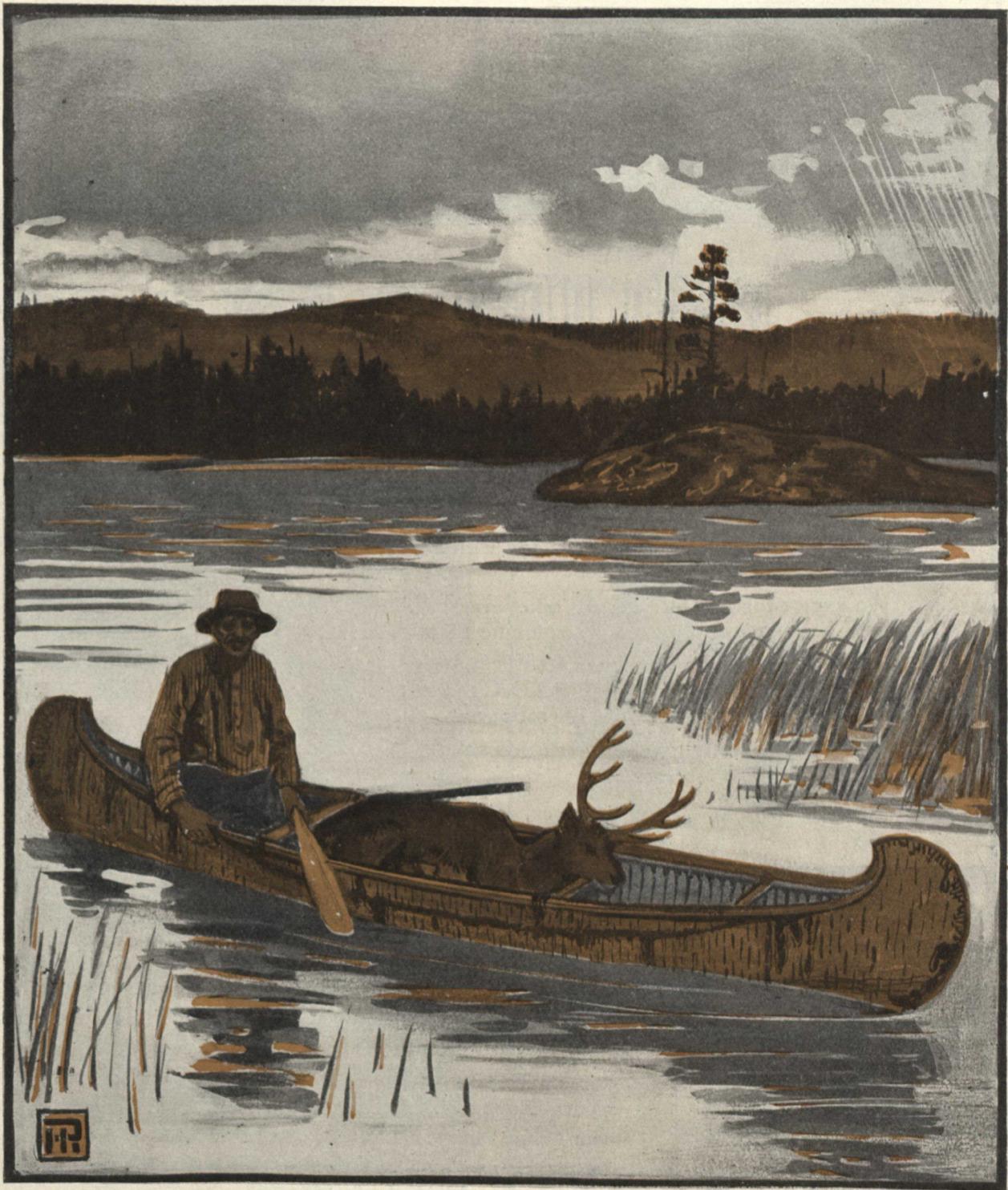


The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.
COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO.



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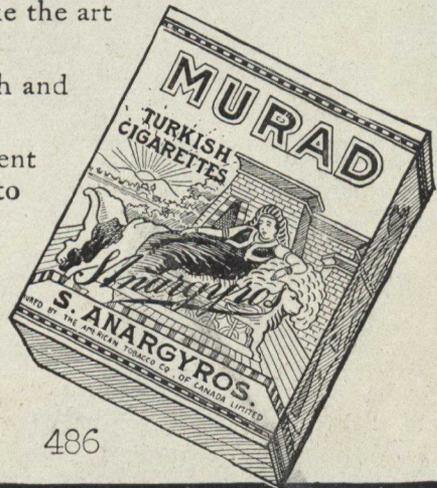
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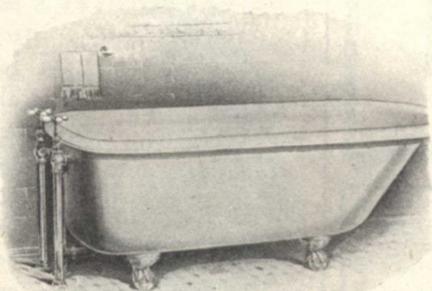
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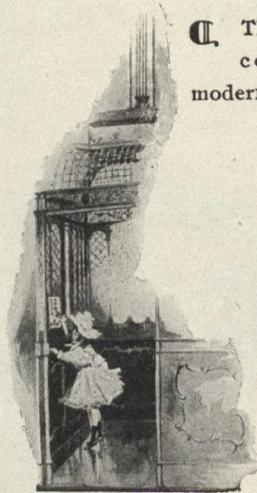
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Editor's Talk

GREAT preparations are in progress for the enlarged **COURIER** which is to appear during the first week of December. Leading Canadian artists are working on cover designs, cartoons, illustrations and ornamentations. Arrangements for a fuller supply of news pictures and interesting photographs are being perfected. Articles from prominent publicists and writers are under way. A new serial story has been secured, and a large number of short stories are being booked. The enlarged page will give a great deal more space for reading matter and illustration.

The privilege of renewing their subscription at the old rate is appreciated judging by results. Several enthusiastic and far-sighted readers have paid for two years in advance. This privilege will be giving only during November. New subscribers must from the first of this month pay the new rate. The special privileges of the month extend only to old subscribers.

Any person desiring to exchange his unbound copies of Vol. II for a bound volume may do so at the end of this month by the payment of one dollar and transportation charges.



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

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A National Weekly

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Vol. II

Toronto, November 2nd, 1907

No. 23

Topics of the Day

CANADA should not get scared. The only possible cause of disaster at the present time is a lack of confidence. There is no reason why there should be any mistrust as to the future. There are a dozen good reasons why confidence and industrial activity should be maintained.

Of course people will start nasty rumours. Last week one emanated from Montreal to the effect that the C.P.R. car-building establishment, known as the Angus shops, would be shut down and thousands of men discharged. It was promptly denied by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, but nevertheless the report went all over the country. During the summer there was much rush work in order to prepare for the fall grain movement. It is natural that there should not be so much rush now, especially as the crop is light.

Several such reports have been going about Toronto, and are equally unreliable. No doubt there are similar rumours in other cities. It behooves Canadians to keep a sane mind and not to be stampeded by fanciful rumours and by vague apprehensions of coming calamities.



Hon. Adelard Turgeon.

For some time past, the "Canadian Courier" has been discussing the wage problem and expressing its belief that wages were now at a high level. If workmen are wise, they will increase their savings accounts as fast as possible. The year 1907 has been their great year. Their labour has brought them rewards which cannot always continue. The farmers have their off years; so have the shippers, the railway companies, the manufacturers and the financiers. The wage-earner is bound to

have his. It may come in 1908, and it may not. In any case, he would do well to lay by a little from his present large earnings.

The industrial situation is summed up in this phrase, plenty of orders but not enough capital. Seventy-five per cent. of the Canadian factories are still over-loaded with orders. Their business in 1907 is greater than in 1906. Increased business means increased capital, but the present shortage can be but temporary. The man with money can get greater rewards to-day than at any time during the past ten years.

If the present stringency of money lessens our buying abroad, it will be a welcome result. Canada has been buying nearly twice as much as she has been selling.

If the bankers have their way—and they usually do—the brokers are to buy stocks only for their cash customers. Further, the farmers are to pay their debts in cash this year instead of time notes. The medicine may not be pleasant, but it will probably tone up our financial system.

The story of a shipment of chairs from an Ontario

town to Australia is going about. The chairs are worth about 70 cents each. When they were shipped the Australian tariff was a reasonable one, but before they get there the tariff will have been raised to seven shillings each. It looks as if Australia was anxious to buy Canadian goods!

The Ontario officials announce that the number of immigrants from Great Britain to settle in the Province is less this year than last. Those who came out this season were mostly mechanics and averse to farm work. They tried to get work in the cities and towns and failing to get it many of them went to the United States. Some went West and afterwards returned to Ontario.

A shipowner tells of some able-bodied chaps who applied at his boat, which lay in the harbour at Toronto, for something to eat. He offered them work at thirty cents an hour. They wanted fifty, and would not take less. They preferred semi-starvation to honest labour.

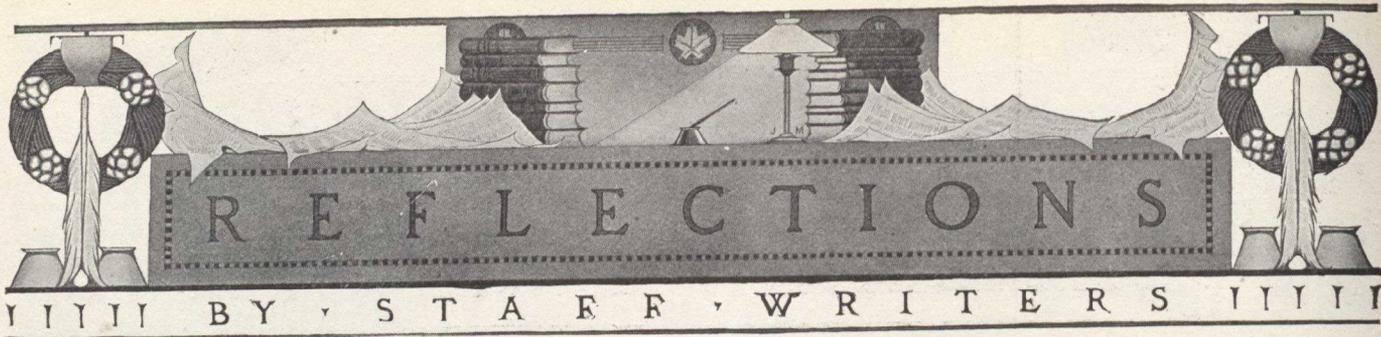
Canada has the "running" fever. Every athlete is learning to run, from boys of twelve up. This is the Longboat period.

Down in Halifax they had a race for the supremacy of the Maritime Provinces, over a ten-mile course. Eighty-five men were expected to compete, including runners from Lunenburg, Truro, New Glasgow, Windsor, Sydney, Sackville, Moncton, St. John and Charlottetown.

It is estimated that Lord Strathcona's stock holdings have shrunk in value about 25 million dollars during the present slump. He is a heavy holder of Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Canadian Pacific and Hudson's Bay. Nevertheless his income from the holdings in 1907 will be larger than ever before, since three of these are paying larger dividends. It is probable that his Lordship is not worrying since he does not carry his stocks on margin. He has recently given ten thousand pounds towards supplying every school in Canada with a Nelson shield made from the copper of Nelson's flagships.

The decline in the value of Hudson's Bay shares is attributed to the fact that land sales this year are low. Owing to the scarcity of money, many speculative holders of Western lands sold at reduced prices. Hence the richer holders, such as the Hudson's Bay Company, deemed it best to keep their lands until a more favourable opportunity.

Quebec is having a merry political battle, with Mr. Henri Bourassa and the "nationaliste" party aiding the local Opposition. Mr. Turgeon and Mr. Bourassa are having a royal fight in Bellechasse, Mr. Turgeon having gallantly resigned to give Mr. Bourassa a chance to prove his assertions before the constituents which Mr. Turgeon represents. This is the beginning of what promises to be a merry campaign.



REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

A PAPER on Public Ownership, read before the recent meeting of the Union of Canadian Municipalities, contains the following unique sentences:

"Private ownership of utilities is largely, if not entirely, responsible for the existing corruption in public life; public ownership would tend to the purification of politics and the elimination of graft."

**EXTREME
VIEWS ON P. O.**

Everyone interested in the purity of public life must necessarily be made to pause by such a statement. If it be true, then we should advocate public ownership. This may be advisable even if we are not theoretically certain as to the wisdom of preferring public operation to private operation. The decision rests upon the truth of the statement made by the representative of the Public Ownership League who read the paper.

The greatest talk about graft is coming just now from the Ottawa Opposition. And whence their charges? Do they not wholly concern the administration of public property along public ownership lines? They involve the public ownership of the Intercolonial Railway, the marine fleet, and the crown domain. Has any person arisen to say that any part of the corruption and graft—if there are any—is due to any other cause than bad administration of public trusts? Very little if any is charged to private corporations—nothing more than a vague insinuation that, like private individuals, they sometimes contribute to campaign funds. When we investigate further and enquire into municipal administration, are there any cases where it has been proved that any corporation or private owner of a public utility has corrupted a city? Is there any evidence, for example, that any street railway corporation in any city in Canada attempts to control or corrupt the city council?

The truth is that the question between public and private ownership has little to do with corruption or graft, which is a question of men and morals, rather than of systems. There is little corruption or graft in Canada because public opinion holds most men to correct principles; there is more in the United States because public opinion does not prescribe so high a standard, especially in state and municipal government. Such a statement as that sent out by the P. O. League and quoted above, is a libel on the country and at the same time wonderfully absurd.

Public ownership, without public operation, has done fairly well in Canada. For example, the Montreal Street Railway Co., during the year ending September 30th, 1907, has paid percentages to the city amounting to \$214,840. The Toronto Street Railway will pay the municipality nearly double that amount this year. On the other hand, public ownership, with public operation, has worked badly sometimes, as in the case of the Intercolonial; it has worked fairly well in other cases, for example, the successful operation of the waterworks system in Toronto and other cities.

Public ownership and operation in some United States cities has worked ill, resulting in corruption, graft and inadequate service. For example, previous to 1897, Philadelphia had a municipal gas-plant which was run at a loss and which bred the "gas ring." In that year it was turned over to a company, which has since improved the quality of the gas, and gives percentages, street lighting and other benefits to the city estimated

to be worth about two million dollars annually. This is a case where private ownership lessened corruption, abolished graft, and gave improved service and better financial results.

The evidence varies from city to city, from country to country, but it is quite evident that neither public ownership nor private ownership is responsible for corruption and graft. According to the power and force of public opinion, corruption is present or absent.

COMMUNITIES must learn lessons as well as individuals, and some rather striking truths are being pressed upon the public of to-day. The first of these is that people who do business on borrowed capital and credit must suffer inconvenience at times when the lender ceases to lend and credits are hard to obtain.

**LESSONS
OF TO-DAY**

Bankers and capitalists find that they have over-lent and that the new money they have to put out is taken up greedily at unusually high rates. Those who extend credits have got nervous and are limiting their transactions. In such a situation, there must be retrenchment by business men who are in the habit of utilizing loans and credits. Those who have been building factories and warehouses and railways have ceased their building for a time—they cannot get more loans or credits. Those who are buying and selling vast quantities of merchandise, raw material and foodstuffs are limiting their purchases and their sales, because they find it is difficult to discount their paper and to draw against their shipments. The speculators in stocks and real estate find few purchasers and many sellers, hence the price of speculative stocks and real-estate has been tumbling and crumbling. This in turn hits the speculator because he always works on borrowed capital.

The next lesson is that prices of stock certificates may be high or low without any appreciable effect on their dividend paying power. It is only when dividends are cut that the stockholder is affected. Since the first of the year American listed stocks have declined about three billion dollars, but this really means nothing. If dividends remain the same, the public's income is not affected. It does not matter whether C.P.R. stock is at 100 or 200, if the dividend remains unchanged. On the other hand when the directors of Amalgamated Copper cut down their dividend from eight to four per cent., they cut down the distributed earnings from twelve to six millions of dollars. That was a real loss. The stockholders will have only six million a year to spend instead of twelve. When the Detroit United passed its dividend there was another real loss. It is only when dividends are passed or reduced, however, that there is anxiety. Canadians who hold good Canadian stocks can afford to forget that there is such a place as the stock market. So long as the dividend cheques come along regularly the community will suffer very little by the temporary slump in quotations.

As dividends have been reduced only in a few cases, and as the limiting of credit will eliminate speculation, the situation is not without hope. Confidence will return when the lessons are well learned and when the weak spots in our economic fabric have all been carefully examined. Progress and expansion are not yet relegated to history and this temporary fit of blues will soon

pass. The genuine and worthy business or investment will look all the better when the dark cloud of suspicion has passed away.

THE Ontario Sunday School Convention, recently held in the town of Brampton, was of a size and spirit which showed that interest in this form of religious activity is not waning. In the course of an address on "Misdirected Childhood,"

THE END OF IDLENESS

Dr. Gilmour, Warden of the Central Prison, made the significant remark that not one time in fifty does a young man come to the Central Prison who has spent his early days in learning a trade. It is characteristic of modern methods that Sunday School workers, anxious to set children on the right path, should seek to know of crime prevention from an official who is a thorough student of penology. Industry, as a preventive or a corrective measure, has not been properly valued in the past. The little couplet by Dr. Watts regarding idleness being Satan's opportunity has afforded material for parody and platitude. But it is most drearily true, as many a well-meaning idler finally discovers. The pride of craft which comes from the mastery of a trade is one of the great forces which make for a community's well-being. Even drudgery may be better than the loafdom which leads to the prison. "The Man with the Hoe" is not a pleasant painting and it called forth one of the most wailful poems of modern times. But it is more cheerful than the depiction of the man in convict's uniform, performing a task from which he might have been saved by a knowledge of an honest trade. "Watch and work" may be as good a motto—certainly Carlyle would have deemed it so—as the older admonition. Certainly, the joy which thrills through "MacAndrew's Hymn"—the pride of the engineer who has made a good run, is the most ancient pride in the world, going back to the days when creation was all very good. Therefore—a good trade by all means—and a rush order of white gloves for the judges!

SEVERAL observers of the Canadian press have commented mournfully on the fact that a humorous weekly does not seem to thrive on our soil. There are pleasant memories of "Grip" and also of the

THE MATTER OF HUMOUR

"Moon" which shed a brief but silvery light on social and political affairs. But most Canadians rely on the funny column of the daily papers, or upon a glimpse of the English "Punch" or New York "Life" for the lighter side of literature and affairs. In fact, the Canadian is rather afraid of a joke and, like the man of whom Ian MacLaren told us, "takes it into his consideration." Sir John Macdonald remains—traditional of the most genial of our statesmen who smiled his way out of many a difficulty and used epigram where argument was of little avail. We seem to have imported the fashion of sneering at English humour and treating "Punch" as if it were no joke. While one may admit the superiority of New York paper, type and halftones, it may be questioned whether any witticism attempted on this side of the Atlantic will be quoted as long or as often as "Punch's" monosyllabic advice to those about to marry. What cartoon, which has lived its little hour in North America, has so etched itself upon the public sympathy as Sir John Tenniel's "Dropping the Pilot?" The United States citizen professes to be unable to find a joke in "Punch" but insists on explaining those of "Judge" to the Englishman who sees but smiles not. Could anything be funnier than the yarn recently published in some Canadian papers to the effect that Mr. Kipling came to spy out Western Canada and its Oriental situation, on behalf of the British Government. Yet some wise journals seriously discussed the matter and would probably be capable of believing that Mr.

Winston Churchill has been appointed Mr. Arthur Balfour's literary executor.

There is one form of humour in which "Punch" excels any of its New York contemporaries. There are no such delightful bits of naive, childish repartee on the Western side of the Atlantic as may be found in the English weekly. "Smart" children there are, ad nauseam, in the American publications, of whom the crowning offender is that horrid little vulgarian, "Buster Brown." But the unconscious finality of youthful judgment, such as may be found in Tommie's declaration to the district visitor that Willie, aged three, is a teetotaler, may be found in "Punch" alone. Wherefore, let the Canadian editor occasionally divert the course of his scissors in the direction of this department of the British constitution.

DURING the trying days of the past four weeks not a Canadian head has fallen into the basket. Loan companies, trust companies, banks and brokers in New York, Pittsburg and other United States cities have fallen under the guillotine of "lack of public confidence." In Canada there has not been a victim. We sympathise with our neighbours, but they will excuse us for remarking that we are not as given to panics as they are—mainly perhaps because we are not doing business on such a large scale.

The Canadian banking system, if more a monopoly than the United States system, gives greater solidarity and solidity. It stands so firm in public opinion that there was not the slightest suspicion in the mind even of the most timid that any Canadian bank would follow the lead of the New York institutions and close its doors even temporarily. During the present year, the Canadian bankers have been extremely cautious, too cautious many people would say. Their cautiousness has in considerable measure been justified by events and results. They took only one unnecessary risk and that was sending money to New York to be used on "call loans." Fortunately the money was not needed here, so the riskiness of the procedure may still be a matter of argument. Aside from the debatable feature, the Canadian bankers are to be congratulated upon the measure of justifiable public confidence which has been extended to them.

THE amazing thing about practical politics is that those tactics which are approved by the practical politician almost always appear to the average man utterly unwise. How explain, for example, the silence

PRACTICAL POLITICS

which our federal ministers are so careful to preserve. In the few speeches they deliver they confine themselves, as a rule, to charges of corruption against their opponents and to vague references to public affairs. Nor is it that matters of real interest are lacking. Can no one outline the work of a great department, and its possibilities? Are there any new plans for the management of the Intercolonial? Has the Government ever heard of the demand for Civil Service Reform? Apparently not a single Minister has studied the English Civil Service system, or if he has he has not come to any conclusions which he can safely make public. If we have not many other and larger issues than these the Ministers are themselves to blame. They do not want live issues. In opposition a politician may express some ideas with a measure of freedom, in power he must rule his office-clerks and maintain a discreet silence. Least said, soonest mended. He does not want the people informed and educated politically. In all this he seems to the average man to be greatly mistaken even from a selfish standpoint. Only the other day Sir Wilfrid Laurier spoke out clearly in Toronto on some aspects of national policy, and every Canadian, whether he agreed with the speaker or not, commended his candour. Politically speaking, Sir Wilfrid gained friends.

Through a Monocle

OUR young friend, "Charley" Tupper—a mere boy of about fifty—has been nominated for Pictou, N.S. If he is elected, this will restore to the distraught Conservative party a leader who can lead. It will not be necessary for him to crowd Mr. Borden out of the seat which he evidently finds so comfortable; but it will be quite sufficient for him to push ahead in his Tupperesque manner and let Mr. Borden do as he likes about keeping up with the procession. Tupper, junior, is a fighter. He believes that the way to win battles is to hit out. At this season of the year, I will be understood if I say that he learned his political tactics on the Rugby foot-ball field when he was a young man. He holds no spite against his opponents. He does not even dislike them. Most of them are, in his opinion, pretty good fellows—always barring Senator McMullen. But, while the game is on, he plays it with all his might; and never at any moment mistakes a scrimmage for a five o'clock tea." He is one of the men who enjoys a political set-to; and is never happier than when in the midst of it.

* * *

Our much younger friend, Mr. Henri Bourassa, has resigned his seat in the Commons to oppose the re-election of Mr. Turgeon, Premier Gouin's right-hand man, in Bellechasse, Que. Henri also loves a ruction. And it looks this time as if he had provided himself with about all the ruction that he can digest. His acceptance of the nomination to oppose Mr. Turgeon was only the logical outcome of the policy he has been pursuing in Quebec for months past. In fact, it looks at this writing as if Mr. Turgeon had manoeuvred him into a desperate position, with his back against the wall, by a pretty fine line of tactics. Ever since the Asselin charges, Mr. Turgeon has been in an attitude which tempted attack; and Mr. Bourassa has yielded freely to the temptation. The result is that when Turgeon suddenly executed a flank movement by throwing down the guage of battle in the form of a resignation of his seat, and dared Bourassa to pick it up, the knight errant from Labelle had little choice. What it means to fight a Minister of the Crown in a strong Government, on his own barn-yard mound, most people will understand.

* * *

Still it is this young blood which loves a battle that makes the sordid and prosaic business of politics interesting. If we were all as grave as a statesman thinks he ought to be, or as sordid as a mercenary knows he ought not to be, politics would be a pretty discouraging affair. It would be either dull or dirty. But when we see a man step into the arena who would rather fight and lose than not fight at all—a modern edition of Sir Nigel Loring—our spirits pluck up, and we begin to feel that at all events we can get the inspiration of honest combat out of politics, even if there be no other inspiration to be drawn from the simmering pool. Life cannot be all Peace Conferences and love feasts. It would not be wholesome. Man is a fighting animal; and it is only because he has always fought against hostile environment that he is here to-day to fight again. With such a history of conflict behind us, it would be passing strange if we did not still love fighting and welcome with a passion of admiration a good fighter.

* * *

Talking of fighting, however, we have been getting down to the primal passions recently in connection with

the stock exchanges. There we have been fighting for life. Not all of us, of course; for many a man fancies that it does not matter to him whether stocks rise or fall. And it doesn't, if they do their rising and falling within customary limits. But when they begin to drop down into the wheels of industry and to clog up the rivers of financial circulation, they touch the life of every man and make it more or less harder to live. It is the men who are in the fray, however, who get the excitement of the fighting. Unfortunately that is not all that some of them get. We have seen men during these past weeks close to the raven of beasts. So much was at stake that they had no time left to be civilised.

* * *

The mischief in the stock market is made by the man who buys what he cannot pay for. He buys with the expectation of borrowing a good deal of the purchase price; and, when he cannot borrow, he must sell again. This would be all right if other men were not in the same position; and he presently finds that there is no one to whom to sell. Then he must give away his stock for what he can get for it; and prices come crashing down. This begets general uneasiness, and even such buying as might go on stops; and presently we see people beginning to distrust the banks and withdraw their deposits. It is human instinct to get your property and bury it when peril looks over the edge of the world. All this gives us an object lesson in the large part that trust plays in modern business. Without mutual trust, we should be back to the financial system of the flint age. Destroy that trust; and we all start back in the flint age direction. A stock market panic throws a light down into the abyss out of which we have climbed.

The Halifax "Herald" was most unkind when it awarded third prize to the following Limerick:

There was a young man of Gazoot,
A Canadian militia recruit,
His Ross rifle one day
In disgust threw away:
He wanted a gun that would shoot.



New Y.M.C.A. Building, Orillia, opened by His Honour, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

The Story of the Week

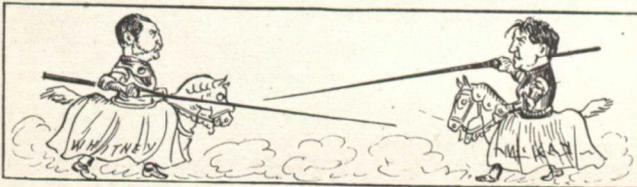
IN BLACK AND WHITE



The Good Samaritan in Wall Street.



Discharging a Workman.



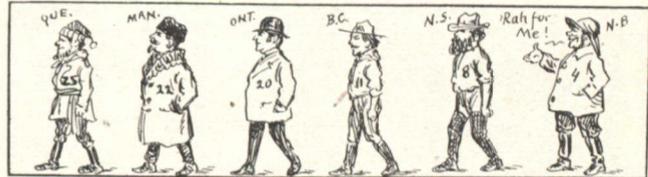
The Tourney in Ontario.



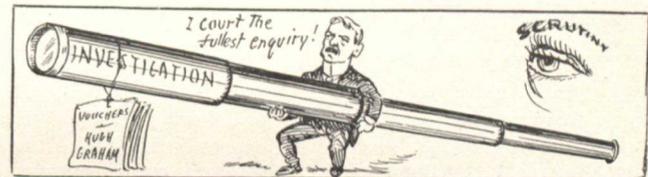
A new style of French Duel—a chase for the Belle.



View of the political situation in Halifax—so far as it is visible.



In the order of the millions of their debts.



Conscious innocence is unafraid.

SCENES AT THE VARSITY-McGILL MATCH, OCTOBER 26th.



This match which was played in Toronto, was won by Varsity by a small margin. The teams were fairly evenly matched and the play was of fairly good quality.

Photographs by Gleason, Toronto.

A Shocking Railway Accident in England



Early in the morning of October 15th, owing to the darkness and rain, an engineer lost his bearings and failed to slow up for a sharp curve at the entrance to Shrewsbury Station. He and his fireman were killed, and the real reason for the accident will never be known. The accident was very similar to that at Salisbury last year, when several Canadians were killed. The signalman who saw the accident declares the train was travelling too fast. The leading corridor carriage was piled up on the engine, and the whole sixteen carriages were smashed to pieces. Nineteen persons were killed and more than thirty wounded.

Photograph by Topical Press.

Lusitania

The name Lusitania is now heard frequently, but not many can tell where this district is, or rather where it was, after which the mightiest passenger ship of modern times has been called. The Emperor Augustus divided the whole Iberian Peninsula—which the soldiers of Wellington simply knew as the "Peninsula"—into three provinces, one of them being Lusitania, corresponding almost exactly with the present kingdom of Portugal. Concerning the connection of Columbus and Portugal, and the fact that this kingdom produced so many daring sailors, including "Henry the Navigator," it is a happy

circumstance that the greatest marvel of ship construction should have been called by that country's Roman name.

The original New England was on the Pacific, and not on the Atlantic coast. When Sir Francis Drake landed on American shores in 1779, he took possession of the country for Queen Elizabeth, calling it "Nova Albion," meaning New England. The States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Maine, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Vermont have, therefore, appropriated the name which should belong to California.

The Drilling of Young Canada



All the leading boys' schools and many collegiate institutes now have cadet corps. One of the most picturesque of these is that of St. Andrews' College, Toronto, and this photograph shows them being inspected by His Excellency, Lord Grey.

Photograph by Pringle & Booth.

The Problem of Empire

THIRD PAPER

By E. J. KYLIE

THESE remain two aspects of this problem to be considered, British Preference and Imperial Defence. We all remember how, a few years ago, the Liberal party in Canada gave a preference to British goods, thereby effacing the brand of disloyalty which the Conservatives had burned upon it long before, and affording Great Britain an opportunity to offer similar treatment. For a time it was thought in England that a great field would be opened in the colonies for British manufactures. Mr. Chamberlain seems to have cherished this opinion, if we are to judge by his Glasgow speech. The colonies would be content to supply the good and raw material for the great workshop of the Empire. Of course the conception, though genuinely imperial, was mistaken, as everyone now recognises.

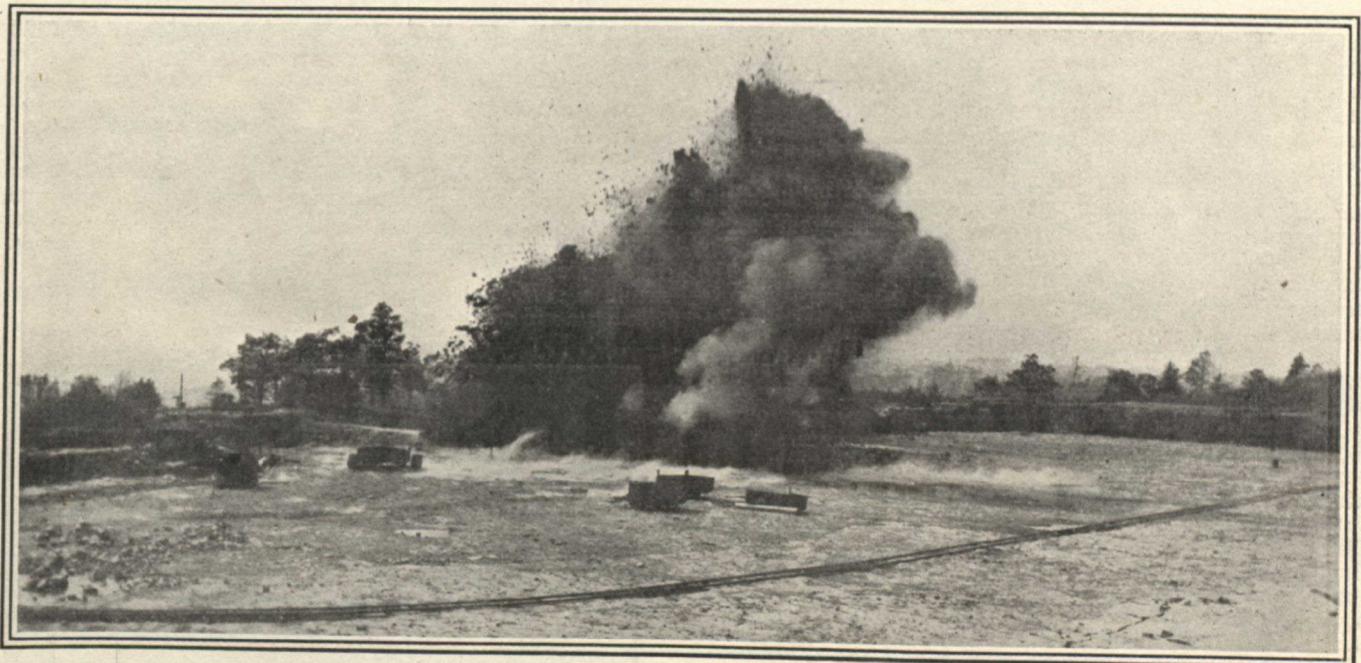
Our manufacturers seek sufficient protection in order that they may build up home industries and may thereby render the highest service to the Empire. But they will not be sacrificed. They urge, however, that over and above the articles manufactured by them there will always be vast imports into the country; Canada might as well make these purchases from Great Britain as from Germany or the United States. This is perfectly true, and is sufficient reason for our retaining the preference. Certainly the slight reduction in the tariff will benefit consumers. Hence where preference injures neither our manufacturers nor consumers, we cannot ask a return from Great Britain on the ground that we are making a sacrifice. That would not be a very dignified, or indeed an honest plea. We should not allow ourselves to be represented in English papers as having made some demand upon, or asked some boon from the mother country. Surely there is no general indignation felt throughout Canada because England does not enter into a special trade arrangement with us. The fact is that Great Britain will have to adopt a preference, only if she fully believes it to be in her own best interests.

Whether such a step would be of advantage is, of course, an open question, and will be much disputed before another election. The Free Trader puts the case thus: A preference will be of no value to the Canadian farmer, unless he gets a higher price for his wheat, for at present he can sell what he produces. If he gets a higher price, then bread will be dearer in England, the cost of labour will rise and British manufacturers will be further handicapped in the foreign field.

Home preference will create the very evil which protection is meant to remedy. The preferentialist urges, on the other hand, that even though prices should not rise, the colonial farmer would take the foreigner's place in the British market. Trade will be furthered in consequence between the various parts of the empire, with a resulting advance to a better understanding. Just as a protective tariff holds remote and widely different districts both in Canada and in the United States together against the world, so a tariff-wall will unite the Empire. Should, perchance, prices rise in England, then the English farmer would find some profit from his agriculture, and increasing national security would safeguard the manufacturer. Such is the general drift of the argument, though at times it ranges further afield. It is urged, for example, that England could not accept the various demands of the colonies without hampering her foreign trade and shipping, and creating thereby at home an anti-colonial party. Furthermore, any restriction of markets would hamper the liberty of the colonies to sell and buy where they will. Should England take all our grain, the United States would probably at once develop markets in the East and thereby make up any loss in a field upon which Canadians are most desirous of entering. But the whole discussion simply proves that while we should gladly accept anything likely to assist our agriculture, we must leave England free to judge of her own concerns. Precisely this liberty of action, we claim in all imperial affairs. In this connection the "Spectator" quoted aptly the prophecy of Robert Lowe that just as English colonies had been lost because of England's attempt to tax them, so the Empire would go some day because of the colonies' desire to tax the mother country.

Many who feel no loss of dignity in asking a preference from England maintain with real concern that we are not doing our duty in the matter of Imperial Defence. But it is idle to overlook the deep-rooted affection of our people for peace. They have not known the danger of immediate attack, and are for the moment taken up with material pursuits. We know how our workmen would regard a distinct soldier-class. Of course this is not all gain, the discipline of military service might strengthen the average citizen and bring him to understand his fellow-Canadians. A city crowd still feels a stir of the blood and impulse to quick vigorous

DYNAMITE AND THE STONE QUARRY



This photograph shows the effect produced by a dynamite blast of 2000 pounds weight put off in the stone quarry of Doolittle & Wilcox, Dundas. It took two steam drills 22 days to drill the holes, and it required two men two and a half days to load them. The estimated weight of rock blasted was 6000 tons.

Photograph by G. E. Thompson, Hamilton.

movement at the sight of a martial parade. The call of duty to the action is often the strongest incentive to the individual. But when all is said the truth remains that in a vague way the new world is striving towards peace. It is the hope of many that some great American will unite the whole continent on terms of perpetual friendship. Certainly can we preserve our manhood and husband our resources we shall be strong in any crisis. For the moment there will be no money spent on elaborate military preparations. We can only, in concession to the habit and practice of the time, provide a simple military training for our growing men, and do the necessary policing of our coasts with quiet efficiency. A great navy we shall probably never have. This may well be a matter for regret, for a navy undoubtedly constitutes a force at once cosmopolitan in character, and bracing to the national life. But too many of our people dwell far from the sea. Yet to those who have their homes on or near the coasts, careers should be open in the imperial navy.

Our further obligations to Great Britain we can meet apparently in only one way, by setting aside a fund in

our treasury labelled "The Imperial Defence Fund." Great Britain and foreign powers should be made aware of its existence, and in any emergency the Canadian Parliament should decide how far to draw upon it for contributions to the imperial navy. The colonies apart, Great Britain will be building ships to maintain the present predominance: it will aid her greatly to have financial resources at her call. We should be saved from the task of building up and controlling a separate navy, which for the moment we seem scarcely ready to undertake, and yet we should control our grants of money and our own policy. If it be urged that such a fund could not be kept from our politicians, the answer is that after all our representatives must yield to the popular will when clearly expressed. Such a solution as this can only be a tentative one, but it does assist us toward fulfilling our duty and at the same time maintaining our freedom of action. These must be the two broad features of our policy, whatever solution we find for the problem of Empire, whether, that is to say, we are to arrive at national independence, or choose to take some place in an imperial scheme.

Panics in the United States

SOME INTERESTING FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL HISTORY

THE Anglo-Saxon seems prone to panics. In Great Britain they occur regularly. There were panics in 1816, 1825, 1837, 1847, 1857, 1866 and 1873, and in each case there were many victims. Among the larger countries of Europe, France is distinguished for her lack of panics. The Frenchman is very little addicted to going in debt, is not inclined to speculate and is given to hoarding his gains. He gets rich slowly, but he seldom has a panic.

Like Great Britain and Germany, the United States has had its share of panics. Three of these stand out very distinctly, those of 1837, 1857 and 1873. Each was preceded by a very prosperous period and each was due to over-speculation of one kind or another.

In the panic of 1837, the stock market played a small part because it was a small institution. Real estate and merchandise had advanced in value tremendously. One day the Government demanded that the banks pay their government debts in coin. The Bank of England refused to accept United States commercial paper. Money became scarce, the banks refused to discount, the merchants withdrew their deposits and on the 10th of May practically all the New York banks suspended. A few days later, the country banks did likewise, and ruin stared many people in the face. Ultimately confidence was restored.

In 1857, the stock market played a large part, but the trouble was caused mainly by excessive importations of foreign goods and by the too rapid construction of railways with borrowed capital. The situation was rendered worse by a partial crop failure. Money became scarce and it was impossible to negotiate paper. The results were much the same as in 1837. In October, the New York City banks suspended specie payment, and stocks and bonds fell fifty per cent. in a few days. New York Central sold at 48, Illinois Central, Michigan Central and Rock Island at about 30. The Michigan Southern Railway sold a ten per cent. guaranteed stock at 50. Gold currency was practically unobtainable. The Government placed all their legal tender reserve at the service of the banks, and in December they were able to resume.

In 1873 came the worst crisis that the United States has ever known. This was largely due to the unduly rapid development of the railway interest as in 1857. It has been estimated that for several years previous to 1873, four hundred to five hundred millions annually had gone into the building and equipping of railways. At least four-fifths of this was raised by the sale of bonds abroad, and the remainder by temporary loans at home. The latter came to be enormous. Money grew scarce. Europe had no more money to buy bonds. Railway paper went to protest in August. Wheat began to move in September and absorbed more money. The crisis came on September 17th, 18th and 19th when the Canada Southern, the Northern Pacific and the Chesapeake and Ohio were forced to suspend along with their bankers, Robinson-Cox & Co., Jay Cook & Co. and Fish & Hatch. The next disaster was the failure of the failure of the Union Trust Co. Within a few days, stocks fell from twenty-five to fifty per cent. On the

23rd, Henry Clews & Co. failed. Thirty-five stock exchange firms were suspended and the Exchange was closed from September 22nd to 30th.

The United States Government endeavoured to relieve the situation by buying twelve million dollars' worth of United States bonds, but the people hid the money and the banks gained not a whit. Finally the banks refused to pay out green-backs. The city of Chicago issued shinplasters at five and ten dollars each to relieve the situation there. There was apparently no money in sight.

When the stock exchange re-opened on the 30th, men from all over the United States and Canada gathered in New York with pockets full of money to buy bargain stocks, and slowly but surely the money got into circulation once more. The saving of the situation was mainly due to this feature, and to the issuing of twenty-two millions of clearing-house certificates which enabled the banks to do business with each other without the use of the regular currency.

This crisis of 1873 was followed by three years of "hard times" and the country was very slow in making recovery. It is estimated that railway bonds to the value of eight hundred millions of dollars were in default at that time, of which two hundred millions were in default before the panic in September, 1873.

A Blizzard at Cape Breton

THE blizzard which swept over Nova Scotia last week sent three schooners ashore on the Cape Breton coast, one of which will become a total wreck. The "Francois Reve," the "Beulah" and a third of unknown name were all in dangerous plight but no lives were lost, as all reached the coast in safety. The storm was very severe considering the early season and snow flurries mingled with the driving rain, while the wind blew at forty miles an hour. The apple growers in the fruit region of Nova Scotia were much alarmed by the appearance of snow, since a large quantity of fruit is still on the trees, as help is as scarce in Nova Scotia as in newer provinces.



Cape Breton Coast, near Louisburg.

First White Settlement in America

A CONSIDERATION OF THE RIVAL CLAIMS OF ST. AUGUSTINE, PORT ROYAL,
JAMESTOWN AND MASSACHUSETTS.

By THE EDITOR

THE official guide now being sold at the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition states the purpose of the affair is "primarily to celebrate and commemorate the 300th anniversary of the founding of the first permanent English settlement in America." It would be a worthy aim indeed if Jamestown was the first, but there is considerable doubt on this point. Mr. Charles Francis Adams claims that honour for Massachusetts and the Pilgrim Fathers. Had the official guide quoted above used the phrase "European settlement" instead of "English settlement" there would be still more opposition, since St. Augustine in Florida and Port Royal in Nova Scotia have claims to this larger honour.

The first settlement in North America which had any permanency, if the Spanish settlements in the West Indies and Mexico are excepted, was that of St. Augustine, Florida, which was founded by Menendez in 1565. This soldier was deputed by the King of Spain to visit that district and drive out the French Lutherans who had found an asylum there. He did so, and Justin Winsor, the United States historian, says that St. Augustine is "the oldest city in the present territory of the United States."

The next settlement which has continued to this day is Port Royal, or the present Annapolis Royal, in Nova Scotia. Thither came De Monts in June 1604, with Champlain as one of his chief lieutenants. The winter of that year was spent in the Island of St. Croix, but in 1605 permanent buildings were erected at Port Royal. During the winter of 1605-06 forty-five persons wintered there. In 1607 the colony was deserted, but was again resumed in 1610.

The next settlement was that of Jamestown. In 1607, on the 26th of April, Captain John Smith, who had served under Raleigh, led a party into Virginia through the waters now known as Hampton Roads. One of the first places at which they landed was named Point Comfort, and the name Old Point Comfort exists to this day. After explorations, they finally located on Jamestown Island, thirty-five miles from the mouth of the James River which empties into Hampton Roads. At that time the land was a peninsula but later became an island, as the present name indicates. One hundred and five settlers passed their first winter at Fort James, but only thirty-five survived the Indians, the lack of sustenance and the fever. It seemed as if Raleigh's dream of a new England might come true, but the chances were small. In the following years more men came, and in June, 1619, Governor Yeardley summoned the first General Assembly of Virginia. This was America's first legislative body. In 1698 Jamestown was abandoned and the seat of government moved to Williamsburg. For two centuries, Jamestown Island has been practically deserted.

In 1608, the first women arrived at Jamestown. These were Mrs. Thomas Forest and her maid Anne Barras. The latter in a few weeks became Mrs. John Laydon and this marriage was the first celebrated in Virginia. If the presence of women is necessary to a permanent settlement, then Jamestown has greater claims to being the first permanent settlement in North America than Port Royal, since women did not arrive there until probably fourteen years after Jamestown had been favoured with their presence. Moreover there were women in Jamestown before the Pilgrim Fathers with their wives and children arrived on the Mayflower.

To sum up the situation, from the historical point of view: Jamestown certainly antedated the Massachusetts settlement in every respect, but it was abandoned after less than a century of occupation. If this abandonment is not vital to the argument, then Jamestown was the first permanent English settlement in America. It is not the first European settlement, however, since both St. Augustine and Port Royal were earlier. Quebec was founded one year later.

The celebration of this event, three hundred years after its occurrence is justifiable. It serves to recall the splendid vision and daring of those audacious mariners who opened the gates of America to the Anglo-Saxon people. All people on this continent who speak the English language, whether or not they are of Anglo-Saxon lineage, should look back upon the achievement of John Smith and his comrades with a considerable degree of

pride. In this, Canada has as much of a privilege and a duty as the United States. Canadians may speak feelingly and enthusiastically of De Monts, Champlain and Cartier, but they should not forget John Smith, the hero of their own race. In his sphere he was an intrepid leader and in history must ever be a commanding figure. And behind him, guiding him to his destiny, was his source of inspiration, Sir Walter Raleigh.

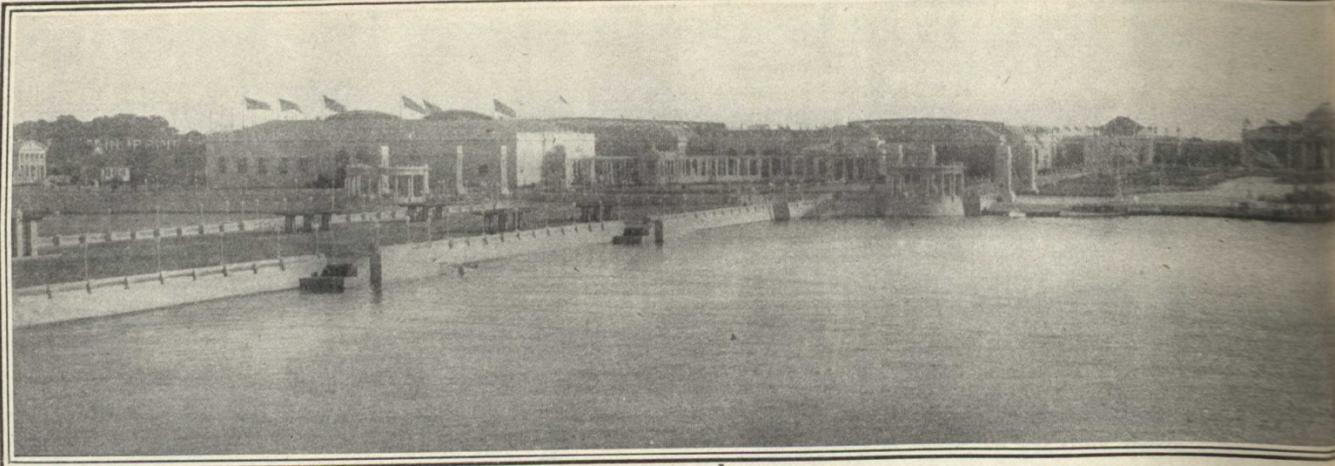
THE EXHIBITION.

THE present Jamestown Exposition is not held upon the ground where John Smith built up his first settlement, but fifty miles away, and almost at the point where the Hampton Roads waters mingle with those of the Atlantic. The idea was to have it in close proximity to the towns which border on this great natural harbour of Virginia. Near it are Norfolk, Portsmouth, Newport News, Hampton and Old Point Comfort. About twelve hours sail up Chesapeake Bay is Washington. Lines of steamers from Baltimore and Washington call at Norfolk on the way to and from New York. It seemed possible to gather a large attendance at this point. The hope was blasted almost before the Exposition opened. Probably two and a half million people attended during the seven months, but this is an average of not more than 90,000 a week. Such an attendance precludes any possibility of paying even running expenses. Thus in point of attendance and finance the Exposition is a considerable failure.

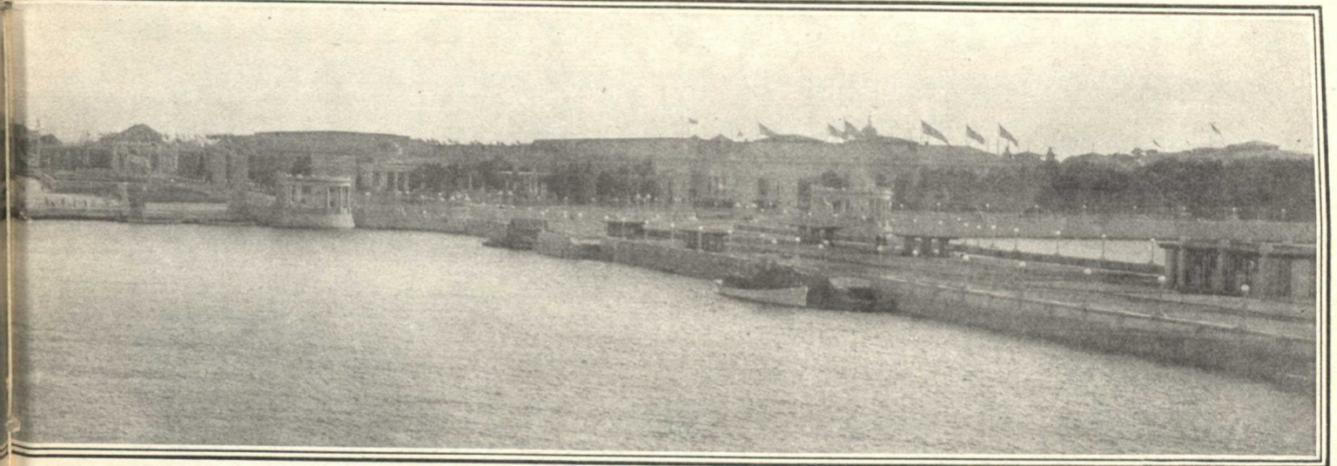
Yet it is a pathetic failure. The grounds were beautifully laid out, sloping slightly to the shore. A magnificent water entrance was built with an extensive and well-ornamented dock. The larger buildings were of excellent design and pleasingly arranged. The exhibits of the United States Government and of the State of Virginia were well worthy of the country's patriotic effort. The methods of lighting the grounds and the ornamental features were simple and in excellent taste. The various State Homes were built along the waterfront to resemble the sea-side residences of a colony of Pittsburgh millionaires. At the opening, the magnificent waterway was filled with representative battleships from all the great navies of the world—steel-clad vessels anchoring in and around the spot where the "Merrimac" and "Monitor," the first iron-clad ships of war, struggled valiantly for the mastery.

The photographs reproduced on the two following pages will give some idea of the panoramic view presented by the Exposition, with its central square surrounded on three sides by the main buildings and fronted by the extensive dock with its triumphal entrance. The ferry boats which carried visitors to the Exposition entered beneath this long-arched bridge. Those who came overland entered at a distant point of the grounds.

In spite of these excellent features, and assisted by bad management and internal dissension, the Exposition will close this month in anything but a blaze of glory. It has, however, recalled in the minds of the people of two continents the difficulties encountered by the early settlers of America. It has given a graphic picture of the progress made in three hundred years by a virile race. Had it been placed nearer to a great centre of population such as Washington, Baltimore or Philadelphia, it might have been a greater commercial success but it had lacked some of its charm. Those who hold "Success" high on the altar of their gods will feel that something has been attempted which had better been left undone. To those who appreciate something of the higher ideals which should animate the race, it may seem to have been worth while. Perhaps the glories, even the dim glories, of the Jamestown Exhibition will live in the hearts of some of us long after our interest in the flurries of the stock market and the paltry pleasures of our self-seeking have turned to the ashes of consumed desire. When the race ceases to consecrate any portion of its time to recalling the achievements of its early heroes it will have lost a great deal from the basis of its patriotism. It is only through the past that we may gain a glimpse of the future. The citizens who live only in the present, who know not what came before them and care not what comes after them, will not write their names in permanent characters upon the historical tablets of civilisation.



General View of the Jamestown Exposition, looking from the Great Arch of the Government Pier.



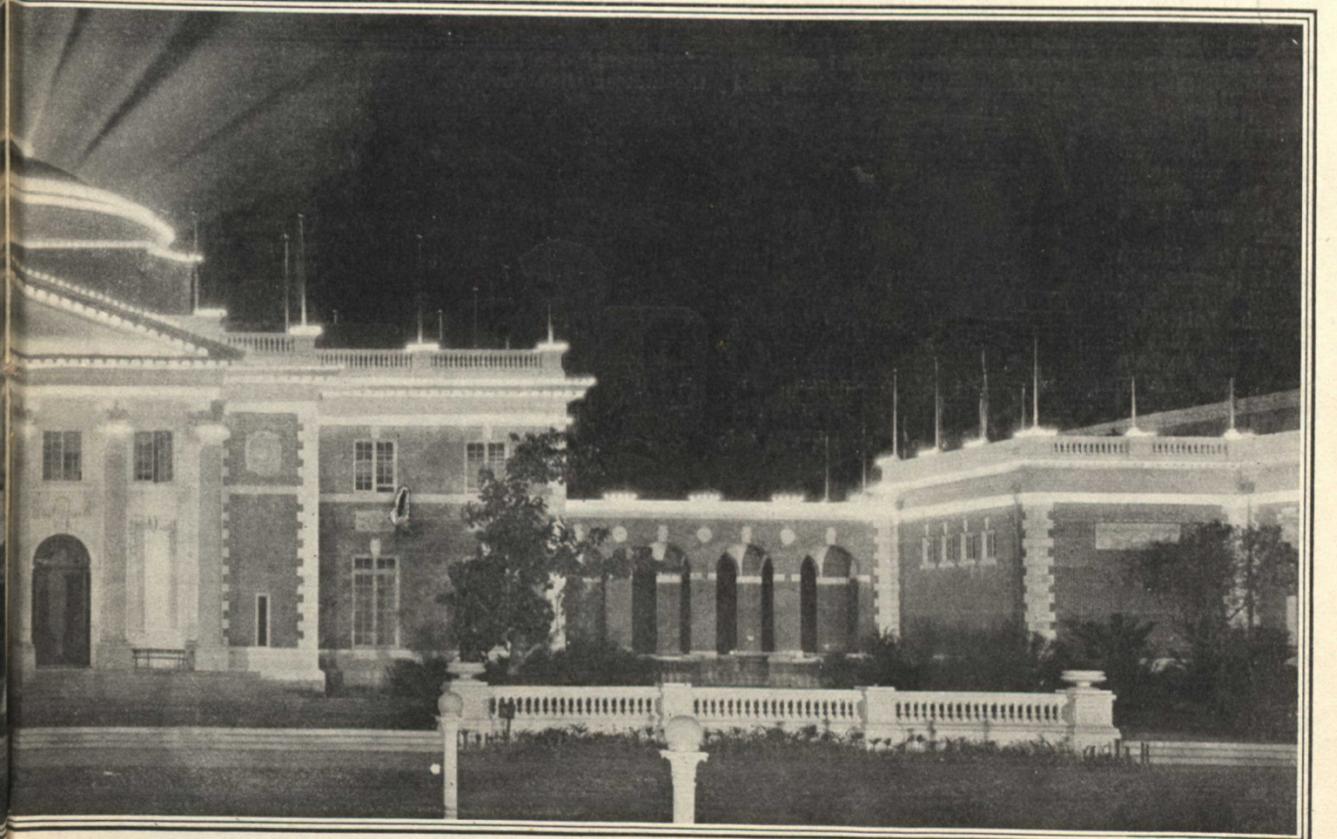
Food Products Palace—Typical of the Larger Buildings.

SOME STRIKING PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

1607 1907



Concrete Arch which unites the two arms of the Government Pier—Greatest span of any concrete arch in the world.



As the Auditorium appeared when the Illuminations set it ablaze.

A Financial Proposition

A STORY SHOWING THAT WHERE THERE'S A CLEVER WOMAN THERE'S A WAY

By ARTHUR RANSOME

ARTISTS are queer things, things with temperaments, and moods, and whims, and little out of the way conceits, that none but they would think of having. There was one who would have lost his life sooner than a piebald lock of hair upon his forehead. There was another who prided himself so greatly on being a recluse that he used to go to a dinner party every night in order to tell people about it. Yes, they are a curious lot. They are easily deceived by others, and nearly always deceived by themselves. They are the hardest people in the world to drive, and the easiest to lead. They are so clever and so stupid. As Lettie Leblond put it, "They have such stupendous intellects, and so little common sense."

Lettie knew them well, and loved one of them. Indeed, in my opinion, Lettie is the first authority in Europe on the artistic temperament. When you have heard my tale you will agree with me.

Everybody called Linton Maul "Poor Linton." That was just because he was Linton Maul. Because he smiled gravely as he went about, with his coat worn through in the elbows, and very little food inside him. Because he would paint a picture out of which any sensible person would have made fifty pounds, and then, when it was done, say calmly that he was not quite satisfied with it, and hide it away in a cellar, in order that "in two or three years' time I can come at it with fresh eyes." Because he made a practice of going out to buy food, and then, passing a paint shop, buy paints instead, and never think of dinner until he had spent all his money. Because he was always giving away good ideas to other people, who painted them, and made money and reputations out of them. Because, as I said at the beginning, just simply and only because he was Linton Maul and nobody else. And because he was so hopelessly in love with Lettie Leblond. He would not have admitted this. But that was because he was an artist, and poor, and Lettie was passably rich. All artists are proud. But a poor artist is prouder and more sensitive than any other kind of man.

Artists live odd turncoat lives. One afternoon you may meet them in the tidiest possible frock coats, looking as if gold grew in their pockets, enlivening the tea-parties of the wealthy. The next afternoon you call upon them in their studios, and find them, ragged, coatless, and dinnerless, painting with chilled fingers, in big bare rooms. The frock coats have been folded carefully away, and the artists are themselves again. Yes, and they go on being themselves until something happens. The something may be a success, or it may be a crash.

With Linton Maul it was obviously likely to be a crash. Lettie Leblond saw that it was likely to be a crash, and Lettie was rich. She had studied art just as a pastime, at the same school as Linton, and they had been very friendly, he openly poor, and she, like many others, pretending to be poor just for the romance of the thing. We mad young people have a feeling that it is fine to be struggling, to have a heart full of hopes, and a pocket without any pennies in it.

Now she had

put the relics of her dream of art in gilt frames round the walls of her bedroom, where no one could see them, and she was nothing more romantic than just Lettie Leblond, twenty-three, with a pretty face, a neat figure, a tempestuous heart, and several hundred a year more than she could spend.

Everybody came to Lettie's weekly tea-parties, Linton among the rest. Hers was the only house where he still visited. For, though he was painting better and better, he was earning less and less. The less he earned, the harder he worked, and the less he ate, so that, though he still smiled, Lettie, and perhaps others, noticed that his face was thinner. It was a struggle for him to keep up the frock coat. He did it somehow or other, and every Friday found him sitting in a corner of Lettie's drawing room, with an empty stomach, but too happy even to eat.

And Lettie knew she was strangely content to see him there. She would have been hurt if he had missed a Friday. Among all the friends who crowded to her rooms, there was not one whom she so liked to see.

But all the time poor Linton (I call him "poor Linton" myself, though I do not know why) was getting poorer and poorer. At last there came a Friday afternoon, when Lettie's guests had nearly all left her, and Linton rose to go. Usually he said "Good night," in his quiet, abstracted manner that she liked, though she could not understand. To-day he held her hand a moment longer than usual, said "Good-bye," and turned away a little abruptly.

Lettie (I tell you plainly that she knows the artistic temperament) guessed that something was the matter, and said hurriedly:—

"Linton, I had almost forgotten. Are you busy this evening? Could you spare me a little time? There is something I want to talk to you about."

Linton smiled just as gravely as usual, and, though he could not speak, sat down again, and then got up, and walked to the window, and peeped out of the blinds, into the violet dusk of the gardens beneath the flats.

Presently the others left, and Lettie made him bring two chairs and set them by the fire. They sat down, and Linton, very nervous, made a show of warming his hands over the flames. Lettie saw with a startled pain that they were very thin. She was nervous, too, in spite of her knowledge of artists.

"Linton," she said, "before we talk, tell me what is the matter with you."

"Nothing is the matter," said Linton. "Only now that I know how to paint a little I haven't any money to paint with. It's mainly my own fault. I am going away, and I do not think I shall be able to come here again."

"Painting costs money," said Lettie, trying to gain time for herself.

"It does. I shouldn't mind if only I had not learnt to paint. It is rather upsetting, to have found out the way, and then to have to go and do something else. But what was it you wanted to tell me about?"

Lettie felt an odd little choke in her throat. She had not guessed that she cared for Linton like that. She knew he cared



"She consulted the paper on which she had been scribbling."

for her, and knew also that he would never say so. If only she had not had all that money. She found herself wishing she had only a very little. She would have liked to work with him, work for him, work hard. She was surprised at herself for the wish. And Linton, perhaps because—but it is not the smallest use to guess why—Linton suddenly lost his grave smile, and warmed his hands again, which shook a little.

They were quiet for a few minutes, and then Lettie reached from her chair to a little revolving writing table, and pulled it towards her. She began to scribble on a piece of paper. Blushing a little, she turned from her scribbling to Linton, and said:—

"Do you remember telling me that if a man who could paint were backed by a man with money, the two of them could lose nothing?"

"They would make fortunes."

"I think I know the monied person."

Linton looked up eagerly. "Send your plutocrat to me, he said. "I'd let the monied brute have all the profits. I should only want to be kept going. Does the beast know my pictures?"

"Yes."

Here Lettie stuck. Any ordinary person would have remained stuck. But Lettie, as I told you, knows more about the artistic male than anybody else in Europe. She looked sadly into the fire.

"Look here, Linton," she said, "I'm frightfully hard up."

"You, too?" said Linton, sympathetically. "It is vile, isn't it?"

"I'm not so awfully poor, but I want a great deal more than I've got."

"I know," said Linton. He knew.

"Would you care to earn money for me?"

"What do you mean."

"Would you let me be the monied brute?"

"I'd make a fortune for you," said Linton, gravely.

"You said you would give the monied person all the profits," said Lettie, still more gravely. Everything depended upon gravity now. 6

"So I would."

"I'll take them, and pay you a salary." She consulted the paper on which she had been scribbling. "I've

been drafting an agreement. Five hundred a year, out of which you buy your own material.

"It's more than enough," said Linton. "I'll get to work on 'Pan and the Sleeping Shepherd,' to-morrow morning."

"Wait a minute. You cannot paint well unless you are feeling well. And as partner, I must say that I don't think it fair to me that you should paint badly. You're looking ill now. There's nothing for it, but that I should come and see that the working partner is kept at working strength."

"You couldn't," said Linton, adding mournfully, "unless we were married. And you wouldn't marry a man with five hundred a year, out of which he has to buy paints."

"I think we ought to sign this agreement," said Lettie, showing him the paper she had scribbled.

Linton read it slowly, puckering his brow, and, just like an artist, trying to look the business man.

"Agreement between Lettie Leblond and Linton Maul.

"It is agreed between these two—

- (1) That Lettie Leblond is to pay Linton Maul a salary of five hundred (£500) per annum.
- (2) That out of this salary paints are to be bought.
- (3) That to keep Linton at full working strength, Lettie is to look after his housekeeping.
- (4) To make this possible, the two of them are to get married as soon as they both agree to the same.
- (5) That Linton Maul is to paint, and that Lettie Leblond is to make her fortune out of his pictures."

Suddenly he understood.

"Lettie," he said, "I never meant to tell you. I believe you knew I loved you all the time. I haven't told you, have I?"

"No, you haven't. I knew. Dear old Linton. But you ought to tell me now."

And he did. A happier married couple than these two I never saw. But you agree with me that their engagement was a triumph? You agree now, surely that Lettie understands the artistic temperament?

The Bow of Ulysses

By PEGGY WEBLING

Resume: Ulysses Boehm, a violinist travelling with the Mandrake Vaudeville Company plays at a concert in Sterryville, Ontario, and wins the admiration of the village belle, Myra Sterry, who calls on him the following morning and shows him an old French violin bow as an excuse for her call. Her belief in his genius encourages the young musician.

AT that instant they heard the booking clerk shouting that it was time to start, and the loud voice of Mandrake quarrelling over his bill.

"I must go!" exclaimed Ulysses, "Good-bye! May I write to you?"

"No—yes! Myra Sterry, Sterryville, Ontario," answered the girl.

They clasped hands and parted.

* * * * *

The flattering prophecy of Hiram Sterry's friends, that he would be heard of in Ottawa when times changed, was fulfilled when a "Grit" government went into power. Hiram was liberal in character, as well as in politics, and established his family in the capital city shortly after he was returned to Parliament.

Mrs. Sterry was a good hostess, and Myra changed and developed with her better fortune. If she retained something of her old waywardness it only added to her piquant charm. She made her way slowly and surely, as her father had made his, into the very heart of Ottawa. More than one opportunity to marry, and marry well, came to Myra in her first season. Hiram wished she would accept a promising member of the "Grit" party, her mother would have been happy to see her the wife of a wealthy British Columbian, but Myra refused them both. Perhaps she did not want to marry at all. Perhaps she would have preferred a certain Sterryville boy—who did not propose to her—whatever was the reason, her fourth year in Ottawa ended as the first began. Her disappointed friends discussed the probability of the eldest Miss Sterry not being married at all.

Myra was only thirty, but her own people, accus-

tomed to early marriages, chose to regard her as a middle-aged woman. She accepted the position with apparent indifference.

"I suppose you'll pick up with a crooked stick after all!" said Mrs. Sterry, with a touch of bitterness.

"Certainly, if a crooked stick ever asks me!" answered Myra.

As she spoke, for no reason in the world, Ulysses Boehm flashed into her mind.

She had often heard of him and read his praises, with amused interest, in English and foreign newspapers. Ulysses was a noted violinist, not a genius, but a very successful popular player, and he was coming to Ottawa.

A feeling of excitement, absurd as she herself considered it, crept over Myra on the night of his concert. She glanced round the brilliantly lighted hall, from the rows of attentive, appreciative people, to the flower decked platform, and thought of the little hall in Sterryville, with its wooden benches and oil lamps.

It was not until the violinist appeared that she realised how vividly he lived in her remembrance. It was the same man—heavy-eyed, swarthy, big, diffident—but refined and changed by experience, and one who compelled admiration. He played Beethoven's Fifth Sonata, and as Myra listened she seemed to hear the wild birds singing in the maple woods round Sterryville, and she seemed to feel once more the inner joy of her youth.

Myra, on the following day, was introduced to the English violinist. A friend brought him to the Sterry's house.

"Miss Sterry is the most charming woman in Ottawa," his friend told him, and Ulysses Boehm, who had learned to appreciate charming women, talked to her the whole afternoon.

"Do you know Canada well?" she asked, with a purpose behind her commonplace question.

"As a bird of passage," he answered.

"Is this your first tour through the Dominion?" said Myra, again with a purpose.

"Since I was a boy," he answered.

Myra looked at him curiously. He spoke in the tone of a middle-aged man, and indeed there was little of youth left in his serious eyes and set mouth. She pondered for a minute in silence, then she looked at him again with half assumed, half real, disappointment.

"I wish you remembered me, Mr. Boehm!"

Ulysses started and a puzzled expression came into his face. He had seen her before. Where? When? Suddenly the whole scene of their meeting at the Sterryville hotel, as she had recalled it on the previous night, flashed into his mind.

"Of course I remember you!" he exclaimed. "You are—Penelope!"

"Myra Sterry, you mean, of Sterryville, Ontario," she answered.

Myra Sterry, of Sterryville, Ontario, had read the *Odyssey* since first they met.

"Why didn't you answer my letters?" he asked.

"I did—when you wrote to me," she answered, smiling.

"I know! I know!" he exclaimed. "I was most ungrateful—most unworthy! But when I got to England and began to study in earnest, somehow I—can you ever forgive me?"

"Yes, I forgive you," said Myra, lightly. It was

kind of you to write at all. You must have thought me a very foolish, sentimental girl."

"You belittle your own goodness!" said Ulysses Boehm. "I have never forgotten your sweet sympathy. I shall be grateful to you all my life."

"Do you mean that? I am very proud," said Myra, simply.

They looked at each other gravely and questioningly, and from that minute Ulysses began to love her.

"Do you remember the old bow?" she asked.

He followed her across the room and watched her take the Tourte bow out of her father's old English cabinet.

"It belongs to me now," said Myra, "but none of my friends can use it. I think it must be yours in future, Mr. Boehm."

"The bow of Ulysses?" he murmured, and smiled at her with uplifted eyebrows, drawing it caressingly through his hand.

Myra laughed a little and shook her head.

"Stranger things have happened," he said in the same low voice. "Myths, like history, repeat themselves."

"But Ulysses was a married man," answered Myra Sterry.

"Well—Ulysses intends to be!" said the English violinist.—M.A.P.

FORT ELLICE

A TO-DAY OF YESTERDAY

By NAN MOULTON

IN a West coming magnificently into her own, a West of golden wheat and prospering homesteads, a West toying with frantic figures of the future and dreaming of an Empire Beyond, a West very young and very strenuous, very aggressive and very material, one likes sometimes to turn away to another West, to the fascination of the past of adventure, the past that centres round the buffalo, the Indian, and the Honourable the Hudson's Bay Company, that most romantic of all commercial institutions in British history. And, turning thus away, on one August Sunday, the Tramp Royal and I hit the trail for old Fort Ellice on the Assiniboine.

It had been raining for weeks over the prairie, but now August sunlight was laughing across the sky as we faced the clean-washed prairie-land and filled our lungs to the bottom with sweet wine-like air, while the feet of the horses squished with a suggestion of delightful coolness over the juicy green stuff, and the little brown birds rippled brief mafins from swaying reeds. Beyond what was once "The Ranch" with its huddle of buildings and deserted ranges, we crossed on an old trail through seas of wheat, headed and in bloom and of a perfume so enticing that we sympathised with the reluctance of the horses to leave behind anything so utterly delectable, till we came to The Flats submerged now under the waters of an over-full coulee and stretching off to either low horizon in sun-touched ripples of blue. Up from The Flats again we arrived at the Sand-Plains, tan-coloured miles of uselessness with little gay flowers relieving the desolation, and a small cabin off in a patch of green to the left. This belonged to Ben Pippin, whom the Tramp Royal described as a "nifty breed" and claimed as a friend. We stopped to call, but only some listless-looking hens and a sullen cow greeted us. Ben had either gone to mass at the French Mission across the Assiniboine or had not yet returned from town after going to spend his allowance. The Tramp Royal was regretful, for Ben was noted for a rather weird hospitality, but I was relieved to have escaped the experiment. I have, before now, been offered up a sacrifice to the god of savage entertainment.

Running now beside our trail were the deep cuts of the old Red River carts that had creaked their leisurely way from Brandon. The trail is grass-grown now, of course, but the grasses wave so distinctly in the cuts of the old trail that almost it seemed a cart had just rumbled past with its furs or Indians or mail. The Tramp Royal said he had seen them along this very trail in the lost years, long lines of gaily-painted, heavy-laden, slow-moving barges of the prairie with stolid Indians and creaking whips and easy-going oxen en route for the

then busy commercial and social centre of Fort Ellice, where more and longer lines of Red River carts sauntered in from Edmonton, where a slow steamer connected, and which was a distributing centre for the whole Touchwood Hills.

There were deserted shacks here and there, sad things telling of lean years on the ungrateful Sand-Plains, of a realisation that this was not yet the Land of Promise, of a further wandering south, and finally the rich prairie, the Garden of the Lord. The Tramp Royal had known the men in the lean years, knew them now in the years of plenty. Seeing the farms blotted again so quickly back to prairie, one shivered a bit at the littleness of man's mark, until one remembered the sequel and grew glad again.

Then my one Scotch ancestor stirred within me with pleasure. Blue-bells, nodding, waving, rioting in masses under the glare of sun, blue-bells, a great glow of lapis-lazuli against the topaz of the plains, blue-bells, a very heaven turned loose. "Ah! does everything come then to this prairie country of yours?" I asked, a bit unsteadily. And the Tramp Royal just smiled his wait-and-see smile. It was hard to bear any more loveliness just then, but it came—a blaze of lilies mad with colour, tangles of faint pink roses, banks and banks of golden daisies, the largesse of the prairie, bobbing at us with gay audacity, or thrown up like great glad lights against the sombre poplars, and willows, for we were nearing the river now, as the trees heralded. For a while we twisted along the edge of a deep canyon with the trees going down in troops like cattle to water, then were hidden in a shaded trail winding softly through saskatoon and wild cherry bushes, scrub-oak, and the eternal poplar until we came out suddenly on a wide empty plain with a moss-grown ruin its one monument to a dead world. Twenty-four years ago this plain was as busy in its own way, the T. R. said, as Winnipeg is to-day, with tepees covering its flats, with Indian dances and the making of braves, with the factor's wild handsome daughters wheeling past on wilder ponies, with Red River carts, and trappers, and traders, and Mounted Police, and soldiers guarding the moss-grown ruin that had formerly been a fort. A township had been planned and laid out, but had, however, never materialised, for the new railway, when it came, had swerved away from the old fort and its hopes.

Beyond the plain and overlooking the river, the factor's house still stood, a substantial rough-cast structure; and the company's huge store was doing service as a stable, carriage-house and hen-house. Over in a field stood one tall isolated chimney, all that was left of an

(Continued on page 29)

Dramatic Notes

MADAME NORDICA, who has returned from Europe and is highly interested in her plans for the Bayreuth Opera House on the Hudson, says that her scheme includes the best musical education of American girls at home, so that they may be spared the trouble and expense of European training. But will New York believe in the American-trained voice, even though French and German teachers come across the seas to give the instruction? There is no adjective used with more serious disparagement than the term "un-American" as applied to the United States politician. But training on European soil and a Transatlantic "success" are almost essential to the aspiring vocalist.

* *

Colonel J. Hanbury-Williams, C. V. O., His Excellency's secretary, and Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, of the Department of Trade and Commerce, who is the honorary secretary for the Second Musical and Dramatic Competition, have been indefatigable in their efforts for the next competition which is to be held in Ottawa during the week commencing February 24th, 1908.

The chairman of the committees for the respective provinces have been selected and are as follows: British Columbia, Mr. E. H. Russell, Victoria, B. C.; Alberta, Mr. Howard Stutchbury, Edmonton, Alta.; Saskatchewan, Mr. A. F. Angus, Bank of Montreal, Regina, Sask.; Manitoba, Major Devine, D.S.O., Osborne Place, Winnipeg, Man.; Ontario, Mr. A. McLean Macdonnell, Traders' Bank Building, Toronto, Ont.; Quebec, Mr. E. J. de Lotminiére, Quebec, Que.; New Brunswick, Prof. D. Arnold Fox, St. John, N.B.; Nova Scotia, His Honour D. C. Fraser, Lieutenant-Governor; Prince Edward Island, Mr. Percy Pope, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

All correspondence respecting the coming competition emanating from the various provinces should be sent to the provincial chairman.

* *

"The Christian" is still the most popular play in London, England. The author, Mr. Hall Caine, whose modesty does not rival that of the mountain daisy, has been roused to anger by the methods of his United States press agent, Mr. Sherman Danby. The latter sent out a statement to the effect that "The Bondman," which was to be played in St. Louis, had been written when Mr. Caine was in his prime, fifteen years ago, and asserted that since that time the Englishman's writing had deteriorated into a discussion of the degeneracy of the East End of London. To prove this, he referred to the new version of "The Christian." Mr. Caine has written a protest which has been published in the United States and which is alleged to conclude: "It surely is not necessary for an American press agent to be an unmitigated liar. In future confine yourself to facts." What a limited area is left for the unfortunate press agent!

* *

There has arisen much discussion of the Montreal Star's criticism of "The Right of Way." That it was severe may be granted, but that it was unnecessary is not to be conceded. It would have been easy to write nice nothings about the cast and to have said little about the play. The critic chose an honest course and many of his readers feel gratified by the manliness which refused to praise a drama which Montreal was expected to applaud. If Mr. Presbry or any other mangler of novels could be persuaded to let works of fiction alone and devote himself to producing drama, the critic would have accomplished much.

* *

Mr. William Collier in "Caught in the Rain" made a most agreeable impression at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, last week. The comedy is a delightful combination of absurd situations and the company is of excellent form and balance.

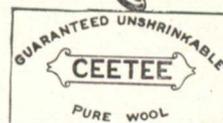
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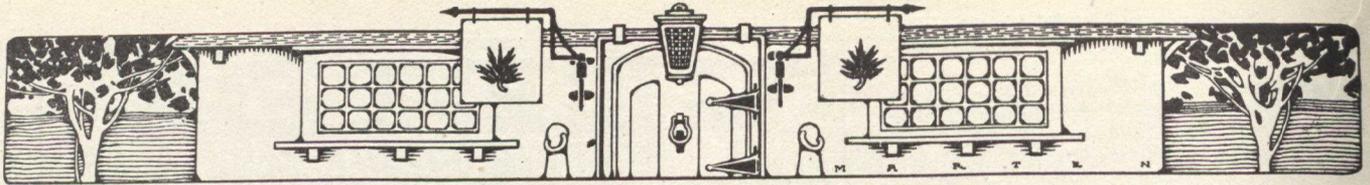
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

THE recent visit of Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling has created a new Canadian sentiment towards the man who celebrated our practical patriotism in lines of picturesque but chilling phrase. In Winnipeg, Vancouver, Victoria and Toronto, the Canadian Club relaxed its rule regarding the admission of women to the galleries during the imperial speech-making. In Victoria especially, the women were eager to avail themselves of the opportunity to hear the laureate of the Empire. It may be remarked, by the way, that among the articles evoked by this visit none was finer in literary discrimination than that written by Miss Marjory MacMurchy of the Toronto "News" or in personal appreciation than that by Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon ("Lally Bernard") in the Victoria "Colonist."

When one saw and heard the man who is the most original British writer of the day, it was easy to believe in the variety and complexity of his genius. "Wee Willie Winkie" and "The Eden Rose" are leagues away from "The Man Who Would be King" and "The Taking of Lungtungpen." But even in his physical characteristics, Mr. Kipling presents interesting incongruities. He has a rugged forehead with heavy beetling eyebrows, but he has a hand as delicate and shapely as a girl's. He has a jaw of iron but a voice like "Stalky's" — of fine, silky quality.

The courtesy of the various clubs which recognised the unique character of their guest and admitted women hearers to the gallery was appreciated.

In no particular did Mr. Kipling show more strikingly his common-sense than in the remarks made in Vancouver regarding the necessity for domestic help in Canadian households. He recognised that a woman who attempts to manage the affairs of a household and train her children cannot also do the work commonly known as drudgery. It is absurd to say as some men do—"look at our great-grandmothers and the work they accomplished on the farm." The multifarious demands of modern life are such that no woman can meet all of them unless she has sturdy help in the kitchen. Mr. Kipling's remarks on this subject at Vancouver should be known throughout Canada. When dwelling upon the importance of securing desirable domestic help he said: "Perhaps it is worth while to remember that the state depends on the family. The home is the foundation of the state, the woman of the home. You must help your women make the home."

The impatience which comes over Canadian housewives who read the sentimental nonsense about the unemployed women in old London, who are almost driven to the "river" through desperation, is echoed in Mr. Kipling's speech: "When one sees the swarms of women at home it makes one impatient to hear of the complaints of the impossibility of getting household help in the colonies. I have seen the crowds of women outside Harrod's in London, and have felt like getting a regiment of cavalry to gather them all up and have them shipped West, telling them that there is certain employment at a good wage and a probable husband awaiting them at the end of the journey."

Mr. Kipling shows admirable caution in the use of

the adjective "probable." Should one of these superfluous women go out to the West on his representation of its opportunities and fail in her quest, there would be a loophole of escape for the adviser. But the latest shipload of British women indignantly denied that matrimony had any place in their plans.

WOMEN OF MANY LANDS



An Armenian Girl

were a genius, but not otherwise. There was a man, I think it was Joubert, who, speaking of courtesy, came very near the definition in a single line, as near, perhaps, as it has ever been reached; but I should like to see some original attempts and am not going to give away the French philosopher's secret. But if you want the thing clearly, simply and most emphatically expressed, go to the poor for it. I have heard some wonderful descriptions, generally uttered in one terse sentence, as to why Mrs. So-and-So's district visitor failed in that direction and how the clergyman's wife excelled. Therefore, I don't agree with our writer's further idea that it takes a lady to recognise a lady. It only takes an honest person. But as to adequately defining her, when you've found her, of course there's a way of doing even that if you know how."

CANADIENNE.

At Husking Time

At husking time the tassel fades
To brown above the yellow blades
Whose rustling sheath enswathes the corn
That bursts its chrysalis in scorn
Longer to lie in prison shades.

Among the merry lads and maids
The creaking ox-cart slowly wades
'Twixt stalks and stubble, sacked and torn,
At husking time.

The prying pilot crow persuades
The flock to join in thieving raids;
The sly raccoon with craft inborn
His portion steals—from plenty's horn
His pouch the saucy chipmunk lades
At husking time. —E. Pauline Johnson.

Joie de Vivre

IT is impossible to say that Canadian city folk lead a joyless existence. But there is no denying that the inhabitants of rural districts, especially the Ontario farmer, sometimes forget that all work and no play makes Jack (Canuck) a dull boy. Various observers, among them Mr. A. G. Bradley, have commented on the comparative joylessness of life on some—certainly not all—Ontario farms, and the name of the Hon. Nelson Monteith, the Ontario Minister of Agriculture, must be added to the list of those who advise them not to allow laborious toil and perpetual dollar hunting to deprive them of the joy de vivre so apparent among the less wealthy people of the neighbouring Province of Quebec. Mr. Monteith, in a recent interview, had a good word to say for that much-criticised personage, the British farmer, who wisely prefers a happy home to a growing balance at the bank. "His farm has been the home of his ancestors for generations back, and the ivy-covered cottage, the thatched out-buildings, the well-kept hedges, and the cultivated fields give a sense of completeness to his holding which it will take the Ontario farms years to acquire. But the British farmer looks upon his work in a very business-like way. He is the manager who must do all the thinking and calculating, and not necessarily all the hard work. He is very methodical in all he does, and sees well to it that the running of his farm does not deprive him of the enjoyments of life. He is not affected by the 'get-rich-quick' idea so prevalent in America, and his family are encouraged to enjoy many of the English pastimes." Mr. Monteith's picture of the comfortable life of a British farmer should be studied by the Ontario agriculturist, who would have a better chance of keeping his children on the farm if he put in a little crop of joy de vivre for their benefit.—Canada.

"That's Another Story."

(Victoria Colonist.)

ILLUSTRATIVE of the facility with which the great novelist grasps the details of professions in no way allied to word craftsmanship, an incident of Rudyard Kipling's visit to the city is interesting.

Now at the time the distinguished gentleman was registered at the Oak Bay Hotel there was a famous horse breeder from Portland stopping at the same hostelry. Mr. Kipling learned the gentleman's business and some facts of his career. That was sufficient. The horseman was surprised at the pertinacity with which the little man with the glasses and beetling eyebrows plied him with questions. He drew into his shell for as he explained to an acquaintance, the "little beggar" was a horse dealer and was trying to be "put hip" to a number of points in the game. The friend was "hip" to the identity of the little man with the genius for asking questions and he explained to the gentleman from Portland who the little man was.

"The man wrote about the African horse dealer?" asked the man learned in the ways of the equine and the friend admitted that it was even he.

Straightway, when Mr. Kipling asked questions of the horse breeder the latter unbent and the two became bosom friends. When Mr. Kipling was not receiving callers he could be found in the company of the man from Portland. He learned much about the horse, how it was affected by change in altitude, the effect of different altitude upon its heart action, certain queer matters regarding its head, its neck and its hooves and at the same time he displayed an intimate knowledge upon the subject which surprised not only the gentleman from Portland but all who heard them discourse upon it.

Which aroused the suspicion that the English speaking world may receive in the not far distant future from Mr. Kipling, an epic of the horse.

"BRICK'S TASTELESS"

REGISTERED

What it is

It is an extract of fresh cod livers, containing all the virtues of pure Cod Liver Oil without the nauseous grease, combined with Phosphorus in the form of the Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, nutritious Extract of Malt and the Fluid Extract of Wild Cherry Bark.

What it does

It will promptly relieve, and if its use is continued, permanently cure chronic bronchitis, all pulmonary affections, croup, hoarseness, nervous disorders due to an exhausted condition of the system, prostration following fevers, debility at change of life, or constitutional weakness at any age, and all blood disorders.

What we do

We positively guarantee "Brick's Tasteless" to do exactly what we claim it will do as printed on the label of the bottle, or any advertising matter, and every druggist who sells "Brick's Tasteless" is authorized to refund to his customer the full purchase price if one bottle does not show a decided improvement, which improvement will result in a complete cure if additional bottles are taken.

We therefore request you to try a bottle of "Brick's Tasteless" on our recommendation, and if no improvement is shown after taking it, return the empty bottle to the druggist from whom you purchased it and he will refund your money.

Can we be fairer?

Two Sizes—8 ounce bottle 50c; 20 ounce bottle \$1.00

Radnor
WATER

RADNOR

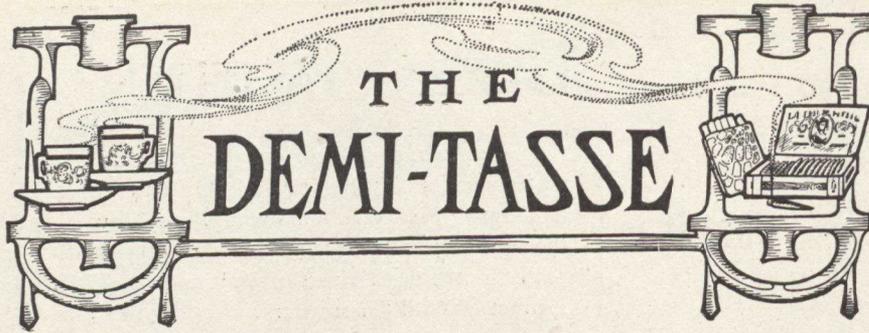
blends perfectly with the most delicious wines and liquors.

As a blender with claret or champagne it has no equal.

For sale at all leading Grocers, Restaurants, and Clubs.

SUBSCRIBERS who change their address should notify us promptly. A post card will do. Give the old and the new address. Every subscriber, from Halifax to Regina, should receive his paper on Saturday morning. If it is late a post card notification will be deemed a special favour. The Canadian Courier, 61 Victoria Street, Toronto, Ont.

In answering these advertisements please mention Canadian Courier.



HE DISAPPROVED.

IN the city of Ottawa lives a cheerful caddy by the name of Charlie Kelly who has been on friendly terms with Sir John Macdonald, Mr. D'Alton McCarthy and other Parliamentarians of lesser degree. Charlie is a faithful son of what Mulvaney calls the "Mother Church, which is so regimental in her fittin's." On the occasion of the baptism of a youthful Kelly, the reverend father asked what name was to be given to the child.

"Hugh John," was Kelly's prompt reply. "That's no proper name for the poor infant. Another name, Kelly!" demanded Father H—

"Clarke Wallace," suggested the valorous Kelly.

This was too much for the worthy priest, who would as soon have bestowed the name of William of Orange on the waiting infant. He frowned darkly and said with sternness to the abashed parent: "No levity, Kelly! No levity!"

LIMERICKS OF THE HOUR.

There once were some highly-gilt stocks
That tumbled to earth in large blocks.

"This is sad," said the lamb.

"I'll be blest if I am
Ever going to weather these shocks."

There was some Ontario pulp
Which Michigan thought it could gulp.

But Whitney "spruced" up

And said: "Selfish pup!"

You must gobble your own precious pulp."

Some aeronauts, gladsome and free,
Went on an aerial spree.

They sailed o'er Lake Erie

Although they felt "skeery,"

And stopped in Ontario for tea.

In the days of November's chill sleet

The "House" has decided to meet,

To wrangle once more,

And make laws galore

While Borden again has cold feet.

J. G.

A BALLY ATTRACTION.

Irate Passenger (who finds himself marooned at lonely Irish station for the rest of the day): "Haw, portah, is there nothing doing in this rotten place all day?"

Portah: "Oi'll be shuntin' the engine about eight to-night, sorr."—The Tatler.

LOCAL COLOUR.

In Toledo, Ohio, recently, an Irishman was hard at work painting the top of a telephone pole a bright green, when suddenly the pot of paint slipped and splashed on the sidewalk.

Not more than a few seconds later another Irishman, also an employee of the telephone company, came along. He looked at the paint, then at his countryman on the ladder coming down the pole. Then, with affected anxiety, he called:

"Mulcahey, Mulcahey! Hov ye had a him-morrhage?"

HAD HE TRIED IT?

A young man who persisted in whispering loudly to the lady who accompanied him to a symphony concert, telling her what the music "meant," what sort of a passage was coming next, and so on, caused serious annoyance to every one of his immediate neighbours. Presently he closed his eyes and said to his companion:

"Did you ever try listening to music with

your eyes shut? You've no idea how lovely it sounds!"

Thereupon a gentleman who sat in the seat in front of the young man twisted himself about and said gravely:

"Young man, did you ever try listening to music with your mouth shut?"

* *

A FRESH-WATER MARINER.

MR. O. B. SHEPPARD, manager of the Princess Theatre of Toronto, tells a story of a man who was acting wheelsman on Mr. Sheppard's yacht in Lake Simcoe. It was a beautiful summer evening and the stars were shining brightly when the call came for supper. Before leaving the deck, Mr. Sheppard pointed out a star in the direction he wanted to go, and told the man to steer straight for it. When he came back, nearly an hour later, he found the man heading the boat in a different direction and away off the course.

"Didn't I tell you to steer for that star?" said Mr. Sheppard.

"That star there? Why, we passed that star half an hour ago," was the mariner's reply.

* *

SIR EDWIN'S PUMPKIN PIE.

MR. W. K. McNAUGHT, M.P.P., of Toronto, tells a story of Sir Edwin Arnold's visit to Toronto. Sir Edwin and Lady Arnold were being dined at the National Club by Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison, and in due course they arrived at that part of the menu which caused the serving of pumpkin pie. Apparently the guests of the evening had never seen pumpkin pie before and Lady Arnold decided not to touch the peculiar-looking substance. Sir Edwin was more venturesome and he made an assault on his portion. In a moment he was heard to remark to Lady Arnold, "Try it, dear; it is not really so nawsty as it looks."

* *

A CLEVER FRENCHMAN.

A CERTAIN French merchant doing an export trade, had a customer in Yokohama who was said to be in doubtful circumstances. One day he heard that a firm in Yokohama had failed and something told him it was this cus-

tommer of his. He thought out a plan to save the cost of a cable to Yokohama and back. He went down to a banker who would likely have the news and asked him if he had heard of a failure in this Japanese city. He had. Would the banker tell him the name of the firm?

"No," replied the banker, "I do not care to do so. If the report be untrue, I might be accused of spreading a libel."

"Then, supposing I write out a list of ten names, will you tell me if the firm that has failed is on the list?"

"Yes," said the man of finance, "I cannot see that there would be any harm in that."

The merchant wrote out a list of ten names and handed the paper over to the banker, who immediately said the name was there.

"Well, then, it must be Blank & Blank, the firm I am interested in," said the merchant.

"How do you know it is Blank & Blank?" asked the banker.

"That's simple," said the merchant. "The other nine firms on that list are not in Yokohama."

* *

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

There is a young artist in Washington who classes himself as of the impressionistic school, and who, being somewhat off in drawing, generally makes up for his lack of technique by spreading colour recklessly and counting on distance for his effect.

At an amateur exhibition he once hung one of his most extraordinary performances.

"Well," said a friend, whom the artist had taken to see the work, "I don't want to flatter you, old chap, but that is far and away the best stuff you have ever done. I congratulate you."

Much pleased, the artist was receiving the compliment with becoming modesty, when he chanced again to glance at the picture—and turned very red. The committee had hung it upside down!

Hurrying to the head of the committee, he was about to launch into a loud complaint, when he was informed of the good news that an hour before the picture had been sold for \$61. The original price-mark had been \$19.—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE BUILDER.

Whistler stories are many and varied. The "Grand Magazine" tells of the days when the great artist lived in Tite Street. Whistler's house was built by Godward the architect. Over the doorway a motto was cut in the stone: "Except the Lord build the house, in vain is the labour of man to build it." One day a large crack appeared in the front wall. Whistler at once wrote out a placard and placed it under the motto: "J. W. Godward built this house."



Just Dropped in for Tea.

(The latest Entente Cordiale)

For the Children

VALUE OF EXPECTATION.

A POPULAR New England preacher says that if his sermon ever stretches beyond the twenty minutes to which he means always to limit it, the words of his little daughter ring in his ears, and he reflects that some of his congregation are doubtless feeling as she did on a memorable occasion.

The occasion was the little girl's sixth birthday, which chanced to come on Thanksgiving Day.

She went to church with her mother, and sat quietly through the service. The sermon was unusually good, the minister could not help thinking; he had plenty to say, and said it fluently.

"How did you like my sermon?" he asked his young critic as they walked home together, her small hand in his big one.

"You preached awful long, father," said the little girl, "but I beared it because I love you, and I knew I'd have a nice dinner when I got home, and forget what I'd been through."—Youth's Companion.

* * *



A Tragedy of the Gutter.

Kind Lady.—"What have you lost, little boy?"
Boy (sadly).—"Jam Tart, Mum."—Punch.

* * *

THE ZOO.

When we went to the Zoo
We saw a gnu,
An elk and a whelk
And a wild emu.

We saw a hare
And a bear in his lair
And a seal have a meal
On a high-backed chair

We saw a coon
And a baby baboon.
The giraffe made us laugh
All afternoon.

We saw a snake
That was hardly awake,
And a lion eat meat
They'd forgotten to bake.

We saw a crab
And a long-tailed dab
And we all went home
In a hansom cab.

—Windsor Magazine.

* * *

WHAT SHE SAID.

This is what Tommy Brown's German teacher said to him one day when he came to school:

"Well, Tommy, you are early of late. You used to be behind before, but now you're first at last."

* * *

NATURE STUDY.

"Tommy," said the father to his small son, who was following him round the course, "what makes the grass grow?"

"The grass has blades, and with these it cuts its way through the ground."—Golfing.

Lea & Perrins Sauce



Adds the taste of perfection to soups, fish, game and meats.

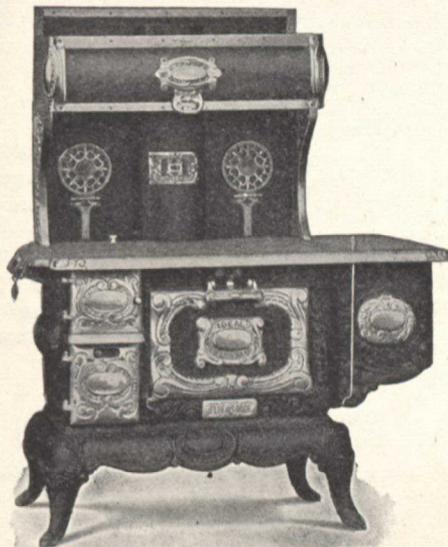
ASK ANY HONEST GROCER FOR THE BEST SAUCE

HE IS SURE TO GIVE YOU LEA & PERRINS!

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., CANADIAN AGENTS, MONTREAL

THE PEERLESS PENINSULAR THE IDEAL PENINSULAR

When buying your range this autumn insist on having your dealer show you "The Peerless Peninsular" and "The Ideal Peninsular," the latest triumphs in stove range construction. If you should find any difficulty in securing one, write us a postal card asking for full information which will be promptly furnished.



Clare Bros. & Co., Ltd.

Preston, Ont. Winnipeg, Man.
Vancouver, B.C.



Eminent Physicians
Prescribe
**Wilson's
Invalids'
Port**

In all cases of
general debility
and
convalescence.



The Muskrats are Building

I HAVE seen frogs frozen into the middle of solid lumps of ice in the laboratory. Drop the lump on the floor, and the frog would break out like a fragment of the ice itself. And this has happened more than once to the same frog without causing him the least apparent suffering or inconvenience. He would come to, and croak, and look as wise as ever.

The north wind may blow, but the muskrats are building; and it is by no means a cheerless prospect, this wood-and-meadow world of mine in the gray November light. The frost will not fall to-night as falls the plague on men; the brightness of the summer is gone, yet this chill gloom is not the sombre shadow of a pall. Nothing is dying in the fields; the grass-blades are wilting, the old leaves are falling, still no square foot of greensward will the winter kill, nor a single tree perhaps in my wood-lot. There will be no less of life next April because of this winter, unless, perchance, conditions altogether exceptional starve some of the winter birds. These suffer most; yet as the seasons go, life even for the winter birds is comfortable and abundant.—Atlantic Monthly.

Jealous Windsor

THAT sprightly scribe, the editor of the Windsor "Record," had a few unkind things to say last week about Mr. Kipling's entertainment by the Canadian Club, Toronto, on which occasion, we assure the Essex editor man, Mr. Kipling had a really jolly time. The comment runneth thus:

"Mr. Kipling was entertained by the Canadian Club of Toronto, and the kodak was busy with his physiognomy at various stages of the very exclusive feed. In some of the 'snaps' the face wears an expression of infinite sadness, while his figure droops in sympathy with his evident mental distress. As Mr. Kipling is not a melancholy man by temperament this occasions surprise until the report is read. It is there recited that he listened to the singing of his own 'Recessional' and it is needless to seek a further cause for the agony of a strong man. De Koven in his attempted setting of that grand hymn probably reached the limit of melodic dreariness. It was cruel to inflict the rendition on Mr. Kipling. The Toronto Canadian Club may be a good judge of a salad or a ragout, but its musical sense is probably as yet dormant."

Canadian Pulp

(London Free Press.)

THE Grand Rapids Free Press says the spruce forests of Canada afford an inexhaustible supply of pulp, and it suggests that the tariff be taken down so that Canadian pulpwood may get into the United States and force down the price of paper. If the States propose anything in this way, it had better reconstruct the duty on paper, not pulpwood. The government of this province, in which are located the greatest of Canada's pulpwood forests, intends to insist hereafter that pulpwood shall leave this country only in the shape of manufactured paper. There is no good reason why our pulpwood should keep United States mills in operation. Canada wants the mills and the workmen they employ. The world must come to us for paper.

A Chinaman's Joke

Dr. Smith and Dr. Jones were walking along the street one day when suddenly Dr. Smith suggested their going in and getting some chop suey. They agreed. They had a bill of fare of chop sueys of many varieties. One picked out lamb, the other duck. When the lamb and duck came in they looked very much alike. Dr. Jones said he thought they were the same, the other said he could tell his was duck.

A young Chinaman was standing near. Dr. Jones pointed to Dr. Smith's chop suey and said, "Quack, quack?"

The Chinaman shook his head and said, "No, bow-wow."—Short Stories.



**No More Drudgery
Housework Made Easy With
The Chatham Kitchen Cabinet**

JUST think what a saving in time and labor you can make with a Chatham Kitchen Cabinet—the number of steps you save in a day—the ease with which you can prepare a meal! With the Chatham every ingredient and every cooking utensil you need in the preparation of a meal is right within reach of your hand and there is no constant running back and forth from kitchen to pantry for first one article and then another.

The Chatham Kitchen Cabinet enables you to get a meal—stir up a cake—or mix a batch of bread in just half the time—with half the labor that it takes you in the old way—running back to the pantry every minute or two for first, the salt—then the spice—next the flavoring—and so on. Now you can get this wonderful work-saver at a very reasonable price on my

Liberal Time Payment Plan

So if it isn't convenient for you to pay all cash, you can pay for the Cabinet on such easy terms that you'll never miss the money—while all the time you can be enjoying its benefits. And my Kitchen Cabinet is not only useful—but ornamental as well—and any woman will be proud to own one. It not only simplifies cooking—but it keeps your kitchen always neat and tidy and does away with all the clutter of cooking and baking. If you are thinking of replenishing your home furnishings you cannot invest in anything that will give as much genuine help in your housekeeping as the Chatham Kitchen Cabinet—and once you use it you'll find the regular weekly—monthly—and yearly housecleaning is no longer a bugbear. Your kitchen and pantry take the biggest part of your time—and make the hardest part of your housework—but if you'll use my Cabinet you can cut out all the kitchen drudgery and use the extra time for pleasanter work or recreation.

Now you should get my **FREE KITCHEN CABINET CATALOGUE** at once—and you can get it, postpaid, by writing a postal. Send for it today without fail. It's a handsome book that shows beautiful photographs of the Chatham Kitchen Cabinet and gives my prices and terms. It's free for the asking. Write for it today. Address me personally.

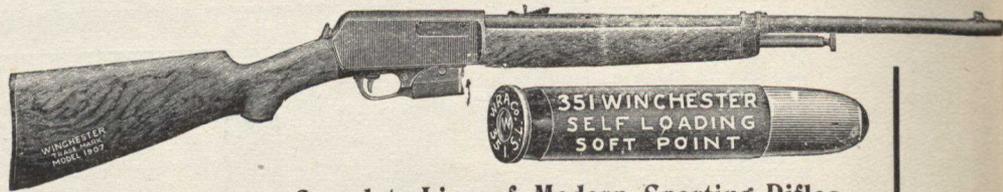
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President,
The Manson Campbell Company, Ltd.
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Sold Direct From Factory On Time—ON TRIAL—and Fully Guaranteed.



Stocks Carried at Montreal, Brandon and Calgary

HUNTERS' SUPPLIES



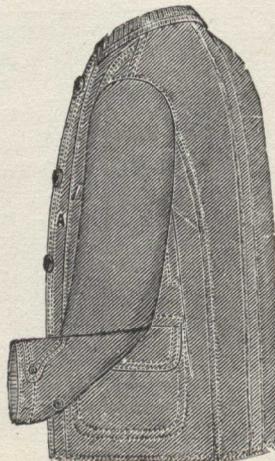
Complete Line of Modern Sporting Rifles—Marlin, Savage, and Winchester.

The New 1907 High-power, Self-loading, 351 Cal. Winchester, as illustrated, is one of the highest grade Rifles ever put on the market.

HUNTING COATS, in Canvas, Reversible Leather, Corduroy, and Waterproof.

CAPS, BOOTS, and SHOE PACKS. CARTRIDGES, KNIVES, AXES, DECOY DUCKS.

Rice Lewis & Son, Limited



MENNEN'S



TOILET POWDER

"Aim Straight"
 at the heart of all complexion troubles, by protecting the skin—before it is roughened and chapped by keen fall winds and winter's blasts.
Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder protects as well as heals; if used daily it keeps the skin clear and smooth. For chapping and chafing there's nothing half so good as Mennen's. After bathing and after shaving it is delightful.
 Put up in non-refillable boxes—the "box that licks"—for your protection.
 If Mennen's face is on the cover it's genuine and a guarantee of purity.
 Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1542.
 Sold everywhere, or by mail, 25 cents. Sample Free.
 * GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.
 Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder. It has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets.



PRIZES

For Amateur Photographers

Contest Number Three

Best landscape, not introducing figures.
 First Prize — \$3.00 cash; Second Prize — a year's subscription; Third, Fourth and Fifth Prizes — a half year's subscription.
 Closes November 1st.

Contest Number Four

Best picture, with amusing or curious subject.
 Same prizes as in contest number three.
 Closes December 1st.

All photos for these competitions not winning a prize will be returned if postage for that purpose is enclosed. Mark "Contest Number Three" or "Contest Number Four" and put full name, address and description on back of each photo.

Address: PHOTOGRAPH EDITOR
CANADIAN COURIER
 61 Victoria Street - TORONTO



EXCLUSIVE LIGHTING FIXTURES

W. J. McGUIRE, Ltd.
 TORONTO and MONTREAL

Peculiarities

MISS MABEL WHEELING, who lately saved a Michigan Central express from almost certain derailment, is a Welland heroine whose presence of mind in warning the signal man is recognised as remarkable. The alleged train wrecker ought to be severely dealt with. We have enough trouble with spread rails without having to cope with miscreants who pile fish-plates and rail-spreaders on the track by way of an evening's amusement.

Hamilton will soon be the Haughtiest Thing. In one week it bought up a battle-field and had a balloon descent just twelve miles away. And yet the Toronto press insinuates that events do not occur in Wentworth.

Thamesville, Ontario, is a local option town. On a bright October afternoon an eastbound double-header Wabash freight train, while backing up with part of the train from the water tank, came in contact with the rear end with such force that two cars were badly smashed. One of the disabled cars was loaded with brandy, fifteen gallons of which were carried off in pails by citizens who had not voted for local option.

The following advertisement in a certain Canadian daily does not highly favour the city referred to:

FOR SALE.

To any Persons, Firms or Corporations finding it ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY to locate in _____ we offer our FOUR STORY and BASEMENT brick factory building 40x100 feet, 240 and 242 — street, at less than half what a similar building could be built for at present.

Our reasons for offering to sell are: that manufacturers are heavily taxed on their real estate, machinery and stock. Labour, both skilled and unskilled, is scarce. Fuel is high, cost of living very high, and the Common Council will without notice sacrifice existing rights, and will not hesitate to handicap your facilities for doing business, and will refuse, if you desire to object, to give you a hearing.

Building could be altered readily into a tenement building.

This offer holds good during the life of this advertisement.

The _____ Co., Limited.

The first child born in Prince Rupert has received fifty dollars and the present of a cradle. The dear little creature is a girl and a Jap at that, reported as K. Uji. It is a nice name and sounds like "halma" or some other harmless parlour game but it's easy guessing that she'll be called the "Yellow Kid" in British Columbia.

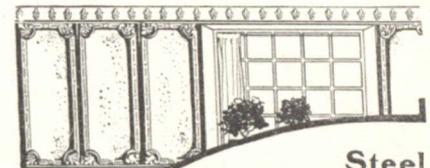
In the East, as well as in the West, the railways are not always what the timetable cracks them up to be. A local bard in Newcastle, New Brunswick, has a thrilling poem entitled "The Maritime Express" in the Chatham (N.B.) "World."

"We hear her shriek at Stronan's Gulch,
 And then a roar and ruck;
 Her headlight, like a harvest moon,
 Is swinging down the track.
 A growl along the glimmering steel,
 A moan from every plate,
 And at the water tower she puffs,
 Just fifty minutes late."

The orchardists of the Annapolis Valley, the Eden of Nova Scotia, are reported to be feeling happy over the prospects for a record apple crop. One expert declares that this year's yield will be 750,000 bushels. A Wolfville authority is of the opinion that the amount taken out of apples from the three counties of Hants, Kings and Annapolis will be considerably over \$3,000,000. Those farmers ought to put up a monument to Eve.

Fruit-growing seems for the time to have taken the place of other British Columbian

THE PEDLAR PEOPLE



Steel Side-Walls for Modern Homes

Far surpasses wood, plaster or paper in beauty—matches perfectly any artscheme—any color scheme—makes the rooms REALLY sanitary—gives protection against fire—these are some of the reasons why YOUR house—why any modern building anywhere should have

PEDLAR ART STEEL SIDE WALLS

Cost little—last indefinitely. Let us send you the whole tale in print and pictures. The book is free. 201

The PEDLAR People

Oshawa Montreal Ottawa Toronto London Winnipeg



IDOLO SECO SHERRY

Bottled in Spain only.

A WORD TO THE WISE

To those who enjoy and appreciate the goodness of a good wine for the family table, THE LANCET—the world's recognized leading medical journal—recommends SHERRY.

It is a well known fact that the premier sherry house of the world is that of Messrs. GONZALEZ & BYASS, Jerez, Spain.

This firm bottles and seals exclusively at their own hodegas a brand of sherry, the excellence of which they absolutely guarantee—and that is IDOLO SECO.

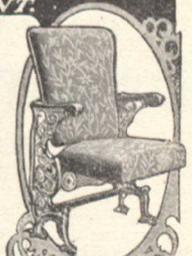
For sale at all leading Hotels, Cafes, Restaurants and Wine Merchants the world over.

LAWRENCE A. WILSON CO., Ltd.

AGENTS, MONTREAL 507

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.



"C. M. C."



GARTERS
FOR
MEN

MERCERISED COTTON 25c. PURE SILK 50c.

"C.M.C." MEN'S GARTERS

With new "C.M.C." Midget Clasp. It won't tear. It can't come off. No Pulleys or Cord to cut or wear. Made entirely of best English elastic.

Sample pair mailed on receipt of 25 cents. State color required.

MANUFACTURED BY
C. H. WESTWOOD & CO., Limited, 84 Bay St., Toronto

4 1/2% DEBENTURES

Issued in sums of \$100.00 and upwards, with interest coupons, payable half-yearly, attached thereto, under authority of "The Loan Corporations Act," R.S.O., 1897. Write for 14th Annual Balance Sheet.

Peoples Building & Loan Ass'n
LONDON, ONT.



The Booklovers Library Service

SAVES you the buying of Books you would not care to own but wish to read.

GIVES you an early choice of

THE NEWEST BOOKS
For—TWO CENTS—A Day.

If this service is not in your town, find out WHY by writing us for particulars. It can be extended to every Town and City in the U.S. and Canada. Write for our catalogue of newest books.

THE BOOKLOVERS LIBRARY
66 King Street West, TORONTO.
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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

industries, so far as public interest is concerned. Mines and forests are for the moment in the background, while the fruit-laden orchard has taken the eye of the tourist. It is an interesting fact that Nova Scotia and British Columbia, the Atlantic and Pacific provinces, should divide honours for prize fruit and equable climate.

* * *

Kipling's story about the official in India who quarrelled about his own grave is recalled by a gruesome happening in Vancouver. Ah Lee Wing was drowned while trying to get ashore from the C. P. R. steamer "Tartar." The inquest, however, had to be adjourned because the coroner did not feel justified in depositing \$500 as a guarantee that the "remains" would be duly put back on the ship. Arrangements were made to have the dead man duly put through the Customs. An inquest and embalming could then take place before the return to the eastbound ship.

* * *

Mr. Kipling has had a few Canadian Club luncheons and several Viceregal repasts on the occasion of his visit to this country. But it is doubtful if he enjoyed any of these more than the informal meal which he was asked to share with the brick-makers in their bunk-house at Medicine Hat. If there was a Mulvaney among those workmen, it's the fine yarn we shall be reading in the August magazines of 1908.

* * *

"The Birds of Bruce County" was the title of a paper read recently before a club of Queen's University. No reference was made to the fact that these delightful creatures have a way of taking flight to British Columbia and there becoming so prosperous that they are the most plump and melodious songsters in the Biggest Province.

* * *

The I.C.R. officials at St. John, N.B., declare that everyone who makes a disturbance in the station will be placed under arrest, as the absence of a lock-up at the station tends to make the rough characters more venturesome. A recent "Brugglesmith" who refused his ticket to "a guy in brass buttons" found himself in durance vile, much to his morning-after surprise. St. John knows how to keep and enforce the peace.

* * *

Hotelmen, it is said, are objecting strongly to the increased price of whiskey. Though Carrie Nation is in jail
Great joy now fills her cup;
The news has gone through all the land
That whiskey has gone up.

* * *

More than five hundred Hindus recently arrived in Vancouver on the steamer "Tartar." One hundred and eighty-one of these were refused admittance to Canada and they will be returned to Hongkong on the "Tartar" at the expense of the C.P.R.

And the vigilant inspector
Did in strenuous accents say:
"Go you back, you Hindu toilers,
To the west of Mandalay."

* * *

The Indians at Rice Lake have completed the gathering of the wild rice crop which is rather small, owing to high winds in the spring. It is suggested that the government take steps to protect the famous rice beds of the lake, as this product is peculiarly acceptable to the educated palate.

* * *

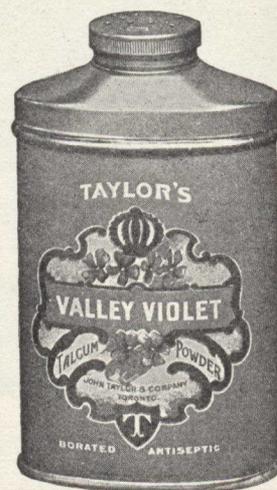
Mr. Allan Studholme, M.P.P., of Hamilton, is in favour of entire exclusion of Asiatic labour. Just watch him get up and talk for 'steen hours about it next session unless Hon. Thomas Crawford heads him off.

* * *

Rev. Dr. Hillis says there are "forty roads to Hell," and a bad man on the Montreal "Star" remarks that the walking is probably better than it is on any of the Montreal sidewalks. In this case, Montrealers have something pleasant to look forward to and may sing that cheerful ditty: "It's better farther on."

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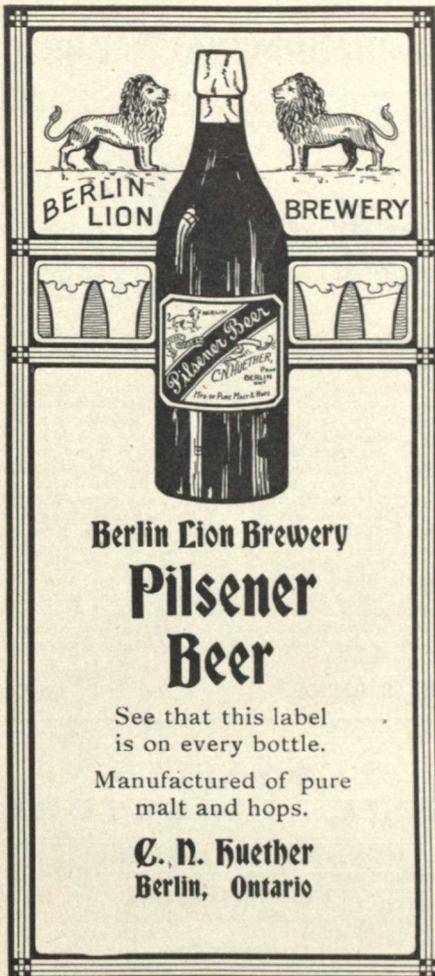
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FORT ELLICE

(Continued from page 20)

older store-house. Down in the bank facing the river was the former magazine, from which some godless tourist had torn the lock, and down again on the river's edge lay the dust of warehouses and docks. A pallid Frenchman who lived in the factor's house put away our horses. We could have lunch, yes, but not until his wife and the others returned from mass at St. Lazarre. He could tell us nothing of the history or associations of Fort Ellice, he had but recently come, it was not even a post-office any longer since these last few months, and the store had been closed quite a year ago, and there were no neighbours. The books of the company were in the loft of the old store, if we cared to face the dust of the place. We would come in? But we wandered instead down an old trail to the river, and sat in the meagre shade of the bushes dotted park-wise along its twisted, turbid length.

"It's sure different from the old days," mused the Tramp Royal, "when we came up the river on the 'Manitoba.' She was a flat-bottomed, weird old side-wheeler with a skipper firmly convinced that time was made for slaves. Every night at nine we tied up to a tree and went asleep. The wood for the feeding of the decrepit engine was piled at intervals along the bank. The grub-pile was an uncertain quantity and of an uncertain quality, the passengers eating after the nondescript crew. We cut out the berths and slept on deck. The skipper could swear some. His fund of profanity was mentioned in awed admiration all up and down the Assiniboine. He was a sort of Narcissus who gazed fascinated into the flow of his own eloquence. Once I missed an exhibition of his verbal fireworks, and he spoke to me regretfully of my absence below on the occasion of his wrath. 'Ye shoulda heard me,' he sighed, striking his fists together. We often got out to milk a cow at one point and caught the boat around the next curve." Here a soft-eyed little deer with a ribbon on her throat pushed through the bushes, and, while I petted her confiding prettiness, the eyes of the Tramp Royal dreamed away across the low languid hills heaped against the sky on the other side of the river where we caught a twinkle of white wall and spire from which the thin sweetness of a little bell pulsed across, the little bell of the old French Mission of St. Lazarre.

Caught back into the mood of the old days, we climbed into the store-loft, and almost we could discern the ghosts of the army of clerks who had penned the pages of the heavy books piled tier on tier in the thick dust of forgetfulness. The day was now one blaze of sun, the loft was stiflingly oppressive, the dust flew into our throats as we moved the books, and, like Pepys in Morocco—or was it Algiers?—we were infinitely bit by mosquitos. From these discomforts a few memories of a certain day-book stand out. The South Quill, South Quill's eldest son, South Quill's son-in-law, and Yellow Calf's brother obtain bacon, tobacco, flour, and tea, "on account of Treaty." The Old Scrubbing Wife, on the same account, gets a hoe and tobacco and cash for the ferryman. (A splendid bridge has long since replaced that ferryman.) Bad Ax and Wall Eye get \$1.25 for a day's work "turning over flour," and take their wage 25c. in bacon and \$1.00 in flour. Louison Onsoupe is debtor for \$269.47 at one date, his purchases ranging anywhere from scalping-knives to castor oil. Kitchee Kee Ootay was fortunate in his hunting, bringing in "1 cross fox, \$2.50, 2 prime red do. \$2.50, and 1 common red fox, 50c.," and getting therefrom shot, powder, gun-flints, tobacco, and matches. Ka Kayaning sold "4 prime skunks" for one dollar in tea and tobacco. Young Mosquito is credited with "1 red fox, \$1.25, and 3 minks, \$2.25," and is surely married when ribbon, soap, and thimbles appear on the debtor side; while Shee Sheep again gets a Balmoral skirt, whatever that may be, a huckaback towel, 5 yards of print and 1 Wincy shirt. Alex. McIntosh meditated scones, surely, with his "can of soda," while one gay N.W.M.P. is

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HAMILTON - - CANADA

open to suspicion with "I white dressed shirt and collar—detached."

The church-party arrived in a quaint old barouche lined with grey velvet, and we lunched with them presently in the factor's house, the huge Scotch fireplace his one memory in an atmosphere of old France and other-worldliness. There were such heavy brass candlesticks on the wide mantel, and Catholic pictures on the walls, and piles of French literature on the old-fashioned round table, and a priest's photograph crowning the piano. He was the brother of Madame and had formerly been in charge of the St. Lazarre mission. Monsieur the host did the honours with grave, unsmiling, perfect courtesy, his oddly fair hair cut en brosse above his blanched face. Madame was vivacious, but in French, and Made-moiselle Jeanne, her sister, helped out in her sweet, slow, broken English, while the young man assistant in the new grey suit and hot red tie hung on her words with eager eyes. Truly she was most fair and sweet, and about them all was some subtle unwestern gift of grace that accorded with the dim foreign pictures and the cool unwonted room. The attendants at the mission were largely "half-bloods," Jeanne told me, and her deer was "Bijou," and her dog "Jacques," and her gold medal she had won at the convent in Winnipeg for the "menage."

Would we like to see the graves, the young man asked us later, and he took us past the tall isolated chimney white in the sun-heat, and into the poplar bluffs that had grown over the unmarked graves of the days that were. Only one headstone could I find, and that told of the drowning of Pieter Kierstead, a boy. Big and little, the mounds were blurring out of recognition. Often at sunset, the young man said, when he was seeking errant cattle, he found in the bluffs graves that he had not known of before. "Good times, bad times, all times go over," murmured the Tramp Royal, as we left them, flower and scent and dust and dreaming, and started back home again through an afternoon land in which one could see a thousand dreamy years away into space, while a faint south wind purred through the bloomy gold of the wild-flowers, and the lure of the wizard prairie left us no will but to follow.

Weakness for Superlatives

(Montreal Star.)

THE weakness for superlatives is again exhibited in the statement now going the rounds that Attorney-General Turgeon, of Saskatchewan, is the youngest holder of that title known in Canadian history. He is reported to be about 30, and is probably a little older. It would be possible to find in the history of the Canadian provinces a number of instances throwing doubt upon this claim. For example, Mr. Sifton was Attorney-General of Manitoba, and the late Judge King was Attorney-General of New Brunswick before they were 31. Probably half a dozen other cases could be found. When Judge Duff was called to the Supreme Court of Canada half the newspapers in the country announced that he had been made a judge in British Columbia younger than any other man who ever ascended the bench in this country. The Star then mentioned numerous younger appointments, including some of the most conspicuous public men in Canadian history. But it is hopeless to try to correct the superlative habit. It has become an organic disease in the English speaking press. Probably before the year is out we shall be told that some veteran like the Secretary of State is the oldest administrator on record. And that will also be incorrect.

The Important Point

The lank, long-haired young man looked dreamily at the charming girl on whom he was endeavouring to make a favourable impression.

"Did you ever long for death?" he asked, in a low and moving tone.

"Whose?" inquired the charming but practical young person.—Youths' Companion.

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