

The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Drawn by A. C. G. LAPINE.

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,
COURIER PRESS, Limited. TORONTO.

An Exceptional Mail Order Offer

Three Stylish Simpson Waists, each \$2.95

Fashion has decreed that the lace and net waist is the most stylish kind a woman can wear this season. As a rule, the pretty ones are expensive, but by concentrating our efforts on three particular waists, bringing to bear all our facilities for large-order buying and manufacturing, we have been able to reproduce fine New York models for a mere fraction of their original price. The illustrations will show you the kind of waist we can now supply for less than three dollars. They are drawn from the garments themselves and we feel sure they will please the most particular people.



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P.E.I. 2,184
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THE
Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHER'S TALK

MR. A. C. G. LAPINE, whose design appears on our front cover, is a promising French painter who has recently made his home in Toronto. The delicate touch of a genuine artist is apparent. In all the cover designs used on "The Courier," and there have been nearly one hundred of them, not one has been designed outside of the country. We make this statement again, so that our friends may be fully aware that "this" national weekly depends entirely for its art work upon Canadian designers and engravers.

WE are now looking for suggestions for our Christmas number. Suitable stories, poems, drawings and photographs are being selected. Those who have anything which would help to make that issue attractive are invited to co-operate.

AGAIN we would direct the attention of our readers to the fact that the greatest assistance they can render us, or any similar publication, is to mention our name when writing advertisers. Modern advertising looks for direct replies. We are establishing a record in this line. Our readers have been most generous in this way, and while expressing our thanks we would urge further support on all those who desire to see "The Courier" attain that pre-eminence in the advertising field which has been attained by United States periodicals.



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Four Wishes

"Bread—when I'm hungry,
'SPEY ROYAL'—when I'm dry,
Money—when I'm 'broke,'
Heaven—when I die."

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"Spey Royal"

is distilled from the finest materials and is the choicest and oldest PURE MALT SCOTCH WHISKY obtainable.

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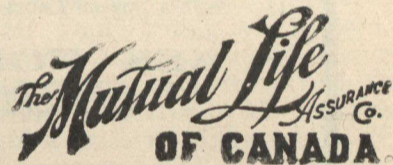
897

ONE YEAR'S GROWTH

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The strength of a Life Company is tested by its ability to grow in "hard times."

Last year the New Business of



amounted to \$7,081,402, a gain over 1906 of \$1,577,855, bringing up the total insurance in force to \$51,091,848, a gain over 1906 of \$4,179,440—and yet the operating expenses were just about the same as last year.

The Company also made substantial gains over 1906—in Assets, \$1,271,255; in Reserves, \$966,221; in Income, \$171,147, and in Surplus, \$300,341.

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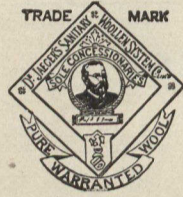
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1173

WHEAT

TRY AGAIN

Below is published a new Limerick for our friends to supply the last line. This is the second one of the series of three in connection with our second Annual Prize Distribution of over

\$1000.00 Divided as Follows

- 6 Gentlemen's Rolled Gold Watches,
 - 6 Ladies' Rolled Gold Watches,
 These watches are Waltham movement guaranteed for 10 years; semi-hunting case. Value \$25.00 each..... \$300.00
 - 48 pairs Opera Glasses, celebrated Colmont, Paris, make, perfect lenses. Value \$6.00 each..... 288.00
 - 60 Sets of Handsome, Complete Leather Bound Books, 4 volumes in each Set, 20 sets Shakespeare (complete), 20 sets Dickens (4 works), 20 sets Essays by Lamb, Emerson, Carlyle and Ruskin. Value \$2.50 a set 150.00
 - 180 Single volumes of poems (60 each of Longfellow, Burns and Scott), bound in padded leather. Value, \$1.50 each..... 270.00
- 300 PRIZES TOTAL CASH VALUE \$1,008 00**

Everyone may try—simply think of a suitable last line to the Limerick and send in accordance with the rules.

IMPORTANT

There are three different Limericks published, as follows:

Opens	Replies must be received by	
First Limerick...Sept. 26.	Oct. 24.	The above list of prizes will
Second Limerick...Oct. 17.	Nov. 14.	be equally divided between
Third Limerick...Nov. 7.	Dec. 7.	the three competitions.

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LIMERICK

Canadian Courier, Oct. 17th, 1908.

To enjoy all your meals as you should,
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 With soup, game or fish,
 Or any roast dish,

Fill in last line here.....
 I agree to abide by the decision of the committee of Judges as final, and enter the competition on that distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address

All replies to this Limerick must be received by Nov. 14th, 1908.

RULES—Read These Carefully

- 1.—Cut out coupon below and write on it your suggestion for the last line of the Limerick.
- 2.—Send with each coupon or Limerick the outside paper wrapper, with label attached, from a bottle of HOLBROOK'S SAUCE.
- 3.—Readers may send in as many replies as they like, but each one must be accompanied by a separate wrapper.
- 4.—The Limericks will be judged by a committee of the following gentlemen, who have kindly consented to act:
 The Editor of The Canadian Courier, Toronto.
 The Editor of The Mail and Empire, Toronto.
 The Manager Wood-Norris, Limited, Advertising Agency, Toronto.
- 5.—Address and send your communication, "Holbrook's Limerick," care Wood-Norris, Limited, Toronto.

HOLBROOK'S SAUCE can be obtained at any good grocery, and adds enjoyment to any meal—is not too hot near the end of the bottle, but "just right" all through.

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You leave the table with a sense of having dined if the coffee is good.

Chase & Sanborn's High Grade Coffees make coffee rich in aroma and pleasing to the taste.

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

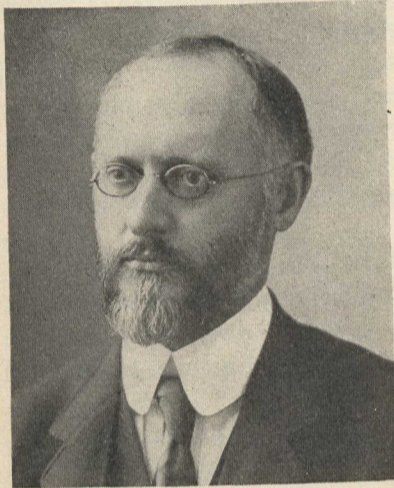
Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. IV.

Toronto, October 17th, 1908.

No. 20

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Mr. G. T. Bell.

MR. GEORGE T. BELL, whose name has a familiar smack to thousands of Canadians as the General Passenger Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway, has now come into prominence among our neighbours southward. At the recent convention of passenger and ticket agents in Toronto he was elected president of the American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents, which is the oldest railway organisation in the world and is therefore entitled to have a name half a mile long—though whether at two or three cents a mile depends upon whether you travel Grand Trunk or in a two-cent state. This association was founded in Pittsburg away back in '55. Thousands of members belong to it; members by land and lake and sea, and on most of the navigable rivers of North America. About the only bodies of water that do not send delegates to meetings of this Association are Great Bear Lake, the Mackenzie River and Baffin's Bay. The aim of the organisation is to get general and common ideas about travel everywhere in North America—and that happens to be the part of the world where more people travel longer distances than any other place. So that Mr. Bell has been elected to an office which represents more mileage than any other concern in the whole world. This, however, will not bother Mr. Bell, who has been a long while familiar with long mileages in the biggest country in America.

IF an international comic opera—with a tragic note in it—ever comes to be written, it should be called "The Balkans." For the past few days the world at large that reads newspapers has been seeing once again the looming up of that serio-comic cloud which seems to rise with comet-like periodicity—only much oftener—over the face of Europe. This time it is the Bulgarian States that are the little storm centre of this cyclone. Bosnia and Herzegovina are threatened with annexation by Austro-Hungary. Serbia objects—and it is only five years since Serbia did some objecting with shotguns and killed a pair of monarchs. The whole imbroglio is a three-card monte game which involves Austro-Hungary, Serbia and Turkey with the Bulgarian States as the pawn. For thirty years, by the Treaty of Berlin, Bulgaria has been under the suzerainty of Turkey, while the two states, Bosnia and Herzegovina, have been administered by the twin monarchy with the venerable Franz Josef at the head. Now Bulgaria at large desires freedom—which seems to be in great demand all over that part of Europe just now. The two states threaten to cut the painter. The hoisting of the freedom flag dramatically coincides with the recent reforms in Turkey where a Declaration of Independence seems about to be ready to draft almost any minute. With a population of a million and

a half and an area of twenty thousand square miles, the two provinces are too much for Turkey to lose even though for thirty years she has held them only in name. Bulgaria expects Turkey to fight to retain them; also, it seems, Austria to back them up—even with a declaration of annexation. Serbia objects to the meddling of Austro-Hungary. So the three-cornered game is likely to develop complications which only a skilful comic operatist is able to ravel reasonably—since ordinary diplomacy fails to settle precisely who's who and why. Meanwhile the placid old Emperor Franz Josef comes in for some mild criticism for not leaving the Bulgarians alone—even though to do so would forfeit a pass to the Aegean Sea. With Bulgaria in revolt against Turkey and with Crete slipping her moorings down in the Aegean, the spread of modern autonomy seems to be making fine headway in south-eastern Europe.



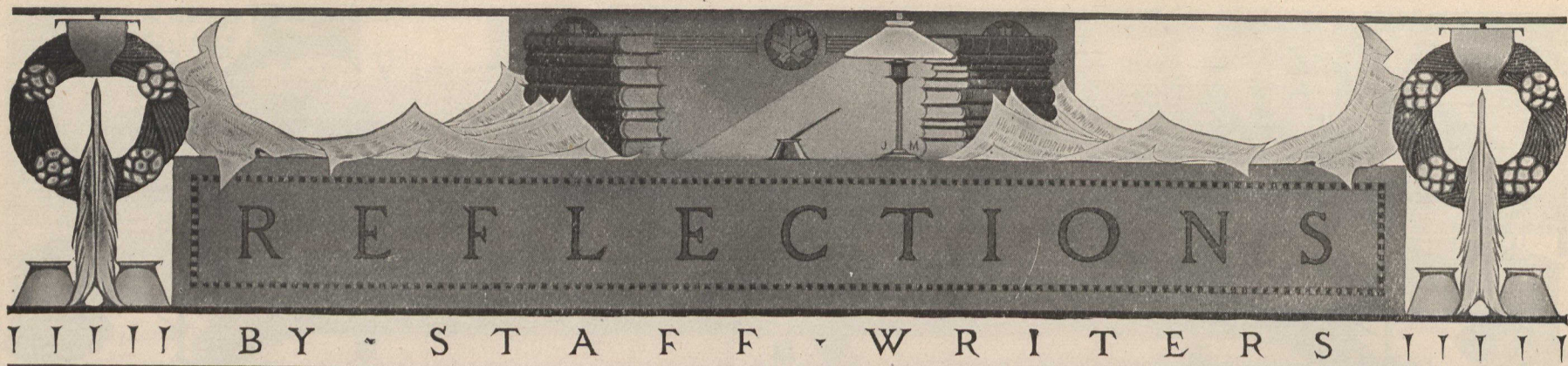
Emperor Franz Josef.

FROM North Perth to West Simcoe is not a great stretch, as distance is reckoned in the Province of Ontario. Hon. Nelson Monteith who, by the fortunes of political war, was defeated in the former constituency last June, resigned as Minister of Agriculture a fortnight after the election but was retained in the Whitney Cabinet until last week, when Mr. James S. Duff, M.P.P. for West Simcoe, took his place. It was then announced that the nomination for Mr. Duff's riding will be held on October 23rd. Mr. Monteith has proved an able and amiable minister, who is generally liked by his colleagues and who retires with their best wishes to the extensive farm which is dearer to his heart than any portfolio. Mr. Duff comes from a county, whose roll of "Old Boys" shows many a distinguished name and will doubtless do his best to maintain its record. The new minister had the neat majority of nine hundred last June and this local popularity will probably spare him another campaign. Mr. Duff is of North of Ireland descent, his forebears settling in West Gwillimbury, which was a famous settlement of staunch Ulster folk. He is a successful agriculturist and a patriotic student of municipal and provincial affairs, having served in county councils and having been member since 1898. The Department of Agriculture happily has less of party spirit associated with it than any other section of the Government and the Minister at the head of this department usually has as many friends among the Opposition as in his own ranks. Mr. Duff will prove no exception to this golden rule and is fortunate in having as deputy, Mr. C. C. James, as many-sided and capable an official as ever proved a Minister's right hand.

PRINCIPAL GANDIER, the new head of Knox College, succeeds to an office which has been one of large dignity for a great many years; ever since the late lamented and conspicuous Dr. Caven made old Knox famous by reason of his intrusion into Canadian politics. The new Principal is a Queen's man and another of those progressive maritimers. Since his incumbency at St. James Square he has proved himself one of the strongest preachers in Canada.



Church Dignitaries in Parade, Winnipeg, October 4th, on Dedication of St. Boniface Cathedral, Pere Lacombe in foreground and Archbishop Langevin in second Automobile.



THE SECRET OF OUR PROGRESS

EVERY Liberal paper in Canada is busily engaged in showing what wonderful progress Canada has made between 1896 and 1908. For the most part their statements are correct and justifiable. The progress has been indeed marvellous. No other country in the world can show a more favourable record. The only point in dispute is "What caused the Prosperity?" The Liberal press while not exactly claiming that this progress is all due to the Liberal Government which has been at the helm for twelve years, certainly aims to give the impression that the Liberals are entitled to considerable credit for this marvellous growth in trade, production and population. The Conservative press does not deny the progress, but contents itself with showing that in a time of rapidly expanding revenues, the Government has not been as economical as the essentials of good management demanded.

The proper explanation for this twelve-year expansion has not yet been given, so far as the writer is aware. The nearest approach to the truth is that the world's circumstances so influenced those in Canada that this country shared in the general prosperity of civilised mankind. There is a great deal in this explanation. The United States was prosperous and her prosperity was certain to affect ours. Her free farming lands were almost exhausted and the expansion of her progressive inhabitants was certain to drive a number of farmers northward. The Canadian Pacific Railway had been carrying on an immigration campaign in England between 1890 and 1896 which was destined to bring victory in due time. No matter what Government had been in power between 1896 and 1908, Canada would have witnessed an era of increasing population and expanding trade. Nevertheless it is true that if the Government of the day had not possessed men of imagination and daring like Sir William Mulock and Hon. Clifford Sifton and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, part of the world's prosperity might have flowed past our doors. British emigration might have gone to South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. The United States surplus might have trekked to Oklahoma and Texas, or remained at home to further develop Illinois, Wisconsin and the Dakotas. It is quite evident that these gentlemen were anxious to make a record for themselves, to show that they were the equals of the men who had ruled Canada from 1878 to 1896. They saw the possibilities and were adventurous enough to risk something to turn a large measure of public attention to this portion of the continent.

Yet this is not an adequate explanation. The most important reason for our prosperity is that *for the first time since Confederation, both parties have been working together in the national interest.* Before 1896, one was pulling against the other, with a resulting lack of confidence among the people. This extended even to the capitalists and large employers of labour. With a lack of confidence at home, there was necessarily a lack of appreciation abroad. Canada was being held back by internal political differences which were nationally disastrous. The Liberals had been so long excluded from the government of the country and from political honours and rewards, that they had soured. The Conservatives had been so long in power that they had accumulated a band of camp-followers who were keeping the Government busy with their greedy demands. In 1878, the Conservative party had inaugurated a policy of protection to native manufacturers which had made a tremendous difference in the character of Canadian activity. Owing, however, to that lack of capital which distinguishes all new countries, the progress was slow. Moreover, when one-half of the Canadian press and one-half of the Canadian people believed it good politics to decry the prosperity of the country, foreign capital instead of coming to Canada, went to the United States, South Africa and Australia. According to Sir Richard Cartwright, Prof. Goldwin Smith and the Liberal journalists, the country

would never be able to stand alone. The only way to develop it was to attach it to the United States for commercial purposes. Northern Ontario and Northern Quebec were but desert wastes, the great Northwest was a doubtful asset and British Columbia was too far away to ever interest the people along the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River. Oh, those were unhappy times!

At last the people of this country decided upon a course of action. The Conservative Government of the day was showing signs of weakness; the Liberals were showing signs of increasing pessimism concerning political and national affairs. The only possible change was to change the Government. This was done on June 23rd, 1896. The Party which was always boasting of Canada's prosperity was defeated at the polls and the "Blue-ruinists," as they were sarcastically called, were victorious.

In this connection, a quotation from "The Canadian Magazine" for August, 1896, (a few weeks after the General Election) bears out what has been said and at the same time contains a remarkable prophecy. The writer heads his article "All Our Enemies Dead," and closes his remarks by saying:

"The 'Blue-ruinists' are now no more. They have become the governing body and are now responsible for the prosperity of the country. Already the Liberal press is assuming a tone which indicates a feeling that after all this country is a fit place in which to live and grow wealthy. In another twelve months we may expect to see and hear paeans of praise from the members of this party.

"The Conservatives have for so long praised this country's position, her unlimited natural resources, her magnificent climate and her unequalled chances that they can not consistently become blue-ruinists. They must continue to boast of 'Canada, the home of the brave and the free.'

"In fact, it may truly be said that all our enemies have passed away."

This prophecy has been fulfilled. To-day, the Liberal press stands exactly where the Conservative press stood in 1896, while the latter has not greatly changed. In other words, both parties in Canada have been working together in the interests of national prosperity. There have been no "blue-ruinists" since 1896. This is the real reason of our prosperity. Even if the Liberals were again given the privilege of forming His Majesty's Loyal Opposition at Ottawa, they could not possibly revert to the "blue-ruin" period in their history. That chapter is closed. It is as well, however, that they should remember that the original optimists and prosperity-producers were found in the Conservative, not the Liberal, party.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE BALKANS

JUST when Great Britain was congratulating herself that British influence at Constantinople was again in the ascendancy, all sorts of dark rumours begin to circulate. King Edward and Sir Edward Grey were being congratulated upon that adroit and politic message by which King Edward warmly congratulated the Sultan "on the occasion of the first anniversary of your accession since the promulgation of the Constitution." Thus were the Sultan and the Young Turks coupled in the one congratulatory telegram. Great Britain and the Turks seemed to have reached a better understanding than has obtained since Mr. Gladstone's protests against the Bulgarian massacres. Theoretically Great Britain was unfriendly to Turkey because of the misgovernment in Bulgaria, Armenia and Macedonia. Practically, the result of the unfriendliness was to displease Britain's Mohammedan subjects, of whom there are about eighty millions in the Empire, and to leave German influence predominant at Constantinople. German officers drilled the Ottoman army and German

merchants made important sales in that portion of the world. The revolution in Turkey seemed to bring the country more into sympathy with Great Britain. Hence the King's gracious message.

Alas for British hopes, the revolution also loosened the war-dogs of the Balkans. Austria declared that the time was ripe to complete her annexation of the two Turkish provinces lying along the Adriatic, Bosnia and Herzegovina. This roused Serbia and Montenegro, their eastern neighbours, to action. They declare their intention of fighting Austria's annexation, since it might ultimately mean the loss of their hardly-won and highly prized independence. These two states have a combined population of only three millions and their threats are not really serious. There is, however, a more serious feature in the situation. Bulgaria, which has long suffered under the Turkish yoke and which desires the freedom which Serbia and Roumania have enjoyed, has announced its intention of refusing to be longer considered a "tributary principality." Undoubtedly Austria's action would be less galling to Turkey than Bulgaria's. Austria has had practical possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina since 1878. Independence on Bulgaria's part might mean unfriendliness towards the Turkish Empire, as well as a loss of territory. Both movements tend to upset "the balance of Europe," which the Treaty of Berlin has guarded so long, and would mean a loss of prestige which no patriotic Turk could view with equanimity.

Fortunately, Germany, France and Great Britain have been working together much better recently. The possible trouble over Morocco has passed. Neither Germany nor Great Britain is anxious to bring to an end the peace which, since 1878, has prevented a general European break-up. France is strongly with Great Britain. Russia has had enough of war for a few years. Consequently diplomacy will probably settle all disputes without much bloodshed. Austria will make compensation of some kind, and Bulgaria will be placated with a larger measure of independence. Turkey is in no condition to fight Austria and only diplomatic pressure can save her prestige in the face of an absolute loss of Bosnia, Herzegovina and Crete. If diplomacy does not triumph, then European peace prospects are in the lap of the gods.

POLITICAL INSINCERITY

ANOTHER piece of political insincerity has come to light in the Colchester case, where the Liberals failed to prosecute a Mr. Bayne, who was accused of having used money and liquor on behalf of the Conservative candidate in a recent Dominion bye-election. When the preliminary examination occurred, the Liberal press throughout the Dominion made a great deal of the evidence which came out and roundly denounced the Conservatives for having as unsavoury methods in their campaigns as had ever been disclosed in Liberal campaigns. When the case came to trial, the prosecution declared it was not ready to go on and the case was adjourned until next June. The Liberals apparently were satisfied that all the political capital possible had been made and that further action was politically unnecessary. This makes it appear that political effect and not political purity was their ambition.

Much has been heard of the intention of leading people in the Maritime Provinces to stamp out political and electoral corruption. Associations have been formed, independent of political parties, with the avowed intention of prosecuting wickedness on both sides. This failure to prosecute Mr. Bayne is fairly direct evidence that the Liberals of Colchester are not in sympathy with the movement.

This incident should not be charged against the Liberal Party in general, no more than the Colchester revelations should be charged against the Conservative Party in general. An independent observer is, however, forced to admit that neither party has yet reached the stage where it is willing to punish political offenders for the public good. There have been many cases from which this conclusion is inevitable. For example, there is the failure of the Conservatives to follow up the prosecution of the men who made Mr. Hyman's last election an infamous incident. Both parties seem to agree that political wickedness is something to talk about but not something to be punished. If this is a reasonable deduction, then political life in Canada is in a rather bad way. If politicians only abhor wickedness on the platform, and in secret agree that it shall continue, then purity in our electoral methods is still far from realisation.

The politician seems to see too much of the game to clearly perceive the underlying principles upon which purity in public life must necessarily be based. The game is allowable and necessary

under our party system, but it should be played on a fairly high plane. Dishonesty and corruption in vote-getting is just as heinous as dishonesty and corruption in business.

A JUST SENTENCE

THE Canadian public has not yet developed a penchant for murder trials nor a feverish interest in what the chief figure in such a scene eats and wears. The Creighton case in Owen Sound was one of unusual enormity and the speech of the Judge in pronouncing sentence, of arresting solemnity. It is not often that the ends of justice in such a case are so dramatically and yet severely expounded as they were in Judge Riddell's deliverance. The most careless listener in that court must have felt the weight of the moment when the wages of sin was reckoned. The relatives of the victims, living across the border, are deserving of respectful sympathy in the terrible ordeal through which they have been called to pass. It is to be trusted that no maudlin sentimentalists in Owen Sound or its vicinity will undertake the responsibility of a petition in the prisoner's favour.

THE AMERICAN AND HIS SPORT.

IT may be that the Englishman takes his sport seriously, but it is beyond a peradventure that the American takes his earnestly—takes it straight, as it were, as he does his refreshment. And never since baseball superseded poker as his national pastime has he been so deadly in earnest as during the past few weeks. For never since baseball became a national institution have there been such races for the pennant as the two major leagues, the American and National, have furnished.

In the American, Detroit, last year's champions, were apparently out of the running in the early stages of the race, but by a long winning streak they climbed to the top and seemed to have the pennant at their mercy. Then they slumped. And as loss after loss was marked up against them, Chicago, St. Louis and Cleveland went right on winning till it looked as if one of the three would finish in front. Then the Detroits found their feet again and started once more to mow down the teams that stood between them and the coveted flag. Every game every day counted and as the American millions yelled themselves hoarse on the field or held their breath and watched the bulletin boards, the presidential election seemed to come to a pause, while the war cloud in the Balkans seemed but the drifting smoke from the baseball battle. Gradually the fight was whittled down to Chicago and Detroit, and when the latter went to the Windy City for the final series, Chicago needed all three of the games to tie. Once, twice Chicago won and the championship hung on a single game. But in that game Jennings' great batters settled away to work and that night the city on the straits learned the meaning of pure joy.

Greater, if such could possibly be, was the fight in the National. Chicago with the greatest bunch of Germans that ever played any game, had held the championship of this league for two years and confidently looked forward to capturing it again. But "Mugsy" McGraw had been scouring the country for men to strengthen his New York Giants; the great Mathewson, the greatest pitcher of them all, was doing the greatest work of his wonderful career and they refused to be shaken off. Pittsburg, too, kept pounding along, lending added interest to the race, and the three teams entered the closing series neck and neck. Pittsburg fell by the wayside in their last game of the season, when they went down before Chicago on a sad Sunday in early October. Once prior to this New York seemed to have the pennant won when a smashing single, in the ninth in one of the concluding games with Chicago, sent a winning run across the plate and filled the yelling fans with an enthusiasm to tear the clothes off the Irishmen as mementoes of one of the greatest occasions in American history. In the excitement, and probably influenced by an economical concern as to his clothes, a runner on first headed for the club house instead of for second base. That technical error cost New York the championship. For, after the Giants had tied with Chicago by winning their last three games straight from Boston they were ordered to replay that game. Chance and his little German band won it, won it in New York before forty thousand howling fans and with it the pennant of a year that will be remembered in the United States when George Washington and his hatchet have been added to mythology.

And what is there in this game that stirs the intense American nature to its depths; that will make men who eat their lunch in ten minutes stop on the street for an hour to discuss the chances of their favourite teams? It is not as scientific a game as cricket nor as pretty a game as lacrosse. But it is a newspaper-fed game. It is a standing tribute to the power of publicity. And furthermore, it fills with excitement the fag end of the afternoon and breeds a sporting rivalry between cities that are already business competitors. It is played in a hurry and gives the American his sport served in the same style as his work and his meals. It is typical.



ONE encouraging feature of this campaign is the emphasis put upon character. People seem to care more than they have at some elections about the character of the men who are asking their franchises. Political opponents take more pains to attack character—to expose facts which cast a baleful light upon character—while political friends feel the necessity of defending character. The old lie that the private character of a public man is nobody's business, will not survive this election. Of course, the private character of the man whom we are asked to lift up before our young men, as the most conspicuous and most honoured "successful man" in the district, matters very seriously. If his character is bad, his immunity from punishment for it will preach a more convincing sermon than all the ministers in the county can preach on all the Sundays of the year; and the text of it will be, "The bad man has an easier path to success than the good man." Yes, easier; for things which would damn a good man, because of their revelation of pharisaism, are only laughed at in a frankly bad man.

* * *

WE should never forget that—while, to battle-scarred cynics like ourselves, the member of Parliament is anything but an awe-inspiring figure—he does cut considerable "dog" in the eyes of the coming generation. The boys look him over to see how a great public man is built. They would like to get the plans and specifications. They are thinking some of being great public men themselves. They hear a lot of talk from molly-coddles who never get on very well in life, about the absolute necessity of keeping away from vicious pleasures; but here is the member of Parliament and the most popular alderman who go in for a good time and never bother with the "old women" of either sex. So, hurrah! boys! The path to glory leads through the mire. What is a drunken spree or two, or a silly girl or so damned for life, when a man is in the making who is to keep solid with "the boys" and swagger his way into Parliament, into the Administration, into power and fame? I tell you the voter who, for the sake of his party, helps a blackguard into Parliament will be himself to blame if his son follows that blackguard into the abyss.

* * *

MEN do not rise by their vices. Some men are strong enough to rise in spite of them. But the trouble is that the inexperienced boy takes more note of the apparent contradiction of all the teaching of his youth, which is shown by the success of the vicious man, than he does of the more solid qualities which really command his success.

Then what is the use of talking nonsense? Vice is to the young much more tempting than virtue. If it were not, vice would disappear from the world; for it has a terrible reputation of after-results to cope with. Vice is giving the passions and the appetites free rein; and the animal in us is always clamouring for that. And never so much as in full-blooded youth. We need all the checks that prudence can devise to keep the feet of the young men in the straighter paths of virtue where only the more ethereal flowers border the way. The flaring colours flaunt elsewhere. But if we crown with the people's approval men who have wantonly dared to pluck the passion flowers of vice, the voice of prudence fades on the ears of youth, and Success beckons toward the lush pastures that grow on miry ground.

* * *

HEIGH-HO! You will be taking me for another minister who has deserted the pulpit for the pen. But I am nothing of the kind. I am only a worldly chap who loves boys and does not like to see them misled. I may add that it is also essential that public men be men of ability. The honest soul of modest equipment has his place in the community, and it is an important place; but it is not in Parliament. There the honest fool is very likely to be a tool. The easily hoodwinked man will be a tool, indeed, even when he is not too honest. In fact, if he has a notion that honesty is only a poor man's policy, he is quite certain to be a tool; for the master hand will readily deceive him by pointing to some apparent chance to get an easy and safe "profit." Canada, as a matter of fact, sends too many good-natured "dubs" to Parliament. There are too many back-benchers. It is not only that they are useless. They are a danger to the country; for they are clay in the hands of the potter.

* * *

WHAT we want at the front are men of ability, honesty and courage. We have had such men; and we have some now. Edward Blake was such a man. Sir John Thompson was such a man. I believe that Mr. Fielding is such a man. Mr. Ames is such a man, though he lacks worldly knowledge and tact. Mr. Borden has ability and honesty; but it sometimes looks as if he is wanting in courage. Sir Richard Cartwright had all three; but his judgment became warped by a profound belief in the essential viciousness of "the Tory party." Sir James Whitney is such a man. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has all three qualities in the superlative degree; though Ontario has paid itself the poor compliment of failing to perceive it because he is of another race and religion. Henri Bourassa is another man who has all three, and who will be heard from. That is a pretty good showing; but yet both parties are bedevilled by men who have courage and ability without honesty, and from whom their colleagues are not able to shake themselves free.

W. J. M. P. O. T. E.

A LONG DISTANCE CONTEST IN TORONTO



The Start of the Ward Marathon, Toronto, October 10th, in which 150 runners took part—Won by Thomas Longboat.

Fighting the White Plague



Dr. D. L. Detre, of Budapest, Hungary, whose inoculation test has been a feature of the Congress.

SOME ten years ago, the British Medical Association devoted a meeting to the discussion of tuberculosis. Since then there have been many similar discussions in the Northern World, the latest being the International Tuberculosis Congress just concluding at Washington. This is a regular triennial congress of the foremost specialists who fight this dread disease. True to the commercial instincts of the United States people, the Congress was accompanied by an exhibition of appliances—dairies, hospitals, model tenements, sleeping huts and cots and other devices. Cash prizes and gold medals were offered for the best exhibits in various lines. The exhibition was opened a week in advance of the general meetings so as to give ample opportunity for observation and study. The meetings were held in the new National Museum, now approaching completion. It was made temporarily habitable by the Government at an expense of \$40,000. Large auditoriums, exhibition halls, offices and dining-rooms were made by temporary partitions and skillful decorating.

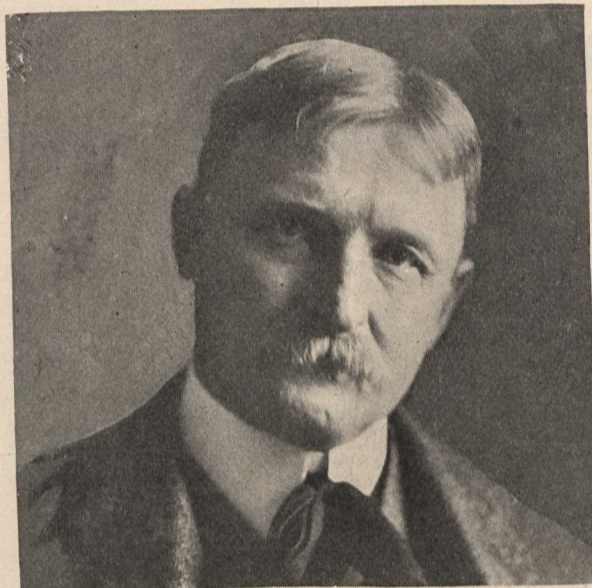
Systematic Migration

WHEN in England, some four years ago, the writer had a conversation with a prominent Canadian author living in London, as to the foolishness of the British Government in allowing its citizens to emigrate without reasonable knowledge of the country to which they were going. As a result, the author wrote an article suggesting that the Government regulate the emigration and see that the men who wanted to go abroad were sent where they would be likely to succeed and whenever advisable sent to a British colony. The article seemed to find little appreciation in officialdom and the indiscriminate and ill-judged emigration continues as before.

For some years now, British emigration to Canada has been large but unfortunately it was haphazard and unregulated. Consequently, many people were coming to Canada who were unfit for Canadian conditions and who found it difficult to place themselves advantageously. Canada's protest took the form of regulations which would restrict the movement and confine it to those who were prepared to engage in agriculture or who had sufficient capital to prevent their becoming a charge on the community. In 1908, the number of British immigrants coming into Canada will be much less than in 1907. The character of our immigration has got into

politics. The Conservatives are protesting that in their zeal for numbers, the Canadian Government allowed too many wastrels and unfit to slip into the country. The Liberals claim that a few undesirables must necessarily come in every large movement and that they have adopted such regulations as will keep this percentage at the lowest possible point. There is something to be said on each side. Canada wants new citizens but it wants these of a certain grade. To supply both wants in an exact manner is a difficult task. The assistance of the British Government in the matter of regulation cannot be secured and without it the Canadian authorities find regulation a difficult task.

The Salvation Army has worked out a plan which comes nearer to perfection than any other. It selects its emigrants in Great Britain, brings them over here and looks after them until they are able to support themselves without privation. They have been criticised for bringing too many, but it is doubtful if the criticism is reasonable or sound. If the Canadian Government looked after the new arrivals with the same care as the Salvation Army does, there would be fewer of them walking the streets and fewer of them in the asylums and prisons. Co-operation between the British and Canadian governments in a plan which would restrict the emigration to Canada to those who have the necessary experience and



Mr. Emerson Hough.

capital and to such numbers as can readily be assimilated by agricultural and industrial necessities, would be immensely beneficial. The British population is always overflowing, and a certain yearly emigration must occur. Canada needs a certain number of new citizens each year, but these must be of certain classes. If these two needs could be scientifically dove-tailed, there would be fewer complaints and much more satisfactory results.

Canada and Great Britain, in this matter, have almost identical interests. Such men as Lord Milner recognise this. If some of the best citizens of Great Britain can be transferred to Canada without injury, the Empire is benefitted. The pressure in Great Britain is relieved, the development of Canada is

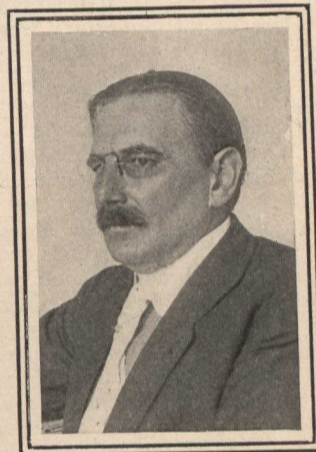
assisted, and the people remain subjects of His Majesty, King Edward VII.

Mr. Emerson G. Hough, a United States novelist, has written a book on colonisation which deals with the problem in a large way. He calls it "The Sowing," and it has as a sub-title "A Yankee's view of England's duty to Canada." In his preface he confirms the views expressed above. He says: "Canada is the hope of the world," and adds: "Any study of Canadian colonisation touches the notion of the expansion of an Empire." In his first chapter, he deals with the fundamental situation in civilisation that with all our progress we have not been able to avoid having the extremely rich and the extremely poor. In fact, Mr. Hough starts out with a line of pessimism which is rather discouraging.

He does not confine his criticism to Europe. He declares that "In the United States, even in these days of false prosperity, never was life so near being unbearable for those of middle station, so perilously near to unsupportable for the very poor. Correction must come also in America, or there must be one more page written in Saxon history, a page of the same old sort. The spirit which rebelled against unjust taxation will rebel again."

As he progresses to his main theme, he speaks of Canada's development and the part she is to play in the relief of the Anglo-Saxon centres of population. Through Canada, the British Empire should be able to improve "the average of her humanity." It reminds one of some of Robert Barr's writing, when he predicted that Great Britain would become the resting-place of the Empire, the centre of art and culture and government, while the industrial and commercial centres would exist in the colonies. Mr. Hough not only prophesies but he advises action—"the thing is to do colonisation—to forecast the people's future, and to make plans for it."

Mr. Hough's articles are running in "Canada West," and will shortly be published in book form. In spite of the evident lack of finish to his work, he has something to say which is worth saying. From the standpoint of a United States citizen who has seen nature's gifts gobbled up by rich men and the average man made poorer in the midst of plenty, he sounds a warning to Canada. It matters not whether the warning will be heeded, nor whether the arguments be crude and unscientific, it is well that it should be made. Canada will probably not do as much to eliminate the poverty of the world as Mr. Hough thinks, but Canada should do her best to avoid reproducing the inequalities which distinguish London and New York. The vicious, the shiftless and the abjectly poor form one-third of the population of these large centres. Will Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg share the same burden?



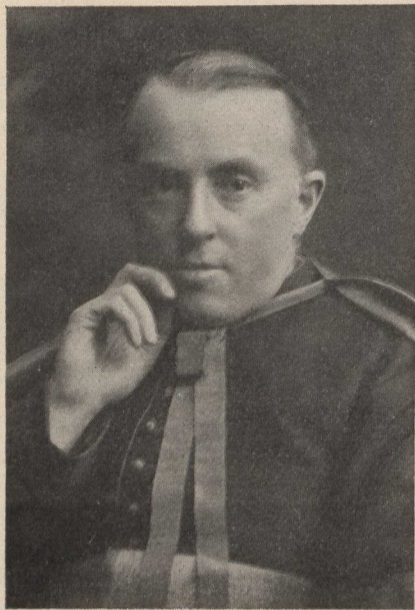
Dr. J. S. Fulton, Sec.-Gen. of International Tuberculosis Congress.



The International Congress on Tuberculosis in Session at Washington.



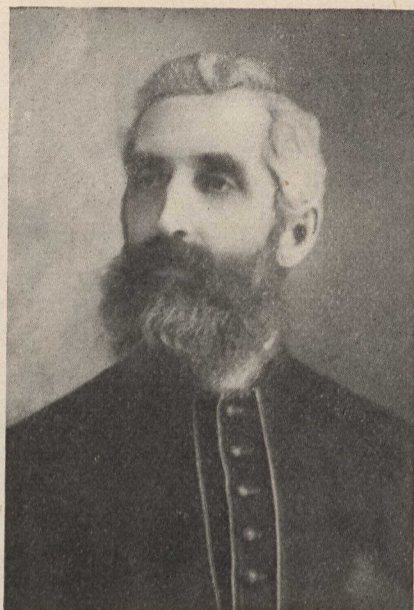
Outdoor Sleeping Cot—A Typical Exhibit.



Mgr. O. E. Mathieu,
Ex-Rector of Laval University, who responded
to the Toast "Our French-Canadian Brothers
of Quebec," at the convention banquet.



Rev. S. J. Doucet,
Parish Priest of Grand Anse, New Brunswick,
one of the orators at the convention.



Rt. Rev. Mgr. L. N. Dugal,
Parish Priest of St. Basile, who presided at Ban-
quet and was organiser of the re-
ligious ceremonials.



Rev. P. Chiasson,
Superior of Ste. Anne College, Church Point, Nova
Scotia, who preached at Sixth National
Convention of Acadians.

Sixth Annual Convention of Acadians

A Unique and Interesting Event

By P. J. VENIOT



THE sixth National Convention of the Acadian people took place at St. Basile, Madawaska County, New Brunswick, on the 19th and 20th of August. Representatives from every important Acadian centre of the Maritime Provinces, the Province of Quebec and the United States were present, even from far-off Louisiana came a distinguished Acadian in the person of His Honour Judge Breau, Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Louisiana. There are in the State of Louisiana in the vicinity of 100,000 Acadians, descendants of that hardy race who in 1755 suffered deportation at the hands of the authorities of that period.

The first Acadian Convention was held in 1881, and ever since that date, conventions have been held at regular periods, but never more frequently than three years. The object of such meetings is to discuss the best methods or means for the advancement of the Acadian people. Education occupies the foremost rank in the deliberations, and the result of the work accomplished in late years by the committee on educational matters has been remarkable, especially in the public schools of the Maritime Provinces. While there is yet a great deal to be accomplished in this direction, the leaders of this ambitious and thrifty people are confident of seeing their most sanguine hopes realised. Having to deal with governments well disposed, perfectly understanding and fully appreciating the worthy objects of the Acadian people, we are firmly convinced that every reform asked for in the French departments of our schools will in time be conceded.

The higher education necessary to our people is to be obtained in three magnificent colleges located at Memramcook and Caraquet, New Brunswick, and Church Point, Nova Scotia. These colleges have already sent out into the world eminent jurists, lawyers, doctors and priests, and every year we see our young men come forth through their portals in large numbers well prepared to do battle with their fellow-citizens in the legitimate pursuit of all that is most ennobling and necessary to the advancement of the individual and the state.

While the Acadian never tires of recounting the sufferings and the persecution to which his ancestors were subjected in the eighteenth century by Governor Lawrence, in an attempt to completely destroy French influence in the English possessions along the Atlantic seaboard, yet there is never heard one word of disloyalty. Every act, every speech of our public men, of our clergy, breathes words of loyalty to the British Crown. Reference to the painful history of our ancestors is only made in order to teach our people what they have been, what they now are and what is expected of them in the future development of this grand Dominion.

The work of these national conventions is distributed among the following committees, viz: "Teaching of French in the Schools," "Agriculture and Colonisation," "The Work of the Acadian

Press," "The relations between different groups of Acadians in Canada and the United States." The first of these subjects receives the greatest attention, and the recommendations made by this committee at the last three conventions (1900-1905-1908) have been of the utmost importance, especially in 1905. Those taking part have been gratified to see that the different provincial governments of this section of the Dominion have made laudable efforts to put into practice all such recommendations as were not inconsistent with the principles of pedagogy.



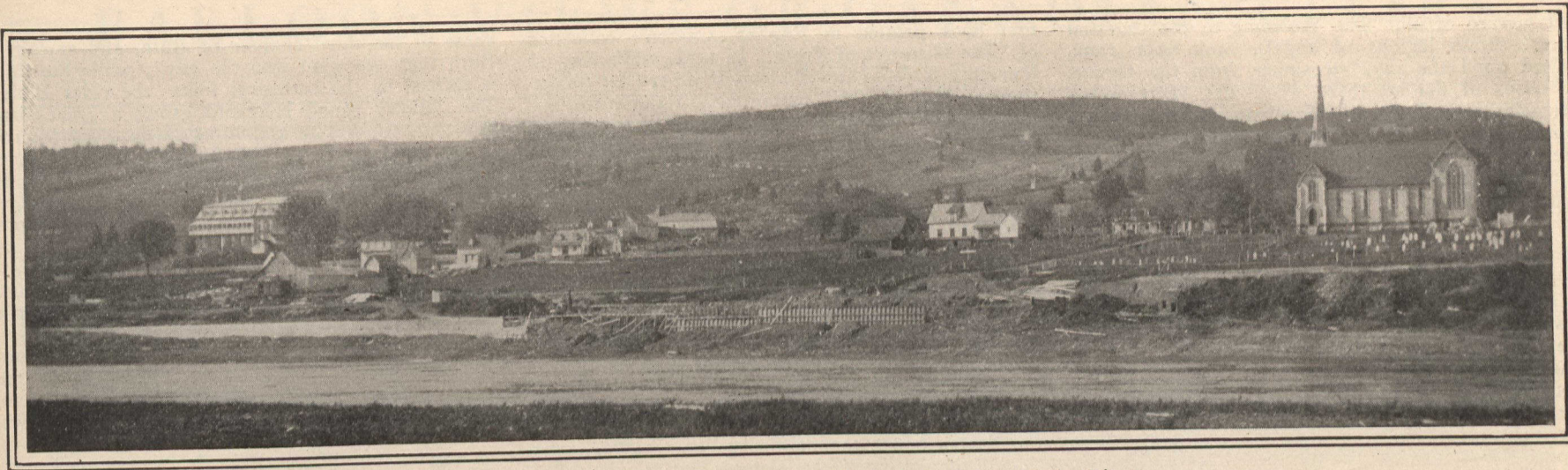
Mr. Cyprien Martin,
President of Sixth National Convention of Acadians.

The programme of the convention held at St. Basile this year, opened with high mass on the morning of August 19th. In the afternoon, after the arrival of a train containing some 500 delegates, a soul-inspiring and very eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Father Chiasson, Superior of St. Anne's College, Digby County, Nova Scotia. Immediately after, the different committees were organised and continued to work well into the night. Those who did not take part in the committee work had the pleasure of hearing patriotic speeches, in the open air, in front of the magnificent convent buildings, by Mgr. Mathieu, rector of Laval Uni-

versity, Quebec, Mr. O. Turgeon, M. P. for Gloucester County, Pius Michaud, M. P. for Madawaska-Victoria, and Hon. D. Landry, of Kent, Minister of Agriculture for New Brunswick. The opening address was given by Mr. Cyprien Martin, of St. Basile, president of the Sixth National Convention: At night the beautiful village of St. Basile was made charmingly attractive by brilliant illumination of the church, presbytery, convent, hospital of the Sisters of Notre Dame and all the residences and business houses.

The second day opened bright and clear and was ushered in by religious services in the parish church in commemoration of our Acadian ancestors. These services terminated, the different committees resumed their work, while orators kept the large gatherings outside in good humour. Judge Breau, of Louisiana, delivered an eloquent, instructive and most patriotic speech. He was followed by Senator Thereault, of the State of Maine, and Mr. Keegay, also of Maine. Rev. Fathers Belliveau and Gauthier delivered impressive discourses on the mountain in the immediate vicinity of the church. At one o'clock nearly two hundred persons sat down to a banquet prepared by the sisters of Hotel Dieu and given in honour of the occasion by Mgr. L. N. Dugal, priest in charge of the parish. Several toasts were honoured, foremost being that of the King, followed by that of the Pope, our English-speaking brothers, and our compatriots of the Province of Quebec and the United States.

The work of the committees having been completed by two o'clock, the delegates and public (some 5,000 in all) assembled in front of the convent to hear the reports of the chairmen of the different committees. A resolution of the utmost importance, touching the very foundation of the early history of British North America, in which the Acadian race played such a prominent part, was moved by Hon. P. S. Poirier, Senator, and unanimously adopted. It asks that the Nova Scotia Government be requested to appoint a commission with power to search the archives for documents pertaining to the early Acadian settlers of the Maritime Provinces and the events leading to and beyond the date of the expulsion of 1755. In a very able manner Senator Poirier proved beyond doubt that the work of the royal commission of 1869 was incomplete, that either for want of proper research or through a too great desire to palliate the acts of Lawrence and Belcher. Mr. Akins, who compiled and published a work of 750 pages, gleaned from what he termed official documents, does not do justice to the historical events relating to the Acadians of that day. Numerous documents, easy of access at the time Mr. Akins wrote his book, which would have thrown a different light upon the stirring events of the eighteenth century, were never produced. Others of an important nature were not produced in their entirety. Numerous writers of history in late years, basing their work on Akins' book, have unwittingly falsified Acadian history. In order, therefore, to have a true and accurate history of the early years of French and English occupation of the Maritime Provinces.



Part of St. Basile, N. B., as seen from the United States side of the River.

the Nova Scotia Government will be asked to appoint a royal commission to make the necessary searches and rectify the errors that have found their way into the compilations made by Mr. Akins.

After the adoption of the reports of the several committees, the election of officers took place. The choice of president fell upon Mr. J. F. Berote, editor of *l'Impartial*, of Tignish, Prince Edward Island.

Senator Poirier was chosen general secretary, His Honour Judge P. A. Landry, treasurer. Vice-President for Nova Scotia, Hon. W. Comeau; for Cape Breton, Dr. A. A. LeBlanc; Prince Edward Island, Mr. Aiseneau; New Brunswick, Hon. Dr. Landry; State of Maine, Senator Thereault; other New England States, Remi Benoit; Louisiana, Hon. Judge Breaux. The next convention will be held at

Tignish, Prince Edward Island.

The delegates from the different Acadian centres were loud in their praise of the generous hospitality of the good people of St. Basile and St. David, and desire your correspondent to extend their heartfelt thanks to Mgr. Dugal, his assistant, Father Cyr, and the good Sisters of Hotel Dieu for their many acts of good will and kindness.

THE MUSINGS OF A LIBRARIAN

Second of Three Articles

By ANDREW BRAID, WINDSOR PUBLIC LIBRARY



DURING my wanderings in the British Isles in the summer of 1907, being bookishly inclined, I visited a number of public libraries; and, in the hope that they may prove interesting, I venture to make a few brief observations.

The library of Trinity College in Dublin owes its origin to English soldiers, being founded in 1601 after the battle of Kinsale by subscription of Elizabeth's soldiers from arrears of their pay. This is one of the five British libraries which has a right to claim a presentation copy of every book published in the kingdom. The library is a very handsome room, well lighted, fitted entirely with oak, and adorned with marble busts of great writers; but I was pained to notice the thick coating of dust which had been allowed to accumulate on these busts. Here I saw beautifully illuminated manuscripts hundreds of years old; books with the signatures of Mary Queen of Scots, Milton, Ben Jonson and Samuel Johnson, Pope, Newton, Wellington and other famous people. Also a copy of the Koran captured at the siege of Delhi; and a small talisman which was taken by a German soldier from a Turk at the siege of Vienna in 1683, the scroll containing passages from the Koran promising victory in conflicts with Christians. I was much impressed with a Bible printed in Amsterdam in 1679, a double-page picture being exposed showing the mocking of

Elisha. Two bears were depicted as attacking the children, one of the bears having taken a generous bite at the back of the head of a youthful mocker. Another curiosity is a book of hymns of the eleventh century, the pages black with age. Of chief interest, however, is that chef d'œuvre of ancient illuminators—the far-famed Book of Kells; the delicacy of the work is marvellous. This treasure is carefully locked away in a safe every night; and during the day is as carefully guarded from the light, a thick velvet curtain being drawn over the glass case in which it reposes, and only pulled aside when the book is being examined. Older even than the Book of Kells are the Gospels of Darrow of the seventeenth century, and the Latin Gospels known as Codex Usanianus dating back to 600 A.D. Goldsmith's signature is also exhibited, cut by the poet when he was a student at Trinity; and the walls are adorned with the roll of the Irish Parliament of 1683-90 and several rare and very interesting old maps. The librarians were exceedingly courteous, types of the very best class of educated Irishmen.

In Chester, that quaint old town, I found a library building quite in keeping with the architecture that seems only natural to Chester. But in all their buildings, the good folks of that town have taken care to imitate the beautiful old houses; even the grand-stand at the race course, visible from one part of the walls, and not honoured by me with a near-hand inspection, is of old style architecture.

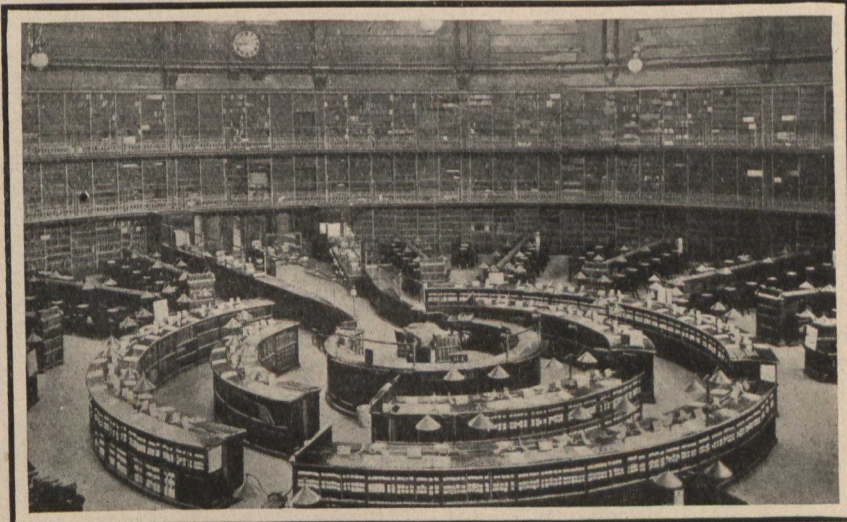
I was particularly unfortunate in London, as the

British Museum reading room and the Guildhall library, visits to both of which places had long been looked forward to by me, were closed; the former for repairs and cleaning, and the latter to allow of its being decorated for a reception to the King and Queen of Denmark. Rambling through the British Museum, I tried hard to get enthused over the Elgin Marbles, but—tell it not in Gath!—without success. I spent a very pleasant hour among the manuscripts, however, and was much amused over a letter of Tennyson to a friend, complaining, half humorously, half peevishly, of the appalling number of unwelcome letters he constantly received.

In Paternoster Row I saw the shops of book-firms with whose names I have been acquainted ever since my boyhood, and I was much struck with the small quarters occupied by some of the famous publishers. The Row is a mere alley, of very narrow width and hardly any sidewalk. Into Bagster's, celebrated for Bibles, I entered to purchase their edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." In the days of my youth I had possessed a copy of this Bagster, with the innumerable little cuts inserted in the margin, sometimes two on a page. These illustrations had been a source of much enjoyment to me, as was also a folding plan of the pilgrim's progress from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. The copy I now possess lacks this folding plan, but has all the wood-cuts. It is wonderful how a few wavy lines are made to complete a landscape of hill and plain that will bear close inspection; while the



Bodleian Library, Oxford.



The Reading Room, British Museum.

last picture of all, "The Welcome to the Celestial City," shows legions of angels, rank upon rank, poised amid the rays streaming from the throne. A series of five of these wood-cuts, representing Christian's conflict with Apollyon, is perhaps the most realistic of the lot; the agonised expression on the fiend's lion-like face, and the droop in his left wing, as Christian gives him "the deadly thrust," being particularly striking.

Oxford, studded with colleges and universities, is also studded with museums and libraries. The town, prettily situated in a lovely country, between the Isis (as the Thames is here called) and the Cherwell, is seen to advantage as the train from London approaches it sweeping round a curve in the railway, the cupolas and towers and spires rearing themselves upwards from a sea of ordinary roofs. Chief among the Oxford libraries is the Bodleian; than which, declares Augustine Birrell, "no nobler exists in the world unless it be the Vatican library at Rome." Although founded by Sir Thomas Bodley, it ought not to be forgotten that, as he married a wealthy widow, Mrs. Ball, the daughter of a Bristol man named Carew, surviving his wife and having no children, a goodly portion of her money went into the establishing of the library. The library was formally opened in November, 1602, containing two thousand volumes. Three years later, King James visited the Bodleian, and so enamoured became he of the library that he said if it were at any time his fate to be a captive he would wish to be shut up in the Bodleian and bound with its chains, spending his days among its books as his fellows in captivity. The Bodleian is another

first book printed in English, Caxton's collection of "The Histories of Troye," of 1474; while English literature is represented, amongst others, by Shakespeare's copy of Ovid containing his signature, and Milton's donation of a copy of his poems published in 1645, with a long autograph Latin ode.

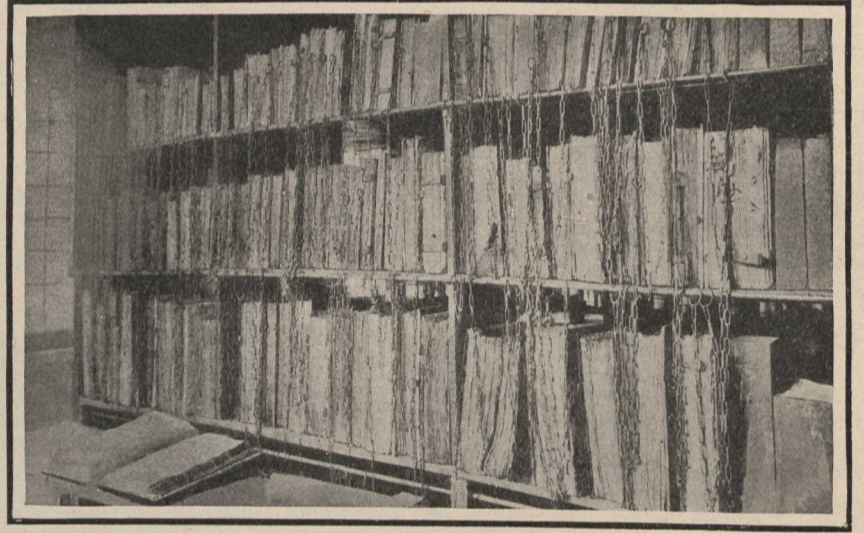
While throughout the British Isles there are numerous small collections of books in chains, one has to go to Hereford cathedral, and All Saints parish church in the same town, or Wimborne minster to see such libraries of any dimensions. In the cathedral of Hereford there are fifteen hundred of such books in chains, and All Saints' church has a collection of two hundred and eighty-five; while Wimborne minster possesses about two hundred and fifty. The collection in All Saints' church was on the point of being sold to an American dealer by a London bookseller who had purchased the lot from the Vestry; but the Dean of Windsor, whose consent ought first to have been obtained, positively refused to sanction the sale, and the Londoner had to be reimbursed all his expenses, but the valuable books were saved for the town of Hereford. In this collection I saw a Welsh Bible of 1654; a French Bible printed in Lyons in 1562, with grotesque wood-cuts; and Peter Haylin's "Cosmographie" dated 1652, with maps of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Western hemisphere. Europe is pretty correct; Asia, with pictures of Noah's Ark, Babylon, and other Old Testament cities, is recognisable; Africa in the interior is sheer guess-work, with mountain ranges surrounding a circumscribed Sahara, and pictures of elephants to fill up the blanks; while in the map of North America, Lower California is an island, Hudson Bay comes down to

verse of the third chapter of Ruth, and saying of Ruth that "he went into the city"; while the third is termed by the cathedral folks "the cider Bible." The country round Hereford grows a great many hops; so, to localise and bring home more forcibly to the good people of Hereford the lesson in Luke 1: 15, where Zacharias is told that John the Baptist is to be innocent of wine and strong drink is changed into "wine and sidir" (cider). Hereford also possesses a pretty town library and museum. On the wall of the stairway leading to the museum is a huge oil painting, "The Raising of Jairus' Daughter," by Sir Benjamin West, painted to the order of George the Third; but it is not stated, so far as I could see, how the picture comes to be in Hereford.

I was greatly interested in the curious Mappa Mundi, a quaint old map, or rather picture, of the world, perhaps the most interesting as well as the most curious of all the old maps, preserved in the choir of Hereford Cathedral. It was compiled sometime between 1275 and 1300 by a monk of Lincoln, and how it ever came to Hereford appears to be an enigma, although the most likely solution is that the monk may have been transferred from Lincoln to Hereford. The map is on a single sheet of vellum fifty-four inches in breadth by sixty-three inches in extreme height, and is beautifully executed; but there is one unexplainable error—the monkish cartographer or artist has placed the word "Africa" across the countries of Europe, and "Europa" appears across the countries of Africa. The map is protected by a thick plate of glass, over which is a heavy screen of plush capable of being pulled aside for examination, and enclosed with oak doors that are kept shut as much as possible. I bought a large photographic copy of this extraordinary map, which I consider the most useful memento I brought



Merton Library, Oxford.



Chained Library, Hereford Cathedral.

"HAUNTS OF ANCIENT PEACE"

of those libraries entitled by law to a presentation copy of every book printed in the United Kingdom; and, like the other libraries similarly doubtfully privileged, is bound to preserve all it receives; a duty, by the way, which might eventually burst the walls of any building were it not that the paper of many books of the present day is, happily, perishable! In your ears let me whisper, oh librarians of Oxford and Cambridge, the British Museum, Dublin Trinity College and Edinburgh Advocates'—build ye a room where moth and mildew doth corrupt, and there deposit the books undeserving of immortality (and their name is legion!).

Besides the library and reading room, the Bodleian contains a picture gallery and a gallery of portraits; in the latter can be seen Sir Thomas Bodley's strong box, Shelley's guitar, and a chair made from wood of Drake's ship, the *Golden Hind*. The library itself, having enjoyed exceptional privileges, contains many treasures which are carefully preserved. Here can be seen a copy of Pliny's epistles with the autograph of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, the real founder of Oxford's library, having between 1439 and 1446 presented the university with six hundred manuscripts. Also one of Sir Thomas Bodley's gifts, a beautiful French manuscript of the "Romance of Alexander," with quaint pictures at the foot of its pages; the great Register, another of Bodley's donations, in which the names of benefactors were to be recorded; an exercise book of Queen Elizabeth, and her copy of a translation of Ochino's "De Christo"; the "Gospel Book" which belonged to good Queen Margaret of Scotland, which, according to the verses inscribed in it, was the subject of a miracle, for it fell into water and was recovered unharmed; and a copy of the

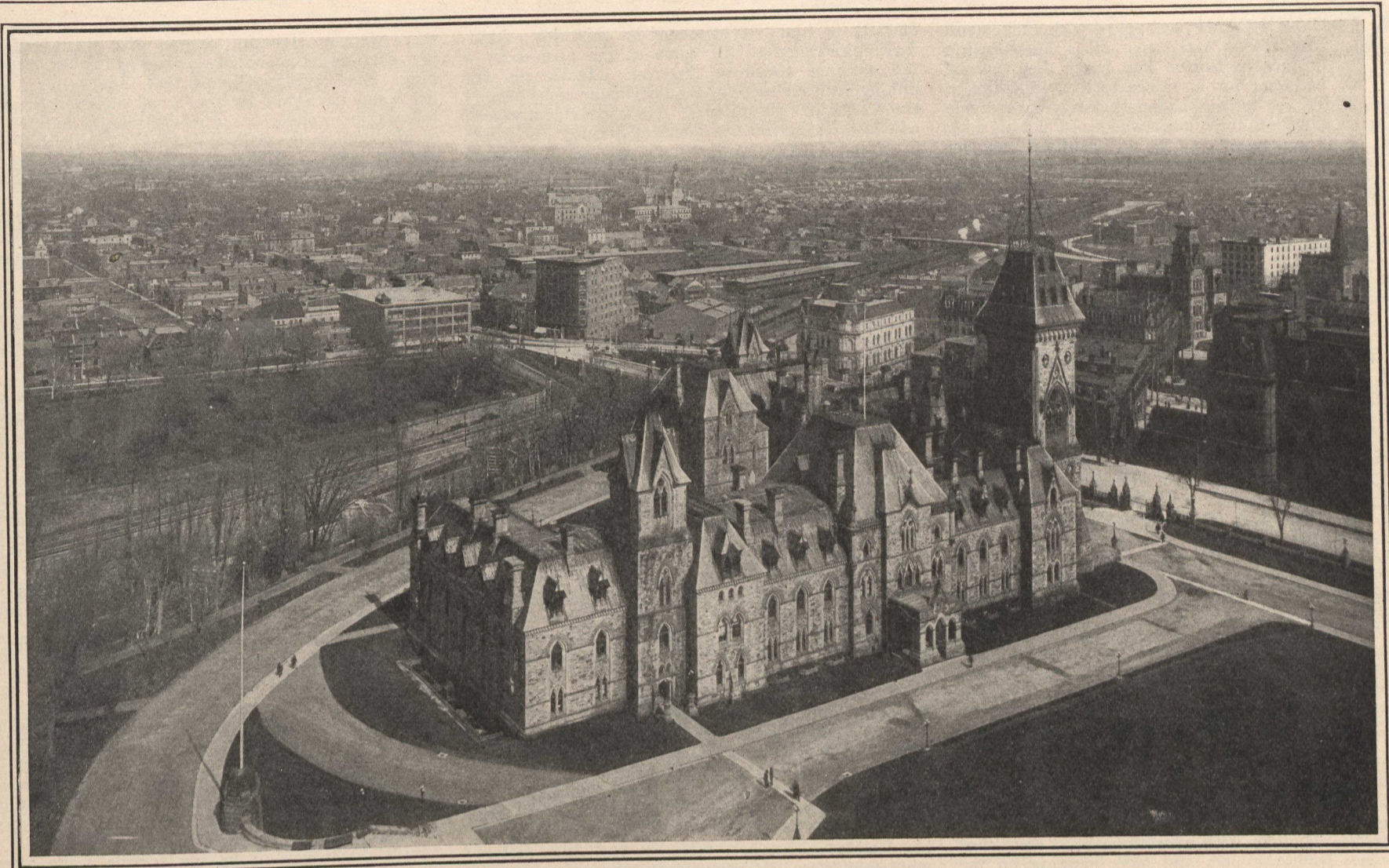
latitude of Chicago, and our Great Lakes are omitted altogether. In this church there is also preserved a preacher's hour-glass, said to be an article of 1621.

In Hereford cathedral I saw row after row of books in old, splendid bindings, chained to rods in front of the shelves; books on the higher shelves having longer chains than the volumes on the lower shelves, so as to permit them being brought down to the desk running the entire length of the racks. The books are secured to the chains by a strong brass clasp riveted through the front cover; the chain has a swivel to prevent it getting tangled and twisted; while a ring connects the chain to the rod in front of the shelf. To remove a book, an iron facing on the end of the shelf has to be unlocked; this releases the rod and permits its being pulled out. The verger took a great delight in showing me some of his treasures. I saw the *Officio Ecclesie* dated 1410; a Breviary of 1265 (which contained a certain cure for toothache!); a copy of the Anglo-Saxon Gospels done in the eighth or ninth century; a fragment of a commentary on Matthew from the seventh century; and a beautifully illuminated book of the fourteenth century, the colours apparently as fresh as when put on by the patient monk. I was also shown a copy of Caxton's *Golden Legend* dated 1483; an almanac of the time of Henry the Eighth; and a collection of seals, one being that of William the Conqueror. The verger also showed me three of their old Bibles. One was a copy of the Breeches Bible; another is known to the cathedral people as the "He" Bible, because in copying, the monk made an error in the fifteenth

home; indeed, altogether I think my day in Hereford was the pleasantest and most profitable I spent in England. Crowning the map, is a representation of the Day of Judgment; on one side the good are being brought by angels into everlasting bliss, on the other side the wicked are being dragged in chains by devils to everlasting punishment, the arch-fiend grinning a welcome at the door of his quarters. The garden of Eden is at the top, which is the east, of the map, with Adam and Eve being expelled therefrom; Jerusalem is shown in the exact centre of the map; much space is given to Canaan; Joseph's barns are shown in Egypt, also the towers built by the Israelitish slaves; the ark is resting on Ararat, Noah peering out of one of the windows; Babylon, Sodom, Gomorrah, and other ancient cities are given places; the Golden Fleece is hanging awaiting the coming of Jason; and a great many more objects of ancient history and legend. The seas contain pictures of mermaids and mythical fishes; while some parts of the land portion of the map have representations of centaurs, unicorns, dragons, griffins, salamanders, etc., also the fabulous men-monsters supposed to exist in the outlying parts of the earth—men with one foot only but of huge size, under which they could take shelter from the sun by lying on their backs and elevating this foot; men with one leg; men without heads, their faces in some instances being placed between the shoulders and in others on the breast; men with great, hideous, thick lips; men with dog faces; men with but one eye, set in the forehead; men with four eyes. The map is therefore to be classed more as a grotesque work of art than a valuable aid to geography, but it is interesting as showing the beliefs entertained in those days.

BALLOON VIEWS OF CANADIAN CITIES

FIRST SERIES.



THE WASHINGTON OF THE NORTH

Ottawa, the Dominion Capital, as seen from the top of the Main Building on Parliament Hill. The Rideau Canal may be seen winding along beyond the East Block, while in the extreme north glimpses may be caught of the Ottawa River.



THE "QUEEN CITY" OF THE PACIFIC

Victoria, the British Columbia Capital, from a commanding height, showing the wide streets, stately trees and mountain in background of one of Canada's most favoured cities.

A BACKWOODS DIPLOMAT

By LLOYD ROBERTS

NICTAUX CAMP was aglow with excitement. The reason was this: Boss MacKenzie's brother in Boston had lately died and he had sent for his niece to live with him at Back Ridge. A fortnight after she arrived her uncle took his gang into the lumber woods. Then his cook was clumsy enough to cut his foot with an axe, and his niece insisted on filling his place.

She arrived on a load of fodder, bundled up to the ears in blankets and great-coats. It happened to be the noon hour, when the men were at the camp. Her uncle helped her off the team and escorted her in. She nodded unconcernedly at the lumbermen, and gazed about the huge one-room building with frank curiosity.

One or two of those present had seen her before, and had spread tales of her beauty in glowing terms to their fellows. Her luxuriant dark hair, her full red lips, her little up-tilted nose had been matters of much discussion during the past few days, and she lived up to the picture most satisfactorily.

As she warmed her slim hands over the stove the whole camp filed up and were presented and her sweet manner won their immediate friendship.

Coming alone into a crowd of strangers, they had expected her to be shy and embarrassed. She was evidently the most self-possessed person there. To their awkward words of welcome she returned smart little pleasantries that made them blush self-consciously and feel like school-children before their teacher.

All but Jim MacTavish. He had a name of being afraid of nothing—not even woman. He stepped up, shook her hand firmly but gently, and welcomed her with a smile in his steady blue eyes. Then he moved away, but something about him had struck a little deeper than his comrades, and left a pleasant impression in the back of her little head.

The gang returned to the woods and left Miss Winnie to the shy mercies of "Shorty" Jones, the "cookkee." With few words and many gestures he made her familiar with everything that concerned her art, from the pots and pans hanging on the nails behind the stove to the slabs of bacon and barrels of flour in the storehouse.

She put a red calico apron over her black dress, and realised many an expensive gown had become her less. When the men came in at sundown they found her with her plump arms bare to the elbow and white with the labour of bread making. Never before was so much soap and water used in the scrubbing of hands and faces, so much time taken in the combing and parting of dampened hair. Those who were lucky in the possession of clean handkerchiefs, tied them about their necks, in lieu of collars and ties. Swearing and boisterousness were sternly suppressed, and if anyone forgot for a moment that now there was a woman in the camp, he was reminded of his oversight in no gentle terms.

With the help of the industrious Shorty, she had a dinner ready that proved her value beyond dispute. The fare was the same as usual, but they swore that they had never tasted rolls quite so light, or coffee so fragrant, and the salt pork was as good as fresh meat.

Though she treated them all with courtesousness, it soon became evident that MacTavish was marked for her special attention. Most of her conversation was addressed to him, while the others ate on in a self-conscious silence that they could not shake off.

After the tins were cleared up she said good-night and retired to her little cabin. MacTavish picked up a lantern and escorted her to her door.

At the end of a week the men had altogether outgrown their shyness and everything moved on as quietly as before, if not exactly in the same lines.

Already, however, most of them realised they were hopelessly behind in the competition of trying to win a stronger position in her affections. MacTavish, in his quiet, confident way, was receiving all the favours and was giving his heart in exchange. That much was plain to the whole camp. They shrugged their shoulders good-naturedly and fell back.

Joe Garrett felt differently about it. He had much confidence in the effectiveness of his smooth tongue and black, Latin type of beauty. He could not believe that the unassuming MacTavish could stand up for long against his scheming. If any man in the camp could get this city girl he was the one to do it. So at every opportunity he was at her side with his offerings of help and his pretty compliments, and a scowl at his rival when he loomed between.

This went on a few days longer, and then Joe's conceit seemed justified. Jim had left the field

entirely to him. It happened in this way: MacTavish returned to the camp at the noon hour a few minutes ahead of the rest. MacKenzie was talking with his niece at the door as he came around the corner of the building. He had evidently been admonishing her about something and her last words of defence that he overheard showed only too plainly what it was.

"Of course I don't! I'm only playing with him," she was saying. Then MacTavish wheeled and retreated without discovery.

So that was her game, was it? He felt more anger than pain that she should have been using him for her amusement only, something to while away the time with. His love for her, which she couldn't have helped seeing, was nothing but food for her vanity. He remembered how she had flirted with her eyes and her lips and how easily it had caught him. He was as much of a child where women were concerned as the most inexperienced stripling there, though he hadn't thought so before.

He fell in with the men as they emerged from the woods and greeted the girl as light-heartedly as ever, when he entered the camp.

He ate his lunch abstractedly and before he was through decided on his course. He loved her too well to resign her without a struggle just because of his pride. He would force her to care for him as much in reality as she pretended to. He would win her by playing her own game better than she did it herself, if it took the whole winter to succeed. He knew that below the surface he was her equal in every way and that he had certain qualities that the men about him did not possess.

So, when the others went back to their chopping, he made an excuse to linger behind. In a few minutes Shorty went out to chop fire-wood, and they were left alone. He didn't beat about the bush.

"Miss Winnie, there's somethin' I want ter say to yer, please." She gave a start of surprise and went on with her dish-washing. His serious expression made her think that he was going to voice his feelings about her, and she was quite certain what they were. It was sooner than she expected, that was all. She nodded her head, and he continued:

"I detest flirts. I guess I hates them more'n anythin' else. Because I knows you're not one is the reason I'm speakin' so plain now." She looked puzzled. "Now, I couldn't help seein' that you sort of liked my society more'n the others—by the way yer'd look at me and all the rest of it—and I felt it wouldn't be treatin' yer square if I didn't speak out 'fore it went too far."

Her fingers dripped on the floor as she watched him, too amazed to interrupt.

"The truth is, Miss Winnie, though I think yer a mighty fine girl, none better perhaps, I ain't exactly in love with yer an' I don't rightly feel I ever will be. It's better yer knew it now than later, when yer might be pretty sore erbout it. Hopin' yer won't bear me no ill-will for speakin' out so blunt, and we'll always be the best of friends, I bid yer good-day." MacTavish slid out of the door before her wrath could shape itself into words and escaped to the friendly cover of the woods.

Though he had played his first move exceedingly well, he couldn't help feeling himself a hypocrite and a brute. Perhaps she would detest him for his words, only he hoped she would take it more as a joke after her anger had cooled down. Now it remained for him to live up to the part he had set for himself and let the future take care of itself.

Thus Joe Garrett became her devout cavalier, and was not even surprised that he had gained such an easy victory over his rival. Jim was completely ignored and strange to say did not seem to mind it.

Miss Winnie waited for some time for an opportunity to punish him for his audacity, but as he took care that she did not find it, she finally decided to be content with absolutely withdrawing the friendship that had been so misunderstood.

Though she gave most of her favours to Garrett, she hardly liked him. He was too forward in his attentions to please her. However, he made a good cloak under which to hide her wounded vanity, and womanlike ignored the injustice she was doing him.

As time went on the big lumberman's continued indifference piqued her interest more than she cared to admit. She noticed how the others looked up to him as a leader in all things. He was considered the best axeman in the camp, and could throw a peavie farther than MacKenzie himself, who was somewhat famed along the river for his strength. These things, and many others, impressed her deeply; but though he was as courteous as ever,

there were no signs on his part of a stronger feeling, such as he appeared to have had in the beginning. She could not know that night after night he would lie awake on the broad bunk among his fellows and wonder if she was absolutely indifferent to him and if she really cared for Garrett; and she saw no signs of the desperate struggle he underwent to keep from his eyes, when he looked at her, the great ache within his heart.

Two months of this went by, and both were still waiting for some sign from the other to show his or her hand. Then Joe Garrett made a mistake that opened both their eyes.

One morning as he drove his team from the stables past the camp, something prompted him to drop the lines and enter. He had noticed Shorty busy on the woodpile and knew the girl would be alone.

He made some gallant excuse at her look of surprise and commenced a string of ardent compliments that she parried mockingly. Suddenly he became exasperated at her manner and clutching her by both shoulders attempted to kiss her.

At that moment MacTavish entered. He did not wait for explanations. In two bounds he was across the floor. Seizing Garrett by his collar and the seat of his breeches, he jerked him violently backwards, whirled him round and ran him out of the door before he could offer resistance. As he released him his heavy foot shot out and Garrett sprawled forward into the snow.

He instantly went back to the girl, trembling with rage. She did not give him time to speak, but swamped his anger with the bitterness of her tongue.

"What business is it of yours, Mr. MacTavish, that you should interfere?" she flared, her face white and her eyes shining. "I can take care of myself without your help. You're a brute and a coward!" She clenched her little fists as if she meant to strike him. He was too dazed to remonstrate, or to try to explain, and she went on more calmly:

"I'll thank you to let my friends alone after this; and Mr. Garrett is my friend—which is more than I care to say about you."

A low chuckle made her turn her head quickly. Garrett was standing near them with an evil sneer on his lips, and an axe in his hands.

"I was thinkin' of splittin' his head fer 'im, Winnie," he explained, "but I reckon you're doin' up the skunk better than I could, eh?"

She realised how perilously near a tragedy they were, and instantly became calm. She went slowly over to Garrett and held out her hand.

"Give me the axe, please. There is no need of that." He gave it to her grudgingly, his hot temper being somewhat cooled over the downfall of his rival.

"Now, Mr. Garrett," she said coldly, "when you speak to me remember that I'm Miss; and if anyone is a skunk about here it is very apt to be yourself!" It was his turn to look amazed. Then he became furiously angry.

"Eh! So you *do* love that fellow, then?" he sneered.

"That's my business," she retorted. "I want nothing more to do with you! Kindly leave us alone." She was fighting to keep her self-control.

MacTavish had been listening stolidly. Now he seemed to wake up. "Can you take the hint, or will I have to fire you out again?" he growled, and stepped towards the other.

Garrett laughed insultingly, but did not wait for a demonstration of MacTavish's strength. He retreated through the door and left the two alone.

MacTavish turned to the girl. "Now, Miss Winnie, you asked me what right I had to protect you from insult. I'll tell you. It's because I love you!"

She flushed red. "Why, I thought you said you didn't love me and never could."

"I did; but that was because I overheard you tellin' your uncle you were only playin' with me and it made me mad. I've been pretendin' I didn't ever since, but now I'm clean sick of the game and don't care if you knows it or not. Do you hate me for them words?"

"No, Jim, I'm afraid I don't. I *was* only playing with you, but I guess I liked you better than I thought underneath. You treated me the way I deserved, and I'm pretty much ashamed of myself."

She went very close to him, her pretty face bent down. "Why," she murmured, "if you think you can overcome your aversion to flirts, why—why—" He put his arms strongly about her, and saved her the embarrassment of completing her sentence.

IN THE THRESHING TIME



WHEN HE, after sowing vast fields of wheat, in the Canadian West, calmly sent and requested ME to come out there to look after his heart, his shirt-buttons, his hens and chickens, and a few other incidental belongings, I never knew of the inevitable Threshing which must ensue later on. If I had, I should certainly not have come! I shall always look upon it as an act of doubtful honesty, that I was not told of it.

The wheat looked so tender and green and innocent, too, when I first saw it, that one could never dream it held such possibilities. Later on, however, I noticed, it grew more aggressive, crackling and rustling in the wind in a very defiant manner. It was learning the West, and asserting itself!

Finally, it "headed out," and then, in no time, greenness and innocence were left behind forever. The long, serried ranks of heads formed in solid phalanx, and stood, shoulder to shoulder, and line on line, for miles. It bent, it swayed, it sighed in the wind—that wheat—it grew steadily yellower and yellower until one day, when it seemed to be blushing all over in a gorgeous coppery gold, out went the big binders to cut it all down. And then there was nothing but sheaves and stooks and stacks. But the worst was yet to come!

One day, a neighbour's little boy, brown of eye and browner of leg, suddenly appeared on the verandah where I was lazily swinging in the hammock after an arduous morning's work, and calmly announced:

"Say, Mis' Ransford! Mum says to tell you th' Mill 'll be to your place to-morrer 'n time fer dinner!"

"The What?" I enquired, aghast.

"Th' Mill! Th' Thrasher!" he explained. "It's to our farm now," he continued. "Look at th' smoke yon!" and he pointed a brown, fat finger to a distant column of smoke.

"The Threshers are coming!" I moaned to myself, "and HE in town for the day! What should I do?"

Quickly I made my plans. It was inevitable and I must rise to the occasion. Dismissing my little messenger, who was so much sweeter than his message, and making him happy with a cookie in each hand to eat on the way home, I literally "rose to the occasion" and rolled up the hammock as a piece of frivolity unworthy of the time and circumstances.

First and foremost, I hoisted the dinner-flag, well knowing that, although dinner was scarce an hour gone, the "hired men" would obey its fluttering call, hoping that it meant food. If they dreamed of that flag at midnight, I am sure they would present themselves at the kitchen door, ready for action.

I was right! A brief colloquy in the field resulted in one of the outfit heading for home at once, after, no doubt, promising to recall Number Two if the flag meant what they hardly dared to hope at that hour of the day.

I flew over to the barn. "Dick," I cried, "Mr. Ransford is in town with the buggy, but you ride 'Fly' in as soon as you can get off, and catch him before he leaves for home!" Fortunately Dick is a smart man, and the tangle of pronouns by no means disconcerted him.

"Anything wrong, Mrs. Ransford?" he enquired.

"Wrong, Dick! Well, it quite depends upon what you call wrong!" I replied. "The Threshers come to-morrow—Mrs. Stanhope's boy just brought me word—and Mr. Ransford does not know. Tell him, Dick, to come home as soon as he can get here, and to bring with him every single thing on this list, particularly the meat—fifty pounds of meat, at least, tell him—unless," I added, in a sad attempt at wit, "unless he thinks it would be easier to drive a steer home intact, than to carry it in pieces in the buggy!"

"I guess a steer weighs more than fifty pounds, Mrs. Ransford," replied Dick, who is a Scotchman. But I scarcely heard him, as I ran back to the kitchen, breathlessly, to begin operations, while the literal Richard galloped madly forth townwards.

And then resulted a grand stampede of cake-tins and pie-pans, as may be supposed. Fruit was dumped into pots and kettles and boiled fast and furiously. Sugar was added to butter, eggs were whisked out of all recognition, bottles of flavouring were emptied, flour was sprinkled around like snow—the air was thick with it! Fortunately for the

By HELEN GUTHRIE

digestion of the coming Threshers, the swear-words which were freely used, did not drop into the batter, or the various cakes would not have turned out so harmless as they did.

Supper-time came and so did Bob—the hired man, Number Two. I pushed him a fresh scone and told him to make himself some tea, and then I went on, and on, and on!

Finally, dozens of egg-shells, rows of baking-powder tins and a depleted store of sugar, butter and flour testified to my efforts in the culinary line, while the kitchen settle, the dining-room cupboard, table and sofa were piled high with dainties of all descriptions, and the pantry shelves fairly creaked beneath the weight of pies, pies, pies of all descriptions.

And then arrived HE—my husband—tottering beneath the weight of as much of an ox as could be carried by one man—while his whole being fairly bristled with all sorts and conditions of parcels, followed by Dick—also a very porcupine with bundles, bundles, bundles.

"Good gracious, Sally, where shall I put these things?" HE cried, helplessly—and dumped them ignominiously on the floor, Dick following suit with his cargo. This completed the picture, and I sat down forthwith on a sponge cake and laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks.

It was funny, although I was dead tired. However, a cup of tea is a wonderful transformer and healer of woes, and very soon I was up and busy again—this time with an able helper—for HE had once "batched." All night that semi-steer sizzled and spluttered in the oven, and if it lacked the orthodox "basting," the Threshers knew it not, judging by their appetites.

For they came, right on time—of course they did. The "Machine" looked exactly like a steamer coming slowly along over the prairie, and I quite imagined I was at the sea-side, the delusion was so complete. It was quickly dispelled, though—that delusion—for, no sooner was the Mill "set," when a loud and vigorous and long-drawn-out "toot-toot-tooooo" announced that dinner-time had arrived!

And then!!! Oh! how they ran! "They all ran up to the farmer's wife," who would fain have "cut off their tails with a carving-knife"—and certainly I "never saw such a sight in my life" as those twenty hungry Threshers!

And such spectacles as they were—men from England, men from Scotland, men from Ireland—Canadians, Americans, Belgians, a Swede, and all sorts and varieties. But, "blest be the tie that binds," and the "tie" in this case was Hunger!

THE REAR GUARD

By NOEL GRANT

HE was only a youngster and yet he was a General too. He had been elected such by the boys and then had had to hold the position by a series of pitched battles, but he still held the position.

Periodically the boys met to vanquish an invisible foe. Perhaps they would carry stones up hill all forenoon of a Saturday, only to roll them down again on their enemies. Then in one wild charge, with their wooden swords flourishing, they would race down hill and slay, slay, slay and give no quarter. Never had they been defeated. If ambushed, their General always pulled them through safely and no matter how difficult the foe to dislodge, yet they were dislodged.

No one was ever killed either. The General insisted that some, at least, should be killed and others wounded, but after one battle, in which certain were persuaded "to be dead," no more were ever killed. It was unanimously agreed that there was no fun in lying perfectly still when your arms just itched to be cleaving a sword through an adversary's skull. Besides, it was even worse when the battle drifted away and you could only hear and not see what was going on.

Next Saturday was to be the biggest battle of them all and the little General was explaining all about it and drawing plans on the carpet.

"You see, mother, there's a hill on our left and the river on our right. When they attack us, we will retreat. But when we get as far as this valley, where the rear guard will be stationed, the rear

I would I had the pen of a ready writer to convey to my readers some conception of the unfathomable depth and dimensions of those cosmopolitan stomachs!

Custom and politeness forbade my putting at each place a flagon of tea, a loaf of bread, a pound of meat, and an entire pie, but, by so doing, I should certainly have saved myself much trouble. Working unremittingly from daylight until dark in the hungry Western air, produces an appetite astonishing indeed.

For fully fifteen minutes not a word was uttered—business was pressing—but after that time, the tongues began to give forth sentiments in truly Western style. Many and varied were the compliments I received as to my cooking powers—sometimes veiled, sometimes unmistakable, but always with a spicy Western flavour which somehow repaid me for all my trouble. HE says I have been conceited ever since!

For three and a half days I had those Threshers! I suppose that engine *sometimes* tooted for sheaves or for fuel or for something else, but my ears heard only the peculiar "toot-toot-tooooo" which meant "grub." And the very instant that sounded, horses galloped, stook-waggons swayed and jolted over the stubble, dogs barked, men hooted and called—then, a general rush for the row of wash-basins and towels set out on the green—and then, a grand stampede for the dining-room—pushing, scrambling, getting ahead of one another—always with the one end in view and *always* good-natured.

This was several years ago—my first experience—and it is all so vivid to me now, in looking back—the shaggy, unkempt, yet clean, men—the merry, watchful, kindly eyes of them—their ready, spicy Western repartee—and, withal, their huge, ever-present, prodigious, always satisfying, yet ever-returning appetites! I shall never forget it! But it warms my heart even now to remember how, when they were leaving us and I was smiling and making my adieux, one of them—a young, fresh, red-cheeked boy—made redder than ever by the effort—stepped out from among them and taking off his hat said, "Good-bye, Mrs. Ransford, and thank you. We boys all want to come back next year, for this we consider the best grub-shop we have struck yet!" Dear boy! That was the finest compliment I ever got in my life. And then ensued a volley of "Hip! Hip! Hurrah! So long! For he's a jolly good fellow!" until the medley of sound gradually receded as the "steamer" slowly moved away across the Prairie Ocean.

We sighed, and then we laughed, and finally, we went back into our Shack to count up our bushels of wheat—"Thirty to the acre!"

guard will fall on their flank and we will turn on them too and so drive them right over into the river and they will all get drowned."

The poor tired mother had listened to these plans of battle over and over again and was ever ready with sympathy, as he well knew. She had even added a bow or two to his paper hat to show his higher rank.

* * * * *

"Mother, dear, what's the matter with me anyway?"

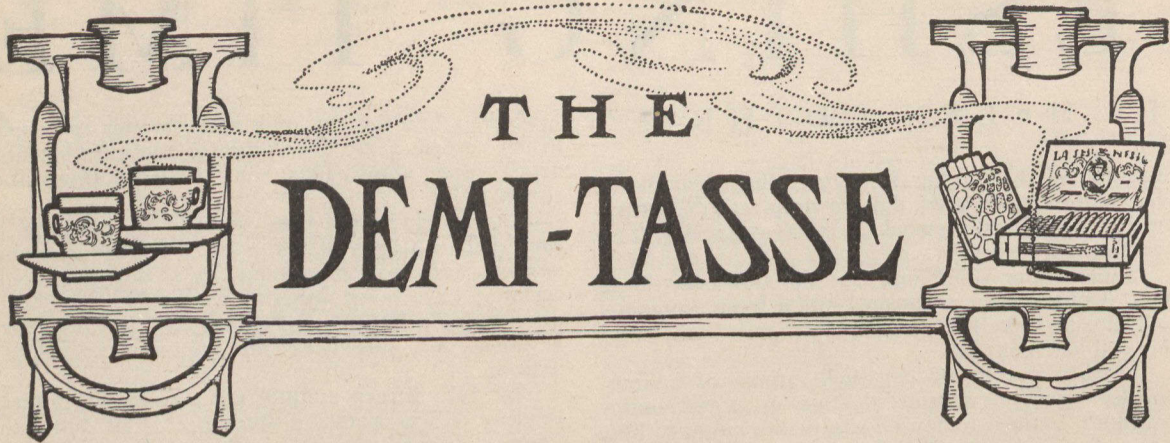
"Well, dearie, the doctor says you have pneumonia."

"Yes, I know, mother, but what's pneumonia?"

Many a grown-up has asked the same question and has not found a satisfactory answer, but at least the mother found an answer satisfactory to the General.

"Now listen, dear, and don't interrupt me and I'll try to explain it to you. When God made you He placed a big army in you. The soldiers are so small that you cannot see them, but they are dressed in red and white. The white soldiers do all the fighting and the red ones carry the ammunition and food. They march around and around in your blood and come back every little while to the heart, their General, and report that they are ready to fight. And you listen and you can hear what the General says—'Not yet—not yet—not yet—not yet.' Now there is a big storehouse where all the food is kept for them; it is in your lungs.

(Continued on page 22)



THE DEMI-TASSE

THE DAY AFTER.

THE animated personalities now appearing in the daily newspapers are somewhat uninteresting to all but candidates and their friends—or enemies. It is surprising, however, to observe the sudden calm which falls upon the press and the public, the day after the election. A reader of the *Globe* was recently remarking with pleasure on a delightful editorial on the subject of “barn swallows” which appeared this month in that paper, affording an oasis in the desert of political discussion. “It’s wonderful,” said a distinguished journalist, “how quickly the tumult dies and how gently these ‘nature articles’ come in by way of relief. The best instance of that sort I ever heard of occurred in Montreal, after the election of 1874. There had been a stormy time over the notorious ‘Pacific scandal,’ and Sir John Macdonald had been defeated most emphatically. The *Montreal Gazette* had fought tooth and nail for the Conservative leader and had been confident of his victory. On the day following the election which consigned Sir John temporarily to oblivion, the *Montreal paper* came out with a mild and entertaining dissertation on ‘Insect Friends and Insect Foes of the Farmer!’”

A FIGHT WORTH WHILE.

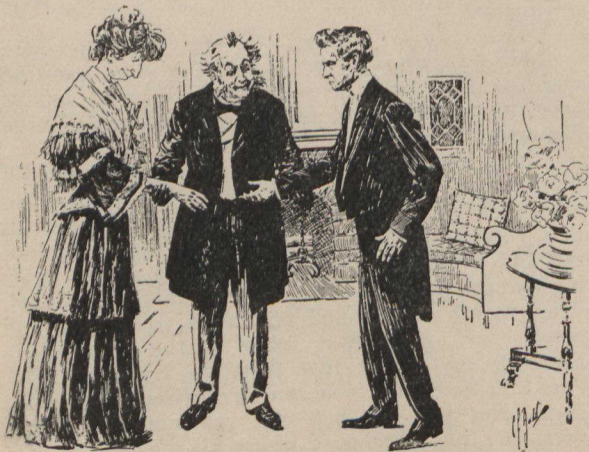
Sir Wilfrid Laurier is to run in Ottawa. Be a sport, Sir Wilfrid—run in Toronto.—*Bruce Herald*. Mr. R. L. Borden is running in Carleton County. The *Canadian Courier* dares him to run in South Oxford.

THE TOILER AND THE OTHER.

Observe the haughty citizen
Who orders things about!
He’s hardly ever on the scene
Until it’s time to shout.
They’re not the same at all, you’ll find,
In politics or kirk—
The man who takes the glory
And the man who does the work. J. G.

A SEVERE TEST.

AT one army post where a number of recruits were temporarily stationed an old sergeant was ordered to ascertain to what religious sect each man belonged, and to see that he joined the party told off for that particular form of worship. Some of the men had no liking for church, and declared themselves to be atheists. But the sergeant was a Scotsman and a man of experience. “Ah weel,” said he, “then ye hae no need to kape holy the Sabbath, and the stables hae na been claned out lately.” And he ordered them to clean out the stables. This occupied practically the whole day, and the men lost their usual Sunday afternoon’s leave. Next Sunday a broad smile crept over the face of the sergeant when he heard that the atheists had joined the Church of England.



“It is more blessed to give than to receive.”—Life.

NEWSLETS.

The Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto is to give three concerts in Chicago this winter. Now, just watch the Elgar Choir of Hamilton break into Buffalo and Cleveland.

It is rumoured that the Chinese Laundries will refuse to “do up” the members of the Asiatic Exclusion League.

The *Hamilton Herald* has called Mr. Byron Walker “debonair.” It is now the painful duty of the *Toronto Globe* to call Lieutenant-Governor Gibson “a dapper official,” while the *Montreal papers* might characterise Mr. Goldwin Smith as “brainy.”

Trustee Levee is authority for the statement that a Toronto school-teacher who is a married woman rides around in her husband’s auto. “Is that any disqualification?” asks the Progressive Club. If someone would only teach the trustees, the Toronto Board of Education would not make such a holy show of itself.

NO HURRY.

THE minister of a certain parish church in Scotland, says the *Glasgow Baillie*, was walking one misty night through a street in the village when he fell into a deep hole. There was no ladder by which he might make his escape and he began to shout for help. A labourer passing heard his cries and, looking down, asked who he was. The minister told him, whereupon the labourer remarked:

“Weel, weel, ye needna kick up sic a noise. You’ll no be needed afore Sawbath, an’ this is only Wednesday nicht.”

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

ACCORDING to the *Washington Star*, a central campaign committee said to the Oklahoma application:

“We will give you some orators who will fire your imagination.”

“I dunno’s I want anybody’s imagination fired,” answered one delegate. “What we want is to get some of the fellows that’s holding office fired, so’s to give our friends a chance.”

THE REASON.

A small girl in a certain Canadian town happened to hear one of her elders say that in Heaven there is no marriage. This statement appeared to puzzle the youngster who finally said:

“Well, I suppose it’s because there aren’t any clergymen there.”

DISABLING DRINK.

THEN trouble was more general and more destructive in Ireland than at present, an Irish priest, a very good man, was disturbed by the inroads which strong drink was making on his flock. He preached a strong sermon against it.

“What is it?” he cried, “that keeps you poor? It’s the drink. What is it keeps your children half-starved? Why, the drink. What is it keeps many of your children half-clothed? The drink. What is it causes you to shoot at your landlords—and miss them? The drink.”

HASTE.

“What do you think of the fashion in women’s hats?” inquired the storekeeper.

“They are typical of the rapid pace we are hitting,” answered the customer. “Heretofore a hat had to go out of style before it looked very funny.”—*Washington Star*.

WISHED HE COULD.

SYMPATHY makes crime human—in some cases, at least. One of these is related of the French writer Balzac in the *Westminster Gazette*. A burglar

had broken into his house, and was soon at work, by the light of the moon, at the lock of the secretaire in the novelist’s chamber.

Balzac was asleep at the time, but the movements of the intruder roused him. The burglar, who was working most industriously, paused. A strident laugh arrested his operations, and he beheld by the moonlight the novelist sitting up in bed, his sides aching with laughter.

“What is it that makes you merry?” demanded the burglar.

“I laugh,” replied the author of “Pere Goriot,” “to think that you should come in the night without a lantern to search in my secretaire for money when I can never find any there in broad daylight.”

THE USUAL NOTE.

Hubbie: “My dear, if I can not leave the office in time for dinner to-night I will send you a note by a messenger.”

Wife: “You need not go to that expense, George, for I have already found the note in your coat pocket.”—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

A DEFINITE DATE.

DURING the money stringency lately a certain real-estate man, having nothing else for his clerk to do, sent him out to collect some rent that was overdue.

The clerk, being of Swedish nationality, had their peculiar twang in his speech.

Returning from his trip, the Swede seemed very jubilant.

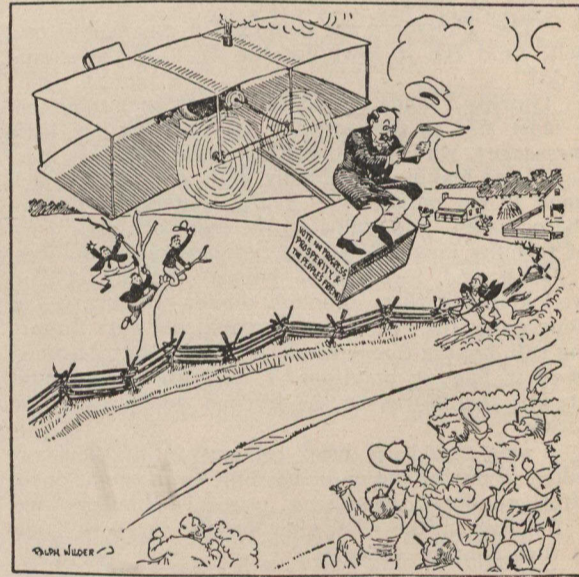
The proprietor, noticing his smile, said: “Well, what luck did you have?” and the clerk answered, “Purty good.”

“Well, did anybody pay you?”

“Yaas, Smith he pay, and Yones he say he pay in Yanuary.”

“Are you sure Jones said he would pay in Yanuary? He never before has made any such promises.”

“Vell, I tank so. He say it bane a dam col’ day when you get dot money, and I tank dat bane in Yanuary.”—*Scrap Book*.



Rear-Platform Campaigning in the Future.—Chicago Record-Herald.

WHERE THE LETTER FAILETH.

ONE can have too much, even of a good thing. According to Mr. Rafferty in the *Washington Star*, the phonetic impulse of the day needs to be restrained. The gentleman in question regarded a city building with interest.

“Dolan,” said he, “what does them, letters ‘MDCCCXCVII,’ mean?”

“They mean eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.”

“Dolan,” came the query, after a thoughtful pause, “don’t yez think they’re overdoin’ this spellin’ reform a bit?”

THE INDEPENDENT.

In politics, you can infer, I’m independent quite (When there is no election near). I stand for truth and right.

I care not what the label is, it’s all the same to me: I’m not the sort of man to wear a party collar. See? It’s principle I’m after; yes, sirree; that’s it. But, wait:

Election day I always vote the same old ticket “straight.”

—*The Century*.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

WHILE here and there a learned professor gets a public appointment that throws him in touch with practical life, now and then one goes out to the wild outpost places and beyond, in search of that Something which neither governments nor books are able to afford. Such a scholar is Dr. A. P. Coleman, professor of geology in Toronto University, who has climbed more mountains than any other professor in America and bids fair to rival the great scientist Tyndall, whose exploits were in the Alps, whereas Professor Coleman has confined his attention to the Canadian Rockies. How many mountains he has scaled no one has publicly recorded. He has just returned, however, from another try at the famous Mount Robson, said to be the highest peak in the northwest ranges of the Rockies. This same peak, with his brother Mr. Lucius Q. Coleman of Morley in the foothills, the professor tried last summer, but was prevented by snowstorms from getting more than three or four thousand feet up. This year he went farther; reached eleven thousand—with more to follow. This mainly inaccessible peak is near the headwaters of the Fraser on the other side of the Yellowhead Pass. No one has ever scaled it. Last year a party of ambitious United Statesers were rumoured to be heading that way; and it was to head them off that the somewhat venerable, but splendidly vigorous Professor organised his train of pack ponies out in the foothills at the ranch of his brother and got in there at the headwaters of the Saskatchewan and beyond. In this country these brothers behold little less than Paradise. They are ardent and almost celebrated mountaineers, years and years trekking off together from that ranch up into the blue fastnesses that speak eternity to the thoughtful mind; the alluring imbrolios of peak upon peak reaching back into infinitude in the blue haze and among the caravans of white clouds; the sunlit, dazzling tops that kindle the eye of age and make a man of books take kindly and eagerly to pack ponies, spiked boots and alpenstocks. So they keep going it, these two; the everlasting lure of the high and the wild places that calls louder than the cloister to Professor Coleman. Something of knight-errantry there is about these Colemans. They have somewhat to seek and to get before they stop. Already they have scaled many mountains; Robson being yet two thousand feet higher than they have been able to go. Next summer—well, one can only conjecture what may happen from the practical words of the Professor to a western reporter concerning the trip:

"The Mount Robson Glacier is one of the greatest in the Canadian Rockies," he said. "At one time we were fifteen or sixteen hours on a great field of ice and snow without touching or seeing any earth or rocks. We succeeded in obtaining a great deal of interesting geological information, especially as regards the glacier, which has never been visited by white men before. We also mapped out several hundred square miles of country hitherto not appearing on any map and including the headwaters of Moose River, Grand Forks River and Smoky River. The two first named belong to British Columbia, but the latter belongs to Alberta. In one place we also mapped out part of the boundary between Alberta and British Columbia. The line runs right across the glacier and is not definitely marked, but there is hardly likely to be any boundary dispute at any time. Part of the water from the glacier runs down in British Columbia, and part into Alberta."

FULL-GROWN fight with a huge black bear was enjoyed by Mr. Macdonell, head of the firm of Macdonell & Gzowski in Vancouver. The bear was one of those cute pet things that have grown up since cub-hood with the family and has been kept at the C. P. R. grounds at the hotel in Field for four years. Weary of being gawked at and talked about by folk who never came near, when an eight-year-old boy got within reaching distance the bear took him to heart and carried him into his den. Arrive Mr. Macdonell, who is a giant and knows how to handle a big contract such as this turned out to be; for he had to haul out the bear by the chain and for five minutes he fought like David of old to get the boy away—which he did. Then the bear turned on the man and went for him tooth and claw;

whereupon began one of the finest struggles ever unpaired very likely; for the man alone and without weapons fought the bear till he managed to get away; after which the beast was ignobly shot.

* * *

MEANWHILE with eighty-four in the smoky shade down in Ontario, there is snow at Edmonton and Calgary. Fans in Toronto churches and Montreal theatres; fur coats on the streets of Edmonton; ice-cream vendors on the streets of the east; coal-sleighs in Calgary. Such is the spice and the variety of life in Canada. They will tell you in that western country that September snows are miracles. There was one in 1900—a foot of snow; or to be precise, ten inches. The like has not happened since till lately. This is part of the poetry of the West, which still has some native born vigour that occasionally delights in going on the rampage without regard to the calendar. At the same time up in the Peace River country in all probability the balmiest of weather with chinooks blowing. N.B.—This was written during the warm weather.

* * *

NOT often a Canadian political leader gets notice at the hands of the New York press—unless he be Premier. Mr. R. L. Borden has had good things said about him by the New York *Tribune*; and as is often the case the perspective of the outsider has managed to catch most of the essential lineaments of the man without reference to his party affiliations. Words such as these: "Five years after entering Parliament, this almost unknown Halifax lawyer was elected leader of his party in succession



"The Doukhobors have ceased to be spectacular."

to Sir Charles Tupper. Tact, a quiet and growing personal popularity, a good legal reputation, a pronounced and favourable impression as to his ability, were the elements of preliminary success. There was no oratorical genius in his personality, no raging roughness, or clever bitterness, or enthusiastic rashness in his political character. He gave the impression, which still exists and grows with every year in the popular mind, of a sincere belief in defined party principles, of clearness in personal and political life, of instinctive fairness in character, and conspicuous honesty in purpose. He is earnest and at times aggressive, and is improving steadily as a public speaker, and growing rapidly in public popularity and respect. He has become a master of parliamentary rules and debate. He believes in public ownership of railways and other utilities under specific conditions. He puts honesty in the administration of affairs as above all else in public life."

* * *

A MARITIME captain has been remembered who became temporarily famous during the Cuban War. Little had most of Canada to do with that brief scrap, but what little there was fell largely to Captain Robbins of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, who was at that time in command of a British barque, *Bucleuch*, drifting about in those southern waters near the Philippines; and when having smashed the fleet at Manila, Dewey desired the surrender of the place on his own terms, he sent his word through lines of Spanish soldiery by means of an unknown shipmaster—Robbins of the *Bucleuch*. In the hold of his boat the Captain carried the document that spelled the terms on which Dewey would take over the Philippines; and he carried it through; he got

the answer and he took it to Dewey, who volubly assured him of his deep gratitude. Afterwards the episode and the name of the Captain were buried in the debris of an official report which has at length brought to light the deed of the doughty Yarmouth mariner who is now living on land in his native town. In the report, which tells the whole story of the episode, occurs this statement as to the return of Captain Robbins to the Admiral's ship:

"The despatch being written, it was handed to me and the consul advised me that if I found any difficulty in returning to the quay I had better return and stay over night with the vice consul. I, however, reminded them of my boat's crew waiting for me and decided to start at once for the quay. I was stopped twice on the way down, but explained that I was an English shipmaster and going aboard my ship, which explanation satisfied them and I was allowed to proceed. At this time it was very dark; there were no lights in the city and the streets were lined with soldiers, through whom I had to pass. However, I met with no further interference, and in due time arrived at the quay. I found one of my boat's crew drunk, and was informed that he had been quarrelling with the soldiers. I got two of my men to take him into the boat and had him tied down to prevent any further disturbance with the soldiers. I then proceeded to my ship, and on arrival there I handed the despatch to the American consul, who thanked me very kindly for my services and said that I would very probably hear about the matter again. I was very glad to get aboard my ship and to feel that I was relieved of all further responsibility."

* * *

THE congress of all nations out in the Canadian West has become very quiet since the subsidence of the Doukhobor mania. All accounts from the West agree that the back settlements there are prospering and assimilating in a remarkable degree. Just about now it is to be feared the genial member and the organiser will be stirring them up in the name of patriotism. But the Doukhobors have ceased to be spectacular and are beginning to be useful.

* * *

AS fine a story of pioneer life as Canada ever knew has just been brought to light by the death of Mrs. Robert Dunsmuir in Victoria, British Columbia. This woman—mother of the Lieutenant-Governor—died in her eighty-second year. Fifty-seven of these years were spent in British Columbia. Only the imagination is able to picture what that means; a woman with her husband coming to the furthest west of Canada in a time when civilisation had not even begun to get its tentacles on the land; twenty years before a railway was dreamed of between the east and west of Canada; when the Hudson's Bay Company had its grip on Rupert's Land; when Calgary was not even a cow camp, but only a meeting-place for Indians; when Edmonton was a fur post visited by York boats; when Winnipeg was a straggle of log houses and a fort, fed only by carts from the south and boats from the north; when the whole West was an unpeopled Siberia, east of the mountains, and west of the Rockies wilder still, except that the wooden tubs with the sails drifted up there from San Francisco and Seattle bringing some tinge of civilised life. The great transition from the old to the new Mrs. Dunsmuir lived through and saw to the full; she who had the comfortable home notions that came to her from the hills of Ayrshire sacred to the plough and the poetry of Burns; but who having set her face westward with her family turned not back but became a way-maker in the land. In the great march of progress, her oldest son, James, the Lieutenant-Governor, born at Fort Vancouver, has become a millionaire. But James will need to work hard both early and late at government before he is able to leave the land such a legacy of patriotic living as did his aged mother.

The last years of this pioneer woman were darkened by the trouble which family disputes over property invariably bring. The Dunsmuir suit has supplied material for the sensational paragraph more than once and it does not look as if the matter were yet out of court.

LITERARY NOTES

A CANADIAN ARTIST-AUTHOR.

MISS ESTELLE M. KERR, a Toronto artist of more than ordinary ability, has lately published a volume of verse, which is entirely the product of her own clever pen and original brush. "Little Sam in Volendam" is the name of as charming a book for the Small Person as we have seen in many a day. Miss Kerr's studies in Holland have borne most satisfying fruit in the rhymes and pictures which make little Sam's progress a matter of interest and artistic delight. The publishers, Moffat, Yard and Company of New York, have done their work admirably and present a volume which is all that could be desired in care and finish.

The seventeen illustrations which make Volendam familiar to the Canadian reader are original and spirited, with a subtle suggestiveness too rarely seen in modern pictures of juvenile wanderings. The humour in both rhymes and illustrations is of the delightfully shy and elusive order which belongs to but few favoured mortals. The lines on "Trinka," for instance, are full of this naive quality:

"Trinka wouldn't think a thought that wasn't very nice;
Trinka wouldn't drink a draught that wasn't water, iced;
Trinka wouldn't blink an eye if she were minding baby,
Trinka wouldn't wink an eye—O, Trinka is a lady!

"I met Trinka on the street when she had gone out walking,
Told her she was simply sweet—but what's the use of talking!
Trinka wouldn't lift her eye or cease to knit her stocking;
Trinka wouldn't make reply, for Trinka thought it shocking."

The two childish figures which depict the demure little Dutch girl and speculative Sam are not to be forgotten by such as love the winsome contrasts of "the land where they never grow up."

"The Teeter" is a bit of up-and-down rhyme, reminiscent of Thackeray's "Sorrows of Werther," yet with a rhythmic merriment of its own.

I.

"Peter had a teeter-tauter,
And one day the miller's daughter
Came around to play with Peter
So he taught her how to teeter.

II.

"Martje liked to teeter-tauter
But she rather felt she ought to
Go to school, but wicked Peter
Said,—"O no, please stay and teeter."

III.

"But the teacher came and caught her,
Martje thought that she would beat her,
But that naughty little Peter
Taught her teacher how to teeter!"

In these days of vulgar Buster Browns and impossible Katzenjammers, a book like "Little Sam in Volendam" is as refreshing as wild-flowers, fresh from a woodland nook. It is to be hoped that the rhymes and pictures of this Canadian artist will meet with the approval and friendship they deserve and that Christmas will see "Little Sam" crowning the top of many a brightly-candled tree.

* * *

A BOOK ABOUT GOLF.

IN the "Book Gossip" of the *Atlantic Monthly*, there recently occurs the following announcement regarding a publication by a Canadian essayist:

"One of the unique books of the season is likely to be Arnold Haultain's 'The Mystery of Golf: A brief Account of games in general: their Origine; Antiquitie; and Rampancie: and of the game ycleped Golfe in particular: its Uniqueness; its Curiousness; and its Difficultie; its anatomical, philosophicall, and moral Properties, together with diverse Concepts on other Matters to it appertaining,' a little volume which will take its place beside Walton's 'Angler.' An indication of its peculiar claim upon the affections of sportsmen enthusiasts may be gathered from the sub-title quoted above."

Mr. Haultain's power to express the charm of out-doors and the sport associated with it is well-known to all readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* in which several of his sketches of country walks have appeared. Canada has all too few citizens who appreciate the Stevensonian joys of the open road and it is to be hoped that Mr. Haultain's latest literary deliverance on this ancient game will find a responsive audience.

* * *

A NEEDED TEXT-BOOK.

PROFESSOR STEPHEN LEACOCK, formerly lecturer on Political Science at McGill University, Montreal, has written a college text-book, "The Elements of Political Science," which is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston, and which will probably be widely used.

* * *

ABOUT THE SOUR SONNETS.

THAT book of unconventional verse by the Canadian journalist, Mr. James P. Haverson, has been received with favour in most quarters, although an occasional critic has found its rhymes too much of the pavement tang. Mr. Sidney G. P. Coryn, literary editor of the *Argonaut*, says in a recent issue of that bright Californian weekly:

"James P. Haverson has hit upon a new vein in his 'Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead and Other Songs of the Street.' His verse is direct and rich in humorous argot, while the illustrations are vigorous and clever."

Curiously enough, a western newspaper man is the only man of the "craft" to find the amusing expressions of the "grouchy" hero decidedly unintelligible.

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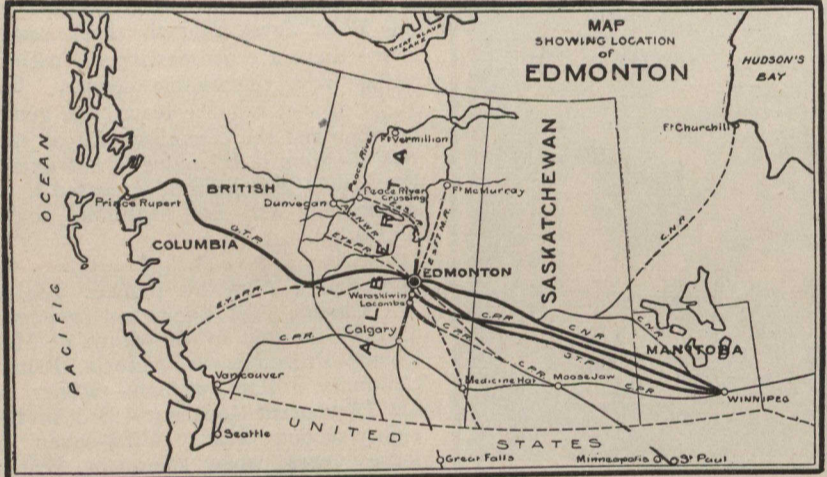
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE
 AN ENGLISH ACTRESS.



Miss Constance Collier.

THE English actress, Miss Constance Collier, who appears with Mr. William Gillette this week at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, is one of the most distinguished members of her profession. Probably her greatest triumph was won in the season of 1907 when she played *Cleopatra* to Mr. Beerbohm Tree's *Mark Antony*. For weeks His Majesty's Theatre in London was crowded with an audience which appreciated a new *Cleopatra*, more stately and less feline than the ordinary stage Queen of Egypt. The more frivolous spectators at the time were deeply interested in the magnificence of Miss Collier's gowns, which were dazzling, even for a character who dissolved pearls in the sparkling vintage dispensed at her hospitable board. Wonderful robes of silver and gold made the feminine beholder catch her breath in either awe or envy. A later sensation was made by Miss Collier in "The Red Lamp," a Russian melodrama of highly enthralling episodes.

The lavishness of modern staging is sometimes condemned as inartistic and plethoric, while "The Drama of Dress" has found more than one critic to condemn it. But the best of modern dramatic artists, as in the present instance know that it is merely a means to an effective end and use it accordingly.

THE HARVEST HOME.

THESE are the days of the harvest home festival, when altars are piled high with red and purple fruit, while the aisles are fragrant with the flowers of autumn. It is a beautiful service in this rich Canada of ours, where the soil is so kindly and the October days so bright and golden. The very best harvest homes I remember were down in Kent County, near the shores of Lake Erie, where the grapes are sweet and luscious and the pumpkin pies are the finest in the Dominion. The harvest home on Sunday was usually followed by a Monday festival, with a supper which gladdened the eyes and appeased even school-girl appetites. Then there were speeches, praising the makers of the pumpkin pies and assuring the people that they lived in the finest province of the grandest country on earth and had much to be thankful for. The harvest home in the city is a poor thing at best, in comparison with town or village, where the people from the countryside proudly send their best and the air is filled with October's rich aroma.

POLITENESS AND THE TRAM.

THE employees of the Toronto Street Railway Company have lately been urged to show all courtesy to passengers, especially those who belong to the sex which descends backwards from the "people's coach." Considering the pressure of street-car traffic in Toronto and the seeming contrariness of many of the women passengers, the conductors are a surprisingly patient class of men. There are women who will ask a conductor, half-an-hour before the car reaches Roxborough Avenue, if he will be sure to ring the bell when that street is approached. There are others who will ask the poor man all manner of impossible questions about how to get to the uttermost ends of the city and scowl at him if he resorts to the vernacular and ejaculates, as a sprightly employee recently did: "You kin search me!" In fact, if one desires to see the Irritating Feminine working overtime, the street-car is the right resort.

In Montreal, delightful city of cheap cabs, the cars seem less crowded with women and the occasion for a strain on the employees' temper and fortitude is less frequent. In Canadian cities the boorish conductor is occasionally encountered; but I have seen a dozen acts of kindness on the part of these employees to one discourtesy. They would need more than the patience of Job to comply with all requests and Job died a very long while ago.

WOMAN AND POLITICS.

A CANADIAN woman laid down the paper with a sigh of thankfulness. "I'm so glad you're not a candidate, George. It would be dreadful to have your picture in the paper." George grinned contentedly. "Thank goodness, I've nothing to do with that mess," he remarked placidly. Most women object decidedly to their men relatives having anything to do with the game of politics and their objection is increasing, as the game becomes more tiring and muddy. In England, political life is a natural career for a man of intellect and ambition; in this country, it looks as if it might become the pursuit of those who have little education and less patriotism. The small interest taken by Canadian women in the politics of the country was recently explained by a Montreal woman who has spent several years in Scotland and England. She is of the opinion that the questions involved in Canadian elections are usually so uninteresting from anything but a local standpoint that it is difficult to interest women—who demand the striking or the picturesque. She also dared to insinuate that most Canadian candidates are deadly dull as personalities, making honourable exception of Sir Wilfrid, Mr. Bourassa and Hon. Richard McBride. The fair Montrealer may be sadly mistaken but her remarks are somewhat soothing to the feelings of the Canadian woman.

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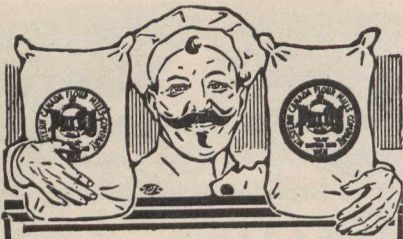
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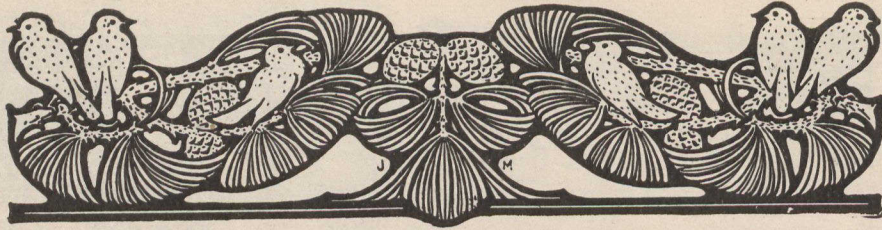
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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE TALISMAN—A "GUESS STORY."

By IDA KENNISTON.

PAPA had little Robbie on his knee and Paul and Frank comfortably snuggled up on each side of him. Then Paul said:

"Now tell us a 'Guess' Story, please, papa."

Papa could tell the most interesting stories about common things, like bees or kites or marbles, but without telling what they were, and the boys would have to guess what they were about.

"Well," began papa, "you know that long ago, in the countries where they had kings, the king would sometimes send some man, whom he knew he could trust, on an important mission. The king would give his own signet-ring to the man, so that the one to whom he was sent would recognise it and would obey the commands of the king's messengers just as if they were the commands of the king himself.

"In some countries people have believed that there were certain magic things called talismans that had some wonderful power to make people obey them, if only they carried the talisman."

Papa stopped the "Guess Story" for a minute, and took a small box, not much over an inch in length, from his pocket.

"When I was down town to-day," said papa, "I found a talisman that really has certain wonderful powers. It is inside this little box.

"If I should give it to Paul or Frank or Robbie, the one to whom I gave it would find ever so many men ready to serve him at the bidding of the talisman.

"In every city and town from Maine to California, or rather from Porto Rico to the Philippines, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, there are men sworn to do its bidding.

"Or if I gave it to one of you boys, and you wished to, you might send the talisman on a long journey, in care of some faithful man, and he would go for many miles, guarding the talisman carefully, and then pass it on to some one else who was bound to obey it, and so it would pass from one to another, for thousands of miles.

"You would not even have to pay the railroad fare of the men—the great steam engines would puff, and the wheels would revolve, and the train would travel on, day and night, carrying the talisman on the errand that you entrusted to it.

"When it left the train, there would be other men waiting to receive it and to carry out the commands you sent with it.

"Even away up in Alaska there are men waiting now who would tramp for miles over snow and ice for you, if you sent the talisman to them with your orders."

"Would it ever come back again?" asked Rob.

"Well, no—" said papa. "Oh, yes, there is a way you could have it come back to you."

But none of the boys could guess.

"Is it a penny?" asked Paul.

"No."

"A dime,—any money?" asked Frank.

"No."

The boys thought and puzzled some more, but still they failed to guess right.

"Tell us about how we could make it come back from the long journey, papa," asked Frank.

Papa thought it was time to help them a little, so he said, "Well, if you wanted to send it to some one you knew in—well, in California, and you were not quite sure where he lived, you could send a request that if the messengers failed to find him they would send it back to you."

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Paul. "You mean that they would send back what the talisman carried, papa?"

"Yes."

"Then, I know," and he whispered in papa's ear.

"Paul has guessed it, and I'll give him the talisman," announced papa. "If the others 'give it up,' he will show it to you."

So as Frank and Robbie really couldn't guess, Paul opened the little box carefully and showed them—a postage stamp!—St. Nicholas.

* * *

THE WIND CHILDREN.

By MIRIAM S. CLARK.

My little dresses are alive—
See, out upon the line
How full and free they're blowing there,
Those crumpled gowns of mine!
I never thought 'twould happen, when
Nurse put them out to air them;
The little children of the wind
Have crept inside, to wear them.

And now they're swaying to and fro—
With lifted arms they're clinging,
Fast holding to the friendly rope
And swinging, swinging, swinging!
The pink gown and the blue gown, too,
The white one trimmed with laces.
O little children of the wind,
Why can't I see your faces?

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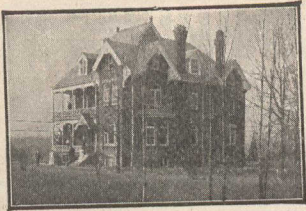
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The Bells of St. Boniface

ON the fourth of October the fourth cathedral in which the French-Canadians of St. Boniface have worshipped was blessed in the presence of a great gathering of priests and people. The first cathedral was the Roman mission with turrets twain, made famous in Whittier's musical verse. The Manitoba *Free Press* in this connection writes an interesting article on the Quaker poet's lines.

"One of the most wonderful, and at the same time one of the most pleasing instances of poetic vision on record, has made famous for ever the bells of the 'Turrets Twain.' If any mental effort has appealed to the imagination of the dwellers of the Red River valley, it is assuredly the beautiful lines of Whittier's 'Red River Voyageur.' No apology need be offered for quoting this poem in full, for any historical retrospect of St. Boniface would be incomplete without it.

Out and in the river is winding
 The links of its long, red chain,
 Through belts of dusky pine land
 And gusty leagues of plain.

Only at times a smoke-wreath
 With the drifting cloud-rack joins—
 The smoke of the hunting lodges
 Of the wild Assiniboines.

Drearly blows the north wind
 From the land of ice and snow;
 The eyes that look are weary,
 And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
 And one upon the shore,
 The Angel of Shadow gives warning
 That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild geese?
 Is it the Indian's yell,
 That lends to the voice of the north
 wind
 The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
 To the sound that grows apace;
 Well he knows the vesper ringing
 Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
 That call from their turrets twain,
 To the boatman on the river,
 To the hunter on the plain.

Even so in our mortal journey
 The bitter north winds blow,
 And thus upon life's Red River,
 Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
 Rests his feet on wave and shore;
 And our eyes grow dim with watch-
 ing,
 And our hearts faint at the oar.

Happy is he who heareth
 The signal of his release
 In the bells of the Holy City,
 The chimes of eternal peace.

"Whittier never saw the Red River valley. Many have believed that when the Quaker poet visited what was then the village of St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1860, he pushed on as far as Fort Garry and called upon Bishop Tache, as he was then at St. Boniface. This belief, however, is a popular error and so the exquisite beauty and the fidelity of conception of 'The Red River Voyageur' remain a historical instance of poetic insight and imagination.

"Mr. Whittier in reality obtained his knowledge of the bells of St. Boniface from a book giving an account of a journey to the Red River settlement, which was written by a United States army officer. This officer was a member of the staff of the first governor of Minnesota, who made a visit to the colony early in the fifties. The officer in question

gave a very interesting description of the old cathedral and of the life and customs of the people, as well as the conditions of the country traversed. It was this account that gave the poet his beautiful inspiration.

WHITTIER WRITES TO ARCHBISHOP TACHE.

"Returning in 1891 from a visit to Montreal, Archbishop Tache was reminded by Lieut.-Gov. Schultz, that December seventeenth was the eighty-fourth anniversary of the poet's birthday and his honour suggested that the anniversary be greeted by a peal of the bells from the tower of St. Boniface cathedral. His grace concurred cordially, waiving the usage that the bells should not ring after the Angelus. This graceful tribute of the erstwhile Roman mission to the composer of 'The Red River Voyageur' was rendered immediately after the last stroke of the clock at midnight, the 'Bells of St. Boniface' ringing in the seventeenth of December, 1891, the anniversary of the poet's natal day. Mr. Whittier was informed of the incident by United States Consul Taylor, whereupon he addressed the following letter to Archbishop Tache: "Newburyport, Mass., 3 mo. 5, 1892. "To Archbishop Tache:

"My Dear Friend,—During my illness from the prevailing epidemic, which confined me nearly the whole winter, and from which I am but very slowly recovering, a letter from the United States consul at Winnipeg informed me of the pleasant recognition of my little poem, 'The Red River Voyageur' (written nearly forty years ago), by the ringing of 'The Bells of St. Boniface' on the eve of my late anniversary.

"I was at the time quite unable to respond, but I feel that I should be wanting in due appreciation of such a marked compliment if I did not, even at this late hour, express to thee my heartfelt thanks. I have reached an age when literary success and manifestations of popular favour have ceased to satisfy one upon whom the solemnity of life's sunset is resting; but such a delicate and beautiful tribute has deeply moved me. I shall never forget it. I shall hear the bells of St. Boniface sounding across the continent, and awakening a feeling of gratitude for thy generous act. With renewed thanks and the prayer that our Heavenly Father may continue to make thee largely instrumental in His service, I am,
 "Gratefully and respectfully
 "Thy friend,
 (Signed) "JOHN G. WHITTIER.
 THE FAMOUS BELLS.

"One of the few things saved from the cathedral of the 'Turrets Twain,' which was burnt to the ground on December 14th, 1860, was the famous bells, which Whittier, in his imagination, had heard calling to his boatman and to the hunter. However, they did not emerge immune from the conflagration, but were broken by the fall to the ground. Still they were not missed, for Bishop Tache had to wait twenty years before he could afford to place a steeple on the new cathedral in which mass was said for the first time in 1863. In the meantime the bells had been wandering over the face of the earth. Cast originally by a London founder, who had sent them to St. Boniface via Hudson Bay, because the York Factory boats of the Nelson River were then the only river boats capable of carrying a weight of four or five hundred pounds in a single piece, Bishop Tache decided that the bells had better be returned to the same founder to be recast. They were returned via Hudson Bay, but the founder, after recasting the bells, routed them back to St. Boniface by way of St. Paul, Minnesota. On hear-

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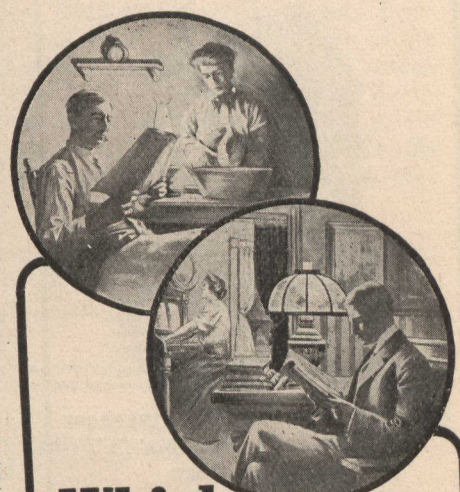
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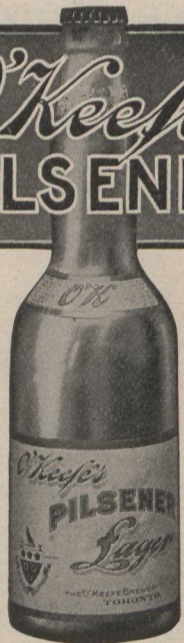
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ing of their arrival in St. Paul, Bishop Tache counted the cost of their transportation by ox teams across nearly five hundred miles of prairie, studded with swamps and intersected by rivers. As a result of this computation he decided that it would be cheaper to send back the bells to London and

have them shipped thence to St. Boniface via Hudson Bay. This was done and the bells arrived safely in St. Boniface via Hudson Bay, the Nelson River, Lake Winnipeg and the Red River. Thus the bells had crossed the Atlantic five times, besides having done much incidental travelling."

THE REAR GUARD

(Continued from page 15)

"Another army has invaded you, the doctor calls them germs. They have attacked the storehouse and are trying to stop the red soldiers from getting the food. But this is only a ruse, dear, for after a while they will attack the General himself. These germs think if they can get at the General then they can defeat the army.

"Now, dear, do you understand?"

"Yes, mother. But have I got to lie here till my soldiers beat the other fellows?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, can't I do anything to help them?"

"You must be bright and cheerful so that the soldiers will always have hope. Then if you are obedient to me and the doctor you will show the little soldiers that they must be obedient to their General."

Thus day by day she cheered the little man up as he grew worse and worse, and many a time she was thankful for her hospital training. When he became delirious, she held him in bed. She watched his breathing grow faster and faster and to see him fighting for his breath made her great heart almost burst, and still she had to wait till the day of the crisis.

The crisis did come, however. She knelt beside the bed and the doctor was on the other side. The General was delirious but he seemed to be fighting one of his battles. Again and again he seemed to urge his army on. When they fell back defeated he did not lose courage but urged them on again. It was a terrible fight and the mother watched and prayed. She saw the tide of battle run in her favour only to be disheartened as it was reversed. Her nerves were strung to the utmost tension and still the battle went on. "Fight, dear, fight!" she gasped. Once more the little General rallied his forces and again he drove back his enemies. But again they turned upon him to break him. "Fight, dear, fight—fight—fight—fight!" Oh, would it never cease, this ebb and flow? Could the General not rally for one last charge! Could he not break this enemy that surged around him, rank on rank? Could the doctor not help? "Not yet," he said. "Oh, God, boy! Fight—fight!"

Still this silent battle went on; still there was no sign of defeat or victory. Again the foe rushed up and were again repelled, but the little fellow's lips formed words, and mixed with the horrible panting for breath the mother caught: "Gen'r'l — surrounded." She whispered hoarsely to the doctor: "Has his heart given out?" and before he could answer she turned to the boy. "It all hangs on you, General. Fight your way out—fight—fight!"

When she turned the doctor was putting a hypodermic needle into the boy's arm, as a last resort. An inspiration seized her. "Call up the rear guard—the rear guard! Boy, boy! do you hear? The rear guard! Oh, God, may the guard get there in time! Doctor, didn't you delay the stimulant too long? Will the guard never reach there? Oh, boy, boy, fight!"

But already the boy seemed relieved. He was bathed in perspiration and the blueness was leaving his

face. Presently his tense muscles relaxed and he passed into a deep sleep and his mother caught the words: "Rear—guard—won." She collapsed into hysterics, but through all her wild tears and laughter she said: "Thank God for the rear guard!"

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WHEN a fashion is artistic, there's beauty in civilisation; but when art is the fashion, I tremble for both! The slang of trade and the jargon of art become confused and indistinguishable—and signs are not lacking that art and trade are, by the same token, mixed. A dry-goods clerk not long ago urged, almost commanded, me to buy buttons of a particular pattern, because "they're exactly what you want, madam. That's the Last Novoo design, the very latest!" And I have heard more than one craftsman express his pride in his work with the phrase, "Now I call that a stylish thing. New arty, don't you know!"

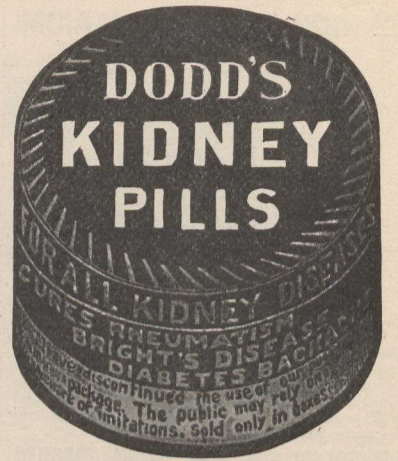
But for the present at least, the New Art Heroine is having it all her own way, from pictures to door-knobs. The New Art of design looks to her for inspiration and method as well; its key is the dainty parallelism of her slender form, curve answering to long curve. She is its type and symbol, and the ideal for whom all deeds are done. "Art is long,"—and our wallpapers grow flowers seven feet tall. If you are led by the truly informed, you will build a new art house and lay out a new art garden, regardless of your age or sex, height or weight, or previous condition of culture. You will sit at a new art table and dine off new art china; read the newest ideas in interior decoration from the new art magazines, and at last, reposing under eiderdown puffs of new art design, close your weary eyes upon the new art appointments of your room.

Some of us, I fancy, would cut a sorry picture if our staid and respectable personalities should be set in the midst of new art surroundings. Or, and it is within the possibilities, the surroundings might perhaps look a trifle affected and prettified. Certain it is that the new art house is not homelike.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Who's What?

(New York Life.)

Corelli, Marie.—The Lady Bok of England, whose circulation, however, extends over the known world, but is beyond the reach of critics. This young woman was born in a photographer's shop in Dorsetshire, and has been posing ever since. She is on intimate terms with Satan and is the owner of a philosophy of things no one else dreams of in heaven or earth. Representing the same relationship to England that Laura Jean Libbey does to America, she keeps the draughts of literature open, and the warm, red glow of feverish sentiment warms the hearts of every factory girl in the Kingdom. Her principal recreation is looking at herself in the glass and chasing interviewers. Favourite fruit: The lemon. Address care of Andrew Lang.



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(C. P. Ry.)

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QUEBEC HOTELS

The Chateau Frontenac

(C. P. Ry.)

American Plan, \$4.00 up.
Accommodation for 450 Guests.

MANITOBA HOTELS

The Royal Alexandra (C. P. Ry.)

WINNIPEG, MAN.

European \$2.00. American, \$4.00.
Accommodation for 600 Guests.

BRITISH COLUMBIA HOTELS

Glacier House (C. P. Ry.)

GLACIER, B. C.

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Hotel Vancouver (C. P. Ry.)

VANCOUVER, B. C.

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