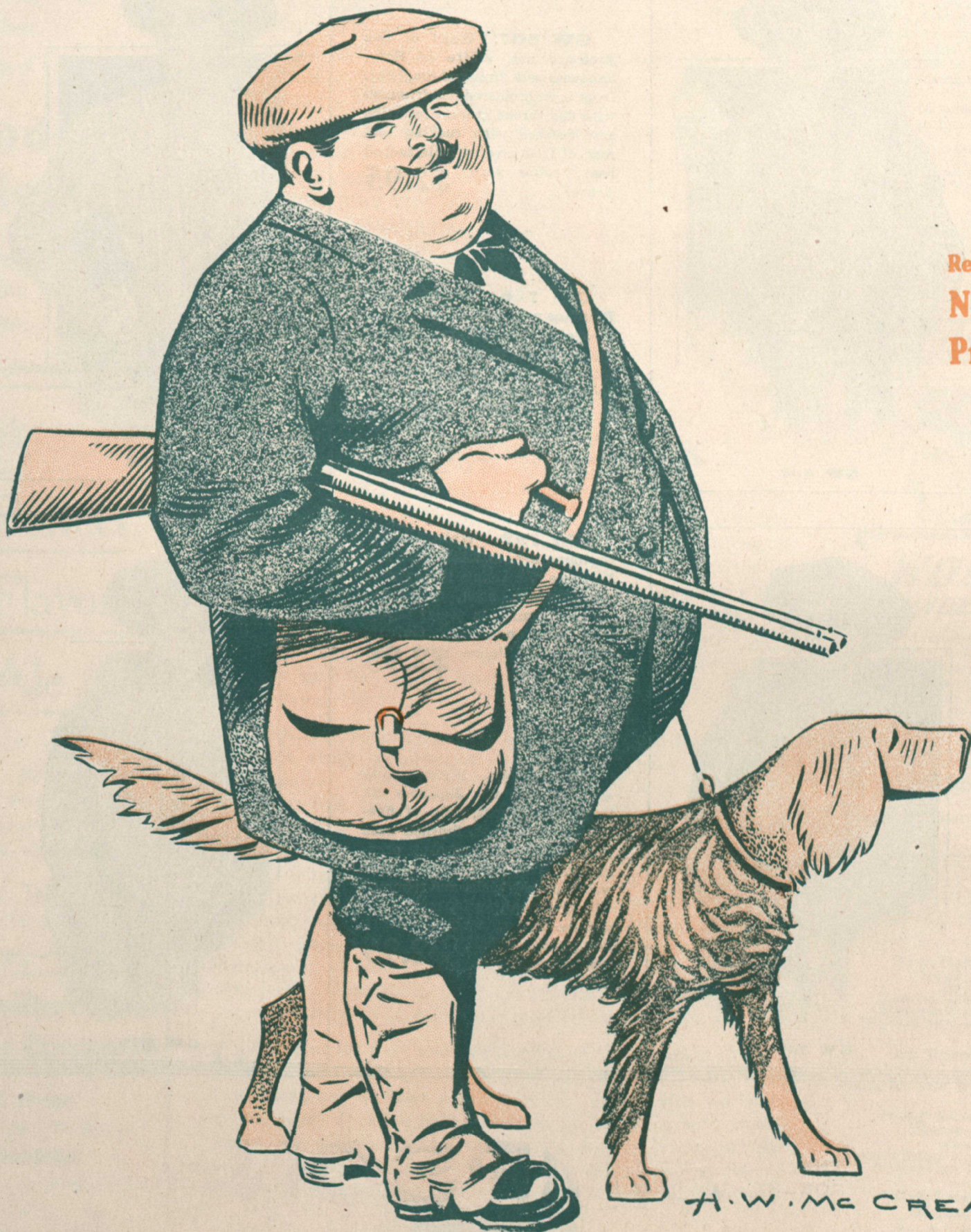


The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

A PROMINENT barrister in Saint John, New Brunswick, writes us a crushing letter in which he says: "I understood when I subscribed to the paper that I was subscribing to an independent paper, not to a Liberal Organ." Isn't that a rebuke worth reproducing? Just think of the laughter which will come from the Privy Council Room at Ottawa, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier gets this issue and reads this paragraph! Perhaps Lord Grey will be forced to cancel his subscription also, when he gets the opinion of our learned friend from the City-by-the-Bay-of-Fundy.

SPEAKING more seriously, we would point out that we support every government in Canada whether Liberal or Conservative. It could not be otherwise. Carping criticism would not look well in a national weekly. We must commend what is best in all constituted authority, and encourage reform and progress wherever it is possible to do so. We must discuss public affairs, not politics. A journal which aims to be read by every foreigner who is interested in Canadian affairs and also by the leaders of public opinion throughout the Empire, could not possibly discuss party rivalries nor the shortcomings of any government. Besides, we prefer to be constructive rather than destructive. Helping to build up Canada is a more important duty than helping to defeat one politician by electing another.

OUR plans for the Christmas number of the Canadian Courier are nearly completed. It will be the largest and most expensive issue we have ever sent forth. It will also, we hope, be the best. It will not be accompanied by lithograph supplements, but will have all its value tucked into its well-illustrated pages. The four-colour cover is from a design by Miss Estelle Kerr, who is undoubtedly the best woman designer in Canada.



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37

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E3-200C.—This handsome College Ulster or Motor Coat combines both style and utility. It is made of 30-ounce dark brown cheviot with an olive stripe, the lining being of fancy serge. It has one inside and three outside pockets with flaps, and a tight-fitting stand-up collar, as in cut. All materials have been properly shrunk, even to the linen tape stays, and extra hair cloth lining has been used wherever additional support is necessary. In fact nothing has been overlooked even to the most minute detail. **16.50**



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T H E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 6

Toronto, October 23rd, 1909

No. 21

RECENTLY it was pointed out in these pages that Canada has almost as acute social problems as Great Britain, population considered. A nation of seven million people scattered over a generous extent of territory should not have anything like the extreme conditions which prevail among forty-five million people crowded into an extremely small territory. Yet, owing to the large population of foreigners and other new settlers, some of our cities have social problems equal in degree though not in size to the problems of the cities of Great Britain. Montreal and Winnipeg especially have social problems which are quite large enough to tax the resources of the civic authorities.

Just the other day, a Methodist minister attending a church conference at Ottawa felt it necessary to point out the unsatisfactory social and sanitary conditions in the "north end" of Winnipeg. His remarks aroused much resentment when published in the Winnipeg newspapers and some of his opinions have been warmly attacked. Nevertheless, we may be quite sure that he had some solid reasons for his remarks. He may have painted the picture in colours which are too strong, but there is some justification for the picture. A city which has grown as fast as Winnipeg and which contains so large a percentage of ignorant and impecunious foreigners, must necessarily have much educative mission work to perform. These people do not always appreciate fresh air and are not always given to cleanliness and high moral living. They will crowd themselves together in small houses and are certain to breed fever and pestilence unless closely watched. They have much lower standards of morality than those which obtain among native Canadians and their virtues are neither so numerous nor so well defined. To raise their standards of private conduct, decent living and civic virtue to a reasonable level is a task which will long tax the resources of the civic and provincial authorities of the Western provinces.



EVERY nation is doomed to a continual struggle with its own peculiar economic, social and religious problems. Evil men and women, selfish rulers of various grades, unwise and reckless legislators, selfish and grasping land-owners and millionaires exist in every country. The idle poor, the decadent pauper, the destructive socialist or anarchist are also to be found in every civilised community. Add to these the religious fanatics and theological fakirs and there is seen to be a conglomerate reactionary element. Japan, China, Russia, Italy, Spain, Great Britain or the United States—the problems are pretty much the same. The newer the civilisation, the smaller should be these problems. This is the reason why Canada suffers less than the United States and why the United States suffers less than European countries. Nevertheless, Canadians have no justification for folding their hands and trying to make themselves believe that the social and economic problems of the day are confined to the Old World.



FOR example, the land-hunger which is disturbing Great Britain and Ireland to-day is a problem-in-sight for Canada. In another ten years, all the "homestead" land owned by the various governments will have been taken up. In ten years every acre of accessible agricultural land will have passed into the hands of farmers, land-companies, railway companies and speculators. Then all land will begin to rise in value at a terrific rate and the land-hunger will come into existence. Already rich men are beginning to accumulate estates. In ten years these estates will have greatly increased in number. In twenty-five years, we will have a well-established landlord system. In half a century, the man who is landless but ambitious to own a little plot on which to grow enough to support a wife and family, will be forced to pay a high price for a small farm. If the

REFLECTIONS

By STAFF WRITERS

price is too high, he will gather in the by-ways of the great cities and add to the number of grunting, grumbling, dangerous poor. These problems cannot be avoided, but their severity may be modified by wise legislation.



THIS picture is not drawn to create despair. Rather, would we arouse a sensible people to action. The public domain should be preserved for posterity. Canada has arrived at the point where it would be wise for the Dominion Government to cease giving free-grant land. During the past five years much land worth \$5, \$10, \$15 and even \$20 an acre has been given free of charge by the Dominion Government to new settlers. This encourages new settlers but it lessens the public wealth and impairs the heritage of future generations. Is it wise to give everything to the present generation?

We are all anxious to see the population grow, to see the land brought under cultivation, to see our cities expand and to have our industries and our commerce increase. It is a reasonable desire, but should it not be reasonably controlled? Would it not be a reasonable policy to reserve some of the present valuable public domain for the native-born Canadians of the future? Sixty thousand United States farmers came into Canada last year and received free farms. This year there will be seventy thousand. Next year there will be one hundred thousand. This is all very well; these are good settlers and they are welcome. But what about the sons of Canadian farmers who want land ten years from to-day, fifteen years hence, twenty-five years hence? If we have nothing to give them, will they be satisfied when they are told, "The Government gave it all away to foreigners in the early years of the century." Will they be pleased when we tell them to go to the land companies and to private speculators?



THESE are questions which should be seriously considered by the Minister of the Interior and by the House of Commons. A date should be fixed, after which free-grant land within the Western provinces shall not be given away except in limited quantities. Indeed the problem is more pressing in the West than it is in Ontario and Quebec. The unoccupied land of the West is much more valuable and is more eagerly sought than the unoccupied land of the East. Ontario and Quebec have more Crown-owned land to-day than Alberta and Saskatchewan; yet these two eastern provinces part with their land less willingly than do the authorities who control the Crown domain in Saskatchewan and Alberta.

It is the business of statesmen to look into the future, foresee its needs and its problems and to take such present action as in their wisdom seems advisable. We would respectfully suggest to the Administration at Ottawa that the question of limiting the distribution of free-grant land is one demanding serious consideration. The tremendous crop in the West this year has made all Western land almost double in value. There is no longer any necessity of giving land free to induce settlement. We venture the opinion that the abolition of homesteading forever would not seriously retard the advance of the Western settlements. If we are right in our impression, then homesteading and pre-empting should be speedily abolished except under special circumstances and for unusual reasons.



WINNIPEG is still pressing its claims on the Dominion Government for a grant of two and a half million dollars for the Selkirk Centennial. This claim is endorsed by Alberta and Saskatchewan. Why not take the next million acres of free-grant land and sell it at \$2.50 an acre and give the proceeds to the West for this event which it so much desires? The original request to the Ottawa authorities embodied a similar suggestion. Of course, the consent of the Alberta and Saskatchewan legislatures, the parties

most concerned, should be obtained before such a policy is decided upon. Judging from their attitude towards Winnipeg's request, they would likely be agreeable.



WINNIPEG is getting more and more determined about this Selkirk celebration in 1912. It now proposes to raise a million dollars itself. Half a million is to be raised by a civic grant. The City Council has decided to petition the Legislature for power to submit a by-law to raise this half-million. A similar amount is to be raised by public subscription for the stock in an exhibition company. The three provinces most concerned will contribute a half million in buildings and exhibits, making a total local contribution of one and a half million. Two and a half million from the sale of free-grant lands now owned by the Dominion Government would bring the total up to four millions. It looks somewhat extravagant, but if the West wants it and thinks it advisable, their wishes should be considered.



LATER returns from the various provinces show that the Canadian harvest of 1909 is even larger than anticipated. The total grain crop will amount to 350,000,000 bushels, by far the largest in the Dominion's history. Further, the quality of the grain is slightly better than usual, thus giving it a higher value than in other years. For example, Saskatchewan wheat grades 92.95 as against 61 last year, and Alberta spring wheat grades 89.05 as against 77. A large crop, of high quality, selling at unusually high prices, spells prosperity of an extraordinary kind.



ROMAN Catholic writers who speak of the work of Protestants among the Ruthenians in the West as "wolves ravaging the sheep-fold" are not advancing the great cause of Christianity. To speak of another church in these words is unwise: "The Greeks are sending renegade priests as well as their own schismatic kind among them." Yet these two statements appear in the *Catholic Register* of September 30th. Surely the time has gone by when Protestants and Roman Catholics are to regard each other as enemies of mankind and of religious progress.

Equally unwise are the remarks of the *Orange Sentinel* when it speaks as follows: "How foolish it would be to neglect the multitude of ignorant and dependent people who are eager to escape the tyranny and superstition of their ancient forms of religion! The design of the Roman Church is to prevent their assimilation, to foster their national tongues and customs, to keep them ignorant and dependent on herself, and thereby to make them so many pawns for her use on the political chess-board." Surely the Orangemen of Ontario are not so embittered as to encourage such language in their official organ. That the writings of Roman Catholic critics of Protestant missionary

actions are equally strong is neither a complete nor a satisfactory answer.

There is plenty of work among Canada's new settlers for both Protestants and Roman Catholics, and there should be no quarreling. Even if it were not inimical to the Christian spirit, it would be forbidden by the national importance of giving these newcomers adequate educational, social and religious advantages. Canada has little to fear from either Protestant or Roman Catholic, but it has much to fear from those who have no religion and who have moral standards far below those to which we are accustomed on this continent. Let Protestant and Roman Catholic unite in solving the greatest social problem which this country has ever been called upon to face.



THE *Winnipeg Telegram* continues its attack upon the idea of a Canadian navy built in Canada. It reiterates its opinion that a Canadian navy cannot be built in this country without graft and "illicit profits," and that even when it is built it will be but a "toy." It will be a small isolated unit, of no value either to Canada or Great Britain. Even after it is in commission, Canada will still be forced to rely for protection on the British navy. It concludes:

"Would it be possible to conceive of anything more unmanly, more inconsistent with Canadian dignity? Canada's dependence on the British navy is to change not in reality but merely in form. We are to spend money for naval purposes it is true, but the main motive is to reap the incidental benefits of the expenditure without regard to the effectiveness of the fleet as a national safeguard or as an auxiliary to the British navy."

These remarks are quoted because it is well that the country should recognise that there is not a unanimous opinion in favour of the Government's scheme. The *Winnipeg Telegram* represents an important section of the public and its views must be considered. It is quite true that this Conservative journal is not in line with the view of Mr. Borden, the Conservative leader. In a recent address at Halifax, Mr. Borden declared that "out of our own materials, by our own labour and by the instructed skill of our own people, any necessary provision for our own naval defence should be made." Mr. Borden thinks such a policy would give stimulus and encouragement to the ship-building industry. He, however, agrees to some extent with the *Winnipeg Telegram* in that he doubts if the Government will do the work without corruption and mismanagement.

It is unfortunate that the record of both Conservatives and Liberals at Ottawa gives colour to the suggestion that there may be too much politics and too little business method in the new ship-building era. It is quite possible that there may be some "graft" in connection with the undertaking. He would be a daring gambler who would make a wager that such would not occur. Nevertheless this is a feature of our public life which should be fought by itself, mainly through an extension of Civil Service Reform. To say that we shall stop undertaking public work because some politician may get a "rake-off" seems, to us, somewhat ridiculous.



THE APPLE-PICKERS IN THE FRUIT PROVINCES

The only Provinces that do not have orchard scenes like these are Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Canadian apples are a good crop this year; prices good. One Ontario farmer this year made \$2,800 off an orchard of thirty-six acres.

Photo by Murphy, Goderich

MEN OF TO-DAY

The Conservation Commission

THE commission for the conservation of national resources in Canada is the nearest approach possible to the dignity of a college with the efficiency of a great business enterprise. Some notable names appear on this commission. Many of the members—mostly cabinet ministers—are *ex officio* and as such we have not included them in the present selection. But the working, active members have been chosen from every province and from almost every walk of life. Many are scholars; some are business men; some professional men; some politicians; all good men.

One of the most notable of the group is Prof. B. E. Fernow, who stands pre-eminently for the conservation of that historic Canadian resource—the tree. Prof. Fernow is the peer of any living man in his knowledge of trees. He has spent all of a rather long life in studying forestry. Born in Posen, Prussia, in 1851, he came to America when a mere lad and began a career of struggle such as might have carried him to financial eminence had he been of a commercial turn. Prof. Fernow, however, has a passion. It is trees. Not the money contained in trees; neither the mere poetry of the forest; but enough of both to make him a profound working force in any attempt—now becoming almost a national obsession—to save the wealth of the forest. Trees are his hobby and his fad; they are with him in his walking and his standing, his down-sitting and his uprising; trees—that once made half the geography and much of the wealth and industry of Canada.

Dr. Bernhard Fernow was a national conserver long before he ever saw Canada. He was called the "Father of Forestry" in the United States. Largely thanks to him that the United States has a national forestry service. How he came to America—was very considerably a backwoods romance also. In Munden he met a United States girl; followed her to America—and found his romance culminating in a backwoods charcoal works in Pennsylvania where he was manager for four years. There he got wise to the waste in the American tree. He resolved to become a forester; went to New York and stuck up a sign; encountered a "frost"—which drove him out to beat up business; whence came the American Forestry Congress; also later the Association; also the Division of Forestry in the United States Department of Agriculture. Dr. Fernow's rise to efficiency and eminence in the work of forestry has been almost as rapid as the flight of a cat up a tree. He fell heir to a lot of titles both from United States and Canadian universities. He became the director of the first technical school of forestry in the United States—at Cornell University. The State College of Pennsylvania gave him a similar commission. That was the year before he came to Canada—1907; since when at the University of Toronto he has been Dean of Forestry in a land where trees are still something to keep. Dr. Fernow has a large work to do in Canada. He has begun to do much of it. On the Commission for the Conservation of National Resources there is no abler man than the Dean of Forestry in the University of Toronto.

A Dairying Medical Doctor

THE butter and cheese lectures of Dr. Henri S. Beland have had considerable influence on the dairying industry of Quebec. Dr. Beland is a medical man and a member of parliament. At Ottawa, he is known as the man with the biggest majority ever polled by a member in Canada—3405 votes—and as a red-hot opponent of an export duty on pulpwood. He came originally from Louisville, Quebec. He is an arts graduate of Three Rivers, and got the M. D. degree at Laval. Four years after he left college he came into

political honours, being elected to the Legislative Assembly of Quebec in 1897. He put in two terms of parliamentary apprenticeship at M. P. P., and then in 1902 dropped a "P" from his title for the Federal House.

* * *

Educational Expert

UNIVERSITY men have a habit of writing books about national resources—a great many of them highly theoretical. Prof. Mavor of Toronto wrote a literary dissertation on the Western wheat crop a few years ago and became temporarily a public man. Professor Howard Murray of Dalhousie College, Halifax, has published no work on his particular subject, but everybody in intellectual Nova Scotia recognises his claim to knowledge of the best national resource of any country—its boys and girls. Professor Murray is an *alumnus* of Dalhousie, Toronto, London and Edinburgh. He has sat in the classical chair at Dalhousie since 1894. In 1906 he became a member of the Advisory Board of Education for Nova Scotia. His counsel to that body resulted in a wholesale renovation of the High School curriculum, which was getting rather old-fashioned.

* * *

Friend of the Farmers

MR. BENJAMIN ROGERS knows something about natural resources. He comes from the largest farm in the world, the million-acre farm of Prince Edward Island. Mr. Rogers was born at Redegne, P.E.I., in 1837. Till he was twenty-one he figured mostly at the village school; following the plough-handles in his spare time. Then he dropped into business. Twenty years later he was a member of the Legislature. He has been in politics ever since. During thirty years' career as a public man he has done some good constructive work for the government of his island home. His energies have been directed to agricultural improvements. He was the first commissioner of agriculture of Prince Edward Island. The little detached province is probably the most fertile island for its size in the world. The fame of its oats, potatoes, and hay is due in no small way to Mr. Benjamin Rogers.

* * *

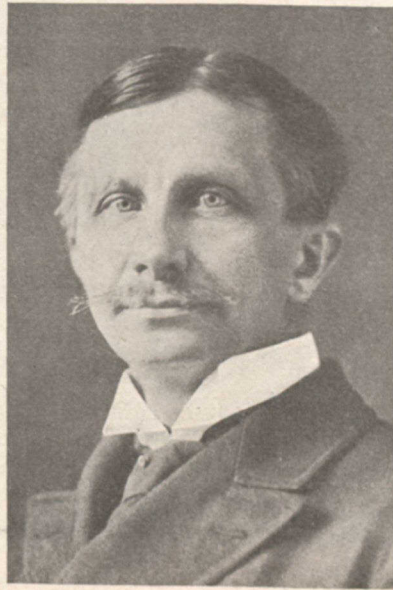
The Man on Mathematics

MR. C. C. JONES, like Professor Murray, is another professional university man on the Conservation Commission. Mr. Jones is from the neighbouring province of New Brunswick. He is a mathematical expert and will do all the figuring for the board when it gets down to the cold facts. He is well qualified for the job. Mr. Jones first began to revel in the mysteries of algebraic formulae as a freshman at the University of New Brunswick in 1893. He got his degree there in due course and then crossed over to Harvard. In 1898 he was associate professor of mathematics at Acadia. In 1903 he resigned and became a student once more—this time at Chicago. Three years later Mr. Jones came into a full professorship of mathematics at his alma mater. The old school was glad to see him back. The same year of his return he was given the chancellor's robes.

* * *

Long on Lumber

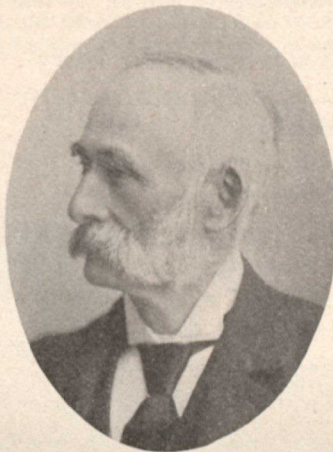
MR. FRANK DAVISON knows all about lumber. Lumbering runs in his family. It is a legend of Queen's County, Nova Scotia, of how his grandfather away back in 1760 became a hewer of wood, and founded the extensive lumber business which his descendants have carried on to this day. Mr. Davison has had his hand in that business. He is also agent for half a dozen other large concerns of a similar nature. His knowledge of the great industry is not merely local. In all parts of the globe he has studied the forest problem in every phase. When the Commission sits he will be able to talk pulpwood with Dr. Beland, and will no doubt offer some very practical suggestions to Dr. Fernow. Indeed the outstanding characteristic of this commis-



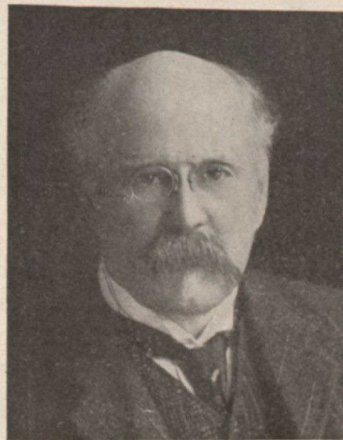
Prof. B. E. Fernow,
Eminent Authority on Trees



Mr. C. C. Jones,
Chancellor, University of New Brunswick



Mr. Benjamin Rogers,
Agricultural Expert, P.E.I.



Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P.,
Representative from Ontario



Mr. Frank Davison,
A Nova Scotia Lumber King



Dr. Henri S. Beland, M.P.,
Representative from Quebec



Prof. Howard Murray,
Educationist, Nova Scotia



SILENCE VS. CHATTER.

I THINK that I have discovered the solution of a great mystery—why men do not like to go out to social functions when women like it so much. The solution is simplicity itself. Social functions are managed by the ladies and are run on the system they prefer. If men managed them and ran them as they would like, the ladies not only would not enjoy attending them but as a rule they would utterly refuse to be seen at them. The difference between a woman's idea of how human beings should behave when brought together, and a man's, is illustrated every time one attends an "afternoon tea" and then goes on to his club. From the moment he enters the reception rooms of his fair hostess until he escapes to get his hat, he is expected to talk. Rapid-fire conversation is the universal rule. He must make an effort to get to every person he knows in the room who sees him, and to immediately tear off a few feet of "pom-pom" chatter. Everybody else is doing the same thing, so he is happily conscious that his inanities are not overheard. He is not even certain that they are heard by the party at whom they are shot. But this does not matter. The main thing is to appear communicative and affable.

* * *

IF a brute man were to enter such a reception room, ignore everybody in the room except for a curt nod to any one whom he happened to stumble over, make for the fireplace and settle down in an arm-chair to a half-hour of musing silence, he would be universally voted a boor. Indeed, such conduct would so far throw the average lady-like function off its balance as to break it up and justify the calling in of the police. Yet that is precisely what this much harried man will do when he escapes from the "afternoon tea" and gets to his club. And no one will feel that he has done other than behaved himself with due decorum and a perfect recognition of the conventionalities. He hasn't felt any thought arising in his mind that called for utterance, and so he has not been conscious of any obligation to speak. In fact, if he talked for politeness' sake—as he had just been doing at his lady hostess's—the boys would vote him a "boor"—which, after all, is infinitely worse than a boor—and they would not hesitate to let him feel their displeasure. He would have offended the conventionalities of club life, and they would do something much more effective than sending for the police.

* * *

BUT how would the ladies like that sort of behaviour? Not at all. For what do human beings come together at all if not to exchange thought, they would ask. If a man intends to encase himself in silence, why should he not stay at home? But watch your resting club man by his sleepily flickering grate fire. Presently a fragment of talk from two or three other members awakes his ear. They may be discussing Shakespearean acting or they may be telling the inner facts about the latest political "deal"; but the subject, whatever it is, awakens in him a desire to put his opinion or knowledge into the common stock. So without preamble or apology—either would be regarded as affectation—he joins in with a crisp remark; and the first thing he knows, he is launched on the bosom of a brisk discussion. But he is enjoying it. He is talking because he wants to talk and because he thinks that he has something to say. Presently the conversation may take a shift or some of the talkers may abruptly go away; and he again relapses into silence. But it is a contented silence. He has talked when he wanted to and he has stopped when he wanted to; and no one will ever criticise him for talking too little or stopping too soon.

* * *

IT is possible that the "salon" may have brought the sexes together in a fashion agreeable to both. This could only be done if the ladies were willing to be treated much as men treat each other, and if most of the persons concerned were good talkers and enjoyed the exercise. Both of these requirements appear to have existed pretty

fairly in the French "salons" of a couple of centuries ago; and they certainly seem to have struck the top note of social intercourse so far as history has recorded it. But to say that all people should meet in "salon" fashion is like saying that all people should sing. Many of us lack the capacity. So long as the world shall last, people will come together who bore each other; and the best we can hope is that they will mitigate as far as possible their sufferings by relaxing the regulations which do not permit either the borers or the bored to rest for a moment. Not all club men are brilliant; but the customs of a club do not require the man with a tin whistle to keep going as industriously as the man with a bass viol. Male convention allows a fellow-being to keep silence when he has nothing to say and knows it; and it actively encourages him to keep silence when he has nothing to say and doesn't know it.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Uncle Sam's Sport

UNCLE SAM is undergoing his annual sporting spasm and the whole of his glorious republic seems to have suspended business while the more serious question of final baseball supremacy is being settled. The American is not a sport lover of the same type as the Briton. The latter likes to do things on the field, the former to see them done. "We have eaten; let us go out and kill something," has been given as the Englishman's idea of pleasure. "Before we eat let us go out and see something" more fittingly describes the American. He likes to take his sport sitting down and in small doses between his office and his dinner. But once a year he forgets himself and that is at the annual struggle for the baseball championship. Then his business, his comfort and some of his meals are forgotten in his over-weening desire to see something big. He travels from afar and stands in line for long hours to get an opportunity to let loose his lungs at some chap whose name in print has become a part of his daily reading. He glories in the fact that he has been there and next morning reads with great gusto the newspaper reports that show the gate receipts to be greater than has been.

For sport, like everything else in the United States, is largely measured in dollars and cents. The ball player draws a salary that speaks his ability and sets the standard of his popularity. The noise at a ball game is largely in proportion to that salary, and the space he occupies in the newspapers is in keeping.

Baseball in its finished state is a performance rather than a sport. It is the theatre with the added interest of competition. It gives one city a chance to speak its rivalry of another. It furnishes a topic of conversation in which all grades of intellect may meet on an equal footing. It is as uncertain as horse racing and the ignorant are just as apt to be right as the well-informed. It is thus suited to all the requirements of a cosmopolitan nation and admirably fitted for furnishing a business community with a lapse from routine.

Whether baseball is the American national sport, or whether the real sporting spirit of the children of Washington is represented by Wall Street, must always remain more or less an open question. But at present baseball is the one phase of finance that is occupying the attention of the entire American people.

J. K. M.

Men of To-Day—Concluded

sion is its mixture of practical experience and theoretical knowledge. Mr. Davison is one of those who represents the former most, but the latter also. He should be an influence of considerable power.

* * *

Big Man With Famous Name

FITTING it is that Mr. Edmund Boyd Osler, M.P., should be a member of a natural resources commission. There is no single individual in Canada, perhaps, who has made greater wealth out of his confidence in the growing value of Canadian lands. Of course, he has done other things. Primarily he is a broker, but having been labelled such since 1867 he has so arranged his business that most of the real work is done by partners and employees. To-day his interests are divided between assisting Mr. Borden to manage the Conservative party, and looking after his large railway, steamboat and land investments.

Mr. Osler is one of that famous Simcoe County family which gave Oxford its first Canadian professor; nor is he the least of that group of brilliant men. When a man is a member of parliament, a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and president of numerous important financial organisations, he need not depend upon famous brothers for a reputation. The story of his defeat when a candidate for the mayoralty of Toronto is one of the most interesting in his career. The cry was raised that a millionaire and a director of the C. P. R. could not be trusted. He was defeated—and Toronto has been ashamed ever since. A more honourable man never lived, and he will be both an ornament and an influential member of this important commission.



Hon. Frank Oliver

Premier Walter Scott

Lady Grey

Premier Rutherford

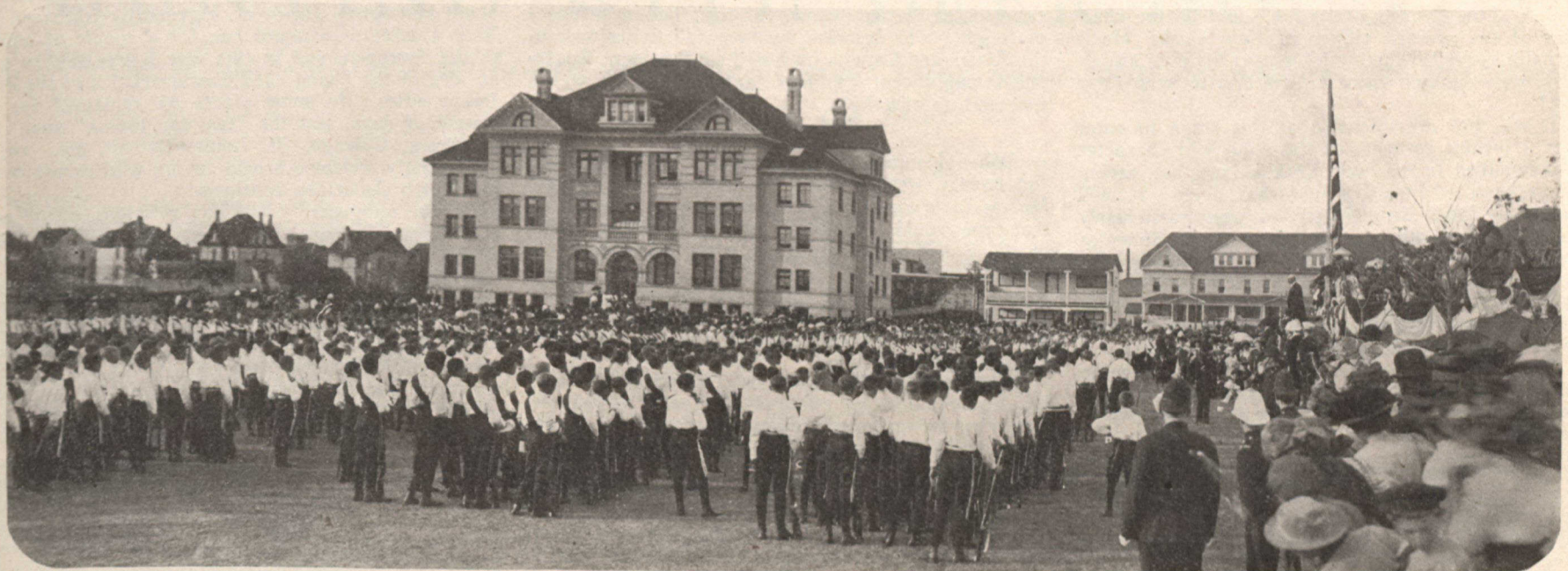
Earl Grey

Hon. Mr. Motherwell

A GROUP OF NOTABLES IN THE WEST

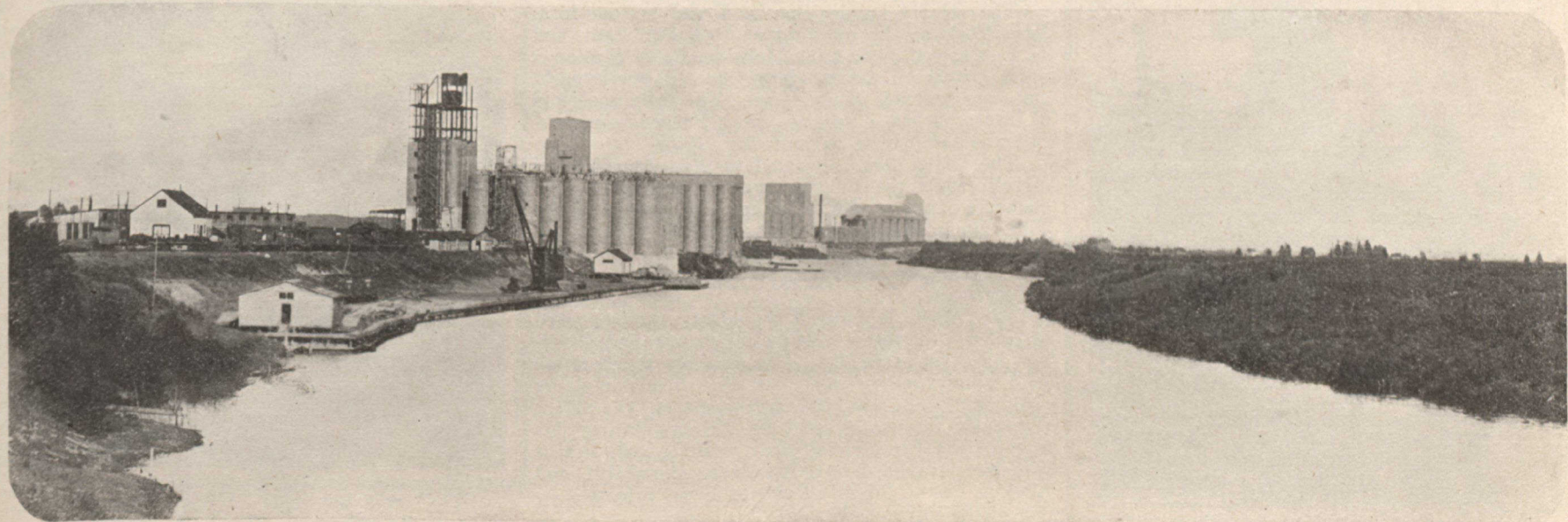
On the evening of October 4th, a State Concert was given in the Regina City Hall, by a local orchestra and other native talent. This picture looks from the stage over the audience, the front rows of which contained many prominent Western Citizens and Political Notables. Earl Grey may have been vividly impressed; but the man who knew most about the progress of the fine arts in Regina was the Hon. Frank Oliver. In 1882 he was present at a very different function in that City, when Regina was made the Capital of the Territories with tinpots flashing in the sun and Blackfoot Indians in the background. The Minister of the Interior is a little different now. He wears clothes that in the days of the Red River cart were unknown in the West.

Photo by Rossie, Regina



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND THE WINNIPEG CADETS.

On his way back from a prolonged Tour in the West and the far North, Earl Grey addressed one thousand school cadets in the City of Wheat. The Governor-General is seen under the Union Jack at the extreme right of the picture.



TWENTY-MILLION-BUSHEL ELEVATOR IN THE MAKING

At Fort William, the Grand Trunk Pacific Co. are building an Elevator on Mission River capable of holding twenty-million bushels. This will be by far the world's biggest Castle of Wheat, which at present is the C.N.R. Elevator, located at Port Arthur, capacity 7,500,000 bushels.

Photo by Swan

MY TOUR IN AMERICA

Experiences of the Funny Scotchman who found everything Lively in the United States and Canada

SECOND ARTICLE BY THE FAMOUS HARRY LAUDER

MY life in New York, apart from the theatre, was a constant whirl of gaiety and excitement. On my former visit I had made many good friends, and these, with the new acquaintances I was daily forming, all combined to extend to me the warmest and most effusive hospitality. In fact, I was kept so continually "on the move," and was so feasted and feted, that I often wondered whether I was standing on "ma heid or ma heels." I had so many appointments and engagements that I had to get a special diary to enter them in, and every morning I would pore over the "entries" and give myself a headache trying to arrange how I would get them all to fit in.

New York is a great city and the New Yorkers are a marvellously smart and clever lot of men and women, but I do think that had I stayed there much longer I would have ruined my nerves, jacked up my digestion, and generally played the dickens for all time with any love of occasional seclusion and habits of peacefulness and regularity I may happen still to possess.

When you are in New York you have got to do as the New Yorkers do—hustle. If you don't hustle you lose half of what is going on. And the New York man doesn't like to lose anything. There are other people who may be classed in the same category, myself among the number; but I think the average New York man is not far short of being the keenest, cutest, most wide-awake gentleman in the whole wide world. Wide-awake? Yes, for he never seems to sleep at all.

Walking down a big thoroughfare one day soon after my arrival, I was intensely amused to see the announcement in a restaurant window, "Eternally Open." These words pretty well sum up the character of the average citizen of New York. He is eternally awake to the main chance; his eyes are always open—unless when it pays him to keep them shut!

It was not my intention at this stage to enter upon a jocular estimate of the American character as exemplified in the New York citizen, but, seeing I have been led into this side-track, I may as well stick to it for a little longer. I was particularly struck by the young, even boyish, appearance of most of the men I saw and met in New York. To tell you the truth, I cannot say that I remember seeing a really "auld yin" all the time I was there, and I mentioned this matter to a prominent city lawyer one evening in my dressing-room.

"Say, friend," I asked him—you always begin every remark in America by "Say"—"how does it come about that you New Yorkers are all so young-looking? Do you kill off your men here when they get up to about forty, or do you send them into the country?"

He smiled. "I guess the men in *this* city, sir," he replied, "are just as old as they feel. And we all feel like boys, sir. How old, now, would you take me to be?"

I looked him up and down, peered into his eyes, glanced at his glossy black hair, and hazarded thirty-five as being, perhaps, outside the mark. "I'm sixty-four, sir, and just beginning to enjoy life," was the prompt reply. Fortunately I had a "cocktail" handy, and it steadied me up a bit.

Another time I was slowly moving around Wall Street, the great financial hub of the American continent, and a friend who was conveying me was pointing out the prominent "gold-bugs," and explaining the methods and the magnitude of the New York Bourse. I was fascinated with the stir and the bustle of it all, and found myself trying to calculate how many millions of dollars were changing hands every tenth part of a second. The keen, eager almost strained look on the faces of many of the "operators" likewise interested me, and again I began to ruminate how many thousand dollars per day I would reckon sufficient return for a life of such appalling worry and nervous tension.

"Do you think all these chaps are making money?" I whispered to my friend.

"Wal," he replied, "I don't know about makin' it, but they're certainly tryin' to rake it in by hat-fuls."

"Supposing," said I, "that a man with a very powerful voice stood up in the centre here and announced that there were a million dollars lying unclaimed four blocks away, what would you see?"

"See?" was my friend's answer, "I reckon you'd see of the greatest Marathon race of modern times! But, of course, that's just a joke, my friend," he concluded. "In the first place there's not an unclaimed dollar in Noo York, and in the second there's nobody here would be guy enough to make such an announcement. He'd be round first pop havin' a squint for the million on his own."

The quick-lunch system in New York also took my fancy. Over in this effete old country we believe in taking reasonable time to enjoy the good things of the table, but the Yankee believes that every minute thus spent is absolutely wasted. Therefore, he feeds as he works—on the hurricane principle. I don't say that every New Yorker does so, but in several of the quick-lunch restaurants the visitors literally "shift" their viands with lightning-like voracity. I now know why there are so many patent medicines in America.

I watched the crowd in one of these wonderful restaurants for a full hour one afternoon. In that brief time hundreds—ay, thousands—must have been fed, if the word can be employed in this connection. The visitor rushes in as if a horde of creditors were after him, he orders whatever he wants, and, hey, presto! it is before him sooner than you can say "Jack." If you want to say "Jack Robinson" you will be too late, for by that time the lunch will have disappeared and the eater also. The entire operation can be summed up as follows: A plunge into the restaurant, a clatter of crockery, several convulsive jerks from plate to mouth on the part of the diner, a scurry for the door, and all's over!

I have a great deal to tell you yet about New York, the many personalities I met there, and my experiences in that wonderful city; but meantime I must get on to describe my "record" flying tour of the States and Canada on board ex-President Roosevelt's magnificent Pullman car Riva. That was a tour and no mistake!

When I signed my contract to "work America" for twenty weeks under the auspices of William Morris Incorporated, it was understood that part of that time would be spent in touring the larger cities of the States and Canada. I wasn't very keen on this touring business, I may tell you, because I knew it would mean a lot of hard work for me and even more excitement than was represented by an exclusive New York engagement, and that is quite enough in its own way.

However, Mr. Morris said: "Don't you worry, Lauder; you'll be well looked after, and we'll show you what luxurious travelling is across the water. You'll be flipped from place to place and never know you're moving."

My friend Mr. Morris was certainly correct so far as the luxury of the tour was concerned, but as for my never knowing I was travelling—well, that was coming it a bit strong. As a matter of fact, I became so infected with the idea of "hustle" that after the first few days I was positively unable even to sit still for five minutes on end. I felt that I had ever to be on the move or something serious would happen to me. That's how you feel in America.

The "Harry Lauder Special Train" set out from New York on the morning of December 14th, and as we steamed away from Hoboken Ferry Station a great crowd on the platform cheered vociferously and sang snatches of my songs. The train consisted of three coaches, a baggage car, a Pullman sleeping-car, and the private parlour car, "Riva."

The "Riva" was allocated to Mrs. Lauder and myself, while the Pullman was given over to the members of the vaudeville company that made up the "bill" along with myself and a specially-selected orchestra of sixteen performers under Mr. Donnally, an old Glasgow musician, but now an enthusiastic "Amurrican."

The "Riva" is really, I should say, the last word in railway comfort as far as civilisation and invention have yet proceeded. I was simply struck dumb with admiration of the car, its furnishings, its equipment, and all its arrangements. President Roosevelt frequently used the "Riva" during his term of the Presidential chair, and the only others who have travelled in it are Sarah Bernhardt and Adelina Patti. So, at all events, I was informed by one of the railway officials.

The "Harry Lauder Special," by the way, ran uncharged all over the different railway systems of the States and Canada, the original company making the arrangements for the full tour. They had

these so well in hand that there never was a hitch all the time with one exception. That was at Buffalo, where we were all very nearly sent to Kingdom Come by a collision.

Philadelphia was our first town en route. We arrived there about midday. The mayor of the city had arranged a civic reception for me, so we drove right up to the municipal buildings, a band of pipers leading the way. The mayor is an exceedingly nice man, and in the brief speech which he delivered welcoming me to Philadelphia he was all too flattering in his references to myself. There was a select little party of aldermen and prominent citizens present, and we spent a pleasant half-hour. The mayor and his friends were much taken with my accent—an accent which I never "accentuate," but certainly never endeavour to hide—and they kept smiling all the time I was speaking to them.

Subsequently they showed me over the chambers, and in a certain room I was shown the chair in which Hancock was seated when he signed the Declaration of Independence of the United States. I said I would like to be able to say that I had sat in Hancock's chair, and the mayor thereupon led me up to it and down I plumped. Li Hung Chang, the famous Chinese statesman, and ambassador, was, I was informed, intensely interested in the chair, and he also had the honour of sitting on such a unique and historic piece of furniture.

I was really sorry that I had practically no time to spend in Philadelphia; but, indeed, this regret was with me wherever I went. It was simply a case of rushing into nearly every town, giving two performances, afternoon and evening, and setting out again on board the "Lauder Special" somewhere about midnight. However, I generally contrived to have a drive or a motor run for a couple of hours in the forenoon, and in this way I was able to get an idea of the "hang" and characteristics of the different cities. In some places we remained for a couple of days, and the "two-day towns," such as Pittsburg, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, etc., were exceedingly welcome breaks in my wild career over the North American continent.

Apart altogether from any religious scruples—and I am quite well aware that the mere mention of the phrase may lay me open to the gibes of certain classes of people—I think that the comedian, equally with the clerk or the factory worker, is all the better, physically and morally, for a rest from work on the Sabbath. I would rather cease my stage-work completely than contemplate the horrible prospect, from a purely physical point of view, of toiling for a whole twelvemonth, Saturday and Sunday and all, with never a break in the deadly monotony.

All this has really nothing whatever to do with Detroit, but an incident which happened there causes me to refer to it. As I have told you, I was "billed" to appear there on two different Sundays. We had splendid audiences, the concerts were a great success, and the Arbroath Society of Detroit presented me with an address of welcome. As I passed many years of my life in Arbroath I was specially delighted to be thus honoured by the sons of St. Thomas in far-away Detroit. But I learnt that the St. Andrew's Society of Detroit had had a meeting, and that the members practically unanimously passed a resolution that none of them would attend "Harry Lauder's entertainments," seeing they were down for Sunday.

Now, I do think this was rather unkind of the Scots in Detroit. They must have known that I was not a free agent in the matter, and in any case they might have refrained from passing such a resolution in the circumstances. However, a few of the "St. Andrew's" men broke through the compact and not only attended the performance, but subsequently came "behind" and had a chat with me.

They were rather apologetic, and one of them said, with a melancholy look on his face, "Mon, Harry, it's an awfu' peety ye have to play on the Lord's Day!"

"Well, Donald," said I, "all I can say is this: the Scots in Detroit know what I have been doing to-day; but I would like fine to ken what *they* have been doing. They weren't a' at the Free Kirk, I'll bet!"

"No," was the reply; "I saw a heap o' them here on the quiet."

The third article in the series will appear on November 6th.



PORT ARTHUR HUNTERS AND A PAIR

These are a couple of the Moose got in the hills down by the Minnesota boundary in the region of Thunder Bay. The big man with the gun is Neil McDougall, Indian Agent at Port Arthur. The shack is McDougall's shack with the horse-shoe over the door—not much needed, for the Indian Agent is probably the best hunter in that part of the woods. McDougall used to be as swift on his shoepacks as a Wabigoon Lynx.

HUNTING WITH DEER HOUNDS

A Member of the Ontario Legislature airs some vigorous views about what he considers one of the worst Enemies of the Deer

By A. C. PRATT, M. P. P.

SEVERAL years ago a party of enthusiastic sportsmen transplanted several pairs of Angora goats from their habitat of back yards and their diet of tomato cans to the untrammelled wilds of a hunting camp in Parry Sound. Last year more goats were taken in, and the sporting public were cheered by the assurance that Billy and Nanny had prospered in the shelter of the northern rocks and woody fastnesses and with their offspring were like to multiply and replenish that game-deserted land.

The average man may wonder why high-smelling goats should be carried into our great game regions. Unfortunately the average man is not a sportsman and has no intimate knowledge of game conditions in our beautiful and widely-advertised Highlands of Ontario. He gets his idea of game from the railway folders and he is prone to believe that deer inhabit that north country as cattle upon a thousand hills. The men who took the goats in are sportsmen and they recognise a truth that is known to every hunter who has frequented our northern woods for a very few years—the deer are doomed. And these men plan to retain their interest in the north woods by chasing the elusive bucking Billy goat when there are no deer to be chased.

In 1888 a game commission pointed out the danger of exterminating our deer. In their report of 1892 they comment severely on the slaughter and they present preponderating evidence against the practice of hunting deer with dogs. But our lawmakers are average men and their interest in game preservation too often depends upon whether they may lose a vote or not. As a consequence the report of 1892 and many similar reports since have been unheeded. Read the yearly reports of the northern game wardens and you will read iteration and reiteration that dogs must be stopped or our deer will disappear.

Are these reports heeded? Not so. Our chief game warden is an estimable man but average. He does not hunt deer in the north. Hence he is impressed by the wailing and angry baying that arises from the dog hunters when their favourite form of cruelty is threatened. He listens to their silly plea that dogs in the woods make safety for the hunters. And being an average man he doesn't know that he is helping an unscrupulous bunch of so-called "sportsmen" to prepare the way for goat upon his table.

The dog-hunters bay loudly about the deer that will drag themselves away to die in solitude if still-hunting prevails. And their loud-sounding howl is accepted by the great public, because few stop to reason that no hound ever retrieves and that the greatest annoyance a hunter can have is the dog that drives his wounded deer.

If left alone, a deer invariably lies down a few minutes after he is hit. If chased by a dog, he may run for miles. The dog's racing feet disturb the

snow or leaves over which the deer passed and prevent accurate following. Finally the deer is pulled down—probably partly eaten by the noble hound—and then, in theory, the hound-hunter would have the innocent reader believe that this intelligent canine starts back on a long and weary hunt for his master, that he may bring him to the carcass of the deer.

In theory that sounds well. And the exponent of hunting with dogs implies that it always happens. In actual truth it never happens. The hound



THE BIGGEST ON RECORD

Last year Mr. M. A. Kennedy, Toronto, brought down the big-horn Moose of North America at Temagami, 71½ inches measure; no record of any Moose outside of Alaska within 3 inches of this.



HIS LAST JUMP

One of McDougall's cronies, and he has dropped a bull moose in the scraggly brule a long way from home.



PORTAGE IN ON THE EARLY SNOW

A nippy air off the Lake and a long paddle since pulling camp yonder; looked heavy over the lake when he turned in, and sure enough the woods were white at break of day. Swishing spruce and scrub oak rattling the dead leaves; off for a half-mile portage; happy as a kid out of school and hungry as a wolf.



THE LONG GLIDE OUT

Last camp pulled; two weeks in the bush; got his "stent" by the law and came out; this is the first load—camp outfit amidships and gun in bows; rest of the truck to follow. Lord! it's a great way to live; tent, canoe and a gun—all alone.

not only never retrieves but he is a positive curse whenever he follows a wounded deer. But does he save lives that would otherwise be lost through still-hunters perforating one another in mistake for deer? Ask a prominent Toronto doctor—a friend of mine—who attempted to cross a creek-bottom thickly covered with underbrush. A city sport had been posted on the opposite hillside by the dog-hunter, and although there was no sound of baying anywhere in evidence the aforesaid sport came into immediate action as soon as the doctor began to flounder in the thicket. The way he unlimbered and got into the fray was a revelation. Nine shots were hurled about the dancing doctor and the harder he yelled and danced the faster the fool on the bank worked his Winchester. Of course he missed every time.

The sports who hunt with dogs expect to miss. But missing did not appease the wrath of the doctor. However, the fool emptied his rifle and had to stop to reload. He heard some of the remarks the doctor was making as he ploughed across and then and there decided to disobey the injunction of the dog hunter, not to desert his station.

Like the buffalo, our deer will vanish suddenly, once they go. Wild game is never missed until it is gone. Millions of buffalo were slain for their hides and tongues. Our deer are slain every year in great numbers for the market. And the hunter with hounds is usually the market hunter. No man with an ounce of real sporting blood—red blood—in his veins can stand all day on a dreary runway, waiting a luckless deer that a dog may drive to him. The hound hunter loves to orate about his skill in stopping the rushing buck or the frightened doe as she flies along her forest path. Let him boast, but don't flatter his mendacity by belief. A deer running ahead of a dog is continually watching for the unexpected. She will come within ten feet of a man if the wind is not blowing directly from him. The slightest movement or sound will stop her. And then the valiant attendant on the dog has only to select the spot for his bullet and coolly murder his victim.

Sporty, is it not? Do you wonder that some of this breed of sports are planning to chase the butting Billy, or rout the domestic Nanny goat?

I stood beside a runway one morning, along which I knew a hound was bringing a deer. Presently it came in sight. A fawn, with head down, eyes starting from its head in terror, tongue hanging out, and reeking with perspiration. It stopped not ten feet from me, and the man who could have shot it in its agony would be lower and more brutal than the liver-coloured pup behind. I let the fawn race along and kicked my satisfaction out of the liver-coloured pup.

I have seen a doe, that had been hard pressed by a dog, come staggering down a bank to a little lake, in such absolute agony that she paid no attention whatever to my presence. Her agony and suffering, as evidenced by heaving sides, trembling legs and glazed eyes, was appalling. And yet plenty of good men who know all about this cruelty still sanction hunting deer with dogs.

They hunt the fox—why not the deer? Because the fox is carnivorous. He lives by his wits and the dogs do not worry him. He can run all day and his digestive organs are not affected. But the deer is a ruminant. It feeds at night. Its stomach

is divided into compartments. It must rest while its food is digested by "chewing the cud." If a deer is started in the morning it can not run ahead of a dog but a very short time without suffering untold torture. The very refinement of cruelty and brutality is in evidence every time a dog runs a deer. It is a timorous animal and its fear of the dog is pitiful. The man who advocates hounding is either extremely brutal in his make-up or else he has not observed.

In either case it is time to have done with this blather about allowing dogs to roam the north woods. The deer are rapidly disappearing, and the dogs are solely responsible. Stop the dogs and the deer will increase in spite of the wolves and the hunters. Our friends in the United States are not noted for their conservation of any natural resource. But long ago Maine, New York, Michigan, Oregon, and practically every state where deer are found wakened up to the fact that dogs and deer do not agree. They have banished the dogs and their chief game wardens assure me that the deer are increasing beyond belief ever since.

From Newfoundland to Alaska we are the only province or state that allows the dogs unrestricted

freedom after the deer in hunting season. It is time the average man wakened up to the true state of affairs. We have the greatest natural deer preserve in the world. The deer do well in it, attaining a far larger size and greater weight than they ever did in Virginia, their original home. Once our deer are lost we can never re-stock by artificial process. The time to act is now, before the deer are destroyed. Farther north they cannot go, for the deep snow and food conditions are insurmountable barriers. The ideal home is in the Highlands of Ontario.

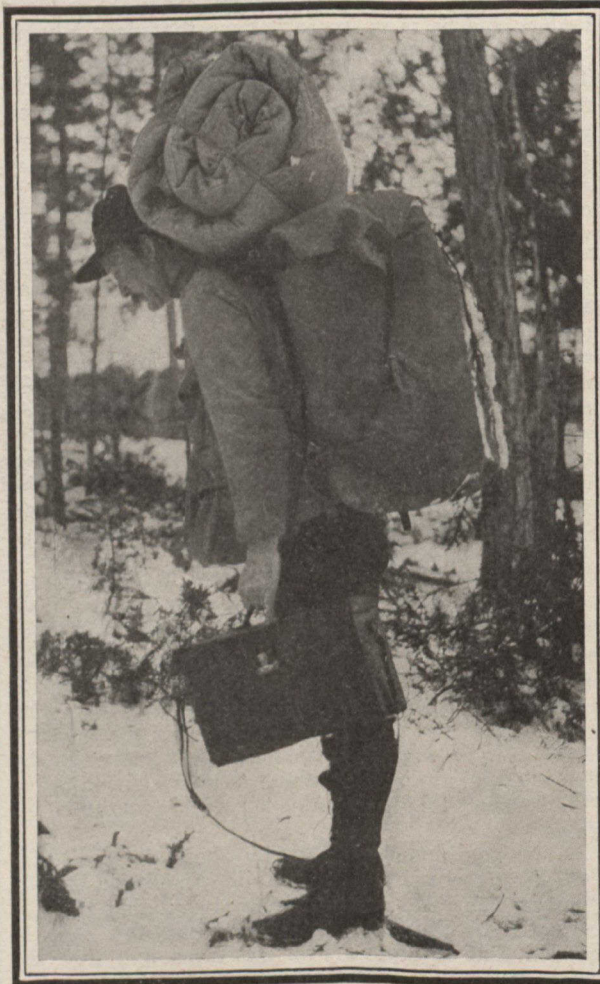
Shall we listen longer to the argument of the man who hunts with dogs? If we do, we shall lose our only big game animal, found south of the main line of the C. P. R., and when we lose our deer we shall lose an asset worth countless thousands to our province in bringing tourists to our resorts. If we listen further we shall reach the age when returning hunters will invite their friends to a club dinner of goat.

And we deserve to eat goat—or even crow—if we neglect our very finest wild animal in this its trying hour. Stop the dogs and stop them quick, without regard to the howls of the few dog hunters whose cries are simply the outpourings of a selfish desire to claim the ounce of venison whether the deer vanish or not.

When the dogs have been banished, then stop the depredations of the lumber camps. Two years ago three men from Huntsville worked throughout the hunting season in one of Brennan's lumber camps situated on the west side of Algonquin Park and within its borders. They told me personally that they were employed by Brennan's foreman to hunt deer for the camp, and genial big Bob Anderson himself told me they were hunting for him. They killed over thirty deer, according to their own tally. Our party checked them up to eighteen and counted that number of carcasses. They ran the deer with dogs, and day after day the baying of the dogs was heard within the park.

One Sunday our party went north from our camp to locate a deer that had been hung up in a remote part of the woods. On the way a dog passed us chasing a deer. Later the deer was shot on a hill near us. We crossed over to the hill and found the aforesaid genial big Bob and twelve or fourteen of his camp followers, all armed with the latest and most modern sporting rifles. They had shot that deer and they evidently shot many more, for deer were exceedingly plentiful on the west side of the park before Anderson's camp located there. To-day the deer to be found in that vicinity are a negligible quantity. This is but one example. Nearly every lumber camp in the north woods affords a similar tale.

The Fish and Game Department of Ontario collected over \$100,000 in 1908 in fees and fines. Some part of that money should be spent in placing watchers on the trails of these genial foremen of lumber camps. We have wasted our forest wealth. But we can plant, and water, and restore some measure of that loss. But let our deer once vanish from our northern hills and no Paul may be found who can plant and restore our big game. They go forever and we who love the north woods and the wild tang in the air when "the Red Gods call" must seek the sorry chase of the fatted goat.



HE CARRIES A PACK

Loaded to the peak, gun packed and blankets rolled he hits the woodland trail back to the camp.



AN EIGHT-HORSE TEAM OF MOOSE HUNTERS

This is a party of Nimrods from Owen Sound, Ont. The man who looks so pleasant in the front corner is Mr. W. P. Telford, law partner of Mr. Mackay, leader of the Ontario Opposition. He shot the Moose up north of the French River a mile and a half from camp on the river. The party being a handy crew whacked up a "stoneboat" with an axe and hauled out. From camp to Killarney, on Georgian Bay, the Moose was cargoed on a launch; at Killarney it was picked up by a steamer and shipped to Owen Sound. Note the red striped serges.

BIG GAME HUNTING IN NOVA SCOTIA

By ARTHUR HAWKES

SCARCELY credited what was told me about the plentitude of big game in Nova Scotia, until I went there. The peninsula, from the ocean shore between Halifax and Yarmouth, to the Bay of Fundy coast is only about seventy miles across, and it seemed that with settlement in some parts of it, three hundred years old, the big game must by this time have become scarce. But, as to moose and bear, it is not so. The cariboo have disappeared. Curiously enough, red deer, as far as records show, was not indigenous to the province. A herd of them was imported a few years ago, to provide sport, say about 1915. Here and there you meet a man who has seen fat bucks and bouncing does wandering through the glades—full promise of good things to come.

The moose remains, a plentiful quantity in the life of the native of the region round about Lake Rossignol, and an incitement to travellers with the hunting instinct. In the first two weeks of last October, twenty were brought into Caledonia, the point on a branch of the Halifax and South-Western Railway from which the Rossignol and K countries are most conveniently reached.

It is chronicled, in the history of Queen's County, that in 1822, Joseph Gload, chief of the Micmacs, came to the camp of Patrick Lacy, in the vicinity of Caledonia, and after breakfast returned to the forest, and by three o'clock next day had killed fifteen moose, within thirteen miles of camp.

I do not think that record has been equalled since. Its nearest approach, perhaps, was by a peer of the realm, whose name in merciful kindness, may be suppressed. This astonishing hunter made Rossignol his slaying ground for several successive seasons; and at one time made a holocaust of the decaying carcasses of seventeen moose. His reputation, therefore, is rather that of a slaughterer than a hunter—a bad eminence, indeed.

This noble earl had not the excuse that he needed meat. There are settlers on the edge of the wilderness to whom moose meat in October is an economic godsend. But they are mindful of the statutes, and do not believe in extermination. They remember the time when the game law was not the operative force it is in these careful times.

Jim Sherriffs, for example, who has placed sixty-seven notches on his old Enfield-Snider, and every notch a moose, was a guide before most of the men who read this were in petticoats. He can tell you of seeing herds of fifty cariboo on the barrens beyond the watershed which feeds the Rossignol lakes. He will explain the custom that then obtained of hunters paying their guides a daily retainer as well as five dollars for every show of game. That was a good while ago, and old Jim never expects to see another live cariboo, unless he makes an unexpected trip to North Quebec.

Moose, then, are not as many as they were; but they are much more numerous than they are in some moose countries that I could name. I have

never heard of a man going ashore from any of the lakes which empty into the main Rossignol water, who has not found proof of moose having been recently therearound. There is nothing of the novelty of a man Friday footprint about the discovery of "works" in any of the bogs, which furnish the best vantage places for a kill.

In Ontario, where the extent of moose country is very much greater than in Nova Scotia, the game law forbids the killing of cow moose. There is no such prohibition in Nova Scotia. The opinion grows that cows should be protected. Every fellow with a rifle is not a sportsman. Most men will not shoot cows under any circumstances. But, inasmuch as the death of a young mother in moosedom means

extinction of an important source of supply, the Ontario restriction might very well be adopted.

That it has not been proposed is, of course, one of the many proofs of the abundance of moose in Nova Scotia. That I am suggesting it now is only an indication of the increasing popularity of Nova Scotia with hunting men. There is no need for a material diminution of the moose population of Nova Scotia if hunting is continued on reasonable lines. Jim Sherriff's sixty-seven moose notches will probably never be repeated. He is the last of that line. But then, he was and is, an exceptionally fine shot, and his experience goes back to the middle of last century, several generations in hunting history.

I drove to Lake Kejimikujik from Caledonia. We left our horses at Tom Cannon's farm, at Fairy Lake, which affords convenient access to the larger water. Tom had just brought in a moose, killed near the Shelburne River, about six miles away. His little girl told us of her smaller sister running to the house last spring, with the news that a queer-horse was in the pasture, and had gone into the woods—"a horse," she said, "with a funny head, and long ears, and short behind."

Next day, two miles from Caledonia, Al Douglas showed me where two moose had crossed the main road, ahead of him, as he was driving out to the lake, one time. Hard by the Screecher, that finely situated camp on Third Lake, which a few Americans have already discovered, to their great happiness, he pointed out a piece of shore along which he had seen three moose proceed, disdainful of human interference with their peace. Coming down the lake with Gordon Smart, in his motor boat, he pointed out the island whereon his boy had shot a fine bull. On the mainland, not two miles away, he indicated where, five days after the success on the island, another fine animal had been dropped in his tracks by the same youthful hand.

Crossing Fourth Lake, Jim Sherriffs pointed out a poplared cape on which, while picking cranberries with his wife, he had killed the best trophy of all his years—a set of horns that brought him many dollars before they went into Connecticut, and a thousand pounds of admirable flesh.

I don't know what you would pay for moose-steak in Manhattan. It has been bought in Caledonia at six cents a pound—and it is possible to get tired even of moose steak in this land of plenty.

But almost any place on the ocean shore is a good starting point for hunter and fisherman. The Halifax & South-Western Railway skirts the shore, and necessarily crosses, near its mouth, every stream that reaches the Atlantic between Yarmouth and Halifax. There are no finer trout and salmon streams in the world than some of these. Most of them can be ascended by canoe. Others are paralleled by roads which, for sylvan charm, are in a beauty class of their own.

Shelburne is at the back of the second finest harbour in the British Empire, and in front of a fish and



A DAY IN THE TOUCHWOOD HILLS.

Along the G. T. P., in Saskatchewan, there is no more invigorating sport in Canada than shooting Prairie Chickens and Partridge, which are being conserved by the excellent game laws of the new Provinces.

Photo by Swan.

game territory that continually tempts Shelburne men away from their business. Not long ago a big bull moose was killed within two miles of the Town Hall. While the season lasts, ladies and children drive up the Roseway for a picnic, and come back laden with trout.

Shelburne is not singular in such things as these. Most of the coast population lives on the harvest of the sea—which is another way of saying that for salt water sailing or salt water fishing, the shore offers the amplest choice for the amateur.

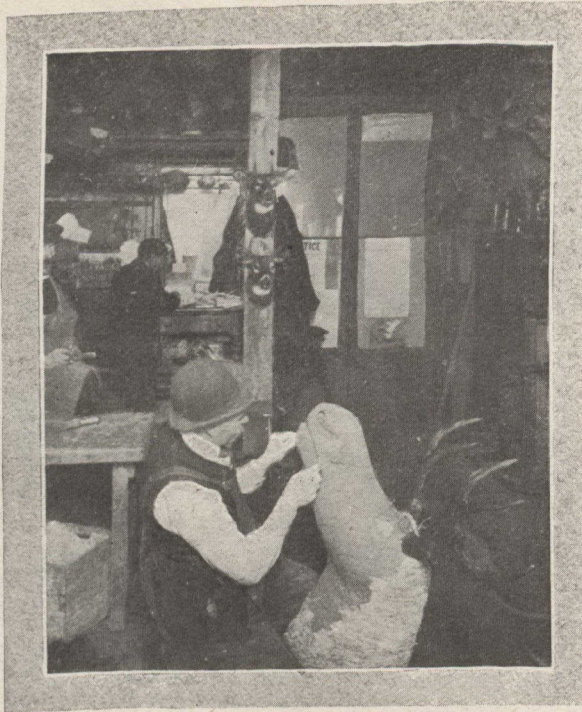
In truth, nowhere else in Eastern America can a leisured man, without changing camp, enjoy all the pleasures of the sea; fish in the brawling waters of a high-land stream; and hunt the biggest antlered native of the forest. That is a pretty bold assertion. It happens to be true.

The Glories of Wabigoon

A writer in the Fall of 1881 on Tour with Lord Lorne across Canada, describes the beauties of the North Land in the Hunting Season.

By W. H. WILLIAMS

THE voyage over Wabigoon Lake was full of interest, and one of the most enjoyable stages yet met upon the journey through the wilderness. The heat and noise of the tug were far enough away, so that they were not felt nor heard by the passengers in the sail-boat. There was not a ripple on the glassy bay from which the start was made, and in the crystal atmosphere the little islets crested with verdure and girded with grey and purple rock, cast a reflection that was sharp in outline and as bright and prominent in colours as the tangible reality above the water line. Indeed, many of the smaller isles looked like little spheres belted with broad zones of water-worn rock and covered with brilliant verdure at the poles. But it is useless to attempt to describe the loveliness of this inland lake scenery; it is utterly indescribable, and he who has never seen it can form no idea of it, no matter how much he might read on the subject. The broad sunlit traverse with its myriads of dark-blue wavelets flashing their tiny crests of burnished gold in the sunlight, the darkly shadowed cove, the long, rippleless reach gleaming in the morning sun, the low sedgy bay with its tall sun-gilt grasses resplendent in green, all bid defiance to description. The



MOUNTING A MOOSE HEAD

This is one of the fine arts. A taxidermist has three or four plaster-casts of various sizes with which he pastes layers of thick paper which, when dry, forms a mould over which the skin is drawn.

morning was as bright and beautiful as one could imagine. Every trace of mist and smoke had been cleared, and the atmosphere was literally and absolutely transparent, the sky was of a brilliant hue, and cloudless, except in the west, where there were floating a few little cloud islands of billowy French grey, with soft, feathery edges of the richest purple, and these were faithfully mirrored in many a glassy reach where the light breezes that were stirring could not reach the tranquil water. At about noon the Wabigoon end of the dreaded seven-mile portage was reached, and after the passengers had been taken ashore in the sailboat and canoes through tranquil shallows where the beautiful white and yellow lilies—from which Wabigoon (lake of flowers)

takes its name—were floating in rich profusion, luncheon was served in the most primitive and picturesque style. Seated on logs or mossy mounds, some in shaded nooks to avoid the heat, some close to the smoking camp-fire to escape the mosquitoes and other insect pests, the travellers and the Indian voyageurs took a hurried lunch, and then began the crossing of this most formidable obstacle looked for between Toronto and Winnipeg.

The Foot-Hills and the Prairie

AS I walked farther down the branch and reached the mill stream, I turned and looked up the deep narrow valley through which it runs, and here I saw one of the loveliest and most romantic of landscapes spread out before me. The deep canyon-like valley which opened in the foreground reached backward and upward away through the middle distance and into the background, where it was lost in the deep rich bronze of the foot hills, while above and beyond rose the great sharp mountain peaks wrapped in their pure spotless mantle of newly fallen snow. All along the valley were to be seen the brilliant autumnal tints on the frost-nipped foliage, in which light pea green, lemon-chrome, straw colour, gold, orange, scarlet, and crimson were daintily blended, relieving the black green of the spruces, and the deep purplish bronze of the leafless brush and furze. Behind the great snow-capped peak on the right the sun was still shining, and its beams, streaming through the lofty wind-swept passes and narrow gorges among the mountain crests beyond, fell in bright belts and patches across the gorgeous medley of rich colours that adorned the shadowy slopes of the long deep valley.

Though this is indeed a lonely little camp, it is by no means a silent one. Up from the marshy meadows away down the little valley, comes the soft, muffled clink of Punch's cow-bell, from the northward come the strange trumpeting of the great sand hill cranes that can be heard for miles over the prairie, close beside us in the slough, not a hundred yards from the tent, I hear the chattering and quacking of the water hens, ducks and wild geese, while across the ridges from the westward rings the hoarse, sharp, snarl and bark of cowardly prairie wolf.

W. H. W.



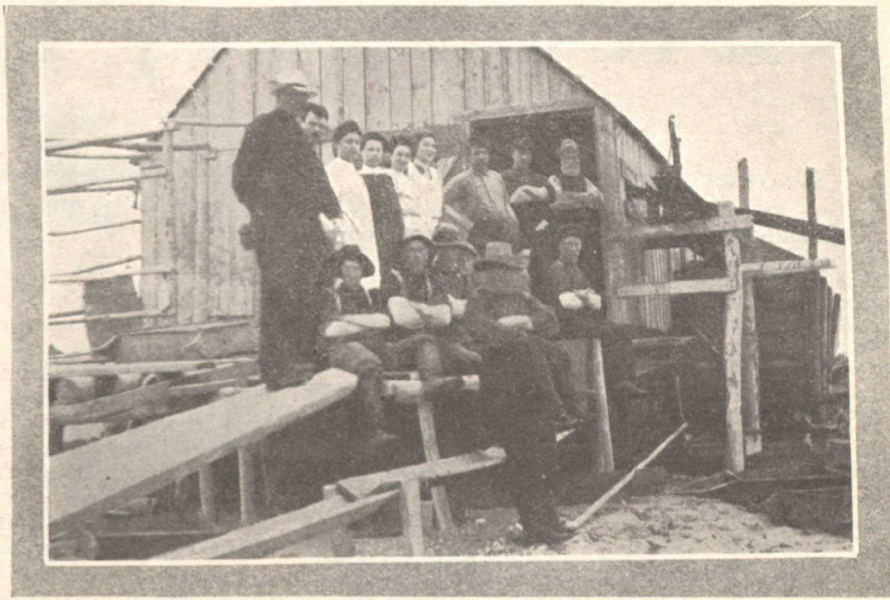
A CANADIAN TAXIDERMIST IN HIS MUSEUM STUDIO.

This workshop of the busy Naturalist contains specimens from all over Canada. Here are Red Deer from North America; Moose from New Brunswick; Mountain Goats from the Rockies; Elk from the borders of the foot-hills; Owls and Loons and wild Woodland Ducks; Squirrels and Weasels from the farm wood lots; Chickens from the Prairie, Partridge from the Bush and Quail from the Slashing. The Museum in front is a little cosmos of the animal creation, ranging from the Musk-Ox of the North Pole world to the Wild Turkey that used to flock in the woods of southwestern Ontario, down by the lake; Lynx from Athabasca, Birds of Paradise from Brazil and Emus from Africa. Mr. O. B. Spanner has stuffed almost everything that ever walked or crawled, flew or swam in any continent of the known world. About the only things he has never tackled are the Whale and the Polar Flea. He was the tutor of Seton-Thompson whose early historic animals written about in his romances of "Wild Animals I Have Known," were most of them mounted in this shop, even to 'Silver-spot' the Crow. No Taxidermist in America has had a more diversified experience than Mr. Spanner, who is a hunter and a naturalist and a believer in hounds.



SOME OF THE NORTH SHORE FISHER-FOLK
In from the dories and the trawls, and happy as a happy-go-lucky fisherman knows how to be.

Photos by Lauson, Charlottetown



A BRAWNY CREW OF SEA-FARERS
Glad to be on shore among the family folk after the long drives over the foam.

THE NORTH SHORE FISHERMEN

By A MARITIMER

WAY up on the north shore of Prince Edward Island, where the dreary night winds, laden with mystic murmurings out of the north, sigh along the sandy coast, and the thundering roll of the Atlantic, in the mighty magnificence of its November storms, washes the shore—here where the Storm King revels at night, and his swirling gusts sweep over the everchanging hills and hollows, with weird moan—a hungry moan out of the silent Arctic sea, low and fretful betimes and rustling strangely along the storm-swept beach—here dwell the hardy fishers of the great "North Bay," toilers of the deep—children of the sea—of the mists—of the "Unknown."

Night has fallen over the little fishing village of "Tracadie," over the harbour, and the oblivion of the ocean beyond. The catch for the day has been cleaned and salted, and the fishermen wearily strolling homeward across the sand, discuss the probabilities of the morrow's luck. It may be the last run of the season, for it is November weather and a dangerous coast—so I have asked Capt. "Dockie" for the privilege of this last trip with him. "Sure," says he, "come in for the night"—and—well, I have never needed a second invitation from "Dockie" to share his hospitality. Now "Dockie" is the best cook in the three counties, at least he pretends so—and his picked-up supper that night substantially corroborated the fact. Supper over, and a game of "Draw," we retired, for we must be up at an early hour to catch the tide.

The grey dawn of the next morning found us aboard the *Clifford Arnold*, a trim little schooner-rigged packet of the harbour, owned by one "Jim McKinnon," who had her fitted out with every necessity for heavy weather. It is blowing a stiff breeze from the west'ard, and sails are run up hastily as we cast off. "Haul in your mains'l!" "Dockie" gives his first order from the stern. With a creaking of blocks, the idly-flapping sail is drawn taut, and as the bellying canvas fills before the wind, and the other sails are sheeted home, we heel over, rushing on through the darkness, on and out over the swirling black waters of the "Harbour." "Keep her 'way 'bit 'Dockie' to I get the marks—, ther'—little mor' fr' the p'int—ther'—ste'dy as y'r—," and sturdy big-hearted "Jim" with a knowing squint of his weather eye "for'ard," dives into the foc'sle to light his pipe.

The clouds of the early morning are now breaking, and suddenly out of a fiery mist in the east, pops the sun, his dazzling rays stretching slowly towards us, over the vast heaving ocean, and as the light travels rapidly westward, solitary sails loom up around us, rising and falling with the swell of the sea. On and out we run, until the land becomes almost dim in the distance, and we can scarcely see our marks. Then as "Jim's" keen eyes descry a certain church spire over a certain hill, he shouts, "low'r for's'l, an' b'lay jib t' wind'ard." Slowly our little ship rounds up to the wind, and then "Zip-Zip," lines are over, and the fishing is on.

It is yet early morning, and away in on shore, for the sun is again darkened above us, a golden streak of light rests along the water, stretching upwards to the rounded hill-tops of the sand-dunes, and there lost in the still dark shadows of the valleys. But no time for dreaming. Fish! Hake and

pollack, gamey fish every one of them; cod and haddock that make the line spin through your fingers with a burning. All day long the fishermen, standing erect, their bodies swaying with the rocking motion of the boat, see-saw back and forth, hauling and throwing their lines in this rhythmical movement. Hand over hand, their muscular arms bared to the weather, they tug at the fish, slatting them over the rail, with scarce a break in the monotonous grind of pulling. Out in a dory, two men are hauling the trawls, and the sight here, when fish are plenty, is one that cheers the heart of every fisherman. The line is taken over the bow of the dory, and far ahead into the green depths of the water, you can see the fish at intervals along the line, their silver bellies shimmering in the light. Up they come—immense big fellows, each one a silver dollar in himself, running all the way from twenty to one hundred pounds.

Rising and falling with the swell of the sea, the dory is pulled from one end of the line to the other, the hooks, freshly baited, as the fish are taken off, being thrown over again, and then, with a scupper load of fish, the men pull for the larger boats, and throw their catch aboard. Scarcely is there any respite from the muscle-grinding work, and with the wind and the wave to watch warily, the life of the fisherman is a lonely and perilous one. Oftentimes the catch is destroyed by that great pest of

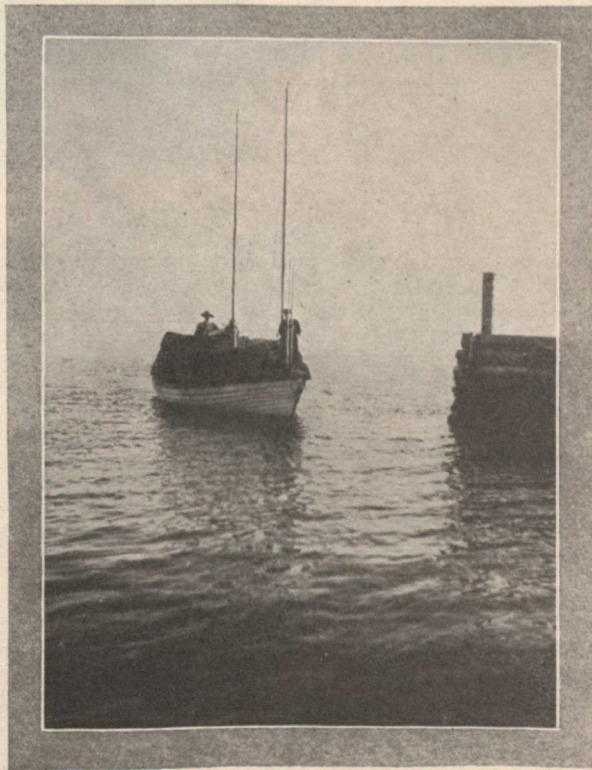
the cod-bank, the "dogfish," which, swarming around the bait in great numbers, drive off the other fish, and so hated are they by the fishermen, that the very word "dogfish" will make a "salt" grind his quid of tobacco between his teeth. We aboard are still hand-lining and doing well. Hake, cod and haddock comprise the general run of the catch, and with these, their respective berths are well-nigh filled, each large fish being bled with a dexterous slit of the knife, in order that they may be cured white and firm.

"D—m the dogfish," mutters Jim, as he slats a pair on the deck,—and not so easily slatted either, for their skins are like leather—"Nuthin' mor' doin' here, b'ys, too many of 'em." Then up sail, and down shore a little farther, and while we are waiting, hot tea is prepared in the tiny foc'sle, by "Ben-nie," and in a short time we are enjoying the contents of the steaming pannikins, enticed by a series of well-buttered pilot biscuit. How hungry we are, and how good tastes this meal of scraps, on the water. No one can beat a fisherman at making tea. It is part of his daily life, from the first pot at three in the morning until the last at night, when he comes home from the wilderness of the sea and its storms, tired and weary. Hot and strong, it tingles your insides with a mighty pleasing sensation, and I would not exchange for a "nip" of "House of Commons" at any time, though I am sure I do not exactly know "Dockie's" opinion on that matter.

It is now twelve noon, and a dead calm, with the cold glassy seas wriggling our shadows into a hundred fantastic shapes as they slobber past. This is the fisher's hour of rest, as the biting is always slack around noon; so stretching our cramped limbs a bit, we lie back to enjoy our smoke, with nothing to disturb the solitude about us but the idle slatting of the sails, and creaking of blocks, as we wallow in the swell.

Will wind ever come? "Sure," says Jim. "Look ther'—" and he pointed. A broad darkening ripple was gradually stretching towards us from the west, and we could see other boats in its way standing up to the breeze. "Ther'll be wind, and plenty of it 'fore night," said Jim. A light draught now struck us, shoving us further off towards the "shoal," the fisherman's *Mecca*, and home of the cod. Land is almost out of sight, and though it is getting late, and a dangerous coast, yet we still hang on the edge of the "shoal," where there is good fishing, a larger size, and fewer dogfish to bother us.

The wind has died again, making it precarious for us to remain longer, yet the lure of the fish is mighty to the toilers of the "deep," and often they have to weigh to a hair the chance of a safe run home. Yet Jim's forecast, that "afore night we may have it stiff enough," may soon be realised, for in the north a heavy cloud bank is rising, wild and dark, having hung there low and threatening all day. A strong steady breeze would now be acceptable, for no wind and a "lop" coming up, would place us in a dangerous position; so waiting and watching the dark cloud in the north, we can make no other shift, but fish and "whistle for wind." Thus from berth to berth, through the long, long day, from morn till night, never wearying, we follow the fish, and now



HEADING INTO PORT

All canvas down, hold full of fish and a rippling tide reaching away black in the shadow.

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 21.

SERGEANT KINNAIRD

By W. A. FRASER

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

DAVID KINNAIRD, Sergeant in the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police and Frank Somers constable saved a halfbreed named Dupree from a mob of infuriated Indians in the Rocky Mountain country. Dupree was given three months in the guardhouse, having attempted to murder his captors.

Kinnaird's term of enlistment having expired, he went to Stand Off, a little town supposed to be headquarters of a gang of whiskey runners, in hope of winning an inspectorship by br-aking up the moonshining, and incidentally to save Somers from the alleged machinations of Chris, daughter of Thad Mayo, outlaw head of the illicit business. He was disguised as the Rev. David Black, missionary. His rugged manhood won the moonshiners' favour and apparently was winning the affection of Chris herself.

Kinnaird went through several critical experiences with the Moonshiners; but managed to allay their suspicions, and finally was appointed judge of the races on Stand Off's great day. Considerable tension was caused by the arrest by Mounted Police of two Stand Off inhabitants for horse stealing.

SILENT Eli sneered. "It's bunko! It's a lie! I bought the hoss. He's Pipe-stone, right ernuff."

"Here's the warrant," Sergeant Hawke continued. "The horse was trailed from Daly's to the border, and I had instructions to seize him where found and arrest the thief. We thought he'd head for this point to-day."

Mayo took the sheet of orders from the Sergeant's hand, and, running his eye down it, said, "This invoice don't seem to jibe with the freight. The hoss that was run off wore a white sock, while this critter comes purty near havin' four black legs."

"The nigh fore has been stained. Look for yourself," the Sergeant answered.

"I guess that's right," Mayo said as he straightened up from a close scrutiny of the leg. "But it's writ here that the hoss thief was five feet seven, sorter pinto toned in the mug, piercin' black eyes, etc.; while this gent is gopher built, sandpaper complected, and eyes blue as Injun beads."

Mayo had carried these observations on in a monologue, as he ran his eye over the manuscript. Suddenly he started, folded the paper and handed it back, his lean jaw rigid as if he had shut his teeth against further speech.

"Yes," Sergeant Hawke added, "we haven't got the principal thief. A dago cook for one of the stable gangs disappeared at the time the horse was missed. His name is Dominic Matteo, and he's wanted."

Matteo, who had been down at the start, heard his name as he pushed to the centre of the group, and called, "Who want me?"

"Are you Dominic Matteo?"

"Yes. What you want?"

At this answer the Sergeant's companion, with a quick move, had him by the wrist and shoulder, saying, "You're my prisoner in the name of the Queen!"

With a snarl of rage the Corsican twisted his wrist free. As he grasped at a pistol in his belt a strong hand pinioned his arm with a thrust from behind and Mayo's voice said sternly:

"No gunplay ain't allowed in Stand Off at the Civic Round Up! 'Tain't sport, nohow."

Matteo twisted his head and sneered, "You let de p'lice come into Stand Off an' take one you men?"

"No!" Mayo's voice held a curious solemn dignity. "We don't stand fer the p'lice nor nobody else interferin' with men's rights; but we ain't agin' takin' a hoss thief any time. 'Tain't no salubrious climate here for a hoss thief!"

He turned to the Sergeant, and added with the same grave dignity, "I've heerd talk erbout Stand Off shelterin' hoss thieves, and wuss; but it's a lie. If Matt here run off that hoss, he's yourn to take away. And he orter feel kinder grateful fer your sassiety."

There was a terrible significance in the words that caused the Corsican to shiver; it cowed him. As he hung tremblingly at bay in the constable's grasp, like a roped coyote, his shifty black eyes fell on Kinnaird, and he flared up furiously:

"It's him!" he snarled, pointing his small, lean finger. "He bring de p'lice here, 'cause he's 'fraid!

He's spy! How dey know I come back?"

Mayo stood in heavy browed silence while the Corsican raved in fierce denunciation of the sky pilot for a little, then he said: "You ain't provin' none that you didn't run off the hoss. Matt. and evidence is all ag'in' you."

There was a sharp click as he spoke, and a pair of iron bands were on the wrists of Eli, and next Matteo's hands projected stiffly from handcuffs.

"I just want to say, Sergeant," Mayo continued significantly, "hoss thieves will be give up here any time; and you ain't got no call to come here fer 'em again. Stand Off ain't no stoppin' place for the Mounted Police. I guess there ain't no cause ter interfere any more with the fun. You can pull out with your prisoners and hoss soon's you like, Sergeant."

As the police moved away with the horse and thieves, Mayo, sweeping the faces of his men with eyes in which burned heavy, sullen anger, said, "There ain't no call to interfere with the p'lice's

look of recognition, immediately effaced without any explanatory reference.

This was suspicious indeed—he might have received an admonitory glance from the man that passed as a preacher. There had been from the first a suspicion in Mayo's mind that Black was in a more secular employ than that of the church. He did not harmonise with Mayo's preconceived idea of the vicar of a religion of humility, which must, he thought, enervate. He could have fathomed most men during the time the preacher had been in Stand Off,—stripped their souls bare by his own tremendous virility; mastered them; forced them by mental and physical over-reach to declare themselves in some moment of weakness—but Black was always perfectly in hand, following his course, whatever it was, without falter. His silent repulse of Sergeant Hawke was an instance of this masterly coolness of nerve.

Kinnaird had never been able to subdue the erect, carriage of his athletic frame, nor erase the Western atmosphere of buoyant independence which mirrored in his face; and now these traits stood out vividly in the brooding man's mind as correlative evidence that Black was in Stand Off, not as a sky pilot, but as a pilot for the police.

The sharp clack of high-heeled riding boots and the scuffle of moccasined feet sounded in the hall, followed by a rap on the door; and Mayo, brought out of his reflections, called, "Come in!"

Kootenay entered, saying, "Here's Dupree, Thad, and thar's something up."

The speaker's voice carried through the cracks of the board partition to Chris's ears in the next room. She heard the creak of chairs, and then the breed's voice, saying, "By Gar, M'sieu Mayo! de tam p'lice is goin' for mak' round up sure, I t'ink me!"

"You ain't got no call to think fer this outfit!" Mayo's voice was a savage snarl. "Just spit out what you know!"

With much voluble self praise as to how he had fought, Chris heard Dupree describe his arrest, and escape while working with a gang of prisoners cutting wild hay in a maskeeg for the police; and how, trailing back to Stand Off on a horse he had borrowed for the occasion, he had that afternoon seen Constable Somers hiding in the old Buffalo Pound at Bleeding River, eight miles from Stand Off, evidently waiting for some one.

His information was like a lighted match dropped in a keg of powder. Kootenay's slumbering anger flared up in articulate flame.

"Pears like there might be somethin' in what Matt said," he growled. "Black ain't no sky pilot. He's just a man, same's the rest of us—a two-fisted son of a gun ready to scrap soon's he's eat his chuck. He can't walk like nuthin' but a man as 's been learned his paces. That constable is waitin' in the pound fer the sky pilot to trail out and give him the word."

There was a moment's silence; then Chris was startled by a dry laugh from her father, followed by the ominous words:

"You might sure be right, Kootenay. That Sergeant knew the preacher to-day, and then kinder covered up the trail. I guess 'tain't goin' to be a hard chore to settle this business to-night. If the man that figgers he's a preacher meets the p'lice-man, thar'll sure be somethin' doin' diff'rent 'n a camp meetin'. We thought we'd trapped him on the wrong trail last night; but Matt was mistook. If we catch him this trip—well, a spy is a heap wuss 'n a hoss thief, and you know what'd be comin' to a night roper hereabouts. Dupree, your job's to watch the mission shack, while we round up the men. If the sky pilot leaves afore we're ready, trail him on foot; he'd sure see a hoss in the moonlight. If he pulls out afore we're ready, we'll corral him at Bleedin' River. Leave the stimulants alone to-night, Dupree, cause if you let this coyote slip you, you'll wisht you was eatin' salt hoss in the barracks at Fort Nelson. Now marse!"

As the heavy feet of the breed slouched past the girl's room, she heard her father say to Kootenay: "See if Tough Wilkins, Dakota, and Hank Bender's down stairs, settin' in ter poker. Bring

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.



"Throw Up Your Hands, Somers!"

trappin' this time, men, and there ain't nothin' to be said. I guess Matt set this trap that he got caught in hisself to bust Stand Off's bank over Chinook."

The great race with its tragic finale seemed to have pumped all exuberance from the atmosphere. A sudden passionate gunplay would not have had the depressing effect of this thrust of the law's strong arm. It was the first time in the history of Stand Off that the Mounted Police had claimed and taken a man.

The post soon emptied of all but two or three ranchers who remained to buck against the whiskey men in stud poker.

CHAPTER VII.

THE advent of the police and his inability to resent the encroachment of Government authority because of the code that forbade him to protect a horse thief, rankled in Mayo's mind, and when, after supper, the men gathered round a card table, he went to his room, where he sat smoking a pipe in sullen anger, brooding over the incidental phases of the arrest. The vicious accusation of Matteo against the preacher haunted his memory. And he had observed Sergeant Hawke's startled

THE DEMI-TASSE

NOT THE RIGHT FAIR.

THERE is no one in the catalogue of bores and bromides more deadly tiresome than the man who knows everyone and who has a cheerful little anecdote to tell concerning his acquaintanceship with "General Anyoldthing" and "Admiral Boldboy." A Canadian woman who was visiting in the United States some time ago was so unfortunate as to meet a well-informed raconteur of this description at an evening reception. He was an old friend of Mr. Roosevelt, had played golf with President Taft, was chummy with every senator in the Union and was, in fact, the "warm personal friend" of nearly every magnate under the sun. Finally this much befriended gentleman condescended to take some interest in the lady who was calmly listening to his flow of soul:

"You're a Canadian, I believe," he said languidly. "I am," replied the fair one with modest pride. "Sir John Macdonald was one of your big men, wasn't he?"

"Yes—one of the best," said the lady warmly, for she was a Tory from Toronto.

"Well, you know he was a decidedly pleasant old chap. In the fall of 1893, at the Chicago World's Fair, he and I had a great time together. We went about for several days and I enjoyed his jokes immensely."

"The World's Fair?" said the Toronto interrogator, with her blue eyes wide open.

"Yes. He was over there, representing the Dominion. He was your Premier, don't you know?" informed the narrator in a pleasant, patronising way.

"I'm awfully glad you had a good time with him," said the Canadian demurely, "but I've always understood that dear old Sir John died in June, 1891."

"Aw—er—well, perhaps it wasn't the World's Fair."

"Perhaps it was the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876."

"Well, anyway, he was very good company," persisted the prevaricating gentleman, who made haste to be excused in order to see Senator Somebody who was just taking his departure and with whom the anecdotal gentleman had gone fishing last summer.

* * *

NO EASY MARKS.

PRINCE Edward Island is a garden province, a veritable oriental gem of this Dominion, with roses and vines to gladden the eyes of the city-tired tourist. There is always a fly in the ointment, however, and it may as well be admitted that Prince Edward Island is no happy hunting-ground for the commercial traveller. The knights of the grip find that the inhabitants of this "isle of rest" are not given to spending their money recklessly and are content with conservative fashions, and goods that wear forever. Consequently, these worthy and en-

terprising commercial specialists take a good long breath before they buy tickets for Charlottetown.

Some time ago, an unusually disconsolate band of these gentlemen crossed from the island to Nova Scotia and spent their first quarter-of-an-hour in expressing their profound admiration for Prince Edward Island scenery. "Pastoral" and "picturesque" were overworked, in the effort to give voice to their appreciation of the natural charms of this idyllic spot. Finally, the question of "sales" was broached and gloom fell upon them all.

"Fine place, but not great on the buy," said a dry goods expositor.

"Lots of canny Scotch blood there," commented a second.

"I know now," said a third in undisguised disgust, "why it's called 'a right little, tight little island.'"

* * *

OUR WORTHY GOVERNOR.

EARL GREY is a gentleman and a Governor-General. He has been having a good time in the West where the art of hospitality is practised as the finest of the accomplishments. But some foolish folks in Calgary objected because he happened to mention public questions, and Earl Grey in Winnipeg wittily referred to the necessity for confining himself to "platitudinous generalities."

Earl Grey was blue a moment,
The papers were unkind.
They won't allow a Governor
The least bit of a mind.

* * *

NONE OF HIS FUNERAL.

EVERYONE has heard of Mark Twain's comment, "grossly exaggerated," when he was informed of the report of his death. Those who have read Mark's "Tom Sawyer" will recall how that immortal youth returns to the village church, just as his funeral sermon is being preached to a tearful audience. But few quiet-living Canadians have had the novel experience of Rev. William Teeple, a Methodist minister at Fonthill, who recently was advertised as a corpse in one of the St. Catharines papers, which also gave notice of the funeral. The friends who departed to attend the obsequies were somewhat startled by a hearty greeting from the gentleman who was supposed to be beyond this vale of tears and who was duly touched by this evidence of their interest in him. To say the least of it, this was a unique parlour social at the parsonage.

* * *

A KNOCK INDEED!

THERE is a certain young lawyer, just entered into practice, whose heart was gladdened the other day by the appearance of a prospective client.

The client desired to bring suit against a railway company for damages alleged to have been done property of his on the river front.

"Your claim appears to be a good one," said the

youthful attorney, when the client's case had been outlined to him, "and I think we can secure a verdict without much trouble."

The man seemed pleased. "That's just what I told my wife," said he, "and yet she insisted at first that I engage a first-class lawyer."

* * *

TIT FOR TAT.

MOST lawyers take a keen delight trying to confuse medical experts in the witness box in murder trials, and often they get paid back in their own coin. A case is recalled where the lawyer, after exercising all his tangling tactics without effect, looked quizzically at the doctor who was testifying, and said:

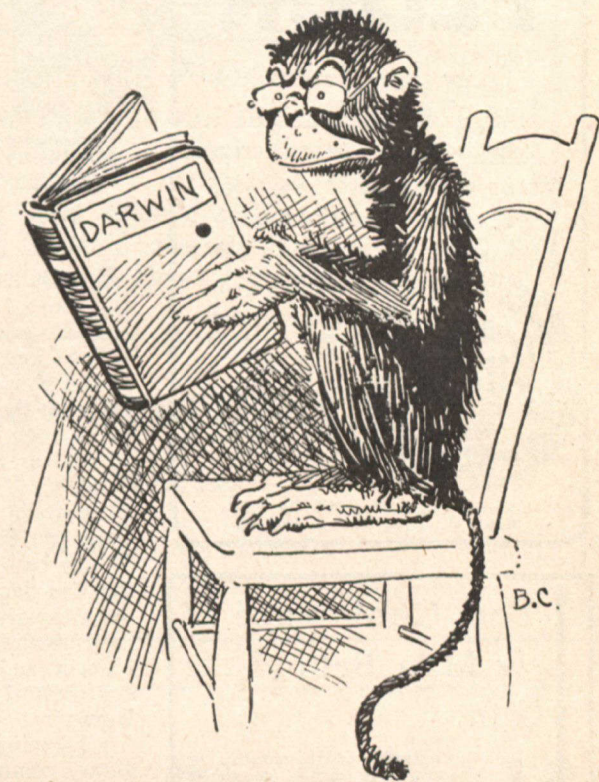
"You will admit that doctors sometimes make mistakes, won't you?"

"Oh, yes; the same as lawyers," was the cool reply.

"And doctors' mistakes are buried six feet under ground," was the lawyer's triumphant reply.

"Yes," he replied, "and lawyers' mistakes often swing in the air."

* * *



"Well! Of all the Nerve!"—Life.

* * *

WHY PAT DROPPED.

AN Irishman fell from a house and landed on a wire about twenty feet from the ground. After he had struggled a moment the man let go and fell to the ground. Some one asked his reason for letting go. "Faith," was the reply, "I was afraid the wire would break."

* * *

QUITE EXCUSABLE.

THE following story is told in Washington. The Minister from Guatemala attended a White House reception recently. When he went to leave, he said to the negro attendant who calls the carriages: "Call the carriage for the Guatemalan minister."

"Yes, sir," responded the negro, and then he shouted in loud and proud accents, "De carriage ob de watah-melon ministah!"

* * *

THE ORIGIN OF STRIKES.

THE big coal strike at Glace Bay has been a harvest for the Socialists; and nearly every one of the strikers use the old clap-trap argument that a man cannot be a millionaire and be honest. One day lately some of the Socialistic wing of the strikers met a prominent stipendiary magistrate and thinking to bait him into an argument, very politely asked him to decide a discussion that they had amongst themselves. The spokesman said: "Now, your honour, can a man be a millionaire and be honest?"

His Honour: "Yes, I have known of honest millionaires and I have known of dishonest ones also."

The Socialist: "Yes, and you know of honest workmen, too—they are not all dishonest."

His Honour: "Yes, there are honest and dishonest men in all callings. The Scripture mentions dishonest angels."

The Socialist (laughing): "They had a strike in Heaven once, didn't they?"

His Honour: "Yes; and you know where the strike leader and all the strikers are now."



"Yes, it always happen like this when your last cartridge is expended, doesn't it?"—Life.

MUSIC IN CANADA

THE ART OF CLASSIC DANCING.

THE art of Miss Isadora Duncan, who danced in Toronto last week, has been the subject of a great deal of discussion. Canadians are particularly interested in stage and concert dancing, since one of the most famous of the world's *dansuses* is a Canadian—Miss Maud Allan—who has been the rage of London for some time. Maud Allan has given her views about the historic, rhythmic art. She has high ideals and a few theories. She considers herself an apostle. So also does Miss Duncan. Both go back to the Greeks for their models. Each considers herself the superior of the other.

Which is entitled to the palm I don't know, for I have never seen Miss Allan dance. But I have seen Miss Duncan, of whom much had been said before she came to Canada. A New York musician assured me not long ago that Miss Duncan was queen of the art.

"Oh! In a class with Maud Allan, I suppose?"
 "Shoo! Maud Allan is not to be mentioned in the same day—with Miss Duncan. Don't fail to see her. She is to the art of the dance the whole idea of Keats' 'Ode to a Grecian Urn.'"
 So when Walter Damosch brought his orchestra, with Miss Duncan as a soloist—curious term!—three thousand Torontonians went to see. Many said the audience would be a medley. It turned out to be very largely a musical audience. Some may have gone expecting to be scandalised. They were disappointed. Miss Duncan did nothing that would shock the most modest Priscilla. She danced to music; divinely and poetically. She interpreted Gluck's *Iphigenia* after the manner of a master. She was the real baton of the orchestra. Attired in Grecian robes she did a variety of dances, none of which were sensational, but all highly delightful.

Indeed she was the soul and poetry of motion. The dance—well you were not so much conscious of her dancing, as of the fact that by rhythm of the body she expressed first of all the joy of life such as may be seen in the paintings of the Spaniard Sorolla; second the spirit and meaning of the music, with which she was in perfect sympathy and which she must have known by heart. It was a revelation of visible music. Of course not all music can be danced to successfully—though I have vivid recollections of a man in Edmonton who on the floor of a warehouse did a tremendous jig to the playing of the Hallelujah chorus—*prestissimo!* He also was interpreting the feeling of the piece, and I don't know yet whether he was irreverent. I don't believe he was. Listen to the glorious sonorities of the Bach mass in B Minor and see if you don't feel that the marvelous interweavings and figurations of the melodic harmonies are a huge stately dance of the sounds.

I believe Miss Duncan could dance Bach, and do it reverently. As to Chopin's *Marche Funebre*, done so wonderfully by Maud Allan, there may be some doubt. Certainly it would be a *risque* thing to do the Dead March in Saul; yet the dance is at bottom almost anything you have a mind to make it. It may be sombre and solemn and religious—such as the dancing of Miriam at the Red Sea. It may be rollicking and Bacchanalian, as some of Miss Duncan's was; sprightly and elfish, as much of it was. It may be classic and stately—as were the minuets of our ancestors done to Haydn and Mozart. It may be obscene and disgusting—but then it ceases to be dance and becomes Salomic contortions, which had their origin in the heathenries of such as "Little Egypt."

Dancing is a universal art. One thing is certain even on the basis of ordinary common sense: if women who saw Miss Duncan dance would begin to realise that a graceful carriage is so poetic and convincing, perhaps they would begin to cultivate natural grace more than they do. Properly considered the walk is a dance; that is—it is rhythm. Most of us walk in mighty bad rhythm. We need to cultivate natural and poetic expression even in our gait. Less attention to clothes and more to the poetry of motion would make the poetry of life more obvious. There is room for vast improvement along this line. Many of our women who should embody the rhythm of life in walk and in carriage, move as though they were sawing wood or sparring in a prize ring.

This of course may not be truly musical in subject. Yet at the root all the arts are one. The dance has been neglected. It has been relegated to foolish modern notions that to dance makes you frivolous. Certainly it is not necessary in dancing to have sex considerations. Dancing is absolute. It is not sexual but natural. But of course almost anything may be done with it.

Another practical point about Miss Duncan's art is that her feet are by no means *petit*. She has good, honestly large feet which she does not crimp and coddle and high-heel, but uses in freedom in the most natural way and with marvelous artistic ease.

* * *

THE ART OF EXPRESSION.

This suggests the consideration of a still more obvious subject and one perhaps more truly musical. That is the art of expression by means of music; expression in speech and in song. A musical gentleman called at the COURIER office the other day who gave vent to some valuable opinions on this subject. He said so many wise things that we have decided to follow him up. There is a great deal to be said and done on behalf of natural music. We in Canada are very prone to think ourselves musical because we have heard some music. As yet we are not a musical people. Perhaps it will be long after your time and mine when we are a musical people. We never shall be such merely by spending money on music. Choral societies and church choirs, conservatories of music and orchestras are all necessary and all good so far as they go. But on them alone no people ever became truly musical.

The art of natural music; how people can be musical without indulging in fol-de-rols that cost papa a large sum of money for fees; how the common man and woman in everyday life may discover a joy in life that belongs to music and comes from music and costs nothing except the most ordinary personal effort and cultivation—that is the thing we intend to take up on this page of the CANADIAN COURIER for the next few weeks. We shall be tempted to hit somebody; probably ourselves to begin with. But there is a possibility here which as a young people we have the privilege to consider. When we have said a few things that we think we shall be glad to hear from our readers to see what they think—on this highly practical subject.

* * *

St. John, N. B., along with other eastern cities, has been visited by Mdme. Schumann-Heinke who, though one of the greatest stage singers in the world, is not quite the equal in concert work of Mdme. Gadski. This great soprano will appear with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra on October 25th. A. B.

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Magazine Literature

¶ The long Autumn evenings are here and with them comes leisure for reading. Lord Bacon's remark that "reading maketh a full man" must have been prophetic of the days of the Magazine Club List. We are living in those days. It is certain that means must be found to meet the growing demand for current literature of the highest sort. To place some tempting propositions before the reading public is the purpose of this announcement. It concerns principally American periodicals; a Canadian list will follow later.

¶ Following are eight clubbing propositions. The publisher's price is given and below is given our combination price. As well as new subscribers to the Canadian Courier renewal subscriptions will be allowed in the club. You may choose any one of the eight.

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Canadian Courier	\$3.00
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Canadian Courier	\$3.00
Woman's Home Companion	2.00
Harper's Bazaar	1.35
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Canadian Courier	\$3.00
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¶ They certainly are interesting, are they not? Looks as if one of the combinations should be in your home. Should the combination not strike your fancy write us and we will provide you with what you want. We can suit all varieties of taste.

¶ So much the better if you write TO-DAY. Address

COURIER Clubbing List

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Twin Cities by the Inland Sea

WERE you ever in the Canadian twin cities—on the midway of Lake Superior? If so you will have noticed that for the first time in a long trip you got the feeling that you were no longer merely hitting north, but that the direction was westward. Port Arthur and Fort William are the two first western cities on the map of Canada. Nominally they adhere to Ontario; send their representatives and a good share of their deputations to Toronto; get their charters from Toronto—and incidentally a large proportion of the people in both cities come from older Ontario. But when the twin city people start to talk—you understand they belong to the west.

They realise that the two young cities which crown the inland sea of fresh water are the real gateway of the West. Moment you strike there you are infected. You have shaken the East. You feel that Ontario is almost ungodly big—when after two days on a lake steamer you discover that you have yet some hundreds of miles by rail before you get away from the province that Oliver Mowat made so huge; knowing that it reaches far north to the sea that is salty and begins to be Arctic; and that it was never so big that it got away from Fort William and Port Arthur.

So it was in the fur days. In the days of the old Northwest Company, rival to the Hudson Bay Company, it was so that the tribes of all the posts interior journeyed down to Fort William, which was the Jerusalem of fur. The pictures of people; the conglomerate, cosmopolitan jostling of the trapper and the trader from the ends of the earth, the babel of tongues both native and foreign—made that old fur post the wonder of North America. That glory has departed. Fort William has done with fur. Once in a while a hunter straggles in with a fox, and there are some deer in the stone-bound hills. But the young city that once was old is now as modern as wireless. It is a city of box cars and elevators; of bustling people and busy tradesmen; a sort of eastern Winnipeg by the water, alive, ruddy with the blood of civilisation and of the days of old when the dog trains came tingling down.

Even while you are saying it you understand that the same language applies to Port Arthur; for it's but a matter of a brief while till the two are one city. There'll be a marriage up there one of these days. Once the doges of Venice had a celebration in which they married Venice to the sea, typifying the commerce of the Latin city. When Fort William the elder marries Port Arthur, the younger there will be a union of strength. The fracas that have marked the early history of these two are no more spirited than used to characterise Edmonton and Strathcona, who but for the three-mile gorge of the Saskatchewan would probably unite to-morrow. A year or so ago I remember a Toronto paper offered a prize for a name that would apply to both cities. The name is not yet forthcoming. It will come. Ask any real live citizen of either city and he will admit furtively at least that there's nothing in geography or history or commerce to keep these two cities from uniting.

At present, however, they continue to differ, which is natural. Each intends to emphasise its own points of vantage, and that is necessary. But they are a pair of progressive places. Just now they are as alive as any two cities in America. The wheat is coming down, and most of it naturally gets out of the hopper into the spout at these places. The real jangle and jostle of the wheat really culminates at the lake ports. And as yet nine-tenths of the goods consumed in both places comes up by boat. Some buying is done in Winnipeg, but only rush orders and in small lots. Most of the buying is done in Toronto. In days to come more buying will be done in Winnipeg. There will be a period when Winnipeg by reason of its immense start in the race will dominate the twin cities. Then will come the period when these two begin to wholesale and manufacture on a large scale for themselves. There is cheap power at the twin cities; the Kakabeka Falls—which the people of Port Arthur claim to be higher than Niagara.

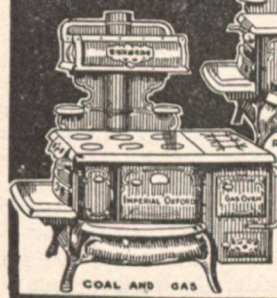
By geographical situation Winnipeg is more the Minneapolis of the West while the two lake cities are the Chicago. Once Fort William was a more celebrated fur post than Fort Garry—because of the waterway. What the Hudson's Bay route will do to make Winnipeg an effective seaport carrying wheat direct remains to be seen; as yet largely a speculation; and there must be theories. At present the twin cities are interested in all the haulage problems. They will talk to you of the Hudson's Bay route and of the route by Cape Horn. They have iron mines and blast furnaces. Their iron they expect to get to Vancouver not by rail but by water—round the southern ends of the earth. If the Tehantepec route gets carrying wheat down there is no reason why it should not carry iron up. Already the Port Arthur people are agitating to get a shipyard. They have deputationed the Ottawa government for docks. They desire to build ships. They are willing to take a hand in building the Canadian navy. They are starting waggon works. Industrialism is in the air of both Port Arthur and Fort William; the hopeful, optimistic and progressive cities by the inland sea. Good luck to them both. They are part of the large hope of Canada.

FIVE STYLES



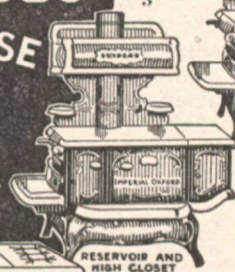
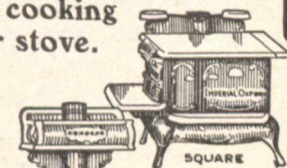
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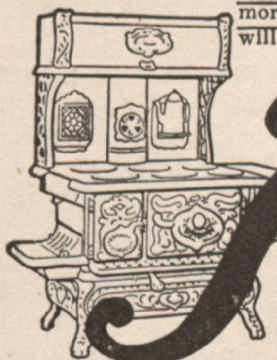
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

WHEN BIG STEEL INTERESTS DIFFER.

THE talk of the formation of a gigantic Canadian steel corporation, along the lines of the marvellous United States Steel Corporation, is in the air. One of the amusing incidents in connection with the possibility of such a thing, with its hundreds of millions of capitalisation, is the difference of opinion regarding values held by the leading interests in the various concerns. For instance, how better to obtain a pretty fair idea of the value of the common stock of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company than to enquire from one of the largest interests in the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company. The result is fairly surprising.

Then again, if desirous of getting a somewhat different view than that held by brokers who want to get clients to buy stock, regarding the fair valuation to place on the common stock of the Dominion Coal Co., why just go to President Plummer of the Dominion Steel Co., or some of his associates, and again, the results will fairly bewilder you. For instance, President Ross, of the Coal Co., holds that if there should be any merger that it should be on the basis of two shares of steel common for every one share of Coal Co. Put the same question to Senator Forget, the vice-president of the Steel Co., and in all seriousness he will impress upon you that Steel common has really greater value behind it than Coal common, and therefore it is entitled to even more consideration in the merger negotiations than is Mr. Ross' pet stock. Then again, when the question of great ore deposits comes up, see how the opinions of the Nova Scotia Steel and Dominion Steel are at variance. The Dominion Steel interests, with a nice flight of the imagination, will paint you a picture in rosy shades, that will show you that its ore supplies at Wabana are of such tremendous value that the Steel Company, even with its large capitalisation, could close down its entire plant, and just go on selling ore and yet make enough money to pay all its fixed charges. Mention this to a Nova Scotia Steel and Coal interest, and he is immediately up in the air. "Nothing to it, young man," he says. "When it comes to ore bodies take my word on it, the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. are not in it for a minute with Nova Scotia Steel. Where the ore bodies of the Dominion Iron Company are located under the sea, there is very little depth of rock between the mine below and the sea above. Consider the menace from this fact alone. The Nova Scotia Steel, on the other hand, is the luckiest company, perhaps in the world, so far as the location of its ore bodies are concerned, there being great depth of rock between the ore bodies and the sea that practically eliminates all possible danger from this source. Then again, look at the capitalisation of Nova Scotia Steel as compared with that of the Dominion Iron Co. If Dominion Iron common is worth par why Scotia common is easily worth \$150!"

Now, go over and mention these points to a Dominion Iron and Steel interest, and he will tell you quite confidentially that the Scotia interests lost the opportunity of their lives when they, a few years ago, refused the offer made them by the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. interests, to sell out the controlling interests in the company at \$60 per share. But these mere details will quickly be lost sight of when that genial chap, the promoter, comes along and gets in his fine work in connection with the consolidation. A few more millions, one way or another, really makes very little difference to him so long as all the various interests are brought into line.

* * *

A LADY SHAREHOLDER DID ATTEND THE MEETING.

THERE was quite an unusual incident in connection with the recent annual meeting of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Among the many shareholders who gathered together to hear Sir William Van Horne and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy tell of the many things the company had been able to achieve during the year, and their intentions for the coming one, was a member of the fair sex. There is not another large company that can boast of such a performance as, up to the present time, lady shareholders have never considered that they were entitled to intrude upon the business affairs of the company by being present at the annual meeting. Although large shareholders of many of the concerns, they always make a point of being represented either by proxy or by their attorney. In the case, for instance, of the Merchants Bank, it is a lady who is one of the very largest shareholders, but up to the present time she has not made any intimation of her intention of being present at any of the annual meetings, but has in preference allowed her husband to represent her on these occasions. Across the water in England, however, it is a quite common practice for women to attend annual meetings of railways, banking institutions, insurance corporations, etc., and they even go as far as to ask for a large amount of information that they would like to get either from the directors or the president of the company, and their questions show that they have made a close study of the financial position of the company. Now, that a lady has established a precedent by being present at the annual meeting of the C. P. R., it may be only a matter of a little time when we may see a few of them dropping in at the annual meetings of various other corporations.

* * *

THE EARLIEST BOARD MEETING IN CANADA.

IT is very seldom that any meeting of the board of directors of the large corporations is held before 11 o'clock in the morning. They generally run from about that hour up to 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the hours being regulated so that directors who are identified with many companies may find it possible to be present at them all. Strange to say, for some few years past, however, there has always been a meeting of the directors of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company at 9.30 o'clock every morning during the season of navigation. This meeting is easily the earliest of any corporation board meeting held in Canada and there is usually a very large attendance at it. Holding it at this early hour enables the members of the board to get through the Richelieu work and back to their own private offices without inconveniencing themselves to any great extent.

In the case of one of the big companies controlled by Tom Lawson, of Boston, a meeting of the shareholders was recently called for 9.30 o'clock, and the financial papers got after him with the statement that he had called it at such an early hour in order that there might not be many shareholders present and in this way he could do very much as he liked.

It is only a matter of a little time when board meetings will be held earlier in Montreal and Toronto.

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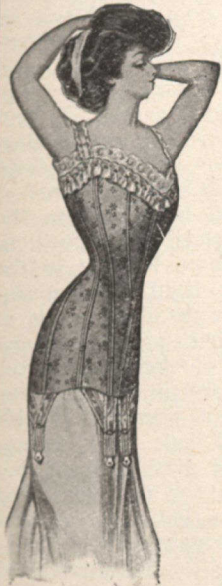
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North Shore Fishermen

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.

with well-filled hatches, we prepare for the homeward run. Fish and ballast are distributed evenly, that the little ship may trim just right, and sheets, ropes and halyards are cleared for quick work.

Down in the west, the last rosy blush of the sun is fading away into the dreary darkness of an autumn night; and along the dim line of horizon, the black waters tumble restlessly. The wind has died for a moment. The sea bubbles past our rail with a hollow gurgling sound—and as we drift along, rising and falling, our bows thumping dull and sodden on the waves, one feels the gloom of the night descending upon him with a peculiar awe. Then out of the north comes a breath, damp and chill—a mere cat's paw—but growing steadier—and at last sweeping down upon us in cold fitful gusts. The water seethes in the darkness; the sails fill, and our little ship heels over until her lee rail is tearing through the now phosphorescent foam at a surprising rate. Night is now upon us, and great clouds of inky blackness move quickly across the sky. A few soft flurries of snow come spitting at us out of the north, ceasing as gently as they have begun. Far away on the lee shore, the "beacons" are twinkling, and each straining lurch brings us ever towards them. The wind is now stronger and colder, dropping down from the icy north across the waste of waters, singing its weird tune through the rattling cordage. Scare a word is spoken on board. Down in the fore'sle hatch forward is a small red glow, about the size of a coal; it is all we can see, but we know that "Jim" is enjoying his usual smoke. The rest of the "boys" are huddled aft with "Dockie," who is ever gazing ahead, and listening for the roar of the "bar," as the tide surging out against a north wind, makes a nasty sea.

Onward we glide, rising and falling, slipping and sliding from one sea to another, with the black water frothing always past, and bearing us nearer home, every lurch a strain, every strain a groan. Now the low line of sand-dunes loom up like mountains in the gloom, and yes—there is a roar on the "bar," a deep and solemn roar, that is always heard distinctly, above the restless voice of the ocean. "Forward ther', Jim, come up! ther's a sea on the 'bar,'" and "Dockie" brings up our "bows" in range of the lights. "Ste'dy ther'! got yer sheets?" and as the "black buoy" slips past us in the darkness, we raise on the first roller of the "bar." On either side, the shallow reefs are awash, with a churning of yellowish, short choppy breakers, but in the full black waters of the channel, the sea is swift and heavy, running the full length. Up we go again—and—down into the trough of a few light seas, now shooting ahead, now lagging behind as the waters comb around us in the darkness. Every sheet is in a strong hand, and "Dockie," with his feet braced against the lee rail, watches the sails, the ship, and the sea together. Up we go again, and—"Ste'dy ther', b'ys, ther's a bad one comin'—" and right astern, boiling and hissing, with a nasty curl on its crest, a "bad one" is coming. "Keep her 'way 'bit, ther'—quick! ther'." Sa—wash, the water is racing along our stern, having taken us with a mighty stiff splash aft, and drenching us to the skin. For a moment we swerve as if to broach, but immediately drop behind, the "bad one" racing on, and breaking directly in front of us. Another lift—and we are through into the harbour.

Out of the north, the wind comes

down, swirling, hungry and wild, swaying the mighty pines in their foothold along the coast, and bursting with the strength of demons upon us. But the "catch" is ashore, and the fisher snug in his little cottage under the sheltering hills, where the reek of the steaming pots go up with a breath that is goodly and strong to the hungry sons of the sea. Outside in the gloom of the night, the black waters, tumbling and wild, froth shoreward, the thunder of the seas coming up with the moan of the wind—weird and strange—o'er the waste of sand, singing the fisher's lullaby.

When Paradise Quit

Adam and Eve they had no Tariff
In the days of long ago;
He and She, they didn't care if
Cotton goods were high or low.
Naught knew they of speeches witty
Touching lumber, hides and rice
From a Ways and Means Committee;
Wasn't it a Paradise!

In that primal vale of beauty,
He was rich who owned a tree;
No one gave a fig for Duty,
(Figs were entered duty-free.)
Eating, sleeping at his humour,
Taking no one's bad advice,
Sat the Ultimate Consumer—
Wasn't it a Paradise!

Joined as one, their minds worked
singly;
Toiling not for others' gain;
Adam never heard of Dingley,
He was stranger yet to Payne.
Knowing not Revision's loathing—
Having never paid the price—
What could Adam fear, if clothing
Was not worn in Paradise?

Singing some Arcadian ballad,
Laughing in the face of life,
Forth they fared arrayed in salad,
Father Adam and his Wife.
Even the Fruit which she selected,
Simple Adam to entice,
That, alas! was unprotected
By the laws of Paradise.

Ah, how brief is Earth's perfection!
Adam bit (his first mistake),
And the Gospel of Protection
Entered, doubtless with the Snake.
Soon an Angel, with a sabre,
Made a Tariff, fixed the price;
Adam took to sweat-shop labour,
And the Trusts ran Paradise.
—Wallace Irwin.

The French Treaty

THE new Franco-Canadian tariff treaty which has been ratified in Paris and only awaits formal confirmation by our Parliament, is causing considerable comment at Washington and among certain United States manufacturers on account of the great advantage it gives to Canadian products. The Massey-Harris Company, of Toronto, has always been a factor in the farm implement trade of the greatest agricultural country in Europe. In 1907 there were about 81,000 large harvesting machines sold in France and it is estimated that about 58,000 of these were made in the United States and about 11,600 were of British, that is to say chiefly Canadian manufacture. With our new treaty Canada secures the benefit of the minimum tariff while the United States remains under the provisions of the maximum tariff. This means a difference in duty on Canadian machines of \$3.86 per mower, \$4.82 per reaper, \$8.20 per binder and \$1.93 per hay rake. The same situation applies to machine tools, electric motors and generators and fixtures of various types. There is a considerable list of products of the soil, mines, forests and factories of Canada which will also compete with great advantage over the United States.—Financial Post.

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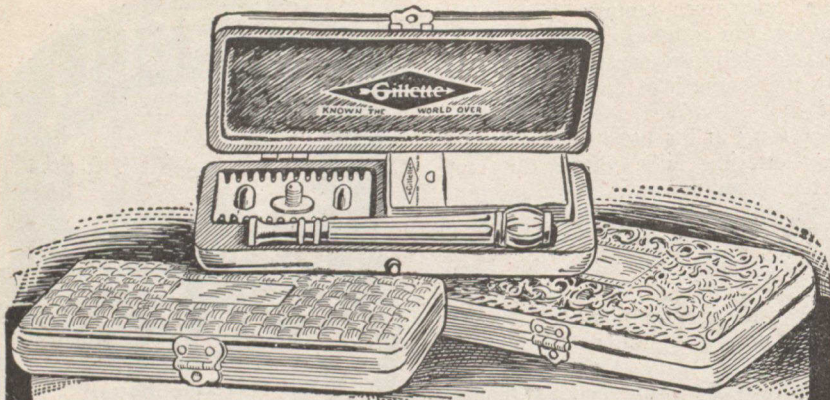
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.



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'em up. I sent Cayuse up ter Little Divide to keep his eye skinned on the Pop to-night. He was nigh drunk, anyway."

The clack of Kootenay's heavy tread down the bare wooden stairs struck ominously on the ears of Chris, who sat, her mind tortured like a frail boat tossed by the meeting of many waters. The men whom Kootenay had gone to summon were men who, when roused, shot first and reasoned afterward; and they would ride out to-night consumed by a desire for vengeance upon the man they thought had betrayed them. And if Preacher Black was found at the pound with the policeman, he would be shot as a spy. She had lived in dread of this menace to Black's life. She knew of the under-current of distrust that flowed sluggishly beneath the surface resignation to his presence—it was like a stream of naphtha inflammably susceptible to a spark of proof. And somehow the impression impinged on her mind, confused by all the talk, that the preacher was really going out to the pound to meet Somers.

What if he had allied himself with the police to put down the illicit traffic which, as she knew, he abhorred? She combatted this thought vehemently, crying to herself, "No, a thousand times no! He's a man preacher!" But even if this was true, she must save him from the passionate men who would hold his life as the life of a prowling wolf.

The tramp of heavy feet ascending the stairs broke the girl's trend of thought. She heard her father greet Tough Wilkins and Bender, and ask, "Whar's Dakota?"

It was Kootenay answering. "He sot in to stud, and luck sure up and clawed his pockets inside out while you'd rope a steer; then he pulled out fer his shack dumb hostile."

"Well, we got ter git him!" Mayo declared. "One of you boys ride over to Stony Creek and yank him back."

Chris heard Kootenay clatter down the stairs on his way to summon Dakota, and the subdued drone of her father's voice as he told his two companions of the policeman's presence at Bleeding River and the suspected complicity of the Sky Pilot.

The avengers were men, one of them her father—kind and ordinarily fair; but, roused by adjudged tyrannical interference they were wolves, merciless and harsh,—while she was a woman in love with the man they were determined to slay, a woman of the West, one to act, rather than sit in a helpless atmosphere of mental defence: a horse her solution to the terrible situation, perhaps even a pistol in defence of her object.

She buttoned on a loose fitting caribou skin jacket, and slipped a pistol belt beneath, outlining her course of action. She would ride Chinook to the mission shack and warn Black not to go forth, making some excuse if she encountered Dupre. If the preacher had gone, she would ride to the pound and draw him away from his fate.

Chris had a hand on the door when her father's voice checked her with a sudden start of dismay. Chairs clattered a warning as he said, "I guess I'll go and saddle up so's to be ready when Dakota and Kootenay come."

The girl realised that she now could not get Chinook out before the others had left. Then she might try to out-ride them in a detour of the trail. But she could go to the mission on foot, and perhaps her horse would not be needed.

Down the stairs she crept, through a back door, and, avoiding the street, ran across the prairie. In ten min-

utes the mission shacks loomed against the sky. The walls held a solemn gloom; no light glinted from the window. "My God! he's gone!" Chris gasped—"gone with that wolf on his trail!"

Now the girl walked, her moccasin-ed feet calling from the grassed prairie no note of betrayal. Twenty yards from the shack she halted to listen. The night held a sullen stillness. She cast herself to the prairie and held her ear to the ground. Once she caught the muffled echo of hoofs; but they were faint, far away.

Cautiously she crept up to the door and tapped on its planks. There was no answer. Then she slipped round to the small logged inclosure, roofed by maskeg hay, that was a stable, and in its open doorway, black in gloom, said softly, "Whoa, Badger! Steady, boy!" She entered, and with coaxing words passed her hand through the space of a stall. It held nothing! She reached up and touched the wooden peg that should have held Badger's saddle. It was not there!

The girl turned heavily from the shacks which seemed to crouch in mournful abnegation, looking in the smothering night light like mausoleums holding but the dead hopes of betterment for her people. Many times Chris had looked across the prairie at night, and in a crude way pictured the light in Preacher Black's windows a star of hope. Now, swinging at a rapid walk over the back trail to the Lone Pine, she was torn by a conflict of feelings that were passionate and full of despair. She had accepted Black's politic masquerade of Christian rectitude as genuine. His normal manliness had not only enhanced this quality, but had deafened her ears to insinuations. She would have staked her life on the truth of his professed mission; but now if he was in league with her father's enemies, the police, this treachery murked the idealised conception.

Walking swiftly, her heart tortured by the conflict of love for Black and angered despair at the seeming lessened nobility of his manhood, the girl was startled by the erratic shuffle of a cayuse's gait. Chris raced to the left and threw herself to the prairie, where she crouched as the shadowy form of a horseman slipped by. Then she sprang to her feet and hurried forward. She knew it was one of the avengers on his way to discover if the preacher had left for the pound.

The sudden vision of danger to Black acted like a spur to Chris's hesitating mind. It was an elemental argument, convincing in its terrible reality. Without her help he would probably be murdered that night. It was simply a question of the life she perhaps held in her hand.

Again her mind worked impetuously in this direction, her feet beating at the prairie with hastening accord. As she approached the stable, a light glinted from a chink between its logs. Peering cautiously through the slit, Chris saw her father bring his hand down on his horse's rump in a sounding slap as he turned from the stall, and heard him say:

"Thar, Tough! I'm ready ter take a hand in the Gospel slinger's game." Then he stepped to the door and, peering out into the night, added: "Pears like as Bender's comin' back. Somethin's gallopin' out thar on the prairie. We'd best wait here till Kootenay turns up with Dakota, if that skunk's pulled his freight fer the pound."

Standing in the shadow of the wall, Chris saw Bender's horse loom in the moonlight. He checked him in a

sprawling stop at the stable door, and said, "He's pulled out, right 'nuff. Everything's dark as Billy-be-damn. Hoss gone, and no sign of Dupre; so I guess the breed's trailed him."

Mayo muttered a curse, and slipped half a dozen shells into the magazine of his rifle. "Load up!" Mayo's voice carried a sharp, cruel ring that made the girl shudder. The metallic click of the rifle breech sounded cold and merciless.

The next instant Bender called, "Thar's Kootenay and Dakota. I see 'em pass the store light just now."

Mayo pushed hurriedly into the stall, backed his horse out, and leading him passed with the other two round to the front of the house.

CHAPTER VIII.

Chris darted into the stable, seized her saddle and bridle, and, hurrying to the corral, called to Chinook. The chestnut came forward warily, and held his teeth closed in playful obstinacy when the girl shoved the steel snaffle between his lips. Angered, Chris jabbed her thumb beneath the horse's tongue, the snaffle clicked over the teeth, and then, throwing the saddle to place, she cinched it up with a hurried roughness that caused the pampered Chinook to shake his head irritably.

Mounting, Chris circled the corral, keeping beyond the radius of house lights, and crossed the street to the northward. Just as she dipped into the solemn toned prairie, tortuous splashes of light and shade just merged into a vast expanse of moonlit solitude told her that the five men had ridden out on the trail of Black. She had hoped that perhaps the allurements of a drink might hold them at the Lone Pine while she stole the start. Now her task was more difficult. They would ride fast with the quarry in front, and she would have to carry Chinook wide lest the beat of his hoofs told them of another rider that went their way.

For a little she jogged Chinook at a trot, bearing to the west; then she touched him with her heels, and he broke into a gallop, his long, swinging stride carrying them over the level prairie till its grassed turf floated by in the blurred, smooth glide of a mighty river. Faster and faster she urged the chestnut till he raced as if her own life hung on his speed, as though blood seekers galloped on her trail.

Half in the way of instinct, the girl judged her course, the small hand always a little heavy on the rein that lay away from the trail, knowing that Chinook, left to himself, would surely edge toward it. Twice Chris checked the eager horse to cool out his lungs, and then on, mile after mile. Suddenly in the dim moonlight contorted lines cut the silver-grey veil that hung so mystically before the girl's eyes. With a start of affright she drew the curb, almost throwing the chestnut to his haunches.

Chris listened. There was no echo of hoofs. She put Chinook forward at a cautious walk, peering with head thrust low. Then she laughed in relief. It was only bushes growing on the bank of White Mud Coulee. She urged Chinook on, peering into the hollow for a crossing; but the horse turned obstinately to the right, grabbing the bit with his teeth, and thrusting his head out as though intimating that it was impossible. Chris threw the rein slack, and the horse took his way along the bank. The girl realised that she had gone farther than she had thought. They were six miles from Stand Off, and she had hoped to strike the trail ahead of the others before reaching the coulee. She must have circled too wide.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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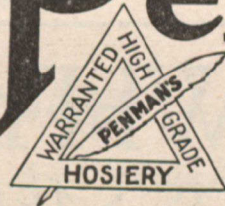
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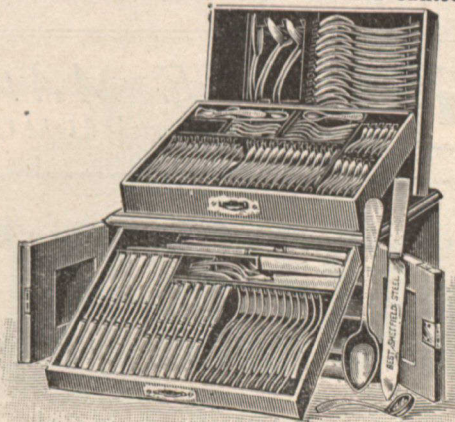
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CONTENTS OF CANTEN: 1 doz. Table Forks, 6 Table Spoons, 1 doz. Dessert Spoons, 1 doz. Dessert Forks, 12 Tea Spoons, 1 Gravy Spoon, 1 Soup Ladle, 2 Sauce Ladles, 1 doz. Table Knives, 1 doz. Cheese Knives, 1 pair Meat Carvers, 1 pair Game Carvers, Canteen Oak.

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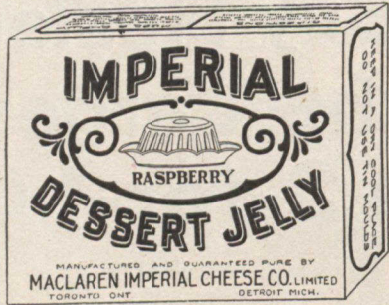
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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE STORY OF A KITTEN

NOW this story is quite true. Once upon a time there was a cat called Mr. Puff; he lived in a grand house, quite close to the Turkish Embassy. A lord and a lady and several servants lived with Mr. Puff, and he was very kind to them, letting them do in all things as they liked, and never sending them away nor keeping the house to himself. One day Mr. Puff, being out in the rain, found a poor little kitten, covered with mud and crying bitterly; so Mr. Puff took the kitten between his teeth and carried it home, and set it down on the drawing-room hearth-rug. The lord and the lady had the kitten washed and gave it food and called it Smut; and Smut went and sat down on the lord's writing-table.

When Smut grew to be a cat the lord and the lady thought a while, and spoke: "We have a dear friend," they said, "and he is catless; therefore, if Mr. Puff will agree, we will take Smut to him as a present," and Mr. Puff agreed.

So Smut was put into a bird-cage and taken to the dear friend's house. The dear friend had a little girl with golden hair, and when she saw Smut she cried out for joy and said: "Never before did I see a dicky-bird with a furry coat, a long tail and little white teeth."

But Smut shook his head as if to say, "I am not a dicky-bird, sweet maid, but only a four-legged cat," so they opened the bird-cage door and he walked out, waving his tail.

Now when Smut grew up his gravity and dignity made all who knew his history wonder, and few could believe that he had once been a dirty kitten, covered with mud, and glad to accept the charity of Mr. Puff. And a time came when there was a great war in Turkey and terrible battles were fought, and Smut looked very anxious and went quite bald, and his coat fell off in little patches; but none could tell why. At last he died, and the little girl wept sorely, and all who had known him grieved and lamented. And when Smut had been sleeping only a little while beneath the lilac tree an accident revealed that instead of a lowly foundling, he had been of high degree, for the little vagrant Mr. Puff had found was no less a person than the Turkish Ambassador's coachman's wife's cat's kitten.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

WHAT THE CAT AND HEN DID

By ALICE RALSTON.

FOUR little children were playing in their garden one day. There were Mollie and Jamie and Betty and Teddy.

They were so busy making mud-pies that they did not see "Mrs. Tomkins," the old cat, when she came and mewed, and mewed, and put up her paw, and touched Mollie and Jamie and Betty and Teddy—first one and then the other, as much as to say, "Do come, some of you, and help me! Do come, please!"

By and by the children's mama came out of the house and saw how queerly the cat was acting, and said: "Children, Mrs. Tomkins is trying to get you to go with her and see if her babies are all right."

So the children left their play and said: "Come, Mrs. Tomkins, we will go with you now."

The old cat gave a thankful "m-i-e-o-u," and started down the walk leading to the barn. Every now and then she looked back to see if the children were really coming. When she got to the stable, she ran and

jumped up on the manger, and looked down into it, and gave a quick, sharp "m-i-e-o-u," as if to say, "What do you think of that?" And the children looked in and saw a hen sitting upon the old cat's kittens and trying to keep them all covered up! When the cat tried to go near them, the hen would peck at her and drive her away. How the children laughed!

The hen had been sitting upon some eggs in a nest near where the cat had set up housekeeping, and when the cat went out, the hen came over and took the cat's little family under her wings, just as if they had been so many chick-a-biddies. And when the cat went home again, the hen would not let her come near the kittens. Mollie took the hen off, and Mrs. Tomkins was happy.

The next day she came again, looking as though she said, "I am very sorry to trouble you, but I *must*." Then she said "M-i-e-o-u, m-i-e-o-u!" So the children left their play and went to the stable with her, and found the hen playing mother to Mrs. Tomkins' kittens again and trying to make them keep still and stay under her wings. If one of them poked its head out, she would give it a sharp peck to make it go back.

The children laughed again, and Mollie said: "Poor Mrs. Tomkins, I would look for a new house if I were you—you do have such meddling neighbours!" Then she took the hen off, and Mrs. Tomkins picked up one of the kittens.

The children's mama was sitting in the library reading when the old cat came in, with a kitten in her mouth. She put it softly down, went out, and soon returned with another. She kept on doing this until she had moved all her family of five kittens. Then she settled herself in a cozy corner, and looked at the lady, and purred in this way: "If you only knew how much trouble I have had with that bad old hen, you would let me and my children stay here."

The lady laughed and said: "I will see what I can do for you."

Just then the children came in and begged to have the kittens stay. So a new home was made for them in a box in the woodhouse.—*St. Nicholas.*

SERENA

By RYE JOHNSON.

SOFTLY, silently, snow surrounded Shakertown. Sabrina Sedley's sabots seeming shabby, she sent Sister Serena shopping.

Saucepans, spoons, soap, sheeting, shoes secured, Serena shyly sought some soft, silken surah.

Samuel Seaton, salesman, sensibly suggested salmon shades, sincerely solicitous silks should suit Serena, so sweet seemed she.

She saw Samuel's suggestion sound, salmon suiting seasonably Shaker-town socials, so she selected several shades.

Sabrina Sedley spoke scornfully, severely, sensoriously. She said Serena's silks, sealskin sack, sleek, shining satins seemed such selfish silliness.

Sensibly silent, Serena sought Sally Sanborn, seamstress.

Shakertown socialists sending summons soon, some scores sought Stephen Sedley's, Serena's sire's, sitting-room.

Sister Sabrina served supper, Sally slyly serving salads, seed-cakes salted. Seraphic sounded Serena's seraphine, soothing sad souls. Sweetly she sang sentimental songs, Samuel Seaton softly singing some sentences. So Samuel secured Serena, sincerely satisfied.—*Youth's Companion.*

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Soap for the Toilet—

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Infants' Delight

Think how unwise it is to continue using common soaps when you can have INFANTS' DELIGHT for no greater expense. For this soap is different from any you have ever known. We go ten thousand miles to the Orient for pure coconut oil and to the gardens of France for the best olive oil we can buy. So we put our very best into every cake.

Then we mill the soap by our secret process and crush it under a weight of 30 tons. After this it goes through heavy granite rollers and comes out in miles of silky ribbons—then it is pressed into cakes. Can you imagine a more delightful soap for washing, bathing, manicuring or shampooing? Ask your dealer for a cake—it's 10c everywhere.

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Borax Soap

Here is a soap that does its work almost like magic. Where other soaps cleanse it goes further and whitens and purifies. In the kitchen it digs into the corners of the dishes and cuts away the grease in a hurry. In the laundry it saves most of the rubbing for it dissolves the dirt instantly and makes the clothes snowy white. The clothes come out free from any soapy smell—the colored goods brighter and the woolens softer than ever before.

Borax makes hard water soft and is as harmless to the hands and clothes as common salt. Please try one bar of this soap with your next washing—see how it saves its own cost by lasting longer and reducing the work to half. Price 5c a bar at all dealers.



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We are all alive on this shirt question—we make shirts miles ahead of the ordinary kind. We make the right Collars too!

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A Portrait and a Piano

So sits he there, until we half expect
To see him burst his worn-out earthly chains,
And, like an eagle, seek the lofty sky,
Cleaving the air with broad and eagle pinions
Until he gains, at last, the glorious sun.

Such is the concluding stanza of an effusion by Mr. T. C. Jeffers, Mus. Bac. Mr. Jeffers writes good verse, which is not the rule among the musical fraternity. But Mr. Jeffers had a musician for his subject. His lines are addressed to Franz Liszt.

In the office, at Toronto, of the Mason & Risch Piano Company there is a large portrait of Liszt painted by Baron Joukousky, a son of the renowned Russian author. This picture, a striking likeness of the master, was specially ordered and presented by him to the Toronto firm in 1882. It formed the inspiration for the lines of Mr. Jeffers, and has been responsible for many eulogistic expressions among Canadian art lovers.

A booklet issued by the Mason & Risch Company relates many interesting details of Liszt's interest in the Canadian piano industry. There is the story of how one of the pianos of the Toronto firm found its way to Weimar; how the fingers of Franz Liszt came to glide over its keyboard; and how as the result of experiment the friend of Wagner and Chopin, and Victor Hugo and George Sand, suggested the ideas which are now embodied in the Mason & Risch Grand.



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The Kilts Vindicated

MAGISTRATE George T. Denison, of Toronto, has saved the Empire once more. Everybody knows that he has saved it often, though they may forget the drab details, but on this last occasion the crisis was so great as to give the details assured longevity. Two Highlanders, more or less clad in kilts, were returning from the Toronto fair, which had agreed with them tolerably well, when they were subjected to open and offensive ridicule by several Americans whom they encountered on the way home. The Americans affected to perceive something ridiculous about the garb of the men of the heather, an affectation fraught with great peril, individual and international. The Highlanders threatened to pull each separate tail feather from the tail of the American eagle. The Americans threatened to shoot. The Highlanders were about to butcher the enemy to make a Toronto holiday when they espied an American flag amid the decorations of the hotel in front of which the row occurred, and proceeded to tear it to pieces. This being an overt act of disorder they were arrested and, subsequently, arraigned before Colonel Denison.

Colonel Denison is a stout upholder of law and order, but he saw that to punish the prisoners would be equivalent to deciding that the American flag is more entitled to respect than the kilts beloved of many an Ontario clan, and this at a time when a host of the Hielan'men are in Toronto to see the fair. He is a good general who knows how to retreat. Colonel Denison discharged the prisoners, thereby doubtless preventing civil war in Canada and the United Kingdom, and perhaps an immediate raid upon Washington by the men from Glen-garry. His ruling means that no one who pokes fun at the kilts can expect the law to save him from the consequences of his folly.—*Victoria Times.*

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