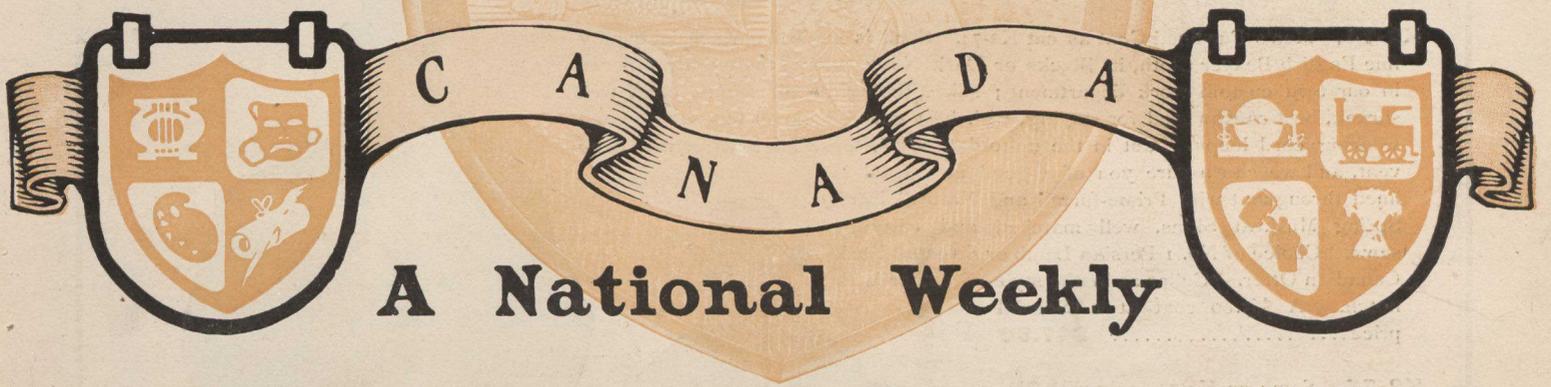


# The Canadian Courier



FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF CANADA

JOHN A. COOPER, Editor  
THE COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

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**Editorial Talk**

THE editor of a Toronto daily paper thinks that the first issue left much room for improvement. Quite true. So does this issue, but we hope it leaves less. The matter this week is not so crowded. The presswork is better. The illustrations are more to the point.

During the week, three new writers have joined the staff of editorial contributors, which consists of six men. These will write unsigned comment to be published under the heading of "Reflections."

The delivery system is not yet complete, but is being rapidly perfected. The first edition was a few hours late, and the demand for copies could not be met. This week we are making an attempt to do better.

A new serial begins in this issue. The editor feels free to recommend it.

Mr. John Innes is working on a series of paintings which will cover subjects from the Western Coast of Canada to Eastern Ontario. The list will include The Coast Indians, The Pack Trains of the Mountains, The Plains Country and The Wilderness of Northern Ontario. Mr. Innes pictures are full of life, vigour and dramatic quality. The first of the series will appear in colours in an early number of the Courier.

The first of a series of Western pictures by Mr. Tom O. Marten will appear in the next number. His broad familiarity with the Great West, and those characters in particular which go so far to furnish its romantic atmosphere, will make this series of absorbing interest to the Courier's readers. Mr. Marten, has also just completed a strong Christmas Cover for the Courier.

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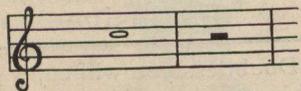
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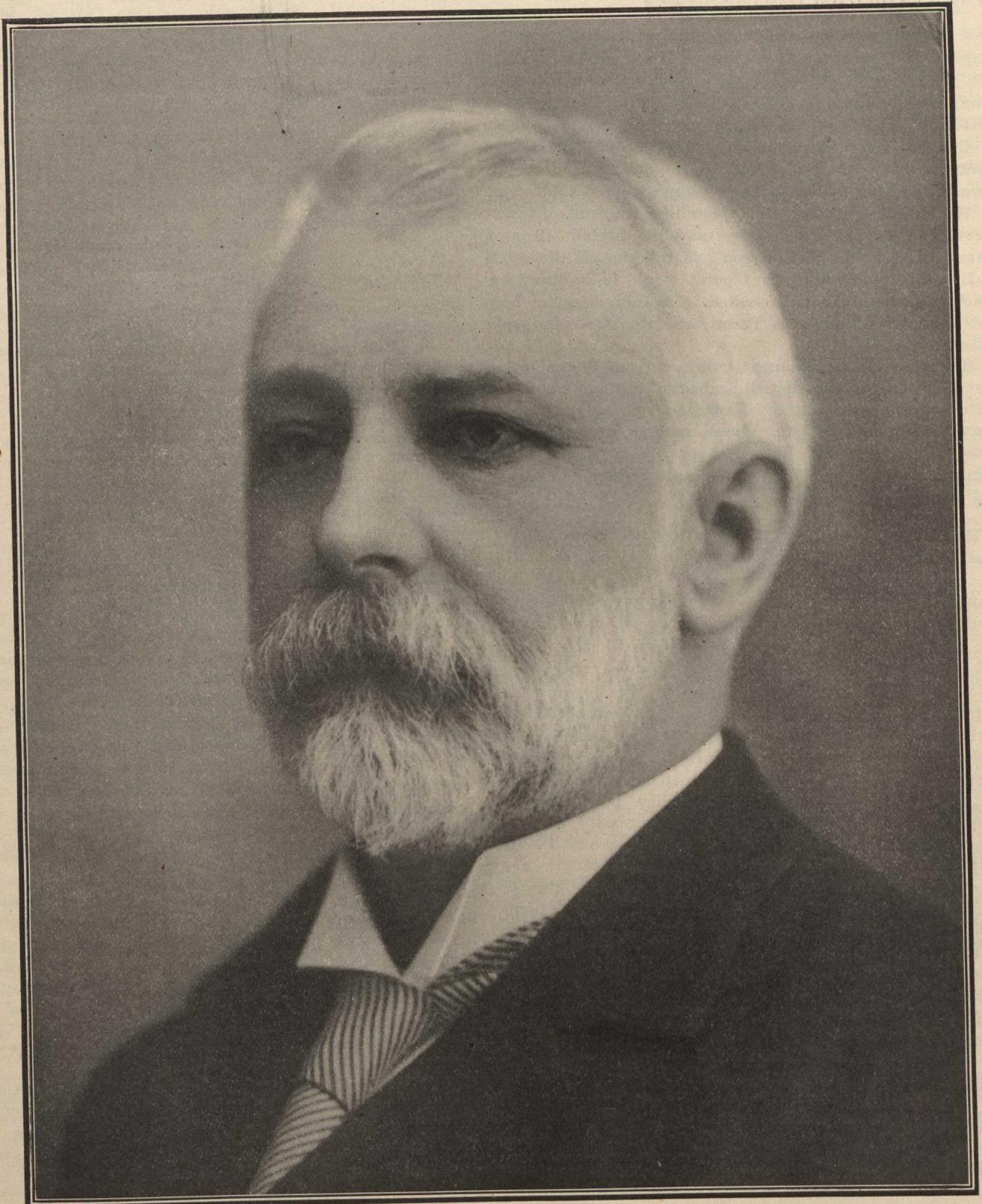
The  
**Canadian Courier**  
A National Weekly

NEWS COMPANY EDITION

Vol. I

Toronto, December 8th, 1906

No. 2



HON. W. S. FIELDING

Minister of Finance for the Dominion of Canada, who last week delivered his Tenth Budget Speech.

# REFLECTIONS

**M**R. RICHARD JEBB suggests that the Imperial Government should appoint a Canadian as the Empire's ambassador at Washington. Mr. Jebb is the author of a book entitled "Studies in Colonial Nationalism," in which he exhibits definite

## CANADA AT WASHINGTON

sympathy with the colonial view of Imperial questions. He was in Canada last winter for a time and has an intimate knowledge of nearly all His Majesty's important Dominions Over Seas. He is on the staff of the "Morning Post" of London, and makes his suggestion in that journal. The "Daily Mail" takes it up editorially and approves.

Canada must be pardoned if she declines the great honour which these London journalists thus dare to thrust upon her. We desire to play a considerable part in the Empire's affairs and are willing to lend our services wherever we think they may be useful. For a Canadian to go to Washington and take up all the work of British diplomacy at that point would be foolish. In much of it we are not interested. No Canadian has had the necessary training. These are two good and sufficient reasons.

If the British Government will appoint a Canadian as first secretary to the British ambassador, that would be quite sufficient to satisfy Canadian pride and to safeguard Canadian interests. Such an appointment would be more reasonable. But, perhaps Mr. Jebb and the editor of the "Daily Mail" are simply poking fun at us and our aspirations.

**O**NCE more there is a revolution in France, albeit there are wanting gunpowder and sabres. On Tuesday next, France will see the greatest civil change since the days of the Provisional Government, when the Roman Catholic Church will cease in any form to be a State Church. When **FRANCE'S RELIGIOUS REVOLUTION** a hundred and five years ago, Napoleon compelled the Pope to assent to the Concordat, his object was to keep the fabric of the Church—saturated with Royalism, as he believed—safely under his control. The Concordat has subsisted ever since, the changes made having been unessential. It was the sequel to the persecuting policy instituted by Mirabeau, and Napoleon, feeling the necessity for religious peace, also foresaw the credit which would be his could he restore the illegal altars and nominate the bishops. The Papacy fought hard for complete liberty, but Bonaparte, as Chief of State, insisted upon the compromise under which Rome relinquished all claim to the Church lands sequestered during the revolution. On its part, the Government of the Republic recognized "the Catholic Apostolic and Roman faith to be the religion of the great majority of French Citizens"—as well as of the Consuls. All of the French Bishops were to resign, or to be deposed if they refused, and Bonaparte was to nominate the succeeding bishops fairly from both parties. The State was to pay bishops and cures. All of these promises were not carried out, but the Concordat, signed in 1801, has existed through Consulate, Empire, three Kingdoms, another Empire, and two Republics. The Clemenceau administration on Tuesday will finally seize the Church property, which for a year will remain in sequestration. What will happen to it afterwards is "on the knees of the gods."

The Separation Law is primarily the outcome of a conviction that the Associations, i.e., the religious

orders, are largely anti-Republican and have been plotting against the State. This seems at this distance an exaggerated view of a possible danger, for the Republic seems as firmly grounded in France as limited Monarchy is in England. M. Briand, the Minister of Public Worship in announcing the Government's decision to seize the Church property, remarked that "the State owes nothing to the Catholics but the liberty of public worship." The State-paid stipends are to end; the tithes have gone, and in France for the first time since the lurid days of Danton and Robespierre, Marat and Mirabeau, there will be no State Church.

**T**HE chief feature of the new tariff of 1906, is the introduction of a middle tariff, one standing between the British preference on the one side and the general tariff on the other. This intermediate rate is to come into force only on Executive motion. In other words, Canada is to adopt lower duties only as the result of a bargain. A few examples will show the complicity of our schedules and their general character:

	Br. Pref.	Inter.	Gen.
Canned meats .....	17½	25	27½
Prepared Cereal Foods .....	15	17½	20
Books, unbound .....	15	22½	25
Books, bound .....	5	10	10
Newspapers and periodicals .....	Free	Free	Free
Perfumery .....	25	32½	35
Tinware .....	15	22½	25
Steel rails, per ton .....	\$4.50	\$6.00	\$7.50
Iron or steel bridges .....	22½	30	35
Harvesters .....	12½	17½	17½

The German surtax remains and the iron and steel bounties will be retained until 1910.

**I**N 1849, the general duties on imported goods were twelve and a half per cent; in 1856 this was increased to fifteen per cent.; in 1858 it was further increased to twenty per cent. In the latter tariff, boots and shoes, harness, saddlery and clothing, paid twenty-five per cent. In 1866, the rate went back to fifteen per cent. In 1874 this was increased to seventeen and a half per cent. In all these tariffs there was of course a large free list. Under the 1874 tariff wheat, flour, oatmeal, coal, salt, steel rails and flax were free and large quantities of these were imported. In 1876, a select committee reported against an increase in duties as likely to lead to a loss in revenue, and to an increase in the cost of manufactured goods to the consumer. Two years later, however, the "National Policy" of Sir John Macdonald caused the defeat of the MacKenzie-Cartwright Government and the tariff of 1879 raised the general rate to thirty per cent. Canada had decided to "create a home market for the products of home labour."

Since 1879, Canada has had a moderately protectional tariff. In 1882 the opposition supported a motion of Hon. (now Sir) Wilfrid Laurier, looking to the repeal of the duties on coal, coke and breadstuffs. But the vote stood 120 to 47. These articles had formerly been free. In 1893, the Liberals met at Ottawa under the leadership of Laurier, Mowat, Cartwright and others and declared that the Customs Tariff "should not be based upon the protective principle but upon the requirements of the public service."

When the Liberal party came into power in 1896,

there followed a new tariff in 1897. This largely abandoned specific duties in favour of ad valorem, increased the free list (notably in the case of corn, fence wire and mining machinery), reduced the duties on coal oil, breadstuffs, wheat and sugar. This tariff also introduced the British preference. Nevertheless the tariff remained, and is to-day, a moderate protectionist tariff.

**I**N providing a schedule intermediate between the British Preference and the general tariff, with a view to using this as an instrument of negotiation, Mr. Fielding has coupled with it the principle of trade treaties. He has accepted this principle when it has been discredited by the experience of other countries. So early as 1860 France entered into a treaty with England whereby mutual concessions were arranged. France followed this by making similar treaties with other nations during the period 1860 to 1867. While there was present in this policy the idea of expanding French trade, the main idea of Napoleon, who entered into these treaties in the face of the opposition of the French legislative bodies, was to obtain for the Empire political strength and support abroad. When Germany was under the Zollverein it adopted, in 1865, a system of trade treaties by means of which concessions from the "autonomous," or general tariffs, were made through "conventional" or trade treaty tariffs. In the later working out of these arrangements many difficulties have been met. When Germany, in 1891, granted various reductions on agricultural productions from Roumania in order to obtain concessions for German manufactures the increased competition to which the German farmers were subjected called forth bitter opposition. In France the trend since 1890 has been steadily away from the trade treaty system.

Mr. Fielding recognizes that reciprocal arrangements may be made through legislation; he, however, considers such arrangements unsatisfactory because they are temporary in nature. He, therefore, favours the trade treaty system because it will give greater stability than can be obtained from simple legislative action. But the difficulty presented here is that while Canada's needs may, in the meantime, have changed, the country will, during the life of a treaty, be bound by certain fixed rates of duty. Important as is Canada's foreign trade, the maintenance and development of the home market is still more important. The fact that these trade treaties would have to include "most favoured nation" clauses would lead to other countries obtaining privileges in return for which no adequate concession had been obtained.

The Canadian legislation proposes maximum reductions of 10 per cent. In 1897 the United States provided that there might be general reductions of 20 per cent. But owing to the opposition of the Senate the treaties, negotiated under this arrangement, were not sanctioned. This legislation provided that the treaties negotiated should last not longer than five years, and that they should be approved by both Houses of Congress. The Canadian legislation contains no such limitation of term, and permits the Government to make any treaty without reference to Parliament. No tariff change which materially affects the net protection essential to Canadian industry should be made without the sanction of the people's representatives. The tariff is of public concern not only from the standpoint of the protection it affords, but also from the standpoint of the revenue it yields. The tariff and Canada's industrial independence are intertwined. And no arrangements should be entered into which would, when times of adversity came, prevent, until the termination of treaties, the tariff modifications called for by the country's changed condition. Peel's words in 1846 "wearied with our long and unavailing efforts to enter into satisfactory commercial treaties with other nations, we have resolved to consult our own interests" contain both a lesson and

a precept for Canada. Where reciprocal arrangements are essential, legislation and not treaties should be relied upon. Canada should not mortgage its fiscal independence.

**J**ULIUS CAESAR, who was so suddenly unseated by the daggers of Brutus and Cassius, was a statesman who had made his way upwards on his own merits assisted by bread and circuses. Besides being a great man, he was a great briber. He won victories, rifled provinces and spent the plunder on his political ambitions. When he was out for votes, he never aimed to buy anything less than the whole city. His sad fate is introduced here, not to prove that two wrongs make a right, but to show that there were distinguished practitioners in the art of purchasing good opinion long before Mr. Hyman's misguided helpers entered the field.

Pericles, who died in the odour of sanctity with a reputation as long as your arm, was a wholesale purchaser of electoral favours. He was the politician who invented the "pork barrel." He not only bribed Athens with public buildings and threw all the art work his friend Phidias' way, but he was the first to make use of the sessional indemnity, which he carried so far as to pay the people for sitting through Aeschylus' plays at the theatre. Pericles was one of the most splendid corrupters of history. It is only now, after a couple of thousand years, that thoughtful people are beginning to find him out.

To pass from Greek and Roman to English history, there was Walpole, the father of corruption as he was the father of party government. With him bribery was a habit, a system, an organized instrument of administration. He was more shameless in his juggling of offices and appointments than Newcastle ever was. He paid for votes in Parliament with places and favours. He taught modern Premiers nearly all they know about keeping their followers in Parliament warm with promises, just how long to delay the reward, and other matters in which they excel. It was Walpole who originated the saying that every man has his price. Of one it might be a morsel of flattery, of another a woman's kiss, of a third a jewel, of a fourth judgeship, of a fifth a gift of money. Walpole knew how to reach every man on his softest side. If he did not bribe the mob of voters, it was because he had no need. They were pocket boroughs in those days and Walpole dealt with the men who had the boroughs in their pockets. By such arts he maintained himself in power for twenty years, perhaps the best twenty years England ever had in the way of Government. He gave the kingdom the breathing spell in which it gained a long start of the European nations; he put England in a position to lead the world in wealth and enterprise.

If we were disposed to go outside our text, electoral corruption, we could show how many great men have taken or given bribes. The names of Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, and John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, rise at once to the mind. Enough has been said to indicate that the habit is widespread and the practice ancient. Only the other day in a moment of candour, a member of Parliament who has had experience blurted out that bribery was sheer waste of money. He was right. The crooked money does not irrigate public opinion in the way that was intended. Fully three-quarters of it sticks well up in the channel, the dark-lantern men having a pretty good notion where charity ought to begin and end. And as both sides do it, there is no reason why a voter of a thrifty turn of mind should not take money from both and vote in the long run according to his convictions. Some do, but such breaches of contract are in danger to be exposed, and the sources of revenue to be cut off, human ingenuity having found several ways of looking into a ballot box to see if the goods have been delivered.

# Football Season of 1906

By J. K. MUNRO

**R**UGBY Football with its rush and plunge, its squirming log-heaps of struggling humanity, and its constant clash of weight and strength against weight and strength is probably the nearest approach to actual warfare the world of sport can produce. That is why it appeals so strongly to the fighting Anglo-Saxon nature. That is why when college meets college and champions meet champions, Canadians turn out in thousands to cheer on their favourites and fill the chill autumn air with college yells and club slogans. And in enthusiasm the season of 1906 has proved a red letter one in the history of the game.

It has been a prolonged season. It started inauspiciously, for the early practises always are marked by numerous accidents, more or less serious, were this year saddened by two fatalities. But as the season advanced and the struggle for supremacy in the three principal unions indicated a shifting around of championships, interest grew till the crowds at the games became large beyond all recent records, and never did it slacken till in Montreal on Saturday last, Hamilton Tigers, by defeating McGill on their own campus, became the crowned kings of the Canadian football field.

Senior football in Canada is practically contained in three unions—The Quebec Rugby Football Union, the Ontario Football Union and the Intercollegiate Football Union. These three bodies are affiliated with the Canadian Rugby Union, and at the end of each season the champions of the affiliated unions are entitled to play off for the Canadian Championship. But owing to marked differences in the playing rules of the various unions, it has of late years been an impossibility to bring the different champion teams together on anything like an equal footing. Last fall, however, the Canadian Union formulated a set of rules, a compromise between the "snap-back" and the "scrimmage," that all teams could easily accustom themselves to. The Quebec Union simplified matters by adopting these rules at once. The Ontario Union will probably adopt them at their annual meeting to-day. The Intercollegiate will doubtless soon fall in line and the same set of rules will govern the game in all the unions that go to make up the Canadian body. The struggle for premier honours in the different unions have been the best in years. In the Quebec Union, made up of Ottawa, St. Patricks of Ottawa, Montreal and Westmounts of Montreal, Ottawa have held almost undisputed sovereignty for years. But this year Montreal, who had gathered a team of stars after suffering defeat at the hands of St. Patricks early in the

season, went on and won all the rest of their games, finishing with a clear lead over all the others.

The Ontario Union, made up of Hamilton Tigers, Toronto Argonauts, Toronto Victorias and Peterboro, had to once more yield to Hamilton Tigers who have now been Ontario champions for four years. Tigers are undoubtedly one of the greatest football aggregations ever got together in Canada, but this year they had their work cut out for them to beat the Argonauts who put up a desperate finish and were only beaten in the dying moments of a game the critics generally conceded they should have won.

Neither was the fight in the Intercollegiate Union less earnest. Here McGill, Toronto 'Varsity, Queen's and Ottawa College fought it out. McGill won, but not till the whistle blew in the last game against 'Varsity in Toronto could they call the championship their own. 'Varsity had beaten them in Montreal, but the wearers of the red fought it out to a finish and in one of the most earnest, if worst played games of the season, landed the game and the honours by a single point.

In the meantime, Montreal and Tigers had met in Hamilton for the Canadian championship. Montreal, with a strong line and an exceptionally fast back division, were generally picked to win. But what Tigers lacked in speed and strength they more than made up by their exceptional punting ability and their general knowledge of the game. On a soggy field they held their opponents comparatively safe while their great back division punted away over the dead line for enough points to win by a score of eleven to six before the biggest crowd that ever witnessed a football game in Ontario.

For some time it was uncertain whether McGill would go after Canadian honours. It was generally conceded they were outclassed by Tigers and the faculty were reminding them that examinations were drawing near. But the rules gave them the game on their own grounds and the temptation was too great to be resisted. The game was arranged and Saturday last saw the students practically outclassed at nearly every point. In tackling, McGill were probably a shade ahead of Tigers, but that was all. Tiger's backs punted high and far and handled McGill's returns in masterly style, while the college backs occasionally made costly fumbles. Tigers plunged through the opposing lines for gains and worked criss-cross and other trick plays that dazed their opponents. The game was never in doubt after the first few minutes, and the final score was Tigers 29, McGill 3.

## Two Transatlantic Visitors



Countess of Suffolk  
(Formerly Miss Margaret Leiter)

**G**EORGE NATHANIEL CURZON, first Baron Curzon of Kedleston, is almost forty-eight years of age and has already held one of the most coveted imperial offices—the Viceroyalty of India. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, where he was president of the famous "Union." He entered political life and was soon recognized as one of the most brilliant of the younger members. He was Under-Secretary of State for India, 1891-92, and Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs 1895-98. In 1899 he was made Viceroy of India, a post which he held until 1905. In 1895 he married Mary Victoria, daughter of Mr. L. Z. Leiter of Chicago. Lady Curzon was an admirable consort to her distinguished husband and made many friends in England and India. Her death occurred in England last summer and Lord Curzon has been in depressed health and spirits ever since. There are three daughters, the eldest being ten years of age. There is a great deal of gossip about the unhappiness of the international marriage; but the Curzon-Leiter union was one of exceptional felicity. Lord Curzon's visit to America gave currency to the rumour that he is to be appointed British Ambassador to the United States; but his lordship has given emphatic denial to the report.

The Countess of Suffolk, formerly Miss Margaret Hyde ("Daisy") Leiter, accompanied her bereaved brother-in-law to America. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. L. Z. Leiter, and was married in 1904 to Henry Molyneux Paget Howard, 19th Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire. Lord Suffolk paid a visit to Canada the summer before his marriage.



Baron Curzon of  
Kedleston



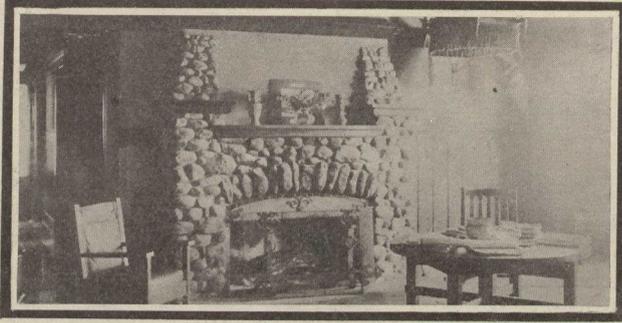
There once was a team--not the Nigers--  
Who went out for a game with the Tigers ;  
They returned from the ride  
With McGill boys inside  
And a smile on the face of the Tigers.

Scenes at the Hamilton-McGill Final Championship Match on McGill Campus,  
Montreal, Saturday, December 1st. McGill wear red stockings,  
Hamilton striped stockings.

Photographs by R. F. Smith, Montreal.

## A Trout Club

ONE day I went up to spend Sunday at the Caledon Mountain Trout Club at Inglewood, a little over an hour's run from Toronto. The Club House is a half hour's drive from the station. The "mountain" is really a series of hills, and



A Cosy Spot for Story-Telling.

on one of these, commanding a magnificent view, stands the home of the Club. Around and below it are the ponds in which the trout are grown after they leave the



A Trout Stream in the Preserve.

hatchery. Above and below are the waters of the Credit River, over a long stretch of which the Club has fishing rights. At Hillsburg, twelve miles distant, the Club



The Credit River.

people have two hundred acres of land, on which are ponds and another hatchery.

The drive over from the station was splendid, the room I had was delightful, the meals were wonderfully

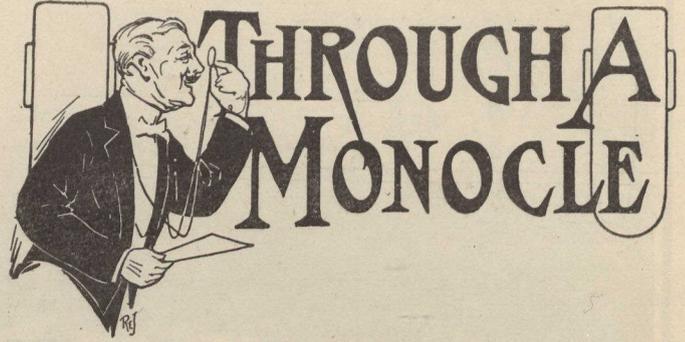


The Club House and A Fish Pond.

good, the "Annex" which contains the refreshment room and the billiard tables was an attractive spot—but I never tasted a trout nor did I see one caught. When

one threw liver into the ponds, thousands of fish poked their noses up. It was a pretty sight. However, when I want fishing, I am going to Algonquin Park or Lake Nepigon, not to a fashionable trout club.

J. A. C.



THE Monocle has been blocked up this last week by Mr. Fielding and his three tariffs. Where the Finance Minister seems to have made his mistake was in limiting himself to the petty number of three. If he had given us six or seven and then let everybody take his choice, it would have been hard for anybody—except Mr. Foster—to have been discontented. As for Mr. Foster, he draws his indemnity for being discontented; and no one will allege that he does not earn the full amount. His "make up" as the apostle of discontent is simply magnificent. The pictures of Maxim Gorky look cheerful by contrast, and there is no man in the country I would sooner have preach my funeral sermon. He would seem so sorry that the mourners would pass him a handkerchief to staunch his tears and get somebody to spare him the pain of speaking at all.

As for Mr. Fielding, he is, perhaps, too matter-of-fact for his present job as a permanent herald of surpluses. But there is hope of improvement, for Mr. Fielding is a capital hand to fit himself to environment. At one time, like Monsieur Henri Bourassa, he was a "cub" publicist when he raced about the confines of his native Nova Scotia inciting the people to believe that they would be better off outside of Confederation. The august front of a "fait accompli" had no terrors for him. He was the Buster Brown of politics, and would have cheerfully challenged the European Concert to a stand-up fight. But he learned better. He grew up. He came to the larger stage at Ottawa, and discovered that there was dry land west of the Ottawa River. He became a Federal politician; and he would fight like a hero now against anybody who should attempt to steal away from the Dominion that highly desirable Province which gives him a safe seat and a solid delegation of followers. To-day the man who came into prominence as a secessionist, is the heir apparent to the Federal Premiership and the maker of tariffs for the entire Dominion. There are people who think that his past should forbid his present—who never talk to you of the Mr. Fielding who is, without harking back to the Firebrand Fielding who was. They would even veto his future on the ground of youthful indiscretions. But the mass of the people are not so foolish. They remember that Gladstone was once a Tory and that Disraeli began business as a fop.

Fielding's own province has at all events forgiven him his bad advice, which even he would not now take. The enthusiasts who stooped to corrupt practices to get him his seat at the last elections seem to have sinned unnecessarily, which is not only wicked but stupid. In an officially clean election, with nothing in sight but public works, present or promised, with everybody denouncing corruption, he got over a thousand majority. Fielding will not lose the Premiership if his own Nova Scotia can prevent it. He is the Favourite Son while the Liberals are in power; though I rather suspect that if the Conservatives were to come in, that sagacious Province would speedily discover that its genuine and well-beloved Favourite was really a certain lad of modest bearing who carves "R.L.B." on his desk. The fact is that Nova Scotia has never been without plenty of Favourite Sons. They seem to breed the variety down there. They had "Joe" Howe and Dr. Tupper. Then they had Sir John Thompson, with young "Charlie" Tupper trying to turn the title into a family heirloom. Now have arisen Fielding and Borden—the latter loaned for the present to Ontario which seem to have run out of Favourite Son seed.

# MINING BOOMS



**T**HROUGH all the centuries men have risked danger and death seeking treasure. Adventurers have sailed strange mysterious seas and penetrated trackless continents since the days when Joshua and his companions went out to spy out the land of Canaan for the Israelites.

But we can't all be adventurers. Circumstances permit only isolated individuals to roam into the suent places. Consequently, only a comparatively few can fall under the spell of discovery with its untold dangers and rare successes. This arrangement would be unbearably inequitable for mankind as a whole had not a great public benefactor invented share companies, and later, another benefactor, stock exchanges. Since then the humblest among us and the bedridden invalid can share in all the sensations and thrills of the treasure-fevered explorers. If one cannot go to the foot of the rainbow and its pot of gold, the pot of gold is brought hither and dangled before one's eyes. The perils of grasping it are not physical but they are none the less real. They include loss of honour, of position, of self-respect, of home and all else that life holds dear. But this prevents no class from taking part in the game. The greed of quick gold is by no means confined to the gambler's table in the back room, in the red light district. It is perched over the respectable firesides everywhere. And we are nearly every one of us, ready to take the gambler's chance if we can do so circumspectly.

In ordinary times men conceal this weakness and live quite respectable lives, putting their savings in the bank or handing it over to their wives. But periodically the gambling fever breaks forth like an epidemic. No quarantine can stop it and there is no cure. Like a fever it must run its course. Smallpox or the plague never travelled with the same speed, nor were they ever so universal in their attack. The symptoms include the wildest excitement and recklessness, and it would almost appear at times that the reason was affected. We are not unaccustomed to such outbreaks in single individuals, but when whole nations suffer in the same way it somewhat shakes our faith in the stability of human nature. And it is not an unusual thing for whole communities to fix their mind on one object and go mad in the pursuit of it. Centuries ago all Europe became crazed with the idea of saving the sepulchre of Jesus, and the spectacle of the Crusades is, for pure folly, perhaps not matched in history. Or, again, people became crazed with a fear of the devil and unnumbered thousands died and untold pain was endured because those disturbed communities were in arms against what they called witchcraft. In religious waves we have left to-day the revivals which

periodically sweep over Christendom. A period of religious excitement begins in Wales and before we know it Canadian cities feel the tide with scores of currents nightly. It is an intensely interesting study for the psychologist.

Precisely analogous, though working among a different set of men and women, are the gambling fevers. Staid business men of the world, who would scoff at the manifestations of enthusiasm at a revival meeting as simple lunacy and who would pity the emotional folk who take part in them, will go down on the stock exchange and make themselves look ridiculous in comparison. Or another, scorning the weakling who in religious enthusiasm plunks \$100 on the plate in the hope of buying a share in celestial futures, will in a gambling frenzy throw \$10,000 away on the chance of getting wealth for a few short years on earth. And the other day a mistake of a figure in a telegram making the New York price of a stock appear to be \$1.00 a share more than it actually was, caused in Cobalt brief scenes of emotional enthusiasm that put the wildest camp meeting of the old days to shame.

The greatest gambling outbreaks occur after important mineral discoveries. There is something about digging treasure out of the ground that fascinates men and unhinges their caution. The South Sea Scheme and the gambling fever that followed in its wake were based upon the new discoveries of gold and silver in South America. We smile from our point of vantage and superior wisdom at the foolhardiness of the simple English folk who went wild over absurd projects in those benighted eighteenth century days. We marvel that a £1,000,000 stock company promoted for the purpose of manufacturing a wheel for perpetual motion, found ready takers and we are frankly incredulous of the statement that a man selling shares for a company "for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage but nobody to know what it is" should be besieged by clamoring crowds, and sell 1,000 shares in five hours.

Our tears for our benighted forefathers keep us from distinguishing the beam in our own eye. We are not improved: rather the reverse.

Less than 50 years ago the great Comstock lode discoveries in Nevada produced a mania of gambling whose echoes are still heard. Men paid as high as \$1,825.00 for stock that had a par value of \$1.00. And for their \$1,825.00 though the mines in which they were investing were perhaps the richest in silver the world has seen, they never got back more than a very small fraction. We reflect that we wouldn't do such things now.



View of Cobalt, the Centre of the Silver Mining Camp in New Ontario, from the Lake Front

A brief ten years ago discoveries of gold in British Columbia and certain yellow indications in North-western Ontario set Canada by the ears. What happened then is within the recollection of all, and in thousands of homes misery was born that will survive until death relieves the victims. If the tragedies of that period could be collected and exposed to view together, the effect would be appalling. Each of us know of a few of them but no one person will ever know of them all. The labourer and the mechanic lost their savings, sometimes their homes. Merchants crippled their businesses, some were ruined. Farmers sold their farms and sank the whole proceeds in some euphoniouly named mining prospect and fondly believed that they would waken up next morning the possessors of fabulous wealth. Clergymen spent their last dollar to buy beautifully decorated mining scrip, and have since resided as the guests of their relatives. Judges, the reservoirs of wisdom, were caught in the same mad whirl and, broken in spirit, went down to premature graves. Even millionaires, captains of finance, had vast fortunes crippled beyond repair.

Such were a few of the results of a few months' aberration of reason. And yet during those few months with what impatience one who dared utter a note of warning was heard. The man who did not believe he could become a millionaire by buying mining stocks and did not proceed at once to do so was regarded as being a little "queer"—not quite right in his mind. One Toronto clergyman brought down on his head the wrath of a great conservatively conducted newspaper because he raised his voice in protest against the madness of the hour. Mining stocks were the leading topic of conversation in the big hotel, in the country corner grocery, in the drawing room—everywhere. The mistress had her private stock purchased on the recommendation of her down-town broker; the maid had her 50 shares—a beautiful blue design with gold trimmings—purchased from the mining stock canvasser at the back door, put away safely in the drawer of her trunk in the attic. In their dreams mistress and maid alike had visions of mansions with gold door handles, tiaras of diamonds, and water tanks flowing with champagne. Merchants walking home together in the evening failed to discuss trade or store economies but confided to each other the names and maybe the approximate locations (if they knew them) of their particular mining companies, and exchanged tips. The conversation of the day was embroidered with a mining jargon and a thin smattering of

geology, and men talked impressively of "stoping," "stamp mills," "pay drifts," and so forth.

The house of cards fluttered down with the first puff of wind. A few mines paid dividends for a brief period, dividends which it is feared did not always come out of the earth, and then one by one they ceased. Even the bona fide propositions found tedious difficulties which necessitated a period of retrenchment regardless of the clamourings of shareholders, and when the bona fide mines could not keep up appearances there was small chance for the great horde of propositions which hung helplessly on the reputations of the others. One by one the bubbles burst and vanished in space leaving the blower with his clay pipe and a few bitter soap dregs for reflective purposes.

To-day the stock exchange lists reveal only sorry wreckage of that delirium. The stocks that came through the boom and are now ever mentioned in the quotation sheets of the mining exchanges can be counted on the fingers. Even these are quoted at pathetic prices. Ten years ago every exchange had scores of them and hundreds more never saw the publicity of an exchange board.

And now we are in the midst of another boom based on the Cobalt discoveries, which surpass anything in Canada's previous experience and are among the world's greatest. The magnitude of the stock boom now getting well under way may be expected to be in direct ratio to the amount of riches taken out of Cobalt. The history of every mining camp shows that as long as some mines are bringing treasure up out of the ground, there will be a vast crowd of wildcatters circling about the charmed circle, locating prospects,—so called by courtesy,—unloading them on capitalists, who in turn unload them on the public. This has already been going on at Cobalt, and there is no reason to suppose that it will not continue to go on as long as the big mines are prospering. One real good mine is enough to float a mining boom. The boom of ten years ago was a War Eagle boom. Practically the whole list of about one thousand other companies whose shares were being sold were floated on War Eagle's reputation. The fact that some of them were thousands of miles from War Eagle made no difference. Similarly, there is no doubt that the good mines at Cobalt will draw in their train hundreds of questionable propositions as long as these mines make fortunes for their proprietors, and thereby fire the imagination of the "emotional" man of business.

## A Canadian Cable to Japan

By R. S. NEVILLE

**C**ANADA and Japan are making more advancement at the present time than any other countries. The expansion of the commerce of each is phenomenal, and yet the commerce of each is in its infancy. From an international point of view Japan is young like Canada but in reality she is an ancient community and has a great population ready to hand to carry on all her undertakings. In her new fields of activity in Manchuria and Corea she has ample scope for her unbounded industrial, productive and expansive energy. Canada has much greater resources and is rapidly acquiring the population necessary for their development, and these two countries face each other on the North Pacific as Great Britain and Canada face each other on the North Atlantic. A great trade between this continent and Japan will rapidly develop and Canada should use every means to obtain the full share to which her position and capability entitle her. One of these means, and a very important one, is speedy and cheap telegraphic communication, and it must be ac-

quired if we are to compete successfully with the United States.

Let us remember, too, that Canada is part of the British Empire and is contributing nothing to its general defence, that her political position and commerce are protected by the mother country and that something is owing in return. A Canadian cable to Japan would complete an all-British line of telegraphic communication between Great Britain and her eastern ally, and would be the only all-British line between the two. The line would be of value commercially and invaluable for imperial purposes. It would be the shortest and cheapest of all the lines for commercial use and would assist materially to maintain and develop British trade with Japan and China. In time of war it would be hard for European enemies to reach. It would have no stations in mid-ocean on either the Atlantic or Pacific which would be open to attack. It would be therefore the safest from interruption of all the lines in existence. It would be the means of directing the com-

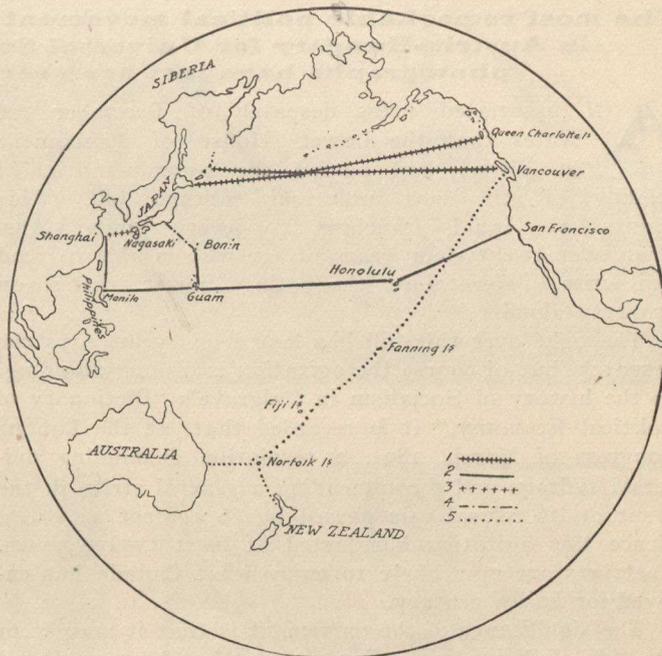
bined operations of the fleets and armies of the allies. It has been predicted that the next great international struggle will be in the Pacific; but whether the next or not such struggle is sure to come and Great Britain and Japan will probably both be engaged in it.

So one may safely conclude that both in peace and war; for offence, for defence and for commerce, a Canadian cable to Japan would be a worthy contribution to the interests of the whole Empire, while at the same time it would be most of all valuable to develop Canada's own legitimate North Pacific trade.

The cost would not be great. The world's submarine cables long and short have cost about \$800 a mile. Deep sea cables alone have averaged higher. The American cable to the Philippines, 6,912 miles, cost \$12,000,000, but on account of its great length it had to be laid in sections, necessitating stations at different islands and a number of expensive "shore ends." Shore ends, of course, are very costly and often extend many miles out from land before they reach water deep enough to ensure the cable's safety from the action of the tides. Besides, a long section of the American cable was laid over a mountainous bottom which added greatly to the expense. The cable from Vancouver to Australia has also several stations but it cost only \$1100 a mile. A Canadian cable to Japan would require no intervening stations, and the admiralty charts, giving the soundings, show the bottom of the North Pacific to be favourable for cable laying. It is practically certain, therefore that the cable would be cheaper than the Australian cable. Probably \$1,000 a mile would cover the cost and by taking the nearest points, between Canada and Northern Japan, or possibly the Kurile Islands, the distance could be reduced to less than the length of the span between Vancouver and Fanning Island, 3,600 miles, which is now the longest distance between stations in any operating cable. The Japanese Government would be interested and would wish to control all connections from the main landing to their system of land lines of telegraph. Canada's expense would end with the first Asiatic station. Indeed if Japan were approached she would probably agree to share the responsibility for the whole line. But assuming that Canada should pay all the cost, a single line could be built for less than \$5,000,000.

Apart from the national and imperial benefits derived, the cable ought to be a good investment. It would be thousands of miles shorter than the line of communication from San Francisco, via Honolulu, Guam and Bonin, to Japan. Not only, therefore, would the initial cost be much less, but it would be much speedier and therefore cheaper to work. Look at the Atlantic. Every cable between Great Britain and this continent, whether British or American, lands on this side in Canada or Newfoundland, so as to shorten the distance. A direct line to the United States was once projected, but the company was forced to change its plans and land in Canada because a long cable cannot compete with a short one. The Canadian line across the Pacific would have the same advantages and for the same reason must attract most of the business from all parts of North America to Japan. It must be remembered, too, that the business of all the north eastern Asiatic mainland with this continent would be gathered to this line, over the Japanese Government and other foreign cables. A

second line would probably soon be required, but only when business demanded it, and had grown large enough



1. Line suggests course of proposed Canadian Cable with a choice of landings at either end.
2. Line shows American Cable with its connections reaching Japan. It is wholly American from San Francisco to Manila and on to Shanghai from which point the Danish Cable (3) connects with Nagasaki. From Guam, an American branch runs to Bonin, there meeting the Japanese Government Cable (4).
5. Line showing Australian Cable.

Drawn for THE CANADIAN COURIER by H. Jewell.

to make it profitable. The more the better as long as the lines pay.

Space will not permit a discussion of the life of a cable, its maintenance and renewals. These, however, can be approximately determined from the experience of the other cable companies throughout the world. I need only say that the character of the bottom of the North Pacific Ocean is favourable to long life and economy in repairs.

Nor can I go very far into the question of public ownership. It must be noted, however, that the public ownership of a cable between distant parts of the same empire is a question quite distinct from public ownership of a line between different nations. It has been found that it is easier for a private company to obtain facilities for doing business in foreign countries than for government agents to do so. Foreign governments are shy of political telegraph lines.

But if a private company is to build and operate a cable the government should make sure, when it grants it landing rights or a subsidy or guarantee of revenue, that the landing stations are located where they can be defended in time of war, that there shall be an agreed efficiency of construction and service, that government messages shall have priority and reduced rates, that the rates shall be subject to government control, that the line shall be operated subject to the International Telegraph Convention, that the government may operate the line in time of war, subject to compensation, that the line shall be controlled by British subjects and that the contract shall not be assigned or sublet without the government's consent.



# Universal Suffrage in Austria

The most remarkable political movement in Europe at the present moment is the fight in Austria-Hungary for Universal Suffrage. The accompanying article and photographs have just been received from a Canadian in Vienna.

**A**N associated press despatch of December 1st states that the Lower House of Parliament at Vienna had passed the second and third reading of the new universal suffrage bill. This grants an equal franchise to every male Austrian over twenty-four years of age who is able to read and write. Heretofore the voting power rested on property alone.

The fight over this bill has lasted one year, says the despatch, but of course the agitation is of long standing. In the history of Socialism in Palgrave's "Dictionary of Political Economy," it is recorded that, at the Labour Congress of March, 1894, a resolution demanding universal suffrage and recommending a general strike in the event of its refusal was passed by 66 against 42 votes. Hence this agitation has lasted at least twelve years. Austrians are now likely to enjoy what Canada has enjoyed for half a century.

The significance of the movement is that it may stem the tide of disruption. For years it has been predicted that when the present Emperor passed away, Austria and Hungary would separate. In the German Confederation, formed in 1815, Austria was the leading state and president. In 1866 came the war between Austria and Prussia, now almost forgotten, which ended in Austria's defeat and a new North German Confederation from which she was excluded. Since then Austria has devoted herself to the task of amalgamating the various nationalities of South-East Europe under her hegemony. Hungary, however, has been ruled by the Austrian monarchs for two hundred and fifty years. If the new movement will tend to peace, good-will and nationalism, Austria-Hungary may see happier days.

The Editor.

## AUSTRIA'S LEADING CITY.

**S**ITUATED as the Austrian capital is, in about the centre of Europe, surrounded by Russia, Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, Turkey, Bulgaria and Servia, it may readily be imagined how cosmopolitan that centre is. Then the Austrian Empire comprises the peoples of fifteen different races, including Turks, Italians, Slavacs, Hungarians, Poles, Croats, Slavs, Galatians, Jews, Russians, Germans and others who now call themselves Austrians. All these people speak different languages, dress in their own peculiar costumes, have habits and customs quite at variance with one another, and, while the great majority are Catholics, a large proportion profess the Greek, Mohammedan or Jewish Creed and all are permitted to worship at any shrine they please. The language in common use in Austria proper is German, and in Hungary Magyar, but in all the places of business, hotels and cafes, besides French and English the employees are expected to speak ten or twelve other languages. The Emperor is said to speak fluently, besides the languages named, twenty-four others which he is constantly employing when receiving deputations from various parts of his vast empire.

Vienna is a city of about two million inhabitants and was founded fourteen years after Christ by the Romans. It is beautifully situated in a valley on both sides of the Danube and surrounded by well wooded heights on the west. The beautiful city has been the storm centre of European politics for many centuries and has been the scene of several stirring events in the world's history. In the Emperor's palace in the heart of the city may be seen, preserved as he left them, the rooms occupied by Napoleon during his six weeks' visit after the battle of Austerlitz, and also the room in which his son the King of Rome died.

Perhaps the most striking characteristic of modern

Vienna is her architecture. In no other city in the world may one see such spacious, beautiful and substantial buildings. There is not only one or a dozen, but hundreds. Every public building, whether it be the Parliament House, Post Office, City Hall, Railway Station, Royal Opera, Court Theatre, Votive Church, New Hospital, or Military Barracks, are all things of beauty and work of the highest art which challenge the admiration and wonder of every visitor. The cost of these buildings, the private palaces, stock exchanges, and private dwellings was something enormous. The Court Theatre built only sixteen years ago cost over eight million dollars. The result is rents in Vienna are very high and the cost of living, as compared with other capitals, much in excess. This fact, however, does not deter foreigners from flocking here in winter in thousands to study music and medicine. The City Clerk informed me it was estimated from the police returns there were at least one hundred thousand foreigners resident in the city during the winter months, chiefly Japanese, Chinese, French, Germans, English and American.

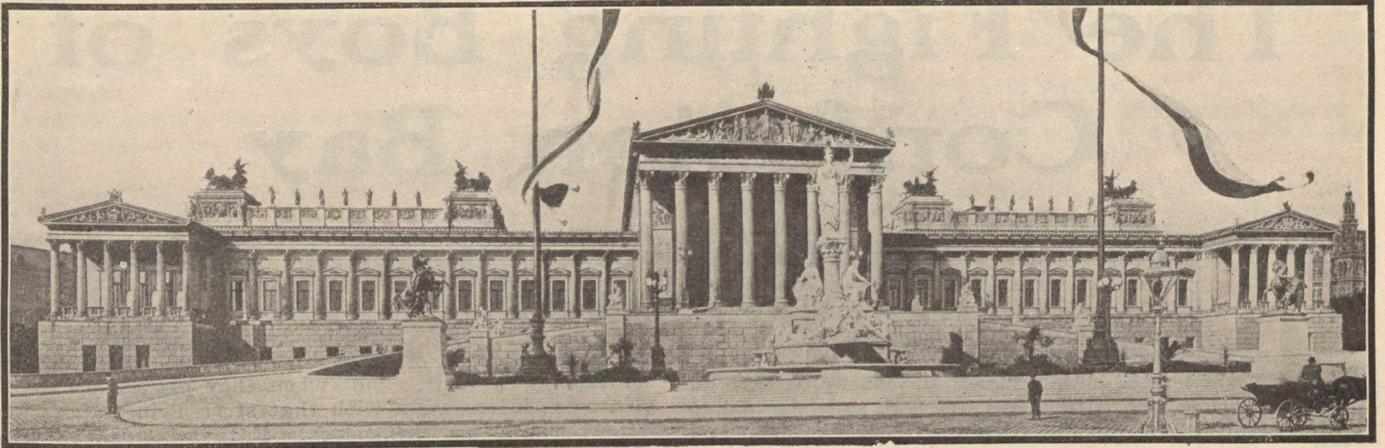
The display of wealth in Vienna is something stupendous. Ladies attend the operas and theatres, concert halls and cafes loaded with jewels and dresses which rival those of Paris. The Russian nobles, who at present find their usually cold climate too warm, may be seen daily driving splendid equipages in the Prater, while the restaurants are crowded with people who seem to have no other business in life than to spend money. The shops, which for fashion and elegance, rival London or Paris, afford every opportunity for those who desire high priced articles to lighten the weight of their purses, while the theatrical attractions, though comparatively cheap because of their numbers, afford another avenue through which money may be quickly dissipated. No one requires to go to Monte Carlo to gamble, There are horse races daily within twenty minutes street car ride from the heart of the city, the Government conducts a weekly lottery, the police another, while card playing, roulette and other games of chance are openly conducted in almost every block of the inner city.

After its manufacturing, the most important source of wealth to the city is the revenue its citizens derive from foreigners who come to study instrumental music or as patients or students who come to receive treatment or attend lectures or clinics at the various hospitals. The surgical standard of Vienna is, I am informed by foreign medical men, higher than anywhere else, and as a consequence surgeons from all parts of the world flock here for post graduate courses. At the General Hospital, which is close to the central part of the city, there are over twenty-eight hundred patient segregated according to the nature of their trouble.

The street life of the city is very interesting. In the parks and gardens one meets nurse girls pushing their carriages dressed in the fantastic costume of their native provinces, and in the thoroughfares it is a common sight to see a man hitched with a big dog to a cart, going his rounds delivering laundry, bread or wood. The streets are too wide for our methods of street watering, so men have to lay the dust with hose, which not only serves this purpose but also washes the streets thoroughly.

The cafes form an important factor in the lives of all Europeans. All who can afford it spend from one to three hours daily in these resorts which are legion. Those of Vienna differ from those of Paris only in that, instead of music they provide daily and illustrated papers from all lands without extra charge, so that a man from Tokyo or a visitor from Montreal may read his native paper while he sips his coffee, tea or chocolate, and, having finished, call for the Century Magazine, The London Illustrated News, or the Cairo Sphinx.

C. T. L.



The Ornate Parliament Building



Workmen Asleep after Mid-day Meal

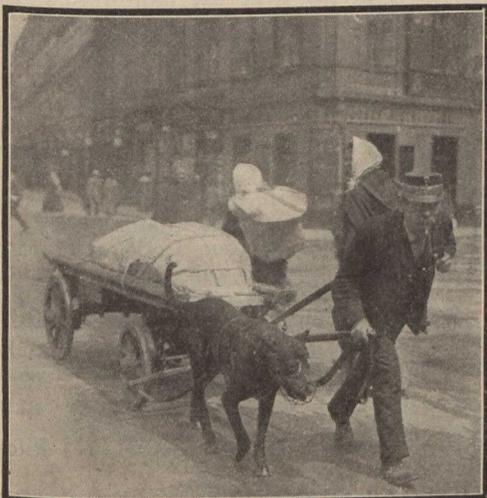


Emperor Franz-Josef



Wiener Strassenpflege

Watering the Streets



A Delivery Waggon

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V I E N N A

The centre of a great struggle for Universal Suffrage, which may mean much for the stability of Europe.

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In the Vegetable Market

# The Fighting Boys of Confusion Bay

By THEODORE ROBERTS, Author of "Hemming, The Adventurer of Peril."

THE settlement of Confusion Bay is more than a hundred and fifty years old. It consists of five families of Irish extraction, eleven cabins, and a half-dozen stages for the drying of fish. It lies hundreds of miles from any town, and its business with the world is carried on through the medium of occasional trading schooners. These craft—dirty of canvas, battered of hull and rank of bilge—come from Harbour Grace and St. John's, well-stored with tea, tobacco, molasses, ready-made boots, and divers others of the luxuries of life. The tea, in its bright packages, and the tobacco and other delights, are always eagerly taken by the poor fishermen and lavishly paid for in the coin of that region—cured codfish. A dollar's worth of fish (calculated by the state of the market of which the livyers entertain but the foggiest notions) usually goes for forty cents' worth of luxury. So you see, it is not a bad business for the trader, and is likely to repay him for wear-and-tear on rigging and damage from drifting ice. At his port of departure he cheats the merchant and at his port of call he squeezes the simple fisher; but sometimes, between the two, fog and ice snatch him to the final reckoning.

Though in their business transactions and ignorance of the world the inhabitants of Confusion Bay are indistinguishable from the other livyers of that grim coast, they possess one characteristic that has won them an unenviable notoriety. They are the most ill-natured people—English, Irish or French—of that rough country. They are quarrelsome to such a degree that, from Rotten Harbour to Red Man Tickle, they are known as the "fightin' b'ys o' Confusion." Their deeds of violence are discussed in many lingoos, in a dozen outposts. They fight for the excitement of it. They scorn the cause—which, for that matter, is usually absent—and smite for the effect only. When men from other harbours are not to be found, they punch, club and kick among themselves. But their inter-family ructions are not so sanguine as their battles with outsiders. Every gathering, from a wake to a wedding, is to them nothing but an opportunity of combat; and sometimes the good priest himself has trouble enough in keeping clear of the mix-up. Their fathers and grandfathers diverted themselves in the same manner. They have two ideas, two purposes in life—fishing and fighting. They fish because the impulse to do so is in their blood, and because the alternative is starvation. They fight because the impulse for that is in their blood also, and because the alternative is to sit down and contemplate the barrenness of life. But, drunk or sober, by no chance do they fight fair. Lumps of rock, clubs, knives, and articles of furniture are all parts of the game. But they do not fight to kill. They are satisfied with stunning their antagonists, and with breaking a few bones. The victims frequently recover.

Like the other dwellers on that coast, the fighting boys of Confusion are splendid seamen, though in the cores of their hearts they fear the sea. Few of them can swim, or care to learn the accomplishment. They say that, when once the cold, gray monster chooses one he is a fool to prolong the agony by his pigmy resistance. So, by the continual risk of life, and toil that would break the spirit of less courageous people, they wrest a pitiful livelihood from the shore fisheries. They believe in all manner of evil spirits, which they call fairies, without regard for their different natures, shapes, or capabilities of evil. They see forms of menace in the swirling snow, and hear voices of warning in the shrouding fog. They love their women, their children, and their homes with a jealous, animal affection. They see the awfulness of God's hand in the tumult and peace of the wilderness. Their idea of Him is altogether of

something to fear, and when they pray it is to the saints for intercession with that stern Being whom they dare not address themselves. Father Quinn can bring them to no other way of thinking. So we find them religious, in a manner of speaking, hard-working, and faithful to those dependent upon them. But for their vile tempers they would be as worthy a people as the fishers of other harbours.

There is a legend that the propensity for bodily assault in the blood of the men of Confusion Bay, is an inherited curse. The story is that shortly after the bay was settled by the McGraws, the Macnamaras, the Sullivans, the Todds, and the Walshes, all of St. John's, two of the young men fell to dispute concerning the ownership of a three-shilling knife. They had both been drinking. Soon their high words blew away, leaving a sinister silence, and, with a deadly understanding, they grappled on the bleak land-wash. With shrill cries of distress the mothers begged the other men to drag them apart. For their trouble the distracted women were pushed aside, and the rough fellows gathered round to watch the fight. Macnamara had the disputed knife. Walsh was armed with a ship's hatchet from the general stores of the settlement. When it was over Walsh lay unconscious with his feet in the tide. Macnamara crawled away to his cabin, marking a red trail. Both died within the week. The frenzied mothers cried for a fearful judgment upon the men of the little community—that so long as the ice comes out of the North and the harvest of the sea is gathered by men, so long will the men of their blood be mad with the madness of beasts that fight without cause.

One December night Gabe Perley, the half-breed Micmac, told John Archer something of the unpleasant reputation of Confusion Bay. They sat before Archer's rusty stove, in his winter camp on Ripping Brook.

"The devils!" exclaimed Archer. He had been in this northern wilderness a matter of two years, and had never suspected it of harbouring such brutality as this of which the 'breed had just told him. What he knew of the fishermen, and of the trappers and guides of the interior, was very much to their credit. By their primitive kindness he had regained a good deal of his old trust in the decency of human nature—a trust that had been desperately wounded some years before: the telling of that is another story. He had learned to love these scattered people and their strange country above all other peoples and parts of the earth.

"How is it that these beasts are not all locked up in jail?" he asked.

An enigmatic smile flitted over the half-breed's lean features.

"Irish," he replied. "An' one hunder, two hunder, mile from jail," he added.

"What has that to do with it?" asked the Englishman.

"Suppose Police Inspector sen' ten men, twenty men, 'roun' from St. John's," said Gabe, slowly. "They come to Confusion, to catch all them Macnamaras an' Sullivans. Them Irish kick up hell-a-hoopin' by Sin Patrick an' Sin Peter. Then come Lobster Harbour boys an' Little Bay Islan' boys, an' Rotten Harbour boys an' they all rip an' tear onto them police. So? Because they's all Irish and maybe all the police ain't."

"But those are the very fellows who have been kicked and beaten about by the Confusion Bay men," replied Archer.

Gabe nodded.

"That is so," he said. "I tell you what I know. Maybe the devil know more about 'em."

Archer thrust wood into the hot stove, for the walls

of the camp were not frost-proof, and the sash of the single window did not quite fit the hole in the gable.

"Have you ever been to Confusion?" he enquired.

Gabe inclined his head. In his eyes shone a retrospective light.

"And did you see any of the boys?"

"Yes," replied the 'breed. "An' got my head broke, maybe."

"I should like to have a look at them, one of these days," remarked Archer.

Next morning before the stars were washed out of the sky, Gabe and his team of four short-faced, heavy-limbed dogs (very unlike the wolfish "huskies" of the Labrador) took their departure coastward. The sled was piled high with a three-months' catch of pelts—fox, lynx, bear and marten. A few packs of it belonged to Archer, who set half a dozen traps along Ripping Brook. The furs were being sledged out to a store-keeper at Norris Arm. On his return trip Gabe would bring provisions and ammunition to Archer, and a package of newspapers and magazines; for the little two-room store at Norris Arm was the solitary's touching-point with civilization.

Several months later, on a cold, unclouded evening, Archer appeared at Rotten Harbour. It was his first visit to the place. He slipped his short, round snow-shoes of the pattern of the country, from his feet, and knocked on the door of the nearest cabin. Skipper Pat Donovan welcomed him, and addressed him by name, for word of him had gone up and down the coast. He shared the old couple's supper and later, when stools were drawn close to the little stove, he pressed great store of tobacco upon Donovan and made the dame's heart glad with a package of tea.

"Ye be a gentleman, sir," said the old man simply, "even if ye do wear skinnywoppers, like any o' the b'ys." Skinnywoppers are the native watertight, high-legged moccasins. A wave of red crept from Archer's beard and flushed about his eyes. He asked if the Confusion Bay men had been causing trouble, of late.

"Indade an' indade they has," cried the old woman.

"May the devil fly away wid them," exclaimed the skipper, with fervour. "An' it's meself that's tellin' you," he continued, "that they is the b'ys that can't go to a decent wake widout elbowin' the praste himself—God bless him—an' wantin' to fight the corp—God save its soul."

"Surely they treat Father Quinn with respect," said Archer. "I have heard that he is as good a doctor as he is a priest, and that he has risked his life more than once for the people of these parts."

"Sure, he's all that, an' may every hair o' his head turn into a wax candle to light him to glory," returned Donovan, devoutly. "But they b'ys o' Confusion has the devil's own itch in they's blood, an' they wudn't step to loo'ard o' St. Peter himself—God forgive me for sayin' so."

"Himself is tellin' you the trute, sir," said the old woman.

"An' now," the skipper rambled on, "me own brother's son, Foxy Tim Donovan, do be after marryin' one o' they Sullivan girls. They courted some in Caronear, 'way 'round in Conception Bay, a year ago come Easter, when she were out to service an' he were workin' in the Bell Island iron mines. But they don't be courtin' much now, b' jabers."

"Why is that?" enquired Archer.

"Sure, sir, he'd be batted like he were a swile," replied Donovan, with a note of relish in his voice. "But I'm tellin' 'e, sir, as how Foxy Tim's weddin' is set for nex' T'ursday, come willy or nilly."

His wife looked at him with puckered eyes.

"Who be they—willy an' nilly?" she asked.

"It's a way o' speakin'," said Donovan.

"I'm t'inkin' they belongs to some oder harbour, maybe," murmured the old woman.

"How will he manage it?" enquired Archer, his interest thoroughly aroused. The skipper told him what he knew of the lover's plan of campaign. It seemed good enough, taking for granted that the relatives of the bride did not overtake them.

"I should like to lend him a hand. By Jove, I don't know what would be better sport than outwitting those beasts."

Donovan shook the ashes from his pipe, and regarded the black bowl of that trusty friend with an unseeing stare.

"Hand!" said he, presently. "Sure, sir, it'll be the head o' ye, an' the only one ye's got, that ye'll be lendin' him. An' they Confusion b'ys 'ill bate all the learnin' out o' it."

"I think I'll risk it," said Archer.

Donovan glanced at his old wife, and shook his head.

"B'jabers," he said, "ye'll know more about it when ye come back dead."

Archer called on Foxy Tim that same night, and the determined young man glad enough to accept his help. When they set out for Confusion Bay early next morning, their plans were matured. Tim had a good team of dogs. His sled was well provisioned, for the trail from Confusion to the nearest point of the railway was a long and desolate one. They travelled slowly all day, and camped that night on the open barren behind the notorious village. They were afraid to light a fire, but well-fed, and wrapped deep in their furlined sleeping-bags, they spent the night comfortably enough. The dogs added to their warmth by sleeping close against them.

When the inhabitants of Confusion Bay scanned the horizon next morning they were amazed to see a man—an outsider—seated at the edge of the cliff above them, unconcernedly smoking a pipe. They stared. They shouted to one another. They shook menacing fists toward the intruder. Then, grabbing up faggots of wood, lumps of stone, dory-paddles, and anything else that lay at hand and that might serve to smash a human rib with, they started inland and upward to welcome the audacious stranger. The paths that led up the face of the cliff to the barren behind, were steep and twisted, but the boys of Confusion approached them on the run. Archer (for it was he) watched their ascent with calm interest, and just as big Corney Sullivan gained the level he jumped to his feet and struck inland at a brisk trot. Corney dashed after him, in the track of the round snow-shoes, shouting lustily and flourishing a sinister looking club. As the others reached the level they joined in the chase. But the snow, which was wet, heavy, and knee-deep, put them to a disadvantage that was soon marked by the distance between the hunted and the hunters. Archer slackened his pace and shifted his course. He headed for a low hill overgrown with var and spruce. Now and then he looked over his shoulder and waved signals of disdain with his mittened hands. The fighting boys heaved their supply of stones without effect. Their anger grew to madness. The blood-lust rose to their brains like the fumes of liquor. They dashed on, breathlessly, stumbling, cursing, blind to everything but the long-legged stranger ahead. Archer went over the wooded hill with the mad pack of human wolves on his trail. He led them across a valley, over another rise, and into a partially frozen marsh. In the marsh they floundered, almost at a standstill. On a knoll on the far side the quarry halted and turned. He withdrew his right mitten and produced a heavy revolver from under his coat. His eyes flashed with pleasurable excitement. Whatever trouble had driven him into the wilderness was for the moment forgotten. He reviled the slowly advancing bullies, punctuating his remarks with bullets that zipped into the snow in front of their feet. Two of the fellows turned back for their sealing guns. They were halted in short order. Jake Walsh, who had been in such a hurry to thump and kick the stranger that he had left his cabin in his socks, was in a very bad way. At last he sat down and nursed his aching feet in his hands.

Shortly before noon Archer regaled himself with a drink from his flask, and ate a few cakes of chocolate, while the fighting boys of Confusion Bay glared up at him in sullen silence. After finishing his frugal repast he advised his audience to go to their homes and live in peace. Then he started back for Rotten Harbour. He travelled steadily and at a good pace until he reached Donovan's cabin, at midnight. He rested there for several hours, eating a little, and sleeping; and then, with kit and sleeping-bag on his back, continued his solitary and whimsical journey.

While Archer tramped toward his distant camp, under the high, unconcerned stars and pale banners of the north lights, the fighting boys of Confusion Bay frantically followed the cold trail of a dog-team, and Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Donovan rushed joyously toward Harbour Grace in the second-class carriage of the Port-aux-Basque express.

# The Miracle Flowers

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

**T**HE little church of the meadowlands had fallen to decay long and long before old Waldemar came over the hills to live beside it and make it meet once more for spiritual service. Tufts of fine grass were rooted between the stones of the walls, vines and weeds covered the pavement. Swallows flew in and out of the glassless windows, and a thrush had built in the porch. Even in front of the altar-place a rosebush had thrust itself upwards and grew vigorously.

But all these things were more beautiful in old Waldemar's eyes than the carving they displaced. He molested none of them. Instead, he went to and fro throughout the many villages that sheltered under the hills, begging from one husbandman a few young plants, from some goodwife a root-cluster, from the children here and there a few hoarded seeds. These he planted within the ruined sanctuary. "For," said he, "they be sweeter than incense, and brighter than fine needlework, of which I have none, nor money to buy them." The plants flourished, the seeds multiplied, the roots grew, the swallows twittered in the empty windows, and the thrush sang in the porch, to the better glorifying of God. "The flowers are as banners and hangings," said old Waldemar, "and the birds are my choristers." But none of the flowers grew like the wild rose in front of the altar-place.

In that summer when the rose sent forth branches so long that they began to cling to the stonework of the altar itself, Waldemar again went through the villages, and took little Joachim from the swineherds into the service of his church. Joachim had no parents. So Waldemar fed him and cared for him, training him in all the offices of the ruined sanctuary. "That which was once a church is always a church," said Waldemar, "and it is not seemly that it should lack servants. When I am dead, then you will tend this church as I have done."

So little Joachim lived with the old man, and loved him. But among the simple folk of the villages he was no longer spoken of as old Waldemar, but as Waldemar the Holy. As the years went on, the porch became a nesting-place for many thrushes, and the place echoed exquisitely with the music they made at dusk. The swallows lived their noisy lives in the eaves, and their young ones went forth to the skies of all the world. The grassy inner spaces of the church became full of many flowers; and the wild roses clung to the stonework of the crumbling altar, covering it with a tapestry the like of which for beauty could not be woven on all the looms of all the lands. Among these things moved Joachim, his slow peasant eyes full of love, his broad peasant hands full of tenderness. But Waldemar the Holy sat more and more apart, filling his mind with spiritual things, and growing less and less of the fair and kindly earth as he did so.

"Come and see how the violets are opening under their leaves," little Joachim would sometimes say. Or, "The wild grapes grow so thickly on the west wall that there is no stone to be seen, my father. Come and look." And at first Waldemar would always go. But as time went on he cared for these things less and less, preferring to sit in the shadow of the plane-trees and think of wonderful things of the spirit.

At last it was whispered about among the villages under the hills that Waldemar the Holy had received a sign from Heaven. Workmen passing at night spoke of angels' wings which stirred among the plane-trees when no wind was to be felt; of a sweet fragrance that failed not, summer or winter. Moved by the same impulse, the simple folk went often to the church, bearing gifts of honey and meal to Waldemar, of seeds and cuttings to young Joachim. But they saw nothing unusual, and went away; thinking regretfully of the good things they had given for nothing but a glimpse of an old man dreaming among the leaves and a broad-faced boy pruning vines. "We have such sights at home," said they.

But there was one boy, the son of a charcoal-burner, whom Joachim loved, and who loved Joachim. He did not go to the church with all the rest, but waited until the harvest was over and the first snow had fallen. And then set forth alone, with some beechnuts in a basket of plaited rushes; for this was all he had to give. And

when he came to the church, Joachim kissed him and was very glad to see him.

"The father is away in the woods, walking and meditating," said Joachim, with his slow smile, "and I have little to do this weather. If I pray too long, I fall asleep, and there is no fruit to pick, nor flowers to tend. Let us sit in the sun and eat the nuts." So they sat down in a corner where the wintry sun struck warmly. Joachim cracked the nuts with his broad white teeth and ate the sweet kernels peacefully. But the charcoal-burner's son was ill at ease, and kept peeping this way and that.

"Are you looking for angels?" asked Joachim suddenly, with his slow smile. "They do not show themselves to me, little brother. But the dear father says he sees them, and that is enough. They must be a pretty kind of bird, but no prettier than my pigeons." And he pulled a little tame squirrel out of one of his deep pockets, set it on his knee, and began to feed it with beechnuts.

The charcoal-burner's son looked at him with wide awed eyes. "That is surely a sinful way to speak," he said in a whisper, "what if any of the angels should hear?"

Joachim stroked the squirrel with his thick brown fingers, and smiled again. "The trees and the clean skies would hear whatever I said," he answered, "and if I keep my tongue pure enough for them, the angels must needs be satisfied."

"I do not understand you," sighed the son of the charcoal-burner, "to me such talk seems wild and wicked. But is there then nothing wonderful to be seen?"

Joachim got up, slipping the squirrel into his pocket again. "Yes," he said, "there is something to be seen, and I will show it to you because I love you. It is something brought about by the prayers of the dear father, I suppose; something that you will think very wonderful. Come with me and see."

He went into the church, and his friend followed him. Snow had drifted in through the empty windows, and lay in delicate feathers on the broken paving. All the best flowers were hidden under tidy heaps of dried leaves, and the frail young vine shoots were twisted about with straw. A rim of silver hoar-frost encircled each ivy-leaf, and the chilly sky shone down through the cracks of the high vaulted roof. Yet the place was full of the smell of summer.

"Look," said Joachim, pulling his friend by the sleeve and pointing, "look, that is the miracle."

As he looked, the eyes of the charcoal-burner's son grew large and frightened, and he clasped his hands and fell on his knees. For the altar was covered with a delicate tangle of white briar-roses, shining as with an inward light among their green leaves, and filling the sanctuary with their faint wild sweetness.

The charcoal-burner's son looked at them long, and the tears ran down his cold cheeks. "I have seen a miracle!" he stammered, "I have seen a miracle!"

"Yes," said Joachim, a little wearily, "You have seen a miracle—roses growing in winter time. They are not any more beautiful than any ordinary roses, and I never knew you fall on your knees before the briars in summer. But they grow on the altar all the year round, and I suppose that is what makes you worship them. Is it?"

But the charcoal-burner's son only looked at him in amazement, and went away through the woods, dumb and dazed with the wonder he had seen.

"Now we shall have all the villages flocking to see," thought Joachim. "If they waited a little, they would find roses just as beautiful in every lane, planted there by the good God no less than these. They only worship the wonder, not the beauty. To me, it is the rose that speaks of holiness, not the time of its blooming. But I am not very wise."

And often afterwards, when Joachim came upon the holy Waldemar kneeling in front of the altar, gazing hour after hour upon the beautiful untimely flowers which covered it with eyes holding in them a high ecstasy, the boy would slip away quietly and try to understand.

As Joachim had expected, people flocked from all the villages to look at the roses blooming in the winter, and

brought more gifts than the lad knew what to do with. But when spring came, and roses just as beautiful grew about every field, the wonder became a little stale and very few people came. But adulation or neglect were by now as one to Waldemar the Holy. Day after day, he knelt before the altar, looking on the miracle which had been sent, he scarce knew when or how, to reward the justness of his life. His old blue eyes flamed with a wild spiritual joy, and ever he strove to thrust the kindly things of the earth still further from him. Joachim now did all the pleasant work of the church and the land around it, and the fruit and the flowers thrived under his care.

As time went on, Waldemar the Holy grew so jealous of the fame of his church that he would allow no one but himself and Joachim within the sanctuary. More and more he withdrew himself from the things of the life around him, spending day and night in meditation on the glories of the life to come. And Joachim grew very lonely, for sometimes Waldemar would forget to speak to him for days at a time, so rapt was he upon holy things.

One day the son of the charcoal-burner came to the church and pulled Waldemar by the sleeve to draw his attention, being rendered bold because it was summer, and the miracle of the ever-blooming roses upon the altar therefore less apparent.

"My sister is going to be married," said the lad shyly, "and we should dearly like such a holy man as yourself to join her to her husband." But Waldemar shook his hand off impatiently.

"Who am I," he cried sharply, "who am I to trouble my soul over marrying and giving in marriage? Go, child, to your follies, and leave me to my prayers." So the charcoal-burner's son went away sorrowfully, and a little afraid. It was the first time Waldemar the Holy had ever spoken so to anyone.

In the later months of the year, when the grapes were heavy on the west wall and the starry blue asters were in bloom, there came women to the church, seeking for Waldemar the Holy. "Pelagie, the wood-cutter's wife, is ill of a fever," said they, "and she sent us, her friends, to beg of you to come and lay your hands upon her." And Waldemar heard them, kneeling in front of the altar, his thoughts but half withdrawn from the miracle thereon and the visions which it opened to him.

"There is a priest at the foot of the hills," he said, frowning a little at this interruption to his ecstasies, "go you to him. My work and my place are here." The women turned from him sadly, and before they had quite gone he had forgotten all about them.

"He is not as he once was," they said to each other.

"No," agreed Joachim, as he met them outside the walls, "No, he is not. It is these roses that have changed him. But here is a basket of grapes for Pelagie and some eggs wrapped up in vine-leaves. And if the little Mina makes too much noise for her mother's sick head, send her here and I will care for her all day and bring her back to you at night."

"That is kindly said," answered the woman.

"O, I like children," said Joachim, with his slow smile. "Tell the little Mina that I have a young rabbit to show her, and a crow who broke his wing. I will take care of her well, and the dear father will never notice. He has no eyes nor ears for anything that is not a miracle."

So the next day, and for many days after, little Mina came to the church, and Joachim took care of her as he had promised. He showed her the young rabbit and let her stroke his soft fur. Together they fed the squirrel and dug grubs for the crow who could not fly. Little Mina ate the grapes and picked the flowers, and was very happy. Every night Joachim took her home, and the people nodded to him as he went through the village. "He has a good heart," they said.

One day, little Mina strayed away from Joachim's care, and wandered into the church. Her blue eyes were round with curiosity, and her chubby finger was in her mouth. She found many beautiful flowers growing about the crumbling pillars, and of these she picked a great handful. But the most beautiful flowers of all were those white roses climbing about the altar. So she began to pick these also, chuckling to herself as she did so, and making little low cooing sounds of pleasure as she felt the soft coolness of their pure petals.

When old Waldemar came into the church and found what she had done, he was very angry. "How came you here, child of evil?" he cried harshly. "Do you not know that these flowers are born of heaven, and grow here to the greater glorifying of God?" And he seized her by the arm, took her flowers from her, and thrust her roughly out of the place. Little Mina ran to Joachim, and cried bitterly in his arms, for she had never been called a child of evil before, and besides she wanted her pretty flowers.

Then, at the sight of her tears, a slow red crept under the tan on Joachim's broad cheeks, and he left the little Mina with the rabbit and the squirrel for company and went and sought old Waldemar. He found the holy man sitting under the yellowing plane trees, meditating.

"What had the child done, my father?" asked Joachim. Old Waldemar told him, being still angry at the way in which little Mina had plucked his miracle-flowers.

"Children of the poor and the untaught are not fit to meddle with high things," he cried. "By their ignorance they dishonor the visible signs of God. Bring her here no more, my son."

He rose and moved towards the ruined church that held all his heart, and Joachim followed him, silent and troubled. Yet when he reached the church and stood within its stately arches open to the skies, the trouble on Joachim's face gave place to awe. He laid his hand timidly on Waldemar's arm.

"O, my father," he cried, "my father, look!" For where had been the pure white roses and their green leaves never failing, there were nothing but bare branches covered with red thorns.

"I have sinned and I am punished," said Waldemar at length, bowing his old head. "Out of the pride of my heart I made the roses of more account than the sick, the happy, the poor, and the little ones." And he sorrowed, and Joachim comforted him.

But for all Waldemar's lamentations and prayers, the branches of the rose remained dry and bare. Nor were the common law, changing from barren to bud, from any other things of his planting ever different from their fellows of the field and the hedgerow, but believed bud to flower, from flower to seed, with the changing of the seasons.

And with this he must needs be content for the rest of his life.

## A Prisoner of Hope\*

By MRS. WEIGALL

### CHAPTER I.

"And there was light around her brow.

A holiness in those grey eyes,  
Which showed, while wandering earthwards, now,  
Her spirit's home was in the skies."

**T**HE September sunlight lay warm and golden over the school garden, and behind the old-fashioned red house the Dorset hills sloped upwards to a sky blue as the Mediterranean on a spring day.

Miss Jenkins, who had kept the select finishing school for young ladies in the little country town of Grandchester for the last thirty years, was correcting French exercise books by the window of her little sitting room, while her sister, Miss Emma, a younger and less wizened

edition of herself, was mending house-linen in the corner.

"What time are you expecting Esther Beresford's aunt, Matilda?" said Miss Emma, timidly, after a lengthy silence.

"Mrs. Galton is not, so far as I am aware, the aunt of Esther Beresford. She is merely the sister of her stepmother, which is a very different matter indeed."

There was an under-current of acidity in Miss Jenkins' voice that suggested to her sister the fact that Mrs. Galton had not erred on the side of civility in her communications with the little schoolmistress.

"We shall miss Esther dreadfully," hazarded Miss Emma again.

"We have not been definitely informed," was her sister's reply; "that the intention of Major Beresford is

to remove his daughter from our care; but the supposition is not an unnatural one, considering that Esther has now been at school for ten years, and has reached the age of eighteen without having met her father and stepmother since she returned from India to Grandchester."

It was a half-holiday, and the girls had gone for a walk under the care of the German mistress and of Esther herself; but they would return at any moment now for tea, and the monotonous silence would be broken once again by their fresh voices.

"We shall miss Esther," faltered Miss Emma again, and a tear fell on her work and tarnished the brightness of her needle.

"We have a great deal to be thankful for, Emma," said Miss Jenkins severely; "in that we have been able to see her develop into a girl of many virtues and accomplishments—one who will be able to hold her own in any position in life."

"Her influence on the children has always been so good."

"I will certainly allow, my dear Emma, that it was not an unfortunate matter when Major Beresford's payments grew irregular, and I suggested that, as Esther had a real genius for music, she should take her place among the staff as music mistress in return for higher advantages in that branch. She has certainly done her duty in return for our kindness."

Miss Jenkins, with an air of consistent majesty that never allowed it to descend to the level of ordinary conversation or behaviour, now shut up her pile of books and rose to her feet:

But Miss Jenkins had gone, since sympathy in every form was alien to her nature, and Miss Emma, left alone, folded her neat little pile of pillow-cases and looked out across the lawn, golden in the sunshine.

Thirty years ago the two sisters had come to the Red House at Grandchester after the death of their father, who had been a country clergyman. They had a little money of their own—a very slender portion—which they invested in fitting up the school for the reception of a few pupils. She remembered the days when she and Matilda had often been obliged to go to bed hungry, and the privation they had endured, always hoping, never despairing. Their pupils had arrived slowly, but at last the success of their school had been assured, and they could look forward to the future of their retirement with perfect ease of mind, conscious of a comfortable sum stored in the bank.

Many kind friends had helped them in the old days, and many a kind action had the two elderly women performed towards the girls in their care, remembering the past. And none of their kindnesses had borne more agreeable fruit than that which had prompted them to relieve Major Beresford, poor and hampered with a second family, from all responsibility connected with his daughter's education.

"Poor Esther!" said Miss Emma again as she opened the window wider. "But, rather I should say, poor Mme. de la Perouse, for I think parting from the child will kill her. Why, she spent all her holidays at the cottage for ten years; and the old lady is so old that, perhaps, she will never see her again when she goes away."

And Miss Emma, who had a very tender heart, shed another tear as she thought of the sorrow of the old lady who was Esther Beresford's grandmother, and lived within two miles of Grandchester. And perhaps in this one particular judgment she was correct, since Mme. de la Perouse, in losing Esther, would lose all that made life worth living for her.

The drawing-room at the Red House was a brilliant evidence to the gratitude of Miss Jenkins' pupils, who had adorned the walls with framed sketches, and the chair backs with wonderful embroideries.

Miss Jenkins, in her black silk gown and beaded mittens, with the round lace-trimmed apron, was the survival of even an earlier age, but her lilac cap-strings were trembling now with an anxiety she could not repress as she waited for the arrival of Mrs. Galton, whose letter, with its high-handed insolence of tone, was still fresh in her memory.

When the door opened to admit the visitor she rose with an air of dignity and made a stately courtesy that would have stricken with awe any woman less courageous than Mrs. Galton.

"How d'you do," she said, in a loud pitched voice. "What an extraordinary out-of-way place Grandchester seems to be. I am sure, if I had known it was so far from the beaten track, I should never have promised my

brother-in-law to come and see after his girl. But now that I am here we must get all the arrangements fixed up, for I should think the inn here must be an awful hole, and I am not anxious to risk more than one night here: so I shall get back to town to-morrow by the first train."

"The hotel here has always been, I believe, considered highly satisfactory," said Miss Jenkins, icily, when her visitor paused for breath. "The Dowager Countess of Sandfield made a practice of staying there now and again when her grand-daughter was with me."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Galton, with a blank stare.

Miss Jenkins waved her majestically to a seat, and sat down opposite to her. Eleanor Galton was a woman of about fifty, the widow of a man who had made a moderate fortune in ship-broking. Her whole personality was a new study for the little schoolmistress who, although dim echoes of the new woman had reached her through the medium of various magazines, had never realised that at an age when our mothers were wearing caps, and reflecting pensively on their past youth, the middle-aged woman of to-day dresses as youthfully as her daughter, and defies the ravages of time with an energy worthy of a higher endeavour.

Mrs. Galton's golden hair and unwrinkled face, the shapeliness of her fine figure, and the delicacy of her complexion were so evidently due to art that Miss Jenkins trembled with indignation. Her gown of pale blue cloth, embroidered with silver half hidden under an ivory travelling coat, with a line of soft feathers at the throat, was also a revelation to eyes accustomed to the simple fashions at Grandchester.

Miss Jenkins was also moved to open rebuke at the sight of the toque, which was an airy confection of rosebuds and tulle; but she remembered that Esther Beresford might be dependent in some fashion upon this woman, and regained her self-control.

"Oh, I can quite imagine a dowager of any description being quite comfortable at the 'Goat and Compasses,'" said Mrs. Galton, airily; "but my French maid is already overwhelmed with despair."

Miss Jenkins bowed coldly. She could not understand an existence that was dependent upon a French maid. "I conclude that you have come to arrange about the return of Miss Beresford?" she said.

Mrs. Galton nodded. Her keen eyes under their light lashes were wandering about the room appraising the value and taste of each article of furniture within it.

"I conclude," continued Miss Jenkins, "that you intend to visit her grandmother, Mme. de la Perouse, before you return to London. She is an old lady and will feel the departure of the child keenly."

"I have enough to do with my own children," said Mrs. Galton, firmly, "without troubling about people who are not connected with me in any way. This French lady is the mother of my brother-in-law's first wife, I conclude, and his second wife need hardly concern herself with her likes or dislikes."

Miss Jenkins choked. "But Mme. de la Perouse is old, and—and not very well off. She would feel a slight very keenly."

"I shall be glad to see Esther Beresford at once, please," continued Mrs. Galton, without the least reference to the wishes of the little schoolmistress, and Miss Jenkins rang the bell with a decision that was a relief to her feelings.

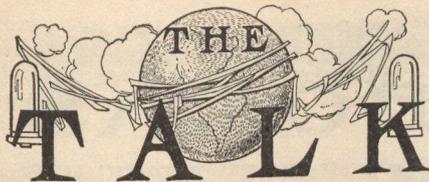
"I shall be obliged," she said, returning to her seat with an air of dignity, "by your informing me what arrangements Major Beresford is making for his daughter's removal. He wrote to inform me of your arrival, and also that Miss Beresford would be leaving me before long, but I naturally take a great interest in her after ten years."

Mrs. Graham nodded. "No doubt," she said. "But to my mind, to keep a girl at school, with all the attendant expenses, when a man is hard up, is the acme of folly."

"Esther has cost her father nothing for the past two years. She has taught music in this school in return for her excellent education."

"Good gracious!" said Mrs. Galton, again. "Esther a governess! What will my girls say?"

Miss Jenkins was just beginning to express her indignation as to the views held by Mrs. Galton in regard to the honourable profession of teaching, when the door opened, and Esther herself came in. She came forward a little timidly into the centre of the room to greet her visitor, and Mrs. Galton stared at her open-mouthed.



Students of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, were awarded the first prize in the judging contest for all animals combined at the International Live Stock Show in the report made by Prof. J. H. Shepard of the North Dakota Agricultural College, the superintendent of the judging. The trophy was given by the Union Stock Yards Company. For individual excellence, A. H. Hamer of Ontario ranked first, thus adding to the provincial laurels.

Professor W. B. Anderson, M.A., of Cambridge, was formally inducted into the chair of Latin at the Autumn convocation of Queen's University, and at the close of the induction ceremony he delivered an address on "Nero and Lucan."

The consecration of Rev. John A. Richardson, rector of Trinity Church, St. John as Coadjutor Bishop of Fredericton diocese, took place in Christ Church cathedral at Montreal on November 30th. The services connected therewith, conducted by high dignitaries of the church were exceedingly impressive.

An American syndicate has purchased the long neglected deposits of magnetic ore near Bay St. Paul, Quebec, and will erect a large ore-treating plant.

In the midst of telephone discussion and plans for curling bonspiels, Moncton pauses to note that lumber has been the largest item figuring in the shipments from that port this season, the total being nearly four million feet of lumber, while a million and a quarter feet have been sent by rail since the seventh of January.

The C.P.R. steamship "Empress of Ireland" left St. John for Liverpool via Halifax on November 30th at 10.30 o'clock with 1,000 passengers, the largest number ever leaving Canada on a regular liner, so it is said.

A national mortuary chapel in which some enthusiasts propose to place the bodies of General Wolfe, General Amherst, and other heroes is being planned in connection with the restoration of the ancient fortress of Louisburg. In spite of the Duke of Newcastle's famous question, there is no spot in Canada, save Quebec, of greater historic interest than the Cape Breton town with the French-Saxon name.

Within a short while four steamers with coal for the Steel Company will be on the way to Sydney, the cargoes coming from Cardiff and Philadelphia with two consignments from New York. So far, shipments average about four hundred tons a day.

The reports from incoming steamers show that the Atlantic gales of the last week must have been very severe. The Allan liner "Tunisian," which arrived at Halifax last Saturday, encountered a fierce storm off Cape Breton, during which her Marconi wireless telegraph gear was carried away.

The International Waterways Commission has been considering the question of diverting boundary waters, with special reference to the Rainy Lake basin. A power company in

Duluth is anxious to develop electricity at Birch Lake, which is naturally tributary to the Rainy River, Lake of the Woods and Winnipeg River. The town of Fort Frances, the navigation and power companies in that district, and the city of Winnipeg which is building a hydro-electric power plant on the Winnipeg River, are all interested. The Commission recommends that no permanent diversion of boundary waters should be made without international permission and that a treaty should be negotiated to settle general rules and principles. The matter is now in the hands of the Dominion Government.

British Columbia is interested in the work of the B.C. Fishery Commission which has been consulting with the special Fisheries Commission of the State of Washington. An interim report has been forwarded to Ottawa making recommendations to safeguard the supply of salmon. The depth of net should be limited to 60 meshes and the maximum of length is placed at 300 yards. The salmon run in enormous numbers every fourth year and a longer weekly close season is advocated in the other three years, viz., from 6 a.m. Saturday to 6 p.m. Monday.

Judging from the present discussion of plans, Edmonton is to be a "city beautiful," within the next two years. A street 100 yards wide, undisfigured by poles of any sort, and paved with bitulithic, with a double track car line, laid with 90-pound girder rails on a concrete foundation, is like a paragraph out of "Utopia." The Alberta capital, in the midst of its material prosperity, is taking thought for the morrow in providing wide and picturesque thoroughfares.

Strathcona is likely to have, in the course of a few years, the largest and most up-to-date soap works between Toronto and the Pacific coast. A Cobourg promoter is making plans to that effect. Eastern capital, it seems, must be invested in Western branches if the patronage of the newest provinces is to be retained.

The month of November, 1906, will be long remembered by sea-faring folk. The North Shore is strewn with tragic reminders of the storms of the last two weeks. A leather belt containing a secret store of money and jewels was picked up by a fisherman, while

scraps of clothing and shreds of sails were washed ashore daily.

The officers of the steamship "Miowera" lately arrived at Victoria, report that Sir Joseph Ward is moving in the New Zealand Parliament a resolution empowering the Government of that colony to establish a tri-weekly service to British Columbia with a maximum subsidy of £20,000 annually, conditional upon the vessels being not less than 6,000 tons, with refrigerator and chilled chambers for freight and produce, the time of the voyage not to exceed 18 days. This progressive island is evidently favourable to more extensive trade with the Dominion.

Mr. J. Graham Gow, the trade representative of the New Zealand government in Canada, is spending several weeks in Winnipeg. His mission is to increase Canadian exports to New Zealand by informing local merchants and manufacturers of the requirements of his country and to gather information which shall guide New Zealanders in entering the Canadian market. Mr. Gow seems to be the right kind of Imperialist, with a shrewd notion of what his island home wants and what she can supply.

A Benefactor Indeed

THE London correspondent of a Chicago paper tells a dazzling story of a modern Monte Cristo, who has attracted much attention by his recent liberality. The mysterious stranger called himself William Yates and took up his abode at the Covent Garden Hotel. He proceeded to go about the market among the costers and porters, distributing bank notes and gold in a royally lavish style. On his first appearance he paid close attention to a porter named Mullins, and finally questioned him about his work and his circumstances. He invited the porter to visit him at the hotel and Mr. Mullins was cheerfully obedient to the request.

When the latter appeared at the hotel, Mr. Yates made the astonishing offer of \$500 in notes and asked the dumbfounded porter if he could take care of such a sum. The answer was a swift affirmative and the gift was promptly bestowed on the understanding that Mrs. Mullins and the kiddies were to have "a lot of things."

Mr. Yates kept on his extravagant course, buying up the stocks of the poorest-looking street hawkers and flower girls, giving them bank-notes or gold and waving the "change" haughtily aside.

The reporters have taken a keen interest in the gold-dispensing guest and various rumours are afloat concerning where the money comes from. Some say that he is an American oil magnate, others that he is a South African millionaire. A well-known Winnipegger, familiar with the Yukon district said upon reading the account that he believed the mysterious stranger to be none other than the celebrated "Swiftwater Bill," one of the great Yukon plungers. This man first became famous by a trip over the ice floes of the Yukon to Dawson. In 1899 he went to Paris where his fortune was soon dissipated. He returned to the Yukon, led a life of the most strenuous toil and came from the north this year. It is said that he crossed the Atlantic last summer.



Professor W. B. Anderson, M.A., Queen's University, Kingston.

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Trains run between Deseronto and Napanee as follows:—

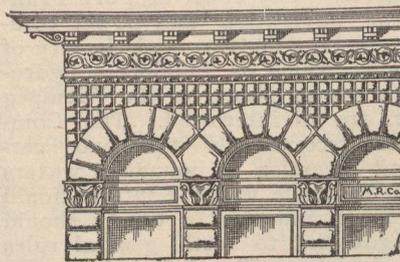
Leave Deseronto at 1.00 a.m., 1.40 a.m., 5.55 a.m., 7.00 a.m., 7.20 a.m., 9.50 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 12.55 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 7.40 p.m.

Leave Napanee at 2.20 a.m., 3.30 a.m., 6.30 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 7.55 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 12.05 p.m., 1.20 p.m., 11.00 a.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.50 p.m., 8.15 p.m.

The Deseronto Navigation Company operate the str. "Ella Ross" and str. "Jessie Bain" running between Picton, Deseronto, Belleville and Trenton, as also the str. "Where Now" making the famous 50-mile ramble from Gananoque to all points in and around the Thousand Islands, connecting with all trains at Gananoque, as well as making the railway transfer between Gananoque and Clayton, N.Y.

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MR. HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS is a young Canadian who has met with literary success in New York and who has just published his second book, which bears the fetching title, "Don-a-Dreams." Don is truly a boy with his head in a maze and the reader does not wonder that the practical lawyer father is fairly out of patience with the visionary lad. However, the story of Don's adventures in search of a "job" in New York is thoroughly interesting and the manner of the telling is sympathetic yet restrained.

A Canadian reviewer called the story "autobiographical"; whereupon the author wrote to protest that the scenes themselves and the characters in them are wholly fictional. Mr. O'Higgins declares that the hero of the book is a good deal of a fool and that the author does not wish to figure in that character, "publicly and self-confessed." The hero is too much of a fool to be liked and not enough of a fool to be pitied. In fact, he is unmanly, except on one or two psychological occasions. The heroine would be described by her woman acquaintances as a "cat" but no masculine readers will detect the feline qualities. In spite of these traits in two of the leading characters, "Don-a-Dreams" is a book to be borrowed, read and retained. (Toronto: Wm. Tyrrell and Company.)

"Puck of Pook's Hill" is a book that no one but Rudyard Kipling, and the very best Kipling, could write. The critics have been deploring his prosaic ways and have mournfully asserted that he has lost his "first, fine careless rapture." But e'en the ranks of the New York "Nation" and the conservative "Spectator" are moved to declare that Puck's magic is very good. It is a world of youth and adventure and the veriest poetry into which we wander with Dan and Una and from which we hardly return when the leaves of oak, ash and thorn flutter down from a fairy hand. "Saxon and Celt and Norman we—Teuton or Dane or whatever we be," the chronicle of England's changing, blending races is written for us in as joyous tales as ever set youthful heart astir. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

The "Grand Magazine" recently published an article on "The Secret of Success in Literature," the tenth in a series of such inquiries into professional success. Seventeen writers express their views on the subject and it is interesting to note that they are all novelists. Essayists, historians, poets and such oddities are ignored. Does literature mean nothing but fiction, and is success to be expressed merely in dollars? Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mrs. Humphry Ward and Miss May Sinclair are not found in the list. Probably they preferred silence. Sir Gilbert Parker says that the primary quality in all literature is imagina-

tion and concludes two suggestive paragraphs with the statement: "Money is no test—reputation is everything."

Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch frankly declares: "I don't know what is meant by 'success in literature.' But good books are only written by those who start with ability and improve it by taking pains."

Mr. Arthur Morrison replies with delicate sarcasm. "If you speak of a career of success in the art of literature, then I imagine the answer will be obvious. There is only one essential—good work. But if you mean a career of commercial success in literature as a vocation, the answer is far more difficult. Indeed, if I felt absolutely confident of my ability to answer the question correctly, I am not sure that I should not keep the secret to myself. But, at any rate, good work is not an essential, though not always a positive obstacle; but if the work is to be bad, it must be of just the right sort of badness."

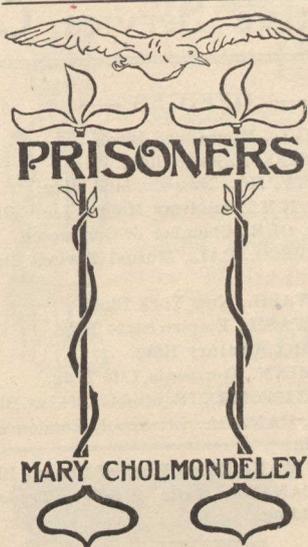
"As for the remaining qualities chiefly conducive to commercial success, I can only imagine that they must be those constantly recommended in other branches of business, such as sobriety, punctuality, industry, judicious advertising, honesty on suitable occasions, and willingness to oblige."

Maarten Maartens, the Dutch novelist, has accepted an invitation to the Carnegie Pittsburg fete in April. Accompanied by his young daughter he will carry out a long-deferred plan of visiting America in a leisurely way. Andrew Lang may also go, but Edmund Gosse has declined an invitation.

The December number of the "Century Magazine" is a Christmas feast in article, story and illustration. The first feature in the contents is a story by Charles G. D. Roberts, "A Stranger to the Wild: The White Wanderer." A ship bound from Oporto to Quebec is wrecked on the south west of the Gaspé peninsula. On board is a finely bred, white Spanish stallion of Barb descent who swims ashore and meets with all manner of adventures before he comes to a stretch of rough pasture-fields which belong to a swarthy Canadian farmer. The story is as unique as the white stranger it describes and the illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull are ideal in their depiction of sunset and midnight wanderings.

In the famous old Harper publishing house on November 10th, nearly 250 men and women prominent in American literary life celebrated with Mr. Henry Alden, for thirty-five years the editor of "Harper's Monthly" the seventieth anniversary of his birth. Mark Twain said in a congratulatory letter: "Alden, dear ancient friend, it is a solemn moment. You have now reached the years of discretion. You have been a long time arriving. How often we recall with regret that Napoleon once shot at a magazine editor and missed him and killed the publisher, but remember with charity that his intentions were good."

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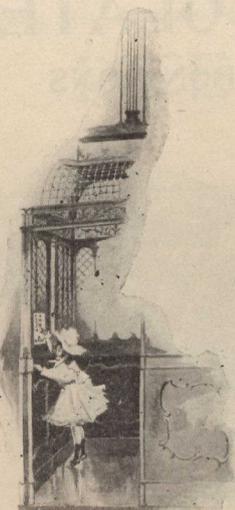
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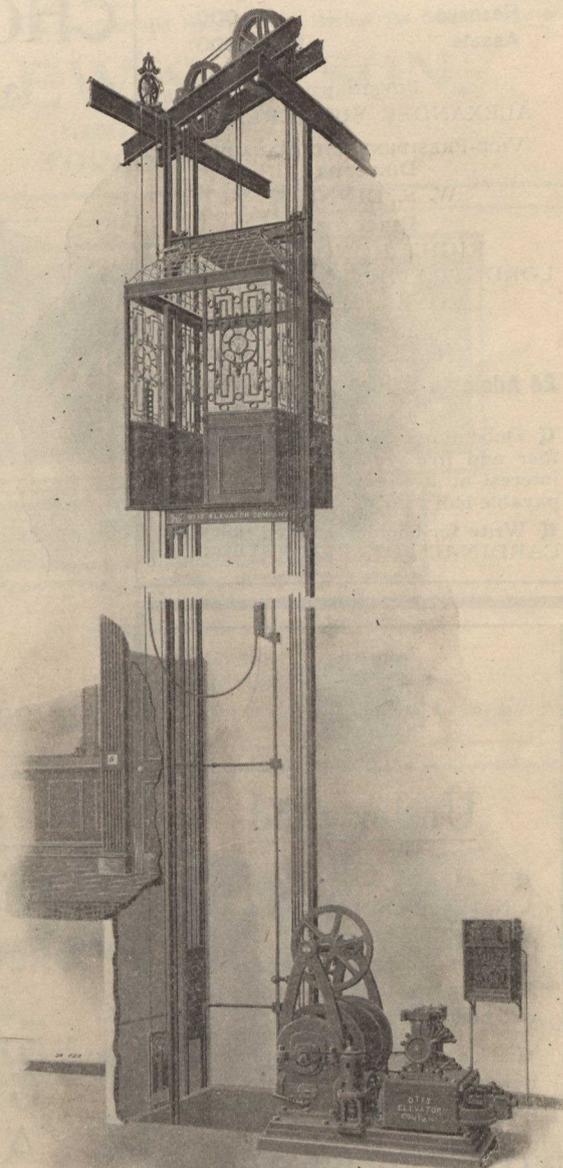
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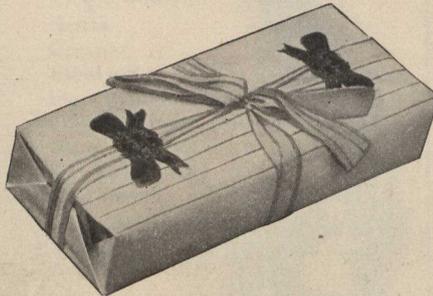
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**DEMI TASSE**

**He Loved the Irish**

Edward Sullivan, the proprietor of the Leader Hotel in Toronto, like all true sons of Erin, loves a good story, even if it is one on himself. Sometimes he tells one. His friends are telling this one about him.

Sometime in July last, a couple of men strayed into the hotel and one of them, a stranger, noticing that the cafe was finished in an oak stained green, remarked :

"This hotel must be kept by an Irishman."

"Sure," said his friend, "Mr. Sullivan owns the Leader Hotel. By the way, there he is now. I'll introduce you." The introduction followed.

"Mr. Sullivan, you are an Irishman I am told," enquired the stranger.

"Yes, sir," proudly acknowledged Sullivan.

"There are a great many South of Ireland men where I come from," followed the stranger.

"Yes," said Sullivan.

After refreshments had been served, the stranger continued meditatively : "Yes, there are a great many of them up my way."

"How many?" asked Mr. Sullivan.

"Oh,—three or four thousands."

"As many as that !"

"And I wish there were five times that many."

"Will you have a cigar ?" asked Mr. Sullivan.

"Thank you. I'll just take one and catch my car."

After the stranger had gone, Mr. Sullivan turned to his headwaiter and enquired :—"Who was that very affable man that just went out of the door ?"

"I don't know his name, but he has something to do with the Orange Order and lives up beside St. Michael's cemetery," was the reply.

**A Tale of To-day**

What makes the statesman look so gay ?

What makes his secretary say :  
"We're having such a lovely day" ?  
—It's Cobalt.

What makes the merchant walk with pride,  
The banker have a lordlier stride.  
The office-boy put on more "side" ?  
—It's Cobalt.

What makes the parson beam with hope,  
The woman teacher's bank-book ope',  
The housemaid in the stock list grope ?  
—It's Cobalt.

But six months hence, when all is o'er,  
What word will make our feelings sore,  
And cause the angry tears to pour ?  
—Just Cobalt.

What tint will best depict our woe,  
What colour will our slain hopes show  
What hue the words we mutter low ?  
—Deep Cobalt.

J. G.

**The Right Word.**

A fine old citizen from a remote Ontario town recently went to New York to visit his daughter who is studying art in Gotham. She took her daddy to see Madame Alla Nazimova in "Hedda Gabler," hoping to introduce him to Ibsen culture. The old man's face wore a bewildered expression as the play proceeded and he said nothing afterwards until they neared the door. "Rather a neurotic affair, isn't it?" said a young man. "Rotten!" echoed the Ontario visitor, who was somewhat hard of hearing, I should say it was."

**To the Tigers**

Hamilton in Wentworth  
Is a most progressive town;  
The worst of strikes or skirmishes  
Can never keep her down.

She sent to distant Marathon  
A runner blithe and gay,  
Who left all other sprinters  
Full half a mile away.

She's awfully fond of championships  
And fairly eats them up;  
The Tigers are her faithful sons  
And so they won the cup.

Then here's to Wentworth athletes  
In their home across the Bay!  
Three cheers for every Tiger  
That helped to win the day.

J. G.

**Incorrigible**

A sweet-faced Salvation Army girl watched with indignation the attempts of an intoxicated young man to walk steadily along King Street, Toronto. At last she inquired with much pious severity: "Young man, where do you expect to spend eternity?"

"I—hic—don't know—my dear. But—hic—one thing's sure,—I'll spend it."

**Sure of Him**

When Kipling was a twelve-year-old his father took him on a sea voyage, and as Kipling senior suffered badly from seasickness, he left the boy to his own devices. Presently a tremendous commotion was heard and the boatswain dashed into Mr. Kipling's cabin, shouting at the top of his voice: "Mr. Kipling, your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm! If he lets go he'll drown to a certainty!" "Yes," said the sufferer, falling back on his pillow, "but he won't let go!"

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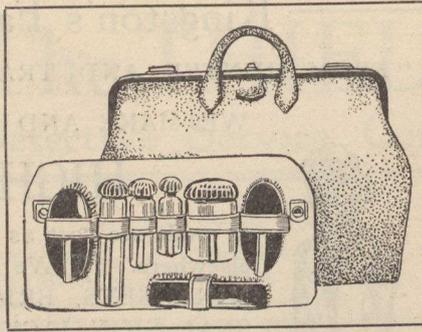


**T**HE committee of the Mendelssohn Choir announce that arrangements have been completed for the annual cycle of concerts to be held in Massey Hall during February next. The dates chosen are February 4th, 5th, 6th and 9th. These concerts will be followed by an appearance of the Chorus in Convention Hall, Buffalo, N.Y., on Monday evening, February 11th, and two appearances in Carnegie Hall, New York City, on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday, February 12th and 13th. The services of the Pittsburg Symphony Orchestra in its entire strength under the baton of the eminent conductor, Mr. Emil Paur, have again been secured for the entire cycle. It is no exaggeration to say that the best wishes of the Dominion are with this ambitious organization and its able conductor.

The first appearance of Mr. H. B. Irving in Canada was an entirely enjoyable event. The admiration for his dramatic ability was united to a personal appreciation which the English actor gracefully recognized. It is a nice question whether Mr. Irving is helped or handicapped by his father's histrionic greatness. That he was able to make an individual impression is a tribute to his original power. The plays in which he appeared, ranging from the dainty "Mauricette" to "Charles I." and that old-time thriller, "The Lyons Mail," demanded a versatility of artistic interpretation to which the actor proved himself equal. Miss Dorothea Baird, in her refined grace and tenderness, was a gratification to a public that sees such qualities all too seldom in modern acting.

Last week Mr. Kyrle Bellew and his large company played "Brigadier Gerard" at His Majesty's theatre in Montreal. Why successful short stories should be set to drama, no one seems able to explain. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's yarns about the sprightly Brigadier seem to have made a poor play which even Mr. Bellew could not make a thing of brightness. The composition is described as a rickety dramatic erection on a strong foundation of story. The "Sherlock Holmes" play was a poor production and "Brigadier Gerard's" stage clumsiness ought to convince the knightly author that he is not a writer of plays.

Mr. Kyrle Bellew has been called the greatest stage lover of the day. Mr. James K. Hackett, the Canadian actor, is also dear to the heart of the matinee girl and seldom fails to win the applause of a feminine audience. He appeared in the Sutro play, "The Walls of Jericho," in Ottawa last week and met with the usual favourable reception. Perhaps there is no city in Canada so prepared to appreciate the worldly aphorisms of "The Walls of Jericho" as our Capital. Most Canadian audiences are inclined to the rural, even in theatrical taste, but picturesque Ottawa ought to be equal to enjoying the Sutro flavour.



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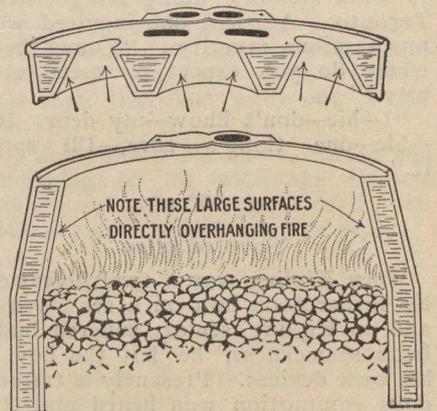
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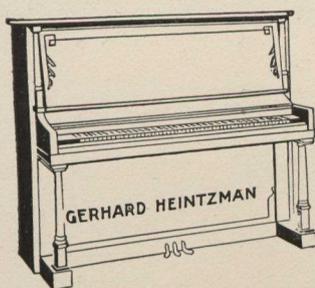


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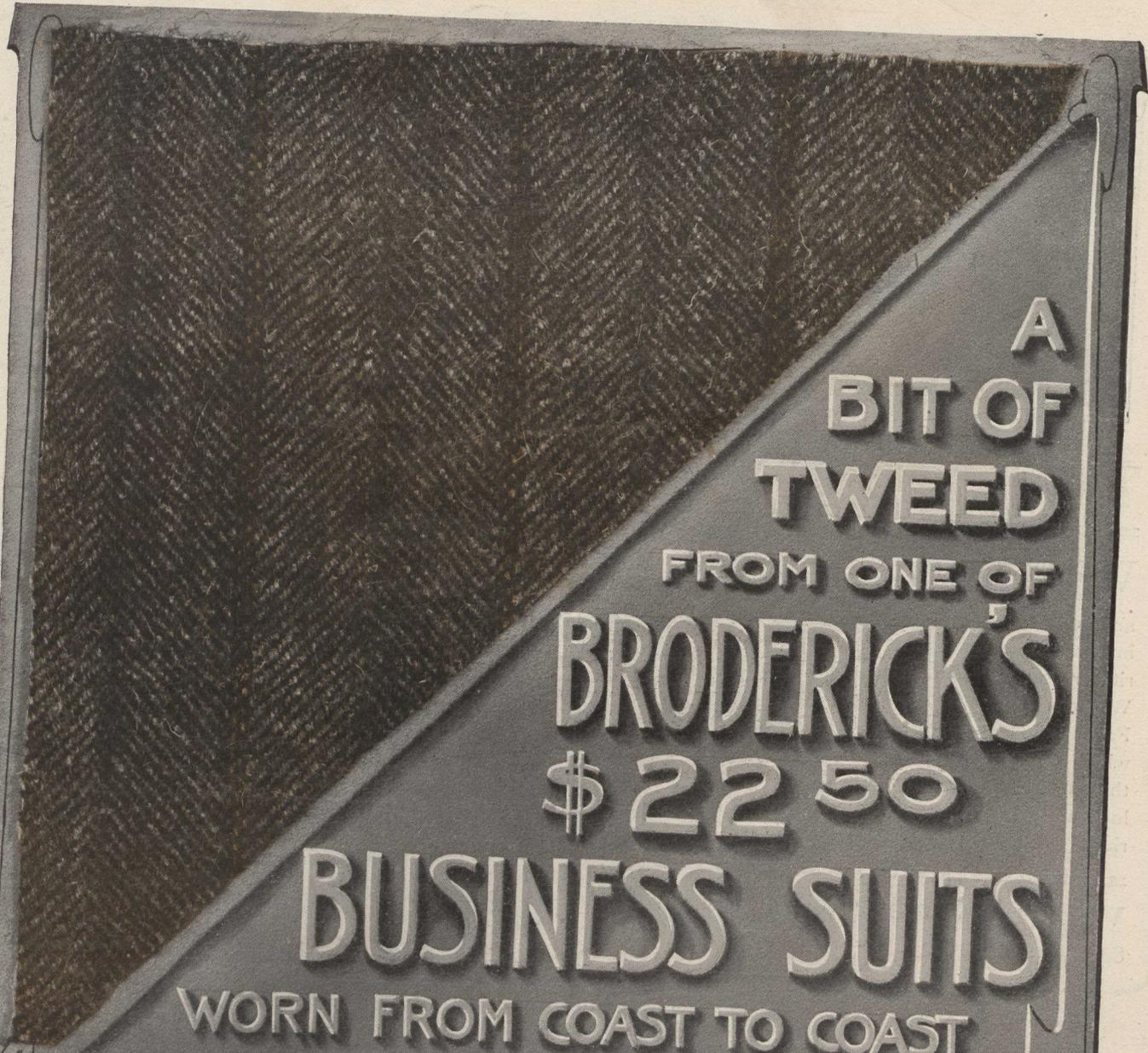
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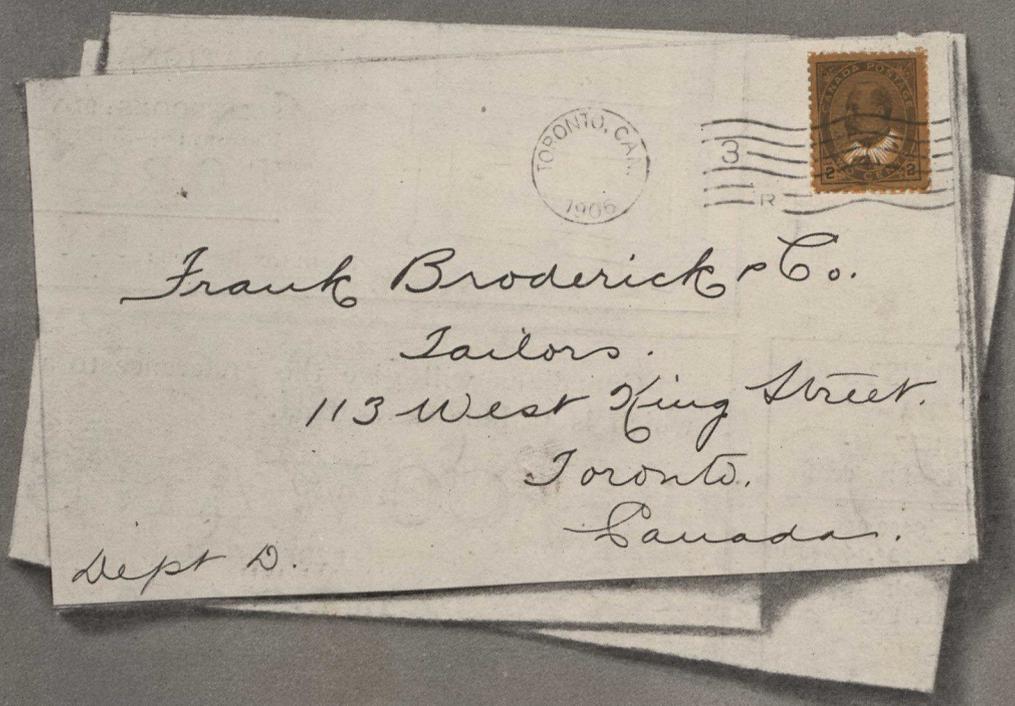
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