

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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VIEWS OF EDUCATIONISTS AND JOURNALISTS



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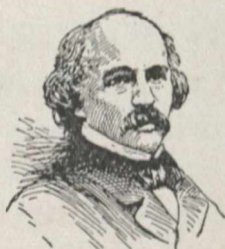


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LOOKING BACKWARD

Four Years of National Journalism in Canada.

¶ With this issue the "Canadian Courier" completes the fourth year of its existence, the first issue appearing December 1st, 1906. As a battle for existence, we believe there is no parallel in the history of Canadian publishing. Many years ago the late Professor Goldwin Smith, Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts and some others attempted to establish a national weekly in this country, and kept up the fight for several years. "The Week," as their paper was called, was a magnificent publication, but it did not find the road to financial success. There had been no other notable attempt until the "Canadian Courier" was launched. Such Canadian weeklies as existed were purely local.

¶ When the "Canadian Courier" made its appearance, and stated that its aim was to become the national weekly of Canada, those who knew the publishing business shook their heads. They felt that the country was too small, that the class who would pay a fair price for a high-class weekly was not large, and that the advertising patronage for such a publication would not be sufficient to support it. The publishers of the "Canadian Courier" may not have eliminated these feelings, but they have come very close to doing so. They have produced a periodical which circulates more widely throughout the Dominion than any other publication. It has a large number of readers in the cities, towns and villages of the Maritime Provinces, and an equally large circulation in the towns and villages of British Columbia. Indeed, with very few exceptions, there is not a town of three hundred inhabitants or more to which a bundle of Couriers is not sent every week. Further, its advertising patronage is larger than that of any other Canadian periodical, and during the first ten months of 1910 showed an increase of thirty-four per cent. over the same months in 1909, and fifty-eight per cent. over the same period in 1908.

¶ The "Canadian Courier" of to-day is quite different from the "Canadian Courier" of 1906. The ideas of its founders have been modified and changed by their experiences during the four years. The size of page has been increased, the character of covers has been changed, and the general appearance of the paper is somewhat different: only the spirit remains the same. We set out to make a national paper, which would be as valuable to the Canadians of the East and to the Canadians of the West as to the Canadians of the Centre. There has been no reason to swerve in the slightest from that ideal.

¶ In the beginning it was difficult to impress on the writers and photographers in the different portions of this somewhat scattered Dominion that their co-operation was necessary in the building of a national publication. It was also difficult to persuade the writers of Canadian fiction that the "Canadian Courier" was the best medium in which to place their material before the whole of Canada. It was equally difficult to get trained artists to illustrate stories, make cover designs and produce timely full-page illustrations. However, all these difficulties have been largely overcome, and to-day the "Canadian Courier" is the recognized medium for literary and artistic work of a national character.

¶ The keynote of the situation was the attitude of the reading public. As soon as it was proven that Canadians would buy a Canadian weekly as freely as they bought the "Saturday Evening Post," the "Illustrated London News" and the "Graphic," the situation became easy. The writers and advertisers followed the lead of the subscribers, but it was only through the combination of all these elements that the "Canadian Courier" was made a possibility.

¶ Canada has only begun to create a national spirit. Because of that, Canada has only begun to create national journalism. As the national spirit grows, so must national journalism grow. The future of all periodicals similar to the "Canadian Courier" depends upon the future of Canada. The day will come when it will not be necessary for any Canadian to go outside of his own country to get the reading matter which he feels is necessary to success. The "Canadian Courier" is only the pathfinder in national journalism. It is the beginning, not the end. It is therefore a pleasure to be able to feel that with all its faults, with all its mistakes, and through all its struggles it has been a pioneer. We leave it to the readers and advertisers of the "Canadian Courier" to say whether or not it has been a successful pioneer. The publishers merely take this opportunity of thanking the readers and advertisers for their co-operation in blazing a trail for the future national periodicals of a country which is steadily marching to greatness and distinction.



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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

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Editor's Talk

PERHAPS you've heard of Dr. Andrew McPhail, the editor of the University Magazine—which is a publication with a good deal of the "high-brow" in its make up, but peculiarly dominated by the strong personality of Andrew McPhail. The editor of this magazine will contribute to the Canadian Courier next week an article on Reciprocity. Conventional? Scarcely. Complimentary to Uncle Sam? Not necessarily. But at all events interesting and instructive.

ELSEWHERE in this issue we have set forth the contents of our Christmas Number, which will come out week after next. Never before have we got together such a galaxy of Canadian talent inside two covers—and if we haven't, who has? Six Canadian writers: Stringer, Stead, Heming, Clark—oh well, you'll discover the rest of them along with the six Canadian artists whom we need not mention here.

THIS week we have given the books an outing; down from the shelves, dust blown off, and all leaves cut, to show what Canadians, both writers and publishers, are doing on the business of book-production. It's worth while to know this. Canadians are a reading people: one good proof of which is that they buy the Canadian Courier.

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"THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE" (Registered)

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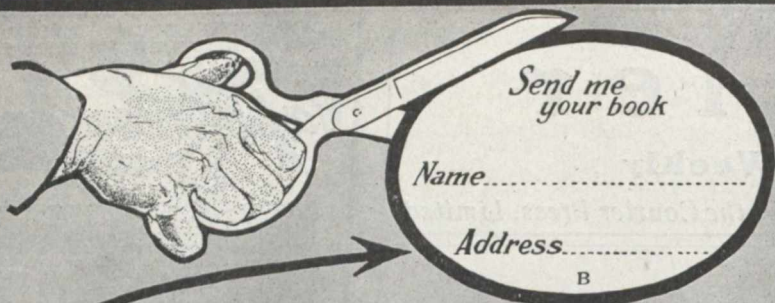
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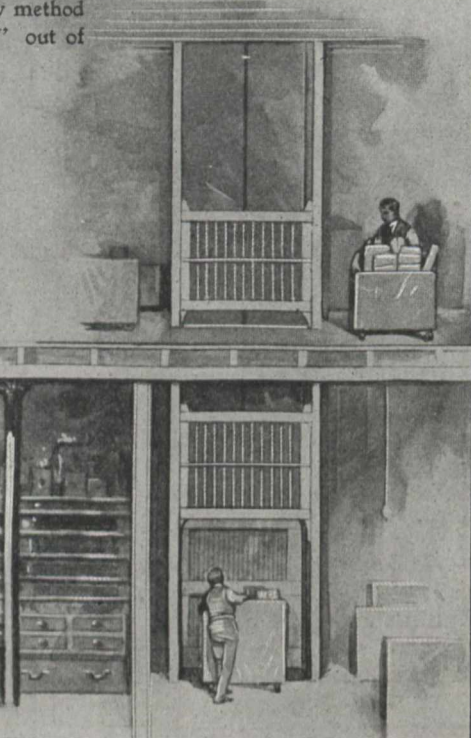


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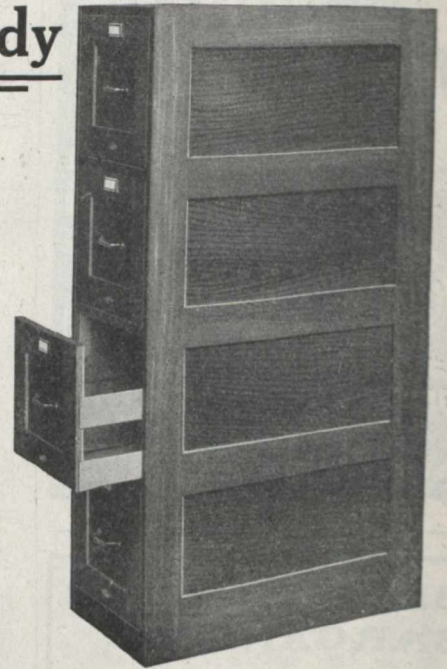
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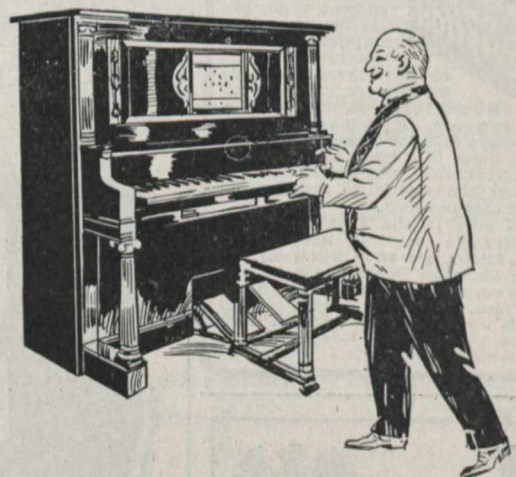
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CANADIAN COURIER, TORONTO.



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Handsome John
Her father said,
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He did not weep,
Or rage, or fuss.
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THE
Canadian Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Vol. 10

Toronto, November 26, 1910

No. 26

WHY BOYS LEAVE THE FARM

A Budget of Views from Teachers and Journalists in Reply to the Courier's Criticism of our present Educational System

EASTERN Canada's most pressing problem is that of keeping her people on the land. In spite of improved farm machinery, better country roads, better service on steam and electric railways, rural telephones and rural mail delivery the people are crowding from the farms to the city. As has been pointed out in previous issues there is much farm land in Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia which has not as great a value as it had forty years ago. In some communities the farms are occupied by the old people and hired help, because the younger generation have gone to the city or to the great West. It has been suggested in these pages that the present high school system is largely to blame. The high school teachers have been asked to educate farmers, mechanics and candidates for the professions—and have found it an impossible task. Because it was impossible the farmers and mechanics have not been receiving the education which should fit them for the occupation of their parents. There have been a few minor attempts to start the teaching of agriculture, but none of them have been taken seriously.

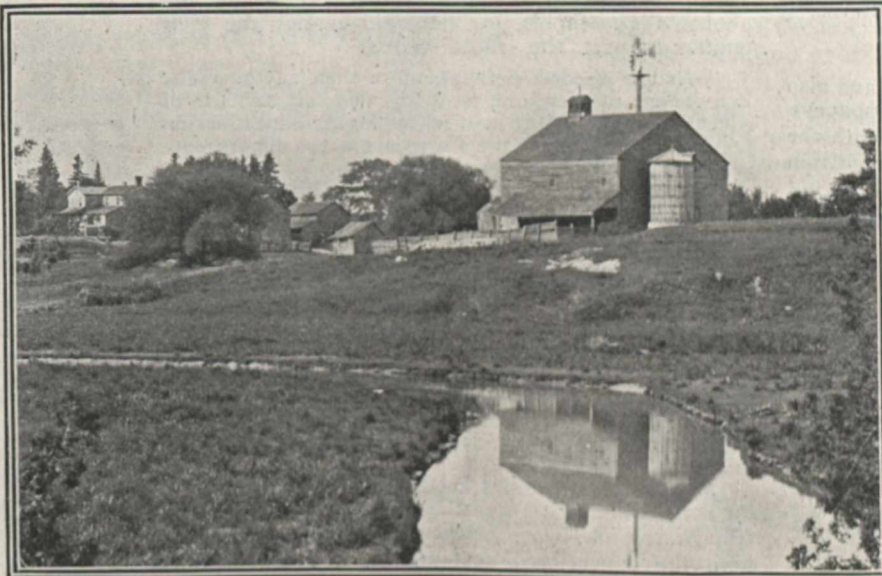
It may be that the source of all the trouble lies elsewhere than in the schools. The following letter from a high school principal is a fair presentation of the case from one who has studied the question at close quarters. Mr. Denyes is a graduate of Queen's University and has had considerable experience in high schools which were largely attended by farmers' sons and daughters. His letter follows:—

Oakville, Nov. 8th, 1910.

Editor Canadian Courier:—

Sir:—The COURIER will undoubtedly have the gratitude of all those interested in the present educational development in Ontario for its efforts towards the solution of the difficulties which are now presenting themselves. In the issue of Nov. 5 you have deplored the evident decadence of rural communities and have very pointedly laid a large share of the blame to the high school and the high school teacher. I submit that if there is such a decadence generally as you maintain, the causes are more complex than this high school argument would lead us to suppose, and you must look farther afield and farther back for an explanation of the exodus from the Ontario farm. And I submit further that it is scarcely fair to burden the high schools with so serious a charge without more definite proof.

In the first place, what are the facts as to the destination of the pupils leaving our high schools and collegiate institutes? According to the last annual report of the Minister of Education, covering the year 1908, there were enrolled in these secondary schools an attendance of 31,912. Of those leaving these schools in 1908 the numbers entering the different occupations and professions were as follows: Mercantile life, 20.89 p.c., agriculture, 11.02 p.c., profession of law, medicine or the ministry, 4.61 p.c., teaching profession, 17.10 p.c., other professions 5.99 p.c., other occupations 40.37 p.c.



Why do people prefer cramped apartments, ugly terrace houses and the impure air of large cities, to farm homesteads such as this?

When we consider the fact, that high schools are giving back to the farm practically half of those who enter these schools from the farm we may feel not unduly alarmed or concerned for the harmful influence they are said to exert. It is to be remembered that only a small proportion of public school graduates in rural communities, if we may properly use such a term at all, ever enter the high school. If the others leave the country for city life and occupation the high school is not responsible. Of those who do take advantage of the secondary school we may congratulate ourselves heartily that some considerable portion enter the professions, for it is a well-known fact that these very students it is who have risen to the front in all the learned professions and who have done noble work in advancing the interests which we cannot afford to neglect in our advancing civilisation. It would be a very interesting experiment to select a few representative counties of the Province and adopt some practical means of ascertaining under what circumstances the boys have left the farm. If it is found that more than a fair percentage have been led to do so through the influence of the high school alone it will be surprising to many people who have observed the situation pretty closely. The great majority who have forsaken the farm are those who have never attended the high school.

From this it is not intended to argue that our system of education as it is now organised has not tended to draw away the young people from the farm. But it is argued that the fault lies back of the high school. It is in the public school that the tendency should be given to the boy that will lead him to value more highly the appeal of the farm. It is here that his educational interest must be aroused. Just so long as the country boy can attend the public school for years without coming into actual work-

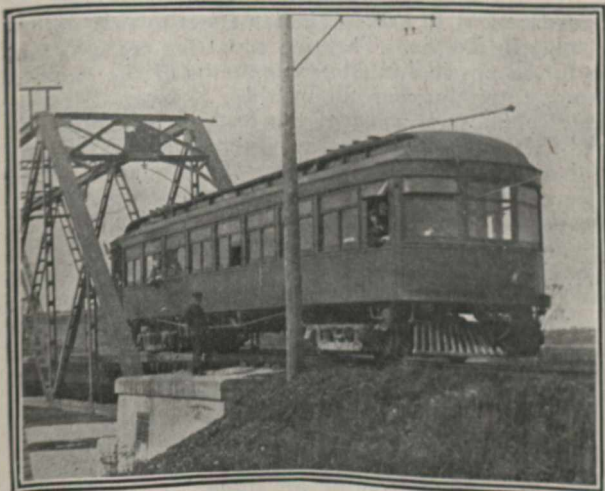
ing touch with the problem of the soil and with the thousand and one laws and principles that underlie the wonderful processes with which he comes in daily contact, just so long will he fail to catch the inspiration that ought to be filling him with a love of his home and its surroundings. No wonder that under such conditions he is ready to adopt the ambition of his neighbour to "be a lawyer," or perhaps a doctor, an ambition in which his parents very often encourage him.

Our great mistake of the past has been that we have over-emphasised the mental and quite underestimated or neglected the physical. Labour has its essential place in all mental as well as physical development. Dr. De Garmo well said in addressing the Ontario Educational Association in 1909 that the masses of mankind cannot be educated without work, nor will they respond to an education that has no labour in it. Let us put work into the schools then. The school-garden will provide the practical appeal to the boy's activities. It is not enough of course, as you point out, to put a text-book on agriculture into the pupil's hands. It does not mean anything. Correlate it with practical demonstrations of its principles and it will mean something. And place a definite objective before the rural pupil in a course of study centering in agricultural pursuit. Conclude this course with an examination which will entitle the successful student to a graduation diploma of the public school in agriculture. It will be said of course that under present conditions in our rural schools such a step is impossible. And the criticism is well made. Many of the rural schools are very small, and seventy-five per cent. of the teachers are females. The maximum age of attendance is about fourteen, of both boys and girls. The remedy to be suggested would include consolidated schools, a raising of compulsory school age, an increase of technically qualified teachers. And not the least important factor entering into the problem is a largely increased expenditure on the public schools. Is the farming community of the province prepared for this? The experience of the last few years would scarcely seem to justify an affirmative answer. You very rightly say that changing the spirit of high school education is not sufficient. "The spirit of the people must be changed." There is urgently needed an honest and intelligent eideavour on the part of the press and of our representatives in the legislature to educate public opinion to a point where reform or re-adjustment by the government will be met with at least a fair response.

It must be said that the government is moving constantly in the right direction. The steps they have already taken are making for more practical



Will Rural Mail Delivery help?



Will the Rural Trolley bring them back?



The Old and the New—Hay is now loaded by machinery, and yet life on the farm is said to be less attractive, Why?

teaching both in public and high schools. The regulations already include the idea of the school-garden and we may confidently expect the widening of the area of agricultural teaching in the high schools. We may also expect the question of technical education to be definitely taken up when the data necessary are procured and analysed. But the critics are impatient and think that re-organisation or re-adjustment should come in a day.

J. M. DENYES.

Newspaper Comment.

The articles in the CANADIAN COURIER have also created considerable attention among the newspapers. The *Kingston Standard* of Nov. 8th., deals with the subject editorially and inclines to take a position somewhat similar to that of Mr. Denyes. It is not convinced that the educational system is wholly to blame. It says:—

"The Courier's article, in part, explains the desertion of the towns and villages of Ontario by the young people and the building up of the larger cities, but only in part. Only a small percentage of the boys and girls of the villages and towns of Ontario attend the high school—most of them never go higher than the public schools. Why do these latter also seek the cities? Is it not because they think they see greater opportunities in the larger places? And as a fact are there not greater opportunities in those places than in the small towns? Perhaps there is a tendency to exaggerate the evil of leaving the small places. As a fact many towns that were small twenty years ago have increased quite rapidly in population. Take for example Berlin, Brantford and Peterborough. These places have grown and grown fast in twenty years. But, if they have, they have had certain natural advantages which have been the attractive force to draw population. Enterprising citizens have, of course, their influence; but unless their influence is supplemented by these natural advantages, the smaller towns will not grow.

"The high schools have indeed been spending too much of their time and energy on culture subjects, and the Courier is right in insisting upon a change to a more practical type of school, or rather on schools that will fit boys and girls for work other than the so-called professions. This, as we understand it, is the aim of the Commission on Technical Education which will likely bear fruit in a report favouring just what the Courier advocates."—*Kingston Standard*.

The *Pickering News* is more inclined to agree with the COURIER and is strongly in favour of agricultural education of a new type. The News says:—

"There was a time when farming was synonymous with hard, slavish labour. But now, with the numerous labour saving devices the life of the farmer is shorn of most of that which was repulsive to many. With the introduction of the telephone and rural delivery the social life of the agriculturalist is as attractive as that of the town resident. And with the new innovations that are continually appearing, the attractiveness of country life will gradually increase. It cannot be said that the reason the young man leaves the farm is because it does not pay. Never was the farmer better rewarded for his labour than he is now and as he has been for the past number of years. There is no other class of men in the country who are in a better financial position to-day than the farmer. Why then does the young man pack his grip and march off to the city? It is due no doubt in a great measure to our educational system. Nowhere in our public or high schools is the science of agriculture taught in earnest. The high schools prepare the pupils only for the professions and for commercial life. When a boy enters high school he generally loses all interest in the farm, because the teaching of agriculture is neglected. It is stated that in one of the high schools in Ontario, only three pupils in a period of twenty-nine years returned to the farm from which they came. Evi-

dently what is required is a system of education that will foster a love for agricultural pursuits. We find that the graduates of the Guelph Agricultural College become enthusiastic and successful farmers. We believe that an efficient teaching of agriculture in our public and high schools would be followed by similar results.—*Pickering News*.

The Woodstock *Sentinel-Review* agrees that there has been a tendency to draw from the factory and the farm to the professions. It would not abolish high schools, but it would change the view point. In part, the editor writes:—

"What is needed, perhaps, more than anything else is a change of viewpoint as to the meaning and use of education. The young man whose higher education unfits him for work on the farm is not too highly educated but improperly educated.

"It was expected that the introduction of manual training would have the effect of counteracting some of the undesirable tendencies of the so-called higher education, by emphasizing the dignity of honest and intelligent labour and assisting towards the establishment of a new viewpoint with regard to the meaning of education. Probably it is too soon yet to enquire what the actual effect has been. The demand for technical training is a further recognition of the complaint that the educational tendencies are not just all they ought to be. Is the situation improving, or growing worse? That is the great question."

Mr. M. A. James has been discussing this subject for some time in his excellent weekly, the *Bowmanville Statesman*. Mr. James finds considerable fault with the educational system. In a recent article Mr. James outlines his platform from which we quote. In passing it may be mentioned that Mr. James' remarks were made before the COURIER's article appeared. This is an indication that the feeling in favour of agricultural high schools is fairly widespread. Indeed, it is difficult to understand just why there has been so little criticism of the present high school system. If Eastern Canada is to preserve its agricultural communities in their former greatness something must be done and done quickly. Abandoned farms mean less land under cultivation, and higher local prices for agricultural products. Further, abandoned farms mean the growth of large landed estates which is the beginning of the land evil which has created so much agitation in the United Kingdom during the past few years. It is already very easy to find farmers in Ontario who own a thousand acres of land, of which a hundred may be cultivated and the remainder kept for pasture and wood. It will not be long before millionaires will be purchasing these estates and enlarging them to provide themselves with country homes and with fish and game preserves.

Mr. James has this to say:—

"The prescribed courses of study for public schools in Ontario are not suited to present requirements of rural schools. There are too many subjects in the junior forms and too many fads in all five forms.

"Ontario contains about 145 collegiate institutes and high schools, and various other educational institutions, the chief aim and character of the curriculum or courses of study in all of which is in the direction of fitting for and sending students into the learned professions and the offices of commercial and industrial concerns. Ontario is pre-eminently an agricultural province and yet Ontario Agricultural College and Macdonald Institute at Guelph are the only exclusively high-class agricultural schools training boys and girls for the occupation of farming and for farm life. Collegiate institutes and high schools, instead of educating students for the professions and cramming the few bright ones to win glory for the teachers and these schools in departmental and university matriculation examinations, should have practical courses of

study that will educate students for all departments of farm life and thereby give them a liking for rural life and activity rather than sending a large percentage of the country boys to the cities. Am I right in my contention?"

(Continued Next Week).

Tolstoi and Canada

What may we Learn from the Art of Tolstoi?

TOLSTOI is dead. The world of newspapers has been as much agitated over this fact as though it had been the death of King Edward or of Gladstone or Abraham Lincoln. Now and then a writer pushes out with the thin line where all men are free and equal, and where the quality of man's work is not determined by his official rank. The genius of Tolstoi was essentially that of a philosophic statesman. Had he been a writer such as Shakespeare to whom kings, nobles and society were all a huge show; such as Goethe to whom poetical philosophy was more than statecraft; as Kipling, to whom facts and Imperial forces are of more interest than social conditions; he would have missed being the profoundest interpreter of modern civilisation in Europe.

With Tolstoi the idea was supreme. As a mere master of literary craft he is surpassed by many. Turgeneff, of his own country, excels him as a writer of the short story; Kipling betters him in realism; though Tolstoi has the Hugo faculty of making realism a phase of philosophy which Kipling has not. In the dominance of radical and constructive ideas, based upon a profound regard for the welfare of mankind, Tolstoi may be considered the greatest literary interpreter of the twentieth century. Russia has produced no art figure quite so great. Tschaiakowsky, who died a few years ago, contributed as much to the art forms of Russia and the world as Tolstoi; at times he interpreted life and expressed the Slavic genius quite as well. But he had less grip on the essentials and, like his contemporary co-patriot Dvorak, was more inclined to consider the footlights. These three great Russians are a big contribution to the art of the world.

Next to the art of England that of Russia is of most interest to Canada. If there is half as much in the influence of environment upon the people and art as M. Taine depicts in his "History of Literature," the climatic and geographical conditions of Canada ought to have a similar effect to that which obtains in Russia. The two countries possess, and as far as possible inhabit nine-tenths of the northernmost territory of the world. Norway, Sweden and Iceland have most of the rest. What influence will the North have upon our literature? What has it done for the art of Russia? That remains to be seen. The peculiar genius of a people counts for much. Temperament; forms of government; conditions of development—are all potent factors. Is Canada too cheerful a country to produce profound works of art? Are we too commercially optimistic; too prosperous? Have we enough in Canada to protest against to produce great art? Or is the highest form of art a protest at all—rather than a depiction of conditions as they exist?

The life and the literature of Tolstoi should do something to enlighten Canadian art producers on these points. We may be centuries older before we produce a Tolstoi or an Ibsen; and older still before we get a Dvorak or a Tschaiakowsky. But the effort is worth while.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

Quibbling, Not Reasoning.

BOTH Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Lavergne quibble in a decidedly unblushing way when they condemn the Canadian navy because it may be sent to the assistance of Great Britain in time of war by the Cabinet instead of by the House of Commons. They say what will occur is this. A war is declared in which Britain is concerned. The Governor-General of Canada calls the Cabinet together and asks for the Canadian fleet to be sent to Britain. The Cabinet refuse, because they feel that it is a war in which Canada has no concern. The Governor-General is determined and demands their resignations, parliament not being in session. The resignations are handed in. Colonel Sam. Hughes, or Dr. Sproule, or Hon. Robert Rogers is called upon to take the premiership. He takes it, forms a cabinet, and sends the fleet abroad without calling parliament. Then parliament is called, the new premier is defeated, the old premier and his cabinet return to office, and they recall the fleet. But in the meantime the fleet has reached Britain and has been shot to pieces.

Isn't that a magnificent piece of quibbling? Does any sane Canadian think that Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Lavergne are worth considering after such arguments? And neither of them will deny that they have used this argument in print, on the platform, and in private conversation.

What they advocate is that the fleet shall not be sent to Britain's assistance, nor on any foreign mission without the consent of the House of Commons. They fear the Cabinet, because of the influence of the Governor-General. In other words, they fear the Governor-General. The whole thing is so absurd that it is really not worth considering. The history of constitutional government in Canada and Great Britain contains absolutely nothing to justify any person in harbouring such an impossible opinion. Bourassa and Lavergne can hope to impress such an opinion only on those who are ignorant of the principles and practices of constitutional government.

* * *

Parliament Has Opened.

CANADA'S legislative body met once more on Parliament Hill on Thursday of last week and proceeded to consider the national progress and national needs. The previous session was held under the aegis of His Majesty, King Edward VII.; this session is under that of His Majesty, King George. At the previous session, Earl Grey, Governor-General, said adieu; the exigencies of state-craft have kept him here, and he again had the honour of reading the Speech from the Throne. These two incidents alone made the event somewhat unusual to the student of political history.

The session promises to be a notable one. The actions of certain high officials of the government in connection with the Eucharistic Congress are likely to give rise to a discussion, which, if not elevating, will at least be lively. Reciprocity will be argued forwards and backwards, and the sparring for position will be intensely interesting. Just what new alignment may be effected among the parties and the voters generally, it would be difficult to forecast. The Canadian Navy will be considered again to the extent of several hundred pages of Hansard, but probably without an appreciative result. However, it will be interesting to find out whether the ultra-imperialists and the ultra-nationalists can find a common platform in connection with this discussion.

Among the minor questions is that of the Hudson's Bay Railway, whether it shall be a government owned and operated road, or whether it shall be handed over to one of the transcontinental systems. Another is Mr. Fisher's Copyright Bill, giving Canada, for the first time, complete control of her own literary markets. Mr. Fisher has been extremely fortunate in securing permission from the British Government to put through legislation of this kind. It will go on record as one of his greatest accomplishments. Another minor bill of considerable importance will be that on banking, the ten-year period being almost up. One of the questions to be raised here is that of government inspection.

Altogether the session should be full of important discussions. If this is not the last session of the present parliament, it is certain to be second to the last, and hence party feeling is likely to run fairly strong.

* * *

Sir Wilfrid's Birthday.

ON Sunday last, Sir Wilfrid Laurier celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday. Political friends and foes agree that he is physically and mentally a wonderful man for his age. His health is much better than it was five years ago, and he seems destined for many further years of service. To say that he is at the height of his political power might not be wholly accurate, but he is certainly at the high point in personal popularity. His many acts of unusual courtesy towards friend and opponent, his urbane ways with all who sit upon the doorstep of the man-of-power, his manifest attempt to treat all Canadians, regardless of party adherence, race or creed, in a fair

and just manner, have brought him the respect of all classes, even where it has not brought him votes for his political policies.

Sir Wilfrid is not the only Canadian statesman who has won a similar place in the minds of the Canadian people. Sir John Macdonald, a man not without serious faults, had it; Sir John Thompson, though he had turned from Protestantism to Roman Catholicism, won it; and several others might be mentioned, even though their opportunities were not so great. It is creditable to the Canadian people that neither party allegiance, accident of racial birth, nor the question of religious adherence has prevented them from saying, "the man's a man for a' that and a' that."

* * *

Huge City Debts.

EVERY person seems proud of the growth of Canadian cities, and rightly so. Yet there is danger that our enthusiasm and pride shall carry us into excesses. Montreal proposes to increase its civic debt next year by ten million of dollars, and bring it up to a total of fifty-eight million. That city has grown greatly in size by annexing new districts, and these new districts have added largely to the cost of administration, the need for new expenditures, and to the general civic indebtedness. So in Toronto, there have been numerous annexations and tremendous growth in current expenses. Toronto's City Hall is now five miles distant from the city's eastern boundary and the same distance from the western boundary. New Toronto, to the north, is being asked to come in, at the instigation of real estate men, and the City Hall will then be five miles from the northern boundary. This will mean a tremendous increase in the city's debt and annual expenditures.

No one in this growing country desires to be known as an opponent of progress, but it would seem as if Canada's two largest cities were making a fetish of increased area and increased population. The citizens of these cities seem willing to increase their taxes and to enlarge the civic problems without taking any thought of the troublous to-morrow. Even now, apartment houses in the city of Toronto bring higher rents than in the city of New York, and general living is nearly as expensive. This is almost entirely due to a period of rapid development, for which, in the end, the people must pay rather dearly.

* * *

Enlarged Immigration Policy.

WOULD it not be possible to enlarge the policy of the Immigration Department so that the benefits would flow to all the provinces? This is a question which seems worth serious consideration. At present the immigration branch of the Dominion service is concerned only with bringing new settlers into the three new provinces and territories. The reason for this restriction or its policy is that in none of the other six provinces has the Dominion Government control of the ungranted lands. This may have been a good reason some years ago, but it has greatly lost its force. The Great Middle West has been given a start which will carry it a long distance. To some extent that progress has been at the expense of the other provinces. Why should there not be a re-adjustment of policy, and an enlargement of the immigration policy along national lines?

Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia desire new settlers, and none of them may secure them for itself with the ease and small expense with which the Dominion Government does such work. Many rural sections of the older provinces need re-peopling, and this is a national work. British Columbia needs population just as much as Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. If necessary, the immigration branch might be divided into two sections under one superintendent, each with a distinct chief. The increased expense would not be great; the increased national efficiency of the department would be tremendous.

* * *

A Brighter Day Dawns.

FOR years a few people have been agitating for the teaching of Canadian history in Canadian universities. Like the high schools, the universities have been burdened with worn-out ideas as to a curriculum. In the early days, when the Canadian college was built on the model of Oxford and Cambridge, nobody thought of introducing Canadian history. They did not study it at Oxford; why study it here?

When Professor Ashley came to Toronto he introduced Canadian constitutional history, but the general history of our country was still neglected. Professor Shortt did something at Queen's, Professor Colby at McGill, and probably other professors made similar efforts, but still the history of Canada failed to find a place in any course of study. Probably in all the universities there were not six lectures on Canadian history last year.

Now comes the announcement that the University of Toronto will give special attention to this subject. They will still remember Babylon, and Assyria, and ancient Greece, and ancient Carthage, and all the civilisations that are past and gone, but they hope to be able to squeeze in a few lectures on the subject of which Parkman made a romance. If the idea grows in favour it may be that some day Canadians will know something of the history of their own country, a history full of lessons of supreme importance to the national welfare. Let us hope that a better day has dawned.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

DEFENDING THE FRENCH-CANADIANS.

WHEN the young and joyous Armand Lavergne began his address to the Toronto students the other evening by introducing to them the French-Canadian, he was not performing a work of supererogation. If there be any particular person whom the English-Canadian does not know, as a rule, it is his French-Canadian fellow-countryman. The cultured English-Canadian knows the Frenchman of France better, for he has read his literature and has usually visited his country. But he would be hard put to it to tell you anything of the purely French literature of Quebec; and it is ten to one that he has seen nothing of the country of the French-Canadian beyond making some superior comparisons between the French and English sections of Montreal, and looking scornfully out of his car window at an "unprogressive" French-Canadian village as he sweeps past on his way to a Maine coast or Maritime Province resort. Yet I venture the assertion that there is more "joy of life" to the square inch of French Montreal than to the square foot of its stately English neighbour; and one has but to pause for a while in an "unprogressive" French village to feel himself back somewhere on the confines of Arcadie, where men have time to live and sweet womanhood has not harnessed itself to the mad treadmill of society.

* * *

I WAS glad that Mr. Lavergne brushed aside with his scholarly hand the hoary fiction that French-Canadians do not speak "French." Personally, I am very tired of hearing Englishmen, who cannot travel ten miles in any direction in their own country without coming into a dialect which they can hardly comprehend, talk of the French-Canadian "patois" as if it were something quite different and quite inferior to the French of France. And they look rather askance at you—as if your Canadian patriotism had outrun your veracity—when you insist that the educated Quebecker talks as good French as the educated Parisian, and that the "dialect" of Quebec is no more distinct than the "dialect" of parts of France, or, indeed, of England. "But they use different words," insists your Englishman. "So do we," you reply. "We say 'drygoods store' for 'draper's shop,' and 'druggist' for 'chemist,' and 'street car' for 'tram,' and 'baggage' for 'luggage,' and dozens of other things. Yet we think that we speak English."

* * *

THEN there is the libel of "priest-ridden Quebec." I did think that that would never be heard again after 1896, but prejudices die hard. You remember 1896? The entire power of the clergy, organised to its utmost, vitalised by so important an issue as the safety of the Manitoba separate schools, fighting for what it regarded as the life of the Church in the whole West, led by a formidable council of bishops held at Three Rivers and called to duty by a formal "mandement," was thrown against the Laurier candidates. The Conservative Government was preparing to force separate schools on Manitoba, under the orders of the Imperial Privy Council. Mr. Laurier had moved the six months hoist of this remedial bill and had helped to talk it out in alliance with Dalton McCarthy and Clarke Wallace. A vote against Laurier meant separate schools in the West; a vote for him seemed to mean their abolition. Could the issue have been clearer? Could the "priest" have been more anxious to keep in the saddle? Yet what was the result? Quebec went for Laurier by an overwhelming majority. Obviously, on a Church issue, the "priest" was not in the saddle. The voters of Quebec were their own mas-

ters; and it so happened that, in this case, their desires did not coincide with the requirements of the Church.

* * *

OF course, they generally vote with the Church because they want to. They are Roman Catholics, and are proud of it. When no other question calls them away, Protestants also generally vote in support of their Church policies and leaders. It is not the priest or the preacher alone who wishes his particular Church to succeed. The people wish it; and it is usually one of the things that they wish most. No one imagined for a moment that the French-Canadians did not desire to see Church schools re-established in Manitoba. If they could have got at that issue nakedly, they would have voted "en masse" for the remedial bill. But the personality of Wilfrid Laurier was mixed up with the issue; and they preferred a premier of their own race to the success of a religious programme. But the point I want you to get is that they did this—that they followed their own judgment—in spite of the most strenuous efforts of their priesthood to persuade them to accept at that crisis the leadership of the Church. The truth is that the French-Canadian loves his "cure" more than anyone else in the world—except himself. And he has reason to; for the priests of Quebec were the teachers and the inspirers and the champions and the physicians of her people through their dark hour.

* * *

THEN as to toleration. Show me a minority in the world as little interfered with by the majority as the Protestant minority of Quebec, and I will journey thither to see the marvel. We are always having a great time in Ontario over whether we will permit French to be the language of instruction in French districts. Imagine an agitation to prevent English being used as the language of instruction in English Montreal! Just now you are sending an English Protestant inspector to settle the bi-lingual question in the Catholic schools of Essex. How I would like to see Sir Lomer Gouin send a French Catholic inspector to investigate the conditions in the English Protestant schools in the Eastern Townships! Toleration! Let me tell you a story. A number of us were bicycling one night in Quebec, through a country strange to us, where French and English villages were intermixed. We did not have lanterns as the law required, and we wanted to build a camp-fire. So there were two points of danger. We might be arrested for lack of lanterns, and the authorities might object to a fire on the outskirts of a village. What should we do? After some discussion, one of the party—the son of an Ontario Presbyterian minister, by the way—who knew Quebec well, said: "We'll find out whether the village is French or English. If it is English, we'd better ride on. If the French are running it, it will be all right. They won't interfere with us." Toleration is in the very blood of the French-Canadian.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Fruit and Flowers

FRUIT and flower exhibits attract less attention from the public than might reasonably be expected. This is a busy age, but it does seem as if people might pay a little more attention to the beauties of nature as modified and systematised by the hand of man. The Ontario Horticultural exhibit, held in Toronto last week, was not a great success. The fruit display was excellent, but the flower show did not possess the variety nor the attractiveness of some previous shows. The attendance was larger than last year, but it is still insignificant for a city the size of Toronto. It should be possible to have one whole day devoted to school children, and have the teachers in all the city schools take their children through the show and give them a practical lesson in flower culture and fruit growing.



At the Ontario Horticultural Exhibition in Toronto, last week, the display of Chrysanthemums and Orchids was excellent, although not so extensive as the display of Fruit.



CANADIAN CLUB OF NEW YORK DINES AGAIN

On Tuesday last, the Canadian Club of New York, had another of its successful Dinners in the Hotel Astor. A plan of the Peace Celebration in 1914 was discussed. Canada was represented by Honourable W. L. M. King, Principal Peterson, Mr. A. C. Bell, K.C. and Mr. J. F. McKay, President of the Toronto Canadian Club. Dr. Neil McPhatter presided.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA RETURNS TO ENGLAND

There has been some talk that the Queen Mother was not pleased with the conduct of King George and Queen Mary, and that she had taken up her residence permanently in Denmark. This photograph seems to disprove this theory. Queen Alexandra is here seen on the landing stage at Dover, hand in hand with Prince Olaf, of Norway. Just behind, to the left of the picture, is Princess Victoria, leading "Mac," a favourite Scotch Terrier.



The Mystery of the Tower

By Andrew Loring

Author of "Tom King of Nowhere," etc.

JENNIE, who admired her patient very much, smiled, and said that she hoped she was not. Anyhow, she knew he was not, so there were two exceptions already.

The spire! Margaret saw and recognised it from the window as the train flashed past towards Dover. Chance dictated an unusual stop, while she was still agitated. She obeyed a sudden impulse, and found herself on Shortlands Station. Almost immediately came a returning train. She sprang in.

She glanced idly at the two men and the lady who shared the carriage with her—prosperous business men they seemed, the lady evidently the wife of one; then she watched eagerly for the first appearance of the spire. The conversation of the three came casually to her ears.

"Yes, in the churchyard, dark as pitch," the lady said. "That's how I heard it. She walked right in, found him helpless, and had him taken to her house. Catch me doing that."

"Awfully kind," said one of the men.

"Quixotic, I call it. They say he is a good looking person, though, quite the gentleman."

Margaret turned and looked again at the speakers. She was curious, but when she gathered that the young man had been found drunk she lost interest. She listened mechanically while they spoke of a certain Dr. Jennings.

"He doesn't care," cried the lady.

"Why, Fan," answered one of the men, "he's awfully cut up."

"I don't believe," she said with a laugh, "that he'll miss Conan half as much as I shall."

"How's that, Mrs. Blake?" asked the other man.

"Why, the music class. Mr. Conan was our best tenor."

"He was a conceited ass," growled No. 1; "but his disappearance is a bit rum, I must say. Why don't you think Jennings'll miss him, Fannie?"

"Ah," answered Fannie, "there are reasons—a woman's reasons, sure to be good ones. In the first place, Tom, you know people got to preferring Mr. Conan."

"That's so," cried Tom. "I've noticed that, haven't you, Rogers?"

"Jennings is such a rough chap," answered Rogers.

"Quite so," cried Fannie; "that's what I mean. The other was simply a dear as a doctor. All the ladies liked him best. I've seen Dr. Jennings get as angry as anything when people praised Dr. Conan. He was jealous, I'm sure of it."

Here Margaret saw, as she looked into the window, which reflected these people behind her, that the talkative Fannie glanced in her direction; then she heard her say in a low voice, full of the delightful excitement of mysterious gossip, "And he was jealous of other things besides."

"What are you driving at, Fannie?" asked her husband, leaning forward.

"Why, my dear Tom, of course I have got you fairly well trained; haven't I, Mr. Rogers? But even you dare not pretend that you have never noticed how pretty Mrs. Jennings is."

"That's so; she is fetching," cried Mr. Rogers, enthusiastically.

"That she is," was Tom's hearty endorsement.

"Well, I'm sure," cried Mrs. Fannie, "I don't see quite so much to get excited over. She has a nose that turns up at the end. To my mind it quite spoils her face."

Margaret could see in the improvised glass that was so faithfully doing its work that Mrs. Fannie's nose was rather Roman in its contour.

"Of course," said Tom, diplomatically, "that did

spoil her looks a trifle; but she is certainly the sort to attract a man like Conan. I shouldn't wonder if there wasn't something in what you say."

"I can't make out his going like that, though," said Mr. Rogers. "I never heard of his betting or squandering money."

"I don't think it's money," said Tom. "He's the sort, you know—those tenors with brown hair and blue eyes are all alike—to catch a girl's fancy; some scrape of that sort, I should fancy."

"He is very good looking," was Mrs. Fannie's interruption.

"Oh, I shouldn't say that, you know, Fannie," remonstrated Tom. "He was a sort of milk-sop, after all—one of the effeminate stamp."

"I quite agree," said Mr. Rogers, decidedly.

Margaret could see that the two men were large and broad-shouldered, and that they straightened up as they spoke, and unconsciously inflated their chests.

"Well, he's gone, and there's an end of him," said the lady, "and nobody to take his parts in the singing class and in the choir. What we shall do I don't know. Do you know, Tom," she continued, with a lowered voice, "I went over to see Mrs. Jennings just to—well—to—"

"To condole," said Tom, with a grin.

"No, of course not, but just to see how she was, and the servant said she wasn't at home. I saw Margie last night, and she'd been, too; but Mrs. Jennings wouldn't see her either, and Margie told me that Mrs. Green had called, and Alice Towers—and nobody had seen her; and she hasn't been out of the house, not even to the butcher's, and she always chooses her own joints—a thing I could never learn to do, but she understands it; and I believe, you know, that she's awfully cut up. Of course, I don't mean to say—"

"Of course not," interrupted Tom. "She was well—interested. She likes to do good, you know."

"She was rather religious," said Fannie.

"Was?" echoed Mr. Rogers.

"Is, I mean," Mrs. Fannie corrected herself.

"And, of course, it is a blow when you've been good to a young medical student and given him a chance as soon as he was qualified, and he's been running in and out like one of the family for a year, to have him suddenly go off like that, and never say 'By your leave' or 'Thank you.' I wonder where he's gone."

"I wonder why," said Mr. Tom.

"I suppose," said Mr. Rogers, quietly, as though he had been thinking out something very intently, "that she is at home."

Mrs. Fannie started so violently at the appalling meaning hidden behind his simple sentence, that Margaret could feel the seat shake.

"Do you think—" cried Mrs. Fannie.

"Do you suppose—" asked her husband, eagerly.

"Dear me," sighed Mrs. Fannie, reflectively.

"I wonder," said Mr. Tom, with a long, lingering hold on the word.

In the presence of such deep possibilities there was utter silence for a whole minute.

"Let me see," whispered Mrs. Fannie, after this time of profound silence, "he went away on Monday night."

"Yes, immediately after the concert, they say," answered her husband.

"Well," she said, after another pause, "I must say Dr. Jennings carries it off very well. He wasn't good to her, but of course that's no excuse."

"She may not have gone," suggested Mr. Rogers; but Mrs. Fannie would not now hear of the possibility of a doubt. She was surprised the men had not seen it before. As for her, she had felt it, but

wouldn't hint it, not for worlds, until Mr. Rogers had, then she felt at liberty to speak.

"A woman's intuition," she said, mysteriously and triumphantly, and her husband smiled in recognition of that great power, and winked covertly at Rogers; and now the train was slowing down, and the tower shot skyward some mile or so away.

The three got out, thus showing that they spoke of this neighbourhood.

Margaret followed, their words buzzing in her ears.

"A young man found in a churchyard; a man missing; perhaps a woman too."

She hurried towards the looming spire.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARGARET stood in the front of the church looking up at the tower. It loomed overhead in a decorative beauty, which had for her only a sinister meaning. She shivered in the warm August sunshine as she saw high overhead the open arch—it seemed a mere slit from where she stood—in which she had caught, by the lightning's flash, the sudden sight of tragedy.

She walked across the road, passed through the lych-gate, and tried to appear as a mere casual wanderer about the churchyard.

"A good-looking person, quite the gentleman"—the exact words of the lady on the train were stamped on her memory. Did they refer to Percy Marshall? If so, how account for the letter which she had received from him, the letter in which he told her that he washed his hands of her affairs. A sudden thought flashed to her mind as she walked slowly, with bent head, round the church. Could that letter have been a forgery? Why not? She had been so surrounded by mystery and treachery and deceit that nothing seemed impossible. She tried to think who could have sent it, who could have had an interest in sending it, but she had no clue. Where was this "good-looking person" who had been found helpless in the dark, probably in this churchyard? In some house in the neighbourhood, of course. She looked all about her as she came once again to the front of the church. No houses were very near, but a high wall close by evidently enclosed the grounds of an estate. Was it there that the kind, quixotic lady lived who had so charitably taken in this "good-looking person"? If so, was he still there? Was there any mystery, any treachery about his having been taken in? Margaret had not forgotten for an instant the words which had been penned by her father on the photograph: "A curse on this church and on her who built it."

"If it should be Mr. Marshall," she said to herself, "he came here through me, to help me—for that alone. I must find out. He may need me."

She turned and entered the open door of the church, shivering in the cool shaded interior. For its ornate attractions she had no eye. It was to her a place of mystery, over which hung the black shadow of crime. She was relieved to find that she was not alone. A woman, ruddy of cheek, bright faced, cleanly, was dusting the pews. Here at least was human company, and somebody who could answer her questions.

Margaret walked slowly towards the woman, affecting to be greatly interested in the fluted columns on each side of the nave, and in the springing arches which spanned the roof.

"Good-morning," she said, with her most winning smile. "This church is very beautiful."

"Yes, miss. They say it has only one fault, it is too new."

"Time will cure that," answered Margaret, glad to find that this woman was much more intelligent than the usual church cleaner. "Would there be any objection to my making a sketch of the capital of that column?" she said, seating herself in the pew, and taking a tiny note-book from her hand-bag.

"Not the least, miss. A good many people have drawn pictures. They like the east window and the choir screen most."

"I will look at those afterwards, thank you," said Margaret, as her hand moved almost mechanically, and she glanced up from time to time at the top of the column. She had a natural talent for drawing, which had been carefully cultivated. She knew the interest that caretakers of buildings have in drawings. She was certain that the woman would hover about her.

"A lonely place for so large a church," she said.

"Yes, miss; but Lady Yatton owns most of the ground here about, and some time I suppose they will build houses all over it. The church is only a little ahead of the neighbourhood, that's all."

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AVNT SALLY'S LETTERS



The Experiences of a Man-Hater.

By L.M. Montgomery

A SHREWD STUDY OF THE IDIOSYNCRASIES OF WOMAN-KIND

MISS SALLY peered sharply at Willard Stanley, first through her gold-rimmed glasses and then over them. Willard continued to look very innocent. Joyce got up abruptly and went out of the room.

"So you have bought that queer little house with the absurd name?" said Miss Sally.

"You surely don't call Eden an absurd name," protested Willard.

"I do—for a house. Particularly such a house as that. Eden! There are no Edens on earth. And what are you going to do with it?"

"Live in it."

"Alone?"

Miss Sally looked at him suspiciously.

"No. The truth is, Miss Sally, I am hoping to be married in the fall and I want to fix up Eden for my bride."

"Oh!" Miss Sally drew a long breath, partly it seemed, of relief, and partly of triumph, and looked at Joyce, who had returned, with an expression that said, "I told you so," but Joyce, whose eyes were cast down, did not see it.

"And," went on Willard calmly, "I want you to help me fix it up, Miss Sally. I don't know much about such things and you know everything. You will be able to tell me just what to do to make Eden habitable."

Miss Sally looked as pleased as she ever allowed herself to look over anything a man suggested. It was the delight of her heart to plan and decorate and contrive. Her own house was a model of comfort and good taste, and Miss Sally was quite ready for new worlds to conquer. Instantly Eden assumed importance in her eyes. She might be sorry for the misguided bride who was rashly going to trust her life's keeping to a man; but she would see, at least, that the poor thing should have a decent place to begin her martyrdom in.

"I'll be pleased to help you all I can," she said graciously.

Miss Sally could speak very graciously when she chose, even to men. You would not have thought she hated them, but she did. In all sincerity, too. Also she had brought her niece up to hate and distrust them. Or, she had tried to do so. But at times Miss Sally was troubled with an uncomfortable suspicion that Joyce did not hate and distrust men quite as thoroughly as she ought. The suspicion had recurred several times this summer since Willard Stanley had come to take charge of the biological station at the harbour. Miss Sally did not distrust Willard on his own account. She merely distrusted him on principle and on Joyce's account. Nevertheless, she was rather nice to him. Miss Sally, dear, trim, dainty Miss Sally, with her snow-white curls and her big, girlish, black eyes, couldn't help being nice, even to a man.

Willard had come a great deal to Miss Sally's. If it were Joyce he were after Miss Sally blocked his schemes with much enjoyment. He never saw Joyce alone—that Miss Sally knew of, at least—and he did not make much apparent headway. But now all danger was removed, Miss Sally thought. He was going to be married to somebody else and Joyce was safe.

"Thank you," said Willard. "I'll come up to-morrow afternoon and you and I will take a prow about Eden and see what must be done. I'm ever so much obliged, Miss Sally."

"I wonder who he is going to marry," said Miss Sally, careless of grammar, after he had gone. "Poor, poor girl!"

"I don't see why you should pity her," said Joyce, not looking up from her embroidery. There was just the merest tremor in her voice. Miss Sally looked at her sharply.

"I pity any woman who is foolish enough to marry," she said solemnly. "No man is to be trusted, Joyce—no man. They are all ready to break a trusting woman's heart for the sport of it. Never you allow any man the chance to break yours, Joyce. I shall never consent to your marrying anybody, so mind you don't take any such notion into your head. There oughtn't to be any danger, for

I have instilled correct ideas on this subject into you from childhood. But girls are such fools. I know, because I was one myself once."

"Of course, I would never marry without your consent, Aunt Sally," said Joyce, smiling faintly but affectionately at her aunt. Joyce loved Miss Sally with her whole heart. Everybody did who knew her. There never was a more lovable creature than this pretty little old maid who hated the men so bitterly.

"That's a good girl," said Miss Sally approvingly. "I own that I have been a little afraid that this Willard Stanley was coming here to see you. But my mind is set at rest on that point now and I shall help him fix up his doll house with a clear conscience. Eden, indeed!"

Miss Sally sniffed and tripped out of the room to hunt up a furniture catalogue. Joyce sighed and let her embroidery slip to the floor.

"Oh, I'm afraid Willard's plan won't succeed," she murmured. "I'm afraid Aunt Sally will never consent to our marriage. And I can't and won't marry him unless she does, for she would never forgive me and I couldn't bear that. I wonder what makes her so bitter against men. She is so sweet and loving, it seems simply unnatural that she should have such a feeling so deeply rooted in her. Oh, what will she say when she finds out—dear little Aunt Sally? I couldn't bear to have her angry with me."

The next day Willard came up from the harbour and took Miss Sally down to see Eden. Eden was a tiny, cornery, gabled, grey house just across the road and down a long, twisted, windy lane, skirting the edge of a beech wood. Nobody had lived in it for four years and it had a neglected, out-at-elbows appearance. "It's rather a box of a place, isn't it?" said Willard slowly. "I'm afraid she will think so. But it is all I can afford just now. I dream of giving her a palace some day, of course. But we'll have to begin humbly. Do you think anything can be made of it?"

Miss Sally was busily engaged in sizing up the possibilities of the place.

"It is pretty small," she said meditatively. "And the yard is small too—and there are far too many trees and shrubs all messed up together. They must be thinned out—and that paling taken down. I think a good deal can be done with it. As for the house—well, let us see the inside."

Willard unlocked the door and showed Miss Sally over the place. Miss Sally poked and pried and sniffed and wrinkled her forehead; and finally stood on the stairs and delivered her ultimatum.

"This house can be done up very nicely. Paint and paper will work wonders. But I wouldn't paint it outside. Leave it that pretty silver weather grey and plant vines to run over it. Oh, we'll see what we can do. Of course it is small—a kitchen, a dining room, a living room, and two bedrooms. You won't want anything stuffy. You can do the painting yourself and I'll help you hang the paper. How much money can you spend on it?"

Willard named the sum. It was not a large one.

"But I think it will do," mused Miss Sally. "We'll make it do. There's such satisfaction getting as much as you possibly can out of a dollar, and twice as much as anybody else would get. I enjoy that sort of thing. This will be a game and we'll play it with a right good will. But I do wish you would give the place a sensible name."

"I think Eden is the most appropriate name in the world," laughed Willard. "It will be Eden for me when she comes."

"I suppose you tell her all that and she believes it," said Miss Sally sarcastically. "You'll both find out that there is a good deal more prose than poetry in life."

"But we'll find it out together," said Willard tenderly. "Won't that be worth something, Miss Sally? Prose, rightly written and read, is sometimes as beautiful as poetry."

Miss Sally deigned no reply. She carefully gathered up her grey silken skirts from the dusty floor and walked out. "Get Christins Bowes to

come up to-morrow and scrub this place out," she said practically. "We can go to town and select paint and paper. I should like the dining room done in pale green and the living room in creamy tones, ranging from white to almost golden brown. But perhaps my taste won't be hers."

"Oh, yes, it will," said Willard with assurance. "I am quite certain she will like everything you like. I can never thank you enough for helping me. If you hadn't consented I should have had to put it into the hands of some outsider whom I couldn't have helped at all. And I wanted to help. I wanted to have a finger in everything, because it is for her, you see, Miss Sally. It will be such a delight to fix up this little house, knowing that she is coming to live in it."

"I wonder if you really mean it," said Miss Sally bitterly. "Oh, I daresay you think you do. But do you? Perhaps you do. Perhaps you are the exception that proves the rule."

This was a great admission for Miss Sally to make.

For the next two months Miss Sally was happy. Even Willard himself was not more keenly interested in Eden and its development. Miss Sally did wonders with his money. She was an expert at bargain hunting and her taste was excellent. A score of times she mercilessly nipped Willard's suggestions in the bud. "Lace curtains for the living room—never! They would be horribly out of place in such a house. You don't want curtains at all—just a frill is all that quaint window needs, with a shelf above it for a few bits of pottery. I picked up a love of a brass platter in town yesterday—got it for next to nothing from that old Jew who would really rather give you a thing than suffer you to escape without taking something. Oh, I know how to manage them."

"You certainly do," laughed Willard. "It amazes me to see how far you can stretch a dollar."

Willard did the painting under Miss Sally's watchful eye, and they hung the paper together. Together they made trips to town or junketed over the country in search of furniture and dishes of which Miss Sally had heard. Day by day the little house blossomed into a home, and day by day Miss Sally's interest in it grew. She began to have a personal affection for its quaint rooms and their adornments. Moreover, in spite of herself, she felt a growing interest in Willard's bride. He never told her the name of the girl he hoped to bring to Eden and Miss Sally never asked it. But he talked of her a great deal, in a shy, reverent, tender way.

"He certainly seems to be very much in love with her," Miss Sally told Joyce one evening when she returned from Eden. "I would believe in him if it were possible for me to believe in a man. Anyway, she will have a dear little home. I've almost come to love that Eden-house. Why don't you come down and see it, Joyce?"

"Oh, I'll come some day—I hope," said Joyce lightly. "I think I'd rather not see it until it is finished."

"Willard is a nice boy," said Miss Sally suddenly. "I don't think I ever did him justice before. The finer qualities of his character come out in these simple, homely little doings and tasks. He is certainly very thoughtful and kind. Oh, I suppose he'll make a good husband, as husbands go. But he doesn't know the first thing about managing. If his wife isn't a good manager I don't know what they'll do. And perhaps she won't like the way we've done up Eden. Willard says she will, of course, because he thinks her perfection. But she may have dreadful taste and want the lace curtains and that nightmare of a pink rug Willard admired; and I daresay she'd rather have a new flaunting set of china with rosebuds on it than that dear old dull blue I picked up for a mere song down at the Aldenbury auction. I stood in the rain for two mortal hours to make sure of it and it was really worth all that Willard has spent on the dining room put

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YOUNG CANADA SUPPLEMENT

THE POETICAL RABBIT

By ESTELLE M. KERR

DICK started for the woods with his gun—a harmless weapon that fired a cork for about two feet. The cork was tied to a string, so that Dick never ran out of shot. He crossed the pasture and entered a wood where the tall trees met overhead, and the ground was covered with slippery and sweet-smelling pine-needles. After scrambling through the underbrush he came to a little path.

"Here is a runway," thought Dick, "Now I shall lie down and wait for game," and he stretched himself on the ground, with his gun pointing up the path.

At last a plump brown rabbit appeared running towards him. Dick pulled the trigger, and the rabbit leaped several feet into the air, but, seeing Dick, she did not run away.

"Oh, it's only you!" she said. "Dear me, what a start you gave me! You might as well kill me outright as frighten me to death!" and she sat down on a smooth stone and began fanning herself with an oak leaf.

"I must say that boys have a strange idea of sport, and men still less. One day I came so near being shot that my whiskers were singed. You haven't any whiskers?"

"Not yet," said Dick.

"Dear me, how do you feel?"

"Very well, thank you," replied Dick.

"Stupid! I'm not inquiring after your health; how can you feel whether a hole is large enough for you to get through if you haven't any feelers?"

"With my hands, of course."

"Oh, your fore feet. And that only leaves you two for running, poor thing, no wonder you are slow! But, speaking of my narrow escape, I tremble to think what would have become of the children!"

"How many are there?" asked Dick.

"I have had fifty-seven, but most of them are big enough to look after themselves. I have eight little ones, though, just a week old."

"Eight! Good gracious, I never heard of so many," said Dick. "Let me see—two is twins, three is trios, four is quadrupeds, six is sextettes, and eight must be octagons. Is that what you call them?"

"Of course not. They have perfectly lovely names, all of them, and they are all quadrupeds. You don't suppose I could have any two-legged children do you? Oh, I beg your pardon," the rabbit finished in some confusion, suddenly remembering that Dick had only two legs.

"Couldn't their father . . .?" Dick began.

"Dear me, no!" interrupted Mrs. Rabbit. "Their father could never bring them up. You see he's a poet, and it's very hard to raise a family on poetry, they would so much rather have cabbages! Perhaps their aunt might take them, but she has forty-three of her own. I'm afraid they would have to be sent to an orphan asylum, the angels," and the tender-hearted mother wept at the thought.

"See, here come the orphans now," she cried, as a long procession of little rabbits were seen marching two by two along the nearest runway. Dick counted eighty-four, besides the teachers, who walked at the end of the line. They were all most dejected looking, and walked with an awkward, shuffling gait, with their ears lowered, and their tails between their legs.

"If my pets should come to that!"

As she spoke eight little bunnies scampered out of the woods and covered their mother with kisses. Seeing Dick, they began to whisk about him, and

one, bolder than the rest, extracted a peanut from his pocket and began to eat it.

"You naughty bunny," cried his mother, "come here immediately!"

The youngster approached, hastily swallowing the peanut, shell and all, in case he might be asked to return it.

"Now," said the stern mother, "tell this boy the poem your father wrote about you."

The poor little rabbit hung his head and shuffled his feet, but at last he began in a squeaky little voice:

"They say I'm a naughty young rabbit,
I have a most shocking bad habit;
When I see any food that appears to be good,
I never say 'please,' I just grab it."

Dick clapped his hands—

"Say it again," he cried, but the rabbit had run away.

The mother rabbit meantime had been eyeing Dick closely.

"I was sure I knew your face, and now I re-



"Eight little Bunnies scampered out of the Woods."

collect when I saw you. It was last winter, and you were coasting down a hill."

"I remember seeing a rabbit running across the slide, but that was a white one."

"Naturally, I wasn't wearing the same costume. You don't expect me to wear the same coat for two seasons, even if my husband is a poet, do you? Besides, I never wear brown in winter, it is so conspicuous."

"That's funny," said Dick, "my sister wears brown in the winter and white in the summer."

"Oh, well, for a young girl, but don't you think for me . . .?" The rabbit regarded her plump figure critically.

"Perhaps it wouldn't be good taste," Dick agreed.

"Taste!" said Mrs. Rabbit. "I don't see what taste has to do with it. As far as that is concerned, green things generally taste the best. But boys are always thinking about eating. Their nursery rhymes are full of it. Just listen to this." She dropped her voice so the children could not hear.

"Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
Eating her rabbit pie;

Little Jack Horner ate in the corner
And said 'What a good boy am I!'
Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
And said, 'Rabbit pie! Oh what fun!'
Jack Spratt ate the fat, and his wife ate the lean,
And so the poor dog got none."

"Of course, there are a few about eating," admitted Dick.

"I'd like to hear one that wasn't," grumbled the rabbit.

"There is—

"Bye baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
Gone to get a . . ."

Dick stopped in dismay. He had almost said "rabbit skin."

"What did I tell you?" said Mrs. Rabbit. "If they're not about eating, it's killing. What did he hunt, I'd like to know?"

"I . . . I forget," stammered Dick.

"Tell me another, then," commanded the rabbit, and Dick began in some confusion:

"Sing a song of spinach,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty rabbits—
(blackbirds, I mean.)

Baked in a pie..

When the pie was opened
The rabbits danced for joy,
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before a boy?"

"There you are, pie again, and rabbit pie at that!"

"No it wasn't really," said Dick. "I don't know how I made such a stupid mistake, for I never ate rabbit pie in my life. I've only eaten Welsh Rabbits."

"Cannibal!" hissed Mrs. Rabbit, rising with all the dignity she could command. "Children, come away!"

"But they're not really rabbits. They are made of cheese," explained Dick.

Mrs. Rabbit sat down somewhat mollified.

"Then why do you give it such a ridiculous name? We have cousins in Wales, and naturally I thought—"

"Oh mamma," cried Jack Rabbit, running to her, "I have such a stomach-ache!"

"You shouldn't have eaten that peanut, but lie down and I'll give you a dose of syrup of rhubarb."

"Me too!" cried all the other little rabbits, and they made a rush for Dick and extracted all the peanuts from his pockets. Soon they were all lying on

the ground writhing in agony, while Mrs. Rabbit ladled out doses of sweet medicine in acorn cups until they had all fallen asleep. Then she returned to her seat on the stone beside Dick.

"The trials of a mother, you see," she sighed. "That is but one of my many cares. I have to plan how we can save enough money to buy them all white furs for the winter. We belong to the Snowshoe family, and even if we are poor, we must keep up the family traditions. Owing to my husband's profession it is at times very difficult."

Just then a tall thin rabbit came running through the woods, his hair long and untidy, and his eyes blazing with excitement.

Mrs. Rabbit raised a warning hand.

"Hush, Snowshoe, the children are asleep."

But Mr. Rabbit heedlessly advanced, waving a newspaper above his head.

"I've won it, Maria!" he cried, "I've won the prize offered by the 'Canadian Forest' for the best poem on 'Motherhood.' One hundred dollars, my dear, and you, love, were my inspiration," and he embraced her on the spot.

The practical little housewife was doing some figuring.

"I'm so glad," she said. "That will buy the children their winter furs."
 The father looked crestfallen.
 "I had hoped, my dear, that we could move into a new warren—that large one near the lake."
 The mother sighed.
 "As soon as he gets money, he lets it run through his paws," she whispered to Dick, and aloud she said:

"We'll see, dear, what can be managed."
 Bang! came the loud report of a gun. Dick screamed, the father rabbit ran off, and the mother, after waking her little ones, followed him. A man came running through the bushes.

"Dick!" he cried, "are you hurt?"
 "No, father," said Dick, "but you very nearly killed Mrs. Rabbit."

"So long as you are safe, I don't mind if I did miss my aim, but what are you doing in these woods? Don't you know it is dangerous to come here in the hunting season?"

"It isn't half as dangerous for me as for the rabbits," said Dick, "and if I *did* get shot my children wouldn't have to go to the orphan asylum."

"What nonsense you are talking, boy!"
 "Father, if you had shot Mrs. Rabbit, I would have had to adopt her fifty-seven children, besides the octopus—octette I mean."

"The—what? Dick, wake up, you're dreaming!"

SNOWBALL

By MAUD E. PATTERSON

FLOSSY, the farmer's little girl, was very fond of her tiny pet kitten. "I think I shall call her Snowball," she said; "for her fur is so soft and white, and when she curls herself up for a nap, she looks like a ball of snow."

One day Flossy could not find Snowball anywhere. "Here, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty," she called, looking all over the house and garden; but Snowball could not be found. At last cook called to her and said she heard scratching at the cellar door leading into the kitchen. So Flossy opened the door, and Snowball bounded in—but such a dirty Snowball, her soft white fur all covered with coal dust.

"Oh, what a naughty Pussy!" cried Flossy. "I suppose you have been trying to catch mice again in the cellar, although I told you not to go there any more. Well, this time you must be made clean." Catching up Pussy quickly in her arms Flossy plunged her into a basin of water which stood on the bench close by and although Snowball struggled hard and tried her best to bite and scratch, and cried, "Mew-eou, mew-eou," Flossy held her firmly till she was well washed and clean again. Then as soon as she was free, Snowball jumped down and ran under the stove, where her fur soon became soft and dry.

But Snowball felt sulky and would not come



EmKerr

out, even when Flossy called her and offered her a saucer of milk. "I can wash myself with my own little tongue and paws," she said to herself. "I will not be washed like a baby; I hate water. I am going to run away." And by and by when the kitchen door was open, Snowball slipped out and

ran across the yard and out of the barnyard gate and into the road. Away she ran, faster and faster, until suddenly she stopped short, for she heard "bow-wow-wow," and a big black dog came bounding toward her. Poor little Snowball was terribly frightened and ran quickly up a post to the top of a high fence and was safe, although she trembled all over when the dog kept on barking and barking and looking up at her. At last she jumped down on the other side of the fence into a beautiful garden of flowers, but soon she saw the gardener coming with his rake, and had just time enough to hide herself inside a large flower-pot in the corner of the garden. As the gardener worked busily for some time among the flowers, poor Snowball was very much cramped, as she was obliged to keep so very still. At last the gardener walked away, and Snowball, running quickly across the garden and over a small gate, found herself in a barn-yard, with many hens and chickens strutting about.

Just then a little boy ran out of a house close by and called, "Here, Pussy, Pussy, Pussy"; but Snowball darted under the barn before he could catch her and stood panting and trying to get her breath after her long run. "Oh, dear," she meowed, "why did I run away from home? I must try and get back again." So, after having a good rest, Snowball started out again, creeping softly out of the back gate. And that evening, as Flossy was sitting in her little rocking chair on the verandah, she felt something soft and warm rubbing against her. Stooping over, she found her little Snowball, with her fur all dirty and matted, mewing pitifully and looking up at her. "Oh, you poor Kitty!" Flossy cried. "Where have you been? I have been hunting for you all over the place!" and taking Snowball up in her arms, Flossy stroked her fur very gently and said, "Never mind, Pussy. I forgot that little cats do not like water; but after this you may clean yourself with your own little tongue and paws." And then Flossy carried poor hungry Snowball into the kitchen and gave her a saucer of cream; and as she lapped it up with her little red tongue, Snowball said to herself, "How could I have run away from my dear little mistress?"



Christmas Presents

"OH, dear, what shall I give for Christmas presents? I haven't enough money to buy them, nor enough time to make them!"

That is what a great many of us are saying at this time of the year, and a few suggestions about simple gifts that a child can make may prove useful.

Work-bags are always acceptable, and can be made out of any material, from the most beautiful brocaded satin to the simplest muslin. The easiest way to make a work-bag is shown in Fig. 1. Cut a circular piece of cretonne, hem the edge and fasten brass rings one inch apart, running a ribbon or silk cord through them for draw strings.

A travelling pin-case (Fig. 2) may also be made from cretonne or from one-third yard of Dresden ribbon, five inches wide. Cut a piece of eiderdown flannel the same size, and bind together with narrow ribbon. Turn up 2½ inches and oversew edges to form a pocket at one end, and fasten one-half yard of ribbon at other end for ties. A piece of ribbon may be attached to each side and tied in middle, for carrying rings. The pocket forms a soft nest for jewellery, while pins and brooches

may be placed above in the way you like it best.

A wash-rag envelope (Fig. 3) may be made in a similar way, but lined with rubber cloth, and fastened with a loop and button.

A safety pin case that will please little girls (Fig. 4) is made from a tiny doll, one-third yard of fringed ribbon, two inches wide, half a yard of baby ribbon and four scalloped strips of fine flannel. Cut the ribbon in two and fasten it on each side of the dollie, beneath her arms. Tie the baby ribbon about her waist and the ends in a bow, to be used for a hanger. Fill the flannel strips with safety pins of various sizes.

A little chest of drawers (Fig. 6) is made from six pill boxes, which may be purchased at a chemist's. These are glued together and tied with a pretty bow of ribbon. Beads are placed in each of the miniature drawers for a handle, or various articles may be fastened in their place to show what is kept inside, such as buttons, hooks and eyes, safety pins.

Little nut dolls (Fig. 7) are gifts that will please the baby, but they may also be put to use in needle-books or pen-wipers. The Chinaman is made from peanuts. Mark his face in ink, and be sure that his eyes slant upwards. String the nuts on coarse black silk threads and braid the ends together at the top of his head to form a queue. Peanuts are the best for the little Dutch girl's wooden shoes, but a chestnut covered with a piece of white cotton will give her a round face that looks better with her white cap and full skirts, especially if you paint her lips and cheeks red. Her arms are formed of a tight roll of cotton tied to her body under her dress. Other kinds of dollies can be made with other nuts until you have a whole family of nutkins. Boys and girls also who make Christmas presents are always sure to please their parents as well as the boy and girl friends to whom presents are sent.

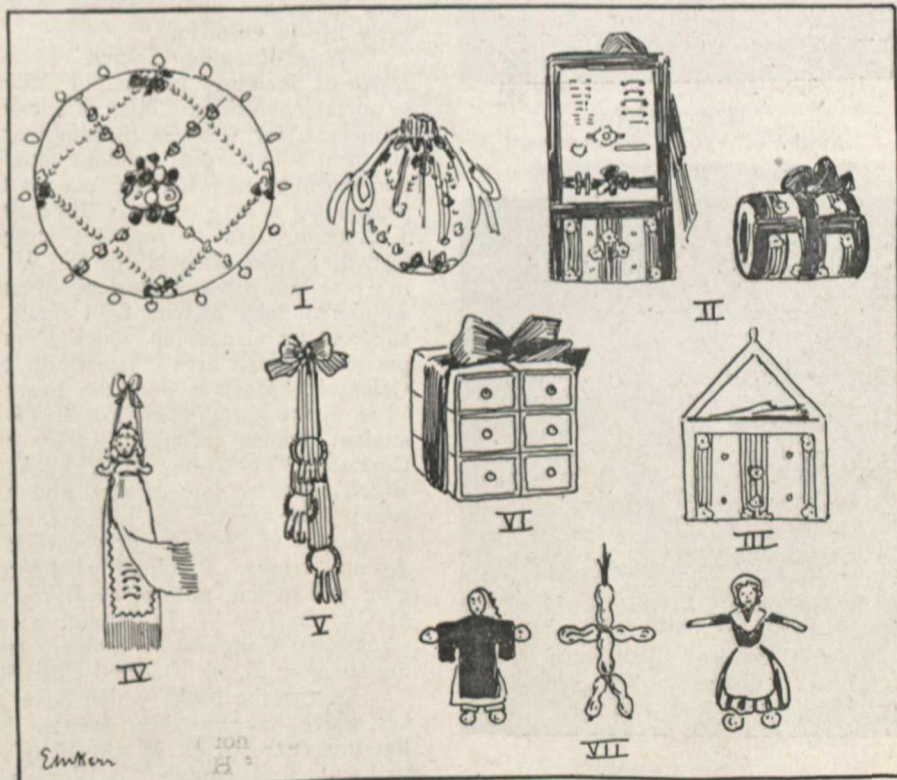
A CHILD'S BEDTIME THOUGHTS.

I wonder—does the world grow tired
 With rolling round all day,
 And want to rest a bit when night
 Slips softly down this way,
 And all the little twinkling stars
 Come crowding out to play?

To-night a baby moon looked in,
 Just past my window's rim;
 I wonder—when the moon grows old,
 So very old and dim,
 Does God just blow it out, or call
 It up to shine for Him?

When once I shut my eyes, I'm off
 To dreams before I know,
 And then such lovely things I see
 As day can never show;
 I wonder—when I go to sleep,
 Where do I really go?

Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.



Gifts a child can make.

BROWSING AMONG THE BOOKS OF A YEAR

A Survey which does Great Credit to Canadian Writing—Especially in Fiction, Travel Stories and Biography

By MARJORIE MACMURCHY

THE year has been marked by the appearance of a number of new Canadian weeklies and magazines, which is no new thing in the history of Canadian writing enterprise, possibly, but this year's new periodicals have a character of their own which is an evidence of national expansion. *The Trail*, published at Regina, and *The Canadian Century*, published at Montreal, mean to take the whole of Canada for their survey, and they are representative generally of new periodicals. Mr. Peter McArthur's *Ourselves*, the latest to appear among Canadian magazines, has the most intimate note of country life that has yet been discovered or made in Canada. The human side of Canadian politics as practised in towns, villages, and countryside, appeals strongly to Mr. McArthur. His own work is humorous, by a native, and shows the superior claims of a life unhexed by street cars and street signs. Mr. McArthur is making it understood that he wants writers for *Ourselves* who do not write after any popular formula.

Most readers will agree that the Canadian book of the year is Mr. Stephen Leacock's "Literary Lapses." The author is the first to succeed Judge Haliburton as a national humorist. His work is brief, pungent, and irresistibly amusing. The first selection, "My Financial Career," and the last, "A, B, and C," the human element in mathematics, are perfect specimens of the writer's gift, and place us all under an obligation for adding more humorous zest to life. "Essays in Fallacy," by Dr. Macphail, also is a Canadian book of the first rank. Whether or not the reader agrees with the essayist, it is plain that the essayist is one whose mind travels over a wide field and has gathered treasures which he sets forth in a style that is at once arresting and pleasing. One other little book may be named with these two. "Michael Servetus," by Dr. Osler, is one of the briefest literary efforts of a great physician who is at the same time a distinguished writer.

The death of Goldwin Smith is to be followed this year by the publication of his "Reminiscences," edited by Mr. Arnold Haultain. The "Reminiscences" will be regarded as a notable book, not only in Canada. It is unlikely that anyone could have handled the material left as successfully as Mr. Haultain. A letter which he sent to a number of British literary journals is evidence of the care which he has given and of the nature of the task which has been left to him. Mr. Haultain drew attention to his remoteness from channels of information, and received, as he says in his acknowledgment, "letters from the four quarters of the globe ere I had even seen my own letter in your columns!" Between Mr. Haultain's remoteness, and some passages from the "Reminiscences" which have been published already, Canadians are not likely to form too high an opinion of their importance in the immediate future.

"The Riders of the Plains," by A. L. Haydon, is a standard history of the Royal North-West Mounted Police. Mr. Haydon has done his work excellently. Another historical volume of equal merit is H. Addington Bruce's "Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road." Mr. Bruce, who is a native of Toronto and a graduate of Trinity University, is at present carrying on his work in Cambridge, Massachusetts. "Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road" shows historical work of fine quality, and is written in a readable, pleasing style. Miss Camilla Sanderson, in her life of her father, "John Sanderson the First," has made a book in which the feeling is so affectionate and true and the pictures drawn of pioneer life so faithful and touching that it may well serve as a well from which both historians and novelists may draw when they write of early life in Ontario.

"Wage-Earning Women," by Annie Marion Maclean, Professor of Sociology in Adelphi College, Brooklyn, is a fine study in social conditions. Miss Maclean was born and educated in Canada. Her work is thorough and the results of her study are well stated. For humour, angling lore, scientific knowing and excellence in writing, one of the best books that has appeared for a long while is "The Small-Mouthed Bass," by W. J. Loudon. He restricts his study to Georgian Bay. "The Canadian Lake Region," by W. W. Campbell, gives an account in verse and prose, historical, romantic and descriptive, of the wonderful lake district of Canada. Other works on general subjects by Canadians which should be named as possessing particular merit are: "The Faith of a Layman," by Professor Osborne; "Martyrs of New France," by W. S. Herrington; "The Kulturkampf," by G. B. Thompson, a young Canadian student, whose promising career ended in an early death in Germany; "The New North," by Agnes Deans Cameron, a work which appeared late in 1909 and has had a great success this year; "The Beast," by Judge Lindsey and Harvey O'Higgins, an account of Judge Lindsey's work in Denver; "Your Mother's Apron Strings," a volume of direct, practical sermons in religion and human nature, by Byron Stauffer; "Common Weeds of Canada," by W. D. Hamilton; and The Report of the International Congress of Women, prepared and published under the auspices of the National Council of the Women of Canada.

Among the books which have a special Canadian interest, but which have not been written by Canadians, are: "Boyish Reminiscences of H. M. the King's Visit to Canada in 1861," by Lieut. T. B. Gough; "A Woman in Canada," by Mrs. Cran; "A Summer on the Canadian Prairie," by Georgina Binnie-Clark; and "Canada, the Land of Hope," by E. Way Elkington.

The last-named book is an example of most of the characteristics which writers travelling through Canada for the purpose of making a book should hope to avoid. The "Life of Robert Machray, D.D., LL.D.," by his nephew, was published in Canada less than twelve months ago. Two other books of Canadian interest are to appear before the end of the year: "Life, Legend and Religion of the Blackfeet Indians," by Walter McClung; and "Yesterday and To-day in Canada," by the Duke of Argyll. The announcement of the Duke of Argyll's book in Canada was made by Messrs. George Allen and Sons in London in the first week of November.

WOMEN WRITERS

IT is hardly likely anyone imagined a few years ago that the work of a group of Canadian women writers would form one of the most striking testimonials we have to the happiness and wholesomeness of life in Canada. In 1910, Miss Montgomery, in Prince Edward Island; Mrs. Murphy, in Edmonton; Mrs. McClung, in Manitoba; and Marion Keith, in Ontario, have written books which are very womanly, hopeful and attractive, extremely Canadian, good to read, humorous, and oughly of the people, intimate with country ways and which reflect a sound national life of simple goodness and honest labour so convincingly that anyone who reads these stories no more doubt their truth than we doubt the rising of the setting sun. One woman writer shows a keener sense of humour. Another dreams in long paragraphs of the beauty of orchards and springtime. This author chooses to tell of her own adventures. A greater knowledge of human nature belongs to another.



MRS. NELLIE MCCLUNG,
The Manitoba Authoress and "Danny"

Each of the four is a story in which the author's own life and buoyant and optimistic. "The Curable Optimist," by Mrs. W. J. Dawson, tells of a more honest help than almost equally enthusiastic nation-building that is taken also of Canadian influence of these simple unaffected books. Best of their unconscious testimony to the Canadian people, the books are all worth reading for the sake of their stories and human nature to be found in them.

Mrs. Murphy's "Janey Canuck in the West," tells of the life of her wife and two girls. The Padre's speaks frankly and the prompts of his own fancy. As the so the Padre's wife qu as she pleases, share lengthly expeditions camps, villages and settlers' houses. W her somewhat whimsical murder in the na book is ended, the reader has acquired a knowledge of West and western life which it is good for Canadians to know. "Janey Canuck in the West" is unfailingly good-humoured and somewhat discursive.

"Kilmeny of the Orchard," Miss Montgomery's story, was planned and partly written before either of the difficulties of "Anne." Its plot is somewhat mechanical, but as a story, it is successful as the "Anne" books. But it is an author's Prince Edward chronicle, sweet and nature-loving. Miss Montgomery has a magic with the girls she writes about. If her type of heroine will Miss Montgomery endow with life her next story?

Everyone agreed that "Sowing Seeds in Danny" was the most promising little book. Mrs. McClung in "The Chance" has gone far beyond her first story. She touches more deeply than any other of these four Canadian writers. Labour and tears and poverty and joy have all lived with and understood before a book like "The Chance" is written. Pearl Watson is one of these young philosophers and bearers of all men's burdens, more often with in a book than in real life. But she is good to read. If "The Second Chance" is somewhat of a fairy tale, the world needs fairy tales of this wholesome variety.

Marion Keith's "Lizbeth of the Dale" has not yet been published. It is to appear, however, before the end of the year. As a serial in *The Westminster*, the story promises to be an advance on any of this author's previous novels. The heroine, Lizbeth, is another of the irrepressibles.

WORKS OF FICTION

THREE of this year's novels, by Canadian women writers, "Kilmeny of the Orchard," "The Second Chance," and "Lizbeth of the Dale," are mentioned elsewhere in this number of the CANADIAN COURIER. It has become a recognized fashion for novelists who are not Canadians to send their characters to Canada, or to conduct them in the author's company across the Canadian half of the North American continent. No distinguished novelist has done this with a kind enthusiasm which is equal that shown by Mrs. Humphry Ward in her story, "Canadian Born," or "Lady Merton, Colonist," since the name varies according to the country in which the novel is published. "The Curable Optimist," by Mrs. W. J. Dawson, tells of a more honest help than almost equally enthusiastic nation-building that is taken also of Canadian influence of these simple unaffected books. Best of their unconscious testimony to the Canadian people, the books are all worth reading for the sake of their stories and human nature to be found in them.

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There is one other Canadian work of fiction, published in Canada for the first time this year, which can be placed in the same class with "Kings in Exile," as far as merit goes, although the subject is wholly different. "An Unofficial Love Story," by Mr. Albert Hickman, of Pictou, which was issued by The Century Company in 1909, has been published in Canada in 1910. Mr. Hickman has a splendid quality of humour. Without labelling his stories as Canadian, his subjects are essentially native, and his good stories are turned out without stint in character and local colour.

A number of Canadian stories, written by Canadian authors, remain to be noted. Of these "The Frontiersman," by H. A. Cody, and "The Handicap," by R. E. Knowles, are on the whole the most prominent. Mr. Cody's story deals with the life of a young minister in the West and has many of the good qualities of Ralph Connor's earlier work. Mr. Knowles' novel is unequal. It has some scenes of graceful feeling and lively interest. One cannot help reflecting that Sir John Macdonald, in all likelihood, would have enjoyed keenly reading his own match-making exploits in Mr. Knowles' story. He might have been astonished at the writer's courage or audacity. "The Arch-Satirist," by Frances De Wolfe Fenwick; "The Story of Yuku," by Dorothy Dean Tate; "Love of the Wild," by Archie McKishnie; and "The Rose-Coloured World," by Ethel Mary Brodie, are all stories of decided merit and promise. "The Rose-Coloured World" is poetical, "The Story of Yuku" shows knowledge of how a story ought to be written, "The Arch-Satirist" is epigrammatic, and "Love of the Wild" has character drawing which is lifelike and full of interest. "The Stampeder," by S. A. White, while full of rapid action, is wonderfully melodramatic.

Among the stories of 1910 which have not yet come from the publishers are: "The Trail of '98," by Robert W. Service; "Wa-Pee-Moostooch," by John M. McDougall; "A Countess from Canada," by Bessie Marchant; "The Ways of the Heart," by Ethel Penman Hope; and "Madame Janvier's Church," by Mary E. Hicks. This last-named story was published in Montreal last year and is being re-published in Great Britain and Canada.

AMONG THE POETS

1910 HAS not been a year favourable to Canadian verse, reckoning by the work which has appeared in the form of published books. This is an unusual circumstance in Canadian letters. As a rule, in years past, when other departments of literary work have been passed over rapidly, the Canadian has put forward his country's poets to show that the authentic gift of imaginative writing has chosen to stay with a hard-working people in a new country. Ten books of verse will have been published before the end of the year. In most cases there is little to be said of them except to mention their names. It is true that two anthologies have still to appear when this number of the CANADIAN COURIER is published, Mr. Burpee's "Century of Canadian Sonnets," and Mrs. Whyte-Edgar's "A Wreath of Canadian Song." They are likely to prove again how charming the best Canadian verse is. But an anthology does not include the work of the present year. Among the small books of verse published are: "An Ode to Canada and Other Poems," by A. C. Nash; "Derby Day in the Yukon," by "Yukon Bill"; "Sea Room," by A. M. St. John Midway; "The Veteran and Other Poems," by Hamilton Wigle; "The King: Canada and Empire," by Fane Sewell; and "Heart Forget-Me-Nots," by Amy E. Campbell. It is worth noting that in 1910 Canadian reviewers have shown a tendency to be more severe with work which possesses no merit. A particular book of verse and an historical novel have been dealt with after the dictates of much literary conscience. In this connection, a review in *The Canadian Magazine* may be mentioned. It was fair and genial, although condemnatory, and showed plainly that the reviewer was not anxious to be severe, nor to be clever at the author's expense.

Mr. Tom MacInnes' volume, "In Amber Lands," which previously had been published in Montreal, was issued this year by The Broadway Publishing Company of New York. Mr. MacInnes' work is unequal, but at its best shows charming colour and musical utterance. One may feel fairly certain that the sonnet called "October" will not be forgotten.

When I was a little fellow long ago,
The season of all seasons seemed to me
The summer's afterglow and fantasy—
The red October of Ontario:
To ramble unrestrained where maples grow
Thicket with butternut and hickory,
And be the while companioned airily
By elfin things a child alone may know!

And how with mugs of cider, sweet and mellow,
And block and hammer for the gathered store
Of toothsome nuts, we'd lie around before
The fire at nights, and hear the old folks tell o'
Red Indians and bears and the Yankee war—
Long ago when I was a little fellow!

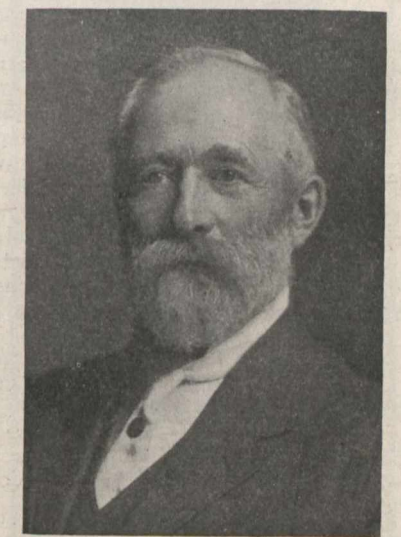
One volume of poetry stands with unquestioned merit in



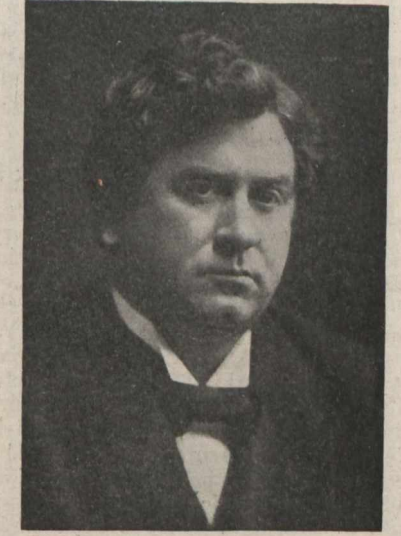
PROF. G. J. BLEWETT,
Author of "A Study of Nature and Vision of God," and recent Year's Lecturer at Yale University.



ROBERT J. C. STEAD,
Author of a successful Book of Poems, "The Empire Builders."



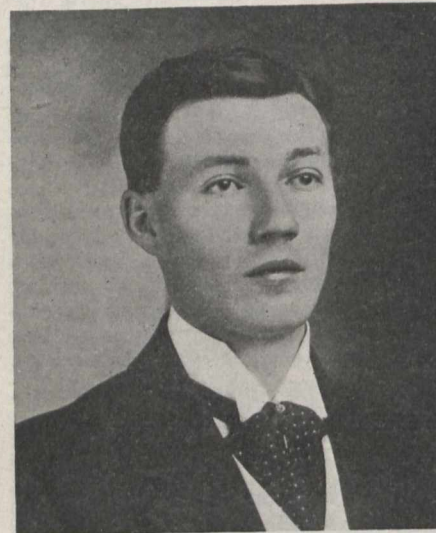
REV. JOHN McDOUGALL,
Who wrote "Wa-Pee-Moostooch," and several other Prairie stories, mainly autobiographical.



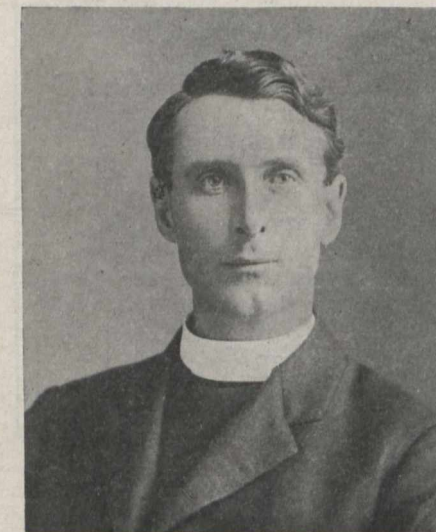
REV. BYRON STAUFFER,
The writer of a series of practical sermons called "Your Mother's Apron Strings."



MISS ETHEL MARY BRODIE,
Writer of "The Rose-Coloured World."



S. A. WHITE,
Author of "The Stampede," A Melodramatic Story.



H. A. CODY,
Author of "The Frontiersman."



A. P. MCKISHNIE,
Who wrote "Gaff Linkum," several sets of Verse, and recently "Love of the Wild."

this year's short list. Mr. George Frederick Scott's collected "Poems" have been published by Constable, in London, and will appear immediately in Canada from The Musson Book Company of Toronto. Re-reading Mr. Scott's poetry gives a higher impression of its weight and steadiness and of the carefulness with which he improves his lines and substitutes a better word for the first choice. The quiet joy in nature of "The Unnamed Lake" and "My Lattice," the patriotic fervour of "A Hymn of Empire," the beautiful poems of his little son, and that noble poem called "In Via Mortis," show how well the writer has earned his own place as a Canadian poet with an individuality and a faith wrought by his own labour. The publication of Mr. Scott's collected "Poems" shows that Canadian poetry has a rare meaning and beauty for its readers which we can gain in no other way.

GILBERT PARKER STORIES

SOME reviewers have been severe on "Cummer's Son," Sir Gilbert Parker's latest volume of short stories. This attitude seems to be the result of personal pique or something of a similar nature.

Sir Gilbert's personal popularity in this country is not growing; that must be admitted. There are several reasons for it, although this is not the place to discuss them. He holds his literary property pretty tight and little of his work is published outside of London and New York. This is a mistake—and he must expect that the mistake will bring him criticism. If Sir Gilbert were to cultivate his once home field, it might enhance his reputation.

Nevertheless "Cummer's Son" and the other stories are "good stuff" in the real Parkerian style. They are decidedly dramatic, somewhat mystical, rather poetical, and quite artistic. They have not the rude, brute strength of Kipling or Jack London, or even W. A. Fraser. Parker's prose never had. It would not be Parker's work if such were the case. Parker is a poet of fine quality, as distinguished from rugged quality, and his prose has the same earmarks. The same may be said of Charles G. D. Roberts. Let us, therefore, be thankful Parker remains himself always and does not attempt to be that which is not and could not be if he desired. "Cummer's Son" is worth while, and no genuine admirer of this author will be disappointed with the volume.

Leaves from Canadian Libraries

*With the Book Agent one side, and the Bookseller the other—
What's a Reader to do?*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

SOME years ago a Canadian merchant who had grown rich enough to build a twenty-thousand dollar house and wanted it furnished as modernly as possible, undertook to buy himself a library. With no more than a common school education and a business experience he had been most of his life too busy to read. But he expected that some day when the cares of business should pass over to his boys he would have leisure and inclination to cater to the culture side. How to buy a complete library, lock, stock and barrel, bothered him not a little. He was an ambitious man, with no liking for light literature. What he wanted was a good, respectable library, into which he might invite a professor or a preacher, or a litterateur. The number of books he thought he needed ran up into the hundreds. But what books he really needed he didn't know. So he applied to the writer of this article, who had never been so honoured before, stated his case, and said:

"Now, as you seem to have read a little of almost everything that's good, I thought you might be able to make out a list of books that you think I ought to have."

"Oh—hmm. That's a pretty large order."

"But I'm perfectly willing that you should prescribe."

"Yes, but you see—what suits me might not suit you. I've been browsing for years among Carlyle and the poets, Ruskin and Herbert Spencer, and—"

"Very well. Make me out a list of books right along that line. I'll buy them."

Thinking he might forget, I put the matter off. It was a frightful responsibility; to think that his grandchildren might rummage in a library of philosophy and poetry and some time ask grandpa how many of the books he had read.

But he came at me again. In despair I wrote him out a list. He bought them. Whether he has since read them I don't know. But what I do know is—that man has one peculiar brand of "acquired" taste.

People Who Buy Book Sets.

There are not a few Canadians like this man. Those who study book matters every day say that the taste for books among a section of our city population is peculiarly unique. A good many people, having acquired affluence, think they can acquire taste also by the same methods. Wishing to furnish a home as my friend did years ago—they become easy marks for the book-set peddlers. Of course everybody is leery of the proverbial book agent. But the agent has changed his tactics, and somewhat his clientele. In the old days when he got tired of town he hit out to the innocent countryside. There, while father was back in the corn, he sold mother a miraculous book costing from three to four dollars. It might be "Polar and Tropical Worlds" or a life of Gladstone, with twenty illustrations, or the history of the latest war; but by his mesmeric methods the agent succeeded in selling

mother the book, which neither she nor father nor any of the family ever read, but only took it off the centre table on company days to let the visitors look at the pictures: which was highly respectable.

The agent who diffuses light and learning in a city and town these days does it most effectively by means of book sets. These run from ten to twenty volumes; may be *editions de luxe*—of almost anything; sets of Dickens, of Thackeray, of Edgar Allan Poe, or the poets. They get an easy sale. The city-bred man or the man who has made his pile in a mine, and has come to the city to put up a fine house and furnish it is not long discovering that a set of books in good binding make a very good show and useful articles of furniture. It makes no difference that he does not intend to read half or quarter of any particular set. Books are not necessarily made to read. Anyway, the women folk may read them. Besides, one volume of Dickens is probably as good as another. There's not a deal of difference between "Pendennis" and "Vanity Fair"; and anybody knows that "Ivanhoe" is of a piece with "The Talisman."

So because the agent is a smooth talker, and it takes mental effort to make a personal selection of books, the set is bought and installed and dusted and shown off to visitors. It's much easier than going down town just to buy books. Besides it's a woman's job to browse around book stores, and most of them are so busy shopping at the department stores that they have little time to visit the book man except just before Christmas—for a book is one of the easiest kinds of gifts to buy, and shows some culture on the part of the buyer.

In any city and large town of Canada you may find hundreds of these made-to-order libraries, in most cases quite as remarkable as the library of the man who took a complete library list from a friend. It's another sample of acquired taste. And a great deal of the alleged reading of Canadians is done right along that line. The library that has been built up from the browsings of years; from patient poring over book stalls; from dickered a last dollar for a book that just fills the bill—is confined to a very few men. Men that have such libraries are fortunate. They are the true readers; to whom a book is a companion with as much individuality as a friend.

Not so long ago a Canadian author asserted that Canadians were much fonder of bottles than of books. He was living in England then, where books are more common than in Canada. But he was not much believed. Canadians read as many books according to population as any other people in the world. They also read almost as many magazines and newspapers *per capita* as the people of the United States. There was a time when it looked as though the magazine would put most of the books on the back shelf. But books are more widely read in Canada now than ever before.

What sort of books? That, of course, is still important. This is an age of bookmaking. Books are produced as lavishly as automobiles. They

are a business. Publishers are said to make money; at least the authors always say so—though the publisher differs. The kind of books that make money for the publisher, and incidentally for the author, are not necessarily biographies. Once the detective story was the big seller. It is still well to the fore—with the modern samples, such as "Sherlock Holmes" and "Raffles." But there are other books that sell better. "Three Weeks" had a bigger sale than most detective stories. Why? Not because it was literature or any form of art; but because it dug into matters that in polite conversation would be tabooed. It was *risque*; without the moral purpose or the philosophy of "Adam Bede" or "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," two of the most sensational books in the world. It was popular for much the same reason that "Camille" was popular. Elinor Glyn has written another, which is having an immense sale in Canada; said to be one of the dreariest fabrications in the world—except that it has the same flavour as "Three Weeks."

"And that's the kind of thing that catches the uncritical reader," said a dealer who makes a delightful hobby of his business. "The United States hatches out a brood of similar things every little while."

"Robert W. Chambers, for instance?"

"Hm! Yes—he has the same art quality in writing as Howard Chandler Christie has in pictures. It's not art. It's a jumble. Such writers have little or no perspective or sense of proportion. They string out any sort of plot and use any sort of language so long as it's garnished with a *soupcou* of—"

He shrugged the rest. Evidently he was not a huge admirer of one Jack London either, who has done as much to muddle up the waters of literature as anybody.

"There is, of course, a vast amount of this abortive, unliterary stuff produced nowadays," went on the dealer, not without hope. "It's pretty hard to discover any sort of real literary taste in people who buy such trash. But, of course, the people are not always to blame; neither the authors."

"Oh—the publisher, I dare say?"

"Well, I don't indict publishers. But there's no doubt that many of them would rather put out bad books by men of established reputation than good books by new writers. And, of course, young writers, who have not yet got a reputation, seeing the huge success of such works as "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "Black Rock," and Kipling short stories, rush to the publishers with bad imitations—which usually fall flat."

The Prophet Not Without Honour.

"Do Canadians encourage Canadian books?"

"Yes, decidedly. The best Canadian books have a large sale in Canada; just as they have in the United States and in England."

"Of the two latter which is the ultimate better market for Canadian books?"

"Well—England; providing Canadian books are good; and so far the best of them are a good sample. The English people take more time over their reading; read more critically and with a better appreciation of literary merit."

"Speaking generally, what nationality of books give the best sale in Canada?"

"English. We handle a large number of the best English works here. Of course I speak for the better class of readers."

"As to variety of books, what?"

"Biography stands high. Books of travel next. No, poetry is not a leader. Good fiction—yes, I should say that in spite of the vast output of trashy and formless "literature" there is a decided improvement in taste among the better class of Canadian readers. We sell more good books now than ever. I am very hopeful of Canadians as a reading people."

Similar evidence was given by another dealer, who caters more to the "popular" demand, and does it in a big way. Seventy-five per cent. of this dealer's sales are standard works. He sells 60,000 copies a year of "Everyman's Library," a selection of cheap classics in biography, travel, fiction and history; costing from 25 cents to 45 cents. He sells every year on an average 500 expensive sets of Thackeray, Stevenson, Balzac and Dickens. He also finds that the American book in Canada is declining in favour of the English. Ten years ago American fiction made 90 per cent. of sales over his counters. Now English books have got up to fifty per cent.; partly because English publishers have a knack of getting out attractive books at a moderate price.

As to Canadian books, fifteen per cent. of the new fiction sold by this dealer are Canadian works. Frequently he says an edition of a Canadian book in Canada runs to 10,000 copies, while Canadian rights of an outside "best seller" run only about a third of that number.

DEMI-TASSE

NEWSLETS.

MR. J. J. KELSO has described North Hastings as "Darkest Ontario." Sir Wilfrid Laurier begs to differ. He would apply that phrase to the city of Toronto, while Sir James Whitney hastens to remark that Oxford County is deserving of such a description.

There is a coloured K. C. now on the list in Canada. He has had a chequered career.

Aviators are still the only people who are constantly going after "the man higher up."

King Alfonso is celebrating the twenty-fifth year of his reign. The socialistic subjects of his realm drink his health to the accompaniment of "After you, my dear Alphonse."

King Manuel, ex-ruler of Portugal, is spending the week-end in England, where he is taking the rest cure.

Federenko is one of our most popular citizens. He is said to prefer Winnipeg to St. Petersburg as a residential city.

A man in Beamsville has referred to the Ontario legislators as "the freshwater government at Toronto." This is a libel on Dr. Pyne and Colonel Matheson, who have been abroad for at least a fortnight.

A certain director of the National Exhibition declares that the women did as much drinking as the men during the progress of Canada's great fair. The disagreeable creature.

And Michael Frazer is now declared sane. "Sure, Mike."

Dr. Emile Reich objects to novels written by spinsters as being too tame? Evidently that gentleman is unacquainted with the romances by Miss Marie Corelli, which fairly bristle with horrible happenings.

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THERE is a dear parson called Knowles,

Whose work should be to save souls.

But he writes frisky books

About girls and their looks,

And he rakes in the shekels in shoals.

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"I've enjoyed this little chat so much. I never would have dreamed of coming, only my husband is thinking of running for mayor next January."

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Federenko.

SAYS Russia to this worthy land,
"Return of 'Fed' please expedite."
Says Canada in courteous tones,
"Oh, did you mention 'extradite.'"

* * *

A Montreal Mourner.

SAYS the *Montreal Witness*
"I don't see the fitness
Of language the Tories have shed.
They're acting most shameful,
In ways that are blameful
About the new navy, 'tis said."

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FLORENCE: What would be a nice present for a man friend?
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We have read any number of accounts of weddings, and we venture to say that, with very few exceptions, the people, things and doings are slavishly according to the following schedule:

Wedding.....Pretty.
Couple.....Happy.
Repast.....Sumptuous.
Presents.....Numerous, costly, beautiful, useful.
Trip.....Extended.
Flower girls.....Pretty, bewitching.
Wishes.....Best.
Bride's gown.....Becoming, beautiful.
Also present.....Many from a distance.
Decorations.....Appropriate, tasteful.
Wedding march.....Has strains.
Guests.....Repair to dining room.

* * *

The Circular Fellows.

SOMETIMES it seems ideas do
Fit in with sense and sound—
It's in hotel rotundas that
Rotund men most are found.

* * *

Definitions.

THE limit in misery: Tag day in hell.
The perfect man: The one who "throws cold water" all summer and "heaps coals of fire" all winter.
The tramp's philosophy: Cleanliness is next to gaudiness.

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It Pays to Pay for QUALITY

And without claiming any more than what is everywhere conceded we point out that our furs are known in Canada as the standard by which all others are judged.



Isabella Fox Set

Stole with heads at back, and large two skin Countess muff to match

\$80.00

Musquash Sacque

Semi-fitting, 50 inches long, Blucher collar

\$135.00

Ladies' Furlined Coat

Light brown broadcloth Shell, natural muskrat lining, Russian Otter collar and lapel

\$75.00

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Winnipeg

Montreal

this year's short list. Mr. George Frederick Scott's collected "Poems" have been published by Constable, in London, and will appear immediately in Canada from The Musson Book Company of Toronto. Re-reading Mr. Scott's poetry gives a higher impression of its weight and steadiness and of the carefulness with which he improves his lines and substitutes a better word for the first choice. The quiet joy in nature of "The Unnamed Lake" and "My Lattice," the patriotic fervour of "A Hymn of Empire," the beautiful poems of his little son, and that noble poem called "In Via Mortis," show how well the writer has earned his own place as a Canadian poet with an individuality and a faith wrought by his own labour. The publication of Mr. Scott's collected "Poems" shows that Canadian poetry has a rare meaning and beauty for its readers which we can gain in no other way.

GILBERT PARKER STORIES

SOME reviewers have been severe on "Cummer's Son," Sir Gilbert Parker's latest volume of short stories. This attitude seems to be the result of personal pique or something of a similar nature.

Sir Gilbert's personal popularity in this country is not growing; that must be admitted. There are several reasons for it, although this is not the place to discuss them. He holds his literary property pretty tight and little of his work is published outside of London and New York. This is a mistake—and he must expect that the mistake will bring him criticism. If Sir Gilbert were to cultivate his once home field, it might enhance his reputation.

Nevertheless "Cummer's Son" and the other stories are "good stuff" in the real Parkerian style. They are decidedly dramatic, somewhat mystical, rather poetical, and quite artistic. They have not the rude, brute strength of Kipling or Jack London, or even W. A. Fraser. Parker's prose never had. It would not be Parker's work if such were the case. Parker is a poet of fine quality, as distinguished from rugged quality, and his prose has the same earmarks. The same may be said of Charles G. D. Roberts. Let us, therefore, be thankful Parker remains himself always and does not attempt to be that which is not and could not be if he desired. "Cummer's Son" is worth while, and no genuine admirer of this author will be disappointed with the volume.

Leaves from Canadian Libraries

*With the Book Agent one side, and the Bookseller the other—
What's a Reader to do?*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

SOME years ago a Canadian merchant who had grown rich enough to build a twenty-thousand dollar house and wanted it furnished as modernly as possible, undertook to buy himself a library. With no more than a common school education and a business experience he had been most of his life too busy to read. But he expected that some day when the cares of business should pass over to his boys he would have leisure and inclination to cater to the culture side. How to buy a complete library, lock, stock and barrel, bothered him not a little. He was an ambitious man, with no liking for light literature. What he wanted was a good, respectable library, into which he might invite a professor or a preacher, or a litterateur. The number of books he thought he needed ran up into the hundreds. But what books he really needed he didn't know. So he applied to the writer of this article, who had never been so honoured before, stated his case, and said:

"Now, as you seem to have read a little of almost everything that's good, I thought you might be able to make out a list of books that you think I ought to have."

"Oh—hmm. That's a pretty large order."

"But I'm perfectly willing that you should prescribe."

"Yes, but you see—what suits me might not suit you. I've been browsing for years among Carlyle and the poets, Ruskin and Herbert Spencer, and—"

"Very well. Make me out a list of books right along that line. I'll buy them."

Thinking he might forget, I put the matter off. It was a frightful responsibility; to think that his grandchildren might rummage in a library of philosophy and poetry and some time ask grandpa how many of the books he had read.

But he came at me again. In despair I wrote him out a list. He bought them. Whether he has since read them I don't know. But what I do know is—that man has one peculiar brand of "acquired" taste.

People Who Buy Book Sets.

There are not a few Canadians like this man. Those who study book matters every day say that the taste for books among a section of our city population is peculiarly unique. A good many people, having acquired affluence, think they can acquire taste also by the same methods. Wishing to furnish a home as my friend did years ago—they become easy marks for the book-set peddlers. Of course everybody is leery of the proverbial book agent. But the agent has changed his tactics, and somewhat his clientele. In the old days when he got tired of town he hit out to the innocent countryside. There, while father was back in the corn, he sold mother a miraculous book costing from three to four dollars. It might be "Polar and Tropical Worlds" or a life of Gladstone, with twenty illustrations, or the history of the latest war; but by his mesmeric methods the agent succeeded in selling

mother the book, which neither she nor father nor any of the family ever read, but only took it off the centre table on company days to let the visitors look at the pictures: which was highly respectable.

The agent who diffuses light and learning in a city and town these days does it most effectively by means of book sets. These run from ten to twenty volumes; may be *editions de luxe*—of almost anything; sets of Dickens, of Thackeray, of Edgar Allan Poe, or the poets. They get an easy sale. The city-bred man or the man who has made his pile in a mine, and has come to the city to put up a fine house and furnish it is not long discovering that a set of books in good binding make a very good show and useful articles of furniture. It makes no difference that he does not intend to read half or quarter of any particular set. Books are not necessarily made to read. Anyway, the women folk may read them. Besides, one volume of Dickens is probably as good as another. There's not a deal of difference between "Pendennis" and "Vanity Fair"; and anybody knows that "Ivanhoe" is of a piece with "The Talisman."

So because the agent is a smooth talker, and it takes mental effort to make a personal selection of books, the set is bought and installed and dusted and shown off to visitors. It's much easier than going down town just to buy books. Besides it's a woman's job to browse around book stores, and most of them are so busy shopping at the department stores that they have little time to visit the book man except just before Christmas—for a book is one of the easiest kinds of gifts to buy, and shows some culture on the part of the buyer.

In any city and large town of Canada you may find hundreds of these made-to-order libraries, in most cases quite as remarkable as the library of the man who took a complete library list from a friend. It's another sample of acquired taste. And a great deal of the alleged reading of Canadians is done right along that line. The library that has been built up from the browsings of years; from patient poring over book stalls; from dicking a last dollar for a book that just fills the bill—is confined to a very few men. Men that have such libraries are fortunate. They are the true readers; to whom a book is a companion with as much individuality as a friend.

Not so long ago a Canadian author asserted that Canadians were much fonder of bottles than of books. He was living in England then, where books are more common than in Canada. But he was not much believed. Canadians read as many books according to population as any other people in the world. They also read almost as many magazines and newspapers *per capita* as the people of the United States. There was a time when it looked as though the magazine would put most of the books on the back shelf. But books are more widely read in Canada now than ever before.

What sort of books? That, of course, is still important. This is an age of bookmaking. Books are produced as lavishly as automobiles. They

are a business. Publishers are said to make money; at least the authors always say so—though the publisher differs. The kind of books that make money for the publisher, and incidentally for the author, are not necessarily biographies. Once the detective story was the big seller. It is still well to the fore—with the modern samples, such as "Sherlock Holmes" and "Raffles." But there are other books that sell better. "Three Weeks" had a bigger sale than most detective stories. Why? Not because it was literature or any form of art; but because it dug into matters that in polite conversation would be tabooed. It was *risque*; without the moral purpose or the philosophy of "Adam Bede" or "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," two of the most sensational books in the world. It was popular for much the same reason that "Camille" was popular. Elinor Glyn has written another, which is having an immense sale in Canada; said to be one of the dreariest fabrications in the world—except that it has the same flavour as "Three Weeks."

"And that's the kind of thing that catches the uncritical reader," said a dealer who makes a delightful hobby of his business. "The United States hatches out a brood of similar things every little while."

"Robert W. Chambers, for instance?"

"Hm! Yes—he has the same art quality in writing as Howard Chandler Christie has in pictures. It's not art. It's a jumble. Such writers have little or no perspective or sense of proportion. They string out any sort of plot and use any sort of language so long as it's garnished with a *soupcou* of—"

He shrugged the rest. Evidently he was not a huge admirer of one Jack London either, who has done as much to muddle up the waters of literature as anybody.

"There is, of course, a vast amount of this abortive, unliterary stuff produced nowadays," went on the dealer, not without hope. "It's pretty hard to discover any sort of real literary taste in people who buy such trash. But, of course, the people are not always to blame; neither the authors."

"Oh—the publisher, I dare say?"

"Well, I don't indict publishers. But there's no doubt that many of them would rather put out bad books by men of established reputation than good books by new writers. And, of course, young writers, who have not yet got a reputation, seeing the huge success of such works as "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "Black Rock," and Kipling short stories, rush to the publishers with bad imitations—which usually fall flat."

The Prophet Not Without Honour.

"Do Canadians encourage Canadian books?"

"Yes, decidedly. The best Canadian books have a large sale in Canada; just as they have in the United States and in England."

"Of the two latter which is the ultimate better market for Canadian books?"

"Well—England; providing Canadian books are good; and so far the best of them are a good sample. The English people take more time over their reading; read more critically and with a better appreciation of literary merit."

"Speaking generally, what nationality of books give the best sale in Canada?"

"English. We handle a large number of the best English works here. Of course I speak for the better class of readers."

"As to variety of books, what?"

"Biography stands high. Books of travel next. No, poetry is not a leader. Good fiction—yes, I should say that in spite of the vast output of trashy and formless "literature" there is a decided improvement in taste among the better class of Canadian readers. We sell more good books now than ever. I am very hopeful of Canadians as a reading people."

Similar evidence was given by another dealer, who caters more to the "popular" demand, and does it in a big way. Seventy-five per cent. of this dealer's sales are standard works. He sells 60,000 copies a year of "Everyman's Library," a selection of cheap classics in biography, travel, fiction and history; costing from 25 cents to 45 cents. He sells every year on an average 500 expensive sets of Thackeray, Stevenson, Balzac and Dickens. He also finds that the American book in Canada is declining in favour of the English. Ten years ago American fiction made 90 per cent. of sales over his counters. Now English books have got up to fifty per cent.; partly because English publishers have a knack of getting out attractive books at a moderate price.

As to Canadian books, fifteen per cent. of the new fiction sold by this dealer are Canadian works. Frequently he says an edition of a Canadian book in Canada runs to 10,000 copies, while Canadian rights of an outside "best seller" run only about a third of that number.

DEMI-TASSE

NEWSLETS.

MR. J. J. KELSO has described North Hastings as "Darkest Ontario." Sir Wilfrid Laurier begs to differ. He would apply that phrase to the city of Toronto, while Sir James Whitney hastens to remark that Oxford County is deserving of such a description.

There is a coloured K. C. now on the list in Canada. He has had a chequered career.

Aviators are still the only people who are constantly going after "the man higher up."

King Alfonso is celebrating the twenty-fifth year of his reign. The socialistic subjects of his realm drink his health to the accompaniment of "After you, my dear Alphonse."

King Manuel, ex-ruler of Portugal, is spending the week-end in England, where he is taking the rest cure.

Federenko is one of our most popular citizens. He is said to prefer Winnipeg to St. Petersburg as a residential city.

A man in Beamsville has referred to the Ontario legislators as "the freshwater government at Toronto." This is a libel on Dr. Pyne and Colonel Matheson, who have been abroad for at least a fortnight.

A certain director of the National Exhibition declares that the women did as much drinking as the men during the progress of Canada's great fair. The disagreeable creature.

And Michael Frazer is now declared sane. "Sure, Mike."

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Mr. Frowde announces

ROBERT E. KNOWLES

The Handicap

The novel has Mr. Knowles' usual tender pathos, but even more than ordinarily, this is lightened by a ready wit that time and again induces the reader's smiles. On the whole, we may say that this is the most consistently interesting tale that this author has done.

The Book News Monthly (Philadelphia).

Cloth, \$1.25

Other books in constant demand by this author are:—

The Attic Guest	cloth, \$1.25
The Web of Time	" 1.25
The Dawn at Shanty Bay	" 1.00
Undertow	" 1.25
St. Cuthbert's	" 1.25

WILLIAM DE MORGAN

An Affair of Dishonour

Cloth \$1.25

These De Morgan novels are the very best things in fiction since Dickens and Thackeray. Many Editors and Reviewers have described Joseph Vance as the first really great novel of the 20th Century.

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It Never Can Happen Again	cloth, \$1.25
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Alice for Short	" 1.25
Somehow Good	" 1.25

RICHARD DEHAN

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In Amber Lands, Tom MacInnes, Broadway Publishing Company.
The Veteran and Other Poems, Hamilton Wigle, Briggs.
A Wreath of Canadian Song, Mrs. Whyte-Edgar, Briggs.
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Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs, Castell Hopkins, Annual Review Publishing Co.
The New North, Agnes Deans Cameron, Appleton.
Our Lady of the Sunshine and Her International Visitors, Edited by Lady Aberdeen, Copp Clark.
Utopian Snapshots, A. J. Kappel.
First Century of Methodism in Canada, vol. 2, J. E. Sanderson, Briggs.
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Points About Poetry, D. G. French, Editor Publishing Company.
A Summer on the Canadian Prairie, Georgina Binnie-Clark, Musson.
Literary Lapses, Stephen Leacock, Montreal News Company and John Lane.
Review of Historical Publications, Wrong and Langton, University Press, Toronto.
Simple Rules of Health and Courtesy, Helen MacMurchy and H. W. Auden.
Reminiscences of Goldwin Smith, Arnold Haultain, Macmillan.
The Beast, Judge Lindsey and Harvey O'Higgins, Doubleday Page.
Canada, the Land of Hope, E. Way Elkington, A. & C. Black.
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Common Weeds of Canada, Dr. W. D. Hamilton, Macmillan.
The Picturesque St. Lawrence, Clifton Johnson, Macmillan.
Report of International Congress of Women, published under auspices of National Council of Women of Canada.
Gospel of the Hereafter, J. Paterson-Smyth, Frowde.
The Maoris of New Zealand, D. V. Lucas, Briggs.
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Shak-spear: an inquiry, S. M. Baylis, Briggs.

Down to the Sea, Wilfred Grenfell, Frowde.

Yesterday and To-day in Canada, the Duke of Argyll, George Allen and Sons.

Life, Legends and Religion of the Blackfoot Indians, Walter McClintock, Macmillan.

John Bull's Land Through a Telescope, by a Canadian, Musson.

Canadian Lake Region, Wilfred Campbell, Musson.

Labrador, W. G. Gosling, Musson.

On Trail and Rapid by Dog-sled and Canoe, new edition of the Life of Bishop Bompas, H. A. Cody, Musson.

A Man's Helpers, Wilfred Grenfell, Musson.

What Life Means to Me, Wilfred Grenfell, Musson.

The Way of Prayer, John Edgar McFadyen, Musson.

Canadian Eloquence, Lawrence J. Burpee, Musson.

Book Notes.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. have a new edition of that popular short story, "Sally Ann's Experience," by the Kentucky woman who wrote "The Land of Long Ago" an "Aunt Jane of Kentucky." It is typically southern.

The same publishers issue "Flamsteed Quamis," by Mary E. Waller, a long, intricate New England story, which "emphasises the nobility and dignity of work." It is that typically American kind of story by a woman writer which no Canadian woman has ever succeeded in producing—unless it were Joanna E. Wood.

"The Pretty Girl Papers" is a funny title for an incongruous, but perhaps useful book, writes a woman doctor. It describes the methods of becoming pretty and staying, somewhat rationally but also curiously. The author is Dr. Emma E. Walker, and the publishers Little, Brown & Co.

If you want a pleasant little, silly little, jolly little tale about a rheumatic young man who subscribed to a love-letter bureau to while away the time, read "Molly Make-Believe," by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. It is absurd as a yarn, but it is dainty and delightful nevertheless. It will charm every reader who hasn't lost the power to laugh. It is not Canadian, but the Copp, Clark Co. have issued a Canadian edition.

Every one interested in the Northwest Mounted Police will find A. L. Haydon's volume, "The Riders of the Plains," the last word on the subject. The drawings are poor, the photographic reproductions fair, and the text excellent. It is readable history, and that is more than may be said of some historical volumes on Canadian book shelves. After reading it, any shrewd Canuck will lay ten to one that Mr. Haydon is not a Canadian. Which is quite true, for he is quite English. The volume is published in London by Andrew Melrose and in Toronto by the Copp, Clark Company.

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SIX CANADIAN WRITERS

Arthur Stringer; Robert C. Stead; Arthur Heming; W. A. Clark; Alice Jones; Augustus Bridle.

Mr. T. O. Marten furnishes the cover, which is a sufficient guarantee that the cover will be not only a work of art but an interpretation of Christmas.

Arthur Heming was never quite so rollickingly humorous as in his own Bear Story illustrated by himself; a screamingly funny bit of back-country burlesque.

C. W. Jefferys puts his virile pen-and-ink technic and remarkable insight into child nature at the service of The Children's Four-Page Coloured Supplement under the editorship of Miss Estelle Kerr who, as a children's artist, has no rivals in Canada.

Robert C. Stead in his "Man who Won't be Beat" deals in a strongly human way with the antagonism of the cowboy to the homesteads.

T. G. Greene illustrates this story. Mr. Greene is an ex-member of the celebrated Carlton Studio, a Canadian art colony in old London.

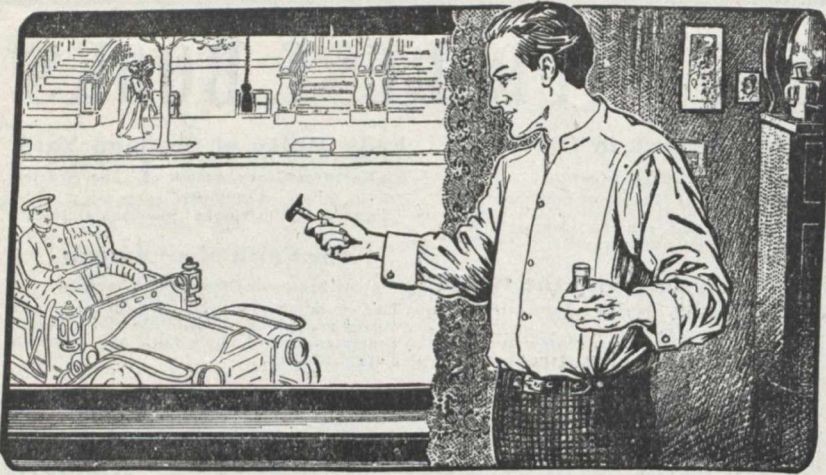
Arthur Stringer now and then pauses amid his piles of story manuscript and, for the sheer joy of the thing, does a bit of verse. His illustrated Poem in the Christmas Courier will be worth learning by heart.

A two-part story by Alice Jones beginning in that number will have for a distinguishing feature a number of as good illustrations as can be found in any American magazine, done by W. S. Broadhead.

A splendidly illustrated article on "Fraternity Houses in Canada" will be contributed by Donald B. Sinclair.

W. A. Clark's little humoresque poem with thumb-nail sketches makes a brighter spot in a very bright issue.

"An Old Christmas City," by Augustus Bridle, illustrated with English pen-and-ink drawings will be a contribution to the Canadian-English point of view.



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PEOPLE AND PLACES

Mr. Cornwall's Literary Tours.

J. K. CORNWALL, M.P.P., evidently had pleasant and congenial fraternisation with the bunch of newspaper men to whom he gave a free trip through the Peace River country this summer. He announces that he is going to take another literary coterie up there next summer. To the writers the last tour was an eye-opener. They tramped through muskegs, kicked up minerals with their tall boots, put their salary checks in town lots where as yet there are no towns, and admired the scenery. The Arctic legislator is in high glee. Lately, he has been seeing some of his guests' write-ups headlining the Yankee magazines—great advertising. Mr. Cornwall is going to show his next journalistic party something different. The Cook's tour is to strike into the mining country, which Cornwall says is just as much the thing as the fat acres of farming land which the party

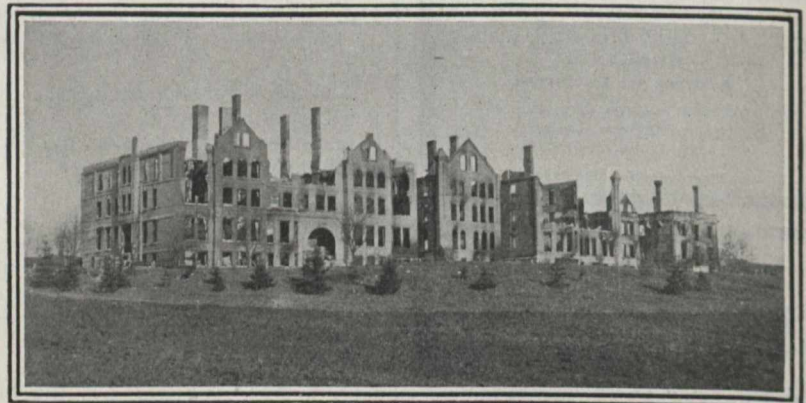
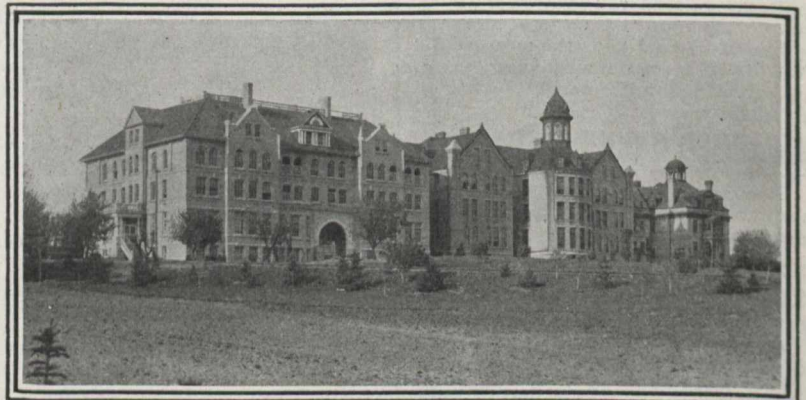
border in Minnesota. The Hudson's Bay railroaders would be leaving for their winter firesides just about the time that the golden No. 1 hard was dribbling out of the threshing spout, which would mean that it would have to rest up on the Bay among the cool breezes till the melting season set in. Board in the Arctic would not be cheap either—forty cents a bushel. The Pacific ports are fanned by the gentle zephyrs all year round. But then one must not forget that Cy. and the Grand Trunk are related.

* * *

Miss Shackleton In Canada.

EXPLORER Sir Ernest Shackleton's sister has just stepped off a liner into Canada, and she says she is not going back. Miss Shackleton is a trained nurse. She is going to practise in Winnipeg, where she and another English lady are opening a nurses' home. Of course, she has the latest budget from "Farthest South." He is sitting at home, biting his nails,

BRANDON ASYLUM, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE



643 inmates marched out with but one loss of life.

this summer saw for the most part. Here is the route: The quill men will flap down the Athabasca in "flats" to Fort McMurray, jumping a few rapids on the way, and proceed to within four hundred miles of Fort Churchill, on the Bay.

* * *

Is It a Pipe Dream?

MR. CY. WARMAN, the author, made a slashing attack on the Hudson's Bay Railway proposal the other day at Edmonton. The railway he calls a "pipe dream." He thinks it fantastic—"craziest scheme I ever heard of." Mr. Warman is a professional humorist, but he wasn't joking this trip. The poet of the steel rails went into the economics of the situation. Some fur-posters thought he had cold feet when he said: "What would the railway do with their rolling stock during the months that the Hudson's Bay was closed up?" Cy. is of the opinion—Edmonton to Prince Rupert—is the route. The G. T. P., he argues, should draw up Alberta and Saskatchewan 1,700 miles nearer to the Orient, than are the farmers shipping out grain over the

fidgiting for news from Captain Scott, abroad among the ice bergs. His nursing sister says that if Scott fails he will pike South again immediately. And if Scott succeeds, says Miss Shackleton:

"Sir Ernest loves Canada, and I really believe he will come here to live eventually. Perhaps if Scott succeeds he will come very soon.

* * *

A Remarkable Fire Escape.

OF all remarkable fire drills in the world that at the Brandon Asylum, destroyed by fire early this month, was the most unusual. The building contained 643 more or less demented people; under ordinary conditions the hardest kind of congregation to get out of a burning building. But in fifteen minutes the entire party was out of danger. One life lost, but not through fire; a woman who mismanaged to wander away, got lost on the prairie and died from exposure. For the present the Winter Fair Building has been fitted up for an asylum; which will make it necessary to use the Summer Fair Building for the Winter Fair.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES**Big Jump in Ottawa Light and Power.**

ONE of the features of the trading on the Montreal Stock Exchange last week was the sudden rapid upward movement in the stock of the Ottawa Light and Power. About a year ago one of the leading houses of the Montreal Stock Exchange offered quite a block of this stock to the public around 97½. At that time a dividend of five per cent. was being paid on the stock, but it was indicated that this dividend would be increased at an early date to six per cent. This was done a few months later, and gradually the stock advanced to around 110. For some time it hung around that figure without much trading in the security, at that time indicating that the stock was closely held, and that the insiders were satisfied to hold on to their securities, believing that it would not be long before the earnings of the company was showing would warrant selling on a very much higher level. A couple of weeks ago the stock had advanced to 116, and then the other day it took a sudden brace to 120, and by the end of the same day it had touched as high as 124. Around 120 some three hundred shares of the stock came into the market, but apart from that block comparatively little seemed to be offered, with the result that buyers had to bid quite a few points before securing even a small lot. The day after it had sold at 124, a further increase was made to 128. All the time there was no definite news from Ottawa as to the cause of the advance, and opinion in Montreal was divided between an increase in the dividend to seven per cent., and the declaration of a stock bonus. The latter course would seem to be the one that the directors will likely take, in as much as even the seven per cent. dividend would scarcely warrant the stock being placed as high as 128, whereas the uncertainty as to just what the size of the stock bonus would be might easily have been the cause of the stock advancing as high as it did.

* * *

Canadian Financier for British House of Commons.

IT is certainly some time since Canadian financial circles received as great a surprise as they did the other day, when word came over the cable that Mr. W. M. Aitken, the president of the Royal Securities, who, during the past few years has been identified with all the large consolidations that have been carried out in Canada, had been invited to contest a seat for the British House of Commons, in the event of a general election being held at an early date, and the cable seemed to indicate that Mr. Aitken had considered the invitation favourably, and was likely to be a candidate. The reason for his many friends in Canada receiving the news with such surprise was, undoubtedly, due to the fact that hardly one of them ever dreamed that Mr. Aitken had any parliamentary ambitions, more particularly as he has been so engrossed with work during the past few years, and the prospects are that the number of things that he has been identified with already, will result in his being so busy for quite a few years to come, that he would have very little, if any, time for parliamentary work.

The development goes to show that no man can tell just what another man's ambitions really are, and on one thing nearly all his Canadian friends are agreed, and that is, that if he goes into an election fight, his natural talent for organisation is so great that he is bound to win out. One of the things about Mr. Aitken is that while he has been identified very largely with some of the biggest financial transactions that have ever been carried out in Canada, he never ties himself down to any one of them, but secures for each and every one such a complete organisation that it is never necessary for him to give more than a passing attention to them all. On this account he could undoubtedly find it just as convenient to reside permanently in England, making an occasional trip to Canada, and all the time would be just as much in touch with the Canadian situation as though he were operating from the Canadian side, and yet was forced by his business to spend a good many months of each year over in London.

Looking at it from the point of view of the kind of man the English people would like to represent them, it quickly occurs to one that Mr. Aitken should be just the kind of man that a great many constituencies would like to have represent them, in as much as his career, short though it has been up to the present, has shown that he is doing things all the time, and is only happiest when he is busiest, and that once he made up his mind to become identified with political life, he would see to it that he would be in a position all the time to do everything possible for the constituency which he might represent. Just at the present time, too, there are so many questions to be taken up as between the Mother Country and the principal colony of the Empire, that the House of Commons would surely benefit by having among its representatives a man who would be very closely in touch with the developments and possibilities of the Dominion, and would take advantage of every occasion to enable the other members of the House to secure a more accurate idea of just what these possibilities are.

At the time of writing it had been practically decided that there would be a general election in the near future, and if there is, there will be few contests that will be watched with greater interest from Canada than that in which Mr. Aitken will take part.

* * *

Canadian Independence In Money Matters.

THERE was a time when Canadian stock quotations were intimately affected by the fluctuations in New York, but this is not now the case. Of course, such stocks as are listed in both countries must still be so affected, but these are a small part of the Canadian list. Last week, for example, there was a "squeeze" in Quebec Light, because a lot of this stock has been taken off our market and placed in Paris. Again, many of the Canadian stocks are wholly carried here, and consequently only subject to Canadian conditions. A flurry in New York has little influence on the Canadian stocks.

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AUNT SALLY'S LETTERS

(Continued from Page 13).

together. It will break my heart if she sets to work altering Eden. It's simply perfect as it is—though I suppose I shouldn't say it."

In another week Eden was finished. Miss Sally stood in the tiny hall and looked about her.

"Well, it is done," she said with a sigh. "I'm sorry. I have enjoyed fixing it up tremendously, and now I feel that my occupation is gone. I hope you are satisfied, Willard."

"Satisfied is too mild a word, Miss Sally. I am delighted. I knew you could accomplish wonders, but I never hoped for *this*. Eden is a dream—the dearest, quaintest, sweetest, little home that ever waited for a bride. When I bring her here—oh, Miss Sally, do you know what that thought means to me?"

Miss Sally looked curiously at the young man. His face was flushed and his voice trembled a little. There was a faraway shining look in his eyes as if he saw a vision.

"I hope you and she will be happy," said Miss Sally slowly. "When will she be coming, Willard?"

The flush went out of Willard's face, leaving it pale and determined.

"That is for her—and you—to say," he answered steadily.

"Me!" exclaimed Miss Sally. "What have I to do with it?"

"A great deal—for unless you consent she will never come here at all."

"Willard Stanley," said Miss Sally, with ominous calm, "who is the girl you mean to marry?"

"The girl I *hope* to marry is Joyce, Miss Sally. Wait—don't say anything till you hear me out." He came close to her and caught her hands in a boyish grip. "Joyce and I have loved each other ever since we met. But we despaired of winning your consent and Joyce will not marry me without it. I thought if I could get you to help me fix up my little home that you might get so interested in it—and so well acquainted with me—that you would trust me with Joyce. Please do, Miss Sally. I love her so truly and I know I can make her happy. If you don't, Eden shall never have a mistress. I'll shut it up, just as it is, and leave it sacred to the dead hope of a bride that will never come to it."

"Oh, you wouldn't," protested Miss Sally. "It would be a shame—such a dear little house—and after all the trouble I've taken. But you have tricked me—oh, you men couldn't be straightforward in anything—"

"Wasn't it a fair device for a desperate lover, Miss Sally?" interrupted Willard. "Oh, you mustn't hold spite because of it, dear. And you will give me Joyce, won't you? Because if you don't, I really will shut up Eden forever."

Miss Sally looked wistfully around her. Through the open door on her left she saw the little living room with its quaint, comfortable furniture, its dainty pictures and adornments. Through the front door she saw the trim, velvet swarded little lawn. Upstairs were two white rooms that only wanted a woman's living presence to make them jewels. And the kitchen on which she had expended so much thought and ingenuity—the kitchen furnished to the last detail, even to the kindling in the range and the match Willard had laid ready to light it! It gave Miss Sally a pang to think of that altar fire never being lighted. It was really the thought of the kitchen that finished Miss Sally.

"You've tricked me," she said again reproachfully. "You've tricked me into loving this house so much that I cannot bear the thought of it never living. You'll have to have Joyce I suppose. And I believe I'm glad that it isn't a stranger who is to be the mistress of Eden. Joyce won't hanker after pink rugs and lace curtains. And her taste in china is the same as mine. In one way it's a great relief to my mind. But it's a fearful risk—a fearful risk. To think that you may make my dear child miserable!"

"You know you don't think that I will, Miss Sally. I'm not really such a bad fellow, now, am I?"

"You are a man—and I have no confidence whatever in men," declared Miss Sally, wiping some very real tears from her eyes with a very unreal sort of handkerchief—one of the cobwebby affairs of lace her daintiness demanded.

"Miss Sally, why have you such a rooted distrust of men?" demanded Willard curiously. "Somehow, it seems so foreign to your character."

"I suppose you think I am a perfect crank," said Miss Sally sighing. "Well, I'll tell you why I don't trust men. I have a very good reason for it. A man broke my heart and embittered my life. I've never spoken about it to a living soul, but if you want to hear about it, you shall."

Miss Sally sat down on the second step of the stairs and tucked her wet handkerchief away. She clasped her slender white hands over her knee. In spite of her silvery hair and the little lines on her face she looked girlish and youthful. There was a pink flush on her cheeks and her big black eyes sparkled with the anger her memories aroused in her.

"I was a young girl of twenty when I met him," she said, "and I was just as foolish as all young girls are—foolish and romantic and sentimental. He was very handsome and I thought him—but there, I won't go into that. It vexes me to recall my folly. But I loved him—yes, I did, with all my heart—with all there was of me to love. He made me love him. He deliberately set himself to win my love. For a whole summer he flirted with me. I didn't know he was flirting—I thought him in earnest. Oh, I was such a little fool—and so happy. Then—he went away. Went away suddenly without even a word of good-bye. But he had been summoned home by his father's serious illness and I thought he would write—I waited—I hoped. I never heard from him, never saw him again. He had tired of his plaything and flung it aside. That is all," concluded Miss Sally passionately. "I never trusted any man again. When my sister died and gave me her baby, I determined to bring the dear child up safely, training her to avoid the danger I had fallen into. Well, I've failed. But perhaps it will be all right—perhaps there are some men who are true, though Stephen Merritt was false."

"Stephen—who?" demanded Willard, abruptly. Miss Sally coloured.

"I didn't mean to tell you his name," she said, getting up. "It was a slip of the tongue. Never mind—forget it and him. He was not worthy of remembrance—and yet I do remember him. I can't forget him—and I hate him all the more for it—for having entered so deeply into my life that I could not cast him out when I knew him unworthy. It is humiliating. There—let us lock up Eden and go home. I suppose you are dying to see Joyce and tell her your precious plot has succeeded."

Willard did not appear to be at all impatient. He had relapsed into a brown study, during which he let Miss Sally lock up the house. Then he walked silently home with her. Miss Sally was silent too. Perhaps she was repenting her confidence—or perhaps she was thinking of her false lover. There was a pathetic droop to her lips and her black eyes were sad and dreamy.

"Miss Sally," said Willard at last, as they neared her house, "had Stephen Merritt any sisters?"

Miss Sally threw him a puzzled glance.

"He had one—Jean Merritt—whom I disliked and who disliked me," she said crisply. "I don't want to talk of her—she was the only woman I ever hated. I never met any of the other members of his family—his home was in a distant part of the state."

Willard stayed with Joyce so brief a time that Miss Sally viewed his departure with suspicion. This was not very lover-like conduct.

"I daresay he's like all the rest—when his aim is attained the prize loses its value," reflected Miss Sally pessimistically. "Poor Joyce—poor child! But there—there isn't a single inhar-

monious thing in his house—that is one comfort. I'm so thankful I didn't let Willard buy those brocade chairs he wanted. They would have given Joyce the nightmare."

Meanwhile, Willard rushed down to the biological station and from there drove furiously to the station to catch the evening express. He did not return until three days later when he appeared at Miss Sally's, dusty and triumphant.

"Joyce is out," said Miss Sally. "I'm glad of it," said Willard, recklessly. "It's you I want to see, Miss Sally. I have something to show you. I've been all the way home to get it."

From his pocket book Willard drew something folded and creased and yellow that looked like a letter. He opened it carefully and, holding it in his fingers, looked over it at Miss Sally.

"My grandmother's maiden name was Jean Merritt," he said deliberately, "and Stephen Merritt was my great uncle. I never saw him—he died when I was a child—but I've heard my father speak of him often."

Miss Sally turned very pale. She passed her cobwebby handkerchief across her lips and her hand trembled. Willard went on.

"My uncle never married. He and his sister Jean lived together until her late marriage. I was not very fond of my grandmother. She was a selfish, domineering woman—very unlike the grandmother of tradition. When she died everything she possessed came to me, as my father, her only child, was then dead. In looking over a box of old papers I found a letter—an old love letter. I read it with some interest, wondering whose it could be and how it came among grandmother's private letters. It was signed 'Stephen,' so that I guessed my great uncle had been the writer, but I had no idea who the Sally was to whom it was written, until the other day. Then I knew it was you—and I went home to bring you your letter—the letter you should have received long ago. Why you did not receive it I cannot explain. I fear that my grandmother must have been to

blame for that—she must have intercepted and kept the letter in order to part her brother and you. In so far as I can I wish to repair the wrong she has done you. I know it can never be repaired—but at least I think this letter will take the bitterness out of the memory of your lover."

He dropped the letter in Miss Sally's lap and went away.

Pale, Miss Sally picked it up and read it. It was from Stephen Merritt to "dearest Sally," and contained a frank, manly avowal of love. Would she be his wife? If she would, let her write and tell him so. But if she did not and could not love him, let her silence reveal the bitter fact; he would wish to spare her the pain of putting her refusal into words, and if she did not write he would understand that she was not for him.

When Willard and Joyce came back into the twilight room they found Miss Sally still sitting by the table, her head leaning pensively on her hand. She had been crying—the cobwebby handkerchief lay beside her, wrecked and ruined forever—but she looked very happy.

"I wonder if you knew what you have done for me," she said to Willard. "But no—you can't know—you can't realise it fully. It means everything to me. You have taken away my humiliation and restored to me my pride of womanhood. He really loved me—he was not false—he was what I believed him to be. Nothing else matters to me at all now. Oh, I am very happy—but it would never have been if I had not consented to give you Joyce."

She rose and took their hands in hers, joining them.

"God bless you, dears," she said softly. "I believe you will be happy and that your love for each other will always be true and faithful and tender. Willard, I give you my dear child in perfect trust and confidence."

With her yellowed love letter clasped to her heart, and a rapturous shine in her eyes, Miss Sally went out of the room.

MYSTERY OF THE TOWER

(Continued from Page 12).

"Then she is very kind, you say?"
"Yes, miss. She is good to everybody."

Margaret hesitated over the next question, and her hand trembled so that for a moment she could not pursue her drawing.

"And she built this church?"
"All her own money, miss. She loves it, and she gives a lot to it, and for all that she is not like some I have seen; she doesn't try to have everything her own way."

"A curse on her who built it." The words rang in Margaret's ears. What connection was there between her vindictive father and this lady described by people in the train, and by this woman, as so kind and gentle?

Margaret awoke to realisation of the part she was playing. She plied her pencil with renewed ardour, then called the woman to her side. She had put in sufficient lines that the elaborate Corinthian capital could be recognized.

The woman was pleased with her dexterity, and said so.

"Ten minutes more work," said Margaret, "and it will be much better. They said something in the train—I heard them talking—about an accident here."

"An accident, miss!"
"Yes, a young man found—"

Margaret's face was white, and her lips were pressed tightly together, but she went on drawing as though her whole soul was absorbed in her work.

"Oh yes, miss; that shows how kind Lady Yatton is. She was taking a walk out here late in the evening—she likes to do that, miss, just to have a look at the church when she has it all to herself. She heard groans and she came into the churchyard, and she found a young man lying there quite out of his senses. She knocked up two of her men-servants, and had him taken into her house, never hesitating. That is what I call being truly good; don't you think so, miss?"

"Yes, I do. And is he still there?"
"Yes, miss. Most ladies would have sent him to hospital, but not Lady Yatton."

"What had happened? How did he get there?" asked Margaret, intently studying her drawing.

"You may well ask that, miss. No one knows. His hands and feet were very much cut about, and he had hurt his head as though he had fallen."

"Fallen—from where?"
"I don't know, miss. He doesn't know himself, that's my opinion of it. You see, miss—that's what makes it so much kinder of Lady Yatton—he had had a drop too much."

"Oh!" exclaimed Margaret. She did not know whether the exclamation was one of relief or regret. She lost interest for the moment, convinced that this "good-looking person" could not have been Percy Marshall.

"You miss Dr. Connan?" she said, suddenly.

"Oh, you know about him, miss?"

Margaret pretended to laugh. "The truth is," she said, "that I am a complete stranger. I came here by the purest accident, because I saw this beautiful spire in the distance, and I wanted to see it near by."

"I can see you know what's what, miss. But about Dr. Connan?"

"The people in the train spoke of him, that's all. I heard that he had disappeared."

"He has that, miss. He was a pleasant-spoken young man, but very careless in his ways, and owed a bit of money here and there. They liked him because he had a nice way with him, and he could sing just heavenly."

"They spoke of him being at a concert on—on Monday night."

"Yes, miss. He sang—and he never came home. I ought to know, because he was lodging with me."

"Oh, with you?"
"Yes, miss. He never came to change nor anything."



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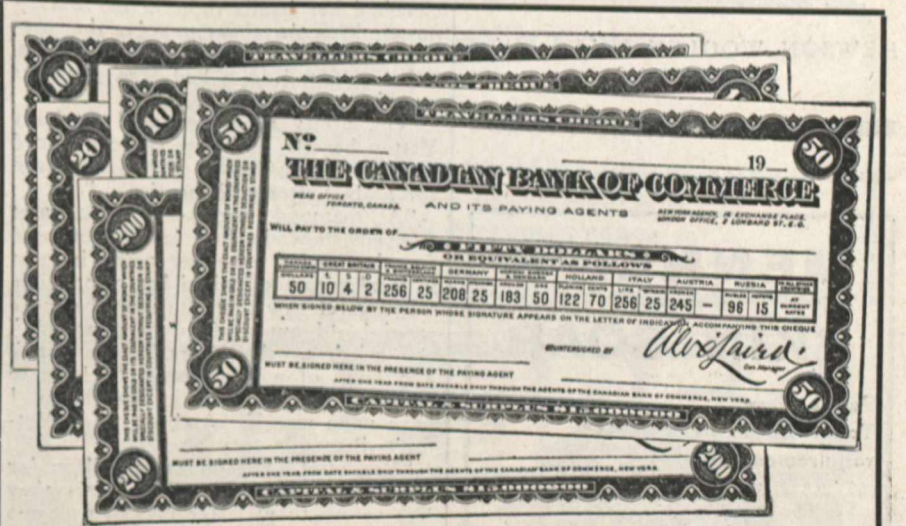
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"That is a great loss to you, surely?"
"Yes, it is that, and what with the rooms vacant—"

"There, I have finished. How do you like it?"

"It is beautiful, miss."
"I must draw the choir screen, but it needs proper paper and a board. I am a wandering artist out for a holiday. What about taking your rooms for a few days, Mrs. —?"

"Tallet is my name, miss. I should be glad to let them. It is nearly half a mile from here."

"How soon are you going?"

"I could come now, miss."

"Yes, I should like to see them, and perhaps you could give me a cup of coffee."

"I could give you some tea, miss."

"Oh, yes, that will do quite as well."

Margaret had forgotten for the instant the difference between French and English customs.

"That door," said Margaret, as they walked together out of the church—"that leads to the tower, I suppose?"

"Yes, miss."

"Could I—run up there? The view must be beautiful."

"I am very sorry. Mr. Douglas, the curate, miss, brought orders from Lady Yatton. The door is locked, and no one is allowed to go up. You see, there are some open arches in the spire, and they are not railed in yet. If it had been three days ago, now—"

"It was open before that?" said Margaret, so eagerly that Mrs. Tallett looked at her.

"Yes, always, miss."

They passed some people on the road, and Margaret's eager questions were arrested. Mrs. Tallett paused to speak to them, and as Margaret walked on she heard the name of Jennings.

"I seem to have got the whole history of the place in the railway carriage," she said, affecting a laugh as Mrs. Tallett came to her. "They said Mrs. Jennings sang well too."

Mrs. Tallett laughed cheerily. "You have got a good memory, miss," she cried. "Yes, she and Dr. Connan sang a duet. It was in the schoolroom, not far from my cottage."

"A very grand affair," said Margaret, "if everybody was in evening clothes."

"Lady Yatton got it up, miss, and she had some professionals from London, and of course Mrs. Jennings would not be behind in dress, she being very pretty, and liking to look as well as the rest of them."

"How was she dressed?" Margaret clenched her hands tight in her excitement. Was she about to solve the mystery? A man missing—evening clothes. What coloured dress had Mrs. Jennings worn?

"Oh, pretty nearly as well as Lady Yatton herself, and how she can afford it I don't see; but if it had not been for Lady Yatton's diamonds—"

"A diamond necklace!" Margaret stopped short in her excitement, and for the second time her acute interest in local gossip surprised her companion.

Margaret saw that she must be more careful. "I am so fond of diamonds," she cried, as though making a frank admission of a weakness. "I have to admire them on others, though, as I have none myself. And are Lady Yatton's diamonds very fine?"

"Yes, miss. She puts them all on for the people hereabout. She knows they like to see them. Her necklace gleams like fire."

"And Mrs. Jennings has no necklace?"

"Oh yes she has, miss, as big as Lady Yatton's, but you would know the difference if you saw them together. Some kind of white stones hers are. They both wore long silk dresses that night, the same colour, yellow."

Margaret said nothing for a long time. Two women, one cursed by her father, the other said to have disappeared, each wearing a yellow silk, each having a necklace—she was as far from a solution as ever.

"What made Lady Yatton lock the tower after it had been open so long?" she asked at length.

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"It had to do with that young gentleman she found, I think," said Mrs. Tallett. "He's been off his head, and fancies all kinds of things. I was told that he said he climbed up inside the tower and came down by the lightning rod. I looked at it yesterday after I heard that, and I laughed. There is no accounting for what a man will think when he's had a drop too much. Tallett was a good man, but he had a weakness that way himself, and the things he used to think he saw—well, miss, it would make your hair stand on end."

"What is he like, this strange young man? Do you know?"

"Yes, miss, I do that. A gentleman, they say, very good-looking, brown, as if he had been a lot out in the sun, and strong—"

"Do you know his name?" asked Margaret, in a stifled voice.

"Well, I did, miss, but I can't just recall it now. I can soon tell you. Here we are, miss," and Mrs. Tallett stood back, evidently expecting her new lodger to express the admiration which she was accustomed to hear.

Margaret pulled herself together, and looked over the low stone wall at the quaint little peaked cottage, all overgrown with pink monthly roses and white jasmine. The little garden in front was a blaze of colour, crowded with old-fashioned cabbage roses, sunflowers, hollyhocks, and many flowers that the modern gardener neglects; and the place was as sweet and clean as though it had been wrapped up in paper and laid aside for safe keeping during the winter.

"It—it is very pretty," said Margaret, trying to speak naturally, and thinking that the thumping of her heart would choke her. "I should very much like to come here."

"Jennie! Here, Jennie!" Mrs. Tallett called, as they passed into the garden.

A little red-cheeked girl, apparently about sixteen, ran out of the cottage.

"Yes, mother?"

"What's the name of the young gentleman up at the house?"

"Mr. Marshall—and, mother, they're putting him away to-morrow. Dr. Jennings says he's off his head."

"Well, I never—and him so young too. Come in, miss, come in. Jennie, this young lady is thinking of taking Dr. Connan's rooms." And Mrs. Tallett bustled into the cottage.

But Margaret could not stir one step. Her limbs refused to move. Percy Marshall—"off his head!" She bit her lip hard, to check the hysterical laugh which threatened to come. She bent over and buried her face in a fragrant crimson rose, striving to conceal her agitation.

The little maid came to her side. "Red roses smell sweet, don't they, Miss Lee," she whispered.

Margaret, utterly surprised, straightened herself, and stared at the rosy-cheeked girl.

"I was sure of it, I knew it," continued Jennie, putting a finger to her lips. "I saw your face when I spoke his name. He is calling for you all the time, miss. Wait!"

The little maid ran into the house, and Margaret heard her say that the young lady would look about the garden until tea was ready.

"Calling for me—all the time!" Margaret repeated the words aloud. Percy Marshall had not deserted her, after all, and she would not desert him.

(To be continued.)

A Book on Bass

Every country has its famous variety of sporting fish. Every province in Canada, nearly, has a different species. In Ontario there are three—trout, lunge and black bass. Of bass, there are two varieties, the large-mouthed and the small-mouthed. The latter is the gamiest, and that explains why a sober but athletic professor of the University of Toronto has written a volume about it. To W. J. Loudon be given due credit, for the volume is comprehensive, well illustrated and readable. Every real fisherman should add the volume to his library. It is published by the Hunter-Rose Company.

BOVRIL

GIVES NEW LIFE AND COURAGE

BOVRIL is very quickly assimilated—that is, it at once becomes rich red blood. Therefore its sustaining and nourishing qualities are lasting.

I-11

OLD ORKNEY WHISKY

Farthest North

It is a recognized fact among distillers that the finest Scotch Whisky is produced in the Highlands of Scotland.

In the North, the art of distilling has been handed down from father to son for generations.

The Stromness Distillery—established at Orkney over a century ago—is the farthest north of any distillery in the world.

The inference is plain.

The entire production of this distillery is devoted to "Old Orkney" Whisky and every drop is bottled by us.

McCONNELL'S DISTILLERY LIMITED
Dacre House, Arundel St., London, England.
Proprietors of
STROMNESS DISTILLERY
Orkney, Scotland.

\$30,000 remains

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

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

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

For full particulars and 17th Balance Sheet write.

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

SHREDDDED

Gives You Power to Resist the Cold and Winter Diseases.

To serve—heat in oven, pour hot milk over it and salt to taste. Sold by all grocers, 13c. a carton; two for 25c.

1412

WHEAT

GANONG'S
THE FINEST **G.B.** IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES



THE PARTING GIFT
DELICIOUS YET WHOLESOME

Competition No. 3

OUR advertising competition has closed and the prize goes to A. B. Downing, Brandon. His letter gives solid reasons why he considers that the Gillette Safety Razor advertisement was the "livest" business announcement in the issue of November 5th. Perhaps he is wrong in his judgment, but that does not matter. The prize is given for the letter and his letter is good. It runs as follows:—

Brandon, Nov. 10 '10.

I believe the advertisement of the Gillette Safety Razor on Page 122 of your Nov. 5 issue is the "livest," submitting the following reasons:

1. By using a good electro the advertisement stands out so as to draw the readers' attention. On first glance it appears as one of your good photo pages and any picture so clear and attractive is bound to be noticed.

2. The letter set up in typewriter facsimile is very noticeable and looks "personal."

3. The original letter head and signature are conclusive evidence that the letter is "genuine."

4. By the person in the picture using the "Gillette" the readers' attention is held on the main object of the advertisement—"for use anytime, anywhere."

Yours truly,

A. B. DOWNING.

Among the other live advertisements mentioned by the various competitors were those of the Swan Fountain Pen, Knox's Gelatine and Old Orkney Whis-

NATIONAL TRUST CO

LIMITED

18-22 King Street East, Toronto

CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000
RESERVE.....650,000

Acts as Executor and Trustee under will.
Fund received in trust for safe investment.

Correspondence and Interviews solicited

J. W. FLAVELLE,
PRESIDENT.

W. T. WHITE,
GENERAL MGR.

VANCOUVER ISLAND

"THE GREAT BRITAIN OF THE PACIFIC"

ASPECT

Southern part of Island resembles Kent and Devonshire. Fruit and flowers.

CLIMATE

Sunshiny, equable — no extremes.

OPPORTUNITIES

Good health, good living and good profits for ambitious men with small capital ("A fine chance for the boys") in business, professions, fruit-growing, poultry, farming, manufacturing, lands, timber, mining, railroads, navigation, fisheries, new towns.

INVESTMENTS

Safe at 6 per cent.

For authentic information and new illustrated booklets, write

VANCOUVER ISLAND DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE

Room A 125, Broughton Street - VICTORIA, B. C.



SOME of the sweetest stories of life have been told in the passing of a dainty bit of jewelry from one person to another—stories without words, filled with sentiment.

Do you want to tell such a story?

We have the mediums—charming and elegant—diamond rings, necklaces brooches, bangles and pins, etc., in greater assortments than ever.

KENTS' LIMITED
Diamond Merchants
144 YONGE ST.
TORONTO



WINTER SUITS and OVERCOATS

We make the cloth and we make the clothes. You save ENORMOUSLY and secure the finest materials in dealing direct with us. Suits and Overcoats to measure from \$5.10 to \$14.10. Cloth supplied 49c per yard up. Value and fit

guaranteed. Write for Cloth Samples, Measurement Charts and Style Books, mailed free to any part of Canada, less duties and carriage.
C. E. Brierly & Co., 54 Station St., Huddersfield, Eng.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
OFFICE OF GENERAL ADVERTISING AGENT

H. R. CHARLTON
MONTREAL, QUE., September 28th, 1910.
Mr. A. J. Pittman,
Manager, Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Ltd.,
65 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.
Dear Mr. Pittman:
I am sending to you with this letter a photograph taken at Jones River, British Columbia, about 240 miles west of Edmonton, and in the Rocky Mountains just west of the Yellowhead Pass. The photograph, I think, will be of interest to you as it shows one of your razors in action. I carried one of your metallic hair knives on the tour that I made from Wolf Creek, Alberta, to the end of the street of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, to Fort George, British Columbia, and return, covering a distance of about three hundred miles on horseback and 300 miles in canoe as far as Fort George, but in all, after leaving Montreal, nearly 2,000 miles. The razor was a great comfort, and though I never used a safety razor before, I found it indispensable before I got through with the trip. Would not do without one now.
Yours sincerely,
H. R. Charlton.

key. All three were clever ads., but the writers were fairly beaten. On a voting basis, the Gillette adv. would have won easily.

We offer a year's subscription to the person who sends us the best hundred-word letter describing what to them is the "most businesslike" advertisement in this issue. There will be a second prize of a half year's subscription. The competition closes December 7th. Address, "Advertising Competition No. 5, Canadian Courier, Toronto."

Canada's Greatest Growing Market

Locate your Western Factory in the Central City of Canada where you can get Cheap Power, cheap sites, low taxation, plentiful supply of raw materials, best of labor conditions, unexcelled railway facilities, and the support of a community who recognize the importance of its industrial development.

Reports furnished free on the manufacturing possibilities of any line of industry by addressing CHARLES F. ROLAND, Industrial Commissioner, Winnipeg Canada.

= WINNIPEG =

MR. R. J. C. STEAD'S volume of verse, "The Empire Builders," has gone into its third edition. This is a great tribute to the work of this "Poet of the Prairies." Mr. Stead will contribute a bit of excellent prose to the Christmas Canadian Courier. It is entitled, "The Fellow Who Won't Be Beat."

Any one who has not read "The Old Loyalist," by A. R. Davis, which was issued last year, will find it both entertaining and instructive. Dr. Davis has had special facilities for studying the history of the United Empire Loyalist, on which his novel is based.

Prof. Blewett, whose portrait appears elsewhere, is a Victoria University professor who has just had the honour of delivering the Taylor lectures for 1911 at Yale. Prof. Blewett has many warm friends who expect even greater things of him.

The Scrap Book

Another Secret Out.

"WHY do you always put a pitcher of water and a glass on the table before an orator?"
 "That," said the chairman of many reception committees, "is to give him something to do in case he forgets his piece and has to stop and think."
Washington Evening Star.

Knew His Limit.

"BOY," called out the driver of the eight-horse team, reining up with a flourish in front of the country inn, "come and hold my horses a moment, will you?" "Hold 'em yourself," answered the boy; "I ain't no octopus."

War of the Future.

THE intrepid general was rallying her wavering female troops.
 "Will you," she fiercely demanded, "show the white feather in a season when feathers are not worn?"
 "Never!" roared the soldiery. And, forming fast into battle array, they once more hurled themselves upon the enemy.—*Wasp.*



Cabby (badly worsted in the dispute). "Well, I 'opes as the nex' four-wheeler yer tikes, Mum, will be an 'earse!"—*Punch.*

Avoiding Perjury.

PATIENCE—"And was the judge considerate? Practice—"Very; he asked me my age before he swore me."

Danger of a Square Deal.

THE political boss of a small western city drove his buckboard at top speed down the main street on the morning of an election.
 "Hey, Johnnie!" he yelled to his son, "git down in the fourth ward quick! There's people down there votin' as they blame please!"—*Success.*

Anything to Oblige.

LADY guest: What do you do in case of fire?
 Clerk (ringing bell): One moment, madam. (To bellboy): Set the hotel on fire for this lady.—*Life.*

Could Dip His Pen In It.

"MAMA wishes you to enter papa's factory, darling. That would do away with all his unwillingness."
 "But, dearest, I'm a poet."
 "All the better. You can write verses for the advertisements of our vinegar."
 —*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Significant Apology.

THERE is in Congress a western representative of Celtic origin, who has more than once "stirred up the animals" by his propensity to bait the opposition.
 On one occasion he rose to denounce the statements made in a speech that



You have never before had any certainty of fit and wear when you bought hosiery. You had to take your chances.

You no longer need do that. For now, at some reliable store near you, you can choose the hosiery that is GUARANTEED—Pen-Angle Hosiery.

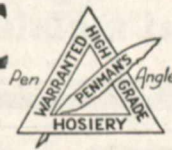
We can safely guarantee Pen-Angle Hosiery for several reasons. In our gigantic mills we knit this hosiery on

machines for which we have the sole Canadian rights.

With these machines we fit the hosiery to the exact form of the leg, ankle and foot—without a seam!

You need no argument to see that seamless hosiery must be more comfortable than the seamful, foot-wearing kind.

PEN-ANGLE HOSIERY



Don't forget the name, or how the trademark looks.

FOR LADIES

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

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

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

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

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

FOR MEN

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

ORDER THIS WAY

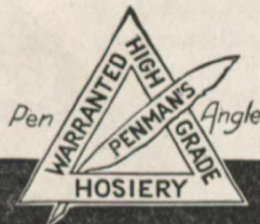
Ask at the store first. If they cannot supply you, state number, size of shoe or stocking and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. Remember we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box. BE SURE TO MENTION SIZE.

READ THIS REMARKABLE GUARANTEE

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

ADDRESS AS BELOW:

Penmans Limited



Dept. 40
Paris, Canada

By Special Appointment

CHRISTMAS GIFTS At Lowest Belfast Prices

Our Illustrated Price List contains a choice selection of charming and useful articles which would give lasting pleasure to your friends.

May We Mail you a Copy Free?
 Pure Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs hemstitched and embroidered by hand, with any one initial, only \$1.45 per doz. Hand embroidered Linen Bags from 25c. each. Tea Cloths, Doilies, Lace Goods, etc.

MURPHY & ORR
 Box 111, Belfast, Ireland

May also be obtained from the Canadian Courier
 12 Wellington St. E., Toronto.



SNAP

is the greatest thing made for removing grime, ink, fruit stains, etc., from the hands. Composed of neutral oils, powdered pumice and glycerine.

Avoid imitations.

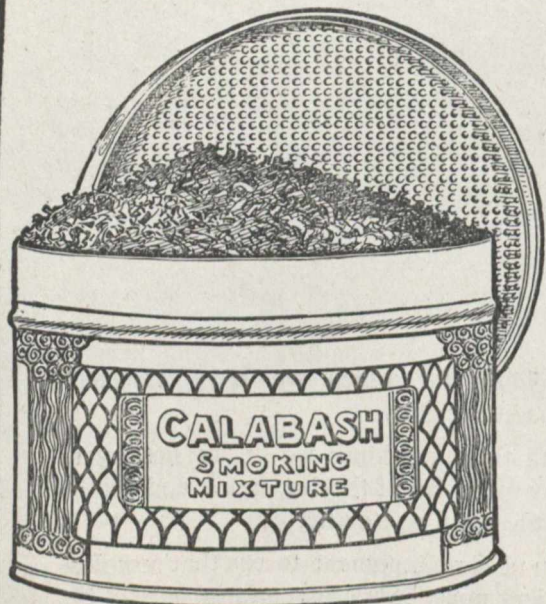
Get the genuine SNAP in Blue and White Cans

The Quality of CALABASH

HIGH GRADE

SMOKING MIXTURE

Makes it an ideal pipe tobacco.



Every tin is equipped with patent moistener.

2 Oz. Tin Costs 25c.
4 Oz. Tin Costs 40c
8 Oz. Tin Costs 75c.
16 Oz. Tin Costs \$1.50

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

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers
stop the meanest, nastiest, most persistent headaches in half an hour or less. We guarantee that they contain no opium, morphine or other poisonous drugs. 25c. a box at your druggists', or by mail from
National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

Preston Steel Ceilings

SUPERIOR ACOUSTIC PROPERTIES

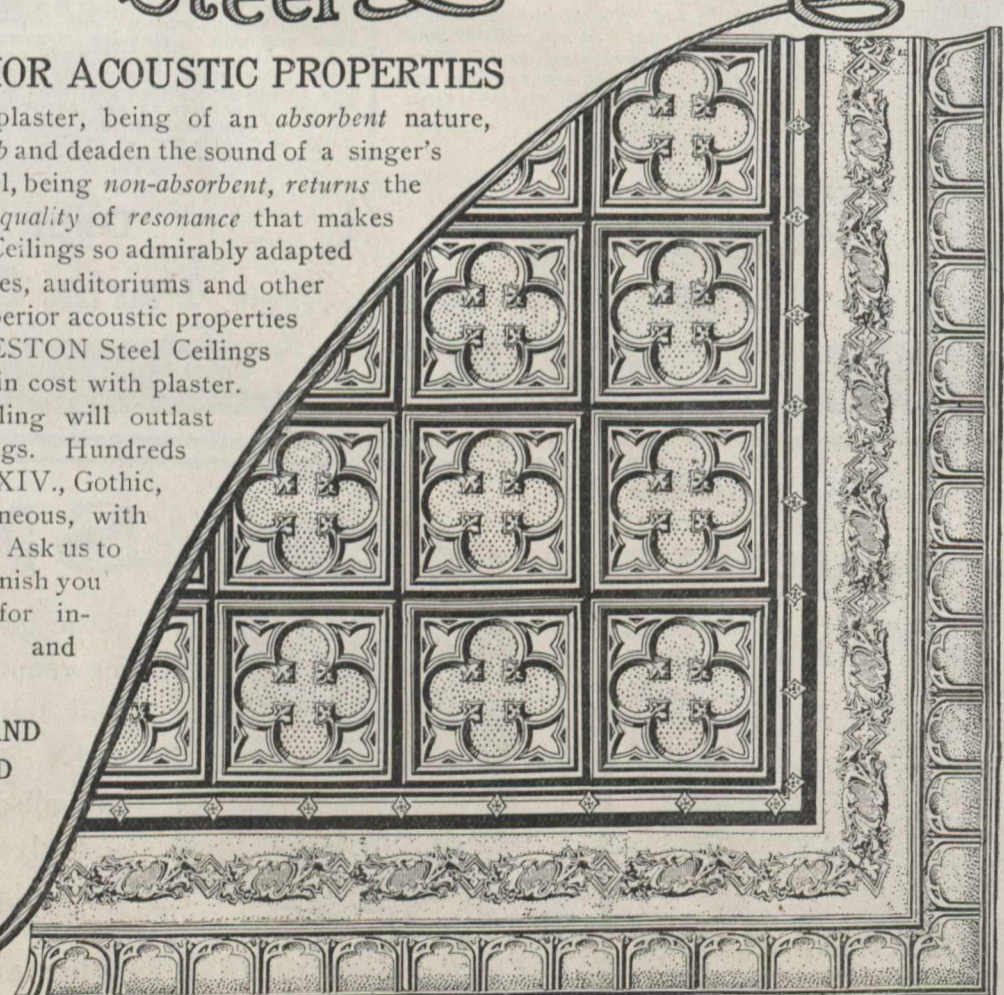
Wood and plaster, being of an *absorbent* nature, naturally *absorb* and deaden the sound of a singer's voice. But steel, being *non-absorbent*, *returns* the sound. It's *this quality of resonance* that makes PRESTON Steel Ceilings so admirably adapted for schools, churches, auditoriums and other buildings where superior acoustic properties are desirable. PRESTON Steel Ceilings compare favorably in cost with plaster. And one steel ceiling will outlast many plaster ceilings. Hundreds of designs in Louis XIV., Gothic, Colonial, Miscellaneous, with sidewalls to match. Ask us to have our experts furnish you with suggestions for interior decorations, and estimates on same.

METAL SHINGLE AND SIDING CO., LIMITED

PRESTON, ONTARIO

Branch Office and Factory
Montreal, Quebec

12



For sale by G. P. BRECKON & CO. - Rear, 210 Victoria Street, Toronto

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

had been delivered by a member of the other party. His impetuosity led him to phrase his remarks rather strongly. "Order, order!" exclaimed the Speaker, pounding with his gavel. Again, in a minute or two, did the son of Erin return to his charge of wilful misstatement. Again was he called to "order."

It was a critical moment. His colleagues, for motives of policy, did not wish him to be put out of the debate, so they hinted so by tugging vigorously at his coat tails.

Now, it is a very dangerous matter to trifle with the tails of an Irishman's coat, save in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good-humoured member recognised the command of his party and sat down after delivering his Parthian dart:

"I obey the ruling of the House, and I beg to retract what I was about to observe!"

That one touch of Irish oratory took the whole house by storm.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

* * *

The Point of View.

THE stranger laid down four aces and scooped in the pot.

"This game ain't on the level," protested Sagebrush Sam, at the same time producing a gun to lend force to his accusation. "That ain't the hand I dealt ye!"—*Everybody's.*

* * *

Proof of Improvement.

DYING Millionaire—"I think I must be a little better to-day, doctor—all my relations look so miserable!"

* * *



THE HAPPY MEDIUM

Squire's Daughter: "By the way; do you spell your name with a large or a small 'N,' Mrs. McNab?"
Villager: "Oh, middlin' large, Miss."—*M.A.P.*

* * *

Wants a Clean Sea.

CHOLLY—"Ah, Adolphus, deah boy, you've been having your dip 'in the briny' awf'ly early to-day." Adolphus—"Yes, old chappie; it's a beastly nuisance having to get up so soon, but one can't go bathing after a mob of others have been in the sea, don't you know!"

* * *

The Limit In Conceit.

"THAT man Pufferton has a very supercilious manner." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "He can't even say 'it's a pleasant day' without seeming to patronise the climate."—*Washington Star.*

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Every Day a Jonah Day.

SHE—"Do you think it's unlucky to get married on a Friday?" He—"Of course. Why should Friday be an exception?"

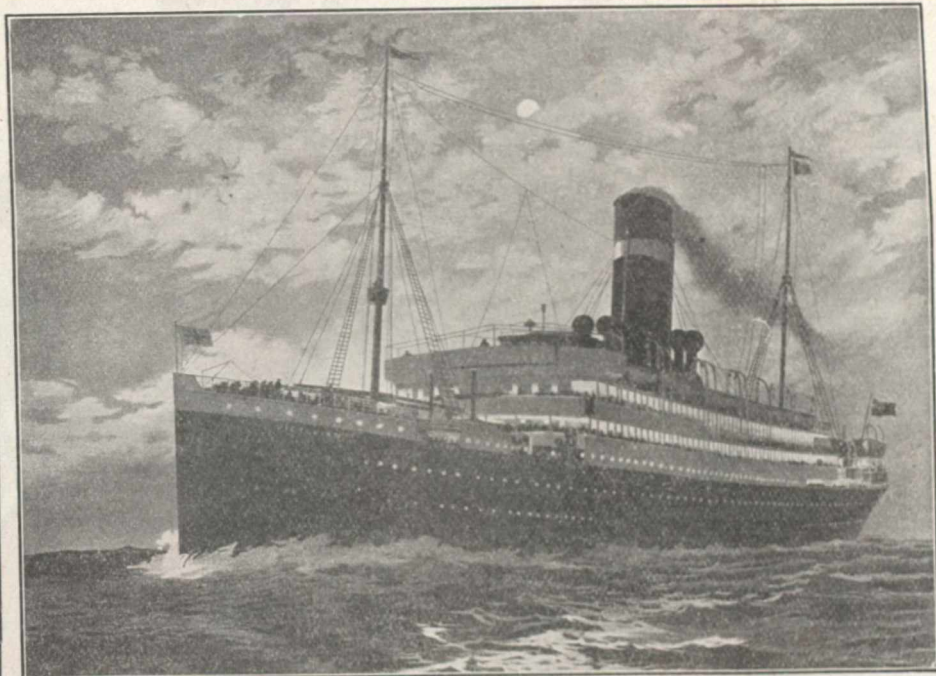
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Behind the Fashions.

"SO you are really a cowboy from Arizona," exclaimed the romantic young woman. "Why, you are not a bit picturesque."

"I'm sorry," replied the cowboy, "but you see I have had very little time to study up the fiction in the magazines."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Allan Line Steamship Co. Ltd. ESTABLISHED 1854



Turbine R.M.S. Victorian, 12,000 Tons

ROYAL MAIL SERVICE

St. John, N.B., and Halifax, N.S.
To Liverpool.

STEAMERS:

Victorian, Virginian,
Corsican, Tunisian
Grampian, Hesperian.

6 Steamers - Tonnage 66076

OTHER SERVICES

St. John to London via Havre
Portland to Glasgow
Boston to Glasgow

For full information, rates, sailings (Summer Sailings, 1911 from the St. Lawrence,) apply:—

H. & A. Allan,
General Agents,
Montreal.

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Virginian	from St. John,	November 25th	Halifax,	November 26th
Tunisian	“	December 3rd	Direct	
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“Ideal Ships for Winter Trips”

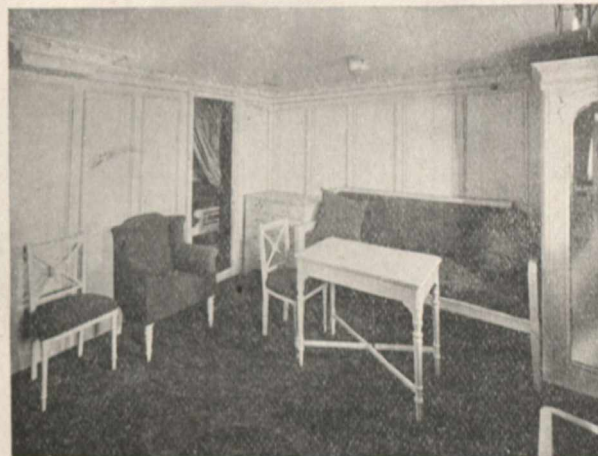
THE BEST SERVICE

You can make the best time between

TORONTO
MONTREAL and OTTAWA
on the

CANADIAN PACIFIC 10:00 P.M. TRAIN
From **NORTH TORONTO STATION**
(Daily except Sunday)

Through sleepers Montreal and Ottawa
ARRIVES MONTREAL 7:00 A.M.



Sitting Room, Private Apartment Royal Edward

The quiet elegance, comfort and exclusiveness of the suites of private apartments on the Royal Edward and Royal George---the fastest and finest appointed steamers on the St. Lawrence route---are unexcelled by anything on the Atlantic. If you are anticipating a trip to Europe, write for particulars regarding these private suites; the slightness of the extra cost will surprise you. All steamship agents or Wm. Phillips, Acting Traffic Manager, Canadian Northern Steamships Ltd., Toronto. Ticket offices, 52-54 King St. E



The Grand Trunk Railway System

IS THE ONLY LINE REACHING

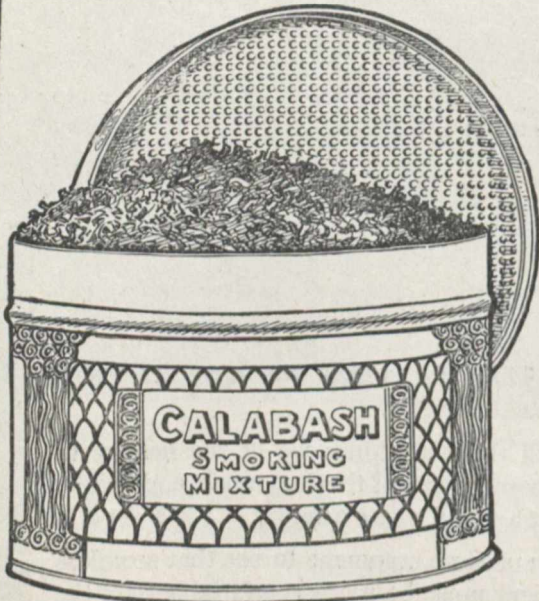
Two of the Leading Health Resorts
IN AMERICA

"St. Catharines Well," the Famous Salt Springs, St. Catharines, Ont.
Mount Clemens, Mich., the Mineral Bath City.
Both of these places are Famous Health Resorts.

Write to J. D. McDONALD, Union Station, Toronto, or to J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, for finely illustrated descriptive advertising matter of these resorts giving all information, hotel rates, etc.

W. E. DAVIS, G. T. BELL, GEO. W. VAUX,
Passenger Traffic Manager, Ass't Passenger Traffic Manager, General Passenger Agent,
Montreal. Montreal. Montreal.

The Quality of CALABASH



Every tin is equipped with patent moistener.

HIGH GRADE SMOKING MIXTURE

Makes it an ideal pipe tobacco.

2 Oz. Tin Costs 25c.
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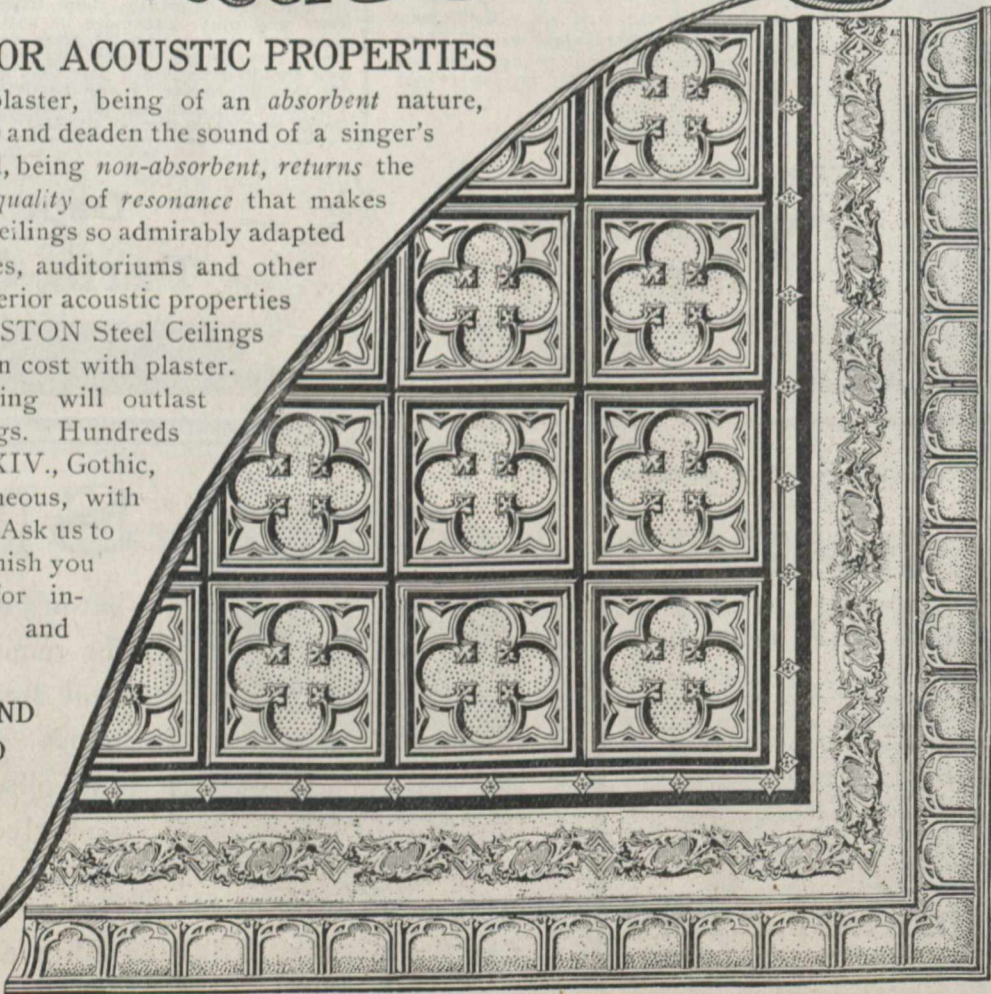
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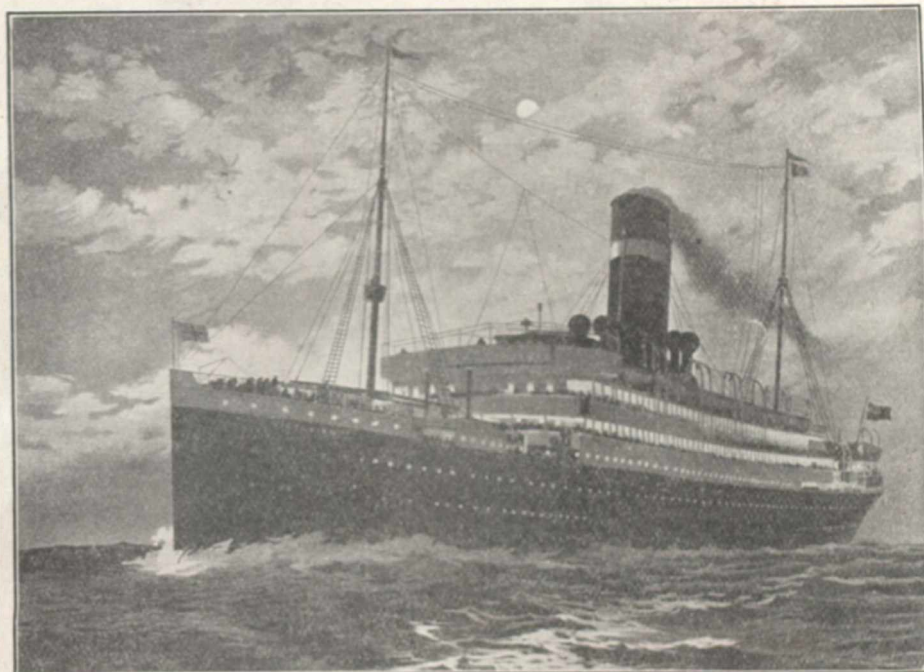
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Allan Line Steamship Co. Ltd. ESTABLISHED 1854



Turbine R.M.S. Victorian, 12,000 Tons

ROYAL MAIL SERVICE

St. John, N.B., and Halifax, N.S.
To Liverpool.

STEAMERS:

Victorian, Virginian,
Corsican, Tunisian
Grampian, Hesperian.

6 Steamers - Tonnage 66076

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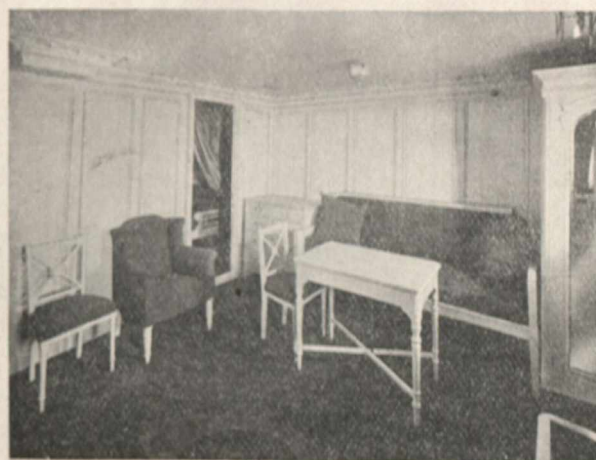
THE BEST SERVICE

You can make the best time between

TORONTO
MONTREAL and OTTAWA
on the

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