

The Canadian **C**ourier

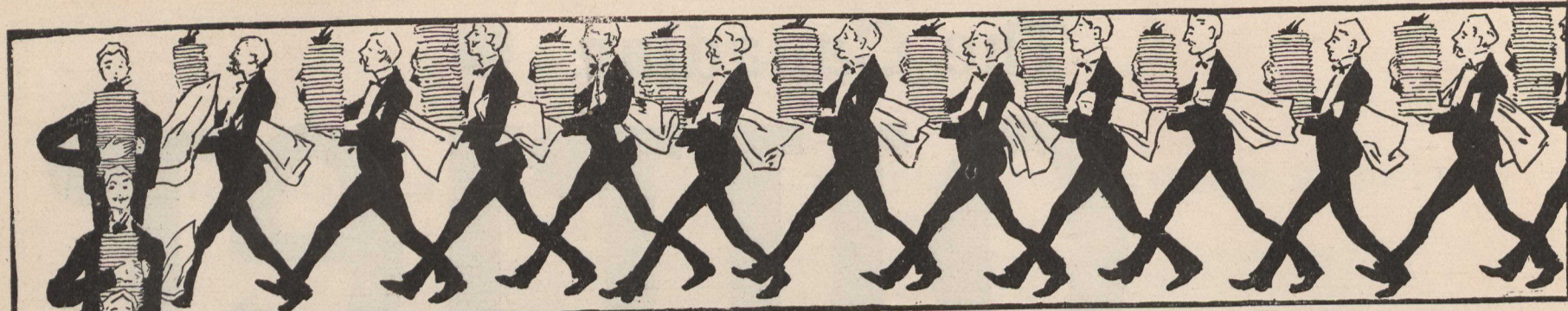
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



HALLOW-E'EN

Design by N. Dorrien.

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,
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DINNERWARE FOR EVERYBODY

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English Semi-porcelain Dinner Sets, in conventional design of green festoons; heavy gold edge on blue band; full dinner, tea and breakfast set of 115 pieces. Special at..... **35.00**

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English Semi-porcelain, clover leaf pattern; full dinner, tea and breakfast set of 120 pieces. Regular \$11.00. Sale Price... **6.38**

95 Pieces Royal Doulton for \$25.00

Royal Doulton Semi-porcelain; 95-piece composition; in conventional patterns of greens and yellows; white body **25.00**

107 Pieces Royal Doulton for \$28.00

Royal Doulton, famous "India tree" pattern, of 107 pieces; full dinner, tea and breakfast set **28.00**

95 Pieces Royal Doulton for \$17.50

Royal Doulton, ivory body, conventional design; 95-piece composition; full dinner and tea service; gold edges **17.50**

A \$35.00 Set for \$26.70

Lanternier's famous Coronet "Limoge" China Dinnerware; in full dinner, tea and breakfast sets of 102 pieces. Regular \$36.00. Sale price **26.70**

A \$20.00 Set for \$14.75

Austrian China, "bridal rose" pattern, full dinner sets, 102 pieces. Regular value \$22.50 special at \$16.90, and 98 pieces, regular value \$19.60. Sale price **14.75**

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A 98-piece set of same design. Sold regularly at \$12.50. Sale price 7.95

A \$125.00 Set for \$50.00

Hand-painted Dinner Set of 102 pieces; full dinner, tea and breakfast sets; antique gold finished edges and bands. Regular price \$125.00. Sale price **50.00**

95 Pieces Royal Doulton for \$12.00

Royal Doulton Semi-porcelain, "Madras" blue; full dinner and tea service of 95 pieces. Big value at **12.00**

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3,000 pieces Fancy Japanese China, including Chocolate Pots, Berry Bowls, Nut Bowls, Berry Sets, Bread and Butter Sets, Celery Trays. Regular up to \$4.00. Sale price **.98**

Japanese Cups, Saucers and Plates. Regular \$1.00 value. Sale price **.20**

95 Pieces Old Blue Doulton for \$15.00

Doulton "Old Blue Norfolk," underglaze decoration; full dinner and tea service of 95 pieces. A surprise at **15.00**

97 Pieces Semi-Porcelain at \$12.50

English Semi-porcelain Service of 97 pieces with Greek border and double gold line. **12.50**

97 Pieces Semi-Porcelain at \$11.50

English Semi-porcelain Service of 97 pieces, in conventional design of festooned blue and gold edges **11.50**

Another Handsome Set at \$11.50

English Semi-porcelain Service of 97 pieces in conventional, green festoons and gold edges **11.50**

A \$125.00 Set for \$76.00

Royal Bayreuth, 102-piece combination; beautiful, clear white china body, with en-crustured gold edges in Greek; regular pattern. Regular \$125.00. Sale price.... **76.00**

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Theodore Haviland's famous China, in dinner, tea and breakfast sets of 102 pieces. The name Haviland is a guarantee of the quality of the china, and the decoration is conventional, in brown and green, with antique gold handles and bands. Special price **55.00**

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Chas. Field Haviland Dinnerware, 102-piece composition; background of sprays in soft natural green tones, with clusters of pink roses; stippled antique gold edges and handles. Regular \$49.90. Sale price..... **34.80**

Three Leaders at \$10.75

"Grindley's" Famous Semi-porcelain Dinner ware; white and gold; full service of 97 pieces **10.75**

"Grindley's" Cobalt blue and gold, in maple leaf design; full service of 97 pieces..... **10.75**

Grindley's" dark blue, illuminated with gold, full service of 97 pieces **10.75**

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14-inch Cut Glass Vases, prettily designed in shape and handsomely cut in combination star pattern. Regular \$25. Sale price **10.50**

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Cut Glass Bowls, 8-inch; beautifully cut. Regular \$9.00. Sale price **3.69**

Cut Glass Fruit Nappies, 5-inch plain top star and flute cutting. Regular \$1.75. Sale price **1.10**

THE ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO CANADA

THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

Published at 61 Victoria Street, Toronto, by The Courier Press, Limited

Subscription: Canada and Great Britain, \$4.00 a Year; United States, \$5.00 a Year

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PUBLISHER'S TALK

EVIDENCE is accumulating that the women of Canada are reading the "Canadian Courier" fairly closely. One lady tells us that she reads this journal more regularly than any other periodical or newspaper. And she gave her reason. "I am a busy woman, with considerable housekeeping and many outside duties. I cannot find the time to read the daily newspapers. They contain too much that is unimportant. I read the 'Courier' thoroughly and it gives me a general review of the larger events all over Canada."

A LADY school-teacher in Stratford writes that she finds the "Canadian Courier" most useful to her. In the first place, she cuts the coloured covers off and uses them for wall decorations with simple framing devices. She gets much useful information which helps her in her class-work, especially in history and geography. And finally, the Children's Column furnishes her with suitable material for her Friday afternoon entertainments.

THIS week we announce a competition in which we ask our readers to take a deep interest. If every person will help, the result cannot fail to be of great interest as well as decided value. Who are Canada's Ten Biggest Men? is a question well worth considering. The voting may not decide it absolutely, but we hope it will be sufficiently broad and comprehensive to provide a good working basis for future investigators. The smaller provinces will have to do more voting than the larger provinces in order that their "favourite sons" shall not be too far down in the list. The progress of the voting will be indicated from week to week as it progresses.



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1908

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J. W. GREENWAY,
Commissioner of
Dominion Lands, Ottawa.

28th September, 1908.

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E2-302. Natural Muskrat Lining of fine full furred spring skins, evenly matched, black beaver cloth shell, collar of fine dark Otter, as cut, 50 inches long..... **55.00**



E2-303. Natural Muskrat Lining, full furred spring skins, evenly matched, black beaver shell, collar of extra choice Persian Lamb, as cut, 50 inches long..... **55.00**

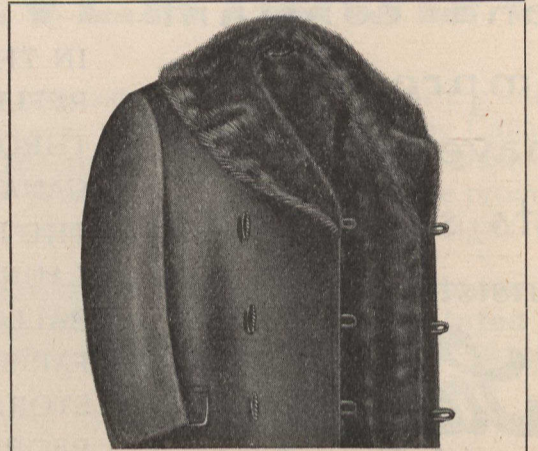
STYLISH COATS

This cut shows the style, fit and general appearance of all coats on this page, they have the broad shoulder effect and the body and skirt are full and loose without being "baggy." They have style, backed up by expert workmanship, the best trimmings are used, all buttons are double stayed, and the fronts reinforced with canvas, the linings fit the shells, lying smooth, and the collars fit perfectly, all coats are 50 inches long, sizes 38 to 50 chest measurement.

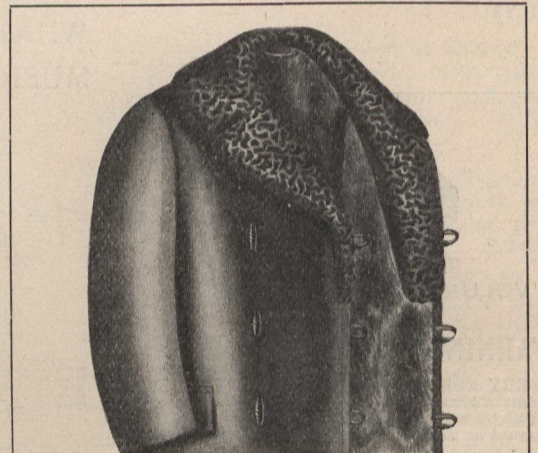
**50
Inches
Long** **65.⁰⁰**



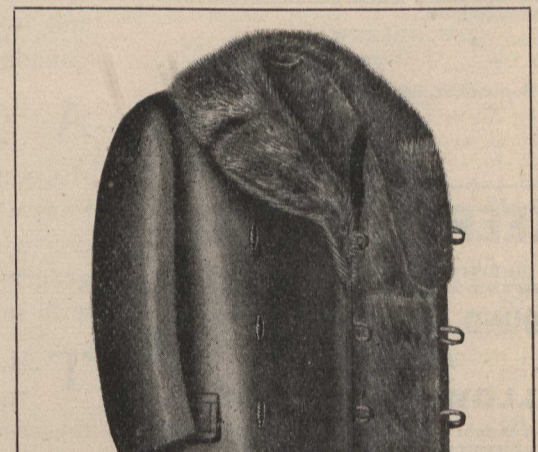
E2-300. This coat is lined with prime full furred No. 1 Spring Muskrat, perfectly matched, shell is of fine quality black beaver cloth, and collar is of choice dark Otter, as cut **65.⁰⁰**



E2-304. Natural Mink Lining, fine selected skins, well matched, black beaver shell, choice dark Otter collar, a light weight and handsome **115.00** coat, 50 inches long.....



E2-305. Natural Muskrat Lining, fine full furred skins, well matched, black beaver shell and Persian Lamb collar, as cut, 50 inches long..... **47.50**



E2-306. Marmot Lining, this fur closely resembles mink, and is very serviceable, shell of black beaver with collar of German Otter, as cut, 50 inches long..... **30.00**

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Vol. IV.

Toronto, October 31st, 1908.

No. 22

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW

IT is probably a mere coincidence of travel that the two peers of the realm, Lords Milner and Northcliffe, have been in Canada during a general election; and that on the day of election both were in the capital city of Ontario. There will perhaps be a few unsuspecting scribes who will not see in this any political significance. Both these noblemen have been saying things out loud; both have



Lord Milner and Sir William Meredith crossing the Lawn at the University of Toronto.

decisive opinions as to Canadian nationality and both seem to be men of strong convictions; but neither has intimated whether the Halifax platform or Laurierism is better for Canada. The public seems to know more about Lord Northcliffe, who in spite of his title has always been a man of the public. Lord Milner though quite as public a man has never catered to the populace so cleverly as the only and original Harmsworth, whose newspapers and other publications number more than a score in the United Kingdom; who owns vast forests of pulpwood in Newfoundland where he is regarded as the possible pooh-bah in succession to the late Sir George Reid. Lord Northcliffe has the distinction of having made British journalism a trade. He does not deny this. He has made a gospel of success quite as profoundly as Mr. Hearst, whom in a manner he resembles in his journalistic methods, though not perhaps in his ethics. He began journalism by being an office boy in the publication known as *Tit-bits*; by the time he was twenty-one he had stepped into the public eye through the medium of a publication which went *Tit-bits* one better—the peculiarly Harmsworthian thing known as *Answers*, which began life by publishing all sorts and conditions of questions on all manner of subjects, and answering the same. *Answers* sold for a halfpenny, thus upsetting the traditions of dignified, sixpenny journalism and preparing the way for the first halfpenny newspaper in the United Kingdom, the *London Daily Mail*. More millions of people now read the Harmsworth publications than read even the Hearst sheets in the United States. Mr. Harmsworth had the advantage of a dense population easily accessible; and a huge music-hall clientele who had just the sort of conditions to face in life that Harmsworth understood.

By business methods applied to journalism Mr. Harmsworth became first a baronet; then entered the House of Lords. The fact that his journalistic rival, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, failed to reach a peerage seems to make Lord Northcliffe's promotion all the more strange. Many were of the opinion that the originator of *Answers* and the *London Daily Mail* would not value a seat among peers of the realm. But this is one of the Harmsworth ways of measuring success. He understands that the public to whom his papers speak every day set more store by a lord than by a baronet. It is good business for Lord Northcliffe to be lord; nevertheless he is not quite the sort of lord that some of the hereditary titulars are.

Withal this Northcliffe is an able man; a dazzling gentleman in journalism who has carried trade principles as far as they will go

into professional life. In his business methods he is said to have no regard for personalities or for his own relations; expects every man to prove his worth by carrying out the Harmsworth gospel. In his public utterances in Canada he has exhibited profound shrewdness and common sense. He had nothing to say about ideals of national life. Assuming that the main thing in a new country is trade, he talked of trade. For the Canada of the next fifty years he has great respect. He struck no wail of lament over the need for more poetry and art galleries and national music; but he spoke eloquently of investments, of population, of organisation and of capital. And when he had finished there was no man to say he had inspired a single sentiment beyond the confines of the blue-books.

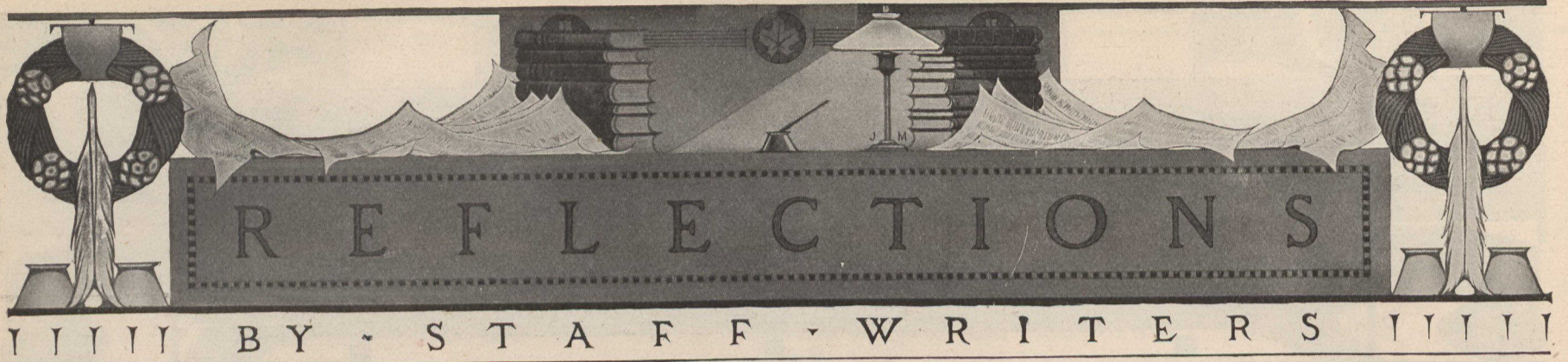
SOMEWHAT different that other journalist, Lord Milner, who has already spoken several times in Canada and who has succeeded in arousing much enthusiasm not merely for the trade that follows the flag but for the flag that floats over an Empire. He spoke not as a journalist or a tradesman, but as a statesman; as one who in various parts of the Empire has seen the rise and fall of peoples, the upbuilding of great colonies and the growth of great political ideas. He spoke of political architects; realising that in Canada there are a few of these builders as well as in England. He dwelt upon the vast extent of the country which to him, even without the Maritime Provinces which he had not seen, seemed like four countries in one. While he alluded to trade and to war he laid great stress on development of national character. To him it was profoundly significant that Halifax is nearer Liverpool than to Vancouver and Victoria. The romance of history and of geography in Canada—he saw it; and though he said nothing about Lord Strathcona, who was freely alluded to by Lord Northcliffe as one of the builders and organisers of Canada, he saw in the imagination the vast country which for so many years that great man administered under the authority of a great trading organisation.

So far as the eloquence of personality is concerned, Lord Milner will be remembered in Canada when Lord Northcliffe will be forgotten. Millions of Canadians may yet read the Harmsworth publications; but when millions of these are dead and the papers are to be found on every news-stand from Halifax to Victoria, the man Harmsworth will be remembered as a great organiser whose chief idea of empire was a huge business organisation and whose gospel was trade and success. But the former Under-Secretary for Finance in Egypt, and the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope and of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, and Commissioner for South Africa during the period when a great war and great political ideas were in the public imagination—he will be remembered as one who had bigger thoughts of empire than as a maker of trade.

THE Hon. Mr. Brodeur has the distinction of being the only member of the Laurier administration and the only Liberal candidate to be elected by acclamation in the general election of 1908. Mr. W. F. Maclean, publisher of the *Toronto World* and former member for South York, was the only Conservative securing the same honour. Mr. Maclean was not in the lime-light recently and hence his honour does not attract so much attention.



Lord Milner, at St. Andrew's College, Toronto.



TORONTO, THE PHARISEE

TORONTO is called the good, but it is really as wicked as any other city in Canada, advantages considered. It is also funny. For example, instead of suppressing the evil plays and the filthy-tongued players who come across the line to play in its so-called theatres, it suppresses the posters and thinks it is wonderful! The stage may be as wicked, as indecent, and as suggestive as a "modern" novel, but the posters on the fences must not be naughty.

The other day, the police made a raid on a number of places where bets are made on horse-races—hand-book-makers or some such title distinguishes these offenders against the law. The raid was beautifully spectacular, though the man most concerned in the whole business was passed over, notwithstanding he is as well known as the Chief of Police himself. To make the whole proceeding more ridiculous, the daily newspapers go on publishing the results of the horse-races, though these are of no interest to any one unless he makes a practice of betting. It was a bluff, pure and simple. The raid occurred about three weeks ago, and to-day the business is pursued as openly as ever and in much the same premises.

Toronto really has a difficult task on hand. It is trying to be as cosmopolitan as New York and at the same time preserve its reputation for being a pure and pious town. As a result, there is a tinge of hypocrisy about the actions of its police and its city council and its newspapers which gives Toronto a character of its own.

A DEFENDER OF KIPLING

LORD NORTHCLIFFE'S defence of Kipling was rather good. He told how he had first been attracted to Canada by the famous Ice Carnivals and Ice Palaces which were once the national advertisement for this country. He then mentioned how these displays had led Mr. Kipling to "write up" the country in that famous ditty: "Our Lady of the Snows." He intimated that Canada had no right to be offended at Mr. Kipling who had taken us at our word and put our national message into verse. It was a good-humoured plea for the Imperial poet and Lord Northcliffe was justified in having his little joke at our expense.

This incident emphasises how far Canada has succeeded in changing her reputation in Great Britain. People do not come across the ocean now to see the Home of the Ice King—they come to see our great wheat-fields, our cheese and butter factories, our expanding factories, our growing cities, and our wonderful coal, iron and silver mines. If they are looking for spectacular display, they are allowed to talk only of Niagara Falls, the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains. Canada has abandoned the ice-palace business forever. Unfortunately that poem remains and will remain to remind us of our one-time national stupidity.

BRITISH NEWS IN CANADA

IF it is true, as Lord Northcliffe says, that Canada is better known in Great Britain than Great Britain is in Canada, whose fault is it? Who fixed the postal rates on British publications mailed to Canada at eight cents a pound, and left this market for twenty-five years entirely to the New York periodical publishers? Who was it made a bargain with the Periodical Trust of the United States whereby it was agreed that no copies of the British edition of Pearson's Magazine and the Strand Magazine should be sold in Canada?

If Lord Northcliffe knows the history of this question, he must be well aware that Sir William Mulock and Sir Gilbert Parker and the Canadian Press Association had to fight the British Government

for eight long years before the British periodical rate to Canada was cut from eight cents a pound to two cents a pound. And even when the rate was cut, Canada had to agree to pay the cost of bringing this mail from Liverpool to Quebec. He must also know that his patron, Sir George Newnes, sold Canada to the United States so far as the Strand Magazine is concerned, and Mr. C. Arthur Pearson did the same with his magazine. He must know that, even with the cheaper rate now in force, the British editions of these publications do not come in here because their publishers are under agreement not to sell in this market. We can secure only the United States editions which have the best British articles and all the British advertisements eliminated.

If Great Britain is not better known in this market, the blame lies at the door of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth (Lord Northcliffe), Mr. C. Arthur Pearson and Sir George Newnes, the three largest publishers of London City. They stood by and saw this market fed with United States weeklies and monthlies and raised not a hand to help us. When Canada was fighting its battle with the British Post Office officials for a fair rate, nobody heard of Lord Northcliffe lending us the assistance which the publisher of a score of periodicals and several newspapers might have rendered. Like Mr. Pearson and Sir George Newnes, he is a Latter-Day Imperialist.

However, Canada is not disposed to hold any grudge in the matter. We are glad of their conversion. We are pleased to welcome the Over-Seas Edition of the *Daily Mail* and the other Harmsworth publications of the better type. We desire to know more of Great Britain and her public men. So long as the London publishers and the British Post Office give us fair treatment, they will find us excellent customers.

A TASK READY TO HAND

THOSE newspapers who have been preaching high political ideals during the past few weeks might now turn their attention to the coming C. P. R. stock issue. If it is wrong for a government to grant a contract to a man at a slightly higher price than a non-supporter of the government would undertake it, what about the directors and shareholders who issue new stock to themselves at a lower price than could be secured by putting it up to auction or public tender? The price at which this new stock shall be sold is almost as vital to the Canadian public, as the cost of the National Transcontinental. The freight and passenger rates to be charged by the C. P. R. in the future depend very much upon how all issues of new stock are sold. Further, cheaper rates on the C. P. R. mean cheaper rates on all other railways.

Even if this view be not correct, the subject is well worth discussing. If the C. P. R. directors think that the public will not subscribe for the new stock at \$125, \$135 or even \$150, they might at least prove it by experiment before giving the stock to their richer shareholders at \$100. Canada is proud of the C. P. R. and all it has accomplished, but that is no reason why it should be offering special bonuses to its already wealthy shareholders. Besides, there is a principle at stake which means much in the management of all our larger commercial companies.

HORSE-RACING IN CANADA

EVER since the royal Richard offered to exchange his kingdom for a horse, the average British subject has given an allegiance to the ponies that has almost outrivalled his love for the Union Jack. Others might legislate against the horse-race and its equipment, but with him the horse was supreme and he would tolerate things in connection with the noble animal that in other relations would seem almost criminal. That is probably one reason why to-day the moral

reform movement that has wiped horse-racing out of various other climes has in Canada fallen upon barren soil.

When Governor Hughes of New York State forced his anti-gambling legislation through the legislature he struck a blow at the very heart of the horse-racing game. For it was on the big tracks around New York that the millionaire owners and breeders did their racing. And that anti-gambling legislation has proved beyond a doubt that without betting privileges horse-racing cannot live, for the race meets in New York are simply hanging on in the hope that Governor Hughes may be defeated in the coming election and that with him will go those terrible laws that have chased the bookmakers off the race tracks.

The re-election of Governor Hughes means that every race track in New York State will close its gates and it is generally conceded that he will be elected, for he seems to have a Rooseveltian hold on the affections of the common people. And all this is bound to have its effect on horse-racing in Canada.

Its first effect has been for good. Eliminating racing in New York State has sent more and better horses to the smaller circuits, and this summer's racing at the Canadian tracks has been the best in their history. But already the after-effects are beginning to be felt. "Outlaw" meetings are being held on the small tracks. And in horse-racing, outlaw meetings speedily become a synonym for all that is worst in a sport that needs all that is best in it to counterbalance the gambling that it must necessarily carry in its train.

With some of the New York tracks still running the pressure of too much racing material is being felt. It will be felt much more indeed if all the big tracks are forced to close their gates, and it will not be long till some sort of new racing legislation will be needed in Canada to keep it from becoming the dumping ground for all that refuse that seems to gather about the skirts of the sport of princes. This legislation will probably take the form of a tax on race meets and a limit to the number of days a meet may run, and it may be expected that the tax will be big enough to hurt the little tracks but small enough not to hurt the big ones. Canadian legislative bodies have always dealt so kindly with horse-racing and horsemen that the latter are allowed usually to dictate the laws governing the sport. And why not? Horse-racing is apparently a British institution and who should legislate better for its welfare than those actively engaged in carrying it on?

THE FEMININE VOTE

SIR JAMES WHITNEY is not a timid man but, if he lived in England, he might hesitate before declaring that he is not in favour of woman suffrage. The cloud which originally seemed no larger than a woman's hand has spread until it overshadows the Asquith Government with ominous gloom. It is human to dread making oneself ridiculous. When thousands of women have cast aside this fear of looking absurd and are willing to endure prison garb and fare, in order to further the cause of woman suffrage, then the legislators have reason to consider their demands with some seriousness. The business of sending respectable matrons and clamorous spinsters to gaol is intensified in horror when the released ladies take their fountain pens in hand and write articles for the halfpenny papers and the shilling magazines, describing the perils they have passed and criticising the menu of the hospitable resorts where they have sojourned. Mr. Asquith has had a most uncomfortable experience, when his door-bell and his automobile have been besieged by suffragettes—for not even the motor car of the First Minister is sacred in the eyes of the feminine vote-seeker.

We can grasp the situation, perhaps, if we can imagine women who are prominent in social or philanthropic circles in Montreal, Halifax and Toronto being seized by stalwart policemen and hurried to the solemn patrol waggon, while the bystander jeers at the officer of the law. Then would the Premier of Dominion or Province have reason for sadness and heart-searching. The tariff and the trans-continental lines would fade into trivial proportions in comparison with the daily pit-fall before him. Mr. Asquith is described as an inflexible gentleman of iron nerve; but he faces a prospect which will try his resources of will and nerve to the uttermost. Sir Wilfrid and Sir James may congratulate themselves on having nothing worse to worry over than tariffs or immigration schemes. The latter expressed himself at Montreal as valuing highly feminine influence in national affairs—when exerted in the time-honoured fashion. There has never

been an election in which woman has not had an influence and no one knows this better than the Canadian politician. So far, however, the women of this Dominion seem willing to let their husbands and brothers look after the troublesome business of voting.

1904 AND 1908

LIKE the general election of 1904, the general election of 1908 is now a matter of history. In 1904, there were 214 constituencies of which the Liberals secured 139 and the Conservatives 75. While the Government had 65 per cent. of the members, it had scarcely 53 per cent. of the votes. The figures for that election are as follows: Votes polled, Conservatives 488,199; Liberals 536,280; members elected, Conservatives 75, Liberals 139.

In Nova Scotia with only 54 2-3 per cent. of the vote, the Liberals elected all the members. In Manitoba, the Conservatives had a majority of the votes, but only secured three of the ten seats. In Quebec, the Liberals secured 56½ per cent. of the vote and 83 per cent. of the representation.

Looking at these figures an impartial observer would have predicted Sir Wilfrid Laurier's defeat on Monday last. It was only necessary, theoretically speaking, to turn over six per cent. of the voters from one side to the other, and from the general talk and general feeling this should not be a difficult task. True, the conditions were somewhat different. In 1904, the Territories had ten members, while in the present contest there are seventeen constituencies, ten in Saskatchewan and seven in Alberta. This increase from 214 to 221 was in favour of the Liberals, because both of the new provinces have Liberal governments in power and new voters in new communities are likely to vote with the powers-that-be. To offset this Liberal advantage, the Conservatives have a stronger position in British Columbia, Manitoba, Ontario and New Brunswick, where Conservative administrations are firmly entrenched in local affairs. Assuming that the one advantage offsets the other, the theoretical observer would still say that the Liberals were likely to be defeated.

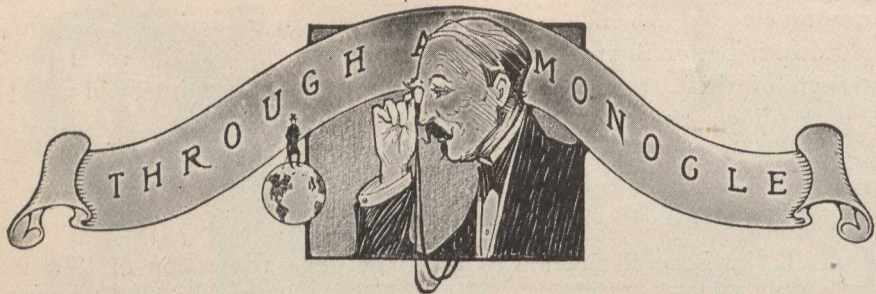
There can be little doubt that the Liberal Administration was more open to criticism in 1908 than in 1904. Twelve years in the lime-light as spenders of public money and mainsprings of public administration were sure to leave a number of weak spots exposed. On the other hand, the Conservatives had a more experienced leader; Mr. Borden in 1908 was much stronger than Mr. Borden in 1904. Moreover, the Conservative party behind him was better organised and more enthusiastic. There was one great weakness—the Conservatives attacked Sir Wilfrid Laurier for retaining in his administration men who had lost the confidence of the public by doubtful conduct, and at the same time, the Conservatives allowed Hon. George E. Foster to retain a prominent place in the Opposition ranks.

The natural result followed. The prophets were divided. In the "Canadian Courier" for October 3rd were four prophecies, two which gave the Liberals a majority and two the Conservatives a majority. In other independent journals, the opinion was given that the Liberals would be returned with a reduced majority. On the Liberal side, Le Canada of Montreal prophesied a majority of 50 and the Herald of Montreal a majority of 44. On the Conservative side, Mr. George Taylor, the whip of the last House, prophesied a majority of 40 for the Conservatives and the Toronto News and other leading journals expressed a similar opinion. Those who make wagers on such events followed the Liberal rather than the Conservative estimates and bets of 3 to 1 and 5 to 1 on a Liberal victory were quite common.

The men who made the wagers were right. The personality of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the excellent organisation which the Liberal party had created, were too great an influence to be overcome, and the Government goes back to power with nearly as large a majority as before. The expected "land-slide" in favour of the Conservatives, in Ontario and New Brunswick, did not occur, although Manitoba, British Columbia and Nova Scotia increased their Conservative representation.

Mr. Borden overlooked two important and necessary elements in what might have been, for him, a more successful campaign. He preached against land deals and kept Mr. Foster and his associates among the Conservative candidates. These men may or may not have done anything wrong, but they certainly did much to offset the arguments of their own party. The second element which Mr. Borden overlooked was a live and forceful press. In Montreal he had the support of only one daily paper out of seven; in Toronto, he had three of six, but only one of the three exercised any influence in the province. In St. John, the centre of influence for New Brunswick, he was without an organ, while the Liberals had three excellent dailies. In Manitoba and Nova Scotia, the Tory press is virile and strong, and the result is just the opposite of Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick. If Mr. Borden had been a journalist, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fielding have been and as Mr. Graham is, he would appreciate more highly the importance of the press. Instead of being supercilious to the journalist, he would sedulously cultivate him. However, Mr. Borden is learning.

As for Sir Wilfrid, this is a great personal triumph for him. And what will please him most, he held his own in Protestant Ontario.



THE American campaign has been almost as devoid of issues as was our own. In such communities as we have in Canada and the United States, it is not easy for national parties to find issues. The questions that divide us are largely marked off geographically; and a national party covers all our varieties of geography. There is, for example, a coloured issue in the Southern States which finds little sympathy in the North; but the national parties cannot deal with it very vigorously, for they must strive to please both the North and the South. We might get up quite a tariff issue in Canada between the West and the East, but neither national party would surrender either the East or the West to its opponents by taking up definitely the policy of either as against the other. In Britain where they are stratified into classes, they grow issues naturally. There one party is the champion of the aristocracy and the other the spokesman of the common people. But the dead level democracies of this continent are apt to agree pretty well on what they want, and then both parties compete with each to see which can supply it in the most taking form.

* * *

CONSEQUENTLY the American campaign has been—like our own—one of personalities. Bryan was the platform of the Democratic party; and Taft, shadowed somewhat by Roosevelt, of the Republican. It is even betting whether Roosevelt has done Taft more harm or good. The doubt as to whether Taft might not continue the Rooseveltian policies has kept Wall Street from contributing the huge funds which have usually made the Republican campaign a progress of King Midas; while this same doubt has kept many a Roosevelt Republican in line who would otherwise have felt it his duty to support Bryan. The ordinary business man is not so much afraid of Bryan as he was twelve or even eight years ago; for Roosevelt has taught him that a Radical can live in the White House without blowing the roof off. If Bryan does not win this time, it is likely that his principles cannot win in alliance with the Democratic party. That they can win when backed by the Republicans, Roosevelt himself will probably show one of these days.

* * *

WE are apt to forget when measuring the situation that the Democratic party is, as a party, distinctly weaker than the Republican. If the partisans only went to the polls, the Democrats would scarcely carry a state outside of the "solid South." They must win a very large proportion of the independent vote in order to elect a President. Cleveland did this on the occasion of his two victories. Even Massachusetts once had a Democratic governor, Russell, elected by independents. Most of the Northern States have accepted the Democratic nominee for gubernatorial honours at some time, but they are normally Republican. Thus the Republican choice for President begins with a big handicap in his favour. This handicap has been increased since Populism made New York afraid of Western or Bryanite Democracy. Thus to admit that Bryan has a chance is to admit that he would be elected if he had had as good a preliminary party backing as his opponent.

* * *

MOST people would probably be willing to see either Bryan or Taft in the White House; but a lot of them distrust the forces which would follow the candidate they happen to be opposing to Washington. The Radicals fear the moneyed interests which would try to edge up to Taft; while the "sane and safe" Republicans think that Bryan would bring a wild-eyed horde with him who have not had his hard discipline during the past twelve years. The leaders of parties in a democracy are usually all that is to be desired, except as to courage; but the officers' council commonly contains a number of suspicious characters. The "wicked partners" are the curse of politics. In Britain, they have fewer of them; for there their presence is more fatal to the party than it is on this more tolerant continent. The British people have learned from long parliamentary experience that

it is too perilous a business to permit men who serve self instead of the nation to sit in "the seats of the mighty." We have lots of leeway here. We can allow our ship of state to be badly steered and yet avoid the rocks. But Britain, with watchful Europe at hand and an Empire to tow, cannot risk any deviations from the channel.

* * *

CANADA has little direct interest in the victory of either party in the United States, except as we may think that this or that party will be the best for our neighbours. No serious group of American public men now dream of wooing or coercing Canada into leaving the British Empire. They realise that our destiny is fixed. We are building up an independent community on the northern half of the continent which will remain British as long as there is a British Empire with which to ally ourselves. Both American parties are pledged to tariff revision; and it is altogether likely that either of them will be compelled by such of their own people as want to trade with us to give up the foolish Dingley antagonism to Canadian products and pave the way to a more sensible and amicable commercial arrangement. It is doubtful whether the Democrats would go any farther in this direction than the Republicans if the latter feel their indebtedness to La Follette and the West; though the interests affected would probably have a more potent hold on Republican councils. On the whole, Canada can afford to be an impartial spectator, hoping only that the "best man may win"—that is, the man who will do most for the prosperity of the whole American people.

Nidimporte

How D'you Do?

THIS conventional greeting varies the world over from the gruff "How do" to an elaborate compliment. "How are you?" is to-day the same in Italy and England. In French the phrase when literally translated means "How do you carry yourself?"; in Spanish, "How are you getting along?"; and in Dutch, "How are you travelling?" In all there is the hint of progress to be made.

The Swiss is solicitous of health. "How might you be?" he asks. "Are you hearty?" The laconic Russian says, "Be well."

Savages are also brief in salutation: "That you?"—"Awake at last!"—"I see you!"—"I saw you!"—"Good morning!"—"Good night," etc.

Orientalists indulge more in the flowers of speech. "May your morning occupation be a prosperous one," says the Arab. Not so pleasantly suggestive is another Eastern greeting, "May you die a natural death." "May Allah show you favours," is the stately recognition of the Turk. Persians use the somewhat enigmatic phrase, "May your shadow never grow less."

The yellow race for centuries has recognised the underlying cause of much political disturbance. Thus the Chinaman will say, "Have you eaten your rice? Is your digestion good?"

"Health and salutation," said the ancient Roman, while his descendant of to-day exclaims, "Oh, sweetest of sights!" "Amuse yourself," advised classic Greek, but the modern is more practical. "What are you doing?" he inquires. "How's business?" In northern Italy of old "health and gain" was a popular form of address. Also in Naples at one time men hailed each other with a "grow in sanctity."



An Indian Mother and her Papoose. Showing early training in horse-back riding for the latter.

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. A. ALLISON



THE VICTORIOUS CANADIAN TEAM AT THE GYMNASTIC COMPETITIONS IN ROME.

Upper Row—Charles Marchildon; Albert Duckett; Maurice Scott; Benjamin de Montigny; Hilarion Leroux; George O'Grady; Guillaume Bruneau; Elzear Galarneau
Lower Row—Georges Famelart; Sergt.-Major H. T. Scott, Commandant; Rev. P. E. Laurin, Chaplain; Jules Tremblay, Official Reporter; Jean de Montigny.

THE CANADIAN GYMNASTS IN ROME

By FRED PELLETIER

THE French-Canadian gymnasts who represented the Dominion and more especially the "Societe Nationale de Gymnastique" in the competitions at Rome before the Pope returned to Montreal on October twenty-first, and the reception given to them was one of the most memorable events ever witnessed in the metropolis of Canada.

Fifty thousand people were massed in the Place Viger Station and the Drill Shed, and lined the streets through which the procession marched on the way to the military headquarters, where the Honourable the Minister of Marine and Fisheries welcomed them in the name of Canada, after the acting Mayor, Alderman Leclaire, had willed to them the best wishes and congratulations of the city.

The entire proceedings were marked with an unmistakable tinge of patriotic pride, for the victory thus celebrated was by no means a small one. These young men had started for the capital of Italy and of the Catholic world, more in a spirit of adventure and for a lesson's sake as it were than with the remotest idea of ever winning a single prize, and they have come back to their country, their friends and relations with the First International Prize and six individual prizes.

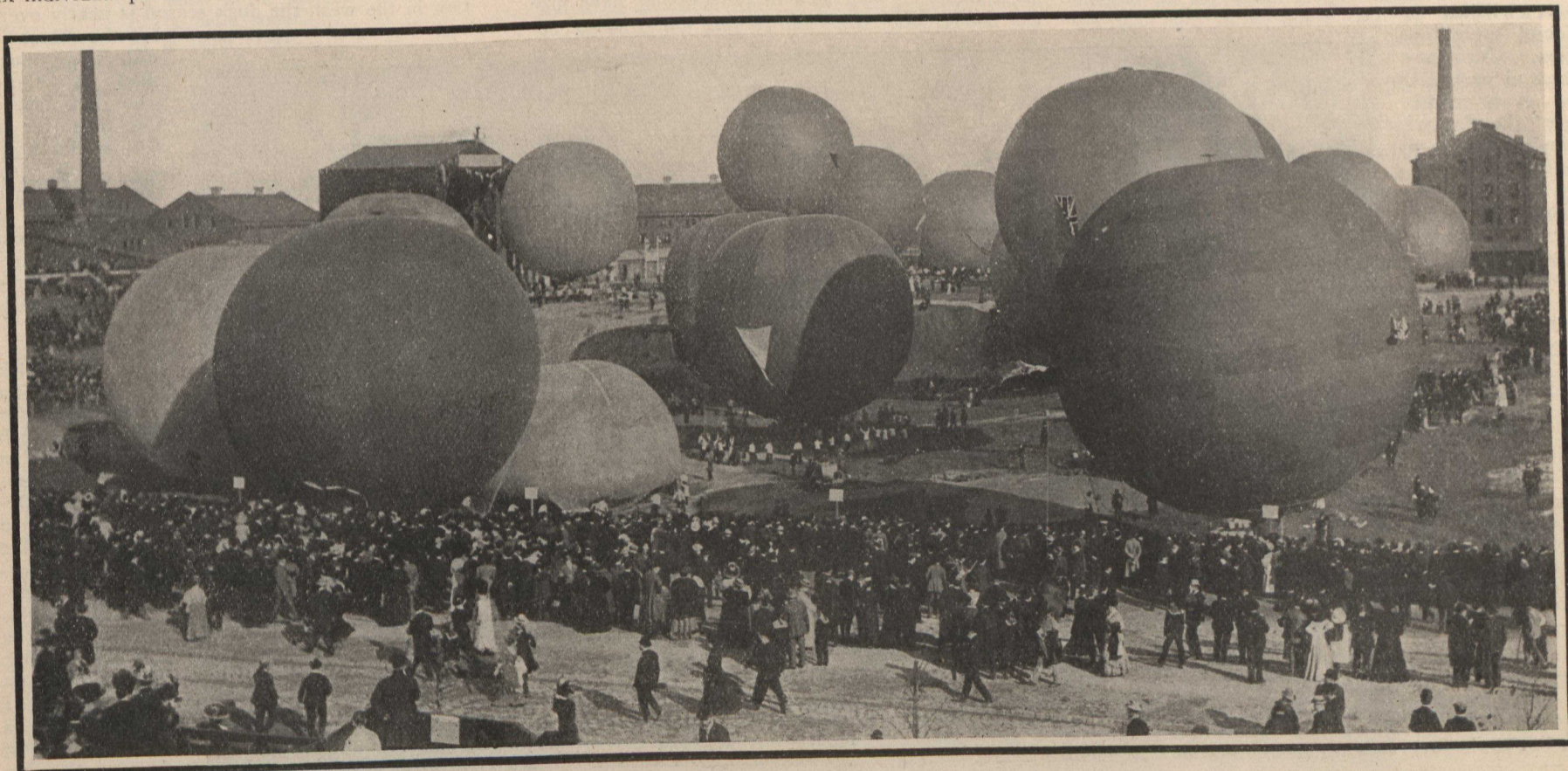
The squad numbered ten gymnasts, a commandant-instructor, a chaplain and an official reporter delegated by *La Presse*. They started on the evening of September 3rd last and on their arrival in Rome were lodged in barracks pending the commencement of the competitions, on the 26th of the same month, under the presidency of Count Mario di Carpegna, colonel of the Noble Guards and president of the Italian Catholic Sportive Federation. The jury was composed of Count di Carpegna; Commandant Baumann, Italy; Professor Pastorini, Belgium; Mr. Rousselet, France; Mr. E. Smyth, Ireland; and Mr. Jules Tremblay, Canada. The following nations were represented: Belgium, 15 societies, 150 gymnasts; Canada, 1 society, 10 gymnasts; France, 15 societies, 180 gymnasts; Ireland, 2 societies, 20 gymnasts; Italy, 225 societies, 2,800 gymnasts; totals, 258 societies, comprising 3,180 gymnasts. The competitions were held at the Vatican in the Corte di Belvedere, in the presence of His Holiness Pius X., after a brief inspection in the Corte di San Damaso. The Pope was accompanied by Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal de Lai, patriarch of Venice, Mgr. Bisleti, major-domo, Mgr. Sapieka, Count di Carpegna, Count Calicincchi, etc.

The Society la Fleche of Bordeaux, France, was the first called to perform its exercises, then came the squad of the Catholic Young Men's Society of Dublin; third, the Canadian squad of gymnasts; and fourth, the squad of Ghent, Belgium. Then followed the other societies. The Italian societies had competed among themselves, the Society Virtus of Rome being the winner of the national prize; all the other countries were entered in an international contest.

The drill and exercises of the French-Canadian squad were especially applauded by His Holiness who remarked that rarely had such a squad of fine-looking and robust young men been seen.

After its deliberations, the international jury gave the following decision: Of a possible of 300 points, Canada had 285, Ireland 272, Belgium 261, and France 258.90. Thus Canada won the international prize, which is not so bad for young men who thought they were going only to receive a lesson in gymnastics from the squads of other countries.

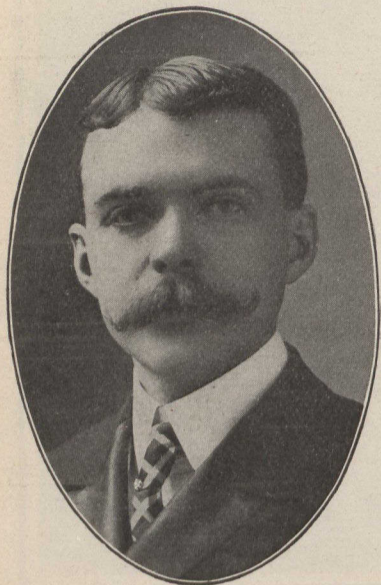
The Pope has shown his admiration for our young gymnasts in a private audience which he gave them and during which he distributed among them two boxes of fine Havana cigars. Everywhere they were received with the greatest enthusiasm and favour and the Italians were especially loud in their praise of the fine training exhibited by our young friends. It will be for them an everlasting remembrance and for us another proof of the truth of the Latin saying: Labor improbus omnia vincit.



THE GORDON BENNETT BALLOON RACE

A general view of the Balloons preparing to ascend for the Gordon Bennett Balloon Race, in Berlin, on Sunday, October 11th.

Anglo-Saxon Amity



Mr. Asa R. Minard.

THE chief guest at a banquet given this month at Boston by the combined British and Canadian societies of that city was Ambassador Bryce. In his address, Mr. Bryce referred particularly to the pleasant relations between Great Britain and Canada and between the French and English-speaking elements of the Canadian population, and also to the uni-

versal desire for peace which pervades both Canada and the United States.

Some extracts from the address of the presiding officer, Mr. Asa R. Minard, will give an idea of the spirit of the occasion:

"Your Excellency, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is with a deep sense of appreciation of the honour conferred on me as president of the Canadian Club and with an unusual degree of pleasure that I greet you and welcome you here this evening, not alone on behalf of the Canadian Club but on behalf of all the British societies of this city. It may interest you, sir, to know that this is one of the few times in the history of this city that the British-born citizens have united in a celebration of any kind. On behalf of the Canadian Club I thank them for their enthusiastic co-operation in doing honour to our distinguished guest. I hope that this gathering may result in cementing together in more friendly bonds the various British societies of this city and that once a year at least we may gather in this fashion. . . .

"We welcome you, sir, not only as a statesman and a scholar but as the personal friend and representative in this country of His Majesty, King Edward VII. We, the British-born citizens of this good old Commonwealth within whose borders we have made our homes, greet you as the representative of the greatest Empire the world has ever known. Other empires have existed and have passed away and are forgotten, but the British Empire is to-day the most powerful factor in the progress of the world. That it will always continue so we believe because of the strength and wisdom of its institutions and laws and the character of its people. Wherever the British flag is flown and British rule

established is found civilisation, Christianity and progress. In every continent the flag of empire has been unfurled and the loyalty of its people is a lesson to the world. The greatest illustration of this is found in what is now one of the most influential sections of the Empire, Canada—situated here by the side of this great Republic, first settled by the French and then conquered by the English; a battlefield for French and Indians, English and Colonials; stretching from ocean to ocean, reaching from the border line to the far north, with its seven or eight millions of people—is a striking

example of British diplomacy and colonising power. . . .

"The loyalty of Canada to the Empire is beyond question. Some years ago there was a movement on the part of some honest but ill-advised men who were anxious only for the more rapid development of the country looking toward unrestricted trade reciprocity with the United States or even annexation. It was but the fleeting fancy of a few, and was soon lost sight of. Since then Canada has demonstrated her position by the extending of a system of preferential trade to England and by the sending of her best blood to serve in the support of British arms in South Africa. . . .

"That Canadians are fully satisfied with their lot would be more than one could expect. There is a feeling in the mind of many that some day there shall be a permanent council found for the Empire, comprised of representatives from every section of it, whose duty it shall be to legislate on all affairs concerning the Empire as a whole. That this is not impossible is demonstrated by the recent Colonial Conferences, which bid fair to be continued.

"It is true that many of us have transferred our allegiance to another flag and another country, that we here find the opportunities for which we sought. Many of our number have pressed to the forefront of the educational, political and commercial world. They are found in positions of influence throughout this land. They are shaping the thought of the coming generation of men. They are having a large part in the selection of the men who shall make the laws of the land. They are exerting their influence in the making of tariff schedules, in the control and the improvement of our banking system, and they have a large part in the employment of labour. In Massachusetts alone within recent years, nearly all the important offices from the Governor's down have been filled at times with men of British birth. Need I remind you, sir, that there are 300,000 Canadians or more than 400,000 of British birth in Massachusetts alone, and about 700,000 in New England. These men are largely citizens; men who give way to none in their devotion to the land of their adoption. In the Civil and Spanish Wars they demonstrated their willingness to fight for it. They are law-abiding and law-making. They build prisons and almshouses, but do not fill them. They honour and respect their new flag and would devote themselves to its honour. But, sir, is it not safe to assert that this body of citizens will always throw the weight of their influence on the side of right solutions with Canada and the Empire? We no longer hear the cry for reciprocity and the annexation of Canada on this side of the line. It, too, has gone forever. We have come to recognise the strength and dignity of the people of the Dominion.

"The Canadian Clubs alone throughout the principal cities of this country have done much to create a better feeling between the two peoples. By bringing here as their guests the leading statesmen, financiers and men of letters, they have pre-

sented first hand the true sentiment of the Dominion. This quiet working of the leaven in the great mass of our citizenship bids fair to do away with any bitterness of feeling which may have existed at any time. What is being done by Canadian Clubs is also being done by other British societies. The day is at hand when the two great Anglo-Saxon nations, the British Empire and the great Republic of the United States, shall guarantee the peace and prosperity of the world.

"On behalf of this people of whom I speak, who are doing their part in the strengthening of friendly relations between your country and this, I greet you and thank you for your kindness in coming here.

"We thank you, gentlemen of the nation, state and city, for your co-operation in honouring our guest. It gives me more pleasure when I greet you believing that you have the same friendly feeling toward the British Empire that we possess. You realise as we do that the day for misunderstanding has passed and that hereafter these two nations should work together for the general good of civilisation."

The Hunting Season

NEXT week, the amateur hunters of Ontario and Quebec will be very busy. The open season in Ontario for red deer, moose, reindeer and caribou lasts fifteen days from November 1st, in the district south of Sudbury. North of that, the season is from October 16th to November 15th. Only two red deer, and only one moose, reindeer or caribou may be taken in one season by one person. No animal under the age of one year may be killed. Partridge and grouse are protected by a close season which lasts for twelve months from September 15th of the present year. Licenses to residents of the province cost two dollars for deer and five dollars for moose. Non-residents of Ontario must pay fifty dollars.

The new lines of the C. P. R. and C. N. R., from Toronto to Sudbury, have opened up much new hunting territory. A vast district of well-watered, well-timbered land is now easily accessible by train, where formerly it could be reached only by long journeys by canoe or waggon-trail. Both railways have made special arrangements for the accommodation of the hunters who will go in there this year and have spared no pains to provide the necessary local facilities for camps.

In Quebec also, the railways are pushing farther into the interior and new grounds are yearly added to the district in which good hunting is obtainable. The T. & N. O. Railway, which runs straight north from North Bay, serves to open up a good moose district which borders on each side of the boundary line between Ontario and Quebec. Away east in Quebec, the Quebec and Lake St. John is still the main highway for the hunter.

Out in the west, the duck season is nearly over,

but the moose is still being pursued by those who can spare the time for a few weeks holiday. Here, also, the railways are pushing north at a fairly rapid speed and bringing new pastures into the accessible area.

In Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the season for moose is much longer than in Ontario. September 1st to December 31st in Quebec being the longest open season, September 15th to November 30th in New Brunswick, and October 1st to November 30th in Nova Scotia. The east does not seem afraid that its game supply will be exhausted in the near future.



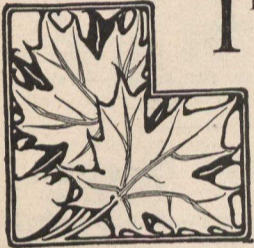
The Red Deer is numerous each Fall in Central and Northern Ontario.



Murray Bay—The English Summer Residents Arriving at and Leaving the Anglican Church.

THE QUIET SABBATH IN FRENCH CANADA

By FRANK CARREL



IT is Sunday night and the parlour of the Manoir Richelieu is brilliantly illuminated with hundreds of electric lamps, while the guests in evening dress are exhibiting some gowns which would set Paris and London talking. The orchestra is discoursing a select programme of music.

All inside the hotel is gay and festive, for it is the height of the season at this beautiful Canadian watering place.

We have just returned from a visit to the salmon pool, of the Hon. E. B. Garneau and Mr. Felix Turcotte, which is picturesquely situated about eight miles up the Murray River, among a pretty group of mountain peaks belonging to the Laurentian range. We are quietly discussing the many sights we had seen during the drive through this part of French Canada, and contrasting the simple life of the French-Canadian farmer with that of the city social set sojourning at the seaside. We recalled that as we drove through the villages of Point-au-Pic and Murray Bay, and then along the west side of the Murray River, the pictures of domesticity among the rural residents were all the same. The Sabbath was being strictly observed—"the seventh day thou shalt do no manner of labour." The only horses which were engaged in any toil, were those employed by the summer and foreign visitors. In front of each house sat

Le pere, et la mere,
Et la belle soeur,
Et le beau frere,

as the French humorously sing. The whole family, and that probably means any number from ten to twenty, are attired in their best clothes, sitting peacefully and respectfully on the verandah, if there be one, and there generally is; the quietude of the scene being disturbed only by an occasional vehicle which goes by with unobtrusive scrutiny. The morning has been devoted to mass, and a social or business chat with some of the neighbours at the conclusion of divine service. Seldom did we see a man so disrespectful as to sit with his family group in his shirt sleeves, though the day was excessively warm, and the occasion appropriate. Even the family dog, another necessary acquisition to the

French-Canadian farmer, has a keen knowledge that it is Sunday, and rests more quietly than usual on the grass plot in front of the house. We were face to face with that glorious simple life of French Canada.

The interiors of the houses were as spick and span as those houses generally are, the floors bearing a similar appearance to the tables, which have a sweet odour, as well as appearance of cleanliness. We recalled that in the home of the guardian of the salmon pool, which was not unlike the other houses we had passed on the way up, everything was in beautiful order, including the kitchen; and yet, the one housekeeper was the hard-working wife, the mother of eleven children, all of whom were living



A famous Salmon Pool near Murray Bay.

and most of whom were to be seen playing around the house at the time of our visit. The second boy was our first driver on the way up, but the poor little fellow, only about fourteen years of age, was suffering from a pain in his side, and from his flushed and feverish face, we thought it best to leave him with a relative in the village, with instructions to put him to bed and send for a doctor. It was afterwards learned that this boy's heart was affected, no doubt due to overwork, as the French-Canadian boys are all ambitious workers, and there are no drones among them. The elder brother, a boy of about eighteen years, continued the drive with us, though he, too, was an invalid, having contracted some disease in the bone of one of his legs, which had confined him to the house for the

previous six months. Thus the two eldest boys of the family were almost incapacitated from assisting their parents, and still the happy dispositions of the mother and father of that household were certainly striking and illuminative. There were no lines of care and worry on the faces of those two old people, nor any apparent nervous or irritable temperament to indicate ugly traits of character. All seemed the acme of contentment in that modest home, and the proverbial hospitality was no less visible than it would be in most of the houses we had passed, if we had deigned to stop and make a visit, even though perfect strangers.

After partaking of a frugal evening meal, consisting of steak, eggs, preserves and cream, we enjoyed a beautiful drive back to the hotel, and we saw the same peaceful scenes of contented families, grouped inside the houses, in the same good order and respect that we had witnessed in the afternoon. Smoking the pipe was the only desecration on the part of the men, but the tobacco was of home production, being grown on the farm and consequently free from the pernicious and harmful mixtures consumed in the cities.

There was, however, one very impressive and sad sight witnessed in the afternoon, while driving up to the salmon pool. At one of the houses passed on the way, hung a white crape on the door, to signify the visit of the angel of death to a happy home, and that the departed one was of very tender age. Turning into the avenue leading up to the house, was a moving two-seated buckboard, and sitting in front a man driving the horse, while in the rear seat was a little girl about six years of age holding on her knees a baby coffin. This was for the little body in the house awaiting interment. We expressed surprise at this picture, but our driver said, "Oh, that is nothing, round here. When there is a death, our people know what has to be done, must be done, and they go about it in a very natural way." In other words, he meant to say that there is no pompous ceremony when the hand of death knocks at the door of a French-Canadian home.

The life of the simple French-Canadian farmer is indeed worthy of the highest praise, and in that life there is nothing more pleasing to the visitor from the large city than the respectful and decorous attitude of these men and their families on the Sabbath day.



A French Canadian Family on a Sunday Afternoon.



A similar Group and a neat Log House.

Have We Great Men?

CANADIANS have had the idea that to be great a man must be born in some other country than Canada. We are only passing out of the adolescent stage and coming into the realisation that we have native-born sons who are just as great in their sphere as the men in similar spheres in other countries. Lord Northcliffe, in his address to the Canadian Club in Toronto last week, observed that Canadian financiers were coming to be known in Great Britain as enterprising and clever men who must be reckoned with. The building of the Canadian Pacific, the management of the larger banks, the financing of municipalities, provinces and the Dominion, the excursions into Mexico and South America—these had brought the names of Canadian financiers before the world in a new way. He also referred to the growing reputation of the Canadian manufacturers.

Since Canada began to give university presidents to the United States and university professors to Oxford, it has come to look as if education in Canada was on as high a plane as elsewhere. Her artists, sculptors, novelists and poets have also added to the stir. Her statesmen, like Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Thompson, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Lord Strathcona, have been deepening the new impression. At international congresses, religious, scientific, governmental or social, her representative citizens have been taking a foremost part.

The most fatal mistake that this country could make would be to refuse to recognise the greatness of its foremost citizens. It would be fatal as regards our reputation abroad, since our own estimate of ourselves must necessarily affect the estimate by other nations. It would be fatal also because of the discouraging effect it would have on our ambitious men—recognition by one's fellow-men is a strong developing force.

To correctly estimate the relative value of our leading citizens is an impossibility. Only history may do that for us. Nevertheless it is interesting to know in what order the general public place the men who are most talked about and who are leading in the various walks of Canadian life. The competition which the *Courier* is starting should, therefore, be of considerable interest as well as of undoubted value in the stirring of the public mind to think more of the greatness which is manifest amongst us.

The Popular Balance

THIRTY years ago an ordinary Canadian when asked who was the greatest man in Canada, might have mentioned Sir John A. Macdonald. Those who had any other nomination to make outside of the Governor-General might have signified Edward Blake. Here and there you might have found a man who would give the palm to his favourite preacher; possibly once in a while a citizen who remembered his old High School teacher as a man who had he chosen anything but teaching, might have entered a cabinet or been president of a university; and if a man from Nova Scotia nominated Hon. Joseph Howe it might have been because some other man in that province had a penchant for "Sam Slick."

But at that period of history there would be few to remember that the greatest men of a vanished age had been Champlain and Mackenzie and Fraser; the era of explorers and discoverers having given place to the age of statesmen with here and there preachers and poets and wise men in books. Things have changed a good bit since then. Nowadays the biggest men are not always, perhaps not often, to be found among these. There are men who build railways and those who control navigation companies; big men who establish huge factories and those who head the list in finance; men who become kings in lumbering and in iron and steel; men who discover and invent; those who achieve eminence in music and in medicine and in law; and we still have here and there an abstract thinker and man of letters. Canada is becoming complex. The big men of a former generation would find it a hard matter to compel the same meed of admiration to-day. Some

even doubt whether Sir John Macdonald could have governed the Canada of the twentieth century. One man will tell you that Donald A. Smith—Lord Strathcona—is a greater man than Professor Goldwin Smith; another will argue that Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is a bigger man than President Falconer; still another that Mr. William Mackenzie is worth more to Canada than any preacher or poet that ever lived; and some man may declare that Mr. Byron E. Walker and Sir George Drummond, though undoubtedly big men, are not to be compared for nation-building to such men as Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. A. S. Vogt and the sculptor Hebert.

Who, then, are the really big men of Canada? There are more than six millions of people in Canada; enough to have produced a large number of men now living whose measure is worth taking and putting on record. We no longer need to import our leaders. We produce them. The brains of Canadian business, statesmanship, industrialism, education, religion, literature and art are essentially Canadian brains. We have ceased to export our brainy men after paying the cost of educating them. We have found scope for their biggest energies right at home.

An expression of opinion from one hundred

CANADA'S TEN BIGGEST MEN

A VOTING CONTEST IN WHICH EVERY READER OF THE "CANADIAN COURIER" IS INVITED TO TAKE PART.

NO FEES. NO PRIZES.

In order to discover whom the people regard as the Ten Greatest Men in Canada, the "Canadian Courier" has decided to hold a voting contest. Any resident of the Dominion, male or female, over 21 years of age, may vote. Each voter may name any number of men, from one to ten. Any ballot containing more than ten names will be disallowed.

The counting will take place on January 1st, 1909. The leader from each of the nine Provinces will be announced, as well as the list of the ten who receive the highest general vote. Each Province will thus have a chance to show whom it regards as its most prominent citizen, even though the general vote throughout Canada may not be large enough to place him in the general list.

Any voter may give reasons for his choice. If these are brief, pointed and worthy, they may be published. A selection of opinions will be given from week to week. The names of those giving opinions and the names of voters generally will not be published, but no list will be counted to which a voter's name and address are not attached.

The "Canadian Courier" has no object to serve, other than to afford its readers the opportunity of taking part in what must prove a most interesting and instructive competition.

Address all letters

VOTING COMPETITION,

"CANADIAN COURIER,"

TORONTO.

thousand Canadians would reveal our typical ideas, slants, and prejudices. A lot of men who think they are big might be disappointed and some who are quite modest might find themselves placed in a fairly high position.

The Tests of Greatness

THE great man does, in good truth, belong to his own age; nay, more so than any other man; being properly the synopsis and epitome of such age with its interests and influence; but belongs likewise to all ages, otherwise he is not great.—*Carlyle*.

Great men are among the best gifts which God bestows upon a people.—*G. S. Hillard*.

Great men are more distinguished by range and extent than by originality.—*Emerson*.

Great men are never sufficiently known but in struggles.—*Burke*.

The greatest men will be necessarily those who possess the best capacities, cultivated with the best habits.—*James Harris*.

Great men are the fire-pillars in this dark pilgrimage of mankind; they stand as heavenly signs,

ever-living witnesses of what has been, prophetic tokens of what may still be, the revealed, embodied possibilities of human nature.—*Carlyle*.

Great men are the modellers, patterns, and in a wide sense creators of whatsoever the general mass of men contrived to do and attain.—*Carlyle*.

Great men not only know their business, but they usually know that they know it, and are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them.—*Ruskin*.

Great men or men of great gifts you will easily find, but symmetrical men never.—*Emerson*.

Great men, said Themistocles, are like the oaks, under the branches of which men are happy in finding a refuge in the time of storm and rain, but when they have to pass a sunny day under them, they take pleasure in cutting the bark and breaking the branches.—*Goethe*.

Men should be prized, not for their exemption from fault, but the size of those virtues they are possessed of.—*Goldsmith*.

Great men stand not alone for great deeds; they stand also for great virtues, and, doing them worship, we elevate ourselves.—*H. Giles*.

Men of the greatest abilities are most fired with ambition, and, on the contrary, mean and narrow minds are the least actuated by it.—*Addison*.

Great patriots must be men of great excellence; this alone can secure to them lasting admiration.—*H. Giles*.

Our Readers' Election

CANADA, we are daily informed, is a young country and enthusiasm over an admired big man is one of youth's most refreshing attributes. Robert Louis Stevenson declared that a boy's hero-worship is the last thing to throw away. Sometimes we cheer with the mob when the enthusiasm is but for the moment, and next day brings a reaction in disfavour of the popular idol. However, the man whose framed face we like to see on the walls of our home, the man whose name we would write down in sober reflection upon the qualities which go to make greatness, is one whom we honestly esteem among the elect of the land. We may say little about our personal election of the national giants but the feeling of choice is there, needing but the occasion for expression. Mere popular clamour has often been derided by its objects, but honest, disinterested admiration is a tribute to which no character is insensible. The Duke of Wellington, the hero of a hundred fights, playing later the unwelcome part of statesman, offended the London mob and his house was stormed. He would not have the shutters mended and pointed to them more than once as proof of the people's fickleness. However, there is a sentiment deeper than that which prompts popular applause, which indicates where greatness lies. We have not raised many monuments in this land of infrequent wars and

no epics, but there are few towns in Canada where you will not hear local discussion of national figures.

The *Canadian Courier* readers are not asked to give their written opinion as to the most popular citizens of the Dominion, but to name those who, in the writer's opinion, possess the qualities which prompt the exclamation—"a big man!" We may shout for the athlete or the politician and yet secretly condemn the individual. Wherefore, this journal feels confident that in obtaining the *written* judgment of its readers, an honest expression is far more likely to be secured than from the crowd which applauds the Man of the Moment.

Native-Born and Others

All Canada's big men are not native-born. Some of them are not even British-born. Canada has gathered sons from a large part of the world. Any man who has assumed Canadian citizenship is eligible to rank in our Hall of Fame. We have exchanged some big men with the United States. Those who have come to us and "made good" we value highly, and they are entitled to all the honour, praise and glory which the public extend to the successful among the native-born.



FIRST SENATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

O. Boyd, M.D. W. S. Galbraith, M.D. W. D. Ferris, M.D. R. J. Hutchings. J. J. Gaetz. J. McCaig, M.A. P. J. Nolan, K.C.
 H. W. Riley, Secretary. G. A. Kennedy, M.D. G. Harcourt, B.S.A. H. M. Tory, D.Sc., Hon. Justice Beck, J. A. Macdougall.
 J. H. Riddell, D.D. Hon. A. C. Rutherford, President. Hon. Justice Stuart, Vice-Chancellor.

PHOTOGRAPH BY M. BURGESS, STRATHCONA, ALTA.

Alberta Launches Her University

By WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER



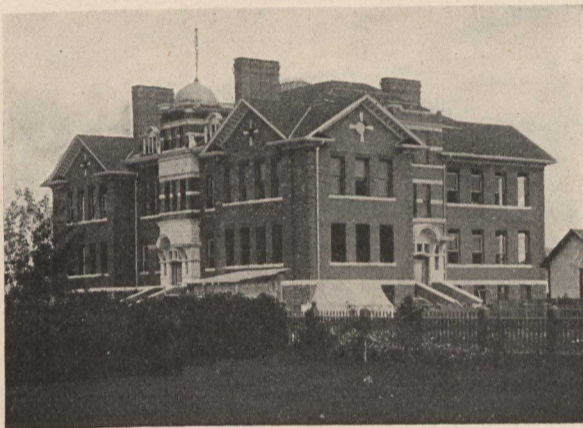
IN 1905 Alberta became a province of the Canadian Confederation. Her first Assembly, meeting that year and charged with the duty of much constructive legislation, found time none the less to create the machinery of a state university, though it must have seemed to many at the time very improbable that the wheels of the machine would begin to turn at an early date. But they had forgotten to reckon with the ambitious spirit of the Hon. A. C. Rutherford, Premier of the province and also its Minister of Education. It was his heart's desire for Alberta that she should have, just as soon as possible, an educational system complete from the primary grade of the public school to the last year of the university course. Evidence of this crops up in the records of the session of 1907, when an amendment to the act of 1905 was passed, authorising the Lieutenant-Governor in Council to appoint a president, as a preliminary step in the organisation of the university. Availing themselves of this power, the Government selected as their chief executive officer for this new work Dr. H. M. Tory, professor of mathematics and physics in McGill University, who entered upon his duties January 1st, 1908.

Real activity in the matter of the university was now begun. Convocation, which had been constituted by enrolling all the university graduates in the province who by a certain date signified their willingness to assist the new enterprise, elected five members to the first Senate; the Government appointed ten, making it thus quite clear from the first that the conception in their minds was definitely that of a state university. This Senate convened for its first meeting April 30th, 1908, and, after hearing Dr. Tory's report upon educational matters in the province as he had found them, decided that they were warranted in opening classes the following autumn.

The summer was spent by the president in gathering the beginnings of a library and in securing his faculty. The latter was finally constituted as follows: E. K. Broadus, Ph.D., (Harvard), Professor of English; L. H. Alexander, M.A., Professor of Modern Languages; W. M. Edwards, M.Sc., Professor of Mathematics and Applied Science; W. H. Alexander, Ph.D., (California), Professor of Classics. When on September 23rd the president and these four professors met the thirty-eight students who that day signed the university roll, the University of Alberta was fairly launched upon its course.

But a formal consecration of the university to its high purpose was in every way to be desired, and thus it was that October 13th saw the first university convocation in the province. From every quarter members of convocation gathered to the city of Strathcona, which the Government has selected as the site for the university, sealing its decision by the purchase of a magnificent tract of 258 acres on

the south bank of the Saskatchewan; here in days to come the university's edifices will rear their stately heads to confront the fine provincial parlia-



Temporary Quarters of the University of Alberta.

ment buildings now rising on the opposite bank. But there are no buildings available yet, and Odd-fellows' Hall was called into requisition for the occasion. Lavish decorations in evergreen and gold, the young university's official colours, broke the auditorium's prosaic lines, and what more of colour was needed, the brilliant gowns and hoods of senate, faculty and convocation afforded. Such space as the academicians did not occupy was filled with an intensely interested throng of the citizens of Edmonton and Strathcona.

Outside of the conferring of honorary degrees upon His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, Premier Rutherford, Chief Justice Sifton, Mr. Justice Stuart and Mr. Justice Beck, the features of the afternoon



President Tory.

were the address of Chancellor Stuart of Calgary, who more than maintained his reputation for fine literary appreciation and scholarship, and President Tory's inaugural. The latter declared his intention to select professors and lecturers not merely for their scholastic talents but especially for their teaching ability, as in contrast to the "research" ideals which have run away of late with American educators, and announced his firm intention to maintain the university as a university of and for all the people.

Old college men remarked after it was all over that they could recall no more dignified convocation than this which had graced the University of Alberta's christening day. The auspices are fair, the sails set to a favouring wind, the throng upon the shore have cried "Bon voyage," and Canadians everywhere will watch with interest the vessel's progress as she passes on her way.

Imperial Migration

THE increase in the population of the United Kingdom has been remarkable. Notwithstanding emigration the population has more than doubled since 1821, and at present it is increasing at the rate of one half million a year. The possible increase of so prolific a race under more favourable conditions than those existing in Great Britain and Ireland, or than can be expected in so congested a country, is vastly greater than these figures disclose. If half a million a year of the people of the United Kingdom could be transplanted to "the white lands overseas" the increase of the home population would not be wholly arrested, for under the improved conditions of life, that would result at home, the excess of births would doubtless advance while the progeny of British people beyond seas would be greatly increased. In a short time there would be built up a British people all over the Empire rivalling in number the population of the greatest numerically of the white nations. Lord Northcote, on leaving Australia, said that what the Commonwealth most needs is not Australia for Australians, but Australians for Australia. In other words Australia needs an increase in her British population. Canada needs the same. We are getting a great increase to our white population, but we have room for many more, and other things being equal we prefer to get them from the United Kingdom. South Africa needs British people. In their presence in that country in rapidly increasing numbers we think will be found the simplest solution of the problems presented by the unique political conditions arising there. We have in the United Kingdom the nursery from which the Dominions beyond seas can be supplied with what they need more than anything else, namely, men of our own race, who cherish our own traditions. If a plan can be devised for the successful transplanting of the home stock to the outlying dominions, the mother country will gain in contentment and prosperity and the Empire will achieve its greatest possible future. (*Victoria Colonist.*)

BALLOON VIEWS OF CANADIAN CITIES—SECOND SERIES



St. John, the Metropolis of New Brunswick and one of Canada's best winter ports—Docks to right and not showing.



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FAR-SEA TREASURE

By THEODORE ROBERTS



DAVENPORT sat under a hedge, beside a country road, resting after an all-night tramp. For three nights he had been on his legs, and for two days he had been afraid to indulge in more than an occasional cat-nap. His clothes were of fine material, in good repair, but a trifle too large for him. He had stuffed grass inside the binding of his hat, to keep it from settling about his ears, and his silver-buckled shoes wobbled on his feet. His face and hands were amazingly brown and his eyes were surely those of a seafarer; but his attire was that of a modest landsman, his only weapon was a stout hedge-stick and his hair lay untied and waving on his shoulders. In a canvas bag beside him were stowed half a dozen scholarly books and a clean shirt.

"When thieves fall out," he soliloquised, with a pensive smile. "Well, it was bound to happen, sometime or other," he continued, "and now I can settle down to a decent life—if they don't catch me."

He brooded over the incident that had so suddenly altered the course of his career. For two years he had been in command of the brig *Sarah* and her hard-hit company, taking toll of the western seas. Though young, he had displayed genius in the enterprise and in the management of his men and, at last, had sailed the brig safely into an English port, with a cargo of oozy sugar and stinking molasses and not a flaw in her papers. During the homeward voyage one of his officers, a Welshman named Lewis—a fellow with whom he had quarrelled on several occasions—had undermined his popularity with a majority of the crew. He had whispered that Davenport's share of the profits of the two-years cruise was not according to the written agreement; that he had cheated the brave fellows who had risked their necks in the adventure and that, in divers secret places among the Caribbean Islands, he had hidden princely fortunes of gold and silver. There was some truth in all this, for Davenport had paid himself a little extra for his brain-work. A part of the crew had held to Davenport; but on the first night in port, when the loyal mariners were ashore renewing old acquaintance with the liquors of England, Lewis had shown his hand openly. There had been flashing of knives, a rushing of naked feet and a splash over-side. Davenport had dived again and again, with musket-balls zipping into the water above and around him. At last, dragging himself ashore in the shadow of a small wharf, he had seen numerous boats hurrying out to the clamorous brig. He had passed stealthily through the town, glad that his connection with the questionable brig had been so quickly broken and amused at thought of the critical position in which his disloyal followers had placed themselves by their uproar.

"A set of d— pirates," he muttered. "Sixty fools with knives in their hands and that dog Lewis to explain it all to the king's officers."

Through the window of a cottage outside the town he had espied a young scholar nodding over his books; and, with a sailor's dexterity, he had appropriated the student's clothing and volumes of ancient lore. And so he had journeyed through the country, light-hearted as if he had no blood on his hands, sometimes reflecting on the fate of the *Sarah* but oftener building visions of the future—of a future far distant from the hazards and toil of the sea.

"If I find a good breakfast in the next village," said Davenport, "I'll indulge in a day's rest."

He picked up his stick and bag of books, got briskly to his feet and continued his journey. The sun was just topping the eastern woodlands, the air was cool and sweet, and about a mile down the road shone the gables and red chimneys of a house amid billows of green.

"The village must lie beyond," said he, and sped his ill-fitting shoes along at a good pace. The zest of life was strong in him and his heart was serene as if his career had been a shining example of virtue. True, he had not felt so confident before dawn; but now the sun was up, the world awake and stirring, and, somewhere not far ahead, a breakfast was smoking for him. It is in the night watches that youth and health stand for nothing against the insistent whispering of the Recorder.

When the sun shines and work and play are on, is the time for courage.

The house stood back from the road a distance of two hundred yards, behind a battered wall, sagging gates and a grove of scattered oaks. From the highway but little of it was visible—just a gray portico bulking against the ivy, and a few blankly staring windows. Davenport halted before the sagging gates and looked up the avenue and to right and left. The lodge by the wall was evidently uninhabited, to judge from the crazy tilt of the roof. He noticed that the road between the groups of ancient timber showed but few signs of recent use. Grasses and weeds stood high from ditch to ditch, broken only by a narrow track like a foot-path across a meadow.

"Hard luck. A fine old place gone to the devil," he exclaimed.

He was about to pass on in search of the village and breakfast when a chuckling laugh from close behind caused him to spin on his heel. A small, old man stood at the edge of the highway, leaning on a stick and grinning at him. "You're right," said the old man. "'Tis hard luck indeed; and you never spoke a truer word than when you said a fine place was gone to the devil."

"I beg your pardon," said Davenport. "The remark slipped my tongue."

"And all the truer for that, I'll wager," replied the old man. "It's a vicious tongue indeed that's not honest when taken unawares."

"I perceive that you are a moralist," said Davenport, unpleasantly.

"Ay, for 'tis all that I can afford to be, nowadays," replied the other. He brought his gaze back from the dilapidated wall to the stranger's face. "But men still call me Sir Henry Deering," he added. Davenport bowed.

"I'm a stranger to these parts, and a rough enough fellow at best. You must be gracious enough to make allowance for my ignorance, Sir Henry," he said.

"You puzzle me," replied the baronet, "with your sun-tanned face and bag of books, your adventurous eyes and stay-at-home attire. Rough you may be—I'll accept the statement for just what I consider it to be worth—but I'm convinced that you are either a soldier or a sailor by profession and hail from farther afield than London." As he spoke he leaned forward, fixing Davenport with his large, inscrutable eyes. "A soldier or a sailor?" he queried.

For a moment Davenport hesitated. Then, "I'm a sailor," he said, in a voice of confession.

"You must join me at breakfast, sir," exclaimed the baronet. "Come, we'll just step over the wall at this gap. There is no need of opening the gates."

His manner was now full of eagerness; indeed, he slipped his right hand under Davenport's elbow and hurried him along over the tumbled masonry and into the park.

"I knew you for a soldier or a sailor—for an adventurous commander of men—despite your clothes and your books," he babbled. "I've wanted, for several years, to talk to a sailor." He waved his hand about him, indicating sward and timber whereon the seal of neglect was all too evidently set. "I'm a landsman myself," he continued, "but my wealth has gone down to the sea in ships—with meadow and pasture and timber, with gold plate and silver, have I fed the islands of the West."

"It is more customary to take wealth from the islands than to ship it to them," remarked Davenport, regarding the old gentleman furtively.

"I have thought so myself," replied the baronet, "and that is the point I am anxious to discuss with you."

By this time they were clear of the timber and not ten yards from the wide old mansion. Davenport did not conceal his admiration but paused, with a murmur of approval, and looked upward and to right and left. The baronet halted beside him and followed his gaze.

"Ay, 'tis a fine old house," he said. "The ivy, the stone and the oak are still there."

But Davenport did not answer him. His eyes were fixed on a window to the left of the portico from which a girl in a green riding-dress was looking out at them.

II.

They breakfasted on plain but substantial fare in

a small room near the kitchen and the back of the house, and were waited upon by a wisp of an old serving-man who eyed Davenport with suspicion. Dorothy, the baronet's granddaughter, poured the chocolate. She still wore the long coat and skirt of green in which the sailor had first seen her. Riding-boots of yellow leather were on her feet and silver spurs on her heels. Davenport felt himself a fool and a knave, and a very sorry figure, under her bright regard.

"Maybe you have sailed among the Caribbean Islands," said Sir Henry.

"Yes," admitted Davenport.

"Well, sir," said the other, "it is those islands that have stripped this place, inside and out." He clicked his finger-nails against the edge of his pewter plate.

"We used to breakfast on silver," he continued, "but six years ago, a rogue in London—a rogue with a title, mind you—offered to earn me a half million, with a hundred thousand pounds, in a venture among those accursed islands. I raised the hundred thousand, though it was not easy. Two years passed; but no word came to us from the noble lord and his adventure; but a rumour got about, from some seafaring man, that he had purchased an island from Spain, built himself a palace and was living like a king. Then three of us who were interested bought and outfitted a ship and sent it away to enquire into the case of the noble adventurer—and my only son went in command of the expedition." Davenport glanced across the table at the girl and saw that her eyes were gleaming with tears. "Do you know anything of these matters?" enquired the baronet.

"I have heard of the rich Englishman and his island," replied the sailor; "indeed, I have seen it at long range. It is fortified and garrisoned like a city."

"And have you never seen or heard of the ship *Deering*?" asked the old gentleman.

The sailor felt the girl's eyes upon him in anxious regard, and heard the old servant breathing heavily behind his shoulder. He leaned his head on his hand for a moment or two, as if ransacking his memory.

"No," he said, quietly; "but the seas are wide."

"And deep," whispered the baronet, turning away from the table. "Ay, and swarming with robbers and cut-throats," he added. The girl rose swiftly from her chair and moved across the room to the window. A sickening faintness swam through Davenport's blood and the sunlight on the white cloth took on a tinge of red. He looked from the heedless old man to the heedless girl, with startled eyes. Then, turning sharply, he fixed the old servant with a glare that held a challenge and a menace.

"I've known a ship to come safe home, after five years," he cried. The village was not far from the great house of Deering and, in its quiet tavern, Davenport took lodging for an indefinite period of time.

"I may as well stop here as anywhere," he assured himself, "and it is a fine looking country in which to settle down."

He had parted from the baronet and the young lady soon after breakfast and, as soon as the inn-keeper showed him to his room, he bolted the door and unbuckled a round, canvas belt from where it lay about his waist, next to his skin. It was heavy with gold in English and French and Spanish pieces.

"Lucky I slipped it on before we sailed into port," said he. Then he hid it inside the mattress of his bed, among the goose feathers, and, opening the door, called to the rustic below to send immediately for the village tailor, the shoemaker and the barber.

The baronet called twice on Davenport during the next three days and evinced great interest in the sailor's person and conversation. But Davenport would not approach within a hundred yards of the big house. It was years since he had given any consideration to his appearance or the fit of his clothes; but now he felt that he would rather take a beating than have the baronet's granddaughter see him again in the undistinguished garments of the scholar. So he hung about the tavern, cursing the slowness of tailor and shoemaker; and once, catching sight of the lady riding down the village street, he retreated from the doorway and retired to his bedroom.

Even in his new clothes Davenport lacked the self-confidence that had once been his boast. He

was collected enough in the presence of the baronet and passed for a gentleman of very high quality and spirit with the villagers; but with the young lady he carried himself like a yokel. When she asked him to tell of his adventures, and questioned him with her clear eyes, he knew himself for the knave that he was; and yet he could not find it in his heart to lengthen his journey. Here were beauty and enchantment, rest and companionship. So he visited the big house regularly every day, and bought a horse that he might ride out with the baronet's granddaughter. But at night, in his own room, he paid the price of his pleasure; and with each succeeding night, as his heart softened and changed, the reckoning became more and more severe. When the inn-door was bolted and the last roysterer gone, when the windows were darkened for the long hours of inaction and owls flitted, like speeding shadows, from covert to covert, then Davenport lay wide-eyed and paid the score to Remorse. The hard-bit past, clear of outline and sinister of feature, and the beautiful, half-dreamed future, met in the dusk by his bedside and accused him. If he but closed his eyes for a second, old deeds, old words and old things sprang from the darkness. He saw the ruffians with whom he had fought and robbed, and the victims of his piracies. They came, barefooted and heavy-breasted, and leaned over him. They came with glowing eyes and with sightless eyes, some besashed and bejewelled and others robed in deep-sea weeds and a-drip with sea water. And among the ghastly visitants were the son of the old baronet—the father of the girl—and his ship's company. He rolled on his narrow mattress and cursed the wind that had filled his sails on that chase, and the brutal courage, the powder, the shot and the steel that had won him the prize. And he remembered that the eyes of the father had been gray and brave and clear as the eyes of the daughter with whom he had ridden and eaten but a few hours ago.

One evening, when the baronet was sitting alone with Davenport on the terrace, he laid his hand on the sailor's arm.

"My dear lad," he said, "I take it that you've not sailed the seas at a loss—that your ventures in the western islands have resulted very differently from mine."

Davenport was brooding, his mind torn between thoughts of the girl who had just left them to light the candles within and horrors of the night and his bed-chamber. For a little while he sat motionless and silent; then, "I have some property in the West Indies," he admitted.

"Your money would be safer in England," said the old man. "Take my advice, lad, and bring it home. I suppose it is in plantations and such."

"It is in land, certainly," replied Davenport, and smiled faintly and without cheer.

"A year or two more, and I must sell the home-farm," said the old gentleman, presently, "and that'll leave nothing for Dorothy but the park and the house. When the place came to me it was the best in the country—and the second in size."

He gazed steadily at the sailor, through the deepening gloom. "Dorothy is the last of the Deerings," he added. At that moment the girl herself returned to the terrace and seated herself on a stool beside her grandfather's chair.

"Excuse me for a moment," said the baronet, getting slowly to his feet. "I must put on a heavier coat."

As soon as they were left to themselves the sailor turned to Dorothy. "I am going back to the West Indies," he said. "I have some property there of my own, to see to; and perhaps I can do something for Sir Henry."

His voice trembled, and he did not look at the girl; but he heard her light breathing grow quicker at his words.

"You do not mean to go—immediately?" she faltered, scarce above a whisper.

At that he turned his head. His eyes met hers for a moment, wavered and lowered; but in that moment his secret flashed bare.

"Not to-morrow," he replied, in a low voice admirably controlled, "but very soon. I have stayed here a long time—much longer than I intended—and—and it has been the best part of my life. I have had a hard life," he continued, speaking slowly but uncertainly, "and—and now I must go away or I may never be able to return."

"To return?" she asked, softly.

"It is the great hope—the great dream—that fills my heart," he said. "My God," he cried, bitterly, "why have I sailed so long in darkness—or why has light come to me at all?" He left his seat and stood before her. "I ask a thousand pardons, madam," he said. "The old fever touches me sometimes."

"If it is for me to pardon," she said, "a thousand are easily and sincerely granted. But why—"

He interrupted the question by kneeling and catching her left hand to his lips. She felt, in glad anxiety, how hot and dry they were. She trembled, and laid her other hand, for a second, lightly on his bowed head.

"Good-night, Dorothy, and God bless you," he murmured. "And may God forgive me," he said in his stricken heart.

Davenport found himself close by the village inn almost before he realised that he had left the terrace of the big house, so potently did conflicting emotions work in heart and brain.

"This is madness," he said, and paused outside the hostel to recover command of his faculties. The window of the public room was close at his shoulder, aglow with candle-light, and he glanced in. At one end of the table, busy with tankards and food, sat two travel-stained men; and, in a glance, he recognised his enemy Lewis and another of the *Sarah's* company. For a breathless minute he stared at them. Two against one, he thought—odds which he had often taken; but now what would it profit him to fight? He stepped away from the window and sped noiselessly toward the stables. Nothing was in his chamber that could possibly identify him to his enemies and his reduced store of gold was under his waistcoat. Five minutes later he led his horse past the inn, along the roadside turf; in front of the broken lodge of the house of Deering he mounted and galloped away.

III.

"'Pon my soul, I can't make head nor tail of it," cried the baronet. "Simkin's score is paid; the tradesmen are paid; Farmer Burns was paid twice what the horse was worth; and off he rides in the night and leaves two pairs of silk breeches, a pistol, a dozen shirts, a wig and a cloak behind him."

He looked enquiringly across the table at his granddaughter, who hid her face between her hands and sobbed as if heartbroken.

"So!" exclaimed the old man.

"I did not send him away," choked the girl.

The sudden and unreasonable departure of my lord, the captain, was a nine-days wonder in the village; but, upon the house of Deering, it left a more painful and more lasting impression. Nobody, high or low, associated the gentleman's flight with the brief visit of the two vagrant seafarers.

One evening, two years after Davenport's departure, while the baronet and his granddaughter sat by the fire and brooded over unrealised dreams, they were disturbed by a noise in the empty hall. They looked up quickly and beheld the door open slowly and a cloaked gentleman step across the threshold.

"You'll find naught worth the taking, in this house," said the old man.

For answer, the intruder threw aside hat and cloak and stepped into the light of the candles and the fire. "Have my adventures and sufferings changed me beyond recognition?" he asked.

"My God! It is Peter!" cried the baronet.

But, without a sound, the girl sprang from her seat and threw her arms about the man's neck. The baronet tried to follow, but stumbled and fell. In a moment he was lifted to a sofa.

"Brandy," cried the stranger; and, when the flask was in his hand, "A sip of this, father. I did not mean to come upon you so suddenly," he whispered to the old man.

The strong liquor did its work and soon Sir Henry sat up, with his son's arm around him. Dorothy nestled at the newcomer's other side, too stunned with joy to speak.

"We'd given you up for lost, lad," said the old man; "but there was a gentleman here a few years ago, a seafarer from the Caribbean Islands, who said he'd known of strange cases of the sea giving up its—lost. D'ye mind that, Dorothy—the morning of our first breakfast with the captain?"

The girl did not reply to the baronet's question, but pressed her cheek more closely to her father's shoulder.

"The captain?" said Peter Deering. "Why, it is of your captain I must tell you."

"You met him?" queried Sir Henry.

"Twice," replied the other. He patted the girl's head softly with his left hand. "Twice," he continued; "and 'tis of those meetings I must tell you—now. Our first meeting took place when I was sailing for Lord Stanpool's island, on the *Hope*. Your captain came alongside, and, after knocking our spars away, boarded us. Half my men were killed and I was wounded; but he let the living escape in the boats—let sound and wounded pull for the island that lay so close at hand."

A piteous cry escaped from the girl's ashen lips.

"What d'ye say?" exclaimed the baronet. "He slaughtered your honest mariners! He wounded you! He robbed you of your ship!"

"Yes," replied the son. "But have not king's officers and king's troops done as much—for a day's rations? And he let us get away in our boats, and it was not his fault that the island we pulled for belonged to that devil, Stanpool."

"Our second meeting," continued Peter Deering, "took place three months ago. Such of us as still lived were busy working in his lordship's sugar-brakes, with irons on our legs and whips at our backs. Stanpool considered that, as he could get no more money, he was very lucky to get Deering labour; but he complained of the fatal effects of yellow fever among his white slaves and lamented that the two boats that Providence had sent ashore to him had not been filled with Africans instead of Englishmen. One morning, from the field in which we worked, we saw a schooner run into the anchorage, with the red ensign flying. Boats put off from her, crowded with armed men, and pulled for the land-wash. Stanpool opened fire with cannon and muskets; but the invaders came on. When the fight was over and Stanpool lay dead in his burning house, a man with a wet sword in his hand found me hiding among the canes. He asked me if my name was Deering, and when I replied that it had been, when I possessed such a thing as a name, he went down on his knees. 'I took the chance,' he cried, 'but I didn't think you had lived to get ashore. But, thank God, I took the chance.'"

"Who was it?" whispered Dorothy.

"It was Davenport," said her father. "My friend, Jack Davenport."

"Your friend?" queried the old man. "The fellow who took your ship and spilled your blood!"

"The man I'd trust to the death," replied the other. "A pirate he was—and yet many a country magistrate is more of a pirate at heart. He took toll of the seas—and he spent his ill-got fortune, and risked his life, to right a wrong. He sunk my ship and killed my men—but he returned and rescued me from a living hell."

Dorothy clasped the speaker's neck with her arms and the baronet, with moisture in his eyes, looked from the fire to his son's face. "I thought him a kind lad," he murmured, "and—and—something of a gentleman. So I was not altogether mistaken."

"A gentleman?" said the other. "Why, yes, for his true name—" and he whispered a word in Sir Henry's ear. The old gentleman tossed his hands upward in a gesture of amazement.

"What is the world coming to?" he cried.

"I tell you, sir, that king's officers, and the best men in England, have done no less than he—for a day's rations," replied the son. "Planter or pirate—there is little to choose between them, in the western islands. And this man has repented in tears and given his money and his blood in retribution."

"I trust no harm has come to him—if only for the sake of his name," said the baronet.

"The man who has saved your son from a living death and our house from ruin, waits outside your door," replied Peter Deering, sternly.

Following Instructions

THEY did not very often give dinner-parties, says an English sporting journal, and never gave large ones; but at the little reunions to which they did invite their friends they liked everything of the best. So, on the afternoon of one of their choice little feasts, the host summoned his boy in buttons and said, "Now, John, you must be very careful how you hand round the wine."

"Yes, sir."

"These bottles with the black seals are the best, and these with the red seal the inferior sherry. The best sherry is for after dinner; the inferior sherry you will hand round with the hock after soup. You understand—hock and the inferior sherry after soup?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly," said the boy in buttons.

The evening came, the guests came and everything was progressing admirably till the boy went round the table asking of every guest: "Hock or inferior sherry?" And everyone took hock.

A La Mode

"What's that curious-looking charm you are wearing on your watch-chain?"

"That is our new coat-of-arms—chauffeur rampant, policeman couchant, justice of the peace expectant."—*Montreal Star*.

S. T O R I E T T E S

AN IMPRESSIVE MEETING.

A STORY is told in recent days of a Toronto military man, rather given to the first personal pronoun with prolonged variations. This important gentleman found himself at a garden-party in England and discovered that the Duke of Devonshire was among the guests. In the course of his wanderings along the picturesque terraces, the Toronto man came upon Colonel Sam Hughes whom he greeted with Canadian fervour. They talked of dangers they had passed and wild enemies they had known and then the Toronto man said casually as His Grace strolled by: "Have you met the Duke of Devonshire?"

"No," replied the Lindsay Colonel, gazing with curiosity at the languid figure, for the late Duke of Devonshire was one of the weariest men in the Kingdom and was known to have yawned during his own speeches in the House.

The Toronto man promptly bustled after the Duke and drew his attention to the Canadian colonel, giving brief extracts from Colonel Sam's career by way of fixing the ducal attention. His Grace recognised the introduction blandly and then turned to the Toronto friend with idle curiosity.

"Ah—and may I ask—where—I have had the pleasure—of meeting you?"

* * *

SAFE TRIBUTES.

AT the time this page goes to press, the election results are still of the future. But we have on hand two verses, which express the happy many-sidedness of a truly independent journal.

Oh, how the land rejoices

For Laurier has won!
He's a charming gold-tongued orator,
The nation's favourite son.
He's given us prosperity
And many a bumper crop;
It's gloriously fitting
That he should be on top.

Hurrah, hurrah for Borden!

We knew that he would win
And carry the Dominion—
We're mighty glad he's in.
R. L. doth stand for Righteous Law,
We've often heard it said.
Now Canada will prosper,
With Borden at the head.

* * *

APPROPRIATE.

A YOUNG lady entered a Toronto retail book store a short time since and inquired from the gentlemanly clerk (a married man, by the way) if they had a book suitable for an old gentleman who had been married fifty years. Without a moment's hesitation, the clerk reached for a copy of Parkman's "A Half Century of Conflict."

* * *

NEWSLETS.

Mr. Dan McGillicuddy is busy on a poem regarding "The Mix-ups of the Macs." It is dedicated to the Editor of the *Globe* and will be published with a handsome claymore on the cover.

Large checks will be worn in the libel suits this season. A cynic suggests that stripes may also be on exhibition before the end of the season. Polka dots are barred.

Lord Northcliffe has announced that he does not intend to start a paper in Toronto. It is rumoured that he was offered several dailies

in his first hour at the King Edward Hotel.

* * *

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"I tell you," went on the old lady at a hotel, getting quite angry, "I won't have this room. I ain't going to pay my money for a pig-sty, and, as for sleeping in one of them folding beds, I simply won't do it."

The boy could stand it no longer. "Get on in, mum," said he, with a weary expression on his face. "This ain't your room; it's the elevator."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

* * *

BUT NOT THE "ONE."

Mrs. Hoyle—My husband had \$100,000 when I married him.

Mrs. Doyle—How much has he now?

Mrs. Hoyle—Oh, he has most of the ciphers left.

* * *

TRUE SELF-POSSESSION.

NOT long ago, says that English weekly, the *Tatler*, a young couple entered a railway carriage at Sheffield and were immediately put down as a bridal pair. But they were remarkably self-possessed and behaved with such sang-froid that the other passengers began to doubt if their first surmise was correct after all.

As the train moved out, however, the young man rose to remove his overcoat, and a shower of rice fell out while the passengers smiled broadly.

But even that did not affect the youth, who also smiled, and, turning to his partner, remarked audibly:

"By Jove, May! I've stolen the bridegroom's overcoat."

* * *

POOR THINGS.

"It's queer about these new diseases," said Mrs. Backwoods, "you never heard of appendicitis when I was young and even the animals nowadays seem to be getting affected in queer ways. Look at the pigs now. You don't see a weekly paper without a mention of the poor animals. Their sufferings must be something awful."

"Pigs!" said the Doctor in bewilderment. "I think they're just about as healthy as they've ever been."

"Not a bit of it," said Mrs. Backwoods energetically. "They may be all right in Oxford County and Middlesex. But haven't you been reading about the blind pigs up in Cobalt? I saw that a lot of them had been destroyed and I suppose that's the best you can do for the poor things."

* * *

THE FUTURE PEDESTRIAN.

Chug-chug!
Br-r-r br-r-r!
Honk-honk!
Gilligillug-gilligillug!

The pedestrian paused at the intersection of two busy cross streets.

He looked about. An automobile was rushing at him from one direction, a motorcycle from another, an auto-truck was coming from behind, and a taxicab was speedily approaching.

Zip-zip! Zing-glug!

He looked up and saw directly above him a runaway airship in rapid descent.

There was but one chance. He was standing upon a manhole cover. Quickly seizing it, he lifted the lid and jumped into the hole just in time to be run over by a subway train.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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PEOPLE AND PLACES

AT last the Hindu question seems to be solving itself on the Pacific coast. The Government will deport the entire colony to the Honduras. In this scheme both the provincial and the Dominion Government will concur. Many of the colony of two thousand are said to be starving. Two ships will be chartered to carry the Orientals down to Panama whence they will be transhipped across the Isthmus and set building railways in Honduras. Thus ends one of the uncomfortable dreams of the Pacific. Ends also pipe dream of the Orientals; of the Sikhs who last winter built and opened a large new temple in Vancouver. The fading of a whole dynasty or the decadence of a religion in the Orient has nothing quite so swiftly sad as this. The Hindus in British Columbia have been a strange anomaly. They have furnished the newspapers—and Kipling—with much interesting copy. By some they have been belauded; by others reviled. Once in a while some of them did deeds of violence—just to show that they were not only dreamers of dreams and wearers of turbans. But the new note of colour which looks good to easterners two or three thousand miles away, but to those on the Pacific was altogether blue with an indigo stripe, will be gone from that country forever. Exeunt the turbans. Still, however, remain the pyjamas and the kimonos. The yellow men and the brown men will be a harder problem to solve; one that can't very well be solved by deportation.

Three Hindus who wandered as far north as the Yukon have been sadly up against adversity, having no work and not being minded to starve in a country where famines are not fashionable. These three turbanites haunted Government offices for weeks wanting work or food or transportation; and at last they got the latter; were landed on a White Horse steamer and given free passage out of that part of Canada into the land of the *chechacoos*—the other "tenderfoots" the two thousand who are soon to be en route to Honduras.

* * *



Improved Agricultural Machinery has greatly helped the Canadian Farmer.

* * *

NOR are bush fires doing all the damage and wiping out all the towns in the country. Prairie fires also have been getting in their deadly work among the new settlements. The latest to go up in smoke is Stettler. This was a fine little German town about sixty miles east of Lacombe in the heart of one of the most prosperous colonies in the whole West. The fire which started in a bowling alley succeeded in eating up twenty stores, two or three hotels, two banks and the postoffice. Fire brigade though very willing was under-equipped; always a hard matter to get money enough through Council to furnish one of these new wooden towns with a fire-fighting outfit able to do the work; and as the wind blows without stint in that country it takes more than a volunteer brigade to stand up and make headway against a fire that gets hold of a whole town. However, this fine town will not be long rebuilding. Meanwhile other new towns in that part of the wheat belt will vote extra money to the fire departments.

* * *

A MAN that deliberately sets out to find a "Rangifer Dawsoni" is either a very bold man or else hasn't very much else to do. Such a man is Mr. Frank Kermod, curator of the provincial museum at Victoria, British Columbia. The thing he is after is extinct; so that he will probably not need a gun. It is a species of cariboo whose habitat is said to have been the Queen Charlotte Islands. Graham Island, one of this group, will be visited; here has been found the skull and one horn and a dried skin—all of which have led Seton-Thompson to believe that they belong to this species of cariboo.

* * *

IT will be a cool day when New Brunswick can't afford a moose story or two. The woods down there have been full of moose hunters for weeks now. Two—McGaffigan and Philip Teare, a guide—called a moose; and the call was answered in two directions at once.

"This is not an echo either, by jing," said the guide. "Maybe it's twins moose," ventured Mac.

At all events the call was answered by a duet; and the louder the calls got the more certain it became that both Mac and the guide would need to use guns.

But it turned out that one of the moose was a bear, who also was engaged in moose hunting.

Down in Kings County also two sportsmen went out from a farmhouse where they had taken lodgings near some alleged moose runs. About two hours after breakfast a pair of elegantly fine moose strolled out of the woods

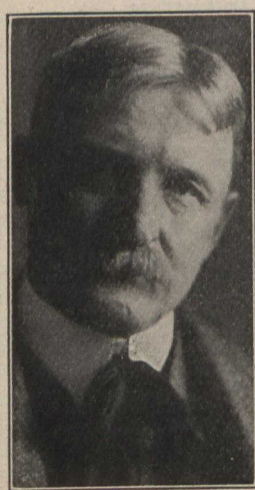
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by almost the trail the Nimrods had gone in. For half an hour or so they browsed around among the cattle. Farm hands were mustered and guns got from the kitchen wall; but the moose went back unharmed the way they had come; and the sportsmen came back at supper time very tired and hungry—but nor hide nor hair of a moose. Such is luck.

* * *

AMID all the doubts and disputations as to what Dr. Goldwin Smith thinks about the destiny of Canada and the future of the soul, the public have never been at a loss to understand the great scholar's attitude on the question of labour. He himself has always been one of the toilers, wielding a pen now in his middle eighties with as much lucidity as ever. In the elections Dr. Smith voted for the Labour candidate in South Toronto. In a letter to Mr. O'Donoghue he says:

"Dear Mr. O'Donoghue,—Though on public questions I, like my fellow-citizens, take my side, I am not a member of a party. I look to community above all, wishing that it should fairly represent all interests, and that of labour not the least. Neither in England nor here, I believe, have I failed to support, when I had a chance, a good representative of labour. You appear to be such, and therefore, whether we are agreed or not on social questions, you command my sympathy and best wishes. Whatever I have said against socialism has been said not against socialism which dreams of perfection, but against socialism which, knowingly or not, instils hatred of class, pointing almost inevitably to violence in the end. Let socialism tell us plainly what it means to do and how to do it. If inequalities of condition could be levelled to-day, inequalities of capacity by which they were originally created would apparently renew them to-morrow. Meantime, in the course of my long life I have seen great increase of benevolence and social improvement.

"Yours very truly, GOLDWIN SMITH."

* * *



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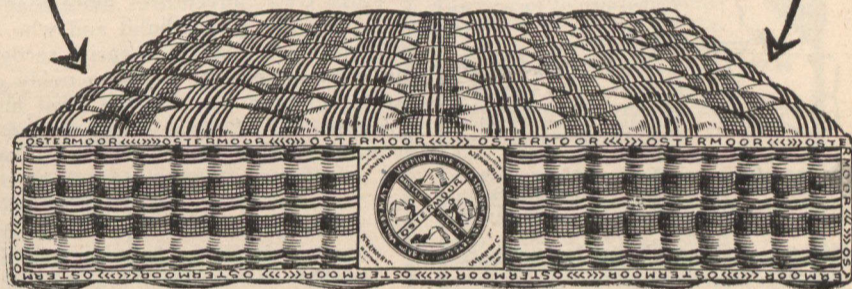
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WILLIAM BRIGGS

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A Typical Group of Farm Out-buildings in one of the older sections of Canada.

* * *

POPULATION and assessment of Ottawa are being considered. Both are satisfactory; population being more than eighty thousand; assessment nearly fifty-one millions—increase of six millions over previous census, while population has increased four thousand. Civil servants are said to be responsible for part of the increase in assessment—though not obviously in population; the members of the service being exempt from taxation only on incomes up to one thousand dollars; and as this applies to members of Parliament as well as to Cabinet ministers the expansion in the assessment from this source comes to more than a million dollars. This does not look as though the majority of Ottawa civil servants were underpaid. Some people have the idea that population does not matter in a place like Ottawa noted for men of eminence and natural beauty; but of late the Ottawans have taken a fancy for censuses and industrial expansion and all the other ordinary mundane matters that make commonplace cities anywhere in Canada.

* * *

EIGHT days adrift on the Atlantic—two Nova Scotia fishermen have recently landed at Liverpool quite certain they know all they want to know about the open sea in a fishing smack when storms are on. Part of the crew of the fishing steamer *Bohemia*, John Burke and John Burbine, were ordered by the captain in a fog to put out in a dory after the trawlers. Burke's own narrative of what happened afterwards is sufficiently thrilling:

"The captain shouted to us to hurry up, as the wind was increasing. The fog had also thickened, and by the time we had finished our vessel had completely disappeared. That night it blew hard, but was bright overhead, and we rowed three miles to leeward. The following day we saw a steamer and rowed for all we were worth towards the north-east, but although we got to within a quarter of a mile, no one on board the steamer noticed us. We were at this time about sixty miles west of Cape Ray. We rowed all that day and night to try and reach land; but had to give it up at five in the morning, when we anchored the dory until two in the afternoon. Then we slowly drifted to the southward from September 24th to 29th, during that time seeing only one vessel, which we signalled by hoisting a sheet on one of our oars. Early next morning we sighted the *Michigan*, and pulled in her direction with what strength we had left. The captain saw our signal, and we were soon transferred to the liner. We fainted on getting on deck, and had to be carried to the bunks, where we were fed like babies. My mate Burbine went delirious through eating rock weed and drinking the salt water. He threw himself twice into the sea in his frenzy, but I managed to get him into the boat again, and ultimately he fell asleep at the bottom, while I kept a lonely lookout for help until he recovered somewhat."

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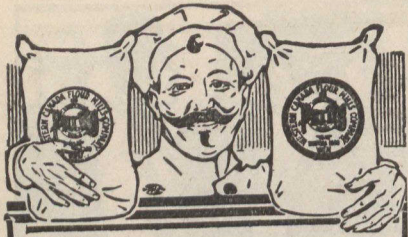
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LITERARY NOTES

SOME OF THE OLD BOOKS.

IN the midst of the reports of the best sellers, it is somewhat interesting to find what novels of yesterday are in demand.

"Well," said a Canadian bookseller, "I find that Dickens sells better than any of the others."

"Especially near Christmas," suggested the questioner.

"That is true of the 'Christmas Carol' and the other stories of the season. But we find that Dickens sells well at any time."

"Is there any favourite among his stories?"

"I think 'David Copperfield' and 'A Tale of Two Cities' are asked for, most often. A good many Thackeray novels are in demand."

"What about Lytton?"

"There isn't a week that we're not asked for 'The Last Days of Pompeii.' Then 'Kenelm Chillingly' and 'My Novel' are in no danger of being forgotten. Then there's Scott. He's as popular as Dickens. There's not a week that some boy doesn't come in for 'The Talisman' or 'Quentin Durward.'"

This was cheering information, for the youth that is being nourished on such fare as Sir Walter provides is not likely to worship false gods. After all, the "best sellers" are but for a season, while "Ivanhoe," "Jane Eyre" and "Esmond" smile serenely as each amazing new heroine goes away in her automobile to be forgotten in a day.

* * *

A PLEASANT ROMANCE.

READERS of the popular magazines will need no urging to induce them to consider a novel by Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln, whose delightful yarns about characters in sea-coast villages appear all too seldom. "Cy Whittaker's Place" is the homely title for a story which introduces one to old-fashioned parlours and wide fireplaces and people who take life in leisurely fashion. Bayport does not differ from other small towns but the quick eye of the writer has seized on piquant and humorous traits which render his account of the "Third Cy's" adventures more than merely entertaining. The local magnate, who has the speech habit and who swells into professional vocabulary on the slightest provocation is easily recognised; yet we are glad that his hypocrisy is not exposed, for he is so nobly ornamental that, as Cy Whittaker admits, it would be a pity for the local monument to topple over. This novel is a pleasant bit of rural romance and is all the more salutary for the artistic concealment of the "moral." (Toronto: McLeod and Allen.)

* * *

TO STEVENSON—OF SOME CRITICS.

They scan the page all musical with perfect word and phrase,
And frown to find you trivial who talk of primrose ways;
Nor fathom your brave laughter, nor know the way you trod—
O serious-hearted wanderer upon the hills of God!

There where you lie beneath the sky far in a lonely land,
You who were even glad to die—care not who understand
Your whimsical sweet strays of tune and your heroic mirth—
Diviner of Arcadian ways throughout the dreary earth!

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING, in Putnam's and The Reader.

* * *

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE November issue of the *Canadian Magazine* opens with a stirring article on "Moose Hunting in New Brunswick," by Douglas W. Clinch, which gives even the uninitiated reader a thrill when he learns that "the ivory bead covered the flying chest," as the monarch of the silent places went to his death. Mr. John Boyd contributes a valuable study of "The Poetry of Louis Frechette," and Mr. H. Mortimer-Lamb is the writer of an article on "The Art of Curtis Williamson, R.C.A." The *Canadian Magazine* has recently published several articles on our artists and their work which should be enlightening to many who have been content to deplore the lack of Canadian art, without possessing any knowledge of what is being accomplished in the studios of the Dominion. The current article is finely illustrated with reproductions from Mr. Williamson's paintings, the page of Newfoundland scenes being especially impressive. Mr. Williamson's studies of Dutch life are well known to all Canadian frequenters of exhibitions and the frontispiece of the magazine shows "Klaasje," the original of which is in possession of the Dominion Government. In the October magazine there was an article by Mr. E. F. B. Johnston on "The Art of Mr. Archibald Browne" which did justice to the distinctive charm of that poetic artist's work and it is to be hoped that Canadian studios will furnish material for further additions to this series.

The stories are of a commendable variety, ranging from the farce of "The Late Mrs. Sullivan" to the tragedy of "My Lady Played," a romance of the stirring and swashbuckling order by Marjory Bowen, whose first novel, "The Viper of Milan," brought her fame in a season. Mrs. Grace E. Denison contributes a story, "The Little Gentleman," which tells of how the chivalrous hero rescued a delightful girl from a loveless marriage and even sacrificed himself to make a friend's happiness secure. Altogether the reader of this November magazine has no reason to believe that Canadian writers and artists are not keeping up with modern progress.

By the way, it is interesting to compare a copy of this magazine of October, 1893, picked up by chance near the shores of a Canadian lake, with the current number. Yet there must have been pessimists of fifteen years ago who predicted disaster and an early death from low circulation for the new venture in Canadian journalism. But the pessimists are a poor lot, anyway, whose croaking is seldom prophecy.

* * *

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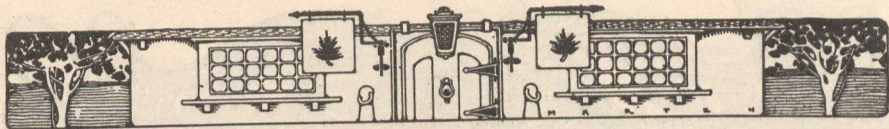
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**AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE
 SCORCHING SOCIETY.**

DURING the last few years the article or novel professing to expose the wicked ways of "society" has been decidedly popular. Mr. Upton Sinclair set out to show the horrors of meat-packing in the city of Chicago and wrote "The Jungle," a book which fairly sickened every one who read it and made one flee from tinned beef as from an unclean thing. Recently, however, Mr. Sinclair has turned his attention to fashionable society in New York and has produced a startling fiction achievement, in which those of the multi-millionaire class are pictured with impressionistic touch.

All this denunciation of the "bridge and booze" class, as one humorist describes it, may create a mild sensation among the aspiring housemaids who devour this fiction but is really of doubtful benefit. There are many of the affluent class who are given to good works or serious study but such characters are usually ignored by the sensational novelist. Miss Anna Gould, whose series of "alliances" has kept the yellow journalist busy, may be a sad example of the silly set; but her sister is just as striking an example of the class which recognises riches as an obligation and acts accordingly. Why not look for the noble, as well as the ignoble rich?

A modern critic puts the matter well: "Weak-willed people who are also rich naturally take advantage of opportunities that do not present themselves to others who are equally weak-willed but not equally rich . . . But to talk as though society to-day were acting differently from society at other times is pure moonshine. The world has always been fairly full of foolish, vicious and vain people who follow their inclinations according to their abilities. These people are acting now as they have always acted and always will act, but they have no power to bring the world to an end, to wreck civilisation, or to impair seriously the value of those other persons, rich and poor, who know that individual strength comes only from self-restraint."

* * *

A SONG OF TRAVEL.

THE charm of travel was never greater than it is to-day. Women, we are informed, should stay at home and find their chief joys within four walls; but the woman of these motoring days is rather given to wandering beyond county or provincial boundaries. Anyone who has noticed the changes which have lately come over Canadian communities must have become aware of how much more we are "getting about" than we used to, in the old days. It is entirely a mistake to suppose that the gypsy spirit, which has set the British colonies a-going, is a purely masculine instinct and knows no comradeship in the feminine heart. No doubt the Britisher desires a fireside where he may rest after the day's long walk is over; but, so long as daylight lasts, the joys of the open road are sweet. Louise Imogen Guiney has caught this gladsome spirit in "A Song of Far Travel," published in the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Many a time some drowsy oar
 From the nearer bank invited,
 Crossed a narrow stream, and bore
 In among the reeds moon-lighted,
 There to leave me on a shore
 No ferryman hath sighted.

Many a time a mountain stile,
 Dark and bright with sudden wetting,
 Lured my vagrant foot the while
 'Twixt uplifting and down-setting,
 Whither? Thousand mile on mile
 Beyond the last forgetting.

Long by hidden ways I wend,
 (Past occasion grown a ranger);
 Yet enchantment, like a friend,
 Takes from death the tang of danger:
 Hardly river or road can end
 Where I need step a stranger!

* * *

THE DEMON OF HASTE.

THE rough speed of our modern business world is such that its tragic aspect is forced upon us almost every day by the sacrifice of human life to this unheeding rush. The death of Mrs. J. A. Paterson of Toronto in consequence of an accident caused by a bicyclist's cruel carelessness, has shocked all who knew the victim in the tragedy. No worker in women's associations in Toronto has made her personality more gently effective than this late vice-president of the Woman's Art Association. In all matters, affecting woman's higher work, Mrs. Paterson took quick and sympathetic interest, while the charities of the community never appealed to her in vain. Official position in the National Council of Women and in many local organisations was frequently offered her but it was difficult to persuade her to accept such honours. To those who worked with her in the associations of which she was a member, the memory of her bright unselfishness will be ever luminous.

It seems as if it were utterly hopeless to look for an improvement in the brutal conditions which make the streets of Toronto a daily menace. The city officials seem quite powerless to protect the ordinary pedestrian from violence or fatal harm. When a useful and happy life is suddenly extinguished by an uncaring creature whose one object is to carry out a trivial errand with no regard for the safety of others, one may well ask the end of this speed mania.

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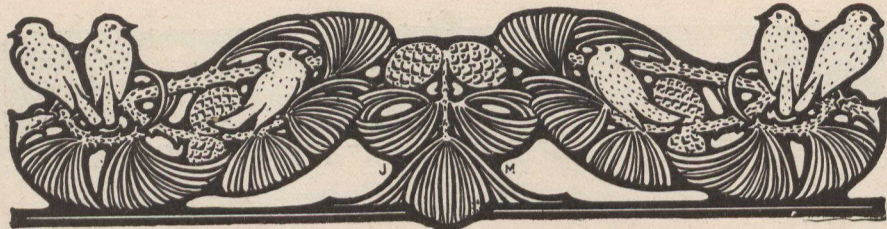


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F O R T H E C H I L D R E N

The Pumpkin's Hallowe'en

By M. H. C.

Once, side by side two pumpkins grew,
And chatted together as pumpkins do.
Quoth Pumpkin Two, "When I'm full
grown,
I'll be the best pumpkin pie that's
known."
Now Pumpkin One, he laughed in
scorn:
"You're the greatest sugar-plum ever
born;
Pray tell me, if you can, the fun
In being a pie," jeered Pumpkin One.
"You listen to me, and I'll tell you
what
A pumpkin can do to make things
hot.
There comes a night called Hal-
lowe'en,
A night strange things are done and
seen,
When ghostly forms with garments
trailed
Walk 'neath a moon whose light is
veiled.
Weird noises fill the silent dark,
The night breeze moans, and owl—
but hark!
You'll hear a chuckle by the fence,
A bold, brown hand will drag you
thence,
Two arms will hold you firm and
tight,
Two legs will run with all their
might.

A smothered call at the old barn door
And you're dragged inside and laid
on the floor.
'Gee, it's a beaut,' says Bill with a
grin,
'Come on, you fellows, I'm dying to
begin.'
There is the lantern's sickly flare,
They hollow you out, till your sides
are bare.
You're given two eyes, and a three-
cornered nose,
And a mouth with two terrible, awful
rows
Of teeth that grin; O, a fiercer sight
Could scarce be seen of a Hallowe'en
night.
When you're lighted inside with a
candle end,
Then the four of them sneak down to
Murphy's Bend,
Where a fence rail points to the star-
less sky,
And your lighted mask is raised on
high.
There through the whole night long
you shine,
To tremble the knee and shiver the
spine
Of the frightened villagers passing
by.
Oh, don't talk to me about pumpkin
pie."

* * *



Hallowe'en Smiles.

* * *

GINGER JACKS OR HALLOWE'EN FUDGE.

Sugar and milk together boil
Until in water cold
They make a soft elastic ball
Between the fingers rolled.

Remove at once from off the fire;
Let stand until lukewarm
Where no rude jar nor shaking up
Can do it any harm.

Then beat to the consistency
Of good, rich, country cream;
Vanilla add and cinnamon,
And butter's golden gleam.

Salt, nuts and ginger stir in last;
Pour all in buttered pan;
When cool and hardening, cut
In squares, as many as you can.

—St. Nicholas.

* * *
AUTUMN.

The trees are now all yellow and red,
And the nuts fall down to the ground;
The children go shuffling through the leaves,—
They like the rustling sound.

And since the school-year still is young,
The books are clean and new,
And boys and girls must study hard,
For holidays are few.

—St. Nicholas.

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What Canadian Editors Think.

A DYING NATION.
(The Catholic Record.)

IF the French Government is trying hard to do the Church to death in the unfortunate Republic the French people themselves are doing the country to death by a slow but sure process of suicide. When the birth-rate of a nation is below the death-rate it needs no demonstration to prove that the country is dying. It may be a lingering death or it may be a galloping consumption. The result is inevitable. A people's richest assets are numerous healthy sons and daughters: its heaviest liabilities are the vacant seats at the family table. France is the only nation whose living wealth is becoming impoverished. Nor is this decadence a thing of a single generation. It has been going on steadily for a century. In a hundred years the birth-rate has fallen from 32 per 1,000 to 19.7. Since 1900 the decline has continued at a deplorable rate until last year the balance was on the debit side—the deaths exceeded the births by 20,000.

* * *

THOSE SUFFRAGETTES.
(Vancouver World.)

ON the whole the Imperial Government seems to be in rather a tight place. To grant woman suffrage now would not only be unconstitutional but would almost necessitate a general election in which, if history repeats itself as it has invariably done hitherto, the beneficiaries would use their new rights to turn out the ministry which granted them. Worse than that, surrender would be an object lesson on a very large scale to every discontented faction in the country, a demonstration that one had only to keep the London police awake long enough to get everything one wanted. On the other hand not to grant woman suffrage means that the police will continue to be kept awake.

* * *

WHAT'S IN A NAME.
(Victoria Colonist.)

IT is singular that no one can say with any certainty what is the origin of the word Canada. There is an old explanation, recently revived, which says the Spaniards, in speaking of the then little known country, said "Aca Nada," meaning thereby "nothing here." To this there seems to be two objections. One of them is that an ejaculation would hardly become the name of a country, unless someone wrote it on a map, and there is no reason to suppose that any one did, and the other is that Aca is not the Spanish for "here," but means "hither." Another explanation is that it is a corruption of the Indian word "Kannatha," meaning a collection of houses, and was applied by the Indians to Quebec, not as a name but for purposes of description. Indian names are usually, perhaps always, only descriptions. If Kannatha means a collection of houses, there were probably many kannathas, but it would be quite natural for the first explorers to connect it with the place to which they first heard it applied. Another explanation is now offered, namely that in old Spanish Canada (accented on the second syllable) means a gorge or valley, and hence that the expression "Tiera de la Canada," appearing on some Spanish maps, means "land of the valley," quite a national appellation to be given to the valley of the St. Lawrence, which is par emphasis, the great valley of the Atlantic coast.



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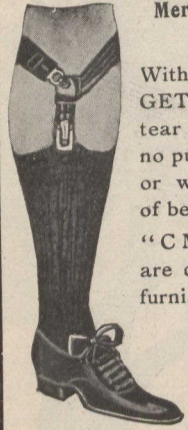
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MUSIC AND DRAMA

THE Sheffield Choir has left Liverpool and Glasgow, to the tune of "God Save the King" and "O Canada" and is now on the good ship *Grampian*, with the expectation of reaching Montreal the first of November. This visit has aroused feelings of friendliest anticipation in all cities and towns where the Yorkshire singers are to appear and their coming after the stress of elections, when the people of Canada are only too glad to turn from the political turmoil to the pure consolations of music, is happily arranged. Toronto appreciates the fact that it is the most highly favoured city in the tour and the four concerts, to be given on November 5th, 6th and 7th in Massey Music Hall, already show an immense subscription list, leaving however a fair accommodation for the general public which will apply next week.

A prominent critic has recently said that Mr. Asquith has two essentials to success: he is of Yorkshire birth and is a Balliol man. Whatever may be thought of the second, it is generally admitted that the Yorkshireman is possessed of an infinite capacity for taking pains. When one considers the robustness of the northern voice, with this gift of artistic pertinacity added thereto, it is not surprising that Leeds and Sheffield have acquired a reputation in choral work, such as no other cities of the United Kingdom can boast. The Sheffield Choir's visit is an event of the highest importance to the musical reciprocity which should be maintained between Great Britain and the Dominion.

The leading soloists with the choir are Miss Emily Breare, Miss Eleanor Coward, Miss Clara North, Miss Kathleen Frankish, Miss Gertrude Lonsdale, Miss Ada Burton, Mr. Henry Brearley, Mr. Arthur Burrows, Mr. Robert Charlesworth and Mr. William Peacock.

* * *

AT the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, "The Wedding Day" has proved an attractive feature this week and will be followed by that operatic favourite, "The Chimes of Normandy." The management of the Royal Alexandra makes the welcome announcement that there is to be a revival of "classic" light opera at that theatre and Gilbert and Sullivan performances will ere long gladden the eyes and ears of those who find modern musical comedy a matter of monotony. This is decidedly good news and it is to be hoped that there will be found in Toronto a sufficient number of discriminating citizens to make this departure a success.

* * *

THE Toronto Symphony Orchestra concert, to be given in Massey Music Hall on December 8th will have as chief soloist attraction, Madame Joanna Gadski. This engagement is recognised as a proof of the organisation's laudable ambition and resolve to make the orchestral concerts among the best events of the season. Madame Gadski is one of the greatest singers of to-day, with a warmth of temperament and breadth of artistic conception such as few possess. Her singing of the Valkyrie "Fire Song" is one of the noblest achievements in modern musical art and we may hope to hear it again in December.

Mr. Welsman is to be thanked for the splendid enthusiasm he has shown in organising this orchestra and also on the liberal support he is receiving from citizens animated by the spirit of Mr. H. C. Cox, the president.

* * *

MR. ARTHUR STRINGER'S remarkably plain-spoken article in *Canada West* on the subject of "Canada Fakers" may be taken to heart by the playwright as well as by the story-teller. The drama, "Pierre of the Plains," recently seen by Canadian audiences can hardly come under the class of Canada-faking productions. The play is somewhat reminiscent of Sir Gilbert Parker's "Pierre and His People," and is not the melodramatic rendering of our Northwest, with which audiences in Chicago and New York have occasionally been entertained.

Mr. James Metcalfe of *New York Life* says of the play: "Pierre of the Plains" is at least a virile drama. Drummond, Parker, Roberts, *et al*, have brought the French-Canadian and half-breed into literature, and that distillation of French blood into North American surroundings has at last found its way to the stage. Wherever the French blood goes it brings picturesqueness of character and incident. This is valuable to a stage dominated by Anglo-Teutonic phlegm.

"Mr. Edgar Selwyn, whose recent 'Father and Son' did not get quite the recognition it deserved, has taken Sir Gilbert Parker's 'Pierre and His People' and woven it into a play which certainly arouses and holds the interest. The types are primitive ones, but they seem close to nature, and serve the primary dramatic intent of defining a stage story. If we leave Aeschylus, Ibsen, and the problem writers out of consideration for a moment, it will be necessary to admit, shamefacedly, perhaps, that in 'Pierre of the Plains,' Mr. Selwyn has given us vital drama. Also his depiction of *Pierre* is an excellent piece of acting. The devil-may-care half-breed, with his trust in the destiny of the cards, his irreligiousness, his gayety, chivalry and touches of polite gallantry, is worth more analysis than the passing notice of short space. So of the well-defined characters and good actors in the cast.

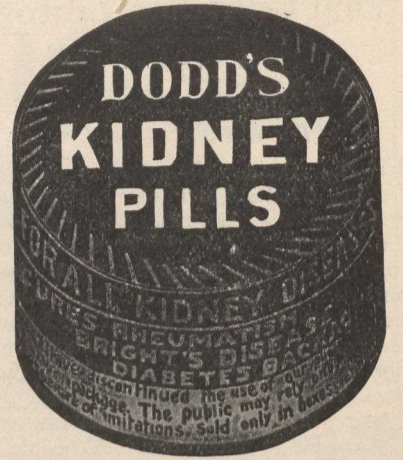
"Briefly, old-fashioned theatregoers will find 'Pierre of the Plains' a good, strong play, well acted. It will not please those who in the drama look only for morbid mentality dissected to the discovery of the most remote diseased microbe."

* * *

THE Woman's Musical Club of London, Ontario, has been reorganised this month and will probably have a successful season, as the opening meeting showed an enthusiastic interest on the part of the members. These local clubs are doing no insignificant work in raising the standard of musical taste and creating a demand for better things which assures a manager of success in arranging for a great artist's visit.

* * *

The Capital is making great preparations for the Sheffield Choir concert on Wednesday night next. It will be given in Dey's Arena and is under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency, Earl Grey.



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The Girl in the Cafe

THE struggles of the self-made young man who "puts himself through college" have frequently been described but it has remained for the last half-century to evolve the young woman student of like calibre. Such a one is Elizabeth Wallace, who began to teach in a country school at the age of eighteen and now, at the age of twenty-five, finds herself at the provincial university, thanks to an economical policy and a small legacy from a maiden aunt who always said: "There's a lot in Elizabeth."

There was a slight re-action when the ex-teacher first realised that she had returned to the student stage and Elizabeth discovered that a Toronto attic is not an ideal winter residence, even when shared by an earnest girl with a large forehead, engaged to a young man who is going down to South America as missionary. Breakfast at a cheap boarding-house and luncheon consisting of rolls and a glass of milk are not stimulating fare; so, Elizabeth and her industrious chum decided to vary the day's work or board by dinner at the Clover Cafe. Just why the institution was given that name, none of its patrons has been able to discover, for its twenty-five-cent dinner is not suggestive of a land flowing with milk and honey. However, Elizabeth and the earnest young person, whose name is Ruth Morris, considered its "courses" an introduction to fashionable living and found its dreary glitter more amusing than the attic chill.

"A higher education certainly comes high," sighed Elizabeth one evening, as they discoursed of the almost-forgotten joys of country tea-meetings where there was real cream on the apple pie and the cold chicken was more than a shaving of white meat.

"This is the limit," broke out the other as she was informed that the tapioca pudding was "off." Miss Morris was opposed to slang but the atmosphere of the Clover Cafe was weakening, even to a young person engaged to an embryo missionary.

"It would be good to be back in Limehurst, just for one night—to see the snow on the hills. Toronto is so flat," said Elizabeth wistfully.

"Beg pardon, miss," said the girl who had just brought the weak coffee, "but do you know Limehurst?" Elizabeth and Ruth had formed a decided fondness for the pale-faced waitress who always seemed tired and yet who ran with a kind of reluctant eagerness as she filled her many orders.

"I know Limehurst very well," said Elizabeth kindly. "It's a pretty place in spring."

"It's a pretty place all the year round," burst out the girl with impatient pride, "my home's just five miles away at Barrett. We used to go nutting near Proctor's Hill when I was a little kid. They are the best walnuts and butternuts in the county. Perhaps you know Proctor's Hill?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth, as a vision rose above the coffee-cups of an autumn hillside crowned with russet and crimson, "it's a splendid hill. What is your name?"

The girl hesitated. "Mary Vosper," she said finally.

"Vosper!" repeated Elizabeth. "It's a rather unusual name."

"It's a Devonshire name," said Mary with a curious defiance in her glance.

"There was a boy called Jim Vosper who came to Limehurst school one winter about four years ago. Perhaps he was some relation of yours. He was fair, with the bluest eyes I ever saw."

"Yes, that would be Jim," was Mary's hurried reply while her cheeks, no longer pale, flushed to a rose-



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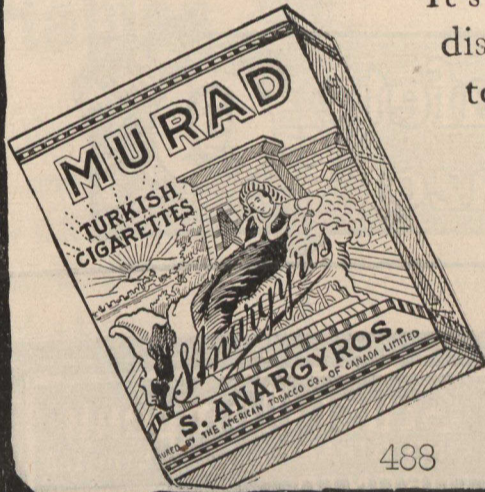
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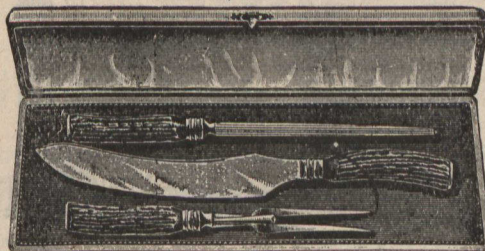
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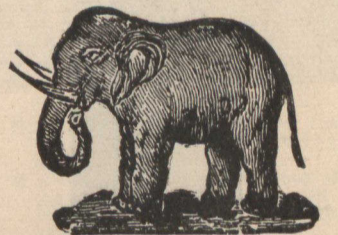


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colour that made her positively pretty. "He was a kind of connection, miss."
"Well, he was a very smart boy," said Elizabeth warmly. "I have often wondered if he's doing well. Do you know?"

"I guess—he's gettin' on all right," said the waitress huskily, turning away as the proprietor hurried forward with a muttered warning to "waste no time chattering when there were three more tables to be cleared."

From that night, Mary Vosper would allow no one else to wait upon the two students who took the Clover Cafe dinner by way of variety. The least watery milk, the most generous slices of pie, the unleathery roast beef were saved for the table where Elizabeth and Ruth talked over the day's lectures and anticipated the ordeal of May examinations. The holidays came and they departed, leaving Mary in tears though enriched by a silk shirt-waist which they decided to bestow upon their willing waitress.

But Elizabeth and Ruth are not of the lilies-of-the-field; so they came back early to the city for some special work which they had soberly planned in the preceding spring. The Clover Cafe, crowded with returning customers, was once more the scene of their evening dissipation. But they looked in vain for Mary Vosper.

"Mary's gone," said the proprietor sullenly. "And it's none so easy to get another girl like her. She did more work in less time than any other girl in the place."

The next afternoon Ruth Morris went for a long walk with the young theologian on whom her affections were set and came home at six o'clock with armfuls of autumn leaves and her eyes shining with excitement.

"Elizabeth," she said as they met in a corner of the Clover Cafe, "whom do you suppose we met beyond Wells Hill."

"Someone from Hamilton," said Elizabeth with a weary attempt at facetiousness.

"Mary Vosper. Do you know, she was married to that Jim Vosper more than a year ago—the blue-eyed boy whom you taught at Limehurst. They quarrelled because Jim was a tease and laughed at Mary's pancakes. So the silly little thing got angry one morning and ran away, leaving Jim to cook for himself. But she got so homesick last winter in Toronto, especially after what you said about Limehurst and Jim being so smart that when June came she went straight back to the country, to find Jim in a lonesome and forgiving mood. You should have seen them this afternoon! They had come to Toronto to buy some new furniture. Mary's cheeks are fat and rosy and Jim says her cooking is the best ever. It was awfully funny. The two young things told me the story of their lives, as we walked down Bathurst Street. Mary was wearing the blue silk waist we gave her last spring. Just think of the Clover Cafe evolving a romance like that!"

"I always thought Mary had a love-story left in the country on Proctor's Hill. She talked about that place so often." The lights in the cafe suddenly flickered and almost went out. "See here," continued Elizabeth, with swift decision, "I'm sick of this place and economizing. I don't care if you are going to marry Henry Carter and go to Patagonia or Peru, you're coming with me to the Royal Alexandra to-night. We need a change."

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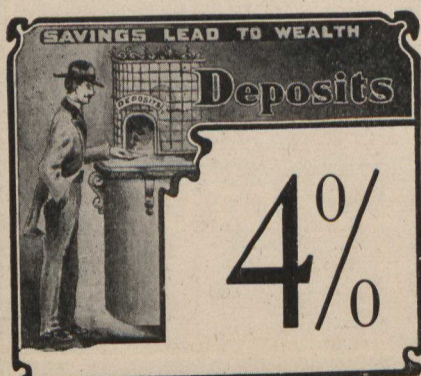
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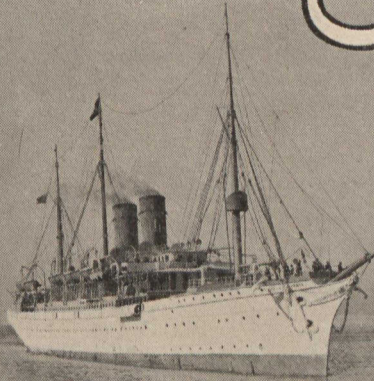
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