ripped its way more than half through. A sailor who had been standing right in the spot jumped behind the mast in the nick of time.

In a second or two the sailors were all action, and while the passengers on the *Princess* craned over the side, after the first crash was over, they came swarming up the anchor chains and their own rigging. In spite of all the excitement they pushed a twelve-year-old boy up first and followed along, the skipper standing on the cabin roof doing lively stunts in swearing.

Just when three or four of the men had got on board, a fat, greasy, trunky figure in undershirt and trousers clambered out of the hold and rushing at the rigging pushed the waiting group aside, grabbed a climbing sailor by the leg and hauling him down began to kick his way up, muttering to himself all the way. By his appearance he was easily spotted as the cook, and therefore a man of great authority but little seamanship.

The boat, which was now rapidly filling, was discovered to be the *Ida May* of Tacoma on her maiden trip and returning from the Hecate Strait fishing grounds with 30,000 pounds of halibut on board. It was a two-masted vessel of about 75 feet

length and carried a Norwegian crew of eighteen, Captain Hansen.

The captain came up last and reported to the captain of the *Princess*, who immediately took charge of affairs. After a few minutes one of the men was prevailed upon to go back on the *Ida May* with the second officer of the *Princess* to see if the boat could be held up. Ropes were passed under the bow and with ropes attached to the masts the unfortunate boat was held up.

All this time the cook had been ordering every sailor in turn to go down and save his clothes. When he saw one of the men back on the boat his shrill voice could be heard above every other noise calling for some bit of wearing apparel he had neglected to bring off with him.

The sailor on the *Ida May* reached down and seized a pair of pants. "An' get my hat," yelled the cook. The hat was thrown up. "An' my coat," and the coat was saved. "An' my shoes, there's two pairs." A big tan boot and a patent leather were tossed up. "An' my shirt," brought no response. "Damn you," yelled the cook, "get my other boots. I can't wear these two odd ones."

A big fellow slid down the ropes and recklessly went below saving sufficient clothing for most of the men to keep them warm. The gasoline engine had been churning away all the time, but was now turned off and the *Princess* headed for shore through the dense fog.

After a half hour's slow run, Norwegian Point was seen through the fog and a couple of small boats put off to see what was the matter. A ship's boat was lowered and an anchor carried ashore attached by a rope to the *Ida May*. The men clambered back on board and began to clean out the cabins into their small boats which they had launched.

A sailor reached down and pulled up a shaving-brush, and then a fine bevelled mirror in mahogany

frame with stand came up, with a laugh from all the *Princess*' passengers. Immediately it was shoved back and a hair brush was brought up slyly and slid under a coat.

The captain called the men back as the C. P. R. captain had promised to take them to Seattle.

The cook had been saving everything he could lay his hands on, and in his hunt had not noticed he was the last on board. With a frightened glance he saw himself alone, and with a shout rushed at the rigging. His load prevented his climbing and he frantically clawed away with one hand and jumped up and down on the deck. His captain called down to him to loose one of the big ropes holding the boat up, as after running on the bottom several times the *Princess* had succeeded in beaching the *Ida May*.

"No, I won't do that," yelled the cook. "Can't get up if I do."

However, after a few oaths from the skipper he went aft and commenced to work at the rope with one hand while the other was full of clothes and odds and ends. The crowd hugely enjoying his panicky and vain efforts shouted advice down to him.

After enduring it for a couple of minutes the cook's mutterings became louder and louder until at last without looking up he shouted, "What in hell you fellows laughing at?" which naturally drew a further laugh.

The Norwegian sailors talked English for the most part, but occasionally a bit of Norwegian would come in, followed immediately by a sentence in English.

The *Dode*, a passenger boat, happening to come up just then, the crew were put on it to return to Seattle.

A few minutes later the *Princess* pulled off, four hours late, and with full speed, which equals on the *Princess* about 24 miles an hour, made for Victoria.

The sequel of the accident was that the C. P. R. claimed salvage on the *Ida May* as her crew had deserted her and the *Princess* had taken charge.

## THE FIRST AND LAST INTERVIEW WITH THOMAS GREENWAY

By A WELL-KNOWN JOURNALIST

THE last time I saw Thomas Greenway was in November, 1906, in the rotunda of the Royal Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg. He moved about, looking at the pillars, the gorgeous ceiling; taking a glance at the elegant cafe; resuming his tour with bowed head and hands clasped behind his back.

Later in the day we sat down together. "Do you see all this?" he said, with a wave of his hand. By "this" he meant his elegant surroundings. "Well," he continued, "when I first came to Winnipeg such an hotel was not dreamed of. I came up from the American border, stayed here a few days and then set off to the south-west with an ox team. Up to a certain point I did not like the lay of the land, and had pretty nearly made up my mind to return to Winnipeg. But that night I was joined by another prospector who told me about the good land farther on. Next morning I hitched up the oxen and before night camped where Crystal City now is; and I've been there ever since."

I recalled his struggle with the C. P. R. in the early history of that road in the Province of Manitoba. "I was right," he said emphatically. "Time has shown it. This hotel is as much an outgrowth of the break-up of the monopolistic conditions incorporated in the original C. P. R. charter, as it is of the growth of the railway itself. It would be inconceivable were Manitoba shut off, in a railway sense, from the United States."

At that time Mr. Greenway foreshadowed his opposition to the legislation about to be introduced at Ottawa respecting odd-numbered sections; and the dropping of that part of the land bill showed how efficacious was his subsequent action.

Another topic upon which he dwelt was increased parliamentary representation at Ottawa for Western Canada. I have not a sufficient recollection of his figures and percentages to reproduce them now. Nor do I know that his advocacy was the reason why Saskatchewan and Alberta were given more membership in the Federal Parliament now about to be

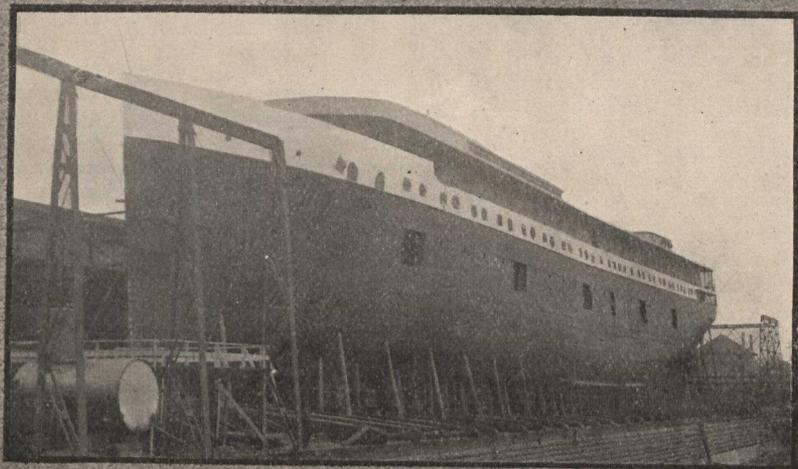
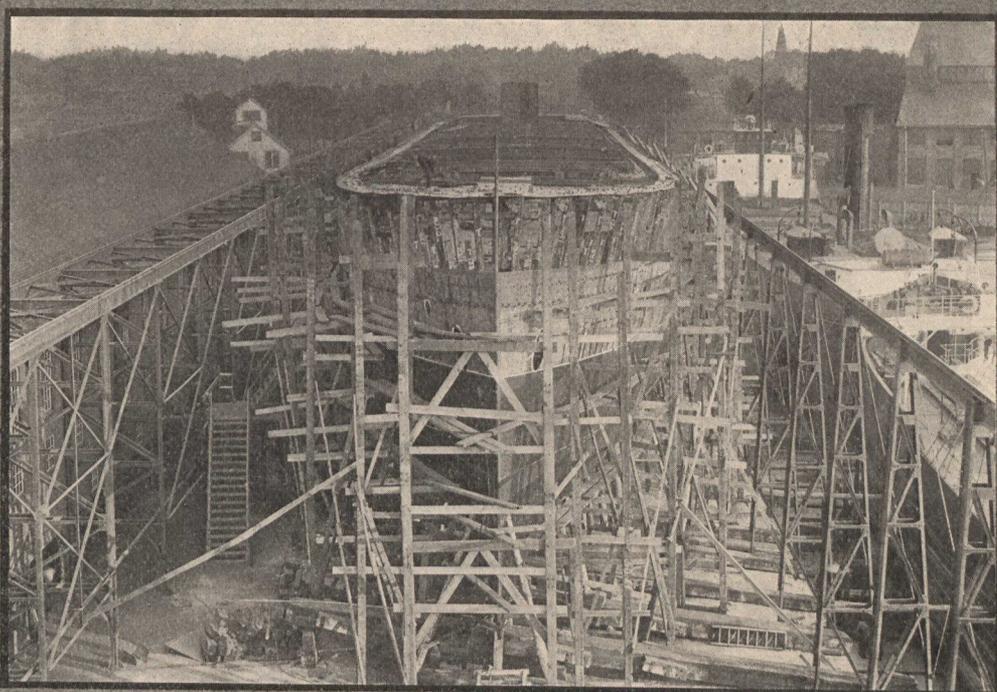
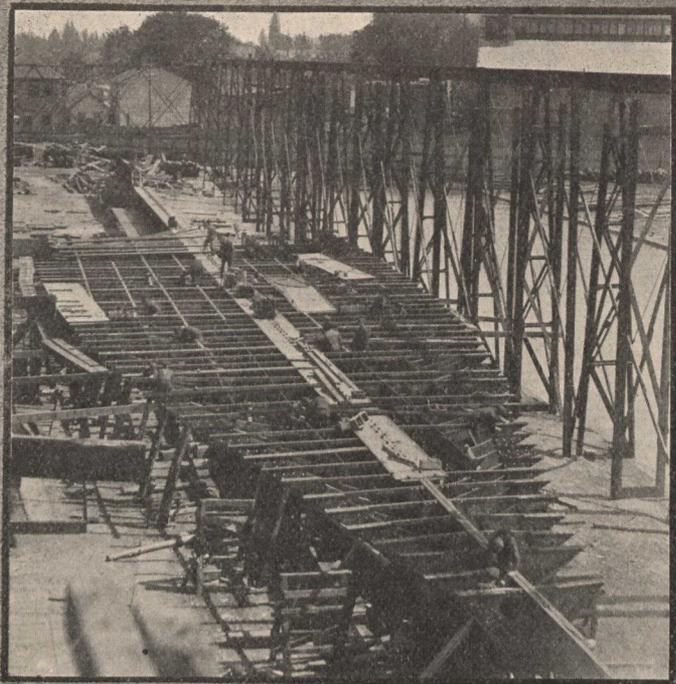
summoned. I was chiefly interested at the change in Mr. Greenway's demeanour as he dilated upon the unjust handicap, as he termed it, imposed on "the West" under then present conditions. The spirit that broke the railway monopoly clause and abolished separate schools was shown in his face, his voice, his whole demeanour. He put forward his clenched fist and struck the table a sharp blow. "If I were as young as some of the Western representatives," said he, "I would not sit silent at Ottawa under such conditions. No, sir! But," he added, "I have been ill and I am too old for another big fight; and, besides, why should I care? Others have reaped where I have sown. The values of public service seem to have changed."

"Would you allow me to quote you to that effect?" I asked. "Not now," he rejoined; "not that I would have any hesitation in making such ideas generally known; but I would like the opportunity of making a more careful preparation before publicity would be given them."

It so happened that I never was able to meet Mr. Greenway again under circumstances which would permit fuller expression of his ideas, so briefly outlined at this interview.

The first occasion on which I met the late ex-Premier of Manitoba was at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, previous to his defeat in 1898. He was in that city attending a Laurier banquet, at which he had spoken. Mr. George H. Ham undertook to pilot me to his room. We entered and found him sitting near the window, looking out on Dominion Square. He acknowledged my introduction with a grave cordiality, which, however, was not of a nature to set one quite at ease. But we got on well enough in the end, for Ham "broke the ice" in a manner peculiarly his own. Greenway's "top hat" lay on the bed, upon which my companion sat. He picked it up, put it on his head sideways, and asked in his own manner of inimitable whimsicality: "How do I look in a plug hat, Uncle Tom?"

And he looked so funny that we all roared.



The Hamonic—1. Laying the Keel in June. 2. As she appeared in September when the third deck was reached. 3. Ready for Launching, with part of the Aerial Railway taken down for this purpose. 4. As she slid into the water of the Dry-Dock.

## A Ship, a Navigation Company and a Railway

HOW the Grand Trunk Pacific will get its passengers and freight from Ontario ports to Fort William and Port Arthur has been solved, or partially so. Those twin towns at the head of Lake Superior are the eastern termini of two transcontinental railways which hope some day to extend their lines farther east towards the St. Lawrence. At present they must hand over their all-rail traffic to the Canadian Pacific Railway which possesses the only line of steel rails between western and eastern Canada. However, during the greater part of the year it is possible for these two railways to send their passengers and freight by the Great Lakes, though up to the present neither the Grand Trunk nor the Canadian Northern has had its own steamer service.

This situation has given a fillip to transportation on the Great Lakes. The grain trade is another matter. We are speaking now exclusively of package freight and passenger traffic. The passenger steamers on Lakes Huron and Superior have been growing in number and size, because more railways have been bringing traffic to their shores. It is not many years since the passenger boat of 500 tons burden would be considered a very fair vessel. Many people have gone up the Great Lakes in vessels of even smaller size. A 1000-ton boat is still a big boat for the present trade on these inland waters. The smallness of these boats was due partly to the fact that no person knew how to build a large vessel, or if he did he had not the equipment and opportunity; and in the second place there was not the traffic to warrant the expenditure.

When the Canadian Pacific Railway was built it was not content to allow any of its trade to go through other hands even for short distances. Some of its traffic preferred for economic and other reasons to go by boat from the Georgian Bay, via the Sault to the head of Lake Superior, or vice versa. To take care of this traffic it put on its own line of boats. The Grand Trunk Pacific will be ready in the spring to do a similar business and it therefore became necessary that it too should have a line of boats on the Upper Lakes. It has therefore completed arrangements with the Northern

Navigation Company which now has boats running north from Sarnia and Collingwood, whereby all Grand Trunk traffic will be handed over to this line. This saves them the work of constructing and operating a new line and saves the Northern Navigation Company from feeling the competition of a new rival. Next spring the Grand Trunk will be able to sell tickets from all points in Ontario and Quebec to Edmonton via lake and rail without sending its passengers out of Canada or without routing them over any transportation line under opposition control. They will be able to perform the same service in the case of package freight. Only in the case of all-rail traffic will they be dependent to any extent upon a rival.

The launching of the *Hamonic* at Collingwood last week marked a new era in transportation on the Upper Lakes. Besides being important as being one of the boats which will carry the Grand Trunk Pacific passengers and freight between Sarnia and Collingwood on Lake Huron and Fort William on Lake Superior, this boat is important because it is the largest and finest passenger boat in Canada. And strangely enough the greatest steel ships are being built a long piece away from the steel factories and from the natural shipyards of the Atlantic coast. Apparently it is commerce that decides when and where ships shall be built, not the spoon-fed steel industries.

Only those who had the privilege of seeing the *Hamonic* in the yards of the Collingwood Shipbuilding Company before her launching, can have any idea of the size of this vessel. It is quite true that she is not as large as the *Mauretania* or some of the other leviathans which cross the Atlantic. It will surprise many people to know, however, that she is almost half as big as the *Mauretania*. Her total length is 365 feet; her width 50 feet; and her gross tonnage figure 5,000. As she slipped sideways down the ways into the water she presented to the large number of persons who were present, a spectacle which has never been surpassed in the shipbuilding history of this country. That the launching was so successful, is a happy augury of future success in this line. The *Hamonic* will have accom-

modation for 400 first-class and 75 second-class passengers, in addition to her officers and crew who will number approximately one hundred persons. She has five decks, the first three, main, spar, and promenade, being of steel construction. The shade and bridge decks are above the steel. Some idea of the length of the boat may be gained by the statement that seven trips round the deck constitute a mile. She will be fitted up after the pattern of the trans-Atlantic liners, and the furnishings and decorations will be more ambitious than has ever been attempted in a Canadian-made vessel. The Collingwood Shipbuilding Company are to be congratulated on their achievement in having so improved their facilities and enlarged their capacity that they are able to undertake so important a task. The directors of the Northern Navigation Company are to be congratulated on their enterprise in placing an order for such a vessel. The order was the direct outcome of a working arrangement between this enterprising company and the Grand Trunk Railway. It is understood that this agreement also includes the building of a still larger ship as soon as the traffic is in sight.

Every Canadian must be proud of the continued development of our transportation facilities. Canada has passed rapidly from the corduroy-road age to the transcontinental railway age. The *Hamonic* is simply another link in this rapidly growing chain of transportation facilities. To-day a Canadian may start at Halifax, and travel by rail or by water to the valley of the St. Lawrence, through the Great Lakes district, across Manitoba, through Alberta and Saskatchewan, and away north through the well-watered region of the Mackenzie valley. In making this trip from south to north over five thousand miles of the finest stretch of country to be found anywhere on the globe, the traveller has almost always a choice of boat travel or train travel. Throughout the whole distance, he will be offered facilities by Canadian steamship companies and Canadian railways travel distances which are not exceeded by any other transportation companies in the world. That a young country like Canada has been able to provide transportation facilities for such wide stretches as these is one of the wonders of the world.

# Our Attitude Towards the Criminal

A Plea for Greater Public Sympathy

By JOSEPH P. DOWNEY, M. P. P.



PRISON reform, like many other worthy movements, has suffered through popular ignorance and indifference. By many it is looked upon as a fad, founded upon a generous but mistaken sympathy for the fallen and unfortunate. Others regard it with as much apathy as if the class which it chiefly affected lived on another planet. Why should your average citizen concern himself about the treatment of criminals during their incarceration? Sufficient for him surely it is to know that the lawbreaker has been convicted and sent to a prison, and rejoice that society is well rid of him. But if the average citizen takes to himself serious thought he must realise that he has responsibilities and interests in this matter; that society for its own protection should be just as solicitous for the reclamation, as it is for the punishment, of the law-breaker; and that when a young man is sent to prison justice and the public interest alike demand that he be there given a fair chance to fit himself for a new and better start in life. Imagine if you can a hospital whose course of treatment is calculated to render more acute the ailments of the patients, or an asylum that intensifies the mental weakness of the unfortunates confined therein. Yet would not such institutions be as defensible as a prison that degrades and humiliates the juvenile offender, crushes his manhood, banishes hope from his heart and widens the breach that separates him from well-ordered society? Cruel repressive measures make a prison, not a house of correction, but a criminal factory, and if we could only measure the resultant moral and economic waste most insistent would be the demand for the adoption of rational methods in the treatment of prisoners.

Great Britain and the United States have travelled a long way towards the solution of this problem. The missionary work of John Howard and the writings of Charles Reade first aroused the public conscience to a realisation of the fact that there are duties which society owes to its moral weaklings or misfits. Gradually the severity of the so-called prison discipline was relaxed. Cruelties once considered punitively essential, gave place to humane treatment and paved the way for the establishment of industrial schools and reformatories. Here in Ontario we have not kept pace with the march of events except in the organisation and admirable administration of the child-saving department by Mr. J. J. Kelso. The reclamation of the well-disposed among the so-called criminal class, instead of being the dominant purpose of the regulations within our prison walls, is largely left to the philanthropic labours of missionaries at the prison gate.

We have the old-time institutions, places of confinement, built for punishment only. Into these we throw all offenders—the weak and the wicked, the juvenile and the hardened criminal. The only classification is provided by the length of sentence. The young man of eighteen who, probably in face of strong temptation has made his first false step, is herded with old-timers. Nothing is left undone that could possibly deepen the youth's degradation. We put striped clothes on him, crop his hair, and feed him in his cell like a caged animal.

Undoubtedly the attitude of the Canadian public is the logical result of the old-time idea that the law-breaker is a being different from the rest of the community, not answerable to the same influences—heartened by kindness and sympathy, discouraged and made resentful by cruelty—as other men. This idea that convicts are a peculiar species is strikingly illustrated by Charles Reade in his "Never Too Late to Mend." Two children ask Farmer Fielding to be permitted to see the thief that has just been arrested. When they are shown the prisoner the little girl exclaims: "Oh, dear, I couldn't have told it from a man." In one of our large prisons I have seen a life convict shed bitter tears over the loss of a sparrow that had strayed in through the bars of his cell and learned to pick crumbs from his hand. He wept as other men would weep over the death of a friend. The truth is, all criminals are not sent to prison and all those in prison are not criminals.

Not long since a notable discourse was delivered

by one of the most prominent moral reformers of our time on this question of criminology. He described a court room and a judge imposing sentence on a prisoner. The usual words of admonition and advice are recited, and then the prisoner is allowed to speak. He tells his lordship of his early training and environment; of the bad influence by which he was surrounded, bad companions with whom he was compelled to associate, the continual pressure towards evil, the absence of a helping hand in the other direction; of the strong temptation to which he was subjected and his ultimate fall. And then he says: "My lord, had our positions been reversed; had you been born and reared as I was, and had I been fortunate enough to receive all the moral and educational advantages that have been yours, is it not possible that you would be in the dock to-day, and I would be on the bench?"

Society takes little cognizance of the causes that have produced the law-breaker. It does not concern itself about the unfavourable conditions of his youth, the perverted will or the subjective tendency to evil. All it recognises is that one of its members has failed to live up to the standard of conduct which it has set, and that for its protection he must be separated from the rest of his fellows and thus punished for his offence. How he is treated in prison, what efforts are made to reform him, what attention is given to his education, or the acquirement of a useful trade, are of little concern to most of us.

This public apathy as to the treatment of prisoners is in striking contrast to the zeal of the average law officer in increasing the population of our penal institutions. It is a beautiful theory in our criminal law that a man is considered innocent until he is proved guilty, and that it is as much the duty of the detective or the Crown Attorney to establish the innocence and secure the acquittal of the innocent as the conviction and punishment of the guilty. In practice we find, however, that the average detective has already tried and condemned the prisoner before his arrest. He closes his eyes to every clue that suggests the unfortunate's innocence. He follows with unscrupulous fidelity every trail that leads to a conviction. If the circumstantial testimony accumulated is likely to fail, then resort is had to the sweat-box, and all the powers of a merciless inquisition are exercised to wring from the unfortunate a confession of his guilt. And when the penalty has been fully paid, society compels the unfortunate to still bear the burden of his offence by reminding him that he is an "ex-convict" and that he is not to be trusted as other men. The terrible experience of Victor Hugo's Jean Valjean is being repeated year after year under our system. Let a young man once get into the clutches of the law and receive the sentence of a judge and his doom is sealed. Let his conduct be ever so exemplary in the prison, he will come out of it a marked man. Should any offence be committed in the neighbourhood in which he lives he will most likely be arrested on suspicion, even if there is not a trace of evidence against him. Instead of society extending a helping hand to him in the great work of restoring himself to good citizenship and the confidence of his fellows, society compels him to continue wearing the manacles of his prison. "Oh," but I hear my good friend, Jarvert, the embodiment of retributive law, declare, "constant watchfulness over ex-prisoners is essential to the safety of society." Would my friend Jarvert, after he has paid to the last farthing the debt he owes his neighbour, like to be subjected to annoyance by that neighbour because of the debt that once existed? Would he not indignantly declare: "I paid the debt I owed you and I now ask to be free from your interference"? So, surely, is the young man who has paid to society the penalty that society has demanded of him entitled to the freedom of honourable citizenship. Nay, more, our common humanity should impel us to the recognition of this fact, that the "broken vessel," because of his very misfortune, should receive all the more care at our hands in order that our confidence and sympathy may strengthen him to remain in good relations with his fellowmen.

The objection has been urged in some places that those who seek the adoption of a more rational system of prison management are carried away by sympathy for the law-breaker. Nothing could be

farther from the truth. Prison reform in none of its phases carries any hope for the man who is determined to lead a life of crime. It is to save the weak and well disposed, not to help the wicked and incorrigible, that a change is advocated. The reform of those who will respond to reformatory efforts can only be accomplished by the segregation and continued detention of confirmed criminals and the consequent better protection of society from their depredations.

We are on the threshold of a new era of reformatory work in Canada, but there is little hope of its enduring success unless the work of reformation is carried beyond the prison walls. Idle, surely it would be, to help young men during the period of their detention, train them in the school of letters, restore their self-respect and manhood and finally send them out with a determination strong in them to lead decent, honest lives, if the attitude of the public is to remain as unsympathetic as it is at present. Man is a social being. He craves the society of his fellows, but the society of his fellows means more than the mere bodily presence of other human beings. It means sympathy, comradeship and co-operation. Robbed of these, the society of one's fellows becomes not only an embarrassment but an actual torment. Hence the repentant law-breaker, viewed with suspicion and distrust by his neighbours, harassed by the police, is driven to the open door and the wide-armed welcome that awaits him among his old companions.

Let it then be understood that true reform can only be accomplished by the co-operation of all the forces that make for the betterment of society. The preventive work must be strengthened; the child-saving movement must be expanded; the suspended sentence developed into a well-organised probation system; the indeterminate sentence and the parole system adopted, and, better than all, a hearty co-operation of the people of the country in the great work of saving and winning boys and girls, young men and young women from lives of crime.

## The Indeterminate Sentence

(Toronto Globe.)

THE expression "indeterminate sentence" is fairly familiar to all who have given any serious attention to the phenomena of crime and criminals. Under the system it connotes, when a sentence of imprisonment is passed the length of time is not fixed by the judge, but is left to be determined by others, and in the last resort by the convict himself. It will depend mainly on his own behaviour. If by perseverance in well-doing he enables those who have for the time being his fate in their hands to believe that he may be trusted to take his place again in society and to become a respected and useful citizen, they are authorised to set him free on a pledge that he will by his mode of life justify their decision. If he falls again into a course of crime he may again be imprisoned because his sentence has not expired.

Apart from all other pleas that may be urged for the adoption of the indeterminate sentence, it is obviously capable of being used steadily and effectively for the purpose of influencing the convict to improve his own conduct, even if it has no effect in changing his character. From the moment when he hears his sentence pronounced he has always in mind the fact that it may be for a year, or for ten years, or for life, according to the impression he is able to make on those who exercise authority over him. If he is tempted to violence or insubordination, it may have the effect of restraining him for his own good; if he is indolent or indifferent, it may arouse him to action; if he is sullen or morose, it may ultimately so brighten his outlook as to make it at least tolerable.

We have the parole system in Canada and we have an efficient parole officer, but it is fairly open to question whether the time has not fully come when another forward step might safely be taken. It seems absurd to continue imposing short terms of imprisonment on persons who are thus kept almost continuously in jail. It would be better in such cases to leave the sentence indeterminate, for the cost of maintaining the convict would not be perceptibly increased and he would have a chance to work for his living and at the same time for his own redemption.

# FALLS THAT ARE GREATER THAN NIAGARA



Victoria Falls, and the Devil's Cataract—These Greater-than-Niagara Falls are on the Zambesi River in South Africa. A proposition is on foot to harness them as Niagara is harnessed, and to supply power to the Witwatersrand. The Falls are 1860 yards in breadth and 400 feet high as compared with 1350 yards and 167 feet for Niagara. A railway now runs from Durban directly past these Falls.

—Illustrated London News.

# FOUND WANTING

The Story of a Man who was White and a Woman who was Yellow.

By BARRY SHEIL



OUTSIDE the door of his bark built humpy in the Wirraboo Gully—which is eight miles from the township of Benskin, New South Wales sat a solitary man. He had filled his billy-can and hung it over the fire, and now sat reading, for the twentieth time, a much creased copy of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, which he had brought over from Benskin two days before.

The particular column down which his eyes travelled he knew by heart almost, but he read it once more while he waited for the billy-can to boil. And yet it was only a glowing account of the prospects of the then newly discovered goldfields on the South African Rand.

He stroked his ragged, coal-black beard while he read, and his black eyes gathered an expression of intense determination.

"I'll go," he said aloud. "I guess I'm about sick of this. Breaking clay with nuggets in is no harder than turning sleepers out of ironwood, anyway. And yet"—he paused, and looked across to where the Wirraboo hills lay swathed in a lovely blue mist—there's room to breathe here!"

The billy-can boiled over, and the hiss of the water in the fire roused him.

"Hang it! I'll go—I can come back," he said again, as he went into the humpy to fetch his tea cannister.

The full April moon had risen hours, and the purple and silver of the coming dawn were lighting up the sky beyond the tall, gaunt gum trees, when the man who lived in the stringy bark hut on Wirraboo Gully turned into his bunk. He had read the *Herald* account of the Rand gold discoveries over and over again since his billy-can had boiled over, while the brief Australian twilight was giving place to the lovely southern night. He had read it until it seemed that chopping sleepers out of the tough, splintery ironwood for little above a living wage was an almost criminal waste of time.

"I'll go," he said once more, as he drew the mosquito net over his head and composed himself for sleep. "I can come back—if I get sick of it."

The faint echo of a dingo howling far away on the Wirraboo hills came floating dismally through the late summer night as the bushman spoke, and the next moment the weird laughter of the jackass in the blue gum trees rang out in mocking reply to the howling dingo—or perhaps it was to the dweller in the gully below who had spoken of returning.

Late on the following afternoon the man who lived at Wirraboo Gully stepped off the verandah of the hotel in Benskin, and swung himself up to the box seat of the coach.

"Coming back ever?" inquired the hotel keeper from the doorway.

"Belike," was the laconic reply, as the speaker jammed some more tobacco into his pipe, "if I get sick of it."

"A rum cuss," remarked a swagsman who was standing with the other loungers outside the hotel.

"Yes," said the hotelkeeper caustically, "measured by some, Jack Rampling is a rum cuss. But he's lived on the Wirraboo Gully close on seven years, and he's a 'white man' all through."

"Yes, Rampling is a 'white man,'" assented the man who kept Benskin's only store. "If he ain't, I'm jiggered if I ever saw one! My shout, is it? What's yours?"

The company adjourned to the bar of the hotel for drinks, while the coach rambled off down the hot road in a cloud of dust.

Four years had gone by, and it was late in the London season. There was a big crowd at Mrs. Ord-Remington's ball.

"Who is that lanky chap with the brigand's moustache and bronze face—over there, talking to that girl with red-gold hair and dressed in peacock blue?" asked a man who was leaning up against a wall and watching the crowd. His companion turned to him in surprise.

"What! You don't know? Of course, I forgot

that you have been potting hillmen on the North-West frontier for the last three years. That is Rampling, the South African gold king and diamond emperor, and all that. Fellow who's spent some years picking up nuggets as big as bricks, and Koh-i-noors in South Africa, now has come to England to find somebody to wear the diamonds and dissipate the gold."

"He won't find that difficult," returned the man who had been potting hillmen on the North-west frontier. There was a touch of bitterness in his tone. He was a younger son, with little beyond his pay and the Victoria Cross.

The other man laughed quietly. "He doesn't. The girl with the red-gold hair has been hunting him down like a sleuth hound for the last three months and more. If she doesn't get him, she'll deserve to, that's all."

Nobody would have recognized in the John Rampling who was standing beside Lady Sybil Carstairs, daughter of Lord Westover, the bushman whom they called Rampling in New South Wales, and who used to live on the Wirraboo Gully. The ragged black beard was gone, and a year in England, besides three on the Rand in South Africa, had changed him wonderfully. There was a certain air of distinction about him, and his slow manner of speech gave him time to think while he spoke—which was a useful thing for the man who used to break out sleepers in New South Wales.

That "something" within which had caused him to read and re-read the *Herald* column about the Rand gold discoveries, acting in a different way, had brought him over to England intent on marrying a title. During the past few months his admiration for Lady Sybil had grown beyond all ordinary bounds. She was not of his world, but he felt that she would adorn the stately mansion he was even now negotiating for in Piccadilly, bringing an air of culture and fine ladyhood with her. Moreover, apart from the million and a half with which he was credited, he was very sure she liked him for himself. This was as well, because Lady Sybil would have no fortune, her father being one of the poorest of the Irish peers.

Not that there was any reason why she should not. Were merit an inducer of love, he had obtained from her an ample sufficiency. At Wirraboo they had called him a "white man." On the Rand they said he had grit as well as luck. In Throgmorton street they said he was "straight." And they all meant the same thing. Perhaps that was one of the reasons why he was received in society circles which most people would have regarded as being fairly exclusive.

The Blue Hungarians broke into the symphony of one of Waldteufel's dreamiest waltzes.

"I am a clumsy dancer," said Rampling to Lady Sybil. "Perhaps I oughtn't to have put my name on your programme. Shall we sit it out?"

The beauty with the red-gold hair assented graciously, and they drifted into the conservatory, where the air was cooler and the lights were soft and dim, and where the murky London moonlight seemed pure and white as it crept through the panes and fell in faint silvery blotches on the marble floor.

Lady Sybil was one of those women—not too numerous—who can face a mirror always with complacency, and not infrequently with a genuine thrill of self-admiration. Past her twenty-seventh year, with nine seasons of overcrowded ball rooms stretching back in the dim distance, she still had a wonderful complexion. She was fair, but rich as a Giorgione; her hair was innocent of dye, and very plentiful; her figure really beautiful—brave in its bold contours, yet delicate.

Rampling's eyes rested upon her with intense satisfaction as she sat there—using her fan with an easy grace that betokened the utmost serenity of mind. At last he spoke.

"I don't dance, and I seldom talk," he said at last. "I dare say you wonder why I am boring you."

"Are you boring me?" she asked, gazing up at him with that faint, elusive half-smile that was the one thing about her that puzzled him.

"I think so," he said simply.

He watched her fan as it rose and fell in a graceful curve.

"It is past midnight, and it is the morning of your birthday. I wanted to be the first to congratulate you," he said as he brought out a morocco case. He touched a spring, the lid flew up and disclosed a butterfly set with magnificent brilliants. Even in that dim light it blazed and scintillated like living fire. "May I add this to my congratulations?" he finished.

The fan closed with a faint snap. "You may," she said after a momentary pause, yet still with that baffling smile. "You are too good!"

There was a look of triumph on the face of the man from Wirraboo when he entered the ballroom again with Lady Sybil on his arm. The diamond butterfly was sparkling in her red-gold hair!

John Rampling was waiting for his fiancée in the library of the house Lord Westover rented in Villiers street. Their engagement was now two months old, and the preparations for the wedding were well forward. The man from Wirraboo had become even more taciturn than ever, and the part he played in society was that of looker-on. And in regard to his future wife he saw rather more than pleased him!

Presently there was a frou-frou of silk, and Lady Sybil swept into the room—a vision of radiant beauty. As she gave him her hand she became aware that he was looking down at her with a stern expression in his deep black eyes.

"Is it Mrs. Ord-Remington's tonight?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. "I suppose young Mostyn will be there?"

"It is quite possible. Why?"

"He generally does turn up where you are," said Rampling, knitting his black brows. "And it isn't his fault that he doesn't monopolise you altogether. I have noticed it myself, and last night I overheard some men talking about you in the club. I am sorry to be obliged to mention it."

She flushed a little, but returned his gaze steadily.

"You are quite at liberty to mention it," she said. "Well?"

"May I trust you to pull him up a bit?"

For an instant a flash of mutiny gleamed from Lady Sybil's violet eyes, but died down as quickly as it came.

"There may be some justice in what you ask," she said, "though I think you are a little unreasonable. There is more freedom in society nowadays than there was in our grandparents' time. However, I will try to manage so that you have no further cause for complaint."

"Thank you," he said gravely.

He opened the door for her as he spoke, and she passed out, smiling subtly, though he did not see, as if she held a secret in her heart.

It was an evening two weeks later. A sudden storm had blown up from the south-west, and a drizzle of snowy rain was making the streets wet and miserable. Lady Sybil Carstairs, hurrying along at some little distance from her home, was just debating whether or not she should call a cab, when suddenly her left foot slid out from beneath her, and she would have fallen heavily had not a manly arm clasped her in the nick of time. She looked up—to encounter the dark, handsome face of Reginald Mostyn.

"That was a lucky thing!" he said as he reluctantly released her arm. "It would have been nasty had you fallen on those stones."

"Yes, indeed," she answered faintly. "Thank you. I—"

"You are not well!" he said quickly. "May I get you a cab?"

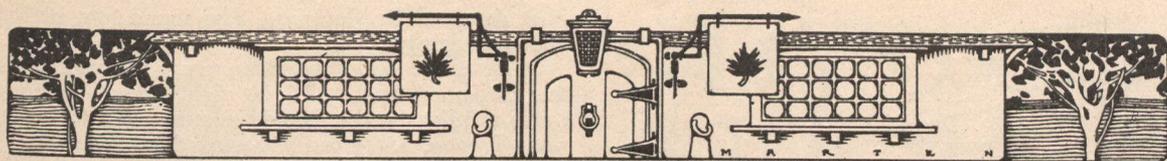
"If you would be so kind."

As it happened, however, there were none in the immediate vicinity, so they walked on a few paces, side by side.

"I suppose," he said in deeply solicitous tones, "this trouble—the shock, I mean—has been too much for you?"

"Trouble? Shock?" she repeated. "I don't understand you."

(Continued on page 21)



## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE



Queen Alexandra.

HER MAJESTY.

IT is difficult to believe that Queen Alexandra has reached the age of sixty-four — but such is the relentless fact as stated by the professional chronicler. The consort of King Edward was the eldest daughter of the late King of Denmark and was given in baptism the imposing name: Alexandra Caroline Marie Charlotte Louisa Julia. The fairies, which are always near at the baptism of a princess, according to the tales of our child-

hood, were good to the "sea-kings' daughter" who opened her eyes on the first of December, 1844. Beauty, dignity and gentleness have ever belonged to this queen who, even unto to-day, seems to have preserved the grace of youth.

In the March of 1863, Princess Alexandra became the wife of the heir to the British throne and in 1901, on the death of Queen Victoria, the Danish princess became Queen Consort in the island realm which her ancestors had ardently coveted. Queen Alexandra has always shown womanly consideration for the unfortunate and suffering and has recently put forth special effort in behalf of the royal hospitals. She is exceedingly feminine, also, in her appreciation of pretty gowns and jewels and in her delight in an old-fashioned garden, to say nothing of a model dairy.

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## THE UNIVERSITY RESIDENCE.

WHATEVER the student who lives two hundred years from now may think of the problems which vexed the world of 1908, he will come to the conclusion that the education of woman attracted a vast deal of attention in the years which stretch between 1878 and 1908. The girl with a university degree excites neither curiosity nor wonder in the Canada of to-day; yet it is not thirty years since the first woman graduate left the University of Toronto. Queen's University was earlier in the day of the woman graduate, but the Maritime Provinces declare, that the very first woman to carry off a "B.A." parchment from a Canadian university was a student in the East. That is right and proper, for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are the academic acres of this broad Dominion and make a serious business of supplying college presidents for the uttermost parts of Canada and a few favoured spots in the United States.

The classes at our Canadian universities have increased so rapidly that the question of residence for this host of girl students has become a pressing problem. The conservatories of music and art schools are also attracting their hundreds and the matter of where these girls shall have a home, during the years of study, is one which must be considered. The needs of the business girl are also urging themselves upon public attention but the student is our present object of concern. At this point, some masculine reader may ejaculate: "What is the matter with the girls? Why can't they stay at home and learn from their mothers how to bake, sew and manage a house?" Whatever may be the force of such interrogation, we have to deal with the simple fact that hundreds of girls are not at

home but are filling the classes of universities and studios. We are not writing about Utopia, but about Toronto, Montreal or Winnipeg.

Have you ever been in the "average" boarding-house for university students? The girl who is in quest of the higher education must be very much in earnest when she endures four years of it. Again the critical reader may ask: "Why does she not attend a girls' college, where she will have the school residence?" Because, my inquiring sir, these girls wish to have a *university* education and have the courage of their ambition. Personally, I prefer the university for women, but such institutions as Smith, Wellesley and Bryn Mawr are to be found only in the United States, and Canada must wait many a year ere such universities adorn the provinces. We must make the best of existing conditions, while we hope for an ampler day.

Montreal has a fairy godfather, Lord Strathcona, who, in 1899 saw the opening of his gift college, the Royal Victoria, an institution which gives an opportunity of residence and college life to the women students of McGill University. There is a splendid solidity about this imposing grey pile, which distinguishes the city of Montreal and the woman visitor, as she passes from reception room to corridors, class-rooms and assembly hall, blesses the generosity of Montreal's most liberal citizen. However, the Royal Victoria College is much more than a residence, and to its wide halls we hope to return at a later day to learn more of its varied life.

The Canadian "Residence," which affords a college home for the greatest number of young women students is Annesley Hall, associated with Victoria College, Toronto. A recent luncheon in behalf of the Victoria Women's Residence at which women, prominent in educational and church circles of Toronto, discussed the necessity for such an institution, naturally gives rise to general interest in the history of Annesley Hall. In the year 1896 the will of the late Hart A. Massey bequeathed to the Board of Regents of Victoria University the sum of



Annesley Hall, Women's Residence, Victoria College, Toronto.

fifty thousand dollars to erect a residence for the women attending Victoria College. The next year, the women interested in providing proper surroundings for the women students formed themselves into an association whose object it was to collect the purchase money for a site. Mrs. N. Burwash, Mrs. Massey Treble and the late Mrs. George A. Cox were a trio whose firm belief in the project and financial support contributed largely towards its success. On October 1st, 1903, the Hall was ready for its students, who, by their prompt arrival in large numbers showed how urgent had been the demand for such an institution. A committee of management, consisting of earnest and public-spirited women has been in charge of the Hall since the opening, and is now making every effort towards extension and complete equipment.

The advantages of the residence for university students are so great that their mere consideration should inculcate a desire to aid in its foundation and

extension. Trinity College, Toronto, and the Provincial University, itself, have residences which must some day be greatly enlarged; but Annesley Hall, owing to the energy and munificence of those who established it, has exceeded all others in attendance and equipment. From the report of 1906-1907, as presented by the Dean, Miss M. E. T. Addison, we learn that the Hall was so filled with undergraduates that a new house called the Annesley Hall Annex was opened, to receive the overflow students. The Hall accommodates fifty-four students, the Annex twenty-three. The year before Annesley Hall was opened, there were in attendance at Victoria College forty-seven women undergraduates. In the year 1906-1907 there were in daily attendance ninety-five, of whom fifty-seven were in "residence" at Annesley Hall.

The university girl who is living in the ordinary city boarding-house is in great danger of neglecting physical exercise. The "residence" rules, mild as they are, allow no such ignoring of the demands for basket-ball, tennis, skating or gymnasium practice. On a winter night, one of the brightest corners in Toronto is the rink near Annesley Hall, where the student is in no danger of forgetting the exercise which is to preserve Miss Canada's rosy cheeks. Heaven preserve us from the ultra-athletic young woman! We desire no feminine "Longboat," to develop muscle at the expense of brains and common-sense. But it is essential that our university girls should have opportunity to exercise lungs and limbs, while they are steadily pursuing their way towards a degree.

The domestic science development of college life has appealed strongly to many of the Annesley Hall residents with happy results. From the address delivered by Principal Hutton at the Annual Meeting of the Victoria Women's Residence and Educational Association last March, may be quoted this characteristic and felicitous paragraph:

"Should not the same scientific ardour inspire the votaries of domestic science? Should not the same intellectual zeal be competent utterly to burn up and consume the weariness which otherwise attends the creation of those lesser works of art—so ephemeral, alas, and needing to be so continually renewed—which proceed from the kitchen oven and from the laundry tub? Then, in that glorious day which is to be, the cook in the kitchen, standing over her scientific cooking-stove, the maid in the garden, hanging out the scientifically laundried clothes, the queen in the parlour, testing scientific honey, each and all in their vocations supreme, will be unconscious of and indifferent to heat and black-birds and sticky aprons: household science will have healed all the present petty miseries of the house-keeper's life."

The Canadian woman who visits the United States cannot but be impressed by the interest taken by our sisters to the South in the education of women and by the generosity with which they come to the financial aid of college or academy. We have not the wealth of Chicago, Philadelphia or New York. But from such store as we have, of bullion or of brains, let us give more lavishly that the Canada To Come may claim more than a century for her own.

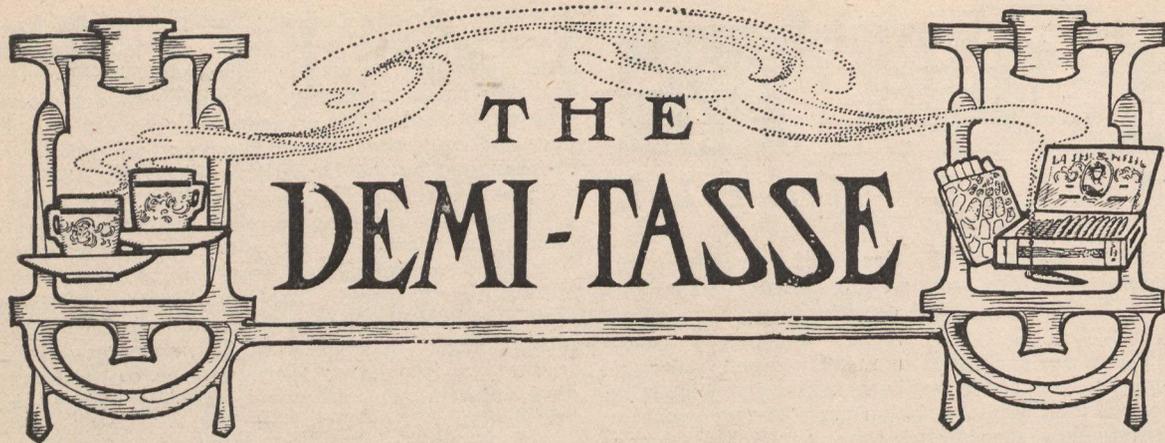
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## A CRITICAL ALDERMAN.

ALDERMAN HALES, a worthy citizen of Toronto, took a trip to Hamilton the other day and made an impressive speech to the people of the Mountain Town, in the course of which he remarked that Toronto women are given to tarrying long at the cocktail and playing the game of bridge to an unhealthy extent.

It is true that in every city of the Dominion there are women who are gamblers and drunkards. That Toronto, with a population close on three hundred thousand, has more than her share of these undesirables, may be doubted. Such women may always be found where there are empty heads and weak wills and it is questionable whether they are worth much discussion.

While there may be women of Toronto's slums or "new rich" set who are bridge fiends and drunkards, the mass of women in Toronto, as in other Canadian towns, are sober and sensible. The drunken minority will soon destroy itself and is hardly worth indignation or sympathy. It is not going to overturn the Dominion, the Province or the City.



A SUDDEN LULL.

There was a ruler bold,  
Who had never been controlled,  
And his tongue was so unruly, that it  
Wagged, wagged, wagged.

But Von Buelow came along  
And said, "Oh, this is wrong!"  
So he had the kingly Kaiser safely  
Gagged, gagged, gagged.

FROM DURHAM COUNTY

THE County of Durham, Ontario, is second to none in its pride in the "Old Boys," who have accomplished things in the course of their careers. A few years ago, at a gathering of the Durhamites in Toronto, a somewhat cynical speaker remarked: "It is wonderful how we Durham people have provided for the vicissitudes which may befall the stranger in Toronto. A boy goes to school and is educated under the system inspected by James L. Hughes, the liveliest lad ever brought up in Durham. The youth may get into trouble with the city police and then he comes into contact with Deputy-Chief Stark, another boy from the old county. Finally, if he perseveres in a criminal career, he finds himself at the Central Prison, under the firm and kindly guardianship of Warden Gilmour, whose youthful days in Durham were a joy to the village schoolmaster. It is a great system which places the Old Boys of Durham in positions of trust. They find it so convenient to look after their friends."

TAKING NO CHANCES.

MARK HAMBURG and "Tommy" Burns, says the *Australasian*, once stayed at the same hotel when travelling in the Land of the Kangaroo. One Sunday the pugilist spoke to the musician. "Say," he remarked. "We're two celebrities here. Guess we'll get photographed together." Mark Hambourg stammered, hesitated, said he would see Mr. Burns next day. Meantime he consulted his manager. "I'll get you out of it," said that astute person. "Tell him that I refuse and that I have exclusive rights to your photographs." "But why," the manager asked Mark Hambourg afterwards, "couldn't you refuse on your own account?" "How did I know he might not pounce on me?" the musician demanded.

A FOWL INTERROGATION.

SHE is such a nice little girl with innocent blue eyes and golden curls and she is called Gladys—in fact, she is the very light of a simple Canadian home. The other evening her mother was entertaining Miss Maginty when Gladys took occasion to stroke the visitor's cheek lovingly and remark: "Daddy's all wrong about what he said, isn't he?" "And what did he say, dearie?" asked Miss Maginty, while the mother of Gladys turned cold. "He said you was an old hen, but your cheeks aren't a bit feathery," was the cherub's reply.

PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

ONE of the mottoes which, though good, are rarely applied, is "a place for everything and everything in its place." A London cab driver seemed to think that affairs were ordered after this pattern, says the *Dundee Advertiser*. As he swung down the Strand, an American sitting beside him, asked him to point out the spots of interest. "Right you are, sir!" agreed the driver, touching his hat. "There's Luggit 'ill, where they 'ang 'em."

A little later. "There's Parliament 'ouses, where they made the laws wot does it, across the way. An' there's Westminster Habbey, where they buried the good 'uns wot didn't get 'anged."

NOT EXACTLY.

AT a recent dinner in Washington, says the *Argonaut*, a lady who was taken in by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page remarked to him effusively: "Oh, Mr. Page, I am reading one of your delightful books and was so interested in it this afternoon that my maid had to call me three times to remind me that it was time to dress for dinner." "Indeed," replied Mr. Page affably. "Which one of my books was it?" "Well, er—really, it is very stupid of me, but I can't recall the title," responded the lady. "Perhaps," suggested the man of letters, smiling, "it was 'Henry Esmond.'" The lady puckered her brow in the effort to recollect, then observed sweetly: "It may have been that one, Mr. Page, although the name you mention doesn't sound exactly like it."

HIS WISH FULFILLED.

A GERMAN peddler rapped timidly at the kitchen entrance. Mrs. Kelly, angry at being interrupted in her washing, flung open the door and glowered at him. "Did yez wish to see me?" she demanded in threatening tones. The peddler backed off a few steps. "Vell, if I did," he assured her, with an apologetic grin, "I got my vish; thank you."—*Everybody's*.

AN ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR.

DR. JENKINS is a scientist, and therefore a deep thinker, and, consequently, often pre-occupied and absent-minded. His most recent adventure attributable to his absent-minded propensities is at present furnishing much amusement for his friends. He was reading one evening after dinner when his wife approached and touching him on the shoulder, remarked softly: "Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Branner are coming over this evening, so just go upstairs and put on your other coat." The quiet little professor complied without a murmur. An hour later, when the visitors had been in the house some time, the hostess excused herself for a moment and slipped upstairs to see

what detained Dr. Jenkins. She found him in bed, calmly sleeping.

"Oh, to be sure, the Branners," he said, when she awakened him. "I'll be right down. I guess I was a little absent-minded. I must have forgotten what I came for when I removed my coat, for I kept on undressing and went to bed."—*Sunshine*.

RANDOM SHOTS.

I shot an arrow into the air, it fell in the distance, I knew not where, till a neighbour said that it killed his calf, and I had to pay him six and a half (\$6.50). I bought some poison to slay some rats, and a neighbour swore that it killed his cats; and, rather than argue across the fence, I paid him four dollars and fifty cents (\$4.50). One night I set sailing a toy balloon, and hoped it would soar till it reached the moon; but the candle fell out on a farmer's straw, and he said I must settle or go to law. And that is the way with the random shot; it never hits in the proper spot; and the joke you spring, that you think so smart, may leave a wound in some fellow's heart.—*Emporia Gazette*.

ON THE SAME TERMS.

Diner (who has run up a heavy bill)—"You are manager here, eh? Well, six months ago I dined here, and unfortunately, being unable to pay my bill—er—you kicked me downstairs." The Manager—"Very sorry, indeed, sir, but business you know—er—I had to—er—" Diner—"Oh, that's all right, old chap—but—might I trouble you again?"—*London Weekly Telegram*.

INNOCENCE DOWN HOME.

Mrs. Ryetop—"It just goes to show how youngsters of this generation neglect opportunities." Mr. Ryetop—"What now, Mandy?" Mrs. Ryetop—"Why, when Zeke was home I used to try to make him take the mop and bucket and scrub up the halls. He wouldn't pay no heed, and now he writes that he is on a scrub team up at college, and I bet he doesn't know a thing about scrubbing."—*Chicago News*.

A "ROAST" ALL AROUND.

THE minister had just finished a little opening talk to the children, preparatory to the morning service, when Mrs. Berkeley suddenly realised with all the agony of a careful housewife, that she had forgotten to turn the gas off from the oven in which she had left a nicely-cooked roast, ready for the final re-heating. Visions of a ruined dinner and a smoky kitchen roused her to immediate effort, and, borrowing a pencil from the young man in front, she scribbled a note. Just then her husband, an usher in the church, passed her pew. With a murmured "Hurry!" she thrust the note into his hand, and he, with an understanding nod, turned, passed up the aisle, and handed the note to the minister. Mrs. Berkeley saw the act in speechless horror, and shuddered as she saw the minister smilingly open the note and begin to read. But her expression of dismay was fully equalled by the look of amazement and wrath on the good man's face as he read the words: "Go home and turn off the gas!"



"A Woman's Work is Never Done."—Life.

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

ANY visitor to Amherstburg who takes a drive with John Auld, the annalist of that historic town, will be shown an old house outside of town along the river road which is more than a hundred years old. That is the old Elliott homestead, which is the oldest house left in that part of the country. The brick house alongside of it is also an old house; and the other day one of the history-making family of Elliotts died there, Mr. Frederick Elliott, spoken of by his obituary writer as the oldest living representative of one of the first families in Essex. The land on which stood the old family house was bought by Mr. Elliott's grandfather in 1779. Old Colonel Matthew Elliott was an Irishman who settled in Virginia before the Revolutionary War; but after the war he came to Canada; settled in Essex, where he got two thousand five hundred acres of land from the Government; became the first Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Western Canada; close personal friend of Tecumseh, who presented him with a dagger; leading figure in the war of 1812, in which Fort Malden was a pivotal point; present at the battle of Queenston Heights; friend also of General Proctor and of Commodore Barclay, who was defeated by Perry in the naval engagement in Lake Erie. The Amherstburg *Echo* has a good many interesting things to relate concerning this fine old loyalist who loomed so large in the olden days and helped to make the way along the frontier when not only the axe and the log-chain were necessary, but also the gun was snatched from the old kitchen wall. For instance:

"It is a matter of public history that Colonel Elliott advised Commodore Barclay not to leave the protection of the guns at Fort Malden, but the Scotch sailor, with characteristic stubbornness, followed his own bent, and history records the rest. Chief Tecumseh had crossed from Bois Blanc to Amherstburg with his Wyandotte braves, and when he heard the order of General Proctor to retreat, he loudly protested, and even went so far as to denigrate General Proctor a coward. It was Colonel Elliott who succeeded in pacifying the brave warrior, and in preserving the life of General Proctor, which would have been taken by Tecumseh, who could not understand the word 'retreat.' On more than one occasion the chieftain was the guest of Colonel Elliott, and chose as his favorite sleeping place a stone house near the residence of his white friend. The land now owned by our subject is all more or less historic. About seventy-five yards from the residence of Mr. Elliott, is Elliott's Point, where the schooner *Anne* was captured in 1838.

THEY are beginning to revive the theory of a North Pole Garden of Eden. This is alluded to in other language by a writer in the *Calgary Herald*, who reminds us that the north land once had a tropical climate. He is able to find scientific proof of the proximity of a hot place in the mineral remains of that half-explored land whose stores of petroleum and gas, asphalt and iron, copper and galena, coal and sulphur and salt, are coming to bulk very large in newspaper literature. The writer says in one paragraph:

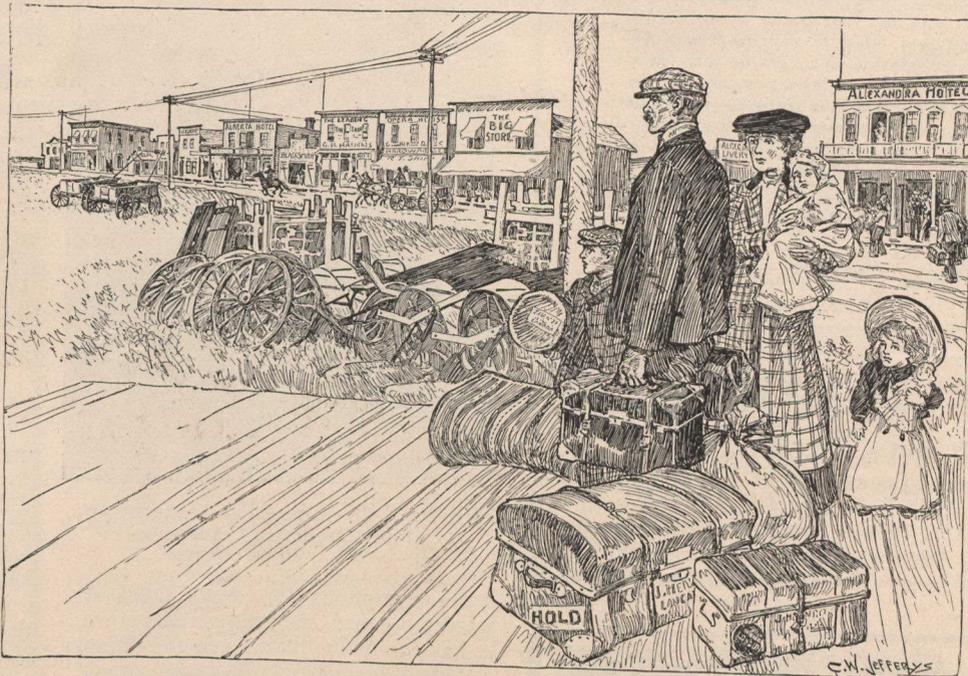
"When Mackenzie went down the river that bears his name in the year 1789, he spoke of the burning banks. Those banks are still burning, 119 years later, and they have been burning ever since. The opinion of the explorers is that the fires are burning lignite or bituminous coal. The whole north is full of that sort of thing. Scientists tell us that the north gives unmistakable evidence of once having had a tropical climate. When transportation facilities make access to the country easy and inexpensive, and directs the army of prospectors and explorers in that direction, we may expect to awake to the realisation of tremendous wealth revealed. You know of the asphalt; it extends away southeast of McMurray to Buffalo Lake. Out in that flat, marshy country will be found greater treasure than bitumen. You know of the probability of finding petroleum where so much bitumen is found, and you know of the wealth that is in petroleum. You know that the country contains salt deposits hundreds of feet in depth and miles in extent. You know that it

has mines of sulphur, you know that it has unmeasured wealth in timber, and that timber wealth is daily increasing as the supply approaches exhaustion. You know that it has the world's greatest supply of natural gas, and whether you know it or not, it has resources which on account of this supply of natural heat can be developed into wonderful profit makers."

\* \* \*

STARTLING statements are made by a writer in the *London Times* concerning the Englishman in Canada. A few of them are this-wise:

"A young Englishman arriving in Vancouver



The Englishman in Canada has most of his troubles when he arrives.

has less chance of obtaining employment than a European of almost any other nationality."

"In the best club of Vancouver, when an Englishman is put up for membership, a whip has to be sent to the English members in order to overcome the blackballs."

"Deplorable is hardly too strong a word to use in describing the situation in Vancouver."

"The fault is largely, if not mostly that of the English."

"A young man representing capital of £25,000 was so annoyed by his treatment in Vancouver that he decided to go to Seattle."

On the other hand a prominent mercantile Englishman in Vancouver has this to say on the question:

"I am an Englishman from my head to my feet, and no one could mistake my nationality, but during

prove the already well known fact that it is only the 'green' Englishman who is treated with scant courtesy—or, shall we say, who is so sensitive and impressed with his own importance that he sees incivility in every word and move of the Canadian he meets."

\* \* \*

OWEN SOUND is one of those towns where a good deal of local history has a poetic charm. Much of the mediaeval literature of Owen Sound is nautical; some of it concerns light-houses. Now that there is talk of removing the old wooden beacons in that part of the lakes, the natives of Owen Sound are reviving a story of how a certain famous old wooden light-house got its lamp. This was an occasion upon which Canadian nautical skill and craftsmanship cut rings around a boat owned by some Yankee in a race to get the lamp. The inner light-house was built away back in the fifties, and the Government made a present of a lamp on condition that it be brought down from Cove Island. Captain Smith, of the old side-wheeler *Canadian*, got the job, and he advertised an excursion to the Island, intending to make as much of a spectacle of the trip as possible. But there was sneaking round that harbour one Chicago-Canadian craft known as the *Ontanagon*, whose skipper deemed that he could out-steam the *Canadian*. So they had a race, the close of which is enthusiastically described by the local historian.

\* \* \*

THE man who has been longer running brass bands than any other man in Canada, or probably America, is Mr. Charles Williams, who lives in St. John. Mr. Williams could give Sousa some pointers on experience in conducting. He has been in some kind of a band for sixty years; was playing in an English orchestra when the Crimean War broke out; during the war Mr. Williams became a cornet soloist, afterwards being made bandmaster of a volunteers' band. Enlisting in the navy, where he could get a better idea of what it meant to play "Britannia Rule the Waves," he was made bandmaster on the good ship *Royal Alfred*; coming to Canada with Admiral Wellesley when Prince Louis of Battenberg was a midship-mite—and the Prince played in a quintette organised by Mr. Williams, His Royal Highness at the piano. Afterwards alternately at Halifax and Boston, Mr. Williams settled in St. John, where he is still bandmaster, just having rounded his half century as wielder of the baton.

## The Voting Results

ON Monday noon two new men had found their way into the twenty-five leaders in the "Canada's Ten Big Men" Competition. These two are Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Dr. George R. Parkin. Last week Mr. Fielding was ahead of Mr. Mackenzie, but they have exchanged places. The standing is as follows:

1. Sir Wilfrid Laurier.
2. Lord Strathcona.
3. Sir William Van Horne.
4. Mr. Goldwin Smith.
5. Sir Charles Tupper.
6. Mr. William Mackenzie.
7. Hon. W. S. Fielding.
8. Sir James Whitney.
9. Dr. William Osler.
10. Sir Sandford Fleming.
11. Hon. R. L. Borden.
12. Sir Gilbert Parker.
13. Sir William C. McDonald.
14. Hon. Edward Blake.
15. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy.
16. Dr. Vogt.
17. "Ralph Connor."
18. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick.
19. Mr. Byron E. Walker.
20. Hon. A. B. Aylesworth.
21. Mr. J. R. Booth.
22. Prof. Graham Bell.
23. Sir Percy Girouard.
24. Sir William Mulock.
25. Dr. George R. Parkin.



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the past few years, while travelling through Canada and the United States—more than once in search of a job and sometimes not knowing where my next meal was likely to come from—I have never once met with an uncivility, and have never once found cause to complain of the treatment I have received. Of course I have 'roughed it' in other countries before reaching this continent, and probably the fact that I was not any too sensitive and had the jagged corners worn smooth when I came here accounts for the courtesy I received from all, even though the first glance is sufficient to prove that I am an Englishman. That, naturally, tends to

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## MUSIC AND DRAMA

THE reputation of Toronto as a musical centre has undoubtedly been enhanced by the recent visit of the Sheffield Choir, assisted by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. The Mendelssohn Choir has been the inspiration of many musical organisations, and amongst these the To-

THE concert to be given in Massey Music Hall, Toronto, on December 8th by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, with Madame Galski as soloist, should be a highly popular event, as the public has realised the importance of the new musical organisation and is prepared to show its appreciation of the able and ambitious conductor.

\* \* \*

WOODSTOCK now announces the first production of the "Burra Pundit," a light opera in three acts, to be given in the Opera House by the Woodstock Operatic Association on December 10th and 11th. Judging from the synopsis, Miss Margaret I. MacDonald and Miss Emma R. Steiner have done remarkably clever work with libretto and music. It is the intention of the Association to lease this opera in England and the United States and the encouragers of Canadian talent may wish the project all success. Miss Steiner is conductor of the orchestra and general director.

\* \* \*

MISS ELEANOR ROBSON comes to the Princess Theatre, Toronto, next week in Richard Harding Davis' play, "Vera the Medium." Miss Robson, ever since the days of "Merely Mary Ann," has been so secure of a place in Toronto's favour that she will probably be greeted by a crowded house. Mr. Davis as a playwright is beginning to eclipse Richard Harding Davis of "Gallagher and Others." It is to be hoped that the report that the Savage-Molnar "Devil" is coming to the Princess Theatre for Christmas week is not true. Such a production is undesirable at any time, but for that particular season, is especially repellent.



Mr. H. C. Cox, President Toronto Symphony Orchestra Committee.

ronto Symphony Orchestra holds an interesting and not unimportant place. It has for many years been the dream of music-lovers that Toronto should have a symphony orchestra of its own similar to the great orchestras which have achieved reputation in the old land and in the new. While several attempts were made from time to time, the real start in the direction of securing such an organisation occurred two years ago when the Toronto Conservatory of Music appointed Mr. Frank S. Welsman as conductor for what is now known as the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Welsman took upon himself the extremely difficult task of forming an orchestra out of the material at hand, and gave to the work a whole-hearted enthusiasm which is more than ever apparent now that he has evolved a band of musicians of which Dr. Coward, the great English conductor, spoke in the highest terms of praise.

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra, arising from the earlier efforts of Dr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director of the Conservatory, and Mr. Welsman, has now become a separate organisation under the direction of a committee of public-spirited citizens who are anxious that Toronto should in the fulness of time have reason to be proud of its orchestra, and that in orchestral music it should ultimately reach the high standard set by the Mendelssohn Choir in choral work.

In every city where a symphony orchestra of this nature has its being, it has been found necessary for the citizens to provide a fund for its nurture and development, as, owing to the fact that chiefly professional players are employed, and that many unusual expenditures have to be met, it has been found impossible to depend upon the receipts from concerts if a high degree of efficiency is to be attained. Toronto has been particularly fortunate in securing a number of its citizens to give the Orchestra the financial backing so necessary to its success, and Mr. H. C. Cox, as chairman of the committee, has met with a great deal of encouragement in his efforts to bring the orchestra forward to a place of continental importance.



Miss Eleanor Robson, at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, next week in "Vera the Medium."

\* \* \*

THIS afternoon, "Rob Roy" makes its appearance at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, to be followed by "Fantana," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pinafore," and "Jack and the Beanstalk," the last-named for Christmas week. There have been several changes in the Imperial Opera Company. Mr. Clarence Harvey has left for Philadelphia but there has been an accession of two valuable members—Mr. Jack Henderson, an "old boy" of Belleville, and Mr. William Sellery, whose home is the sturdy town of Kincardine. The latest arrivals have had successful careers in the United States and will doubtless prove most acceptable with Canadian audiences.

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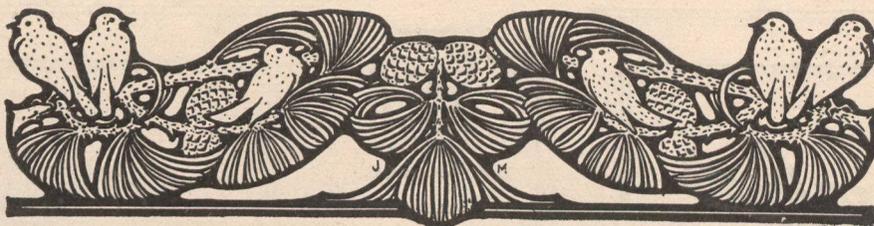
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BY ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK.

EMILY despised her play frocks. "Just green linens and brown gingham, old grass colour and dirt colour. Muriel Willoughby's mother lets her wear blue dresses and pink dresses, and lovely white shoes and stockings," she complained, as she sat on the piazza steps.

"Protective colouring, little girl," laughed her uncle, who was making her a willow whistle. "Your mother knows the way you play."

"What does 'protective colouring' mean, Uncle Ralph?" asked Emily, slowly.

"Once upon a time," began Uncle Ralph, not looking at her nor answering her question, "once upon a time there was a green caterpillar, just the colour of the grass and leaves he crawled upon. And one day this caterpillar said to himself, 'What a plain little thing I really am! No one notices me. I might as well not be alive at all.' He was so cross that he didn't eat another bit of rose-leaf, but instead he spun himself a nice, white, webby cocoon hammock, and slept a long, long time. By and by, when he woke up, he felt different. He wasn't a crawly worm any more. He had wide, downy wings. And then he cried, in the gladdest surprise, 'I'm a beautiful painted butterfly! Now people will look at me and praise me!' And they did. As he flew, zig-zagging over the clover-fields, a man with a butterfly-net cried, 'What a fine specimen! I must have him!' The butterfly was so pleased at this admiration that he let himself be easily caught. He never got away again. Sometimes it's a good thing to be just quietly plain," Uncle Ralph went on; and then, as if to point his moral, wild screams and scoldings came from round the corner. They were followed by Muriel Willoughby, pulled along by an angry nurse, her dainty pink frock covered with mud-splashes, her white shoes dripping.

"Uncle Ralph," asked Emily, suddenly, "Muriel Willoughby didn't have any protective colouring, did she?"—*Youth's Companion*.

\* \* \*

WINDOWS.

By JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

Once, and in the daytime too, I made myself afraid:  
Playing Eyelids Up and Down, with the window-shade,  
Till the Houses seemed to watch the People going by;  
And they kept me looking too—wondering Where, and Why.

(If I were that other Boy,—if I were those Men  
Going by with things to sell,—Oh, who would I be then?)

Windows with their eyebrows high,  
Windows like a frown,—  
Ones that think it over so,—with the curtains down;  
Tall ones, that are somehow sad; shallow ones that blink,  
All the Windows you can see, make you think and think.

(If I were that Old Man—and I looked up at Me,  
Watching from the window here, oh then, how would it be?)

Sometimes they are golden, with shining in their Eyes;  
Every time the sun sets, it happens like surprise,

And so bright—I almost forget the dream I made.  
But I keep it for the days I want to make myself Afraid.

(If I were that Boy who Limp—now it's dark and snowing.  
And if I were going Home—oh, where would I be going?)  
—*Current Literature*.

\* \* \*

THE LITTLE APPLE.

Translated by J. MACKLIN BEATTIE.

I have a little apple,  
So bright and red to see;  
Within, five cunning little rooms  
Just like a house there be.  
In every little room there lives  
Two seeds so black and fine,  
They lie and dream together  
All day of bright sunshine.

—*Kindergarten Review*.



A Well-filled Table.

\* \* \*

MY DAY.

By MORGAN SHEPARD.

I wonder where the Days all go,  
And what makes Other Days?  
Some hurry by, and Some are slow,  
But not One ever stays.

I wish I knew a way to keep  
A long and Happy Day;  
But when I sleep they always creep  
So silently away.

I'd like to keep a Day with me—  
The One that was the best;  
It would maybe just let me see  
What happens to the rest.

If I could only hide behind  
The Day I loved, and peek;  
It wouldn't mind if I should find  
How Days can make a Week.

And I would take him by the hand,  
And he and I would go  
To Sunrise Land where Days all stand  
Just waiting in a row.

And I would see the Hours grow  
To make my dearest Day;  
And then I'd know why Some are slow,  
While Others rush away.  
—*Youth's Companion*.

"That Reminds Me"

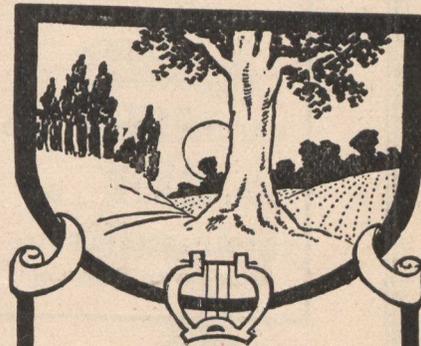
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Toronto, Ont.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

# Chase & Sanborn's

**HIGH GRADE COFFEE**  
*A Welcome Sight.*

Made of  
**Chase & Sanborn's High Grade Coffee**

there is no cup so clear and fragrant.  
The aroma pleases the most fastidious drinker of coffee.



The CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. PRESTON, ONT.

Manufacturers of High Grade Bank & Office Fixtures, School, Library & Commercial Furniture, Opera & Assembly Chairs, Interior Hardwood Finish Generally.



# The Hamilton Steel and Iron Company

LIMITED

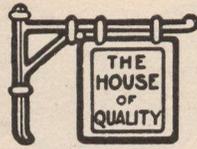
**PIG IRON**  
Foundry, Basic, Malleable.

**FORGINGS**  
of Every Description.

High Grade Bar Iron.  
Open Hearth Bar Steel.

**HAMILTON - - ONTARIO**

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier



Registered

*Fairweather's*

**FURS**

PONY COATS  
\$60.00 to \$200.00

SEALSKIN JACKETS  
\$225.00 to \$650.00

PERSIAN LAMB  
JACKETS  
\$125.00 to \$450.00

LADIES' FUR LINED  
COATS  
\$35.00 to \$175.00

MINK COATS  
\$500.00 to \$3000.00

**Make Ideal  
Christmas  
Gifts**

**Early Selection  
Means First Choice.**

Write for Fur Catalogue "L"

**J. W. T. Fairweather & Co.**  
84-86 Yonge Street, Toronto



**KODAK**

**Solves the Christmas Problem**

So simple that even in the hands of the novice they make good pictures, so perfect in equipment that they fulfil the requirements of the expert—such are the

**Folding Pocket Kodaks**

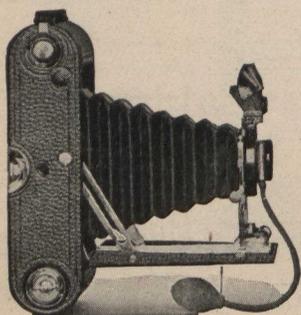
No. 1,	for pictures	2¼ x 3¼ inches,	- -	\$10.00
No. 1A,	" "	2½ x 4¼ "	- -	12.00
No. 1A Special,	" "	2½ x 4¼ "	- -	15.00
No. 3,	" "	3¼ x 4¼ "	- -	17.50
No. 3A,	" "	3¼ x 5½ "	- -	20.00
No. 4,	" "	4 x 5 "	- -	20.00

Kodaks, \$5.00 to \$112.00. Brownie Cameras \$1.00 to \$9.00.

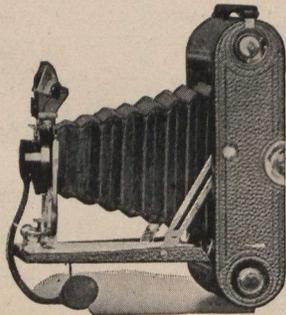
CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited

Catalogue free at the dealers  
or by mail.

TORONTO, CAN.

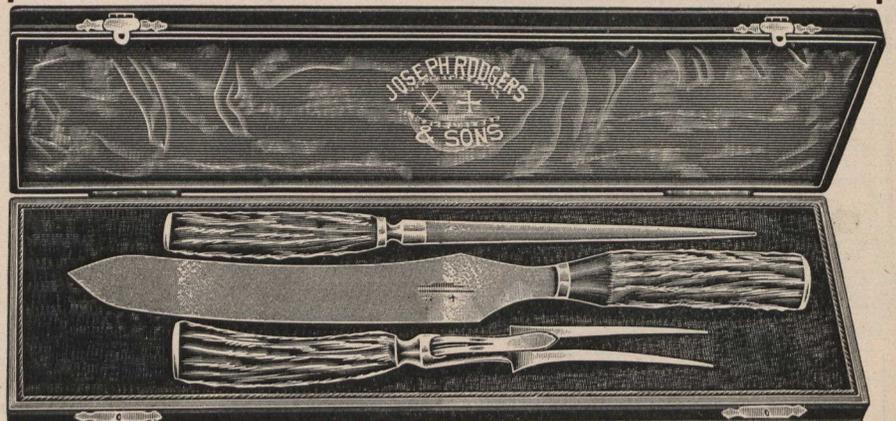


*If it isn't  
an Eastman  
it isn't  
a Kodak.*



**What Shall I Give ?**

One of the most satisfactory gifts to give, and one that will be most appreciated by a friend is a set of Carvers—3 pieces—Knife, Fork and Steel. Similar to illustration.



Satin Lined Case, Sheffield Make, from \$4.00, or a Set of Table Knives and Forks; Case of Pearl Handled Fruit Knives; Dessert Knives. We have a large variety of these goods to select from. Call and inspect our stock before buying.

PRICES TO SUIT ALL

*Aikenhead's*  
**Aikenhead Hardware Limited**  
TEMPERANCE STREET, TORONTO

## Bovril Proves Its Great Value

—for it saves fuel by lessening the amount and time of cooking

—for it enables you to prepare tasty economical meals with little trouble.

—for it builds up the strength and stamina of each member of the family.

—for a 1 lb. bottle will make 50 cups of nourishing bouillon at a cost of 3½ cents each.

GET SOME BOVRIL

95

# Dewar's

"Special Liqueur"

is Soft, Mellow and Fragrant!

95



ONTARIO, MANITOBA and NORTHWEST BRANCH

ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager - TORONTO

## Pitner Gasoline Lighting Systems

Have been in use the past five years and the unvarying confidence in them by users as a giver of good light and plenty at small cost, has been the means of rapidly increasing sales.



Write for Catalogue and Prices

The Pitner Lighting Co. Limited  
TORONTO - - - ONTARIO

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

## Found Wanting

(Continued from page 14)

"Is it possible you have not heard?" he exclaimed. "Rampling—" He paused.

"Mr. Rampling has been out of town several days."

"And no one has told you?"

"What?"

She stopped abruptly in her walk, and faced him. The Honourable Reginald was obviously ill at ease.

"Perhaps," he began, "if you do not know—"

"I insist on knowing," she said, sharply. "Something has happened. What is it?"

"Well, then," he said slowly, "since you must be told some time, there was a panic to-day on 'Change.' Rampling and Van Dorp have been fighting each other over the cotton combine, and Rampling's gone to the wall. They say if he saves five thousand out of the mess it will be about the limit. The evening bulletins have all got it."

She swayed a little, and caught her breath sharply. A cab rattled up, and the man hailed it. Having handed her in and given the cabman his instructions, he put out his hand.

"Good-bye," he said. "I am sorry to be the bearer of bad news, especially as my own is good. I am included in my uncle's will to the tune of £25,000. He died this morning. No more grubbing along on two hundred a year, thank goodness! Won't you congratulate me?"

Lady Sybil ignored his outstretched hand, while her action was that of an utterly heartless and self-centred woman. She leaned forward a little, letting the light from the lamps fall full upon her beautiful face, and smiled down at him.

"Won't you get in?" she murmured. "I—I want to talk to you."

And her voice was the voice of the siren.

\* \* \* \*

Meanwhile a solitary man trudged through the winter night from the city towards the West. The wind roared and howled about his ears, the stinging sleet beat into his face, but he staggered manfully on. He was wet almost to the skin, but his blood was too hot, his brain too confused to know or care for the elements. He only knew that the greater part of his huge fortune had vanished like a will-o'-the-wisp, and that by contrast he was practically a poor man.

Then his thoughts turned to the woman who had bewildered and fascinated him. After all, it was for her that he had risked and lost so much—for her—to make her the richest woman in the kingdom! How would she take his story of failure? What would she say to him? A mad doubt struggled into his mind, and stayed to torture him. If she cared for him at all—But did she? Remembering certain things, it was borne in upon him that he was by no means sure of that.

But he would soon know now—in a few moments. There was the house and a cab was stopping at the door. Two people alighted, a man first, and then—she! The man bent for an instant over her extended hand, and then she disappeared quickly into the house.

The man was in the act of re-entering the hansom, when he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder. Turning, he looked into John Rampling's convulsed face.

"Mostyn!" exclaimed the latter. "I thought as much! What were you doing with Lady Sybil Carstairs?" he demanded with fierce directness.

The Honourable Reginald drew himself up haughtily.

"By what right do you ask?" he said.

"By what right?" repeated Rampling hotly. "You are perfectly aware that Lady Sybil is engaged to me."

"I am perfectly aware that she was," responded Mostyn meaningly. "But I shouldn't wonder if she were to repudiate that statement now."

"You cur! You insinuate—"

"One moment," interposed the other with strange quietude. "Look here, Rampling, between you and me, Lady Sybil Carstairs isn't worth a quarrel! No, don't interrupt me! I'm telling you this for your good. I was as good as engaged to her. In fact, I had her verbal promise—till you came on the scene with your cursed money and cut me out! I had no chance with you, as far as marrying her went, so long as that money lasted. But now the boot is on the other leg. You have practically nothing, and I have a legacy of £25,000! Your chance is nailed down!"

The man from Wirraboo passed his hand over his eyes in a dazed way, but he said nothing.

"You see," went on the other, "she isn't much good, if it's worth your looking for. But"—and here his voice deepened into hoarseness—"Sybil Carstairs' worthlessness does not weigh with me. I love her; I want her; she fascinates me; and, angel or devil, I'll have her before I die! You're out of the running now, Rampling. I'm sorry for you, but perhaps it's best; for, even if you had married her, I should have shared her with you! But you're a gritty sort; you'll fight your way up again, and get a better woman. She's pretty despicable, as I say, but, by heaven, I'm hers, body and soul!"

His voice ceased; he turned back suddenly to where the cab was standing, entered it, and was whirled rapidly away. Rampling, still standing as if dazed, looked after the vehicle until it vanished from sight. Suddenly he pulled himself up, and, with a grim, resolute look on his face, crossed to the door of Lord Westover's house in Villiers Street, and pulled the bell.

A liveried servant appeared.

"Is Lady Sybil at home?" asked Rampling quietly.

"No, sir."

"To no one?"

"Her ladyship made no exception, sir."

"Thank you," said the man from Wirraboo, with a timbre in his voice that made the smug man-servant jump. "Thank you. Good-evening."

"Good-evening, sir."

John Rampling strode from the door to the street with his head high, as became a man who had nothing of which he might be ashamed. To his mind's eye at that moment came a vivid memory of far-off Wirraboo. He saw the valley sleeping, swathed in all the wonderful radiance of the Australian night. He saw, too, the picturesque square of the bark-built humpy, with the billy-can hissing and spitting on the tripod near the door. He remembered his own words: "I can come back—if I get sick of it." And he smiled a strange smile.

There was the usual group of loungers on the verandah of the hotel in Benskin one afternoon when the coach came in. One passenger only clambered down from the box. He was bearded, dust-stained, and grimy. The proprietor, grown a little greyer in five years, stared hard at the newcomer.

"Why, blow me, if it ain't Rampling, who used to live on Wirraboo Gully!"

"It is," said the traveller. "You've

Be Particular about the little things you eat. Impure salt is just as injurious as impure milk or butter. There is one salt you can always depend upon as being absolutely pure and wholesome—

# Windsor SALT

----Mother  
----Wife  
----Sister or  
----Daughter



would be more than delighted with a Portable Electric Table Lamp for Christmas. Select it now and tell us to lay it aside for you. The beauty of selecting now (and having us hold for Christmas delivery) lies in the fact that our stock is fresh, complete and new—not at all picked over.

☑ This is important, and has much to do with a satisfactory choice.

Toronto Electric Light Company, Limited

12 Adelaide St. E.

# PATENTS

FREE set of Sketching Instruments and Preliminary Advice to each Inventor.

TRADE MARKS, Copyrights, Industrial Designs.

C. C. COUSINS

(Formerly of Washington, D.C.)

506 N. Y. Life Building

MONTREAL



## Stuff Beautiful Birds

Learn by mail to stuff and mount all kinds of birds, animals, fish and game heads; make rugs, tax skins. Mount your own specimens and make money preserving for others. Intensely fascinating; highly profitable. Men, women and boys learn easily and quickly. Success guaranteed or no tuition.

Write today for our wonderful FREE book "How to Learn to Mount Birds and Animals."

N. W. School of Taxidermy, Box 139M, Omaha, Neb.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

## "CMC" GARTERS FOR MEN



Mercurized Cotton, 25c.

Pure Silk, 50c.

With new "CMC" MID-GET CLASP. It won't tear; it can't come off; no pulleys or cord to cut or wear; made entirely of best English elastic.

"CMC" Men's Garters are on sale at all leading furnisners. If your dealer has none we will send sample pair on receipt of 25c.

State color required.

Positively the best men's garter, and best value on the market.

Manufactured by  
C. H. WESTWOOD & CO.  
84 Bay Street, Toronto

## Hotel York New York



NEW AND ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF  
Seventh Ave., Cor. 36th St.  
EUROPEAN PLAN

RATES \$1.50 to \$2.50, with detached bath  
\$2.00 to \$4.00, with private bath

Occupies the geographical centre of the city, near the vortex of travel. Within from one to five minutes' walk of twenty-one theatres. Cars pass the door, and within five minutes of all the large retail shops. Norman Grill Room. Cuisine of superior excellence. Moderate prices.

H. G. WILLIAMS, Manager



### HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

If you are healthy — you are happy.

To be healthy take

## Wilson's Invalids' Port

(A la Quina du Perou)

BIG BOTTLE  
ALL DRUGGISTS  
EVERYWHERE

102

### CRESOLENE ANTISEPTIC TABLETS

A simple and effective remedy for

### SORE THROATS AND COUGHS

They combine the germicidal value of Cresolene with the soothing properties of slippery elm and licorice. Your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps. LEMING, MILLS CO., Limited, Agents, Montreal. 401

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

struck it in once. I've come back to break out sleepers again on WIRRABOO Gully. I said I'd come back—if I got sick of it."

"We'd 'bout given you up, though," announced the storekeeper with a grin. "Reckoned you might have got married, belike, an' was kep'."

The man from WIRRABOO smiled grimly.

"No," he said, "I'm not married." Then he turned to the company with a wave of his arm. "It's my shout," he added. "Name your particular!"

And they adjourned to the bar for drinks.

That night John Rampling slept the sleep of dreams in the bark-built humpy on WIRRABOO Gully. Now and then he made a restless movement, muttering words that were unintelligible, and once he laughed aloud, as if in derision.

And the jackasses, roosting in the tall gum-trees, laughed, too, in their own weird fashion, while the howl of the dingoes on the distant hills quivered dolefully through the night.

## The Modern Stage

WITH the stage, as with everything else, the tide rises and the tide falls. History shows that the movements of nations have been like the movements of the waves. There are thinkers, in this epoch, who believe that the great republic of America is repeating, more or less exactly, the experience of the great republic of Rome. It is certain that, in the development of the arts and the adjustment of them to society, there have been alternate periods of rise and fall. In some of those arts—namely, sculpture, architecture, branches of painting, and English dramatic poetry—the supreme height of achievement was reached long ago; and now, although the tide continues to rise and to fall, it never rises as high as it once did. The English dramatic poetry of the time of Elizabeth and James I., which is the best dramatic poetry ever written, has never been equalled. There is also some reason to think that, in the art of acting, the tide reached its highest flood in the better days of Edwin Booth and Henry Irving, and that it will not again reach so high a mark. This, however, is not said in the spirit of the rueful veteran who can see no good in the present day. The immediate point is that the present day happens to be a day of theatrical decline. There has not been a time in the history of the American stage when the theatre received so much attention as it receives now, from the public and the press, and there has not been a time when the quality of its average presentments so little deserved the respect of intellect and judicious taste. That condition is due to many causes, but the actor is not to blame for it; and it ought to be declared with emphasis that condemnation of the actor for the defects of the contemporary theatre is unjust. . . . It has passed from the hands that ought to control it—the hands either of actors who love and honour their art or of men endowed with the temperament of the actor and acquainted with his art and its needs—and, almost entirely, it has fallen into the clutches of sordid, money-grubbing tradesmen, who have degraded it into a bazaar. Throughout the length and breadth of the United States speculators have captured the industry that they call "the amusement business" and have made "a corner in theatricals." A "department store" administration of the theatre, dispensing dramatic performances precisely as vendors dispense vegetables, must, necessarily, vulgarise the vocation of the actor, dispelling its glamour of romance and

making it mechanical and common.—From "Other Days" by Wm. Winter.

## A Boxful of Mint

Some one has sent me a boxful of mint,

With the smell of the dew and the green of its glint,

The dream of a spring at the foot of a hill,

A willow-oak spreading its shade o'er a rill;

A boxful of mint from the valleys of dawn,

With the breath of the blossoms of Eden thereon!

Some one has sent me a boxful of green,

With the spear-bloom all regal in purple-soft sheen;

An odour of gardens, old gardens of song,

Where roses recline and the daffodils throng:

A boxful of mint from the shores of a stream

Where barefooted Summer sits down in her dream!

Some one has sent me a whiff of the shine

And the green of the vales that are sweethearts of mine;

A glimpse of bright meadows, a gleam of sweet lane,

And a heart in the land of the lilies again:

A boxful of mint, full of dreams running over,

With lilac and rose and the honey-sweet clover!

It sits on my desk, and I see o'er its brim

The spring by the hill with the green round its rim;

The trees in their glory, the flowers in their grace,

And love in the door with a smile on her face:

A boxful of mint—and good luck to the lass

As I bruise the green joy on the brink of my glass!

—Folger McKinsey, in *Baltimore Sun*.

## Pegasus and the Links

THAT devotee of the ancient game of golf, Mr. W. Hastings Webbing of Brantford, has published an interesting poetic booklet, entitled "Fore!" consisting of highly realistic verse in praise of the game which knows no peer. There are nineteen poetic offerings at the shrine of the goddess of golf, and also nineteen pictures representing the round of eighteen holes and the glad-some, homing nineteenth.

The publication is most attractive in style and design and it is with regret that one reaches the final lay, "To the Nineteenth."

"Here's a luck to ev'ry golfer,

No matter whom he be;

No matter what his nation,

Or his views politically.

For I know that he will join me,

At that most attractive goal,

And pledge a toast in honour of

The good old 'nineteenth hole.'"

## Presenting the Bill

"Never," groaned a picture dealer the other day, "never try to argue a woman into believing that she ought to pay a bill when she thinks otherwise. I tried it this morning—presented a bill for some stuff ordered two months ago. Here was her irrefutable logic.

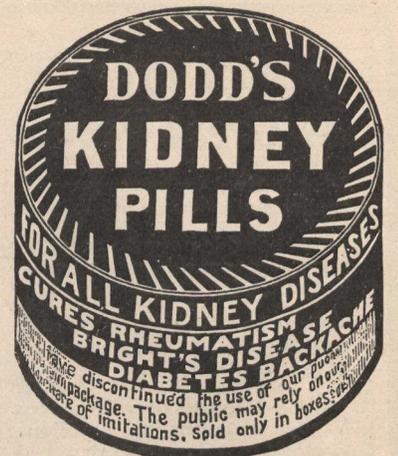
"I never ordered any pictures.

"If I did, I never got them.

"If I did, I paid for them.

"If I didn't, I must have had some good reason for it.

"And if I had, I won't pay you."



IF YOU WANT HEALTH STRENGTH VIGOR APPETITE DRINK

## Cosgrave's Ale or Cosgrave's Porter

Made from pure IRISH MALT.

Or a delicious blend of both

## Half and Half

Always Ask for COSGRAVE'S

## CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

### TORONTO HOTELS

King Edward Hotel

—Fireproof—

Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up. American and European Plans.

Palmer House

200 Rooms. \$2.00 up.

American and European.

### ONTARIO HOTELS

Caledonia Springs Hotel

(C. P. Ry.)

CALEDONIA SPRINGS, ONT.

American Plan, \$3.00 up.

Accommodation for 200 Guests.

The New Russell

OTTAWA, CANADA

250 rooms.

American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00.

European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50.

\$150,000.00 spent upon improvements.

### MONTREAL HOTELS

The Place Viger (C. P. Ry.)

American Plan, \$3.50 up.

Accommodation for 200 Guests.

### QUEBEC HOTELS

The Chateau Frontenac

(C. P. Ry.)

American Plan, \$4.00 up.

Accommodation for 450 Guests.

### MANITOBA HOTELS

The Royal Alexandra (C. P. Ry.)

WINNIPEG, MAN.

European \$2.00. American, \$4.00.

Accommodation for 600 Guests.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA HOTELS

Glacier House (C. P. Ry.)

GLACIER, B. C.

American Plan \$3.50 up.

Accommodation for 200 Guests.

Hotel Vancouver (C. P. Ry.)

VANCOUVER, B. C.

American Plan \$3.50 up.

Accommodation for 400 Guests.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

# 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.

## The Grand Trunk Railway System

Its Rail and Water Lines together will total 15,134 miles.  
In 1907 it carried 20,305,275 tons of Freight  
and 13,854,883 Passengers.

Many people fail to appreciate the commanding position that the Grand Trunk Railway System occupies among the great Railway Systems of the North American Continent. It is the Pioneer Railway of Canada and one of the earliest built and operated on this side of the Atlantic.

From a financial standpoint the Grand Trunk Railway System is the largest organization in Canada, and one of the greatest in the British Empire—the total capitalization of the Grand Trunk and its subsidiary lines being \$353,268,487. Including the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway the total capital at June 30th, 1908, was the enormous sum of \$447,898,932 for the entire Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific System of Railways.

The present total mileage of the Grand Trunk, including its subsidiary lines, is 5,300 miles, with a double track mileage of 1,035, which makes it not only the longest double track railway in Canada, but the longest continuous double track railway under one management in the world.

## Vichy Celestins

There is only one Genuine "VISHY" Water. It comes from the *Celestins* spring, which is so highly prized for its curative properties in Kidney and Bladder complaints, that the water is bottled under French Government Supervision, and sealed with a Special Label to prevent substitution.

**ASK FOR VICHY CELESTINS**

## Excursion to NEW YORK

**Thursday, December 10th**

**TEN DAY LIMIT**

**\$14.25 ROUND TRIP \$14.25**

**FROM TORONTO**

THROUGH PULLMAN, PARLOR AND SLEEPING CARS AND COACHES—FAST REGULAR THROUGH TRAINS—LEAVE BUFFALO VIA THE

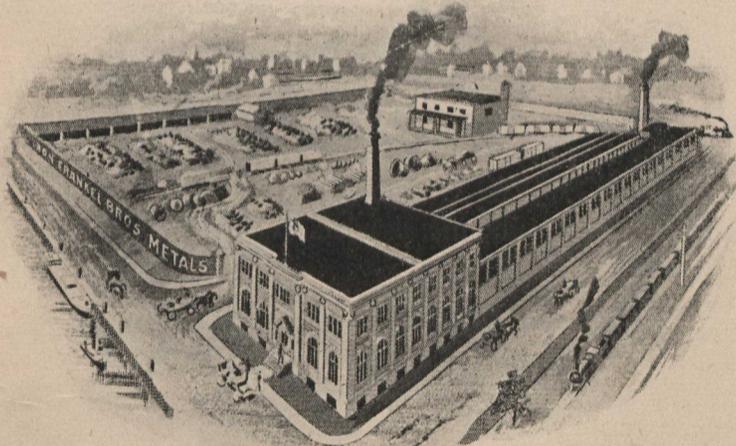
## West Shore Railroad

AT 5:20 AND 9:00 A.M., 5:20 AND 8:20 P.M.

For particulars call at City Ticket Office, 80 Yonge Street, or at the ticket offices of the Canadian Pacific or Grand Trunk Railway



"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILWAY SYSTEM"



DON RIVER COR. EASTERN AVE

# FRANKEL BROTHERS TORONTO — MONTREAL METALS

OUR NEW PREMISES ARE THE LARGEST IN CANADA  
— WE COVER AN AREA OF 250,000 SQUARE FEET —

## DO YOU HEAR WELL?

**The ELECTROPHONE**—A new, scientific and practical invention for those who are deaf or partially deaf—may now be **Tested in Your Own Home**. Deaf or partially deaf people may now make a month's trial of the Electrophone on payment of a small deposit. This is unusually important news for the deaf, for by this plan the final selection of the one completely satisfactory hearing aid is made easy and inexpensive for everyone.

This new invention renders unnecessary such clumsy, unsightly and frequently harmful devices, as trumpets, horns, tubes, ear-drums, fans, etc. It is a tiny electric telephone that fits on the ear, and which, the instant it is applied magnifies the sound waves in such a manner as to cause an astonishing increase in the clearness of all sounds. It overcomes the buzzing and roaring ear noises, and also so constantly and electrically exercises the vital parts of the ear that usually the natural unaided hearing itself is gradually restored.



### WHAT ONE OF OUR PATRONS SAYS:

Toronto, October 23rd, 1908.  
The Brand Electro Ozone, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.  
Dear Sirs: I am very happy to inform you that the Electrophone which I purchased from you five months ago has been of such service to me, that since then I may say I have been living in a new world. I have been afflicted with catarrhal deafness for over 20 years, and for the last two years I could not hear even the sound of a piano, but directly I put the Electrophone to my ear I can both hear and enjoy conversation, music, etc. I find also an improvement in my natural hearing during the short time I have used it. It is truly a God-send to me, and I can highly recommend the Electrophone to all who are suffering from the greatest of all afflictions—deafness.

Please make use my name in connection with the instrument at any time, I am, yours faithfully,  
31 Euclid Ave., Toronto.

MRS. M. LAURIE

"Electrophone" in use

Write for Illustrated Booklet. It's Free.

**The Brand Electro Ozone, Limited**

834 SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO



# THE THERMOS BOTTLE

☐ NO MORE USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENT CAN BE FOUND THAN THERMOS. It has the added charm of novelty and beauty.

☐ EQUALLY NECESSARY FOR BABY, MOTHER, FATHER, FRIEND OR SWEETHEART. KEEPS BABY'S MILK HOT AND SWEET 24 HOURS. For the invalid it is indispensable—hot or cold nourishment at the bedside at all hours of the day or night. For the sportsman THERMOS is invaluable. THERMOS BOTTLES are useful the year round. Indoors and outdoors, in Winter and in Summer, it has a thousand uses.

☐ THERMOS KEEPS LIQUIDS HOT 24 HOURS WITHOUT FIRE. THE SAME BOTTLE KEEPS CONTENTS ICE COLD 3 DAYS WITHOUT ICE. Filled, cleaned and emptied the same as any ordinary bottle. No chemicals used.

☐ THERMOS consists of two glass bottles one inside the other. The air is removed from the space between these bottles, forming a vacuum. Heat cannot pass through a vacuum, and that is the principle of Thermos.

☐ THERMOS comes in black metal, in nickel, in silver and covered with finest leathers. Leather traveling cases holding from one to four THERMOS BOTTLES may also be had.

☐ If your dealer cannot supply you send your order direct to us at once before the Holiday rush begins.

PINTS \$3.50

QUARTS \$5.50

**THE CHRISTMAS GIFT WITHOUT A PEER—THE THERMOS BOTTLE**

**CANADIAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY, Limited, Montreal, Que.**