

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

FOOTBALL will be the distinguishing feature in next week's issue. The end of an exciting season is in sight, and we shall sum it up and illustrate it in a manner worthy both of the autumn sport and the Courier. The superb full-page drawing by Arthur Heming will be the finest football picture ever published in Canada; a good thing to stick on your wall among the outdoor pictures. A football expert will review the season's play in trenchant, easy-reading style. We shall have an abundance of football photographs and a splendid football cover.

But the main and abiding interest of the Courier will be amply maintained. One especially virile indoor feature will be a strong inside story by Arthur Stringer, illustrated by one of our own staff of artists. "The Crucible" is a big stage story; one that gives the reader a remarkable insight into the grim realities that stalk behind the drop curtain of the play.

NEXT week also "The Monocle Man" returns to duty. He has had a long holiday, and should have some bright ideas gathered up. We feel sure he will be warmly welcomed by everybody, especially as he promises not to take another extended holiday for two years.

OUR Christmas number is right on our programme. We shall excel last year's by a good margin—which is almost enough to say. In next week's "Editor's Talk," however, we shall line up the strong features of that issue.

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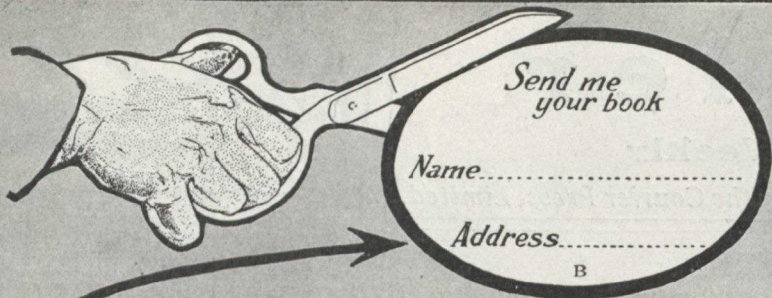
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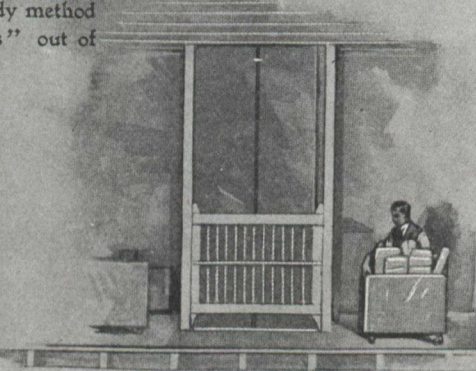
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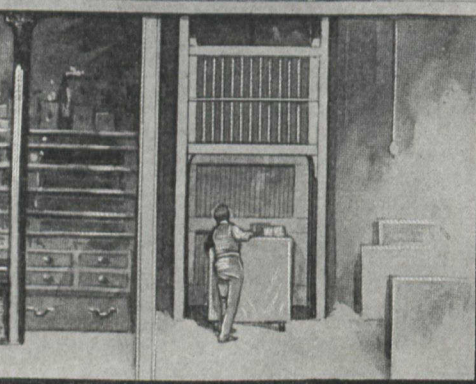
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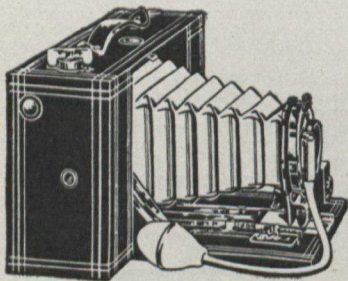
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THE
Canadian Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Toronto, November 12, 1910

No. 23

RUSSIAN VIOLINIST IN CANADA

Mr. Jan Hambourg's First Public Recital

STANDING in a stage light, with no vague resemblance to a Mephisto in evening dress, Mr. Jan Hambourg played "The Devil's Trill" to the soothing, supernal accompaniment of a pipe organ. The effect was very fetching. It was by no means vaudeville; it was a touch of musical art with stage colour—and it worked.

The "Sonata del Diavolo," as it was called on the programme, was the second big number at Mr. Hambourg's first recital in Canada, given last week in Toronto, where the violinist, with his father, Professor Michael Hambourg, has recently become established. The hall was filled. There had been considerable curiosity regarding Mr. Hambourg. Why should a man with his alleged reputation as a violinist settle in Toronto, whose musical atmosphere is as



Mr. Jan Hambourg.

yet very nebulous? And there was some inevitable suspicion—of the usual kind based on a certain type of provincialism, which has frozen out big artists before now.

Mr. Hambourg has now been vindicated by a critical Toronto public. Oh, yes, Toronto is sometimes coldly critical; just as she has at times the enthusiasm of a child for imported talent or for home-grown talent bearing the hall-mark of foreign approval. Whereby it happens that while as a rule the press refrains from criticising home productions, the public either damn with faint praise or laud each the production of his clique. Two organisations have succeeded in partially obliterating the parochial lines: the Mendelssohn Choir and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

It must be conceded to Mr. Jan Hambourg that he has begun to do likewise. There never has been an outsider come to Toronto to live who gave a first recital to so enthusiastic a critical audience. He had a good deal to face. For though he has given many recitals in London and in most of the music centres of Europe, he had never undertaken to play to an audience among whom he had come to live as the leading exponent of violin music. It is certain that Mr. Hambourg established himself in Toronto criticism as a master of the violin in all its potentialities; as a worthy disciple of Ysaye and of Kreisler, whose Belgian methods he has adopted; as one worthy to be classed among the greatest masters that play to Canadian audiences.

The programme contained almost all sorts of violin music. From the Cesar Franck Sonata, twenty odd minutes in length, to the humoresque, "The Bee," by Schubert the Second; the "Devil's Trill," by Italian Tartini, a big melodic and technical virtuoso piece with a cadenza by Kreisler—written almost two hundred years ago; the romantic "Abendlied" of Schumann, written oddly enough for the piano; the "Introduction et Rondo Capriccioso" of Saint-Saens, pre-modern French and "Le Tambourin" of archaic Rameau, who lived about the time of Tartini; in short, anything out-

side of Russian, which Mr. Hambourg himself, a Russian, might be expected to do even better than any of these.

So in repertoire and interpretation, Mr. Hambourg is an eclectic, as every true performing artist should be. In style, he has the conservatism of years in London, coupled with the fire of Russia; though he looks more like an ambassador than a violinist. He made the Franck Sonata profoundly interesting. This number he had played the day before as an after-luncheon episode to a critical audience, many of them musicians, at the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto; and the audience gave him an ovation. The "Devil's Trill" he had also played before the same club some weeks before. In both he was completely master in his public recital. He has the Kreislerian capacity of making a superb technic merely a means to an end in the production of tone-poetry. He has no tricks; but he has poetic license in his rhythm—and he is a big rhythmist. In tonal production he is conservative. He never over-works his instrument. The result is

great refinement of tone with abundant vitality.

But while analysis of a performer's work is usually disjunctive and sometimes stereotyped, on one thing Mr. Hambourg may congratulate himself from the testimony of those who listen to a thing because they are learning to love it: he is able to make the violin a thing of interest to a critical crowd in a big recital which unless done with great regard for all the essential qualities of violin music, would have been productive of yawns. He does not impress you as a genius or a wizard; rather, as a profound student of the violin with reverence for its capabilities and regard for its limitations.

At the same time, he has established himself as a violin exponent who, with his distinguished father teaching tone-quality on the piano, will do much to increase the reputation of Canadian cities as the home of those who appreciate and encourage the best in art.

Mr. Richard Tattersall, who played the piano and organ for Mr. Hambourg, must be recognised as one of the coming Canadian performer-musicians, who in many respects has already arrived. He has succeeded in combining the qualities of a fine organist with those of a really capable and sympathetic accompanist on the piano. He did much to aid in the success of Mr. Hambourg's first recital.

THE FLAG QUESTION

The somewhat nebulous question of flags in Canada is considerably cleared up by the following letter from Mr. Barlow Cumberland to *Le Canada*, replying from the English point of view to a letter of the Hon. Mr. David in *Le Canada* on that question:

A REMARKABLE, indeed one might say an extraordinary, article on "La question des drapeaux" appeared in your issue of September 29th.

Its author has evidently no liking for "la bannière Carrion Sacre Coeur," which, he says, is proposed by some "remplacer ici le drapeau de la France."

He narrates some excellent historical allusions connected with the history of Canada shown in the colourings of the Carrion Sacre Coeur, which far antedate the flag of present France, and unfortunately for his argument as to its replacement, the Tricolour has never been adopted in Canada, nor has it any connection with its history. It is, therefore, impossible to displace anything which has had no prior authority.

He very truly says, "comme sujets Britanniques notre drapeau officiel est l'Union Jack, le drapeau de l'Empire Britannique. Il est un signe de force, de grandeur et de puissance, et protege tous les peuples, tous les hommes qui vivent sous son egide." But he appears to forget that the French-Canadians had been guarded under the Union Jack in the preservation of their laws, their language, and their religion, and had fought under it in defence of their own country during more than a quarter of a century before the Tricolour flag of the revolution in France was even devised or had any existence.

The Tricolour of modern France was never the flag of the ancestors of the French-Canadians, nor of those of the present day; it has never protected their race nor their religion; nor did it ever appear in Canada until brought in on an English steamer in May, 1854, on which it was raised out of courtesy to the alliance of the British and French armies for united service in the Crimean War. In the celebration of subsequent united victories it naturally came into further evidence.

In Canada the Tricolour has never been other than a flag of courtesy, although, perhaps, there may have been some modern European French among us who have recognised it as the flag of their own nationality.

But your writer goes further to say of the Tricolour, "Il peut venir un jour ou pour proteger les

droits qui nous ont ete garanties par les Traités nous serons heureux d'arborer le drapeau de la France et d'invoquer son secours." This is to express a doubt upon the honesty of British government, to wipe out the fair dealing of a century and a half of Canada's history, and make the Tricolour again the emblem of a revolution.

It is unfair to cast such an aspersion of meaning upon anyone who may raise the Tricolour, even though it be in courtesy. It is quite unfair to make it a note of disunion; a warning signal of disaffection; a prelude to the calling in the intervention of another people.

Your writer, in referring to the Union Jack, says, "Il devrait nous suffire si nous etions anglais."

May I remind him that it is not the flag of the English, but the union flag of the British of all nationalities. Its basis was formed upon the flag of the Norman kings who conquered England, and whose lineal descendant, King George V., now reigns upon the British throne. It represents the Norman-French, the English, Irish, Scots, Australians, Canadians, South Africans, and the myriad islands of the seas, the true British of the world over.

From analogy with your writer's views respecting the Tricolour, the fact of any one raising an American flag should be taken to mean that he desires intervention from the United States.

Such was not the view of the French-Canadians of 1775 and 1812, nor is it, I presume, of those of the present day.

But your writer appears to seek some other local flag for the Canadiens Francais, "qui nous distingue des autres nationalites qui indique notre origine," similarly perhaps as the English have their ancient St. George, the Scottish their flag of St. Andrew, the Irish their St. Patrick. I will not discuss what form such a local flag should take, but an ancient white French cross, or the Fleur de lis upon any flag would be taken to record the history and origin of the French inhabitants of Canada, while the Tricolour of the revolution has no connection whatever with them, beyond a similarity in the language of its people.

The patriotism of the French-Canadians is older than the Tricolour. It is in no way the expression of their history, their heroism, their nationality, or their fidelity. It is the flag of a government in another country, and it would be an indelicacy and a wrong to it to term it the national flag of any part of Canada.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND.

CARIBOU TRAILS OF "OLD BALDY"

By DOUGLAS WETMORE CLINCH

IT'S up there waiting for you, and I really think you had better go. 'Tis a glorious country, mountainous if you like, checked from end to end by innumerable trails mapped out by no human brain, and revelling in such magnificent scenery that you must return to derive new meanings for such words, as "great," "wonderful," and "all-sufficing," and, I am afraid, you will never be quite happy till you return again.

And then there's something in a name after all. "Caribou"—say it over, as you stride through deserted October parks, when your after-dinner pipe tastes especially good. Makes you think of "The Night Before Christmas," of bleak November days, wind-swept open country, the snow-guarded lanes of the forest. Yea, more than that, of the blessed activity of the temperate zone which prompts the wanderlust of a northern race and makes you very glad you are a man, which is quite the same thing.

I say it is all-sufficing. Have I not followed a blinking lantern through the shadows of a September dawn. Have I not lain out on many a barren 'neath the hunters' moon and verily gurgled in my delight as the fighting call of an infuriated bull moose mocked the myriad shades of the September gloaming. Have I not carefully picked my way through the shadows of an alder thicket confident of finding my buck. Not waded a laughing "rips" as the sunrise kissed the tops of the mountains. Bent my shoulders to the sternman's paddle as the bouncing canoe joyfully rode the rapids, and crawled contentedly into my leanto after whipping the pool beneath the dam, and yet, till I tracked the wandering woodland caribou through the intense stillness after "Our Lady of the Snows" had cast for the first time her spotless mantle, I had, but a vague idea of the splendour of "The Silent Places."

All day had we been travelling and now gathered round the oil-cloth covered table. Something stamped outside the "dingle." Ah, the pack-horse, and on his back was a 39-point head. Did we ply the "packer" with questions? Maybe, so they had seen plenty of caribou, good heads, too, and I am afraid none of us slept that night. Long towards dawn a squirrel ran over the roof, and that, to the well-versed woodsman, means the best of luck.

With a guide and cook, fore and aft, for twelve miles I swung along. As we stopped for lunch the pack-horse, bearing our outfit, slowly overtook us. In less than another two hours we broke cover and there before us lay our promised land. I think I was ahead when first that incline seemed to fall away from my very feet. Beyond it lay the first real mountain I had ever seen. "That's him there," whispered John Jarvis, my guide, and I knew I stood facing the famous peak known from end to end of the hunters' realm by the cherished name of "Old Baldy." In less than half an hour we had reached camp "Waite," the second on guide Arthur Pringle's, of Stan-York Co., N.B., string, had sipped a cup of tea, and struck off for the open.

Hardly had we covered a half-mile when I saw Jack slide his right hand noiselessly towards his pocket. Back from his eyes came the binoculars with a lightning-like movement, in behind a bush we dodged, and there, shaking the rain from out her coat, stood our first caribou. I hate to think of the questions that pell mell came into my mind: "was?"—"where?"—"is?"—"do you think so?" and from bush to bush we slid, and what had been one cow, was now twenty, several young bulls, and one large one. Jack grinned over my shoulder. Did you ever try to calculate a woodman's grin? Try it sometime; it spells success. Did I think I could drop him? "One," "two"—"nine," "ten"—only sixteen points. Just for the fun of the thing, just to show Jack I wasn't nervous, I covered him with the "33"—"surely we ought to get better heads than that before the week is out," murmured my companion. I thought of the 39-point head and I smiled into Jack's reflecting countenance. But we had worked too close. See! they had begun to bunch; and away they went, the big stag in the

rear, their white "flags" and black noses high in the air. Thirty-two in all did we count that afternoon, between four and six o'clock. What fun we had with some of them. How Jack would "call" a young stag half a dozen times. How a herd of youngsters would sight us from a knoll and trot to within a hundred yards to satisfy their curiosity. Till they moved we froze in our tracks for away they'd have gone on the run.

I don't think I rubbed my eyes that second



The author, D. W. Clinch, with field-glasses, watching a feeding Caribou Bull and Cow on a distant side hill.

morning. I've too good an imagination. Jack left us for the day, and Abe, most casual of guides, tracked me mountainwards. What glorious travelling it was. Ankle-deep moss, brown trails, mountain air, cool shadows, sun-bathed open country. Here we would come on a feeding cow. Suddenly the "rasping" of pines would denote startled breakfasts. Leisurely would we pause as the glasses roamed the hillside. Uphill and down,



A Bull Caribou shot near the Miramichi River, by a prominent New York Artist.

through stunted growths, grassy meadows, over moss-covered deadfalls and bubbling brooks, then up the hillside once more. How I longed for a Graflex camera. Within thirty yards would I creep of a feeding herd, whose antlered leader could boast of but twelve, though even, points. How

the "call" mystified some roving youngster, ousted from some wandering herd. What fun I had with Abe when the Thermos burnt his lips. How good the pipe tasted as he basked in the cool pines' shadow! Then campward we swung and tried the further country. How we crouched, ran, and crouched again, as the prongs of a stag were silhouetted against the blue horizon. How he threw up his moistened nose and trotted to within thirty yards as Abe pressed the bark to his lips. Then the shadows lengthened, the bracing air turned cool, and the turns of the trail unwound rapidly.

'Twas the third day now and Jack and I met the first wind as it swept up the gully. Forty-three caribou had I seen and still no head to suit. A dozen more that day were added to the number. None did we shoot for none did suit and somehow I am very glad. It was the afternoon when finally we reached our Mecca, the summit of South Bald Mountain. Somehow, there is something about the mountains which makes the city seem very far away, almost far enough to stay. There was not a breath of wind and the day was very fine and clear, more like a July afternoon than anything I can remember. As far as the eye could reach there was nothing but one vast panorama of rolling forest slopes covered with Princess Pine. Here and there a yellow heath would be contrasted against the green background, or a pent-up beaver-pond glittered in the October sunshine, for we were now at the headwaters of the South Branch of the Nepisiguit and the North Branch of the Sevogle.

Perhaps the outside world would not understand but to those who carry the most tiny streak of pioneer blood such names as the Sevogle, Miramichi, Nepisiguit, Serpentine, Gulquac, Mamozekel, etc., possess in their very pronouncing, a particular satisfying significance. They savour of priceless smooth-bores, fringed buckskins, and other phantoms of a past, which from their pinacles of hero-worship beckon struggling mankind to the Happy Hunting Grounds, and mankind wants to go, and can't. Maybe Jack's of the outside world, for he gently hinted the many miles to be covered and I regretfully picked up my rifle and camera. Several more caribou did we count that day, totalling in all, fifty-seven. In fact, all during my trip not an hour passed without seeing game.

In such a country there's a district for every day. On the fourth we hunted some new country and it was only after considerable thinking that I left a good stag pass by. Long towards noon it began to snow and by two o'clock we knew winter was on the way. One twelve-point stag almost fed on top of us, much to our amusement, and then, as the herds leave the open in dirty weather, we skirted the greenwoods before giving it up for the day.

There is about caribou shooting a delicious uncertainty quite unequalled by any shooting in the East. When, where, and why, a lone stag or a whole herd will unceremoniously appear is quite as unanswerable as it is beyond description. And these kept appearing.

All night the snow fell and shortly after daylight we took up the trail for the open for none of the sixty-seven caribou inspected had borne the desired growth of antler. But that day, though we counted twenty-nine more, we really enjoyed it without firing a single shot. Away on the hillside

would a mouse-coloured body move against the sky line, and be contrasted with the spotless carpet. And around that "away" we would circle. Perhaps the circle was half a mile and how delightful it was to mark your game and then figure on his travelling during that same half mile. Once we saw a scrap. How the old bull would chase some aspiring youngster! How two youthful leaders would casually kneel and shove till one gave way! How the minutes flew as we watched them! How we would leave a herd for a couple of hours and then stalk it again simply because it had moved or the interval swelled its numbers. How we would sometimes intercept the gathering clan, and, rolling in the snow, allow them to feed well nigh on top of us! Really, the actual shooting bears but a small part in such all-sufficing sport.

But still there remained a country we hadn't travelled and only four miles away. Packing over this distance we stalked the greenwoods for as yet the blizzard held sway.

Of all my memories of the forest at all seasons of the year none is so pleasant as the recollections of the few minutes which elapsed after the sighting of the drifting herd from which I finally picked my head. The caribou make so little noise as with

low-held head they seem to wander aimlessly about. How their mouse-coloured bodies, their black noses and glinting antlers, offset the perfect blending of the green and white background! How odd their queer-shaped feet appear as they leisurely draw them along! How the trail winds and twists through the greenwoods, your eyes roam the shadows of the evergreens for the coveted head, you grip your rifle in anticipation. How glad you are you have come! And so it was on that ever-to-be remembered afternoon. Abe paused. I had no question to ask but gently stepped forward. There was the cow, side on, looking me full in the face. I knew they could not possibly have got our scent and I contentedly froze in my tracks. Then, apparently satisfied, she turned her head, and, following the direction of her gaze, I saw two bulls emerge from the forest. Something told me they would walk towards her and I waited. The young one did, and passed the opening in the trail. The larger one paused behind two firs, some seven inches apart at his back, and some sixty odd yards away. I could just see his rump and his head. "Better take him," whispered Abe, "that's a pretty good head."

I wonder now I took so much time about it and I suppose that is why I remember it so well. How often when we shoot big game we do it almost too quickly, and afterwards try to remember each detail. This bull had more points than any I had seen, though not as large as two of the heads seen the previous week, and yet, I couldn't decide. I suppose it was that 39-point head.

Just then he turned and looked me full in the face. The light struck against the top of the left antler and gave it a wide-looking appearance. That settled it. But how to shoot? If he would only please move a step or so forward. But he did not and I carefully pressed. As the muffled report came back to me from the shadows of the wood, the stag moved slowly forward, the low-held head betokening a mortal wound. Quickly I threw in another shell and started forward. At the same moment he commenced to clear the deadfalls in single bounds, and I pressed again. The stag was in mid-air at the time, he stood on his head, and came down with a resounding crash, his brow-prongs buried between two deadfalls. On examination the head bore twenty-four points, two brow-prongs and one water-break.

So ended my 1908 caribou hunt with guide Arthur Pringle of Stanley, N.B., and my first trip to the famous Bald Mountain country, situated some sixty odd miles from Newcastle, on the Intercolonial Railway, and considered the best all-round caribou country in New Brunswick. As I have said, the sighting of game every hour we were on the trail was as an open toll gate to the passing hours, and I derived a satisfaction from the entire trip not met with in any of my many moose expeditions. For instance, there is a certain amount of "open" travelling which is distinctly part of the game, and which lends a zest to the sport as unique as it is delightful.

As to the habits of these restless children of the forest, much can be said. During the summer they generally frequent the dense thickets at the heads of streams, where they raise their young. As fall approaches they work down towards the barren and open hillsides of these same streams, and, when the first real cold weather sets in, frequent the open country for the caribou moss which they dig up from beneath the snow. There are, of course, sections where caribou are found every week of the open season, though not the same sections. In fact, there are many well-versed woodsmen who will openly admit the caribou is, to them, an as yet unsolved mystery. They are here to-day, gone to-morrow, not back for a week or so, and nowhere we know of in the meantime. I have heard many theories advanced as to the strange manner in which caribou will sometimes desert an entire section. One concerns blowdowns. Should perchance a wind-storm sweep down several thousand feet of timber in a caribou district you may bank on finding caribou there that fall. By what means they locate these windfalls is, of course, unknown. But locate them they do, and feed in large numbers on the moss deposited in the upper branches. But the caribou, according to his nature, is his own worst enemy. They are continually on the move, roving from place to place, and if you are travelling through a caribou country in the spring of the year you will find many carcasses of calves, who, left to shift for themselves in the deep snow,

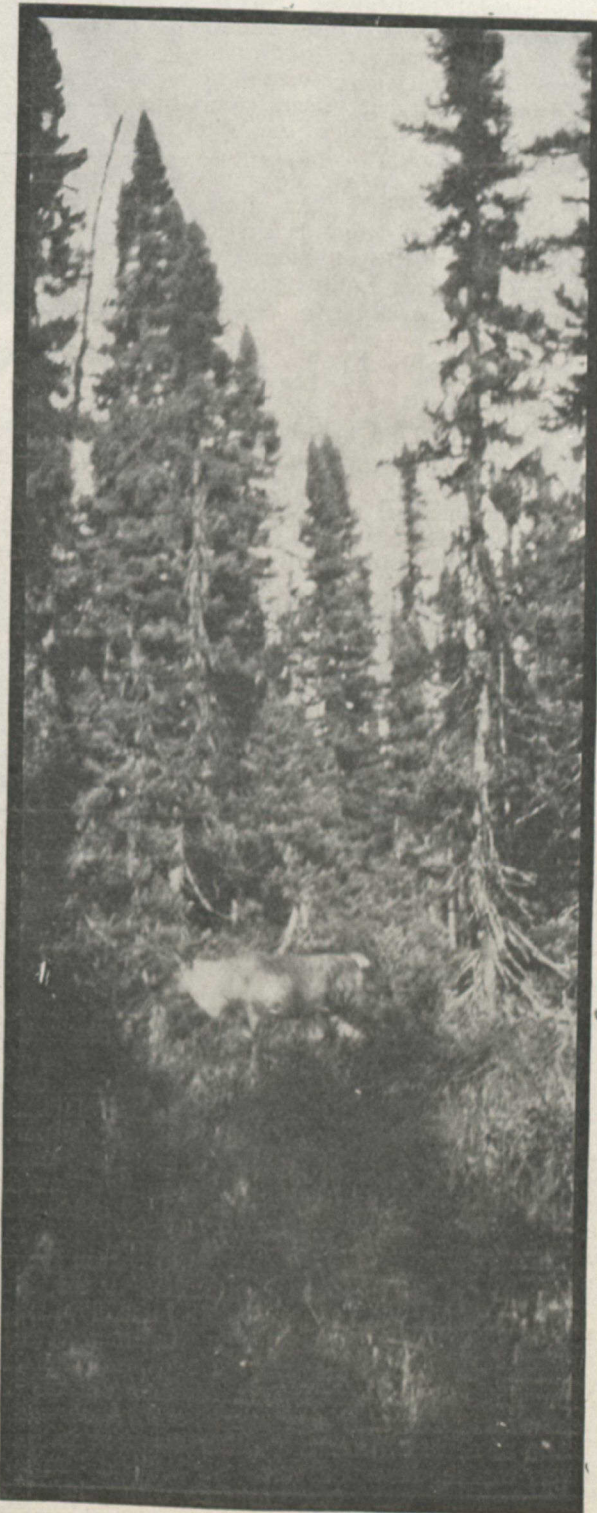
were unable to keep up with the wandering herd. This may also pertain to Newfoundland caribou.

November is the best time to hunt them, unless you visit Bald Mountain, which bears the unique distinction of having herds frequent its



This tea-party had really nothing to do with the hunting expedition, but the picture illustrates the same spirit in a somewhat different form.

open country during October. The old stags shed one antler about the second or third week in November, invariably the left, and should be hunted during the first two weeks of the month. As to the colour of antlers, I am of the opinion that much depends on the nature of the greenwoods on which the antlers are rubbed to clean them of the



A picture of a live Caribou in the woods is rather unique, but the writer of this article has succeeded in taking several. This is one of the best.

velvet, and also that the earlier the velvet is shed, the darker the antler will tan. The very old caribou also possesses two holes in the skull, just below the eyes. Should the fall be particularly dry, as in 1908, the caribou will carry their antlers for an additional week or so. Again in some countries, when a dry season prevails, the herds will not be seen in the open country in large numbers during the daytime, though their tracks may be there to follow.

In stalking caribou, the prime factor is the wind. Keep it in your face, and never move a muscle as long as you are kept under surveillance by a mouse-coloured head. Always watch your cows. In the old days, before the high power rifle was perfected, the Nimrods of the time would sling their smooth-bores over their shoulder, cut two firs and sharpen them at the butts (small trees), and, with a tree in either hand, work upon all fours, on a feeding herd, as they basked in the open. At other times a tanned caribou hide, tanned with the fur on, would replace the shrubs.

On windy days when a storm or blizzard prevails the herds will keep to the lee of the hills and the greenwoods, but on a fine winter's morning you will find them basking, sometimes a hundred in a flock, in the hummocks of the open country. If you are wise you will wait for those perfect days before picking your head. In shooting in the greenwoods you may drop your stag, and, at the report of your rifle, discover a head twice as good, clattering through the tree-trunks. In the open your work is cut out, for in such herds there is generally one pretty good head. When but half a mile away when first sighted with the wind blowing in your face, anywhere from two to six hours may elapse in covering that half-mile. Calling caribou is resorted to when visiting a stretch they are known to frequent, perchance some wandering bull is browsing in the thicket. It will also, under favourable conditions, bring a stag out from a herd. It is entirely different from moose calling, in so much as it is nothing but a coaxing call used on the spur of the moment and would, at the most, carry but a few hundred yards. It sounds like asthmatic cough and reminds you of a large edition of a dog, coughing up a bone.

And then there are, of course, many things which the guide books never mention. They pertain to "Christmas Post Card" skies, meals munched in silence, friendships made to stay, and dreamlands never fathomed. Who has not paused in a snow-thatched "dingle," and, unmindful of the cold, most contentedly mused as the "toohoo—hoo—hoo—ho—ho" of the great-horned owl broke the otherwise perfect stillness of the night. How the white-robed chariots of heaven roll across the azure sky as the light of the full moon trickles through the pine tops. With what a sigh we turn to the sleeping camp and gurgles in our delight as we contentedly turn in our blankets. Long toward morning you stir, perhaps to feed a hardwood stick to the creaking cooling stove, and pause to glance out the tiny window, set so deep in the great logs shadow. "Not daylight yet!" for all is moonlit in the snow-guarded lanes of the forest. Perchance you dream of a record head after wondering if you yourself will ever break the record and what your friends will say if you do. You think perhaps of the feeding herds at that minute roaming the greenwoods, if a lynx has visited "Tom's" trap, and you drop off to dream that the cook has grown gigantic antlers and that a ton wouldn't move your trigger.

Editor's Talk Criticised

A CRITICAL and cultured reader has sent a letter to the CANADIAN COURIER in which he strongly objects to the tone of "Editor's Talk" last week. Though he does not allege flippancy, he probably means it when he speaks of the reference to Bryant's "Thanatopsis." He agrees, however, that "there was something wrong with Bryant" when he wrote the poem; and adds that it was in *memoriam* of the death of the poet's sister. He alludes to the closing passage with great reverence—"So live that when thy summons comes." We entirely agree with him; but beg leave to denote an odd coincidence: the man who wrote "Editor's Talk" last week, years ago used to repeat over and over in the autumn woods of Canada the whole of that sombre threnody; and was so obsessed by it that he even wrote passages of it in autograph albums. Which proves that there may have been something wrong also with the writer of "Editor's Talk."

WANTED—A NEW NATIONAL POLICY

By THE EDITOR

WE hear much of forward movements these days—in church work, in missionary activity, in railway building, in trade extension, in aerial navigation—indeed, in all branches of human endeavours. If there is any country in the world which has made a forward movement in the past ten years, Canada has. The "Last Great West" has been populated to an extent of which no one dreamed when the decade was inaugurated. Trade has grown at a tremendous rate, both foreign and domestic. The general increase in wealth has been enormous. But all progress needs examination after it has been running free for a certain length of time, and Canada's is no exception.

* * *

LAST week, Norman Patterson raised the point that Canada needs a new National Policy. According to him the N. P. of 1878 and the N. P. of 1896 are out of date. There should be a new policy, up-to-date, modified by the experiences of the past fourteen years, and more applicable to all Canada.

We must all agree that the Canada of to-day is not the same as the Canada of either 1878 or 1896. The outlook is different. The immediate needs are different. The policy of development has been modified by growth of population, by railways and canals built, by redistribution of population and by new ideas among the people themselves.

The keynote of Sir John Macdonald's national policy was "Build the tall chimneys." The keynote of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's national policy was "Let us develop our undeveloped resources." Both policies have been successful. The manufacturing interests of Canada have grown and grown until the manufactured products are double the agricultural; the "Last Great West" has been gridironed by railways and spotted with growing towns and vigorous cities. Manitoba has more railways in proportion to its population than any other of the nine provinces.

* * *

A CONSIDERATION of this and other features of Canada's development leads the COURIER to take up this topic for the serious contemplation of its readers. We should like to see the question given thorough discussion. Does Canada need a new national policy? If so, what should that national policy be? Here is a question which no one man, no one class, and no one section of the country may decide. It is as deep as the foundation of the Dominion. It is as broad as the life of the Canadian people. It is as big as the ambitions of an ambitious nation. It involves an estimate of the past, the present and the future considered as a whole.

Canada's national policy must ever be complex. It involves her political destiny as part of the British Empire, as part of the Confederated Anglo-Saxon race or as an independent nation. It involves the relations of the nine provinces one with another. It involves the interests of the maritime section and the inland section. It involves commercial, financial, industrial and labour interests. Indeed, it is as big as the broadest conception of the greatest Canadian mind.

While this problem is vast it must be solved by the application of many minds and it is for that reason we lay it before our readers for consideration. As our contribution to the discussion some of the leading points will be examined briefly.

* * *

DOES the West realise what the East has lost in its efforts to build up Western Canada? Take the following from a recent Nova Scotia government advertisement:

SAMPLE FARM FOR SALE.—700 acres in Hants County, 80 cultivated, 150 in pasture and 470 under wood. 40 acres intervals. Land is well cultivated and yields 70 tons of hay, 350 bushels oats and 200 bushels potatoes. Farm is in a valley where fruit thrives. Good house of 6 rooms. Two large barns besides outbuildings. Railway station at the door; school and church 1-4 mile. Good water supply. Good fishing in lake. Wire fencing. Price \$3,500.

Think of it, ye prosperous westerners, a finished farm in Nova Scotia at five dollars an acre! If that farm were in the centre of one of the western provinces it would be worth *eight times as much*. Yet that Nova Scotia farm was once worth more than it is to-day—it was a valuable farm before

the lusty youth of that province discovered the wonderful possibilities of the Prairie.

Again, here are others from the *Canadian Farm* of November 4th:

100 ACRES—KING—Twenty-five miles from Toronto; two miles from station, soil clay loam; eighty cultivated; balance bush and pasture; watered by creek and wells; six-roomed house, barn, drive house, hennery and piggery; three thousand.

450 ACRES—SIMCOE—1-2 mile from station; close to postoffice, school and church; soil clay loam; 250 cultivated, balance bush and pasture, with running water and over seven hundred rods of Page fencing; twelve-roomed brick house; large bank barn; hay shed, drive house, piggery, hennery and sheep house; all in good repair; sixteen thousand.

Do not these advertisements prove the contention that the agricultural sections of Eastern Canada are making less progress than those of the West? Do they not prove even that some rural communities in Eastern Canada have gone back in recent years and that in spite of Canada's growth these farms are less valuable than they were a quarter of a century ago?

* * *

DOWN in the Maritime Provinces, where there are no immigration sheds, no crew of energetic immigration officials, no host of railway officials anxious to see the population grow, no bustling boomsters who are encouraged by the authorities at Ottawa—there is a standstill population. Through this natural gateway of Canada is flowing a tide of population which rises and falls but leaves no trace of its coming or going. Every immigrant is carefully instructed before he leaves Liverpool not to stop until he has reached the Great West. No immigrant ever heard of the Great East. And yet the East was great long before the West was great.

Nor is Ontario making much progress outside of a few large cities. As in the provinces of the Atlantic, its legislature is a sleepy county council without any great ambitions, while the Dominion Government does as little promotion work there as

in other parts of the East? After the census of 1910, Ontario will have a smaller representation at Ottawa than it had in 1885. How would Saskatchewan and Manitoba and Alberta feel if they found their small population going behind, their parliamentary representation being reduced and their general influence in Confederation diminished?

* * *

THE new National Policy must be such as to reconcile the farmer and the manufacturer. The farmers are restless and want free trade in farm products and lower duties on manufacturing implements. There should be some means of satisfying these demands. The reciprocity negotiations may show a way to provide the farmer with better access to the United States market. If lower duties on wheat, barley, wool, butter, eggs and cheese can be secured by giving the United States some concessions which will not injure any established Canadian industry, the opportunity should be seized.

There has been some unreasonableness on both sides. When the Canadian manufacturer says that there should be no reciprocity negotiations whatever he is unreasonable. When the Grain Growers' Association of the West declare that owing to the customs duties, the manufacturer gets an additional billion dollars a year, they are telling an absolute falsehood. The highest estimate of the value of all Canadian manufacturing is \$900,000,000 a year. Twenty-five per cent. on this amount would be less than a quarter of a billion. This is the outside figure. Further, a comparison of the prices of manufactured goods here and in the United States will prove that many lines of Canadian goods are sold at a lower price in Canada than United States goods of a similar character in the United States.

The interests of the manufacturer and the farmer are identical, and they must be taught the lesson. The new National Policy must be framed to drive that lesson home. It must put down the unreasonable manufacturer as well as the unreasonable farmer. It must engender common sense in both classes. There will always be reasonable differences of opinion, but these must be reduced to a minimum.

(Continued Next Week).

AN ELECTION AND A NAVY

PERHAPS no bye-election ever held in Canada has caused a greater disturbance in Canadian public life than that held last week in Drummond and Arthabaska. Usually the results of a bye-election are told in a simple despatch and the public straightway forget that there was a contest. In this case it has been quite different. The papers have been devoting columns to letters, interviews and editorials on the effect which this contest will have upon the fortunes and policies of the different political parties and upon the country generally. The Nationalists, under the leadership of Mr. Henri Bourassa, and the Conservatives, under the leadership of Mr. Monk, supported the Independent Liberal candidate, as against the Government's candidate, taking the ground that the Government's naval policy is wrong. There was no Conservative candidate, and the Government's nominee was beaten. As the regular party nominee in that constituency has hitherto received a majority averaging about a thousand, and as the Independent-Liberal had a majority of over two hundred, the turnover is decisive.

Although the CANADIAN COURIER has always tried to avoid taking sides on political questions, it has, nevertheless, given a steady support to the proposal to build and maintain a Canadian navy. In spite of the verdict of Drummond and Arthabaska, and in spite of the gloating of a few partisans who are opposed to the Government's policy in this respect, we are still of the opinion that the Government's plan for a Canadian navy is the only possible solution of a difficult question. The Imperialists of Western Canada were strongly in favour of making a cash contribution to the British authorities. Their view was ultimately accepted by a large number of leading Conservatives in Eastern Canada. This was the one extreme. In the province of Quebec a considerable section of the French-Canadian population were averse to any form of naval expenditure, either direct or indirect. This was the other extreme. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government was face to face with the task of finding some middle course in which the whole of Canada might unite. They decided in favour of a purely Canadian navy, which had been suggested by the CANADIAN COURIER and other journals

taking a non-partisan view of the situation. This policy was adopted by Parliament, and was accepted by the leading British Parliamentarians as a satisfactory solution. It satisfied the necessity under which Canada lay of doing something towards participating in Imperial defence, and at the same time it preserved all her rights of self-government and national autonomy.

That the policy of a purely Canadian navy satisfied neither the extreme Dreadnoughters of Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver, nor the anti-militarists in Ontario and Quebec has been quite evident during the whole of 1910. That these two extremes of opposition should unite in a common opposition was a turn of events which few people anticipated; yet that was what occurred in Drummond and Arthabaska.

It would be unfortunate for the national life of Canada if such an alliance were to become permanent. It seems impossible that it should happen. The Nationalists of Quebec, backed apparently by the strongest ecclesiastical authorities in that province, very steadily pursued a campaign of misrepresentation which was quite anti-British in character. It must surely be patent to every English-speaking Canadian that on this question it is necessary to overlook party lines. We quite agree with the *Montreal Standard* (Independent Conservative) when it says:

"The result of this curious election will be an objection lesson all over the Dominion of Canada. It will show that a policy which may be very popular in some portions of the country may be extremely unpopular elsewhere, and it will also show that the utmost charity of thought that must be extended to any statesman who, in ruling this country, endeavours to arrive at a compromise in policy acceptable to all.

"It illustrates the tremendous task before any man who would govern wisely and well the people of different races and creeds who dwell in this great heritage."

The *Victoria Colonist* (Conservative) expresses this view quite strongly:

"If we are forced to accept the results of the election as expressive of the sentiments of Quebec, a very serious situation has arisen, and it is just as well to look at it fairly and squarely. The majority of the self-governing dominions join in Imperial defence. If the majority of Quebec propose to place themselves in

(Continued on Page 10).

WHEN THE FIRE-FIEND VISITED VICTORIA



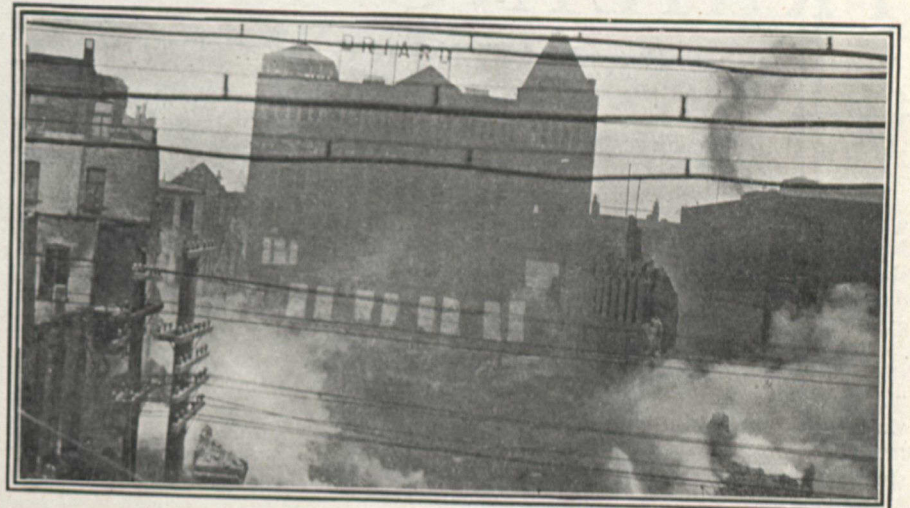
Government Street before the fire—East side.



Government Street after—The Five Sisters Block and Spencer's Store.



Fort Street from the corner of Government Street.



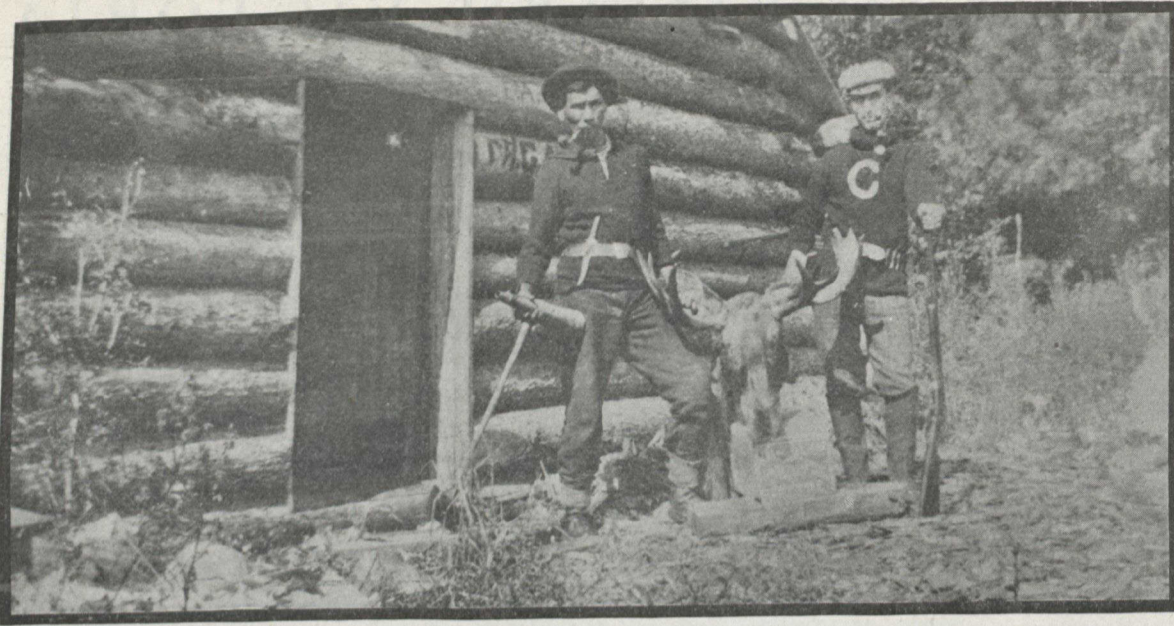
General view—Looking towards the Driard Hotel, which was saved.

On Wednesday, October 26th, at 10.45 p.m., fire broke out in Spencer's Departmental Store, on Government Street, which is the main thoroughfare of the city of Victoria. Within the short space of three hours, it completely wiped out an entire city block, the very heart of the retail business section. This is the third time in the last ten years that Victoria has experienced a serious fire. If it is not careful it will soon have as bad a reputation in this respect as some of the cities of Eastern Canada. However, practically all the old buildings which date back to the sixties when Victoria first became a city, have disappeared and another large fire is hardly possible.

NEW BRUNSWICK FRUIT MAKES ITS BOW



One of the features of Canadian Development is New Brunswick's progress in fruit-growing. For a time the people of that Province thought that apple-growing was only possible in Nova Scotia. A graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College has, however, proved otherwise, and last week New Brunswick had a most successful Fruit Show at St. John. At the same time there was a Convention of Fruit Growers and an exchange of experiences. One man whispered that he had cleared \$18,000 in four years. It will now be in order to watch the development of New Brunswick along the new line.



The mysterious guide Maloney and the writer, at the log cabin in the Canaan Woods, where Maloney once escorted Prince Henry of Battenberg.

TRAILING THE MOOSE

By MANNING W. DOHERTY

WE had enjoyed a good dinner and sitting on the verandah; were in the middle of our second "pipes." The moon was rising gloriously, bathing the distant hill-tops with a flood of soft bewitching light. A beautiful New Brunswick valley lay before us wrapped in shadow. The air was delightfully crisp and clear, denoting that summer was past and the hunter's day at hand.

We smoked in silence, each knowing well that the other was thinking of rifles, camps, and moose. "When shall we hit the trail?" my friend Harvey was giving utterance to what was uppermost in his mind. In a few minutes it was arranged that we should secure the services of an Indian guide, John Maloney, and start the following Saturday for Canaan woods. There were no wasted hours during the succeeding days. Our spare time was occupied in rubbing up rifles, sorting ammunition and arranging our kit. Saturday morning found a stout farm waggon standing at my back door, ready to be loaded with blankets, provisions, horse fodder and other things indispensable to a two weeks' stay in the woods. At five o'clock Harvey and I mounted the seat, Maloney snuggled down among the bags prepared to enjoy a twenty-five mile drive to the Widow Kierstead's where we intended to spend the night.

When we reached "the Widow's" all lights were out; Maloney raised his birch bark horn and gave a couple of moose calls which had the desired effect. Soon our horses were comfortably housed and we were seated around the kitchen stove, a hearty supper, a few puffs at the pipe and then to sleep, the sleep of the hunter, who has left the cares of office and daily grind and who knows that the Canadian huntsman's paradise is ahead of him.

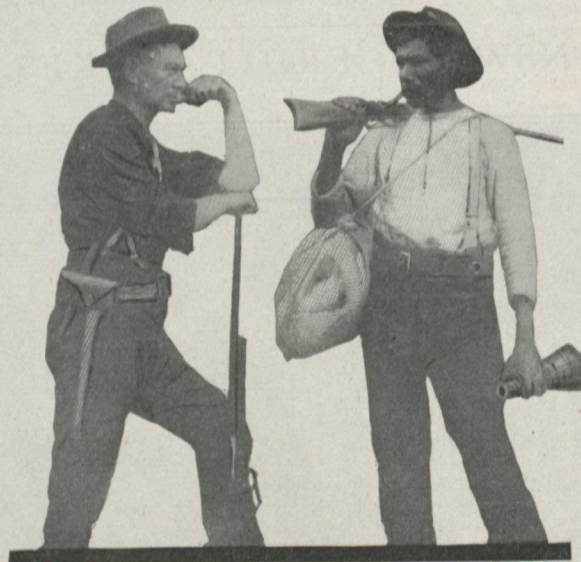
We awoke at dawn, having seen to the horses and demolished a breakfast that would have made an "American plan" restaurant-keeper commit suicide. An hour's drive brought us to Fork Stream. We had decided upon a deserted lumber camp which was five miles up the stream, for the reason that the "barrens" and feeding grounds were near, and also because Maloney had some years ago taken Prince Henry of Battenberg to this camp and had secured an exceptionally fine moose for His Highness.

Camp reached, we made the horses comfortable in a hovel and proceeded to sweep and air the old log-cabin and arrange the details of the interior economy of camp life. The waggon-box filled with spruce twigs and covered with blankets made a very comfortable bed for us. We went to considerable trouble to make a soft, and what proved to be, uncomfortable bed for Maloney. The first night he was restless, and in the morning declared the bed too soft and afterwards slept on a fourteen-inch pine board supported by two chairs and placed close to the stove.

Breakfast over while it was yet dark, we were early on our way through the woods to "Neighbour Bale's" spring some four miles away. On this tramp I was struck with the complete transformation which had taken place in the general personality of Maloney. On the town streets he

appeared disreputable and uninteresting, here he was a different man, keen, alert and picturesque even if a little unnecessarily mysterious. The man in his club, the lady in her drawing-room, the actor on the stage, pride themselves on posing with effect, but an intelligent Indian guide, bent on thrilling his patrons is a past master in the art of striking attitudes of intense expectancy. Walking ahead with long, springy, noiseless strides, he would stop suddenly in the middle of a stride, snatch off his old hat, raise his head and sniff to the right and left, and with the stolidity of a wooden god point in one direction or the other. He kept up this pantomime at frequent intervals, until he caught Harvey giving me a humorous wink, which put an end to the posing.

The air was heavy and close, weather conditions were not favourable for "calling." About eleven a slight rain began to fall, we turned our faces toward camp. The tramp abroad, however,



White man and Indian on the same social level, with gun and birch-bark horn.

was not entirely devoid of interest, as we crossed many tracks of bull, cow and calf moose. Some of these were quite fresh, proving we had chosen our quarters wisely. As showers fell intermittently all afternoon we wandered only far enough from camp to secure a few partridge. A 22-calibre rifle was used so as to make as little noise as possible. The evening was spent smoking and listening to Maloney's adventures in former hunts.

The morning found no change in the weather. We started out, however, fairly disgusted and the most indignant member was Maloney. Walking silently in file we were surprised by a rustling of the leaves, followed by a thud of hoofs close beside us. Although we stood motionless we heard no more. Soon we found the spot where the moose had rested, in fact it was still warm, this proved the faculty these large animals have of stealing

without fear of detection through the densest underbrush when once their fears have been roused.

The following morning, Wednesday, broke fine and cold, not a breath of wind. Maloney was in fine fettle and had us on the barren at six o'clock. Choosing a location he raised his birch bark horn and gave a call first low and deep then swelling to a higher pitch. In a few minutes an answer came from a bull moose probably three-quarters of a mile away. In the still clear air we could plainly hear his deep sonorous grunts accompanied by the crashing of small timber and the ripping of saplings by his antlers. My heart beat against my ribs, perspiration stood on my forehead and in those moments I experienced the thrilling fascination of hunting moose. When the moose stopped Maloney gave another call low and seductive, the crashing began again, growing closer and more distinct. The woods fairly rang with noise, my fingers twitched nervously at the rifle. Once more he stopped and we judged he was not more than three hundred yards away. Here it was that Maloney showed himself master of the art of imitating the call of the cow. Raising his horn he sent forth in low plaintive notes a call that would melt a heart of stone. Each note must have rung true to the bull for on he came, now so close that we could hear the water splash as he ploughed through the marsh. I quietly cocked my rifle, keeping watch in the direction of the noise. Presently the branches parted and there he stood, a magnificent specimen, with head raised, eyes gleaming, and never a sign of fear. I aimed carefully and fired. With a roar that echoed through the woods he reared and fell sideways. The bullet had reached his heart. Maloney snatched off his old hat and grasped my hand, a silent approval.

An Election and a Navy

(Concluded from page 8.)

antagonism to this policy it may become necessary to forget the differences that have hitherto kept the two great parties apart and unite upon what, in our humble judgment, seems to be the greatest question of the hour."

The Ottawa Citizen (Conservative) says:

"The Citizen has no sympathy with Bourassa and his Quebec agitators, whose sole object is apparently to prevent any assistance whatever being furnished, either directly to the Imperial fleet or by taking over the defence of the Canadian coasts."

The Montreal Witness thinks that the ultra-Imperialists should be less "shrill" in their demands, but adds:

"Mr. Bourassa now pretends that the victory for his side was won because the question of a navy or no navy for Canada was not submitted to the people. Leaving aside the fact that the referendum is up-to-date no part of our political system, and has only been resorted to in case of the question of prohibition. Mr. Bourassa knows very well that his appeal has, for several years past, been to race and religion, to prejudice, and that the election in Drummond and Arthabaska has been won largely by frightening the voters into the belief that the able-bodied among them would be dragged off to fight in Britain's wars by land and sea."

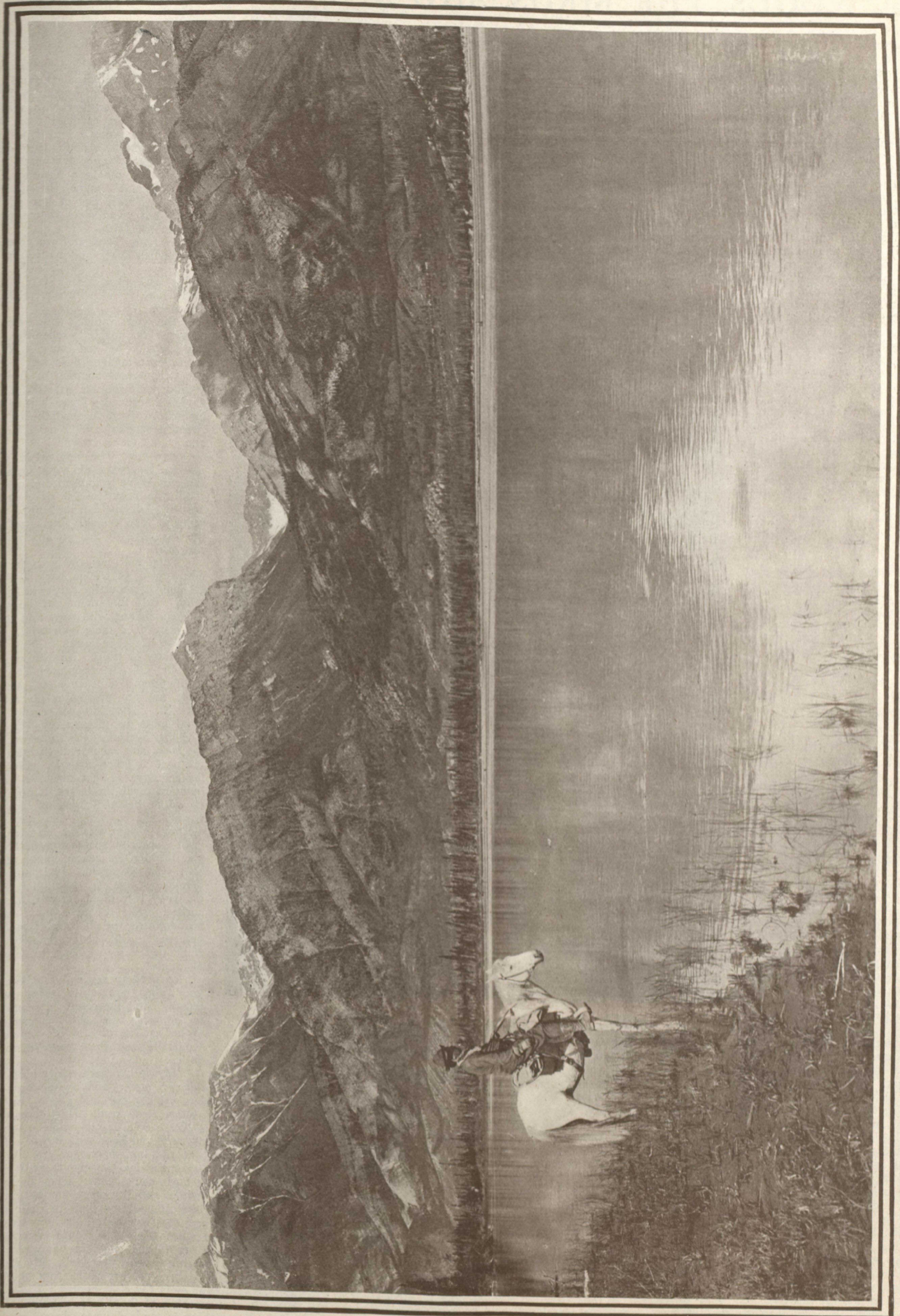
The Ottawa Journal analyses Mr. Bourassa's attitude as inconsistent, and says:

"Beyond all question, the rest of Canada has determined upon a policy of common self-respect as regards naval defence. Some of us may want a Canadian navy, some of us may prefer contribution to the Imperial navy, but the vast majority of us, outside of Quebec, favour one or the other—favour the principle of defensive preparation under whatever form—and must resent the Quebec position, if Quebec should follow the lead of Mr. Bourassa."

The Toronto News is not terrifically angry over the defeat of the Laurier candidate, but it is averse to any union between Conservatives and Nationalists. It declares:

"The Conservative party, however, has been educated to accept Imperial responsibilities and to desire partnership in the Empire. In that way lies its future and its success, and fortunately there will be no attempt to commit it to new courses by a doubtful alliance with extreme movements which have no certainty of length of days and which make neither for the unity of Canada nor the consolidation of the Empire."

These opinions from leading Conservative and independent journals should be sufficient to indicate that the best opinion of Canada, is more opposed to the Nationalist propaganda than to the Laurier policy of a Canadian navy. The Laurier policy may not be wholly satisfactory to ardent Imperialists, but the Bourassa-Monk policy is absolutely impossible, and demands a united opposition from all classes of Canadian citizens.



A SCENE FOR A REMINGTON: WHERE THE MAN ON THE HORSE COMES TO THE END OF HIS TRAIL

Brule Lake, first of the Foot Hills of the Rocky Mountains, Yellowhead Pass.

Photograph by courtesy of Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

THE WOODS, THE BIRDS, AND A LITTLE QUAKERESS

A Sympathetic Study of the Personal and the Impersonal

By JEAN BLEWETT

WHILE we are debating as to whether or no we shall take Jane Welsh to the woods with us, she settles the question off-hand.

We are on the farmhouse verandah, just the two of us. Presently she opens a blue and gold book, and begins to read aloud by way of fulfilling her duties as temporary hostess. It is a story, of course. Jane Welsh is nine and not precocious. The way she skips the long words and descriptive paragraphs is very human. She has the characters introduced, and the interesting dialogue on in no time.

"The Wise Man knew all things," reads Jane, in the shrill sweet tone of childhood, "and to the Busy One who came to con-con-consult him he said: 'Thy blindness cometh from the city's glare, thy deafness from its din, the unrest from its turmoil. These things are symptoms of a pestilence which herbs cannot heal.' 'Is it as bad as that?' gasped the Busy One, 'I had hoped thy great skill——' 'There is one cure, only one,' resumed the Wise Man, 'get near to nature's heart.'"

"Jane," we ask of the round, brown little woman, "what does it mean to get near to nature's heart?"

"I cannot tell thee in words," flashing a smile at us, "but if thou wilt come with me to my father's great word, to-morrow's morn, thou shalt see for thyself."

Who could resist a plea so full of promise? "Very well," we say, "to-morrow's morn we fare forth hand-in-hand, and you shall show us many things, Jane Welsh—but first of all, who gave you that name?"

"Truly, my father did. He hath a near friend, one Thomas Carlyle, whose namesake I was to have been only that I was not a boy. Father would have had me Thomas even so, but mother said nay, it was not seemly that a maiden should bear a man's name. 'Then let her be Jane Welsh' in honour of the wife of Thomas," declared my father, and Jane Welsh it was."

"Thou wilt rise early, I trust," coming back to the matter of most interest to her little self, "before the dew drieth on the elderberry hedge which is on the way to the wood. May I knock upon thy door before five of the clock? My room is under the eaves, thou seest, and the robins call to me from the window sill. Nay, I will be early, never fear."

She is too early we think at first. But once out on the dew-draggled path we know better. Not one of these minutes should be squandered in sleep. The morning hymn which all the birds sing together ought to make the whole wide world believe in a gospel of joy. The first hour after sunrise is the gladdest part of the day, just as it is the freshest and fairest. Jane Welsh, who in her grey frock and little grey sun-bonnet is not unlike a hedge sparrow, has a song of her own.

Our path goes winding across field after field, along a creek which cuts the pasture land in two, and, by and by, there is nothing between us and the wood but a tall hedge of alders white with bloom.

"It mindeth me of cousin Drusilla's wedding which was in the church," says the child, turning and speaking in a whisper. "It hath so much whiteness and so sweet a breath."

What a dear little mortal she is! We take the hand she holds out, and the two of us crawl through the hedge and lose ourselves in a world which is big, and green, and cool.

There is a pool, but we do not come to it in a hurry on account of the path tangling itself among the new growth, and also because there is much to note and enjoy. It lies in a hollow at the foot of a tree-covered hill, the coolest, shadiest spot! It has a ledge of rock as a sort of doorstep, and topping the ledge a cedar hung with purple berries. Jane Welsh pushes me down on a green

hillock and sinks beside me. Half the birds in "father's great wood" must be gathered here, some drinking, some washing themselves with much splashing and little calls of pure joy, some gossiping, some singing. It is the inn of winged things this pool at the Sign of the Cedar.

The song thrush, wood robin, bell bird are singing madly, but the tawny veery with his olive brown coat and spotted vest teeters on a slender shrub and is mute. Jane Welsh knows why, she has spent more summers than one getting acquainted with this shy sweet community.

"He is too near his precious nest," she says.



Nest of the Chipping Sparrow, built of fine dried grass, and lined with hair. This bird remains in Canada from April to October, and has a keen idea of natural beauty, rearing his family amid spring leaves and blossoms.

Photograph by John Boyd, Sarnia.

"I think," with a smile, "his mate telleth him not to be foolish enough to sing love songs on his own doorstep. There he flyeth—ah, listen!"

It is a series of thrills, high, clear, yet tremulous. Whittier might have had him in mind when writing the lines:

"And here in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago."

"Indeed, he hath a pretty voice, though not a pretty colour," comments the child. "I like not the brown or grey birds so well as the gay ones. If I were a bird I would rather be a flicker with scarlet head and golden wings than a homely hermit thrush with e'en so sweet a song as his in my throat."

"You are not a good Quaker, little Jane," we tell her, watching her face which is all alight with eagerness.

"Nay, in the wood I am just a little girl who tireth of plain things, and would fain have the

world full of colour." She draws a deep breath. "Thinkest thou not the pewees, chickadees, and all the dear grey fellows feel envy of yonder yellow canary which is like a bit of sunshine with wings on it, or the blue bird, or the cardinal with his crimson coat? Verily, if I were a bird I would cry to be of the kind which maketh the eyes dazzle—like yonder tanager singing overhead."

She is delicious in her rebellion against the grey frock and the untrimmed bonnet, her desire for warmth and colour. Surely one of her grave Quaker ancestors must have wed some sweet faced worldly woman outside the faith.

"But you would be Lady Tanager," we remind her, "with a dull greenish dress and petticoat of faded yellow."

"It isn't fair, it isn't fair," declares Jane Welsh with a tremble in her voice.

"And you wouldn't sing, firstly because you couldn't, secondly because you'd be too busy. Your magnificent tanager does not wear himself out nest building or house-keeping. He lets his wife do it."

"Yes," concedes Jane, "but while his mate worketh he sendeth out the sweetest song of all. I have heard him."

Have your own way, little girl. Just so, I daresay, did your Quaker ancestor argue to himself and others about the beautiful bit of wordliness he—but one can't moralise and listen to Jane Welsh. She is telling the tragedy of the goldfinch and cow-bird.

"Thou wilt see cow-birds in the pasturefield as we go back. They go hopping about the cattle, in truth, other birds like them not because they companion with cows and heifers instead of their own kind, also because of other faults. They are not pretty or good. Nay, thou wilt not say 'Oh, the poor cow-bird' so gently when I tell thee what I know. They are too greedy to do aught but eat. They do not mate and build nests for themselves, oh, no. The hen bird skulketh about among the trees and shrubs till she findeth the nest of other birds in which to lay her eggs. If the owner is from home so much the better, if not, she crowdeth the small thing off like the coward she is. Oh, I like her not. To have a poor vireo, a warbler, or even a sparrow spend time hatching and feeding the coarse young cow-bird seemeth sinful. If it were a delight to the eye, a kinglet with the ruby tuft in his crown, a sapsucker, oriole or such, but a cow-bird wearing the poor foster mother out, never full, never thankful! I could find it in my heart to despise all such."

No need to say so, Jane Welsh, your eyes are quite shiny with wrath. And the cow-bird's conduct is bad, very bad. Still, as you say, if he had a ruby in his crown it would lighten the transgression a little.

"My father hath told me of this same bird," continues Jane, "and awhile ago we both saw a thing which did us good. In the orchard was a yellow bird's nest. Hast thou ever seen one? It is like a wee dainty cradle made of flax from the milkweed and lined with down. Here came the cow-bird and laid her egg, yes, in the softest, silkiest spot she laid it, and there it was when the yellow birds came home. They fluttered and cried for awhile, then hit upon a way out of the trouble. They built a new floor to their nest and shut that egg out for good. Oh, how pleased they were, and when the old cow-bird came back another day to see if she could lay another egg they flew at her and thrashed her well. My father hath seen a nest three storeys high from building extra floors over eggs the owners had no use for. What dost thou think of that?"

Having nothing to say in defence of such conduct we descend to generalities. "You love all birds but the cow-bird," we say.

"It is true. A bird is so gay and full of song until he is hurt or robbed. I do love birds and hate boys who molest them," clenching a plump little hand. "When I have children I hope they will all be boys so that I may whip them if they so much as lay a finger on either bird or nest."

The sun has climbed high enough to find the Sign of the Cedar, and flood the pool with changing lights. This same sun is making yellow by-paths here and there, but back farther, back where the oaks tower grandly, the beeches cluster in company, and the elms meet in graceful avenues lies a world of dusky shadows quite untouched. There is a flutter of plumage, in our ears is the music of the wood, song of bird, rustle of leaf; the air is heavy with the smell of the wood, the moist fragrance of undried moss, and grass, and fern.

"I said thou shouldst see for thyself what it meaneth to get near to nature's heart," whispers Jane Welsh softly.

PLANNING A TOWN

What a Canadian learned in London

By N. A. KEYS

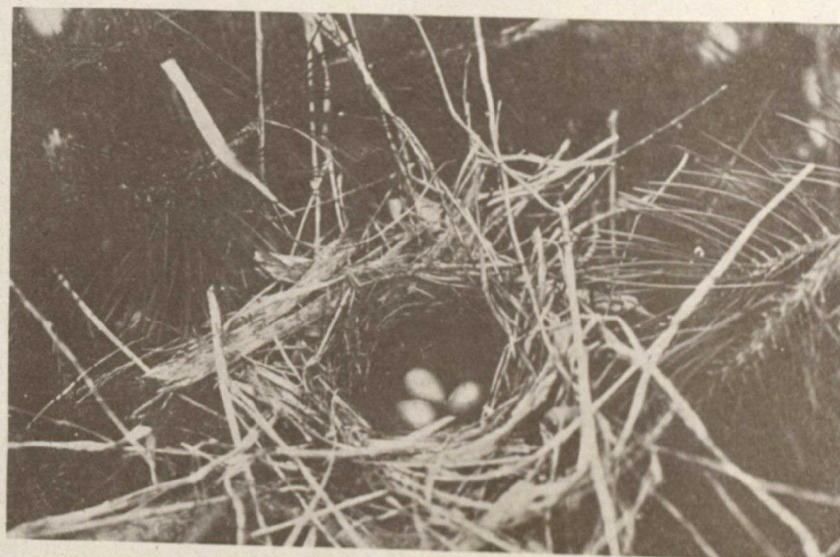
THE recent Town Planning Conference which was held by the Royal Society of British Architects in London, and which was attended by some sixteen hundred members representing nearly every country in Europe, as well as the United States, and several of the British colonies, proves that the subject of town planning is no passing fancy of a novelty-seeking public, but a phase of citizen life which has hitherto not received the attention it deserved. To Canadians in particular the work and discussions of this conference should be of peculiar importance, for we are still young as a nation, and with the exceptions of Montreal and Toronto have no large cities. Many a city is yet to grow up in Canada. It requires no Isaiah to prophesy great cities where Fort William, or Port Arthur, Winnipeg and Vancouver now stand, and at other points; and a mighty seaport at the terminus of the new Hudson's Bay Railway. In Europe, on the other hand, it is but seldom that a new city is born; and the efforts of the European town-planners are concentrated not so much on the planning of new cities as the replanning of old ones to meet present and future needs. In this respect the Canadian town-planner is at a distinct advantage for with but a few exceptions he starts with a comparatively clean slate. It is well, however, to profit from the mistakes which were made by European cities (and one might mention some of our own) and to heed the advice of those who have suffered and are eager to warn others. A few of the lessons suggested and discussed before the conference might be noted.

A Definite Town Plan.

Every city should grow up on a definite town plan. The city without a town plan is like a ship without a rudder, to be moved hither and thither at the mercy of any capitalist who wishes to build a factory, or any slummer who wants to raise a shack. Factory, store and residential districts should be clearly marked off, and the rights and liberties of each respected. The town plan should be drawn up of such dimensions and with such prescience that it will not only meet with the wants and requirements of to-day but the economic needs of a generation fifty years hence. The form of the plan will depend largely on the geographical and economic position of the city. To construct Toronto on the plan of the town of Quebec would be absurd; and to construct Quebec on the plan of Toronto would be equally



A young Nighthawk. This bird is seen on dark days and heard at night. It has at least one peculiarity, as it builds no nest. Its eggs are laid on the ground or on a house-top.



Nest and eggs of the Catbird, a shy, retiring bird, which builds its nest in deep, shaded places, never high up. The Catbird is the mocking-bird of America. Mainly it meows; sometimes in the evening delightfully sings.



A young mourning Dove. The nest is a rough structure of poor workmanship. It seldom contains more than two eggs.



Nest of the Ruffed Grouse or Partridge; Is usually built at the base of a tree
Photographs by John Boyd, Sarnia.

foolish. At the exhibition of town plans at the Royal Academy in London the Germans and the French showed themselves to be superior to the English in this taking advantage of natural features to beautify and improve their cities. The Londoners especially, were surprised at the way in which river-sides and waterfronts had been preserved or taken from the greedy hands of manufacturers in German and French cities, and turned into driveways and parks. Canada's opportunities in this regard are unlimited.

To pass from the general to the particular, the conference was unanimously in favour of wide, very wide, main thoroughfares. The question, however, whether residential streets should be wide or not was hotly debated. The objections to wide streets were the scarcity of land, the cost of property, the consequent building of high houses to pay interest on the said cost, and the heavy tax for the upkeep of the wide roadway. In Canada the first three of these objections could be eliminated and the debate would turn upon the cost of maintaining a wide roadway. A narrow roadway could be built leaving wide boulevards; and if increased traffic in subsequent years demanded, the road could be widened to the curtailment of the boulevard. The question of the forms and directions of streets was discussed at great length, but no general agreement was arrived at, the form being largely a matter of national taste, Americans seeming to prefer the checkerboard street plan; Europeans the central square radiating street system.

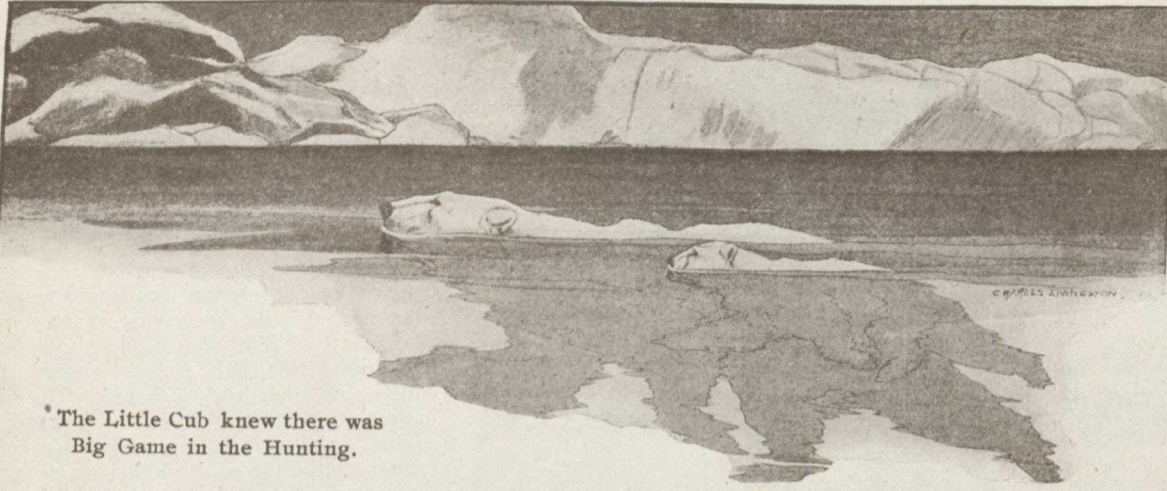
Need of Parks.

The provision of parks and open spaces attracted considerable attention at the conference. All lamented the lack of foresight of their forefathers in not providing health-giving and recreation grounds for future races to make use of. It was reckoned that four-fifths of the money now spent on civic improvement in some of the cities of England was used in correcting and removing the errors of the past. In connection with open spaces public buildings were mentioned. Every one recognised the wisdom of clothing a graceful building with suitable dress; in other words, making an edifice aesthetically beautiful as well as economically suitable. A city hall costing several millions of dollars should not be bounded with departmental stores, factories, stuffed slum-dwellings, and shops on a tilt similar to Pisa's leaning tower. The imposing grandeur of the parliament houses of Westminster is not a little emphasised by their broad outlook over the Thames, and their proximity to the historic architecture of Westminster Abbey. Perhaps in the situation and surroundings of their public buildings, Canadians have more to learn from European cities than in any other aspect of town planning.

We finally come to the most important point of all: that of housing the continental citizen as well as some of his American imitators, either from necessity or desire coops himself up in sky-reaching apartment houses. The Englishman with his notorious love of privacy prefers the single dwelling and will journey to and from his work fifteen miles by rail rather than be deprived of it. We, in Canada, as in most of our habits, have copied the parent country, and the Canadian city of the future will probably be so constructed as to fall in with the single dwelling ideal. But whether we live in apartments or in cottages, we would do well to heed the advice of the President of the Town-Planning Conference, the Rt. Honourable John Burns, and not neglect to "spread our citizens."

There never was a time in any country so propitious as now in Canada for the planning of towns that show collective wisdom in building and organisation.

MOTHERS OF THE NORTH



*The Little Cub knew there was Big Game in the Hunting.

Some with Tusks like Stalactites and some with Coats like Snow

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

IT was in the first full, ardent rush of the arctic spring. Thrilling to the heat of the long, long days of unobstructed sun, beneath the southward-facing walls of the glaciers, the thin soil, clothing the eternal ice, burst into green and flowering life. In the sunward valleys brooks awoke, with a sudden filming of grass along their borders, a sudden passionate unfolding of starlike blooms, white, yellow, and blue. As if summoned from sleep by the impetuous blossoms, eager to be fertilised, came the small northern butterflies in swarms, with little wasplike flies and beetles innumerable. Along the inaccessible ledges of the cliffs the auks and gulls, in crowded ranks, screamed and quarrelled over their untidy nests, or filled the air with wings as they flocked out over the grey-green tranquil sea. The world of the North was trying to forget for a little the implacable savagery, the deathly cold and dark of its winter's ordeal.

The great, unwieldy, grunting walrus felt it too, and responded to it—this ardour of the lonely arctic spring, astray in the wastes. On the ledges of a rocky islet, just off shore, the members of a little herd were sunning themselves. There were two old bulls and four cows with their sprawling lumps of calves. All were in a good humour with one another, lying with heads or fore flippers flung amicably across the others' grotesque bodies, and grunting, groaning, grumbling in various tones of content as the pungent sunlight tickled their coarse hides.

All seemed without a care beneath the sky, except one of the old bulls. He, being on watch, held his great tusked and bewhiskered head high above his wallowing fellows, and kept eyes, ears, and nose alert for the approach of any peril. One of the unshapely, helpless looking calves, with its mother, lay in a hollow of the rock, perhaps twenty feet back from the water's edge, a snug spot, sheltered from all winds of north and east. The rest of the herd were grouped so close to the water's edge that from time to time a lazy, leaden-green swell would come lipping up and splash them. The cubs had a tendency to flounder away out of reach of these chill douches; but their mothers were very resolute about keeping them close to the water.

PRESENTLY the little groups were enlarged by one. Another old bull, which had been foraging at the sea bottom, grubbing up clams, starfishes, and oysters with his tusks and crushing them in the massive mill of his grinders, suddenly shot his ferocious looking head above the surface. For all this gross bulk, in the water he moved with almost the speed and grace of a seal. In a second he was at the rock's edge. Hooking his immense tusks over it, he drew himself up by the force of his mighty neck, flung forward a

broad flipper, dragged himself out of the water, and flopped down among his fellows with an explosive grunt of satisfaction.

They were not, it must be confessed, a very attractive company, these uncouth sea cattle. The adults were from ten to eleven feet in length, round and swollen looking as hogsheads, quite lacking the adornment of tails, and in colour a dirty yellow brown. Sparse bristles, scattered over their hides in rusty patches, gave them a disreputable, moth eaten look. Their short but powerful flippers were ludicrously splayed. They had the upper half of the head small, flat skulled, and earless; while the lower half, or muzzle, was enormously developed to support the massive, downward growing tusks, twelve to fifteen inches in length. This grotesque enlargement of the upper jaw was further emphasised by the bristling growth of long, stiff whiskers that decorated it, giving the wearer an air of blustering irascibility.

As for the calves, their pudgy little forms had the same overblown looks as those of their parents; but their clean young hides were not so wrinkled, nor were they anywhere disfigured by lumps and scars. They were without tusks, of course; but the huge development of their muzzles, in preparation for the sprouting of the tusks, gave them a truculent air which was ludicrously belied by the mildness of their baby eyes. They rolled and snuggled against the mountainous flanks of their mothers, which watched them with vigilant devotion.

The calf that lay farthest inland, apart from the rest, was in some pain and whimpering. That morning it had got a nasty prod in the shoulder from the horn of a passing narwhal; and the



She dragged her prey beyond reach of the frantic mother.

anxious mother was trying to comfort it, gathering it clumsily but tenderly against her side and coaxing it to nurse. The rest of the herd, for the moment, was utterly content with life; but the troubled mother was too much engrossed with her little one's complaints to notice how caressing was the spring sun.

MEANWHILE, not far away was another mother which, in spite of the spring, was equally ill content. Down to the shore of the mainland, behind the island, came prowling a gaunt white bear with a cub close at her heels. The narrow bay between island and mainland was full of huge ice cakes swung in by an eddy of the tides. Many of these wave eaten and muddied floes were piled up on shore along tide mark; and as their worn edges softened under the downpour of the sun they crumbled and fell with small glassy crashes. Hither and thither among them stole the lean mother, hoping to find some dead fish or other edible drift of the sea.

She had had bad hunting of late—the shoals of the salmon had been inexplicably delaying their appearance on the coast—and was feeling the pangs of famine. To be sure, she was filling her stomach, after a fashion, with the young shoots of rushes and other green stuff; but this was not the diet that Nature had framed her for, and in her lack of right nourishment she was pouring her very life itself into her breasts, to feed her little one.

He, too, was suffering, so scanty was the supply of mother's milk. Even now, as the great bear stopped to nose a mass of seaweed, the cub crowded under her flank and began to nurse, whimpering with disappointment at the too thin stream he drew. Her fierce eyes filmed, and she turned her head far round in order to lick him tenderly.

THE stranded ice floes yielded nothing that a bear could eat; and she was ranging on down the shore disconsolately, when all at once a waft of air drew in from seaward. It came direct from the island. And it brought the scent of walrus! She lifted her long, black edged muzzle and sniffed sharply, then stood as rigid as one of the ice cakes and searchingly scrutinised the island. The cub, either imitating his mother or obeying some understood signal, stood motionless also. One of the earliest lessons learned by youngsters of the wild is to keep still.

There was not a walrus in sight; but the bear's nostrils could not deceive her. She knew the huge sea beasts were there, on the other side of the island; and she knew they would be much at ease on such a day as this, basking in the sun. Walrus were not the quarry she would have chosen. The great bulls, courageous and hot tempered, the powerful cows, dauntless as herself in defense of their young, she knew them for antagonists to be avoided whenever possible; but just now she had no choice. Her cub was not getting food enough. To her there was nothing else in the world so important as that small, troublesome, droll eyed, hungry white cub.

Keeping herself now well out of sight behind the ice-floes, with the cub close at her heels, she stole down to the edge of the retreating tide. The bay was too crowded with slowly moving floes to be as safe for the cub as she would have had it; but she could not leave him behind. She kept him close at her side as she swam. He was a good swimmer, diving fearlessly when she dived, his little black nose cutting the grey-green water bravely and swiftly. In everything he imitated her for he knew there was big game in this hunting.

The island was a ridge of some elevation, shelving down by ledges to the sea. The white bear knew better than to climb the ridge and try to steal down on the walrus. She was well aware that they would be keenly on the watch against any approach from the landward side. From that direction came all they feared.

When she arrived at the island, therefore, she swam along, close under shelter of the shore, till she reached its extremity. Then, behind the shelter of a stranded floe, she drew herself out, at the same time flattening herself to the rock till she seemed a part of it. Her every

movement the cub copied assiduously. But when she rose upon her haunches, and laid her narrow head in a cleft of the icefloe to peer over, he kept himself in the background and watched her with his head cocked anxiously to one side.

THE walrus were in full view, not fifty yards away. For all the pangs of her hunger, the mother bear never stirred; but remained for long minutes watching them, studying the approaches, while the scent of them came on the light breeze to her nostrils. She saw that the herd itself was inaccessible, being well guarded and close to the water. If she should try to rush them, they would escape at the first alarm; or if she should succeed in catching one of the cubs in the water; she would be overwhelmed in a moment—caught by those mighty tusks, dragged to the bottom, drowned, and crushed shapeless. But with the gleaming eyes she noted the cow and calf lying farther up the slope. Here was her chance; a dangerous one enough, but still a chance. She dropped down at last to all fours, crouched flat, and began worming her way upward among the rocks, making a covert of the smallest hummock or projection. The cub still followed her.

It was miraculous how small the great white beast managed to make herself, as she slowly crept upon her quarry. Her movements were as noiseless as a cat's. They had need to be, indeed; for the hearing of the walrus is keen. There was not a sound upon the air but the heavy breathings and gruntings of the herd and the occasional light tinkle and crash of crumbling ice.

At a distance of not more than twenty paces from her prey the old bear stopped and gave a quick backward glance at her cub. Instantly the latter stopped also and crouched warily behind a rock. Then his mother crept on alone. She knew that he was agile enough to avoid the floundering rush of any walrus; but with him she would take no risks.

Suddenly, as if some premonition of peril had smitten her, the mother walrus lifted her head and stared about her anxiously. There was no dan-

ger in sight; but she had grown uneasy. She lowered her head against her calf's plump flank, and started to push him down the slope toward the rest of the herd.

Not a dozen feet away an enormous form, white and terrible, rose as if by magic out of the bare rocks. A bellow of warning came from the vigilant old bull, down below; but in the same instant that white mass fell upon the cringing calf and smashed its neck before it knew what was happening.

With a roar the mother walrus reared herself and launched her huge bulk straight forward upon the enemy. She was swift in her attack, amazingly so; but the white bear was swifter. With astonishing strength and deftness, even in the moment of delivering that fatal blow she had pushed the body of her prey aside, several feet up the slope. At the same time, bending her long back like a bow, she succeeded in evading the full force of the mother's assault, which otherwise would have pinned her down and crushed her. She caught, however, upon one haunch a glancing blow from those descending tusks, which came down like pile drivers; and a long red mark leaped into view upon her white fur. The next moment she had dragged the prey beyond reach of the frantic mother's next plunging charge.

The rocky slope was now in an uproar. The other cows had instantly rolled their startled young into the sea and were tumbling in after them with terrific splashing. The three bulls, grunting furiously, were floundering in great, loose plunges up the slope, eager to get into the fray. The bereaved mother was gasping and snorting with her prodigious efforts, as she hurled herself in huge, sprawling lunges after the slayer of her young. So agile was she proving herself, indeed, that the bear had enough to do in keeping out of her reach, while half lifting, half dragging, the prize up the incline.

At last the body of the calf caught in a crevice and the bear had to pause to wrench it free. It was for a moment only; but that moment came very near being her last. She felt, rather than

saw, the impending mass of the cow as it reared itself above her. Like a spring suddenly loosed she bounded aside. And those two straight tusks came down just where she had stood, with the force of a ton of bone and muscle behind them.

Wheeling in a flash to follow up her advantage, the desperate cow reared again. But this time she was caught at disadvantage. Her far more intelligent adversary had slipped round behind her, and now, as she reared, struck her a tremendous buffet on the side of the neck. Caught off her balance, the walrus rolled down the slope, turning clean over before she could recover her footing.

The three bulls, in the midst of their floundering charge up the hill, checked themselves for a moment to see how she had fared. And in that moment the bear succeeded in dragging her prize up a steep where the raging avengers could not hope to follow. A few yards more, and she had gained a spacious ledge some twenty feet above them. A second or two later, in answer to her summons, the cub joined her there, scrambling nimbly over the rocks at a safe distance from the foe.

Realising now that the marauder had escaped their vengeance, the three bulls at length turned away and went floundering and snorting back to the sea. The mother, however, inconsolable in her rage and grief, kept rearing herself against the face of the rock, clawing at it impotently with her great flippers, and striking it with her tusks, till it seemed as if they must give way beneath the blows. Again and again she fell back, only to renew her futile and pathetic efforts the moment she could recover her breath. And from time to time the old bear, nursing the cub, would glance down on her with placid unconcern. At last, coming in some sort to her senses, the unhappy cow turned away and crawled heavily, with a slow, jerky motion, down the slope. Slowly, and with a mighty splash, she launched herself into the sea and swam off to join the rest of the herd a mile out from shore.



Author of "Tom King of Nowhere," etc.

A NEW SERIAL STORY

SYNOPSIS.

Motherless Margaret Lee flees from Paris and her keeper, Mrs. Gascoigne, to see her father in London. During the first evening at home, she looks through the father's pet telescope and sees a sight which is the basis of all the events to be narrated. In the first excitement, her father drops dead, and her only friend is Mr. Percy Marshall a chance acquaintance. Mrs. Gascoigne comes to London and a mysterious Mrs. Carlingford, a friend of her father, appears also. The former is easily driven out, but the latter is mistress of the situation. In the meantime Marshall sets out to solve the church tower mystery. He finds the church, gets in and discovers that the telescope tells the truth. His entrance is noted, his escape cut off, and he climbs down the lightning rod only to be struck senseless. Meanwhile, a woman gains entrance to the Lee home, and while Margaret is asleep, secures a paper from Mr. Lee's private box. When Margaret awakens she takes it for granted that her visitor is Mrs. Carlingford, her father's friend, and gives her her full confidence, including the Mystery of the Tower which Percy Marshall has determined to solve. Contrary to his promise, the young man does not return, and next day Margaret receives a letter stating that he has turned the matter over to the police, and he himself is leaving London. The girl is bitterly disappointed. Mrs. Carlingford rents a villa, and she and Margaret go to live in it. On the way a man follows their carriage. Mrs. Carlingford is agitated, and Margaret's suspicions are aroused. During their first night in the strange house, Mrs. Carlingford discovers a picture on the wall which makes it impossible for her to remain there.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Reverend James Weekes was running madly about Lilith Cottage, Burnham Road; and so was Mrs. Weekes, who was particularly stout, and hence very uncomfortable; and so were five little Weekeses, aged four to ten, the youngest pair being twins. The omnibus was due any moment, and there was a

great deal to be done before the family could set off for its annual holiday at Herne Bay. The twins were weeping because James, junior, the ten-year-old son, had bespoken the end seat in the railway 'bus, that he might get out at intervals on the road to the station and run behind; and this promised mysterious and alluring pleasure that the babies were determined to share. Their brother's contemptuous derision was fuel under their tearducts, and the scalding drops ran down their cheeks. Adelaide, aged six, was weeping because her pet doll could not be found, and was likely to be left behind. Jemima, named after her mother, was crying because she was not allowed to take her best frock and pinafore of white muslin, nor her blue silk sash; and Jemima knew that Sundays came at the seaside as they did at home, and she would have nothing to wear at church. Gyp, the little terrier, was scampering about in the tumult, barking wildly, and taking excited nips from time to time at the nearest rug, or shawl, or leg.

At this moment of climax the omnibus drove up, and at the same time came a message from Lady Yatton that she must see the Vicar immediately. On hearing this Mrs. Weekes also showed signs of tears.

"I suppose you must go, James," she said. "We must wait over a train."

"Wait over," he cried, "and the 'bus standing there at the three shillings the hour! No, indeed." He spoke with great firmness, trying to keep all signs of relief from his voice. "You go on with the children, dear," he said, suavely, "and I will follow by a later train."

"Never!" she cried, sitting down and clasping her hands.

But her husband was already helping the driver and the maid to load the top of the vehicle with every sort of different-shaped trunk and parcel.

"Eighteen," said the Vicar, carefully counting, "that's right. Come on, children!"

These duly loaded inside he ran in to the house, pressed a hasty kiss on the unrelenting brow of his distressed wife, and fled away to Lady Yatton, peeping backward from time to time. When at last he saw his wife come out and get into the omnibus he smiled to himself, and hummed a bar of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" as he walked along. It was hard on the poor dear to have to take that journey all alone with the children and the maid, but, after all, it might be a lesson in self-reliance.

Lady Yatton, most charming and considerate of ladies, knew he was going away to-day. It must be something very important that inspired that summons. He wondered what new and beneficent idea she had now. She had built this beautiful St. Luke's Church with her own money, and had partially endowed it; and as he turned the corner and came in full view of its exquisite proportions he agreed with those who knew anything about it at all, that it was a splendid monument of munificence. He passed by the church and went on round the corner to the gate that allowed access to the Manor House.

He saw Lady Yatton through the open French window, sitting in the morning-room talking to Dr. Jennings. He quickened his steps; he had not heard of illness.

He was welcomed by the two as though they had been waiting for him for some time, and though Lady Yatton seemed rather grave and preoccupied the doctor was inclined to be somewhat amused.

"It's a most extraordinary thing," said the lady. "I felt you must know about it, Vicar. I remembered that you were going away to-day, and I hope I haven't inconvenienced you."

"Oh, no, Lady Yatton," cried the clergyman, "not in the least. My dear wife has gone with the children."

Dr. Jennings smiled at this, and Lady Yatton,

despite her preoccupation, perceived it was not Mr. Weekes for whom she had made trouble. The clergyman's family was well known in the neighbourhood, and the poor man was pitied because it was thought that his wife had not much faculty for management.

"We have a patient in the house," said the lady—"a most extraordinary patient. He is a young man, a perfect stranger to the neighbourhood."

"Your Ladyship is always doing good," interrupted the clergyman, bowing.

"I didn't quite know what I had undertaken," she said, with a smile. "I went out on Tuesday night after dinner—oh, rather lateish, I should say—I was restless, and it was a warm night, but dark—and as I strolled along the road I heard a sound of moaning from the churchyard, so I went in."

"Jolly good pluck, eh, Vicar?" cried the doctor. The Vicar nodded.

"This young man was lying there unconscious. I had the gardener and the groom carry him in here. He was a dreadful sight."

"He was that," agreed the doctor.

"Ah, but you didn't see him at first. I thought he was a tramp, but when we had got him into bed—"

"That is true Christianity," murmured the clergyman.

"I saw that he was really a gentleman, his clothing proved that; very good looking, too—"

"And very much under the influence of spirits," interjected the doctor.

"Oh, dear!" cried Mr. Weekes. "That spoils it."

"It is too bad," said the lady, "but he was suffering, just the same. His hands and feet were badly cut, and he had a horrid wound in the head. I sent, of course, for Dr. Jennings, and got a nurse the next morning. He's been lying dazed these two days, but this morning his brain seemed quite clear—that is, clear enough to talk, though he is very weak. Now comes the strange part of it. He really seems quite himself, quite sane—"

"Oh, doesn't your Ladyship go a little too far?" protested the doctor.

"He seemed so to me, at any rate," she continued. "He sent for me and told me quite seriously, as though he believed it himself, the most extraordinary story—the most incredible farrago of nonsense—about his going up the tower in search of a murder—"

"A murder?" echoed the astonished clergyman.

"Yes. One that somebody had seen from miles away through a telescope, committed in the storm on Monday night, when the lightning kindly flashed at the exact moment."

THE doctor laughed scornfully, and the clergyman smiled, and even Lady Yatton had an amused twinkle in her eye, as she went on and told all the story which had been confided to her by the invalid. But when she came to describe the alleged finding of a mysterious corpse, her manner became deadly serious, and she repeated what she had been told with an unconscious dramatic effect that made the Reverend Mr. Weekes shiver. He listened now in breathless silence, until the long narrative was completed.

"Oh! Oh! Climbed down the lightning-rod," he cried. "Ridiculous!"

"That is the one part," said the doctor, "which is true. There is no other way of accounting for the condition of his hands and feet."

"I could almost believe the other first."

"He could never have done it sober," explained the doctor; "he was just influenced enough not to know any fear. That saved him. Undoubtedly, too, he was suffering from a sort of delirium tremens. He is evidently not an habitual drinker. His good condition shows that, and the way his wounds are healing; but he is of nervous type, and unusual indulgence brought on hallucinations, instead of merely making him sodden. He had too much brains to get actually stupid. The more he drank, the more his sense played false. It is not such an uncommon thing."

"But that he should remember them—believe in them!" cried the clergyman. "That is surely unusual. I suppose, Lady Yatton, you hardly thought it worth while to send to the tower?"

"Oh, but I did, of course, immediately, I sent for Whibley, and he's been right to the top. He came back an hour ago with his report. I did not tell him anything except that he must go to the very top—to the very last inch he could go—and examine every step of the way, and notice anything unusual that he saw, and bring back anything unusual that he found, remembering where he found it."

"And what did the sexton see and find?"

"These," said the doctor, pointing to a chair. "Here are his boots," he cried, lifting them up, "found high up, just where he says he left them—a very neat pair, with one lace cut."

"And there was a card with a name and address," said Lady Yatton. "Miss Lee, Morven Mansions, Maiden Lane." That was the girl with the telescopic eye, who, he said, saw the tower at the right moment. I wired immediately."

"And you've heard?"

"Yes. There is such a person. The answer was signed hall porter, and stated that she had left—no address."

"Unfortunate," said the doctor, drily, "that he is deprived of such an important witness. Well, Whibley found this"—he picked up a knife—"and his coat, and this—which is the only important thing our patient forgot to mention."

"It is nearly empty," said the clergyman, as he drew the cork from the bottle which the doctor had handed him, and sniffed at the contents. "Whisky—it is sacrilege." He was very indignant.

"A mad freak," said the doctor. "He had enough of it to fill him with crazy ideas. He climbs the tower; he drinks more. He sleeps a little while, perhaps. He has wild dreams. He wakes; he drinks more. He has waking dreams now. His loneliness, his isolation, his strange position, would account for the fantasies. He remembers them now. That is not unusual. It is unusual to recall them as facts, however. This is due to his never having drunk much. This, I believe, to be his first orgy."

"Your theory is, of course, the commonsense one," said the clergyman, "and—"

"And founded on medical knowledge. It accounts for everything," interrupted the doctor.

"But still, the desecration of the sacred building," exclaimed the clergyman, indignantly; "he should be prosecuted."

"Oh, if you want to do that, the serious thing would be the fire."

"What, that smoke, not imaginary?" Mr. Weekes's voice rose to falsetto in his angry amazement.

"No," said Lady Yatton. "Whibley found that the man had actually attempted to set fire to the door on the landing at the head of the stairs in the tower. The door was burnt down. Luckily the floor was stone, or the whole tower would have gone."

The clergyman, much excited at this shocking vandalism, expressed his determination to prosecute but Lady Yatton gently reminded him of the young man's condition.

"When you see him, you will think that he has been punished enough," she said. "Remember that terrible climb down the lightning-rod."

That appeal did not soften Mr. Weekes. He thought of his beautiful tower in ashes, and his heart was adamant. Lady Yatton urged the notoriety that prosecution would bring on the church, on her. This she objected to with such resolution that the Vicar at last was compelled to yield to her pleading. It was, after all, her money which had built the tower, and she had a right to a dominant voice in the decision.

"Who is he?" he asked.

"I don't know," answered Lady Yatton. "His name, he said, was Marshall, but he did not speak of himself."

"No card in his pocket-book?"

"You forget. He said he threw it out."

"I daresay he did," said the doctor.

"I have had the hedge searched," said Lady Yatton, shaking her head.

"Poor lady—if there was one," cried the doctor, laughing—"no wonder she put up a red sunshade against showers of empty pocket-books. If they had been full now—"

Mr. Weekes smiled. "You have a red sunshade, Lady Yatton."

"I was not aware," she answered, with a smile of pretended reproof, "that you noted such trifles."

"A red sunshade speaks for itself."

"What are we to do?" she cried. "That's why I have sent for you, Vicar. Here is this young gentleman, perfectly sane, apparently, too ill to move for some time—"

"Not for days," interrupted the doctor. "His hands are like beefsteaks."

"Chafing, feverish, because he can't notify the police, and can't communicate with this mysterious telescope lady with the marvellous eyesight. He's fretting himself mad. I haven't told him yet what Whibley says about the tower, and haven't hinted the least little bit about not believing him; and I don't know, I'm sure, what is to be done."

Lady Yatton threw up her hands as though to say she gave it all up, and the Vicar must take the responsibility.

"Why not tell him? He should think himself indeed fortunate to have fallen into your Ladyship's kind hands, and to get away scot-free after such base conduct."

The clergyman asked this question with high indignation. The doctor shook his head.

"He absolutely believes everything he has said; there is no question about that. I fear a sudden explanation would give him a setback."

"Oh, we mustn't do that," said Lady Yatton. "He is young; he may be saved—physically, mentally, and morally."

"You are indeed generous," cried the Vicar. "I wish there were more like you. What is our duty? Let me think."

"Perhaps," suggested the lady, "if you and the doctor were to see him, temporise with him, evade explanations for a day or two—"

"H-m—h-m!" The Vicar put his hand to his cheek meditatively.

"I forgot," said her Ladyship, with a little smile, "you are going to the seaside. Well, would you mind seeing him now, with the doctor, and pretend to listen? You will know what is best to be done. Some vague promises, perhaps; something that will reassure him, give him a chance to get well."

"Yes, let me see him," said the Vicar, rising. "Come, doctor."

"Extraordinary," said the doctor, shrugging his shoulders, as he led the way.

"Her Ladyship's kindness is," answered the Vicar; "she is an angel."

Then the doctor knocked at a door, which was opened by a nurse whose beautiful wide collar was starched till it stood out like a steel plate; and as they entered the patient opened weary eyes, and murmured a heartfelt "Thank Heaven!"

CHAPTER X.

PERCY MARSHALL looked indeed as though he had suffered, and the Vicar felt as he stood by the bedside that the young man had had to pay a heavy price for his sinful and eccentric self-indulgence. He was almost on the point of drawing the moral for the patient's edification when he had remembered that he was not to do this. So he said instead that he hoped Mr. Marshall was improving, and Mr. Marshall's white lips smiled as he answered that he was getting on very well, thanks to so much kind attention. He was grateful, he said, to Lady Yatton, who had so generously taken him in; who was so kind, so sympathetic.

The Vicar, pleased at the warm expressions of gratitude, saw hopes of reforming this remarkable young reprobate, who showed no signs on his face of that evil living which had so oddly culminated at the top of the spire. He was glad that the more worldly and experienced doctor had diagnosed the mental case so astutely, thus giving him the key to the position. In his innocence, he felt that he might have listened with some sort of credulity to the remarkable tale which was now repeated to him.

As Percy Marshall went on with his story so exact, so full of detail, the doctor, who had heard it only second-hand from Lady Yatton, listened attentively, watching the young man keenly all the time. The clergyman nodded, and said "Dear me!" from time to time, but those were the only interruptions.

When Marshall had finished his extraordinary story he looked eagerly at the two men, expecting an immediate suggestion that the police should be at once communicated with, and that immediate steps would be taken to find the perpetrators of the crime. He was nonplussed when perfect silence ensued, and he saw that the doctor and the clergyman were looking at one another with uplifted eyebrows.

"Oh, no," he cried, "you might well think it, but I am not mad. I have lost three days—nurse tells me this is Friday—and there is not a moment to spare."

"You are better than I expected to find you," said the blunt doctor, suddenly changing his plan, "and I shall tell you the truth."

"I have already told it," was the quiet answer.

"You have left out something—the bottle of whisky."

The patient's look of astonishment was almost grotesque.

"Oh, come, we know all about it," cried the medical man, shortly.

"Yes," said the Vicar, solemnly, relieved that frankness was to be practised, "you have had a terrible lesson, my young friend, and a narrow escape. Let this be a warning to you."

"What are you talking about?" asked Marshall, angrily.

(Continued on page 24.)

DEMI-TASSE

Newslets.

AN Italian has killed a Scotchman for whistling. Perhaps the latter was rendering "Annie Laurie."

And now there is a rumour of a revolution in Madrid. All we seem to be able to raise is a bye-election in Drummond-Arthabaska.

Concerning that same election, Mr. R. L. Borden advises the dear Conservatives to vote according to the dictates of their own consciences. The enemy is too startled to smile. Has Mr. Borden given his followers a sinecure?

Teachers are scarce in Essex County. There's more money in watching the tobacco plant go up in smoke than in teaching the Young Idea how to shoot.

Someone says that China is awakening. Col. George T. Denison would remark that it is because John Bull has entered the China shop.

A charge of high treason has been made against two Russian papers. Isn't it a good thing that the *Toronto Evening Telegram* is not published on the banks of the Neva?

A man aged one hundred and seven has been arrested in Dakota for illegal sale of liquor. It is wonderful how some old people retain the use of their faculties.

The Way to Wealth.

LITTLE drops of water
Mingled with the milk,
Make the milkman's daughter
Dress in finest silk.

Some Correspondence.

D. BROKE: What is the address of Mr. Andrew Carnegie?

We were just thinking of writing to Andrew ourselves. About a month before Christmas our thoughts turn involuntarily to him. Skibo Castle, in Scotland (or North Briton as our friends across the Atlantic say) is one of his residences, but we do not remember his New York number. Just now he is very busy, and we should not advise you to write until next year—unless you want merely a library.

Anxious Traveller: What is the matter with the Union Station, Toronto?

We do not know. We have often wondered, but are no nearer a solution than we were ten years ago. Prizes have been offered in vain for the correct answer. No tourist of weak nerves or lively imagination should endeavour to solve it. Guides may be secured at a dollar an hour.

An Echo From 1898.

IT seems from modern searching.
The battleship, the Maine,
Was not sent into "kingdom come"
By any hand of Spain.
Now would the yellow journals,
Which first supplied the war,
Just tell the patient public
What all the fuss was for?

And We're Overtaxed Now.

"WE'RE 'heirs of all the ages.'"
"Really?"

"Of course."
"Well, don't announce it so loudly or somebody will try to collect succession dues from us."

Not a Royalty.

MR. MELTON PRIOR, the war correspondent and artist, who saw about twenty-four campaigns and revolutions, died in London, England, on November 2nd. He accompanied King George V., then the Duke of York, on his tour of Canada in 1901. During the royal progress through the West, Mr. Prior was very much interested in the scenes in that vast country. At one of the Western towns a prolonged stop was made during the night, and a large crowd came to the station to catch a glimpse of the Duke. It was dark and wet, and as Mr. Prior leaned from the

window the crowd made a rush to see who the distinguished Britisher might be.

"No," said the artist, waving them genially away. "I'm not the Duke, and I'm not the Duchess, and I can't even make a speech."

A Dull Community.

THE Tories down at Ottawa
Are deadly dull and tame,
They merely draw indemnities
And do not play the game.
The only one with any nerve
Is Colonel Samuel Hughes,
Who once in every lonely while
Expresses hearty views.

Alas, alas for olden days
Of valiant Sir John,
When, every busy afternoon,
A glorious fight was on!
The bold Sir Richard then was keen
To enter on the fray,
And repartee of deadly kind
Was hurled 'most every day.

But now 'tis peace and plenty,
Among the happy Grits;
And not one Opposition foe
Can scare them into fits.
Oh, Borden of the righteous mein
Do lead the rest a dance!
Just try to think of something
And give the scribes a chance.

Good—Though Live—Indian.

AN interesting sidelight on an Indian of Western Canada was discovered by a party of Ontario men a short time ago at a Hudson's Bay post on the Saskatchewan River.

Feeling hospitably inclined, the members of the party bought up the stock of tobacco in the store and started distributing it among the noble redmen. The latter, of course, eagerly accepted the gifts of the weed, and, as news of the good fortune spread among the Indians in the vicinity of the store, more and more of them came trooping in.

Among the newer arrivals was an old Indian of striking appearance, and to him also the visitors offered tobacco. To their surprise he made a motion declining it, and, thinking that perhaps the old man was doing so through imagining that he would need to pay for it, the Easterners asked an interpreter to explain that the tobacco was being offered free.

"It's no use offering it to him," said the interpreter with a laugh. "He won't take it. He belongs to the Plymouth Brethren."

Telling of the incident, one of the party said, "I wouldn't have been more surprised if we had been told that the old Indian belonged to the Salvation Army."

Cap Should Be Inanimate.

THERE'S a dear old gentleman who presides over the infant class of a certain prominent Toronto church, and incidentally furnishes his assistants with a deal of amusement by his lively humour, which is, of course, beyond the comprehension of the class whose minds they are endeavouring to train along the straight and narrow way. Not long since, one of the most strenuous of these infants was twirling his cap restlessly and attracting too much attention from the other infants, when the old gentleman exclaimed with fervour: "Johnny, put your cap down, it won't run away." Then, with less fervour and more humour, he added, "At least I hope it won't."

Joshing Poor Jones.

JONES: It says in to-night's paper that husband and wife should never be angry at the same time.
Mrs. Jones: Yes. Now you know the cause of my constant good nature.

Cool Reception.

THIS one hails from Ottawa and goes back the few days to Hallowe'en. In answer to the hopeful, insistent calls

of a gang of youngsters, an upstairs window of the house under attack was opened, and the head of the head of the house was thrust forth. "How many are there of you?" asked the householder, and the revellers eagerly informed him that they numbered seven. The head was withdrawn, but soon reappeared, saying, "Well, share that among you." "That" was a pail of cold water.

Tennyson Up-to-Date.

SLANG has been taking liberties with literature again. This time it is the work of the imaginative schoolboy, and his revision of Tennyson is this:

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who is this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
And the nurse said, "Quit yer kiddin' me."

Commercial Humour.

THE express agent in a New Brunswick town sent an order of hogs to a northern point and made out a bill. "Three hogs dressed." By the return train he received from the other agent a "short order" which read: "Short—Clothes for 3 hogs."

P. R. H.

Proverbial Protection.

THOUGH it takes "nine tailors" to "make a man,"
They never for protection pine;
They know—should trouble threaten them—
That "a stitch in time saves nine."

Relative Merit.

FOR a long time it has been quite a puzzle why theatregoers at times applaud the sweeping, piano moving, and other work of stage hands seen by the spectators, but a constant patron of the theatre tells us that when people do that it's a kind of intimation that they can't conscientiously applaud the regular actors or performers.

As It Seems To Us.

THE result in Drummond and Arthabaska must make Sir Wilfrid wonder whether, after all, the sense of the fitness of things was lived up to in calling one of the first pair of Canada's cruisers "The Rainbow."

M. Bleriot has established an aviation school, and it should be only a short time till we hear of physical culturists adding an aviation department, in which people will be taught how to fall gracefully from even the greatest heights.

Kaiser Bill, of Germany, in telling of a recent great talking match says, that Teddy Roosevelt and he were "just like a couple of windmills." Now, will Bill have the courage to arrest himself for leze-majesty?

Pittsburg is making, for the Panama Canal, gates about as high as a six-storey building, sixty-five feet wide and seven feet thick. Can Samson come back?

The *Evening Telegram*, Toronto, turns down our offer to sing "The Maple Leaf" while the leaves are on the trees, if it sings "O Canada" the rest of the year. The *Telegram* insists that it be allowed to—and that we be forced to—sing "The Maple Leaf" forever.

The original supply of hickory is approaching exhaustion. The small boy of to-day has been shown to be luckier than the youngster of yesterday, and it seems that still more lucky will be the little chap of to-morrow.

A prominent German military writer says that the British army is unfit to fight a continental army. This proves that there was something in the fear that there would arise some disputes that couldn't be settled at The Hague.

The airship stowaway has "arrived," and soon we'll hear some orator imploring the ruthless hand to sweep the barnacles from the airship of state.

Toronto suffragettes have formed a company. Comparing their methods with those of their sisters in England, we must say that we prefer incorporation to incarceration.

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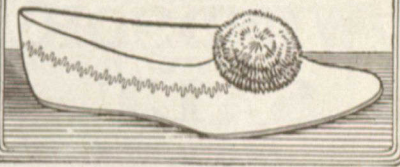
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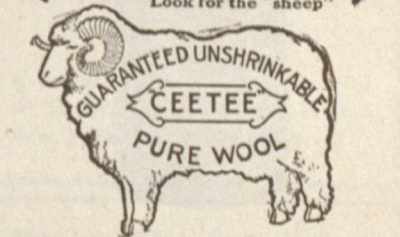
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THE SCRAP BOOK

Probably to Reno.

"MY wife and I had another foolish quarrel." "About what?" "About where we would go if we had money enough to travel."—*Washington Herald.*

One of Ireland's Woes.

AN Irish school inspector was examining a class in geography. He had propounded a question regarding longitude and received a correct answer from the lad undergoing the ordeal.

"And now," he said, "what is latitude?"

After a brief silence a bright youngster, with a merry twinkle in his eye, said:

"Please, sir, we have no latitude in Ireland. Father says the British Government won't allow us any."—*London Scraps.*

Just As Good.

"DID you get the raise in salary you demanded?"

"Not exactly; but in recognition of my valued services, the boss agreed to supply me with a roll-top desk and have my name printed on the door."—*Leslie's Weekly.*

she ejaculated, turning to look at the meek little man sitting behind her; "I'd like to see him try to compulse me!"

"Better Late Than Never."

"I'M going away next week," he told her. "Some chance of my going to bed eventually," she answered, looking at the clock.—*Buffalo Express.*

"In Glass Houses."

HUSBAND (angrily) — "Look here, when will you learn that a razor isn't the thing for cutting rope and sharpening pencils with?" Wife (calmly)—"Just when you learn that a hairpin isn't the thing for cleaning a pipe with."

Villain Still Pursued Her.

CHANNING POLLOCK cites a certain melo-drama, produced a few years ago on Fourteenth Street, as containing the busiest and most inconsistent villain ever created.

In the first act he tied the beautiful heroine to a railroad track just as the limited was due. In the second he lured her into an old house, locked her in an upper room and set the



Commercial Traveller, (who is being practised on by the village barber's apprentice): "How much more have you got to cut?"
Apprentice: "Only the front, sir."
Commercial Traveller: "Well, hurry up, before it grows on the back again." —M.A.P.

Strong on Length.

RICHARD CARLE lately engaged as cook a Swedish giantess, who proved unsatisfactory. On departure she asked for a written testimonial, and Mr. Carle presented her with the following:

"To whom it may concern:—I have lately had in my employ Hulda Swanson, who was engaged to cook for a family of three and do such other things as would be possible when not cooking. Under this head might come a little dusting and dish-washing and answering the door bell. Taking all these things into account I wish to say that Hulda is absolutely the tallest cook I ever saw."—*Success.*

Try It On Your Tailor.

TO dodge his creditors required Such vigilance and vim, A motor car he went and hired, And now they're dodging him!

—*Lippincott's.*

Might and Meekness.

"YOU sign this deed of your own free will, do you, madam?" asked the notary public. "What do you mean by that?" demanded the large, florid-faced woman. "I mean there has been no compulsion on the part of your husband, has there?" "Him?"

place on fire. In the third he strapped her under a buzz saw and set the machinery in motion. In the fourth he tore the planking out of Brooklyn Bridge, so that her automobile plunged through to the raging flood below.

In the fifth act he started to make love to her. She shrank from him.

"Why do you fear me, Nellie?" he asked.—*Success.*

Couldn't Outrun Fate.

A WIZENED little man charged his wife with cruel and abusive treatment. His better half, or in this case better two-thirds, was a big, square-jawed woman with a determined eye. The judge listened to the plaintiff's recital of wrongs with interest. "Where did you meet this woman who, according to your story, has treated you so dreadfully?" his honour asked. "Well, judge," replied the little man, making a brave attempt to glare defiantly at his wife, "I never did meet her. She just kind of overtook me."

Quick Otherwise.

CUSTOMER—"You don't seem very quick at figures, my boy!" Newsboy—"I'm out o' practice, sir. You see, most of the gents says "Keep the change!"

Good Cooking
Makes
A Happy Home

Is anything more irritating than to spend hours of careful thought and preparation on a dish or a meal, only to have everything spoiled in cooking? Nothing is more disappointing than to have to set such a meal before your husband—nothing is more embarrassing when a guest is present.

How different it is when everything comes out just right—done to a turn—perfect. How good and proud it makes you feel—makes up for the whole day's worries. How it cheers your husband—tired from his hard days' work. How it ends the day right for the whole family.

Why not have such a meal always. You can—easily.



Stoves & Ranges

make good cooking sure. Their special patent double flue distributes the heat over every part of the oven—baking everything absolutely evenly. With a Gurney-Oxford the under crust is always done as well as the upper—both perfectly.

In addition to perfect baking the Gurney-Oxford offers many other decided advantages.

The Oxford Economizer

Found only on the Gurney-Oxford, keeps your fire burning continually and evenly and saves 20% of your coal bill.

Gurney-Oxford parts are interchangeable, doing away with all trouble and waiting when you need repairs.

These and many other points mean untold saving in time, work and annoyance. Investigate them—prove for yourself what they will mean in your kitchen.

Clip and send us the accompanying coupon, indicating whether you prefer a steel or cast iron range and we will forward you a catalog with full information.

The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO.
500 King Street West,
Toronto, Canada.

CUT ON DOTTED LINE

The Gurney Foundry Co.
500 King Street, Toronto, Canada
Please send me your catalog descriptive of Steel or Cast Iron Ranges. (Indicating which by underscoring.)

NAME
ADDRESS.....

44

SANDERSON'S
SCOTCH
"MOUNTAIN DEW"
POSITIVELY THE FINEST WHISKY IMPORTED

INVESTMENT PAMPHLET

Our Fall Investment Pamphlet contains particulars of a number of attractive investment securities, combining security with a high return or prospects of enhanced future value.

Copy mailed on application.

McCUAIG BROS. & CO.

Members of Montreal Stock Exchange

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MONTREAL OTTAWA

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Member Montreal Stock Exchange

33 Notre Dame St., Montreal

Carefully edited studies of leading Canadian securities mailed on application. Facts and figures compiled by experts. ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

Paris Office

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Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRIS MAULSON, Limited
of Toronto Agents

EASTLAKE
STEEL
SHINGLES
WRITE FOR PRICES
METAL ROOFING CO.
TORONTO, CANADA.

GOVERNMENT, MUNICIPAL and CORPORATION BONDS

Our lists carefully selected offerings of these securities, affording the investor from 4% to 6% interest return.

CORRESPONDENTS INVITED

WOOD, GUNN & CO.
LONDON, ENGL. TORONTO, CAN.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Incidents In Financial Life.

BY one of those curious coincidences which somehow happen from time to time, at the annual meeting of the Montreal Street Railway Company the other day, when the old Board of Directors was gently ousted by the new crowd which had secured control, it just so happened that Sir Montagu Allan, one of the members of the old Board, took his place directly opposite Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon, one of the members of the new Board of Directors, who has played quite an active although quiet part in the negotiations which resulted in a new crowd grabbing hold of the control of the street railway.



Sir Montagu Allan.

The humour of the situation must have appealed very strongly to both men, as it was not the first occasion on which they met, when Mr. McGibbon and his friends had succeeded in taking away from Sir Montagu Allan and his crowd the control of a big corporation. The previous occasion on which they met under such conditions, was when Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon and a few of his friends succeeded in getting control of the Canadian Rubber Co., in which the Allan family had been interested for upwards of half a century, and of which Sir Montagu was one of the principal interests for quite a few years previous to the change in the control.

Under the circumstances one would have thought that Sir Montagu might have been a little piqued at coming to a second meeting when a stock market coup had resulted in the control being taken from the crowd with which he was identified, but to all appearances he was one of the happiest men in the room, and took a great deal of fun out of the whole proceedings. To him the whole thing just seemed to be one of those little instances that all happen in a lifetime, and he was not going to allow himself to be worried about it in the least.

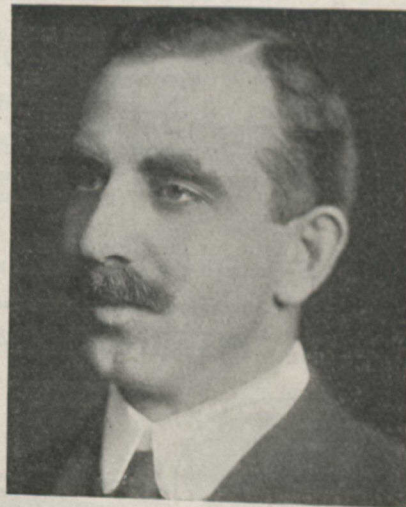
Since the time of the transferring of the control of the Canadian Rubber Co., tremendous have been the strides that have been made by Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon and his crowd, and the success that has attended their efforts in gradually accumulating the controlling interest in the Montreal Street Railway Co., shows that there is not any deal, no matter what its size, that cannot be successfully swung by them. Of course, owing to the previous encounter with Sir Montagu, it was only natural that Mr. McGibbon should take a certain amount of added pleasure in winning out in the street railway fight, and the expression on his face, as he glanced occasionally across at Sir Montagu showed clearly that he was enjoying it all immensely. One of the nice things about the recent fight for control of Montreal Street Railway is that notwithstanding the magnitude of the transaction, and the keenness of the rivalry that existed until it was seen that the new crowd had won out, was that very few hard blows were dealt, and very little ill-feeling occasioned. As an indication of this it may be practically as a certainty that it will not be long before Mr. W. G. Ross, the former vice-president and managing director of the company, is appointed to the new Board of Directors and will be prevailed upon to accept the office which he formerly held. It is also likely that Mr. Kenneth B. Blackwell, the former vice-president of the company, and president of the Montreal Steel Company, will also return to the Board.

* * *

The Steel Industry and the Tariff.

ONE of the questions that is interesting the average Canadian at the present time is whether it is not just about time that the Dominion Government should call a halt on such generous protection as it is affording various forms of iron and steel. Some months ago it rather looked as though when the various bounties ran out at the end of the present year, that the Government would not concede an equivalent to them in any other form, but during the past few weeks there have been indications that the big interests have been actively at work up at Ottawa, and that as a result the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. will, even at the end of the present year, secure fairly liberal protection on such lines of manufacture as will be affected by the bounties running out. Of course, it may be that now that a good sound management and administration is in charge at Sydney, that it may not be long before the big Dominion Iron and Steel concern will be able to stand on its own feet, but it does seem unfortunate that the public should be placed in a position where it should have to go ahead and still pay up money amounting into the millions each year, to a concern that has been subject to such poor administration, and operated oftentimes from a stock market standpoint, as has the big Canadian industry down by the sea.

Hardly anybody will deny that Mr. J. H. Plummer, the president of the company, who has laboured so assiduously for a number of years past, in carrying the company back from the brink of liquidation to its present condition where a fair amount of prosperity is being enjoyed, deserves such assistance as will enable him to finally place the big concern in a safe posi-



Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon

Investing For Income

Surplus funds may be placed with safety to yield 4½% to 5½% interest. We have available at all times

Municipal and Corporation Bonds to yield the above rates

These bonds are purchased by us only after careful investigation and are thoroughly secure.

Particulars furnished on request

A. E. AMES & CO., Limited

Investment Bankers

7-9 King Street East, - Toronto

ASSETS	\$ 8-617-909
CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED)	\$ 2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP)	\$ 1,500,000
RESERVE FUND	\$ 1,250,000

CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY

TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED AND DEBENTURES ISSUED

PELLATT & PELLATT

Members Toronto Stock Exchange

401 TRADERS BANK BUILDING

TORONTO

BONDS AND STOCKS also COBALT STOCKS BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION

Private wire connections with W. H. GOADBY & CO., Members New York Stock Exchange.

Very Significant

AT THE LAST ANNUAL MEETING OF



the following very significant statement was made by the President of the Company, Mr. E. P. Clement, K.C. :-

"We adhere to the opinion so often expressed at our meetings that the Security of the principal should be the paramount consideration. As a result of this policy we are able to report that after forty years of operation we have not lost a single dollar of our invested funds."

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

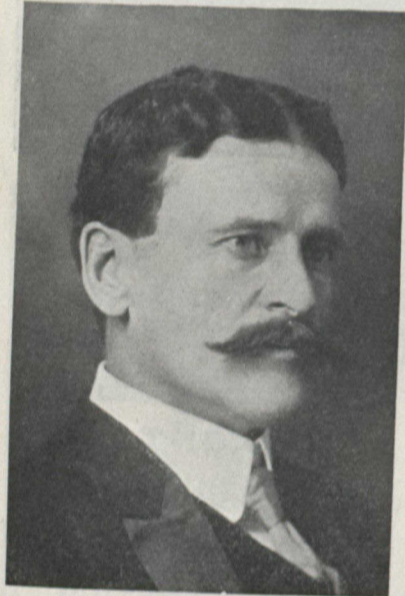
In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

tion, but the question to be considered is just how much assistance is absolutely needed now to enable him to effect such a result. Given ample assistance it will mean perhaps that he will be able to get the company in such a position, in a couple of years, but the question is, would he not be able to achieve just such a result, even though it should take a little longer time, even without further protection, to take the place of the bounties on many of the forms of iron and steel. An argument that is rather against the protection being continued is that dividends are already being paid on the common stock of the Steel Co., even though it is plain that such dividends as are being paid at the present time do not come out of actual earnings, but rather from a mode of financing, which permitted of the consolidation between Dominion Iron and Steel and Dominion Coal Co. Once there is a dividend on a stock which so largely represents water as does the common stock of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co., it would seem only natural for the ordinary lay-man to question whether it is not pretty near time to call a halt on the continuance of protection, for fear lest a good deal of the money, secured either by bounties or as a result of the protection afforded by keeping the outside competitors out of the home market, does not find its way into the pockets of the shareholders of the common stock in the way of dividends. As far as the question on reciprocity on coal is concerned, the present was hardly the time when it could be entertained, as far as the Nova Scotia mines were concerned, owing to the fact that the mines have been so seriously affected during the past couple of years by the protracted strike troubles that occurred at Glace Bay. The Dominion Coal Co. was certainly making very rapid headway, but the severe setback it received by having its properties ruined to a great extent, by not having the right class of labour in them, as well as through the tremendous loss in output, made it apparent that it would be quite a few years before the interests behind the soft coal companies of Canada would see their way clear towards discussing the question of reciprocity on coal between the United States and Canada. It may be that within the next few years, however, the Canadian Company by their location will find a very ready market throughout the New England States.

* * *

Why Did Not the Old Directors of Montreal Street Railway Put Up Fight to Regain Control?

THE question that has been puzzling the Montreal daily papers for some time past is, "Why did not the old Board of Directors of the Montreal Street Railway Company put up a fight when they saw that the control of the company was being quickly wrested from them?" and why did not the Montreal Power Co. show a little more anxiety to fall in with the proposed idea of a possible consolidation between the Montreal Street Railway Company and the Montreal Light, Heat and Power?



Mr. W. G. Ross.

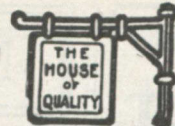
Day after day the Montreal papers expressed their surprise that the members of the old Board were not personally willing to go into a syndicate to put up a fight against the new crowd, and were instead quite willing to sit down and just let the other fellows go right ahead, and take over the control from them.

Since the recent annual meeting we have had an opportunity of discussing just this point with quite a few of the old directors, and it did not take long to see that there was not a single member of the old Board who considered Street Railway stock worth enough for them to go down into their own pockets and pay from \$240 to \$250 a share for it, in order to be able to retain the control themselves. Rather a peculiar condition, you will say, in as much as the new crowd identified with the Canadian Power Co., seemed quite willing to go

ahead and pay up to \$250 a share for the stock, and yet the men who knew most about the position the company was in, and the possibility of increasing its earning power, would not for a moment think of investing their own money around the level to which Street Railway stock had already been carried. Then, again, why did not the Montreal Light, Heat and Power interests appear willing to go into a deal with the Street Railway Company on the basis of \$250 a share for Street Railway stock? The main reason seems to have been that the directors of Montreal Light, Heat and Power, after looking over the statements of the Montreal Street Railway Company for the past five years, decided that as far as they were concerned, such a basis was absolutely unwarranted by the actual earning power. After looking over the reports, it is stated that they took an average for the five years of Street Railway from 1905 to 1909, and saw that if it had not been for the money taken by the Street Railway from the Montreal Park and Island Railway for interest, that in some years it would have been absolutely impossible for the Montreal Street Railway to have maintained its dividend of 10 per cent. on its stock. The average for these five years showed that the average capital during that time was \$8,451,770. The net income, on an average of course, amounted to \$948,360, while the amount paid out in dividends was \$807,364, leaving a surplus of \$140,999 or a percentage of surplus to capital of 1.53 per cent.

Another interesting feature in connection with the Street Railway Company was that while normally there seemed to be a considerable increase in the total amount of surplus account, as of Sept. 30th, 1910, as compared with Sept. 30th, 1905, that almost all of the increase had been secured from premiums on issues of stock. The figures themselves show that whereas the aggregate balance of surplus account on Sept. 30th, 1905, amounted to \$907,623.86; that at the end of Sept. 30th, 1909, it had advanced to \$2,679,864.76, a gain of \$1,772,240. From such an amount, however, should be taken the premiums from stock amounting to \$1,372,192.50 in 1907, and of \$250,000 in 1908, a total of \$1,622,192.50, which would make the net gain in surplus in the five years only \$150,048.40.

COUPON.



Fairweathers

FURS

Famous for Good Style and Long Service



The customer a thousand miles away can know in advance the perfect satisfaction one can expect from our furs which are acknowledged all over Canada the best that your money can buy.

Persian Lamb Sets

Throw Over Tie, 60 inches long, and Large Square Pillow Muff to match.

\$65.00

Every lady who believes Quality is the most important thing about Furs should write for our

Free Fur Catalogue.

FAIRWEATHERS LIMITED

84-86 Yonge Street
TORONTO

WINNIPEG

MONTREAL



The "Kitchen Queen" will stay longer if her realm is beautified with "Lacqueret."

The old chairs are worn and soiled. A coat of "Lacqueret" (any shade to suit your fancy) will make them look better than on the day you bought them.

Touch up the refrigerator with Oak "Lacqueret" and note the effect. The wainscoting wants a coat of Colored "Lacqueret" too—scars and scratches will vanish.

"Lacqueret" is a great rejuvenator and will help you to keep the "hired girl" by reducing her work and making her happier.

Write for our free booklet, "Dainty Decorator," and learn for yourself the many uses of this household beautifier.

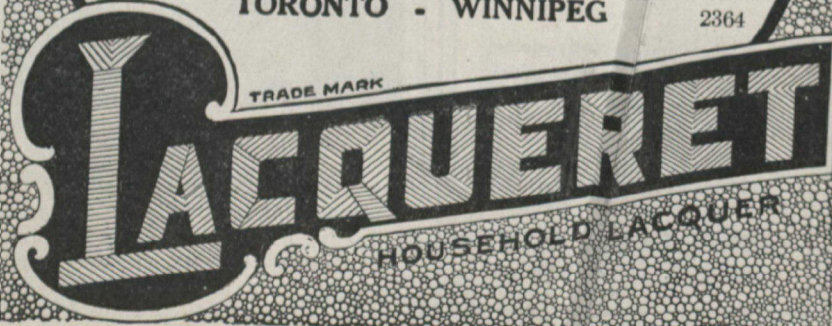
Most prominent Hardware and Paint Dealers sell "Lacqueret."

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO.

TORONTO - WINNIPEG

LIMITED

2364



NOTE—"LACQUERET" is sold in full Imperial measure packages only

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Let the Birds Live.

MISS MARSHALL SAUNDERS has been heard from again. Ever since this Halifax humanitarian wrote "Beautiful Joe" she has had something to say; quite frequently on her favourite topic—giving animals a square deal: and on subjects peculiar to her own sex. She belongs to sixteen women's societies. Miss Saunders does no ranting. There are no feminine hysterics when she goes after a problem. She is listened to because she is simple, natural and sincere.

Lately Miss Saunders has been reading a gentle lecture to the authorities who keep the animals and birds locked up in Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, B.C. She tells the coast people that the quarters are not proper, which is not to say that they are not sanitary; but that they are not big enough. She accuses Victoria of being "tight." Certainly it seems good logic to argue that if a town plucks animals from their native wilds, they owe it to them to provide a free environment. What have they done that there should be the suggestion of captivity in the close cages and narrow pens of many city zoos? Among other things, Miss Saunders saw a squirrel kept among birds; eagles pinning and in poor plumage; and coyotes cramped together like sardines.

During her visit to Victoria Miss Saunders told something about the efforts being made to preserve bird life. American women wear annually the feathers of six million birds. *Laissez faire* is Miss Saunders' attitude toward the milliners. You can't bow fashion. Get after the farmers. Miss Saunders is a Conservationist. She tells the farmers that insect pests are touching their pockets to the extent of seventy million yearly. Birds are the enemy of the pests. Why not keep the shotguns off the feathered beauties? And here is a point for the Canadian lumberman:

"The timber-destroying insects are being driven northwards towards Canada, and this country, which is also considering conservation, must have as part of its programme the protection of bird life."

* * *

Reciprocity of Ideas.

STRANGE it is how little a university man knows about other colleges except his own. The writer recently asked a visiting Oxford don while enquiring of the eccentricities of Christ Church students, if they "ever sloped lectures." He did not know what was referred to; asked about the meaning of "lectures," and on being informed, explained that lectures were a rarity at Oxford. He described fully the tutorial system in vogue there, imparting information which was entirely new. It is commonly said of non post-graduate Canadian collegians, that their idea of Oxford is a place where they still take the classics religiously, and of Cambridge that mathematics has a certain popularity. Of course, they know more of Harvard and Yale; but that is owing to the Greek Letter Society movement largely.

Just now there is a scheme in inception in London, England, to provide a mutual exchange for Colonial, American and English academic ideas. The American Universities Club has been organised with temporary quarters in the metropolis. Any Canadian or American college man is eligible. No testimonials are required from fraternity members. Whoever has stayed in New York at the University Club there, will ap-

preciate the value of the new London organisation. The prospectus remarks aptly:

"American visitors to England no longer regard themselves in a foreign land; many know the country as intimately as they do their own, following naturally through social and business relations. There is no distinctively American Club in London possessing defined club features. The fact that no common meeting place exists for American university men visiting or living in England, or headquarters for the organisers and participants in international 'Varsity' contests, is being constantly deplored throughout the year by all who visit London."

* * *

Literary Fredericton.

FREDERICTON has adopted a novel boost method. The COURIER has frequently referred to the different manner in which Canadian municipalities prepare for a career of expansion. Generally growing pains are demonstrative. There are cherry parades like they have in certain parts of Nova Scotia, Bear River, for instance; Boost Clubs as in Regina and Moncton and Halifax; fat-salaried advertising experts in other places. Largely it's a question of temperament—certainly in Fredericton. In New Brunswick's capital the city fathers couldn't get away from the intellectual. There must be no noisy band playing, or parading, no appeal to the senses in the attestation of Fredericton's advantages. So the aldermen went up to the university and corralled Dr. C. C. Jones and several other learned gentlemen. Here is the result: Fredericton offers a prize for the best essay on "Fredericton and Its Advantages As a Place of Residence." This essay contest it is thought will surely educate everybody, besides improving the literary style of aldermanic judges.

Maritime cities and times generally are much alive to the fact that unless they make some sort of noise like Boom! other parts of the country will not do it for them. The East is waking up. The gateway to Canada is entitled to all the rewards of progress.

* * *

Heating Brandon.

THERE is a nip in the air again. Father and the boys are tinkering with the furnace. But the cold weather is not worrying the business men of Brandon. They are trying a rather metropolitan means of keeping out the frost—municipal heating. The same corporation which supplies the juice for lighting the city has installed a steam heating system, which is driving furnaces and singing boilers into the scrap heap. Open the valves, that is the trick in Brandon; and a whole building is toasted in twenty minutes. Municipal heating is said to mean cheap fuel, no dirt, genial even flow of warmth, lessening of fire risk—and no getting out of your warm downy to be in time to meet the ash waggon creaking down the street.

Municipal heating is an innovation in Brandon in that the Manitoba town is the first municipality in the West to take it up. For thirty years steam has been pumped through underground mains for heating purposes. It is notable that the Brandon Electric Light Co., which is behind the system, is the pioneer introducer of public utilities on the prairies. Twenty-two years ago it constructed the first electric light plant out there; twelve years later the first long long-distance water power transmission plant.



12

UNIFORMITY was our idea when we invented OXO Cubes. No measuring — we have done that — every cupful alike — just right — perfectly delicious — wonderfully sustaining.

Sold in Tins containing 4 and 10 Cubes. Two Free Samples sent on receipt of 2c. stamp to pay postage and packing. OXO is also packed in bottles for People who prefer it in fluid form.

25 Lombard St. Toronto.

41 Common St. Montreal.

BIG Drop A Postal BARGAINS IN BOOKS

Send now for our Clearance Catalogue No 69, containing lists of the very NEWEST publications. Thousands of brand new books of Publishers' Remnants at prices cut in halves and quarters, including Literature, Science, History, Travel, Biography and Fiction.

THE TABARD INN BOOK CO.
1302-4 Filbert Street - Philadelphia, Pa.



BY APPOINTMENT.

WHITE HORSE WHISKY
Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for WHITE HORSE specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

Do you know of the delight and convenience of an Electric Chafing Dish?

Ask Us TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Ltd.
12 ADELAIDE EAST PHONE M 3975

With one of these handy appliances you can entertain guests at a moment's notice.

No oil or alcohol to bother with. No smoke, no dirt, no trouble, in a word.

A twist of the button and you are on your way to a score of toothsome dishes.

We have them for sale at our demonstration rooms. Let us show you one.

Also we have in stock the following which we will sell to you on five days trial: Electric Toasters, Electric Flat Irons, Electric Heating Pads, Electric Water Heaters. Call, telephone or write

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited

\$30,000 remains

Out of a \$500,000 issue of Capital Stock for allotment.

Par value \$100 per share
Selling at \$110 per share
Pays 6 per cent, payable half-yearly
Reserve increasing yearly

Subscriptions will be received for blocks of five or more shares.

For full particulars and 17th Balance Sheet write.

THE PEOPLES LOAN & SAVINGS COR'N,
LONDON, - - ONTARIO.

"What's Wrong with the World"

Consult G. K. Chesterton's new book. \$1.75

The best book of the year by a Canadian Author.

"Janey Canuck in the West"

by Emily Ferguson (Mrs. Arthur Murphy).

Another clever book by a clever Canadian

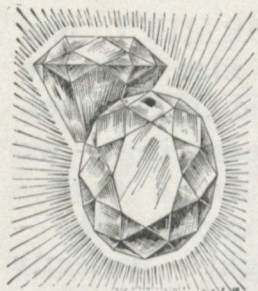
"The Faith of a Layman"

by Professor Osborne (of Winnipeg).

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

CASSELL & Company, Limited
Publishers,

42 Adelaide St., W. - - Toronto



ONLY the really good things are imitated. Diamonds are imitated, but not reproduced. It's the same with other precious stones.

Every safeguard is afforded buyers here. Our expert knowledge and long years of experience insure against imitation. No charge for the protection—little charge for the gems.

KENTS' Limited
Diamond Merchants
144 Yonge St., Toronto

HEWSON
UNSHRINKABLE
UNDERWEAR
has many points of merit

Before you buy your fall and winter underwear just ask the salesman to show you a suit of Hewson Unshrinkable Underwear. Examine it closely. Note the fine elastic rib, the smooth velvety finish the generous fashioning of sleeves and body and the careful stitching, all points which emphasize the good materials and efficient workmanship. And what is more, the fleecy softness noticeable on first inspection will last through repeated washings, always assuring a comfortable fit without binding, bunching, wrinkling or shrinking.

Fall and Winter weights now in stock at your dealers.

HEWSON WOOLEN MILLS Limited
AMHERST, N.S.

DUNLOP
RUBBER
HEELS

MADE of
LIVE
RUBBER

COMFORT "SURE STEP"
PUT ON BY
ALL SHOE DEALERS

Before making your advertising appropriation for 1911 write for our leaflet "From Saskatchewan to Peru."
THE CANADIAN COURIER
12 WELLINGTON ST. E.
TORONTO

Second Advertising Competition

OUR advertising competition as to which was the most "artistic" advertisement in our issue of Oct. 22nd aroused considerable interest. The number of letters was not quite so large as in the previous competition, but the answers were of a higher quality. The majority of opinion wavered between an advertisement of Ganong's chocolates and one of the Gourlay, Winter and Leeming piano. The chocolate adv. found much favour, but those who appreciated the piano adv. wrote the better letters. The first prize goes to Mr. C. F. George, 23 Bond St., Galt, Ont., and his letter is as follows:—

ADVERTISING COMPETITION.

"I have no hesitation in selecting Messrs. Gourlay, Winter and Leeming's for the following reasons: First, a strikingly graceful effect produced by the artistically correct border, which immediately catches the eye. Second, Extreme neatness of the style of type, together with the space surrounding the wording of the advertisement within

ONE DURABILITY

No matter how pleasing the tone of a piano may be, unless that tone endures there cannot be real satisfaction. This tone durability in

Gourlay Pianos

is secured through an exact knowledge of what to use, how and where to use it, and a vigilant supervision over every detail during construction. The name Gourlay is an assurance of reliability, and the piano itself a guarantee of its possessor's musical taste.

Ask for Booklet, "2500 Homes where Gourlay Pianos are used."

Write for Catalogue and Prices
GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING
188 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

the border. Third, Symmetrical and neat in general design. Fourth, Entire absence of 'squatiness,' of overcrowding, of inconsistencies in lettering, resulting in an artistic and harmonious ensemble."

C. F. GEORGE.

23 Bond St., Galt.

Among other letters worthy of special mention were those from E. W. White, St. Mary's, Ont; Paul Joubert, Winnipeg, Man.; W. H. Cowell, Dauphin, Man.; H. O. Richard, Chipman, N.B.; W. B. Spencer, Halifax, N.S.; and Mrs. Washington, Wolseley, Sask.

Of course, there must always be certain divergence of opinion as to what is artistic in an advertisement and what is not, and no one letter settles the matter definitely. Our idea in these competitions is not to find out which of our advertisers is doing the best work but rather to give our readers an opportunity of expressing their opinion with regard to the various advertisements which appear in this journal. These opinions are valuable to the publisher, and are valuable to the advertiser.

We had another purpose in starting these competitions. Few people will deny that the advertisements of the United States manufacturer are usually better than those of the Canadian manufacturer and we desire to show that the readers of the CANADIAN COURIER were noticing the quality of the various advertisements which appear in this and other national periodicals. As announced elsewhere, the competition this week is somewhat different. We are offering a prize for the best "criticism" of an advertisement which appears in this week's issue. This "criticism" need not necessarily be condemnatory. The best criticism would be that which contains some praise and some suggestion for improvement. Here then, is a chance to match your wits against your fellowmen, with a small prize added in the nature of a "savoury." Look over this issue carefully and send us a letter containing not more than one hundred and fifty words.

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GIVES HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Poorness of blood and low vitality destroy beauty and symmetry.

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Is the way to
Save Money
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Dress Well
Try it!
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DYOLA
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

JUST THINK OF IT!
Dyes Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye--No chance of mistakes. Fast and Beautiful Colors 10 cents, from your Druggist or Dealer. Send for Color Card and STORY Booklet. 76 The Jonsson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, the 2nd December 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between ABINGDON and WINONA from the 1st January next.

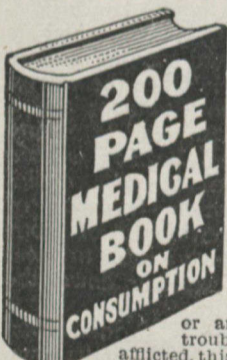
Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Abingdon, Winona and intermediate offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 18th October 1910.
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent

Ganong's
G.B.
Chocolates

THE LAST PIECE
IN THE BOX WILL
TASTE AS NICE
AS THE FIRST

Consumption Book FREE



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the **Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co.**, 1609 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

The ideal home ale that is absolutely pure is

Cosgrave's Pale Ale



A perfect liquid food. It will not cloud on the ice.

Bottled at the brewery only.

ENGLISH COMEDY IN CANADA

"Merry Wives of Windsor" and "The Thunderbolt" in our first two cities.

THE New Theatre Company of New York wound up its first visit to Canada—Montreal and Toronto—by a week ending last Saturday at the Royal Alexandra Theatre. They produced two things in Canada: one by Arthur Pinero called "The Thunderbolt"; one by William Shakespeare known as "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The latter was sub-titled on the programme, "A Farce in Five Acts." Montreal had the honour of being the birthplace of "The Thunderbolt" so far as the New Theatre Company and America are concerned. For once in the history of theatricals on this continent both Montreal and Toronto got ahead of New York in production. "The Thunderbolt" was rehearsed in both cities to get the kinks out of the machinery and to make smooth running for the New Theatre, which is the cathedral of dramatic art on this continent.

Eighty per cent. of the things we get in Canada are tried out in New York and get to us seasoned and mellow, even if a bit rickety in spots. The New Theatre people had faith enough in Canadian appreciation to try out "The Thunderbolt" here.

It must be said that of the two, Mr. Shakespeare's "farce" was the more popular. "The Thunderbolt" is quite as English; but relates to provincial England; a satire on sordid people, brothers and sisters of whom, one a wealthy bachelor brother has died apparently intestate. The play opens with a house of mourning; next of kin sorrowful, but needing the money. One relative is missing; an "illegitimate" daughter of the deceased in Paris unknown to the "next of kin." the revelation of the mystery over the will constitutes "The Thunderbolt"—which is a rather misleading title. The fact of the matter is that the wife of the youngest brother has destroyed the will. Being with the dying man in his last moments, she got access to the document which she found was drawn up in favour of the mysterious daughter in Paris who in due time arrives on the scene.

Pinero's art motive in writing the play seems to have been to satirise caste-ridden, shopkeeping provincial England. It was noticeable that the Canadian audience seemed to grip the situations very easily; which quite surprised a rather *blase* Londoner next to the writer.

"However can that sort of thing be expected to go here?" he said. "Do you mean to say that a democratic audience where grocers' daughters sit with the sons of financiers—"

"Provided the grocer is wholesale of course?"

"Ah! Exactly. And he may even sell meat. But how do these people who make no such sharp distinctions in society detect the subtleties of a play like that?"

"Well, evidently—we do. You see, we like to see England satirised quite as well as England herself does."

"Hm'm! I wonder how Canadians would enjoy seeing satires on Canada?"

"Oh, we get them—from English writers—occasionally; the chap, for instance, who comes out for a week's run across the continent and goes home to write a book about Canada."

"Ah!" he broke in. "I wonder—if that grocer's daughter hasn't destroyed the will?"

In truth, he had spotted the coming of the thunderbolt before the end of the first act; which is another tribute to Pinero's splendid technic.

The play was exceedingly well done. Perhaps it was done rather too well. It bore the marks of great study.

There was a good deal of the statue and the tableau. Those who have seen such delicious comedies as "The Tyranny of Tears" and "A Pair of Spectacles" sacred to the inimitable John Hare; not to mention the comedy satires of "G. B. S." may have wished for a greater degree of freedom in expression and less regard for mere stage technic.

There was no lack of interest however. The climax was convincing without being especially powerful. At the same time it gave evidence of great restraint and superb attention to stage business. Merely as the art of acting it left little to be desired. What it lacked was due in part to the genius of Pinero who seems to have copied the technical methods of Sardou. The "intellectual" element was never wanting.

"The characterisation seems to be good," I observed to the Londoner.

"But how do you know that?" he insisted. "You can't be familiar with provincial England here."

"Fudge! We're provincial ourselves."

"Well the characters surely are good."

"But you don't seem very exuberant."

"Well—there is a time for exuberance over a play. That is youth. You have plenty of youth in Canada."

"A bit green you mean."

"By no means. Merely you are not—*blase*. I am delighted that so excellently constructed and well acted a play goes here so well as it does."

But a Londoner of course knows his Pinero as well as he does his Shakespeare and his "G. B. S." and his Gilbert and Sullivan. The New Theatre Company succeeded in drawing big appreciative houses in Canada, without being less artistic or more emotional than they are in the New Theatre in New York.

Which is something.

Public Ownership

EDITORIALLY the Kingston *Standard* favours municipal ownership, but is opposed to government ownership. Commenting on a recent article in THE CANADIAN COURIER, the Kingston editor bases his arguments on men rather than theories. Inefficient management is the great fault of large municipal or government undertakings. He concludes:

"After all it seems to be a question of employing the right men to manage the business. Our own waterworks plant is a striking argument in favour of municipal ownership. Under private ownership very high rates were charged for water and not more than one-fifth of the people were using it. Now, the rates are one-third of what they formerly were and only a very small percentage of the population are non-users of water, and it is hoped that very soon every citizen in Kingston will have the city water piped into his house.

"It is, perhaps, too early to refer to the gas plant as a great success; but we may point to the fact that, although the city has owned it only four or five years, the prices of gas and electricity have both been reduced and the consumption of both has largely increased.

Municipal ownership, in Canada at all events, has not been proved a failure, however it may be with a state-owned business, to which on principle *The Standard* is opposed, for the reason that best results are gotten from private initiative

A Charming Dance Frock at a Very Reasonable Price, - \$35.⁰⁰

No. 4009

THIS Charming Evening Frock illustrates in a very convincing manner, our success in producing dainty and ultra stylish effects in good materials at very moderate prices.

No. 4009 is developed in fine quality Duchess Satin, hand embroidered, as shown in the cut. Your choice of high or low neck, and pleated or banded skirt. A complete range of shades, including ivory, sky, pink, heliotrope, champagne, gold, cream and bisque is available.

Our Special Price \$35.00

New Fall and Winter Catalogue.

Our sumptuous new Catalogue (No. 16), from which this illustration was taken can now be mailed promptly on request to readers of the "Courier." It is printed on heavy-coated paper and contains numerous fine half-tone illustrations of fashionable and stylish garments for Ladies—Millinery, Suits, Costumes, Dresses, Lingerie, Furs, etc., made in Murray-Kay's own work-rooms or imported by them from the fashion centres of Europe and America.

Ladies everywhere in Canada will find this Catalogue a valuable aid in the selection of their Fall and Winter Clothing.

WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY

MURRAY-KAY, LIMITED

(W. A. MURRAY & CO., LIMITED)
17 to 31 KING STREET E., - TORONTO

OUR SUBSCRIBERS

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CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT



Taylor's

Jap Lily Perfume

Jap Lily is our greatest triumph in perfumes. It has a most delightfully exotic odor that brings you the breath of the choicest blossoms that grow in the far-off "Flowery Kingdom." Jap Lily is just the perfume that refined women will like. It is powerful but it is not offensively strong—just a drop or two is all you need and the odor is wonderfully persistent. Your druggist has Jap Lily. Try it. You will be delightfully pleased.

John Taylor & Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada

[13]



Dirt & Drudgery Disappear

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you
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Old Dutch Cleanser

Full directions &
many uses on
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Toronto contains some special guar-
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able school. You are invited to Write
for it. Address: W. H. SHAW, Presi-
dent, 395 Yonge St., Toronto.

Mystery of the Tower

(Continued from Page 16).

"You are very young," said the Vicar.

"And your constitution is not im-
paired by these excesses," interrupt-
ed the doctor.

"And your appearance indicates
that they are not daily occurrences,"
resumed the clergyman.

"And you have now a chance to
turn over a new leaf," cried the
doctor.

"Yes, to reform," pleaded the
clergyman. "Think, young man, while
you are on this bed of pain, with re-
morse of the past, and determine to
make a fresh start when you once
again go out restored to health into
the busy marts of the world. Let
not—"

"What nonsense are you both talk-
ing?" broke in Marshall, abruptly.

"Do you deny that you had been
drinking on Monday afternoon?" ask-
ed the doctor, sharply.

"A lie!"

"Young man!" said the Vicar, with
stern emphasis.

"Oh——" Marshall checked himself
just in time. Then, despite his inju-
ries, he raised himself on his el-
bow and glared at the two men.
"Haven't you heard me say," he con-
tinued angrily, "that a murder was
committed, that it was witnessed, that
I saw the hand of the murdered
man——"

"Come, come," interrupted Doctor
Jennings, "I have no more time to
waste. The tower has been searched
from top to bottom. Nothing sus-
picious has been found—except the
bottle of whisky, nearly empty."

"Nothing found—whisky. Who
says so?" Percy sank back, biting
his lips with pain.

The doctor, with curt emphasis, told
him all.

"He lies!" cried Marshall, vehe-
mently, driven to desperation by his
own helplessness. "The body was
there. I saw the hand. I felt it on
my cheek."

"We must be patient with him,"
said the doctor, looking significantly
at the Vicar.

"Send for Miss Lee," cried Mar-
shall.

"She has disappeared," snapped the
doctor—"unfortunately for you."

"Disappeared?" cried Percy, aghast.
"Oh, there must be some mistake."

"The caretaker reports that she has
gone," said the Vicar; "as the doc-
tor says, 'unfortunately for you.'"

"Oh, stop your preaching," cried
the sick man, all his patience exhaust-
ed. "It is of her I am thinking. She
is alone, without friends; and I am
here, helpless."

"You are a romantic young man,"
said the doctor, sarcastically, while
the Vicar threw up his hands in dis-
may. "You go about discovering
imaginary murders and champion-
ing beautiful maidens. Think your-
self lucky to be laid up for a while;
you are out of mischief."

But Marshall did not heed him.
He was thinking of Margaret Lee.
Perhaps she needed him—and he lay
here like a log. He thought of the
woman in black and gold; of Marg-
aret in the clutches of the Gascoigne
woman—he was consumed with mad
anxiety.

"Oh, admit the truth," cried the
clergyman; "let pain teach its lesson."

"I have told the truth, and nothing
but the truth," cried the undaunted
sufferer. "Do you think I imagined
the fire?" he asked.

"We think you lit it," said the
doctor, sternly.

Percy Marshall raised his bandaged



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You Will Be Asking That Question Soon

It will go much further than you think—if you
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Unless it is pure wool it fails in both particulars.

Pure wool absorbs and dissipates moisture from the body,
so that it helps the skin to breathe and removes all impurity.

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fleeceiest wool. It is made with all possible care and
exactness.

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STEELE BLOCK, PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG.



right hand and pointed to the door.
"Go," he said, bitterly, "before you drive me mad."

"I've told you the plain facts," said the doctor, "so that you may dismiss all this stuff from your mind and have a chance to get well. You had something very like the D.T.'s and you got off uncommon light. Now drop it all; thank heaven for the kind attendance you have had, and for the generosity that refused to prosecute you."

"Prosecute me?" Percy's tone was indifferent. Nothing could surprise him now.

"Arson, man; can't you understand? This kind lady and this good clergyman are going to let you off."

Marshall broke into a harsh laugh. "Alas! unrepentant still," said Mr. Weekes, with deep gravity; "perhaps it might be for his good, doctor, that he should take the full consequences of his actions."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, do. Only leave me in peace."

"I never saw such stubbornness," cried the angry doctor. "My theory is perfect if he would only confess."

"Did I imagine the piece of yellow silk I found?" asked the stubborn one, remembering it in the nick of time.

"I've heard of no silk. Where is it?" said the doctor, sharply.

"In my coat pocket."

The doctor opened the door and instructed the nurse, who was waiting without, to bring up the young man's clothes. When they were brought he searched the pockets, once, twice, three times. There was no piece of silk there.

Marshall was not at all surprised to know this. It would have been strange if anything came right in this hideous nightmare of incidents.

"Did she bring the whisky bottle too?" he asked, sardonically.

But the Vicar received this evidence of hardened guilt with a sigh of deep regret. It was close on to the time for the next train to Herne Bay, and he had not yet got this young invalid into a promising frame of mind. He felt that he could do no more, and rose, saying that his curate should call the next day. He wished to deliver one final word of good advice, but the patient turned his face deliberately to the wall, and closed his eyes; and so the angry clergyman went downstairs armed with the conviction that he had been at the bedside of one who was an absolute "degenerate." Mr. Weekes had been reading a good deal about such people and firmly believed that they existed; and he knew that this degeneracy was sometimes hidden by the most promising exterior.

"Well?" Lady Yatton breathed the word with an impassioned eagerness.

"He would not confess. He is absolutely unrepentant, insolent."

Lady Yatton dropped into a chair, trembling.

"If he does this thing once he may again. The community—"

"We must risk that, Vicar," answered the lady, faintly. "He has suffered enough."

"You have too kind a heart, dear lady," he said, as he bade her farewell. "I pray that he may be led to a more contrite spirit. Douglas shall call to-morrow."

"Leave him in peace. If you cannot convert him, what chance has the curate?"

It was some time before the doctor appeared. Lady Yatton awaited his report with much impatience.

"I've wasted time I can't spare," he said, snapping his watch.

"Yes, now that you are alone you must be busy. Have you heard anything of your assistant?"

"Not a word. I've dressed that



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SURELY there is double the value in hosiery you can be absolutely sure will wear and fit better than any other kind costing the same price. You ARE sure of exactly that when your feet are clad in PEN-ANGLE Hosiery. For this is the kind sold under that notable guarantee printed below.

Read the Guarantee printed here. You will then be sure that the largest hosiery mill in Canada would not risk its capital on such a Guarantee unless it had the goods to make good. Reasons for this Guarantee are few and simple:

FOR LADIES
No. 1760—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns, 2-ply leg, 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving strength where needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.
No. 1020—Same quality as 1760, but heavier. Black only. Box of 3 pairs \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.
No. 1150—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg, 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.
No. 1720—Fine quality Cotton Hose.

Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.
No. 1175—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

FOR MEN
No. 2404—Medium weight Cashmere. 2-ply Botany yarn with special "Everlast" heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500—"Black Knight" winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splice heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1090 — Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

No. 330—"Everlast" Cotton socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

Chosen excellence in the cotton and cashmere yarns, for the first reason.

For the others, being knit on machines we alone may use in Canada—machines that knit the hosiery to fit truly, with reinforced strength-for-wear at the places the wear comes

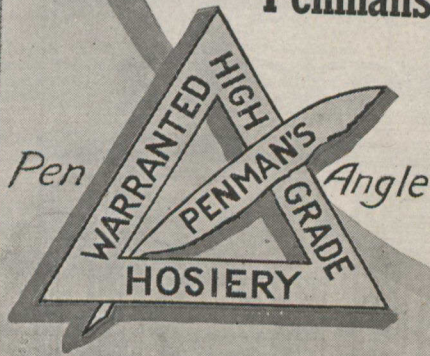
And seamless! Think what foot-ease that assures! Seamless!

Remember the name and the trademark next time you go shopping. You might as well get this double-value as only half as much.

ORDER THIS WAY
Ask at the store first. If they cannot supply you, state number, size of shoe or stocking and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. Remember we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box. **BE SURE TO MENTION SIZE.**

ADDRESS AS BELOW:

Penmans, Limited, Dept. 40 Paris, Canada



PEN ANGLE Hosiery

READ THIS REMARKABLE GUARANTEE
We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge. 55

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A clean, pure food, delicious and strengthening. Keeps the body full of rich, warm blood.

Tastes good these chilly mornings—heat biscuit in oven, pour hot milk over it and salt to taste. Just try it.

Sold by all grocers, 13c. a carton, two for 25c.

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Write to us regarding our terms for special representation of the Canadian Courier in your territory.

Circulation Bureau
Canadian Courier, Toronto

CALABASH

High Grade

"SMOKING MIXTURE"



2 oz. tin costs	25c
4 " " "	40c
8 " " "	75c
16 " " "	\$1.50

PACKED IN HUMIDOR TINS

chap's hands, and he is progressing amazingly. He was so much better that I told him the whole truth."

"So I gathered. Oh, was it well?" she cried, clasping her hands.

"The right thing," he answered. "He's as stubborn as a mule; won't admit that he was drunk at all, but ground his teeth with pain, and sneered at us. I am almost convinced, I fear—madness."

"Madness!" she whispered the word, starting violently.

The doctor looked steadily at her. "Yes. I may bring a colleague, and if he agrees we will send him to—"

"Yes, yes," she breathed, coming close to him, "to—"

"An asylum, my lady."
Lady Yatton sank back into a chair, panting.

(To be continued.)

Our National Anthems

Apropos of our national anthem dispute two readers have sent the COURIER suggested solutions—at least in part; one a national song to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," which in our judgment, would be a very ticklish business; the other an extension of "God Save the King."

To the Editor CANADIAN COURIER.

Sir,—In your issue of Oct. 8th there is a discussion about a national anthem for Canada. What is wrong with "My Canada, My Canada," a copy of which I enclose.

This song was written by Mr. Thomas C. Robson in 1890. It has appeared in a number of Canadian publications.

My Canada, My Canada!

(Air Auld Lang Syne.)

My Canada! My Canada!
How beats my heart for thee,
Thou home of many pure delights,
Thou land of liberty.
And shall we strike thy grand old flag
To do another's will?
Oh God of Battles! grant that we
May prove we're English still.

Yes! English still, or Gael, or Scot,
Or from fair Erin's throne,
We love thy tri-une banner yet
And claim it as our own.
The meteor flag, the tri-une flag,
To all our fathers dear;
Oh, may our children gather round
For many a circling year.

Should hostile legions in their wrath
Come on us like a sea,
Make strong our arm, God of Sabasth
To keep our country free.
But if it be Thy will, oh God,
To chasten us on high,
Oh, say not, live the tyrant's slave
But let us free men die.

I may add that Mr. Robson is a backwoods' farmer, having resided 27 years in Ontario and ten in Manitoba. He is the author of three small books of poems, "Petti-wah-wah Una in the Wilderness," etc.

Yours truly,
A Reader in the West.

God Bless Canada.

A NOTHER suggestion for a national hymn sent to the CANADIAN COURIER from Winnipeg, favours a Canadian version of "God Save the King."

God bless fair Canada,
Long thrive our Canada,
God bless our land.
Send her prosperity,
Peace, love and unity,
And from adversity
Save Canada.

Choice gifts from out Thy store
Thou hast been pleased to pour,
Long may we guard
Protected by Thy might
And guided by Thy light,
Firm for the truth and right,
Keep Canada.

—J. A. McANDREW.

A MARTYR TO HEADACHES?

NA-DRU-CO HEADACHE WAFERS

25c. a Box at your druggist's.

will make life comfortable for you again.

They relieve the worst headache in 30 minutes or less.

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 31

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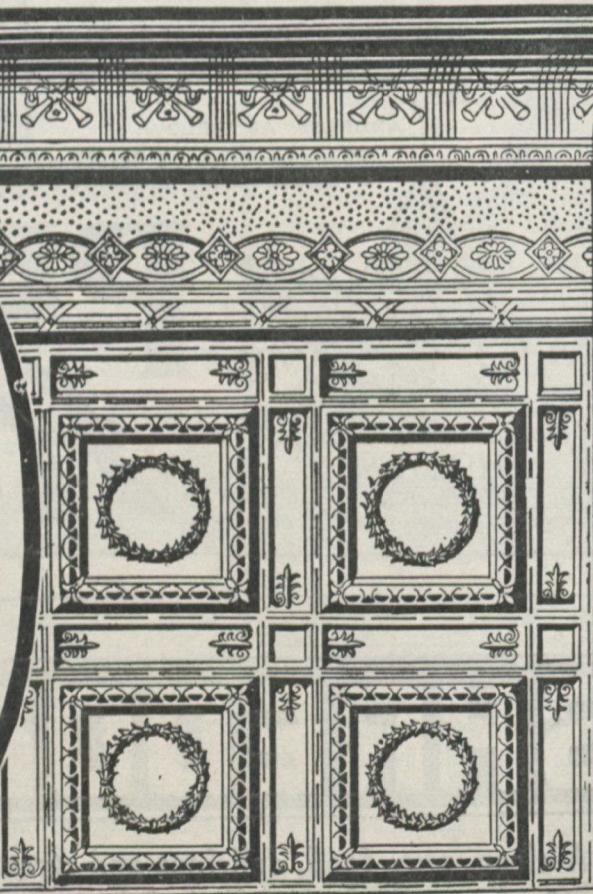
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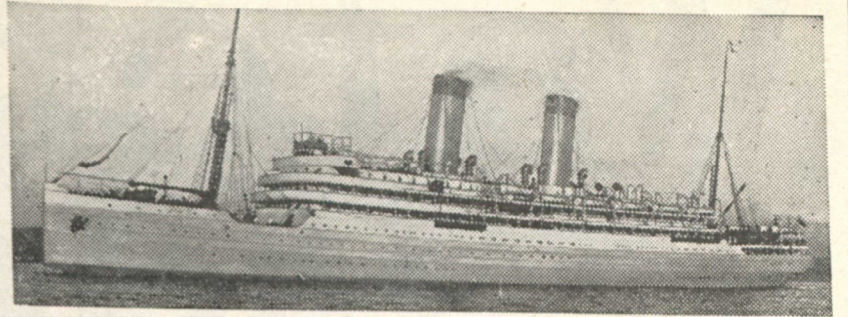
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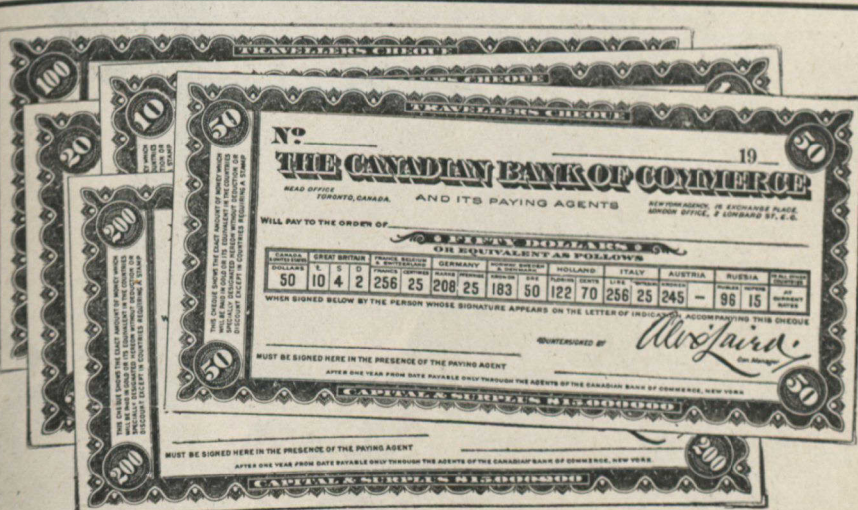
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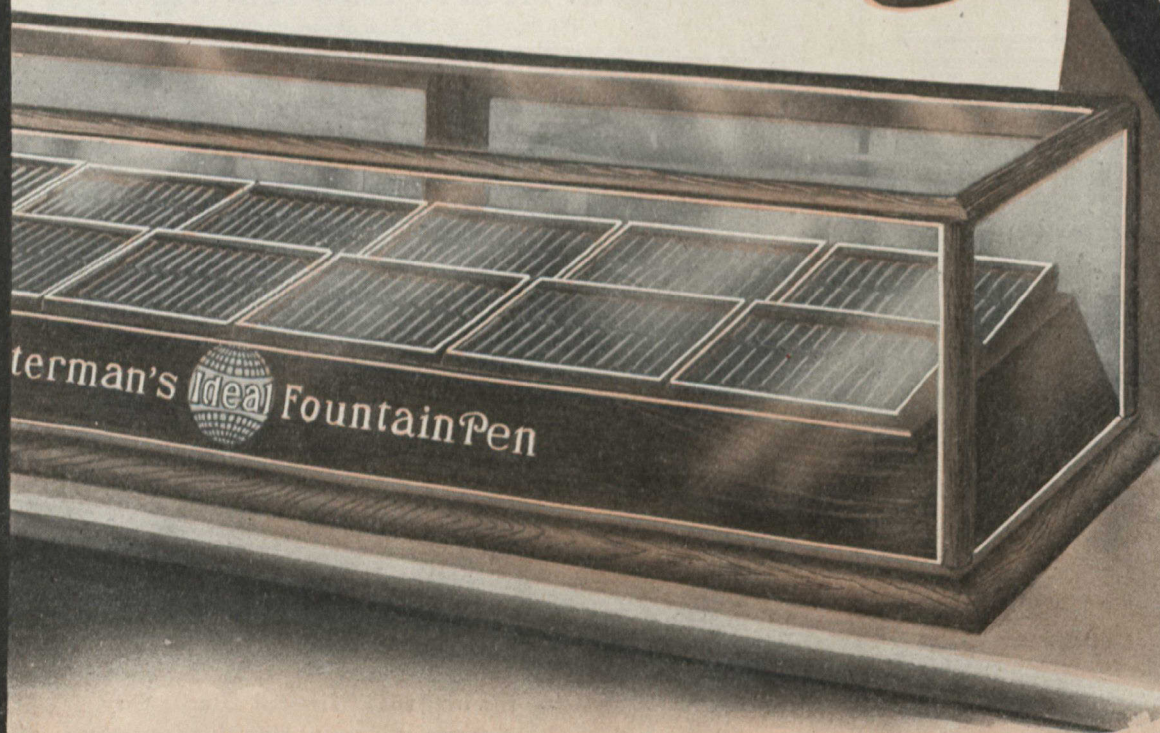
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