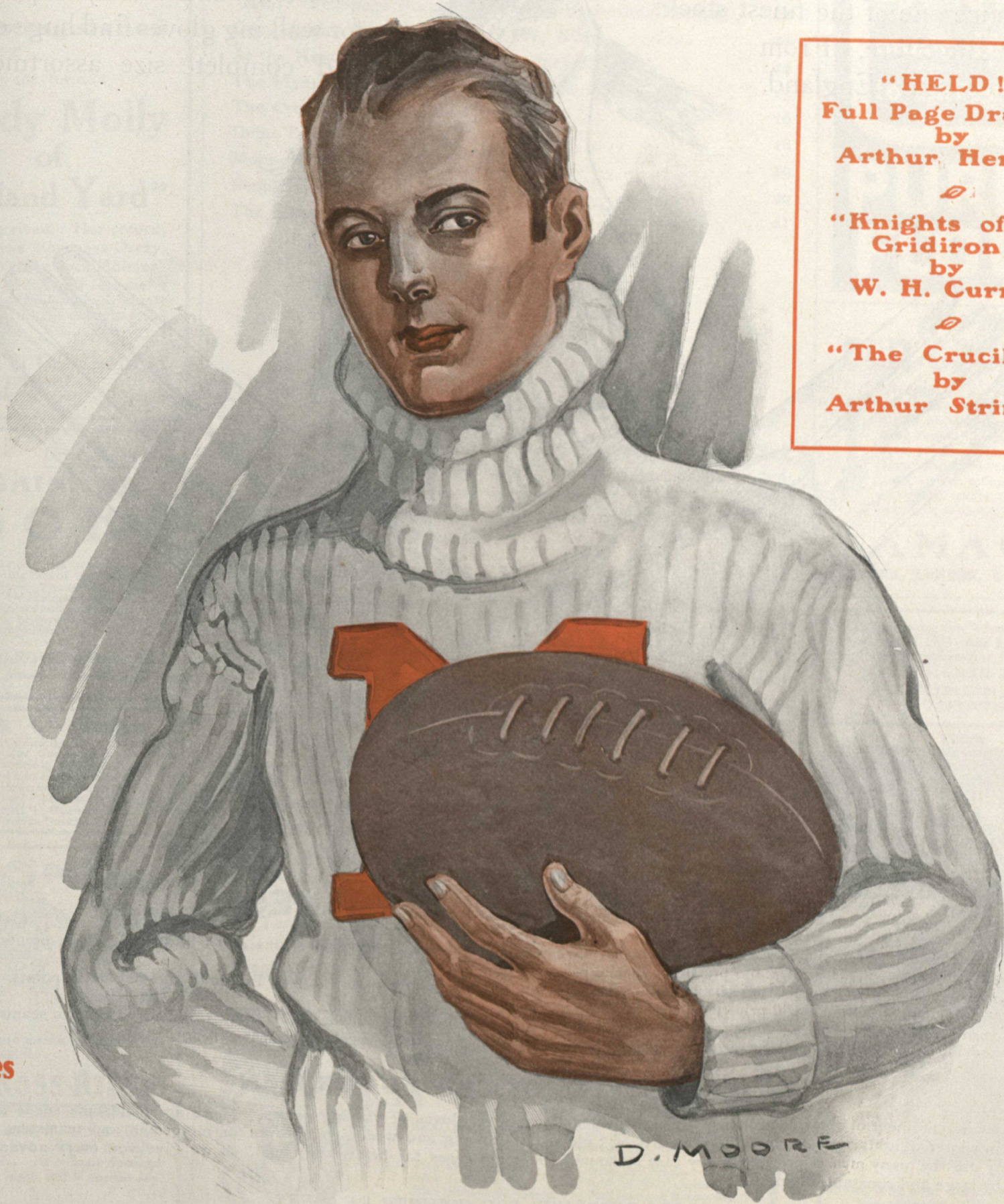


The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



"HELD!"
 Full Page Drawing
 by
 Arthur Heming

**"Knights of the
 Gridiron"**
 by
 W. H. Curran

"The Crucible"
 by
 Arthur Stringer

Read in
 Nine
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EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

BOOKS are on the programme for next week. Are Canadians as a people fond of books? Or are we less bookish in the twentieth century than we were in the nineteenth? Does commercial activity cause a decline in the demand for good reading? This is worth discussion.

THE farmer has his phase of the problem. In a recent issue the editor pointed out where education fails. The article has stirred up a wide area of comment. We shall make a feature of these next week. Books in one way or another are calling the farmers' boys away from the land. Once it was Homer and Euclid. Now it may be other kinds of books. But the book problem and the city problem are making a difference in rural life.

THE Stringer story this week will be the first thing to read after you have scanned the pictures. It may be a long reach from the football field to the footlights; but the struggle behind the scenes is even more strenuous than football, because it concerns the battle of the emotions, which in his peculiarly masterful fashion Stringer has depicted in "The Crucible." The Christmas number is making rapidly. In next week's issue we shall give a complete synopsis of this unusually interesting number.



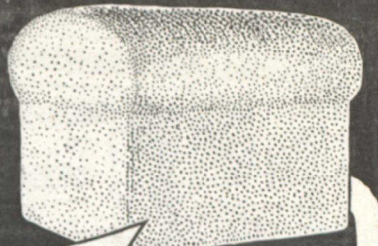
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THE
Canadian Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Vol. 10

Toronto, November 19, 1910

No. 24

UNCLE SAM AND US

By NORMAN PATTERSON

YOUR Uncle Sam is a good neighbour, and Canada knows it right well. The United States as a nation may be somewhat selfish and somewhat keen in International affairs, but the United States people are comfortable neighbours. The original owners of California and Texas, if they were alive, might not echo this sentiment, but they are dead and the boundaries of the new-world countries are now better defined. Certainly the United States does not bother Canada, except through the medium of her commercial travellers. Nobody has ever accused Washington of sending emissaries to Ottawa to influence legislators in an underhand way, nor of sending special advocates through the country to affect Canadian sentiment in favour of any United States project. Indeed, if Canada has any complaint to make it is that the United States people have paid too little attention to this country. They have been interested in the Atlantic Fisheries, in the northern Pacific seal preserves, and in the Alaska Boundary, but because these disputes were mainly handled from London, the common people in this country have not been greatly affected by the discussions.

Similarly, Canada has not been paying a great deal of attention to the United States. Since the Reciprocity Treaty fell under the displeasure of the United States senate in 1865, Canada has not had much reason to interest itself in United States affairs. From time to time it was necessary to take notice that your Uncle Sam had put another layer of cut stone along the top of the tariff wall which prevents Canadian goods from entering his country. But whether it was the Wilson Bill, McKinley Bill, Dingley Bill or Aldrich-Payne Bill; all coons looked alike to Canada. For forty years that wall has been steadily growing higher, and the story that is told continually for forty years becomes somewhat familiar and uninteresting. Canada buys large quantities of United States wares and her purchases from the Republic now amount to a very respectable annual sum. She always sold some goods to the United States, but your Uncle Sam has had a strong belief in the two-for-one principle.

Considering this situation one may readily understand the interest which the people of Canada took in last week's elections in the land of the Free, though sometimes their interesting elections are not startling in their effect upon national policy. That election last week was different. The United States people themselves admit that there has been nothing like it since 1882, and that is some time ago. Canada was interested because she feared President Roosevelt. He plays such a large part in the life of the Anglo-Saxon races that Canada has been wondering just what was going to happen when Teddy became the uncrowned Caesar of the land where all men are free and equal. They were greatly interested in the results in New York State. Strangely enough, when the news came that Teddy was beaten Canadians howled with joy. Just why this should be I do not know. Possibly it may have been that there was more joy over the success of the low tariff programme than over the defeat of the Colonel of the Rough Riders. However, each of us will have his own opinion on this point.

When those remarkable elections occurred last week there were three United States officials at Ottawa arranging the preliminaries for that new reciprocity treaty which has been talked of for forty years. And they were getting along splendidly. Everybody in Ottawa was treating them kindly, courteously and even generously. It appears that had

they asked for Rideau Hall or a slice of Parliament Hill to take back to Washington as a souvenir, they would have received it. Those were the days before Tuesday of last week. After Tuesday of last week the atmosphere in Ottawa became much cooler. The Canadians who were doing the entertaining hid their thermometers so that their United States guests would not see the drop in the mercury. Nevertheless, the frigidity must have been quite noticeable to the three visitors. It did not take long for both sides to discover that further negotiations at the present moment were inadvisable.

THE situation then is that the United States has for the first time in many, many years decided that it would like to have a reciprocity treaty with Canada. In spite of some protests on the part of ultra-imperialists, the Canadian Government treated the United States' desires with extreme friendliness and courtesy. The treatment of each other by both sets of officials must necessarily increase the friendly feeling between the two countries, even if it does not result in a reciprocity treaty. Had the United States elections not gone the way they did last Tuesday, there might have been a narrow reciprocity treaty. In spite, however, of the present suspension of the negotiations I would venture to predict that a broader measure of reciprocity will result. Both countries are intensely commercial and both would be immensely benefited by a reciprocity arrangement which would preserve the national industries, the national dignity and the national ambitions of both. This being the case, and men being as reasonable as they are, there seems no reason why the next twelve months should not see a reciprocity treaty and a growing interest by the one country in the other. The United States is big enough to be generous; Canada is not small enough to be snappy. Whether or not a real treaty is negotiated, we may fairly assume that the friendly feelings of the one country for the other will develop immensely from this time forward, until some day perhaps the diplomats and official corps of the two countries shall be working together with common objects and common aims. This is true to-day of many of the organisations of both countries, religious, social, and industrial. Why should the same conditions not obtain in political circles?

There is one point which is worthy of some consideration, and which may not yet have occurred to all observers. The new House of Representatives, which will not meet until some time next year, will be Democratic and in favour of tariff-revision-downwards. If the movement for better trade relations between the two countries can be dovetailed into the first Democratic tariff bill, there would certainly be

something doing. Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, K.C., thinks a treaty inadvisable. He is in favour of a mutual reduction of duties on certain classes of articles, not necessarily the same in both countries. If this idea could be worked out at the next tariff discussion in Congress, something important might be accomplished. Of course, if President Taft insists on a treaty, then a treaty it must be. But in any case, Canada's opportunity will be simultaneous with that first definite move on the part of the recently remodelled House of Representatives.

In an address on reciprocity in St. George's Hall, Toronto, in 1897, the Hon. G. W. Ross, gave five reasons why he was opposed to a treaty with the United States. Three of these would be removed, if it were a reciprocity arrangement instead of a treaty. These are (1) a reciprocity treaty may be used as an admission that the weaker nation is dependent upon the stronger for a market; (2) the repeal of a reciprocity treaty might be held by a stronger nation *interwoven* over the weaker; and (3) at best any market based upon a treaty is a temporary one. It would seem clear therefore that both governments should seriously consider if a reciprocal arrangement would not be more popular than a treaty. Certainly it would contain less dynamite.

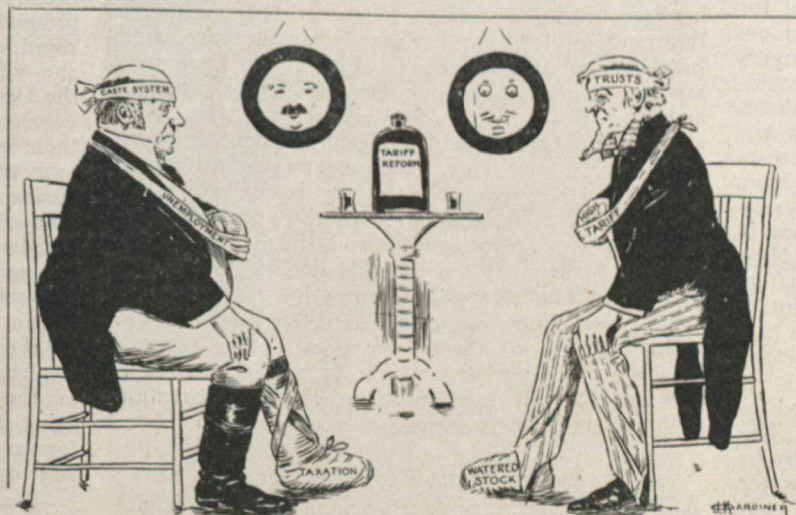
In passing it may be mentioned that the coal barons of Nova Scotia do not want reciprocity of any kind, degree or character. In a memorandum issued some time ago and submitted to the Nova Scotia Government, the nine big coal companies state: "The operators have made a careful study of the effect of any reciprocal arrangement in coal, and the result of their investigations and the knowledge gained by experience in the business convinces them that Reciprocity would be disastrous to the Coal Industry of the Province." That is flat, isn't it? And they seem to have good arguments behind them, although the arguments are not such as will appeal to the consumer of coal in Ontario or Manitoba. However, there you are.

The other day, the writer met two prominent Ontario farmers—importers and breeders of horses. He asked them what they thought of reciprocity, and they shook their heads decidedly. "Not in favour, eh?" said I. And then one of them frowned me into silence by declaring, "Not one farmer in ten in this Province is in favour of reciprocity." I whistled and ordered the cigars.

LET it not be considered that the writer of this article is wildly excited about this reciprocity question, or that he thinks Canadians generally are in that fervent condition. Canada doesn't want reciprocity. That phrase is not correct. Canada is willing to accept reciprocity in certain lines, if she can see mutual advantage in the arrangement. There would be some regrets, but no mourning bands, if reciprocity were to die a natural death now that Mr. Eugene N. Foss has become Governor of Massachusetts, with other subjects to talk about.

But even if he forgets us, we Canadians shall always remember the "Governor" as a man who fought for us in a hopeless battle—and won a governorship.

In 1874, Sir Edward Thornton and the Hon. George Brown negotiated a draft reciprocity treaty which the United States Senate refused to accept. Any person interested in the subject will find that draft treaty good reading. Its chief feature was that the duties on a selected list of articles were to be reduced one-third the first year, another third the second year, and wiped out the third. If there is to be a new treaty, that feature should be duplicated. When the Thousand-Farmers' Deputation reaches Ottawa in December it should have the history of that draft treaty in mind. The experiences and opinions of these two British diplomats would make an excellent basis for an argument, if argument there is to be.



Similar Disorders—Similar Medicine.

WANTED—A NEW NATIONAL POLICY

By THE EDITOR

LAST week, our readers were asked to give serious consideration to the question of a new national policy for this Dominion, and for the purpose of starting a discussion several suggestions were offered. The communications already received and promised indicate that the subject appeals to many leading minds. Political leaders seldom inaugurate new policies. They are so busy with the problems of every-day administration that they find little time for detached observation. Indeed, many of them do not claim to be leaders in the larger sense, contenting themselves with being the instruments through which public opinion becomes crystallised in legislation. Therefore the COURIER's appeal is to the well-informed, patriotic citizens outside of parliamentary life.

The discussion is intended to emphasise the point that Canada's national policy must be a creation of the people—not of the legislators at Ottawa alone. In a recent article in the *Outlook* Senator Dolliver of Iowa, traces the growth of new political ideas in the United States, and especially in the Republican party. He admits that most of them have come from the outside, from those who were not compelled to "weigh the chances of success" and who "felt at liberty to speak the truth." Men have broken down party discipline in an endeavour to present independent views of public affairs, and have thus had a potent influence upon the parties themselves. Though himself a strong Republican, he admits that the progress of the Republican platform has been largely due to what has been recently termed the "insurgent" movement.

To the insurgent, to the patriotic citizen who does not allow his party allegiance to stultify his ability to think, to the man who has views of public policy which are different from those of one party or the other or from both, to the man who puts the interest of country above self and above purely party success—the COURIER makes this appeal. The politicians will listen—and the best of them will adopt such of the ideas presented as seem best fitted for the occasion.

* * *

Conservation or Endowment.

LAST week the two main topics touched upon were the falling back of the rural population in older Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, and the necessity for harmony of opinion between the farmer and the manufacturer. There are a number of other points of equal importance in a discussion of this nature.

Chief among these is the question of Conservation. Conservation may be good or it may be bad. Conservation which would withdraw all public land, mineral deposits and timber limits from possible exploitation would mean stagnation. On the other hand, a policy of non-conservation which would throw the public domain into the hands of mere speculators would be disastrous.

There is a Conservation Commission in existence, but its powers are simply advisory. It has been investigating and discussing, but so far, has not arrived anywhere. Whether as at present constituted, it will ever arrive anywhere is open to question. Nevertheless, there is great need of just such work as it is expected to accomplish.

The timber wealth of the country needs protection. Forest fires destroy annually more of this timber than the lumbermen manufacture. The governments need stirring up on this question. Ontario has, after a long agitation, decided that university students on vacations and preachers out for a holiday are not suitable fire rangers. The Hon. Frank Cochrane promises that in future fire rangers shall not be appointed for purely political considerations. This will be an advance if it materialises, but it is not enough. There must be a policy of scientific harvesting such as the Harmsworth interests have adopted in Newfoundland, and such as have been in vogue for centuries in the benighted, military-ridden countries of central Europe. What is said of Ontario may also be said of Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and British Columbia. The timber wealth of Nova Scotia has been absolutely frittered away, and even the land on which the timber stood has been appropriated without let or hindrance.

So with mineral wealth, it must be conserved by a policy of exploitation for the public benefit. The mines must not be closed up, neither should they be given to political favourites. Fisheries and water powers also must be treated as a part of the people's endowment. Why not a national endowment policy rather than a conservation policy? Con-

servation seems to mean too much to some people. It is a rather strong term to be used in a country which is so keen on development as ours.

* * *

Labour and Capital.

THE new National Policy must aim to make the interests of labour and capital identical. It is probably true that up to the present, capital has been receiving more consideration than labour. This was probably justified by the necessity for attracting foreign and British capital to this country. Yet labour interests have not wholly been overlooked, and to-day the mechanic in this country has little to complain of. Nevertheless there is much to be done along the line of compulsory arbitration, technical education, and a better understanding between employer and employee. The Lemieux Act is good; the Old-age Annuity scheme which Sir Richard Cartwright inaugurated is excellent, though not yet understood; the general laws for the protection of women and children in factories are fine. But laws and Acts of Parliament are not sufficient. There must be a spirit of harmony, engendered by a desire to serve the common good. Labour must pursue a policy which will not injure capital, and capital must give constant attention to the needs and desires of labour.

* * *

Nationalism vs. Sectionalism.

THE new National Policy should be so broad-based that every section of Canada will find it wide enough to allow for sectional ambition without prejudicing the national ambition. With the central governing body there should be neither East nor West, neither North nor South. Parliament should be just as solicitous of the welfare of Prince Edward Island as of the welfare of Vancouver Island—no more, no less. The remoteness of a district should but add to the attention which it receives. As Parliament, so people; every section should be anxious about the progress of every other section, while paying the keenest attention to its own affairs.

How can sectionalism be submerged in nationalism? This is a point we would press upon the reader. The tendency to sectionalism is undoubtedly present to a limited extent, and steps must be taken to prevent its growth.

* * *

City vs. Country.

SHALL the cities grow at the expense of the country? Will it be best for Canada, if she becomes a nation of great cities or remains a nation of great farmers? How is the country to be preserved from the charms of the great city? How are the breeding-grounds of the nation to be protected against the stifling, stunting, over-crowding which goes with industrial progress? Here are problems which vitally affect the future of the people from the standpoint of physique and human effectiveness. Shall the "Men of the Northern Zone" lose that virile physical and mental force which has distinguished the native Canadians of the past? How will the new National Policy meet these problems?

In the last forty years the rural population of the county of Perth in Ontario has declined from thirty-one thousand to twenty-six thousand, while that of the county of Huron has declined from fifty thousand to thirty-six thousand. The Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario states that the rural population of the whole province declined between 1888 and 1908, to the extent of eighty-six thousand, while the urban population increased four hundred and fifty thousand. There have been very similar results in many parts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Even in Manitoba there are some agricultural districts which are not so densely populated as they once were. This means that the movement from the country to the city is one which demands the consideration of both the economist and the statesman. The economist is interested in the problem because of the possible decline in a great industry. The statesman should be interested because of the possible decline in the physical and moral strength of the nation as a whole.

Here is a problem which is as great, if not greater, than the tariff problem, the transportation problem, and the immigration problem.

* * *

Independent Civil Services.

APPPOINTMENTS to the public service under every Government of Canada, and there are ten of them, are made on the basis of partisan pol-

itical service—or political pull. Recently the "inside service," or the employees of the Dominion Government at Ottawa have been put upon an independent basis. There is a Civil Service Commission which now regulates appointments at the capital, oversees promotion, and is supposed to prevent waste and idleness. This is splendid, but it has never received the consideration which it deserves from either Parliament or people. The Cabinet Ministers and the members of the House, with a few exceptions, have resented the loss of this piece of patronage and apparently have resolved to stop the reform at this point. They will succeed, if public opinion does not wake up and force further action.

Not one of the nine provincial governments has considered civil service reform. Every appointment made by these administrations, whether Liberal or Conservative, is liable to be the football of politics. Members of the Legislatures demand a voice for themselves and their patronage committees in every appointment. These same members waste their time getting "jobs" for useless members of society, when they should be studying public questions. The consequence is that the public services contain many incompetents, are lacking in discipline and efficiency, and the chief glory of the "member" is his record in securing appointments and patronage for his constituents.

Of course the politicians are not to blame for this. This state of affairs would not exist if public opinion were against it. The other day a few cheap jacks in the Conservative party in Toronto tried to have politics introduced into municipal elections, and the Central Conservative Association endorsed the movement. Public opinion both within and without the party was against it, however, and the movement was speedily buried in a pauper's grave.

* * *

In Brief.

CANADA must be careful to avoid any form of that disease known as "swelled head." Ever notice the look of supreme self-satisfaction which adorns the face of the proud owner of a new \$5,000 automobile as his chauffeur swings it skilfully between the bodies of the hurrying pedestrians? That is not the fault of the automobile, nor any argument against its use, but it illustrates the point. Our success is great, but it should not puff us up with pride.

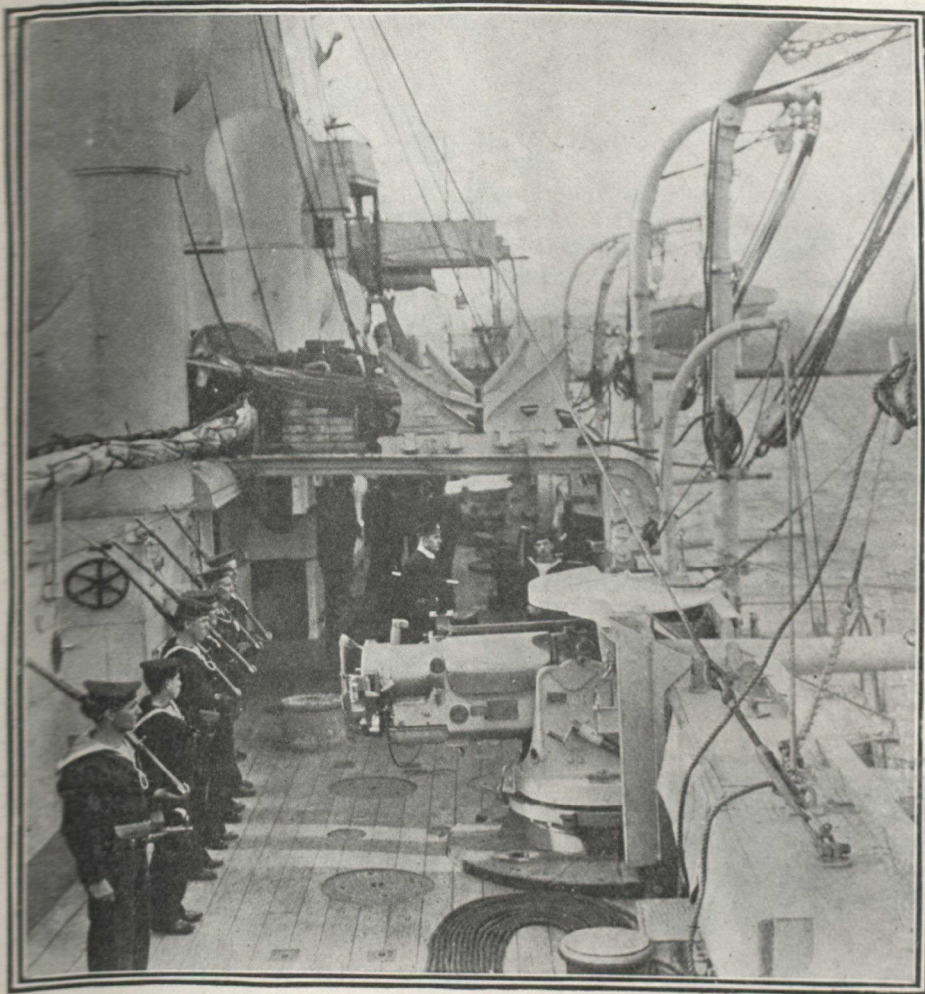
Canada is a great manufacturing country, but the State of Massachusetts produces more manufactured goods every year than all the factories of Canada's nine provinces. At the same time, the value of the agricultural products of that State has increased 38 per cent. in ten years. Its tilled lands are only one-thirteenth of those of Texas, but its crop value is one-fifth. Expanse of territory is not everything. Massachusetts has a Forestry Commission which is increasing the forest values of the State, while those of the Canadian provinces are declining. Massachusetts is a great manufacturing province, but it has agricultural high schools in its rural centres, while there is no teaching of agriculture in the schools of Canada.

Nor is Massachusetts the only state that may be quoted. Maine increased its potato crop from 6,500,000 bushels in 1899 to 29,250,000 bushels in 1909. Is there any province in Canada which has done better than that?

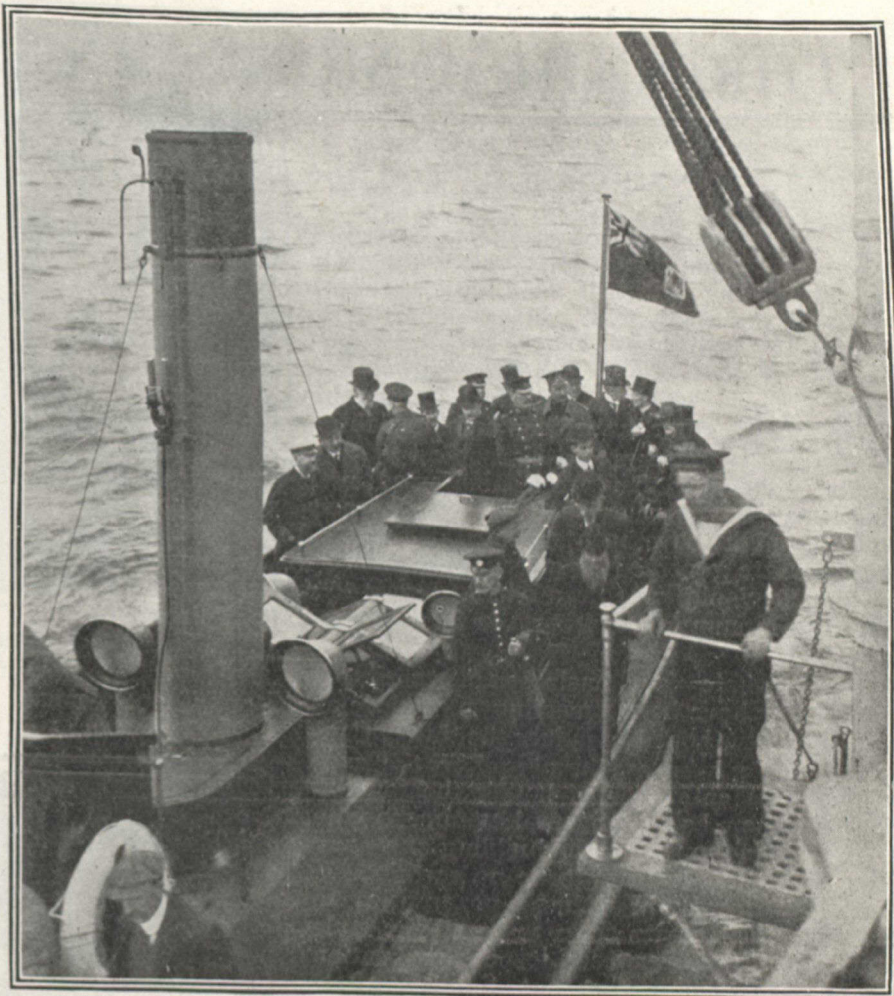
Canada has been doing splendidly, but it must do better. Electricity, hydro-electric energy, electric railways in city and country, improved methods of education, improvements in manufacture and agriculture, the rapid advance in science as applied to industry and soil-production, have made progress rapid the world over. To say that our progress in the first decade of the twentieth century was double that of the progress made in the last decade of the old century is to say nothing. The progress of the world in general has been more rapid. If Canada had not done what she has done, she would have gone behind in comparison with the United States, Argentina and Germany.

Occasionally Canadians flatter themselves that their politics are cleaner, that justice is better administered, that there is a higher code of ethics in business and in public life than in the United States. Undoubtedly this is true as to the punishment of murderers, but on all other points the United States has made tremendous progress in recent years. Canada must give more heed to the development of public spirit, culture, patriotism and appreciation of those things which are higher than material wealth, if it is to be the intellectual and moral giant of the continent. Canada must have a national spirit and a national policy which will carry it forward with increased speed, greater certainty, and towards a more clearly defined goal.

Readers who are interested in the discussion are invited to send in their views for publication in the issue of December 3rd.



H.M.C.S. Rainbow—Gun Deck, looking forward.



Welcoming Party reaching the Vessel.

THE REJUVENATION OF 'SQUIMALT

By C. L. ARMSTRONG

FIVE years ago Esquimalt "went dead" when the Admiralty called the North Pacific Squadron to guard other shores. The key to the Pacific was deserted until the grey misty dawn of November 7th, when it suddenly

awoke. Dominion Government ships lay at anchor. As daylight came pennants broke from peaks and signal flags fluttered from halyards. The great, invincible basin was *en fete*. Far out in the Straits that which had been a small speck took on form. A bluejacket in a signal tower flashed the word, and the harbour was a-flutter with excitement. H. M. C. S. "Rainbow," Plymouth, Eng., for Esquimalt, the first ship of the Canadian navy on the Pacific, and the training school for the Canadian navy of the future, had reached the end of the cruise.

Steaming fast, the grey-painted Rainbow flashed past Fish-guard Light. As the

anchors splashed at her bows a bugle sounded clear and shrill. Before the notes died away a gun cracked from the cruiser's side. Immediately a gun from the land battery at Dunze Head crashed back. Then came gun after gun, echo meeting echo as land battery and ship's guns boomed together while the Rainbow broke out her bunting and dressed. The echoes of the salute were still reverberating, when a small launch which had shot out from shore and drawn up under the warship's bows debarked her passengers. First up the ladder was Admiral Kingsmill, in command of the naval service of Canada. He was followed by Commander Roper, chief of staff and Commander Macdonald, of H.M.C.S. "Niobe," now lying in Halifax. As the

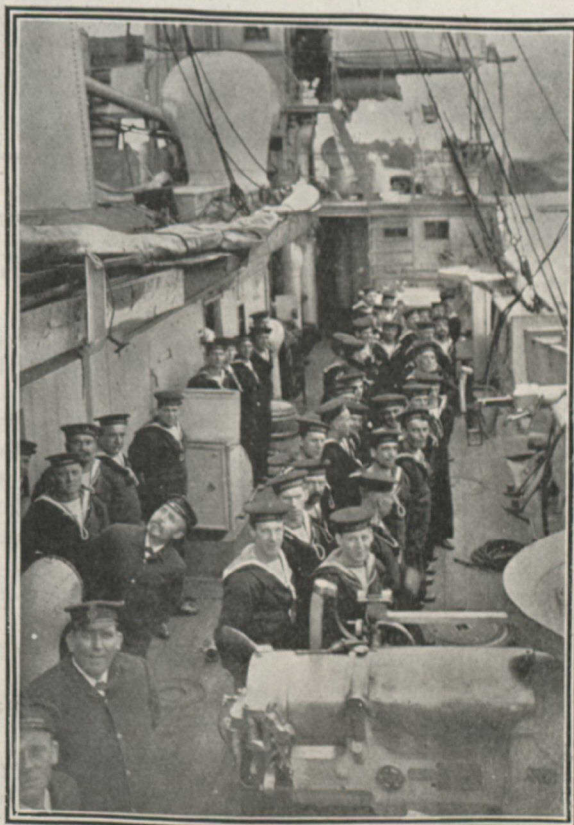
Admiral stepped on board he was received with a salute of thirteen guns.

During the morning, while the crew of the Rainbow were busy setting the ship to rights after her long voyage, the harbour was dotted with small craft bearing spectators. The surprising thing about this new Canadian ship is the fact that she showed no signs of the hard wear of her trip from England and that, while she is eighteen years old—a very Methuselah of war craft—she doesn't look it.

In the afternoon the Hon. William Templeman, accompanied by a host of provincial, municipal, army and militia officials as well as private citizens, boarded the cruiser and were received by Commander Stewart and the ship's officers. Then, at a pretty ceremony, the Rainbow was officially welcomed to the Pacific.



The Ship's Bugler.



"The Starboard Watch."

Later in the week, after the bluejackets from the new cruiser had stretched their legs and repopulated old Esquimalt in old-time style, the festivities were taken up again. There were banquets and feasting and some of those gay private functions where "both arms of the service" are mingled.

The Rainbow's crew are a fine lot. Numbering in its ranks picked men from the Imperial Navy who have been loaned to Canada for two years to teach the youngsters how to be British tars, as well as men who have finished their time in the Imperial navy and have joined for the Canadian service, the crew of the Rainbow will stand comparison with the crew of any battleship in the world.

When the Rainbow left Plymouth she had 15,012 miles of straight steaming before her. "Blimy" remarked one of the most stalwart of her tars as he kicked his heels on the cobbles of an Esquimalt street, "Blimy, if I thought we should ever reach this 'ere blooming plice. Sailing is all roight, oi soy; but w'en it comes to blooming-well waftin' round the blawsted globe, it's a bit thick. Oi soy, old cocky, w're does a cove get a gloss of beer?"

Yet the Rainbow had a remarkably nice voyage "Fair took down wiv 'honway,' we wuz," remarked another W. W. Jacobs character from the Rainbow's crew. Except for some nasty water kicked up by a bit of head wind between Rio and Monte Video and heavy swells along the coast of the United States. The feature of the voyage was the carnival of Father Neptune, held when the Rainbow was crossing the equator. According to the men of the cruiser, Old Father Neptune came aboard just as the Rainbow's bows touched the line. "'Ow did we know w'en we 'it the line?" responded a big tar to an interviewer's question. "W'y, old chap, blow me if the blooming water didn't rise right up like a jolly old 'edge." When Father Neptune came aboard the Rainbow he learned to his huge joy that many of the Rainbow's 204 officers and men had never crossed the equator before. Nep' arranged his court at once. The chief feature of it was a large canvas tank of salt water. The initiating party rigged up in fearful fashion included policemen, whose duty it was to seize all greenhorns and bring them before the court. Arraigned there they were made to plead guilty to having never "crossed" before. Then a large pot of lather and a whitewash brush was brought forth and they were lathered and shaved with a wooden razor three feet long. The shaving done, with mouths half full of lather, they were tipped back into the tank, where a party of four "bears" awaited them. When they fought their way out they were met by a bunch of huskies who plastered them with black lead and tar and threw them back again. Then they escaped.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

"Nationalism" and the Navy

THE first signal political fact focused by the "Monocle" on its resumption after some months' seclusion in my vest pocket, was the defeat of the Laurier candidate in Drummond and Arthabaska and its effects upon the rest of the Canadian people. In the main, these effects have been far less pyrotechnic than I feared. The pro-navy Canadians, largely "of English origin," to quote a phrase which Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself invented for the Jesuit Estates affair, have been commendably moderate in their comments; and there seems no disposition to preach a race jihad in any quarter. Possibly they are a trifle awed in the face of a dangerous manifestation. Possibly their zeal for the new naval policy is not as fierce as might have been expected of them. And it is even possible that they are governed by a feeling of justice which compels them to see that it would have been wholly unfair to expect any other result under the circumstances from "our fellow-Canadians of French origin"

IN this whole navy business, it seems to me that our pro-navy leaders have been expecting to produce an effect without a cause.

They have hoped to induce the thrifty Canadian people, who are immersed to the eyes in the great enterprise of laying the foundations of a new half-continental empire, to vote a lot of good money for the building of a navy for which there appears to be no earthly use. With the exception of loose generalities to the effect that navies seem to be all the style now, and that every self-respecting nation wears one when it goes out Sunday afternoons, what reason has been given the Canadian people why it should plunge into the tremendous task of equipping itself with a retinue of fighting ships? Are we in danger of invasion from the sea? Is there a foe lurking behind the blue waves of the Atlantic or the Pacific ready to attack our coasts, which, however, can be repelled with great slaughter by a few cruisers of the Bristol class?

WE all know better than that. Britain has a navy because it needs one; Germany is building one because it thinks it may want to use it; even poor old Turkey is buying up a few cast-off cruisers because it sees a very definite reason for having them in the restive condition of Crete. But so long as the British navy is supreme and the American navy reads the Monroe Doctrine on the quarter-deck every Fourth of July, why does Canada need a collection of ships which could never fight a battle, but which will cost more than a full equipment of technical schools? The British Empire must be supreme at sea or go to pieces; but the Dominion of Canada will never fall before an armed invasion, unless it crosses the frontier on foot. In the face of the plain and irresistible logic of facts, what has been done to convince the Canadian people as a whole that they should build a navy? What, in particular, has been done to persuade the contented farmers of Quebec that they ought to dip down in their pockets to buy "Bristols" or enlist their sons in the "marine of Canada"? They are a peace-loving, diligent people. The clang of war was never meant to disturb the quiet of their little farms. Somehow the war-lords will look after their own affairs. There is no need for war-preparedness till some invader crosses the frontier. There was plenty of fighting once upon a time. The walls of Quebec are a reminder of war. But this is the era of peace, plenty and prosperity. Why disturb it by international or imperial imbroglios?

JUDGING by the arguments that were put up in Drummond and Arthabaska by the pro-navy advocates, the attitude of that section of the community, be they Liberal or Conservative, English or French, is abjectly apologetic. They do not go to the people with a stirring cry of warning on their lips—with an insistent finger pointing to a real and approaching danger—and present their navy plans as a practical call to arms. They do not arouse our voters as even the Liberal Asquith and Gray stampede the Radical voters of Britain. They rather deprecate "war scares," and the larger part of our English press itself makes a joke of the cloud which every European without distinction thinks he sees hanging in the heavens. In a word, there is no good reason given our people why they should even mount

a shotgun in a canoe; and, in the absence of such reasons, our French-Canadian fellow-citizens are perfectly right to keep out of "the vortex of militarism," and refuse to lend themselves to what they erroneously believe to be the selfish ambitions of an Imperialistic clique with a greed for power and a passion for oppression.

* * *

NOW you probably have gathered that I strongly believe that there is abundance of reason why every section of the British Empire should prepare with all haste to defend itself against any possible foe. No man could travel for a year in a European atmosphere without perceiving that the nations there are sternly and anxiously girding themselves up for a titanic struggle which visibly impends over them and toward which our "whole creation" seems to "move." But there is little or no apprehension in Canada. The "scare" out of which our naval policy was born, has become one of the foolish sensations of "yester-year." They may be troubled on the Quai d'Orsay, they may be straining every nerve in the British Foreign Office, they may be laying down Dreadnoughts at Trieste, and there may be a military compact between Turkey and Roumania. But Canada believes herself above the storms. If Europe is silly enough to be vexed over many things, we with our impregnable school system and our evangelical Christianity have chosen the better part. We may have consented in some half-hearted fashion to go through the motions of starting a navy; but we are not to be prodded into taking our little experiment seriously. Still, that being so,

we must not be surprised if the busy farmers of the West and the peaceful "habitants" of Quebec, are even calmer than we are, and will not pay for a toy with which they do not care to play. Few men will consent to carry a revolver unless they believe there is danger.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Music and Manners

MUSICAL manners in Canada need amending. Perhaps this is not true of Canada alone. Those who know say that even in London manners in music are in sad need of reform. I don't mean the manners of musicians; which may be bad enough or good enough or what you will; but the manners of those who listen to music. "Music and Morals" is the title of a good book by an English clergyman who saw in music a profound aid to the morals of other people—whatever became of the morals of the musician. "Music and Manners" should form the title of another book.

No man suffers so much from the lack of manners in other people as the musician—who may have to play at private recitals or drawing room functions. The performer in the music hall has the advantage. There, no matter how bad his music, he gets some kind of attention from the audience. But in a drawing room the pianist, or the violinist, or the singer is completely at the mercy of the "crush"; and a crush is a bad setting for a performance of music.

Of course the performer has his fee. Mrs. or Lady So-and-So having arranged her "crush," and the payment of the musician's fee assumes no further responsibility. At a stage in the proceedings when on ordinary principles most of the guests should have said all they need to say, the musician is called on to perform. Nobody announces him. There is no master of ceremonies. He may be a big artist with his hundred or hundreds of dollars for a performance—and getting it; but when he sings or plays to a drawing room crush he is relegated to the rank of the restaurant piano or the theatre orchestra. The moment he starts to sing or to play, conversation, previously lagging, begins to crescendo. The louder he performs the louder the clack. Those under his elbow are no better than those at the end of the room. From piano to hallway there is nothing but the clatter of tongues; and he may interpret his music till he is black in the face, but it makes no difference to the feast of talk.

"I can always leave off talking when I hear a master play," wrote Browning. But he has few if any disciples in the average drawing room affair, where an artist is engaged to play or sing and to take a fee which he gets, and sometimes feels like saying: "Less fee and more manners if you please."

Ontario's proudest boast is her stock of K. C.'s. These letters do not mean Konservative Counsel, but King's Counsel, or a barrister entitled to wear "silk." Of these Ontario has 300, in a population of only two million, whereas England has only 276 in thirty-five million.



THE NEW KING OF SIAM, EDUCATED IN ENGLAND

Maha Vajiravudh was one of the most unusual figures at Oxford University, where he went after completing his course at Sandhurst. He reads English, French and German, and has written a volume in French on Siamese folk-lore. He has also studied military affairs.



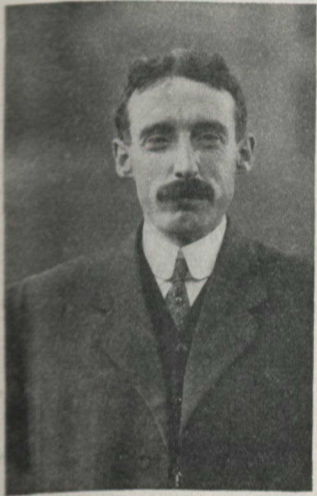
Dutch Burton, the Tigers' famous little dodging half, running the ball out from behind the line in the Tiger-Argo game. The Argo tackler is young "Mac" Murray, on the left are Walter Levack, the Argo half, and Geo. Smith, the Tiger full-back.

KNIGHTS OF THE GRIDIRON

An Appreciation of Rugby and Review of the Season

By WALTER H. CURRAN

A DECADE ago Canadian Rugby football was a closed book to the average person. People would go and freeze watching two teams shove each other all over a two-acre field. If by any chance they saw the ball it was considered quite an event. When the game was finally over they would repair to their homes, and the following day would read the correct score in the morning papers.



H. C. Griffiths, 'Varsity Coach

The Canadian game, however, has undergone a change. The play has gradually become more open, until now the ball is practically never out of sight, and by means of the score board the average spectator has become so educated in the art of keeping tally that the board has almost become superfluous.

As constituted at present, Canadian football is a contest between opposing wing lines—the scrimmage is only a link in the line—and two back divisions. In the olden days, when weight on the forward line was considered the most important asset to a team, bucking or shoving through the opponent's line was the usual mode of making gains. However, when the rule specifying that a ten-yard gain or a twenty-yard loss must be made in three downs, came into force, or the ball given over to opponents, the play became more open. Now it is absolutely essential that players have the ability to think and act quickly on the line in pulling off the

buck plays, in dashing around the end, in tackling, but most of all in breaking for the opposing backs when the ball is being kicked, so as to be on hand to take advantage of any fumbles they may make.

Speed on the line is all-important; on the back division it is indispensable. The entire effectiveness of a "back" player depends on his speed. He



Ben Simpson, the Tigers' efficient Half Back.

must be able to catch any ball, and having secured it, must be able to run and dodge and kick the ball under the most trying circumstances.

A team may be a good one if it has a pair of fast outside wings to follow down, a good punter and a couple of sure catchers on the back line. To be a great team it must have speed in every department, with an abundance of brains behind the line.

The teams in the Interprovincial League may be classified as good teams. There has not been a season in many years when the teams in this league were of such uniform merit, and there has never been a season when "football dope" was so badly upset. It will be seen in each case that the back division has been the distinguishing factor of each team.

Montreal with Brophy, the brilliant halfback playing, looked at the first of the season to have the championship at their mercy. Brophy was injured, and Montreal lost three games in a row. Ottawa were badly defeated in Hamilton, but two weeks later, with Jack Williams in the game, they turned around and walloped the Tigers, 17-7. Montreal defeated Ottawa in Ottawa.

Hamilton induced Ben Simpson, the great half-back, to return to the fray, and they jeopardised Montreal's championship prospects by defeating the easterners in their own back yard; the following week they finished their work, and put Montreal completely out of the running by handing them a 23 to 6 defeat.

Argonauts, of Toronto, started the season with a one-man back division, and though their wing line was strong, they met two crushing defeats in Montreal and Hamilton. A couple of changes were made in their back guard. Dissette was put at full, Murphy and Levack coached a bit, and the Argos had a team that was as good as the best in the league.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the back division is much the most important part of a Rugby team, and upon their strategy and speed the effectiveness of a team depends.

Each team in the Interprovincial has one back who stands out above the others. Montreal has Brophy; Ottawa, Jack Williams; Argonauts, Binkley; and Hamilton, Ben Simpson. Hamilton have in addition, Moore, Burton, McNeil and Smith, all of whom are good—and therein lies the secret of their strength.

The Intercollegiate Union has been all Varsity, not because McGill and Queen's were not good teams, but because Toronto had a team of exceptional class. This has been due, in a very large degree, to the work of their honorary coach, Mr. Harry Griffiths. Mr. Griffiths is the brainiest football expert on the continent, and with two stellar half-backs, Gall and Maynard, at his command, and a reliable man in Dixon, he has evolved a scoring machine that works like the proverbial eight-day clock. From scrimmage to full-back he has welded the individuals into a composite whole, which has only one apparent weakness, lack of weight on the line. This they have overcome to date by agility, but their supreme test will come in the Canadian finals.

In the Ontario Union, excepting Parkdale, the teams have been fairly evenly matched, and the games have been close and interesting. The clubs in this Union have continued playing an open, spectacular style of game, ever since the days of the Burnside rules.

St. Michael's College have a fast, tricky team, but they lacked stamina, and their heavier opponents, Dundas and T.A.A.C., proved to be too strong for them, once the season was well under way. They defeated Toronto Athletic Club by a narrow margin early in the season, but had not the physique to stand the hard gruelling.



An Argos man tackled by a bunch of Tigers, at Rosedale, Saturday, Nov. 12.



A Hamilton man that smiles with the ball and two Argos after him.

The real race in this league has been between T.A.A.C. and Dundas. Dundas have had the best scoring team in the league, their record being 103 points to their opponents' 52. However, their team has been almost strictly a one-man combination since Clarke was injured, but Mallett, the great running and punting star, was not able to withstand the team play of the T.A.A.C. when the final test came in Dundas on Saturday.

Toronto Athletic have a team that plays Rugby of the variety that pleases the spectators. Their back division is strong on combination runs and open spectacular play is their forte. They have a good kicking and running half in DeGruchy, and an effective galloping back in Fleming. Their wing line is strong, and in Sheriff at quarter and McKenzie at middle wing, they have two of the best line smashers seen this season.

T.A.A.C. have tallied 78 points to their opposition's 46. They are a strong, defensive side, and have shown ability to master the modern Canadian game.

The first Dominion final between Toronto University and T.A.A.C. is down for this Saturday 19th, at Rosedale, and though Varsity looks like the stronger combination, this should prove to be an excellent exhibition, as both teams play open, spectacular Rugby.

If the collegians live up to promises and win this game, the final contest of the year, and what should prove to be the finest spectacle in many years, will be pulled off at Hamilton, when Tigers and Varsity meet in the final struggle for Canadian championship honours. Without doubt this will be a great game. Tigers have weight on the wing line, speed in the back division, and in Ben Simpson a

punter of wonderful ability, and they have team play well developed. On their home ground they will be a very, very hard team to overcome.

Varsity have a light but shifty wing line, and a great back division—the running of Maynard and Gall this year has been one of the features of the season and Gall's punting is probably equal to that of the great Ben Simpson himself. The Toronto boys have the advantage in team play. Their machine-like work is a treat for the spectators and a terror to their opponents.

These teams should give an exhibition of the Canadian game at its best, and show the great possibilities of the sport as probably no other two teams could. And this same Canadian game when well played is truly a great game. It combines the mechanical beauty of the English game, with the strategic possibilities of the American game.

HUGH GALL, COLLEGE CAPTAIN

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR



Reddie Dixon,
Star Full Back.



Jack Lajoie,
Sure and Consistent.



Charlie Gage,
Flying Wing Man.

A COLLEGE is a state in short trousers. And like every other community it has its popular heroes. As to who is the really educated among the academic products, the athletic gladiator on the campus, or the spectacled bookworm in the class room, there appears to be cause for argument. But there need be no dispute as to who are the chaps they cheer for in the college world.

The sceptic should have been one of the ten thousand at Rosedale the other grey Saturday watching the Queen's Parkers in the pigskin melee with the Presbyterians from Kingston. There was affluence lined up in automobiles; pageantry and music in the students' bleachers. Some of the music was about the big human "Toronto" formed by the sweated bodies of a century of students—stretching across the stand like an electric sign board; much of it went into personal details about the players. For instance, that cheerful little ditty, "John Doe," was bel- lowed forth with a Gallesque variation: —

"Hugh Gall, Hugh Gall,
was never known to
miss the ball;

You can kick them low,
you can kick them
high,

To Hugh they're all
like eating pie.

Our Hughey Gall
Is easily the best of all.
At run or kick he sure is
slick,

The original Hugh Gall."

The rooters remembered that five seasons ago they murdered "Mr. Dooley" to make an anthem of praise for "Casey" Baldwin, and that last season it was Johnny Newton whom they lauded. This year it was the turn of the harmonies to link up with the name of Hugh Gall. Hugh Gall is the captain of the University of Toronto's 1910 team. Just now he is the busiest man in the college. Indeed, he was mentally hustling on the campus two weeks before the rest of the undergraduates came filing back to college. For the football captain is logically first to visit the registrar's office in the fall. He has "prep." school gridiron reputations to size up; notices to get out; raw material to coax away from vacations in the indolent summer sun; trick plays to be studied out; big league tackling and punting to teach. Gall has done all that. He has drilled, praised, bullied, fired recruits, and reinforced. He has bucked through the season with six victories and no defeats. He has smashed the treasury record. And still Gall walks the parade ground on the *qui vive*. There is another combat yet. His team are Intercollegiate champions. But they want to be Dominion champions. And they have to go into the jungle beneath the mountain after the Tigers.

Captain Gall is an interesting study. "Straw" is how the class poets describe his six feet of beef. His football fame is not merely schoolboy talk. Gall is recognised as the lead-

ing half-back in the Canadian game. He is a hard man to match with anybody. Some people will tell you his style resembles Eddie Gleason's—perhaps. Certainly you can't fairly compare him with "Casey" Baldwin. Baldwin had the quality of expert versatility coupled with an intense nervous temperament; Gall can kick brilliantly and can't tackle; but he is as cool on the gridiron as in a street car. You won't find Gall doffing his white boots in centre field when his team is in session with Hamilton like nervous Baldwin did against Rough Riders. Gall, again, is different from Jack Newton, last year's captain. Newton was a steady pluggger. His team relied on his potential strength. Which hints that there is wide variation in the make-up of football captains. One thing to remember—it's not the player that makes the captain; it's the man.

Hugh Gall has been captaining teams now for several years. One significant fact about his athletic career is that he is wholly a product of the Ontario school system—which is not noted for facilitating athletics. He has played all the games of ball: basketball for Queen Victoria School nine years ago as a little shaver in the Toronto Public School League; baseball, football and tennis—even ping pong at Parkdale Collegiate. Four years ago he led his school to victory in the Rugby league of the Toronto High Schools. This is his third season on the Varsity back division.

In one way Gall falls down. He has no chin wind. He is as hard to interview as a French count in a hurry. When you ask him a question he blushes like a public school youngster; then, if he doesn't want to tell, he just grins. That grin is as impenetrable as a certain tram car president's smile.

I talked to Gall after the afternoon's workout of the team on the campus the other day.

"Chances against Hamilton, Gall?"

On our left a freshman and a sophomore were arguing the all-important topic.

"Tell you, don't think Varsity can beat 'em this time," remarked the freshman sorrowfully.

"No, we have no Lawson this year."

"Hmph!" What about Maynard, eh? And say," in a whisper: "Our Hughie Gall?"

"Yes, but the Tigers have got Simpson. He can boot it farther than Gall."

"Tiger gains on kicks will be cut down by Varsity's tackling, see!"

Gall ventured no enlightenment. He pulled off the old green cap he has worn in every game for eight years.

"Anything about your success over Queen's?"

He scratched his head. These were questions of state.

"Say, Gall, big job running a team, eh?"

"I—we don't run it."



Hugh Gall, on the High Kick.



Jimmie Bell,
Steady in Scrimmage.



Billy Foulds,
Reliable Quarter Back.



Jack Maynard,
New Half Back.

TO THE ORDINARY SPECTATOR IT MAY BE HURDLE-RACING OR LEAP-FROG; BUT TO THE FOOT-BALL EXPERT IT'S



Heming

“HELD!”

Drawn by Arthur Heming



Number 89 is the general rendezvous for all good Conservatives, but the Nationalists are not visiting there.

ONCE AGAIN PARLIAMENT

A Glimpse Behind the Drop Curtain at the Government Opera

By T. W. KING

IN Ottawa when Parliament is in session, people do not discuss the weather; indeed the weather does not change enough during the winter season to admit of discussion. A casual "good-day" is followed by some enquiry as to the probable date of prorogation. This talk about when Parliament is going to prorogue begins the first week of the session; some guess on the subject is usually hazarded by the Prime Minister in his speech in the debate upon the Address. It continues with unabated zest until finally the two political leaders agree upon a date, and a session, which bids fair to be interminable, comes to a sudden end. After prorogation members of the House always call upon Mr. Speaker, and at this reception the discussion begins as to when Parliament is to reassemble. It continues until after many formal proclamations the real summons comes from the Governor-General. As a matter of form, Parliament is called together every forty days, but no attention is paid to the summons until it contains the additional phrase, "for despatch of business."



We know now after many guesses and premature announcements that the House is to open on the seventeenth. Premonitory symptoms were discovered some time ago, when the great annual house-cleaning began on Parliament Hill. The Senate, always more luxurious than the House, has had its stately chamber renovated and decorated, the great panels in the original design by Princess Louise being now ornamented with the shields and crests of the various provinces. A new carpet—always the same shade of green—upon the floor of its chamber betokens the speedy return of the House of Commons. But it is not only senators and members of the House who find their way here in response to the summons from the Governor-General. An army of clerks, messengers, translators, and other officers and employees respond to the call. Most important among these is the Hansard staff, who are charged with perpetuating in print everything that every member may say during the long session. Allied with the Hansard men are the correspondents who make up the Parliamentary press gallery. Many of these are sessional men, who are never at the capital except when Parliament is in session.

The members of the House, as they come trooping in, remind one a little of boys returning to a boarding school after the long vacation. Many intimate friendships are renewed, many experiences are exchanged and many good stories thus find their way to the capital. The party whips arrive early on the scene and usually arrange for a caucus on either side before the formal opening of the session. When there is a new Parliament keen

interest is manifested by the members in the allocation of seats—a delicate task, confided to the Sergeant-at-Arms. Throughout the city confusion follows the sudden arrival of at least 1,000 men—many of them with their families—all in search of quarters for the winter within a stone's throw of Parliament Hill. Formerly hotels reaped a rich harvest, but now the city is filled with apartment houses, and in these a great majority of the members are to be found. It is to be noted that members of the House as such, have no distinctly social life. Individual friendships exist, but some members do not know others by sight, and there seems to be no method by which all the members can be introduced to one another.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the opening day of the session the Speaker in his cocked hat and robes of office comes to the chamber of the House, preceded by the clerks and Sergeant-at-Arms. Bells then clang noisily throughout the building summoning members to their seats. Just what follows is involved in mystery. Even Hansard is excluded at this hour, of which no further record comes to public notice than what is contained in the one word, "Prayers."

The House has no chaplain, but some prayers are read at this hour before the public or press are admitted, and it is rumoured that sometimes more than prayers are said. It is a favourite time for members to ventilate some private grievance about the internal economy of the House. A member who has had a particularly tough steak for breakfast at the Commons restaurant or has been refused admittance to the Speaker's Gallery by some messenger who did not recognise him, is apt to be heard from at this hour.

When at last the doors are open, and those who are in the galleries find the House on this opening day of the session in an attitude of waiting, there is nothing for the House to do until it can learn why it has been summoned. Yet there is always a start of surprise when three stentorian raps are heard on the outer door. The Sergeant-at-Arms at once opens the inner door and enquires the meaning of this disturbance. He then returns and announces to the Speaker that a messenger has arrived from the Governor-General. Mr. Speaker, no less curious than the rest of us to know what it all means, very naturally says "Admit the messenger."

Then enters a relic of bygone days, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, garbed in quaint costume and bearing his rod of office. Retaining the politeness of ancient days, he makes three low bows before addressing the Speaker and announcing that His Excellency the Governor-General desires the presence of the Commons in the Senate Chamber, he then slowly backs out, stopping to make no less than three obeisances amid loud applause from the members. Last session when Captain Chambers came in costume to perform this duty, he was severely tried and the members of the House greatly amused when a childish treble rang through the Chamber, "Why, that is Daddy." It was Master Chambers, four years old, with his mother in the

gallery, who thus gave vent to his delight upon recognising the captain in black stockings and knee breeches.

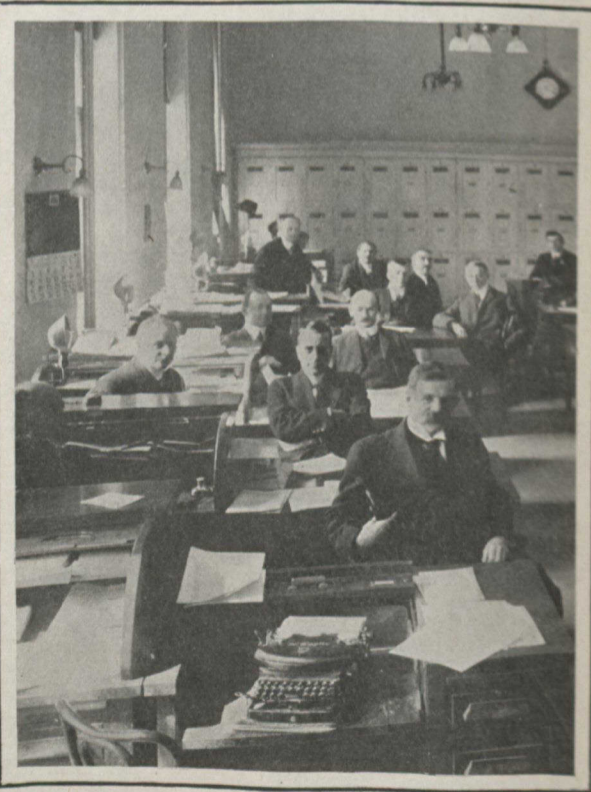
Meanwhile the great spectacle of the day has been so far outside the Parliament building. To open Parliament the Governor-General drives in state from Rideau Hall escorted by dragoons, and finds awaiting him on Parliament Hill the picked troops of the capital. As he makes his way to and from the building the royal salute is fired from Nepean Point. Great crowds always assemble on the plaza in front of the Parliament building to witness the arrival and departure of the party from Government House.

The opening itself is one of the great social events of Ottawa. We have no peeresses in Canada, but many ladies of fashion, smartly gowned, occupy seats on the floor of the Senate. Here, too, sit the judges of the Supreme Court in robes of scarlet, and some of the Ministers of the Crown in their Windsor uniforms stand about the throne. Curiously enough, the Commons, who really govern Canada, are huddled together, standing behind the bar of the Senate, where few of them can even see the Governor-General.

Viceroy does not write their own speeches, but it must be said that Earl Grey reads his speech from the throne both in English and French remarkably well. This speech has always the merit of brevity, and foreshadows the legislation to be brought on at the session. Needless to say, it will open this year with a suitable reference to the demise of His late Majesty, King Edward the Seventh, which occurred since prorogation.

The Commons who followed Mr. Speaker to the Senate return with him to their own chamber. He there announces to them that he has heard the speech of the Governor-General, and "to avoid mistakes" has secured a copy of it. The Prime Minister then arises to introduce "Bill No. 1." This is a mythical bill, which is never heard of again, but it is presented to assert the rights of the House to attend to any business it sees fit before taking up the speech from the throne. Having made this show of independence, the Prime Minister moves at once that the Speech be taken into consideration.

The debate upon the Address in Reply to the Speech from the Throne is an institution peculiar to British Parliaments. In ancient days the Commons learned a great deal of news from the speech delivered by the King at the opening of the session. Many of these royal deliverances were couched in familiar language, and were intended to convince or persuade the representatives of the people to some course of action. They always concluded with an earnest appeal for money, which in those days had to be provided by special imposts and taxes. These sometimes amounted to one-fifteenth of the citizen's personal estate, and naturally members of the House—landed gentry and wealthy tradesmen—discussed with great earnestness how the money was to be raised, and tried to cut down the amount. Nowadays the speech from the throne is a mere formality, and the money required for carrying on the Government is raised by custom



All shades of opinion are reflected and expressed—in print—in the Press Room, which is a miniature reflex of Parliament without a Speaker.

duties and other contrivances which remain in force from year to year, without additional legislation. Our House of Commons none the less clings to the old tradition, and there is always a long debate, or rather a general talk, at the opening of each session, which is supposed to be a discussion of the Governor-General's speech. In this debate any subject on earth is relevant, because it is either mentioned in the speech or it is not. If it is mentioned in the Speech everyone will admit that members may discuss it; if it is not mentioned in the Speech then members have a right to criticise the omission, and to point out how important the subject is. A new cure for consumption or the recent Portuguese revolution might be discussed, and would be as germane to the Governor-General's speech as many things are that will be discussed on this opening debate.

The Address is always moved by some Government member, and merely expresses the dutiful thanks to the Commons for the gracious speech which His Excellency has been pleased to make. It is seconded by another Government member. New members are always chosen to move and second the Address, and thus it may happen that a member who comes to the House through a bye-election will find himself in the centre of the stage upon his first appearance in the green chamber. When the two young Government supporters have made their speeches the heavy firing commences. They are followed at once by the leader of the Opposition, who reviews the course of the Government, and the history of the country since prorogation, and points out the many and manifold mistakes which have been made by the members of the Government. The Prime Minister then replies, after which the floodgates are open, and nearly all the members take a hand in the somewhat rambling and many-headed discussions which may continue for several days. When there is really some strong issue which divides the country, the strength of the Government may be tested by moving amendments to the Address, and dividing the House upon them. This has not been done in recent years, and the formal Address is usually passed without dissent, and is then engrossed and presented to the Governor-General. In former days both Houses made their way to Government House to present this address to His Excellency, but in this respect, as in many others, formality has given way to procedure more democratic and perhaps more business-like, but certainly less picturesque.

Miniature Parliaments

PARLIAMENT in the popular sense may be the Commons and the Senate; and the Cabinet in Council and the Governor-General; but Parliament in fact is very much more. The houses of assembly are largely the parade ground. The real life of Parliament is almost everywhere else in the buildings, which are a labyrinth of rooms and lobbies and corridors and rendezvouses, each with its own quota of life.

Most important of these are the two party headquarters—No. 16 and No. 89. The former is at present the Liberal headquarters. It is just opposite the entrance to the House, and very easy of access. No. 89 is down at the other end of that part of the building, and is as convenient to the press gallery room as 16 is to the Commons.

In either of these rooms might be written the life of party government in Canada if one were able to soak it in. 16 is a very lively place. It is rarely empty; has a more disconsolate aspect when empty than even the House itself. It is the mixing-up place of Cabinet Ministers and common members. Once in a while the Premier wanders in; more often during the latter part of the session. Here the enquiring visitor may observe Ministers at closer range than in the House. Here they sit and smoke and gossip and swap stories—mostly the same as anybody else, and almost as though they hadn't a portfolio in the world. And it is in No. 16, with its peculiar air of sociability that much of the practical acquaintance of a personal sort is got among the members on that side; just as it is in the big room at the other end, where the Conservatives go and smoke and read and swap similar stories and concoct altogether a different scheme of politics.

These two rooms are the reservoirs of Parliamentary life. Often the cataract of talk in the House has been fed by one of these reservoirs.

But of course there are rooms and yet more rooms, in the buildings; many more rooms besides ordinary offices; so many people, members and ministers and civil servants and telegraphers and post office people and librarians, that it has become almost necessary to put chairs and tables in the tower.



This is a group of Liberal Members from Ontario; on the right, Mr. H. H. Miller, who will be less heard from this Session.

When there is no room available there is always a lobby; and wherever two or three are gathered together there may be sometimes a caucus. A caucus may be sometimes accidental. It may begin in an accident and end in a row; or it may begin with a purpose and end nowhere. And there has never been any one able to take a stranger over the buildings and point out the exact spots where famous caucuses have been pulled off—just because the Parliament Buildings are a very irregular sort of place, and a caucus is a very irregular, though quite conventional, sort of thing.

You may discover strong symptoms of a caucus almost anywhere outside of the House—and in dull sessions perhaps in the House itself; especially in the restaurant, which is the most informal place in the pile, and the part of the buildings where east meets west, and south elbows with north in a most unconventional way.

And when you have made the rounds of all the others there is still the press gallery room—which some allege is the real Parliament. The press gallery is the publicity bureau of Parliament. It is the part of the machine on which the public must

perennial interest and strenuous activity is the railway committee—as large as all others combined. The attendance at this court of semi-public opinion frequently exceeds the number of members in the House—especially when a dry debate is on the order book. There is seldom anything dry about the railway committee.

One miniature Parliament that will not figure on this session's programme as it did last year, is the Anti-gambling, which gave the House almost as much excitement last session as did the Navy Bill. Public accounts is also very often an energetic function.

Agricultural Education

IN the COURIER of the 5th inst., in the course of an article entitled "Where Education Fails," there appear the following statements: "If the Ontario Agricultural College is the stumbling-block, abolish it, and use the money to establish the teaching of agriculture in rural schools. Transfer the experiment plots to the centre of every township, and bring this sort of education to the farmer instead of asking him to go to Guelph for it."

Permit me to point out that this department, a little over three years ago, adopted the policy to do this very thing; and it has since been engaged in working out this policy with a very considerable degree of success. For some years this department had endeavoured, through Farmers' Institutes, Exhibitions, Live Stock Associations, and similar agencies, to spread the gospel of better agriculture. These were no doubt doing good work, but it was realised that something more was needed. In 1907, it was decided to appoint a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College to conduct a class in agriculture in the High Schools in six selected sections. These men were located at Essex, Galt, Collingwood, Lindsay, Perth and Morrisburg.

At each place an office has been opened in the town, and the teacher becomes the district representative of the Ontario Department of Agriculture. His services are at the disposal of the farmers of the county free of charge; his office become the centre of agricultural activity. The representative goes out to the farms, and personally assists the farmer in his problems. If the farm needs draining, he helps make a drainage survey; if the orchard is old and neglected, he shows what pruning



Number 16 is the Liberal Camp; where once Mr. Henri Bourassa was as much at home as any.

depend for its knowledge of what goes on in Ottawa during six months of the year. And the press gallery is even more cosmopolitan than the House—for there are two or three people there from the United States and one representing Reuter's Agency, which covers the earth with condensed information about doings in the Canadian Parliament. Most of the leading dailies in Canada from Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg have scribes in that press gallery. Many who are unable to afford the luxury of a separate correspondent depend for their news on writers who practically syndicate the stuff in a variety of places. The whole genius of party government is contained in the press room. There are no independent correspondents. The nearest approach to that kind of news-dispenser is the casual free lance, who supplies papers of either party with news, according to the kind they like.

Members of Parliament pay a very large respect to the press gallery, whose annual dinner is attended in force by Cabinet Ministers and by the leaders of both parties.

Other miniature Parliaments are the committees which are, of course, always bi-party. Committees are often more lively than the House. One of

and spraying and fertilising will do; if the farm is over-run with weeds, he shows how they may be combated; if there are waste lands in the district, he shows how they may be reclaimed.

As to the teaching of nature study and agriculture in the public schools, something is also being done. The first essential is to have qualified teachers, and with this object in view, a special short course is given by the college at Guelph.

Then, as to your experience in purchasing apples grown 2,500 miles away, which you accept as an evidence of lack of education on the part of Ontario apple growers. I do not dispute your facts, but I would point out that your deductions may be unfair. About the latter part of August last, I had occasion to be at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and on the menu of the Queen's Royal Hotel at dinner there was included "California peaches." Yet about this time, or a little later, Niagara peaches, grown in the very shadow of the hotel, were being consumed in England and Germany, between 3,000 and 4,000 miles away, costing a shilling per peach.

W. BEN ROADHOUSE,

Secretary to the Department of Agriculture.
Toronto, Nov. 10, 1910.

AT THE NEW YORK THEATRES

Plays With and Without Music that are Popular on Broadway

THE vicissitudes of the comic opera and musical comedy are such that one is never quite certain what will happen next. There are periods when a high class of light opera is prevalent—something that is really worth while from an artistic standpoint, while interesting the average play-going audience with pretty melodies

and consistent situations. Then there succeeds a period of musical comedy or musical farce, when cheap music, lack of any logical sequence, and idiocy, posing as wit, seems rampant. For the past season or two the standard has been maintained at a creditably high level, thanks chiefly to a number of excellent importations from Europe.

Of the several American composers of chief merit who have succeeded in the comic opera field none has done his best

work for more than a few seasons. In one sense this is not strange, for a man can not be expected to write more than a few good operas. But in the case of some of the American composers—and the same consideration may obtain abroad—they have become mere creative machines after the first few successes, turning out operas written for some particular star and for any manager who orders them. This is not conducive to the best work one can do. Whenever we think of the heyday of American comic opera we immediately remember "Robin Hood" and a very few as good, or almost as good. But for the past several years Reginald de Koven, and Victor Herbert, the two names that once were associated with the best opera of this kind, have been manufacturing works to order, with the inevitable result: inferior quality.

So the field looked rather unpromising so far as native talent was concerned. There were many successful musical comedy writers of the George Cohan and Joseph Howard stamp—men who hardly know one note from another, but have a faculty for making up popular, catchy tunes, with a rhythmical infection that carries them along—but they wrote trash that ran a few months, made lots of money for the composer, and were then consigned to the limbo of the unregretted departed.

Of course the usual cry went up from the managers that the people didn't wish for anything better, and were getting what they wanted, but one or two of the number who had a higher opinion of public taste determined to supply something better, and not being able to find what they were looking for in America, they imported a few excellent examples from Europe—"The Merry Widow," "The Waltz Dream" (good music, spoilt by a poor book), "The Chocolate Soldier," and "The Dollar Princess." The pronounced success of most of these showed beyond doubt that the public appreciated the change of diet.

It is to be hoped that these examples of foreign art will stimulate our native composers to renewed and higher efforts. In the meantime we still have some of the importations with us. "The Dollar Princess" has just returned to town for another run, making the second year in New York. "The Arcadians" has just left for a tour after playing at local theatres for about the same length of time. This opera is of not quite as high order of merit as the best of the foreign offerings; but it has, nevertheless, been a great favourite for two years. The great difficulty in this type of entertainment is in getting music and a libretto of equal worth. At least "The Arcadians" possesses this desirable merit.

By SYDNEY DALTON

The music, while not of unusual attractiveness, for the most part, has some pretty numbers in it, such as "Arcady Is Ever Young," and the dashing little chorus in "Bring Me a Rose."

There was a time when a few writers in America could turn out a good comic opera book—Smith, for instance, who collaborated with De Koven—but they, like the composers, have become mere opera factories, shaping and re-shaping the same old idea, but each time doing them up in new wrapping paper, or tying them up with a new ribbon.

The public needed no assurance that Oscar Hammerstein would do something worth while when he announced that the Manhattan Opera House would in future be devoted to comic opera—or *opera comique*, one should say, as the meaning of the English translation has been applied to a very inferior brand of work. Mr. Hammerstein's record as a producer of grand opera was such that the New York public was justified in looking forward to comic opera performances on a scale surpassing anything that had been seen before. The confidence was not misplaced.

On the opening night, the 34th Street Opera House assumed its former appearance of activity, long lines of taxi-cabs drove up to the entrance and deposited their passengers at the doors; the ticket speculators diligently plied their trade, and the crowds of patrons sifted to all parts of the large theatre. There was much of the old grand opera atmosphere about it. There was a change of degree rather than of quality.

The opera chosen for the initiation of the new venture was "Hans, the Flute Player," a comic opera in three acts, music by Mr. Louis Ganne, book by Maurice Vaucaire and George Mitchell.

There was a surprise or a disappointment in store for those who expected to hear an elaborate version of the usual comic opera that is to be encountered along Broadway. There are no topical songs and horse-play comedians; no strident chorus singing by sirens whose chief attraction is abbreviated skirts, and whose faces are pretty so long as the war paint is on. The chief consideration was ability to sing; there would have been no success for Hans otherwise.

Hans is a sort of a paraphrased Pied Piper of Hamelin. He is a beggar wandering about the country with his magic flute in his belt. He comes to the little town of Milkatz, once famed for its

art, but now averse to every activity that is not concerned with commerce. The burgomaster's daughter is in love with Yoris, a poor artist, but she is plighted to an alderman. Yoris, an artist, poet and sculptor, endeavours to turn the taste of the populace to art once more, and revives the once popular art of the town by making a life-size doll, an exact picture of the burgomaster's daughter, Lisbeth. But art is dead in Milkatz, and the people jeer at him. Hans sees the situation upon his arrival, and determines to punish the inhabitants. He plays upon his magic flute, driving all the cats into the sea. Then he sends the mice into the granaries and they eat up the town's chief asset—grain.

Although his flute is taken from him and he is cast into prison, nobody is found who can play upon the instrument, so he is released, and his conditions for restoring peace and prosperity are that Yoris, the artist, shall be perfectly free; that the ancient custom of manufacturing dolls shall be revived for two weeks each year. He causes a festival to be held, at which a prize shall be awarded for the most beautiful doll, stipulating that he must be the judge, and shall be awarded the winning doll. Through a conspiracy, Lisbeth is substituted for Yoris' doll; she wins the prize, and Hans bestows her upon Yoris.

Motors and Money

By B. C. SIMS

IN a recent issue of the *Canadian Farm* there appeared a communication from Mr. Chas. Lindsey of Woodford, Ont., who thinks that automobiling on the public highways should be stopped. Now I think that it is useless to ask the government to stop it, for the very reason that autoists are monied men, and that entitles them to the inside track always. Let me point out how this thing, which was a nuisance and which at one time threatened to be a curse in this county, was turned into a blessing in disguise.

It was certainly very exasperating to listen to the shouts and jeers of the autoists as they laughed at poor old man Hayseed and his wife when they were thrown into the ditch, their waggon and harness broken in pieces, horse ruined for all time, and their packages of groceries and dry goods spoiled with mud and water. I remember on one occasion when an autoing party composed of two gentlemen (?) and two ladies (?) laughed heartily as my horse almost cleared himself from the waggon, my wife and I both being on the ground, and I remember wishing a wish upon them, which I was heartily thankful for afterward was not granted.

Well, it became evident that as we could not get to town to do our shopping, we must make our goods come to us; so we turned our money over to mail order houses. They send our goods to our nearest station, we save from thirty cents to fifty cents on the dollar, and all we have to do is to get them from the station. It has proved so satisfactory that the entire community have adopted it, and hardly a week passes that does not see large sums leave here for Toronto.

The townspeople of course do not approve of the plan, but they have this consolation, that the fewer customers they have to wait on the more time they have for autoing.

Some of the local papers boast in one column that our town has more autos than all the rest of the province together, and in another column remonstrate with us for sending money out of the province.

No! I say, let the autos run, for, in a few years we will have saved enough money on our goods to buy autos for ourselves, and we will be in as good a position financially to run them as those who are running them now—for the most of them are running now on the profits made on goods sold to the country people.

The worst feature of this matter is, that the autos destroy the roads which the farmer has to keep up. If the government does its duty in this respect, in my opinion, it will levy a tax on every auto sufficient to repair the damage done.

At all events we are feeling easier about it just now, and when we hear an auto go whizzing by at the rate of 15 miles an hour without ever tooting a horn, we can complacently sit back and quote the words used by the old man in closing the obituary notice of his wife, viz., "Let her rip!"



Percival Knight,
In "The Arcadians."



Alice Gentle, as Frau Pippermann, in "Hans, the Flute Player," at the Manhattan Opera House, New York.



The Mystery of the Tower

By Andrew Lorrain

Author of "Tom King of Nowhere," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

PERCY MARSHALL lay fuming in helpless rage. The interviews with the vicar and the surgeon had excited him to fever heat. His story laughed at, himself proclaimed a drunkard, Margaret Lee disappeared—and he lay helpless. He was very irritable with the silent nurse, whose stiff starched collar matched her manner to a nicety. He plied her with questions about Lady Yatton, about Dr. Jennings, about the vicar. She knew nothing, she said, of the neighbourhood; she had come from the other side of London. She constantly exhorted him to be quiet, and watched him out of the corner of her eye with an expression which seemed to indicate apprehension. She was not used to "mental cases." Dr. Jennings had told her that this was one—that her innocent-looking patient might break out at any moment. The nurse was afraid, and her manner showed it; and this added fuel to Percy Marshall's anger.

He was little used to inactivity, and at the best of times would have been rebellious when chained to a bed. Is it to be wondered at that under all the trying circumstances he was very high-handed indeed? Nurse bit her lip, and took such vengeance as she dared. Nothing was properly done for him.

Could he get away—would they let him go? The idea had occurred to him when he was told that Margaret Lee had vanished. His clothes had been brought into the room. They had been brushed; he saw that, when the doctor had held up the flannel coat and gone through the pockets. He had also seen the gaping rents made in the descent from the tower. Perhaps the coat might hold together, but he looked ruefully at the great bundles which lay outside the coverlet. These were supposed to be his hands, and, swathed as they were, they would go through no sleeve made for human being; nor would his feet go into boots, and if they could, there were none—for these were not in the room. No, he could not get away.

Margaret Lee—gone; his thoughts went back to that. He imagined everything. He pictured every detail of her abduction by the audacious Mrs. Gascoigne, who had every motive that lust of money could supply to get control of this lonely, unprotected girl. Had Margaret gone out into the world alone? He knew something of the dangers to which a young and beautiful girl is exposed in every great city; his fears mounted high in his fevered condition. He was convinced that she had not gone of her own will, leaving no address. He had appeared to fail her, but she would not condemn him unheard. Oh, that was not like her; she was not the kind of girl who would cut every link that could bind her to one who had gone forth at her bidding.

INDEED, Percy Marshall was in a fair way to become as mad, temporarily, as the doctor said he was to become permanently; but the coming of Lady Yatton brought necessity for self-control. She greeted him with a cheerful smile, dismissed the nurse, and arranged the pillows with a gentle touch which soothed. Instantly he appealed to her. He poured out the story of Margaret Lee.

"They say she has disappeared," he cried at length. "I wired," was the answer; "there is no doubt about it; but you should not be anxious. You describe a girl of resolution, of character. She may have been lonely, afraid to stay—"

"But no address," he interrupted. "Wait," cried Lady Yatton. When she returned to the room after an absence of five minutes she told him that she had sent her chauffeur post-haste in the car to the address, and that he would soon return.

"Oh, you are good—you are kind," he cried, gratefully.

"Don't thank me," she said, as she gently smoothed the rumpled sheet. "You must be greatly interested—"

"Interested!" he broke in, scornfully. "I love her. I am going to marry her."

"What! You say you hardly know her." "You don't measure some things by hours," he cried.

"But—she?" "I will make her care for me," he said, with confidence. "I—"

"Is that fair? You may have won gratitude. She may feel forced to pay. And she is so entirely alone. She may turn to you—just because she has no other refuge."

"I will take no undue advantage," he answered, almost haughtily.

"Have you the right?" she asked the question sternly. He was surprised at her change of manner. "My family—"

"Hush! I do not ask about that. I do not wish to know. I refer to what has happened here."

He uttered an exclamation of impatience. Under the influence of her soothing presence, grateful for her prompt action with regard to Margaret, he had forgotten that a cloud rested over him.

"You don't believe all this nonsense about a bottle of whiskey, and all that, do you?" he cried.

"Poor boy—poor boy!" she murmured.

"Tell me," he commanded, "are you, too—"

"What can I say?" she interrupted, mournfully.

"Try and rest, and think of getting well as fast as you can, and forget this bad dream."

"Ah! then you don't believe me?"

"How can I, Mr. Marshall?" she answered, looking gently at him. "You seem, you must be, sincere in your statements, but they are too incredible. Think what it would mean if it could be true—a church polluted, a beautiful monument to God stained with crime. It would have to be reconsecrated. I built it, Mr. Marshall."

"You—you built it?" he exclaimed, with such emphasis of surprise that Lady Yatton looked at him in wonder.

"And why not, Mr. Marshall? Why should I not have given of my abundance?"

He did not answer; he only stared. Before his eyes he thought he could actually see the photograph of the church, and the words written on it.

"A curse on her that built it." So this was the woman whom the father of Margaret Lee so hated that he set it out in writing. Some link existed, then, between that singular man and this woman who sat by the bedside and so gently administered to him. Should he tell her of the photograph? He feared to do that; she seemed all that was kind and womanly—but she too believed, or pretended to believe, that his story was the result of a mad fantasy.

Pretended? Were they all pretending? The thought struck him suddenly. Vicar, doctor, lady of the house, were they all in a conspiracy to conceal a crime? No, he believed in the vicar; the vicar was too simple, too transparently honest: Had the vicar been made a tool of by the other two? Marshall groaned aloud not so much from pain, as from dismal impatience. He felt himself immeshed in a network of mysteries, and he could not see how to struggle his way through it all.

"You are suffering." The words fell on his ear with a gentle sympathy.

"Nothing—physically. And so you built the church?"

"Yes, it is my gift to the little world about here. It was my pride; I loved it. Is it surprising that the vicar and I cannot easily be made to believe such improbable, such impossible horrors? Is it surprising that we shrink from crediting stories that would for ever deprive the church of its sacred

associations for us, that would make it a place for thousands of morbid people to come and gaze on in delighted horror?"

"It is very sad, I dare say," said Marshall, "but the thing has either been done or not. If yes, the church is already desecrated, and it is the duty of all of us to find out who has done it."

"It is not the duty of anyone to follow up strange statements like yours, Mr. Marshall," said Lady Yatton, "without a great deal more, a great deal better, evidence than you have given. The very thought of such crimes in a church is revolting, and dims the sacred glory of the building, of my beautiful church. The doctor, the vicar, myself, we all agree that you cannot possibly have seen what you believe you saw."

"I—I—"

"Please wait," said her Ladyship, raising her hand in appeal. "We fear—at least, I fear—that if you go on saying these things you will get yourself into terrible trouble."

"A prosecution for arson does not alarm me, Lady Yatton," he said, firmly. "I shall let nothing deter me. I saw what I saw."

"You are very determined and fearless for yourself," she answered slowly, "but you owe something—pardon my saying it like this, but I must—to me. It may have been that I saved your life. At the least, I did what I could for you. My return is—this hideous story. Why, Mr. Marshall, if it were true, I should give up my dear old home here. I should fly from a neighbourhood that had so black a night in its past. What I wish, what I ask, Mr. Marshall," she cried, in a voice of entreaty, "is that you will not do anything that will degrade my beautiful church. Don't you see, it is almost human to me. I have had many sorrows. I have come here to live my life out in my quiet way. My church is my interest, my companion. It is almost as if you charged some old friend whom I have loved and trusted. Can't you understand? I could not have it tainted by a false suspicion."

Lady Yatton spoke with an intensity that moved the invalid to momentary compassion. With protestations of gratitude he told her that he would do almost anything for her, but that to stop his search for a murderer because the discovery would cast a shadow over a tower she had built was impossible. Nothing, he said, could shake his confidence in the truth of what he had seen; and he must do what he could in the interests of justice. He would not, and could not, keep silence.

LADY YATTON dropped her hands in her lap in helpless deprecation of his determination.

Then her manner suddenly altered. A covert threat lay beneath her next words.

"You should think twice, and again," she said, "before you spread wild statements. The consequences to you—"

"I have said I do not fear them." "This young lady in whom you take so great an interest. You will bring notoriety on her."

"That cannot be helped. She does not shrink from duty."

Lady Yatton watched the young man with anxious eyes. She noted the lines of pain marked in the forehead; she saw the unnaturally flushed cheeks.

"You are in a high fever," she cried, "and you need quiet above all things. Can't you forget all this for a day or two, and get some sleep?"

"Forget!" He uttered the word with an accent of scorn.

"You won't try."

"I cannot."

"Then," she said, after a long pause, "I must do what I can to bring peace to you."

"Find Margaret Lee. Find the woman who committed a murder in that tower, then I can rest."

"I cannot do either; but what I can do I will. The chauffeur shall be sent to you as soon as he returns; and—I will send for the police and you shall see them."

"Will you? Oh, thank you. I dared not ask it. You are kind, generous."

Lady Yatton smiled sadly at his eagerness, and answered as she rose that she was sure he would feel better when he had put the responsibility on those whose business it was to undertake it.

"Once they know all you can have time to rest," she said. "I will send them to you to-day. If they, too, should find your story—well, too strange for belief, will it convince you?"

He smiled at the preposterous idea that he could not convince them, thanked her again, and she went away, leaving the invalid alternately suspicious and hopeful, and a prey to the wildest anxieties about Margaret Lee.

Should he tell the police about her too? Should

(Continued on Page 25).

THE CRUCIBLE

By Arthur Stringer

*The Play or the Woman;
In the long run—which?*

PRENTISS sat down on the Rachel Chair, the chair on which a thousand passions had been torn to shreds. He peered across the Edwin Booth Desk at Borowsky's mop of white hair. His gaze fastened itself on the one longer lock which swung tassel-like down the wrinkled brow, to be pulled at as though it were a sailor's cue.

Prentiss knew what was coming. He had felt it drawing nearer day by day. He felt it even before he had stepped wearily into "The Governor's" inner office, the inner office that always reminded him of an astrologer's den. He still abhorred that room, as he had once abhorred its owner. He nursed a secret contempt for some note of voluptuousness about it, for its rose-coloured shades and its soft rugs and its startlingly white statuette of a nude Sappho. The entire studied, Lydian softness of the hushed chamber seemed to centralise in that white and naked woman. The marble stood out like a splash of light against the darkness; the room centred in it as definitely as a target centres in its bull's eye.

But he remembered that the Governor—Borowsky was by no means averse to the traditional nomenclature—was a master of lighting, and it was natural to think of such things in even a private office. It was, indeed, all a part of the game, the game which prompted the Governor to carry his knowledge of stage values into actual life.

Prentiss, during the last few weeks, had begun to feel a certain belated respect for these theatricalities. He had even been compelled to readjust his estimate of Borowsky; he had even begun to understand why the older man's power had been whispered of as uncanny, why his most envious rival had dubbed him the "Old Hypnotist." Even away from the footlights there were illusions worth sustaining.

BUT it was not a man's room. It was as feminine as a *boudoir*. It was an affectation for the impressionable, decided Prentiss, as he sat waiting for the Governor to raise the white-mopped head so sunk in conscious dejection. The head, rising a benignant white above the garb of monkish black, was something "set," like the room itself. It was set, Prentiss felt, as a stage is set—but essentially for women. Yet both were significant, for in both the figure and its environment lay a certain key to the mystery of Borowsky's success. That success had been through his understanding, his instinctive understanding, of women. He knew their capabilities, their emotions, their self-contradictions; and out of this knowledge he had made his name.

Prentiss turned suddenly back to the table, across which the great manager had thrown his listless arms, with the unhardened white hands relaxed. The gesture was the dramatic conclusion to an equally dramatic "stage-wait."

"And now you've seen it," said Borowsky.

"What?" asked Prentiss. But like the man of imagination he was, he had already worked out the scene in his own quick brain, so that when the words actually fell from the Governor's over-full Hebraic lips, as curved and mobile as a woman's, he had the sense of listening to something which had already fallen on his ears.

"We're not going to land it!" were the words he heard.

Prentiss did not look up at the other man as he answered.

"I know it!" he said.

This was the truth, but its mere articulation sent his heart down in his boots. He felt a sense of shame, too, that his first thought was of the play, not of his wife. He wondered why it was that panic, with its every-man-for-himself brutalities, could produce such a reversion to type, such a relapse to barbaric selfishness. Then he tried to justify his own position by letting his mind dwell on how he had carried that play with him for 2 year, how he had carried it in his brain, month by month, as a mother carries her baby in the crook of her arm. And now it was to be a failure.

He refused to become like the rest of them. He deliberately swung the trend of his thought back to his wife. She was not so much his own, per-

haps, as the play was. But she was more important. He had always stood a little in awe of her. He knew her imperiousness, her moods and whims; they were the offshoots of her power, the wayward back eddies in that full and sweeping current of strength. He even loved them, but it was an adoration touched with amazement. He knew only too well how hard she had worked on the part, for his sake, for the Governor's sake, for her own sake. They had made up a trinity from whose efforts a new star was to be born. And God knows, they had all worked, if mere work could do anything. He remembered the "part" that for weeks she had carried about with her. The one hundred and sixty "sides" of typewritten dialogue, by the time she was letter-perfect, had come to look like a bundle of soiled bank notes, over-scrawled and worn and dog-eared, and amended and again amended. But now he was nothing more than an ordinance clerk, with no place on the firing line. His work was over; he was unable to do anything more. "Favina Williams," during those turgid weeks of rehearsals, no longer seemed even his wife. It was her own battle, and she had to fight it out in her own way. He had merely equipped her with an instrument. The campaign remained with her and her general. But now it was not even to be a campaign.

Prentiss looked up, conscious that the Governor was waiting for him to speak. The older man had not the gift of words. He was in many things almost inarticulate. But his instincts were active; they tapped ahead of thought like a stick before the blind.

"What do you want me to do?" the young playwright asked. Yet the moment he had uttered it he felt the weakness of the question.

"I want you to go away for ten days," was the Governor's unexpected answer.

"But won't you need me?" began Prentiss.

"No, I won't," was the quick retort. "Can't you see you've done your part? It isn't *you*!"

"Who is it then?" asked the unhappy young husband.

"It's *her*!" was the other's explosive answer. I tell you we can't go on this way! We can't do it!"

"Then what can I do?"

"Pack your bag and get out. Go down to Lakewood, to Atlantic City, anywhere. Only get out!"

"And what good will that do?" demanded the younger man, with a combative stare at the white mop.

"It'll do this: it'll give me a chance to save my star, and save your play!"

PRENTISS squared himself in his chair. He had heard rumours of the Governor's ways, of his methods in the past, of old-fashioned third degree brutalities, of Vesuvian blasphemies and threats and that frenzy of diabolism which lashed the over-taxed spirit into its last paroxysm of speed. It was all very well for mule-driving. But the day for that sort of thing, for anything but levee roustabouts, was over and gone.

"I prefer staying right here!" said Prentiss, meeting the other man's haggard and hound-like eyes.

He was about to add: "And go down with the ship!" when a glance into the Governor's averted face with its tell-tale purple shadows of weariness close under the eyes, brought him up short. But he did not surrender. "I can't do it," he declared. He said it with almost a touch of regret. "I can't go."

"You've got to go!" Borowsky had swung round on him, with one fat hand slapping on the table edge. Prentiss hated to think of his wife as being played on like an instrument by those fat white fingers. He abhorred the thought of her being kneaded and shaped and moulded by that adroit master of charlatanism, for it was, after all, nothing more than charlatanism, nothing more than make-believe. "I tell you I can't afford a failure," the master was declaring. "You can't afford a failure. *She* can't afford it. I've got to land that woman, and I've got to land that play!"

"But she's worn-out—she's all in! Look what she's like, even now!" demurred the husband.

They never mentioned her by name; she was, during those weeks of work, the one and only woman in the world to both of them. It was about her, and her alone, that their entire little planetary system of activity revolved.

"All in! What does that count? She's got her part to play, and I've got my production to get over!"

"But she's a human being, you know!" was the younger man's protest.

"Then why can't she *act* like one?" snapped back the other. He was on his feet by this time, striding back and forth on the soft rugs. "Don't you worry about her not standing it. They all stand it, when they have to!"

THEY stood it, Prentiss knew, very much as a rider in a six-day race stands his last hour of effort. The one thing was to get the first night over, to get the thing launched. Once over, once established, it would carry itself along, almost automatically, like a clock wound up. But into that one first night had to be flung the heart-breaking frenzy of effort that made the record, that set the pace. To the audiences, he knew, it would seem the beginning; to those behind the scenes it would be more like the end.

"Yes," cried the manager, with his womanish irrelation of utterance, "that's just what's the matter! You keep giving her sympathy! You keep wheedling and pitying her! You undo everything! Good heavens, man, don't you see *what's going to happen*? She's going to kill your play! She's going to put you back ten years! She's going to put herself out of the running!"

"I know it's—it's not shaping up the way it ought to!" He was once more thinking of his play, and his play alone.

"Shaping up? It's awful! It's *rotten*!" Prentiss winced at the uncompromising stage-life adjective. "And you know why! That woman's been with cheap people for five seasons. She whines and she yodels. She's all arms. She thinks those stained glass attitudes'll still go down. All she's been taught is to look pretty, and to show her teeth. But she's never learned to act. Every damn thing's wrong. Her method's wrong. Her way's wrong. Her voice is wrong. And she won't see it; she won't face what she's got to face, or go under!"

"I—I thought she rather got away with that third-act speech of hers this morning," ventured Prentiss. He remembered the tired and weary face, the unctuous and shadowy eyes, the lithe and spirited body as it pulsed and shook with its pretended emotion, as it quivered with its eagerness to do a master's bidding.

"It's wrong, I tell you, every word and move of it. And she knows you're backing her up in what she's doing. She knows it!"

"I never imagined there was any conspiracy against your authority," murmured Prentiss. His sarcasm was wasted on the other man.

"Then pack your bag and get out so I can exert that authority."

It dawned on Prentiss that a week's rest away from it all, would be more of a blessing than he had imagined.

"But what would you do, even if I did go away for a week or so?"

"Knock some of that nonsense out of her—try to teach her how to act!"

The young husband moved a little uneasily in his chair.

"You mean she's got to—knuckle down?" he suggested with the ghost of a smile. "Knuckle down, to you?"

"She's got to knuckle down to authority, whether it's to me, or to you, or to any other man who knows the game. She's got to learn that forty years at this business can sometimes teach a manager something!"

Prentiss could readily enough concede that point. The Governor knew the game; he knew what to give and how to give it. He could foretell what would effervesce into applause, simmer slowly up into tears, explode into laughter. He was able to count on his reactions as positively as a chemist toying with his allotted acids.

"Yes," he finally admitted, with a solemn movement of the head. "Yes, I know."

"You don't know. She's got you buffaloed. I tell you right now, Prentiss, that woman's got to be put right, or she'll break us, all of us. She can do her high and mighty in an up-state summer stock, but she can't do it on Broadway, not in my houses."

The Governor knew he was carrying his audience of one. He could see it by the melancholy hesitancy in the younger man's eyes, and he swept up his climatic movement while the moment was ripe.

"It may hurt you a little, and it may hurt her. But it's the only way. I've got to face it, the same as you've got to. I've got to break that woman the same as you'd break a range colt!"

Prentiss resented the man's language even while he was unable to resent the statement. But he would never have been the dramatist he was without some inherent love of power simply as power. They were now down to finalities. He knew the careers the Governor had shaped. He knew the stars he had made. Yet he was not altogether ignorant of how they had been fashioned, of how those long-adulated and arbitrary and emotional women had been taken in hand, and how, like snow, they could be shaped only after they were in a melting condition.

The proof of the pudding was in the eating. Prentiss admitted, as he sat wrapped in thought. The painful reality of just how much his play meant, of how much its success meant, was coming home to him.

"Well, if you insist on my going away, I'll go," he finally said, as he stood up. "But it'll only be on one condition."

"I don't want conditions," retorted the autocrat of destinies.

"Well, then, one decency," revised the other.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I'll go only when I'm assured you'll be gentle with her, as gentle with her as possible."

"What do you think I am?" broke out the white-mopped manager. "What do I gain by being the other thing?"

Prentiss took up his hat. Then he sighed.

"I suppose we've got to face it," he said, as Borowsky snapped out the electric and followed him to the door.

PRENTISS always remembered that week in Atlantic City as the most miserable one of his life. The sheer stagnating idleness into which it plunged him ate like acid on his tired nerves. He no longer felt like a mere deserter; he was slowly possessed of the impression that he had basely betrayed the one person it was his duty to protect.

Yet whatever his wife might be undergoing in New York, he assured himself, she had at least been coerced into no such souring and corroding passivity as his own. He felt, as the week dragged on, that his very soul had been strapped up in some narrow and stifling straight-jacket. A dozen times a day he regretted his promise not to write or telegraph. A dozen times a day, as he caught up the belated New York papers and hungrily read the different and all too meagre "advance" paragraphs as to the new Borowsky production, he would feel the same smouldering resentment against the compact which forbade him to ring up on the "long distance" and the same old tug to throw up everything and return. It began to seem like a sort of catalepsy to him. He felt that great movements were under way, movements in which all his destiny was involved, and yet he was being denied a part in them.

But he paced the board walk and fought it out to the end. Then he packed his bag and took a train to New York, like a man coming back from the dead. He could scarcely decide, as he stepped down into the fetid warmth of the Subway, whether he should go home to his wife or first go and find Borowsky. He began to realise how hard the whole thing would be to make clear. He also realised how contrary to his expectations it had all turned out. He had once dreamed that this play was more indissolubly together, almost as a child itself might have done. But in that he had been mistaken.

He awoke to the extent of that mistake when he found himself unconsciously directing his steps

towards his club. He would only be in the way now, an outsider, an intruder, until the coming three-hour ordeal was over. So he buried himself behind his paper in the reading room, scanning without any ponderable reaction the theatrical page news that Ivan Cartright had been supplanted by Gordon Shane as the father in the new Borowsky production. The part had never been more than a "feeder," and Prentiss had never been much impressed by the bibulous Cartright. And nothing, by this time, made much difference.

As the dinner hour drew on Prentiss found the club unendurable. So he wandered out to the square, and then went slowly and aimlessly up Broadway, looking for the Borowsky "three sheets"



"The curtain continued to go up and down like a great maw—"

on the billboards and watching the electric signs as they blossomed like tulip beds along the crowded valley side of stone and steel. He found something companionable and home-like in the hurrying crowds, in the dodging taxi-cabs, in the homing motor cars that hummed out through the streets like a bee swarm scattering from its hives through an open orchard.

He wandered on until he was hungry and a familiar chop-house sign turned his thoughts agreeably to musty ale and a mutton chop. So he entered the restaurant, found a table, and proceeded diffidently and deliberately to eat his dinner.

He was half way through his bulky English mutton chop when he became conscious of an even bulkier presence close behind him. It was that of Cartright, the bibulous old "heavy," gazing down at him with pensive and blearily-reproving eyes. The newcomer, with that pompousness which even alcohol could not submerge, sadly and calmly sat down in the chair directly across the table from Prentiss.

"Well, what's happened since I left you?" enquired the playwright, forcing a note of facetiousness which was far from his actual temper.

"You should never have left, sir!" was the deeply-intoned and melancholy response.

"Anything wrong?" demanded Prentiss, now actually and actively alarmed. The old actor leaned slowly back in his chair and bellowed his lungs. It was a slow and dramatic inhalation of righteous indignation.

"I'm out!" was the deliberate and guttural and altogether conclusive answer. Cartright's slow and heavy sigh, however, obviously implied that even

greater misfortunes, if possible, had befallen the production.

"Why are you out?"

"Yes, why?" intoned the slow-speaking bulk of indignation. "Why, indeed? Ha, they will tell you it was this, and they will tell you it was that. But now, sir, I'll tell you why, man to man!"

"Been drinking?" asked Prentiss, resenting the hortatory diaphoresis which was so prolonging his suspense.

"I had not been drinking, sir. But I had been beholding what no gentleman of the old school!"—he rolled the phrase like a sugar plum under his swollen tongue—"what no gentleman of the old school can behold without resentment!"

"What are you talking about?" Prentiss snapped out.

"I'm talking about the way that man has been using your wife, sir!" he spluttered in his alcoholic indignation. "About the way he villified and degraded and abused that little woman. I'm a gentleman; and I'm not going to stand by, sir, and hear a woman defiled, defamed, cursed at like a runnion!"

"Oh, come now," began Prentiss, though he pushed his chop away with all his taste for eating gone.

"I couldn't do it," declaimed the man of the stage. "And I tell you, Mister Prentiss, you don't gain anything by hounding a woman like that into hysterics every day! You know her; and I know her. And we both know Borowsky. She should have been protected. She should have been watched over!"

He saw by the pallor that crept into Prentiss' face that his work was good, and went on with it.

"A play's a play," he largely conceded. "And a part's a part. You have to make your people work. You've got to make them take their hurdles, no matter how it hurts! But when a man hauls a woman half-way across a stage by the hair, Borowsky or no Borowsky, Ivan Cartright hands in his part and walks out!"

"That's a lie!" cried Prentiss, projecting his white face forward across the table. The movement was like that of a fighting game cock.

"That's the truth!" intoned back the old actor, bringing his hand down on the table like a joiner giving a nail head its last hammer blow.

PRENTISS was glad of the open air; he was glad of the chance to give belated direction to his movements; he was glad to have something on which to focus ten days of hot and smouldering resentment. There was going to be some good plain talk, and he was glad of it. And he hoped it would lead to something else, promptly and uncompromisingly, and in his imaginative young mind he could already feel the thud of the clenched fist against the padded white flesh.

Yet Borowsky, he found, was not at his apartment hotel. A calmly and disconcertingly courteous servant informed Prentiss that the manager had not dined home; nor had he even lunched home. He had, in fact, been busy at the theatre since nine in the morning. And would there be any message?

Prentiss slightly weak and shaken and wholly miserable, said there would be no message. He made his way to the street again, looking irresolutely about at the flood tide of traffic that surged down through upper Broadway to the theatre district. He let that current catch him up and carry him along. He let it eddy him aimlessly about the western sweep of the Circle and across Eighth Avenue into Broadway again. He let it carry him on into Times Square. Then he looked up at a street clock and saw that it was already eight.

He pulled his hat down over his eyes as he drew nearer Borowsky's theatre with the great rose-tinted sign of stippled electric lights announcing the new star's name. He pushed through the crowd, as cautious as a pickpocket, and for the price of an orchestra chair bought a top gallery seat from a speculator with a row of greenbacks folded fan-like between his fingers. Then he climbed the stairs, made his way to his seat, and sat down and waited. He could feel the beat of his own pulse, quick and short and hard. Out of his blood, for some reason,

(Continued on Page 23).

DEMI-TASSE

Newslets.

THE dear old *Globe* is simply paralyzed by the brazen success of Bourassa. It is so speechless with indignation that it is writing editorials about Henri the Hilarious every other day.

Hon. Geo. E. Foster hastens to explain the reverse in Quebec. That worthy politician is such a specialist in ill-luck that he can always tell just where the brick came from.

No one can say that the Nationalist Party is afflicted with either hook worm or infantile paralysis.

There is a Toronto evening paper, published on Bay Street, which says that Sir Wilfrid has great histrionic ability. Does the editor mean to call the Premier of this country a comedian?

The Canadian navy has received a great impetus.

The address of Mrs. Crippen is earnestly sought by her loving husband. Absence makes his heart grow fonder.

Out Of Tune.

THE COURIER and the *Telegram* Are having lots of fun, Though no one in Toronto Can tell how 'twas begun, They scrap about the nation's songs, And which is truly great, And which is out of harmony, And which is out of date.

That rousing song, "The Maple Leaf," Is quoted by our friend, Who writes of its surpassing worth In columns without end. The tune of our "O Canada" It simply cannot raise, Nor of the French-Canadian band Will say a word of praise.

Church and State.

THERE died last month in Peterborough the oldest resident, in the person of James Stevenson, ex-M.P. He had lived in Peterborough since 1843. He was a Conservative in politics and a personal friend of the late Sir John A. Macdonald. He represented West Peterborough in the Dominion Parliament for two terms, from 1887 to 1896, defeating Hon. George A. Cox in his first election.

During this contest of twenty-three years ago the feeling ran high on each side, for, although Peterborough was strongly Conservative, George A. Cox was a popular citizen. A Peterborough man was recalling the fight, during a recent conversation with political friends and remarked:

"I remember well the Sunday before the election. Both Mr. Cox and Mr. Stevenson were, if my memory serves me well, members of the Charlotte Street Methodist Church. They were entrusted with the dignified duty of taking up the collection. On the Sunday before the final contest they were far more observed than the minister himself, who found it difficult to preach a gospel of peace to a congregation intensely interested in a political fight. "As they approached the altar with their silver-filled plates, the candidates came face to face and regarded each other with defiance. This was too much for the congregation and audible smiles greeted the return of each politician to the seclusion of his pew."

Their Favourite Songs.

SINCE such an interest has been taken in the matter of a national song, it has been considered wise to enter upon the subject of favourite melodies with prominent Canadians and find out their preferences.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier declares his fondness for nautical songs and never tires of "A Life on the Ocean Wave" and "A Sailor's Life for Me."

Mr. Henri Bourassa, on the contrary, has no fondness for songs of the ocean and prefers the simple melody of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Mr. F. D. Monk has a liking for the

sentimental and is deeply affected by "The Girl I Left Behind Me," the lady in the case being that ancient damsel known as the Conservative Party.

Mr. R. L. Borden is afflicted with a fondness for gentle lyrics and prefers lullabies to any other kind of melody. "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother" is his favourite song.

Sir James Whitney scorns the lighter lays and professes to indulge in such outbursts as "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall," and "Hold the Fort."

The Retort Diplomatic.

ON the morning after the Drummond-Arthabaska election, Sir Wilfrid Laurier was asked what he thought of the situation. His reply was characteristic:

"The government has received a blow, of course, but it should not be exaggerated.

"I feel very much like Abraham Lincoln did on the occasion of just such a reverse. He was asked by a friend what he thought of it, just as you ask now. Lincoln replied, 'I feel like the little boy who hurt his toe—too sore to laugh and too big to cry.'

"The charge that Laurier has been 'hoist by his own petard' is untrue. Laurier has never used his influence with French-Canadians against English-Canadians or ever done anything but try to prevent racial prejudice in Canada."

Typically Yankee.

MODESTY is still not the besetting sin of our cousins to the south. On the day before election day the *New York Commercial*, published in New York, had the following cute little notice: To-morrow being election day and a universal holiday, there will be no issue of the *New York Commercial*.

Opening for Boy Scouts.

WHY not have the Boy Scouts' idea on the farm? Instead of the poles, they could carry hoes or hay forks, according to the season, and among their duties would be: Hunting for concealed eggs in the barn and barnyard; breaking up encampments of Canada thistles and other agricultural enemies; apprehending stray detachments of chickens; doing entrenchment work along rows of potatoes and around corn hills, and stalking and bringing home cows.

Strange, Isn't It?

WE'VE got used to most things, but are free to confess That it comes as a mighty surprise— That the man whom they say has money to burn Doesn't take it along when he dies.

A London "Bull."

THE following is part of a despatch sent from dear old London recently to Canadian papers: The *Standard* says: "Let us be perfectly frank. The commercial arrangements between Canada and the United States must and can only be the thin end of the wedge of political union."

Well Defined.

JONES—What sort of a man is Brown? Smith—Do you want my candid opinion? Jones—Yes. Smith—Well, as near as I can place him, Brown is the kind of man that if he had to be a machine he would be either a buzz saw or a steam hammer.

For Heavy Eaters.

DOMESTIC science seems to be coming to its own in the schools and colleges, but still some big husky men express a preference for the "old-fashioned home cooking." And it's incidents like the following that make them poke fun at the new order in

cooking: In a Western Ontario city a girl who was giving the city its first taste of domestic science teaching was very enthusiastic over her work in the schools. One evening she said to the group about the boarding house table, "Usually I give the children half an egg each for cooking purposes. To-day I had only half the usual supply, but the children made the cutest little quarter-egg omelettes you could wish to see."

Mound Builders.

IN many Canadian villages the man who teaches the school is second in importance only to the minister. If the minister is away, the public meeting is presided over by the teacher. If an athletic club, debating society, or reading circle is to be formed, the teacher is expected to lead the way. His opinion carries weight, and his companionship is valued highly by the young men of the village.

That's the background for a little incident in which there figured the teacher and a "citizen" of a village a few miles from Owen Sound. The two were on one of their little autumn rambles near the village, and they had exchanged interesting bits of information about cities and the open country. "I've often wondered," said the villager, after they had talked of many strange things, "how all these hills 'happened.'"

The teacher had been reading up so as to make interesting the lessons in advanced geography, which his couple of fifth class pupils were soon to have, and it was with pleasure that he stated what appealed to him as the most probable cause of the hills. Carefully, he explained the theory that the earth had cooled and contracted, its crust thereby wrinkling into valleys and hills.

The other man listened attentively, and then, with not the suspicion of a smile, said, "Oh, that's it. And here I've been going along thinking that it was just that people had too much land and piled some of it up out of the way."

It was the same villager who, when "company" had helped him to do full justice to supper at his home, would say, "I wish it was to-morrow morning," and, when someone had asked why, would say, "I want to see what we're going to have for breakfast."

As It Seems To Us.

NOW it's up to us all to plan a "safe and sane" Christmas.

It is said that the curator of the Royal Prussian Observatory, at Trepow, is planning an aeroplane expedition, and there looks to be, in that, a good hint for all observatory people who promise us "fine and warm" conditions for a day which arrives with a plentiful supply of rain, hail and snow.

Some people who would like to have had more to be thankful for—J. Jeffries, W. J. Bryan, ex-King Manuel, W. Laurier, and T. Roosevelt.

Dr. Cook, it is announced, is to come forth from seclusion, so let's be prepared to learn that he has discovered perpetual motion, the fount of perpetual youth, the sixth sense and the fourth dimension and has squared the circle.

Life is just handing money over one counter after another.

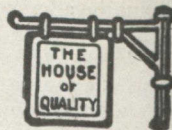
Funny that the big cities should be making such a fuss over birdmen, seeing that aviation has been for years a common method of getting about in the country places. It seems ages since we first read in the country weeklies such items as "Bill Jones took a flying trip to town yesterday."

Three cheers for the U. S. A.—United South Africa.

The father of the daylight saving bill is to boost for that measure this winter harder than ever. He simply won't be any nice quiet spot left on the lark and milkman.

China is to have her first parliament three years from now. There soon won't be any nice quiet spot left on earth.

The Bell Telephone Company wants to boost rates in Toronto by \$5 a year, and the man with a telephone in his house has to force a smile when you remind him that "talk is cheap."



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MONEY AND MAGNATES

London and Canadian Investments.

A DIRECTOR of the Bank of England remarked the other day that so many Canadian industrial propositions were being put before the British investor that Canada's credit as a whole was sure to be affected by it, but the great success that has attended the issue of \$5,000,000 of bonds of Price Bros. & Company, Ltd., goes to show that the British investor is now very well posted regarding the Canadian situation and, as a rule, can be counted on to know just about as much of the proposition as the average Canadian himself. The entire issue of \$5,000,000, it is understood, was well over-subscribed the day after the announcement of the issue was made, England taking about \$3,000,000 of the issue, as compared with \$2,000,000 disposed of in Canada, but as it was announced that the subscription list would be kept open till the 17th, it may be that all subscriptions will have to be reduced owing to the fact that the gross amount has been very largely over-subscribed. The financing for the new project, which will result in the establishing of a large paper and pulp mill on the property of Price Bros. & Company, Ltd., on the Saguenay River, was arranged by Mr. W. M. Aitken, the President of Royal Securities Co., who on the present occasion gave his personal attention to the London end of issue. Two of the other most successful consolidations effected by Mr. Aitken during the past nine months have been those of the Canadian Car & Foundry Co. and the Steel Company of Canada.

* * *

Important Ore Discoveries.

TWO distinct discoveries of ore that go a long way towards assuring the permanency of the iron and steel industry in Canada have been made during the past few months, one down in Nova Scotia in the ore areas of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, the other up in the Michipicoten district, where the Lake Superior Corporation operates its famous Helen mine. As yet very little information has been given to the public regarding either discoveries, both of them having been of a nature which the company likes to keep to itself till there is some particular reason why the public should have a better idea of the vast resources they may possess. Enough, however, has been heard incidentally to indicate that both are particularly rich. That made on the areas of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company having been on a lower area than has yet been prospected, yet it led to the richest body, according to the engineer's reports, that has yet been located anywhere on the company's area. This will be all the more surprising in as much as the areas of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co. always showed a very high percentage, and the results of the complete assays on the ore taken from the new discoveries will be watched for with considerable interest.

The discovery made up in the Michipicoten district becomes especially important from the fact that it has uncovered a Bessemer deposit, and it is understood that prospecting, which required an outlay of approximately \$125,000, showed ore in sight of a value of approximately \$10,000,000. There were many who doubted right along whether Bessemer ore would be found in that district at all, but the superintendent of mines of the Lake Superior Corporation had been contending for quite a few years past that on an outlay of a small amount of money he could prove that it existed there, and on this as well as all other occasions, it is nice to see that the man's contentions have come true. Situated at such a great distance one from the other, these discoveries will go a long way towards giving the world an idea of the vast extent of the ore areas of Canada, and with the success which has obtained from the outlays which these two companies have made, it is altogether probable that other companies will be willing to provide for the cost of developing areas which they may have.

* * *

Another Group Gaining Its Hold.

THE other day, when it became known that Mr. B. Hal Brown had resigned his position as manager in Canada for the London & Lancashire Ins. Co., to become general manager of a new Trust company that intended doing business throughout Canada, almost everyone around the "street" in Montreal remarked that it must be a pretty big concern if Hal Brown was going to go to it, because for a great many years past Mr. Brown had been right in the front of the insurance business of Canada, and had built up a business that has been the envy of almost every other company operating in the country. When one looked around and inquired for a while just what company he was going to go to, one was rather puzzled by the name "Prudential Trust Co." because no one had ever heard of it. But with Hal Brown in charge it will not be long before it becomes very favourably known throughout the country, and as it does, it will be gradually recognised that still another group is playing a very prominent part in the financial operations throughout Canada, and by the formation of the present Trust company has solved the problem of bringing the English and foreign interests still closer to the Canadian men who are playing a most prominent part in the development of the resources of the country. It is not known as yet just who will form the first board of directors of the company, but it is the intention in addition to having a main Canadian board, to have a London board, and besides out in Western Canada local boards in places like Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver, which will ensure to the company the possibility of having very sound advice on the investments it may make in these particular districts. At the same time it should ensure to the company a connection that should result in its getting a great deal of local business. It is also understood that a very close working arrangement has been made between the new Trust company and such well known banking institutions as the Union Bank of Canada, The Bank of Toronto, and The Home Bank of Canada. It is stated that it is the same group in Canada who organised the Canada Securities Corporation, who have now established the Prudential Trust, which will give them their own institutions in Canada through which to finance their various transactions.

COUPON.

INVESTMENT PAMPHLET

Our Fall Investment Pamphlet contains particulars of a number of attractive investment securities, combining security with a high return or prospects of enhanced future value.

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IRISH & MAULSON, Limited
Chief Toronto Agents



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday the 25th November 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between SHERIDAN P. O. and CLARKSON G. T. R. STATION from the 1st January next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Sheridan, Erindale and Clarkson and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

O ST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
Mail Service Branch.
Ottawa, 12th October, 1910.
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent



WINTER SUITS and OVERCOATS

We make the cloth and we make the clothes. You save ENORMOUSLY and secure the finest materials in dealing direct with us. Suits and Overcoats to measure from \$5.10 to \$14.10. Cloth supplied 40c per yard up. Value and fit

guaranteed. Write for Cloth Samples, Measurement Charts and Style Books, mailed free to any part of Canada, holders of duties and carriage.

C. E. Briery & Co., 54 Station St., Huddersfield, Eng.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

PEOPLE AND PLACES

**CURZON'S
"WIRESTRAND"
SUITINGS.**

TWO YEARS' HARD WEAR FOR \$13.

Carriage and Duty Paid.

We guarantee that suits made from our "Wirestrand" cloths will give at least two years' hard wear, although the price is only \$13 including Duty and Carriage. The warp is made from two-fold worsted yarn possessing a straining strength of 335 lbs.

The "Wirestrand" Suitings have a standard of durability which cannot be equalled at double the price.

TWO YEARS' HARD WEAR for \$13.

The "Wirestrand" Suit is tailored in high-class artistic style, and made only to customer's special measurements. These cloths have earned for us hundreds of unsolicited testimonials, and an experience of five years with them enables us to truthfully claim that no more satisfactory material for gentlemen's wear can possibly be found.

The Curzon way of doing business is not the ordinary way.

The Curzon way guarantees each and every customer absolute and unqualified satisfaction, or, in the absence of this, the refund of the customer's purchase money.

Thousands of gratified customers. Thousands of satisfied customers. It will pay you to investigate the Curzon way of tailoring.

Send post card and ask specially for "Wirestrand" range of patterns. Together with patterns we send you fashion-plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement and tape measure. We fit you, no matter where you live, or refund the full amount of your purchase money.

AWARDED TWO GOLD MEDALS.

Read our unique list of unsolicited testimonials. \$20,000 forfeited if not absolutely genuine.



The World's Measure Tailors.

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Address for Patterns:

CURZON BROS., c/o THE CLOUGHER SYNDICATE, (Dept. 137)
450 Confederation Life Buildings, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Please mention this paper.



Owen Sound—A Town.

OWEN SOUND is an Ontario town which certainly shows none of those symptoms of retrogression which are said by some critics to be invading the systems of eastern municipalities. Its equilibrium, that is the biggest fact about Owen Sound. It never puts on air—Owen Sound became a town in 1857; it is still a town. Which is where it differs from other places in Ontario which call themselves cities, though none of them have more population than Owen Sound. Therefore, Owen Sound is the largest town in Ontario. To be hackneyed, you might say that Owen Sound "lies in the path of progress," sitting up there on an inlet toward the south-western part of Georgian Bay. Here it corrals a big heap of western traffic—fresh water liners tooting up the lakes for the red wheat shacks of Port Arthur and Fort William; two transcontinental systems feeding the boats. They are prosperous in Grey County's metropolis. Owen Sound has a comfortable look. If you ask a real estate man up there about that he will wink and tell you about building stone—part of the rocks of Georgian Bay. We will show you it in the post office, which cost a cool hundred thousand. This stone has built a good piece of the Soo Canal and bridges in Toronto. Citizenship is described as virulent in Owen Sound; remember local option. And there is something significant surely in this fact: just now public spirit is going into its pocket for a large sum to enlarge the water supply which gravitates into town from deep springs.

* * *

Victoria and the Northerners.

IF rumour be true, Victoria is to be visited by the Hudson Bay Company. The fur traders are going to keep store in the Outpost. Victoria is excited. Lord Strathcona is said to have cabled an order for an eight-storey concrete building. The company has such establishments in Winnipeg, Nelson and Vancouver. Why not in Victoria?

Retired factors come down from the Arctic to bask with Indian army colonels in the charm of her briar hedges and lotus land gardens—that is all Victoria so far as known of the lords of the north.

* * *

Mental Hustling.

THE reputations of Rhodes scholars have just been bared for another year. The Rhodes bequest is an antidote against provincialism. Canadians who have gone over to Oxford have found that out. They come back with wholesome respect for Oxford methods. Some Rhodes men who have gone forth with huzzas have faded out—academically. They will tell you on the quiet it's a formidable proposition for a Canadian college graduate to make the Oxford grade. An Oxford graduate is said to know ten times as much history as a first-class graduate in Modern History, say, at Toronto. But the Canadian chaps have done fairly well this year. A Nova Scotia intellectualist got away with the Robert Herbert Memorial Prize and big honours in economics; some chap in Quebec got a degree in science, and a good report in anthropology.

* * *

Our Climate.

CANADA, our contemporary published in England, remarks very poignantly on the advantages of

Canada as a Winter resort for Englishmen needing a rest cure:

"Winter Sunshine" is the appropriate title of a pamphlet issued by Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons, the world-famous tourist agents. It contains particulars of the facilities for fleeing from the rigours of a British winter offered by the firm in the shape of visits to "countries which provide sunshine in varying degrees." One section is devoted to winter sport in Switzerland, with its "dazzling splendour of sunshine and snow." But why is not Canada also given a place among the countries where "winter sunshine" is to be found? There is sunshine in Canada in winter, and winter sports can be indulged in in an inspiring and bracing atmosphere not to be rivalled even among the Alps themselves. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who regards the Canadian winter as "the glory of Canada," may be again cited for the benefit of Britons in search of "winter sunshine," and those catering for their wants:—

"I do not know anything so beautiful as a beautiful winter day such as we have in Ottawa, in Montreal, or in Quebec, where the rays of the sun glisten upon the white carpet which extends as far as the eye can go towards the horizon. There is nothing quite so beautiful, unless it be a winter night, when the bluest of all skies is studded with millions of gems never seen to such advantage in any other country."

In another column a Port Arthur correspondent once more takes up the cudgels in defence of Canada's climate, and enters a protest against the persistent appellation of "Our Lady of the Snows." It was not without good ground that the title preferred for the collected impressions of Canada of the representatives of the International Council of Women, edited by the Countess of Aberdeen was "Our Lady of the Sunshine."

* * *

Cheap Gas At Toronto.

IT is a quarter of a century now since people began to have hopes about electricity. And one thing they said—it would immediately drive out gas as a means of illumination. To some extent so. Very ordinary houses sprouting up now in towns throughout the country have electric light features. But people are using gas—largely for cooking perhaps. That was strikingly illustrated last week when the annual report of the Toronto Consumers' Gas Company announced a reduction of five cents; making the present price of gas to Torontonians only seventy-five cents a thousand feet. This reduction has been possible in spite of fierce competition from the Toronto Electric Light Company. Gas has gone down rapidly in Toronto. It is not long ago when five dollars a thousand was the tax; in 1887, \$1.25; the next drop will make Toronto the cheapest gas market in America.

* * *

A Church Census.

TORONTO has taken another church census. This is a sign of the times. Not many years ago a church census in Toronto would have been an absurdity, because everybody went to church. Now, with twice as many people and half as many churches again as she had twenty years ago, there seems to be a suspicion that a large percentage of the people rarely or never go to church.

"DAT NEW CENTURY WASHER SUAH DO GET DE DIRT OUT."—Aunt Salina.

The easy-running principle on which this washer is built is correct, and it will extract every particle of dirt from all descriptions of wearing apparel and household fabrics without injury to the goods, and without the use of acids.

Sold by dealers everywhere. If your's doesn't handle it write direct.

"Aunt Salina's Wash Day Philosophy" is our new FREE book, and gives valuable hints and secrets about washing.

Send postal for it to-day.



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London, Ontario.

So-Cosy Boudoir Slippers



"SO-COZY" are the Slippers you have always wanted for the bedroom—for the drawing room—for the evenings at home—really restful, comfortable and attractive.

Mustang "Never-Slip" Sole—with carded cotton wool cushion, and heavy felt inner sole. The uppers are finished in the softest leathers, in dainty colors, with or without pom-poms.

Best Dealers all sell the "SO-COZY" or we will mail anywhere in Canada on receipt of \$1.25, naming size of shoe and color desired.

(For an extra 25c. we will send them in a special dainty box for Christmas presentation.)

We have an illustrated booklet free for the asking. Write us about it.

THE HURLBUT CO. LIMITED
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A New Violet Luxury



All the exquisitely sweet fragrance of a bed of violets is contained in our new, delightful Valley Violet. Fastidious women of conservative tastes who find the majority of perfumes too heavy for their liking will be charmed with its clean, persistent odor.

Wonderfully delicate, yet lasting, its elusive sweetness is as difficult to resist as a breath of flower scented air straight from the gardens of Old France. A drop on the hair, clothing or handkerchief is the fitting culmination of a dainty toilet.

Taylor's
Valley Violet

is attractively put up in pretty packages and sold by all good dealers.

More pronounced in character, but no less charming are our Persian Bouquet, Trianon, American Beauty and Spring Hyacinth.

Highly concentrated and lasting, they yet possess all the delicate sweetness and true floral fragrance of the fresh flowers themselves. Packed in art boxes, suitable for gift or personal use.

Manufactured by
John Taylor & Company, Limited
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Toronto . . . Canada

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Of The Central Business College of Toronto contains some special guarantee of very great interest to students who desire to attend a first class reliable school. You are invited to Write for it. Address W. H. SHAW, President, 395 Yonge St., Toronto.

The Scrap Book

Brothers-in-Law.

IN an English town a gentleman and a countryman approached a cage in the travelling zoo from opposite directions. This cage contained a very fierce-looking kangaroo. The countryman gazed at the wild animal for a few minutes with mouth and eyes both open, and then, turning to the gentleman, he asked, "What kind of animal is that?"

"Oh," replied the gentleman, "that is a native of Australia."

The countryman covered his eyes with his hands as he exclaimed in horror, "Well, well! my sister married one of them!"—*Judge.*

* * *

Precision's Pitfall.

A YOUNG Baltimore man has a habit of correcting carelessness in speech that comes to his notice. The other day he walked into a shop and asked for a comb. "Do you want a narrow man's comb?" asked the clerk. "No," said the customer, gravely, "I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."—*Baltimore American.*

* * *



"Well, Mrs. Stubbs, how did you like my sermon on Sunday?"

"Oh, I thought it was beautiful, sir, thank you, sir."

"And which part of it seemed to hold you most?"

"Well, sir, what took hold of me most, sir, was your perseverance, sir; the way you went over the same thing again and again, sir."—*The Tatler.*

* * *

Significant.

IT is related that a gentleman who was trying a horse in company with a jockey, noticed, after having driven him for a mile or two, that he pulled pretty hard, requiring constant watching and a steady rein, and the gentleman enquired: "Do you think it is just the horse for a lady to drive?" "Well, sir," answered the jockey, "I must say that I shouldn't want to marry the woman who could drive that horse."

* * *

Said Something.

ON board an ocean liner were a lady and gentleman, accompanied by their young hopeful, aged six, and as is usually the case, the parents were very sick, while little Willie was the weldest thing on board. One day the parents were lying in their steamer chairs hoping that they would die, and little Willie was playing about the deck.

Willie did something of which his mother did not approve, so she said to her husband, "John, please speak to Willie." The husband with the little strength left in his wasted form,



ECONOMY was our idea when we invented OXO Cubes. Don't pay for water nor for bottles — get the Cubes. They hold all the nourishing and stimulating properties of rich beef.

Sold in Tins containing 4 and 10 Cubes. Two Free Samples sent on receipt of 2c. stamp to pay postage and packing. OXO is also packed in bottles for People who prefer it in fluid form.

25 Lombard St. Toronto.

41 Common St. Montreal.

A Model Kitchen

With our forefathers the hearthstone was the centre of the home—the special sphere and pride of the housewife. Here all her talents as a home maker found full expression. Here before the great hearth—whose flue kept the air as pure and clean as the fresh scoured tiles—she prepared the great white loaves—the delicious flakey brown pastry—the roasts whose juicy tenderness made her implest meal a feast—

Have a kitchen *you can always be proud of*—always clean and sweet—always free from stuffy, smelly air—always cool.

Have *meals you can always be proud of*—everything just browned to a turn—never over-cooked—never under-cooked—always just right.

The Wonderful Oxford Economizer

guarantees such a kitchen—such meals—always.

The Oxford Economizer sucks all the foul air from the room just like the old-fashioned chimney, leaving it sweet and pure.

It gives you an evener, steadier fire than ever before known.

It insures the best results in cooking always.

It saves you at least 20% of your coal bill in real dollars and cents.

It is the most remarkable device ever found on a cook stove.

Yet this is only one of the special features found only in

Gurney-Oxford Stoves and Ranges

The Gurney Foundry Company There are many others, each one of which will save you time, money and inconvenience. Send us the enclosed coupon, mentioning whether you are interested in a steel or an iron range and let us send you our book on how to save time and money in *your* kitchen.

500 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

The Gurney Foundry Company,

500 King St. West,

Toronto, Canada.



Please send me your book of Hints for saving time and money.

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RESERVE 650,000

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Keep your Kitchen HYGIENICALLY Clean

Avoid chemical
cleaners on your
kitchen utensils.
No caustic or
acid in

Old Dutch Cleanser

Many uses and full
directions on Large
Sifter-Can 10c



Cut Down Your Dress Bills.



THIS IS THE WAY—Take your old
Dresses and Dye them yourself right at
Home. Then with up-to-date patterns
make them into new dresses that will
be the envy of your lady friends. But
to avoid all chance of mistakes use the
Dye that colors cloth of
ANY KIND Perfectly
with the SAME Dye,
which is

DYOLA
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

Send for
Sample Card
and Story
Booklet 8c
The
Johnson-
Richardson
Co., Limited,
Montreal,
Can.

looked at his son and heir and feebly
muttered: "How-dy do, Willie."—
The Lyceumite.

* * *

John Smith, His Mark.

ONE day a big city bank received
the following message from one
of its country correspondents: "Pay
\$25 to John Smith, who will call to-
day." The cashier's curiosity became
suspicious when a cabman assisted
into the bank a drunken "fare," who
shouted that he was John Smith and
wanted some money. Two clerks
pushed, pulled, and piloted the boisterous
individual into a private room
away from the sight and hearing of
regular depositors. The cashier wired
the country bank: "Man claiming to
be John Smith is here. Highly intoxicated.
Shall we await identification?"
The answer read "Identification complete.
Pay the money."

* * *

Floundering In French.

TWO Englishmen were dining to-
gether at a Paris restaurant. Mr.
Smith persisted in asking for every-
thing he wanted in doubtful French,
while Mr. Cross persisted in offering
explanations that were in the nature
of criticisms. At last Mr. Smith's
temper rose to explosive point. "Will
you," he said in English, "be so good
as not to interfere with me in the use
of my French?"

"Very well," retorted Mr. Cross. "I
simply wanted to point out that you
were asking for a staircase when all
you wanted was a spoon."—*Wasp.*

* * *

Improving Football.

CITY Editor—And radical changes
for the better in football this
season?

Sporting Writer—Verily. I under-
stand that not more than one ticket
speculator will be allowed to tackle
a single patron at the same time.—
Puck.

* * *

A Quiet Call.

A PHILADELPHIA veteran said
of the quiet and grim humour
of the great Grant:

"Some of the boys were rather
untrained, rather uncouth. They
meant well, but, dear me!

"General Grant, cigar in mouth,
strode over a cornfield one day past
a sentinel.

"Hello, gen!" said the sentinel,
grinning brightly.

"General Grant looked the rawbone
young sentinel up and down. Then
shifting his cigar to the other side
of his mouth, he said:

"Don't call me 'gen.' It's so
formal. Call me Ulysses."

* * *

Didn't Know He Was Happy.

"THE captain told me they kept you
alive for eight days on brandy
and milk."

"Just my luck; I was unconscious
all the time."—*M. A. P.*

* * *

Her Career.

"WELL, has your college daughter
decided upon her career?"

"Yes; he has blue eyes, brown
hair, and works in a hardware store."
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

* * *

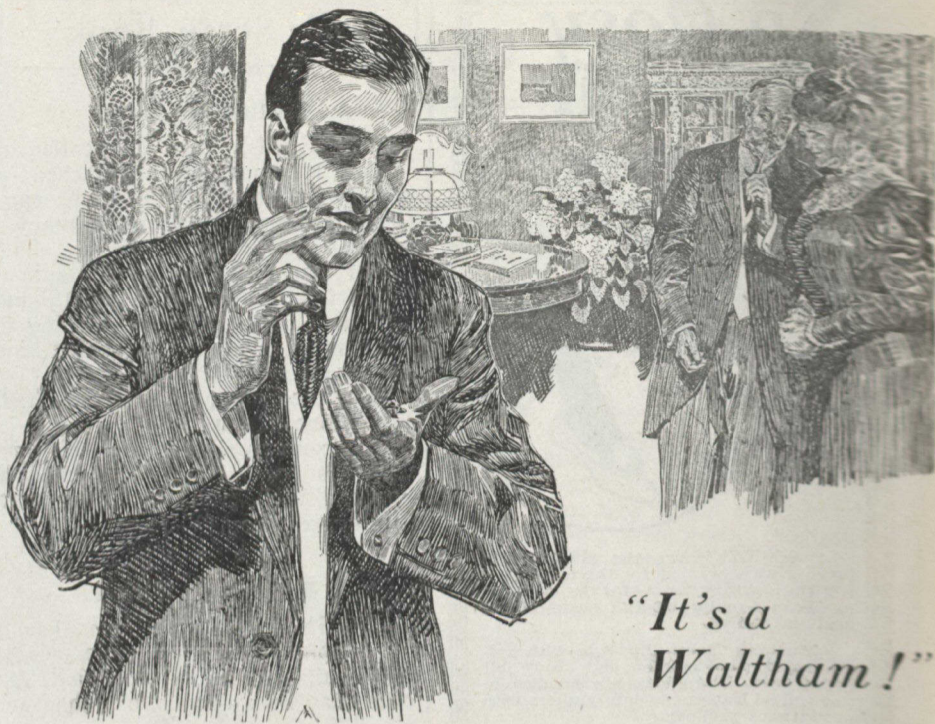
Giving Herself Away.

"WHAT makes you think she is
uncultured?"

"She thinks Ibsen's plays are stu-
pid."

"Well, a lot of people think so."

"Yes; but she says so."—*Cleveland
Leader.*



"It's a
Waltham!"

How the gift is enhanced by this discovery.
WALTHAM was the watch name he knew best
in his boyhood—the watch his father and
grandfather before him wore,—a watch "hoary
with reputation." This inbred confidence in

WALTHAM

is strengthened in every generation by the
constant application of modern watch-making
methods to old-fashioned standards of integrity.

Waltham is the oldest and youngest watch on the market. The
highest inventive genius is always at its command, designing
new models and keeping WALTHAMS constantly in the lead.

"It's time you owned a Waltham."

For a high-grade up-to-date watch—made as thin as it is safe to make a reliable
timepiece; ask any JEWELER to show you a Waltham Colonial. Prices \$50 to \$175.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.

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RELIABILITY - - - SIMPLICITY

The Swan writes when you want
it to write; no shaking
or bumping to
start the flow, just
put pen to paper and
start right in.

PRICES FROM
\$2.50 UP

Fitted with finest 14k gold
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From Stationers and Jewelers

INSIST ON "SWAN"

Write for Illustrated Booklet

MABIE, TODD & CO. 124 YORK ST. TORONTO
HEADQUARTERS LONDON, ENGLAND





Do you ever look for this trademark on underwear?

Some people simply ask for "underwear."

They select a garment—carefully examine shape, material, fit, etc.

And decide to try it.

The result is pure speculation—upon which health and comfort depend.

Do not leave this important transaction to mere chance—

Insist on the dealer showing you underclothing with the "sheep" trademark.

It's on every garment of "CEETEE" UNDERWEAR and means absolute underwear comfort.

A guarantee of the best material and perfect fit.

Do not be a "mere chance" buyer. Ask your dealer for "Ceetee."

In all sizes for men, women and children.

The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt, Limited
Established 1859
Galt - - - Ontario 2613
Look for the "sheep"

"CEETEE" UNDERWEAR

COSGRAVE'S XXX PORTER



Absolutely pure---bottled at the brewery only.

Order a case to-day from your dealer.

THE COSGRAVE BREWERY CO. of TORONTO Ltd.

DO YOUR FEET ACHE?

Tired, aching feet, weak ankles, flat-foot, callouses, bunions, and pains that resemble rheumatism, are instantly relieved and permanently cured by wearing the Scholl "FOOT-EAZER." Scientifically supports the arch or instep in an easy, natural manner, removes all muscular strain and makes walking or standing a genuine pleasure.

The Scholl "FOOT-EAZER" Eases The Feet, Body and Nerves. Gives the foot a well-arched, even tread, and preserves the shape of the shoe.
10 Days' Free Trial
All shoe dealers and druggists sell the Scholl "FOOT-EAZER," \$2.00 per pair or direct by mail prepaid, on receipt of price. If not satisfied after 10 days trial, money refunded THE SCHOLL MFG. CO., 472 D King St., W., Toronto.

The Crucible

(Continued from page 17.)

had burned all the earlier fire of indignation. All he felt now was a recurrent and nervous depression which at times amounted almost to nausea.

It seemed an endless wait, as the galleries grew crowded and the air grew hot, and the pit and the lower boxes slowly filled with their rustling, chattering, jewellery-spangled groups. Prentiss did not permit his mind to dwell on what was taking place behind the curtain. He shut all thought of it out of his mind, even as the three gong strokes brought a hush over the house and the raised lights showed against the pale green of the drop fringe.

He did not breathe as the gong sounded again and the pale green curtain went quickly and quietly up. But he knew that the play had begun.

The star was discovered "on." It was an original touch in which Borowsky from the first had agreed with him. But now the young playwright felt it was a mistake—a calamitous mistake—and he was discovering it too late.

For a moment, as the white-clad actress stood by the garden wall, clipping cotton roses from the painted canvas masonry, there was not a movement, except that of the gauntleted hand as it quietly cut at the cotton flower stems with the shears. There was nothing but silence, dead silence. It lengthened, incredibly, and Prentiss felt his heart stop. She was failing. She had lost her voice. She was "adlibbing" with the shears, and every slow and deliberate snip of their blades seemed to cut some last thread of hope.

It was only a matter of seconds, but it seemed hours, centuries, as she stood there speechless, letting the roses drop into the white skirt she held out for them.

Then it came, an explosion of applause, a volcano of approval. It shook the house; it lasted for a full minute. Prentiss began to understand. It was new "business," it was the Governor's trick to get his "hand" on his garden "set." As always, he had known his people. He had reckoned on how they would take it; at the first throw he had won their good-humoured allegiance.

Then Prentiss heard her speaking the familiar lines in the familiar liquid and bird-like voice, with that fluty coo in the fuller vowels which he had always loved. Then the machinery seemed to start, wheel by wheel, swinging into motion with all the delicate precision of a jewelled watch bared of its dial. There was an interpolation or two, a new reading or two, that startled him. And she was different. But she was doing it. She was getting it over. She was carrying them with her, every second of the time.

It was neither the first nor the second act curtain that Prentiss had counted on. He was glad the wily old Governor was holding them in, was throwing on the house lights before the audience could tire itself.

He mopped his wet face and waited for the third act curtain to go up, peering apprehensively down at the rustling, murmurous cavern below him, with its intermingled odours of warm and thrice-breathed air and its companionably crowded human bodies and wilting corsage flowers. He still watched that cavern as the curtain went up and the act went on. He continued to watch it as the last "picture" of his big scene fell on them, like a match into a powder keg.

It made him dizzy, that sudden and thunderous and ever-prolonging applause, as he sat there with electric-like thrills needling up and down his crouched and sweat-moistened body. He thought, for a moment, as he saw the house rise and rock, that it was mere illusion, due to his own excitement. But the curtain continued to go up and down, like a great maw slowly opening and closing, and he could see they were actually pelting the new star with their corsage flowers. How long it lasted he did not know; but he remembered the silence, the sudden hush, as the Governor stood pulling his cue at his young star's side. He did not watch the Governor; he did not even hear his slowly spoken words. But he watched the woman who had held and thrilled and



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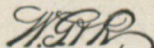
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swayed the audience. She had been crying through all the last half of the third act. The tears had washed her make-up off. He could see the bluish grey tint of the face, the almost somnambulist detachment of the wide eyes. He could see the mottled skin of the rounded bare arms, even under their rice powder. And as he watched her he began to feel that she no longer belonged to him. He realised, as he saw the repeated bow and smile, the pitiful smile that was at heart nothing more than a weary grimace under its make-up, that he had in some way lost her, that henceforth she belonged to the clapping mob that was waving and fanning her like a bright-tinted bubble above his reach.

Prentiss went all the way home on foot. He wanted to work the drunkenness out of his blood. But most of all he wanted to face the cool night air and study out just what to say to her, to decide on something adequate with which to face her in that first flush of her victory.

He made a detour into the cool and quiet of Central Park, on his oblivious yet studious way northward, and it was well past midnight when he arrived home.

He was astonished, after letting himself in with his pass-key, at the quietness of the house. Then out of the silence, as he ascended the stairway, he heard the sound of voices, low and crisp and casual, and feet passing from a hardwood floor to a muffling rug and out on the bare wood again.

The sounds came from his wife's bedroom. They perplexed him. He was about to turn into the room when the figure of a quite unknown young woman blocked the doorway. She was in the uniform of a trained nurse.

"What's this?" was the young husband's inadequate cry as he caught at the door post and peered over the obstructing white-banded shoulder. The young woman in the uniform put a warning finger up to her lips, and reaching back, quietly closed the door behind her. Prentiss's first impulse was to toss her aside; but he mistily remembered that he was in some way an outsider, a mere intruder.

"Ssssh! It's nothing—nothing serious," was the calmly placatory answer as she led him along the darkened hallway to his own book-lined study. "And she's much better since Doctor Barcoe gave her the oxygen."

"But what is it?" demanded the bewildered Prentiss. He peered about at the walls that seemed almost strange to him. For the first time, as he did so, his eyes fell on the figure of the Governor, huddled up in the high-backed arm chair before the wood fire. He had not moved or spoken a word. He seemed invertebrate, sunk in on himself. His face was without colour. His eyes were blank with the indifference of utter weariness.

"What is it?" repeated the tortured husband. The nurse hesitated for a second or two.

"I think it's overwork—exhaustion, and a touch of hysteria," she finally answered in that quietly impersonal tone which keeps life's most exigent hours down to actuality.

"But how long?" demanded Prentiss, "how long has this been going on?"

"I've been with her for three days, since the fainting spells began. Then he kept her up with ammonia and strychnine. And now Doctor Barcoe's giving her an opiate." The nurse half-turned to the impassive and motionless man in the arm chair. "He says a day in bed and a little strychnine will get her back to-morrow night. He's sure she'll carry it along now!"

A wave of nausea swept through Prentiss. He remembered what Cartwright had said. He remembered what he had seen. He wheeled and faced the older man.

"You did this!" he cried. "You got me out of the way! You tricked me and lied to me—and then you did this!"

The older man did not answer him. But instead of speaking again Prentiss drew back and felt the anger ebbing slowly and disturbingly out of his body. His clenched fist relaxed to his side as he stared down at the black-garbed figure huddled so wearily up in the chair. For on the white-crowned, deep-lined, age-withered face, indifferent to



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him and his anger, he saw the glitter of tears. That adroit and accomplished charlatan of theatrical emotions was weeping, weeping like a woman, genuinely, bitterly.

"And you said you'd be gentle with her!" said Prentiss, with a tightening in the throat.

It was only then that the Governor looked up at him out of his tired and hound-like eyes. He moved his head slowly from side to side.

"It had to be done, my boy," he whispered, with a husky sob into which seemed to precipitate all the misery and weariness of the past uncertain weeks.

"It had to be done!" Prentiss, following the nurse, went into the dimly-lit bedroom. The doctor sat beside the woman under the coverlet, watching her breathing. A few feet away stood an oxygen tank.

Prentiss bent over the bluish grey face with its olive and purplish shadows close up under the eyes. He saw the frail, white wrist and the limp hand that hung over the coverlet. Again some vague yet desolating sense of detachment, of alienation, swept over him. He felt that something as impenetrable as steel had been built up between them. It brought him on his knees beside the bed, catching hungrily at the limp hand.

She opened her eyes and stared up at him for a long time. Then she remembered, and smiled drowsily. He stooped lower and tried to whisper to her. But the narcotic had already begun to take effect, and there was no response. He felt something prophetic in it. He still held the hand close, but something intangible and immaterial slipped in and stayed between them, for all the closeness of that contact. He was with her, and yet he was being cheated out of her companionship.

He watched the sleeper as she stirred uneasily in her opiate stupor. He saw the frail body contort and relax, and still again crawl up and cringe together. Then from her almost colourless lips came the quivering cry of animal-like terror: "Oh, I'll do it, Governor; I'll do it!"

Prentiss, as the nurse came and leaned over the shaken and still sobbing figure, knew that the ribbon had been won and the hurdle had been taken. But as he watched the white face that seemed to recede visibly into the depths of its slumber again, he wondered if it was worth the cost.

Mystery of the Tower

(Continued on Page 15)

he ask them to search for her? Had he the right to do this? Assume some simple explanation for her disappearance, she must naturally resent his action. Then he thought of the photograph and the bitter words written across it.

"Curses come home to roost," he muttered; and he was appalled to think how the tower which the old man had so bitterly hated had been the cause of the old man's death.

The fever mounted to his head as the time dragged on, and only iron will power dragged him back to coherence when at last the chauffeur came to him.

"Her ladyship told me to come to you, sir," said the young man.

"Yes—yes. You found—"
 "The young lady left with a lady at the time of her father's funeral, the hall porter said, and she came back today, alone—"

"Well, go on."
 "She's gone off to Paris, sir."

Marshall uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"That's all I could find out, sir." And the chauffeur went away.

This was the last straw. She had deserted him.

CHAPTER XII.

WITHIN the hour Lady Yatton was at the police station, and the inspector was listening with much deference to the strange story unfolded by the charming lady of the Manor. She told him everything, and ended by saying that she had sent a note asking Doctor Jennings to call on him that afternoon and give the inspector the medical view of the case.

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Dr. Jennings came later in the day. He told the inspector that the young man was undoubtedly mad; that his obstinacy in adhering to a story so utterly disproved by all other evidence took the case out of the ordinary course of "alcoholism." He believed, he said, that Marshall was suffering from a permanent brain affection—paranoia, he thought it—and he questioned whether his duty was not to take the necessary steps to put the unhappy patient where he could do no more harm.

He might have burnt down the tower," he said. "He might try it again. At any rate, with the cunning and persistence of people suffering from monomania, he will certainly make statements that will involve the whole neighbourhood in a most sensational notoriety, and bring great sorrow on the people of the church, on the Vicar, on Lady Yatton."

"Perhaps," said the inspector, "I may find it necessary to bring a charge against him."

"Perhaps," answered the doctor. "But you would find it impossible to prove anything, I fear; and you would give him a chance to make his sensational charges in court. The end would be that he would be committed to an asylum. If you think of doing anything let me know first, and I will get a specialist to examine him with me. If the opinion of the brain specialist should coincide with mine we could put him where he ought to be without the trouble, the expense, the notoriety of a trial. The only thing is that Lady Yatton is ridiculously soft-hearted, and will be upset at anything that is done. But, anyway, you go and see him. It may quiet him."

Inspector Rathbun promised to go immediately; and then, as the doctor went out, asked if he had news of his assistant.

The doctor shut his teeth with a snap and shook his head.

"You must be very busy. His disappearance was mysterious. I hope you did not miss any spoons."

The doctor tried to smile, and said that he made no charge against the absconder.

"Rum thing that!" said the inspector to himself as he looked after the retreating figure.

When he started out for his call on the invalid it must be admitted that he was not in what may be called precisely an unbiased frame of mind. He had no wish to do anything but his duty, but it was quite natural that he should approach that duty with a distinct idea in his mind that he was about to see a lunatic. The surgeon had said so, and it was his business to give that opinion great weight in deciding on his course of action. But before he went to the Manor House he himself visited the tower, which disclosed no secret to him. As he looked carefully out of that open arch in the spire, however, he shuddered, and muttered that no further proof was required.

Lady Yatton was not at the Manor House when he arrived there; and the nurse had gone for her afternoon walk. A red-cheeked little maid was in temporary charge of the patient, and how was she to know or tell the inspector that the excitement of the day had made the invalid very feverish, and that his temperature had gone up nearly to 102?

Policeman and patient were alone together for the best part of an hour; and the end of it all was that the inspector left with a wondering impression at the moderation of the doctor's opinions. Such a wild and flighty jumble of horrors he had never listened to before; but when he had found that he could not get any coherent statement, he had devoted himself to quieting the poor chap as much as he could.

He left the house determined to advise the doctor when he saw him next day to waste no time in consulting with a brain specialist. He flattered himself that the impression he left behind was one of belief in the story, and that Marshall would rest contented that something would be done.

He must, however, have been a very bad actor, for when the little country girl took up her post once again in the sick-room the invalid cried out: "Jennie, I think everybody in this neighbourhood is mad."

(To be continued.)

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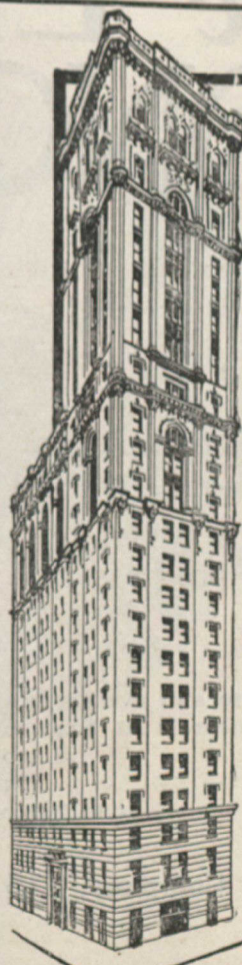
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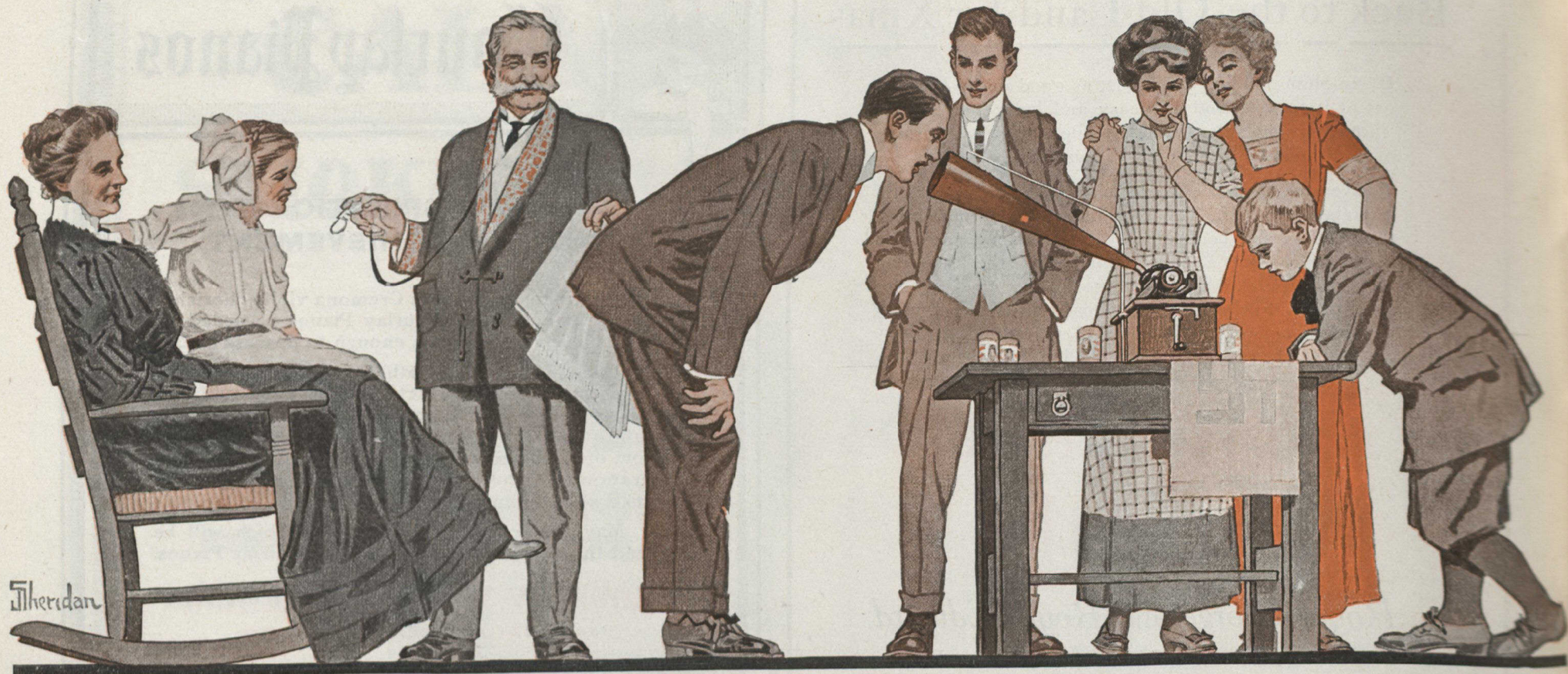
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This is a feature of the Edison Phonograph you should not overlook. It is entertaining, instructive and practical. You can send your voice to a friend, preserve the sayings of children, record your progress as a speaker, a singer or a musician.

Anyone can make records on an Edison. It requires no special machine. The blank records can be used over and over.

Go to any Edison dealer to-day and let him demonstrate this great feature of the Edison Phonograph and when you buy make sure you get an Edison, the instrument that gives you not only the best renditions of the world's best entertainers, but also the opportunity for home record making.

There is an Edison Phonograph at a price to suit everybody's means, from the Gem at \$16.50 to the Amberola at \$240.00

Edison Standard Records - - - - -	\$.40
Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) - - - - -	.65
Edison Grand Opera Records - - - - -	.85 to \$2.50

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both the Edison Standard and Amberol Records and get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.
The Edison Business Phonograph stands right at your elbow. With it, you dictate just as if you were talking to the man to whom you write.

National Phonograph Company, 115 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J., U. S. A.