

Vol. XI. No. 7

January 13th, 1912

Price 10 Cents

# The Canadian **C**ourier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Special Photographs  
of Their Majesties'  
Entry Into Delhi.

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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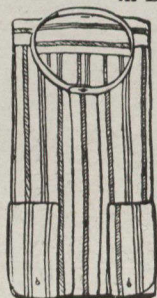
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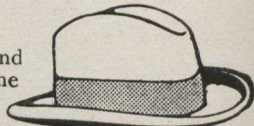
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NORWICH CATHEDRAL

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited

VOL. XI.

TORONTO

NO. 7

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## Editor's Talk

SELECTING a serial story for the readers of "The Canadian Courier" is not an easy task. Many good stories there are which read well in book form, but which are quite unsuitable for "instalment" reading. It is not every story which will bear breaking up into thirteen more or less equal parts. Again, it is not easy to select a story which will satisfy all classes of readers. Tastes vary, as no one knows better than the editorial staff.

The new serial story which commences in next week's issue is quite different from the one which finishes in this issue. It is by a Canadian author also, but the scenes are laid in Canada—up among the Foothills of central Alberta. It thus has an entirely different atmosphere. Virna Sheard has written several good stories of which "Trevelyan's Little Daughters" was the first, and "By the Queen's Grace," the most recent. She has also contributed largely to the periodicals of the United States and Canada. Her poetry is always in demand—for she writes good verse as well as strong fiction. That she doesn't write as much as some other popular authors is explained by the presence in her Toronto home of five stalwart sons who inherit their parents' cleverness.

"The Man at Lone Lake" was there because a secret vice drove him into solitude—where his manhood could wrestle fairly with the devil that was in him. There he lived the life of a trapper, alone with a squirrel as pet and companion. A few miles down the Lake was Old Man McCullough and Francois, the half-breed—and Nance. But read the story for yourself, first because the story is Canadian in the best sense, secondly because the author has a reputation which justifies it, and thirdly because the editor recommends the tale. Good Canadian stories are rare, because Canada has driven most of her authors abroad. Virna Sheard is one of those who could not be driven out; therefore, the country gets the value of her talent, ability and intimate knowledge of nature and nature's charms as we have it in Canada.

## Parents, teach your children economy

This is one of the greatest factors in their education. Have them put away their five and ten cent pieces, even coppers. Arrange with them to go to the Bank and start a savings account. Afterwards, with them, watch the balance grow. Then, not only do you teach them economy, but you get into closer touch with them. 616

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## IN LIGHTER VEIN

**His Guess.**—New German Governness—“Zo much for zat great genius. And vat also is ze name of ze ozer great genius, always coupled in our minds wiz Schiller?”

Reginald—“Charybdis.”—Punch.

**Minister's Usefulness.**—Among the members of a fashionable country club of Washington are a doctor and a minister, who delight in the exchange of repartee touching their respective professions.

As they met one day, the minister observed that he was “going to read to old Cunningham,” adding (as he was aware that the old man was a patient of his friend, the doctor), “Is he much worse?”

With the gravest of expressions, the physician replied:

“He needs your help more than mine.”

Off his guard, the minister exclaimed anxiously: “Poor fellow! Is it as bad as that?”

“Yes; he is suffering from insomnia.”—Lippincott's.

**Hereditary.**—“Grandma,” said Brewster's young son one day, “which of my parents do I resemble?”

“Both,” the grandmother answered. “You have your mother's remarkable capacity for spending money and your father's absolute genius for not making it.”—Kansas City Star.

**Unpopular.**—“How do you like your new minister's wife?”

“Not very well. She's just as stylish as the rest of us.”—Detroit Free Press.

**How the War Started.**—General F. D. Grant, apropos of the uselessness of arbitration as exemplified in the case of the Turko-Italian war, said the other day in New York: “It reminds me of a story. According to this story, a war was going on, and one day, the papers being full of the grim details of a bloody battle, a woman said to her husband: ‘This slaughter is shocking. It's fiendish. Can nothing be done to stop it?’ ‘I'm afraid not,’ her husband answered. ‘Why don't both sides come together and arbitrate?’ she cried. ‘They did,’ said he. ‘They did, way back in June. That's how the goldurned thing started.’”

**Easily Satisfied.**—Amateur Nimrod—“Can you show me any bear tracks?”

Native—“I kin show you a bear.”

Amateur Nimrod—“Thanks, awfully, old chap. Tracks will suffice.”—New Orleans Picayune.

**A Good Reason.**—Homely Pug Dog—“I guess I know why my mistress takes me everywhere with her.”

Handsome Dog—“Why?”

Homely Pug Dog—“Because it's a consolation for her to have something along with her that's homlier than she is.”

**Gave Him a Jar.**—“Am I required to exchange wedding gifts in the department from which they were purchased?”

“Not at all,” said the floor-walker. “Thank you. I would like to exchange a rose-jar for a frying-pan.”—Washington Herald.

**Cause and Effect.**—“Was her gown cut low?” she asked.

“Yes, indeed. Low and behold,” he answered.—Life.

**The Eternal Question.**—“My wife made me what I am!”

“Have you forgiven her yet?”—Satire.

**Mule Sense.**—“Kicking is bad policy. Behold the mule. Kicking never gets him anywhere.”

“That is exactly why the mule kicks. He doesn't want to get anywhere.”—Birmingham Age-Herald.

# Just WHY



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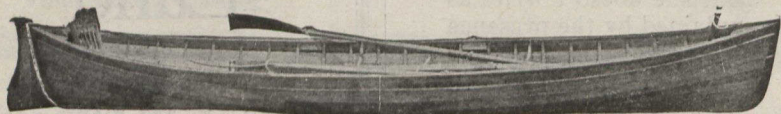
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# The CANADIAN COURIER

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## NORWEGIAN ROYALTY IN ENGLAND

The King and Queen of Norway and Prince Olaf, Queen Alexandra's favourite grandson, have been visiting in England. This picture shows them going on to the boat at Dover preparatory to crossing the Channel on their way home. The King of Norway is one of the tallest royal persons in Europe. Prince Olaf seems to be growing fast and gives indication of being as tall as his father.

Copyright Photograph by L.N.A.

# JERRY HAINES, LABOURER

*Courage and Faithfulness of a Rough and Ready Type of Man*

By HAROLD BROWN

Drawings by Fergus Kyle.

ON a bright winter morning a two-horse team drawing a sleigh on which were piled numerous "turkeys" and followed by the owners thereof set forth from the little town of Nepigon. The "turkeys" or, to be more explicit, gunny-sacks filled with clothing and other effects, were on the "move" because their owners had spent all their cash and had accepted the terms of the employment agent, who had promised them a good job on the line of Transcontinental Railway then being built north of Lake Nepigon.

Up in front strode a French Canadian, Jules Allard. Next was Petersen, a Swede, and directly behind him walked "Arry" Wilson, the omnipresent Cockney. Behind trailed men of all nations; several Italians, chattering in their own language; a couple of Belgians; a tall North American—whether Canadian or American it was hard to tell—and lastly Jerry Haines.

Jerry was a Canadian and Montreal was the place honoured by his birth. He was one of those big little men one so often meets. On first sight he appeared small, but on a closer view the observer saw with a start of astonishment that the head which was held up so jauntily was supported by a neck like that of a bull-dog; that in fact, under the ill-fitting garments was a compact and symmetrical form and should the observer happen to be in a belligerent mood he would likely look elsewhere for someone to vent his wrath on. As was the case with the others, his garments had not been selected with a view of matching each other, but rather had been chosen from time to time and from different vans as the ravages of wear made a purchase necessary. In one point, however, he was different. While the others wore fur and cloth caps and toques to protect them from the cold, he contented himself with a small felt hat set rakishly on the side of his head. His hair was somewhat long and his round youthful and merry face was tanned to a reddish brown by exposure to the sun and wind. From it looked out a pair of blue eyes that never rested long on anything, but generally managed to convey correct impressions to the inner man and to impress others with their clearness.

None of the men seemed inclined to talk that morning; recent events so filled their minds that they wanted to think over them in peace. The majority of them had been up on the line before and feeling that they had enough money had come down in order to have a good time. Cashing their time cheques they had wandered around among the different hotels in Port Arthur and Fort William and had felt that life was worth living so long as there was money in their pockets, whiskey in the hotels and congenial friends on hand to help in getting rid of both. In a short time both money and friends had vanished and they were left to seek new work in order to replenish their exchequer.

The Nepigon Road, which, like most winter roads, winds around the hills and picks out the lakes, keeps a generally northern direction following fairly closely the western shore of the Nepigon River for



fourteen miles to the first stopping place called Camp Alexander. It then departs from the river, keeping farther to the west, and eighteen miles further on comes out on the shore of South Bay, Lake Nepigon, at the next stopping place.

When our travellers arrived at Camp Alexander it was with sundry sighs of content and a few oaths at the length of the road. The keeper of the stopping place had prepared for them. Soup, broiled beef, potatoes, beans, raisin pie and tea disappeared in fast time, and then the men sat around and enjoyed a smoke. The Italians and Belgians sat apart and took no part in the general conversation, but conversed in low tones in their own language.

The others were grouped around the walls or lolling on the floor or bunks and were listening to one of 'Arry's bursts of eloquence.

"This 'ere layout reminds me of the shack me and me pal had wen we was ranchin on the South Saskatchewan. Hit was built of poplar and thatched with grass and 'ad a mud floor. Strike me if I ever

worked same as I did for a month or so that summer; swingin' a scythe from morn till night and makin' hay while the sun shone. That fall along comes a rain and one night as we were abed strikes me there is a queer sound like a wind through the trees, and a snake crawlin' in the grass. I 'ops out and gives a yell which wakes my pal. I had stepped into water and strike me but we had just time to get out when our shack goes sailin' down the river."

Jerry Haines had been looking on, calmly puffing a short clay pipe and perched on the top of a cider keg. On the conclusion of the story he sagely remarked that it was a good one but added that he was getting "dry" and he thought that the man who had the bottle must imagine it was a batch of eggs capable of being turned into a lot of chickens. Whereupon Petersen reached for his turkey, produced a bottle and it passed rapidly around until nothing was left. More were produced and in a short time the scene was one which would have delighted the heart of the God of Confusion. Smoke from the pipes filled the air from the floors to the blackened rafters above. 'Arry was singing a coster song. Petersen was attempting to sing but the sounds produced resembled the neighing of a horse. Jules Allard had brought forth a mouth organ and with head thrown on back and his right foot beating time on the floor was playing loudly, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Jerry Haines was in his element. His blue eyes acquired a brighter glint; he perceptibly straightened and walking to 'Arry he said, "Say, English, you are the finest songster I ever heard."

The singer stopped for a moment as if to determine whether the remark was a compliment or was a veiled aspersion. Evidently deciding in favour of the former he started anew, but was interrupted with "Honest now, you ought to be navviein' on railroads, you ought to be singing in de opery. I have heard singers who was no better 'an you singing in de opery and they always got something handed to them."

"Wot was that?"

"A lemon and some bad eggs."

At this 'Arry flew into a rage and swung for the jaw, but in the middle of the action he thought he would go to sleep and so sank to the floor, where in a short time his heavy breathing proclaimed he was in the land of dreams.

Turning around Jerry caught sight of Jules, and going over to him, said, "I can lick all the pea-soups between here and Montreal."

The effect was to electrify the Frenchman. With a muttered curse he threw the mouth-organ on the rough floor and fairly flew at Jerry. Hands and feet both were used and driven towards their goal with all the relentless fury that a river man is master of. Jerry, not expecting such a sudden ebullition, was somewhat unprepared, but managed to step sideways in time to miss the onslaught. His arms closed around Jules' body and he hung on for dear life. Meantime his opponent was cursing and scratching and trying to break away in order to



"Youse fellows need to go slow on the provisions. If this storm keeps up we're here to stay."

get in a well-placed kick and so settle the battle. They swayed this way and that, knocked over stools and began to interest the onlookers, when Jules in making an extra effort stepped back on the hand of Petersen. That worthy immediately arose, encircled both of them with his huge arms and with a mighty effort threw them both down and with his arms still around them dropped off to sleep.

Night came, and in a short time all was still in the camp and everybody was wrapped in sleep, except one figure which occasionally rose up from a bunk in the corner and looked cautiously around. The straight black hair and the dark complexion denoted the Indian. This was Pete Jackson, the Ojibway "bullcock" of the establishment. After the third cautious look around the Indian arose and with slow and soft steps, crouching almost double, started to where the three had fallen. A log cracked loudly with the frost and the stealthy one paused with one foot raised. Nobody stirred and he continued and after a short time came to where the gunnysacks were piled and where Petersen, Jules and Jerry were sleeping. Now he stoops down and is hidden by the shadow. Now he arises, clutching in his hand the greatest boomerang that the Indian has ever handled, a bottle of whiskey. With his prize he slinks back to his bunk and after taking a long pull at the bottle hides it under the blankets and settles down to a restless night.

Dawn comes all too soon and the cook wakens the sleepers with a shout. Breakfast is partaken of and the men set out for South Bay. They arrive there at about four o'clock in the afternoon and some of them already feel the effects of the tramp. Sore muscles are rubbed and that evening the hilarity is noticeable chiefly by its absence.

The next morning, accompanied still by the team and sleigh, they set their faces to the north-west on the long tramp of over fifty miles across Lake Nepigon. The air was frosty and the sun was bright, and as they emerged from South Bay, and saw the large lake stretching ahead of them far to the north with here and there islands both large and small appearing on its surface, they all experienced a feeling of exhilaration and thought that it was good to be away from the cramped quarters of the town, from the noisome bar and the alluring bowl.

Suddenly 'Arry said, "Look at the bloomin' island ahead. It's movin'. I've been watchin' it for some time and I sees it get a flat cap on like you sees on the 'eds of the college students at 'ome."

One and all looked and there sure enough the island in question seemed to be moving. Slowly it seemed to get taller and then after reaching a certain height it seemed to spread out until it reached three or four times its original size. Others approached it, until the whole northern horizon, instead of being made up of ice and islands, seemed a continuous plateau with cliffs descending straight to the water's edge. This did not last long. A break occurred in the range of cliffs and through the gap was seen a changing landscape. At one time it would be all snow, at another time a well



wooded plain, and yet again a broken barren country with the rocks showing their rough black faces from the snowy mantle. The talk now centered chiefly on this strange occurrence of nature and when a halt was made for dinner at a bold cape projecting into the lake, it was continued. At this juncture the tall North American, who so far had held himself aloof from the others, had a share in the conversation.

"Boys," said he, "what we have seen is not a rare occurrence. It is known as a mirage, and scientists tell us that it is caused by refraction. I have seen it often and what we have seen this morning is insignificant when compared to some I have witnessed. On an African veldt while hunting I watched a fight between a lion and a rhinoceros and saw them disappear in thin air. They were miles away, but were made plain by the same phenomenon which we have now seen."

"Gee whiz!" said Jerry, aside. "His Nibs has woke up."

A general laugh ensued, and for the remainder of the trip the narrator of the foregoing story was known as "His Nibs."

Sitting on a log facing the fire, with his hands extended to the genial warmth, the man seemed to thaw out and to the willing listeners he told tales of peril and adventure by land and sea. He never figured as the hero, never claimed to have been a participant, but the clearness of the recital and the intimacy of the knowledge appealed to these rough men who appreciated a man, and Jerry Haines, if he had been able to analyze his feelings, would have been surprised at the admiration for "His Nibs" which had grown up within him. It was clear "His Nibs" had been a seeker of adventure. The gold-fields of the west, the battle-fields of Cuba and South Africa, and the building of "the big ditch" had all received attention. But the dinner hour came to an end and the party again trailed after the sleigh. Before nightfall they reached Gros Cap, where they camped that night. This was twenty-two miles from South Bay.

The next morning saw them again on the march and in no good humour either. The steady walk over a poor road had developed sore muscles and as they set out on the fifteen mile tramp to Blacksmith Island many of the men were limping perceptibly. This wore off after a time and they set their faces resolutely towards the island which appeared as a low, dark blot above the northern horizon. The weather, which had been very fine, showed signs of changing. A dull, leaden grayness was over the face of the sky and the wind blew from the northeast in fitful and fretful blasts. It was one of those days which have such an unaccountably depressing effect on one's feelings. After a time large snow-flakes began to fall: in small numbers at first, but gradually increasing until at last the air seemed full of them. The wind increased in velocity and seemed to bring a chilly, icy and penetrating quality which made the horses and men wish to turn away from it.

Such was the beginning of a terrible storm, and the end of it was not come for three days.

Jerry Haines liked it. He took off his hat and turning down

(Continued on page 24.)

## First Election in Yale-Cariboo

*An Incident Truly Western in Its Informality.*

By R. B. BENNETT.

THERE are those in British Columbia who remember the incident in connection with the first election in Yale-Cariboo constituency, represented in the new federal parliament by Hon. Martin Burrill, Minister of Agriculture.

The incident was truly western in its informality. When the Pacific province entered confederation, Yale-Cariboo covered a territory much more extensive even than now. At present it is one of the largest ridings in the Dominion, but in the early days it stretched from the Fraser River to the eastern boundary of the province, a vast tract unknown except to the hardy horseman, the pioneer prospector or the railway engineer. In some of the interior valleys, in the Nicola, the Okanagan and the Similkameen, those inclined to the pastoral life had broken away from the army of argonauts bound Cariboowards and taken up land. They were almost the only settlers in that portion of the interior of British Columbia. The route of entry was via Hope, just below Yale, at that time head of navigation on the Fraser River, thence over the mountains by pack trail.

At the government office at Yale, Mr. Bushby was in charge. The first flush of the Cariboo rush, begun in 1858, had worn off, but there was still much business with the miners and traders as they passed through, mostly bound north. Life, however, was not so swirling that an official lost his head in the giddy round. Instead there was plenty of time in which to take things easy. Important business cropped up but seldom.

Union with the other provinces had been talked of, and the decision to enter confederation had re-

ceived its due share of discussion. The arrival of a miner bound out with a competence of gold was a subject to put it in the background. So when the official proclamation of the first election arrived, Bushby passed it over to attend to more pressing matters, and instead of the document being duly posted where all and sundry might view, it was shoved into a pigeon-hole unnoticed.

Bye-and-bye along came R. B. McMichen, from Victoria. McMichen was inspector of the government telegraph line into the Cariboo, purchased by the government from the company that began construction on the great telegraph project overland from New York to Paris via Behring Strait. McMichen was an old friend of Bushby's, and the two hobnobbed, discussing the various incidents which enlivened life on the coast in the early seventies.

"How does the election look?" enquired McMichen. Questions then were not much different from now. The world goes on, but history constantly repeats.

"Oh, yes, election," Bushby recollected, and bethinking himself hunted up the printed poster he had received. "Nominations to-day," he declared, looking over his spectacles at the recent arrival from the capital, hoping for a denial.

Both got busy, for it was realized that no formal notice had been given of the event. Evidently elections in those days were not received with the noise and clatter that we have grown accustomed to in these modern days.

Finally, Constable George was awakened from his somnolent stretch in the sun and sent down town to round up some of the residents and acquaint them

with the fact that the day for the preliminary exercise of their new franchise was at hand. He reappeared with the blacksmith and an around-the-towner, the other electors being too busy watching the semi-weekly steamer arrive to bother about representation in a parliament reached only via San Francisco. It was too far away for second consideration. With the officials it was different. They had a duty to perform. Mounting on a chair, Bushby read the proclamation, and, as returning officer, declared himself ready to receive nominations.

The two electors discussed the probables, but could not agree upon a suitable candidate.

"What about Col. Houghton?" the around-the-towner suggested.

Col. Houghton looked likely. He passed through Yale frequently, and was of the kind to do the province credit at the seat of government. Col. Houghton was nominated. At the end of the prescribed time no other name had been received and he was declared elected by acclamation. An onerous duty had been fulfilled.

The nominee's consent was not considered. It was a month or two before he learned of the honour that had been literally thrust upon him, but he accepted. It was chronicled in a newspaper paragraph at the time that as Col. Houghton had not received notice in time, Yale-Cariboo would not be represented at that session of parliament.

Like all good stories this has a sequel. Breathes there a man who has not done some thing and later thought of how he could have done it better. It was even so with the around-the-towner. While escorting the blacksmith to the scene of his labour, after the important nomination had been officially dealt with, he was jarred into a statue-like attitude by a sudden brain evolution.

"Why didn't I think of it!" he ejaculated.

"What?" ventured the blacksmith.

"If I'd only thought of it," he regretted. "I might have nominated myself, and I would have been elected member."

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## Christianity and Civilisation.

THE question asked on this page last week, "Is Civilization a Failure?" is answered by a prominent French publicist in the negative. In a cable despatch published here a few days ago he accused the Christian peoples of waging war in the name of Christianity. This is a charge which has been made over and over again in the past; but that it should be made to-day, in the age of peace conferences and foreign missionary societies, is rather disconcerting.

Is it not clear that Christianity still clings to the glories of war? The Pope hasn't opposed the war in Tripoli. The Protestant missionaries seem to be rather pleased with the revolution in China. If Great Britain and Germany went to war, it will be with the support of the Christian bishops of each country. The only sect which is fighting in the open against war between these two people is the Socialists. This week, in Germany, they are putting up a tremendous opposition to the insane naval policy of the Fatherland.

A few days ago, there was a second big meeting in New York on behalf of the arbitration treaty with France and Britain. The excitement and disturbance were worse than at the first meeting. It is quite evident that these treaties are not popular. Ex-President Roosevelt has openly declared hostility to them. The Christian world is not yet ready to give up the glory which comes from international war.

But this so-called Christian civilization is weak at other points. There was never a time in the world's history when the fields were so fruitful, when the ranges produced so many cattle or when the factories of the world were supplying the wants of mankind so generously. The Christian people should be happy and contented. Every Christian nation should be singing paean of praise and thanksgiving. Yet the truth is that discontent, and ill-will and hatred were never stronger. The MacNamara confessions of dynamite outrages, the numerous industrial conflicts in Europe and America, the constant struggle of class against class—all these indicate that the teachings of the Lowly Nazarene have not really sunk deep into our hearts and minds.

If the Christian civilization can not do any better than this, would it be wisdom or folly to seek for a remedy? Would it be fair to ask the heads of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches throughout the world to explain this failure of Christian civilization to produce either industrial or international peace? Would it be fair to even ask Roman Catholic and Protestant priests and clergymen why they cannot live at peace with one another? Either Christianity is a belief, or it is not. If the people of the British Empire, of the United States and of Germany will not believe that "God is love" and that every man should regard his neighbour as himself, then why keep up the fiction of calling ourselves Christian nations? Why cry, "Peace! Peace!" when there is no peace?

## Manitoba's New Grief.

MANITOBA has a new brand of trouble. The population of the smaller towns shows a falling off which is not encouraging. Neepawa's population has fallen from 1895 to 1883 in five years, Carman has gone from 1,530 to 1,266, Killarney from 1,117 to 1,010, Morden from 1,437 to 1,130, and so on through the list. Sixteen towns show a combined loss of 1900, although there has been an increase on the whole.

Recently a deputation of provincial character waited on the Hon. George Lawrence, Minister of Agriculture, and suggested a more active immigration campaign. Mr. Lawrence announced that arrangements were being made with the Ottawa authorities which would, he believed, bring justice to Manitoba so far as this problem is concerned. Manitoba does not propose to be a New Brunswick or a Nova Scotia if united effort will prevent it.

## Encouraging the Cadets.

COLONEL SAM HUGHES, the new minister of militia, is out to encourage the training of school cadets. This is in line with the sentiment expressed at the Militia Conference in November. Cadet instructors who have hitherto received

no pay from the militia department will now be recognized and paid according to the number instructed. It is further proposed to have cadet training camps next summer, at which it is expected that 40,000 cadets will be given practical instruction in field work.

Australia was the first to show practical appreciation of the cadet movement. Every school boy there, between sixteen and eighteen, must serve in the cadets and get a military training. In other words, Australia proposes to have every citizen trained for service. It is much easier to train boys than men. They have more time, and take more kindly to the work.

For years, Canada has been struggling vainly with the problem of training men. It is now coming to be recognized that the man must be trained when he is a boy. If he doesn't get his training before he is twenty-five, he is not likely to get it at all. This is the knowledge which is behind the new movement.

## Moral Effect of Cadet Training.

COLONEL HUGHES very wisely places the value of cadet training on moral and physical as well as military grounds. He says that the cadet instructor is preferable to the policeman and the detective. The boy who is taught discipline and obedience will avoid crimes and misdemeanours and will be a model citizen. The money and effort that

Be sure to read

THE OPENING CHAPTER  
of  
"The Man at Lone Lake."  
A New Canadian Story  
by  
VIRNA SHEARD  
In next week's issue.

is spent on cadet training will be saved in the administration of criminal law and reformatories.

Of course much depends upon the instructors. The military and educational authorities must see that these instructors take the same broad view of their work. If the instructors place the military spirit above the moral and physical phases of their work, the results may not be satisfactory. This point has been emphasized in the Boy Scout movement. Where the scoutmasters failed to take a broad view of their duties and responsibilities, the benefits of the scout training have been minimized. So the Minister of Militia must see that his cadet instructors are themselves instructed in regard to the results which are expected to flow from the movement.

Canada does not desire a recrudescence of the military spirit, but it will cheerfully support any movement looking to the development of the moral and physical manhood of its younger citizens.

## Will It Be a Naval Loan?

APPARENTLY the Hon. Mr. Hazen will proceed shortly to Great Britain to consult with the Admiralty in regard to the new Borden naval policy. Something is to be decided and that right quickly. The Nationalist members of the cabinet are likely to support any plan which will give them an easy, if not wholly satisfactory, way out.

There are those in Britain, including the London *Spectator*, who would like to see the British Government and Canada combine to raise a loan of say two hundred million dollars for immediate additions to the fleet. Heretofore all money for the navy has come out of current revenue. A loan of this size

would put Britain's war programme beyond all possible competition. If Canada guaranteed one half the loan, it would mean three or three and a half million dollars a year, an amount which few would think excessive if they are in favour of a direct contribution. It would also be small enough to enable the government to build some small cruisers here and thus provide more training ships and partially satisfy those who believe in the ultimate triumph of the Canadian navy idea.

Such a policy might not meet with general approval, but it would go some distance towards satisfying both sides. However, not being in the confidence of the government, I am not in a position to state whether this is a shrewd guess or a woolly idea. Those interested might remember, however, that they first saw the idea mentioned in these columns.

## Another Conservative Victory.

CONSERVATIVE victories are so numerous that there is danger of the public not being able to keep track of them all. In September, the Conservatives swept the Dominion in a federal contest. In December, the same party had a decided victory in Ontario. Last week, Prince Edward Island, long a Liberal stronghold, passed into the Conservative column. Of the thirty members in the Legislature, twenty-eight are government supporters.

The Prince Edward Island voters were undoubtedly influenced somewhat by an announcement from Ottawa that the Island would get a car-ferry service, as the best available substitute for the long-talked-of tunnel. Nevertheless the Conservatives would have won anyway. Opening voting keeps the people well in line with the ruling power at Ottawa. Premier Mathieson is pledged to introduce a ballot law, and when this is done, open voting will have passed from Canadian public life—except for the election of Separate school trustees under Roman Catholic direction.

Whether Premier Mathieson will make a move to abolish the superfluous Legislative Council and thus bring the Island Province up-to-date, is not yet decided. He would be well-advised if he did so, but constitutional changes of this kind are hard to accomplish.

## Hydro-Electric Policy Popular.

THROUGHOUT Ontario, the government's hydro-electric policy continues popular. No community that has voted to participate in it has gone back on the decision. On January 1st twenty-nine municipalities voted on it for the first time, and every one decided favourably. This is proof positive that the "Beck" policy is gaining ground in the estimation of the public.

In Toronto, the local hydro-electric commission asked for a further vote for \$2,200,000 for extensions. They had already spent \$2,750,000 on their distribution plant and street lighting equipment. The vote was more than five to one in favour of it, although the people recognize that the work has not been any too well done. Apparently they believe themselves safer in the hands of second-class municipal administrators than first-class private owners. There is a lesson in this for privately owned public utilities, if those who control them have the sense to see it.

## Temperance Sentiment Strong.

THE voting on January 1st in Ontario municipalities shows a strong temperance sentiment. In fifteen places, the anti-local-option forces tried to repeal the local option law and in every one they failed. It requires a three-fifths vote to repeal as well as a three-fifths vote to carry, but in every case the repeal was defeated on a majority vote.

On the active side, nineteen municipalities carried local option for the first time, cutting off 31 licenses. In addition Stratford voted to cut out 15 licenses and Kingston 18. In nineteen or twenty other places where voting took place there was a majority for local option, but not a three-fifths vote.

## New Idea in Almanacs.

SOME person in Collingwood has created a brand new idea in almanacs. It is entitled the "Collingwood Almanac and Encyclopedia," and contains the brief story of one thousand events in the history of the town. These are, of course, arranged in months, with one or more events recalled by each day. The historical data was compiled by Mr. David Williams, a past president of the Canadian Press Association and a persistent student of local history.

The idea in this almanac is one which might be taken up in other cities with a view to making citizens more familiar with the local history of the city and district. Local patriotism is as valuable as national.



# NEW YEAR HONOURS

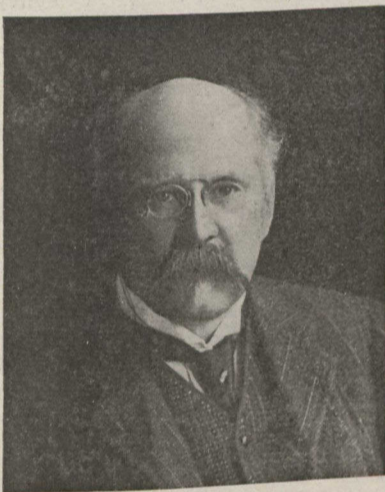
Some Leading Canadians Who Have Just Received Favours From His Majesty the King.

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR.

SEVERAL Canadian gentlemen, whose pictures appear on this page, awoke on New Year's morning, and found themselves amid a shining galaxy of Knights created by command of His Majesty. Such an agreeable experience is one of the peculiar privileges of democracy in our half of North America. A Knighthood may befall any Canadian who builds up a career of national and imperialistic achievement big enough to support one. Titles, so far conferred on Canadians, have been as a rule, fitting climaxes to lives filled with action and accomplishment. The ordinary Canadian Knighthood is as it should be—a recognition that a man has done something more than he might have done with his opportunities; therefore good. It is harmless, because it flickers out with the life of the wearer; it does not remain awkwardly in the way at his death to run the risk of being grabbed by a "second generation" who may like honour more than endeavour.

First, in the list of those Canadians whom the King has just been "delighted to honour," is Premier Borden, Canada's first citizen is not a Knight. But he is now a Right Honourable—which some say goes a Knighthood one better. He has been made a member of His Majesty's Privy Council. That is the highest and most exclusive brotherhood in the Empire. Only the greatest of British statesmen sit in this court. The distinction has been rarely extended to colonials. Australia, New Zealand and South Africa have each only one representative in the Privy Council. Canada has been indulged by His Majesty in respect of the number of citizens who sit within the charmed circle. Five Canadians are Privy Councillors: Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, and Mr. Borden. The late Sir John Thompson and the late Sir Henri Tachereau were similarly honoured. A Privy Councillor is entitled to wear a court uniform; in precedence accorded to rank on state occasions, he marches before Knights.

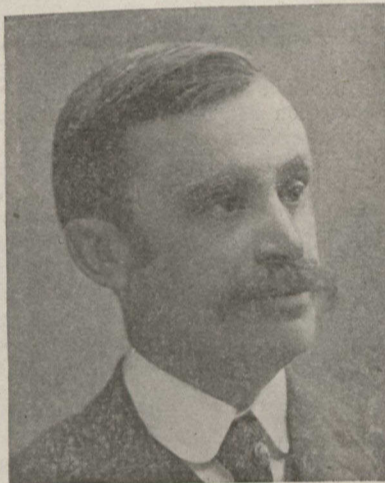
The admission of Mr. Borden to the Privy Council is a happy tribute to the Premier's record as a constitutional lawyer and legislator. His appointments in a sense adds historical dignity to our Commons at Ottawa, because, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier is also a Privy Councillor, for the first time in the record of the Canadian Parliament, the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition will exchange remarks with such salutatory preface as, "My Right Honourable friend, the Prime Minister," and "My Right Honourable friend the Leader of the Opposition." What with a royal Governor-General, and Right Honourables directing legislation, Canada is, indeed, being invested with the very atmosphere of Westminster.



SIR EDMUND OSLER, K.B.  
Toronto



RT. HON. ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN, P.C.



SIR RODOLPHE FORGET, K.B.  
Montreal



SIR JOHN GIBSON, K.C.M.G.  
Hamilton

is happy and contagious, for he is human. Sir John is a native of Hamilton. He has practised law there; commanded the 13th Regiment of Hamilton; and sat for Hamilton in the Legislature until the Ross Government, in which he was a Cabinet Minister, went out in 1905. His honour is Hamilton's honour. On New Year's Day Sir John was seventy years old; the elite of Toronto rolled in carriages to Government House to congratulate the popular Governor on his birthday and Knighthood.

## Commander St. Michael and St. George.

IT is a praiseworthy custom, that of bestowing royal honours on members of the Canadian Civil Service. In every batch of titles granted, the deputy head of some department at Ottawa is usually decorated. Men who devote themselves faithfully to the administrative work of government, though they do not figure as prominently in the public eye as legislators, are just as worthy of recognition. It is right that they should be in line for the high prizes.

Mr. Thomas Cooper Boville, Deputy Minister of Finance, now adds the letters C. M. G. after his name. He is the representative of the Civil Service singled out for distinction this New Year's. Mr. Boville came out from Ireland when in short trousers. After winding up his education with a Bachelor's degree at Varsity, he entered the Civil Service in 1883, and passed through all the grades to the top. In off moments, he is militarily inclined. He belongs to the 43rd of Ottawa, and shot on two occasions at Bisley.



SIR JOSEPH POPE, K.C.M.G.  
Ottawa.

## Knights Bachelor.

TWO of those honoured have been made Knights Bachelor, which honour twenty-eight Canadians bear. Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., of Toronto, is now Sir Edmund Osler. Mr. Rodolphe Forget, M.P., of Montreal, is now Sir Rodolphe Forget.

Two Knighthoods occurring in the same family in six months, as Rex Beach would say, is "going some." Sir Edmund Osler's brother, William, became Sir William Osler during the Coronation last June. Before the frills of Knighthood were attached to the name, the Osler family had long enough been known as an aristocracy of intellect; a triumvirate of great Canadian brothers, those three sons of the wonderful old lady who died a centenarian in Toronto a few years ago—Sir William, world authority on medicine; "B. B." dying when he was rapidly becoming leader of the Canadian Bar; and Sir Edmund, one of Canada's first financiers. Sir Edmund's financial prominence as head of Osler and Hammond, stock brokers, Toronto, and director of the C. P. R., needs no recording here. His is a broad, constructive citizenship. Recently he has been prominent as one of the Premier's lieutenants in the readjustment of government at Ottawa. He was named as successor to Lord Strathcona. But according to what he says, he doesn't want that position. "The High

# THROUGH A MONOCLE

## PARLIAMENT MEETS.

THE new Parliament is getting seriously down to business at last. The short end of the session—which some incurable “grafters” wanted to regard as a whole session with a whole sessional indemnity—which we had before Christmas, simply served to get us accustomed to seeing the leaders in their new positions, and to become aware of the fact that some new faces had appeared in the background. A few of the leaders are new to Ottawa, of course, but not to our political life. One of the advantages of the man who does not go to Ottawa, is that he can see our politics large—can take a national view of it—can watch men in the Provincial as well as the Federal field. Too many good men suffer from shortness of vision as soon as they get fixed at Ottawa. They cannot, for the life of them, see beyond the limits of the two Parliamentary Chambers. Parliament Hill becomes Canada to them; and, when they think of either party, they think only of the hundred odd men who sit in the House of Commons. Even the Senators are allowed little more than an honorary membership.

\* \* \*

NOW the Parliamentary parties are the smallest part and the least influential section of those two great organizations which divide our politics between them. You may think it heresy to say so, but there are more big men—yes, big party men—outside Parliament than inside its walls. Even so staunch a Parliament man as Mr. Borden recognized this fact when he brought in three of his best Ministers from the Provincial arena. Sir Wilfrid Laurier did the same thing when he formed his first Cabinet, by summoning to his side Sir Oliver Mowat, Mr. Fielding, Mr. Sifton and Mr. Blair. Then, as for the great mass of Independents who find harness irksome and make exceedingly poor material for the daily use of Parliament, they can turn a general election; but they would be hard put to it to command a single vote on the floor of the House. Except in support of a definite issue, Independence cannot very well organize, and so cannot become a factor in Parliament—unless there be parliamentarians shrewd enough to see the wisdom of winning the confidence of men whose confidence is vital on election day.

\* \* \*

IN any case, the new Parliament—whether or not it be less self-centred than its predecessors—now gets to work. We are told that by dint of arduous and continuous sittings the Cabinet have got their “estimates” ready; and we know that certain of the Ministers have been swinging the “axe” with a will. Thanks to the Civil Service Commission, the shadow of the “axe” has not frightened as many households as might otherwise have trembled. But it would be idle to pretend that this new Government has not permitted some of its members to feast upon such “spoils” as they could reach without waiting for their appetites to stale. We hear of “patronage societies” already; and we see the holders of the most pitiful jobs marched out to execution in line. In this matter, there has been a marked difference between different Ministers; but it is surely a subject on which the Cabinet as a whole might feel some collective responsibility. It is a poor business for a great Government, raised to power on a majestic wave of patriotic feeling, to chivy helpless workmen out of their starveling jobs.

\* \* \*

SEVERAL big questions await the initiative of the Ministry. The worst is now known about that colossal bungle—the Fisher census—and the Ministry cannot long put off the plain duty of giving the West its just representation in Parliament. Parliament dissolved on what was properly the eve of a new redistribution of the constituencies; and this fact has not been dispelled by the disappearance of the Government responsible for it. No one imagines that this new Parliament can run out its natural term. That would be flagrantly unfair to the West—and growing more unfair every year. Yet no one will ask this new House to dissolve before it has had an opportunity to put its policy in order and present an intelligible programme to the people. If the Government is wise, the redistribution which it makes will form no part of that programme. What I mean is that it should be so obviously fair and just that it will not be an issue at the elections which must follow it. This Government could do

worse than establish an independent body, wholly outside of Parliament and outside of politics, whose duty it would be to properly redistribute the constituencies.

\* \* \*

THE Naval Issue is, perhaps, the one most in men's minds. I know what the COURIER thinks about the navy; and no one can say that you have not fought for your convictions with vigour and courage and yet with “a sweet reasonableness” that must have made you many friends. I hope that you will keep up the fight, at all events so far as to insist upon immediate and effective naval action of some sort. Parliament must not be allowed to play with this question. The issues at stake are too momentous, the menaces which call for action are too imminent, the patriotism of our people is too fervent and profound, for Canada of all British countries to be found wanting when “Der Tag” dawns. As far as politics go, neither party is in a very good position on this question. Both have had and will have their difficulties. It is not for any of

## THE WOES OF A TORY M.P.

By A TORY M.P.

THROUGH hearing the conversation of seasoned politicians, I long ago came to the conclusion that both political parties in Canada are everlastingly fighting for something they do not want. Ask members of parliament on the right of Mr. Speaker, and they will tell you their lives are blighted by the curse of patronage. Ask members who were on the right but are now on the left of Mr. Speaker, and they will tell you that the change is delightful—they are no longer harassed by the importunities of place-hunters—their life is one of blissful rest made all the more enjoyable by being able to sit back and revel in the luxury of seeing the hated enemy worried by the same cares and vexations that once afflicted them. But wait until the next election campaign comes on and you will see the honourable gentlemen to the right of Mr. Speaker moving heaven and earth to remain in power to be still further afflicted with the perplexities that now make life a burden. You will see, too, the honourable gentlemen to the left of Mr. Speaker “tearing passion to tatters” in the hope of dislodging the enemy and taking upon themselves again the petty vexations that they professed to have rejoiced in escaping. Each side clamouring for what it does not want.

Undoubtedly patronage is a curse to any political party, and the party in power should have the prerogative of saddling upon the defeated party the burden of filling the offices. That should be one of the penalties that the conquerors should be privileged to impose upon the subjugated. But it cannot be. The winning of victory carries with it responsibility—not surcease of responsibility with its concomitant sorrows. The burden cannot be shifted from the shoulders of the conquerors. Some one whom the people of a constituency can get even with must be accountable for the appointments as well as the policies of the conquerors. That responsibility cannot be lightly thrown upon a civil service or any other commission. The people won't stand for it. No matter how independent and non-partisan it may be, the party in power cannot escape responsibility for its acts. The patriots who fought the battles of the party for forty years are not to be set aside in that way. Why should they spend their time and money and drive their horses to death, election after election, if the spoils are to go to men who entered the service recently or, for that matter, worked against the grand old party that saved the country in many a crisis? No sir. The man they elected cannot evade responsibility by any such makeshift. He cannot escape punishment at the next election for appointments which he had no hand in making. The workers in the vineyard are not to be deprived of their rewards by any such sham or delusion as a non-partisan commission.

THEREFORE the present system must hold; members of parliament or defeated candidates representative of the government are intensely human, and the first law of their nature is self-preservation. None of them care to go down in the battle, victims to a new system not understood by the people. They know they will have the name and

us to “shoot out the lip” at any one else. Let us not dwell upon our differences; and let us, above all things, keep clear of the odious treason of trying to snatch a political advantage from the differences of others over this problem which is presented to budding Canada on the hard conditions of the question of the Sphinx—We must solve it or we must die.

\* \* \*

AS for measures of material progress, the Government will, of course, go ahead. “Full steam ahead” must, indeed, be the signal now for every Canadian enterprise. Population is flowing in on us faster than we can handle it—wheat is being grown on the prairies faster than we can market it—industries are springing up on all sides—our lure of virgin natural opportunity has dazzled and then drawn the entire world. In my opinion, there is more danger of Parliament spending too little than spending too much. This is no time to be niggardly. The presumption should be always in favour of every promising enterprise which goes to Parliament asking for encouragement. The question should not be—Can we afford it?—but—Can we afford to miss it? Of course, fraudulent and foolish schemes must be exposed and exploded. We need not “plunge.” But we must go upon the theory that we have lots of money, and that this is our supreme opportunity to invest.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

they, therefore, by way of compensation, demand the game.

Here at Ottawa, members of the Conservative persuasion nod silent but hopeless assent to the principle of non-partisan appointments, but recognize that it is a condition, not a theory, that confronts them. The question with them is “what will they say at home.” No matter who makes the appointment, only one man will be blamed and that man is the member supporting the government from the constituency affected. They would unfeignedly rejoice in being rid of the whole business, but their constituencies will not acquit them, and so they are now engaged in the bloody task of cutting off heads and the thankless task of putting new heads where the old ones were. Questions of national moment take second place. The press may talk of the navy and the tariff as setting the government party by the ears. Be not mistaken. The thing that worries them most is patronage. Life at Ottawa for them would be one continued round of pleasure if only “la marine” and the tariff engaged their attention.

Who wants offices? Well, you would be surprised if you knew them and the offices they wanted. Sir James Whitney stated in 1905 that office-seekers had an idea that all he had to do was to reach up to a pigeon-hole and pull out the offices which they demanded. His federal colleague from Dundas, the gentle, humorous story-teller, Andrew Broder, put it up to a man who asked for a job.

“Yes, I can give you a job,” said Andy, “but it means long hours and hard work.”

“Well, I'm used to that. What job is it?”

“Getting a job for all the men who want them.”

“But I can't do that,” said he.

“Neither can I,” said Andy.

STRANGE it is that in these days when the rewards of independent action and industry are so great, that strong, lusty men should be willing to tie themselves up to “government jobs,” which means generally the deadly routine of office work, sometimes purely mechanical, oftentimes with slim chances of promotion. But the desire for “government jobs” is a public craze. Probably the limit was reached when a member received a letter from an inmate of a penitentiary asking first for a release and secondly for a government office. There is a man who does not know when he is well off. Already in the service of the government, he pesters the government for other service.

One word in behalf of the party that is accused of a bloodthirsty desire to chop off heads. There is not a member of parliament here who likes the business of headsmen. If he asks for the head of an official, it is generally because the party in his constituency demands it, and if they demand it depend upon it some blame attaches to the official. Speaking of my own particular constituency, I can say that there are several Liberal office-holders whose heads not one solitary Conservative has demanded. They are men who gave up political activity just so soon as they obtained public offices. There are others who were not quite so wise, men who never dreamed apparently that there was any

# KING EMPEROR AND QUEEN EMPRESS



The King and Queen, wearing their robes and crowns after the Dubar ceremony, show themselves from a bastion of the Fort to their Indian subjects assembled at the Peoples' Fete in the Belta or space between the Fort and the river Jumma. Photos by L. N. A. Staff Photographer-

## THEIR MAJESTIES ARRIVE AT BOMBAY

chance of the Laurier Government being defeated. They were never before quite so active as in the last election. If they had recognized that it is not seemly for men in the employ of both parties to work openly for one, they would have saved me a heap of trouble, and themselves a heap of anxiety. For such men I have but little sympathy. If they were sportsmanlike they would resign as men of honour will pay bets that they lose. They wagered their positions against the defeat of the late government and lost. Now they do not want to pay their bet. One exception only. He sends along his resignation. He admits that he worked hard for his party. He says, "I was sure we would win, but having lost, I hope I am sport enough to pay the penalty gracefully." Others who were offensively partisan take no such manly stand, but on the contrary, appeal to me to save them, forgetful of the fact that if their work had been successful I should not have the power. They ask a favour in return for an injury. And I should be glad to grant it, for there is no satisfaction in depriving any man of his position. But the first law of Nature again gets in its work. Any number of my supporters tell me if I do not dismiss these partisans they will never vote for me again. Suppose, in the face of this, I keep these men in place. Will they help to make up a few of the votes they know I am losing by my generosity to them? Not much. On the contrary, they are just partisan enough to sit back and laugh with delight at the losses I sustain through keeping them in their places and hope the losses will be sufficient to defeat me. That's "where I get off at," and I am a mere human.

I say, in conclusion, that every Conservative member of parliament would be glad to-day if every Liberal office-holder had done nothing more than vote at the last election. I repeat there is no satisfaction in depriving him of his position, and there is less satisfaction in filling the vacancy. Only one can have it where two dozen apply. That one may turn out an ingrate. At the best he is sure to develop into a persistent beggar for promotion, perquisites or higher salary. The other twenty-three may become enemies. At the best they are disappointed and may become only lukewarm, where once they were ardent.



Their Majesties standing before their thrones during the arrival ceremonies at Bombay and acknowledging the cheers of their Indian subjects.

# THEIR MAJESTIES ARRIVE AT DELHI



The stately procession passing the Mosque of Jumma Musjid. The Queen's carriage is seen in the picture followed by an Indian bodyguard.



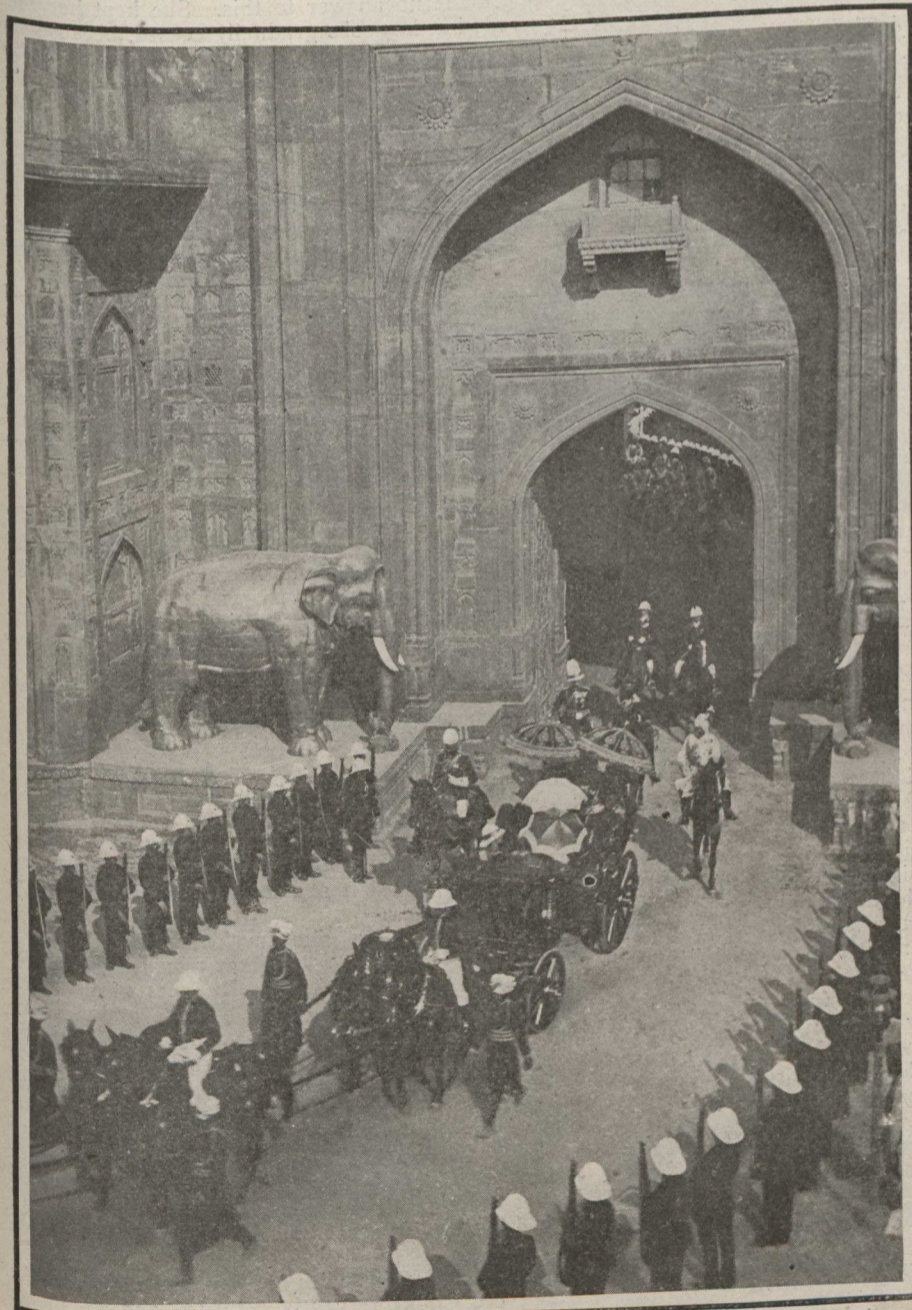
Native spectators crowding up to the Jumma Musjid Mosque to watch the arrival of the royal party.

Photos by L.N.A. Staff Photographer.

# GREATEST OF MODERN PAGEANTS



A motly crowd of Indians watching the Royal progress at Delhi from the house-tops.

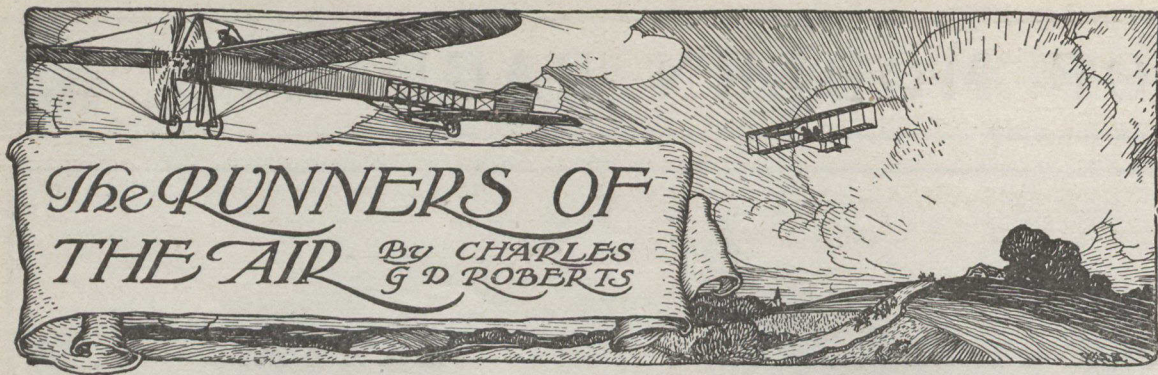


The State Carriage containing the Queen-Empress, the Duchess of Devonshire and the Earl of Durham coming through the famous Delhi gate into the city.

Photos by L.N.A. Staff Photographer.



The King-Emperor and Queen-Empress passing through the Apollo Bundar in Bombay.



She floated. She was badly down by the nose, to be sure, but she floated. The Austrians were arriving all along the river-bank—the tubby gentleman in civilian dress conspicuous among the uniforms. On the opposite shore the Servian guard came down close to the water's edge, and looked on with amazement. It grieved them that they had no excuse to take a hand in the game.

Down the river, the little motor was coming on at a great pace. Up the river—but much farther away—the big motor was also hurrying to the scene of excitement.

"Game's up! Shall we drop the parcels overboard?" suggested Carver.

"Oh," groaned Sergius, "if the dogs hadn't smashed my leg, I could have swum ashore with both parcels."

"I couldn't swim more than half that distance," said Carver, slipping off his shoes as he spoke. "But I'll try it. Give me the other bag. If you make signs hard enough to your friends over on the shore, maybe they'll understand and come to the rescue. Worth trying, eh?" And he threw off his coat.

At this moment the Austrians began firing again. Several bullets struck the plane, but most of the shots, to the amazement of Sergius and Carver, seemed to be directed at the little motor-boat, now almost upon them.

"Gee!" shouted the American, half rising and just saving himself from toppling overboard. "They're friends!"

He sat down again, the bullets kicking up the water all around the plane. Coolly he lifted his rifle. As he fired, the civilian, who had been directing the attack upon the motor-boat, dropped. He fired again, aiming with quick deliberation and a mounted officer rolled from the saddle. Then a shout from Count Sergius distracted him just as he pulled the trigger, and his third shot went wide.

Before he could shoot again, the motor-boat had rounded to between him and his target and was poking her beak up over the drowned wings of the aeroplane. To Carver's amazement, she had hoisted the Servian flag. And then, to his double amazement, he caught sight of Madame de L'Orme, crouched as flat as possible in the bottom of the boat.

"Come quick!" Come quick!" she cried in a desperate voice.

"Gee!" said Carver as he caught the bow of the boat with one hand while he reached to help Sergius with the other. The American followed nimbly, seating himself beside Madame de L'Orme. The boat darted for the Servian shore through a singing swarm of bullets. But having the Servian flag at her stern, she gave the Servian guard the excuse they were craving. Their flag had been assaulted! They opened fire enthusiastically, and the little boat, running under their fire, darted for the mouth of the Drina.

Forgetting her peril, Madame sprang up from her place of safety, ran forward and knelt beside Count Sergius, who lay with his eyes closed. She wrung her hands passionately.

"Oh, where is he hurt? What is it? What is it?" she wailed.

"It's his leg. Can't do a thing till we get him ashore," said Carver, and resumed his deadly practise on the Austrians.

The next moment Sergius opened his eyes. At the sight of Madame's face bending over him, he smiled, grasped her hand and sat up. A glance at the Servian shore, now very close, showed him that the day was won. The pain fled from his face, leaving it alight with solemn joy.

"We have achieved the great quest!" Then, turning his eyes once more to Madame's face, as she knelt bending over him, he went on, "And it is your hand that snatches victory for us at the last! I am glad! You don't know the great thing you have done! I am glad it is your hand."

Madame had been dry-eyed, but now the tears rushed suddenly down her face.

"I've done the only great thing I care about, if

I've helped you, if I've served you!" she sobbed.

The American looked at her, at the distortion of her beautiful face, and puckered his lips in a sudden, vast comprehension.

"And I'd thought all the time it was Andrews!" he muttered.

Then the boat, which had run out of range a few hundred yards up the Drina, poked her nose softly into the bank. Carver, seeing that Sergius had fallen back unconscious, stooped to lift.

"Don't be frightened," he said gently to Madame as she bent to aid him. "It's loss of blood. He'll be all right."

Swarthy men in the Servian uniform came hurrying down the bank to help. The steersman of the motor-boat, the blood dripping from his left sleeve, came forward, grinning with triumph. Madame de L'Orme turned to the other side of the engine, leaned over a huddled heap and gently shook it.

"Poor Andreas!" she muttered. Then she called two of the guards into the boat and pointed to the dead man.

"He has died for his country," she said simply and turned to hurry after the little procession which was bearing Count Sergius up the bank.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE FRUITS OF VICTORY.

COUNT SERGIUS did not go to Shabatz. They carried him to the nearest farm-house, not far from the water-side. From Shabatz they summoned the army surgeon of the district to set and dress his leg; while Carver and Madame remained to nurse him.

The American was filled with admiration for the courage and efficiency Madame had shown in her conduct of the rescue. But her reception of his eulogies left him hopelessly bewildered. She repudiated them desperately, crying, "Oh you'd never even speak to me, if you knew!" Then she fled from the room in a passion of tears. Carver stepped outside, took his place by the open window where he could keep his eye upon the patient, and lighted one of his inexhaustible cigars.

"Seem to be just as queer in Servia as they are in the U. S. A.!" he murmured reminiscently. A few minutes later he mused aloud: "I wonder if she knows it was me potted that tubby boulder who was trying to kill her. If so, she don't seem to bear me any grudge. I wonder if she knows!"

Presently Madame reappeared, her emotion brought to hand. Her white face smiled upon him frankly in the twilight, as she passed him to re-enter Plamenac's room. The American stopped her.

"I've a notion that Monsieur de L'Orme had something to do with messing up our expedition this way," he said in his direct fashion, scrutinizing her face with his strange bright eyes.

Madame's mouth hardened for an instant. She looked as if she were on the verge of explaining something. Then she said abruptly,

"Don't let us talk of him. He is dead."

She spoke very clearly and deliberately. Then she passed in to Plamenac's bedside.

"Wonder how she found it out so quick," mused Carver.

About four o'clock next morning Madame got up from her chair and blew out the night-light which stood on the floor beyond the foot of the Count's bed. The surgeon had been there some hours before and dressed the wound, and Sergius was sleeping. Carver, exhausted, was sleeping profoundly on a blanket in the farther corner of the room. Plamenac's voice called to her faintly and she glided back to the bedside.

"What is it? Do you want anything?" she whispered.

"I want you to sit down by me. I want to thank you!"

She obeyed, putting her hand into his craving, outstretched palm as she did so.

"You risked so much—your life—everything—to

save us!" he muttered searching her face with eyes that would not be denied.

She bore that look for a moment, then turned away her face, gently withdrew her hand, and pressed at her throat as if it hurt her to swallow.

"It was all my fault—that you were spied upon," she said at last in a very low voice, keeping her face averted.

She was silent for several minutes, while Sergius gazed at her intensely and the coloured light flooded wonderfully across the bed.

"I can not let you go on thanking me and honouring me," she continued, her voice growing small and unresonant. "I was in the Austrian Secret Service—a spy! At the very beginning, after Gregory's visit to your rooms that day, I became suspicious and gave warning at Vienna. I was sent to Paris to watch you. Oh, I was well, well paid! I worked quite independently of my—husband, and was paid much more than he.

"We detested each other, but had to work together—had to seem to live together. In Paris I came to know you better, to know you and Captain Andrews better, and I began to understand how base a thing it was that I was doing. I understood. And I suffered—oh, I suffered! You will believe that, surely! But when I tried to draw back, it was too late—they knew too much.

"When I refused to spy for them any longer, my—Monsieur de L'Orme went on with it. Then—then I tried to get back into favour with them, so I might find out what they were going to do and warn you. But for that I was too late. They wouldn't trust me again. I could learn almost nothing. But, oh—I did warn you, as well as I could. And just at the last I found out in time. For that, perhaps—you will come to despise me less, some day."

She burned her face in her hands and her shoulders shook with dry, strangling sobs.

After a moment, Count Sergius spoke.

"You were not one of us—you were not a Servian, you know!" he said. "So, you must remember, you were not a traitor!"

She made no answer to this. She kept her face covered; but her sobs gradually ceased, because she had caught no note of scorn in Plamenac's feeble voice. Presently he spoke again:

"I think you have very, much more than made amends to Servia. Oh, yes—many times over. What you did was everything! And was that—was that the only reason you did it—to make amends?"

Neither to this did she make reply.

"Please give me your hand again," he begged, his voice growing feebler. She gave it to him, still keeping her face averted. He tried to pull her toward him—but feebly. She realized how feebly and turned and looked into his eyes. What she saw there told her plainly that it was all the strength he had—that he was trying with all his heart to draw her to him, though his hands were so weak. At his weakness her eyes ran over. "Oh, my dear!" she sobbed, and bending swiftly she gathered his head into her arms.

NEARLY four months later, at a table in the extreme outer corner of the Cafe Danilo, sat Madame de L'Orme, Andrews, Carver and Count Sergius.

In those four months Sergius had slowly recovered. He had been well nursed, the surgeon said, without contradiction from the patient. But the wound had been a nasty one. The Count's crutch was not yet thrown away.

After the affair at the river there had been a bad quarter of an hour between Austria and Servia, and Austria had tried to bully her little neighbour into an apology for having struck back when her flag was fired upon. Her case, however, when examined, had seemed so palpably bad that she had graciously dropped it at a hint from her sagacious ally on the Baltic.

There had been a nine days' marveling all over the Balkan lands as to the great adventure and the object of it. Songs of "The Runners of the Air" were sung in the mountains. But beyond a whispered, expectant rumour about the recovery of the "Holy Stone" and certain miracles it was going to work for Servia, nothing of the truth had leaked out. They had close tongues, those admirable bandits of Gregory's.

Carver, forgetting his dream of an Antoinette factory at Toronto in a more exciting version of battles and empire-building in the Balkans, had stayed by Sergius all summer, helping Madame with the nursing.

He loved Sergius with a devoted comradeship which the Count fervently returned and the summer had not seemed long, for he had a new monoplane sent down to him from Mourmelon-le-Grand.

(Continued on page 25.)





## A PAGE FOR JUNIORS

### Prize List.

The six books offered as prizes for the best stories, poems, drawings or photographs, have been awarded as follows:

Douglas Macbeth, aged 8.  
Ruth Robinson.  
Joseph Thompson.  
Mary Kewrick.  
Marjorie Martin (poem).  
Lewis Notkin (drawing).

Honourable Mention: Eric Duggan, Mary Reid, Myra Moses, Marian Cole, William S. Williams, Katie McKenna, and Howard MacGregor.

### Squealer.

BY DOUGLAS MACBETH (Aged 8).

ONCE when I was a little boy, and lived in the country, I was in the house on account of a storm, and when it was over I went out and saw a little duck in the yard. It was only as large as the toy ducks you see on Easter cards, and was badly beaten by the rain. We took it in, wrapped it in some warm things, and then fed it on crumbs and milk and put it to sleep by the kitchen stove. It was so tiny we never thought it would live. The strange thing was that none of



DAUGHTER OF HON. ADAM BECK

A photograph taken at the Horse Show at St. Thomas, Ont.

the farmers near had any ducks and we thought it must have been carried a long way by a hawk who had dropped it. It did not die, but got stronger and so tame that it followed me and my baby brother outside all over the place, and when we went to take our naps in the afternoon, it would jump up and down at the foot of the stairs and squeal. It did this, too, in the morning, before we came down to breakfast, so we called it Squealer. One day our maid stepped on poor Squealer's foot, he was so small and would run after her, and she broke it. He looked very pitiful limping, so my uncle, who also was fond of him, bandaged his leg with two match sticks for splints and soon Squealer could run as fast as though the leg had not been broken. When I sat down in our sand pile or on the verandah, Squealer used to hop up on my bare feet and go to sleep. I can imagine I can feel his fuzzy little body. He liked, beside this, to be put in my little brother's carriage and be wheeled around, although he always went to sleep. When he was little he used to say Peep Peep, and was yellow, but when we left the country he said, Quack, and was quite white. We hated to leave him, but we had to give him to our gardener, John.

Wasn't this a funny pet?

—Certified by Mrs. Macbeth, Ottawa.

### Togo and Cronje.

BY JOSEPH W. THOMPSON (Aged 16.)

I AM very fond of pets, and especially my two black collie dogs, a birthday present from my Uncle Bob. You will perhaps be amused at the names I gave them. The smaller one, which had very sharp eyes, I called "Togo," after the famous admiral of Japan, or, as he generally got, "Tog." The other somewhat dull looking one, but because of his ability to get out of every place you could put him, unless it was almost air-tight, I called "Cronje." As it was rather awkward also I nick-named him "Con."

The first night they were mine I closed them in a box stall at the end of the stable. There was only one narrow board off the top of the partition, all the rest being closed in. In the morning, however, Mr. Con. was sitting leisurely on a wisp of hay in the passage, and Tog. was howling mournfully for company. My oldest brother thought he would catch him and put him back into his place again. When he made the attempt, Con. dashed into old Maud's manger and from there to her back, for she hadn't arisen from the night's rest. She didn't do any damage, but the scramble she made to get to her feet, and the snorting, was rather alarming. When I (who had been watching all the performance) went to the door, Con. was rapidly disappearing around the corner. I called as nicely as I could to him but he would not listen to me.

We thought the best thing to do was to let him go, with the hope that he might go back to Uncle Bob's or return to us. He came back, however, during the day, trailing a pair of trousers with him. We found out afterwards that they belonged to Mr. Mitchell, who lives about a half a mile from the corner.

I cannot, however, give you a detailed account of how I tamed Con.; how I stopped Tog. from sucking eggs, and the time I had breaking them in to draw the hand-sleigh. It took a long time, of course, to teach them all the tricks they were up to, but considering the teacher they had, I think they proved themselves very apt scholars.

It was about two years after this, one day in the beginning of winter, when I took my pets, now quite a span of drivers, to the creek, which runs through our farm, to have a sleigh-ride. They started off all right and the ice was good and the air very bracing, which made it just delightful. After I had gone past the bridge at the road and about half a mile into Mr. Mitchell's farm, I thought I would head them for home again. I thought they would go home faster than they came, but they went faster than I expected part of the way. A mink or a skunk or something about that size ran across the creek about the place where I started. It did not escape Con. and Tog.'s notice you may be sure, and they suddenly made up their minds to catch it. The creek lay in a sort of half circle from the bridge, where they first saw it, to the place where the ill-fated animal made its appearance, so the temptation to take the short-cut was too great. I thought, however, I could go as fast as they could drag me, so I hung to the sleigh like glue and let them go. As the creek was pretty well flooded over before it froze up, they had no difficulty in pulling me up the bank. The path they were taking me over was a ploughed field and a pasture, separated by a woven wire fence. The rapidity with which they escorted me over the rough ploughed ground drove all thoughts of wire fence out of my head, until I was pretty nearly up against it. There was



Drawing by Lewis Notkin, Montreal, aged 16.

just room for them to crawl under the wire and pull the sleigh with them, but I was left on the opposite side. I did not know at the time what had happened me. I was not hurt, however, but was concerned to know where the runaway would end. I was not long in finding out. They had gone each side of a haw tree not far distant and of course were hung up. Although the sleigh and harness was badly mutilated, I was glad to find that neither of them had received any injury.

I have been "out driving" with them several times since, and have lots of other sport with them, too, but they are getting less frequent. My younger brother occupies their time pretty well, but I still have the honour of calling them "My Pets."

—Certified by Mrs. Jas. A. Thompson, Marmion, Ont.

### Wolf Hounds.

BY ERIC DUGGAN, Nanton, Alta.

DEAR Aunt Helen,—This is my first letter to your paper. Can I join your nephews and nieces? I am six years old and have a brother named Kenneth eight years old, and two little sisters. Kenneth and I go to school. We have two wolf hounds, named Fan and Bruce. Daddy took a snapshot of me on Bruce's back. Some day he



MASTER ERIC DUGGAN

Son of Mr. D. M. Duggan, Nanton, Alta.

is going to take us for a coyote hunt. We are getting good skating now. Kenneth can skate well, but I cannot go very well yet. We take music lessons, but don't like very well to practise, because we lose our skating. I hope you will find room to publish this, from your nephew.

### Tip and Furry.

BY MARY GORDON KEWRICK.

I AM writing to you, dear Aunt Helen, to tell you about my pet. He is a dog, an Irish Terrier, and my constant companion, and a better one I never had. He is so intelligent, and does every thing I tell him to do. But he is very much afraid of the water. While I am in swimming, he runs along the bank whining till I get out. I think he is afraid that I will get drowned. He is a good hunter and many a hare has he brought from the woods behind our house. But he is a terror to cats, and I am afraid he would kill one could he catch it. I have tried and tried to break him off the habit of running after cats. But unlike King Bruce, I have given up. He is a big fighter and I find it hard to keep him from being seriously injured. Strange to say, for a friend he has a rabbit. A very large one. Its colour is black and white. You can often see them playing in the kitchen garden where the rabbit lives. Its name is Furry, and belongs to my brother. He is always afraid it will get eaten up. But I know it won't, as they have played together in perfect safety for nearly a year. Tip (that is my dog's name) made friends with the rabbit when it was first given to my brother. And he watches it very jealously and will not let the cat or the chickens come near it. Furry likes green cabbage leaves best, to eat, and Tip thinks that is very funny, as you can tell by his expression. Tip sometimes brings Furry into the house and gives him some meat, but as Furry does not like it he never eats it, and Tip looks so surprised and astonished that he makes us laugh. Don't you think it strange that although Tip would kill another rabbit, like a shot, he should make friends with this one?

—Certified by Mrs. Kewrick, Rock Forest, Quebec.



# DEMI-TASSE

## Courierettes.

Don't judge a man by the neckties he wears at this season of the year.

Burglars now wear gloves to foil the finger print experts. It's up to the sleuths to make the next move.

A man and his wife served on the same jury in Washington State. Nothing wonderful about that. The strange thing is that they agreed.

Toronto has twenty clubs—and it is crying for another to use on its street railway company.

A fashion paper tells us that "stripes will be worn by the smart set next spring." Some of the smartest set have been wearing them for some time.

Of course you wished your friends the usual "happy and prosperous new year" stuff. How would it be for you to dig in and try to make your wish come true?

A New York theatre manager announces a reduction of fifty per cent. in the price of some of his seats. And Uncle Sam says that the price of shoes is to go up fifty cents a pair. The cost of living may fall at some points, but it makes up at others.

The proportion of male to female immigrants to Canada last year was nearly three to one. We ought to revise the old song which asks, "Why can't every man have three wives?"

**Hades Defined.**—Mrs. Rounder—"Here's a paper offers a prize for the best description of Hades."

Mr. Rounder—"You write and tell 'em it's just a succession of days after."

**Costly Campaigning.**—Campaigning in Toronto's civic elections is costly. Mr. J. O. McCarthy, who was elected to the Toronto Board of Control on January 1st, spent several thousand dollars—some say ten thousand—in his campaign.

One of the humorous events of his winning fight was a meeting he held in the east end of the city. It was well advertised, and Mr. McCarthy paid thirty-five dollars for the hall. Two men attended. One was the janitor of the hall. Without calling the meeting formally to order, Mr. McCarthy convinced the audience that he was the man to vote for. But those two votes were costly—seventeen dollars and fifty cents each.

Controller Hocken, who headed the poll, estimated that his meetings cost him one dollar per head for every man who attended them. It seemed impossible to get the citizens to attend meeting. The rent of a hall would be about twenty-five or thirty dollars, and about twenty-five or thirty electors would be present.

Mr. F. S. Spence, who failed to get elected, held many meetings, while Controller Church, who held no meet-

ings of his own, but attended everybody else's, slipped into fourth place and a Board of Control chair just two hundred and twenty-six votes ahead of Mr. Spence.

**A Smooth Retort.**—Sam T. Wood, an editorial writer on the Toronto Globe, is not famous as a humourist, but in newspaperdom they are telling an amusing little story of the smooth manner in which he "put one over" on J. E. Middleton, an editorial writer on the Toronto News, who had contributed some of the Conservative campaign literature in the recent Dominion and Ontario elections.

It was at a banquet given by Toronto suffragists to Mrs. Pankhurst. Mr. Middleton was asked to speak, and in endeavouring to be facetious he referred to the suffragette claim that women had brains enough to use the ballot properly. There was little in that argument, he alleged. Nowadays brains were not an essential part of a voter. Brains didn't count.

Then arose Mr. Wood, and, in his quiet, droll fashion, remarked that he had been puzzled for some time about two things. He was glad to hear from such an authority as Mr. Middleton a satisfying explanation. Brains were no longer an element in voting. That was the only explanation of the two Tory victories.

### "They Also Serve."

King George rode on an elephant  
Through jungles of Nepal,  
He bagged thirteen rhinoceri,  
Made thirty tigers fall:

Yet, while you all admire the nerve  
Of royal eye and arm,  
Don't overlook the elephant  
That held him high from harm.

**Women and War.**—Somebody should put Sir Gilbert Parker straight on the question of war and women.

The Canadian-English author denounces the proposal to give women a military training. He argues that for two reasons women would make sorry soldiers. Reason No. 1 is that they do not know how to fight. Reason No. 2 is that they are afraid to face powder.

Surely Sir Gilbert errs. What husband will for a moment argue that women do not know how to fight. As for the charge that women won't face powder, it's absurd. Let him take a walk along a city street any fine afternoon.

Arms were not made for men alone. Most women have no horror of them. The average women will walk right into them.

Women have no fear of dangerous weapons of war. Do they not carry such weapons in their hats?

**A Real Critic.**—There is one Canadian musical critic whose super-sensitive soul suffers a very evident shock

if any music he happens to hear is not in exactly the proper tone, tempo, key, or whatever other technical terminology you care to use. Apropos of this super-sensitiveness, his friends relate that recently he went to a vaudeville show and watched an acrobatic troupe do balancing feats. Their climax was a human pyramid, with the topmost acrobat standing on his head, said head resting on the head of a fellow performer. While in this ticklish position the top piece of the pyramid thrummed a guitar. It was a neat trick, and the people applauded loudly.

The critic's face assumed an expression of disgust, and he shifted impatiently in his seat. "It's a shame," he said, "what people will stand for in music. That fellow was away flat on that guitar."

## Canadian Humour.

("Canadian writers . . . seem afraid to write anything in which humour plays a distinct part. We sigh for a Canadian humourist.")—Canadian Courier.)

'Tis a land of golden promise;  
E'en an unbelieving Thomas  
Durst not shoot his darts of satire at this fact,

For life here is more than living,  
We've got everything worth giving,  
But the saving sense of humour which is lacked (that is lackt).

We grow wheat in such profusion  
That it causes brain confusion  
To remember half the figures experts quote,

Yet of Attic wit or humour  
N'er is heard a distant rumour,  
Not a single grain matures of any note.

P. T. O.

**Giving Mother Away.**—"My three-year-old daughter gave me a 'nice' compliment on my house-keeping the other day," says a Toronto woman. "A lady friend who was calling on me was dusting the piano. The little girl saw her lifting each article off the top of the piano as she dusted, and the youngster asked, 'What's oo lookin' for?'"

**His Natural Bent.**—"What kind of career have you mapped out for your boy?"

"I'm going to make a lawyer of him. He's got an unconquerable fancy for tending to other folk's business, and he might as well get paid for it."

**Too Busy to Work.**—"You look very hungry, my man. Come to my place and I'll give you some work to do." "Asking pard'ing, gov'nor, but I've got to attend a meeting of the unemployed this afternoon."

**New Versions.**—The Ottawa Citizen recently had the following:

"A primrose by the river's brim  
A simple primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more."

Commenting on that, the London Advertiser said: This is very pretty, but we prefer Wordsworth's version with the yellow primrose.

Still more recently the Stratford Beacon ended one of its "week-end musings" with this:

"I hold it true with him who sings,  
That men may make of their dead selves  
Stepping-stones to better things."

In this case also it might be said that this is very pretty, but we prefer Tennyson's version which was as follows:

"I held it truth, with him who sings  
To one clear horn in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

**Well Said.**—Among the best recent retorts a high place must be given to the following from The Victoria Colonist:

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb have written to the British papers to say that "the Canadian city is still essentially uncivilized." Said the man to the bird dealer. "C-c-can that n-n-n-parrot t-t-t-talk?" Said the bird dealer to the man: "Not if you can."

**SORE AND BLEEDING GUMS**  
Soft and spongy gums are made healthy by the mildly alkaline and astringent properties of SOZODONT. It is the most fragrant deodorizer and antiseptic dentifrice known to the world.

## SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

the complement of SOZODONT Liquid, has abrasive properties, yet is absolutely free from grit and acid. It will not tarnish gold fillings or scratch the enamel.

3 FORMS: LIQUID, POWDER, PASTE

## The Merchants' Bank

of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

President, Sir H. Montagu Allan.  
Vice-President, Jonathan Hodgson.  
General Manager, E. F. Hebdan.

Paid-up Capital . . . . . \$ 6,000,000  
Reserve Fund and Undi-  
vided Profits . . . . . 5,458,878  
Deposits (Nov. 30, 1911). 63,494,580  
Assets . . . . . 81,928,961

168 BRANCHES IN CANADA.

General Banking Business transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches. Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received, and interest allowed at best current rates.

### TORONTO OFFICES:

Wellington St. West; 1400 Queen St. West (Parkdale); 406-408 Parliament St.; Dundas St. and Roncesvalles Ave.

**ARTISTS SUPPLY CO.**  
Will save you 33 1/3 per cent to 60 per cent on Oil Colors, and will give you best prices on all Artists' Materials. Write for Catalogue and particulars. The trade solicited.  
77 York St., Toronto.

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ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

Corner 36th St. and 7th Ave.

One short block from Broadway and New York's Newest, Largest and Finest Department Stores, Fashionable Shops and Theatres.

2 Minutes from New Penna. R.R. Terminal.

10 Minutes from Grand Central Terminal.

Accommodations Better than Rates indicate

ROOMS \$1.50 and \$2.00 with Bath Privilege \$2.00 to \$4.00 Private Bath

Where two persons occupy same room only \$1.00 extra will be added to above rates

Write Hotel for Map of New York

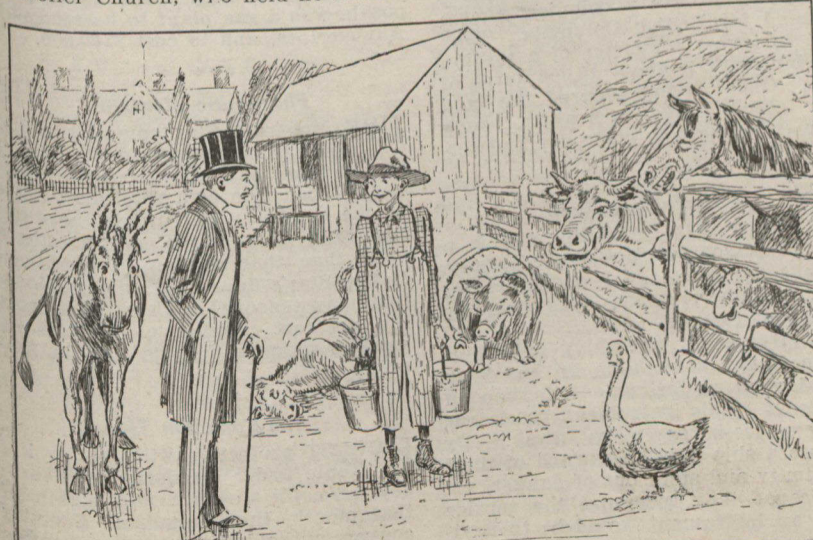
JAY G. WILBRAHAM, Managing Director

## Advertised Goods Are the Standard The World Over. WHY?

Because to be advertised goods must be trade-marked or have a equivalent trade name. To be trade-marked they must be good goods.

Because common sense demands a uniform high quality, otherwise an advertised article not up to the standard claimed of it will not be purchased again.

The consumer who buys advertised goods rarely makes a mistake. Courier readers will be profited by a careful perusal of our advertising columns.



A Laughing Stock

# HOTEL VICTORIA

BROADWAY

Fifth Ave. and 28th St., NEW YORK



### RATES

Rooms without bath, one person, \$1.50 per day and upward, two persons, \$3.00 and upward; with bath, one person, \$2.50 per day and upward, two persons, \$4.00 and upward. Suites \$6.00 per day and upward.

"Canadian money taken at par."

American Hotel Victoria Co.  
 GEORGE W. SWERNEY, President  
 ANGUS GORDON, Manager,  
 Late of King Edward Hotel, Toronto, Can.

# CELESTINS

## VICHY

Natural  
 Alkaline  
 Water

Bottled  
 at the  
 Springs

ASK YOUR  
 PHYSICIAN

Not Genuine  
 without the word

# CELESTINS

BOIVIN, WILSON & CO., AGENTS.



# PEOPLE AND PLACES

### In the Grip of Fire Demon.

THAT was a curious coincidence in Toronto the other day when within an hour the offices of those old rivals The Globe and The Mail and Empire were both set on fire. After midnight one night, the watchman in The Mail building discovered and put out a blaze at the rear of the premises. At the same time The Globe editorial staff were struggling valiantly with a fire demon. To neither office much damage resulted. Incendiarism is suspected as the cause of the fire. The Globe and The Mail have maintained a reputation in the past for heated combat at election time. But neither sheet finds it pleasant nor profitable to pass through literal fire.

### Modern Fire-Fighting in Brandon.

THE picture on this page shows the new fire hall erected by the City Council of Brandon at a cost of \$40,000. There are not many fire stations in Canada which come up to that of Brandon. The City Council, recognizing the responsibility of the municipality in providing fire protection in a brand

place at Professor Barne's disposal one of the big vessels of the Department of Marine and Fisheries. The Professor will sail down through the Straits of Belle Isle and charge the ice-berg territory to test his invention.

### Off to Athabasca.

WAY up at Athabasca Landing, there has been an important appointment. The town in the Arctic has a new Chief of Police.

His name is Wroughton, and he succeeds Colonel Sanders, D. S. O., who is now police magistrate at Calgary. Inspector Wroughton has had a long and strenuous career in the R. N. W. M. P. He has been a rider of the plains for twenty-five years. In the gold fever days of the Yukon he patrolled in Dawson. During the past two years he has been located at Regina.

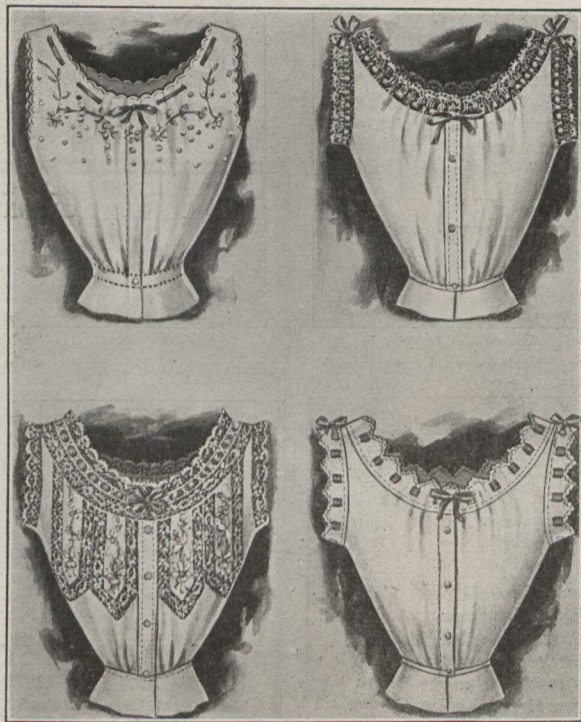
### Building a Highway.

FARMERS about Montreal, La Prairie, Napierville, and LaCombe are going to draw stone in the idle hours this winter. That will be their part in one of the greatest road-mak-

## Murray-Kay, Limited

No. 12.

No. 13.



No. 14. Corset Covers No. 15.

The Corset Covers illustrated above are made in our own work-rooms of fine nainsook perfectly cut irrespective of price which varies only according to the amount of trimming. Each cover is fitted accurately to the waist and is made exactly as illustrated.

No. 12.—(Upper left hand cut.) Hand embroidered and hand made Corset Cover. Sizes 34 in. to 40 in. Price only \$1.50  
 No. 13.—(Upper right hand cut.) This pretty Cover is finished with Linen Lace and Linen Beading and pretty silk ribbons. Sizes 34 to 42. Price \$1.00.

No. 14.—A very handsome Cover, trimmed with Swiss embroidery Medallions and Val. Lace insertion all round and Val. insertion beading and lace at the neck. Price \$2.50.  
 No. 15.—Another pretty design, trimmed with Embroidery and ribbons. Price only \$1.25.

### Murray-Kay's January White Goods Sale

Ladies interested in buying Lingerie, Linens, Embroideries, or anything in white goods at our special January sale prices should write at once for our Illustrated Leaflet and Price List. It will be promptly mailed on request and will point the way to considerable savings in the purchase of quality goods in these lines.

**MURRAY-KAY, LIMITED**  
 17 to 31 King Street, East - TORONTO



BRANDON'S NEW \$40,000 FIRE HALL

new city, where so many handsome and expensive structures are every day going up, decided that the latest must be secured in fire-fighting equipment. The building is in two storeys and is crowded with engines, aerial ladders, etc., of the most modern type.

The other day, a trial alarm was sounded. The electrical apparatus worked so quickly, that the fire steeds running out, were automatically hitched in ten seconds.

### Germans for B.C.

SEVERAL prominent German capitalists have been visiting Vancouver lately. They have a colonist scheme on hand for British Columbia. They wish to invest a quarter of a million and buy with it about 10,000 acres of land. Once having secured the land they intend to induce healthy, young German farmers to come out and settle.

### A Useful Invention.

DR. HOWARD BARNES, who is a professor in McGill University, intends taking a two week's cruise next summer, which may net him fame and fortune.

Dr. Barnes is something of an inventor. For some time he has been working on an instrument to shoo off ice-bergs. This instrument, he claims, detects ice-bergs miles away. By its use a ship may be warned of their proximity and steer out of danger.

Because they recognize the service such an instrument would be to navigation on the St. Lawrence, the Dominion Government will next summer

ing projects since the days of Caesar, the famous Edward VII. boulevard from Montreal to New York. This Macadam highway is to be sixteen feet in width throughout its course. Incidental bridges and culverts all will be of concrete.

### Regina to Make Gas.

REGINA wants gas. For some time, the Saskatchewan city has been considering the advisability of erecting a municipal gas plant. Not long ago the Council made recommendations for public works to be undertaken in 1912. Among the proposals was a gas plant to be ready by August 15th, and to cost \$200,000.

### Plutocratic Montreal.

THE Montreal Star compiles a list of m'illionaires resident in the city of Montreal. It places the number of those who own a million dollars at one hundred. In Toronto there are not thirty millionaires. Nor are there more than that number in Winnipeg. If The Star's figures are correct, Montreal may reasonably claim to possess the greatest number of individually wealthy citizens for its size in America.

### The Canadian Tree.

FOREST protection will be a live topic under discussion in February. On the seventh and eighth of that month, the Canadian Forestry convention holds its annual convention at Ottawa. Conservation experts from all over this continent will be on hand

to discuss the Canadian tree. H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught will preside over the gathering. By giving his patronage to the Forestry Convention the Duke of Connaught follows in the footsteps of Earl Grey in evincing active interest in the problem of our natural resources.

\* \* \*

**Calgary's Engineer.**

CALGARY is in danger of losing its civic engineer, whose name is Child. That official the other day submitted his annual report to the City Council, and almost before anyone had digested it, he received a telegram from the neighbouring city of Moosejaw offering him a job at \$5,000 a year, which is more than Calgary pays him.

Calgary doesn't want to lose Engineer Child. He's a worker. Here's the list of improvements he made in Calgary in 1911:

Sewers, 33 miles; 1,938 sewer connections; 38 miles of waterworks; 2,597 water connections; 11 stand-pipes; 76 boulevard taps; 12 miles of pavement; 20 miles of sidewalk; 20 miles of curb and gutter; 304 catch-basins; 9 miles of conduit, and 336 sewer manholes.

\* \* \*

**A Hangman Saving Souls.**

IN Toronto, an evangelist has been holding forth who has attracted much attention. He was not always an evangelist. Indeed, his former profession was in marked contrast to his present one. He was wont not to save but destroy. He was a hangman—public executioner to the British Government. After having hung upwards of 200 people, James Berry decided to retire and save souls. In an interview at Toronto the other day, he stated that the reason for his deserting the Government service was his fixed belief that every year many innocent persons are hanged.

\* \* \*

**Convention in Fredericton.**

FREDERICTON is preparing for a great convention this year—the Federation of Canadian Clubs. Last year, the Federation convened in Winnipeg. On that occasion, a Fredericton man, Dr. W. S. Carter, was elected president, and Fredericton chosen as the meeting place for this year.

Dr. Carter is getting things in order for Fredericton's reception to the delegates, who will probably be invited to the city in September. One hundred representatives of the different Canadian Clubs throughout the Dominion are expected.

\* \* \*

**A Real Water-Melon.**

MONCTON, N. B., has been making money out of water. Some time ago the city expropriated the water-works and decided to run it.

Recently, Mayor Reilly, of Moncton, after conferring with the City Treasurer, made the announcement that \$21,390.92 stood to the profit of the city in its water account for the past year.

The civic officials in Moncton are trying to devise some plan for diverting the surplus to a good cause. Some have suggested that the extra water money be applied to reducing the civic taxes.

\* \* \*

**A Veteran Civil Servant.**

MONTREAL lost a veteran civil servant when the new year bells were ringing two weeks ago, in the person of Mr. William D. Robb, who resigned the position of City Treasurer.

Mr. Robb enjoys the unique distinction of having held office under twenty-one Mayors. Advanced age alone has compelled his retirement. Mr. Robb, who is a Scotsman by birth, is 75 years old. He once attributed his long fortitude in office to his custom of resting his figure-haunted brain by writing poetry! Much verse from the ex-Treasurer's pen has appeared in various periodicals.

\* \* \*

**Sir Mackenzie Bowell's Birthday.**

DROP into the Rideau Club at Ottawa, or the Albany at Toronto, and you may see a hale old gentleman expounding the politics of the

day to a crowd of much younger men, their chairs drawn close around him. He is Sir Mackenzie Bowell, who had a birthday on December 27. The knight of newspaperdom tripped blithely into his 88th year. He looks thirty years younger.

Last election, the venerable politician was getting letters every day urg-



SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL, Belleville, Who has just celebrated his 88th birthday.

ing him to address meetings on reciprocity. But the noisy political meeting is perhaps a little too strenuous a place for a man of 88. Sir Mackenzie does not now make many platform appearances. Though his great age keeps him out of the thick of political fights, yet Sir Mackenzie Bowell does not let himself become rusty on matters of public interest. He is right up to the minute on every happening; perhaps his up-to-dateness may be explained by the fact that he has been a newspaperman for just 77 years! All that time he has been connected with one paper. When he was eleven years old, he entered the office of the Belleville Intelligencer. He still has an interest in that journal. All his life centres about the printing office in Belleville. It was there he first got in touch with the political principles his exposition of which in later years made him Prime Minister of Canada; it was in his editorial chair, indeed, Sir Mackenzie Bowell laid the foundation of his very home life—for as a young man he married the editor's daughter. May many more years roll round and find Sir Mackenzie still with copy paper before him.

**Advertising Quebec**

(From the Ottawa Free Press.)

ADVICES from London state that the visit there of Hon. Charles R. Devlin, the Minister of Colonization of the sister province, is resulting in a distinct boom for Quebec interests. He has made it clear that the Quebec Government has no intention of minimizing the work done by the Federal Government in advertising Canada as a whole, but he lays stress upon the desire of his colleagues to create a home in London for visitors from Quebec and to interest British investors in the opportunities which Quebec offers to them.

The Quebec Government is not looking with as much earnestness for settlers as are some of the other provinces, but it is quite evidently awake to the advantages of publicity as regards the industrial openings and the sporting attractions which the province has, and the new Agent-General, Dr. Pelletier, will have in his new office a continuous up-to-date exhibit of all that Quebec has to offer to the capitalist, the tourist and sportsman.

Mr. Devlin, who enjoys the distinction of being the only minister of the Crown in Canada who has had seats in three Parliaments in the Empire, has been greatly feted by his old friends at Westminster and especially by the Irish party, of which he was once so valuable a member.

**WHAT is meant by the much talked-about service?**

**An Interpretation**

**A** MOTOR CAR is first of all a fine machine. Every man knows, or should know, that his motor car calls for the attention and care a fine machine deserves.

Most good makers, these days, desire to give service—to give attention—to give adjustment—but the Russell of all high grade cars in the Canadian market can and does give a service that cannot be equalled by any other, whatever its maker's inclination.

**T**HE Russell factory is in Toronto, not thousands of miles away. If you live in Toronto or in this section it is an easy matter to visit the factory and get help or advice when needed.

Or you can call us on the telephone—or you can wire—or you can write—and in any case get what you want QUICKLY. We have a Service Department—a complete organization for answering enquiries, making repairs in case of accident, inspecting, overhauling, adjusting.

If you meet with accident and need a repair part the Service Department can ship you the required part immediately. Its headquarters are at the Toronto factory, but it is extended through seven branches to every part of Canada and to Australia.

Regardless of where you are there is a Russell branch or agency available within minutes or a few hours at the most.

You tour—and you find a place where your car is like an open book to the garage man.

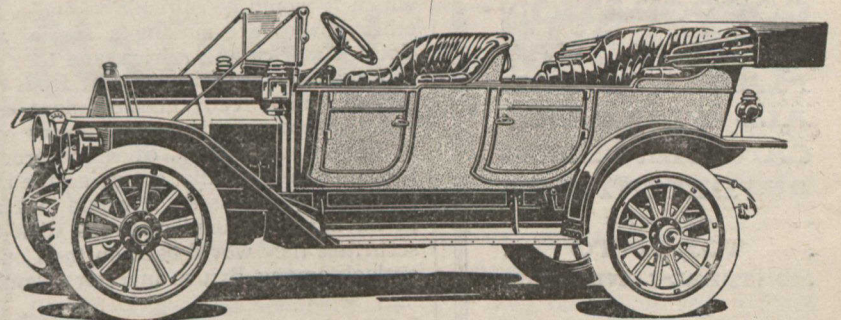
Think what it means, and when to a car of highest quality you add the advantages of a service like this you will realize the reason of the growth of the Russell business.

We want to build **your** car—we want to extend this service to you. Models from \$2,350 to \$5,000 equipped.

Send for the New Catalogue, and Special Knight Motor book telling all about the famous valveless engine.

*Russell Motor Cars*

"Made up to a standard not down to a price."



Russell "26" with Knight Motor, \$3,850 equipped.

RUSSELL MOTOR CAR CO., Limited, WEST TORONTO

Agencies Everywhere.

Makers of High Grade Automobiles

Branches: TORONTO, MONTREAL, HAMILTON, WINNIPEG, CALGARY, VANCOUVER, MELBOURNE, Australia.

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

## Rodolphe Forget

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

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BONDS AND STOCKS  
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## GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL and CORPORATION BONDS

Our lists comprise carefully selected offerings of the above securities, affording the investor 4 per cent. to 6 per cent. interest returns.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

Wood, Gundy & Co.

London, Eng. Toronto, Can.

## DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED, HAS MARKETS FOR ALL STANDARD CANADIAN BONDS AND DEBENTURES

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MONTREAL-LONDON, ENG

E. R. C. CLARKSON & SONS  
Trustees, Receivers & Liquidators  
Ontario Bank Chambers  
Scott Street, Toronto



# MONEY AND MAGNATES



### A Deal Always in the Limelight.

IT is doubtful whether there has ever been a deal put through in Canada that has afterwards had so much attention given to its principals as that represented by the organization of the Canada Cement Co.

In the early stages of the deal, Mr. Rodolphe Forget, now Sir Rodolphe, the Montreal broker, was in charge of the negotiations. Afterwards when the deal assumed larger proportions, young Max Aitken took hold and a year ago he also was among the number to be admitted into the ranks of the knights. Of course, it is not claimed that this deal had any particular bearing on Knighthoods, but it had its contributing factors.

Then, again, recently an action for a very large amount was entered by the Bank of Montreal against Sir Sanford Fleming, a director of the C. P. R. and one of the directors of the International Cement Co. over some affairs in connection with the Exshaw plant in Alberta, owned by the International Cement interests.

In the meantime Sir Sanford Fleming had also requested the Dominion Government for an investigation of the affairs in connection with the organization of the Canada Cement Co., all of which must indicate that there were several mix-ups in connection with the deal itself, and that any such investigation by the Government or the evidence in connection with the Bank of Montreal suit against Sir Sanford Fleming, is sure to bring out a great many very interesting facts regarding a consolidation which certainly has had more publicity in different ways than any other which has been effected during the last couple of years.

\* \* \*

### How Bond Market Must Be Broadening.

FURTHER evidence of the extension of the bond market of Canada is afforded by the organization of two new bond and banking houses, which will be very closely affiliated with one another. One of them will be known as Murray, Mather & Co., of Toronto, and the other as N. B. Stark & Co., of Montreal. The general partners in the one company will be special partners in the other. An interesting feature in connection with both companies is that three out of the total five members in the companies are former employees of the Dominion Securities Corporation. Messrs. Murray and Mather were connected with the Toronto office of the Dominion Securities for a great many years. Mr. Norman B. Stark, of the Montreal company, was also with the Dominion Securities, having filled the office of Winnipeg Manager after having a thorough training at the head office of the company. Associated with Mr. Stark in the Montreal Company will also be Col. Chas. A. Smart, head of the Smart Bag Co., and director of the Hochelaga Bank, and Mr. Harrison Durant, formerly of the Investment Trust Co. By the arrangement, Messrs. Murray, Mather & Co. will look after the Toronto and Western field, while N. B. Stark & Co. will confine their energies to Montreal and the whole of Eastern Canada.

\* \* \*

### Big Year for Rubber.

THE tremendous development of the rubber tire business in Canada has lately proved to be the most important factor in the big expansion of business experienced by the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company in 1911; and it is understood that the earnings which the consolidated company will receive from the different subsidiary companies will be sufficient to show something like 16 per cent. earned on its own common stock.

Considering such earnings one would naturally expect considerable more activity in the securities of the company, but perhaps the absence of it is explained by the fact that the United States Rubber crowd now own a very large percentage of the common stock of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber and are evidently content to wait for considerably greater developments before trying to make an investment market for the securities of their Canadian concern.

\* \* \*

### Too Many Canadian Issues in London.

THE remark made the other day, by Mr. Melville Greenshields, that the London market was almost glutted with Canadian issues, set many Canadian interests to thinking that perhaps too many concerns were trying to take advantage of the popularity of Canadian issues. The London situation is also one that requires a good deal of careful attention, inasmuch as the number of London houses who make a specialty of Canadian issues at all is necessarily limited, and it is pointed out that the clients of these houses have, during the past few years, undoubtedly accumulated a long line of Canadian securities for which it would be difficult to find a very ready market. On the other hand, other houses are making a specialty of enterprises in other countries, like South America and Africa, and they are not likely to leave them to specialize in Canadian securities, so that from now on it will become all the more difficult to find a ready market, more especially for issues of any considerable size. Of course, there are dozens of so-called Canadian issues being made in London each week, of which practically nothing is heard in Canada, and these are the ones that are doing the most harm in connection with the straight Canadian enterprises. It would look as though there would be some necessity of having the Canadian banks stick together concerning just what grade of securities they would back on the London market, in order that this important outlook among British investors should be maintained by Canada.

\* \* \*

### Titles on Both Canadian Exchanges.

THE batch of titles, handed out by the King on the New Year will result in both the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges being able to boast of having a title among their respective members. The Toronto Exchange has now Sir Edmund Osler, while the Montreal Exchange has its Sir Rodolphe Forget. True, Mr. Osler is no longer an active member of the Exchange, but he has retained his membership. On the other hand, Sir Rodolphe Forget has been looked upon, during the past few years, as the virtual leader on the Mont-

### Investment Season

In readiness for the month of January, when security holders are investing their surplus or re-investing their bond interest and dividends, we have prepared a booklet on STANDARD CANADIAN SECURITIES.

The twenty-nine companies reviewed include the following:

Duluth Superior  
Halifax Tramways  
Illinois Traction  
Lake of the Woods  
Ottawa L., H. & P.  
Wm. A. Rogers.

We would be pleased to mail copy free on request.

### McCuaig Bros. & Co.

(Members Montreal Stock Exchange)  
17 St. Sacrament St., Montreal.  
OTTAWA, SHERBROOKE, GRANBY,  
SOREL, DANVILLE. 20

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO  
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited  
Chief Toronto Agents.

### The Title and Trust

Company, Bay & Richmond Sts.  
TORONTO

Executor, Administrator  
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## Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of Toronto Stock Exchange

Bankers  
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Royal Bank Building  
TORONTO, CANADA

Cable Address--Cawlock, Toronto

### For Policyholders Only

During the past five years the

## MUTUAL LIFE

of Canada

Has earned in profits for its  
policyholders

### \$2,262,158

Being 23.43 per cent. of the premiums  
received for that period

Profits Earned in				
1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
\$333,325	\$381,146	\$428,682	\$501,922	\$615,083
Profits Earned in per cent. of Premiums Received				
1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
20.9%	21.99%	22.36%	24.49%	27.39%

HEAD OFFICE :  
WATERLOO, - ONT.

real Exchange, and, a short time ago, he intimated his intention to devote more constant attention to his business on the Exchange than he had been able to during the past year when he had been carrying through such large deals as the various public utilities companies in Quebec, and the getting together of the big Banque Internationale and, at the same time, spending a considerable portion of his time in Paris.

Both men have also been very closely identified with politics, Sir Edmund Osler having been, at all times, a great tower of strength to the Conservative party in Ontario, while Sir Rodolphe Forget is perhaps the strongest political factor in the Province of Quebec at the present time.

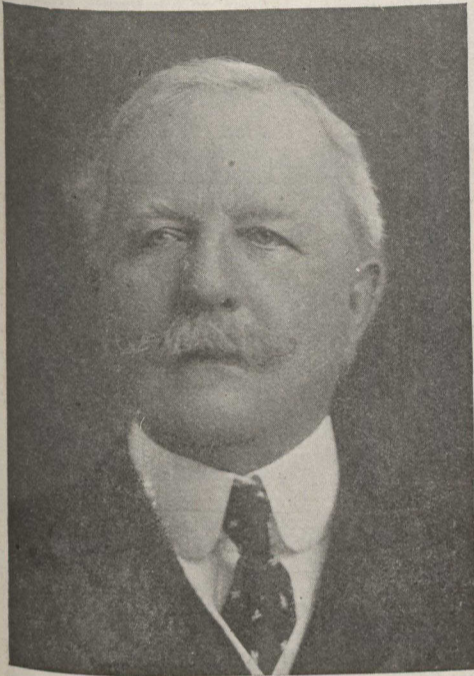
COUPON.

**New General Manager Bank of Montreal.**

THERE is some doubt in the public mind as to whether or not Sir Edward Clouston's retirement from the general managership of the Bank of Montreal was wholly voluntarily. There are those who say that had it not been for some criticism which pervaded the "Street" he might have remained longer at his post. However that may be, the directors of the Bank

did not have to go outside the staff to find a successor. Mr. H. V. Meredith, the new General Manager, is an old employee of the company and has been for many years a foremost figure in banking circles. For some time recently he was a member of the directorate and assistant general manager.

Following the death of Sir George A. Drummond, President of the Bank, Mr. R. B. Angus was taken from the directorate to fill the presidency, and it was at that time that Mr. Meredith was made a director to fill Mr. Angus' place. He first entered the service of the Bank in 1867. He was one of a family of eight sons, all of whom have risen to eminence in their respective spheres of action. Among these are Sir William Meredith, Chief Justice of Common Pleas for Ontario; Honourable R. M. Meredith, Judge of Appeal for Ontario and Chancellor of the Western University, London; Mr. J. S. Meredith, formerly manager of the Merchants Bank of Canada; and Mr.



MR. H. V. MEREDITH  
An old employee of Bank of Montreal who has risen to position of General Manager.

Charles Meredith, financial agent in Montreal. The first important position held by Mr. Meredith was that of accountant of the Montreal branch, to which he was appointed in 1879. During the same year he was named assistant inspector, a position he held for ten years, his duties extending over the whole territory covered by the Canadian Pacific Railway, from Halifax to the then end of the track on the Canadian Pacific Railway, his jurisdiction also extending to Chicago and New York. Mr. Meredith not only became thoroughly acquainted with the officials of the bank, but appreciated what the future had in store for the new Dominion of Canada. He became manager of the Montreal branch in 1889, which position he has held up to the present time, also holding the title during the past six years of assistant general manager.

**Canada's Mineral Production.**

ALTHOUGH somewhat belated, the statistics of mineral production for 1910, issued by the Department of Mines at Ottawa, are interesting. Few people realize how remarkable is the development in mineral production. The mining stock promoters begot rather than educate the public in this respect.

The total value of the mineral production in Canada in 1910 was \$106,823,623, a value slightly greater than the estimate of production published on the 1st of March. Compared with the previous year's production of \$91,831,441, that of 1910 shows an increase of \$14,992,182, or 16 per cent., and is the largest increase that has been recorded in Canada's mineral production in any one year. The production per capita has also increased from \$12.82 in 1909 to \$14.26 in 1910, an advance of 11.2 per cent. The largest production per capita previously recorded was \$13.35 in 1907.

The year 1886 was the first year for which complete statistics of mineral production for the whole of Canada was collected by this department, and the production that year was reported as \$10,221,255, or about \$2.23 per capita. In ten years the production had increased over 100 per cent., to \$22,474,256, or \$4.38 per capita, in 1896. At this time the Yukon began to contribute largely to the gold production, and during the next five years an increase of nearly 200 per cent. is shown, the total reaching a value of \$65,797,911, or \$12.25 per capita, in 1901. The next three years witnessed a slight falling off, but from 1904 the production again rapidly increased to its present high record.

The production of metalliferous products in 1910 was valued at \$49,438,873, being 46 per cent. of the total mineral output, and an increase in value over the previous year of \$5,282,032, or nearly 12 per cent. The value of non-metalliferous products (excluding structural material and clays) in 1910 was \$37,757,158, being 35 per cent. of the total mineral output, and an increase of \$6,615,907, or 21 per cent., in value over 1909. The value of the production of clay, lime and stone and other structural materials in 1910 was \$19,627,592, or 18 per cent. of the total production, and an increase of \$3,094,243 over the 1909 output.

Amongst the more important minerals mined, coal occupied first place, contributing about 29 per cent. of the total production; silver, next in importance, contributed over 16 per cent. of the total; nickel was next in order

**Keep Well, Despite the Weather  
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## The Scrap Book

Usually.—Little Elmer—"Papa, what is it that makes a statesman great?"  
Professor Broadhead—"Death, my son."

\* \* \*

Knew Him.—Mr. Botts—"I think, my dear, I have at last found the key to success."

Mrs. Botts—"Well, just as like as not you'll not be able to find the key-hole."—Yonkers Statesman.

\* \* \*

Innocent.—"There's Mrs. Merry-girl's husband over there. Somehow he doesn't look like a very bright chap to me. Does he know anything?"

"Know anything, my dear! He doesn't even suspect anything."—Topics.

\* \* \*

Well Placed.—"George says he loves that little curl over your right ear."

"I'm glad to know that. I was just about to hang it on the other side."—Kansas City Journal.

\* \* \*

Candid.—Doctor—"Do you talk in your sleep?"

Patient—"No. I talk in other people's. I'm a clergyman."

\* \* \*

Why They Were In.—"I am here, gentlemen," explained the pickpocket to his fellow-prisoners, "as the result of a moment of abstraction."

"And I," said the incendiary, "because of an unfortunate habit of making light of things."

"And I," said the forger, "on account of a simple desire to make a name for myself."

"And I," added the burglar, "through nothing but taking advantage of an opening which offered in a large mercantile establishment."—New York Call.

\* \* \*

Husky Boys.—There was an Irishman who lined up his family of seven gigantic sons, and invited his caller to look at them.

"Ain't they the fine boys?" inquired the father.

"They are," agreed the visitor.

"The finest in the world!" exclaimed the father. "And I niver laid violent hands on any of them except in self-defence."

\* \* \*

Starting Trouble.—Mrs. Henpeck—"You know the saying: 'Unlucky in love, lucky at cards?'"

Henpeck—"And yet you won't let me play poker."—Boston Transcript.

\* \* \*

Well Defined.—Tommy—"Pop, what is a monologue?"

Tommy's Pop—"A monologue, my son, is a conversation a woman carries on with her husband."—Philadelphia Record.

\* \* \*

The Point of View.—"What is home without a baby?" demanded the lady orator; and when an irresponsible bachelor in the rear of the audience shouted, "Quite quiet," she didn't like it at all.

\* \* \*

The Chauffeur's Idea.—Hobbs (to chauffeur)—"Under no circumstances must you run over twenty miles an hour."

The Chauffeur—"You don't want an auto; ou want a man to take you out in a baby carriage."—Life.

\* \* \*

Getting On.—Mrs. Citibred—"Is my husband improving in golf?"

Caddie—"Well, I should say so. When he started he used to say, 'Oh, fudge,' when he missed. Now he can cuss like a man."—New Orleans Picayune.

\* \* \*

A Wise Man.—First Agitator—"How do you manage to be so popular with the people?"

Second Ditto—"It is very easy. Instead of trying to show the people I meet how much I know, I make it clear to them how much they know."

## Raising a Roof For a Rainy Day

By FRANKLIN O. KING

"Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall," said Long-fellow, and I believe You will agree with Me, Mr. Reader, that it is a Wise Man who Knows enough to Come in out of the Wet. If You haven't the Prudence and Foresight to take advantage of Good Weather and Raise a Roof for Your Family that will Protect them when the Storms come, it will be Up to Them to Find Shelter where Best They may. The wisdom of "Laying by Something For a Rainy Day," was never Better Exemplified than it is at Present, and if that **Something** is properly Invested in an Income-Producing Farm Home in Gulf Coast Texas, Your Children some Day will Rise Up and Call you Blessed.

How much Better off are You than Last Year, or the Year Before That? How much have You Actually Got that You could call Your Own? A little Furniture? A Piano, perhaps? A Few Dollars in the Bank? And how many Weary Years has it taken You to get Together that little Mite? Don't You see how Hopeless It is? You come Home each Night a little more Tired, and Your good Wife can see the gray coming into Your Hair—if It isn't already There. Chances for Promotion grow Less and Less, as each Year is added, but Ever any Always Your Expenses seem to Grow.

The Systematic Saver Accumulates slowly, unless His Savings are Put to Work where They can Earn Something Worth While. Fifteen Hundred Dollars put into the Savings Bank will, in One Year, at 3 per cent., earn You less than Fifty Dollars. Half of Fifteen Hundred Dollars invested in One of our Ten-Acre Danbury Colony Farms, in convenient Monthly Payments (Protected by Sickness and Insurance Clauses) will Earn Freedom from Care, and that Comfort which comes from the Ability to Sit under One's "Own Vine and Fig Tree," with a certain Income Insured.

The Best Incentive to Persistent and Systematic Saving is the Desire to Get a Home. The Best Place I Know of to Get a Home is in the Rain Belt of Gulf Coast Texas, where You can Grow Three Big Money-Making Crops a Year, on the Same Soil, and where Irrigation and Fertilization do not Eat up the Profits Your Hands Create.

If every Man who reads this Article would Take the Time to THINK, and the Trouble to INVESTIGATE, every Acre of our Danbury Colony Land Would be Sold Within the Next Three Months. If Every Woman who glances through this Advertisement but Knew the Plain Truth about our Part of Texas, You couldn't Keep Her away from There with a Shot-Gun, because the Woman is Primarily a Home-Seeker and a Home-Maker, and the Future of Her Children is the Great Proposition that is Uppermost in Her Mind and Heart.

Do You Know that Growers of Figs, Strawberries and Early Vegetables clear a Net Profit of \$300 to \$500 an Acre in Gulf Coast Texas? Do You Know men have realized more than \$1,000 an acre Growing Oranges in Our Country? If You Do Not know these things, you should read up on the subject, and you must not fail to get our Free Book, which contains nearly 100 photographs of growing Crops, etc.

What would You think of a little Town of about 1,200 People situated near our Lands, where they ship on an average of \$400,000 worth of Fruit, Vegetables, Poultry, Eggs, etc., a year? During 1910 this Community shipped nearly \$100,000 worth of Strawberries alone.

We are situated within convenient shipping distance of Three Good Railroads, and in addition to this have the inestimable Advantages of Water Transportation through the Splendid Harbours of Galveston and Velasco, so that our Freight Rates are Cut Practically in Half. The Climate is Extremely Healthful and Superior to that of California or Florida—Winter and Summer—owing to the Constant Gulf Breeze.

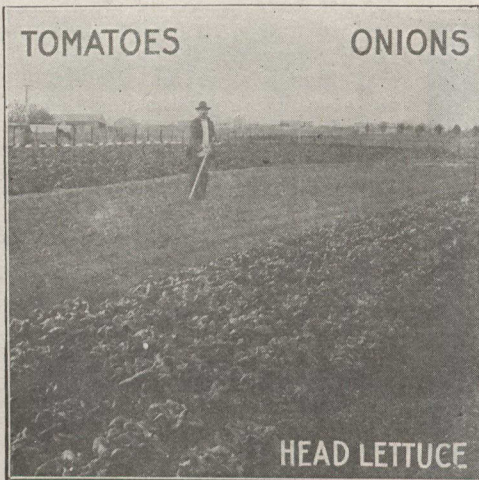
Our Contract Embodies Life and Accident Insurance, and should You die, or become totally disabled, Your Family, or anyone else You name, will get the Farm without the Payment of another Penny. If You should be Dissatisfied, we will Absolutely Refund Your Money, as per the Terms of our Guarantee.

Write for our Free Book. Fill Out the Blank Space below with Your name and Address, plainly written, and mail it to the Texas-Gulf Realty Company, 1362 People's Gas Building, Chicago, Illinois. Read It carefully, then use Your Own Good Judgment.

\* \* \*

Please send me your book "Independence with Ten Acres"

January issue CANADIAN COURIER.



The Man with the Hoe---and the Bank Account

## BRODERICKS SUIT SALE

Every January for the past ten years we have successfully pursued the course of using the month of January to clear up our season's business.

The bigger the season's business the larger the stock, of course, and the larger the stock the greater the January Sale. Last year was our greatest business year by many thousands of dollars. Materials were bought with a lavish hand, and

### OUR ANNUAL SALE WHICH IS NOW ON

accords you the largest and choicest array of materials that you, or any other man ever had the pleasure to select from.

Every yard of our entire stock of Scotch Tweeds imported by us for this season's high-class trade goes into the sale, and with them we include all our West of England and French Worsted Suitings.

This immense aggregation of high-grade Suitings must be cleared this month, as we are advised by our Mr. Broderick, who is now in England, that purchases for the coming season are so great as to demand every inch of room at our disposal.

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## "THE MAN AT LONE LAKE."

By VERNA SHEARD.

Next week there will begin in the "CANADIAN COURIER" a new serial story---a Canadian story by a resident Canadian author. The scenes are laid in the Foothills of the Rocky Mountains, on the outskirts of western civilization. An Englishman of birth and breeding comes to America but fails to rise to any height because of a secret vice. He realises that he must abandon the busy haunts of men and seek isolation where he may fight against this habit. He becomes a lone trapper in the Northland---he is the Man at Lone Lake.

The story is full of exciting but wholesome incident, and at the same time indicates the wonderfully curative effects of the outdoor life as it may be experience in the Northland. Francois, the breed, supplies the contrasts. Nance, the granddaughter of another lone trapper, gives the romantic touch. The author's wonderful descriptions of nature and wild life give character and distinction to the story.

It Begins next week.

Canadian Courier, Toronto.

**Dr. Workman's New Book**

AN excellent review of Professor George C. Workman's latest book "Atonement," by Professor E. F. Scott, of Queen's University, recently appeared in The Presbyterian. Professor Scott is enthusiastic over the book, and, as Professor of New Testament Literature in a Presbyterian college, his opinion should carry considerable weight. In part, he writes as follows:

"It is not a little surprising that the central doctrine of the Atonement has been largely neglected in the theological discussions of recent years. Most of the writers who have attempted to deal with the subject have been content with a mere restatement of traditional views which rest in partial or altogether wrong interpretations of the scriptural evidence. The book before us is therefore timely and welcome in no common degree. Dr. Workman's name is itself a guarantee of wide and exact scholarship and of a conscientious habit of thought which will not try to make light of real difficulties. The book, it may be said at once, will prove exceedingly helpful not only to theologians but to all who desire to possess a reason for the faith that is in them. While it bears the mark of accurate learning in every page it is written in clear and simple language, and can be read intelligently by any one who has made a careful study of the English Bible. And while it is strictly theological in its method it is inspired throughout by a genuine religious spirit. We feel in reading it that the author's one aim is to make clear to others the great Christian truths which have verified themselves in his own life.

"The book is divided into nine chapters—each of them dealing with a special aspect of the Atonement doctrine. (Atonement in itself, in God, in Christ, in man, in sacrifice, in death, in suffering, in service, in theory.) Dr. Workman's plan is to examine the teaching of scripture on each of these heads, and thus to arrive at conclusions which will represent not some private view of his own but the New Testament doctrine in its completeness. He finds that most of the difficulties which have made the doctrine unintelligible are due to a misreading of plain texts. Atonement, in the view of Paul and the other New Testament writers, is the reconciliation of man to God, not a change, mysteriously effected, in God's relation to man. Christ came to redeem men from sin by imparting to them His own spirit and inspiring them with His life. To be forgiven in Christ implies that we are morally one with Him, and does not require that we should subscribe to any specific dogma. Atonement is indeed through the death of Christ, but only in the sense that His death was the crowning expression of that voluntary devotion of Himself which marked His whole career. "He was always losing His life for others" (p. 148). Thus the true saving faith in the Atonement is the faith whereby we conform ourselves to the mind of Christ. Dr. Workman proceeds to show how the atoning work begun in Christ is continued in lives inspired by Him and consecrated to His service. Perhaps the finest chapter of the book is that on "Atonement in Suffering," in which this idea is elaborated.

"We thank Dr. Workman for a truly valuable book. It deserves to be widely read, and will throw new light for many on the essential meaning of our Christ's faith."  
(Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, \$1.25.)

**A Cruel Question.**—Skeezick's car had turned turtle, and as he sat gloomily contemplating the situation Uncle Silas reined in his nag and stepped outside.  
"Turned over, hain't she?" he observed.  
"Yep," said Skeezick, shortly.  
"Want to sell?" asked Uncle Silas.  
"Yes," said Skeezick. "I'll sell out cheap."  
"What's your upset price?" asked Uncle Silas with a grin.—Harper's Weekly.



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These three. A little care, a little attention, and real beauty and distinction is yours

A beautiful face depends greatly upon the fairness and softness of the skin. Any skin that is healthy is beautiful. The daily use of

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**PRESERVES THE SKIN** and beautifies the Complexion, making it SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.

The daily use of La-rola effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation, and Chaps, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully soothing and Refreshing after MOTORING, GOLFING, SHOOTING, CYCLING, DANCING, ETC.

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

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**DELIVERY OF THE COURIER**  
SHOULD your postman or carrier boy fail to deliver your CANADIAN COURIER, in order to prevent a possible repetition of the mistake it is as well to report same to the publishers. Prompt attention will be given. The Canadian Courier, 12 Wellington St. East, Toronto.

## JERRY HAINES, LABOURER

(Continued from page 7.)

the sweat-band, replaced it, giving it a rakish slant so that the brim would protect his ears. Then buttoning his coat he said to "His Nibs," "Let 'er blow; we're here before it." "His Nibs" nodded and smiled. Side by side they plodded on, and in the late afternoon they reached Blacksmith Island.

One and all were tired out. The fresh snow had made the walking difficult, and the wind, too, had retarded their progress so that all were very thankful for the rest. A fire was made and dry wood collected for future use. Then the tea-pail was slung and bacon was fried, and out in the open, protected only by the trees behind them they prepared to enjoy their meal. The teamster had attended to the wants of the horses, and on his arrival said:

"Youse fellows need to go slow on the provisions. If this storm keeps up we're here to stay, and we're not too well heeled with eatables. I've very little feed for the horses, too, and the high one seems to be sick."

"Strike me if I ever seed such a country," said 'Arry. "Nothing but bloomin' snow. If only you could eat it life would be one long sweet dream." "Life is a dream," said Jerry, "and it's me to me downy couch."

Whereupon, seizing a piece of bread and a rasher of bacon, and placing a cup of tea near at hand, he lay back on the balsam boughs, which he had collected.

After the meal all tried to make themselves as comfortable as possible, and the fire was kept going merrily. Then one after one dropped off to sleep and forgot for a time the discomforts of life. "His Nibs" did not seem to desire slumber, but sat with his back to a tree, and when the fire showed signs that it needed replenishing he fed it from the wood which had been gathered.

Day turned into night and morning came, and still the storm raged. Its fury seemed to have increased, and the cold was more severe. Throughout the whole day the "weather prophets" could see no encouraging signs.

The grub gave out, and it was a hungry party which tried to find comfort around the fire that night. Sleeping was out of the question, for if they lay down by the fire, one side would be warm while the other side would be like ice. Morning broke again, and still the storm howled. The temperature had got lower, and now it was hard to keep warm even with the aid of the fire. The teamster decided to start in the hope of reaching "Nepigon House" twelve miles ahead, where there was a "post" of the Hudson Bay Company, and where warmth and food could be obtained.

Accordingly the horses were hitched, and choosing what he thought was the right direction the teamster set them to their task. When the island was past the full fury of the gale smote them and faces were turned involuntarily away. It was with extra difficulty that the horses could be induced to keep the right direction; they wanted to travel with the storm.

Jerry and "His Nibs" brought up the rear, and made fair progress for a time. Jerry joked about the situation, and was not paying enough attention to where he was going. After a time he looked up at "His Nibs," and perceived that the sleigh and their other companions were no where in sight. He examined the snow ahead and found no traces of their passage, and so he said, "I guess it's up to us to blaze our own trail." "His Nibs" looked up with a wan smile and said, "All right, my lad."

It was plain that the continuous hardships were beginning to tell on the older man. He limped and his body was stooped while his head hung on his breast in a manner that somewhat startled Jerry. However, they plodded on, and Jerry set a course as near as he could to that on which they had formerly travelled. After half an hour Jerry looked around and then stopped in surprise, and some-

thing akin to fear. Struggling along about fifteen paces in the rear was "His Nibs," his feet mechanically rising and falling in response to the dictates of the indomitable will. His expression was a complexity of fatigue and grim determination, and his right cheek and his nose were white with a frost-bite. Jerry immediately took snow and proceeded to rub the affected parts, and during the operation "His Nibs" seemed to crumple up and then sank to the snow. Jerry was alarmed. He shouted at the other man and then getting excited he kicked him and punched him, and swore at him in both English and French. After a time "His Nibs" opened his eyes and the light of understanding again entered them. Feebly raising himself he said, "Leave me, my lad, I'm done for. I shouldn't have come. No man with the fever in his bones can stand this."

Jerry was wild; he cursed everything in general, and the storm in particular, and swore they would beat it yet. Then taking "His Nibs" by the arm he raised him and steadied him, and still supporting him set out again across the drifting snow.

Walking across a snow-covered ice-field is bad at any time, but when it is undertaken during a storm, and with the care of a sick and fatigued man as an extra burden, it becomes almost impossible, and none but the hardiest would venture it. So Jerry, as he struggled on, felt the terrible strain, and time after time there came to his mind the thought, "What's the use of my killing myself to save this fellow? I'd better drop him and try to save myself." Yet somehow every time this idea came to him something rose up inside him and conquered it.

Occasionally the burden would get extra heavy and he would stop to rest. At these times "His Nibs" would show a desire to drop down again, and Jerry would then start on. In time the strain grew terrible, and it took all Jerry's will to keep from giving up the struggle. But he perceived that the storm was abating somewhat, and after a time he saw rising up ahead of him a great gray mass. He headed for this, and as the air now was becoming quite clear he saw that it was a rocky island. Putting forth an extra effort he reached it, and, coming around to the leeward side, both he and his burden dropped on the snow. But, Jerry, knowing the danger in giving in to the desire to sleep raised himself and dragged "His Nibs" farther into the protection of the rock. He then sat up and beat his chest with his hands, occasionally giving his silent companion a shake.

Of a sudden he heard a shout, and there, coming towards them, was a team of dogs driven by an Ind'an, who was following a road which had been "bushed" from Nepigon House to a point farther south. Jerry hailed him, and together they placed "His Nibs" on the sled and set out for Nepigon House. On arrival they found the other men had arrived ahead of them and were treating various frost-bites. "His Nibs" was examined, and a few frost-bites were rubbed out and then he was put to bed. When this was done Jerry threw himself down on a bunk and slept for fifteen hours by the clock.

So ends this simple story of Jerry Haines, labourer. The praises have been sung and the achievements have been lauded of those men who in the heat of a battle rescue a wounded comrade under the fire of the enemy's guns. But day by day the ranks of the soldiers of toil are turning out men who, against terrible odds, also do their duty by their fellow-men, and of that class was Jerry.

Tactless.—"When Duffer gets arguing he loses all tact."

"How is that?"

"Why, last night he told an opponent who is lame that he hadn't a leg to stand on; another, who squints, that he was sorry he could not see things as he did; and a man who stammered not to hesitate in giving his opinion."

THE MAGI WERE THE WISE MEN



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**O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"**  
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**Keating's Powder Kills Bugs**

To fight every form of insect life use Keating's Powder. None other is so uniformly reliable—yet it is odorless and stainless and harmful only to insect life. Made by Thomas Keating, in London, England. Sold by all druggists.

IN TINS ONLY: 10c., 20c., 35c.



**Criminal Records**

(From the Winnipeg Telegram.)

LAST year there were 8,967 murders committed in the United States, and 86 out of every 87 murderers escaped the extreme penalty. There are eight times as many murders in that country as in England in proportion to population. The United States has over seventy murders per million of its population; Italy has less than five per million; Canada has less than eighteen per million, and Great Britain has less than nine per million. Statistics of crime are interesting as pointing to its rise and fall in different countries, and perhaps indicating preventive methods which may ameliorate the conditions of the future. There is obviously something rotten in the administration of justice in the United States, and it seems on the face of it to be the fact that the electric chair is more and more becoming the last resort of the law for capital offences. As the terrors of death recede from the criminally inclined portion of the population it would seem that safety of human life decreases. The chances are eighty-six to one that everyone who commits murder in the United States will escape death. This is a sorry comment on the much vaunted civilization of our neighbours. In evolving new methods of justice the United States is fostering crime.

There is a lesson for Canada in all this. Here our murder record is altogether too high at present, and the only hopeful feature to which we can point is the fact that it is not showing any grave increase. Reading of the mistaken sentimentality which has become only too great a feature of murder trials on the other side of the line, there may be a tendency here, too, to let our sympathies get the better of our sense of justice. This we must guard against. In the effort to build up a virile people, strong physically, morally and intellectually, we must adhere strictly to that administration of the law which has made British justice the synonym of safety the world over.

**RUNNERS OF THE AIR**

(Continued from page 14.)

Andrews had been twice to Amsterdam, but with small consignments only. The enormous bulk of the diamonds, in sealed leather bags of which their guardians knew not the contents, still rested in the vaults of the Bank of Servia at Nish. Andrews had also been in England, discreetly laying diplomatic trains, and in Montenegro, discussing problems of interest with Prince Nikolas, who had developed a sudden amazing penchant for his society.

Gregory was in his own Black Mountain. He was busy organizing and arming, with secrecy unmatched and a most comfortable amplitude of funds, bands in Bosnia, bands in Herzegovina, bands in Dalmatia, bands even in long tranquil Slavonia. But he had plans beyond all precedent for the future of guerilla warfare and had ordered two Antoinettes and two Farmans to be delivered at Dulcigno by October.

Mother Maria and her son, after a pampered sojourn at M'latza, where their epic narratives had given them great vogue, had found a pig-farm beyond their wildest aspirations, on the banks of the Morava to the west of Krucevac.

And old Ivan. With five of his fellows, Ivan had died as he would have elected to die, after emptying many saddles, in a skirmish with the mounted patrol at the crossing of the Drina. He had covered the retreat; he had got his charges safely over and he had won for his name an illustrious place in the hearth-songs of his Montenegrin village.

On the quays, Sergius and Andrews noted the great white boat for Budapest swinging out from its pier and, in the distance, the dark hulls of Austrian river-monitors nosing upward against the Danube current. This time, however, there chanced to be four of them and the Englishman smiled, thinking of the four powerful

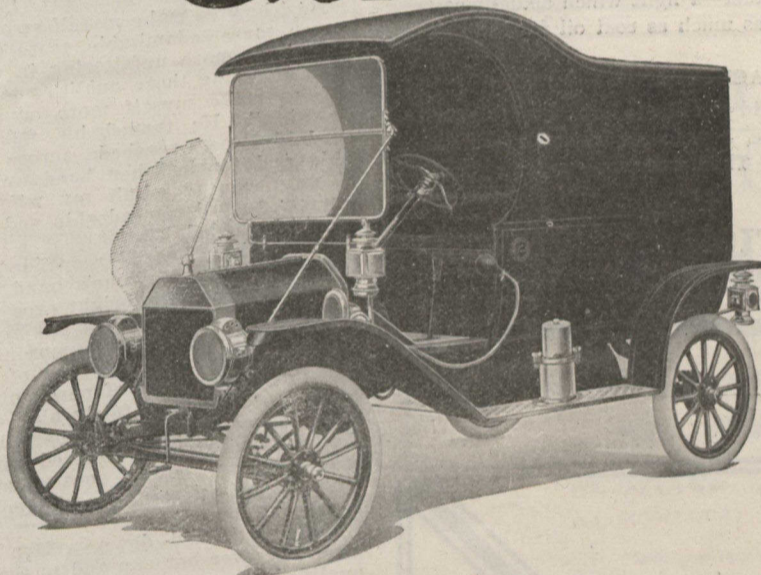
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craft now being laid down, for a mysterious purchaser, in the yards of one of the great Clyde-bank builders. His companion, following his glance to see what had interested him, smiled also.

"They're sturdy craft," said Carver, "as far as I can make out, but not the last word in monitors, by any means."

"I wish we had a hard-and-fast alliance with Turkey," said Count Sergius.

He was thinking of how to get Servian monitors, when built, through the Dardanelles.

"That ought not to be difficult to manage," commented Madam, somewhat naively.

UP the street below them came the tramp of marching feet and they peered down over the rail with lively interest. A regiment was marching by—quick, serviceable-looking, very smart in their white tunics and crimson trousers.

"They look very fit, old chap," said Andrews, scrutinizing them as an expert.

"They are our crack regiment," answered Sergius. "No better fighters in the world."

"I calculate you could put pretty near half a million like that into the field," remarked the American casually, "if only Servia could find a gold mine somewhere!"

"Yes, Servia alone!" agreed Madame innocently, in her childlike voice. "How interesting it would be!" Count Sergius absent-mindedly pulled his crutch around in front of him and leaned against it.

"A fellow does waste an unconscionable lot of time, being sick," said he musingly. Then his voice grew deep with earnestness. "Boys," he went on, bending forward that he might not be overheard, "best and truest of comrades, you know that, having so long neglected my affairs, I shall need ever further advice and support in arranging them than you so generously give. We are strong, we three—but for my own part, I have learned how to make myself stronger, braver, more indomitable, more quick in insight, more unflinching in faith. I am annexing those qualities to myself, to make myself more equal to my task." He turned his face toward Madame, reached across the table and touched her hand swiftly. "I want you to admit my wife, tomorrow, to full comradeship and alliance!" he added.

"With all my heart!" responded Andrews, grasping Madame's hand.

Carver turned his bright eyes from one face to the other and his rough-hewn features twitched humorously.

"You needn't think, either of you, that this is any kind of news to me," said he. "I've got a fairly high opinion of all of you. But let me tell you that you would have suffered considerably if you hadn't sense enough, both of you, to see your chance and reach out for it."

Madame looked down. Her face went low over her cup and to the unqualified surprise of both Carver and Andrews, they saw two big tears run down her cheeks.

"You can't know, ever, how grateful I am for your confidence in me," she said, toying nervously with her spoon. "Indeed, I am going to try to show that I am worthy of it!" And looking up quickly at the face of Count Sergius, she smiled happily through her tears.

THE END.

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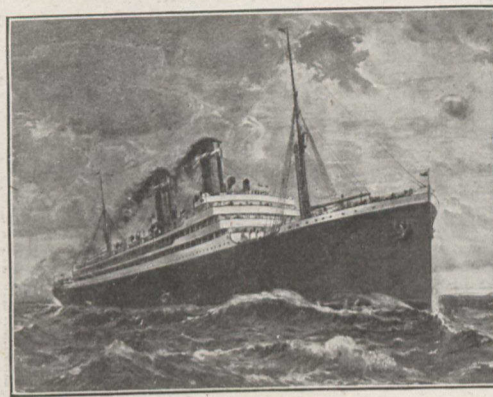


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