

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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THE
Canadian Courier

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PUBLISHER'S TALK

WE wish all our readers a Happy New Year—and 1909 will undoubtedly be the greatest year in Canada's history. The world's eyes are turned this way. Be optimistic and your reward will be great.

YOU have been intending to write out a list of Canada's Ten Greatest Living Citizens and you have put it off from day to day. This is your last chance. If your envelope is not post-marked "December" your ballot cannot be counted. The competition closes on January 1st, 1909; letters mailed before midnight on December 31st in any Canadian post office will be counted. It is a bit of trouble to make out your ballot, but you should have enough patriotism to enable you to make the small sacrifice. If Canada's big men know that the public are watching and estimating and waiting to give credit, will it not stimulate them to greater public service? It is in your power to do this stimulating and encouraging. Make out your ballot now—to-day—to-night. The final result will be published about the third week in January.

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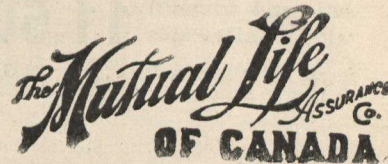
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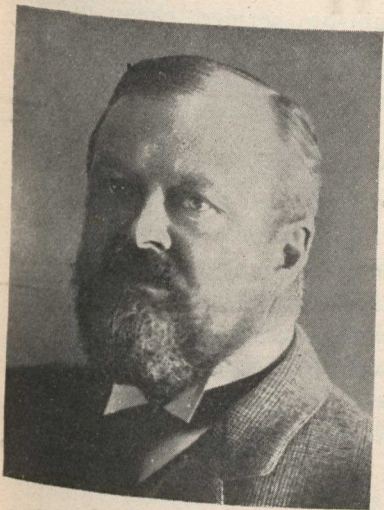
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Vol. V.

Toronto, December 26th, 1908.

No. 4

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW

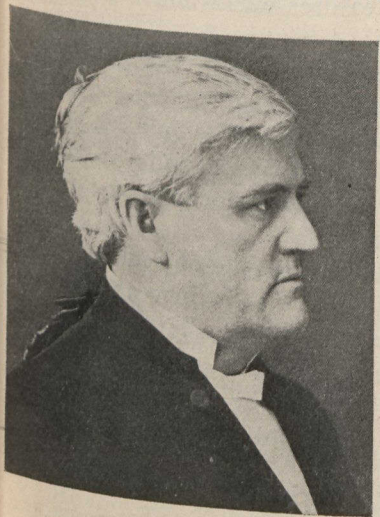


Mr. C. M. Hays,
Manager Grand Trunk Railway.

MR. CHARLES M. HAYS is another of those little men whose brains are near the earth—as one said about Kipling—but who think in continents—a form of thought quite common to railway builders. Mr. Hays is the embodiment of the new Grand Trunk; not the old autocratic iron-bound regime whose swiftest train was a twenty-miles-an-hour headache anywhere between Montreal and Windsor. The original Grand Trunk system much resembled a mill of the gods. The new Grand Trunk personised by Mr. Hays is a thing of go and reach; a system with a transcontinental scope. Nobody understands better than Mr. Hays how the change has been wrought. He came here from a land where railroading is on a

cosmic scale, and he brought a lot of the railway kings with him. He is as aggressive a man as any of his big confreres. Mr. Hays' latest big-thinking includes the Panama Canal and the Grand Trunk Pacific, a sequence which in the first quarter-century of the Grand Trunk would have been considered a good appendix to the Apocrypha or the Tales of the Arabian Nights.

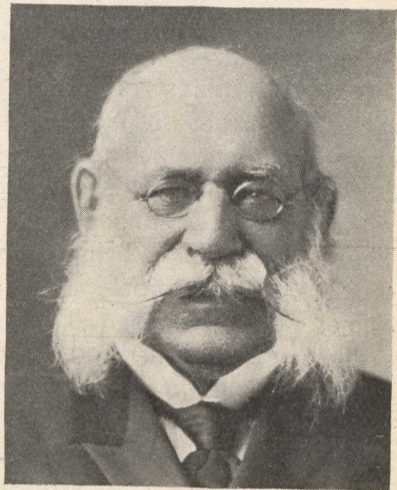
WHEN some of us were small boys we heard about De Lesseps, who became a bankrupt trying to dig that stupendous ditch across the Isthmus of Panama. It was all very interesting and somewhat fabulous; and when a few years ago the United States Government undertook to complete the ditch it was still regarded by Canadians as an epic of romance. Now, however, it has begun to seem that the Panama Canal may have a practical use in Canadian political economy. Mr. Hays predicts that Prince Rupert is to become one of the greatest wheat ports in the world. Wheat which now goes more than a thousand miles by rail travel to lake ports must reach the water more cheaply. The Hudson's Bay route is one way and of that much has been said. Mr. Hays thinks that the Grand Trunk Pacific, Prince Rupert and the Panama Canal are to prove a competitor with the old route of the Hudson's Bay Company. He foresees a triangle of great wheat ports—Fort William added to Port Arthur, possibly Fort Churchill and Prince Rupert. He states that the gradients on the Grand Trunk Pacific will enable wheat to ship westward as well as eastward.



Mr. Charles Marcell, M.P.,
Probable Speaker.

IT is the fate of some French-Canadians to become Speakers. From Quebec we get the polish and the courtly finesse that imparts dignity to the Chair. Our English-Canadians are too practical and plain. They do not look well on thrones. Hon. Charles Marcell, of Bonaventure, who may preside over the next session of Parliament, has as much of the silken finish and the suggestion of pomp as any of his predecessors. Yet he has been a plain scribe; one who brandished an

editorial pen and was equally facile with his tongue. Of late he has been rather abused by the Opposition press, one of whom the other day depicted him in a cartoon as leaving behind him the valise containing his record in Bonaventure, because he would not find it of much use in Ottawa. Bonaventure is so poetic a name that it seems malice to suspect any shadow of a smirch on an election there. However, Mr. Marcell has been for eight years member for Bonaventure and in his second term he was elected Deputy-Speaker of the House. He is a combination of French and Irish—his mother being Irish, which for temperament is hard to surpass. The *Montreal Witness*, which is usually impartial about the careers of public men, regards Mr. Marcell as an eminently worthy successor to the dignity of the Speaker's Chair. His best friends hope that the Speakership will be a true "bonaventure" for him.



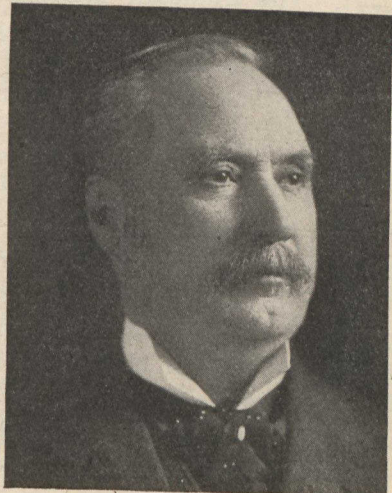
Sir Richard Cartwright,
Who is to lead the Senate.

THE new leader of the Senate, in succession to the Hon. R.

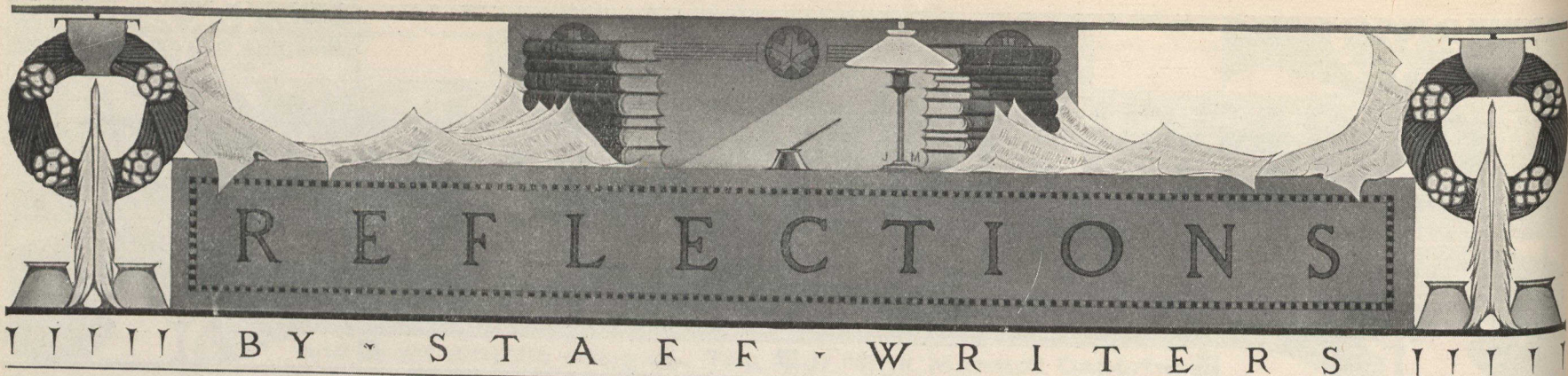
W. Scott, who has retired from active service, is to be Sir Richard Cartwright, Minister of Trade and Commerce. It was thought by many that his physical infirmities would prevent his taking up these somewhat arduous duties. Indeed, some people thought that his retirement was more likely than his promotion. His address in Toronto, during the elections campaign, showed that his mental grasp has lost none of its strength and keenness, and Sir Wilfrid seems to have lost none of his confidence in the ancient warrior. He was born at Kingston on December 4th, 1835, so that he will pardon the term "ancient." It is 45 years since he first entered Parliament, and it is 35 years since he became Finance Minister under Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. He was created a K.C.M.G. in 1879.

MR. ROBERT BICKERDIKE, M.P., who was recently re-elected member for St. Lawrence division, Montreal, during his absence in Europe, is an advocate of the annexation of Newfoundland, Miquelon and St. Pierre. He wants to see the British dominions in North America rounded up under one government, working in full accord with the Imperial authorities. He has little sympathy with the ideas of Mr. J. J. Hill and Mr. Andrew Carnegie concerning Anglo-Saxon union in North America. Mr. Bickerdike is one of the leaders in the cattle export trade, is a past-president of the Montreal Board of Trade and has filled many public positions. He was a member of the Quebec Legislature for a while and later went to Ottawa. A man of few words, he is known as a good counsellor and a solid business man.

LORD MINTO has found it necessary "to take up arms against a sea of troubles" in India. On December 12th the Council of India passed a bill for the trial of conspirators against Government in India, the most notorious of which are the societies that have lately sprung up for the boycotting of British goods and incidentally for purposes of high murder. The Viceroy vigorously supported the measure and in strong language denounced the organisation as one "whose acknowledged aims are the systematic assassination of Government officials, the discrediting of the British Administration and the expulsion of British rule from India."



Mr. Robert Bickerdike,
Member for St. Lawrence, Montreal.



IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

FLYING MACHINES

FLYING machines are coming and the surest indication of this is the increasing number of inventors who are working on the various problems involved. In his anniversary address to the Royal Society, presented on the last day of last month, Lord Rayleigh included the flights by the Brothers Wright as among the achievements of the year. He pointed out that flying as a feat was an accomplished fact, though there is a large gap to be bridged from a feat to a possibility of daily life. The greatest difficulty in the way seems to be that the troubles of the aeronauts increase with the size of the machine which they construct.

While machines heavier than air are thus being experimented with, controllable balloons are being perfected and put to various uses. These machines are being considered most seriously by those interested in military problems. A war-balloon may be useful even if it be not wholly reliable. The necessities of commerce are safety and certainty; the necessities of warfare are but possibility and occasional success. This difference accounts for the interest of military men in the balloon.

FOREIGN TREATIES

OUR success in negotiating foreign treaties does not seem to be so great as it appeared twelve months ago. The treaty with France has not yet been approved by the legislators of that great Republic, and Mr. Fielding is sending home some rather discouraging despatches. It is also announced from Paris that he cannot go to Berlin on this visit to arrange the basis for a German commercial treaty, which is also to be regretted.

Early this month, the Canadian Associated Press sent word from London that there was a possibility that Britain and Germany would revive the treaty which was cancelled in 1897. Under that treaty, Great Britain got the favoured nation treatment in Germany. Because the same privilege was not extended to the colonies which gave Great Britain special treatment not accorded to Germany, Britain cancelled the treaty. If therefore the treaty is revived, no doubt Canada will get the same treatment as Britain. No further news has been made public, so that apparently the announcement was somewhat premature. Unless some such arrangement as this is being considered, it is high time Canada opened direct communication with Berlin looking toward better commercial relations.

CHEAPER CABLES

ORDINARY citizens take little interest in the cost of cabling messages, but they should recognise that in the end the consumer pays. The wholesale merchant or the manufacturer may pay high prices for his cable messages, but he adds the cost to his goods. The newspaper proprietor also must add the cost of his cables to the price which he charges for his advertising space and his subscriptions. All this is in addition to the Imperial reasons which have been advanced in favour of British state-controlled cables with low rates.

Mr. Bottomley, secretary of the Marconi Company, calls the agitation a "super-patriotic dream" because he believes that the advance and progress of wireless telegraphy will make cables a poor investment. As soon as the station at Glace Bay, and this will shortly occur, is able to send and receive messages at the same time, it will have a capacity of 25,000 words a day and thus be able to handle all the business the public can give. "It seems to me a ridiculous scheme of faddists under such conditions to seriously propose an expenditure of millions of pounds sterling to be invested in cables at this time."

Very well, Mr. Bottomley, we shall accept your offer and save our money. If you can send our messages across the ocean at ten

cents a word instead of twenty-five as charged by the cable companies you will certainly get our custom. Indeed, we shall be willing to wait another year on you before deciding the question. Nevertheless, get it firmly fixed in your mind that Canada and Great Britain are determined to have the best and the cheapest service and will not be content to wait too long for the boon. A scattered Empire requires three services: fast and economic steamship service, cheap postage and cheap cabling. The first two have been accomplished; the Empire is now after the third.

THE BRITISH MOTOR TRADE

THE British motor and cycle trade has had a hard year. The Daimler Company, which makes high-class cars, lost money and instead of paying a dividend of 22½ per cent. as in the two previous years, it paid nothing. The Darracq Company which deals in low-priced cars, made a profit of \$750,000 and pays its usual 20 per cent. Almost all the other companies show decreased profits. As the *Economist* points out, two years ago ten companies made a profit of two and a half million; this year, eleven companies made just a little over half that profit.

The lesson of this is that Canadian motor and cycle companies should, like the banks, build up large reserve funds, in balmy days. When business depression occurs, the profits decline very rapidly, as was witnessed when the cycle merger company went bad in the middle nineties. Canadian motor companies are increasing in number, and investors in these should insist on careful management and strong reserve funds. The era of high profits in motors will pass as it has passed in other countries, and as it passed in the Canadian bicycle business.

LOCAL OPTION

A LARGE number of Manitoba municipalities have recently voted on local option; some have retained it, some have inaugurated it, some have refused it. Westmoreland County in New Brunswick has just voted on the Scott Act which has been in force there for many years and has retained it. Many Ontario municipalities will shortly take votes on it. Local option has certainly gained much ground in recent years. It is best adapted to rural and village conditions where enforcement is within the realm of possibility. In the larger towns and cities, it has not been a success, and consequently temperance reformers there work along the line of license reduction.

The greatest difficulty with local option in some places and with license reduction carried too far is that under restriction liquor drinking is debased unnecessarily. This leads to law-breaking and the consumption of harmful liquors—two features which must be regretted by all sane reformers.

Law-breaking when done generally and by men who are otherwise respectable citizens is a sin against good government. It paves the way for a general disrespect of the law which is inimical to the public interest. Our laws should be such as command the respect of a majority of the people and such as may be enforced. A law which cannot be enforced is worse than no law.

Under local option, in towns and cities, the sale of beer and wine is prevented and the consumption of bad whiskey increased. Beer and wine are bulky and cannot be easily transported; nor can they be readily adulterated by retailers; therefore their sale is restricted or eliminated. Whiskey is less bulky and can be easily adulterated; therefore it is continuously sold to the detriment of people's stomachs as well as morals.

Temperance reform appeals to us all. Drunkenness is abhorrent to all good citizens. Excessive drinking should be discouraged. Therefore when the voter goes to mark his ballot for or against local

option, the question he should decide in his own mind is "Can this be successfully enforced?" If it can, he may safely vote for it. If it cannot, he should vote against it. License reduction may be viewed in the same way, though there are other elements which require to be considered. In Great Britain license reduction is usually accompanied by compensation. In Canada, the temperance reformer has steadily refused to consider this question and has therefore weakened his cause. However, the faults are not all on his side.

THE COMMON DAY

THE common reproach brought against the civilisation of this continent is that it is supremely commercial—that everything smacks of trade and that the ring of the dollar turns every other note into discord. The cities are abused as centres of greed and graft, where the individual withers and the corporation is more and more. There are prophets who croak all manner of dismal things regarding our future if we do not take heed to our ways and think less of the "siller."

Christmas week, when the kindlier sentiments of humanity come to the surface, is a propitious season for considering whether we are altogether given up to the worship of Mammon. Even in the much-reviled cities, there may be found citizens who are going about doing good in their own imperfect way, but in a spirit of sincerity which helps the rest of us to a belief in our kind. Here and there we find a humble Mark Tapley who is "coming out strong" under a burden which would crush a less sturdy exponent of Optimism. Then we hear of a rich man, who has stood for frank dealing in the world of finance, and who has used his failing strength to appeal to his province in behalf of those stricken with the White Plague. We find others who are lending money, time and influence to the cause of art and music and who may be helping the ambitious young student a few rungs up the ladder.

We are not hopelessly selfish and grasping. We are capable at times of catching the gleam of something finer than gold and realising that the spirit of comradeship is not wholly crushed in modern competitive strife. In fact, the whole commercial fabric rests on something better than mere barter and more enduring than the bargain advertisement. In the course of the day's work we are quite as likely to come upon Zaccheus as Ananias.

ARE WE INHOSPITABLE?

SEVERAL recently-returned Canadians, who have spent some months in the British Isles, are expressing themselves in such enthusiastic terms regarding the kindness of their hosts in England and Scotland, to say nothing of Ireland, that one is moved to ask if hospitality is among Canadian virtues. A discussion of this nature lately arose among certain citizens of an Ontario town, who were about to conclude that we are not a hospitable people, when the protest was made: "Wait until you've been out west. They can't do enough for you and make a man feel as if they had been waiting to welcome him." From the other side of the room came a report to the effect that Nova Scotia is a province, flowing with honey and hospitality, while a third made some remarks about the Eastern Townships of Quebec.

We are so few and scattered that it is difficult to generalise on Canadian virtues or failings. However, there appears to be a growing conviction that, in the matter of gracious welcome and courteous entertainment, we might observe to our advantage the hosts of the old land or those of the Southern States. Money does not enter into the question, for hospitality is a matter of the spirit, not of the substance. We are in some danger of cultivating that falsely democratic spirit which finds its least unpleasant manifestation in asserting at every turn, "I am as good as you," instead of remembering that "you are as good as I." The warm and deserved praise of the courtly qualities of the late Sir Henri Joly leads the reader to wonder if such a gentleman is of a vanishing school.

THE WAY OF THE REVOLUTIONIST

THERE is no question about the exhilarating quality of success.

If Washington and his army had not held out, if the French had not been so adroit in intercepting certain British vessels, the American Revolution might have been indefinitely postponed. In such case, Washington, Franklin and Lafayette would now be referred to as well-meaning but impetuous spirits, who wished to force political

evolution, and thirteen would not be regarded as a lucky number for the Union, while Mr. Theodore Roosevelt would be in the Cromer and Milner class as a British Pro-Consul. In fact, he might have gone ahead of them and be the Duke of Long Island, instead of one of the world's great monarchs. This, no doubt, is a horrible contingency for a thorough democrat to contemplate but is entertaining to the speculative reader of history.

In fact, it depends very much on the result of the rebellion, how the original disturbers are to be regarded. We are so much in the way of taking things for granted, that any deviation from this, even in our stirring modern times, is likely to call forth such epithets as "crank" and "knocker." The man who disturbs our conviction that a considerable degree of dirt and disease must be tolerated is not regarded at first as anything but a tiresome and fussy creature whose delight it is to make mountains out of mole-hills. The way of the innovator is hard, even in a new country and in an electric age.

There was much vague talk about dirty milk, which was the cause of widespread disease. But the people placidly assumed that it was the will of Providence that these microbes should exist, until there arose in Copenhagen a bold spirit which declared that the people were to blame. Now, that Copenhagen, Rochester and a few other cities are proving that filthy milk is not one of the inscrutable decrees of Fate, other communities are also bestirring themselves to secure cleanliness and diminish disease. The disturber who succeeds is hailed as a benefactor and we all forget that when he began the agitation, "crank" was his popular designation.

NAILING DOWN THE WINDOWS

THIS is the time of year when a great many citizens nail down the windows. The price of coal is high, and the family expenses are large. In order to keep down the expenses the houses must be closed up tightly, and the fresh air must be kept out. Storm sashes are placed in the windows of the sleeping-rooms even, though this practice is not as common as it was ten years ago. The average house is closely guarded against fresh air, with the consequent result that coughs, colds, and tubercular diseases run riot through the land.

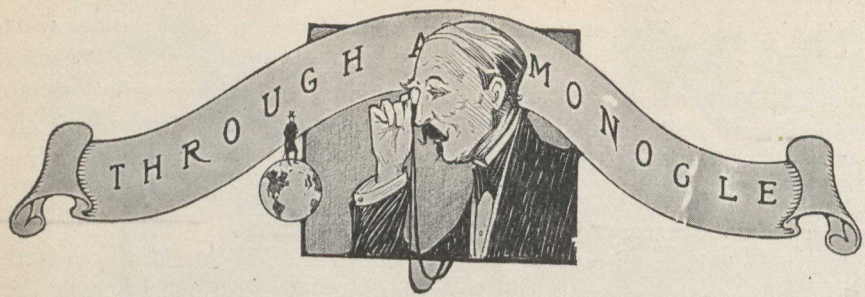
However, the fresh air theory is making progress. More and more people are learning that fresh air is the greatest medicine in the world. The only difficulty in Canada is the fear of the ordinary individual that cold air is bad for the lungs. It is hard for him to realise that hot air is more harmful than cold air. Moreover, there are few inducements for people to remain outdoors in the cold weather. The younger people indulging in skating, snowshoeing, tobogganing, and sleigh-riding get more or less fresh air during the winter months; the older people who spend their time in churches, theatres and homes get very little fresh air, and are continually breathing air which is not fit for human consumption.

In the cities, people have much less chance of getting pure air than in the country. The restaurant, the street car, and the public buildings are over-crowded and badly ventilated. As Dr. Geo. D. Porter says in a paper read before the Canadian Medical Association: "Many a man blames the rise and fall of the thermometer for his failing health, when the rise and fall of the stock market have had far more to do with it. Most of us know of some invalid who has gone to Colorado, changed his mode of life, and recovered his health, and then attributed it all to the climate, when he might have been cured much easier and at less expense by hieing himself to the pure air and the simple life of the country in his own neighbourhood."

STUDENT RIOTS

STUDENTS at the various universities have not added to their credit by their conduct this fall. In Toronto, Montreal and Kingston they have shown a recklessness of public rights which indicates a rather low standard of citizenship. No one will deny to the students the right to be hilarious, jovial and sport-loving. Every man is willing to see them laugh and hear them yell. When, however, they begin to be rowdies, they must lose public sympathy.

No one will blame the university authorities for these outbreaks. It is well known that the various faculties have been at great pains to prevent these public plunderings on the part of the young men. They have established dinners and entertainments to take the place of Hallowe'en outings and other forms of rioting. That their efforts have not prevented trouble simply adds to the discredit of the students. If the students must practise at rioting, they should confine their efforts to the college territory.



MR. W. T. R. PRESTON has written a sprightly letter from far-away Japan to the *Mail and Empire* protesting against his use as a "chopping block" whenever the genial editor of that journal feels like taking a little invigorating exercise. Mr. Preston says that he was not corrupt when he was in active politics; that he was never sorely tempted save once, when he did not fall because the other fellow held him up, or rather, refused to be "held up"; that, on the contrary, he always discouraged corrupt methods and—inferentially—did much to keep his party honest. I notice that the *Mail* takes this "apologia pro vita sua" with a smile of cynical amusement; but cynicism has become a settled habit with the *Mail* ever since its venture into independent journalism failed. As for Mr. Preston, he suffers from the common impression that all party organisers are corrupt. There are lots of people who cannot understand what a political party wants a paid and permanent organiser for if it be not to bribe people and perform other nefarious services.

SOME one should undertake the task of writing a defence of the political organiser. I have known several of them with a fair amount of intimacy; and not only am I nothing the richer for my acquaintance, but I have found them good fellows, with as high a sense of honour as most business men, though obsessed by a settled conviction that the leaders of the party they were opposing were long overdue at either the penitentiary or the insane asylum. I should say that the chief characteristic of the party organiser is not corruption but "offensive partisanship." Now, of course, he may be a corrupt institution for all I know. I have had precious little to do with the practical working of party machinery. But my conversation with them has led me to the suspicion that it is their employers who are corrupt in intention, though cowardly when it comes to practice; and that the organisers never carry through a fraction of the devious tricks which are urged on them by outwardly super-respectable public men. What I am trying to say is that, while I have no notion that party organisers are strayed members of the angelic host—their associates would prevent that—neither do I believe that they sit up nights devising criminal schemes for the discomfiture of the enemy.

OF course, somebody arranges for all the organised corruption and election crime. Possibly at times the official organisers do it. I don't know. But I would have thought, just from superficial indications, that they were generally too clever to put their necks in any such noose. You will notice, too, that when the noose draws, their

necks are generally outside of it. Then it must not be forgotten that a political party is always very badly in need of a man who will handle its campaign fund without permitting the countless wolves who hang on its skirts to steal the greater share of it. Political parties are much more afraid of being robbed by their own "friends" and "workers" than of failing to practise corruption enough to win an election. And it is just possible that they might select an organiser who would stand between them and the wolves; and see to it that they got value in public meetings, literature, canvassing and the like for their money. No political party ever won a national election by corruption; but political parties have been hampered before to-day by the wasting of their resources by insinuating scoundrels who pretended that they would employ it to get votes and then let it slip through a hole in their pockets.

PRACTICAL politicians will tell you that the greater share of the money which is spent during an election in contravention of the law, is not used for bribery in the proper sense at all. It is not so very often, they say, that men are paid to vote for one candidate when they would otherwise have voted for the other. That is a pretty risky business. The more usual thing is to "pay a man for his time"—as the phrase goes—that is, to pay him for the time he spends in going to vote for his party candidate. If he did not get paid, he would not vote for the other candidate. In most cases, he would refuse indignantly a proffered bribe to do so. But neither will he vote for his own candidate. He will simply stay at home. Not for a moment does he regard his action as immoral, no matter what the stupid law may say. He reasons it out this way—the politicians make money out of politics; they cannot make that money unless they get my vote; it does me no good to go and vote and takes up my time; therefore it is only fair that the politicians shall drive me to the polls and indemnify me for my loss of time if they want me to go and vote for them. It may be oblique reasoning; but it is very common. The man who insists upon being driven to the poll is not very far from it.

AS I have frequently ventured to say, the sole cure for corrupt politics is politics dominated by issues. If we can give that man who wants pay for his time an issue in which he is profoundly concerned, he will be on hand to vote without pay, and will walk all the way if necessary. So long as it makes no difference to him which party wins, he will be careless whether he votes or not. All the academic lecturing we can supply about his duty as a citizen and the blood-bought privilege of the franchise passes over his head. A half-day away from work is the loss of a half-day's pay or profit; and that is a real issue he can understand. When the politicians give us live issues which awaken public interest, the sphere of influence of the briber will contract painfully—to him. He will not admit it, of course, until he must; for there are some camp-followers of both parties who make a good living out of a set of sticky fingers through which they pretend to slip the money which buys votes.

N'IMPORTE



Turkey at last joins Europe: Turks Voting for the Election of Members of the First Turkish Parliament. See next page.

Events in Britain and Europe

LORD ROBERTS in his recent speech on British land defence appealed to the much-abused House of Lords in a rather curious manner. He said that the ordinary citizen could not be expected to take much interest in military problems because he is so taken up with his own affairs that he is content to leave such matters in the hands of the authorities. He then went on to point out that the politicians took no interest in it, because they were busy with other problems, presumably getting into office and staying there. Therefore he appealed to the Lords "who know from history the fate that overtook all former great maritime and commercial States which refused to undergo that self-sacrifice which alone could ensure safety of their possessions—if you, who have the best means of ascertaining what is going on in other countries and who ought to be able to realise that our naval supremacy is being disputed, if you are content to let matters rest as they are . . . I cannot help feeling that a tremendous awakening may be in store for us before many years are passed."

This was a rather forceful compliment to the Lords, as well as a somewhat broad appeal to the thinking people of the nation.

* * *

Another feature of Lord Roberts' speech was his statement that it requires four untrained citizen soldiers to oppose one trained soldier. If Germany landed 150,000 regulars on the shores of Great Britain, it would require an army of 600,000 "Territorials" (as the Volunteers may now be termed) to meet them, exclusive of 200,000 more required to do garrison duty. That was the basis of his opinion that Great Britain required an army of at least one million more or less trained citizen soldiers. Lord Roberts does not, according to his speech, consider men who have never had more than one or two weeks training a year, as soldiers in any sense of the term. Thus indirectly, he condemns Canada's military system in toto. Apparently Lord Roberts is in favor of the Swiss System, which Lieut.-Col. Merritt of the Governor-General's Body Guard has been at such pains to explain to his fellow-Canadians. Lord Roberts did not deal with the details in his speech, beyond proving to his own satisfaction that invasion was possible and declaring that an army of a million trained and armed citizens was a necessity for home defence.

* * *

It is interesting to note that the *Spectator* is in favour of universal military training. It does not believe in the Continental plan which takes men into barracks for two or three years, but it would give every young man between 17 and 21, three months of such training followed by three or four years in the Territorial Army. In this way, every Britisher, rich or poor, would be able to handle a rifle and obey military orders. It would like to see a "trained and armed nation" because this would ensure complete national security against invasion.

The *Spectator* has one significant paragraph, which every Canadian who knows Great Britain will fully appreciate:

"Three months shoulder to shoulder with their poorer fellow-citizens would do the sons of the rich and of the moderately well off nothing but good. The prosperous workingman's son would also be taught to think less of class distinctions, both above and below him, while for the lads of the slums it would often prove nothing short of physical salvation."

The *Spectator* goes on to argue that universal military training of this limited nature would bring all men to realise the seriousness of war and thus would make for peace and not for its opposite. Jingoism is usually rampant among men who have had no military training and who do not feel that seriousness which comes to men who know that war means personal exposure to bullets. This is a statement which will appeal to every Canadian who has at one time or another served in the militia.

It ends its argument by the statement that "the immediate need of the country is not to increase the Regular army, but to give the nation the benefits, military, physical, intellectual and moral, of universal training."

WHILE Lord Milner has been sounding Canada and telling us that preferential trade is in sight, the leaders of the Unionist party have been laying their principles and hopes more fully before

the British people. Mr. Wyndham states that they first aim "at safeguarding their home industries against unfair competition, because they wished to preserve the sterling qualities of the manhood of the nation from the corrosion of unemployment which was debasing the race; and in the second place they wanted to cement the component parts of the Empire into a more coherent whole." This is clear and precise.

Mr. Balfour was less precise but his meaning is nearly as clear. "The time, I say, is coming when that great policy will be turned from an ardent hope into a practical reality, and that from the very furthest corners of the British Empire, in the very heart of that Empire, in this country, the effects will be seen in the closer knitting of our Imperial bonds, in the steadying of the whole industrial machine, in the mitigation of the ever-present problem of unemployment, in the safeguarding of great interests against the combination of increasing industrial efficiency backed by the use—I was going to say the unscrupulous use—of hostile tariffs by every commercial country in the world." There you are in a sentence, one of Mr. Balfour's own complicated sentences, of which only about one-third is here quoted.

Mr. Bonar Law contented himself by pointing out that prosperous free trade Great Britain lost 235,000 people by emigration in 1907, while Germany lost only 30,000 out of a population 50 per cent. larger.

These gentlemen would have us believe that a great change has come over the British mind and that tariff-reform is the reason for the change.

* * *

There are other explainers, however. They say that the present Government is losing ground because of its misdemeanours, not because of any increased popularity of tariff-reform. The "frank dishonesty" of the Licensing Bill has turned the brewing and liquor-selling interests into an armed force fighting against confiscation. The Old Age Pensions Act with its enormous expenditures has frightened the tax-payer. The radical, labour and socialistic elements are frightening the British investor out of his wits and driving capital into foreign investments. Robbery by government is the serious charge brought against Mr. Asquith and his associates. They are charged daily by friend and foe with "levity and folly" and nearly every bye-election goes against them. The people seem in a hurry to destroy them.

If it be true that it is not tariff-reform which is winning, it is probably also true that it was not Tariff-reform which lost at the last General Election. Tariff-reform in Great Britain is like the question of high or low tariff in Canada; it is only one of a dozen questions which are important enough to be laid before the Electors at each General Election. Nevertheless, some measure of Tariff-reform is in sight.

* * *

The *Economist* continues to thunder against Tariff-reform which it labels "protection." It pokes fun at the human institution known as a "scientific tariff." The only scientific feature of it is that it can be raised whenever the manufacturers demand it. When it is necessary to lower duties in the interests of consumers, "the odds against it are overwhelming." The *Economist* agrees with the *New York Journal of Commerce* that the commission now sitting at Washington, considering tariff revision, will report against any lowering of duties, and draws the general conclusion that protection once introduced can never be withdrawn.

THE boycott has developed from a British to an international institution. When the Chinese desired to express the national resentment against the United States, they boycotted American goods. Turkey is now showing its resentment against Austria in the same way. Technically, the two countries are on good terms, and the ambassadors of each have not been recalled from the other's capital. Commercially, the two countries are not on speaking terms. Boats which ply between Trieste and Turkish ports have been forced to return without landing their cargoes. No one will receive Austrian goods. The red fez made in Austria has been replaced to some extent by a white home-made or German fez. Serbia and Roumania, which also are at logger-heads with the Austrian aggressor, are taking up the boycott also, and it would seem that Austria's year of jubilee is likely to be one of commercial disaster. When on December 2nd they

celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of Franz Josef's accession to the throne, the national feelings must have been somewhat mixed.

* * *

On the other hand, Turkey seems to be quite sure of itself, in spite of Austrian aggression and other difficulties. On the 17th, after an interval of thirty-two years, her second attempt at constitutional government was begun. Sultan Abdul Hamid, after so many years of absolute rule, opened the new parliament in state and splendour—a wonderful tribute to the spread of constitutional ideas. In the Speech from the Throne, the disloyalty of the Prince of Bulgaria and the Governor-General of East Rumelia was mentioned regretfully, as was Austria's wrongful occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Sultan expressed the hope that with "the good offices of the great friendly nations that all these questions will be peacefully and favourably settled."

That the Turkish parliament will be successful from the beginning is too much to expect. The measure of its success will, nevertheless, be the measure of respect extended to the Turkish people by the governments and peoples of constitutional countries. The conduct of the members of the Russian Duma has shown considerable improvement, but the early days were mighty stormy. We may expect to see some lively scenes in the Turkish Chamber of Deputies before all the working rules for the regulation of such a body have been decided upon. With the nation face to face with a crisis such as the Eastern Situation presents today, there is considerable likelihood of the parliamentary chamber and the Yildiz Kiosk laying aside all domestic quarrels for a more favourable period.

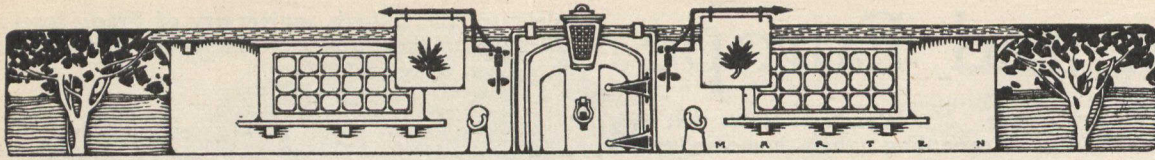
THE famous Licensing Bill, which occupied so much time in the British House of Commons and which was so unceremoniously hatched by the House of Lords, was supported in the latter body by two famous men in two wonderful speeches. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Rosebery knew that the Bill was fore-doomed, but that did not prevent their making two of the strongest temperance addresses ever delivered in Great Britain. The Archbishop's was the more moderate of the two, showing him to be a statesman as well as a great ecclesiastic. He labelled the public-house situation in Great Britain as one of "multiplied temptations" and to reduce these gradually was the purpose which he saw in the Bill. On the one side were those financially interested in the drink traffic; on the other side were the simple people at work in back streets, prisons, asylums and elementary schools, who would be profoundly distressed if the Bill were killed. The church has been threatened with the withdrawal of contributions from certain rich classes, if it aided the Bill; but such threats were unwise, because they tended to make honourable men stiffen their backs and because it would lead the church to look askance at such contributions in the future. He still believed that excessive drinking was as harmful as drunkenness. Excessive drinking disabled fifty persons for every one brought down by drunkenness, and excessive drinking was caused by excessive temptation. It was parliament's duty to lessen the temptation.

Lord Rosebery advanced an argument in favour of compensation which may be new to some. The state had taxed public-houses more than adjoining property used for residential or business purposes and had thus deliberately admitted that a license to sell liquor had a special value. Therefore, he argued, the State was estopped from denying that the extinction of these licenses should be accompanied by compensation.

The strongest reason in favour of reducing the number of licenses gradually, as the Bill proposed, lay in necessity of reducing "to its proper position, a vast influence which grew and was growing, had been, was, and soon would be too powerful for the State itself." He reiterated a remark he had made years ago that "If the State does not control the trade, the trade will control the State." He would even go so far as to say that "the trade poisoned the very sources of political and municipal life."

Having made his strong declarations, Lord Rosebery suggested that all temperance legislation should be compromise legislation which could be supported by both political parties and would not be opposed by the trade itself. He did not believe in harassing the trade because this only led to greater evils. On general principles he was against compromise but in some cases it was an absolute necessity and this was one of them.

In spite of these "funeral orations" as the Bishop of Hereford termed them, the Licensing Bill was killed by a huge majority.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THERE will be centenaries à-plenty in the year to come, for Anno Domini 1809 was indeed a Year of Wonder. What a galaxy of celebrations is to hang in next year's firmament! Gladstone, Tennyson, Darwin, Lincoln, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Poe, Mrs. Browning, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Kinglake are ten of the illustrious. In the list we notice but one woman's name—the gentle, gifted Elizabeth Barrett, who became the wife of Robert Browning, and who died far from the England of her birth in the Italian city which had given her new life.

In these days of Browning Clubs, where every member has views of his own concerning *Sordello*, it is interesting to recall that there was a time when the verse of Elizabeth Barrett was more highly regarded than the work of Robert Browning. The poetry of the former is now considered "old-fashioned," but there are lines and poems by the great-hearted little woman which are not to be forgotten. "Cowper's Grave," "The Cry of the Children" and the jewelled "Sonnets from the Portuguese" are not likely to go the way of dusty death. Mrs. Browning's poetry is lacking in restraint; yet this very exuberance of emotion makes such an outbreak as "The Cry of the Children" a passionate appeal to something deeper than critical observation. That poem went far towards rousing English philanthropists to an investigation of factory conditions and if the writer were living to-day she might consider it advisable to repeat the appeal on this side of the Atlantic.

The centenary of this poet's birth will certainly be celebrated in Canada, and it would be fitting the occasion if it were marked by some memorial of a nature to keep in mind the generous and tender qualities of the woman whose love-story is the most fragrant in English literature.

* * *

WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUBS.

THE Women's Canadian Club, of Montreal, was a year old this month. On December 12th, 1907, the first women's club of this nature in the Dominion was organised in our greatest city, with a membership of three hundred and twenty-five and a waiting list. Lady Drummond presided, and His Excellency the Governor-General gave a most inspiring address. The sister organisation of Winnipeg held its opening meeting on December 14th, just two days later, with an attendance of over two hundred, Mrs. W. Sanford Evans presiding. The speakers on that occasion were Mr. John Kendrick Bangs and Hon. T. Mayne Daly. The membership in both the Montreal and Winnipeg clubs has increased by hundreds since December of last year.

The constitution of the Montreal club states: "The purpose of the Club is to foster patriotism and to encourage a deeper and more serious interest amongst women in the institutions, history and resources of Canada, as well as to bring before them leading questions of the day both at home and abroad, and to endeavour to unite Canadian women in such work as may be within their powers for the welfare and progress of the Dominion."

A second object of the Women's Canadian Clubs is to give women opportunities of hearing eminent men, whose oratorical efforts have heretofore been reserved for the Canadian Clubs at which men assemble. For this purpose a luncheon is held, once a month or so, during the season from October to April, and, following this informal repast, is an address from a speaker especially invited for the occasion. So far, Montreal and Winnipeg are the only clubs which have held to the luncheon-custom, as established by the men's associations. The Toronto club has not yet given its members that form of social and intellectual refreshment. In fact, the first women's association in Toronto to attempt the luncheon, with a subsequent address, was the Chamberlain Chapter, Daughters of the Empire, which enjoyed an after-luncheon address from Colonel Merritt this month.

In Lady Drummond, the Montreal Club has found an ideal President, tactful, gracious and dignified, realising that "patriotism" is to be taken in its widest sense, as relating to the intellectual and artistic development of the country, as well as to the material. Lord Milner was one of the club's honoured guests this autumn and the President

spares no effort to secure for the new and thriving organisation the presence of such speakers as will prove an inspiration.

The women of Canada have been accused of provincialism in mental outlook. This fault may be preferable to the pseudo-intellectuality of which President Roosevelt has complained. However, it is not necessary that the women of this favoured land should be either narrow in their interests or visionary in their intellectual aims. It is quite possible to be interested in the broader questions of To-Morrow without becoming indifferent to the small duties of To-Day. Towards this symmetrical development of Canadian womanhood, such a presiding officer as Lady Drummond contributes a gentle and broadening influence.

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A MATTER OF WORDS.

THE novelists of the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century had a way of referring to their heroines as "females," sometimes "lovely young females." This odious word, as applied to feminine humanity, has almost disappeared from



Lady Drummond,
President of Women's Canadian Club, Montreal.

polite speech. Occasionally, even in the present, one hears of a "female college" or a "female prayer-meeting," but it brings a thrill of surprise to read in the January issue of a Canadian monthly: "Female explorers are by no means unknown." There follows an entertaining account of the travels of Miss Agnes Deans Cameron. The word, "lady," has been so sadly misused that no doubt the editor thought he would be justified in going to the other extreme and classing the woman who wanders with wild animals he has known.

The words, "authoress," "editress," "poetess" have been practically abandoned. A similar fate will probably overtake "violiniste" and "pianiste." The term, "actress," persists, perhaps because so many of the histrionic sex have chosen that profession, "Woman actor" would take too much time, while "actorine" is used in derision for the cult of the chorus.

Authorities appear to have agreed that "woman" is the more dignified term, to use in all business and professional relationships. However, even in social life, the word "lady" has suffered from its users. Anyone who has lived in Chatham or Windsor and has heard the negro charwoman discourse on "col-

oured ladies" and "the gentleman who calls for the ashes" is not enamoured of the expressions. "Gentlewoman" has not yet lost its flavour and expresses certain qualities of sweetness and dignity which we are too likely to consider out-of-date.

* * *

MISTAKEN LEADERS.

THERE are two modern women whose names appear to inspire dislike if not terror, in the manly heart. One of these daring dames is Mrs. Carrie Nation who smashes bars, the other is Miss Emma Goldman, who would smash everything if she had her own sweet way. The former has gone to the British Isles on a temperance tour and has found the City of Glasgow somewhat hostile to her charming personality. Kansas is more or less accustomed to freakish reformers and when the frisky Caroline chose to spend the afternoon in wrecking the gas fixtures and breaking the decanters in the bar-room, the Kansas neighbours treated the outbreak with indulgence. However, Glasgow is another matter. The people of that city will not be interfered with, either in matters of alcohol or religion and Mrs. Nation has not been treated with that hospitality which ought to gladden the Christmas season. The cause of temperance, which has been advancing rapidly in England and Scotland, will be neither harmed nor benefited by Mrs. Nation's campaign.

Miss Emma Goldman, the anarchist leader, was recently arrested at Seattle for unguarded utterances against all governments but, when last heard from, was threatening to lecture at Vancouver on anarchy and its aims. This lecturer is on her way to Australia to deliver a series of inflammatory addresses and will hardly conduce to the peace of the Orient by the time she reaches India.

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THE WOMAN WHO SPENDS.

A WOMAN writer in the London (Eng.) *Daily Mail* has been criticising the women from the United States on the score of their extravagance. A few of the writer's comments are: "There is no woman in the world who, when she starts out shopping, is capable of spending so much money as the American woman. She goes out to buy a veil and returns with a trousseau. Does she need a pair of boots and slippers and seventy-five dollar hat."

This is a rather exaggerated statement as to the spending ability of the fair tourist from Chicago or New York. The British critic goes on to assert that this extravagance is partly owing to the circumstance that the United States householder does not give his wife an allowance. Consequently, she makes no apportionment for expenses and leaves household accounts to adjust themselves, while she spends most of the available dollars on clothing and personal adornment. The fair United Stateser comes next to the Frenchwoman in the matter of gowns and shoes and the result of the expenditure goes far towards justifying the reckless squandering which so horrifies the British housewife.

If there could only be a happy medium attained in the matter, there would, perhaps, be more happiness, both in British and American households. If the United States woman would pay more serious attention to the accounts of butcher, baker and grocer, her husband might look less worried, and have a less sallow complexion. On the other hand, if the British matron would spend a few pounds on really respectable shoes and gloves, she would present a more cheering spectacle.

CANADIENNE.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

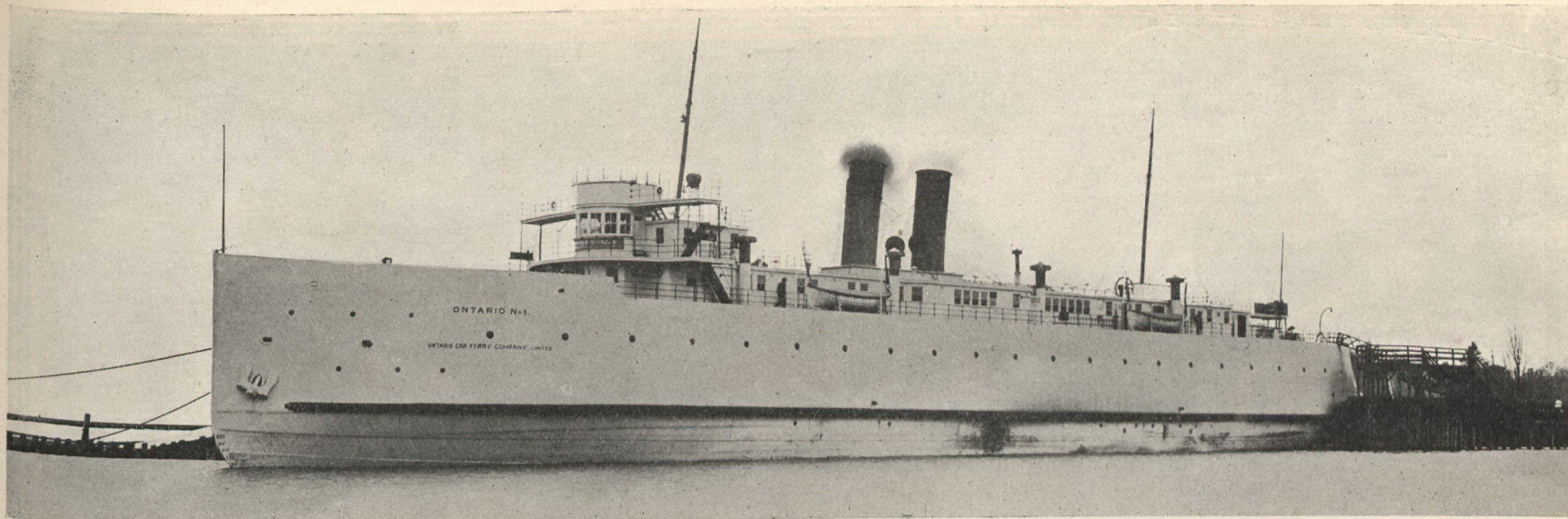
By F. W. BOURDILON.

Faster than petals fall on windy days
From ruined roses,
Hope after hope falls fluttering, and decays
Ere the year closes.

For little hopes, that open but to die,
And little pleasures
Divide the long sad year that labours by
Into short measures.

Yet, let them go! our day-lived hopes are not
The life we cherish;
Love lives, till disappointments are forgot,
And sorrows perish.

On withered boughs, where still the old leaf clings,
New leaves come never;
And in the heart, where hope hangs faded, springs
No new endeavour.



This is not a warship; it is the "Ontario No. 1," a Canadian built vessel, which carries Railway Cars across Lake Ontario, from Cobourg, Ontario, to Genesee Docks near Rochester, N. Y.

AN EXPERIMENT IN LAKE FERRIES

Which Inaugurates a New Era in Lake Transportation

COMMONLY a ferry is a short haul between the banks of a river. At various places, along the rivers forming parts of the boundary line between Canada and the United States, there are ferries which take railway cars from one shore to another. Coteau, Prescott, Windsor and other points have these facilities. A large and bolder ferry is that which carries railway cars between Cobourg, seventy miles east of Toronto, and Charlotte, the lake port of Rochester, New York. This ferry runs all the year round, and indeed is the only boat on the Great Lakes which is operated continuously through the year, with the exception of the ferries between Windsor and Detroit and those at Mackinaw. In the latter cases, only short distances are covered.

The first question which arises naturally is "Why do not the cars go around by Niagara Falls instead of being hauled across the Lake in a ferry-boat?" The answer is clear. The Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Railway carries coal from Pennsylvania to Rochester, which is only 45 miles farther than to Bulaffo. A run across the Lake of 62 miles, lands the coal in Cobourg and effects a saving of at least a hundred miles of haul. This coal is, from Cobourg, distributed throughout Eastern Ontario. The Niagara entrance to Canada is crowded; the lines from Niagara to Toronto are burdened with traffic; the Rochester-Cobourg route gives the Grand Trunk great relief. That is the main explanation.

Again, there is considerable pas-

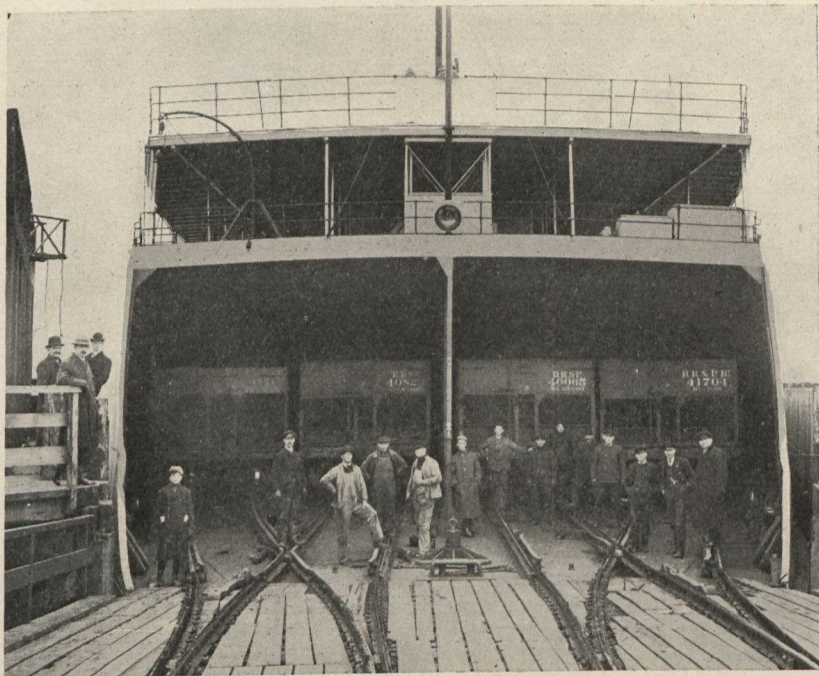
senger and packet-freight business between Rochester and other New York State cities and Canadian towns. The ferry which carries the coal cars back and forth, also takes care of that business. Cobourg is a Canadian summer resort which is quite popular in certain parts of the United States. The "Ontario No. 1" carries thirty loaded cars, and still has room

for one thousand passengers. It is a huge boat 317 feet in length, and built so that she looks as if one-third of the stern had been removed. The open stern, through which the cars travel on and off, gives the big vessel a look of having had a "huge bite" taken out of it. When the "Ontario No. 1" backs into her slip, an adjustable apron with tracks on it allows the cars to be run on and off by the yard locomotives.

The trip across from Cobourg to Genesee Docks, 62 miles, is made in about four hours, the vessel having an average speed of about sixteen miles an hour, finding no trouble in making way regardless of the weather or of ice. The trip embraces three miles of the Genesee River from the Charlotte break-water up to Genesee Docks, the high bank of the river with the attractive town of Charlotte at the entrance of the river lending variety.

The passenger accommodations of the steamship "Ontario No. 1" are all on the upper deck, a permanent canopy covering the entire deck affording clean and roomy sitting out or promenade advantages, which makes the boat an ideal one for large excursion parties, and frequently during the past season the city of Rochester has loaded the boat to its full capacity for the round trip to Cobourg.

The boat started operations on November 20th, 1907, and has run regularly ever since. The ice conditions last winter, more severe than any season for a number of years, tried the boat thoroughly and no difficulty was experienced in making the trips.



This is the rear view of "Ontario No. 1," as she appears when backed into her slip and joined to the dock by a movable "apron." Note the two tracks on the dock and the four on the boat.

Alexander Graham Bell's New Airship

By WALDON FAWCETT

WITH everything in readiness at Baddeck, Nova Scotia, for the initial flights of Alexander Graham Bell's new aerodrome, it is hoped that some significant results will be attained with this most novel of aerial craft ere weather conditions compel the abandonment of experiments for the season. The "Tetrahedron," as the inventor of the telephone terms his latest creation, is but an elaboration of Prof. Bell's former sky craft, constructed on the tetrahedral kite principle, but the present machine exemplifies for the first time such a kite structure working as a flying machine under motor power.

The interesting experiments at Baddeck are under the direction of the Aerial Experiment Association—undoubtedly the most important organization of experimenters now working conjointly to promote the progress of aviation on this continent. For all that Dr. Bell is so energetic mentally and physically at an advanced age, he is a great believer in youthful enthusiasm and accordingly his associates are young men. The membership of the

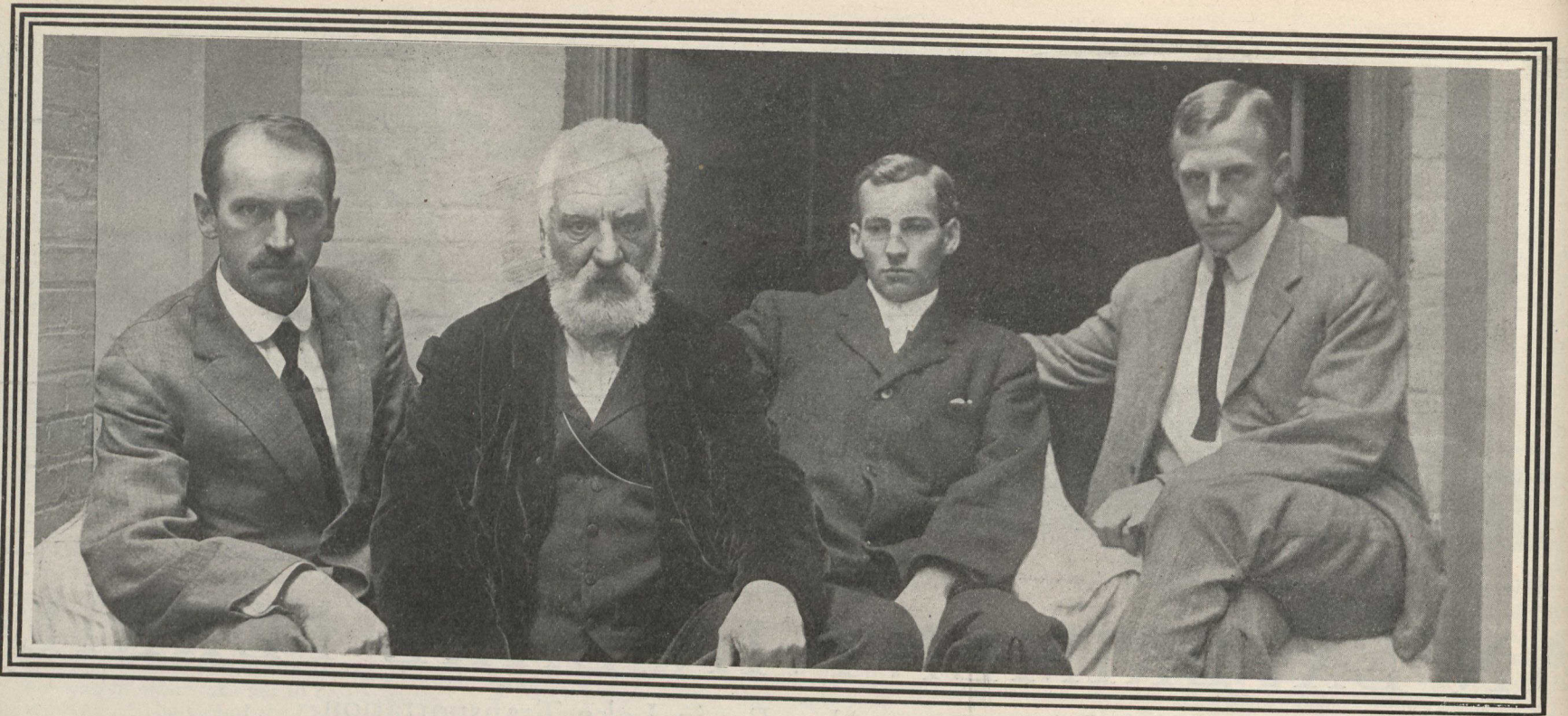
Aerial Experiment Association now consists of Prof. Bell, F. W. Baldwin, J. A. D. McCurry and Glenn H. Curtis—the latter famous as the inventor of the motor for the U. S. Army Dirigible No. 1 and other important airships. The late Lieut. Thomas Selfridge was a member of the Association up to the time of his death in the aeroplane accident with Orville Wright at Fort Myer, Virginia.

The common object of Dr. Bell and his co-workers is the construction of a practical aerodrome or flying machine driven through the air by its own motive power and carrying a man. Already the Association has fostered two successful aerial craft, Lieut. Selfridge's "Red Wing" and F. W. Baldwin's "White Wing," tests of which were made at Hammondsport, N. Y., the winter headquarters of the Association. Now as the third contribution to aeronautical science comes Alexander Graham Bell's unique Tetrahedron.

Last year Prof. Bell's operations progressed to the point of constructing a large tetrahedral kite known as the "Cygnet," which in December, 1907,

successfully carried Lieut. Selfridge up into the air to a height of 168 feet above the waters of the Bras d'Or lake. At the conclusion of the flight the Cygnet alighted gently on the surface of the water and floated there uninjured. Prof. Bell, his theories confirmed by the success of this machine, set to work early in the present season to construct a larger Tetrahedron, and this aerial craft is now complete. It has 5,000 tetrahedral cells whereas the Cygnet had but 3,393 tetrahedrons. Moreover, the new airship will not have to be towed on the kite principle heretofore adopted in Dr. Bell's experiments, but will be able to navigate the air under its own motor power. A space about six feet square in the centre of the aerodrome provides space for the motor and the aviator.

The Bell Tetrahedron, like the Wright Brothers' machine and almost all successful aerial craft thus far designed, requires a "flying start." The approved plan for the trials at Baddeck contemplates the placing of the Tetrahedron—one of its unique characteristics is found in the fact that it is to arise



Mr. Glenn W. Curtis.

Dr. Bell.

Mr. J. A. D. McCurdy.

Mr. F. W. Baldwin.

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This is the only photograph showing the present membership of the Aerial Experiment Association.

from the water—on a platform supported by two powerful, high speed motor boats lashed together. These motor boats will be speeded up to eighteen or twenty miles per hour and then at an auspicious moment the aerodrome will be released and soar aloft. If at the conclusion of the trial it is desired, as will probably be the case, to alight at some point on the surface of the lake, there is, it is claimed, no danger involved for either the machine or the operator. Indeed, Prof. Bell in all his aeronautical experiments has been most conservative on this score and would never countenance any trials that involved the remotest chance of endangering life.

The tetrahedral form of airship construction of which Prof. Bell's sky craft is the initial important exponent, has the advantage of embodying the only plan wherein the weight of the structure does not increase with the size, out of all proportion to the

increase in the amount of sustaining power. Prof. Bell claims that the tetrahedron is steadier in the air than any aeroplane; has decidedly more head resistance, and can be kept afloat at a much slower speed than the other type of machine—this latter advantage presumably being important in military observation work.

The motor for the Tetrahedron was built by Glenn Curtis. It is a fifty horse power machine and weighs about 170 pounds. There are two propellers rotating on the same shaft. Thus if one propeller is disabled, as in the memorable accident to the Wright machine, the reduced power applied will be in the centre line of thrust and will not endanger the balance of the machine. The Tetrahedron is approximately 50 feet in length at the top and 40 feet at the bottom, has a width of 12 feet and is 12 feet high. The propellers are eight feet in diameter.

French Academy granted him the Volta Prize of fifty thousand francs for his telephone invention he founded the Volta Bureau in Georgetown for the study of problems involved in the education of deaf mutes. He invented an electric device for the location of the bullet, which took President Garfield's life, and for this invention received the honorary degree of M.D. from Heidelberg University. He has also taken a great interest in geographical work, and has been president of the National Geographical Society. The Smithsonian Institute owes much to his interest in its work, and for some time he has been a regent of that body. Besides his interest in educational and geographical work, he has done a great deal to encourage Dr. Langley in his experiments in aero-dynamics, and was present when he made his first aerodrome ascension in 1896. This latter interest probably led to his experiments with kites and flying machines, which have been conducted at his summer home at Baddeck in Nova Scotia and in New York State.

Mr. Edward W. Byrn, an authority on inventions, says the electro-magnetic telephone "stands alone as an unique, superb, unapproachable triumph of the nineteenth century," and also points out that it was the direct outcome of persistent experiments in the direction of electric transmission of speech. In other words, it was no accident, as so many inventions and discoveries have been. The work of the father and the work of the son proceeded in an orderly manner through the long succession of experiments in connection with the human voice, and because of this, Canada, the United States and the world in general owes much to these two men; and Canada especially has reason to be proud of the fact that many of the experiments, and no doubt the most important of them, were performed in this country. She has also reason to be proud that Dr. Bell resides a portion of each year in the Dominion.

When the history of the past twenty-five years is finally written there is no doubt but that Dr. Bell will be credited with having been one of the greatest men of this period, even if the historian finds difficulty in deciding whether he was a Scotchman, a Canadian, or a United States citizen.

There are many people in Brantford who remember the first public exhibition of the telephone made by Dr. Bell. These people still tell of the wonder which was caused by the invention. The Hon. George Brown used to tell how he could have bought a big interest in the patent for a small sum. Mr. H. P. Dwight, president of the Great Northwestern Telegraph, had the first telephone in Toronto, one receiver in his office and one at his house. He says everybody thought it a toy, and none dreamed of its great possibilities. Next week, Dr. Bell's own prophecy of 1878 will be reprinted. That he should foresee the development of the last thirty years is proof of his almost prophetic vision.

DR. BELL'S BIOGRAPHY

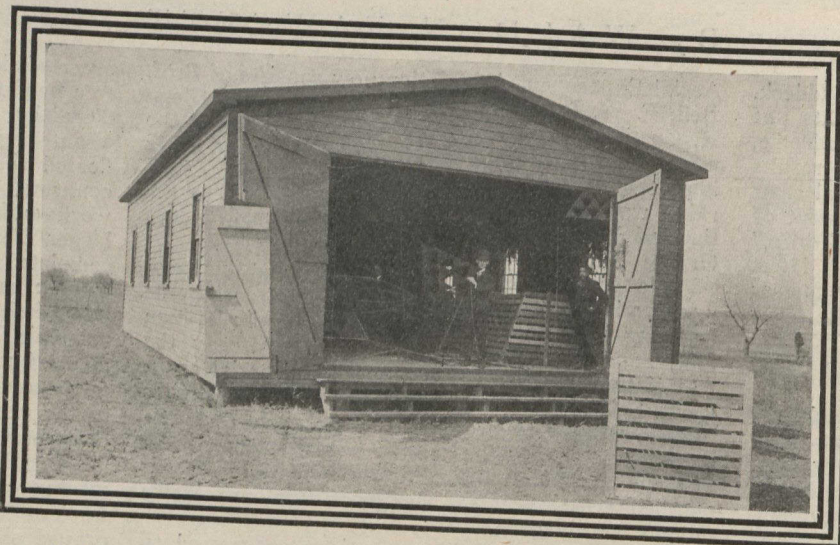
CANADIANS take a special interest in the accomplishments of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, not because he may be classed as a Canadian, but because his greatest experiments have been carried on in this country. If Dr. Bell is not Canadian, certainly the Bell telephone is.

When Prof. Alexander Melville Bell left Scotland for Canada his son, Alexander Graham Bell, was twenty-three years of age. The son had been attending London University, but ill-health drove him across the Atlantic. The father joined the staff of Queen's University, and later the whole family moved to Brantford. This explains the Canadian connection.

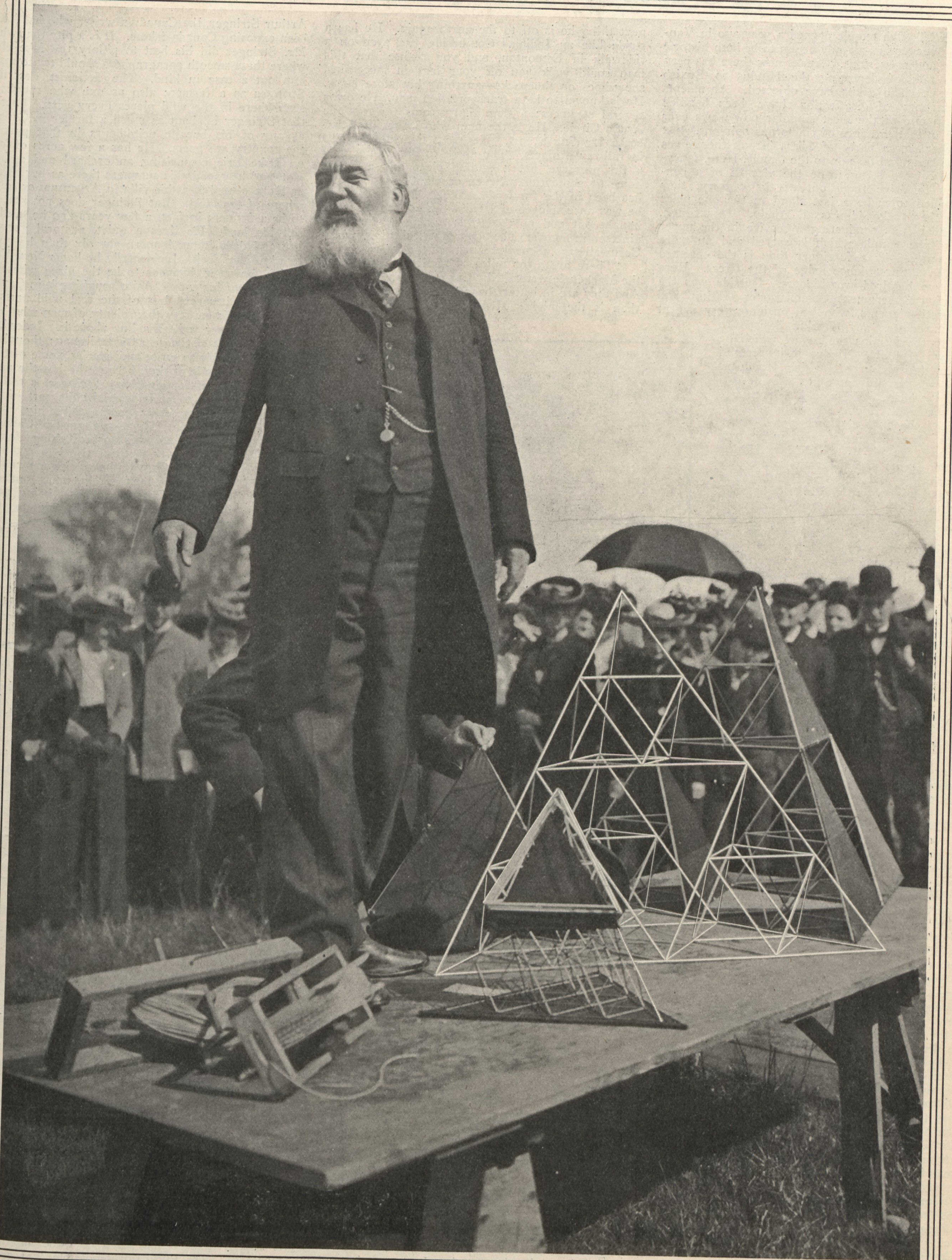
The careers of father and son are still more intimately connected. The father had invented what is known as "visible speech" for the use of deaf mutes and had done considerable experimenting with the human voice. The son became interested in the father's work and his younger mind went farther. The transmission of the human voice by electricity became the object of his study and ambition. It was the study of the human voice which caused the younger Bell to receive the appointment as Professor of Vocal Physiology in Boston University. Part of his time was spent in Boston and part in Brantford, but the experiments with the telephone were confined to Brantford for obvious reasons. When he had succeeded in making a machine which would transmit the human voice, his business instincts told him that the great field for his invention would be the United States. Accordingly we find him taking out his first United States patent in 1876, in time to exhibit his

invention at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia that year. It soon became apparent that if he was to realise any great profit from his patents it would be necessary for him to live entirely in the United States, and accordingly we find him taking up his residence in Washington in 1881.

There were many years of fighting and more than a dozen men tried to share in the glory and profit of the telephone. The Supreme Court of the United States decided that Mr. Bell was the inventor of the first real telephone, and when that decision was made his troubles were over. In reality the invention of the telephone was only an incident in the life of Dr. Bell. He is not a man of one idea, neither does he work in a narrow field. When the



Dr. Bell's original Experiment Station, near Washington, D.C., used for his early experiments in Aerial Navigation.



DOCTOR ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL,

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY WALDON FAWCETT, WASHINGTON, D.C.

The Inventor of the Telephone and many other devices, one of the greatest physiologists and educationists of the age, is here seen explaining to a party of scientists the principle of his tetrahedral kites which he believes will form the basis of the successful flying-machine.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

THAT Sikh temple opened a year ago in Vancouver has already begun to be both historic and mysterious. Weeks now there has been talk of deporting the Hindus to British Honduras. The Sikhs have objected. Arguments and rumours of disaffection have been bandied about in one of the most singular pow-wows ever known in that province of clamorous opinions. Just the other day a party of Sikhs betook themselves in time-honoured fashion to the temple. Here, fancying they were being made the victims of a conspiracy to drive them out of the country, they determined to make a last stand in the one place which they reckoned was all Hindu. Teja Singh, the leader, was conducting a service in the upper part of the temple which is sacred and no more to be entered by a foreigner than is the charmed circle in a thirteenth lodge of the Crees. Here were two hundred worshippers. Outside was the Dominion Government Commissioner Harkin and immigration agents, who had business very urgent and immediate. Mr. Harkin desired to read to the Hindus the report which he and two reputable Hindus had prepared on the desirability of British Honduras as a place for diligent Sikhs who desired to carry picks. He would demonstrate that the said Hindus reporting *solis* had deceived the Sikhs. Further, he wished to hear these delegates report in his own presence. In all of which Mr. Harkin and the agents of immigration were duly authoritative and imposing. But not so high and mighty as the Hindus who, busy over the rites of the temple, instructed the doorkeeper that on no account was any official to be admitted without first complying with a venerable custom handed down from generation to generation of immemorial Hindus in the land where customs are more sacred than life and are not to be compared to commonplace governments. So the authorities begged leave to send up these words which were in the nature of an ultimatum:

"In the first place, we will not remove our shoes. In the second place, we will not give you a chance of saying we invaded your temple in an attempt to force you to leave British Columbia. We have come here by appointment, and we shall meet you in the lower part of your building as we met you before, or the commissioner will be compelled to report to the Dominion Government that you refused, upon a technicality, to hear his report."

* * *

A FRENCH-CANADIAN diver named Micnot has been winning laurels; the occasion being the disablement of a ship called *Yankee*, which was being towed ashore in one of the bad storms of this month. The report of the Marine Department at Washington describes technically how Micnot became a hero by going down to close an air port which if left open in the storm would surely have sunk the ship. It says:

"Some time in the early morning word came up that the air compressors had stopped, also news came of the open air port. This latter information was given to the engineer. He went below and then sent for the diver. The behavior of these two men cannot go by unnoticed. The open air port was in the stateroom on the berth deck on the starboard side, next to the air compressors. The engineer went into this stateroom and shut the door. He then tried to close the air port, got one leg partly in place and then hung up his lantern so as to use both hands. The light was blown out and he was left in total darkness. The pressure against the port was too great for him and he found himself in water up to his neck in this closed stateroom. Fortunately, the pressure eventually carried away the door and he was thrown out and into the berth. In the meantime a French-Canadian diver named Micnot put on his diving suit and in darkness went down in a sinking ship to lend a hand at closing that air port."

* * *

JIM CORNWALL has been talking about the ultimate north. If any modern kind of man knows the north it is Cornwall. He is the twentieth century borean. He has come into the literature of the fur trade and the pack trail since the Klondike rush. Just where Jim lives some of the time nobody seems to know. Sometimes he comes down to Edmonton and stays awhile; then he dodges off to Calgary;

next thing he is off to the north again. He has a stride like an Indian. Get beside Jim even on a sidewalk in Edmonton, and you realise that this man could walk you off your legs in moccasins, snowshoes or shoe-packs—anything but store boots. He is known to be a transportation man. He owns several steamers; a fleet that steams towards the Arctic Circle. He is the man who makes of Athabasca Landing a port. He has a live interest also in railway projects. The north to him is not only a fur preserve, but a trading place and a future home of population. Seven or eight years now he has been in the fur trade. When he went up first he was an employee of Bredin—whom, however, he bought out and now controls a ring of fur posts nineteen in number. The other practical things which Cornwall says about the north are the following:

"There are 3,500 miles of navigable streams in the Mackenzie watershed. Can you appreciate that? And they are in better shape for development to-day than is the mighty Mississippi with all its tribu-

Arthur Stringer, the Canadian writer who has lately been exposing Canada fakers. It is a pity that when Mr. Stringer did his best to pillory the fake elsewhere these smooth paragraphers should try to make him out a case in kind. The fictionist describes Stringer as a farmer; also as one who roughs it somewhere in the wild places every year. Fact is that Stringer is about as much a farmer in Canada as any of his bucolic neighbours in that part of the country are poets. He has a few acres of land on Lake Erie comprising an orchard and a fruit plot, and he spends his summers there as harmlessly as Horace used to at his villa in Arventum or somewhere of that sort. But Stringer does not pretend to be a farmer; in fact, a few years ago he tried to sell his land. He lives a quiet, pastoral summer life and does it much more cheaply than he could live in New York. Incidentally he hates New York which, however, happens to be the place where he sells most of his copy. As to roughing it in Canada—Stringer has seen less of the real wild parts of

this country than plenty of men who have never written a line about it. Indeed, he does not pose as a trailsman; though he is able to write trail stories, some of them realistic at that, because he has the poet's gift of imagination. Stringer is too big a man to be buncoed by the sort of guff that sometimes appears about him in the magazines. He is too good a Canadian to appreciate this sort of thing, for instance:

"It is in Canada that Stringer owns and runs a fruit farm, in the most southerly corner of Ontario. There, being proud of his country's climate, he tries to prove to the world that Canada should never have been called 'Our Lady of the Snows.' He has even succeeded in growing artichokes, the ancestors of which he brought back from Morocco, and has coaxed Alabama sugar cane to a height of fourteen feet; petted peanuts and okra into bloom, to say nothing of producing Kentucky sweet potatoes, and taking prizes at the county fairs for his wonderful grapes."

* * *

LONGBOAT is as bad as mining stock.

Here he is away up again—the Indian whom a few months ago some clever writer dubbed as a dead one. Tom is every inch an Indian. He does not believe in being understood all the time. He is a dark horse; reserving to himself the Indian right to mystify his admirers whenever he sees fit. Besides, some of the time Tom is a mystery to himself. He is a lump of raw energy liable to break out in a new place almost any time. We sincerely hope Tom has not learned all the smooth silken ways of the race track professional. We had rather he would show them all a clean pair of heels once in a while and just gently jog away from a pile of race-track receipts back to the old Reserve where the old folks don't know nothing about Broadway and Madison Square.

* * *

PREHISTORIC man got a boost the

other day when some workers on the waterworks tunnel in Toronto Bay began to talk about the footprints in the sands of time which they had dug up thirty-seven feet below the bottom of the bay; footprints which seemed to tell the story of a hundred thousand years of time which was about ninety-four thousand years before Adam—no apologies to Jack London. These alleged footprints in the inter-glacial blue clay were made by moccasins and the tracks led to the city of Toronto; doubtless some ancestors of Longboat running ancient Marathons to the old camp ground and council of war on the site of the present City Hall. The Mound-Builders began to look like a lot of very jejune moderns in comparison with these extra-aborigines. Geologists were called in to show why Dr. Daniel Wilson had said nothing about these pathfinders in his famous book on ethnology. But it seems that the footprints of these antediluvian moccasins were physically impossible. The geologist says that nothing more human than fish have ever been dug out of inter-glacial blue clay in America—not including even mermaids. So the whole thing is after all only a fish story.

Toronto is rather disappointed. With the most expensive architect's bill in its City Hall, and with the Greatest Exhibition ever, it would have liked to add to its grandeur by something equally historic.



"Tom" Longboat, winner of Marathon Race, New York, December 15th.

aries, and after the United States has spent hundreds of millions on them for improvements. These waters will serve the purpose of opening up the fine new country to the north, the same as the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Red did for the middle west in the early days. At present there is an actual money investment on these streams of \$225,000 and the Hudson's Bay Company has just completed a new steel steamer to run between the Arctic and the lower Mackenzie. It is equipped with electric lights, baths and other modern improvements. The exploitation of the lumber and fish industries will bring wonderful returns, for the country is rich in these products, and the arable lands are of enormous extent. There are prairies, hundreds of square miles in extent, similar to what you have in the western provinces, and a great many settlers have already come in. Last year there were 35,000 bushels of wheat grown, most of it grading No. 1 Northern, and it was ground into flour at the Hudson's Bay mill at Vermilion. They are raising wheat at the 59th parallel just 700 miles north of the United States boundary."

* * *

SOME irresponsible frou-frou has lately been indulged in by an American magazine regarding

THE INTERLUDE

A Story of the Southern Desert

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

As I went down the waterside,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirkconnell Lea—



NO one would take Channing for a man with a story in his life. He is gray and thin, clad always in indefinite gray clothes that are too loose for him, and his dull gray eyes look wearily upon the world. Gray, level, uncompromising gray is the colour of his whole hard-working life, save for this one interlude

that glows therein like a ruby strung on cheap gray cotton thread.

I should never have learned of it, for he is very shy, only he fell ill and was away from the office for some weeks. He had no family, no friends, and being ill in a boarding house is not cheerful. I felt sorry for him, and went to see him and left him some books. Among them there happened to be Palgrave's "Golden Treasury."

I went to see him again as he grew better, and found him wrapped in blankets on a sofa, surrounded by my books. He was, for him, oddly talkative and excited. "This is the first long illness I've ever had," he told me, "and it has given me such a good chance for reading, the best chance I've ever had. I've always worked too hard to read much but magazines and papers. But now, thanks to you, I'm drunk on books; I've only been drunk once before in my life and then it was on sun."

He picked up the old "Golden Treasury," and I saw that it opened of itself at "Fair Helen,"—Helen of Kirkconnell. "This, now," he said, with a curious suppressed eagerness, "this book and the things in it are all fresh to me, most of 'em. And they're wonderful, lovely things. So terribly true, too. Look at this one." He began to mouth over the first lines of "Fair Helen" to himself, his pale gray eyes, larger than ever from his illness, fixed absorbedly upon the book.

"It's one of the saddest, most beautiful laments that ever was written," I said to recall him, and he looked up vacantly. "Yes," he muttered, "I suppose so. But it would have been certainly sadder, and perhaps more beautiful, if the love had all been on Helen's side. And in that case, don't you think that the man's rage against the nameless killer would have been proportionately greater, so great that it would have shaken his life from its level course, altered his axis, as it were, shown him new stars and spaces that were only names before? He would have been obliged to kill the killer, of course, or he could scarcely have gone on living under his debt."

Channing looked up at me, with those pale, over-strained gray eyes I was used to seeing bent upon his ledgers. All expression was gone from them but a sort of horror of memory. "The little snapping report among those gray hot rocks," he whispered, "and her hair over my boots. My God, if I die, shall I forget it, I wonder?"

One of the blankets he was wrapped in was an old Navajo, a glow of unfaded crimson. He turned down the top blanket of dark gray, and fingered the edge of the red as he told me.

"I was quite young," he said, in so low a voice that I sometimes failed to hear perfectly, "when I went out West for a holiday to join my brother Bob at the mines. It was somewhere hereabouts"—he picked at the blanket—"but I can't remember, because I was drunk with various things all the time I was there. I had spent—was spending—all my youth in offices, just as I'm spending my middle age. I rather hope I shall not have to spend my old age there. Maybe this weak lung will save me that. And heaven—why, those hard, golden, glowing streets—chrysolite, beryl, topaz, and amethyst—why, they'll be homey, that's what they'll be. But I've never dared to go back West again."

He stared out of window at chill gray rain, fingering his blanket. "Can you imagine how it struck a poor little tidy soul fresh from an Eastern office? An endless railway journey, past the lands of trees and farms, past even the lands of cattle and sheep. And then two ponies waiting by a water-tank, and a man from Candelaria who said Bob had sent me a quiet one—"

He turned his eyes slowly from the gray square of the window. "Can you imagine what it was like? We rode slowly, and I had never ridden before; out into a great, dry, gorgeous desert, and I had never been ten miles away from bricks and mortar. We camped one night beside a little bitter pool and some sage brush; and I said my prayers like a frightened child, looking up at the violet-black sky and the fiery, palpitating stars.

"We reached the mines next day, and I was in a dream already, a dream of loneliness and colour and sun, sun, sun. Under the influence of the sun, something inside me seemed to be ready to bloom like a flower, a fiery flower. Bob and the man from Candelaria, every one was very good to me, because I was ill and ignorant and wildly humble, I suppose.

"The mines were insignificant scars, trivial buildings, among the scarred red hills. What made them wonderful was a square of emerald green growing stuff, real green, where they had struck more water-power than they needed. Bob used to point to the world-old river-beaches shelving out from the red and golden cliffs, and say, 'that's running still, under here,' and he'd strike the dust with his boot-heel. 'Think of it, Kid,' he'd say, 'just a line of artesian wells down the valley, and there's your rose blossoming.' I believe it's been done now, but Bob didn't do it. He died before, and the man from Candelaria took over the mines, and turned the valley into a blossoming rose, and then grew tired of it, and moved back into the desert again. And a man from the East made the valley pay in farms. . . . It's quite a long time ago.

"Bob said to me, 'You can ride east or west as far as those hills,'—but he called 'em something different—but don't drift north or south, Kiddie. And don't cross the hills.' The hills to east and west looked quite close, and to north and south they seemed to join, too; but Bob said they didn't, it was only the illusion of distance. So that we seemed to be surrounded by a golden-red, purple-shadowed barrier, within which was the sun, the stars, the sand, and the red rocks Bob was mining into, sticking up like an islet out of a sea of sand; just these, and the mirage. Generally it put snow-peaks on the hills and cedar forests in front of them, or else a lake and acres of reeds. Until I grew almost confused as to which was the reality and which the dream—confused, yes; and careless too. Nothing was real but the vibrating flood of sun and colour in which I moved absorbent, soaking them up sponge fashion.

"I was madly in love with it all, and madly frightened at times. There was no fear of my disobeying Bob. 'Thus far,' he said, 'and no farther,' and I obeyed him to the letter. He used to spend a good deal of time watching me through a telescope when I went off on my timid, enchanted expeditions among those glowing cliffs and voiceless dead splendours, never quite easy when I was out of sight. He was very good to me, was Bob.

"Sometimes those desolations would yield up a little speck of humanity; supplies coming to our little mine on mule back, or an Indian drifted down from some more fertile fastness with dried meat or turquoises for sale. Very rarely, as I grew more bold or more spell-bound and thrust further into the red barrier, I would meet one of these silent, stoic, glooming creatures, and they generally passed me indifferently, though I was fascinated by them. Bob said, 'They're gentle and jealous, untrustable and faithful, patient and fierce.' And when I said I didn't understand, he laughed. 'If you understood them,' he said, 'you'd understand the desert—perhaps. And who does that?'

"So I went on with my charmed, sun-drunk wanderings among the blood-coloured ranges. A day out, camp, and a day back was Bob's rule for me. If I was longer he came to fetch me. At other times he used to climb to the heights of his island-rocks and watch for me with the telescope.

"Sometimes it used to show me to him, a fly crawling upon the blank sands. Sometimes he would see the fly crawl into the green soft shades of the cedar mirage, or swallowed up by the long waves of a lake, or lost among reeds and beds of water-grasses where the wild-fowl bred; to come out, a dark pin-prick on a towering red cliff, where no life was, where rain never came, torn into foot-

holds with the fury of old-time flood.

"I wonder if it showed him my meetings with the girl? No, I don't think so.

"I never knew her name. I saw her first, a silent, unfaltering figure on the rough path. As she came nearer, I saw that some touch, perhaps of Spanish blood, had made her glow through her stoic surface of expressionless quiet. She seemed to me the desert personified. I stared at her as she passed, and ventured on a Spanish greeting I had learned from Bob. I've forgotten it now. She did not answer, but her dark eyes flamed at me, and when she had gone by, I knew she stopped and calmly watched me out of sight.

"After that I often met her, moving through my dream sure-footed, with the desert's glow behind the desert's mystery. She never spoke to me, and I never knew her name nor why she was there. But she always met me with a curious lightening of the expressionless face, a splendid flame in the Spanish-Indian eyes, suddenly shown and suddenly hidden. And she always stood and watched me out of sight.

"I was moving in my dream of space and sun and colour, and cared to notice her only as she seemed one with these. I was saturated with them, drunk upon them. I never even mentioned her to Bob, because—God help me!—she did not seem to be of sufficient importance!

"I was quite young and very ignorant, besides being drunk. Once as I passed her on a narrow path, I had an idea that she stooped forward with a snake's quickness and touched my hand. But when I looked again, startled, she was passing me, still and erect, her face indifferent and the glow shut out of her Spanish eyes.

"I am telling this in the language of twenty years' thought. She was not then of importance enough for me to speak of her to Bob; and never a day from then till now that she has not been present to me, that I have not thought of her. She is so greatly revenged or repaid, whichever you like best.

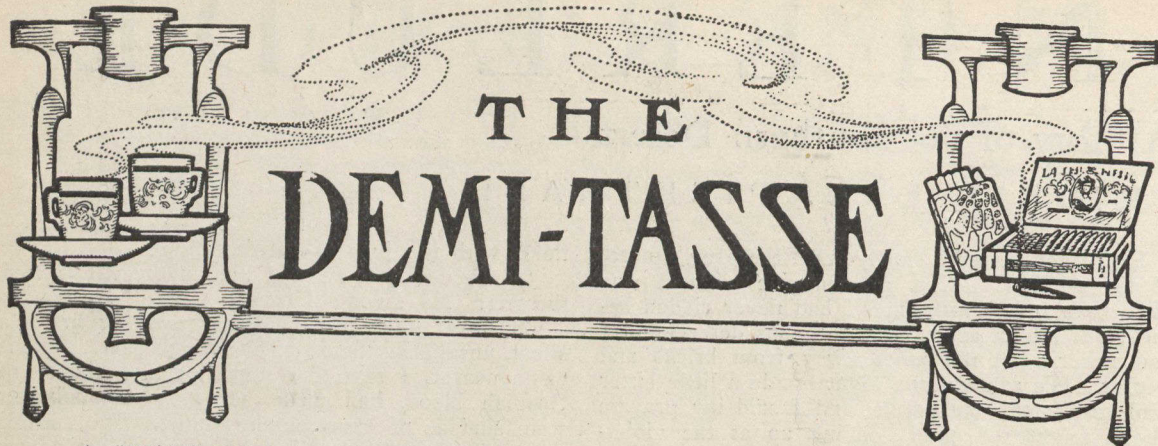
"Her arm—. I can see it still, smooth and steady, the glow of red showing through the delicate coppery skin like fire through thin gold; there were bracelets upon it, heavy affairs of soft gold, and turquoises linked together with silver chains. I thought she would pass me as usual, the lightening of the face in answer to my half-understood Spanish greeting. But she stopped and barred my way with her outstretched arm, and her long eyes glowed upon me.

"I checked stupidly, with a casual admiration, a careless surprise. I cannot now realise the quickness of it all. It seems as if it must have taken longer to happen, that my life's axis could not have been so changed in a moment, that events so strange must have moved more slowly. But actually it was done faster than I can tell it to you. She barred my way with this young splendid arm, and I hung upon one indifferent foot, wondering. And then suddenly she looked back and moved so that she was between me and the ascending path. The gay, vibrating hot silence was split by a little snap, and shut together again. But the girl laughed and slid forwards on to my shoulder, and I knew she was dying.

I knew she was dying, and I knew what the glow in her eyes had been. This knowledge tore my life in two like the wind rips a lowered blind, showing the storm outside. She lay heavily upon my arm, and laughed again, saying something in her own language; then she turned her smooth coppery face up to me, and I saw the sun-glow was dying from behind the clear skin. I kissed her once, and the eyes brightened again. Then she slipped from my hold and fell, and there was nothing but the empty yellowish sky, the palpitating hot red rocks; and she, her black hair rolled across my dusty boots, the fire gone forever from the thin dead gold.

"I don't know how long I stood, looking down at the girl to whom I had been indifferent, who had loved me so that she had died for me. Such a thing comes no more than once in a life, and to me it had come unsought. Now that I look back, it seems like the very blossoming of the desert, a fiery, crimson, flower, beautiful beyond understanding, upon an unsightly gray vegetable. And those flowers

(Continued on page 21)



A GREAT DAY FOR IRELAND.

MR. "JOE" THOMPSON of Toronto, County Master for York in the Orange Order, played a masterly game when he went down to Denver some months ago, as representative to the gathering of the American Federation of Labour. "Joe," as a worthy son of Toronto, was desirous to arrange for the meeting of the convention for 1909 in the capital of Ontario and straightway took steps to make himself solid with Healey, Casey, Finnegan and other delightful Hibernians from New York, who appeared to be convinced of Toronto's superlative advantages as the scene of conventions.

However, there was a strong St. Louis opposition which made things look rosy for Missouri, especially when the supporters of that city came out with coats adorned with spectacular buttons bearing the St. Louis inscription and a picturesque river scene. The latter depicted a soldierly figure on a white horse, approaching the bank of a turbulent stream, on whose waters was a boat filled with eager patriots. The prospect looked dark for Toronto, when "Joe" summoned the septs of Ireland to a meeting, having formerly given Carey a command to be silent as to Joseph's Orange streak.

"Well, we're all Irish together," said "Joe" in the confidential time of his life, "and I'm not thinking of Toronto now in this thing at all. But what I do mind," he continued with deepening anger, "is the outrage offered to Ireland. Did you see the buttons the St. Louis boys are passing round? Yes, I see you're wearing them. But you'll throw them as far as the Rio Grande when I tell you that it's the historic device of King William crossing the Boyne that's on them."

"Ye don't tell me so!" cried Healey in a horror of incredulity. Then he tore the white-horsed hero from his coat, leaving a shattered lapel. The rest of the Celts followed the Healey example and hastened to the meeting with vengeance burning in their souls, with the result that the hopes of St. Louis faded like dew before the morning sun. Victory perched on the banner of Toronto and it was some hours after the vote was taken before the sons of Erin realised that the alleged King Billie approaching the Boyne was intended by the St. Louis patriots for Washington and the Delaware. While "Joe" was about a century astray in his warning, the button did excellent service and the County

Master of York wears a sad, sweet smile as he tells the tale in Toronto.

SOME ACCEPTABLE GIFTS.

Chancellor Von Buelow has ordered such a lovely enamelled pin-tray for the Kaiser, inscribed with the proverb in script: "Speech is silver, silence is radium."

Sir James Pliny Whitney has sent Mr. R. L. Borden a framed motto for his study, done in red letters on a grey background: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

The City of Glasgow is to present Mrs. Nation with the freedom of the Corporation and an elegant cut-glass decanter.

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton has given President Roosevelt an illuminated edition of "Wild Animals I Have Known" and a subscription to *Everybody's Magazine*.

Mr. R. J. Fleming has given the editor of the *News* the daintiest silver sugar bowl, engraved "To a True Friend."

Mr. W. Sanford Evans has presented the *Winnipeg Saturday Post* with an autographed photograph.

"THE DEAR THINGS!"

IT is curious to note how the stray remarks of the lesser members of the Sheffield Choir, regarding their Canadian acquaintances, are being gravely reported in the British papers. The latest represents the interviewed Britisher as admitting: "Yes, the Canadians do have a bit of a twang but the dear things were very kind to us."

A Canadian commented on the above with indignation. "I don't mind being called names—good honest names with a 'd' to them. But I won't be called a dear thing by any blooming Sheffield chorister."

This all goes to show how hard it is not to be misunderstood! Even affection is to be administered with care, while comment is the most dangerous petard that ever "hoisted."

A HARD LANGUAGE.

"LEESTEN!" said the perplexed Frenchman. "When you give a sing, you cannot keep 'em! So?"

"So," said the English instructor.

"But when a hones' man gives 'ees word, 'ee keep 'eem. So?"

"So," said the instructor.

"But when 'ee gives 'ees word, 'ow can 'ee keep 'eem? Does 'ee take 'eem back?"

"No," said the instructor.

"But if 'ee keeps 'ees word 'ee does not give 'eem!"

"Oh, yes! If he does not keep his word he is not an honest man."

"Ah, I beeggen to see! 'Aving given 'ees word and not taken 'eem back, 'ee keep 'eem all ze while?"

"That's it!"

"Oh, la, la, la! What a language ees ze Englishe!"—*Democratic Telegram*.

A SETTLED AFFAIR.

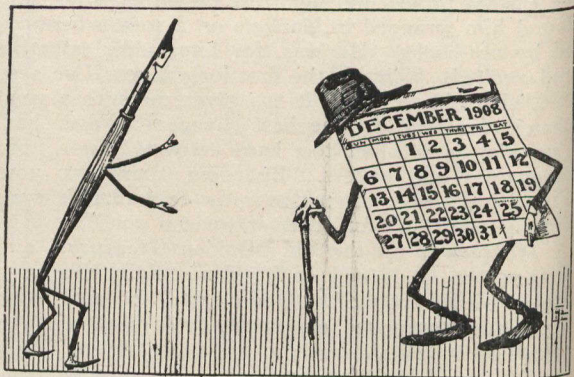
IN a Southern town a lady was approached by her coloured maid.

"Well, Jenny?" she asked, seeing that something was in the air.

"Please, Mis' Mary, might I have the aft'noon off three weeks frum Wednesday?" Then, noticing an undecided look in her mistress's face, she added, hastily: "I want to go to my fiance's funeral."

"Your fiance's funeral? Why, you don't know that he's even going to die, let alone the date of his funeral. That is something we can't any of us be sure about—when we are going to die."

"Yes'm," said the girl doubtfully; then, with a triumphant note in her voice: "I'se sure about him, Mis', 'cos he's goin' to be hung."



"What's the matter, old chap? You seem very unhappy."

"I am indeed! My days are numbered."—*Life*.

PRACTICAL.

"A young man has telegraphed me that he has just wedded my daughter."

"I hope he's a good practical man."

"I guess he is. He wired me collect."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

HUMAN EXTREMITY.

Some are born with cold feet, some achieve cold feet and some have cold feet thrust upon them.—*Exchange*.

HEREDITY.

"Whom does the baby resemble?"

"Its yell takes after its father's college."—*New York Sun*.

KNEW WHICH WAS WHICH.

JOHNNY'S mother gave him two five-cent pieces, one for candy, the other for the Sunday-School collection.

Light-hearted, he was tossing the coins in the air on his way to the church, when suddenly one eluded his grasp and disappeared through a cellar grating. Down on his knees he peered into the dark pit, only to realise his loss. Then, looking thoughtfully first into his hand, next at the cellar steps, he remarked:

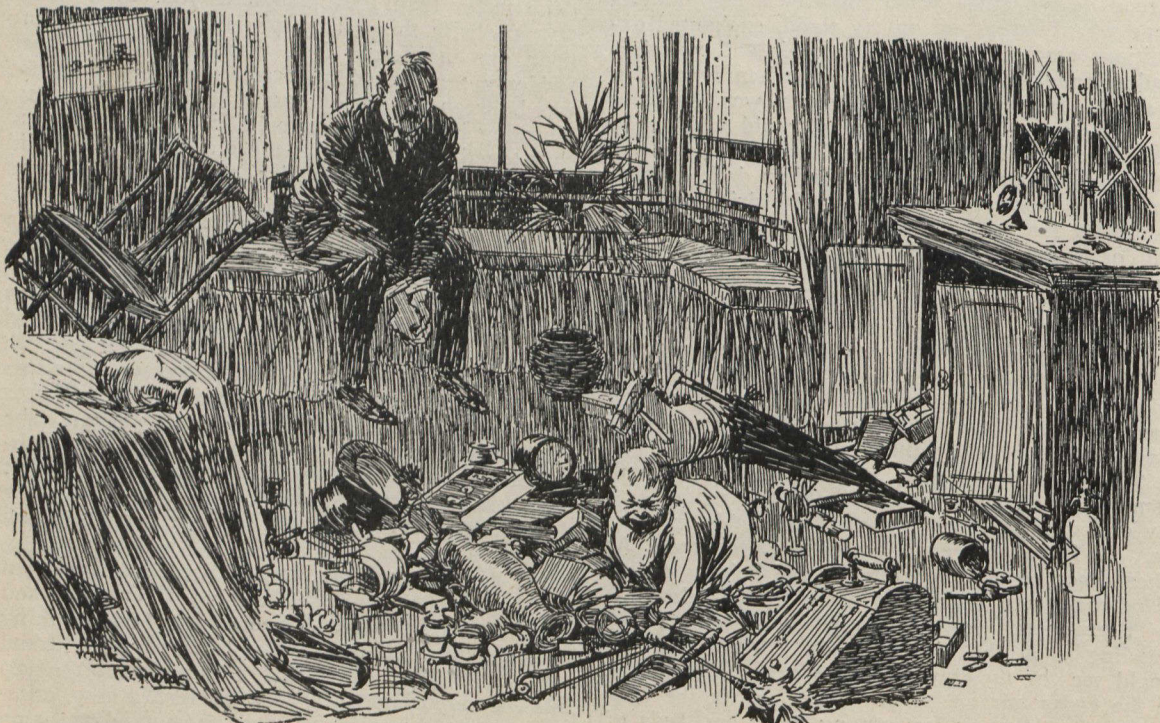
"Well, there goes the Lord's nickel!"—*Judge*.

A PROPHECY.

GEORGE ADE, according to *Lippincott's*, says that when a certain college president in Indiana, a clergyman, was addressing the students in the chapel at the beginning of the college year, he observed that it was "a matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that the year had opened with the largest freshman class in its history."

Then, without any pause, the good man turned to the lesson for the day, the third Psalm, and began to read in a voice of thunder:

"Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"



Voice (from upper regions). "Dearie, if you can't keep baby quiet, why not give him something to play with?"—*Punch*.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

At the Princess Theatre, Toronto, next week, will be offered a musical play, "A Knight For a Day," a B. C. Whitney attraction which has greatly pleased Chicago, New York and Boston. The libretto is the work of Mr. Robert B. Smith and the score is by Mr. Raymond Hubbell of "Fantana" fame. The production pretends to be nothing more than a wholesome bit of holiday gaiety, and as such will clear the atmosphere of last week's "Devil." The success which has attended the "waiter-knight" in Massachusetts will probably follow him to Ontario.

* * *

HANDEL'S "Messiah" was presented by the Winnipeg Oratorio Society in Grace Church of that city on December 16th, and it was much to the glory of local talent that two Winnipeg soloists, Mesdames Verner and Counsell, were equal to the soprano and contralto solo work. Messrs. Towne and Ross, from across the border are well known to Canadian audiences, especially to such as rejoice in oratorio. The press of Winnipeg congratulates Mr. Fred Warrington, conductor, on his successful training of a chorus of one hundred and fifty members.

* * *

ONE is reminded that Winnipeg is probably the most cosmopolitan city in the Dominion by the announcement that on Thursday evening of last week, at the Walker Theatre, there was a production, "The Sacrifice of Isaac" by the Chicago Yiddish Company for the benefit of Hebrews alone. It is true that Yiddish plays are enjoyed in Toronto by those in the Hebrew quarters. But it is to be doubted whether a play in Yiddish at the Princess or Royal Alexandra Theatre would result in a packed house. The Hebrew blood has always made for dramatic power and it is the strong mixture of this element in the United States which leads Mr. Kipling to prophesy that a great dramatic genius will come out of "America." In that case, Winnipeg may stand as good a chance as Chicago.

* * *

IN a crooning Southern song, "Shut Your Eyes, Ma Honey," words and music by Robert Stuart Pigott, we have a delightful bit of genre melody. The author-composer has avoided the extravagances of the "coon" style of musical manufacture, but has written words and music, fit to rank with the "Bandanna Ballads," which, as everyone familiar with the Land of the Magnolia knows, is a product of "the sure-enough South." Whaley, Royce and Company are the Toronto publishers.

From Houghton and Company, London, England, comes the proof copy of Noel Johnson's latest song, "A Litañy," the words of which are Mr. Archibald Sullivan's poem. The peculiarly delicate style of this young Canadian poet has been caught by the composer and matched in a setting of unusual pathos and simplicity.

The Delmar Music Company of Montreal publishes another edition of "O Canada" the Lavallee composition, for which His Honour, Judge Weir, of Montreal has supplied an English rendering of Judge Routhier's poem. This is the third or fourth English version of the original French and His Honour has given a liberal expression of the Routhier sentiment rather than a translation. The

melody has been harmonised by G. A. Grant-Schaefer, and the song, described as a national song for Canadians, is attractively published by this Montreal firm.

Whatever version is used for this melody, there can be no question that the Lavallee melody has been adopted throughout Canada as a national strain worthy of the Dominion. In stateliness, it resembles the Russian national hymn, but has a hopeful strain with the Slav melody does not possess. The first Torontonion to recognise its greatness was Dr. T. B. Richardson, to whose early enthusiasm regarding the merits of this composition Ontarians owe much.

* * *

THAT progressive association, the Arion Club of Victoria, British Columbia, gave the first concert of its seventeenth season on Tuesday, December eighth, in Victoria Theatre, with "O Canada," the composition to which reference has just been made, as the opening number on the programme. Protheroe's "Barcarolle," and "Nocturne," "The Legend of the Bended Bow," by W. W. Gilchrist, "Cavalier Song" by Granville Bantock, and G. W. Chadwick's "Song of the Viking" were the most prominent choral numbers. The club was assisted by Mrs. Harry Pooley, Mrs. Hermann Robertson and Miss Miles. Mr. E. Howard Russell is the conductor of this highly successful organisation, and has already established a reputation as one of the leading musicians in the West. Mr. Damrosch heard the club last year and expressed his approval of the style in which their work is carried on.

* * *

THERE promises to be no falling off in the interest taken in the next competition for the Earl Grey Amateur Musical and Dramatic Trophy, to be held in Montreal in April. The honorary secretary, Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa, has had an unusually large number of enquiries for copies of the regulations covering the contests. For the past two years the competition has been held in the Russell Theatre, Ottawa, and the week's productions have been witnessed by crowded houses. The executive committee decided to hold the next trials in Montreal, with the idea that the following year they should take place in Toronto. There is every reason to believe that the contests in Montreal will be an even greater success than those already held. Earl Grey and suite will be in attendance every evening, and it is expected that there will be large and fashionable audiences. The trophies are now held by the Ottawa Conservatory Orchestra and the Ottawa Theatrical Dramatic Club.

The regulations provide that all the musical entries shall include in their programme a prescribed piece of music. The selection of these numbers has now been made by the committee as follows:

For Mixed Chorus—1. "Wings of a Dove," by Howard Brockway, Op. 24 (Schirmer); 2. Elgar's "Challenge of Thor" (Novello).

For Men's Chorus—"In Winter," Kremser (Schirmer).

For Women's Chorus—"The Sleeping Beauty," by Felix Woyrach (Novello).

For Full Orchestra—Mendelssohn's "Hebrides Overture."

For String Orchestra—Massenet's "Dream of the Virgin."



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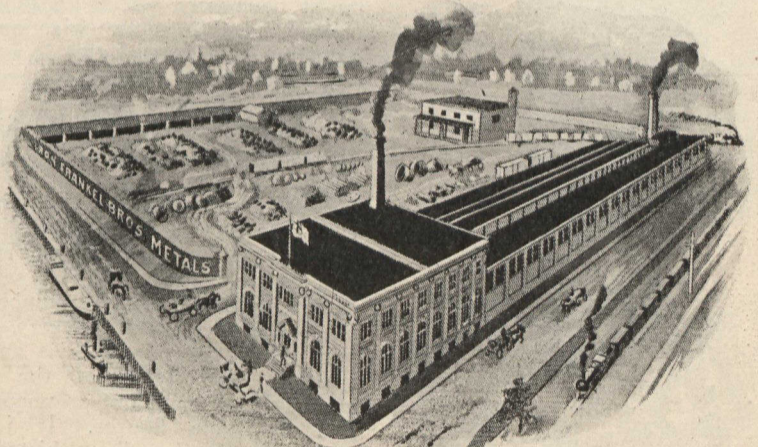
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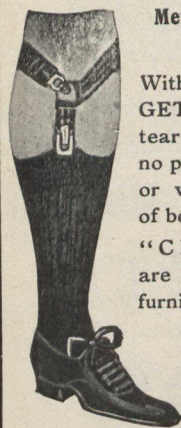
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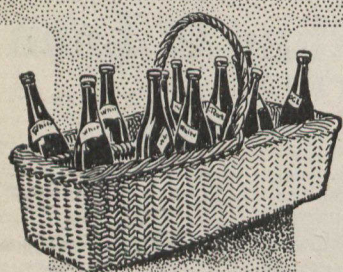
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THE CHRISTMAS "WINDSOR."

THE Windsor Magazine for December is a spread of seasonable fare, with stories by Rudyard Kipling, Anthony Hope, Eden Phillpotts, S. R. Crockett, Flora Annie Steel, Barry Pain and Katherine Cecil Thurston, affording such a feast of fiction as few of the current magazines provide for their readers. There is hardly an issue of this magazine which does not contain contributions from Canadian writers. Consequently one is not surprised to find poems by Mr. Theodore Roberts and Mr. Archibald Sullivan and a prose sketch by Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts. The poem by the younger Roberts, "Riding Song," is expressive of his joy in the life of the open way that is characteristic of these Maritime poets.

"Let us ride together
(Blowing mane and hair)
Careless of the weather,
Miles ahead of care.
Ring of Hoof and snaffle—
Swing of waist and hip—
Trotting down the twisted road,
With the world let slip.

Let us laugh together,
(Merry as of old)
To the creak of leather
And the morning's gold.
Break into a canter,
Shout to bank and tree,
Rocking down the waking trial—
Steady hand and knee.

Take the life of cities—
Here's the life for me.
'Twere a thousand pities
Not to gallop free.
So we'll ride together
Comrade, you and I,
Careless of the weather,
Letting care go by.

WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAMED.

MISS Edith L. Marsh was not particularly successful when she chose the title "Where the Buffalo Roamed" for her recently published volume. It had been more appropriately called "The Story of Western Canada—For Young People," or "A Child's History of Newer Canada"; or "The Romance of Canadian Exploration." The title she has chosen might have been selected also for a novel, and this is an objection. It does not indicate that this is a story for young people which is another objection. While a third lies in the fact that she deals with the history of vast regions in which the Buffalo never roamed.

Miss Marsh has told her stories well—the stories of Hudson, Radisson, Groseilliers, Verendrye, Hearn, MacKenzie, the Selkirk settlers, Simon Fraser and a number of other explorers and pioneers. The fur-traders, the missionaries and the early nation-builders of the West are made to stand out as uncommon and admirable figures. It is the romance of Canadian history of which Parkman only knew the beginning. Every Canadian youth who reads it will be greatly pleased and benefited.

BOOKS TO NEWCASTLE.

MR. Runciman, President of the Board of Education in the British Cabinet, recently opened at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, a public library, presented to the city by Sir William H. Stephenson, who has been four times Mayor of Newcastle.

In the course of his address Mr. Runciman referred in strong terms

to the evil influences of the day, remarking: "For skill, speed and facility of the pen, the modern newspaper man is marvellous but so far as literary influence goes, the effect of the newspaper is positively pernicious."

"What could be more monstrous than the way in which English is garbled in the evening newspapers? Think of the garbage of the football edition! You read such ill-placed slang as this; 'Here the custodian of the citadel received a nasty blow on the proboscis, and the invaders succeeded in transferring the sphere into the innermost recesses of the enclosure.'"

With due respect for the head of the British Board of Education we remark that the offensive quotation may be a disagreeable specimen of newspaper English but it is not slang. Mr. Ruciman should see the sporting edition of a Chicago or Toronto paper before professing to have painful experience of newspaper liberties with the Mother Tongue.

Mr. Runciman deplored the large annual crop of poor fiction but rejoiced that the modern novel died young. He finally praised the biographies in English literature, commending among modern production Sir George Trevelyn's "Macaulay," Lord Morley's "Gladstone" and Mr. Churchill's life of his father.

* * *

ACROSS THE SUB-ARCTICS.

THE new edition of Mr. Tyrrell's "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada" is easily the best of the three. The new cover, new illustrations and new maps bring it quite up to date. The new chapters on Musk-ox and on the Hudson's bay route add much to its value as a library volume. It is a volume which will interest both young and old, for Mr. Tyrrell tells the story of his adventures in a decidedly bright way. No living Canadian has had more thrilling adventures in the field of exploration than have the Tyrrells, and none have done more in recent years to make known the "wonders of the north." The third edition, demanded by the public, is a well-deserved compliment to an enterprising but modest explorer.

* * *

A BOOK ABOUT BOOKS.

MR. E. V. LUCAS is an English writer of fiction who seems to belong to a more leisurely age than this day of bargains and haste. "Listener's Lure" was an early production which won the public favour by its quaint and unconventional philosophy. The latest book, "Over Bemerton's; an Easy-Going Chronicle," is just as gently diverting and whimsical as the first volumes which charmed all those who like a book of quiet ways. However, the middle-aged hero who took up his abode over the second-hand book shop is not altogether out of the modern hurly-burly. He even comes in contact with a suffragette, the heroine's sister, who disappoints us all when she is merely arrested and fails to reach a martyr's cell in prison. The heroine is somewhat dull and prosaic, being given overmuch to philanthropy and affording little excitement to the middle-aged gentleman's heart. In fact, one feels that the author makes a mistake in allowing this bachelor, aged fifty-five, to become engaged. He is really too much attached to his beloved books to make a success of the domestic career. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company.)

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THE PERRIWINKLES CHRISTMAS

"MY stars and popguns!" exclaimed Santa Claus, slapping his knee soundly, "but this has been a busy Christmas; never knew there were so many children in the world. I tell you, it makes me feel good." And his cheeks glowed and his eyes danced with their kindly and gleeful light. "Come Blinken! Come Blitzen!" he cried, slapping the reins joyfully, "we have not been to the Perriwinkles yet. Nice youngsters, those Perriwinkles are, mustn't forget them." And with a jingle of bells his magic sled disappeared into the night.

There had been great preparation and excitement in the Perriwinkle household on this wonderful night of Christmas Eve.

"Bobby, do come here," said Betty, the oldest Perriwinkle, sitting back on her heels in front of the fireplace, and gazing thoughtfully at the assorted row of stockings hung there. "Bobby, I was wondering what we ought to do about the twins. Last Christmas, you know, they weren't here, and Santa Claus might think it was queer if he came and found five stockings instead of three. If you had let me write and tell him about them as I wanted to, it would have been all right, but now you see, he will come all the way down that old chimney with just enough toys for Molly and you and me and when he sees five stockings he'll have to go all the way back again to get a fresh supply for the twins."

Bob was swinging himself to and fro on the foot of Betty's bed and looking very disconsolate. Suddenly he wheeled around.

"I've got a scheme, Bet!" he exclaimed. "You go and write your letter now and I'll see that he gets it before he comes down that chimney or my name is not Robert Harrington Perriwinkle."

Betty's eyes sparkled. "How will you do it?" she asked.

"I had better not tell you," said Bob importantly, "you might give the scheme away."

Betty wasn't quite sure that everything was all right, but she didn't see any other way out of the difficulty, so she ran off to do her share and soon came back, with a neat little envelope addressed in her round handwriting to "Santa Claus, Perriwinkles' Chimney, Morden Street," and down in the corner she had generously added, "Kindness of my Brother Bob."

Bob took it and tucked it deep down in his coat pocket. "Well, so long," he said. "I guess I'll be back in about half an hour."

"Aren't you going to tell?" wheedled Betty, looking at him out of the corner of her eye.

"When I get back," said Bob, firmly. "Now you must shut this door and after you have counted one hundred slowly, then you can open it, but you must not try to follow me. I'll bet you'll think it great fun when I tell you. Good-bye," and he was gone.

After shutting the door he ran noiselessly down the hall to the back of the house and up the long flight of stairs that led to the flat above where the cook and the nurse slept, and where the trunk and store-rooms were. One of these, a trunk-room, had a large window in it, and it was by means of this room and this window that Bobby intended to accomplish his great "scheme." He stepped in and shut the door quietly, and by climbing upon a trunk managed to turn on the one light that hung in the centre of the room. He had some trouble unfastening the stiff catch of the window, but after that everything was easy, and climbing over the sill he had soon slipped to the flat roof that stretched some five feet beneath. The bright moon shining on the sparkling snow made it almost like daylight, and our brave Bobby felt no whit of fear as he waded forward.

"It's higher than I expected," thought Bobby, trying vainly to reach to the top. "Now if I pin the letter low down maybe he won't see it at all. I wanted it right on top where he couldn't miss it, but I guess I'm not tall enough. I'll run back and get something from the trunk-room to stand on, that's the best thing to do." And he waded slowly back to the open window. My poor, brave Bobby, your little legs are too short again, and the window is a foot out of your reach. Here was a nice kettle of fish, and no way out of it, either. Bobby stood on his tip-toes and stretched his arms up as far as they would go, but it was no use. He tried jumping up, but the sill seemed to slip away from him. He turned and looked at the big shining moon, but it only seemed to wink back at him as much as to say, "Now see what you have done." So he turned his back on it and tried to think of some way out of his trouble. Maybe Bridget would notice the light and come in and find the window open. There was a sound in the room even now, as if somebody was in there, perhaps coming to the window. "Bridget! Bridget!" he shouted loudly, wildly. The window slammed shut. "O wirra! wirra! 'tis the devil hisself!" Bobby heard her exclaim, as she always did when anything frightened her, and then her heavy footfall running from the room, and he was alone again.

It seemed like hours to frightened, lonely little Bobby before he heard a voice again at the window saying sternly, "Who is out there?" "It's me, Daddy, me—Bobby; please come and take me," and holding up his arms he was lifted gently into the lighted room where the astonished Bridget gathered him into her strong arms.

Of course Daddy had to be told the whole "scheme," and although he talked pretty severely to Bobby for doing such a reckless thing and made him promise never, never to go climbing on roofs again, still he didn't seem too very angry.

Down in the nursery everything was still. Bob undressed quickly, said his prayers, and slipped into bed.

"Bobby!" A whisper came from Betty's bed. "You were an awful long time. Sit up and tell me about it."

So he whispered the whole story to her sitting up there in the dark while Molly slept peacefully in her bed between them. When he had finished Betty heaved a big sigh. "My, but you were brave!" she said; "that's 'cause you are a boy. I wish I was a boy." Then, "But did you leave the letter?"

"Gemmeni cracks!" exclaimed the hero, remorsefully, "it's still in my coat pocket. The twins won't get anything after all."

"Well, never mind," said Betty, "you did your best, and maybe Santa will know anyway."

If you had seen a pair of bulgy, bursting, little twin Perriwinkle stockings hanging in the old fireplace on Christmas morning you would have guessed that "Santa knew anyway."

M. H. C.

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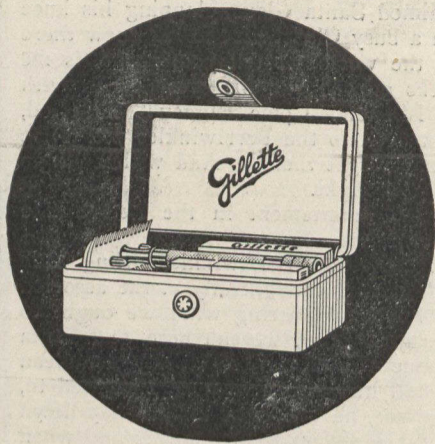
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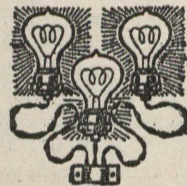
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Leaders in the Voting.

The results to Monday the 21st were as follows:

Sir Wilfrid Laurier.
Lord Strathcona.
Sir William Van Horne.
Mr. William Mackenzie.
Mr. Goldwin Smith.
Sir Charles Tupper.
Hon. W. S. Fielding.
Sir James P. Whitney.
Dr. William Osler.
Mr. R. L. Borden.
Sir Thomas Shaughnessy.
Sir William C. Macdonald.
Sir Sandford Fleming.
Mr. D. D. Mann.
Hon. Edward Blake.
Sir Gilbert Parker.
Professor Graham Bell.
Rev. Charles Gordon ("Ralph Connor").
Mr. Byron E. Walker.
Sir Charles Fitzpatrick.
Sir Hugh Graham.
Hon. A. B. Aylesworth.
Hon. George A. Cox.
Sir E. S. Clouston.
Sir William Mulock.

GOOD TIME COMING BOYS.

(London Advertiser.)

WHAT in the United States is regarded as a reliable sign of returning prosperity is the fact that the labourers who began to return in hundreds of thousands to their former homes in Europe a year ago, are now coming back. The outward movement was of such dimensions that the steamship companies found it impossible to provide accommodation for all who sought it; now the same people are returning and bringing others with them. Each steamship arriving on this side the Atlantic has a crowded steerage. In one day last week four vessels—the Prinz Friederich Wilhelm, the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, the Duca di Genova and the Oceanic—reached New York and landed 4,443 steerage passengers, almost all of whom came from Mediterranean ports. Every trans-Atlantic steamer coming across has a goodly quota of these immigrants. This means that the industrial clouds which have for a year darkened the sky are rolling away. The Europeans are the harbingers of prosperity.

* * *

ANOTHER ANNEXATION
KNOCK.

(Winnipeg Telegram.)

ANNEXATION with the United States is probably the last form in which the nationalistic feeling of Canada could be induced to express itself. If Lord Milner had studied the situation more thoroughly he would have discovered this fact as readily as he learned that the colonial status as it now exists cannot serve the expanding ambitions of the people of Canada. There can be no doubt that the natural tendency of Canadians lies in the direction of imperial federation. If this natural tendency is discouraged then the question of Canada's destiny will sooner or later become an open one to be decided by the course of events. One thing is certain, and it is just as well that Lord Milner has emphasized the fact, that Canada has grown out of her colonial clothes and that with her development has arisen a national spirit which must find expression along more advanced lines. Canada will not be driven to annexation in any circumstances, but it would be folly to disguise the truth that the imperial idea which is strong in the Dominion to-day will be imperilled by failure to encourage it in some concrete and tangible form.

The Interlude

(Continued from page 15)

cannot be picked because they die so soon, but they leave this poison behind,—that everything after is pale and shallow and dull.

"Why doesn't wreckage of soul kill like wreckage of body? For me then there was nothing but the yellow sky, the red hot rocks, and the girl in the dead dust, and my own horrified soul. How many things the desert had shown that poor lad that was I,—hate, love, and death! It was to show me one more, and then to cast me aside.

"The hot empty sky, the beautiful hot rocks, and her hair across my boots. But in a little while I thought that somewhere among the crags and world-old watercourses was the man who had fired that shot; and then there was nothing but that thought. Five minutes,—think of the pity of it!—I had been a careless, sun-soaked boy. Now I was this other thing. 'I know why the rocks are red and the sand in the waterways red,' I thought to myself, to that shattered thing that had been youth, 'It's to prevent my making a mess when I kill him.'

"You see, I had no doubt of what I should do. And that's queer, because all my life I had leaned upon others, taken my thoughts and opinions from others. I looked down at her once, moved her hair gently from my boots and shook the dust out of it; the Spanish touch had made it very silky. Then I went on up the path to find the man who had fired that shot.

"Bob had insisted that I should always take a gun with me, and it was there now, slung across my shoulders. I never took it in hand, not having been long enough away from law and butchers to acquire the instinct. I don't know whether you will believe, but I went bare-handed after the man who had killed her, my own death the last thing in my thoughts. I knew that I should not so quickly get rid of that aching pity and that dreadful rage, and I never doubted that I should find him.

"It's wonderful enough, too, that I did find him. I suppose his contempt for me was so great he did not try to hide. I saw him going down the side of a valley in the red rock where once a great river had run, his long old gun in his hand, and set after him. He was an Indian, young, light and sure-footed as an antelope, but I gained on him, and that's as wonderful as any of it. He stopped once and took a shot at me. It was a long one, and the bullet whined past my ear like a Chinese whistling toy, and died with a flick in the sand. I suppose something in the way I came showed him my mind, for he leapt up the long shelf in the cliff made by the old river, but still more quickly I followed. In a little we were high above the riverbed, and I was very close. He had his gun ready, and I saw the glint of his wild eyes beneath his headband of soft dyed skin and yellow stones. He was waiting to turn on one foot and give me another bullet. But I pulled a wedge-shaped splinter of hard rock from the crumbling red stuff—think of it! my city-bred arm and clerk's hand!—and flung it at him so quickly that on that narrow ledge he could not guard. It took him across the spine and he only cried once, falling from the shelf to the bottom of the old river, where the sand was red enough.

"I went down to see that he was quite dead, and then toiled back to where she lay. I was very weak by the time I got there, and there seemed to be a sort of mist over every-



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TURKISH CIGARETTES

Have you ever tried to smoke a pipe or cigar?—

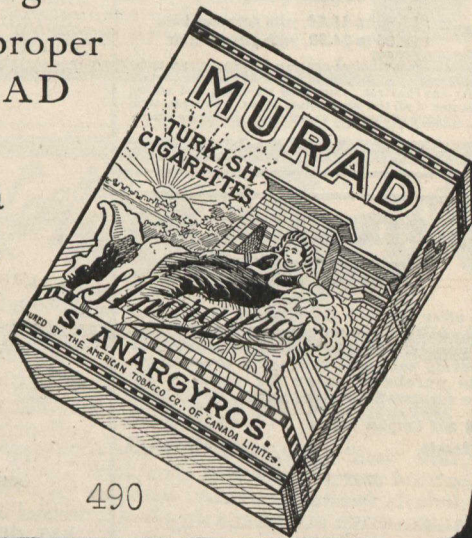
But, you found them unsatisfactory, didn't you?—found that they were strong, and wouldn't draw properly.

Because you've had these experiences, is no reason why you can't enjoy the pleasure of smoking.

You didn't take tobacco in the proper form—you should smoke MURAD Cigarettes.

MURAD Cigarettes, although a mild smoke, have a rich, full, delicate, distinctive flavor.

Why not try a package to-day?
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It is made from choice selected Bohemian hops and special malt. Brewed by the famous Huether method, at Berlin, properly aged and matured. A light, mild beer, sparkling with life. Will just complete the Christmas Cheer.

Sold by leading dealers. Order at once. Put up in pints and quarts.
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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

thing. Through this mist I watched her black hair in the dust and the red rocks, and winged shapes sitting upon the rocks. Then they grew dim and there was silver sand and blackness and stars spinning in it. When the rocks reddened again, I saw Bob's face looking amazedly through the mist, and ran to him.

"I tried to say 'Bob, old fellow, I didn't make a mess because the sand was red,' and then I slid to his great shoulder as she had slid to mine, and thought I was dying too—yes.

"After that long blackness and fever there was the mine again and the beautiful, dry, horrible world around. And then there was the siding and the tank, and Bob and the man from Candelaria putting me gently on the cars, and a conductor who said 'She's bin too stiff for him, hey?' jerking his chin towards the desert. After a time there was my old life, my old little tidy round in the office, the accounts that generally balance. Do you think that other account was balanced by that splinter

of obsidian? I was six cents out last week."

Channing looked up from his red blanket, staring past me with his pale, old-man's eyes. "I can't get things clear in my mind. It's dreadful when you don't get things clear in twenty years. Sometimes I think they'd get more clear—about that other account—if I went back and saw the whole thing again,—the dry, dead splendour where a little waste water is like the touch and the word of God, saying 'Let there be life,' the golden hills in the distance, the throbbing red rocks near, the sand and the sun, the wheeling stars of their different colours and the dawns made visible each like the first dawn above a half-finished world,—the whole, strange, terrible place that took me and cast me aside.

"I wouldn't find Bob now, nor the man from Candelaria. But the other things I'd find, for they don't change.

"Sometime,—why, yes, sometime,—I guess I'll go back, go back and find out—"

What Canadian Editors Think

BOGEY OF INDIA.
(St. John Telegraph.)

WITH John Morley at one end of the line and Kitchener at the other, the British should be well equipped for the prevention of trouble in India if reasonable measures will prevent, or for the suppression of trouble should the iron hand be necessary. Moreover, the present British Government is not one that hesitates to concede a measure of self-government where conditions justify it, and if recognition of the aims of the progressive native party in India is possible and best for the country, the government will go as far as it safely can in that direction.

* * *

THE COMMON SPARROW.
(Ottawa Journal.)

THERE is a sentiment for the sparrow in winter just because he is game enough to stay with us throughout the season. And when he is not too busy in summer with his foraging and quarrelling in the street, and his shamelessly consistent devotion to the three brood standard of offspring, he may help reputable birds in the fight upon the insects. But the ornithologists give the sparrow a bad name. This English immigrant has driven many of the indigenous insectivorous birds away from the haunts of men and up to the remote recesses of the woods. Now he is accused by New York State experts of being an active agent in the dissemination of foot-and-mouth disease among cattle. He is at any rate an uncleanly little bird, and the crumbs that are coming to him must be by way of sympathy for his gameness alone. And at that he is little gamer than the house fly, as to whose lack of right to live most of us are agreed.

* * *

SYSTEMS OF GOVERNMENT.
(Bruce Herald.)

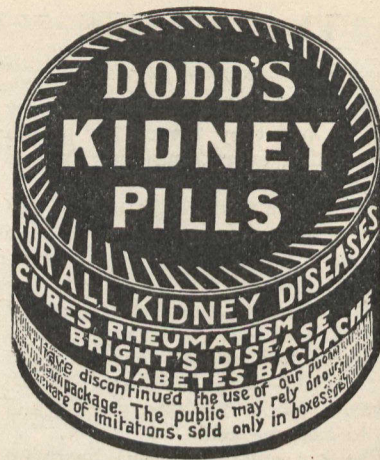
IT is interesting to reflect on the progress of different nations in the development of their systems of government. France has always led the world in art, science, literature, and theories of government. But it always falls down in the practical application of its theories to the necessary business of conducting public affairs. It has no idea of leaving people to themselves. They always

have to be managed. And the man in office has to do the bossing. The French official, either in church or state, is always fussy, meddlesome and tyrannical. Common sense is no part of his outfit. If he had any of that useful article, he would leave the people of Miquelon to suit themselves in the management of their own schools. Observe the absurdity of a European country three thousand miles away, wanting to impose its idea of school education on a democratic community away in the western ocean, and within the sphere of American influence, and possibly of American assistance. How different John Bull deals with public affairs. He never worries himself about theories of government, but always endeavours to attain the practical. In effect his practice in dealing with the business of government is to leave people alone as much as possible, consistently with public safety. It is a simple principle and works remarkably well.

* * *

SILVER IN CANADA.
(Mail and Empire.)

FOR this province the consequence of the decline in the price of silver will not be so serious as for other silver-producing countries. If the market values were to go much farther downward than it is likely to go, it would still return a handsome profit on the cost of the metal taken from the principal Cobalt mines. In no other of the world's argent fields is the ore generally so rich or the expense of mining it so low as in the wonderful mineral areas on the shore of Lake Temiskaming and on Montreal River. At the present time as the price declines the consumptive demand of silversmiths increases. In the last five years the quantity of silverware manufactured across the line has doubled, and in other countries the increase has been in almost equal proportion. Should the price decline to a point that would negative the operation of mines in other countries the consumption would increase and the benefit of the enlarged demand would come to the Cobalt mines, which can continue to pay at prices much below those now ruling. The Canadian people spend much more on silverware and silver ornaments than they did at the beginning of the decade and the manufacture of such articles has become an important Canadian industry.



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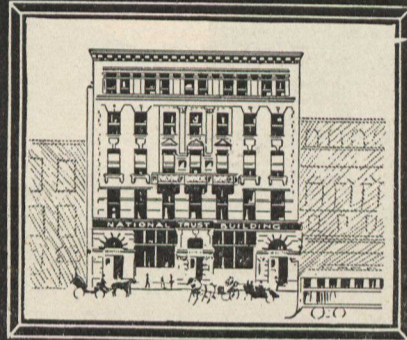
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