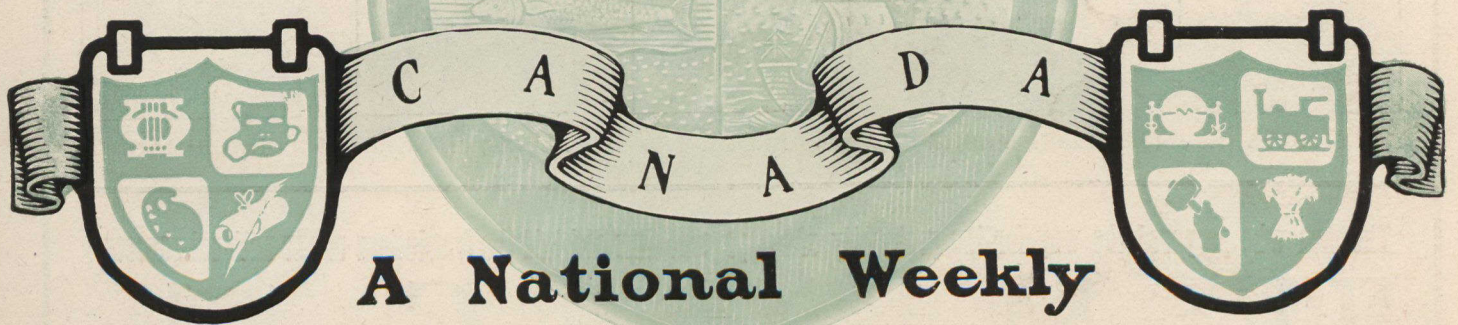


The Canadian Courier



JOHN·A·COOPER·Editor

THE COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO



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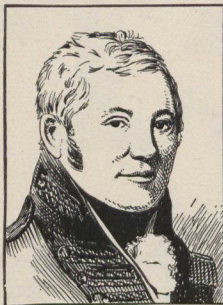
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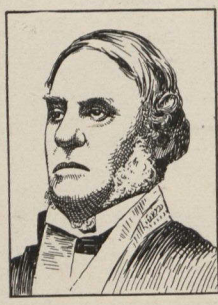
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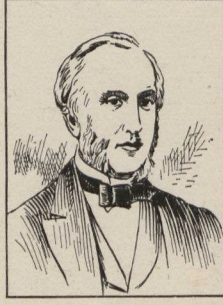
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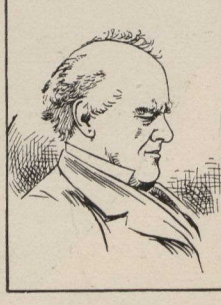
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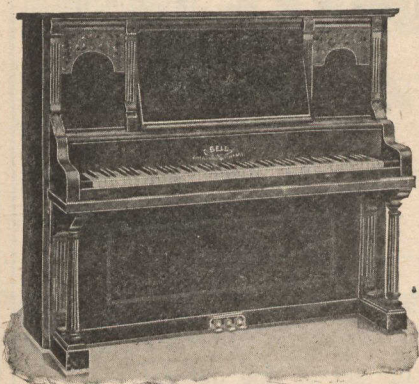


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Editorial Talk

THERE will be those who will examine this number carelessly and indifferently; there will be others who will go through it with wonder and surprise. The latter will ask how it can be done, for this is really a ten-cent issue for five cents. A two-page coloured picture cannot be given every week, but we shall try to give it, or something equal to it, once a month.

Good material is constantly pouring into THE COURIER office and subsequent numbers will contain the best of it. Photographs are arriving from all parts of the world — Japan, China, India and the Isles of the Sea. We do not want our material to be all Canadian, though the most of it must necessarily be so.



C. W. JEFFERYS

Among the Canadian artists who will contribute towards the embellishment of THE COURIER is Mr. C. W. Jefferys, whose article on Winnipeg appears this week. This is illustrated with his own photographs and drawings. He will do some more imposing pieces later. Other artists will be announced later.

The two dollar cash-with-order offer to new subscribers is hereby extended for one week.

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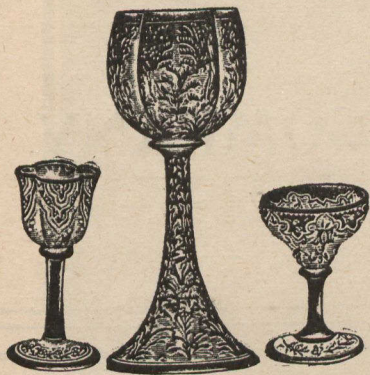
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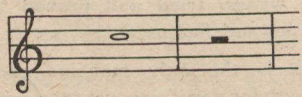
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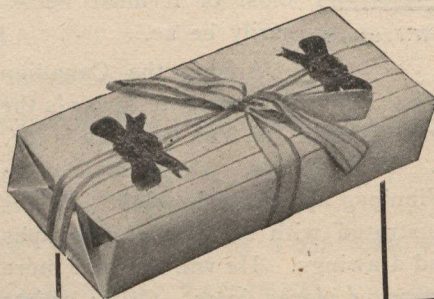
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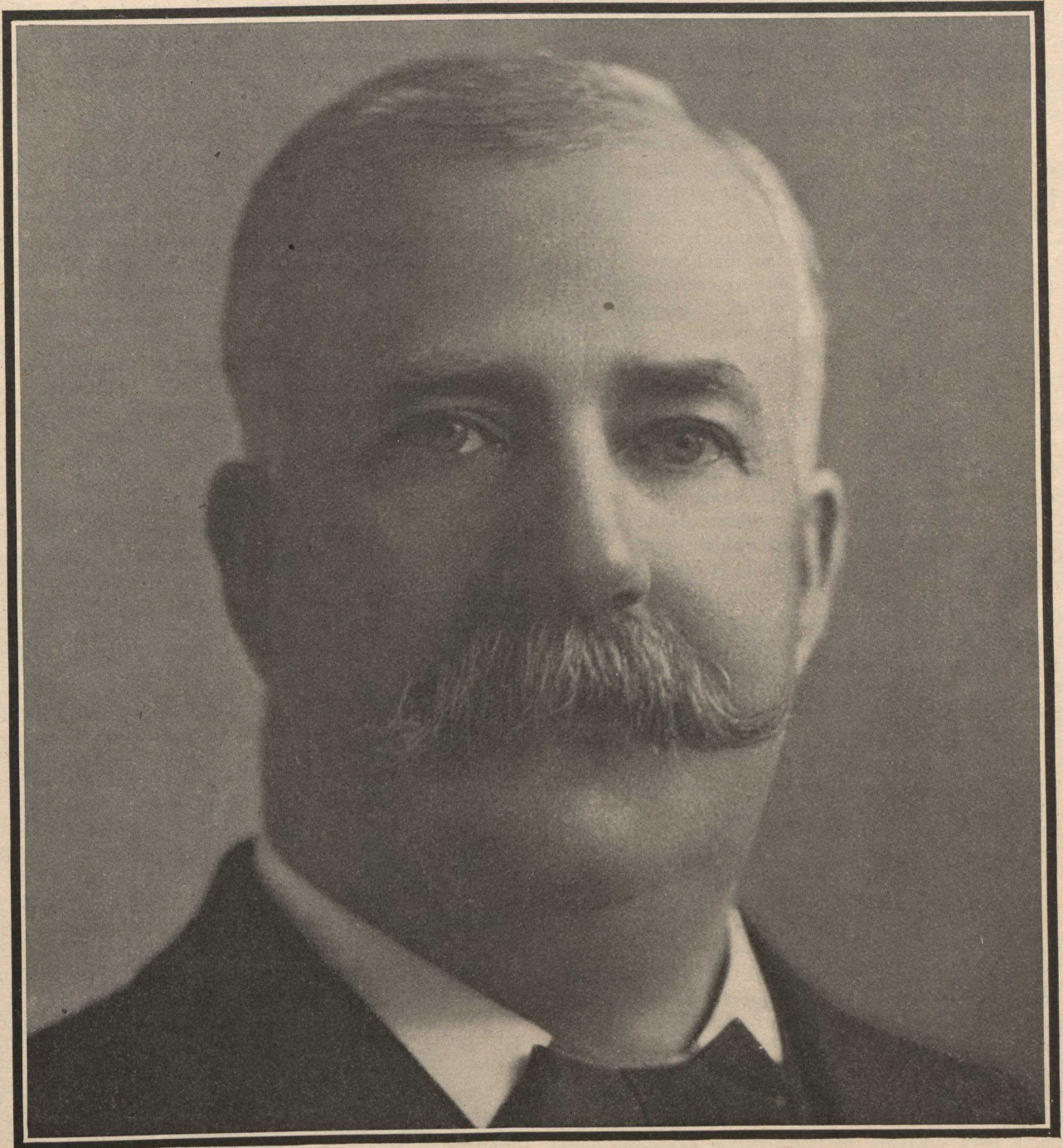
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Vol. I

Toronto, December 22nd, 1906

No. 4



HON. RODMAN PALEN ROBLIN, Premier of Manitoba

Hon. R. P. Roblin's Conservative Government in Manitoba has come out strongly in favour of public ownership of telephone lines. On the 10th inst., Winnipeg, by a vote of nearly three to one, endorsed the principle, and on Tuesday last the various municipalities in the Province voted on the measure. The vote in the latter was not so decisive either way as in Winnipeg ; and the indications are that when all the returns are in, the plebiscite will show an adverse vote.

Hon. Mr. Roblin has been First Minister of the Prairie Province since 1900. He is a native of Prince Edward County and is a member of a family of United Empire Loyalists who have been settled in the County for more than a century. As one of the Old Timers he has seen his Province grow from a population of less than 40,000 to 360,000. In business the Premier is a grain buyer. He is a prominent member of the Methodist Church.

REFLECTIONS

AS was pointed out a fortnight ago, Toronto is greatly pleased because that city has become the headquarters of a transcontinental railway. This partly explains the success of the banquet to Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann on Friday evening last. The remainder of the explanation lies in the admiration which the general business-public feels for men who have succeeded in what they attempted. In no country is the number of superlatively successful men very large, consequently the few receive great homage.

BOARD OF TRADE
B A N Q U E T

the admiration which the general business-public feels for men who have succeeded in what they attempted. In no country is the number of superlatively successful men very large, consequently the few receive great homage.

With slender resources, in the face of great natural difficulties, and in spite of all opposition, these two men have succeeded in building or acquiring 4,000 miles of railway. Most of this is already paying more than the cost of operation and interest on the investment. Further, they have planned to build one or two thousand miles more, and intend to have eventually a road from ocean to ocean. To accomplish so much and still have courage to plan more, is certainly remarkable. Therefore, the enthusiastic reception which these two gentlemen received at the hands of three hundred members of the Toronto Board of Trade is made easy of understanding.

THE success of the banquet does not mean that Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Mann are above public criticism. At times, one or the other has been the subject of close scrutiny at the hands of a watchful press. Mr. Mackenzie is also president of the Toronto

SUCCESS AND
CRITICISM

Railway Co. which operates the street-cars in that city, and he has not always been able to satisfy the citizens. There have been other criticisms more or less noteworthy. The builders of railways on a large scale are brought into close relations with governments. Governments imply politicians. Hence there is occasionally more or less talk. It was so with the Canadian Pacific. It was so with the Grand Trunk Pacific.

On the whole, however, Mackenzie and Mann seem to have conducted their affairs mainly on their own credit. They assert that not one acre of land has been granted to them by any government. Any land they secured they bought with charters previously granted. They claim also that the total subsidies they have received from all quarters amount to only five per cent. of their total expenditure. The great source of their capital was the British investor who bought all their bond issues. These facts were strongly set forth at the banquet, which afforded a splendid opportunity for such a statement. If one were inclined to be critical, one might say that some of the speakers took too much advantage of the opportunity, but after all that is a mere matter of taste. They were business men making statements to business men and what they said was economically valuable.

THERE is a strong resemblance between this banquet and that tendered to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy at Quebec last spring, when the first C.P.R. steamer arrived from Liverpool. It was a personal tribute to the head of a great corporation and a tribute to the corporation itself. It, too, was a supremely successful social event of economic importance. At

P A S T A N D
FUTURE BANQUETS

at a not very distant date, we may expect to see the City of Winnipeg tender a banquet to Mr. C. M. Hays when the first Grand Trunk Pacific train enters that city.

We all abuse the railways because they occasionally land our person or our freight at its destination a few hours late, or because they are collecting more for their services than seems needful, but at the same time we acknowledge that railways are necessary to national greatness. The men who are building our railways and thus extending the limits of our habitable area are performing a national service. The greater the difficulties these men encounter the greater should be our appreciation. Nevertheless, these railway magnates must not expect that our giving them banquets indicates that our criticism is at an end. The inalienable right of the Britisher is still inalienable.

IF the Peers were in the habit of adopting the epigrams of Commoners, they might lay claim to having improved the Education Bill off the face of the earth. Word comes from London that the Campbell-Bannerman Government have decided to thresh over the Lords' amendments. It is impossible to believe that the Government have been riding for a fall. Such things are not heard of nowadays at Westminster—nor have they been, if Justin McCarthy is correct, since Gladstone's second Home Rule bill was thrown out by the hereditary House. Gladstone, the dean of British journalists, states, in his supplementary volume to the "History of Our Own Times," quite understood that the Lords would have neither part nor lot in granting an inch in the direction of Home Rule. After the bill had been defeated by them, says McCarthy, the Premier called a meeting of the Cabinet and announced that he would ask for a dissolution. His colleagues—or a majority of them—were not with him, and in a fit of dudgeon, Gladstone announced his resignation to the Queen. Then came Rosebery and his studied lack of interest in the Irish question.

OUT OF CHAOS,
SETTLEMENT

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The situation to-day in some respects is analogous to that which saw the retirement of Gladstone. In each case the House of Commons is almost fresh from the country. In each case the Peers had given ample notice of their intentions. But Gladstone, playing the game according to the rules which were in force when, for instance, D'Israeli "dished the Whigs," found that modern British politicians have no liking for crowding election upon election. Campbell-Bannerman is likely trusting to the moral advantage which his Government will secure with the Nonconformists. After that it will be his to placate in so far as possible the Church people, a majority of whose representatives support the Liberal Government in the House of Commons.

The chief accusation against the Lords is that they have amended the bill so as to make it more easy for the Church people to secure the giving of "extended" religious instruction in the Board schools—i.e., the public schools. Their Lordships' amendment in this respect provides that where two-thirds of the parents of the children in any of these schools petition for any particular form of denominational teaching, the local Board must consent. The Commons' bill made the consent permissive, thus imposing the responsibility on the local authorities. At this distance, and ignoring the religious class-feeling which unfortunately has been manifested, it seems rather curious that what may be termed an inverted referendum should come in for such fierce denunciation from the Government press. When

sixty-seven per cent of the parents whose children attend a school demand Anglican teaching it would be straight minority government to refuse them the right. The Nonconformists, though, say "Not so. Simple Bible teaching for all children will suffice." And, late in the lists arrives Dr. Bourne, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, who writes "the Nineteenth Century" that 600 Roman Catholic schools will be destroyed if the Liberal Government's bill becomes law.

Scarcely a clause of the bill has failed to excite controversy, explanation and re-explanation. Perhaps, if all were known, Mr. Birrell and his friends will be none too sorry to have an opportunity of re-drafting the whole measure.

SUPPOSING that, on the day before a Federal election, a friend should ask you to choose between two candidates in a constituency in Alberta and give your opinion as to their qualifications. Suppose you answered, "I never heard of them before. How can I give an intelligent opinion?"

VOTES, NOT VIEWS, ARE REQUIRED And suppose your friend made answer, "I don't care about that; you must give me your views."

What would you say? Probably you would remark that your friend required a rest. And yet the Parliament of Canada is being asked to place every voter in the land in just this position. Compulsory voting is provided for in a measure before the House of Commons. Citizens are to be compelled to have a preference between candidates even if they really have no preference. And what about the elector who holds that neither candidate is fit to sit in Parliament? Under the terms of the bill, he must choose, he must mark his ballot or pay a fine. Of course, if the ballot is secret, any right-minded man of this type will promptly proceed to spoil it. Surely the right to vote entails the right not to vote. Tom Moore must have seen what was coming when he wrote:

Time was when Free Speech was the life breath of Freedom,

So thought once the Seldens, the Hampdens, the Lockes,
But mute be our troops as to vict'ry we lead 'em,
"You Must" is the word of the Knights of the Box.

THERE is a word of five syllables which is regarded with much favour at the present time and is frequently on the lips of young Canadians. To be considered "cosmopolitan" is the desire of nearly every graduate from the High School. The youth who as-

A TERM OF REPROACH assures you that he is a man of the world, that he is "quite a cosmopolitan" is not separated by many years from his essay on the charms of life in the country. There is another term nearly always used with aspersion that borders on contempt. "Puritan" has become almost synonymous with hypocrite, and no one cares to be associated, however remotely, with the tribe of Uriah Heep.

This is the case of the evil qualities living after the people whose virtues were interred with their bones. As a matter of history, the Puritans were not nearly so sombre as they are painted. The early members were not averse to music, the drama or stately cathedrals, and even wore becoming garments with lace and silken ruffles. But it is the sourest variety of Puritan that is remembered, for, reversing the horticultural custom, he failed to grow mellow with age and consequently has come down to us as a lemon-visaged creature who made a cult of ugliness.

Fired by religious zeal and an angry monarch, the Puritan speedily made New England uncomfortable for the dissenting Quaker. But we forget his sturdy courage, his exactions from himself, and remember only

that he usurped the functions of Supreme Judge. The class that produced a Milton and Bunyan could not have been destitute of imagination. The class that manned Cromwell's "Ironsides" may not be accused of cowardice. Discipline and self-denial were carried to a morbid extreme, but the present age would be none the worse for a tincture of puritan virtues.

LONDON, the most populous city in the Empire, is spending millions in enlarging its leading thoroughfares. The city of Leeds is building two new streets seventy-five feet wide at a considerable cost. Montreal has spent large sums in widening streets. Toronto is talking about two new diagonal thoroughfares. The moral to be drawn from these occurrences is one that should be taken to heart in the hundreds of Canadian towns and cities that are now being plotted or built up. Make the streets broad and plan for the "big" days. Winnipeg overdid it somewhat, but those wide streets will in the end be the chief beauty of a city with few picturesque natural features. There will be many cities in Canada fifty years hence and now is the time to plan for their beauty and convenience.

IN advocating a progressive inheritance tax, President Roosevelt, in his recent message, said, "One prime object should be to put a constantly increasing burden on the inheritance of those swollen fortunes which it is certainly of no benefit to this country to perpetuate." The Presidential message has, of recent years, come to be more and more bulky; until the recent message took two and a half hours to read when it was presented in Congress. Since the beginning of President Roosevelt's term of office it has become more of a Rooseveltian confession of faith than a programme of present day constructive legislation. In outlining a method of regulation of wealth through the mechanism of taxation, the President is rather indicating possible legislation for a successor than constructive legislation to be formulated during his own term of office.

REDISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH In Canada we are at the beginning of an industrial age whose profits have already created fortunes large enough for a new country. Shall we accept the Rooseveltian programme and shape our legislation accordingly? We must recognise that private ownership has given us a development which government ownership never could have given. Further, it is abundantly possible that governmental regulation may trench upon the legitimate field of that self-interest which is the motive of progress. It is a question of social expediency, not of abstract principle which concerns us. If a government, in raising revenue, attempts to redistribute the possession of wealth it enters upon a field where it has no land marks, and subjects the basis of our industrial system to the vicissitudes of the changing fortunes of political parties. A government is, it is true, justified in requiring larger contributions from those of great wealth, not because of any greater benefits these receive from the government but simply because the criterion of modern tax system is the ability to pay. Of necessity it happens that in all taxation there is incidentally some effect upon the distribution of wealth. But, subject to the legitimate demands of the government for revenue, the government, as a tax collecting agency, has no concern with the mere bulk of fortunes. There must be legislation against privilege which is not beneficial to the country; in so far as legislation can ensure it there must be equality of opportunity. But to accept mere size of fortune as a reason for entering upon an altruistic campaign for the redistribution of wealth is to go entirely outside the scope of legitimate government functions.



WHEN we were reckoning up Favourite Sons the other day, we agreed that Hon. Sydney Fisher does not look like a hero. He doesn't; but he looks like something far better for every day use, and that is an industrious and painstaking public servant. He is the best Minister of Agriculture Canada ever had. He regards the Dominion as one large farm; and he is always wondering what crop he should try in the "river lot" this year, or whether he hadn't better "loosen up" and buy some machinery he has just heard of. Already this session he has proposed two new improvements to the owners of the farm he is managing—a series of cold storage warehouses for their fruit, and a system of Government inspection for their canned meat trade. Both are capital ideas, and both will help give the farm a new standing in the market. Since he came into office, this First Farmer of ours has let very few sessions of Parliament go by without doing something to improve the condition of agriculture; and about the only fault which is found with him is that he potters about the place so constantly with his "mending kit" that he gets on the nerves of the crops and they forget to grow.

Sydney Fisher is about the last man in the Cabinet whom the casual stranger would take for a prize farmer. The story goes that when the Cabinet was being made up, Mulock and Fisher both wanted the portfolio of Agriculture. The leaders of the party were undecided on the point when Sir Richard Cartwright said, in his blunt way: "Well, Mulock looks the most like a farmer, but I think that Fisher knows more about it." Certainly dapper Sydney never did look the part. He suggests a successful ladies' dentist or a piano salesman. He is always dressed in the latest and best, and must keep himself in a hand-box when off duty. Yet there is no doubt that he does a lot of practical farming, for which exercise he must have another suit of clothes. He is also a temperance advocate; and they do say at Ottawa that this enables him to save money on his dinners. Not that he needs the money; for it is only an accident that it is cheaper to set a good example than a good table.

"Charlie" Devlin, who is the Government's first choice for Nicolet, is another kind of a man. He does look like a hero, though of late the "hero" business has apparently been so prosperous that he has grown fat. But, hero or no, he is entirely human. A more unassuming, fraternal, red-blooded man never entered politics in Canada or even in warm-hearted Ireland where there are no lukewarm people. They are either very friendly or very much to the contrary. That is why the Monocle loves an Irishman. He is not encased in ice. You know where he stands as soon as you can see his bright blue eye. There never was any doubt about where "Charlie" Devlin stood when he was a member of the Canadian Commons; and he was not afraid of letting his whereabouts be known even if his party had rather be a trifle vague on the subject. Then he was appointed a Government immigration agent at Dublin. This was a stroke of Hibernian humour; for "Charlie" made no secret of the fact that he would never urge an Irishman to leave Ireland for Canada or anywhere else. But the Government probably felt safer while paying him his salary in far-off Ireland than when paying him his indemnity within a stone's throw of the Cabinet Chamber.

In the end, John Redmond captured "Charlie" for his militant little group at Westminster. There he never

forgot that he was a Canadian. Whenever Canadian questions were to the fore, "Devlin, the Canadian" was heard from; and when they were not to the fore, he was very apt to put them there. The disappearance of Chief Justice Fitzpatrick from the Canadian Cabinet left, however, a clamorous vacancy for an Irish Catholic public man. Now, "Charlie" was not a man to let a vacancy grow hoarse through fruitless clamoring; so he gave up his mandate for Galway and came home again to serve his native country. At first, it was thought that he would be just the man for St. Ann's division, Montreal, which was providentially vacant and the old member disqualified; but St. Ann's had the last "think" on the subject and it decided for a local man. It could not make up its mind for a long time as to which local man; but it knew that it wanted some one of its own boys. So Mr. Lemieux, who thoughtfully provided himself with two seats at the last elections, is good-naturedly trying to kick one of them over to "Charlie." But, possibly, as St. Ann's had the last "think," Nicolet may have the last "kick."

Mr. Lemieux has been to the fore a good deal himself recently. He is going to try and get a better magazine postal arrangement between Canada and Britain, and he is also trying to provide against the sealing up of our Western coal mines again by a wage dispute. That threatened fuel famine in the West, and that humiliating journey of a Federal Deputy Minister and a Provincial Premier to Indianapolis to obtain leave to continue mining Canadian coal, opened the eyes of our people in a rather startling fashion to the danger and even the possible national degradation of leaving our coal supply in private hands. If Mr. Lemieux overcomes the rooted inertia of the British Post Office and gets us British periodical literature for our library tables, and also overcomes the conservative caution of our people with regard to property rights and gets us a sure supply of native coal for our library grates, he will deserve to stand in the Mulock class of first-rate Postmasters-General and Ministers of Labour. The Post Office is not a department which should be regarded as a temporary resting place for aspiring politicians. We do not want men to pause there for a few months on their way to other portfolios. The Mulock precedent should be maintained; and a public man may well think it worth his while to give his best attention for years to this department. When coupled with that of Labour, there is none more important in the Government. Hence the comfort in seeing Lemieux take hold.



"A Good Thing."

Sam Hunter thus Pictures in Toronto "World" the "Fakes" of a mining Boom.

The White Lady of Berlin

THE heavens themselves blaze forth the deaths of Princes." If this be so, we need not be surprised at such melancholy occurrences being foretold by visitants from the spectral world. Some Royal Families, indeed, have special ghosts in attendance, whose function it is to announce death and calamity. The most famous of these apparitions is the White Lady of Berlin. Her advent is held to be a sure sign of the immediate approaching death of some member of the Royal House of Prussia. She was seen (and fired at by a sentry) on the eve of the death of Prince Waldemar in 1879; and, we believe, again when the Emperor Frederick was gathered to his fathers. The White Lady wears a widow's bands and cap; her countenance is placid and bland. She appears, but seldom speaks. In fact, during four centuries of haunting she has only twice been heard to utter a syllable. In December, 1623, she was overheard to cry: "Veni judica vivos et mortuos! Judicium mihi adhuc superest!" (Come judge the living and the dead! I am still awaiting judgment!) About a century later a Princess of the House of Hohenzollern was dressing in the castle of Neuhaus, when the White Lady suddenly appeared from behind a screen, and passing between the young lady and the mirror remarked, "It is ten o'clock, your love" (this last being the mode of address between Royal personages in Germany). The Princess fell ill a few days later and expired.

The White Lady was once supposed to be Agnes, Countess Orlamunde, mistress of one of the earlier Margraves of Brandenburg. Having murdered her children, she was in turn put to death by the Margrave. Her bones are said to have been discovered beneath a spot on which she appeared (or rather made herself heard by playing a harp) to a Fraulein Doring, a lady of the Court, about a hundred years ago. But a portrait discovered in one of the royal castles some years since has led to the identification of the White Lady with Countess Bertha von Rosenberg, who lived in the fifteenth century—a theory countenanced by the anguish manifested by the spectre during the Thirty Years' War, when the peasantry, to whom she had been particularly devoted during life, were sorely and grievously distressed. The White Lady seems in fact, to have had most respectable antecedents, for she is shocked and put to flight by any profane or improper language. There is a well-recorded instance of her appearance to King Louis I. of Bavaria and his court; and it is whispered that she is not unknown to our own Royal House. This is easily explained, as the blood of Bertha von Rosenberg runs in the veins of all the three great dynasties mentioned.

Traveller and Sociologist

Great is the privilege in these days when civilisation is producing a wearying, conventional type of man, to meet one of originality; with unconventional conceptions, with strange places to talk about, and whose words carry weight. Not a globe-trotter, not a man with a chronometer, a man whose long intercourse with Nature has taught him to sleep when tired and rise when refreshed; who does not rely on a coupon when he wants a meal but on the power of his negotiation with the strange tribes amongst whom he may find himself. There is one amongst us now, in the person of Oliver Bainbridge, Hon. I.E.S., D.Sc., F.R.P.S., F.R.G.S., etc., etc., who, in pursuance of his study of man has been in many strange places and situations, and knows most of the odd corners of the earth, covering something like 200,000 miles during the last ten years.

Mr. Bainbridge will deliver lectures in the leading Eastern cities of Canada. He appears in Toronto on the

28th, at the Metropolitan Church, under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor.



Mr. Oliver Bainbridge and His Imperial Highness, Prince Pu Lu.

A Gallant Admiral

ADAMIRAL, SIR ALBERT MARKHAM who retired from the Navy on November 11th, is the hero of at least two adventures—a trip "Farthest North" and a desperate fight with Chinese pirates. Polar exploration is his hobby, says "M.A.P.," and he has written several books on Arctic research, including a life of Sir John Franklin. He commanded an Arctic expedition in 1875-6, when he succeeded in planting the Union Jack in a higher northern position than anyone had reached up to then. For another feat of Arctic exploration he obtained the thanks of the Canadian Government. He also received a testimonial watch from the Royal Geographical Society.

When the Admiral was a young officer on the China station he was sent in a Chinese junk, with a crew of twelve men and a fighting force of twenty, to capture a piratical junk manned by eighty desperadoes armed with matchlocks, gingalls, and other weird and wonderful weapons. After a most desperate encounter, lasting four and a half hours, Markham accomplished his mission with a loss of five men. For this he was promoted by the Admiralty, who also caused a letter to be read on the quarter-deck of Markham's ship setting forth their lordships' approval of the dashing young lieutenant's pluck and resource.

The feat for which he was thanked by the Canadian Government was equally remarkable. He journeyed, on behalf of a railway company, from Halifax through Hudson's Strait to York Factory in his old Arctic ship, the "Alert," and thence in a birch-bark canoe, accompanied only by a couple of Indians, to Winnipeg—a distance of about a thousand miles. During this extraordinary voyage, which lasted four months, food ran so short that for three days he and his Indians had to live solely on tea and tea-leaves.

Wayfarer of Earth

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Up, heart of mine,
 Thou wayfarer of Earth!
 Of seed divine,
 Be mindful of thy birth.
 Tho' the flesh faint
 Through long-endured constraint
 Of nights and days,
 Lift up thy praise
 To Life, that set thee in such strenuous ways,
 And left thee not
 To drowse and rot
 In some thick-perfumed and luxurious plot.

Strong, strong is Earth,
 With vigour for thy feet,
 To make thy wayfaring
 Tireless and fleet.
 And good is Earth—
 But Earth not all thy good,
 O thou with seed of suns
 And star-fire in thy blood.

And tho' thou feel
 The slow clog of the hours
 Leaden upon thy heel,
 Put forth thy powers.
 Thine the deep sky,
 The unpreempted blue,
 The haste of storm,
 The hush of dew.
 Thine, thine the free
 Exalt of star and tree,
 The reinless run
 Of wind and sun,
 The vagrance of the sea!

—From The Craftsman (December).

The Ontario Winter Fair

AT Guelph last week there was held the 23rd Annual Provincial Winter Fair under the management of the Dominion Associations of Cattle Breeders, Sheep Breeders, Swine Breeders and the Western Ontario Poultry Association. Over ten thousand agriculturists and live stock raisers visited the city, where they were royally entertained. The poultry exhibit was ahead of anything of the kind seen before in Canada. Mr. John Gosling of Kansas City, a live stock judge of international fame and a speaker who can make "beef" an interesting subject to the veriest outsider, declared that some of the Shorthorns of this year's exhibit could hardly be surpassed, while other experts reported favourably on the exhibits of "Southdowns" and "Berkshires." The departments of the dairy and of seeds were also admirably represented in the entries.

While the Winter Fair has always been a success, its prosperity since 1900, when Guelph was chosen as the permanent scene of exhibition, has progressed by bounds of kangaroo dimensions until there is now a stern neces-



Macdonald Girls on Snowshoes.

sity to "pull down the barns and build greater," as the enterprise has grown far beyond its present quarters. The Winter Fair is an amazing revelation of our live stock wealth, and the city possessing such an excellent institution as the Ontario Agricultural College is the inevitable spot for an exhibit which is not only a provincial but a national pride.

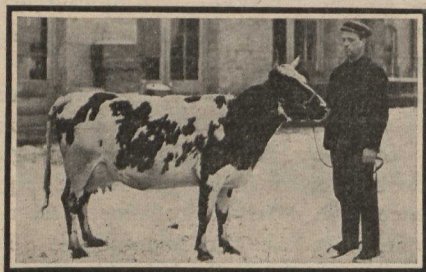
The lectures delivered during the four days of the exhibit by the highest authorities on topics of agricultural and live stock interest are essentially educational.



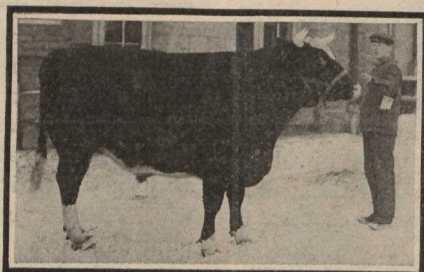
City Hall and Winter Fair Building, Guelph.

That the Ontario Government recognizes the importance of the occasion was evident in the attendance of Hon. Nelson Monteith, Hon. W. J. Hanna, Hon. J. O. Reaume and Mr. C. C. James, the last-named visitor having been an enthusiastic supporter of the "Fair" for many years.

Mr. Arthur Johnston, of Ontario County, is president and Mr. A. P. Westervelt, secretary of the Winter Fair Committee.



Belle.

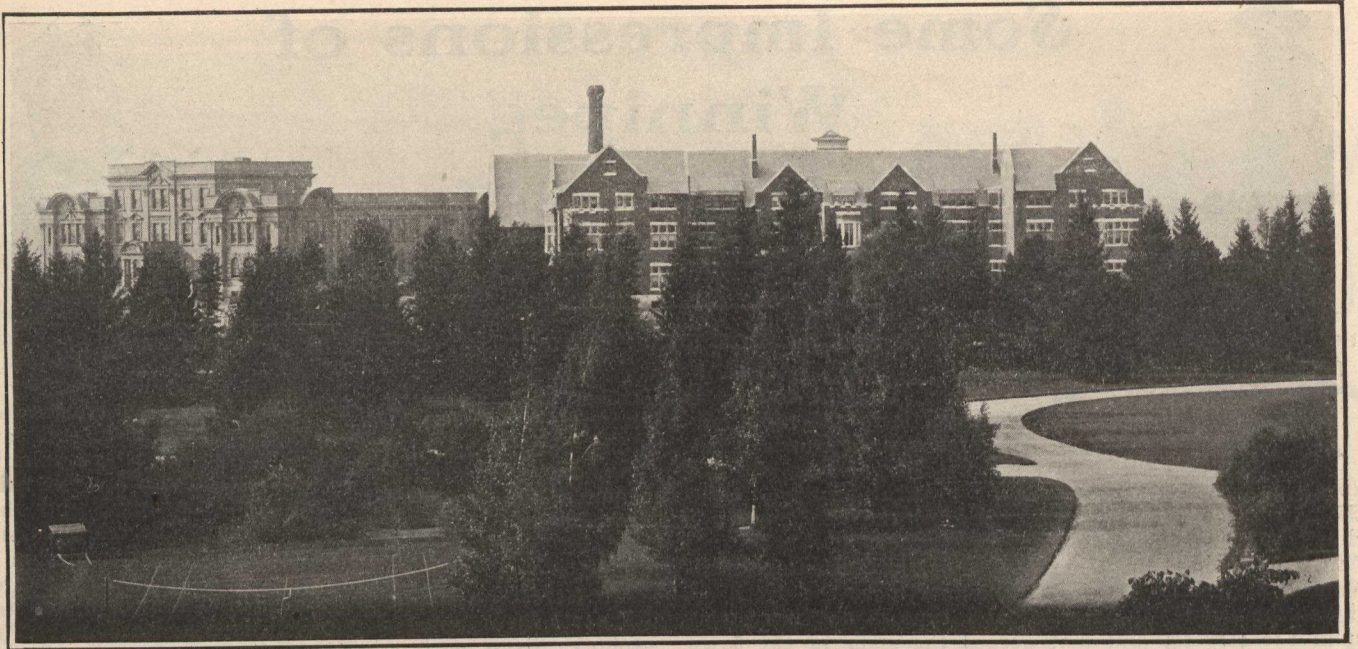


Champion.



Troy Pauline De Kol.

SOME PRIZE ANIMALS AT GUELPH WINTER FAIR.



Macdonald Hall and Macdonald Institute, Guelph.

The Macdonald Institute

By JEAN GRAHAM

MONEY was never better spent than the thousands which went to the erection and equipment of Macdonald Institute and Macdonald Hall at Guelph. The former is where hundreds of Canadian girls receive instruction in scientific house-keeping, including the laundry, the kitchen and the sewing-room. The latter is the residence, where these students, amid the most comfortable and cheerful surroundings, afford an exhibition of healthy, winsome Canadian girlhood that promises well for the future homes of the Dominion.

At the Institute, under the capable direction of Miss M. U. Watson, the students may find instruction, not only in the subjects of immediate domestic importance, but in nature study, manual training, horticulture, hygiene and physiology. The artistic is carefully regarded; indeed, everything is done with a view to uniting utility with beauty. The exquisite daintiness of all domestic operations, the pretty gowns in the dress-making room and the neatly trimmed hats afford the best evidence of the Macdonald girls' skill, while the proof of their culinary ability appeals to the palate of every visitor. They are taught also the management of the whole household by a week's test in the supervision of a miniature home, when a student is given charge of the housework in every detail, down to the expenditure. It is impossible to overestimate the benefits of this train-

ing, since it affects the ideals of home life and inspires the student with a desire to have everything in her domestic sphere as clean and sweet as modern art and science can make it.

Macdonald Hall possesses a delightful atmosphere of brightness and refinement due in a large degree to the management of the Superintendent, Mrs. Fuller. There is none of the old-fashioned boarding-school dreariness, for the girls are afforded every liberty that self-respecting gentlewomen can desire. Courtesy and good-fellowship are everywhere manifest and, best of all, is the sunny optimism of these young Canadians whose days are full of work and merriment. To visit Macdonald Institute and Hall is to carry away the remembrance of scientific training amid artistic environment, of bright young faces and mutual helpfulness, and to carry away also a great belief in Canada's future,

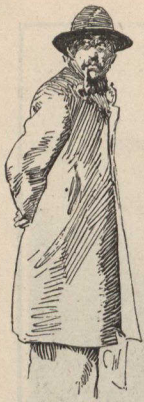


Class in Horticulture.



Horticulture—Seed Testing.

since a country can be no happier or nobler than its women. With all this feminine instruction and development, President G. C. Creelman of the Ontario Agricultural College is in fullest sympathy, regarding the sister institutions with profound admiration. Anyone wishing to become or remain a pessimist must keep away from the "Home-Makers" at the Hall.



Some Impressions of Winnipeg

By C. W. JEFFERYS

With Photographs and Drawings by the Author.



Picturesque Aspects of the most interesting City in Canada.

THE most interesting city in Canada to-day is Winnipeg. Next to Quebec, it is the most picturesque; but its picturesqueness consists entirely in the character of its population and not at all in any scenic features or natural beauty. And though no locality could less resemble the grey city that clings to the rocky headland of Quebec, no visitor to Winnipeg can fail to be reminded of the ancient capital. Names familiar to the lower province meet the eye upon signs, the French-Canadian facial type is not infrequent upon the streets, and just across the river in the town of St. Boniface, is a community whose entire character is that of Quebec.

It is a city of contrasts. In Winnipeg, east meets west, Canada's past rubs elbows with Canada's future, Europe crowds North America. It is as cosmopolitan as New York. The Royal Alexandra, a hotel that would fit in with Broadway or Fifth Avenue, overlooks the north end, a quarter inhabited by a population as polyglot as New York's east side. A magnificent new railroad station, with a facade as classical as a Greek temple confronts a hay-market, whose habitant farmers, clad in grey homespun, suggest a life as primitive as that of a parish on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Automobiles swerve suddenly to avoid the lumbering ox-carts piled high with wild hay. Buckboards and waggons drawn by unkempt, piebald Indian ponies, driven by Scotch half-breeds from Peguis, rattle past hansom cabs as smart as any on Piccadilly. The streets are bright with the kerchiefs and aprons of Galician and Polish peasant women; some are bright orange, some red and green, others pure white, a few are embroidered by hand in simple and striking patterns. Here and there one meets an Indian squaw, stunted, wizened, or corpulent, wrapped in a red plaid shawl, plodding patiently behind her dingy, black-clothed lord. Mingled with these, are Doukhobors in sheepskin coats, English immigrants in peaked caps, leather gaiters and riding breeches. Russians with rawhide boots and belted blouses, blonde Scandinavians, Ontario farmers, American settlers, and men with high-heeled boots, spurs and cowboy hats, from the plains of Alberta to whom Winnipeg means the East.

Main Street impresses one as consisting principally of real estate agencies and employment bureaus. These display advertisements for workmen in all the languages and dialects of Europe. One exhibits a large photograph of a group of railroad labourers at a construction camp, bearing this legend: "This is a sample of the way we feed our men. We got them their jobs. Hire with us and live high."

Everywhere buildings are being erected. Already the citizens talk of the Royal Alexandra as a thing of the past, and dilate upon the magnificence of the Canadian Northern Station and Hotel which is to rise at the other end of Main Street next year. Every day sees the long streets stretch

farther out upon the prairie. And the houses are as varied as the people. In Crescent Road and along the banks of the Assiniboine they are colonial mansions of brick and stone, surrounded by extensive grounds and trees—real trees. In the north end they are tar paper and clap board shacks. The oddest structure in Winnipeg, perhaps the oddest in Canada, is a little Greek church erected by Russian peasants just off Main Street north, in the heart of the foreign quarter. All sorts of materials have been used in its construction—planks from worn-out sidewalks, discarded tin cans, fragments of iron fence, a bench or two, old lightning rods—the contributions of a dozen junk shops.

One's lasting impressions of Winnipeg are of wide spaces, air and light; spaces which suggest that the country has room to grow—and sunlight of a brilliancy beside which our Eastern sunlight is dim and pale, and which amply justifies the term "sunny Manitoba."

The Growth of Our Towns

ONE of the grievances which the deputation from the Farmers' Association laid before the Government at Ottawa on November 16th was the growth of the towns of Canada under a protective tariff. They said that the towns had grown very much more rapidly than the rural districts. Yet they declared that Canada had a surplus of one hundred and twenty million dollars of farm products for export. It is strange, says "Industrial Canada," that these farmers cannot see that so long as they produce much more than can be consumed at home there is reason to

desire the growth of a consuming population in the towns and cities. The leaders of the Farmers' Association have no difficulty in seeing that the cities and towns of the United States are of advantage to the farmers of that country. Indeed, they are so convinced that such markets as the big manufacturing cities of the United States are advantageous to farmers that they think the chief aim of our Government should be to obtain admission to the United States markets for Canadian farm products. Why is it, then, that they are opposed to the growth of manufacturing towns in Canada?

The people of Winnipeg, Brandon, Moose Jaw, Regina, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Edmonton and Saskatoon, who are so proud of the rapid growth of their towns, should note that the free trade leaders of the Farmers' Association have asked the Government to lower the tariff on the ground that the towns are growing too rapidly. If Mr. Fielding would take the advice of the Farmers' Association there would very soon be no reason to complain that Canadian towns are growing too fast. On the contrary, many towns now full of life and hope and energy would become stagnant and decline in population. But the slower growth of Canadian towns would not mean a more rapid growth of Canadian rural districts.



YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

A half-breed farmer passing the Royal Alexandra Hotel.



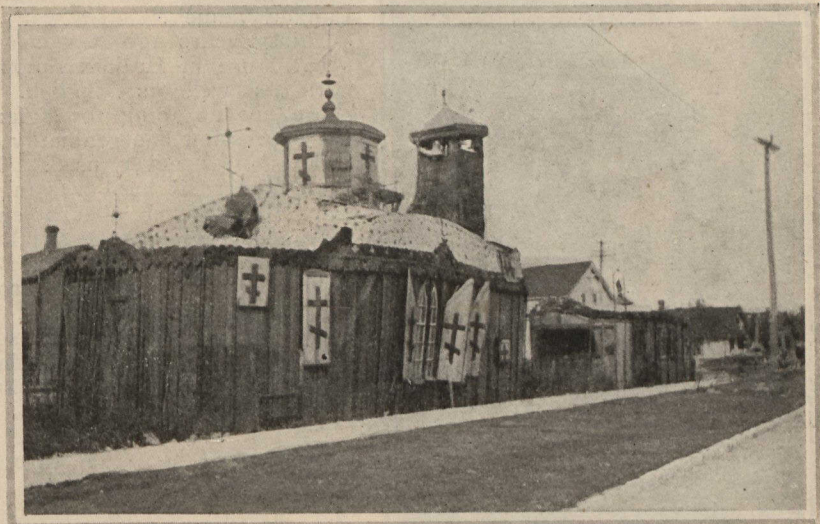
The Classical Facade of the New C.P.R. Station overlooks the Picturesque Hay Market



From Ox-Cart to Auto
An everyday scene in the heart of the business section, and which illustrates Winnipeg's evolution from a frontier post to a metropolis



Galician girls make Main Street bright with their gaily-coloured kerchiefs



The little Greek Church erected by Russian peasants

SOME CURIOUS SCENES IN THE CITY OF WINNIPEG.



A General View of the Cat Show recently held in Toronto.

Royal Canadian Cat Show

MOST people regard a cat as a necessary evil. They may understand the breeding of cattle or of racing horses or even of chickens and pigeons, but they would never think of worrying about the breed or "form" of a cat. And yet there are people—real, live, intelligent persons—who are interested in cats, and would sooner talk about cats than about deer hunting, duck shooting or any other sport. To them it is a scientific and pleasant study.

Last week the citizens of Toronto had the honour of holding the fourth annual cat show of the Royal Canadian Cat Club and of inspecting some of the finest cats on the continent. "Sousa," a thousand dollar cat, owned by Mrs. George H. Gould of Ithaca, N.Y., was heralded as one of the greatest. It is a pure white

Persian and could readily be distinguished from the other 180 cats in the show. Nevertheless, when the judging was over, it was discovered that "Sousa" had been beaten by another cat from the United States. It, too, is a whitish Persian, though its photograph here would hardly indicate that on account of the shadow. Mrs. Dykehouse of Grand Rapids, Mich., owns the great winner.

Among the exhibitors were Mrs. W. C. Bell of Toronto, Miss Cathcart of Wadell, N.J., Dr. Niven of London, Miss Ritchings of Orton, and a number of other devotees at Tabby's shrine. Those interested assert that the show was a great success, that the collection of animals was unsurpassed, and that the "sport" has received further encouragement. Mrs. Emerson Coatsworth, wife of the Mayor, opened the show with a womanly speech.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor of the Courier :

Sir,—In a paragraph headed "Where Canada Stands," you say, "Has anybody ever heard a native born Canadian call any country but Canada 'home'?"

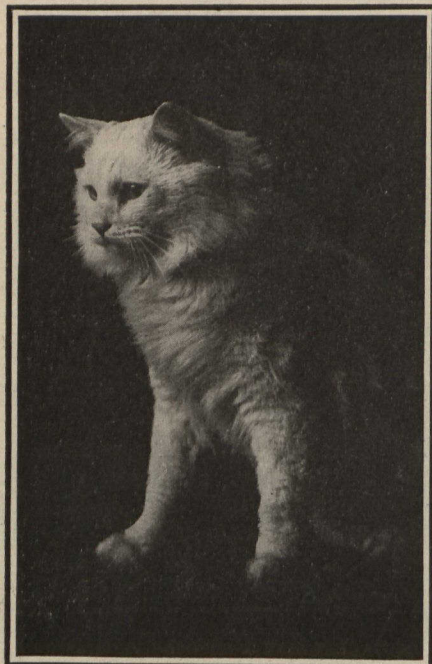
Thirty years ago it was a term in general use in Halifax among native born as well as English. "Going home" meant going to England. But the expression has gradually died out and is now never used. The last time I heard it used was in Jamaica where it seemed absurd enough to hear a coloured person speak of "going home."

When a pompous, rich brown man told an Englishman that he was going home the latter somewhat tartly answered that he didn't know there was any steamer leaving for Africa.

Yours truly,

Alice Jones.

Halifax, Dec. 5th.



Y Breyen Gwyn, owned by Mrs. Dykehouse of Grand Rapids, Mich., which beat Mrs. Gould's Sousa.

The Editor of the Courier :

Sir,—The new paper is but a baby yet; but I have no doubt you will

nurse it into a vigorous manhood worthy of yourself and the land of the maple leaf. I wish you every success in the venture.

One word of criticism! On page 5 of your first issue in an article "Where Canada Stands," the writer says, "Has anybody ever heard a native-born Canadian call any country but Canada 'home'?"

I for one, as a native-born Canadian of the fourth generation, would flatly contradict the writer, and I yield to no one in my national love of Canada. It so happened that I was brought up by my grandparents who were born in the Old Country. In that sense I may perhaps more properly speak of myself as being of the first generation in Canada. And I can testify to the fact that I learned from the English mother (or at least the only mother I ever knew) to call old England "Home." And I have heard scores and scores of others do likewise. I think the writer of your article fails totally to grasp the process of evolution in sentiment which has produced Canadianism. Our Old Country mothers who first came out, naturally retained feelings of love and affection for the land of their birth. It was "Home" to them; and their children learnt at the mother's knee to call the Old Land "home" also. If I go across the ocean, I speak of it as going "home." It is only a facon de parler, if you like; but I think there is a very pretty sentiment behind it at the same time.

Canada is my real home. My loyalty is to Canada first and the Empire always. I am not loyal to England in the sense of being loyal to my country. England is not my country; but I am proud of the land whence my mother's people came, and of Scotland, from which my father's grandfather came; and I also speak lovingly of them as "Home" as well.

I think that Kipling was wholly right and that your knight of the pen missed his mark.

Yours sincerely,

New Subscriber.

Shaw or Shakespeare

By E. J. KYLIE

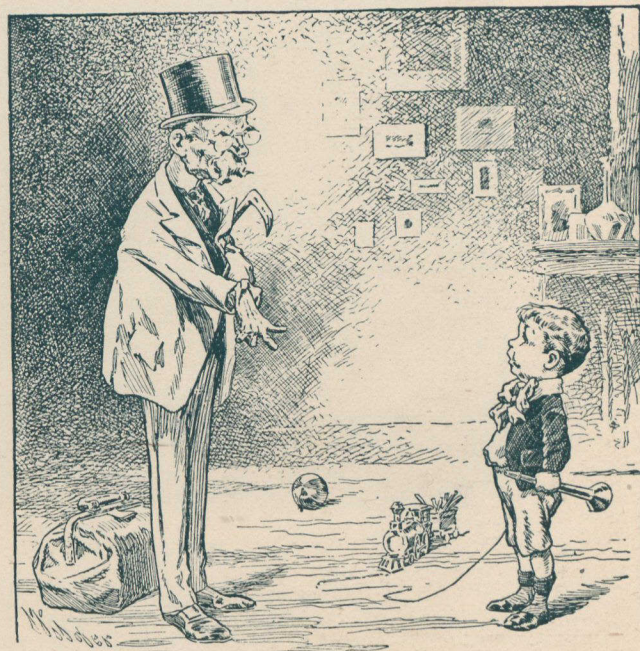
UNDOUBTEDLY we laughed at "Man and Superman" the other day more than we should have laughed at "Much Ado About Nothing." The two comedies are, of course strikingly similar. Both Tanner and Benedict cling to their independence, though they both recognize that "the world must be peopled. Ann Whitefield and Beatrice are two masterful women, the former artfully working her will upon all within her circle, the latter no less dreaded, making her scorn of men the mask for her real affections. Both couples have obliging friends who force them together, and in the end the Life-Force wins. So, too, there is the little side-plot in each play. In some respects Shaw's comedy seems superior. Tanner is cleverer and more resolute than Benedict, Ann more designing and more dangerous than Beatrice, Straker more illuminating than—but then there was no Polytechnic in Shakespeare's day. Shaw's idea, also, that the woman chooses the man is undeniably true. Of course, he must exaggerate, as every poet and painter must gain effect by the sacrifice of lesser truths to greater. Hamlet was a very disappointed prince, Othello a very jealous Moor, Lear a very foolish king, just as Ann is the most consummate of husband-hunting women. Again, we have advanced far since Shakespeare's day in our knowledge of human nature, of its complexity, of the infinite variety of our motives, of our endless inconsistencies. So some of Shaw's characters are more subtle, more delicately drawn than Shakespeare's, as for example his Caesar, in "Caesar and Cleopatra." Indeed, Shaw is in many ways "better than Shakespeare," but for that very reason he will die, while his rival is eternal.

We recall the lad Shakespeare in the sleepy town of Stratford, days away from London at that time, getting a little education at the grammar school, probably, of course, a better education than ours for he knew the little well. To break the monotony of his youthful years, he poached on the lands of his richer neighbours, and married unhappily. Finally, he turned to London to seek his fortune, just as our country lads go to the cities. He became the young man about town, worked casually in a lawyer's office, hung about the theatres, probably fell in among the "supers" now and then, for his purse was light, and ultimately became something of an actor. From behind the scenes he studied the world of fashion and the groundlings in the audiences. What wonderful audiences! The men of the new, rich, prosperous England, strong, boisterous, passionate, yet not unrefined—we know how elegance and low morals were mingled in Elizabeth's court—fearing neither God nor man. Puritanism had not yet saddened them, and they had just whipped "the dogs of Spain." He saw, too, how they were being catered to by young, loose-living fellows who decked out popular stories in euphuistic verse. He learned the trick. At first he merely furbished up old plays, then he tried his skill at working up themes from a gossip history of England, from some fairly clever Italian novels, and from a translation of Plutarch, an amusing and discerning biographer. He caught the popular craving for stories of England's past, for rather broad comedy, for tragedy where the passions of the characters were strongly and unmistakably portrayed. And such a language no poet has since found at his command—the virgin English speech, vivified by the national enthusiasm, enriched by the classical renaissance, unused and unspoiled. Bombastic and rhetorical he always was; it was beautiful still. His success became unparalleled, for Marlowe, who might have done a good work, was gone. But he kept a clear head, improved in his profession, and, having grown rich, retired sensibly to Stratford. There he reestablished his good

name, grew bald and corpulent in the enjoyment of his ease, talked, drank, and smoked with his old home-friends.

This sane, practical, common-sense Englishman, with this experience of life, is our unequalled poet. The characteristics of his contemporaries, their prejudices, hatreds, loves, their joy of living, their laughter, their self-reliance are the simple broad traits of all humanity. When the renaissance broke down mediaeval restraint, human instincts and passions sought free and vigorous expression. Shakespeare held a mirror up to these, and it reflected nature. Shaw catches our subtle moods and emotions, in the manner and spirit of Browning and Meredith. His portrayal appeals to us in our time, and to a few of us as a class. It would have mystified the Elizabethans and will be out of date in a later age, more subtle still. And Shaw has received the language worn threadbare: to catch our attention he has to deal in the epigram and the paradox. But Shakespeare's phrases ran for him like new and sparkling wine, which only grows the richer for us with the years. Finally, Shakespeare was a dramatic genius. He had no theories or politics, religion, marriage, or even life, or at least he kept them to himself and let his characters develop consistently in independent and self-determined action. But Shaw's characters, clever as they are, have his speech and his ideas, and whenever they falter of themselves, he pushes them forward to deliver his brilliant paradoxes on ethics and political science. His views will be forgotten fifty years hence and the characters and conversation may pass with them. But the melancholy of Hamlet, the love of Desdemona, the madness of Lear will live for us when we have all Santos-Dumonted to Mars. So, because Shaw is "better than Shakespeare," Shakespeare will live. Of course, because he was artist enough to conceal himself, we have done our best to give Shakespeare an imagination, a seer's power, a universal knowledge which were impossible for him at his time. Indeed, he was much better without the fiendish ingenuity with which his students have credited him. He knew men, women, life, but with his arm-chair critics he would scorn to have even a bowing acquaintance. Yet they have had an ample revenge, as Shaw is having his revenge upon the public which ignored him.

The Eternal Juvenile



"Well, Johnny, what shall I tell Santa Claus to bring you?"

"Oh, 'most anything that isn't fit for little boys to have will be all right."—Life.



HIS MAJESTY'S MAIL

"EARLY MORNING IN THE NORTH COUNTRY"

Painted by John Innes for the Canadian Courier.

The land of mineral and lumber, where in summer the tourist gambols and in the fall the hunter disports himself, reverts to utter desolation when the winter closes down. About the scattered lumber camps, the axes ring in the keen air. The timber falls and is piled on the skidway. The trapper wanders over his hunting grounds, and a few miners are working. The world is far, far away, the only link being "His Majesty's Mail." Through the bush and over the frozen reaches of the lakes, trotting in the bleak frosty dawn ahead of his dogs and taking no rest till his destination is reached, moves the mail carrier. Hardy and keen of brain, with the instinct of a homing pigeon, through all the long dark season of ice and snow and blinding storm, he carries the news of the outside world to the dwellers amongst the woods and rocks.

Artist's Note.

Kathie's Murillo

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

By ERIE WATERS

"WILL you come—to please me, Kathie? We would rather stay at home, of course; but it seems a little selfish, does it not, dear, to disappoint mother on her birthday, when she so loves to gather us all together?"

Harry spoke pleadingly to his delicate wife. That something had well-nigh broken her heart one could see at a glance.

"Please do not ask me, Harry. It would be too hard—too hard—to see the other children. We had him—our baby—last year," and the bereaved mother pressed her handkerchief to her eyes as she struggled to control herself. "Your mother is a saint, Harry. I wish I were like her. She seems to stand between two worlds—a hand stretched out to each. She says, 'There are more on the other side,' and yet she is so cheerful and happy with us here."

"Never mind, dear; I am sorry I spoke. Mother will understand."

Stifling a sigh, the young man, who sadly missed his little son, tried to cheer his wife, knowing that she had exerted herself to breakfast with him. "Kathie," he said, as he started for his office, "will you go into the drawing-room presently? You will find something that I wanted to give you in our happy days. Promise, dear, that it will not make you morbid, or melancholy. If it does, away it goes, as an extra birthday-gift to mother."

He was gone. The door closed behind him. Kathie watched him from her couch drawn close to the bay-window. He looked back, as he did every morning, lifted his hat and waved farewell in his own bright, manly way; then moved on briskly, swinging an arm as he turned the corner.

Harry Wentworth kept much of his cheerfulness for his wife and friends. He could forget, and concentrate his keen intellect on business matters. But no one knew of the first moments in the office, when he closed the door, opened the roll-top desk and looked at the picture of the little boy he had idolised; for whom he had built high hopes; for whom he was preparing a place in the world. On this particular morning his thoughts dwelt on his wife. The sudden death of their child a year ago had proved so great a shock that it had left her an invalid. Constant brooding was causing deep anxiety to her friends. They seemed powerless to arouse her; there was danger of chronic melancholy.

In leaving her alone with his gift, Harry was trying an almost dangerous experiment. Entering the drawing-room, Kathie closed the door and stood breathless and tremulous. On the wall, where the light fell clearly—in a rich and appropriate setting—hung an exquisite painting—Murillo's Madonna and Child, copied, as she divined, by one of the greatest modern painters. As she gazed, she was moved by many and strong emotions. "My little child! My little child!" she cried, as she saw the perfect likeness. She held out empty, aching arms to the Babe, upheld by the calm, patient Madonna.

Worn out at last, she sank into the easy chair that Harry had placed in front of the picture. The Child seemed to follow her with sorrowful eyes; to look reproachfully, patiently, lovingly. The painting was one that had held a powerful attraction for Kathie when on a visit to Italy. A photograph had helped to recall it, but could not convey the beauty of colour. It had—in their happy days—been Harry's dream to give her something as near the original as genius and money could compass. Wealth was coming slowly, but at some sacrifice he had obtained a copy. It had come, the pity of it, as with many choice blessings, too late. His gift so long planned, might only serve to re-open the flood-gates of her misery, for their little son had been singularly like the Infant in Murillo's great painting. On opening the box, the picture had made so strong an impression on Harry that he dared to hope it would bring comfort and healing to his wife.

Naturally unselfish and merry of heart, Kathie had reached a point where conscience and care for others began to stir afresh. As she looked at the Baby-face, it seemed almost alive,—her own little one come back. She realised afresh all the goodness of her husband; all his patience and his strivings to conquer his own grief. The Baby-eyes seemed to plead for him too. The longer she looked the more tenderly and soothingly did the spell of truth and beauty work upon her.

It was a crisis in her mental and religious life. The very sensitiveness of her nature; her vivid, poetic imagination had made the disaster greater, when the child, upon whom she was lavishing mother-love, was suddenly snatched from her. Now the enormity of her selfishness—for so she deemed a very natural grief—came before her. She had felt, with many a mourner, that part of the wealth of love that still went out to her child was thrust back upon herself. In this moment of revelation, with the Madonna's calm eyes upon her, she read the lesson. She need not give away her baby's share (Oh, no!); but the God-given love should go out to those who needed it. Mind and memory worked vividly this morning. She recalled a legend, long since forgotten, of a widowed mother, seeking her child in Heavenly fields, who came upon a band of children:—

"Brightly on their golden heads their golden crowns were glancing—Child Jesus led them playing."

The mother—so the story ran—found her own dear one left far behind the others. The child cried sadly:

"Oh mother, little mother mine, behind the rest I tarry,
For see how heavy with your tears the pitcher I must carry;

If you had ceased to weep for me when Jesus went a-maying,

I should have been among the blest with little Jesus playing."

And thus, picture and legend and Kathie's own sweet nature worked together for her good. When she met her husband on his return, the light of a great resolution shone on her face. Something of the Madonna's patience and calmness was bringing stillness to the quivering lips. When she drew him to the picture; when she thanked him, with her face hidden on his breast—murmuring words of contrition and tenderness—Harry felt a great anxiety lifted, and knew that his gift, and a painter's power had done their work.

The next week was a busy one for Kathie. Gifts were prepared for many children. She went into humble homes, carrying personal sympathy to happy mothers, rejoicing with them, and taking their little ones into her arms. But nature had to be reckoned with, and, at intervals, the now willing spirit was arrested by weakness, and violent headaches.

The birthday of her mother-in-law drew near. With renewed unselfishness, she determined to go with her husband and share in the celebration of the most important anniversary in the Lawrence family, when young and old gathered gladly. It was a double celebration, being the birthday also, of little Benny, one of the grandchildren.



MURILLO'S MADONNA

In spite of her resolve to be brave, she wakened with a severe headache which rendered her helpless. When evening came she persuaded Harry to go without her. She was quite alone in the house. Pain left her, and she wished that she had kept her husband a little longer, and made the effort to go with him. The door-bell rang. Looking out, she saw a little boy.

"Why, Benny!" she cried, opening wide the door. The child sprang into her arms, clinging to her and kissing her.

"Aunt Kathie, please come to our birthday party. Granny and me wants you. I runned away—to b'ing you on my new sleigh. I can pull you on it. I truly can."

He stood before her, with chubby baby-face uplifted; the fair curly hair damp with some of the same snow-flakes that sprinkled the fuzzy coat. The very embodiment of eager, successful adventure, for had he not come through storm and danger, in the darkness of night, to carry off his lady-love to his party? The love, the earnestness, the sweetness of the child-face, were irresistible.

"Auntie cannot go, darling; but it was just sweet of my little man to come for me. And now, dearie, we must telephone Uncle to come for you before everyone starts hunting for a lost little boy."

As Kathie spoke, she watched the dear, wee face cloud with disappointment, the big tears gather in the dark eyes. And it was Benny—her baby's playmate—that she had most feared to see. Was she to make him unhappy—she to grieve him on his birthday?

In a moment weakness was forgotten; she was kneeling on the polished floor, beside him, the soft light falling on her golden hair and on the dark-robed fragile form. She wiped the tears away and clasped him close.

"Don't cry, Benny—Auntie's little Knight. Auntie

feels better now. We will give Grandma and Uncle a great surprise," and she laughed as no one had heard her laugh for many a day.

Quickly they went upstairs, and Benny sat perched on the dressing-table, just as her own baby had done one year ago, and watched her as she put a dainty white lace fichu on the black gown, and pinned against it a pink rose that Harry had brought her. She would do nothing by halves; she would not be the one dark spot in the brightness and joy of the birthday gathering.

She hurried into overshoes and fur-lined cloak, and presently she and Benny were out in the street. She let him try to pull the sleigh, then pleaded haste; and together they dragged it round the corner to Grandma's. Stealthily they disrobed in the hall.

"Aunt Kathie! Aunt Kathie!" the children shouted when Benny led her in, crying, in a high-pitched voice: "See, I runned away, and brought her!"

"Hush! children, hush!" the grandmother said. But the children had taken possession of their favourite auntie. She was completely out of herself now; a faint colour stole into the white face. Harry almost dropped the chair he was carrying when he saw the Kathie of old seated in a corner, surrounded by the little ones, and heard her silvery laugh once more.

"Mother!" he said, sinking into a chair beside her, and laying his big hand caressingly on the wrinkled ones that rested so quietly on her lap. "Had I not better take her home? She will be so ill to-morrow. She is really weak—still."

"No, dear; leave her alone. It will not hurt her. There may be a re-action, but it will not last. She is going through a crisis, making a gigantic effort. God bless her for it! She is just picking up her own selfish life again."

Royal Wraiths and Courtly Spectres

By EDWARD D'AUVERGNE

ONE of the strangest visions ever presented to a Royal personage is narrated in connection with XI. of Sweden—a contemporary of our Charles II. Late one night his Majesty was surprised to observe lights shining from the windows of a large building opposite the Palace, then unoccupied, but since used as the Parliament House. With two or three attendants he succeeded in obtaining ingress, when an extraordinary and awful sight met his eyes. In the chamber were grouped the States of Sweden—nobles, clergy, burghers, and peasants—in costumes quite unfamiliar to him. On the throne lay the form of a dead King. Presently a man, with his neck bared, was led in, and on his approach a stream of blood trickled from the corpse. The man's head was struck off, and the ghostly speaker of the assembly, addressing the startled Charles, told him that what he had seen would be enacted five reigns after him, concluding with the doleful words, "Woe, woe, woe to the House of Vasa!" Then the whole scene faded away.

The prophecy was exactly fulfilled in the year 1792, when King Gustavus III. was assassinated by Ankars-trom. The Royal line of Vasa soon after became extinct. The record of Charles XI.'s vision, written at the time, is said to be preserved in the archives of Sweden.

To go back to the Dark Ages, Scottish history affords an example of a ghostly warning of the fate of a dynasty. In the year 1282, King Alexander III. gave a State ball at Jedburgh Abbey, to celebrate his wedding with Yolande of Drewe. In the midst of the festivities a ghostly apparition, huge, and of vague, almost shapeless, outline, was seen to rise from the floor and to mingle with the affrighted dancers. It was afterwards looked upon as the herald of the violent death of Alexander, which took place four years later, of the extinction with him of the old Celtic line of Kings and of the calamities which overtook Scotland as a result. This incident probably suggested one of Edgar Allan Poe's weirdest stories. James IV., King of Scotland, when on the eve of the campaign of Flodden, that cost him his life, was accosted in St. Michael's Kirk by a mysterious being in a blue gown, wearing sandals, and carrying a great pikestaff. He said his mother bade him warn the King against his venture, and suddenly

disappeared. Other signs and portents were not wanting to dissuade James from his undertaking.

Kings themselves seem to despise haunting as a senseless and ungentlemanly occupation. There are few recorded instances of the appearance of disembodied monarchs. There is an ill-supported and never very popular tradition that the ghost of William Rufus walks the spot where he fell; another story confuses him with the Wild Huntsman, who is heard of in every forest. Louis XVI., however, does seem to have appeared some years after his execution, to Cambaceres, one of his judges, who had become Grand Chancellor of France. The statesman averred that he was sitting in a vacant room on the occasion of a masked ball, given in honour of Napoleon, when a masked figure in a black domino approached him. The Chancellor endeavoured to engage him in conversation, when the figure laid an ice-cold hand on his arm, and asked him if he could remember a day in his life he would wish to recall. Cambaceres, trembling, answered no, when the Mask asked him if he remembered January 21st. "I will know who you are!" cried the Chancellor, a horrible suspicion taking possession of him. Very slowly the stranger unfastened his mask, threw back his hood, and displayed to the statesman the pallid countenance of King Louis XVI. Then Cambaceres knew no more.

Our George I., that most material and matter-of-fact of monarchs, promised his lean German mistress ("The Maypole"), the Duchess of Kendal, that he would, if it were permitted him, appear to her after death. Soon after that not-to-be-too-much-regretted event, the Duchess, at her house at Isleworth, was visited, night after night by a raven, which she conscientiously believed to be the deceased monarch.

There seems to be no rule in these matters. Sovereigns who, from their tragic ends, like Mary Stuart, or bad deeds, like Henry VIII. and Louis XI., might be disposed to wander as unquiet spirits, do nothing of the sort, while poor commonplace George is alleged to do so. We have not heard that Henry VIII. was troubled by the ghosts of his numerous victims; but three at least of them continue to revisit the glimpses of the moon.

Hampton Court Palace is haunted by three—some say four—spectres. There is a doorway bricked up, it

is said, to put an obstacle in the way of Queen Jane Seymour, who, dressed in white and holding a lighted taper, for ever flits backwards and forwards along the Silverstick Gallery. What she wants, or why she does this, nobody knows. She escaped the tragic fate of Queen Katharine Howard, who seems not yet to have forgotten her woes. When confined, under sentence of death, in the Queen's apartments, she broke, shrieking, from her guards, and rushed down the gallery, trying to throw herself at the feet of the horrible King, who was at his devotions (!) in the chapel. The guards seized her and forced her back. Henry, who must have heard her cries, continuing his prayers unmoved. And still, they say, the luckless Queen may be heard rushing, with piteous shrieks, along the gallery; she has been seen to reach the chapel, to hover round it as though distracted, and then to retrace her steps. She is not often to be heard now, for the gallery is used as an old lumber-room for pictures, and the staircase leading to it is locked at night.

Edward VI. had a nurse and foster-mother called Mrs. Sibell Penn. In the course of time she died, and was comfortably buried in Hampton Church, where an effigy shows her to us to this day in her habit as she lived. But in 1829, it occurred to some meddling person to disturb her tomb; and soon after the noise as of a spinning-wheel at work was heard as from behind a wall in the Palace. The wall was broken through and lo! a chamber was discovered, containing a spinning wheel. And the whirring of the Royal nurse's wheel has been frequently heard during the last five or six years. What is more, the ghost of Mrs. Penn was actually seen by one who had never seen her effigy, and who yet described her accurately!

Not long ago a party was seated at the card-table in one of the private apartments of the Palace. It was noticed that the door kept opening and shutting in a most unaccountable way. One of those present, raising his voice, said: "If that is Cardinal Wolsey, I wish his Eminence would have the goodness to shut that door." And, to the no small discomfiture of the party, the handle was at once turned, and the door shut quietly but firmly.

Charles I., when looking out of one of the windows at Hampton Court, observed a curious old gipsy woman, with whom he entered into conversation. Presently the old witch (for she must have been such) shewed him a mirror, in which he saw his head as though recently severed from his body. This was not the only premonition of disaster the King received. He was lying at Newark, when he heard the guard challenge some intruder. Immediately after he became aware of the decapitated shade of Lord Strafford standing at his bedside. His dead counsellor warned him not to fight the Roundheads at Naseby. Charles, thinking he must have been dreaming, called the Groom of the Chamber and Officer of the Guard, and, when questioned, they admitted with reluctance that they had seen Lord Strafford

pass into the King's chamber. The second night the spirit came again, and repeated his warning. Charles disregarded it, with the result that the earlier prognostication of the gipsy was realised.

Concerning Windsor Castle, there is a well-attested story about the Duke of Buckingham, who was murdered by Felton, at Portsmouth, in 1628. The ghost of the Duke's father, Sir George Villiers, appeared three nights in succession to a Mr. Parker, an officer of the Royal Household. He bade him warn the Duke not to go to Portsmouth. After the second apparition, Parker conveyed the message, but Buckingham professed to disbelieve in it. On the third night the ghost revealed a secret to Parker, known only to him (Sir George Villiers) and the Duke; this the latter was to accept as a proof of the supernatural nature of the communication. Though Buckingham was very much startled when this token was made known to him by Parker he persisted in his design, with fatal consequences.

It should be added that the above is one of the few well-authenticated ghost stories in circulation, and still puzzles inquirers into the mysterious and supernatural.

Royal personages have more than once been warned by their own wraiths of their approaching death. Queen Elizabeth's maids-of-honour, before her last illness, were startled by the appearance of the Queen, looking old, moribund, and ghastly, in one corner of the Palace, when they knew positively that she was elsewhere. Later on her Majesty herself beheld the apparition face to face. The Comte de Ribanpierre, once Chamberlain to Catharine II., Empress of Russia, used to relate how that Princess was warned some time before her death by one of her Courtiers that her wraith or double, was seated on her throne. She proceeded, attended by her suite and guards, to the Throne Room, and there beheld her exact double installed. For a moment the two gazed at each other; then the Empress ordered her guards to fire on the intruder. They did so; and the wraith vanished.

As we have remarked, the ghosts of very distinguished sovereigns have rarely been seen. At the same time, some national heroes are still believed by the credulous to continue a curious sort of semi-supernatural existence. The Emperor Charlemagne, for instance, or, as others have it, the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, is supposed to sleep in an enchanted chamber in the heart of the Kyffhauser mountain in Saxony, waiting until the hour when Germany shall have need of him. A similar legend is told of the Danish hero, Holger Danske, who slumbers in the fortress of Kronborg, while his beard grows through his stone table; and of our King Arthur, sleeping in the mystic land of Avalon. The Portuguese peasantry look for the return of their King Sebastian, who fell in the battle against the Moors in the sixteenth century, but whose body was never found. But as, apparently, these illustrious persons are to reappear clothed in the flesh and in material form and substance, they can hardly rank among Royal wraiths or Courtly spectres.

The Coming of the Christ-Kind

A CHRISTMAS STORY

By MARJORIE PICKTHALL

HERMANN pressed his nose against the window pane until it was quite flat and white like a china button; but though he stared through the glass with all his might he could see very little—only the two tall poplar trees, the dark marsh, the lighter track which wound across it, and one great silver star in the west.

Hermann liked to look at this star, for he remembered how the three kings had been led to the stable at Bethlehem, and he fancied it might be the same star as it was so close upon Christmas time. He would have liked to discuss this point with Mrs. Malloy; but when he asked questions, Mrs. Malloy generally crossed herself and said, "The saints be good to us! Run and play wid Biddy an' Margaretta, darlint." Hermann loved Mrs. Malloy, but he did not quite trust her; for once, when she had found him chalking pink crosses on all the old tree-stumps in the pasture-lot, she had wept and sent for the priest. Hermann had explained in his most careful English, both to her and to Father Ignatius, that the crosses were to protect the moss-women. Everyone knows that the demons of the hills chased the little green moss-women, and killed them when they

could; but the little moss-women were safe if they could touch the sign of the Cross cut upon a tree-stump—as everyone ought to know also.

"Und I to cut der grosses tried," explained Hermann carefully, "but der wood was too hard. So I chalked dem mit ein piece of chalk."

And the good Father laughed and patted him on the head before he went away. "There are neither demons nor green pixies here," he said, "and you must get these queer fancies out o' your little round head. Who taught you all these things?"

"Mine mutter," said Hermann softly; and this time the kind priest patted him on the head without laughing and gave him some peppermint drops.

"The cross can do no harm anywhere," he said to Mrs. Malloy, "and don't try to turn the child from his beliefs too quickly. Yes, I have heard all the story, and you have done well in the sight of heaven. But be patient."

And so he went away, leaving Hermann wondering what story it was that he spoke of knowing. If the child had known, it was his own story. The story of a little boy and his mother who had come from a tiny

German village in the Harz Mountains, across the wide sea to a great city in a new land, there to meet this little boy's father. The father had never come to claim his wife and child, and the mother had had to work for both. At last she had fallen ill, and Hermann knew cold and hunger and fear and grief. And then one day she had blessed him in the dear speech of the Fatherland she was never to see again, and died.

After that, things were not so clear in Hermann's memory. But the story might have gone on to speak of a little destitute German boy who was taken into a children's home, and pined there silently, like an alien bird in an aviary; of a great-hearted, rough-handed Irishwoman who went to the home to scrub and wash and who took a fancy to this little boy and brought him apples and sugarsticks in secret; of a sudden cry from this little boy's heart at a caress of her giving—a cry needing no interpretation to a mother's wits; of a visit this rough woman paid in state to the Matron of the Home, accompanied by a young man carrying a purple bag which had papers in it; and of a wonderful day when this woman came again, and caught the little boy to her heart, telling him that henceforward he was to be hers, a brother to her two little girls. Then Hermann went away from the Home for good and all—went with Mrs. Malloy to the cottage beside the marsh, outside the great city, to be her son and a brother to Biddy and Margaretta.

"An' never have I regretted it," Mrs. Malloy was wont to say, "for he's quiet an' good beyond reason, an' amuse the girlies he does fer hours with his tales o' Ash-in-Puddle an' Dawn-Russian as he calls 'em, meanin' thereby Cindrella an' Sleepin' Beauty an' the like. O, I'm well satisfied with him, bless his heart. An' nothin' have I to complain of save that he has fancies to make yer flesh creep an' too little colour in his cheeks."

And indeed, Hermann had fancies that would have been "queer" enough in Biddy or Margaretta. But in him they were natural enough, being nothing but the vague, dim memories he bore of his mother's tales. To-night as he leant against the window pane, he was wondering whether the Christ-Kind would come down that pale track which wound across the marshes, straight from the silver star, at Christmas time; with His little bare feet showing rosy in the snow and His white wings stirring softly in the air, just as He had looked in a Christmas picture Hermann had seen long and long ago, where and how he could not remember.

Mrs. Malloy had come home from a hard day's work, and was cooking bacon cheerfully in the next room, while Biddy and little Margaretta played about the table. She "dished up" the bacon with a slap and a bang, and "Come an' get yer supper, bhoy dear," she called.

Hermann left the window slowly, and climbed into his chair. His eyes were bright and dreamy. Mrs. Malloy looked at him uneasily, and began talking very fast:

"What d'ye think, me pretties," she said, "that Miss Maisie said to-day to me? She ses, ses she, 'Mrs. Malloy, I'll be sendin' to you on Christmas Eve with some treat for the children,' she ses. Nay, now, I don't know what it's like to be; but, shure, it'll be good. What's it ye want to say, bhoy dear?"

Hermann sat with his head thrown back and his eyes alight. "Ja," he said slowly, "some t'ing will be to us brought. Ach! ja! By der liddle Christ-Kind." He met Mrs. Malloy's puzzled glance, and the light in his clear pale face faded. Though he was loved, he was still an alien.

"Will not der liddle Christ-Kind come?" he asked anxiously.

"In course he will," replied Mrs. Malloy with loud cheerfulness.

"Und bring gifts?" went on Hermann.

Biddy had been staring at him silently, but now she broke out. "He means Santy Claws, Ma," she cried, "but he's such a little Dutchy he don't say it right."

"Und der liddle Christ-Kind will come like the picture, white und rosy, mit a pine-tree in his arms carryin'?" again asked Hermann. "He will come at Christmas time from der star?"

"Yes, shure," replied Mrs. Malloy, accepting Biddy's explanation gratefully. "An' now don't worry yer little head no more. I promise you he'll come. An' if ye've finished yer supper ye'd better go to bed, bhoy. Ye look real peaky an' tired. Lord send ye ain't goin' to be ill."

"No, I am well," said Hermann, "goot-night." And he climbed the stairs to his crib in the attic, comforted. Mrs. Malloy had said the Christ-Kind would come. He believed her implicitly. And in that belief he fell asleep,

and dreamt that the little Christ-Kind came floating down the silver beam from the star, and caught him by the hand. Together they flew out of the window, into a great bright space full of song. The little Christ-Kind's white wings stirred in the air, and His eyes were beautiful. "Are you going to be ill?" He asked gently, touching Hermann on the forehead, and Hermann said "No." Then they sank down to earth again, and Hermann felt himself separated from the Child. And he awoke again, shivering, with a pain in his head.

It was morning; and Mrs. Malloy found Hermann very ill indeed.

"This must have been coming on for a long time," said the doctor when he came. "No, you are not to blame. Keep him warm and don't let him worry."

Then Mrs. Malloy lighted the tiny stove in the parlour and carried Hermann's crib down there. She carried Hermann down also and put him in the crib, and it was very warm and comfortable. He was quite contented to lie there, looking at the green leaves on the wall-paper, at the frost-flowers on the window, at the red carpet, and at the mat beside the sofa—a beautiful mat with a tall black and white setter dog worked upon it. Everything was very beautiful and warm, and he was quite content.

But there came a day when the frost-flowers on the window began to wreath and twine ceaselessly round each other, so that his poor eyes ached to look at them. The green leaves on the wall-paper were the leaves of a great forest; and little green moss-women ran softly out of the grass and sat on the end of his crib, smiling at him kindly because he had made crosses for them. The setter-dog came out of his mat, stretched himself, and frisked about the room. This made Hermann laugh, and the doctor laughed too, but did not seem to notice when the dog bit him, which was odd. But Hermann felt sure that Mrs. Malloy noticed it for she was crying.

Then all these things went away, and there was nothing but a great space full of black shadows and terror, where no one could help him but the little Christ-Kind. He knew that if the little Christ-Kind would come, white and rosy, with His wings folded behind Him, His eyes mild and beautiful, His bare feet bright on the snow, that things would get better and that the black shadows would go away. So he called ceaselessly for the little Christ-Kind, but He did not come.

"What can it be he wants?" asked the doctor. "My German is not good enough to make out all he says."

"And indeed, indeed, I understand nothin'," moaned Mrs. Malloy. "O, it's a black Christmas Eve for me this day. O, the poor lamb!"

All that morning Hermann called out for the little Christ-Kind. But in the afternoon he was too tired to call any longer, and the doctor frowned. He was quite contented to lie still again, looking at the door through the black mist which still swirled about the room, and waiting for the little Christ-Kind as patiently as he could. For he knew that some evening the little Christ-Kind would come, white and rosy, a shining figure from the shining star. Towards evening Hermann fell asleep.

He awoke with a start, and knew that he had heard a knock on the door.

Mrs. Malloy was asleep in a chair, for she had had no sleep the night before, and Hermann was too weak to wake her. He could only lie and wait, watching the door through the dark mists. But he knew—he knew.

Then the door opened, and Hermann saw the Child of his picture. This boy's face was rosy, his garments were white, and his eyes were kind and beautiful. His wings must have been folded behind him, for Hermann could not see them; but in his arms he carried a little snowy pine-tree in a red pot. Very softly, the Child of Hermann's vision opened the door wider and crept in, while Mrs. Malloy slept on. He smiled at Hermann, and came softly over to the crib, and touched him gently on the cheek. Then he put the little fir tree on the table, with several parcels, and smiled again, and crept to the door and was gone.

But Hermann lay still in utter content, until he fell most sweetly asleep and dreamed no more of terrors, but only of the Child with the smiling eyes.

"An' ye could ha' knocked me down with a feather," cried Mrs. Malloy, "when I woke, an' see that dear lamb, an' smilin', an' all they things settin' on the table. Miss Maisie's brother must 'a' brought them of course. An' the wine's just what the bhoy needs now he's gettin' better."

And Hermann never doubted that the Christ-Kind had come—not even when he was strong again, and the gifts were all given, and the sweet-smelling green had fallen from the little Christmas tree.

A Prisoner of Hope

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

By MRS. WEIGALL

Resume: Esther Beresford, who has been at Miss Jenkins' private school for ten years, is visited by Mrs. Galton, her stepmother's sister, with a view to the former's leaving school. Major Beresford and his wife are at Malta. Esther is a beautiful girl, who has earned her schooling by music teaching and is a great favourite with her French grandmother, Mme. de la Perouse, who lives nearby. The old lady resolves to send her out on her first voyage into life, with a suitable wardrobe and letters of introduction.

"WELCOME, my darling," she said tenderly. There was just the faintest suspicion of a French accent in her voice that told of her partly French parentage, and of the life that until her widowhood had been spent in France.

"Louise and I have been busy making a little fete in your honour, cherie; some of your favourite brioches and the black coffee that you love. Ah! and you see the garden—not a weed in it, for Louise was up at dawn, saying that 'Mamselle' must not think the place a disgrace. Oh! and all the windows were cleaned, and I verily believe that Louise would have polished me if I had permitted it, so intent was she upon giving the place a fair appearance for you."

Mme. de la Perouse was talking so fast that she was allowing herself no time to remember that this would be, perhaps, the last time she would ever see the girl she loved come running up the trim little garden path. She loved Esther even more than her only child, who had been Esther's mother. But the high courage that had never faltered even when every penny of her fortune had vanished with her widowhood was not going to fail her now, and she smiled into Esther's eyes.

Mrs. Smith, of the Home Farm, said, disdainfully, that she supposed the old French lady did not possess an annuity larger than the wages of any of the farm hands. Perhaps this was the truth, but at least Louise and her mistress had always a jelly or a basin of soup for an invalid, or a warm petticoat for a schoolchild who had to face the winter without one; and of their own need for economy they never spoke, as is the case with all women of gentle breeding. Louise, who had been with her mistress for thirty years, was an apple-cheeked Breton woman, with a white frilled cap and striped woollen skirt under a spotless apron. She endured England on sufferance, and next to her mistress she adored Esther, although she would never have confessed to such a weakness as being bad for young people! She came out now to the door with her hand over her eyes, for the afternoon sun struck upwards from the valley, and the garden was a lake of golden light.

"Ah, Mamselle!" she said, in her shrill voice, "so you are come at last. We have been expecting you all the day, and Madame will have made her rheumatism a thousand times worse, since she has been in and out of the house since daybreak looking for you."

"Nonsense, Louise," said her mistress; "and what about an old woman who got up at five o'clock to gather sticks to heat the oven for the cakes? and who borrowed our good neighbour's ladder to clean the windows before the men had gone off to their work in the village?"

And Louise retreated to her kitchen, still grumbling, to make a teacake for Mamselle.

The cottage of four rooms was possessed of a small entrance hall that Mme. de la Perouse had transformed into a dining-room. There was space in it for a little oak table, and for the two oak chairs that was all the necessary furniture; and an old-fashioned dresser against the wall had the Sevres china tea service and Crown Derby dinner set that were the relics of the grandeur of the house of Perouse. But there were flowers everywhere, in pots and Nankin bowls, late roses and early chrysanthemums and brilliant sprays of Virginia creeper that glorified the low window-seat.

Mme. de la Perouse, with her arm round Esther's waist, passed into the little sitting-room, beyond which lay the kitchen and scullery of Louise; and to Esther's eyes the room had never seemed so lovely as it did now. Her grandmother had brought from Paris the old Louis

XV. suite of settees and chairs that had been part of the furniture of the Hotel de la Perouse; and there were wonderful bits of Limoges and carved ivories, and within the glass-fronted cupboard the big Sevres vases of blue and gold that had been the delight of Esther's childhood. She did not notice now that the carpet was threadbare and the curtains were shabby, nor that the old coverings of the furniture had been darned until there was very little of the original material remaining; but she only thought that the miniatures of her grandparents in their jewelled frames looked beautiful with the sun upon them, and that the portrait of her mother in her wedding gown made her wonder why she should have been taken away so young from a world that had loved her so well.

"And so, Esther, the time has come," said Mme. de la Perouse, with unabated cheerfulness; "and your father has sent for you. I always knew that it must come sometime, though of late I have prayed that it might not be in my lifetime. Still, that was a selfish prayer, and was not worthy of an answer."

"I don't know what I shall do without you, Grandmere," said Esther, brokenly.

"It is in my mind," said the old lady, steadily, "that you will not be away very long from me. You see, your father has arrived in Malta on the way home, so to speak, and the next move will probably be to England."

"Yes," said Esther, mechanically; "but, meanwhile, Grandmere, what shall we do without each other?"

It was deep written in the heart of Mme. de la Perouse that Esther's father had promised to leave the child at Grandchester until the death of her grandmother. But since Major Henry Beresford had, no doubt, need of his eldest child, and the majority of people think little of a broken promise, she had been too just to remind him of it.

"You and I will do very well, darling," she said. "We shall each be doing our duty, I hope, and the time shall pass quickly—and indeed what we have to be thankful for is that the postage to Malta is only one penny, for we can write as often as we like. But I hear Louise setting the coffee, and while we drink it, we can talk about your trousseau, my darling."

"Oh, Grandmere, there is no need for a trousseau," said Esther, with a sudden dimpling of mirth. "My stepmother's sister, Mrs. Galton, was very careful to say yesterday that there was no need for me to contemplate any gaiety, for I was only going out to help my stepmother and the children."

"That was very kind of Mrs. Galton," said the old lady, shrewdly. "Has she, perhaps, any daughter of your own age?"

Esther nodded. "She has taken a house in Valletta for the season, and they mean to go a great deal into society."

"Ah!" said Mme. de la Perouse, softly; "it is a wise cat who does not encourage the kittens of other cats in the drawing-room."

"But I shall enjoy my life, I know, Grandmere. I love having plenty of work to do—and there is my father, and I am sure my little brothers and sisters are delightful. Fancy, five of them whom I have never seen!"

The old lady was so deep in thought that she did not hear Esther's voice, and when she spoke again it was with an abstracted air.

"I think I can arrange, cherie, that your stay in Malta shall be an agreeable one, for it is always pleasant to know agreeable, well-bred people. It happens that the wife of the Governor there is the daughter of a very old friend of mine, and also a connection of your grandfather. The Staniers are, perhaps, under some obligation to my family, and Lady Stanier, who is now in Malta, is a delightful woman of middle age, whom I remember as a girl. She will be good to you, I know, and the Staniers are of the 'haute noblesse.' I shall write to her to-morrow. Oh, yes, I think Adela Stanier will be very kind to you, and that you will be independent of any of your father's second wife's relations."

It was the only time in her life that Mme. de la Perouse had permitted herself to speak of the second

Mrs. Beresford in a slighting manner, and she was sorry for her words as soon as they were uttered.

"I spoke unadvisedly with my lips then, Esther; you are to remember one thing—that a lady never speaks without thought—never permits an unkind, slighting word as to other people to cross her lips."

Esther laughed. "I have lived with you too long, Grandmere, to need such teaching," she said. "Your life is an example of what a lady should be."

"My dear, you are too flattering; but it seems to me, Esther, that the gown you have on at the present moment is just the dress required by little Anna Wallis, who is going to service next week."

Her critical eyes were absorbing the details of Esther's gown through her gold eyeglasses. "It seems to me to be hardly the attire suitable to the friend of Lady Stanier and the granddaughter of Mme. de la Perouse."

The sudden assumption of family pride astonished Esther, who had been brought up to consider humility a virtue.

"Why, Grandmere," she laughed, mischievously, "you have seen the frock without objecting to it for two years. 'The serge was of an excellent quality, and good enough for a little teacher of music.'"

The old lady set down her coffee-cup resolutely.

"Esther," she said, "I have spoken to you but little of your mother's relations, but your grandfather was of the 'ancien regime, M. le duc de la Perouse.' I dropped the 'duchesse' when I lost my fortune, for in a cottage a title goes no better than a diamond necklace on a milkmaid; but it was one of the oldest in France."

She looked every inch a duchess as she spoke, with lifted head, and Esther, surprised, went round and kissed her on the forehead.

"Darling Grandmere," she said, softly, "I shall never do anything to disgrace your name."

And the old lady took her in her arms, and shed her first tears—the hard, difficult tears of old age, against her soft cheek. Esther was her joy and pride, and she had long ago hoped that she would restore the fortunes of the house of Perouse by a good marriage, and her loving, scheming brain saw that Malta might be a step in that direction.

"Now come and see what I have for you, chérie," she said, dashing her tears away on a wisp of cambric. She led the way up the narrow, polished stairs to her bedroom that faced west over the garden. How many nights Esther had spent on that comfortable sofa bed, while her grandmother slept under the four-poster with its chintz hangings. The room was full of gentle memories for her, and she felt a mist rise before her eyes as she remembered that she would see it no more for a long, weary time. But her grandmother was busy with her oak bureau that stood in the corner, and presently she lifted her head.

"Esther, come here," she said.

On the green baize flap of the writing-table were spread out a little sheaf of banknotes. "These are for the trousseau," said Mme. de la Perouse, with a little sob. "I had no need for my emerald cross, and it seems that fine emeralds are in fashion just now, so that there are sixty pounds to be spent, and even then twenty to put away for rainy weather."

Esther laid her soft cheek against the withered one, and tried to tell her grandmother something of what was in her heart; but words failed her.

"It is my pride," said the old Frenchwoman, gently, "to send my grandchild among old friends gowned as I wish her to be—and as a lady very surely should be."

"I can't thank you properly, Grandmere."

"There is no need for thanks, my child; the jewels would have been yours at my death, and how much better it is to give in one's lifetime than to wait until it is impossible to enjoy the results for oneself? But here, Esther, there are a few things more to make you pretty when you are in 'grande toilette.'"

She laid in Esther's eager fingers two morocco cases with gold initials stamped on the soft leather, and when the girl opened them she gave a cry of wonder. On one white satin lining rested a pearl necklace, milk-white, with a diamond clasp, and on the other a pendant of diamonds, and a bracelet of the same stones in quaint old-fashioned setting.

"Are these for me? Oh, 'Grandmere,'" cried Esther; "but I do not like to rob you of them."

"They are all that are left to me out of my jewel-case that used to be so full; but I shall love to think of them on your neck, Esther. Put them away in the little box I gave you, and wear them round your neck for your voyage in a washleather bag. I know they will be

as safe with you as with me—for Marie Antoinette gave my grandmother the necklace!"

There was so much planning to be done that the rest of the afternoon sped fast away. There was a visit from the excellent dressmaker at Grandchester who had condescended to drive so far out of compliment to the old lady whose order for gowns was so satisfactory. And with her head bewildered by the beauty of the materials that her grandmother had selected, Esther went to bed to dream of her new self as dressed from top to toe by Miss Hawtrey, who was popularly supposed to make for no one whose income was less than one thousand a year. She woke in the night thinking she had heard someone sobbing, and in the soft darkness stretched out her hand, with a "Grandmere."

But the old lady answered her briskly in a voice that was also harsh: "Go to sleep, 'cherie'; you must remember your complexion now-a-days"; and she turned to sleep again, with a drowsy laugh.

But Mme. de la Perouse lay awake till far into the night, weeping silently. She was an old woman now—and she must die alone—since her child was dead; and they were taking from her this other child of her old age.

"Weep not for the dead," she said, passionately, to herself; "but weep sore for him that goeth away into a far country, for he shall return and see his native land no more."

But in the morning she greeted Esther with a serene smile and a kiss, and no one but God knew of a night spent in tears and prayers, or a heart that was too old for hope.

CHAPTER III.

"L'amitie est l'amour san ailes."

"You must not forget to say good-bye to Mrs. Hanmer," said Mme. de la Perouse next morning after breakfast, as she sat in the hall, washing up the breakfast things, with an apron over her gown of good stout holland. Esther was dusting the drawing-room beyond, to the accompaniment of a running series of expostulations from Louise in the kitchen.

"Ah, mam'selle, it is not fitting for you to spoil your pretty fingers. As for madame, there, she is incorrigible. Just as if I should break the china or harm the miniatures!"

"But you are bent double with rheumatism, my poor Louise," cried Esther, "and 'Grandmere' and I are only anxious to help you."

"Enough, enough, Esther!" cried the old lady, sharply, from the hall. "It is as easy to tell a hedgepig to cast its spines as to bid Louise cease her grumbles. You must not forget the Hammers, my child."

Esther came out of the drawing-room with her duster in her hand.

"I should like to go and see them this morning, if I may, 'grandmere,' as I hope to find Geoffrey at home, too."

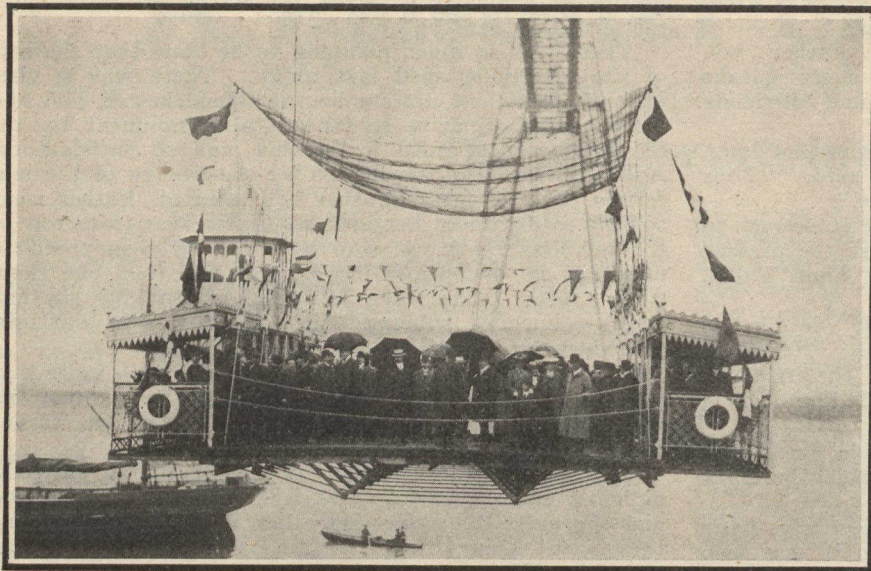
The charming unconcern of the fresh young voice, the cheek without a blush, and the serene eyes did not change under the keen glance of the old lady.

"You shall go and stay to lunch, 'cherie.' I will be magnanimous for once, and you will be home for tea?"

When Esther had gone Mme. de la Perouse leaned her head upon her hand deep in thought. Esther and Geoffrey Hanmer had known one another ever since she was a child of eight and he a Winchester schoolboy of seventeen. Once it had been the secret hope of Mme. de la Perouse that her grand-daughter should become Mrs. Hanmer, but on the death of the old squire it was found that he had left the estate so involved, with every rood of land mortgaged up to the front door, that Geoffrey and his mother would have to shut up part of the house, and live with a couple of servants and no gardener until the mortgage was paid off. Geoffrey was gardener and stableman, and his eggs and poultry and butter were famous in the county, while his mother shut her eyes to the fact of their poverty, and returned her calls in the neighbourhood in a small pony carriage with as much dignity as she had ever compassed in her carriage and pair.

Geoffrey and Esther had many tastes in common, and Esther's beautiful voice never seemed more perfect than when he was accompanying her on the old-fashioned Broadwood at Aborfield Hall. But Mme. de la Perouse was relieved to find that her grand-daughter, at least, was heart-whole, though she could not say as much for the young man.

TO BE CONTINUED



The First "Transporter" Bridge in England.

Has been erected at Newport, (Monmouthshire) across the Usk. The design was taken from the bridge which spans the Seine (in France), and, as our photograph shows, is simply an electrically lighted and propelled ferry running upon overhead cables. Monsieur Arnodin, the patentee and engineer of the Rouen bridge across the Seine, was engaged by the Newport Corporation for this innovation.

British Talk

Baroness von Eckhordstein, who, despite the disguise afforded by her title, is an Englishwoman and the daughter of Sir John Blundell Maple, has been elected a "fellow" of the Royal Botanic Society. Besides being a great heiress she is a recognised authority on certain phases of plant life and spends most of her time in the country in pursuit of knowledge.

Sir Neville Lyttleton, who is about to quit the war office so that he can demand a full enquiry into his connection with the War Stores scandal, has a remarkable memory. He is said to know the whole army list off by heart, and if you mention the name of any officer he can tell you his regiment and in what capacity he is serving.

George Bernard Shaw, whose plays are more or less favourably known in Canada, has produced yet another, "The Doctor's Dilemma," in London, and of course everybody is again talking of him. For, truth to tell, Bernard is somewhat of a curiosity. He once summed himself up to a Nottingham newspaper as follows: "I am an Irishman, a vegetarian, an atheist, a teetotaler, a fanatic, a humourist, a fluent liar, a social democrat, a lecturer and debater, a lover of music, a fierce opponent of the present status of women and an insister on the seriousness of art." As Mr. Shaw was about to lecture in Nottingham he thought this description would "make all the young ladies of Nottingham anxious to hear so strange a bird."

The Duke of Connaught is one of the favourites of the Royal Family and the secret of his popularity is his frankness and manliness. There is nothing patronising about his manner and numerous anecdotes are told of his good-natured common sense. Here is a sample furnished by M. A. P.:

Once at Windsor, the Duke stopped a private in the Guards, who, although an excellent soldier, was generally the reverse of smart in his appearance. The Duke spoke kindly enough, but the man was nervous, and stammered out a confused apol-

ogy. Every second word was affixed by "Your Rile 'Ighness!" which came out with awed impetuosity. The Duke listened good humouredly for a few minutes, and then said, "That'll do, Smith, and in future, remember, not so much of the 'Rile 'Ighness,' and a little more of the pipe-clay!" Private Smith's regeneration set in from this date.

Lord Kitchener generally gets credit for being a woman hater, but recently when his A. D. C. Major Marks was married he sent the bride a bouquet of white lilies and gave the Major four silver entree dishes. He may be relenting.

There is a new Canadian claimant for a peerage in Barclay Allardyce, born in Hamilton, Ont., but now Mayor of Lostwithiel, Cornwall. As a descendant of Robert II. of Scotland, he claims the dormant Earldom of Airth. George Marshall Graham of Edinburgh, who spent many years in Canada, is another claimant.

The recently released woman suffragists realised that their sufferings have not been all in vain when their admirers tendered them a banquet at the Savoy. They had an awfully jolly time you know, and felt like real men when the assemblage sang "They Are Jolly Good Fellows." But even the best of the lot still developed some symptoms of feminine weakness. The chairman sparkled with rubies and diamonds while the majority of the company was as gay as a west-end ball room. And all this finery would be wasted if there was not somewhere a man to admire it. It recalls the old question as to whether a real lady could vote straight if her hat was on crooked.

Hunting, one of the oldest and most revered of British institutions, is threatened by the wire on fences, and that bulwark of the Empire the Times gives space to an agonised wail from a hunting correspondent who warns the public of the calamity to come if the "growth of wire" goes on unchecked. Not only will it some day make it unsafe for anyone to ride across country, but from a commercial standpoint it will be disastrous as there is £11,000,000 invested in the sport of hunting and it means

as well an annual circulation of £5,000,000.

Mr. Arthur A. Beckett has been reading a paper on the colonial press to Royal Colonial Institute in which he congratulates the Canadian newspaperman on his output from a journalistic standpoint but rather bewails the absence of British bias. If Mr. A. Beckett has studied his subject he probably knows, though he is too polite to say it, that the Canadian newspaper uses so much bias in its politics that it has none left for anything else.

The Prince and Princess of Wales opened the new Cotton Exchange at Liverpool. In his address the Prince told of the deep interest he took in the efforts to encourage and develop the cultivation of cotton in the Empire. Truly the interests of Princes are numerous and diversified.

An old gentleman in St. John's Road (Islington) Workhouse has been buying land with donations received from visitors and he may be asked to pay his board.

Sir Edward James Reed, former chief constructor of the Navy, who died in London Nov. 30th, began life as a ship-builder's apprentice in Sheerness dockyard at ten shillings a week. He was Liberal member for Cardiff, but always reserved the right to change his mind. He followed Chamberlain's lead in the matter of tariff reform.

It is estimated that about two-thirds of the university women of England have signed the Woman's Suffrage Declaration. Most of the best known women doctors have declared in favour of women's suffrage. The crusade gathers strength as it moves along and a lady premier is among the possibilities of the future.

Lady Marjorie Manners, or, to give her the full title, Lady Victoria Marjorie Harriet Manners, is the eldest daughter of the Marquess of Granby and the grand-daughter of the Duke of Rutland. Lady Marjorie has lately become a very important young lady as the future bride of Prince Arthur, the only son of King Edward's brother, the Duke of Connaught. Lady Marjorie belongs to one of the oldest families in the peerage and this week celebrated her twenty-third birthday.



Lady Marjorie Manners, who is to marry Prince Arthur of Connaught, Nephew of His Majesty the King.

THE TALK

Tobacco growers in Essex County, Ontario, are becoming discouraged. At ten to fourteen cents a pound the tobacco crop was worth taking a chance with, but now it is said tobacco buyers have an "understanding" and the price has dropped to six to seven cents. It is too precarious a crop to bother with at the figures and many growers will abandon it after this year.

The Railway and Municipal Board of Ontario has decided that steam railways are not liable to a business tax.

Last week a special train carried to St. John, N.B., two hundred prosperous English and Scotch immigrants who were on their way to the Old Country to spend Christmas. They sang "The Maple Leaf" leaving Toronto and were all loud in praise of the land of their adoption. They are the best advertising literature Canada ever sent out.

Stock raisers in the West are loud in their complaints that there is a combine which limits the market and regulates the prices of cattle and hogs. The stock dealers deny the charge most emphatically but the Alberta Government have already appointed a commission to investigate the charges. On its finding will probably depend what action Manitoba and Saskatchewan will take.

From September till November 30th 28,084 cars of wheat were inspected at Winnipeg, compared with 30,525 cars in the same period last year. The falling off is charged to the car famine.

Godfroi Langlois, M.L.A., in an address to the Montreal Debating Club declared that national schools were what Quebec province needed. National schools would build up national sentiment. "We are provincialists," he said, "because we forget that our province has gone into partnership with others to build up one great country." Mr. Langlois' utterances lead one to believe that the provinces would get along much better if they were better acquainted.

On December 21st, Mrs. Featherstone Osler celebrated in Toronto her one hundredth birthday. She is the mother of the famous Osler family which includes Dr. William Osler of Oxford University. Another son was the late B. B. Osler, Q.C., of whom it was said that the crown had to retain him in all murder cases as it was impossible to obtain a conviction when he acted for the defence. Yet another son is E. B. Osler, M.P., one of Canada's leading financiers. Of course just at the present time one dare not mention Dr. William Osler and "chloroform" in the same day.

The wreck of the big liner Monarch came as a climax to the disasters on the Great Lakes this fall which have cost 137 lives and two millions of dollars. Of course the loss was not all Canadian but it is hard to sink a lake vessel without drowning a son or two of Jack Canuck.

The C.P.R. have decided to reduce

passenger rates from four cents to three and a half cents per mile in the territory between McLeod, Calgary and Dunmore Junction, a short distance from Medicine Hat and Edmonton.

Dawson City is not so populous now as in the days of the great rush but it is progressing satisfactorily. The gold crop of the past season amounted to five and a half millions, and by 1908, when the Guggenheims have finished the installation of plant on their various properties, a material increase over these figures is looked for.

Prince Edward Island has shown its appreciation of bravery. On Nov. 6th, Duncan Campbell of Campbell's Cove, and Austin Grady of East Baltic, went out in a small dory at the imminent risk of their lives and rescued two sailors from the wreck of the Sorinto. At Charlottetown last week they were each presented with a purse of \$220 subscribed by the Islanders.



The late Col. Pinault,
Deputy Minister of Militia.

St. John, N. B., is excited over the report that Canadian and American capitalists will establish car works there. The company is to be capitalized at \$250,000, will employ 250 men, and is expected among other things to manufacture motor cars for the Intercolonial. It is only fair to add that Halifax is holding out the glad hand to the same enterprise.

Hindoo labour continues to be a burning question in Vancouver. It is charged that a building in which some of the East Indians were housed was burned by incendiaries. On the other hand, it is claimed that large numbers of Hindoos are public charges and that the Immigration Department will order their deportation at the cost of the transportation companies who brought them in.

Building for the year in Winnipeg has already passed the \$12,500,000 mark, an increase of \$1,700,000 over the total for 1905. And the question to be answered appears to be, "which is the more valuable, Manitoba's wheat crop or Winnipeg's crop of buildings?"

British Columbia apples have again carried off the gold medal at the Royal Horticultural Society exhibi-

tion in London. The exhibit consisted of 649 boxes—a full car load.

The G.T.R. is asking parliament to relieve it from the obligation to provide a two cent rate for third class passengers, thus practically conceding it has lost the case it has taken the trouble to appeal. Probably it figures that parliament moves faster than the courts and that by the time the appeal is heard the law under which the conviction was obtained will be wiped off the books.

Calgary and Edmonton are to have mail delivery added to their other metropolitan attractions.

Report has it that Col. Eugene Fiset, D.S.O., the present Director-General of Medical services will succeed the late Col. Pinault as Deputy Minister of Militia. Col. Fiset was in South Africa with the first contingent and showed great gallantry at Paardeberg.

A rich find of silver on the Gillies limited, owned and operated by the Ontario government, has sent the stock of Whitney, Matheson & Co. away up.

It is said the Central Prison will be moved from Toronto and that the new site will be a farm where the prisoners can be put at outdoor labour. This, of course, would clear the way for the repeal of the prison labour contract law and at one stroke make the prisoners healthier and the labour unions happier.

Thirty million dollars a week is the rate at which Cobalt companies are being incorporated. It is hardly necessary to add that about ninety-nine per cent. of these "snow" companies will confine their mining operations to the pockets of the gullible public.

More Doukhobors will cross the ocean and settle in the Canadian West. The "Fantail Scotchmen" make good settlers when they keep their clothes on.

By the death of Col. Louis Felix Pinault, Sir Frederick Borden loses his right hand man. As Deputy Minister of Militia Col. Pinault was, during the troublous times of the Boer war, really indispensable at his department. It is well known that for weeks he averaged eighteen hours work a day. He was never apt to spare himself and some of the easier-going subordinates of the Department were aghast when they, too, were compelled to "work nights" for weeks when the Canadian Contingents were being organized. Between them, Sir Frederick Borden, Col. Pinault, Lord Aylmer, Col. Rivers and Col. Macdonald organized what really was a Central War Staff. Col. Pinault was 54 years of age.

It comes as a complete surprise but it appears there is a court superior to the Ontario Medical Council. The Council looks on advertising as the most heinous of crimes. It found Dr. Alexander Crichton guilty of this crime and struck his name from the rolls. Dr. Crichton appealed to the Divisional Court on the ground that the truth of the matter advertised was not put in issue. The Divisional Court allowed the appeal. This probably means that in future doctors may advertise so long as they stick to the truth or what they believe to be the truth. What a horrible shock to the Medical Council this must be.

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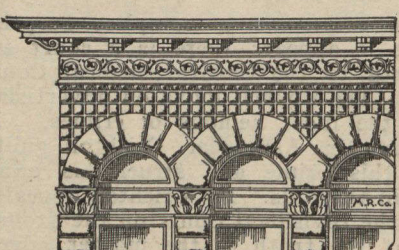
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MUSIC & THE DRAMA



FOR more than a year, reports have reached Canada of the excellence of the English farce, "Mr. Hopkinson," by R. C. Carton, author of "Lord and Lady Algy" and "Liberty Hall." It was originally produced in London at Wyndham's Theatre, where it ran for over two hundred nights. In New York it was equally successful, such critics as Mr. Acton Davies and Mr. Alan Dale bestowing upon it their seldom-won approval. Mr. Dallas Welford in the title role is said to be one of the most delightfully droll comedians ever seen on this continent. This London and New York success will be seen in Toronto during Christmas week when it will no doubt prove seasonable and satisfactory.

Why "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" should have been dramatised is hard to explain, unless in the forlorn hope that a poor novel would make a good play. The production consists of scenery, gowns, and a few would-be Elizabethan remarks. Mr. Charles Major's stories are such futile affairs that they might be transformed into almost anything, from a monologue to a musical comedy, without being either injured or improved by the process.

The new Walker Theatre in Winnipeg was opened last Monday night by a performance of the Pollard Lilliputian Opera Company, the small Australians having proved popular in most cities of the Dominion.

The recent re-appearance of Miss Ellen Beach Yaw did not arouse enthusiasm in the musical world. The sadly over-worked adjective "phenomenal" is justly used to describe her flights into the topmost regions of her highest register, but there is nothing of warmth or magnetism in her temperamental endowment. The audience considers her "Lucia" a remarkable feat, wonders how it is accomplished and has not the faintest desire to hear the performance repeated. Miss Yaw's uncertainty of phrasing and utter lack of dramatic feeling unfit her for satisfactory rendering of such songs as Brahms' "Vergebliches Standchen."

Dr. F. H. Torrington will conduct the Festival Chorus and Orchestra in the production of "The Messiah" on December 27th. Last year's performance was so enthusiastically received that the good old English custom of producing this oratorio during Christmas week is likely to be firmly established in Toronto. The soloists are Miss Eileen Millett, soprano; Mrs. Grace Carter-Merry, contralto; Mr. E. P. Johnston of New York, tenor; and Mr. H. Ruthven McDonald, baritone. Large numbers from outside towns and cities are to attend this Yuletide production.

The national hymn, "Canada," by W. A. Fraser and Dr. Albert Ham, will be rendered by the National

Chorus at their concerts on January 14th and 15th. The New York Symphony Orchestra has been engaged for these concerts. Dr. Ham devotes himself almost exclusively to the interpretation of the works of British composers, thus having a distinctive sphere for the National Chorus. The rendering of Sir Frederick Bridge's setting of Mr. Kipling's "The Flag of England" was the most conspicuous performance last year.

"O. S.," which may stand for Owen Seaman, writes an article for "Punch" on the subject of Mr. G. B. Shaw's latest drama, "The Doctor's Dilemma," from which London is suffering this season. The opening remarks indicate the standpoint of the critic.

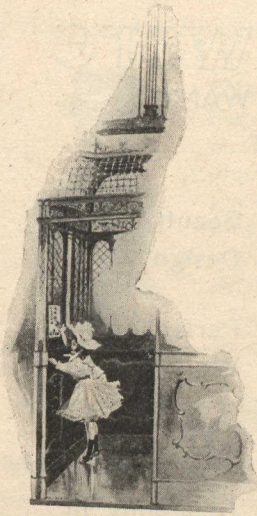
"If you like a good hearty death-bed laugh, you must go and see 'The Doctor's Dilemma'; but if you are not yet perfect in the cult of Mr. Shaw, but still feel a little sensitive about the more elementary decencies, you had better leave before the end of the Fourth Act."

It seems that the fourth act represents four eminent London physicians as bursting into "ribald badinage," just after the death of a consumptive patient, although they actually wait for the victim's wife to leave the room. O. S. appears to be slightly surprised by Mr. Shaw's "superiority to the laws of common decency." According to the G. B. S. gospel, to be decent is to be bourgeois and banal. No doubt he considers Hamlet's—"the rest is silence"—a piece of bathos. But one would hardly expect the cad, who villified Irving in the week following the great actor's death, to display any regard for ordinary sensibilities. In considering Mr. Shaw's latest exhibition, one might vary "The Conundrum of the Workshop" to read: "It's clever—but is it art, decency or sanity?"

The western audience is as a rule most enthusiastic in its reception of a musical or dramatic favourite, and its spontaneous approval is usually refreshing to the artist accustomed to more blase hearers. Miss Alys Bateman, the English contralto, has been received with typical audiences from the Coast to Winnipeg in singing at the Parlovitz concerts and is naturally pleased with the prairie provinces.

The "Messiah" was given at the First Methodist Church, London, Ontario, this week, under the direction of Mr. Jordan, who is making an annual event of this oratorio and is finding strong local support for his musical enterprise.

Miss Margaret Anglin is playing to crowded houses at the Princess Theatre, New York, and "The Great Divide" is established as an unsurpassed "success" this season. Miss Anglin, it is said, is making arrangements to appear next autumn in a dramatisation of "The Awakening of Helena Richie," a novel by Margaret Deland. Mr. William Vaughn Moody, the author of "The Great Divide," has heretofore been known as a poet, but the popularity of his first play may change the bent of his literary activities.



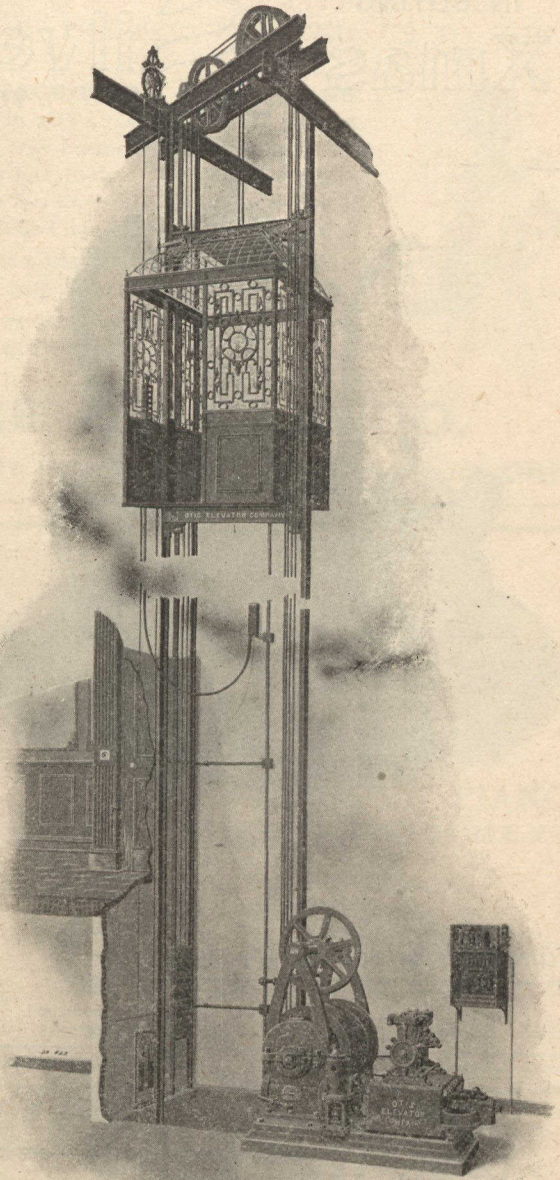
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The prudent man foreseeth the widow and hideth himself; but the simple pass on and are married.

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The Bishop and The Bowler

Ambassador Choate tells a story of the Bishop of Rochester, England, the clergyman who was so fond of cricket that he used to play the game with an expert local team.

It appears that one day when the bishop was batting, the bowler pitched very wide.

"Please keep the ball in the parish," commanded the bishop testily.

The next ball the bowler sent in caught the right reverend gentleman full in the waistband, whereupon the bowler observed:

"I think that's somewhere about the diocese, my Lord."

The Christmas Shoppers

Advice is sought on every hand
For presents to our friends;
The papers tell of wondrous gifts
Just made of odds and ends.

But some things they forget to say
Concerning what to send;
And these omissions I would fain
In thoughtfulness amend.

You must not give your maiden aunt
A box of cigarettes,
Lest, when her will at last is read,
It fill you with regrets.

Send not unto your fair Betrothed
A book by Bernard Shaw;
She may have feelings of her own
And think him strange and raw.

Do not bestow good Cobalt shares
Upon your clergyman;
He may consider games of chance
Deserving of a ban.

I should not think an opera cloak
The thing for Uncle John;
He might prefer a door-mat new
To wipe his feet upon.

Subscription for the journal, known
And loved as "Ladies' Home,"
Would never suit your Cousin Bill
Who likes abroad to roam.

But if you wish to send a gift,
That would the tree bedeck,
Just give to every loving friend
A simple little cheque.

J. G.

The Christmas Carol

It was the Night before Christmas.
Outside the Snow fell ceaselessly,
Deadening the Thousand Feet of the
Shoppers, as they hurried along, to
buy gifts for the Morrow, and muf-
fling the Laughter of the Cheery
Throgs. The wind howled and piled
the Drifts knee-high.

Inside the brown stone Mansion of
the Vanastorbilts, all was joy and
Gaiety. Sweet girlish voices mingled
with deeper Masculine tones through
the wide Halls. Men and women in
Faultless evening dress passed in and
out of the Great ball room, gay with
its holly and Evergreen. Outside a

single figure appeared, staggering wearily up the Path, in the face of the Heavy Storm. It was a Man, and plainly he was very tired, for when a few feet from the broad piazza, he sank into the snow with a Low Moan. * * * The wind howled and the snow fell ceaselessly.

"Hark!" It was the sweet voice of Gwendoline Vanastorbilt, as she paused in her promenade near the Cosy Corner in the hall, and laid her soft white hand on her companion's arm. "Was that a Voice?"

"I thought I heard something, certainly," said her Gallant escort. "Shall I go and see?"

"Let us both go out for a breath of fresh Air," suggested the Fair girl. "It is so stuffy in here."

The wind shrieked like a Lost Soul, and the snow fell thick as a Hudson Bay blanket.

Where he had fallen the Man lay, his feet, covered only by a pair of socks, and a pair of shoes sprawled out on the Path. Tenderly they bent over him and raised his head, and as the light fell on his Face, Gwendoline shrieked aloud.

"Why, it's Uncle Willie home from Cobalt!" The man in the snow raised a hand, and made a noise like a Christmas Celebration.

"What does he say, Algernon?" demanded the Beautiful Girl breathlessly.

"Hic,—hic,—hic,—" said Uncle Willie. "Hic,—hic,—hic."

J. V. McAree.

Some Intercepted Letters

Dear Santa Claus:—

Please put a big stick in Henri Bourassa's stocking and oblige,
Yours truly,
Wilfie Laurier.

Dear Santa Claus:—

Please give Adam Beck a present of the Conservative nomination for London. Put a nice comfortable seat for the Dominion House in his stocking, so that he won't worry me any more.
Freddie Nicholls.

Dear Santa Claus:—

I've been a pretty good boy for ever so many years. Please put a Senator's night-cap in my stocking, for I've been yawning for several sessions and think I need a sleep.
Georgie Ross.

Dear Santa Claus:—

Kindly place an envelope containing name of new leader in our stocking. He must have a strong constitution and a brand new policy.
Ontario Liberal Party.

Dear Santa Claus:—

Like a kind old soul, put a few Nova Scotia constituencies in the heel of my stocking.
Bobbie Borden.

Dear Santa Claus:—

We don't like to trouble you; but this Christmas you really must send us a President. The "Oxford type" is good enough for us.
'Varsity.

Dear Santa Claus:—

Be good enough to drop a few fresh epithets in my stocking. I'll need them before the winter is over.
J. Pliny Whitney.

Dear Santa Claus:—

I'd like you to come down the chimney with a new Finance Minister and take away this tariff tinker.
Willie George.

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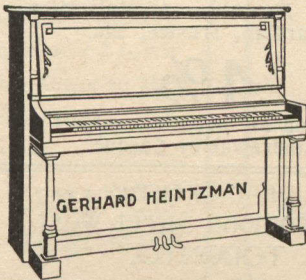


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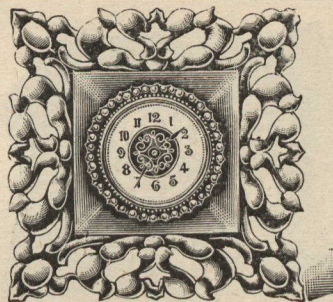


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THIS week, when everyone is considering Christmas, it is entirely excusable to turn to the subject of seasonable books. While the "standards" are always with us, it may be taken for granted that our friends are supplied with them and that a Canadian book might afford a touch of native variety. In poetry there are "Songs and Sonnets" by Helen Coleman, a book of unusual literary merit, artistically published; a definitive edition of Bliss Carman's works, Duncan Campbell Scott's exquisite "Via Borealis," Jean Blewett's "The Cornflower," Frederick George Scott's "A Hymn of Empire," and "Dream Verses" by Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.

Miss Machar's "Marjorie's Canadian Winter" is newly edited and should afford a small girl pleasure. Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley's stories are favourites with boys while the "animal books" of Ernest Thompson Seton and Charles G. D. Roberts are not easily excelled. Ralph Connor's "The Doctor," R. L. Richardson's "Camerons of Bruce," C. G. D. Roberts' "The Heart that Knows" will be appreciated by many readers, while for a good old-fashioned Indian story, beautifully illustrated, "Waconsta" may be safely recommended.

Three years ago, "Colin of the Ninth Concession" was published. Last month, "The Camerons of Bruce," by the same author, Robert Lorne Richardson, made its appearance. It is a story of a "braw lad" who sets out to avenge an ancient wrong and to recover his inheritance. The scene of the hero's adventures is the West, which forms a picturesque background for such an undertaking. The characters of faithful old "Simon," of "Pierre" the guide and of "Tannis," the halfbreed girl are well delineated, but the hero's lady-love is conventionally colourless. The illustrations by George E. McElroy are decidedly spirited. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

The "Pall Mall Magazine" announces that in 1907 it will publish a new series of stories by Lawrence Mott which deal with "The Mounted Police of the Great Northwest," a subject which affords abundant material for romance, but Mr. Mott is neither a Weyman nor a Doyle.

"Preludes" is the modest title of a volume of poetry by John Daniel Logan, consisting of a score of sonnets and "other verses." The essay entitled "An Epistle in Criticism" which precedes the poems is of unusual interest in its definition of the formula of the Keltic genius and its reply to the question why Keltic Canada has not produced a poet. Mr. Logan's "irregular lyrics" are to be preferred to the sonnets. The latter form is not suited to the spirit of the Kelt which naturally turns to a more fluid medium of expression. However, "Sonata Tragica" is an exquisite bit of melody and the rhythmic charm of this and other poems leads one to hope for the "larger and more entrancing song" which the author promises. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

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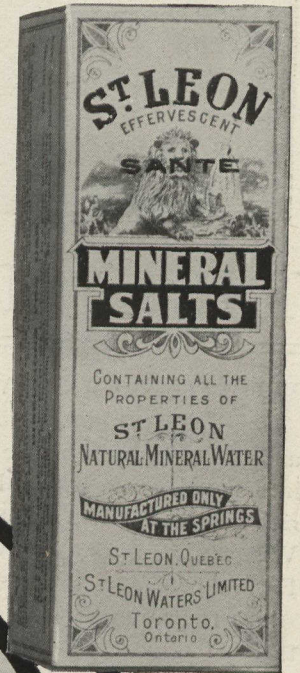
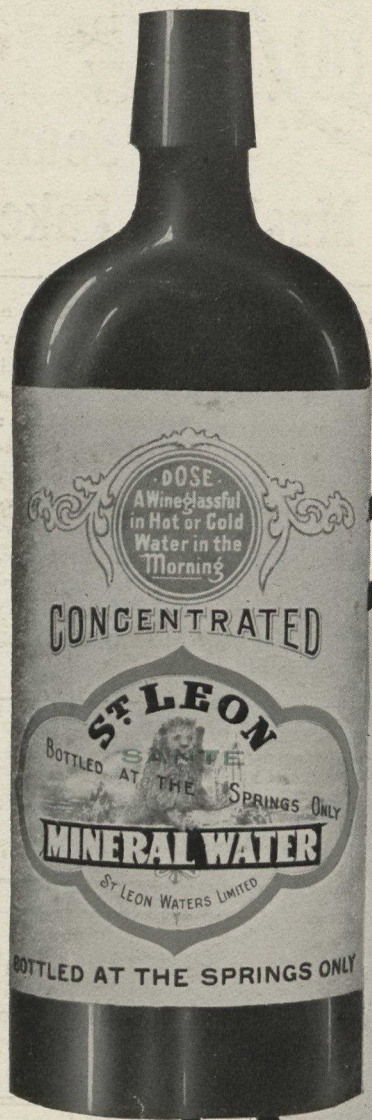
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