

The Canadian **C**ourier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



IN THE REALM OF POMONA.

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

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**BIG BOTTLE
ALL DRUGGISTS
EVERYWHERE**

104

THE
Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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CONTENTS

WHAT CANADIAN EDITORS THINK	4
IN THE PUBLIC VIEW	5
REFLECTIONS	6
THROUGH A MONOCLE	8
THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS	9
OUR STEP-CHILDREN	10
THE MARITIME PROVINCES	12
CHARACTERISTIC POSES OF SIR WILFRID	13
THE LORSSON ELOPEMENT, Story	14
DEMI-TASSE	16
PEOPLE AND PLACES	17
LITERARY NOTES	18
AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE	19
FOR THE CHILDREN	20



PUBLISHER'S TALK

THE Apple Crop is one of Canada's most important. Wheat, Cheese, Lumber and Coal are important, but Apples are not less so, though the annual export is not so valuable. Hence this week's cover. Perhaps it will help Canada's reputation in a few places where ignorance of our wonderful climate still exists.

WHILE the CANADIAN COURIER is non-political, we intend to keep our readers well supplied with pictures of the campaign which closes on October 26th. This week we have some excellent photographs of Sir Wilfrid Laurier as he appears when addressing large audiences at open-air meetings. These are the best pictures of the Premier which have ever been published. Next week we hope to have some similar pictures of Mr. Borden and some others of the Conservative leaders. We shall be pleased to have photographers throughout the Dominion send us pictures similar in character to those published during the past two weeks.

AGAIN we would ask our readers to mention the CANADIAN COURIER in writing for samples and catalogues advertised in our pages. This helps us considerably. Moreover, we guarantee the genuineness of all offers by commercial firms published in our columns. We accept no doubtful advertisements.



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Four Wishes

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amounted to \$7,081,402, a gain over 1906 of \$1,577,855, bringing up the total insurance in force to \$51,091,848, a gain over 1906 of \$4,179,440—and yet the operating expenses were just about the same as last year.
The Company also made substantial gains over 1906—in Assets, \$1,271,255; in Reserves, \$968,221; in Income, \$171,147, and in Surplus, \$800,841.

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What Canadian Editors Think

GRAIN VIA MONTREAL.
(St. John Telegraph.)

MONTREAL, evidently, will not only hold its advantage over American ports in the matter of grain shipments, but steadily continue to attract more and more of that traffic. The American railway trunk lines have rejected the appeal of the various trans-Atlantic steamship lines leading from Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, which sought to induce the railways to concede lower grain rates for export. The steamship petitions set forth that the export grain trade was being diverted from United States ports to Montreal, and that "Montreal is not only loading their regular tonnage, but the favorable grain rates from that port are attracting tramp steamers in addition to the regular lines." The trunk lines, however, declined to reduce their rates and challenged these statements of the petitions. They contended that "the general depression in lake traffic has diverted independently operated lake vessels from their customary service between upper lake ports to the longer routes to points of trans-shipment on the St. Lawrence or to Montreal direct." With the fall movement of grain it was predicted that these vessels would find it more profitable to confine their service to the upper lake ports. It was alleged that the rail lines from Georgian Bay ports to Montreal had not shared in the business and were suffering from all-water rate competition, and that in view of increased crop movement had announced a 5 1-2c. per bushel rate from Georgian Bay ports to Montreal. In short, the trunk lines contend that the conditions which brought about Montreal's grain shipping development had been abnormal and temporary, and that the United States ports will soon again receive their customary quota.

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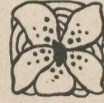
REFORM THE COURTS.
(Montreal Star.)

THE fact is that our whole system of administering justice needs overhauling. We have inherited a lot of "deadwood" from the past which was very useful and necessary when it was put in place but which now merely clogs the wheels and hinders progress. What is needed is that some men, well versed in the practical requirements of our courts and their work, should take up this problem of legal procedure and justice administration as an entirely new proposition; and tell us what sort of a legal machine they would set up if they had to build "de nova" with an eye single to meeting modern conditions. After all, it is the present world in which we must live. Today in all walks of life we are trimming our machinery down to the simplest proportions which will do the work now required; and are getting rid of all extraneous devices which were meant to meet difficulties at one time very real but now non-existent. And this is a reform which should be applied to legal procedure. From the past, we should bring nothing but experience. The scaffolding which was once necessary can now be dispensed with. Provisions meant to meet ancient dangers are now about as useful as the fortified castles of the Middle Ages. The teaching of the past should never be forgotten; but its methods may easily be outgrown and one of the most emphatic of the teachings of experience is the necessity of meeting new conditions with new devices.

PERSONAL

A WORD TO MEN WITH HAIR TROUBLE

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A National Weekly

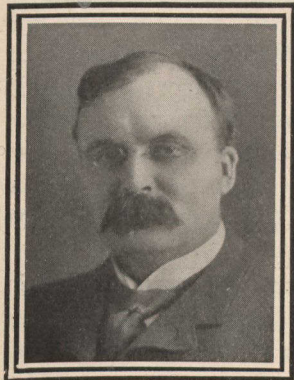
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Vol. IV.

Toronto, September 26th, 1908.

No. 17

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Hon. W. J. Hanna,
Prov. Secretary of Ontario

MR. R. L. BORDEN'S impressive meeting at Halifax on September 15th introduced to an audience of Eastern Canadians the Hon. W. J. Hanna, Provincial Secretary of Ontario, whose speech on that occasion was a remarkably logical and effective deliverance. Those who are wondering what the Ontario Minister means, by going so far from home in Federal interests, show that they do not yet realise the fighting quality of this Sarnia lawyer, who was a new member in the Ontario Opposition assembled in March, 1903, and a Cabinet Minister in the Ontario Government in February, 1905. Mr. Hanna, though a Canadian by birth, has the blood of Ulster in his veins and warms to the political fray. He was recognised, from his

first speech during the most strenuous debate to which the Ontario Legislative Assembly has listened, as a foeman worthy of any antagonist's steel. He was never happier than when camping on the trail of Mr. James Conmee, and must have regretted that gentleman's departure for the House of Commons. Mr. Hanna is not looking for Ottawa favours—he is simply tasting the former joys of Opposition strife. A spell of "being agin the government" will refresh his energy. His administrative ability, as shown during the last four years of office, is generally conceded, but only those who have heard the member for West Lambton in brisk debate know how keen is his forensic skill, how swift is his glance for the weak point in the opponent's armour. Sarcasm is a weapon which he uses sparingly but with genuine Irish aptness, as was shown last week when he described the reform from "within" of the Dominion Government.

However, the Provincial Secretary of Ontario is by no means always spoiling for a fight. No member of the Ontario Government works harder, but no member of the House has a readier appreciation of a jest—even though it come from the opposite side of the House. Essentially democratic, he has a gift for making and keeping friends, which has been a great factor in winning for his party a constituency which had always been marked as Liberal. This is an age when effective speaking is rare, as "consuming commercialism" is not favourable to its development. Before the close of the campaign of 1908, the Ontario Minister from Sarnia will be recognised as a man whose hard thinking and fluent talking will eventually bring him more than provincial honours.

TWO city clerks have become conspicuous during the past few months. Last spring the city clerk of Victoria composed the words of a new national hymn which was recommended to be sung at the Tercentenary celebration. But the city clerk of Quebec

had already stolen a march on his contemporary up the steeps of Parnassus by having been the real originator of the Tercentenary scheme. Honore Julien Jean Baptiste Chouinard was the man who in a letter to the *Quebec Telegraph* first mooted the brilliant idea. He also took a leading part in the details of the celebration and was created a C.M.G., being invested with that title by the Prince of Wales. Mr. Chouinard is a true Quebecker; born, educated and established in the Ancient Capital as a lawyer; has been president of several learned and political societies; lecturer and alderman and member of Parliament—sitting as member for Dorchester in 1887; City Clerk of Quebec since 1889 and at present



H. J. B. Chouinard, Esq., C.M.G.
City Clerk of Quebec

laureate of that distinguished body, the Royal Society of Canada.

* * *

HOBSON'S choice has fallen to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. The new president of that body is Mr. Robert Hobson, general manager of the Hamilton Iron and Steel Company. Mr. Hobson is the son of a man who in Canada is as well known as his namesake in the United States—and to much better purpose; Mr. Joseph Hobson, for forty years the eminent engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway; since 1896 chief engineer of the company—famous as the man in charge of construction of the St. Clair tunnel and the enlargement of Victoria Bridge at Montreal. The president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association is not less energetic than his father, whose footsteps he followed in railway work up till February, 1896, when the Hamilton Blast Furnace Co., first producers of pig-iron in Ontario, got hold of Mr. Hobson as secretary-treasurer. In 1899 his company, along with the Ontario Rolling Mills Company, was merged in the Hamilton Iron and Steel Company, of which in May, 1904, Mr. Hobson became general manager—succeeding Mr. C. S. Wilcox. Mr. Hobson is also vice-president of the Caledon Mountain Trout Club, an organisation of choice spirits from Hamilton and Brantford who have some of the best times in the world when they get out after the trout; a club in which Mr. Hobson's predecessor in the presidency of the C. M. A., Mr. Frank Cockshutt, was also a moving spirit.



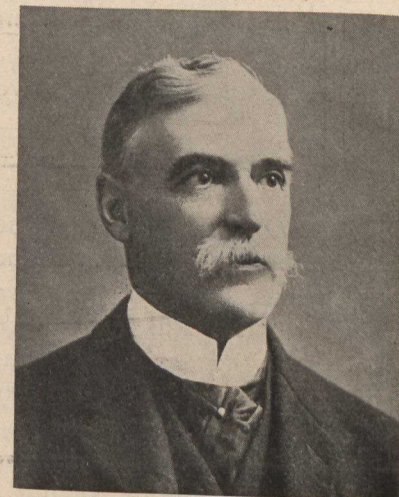
H. H. Reshad Effendi,
Heir to the Throne of Turkey

* * *

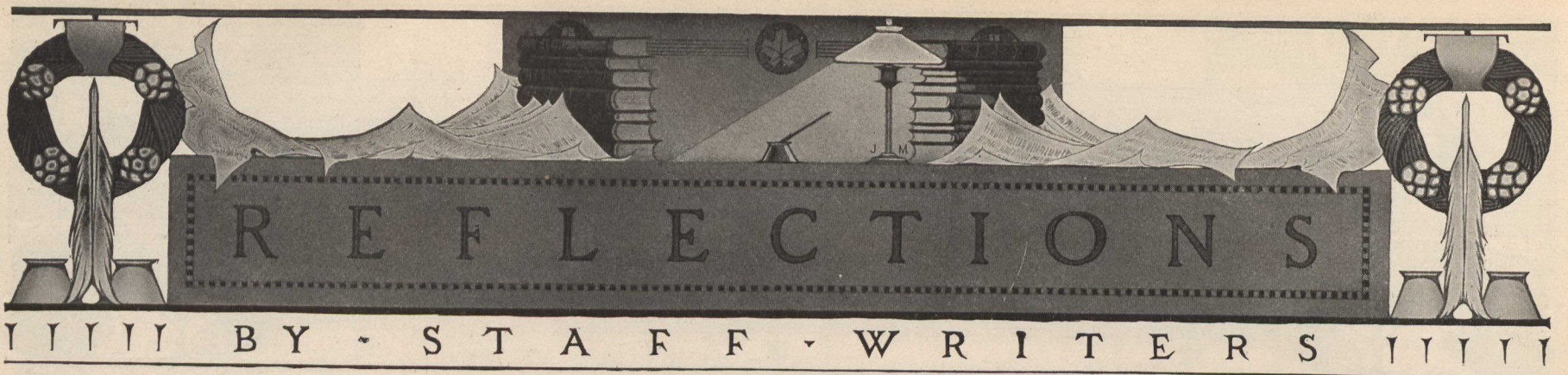
PRESIDENT of the American Veterinary Medical Association is a Canadian—Dr. J. G. Rutherford, who recently was elected to the greatest office of its kind in the world. Dr. Rutherford is veterinary director-general of Canada, which is proof that he knows more about horses than any other man in Canada. The horse as an economic figure in Canada is more important than ever it was. The future prosperity of agricultural Canada depends more upon the horse than upon all the oxen and steam ploughs and gasoline engines in the world. Dr. Rutherford has been a good many years identified with the interests of the Canadian horse, and he is the first Canadian to be elected to the presidency of the A. V. M. A. He has been seven years in the veterinary medical service of the Dominion and two years director-general. He has done a great deal for the inspection and quarantine of diseased animals. If under his direction something could be done to provide that in town and cities where horses are worn out hundreds in a day, a horse should be mercifully retired to the bone-yard when he becomes too feeble to travel, it would be a great deal in the interests of humane treatment of the animal to which Canada owes a large debt of consideration.

* * *

THE appointment of Prof. S. J. McLean to one of the vacancies on the Railway Commission follows logically after that of Professor Shortt to the chairmanship of the Civil Service Board. Professor McLean is a keen student as well as a teacher of political economy—a branch of thinking for which the former Railway Commission was by no means celebrated. Judge Mabee is the able chairman, while Dr. James Mills, his lieutenant, is an exceptionally able college man.



Mr. Robert Hobson,
New President Manufacturers Association.



FOREST RANGING

CANADIANS talk a great deal about preventing forest fires, but the measures taken seem entirely inadequate. The loss by fire this fall will probably total fifty millions of dollars, of which one-half has occurred in British Columbia. If some department of government, provincial or federal, pays \$200 for a boiler that might have been bought for \$150, the legislature or parliament will spend a couple of days talking about it. Yet the question of preserving our valuable forests would tire the same body of wise legislators in about an hour and a half.

An explorer who went north through New Ontario last summer tells of the fire rangers he met. The first pair were two young men out for a holiday who were having a bully time camping and canoeing. The next were two old men about seventy years of age, of whom one was sick and the other was busily engaged as nurse. The third pair were two preachers seeking diversion and the fresh-air cure. Fire rangers are a joke with most of the provincial governments. The appointees know little if anything about their duties, are not under any central overseer, and are usually personal friends of some influential member. The appointments are purely political and the money appropriated for this purpose is thus mostly wasted.

Until very recently, the Dominion Government has taken little interest in the preservation of the forests in the new provinces and territories. According to the *Edmonton Bulletin*, Mr. Oliver's paper, "the Forestry branch [of the Department of Interior] has never had any direct information as to the forest areas of the two provinces [Alberta and Saskatchewan]. What information it has to hand has been gathered from other branches of the service and from private sources." This summer, however, it has had men inspecting and surveying these areas with a view of estimating the amount of timber and what precautions are necessary for their preservation. It is probable that as a result of this investigation, the force of fire rangers will be increased. This, however, will be of little avail, if the Forestry Branch follows the policy pursued by the provincial governments and appoints careless, untrained civilians instead of properly trained and organised rangers.

It is a reasonable assertion that during the past ten or fifteen years, the timber consumed in forest fires was of sufficient quantity and value to have sold for enough money to build the Grand Trunk Pacific. While our members of parliament and members of legislatures are wrangling over petty matters of patronage, the public domain has been burning up for lack of some efficient system of protection. The question as to who should have the contracts for supplying bread to the asylums, military stations and penitentiaries is of more importance to the average member of parliament than the question of forest preservation. The advanced methods which have been introduced, for certain improvements have been effected, are due more to department officials than to the average minister or member. If Canada had less politics and more efficient public administration, the outlook would be more encouraging.

MILITIA EXPENDITURES

IN their famous report laid before Parliament last session, the Civil Service Commissioners undertook to criticise the Department of Militia and Defence. This was to be expected, but unfortunately their criticism was not directed wholly towards the civil service portion of the department, but included comment upon its general policy. They said that the expenditure had been going up by leaps and bounds; every person who was well informed knew that and also knew that Parliament had authorised the expenditure. They proposed that this expenditure should be fixed at so much per capita and

should increase only as the population increases. This is a rather curious usurpation of the province of Parliament.

When they came to deal with the matters which were really within their purview, they made serious mistakes. They say that the Headquarters Staff numbers 40, whereas General Lake states it is only 27. They place the Permanent and Headquarters Staff at 220, and General Lake says it is only 52. They condemn the high pay given to the military officers at headquarters, a criticism they are entitled to make, even though it is not justified by circumstances. When, however, they condemn the pensions to officers and their widows and recommend it for all other branches of the civil service, they are delightfully inconsistent. They say the desertions from the permanent force are one in three, probably intending to show that it is badly officered. In 1905, this was so; in 1906, the desertions were one in six; in 1907, one in nine.

All this is pointed out in a Memorandum by General Lake, recently issued. A perusal of this reply to the Commissioners is well worth while. It also contains General Lake's explanation of the increased expenditures and his justification of them. There will be divergent views on this point, but the defence offered by the General is decidedly interesting as well as informing.

It is probable that there have been military expenditures for which the country did not get value. It is certain, as in most other departments, that there are "patronage" lists and that friends of the Government have been favoured. This, however, is a practice which the people have not yet condemned. It exists in all Canadian governments, provincial as well as federal. It is also probably true that there are a few men on the permanent pay-list who are not earning their salaries. The great difficulty seems to be that the appointments to the permanent force are occasionally "incompetents." If a family with political influence have a son who has not brains enough to earn a living, they try to make a soldier of him. Not all the "incompetents" are Canadians, however. Several are Englishmen sent out here with "ducal" recommendations. Graduates of the Royal Military College are forced to go to Great Britain to get appointments on their merit. Perhaps these are the points the Commissioners had in their minds, but they might have been more precise in their language.

The general expenditure on the militia has increased by "leaps and bounds," but it must be remembered that the cost of living has forced up the rate of pay, that Canada has assisted the cause of Imperial Defence by assuming the cost of maintaining Halifax and Esquimalt, that the permanent force has been increased from 800 in 1905 to 3,311 in 1908, that in the same period the active militia has been increased from 35,835 to 57,718, that the number of men trained has increased from 19,000 to 46,000, and the number of horses from 2,872 to 11,798, and that cadet corps with 8,000 members and rifle associations with 38,000 members have sprung into existence. This justifies much of the increased expenditure, though it may not justify it all.

THE NEW C. P. R. STOCK

BETWEEN 1902 and the end of 1907, eighty-five million dollars' worth of Canadian Pacific Railway common stock was issued at par. It is now proposed to issue fifty millions more, also at par apparently. If that 135 millions had been issued at an average of \$125 instead of at \$100 for a hundred dollar share, the company would have \$34,000,000 in its treasury. Instead of doing that, the stock is issued at par and that thirty-four millions goes, or will go, to make rich men richer. Truly, unto him who hath, shall be given.

Even now it is not too late to save some of this money, to prevent the latest stock-watering proposition. The fifty millions now ready for issue could be sold at \$150 a share, and twenty-five million dollars extra cash realised. A stock selling at \$172 should be sufficiently

popular to create a market for a new issue at \$150. Here is the table of net revenue account for six years:

1902-3.....\$15,836,846	1905-6.....\$22,973,313
1903-4..... 14,213,105	1906-7..... 25,303,309
1904-5..... 15,475,088	1907-8..... 21,792,363

A company with an annual profit of these dimensions should not find it difficult to secure new stock subscriptions. The higher the price at which the stock is sold, the lower will be the freight rates charged. This is where the public is vitally interested. It is of more importance to this country that the freight rates between eastern and western Canada should be lowered than that the private fortunes of Lord Strathcona, Lord Mount Stephen, Sir William Van Horne, Sir George Drummond and Mr. R. B. Angus should be considerably increased. If the C. P. R. can afford to distribute twenty-five million dollars, there are a few thousand farmers in Western Canada who would appreciate a reduction in their freight bills. That enormous sum would carry 250,000,000 bushels of wheat, or say three years' export, from the elevators on the prairie to the elevators at Fort William.

ONTARIO AND THE WHITE PLAGUE

MR. H. C. HAMMOND, treasurer of the two Sanatoria for Consumptives at Weston, Ontario, has recently been obliged through illness to resign that position. In the form of resignation he has addressed to the People of Ontario as remarkable a letter as Canadians have ever read in the public press. Mr. Hammond has a Carlylian hatred for cant and empty profession and the downright manliness of the writer speaks in every sentence of what is too stern an epistle to be called an appeal. There is no use in going into statistics once more with regard to the White Plague, save to remark that in the decade, 1896-1906, the deaths from tuberculosis in the Province of Ontario were 36,700, or about eleven per cent. of the total number. If this mortality were the result of any other disease, there would be a tremendous outcry; but, with almost Oriental passivity, the public seemed for years to assume that it has pleased Providence to afflict the community with this plague.

Mr. Hammond refers to the large meeting of municipal representatives of Ontario, held in Toronto in March last, on which occasion many pretty promises were made by mayors and other magnates. The result has been disappointing to all who realise the seriousness of the situation and Mr. Hammond very properly calls upon the people and the Government to do something adequate towards stopping this "annual slaughter of wage-earners." He states emphatically: "If tuberculosis is to be stamped out in this province, as it can be, it must be done in a wholesale way; no little picayune grant of \$100,000, but let it be started at \$1,000,000, with more to follow when needed, and the money will return good dividends in due time." There is provision in Ontario sanatoria for looking after two hundred and eighty cases, which is not a large proportion in twelve thousand. Most of those who are afflicted in Ontario are of Canadian birth but a few are cases of immigrants who have escaped the easy inspection of the Ontario Government. Mr. Hammond reiterates what all tax-payers will readily agree with, that Canada should not be made a dumping-ground for diseased paupers.

Ontario faces a stern duty in this fight against the White Plague and there is much wholesome suggestion in the advice: "You plume yourselves and expand your chests and pat yourselves thereon and think you are IT, and if you exalt yourselves you must accept the responsibilities." These are straight-flung words from a citizen who evidently believes in "rugged maxims hewn from life." We are too fond of catch-words and sounding phrases, without realising their accompanying obligations. Premier colony and banner province come readily to the lips but it is well that we should hear occasionally, from one who knows whereof he speaks, concerning the duties we are neglecting.

READY FOR REBUILDING

THE town of Fernie is showing the vigour in rebuilding which is characteristic of a young and ambitious community. An observant visitor to Canada from an older land recently said that nothing is more striking on the northern half of this continent than the air of hopefulness breathed by the aspiring citizens. Fire, epidemics and even earthquakes do not go far towards depressing the inhabitants of new towns and cities, which have a *Mark Tapley* facility in coming out strong the day after the main street and the best

residential districts have been reduced to ashes. Fernie has not lacked for assistance, but the spirit shown by its own people is the best assurance of a town's future prosperity.

The buoyant belief in "our town," characteristic of Western America, whether in Oregon or British Columbia, has often been ridiculed by citizens of more sedate communities, but it has taken a big belief to lay railroads through mountains and make a metropolis on the prairie. It takes the spirit of a nation-builder to sit down among the ruins to plan new streets with town hall, opera house and new hotel, strictly fire-proof. Canadian cities have their share of the year's disasters but they have so far shown a cheerful disposition to go the phoenix fable one better.

THE GRAIN IS MOVING

THOUGH perhaps too much importance is attached to news about the western grain crop, it is encouraging to know that it is moving. During the first two weeks of September there was a great advance as compared with the two weeks of last year:

	1908	1907
Cars of wheat inspected	3042	413
Cars of oats inspected	128	92
Cars of barley inspected	123	36

This increase in the shipments is due to the earlier harvest as well as improved shipping facilities.

The grain is threshing well. Both wheat and oats are of a better grade than last year and the price per bushel will thus average higher. This, with an increased yield, should make the West a very comfortable and cheerful district after October's shipping is completed. In November there will be a general liquidation of debts and a widespread cancellation of interest-bearing notes of hand. It is to be hoped that when the West has paid its debts, it will be a bit more careful about incurring fresh liabilities. Uncanny speculation should also be sternly repressed wherever it shows its head.

PLAYING THE GAME UNFAIRLY

SUSPICION must naturally rest upon a political party which plays the game unfairly. Because Mr. Sifton owns the *Winnipeg Free Press* and can afford it, is no reason why he should sell his paper at one dollar a year in an attempt to ruin his competitors. If he is doing this solely for political reasons, he is doing something which the public should resent. Mr. Sifton is able, clever, and influential. He does not need to stoop to such tactics. Because Mr. Pugsley has wealthy friends in New Brunswick is no reason why he should encourage them to purchase the *St. John Sun* and the *Telegraph* and leave the Conservatives in that district without an organ. The *Globe*, under Senator Ellis, has always been a Liberal paper. Three Liberal dailies and no Conservative daily in a city like St. John is not advisable. It looks like an attempt to stifle criticism and prevent debate. This is not playing the game fairly. Surely the great Liberal party, which has a magnificent history, extending back three-quarters of a century, is not in such a condition that it fears public discussion!

CAMPAIGN COMPLIMENTS

WE are a broad and enlightened people, possessing a press which is free as the winds that blow across the forests of this decidedly vast Dominion. Yet the reports and comments on the political campaign, appearing from day to day in the party papers, display a disparity which is enough to make a visitor from Mars wonder in what deep well, beyond the reach of political buckets, fair Truth may be hiding. Sir Wilfrid has immense crowds at Niagara, with such applause as makes the cataract a poor thing, says the great Liberal organ. There was a lack of enthusiasm, which must have been painful to Liberals of the old school, says the Conservative journal. Sir Wilfrid's oratory swept Strathroy like a whirlwind of eloquence and made the farmers of Middlesex look forward to another quadrennial of golden harvests, says the Liberal press of Western Ontario, while the Conservative pauses to drop a tear over Sir Wilfrid's failure to explain the unparalleled extravagance and unprincipled procedure of his rapidly-descending government. It is amusing or disgusting, as the reader is inclined to be philosopher or moralist. Meanwhile, it is consoling to reflect that by the first of November the country will have settled down to business again, the "also-rans" will be deploring the ease with which a majority may be financially manoeuvred, while the new M.P., in the midst of calls from office-seeking friends, will almost be regretting the result of the campaign.



WHEN I was in New York, I obeyed the proverb and "did as the New Yorkers did"—I went to "The Devil." The "Devil"

I patronised had the saving grace of being the anti-trust "Devil"; for I was confident that if any man could "play the Devil" with distinction, it would be George Arliss. George Arliss comes very near to being our most artistic actor on this continent, now that Mansfield is gone. He has been trained in a good school, having played with Mrs. Fiske for some time. The last time I saw him was in "Leah Kleschna," when he played the bad brother-in-law-to-be in opposition to Mrs. Fiske's "Leah." In that role, he was a man possessed of the devil. Now he is playing the tenant and not merely the tenement. The various critics have already told you that "The Devil" in the hands of George Arliss is an artistic performance; but they say that of so many people that you hardly realise the import of their words. In truth, it is a masterpiece. He actually makes you feel that he might be the devil come to earth in human form.

* * *

IN this sophisticated age, the Mephisto of Faust no longer even suggests the devil to us. We have outgrown our ideas of "blue flames" and mystical powers in connection with the Evil One. Mephisto is a part of a mediaeval legend. We know that if so clever a personage, as the devil is represented to be, were thinking of coming among men to lead them into temptation, he would never advertise his real character in that way. In vain are snares spread in the sight of even human beings. When we try to think how he might come, the whole idea becomes so fantastic and unreal that we toss it over our shoulders with a laugh. The fact is we do not much believe in devils anyway. But so superb is the art of Mr. Arliss, that he actually makes a New York theatrical audience think that possibly and after all the devil might really come in the way he pictures him. He gives plausibility to the impossible. The play does that, you will say; and you may be right. But I read on Mr. Arliss' programme a criticism of the "trust" Devil from a New York paper which intimates that he does not succeed so well. And, of course, Mr. Arliss' programme editor would be impartial.

* * *

THE essence of the Devil's temptation is an invitation to youth and love to have their way. If other people stand in the road, so much the worse for the other people. I could not help feeling that, in this respect, the Devil was given an unfair advantage. Surely it is usually quite right that youth and love should have their way. Any barriers erected against them are artificial and probably undesirable barriers. In this play, a young girl dependent on a rich family, and a young artist who teaches drawing to the children of the family, fall in love. But just as they exchange their first kiss, it is made known that the son of the family loves the young girl and wants to marry her. Now he is very wealthy; and the match thus proposed to the young girl is nothing less than dazzling. According to European cathedral choir. And he begins to suggest obvious thoughts to the marries him.

* * *

NOW some of us would think that here was where the Devil had done his work. But not at all. The Devil has not yet taken an interest in the case. Six years pass. In the meantime, the rich family of the young husband have sent the poor artist to study abroad and he has come home a famous portrait painter. It has several times been suggested that the beautiful young wife have her portrait painted by this celebrity whom she knows so well; but she has always avoided it. Now, however, her husband insists. Society requires it of him. His lovely wife must be painted. So she goes to the studio of the young artist to be painted half-length in decollete costume. At this point, enter His Satanic Majesty. In Mr. Arliss' person, he comes out of the depths of a chair which was surely made originally for a cathedral chair. And he begins to suggest obvious thoughts to the young people whom he finds in the studio.

* * *

THEY have just talked the past all over, however, and have decided to let it lie buried. But the Devil is a fine resurrectionist and he digs it up again. In short, he bids them to realise how much they

love each other and then to live their lives. Whenever they start to climb back to propriety, he shows them that the path is closed; and when they look longingly downward, he gives them a gentle push in that direction. But all the while you cannot help feeling that he wrought his master-stroke before the play began, when he—for it must have been the Devil and no other—arranged that loveless marriage between the young dependent and the rich heir of the house. There are those so lost to a proper sense of what is moral and right that they would think that the young people were now only striving to repair that first error. Then love was thwarted; now it is to have its way again. But the trouble is that so usual is it for us to think that people who love each other should be mated that much of the sympathy of that perverse New York audience went with the Devil, and they were rather glad when he succeeded. They would not have liked it if the young girl had been sent back to the arms of a man she did not love. But then, again, possibly the Devil has been in New York before, without advertising himself, and has corrupted the whole community.

N'IMPORTE

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

See opposite page

THE Eucharistic Congress of the prelates of the Roman Catholic Church was held in London, England, this month, assembling in Westminster Chapel on September 9th, when Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, the Papal Legate, was formally received. After the reading of the Apostolic letter appointing him Legate, Cardinal Vannutelli addressed the prelates, of whom there were a greater number present than have been gathered in England for centuries. The Cardinal declared that the purpose of the Congress was to honour the Eucharist and exalt its worship.

In Albert Hall, on September 10th, the Congress held a huge meeting, with the Cardinal Legate presiding. The Archbishop of Montreal spoke eloquently on this occasion. Prior to the Albert Hall meeting this clergyman took part in a debate in which he spoke of the complete religious freedom in Canada and the piety of the French-Canadians. Then, pointing to the Union Jack and the Papal standard he evoked an outburst of applause by declaring that the Catholics of Canada are "equally attached to the flag of our faith and the flag of our loyalty." He concluded by inviting all to the Eucharistic Congress in 1910 in Montreal.

The Imperial Protestant Federation sent a protest to King Edward, questioning the legality of the Papal Legate's mission and objecting to the Host being carried in public procession. Premier Asquith thereupon communicated with Archbishop Bourne asking that the ceremony be modified lest there should be public disturbance. The latter dignitary then announced that the ceremonial procession should be held within the cathedral walls and that the benediction would be given to the multitudes from the balcony of the cathedral.

On September 13th a great procession of Catholic clergymen, which brought the Eucharistic Congress to an end, was held amid scenes such as the English churchmen who planned it had never anticipated. Cardinal Vannutelli, the Pope's Legate, walked at the head of the procession, wearing his scarlet robes and hat, but not carrying the Host. He was accompanied by a bodyguard of English Peers, of whom the Duke of Norfolk was the most prominent, and a concourse of Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops, who were attired in unceremonial robes instead of vestments, which originally had been proposed they should wear.

"PUNCH" COMMENTS ON THE VISIT OF THE U.S. FLEET TO MELBOURNE.



ADVANCE AUSTRALIA!"

British Lion—"Glad to see they're getting on together so nicely, and I hope the young 'un 'll pick up some notion of a hornpipe from his sailor friend; for I've never been able to teach it him!"

[Mr. Deakin also—see his speech at Melbourne—has come to the conclusion that it is time for Australia to produce something in the way of a fleet.]



THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

The Papal Legate, Cardinal Vannutelli, going for a Motor Ride,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HALFTONES, LIMITED

Archbishop Bourne, of Westminster, who received all the Dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Churches.

THE POLITICAL PROBLEM

By NORMAN PATTERSON

I SUPPOSE a great many voters are, like myself, wondering which party is to receive their ballots. It is probable that since 1891, there has never been an occasion when it was as difficult to decide. There is a great advantage in being a party man because then a voter may tell four years in advance which party he will vote for at the next general election. The partisans have no trouble with their minds, though they may have some with their consciences. The trouble with the conscience is not nearly so bad as the trouble with the mind. Conscience is not supposed to play a very great part in politics.

The day after Sir Wilfrid Laurier's great effort at Niagara, I walked down town with my friend The Liberal. He was quite jubilant. In his mind Sir Wilfrid had made a magnificent speech; witty, clever, comprehensive, telling, statesmanlike. There was not the slightest shadow of a doubt in his mind as to who was the greatest man in Canada. He had not been at Niagara to hear the address, but he had read the report in the *Globe*. He was satisfied. His mind was made up.

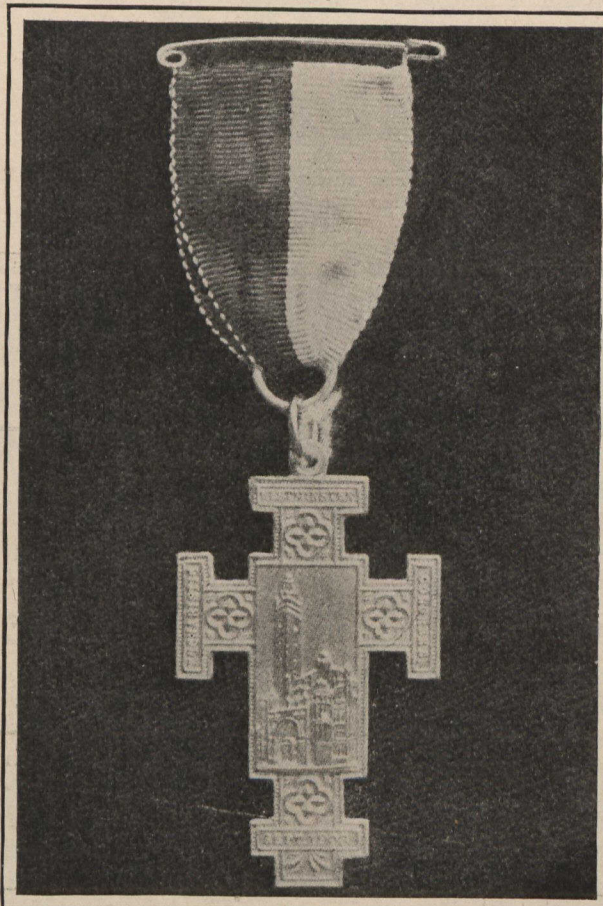
During the course of the morning, I called on The Conservative, and I asked him what he thought of The Premier's speech. "I am disappointed," he replied, "it reads to me like the speech of a man on the run." He, too, was satisfied. His mind was made up. He will vote for the Borden candidates.

In the afternoon I chanced to meet The Independent Journalist and he declared that he considered Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech "a national humiliation." We walked along about half a block while I turned the phrase over in my mind. At last I ventured to ask, "Why?" He explained, "It is a national humiliation that the ruler of one-half of the North American Continent should not have risen to a greater height in the discussion of public questions. It was clever, I grant you, but it was the cleverness of the politician rather than the statesman." We argued the matter backwards and forwards, but I could not shake him in his view. "But Laurier will win?" I had made half a statement and half a question. The answer was not shot out boldly, but after a moment's hesitation. "Yes, I think he will win; but you cannot tell what Ontario will do. It may be that it will elect sixty or seventy Conservatives."

"In spite of Canada's great development since 1896?" I ventured. "Rubbish! You might just as well accuse the Liberals of causing the present hard times or the bush fires, as to credit them with the nation's progress. Do you credit the bank managers with having increased the deposits from two hun-

dred to six hundred million?" And he smiled a sarcastic smile as he passed around the corner out of sight.

I went back to my desk and thought it over. In 1896 the sentiment of the people said, "It is time for a change." They put Laurier in power. It may be, as the Conservative journals are saying, "It is time for a change" again. Yet I am not sure that the Independent voter has his mind as fully made up as he had in 1896. There has been much criticism and considerable dissatisfaction, but that this is



THE BADGE FOR THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

A Badge has been Struck for Members of the Eucharistic Congress. For Cardinals it will be of gold, for Bishops and Priests it will be of oxidised silver.

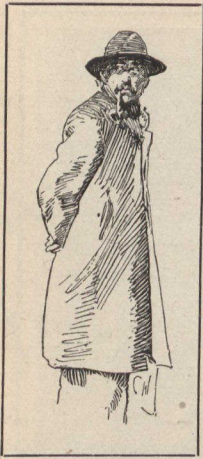
strong enough to justify deposing the Old King and crowning a New King is an open question.

To compare the two policies is not an easy task yet it must be done. Foreign Policy: The Conservatives favour closer Imperialistic connection; the Liberals believe in the Imperial tie, but would have it purely sentimental. Trade Policy: The Liberals believe in moderate protection, and in a bargaining with other nations looking to freer trade; the Conservatives believe in adequate protection and would sacrifice the foreigner to the Britisher. Transportation Policy; Both parties favour new railways and deeper canals, but the Conservatives are more inclined to government ownership and closer government control than the Liberals. Land Policy: The Conservatives might work reforms in the administration of the Crown domain, but it is questionable if they could do much more than the Liberals have done. Post Office Policy: The Conservatives have been advocating rural mail delivery and the Liberals have adopted it. Liquor Policy: No difference; neither party is in favour of prohibition. Public Expenditure Policy: The Conservatives are now the party of economy, the position held by the Liberals before they gained office. Immigration Policy: Practically no difference. Civil Service Reform: Mr. Borden would go farther than Sir Wilfrid, if his party would allow him and he had the opportunity. Thus, the differences are small and really do not help much. The independent voter will find little solace here.

What is there left except a comparison of the Men! Sir Wilfrid and Mr. Borden; Mr. Fielding and Mr. Foster; Mr. Oliver and Mr. Ames; Mr. Lemieux and Mr. Bergeron; Mr. Brodeur and Mr. Monk; Mr. Aylesworth and Sir James P. Whitney; Mr. Graham and Mr. Hazen; Mr. Pugsley and Mr. Roblin; Mr. Templeman and Mr. McBride; Sir Frederick Borden and Col. Hughes; and so on through the two lists. The one side is in; the other is out. If the Outs were Ins and the Ins were Outs, which would look the better body of administrators? It isn't quite fair to compare a compact and well-defined cabinet with an aggregation of possibilities. It is not quite fair to compare a Premier, crowned by years of success and by political, social and Imperial honours, with an opposition Leader who has never won a battle and who has not yet sat upon a throne. Those who make the comparison should do it fairly.

So far as the personality of the leaders is concerned, even making these allowances, Sir Wilfrid has the advantage. He is graceful—as an orator and an actor should be. He has the presence and the speech of a Ruler of men. Mr. Borden, not being French, is not so graceful, nor so effervescent. He is sedate, courtly, refined, but not magnetic. While

(Continued on page 17)



THE STEP-CHILDREN

By GEORGE FISHER CHIPMAN

THE CONSIDERATION OF THE COMPLEX NATURE OF PRESENT IMMIGRATION IS ESPECIALLY INTERESTING AT THIS TIME, WHEN THE GOVERNMENT POLICY IN THE MATTER IS BEING RIGIDLY REVIEWED AND INVESTIGATED



ONLY two score years ago few people outside of Canada knew such a country existed. There was little to know about it. It comprised four jealous little colonies attached to the eastern end of a buffalo pasture, north of which was an immense fur preserve. In the colonies was a population of three and one-half millions; to the west lived the Indians, who were born there, the fur-traders who were hired to stay there and a few hundred Scotchmen at Red River (Winnipeg), who could not get away—they were sent out by an alleged benefactor, Lord Selkirk. There arose a statesman, named Macdonald, who united the colonies and then Canada became ambitious. She bought the big pasture as well as the fur preserve from the Hudson's Bay Company, who had owned it more than two centuries. The price was one-twentieth of the Fertile Belt and an I.O.U. for \$1,500,000. An accident disclosed the fact that the new purchase was not eternally snowbound and that green grass grew there in summer. Another accident revealed a great wheat field—rich and boundless. There was no one to grow wheat and if grown it could not be carried out by canoe nor dog train. Canada paid a company \$25,000,000 to build the Canadian Pacific Railway and then bet the company 25,000,000 acres of wheat land against nothing that the railroad would not pay. The company still hold the railroad and the land—both pay.

To prove that the C.P.R. was not merely "two streaks of rust through the grass to provide iron tonic for the buffaloes," wheat growers were needed. Canada sent out her photograph on alluring printed invitations begging the wide world to come and live with her. Few of the invited guests ever heard of the hostess and her gifts and few came to the feast. She then sent her servants, even to the by-ways, and urged the gathering. Then every species of the human genus came, attacked the soil and brought forth wheat. The railroad became busy and prosperous and Canada grew popular.

As the human tide from the old world washed

across to Canadian shores it looked good in the distance. It was good. That tide has ceaselessly ebbed and flowed—mostly flowed—for twenty years and Canada is again reviewing her step-children. She finds Englishmen of two classes have come to her feast. There is the ordinary brand, comprising the larger class and the extraordinary brand. The latter may be divided into the indispensable and the useless. Part of the Englishmen bothered Canada's digestive organs for a time. Remittances fail and

There was and is no danger from that source.

Then there are the fair-haired Scandinavians, from the home of Jennie Lind. They are leaven to any land, as are their children from the rocks and hills of Iceland. Generations of frugality have trained them for industry and content in a land of plenty. Their brilliant native intellect develops as at home. Teutons brought their business sagacity, their love for beer and the soil. Danes and Holland Dutch are teaching Canadians the art of butter and cheese, known better to them than to others. From the land of wine and music, Italians have come as navvies to build Canadian railroads, as restaurateurs and fruit vendors in large cities. The agile Swiss are guiding tourists through Canadian Rockies and some are growing wheat. Turks are selling their wondrous wares for the homes of the rich. The Jews are on hand with all their commercial instincts alive and are raking in the shekels with a vim born of ages. Occasionally some of them enter the professions. Straggling East and West Indians, Assyrians, Greeks and Spaniards are also attending the feast. Belgium and France have sent a goodly delegation. All these came from homes they loved in a land where justice rules. Great traditions are theirs, but land free and rich for themselves and their children cannot be resisted. Canada still has the latch-string out for the brothers they have left in their homes across the sea.

Russian and Austro-Hungarian civilisation is a different product from that of the Anglo-Saxon. Canadians have a splendid opinion of themselves and judge others by their own approved standards.

From the Old World these people have come to Canada one hundred thousand strong. Freedom is a strange thing to those who have lived generations in oppression or imprisonment. When might has ruled for ages the scales of justice seem unevenly balanced and governments are distrusted. The power of education is not patent nor its charms apparent. Proud Poland once had Ruthenian serfs; their children meet in Canada where neither is conqueror nor conquered, but the feeling of the



"Galicians Washed Across to Canadian Shores."

national prestige is discounted in a new world. When Englishmen have learned this—and they learn it slowly—they are the salt of which the Scriptures speak. The Scotch and Irish light on their feet everywhere.

Thousands came from the sister republic to the south. Canada once thought they wanted her West and was afraid. Soon she saw they were twins to her own children and she opened her arms in heartfelt welcome. The welcome is still extended.



At a Winnipeg Missionary Picnic—A Group of Children who Speak Many Tongues, and who must be taught the Canadian Ideals of Life.



A Party of 180 United States Farmers on their way on a Special Train to Purchase Lands in the Tramping Lake District, in the Province of Saskatchewan. Their Train was the First Unofficial Passenger Train to go over the new Grand Trunk Pacific Line.

past has not disappeared. The term Galician—as vulgarly applied to all these peoples in Canada—has come to be significant. Their blood runs hot at times and they are decidedly naughty, while the spell is on. Steady, patient care and education will be the chief factor in Anglicising this largest addition to the Canadian family.

Horrible stories of persecuted Doukhobors drew tears of sympathy and Canada offered them asylum. Douks get less sympathy in Canada now. Naked Douks hunting the Messiah on the prairie and repudiating ownership of their land were not popular. Their lands have been cancelled, their naked are in gaol (to see if they can be trained) and Peter Veregin has led his flock to a secluded valley in British Columbia where he has paid for the land. There they hope for much.

The quiet, steady Mennonites, a century behind the times, are old-timers in Manitoba. Their community habits and private schools are not conducive to progress. Union Jacks flying over their public schools brought terror to their hearts and they strenuously fought against them. A Manitoba Mennonite was induced to visit a modernised kinsman in Dakota. The sight of a piano in his relative's home drove him tremblingly back to Canada with prayers on his lips for the soul of his relative.

On the Pacific coast the civilisations of the Orient and the Occident have met. There has been one upheaval. The whites don't want another. British Columbia is having growing pains. The Chinese, Japs and Hindoos are there to stay. They love their homelands but also love foreign currency. The little brown men from the Flowery Kingdom are commercial successes and wonderfully progressive, but their civilisation clashes with the Canadian at close quarters. They engage familiarly in any toil with the advantages of industry and sobriety. Chinamen have come to sell their wares, wash dirty linen and cater to transients. Hindoos slide quietly into the life at the coast. They are British subjects and feel their rights to British soil. Few of these



peoples have crossed the Rockies to the prairies. The coast climate is more tempting. British Columbia does not want them but Canada has too great

gifts to offer; so they come. Canada now has a proviso in her invitation to the Japs that only a certain number may come each year. Not many are now allowed to enter. Chinamen contributing five hundred dollars to the public treasury are tolerated. Hindoos must have two hundred dollars with them if they would land on Canadian soil.

Three years Canada asks all her children to stay with her and then takes them to her bosom as naturalised members of her family. British Columbia said to the Japs: "Stay out." Canada said: "Come." They came. But British Columbia will not give her ballots to Japs, Chinese or Hindoos. This is



some satisfaction. Manitoba once said foreigners could not vote until seven years' residence unless they could read and write in one of six prescribed languages. This made voters somewhat scarce and four years ago it was abolished. "Ability to read and write" is now the qualification for public office but language is not specified. Manitoba teaches her school children in five different languages. What will result from it, time alone can tell, but many fear. Polish and Ruthenian young men are being trained by the government to carry education to their own people in the province.

Canada has a great task to rear her cosmopolitan family and inculcate Canadian ideals of life. Immigrants are now sifted before landing and the "undesirables" are continually culled out and sent to the land whence they came. Canada's most complex problem now confronts her and its treatment must be essentially practical. From her sister

republic to the south she has learned much and has that experience as a guide. Firmness and patience guided by a high standard of patriotism will be the only successful method of building a harmonious nation from such varying elements.

The Orgy on Parnassus

LINES WRITTEN IN MY COPY OF TENNYSON.

You phrase-tormenting fantastic chorus,
With strangest words at your beck and call;
Who tumble your thoughts in a heap before us;—
Here was a bard shall outlast you all.

You prance on language, you force, you strain it,
You rack and you rive it, you twist it and maul.
Form, you abhor it, and taste, you disdain it,—
And here was a bard shall outlast you all.

Prosody gasps in your tortured numbers,
Your metres that writhe, your rhythms that sprawl;
And you make him turn in his marble slumbers,
The golden-tongued, who outsings you all.

Think you 'tis thus, in uncouth contortion,
That Song lives throned above thrones that fall?
Her handmaids are order and just proportion,
And measure and grace, that survive you all.

* * * * *

But brief is the life of your mannered pages;
Your jargon, your attitudes, soon they fall;
Your posture before the scornful ages,
And here was a voice shall outlive you all.

For in vain is the praise of discord sounded,
Under the Muse's mountain wall.
With ritual old she is there surrounded;
Her great decorum rebukes you all.

She is won as a bride, with reverent wooing,
Not haled by the hair, a captor's thrall:
Such barbarous love is its own undoing;
And here was a bard shall outlast you all.

—William Watson, in *Fortnightly Review*.



The Peaceful and Innocent Hindu.

A HINT TO THE MARITIME PROVINCES

By AN EXPATRIATED BLUENOSE

THERE is something the matter with the Maritime Provinces—something radically the matter. This is certainly not due to geographical location or to natural endowment. It would be hard to find a section, of Canada at least, more favourably located, with the sea and its wealth and opportunities on the one hand, and the rich New England States on the other. No one province, or combination of provinces, possesses greater or more valuable natural assets. Nova Scotia, with an abundance of coal, iron and gold, with a wealth of forest land, with its fruitful valleys and fertile marshes, and with its abounding sources of water-power, has within its boundaries every qualification for prosperity; and yet it has not grown as fast as Ontario or the western provinces.

The trouble, then, does not arise from location or natural sterility. No more does it arise from the character of its inhabitants. The people of a country that can produce men of vision like Haliburton, Roberts, Carman, Parkin and the many others, cannot lack imagination and fire. Provinces that can produce heads for universities all over the earth, men like MacGregor of Edinburgh, Falconer of Toronto, Grant and Gordon of Queen's, and Schurman of Cornell, cannot lack intellect and capacity. Their huge contributions to federal governments ever since Confederation prove indisputably that they do not lack executive ability. The success which their sons achieve all over the continent, in every trade, calling and profession, indicates clearly the real worth of the people. And yet they have not grown as fast as they should.

After considering all these things it is no wonder that sometimes Maritime Province people are led to think that our political system has something wrong with it; that in some vague way Confederation is the root of all their evil. It is no wonder if often they feel that their interests have been sacrificed, and themselves neglected by the other members of our federation. They are more prone to think this when they consider their prosperity prior to 1867. But considered fairly, no thoughtful person can truly believe that confederation is the trouble. The Maritime Provinces have always had more than a proportionate weight in directing the policy of Canada. That department which is most closely connected with the prosperity of the country—the Finance Department—has been continuously in their hands, Sir Leonard Tilley, Mr. Foster and now Mr. Fielding, all Maritime men representing Maritime constituencies.

Confederation cannot be the trouble. Grumbling over the extension of the boundaries of Ontario and Quebec is just as idle, just as foolish. The addition of those thousands of square miles, away north, to the Province of Quebec can never have the slightest effect on the ultimate weal or woe of Nova Scotia. The Maritime Provinces have produced their Tupper, Tilley, Foster, Davies, and Fieldings, and so long as they do produce men of that stamp their interests can never suffer by reason of numerical representation; or lack of it.

The trouble with the Maritime Provinces is not geographical, physical, mental, political, or any of these. It is more subtle and is less serious than any of these because it is temperamental rather than organic. Simply and bluntly stated, the trouble is this: The men of means are industrial and commercial cowards so far as home resources are concerned. It is an exodus of gold and not the exodus of humanity that is sapping the life-blood and killing growth in the Maritime Provinces.

Take a glance at a list of the holders of bank stock, railway shares, bonds, gilt-edged securities, and what-not, and then figure out the proportion held in the Maritime Provinces and you will be astounded. Consider all the money invested in banking companies in Halifax alone, or better consider the wealth of Halifax itself and the manner in which this wealth is invested and applied. Figure out what Maritime capital has done for Mexico, Cuba and other far-away places. When the boom was on in the West, say in 1906, had you followed a western real estate agent to St. John or Fredericton, or to Halifax or Yarmouth, you would have seen how eagerly men and women gobbled up the craziest propositions of investment. Yet those same men and women would have turned cold-footed, to use a western phrase, in an instant had you tried to scrape up sufficient cash to start some paying enterprise at their own door.

I repeat again, the people of the Maritime Provinces are commercial and industrial cowards so far as home development is concerned. Gilt-edged investments, bank stocks, and railway shares are all

very good, but the province that invests only in such, and which is afraid to take a long shot at home, cannot develop. The pioneer in every case, whether it be agriculturally or industrially, has to take chances—and big chances at that. There is not, nor can there be any gilt-edged investment until some courageous man has staked his all and won. The people of the Maritime Provinces will support everything, develop everything, and contribute towards everything, unless it happen to be something within their own boundaries. Yet could he but see it, all three provinces offer every inducement to the man of wealth, who has the courage to risk his coddled thousands.

What I have said does not apply to all Maritime towns or to all Maritime people. Amherst, Nova Scotia, and St. Stephen, New Brunswick, are good examples of what commercial courage can do; but the people of wealth that have that courage are mighty few. There is a reason and an excuse for this spirit of commercial cowardice. The decline of wooden ship-building struck the Maritime Provinces a blow that they have not yet recovered from. The crash that followed was so great that people lost

their nerve commercially and industrially, and they have not yet regained it. Those that were left with means, and there were not a few, began hunting for "safe investments"—and the hunt still proceeds.

The crimson streak betokening the dawn of a new day is beginning faintly to redden the east. The launching of a modern vessel at New Glasgow is one of the signs; the aggressive tone of the associated Boards of Trade is another. Much, however, is yet to be done, and the newspapers could help along "the good time coming" if instead of railing at the exodus of penniless youth, they railed at the exodus of gold; if instead of grumbling at Confederation and a diminishing representation, they preached the sound doctrine of Home Progress by means of Home Investment. If newspapers, politicians and especially the men that have money became filled with this creed, and became possessed of some of that optimistic self-confidence without which no land, however blessed, can prosper, the stagnation would end, the exodus would cease, and the Maritime Provinces would rapidly become what Nature has intended them to be—the New England States of Canada.

Quebec's Greetings to Nova Scotia

Speech of the Honourable W. A. Weir, Representative of the Province of Quebec at the Celebration of the 150th Anniversary of the Granting of Representative Government to Nova Scotia, delivered at Halifax, August 19th, 1908.

May it please Your Honour, ladies and gentlemen:—

On this auspicious and historical occasion, I am happy to be the bearer to Nova Scotians of the hearty greetings and congratulations of their fellow Canadians of the oldest of the sister provinces of the Dominion.

The people of Quebec have always greatly admired the character, the customs, the institutions and the work of the citizens of this province, and, personally, I may be allowed to say that my visit here at this time has greatly increased my admiration of Nova Scotia and its people.

The past history of Quebec and Nova Scotia possess much of common interest. Both were the scenes of the adventurous efforts of the dauntless Champlain, the Huguenot De Monts, Pont-Grave and other pioneers to found permanent colonies under the fleur-de-lis of Old France; and both to this day in their population and geographical nomenclature bear evidence of the enterprise and activity of those old heroes. Subsequently, the same French governors, De Courcelles, Frontenac, Denonville, and others, ruled over these territories; and members of the same group of pious missionaries laboured for the immortal welfare of the inhabitants of Acadia and Quebec. In this connection, I recall the incident that the good Bishop St. Valier, who succeeded Bishop Laval in the time of Frontenac, was shocked to learn on his assumption of office that the Acadian settlements had been for some years without the benefit of the presence of any missionaries. He hastened to come hither and found to his surprise that in spite of this disadvantage, the people were well-behaved, loyal, God-fearing and attentive to their duties. The good Bishop, if he were alive to-day, would be glad to see that the same qualities still characterise in a marked degree the people of Nova Scotia.

I am sure that it was the presence of these sturdy qualities, known and recognised in Great Britain in the year 1758, that brought to Nova Scotia the distinguished honour of having an elective representative Assembly, long before it was dreamed of for Quebec. The privilege was a priceless boon to the sturdy and independent men of those days and you do well to honour the memory of your fathers who achieved this great step in the development of the liberties of Nova Scotia. With equal pride in their civic virtues and manly independence of character, Quebec and your sister provinces join with you in reverence of their memories and their deeds.

It is gratifying to know that the success of the men of 1758 was not accepted as a finality by their sons. Inherent in their minds was the strong conviction that they must never rest satisfied until all the priceless blessings of the British Constitution belonged to them as fully as to the inhabitants of the British Isles. An outpost only had been gained in the struggle for free government. It was necessary to capture the citadel itself. And so, having achieved representative institutions, the fight went on for government administration, wholly responsible to

the people. Nothing less than the absolute control of all the revenues of the province and of the manner and mode of their administration would satisfy the liberty-loving people of Nova Scotia. The men of 1758 had secured to you a grip on the lever and it is to the credit of the province that it was dexterously and skilfully used. These struggles for representative and responsible government were far-reaching in their effects. They taught the statesmen of Britain the only principles upon which it was possible to create and maintain a British Empire. The existence and glory of that mighty fabric to-day is thus due, in great measure, to the courage and perseverance of colonial statesmen, among whom Nova Scotians are entitled to the first rank.

In the present, with our government on a thoroughly representative basis, with our industrial, financial and commercial interests flourishing, it may be asked what more is there to struggle for? The danger may come from the very sentiment of satisfaction we feel with our personal and local advancement. Immersed in what may most interest us individually or sectionally, and content with our surroundings, we may neglect to take that deep and abiding interest in the great principles underlying national government, that was so characteristic of the men who achieved representative and responsible government in this country. It must be remembered that a nation is never at a standstill. It is either developing strong and lofty public characteristics, or evil customs and decay are creeping in. In times of prosperity, as in times of peril, it should ever be kept in mind that eternal vigilance is the price of sound growth and welfare. It may not be impertinent, at this moment when we are considering the work of the founders of representative government in Canada, to ask whether or not our citizens all give that careful attention and study to public affairs which true patriotism requires of them; whether or not the local and sectional question does not at times shut out the broad view of the general or national interest.

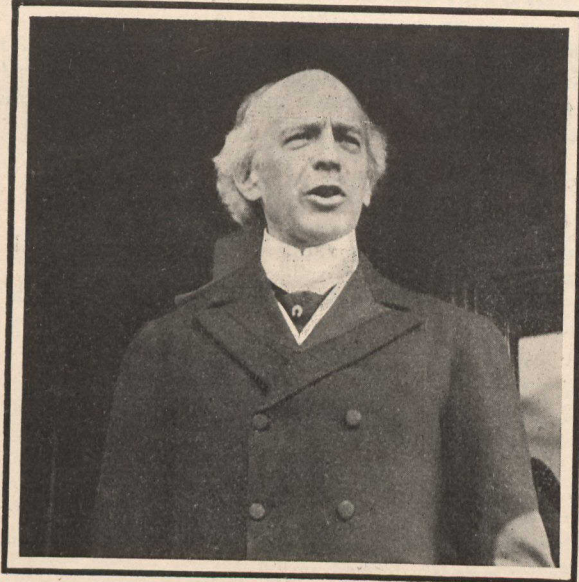
Do we realise sufficiently the essential interdependence of the Provinces of Canada in the work of building up a strong and enduring democracy in the northern part of this continent? Each province necessarily is interested in the welfare of every other province and only by the acknowledgment of this fact can we grow together in common sympathies, common ideals and aspirations. Without a strong national spirit, we can never succeed in Canadianising the different elements that immigration brings to our shores, and such a process seems to me to be of primal importance.

It must be patent to all that the rise of our country to a place among the powers of the world will depend in large measure upon the strength and purity of our national, as distinguished from purely local, patriotism. May the Canadians of to-day so realise their duty to their country that their children may praise their acts and ideals, as we pay homage now to the men who achieved representative government here a century and a half ago.

CHARACTERISTIC POSES OF SIR WILFRID



Quoting from the Enemy.



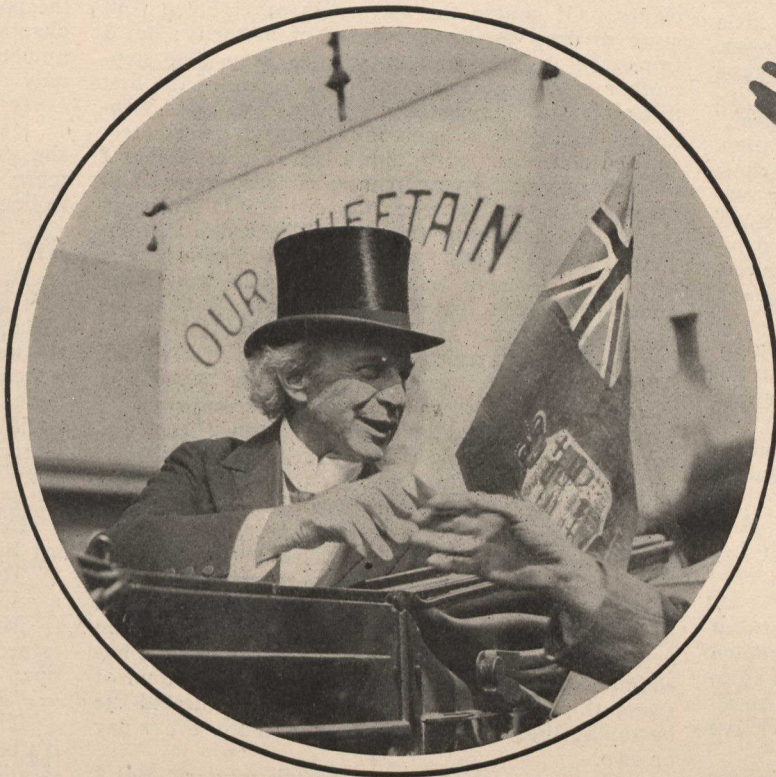
A Moment of Eloquence.



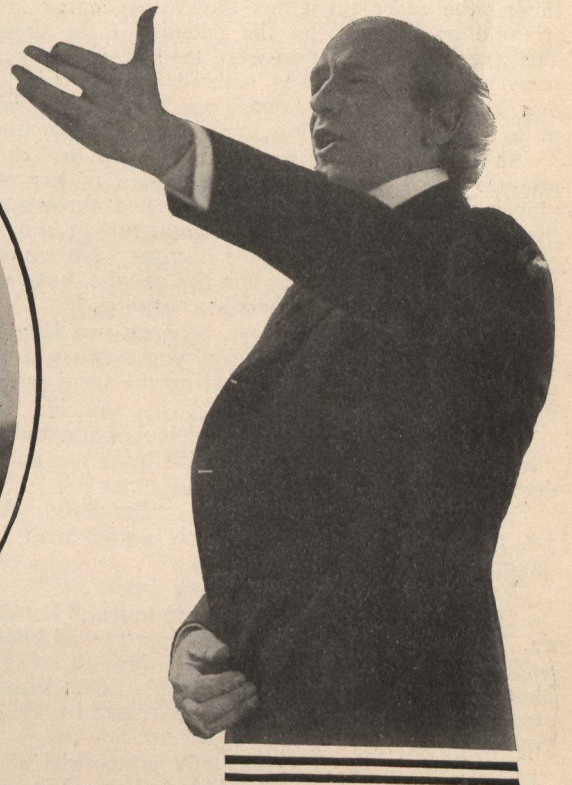
Denouncing.



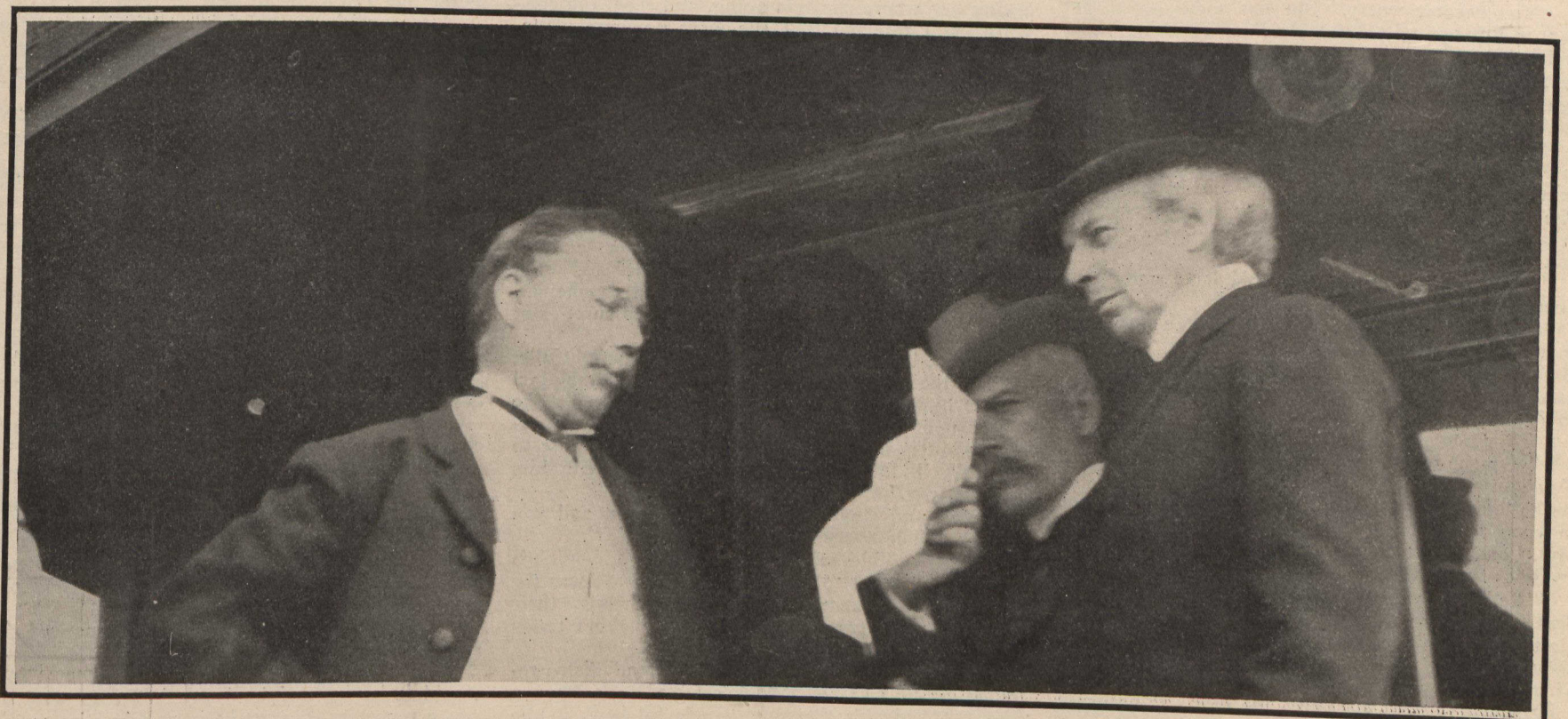
Arguing.



"Sunny Ways."



Appealing.



Listening.—Sir Wilfrid and the Hon. G. P. Graham on the Rear Platform of the Premier's Car Listening to an Address of Welcome.

THE LORSSON ELOPEMENT

Astro Endeavours to Make the Course of Love Run Smooth

The fourth of a series of five Mystery Stories in which Astro, The Seer, and Valeska, his assistant, use their crystal-gazing and their common-sense to their own and the general good. Astro is supposed to have great occult power, and many people who have private troubles come to him for aid. The Seer has a keen appreciation of all modern foolishness.

By ALAN BRAGHAMPTON*



THE Master of Mysteries entered the great studio smiling, and, without removing his overcoat or silk hat,

threw himself on the divan and chuckled. Valeska, his assistant, looked up from her desk with a question in her eyes, though she did not speak. As Astro did not seem inclined to answer, she resumed her work with the finger prints. Each one of these, printed in pale red ink on a small sheet of bristol board, she examined carefully, then with a pencil she traced out the primary figure formed by the capillary lines starting from the microscopic triangle on the inside of the finger, where the lines, coming from the back, first separated, and then following the curve till it met the corresponding little triangle or "island" on the outside of the finger. The axes of this diagram were then drawn, and the pattern thus defined was entered on the card index as an "Invaded Loop," an "Arched Spiral," or a "Whorl," according to Galton's classification.

So absorbing was her work that it took her whole attention, and she did not think again of her employer until he spoke aloud. He had thrown off his overcoat and put on his oriental turban and his red silk robe to be ready for patrons. No visitors had yet appeared to interview the palmist, however, and Astro was lazily puffing his narghile.

"Valeska," he said at last, between two long inhalations of the water pipe, "did you ever try to put out a fire in the grate by covering the front with a blower?"

She laid down her pencil and looked up smiling. "Why, no. It only makes the fire burn the hotter, doesn't it?"

He nodded his head gravely. "Precisely. And yet that's what Mrs. Lorsson is doing with her daughter Ruth."

Valeska waited for something more.

"I had an interesting time there to-day," he went on. "There were a dozen or more pretty well known society women at her tea, and they were all crazy to have me read their palms, of course. That was all stupid enough, until Ruth Lorsson came in. Have you ever seen her?"

"Oh, yes," said Valeska. "A pretty girl about eighteen, with dark eyes and dark hair, isn't she? She always looks so innocent that I want to pet her."

"You needn't worry. She has somebody to pet her, if I'm not mistaken. And as for being timid and innocent well, you never can tell by the looks; that is, unless you see what I saw." He smiled again mysteriously.

"Is she in love then?" Valeska asked.

"Without doubt, by her handwriting, which I saw a sample of,—you should have seen the double curve in the crossing of her T's,—and by her heart line too, for that matter; and by her general appearance and demeanour, most decidedly. But I had better proof than all that."

"Why, was he there? I could have told in an instant, I'm sure."

"No, he wasn't there; but another man was; and, though it was evident that Mrs. Lorsson considers him eligible and is trying to make a match of it, Ruth hates him. Of course you or any bright woman could have seen that as well as I."

"Then how did you find out specifically?"

"Why, in a surreptitious way, I must admit. You know that Mrs. Lorsson wanted to exploit me as the latest fad, and she insisted that I should come in costume. Very well, I was willing to oblige. Mrs. Lorsson is rich and influential, and I made out my bill accordingly.

"Well, I was shown up into Miss Ruth's room to dress. There on her secretary I happened to see her blotter covered with figures. It had been writing, I shouldn't have read it; but I confess that that list of numbers piqued my curiosity, and I looked at it. It wasn't a sum, or anything like that. It occurred to me at first glance that it was a cipher. I don't know why,—perhaps because the thing seemed so

meaningless. At any rate, it interested me, and I made a copy. Here it is:"

He pulled out a notebook and showed Valeska the list.

3	36	91	2	101	91
4	36	91	43	98	91
5	36	91			
			8	341	91
1	81	91	71	96	91
11	61	91			

"What do you make of it?"

"Why, nothing as yet. It's absolutely meaningless." Valeska looked up.

"I agree with you so far. But let me tell you the rest of the story. Ruth is, as you know, a very pretty young girl; but she's more than that,—she's clever. Of course the cleverness of eighteen isn't quite so deep as the cleverness of maturity; but I think she is intelligent enough to keep that stepmother of hers guessing. Of course one of the first things I said was that she was in love. Her stepmother denied it so indignantly that I immediately smelled a mouse. Ruth didn't betray herself; but I noticed that the young man who was present immediately began to take notice. He is Sherman Fuller, and, I imagine from what I heard, a millionaire in his own right. Decidedly an eligible! The way Mrs. Lorsson managed him was wonderful. There's no doubt that if she can throw Ruth at his head, she'll do it. He seemed to be perfectly willing; but Ruth scarcely looked at him. When she did, it was with scorn. It was easy enough to see how the land lay. She was in love with someone else.

"Well, I had used my eyes pretty well when I was up in her room, and had noticed several things. Among these were, first, a Bible on her bookshelf, a half-filled box of caramels, a copy of 'The Star' with one page torn out, and so on. I tried what the spiritualistic mediums call a 'fishing test' on her, saying that I thought she was very religious. She smiled rather cynically; but her stepmother thought it was wonderful. 'Why, Ruth goes up to her room every night after dinner to read her Bible!' she exclaimed. I next informed her that she was fond of sweet things, and her stepmother corroborated me by saying that she bought a box of candy every day or two.

"The rest was easy, and doesn't matter. But I could see that she was strictly chaperoned. She didn't go out of the room without Mrs. Lorsson's asking her where she was going, and from the conversation I inferred that she went nowhere alone. I was certain it was not alone mere conventionally Mrs. Lorsson watches her. As I was going out, a maid brought some letters in on a salver. One was for Miss Ruth. Mrs. Lorsson opened it calmly, as if it was for herself, glanced it over, and handed it to her stepdaughter. I have no doubt that the letters Miss Ruth writes are inspected as well."

"Isn't it awful?" sighed Valeska. "I thought that sort of thing had all gone nowadays."

"Not when you have a stepdaughter, and an eligible young millionaire to marry her to," said Astro. "That woman is a tyrant and a schemer. There's little love lost in that family, I'm sure. But now look at the cipher again."

"First, let me think," Valeska said thoughtfully, holding the paper in her hand. "Here's a young girl that is having a young man whom she doesn't like forced upon her. She is probably in love with another; but is not allowed to see him or to write to him. Well, I'd manage to communicate with him in some way."

"Yes, and you're clever, for eighteen, and you read the Bible every night after dinner."

"Oh!" Valeska's eyes grew bright. "Then these figures refer to Bible texts? But that was the way our grandmothers wrote interlarding their messages with scriptural quotations. I don't really believe Ruth is so religious as that."

"Ah, you don't know your Bible then," Astro rejoined, as he went to a bookcase and took down a copy. "Why, it's the most wonderful book in the world in more ways than one! It not only contains the sum of human and divine wisdom, but it contains almost every message that one might wish to

send. Why, it's a ready made lover's codex! It isn't only the Song of Songs that contains beautiful love messages, I assure you. They're scattered all through the book."

Then these figures must refer to the chapters and verses," Valeska said, scrutinizing the numbers.

"And the books," Astro added.

Valeska still puzzled over the list of figures. "The numbers seem too high for that."

"And there's our first clue. Now let us examine the columns in detail. We'd naturally expect the number of the book to come first, the chapter next, and the verse last. The highest number in the first row is 71. But there are only sixty-six books in the Bible; so that can't be the number of any book. Taking the second column, we see that the highest number is 341. But the longest book in the Bible, the book of Psalms, has only one hundred and fifty chapters, so that column can't give the chapter numbers—as it is, at least. The third column has only the number 91. That can't be the number of every verse."

He waited for Valeska. She frowned prettily as she studied it out. For some time her look was intense, rapt. Then, as if some idea passed from him to her, her smile came radiantly, and she exclaimed:

"The figures are reversed! What a slyboots she is!"

Astro smiled also. "Of course I saw that at the first glance. There is a direct corroboration of it plainly evident. In the first place, 91 reversed is 19, the number in biblical order of the book of Psalms, which has more personal messages than any other book; and second we get the chapter 143, which could come from no other book, of course. Now let us try and see what we get. I'll begin at the top, the sixty-third Psalm, verses three, four, and five." And he read aloud:

Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness: and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips.

"It's pretty, isn't it?" he asked.

The tears had come into Valeska's eyes. "Oh, it's beautiful!" she exclaimed. "No one could call it sacrilegious, even though she has used the words that apply to the Almighty for her own lover. She's a dear! It seems wrong to pry into so charming a secret; but I'm dying to hear the rest of it."

Astro put down the cipher. "This is evidently only one side of the correspondence, you must remember. If we are to get it all, we must find his answers. That's a little more difficult."

"It seems impossible to me," said Valeska. "You only happened on this. I wouldn't know where to look for his messages."

He sat down and looked at her seriously. "The only way is to use your imagination and your memory. Put yourself in her place. You can't trust servants or maids. You are watched everywhere except in your own room. Think it out; concentrate your mind on the problem."

Valeska dropped her head on her hand thoughtfully, and spoke as if to herself. "Let's see. I am in my own room alone. I read my Bible and pick out appropriate messages. But how do I get them to him?" She looked up, puzzled.

"Never mind that now. How does he communicate with you?"

"There's a box of candy there, and a newspaper—" She paused and then, gazing at him through narrowed eyes, went on. "It must be through the paper; I can't see any other way possible. No one would suspect that, if the message was concealed. It might be in the 'Personal' column."

"That's too easy, and it might be noticed. Besides, 'The Star' has no 'Personals.'"

"Then— It couldn't be in a news item; for he wouldn't be sure of its being inserted, even if he was a reporter. It must be in an advertisement."

He went into the waiting room, and returned with a copy of "The Star."

"Correct," he said. "That's the only possible

solution. Now the thing to do is to look through this file of 'The Star' and see if we can discover any advertisement that seems suspicious. First, what date shall we look up?"

Valeska returned to the paper on which the numbers were written. "Well," she said, "if it was I, I should want to have a message as often as possible. If I send him my texts every night, he ought to reply in the morning paper. This paper seems to show four messages. The last one must be yesterday's. That would bring his first advertisement just four days ago,—Monday, May 25."

He turned to the file, and they looked over the pages together, her chin on his shoulder, Astro's long forefinger hovering at one advertisement after another, his suave voice keeping up a running commentary:

"We'll omit the displayed ads. He couldn't afford that, and they would be too conspicuous. All the little ones are classified under heads. Let's see: 'Automobiles,'—h'm, all well known second hand shops. 'Lawyers,'—nothing there. 'Real Estate, Villa Lots,'—don't see anything, do you? 'Furnished Rooms.' 'Unfurnished Flats,'—let's go carefully here. What we want is three figures. We'll recognize them by the wording, if they're put in on purpose. I don't see anything there. H'm, 'For Sale,'—go slow now! 'Fixtures.' 'Bargains.' 'Typewriters.' 'Sacrifice,'—well! what do you think of that? Eureka!"

His finger stopped at a three-line notice, which read:

FOR SALE

19 vols. of Sir Roger de Coverly, 63 illustrations on wood; \$6 and \$8 each.
G. P. James & Co., Flatiron Bldg

"Now isn't that crazy enough to be suspicious? 'Nineteen' again too, her favorite number. Who ever heard of Sir Roger de Coverly, except in the papers of 'The Spectator,' anyway? There you are: 19: 63—6 and 8. Look it up!"

Valeska flew to the Bible and turned to the Psalms, and read from the sixty-third chapter:

When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

"The blessed infants! Isn't it perfectly lovely? Ruth must have had hard work to answer that; but the one she sent was nearly as good, wasn't it? Oh, let's find the next one, and get the whole correspondence quick! It's too exciting!"

Astro opened the issue of the twenty-sixth, and scanned the advertisements carefully. It was some time before they found it, and several false clues were followed up. Valeska, thinking she had discovered the secret, would hurriedly take the Bible, only to be referred to some text in Ezra as,—

The children of Magbish, an hundred fifty and six.

The children of Kirjath-arim, Chephirah, and Beeroth, seven hundred and forty and three,—and would go off into peals of laughter. Some of these false scents led deep into the "Begats," some led into the whale's belly.

But at last the right one was discovered in the "Second Hand" column, which read, innocently enough:

FOR SALE: 64 good, 1st class 2nd hand tables.
Address CHESTER, Star Office.

And, turning, therefore, to the third book of John, chapter one, verse two, she read aloud:

Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth.

"Now let's arrange the whole correspondence as far as we have it," Valeska suggested, after the four messages were all deciphered. "It certainly is a charming set of love letters!"

"It may be well written by the ablest literary men of King James' epoch," said Astro. "You read off the texts, and I'll write them down. It's a relief from solving murder mysteries and dynamite outrages and stolen jewels."

Valeska, having the references checked off, read as follows, insisting that Ruth's lover should be called Chester, from the name in the second advertisement.

RUTH

I will love thee, O Lord, my strength. (Ps. 18:1.)

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore. (Ps. 16:11.)

CHESTER

And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which

we had from the beginning, that we love one another. (2 John 5.)

I stretch forth my hands unto thee: my soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land. Selah. (Ps. 143:6.)

RUTH

I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way. O when wilt thou come unto me? I will walk within my house with a perfect heart. (Ps. 101:2.)

My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips. (Ps. 89:34.)

CHESTER

How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth! (Ps. 119:103.)

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. (Ps. 73:25.)

RUTH

Cause me to hear thy loving kindness in the morning! for in thee do I trust: cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee. Ps. (143:8.)

And hide not thy face from thy servant; for I am in trouble: hear me speedily. (Ps. 69:17.)

Valeska reread the whole series, and her eyes burned deep. Astro watched her pretty, serious face without a word, waiting for her comments. The tears glistened in her eyes as she said finally:

"Oh, can't we help them somehow? Surely you can, if you only will!"

Astro recited whimsically to himself:

"They warned him of her,
And they warned her of him;
And the courtship proceeded
To go with a vim!"

"It's altogether too romantic for us to interfere with. Let them have their clandestine correspondence; it makes the affair interesting. Wait till we read his reply in to-morrow's 'Star,' Valeska. Perhaps they can manage it themselves."

This was all she could get out of the Master of Mysteries that day; but she knew from his silent contemplation that he had not stopped thinking the matter over. She herself puzzled her wits as to how Ruth had communicated with her lover, until she had to give it up. She knew that if she waited Astro would solve the mystery, if indeed he had not already found it out.

She came into the studio next morning excitedly. "Oh! isn't it awful?" were her first words. She held the morning "Star" out to him, with an anxious look.

Astro smiled and pointed to another copy which lay on his great table where his astrological charts were spread out. "It's only a lover's quarrel, I think. He's a little jealous of that Sherman Fuller, I imagine."

"Well, that's enough. I should think Chester would be wild!"

"Well," said Astro, yawning, "I'm glad he made one jump out of the Psalms, anyway. I was getting tired of that number 19. Job is a good place for a jealous man to look. You'd better add his remarks to our list."

Valeska, therefore, wrote down the following texts, which she had drawn from the advertisement of that morning's paper:

CHESTER

I prevented the dawning of the morning, and cried: I hoped in thy word. (Ps. 119:147.)

Thou holdest mine eyes waking: I am so troubled that I cannot speak. (Ps. 77:4.)

Lover and friend has thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness. (Ps. 88:18.)

When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me. (Ps. 73:16.)

Why doth thy heart carry thee away? and what do thine eyes wink at . . . ? (Job 15:12.)

Deliver my soul from the sword; my darling from the power of the dog. (Ps. 22:20.)

"Surely you'll help them out now, won't you?" Valeska pleaded. "We can't let it all be spoiled this way! Think how hard it is for her to explain!"

"Trust her," said Astro, shaking his head. "Only I'd like to know how she does it, that's all I want. I propose we take a walk out to 53d-st. this evening. You know she goes up stairs into her room every night after dinner, say from eight till nine o'clock. I think if we walk up and down in front of that block we may find something doing."

"Oh, I hope we'll find Chester, anyway!" Valeska exclaimed.

They proceeded as he had suggested, that evening, to walk up Fifth-ave. after dinner, reaching 53d-st. at a few minutes past eight. Astro pointed out Ruth's Window, which was already lighted. Then together they walked slowly up and down on

the opposite side of the street, keeping the house well in view.

They had not been there for more than ten minutes, when the sash was suddenly thrown up in Ruth Lorsson's room. They could see her form silhouetted against the light. A white something was thrown out, and fell on the sidewalk. Immediately a man emerged from the shadow of the adjacent doorway, ran down the steps, picked up the white package, and walked rapidly up the street.

"It's Chester!" Valeska exclaimed. "Yes, we must find out where he lives and who he is," was Astro's reply. "You had better go home, and I'll follow him."

The man had walked off so rapidly that she saw it would be useless to attempt to keep up with him, much less overtake him, and she tried to stifle her disappointment as the Master of Mysteries, leaving her, walked quickly up the street. As Chester walked, she saw him tear something from the package he carried. Then another white piece dropped. She followed far enough to discover what the fragments were,—the sides of an empty candy box which Ruth Lorsson had thrown into the street. Her message had indubitably been written on the bottom, since he had thrown all the rest away.

"I see now why Miss Ruth is so fond of candy," Valeska said to herself. "A note thrown from the window would be too dangerous and too hard to find. It's ridiculously simple! I think I'm growing fond of that girl."

Next day Astro appeared at the studio with the information that the young man's name was indeed Chester, that he was an artist or illustrator for magazines; and that he lived on the south side of Washington Square.

"He's getting into a terrible state," said Valeska. "Did you read his advertisement this morning? It was under 'Lawyers' this time."

"I haven't had time to look over 'The Star.' What is it?"

Valeska read from her list the last addition. "For thou hast made him most blessed for ever: thou hast made him exceeding glad with thy countenance. (Ps. 21:6.)

"Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips. Selah. (Ps. 21:2.)

"Yea, they opened their mouth wide against me, and said, Aha, aha, our eye hath seen it. (Ps. 35:21.)

"I am troubled: I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long. (Ps. 38:6.)

"Poor devil!" Astro grew serious. "I did see a paragraph in 'Town Gossip' this morning about a 53d-st belle who it was reported was about to make a brilliant match. It was thinly disguised, and evidently referred to Ruth Lorsson."

"He evidently believes she is engaged," said Valeska; "but I don't. No girl would give up such a romantic lover."

"Now," said Astro, "the question is, How are we going to get hold of her side of the correspondence? I'm getting as interested in this affair as if I was paid for it. The fact that there is a misunderstanding does alter the matter too, and I don't see but that we'll have to straighten it out if we can. I've thought of a way to get hold of to-night's message by a trick. It may work, and it may not. Of course it's rather low of us to interfere with their private postoffice; but we may be able to make up to them later. Anyway, it will make it exciting for them. I'm going to bait a box myself," he went on, "and place it on the sidewalk at a quarter of eight. Chester will arrive and think that for some reason she has already thrown it out, and he'll take it and make off. Then, when she throws her own box out, we'll grab it."

The temptation was too great for Valeska's curiosity, and she gave a hesitating consent on the agreement that it should be tried only once. "But you'll have to put a message on the box or he'll know there's something wrong," she said.

"Turn to Psalms 102. I think that will not compromise her too much," Astro said.

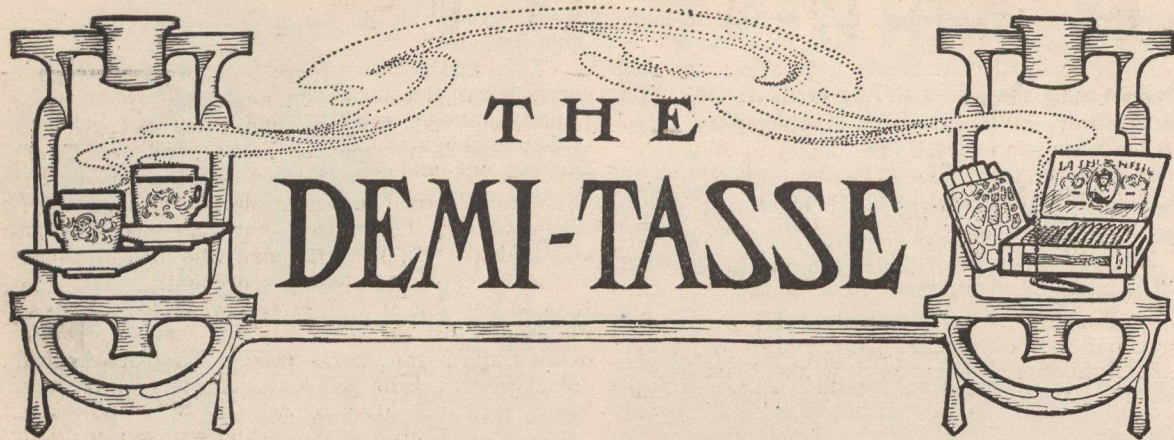
"My heart is smitten and withered like grass; so that I forget to eat my bread. (Ps. 102:4.)

"Because of thine indignation and thy wrath: for thou hast lifted me up, and cast me down. (Ps. 102:10.)

The ruse succeeded. Shortly after eight o'clock, Chester came walking down the street, spied the box which Astro had placed conspicuously on the sidewalk, examined it quickly, and walked hurriedly away. Fifteen minutes later, Ruth's box dropped from the window. Astro secured it and took it to a nearby lamp post, look at the figures, and then consulted a small Bible which he drew from his pocket.

"This is too bad," he said to Valeska, who had

(Continued on page 21)



THE DEMI-TASSE

THE POPULAR MAN.

Who is the country's backbone strong,
Who helps us when the banks go wrong,
Whom do we praise in speeches long?
The farmer.

The politician works his spell,
And does in glowing language tell
Of how he ever loves full well
The farmer.

AN AWFUL THREAT.

Refused compensation for a cut finger, a domestic servant left her situation without notice, and wrote the following letter to her late mistress:
"Madam,—The cut is worst. The doctor says I have cut the spinal cord of my little finger. If you do not immediately send me five shillings a week I shall insult my solicitor."

NEWS FOR SIR JAMES.

"Ontario's strongly Liberal,"
Said a speaker at the Falls,
Whereupon the *News* got dizzy
And exclaimed: "Look out for squalls!
When our own Sir James returneth
In triumph o'er the sea,
We'll show the waiting country
Just how Liberal we be."

A WORTHY CHAMPION.

THE name of McCarthy is not likely to die in Canadian politics, as the nephews of the famous D'Alton are prepared to uphold it in East and West. In the strenuous Dominion election of 1891 when the late D'Alton McCarthy opposed H. H. Cook in North Simcoe, a prominent Toronto Liberal, noted for caustic speech, made an attack in Barrie on the Conservative or "Equal Rights" candidate. An old woman in the audience who had been a valued servant in the McCarthy household said loudly, as the indignant tears filled her eyes:
"Ye're lyin', that's what ye are. It's as false as the hair on the top of yer head or the teeth in yer mouth."
As the speaker's wig was somewhat notorious, this remark was promptly appreciated.

OUR GOVERNORS.

On Tuesday, September 15th, Sir Alphonse Pelletier was sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec and on the following Tuesday Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Gibson murmured gently: "After you, my dear Alphonse," while the Hamilton Mountain tossed its crested head.

NEWSLETS.

Mr. Winston Churchill is married. Canada sends the bride sincere condolences and hopes the lady is a suffragette and an athlete, in which case Winston may get his deserts.

Welland Canal is to be deepened, but, even then, it will be shallow compared with the policy of some people.

Free rural mail delivery fills an ever-so-long-felt want. It was so nice of Hon. Rodolphe to think of it just at this time. He is a kind, thoughtful man who likes the farmers so much.

And a nephew of the late D'Alton McCarthy declares that politics out west is rougher than "Rugby." But how does it compare with a meeting of the Toronto Board of Control?

Dr. Gilmour will recite "Where are the Snows of Yesteryear?" at the next meeting of the Central Literary Society.

OUR SOCIETY NOTES.

The Dee Generats have returned from Atlantic City, where they wore perfectly splendid clothes and enjoyed the bored walk very much. Daisy Dee Generat is said to be engaged to one of the Grafternuthins of Chicago. The Grafternuthins are one of the old families of Illinois. It was a branch of their family that got broke in the panic of the seventies. Another branch owned the cow which kicked over the lamp which set the city on fire in the famous conflagration. The family motto is: "Let us then be up and doing." Mrs. Dee Generat is highly pleased that a Canadian girl should have secured Herbie Grafternuthin, for the competition was very keen.

The Rather Swells have returned from Europe and say that they enjoyed themselves in London when the season was all dead and gone. Their cousin, Eileen, who married Sir Ambrose Idderley, was not a bit nice to them, asking them only to a week-end with two elderly clergymen, while the Rather Swells had expected to be asked for a month at least, with all the best people. The Rather Swells had given Eileen a perfectly lovely dinner-set on her marriage and really had a right to expect something more in the way of entertainment; but, as Mrs. Rather Swell said to the girls: "Eileen always was a little common—you know her mother's people were the Higgins crowd, who kept a little shop on Queen Street about twenty years ago."

Mrs. Reggie Dopey is home from Germany. She left Reggie in a sanitarium and says he positively enjoys the life there and sends his love to the club.

THE CRUMBLING REMAINS.

English Visitor in Canada: "Aw! this country has so few picturesque ruins, doncherknow."
Hon. W. J. Hanna: "Humph! You just ought to see the Liberal Platform of 1893."

THE WAY IT'S DONE.

Wife: "What would you like for your birthday, dear?"
Husband: "Nothing at all. I haven't any money."

THE NAUGHTY ESKIMO.

ABOUT a year ago, the musical comedy known as "The Top o' the World" was played in Toronto, Miss Anna Laughlin taking the part of *Kokomo*, an Eskimo belle. The *Bohemian* declares that when Miss Laughlin was in Toronto she made the

acquaintance of a Northern Alaskan Indian, who was a feature in one of the Exhibition displays and from him she learned a number of choice words, "which sounded beautiful and listened good." Before leaving Toronto she saw another member of this same tribe, and without a word of warning but with great pride of heart she hurled at him with all the dramatic force of which her little body was capable, her newly acquired vocabulary.

The result was instantaneous. For a moment a flush of anger overspread his face, and he made a threatening movement towards the actress. Then some gleam of the real state of affairs must have come to him, for he muttered in broken English, "No good, heap no good. Pretty American girl—bad cuss words."

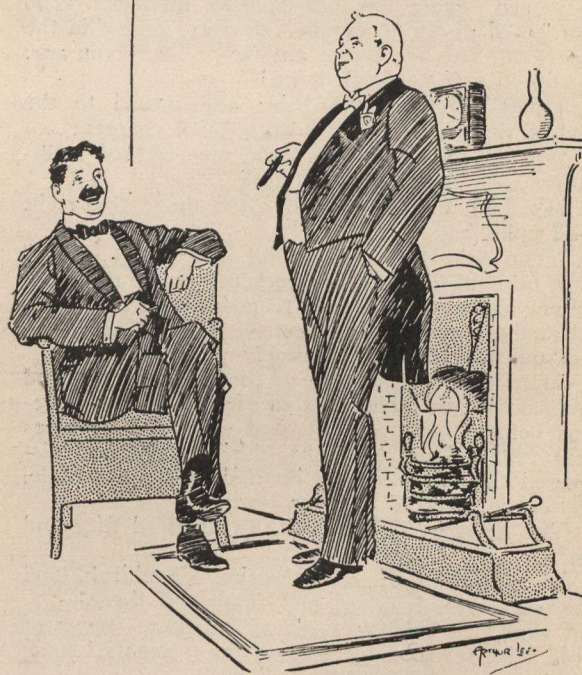
To this day, says the *Bohemian*, Miss Laughlin does not know what she said, but one thing is certain: she is using pidgin English now and not taking any more chances with that wonderful Eskimo language.

STARTLING.

When Willie saw a peacock for the first time he said to his mother: "Oh, mamma, you should have seen it! Electric lights all over the ferns and a turkey underneath."

HIS PROPER SPHERE.

Distressed at his son's refusal to enter the ministry and his preference for dealing in horses, a worthy farmer was telling his sorrow to a neighbour.
"Oh," said the latter, "don't take it too much to heart. I believe Tom will lead more men to repentance as a horse dealer than ever he would as a minister."

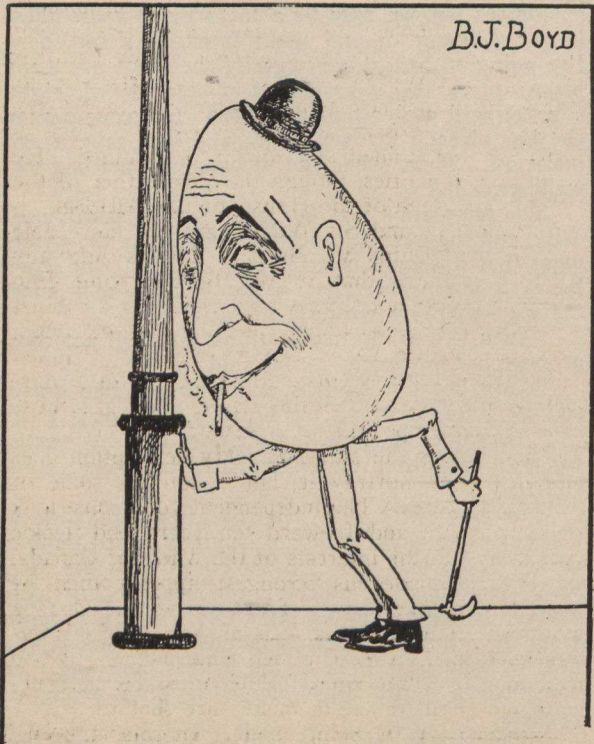


MISSING KEOWLEDGE

"Money! Pooh! There are a hundred ways of making money."
"Ah! but only one honest way."
"What's that?"
"Um—I thought you wouldn't know!"—Windsor Magazine.

A PLEASANT INTERCHANGE.

THERE had been an unpleasant moment when Mrs. Holliday realised that she had on a somewhat soiled shirt-waist, whereas Mrs. Greenough's thin, pretty silk was spotless and in the height of style. Then she remembered her blessings. "It must be so hard for you, having your husband away travelling so much of the time," she said, sympathy in her gentle tone.
"Oh, I've grown used to it," said the prosperous Mrs. Greenough. "When he's at home, I mean in the city, he's generally at his club for the evening."
"I don't know what I should do if Edward went to a club," said Mrs. Holliday, with restored confidence in herself. "He spends all his evenings right at home with me, reading or playing duets."
"He was always just like that as a boy," said Mrs. Greenough, warmly. "Solid gold. Never cared for pleasures or entertainment or anything of the kind. He must be a comfort. Good-by, dear, here's my car."
"Good-by!" said Mrs. Holliday. "Now I wonder—" she murmured, as she twisted the wrists of her shirt-waist to make the soiled places come underneath.—*Youth's Companion*.



B.J. BOYD

A Bad Egg.—Life.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

MOST interesting post office in Canada at present is that at Winnipeg. The Federal Government has made a gift of a new office to the city of box cars and wheat. And the evolution of the post office in one of those western cities is a fascinating thing. Old style post office back in the days of Fort Garry—well, it was as crude as a Red River cart; a log shack or a wooden thing placarded with patent medicine ads. and mounted police notices; visited by everybody and decorated by the old mail coach or the buck-board hitting the trail, or the big democrat labelled "Royal Mail"—or maybe a dog-team with a sled. Some of these old-timers are still doing business—for instance, at Macleod. But nowadays the post office and the fire hall are two of the buildings first voted money for in a western town. The office at Winnipeg has been a long while building. It was badly needed. Winnipeg distributes letters and newspapers as lavishly as she does wheat and wholesale groceries. Number of towns to which the wheat city sends mail—2,512; number of letter-carriers, seventy-two; amount of postal supplies kept on hand, one hundred thousand dollars; number of parcels of mail going through in one day, three hundred thousand. This is what has made the new palace building on Portage Avenue the great necessity. Portage Avenue is a fine place for a post office. This was the old trail out from Fort Garry westward to Portage La Prairie and beyond to Edmonton and the wilds. Now Portage is a great retail thoroughfare—and a post office is the greatest retail establishment in the world. Of course the business that made Portage the great retail midway of Winnipeg is Eaton's. When Eaton opened a big store on that wide, yawning and grass-grown street the feet of thrifty Winnipeggers began to turn away from Main Street. Now the post office has followed as a natural result—the finest post office building in the West; one of the finest in Canada; modern Grecian style; into which letters come at the rate of a thousand a minute; where the wickets are labelled to seven various parts of the earth; where if you would see anything in that land more cosmopolitan and restless and travelsome, you must visit the C. P. R. station, which is the most diversified resort in the whole of Canada.

THEY are raising lions up in Middlesex County; at least, so it appears from the *Aylmer Express*, in which lately appeared a pathetic announcement regarding the fall fair to be held in that town. A lot of casualties happened; not that the patchwork quilt failed to arrive or that the mammoth "punkin" fell out and got squashed on the road. No—none of these. The farmers and their wares arrived as usual in any good, healthy, traditional fair; but the baby lions that had been born at Aylmer and engaged to give a side-show to the fat calf couldn't come. Then the Imperial Japanese Troupe—born, of course, on the seventh concession along Kettle Creek—got typhoid and were not present. At the same time it was consoling to the husbandmen and their wives and families to know that the "equilibrists" arrived all right, caged up in a lumber waggon; and the faultless gymnasts done up in a case; and the man with the trick dog; not to mention the man with the intelligent stallion. Yes—the truly rural fair is a great institution; calls up such pleasant and gentle memories of the days when we were all saving up coppers to get in.

BIG fairs are not all confined to Toronto and London, Winnipeg and Calgary. Halifax and St. John have come to the fore this year with two bumping big exhibitions. Halifax had eight days of it; with nearly six thousand people present at the opening; seventy-six thousand all told; best of weather most of the time; distinguished men at the opening; marine visitors, excellent programmes and a splendid collection of pictures. St. John opened with a large number of notables to set the ball a-rolling—with that peculiar, intense neighbourliness which distinguishes the dwellers by the sea. Minister of Agriculture was there—a good sign that farming is large in the life of the Maritime Provinces. Some fairs we know would not be bothered with an agriculturist as a formal opener—preferring nobility and

military heads. But the agricultural features of the Maritime fairs will always be the characteristic note; must have been an inspiration to poetry to behold the marvellous fruits gathered from the great orchards and vineyards of that land of Evangeline. Speeches were very felicitous. Said one of the local newspapers of the opening at Halifax:

"Premier Murray in opening the speaking said he recognised the time and energy devoted by Mr. Justice Longley to the Exhibition. He personally appreciated the fact that the judge had so well stood by the Exhibition. The president had 'said it all' when he remarked that Nova Scotia would not take a second place with the other provinces in the matter of exhibitions. This exhibition is worth to this province the \$4,000 or \$5,000 that it annually costs. He believed the people of Nova Scotia were of this mind."

This also concerning St. John:

"With grounds and buildings brilliantly illuminated, with several thousand people gathered, with sparkling addresses delivered in the large amusement hall, the St. John Exhibition of 1908 was formally opened on Saturday evening. 'Give us good weather to-day,' said those who have striven for months to make the fair the best yet held, 'and this year's exhibition will surpass any St. John has known.'"

RURAL government mail boxes will soon be a feature of Ontario roadscapes. This is progress; but also a reminiscence of the style things used to be in the days of the old stage that paddled



Winnipeg's New Post Office.

its weary way along the front of the settlement miles from a railway and delivered the farmer's mail both ways for a dollar a year apiece; when the farmer's boy whacked up a pigeon-hole box out of shingles and nailed it on top of a post out by the gate and probably the milk-stand; when the farmer's wife watched out of the window or churning at the door for the dust-cloud that she knew was travelling too slow for anybody but the stage man, and went bustling out—not to keep the Royal Mail waiting—with a letter for which she had not a stamp, but only a couple of coppers. But the stage-driver's perquisite will soon be a goner—when Mr. Lemieux begins to build boxes along the roads.

HOW the world do move! and civilisation crawls northward. A few weeks ago a Cabinet Minister of Alberta—Hon. Mr. Cushing, Minister of Public Works—made the first trip north to the Peace River ever taken by a Minister. The natives had been lying low for him a good while; no guns and no objections to the good Grit policy of the Rutherford administration—but just waiting for a chance to behold a great man. At Lesser Slave Lake flags flew—even the flag is up there—and an address was presented to the Minister in the Cree tongue saying: "For a long time we natives of this country have heard of a government at Edmonton, of men working for the welfare of the country, and we have been waiting for one of you to come."

MINA BENSON was a quiet school-teacher in the county of Northumberland, Ontario; and

like many other teachers she might have gone peacefully along and married some good tradesman or farmer, and been happy and uneventful ever after; but she didn't. Miss Benson went away to the States and learned to nurse; she met a man—often the way; and she married that man—whose name was Leonidas Hubbard, the man who died in Labrador while exploring that frozen country. His wife went in over the trail—she also wrote a book about the land. Just the other day she married the son of an English statesman—Harold Thornton, son of John Edward Ellis, formerly Under Secretary of State for India. Mina Benson that was is now Mrs. Ellis—but will always be remembered by Canadians as Mrs. Hubbard.

THE other day away up in the interior wilds of British Columbia, up in a forest round about Sooke Lake, a man from Victoria saw something that perhaps no other Nimrod in Canada ever saw. He was hunting; looking for trouble; but not for natural history. What he found would have been a painting worth any artist's while; and it is best appreciated by reading the words of a man who told the story:

"Stretched before him were the waters of the Sooke River. Bobbing up and down like a piece of driftwood he witnessed two animals in a death grip. They were, he discerned, a large buck deer and a ferocious wolf. He had arrived just too late to witness the silent battle which must have been waged. The wolf, when he espied him, had just been successful in tearing the throat from his prey, and, the quivering carcass gushing forth blood, the victor was pulling ashore by the nose. From his ambush Mr. Armor watched without a motion. As the wolf drew nearer, dragging the 'buck' slowly along, the sportsman quietly raised the gun to his shoulder. One shot was enough."

SOME people talk of "combines" too much. When the price of cordwood or cheese or butter or wheat goes up, no one speaks of a combine. When freight rates or other commercial prices go up, some one shouts combine. When there was little freight offering on the lakes this spring, rates were low and yet steamers were idle. Now when shippers are competing for boats, and freight is plentiful, rates go up. Yet some kicker sends out a despatch from Montreal which states that because wheat rates have advanced from 3 1-2 to 7 cents a bushel, there is a combine. Apparently this man never heard of "demand and supply."

THE POLITICAL PROBLEM

(Continued from page 9)

Sir Wilfrid recalls Disraeli and Sir John Macdonald, Mr. Borden brings to mind Sir John Thompson and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. As one who can conceive policies for a young nation, Mr. Borden is probably Sir Wilfrid's equal. As an administrator, holding other political administrators in check, Mr. Borden might possibly excel Sir Wilfrid. He is equally strong-minded and equally determined. He has fighting qualities, though they are rather of the council-room than of the House, or the platform.

The men behind Sir Wilfrid are not more able than the men behind Mr. Borden. Nor is there any reason to believe that if Mr. Borden came into power, he would not shortly have as strong a cabinet as Sir Wilfrid has had since Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. David Mills, Sir Louis Davies, and Sir William Mulock ceased to be his colleagues. It is a mistake to believe that all the strong men are those holding cabinet positions.

This then is the situation. My description does not adequately portray it, but it touches some of the chief features. The independent voter must look back ten years and forward ten years and decide what is best in the interests of the whole of Canada. Sir Wilfrid made his strongest appeal when he asked for another term to finish his work. Canada may grant it to him, but it is an appeal which has been made many times by men who had no right to make it. It is an appeal which must be carefully examined at all times, to make sure that there is a justification for its being made. In this case, the independent voter must make the decision.

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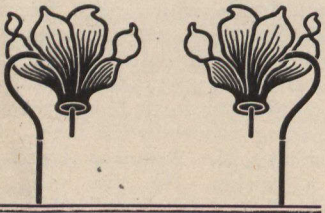
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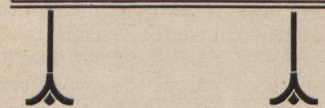
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LITERARY NOTES

THE SEPTEMBER "WINDSOR."

THE *Windsor Magazine* maintains its artistic record this month in its opening article—"The Art of Maud Earl." Miss Earl is known in Canada by her famous bull-dog painting, "What I Have I Hold," but the current article shows how thoroughly Miss Earl has mastered the artistic possibilities of dogdom. The illustrations alone are worth preservation and remembrance and are among the best in the *Windsor's* series. Mr. Justus Miles Forman turns aside from the sugary, society narrative to write "The Islands of the Blest," a realistic Samoan sketch. An article on "The Country of Evangeline" by Rev. Fred Hastings is a conventional description by an English visitor of Acadia's literary show-place. There is a characteristic comment: "Yes, I like the country in summer, but in winter I learn that it would be terribly cold. Even then the sleighing and moose-hunting would bring counterbalancings." This is kindly.

This magazine is seldom without a contribution from a Canadian writer. Mr. Robert Barr's delightful yarns, about the languid young lord who worked a West African gold mine, have come to an end but Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts is to the fore with a thrilling animal story, "From the Teeth of the Tide," in which a bear of noble mien plays a heroic part. Mr. Archibald Sullivan is represented in eight lines of light verse—"The Lily."

"White—stained with blood when scarlet butterflies
Rest crimson wings upon my marble mouth,
And climb the emerald trembling of my stairs
To where my gates are open to the south.
Closed are the doors above my golden well,
Along whose gilded pool no bee can stray,
Until the sun in wavering caravans
Shall start my perfume traffic with the day."

* * *

A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.

MR. STANLEY WEYMAN, whose romances, with French historic setting, were refreshing the world some thirteen years ago and who has given us a novel about once in twelve months, ever since "The House of the Wolf" first opened its hospitable doors to the public, has recently declared in unequivocal manner that his novelist days are over. His last work of fiction, he says, is to be "The Wild Geese," and in connection with its publication he remarks:

"I have told all the tales I have to tell. I should not care to go on writing till the critics began to hint that I was repeating myself and the public was beginning to feel that it had had about enough of me. I consider I have been fortunate; critics, publishers, the public have all treated me well, and I am not going to presume upon it. I am fifty-three; I have had a long run, and would far sooner quit the stage now, whilst I am still playing to a full house, than go on and tire the audience and ring the curtain down at last on half-empty benches."

What a contrary world it is when Mr. Weyman decides that he will write no more novels, while Messrs. G. B. McCutcheon, Magrath and others are assured that they have a "call" to produce a near-novel every six months. Mr. Weyman's hesitation does him credit but, if "The Wild Geese" is half as good as "Chippinge Borough," the readers of modern English fiction will regret his retirement. There is only one romance by this writer which failed with the public and its lack of success was not surprising. Not even the grace of Weyman could make the cowardly "hero" of "Shrewsbury" anything but unbearable.

* * *

AN ISLAND NOVELIST.

FROM Prince Edward Island come many pleasant tales and delightful verses, written by Miss L. M. Montgomery, whose novel, "Anne of Green Gables," has recently been published by L. C. Page and Company of Boston. In a recent issue of the *Youth's Companion* there is a dainty poem, "My Rose Jar," by this writer from the sea.

"Lo! here's the haunting sweetness of many a perfect June,
Of many a reddening twilight past, white morn and golden noon,
Held in delightsome bondage the souls of roses glow,
Remembrancing old pleasancess and gardens long ago.

Deep drink we of the essence, the sunshine of lost years,
Beguilements of old joys and songs, old dreams and tender tears;
Pent in this jar of odours a hundred summers hoard
The vintage of their mellow days in spicery upstored."

* * *

PATER THE MISOGAMIST.

WALTER PATER was an old man at fifty, bald as a coot and grotesquely plain. He loved pictures; but there was one picture which always gave him pain—the one which he could see any day in the looking-glass. He was not the recluse that some persons have called him, but he did not care for feminine society. He regarded woman much as did Dean Swift, who wrote: "A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with few words spoken intelligibly by a parrot." "You don't approve of marriage," a friend once observed to Pater. "No," he replied, "nor would anybody else if he gave the matter proper consideration. Men and women are always pulling different ways. Women won't pull our way. They are so perverse."

* * *

THE PASSING OF A POET.

MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON who died in Boston last month was a writer who preserved her literary ideals to the last and who never stooped to the yellow journal standards of verse. While not among the poets of large inspiration, her songs have been among the finer influences of modern literary life and her personal effect on those with whom she sympathised did much towards establishing in Boston somewhat of a revival of the old-time salon. Her frequent visits to Paris and London gave her a width of literary appreciation none too common on this continent. It is said that a uniform edition of her works is to be published this autumn. The gentle charm of a nature at home in quiet gardens and dusky libraries is reflected in her work.

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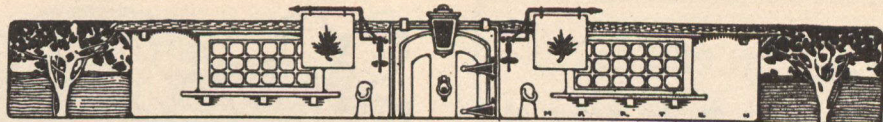
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A TOUCH OF GREEN.



Comin' Thro' the Corn.

ber the hunter's and outlaw's Lincoln green? There is many a rhyme about its virtues or its supposed baneful power and William Black in one of his leisurely, old-fashioned romances, explains that

"Green's forsaken and yellow's forsworn
And blue's the sweetest colour that's worn."

For those who prefer the wearing of the blue, this season provides a soft and pleasing tint to which the name, *canard*, is given.

PEACOCK FEATHERS.

THERE has been a superstition, also, in regard to peacock feathers—among Nature's most riotous triumphs of colour. Yet many timid householders would not have a peacock feather showing its brilliant dyes in the remotest corner of mantel or cabinet, because some one has told them with all solemnity that peacock feathers bring bad fortune. This beautiful plumage has come to public favour this autumn because, it is said, royalties are fond of the brave show. Peacock blue, in feathers, furniture and hats will be brightening the prospect this winter. Queen Victoria's fondness for the iridescence of peacock plumage was often regarded with disfavour, but it is said that they were used in decoration in several of her apartments at Windsor Castle. Perhaps King Edward has banished them, together with the plaid hangings of Balmoral.

THE DIRECTOIRE GOWN.

NOW that the directoire gown is here in all its glory, we wonder why there has been such a talk about its construction—unless, indeed, some subtle *modiste* induced an editor to write the first criticism by way of advertising its charms. Men are always fussing about what we women should wear and do. They are such lovely examples of grace and goodness to "us weak sisters." It would be a lonesome world, after all, without the masculine censorious ways and we can always do as we please anyway. The directoire gown is graceful and feminine—not the correct thing for the street but, when at its best, an attractive garment for a woman who is "a daughter of the gods."

CANADIENNE.

ROSE DOLORES.

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.

The moan of Rose Dolores, she made her plaint to me;
"My hair is lifted by the wind that sweeps in from the sea;
I taste its salt upon my lips—O jailer, set me free!"

"Content thee, Rose Dolores, content thee, child of care!
There's satin shoon upon thy feet and emeralds in thy hair,
And one there is who hungers for thy step upon the stair."

The moan of Rose Dolores: "O jailer, set me free!
These satin shoon and green-lit gems are terrible to me:
I hear a murmur on the wind, the murmur of the sea!"

"Bethink thee, Rose Dolores, bethink thee ere too late!
Thou wert a fisher's child, alack, born to a fisher's fate;
Would'st lay thy beauty 'neath the yoke—would'st be a fisher's mate?"

The moan of Rose Dolores: "Kind jailer, let me go!
There's one who is a fisher—ah! my heart beats cold and slow
Lest he should doubt I love him—I! who love not heaven so!"

"Alas, sweet Rose Dolores, why beat against the bars?
Thy fisher lover drifteth where the sea is full of stars;
Why weep for one who weeps no more—since grief thy beauty mars!"

The moan of Rose Dolores (she prayed me patiently):
"O jailer, now I know who called from out the calling sea,
I know whose kiss was in the wind—O jailer, set me free!"

—McClure's Magazine.



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"BOVRIL" quickly builds up strength and vitality—hence the marked progress towards health made by invalids who take it. There is only

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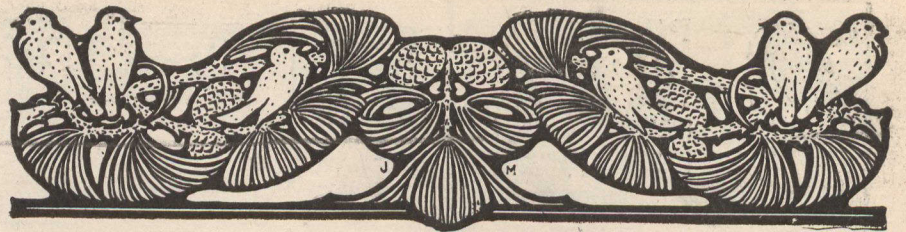
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F O R T H E C H I L D R E N

A FLOWER-GARDEN.

By FANNIE WILDER BROWN.

PETER O'BRIEN was happy. He was a ten-year-old boy, with a freckled face and patched clothes. His feet were bare, his cap was torn; but the sun was warm, the sky was blue, and he was gay as the robin singing in the maple-tree across the street. Peter was digging with a stick in the bare, brown earth by the side of the little board walk that led to his front-yard gate. He was pretending to make a flower-bed.

Down the street came Miss Ray, Peter's teacher when school kept. It was the spring vacation now.

"Good morning, Peter!" she said. "What are you planting?"

"Roses," said Peter, "and pansies. This stick is a rose-bush—red roses. These stones in a row are pansies."

"Why don't you plant some seeds?"

"I haven't any money to buy them," said Peter.

"You may come over this afternoon for an hour to clear up my yard, and I'll pay you ten cents," said Miss Ray. "Then you can buy a package of mixed flower seeds—'Wild Garden Seeds' they are sometimes called. I'll show you how to fix the ground and plant the seeds. You can't get roses and lilies that way, but you can get pansies and ever so many other kinds of flowers."

Peter's whole face smiled as he said, "Thank you, Miss Ray." Then he looked doubtfully at the stick he was digging with. "It won't make a very big hole," he said.

"It doesn't take a big hole to plant seeds in," said Miss Ray, "but the ground has to be dug up first to make it loose and soft, so the tiny rootlets can push through it. I'll let you take my spade and rake this afternoon, and we'll see what you can do."

Every day after that Peter worked in his garden, and every day Miss Ray came to see how he was getting along. First, he spaded up every bit of the garden so it was loose and soft as far down as his spade could reach. Next, he sprinkled on some plant-food which Miss Ray let him pay for by working for her. Then he raked his flower-bed until it was smooth and fine. Then, O joy! it was ready for the seeds.

The seeds were of all shapes and sizes. There were more than twenty different kinds. Miss Ray and Peter sorted them by their size, and separated those that had many of a kind. There were a great many kinds which neither Miss Ray nor any of the neighbours knew.

Peter planted the big seeds far apart along by the fence; he planted the middle-sized ones in rows or clusters through the middle of the bed; the fine, tiny seeds he planted near the walk. For the big seeds he made a hole one or two inches deep, and dropped one seed in each hole. The middle-sized ones he put in little holes near together, from one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch deep. The tiny ones he mixed with a handful of earth and sprinkled on the ground, then covered them with a newspaper held down with stones until the sprouts appeared.

Over the big seeds Peter pressed the ground with his foot, to make it firm on top, so the air could not get in to dry the seeds. Over the middle-sized seeds he firmed the earth with a little board like a shingle. Over the tiny seeds he patted the ground gently with his hands.

One of the neighbours, seeing how hard he was working, gave him a small watering-pot, and Miss Ray explained that he must sprinkle the ground night and morning, enough to keep it damp, until the plants were up, then water it every day unless it rained.

When the flower plant sprouted, weeds came up, too, and these Peter had to pull up without disturbing the flowers. Miss Ray showed him which were weeds—chickweed, pigweed, sorrel, dandelion, plantain, clover and witch-grass. "These are the most common," she said, "but there are others that will show they are weeds as they grow. We can't be sure at first which are weeds where mixed seeds are planted."

It was hard to have to pull up some of the seedlings, too, but Miss Ray explained that the middle row must be thinned out to as much as three inches apart, to give each plant room to grow.

By the end of the third week buds had begun to form on some of the plants, and in only a few days more blossom-time had come. Oh, what a garden it was! Candytuft, coreopsis, lantana, larkspur and lupine, marigold, mignonette, nasturtiums, petunias, pinks, poppies! All the alphabet, Peter thought, was in the names. Some of them were hard to remember, but he learned them all—that is, every one that anybody could tell him. There were some strange, odd beauties of flowers that could not be named because no one round had seen any like them before. Peter loved these best of all.

All summer long the seedlings grew and blossomed, and when frost-time drew near Miss Ray helped Peter dig up a dozen budded plants, put them in pots, and carry them to the schoolroom, where they bloomed nearly all winter long.

"I didn't suppose you could buy a whole flower-garden for ten cents," said Peter.

"You can't," laughed Miss Ray, "but ten cents' worth of seed, a bit of land, and a boy who is willing to work, all together, can make a garden that is fit for a king."—*Youth's Companion*.

* * *

It was Molly's first circus, and she enjoyed it, but was very tired at bedtime. When she was almost asleep her mother said, "What part of the circus did you like the best, Molly?" "Oh, I don't know, hardly," she said. "It was all the best, but the punkey riding the money was the cutest."

OVER \$1000.00 IN PRIZES

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HOLBROOK'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

The Gifts consist of the following articles:—

- 6 Gentlemen's Rolled Gold Watches, Value \$25.00 each..... \$300.00
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The conditions are so simple that every one may enter—all that it entails is a little thought, and anyone who uses Holbrook's Sauce, or is willing to give it a trial, is eligible. Simply fill in the last line to the Limerick and send in accordance with the rules published below.

IMPORTANT

There will be three different Limericks published, as follows:

Opens	Replies must be received by	Prizes mailed and names published
First Limerick... Sept. 26.	Oct. 24.	Nov. 4.
Second Limerick... Oct. 17.	Nov. 14.	Nov. 25.
Third Limerick... Nov. 7.	Dec. 7.	Dec. 19.

The above list of prizes will be equally divided between the three competitions.

RULES—Read These Carefully

- 1.—Cut out coupon below and write on it your suggestion for the last line of the Limerick.
- 2.—Send with each coupon or Limerick the outside paper wrapper, with label attached, from a bottle of HOLBROOK'S SAUCE.
- 3.—Readers may send in as many replies as they like, but each one must be accompanied by a separate wrapper.
- 4.—The Limericks will be judged by a committee of the following gentlemen, who have kindly consented to act:
The Editor of The Mail and Empire, Toronto.
The Editor of The Canadian Courier, Toronto.
The Manager Wood-Norris, Limited, Advertising Agency, Toronto.
- 5.—Address and send your communication, "Holbrook's Limerick," care Wood-Norris, Limited, Toronto.

Canadian Courier, Sept. 26, 1908.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

LIMERICK

Said John Bull at his dinner one day,
I'll get rid of my cook right away,
He's served up this course,
Without Holbrook's Sauce,

Fill in last line here.

I agree to abide by the decision of the committee of Judges as final, and enter the competition on that distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

All replies to this Limerick must be received by Oct. 24th, 1908.

HOLBROOK'S SAUCE

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Cut this advertisement out and keep it for reference.

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Made to Order Suit of Clothes or Overcoat

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NO MORE NO LESS

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Thousands of patterns from which to choose—cloth just received from the mills. Only new patterns and best texture. Write for book of samples, fashion plates, self measuring charts, tape line and instructions—all free.

Scotland Woolen Mills Co.
139 Yonge Street, Toronto

The Lorsson Elopement

(Continued from page 15)

accompanied him. I didn't think she'd be so strong. It won't do for him to miss this message, poor chap! Here read it":

"Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies; for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty. (Ps. 27:12.)

"I have not sat with vain persons, neither will I go in with dissemblers. (Ps. 26:4.)

"But as for me I will walk in mine integrity: redeem me and be merciful unto me. (Ps. 26:11.)"

"I'll tell you what'll do: we'll send this down to his house by a messenger boy. He won't know what to make of it; but he won't be able to ask her how it was delivered till it's all over."

The message was sent at once; then, as Astro walked with Valeska to her home, he said:

"We can't do this again; it will make too much trouble. You'll have to see if you can't get into his studio somehow and find out what messages he is receiving. You can go and offer yourself as a model."

Valeska consented to attempt the adventure, and accordingly set out the next morning after entering on her list the following message deciphered from Chester's advertisement in "The Star."

"Let the lying lips be put to silence; which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the righteous. (Ps. 31:18.)

"For I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes: nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplication when I cried unto thee. (Ps. 31:22.)

"In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul. (Ps. 138:3.)

"So foolish was I, and ignorant. I was as a beast before thee. (Ps. 73:22.)

Astro worked all day in his studio alone reading palms and casting horoscopes for his fashionable clients, and, during the leisure times between their calls, casting many a glance across to the desk where his pretty blond assistant was wont to look up at him with such animation whenever he spoke. The velvet hangings were dull and shadowy, and the high lights on armorial trophies and tinsel costumes on the wall twinkled through the dusk, when the portieres parted and Valeska smartly attired gloved and feathered, appeared. Astro smiled for almost the first time that day. She sank into a deep divan to get her breath. He turned on a light above her head.

"He's a perfect dear!" she said as soon as she could speak. "He isn't at all handsome in fact he's ugly; but he's the most romantic and kind hearted chap in the world. I'd trust him anywhere."

"How did he treat you?"

Valeska laughed. "Well, not in a way to make me conceited. Oh, he's in love all right. He looked at me exactly as if he was purchasing a horse. I almost expected him to open my mouth and examine my teeth to see how old I was. But he was nice, all the same, and delighted to find a model that had brains and could take and hold a pose."

"Of course he didn't say anything significant?"

"Does he want you to-morrow?"

"Yes, all this week."

Valeska posed for Chester the six days, returning each evening to the studio to report to Astro, each time more interested in the love affair. Each day she wrote down the cipher

message printed in "The Star," and the text she found in the studio written on Ruth's candy box. At the end of the week the courtship began to approach a crisis, as the correspondence showed:

RUTH

"He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house: he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight. (Ps. 101:7.)

"But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end. (Ps. 102:27.)"

CHESTER

"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye. (Ps. 32:8.)

RUTH

"And I will delight myself in thy commandments, which I have loved. (Ps. 119:47.)

"But mine enemies are lively, and they are strong, and they that hate me wrongfully are multiplied. (Ps. 38:19.)

"All that hate me whisper together against me do they devise my hurt. (Ps. 41:7.)

CHESTER

"Let not them that are mine enemies wrongfully rejoice over me neither let them wink with the eye that hate me without a cause. (Ps. 35:19.)

"Let them be turned back for a reward of their shame that say, Aha, aha. (Ps. 70:3.)"

RUTH

"Pull me out of the net that they have laid privily for me: for thou art my strength. (Ps. 31:4.)

"Then call thou, and I will answer: or let me speak, and answer thou me. (Job 13:22.)"

CHESTER

"Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink: but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full. (2 John:12.)"

RUTH

"They gather themselves together, they hide themselves, they mark my steps, when they wait for my soul. (Ps. 56:6.)

"And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest. (Ps. 55:6.)

"I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest. (Ps. 55:8.)

"That thy beloved may be delivered; save with thy right hand, and hear me. (Ps. 60:5.)"

CHESTER

"And it shall be, if thou go with us, yea, it shall be, that what goodness the Lord shall do unto us, the same will we do unto thee. (Num. 10:32.)"

RUTH

"Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me. (Ps. 40:7.)

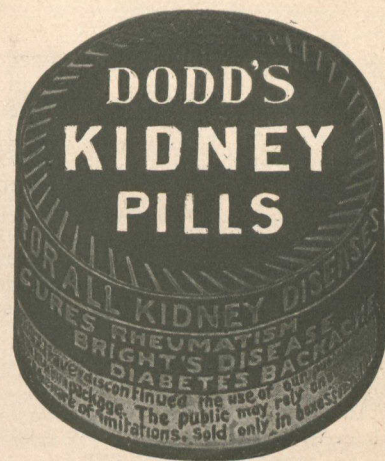
"And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge thy people shall be my people, shall be my people, and thy God my God. (Ruth 1:16)"

"It is getting serious, isn't it?" said Valeska, when she brought the last message of Ruth's "Poor Chester is half crazy. He's been working like mad to get some illustrations for 'The Universal Magazine' done, so as to get money enough to get married on, I suppose. But how in the world they are going to elope, I don't see."

"Love laughs at locksmiths," said Astro.

"But not at stepmothers. All the same they're going to do it somehow, and I want to see the fun. It's bound to come off in a day or so now."

At ten o'clock the next morning



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250 rooms.
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\$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements.

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Hotel Vancouver (C. P. Ry.)
VANCOUVER, B. C.
American Plan \$3.50 up.
Accommodation for 400 Guests.

Astro received by a messenger a hurriedly penciled note. It read:

"Something awful has happened! Chester broke his leg last night, and was taken to the hospital; but when it was set (the leg), he insisted on being brought home to the studio. He's almost crazy, and has a fever, and I'm sure the elopement was planned for to-night. I'll get it out of him somehow, and you must tell me what to do. Here's the text he got last night. I can't make it out: so please tell me immediately. V."

The text indicated was from the 59th Psalm, verse 14.

"And at evening let them return; and let them make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city."

As soon as Astro had looked it up, he put on his hat and coat, and jumping into his private hansom drove to Washington Square.

It was half-past eight when Ruth Lorsson raised the shade of her window and threw up the sash. At the curb opposite her house a cab was waiting. She looked at it eagerly.

There came a sudden noise like the barking of a dog, repeated three times. Ruth smiled, let down the sash, and drew the shade. Then, stuffing a package wrapped in a towel inside her full blouse, she ran down stairs.

"Ruth, child! what are you doing?" Mrs. Lorsson's voice came in a petulant way.

Ruth hovered a moment by the doorway, to say, in a voice that trembled a little, "Oh, I only want to get the Smiths' address from one of their cards on the hall table."

She walked swiftly to the front door, opened it noiselessly, slipped out, and shut it carefully behind her. She fairly flew down the steps now, and ran across the street straight for the cab. The door in its side swung open, and she popped inside. The cab instantly drove off at a furious pace.

There was a dark figure inside. She snuggled up to it deliciously. "Oh, Harry!" she breathed. "At last! Oh, I thought this time never would come!" Then with a little scream she jumped away from him. "Who are you!" she demanded. Her voice showed terror.

"My dear," said Astro, "don't be frightened, Mr. Chester couldn't come. He has had a slight accident; but not bad enough to prevent his being married to-night."

"Why, how do you know?" she demanded, staring at him. Then, as an electric light suddenly illuminated the interior of the cab, she recognized the fine, picturesque features of the Master of Mysteries, and gave a little sigh of relief. "Oh, it's Astro!" she exclaimed. "You know everything, don't you? Did you see it in your crystal ball?"

"Oh, I was so frightened! But tell me about Harry! It must be a bad accident to keep him away—to-night."

He reassured her and they drove on. They reached Washington Square, and hurried to the studio. Valeska met them at the door with a smile. For a moment Ruth eyed her suspiciously.

"Your bridesmaid," said Astro.

Ruth, relieved but anxious for a sight of her lover, darted by with hardly a glance, and ran to the bed where Harry Chester lay, weak, but impatiently awaiting her.

"Oh, Harry!"

"Oh, Ruth!"

Astro and Valeska walked into the hall. "Well," said Astro, "I hope she's satisfied now. She has lost four millions and three magnificent houses."

"For which she'd have to pay all her life," said Valeska. "If you ask me, I'd say she's got a bargain. Come, let's call in the minister!"

The next Master of Mysteries story, "The Count's Comedy," will appear October 10.

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If you attempted to smoke cigarettes made from one particular kind of Turkish tobacco, the result would be disappointing.

The cigarette would either be too strong, too mild, or absolutely tasteless.

The flavor of a cigarette depends upon the blending of different kinds of tobaccos in the right proportion.

The ability to do this successfully is an art possessed by few.

One of these few, blends the tobacco which gives the MURAD cigarettes their full, mild, rich, delicate flavor.

They cost 15c. a box of 10.

S. ANARGYROS.



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SHREDDDED WHEAT

with milk or cream and fresh fruits. Discard heavy foods and try this **natural** diet for a time and note how your energies will increase and your spirits revive.

Nourishing without being heating.

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HUNTERS' EXCURSIONS IN OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER



New Trails to the CANADIAN GAME LANDS

Before the six railways of the Canadian Northern System followed the old fur trails into the Canadian game lands, only a hardy few dared to go in. But now, the back places of the woods—wealthy in moose, caribou, deer and bear—may be quickly and easily reached. The Canadian Northern System serves a wide range of undisturbed territories. Here are a few suggestions:—

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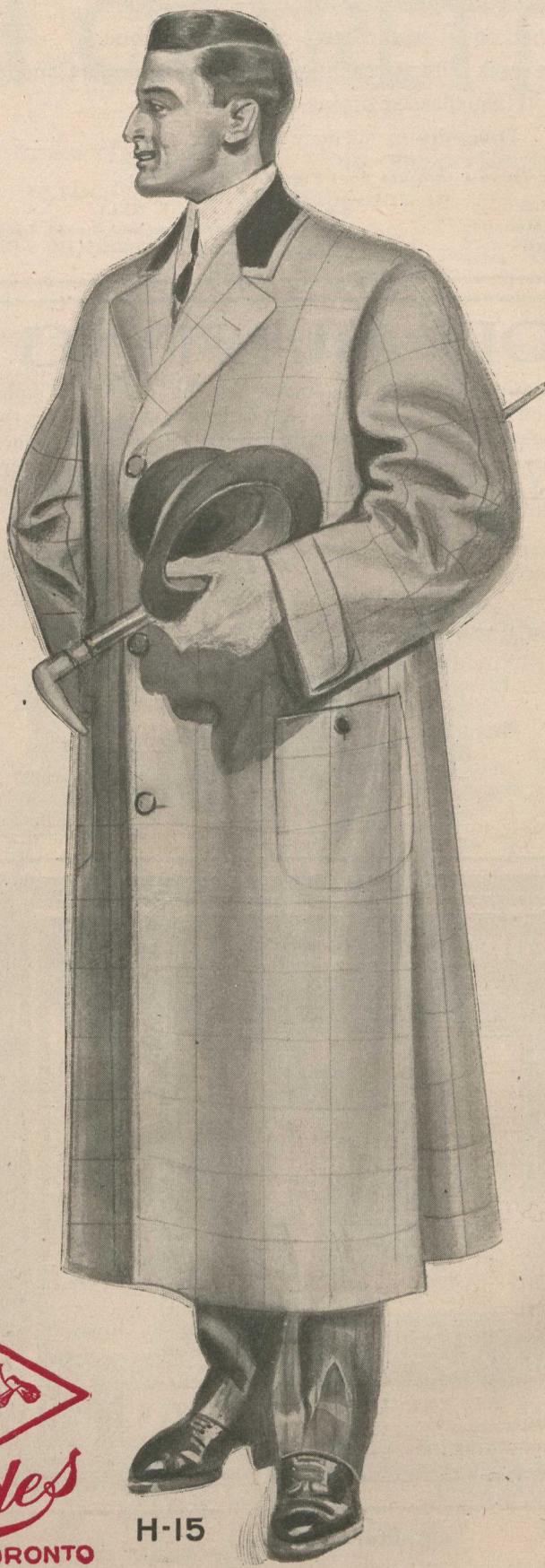
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