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December 4th, 1909

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The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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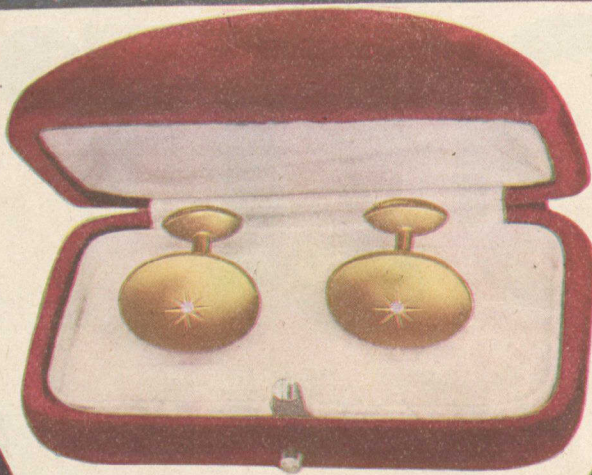
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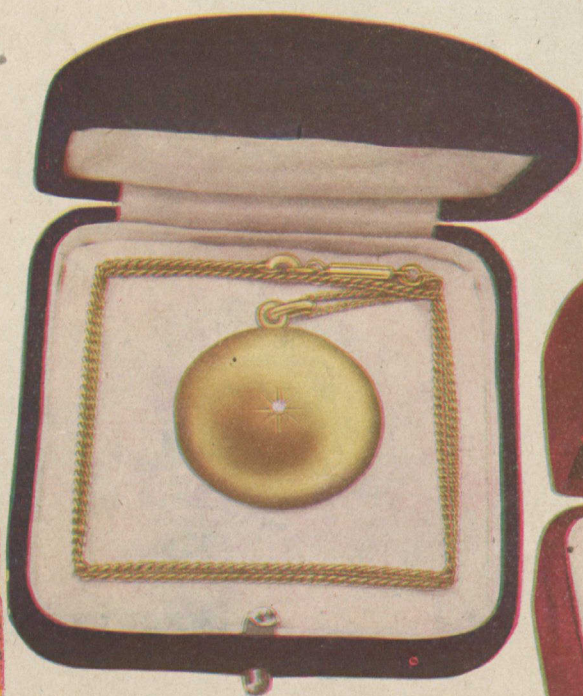
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Editor's Talk



Mr. Harry Whitney.

MR. HARRY WHITNEY, Arctic explorer and sportsman, the first white man to meet Dr. Cook on his return from the Pole, and also the first to meet Peary, will contribute six articles to the Canadian Courier in January, February and March. These will describe Canada's great Northland beyond the regions to which Captain Bernier penetrated. They will also describe the most thrilling musk ox hunt that has ever

taken place in the history of man.

Mr. Whitney is a millionaire, a descendant of the inventor of the cotton gin, an enthusiastic automobilist, and a big game hunter. He spent a year in the Arctic, the first big game hunter to trail the musk ox in Ellesmere Land. His illustrated story will equal that of Ex-President Roosevelt's experiences in Africa. It will be the finest material ever secured for this journal.

SAMPLE congratulations. Mr. J. E. Foster, of Salisbury, N.B., says: "I take a number of periodicals, but none can fill the place of the Courier in our household." Dr. Service of Tillsonburg states that he took the paper with reluctance because of an insistent agent, but "am well pleased with it and more especially with the all-Canadian idea that seems to surround all its pages." Mr. C. Wolseley Johnson of Halifax writes: "May the utmost success crown your efforts in building up a national weekly which represents so fully the views of all Canadians."

This is the first number of Volume Seven. We believe it is better than the first number of any other of our volumes. We hope that the first number of Volume Eight will be better still. Next week's copy will be our CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



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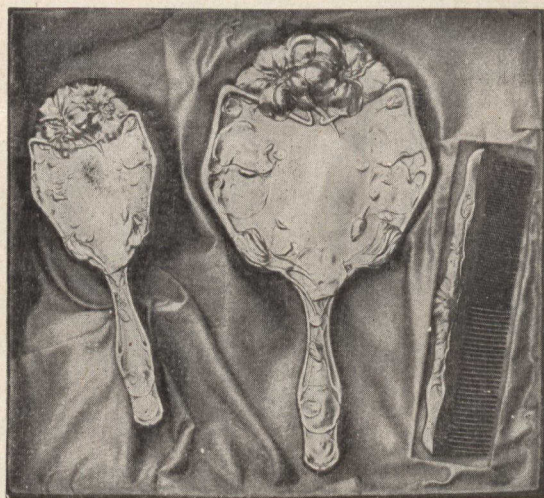
The articles listed below are all absolute necessities but their superior quality and handsome finish give them the appearance of luxuries. In fact there is only one feature about them which is not most exclusive, and that is the low price quoted in every instance. * * * * *

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SILVER-PLATED TOILET SET



S2-37X. A very pretty toilet set with silver-plated backs in heavy raised water lily design, new dull and bright finish, strong comb, beveled plate glass mirror and finest bristles in hair brush. Complete set in case. **5.00**

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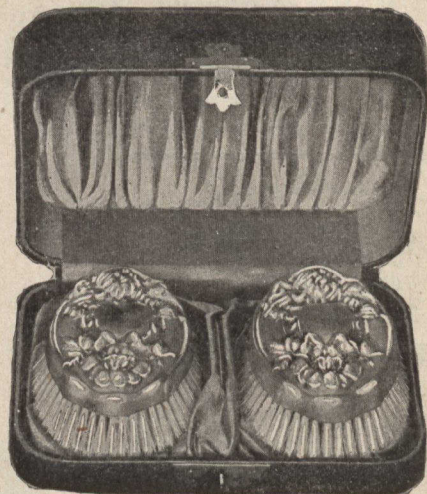
S2-16X. Here is a practical present to give to a man who shaves. A silver-plated shaving cup gold-lined, and a shaving brush with silver-plated handle. The design is quite neat and the set, complete in suitable case as illustrated, makes a very acceptable gift. Price. **2.00**

THREE-PIECE TOILET SET



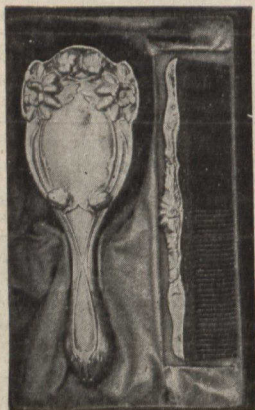
S2-36X. This toilet set is medium in size and very pretty in design, it will look exceedingly well on the dresser and makes a very useful and appropriate present for Christmas. Fine material throughout. **3.50**

MILITARY BRUSH SET



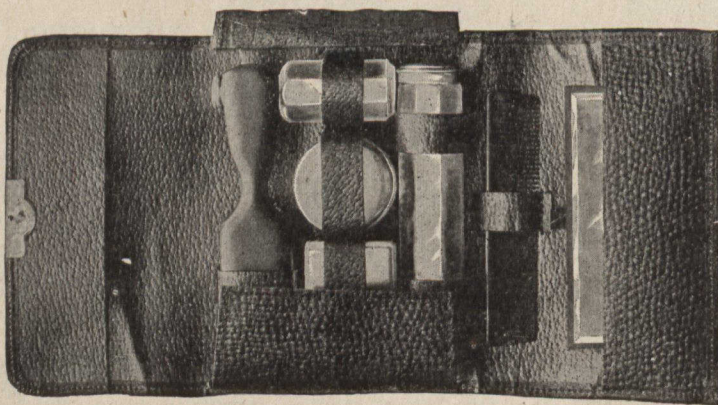
S2-17X. This is a very pretty thing and something every man appreciates. The bristles in these brushes are of the finest quality, the backs are magnificently designed raised silver-plate flowers. Price of set complete with appropriate case. **6.00**

BRUSH AND COMB SET



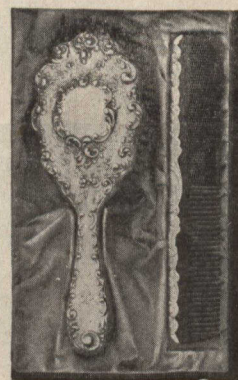
S2-35X. Silver-plated brush and comb set, raised floral design in the new dull and bright finish, finest bristles in brush. This is a pretty set at a moderate price. **2.00**

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Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 7

Toronto, December 4th, 1909

No. 1



REFLECTIONS

By STAFF WRITERS

CANADIANS are at the stage when they admire most ardently the men who "do things." They are anxious to see the country progress and expand. The hum of new industries, the shrill whistle of new railway trains, the growing pains of the larger cities and towns, the crowded steerage decks of the incoming passenger steamers, the well-filled immigrant trains, and other similar phenomena indicate the rapid expansion and steady progress of a new country. The town which is not putting in new sewers and water-pipes on new streets, new pumping-plant, new electrical distributing equipment, and additional transportation facilities, is accounted dead. The province which is not spending money on new waggon roads, railways, telephones and telegraphs, public institutions and other undertakings is labelled unprogressive. The industrial leader or the statesman who most vehemently advocates progress and development is most popular.

The other day Edmonton citizens were asked to vote upon a by-law to approve an agreement whereby the Canadian Pacific Railway should enter that city. For years the C. P. R. and Edmonton have been unfriendly because the C. P. R. made Strathcona, which is across the river, the terminal of its only line in that district. To get into Edmonton it was necessary to build a huge bridge over a wide, deep valley, and to buy much valuable right of way through the capital of Alberta. Overhead bridges and subways were necessary. Land damages in connection with these improvements would be expensive. The apportionment of the cost was the "sticker." An agreement was arrived at after much discussion and many conferences. It was opposed by some of the conservative people of Edmonton and the arguments seemed all against it. Nevertheless when the people voted, the agreement was approved by a large majority. The proposed expenditure of millions pleased rather than dismayed the people of Edmonton. It is so in nearly every city and town in the West, and in the majority of cities and towns in the East.

BRITISH COLUMBIA also affords an interesting example of how the spirit which backed up Sir John Macdonald when he proposed to aid the proposed Canadian Pacific Railway from Montreal to Vancouver still exists. In recent years Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have undertaken to guarantee interest on many new miles of railway and the people have always approved of the guarantees which these provincial governments made. Then came British Columbia's turn. The Canadian Northern Railway had reached from Port Arthur and Winnipeg to Edmonton and the Foothills. It desired to go on across the Rockies, down the Thompson and the Fraser valleys to New Westminster and Victoria. To do this it needed a government guarantee for its bonds. Mr. Mann and Premier McBride came together and made an arrangement involving a guarantee of several millions. An appeal to the people followed, and the agreement was approved by a majority so large as to make it almost unanimous. Again the people showed their deliberate approval of men who do constructive work, their disapproval of all carping critics and cold-souled pessimists, and their determination to follow Davy Crockett's advice: "Be sure you are right and then go ahead; but go ahead anyway."



LARGELY, this is the spirit which is causing the Dominion Government to spend millions on our waterways and railways. The deepening and widening and lighting of the lower St. Lawrence, the improvements in the St. Lawrence canals, the proposal to build a new twenty million dollar canal between Lakes Ontario and Erie, the more chimerical proposal to connect Georgian Bay with the Upper Ottawa at a cost of fifty or a hundred million—all these huge expenditures are forced on the government because of the voracious

ambitions of a progressive people. If the Dominion Government were to decide on a policy which would cut out all these progressive works, which would delay the building of the Que-

bec Bridge where several millions have already been invested to little purpose, which would stop all further building of government railways and other public works in the Maritime Provinces, which would eliminate any further expenditures in the vast unexplored and undeveloped regions around Hudson Bay and in the Mackenzie River Valley—then at the next general election there would be a new set of cabinet ministers. The government which either advocates or practises economy and retrenchment will have a short life in this country.

It is the same in the United States. The other day, the Isthmian Canal report came out and it showed that the estimated cost of the Panama Canal was far too low. Instead of costing one hundred and fifty million dollars, that great work will cost nearly four hundred millions. When the announcement came a few days ago, the people never "winked an eyelid." They took it almost as a matter of course—estimates by competent engineers are so notoriously like the expert medical man's testimony in court and the salaried auditor's certificate of correctness.



LET no reader make the mistake that we believe that the people will approve reckless expenditure even in a good cause. They desire to get value for their money, or at least approximate value. They fully realise that governments cannot possibly get as much for a dollar as a private corporation, and hence they make allowances for the higher cost of government undertakings. Yet, show them that a government has been unreasonably extravagant and that it has been more generous to its political friends than the occasion warrants—and there will be a revolution at the next election. For example, if it could be proven beyond a doubt that the cost of the National Transcontinental has been doubled because of carelessness or worse on the part of the Commission in charge, we believe that even the unquestioned pre-eminence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier could not save the political situation.

There is less partisanship in Canada than some critics would have us believe. What is often termed partisanship is merely ignorance. No government in this country, whose misdeeds have been clearly proven, has ever survived a battle at the polls. A wicked government which is progressive will, however, have a better chance of surviving than a corrupt government which is lacking in vision and constructive ability.



LAST Sunday evening, for the first time in the history of New York City, a rabbi preached at a regular service in a Presbyterian pulpit. The Rev. Dr. Stephen S. Wise, of the Free Synagogue on West Eighty-First Street, preached for the Rev. Dr. A. E. Keigwin at the West End Presbyterian Church. Dr. Keigwin is the author of the idea. He believes in trying to find the good in people who are in disagreement with him, and believes that all religious denominations should draw more closely together. He does not believe in the possibility of organic union, but he strongly advocates federation and comity.

If the Baptists of Canada were to withdraw their famous proselyting mission in Quebec and try to recognise that a conscientious Roman Catholic may possibly be a good citizen and a future inhabitant of the same heavenly home as the conscientious Baptist, they would be exhibiting more of the modern spirit. If the Methodists and the Presbyterians were to work with the Anglicans in one broad, comprehensive missionary policy for the newer districts of the West, they would do much to restore belief in the ultimate elimination of

error and vice. The greatest need of Canada to-day is religious and racial toleration and co-operation.



JUST the other day, Mr. L. A. Rivet, M.P., addressed the Nomad's Club at Montreal on "The Dual Language of Canada" and declared his belief in the possibility of harmonising a national unity with the maintenance of two languages. In Switzerland there are three official languages, German, French and Italian; yet Switzerland is a united and prosperous nation. He quoted Earl Grey's advice to the Women's Canadian Club of Montreal last year that English-speaking mothers should teach their children to speak French and that French-speaking mothers should teach their children to speak English.

Mr. Rivet is one of the younger French-speaking Canadians who knows both languages and who is not afraid to say that he does not mistrust his English-speaking fellow-citizens. He approaches this great national problem in a broad and tolerant spirit. For a forcible assimilation or unification, he would substitute toleration and bilingual training. He believes the former impossible and inadvisable; he believes the latter educationally and nationally beneficial. His opinions are worthy of mature consideration.



THERE is manifest an increased art interest on the part of educated Canadians. Three prominent art exhibitions are now being held, the Academy show in Hamilton, a civic loan collection in Toronto, and the Modern Art in Montreal. Is this not worthy of special notice? Is it not the sign of a growing feeling that automobiles and sealskin sacs are not the only recognised signs of wealth and culture?

The seeing of good pictures or even the possession of paintings by acknowledged masters is, however, incomplete evidence of culture. Many a man talks glibly of good and bad architecture who does not know the difference between a Doric and an Ionic column. Similarly a large number of people speak glowingly about the work of certain artists who have never read a single art criticism, know nothing of the history of picture painting and who could not distinguish a Turner from a Corot unless the pictures were boldly labelled.

What this country needs badly is more attention to art in the high schools and colleges. Literature is fairly well studied, but art and architecture are ignored. If there is general ignorance of art and architecture among the people, the educationists are to blame. Art galleries and civic and national collections of good pictures will not do much for the general elevation of the national taste, without some teaching of the elements of art education. The rich men and the art lovers are doing their share; it remains for the schools and colleges to do theirs.



UNITED STATES legislators are waking up to the fact that a tariff war between the United States and Canada will have mutually harmful effects. They are also recognising that Canada intends to stand firm in the matter of a pulp-wood and paper-making policy. Mr. Mann, representative in Congress from Illinois, chairman of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, and a Cannonite, is preparing some new legislation which aims to avert this tariff war. He proposes either to postpone the maximum tariff schedule from April 1st, 1910, to January 1st, 1911, or to provide that pulp and paper imported from Canada shall be exempted.

Neither expedient, if Mr. Mann will allow us to say so, will be of much benefit. Postponing a war for nine months will not be a peace measure. If the war is coming, let it come now. It is no compliment to Canada to delay it temporarily. Again, to put the maximum tariff on everything except pulp and paper will not satisfy this country. We would much prefer that the maximum duty should go on pulp and paper and the lower duties on all other articles of commerce.

The United States press is certainly doing its best to avert the evil consequences of the new Aldrich-Payne tariff. The editorials in favour of preserving friendly trade relations with this country are quite numerous. The newspapers realise that if Canada decides to prohibit the export of pulp logs and pulp wood to the United States, the price of news-print in that country must inevitably rise. They also recognise that a trade war with the nearest and best American customer for United States goods cannot be beneficial.

The situation is serious, but Canada can do nothing to relieve it. Those who created the difficulty must deal with it. Our only duty in the matter is to prepare for the worst.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

"A TILT AGAINST CHARITY."

THE Knight Errant of Canadian philanthropy is mounted again. It looks as if he were following on the trail of Don Quixote; but he has brought practical good out of quests as Quixotic before, so I would advise the scoffing Philistine to be cautious. By the Knight Errant I mean, of course, Mr. J. J. Kelso, Superintendent of Dependent and Neglected Children for the Province of Ontario. His quest this time is none other than the abolition of charity as a means to the end of the abolition of poverty.

* * *

AFTER his success in creating and organising the great work among the children of Ontario—which has been the source of inspiration for similar movements in other provinces—Mr. Kelso has for some time been mourning for other worlds to conquer. He has published a number of articles in advocacy of the organisation of all charitable efforts on a common basis and with a common centre. In his last he hits out in this blunt way: "Charity," he says, "is a disease as contagious as measles and it spreads from door to door. If there were no charity there would be no pauperism. A pauper is the most despicable creature living, and yet he is created and maintained solely by charity."

* * *

AS to the truth of Mr. Kelso's words, I suppose no experienced philanthropic worker would have a moment's doubt. The production of pauperism through the English poor law is a commonpland of social pauperism. But we do not need to go so far afield to find out the pauperising tendency of charity. I have had reason to know it personally in the city of Toronto. Some years ago I made a close study of the operations of the different charitable organisations in that city which have to do with the relief of poverty. The statistics which I then collected showed, apparently, that one person in every twenty in the city was in receipt of relief. Now I did not for a moment—and I do not suppose that you will—accept that as a true representation of the facts. It merely made it clear that many persons in the Queen City were living on the charity societies. They would get all they could from one society, and when they had drained that dry, they would pass on to another. So that it came that these paupers—for what else could one call them?—would be counted over two, three and four times, in making a census of the number of relieved persons from the records of the different organisations.

* * *

A TYPICAL case will show what I mean. A pensioner of the British Government had come out to Toronto to live. His pension was not quite sufficient to support him and his family. The father was not sick and there were several grown-up children, so that it would have been easy for them to have got the rest of the "wherewithal" by working. But they found it easier to "work" the charities. So the various members of the family took turns in applying to the different societies, and when the societies were not "easy" enough, they tried begging from house to house for a change. The result was that the whole family lived in idleness and comfort.

* * *

BUT I have called Mr. Kelso's quest "Quixotic." So perhaps I had better tell why. The "why" is illustrated by the last resort of the "pauper-pension" family of which I have just spoken. When they had worn out the patience and generosity of the charity societies they still had an unfailing refuge in private charity. Now just here the advocate of the abolition of charity runs up against an instinct which, though it is certainly the cause of much evil in the encouragement of pauperism, yet does unregenerate human nature a good deal of credit.

* * *

THE simple fact is that we do not like to turn the beggar away empty-handed. We may know that they are often undeserving and we may be pretty sure that our particular one is undeserving; but if we shut the door in their faces, we cannot enjoy our own roast beef with the same relish. On pretty strong scientific grounds, I do send them away empty sometimes; but I never feel proud of myself afterwards. And I think I am more cold-blooded than the average human.

* * *

NOW I think I can give a pretty good guess why this instinctive dislike of turning away the beggar from our doors is so strong. It is because we can scarcely ever be sure that the case is not deserving. If we were perfectly sure that any man who was willing to work, could always and everywhere get a good dinner and a fair share of the pleasures and opportunities of life, we would be more willing to practise towards others the Scripture injunction that "if any will not work neither let him eat." Mr. Kelso thinks this, too, for he proposes as part of his plan for the abolition of charity, that the money usually spent in charity should be spent in making "a careful study of the underlying causes of poverty" and in the remedy of "whatever evils law can remedy."

THE MONOCLE MAN.

MEN OF TO-DAY

The Power Behind

DURING the present year, the relative fields of labour of the two big men who make up the firm of Mackenzie & Mann have been well exemplified. Mr. Mackenzie made two trips to London, and on each occasion floated a large bond issue. Mr. Mann made two trips to British Columbia, and an agreement was concluded with the Government of that province for six hundred miles of new railway. An election followed, and the agreement was almost unanimously approved by the people. No doubt Mr. Mackenzie might have made an equally successful bargain; no doubt Mr. Mann could sell bonds in London. These "happenings" only prove that each member of the firm does his business well. Some firms succeed with one big partner and one little partner; here is a firm which scores huge successes because it contains two big men, with a number of working associates of exceptional ability.

Mr. Mann's success in his British Columbia deal is the most spectacular of all his performances. It has come home to many people that here is a railway magnate who is able to rank with the best on the continent. Last January when in Vancouver and Victoria he made addresses to the Canadian Clubs on trade and reciprocity which echoed across the continent. When he cares to make the attempt, he can impress an audience as he impresses the business men and statesmen with whom he comes in contact.

Mr. D. D. Mann is a remarkable figure in Canada. He is one of the most remarkable railway men in the world. He was born on a farm a few miles from Acton, Ont., where nowadays they make kid gloves, which, however, were not worn in the days when young Donald wore buckskin-faced mitts to the country school. He was a big chunk of a restless lad who took hugely to some things at school, had a contempt for some others, and went to Sunday School regularly when he was not engaged in playing "hookey" in the graveyard. He was intended by his father for a Presbyterian minister—in which case he might have had a D.D. after his name as well as before it. He himself had no intention of occupying a pulpit. Neither did he desire to farm. He was too broad for the job. He had the yearning to leave home that came to many an adventurous boy in those walled-in days when the bush hugged close round the barn and there was nothing in farm life but eternal "niggering" among the stumps.

So while he was still a lad of seventeen he announced to his father that he would take a whack at the big world which he saw racing by every day on the Grand Trunk; the world which a generation before James J. Hill had struck out for from the village of Rockwood, seven miles up the line. He cut across the fields to the station and boarded the train; with his father's blessing and a small Bible he put for the pine woods round about Alpena, Michigan, which in those days was a favourite resort for restless young Canadians who wanted to earn big wages at hard work. He went bush-whacking and river-driving; both in Michigan and afterwards in the neighbourhood of Parry Sound, where he was camp boss and where he learned most there is to know about trees, including railroad ties. And in a curious moment he went back to the farm to help his brother work out of the woods; but he stayed only a short while till he hit the trail again—and this time he followed the trend of the C. P. R. heading towards the end of the steel that was pushing along the north shore towards Winnipeg. He got contracts of getting out ties for the C. P. R. It was only a short while till he got contracts of building sections of road; and he built the part of the C. P. R. that runs into Winnipeg. Afterwards he took various and sundry contracts on the prairies and out towards the mountains; and in the course of experience he bumped into Mr. William Mackenzie, who was also a contractor on the C. P. R. They worked together—and they were a mighty pair of builders. They shoved roads east and west and north and south, hitching up the outposts with steel; and when they got all the lines built that the country could stand, Mr. Mann went down

to Chili and then again over to China, thinking to get a job building roads out of Peking, but disliking the prospects he came back; which was not very long previous to 1895, when he and Mr. Mackenzie got a chance to buy out the old Manitoba and Southwestern charter which had running rights over the C. P. R. as far as Portage la Prairie and a short line from that into the Dauphin country, where people were raising wheat ahead of the railway. That stub line was the progenitor of the great Canadian Northern system.

* * *

A Message from Mars

THE spectacle of the deceased Disraeli and Gladstone looking down from the golden streets of Paradise and whispering spirit messages via the "Letters of Julia" to Mr. William T. Stead concerning the Lloyd-George budget—that is something quite as *outré* as anything ever given vent to by Mr. Stead. Of course Mr. Gladstone was the first finance minister ever known who was able to make a budget speech read like an Arabian Nights romance; and apparently the habit has clung to him even in death. The only technical objection that might be urged on the scale of modernity is that Gladstone did not choose a celestial airship from which to deliver his message.

Stead is the jocular enigma of modern England. He is the irrepressible ego of journalism in politics—not without a touch of sentiment that really belongs to the Victorian era. Mr. Stead is well known in Canada. He has been here at least twice. Last time he was here—about two years ago—he delivered four speeches at one dinner and gave a free-for-all interview afterwards at which half the newspaper men of Toronto took a hand. In his speeches he told us what had been the matter with the navy years ago when as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* he first exposed its infirmities. He gave reminiscences of his interviews with the crowned heads of Europe—a feat in which he seems to have beaten even William Jennings Bryan; and by the way there is a remarkable similarity among the three great modern Williams of journalism, William T. Stead, William Bryan, and William Hearst. Mr. Stead spoke of Hearst that evening, alleging that he told the father of the yellows one summer's night that all he lacked was a soul; and he also took a fling at the other great William whom he failed to interview, meaning the Kaiser, to whom he wrote and said: "Dear Kaiser: If Fate had not limited you to the station of an emperor, you would have been one of the greatest journalists the world has ever known." And what a quartette of newspaper Williams the world would have had! Not to mention the other editorial William, who in the *Toronto World* goes tilting full speed against vested interests.

In the interview that evening Mr. Stead planted himself on a chair with his feet upon another and said between puffs of a big cigar: "Now, then, come along, boys; don't be bashful. And the rest of you—by all means stay and see how a great interviewer is interviewed."

Well, there was a deadly silence while the young reporters sat pencil in hand waiting each for the other to begin, till Joe Clark, then of *Saturday Night*, spoke up and said with a twinkle in his eye: "Mr. Stead, I want to ask you one question, sir, about a subject you didn't mention in any of your speeches this evening. What do you think about Canada?"

Whereat Mr. Stead delivered a sedulous lecture on Canada, tracing its history, evolution and prospects; and in reply to a query affecting annexation with the United States, he said it was his doctrine that every country

should be let go to the devil in its own way.

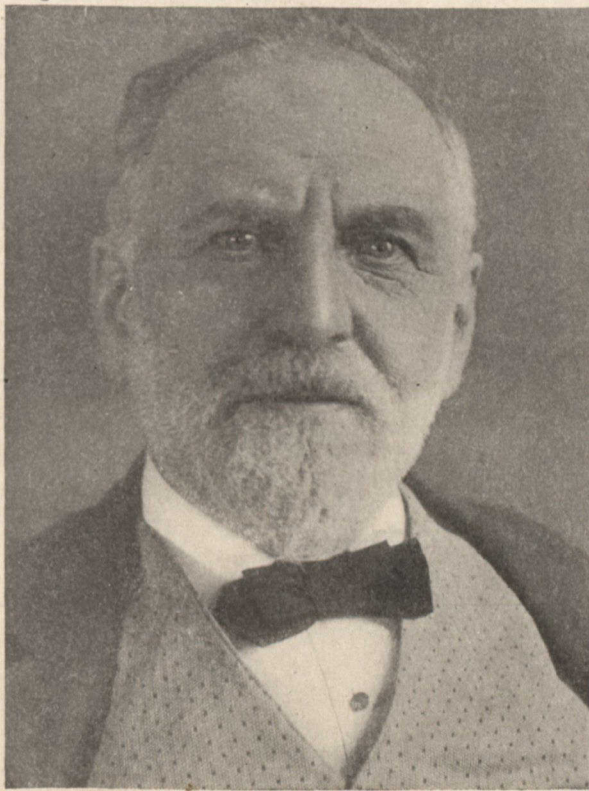
Meanwhile John Ewan of the *Globe* had said nothing. But at a convenient lull in the argument Ewan stood up and spoke in his cryptic fashion. "Mr. Stead, I want to tell you, sir, about a little episode that occurred in South Africa during the Boer War. We were travelling one day across the veldt, sir, and came to a Boer farmhouse. Now, sir, I'm sure you could not imagine what the members of that family were doing as we came up."

Mr. Stead looked puzzled and apprehensive; could not imagine. For as everyone knows he opposed the Boer War very violently.

"Well, sir," continued Mr. Ewan, "they were earnestly engaged in perusing a placard by one William T. Stead."



Mr. D. D. Mann, who has become one of the Transcontinental Railway Kings of America.



Mr. William T. Stead, who has established a Bureau of Political Communication with the Spirit-world.

FOOT-BALL GLADIATORS' FINAL STRUGGLE

TORONTO UNIVERSITY vs. OTTAWA, NOVEMBER 27th



The University boys started off with a lightning rush, the ball was taken down the field and a touch-down secured within three minutes.

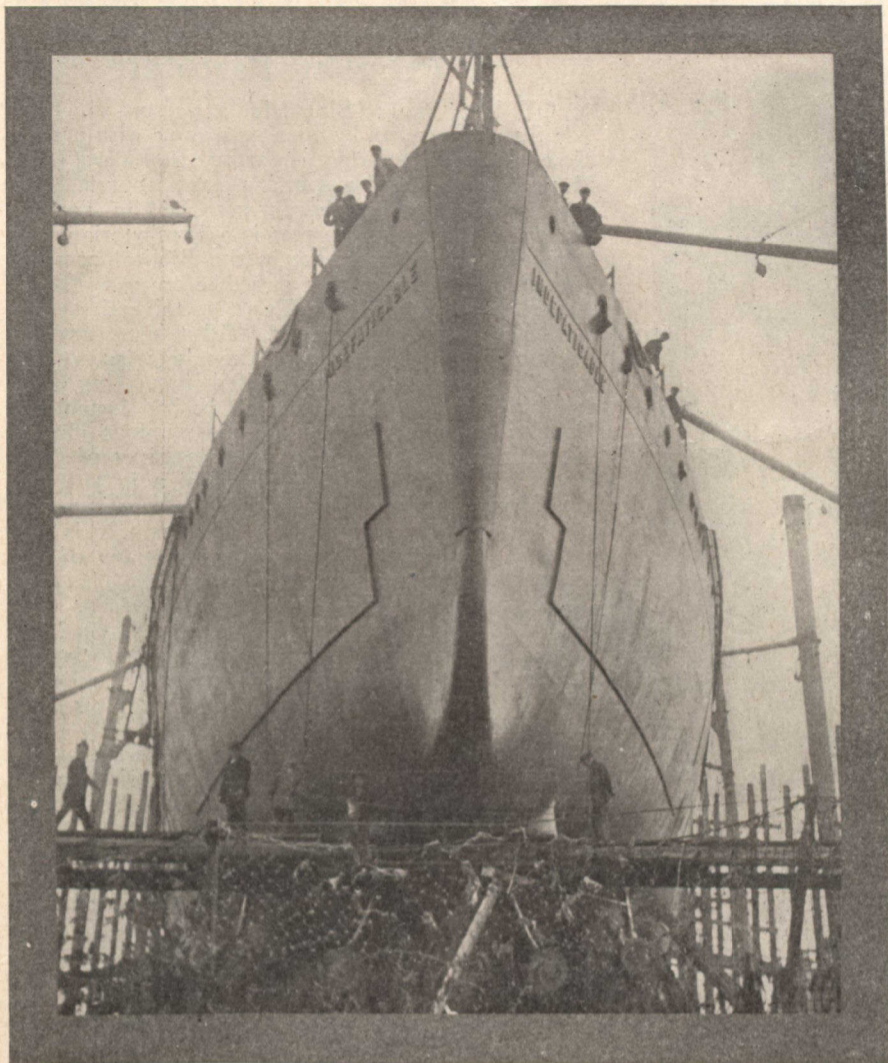


The photograph shows Ottawa preparing to make a buck over Varsity's line for their solitary touch-down. The final score was 31-7 in Varsity's favour.



This was the sublime moment when the celestial choir of University Students, representing in white robes the word TORONTO, burst forth into song led by the precentor and the bull-dog.

Photographs by Pringle & Booth.



BRITAIN'S NEW DREADNOUGHT
H.M.S. "Indefatigable," which was launched at Devonport on
October 25th, is the most powerful cruiser afloat



KING MANUEL OF PORTUGAL
This young monarch, son of Don Carlos, is said to be visiting England
with intent to marry an English princess



KING MANUEL IN LONDON—His Majesty the King of Portugal is at present visiting King Edward in London. The picture above shows King Manuel
receiving an Address from the Cities of Westminster and Marylebone, on his way to the Guildhall. Copyright by Halftones, Limited.

CORNER STONE OF THE SPORTING-MAN'S CHURCH

A Peculiar Pastorate



In Toronto on November 27th, the athletic corner-stone of the Sporting-Man's Church was laid by Mr. J. G. Merrick, President of the Amateur Athletic Association. The Pastor, Rev. J. D. Morrow stands with bared head facing the ceremony.

NOT long ago a Philadelphia parson sanctified Sunday baseball by opening a game with prayer. Now a Canadian athletic parson, the Rev. J. D. Morrow, has started a sporting-man's church. The corner-stones of this church were laid in Toronto last week. Rev. Mr. Morrow is a Presbyterian who believes first and foremost in the Biblical passage, "Let us run the race that is set before us." He is a sprinter of renown. At Toronto University years ago he was the crack runner. Till a few years ago he was in Hespeler, Ont. When he went to Toronto he became deeply interested in sporting men; and it was only a little while till he had formulated his plan to build perhaps the most unique church in America. In this church the doctrines of John Knox will be subject to some revision in practice. Mr. Morrow's congregation will be sporting men and young men interested in athletics. It is not expected that Easter hats will prevent any of the congregation from seeing the preacher. The general corner-stone was laid by Lieut.-Governor Gibson; the athletic corner-stone by Mr. J. G. Merrick, President of the Amateur Athletic Association. At the close of the interesting ceremony the Police Athletic Association presented the pastor with a hundred-dollar cheque.

Now the question is raised—whether there will be modern conveniences in Mr. Morrow's church, such as billiards in the basement, card-tables and a gymnasium, soft drinks on the side, and such other odds and ends as serve to make the old religion palatable in a new way.

OPINIONS OF OTHER PEOPLE

Sundry Topics Intelligently Discussed by Various Readers.

Western Canada and the Navy

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Dear Sir,—I have your issue of November 13th to hand, and must take issue with you with regard to some of the points in your editorial on the naval question. To start with, in the comparison you draw of the Boer War, you say immense moral benefit was drawn from the spectacle of seeing us colonials coming to the assistance of the Mother Country; from this you would infer that the same amount of benefit would accrue to the Empire from the possession of colonial navies. Now it seems to me that the comparisons are absolutely dissimilar. In the first instance we were fighting a guerilla warfare, and though we were often defeated, this could not be said to have put the Empire into any great degree of peril. But, Mr. Editor, contemplate the effect of one single disaster to the British fleet in home waters at the hands of the Germans or any other rival power. It would be a catastrophe such as could in all probability never be repaired; all the moral effect from having small colonial navies would be lost immediately in the sudden realisation of the world at large that the very centre of the Empire was at the mercy of the invaders. A navy such as we contemplate here in Canada, consisting of second-class cruisers, is folly; naval strength today is counted in Dreadnoughts. We have only to look at the fate of the Russian fleet to see what a disaster we would be inviting by dividing our naval forces.

You also assert that the talk about the supremacy of the Empire being settled in the North Sea is "arrant nonsense." Well, sir, no doubt you are well informed as to a matter like this, but I believe the public at large would be more inclined to believe the assertions of eminent naval experts, such as Sir John Fisher, Sir C. Wilson (perhaps the greatest naval strategist of the day), Mr. Fred T. Jane, and Captain Mahan, the great historian and naval expert of the United States navy, who one and all assert that the Empire's supremacy will be decided in the North Sea.

Furthermore, you deduce from the fact that our troops were better scouts than the native-born British in the Boer War, that our naval recruits would be in many ways more efficient than the regular English "Jack Tars." Well, I must admit that I am amazed at such an assertion from you, Mr. Editor. I think it is self-evident that the running and fighting of modern Dreadnoughts requires men who are specialists, and not raw recruits who put in (perhaps) ten days a year on a warship. Our inherent qualities would be of no avail against highly specialised science, fighting behind steel walls.

Again you assert that the fishermen of the

coasts would be better off for naval training and experience. That is a point which needs no debating but surely their physique would be developed to an equal extent if they were drafted to a naval reserve in connection with the Imperial fleet.

You also assert that funds, as administered in the Imperial Naval Department, i.e., the Admiralty, would possibly not be as well spent as if they were spent here in Canada. This line of argument, however, has this great defect, that the British Admiralty are never accused of malappropriation of public funds (even by their worst enemies) whilst on the other hand, the same thing unfortunately cannot be said of our Militia Department and our Ministry of Marine.

Furthermore, you assert that the party who are opposed to a Canadian navy, chiefly consist of and are led by dissatisfied Conservatives (at whom you more than hint) who apparently, according to your arguments, are not worthy to be leaders of any party and who have their own axes to grind. I think in this matter you are out of sympathy with and do not realise the feeling and sentiment of the West, as this is a matter not of party, but of National and Imperial significance. As you no doubt are open to hear both points of view in this matter, I would be much obliged if you would publish this letter. I believe that only by a full, fair and open discussion can the many points which are at present in variance over our proposed naval policy be set at rest. If we start by making this into a party question it will be a bad day for Canada and the Empire.

Yours sincerely,

F. C. S. DAVISON,

Member of the Executive Committee,
Winnipeg Branch, Navy League.

Religion and Harsh Speech

To the Editor of the CANADIAN COURIER:

Dear Sir,—You are right in condemning harsh language being used by Protestants and Roman Catholics towards each other, and especially in connection with missionary work. A most successful missionary of the olden time used to say, "You can catch more flies with one drop of honey than with a whole gallon of vinegar."

But if, for example, a Roman Catholic, taking advantage of the fact that, besides the *Orange Sentinel* of Toronto, there is another *Sentinel* published in Montreal, by Roman Catholics, were to induce Orangemen to subscribe to the latter, by showing them samples of their own organ, could you blame these Orangemen very much if they

made use of language much stronger than "that was not nice"? Or do you think that their just anger would be lessened by the explanation that they should welcome "the clearer light and fuller knowledge" contained in the *Montreal Sentinel*? Even the Prince of Peace called the "false prophets in sheep's clothing ravening wolves."

To prevent, therefore, harsh language, bitter feelings, and suspicion, Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries, as well as others, must learn to treat each other with justice and fairness. There must be no deception, trickery, calumny, or bribery to draw adherents from one side to the other. "Mud-throwing" or "you are another" arguments are a disgrace even to politicians, and of course, much more of a disgrace to Christian workers. What would we think of an infidel who would argue that since one of the twelve men chosen by our Divine Master betrayed his Lord the whole twelve were traitors? But to argue that because some members of a denomination or church are bad they are all bad, or that the denomination or church is false, is practically the same thing.

Yours faithfully,

PEACE.

Apples in Manitoba

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Dear Sir,—In your issue of October 23rd, you produced a cut of an apple scene and below it you made an assertion that such scenes are not to be found in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Evidently you are not aware of the fact that Southern Manitoba at least can produce a similar scene in a few instances.

Do you know that apples from this part have been on exhibition in the London, England, Emigration Offices for a number of years? Such is the fact.

I am enclosing two clippings, one from the *Winnipeg Telegram* and one from the *Free Press*. They speak for themselves.

The cut in the *Telegram* is the reproduction of a case of apples exhibited in the town of Morden, and consists of varieties grown by different parties in and around Morden.

I mention this as there seems to be a great misapprehension existing in Ontario and the East, and especially Toronto, regarding the climate of Manitoba and the West.

Yours truly,

T. BALLAGH.

Morden, Man., Oct. 30th, 1909.

ART TREASURES IN OLD LAVAL

Alleged Discovery of Rare Old Masters in the Quebec University.

WHILE the exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy is being opened at Hamilton, Ont., bees are buzzing about a rare find of old masterpieces in the gloomy precincts of Laval University in Quebec City. Recently—as may be noted from the illustrations on these pages—about a dozen alleged famous paintings by several of the best-known old masters have been unearthed from various and sundry places in that rather mystical repository of lore and art treasures founded centuries ago on the St. Lawrence.

Mr. Purves Carter is the man who found the pictures. He is considered a good judge of the value and authenticity of paintings—because for years he worked under Sir Frederick Burton, director of the

London National Gallery, and was also art expert to the Marquis of Bute. Mr. Purves Carter is not particularly known in Western Canada at least, and it is not definitely known what were the conditions under which he managed to dig up such a famous collection of great pictures. The most remarkable of all, "The Fruit Garland," by Peter Paul Rubens, was apparently rummaged out of an old lumber room at

Laval along with a dozen other big ones. Peter Paul Rubens is one of the mighty names in art. Probably there are scores of millionaires in Canada who would



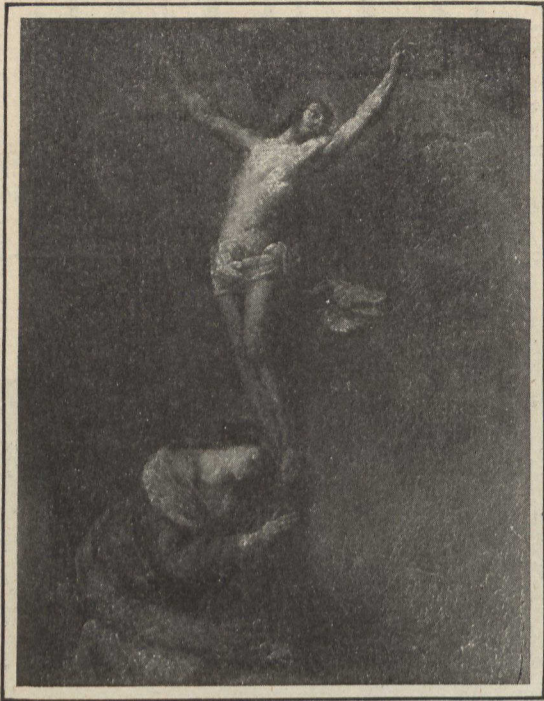
"The Supper at Emmaus," by Luca Signorelli, a rare masterpiece, brought to Canada during the French Revolution.



An Altar-Piece by Van Loo, as restored after the fire that destroyed the Seminary.



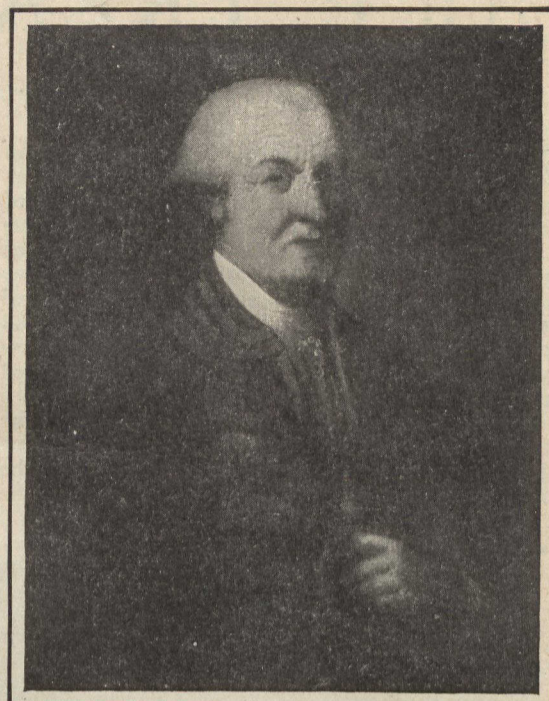
"The Fruit Garland," the original project for the celebrated layer-work, by Peter Paul Rubens, which was recently discovered at Laval University.



"The Crucifixion," by Nicholas Poussin, found in the cellars of the Archbishop's Palace.



Portrait of Mrs. Siddons, by Lawrence, which was found in a lumber-room at Laval University.



A Portrait of General Luc la Carne, by Gainsborough, discovered in the University.

give thousands to possess one Rubens, the work of one of the greatest flesh and figure painters that ever lived, the man who himself lived the most abstemious and rigorous life, almost to a point of asceticism, that he might be better able to paint such voluptuous pagan pictures of revelry. How that Fruit Garland got to the lumber room at Laval without some shrewd Canadian connoisseur knowing something about it is a mystery.

Besides this there is a celebrated Salvator Rosa, a Poussin, a Gainsborough, and above all a Velasquez, and half a dozen of others; all of which are said to have been the property of old French fam-

in the United States in the hands of private collectors."

So where artists differ—who is to decide? Laval University is no doubt a storehouse of art; in fact is one of three universities in the Empire possessed of a great collection of art treasures, the other two being Oxford and Cambridge. Laval is said to possess four hundred original paintings estimated to be worth at least two million dollars. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is said to be interested in a project to raise funds for the building of a museum in which the treasures of Laval may be housed.

There are divers opinions about the paintings at

at Laval will at least focus attention upon the influence which the church has had upon art, not only in production but in the preservation of pictures. It is a curious thing, however, that so many of the "finds" should be the work of men who did not paint directly for the church.

United-Statesizing the Empire

THE *Literary Digest* goes on an editorial picnic jaunt in order to convince its readers that the United States has undertaken to save most of the British Empire. The article in question is entitled "Americanising British Colonies"; introductory paragraph as follows:

"We recently had occasion to point out, from the utterances of the English and Canadian press, that the Dominion was rapidly becoming an area of American exploitation. More than this, American literature, American social customs, and the American idiom were shown to be rapidly gaining ground in the country that flies the English flag."

Then the *Digest* quotes extensively from Mr. Otto Corbach, a German writer in a Berlin paper of unpronounceable name, who has evidently not taken full notice of the pro-Canada, anti-German attitude of a part of the United States press last week. For it seems that in the event of a war against Canada by whomever—especially Germany—the United States would protect Canada, for the sake of some day owning Canada; all which seems to have been started by an interview in the *Toronto News* in which some commercial wiseacre with his ear to the ground said—that if Germany had gone to war with England, Canada would have been the *casus belli*.

Following this outburst from the if-though-but school of thinkers is part of what Mr. Corbach says about Australia. "The decrees of the law-courts were more frequently founded upon American than upon British precedents. In clothing and in eating the custom and fashion of America became more and more prevalent. In the theatres and music-halls three-fourths of the performers were Americans. The booksellers displayed many more American than English publications. The Australian merchants and exporters looked to America as the headquarters of the world's commerce.

Alas for Australia! Consider also in the light of Mr. Corbach the sad case of the British West Indies:

"The London Colonial Office some time ago announced that it could not reckon with the United States as a possible antagonist in war. This declaration, according to the English papers, produced an unfavourable impression in the West Indies. They thought, as they saw the power of the United States day by day so active all around them, that an indication was thus conveyed to the United States that when they wished to seize any one of the islands England would not object."

Nothing now remains but a few rites and ceremonies. Perhaps, however, it may be necessary for Uncle Sam to wait until a convention of Premiers can be called from Canada, Australia and the West Indies to decide upon the date when all these Imperial colonies may enter the United States with a grand splash, to the playing of "Yankee Doodle" from a bandstand up on a fleet of airships.



"Christ's Call to St. Peter," by Salvator Rosa, discovered in the Seminary of Quebec.

ilies who came over in the days of Champlain and some of which drifted over at the time of the French Revolution. It is said that Monsieur l'Abbe Desjardins, then Vicar-General of Paris, brought over to Quebec during the Revolution scores of these treasures. Whether he fetched the Rubens is not stated; but the picture in question is rated as the original project for the larger painting of the same subject in the Royal Gallery at Munich which when restored had the date "1614" painted on the back of the canvas.

A prominent Toronto artist who has made an intimate study of the Laval collection says he does not believe in the find. He believes most of the alleged masterpieces are fictions; very probably clever reproductions or copies of the old masters.

"That sort of fakery goes on every day," he said, "and has been going on since pictures began. There are always people who can't tell an original from a clever copy; and some of the wisest connoisseurs are likely to be fooled quite as easily as either artists or other people. I don't know that Canadians are more subject to bamboozlement than other people, but there are about a score of alleged D'Aubignes in Canada, while there are probably not half a dozen

Laval. Artists who have seen them, however, agree that the collection is remarkably interesting. The precise value of the pictures not even an artist is able to determine. In all probability many of them are worth much more to Laval than they would be to any private collector. Scores of them came over—in late Renaissance style—in the reign of Louis XIV and formed part of the link between the New World and the Old. Very much of the incidental history of New France is suggested in these pictures, quite irrespective of whether most of them are real old masters or not. So far as art opinion in Canada is concerned, it seems that the Laval collection is a storehouse of great treasures such as can be found nowhere else in America; and if a few of these discoveries should turn out to be splendid copies—which is by no means proven as yet—the fact still remains that a very remarkable find has been made by Mr. Carter.

The mere fact that a picture is an antique by no means proves that it is more valuable than a good modern painting. But the appetite of the connoisseur is eternally whetted for anything that dates back to Velasquez and Rubens, both of whom were great masters in the field of colour. The discoveries



A FEW OF OLD LONDON'S UNASSIMILATED FOLK
Crowd on Thames Embankment at Midnight, waiting for Distribution of Church Army Work-Tickets.

Photo by Campbell-Gray, Hyde Park W.

THE HUMAN DERELICTS OF OLD LONDON

By H. LINTON ECCLES

A number as large as one-seventh the population of Canada are receiving public relief in England and Wales. This is an increase of 133 per cent. over last year's pauper list. One out of every 32 people in the world's biggest city gets his bed and board from organised charity. Canada is interested in this problem because Canada has been getting annually a good number of these derelict English people as immigrants. England is interested in this population of unassimilables: for the reasons set forth by the London Standard: "What do these things mean? They mean that, economically speaking, the nation has for years been living on its capital, and that it is steering straight upon dis-

aster. Regarded politically, these facts denote a very remarkable failure of the Government to insure or to maintain the national welfare and prosperity. In what does that failure consist? Broadly speaking, it consists in leaving the labour of the country totally unprotected against the competition, tariff-armed, of every other great manufacturing country." Hence the upheaval over the Lloyd-George budget at present being debated by the House of Lords.

In the article below Mr. H. Linton Eccles vividly describes the drifting derelicts of the great city—because he himself dressed, and ate and worked as one of them.

IT recently came to me in the way of business to become for a time the uninvited guest of one of the most interesting, as well as most despised, classes of London society. Up to that time I had considered myself fairly hardened to the contemplation of most phases of human wretchedness. Therefore, this latest journalistic commission, to spend the best part of twenty-four hours in the company of some of the wreckage to be found in the world's biggest and richest city, was accepted with the minimum of excitement and enthusiasm. It was just one of those nuisances of the daily grind that have to be grinned at and borne!

With some grumbling, I prepared myself as far as possible to throw off the appearance of the ordinarily decent and respectable citizen, and put on—well, that which was not ordinarily decent and respectable.

My instructions were, not to avail myself of the ordinary channels which the average person, supposed to be interested in social problems, takes advantage of. I must actually live with the men and become one of them for the time being. The idea was not without its attraction. I was a little tired of the air of patronage and complacency that seems to be inseparable from the social worker, and was all the more ready to do the thing entirely "off my own bat."

Behold me, then, clad as disreputably as my ingenuity and knowledge of the type could devise—one of a thousand, aye a hundred thousand—outwardly, at any rate, an outcast, a social leper. Even my rags were conventional, for it seemed so easy to be an outcast. The things I wore, which once were garments, fitted me with all the proverbial roominess and amplitude of ventilation. Colour and style, and such considerations, mattered nothing, for these qualifications have been reduced to the dead level of necessity and convenience.

And the outcasts themselves—the creatures that once were men? Well, we all know, or think we know them. They seem so familiar as we catch a glimpse of them—and we take care that it is but a glimpse—shuffling along the streets, hands deep in pockets, coat collar turned up, and nose buried in waistcoat (or the equivalent of waistcoat). They flit across our vision again in the parks, dotting the sward like heaps of rubbish when the day is warm enough, or huddled like bundles of old clothes on the free seats that are best sheltered and most in demand. In fact they appear to dog us everywhere, as if, consciously or unconsciously, they would keep reminding us of the dictum of the Founder of



Splitting Kindling-wood for Board and Lodging.



Bread and Soup after the Wood-splitting.

Christianity: "The poor ye have always with you."

With a two-days' growth upon my chin, and after decorating my hands and face with grime for grease-paint, I set out to join the great army of the Unemployed. Nothing much out of the way happened during the day-time. I spent a couple of hours with my rags in Hyde Park, and during that time saw a number of my acquaintances from behind the protecting wall of my disguise. The men whom I meet almost every day, and who have often shared the same table with me, passed so close to my seat that I could have touched them. Both looked straight towards me with that peculiar unseeing glance we bestow upon things we consider beneath our notice—a look that seemed to be directed right through me and upon that particular part of the seat covered by my wretched form. I have an acute sense of hearing, and the words addressed by one to the other distinctly reached me:

"Lord, what an object!"

It was just the conventional remark anybody might have made, and it struck me as eloquently typical of the average person's attitude towards the outcast.

With the fall of the evening I began to feel something of that genuine hunger which Heaven knows, is the lot of the greater number of the Wrecks. Dressed as I was I could not go into even a moderately decent eating-house to satisfy my appetite. Besides, I had no great desire to eat under those circumstances. I had never realised before how intimately the enjoyment of eating is bound up with clothes and environment. So I had taken nothing but a mug of dish-water tea and a hunch of bread and butter-substitute at one of the cheapest coffee houses I could find. Nothing else had passed my lips since breakfast that morning.

As "Big Ben" boomed the quarter before eleven at night I made my way to the Victoria Embankment—that magnificent thoroughfare, having the finest view of the biggest hotels and one of the finest of the shipping along the Thames, yet given over principally to the loafers and outcasts of not only Britain, but of some of the farthest quarters of the globe. What is there in the river, with its sluggish waters and its squat and drab encumbrances of barges and other craft, that so irresistibly attracts every type of the unfortunate and ne'er-do-well?

There it is—they are attracted there, and the rescue agencies, chiefly the Salvation Army and the Church Army, are aware of it. Each evening—when the wealth of London is pouring out of the theatres and music halls into the hansoms and taxi-

cabs and private automobiles; when the easily-given command to the driver is "Home!" or "The Savoy," or "Prince's"—then it is the social workers, both among the males and the females, find abundant work to their hands.

It is an obvious thing to say that wealth and affluence rub shoulders with poverty and degradation everywhere; but there is no more persistently blind eye to this fact than in London, where the ugly contrast is so blatantly apparent. But it is only the man or woman that understands, whose heart is concerned at the picture.

On the Embankment I was one of a motley company of at least a thousand lined up in a queue, that surely contained a sample of every species of wretchedness under the sun. There were genuine out-of-works, "won't-works," shufflers of every sort, foot-pads, "ticket-of-leave" men, with others qualifying the same way—and you could have put their ages anywhere between eighteen and eighty. Happily, the younger ones were provided for elsewhere; the contact here was quite bad enough for a grown man!

I had my mind especially on the newcomers, those who had only recently slipped into the ranks, and had not yet acquired the professional attitude and shuffle. Old hands and new, amateurs and professionals alike, we were massed along the river frontage of Somerset House, where the last wills and testaments of the country's deceased—their bequests and benefactions—were safely filed and recorded. And there were more than enough police standing guard over us to check any tendency to disorder we could have shown even on full stomachs.

After a weary period of waiting—and some had been there three and four hours—a period spent mostly in miserable silence, the plain-clothed rescue officials came up with the "food and bed" tickets. It is some satisfaction to know that no one is sent empty away, for the Church Army and Salvation Army cut up the queue between them.

Each man does two hours in the labour tents woodchopping; but actually he works not more than half the time, for he has a meal of soup and bread to take in. The tickets are timed at intervals of three hours on from midnight, and the men go in batches of seventy or eighty at a time. My ticket would not admit me until 9 a.m., which left me with nine hours to kill. The agencies mentioned have met this difficulty by providing "shelters," where the men can at least have something to eat and lie down, and not have to parade the streets all night.

I was a Church Army man for the time being, so I followed those who, not holding midnight tickets, were bound for the Millbank shelter. It is a derelict candle factory, tucked away at Westminster, within the shadow of the fine Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament. The shelter is just enough to justify its name, containing little else be-

side its two huge floors enclosed in whitewashed walls, with aged, greasy rafters just contriving to support the whole.

At the first glance the scene resembles nothing so much as a big opium den—one of the institutions you may stumble across now and then. Flickering lamps lend some illumination to the place, but their light is somewhat obscured by the thick haze of breaths and vapours that rises from the bodies of the inmates. These are grouped in all sorts of attitudes round the glowing fire buckets that are set here and there on the floor. Their faces represent every shade of expression from comparative content to deepest dejection. The social army has, at any rate, done its best, for besides providing the men with the shelter, it has served each of them with a pint and a half of good, wholesome soup and a chunk of bread.

This is now the exquisitely restful hour after the meal. There is repose generally throughout the strange assembly, heightening the resemblance to an opium den. For the satisfying soup, on top of the exertions of the day, has produced a lovely soporific effect that one would give much to purchase under other circumstances. Beautifully warm inside and out, not one of us feels inclined for much effort. Those who have tobacco make the most of it. And it is surprising what a passable average mixture—it wouldn't exactly be called a blend!—you can produce from the fag-ends you have collected during the day.

One man caught my attention particularly among the smokers. He was a regular wreck of a "toff," but he held fast to every shred that remained of his past respectability. He wore a battered top-hat on the back of his head with the inimitable air of the Bond Street swell, and there was unmistakable superiority in the cut of his frowsy frock-coat. His linen collar and cuffs were of some forgotten age of laundry treatment, but they were there. A pipe was too vulgar for him to smoke, so he held between his lips the stump of a cigar, which had somehow come into his possession, and which he consumed economically with very evident enjoyment.

Occasionally a growl, a grumble, or a guffaw rises above the faint hum of indefinite human sounds, but that is the only out-of-the-way noise; if we except the decrepit, half-witted creature in a far corner, crooning softly and not unmusically to himself, whom nobody objects to. The man unfamiliar with the atmosphere of a "shelter" has to get acclimatized to it. The air, of course, is suggestive of the commonest of lodging-houses; yet there is something indefinably and indescribably distinctive about the "shelter." But it is easy to make oneself at home, once the effect of first impressions has worn off.

The faint light that flickers o'er the recumbent figures is kind both to the stranger and the latest

recruit, comparatively securing him from too close scrutiny. It is not difficult, by the employment of a few obvious artifices, to get on conversational terms with one's widest-awake neighbour.

In muffled monotonous—for censure swift as it is ungentle falls surely on the noisy inmate—the wide-awake one reveals some of the details of his past. He is an educated man; that is evident as soon as he speaks. You are surprised to learn that he is a fully ordained priest, though not that drink has been his relentless enemy. A common enough story, you will say. This man knows most of the regular comers at the shelter, for he is as regular as any of them.

The once man of religion explains that his old chum—the owner of the top-hat and frock coat—is entitled to be addressed as "The Hon.," since he is the younger son of a peer. "Bertie," as he is known by his intimates, came a series of croppers through wine, women and cards. Then there is, strange to say, a Scotsman—a jeweller's assistant from Edinburgh—knew his business well, had a "row" with his employer and left, thinking he could easily find another job; got on the rocks gradually and couldn't pull himself round again; no clothes now to make himself respectable enough to seek work, even if he had the necessary testimonials. There are dozens of similar stories represented in those huddled, sleeping forms.

But the time has come for us to make for Aldwych and the wood-chopping. Another dawn has come, and if it fails to bring much hope for the majority of us, we have rested well for a few hours, and at least we can do the same again to-night.

The Englishman Problem

ENGLISHMEN of almost all sorts, sizes and conditions have managed to drift into Canada. The story of the Englishman in this country is one of the most peculiar, paradoxical and interesting. The greatest colony in the Empire, originated by the French, conquered by the English, and partially peopled in the East by Loyalists to the flag of England after the American Revolution, has no greater Imperial problem on its hands to-day than—what to do with the Englishman. It is agreed that if the right kind of Englishman can be got, no better class of immigrants could be secured anywhere. Opinion generally seems to have settled it, that so far Canada has got a large number of the undesirable class, along with a good many sterling, sensible Englishmen who learn quickly to adapt themselves to conditions in a new country. Of the latter the celebrated Barr colony settled at Lloydminster are a good example. The trouble with the average slumbered Englishman, however, is that never having had experience with land, he has no appetite for it.



AN EARLY-MORNING GROUP OF DERELICTS
Interior of the Millbank Shelter, where the once well-to-do jostle the born-hungry in all sorts of clothes.

Photo by Campbell-Gray, Hyde Park W

The Awakening of Maggie Taverner

An Irish Love Story which is Different

By ROBERT CHICHESTER

"THREE weeks! Do you really mean it? To me it has been like three days or less."

Captain O'Hagan turned and looked into little Maggie Taverner's violet eyes. "I feel as if I had always known you," he ended softly. She blushed.

"Staying in the same house, especially here in Galway, where everything is so nice and unconventional, one seems to know people more quickly than in England," the girl said quietly.

"And you—you have been so good to me," he said.

"Good? How do you mean?" and she laughed a little. "I have enjoyed it all so much!"

But deep shadow lay over the man's face. "When I say 'good,' I mean sweet and dear and charming!" he said; "so sweet that I—that I—don't know how to thank you for my peep at Paradise!" She was so close to him; a strand of her hair had blown across his lips; her cool pink cheek was so tempting, and he bent and kissed it, ever so gently.

"Thank me? Why should you?" she said at last.

"Because—of what I must say." He rose from the low seat in the tangled flower-decked garden as he spoke, and pressed his thin brown hand across his eyes. A shadow lay between them—between him and the little girl in the plain holland gown. The tragedy of their little comedy was so old. He was not free to woo—not free to have won. And he knew that he had won her, and the grief was exquisite.

Oh for honesty, for bravery, for strength that moment! Just in that last fortnight, staying at his cousin Mrs. Murphy's house among the hills of Galway, O'Hagan had met Maggie—the only woman he had ever loved.

And he had been engaged for years. What was the good of waiting? There were but a couple of hours, even less, in which to confess all. He turned to her, and his face was white. "We have been such friends, Meg," he began lamely.

"Oh, yes!" She looked away, as she spoke, across the violet and purple hills.

"That it is, perhaps, presumption on my part, to think—to have thought—we could ever be anything more—"

Her eyes were on the grass, for Love is shy and timid, and she did not see the drawn grey look on his face.

"Well?" she said quietly. He looked at her, and suddenly his self-possession and calm deserted him. Quick and hot the blood leapt into his face, and he threw himself on the grass beside her. There was no one to see—no one but the robin peeping at them, and the big red and yellow dahlias nodding their heavy heads by the fuchsia trees.

"Oh, my sweet, my darling little girl! What a low cad and hound I am!" he burst out. "How can I tell you? How can I ever explain?" She put out her hand, cold and trembling as it had suddenly grown, and touched the dark hair of the bowed head. What had happened to spoil her dream? What rude awakening was about to overtake her? "You and I were left so much together—I must think out my excuses first!" he went on huskily, "and this glorious weather led us out to the woods and hills—and Mrs. Murphy was so busy with her tennis. Oh, I have been so wrong—so wicked, Meg! But I have been so happy with you." He rose, and suddenly grew calm. Somehow his five and thirty years seemed to fall heavily upon him; he seemed aged and tired.

"I must tell you it all, straight out," he went on dully. "I saw you here, and cared for you, oh so much, before I knew what I was doing. I have never cared for any woman before—not like this! All my life I must have been seeking you. Then I saw you, found you, loved you. Loved your true heart, your pure innocent soul, your simple life. To myself I said, 'I must have one week—only one week of glory.' And now, if I could give my whole life back for this past fortnight's work, God knows that I would give it."

Her eyes watched a lark up in the still amethyst sky. Dimly her eyes followed it, till it was lost to sight, and she wished that her soul could fly with it—away, away. She sat so still, almost motionless. Had the gates of her little Paradise clanged to all of a sudden? Her heart seemed sick with anxiety and dread and pain.

"Go on," she said at last. "Please tell me all."

"I ought to have told you weeks ago. Only—'she does not care!' I told myself, and I half hoped that it was so. Maggie, I could not altogether hope

it!" He turned his face to hers, with the lines of suffering in it. "I have been engaged to be married for years," he said in a flat, toneless voice. "Ever since I joined my regiment. It is to Lady Derwent; she is a cousin, a widow, Mrs. Murphy's sister. She is coming down here—to-day." The words came haltingly through his dry lips. "I never cared, for her, not in that way; she is a rattling good sort, and all that—but we were never really lovers. She has plenty of money—but she was lonely. She is like a sister to me." He turned to the shrinking girl beside him with passionate appeal. "She didn't really care—she doesn't now, I know! When her husband died, she turned to me for comfort; she wanted sympathy—and gradually we slipped into an engagement! Oh, can you ever forgive me?"

Maggie sat so mutely looking at him. All the colour in her small, pretty face had died away.

"I have—nothing to forgive," she stammered.

"Nothing? Oh, my love, my dear—!" he began. She turned her burning eyes upon his face. "Be silent! How dare you? What am I to you—"

He covered his face with his hands. Never, through all his life, would he forget the bitterness, the agony of that hour. He caught her cold hands, kissing them again and again, and she felt a hot tear fall on them. It was too much for her bursting heart.

"Oh, why did you not tell me?" she sobbed. In a moment she was in his arms.

NEITHER of them, lost to the world as they were, heard a step; but Cecilia Derwent, disdainful of the outside car that had been sent to meet her, had walked up from the station. She had taken the garden path, through the shrubbery to the house; and, as she passed the dahlia bed, hidden as the path was from the garden seat, she saw and heard—all.

For a moment she stood, fixed to the spot. What was this?

Her fiancée, Timothy O'Hagan, with a little strange girl in a holland frock, clasped tightly in his arms! If she had not wished to pass unheeded, Lady Derwent would have given one of her long, low whistles at the sight—but as it was, her light steps quickened, and she hurried on. A bright, happy light was in her soft eyes.

Hurrah! Here was exactly what would help her! She had never cared for O'Hagan as a wife should, but the engagement had been a long one, and she had grown so used to it that she scarcely ever thought about it at all. Scarcely ever—until that summer. Something had happened, however—the young widow had met and fallen in love with a certain Jim Dene, with a little house near Limerick; and she had arrived in Blane with the intention of seeing how the land lay with her cousin, and how best to free them both.

Now, practically, the difficult business was done. It was with a gay laugh, and a bright colour in her cheeks, that she pushed open the long French windows of her sister's drawing-room and went in.

"Hullo! Here I am! Earlier than I was expected!" she cried. "So jolly of you to ask me, Sis!" Mrs. Murphy ran and kissed her heartily.

"Awfully glad to see you, dear! Run along and take off your things, and then come out and see the new tennis-court! Geoff is marking it out now." And to herself she added, "It is high time she is here, I fancy. Tim was beginning to be a wee bit sentimental. Dear little Maggie, too. I would not have her warm heart hurt for a kingdom." Lady Derwent threw her elegant little travelling hat on the pink satin quilt as she reached her bedroom; and then sat down, with her usual boyish bonhomie, right on top of it, so lost in thought was she. "It will all be so jolly if Tim and his little friend are really in love. It's almost too good to be true. But he must have his lesson—and a sound one, too. He has behaved horribly—disgracefully!" And she began to sing an old Irish air. "Yes; he must be punished, poor Tim. And then we will all be happy."

EVENING had fallen over the land. Maggie, in her little white frock, sat at the window of her bedroom, thinking. There was no anger in her heart—only a great pity. She had seen the face of the man she loved as he had appealed to her for forgiveness, and the look on it had cut her to the heart. She must go away and at once. She wished she had never come—never met him. She would go away in the early morning, leaving Mrs. Murphy an excuse, and none need guess, none need ever know that her life

was all over, as far as happiness was concerned. She would keep her secret, guard it at all costs. Down her pale face the tears ran unheeded, until she scolded herself for crying for another woman's lover. So that it was with a quiet, composed little face that she went down, presently, to the others.

The dinner table was gay with pink and white lilies, ferns and leaves. Far away, through the open windows, the gentle blue of the hills merged into the fainter blue of the sky. Now and then an owl hooted from the elms, or a bat flitted silently from the eaves.

Captain O'Hagan was white and ill at ease, though he never seemed to stop talking. Cecilia Derwent talked, too—she always did—and her loud gay laugh came floating into Maggie's aching heart, as she sat mute and still, listening to her host's platitudes.

"You will go to the tennis tournament to-morrow? Sophy is playing, of course. She always does." He chattered on about a thousand things, but she found she could take no heed. Her eyes were dutifully on his face, but her ears were alert for the other end of the table. "Men are such flirts, my dear," Mrs. Murphy was saying; "they must have a regular library of love affairs to their credit. Naughty things. But I suppose they put in a very good time."

"I'm not so sure," Cecilia said; and Captain O'Hagan's sad eyes were on her face as she spoke. "I'm not so certain they enjoy their flirtations—these ardent flirts, I mean—as much as we do. Now, poor Derwent was always so solemn about his. Took them to heart, and all that, while I"—she shrugged her shoulders—"I think very few men worth losing a day's hunting about, much less getting a grey hair."

"You have too good a heart to really lead men on, Cecil," said Mrs. Murphy, in her vague way.

"Oh, well—" Cecilia's soft eyes fell upon O'Hagan's ashen face. He must have his lesson, and it were time to begin.

"Oh, well," she began lightly, "I would not be coward or cruel enough to take anyone in, and make a fool of them! Would you, Tim? I know you wouldn't. There is no fun in that, Heaven knows! And the man who loves and rides away—will live to do it again, doubtless; but will he find any savour in it?"

O'Hagan's eyes were on the cloth. He did not look at Maggie. Something within him bade him not. But he felt he must say something.

"He—he may have some sort of excuse—" he began. "The fellow may be very young, or very passionate, or easily led, or—or—"

"Anything, I grant you, except honourable." Lady Derwent's fine eyes shot a little arrow into his burning ones.

"I don't see what he finds in such behaviour, save dead sea fruit. 'Be true—or die,' as my dad used to say. But that is a bit strong, Tim, eh? The world's too rough a place for such hard and fast rules. We cannot all keep straight."

She was beginning to be sorry for him, she did not wish to punish him too far, and she saw that he had had more than enough of it. There was a hollow, jaded look about his face that hurt her. She did not think to look at Maggie—Maggie, sitting so dumb, with her eyes like those of a stricken animal, fixed on O'Hagan's face. What did Lady Derwent mean, she wondered? Could she mean anything—to do with them? What did she, could she know?

The table, with its load of silver and glass, swam suddenly before her eyes; a wild humming was in her ears, a heavy throbbing in her breaking heart.

"Oh, Lady Derwent!" she heard herself saying, and her voice sounded a long way off. "Surely the men and women who deceive are able to find forgiveness? Even if honour is lost for a while—can't it ever be found again? Nothing, surely, is so bad but that sorrow and repentance will wipe it all away—"

Cecilia turned and looked at her. The lights were shining in the girl's wet eyes, and on her small face, grown suddenly so strange and white.

"My dear, of course," she said, ever so tenderly, "I was only talking nonsense."

"I WANT to speak to you, Tim," said Lady Derwent, as she swept through the window to the lawn. "Come and look at the stars."

With a sinking heart, O'Hagan followed her. She slipped her warm bare arm into his. "Tim," she

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

THE DEMI-TASSE

THE FRENCH CHAUFFEUR.

A SMALL party of gentlemen were once out for an automobile ride in Quebec. They were taking the river road from Lower Town up towards Sillery. Naturally, they were anxious to know the historic spots along their picturesque route. The chief of these was Wolfe's Cove, where the general started up the steep, rugged hill. One of the gentlemen, leaning forward, asked in French to have Wolfe's Cove pointed out.

"Wolfe?" said the surprised chauffeur, "Monsieur Wolfe? I do not know him—Il n'est pas dans ma paroisse (He is not in my parish). Perhaps he is dead."

"Yes," said the inquirer, "he is dead some time." With this, silence fell upon all, as the chauffeur sped on his way, peacefully ignorant of the turning-points of history and of the footsteps of the mighty who, near that spot, had started up the hill on a victorious climb.

* * *

SIR WILFRID'S CIVIL SUIT.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was obliged at the recent opening of Parliament to appear in conventional civil dress, instead of the usual uniform of State, inasmuch as the latter had been sent to England for alterations and repairs and had not returned in time.

Alas for bold Sir Wilfrid!
His gladdest rags are fled,
And he, in sombre civil garb,
Would hide his humbled head.

The rest are gay in scarlet
And bright with lace of gold,
But he in simple, evening suit
Must stand in garments old.

Alas for brave Sir Wilfrid!
The ladies pause and sigh;
"He used to look so splendid—
It almost makes us cry."

Across the briny ocean
Those happy rags do roam;
Sir Wilfrid says in pensive mood,
"I wish those clothes were home."

* * *

EVERY REASON

"Why does your new baby cry so much?"

"Say, if all your teeth were out, your hair off, and your legs so weak that you couldn't stand on them, I rather fancy you'd feel like crying yourself."—Lippincott's Magazine.

* * *

JUVENILE REASONING.

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY tells an amusing story to illustrate his contention that the habit of reasoning is developed in children at a remarkable early age. While visiting a friend he overheard a discussion between the little son and daughter of his host. "I wonder what we're here in the world for?" asked the little boy.

His companion, thinking of a recent lesson, an-

swered gently, "We are put here to help others, of course."

"Um!" exclaimed the little boy, after a moment's thought, "then what are the others here for?"

* * *

A LAY MATTER.

"Would you like the floors in mosaic?" asked the architect.

The Springfield man looked dubious,

"Would you like the floors in mosaic patterns?"

"I don't no so much about that," he finally said.

"I ain't got any prejudice against Moses as a man, and maybe he knew a lot about the law. As regards laying floors, though, I kinder think I'd rather have them unsectarian."—Harper's Weekly.

* * *

A SONG OF COBALT.

By W. L. URQUHART.

If you were what La Rose is,
And I were Silver Leaf;
We'd plight our troth together,
And feel in such high feather,
To think we'd got our noses,
'Bove poverty and grief;
If you were what La Rose is,
And I were Silver Leaf.

If you were Little Nipissing
And I were Cobalt Lake;
We'd have an auto-waggon,
(But never get a jag on).
I'd purchase any blessed thing
You wanted, for your sake;
If you were Little Nipissing,
And I were Cobalt Lake.

If you were Chambers-Ferland,
And I were Trethewey,
We wouldn't be such bumpkins,
But think ourselves some pumpkins,
I'd order then a gold band
Direct from Tiffany;
If you were Chambers-Ferland,
And I were Trethewey.

If you were Otisse-Currie,
And I were Crown Reserve;
Without the least compunction,
We'd order things for luncheon,
That in our days of worry,
We'd not have had the nerve;
If you were Otisse-Currie,
And I were Crown Reserve.

If you were Cobalt City,
And I were Silver Queen;
We'd buy each other jewels,
And act like perfect fools,
As many others, Kitty,
Have done before, I ween;
If you were Cobalt City,
And I were Silver Queen.

* * *

A TWO-BLADED STORY.

IN connection with the opposition of Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper to Premier McBride in the recent British Columbia elections. The Toronto Globe has the following paragraph: "Who would have expected to see a Tupper holding up the banner of Liberalism? It reminds one of the story of Colonel Denison and the High Court Judge. The Judge in question, who was notoriously hard on the court below, in some unaccountable way upheld one of the Colonel's decisions. The Colonel looked disturbed for a moment, but by-and-bye he was heard to murmur: "In spite of his endorsation I still think I was right."

* * *

"I FORBEAR TO STATE."

EVERY one will recall the orator who, while declaring that he will not mention this fact, nor make any reference to that one, contrives to include both. The Kansas City Times gives an every-day instance of the same way of at once avoiding and mentioning a subject.

"I rather pride myself on one thing," said the young father. "Although I have the brightest,

smartest, cutest, best youngster I ever saw, I never brag about him."—Youth's Companion.

* * *

POOR ANIMAL.

"LITTLE boy," asks the well-meaning reformer, "is that your mamma over yonder with the beautiful set of furs?"

"Yes, sir," answers the bright lad.

"Well, do you know what poor animal it is that had to suffer in order that your mamma might have the furs with which she adorns herself so proudly?"

"Yes, sir—my papa."—Chicago Evening Post.

* * *

A DUTCH PUZZLE.

LOUIE was plodding along, labouring under the weight of a bag which was quite apparently animated by some form of animal life, when he met his friend Hans.

"What haf you got in dot bag?" was the question of Hans, as Louie, puffing from his exertion and not in the best of humour, deposited the bag, which action caused more noticeable animation on the part of its contents, accompanied by an audible squeal.

"I haf pigs," was the curt reply.

"How manys haf you got?" continued Hans.

"Guess," said Louie. "Guess how many I haf in dot bag and I will gif you de whole tam five."

J. W. T.

* * *

AT THE CHARITY BAZAR



The Lady Palmist who nearly succeeds in convincing you that you have a past—The Bystander.

* * *

UNINTENTIONAL PROFANITY.

A RECENT story in the COURIER concerning three musical celebrities, and Doctor Torrington, calls forth another of a somewhat similar character.

A certain priest in Eastern Ontario (now, by the way, one of the most popular and beloved) was very bashful and timid at the time of his ordination and being afraid to face his congregation, had prevailed upon a brother priest to preach for him a couple of Sundays.

The timid priest prepared a discourse for the third Sunday, but as the day approached, his courage began to fail him, and he appealed to the other to take the service for him. To this the other objected, insisting that the new incumbent take his own work and get accustomed to it.

"By the way," said he, "what did you intend to preach on, next Sunday?"

"Well," said the timid one, "I did intend to preach on Purgatory."

"I'll tell you what to do," said the other; "start in on Purgatory, and if you find you can't get through, then give them hell." R. H.

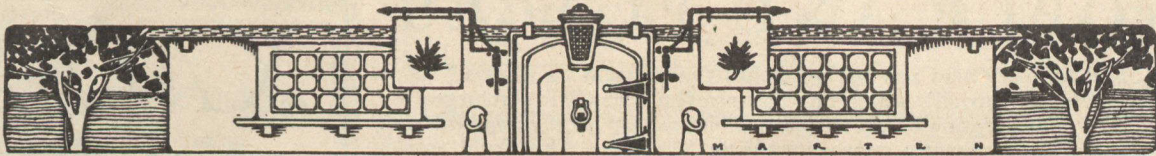
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WHY PATRICK HENRY SAID IT.

A schoolboy's composition on Patrick Henry contained the following gem: "Patrick was not a very bright boy. He had blue eyes and light hair. He got married and then said, 'Give me liberty or give me death!'"



The Captured Burglar: Say, Boss, would ye mind telephonin' my wife not to keep breakfast fer me?—Life.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

HER PRICE IS ABOVE RUBIES.

“YOU cannot accent this too much, the Y. W. C. A. stands for *all* the young women of Winnipeg, not for our boarders only, stands for the upbuilding of young womanhood physically, intellectually, socially, and spiritually.” So spoke the busy, bright General Secretary, Miss Bambridge. And what Miss Bambridge does not know about Y. W. C. A.’s is hidden in the illimitable future, for this is her twentieth year in Y. W. C. A. work. Twelve years in Toronto, a course at the Moody Training School in Chicago, several years in Kansas City, and finally Winnipeg in April, 1908, in response to an urgent invitation, pondered upon for two years before acceptance seemed possible and imperative.

And certainly, after being shown over the new building, and after learning something of the plans for the coming winter, one leaves with an illumined comprehension that the Y. W. C. A. can claim to stand for very big things with no aid from an optimistic imagination.

A conspicuous white-brick building of six storeys, conveniently central in the city, between Ellice avenue and College place, is the outward and visible sign of an inner history of fifteen years. This largest Y. W. C. A. building in Canada is one hundred by eighty feet, and added to this on the west is a cheerful screened-in sun parlour of ambitious proportions. The cost of lot, building, and furnishings is approximately one hundred and ten thousand dollars, the raising of which is an interesting chapter of the more recent of that fifteen-year history—\$10,000 was collected first for the lot, \$5,000 was the net gain of the Women’s edition of the Winnipeg Telegram in May, 1907; \$60,000 was raised in the campaign of the spring of 1908, and \$11,000 by a Tag Day in the spring of 1909. The remainder is being carried by a local bank.

Coming in from the thick, slanting sun-rays of late western summer, the library finished in oak and furnished in cool greens is most restful. The Girls’ Auxiliary Club of the Y. W. C. A., numbering twenty-eight members, have to their credit the clothing of this very attractive room, and the fireplace is a gift. Back through folding-doors is the assembly room, with a seating capacity of three hundred, a man’s size platform, and a piano. There are several pianos throughout the building. In the centre front are the secretarial offices. To the right, heralded by a little reception-room, is the public drawing-room of epic dimensions and brown decorations furnished by the ladies of the city. One social evening a week will be given here. The boarding half on this flat, led to through convenient cloak-rooms, holds further offices and waiting-rooms and a very large living room and parlour cosily furnished and leading out to the sun parlour.

Skipping some storeys here, the gymnasium is arrived at. This is to be under the direction of Miss Fisher from Detroit, one of the most experienced teachers of physical development in the United States. The gym-

nasium is sixty by thirty-two, a running track above, shower baths and dressing-rooms to the south. There are several class rooms on another floor, and the subjects to be taken up include music, business, literature, sewing and millinery, and domestic science, as well as the Bible study, which is to be inaugurated by a three weeks’ lecture course early in the season by Miss May M. Blodgett, of Bible study fame. Domestic science and art work will be in charge of Miss Burgoyne. Laundry, kitchen, dining room, lunch rooms, etc., are in the basement. Miss McArthur is in charge of the house-keeping and superintends a large staff of servants, for every room in the house is filled, and the sound of voices and laughter of girls floated along the corridors as they returned from desk and office, while, as we waited, several disappointed girls went away sadly, for there was no room for them in this pleasant place.

And, at the very last, we went softly to the University girls’ room, the cherished heart of this new home, a room that stands exquisitely for the fragrant memory of a young girl, the leader of the College Y. W. C. A., who went away from her study and usefulness and joy-giving here before the building was completed. But, going, she knew what her father meant

to do, and, in the room of harmonious pale golds and autumn browns, of soft coloured Persian rugs and pictures of gracious tones, the Spirit of Rubelle Telford lingers like a benediction.

For the early history of this splendid achievement Mrs. H. B. Stiles was sought. Fifteen years ago the first little Y. W. C. A. in Winnipeg was born. Lady Schultz was interested then as now, Mrs. J. A. M. Aikens (then Miss Colby) was first President, and Mrs. Stiles first Vice-President. Mrs. George Scales was also early in the

work. One room over the old C. P. R. telegraph office on Main street was secured. Bible study was all that was attempted that year, Mrs. A. D. McKay and Mrs. Stiles doing the teaching. During the second year social and factory work were begun, the Rialto Block became the headquarters, and Mrs. Dr. McQueen was prominent in the new branch of endeavour. At this stage of the Y. W. C. A. history, the indifference of the Winnipeg people was heart-breaking. It was a city of young men. They were welcomed, looked after, planned for. But nobody was interested in the girls without homes and friends. In 1902, the first Y. W. C. A. boarding-house was opened on Broadway. Miss Munro carried this to a successful issue, and is still with the work in the North End boarding-house. There are no words, the ladies say, full enough of meaning to tell of her quiet personal sacrifices, her wonderful helpfulness and ability. The business men backed this first enterprise, and, afterwards,

other boarding-houses were started at various points throughout the city. These have now been absorbed into the new building, all except the one at the North End. Another move, from the Rialto Block to the Portage avenue offices of recent occupation, was the last flitting until



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CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.

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PEOPLE AND PLACES

"ONCE to every man and nation comes the moment to decide," is a saying of Lowell's which the Toronto Guild of Civic Art urges for the consideration of the citizens in its report on a comprehensive plan for systematic improvements in Toronto. The Guild thinks that the Queen City has been very dilatory and negligent in forming a resolution about matters aesthetic. Toronto of late years has mainly been devoting her energies to piling up population and to commercial development. The question of civic improvement has been lost. This situation is not peculiar to Toronto. Chicago went mad over wheat, and, at one time, finance was the chief concern of New York. But Uncle Sam's cities have learned a lesson. They discovered that a town which allowed an alley to be termed a street, and jammed its buildings in artistic chaos was destined to have congestion of population, a slum problem, and a high death rate. Thirty-nine cities of the United States have gone in for wide continuous business thoroughfares, parks, parkways, playgrounds, aquatic sports, pure water, sanitary sewage disposal, rapid transit, clean streets, underground wires and a thousand other brisk ideas which tend to make the daily grind a wee bit easier. Their fancies cost money. Baltimore amassed thirty million dollars not long ago in order to be up-to-date. This is since the big blaze down in the Maryland city. That affliction was after a manner a blessing. The flames licked up a lot of ungainliness and awkwardness, and gave scope for the ingenuity of the decorators. Toronto had a fire about the same time. But Canadian conservatism saw no necessity for expenditure beyond a paltry \$300,000 for better fire-fighting facilities, to prevent the occurrence of a similar catastrophe. The cities of the Dominion are getting big enough to assume a metropolitan aspect. Toronto on the Bay could set an example by adding the word Improvement to her vocabulary. She has the advantage of natural situation. A great many people will add that she has the price tucked away somewhere in the City Hall tower to pay the salaries of landscape painters for years to come.

* * *

FOOTBALL INSANITY.

TORONTO was last week football crazy. There were some weird scenes during the period of aberration. When Ottawa comes rough-riding into the Queen City there is invariably a Pretoria stir among the denizens of Ontario's capital; none of it so picturesque as the other Wednesday evening when three hundred Varsity students sat down on long, thin Yonge street in front of a store waiting for the plan of the big game to open. Students in congregation do not as a rule willingly recline. In lecture rooms even under the spell of the most poetical black-gowned eloquence they are ever restive; their theatre department is traditionally a boisterous antipathy to the villain and hero alike; on the public highway theirs is a deplorable tendency to smash everything in sight. This bunch was the quietest and most excited ever seen. They were tired. Some of them had been at their posts since eight o'clock in the morning. There were twelve hours of the siege yet before they could get a chance at the eighteen hundred reserved seats for their greenbacks. All came fully prepared to spend a gentleman-hobo existence out on the chilly street. The landlady of Bill, the freshman, would have had to resort to gin if she had happened by and seen the star boarder curled up in that nice, soft quilt intended for the best room, which Cousin Anne had just sent in from the country. The boys had quilts, cushions, sheets and great coats of fur; could they have brought the radiators down from the residences domestic felicity to them would have been complete. They rolled into palatial bank doorways, and lay by the curb—some to hear the panting of the rugby ball over the frozen ground in their dreams; others to squint through spectacles, persistent in their efforts to follow Aristotle's speculations and the intricacies of Plato's Republic by the ruddy glimmer of a cigarette or the weak rays from a distant street lamp. One little, pale-faced freshman fell asleep in four overcoats with a torch of a cigar between his fingers glowing dangerously near his clothing. The freshman and the coats might have fallen into a serious predicament had not a sweet-faced lady come to the rescue.

Were the vicissitudes experienced by the night hawks worth while? The boys think so. A good many embryo lawyers made more money in the twelve hours than they will ever probably enjoy in a period of like duration, until they begin to draw the fees of corporation law. Anything from ten to thirty dollars was commonly paid by gridiron enthusiasts to exchange places with the lucky three hundred in the line-up. The man in the van was offered forty-five dollars cash and said no.

* * *

TORONTO THE "DULL."

ONCE in a while Toronto struggles into print—outside the daily and weekly papers published in that city. Two United States periodicals lately contained the name "Toronto" the same week; one being a story by Will Payne, "The Losing Game," in the *Saturday Evening Post*; the other by Mrs. Humphry Ward in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. A few months ago also *Harper's* mentioned Toronto in a story by Norman Duncan. All of which is worth noticing, because it is said to be the fashion nowadays for United States editors to change the *locale* of Canadian stories to the United States because they object to giving Canada too much free advertising, even in literature.

This, however, may be the plaint of a few disgruntled litterateurs who get their stories "doctored." At all events Mrs. Humphry Ward goes Kipling one better when he called Toronto "consumingly commercial." She calls it—Dull! Heavens! and she even intimates that one of these days interesting Winnipeg will be as dull as Toronto. This is as bad as being called "The Good"—or even "Hogtown!"

Well if Toronto is dull—how does Mrs. Ward know it? She was in that city about a day last year when she delivered a lecture on "The Peasant in Literature." So far as can be ascertained Toronto society did its dead level best to fall over itself paying homage to the woman novelist. Perhaps that is what she objected to.

Well, what makes Toronto dull? Very likely the peasant in literature has something to do with it. There are a lot of people in Toronto who were born on the farm. That is no sin. It is probably a good thing for Canada that a large percentage of the people in the second city came from the outlying places. Toronto's alleged dullness is very likely a good thing—even though it has nothing to do with the fact that Toronto is hopelessly Tory. One of these days we shall probably need all the dullness Toronto has—to keep the rest of the country from running away with the game.

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MUSIC IN CANADA

Canadians import nine-tenths of their acquired music from the United States. What of it?

THE so-called Americanisation of Canada has as much to do with music as with almost anything in business or trade. Nine-tenths of the money spent annually in Canada for imported music goes to the United States. There never has been an English opera company in Canada that did anything really serious. We have heard more than half a dozen such companies from the United States. Henry Savage has sent us two companies, giving in all no fewer than about fifty performances of Wagner, Verdi and Puccini. The Nordica Opera Company last year gave several performances. The National Opera Company have recently been touring the country. There have been sundry others. We shall probably never have any grand opera in Canada that is not produced in America—including the United States.

Canada has never heard a British orchestra! neither any French orchestra—but at least one from Germany, the Dresden Orchestra last year, the La Scala Orchestra from Milan three years ago and the Mascagni aggregation about ten years ago. Against this we have had every big orchestra in the United States, and most of them again and again. The Theodore Thomas Orchestra broke the ground years ago, away back in the sixties. Seidl came along years later. The Thomas orchestra has played in Canada best of fifty times, with a fair prospect of continuing to come until further notice. Damrosch has been here nearly twenty times, with a total of twice that many concerts at least—travelling not only to Montreal and Toronto but to St. John, Victoria and Vancouver. The Pittsburg Orchestra under Victor Herbert and Emil Paur has given as many performances in Canada as any of the others and has done not only the large centres of mid-Canada, but also many of the smaller cities of Ontario, including London, Hamilton, Galt and Stratford. The Cincinnati Orchestra has been here under Mr. Van der Stucken. The Boston Symphony—greatest of all—appeared in Canada once, under Mr. Gericke. The Chicago Orchestra under Mr. Von Fielitz, the celebrated writer of song cycles, came twice. The Henry Savag e orchestras have been here a number of times. Fritzi Scheel came once with his Philadelphia aggregation. Buffalo used to send an occasional orchestra. The Minneapolis Symphony have played several times in Winnipeg, which is badly situated for other orchestras.

So that except for our own more recent organisations in Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and Quebec, all doing excellent work in a big way, we have paid more than nine-tenths of our orchestra money to Uncle Sam.

So far as bands are concerned, we are less subject to the offerings from across the border. Sousa and Gilmore and Creatore and Duss and the Chicago Marine Band have played many times in Canada; but we have heard also many if not most of the best bands from England, Ireland and Scotland.

Coming down to soloists, we are again largely on the debit side of Uncle Sam's ledger: Nine-tenths of the big artists who appear in Canada come under United States management, many of them direct from the Metropolitan Opera House, many from New York concert bureaus and from Chicago, as well as from Detroit and other places. We have, however, heard most of the great English and Irish unattached artists; such people as Watkin Mills, Santley, Edward Lloyd, and Plunket Greene, besides Muriel Foster and the bright particular stars such as Patti, Jenny Lind and Albani, who of course is a Canadian by birth and English by tradition.

Really there is no awful danger about this species of "Americanisation." Art knows no nationality—when it comes to the universal word. We are as much benefited by big things in art from the United States as by similar things from anywhere else. We are pleased when we hear a great choral organisation like the Sheffield Choir, although we have never been able to reciprocate by sending a chorus to England. We are just as much pleased to send our greatest of choirs across to the United States, even though we never got a chance to reciprocate by importing choral talent from that country. We are all able to sing "God Save the King," followed by a verse of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" as was done by the Mendelssohn Choir last year in Chicago. And we should be eminently relieved if a lot of the twaddle about the American invasion were as harmless in effect as the fact that Canadians import most of their acquired music from the United States duty free, whereas they pay thirty-five per cent. duty on machinery and furniture.

In the matter of musical merchandise Canada is much less liable to importations and ideas from across the border. We manufacture more than nine-tenths of our own pianos, and there is not a single United States company of any importance with a branch factory in this country. Canadian pianos are as good as the best—outside of a very few remarkable makers—and but little inferior to even these. There are at least a score of Canadian piano factories in Canada, controlled by Canadian capital and operated by Canadian labour. Many of the best makes in Canadian pianos are known favourably and almost famously abroad, and in very few instances do Canadian music-lovers when they buy pianos of the highest merit think of ordering from United States or even European houses.

A great many of our band instruments are made abroad, but in brass some of the best of these are made in Canada; wood-wind instruments being largely made in Europe, while violins are made excellently in Canada; as are reed and cabinet organs—and the very best of pipe organs.

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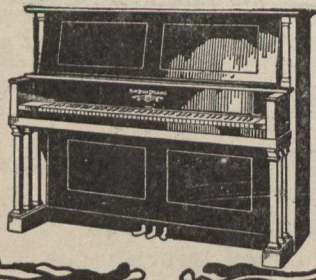
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

OUTSIDE MEN DOING THE BIG THINGS IN PRINCIPAL FINANCIAL CENTRES

HAS it ever occurred to you in thinking over the most important financial transactions that have been pulled off in Montreal during the past few months to figure out how, in almost every one of them, it was men from other cities in Canada rather than Montrealers who played the most prominent part in putting them through.

At first glance it would seem that top honour should go to Halifax for sending the men who acted the most prominent parts in the more recent big deals, but then again Toronto was always right there at the finish and in almost every instance had to be consulted before the final arrangements could be made.

Somehow when these big deals are on it seems very handy to slip into Montreal, mainly perhaps because it enables the promoters to be in close touch with the leading banking interests, and, of course, support from some bank or other must always be taken into consideration.

It was Halifax that supplied the two men who had more to do with the more recent deals and mergers than anybody else. These two were, as you have already probably guessed, Mr. Charles H. Cahan, the prominent corporation lawyer, and that young financial wizard, "Max" Aitken. Formerly they made their homes in Halifax but recently they are into so many things that they both have homes in Montreal. As a matter of fact, if they were to enjoy any family life at all, they were forced to do so, because for some little time past they have scarcely been out of one deal till they were into another. Besides at the present time both of them seem to have very close relations with the Bank of Montreal, Mr. Cahan undoubtedly because of the very able and efficient work he was able to do for the Bank of Montreal crowd in connection with the Mexican Light and Power Company's enterprises in the city and Federal State of Mexico, and young Aitken mainly because he has a knack of pulling off successful financial deals, and success in such matters must naturally be pleasing to the bank and in the long run make the business connection a mutually satisfactory one. It was Mr. Cahan who attended to all the legal work in connection with the purchase of the twelve different cement plants that were afterwards turned over to the big cement merger, and in doing so he got to know so much about the whole thing that the directors insisted on him becoming the first president of the concern. On the other hand it was young Aitken who, as chief promoter, settled on the terms that enabled Mr. Cahan to draw up the contracts with the various concerns. No sooner was the deal completed than the reports came out about the negotiations for the merger of the Dominion Iron and Steel and Dominion Coal companies, and the first thing we knew Mr. Cahan was carrying on all negotiations on behalf of Mr. James Ross, the president of the Dominion Coal Company, while young Aitken was one of the members of the syndicate that agreed to pay Mr. Ross the nice sum of \$4,750,000 for his 50,000 shares of Dominion Coal common stock.

But in both these transactions Toronto fully shared the honour with Halifax. In the cement deal Mr. E. R. Wood, the active head of the Dominion Securities Company and numerous other concerns, was right on the camping ground in Montreal all through the negotiations, and of course as he had had a pretty close connection with some of the Ontario cement concerns for some years he knew a good deal about the situation in which they all were.

In the big Coal-Steel deal at the outset, at least, it was all Toronto. Mr. E. R. Wood, Sir Henry Pellatt and Mr. W. D. Matthews started the whole thing, and it was only after they had found the basis that they knew would lead to a solution of the whole problem of Steel and Coal that they called in some outside assistance from Montrealers and other outside interests. Once the control of Coal stock was secured to interests friendly to the Steel Company it was another Torontonian, Mr. J. H. Plummer, who stepped in and will give his personal attention to the negotiations tending to the finding of a basis on which both Steel common and Coal common will be taken into the merger, and besides it is almost a foregone conclusion that he will be the first president of the proposed Steel Corporation, so Toronto will again have an opportunity of reminding Montreal of the facility it has to turn out big corporation and financial interests.

* * *

WHERE NOVA SCOTIA DIRECTORS SURPRISED THE TALENT.

FEW incidents that have occurred on the Toronto and Montreal Stock Exchanges during the past couple of years have occasioned such genuine surprise as when the directors of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company came along the other day and in addition to declaring a cash dividend of one per cent. on the common stock fully repaid the shareholders who had patiently waited for upwards of two years by declaring a stock bonus of 20 per cent., which meant every holder of five shares would receive one share.

Another very interesting and equally surprising feature in connection with the declaration, was that there had not been any "leak" in connection with it, and that none of the insiders had in any way tried to take advantage of the information that they must have had at least some time before the public announcement was handed out by the directors. At a time when it seems almost impossible to prevent someone or other taking advantage of such a favourable announcement, it would seem that the directors of Scotia are to be commended on their action, indicating that they were continuing their policy of operating the property in the interests of the shareholders and almost without paying any attention to the stock market. In the present instance it was fortunate that the declaration of such a substantial bonus should not have been discounted before the shareholders were advised of it, because they were the ones the directors wanted to recompense for standing by the company during the past couple of years while Scotia, along with all other industrial concerns in the country, had a somewhat more trying time to make a fair return on its capital than during more prosperous times.

The action of the Scotia directors, in keeping the matter entirely to themselves, will serve somewhat as a precedent for concerns whose stocks are listed on either of the leading Canadian stock exchanges, and after the number of "leaks" that have occurred during the past year, it is to be hoped that the precedent will be followed.

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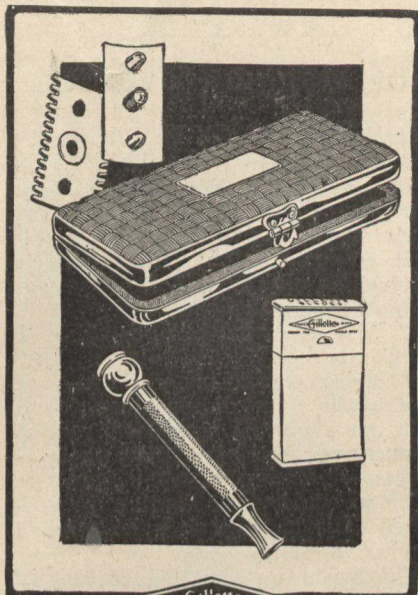
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GET EVERYTHING**

A Rural Problem

EVEN in the most careless and light-hearted observer the conditions of this country, social, economic, or political, must arouse many grave misgivings. There are clefs in the national fabric which suggest something more than the pressure of some passing trial, which indicate some serious flaw in the foundations. Industrial conditions are threatening beyond previous experience. Times there have been when misery was more acute, but none when it has been more widespread or hopeless. Trade shows a growing languor and reduced power of recuperation. We are every year becoming more dependent on foreign nations for the first necessities of life. And with all this may be noticed a deterioration in the physique and character of the people, especially perhaps in the latter. The worst of it is that these developments, which are symptoms of the disease, directly tend to greatly increase the malady.

Frightened by hysterical policies begotten of distress, Capital, which might relieve it, is leaving the country in ever-growing volume; flying, as an American paper well puts it, from economic persecution, as French Huguenots and Russian Jews have fled from persecution political and religious. Thus we have entered on a vicious circle of unemployment formulating demands which diminish employment, and so tending to reproduce itself. Poverty creating instability, instability breeding poverty—so runs the hopeless round. The observer who saw these things and nothing else might be pardoned the most utter pessimism. But his hopelessness will disappear if he note one great fact—that the phenomena above described have coincided in their growth with an enormous change in the distribution of our population. We say that it will disappear, because the distribution of population can be largely controlled by human agency. Against laws of evolution we may be powerless, but against movements which are not evolutionary but artificial, counteracting effort may prevail.

To the migration of the rural population to the town is obviously traceable the overcrowding of our cities and the repletion of the labour market. Less obviously, but perhaps quite as truly, may we refer to it the physical and moral change described above. The neurosis, the decreased vigour, the irritability, the restless rushing after new gods—these are precisely the characteristics of a people of town dwellers. We should moreover look for such changes when men leave a highly skilled industry, such as agriculture, for casual and spasmodic employment under vitiated conditions. The divorce of the countryfolk from the land creates therefore a very serious danger to the State, the more to be deplored because it is not inevitable. It is a singular thing, but, properly regarded, a hopeful, that while labour is a drug in the cities it is at a premium in the country. Not all of the millions of acres of tith that have been converted into pasture have been laid down because of foreign competition. Scarcity of labour has played its part in the process. It is an irony that men should turn their backs upon the fields which call for their labour, and turn their faces to the towns which would shut their gates against them if they could. An irony indeed! But in its very absurdity the remedy may be found. There must be some cause for a movement so opposed to reason and prudence. If the cause can be found, the movement may be checked, perhaps even reversed.—*The Outlook.*



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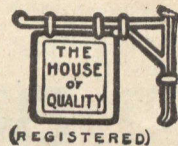
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No. 1760.—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns. 2-ply leg. 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

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No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

For Men

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark

tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

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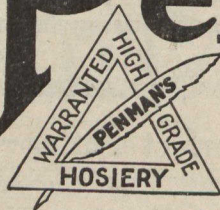
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The WOLSEY
Pure Wool
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Feel its silky texture. Notice the absence of harshness and roughness and see how well it is made.

At all Leading Dealers

Awakening of Maggie Taverner

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

said quietly, "you've been a very naughty boy—and I—*know all*, as they say in the melodramas. Don't look so down on your luck. It isn't so bad as all that. We've just got to pull things straight—"

"Oh, Cecil, what can you think of me?"

"I think a great many things—and not all to your disadvantage. And I'm not angry. I scored off you, at dinner, you see. And now to business—"

"You could never forgive me, Cecil?" His haggard face was turned to her in the twilight.

"Rubbish, my dear fellow! We all make mistakes at times. Don't look so tragic. I am setting you free. It is not all for *your* sake, Tim. I want my freedom, too. I came here with the hope of settling things. Circumstances were against you." She squeezed his arm, but her eyes were full of tears.

"So there's an end of it, Timothy O'Hagan. And your handsome cousin is going to be married to 'a broth of a boy' down Limerick way!"

He caught her two hands in his.

"Cecil, you are an angel! You are too good, too generous! You speak almost as if it was *you* who had behaved badly—and not me! But I shall never forget it—"

"Hush! That will do! I'm glad it is all right. Now run and fetch Maggie—I want to kiss her."

Together they went back to the lighted drawing-room.

"Maggie has gone to bed with a headache," said Mrs. Murphy, in answer to her sister's question. O'Hagan stood in the window, with the exquisite starlit night around him. Joy was to be his, but he must wait for the morrow.

THE sun streamed into the white-and-rose breakfast-room.

"And where is Maggie?" cried Mrs. Murphy, dressed as usual in her tennis flannels and already with a hat on, "she was to have started with me in the car by 10.30. Shine, where is Miss Taverner?" she called to the old butler.

"She's gone away, mum. Left this morning, come six o'clock, and told me to put these 'ere notes on your plates. Said she had forgot her Pa's birthday, or somethink. A mortal hurry she was in, any way."

Mrs. Murphy opened her note quickly.

"So sorry," she read, "but it is father's birthday to-morrow, and I had forgotten it. I thought I ought to go. So many thanks for all your kindness." And Lady Derwent opened hers; read it once, then twice, to herself, with flushing face and eyes suspiciously bright.

"DEAR LADY DERWENT,—Do not be angry with him. He loves you all the while, I expect—he never cared for me or he would not have deceived me so. I was only a passing fancy. I am so sorry to have, unwittingly, caused you pain, but it was only midsummer madness. Please forgive your little friend,
MAGGIE TAVERNER."

Mrs. Murphy looked at her sister. "Why, Cec, she only met you yesterday! What an odd little thing to write notes of good-bye to everyone! Why, Tim, have you got one, too?" as O'Hagan entered the room. "I really should not be surprised."
"No," he said grimly; but as he spoke his fingers closed over it in his coat pocket. He had found his on his early tea-tray. "Oh, Tim, my darling!" it ran, all blistered with

tears, "my love, don't grieve. Be brave, and you will soon forget me. She is so good and kind. Good-night. Good-bye."

Lady Derwent looked at O'Hagan and her eyes narrowed. She was not going to sit calmly by and see her dreams shattered into dust.

"Where does she live? Far away?" she said casually. And again she caught Tim's eye.

"Only at Ballyseaton. A short way by train, and quite close to ride to, over the hills."

Lady Derwent smiled, but she said no more till her sister and her sleepy husband had driven away. Then she turned to O'Hagan.

"Why not ride over and bring her back—you and me? We'll lunch there, and be home for dinner tonight? Oh, Tim, your face haunts me! She will forgive you—"

They were quite alone. He groaned aloud, as he laid his head down suddenly on his arms. The bright sun, streaming in, fell aslant his dark hair, in a careless mockery of sorrow.

Lady Derwent dropped her hand upon his shoulder. "I did not know—you cared so much," she said huskily. "Come on. We will be there quite soon."

MAGGIE was gathering fallen apples when a pair of riders came up the moss-grown drive. Her face was pale with her sleepless night—she had changed from a pretty child to a winsome woman. And she had found the house empty, save for the old servant, for her father, thinking her safe at the Murphys', had gone for a few days to stay with an old chum. She looked up as the horses passed, and a great wave of colour swept over cheek and brow. O'Hagan and Lady Derwent! What could they want of her? She did not stop to wonder, but went in quickly and greeted them so calmly, so gently.

"How good of you both to come! I am so sorry father is away from home."

Lady Derwent kissed her. "Ah, ha!" she laughed. "What about his birthday, eh? Well, we've come to lunch with you, please. So don't say 'No,' for here we are, and here we mean to remain!" and she threw her gloves and whip on the sofa.

"Of course! Please do—" Maggie began. And all the while O'Hagan's eyes never left her face.

"Go and see to the horses, Tim," said Lady Derwent, and then she turned to Maggie and told all. "So that everything will turn to wedding bells and flowers," she ended gaily; "and poor old Tim will be himself again. Here you are," as he entered the room, "Maggie says she will forgive you," and she pushed the girl forward as she slipped away.

O'Hagan clasped her tightly in his arms. "Oh, my precious! And I thought I had lost you! Why did you go away?"

And her only answer was a kiss through happy tears.

"YOU are to come back with us to-day," cried Cecilia from the garden. "How surprised they will be to hear our news!"

But neither of them heeded her. For in the land of dreams and hopes ordinary voices are not heard.

Englishmen in Canada

THAT Canada offers abundant employment for the right men in its illimitable corn-growing areas is beyond dispute; but it is not without concern that we hear of English villages, where labour in harvest-time is also short of the need, being grad-

ually denuded of their sturdiest men. The Salvation Army alone has sent fifty thousand to the Dominion during the last five years, and its active commissioners who were at Winnipeg a fortnight ago announced that it was contemplated to bring out a further seventy thousand families. Arrangements have already been completed for settling a number of families on a model farm upon the irrigated lands of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Calgary next summer, and this is to be only the beginning of a "mighty stream of population." Manitoba has this autumn needed ten thousand more men for the harvest, and acres of wheat have remained uncut for want of hands; but the Salvation Army declines to import men solely for that purpose, its object being to obtain the "steady job" of constant employment for its emigrants. The agents of the Army appear to be under the impression that in this emigration movement they are relieving the pressure in the great cities; but they are taking the wrong men for that, the best class of rural labourers, whom the unemployed of our towns are quite unfitted to replace.—*The Outlook.*

At the Sign of the Maple

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 17
this final one into the permanent quarters, each move typifying increased work, increased help, increased funds, and increased interest on the part of Winnipeggers.

It would take too long to tell of all the other women who have helped and how. Among them are Mrs. George Craig, Miss Rogers, Miss Smith, Mrs. G. R. Crowe, the present President, Mrs. Colin Campbell, who conducted the Women's edition referred to already, and Mrs. George Scales, who was President repeatedly, and who, before she removed from Winnipeg last year, turned the first sod for the new building.

The whole city of Winnipeg is now keenly interested in the Y. W. C. A. and proud of its progress. As with the country itself the most difficult pioneer days are over, and now a busy steady prosperity and success will attend the further four-fold aim of the Winnipeg Y. W. C. A.

The Vassal

Wind of the North, O far, wild wind
Born of a far, lone sea,
Where suns are soft and breezes kind,
Why are ye kin to me?

Uncounted years above the sea,
Rock-fortressed from its rage,
The Fisherman, thy fathers, kept
A barren heritage—
Grim as the sea they forced to pay
The sea-toll of their wage.

And lo! The Fate which made thee hers
And gave thee of her best
And set thee in a sunny place
Down-sloping to the west
Forgot to change thy fisher's heart,
Serf to the sea's unrest!

Wind of the North! O bitter wind,
I hear the wild seas fret—
In the dim spaces of the mind
I am its vassal yet!
ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY, in the
December *Canadian Magazine.*

Nothing doing—and doing nothing seem to be two different nothings.

It all depends on circumstances, which sometimes alter even watch-cases. The man who says "Nothing doing" is the man who would do something or somebody if he had the chance. The man who is doing nothing—probably likes his job.

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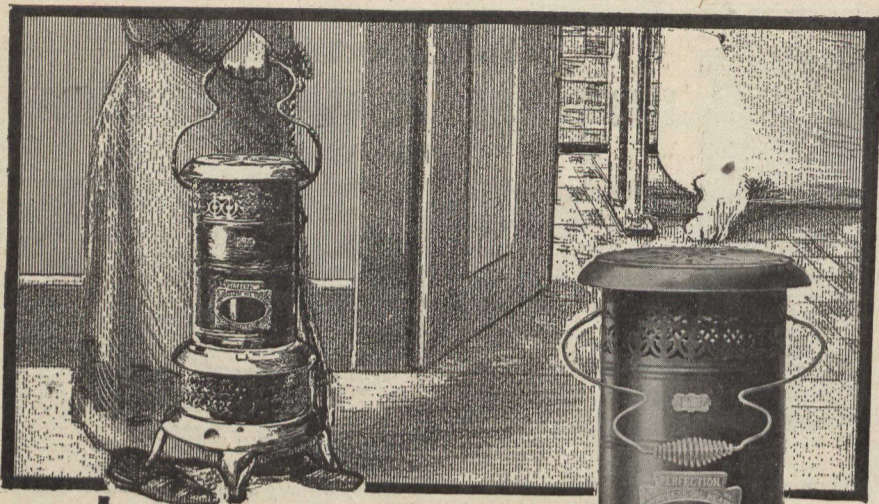
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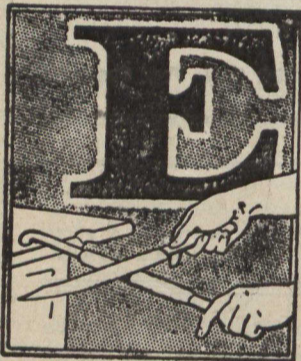
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This combined emery rod and towel drier is a patented attachment you cannot secure on any other range. Just one of the many improvements that go to make Pandora the handiest range you can buy. 14

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ONTARIO

The Nervous Force

By D. GUY DE LESTARD

Editor's Note:—Newspapers and magazines nowadays are full of scientific gossip about the unseen universe and the occult; the laying on of hands, the moving of tables, messages from the deceased and magnetic healing—all have been exploited of late more religiously than at any other time known to the world. It all seems to simmer down somewhat to a study of personality and of nerves. In the following article Mr. D. Guy de Lestard relates for the Courier his experiences and investigations along this line.

A GERMAN, Dr. de Reichembach, is the first who has made a study of the exterior manifestation of the nervous force, but his discovery, made during the investigation of the commission appointed by the French Academy to find out if the theory of Mesner was right, did not receive at this time much support from the scientific world. Reichembach found out that out of one hundred people put in a dark room one hour a day for a period of two weeks, sixty could plainly see around the human body some luminous waves. The right side of the head and body, the tips of the fingers of the right hand being bluish while the left side of the head and body, the tips of the fingers of the left hand were yellowish. In people sick with some nervous disease the yellow was much more prominent than the blue. In spite of the photographs taken by Dr. de Reichembach and the photographer Gunther and lately by Col. de Rochas the discovery was received with much skepticism until Prof. D'Arsonval, the eminent member of the Academy of Science of France, in a report read before the Academy the 14th of December, 1903, concludes by saying: "I have good reasons to believe that the body gives emission to a force which is different from electricity and very much like N rays (Blondlot rays)."

Dr. Barety and Prof. Richet renewed the experiments of Prof. d'Arsonval and arrived at the same conclusion.

I have tried myself the experiment of Dr. Reichembach and could plainly see the blue and yellow lines around the human body.

It was interesting to know if the existence of this force could be demonstrated in the light. The apparatus called a "stenometre" made by Dr. Paul Joire of the Neuralgic Institute of Paris shows it plainly. By resting their hand steady near the stenometre for about ten minutes, some persons have the power to attract the needle of the apparatus. In healthy people the fingers attract the needle. In people sick with hysteria, neurasthenia, St. Vitus' Dance or any other nervous disease, the needle remains motionless. With people subject to rheumatism the needle stands still, which seems to prove the theory of Dr. Archibold Garrod that rheumatism is due essentially to some nervous disturbance, though the immediate exciting causes are exposure to wet and cold.

The stenometre shows that in every nervous disease the nervous force has more or less vanished.

Dr. Paul Joire uses his apparatus to diagnose the ailments of his patients, but I must confess that my experience shows me that no more than twenty per cent. of the persons have this power to attract inert bodies, so I cannot see how the stenometre can be used to successfully diagnose nervous diseases unless we admit that only the few people who can attract the needle are



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Like the scent of a thousand lilies from the gardens of fairyland. Bewitching, dainty, lasting, the fragrance lingers. \$1.00 per ounce.

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The true violet odor, penetrating, yet delicate. As fragrant as the flowers from which it is distilled. We know of no perfume that equals it. \$1.00 per ounce.

Persian Bouquet

For those who desire perfume with individuality, not offensively strong, but unusual, like the exotic scent from an Oriental garden. A perfume decidedly out of the ordinary. \$1.00 per ounce.

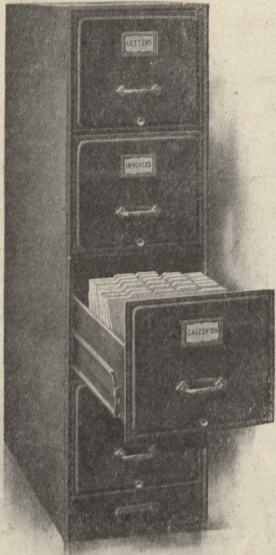
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"Office Specialty" Steel Vertical Cabinets can be used wherever the Vertical System of Filing is used. No need to change the System, just transfer the Records from one Cabinet to another. These Cabinets are strongest in construction of any Filing Cabinet made. The doors roll on our patented Steel Roller Suspension. The pull of your little finger opens or closes the Drawers. The standard finish is a dark olive green in dull lustre. The trimmings are oxidized brass. The contour of the Cabinet is harmonious and pleasing. The

double wall construction of the sides and back with the division between the Drawer spaces makes an almost perfectly fire-proof Cabinet.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER. We will ship these Cabinets anywhere in Canada on 30 days' approval. If satisfactory, the price is \$35.00, each in Letter Size, or \$40.00 with Lock; Cap Size \$40.00, or \$45.00 with Lock; Bill Size (5 drawers) \$45.00, or with Lock, \$50.00. Lock fastens all drawers simultaneously. The capacity of each Drawer is 4,000 papers with Folders and Guides. For full description of the Filing Cabinets and Office Furniture in Steel, write for Folder No. 1340C.



Two "Office Specialty" Letter Size Steel Vertical Cabinets used in the Subscription Department of a Toronto Publishing House. The Records in these Cabinets are worth thousands of dollars and these Steel Cabinets were bought especially to afford them protection against fire and theft.

"Office Specialty" Steel Vertical Cabinets as used in the vault of a large Packing Company. Two rows of Stock Cabinets were placed against the back wall of the vault, the upper cabinets are reached by a ladder. We also supplied the Steel Shelving for the sides of the vault.



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healthy and have strong nerves, while all others are more or less affected with some nervous trouble.

The bioscope of Collonges, the apparatus of Crookes, Lafontaine, Boirac, Bouradieu, the magnetometre of Fortin demonstrate beyond doubt that some healthy persons have this mysterious power to attract inert bodies and that no patient with a nervous disease can make the needle move.

The scientific world has declared telepathy an impossibility on the ground that action at a distance is impossible. It must be admitted now that action at a distance is possible and that the problem of telepathy is very near to being solved. Is any man so blind as not to see what a revolutionary fact telepathy is?

The "moving table" can be explained by the exterior manifestation of all or some of the people around the table.

The most useful and interesting manifestation of this force is what is known as "the healing touch." What is really the healing touch, I do not know and nobody knows, but it is a fact that every little while and all down through history some individuals by the laying on of hands could soothe the pain, and as there is no effect without a cause, there must exist a cause.

To show the soothing effect of this nervous force on some patients I shall give an illustration chosen from one of many similar.

On one occasion wishing to amuse some friends during a rainy day, I suggested the following experiment, which may be known to many readers:

A bandage is placed over the eyes of an individual—will say a woman—who does not know what is expected of her, and holding one of her

hands the experimenter suggests that she go and get some object in the room and conceal it in some place around. There is nothing mysterious about the experiment. It is a plain case of mental suggestion in the waking state. I tried one evening the experiment with a few persons, when came the turn of a lady friend who was suffering with headache. The bandage was placed over her eyes but she did not obey my suggestion, which was to take a certain plate from amongst others and put it under a chair. She stood still. Asked why she did not go for the object I was thinking about, she replies that she feels sleepy. Her head no longer aches. She wants to go to sleep. It would be a mistake for a man ignorant of the subject to call this sleep a "hypnotic sleep." Hypnotism may be produced by looking at a man and at the same time making the suggestion that he must go to sleep, or by a man to look at a bright object while he suggests to himself to go to sleep. In the first place the sleep is produced by suggestion, in the second case by auto-suggestion. But what about the lady who had a bandage over her eyes and when my suggestion was not to go to sleep but walk, get a plate and put it under a chair?

The soothing effect of my hand on her forehead was a manifestation of my nervous force.

We must admit that the science has still its obscurities and mysteries and no doubt will be met with great opposition and unwarranted attacks, but is it not so with every new discovery?

William Harvey's theory of the course and circulation of the blood met with a strong opposition which lasted twenty-five years.

The announcement of the discov-

ery of hypnotism was laughed at by medical men, scientific men and laymen.

When Vincent Priesswitz, the Silesian farmer to whom we owe hydrotherapy, spoke of water as a curative agent, people thought it a great joke.

Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, was unable to prevail upon any one to submit to vaccination and was bitterly attacked by both physicians and clergymen.

The man who is sure of himself or his theory, must not for a moment think of other people's opinion. If his theory is right he will obtain good results, the good results will change the public opinion.

Our brain is capable of responding to an incalculable variety of stimulant but we seem to have reached the limit and there are only two remedies possible to this evil. One is to live a simple life, the other is to increase the moral and nervous energy, to meet life's demands and to make our nerves more steady.

As life is organised it is too difficult, too strenuous for most of us, but the law is inexorable and who will not struggle and struggle hard must disappear. No success comes without hard struggle and men live and will always live for success, which is for so many synonymous of happiness.

So the only remedy is the one which will give us more force, more energy for the fight, more calm and more patience to support the misfortunes that everyone has to meet and this result will be obtained when we all shall know the laws of suggestion and auto-suggestion and the laws which govern the nervous force. Then the so-called wonders of Christian Scientists and healers will be made plain and at last we shall

learn that there is but one law of mental healing, which has existed since the first man appeared, and that this law applies to all methods alike without reference to anyone's theory.

King Manuel in England

A CASE of "After you, my dear Alphonse," appears to be the significance attached to the visit of Portugal's twenty-year-old King at Windsor Castle. It is whispered openly in the circles of English officialdom that young King Manuel's designs extend much farther than the beef on His Majesty's dinner-table. It is thought that he is emulating the example of his near royal brother, Alfonso, and desires to ally himself with one of the English princesses. British connection would add greatly to the prestige of Portugal.

Don Manuel III will probably make a very good impression in England, if for no other reason than that he is an admirer of things English. There is nothing of the insouciant indolence of the Latin about him. He has been educated like an English prince. He is the hale, bluff sailor boy. His temperament and disposition afford quite a contrast to that of his lamented father, Don Carlos. A rose garden and an easel would have satisfied Don Carlos, whose instincts were rather those of an embellisher than of a conqueror. Don Manuel cannot make much of a pronunciamiento on art. But his critiques on equine points will likely as not delight King Edward. His knowledge of horses is so thorough that he has often been known to peel off his coat at Villavilosa, and give the royal blacksmiths a practical demonstration of how properly to put the shoes on his chargers.

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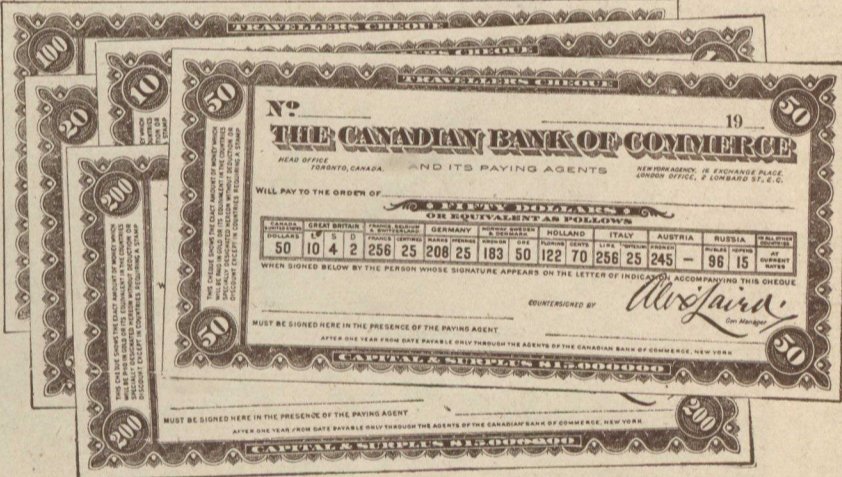
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