

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

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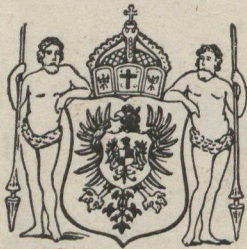
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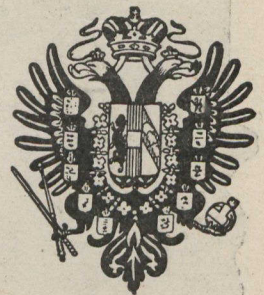
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**CONTENTS**

**CHRISTMAS NUMBER.**

- Our Santa Claus Civilization . . . . . By Augustus Bridle.  
 Four Splendid Stories.
- The Hunger Chance . . . . . By S. A. White.  
 Illustrated by Fergus Kyle.
- The Changed Letters . . . . . By H. A. Cody.  
 Illustration by Arthur Heming.
- His Last Angel . . . . . By Mabel Burkholder.  
 Drawings by Arthur Lismer.
- An Original Christmas Gift . . . . . By Ethelwyn Wetherald.  
 Illustrated by T. Mitchell.
- A Dream, Poem . . . . . By H. McK. Pease.
- The Rhodes Scholarship Idea . . . . . By the Monocle Man.
- Christmas and the Newcomer . . . . . By the Editor.
- Christmas Defined . . . . . Contributed.  
 Being the brief sentiments of twenty-five representative  
 Canadian women.
- Santa Claus of 1913, Cartoons . . . By Herbert W. Cooper.  
 The Year's Benefactions in Good-humoured Burlesque.
- A Page for Juniors . . . . . Illustrated.
- The Fire Fiend in Mexico . . . . . Illustrated.

**WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT.**

- "Erin" dispenses Christmas cheer in her talk about  
 Yule-tide books and the gay shop counters; Miss  
 Sanborn deals with the Christmas Market; Madge  
 Macbeth satirizes on "The Foolishness of the Feast"  
 as held at present; a special article, by staff writers,  
 "When Cheer is Charity," tells what benevolent  
 societies are doing to brighten the festive season for  
 the poor; and M. J. T. pays tribute to mothers in a  
 going-home sketch, "Good Will Toward Women."
- Demi-Tasse . . . . . By Staff Writers.
- Money and Magnates . . . . . By the Financial Editor.
- The Red Virgin, Serial . . . . . By G. Frederick Turner.  
 Cover Design by Luigi Dalmonete.

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 Perfumes**

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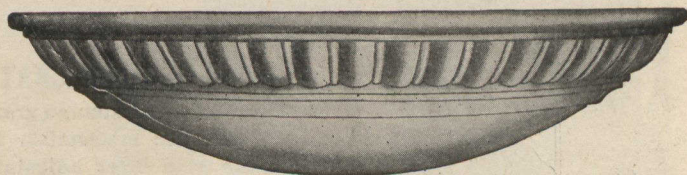
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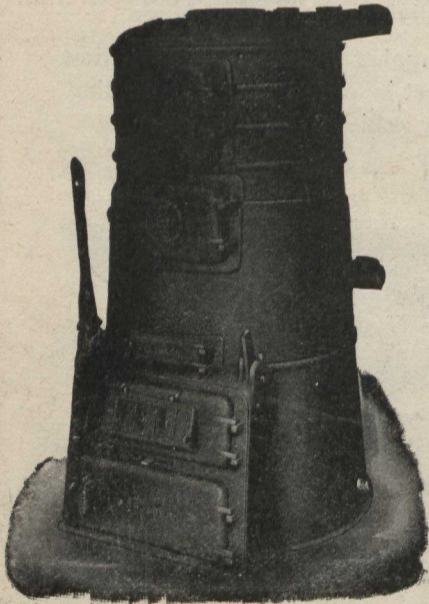
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## Editor's Talk

CANADIAN life, literature and art should be reflected in a Christmas Number of the national weekly. Every page of this number is of native origin. The cover design, the cover plates, all the drawings and contributions are by Canadians. The writer of each story has already won a more or less leading position among Canadian short-story writers. Mr. White and Mr. Cody have each published more than one novel; Ethelwyn Wetherald is the author of a volume or two of verse; Mabel Burkholder has written many poems, stories and articles. The artists are Dalmonte and Lismer, two naturalized Canadians; Heming, Kyle and Mitchell, who were born and largely trained here. The work of these men and women speaks for itself.

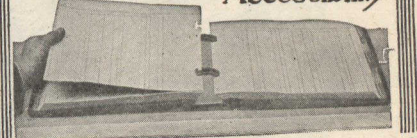
The Christmas message, from a score of Canadian women prominent in social and industrial activity, is a significant feature. The Canadian woman is keeping pace with the Canadian litterateur and the Canadian illustrator. She is taking that broad view of life which is characteristic of the twentieth century woman. Further, she has no intellectual superior in the Anglo-Saxon world.

Next week there will be other seasonable features, somewhat similar to those in this issue—not another Christmas Number—just a flavouring of the season. Mr. J. W. Beatty will have a criticism of the exhibit of the Royal Canadian Academy, with illustrations of the leading pictures. Dr. J. O. Miller, whose articles on Civic Government in Germany appeared in the *Canadian Courier* last June, will contribute another timely article on this subject. There will be some special material for the children and other features well worthy of serious attention.

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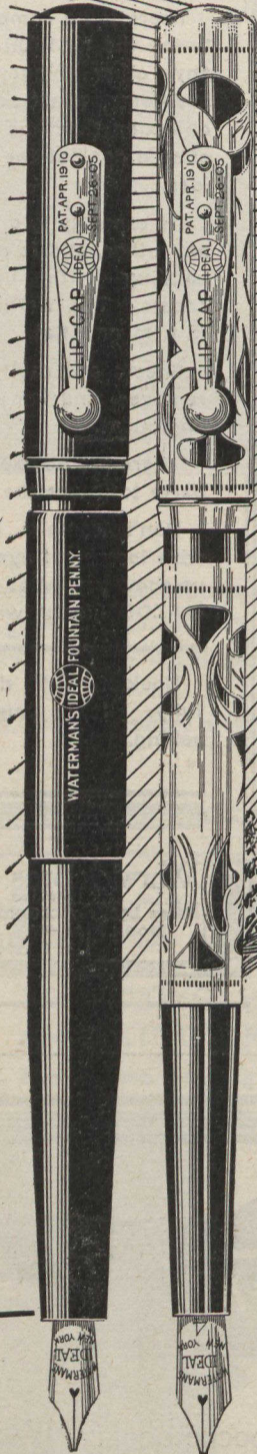
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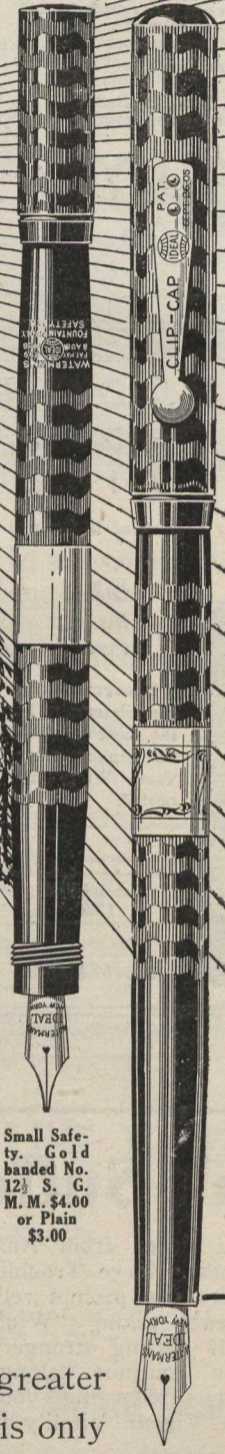
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The  
**CANADIAN  
 COURIER**  
*The National Weekly*

HERBERT  
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No. 1

Vol. XV.

December 6, 1913

# Our Santa Claus Civilization

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THE world is ruled by simple beliefs. Credulity is the charm of mankind. Even the "man from Missouri" once believed in Santa Claus. Civilization would go to pieces in a week if all men required to be shown before they could believe. Old Euclid, who is about as mystical a character as Santa Claus, took the first step away from mere faith and imagination when he invented his system of geometry, which believes nothing that can't be labelled Q. E. D.

The man from Missouri was probably forecasted by old Euclid. But in modern times Q. E. D. has been changed to C. O. D., which is far less intellectual and is by some considered a phase of cynicism.

Santa Claus has nothing to do with either Q. E. D. or C. O. D. He is immortalized in all the benevolences and master credulities of mankind. He will never die so long as the world lasts. Older than Christianity, he might easily survive it, if Christianity had not struck its roots into the legendary soil of Santa Nikolaus, which by abbreviation becomes Santa Claus.

The Christian world, always more or less civilized, owes its character to the benevolence embodied in the superbly impossible character of the old saint of the true north. When you come to think of it, the fine credulity of mankind is responsible for the conceptions of both Jesus Christ and Santa Claus. Without absolute faith, "believing where we cannot prove," neither of these great characters could ever have been incorporated into civilization, which without Christ and Santa Claus would become worse than a farce, because it would not even be funny. The bringing of gifts to the babe of Bethlehem was the direct connection between the old pagan notion of benevolence embodied in Santa Claus, and the new era of Christianity, which, without benevolence, would be a curse to mankind.

Doctrines have made martyrs and bigots and persecutors and St. Bartholomew massacres, because in the name of Christianity and without the primal benevolence symbolized in Santa Claus and the life of Christ men could commit crimes against mankind with the apparent endorsement of the church. Those who take a rational, yet benevolent view of Christianity have made of Christ, not the Son of God, but a sublime teacher, such as Buddha, Brahmin and Confucius.

The same people have not refused for the sake of their children to perpetuate a belief in the miracle of Santa Claus. And the same quality of child mind that demands a marvelous Santa Claus makes necessary also a miraculous Jesus Christ. It is no mere invention of legendists that the world has reared such a vast, cheerful monument of imagination to these profound characters. It is a necessity of the human race. There is no more power of imagination required to believe that Santa Claus drives his reindeers with incredible loads of gifts clear over the world in a single night, down every chimney, and stopping only at the steam radiators, than to believe that Jesus Christ was born without an earthly father, lived a God life among men and after his crucifixion rose from the dead and ascended into heaven. Once the world was full of people who, while they had learned to discredit an actual Santa Claus, still believed in a real, miraculous Jesus Christ. Now, with the march of materialism and positive knowledge, many people are inclined to take a rational view of the life of Christ for the sake of what is called truth.

We say "truth" when we probably mean facts, which are sometimes less than the truth, because

they make no appeal to the imagination. The world is still governed by its simple beliefs. Facts change. Beliefs remain. The big fact of yesterday becomes the little fact of to-day and a mere fiction to-morrow. The fact of steam power, once regarded as a miracle, became a commonplace when the world was first thrilled by the spectacle of electric power. Yet the locomotive is as tremendous a mystery as it was in the days of George Stephenson. The trolley car, propelled by an invisible power that may travel hundreds of miles from its generative source, was once looked upon with Indian awe. It is now used as a very uncomfortable and exasperating vehicle. The air-ship is still in the making and requires considerable of the credulity of mankind. Yet the air-ship is only a simple return to a device of nature, which in the wing of the bird is still much of a miracle. And neither the air-ship nor the trolley nor the steam locomotive is in imagination half so wonderful as the reindeers of Santa Claus pulling the sledges of good cheer down around the world of clouds in a single night.

THE lad in the picture on this page is having a word with Santa Claus. He has an idea that if it is so possible to hear a voice which may be miles away, it should be possible to have old Santa on the other end. And it probably is. There is no real, legitimate limit to the imagination. There is no fixed definition for belief. The survival of

Santa Claus in our civilization is a proof that in spite of positive knowledge and a sometimes wearisome accumulation of details, we are governed in our great primitive impulses by the simplest beliefs. We are not all of us, nor any of us always from Missouri. We are still living in a world of legend which we love to trick out for ourselves in shapes, phantoms and colours to suit ourselves. And if it were not so, the world would be having an awful time with itself in the Christmas season of 1913.

The real value of Christmas to most people is that they are able to live again in a world of magic such as made all our legends before the world became so positively wise. Inventions and discoveries which were intended to make the world happier have not always succeeded. The human mind has very often failed to interpret its own inventions. Christmas and the child imagination are the great interpreters. By the light of Christmas and the jingle of the sleigh-bells of magical old Santa Claus we are able to forget that the world is based upon either Q. E. D. or C. O. D., and to remember that the life of everything worth while is simple magic, based upon simple belief. Men are all children.



"Hello! Give me Santa Claus. I want a—"

[Photograph by Edgar T. Smith, Sackville, N.B.]

# THE HUNGER CHANCE



SAMUEL ALEXANDER WHITE

Author of "Empery," etc.  
Illustrated by Fergus Kyle

**B**ENNETT LEPINE was not one of those men who are born lucky, have luck come to them, or go forth and immediately get luck for the going. He was born up beyond the Arctic circle hard by Herschell Island. His father was a super-adventurous trader, and his mother an Eskimo girl whom Jacques Lepine had taken before an itinerant priest to solace his northern exile. There was nothing very lucky in that natal spot, a cabin built out of scraps of a whaler's wreck, smothered by shore drifts and menaced by the jut and shift of the ice packs. Nor in all the years he was attaining manhood did luck come to the younger Lepine. He knew only the usual routine of life within the circle. Like his father, he killed the walrus, the seal, the fox, and the bear; fished through the jammed floe ice in winter; threaded by kayak the open sounds in summer, taking toll of the immense flocks of ducks and geese that came up to breed in the short period when the sun shone twenty-four hours a day; traded with the Eskimos of the farther north and with the Indians of the Yukon to the south; and sold the furs of their taking and trafficking to the Hudson's Bay men who munched up from the Mackenzie's mouth.

No, luck did not come to him—rather disaster! Jacques Lepine failed one day to stop a charging walrus and fell to the goring tusks. After that Bennett's Eskimo mother went back to her own people, and Bennett drifted south in search of fortune. He skirted the coast to the Mackenzie, wound down the Mackenzie to the Peel River below Simpson Island, and followed the Peel into the Yukon. There he ranged the land north, south, east and west, driving poling boat in summer, mushing dogs in winter, searching unceasingly for the luck that hid from him. McCormack, Henderson, and a few thousand more had made great stakes, but Lepine was not one of the blessed number. Where they struck, the gravel turned to gold. Lepine possessed no such magic pick. He tried all districts with uniform failure. He failed on the Tanana waters, on the Porcupine, the Klondike, the Sixty-Mile, the Pelly. Upper or Lower country, it was all the same. He could no more wash dollar pans on the bars of Forty-Mile than show colours on the Stewart.

Men said he was no prospector, had never been born for one, and would never become one to the end of his unlucky days. Whatever truth there was in that statement Lepine refused to accept. Year after year he kept doggedly on with his search, tasting the bitterness of defeat till he was physically molded in the shape of gloom and bitterness and his heart grew callous as a stone. His name became a byword in the Yukon. Men shunned him as a hoodoo lest he cast malignant spells upon them. And Lepine, with the intuitiveness of the wild, untutored being, was not slow to interpret this attitude of his fellows. He had envied them. Now he hated them. And when they made light of the breed of him and held this mixed blood strain responsible for his lack of fortune, he thirsted for revenge.

"French-Canadian father," they would say, in tracing his descent. "That's half-breed anyway, ain't it? And Eskimo mother! The good Lord knows what breed she was! That splits it up mighty fine, eh? I'd call him about a sixth-or-seventh-breed. Haw! Haw! Prospect? Oh, no, he's no prospector! What'd you expect? Just ambles round like a Siwash. Never gets anywhere."

**T**RULY, in all those years Lepine never got anywhere. And none of his scorers dreamed of the insatiable ambition of the man. They thought he wandered about from place to place, staking here and there only to abandon the claims without working them properly. They thought he had no perseverance. They classed him with the Siwash, lowest of northern castes, and it never occurred to them that Lepine resented it. They were not aware that he hated them with a fierce, aboriginal hate, that he yearned and strove and sweated for gold, that he longed to have the stuff in his grasp to literally throw in their faces. He had wild wishes and wilder hopes of buying the roofs over the heads of these jeering fools, of buying the ground under their feet, of combining claims and monopolizing creeks till there was no pay ground left for indi-

vidual working and those who had been loud with ridicule crept whining to his feet.

Always he had such wild dreams of getting the upper hand of these pure-blooded white men who would not accept him as a brother and an equal, and at last he got it, though not precisely in the way he had dreamed.

When the hour struck, he was about at the end of his resources and making a last stand on Moose Creek. So low were his finances that in the middle of August he had to come into Dawson to ask a loan from Bonanza Jones, who had always been more tolerant with him than other people, and had grub-staked him in spite of his hoodoo some dozens of times. The reason of this tolerance was that the genial Bonanza was invariably drunk and incapable of nice distinctions of class and blood. Bonanza had been too lucky from the start. Bonanza Creek, whereon he had been in time to stake, had used him too well. Now he leased lays on his claim and spent his time and money in Dawson. Lepine was always sure of finding him at the Monte Carlo, the Elkhorn, or the Tivoli.

**T**HIS time it was the Tivoli. The place was gay with lights, loud with clamour, and the atmosphere struck Lepine with the mighty force of contrast. Here was the glittering, frothing bar with scores pouring over it the gold he yearned for. There was the polished dancing floor with men in trail garments and moccasins, and women in satin tripping fantastically to the music of a high-priced, imported orchestra, enjoying themselves where he might not set foot. All about were the silk-curtained stalls, like opera boxes, where anyone but Lepine could sit and view the gaiety below. And yonder at the farther end of the ball-room gleamed the rainbow-hued marquee of Carlotta, the Circassian fortune-teller, where any man but a sixth-or-seventh-breed could have his future revealed by way of the palm chart, cards, or crystal ball.

But Lepine was a sixth-or-seventh-breed, and he knew it. Wherefore he was bitter. These white men had no place among them for him. He wanted none of their pleasure—yet! He wanted Bonanza Jones. His sullen eye swept the whole length of the Tivoli from the door to Carlotta's tent, but Bonanza, surrounded by a boisterous crowd for whom he insisted on buying, was for the moment hidden. Yet Lepine's big, uncouth body, filling the doorway, was an easy mark for the eyes of Bonanza's friends.

"There's Lepine," one of them announced. Immediately a medley of comments broke out. "Oh, the big Eskimo! Yes, sure it is." "Shut up, he'll hear you." "Think he cares? He's lazy as a Siwash. And no prouder!" "Steer clear of him, anyhow, boys, or you'll never make another strike."

"How's that, partner?" "He's the genuine jinx. Don't let him cast eyes on you. He chases paystreaks miles and miles." And as Bonanza Jones espied him, guessed his mission, and went towards him, a babel of voices yelled at him to come back. Bonanza paused and raised an expressive hand to them.

"He's got his fingers crossed," his comrades howled in delight. "The jinx don't jump on him.

Go on, Bonanza. We ain't afraid for you."

Lepine's swarthy face grew purple-black with anger under this cutting byplay. He could hardly control himself to speak when Bonanza reached him.

"What you wanting?" Jones asked.

"Nothing!" Lepine whirled wrathfully and went to stride out.

Bonanza seized his coat sleeve.

"Hold on, Lepine. You don't want to take it like that. The boys was only chaffing a bit. Just chaffing, that's all. Life ain't worth living up here if you got to cut out the chaff and everything. Is it, now? You can take a joke with the best of us, Lepine. I seen you do it. So never mind the boys. You was only chaffing, wasn't you, boys?"

**T**HE boys appealed to stopped their laughter and badinage which had passed on to some more worthy victim. "Sure," they chorused, ironically.

"See?" Bonanza was half-seas over and very earnest and sympathetic. "I knowed the boys was only chaffing. Come on in, Lepine, and tell me what's the trouble."

He drew Lepine to a seat against the wall near the door. Lepine unfolded the tale of his woes and of the voracious hole in his bench claim on Moose Creek which ate up the money without offering any return, and asked for a loan. The others, he reminded Jones, he had always scrupulously repaid. He would likewise repay this. His resources were slimmer than usual, but he would repay. If he found he couldn't, he would go on shift at Bonanza Creek for Jones and work it out.

"That's all right," Bonanza assured him, with ponderous gravity. "That's all right. I'll stake you, Lepine. I'll stake you more'n once. But look a-here. Mebbe you'd better hit new ground. You've wrassled quite a while with that bench on Moose. Eh?"

"I dunno," Lepine answered, moodily. "Just as you say, Bonanza. I don't want to go sinking your money there if you don't like it, and—"

"Not me!" Bonanza interrupted. "Run your own show, Lepine. You know your own business best. I was only suggesting. Savvy? Have you any faith in yon ground?"

"I ain't got faith in any ground."

"Go on! It's come to that, eh? Well, Lepine, there's a saying that you got to put a dollar in to get a dollar out. But you beat that saying a thousand miles. Specially on that bench on Moose."

Lepine rose uneasily to his feet. "Tell me what to do," he pleaded. "I'll jump it if you say so."

"Not me," demurred Bonanza. "I ain't driving you. I leave it to yourself."

"But I don't know what to do."

"Neither do I."

"Tell me," Lepine blurted desperately.

"I can't," beamed the genial Bonanza.

Lepine mouthed some savage imprecation, and his eye roved fiercely over the Tivoli alive with its lucky squanderers. Bonanza's glance somewhat stupidly followed his across the seething bar, across the gambling tables in the alcove, across the dancing floor to the gaudy tent of the Circassian fortune-teller.

"Thunder!" he exclaimed. "Let's ask Carlotta."

"Who?" demanded Lepine, uncomprehendingly.

"Carlotta! Ask her anything. She answers. Come on." He dragged the astonished Lepine after him, ploughing through a crowd of merry-makers and dancers. These were as astonished as Lepine. Smiles turned to scowls, and angry murmurs that boded trouble arose. But Bonanza waved off the trouble-makers. He had Lepine in tow. He was a favourite habitue of the Tivoli. He could do as he pleased. He would do it, too. This was his business and no one else's—unless it might be Lepine's. He landed the dumbfounded sixth-or-seventh-breed right up against the table placed across the entrance of the fortune-teller's tent and threw down a ten-dollar gold piece.

Of course Carlotta was no Circassian. She really hailed from Los Angeles. But she had a splash of Spanish blood in her, and when she pencilled her eyebrows, put a dab of red on her cheeks and a band of red ribbon across her black hair, arranged rings on her fingers and ears and bangles



on her arms, she undoubtedly filled the part. "Cards?" she asked, with a smile.

Bonanza looked at Lepine, but Lepine was speechless.

"No," Bonanza answered for him.

"Palm?"

"No. Questions. Ready?"

Carlotta put aside the pack of cards and the palm chart, and took up the crystal ball, into which she gazed intently. "Ready," she breathed, softly.

"Dig in," Bonanza urged Lepine. "You have twelve questions. Ask. She'll answer."

Lepine was not equal to the occasion. Between amazed embarrassment and a secret confused delight he remained unable to frame questions. "You—you ask," he implored Bonanza.

Bonanza leaned over the table. "Will it make any difference, madam," he inquired, blandly, "to the—hem—meedjum if I asks this man's questions?"

"Not at all," replied Carlotta, flashing her dark eyes a second and then letting them drop dreamily to the crystal ball.

"Well, here goes. Question first: Should Lepine go on working that there bench on Moose?"

"No," Carlotta answered, promptly.

Bonanza nodded knowingly at Lepine. "Told you so," he muttered.

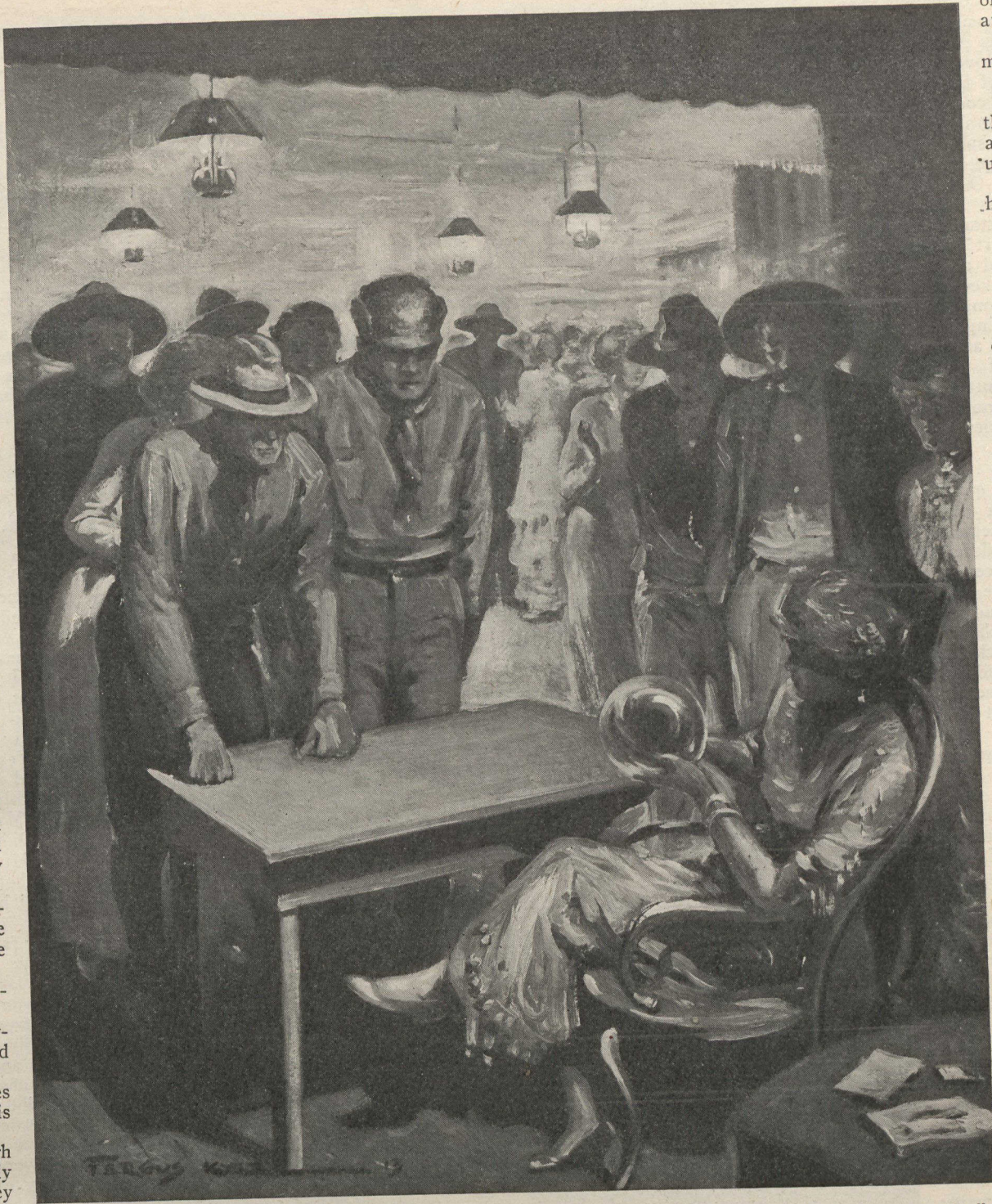
"Question two: Does he make his stake this year?"

There was a loud laugh from the whole assembly gathered round. They had left the flowing fountain, the gaming table, and the dancing floor, to see the phenomenon of a sixth-or-seventh-breed having his fortune told.

Bonanza glowered on the interrupters and gravely repeated his question. "Does he make his stake this year?"

"Yes," came the prompt reply again.

Lepine jumped. Bonanza jumped. The whole



"Carlotta put aside the pack of cards and took up the crystal ball into which she gazed intently."

crowd jumped, and then a derisive yell burst from it.

"Shut up," Bonanza warned, shaking his fist. "We're paying for these questions. You got to give us a run for our money."

"That's right, Bonanza," his intimate friends applauded. "Go on and run. You've got the jinx

peared in Carlotta's eyes again. "Rye!" echoed Bonanza, blankly. "He can't farm them river bluffs. What you stringing us for? He ain't a miller, either. And he can't run a hotel there. You sure got us going now, madam. Will Lepine go out this fall with this farm or this mill

(Continued on page 23.)

on the move. We ain't afraid for you."

"Is it a big stake?" demanded Bonanza.

"Yes."

Again the start, again the shuffle and jeer, and again Jones' hand went up.

"A big stake, eh? Hem, hem—what creek?"

"The Yukon."

"Whereabouts?"

"The bluffs."

"What bluffs?"

"Across the river."

The crowd buzzed with excitement now. Bonanza was all worked up. He leaned hands on the table, bending forward with Lepine's face staring sphinx-like over his shoulder, and popped his questions out faster than repeating rifle fire.

"Creek gold?"

"No."

"Placer?"

"No."

"Quartz?"

"No."

"For heaven's sake! What new kind of gold, then?"

"No kind of gold."

"What!" shouted Bonanza, wrathfully. "You said it'd be big. Now what in tarnation—"

"Mebbe it's something else, Bonanza," broke in one of his admirers. "Coal. Iron. Furs. Timber. Moosemeat. Lots of things a body can make a stake out of!"

"Oh!" Bonanza grunted, somewhat relieved. "I was sure forgetting that. Question eleven. Ain't it? Yes. I'll give it to you straight, madam. What'll he make it out of?"

A silence fell in the Tivoli. Every man and woman there was more interested than he or she would have admitted.

"Rye." The flashing, semi-humorous gleam ap-

# THE CHANGED LETTERS

Concerning the Predicament Which Befel Swift-foot Hydo in the Role of Mail-Carrier

By H. A. CODY

Author of "The Frontiersman," "The Long Patrol," etc.  
Illustration by Arthur Heming

then plenty of food would be theirs. How they did bound over the snow, their leader, faithful animal that he was, setting the pace.

But just when visions of food and rest were brightest to master and dogs a circumstance occurred which banished them in an instant. Crossing the mouth of a stream which flowed into the larger one, the ice suddenly gave way, and man and several of the dogs were plunged into the cold water. The leader, however, and three of his companions were on firm ice, and realizing the danger, exerted all their strength, and as the rest of the dogs scrambled out one by one they were able to drag out the sled and their drenched master.

This unlooked for mishap changed the order of events, and with a grunt of disgust Swift-foot Hydo headed his team for the shore. It did not take him long to start a good fire, for his matches, kept in a case made of two cartridge shells which fitted closely together, were perfectly dry. As the dogs

huddled around the cheerful blaze Hydo slowly dried his wet garments.

Then he thought of the mail. The letters, kept in a strong box, were thoroughly soaked, and as he gazed upon them a puzzled expression spread over his dusky face. Then a light came into his eyes which was not caused by the fire. A thought had taken possession of him, and with Hydo to think was to act. He noticed that the water had caused the envelopes to become unsealed. Drawing forth the drenched letters he laid them against a stick placed a short distance from the fire, so the heat would dry but not burn them.

WITH a smile of satisfaction at his own clever plan the Indian continued the work of drying his clothes. When this was finished, the letters were dry as well, so gathering them together he began to put them back into the envelopes. But alas! though Swift-foot Hydo was well versed in woodland lore he had never acquired the gentle art of reading, and to him the envelopes were all the same. So the tender sighings of some fair maiden to her northern lover found shelter in an envelope

**B**LEAKNESS, bleakness everywhere, on land, river, and lake. The great northern Mackenzie River was bridged with icy bands, over which swept the piercing wind in its cruel, onward course. The banks, piled with drifts of snow, appeared like huge breakers rolling in on some surf-beaten shore. The stunted trees, which were hardy enough to endure such a climate, trembled as the gusts of wind howled through their branches. Nowhere does Nature seem so dominant as in some wind-swept region in the northland.

But Swift-foot Hydo did not seem to mind the wind and the cold as he sped on his way the day before Christmas. The short winter day was shutting down, and darkness would soon be upon the land. But that was nothing to him. For years he had followed the same trail, carrying the mail from one trading post to another, and no danger or difficulty had ever stopped this intrepid native. Swift as the deer, strong as the moose, he laughed the driving wind to scorn, and with a whoop to his faithful huskies sped on his way. The dogs well knew that their long journey was almost over, and in a few hours Fort-O-Rest would be reached, and

marked for one of the company's men; while a lengthy epistle from a venerable bishop to one of his missionary clergy was pushed into the envelope addressed to the young lover. And in this helter-skelter manner the rest of the letters were disposed of. With a grunt of complete satisfaction the Indian returned the letters to the box, harnessed the dogs, and was soon speeding across the snow as if nothing had occurred.

The trading post, Fort-O-Rest, was an unusually busy place this Christmas Eve. The Indians had gathered in from their distant hunting grounds, and were encamped but a short distance away. During this season the trader did a stirring business, and many fine furs were received and food and clothing given in exchange. Among the returned hunters were several white men, English and French, drawn northward by the spirit of adventure, and the hope of gain. They were a motley, venturesome crew, to whom there was nothing attractive in the luxuries of civilization.

**F**ORT-O-REST was a quaint fur-trading post in that dreary northern wilderness. Several buildings surrounded it, belonging to the employees of the Great Company. There were other buildings as well, such as the mission house, and church, hunters' and trappers' shacks, to say nothing of the Indians' lodges, all occupied at this season of the year. But the most conspicuous building in this little village was the Big House where the trading was carried on. This was built entirely of logs, squat and of a very humble appearance. But to the inhabitants of that region it was a place of considerable importance, forming, as it did, the centre of business, law, and authority. The Indians looked upon it with pride mingled with awe. To them it was an outward and visible sign of a power they could not understand which controlled the destiny of the country. The flag floating from its slender staff, with the large letters H. B. C. upon it, was to them a marvellous thing. But greater than the flag, building, or company, in fact, was the Factor in charge of the post. The interior of the building was a rough, rude place, but the man grown old in the service, who stood behind the counter, was a wonder in their eyes. He had been there so long that they looked upon him as a part of the place. Year after year he had stood behind that same counter receiving their furs and measuring out in exchange cloth of many colours, kept on the shelves placed along the walls. There were numerous other things that store contained, from candy, beads, pipes, and tobacco, to beans, flour, and rifles. The natives were not lined up in front of the counter this Christmas Eve, as was their usual custom. They remained in the background, and squatted upon the floor against the opposite wall. Every available space was utilized by Indian men, women, and children. On their right was the large rack, erected for rifles and shot-guns, while piled around were bags of flour, and beans, sides of ham, and slabs of bacon. The natives watched with much interest the white men who had crowded into the store. Some were sitting around the large stove, puffing at their blackened pipes, while others were leaning against the counter. They were engaged in an earnest conversation, and the talk centred upon one person.

"**H** E'S a mean cur, that's what I call him," Big Alec was saying, as he cut a generous piece from a large plug of tobacco, and deliberately gazed upon it before putting it into his mouth. "He's been here now nigh onto two years, an' last Christmas, when we asked him to jine us in our little doin's, he refused pint blank. An' now he stays over yon in his shack, an' when I asked him to-night to chip in an' jine us in a real downright good time he agin refused, sayin' he had bad luck,

an' sich trash."

"I say, pardner," drawled out Swift-water Bill, a regular Nimrod, who was cleaning the barrel of his rifle, "d'ye see that arm? There's no weakness there, an' afore to-morrow night that same cudgel 'ill straighten up Hugh Slater, strong though he is, an' teach him not to put on airs in this land."

"Me no savvy," chimed in Little Pete, a typical French-Canadian. "Brave garcon, heem, don't care for not'ing, an' strong as de diable also. Las' winter, w'en beeg moose chase me up a tree, an' kep' me dere tree hour, till me froze almos', Hughie heem come by an' shoot dat moose dead. Mon Dieu! heem brave garcon, an' me no savvy w'y he sit dere sam' he don't care 'bout not'ing on dis place."

"Look here, men," spoke up Big Alec again,



"With a smile of satisfaction at his own clever plan the Indian continued the work of drying his clothes."

"we've talked enough about that cur, not only now, but all through the past year, so let's do something. Suppose we go over to his shack and knock some of his importance out of him, an' if he doesn't agree to jine us in our doin's to-morrow, by the muzzle of my rifle, we'll make this the hottest place he ever struck."

"Here, here," cried several, "and let's waste no time about it, either."

They started to their feet and were making for the door, when a shout and jingle of bells were heard without, and in an instant Swift-foot Hydo appeared in the doorway, covered with snow and frost. A shout of welcome greeted the courier, and for a time Hugh Slater was forgotten. Eagerly the men watched the trader as he coned the letters. Most of them were for the company's men, and for the missionary who worked among the Indians, whilst one was for Hugh Slater, and another for Big Alec.

Without delay the latter drew forth the letter. It was nothing to him that the envelope was soiled and open, for he knew how much handling it had undergone in its long journey to the northland. But as he began to read a puzzled look came into his eyes, and glancing to the bottom of the letter

he gave vent to an exclamation which caused his companions to inquire what was wrong.

"Wrong!" Big Alec replied in disgust, "this letter is addressed to me, but the writin' within is to that cur from his mother, who signs herself Agnes Slater. How in the name of all creation did it get here!"

**A**S the rest were staring in wonder at such a marvellous thing the trader drew their attention by an ejaculation of astonishment.

"Look here," he said, "the letters are all open. I did not notice it in the hurry and excitement of the moment. What can it mean? Say, Hydo," and he addressed himself to the Indian, who was sitting by the fire enjoying some food which had been given him, "do you know how these letters came to be open?"

Then, as if nothing more than usual had occurred, the native told about the accident, the drenched letters, and how he had dried them before the fire.

When the Indian had finished there was silence for an instant, and then roars of laughter came from the men.

"Well that is rich," cried one.

"Rich? I should say so," repeated another. "And to think that Alec should get the one sent to that cur. Say, boys, let's read it. I daresay it's all baby talk about her little tootsey, and the awful dangers and hardships he meets; it'll be a fine spree."

"Yes, Alec," cried the rest, "read it."

Nothing loth, Big Alec began:

"My dearest son, Hughie."

"Didn't I tell you what it would be like?" interrupted the prophet.

"I have sad news for you, my son," Alec continued. "Your poor father, after months of suffering, passed away yesterday. His last words were for you. As you know, our home where we lived for so many years was heavily mortgaged owing to sickness and financial trouble, and was about to be taken from us. On the morning of the day of the sale the money reached us from you, my own dear son, and we were thus able to save our old home. Your little sister Eva is no better, and the doctor says that a change to some warmer climate is the only thing that can save her life. She is always talking about the money you said you would send her when you came in with your furs next Christmas. I wish you could see her sweet face brighten when we speak of what the trip will do for her. You are our only support and comfort now. Oh, my dear son—"

Here the reader was interrupted by several voices.

"Hold, Alec," they cried;

"that's enough. For God's sake,

stop! Them's too sacred things for us to meddle with."

And Big Alec was nothing loth to do so. Rough as he was in speech and manner, his heart was big and tender, and as he read he felt a huskiness in his voice and a dimness in his eyes, though he tried to conceal it. To that sturdy hunter arose a picture of another home. He saw several loved forms, and heard the fond words of farewell the last time he had looked into his parents' eyes. That was years ago, and his parents were at rest. But as he was reading the letter the whole scene came back to him with great clearness.

**A**ND Big Alec was not the only one who was much affected. It was evident that the hearts of all present were touched, and more than one brushed his sleeve across his eyes. Swift-water Bill suddenly realized that his rifle needed more cleaning, and the trader remembered that the fire was getting low, and fell over a box in his effort to get a stick of wood. It was Little Pete who at length broke the silence which was becoming painful.

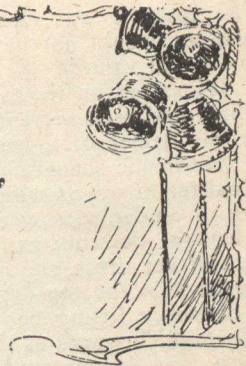
"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, "me was leetle fool, (Concluded on page 30.)"



# His Last Angel

## A Story of Christmas Eve

### By MABEL BURKHOLDER



Drawings by Arthur Lismer

"**I** DECLARE!" exclaimed Miss Jane Hollowell, while her brows went up, as if they had a notion of running under cover of her loosely coiled hair. "Well, well! I do say!"

But instead of expressing what was in her mind, as she declared and said she would, Miss Jane simply sat back among the papers and books of her well-stocked study-table and stared. Backing up against the inside of her closed door stood a small boy. He might have turned the knob, but she had an uncanny feeling that he had come through the solid panels. He was as thin as a spirit.

On second inspection, however, the lady realized that many things about her visitor were very material. He wore the ragged, unravelled end of a toboggan-cap, drawn securely down over his head, and a tight, faded sweater-coat that enhanced the extreme slenderness of his figure. His hands were bare, while ugly, mis-shapen shoes, that scarcely clung to his feet, showed through gaping seams two rows of small, blue toes.

As one assured of his welcome, the child advanced into the room with a smile. Ah, it was his smile that had suggested spirits to Miss Jane! When his large, blue eyes lit up and his lips curved dreamily, his humanity became a threadbare cloak through which too much soul was visible.

Halting before Miss Hollowell's desk, with one hand resting confidently against its corner, he whisked off his ragged cap and commenced to sing:

"Christmas time has come again,  
Christmas bells are ringing;  
Let us join the holy songs  
Angels now are singing.  
Christ, the Lord, has come to earth,  
Bringing peace to mortals,  
God's great gift to men is given,  
Heaven unbars its portals."

It was a startlingly sweet voice that glided away into the gloomiest corners of the big, silent room. There was a haunting appeal in its childish intonation, of which the guileless singer was entirely unconscious. He was so cold that it engaged all his powers to keep a tremor out of the notes. In places the tune went very high. He approached the note with a frown and an expression of dire anxiety, to be succeeded by a smile of triumph as he came safely sliding down the low notes with which the carol ended.

At the conclusion of the verse he had paused and eyed his audience dubiously. Receiving no rebuke, he essayed a second stanza.

"Raise the triumph loud and high,  
Angels bending o'er us,  
Heaven sings, let earth reply  
To the exulting chorus.  
Soon before our Father's face,  
Tuneful praises bringing,  
We shall walk in heavenly grace,  
Ever gladly singing."

"It's Christmas eve," he ventured, as the song ended.

"So it is," responded Miss Jane, crisply.

"Don't you do anything special?" he asked.

Miss Jane's blue eyes looked keen and cold behind her rimless glasses.

"I wish you would go away, little boy. Don't you see I am very busy?"

He gave her a dubious inspection from under his drooping lashes. Gradually he appeared to grow more uncertain of his ground. The slender shoulders drooped in disappointment, and the eyes held mists of tears bravely forced back.

"I—I believe I came to the wrong place. You are not the one. I was looking for the lady who likes little boys and girls," he apologized.

MISS HALLOWELL listened to the uneven pit-pat of his clumsily shod feet down the long hall of the big apartment building. Then she arose and closed the door.

"Singing for money, evidently," she remarked to

her desk, as she flung herself back to her work. "Something new for this town. A thing that should never be encouraged. It fosters the begging spirit."

The telephone at her elbow rang. A fashionable dame had called up to inquire whether it would be suitable to allow children to attend the meeting at which Miss Hollowell was to speak that evening. She declared through the instrument that her young people, along with all the children of the town, considered Miss Hollowell their own exclusive heroine, and that nothing affronted them more deeply than to be denied the privilege of hearing every word she had to say.

"The lady who likes little boys and girls!" Ah, the street urchin had made no mistake. It was so that Miss Hollowell had been featured in the city dailies ever since she had taken up the public playground work. She did love children. She did work for them. But an individual case—such as had confronted her a few minutes ago—well, she hardly had time to consider them. Her field was so very wide.

She dashed off a dozen words with her pen, immediately scratching them out.

"It's an odd thing," she muttered, in strong disgust, "that I cannot get my thoughts into shape once I have been disturbed. I might as well give up the attempt at making notes. It will come to me when I get on the platform, for I never was bothered with lack of something to say. I'll go and dress."

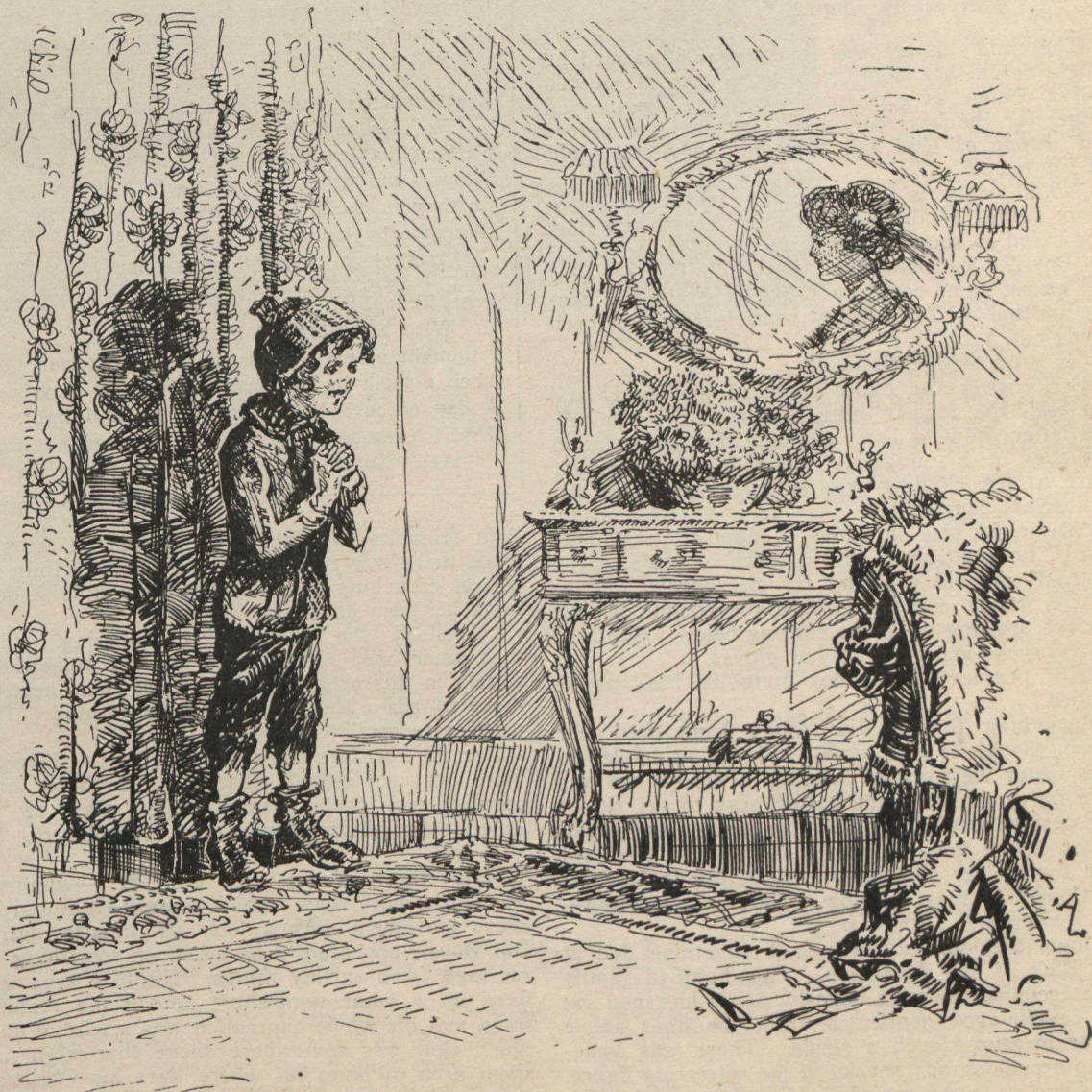
Miss Jane Hollowell occupied a suite of rooms in the Balmoral, a fashionable apartment building on a broad and beautiful avenue. In all she had taken five rooms, a large front office, and four elegant apartments in the rear for her personal use. Two doors opened into the public hall, one from the office, the other from the living-room. The

office was also connected with the living-rooms by an inner door.

This Christmas eve was a night of victory for Miss Hollowell. It marked the culmination of a very daring scheme, which for many months had been spurred forward by the point of her flame-tipped pen. There had been a covert disposition to sneer when Miss Hollowell announced in the drawing-rooms of the wealthy, where she was a spoiled favourite, that she intended taking up public work for poor children. But so cleverly had she turned the current of public thought, and so deeply stirred the consciences of her fellow-townsmen, that the most conservative critic was being forced to admit her influence in civic life. It was surely cause for self-gratulation to reflect how she had defeated those sapient sages on the city board, who, first, last, and always, had wet-blanketed her scheme. It was coming in as surely as the New Year. The next civic election would see the inauguration of the new system, because the people had declared in favour of more open spaces, more parks, more playgrounds, more pure air in the over-crowded districts of the city. Rich and poor were alike rising up and calling her blessed.

POPULAR praise was becoming a hashish to Miss Jane. It was with the dreamy complacency of one drugged by the sweetness of her own thoughts that she sauntered up to her dressing-table and surveyed herself in the polished depths of her mirror.

The elegant figure thrown back by the mirror's reflection was a fitting tenant for the sumptuous apartment. She had donned a gown of wine-coloured velvet, with rare old lace at the throat.



"He clasped his hands in an ecstasy of joy."

The costume was exceedingly simple, but a connoisseur would not have been deceived thereby as to its real value.

Before her on the table lay a costly trifle, a gift which had been presented to her a few days before by the dames of a benevolent society of the city. It was in the shape of a pendant, and its heart was a cluster of pearls which gleamed softly from their bed of tender, moss-green satin. After toying with it several moments, as if to try its effect against the lace of her dress, she replaced it in its box and restored it to the top drawer of the dressing-table.

Presently lifting her head with that curious instinct which warns us that a living presence is near, Miss Jane encountered the round, wondering eyes of the street urchin, whose presence in her office had so perturbed her thoughts. At sight of the lady in her gorgeous array, standing in the centre of the softly lighted room, with the red glow of the grate flickering over her wonderful hair and dress, he clasped his little blue hands in an ecstasy of joy.

"Oh, my last angel! My very last angel of all! Now I have found you! I knew you lived in this house."

It was as if a beautiful dream, long cherished, was coming true. The child's eyes were wonderful as he drank her in, their owner evidently making no connection between the brusque, strictly-tailored woman of business in the outer office, and the dream-lady with the shimmering lights in her hair. "I'd like to sing you a piece," said the child, confidently, as he sidled a little nearer the glowing grate.

Again speech failed the caustic tongue of Miss Jane. She sank into an armchair, and the child stood bravely up on the hearth-rug and put his hands behind his back.

"Christmas time has come again,  
Christmas bells are ringing;  
Let us join the holy songs  
Angels now are singing."

HE took the final run with considerable spirit now, because he was warmer. It was a very true little soprano voice that carried the carol along to its close. Miss Jane listened willingly, though she was beginning to know the words by heart.

The last lines were particularly appealing:

"Soon before our Father's face,  
Tuneful praises bringing,  
We shall walk in heavenly grace,  
Ever gladly singing."

The child's aspect was so ethereal, it seemed he might reach that happy state very soon. It needed but a change of garments to convert him into an angel for the heavenly choir that are ever before the throne of God and serve him day and night in his temple.

"Child, what is your name?" asked the lady, more stirred by the visitor on her hearth-rug than she cared to show in her crisp tones.

"Boysie," he answered.

The pet name confirmed Miss Jane's mental conviction that the child had at some former time been loved and cared for.

"Is your mother living?"

For answer the child advanced his hands and his feet, the former quite guiltless of wrappings, the latter showing bare and blue through holes in the toes of his ungainly footwear. The present state of his clothing was sufficient proof of his motherless condition.

"My right size in shoes is number tens, felt-lined," he announced, with a touch of pride.

"And why did you sing for me, Boysie?"

Miss Jane's ear had caught the sound of her taxicab drawing up at the curbing below. She rose as she spoke and drew on her gloves.

"For pennies!" The boy hung his head as he replied.

Something forced Miss Jane's hand into her purse, though it was against all her principles to thus foster the spirit of begging. Perhaps she was in a hurry and took the easiest way to get rid of her persistent visitor. She told herself she might better throw the coin away, she felt so confident that some older person was instigating the boy.

"Come! I must go now. Here is something—ah, I knew it! I knew it!"

Down the long, shadowy hall something fled at the click of the door-knob. The dignified family who occupied the suite opposite never hastened so; the middle-aged gentleman from the floor above never measured such a stride. There was something crouching and sneaky in the retreating figure.

"Some of your crowd!" Miss Jane exclaimed, wrathfully. "A father, or a brother, ready to take the money out of your hand and fling it over the

counter of the corner saloon. Get along there, you little fraud! It's the same story with all of your kind."

THE child whimpered as he dodged her uplifted arm. She scarcely marked the course he took, as she nervously turned the key in the locks of both hall doors. When she reached the street the disturber of her peace was out of sight.

The sudden transit from the red-and-gold room to the blue-grey night was startling. Overhead the arch of sapphire was set with myriads of diamonds, whose hard, white points of light seemed to diffuse cold rather than warmth. A dash of grey indicated the street and a streak of lighter grey the curbing. At the corner the street-lamp, like the stars, seemed to intensify the cold by rendering visible the swirls of snow drifting down from the roofs.

Miss Hallowell gathered her furs about her closely as the chauffeur opened the door of the taxicab.

"Drive rapidly!" she commanded.

The machine backed and swerved; and as the

## A DREAM

BY H. McK. PEASE.

AS I stood alone on a still summer night,  
With everything sleeping around me,  
I looked at the stars in the heavens so  
bright

And was caught by the wonder, and power, and  
might

Of the "Force" that had planned so vast a scheme,  
Till the earth seemed dead, and life a dream  
Of a strange world passing before me.

A world that seemed filled with a deadly fear,—  
A terror that gripped and tore me,  
For the stars went out and the dawn was near,  
But a dawn of mists and a day so drear,  
That my heart stood still and I cried aloud,  
Then hid me away all trembling and cowed  
At the things that passed before me.

Then I knew that in some pre-historic age  
I'd wakened; and all around me  
Were creatures of horror, who'd come to assuage  
Their thirst at the lake—Oh, God! how they rage.  
I knew I'd been hiding for thousands of years,  
Hiding and running,—a weak thing of fears,  
In terror of all around me.

I watched the years as they rolled away,  
Peoples and Nations before me;  
Nations that rose and fell in a day,  
When some greater power enforced their sway,  
Or they in their turn were ground to dust,  
O'ercome by ignorance, pride and lust,—  
Awake! ye peoples around me.

I stood alone on a still summer morn,  
With all things waking around me,  
I thought of my dream and my spirit was torn:  
Then a flush in the East—a new day was born!  
A day of such beauty and peace and light,  
That I knew that the scheme of things was right  
And "Love" made all things around me.

light from its two great eyes flashed on the sidewalk, there was revealed to the woman within two figures crouching on a stone step a couple of doors from her own building.

"Boysie!" she exclaimed, shuddering. "And that other one! Why don't they go somewhere? Surely in this prosperous city there is no need for them to roam the streets in this fashion. They exasperate me!"

For all her furs Miss Hallowell was shivering. With her eyes closed she could see those little, purplish toes peeping out between slits of old leather; and their coldness was her coldness.

THE larger of the two wanderers—who was little more than a child himself—followed her every movement with a look of intense hatred. But Boysie appeared to be intent on something far removed from earthly things. His blue eyes were fixed on a point somewhere among the remotest stars, and his whole expression was a wistful question. God was somewhere above that high and silent arch of blue, but where were his Christmas angels, those beings supposed to diffuse blessing and goodwill over the earth at the festal season? She, whom, for some fancy of his own, he had

designated as "his last angel," had failed him. Boysie's outlook on life was one of utter despondency, as if he had just discovered that the last of that beautiful order of beings had died out.

"Christmas time has come again,  
Christmas bells are ringing—"

As Miss Hallowell repeated the words she wondered what pleasure Christmas had ever brought to Boysie that he sang of it so enthusiastically. Bah! What was Christmas anyway but a big farce, a time when people wheedled things out of you, and no one could be surprised with a gift, their only surprise being when the gift was not as large as they anticipated.

"I don't think I—I can talk to-night," she said, unsteadily, as she was met in the reception-room by the chairman. "I feel quite upset."

The chairman looked at her dubiously. Certainly he had never known Miss Hallowell to be afflicted with "nerves."

"Very cold—very cold night, indeed!" For Miss Jane was shivering visibly. "You will be all right when you get warm."

"Perhaps," she replied, and made a masterful effort to think clearly and continuously on the subject in hand.

"It is no use!" she exclaimed, in agitation. "I must do something first. Send Jimmy to me."

Almost immediately the boy in question stood before her. He was a favourite with Miss Hallowell, high in her confidence and thoroughly trusted.

"Jimmy," she instructed, hurriedly, "take this key and unlock the doors of my rooms. Then go, find two people sitting on a step a couple of doors away. Tell them to go in and warm themselves. Tell them to get so hot that they glow all over. No, no questions necessary. I do not even know their names. Only, Jimmy, isn't it a bitter night for little bare fingers—and toes?"

Jimmy took the keys hesitatingly, but hurried away, as it was part of his creed to obey his Miss Jane.

"I am ready now," she reported, tranquilly, as the chairman again came into the room. "It is because I am no longer a walking lie," she added to herself.

It cut her to the heart that she should have failed in so small a thing. She had only been called upon to warm a baby's feet. And she had been found wanting—she who had said so much, so very much, about the strangers of the city whom no person had taken in.

MISS HALLOWELL'S talk was given in a very chastened spirit that evening. A pathos ran through it hitherto unknown to the speaker, who convinced by a cold and brilliant logic rather than by an excited imagination. This time she mentioned little children's bare feet running over frosty pavements in a language as vivid as if she saw them before her eyes, and the appeal pierced straight to the hearts of her audience. Before she had only aimed to increase her own glory by defeating her opponents, she, a woman, carrying through reforms single-handed. To-night Miss Jane Hallowell was a nonentity. Her subject had engulfed her.

Not until she sat down did a remembrance of the pearl pendant flash through her mind. She had thought when she instructed Jimmy to throw open her door that there was very little to attract a dishonest person. The furniture and fixtures were solid and heavy; no money was left exposed to view; all other jewels were locked in the office safe. But the pendant, representing many, many dollars, lay in an open box in a top drawer—and the newspapers had described it the night before!

Wings could not have carried her home fast enough. Again her mind swung like a pendulum to the opposite extreme. Why had she acted so foolishly? Ah, it was the little blue toes had made her do it, and if her whole house was sacked she would still be comfortable in the knowledge that her fire had warmed them.

The door of the living-room stood slightly ajar. The crimson glow of the grate threw a circle of ruddy cheer over immediate objects, chasing the soft-shooped shadows far into the corners. As Miss Jane advanced into the ring of light she was made aware that two figures crouched against her davenport, and at the warm end near the fire she recognized Boysie's feet. The rest of the outline was vague, the two figures thrown so closely together that she could not distinguish one from the other. It was as if the older boy had thrown himself across the body of the little one.

"Why do you sit so?" demanded Miss Jane.

No response.

"Did Boysie get his feet warm?"

(Concluded on page 30.)

# An Original Christmas Gift

How the Career of Bryce Webster Came to a Benevolent Climax on Christmas Morning, 1912

By ETHELWYN WETHERALD

Illustration by T. W. Mitchell.

ON Christmas morning, 1912, I was a guest in the hospitable home of my old college class-mate, Bryce Webster. Bryce had married rather late in life a woman of a singularly lovely nature, and there was something in their look and manner toward each other, and in the conduct of their two beautiful children, that seemed to indicate an unusually happy marriage. Far be it from a bachelor like myself to imply that the majority of matrimonial ventures are not felicitous, but in the domestic demeanor of my friend there was something almost poetic. If in a thousand happy homes we say that 999 men are kind to their wives and that the thousandth man is not only kind but polite (and it is astonishing how much easier it is for a man to be kind to his wife or mother than it is for him to be polite to her), then the arrangement will still leave Webster in a class by himself. For he not only treated Mrs. Webster with kindness plus politeness, but there was seemingly a delicate and sympathetic understanding between them whereby he ministered to her higher needs in a way that can only be called poetic.

That Christmas morning, for instance, he made her radiantly, and as one might say, almost un-governably, happy. I wasn't supposed to notice it, of course, being occupied with Webster's gift to myself, but I couldn't help seeing him go over to his wife and expose to her view something—a very diminutive something—in the palm of his hand. She gave a little, low murmur (was it of rapture or amazement?), and riveted her eyes upon the treasure for a full minute. Then she caught it from him with a look of such grateful happiness that in decency I had to avert my eyes. "Don't let the children see it," breathed Webster, with almost silly self-consciousness in his voice, and there was a movement of fluttering fingers at the front of her dress, where, doubtless, the precious gift was deposited. Then the children came down stairs exclaiming over the goodness of Santa, and we all went out to breakfast with the feeling that singing choirs of angels were almost visibly "among those present."

All through the meal, under the Christmas jollity that little people know so well how to prolong and intensify, I found myself wondering as to the nature of the small object that my friend had bestowed upon his wife. He was a man of some means, so the offering of a jeweled bauble could not be so rare an event as to waken the utmost depths of gratitude. Also why should he wish a gift to his wife to be kept secret from their children? I could not solve the problem, but, in spite of (nay, rather because of) Mrs. Webster's radiantly grateful face, I felt subtly disappointed in her. What, after all, is a precious stone? A tangible, material thing that can be weighed and measured. To my rather exacting bachelor mind a woman who raves over silks or gems is only a little less uncivilized than she who exclaims over delicious foods. The lust of the eye is not so very far superior to the desire of the palate.

MY curiosity was destined to be satisfied that same night. The children had long since been taken off to bed and a few hours later their mother followed them, leaving us in undisturbed enjoyment of the open fire, the cosy solitude and that tendency to make confidences that assails even the middle-aged at the intimate midnight hour. I had been examining a few of the Christmas gifts that had drifted into the Webster establishment—books, curios, superfluities of artistic make—nearly

all expensive and conventional. "I suppose," I said at last, "it would be a difficult thing to devise a wholly original Christmas present."

"I don't know about that," declared Webster. "I honestly think I gave my wife this morning the most original gift of her life. It fairly took her breath away and it will take her weeks to get accustomed to it."

"Something unique in jewels, eh?"

He laughed—a long, loud, satirical roar. "Oh, it's a gem fast enough. I don't doubt my wife considers it a gem."

Again I lapsed into wonderment. Why should Mrs. Webster consider her husband's gift to be a precious stone unless it was precisely that? I dare say the silence was vocal with marks of interrogation, for presently his laughter ceased, he pulled

throwing to the chickens at home, and the tender beef that was flung to the dogs, and the harvest apples and honey-heart pears we youngsters used to pelt each other with, and then I wondered just how far I could make seven cents go toward getting me a good, substantial breakfast. It's well enough to say that semi-starvation makes the thoughts clear. So it does. It makes them as clear as a pail of spring water and just about as thin. There comes a day when good, nourishing food is as un-get-on-without-able as coal to an engine. You simply must have it.

"On one such day there came a letter addressed in a masculine hand, which, when opened, disclosed a brief note from my uncle Ezra, to which was pinned a five-dollar bill. While my lips were forming inarticulate expressions of thanksgiving and praise, my feet were bearing me swiftly to an eating-house, the very odours of which were more to be desired than those of hyacinths and pomegranates—

if the latter have any odour; they sound as if they ought to have. But after sating myself with beefsteak and baked potatoes and apple pie of a melting fullness and tenderness, the question naturally arose, Why should Uncle Ezra send me five of his usually closely cherished dollars? I could think of no possible reason. Uncle Ezra was an old bachelor with a fixed moderate income which he spent on his hobbies and on travel. In my infancy and childhood he had never bestowed so much as a copper upon me, although he had been profuse with the admonitions and warnings usually addressed to defenceless youth. Somehow I would as soon have expected a donation of dollars from a tax collector as from my Uncle Ezra. Yet there was the money—what was left of it—and I wrote him a heartfelt letter of thanks, of which he took not the smallest notice.

"THIS was not the first time my uncle surprised me. At irregular intervals, and invariably when I was re-

duced almost to my last cent and hardly knew where to turn for the next, a note would come from him with a thrice-welcome V enclosed. Clearly I had not done my uncle justice. He was endowed not only with bowels of compassion, but with uncommon gifts of clairvoyance—a mighty rare combination in this hard-headed old world. Not once during my college course did I have the chance to thank him in person, as he invariably spent his summers near the ocean, his health needing the tonic of salt air."

"But what has all this to do with your highly original Christmas gift?" I broke in, rather impatiently.

"Everything," said my friend, smilingly, "as you will see. On my visits home I renewed acquaintance with several old friends, among them Leslie Brant. Mrs. Brant's maiden name was Leslie; hence her daughter's prettily unusual cognomen. Leslie and I had grown up together, and I thought of her as a boy might think of a sister of whom he was fond and proud. I really was too young and inexperienced to appreciate her rare quality. She seemed to have eyes only for the beautiful; not the superficially attractive, but the essential spirit of people and things in its native perfection. She was a dressmaker not only by trade, but by affinity, and as each garment of her design was artistically beautiful and unfailingly emphasized the best points and concealed the defects of its wearer, she was sought out by women of individuality from neighbouring towns. All this failed to commercialize her

(Concluded on page 20.)



"I wasn't supposed to notice it of course, being occupied with Webster's gift to myself."

himself together and said, "I don't mind telling you the story, but I'll have to begin twenty years or so back, when you and I were at Toronto University."

"Begin when you were in petticoats," said I, "if it will throw any light on your highly original and unguessable present."

"Well, I think it would," he said, laughing again, "but I'll not take you so far back as all that. A farmer's boy, working his way through college, is young enough and inexperienced enough for my purpose. Do you remember the green gawk I used to be, with the smell of the soil on my shoes and my brain afire with dreams of future greatness? I don't suppose any person under two-score dare define his day-dreams. They belong to the immensities and eternities. I felt in the very marrow of my bones that I was destined to be something remarkable, and meantime I considered it a privilege to do anything in my power to further the development of so unusual a young person as myself. You smile, but that is the way youth feels about itself. It looks as if Mother Nature, realizing what hard bumps our self-esteem is going to get in this life, endows us with an ample amount in the beginning, so that we may not run entirely out in the dim and distant seventies.

"Anyway, I had plenty of bumps in my early years. You don't know, because you never have tried it, what it is to work your way through college. The petty economies, the constant anxiety, the downright hard work and the hunger! Why, I've wakened at night too hungry to sleep, and thought of the crusts soaked in good, sweet milk they were



## Widen the Rhodes Scholarship

**A** VERY unpleasant episode, related to the Rhodes scholars at Oxford and college athletics, again calls our attention to the melancholy fact that the splendid dream of Cecil Rhodes has proven about as difficult to live-out in our waking-hours as most dreams do. This incident is the adoption of regulations practically barring Rhodes scholars from competing on the athletic field with the immature boys who come up from the English Public Schools to Oxford. So far as I understand the facts, these regulations seem to me to be perfectly fair; but it is hardly to be expected that they will be viewed in that light by the college men overseas whom Rhodes sought by his bequest to unite in head and heart with the best of the youth of the United Kingdom. Rhodes scholars are graduates. The Oxford freshmen are genuine freshmen—four years at least behind the Rhodes scholars in maturity and athletic training. Is it fair to ask these Public School boys to compete on even terms with the selected athletes of the American and Colonial Colleges? The answer is obvious.

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**T**HE action taken at Oxford is for the purpose of rescuing undergraduate athletics from discouragement and neglect. If the English lads are never to win anything because they must compete with the cream of the overseas universities, selected in part at least because of their physical prowess, they will give up going in for games—and that would be a fatal departure in an English College. We should be willing to have our graduates go up against graduates; but, as soon as an Englishman graduates, he commonly leaves Oxford. Thus, so far as athletics are concerned, the initial mistake was in choosing the Rhodes scholars from among the graduates of the outside universities. They should have gone to Oxford as genuine freshmen—gone there from our high schools. But here would arise another difficulty. How could we have selected them at that stage in their development? We wanted to send our very best to Oxford—and that was the desire of Rhodes. So we thought the best plan would be to watch them all through a university course, and skim the cream on laureation day. Imagine what a haphazard business it would be, picking one Rhodes scholar from hundreds of High Schools!

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**Y**ET, in this, we have probably defeated the very central purpose of the founder of the Fund. His idea was that the brightest young men from the Anglo-Saxon family should meet together on brotherly and equal terms in the educational Athens of the Anglo-Saxon race. There they should "chum it," as College boys do all the world over—form close friendships which would outlast the years and defy the oceans to drown—get common ideals and so work together for the dominance of their race. It was the crowning project of an Empire-builder. It was magnificent—but it has led to the exclusion of the Rhodes scholars from the playing-fields of Oxford. It is enough to make the great South African turn over in his grave!

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**W**HERE he made his mistake was in failing to refer the matter to me! You will kindly notice my modesty. Rhodes was an Oxford man, and so naturally thought of grey old Oxford as the cradle of culture for the Anglo-Saxon race. But what he really wanted was not a common culture, but a common understanding and sympathy. That he could have found outside of Oxford as well as within her hoary walls. Then the day has passed when all the men who govern England and rule the Empire are either Oxford or Cambridge. Many of the men to the front to-day have never seen these Colleges except as visitors. The democracy has come in; and the democracy has its own schools. Westminster is fed by other streams than the Isis or the Cam. And the chosen youth of outside Anglo-Saxondom might just as well have been brought into contact with British life at other points as in the "quads" of these historic Colleges.

Oxford need not have been excluded; but neither need it have been exclusive.

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**A**S it is impractical to send freshmen from the overseas to Oxford, and as the sending of graduates does not accomplish the fraternizing purpose which Rhodes had in mind, how would it be to stick to our plan of selecting graduates, but to send them—not to Oxford—but to the British Isles? Give a man a travelling scholarship, with the sole condition attached that he shall spend at least six months out of each year in the British Isles. It would do him no harm—it would, indeed, do him much good—to encourage him to spend the other six months learning the world outside of the British Isles and of his own country. It is a good thing to gather all the youth of the Empire together in the Motherland and let them get acquainted and catch each other's points of view and imbibe the British spirit. If the Americans can be inoculated with the same spirit, so much

## Definitions of Christmas

*Twenty-five Bright and Briefly Expressed Ideas About the Great Festival,  
By Representative Canadian Women*

### The Artist's Miniature.

Elizabeth A. McGillivray Knowles.

From my earliest and tenderest recollection Christmas has always been to me a season of great joy—to be eagerly anticipated, to revel in during the too swiftly passing moments, to look back upon with happy memories.

\*\*\*

### A Word From the Hospital.

Miss M. A. Snively, Formerly Superintendent of the Toronto General Hospital.

Christmas to me is the time when it is the delight and duty of a hospital superintendent to make the institution "Home" to all the inmates alike—both sick and ministering.

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### A Line From the Actress.

Margaret Anglin, a Canadian.

Christmas customarily means work for me and a little play afterward, perhaps always bearing in mind the real meaning of the day and hoping the work will bring some pleasure to some one to make the day remembered.

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### A Message From the Suffragist.

Anne Anderson Perry, Newly-elected President of the Women's Civic League of Winnipeg.

The suffragist at Christmas suffereth long and is kind. She forgetteth that she is a "votary" and remembereth only that she is the "weak vessel" who must provide for man and child—unable as they are to live by bread alone—the cakes, candies and charities of life.

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### From the Book Critic.

Katherine Hale (Mrs. John Garvin).

A hurrying, madly impetuous crowd of new books surging up to the flood-tide of the publishers' year—Christmas—and borne on their shoulders from immortal and beloved friends, holiday-decked and familiar.

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### The Settlement Worker.

Edith C. Elwood, Head Worker at Evangelia Settlement, Toronto, With a Yearly Attendance of 130,000.

The season of holly and mistletoe is as a house of cheer wherein the wayfarer may find security, entertainment and revelation of the meaning of "Emmanuel," so learning to make a life.

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### The Professional Reader.

Jessie Alexander Roberts.

Christmas is the universal, humanitarian day for the Expression of Love—toward kinsfolk, friends and all mankind. "God bless everyone," said Tiny Tim, and so say I.

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### The Superintendent of Visiting Nurses.

Eunice H. Dyke, Department of Public Health, Toronto.

In a word, Christmas is a time when I wish for

the better. But I had rather see one French-Canadian there than ten Americans. That is a good thing, I say. But it would also be a good thing to let the youth of overseas communities get a true conception of Europe—of all it has to teach—of the vital fact that, in spite of our marvellous progress, Europe is still the dominant Continent and the conservator of all the best productions of the human race.

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**T**HEN our Rhodes scholars might be tempted to travel throughout the Empire. Special concessions might be made to those who would stay a certain time in India or spend a winter in Australasia or South Africa. They would come back to us with a far firmer grasp of the duties and responsibilities which confront Canadians to-day than if they had vibrated for a few terms between academic Oxford and foggy London. In these British centres, this new knowledge of the world will be largely secured at second-hand, seen through coloured glasses. First-hand, personally gathered information would be infinitely better. This sort of schooling would surely come as near to the Rhodes ideal as is possible. What he really wanted was that the youth of all the Empire could be made to realize its grandeur, its possibilities, its problems. He proposed to do this by making them all Oxford men. But this very end would be more surely attained by making them all Rhodes men.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

every child a Christmas stocking paid for by a loyal father, filled by a wise mother, and emptied at the home fireplace.

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### The Rose Culturist.

Ella Baines, Originator of the Rose Society of Ontario.

On this, the bright and blessed Day of Sharon's Rose, its fragrance fills our hearts. Kindly deeds, like St. Elizabeth's loaves, turn into roses of love, and earth becomes a garden again.

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### The Lady Principal.

Who Prefers to be Nameless.

To me, whoever I may happen to be, it means joy and happiness as the result of being freed from the presence and responsibility of "girls." Now, no proper lady principal would experience such joy, and no wise one would tell it. You see, then, that I am neither and so had better be—"Nameless."

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### A Canadian Author.

L. M. Montgomery (Mrs. Macdonald).

Christmas surely is the day when we are all blissful children again in honour and remembrance of "The Child."

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### A Pioneer Policewoman.

Alice Stebbins Wells, at Present a Visitor in Canada.

While Christmas is often very peculiarly overdone in ways which do not represent real service, the dropping out of Christmas thought and activity would be a distinct loss on account of its calling a concerted halt in the mad rush of daily demands, by holding before the world the motive and life of the One Supreme expression of Self-Sacrifice the world has ever known.

\*\*\*

### The Canadian Sportswoman.

Florence L. Harvey, Our Almost Champion Lady Golfer.

Christmas is the one time of the year when one realizes one's neighbour should be a partner instead of an opponent in the game of life.

\*\*\*

### The Cabinet Minister's Wife.

Mrs. George E. Foster, Wife of the Minister of Trade and Commerce.

Above all things this is a day of thankfulness for the most Sacred Gift to humanity. To the children a day of joy, for older people largely a day of memories, but for all a day of good cheer.

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### Another Word From the Capital.

Mrs. Thomas Crothers, Wife of the Minister of Labour.

We are often wisely reminded to remember the poor. In turn, may those fortunate ones enjoying the simple things of life give a thought to those

oppressed with the anxious cares of wealth and luxury.

❖ ❖

**A Voluntary From the Organist.**

Mrs. Mary E. Blight, Timothy Eaton Memorial Church, Toronto.

Christmas for the organist means, for the most part, leading the choir and congregation in new and sometimes old settings of the anthem of the angels—"Peace on earth, good will to men."

❖ ❖

**A Word From an Editor.**

Lucy Swanton Doyle, the Toronto Telegram's "Cornelia."

This is a time when we struggle to put the Christmas spirit into such words that they will make other people long to put them into acts.

❖ ❖

**The Woman Imperialist.**

Constance Rudyard Boulton.

The Christmas message of good cheer appeals to the Imperialist with especial significance through his belief that the dream of world peace may be brought nearer to ultimate realization by the unity and permanence of the British Empire.

❖ ❖

**The Travellers' Aid Officer.**

Flora Campbell, Superintendent of the Ottawa Women's Hostel and Travellers' Aid.

The Christmas season is a time for forgiveness, when our examples of love and the Christ-spirit should shine for those who have little opportunity of learning it otherwise.

**A Message From the Poet.**

Virna Sheard, Author of a Recent Book of Poems.

Holly we'll hang, with mistletoe above;  
God wot; to-day we'll sing a song of love!  
And we will trip on merry heel and toe  
With all the fair who lightly come and go.  
We will deny the years that are behind,  
And say that age is only in the mind.

❖ ❖

**The Tea-Room Mother.**

Laura M. Piper, Originator in Canada of the Aesthetic Tea Room.

Christmas time is a season of great activity, when the practical knowledge and cultivated skill of each fellow-worker is pressed into the service for the benefit of mankind generally. And, at the end of a busy day, one steals "a few hours from the night you know" to wrap up the little packets of "good cheer" to colour the lives of those less fortunate in the run of an every day world.

❖ ❖

**The Woman Doctor.**

Helen MacMurchy, Always Interested in Children.

Christmas, sacred to Christ and therefore to children, recalls our better selves. It blesses us, who recompense little, by letting us give to those who can recompense us not at all.

❖ ❖

**The Lingerie Shop Proprietress.**

"Cecile," of Ottawa.

Perhaps I may remark that Christmas is a time when human nature runs riot—either to the very

good or the very bad. A good time to be short-sighted and see only one-half the world—the best half!

❖ ❖

**A Small Piece From the Piano.**

Grace Smith, Canadian Pianist.

Christmas is the grand old song of love, peace and joy to every heart, and all "means of expression," lift up the voice of purest melody and richest harmony to reveal the Divine Nature in the pulsating rhythm of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men."

**The Hindu in Canada**

CHIEF JUSTICE HUNTER, of British Columbia, has decided that the Federal Orders-in-Council which have hitherto kept the Hindus out of British Columbia are illegal. Apparently the Chief Justice thinks that the Dominion Government has no right to bar a British-born subject from coming to Canada to take up residence here, whether that citizen comes by continuous journey or otherwise. His decision is based upon the existing orders-in-council and it may be that these can be amended so as to make them constitutional. This is a matter for the Department of Justice.

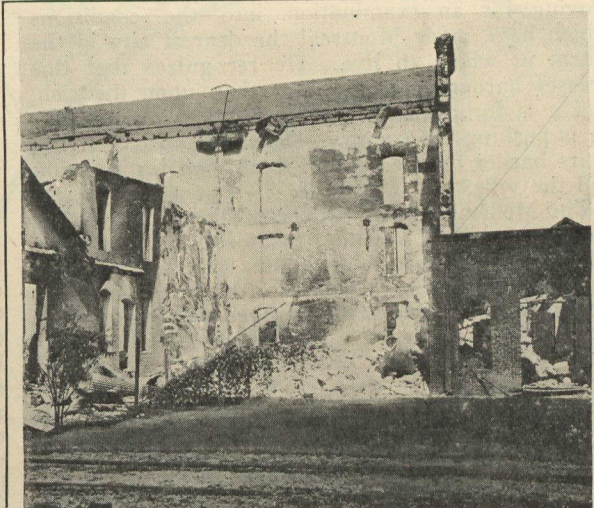
While this may be a temporary victory for the Hindu, it is hardly likely that the Dominion Government will allow the decision to stand. Some other method will be devised to regulate this immigration.

# The Fire Fiend in Monterey, Mexico

*How the Hot-headed Mexican Deals With Vested Interests in a Time of War*



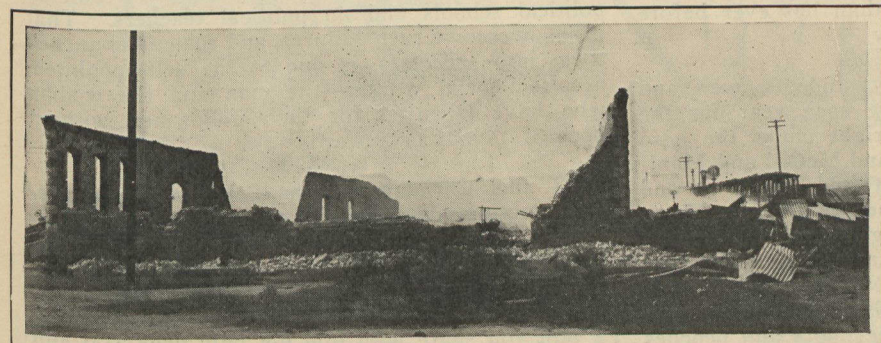
The Residence of a Prominent Citizen.



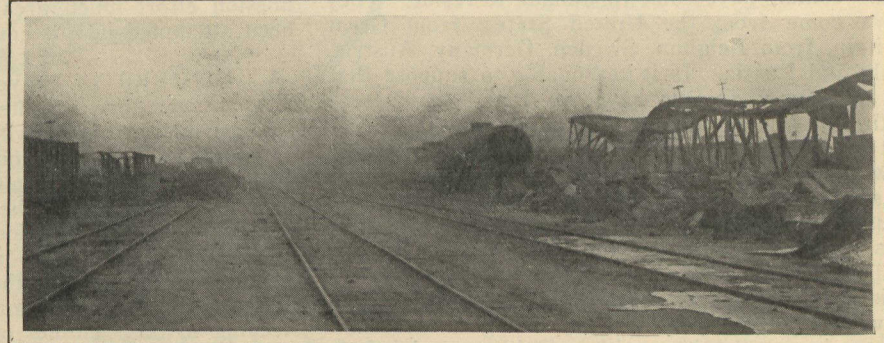
Remains of a Flour Mill.



A Commercial Warehouse. Burned October 23rd.



Warehouse of the Mexican Central Railway After the Fire of October 23rd.



Effects of the Same Fire in the International Railway Yard.



The Federal Forces in Front of State Palace, October 25th.

THESE pictures are a glimpse of what is actually happening in Mexico as more or less misrecorded by the press. General Huerta, provisional President of Mexico, is being slowly hemmed in by the Constitutionalists, represented mainly by Gen. Carranza, the Maderos and Gen. Pancho Villa. They have occupied most of the north, the principal ports of both the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico, and have driven the Huerta forces back into the city of Mexico and the district surrounding the Capital. Whatever the United States and the other great Powers think of it, Mexico has her own problems. Pancho Villa, operating from Juarez, which his forces captured, said: "We have sufficient soldiers to drive every Huerista before us or capture them." He predicts the early occupation of Mexico city.



Destruction of Cars in Railway Yards.

# Christmas and the Newcomer

*An Appeal to the Thinking People of Canada*

By THE EDITOR

**G**ENTLE reader, you have impulses at this season of the year which are worthy of you as an individual and of you as a citizen. May we point out to you, that you owe a duty to the newcomer and that there is reason to demand a large payment on account at this particular time?

Admittedly you have done part of your duty to the newcomer in the past. If his kiddies were ill, your wife sent them around some warm clothing which she didn't need. Bless her, she has probably done more for the newcomer than you have. You did what you could, of course, without interfering with business. You told the foreman not to have a prejudice against the newcomer, but to hire him if he looked strong and could be got cheap. If anyone jeered at a Cockney from the East End of London, because of his clothing and his accent, you checked them; and you did the same if you saw a seven-year-old villain jeering at a bewhiskered Russian Jew. Indeed, you went farther than that, for you contributed an occasional dollar to the Welcome League in your town, and you also helped the Re-union movement, which brings over the wives and kiddies to men who might vainly be tempted to forget them.

**Y**ES, you have done part of your duty to the newcomer. Your country now calls upon you to do more, to do it at once, to do it intelligently, and to do it gladly.

If you have two barrels of flour and he has none, you will give him one. That is the sort of duty which is commonplace in this country, especially in Western Canada. As a people, outside the large towns and cities, we have always shared with our neighbours and our neighbour has shared with us. If he had a sick horse or a sick cow, he did not need to sit up with it alone. If his child was ill, the whole neighbourhood rushed to help. We shared his joy and his sorrows to a certain extent.

There is more than that to be done. The rector and the curate have brought the children to Sunday-school, if they were members of the Church of England; the priest has done the same if they were Roman Catholics; the Salvation Army gave their help whether the newcomers were churchmen, non-conformists or ne'er-do-wells; and even the Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists have done something for the children that were forced upon their notice. The various religious and non-sectarian social organizations have given relief, assistance, advice and encouragement.

Even that is not enough.

**D**URING the past three years, one million newcomers have come to Canada to reside. They have come from the United States, from Great Britain, from Belgium, Sweden, Germany, Austria, Italy and Russia. Is it reasonable to suppose that all these new citizens have yet found their feet? Is it not fair to assume that many of them have not yet found economic safety? To place so many new families geographically where they can be sure of steady employment and of satisfactory wage and housing conditions, is a task which never before was imposed upon a nation of seven and a half million people. And the task has been the people's task, for the various governments have performed only the preliminaries. They bring these newcomers in, supply them with a little general information and then forget them. The people must do the rest.

Have we, the self-appointed and self-directed guardians of this million newcomers, done all that is necessary on their behalf? Have we insured them against want and suffering and economic disappointment? Have we advised them to go elsewhere, when they have squatted in the wrong spot?

**E**VEN had we helped these people to the extent of ensuring their economic freedom in farming, industry and commerce, there is still something to be done. The other evening the student representatives of Queen's and Toronto universities held a debate on the subject: "Resolved, that at the present stage of her development the churches of Canada should devote their missionary efforts entirely to the home fields." That is a subject worthy of discussion in the press, the churches and the home. Have the home missionary funds been equal to the strain put upon them? Have they been sufficient to provide nurses, Sunday-schools, churches and pastors for these transplanted newcomers?

Would it be advisable to discontinue our missions to Japan and China and India and Borneo, until every new district in our big cities and every new parish along our ever-extending frontier shall be supplied with social and religious agencies?

The lover of foreign missions replies that the giver to foreign missions is also the most generous subscriber to domestic missions. But is that an answer? If all the active mission supporters were to make a special appeal to the public on behalf of domestic missions, would not the needs of the home mission field be better understood and appreciated? Would not the circle of mission-givers be enlarged advantageously?

There is no animosity to foreign missions in this suggestion. There is only a desire to point out that the demands of the home mission field in Canada to-day are greater proportionately than were ever made upon any other people in the world. Because of this tremendous demand, there must be a tremendous and concentrated effort.

**M**ISSION work is not confined to helping the newcomer in the newer country districts of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. There are thousands of newcomers in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and other cities who need spiritual help and guidance, who need the social uplift, and whose standard of living can only be raised by precept and education.

This work is the more important because of the high cost of living. The Mayor of Montreal is moving for an examination into the conditions which have made Montreal the dearest city in the world in which to live. He recognizes that this presses harder upon the poor than upon the rich, and it is for the sake of the unskilled worker that he is pushing his enquiry. The high cost of living bears harder on the cottage than upon the mansion and the villa.

The Medical Health Officer of Toronto says that the city is ten thousand houses short. The well-to-do gets a comfortable house, but the unskilled newcomer must take a hovel at a high rent or share his restricted home with another family or two. Because his rent is high, he has less of other comforts and necessities. Because the cost of necessities is high, his children must stay out of school for want of proper clothing or must go to work to add to the scanty family income.

The "foreign" districts in all Canadian cities have grown enormously in the past few years. Some of these foreigners are living better than they were before they came here; some of them are doing no better. The social regeneration of such newcomers as may need the uplift demands a home mission effort much greater than has ever before been attempted in this country.

**A** NUMBER of university students, men and women, are volunteering each year for the foreign mission field—while right under the nose of the University of Toronto and McGill and Manitoba there are foreign mission fields which no one explores except the medical health officer. There are over five hundred lodging houses in Toronto where Italian and Polish labourers sleep under conditions worse than in the countries from which they came. One inspector tells of finding 54 men sleeping in their clothes on the floors and benches of one house, where there was just air and area enough for 11 according to the city by-laws. There are hundreds of foreign families living in one and two rooms, under conditions which defy adequate condemnation. There are similar conditions in Montreal and Winnipeg.

**A**ND what of citizenship? On whom does the duty lie is to see that these newcomers are transformed into patriotic Canadians, with all the Britisher's love of liberty and freedom, and the Britisher's regard for the sacredness of the ballot? There are many who are trying to do what they can to Christianize those of the newcomers who need it, but upon whom lies the duty of Canadianizing them?

Canadians proudly boast of the high standard of citizenship which exists in this country. They point with pride to the lack of "bossism" such as perverted civic and state government in the United States in the last twenty-five years of the nineteenth century. They believe that there are no serious evils in the body politic which should cause any special worry. They do not realize that Canada

is rapidly approaching the same stage as the United States passed through between 1875 and 1900. They shut their eyes to evidence that the foreign vote will soon be as important in Canadian cities as it once was in American cities, and that it will be largely of the same character unless steps are taken to prevent it.

Canada's democracy to-day is in little better condition than United States democracy was when the newcomers were pouring into that country at a rate similar to ours at the present time. Democracy there went wrong because it left the Americanizing of the newcomer to the political boss. The Pole and the Bulgar and the Italian was left to the tender mercies of the political boss. His ideas of citizenship were gained from those to whom politics was business and graft. Shall Canada fail to profit by that example, that disastrous neglect and failure?

Who, then, will Canadianize the newcomer, teach him the value of citizenship, the sacredness of the ballot, the essential principles of our system of government, the knowledge of Canadian history which is essential to an understanding of our institutions and the reverence due to the law, the state and the crown? Shall this task be left to the political organizer who has no higher ambition than to buy the largest number of votes with each hundred dollars he has to spend?

**B**ARBARISM differs only slightly from civilization. Under the latter, the family life is more highly regarded, the rights of property need less defence, the common law is more fairly enforced, the church is less of a political force and more of a social factor, and the state is regarded as something of supreme value to the individual as well as to the community. Some of our newcomers have freshly come from barbarism. The voyage across the Atlantic in a steerage cabin is not likely to transform them. The immigration sheds can have little influence. Whence, then, comes their civilization?

Ask the university president, and he will tell you he is depending upon the "settlement" worker. Ask the big banker and the big financier, and he will answer that he is too busy to discuss such theoretical subjects. Ask the business man, and he will explain that he is too busily engaged in creating employment, which gives bread and butter to the newcomer, to give thought to ethics of political and social conduct. Ask the politician and he will tell you that he is too busy with new canals and railways, armories and navies, bye-elections and voters' lists to give time to the political education of the newcomer. Ask the priest or the preacher, and he replies that he is busy keeping his congregation together, collecting money for a new organ and a new choir-leader, and that he has only a little time to devote to searching out the ignorant and the needy.

Democracy has always failed because it had no political schools and no political teachers. That it has overcome such failures, and sometimes turned them into successes, is due to the self-appointed, despised social worker—the man and the woman who have laboured for their fellowmen without hope of favour or reward.

**A**T this Christmas season, when you are presenting automobiles and furs and cigars to your friends, will you not think for a moment upon the duty which you, as a citizen of Canada, owe to the newcomer, who has not yet learned the joy and value of that citizenship?

Will you share with him not only your coal and your bread and your clothing, but also your knowledge of Canadian history and Canadian institutions?

Will you seek out the agencies which are anxious to house the newcomer, to educate him, to Christianize him and to Canadianize him, and do what you can to help along their work?

Will you do more than write cheques—will you go right down into the depths and with your own strong hand help to lift some one up to a higher citizenship?

The Canadian League has undertaken to do something along this line of work. One of its "objects" reads thus:

"To explain to the newcomers who are pouring into Canada the nature of our government and our traditions, and to inspire in them an intelligent devotion to the country and its institutions."

Perhaps you do not desire to join any more leagues or associations. Very well. Then take the text given above and work it out in your own way. There are hundreds of men who are not members of this particular organization who are working towards the same object, and they are accomplishing much for Canada and for humanity.



# SANTA CLAUSES OF NINETEEN-THIRTEEN

Extravaganzas by H.W. Cooper.



1914

NIobe

THERE AINT NO SUCH A PERSON!

Montreal Herald

SANTA CLAUS HUGH GRAHAM WANTED TO PRESENT MONTREAL WITH A NEWSPAPER MONOPOLY FOR CHRISTMAS BUT THE SMART YOUNG COON, D. LORNE Mc GIBBON DIDN'T BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS ANY MORE AND STOPPED IT

PATER NEPTUNE SANTA CLAUS PRESENTS NIobe TO ANY COUNTRY ON EARTH NEEDING A READY-TO-WEAR NAVY.

INTANGIBLE ASSETS OF INCREASING PROFITS



VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON IS AMONG THOSE PRESENT WHEN SANTA CLAUS HITCHES UP HIS REINDEER ABOVE THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

NORTH POLE

CERES SANTA CLAUS GIVES THE WEST 200,000,000 BUSHELS OF WHEAT AND A GOOD TIME COMING.

ALBERTA

200,000,000 BUSHELS

SASK. MAN.

KRIS KRINGLE MacKENZIE MAKES AN INTANGIBLE ASSETS PRESENT OF INCREASING PROFITS TO THE 800,000 POPULATION OF 1921.

THE OLD YEAR 1913 GETS THE HOOK.

1913

ST. JOHN

HALIFAX

MR C.P.R. SANTA CLAUS BEGS TO PRESENT HALIFAX WITH TWO NICE LITTLE CHRISTMAS BOATS. SANTA JOHN GETS TWO ROYALS. FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

SANTA Mc BRIDE WILL USE HIS INFLUENCE WITH THE HOUSE OF BORDEN & CO TO GET BRITISH COLUMBIA A NAVAL VOLUNTEER CORPS.

H.W. Cooper

### How Santa Was Saved



"THIRTY days hath September, April, June and November," sing-songed Peter as he sat on the side of the bed and stuck out one small stub-toed boot for me to unlace. "Then when I wake to-morrow it will be December, won't it, Mummy, the month that Christmas is in?"

"Yes, Peter," I said, "and only twenty-five more days to wait for Santa Claus to come. Give me the other foot, dear."

"Miss Smith told us about Christmas, and Santa Claus, and everything, at school to-day; Freddie and Jimmie said perhaps Santa wouldn't come this year. Is he sure to come, Mummy?"

"Depends," said I, "on how a boy behaves himself. He comes to good boys, but not to bad ones. How do you ever manage to get your laces into such a tangle, Peter?"

"But, Mummy, supposin' you were good right up to Christmas and then something happened to Santa Claus and he couldn't come—after you had tried not to be bad for twenty-five whole days?"

"I'd risk it, if I were you, dear," I said, "and don't worry about anything happening to Santa. He has made his trip regularly every year for a long time now, and he will be here this Christmas all right."

Peter looked as if he were not very sure.

"Could nothing stop him?" he asked.

"Nothing," I said. "He will climb down thousands of chimneys on Christmas Eve just as he has done time and time again. Now, Peter, when your garter breaks you must not pin it with a nail. Bring it to mother and she will mend it."

"Jimmie says accidents can happen."

"Jimmie is right; this has been a bad one," I said, as I removed the tattered elastic.

"To Santa Claus, I mean," Peter corrected. "The reindeer might run away, or—or—or he might be robbed!" Peter watched the effect of the words on me.

"Nonsense!" I said. "Who would be wicked enough to rob the dear old fellow? Besides, you know, he is part fairy and no harm can come to him, but he would punish anyone who would try to do such a terrible thing."

"But highway robbers," said Peter, excitedly, "with masks on. Santa would be driving through the park and they would run out from behind the trees and point a gun at him and say, 'Your money or your life! And he'd have to hold up his hands while they stole his whole pack, and then nobody would get nothing!'"

"Anything, Peter," I corrected. "But now let me tell you what Santa Claus would do if he were held up by highway men. He'd pull up the reindeer and call to the two little brownies sitting in the back seat of the sleigh. They always travel with him to help with the parcels. He would say, 'Catch that fellow, Nip; and catch that other fellow, Tuck, and bring them here,' and before the robbers could run away or shoot or do anything they would be dragged before His Majesty and he would frown and say to them, 'Your masks don't fool me a bit, boys. Jimmie, you come in here beside me, and Freddie, into the back seat with you. I'm going to make you do a little work to-night just by way of punishment'—and then he would cluk to the reindeer and they would be off, and the way he would make those boys work all that night! They would fill pack after pack and pack after pack, and as soon as each one was ready they would slip the strap over Santa's shoulder and he would be away with it. They would see skates and a hockey stick

and maybe even a watch go down Peter's chimney and a bicycle and a football and everything that a boy could want go into the bag for every other boy they knew—but there would be nothing for them. Finally, after a long, tiresome night, the sleigh would be empty and the reindeer would turn their noses toward home. In the park they would stop and Santa would say, 'Out you get, boys, and run away home; perhaps you will find it is not so much fun being highway men after all.' And when they got home they were all tired out and glad to crawl into bed and fall off to sleep, and in the morning what do you think they found in their stockings?"

"What?" said Peter, breathlessly.

"Nothing at all," said I. "That's what would happen to boys who would try to rob hundreds of little children of their Christmas gifts."

By this time Peter was ready for bed, all but his prayers. He slowly climbed off the bed and slid down on his knees. "Mummy," he said, "how did you know it was Freddie and Jimmie who was going to be the highway men?"

"I knew my Peter could never think of doing anything so naughty."

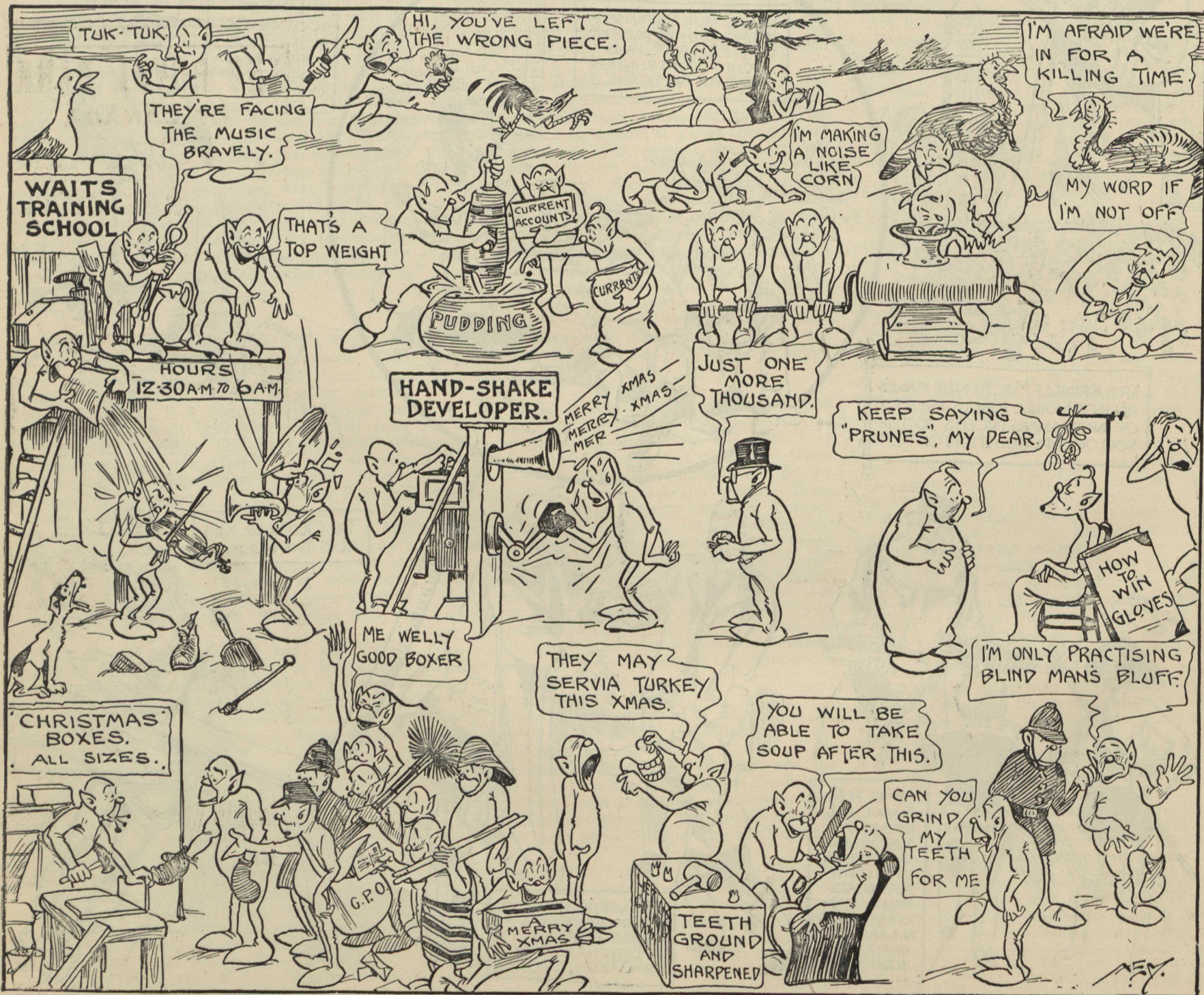
Peter was silent for a few moments, but his pink toes wiggled nervously.

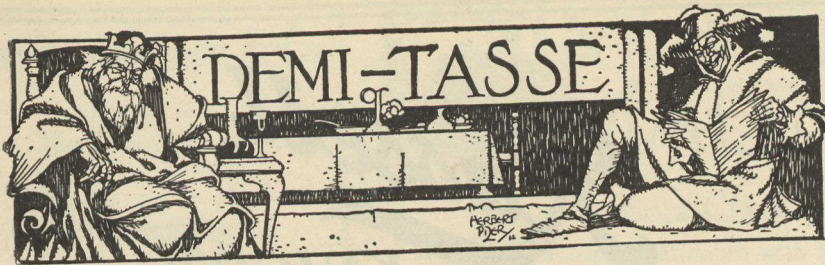
"Mummy," he said, presently, "I was going to be a highway man, too. But I'm not now. And wait till I see Freddie and Jimmie. I'll tell them what you have told me, but I'll make it *heaps* worse. 'Steal of Santa not putting anything in their stocking I think I'll make it a rattlesnake that turns into a red-headed giant with fire spurting out of his eyes, who eats little boys and—and—'"

"That's enough, Peter," I said. "Say your prayers and get into bed. You're developing a better imagination than your mother, and that will never do at all."

M. H. C.

## "The Imps Prepare For Christmas"





**Courierettes.**

WE noticed two odd items in one newspaper the other day. One told of a bull pup being bought for \$1,500. The other mentioned that school teachers in Quebec are paid \$150 per year. That's all.

Somebody squelched an attempt to hold a tango tea in a Toronto Methodist college residence. Took the go out of tango, as it were.

Doc Cook, of North Pole fame, says he wants his rights. He might be badly peeved if he got them.

Canada's new island is again out of sight. Its abhorrence of publicity is something not exactly Canadian.

That jury at Zurich, Ont., which declared the great disaster on the lakes to be "an act of Providence," might logically add a rider to the effect that lights, signals, and fog horns are unnecessary things.

A Massachusetts man ate 133 eggs at a sitting on a bet. We hope he had to pay for them.

A girl in the States eloped and thereby lost a fortune of \$3,000,000. Don't denounce her as foolish before we explain that she married a plumber.

They have now invented an alarm clock which throws the blankets off when it sounds. Piling horror on horror, so to speak.

Toronto Telegram tells us that the price of household coal in Glasgow has been increased "from 12 to 24 cents a ton." Seems cheap even at 24.

A bad coupling saved the Imperial Limited from following its engine into Lake Superior. Now listen to somebody put that up as a plea for imperfect work.

Now they are conversing across the Atlantic. Soon there will be no avenue of escape open to the henpecked husband.

Father Bernard Vaughan lectured in Scotland on "What To See in America." Curiously enough he omitted to mention Evelyn Nesbit Thaw.

It is said that the mud cabins are fast disappearing from Ireland. The mud may have been used for throwing at folks.

Easiest thing in the world to get for nothing is advice. That explains why it is so seldom taken.

**The Union Spirit.**—Winnipeg ministers have joined in a protest against Sunday funerals. Perhaps they feel that they are being worked overtime. Why not join the Federation of Labour?

**Confirmation Strong.**—King Otto, the mad monarch recently dethroned by Bavaria, is said to be passionately fond of German grand opera. Some nasty people may say that this but makes it seem all the more reasonable to suppose that he is not well balanced.

**John Bull is Lenient.**—British authorities have refused to deport Harry Kemp, the American poet who eloped with Upton Sinclair's wife.

John Bull might at least have torn up Harry's poetic license and saved the world some worry.

**Fashions in France.**—Over in Paris the fashionable headgear for women now is the "windmill hat."

It is also the fashion for the men to "raise the wind" wherewith to buy them.

**The Candid Critic.**—Candid criticism comes from some unexpected source.

Recently a well-known Canadian dramatic writer "blacked up" and

did an end man stunt in an entertainment given by a club to which he belonged. He got his lines "across" all right and the audience laughed at the right places. But his performance could not be said to possess what theatrical people call "a punch."

His six-year-old son sat through the show.

Late that night the writer and his family got home and the amateur actor asked the youngster how he had enjoyed the performance.

"Dad," said the boy, solemnly, "you're an awful bad actor. If I were you I'd just write about shows."

**What He Might Have Called Them!**—British papers tell of a Hull fisherman who became the father of triplets, and he had them christened Victoria, Louise and Arthur.

Just think of the unprintable names that some acid-tongued fathers might have called them!

**Spell It M-A-L-E-S.**— "Woman's proper place is in the home," said the cynical old bachelor.

"Oh, I don't know," said the sharp young woman. "I think there is one public office in which she might prove efficient."

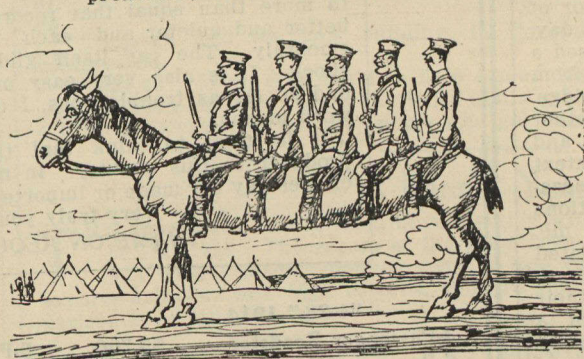
"What is it?"  
"The post-office."  
"Why the post-office?"  
"She'd be running the mails there."

**An Apt Quotation.**—"Sermons in stones," quoted the militant suffragette as she carelessly heaved a rock at a plate glass window.

**A Kiddie's Christmas Carol.**  
(A la Tennyson.)

THERE is no land like Toyland  
Where'er the light of day be—  
There are no toys like Christmas toys,  
Expensive though they may be.

**Brethren, be Careful.**—Toronto preachers, feeling the need of more



How to Overcome the Difficulty of the Shortage of Horses in the Army. A New Breed on the Lines of the Dachshund.—From Punch.

outdoor exercise, have declared for public golf links.

Let the parsons go cautiously in this matter. It is surely known to them that a missed swing is very vexatious to the spirit, and golf may not improve their language. "Lead us not into temptation."

**A Newspaper Romance.**—He was a typesetter.

She was a proofreader.  
"May I print a kiss on your cheek?" he queried.

Blushingly she gave her permission. Then they went to press and printed a large edition.

**Dora's Adorer.**

He said, "Dora, Oh, you I adore,"  
And he knelt right down on the floor;  
But her father appeared,  
And the premises cleared,  
And showed Dora's adorer the door.

**The Course of True Love.**—Somebody sent Jessie Wilson a bag of on-

ions as a wedding present. The evident intention was to give Francis Bowes Sayre good ground for divorce from his White House bride without loss of time.

Somebody else sent rag carpets and still another gift was a poem by a preacher. Truly we lovers have our trials.

**It Might be Worse.**—Arthur Hawkes is having more or less excitement as a candidate in South Lanark, but it might be a lot worse. Suppose he wanted to be elected to something in Mexico just now.

**Mary, the Martyr.**  
MARY has a peg top skirt  
Slit up to her knee,  
Made of flimsy crepe de chine,  
Thin as it can be.

Neck and shoes are very low;  
You can plainly see  
Her silk hose are very sheer—  
Sheer audacity.

Mary a fox collar has  
On her velvet coat,  
But it's only in the back—  
White bare is her throat.

Mary has the rheumatiz  
In her dimpled knee;  
Quincy in her lily throat,  
Also pleurisy.

Mary has a hacking cough,  
And her nose is red,  
She has influenza, too—  
Stuffy is her head.

Through her fever blistered lips  
Still she gayly smiles—  
For she knows she's all dressed up  
In the latest styles.

**The Heckler Silenced.**—Ready wit is an indispensable requisite to a good political speaker. In a recent election in British Columbia a well-known coast orator, now a member of Premier McBride's Cabinet, found this to be true, especially in addressing rural folk. The incident occurred during a joint meeting, held in a constituency where fishing is the principal industry, and at a time when the Oriental labor question was a burning issue on the coast.

"We must curtail this invasion of undesirables!" he declared in the course of a splendid speech. "What—"

"Pardon me, sir," interrupted his opponent, a young Vancouver lawyer with political ambitions; "but are not these 'undesirables' human beings, strong, and willing to work?"

"Very true, my dear friend," was the quick reply. "They are as strong as oxen and have no more sense."

**That Big Telescope.**—The Borden Government is having the biggest telescope in the world installed at Ottawa. Probably going to start a search for those three Dreadnoughts that Canada cannot make and man.

**"What Neck'st?"**—W. F. Stevens, the robust Live Stock Commissioner for Alberta, is widely known for his geniality, a quality which seems to accompany stoutness of person. He was in Winnipeg one hot July day and had occasion to buy a new collar. Entering a gents' furnishing store on Portage Avenue he startled the obliging young clerk by asking for a collar, size 22.

"Sorry, sir," the boy replied politely, "but we are just out of that size. There is a store, however, just around the corner that could probably supply you."

Imagine the feelings of the live stock authority when he rounded the corner and read the following sign:

"Northwest Harness Company, Ltd. Use 'Fit Well' Collars on your Horses."

**Vice Versa.**—Many a man will tell you that misfortune drove him to drink, when the truth is that drink drove him to misfortune.

# The Education of Self

(Formerly Published as "Self-Control and How to Secure It")

By PROF. PAUL DUBOIS, M.D.,

Author of "The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders," "The Influence of the Mind on the Body," etc.  
(Translated from the French by Harry Hutcheson Boyd.)

This volume by this eminent specialist of Berne makes a valuable addition to the flood of light which Prof. Dubois has already shed upon the subject of self-control, and especially upon what of it as contributing to the production of nervous disorders as set forth in his "The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders" and "The Influence of the Mind on the Body."

**CONTENTS.**

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—San Francisco Examiner.

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## An Original Christmas Gift

(Concluded from page 13.)

nature or make it other than exquisitely unworthy. She spent her little leisure on Matthew Arnold and Ruskin—read them not to talk about, you understand, but because she really loved them. She looked with awe on my scholastic attainments and kept in her work-basket, where she could see it every hour, a little rhyme I had written for her in Latin.

"I liked to talk to Leslie; her ideas were so freshly and charmingly her own. I remember we had a long talk once on the subject of the prevalent craze for wealth. She held that Poverty was as beautiful as a wild black-berry bramble, and that a little brown house in the country, running over with babies, was worlds prettier than a big mansion in the city.

"Well, by the time I was through college my encounters with poverty's brambles had left me with a keen desire to get out into the real world and make real money. In a few years, by hard work at whatever I could get to do, I managed to save between three and four hundred dollars, and then I invested in western town lots. It proved exactly the right moment for such investment, as I reaped thousands where I had sown hundreds. By a little use of my eyes and brain I repeated the performance in other growing centres of population until, in fifteen years, I had accumulated eighty thousand dollars.

THE odd thing was that the keener I became in the pursuit of wealth the less I admired girls and women of similar keenness. Doubtless there are sweet, unworldly feminine natures in Edmonton and Brandon, in Winnipeg and Calgary, but somehow I did not happen to find them. By the time I was thirty-five I longed for a mate and, while looking about in a general way for some one who would be likely to meet the requirements, I came home on a visit. There, to my surprise, I found Leslie unmarried. Somehow I thought she would have been picked up years before. She was the same dear Leslie. Older looking, with the sort of age that beautifies. She looked at me; not at my clothes, not at my shrewd business air, not at the complacency that prosperity brings, but at me; and smiled the old tender, tolerant smile, with a shade of disappointment in it. Suddenly my heart rose up and hammered loudly at the portals of consciousness. 'Here,' it cried, 'is your mate, oh, blind and deaf and dead one! For whom else has she been waiting all these years?'

"It was a starless night, and I was alone with Leslie in her violet-scented little parlour. We talked long, and then as I rose to go I tried to tell her how much I loved her. She told me very kindly it was all a mistake; she could not marry me.

"But why?" I pleaded. "Why?" "She said nothing, but began to weep softly. Then I bethought me that a woman's no sometimes means yes, and I said, 'Leslie, are you crying because you love me?'

"No," said she. "I am crying because I can't love you."

"That was it. She wanted to care for me and couldn't; it was a moral impossibility. In some dreadful way I had fallen short of what she had expected of me. But how? In what way? I went out into the starlessness with a sense of having been thrust into outer darkness, and asked myself questions all the way home.

"I proposed to her again the following week, and again the week after that. It got to be a habit. Meantime, I recalled with some humiliation that I had not yet repaid my Uncle Ezra the money he had so generously bestowed upon me when I needed it most. I thought of the old man with grateful affection, and it was with real pleasure that I set aside four one-hundred dollar bills (the amount, plus a good rate of interest, of my indebtedness), adding another hundred for good measure, and took them in person to my uncle's house. I found him in bed, in a rather irritable state of mind after an attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I laid the

five bills on the coverlet, and made my little speech of thanks, to which he responded with a huge grunt. 'Take your bills away,' he exploded. 'I never gave you a cent!'

"Then who did?" I demanded. "Why, that girl who's been in love with you for twenty years and more—Leslie Brant. She wheedled me into sending it and I vowed not to tell."

"I seemed turned to stone, and stood staring at him, unable to say one word. The enraged invalid, interpreting my silence as incredulity, suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, you great addle-headed kangaroo, what in the devil should make me wish to send money to you?"

"It was an unanswerable question. The world was full of unanswerable questions. He opened his mouth to say more and spoke to empty air, as I was on my way home. My mind was in a violent whirl. When I thought of that delicate girl setting aside out of her slender earnings the funds that helped to carry a wallop big chap like me through college, I felt humility rage like a fire in my veins. What had I ever done, what could I ever do, to deserve it? To repay her in cash, or even to let her know that I knew of her sacrifice, was unthinkable. No, nothing but a lifetime of devotion—of the finest, most genuine and most poetic devotion—could repay her. But how to devote myself to a woman who would have nothing to do with me? That was the problem. Suddenly a great light dawned on my torpid understanding. Leslie had an ill-concealed contempt for money, and the things that money can buy. The reason she had literally put her money on me in my college days was because she believed I was going to lead the intellectual life. When I sank into the ranks of a mere money-grabber, she proceeded to tear me out of her heart.

"My plan of campaign thereafter was to stop proposing to her and try very earnestly to please her. As it happened, our little town was about to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation, and the committee who were to arrange the programme for the festal day had asked me to be the orator of the occasion. I had simply laughed at the proposition, and told them that business men usually achieved success by keeping their mouths shut. But now I hunted them up and begged for the honor of delivering the oration of the day. Then I went to work and composed a speech in which quotations from Pope, Addison, Macaulay, Coleridge, Lamb, Carlyle, Emerson and other thought-smiths shone as the stars, and gave me grace to make the context not altogether unworthy of the occasion. The old feelings and ambitions of my college days burned within me, and the mere fact that I appreciated the best thoughts of the best thinkers seemed to lift me temporarily to their level. There was a whooper of a crowd, and the local editor certainly referred to me in glowing terms next day. I was the fair-haired pet of the parish all right. But that was neither here nor there. The only moment during the entire address in which I faltered and groped for the phrase was when I caught a glimpse of Leslie's upturned face, and the light of joy and wonder that flowed from it. She was waiting—actually waiting for me—at the turn of the road.

"I thought, perhaps, you would walk home with me," said she.

"Why should I wish to walk with you, Leslie?" said I.

"No reason at all," said she, "unless you should happen to want to propose to me again."

"Needless to say I did and was accepted. I had diagnosed the case correctly. Leslie was in love with the literary, artistic side of me that I had left undeveloped—and I have been developing it ever since. She forgave me my wealth. You see it comes in handy for educating the children.

"That's all the story. The Christmas present? Oh, that was an original poem of eight lines, signed 'Bryce Webster, in Todd's Monthly.'"

# Russell

## KNIGHT

Had we been satisfied to let the public do the "proving"—we could have marketed the "Russell-Knight" in quantities twelve months ago.

But we preferred to prove it ourselves.

Thousands of dollars and months of time were spent in refining every detail of the Russell to a point where further improvement could not be foreseen.

The new Russell-Knight you buy to-day is a **proven** product—free from every element of uncertainty encountered in the purchase of most new cars.

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No. 5

Hull, Que., Nov. 25, 1913.

Russell Motor Car Co., Ltd., West Toronto

Gentlemen:

The "Six" I bought from you last spring is the ninth car that I have had, the last four being Russells, so I can speak freely from a few years' experience.

The first Russell I had was a Model "R," exchanging that for a "38". Both gave great satisfaction. My son is driving the "38" now. In this car I thought I had the last word in motors but the "Six" is superior in every way.

The last Russells were about perfect but this "Six" is a winner. We have taken numerous long tours but have never had the slightest trouble. It is the most comfortable car I ever rode in and my friends all say the same, for it is easier riding than an electric and more comfortable. The heating system is perfect.

The second last car, a "38," never had the engine opened all the time I drove it and the "Six" seems to more than equal that record. The engine runs better and quieter and each day it runs more smoothly. The car itself glides along without a shock. It is also very easy on tires and gasoline and so far as trouble goes, I don't know what the word means.

It is great to think that this beautiful car is produced in this country. In my estimation it out-classes any car made or imported into Canada to-day.

Very truly yours,

(NAME ON REQUEST.)

"4-28," 1914

3-Passenger Roadster.....\$3,200

5-Passenger Touring.....\$3,250

"6-42," 1914

5-Passenger Phaeton..... \$5,000

7-Passenger Touring..... \$5,000

All quotations F.O.B. West Toronto.

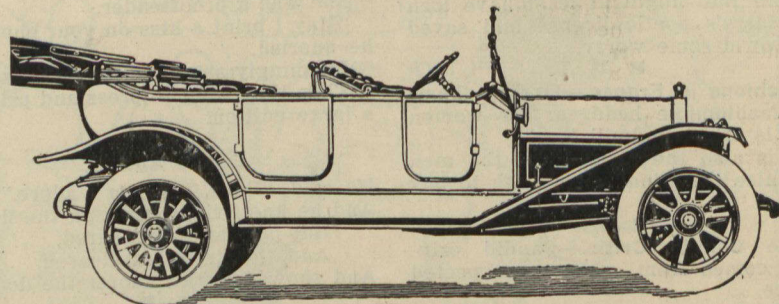
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**MONEY AND  
MAGNATES**

**Santa Claus on the Situation**

I HAVE a nodding acquaintance with Santa Claus, and as everybody else has words of wisdom on the financial situation, I decided to call him up and see what he had to say. The following conversation ensued:

"Hello! Is that you, Santa? Courier talking."

"Oh, yes. Howd'y?"

"Not too well, Santa. Fact is so many people seem blue over the financial situation that it's having quite a bearish effect upon me. Most of the brokers and financial men I meet are quite certain this is going to be the darnedest Christmas ever."

"How's that?"

"Oh, they don't think we've heard the end of the Balkan war yet. And they say there's going to be ructions in Mexico. And trade's slackening, and everything in general looks about as cheerful as a London fog."

"What, have the brokers lost faith in Canada, then?"

"Well, I wouldn't like to say that, but—"

"I should say not," broke in Santa. "I'll tell you what it is, Courier, these brokers made so much money in 1911 and early on in 1912, that when the slump comes and they make a bit less they set up a dirge and sing the Miserere. But they forget that they did extraordinarily well in 1911 and some other years that went before. When they were raking in the money they puffed out their chests and said, Oh, yes, they didn't mind admitting they were doing pretty well, when all the time deep down they knew they were doing much better than they ought to have done. When times were good they just took 'em for granted. And now they're bad, they are walking around with their heads hanging down, and they feel so blue that they're ready to blame everything and everybody rather than look at the thing in the right light. Why, whenever there's a frost in some remote corner of the country the brokers immediately turn up their coat collars."

"Oh, that's the explanation, is it, Santa?"

"Sure, it is. Isn't it human nature? We don't appreciate the good fortune we have till we find the dead level again. Now things aren't half as bad as some people make out. They're a whole heap more normal than when the markets were a good deal easier. Do you remember how all you financial writers moaned and sobbed when C.P.R. earnings fell back one month, for the first time in years?"

"The Courier didn't," I put in.

"Well, most of the papers did, anyway. But look at the thing in the right light. C.P.R. had been going ahead so mighty fast—increasing in profits a lot faster than it ought to have done—and so when it got back to more or less normal, people began to weep and wail and prognosticate that Canada had turned out a frazzle, and it wasn't any good living here any longer. Bah! some people make me tired!" And Santa sounded almost like old Mr. Scrooge.

"I'm glad to be reassured, Santa. But still, you know, there has been some cause for worry, hasn't there?"

"No, there hasn't," he snapped. "That is, not for sensible people to worry. Have people lost faith in Canada? Everything is there that was there eighteen months ago, isn't it? In fact, there's more reason for being an irrepresible optimist now than ever. Immigration's increasing by leaps and bounds. Every man jack of the newcomers is bringing some money into the country, and he's bringing brain and brawn. And the forests are there. And the wheat fields. And the minerals. Nothing is changed, except for the better. Conditions, fundamentally, are just as sound as they can be."

"Still, it's difficult to convince people, you know."

"Besides, just hint to the brokers that if they don't cheer up they'll be scaring some good customers away. A broker is the nearest thing I know to a weather vane. He's bright to-day and dull to-morrow. Why, if I didn't give them a dose of optimism every now and then the exchanges would close up."

"They go into the new building, in Toronto, the first of the year," I volunteered.

"That so? Well, that ought to help some. Tell them to cheer up. They'll soon be dead anyway. It's a short life and a gay one. And when things seem a little bit awry, just tell the people who get glum to grin and bull it!"

**A Banner Year**

THE figures are now to hand in connection with Canada's trade for the year of 1912-1913. The report of the Department of Customs shows that this has been Canada's banner year in this connection. Both imports and exports achieved new high records, and are above the 1911 figures. The comparison is as follows:

	1911-12.	1912-13.
Total exports .....	\$315,317,000	\$393,232,000
Total imports .....	\$559,320,000	\$692,032,000

The significant feature in the trade returns is the steady increase in Canada's production. Seventy-six million increase in exports in a year is "going some," as Rex Beach taught us to say. Canada is more than ever contributing its quota of staple products for the world's maintenance. And, though we have the bugbear of the high cost of living, the reply to people who say that Canada's day is done, is that any country which, after looking after itself, can afford to export such a surplus is pretty solidly prosperous.

A significant aspect of these statistics is that the proportion of exports to imports is more normal than ever before, which goes to prove that not only are we making a good bargain by importing so much, but we are also manufacturing in much greater quantity. We are in a commercial sense finding it as blessed to give as to receive—and quite as profitable.

**On and Off the Exchange**

**The October Bank Statement**

THERE was not much that was of more than ordinary interest in the bank statement for October, unless it be the increase in note circulation, which expanded until it was a million dollars in excess of paid-up capital. This is, of course, due to the fact that the banks have now the Central Gold Reserve, against which they can issue notes. The reserve more than doubled in October, and on the 31st October stood at over seven million dollars. November's statement will probably show it to be higher still.

Deposits, business and saving, show moderate increases in the month. Deposits outside Canada are twenty-two millions ahead of what they were a year ago, but saving deposits are less by eighteen millions. Call loans, both in Canada and outside, show an increase. On the whole the bank statement

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**Bankers and Brokers**

may look worried; manufacturers and large operators may have to discontinue operations; real estate plungers and speculators go back to simple fare; but the man with plenty of good Endowment Assurance wears the smile that won't come off—he is safe—has money at call if he needs it. In case of anything happening to him he leaves an Estate which will show no depreciation, worth 100% or a little better on the dollar—consider the point; we issue the class of Policy you need.

**Federal Life Assurance  
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Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

is satisfactory in every respect. Deposits are slowly but surely increasing.

\*\*\*

**Canadian Coal's New Financing.**

THE Canadian Coal and Coke Company's new issue of \$750,000 two-year notes has been underwritten. People now await an announcement of this concern's new financing. The new issue, together with the half-million which the American bankers who have become interested in Canadian Coal and Coke are putting up, should be enough to take care of the company's indebtedness and leave three or four hundred thousand to complete development work, which should be finished by next spring. Then the output per day will be increased from 1,500 to 4,000 tons, which looks a good enough omen.

\*\*\*

**Improved Outlook in London.**

ACCORDING to the latest advices from London, the stock markets over there are in a much better humour and are optimistic. It is believed that the French loan trouble is straightening itself out, and that is a good sign. Improvement has not come a moment too soon, for the amount of new industrial issues is tremendous, and the success of the Montreal loan may induce a glut of new municipal issues, though it is to be hoped it will not. If it does, it will offset the good effect of the release of trade funds consequent upon the improved tone of the markets.

\*\*\*

**Saskatoon's New Issue.**

A CABLE despatch from England says that Saskatoon is about to float a loan of \$848,500, five per cents., at 93. It is just about a year ago since this same city borrowed \$2,000,000 on a similar basis, at 99½. The issue was subscribed ahead of time. It is to be hoped the same success attends the present offering.

\*\*\*

**A Step in the Right Direction.**

ONE aspect of the industrial situation which is distinctly better is that of the master-and-man relationship. There were less trade disputes in October than at any time during the year. September showed a marked improvement in this regard, but October has gone one better. There were only eight disputes in October, of which the most important was that of the coal miners on Vancouver Island, which threw about two thousand men out of work. The working days lost during October were 70,000, as compared with 83,000 during September and 98,000 in the previous October.

\*\*\*

**Sir George Paish.**

SIR GEORGE PAISH, editor of the London "Statist," who has been visiting in the United States for some weeks, arrived in Montreal, on Saturday last. Sir George is one of the greatest financial authorities in Great Britain and what he has to say in Canada and about Canada will be important. In his first interview he startles us all by saying that the present stringency in money is not the result of world-wide extravagance, but rather due largely to the Balkan troubles and the hoarding of funds in Europe. Whatever Sir George may think of the world there will still be many Canadians who think that Canada as a whole has been extravagant.

\*\*\*

**Importing Gold.**

DURING the last week in November Canada imported a great deal of gold from New York. This gold went into the coffers of the banks. The probable explanation is that many of the banks close their year on Nov. 30th and desire to make a good showing in their annual report. Among those whose year closes on this date are: Canadian Bank of Commerce; Bank of Hamilton; Bank of Toronto; Bank of Ottawa; Bank of Vancouver; Banque de Hochelaga, and Union Bank of Canada. Several other banks close their year in December, viz.: Bank of British North America; Bank of Nova Scotia; Banque Provinciale; Dominion Bank; Metropolitan Bank; Montreal City and District Savings Bank, and Royal Bank.

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Paid-up Capital .....\$6,000,000.00  
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INTEREST at the rate of four and a half per cent. is paid on sums amounting to \$500 or more when placed with this Company for investment for a period of 3 to 5 years. Repayment of the principal with interest is guaranteed.

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# The Hunger Chance

(Continued from page 9.)

"or this hotel you call his stake?"  
 "No."  
 "What'll stop him?"  
 "That's the thirteenth question. You'll have to guess on that one," laughed Carlotta. She dropped her crystal ball and replaced her cards and chart.

There was a rush for her tent. Her bizarre prophecy concerning Lepine's future had piqued the curiosity of the crowd. Gold pieces poured over the table. Cards and palmistry had no believers. Direct inquiry was all the rage, and Carlotta must have found her ingenuity taxed to the utmost to manufacture four or five hundred replies right off the loom.

With a mixture of sensations such as he had never before experienced, Lepine, after Bonanza had weighed out the loan on the gold scales, made his way out of the thronged Tivoli. Bonanza, who had not the least conception in the world what the twelve answers were going to do for his protegee, accompanied him to the door and gave him some parting advice.

"You heard what she told you," he whispered hoarsely. "It's right. Don't make no mistake about that. Carlotta always has the goods. You take her hunch and play it to the limit. To the limit, Lepine!"

Lepine went back to Moose Creek, but not to work the bench claim. For a full week he pondered on Carlotta's answers, smoked over them, and analyzed them in a primitive way. At last he formulated the thing in this fashion:

He was to take a flier in rye, make a stake out of it that year, yet not go out on the steamer in the fall.

That was a proposition to make anybody's head whirl, and while Lepine's head was whirling with a vengeance, like a shooting star from a revolving planet the right idea flashed forth.

Flour! It was rye in another form. He was going to make a stake out of flour if he were careful. And if he couldn't go out with it in the fall on the steamer, it would be the fault of an early frozen river. He had it! He had it! That was the germ of the whole thing. An early frozen river would make his flour stake a possibility. Oh, sure, he had it! He jumped and danced and capered on his useless bench on Moose Creek, threw antics like a wild man, and straightaway sped off in his poling boat for Dawson.

THAT he managed to get Morgan Henry to take a mortgage on the bench claim. As soon as that was accomplished he went back again and entered into a secret contract with the bucks of the Indian camp below the bluffs. He was on friendly terms with these Indians who treated him with more consideration than the white men. They jumped at the offer he made them, and shortly the Dawson dealers in supplies got a shock of surprise. They beheld Aborigines whose forte was credit many times renewed coming into their stores and dealing in cash. They came singly and at intervals and paid for their winter's flour seemingly without scruple or regret. The dealers did not know that it was Lepine's money the bucks were unconcernedly handing over the counter and that out of every fifty-pound sack they brought across the river they received five pounds. This was a winning game for the Indians. They fell over each other to buy flour in Dawson with this crazy mongrel man's dust and gets five pounds of the purchase for nothing. And every bag they bought, less the commission on that bag, Lepine carried by night to a big stone cache he had built part way up the precipitous bluffs on the opposite bank of the river from the golden city.

By casual inquiry Lepine had learned that there was not a great deal of wheat flour in the Dawson stores. Therefore he did not bother with it at all. He dealt solely in rye flour. This was in accordance with Carlotta's prophecy. That inspired confidence. For four dollars he could buy a fifty-pound sack and retain forty-five pounds of it. Bonanza Jones had lent

him a thousand dollars. He had mortgaged his bench claim for another. That two thousand through August, September, and part of October put ten tons of rye flour in his big stone cache hidden in the bluffs. He had given away a ton and a quarter to the Indians. But that had to be. They were the only instruments through which he could buy without arousing suspicion. Also, there was another phase to their usefulness. The Dawson dealers took full advantage of this unprecedented cash mood in the Indian nature. To realize quickly what they had always waited a year or so for, the dealers broke into their reserve supplies just as Lepine had foreseen they would do. The dealers sold more than they should have sold, and when the Indians ceased outfitting in October, they took stock and found to their consternation that there were not more than three tons of flour in all the Dawson stores.

THREE tons made only six thousand pounds, and that among six thousand people meant a pound a head. And if the call came for that pound a head, things were going to happen.

The dealers put the best face possible on the matter and hoped that their big autumn shipments, due on the river steamers on November the first, would not be late. It was then the seventeenth of October. They resolved to hold out for two weeks. To make that stand possible they doubled the price of flour.

Eight dollars a sack for rye flour woke the golden city up. The city wanted to buy. Everybody in sight seemed to suddenly be in need of flour, but nobody could get it except in five-pound lots. There was a slight scarcity, the dealers explained, which the last boats of the year would relieve. Also the price would come down when those boats arrived. Meanwhile they would have to boost their charge a little more and sell smaller lots at twenty cents a pound. Twenty cents a pound made no difference to Dawson. Still the call came. The dealers tried desperately to stave off the inevitable. For seven cold days in which snow fell and sharp frosts slowly but surely bridged the Yukon with skim ice they gazed askance at the signs of an unheard-of early winter and each day put flour up five cents more a pound.

Fifty-five cents a pound! And they knew in their hearts that there were only four or five hundred pounds to sell.

It looked like a week's fast when they went to bed on the evening of the seventh day. It looked like a winter's famine when they rose next morning. The mercury had taken a plunge during the night. The Yukon's skim ice was two inches thick and hourly growing thicker. It was all off with the steamers. Caught somewhere between St. Michaels and Fairbanks, not an ounce of their cargoes could be moved till the river ice grew safe for loaded dog teams. That would be a month hence, what of eddies and rapids and broken water that had an uncanny tenacity in fighting frost, and nearly another month would elapse before any appreciable amount of food could be brought by sledge to Dawson City.

It was famine, and there was no gain in harboring delusions. Everybody realized. Flour jumped to a dollar a pound and to a dollar and a half—but there wasn't any.

And in this crisis when the last pound was gone and Dawson began to fall back on fast-disappearing supplies of bacon, beans, and canned goods procured at fabulous prices, Lepine walked into the Monte Carlo, the Elkhorn, the Tivoli and all other saloons, and into the flour dealers' stores, posting large cardboard signs scrawled with charcoal.

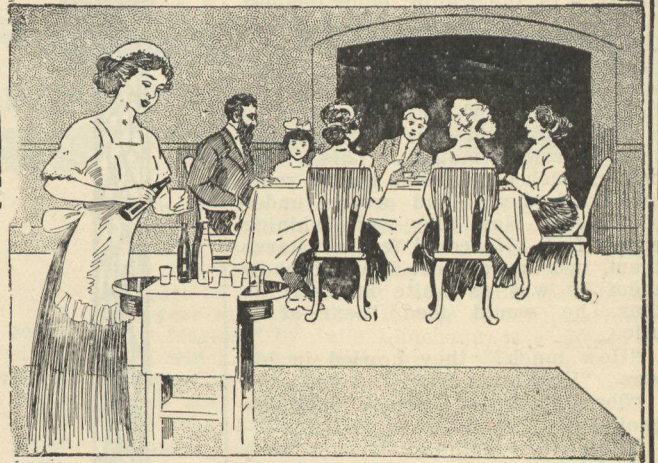
These signs read:

FOR SALE  
 FLOUR  
 ACROSS THE RIVER.

That done, Lepine crossed the ice



## Send a Case Home for Christmas



# COSGRAVES

(Chill-Proof)

# PALE ALE

The people at home will appreciate a box containing 24 bottles of Cosgraves delicious (Chill-Proof) Pale Ale. It would add to the holiday festivities and make a splendid Christmas gift.

## The Christmas brew is now ready.

Whether your order is to be delivered in the city or shipped to the country, any dealer will fill it, or you may order direct from the brewery.



The ONLY Chill-proof Beer.

# The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Head Office: TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000; Reserve Fund, \$8,000,000

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 ALEXANDER LAIRD ..... General Manager.  
 JOHN AIRD ..... Assistant General Manager.

Branches in every Province of Canada and in the United States, England and Mexico.

## Travellers' Cheques

The Travellers' Cheques issued by this Bank are a very convenient form in which to provide funds when travelling. They are issued in denominations of \$10 \$20 \$50 \$100 \$200 and the exact amount payable in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

These cheques may be used to pay Hotels, Railway and Steamship Companies, Ticket and Tourist Agencies and leading merchants, etc. Each purchaser of these cheques is provided with a list of the Bank's principal paying agents and correspondents throughout the world. They are issued by every branch of the Bank.

# WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT à la Quina du Pérou

## WEAK LUNGS

During the Cold and Winter months many persons show a marked predisposition to inflammatory conditions of the respiratory organs, these people, at all other seasons of the year enjoy good health, their constitutions may in all respects apparently be sound, yet when cold weather arrives respiratory congestion occurs with almost absolute certainty. By using

## WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

(à la Quina du Pérou) the patient will be spared the injurious effects of repeated respiratory congestions and lung stricture which pave the way for tuberculosis.

BIG BOTTLE

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

ALL DRUGGISTS

and sat on his cache and watched the horde pour down the Dawson bank.

It came hundreds strong, tugging pokes of gold from parka pockets and clamoring to buy.

Sitting there, smoking stoically in the face of the frantic mob, Bennett Lepine had his longed-for revenge. Once these men had scorned him, despised him, called him a sixth-or-seventh-breed, and classed him with the Siwash. Now they hailed him as a benefactor and prayed him to fill their starving mouths. This was better, much better, than buying roofs over their heads and ground under their feet. Now they were whining at his feet. He could feed or starve them, just as he chose. But to show them he was as white in spirit as they, he would feed them—at a price.

"How much?" they howled in his ears. "How much?"

"Two dollars a pound," Lepine quoted.

The strings of the gold pokes were ripped loose.

"Shove her out," was the universal chant.

"Two dollars a pound," Lepine repeated. "And one sack to a man. And one sack to a man. Bonanza Jones and Morgan Heney gets theirs for nothing."

"Shove her out," sounded the reiterated cry. "Shove her out there. We got to eat. Give Bonanza the scales."

Lepine gave Jones the gold scales. Bonanza weighed the dust while Lepine handed out the bags. Morgan Heney, who had taken the mortgage on Lepine's bench claim, aided him. One by one the scornful white men came, shouldered each his sack, and trailed off rejoicing across the ice and up the Dawson bank.

When all but Heney and Jones had gone, Lepine stood by his well-nigh emptied cache with nearly forty thousand dollars worth of dust in a flour sack. He had staked on the hunger chance and won and he grinned as he watched the losers across the river wind from the sawmill on up Main Street.

And the humour of the thing came to Heney and Jones, and they grinned likewise.

"Now," demanded Bonanza, propounding a conundrum they never solved, "how in blazes did Carlota know?"

**Montreal Automobile Show**

MONTREAL will open its annual Automobile Show on January 2nd, with every prospect of a new record in the number and quality of the exhibits. It is estimated that there will be slightly over a hundred exhibitors when the show opens in the Craig Street Drill Hall. There will be several French-made cars and at least four large British manufacturers will exhibit cars. United States manufacturers will be well represented as usual. Among the additional attractions will be a fast hydroplane which, like the automobile, typifies present day progress in transportation speed.

**Increase in Population**

MR. BION J. ARNOLD, the Chicago transportation expert, believes that Toronto's population will increase not less than six per cent. during the next eight years. This will mean a growth from 442,550, the present estimate, to 705,358 in 1921. This was the reassuring message which he gave to the Canadian Club and the Board of Trade during his visit to Toronto last week. New York, while growing from 400,000 to 700,000 increased at six per cent. per annum. Chicago grew from 500,000 to 1,000,000 at the rate of eight per cent. per annum. This will be interesting information for the other cities of Canada, most of which have as good prospects as Toronto, and some of them much better. Chicago, for example, increased 22 per cent. a year from 1880 to 1890, and it is just possible that one or two of the Western cities may equal that record. But nearly every city may safely count upon at least six per cent. a year.



Surely Not Another Christmas Without a

# GERHARD HEINTZMAN

## PLAYER PIANO

Which anyone can play—ANYONE

How many Christmases have gone while you still desired this marvelous player? Do not let another year pass without it. Do not deny yourself and family the happiness and benefit it will bring.

Anyone in the family can play it—each can have the music he likes best, but, mark this, the more you all play the better music you will prefer to play, for the love of good music grows with use.

Have a Christmas that is a Christmas around a GERHARD HEINTZMAN PLAYER PIANO. Send now for the free illustrated booklet describing the superior advantages of this best of all instruments.

## GERHARD HEINTZMAN, Limited

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(OPPOSITE CITY HALL)  
**TORONTO**

New Salesrooms in Hamilton;  
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**SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES**

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To study the Prospectuses of a number of Colleges before sending your daughter to any.

## Alma (Ladies) College

has been endorsed as the proper School-Home for their daughters by thousands of careful parents after serious investigation. Delightful climate (500 miles farther south than Winnipeg), Varied Curriculum. Experienced Faculty. Remarkably effective system of Physical Culture. Buildings and equipment are an endowment costing over \$150,000. Write the Principal for Prospectus.

ROBT. I. WARNER, M.A., D.D., St. Thomas, Ont.

## Shaw's Schools

ARE ALL

## Good Schools

That is why you should take a Business, Shorthand or Telegraph Course in one of them and qualify for a good salary. Enter any time. Central Business College (Main School), with Five City Branch Schools, all in Toronto. Free catalogue. Write W. H. Shaw, President, Yonge and Gerard Sts., Toronto.

## Westminster College = Toronto

A Residential and Day School for Girls  
Opposite Queen's Park, Bloor St. West

Every Educational facility provided. Pupils prepared for Senior Matriculation. Music, Art and Physical Education. The School, by an unflinching emphasis upon the moral as well as the intellectual, aims at the development of a true womanhood.

Calendar mailed on request

JOHN A. PATERSON, K.C.  
President

MRS. A. R. GREGOR,  
Principal

## Bishop Strachan School

Forty-seventh Year. WYKEHAM HALL, College St., Toronto.

A Church Residential and Day School for Girls. Full Matriculation

Course, Elementary Work, Domestic Arts, Music and Painting. Miss Walsh, Prin.; Miss Nation, Vice-Prin. Preparatory Department, 423 Avenue Rd., under the management of Bishop Strachan School. Head Mistress, Miss R. E. Churchard (Higher Certificate, National Froebel Union). Re-opens after Christmas vacation, Jan. 12.

**"TALK CORRECTLY and you will THINK CORRECTLY"**

Slipshod English promotes slipshod thought. Get into the habit of careless use of words and you will soon be careless in thought. To think correctly and talk correctly, to talk correctly and think correctly, you will find

"A Desk-Book of Errors in English" a very serviceable little book. "Right to the Point."

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NORMAN RICHARDSON,  
12 E. Wellington St. - - - Toronto.



# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## The Editorial Table

### The Virtues of the Season

SOMEONE who would like to be considered a cynic has said that at the feast of all the Virtues, it was necessary to introduce Generosity to Gratitude, as they had not met before. This is an opinion frequently expressed or suggested, and the Greeks are not the only people whose gifts have been regarded with suspicion. And yet—and yet—these cynical sayings, old and new, are not as near to the truth of human nature as the spirit of Dickens' immortal Christmas stories. "You are surely not going to talk about Tiny Tim and the rest of them," says a Superior Person, with uplifted eyebrows. Yes, Tiny Tim was very much in my mind just then, and he is one of the very pleasantest persons you can entertain at Christmas or any other jovial time. He "belongs" with cranberry sauce and almond icing and all the other delights, digestible and otherwise, which make this old world just one wreath of radiant holly on the twenty-fifth of December.

As to the remoteness of generosity from gratitude, it is all an exaggerated acidity. I have never cast a bit of kindly bread on the waters that it has not returned unto me buttered—and not after so very many days. Of course, one meets occasional ingrates—but there are so few of them, in comparison with the legion of appreciative souls, that it is easy to forget their names, their faces and their exceedingly bad manners.

We are all beginning to feel like Christmas, and it is no use to scowl and talk financial stringency and the high cost of keeping alive, when Santa Claus is getting ready to "hitch up" the reindeer, and small persons are trying to be very, very good for the next three weeks. Do not mind, at all, if someone who is trying to look bored comes along and calls you "Mid Victorian," and old-fashioned. Christmas is always ahead of the times, not behind them, for we have not yet reached the era of "peace on Earth and good-will to men," although all these recent movements in behalf of brotherhood look as if Santa Claus would feel more at home this December of 1913 than he has yet, as he jingles along towards his favourite planet.

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### Going A-Shopping

OF course you are going to have your shopping done early in the month, and will not have a single thing to do on the twenty-fourth of December but look pleasant and answer the telephone. This is an excellent resolution which we all make every year, but Christmas Eve usually finds us looking wildly for tissue paper and red baby-ribbon.

Never was there such a splendid array of everything for everybody. Nor do you require the purse of a Fortunatus or the credit of a Croesus, in order to satisfy the desire to give "just something to show I remember" to the friends of your little circle.

The man who is anxious to please sweetheart, sister or wife, sees an embarrassment of riches in the way of jewellery displays, book counters and florists' windows. While many of the old rules have relaxed, it is not yet considered in good taste for a young girl to accept costly presents from her men friends. Candy, books and flowers are always permitted by Mrs. Grundy, and in these purchases, of course, it is quite possible to send a rather lavish gift, if the best of bon-bons and the most exquisite of boxes be used or an edition de luxe of a favourite novel be sent. There is a glittering variety of silver trinkets, any one of which is of some dainty use or value in a woman's eyes. There was a time when no lady fair admitted that she resorted to a touch of powder or the lightest fleck of rouge. To-

day, however, the powder-box and the tiny rouge jar are frankly displayed and ranked as reasonable gifts. In china, there are the daintiest Dresden boxes for every imaginable boudoir use, while vases of graceful shapes, from tiny specimens fit for a cluster of forget-me-nots, to imposing affairs which would hold half a dozen gigantic chrysanthemums, invite the Christmas shopper to pause, and ultimately to purchase. Whatever we buy for Yuletide gifts, let us avoid the sacrifice of quality to quantity. Far better to buy the simplest little collar or box of dainty correspondence cards of finished appearance than to invest in a more showy gift of doubtful



TO CHRISTMAS AT RIDEAU COTTAGE.

Lady Evelyn Farquhar, Wife of Major Francis Farquhar, Military Secretary to His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught at Ottawa, and Their Two Children, Miss Nora Farquhar and Miss Barbara Farquhar. Lady Evelyn is a Sister of the Earl of Donoughmore, and Her Husband is the Sole Surviving Son and Heir of Sir Thomas Farquhar of Gilmilnscoft, in Ayrshire, Fourth Baron of His Line, and is a Distant Cousin of Lord Farquhar.

style. Beauty is fortunately not always a matter of dollars and cents, nor even a matter of bulk.

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### Books for Yuletide

BOOKS are usually considered the safest of gifts—unless you are buying for the born book-lover, and then you had better spend your Christmas coin on a box of handkerchiefs, a bottle of perfume, or even soap. There is no one more fastidious than the man or the woman to whom a book is the best of friends. Even there, however, you may be safe, if you find out beforehand that she is longing for the Snowdon edition of "Aylwin," or his heart is set upon a subscription to the "Hibbert Journal."

At the risk of being considered bromidic and common-place, I should say that it is well to avoid sending dismal books at Christmas time. I know a

lovable old lady who declares that she does not want any more books at Christmas dealing with the prospect of a "heavenly home," as she is quite pleased with this world and intends to remain here as long as possible. Someone sent her "Molly Makebelieve" last year and she liked it ever so much. "Making Over Martha," by Julie Lippmann, is a cheery new book which most women would welcome, and most of Zona Gale's stories have the same bright outlook. There may be some perverse souls who wish to spend the last week of the year in perusing doleful tales, but most of us like the romances which breathe of mistletoe and happy endings.

Do you remember the old Christmas numbers of "The Graphic" and the "Illustrated London News" which we used to enjoy? Those pictures of Christmas dances, where gallant officers, returned from India or Africa, were waltzing with demure English girls in white muslin gowns, those splendid dinners, presided over by a rosy-cheeked English squire, who beamed on the members of the household ere he proceeded to carve the turkey—are they not inseparable from the Christmas traditions of hearty cheer and good-will? And who could forget the holly with the brightest berries ever, and the mistletoe which was made for blushes brighter than any holly, although its berries were white as virgin snow? What a bunch in the hall! Yes, by all means, let the Christmas gift book be jolly.

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### The Best Christmas

A FEW days ago, someone asked: "What is the jolliest Christmas you ever had?"

A lively girl, who must be Irish, replied: "I haven't had it yet."

Is not the best Christmas the one which glimmers ahead of us, which has not even a suggestion of twenty-sixth-of-December indigestion and headache? We are always going to have the very best Christmas of our lives—and that is just the happiest condition for any mere mortal. About twenty years ago, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett wrote a delightful book, called "The One I Knew the Best of All." It was the biography of a little girl, known throughout as the Small Person—really, the writer, herself. The description of "the" party was the best of the story, and every woman who read it could recall the delicious childhood thrills as the Small Person was attired for the party in such frills and gown and slippers as surely never went to a party before. The Small Person arrived and, of course, it was all like fairyland, with iced cakes and gleaming candles and bon-bons that might have come from the table of Titania. But she pinched herself to see if it were real, and still it did not seem true. So the writer concludes—"but has anyone ever really been at the party?" We have not kept Christmas yet, as we intend to, some day, when we shall have everything that heart can wish for, and the silvery moon besides—when we shall "wake to find our brightest dreams come true, and nothing gone but sleep."

ERIN.

### A Christmas Fantasy

By Bernard Freeman Trotter

A STAR came out of the East,  
And a Dream came out of the West:  
They thought that the Star would set,  
They dreamed that the Dream was best.

The Dream of an Empire vast  
As the world's night-bordered hem,  
The Star of Eternal Love—  
They met at Bethlehem.

And the Dream became a star  
That fell through the night and died;  
But the Star became a dream  
Fulfilled through aeons wide.

# When Cheer is Charity

By Correspondents in Three Cities



MRS. ALICE STEBBINS WELLS.  
The Pioneer Policewoman of Los Angeles, Whose Addresses Before Large Audiences in the Leading Canadian Cities Are Dealing With a Present Need in the Civic Life.

## IN THE CAPITAL

ONE of the most interesting and far-reaching demonstrations of the Christmas spirit in Ottawa—so writes our correspondent in that city—is the giving away of scores of dinners by a band of philanthropists called The Friends of the Poor. This charitable organization needs no further explanation—the name is sufficient. It started in a small way about twenty years ago, in the giving of food to a few destitute families at the holiday season, especially, and to-day it not only cares for the needy all through the year, but it gives Christmas dinners to all, practically, who ask for them.

One of the ladies who was responsible for the organization in the beginning said, with a gentle smile: "Oh, yes! They are supposed to have a letter from a clergyman or other trustworthy source, saying that they need help—but—well, we never turn any one away!"

The E. B. Eddy Company provides large paper bags—fifty pound ones. Into these are put rice, flour, tea, sugar, raisins, fruit, cake, sweets, potatoes, and a piece of beef. Bread tickets are supplied where they are needed, and toys are given to families where there are children.

### The "Cheer" Pantechnicon

This year The Friends of the Poor are expecting an unusually heavy demand for dinners. Donations are to be left at the hall on the day before Christmas Eve when the bags will be packed. Families living in remote parts of the city or surroundings will be notified that a dinner awaits them and will be asked to come to fetch it; those living within a certain radius will have their dinner delivered by means of a furniture van! Early on the morning of the 24th, this van will be at the hall, and it will be loaded with "paper bag dinners." Not more than sixty families can be supplied in this way for the van of necessity moves slowly. The remainder of the dinners are either delivered by the ladies or are called for. Last year one hundred and twenty odd full dinners were given away, and many more people were provided with some thing in the way of food at the last minute.

### At the Day Nursery

Plans for the Day Nursery holiday are forward. The Nursery having moved to its new and spacious quarters can permit itself an extra fling. There will be a Tree on Christmas Day, to which all the children who have used the Nursery through the year, and their parents, will be invited. There will be carols sung, recitations, and there will be a fine, jolly Santa Claus. He has promised to distribute gifts, as usual, to all the very good girls and boys, and if they are not too much awed by him, he will join in the frolic. Later, a children's Christmas dinner will be given. Last year there were forty or more; this year that number will be increased. Picture the excitement when a huge turkey takes his majestic place at the end of the table! Hear them cry, "Oh—h—h—Lookut!"

Santa Claus will not overlook the Lady Grey Hospital either. The Daughters of

the Empire take this work in charge and provide gifts both useful and ornamental for the patients. Perhaps one of the most acceptable for those who are obliged to lie in bed all day trying to woo back health and strength is a book—the more pictures, the better. And sweets are given boldly and eaten boldly right under the eye of nurse and doctor. Isn't it Christmas time?

### The May Court Club

The splendidly organized May Court Club reaches out its arms over the city. The Committee for the Perley Home for Incurables always gives a Tree—a wonderfully mysterious affair which sheds the loveliest presents and is looked forward to, from one year to another. The Protestant Hospital Committee, which is responsible for a children's ward, whisper to Santa, who comes with a heavily laden tree and all sorts of gifts. The Water Street Hospital Committee will decorate the children's ward there, and it is rumoured in Toyland that all kinds of things, from a huge rocking-horse down to dollies' boots are on their way. The ward in St. Luke's Hospital, not being completed, the May Court Committee will be unable to have a tree, but will decorate and distribute gifts to the patients there. But the most spectacular affair seen in the Capital for many a year will be the gigantic tree given under the auspices of the combined committees—the Relief, the Dispensary and the Victorian Order—in Howick Pavilion, for three hundred children! Heretofore the Club has been so cramped for space that not only has the number of children been smaller, but the interested members of the various committees themselves, have been unable to share in the general happiness. This year, not only will the May Court Club en masse be present, but the affair will be open to the public, inasmuch as seeing the tree and Santa Claus, not to mention the boys and girls, is concerned.

Howick Pavilion will be decorated as it never has been before; the largest available tree will be procured, and amid its myriad lights will hang presents for every child. More than that, they will have supper in the building. And if they are not too hungry they will look up once in a while to see the Princess Patricia, who has taken great interest in



MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW,  
The Virtuoso Violinist of Alberta, Who Recently Played in Massey Hall, Toronto.



MRS. LAURA M. PIPER,  
Originator in Canada of the Aesthetic Tea-Room, Also Joint-Originator, With Miss Constance Boulton, of the Chamberlain Chapter, I. O. D. E., Toronto.

the preparations and will be there, with the Ladies-in-waiting, who, it is said, will not only smile and enjoy the fun, but will help.

## IN TORONTO

TORONTO has taken its cue from Ottawa, or, possibly, vice versa, in what Miss Eunice W. Dyke, superintendent of visiting nurses in connection with the municipal Department of Health, is pleased to express as an outburst of kindness which might in result be better tempered with wisdom.

In a letter to the editor Miss Dyke says: "To speak honestly for the district nurses in regard to Christmas, I must record an outburst of generosity on the part of the city which often helps to degrade the weaker homes. The true Christ-spirit, it seems to me, would be to develop the individual, that each might have the joy of giving."

While admitting much truth in Miss Dyke's contention, one cannot but rejoice that in Toronto this season as always the "ill-wind" will at least blow good to the donors in lavish measure; for, like affection, generosity never yet "was wasted," as Longfellow says. There are charity balls and charity bazaars, and charity enterprises ad infinitum. Mention may be made of the just-concluded Carnival of Nations of the I. O. D. E. Proceeds will be used to advance the Order's preventorium for children, the committee of which, incidentally, is arranging a Christmas tree.

## Winnipeg and the West.

THERE are no big charity enterprises this year, contemporaneous with Christmas in Winnipeg, according to our informant.

The Children's Hospital Bazaar is just over, and the ladies in charge raised over six thousand dollars for that charity. Then the big new G. T. P. hotel, the Fort Garry, will be opened early in December by a big ball for the Victorian Order of Nurses. The Salvation Army will have their usual enormous Christmas dinner for the needy, and there will be Christmas trees in all the Hospitals and Homes.

The Telegram "Sunshine" has already opened its lists for Christmas donations. Each year this charity provides dinners and toys to hundreds of the poor families of the city.

The Boys' Club of Broadway Methodist Church gave a charity concert on Nov. 27th, and All Souls' Unitarian Church Women's Alliance are holding a bazaar and Olde Booke Shoppe early in December to assist the Church.

In Edmonton several meetings have been held of representatives of the different societies at work in that city, in order that Christmas effort may be concerted. This is a result of the recent convention of charities and corrections in Winnipeg.



pendent in the purchase of gifts which nobody wishes either to offer or to receive.

"All this is certainly deplorable. It is difficult to suggest a remedy, but one feels that were the practice of gift-making confined to one's immediate family circle, to very intimate friends, to children and to the poor, that much of this error would be corrected.

"The 'duty present' is an evil. Give as the heart dictates, not forgetting that the distribution of kind words



MRS. EDWARD BROWN,  
President of the Y. W. C. A. Board, of  
Winnipeg.

and thoughts lies within the power of rich and poor alike."

### The Scapegoat Day

CURIOUS how we think we've got it even when we haven't—the Christmas rush!

One remembers the letter that ought to have been written and says very virtuously: "I'll do it after Christmas"—sitting down to enjoy a legitimate leisure. The guest who is waiting to be invited must wait till after Christmas—while the hostess (to be such after Christmas), proceeds to hunt up duties to engage her. In brief, what will one not do—after Christmas?

What a surge of activity would overtake us, were it not that Easter or some other season, always in the future, succeeds as a peg for our disinclinations to the famous old favourite of most of us—"after Christmas."

'Tis a scapegoat, nothing short of a scapegoat—the day as it touches the

efforts of the lazy. And, goat-like, ridden by neglected duties, the chances are it will "butt in" again with a bang upon the shirker—after Christmas.

### The Altered Eve

(From "In Memoriam.")

THE time draws near the birth of Christ;

The moon is hid, the night is still;  
A single church below the hill  
Is pealing, folded in a mist.

A single peal of bells below,  
That wakens at this hour of rest  
A single murmur in the breast,  
That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound,  
In lands where not a memory strays,  
Nor landmark breathes of other days,  
But all is new unhallow'd ground.  
—Alfred Tennyson.

### In Merry Halifax

ONE of the chief Christmas jollifications in Halifax will be The Evening Mail's dinner to the newsboys. Two hundred of these embryo millionaires will "sit down" at table and enjoy a programme specially prepared for them. This feast is always memorable. Halifax can boast a particularly nice lot of newsboys, many of them already having substantial bank accounts. The Evening Mail was the "founder of the feast."

The Nova Scotia Anti-Tuberculosis League is planning to give some form of entertainment during the Christmas week, at the Academy of Music. They will approach the management asking that they be given a portion of the proceeds of one evening's regular performance, and for permission to put on "specialties" by amateurs between the acts.

A big "tree" for the little people of the Children's Hospital is being arranged for. Santa is annually mindful of them and was particularly liberal and jolly last year.

The Salvation Army will shortly now put out, at the street corners, their "Christmas pots," and ask the public to keep them boiling until Christmas, when one thousand people are to be provided with Christmas cheer.

The children of the Schools for the Deaf and the Blind are also to have big Christmas trees.

## "Good-Will" Toward Women

By M. J. T.

OF course, the angel included women in his "Peace, good-will toward men!" but the world, sometimes, needs to be reminded. Not the Toronto world, perhaps, which holds itself rather nobly aloof from sex hostility, and has even a Men's Suffrage League organized to enfranchise married women, but the world of Sir Almoth Wright's in fossil darkness.

Well, the heavenly wish, "Good-will toward women!" is having a big fulfilment in this era, same as ever; and of this there is hardly a better proof than Christmas. For what will be taking the people home except that lode-stone, Mother, when, shortly, until late on the eve of Christmas, stations will be filled to the overflowing?

Faces that press against stalwart shoulders before them in the queue, or that hook over shoulders much lower down, present a common two-word in their aspect—"Home" and "Mother." The ticket agent's too busy to read, but that makes little difference—except to the agent. The two-word's there.

It's written in the face of the apple-cheeked bank-boy who loses his ticket the minute he gets it, confides his predicament in the conductor, and goes back home to the little town—bless him!—on his honest looks. Goes back

home to the little mother whose prayer from the minute Johnny left her has been that, set in the midst of money, Johnny will not be tempted. Honest Johnny!

It's written in the face of the dignified man whose attention has gone wool-gathering a bit in the patient line at the wicket, and whose look through his glasses is suddenly keen when he's poked and told it's his turn "and step lively." Later on, in the aisle in the train, he covertly opens his locket-fob and looks at a fragile face in snow-white ringlets.

It's written (slightly different in rune but identical in the meaning) in the face of the woman who plants herself suddenly in the exit, and with force of logic, utterly sound, informs the agent it will take less time to sell her the ticket at once than it will to argue. "We'd a' missed the train," she explains retreating, "and ma expectin' us home. We couldn't miss it!" And not having hands enough to go round she offers "holds" on her skirt to her troop of children.

It's written in the face of the lad going home from college, whose "mater" is such a capital cook, and will fix him up for the "feed," post-Christmas, to which already "the fellows" have been invited.

It's written in the rainbow face of

## A BREAKFAST IN CEYLON

would not bring you a more delicious cup of tea than you may have at your own table by using

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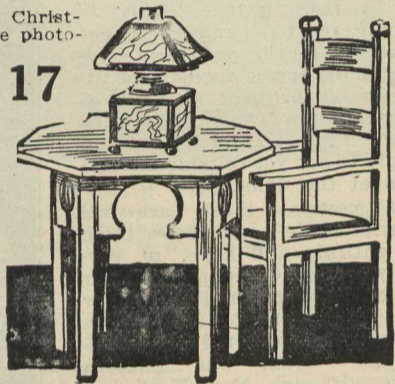
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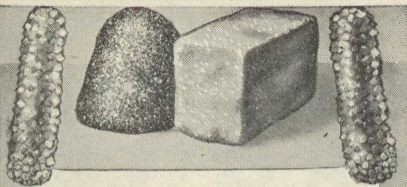
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the girl (she has not been long in the city), who hops in her walk, though her knuckles whiten on the grip of her Christmas-heavy suitcase.

All the faces show it—even those just reminiscent and without the enkindling spark of anticipation—"true to the kindred points of "Heaven and Home." For it is by light of the Christmas star that all the faces show it, the shaft that threw its first light over a Young Child's Cradle and shone upon the caress of a Virgin Mother. By the token of the Mother and Child, the children remember the Mothers and Christmas has brought vast Peace, Good-will toward all.

**The Folly of the Feast**

BY MADGE MACBETH.

**T**HIS fuss about Christmas is all foolishness; Christmas itself is foolishness—nowadays! It has developed with the rapidity of a cancerous weed from holly and mistletoe and kisses—in a word, sentiment—into a hard and fast do-unless-you-would-be-done practicality.

Christmas means giving; ask your grocer! He gives you a card all beautifully frosted on one side and all covered with a fine fat price list on the other. Everybody gives you something—that is, everybody who thinks you will give them something in return. "Do you think this pipe rack looks like ninety-eight cents?" asks the girl who wants to send something to a young man, knowing that the young man will not have sufficient nerve to send her anything but a piece of jewelry in return. "I am afraid Augusta will have seen these laundry bags," marked down from a dollar to forty-nine cents on account of being a wee bit soiled. Sometimes Augusta does see them and buys a few herself, and who sees the joke? Not the recipients, depend upon it!

Peace on earth—good bills to men! There's Christmas! How the children crowd the Sunday schools; how conscientious the office boy has grown, never thinking about attending his poor grandmother's funeral between the months of November and January! How many deposits are made on clothes, furs, jewelry, by the girl who says, "I will have blank dollars from the boss this year; he gave us each blank last!"

And the horror of Christmas, when everyone seems to be remembered until midnight on the tired eve before. What to do then when three possible givers confront the memory! Nothing simpler and more foolish. Send them something which has already been sent to you, trusting that you'll not be caught.

Who has the courage to give only what she can afford? Who gives her most expensive presents where she will? No one. One gives where one must!

Scratch off all the girls who cling to the practice "making remembrances." Who wants crochet tops to marguerites when shadow lace is so much in vogue? Cultivate rather wealthy and indolent women and elderly men some time through the summer. They give more carelessly and lavishly. Make it plain that flowers will not live in your home on account of the heat—and see what happens. Isn't it gloriously foolish? And after putting the most showy and expensive gifts on the table in the living room to be criticized by your friends, sort them over carefully, giving the laundress all the home-made things, turning the least desirable over to the lady in charge of the church bazaar and keeping a few for the next year, when they can be safely sent out of town. There was a story once, about a veil case, which was completely worn out after perigrinating from coast to coast trying to find a Christmas welcome, but I don't know! Then after having eaten far more than you want or need, simply to give the relations an opportunity of meeting (and discussing) you, go home, look at all the bills, and compare them with the returns. Why, heaven help you, child, you can drive a better bargain in a shop!

Christmas is utter foolishness! Worse than that—it is perfect rot!

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# HIS LAST ANGEL

(Concluded from page 12.)

The larger boy raised his head, and Miss Jane could see that his face was distorted and swollen from long crying.

"It's too late, Missis. Boysie ain't complainin' of his feet no more."

"What do you say?" she demanded sharply. "What—"

Then she caught sight of Boysie's face.

Switching on a full flood of light into the room, she dropped on the floor beside the couch. In an instant she had torn off the old footwear and caught up the little purple toes.

"God forgive me! They are frozen!"

The older brother stood aloof with dry, tearless gaze.

"He was countin' everything on Christmas eve. He said somebody was sure to be kind to him on Christmas eve. It's kind a' like children's night, you know. He picked out certain people he thought was extra good, and called them his Christmas angels. He was going around to call on them and sing for them, but, of course, not one of them listened to him. You was one of them, Missis, the one he loved best and kept to the last, but—"

"Hush!" cried Miss Jane, with a choking sensation in her throat. "How was I to know?"

"But you warmed his feet as soon as you did know," continued the boy, still contemplating the miracle of the rich lady hugging Boysie's feet. "He was right. You are one of them for sure. I ain't so wicked and unbelievin' but what I can see that. Just wait a minute, Missis. I'll be back!"

HE dashed unceremoniously from the room. There was something so mysterious in his hasty action that Miss Hollowell's suspicion was aroused thereby. Mechanically she walked into the adjoining room and opened the top drawer of the dressing-table. The box was open. The pearl pendant was gone!

"So you'll be back, will you?" she murmured, gazing vacantly at the open door through which he had fled.

Then her eyes came back to Boysie. Little blossom, ready to be transplanted by the Master-Gardener from this too rigorous climate to bloom in his own amaranthine gardens! What of the pendant of pearls? She cared not where it might be. She valued it little. Would that all such costly nothings might be turned into loaves of bread, especially at Christmas time, when everybody should be warm, and well-fed, and happy.

While she stood thus, a thousand irresolute thoughts running through her head, the boy came back. His eyes were drooping and his whole aspect was full of shame. The pearl pendant was in his palm.

"Here it is, Missis! I had it hid. I took it out while Boysie was singin' for you. I promised him that if he really could find anybody who cared, or who would so much as speak a kind word to us, I'd quit my bad ways, and try to leave off stealin', and act honest as we used to do when mother was alive. I thought I had a pretty sure thing. But you've warmed his feet in your own lap, and this very minute you're busy wrappin' him up in blankets, and tryin' to make him swaller medicine. I'm beat, Missis. I've lost my bet. Here's your jewelry!"

As he finished speaking a shuffling on the stairs and a heavy tread along the hall announced the approach of an individual of some weight and importance. On Miss Hollowell's threshold stood an officer of the law, a great, burly policeman, quite devoid of diplomatic insight, and wholly immersed in the idea of his own importance.

"What next?" said Miss Jane faintly.

"Rascal! Scoundrel! Thief! Where is he?" demanded the officer, looking fiercely around.

"Here, sir," the boy piped up cheerfully.

"What—" began Miss Jane.

"I told him to come, Missis," the boy whispered in her ear. "If I hadn't you would have had to do it. Don't worry. I deserve it all right."

Miss Jane's attention went back to Boysie, who so far had resisted all efforts at restoration. She was kneeling beside him administering a stimulant. By mutual consent the two people behind her drew near and looked over her shoulder. The leaden dead of night weighed on their spirits. Thin, pale strips of moonlight were falling into the room through the parting of the curtains. All sounds were hushed in the street.

An interval of intense silence was broken at last by an exclamation of triumph from Miss Jane.

"Big brother, look at Boysie now!"

Boysie's lashes were quivering, and presently he looked up at them with his dreamy, questioning eyes of blue.

"My Christmas angel! My very last angel!" he murmured.

"What do you want of me in this house anyway?" broke in the querulous voice of the officer, who was feeling himself sadly neglected under the present arrangement of things. "I don't see any thief. The pearl pendant, which this young rascal reported was stolen, is lying right under your eyes on the table."

"There is no thief to be arrested, officer," smiled Miss Jane. "We have here just a little child exhausted with the cold. Do you happen to be good at buying things? Children's wear, for instance? There is a shoe store in the next block. Be so kind as to step in there first thing in the morning and send me up a couple of pairs of children's shoes. The size? Oh, yes, number tens—felt-lined!"

## The Changed Letters

(Concluded from page 10.)

Alec was beeg fool, the res' fool also. All de tam we speak 'bout dat poor garcon, an' say t'ings, an' mak' de fuss lak' mad, an' all de tam he 'splain not'ing. Now what you t'ink? S'pose we go an' feex it up wit' heem, eh?"

Late that night Hugh Slater sat in his lone shack, his head buried in his hands, and his whole appearance suggesting great misery of mind. He had brought in only a few furs, as the season had been a bad one for him, and he thought of his loved ones far away whom he had hoped to help. To add to his trouble his comrades had turned against him, and a shudder shook his body as he thought of what the morrow might bring forth.

A knock sounded upon the door, and when he had opened it a parcel fell at his feet, though no one was to be seen. In great surprise he unfastened the bundle, when to his astonishment there rolled out a number of skins, the finest he had ever looked upon. As he stood there gazing down in amazement a piece of paper attracted his attention. Quickly seizing it he read the following, rudely scrawled with a lead pencil:

"For the little sick girl at home.  
"Santa Claus."

That was all, no other clue being given to tell who the kind ones were who had left the splendid present. But the next day when he found how changed his companions were toward him, and when the trader handed him his mother's letter, explaining at the same time what the Indian courier had done, then Hugh Slater understood.

### The Old Poets.

Were the old poets here to-day  
We'd see some funny scenes  
With Burns and Pope extolling soap  
And Shelley boosting beans.

We'd note the dreamy Byron then  
In a commercial mood,  
And witness Gray in roundelay  
Describing breakfast food.

Were the old poets here to-day  
We'd see the Muses weep.  
But Shakespeare's trills concerning pills  
Would probably sell a heap.  
—Pittsburgh Post.

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# THE RED VIRGIN

By G. FREDERICK TURNER

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"I AM very well, thanks. I slept like a top, and dreamed—well, never mind what I dreamed. But my fool of a doctor says I must do nothing. He forbade me going to the Cathedral, and says I must not go out for a week."

"And you are obeying him, I hope?" said Saunders.

"More or less. I have done nothing more serious than smoke a dozen cigarettes and sign a couple of admission tickets for the funeral service."

"But your arm!" protested Bilderbaum. "Surely you cannot write."

"My left arm is sound," said Fritz. "I scribbled something which looks like a drunken man's signature. How is everybody else?"

"She is quite well," said Saunders. "Confound you, Saunders" laughed Fritz. "Poor little English flower that was meant to bloom on a West Country hedgerow, and not be trampled in the filthy kennels of the Morast!"

"That crack on the head hasn't knocked the poetry out of you yet," said Meyer.

"On the contrary," said Fritz, "I have done nothing but compose lyrics all the morning. What a night that was! And to think that I lay like a dog while—"

"Don't talk of it," interrupted Saunders. "It is like a bad dream to me. I never really enjoy killing people, and I have the strongest possible objection to seeing ladies in imminent peril. Thanks to the Red Virgin and Langli, we saved your life and theirs, but the whole thing was too damnable to bear looking back on without horror."

"Then let's change the subject," said Fritz. "Although I have at least one pleasant memory—a moment of returning consciousness, a vision of twin stars bending a pitying gleam—"

"That will do," said Saunders roughly. "We don't come here for metaphors and moonshine; we want counsel."

"Then tell me the latest news," said Fritz.

"The latest news," said von Bilderbaum, "is that Karl has driven from the Cathedral to the mausoleum in Cyril's sleigh. His mother is on his left hand, and Cyril facing him."

Fritz's countenance became suddenly serious, grim even, and he gripped the side of his chair savagely with his uninjured hand. There were personal as well as patriotic reasons why he hated to see the Arch-duke's position made more impregnable.

"And you allowed this?" he demanded.

"We allowed it," drawled Meyer, "because we could hardly bundle the Arch-duke out of his own sleigh, or the lady into the snow."

"But Karl—"

"We cannot lay hands on a king in embryo," said Saunders. "You have not just attended the solemn service as we have, or you would realize the indecency of suggesting a brawl under the very shadow of the royal catafalque. To-day of all days there must be a truce to violence."

Fritz relapsed into the depths of his chair, and relieved his feelings with an oath. "I suppose there was nothing to be done," he conceded, with a glance at Saunders.

"THERE is always something to be done," said the latter, "but that something is not necessarily dramatic."

Meyer put his eyeglass to his eye and turned inquiringly to the Englishman. "You did—what?" he asked.

"Whispered a few words here and there, that was all."

Meyer smiled appreciatively. "You whispered a few words in odd places last night," he said, "and Neumann's

brewery disappeared from the face of the earth."

"By the way," said Fritz, "I had a letter from Drechsler the Prime Minister this morning."

"Read it to us," said Saunders.

"It is marked 'private and confidential.'"

"Then do not read it," said von Bilderbaum.

"Schutt!" said Meyer. "It will not be less private or confidential by being read aloud to the six safest ears in Weidenbruck."

"I will communicate its contents to you under secrecy," said Fritz. "Here they are."

"My Dear Baron,—I have taken counsel with my colleagues, and we have decided in the event of the Arch-duke's Regency being insisted on by the Rathsherren, to call a special meeting of Parliament, declare the election void, abrogate the authority of the Rathsherren, and affirm the power of the Cabinet to select the Regent, subject to its approval by a general poll of the people. Such a procedure is, of course, unconstitutional, amounting in fact to a coup d'etat, but I feel sure that you will agree with me that it is justified by circumstances."

"Yours with cordial respects,  
"Hofminister Kammerherr Otto Drechsler."

A silence followed the reading, a silence such as might follow the reading of the Riot Act by the Mayor of a mob-ridden city. The simple words implied so much, the tearing up of an ancient constitution, the certainty of bloodshed.

"H AVE you answered the letter?" asked Saunders at length.

"No," said Fritz. "For one thing, though I can sign my name at a pinch I cannot write with my left hand a letter which will set the kingdom in a blaze."

"You wish for our advice?"

"Emphatically. I am a gambler, and not accustomed to count risks. I want to know what my cool-headed English friend suggests."

"I suggest you take your pen in your left hand," said Saunders deliberately, "and write one word—'Agreed.' We can all sign it."

"You realize the full consequences?" asked Fritz.

"I realize the consequences of not doing so," retorted Saunders: "bowing the knee to Cyril I. of Grimland. We must choose the lesser evil."

"Agreed," said von Bilderbaum loudly.

"Agreed," said Meyer in scarcely audible tones. His face was colourless, and his eyes held a distant look. In his mind he beheld men firing from behind barricades, and in his ears was the sinister whistle of flying bullets.

"I am glad we are all agreed," said Fritz, "because it will save me from enunciating the fourteen or fifteen arguments I had prepared for overcoming your scruples. We have the people on our side, and we have the bulk of the army. Against us is the class to which I have the honour to belong. We are bound to win, and the more determined we are the less trouble there will be. Only don't underrate the Rathsherren; they never surrender."

Saunders handed Fritz a sheet of notepaper and a pencil. Laboriously Fritz wrote the word "Agreed," and appended his signature. Meyer signed next, then von Bilderbaum, the latter handing on the paper to Saunders.

"On second thoughts," said Saunders, "I will not sign. I am not a Grimlander and have no locus standi in the matter. I will, however, address the envelope. Drechsler knows

my writing and will draw his inferences."

"I will send my man with it to Drechsler's at once," said Fritz. "Be kind enough to touch the bell."

Saunders entrusted the letter to the bearer, and as the man left the room turned to von Bilderbaum.

"F RITZ says we have the army on our side," he said. "Can you vouch for this?"

"I can vouch for my command," he said. "They would follow me to hell if necessary. But Major Lacherberg's regiment, the Black Dragoons, would doubtless follow Cyril cheerfully to the same place. We can rely on the household troops, the Guides, and the bulk of the Line, but the Field Artillery—"

The door was burst suddenly open, and an officer in the cherry and green uniform of the Kurdeburg Light Horse dashed into the room.

"Nolda!" cried Meyer.

Major Nolda saluted at sight of his superior officer.

"What is it?" Meyer pursued.

"In a word," said the breathless officer, "abduction!"

Von Bilderbaum and Fritz both swore. Meyer's grey face shaded off to a sickly green.

"Tell us about it," said Saunders, "quickly but with detail."

"As you know," said Nolda, "His Majesty drove off from the Cathedral in the Arch-duke's sleigh in company with his mother and Cyril himself. In accordance with Herr Saunders' suggestion I determined to keep in touch with them. I followed on my charger at a distance. For a time the sleigh proceeded at a slow pace down the Konigstrasse. Then instead of turning to the left down the Karlstrasse after the rest of the cortege they kept straight on. At the Horatius-platz they turned to the right. From a walking pace they quickened to a trot. At the Red Gate they put the horses to a gallop; when they reached the old Meiersl they were going hell for leather."

"Which road did they take?" asked Fritz.

"The East Road."

"The road to Wolfsnaden?" said von Bilderbaum. "Did you follow them?"

"I decided not to follow farther. Had I done so I should probably have been shot, and there would have been no one to report. Besides I had no authority to compel them to return."

"You had the authority of your weapons," growled Bilderbaum.

"Tush! man," said Meyer. "He could not fire on a sleigh containing the King. It was too risky. He did right to return, just as Saunders was right in telling him to follow. The question is—what action are we to take?"

"I will follow with a troop of light horse," said Nolda eagerly.

"They have a long start by now," said Saunders, "and you could not get your men on the road in less than half an hour. Cyril's horses were good—I particularly noticed them."

"Let me follow them with a company of Guides on skis," suggested von Bilderbaum. "I know the lie of the land, and we could cut off a lot of angles by going straight across country."

"Too much fresh snow," said Saunders laconically. "You would flounder about in drifts like boys in quicksand, and be fagged out before you caught sight of the black tails of Cyril's stallions."

"Your criticisms, my dear Saunders," said Meyer dryly, "are, if I may say so, destructive rather than constructive. May I ask if you have any better scheme at the back of your

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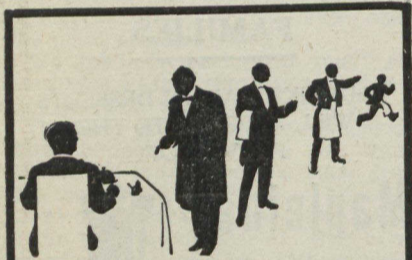


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excellent brain than those propounded by my good officers?"

"There is only one thing that will overtake Cyril," said Saunders.

"And that is?"

"My motor-sleigh."

"Your motor-sleigh!" ejaculated Fritz and von Bilderbaum simultaneously.

"Should be here in three minutes," said Saunders, consulting his watch.

There was a momentary silence. Then Meyer spoke.

"You ordered it to fetch you?" he said.

"One of the people I whispered to when I saw Karl get into the Arch-duke's sleigh was Nolda, the other was the admirable Langli. What I whispered to Nolda you know. What I whispered to Langli was, 'Send my man Adolf round with my motor-sleigh to the Gerade-strasse at one o'clock.'"

Again there was silence. Saunders' presence was almost uncanny.

Meyer made a formal little bow.

"You score all along the line, Saunders," he said. "Cyril has no more chance against you than von Bilderbaum would have in a chess match against Lasker."

"How many will your motor-sleigh hold?" demanded Fritz, after a pause.

"It will hold four or five," said Saunders, "but for what you may term racing purposes it should not be burdened with more than three."

"And who are the three to be?" persisted Fritz.

"Adolf must be one," said Saunders, "for we need a driver, and my right arm is under repairs. I myself will be another, for it is my sleigh, and I claim the prerogative."

"Then I will be the other," said Fritz. "It is my right."

"A RIGHT you forfeited," retorted Saunders, "when you parried Kathie's knife with your arm, instead of putting a bullet into the wench, as I bade you. If you were to get the frost into your wounds we should have you out of action, not for a few days but for months."

"Quite so," said Bilderbaum. "It must be a sound man who sits by Saunders' side. Fortunately I am as strong as—"

"As a bull," supplemented Saunders, "but alas! nearly as heavy. We have a long climb before us, Bilderbaum, and every kilo will tell."

"Very true," said Nolda with scarcely suppressed glee. "Now I weigh scarcely ten stone. Obviously it is I who will accompany Herr Saunders."

"As you will," said Saunders with a shrug.

But Meyer was on his feet, pale, uncomfortable, but determined. "I am as light as Nolda," he began, "and I am his superior officer. It is I—"

"Nonsense, Meyer," interrupted Saunders. "You know you hate these wild-geese expeditions, and Nolda is itching to go. We want a young man. There may be rough work ahead—possibly a night in the snows."

"I am painfully conscious of the probable discomforts and dangers attending our quest," said the Commander-in-Chief, "and I assure you I would far prefer Nolda risking his life and health to doing so myself. But deep down in my complex, not to say contemptible, nature is a partially developed sense of duty. We have buried a man to-day," he went on, his voice shaking a little, "a simple honest man to all appearances, yet one who was magician enough to make me on certain rare, very rare, occasions, a veritable tiger of loyalty and devotion. He is dead, but his spirit lives, or else why should I volunteer to expose my old skin to the bullets of the Arch-duke and the deadlier cold of the Eastern Uplands."

The man's speech was remarkable. Never, except for a half-second, did his words ring sincere. And yet in his way the old Jew was a hero. He was doing what he hated to do, what it was unnecessary for him to do, what another could in all probability do better than himself.

But Saunders made no further attempt to dissuade him.

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"When Meyer makes up his mind to take on a thoroughly disagreeable task," he said, "there is no force outside sheer physical compulsion that will stop him."

There was a knock at the door, and Fritz's man-servant appeared.

"His Excellency Herr Saunders' motor-sleigh is waiting for him," he announced.

"Come," said Saunders hastily. "Every moment is valuable." But Meyer followed the hurrying Englishman with a gait wherein there was no speed. To von Bilderbaum and Fritz, who scarcely comprehended the sensation of fear, there was something absolutely contemptible in the visible effort that impelled the unwilling feet. To Saunders, chafing though he was under delay, the effort appeared frankly heroic.

## CHAPTER XX.

## The "Evil Way."

WITH a succession of abrupt snorts, quickening till they merged into a low purring hum, the motor-sleigh started with a jerk from the portal of Fritz's house in the Gerade-strasse. The cog-wheel bit crisply into the freshly-fallen snow, and Adolf, wrenching at the wheel, turned the runners in the direction of the Karlstrasse. Down the long straight thoroughfare they sped at a great pace, past the snowy desolation of the Horatius-platz, past the Frauen-Kirche and the Festus-Kirche, under the old sandstone barbican called the "Red Gate," through a straggling crop of pink-washed villas into the unflecked white of the open country. The snow had ceased to fall and the pale patches of blue had grown to a vast dome of deepest azure. The road mounted gradually, heading for a gap in the mountains which wall in the eastern end of the valley of the Niederkessel. As yet the incline was gradual and the pace therefore unchecked. The ice-cold wind pushed at their faces and drew moisture from their eyes; it pinched their ears and numbed their finger-tips, and made their cheek-bones tender to the touch. Saunders scarcely felt these things. General Meyer, on the other hand, was acutely conscious of them. The quick rush and excitement of the chase were potent things to combat cold, but if you have a constitutional horror of personal danger, physical discomforts are apt to be intensified. "She's travelling well," said Saunders.

"If the road to Wolfsnaden was all as level as this," Meyer rejoined, "we should catch them in an hour. Unfortunately it is not."

"That's true enough. We have the heels of them on the flat and still more so on the down gradient. Uphill we're at a disadvantage, so we must push along as hard as we can before the track steepens."

"And when we overtake them?" said Meyer, questioningly.

"I don't know what then; I never plan details. I prefer to scheme the scenario of my campaign, and trust to circumstances to suggest the right line of action."

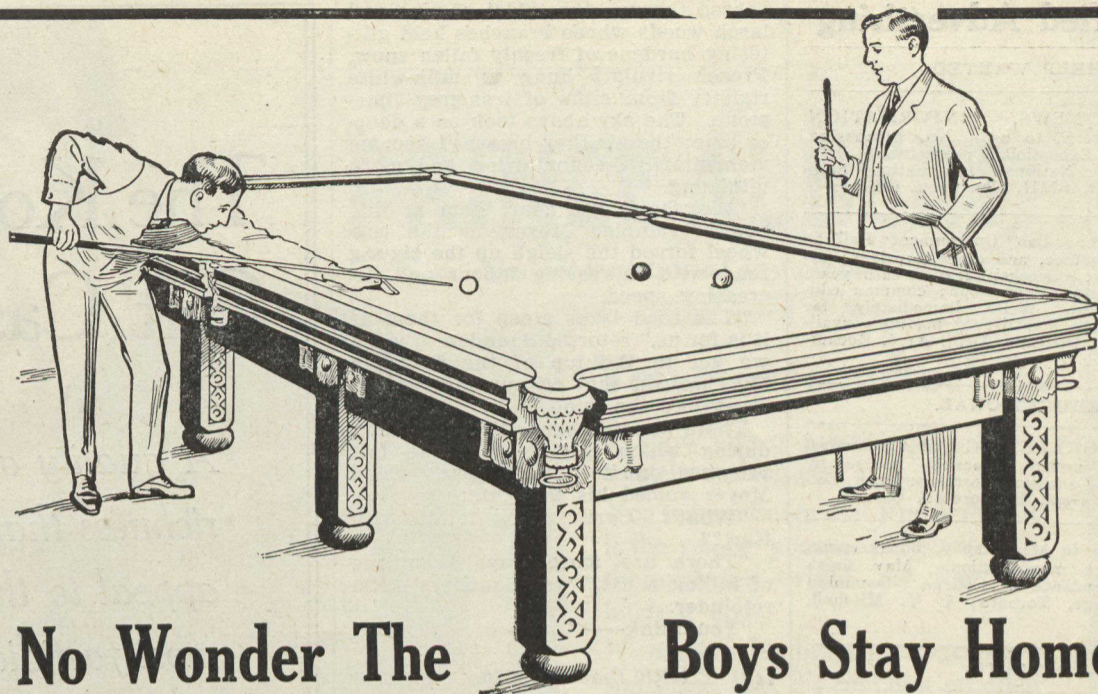
"I hope circumstances will suggest a bullet through the Arch-ducal cranium," said Meyer. "I am not blood-thirsty, but I have an idea it would give Cyril a great deal of pleasure to pot me in a vital part. That is a proceeding I should like you to forestall if possible."

"Then shoot him yourself," Saunders suggested.

Meyer put his fur gloves over his aching ears, and hunched his shoulders pathetically. "I have not the nerve," he complained. "I should either fire too soon and hit Karl or the ex-Queen, or I should hold my fire too long, and be potted myself in a vital part."

Saunders laughed. "I don't want any firing at all, if we can help it," he said. "It's too risky both ways."

They relapsed into silence, and soon the road began to mount steadily, and the pace of the sleigh to decrease in corresponding ratio. They had left the valley, and plunged into a fold of the hills. The farther they went the steeper grew the road and the more fairy-like the scene. They



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passed through the midst of pine and larch woods whose branches held glittering burdens of freshly fallen snow. Frozen rivulets hung in milk-white rigidity from cliffs of iron-grey limestone. The sky above took on a deeper blue; the air they breathed became momentarily keener, drier, and more vitalizing.

"We shan't get near them at this rate," grumbled Meyer, as the cog-wheel forced the sleigh up the zig-zag road with increasing labour and decreasing speed.

"The road is as steep for them as it is for us," retorted Saunders; "when we get to the top of the Madchen Pass we can shut off our engines and coast like the wind."

There was another period of silence, during which the sleigh made fair progress on its lowest gear. Then Meyer voiced his thoughts:

"What's Cyril going to do with Karl?"

"There are more ways than one of killing a cat," was Saunders' grim rejoinder.

"You think——"

"I THINK that if the boy resists or tries to escape he will be done away with. Fortunately he has an old head on young shoulders, and will not attempt the impossible."

"Then his life is safe?" said Meyer.

"As safe as mine was in the 'Persian Vaults' yesterday; as safe as yours would be to-morrow if Cyril were Regent. No, he is in great danger, but the Arch-duke can hardly commit murder under the very eyes of the boy's mother. I think I see the situation. Cyril, who can play the part of the bluff, kindly gentleman, has a story of a plot against the lad's life. The ex-Queen, hysterically emotional, weeping I'll swear, entreats her offspring to trust the maligned Arch-duke. Karl, realizing that if it is necessary to yield it is preferable to do so without any show of resistance, meets them half-way. The flight to Wolfsnaden is commenced. It is our part to see that the journey is never completed."

"If we don't go any faster than this," said Meyer, "our part will be only a pious aspiration."

"That is an hypothesis we need not consider," said Saunders cheerily. "Here we are at the top of the Madchen Pass."

Adolf changed his gear, and the sleigh leaped forward down the smooth incline. Then as the gradient sharpened he shut off the engines, and the car plunged down the favouring track with an exhilarating rush. Adolf applied his brake judiciously and firmly as they neared the sharp bends of the zigzagging descent, releasing it as they swung round to a fresh piece of road, and letting his craft rip down the straight like a wild thing coursing for its life. The experience was thrilling enough for the most jaded nerves. Even Meyer, nervously gripping his seat, his eyes streaming with water, could not remain insensible to the bracing rapture of their jolting flight.

"We must be gaining now," he said. "There they are!" cried Saunders. "Where?"

On their right was a wall of almost perpendicular rock, and on their left a sheer snow slope of many hundred feet. At the bottom of this slope ran the highway, bent back parallel to the road they themselves were taking. And on this highway, far below them, was the black dot which had drawn the exclamation from Saunders' lips. General Meyer wiped his streaming eyes, and trained his field-glasses in the direction indicated by his companion's finger.

"It's our friend Cyril all right," he said. "I can see his black beasts galloping like the devil. They are coming this way."

"This way!"

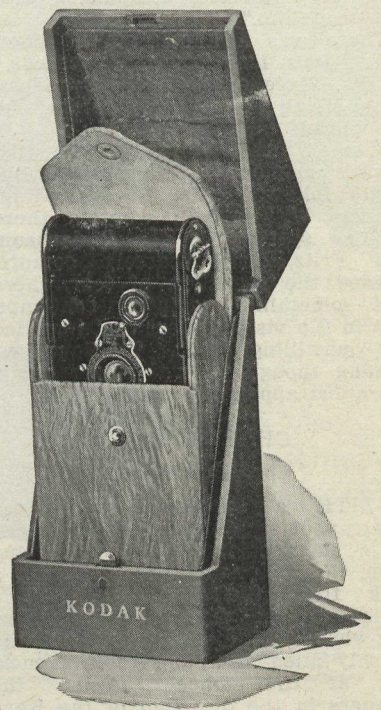
"Yes. We are moving along one arm of a big zig-zag and they are moving along another. In five or ten minutes they will be directly beneath us."

"How long will it take us to catch them up?" asked Saunders.

Meyer shook his head. "Half an hour—three-quarters more likely," he said. "Anyhow they can get to Zuderns before we can come up with them."

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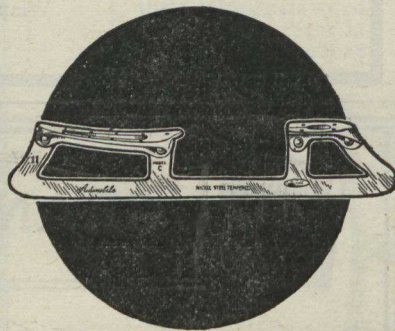
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"Well, what then?"

"Nothing, except that there happens to be a branch line of railway at Zuderns, and the Arch-duke, who is no fool, may have a special train waiting for him there."

But the line does not run to Wolf-snaden," Saunders objected.

"It runs to Stussi, which is only five miles distant," rejoined the Commander-in-Chief.

Saunders' forehead was lined with thought. Then he bent forward and whispered some command in Adolf's ear. The result was that the driver jammed on the brake and turned his front runners into the soft snow that banked the roadway.

"What the devil's that for?" demanded Meyer, who was jerked much more violently than he cared for.

"I have an idea," said Saunders.

"A very sudden idea."

"Sudden and sound. You know this valley road our friends are traversing; it is called locally the Schlect Weg—the 'evil way.' You know why it is so called."

"It is called the Schlect Weg because of its liability to avalanches," replied Meyer. "It is the most dangerous bit of roadway in Europe. Sleigh-drivers always take the bell-collars off their horses when travelling on it, and no coachman would crack his whip hereabouts for fear of starting the dreaded snee-rutsch."

"Precisely," agreed Saunders. "Well, we must start a snee-rutsch—or rather that more deadly species of snow peril, the shlag-lawine—the stroke-avalanche."

"But you'll kill young Karl——" began Meyer in horror.

"I do not propose to precipitate an avalanche on to the sleigh and its occupants," said Saunders coldly. "That would require an accurate mastery of the forces of nature to which neither I, nor any other man, can lay claim. But I propose to start a shlag-lawine as soon as possible, and if it comes off, it will block the Arch-duke's further progress as effectually as a battery of field guns and a brigade of Guards."

"Can we start it by all three shouting together?" asked Meyer.

"We might," agreed Saunders. "A lot of snow has fallen during the past twelve hours, and I should think it is as ripe for a big slide as it ever can be—especially as the sun is pretty hot just now. But I propose to adopt surer means."

Meyer watched his companion closely. Saunders was the only man whom he unreservedly admired, just as the late King was the only man whom he had unreservedly loved. But Saunders had only one available hand and the Commander-in-Chief was not permitted to be an idle spectator. Following the Englishman's directions, he ripped up several revolver cartridges and poured the grey powder into his handkerchief. Saunders meanwhile had scooped a hollow in the side of the snow overhanging the precipice; then, receiving the little bundle of explosive he pressed it tightly into its nest. He stepped back, took a pensive aim, and fired point-blank into his mine. There was a crisp report and a flare. And then occurred one of the most marvelous and terrible sights in nature—the brief, delirious life of the shlag-lawine. The contour of the mountain side melted and changed before their eyes. There was a noise like the broadside of a battleship, and a wind sprang up which snatched their caps from their heads and made them cling to the rocks behind for safety. Downward sped the great shapeless, shifting mass of snow, roaring, swelling, tearing out great boulders from the scarred hillside, snapping great trees like matchwood, sucking up stones and rubbish in its demon breath. When it reached the bottom it spread out like a fan some distance up the far side of the ravine, and for several minutes after its cessation the echoes rolled along the valley, and were tossed backwards and forwards from cliff to cliff, in a long-drawn cannonade of terrifying sound.

"That's stopped Cyril of Wolf-snaden," said Saunders, when the last



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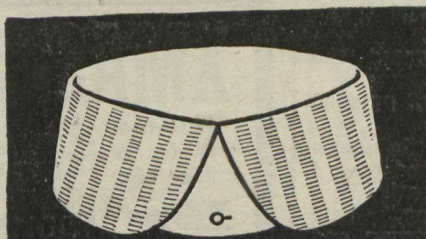
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sullen reverberation had died down to silence.

"Yes," said General Meyer, whose glasses were still focused on the funeral sleigh, "they seem to have pulled up."

"They probably think that the avalanche is the unaided work of nature," said Saunders, "and one avalanche has a knack of starting others. If they are wise they will turn back."

"They are not wise," said the Commander-in-Chief, "they are going forward again."

"They cannot possibly get round," said Saunders. "A sleigh and four horses cannot make progress through soft snow six feet deep. Neither can they cut their way through the shlag-lawine. When the avalanche ceases to descend, the snow is forced together to the consistency of ice. That great lawine, which lies across the track like a stranded monster, is as hard as a granite wall, and will continue to block the King's highway till the warm winds of May underline its glassy ramparts."

The black sleigh with its three occupants and four sable steeds continued to advance till it reached the base of the obstructing snow. At this point the Arch-duke and his companions were almost immediately beneath Saunders' party, and the latter saw quite plainly the red-bearded nobleman get out of his conveyance and examine the mighty mass of compressed snow that blocked his progress. They saw him gaze up at its towering bulk, survey its overlapping sides, and finally, in a burst of impotent wrath, strike its iron flanks with a stick.

"What will he do now?" mused Meyer.

"There is only one thing he can do," replied Saunders, "come back."

"And we are to wait for him here?" asked Meyer, not without a touch of anxiety.

"Best not," said Saunders, suppressing a smile. "Cyril's temper will be superlatively atrocious, and as we cannot well risk firing at him, there is reason why he should have the opportunity of potting you—or me, for that matter—in a vital part. Adolf, home, please."

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### Woman's Rights.

AT the conclusion of the royal funeral service the Perownes took their exit by the south transept and made their way back to their hotel on foot. Neither spoke, both appearing strangely preoccupied. When they were back in their sitting-room, Phoebe at length found her tongue.

"I wonder," she said, "why our tickets were signed by Fritz of Friedrichsheim."

"And I wonder," replied her mother, "why the matter should seem to you of any importance."

"It is a fine name," mused Phoebe. "I love the sound of it. No one could be mean or false or cowardly with a name like that. And it is always cropping up at unexpected moments. It rang out in the 'Persian Vaults' like a trumpet call when Mr. Saunders needed succour. It is on those tickets—"

"There is nothing particularly strange about that," interrupted Mrs. Perowne, in matter-of-fact tones. "Doubtless the Baron, as an important noble, had the right to be present at the ceremony. Possibly, finding himself unable to attend from some cause or other, he passed them on to his friend Mr. Saunders to dispose of as he thought fit."

"Then we should write and thank one, or both of them."

"I think we should," agreed the mother.

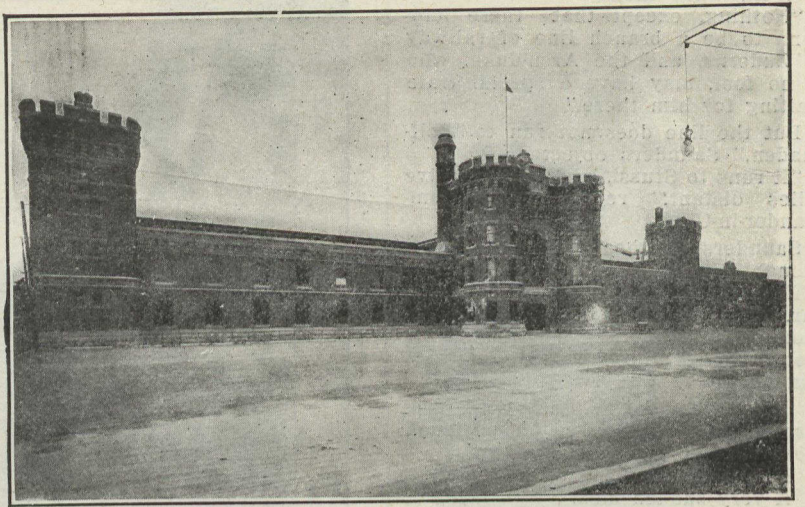
"I wonder what he is like," pursued Phoebe, after a brief pause.

Mrs. Perowne shifted a little uneasily on her chair. "Very handsome, I believe," she said nonchalantly.

"That tells us nothing," said Phoebe. "Is he big and strong and virile like Mr. Saunders, only in a more youthful and romantic mould? Or is he elegant and graceful like Herr Lugner, with the addition of a manlier, more robust atmosphere?"

"I haven't the least idea," said Mrs. Perowne, yawning.

"Neither have I, but I am desper-



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ately anxious to know. I want to see him; I mean to see him before we leave Weidenbruck."

"Then you must make haste."  
"Why?" demanded Phoebe.  
"Because we are leaving Weidenbruck at four o'clock this afternoon."  
Phoebe opened her eyes in astonishment. She was fully under the impression that their stay in the capital was to be prolonged for several days. Anyway, she expected to be consulted on a change of plans. There was, however, a touch of finality in her mother's tones, that told her that argument or expostulation would be futile. Mrs. Perowne very seldom put her foot down; when she did no power on earth short of an hydraulic crane could lift it.

"But why this sudden flight?" asked Phoebe at length, with obvious disappointment.

"Because I have brought you out here for your health, and I mean to see that you get it. The air of Weidenbruck is cold and damp, and the moral atmosphere is worse."

"But it agrees with me wonderfully," protested Phoebe, with a smile. "I never felt better, physically or morally, in my life."

"That is because you are excited. The place is stimulating, I admit; but you live too fast in it. Look at the affair of last night! It was monstrous."

"I am glad to have lived through it," retorted the mother. "But I propose to take you to a real winter-resort, a place where the diversions are of a wholesome nature, and anarchists and other unsavoury people are conspicuous by their absence."

"And," Phoebe sighed, "where there are a lot of English and American people, who are the exact counterparts in mind, outlook, and appearance, of the dear people who make the London 'season' ten weeks of undiluted boredom."

"We may find some very nice people at Weissheim," said Mrs. Perowne.

"WILL there be a Red Virgin there, or a Cyril of Wolfsnaden, or a Fritz or Friedrichsheim?"

"I devoutly hope not."  
"But why, Mother, why?"

"My dear Phoebe, since you insist on having an explanation you shall have it. I see a great change in you these last few days. I don't pretend altogether to understand you, although you are my own child. In England you despise male society. Well and good. Some girls, especially pretty girls who are bothered with a lot of attention, are apt to dislike men's society. I never did when I was your age, but that's neither here nor there. I am old-fashioned, and believe in nature. You are up-to-date and believe in woman's rights, and the 'higher sexlessness,' whatever that may mean. But do me the justice to say that I have never combated your views, or hindered your propaganda."

Phoebe mutely signified assent by a slight inclination of her head.

"Well," continued Mrs. Perowne, "the inevitable happened. You became run down. The 'higher sexlessness' is a very beautiful thing, no doubt, but anaemia and 'nerves,' which seem inevitably to accompany it, are not; Doctor Fulbrook prescribed a winter at high altitude, and I brought you here. What is the result? We stay a few days in this crazy town, en route for Weissheim, and you become as mad as the people who live here all their lives."

"I am not conscious of madness."

"Lunatics never are. The 'higher sexlessness' vanishes, which is perhaps a good thing. But instead we have something else even more unwholesome. You appear to have a gentleman called Fritz of Friedrichsheim on the brain, you are attracted by a good-looking, good-for-nothing detrimental called Herr Lugner, and you have a morbid fascination for an ungodly creature who styles herself the Red Virgin."

"At any rate these people are picturesque—they are alive."

"Undoubtedly they are picturesque; unfortunately they are also alive. What I mean is, that I am determined you shall not fall under their influence. In your present unhealthy condition

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of mind there is no knowing what folly you are capable of. I believe if you met the Baron Fritz at the present moment you would fall in love with him on the spot."

Phoebe smiled in a superior way. "What terrible folly!" she said sarcastically, "to fall in love with a hero!"

"There are plenty of heroes in England," said Mrs. Perowne sharply; "only they don't go about killing their fellow-creatures. If you ever marry I should prefer a decent-minded, sober Englishman as a son-in-law, to some hot-blooded cut-throat with a fantastic title and the homicidal instincts of a cave-dweller."

Mrs. Perowne rarely had the last word in verbal dissension with her offspring, but she had it now. Possibly her peroration was sufficiently portentous to crush Phoebe's normal faculty of retort. Possibly her mother's treatment of a romantic subject appeared to Phoebe to travel on such a low plane of thought as to be beneath criticism and below contempt. Perhaps, however, the girl was conscious of a measure of truth and discernment lacking among the commonplace theories enunciated by her well-meaning but prosaic parent. She was certainly conscious of change in herself. Things that had appeared right—nay indispensable—in England, appeared indispensable no longer. She doubted whether they even appeared right. Her theories were born of the trim hedgerow and decently paved city, and they wilted in a land of rugged mountains and among the snow-blocked streets of Weidenbruck. Grimland no more resembled England than the Wars of the Roses resembled the evolutions of Territorials on Salisbury Plain. Here the old primordial law of violence was a living thing. Lethal weapons were lethal weapons, not picturesque appendages carried by perspiring Tommies on bloodless route-marching. Woman's rights! Yes, they existed at all times since Eve presented Adam with an apple and a fratricidal offspring. Woman's right was to be loved, to be a wife, a mother, the mystic emblem of creation. What else mattered? She had come to Grimland as a vestal virgin burning the sacred oil of progressive femininity. But behold! the lamp of her was kindled with another and a stronger flame. Her mother saw the flame and was afraid. She expressed her fear in prosaic and banal phrases, but she had justice on her side. Phoebe was conscious of great things bursting through the soil of her young life, and she was cognizant of the danger as well as the beauty of the process. But to youth danger is negligible and beauty paramount, and to Phoebe, sensitive, highly strung, revitalized by a new atmosphere and new emotions, the main thing seemed to be to live fully rather than to live prudently.

IT was her mother who broke the long silence that followed her last speech.

"Take your things off, and get ready for lunch," she said. "We must not forget there is packing to be done."

Phoebe rose. "I am going out," she said.

"But it is lunch-time," protested her mother.

"Very likely. I am not hungry. I want to say good-bye to Weidenbruck. I love this crazy old town, as you call it. I love the shadowy streets and the disreputable people who inhabit them. I am going to have a last look round, for it is possible I shall never see Weidenbruck again."

"But, Phoebe, dear, you must eat."

"O! I will eat when I get to a real winter-resort, with an appetite stimulated by real winter sports, and with 'nice' people sitting round me munching prunes and rice at the table d'hôte."

Mrs. Perowne made no further protest. She had not been opposed on her main point—their instant departure from the capital; and she conceded the minor one. When she descended to the hall, Phoebe demanded a directory. She searched in it for the name of Lugner, but the name of Lugner was not inscribed therein. She put the question to the hall-porter.

"No, lady," he replied. "I have never heard of such a name. It scarcely sounds like a real name. Are you certain you are not mistaken?"

"Absolutely certain," snapped Phoebe. "Where is the post office?"

"At the corner of the Bahnhofstrasse and the Petergasse. If there is anyone of the name of Lugner living in Weidenbruck—"

"Thank you," said Phoebe, and saluted forth into the street.

The post-office officials threw no more light on the whereabouts of the mythical Herr Lugner than the concierge of the Concordia. Phoebe's irritation deepened. She desired to inquire after the health of a man who had been injured in their company, that was all—at least that was the way she put it to herself. Then occurred one of those coincidences which are ascribed to Chance, Fate, or Providence, according to the creed of the person who experiences them. The object of her quest came round a corner, hurrying down the street towards her. Towards her, but not in order to meet her. His mien was preoccupied, his eyes had a distant look scarcely noting his present surroundings, and his gait was the embodiment of incontinent haste. This was not quite the Herr Lugner she was accustomed to, but the identity was beyond doubt. There was the bandaged cheek and the slung arm, if other evidence was lacking. She smiled and bowed graciously as he drew near, but his eyes were focused a mile away, and she might as well have bowed to a lamp-post or a pillar-box for all the notice that was taken of her salutation.

"Herr Lugner," she called, but he strode on unheeding. Then as if some slow cell of his brain had tardily received its message, he checked himself and looked round. Recognition crept into his eyes. He took off his hat with his left hand.

"A thousand pardons" he exclaimed. "My thoughts were far away, and I was in a great hurry."

"Too great a hurry to speak to me? I was coming to see you."

"You were coming to see me!" he ejaculated.

"I WISHED to inquire after your wounds. How are they? You must be better, or you would not be about—and walking so vigorously."

"I am much better, thank you. In fact, I am quite well. But I should like to have the use of my right arm."

A natural wish, but expressed with such emphasis that Phoebe uttered a feeble "Why?"

"Because—because, Gott in Himmel! I wish to use it."

"I suppose so," she acquiesced lamely. "I am absurdly inquisitive to-day. For instance, I am wondering why you of all people are in such a tearing hurry."

"The King—" he began, and then stopped abruptly.

"The King, yes; go on," said Phoebe.

"No," he replied. "It would not interest you."

"On the contrary you interest me very much. In fact, you tantalize me. What about the King?"

"The King is dead—long live the King! Miss Perowne, I deplore my apparent rudeness, but I am indeed in haste. Forgive my abruptness." He raised his hat.

She held out her beautifully gloved hand. "Then good-bye," she said. "We are leaving Weidenbruck to-day."

"You are leaving Weidenbruck to-day!" he repeated with obvious disappointment, taking her right hand in his left and holding it longer and tighter than convention warranted.

She looked him full in the face and smiled. "You speak as if you were really sorry," she said.

"I am really sorry," he replied. "So am I. I have conceived a stupid affection for Weidenbruck."

"Then you will return," he answered. "What woman wills, God wills, as the proverb says."

(To be continued.)

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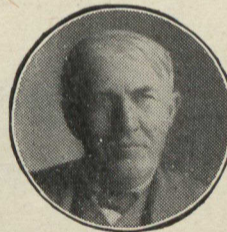
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