

December 9th, 1911

Price 10 Cents

The Canadian  
**W**orker  
The National Weekly



Christmas  
Number  
1911



**Perrier**

The Champagne of Table Waters



## Luxury and Sanitary Perfection in the Bathroom

Standard IDEAL Alexandra Ware makes for bathroom luxury, and from a sanitary and practical viewpoint is the best in the world. The man who does not insist on Standard IDEAL Alexandra Ware in choosing bathroom fittings for the house he is building, is satisfying himself to have something inferior.

Standard IDEAL Alexandra Ware is peerless in quality, a high class product in cast iron porcelain enamel ware, that is the absolute in sanitary perfection, and which lends itself in line and design to any and every requirement in bathroom fitting.

Standard IDEAL Alexandra Ware is non-absorbent, so that in placing it in your bathroom you are assured that no matter how many years it may be in use, it is impervious to moisture, and soaks, that it will not be a lodging place for secretions or a hiding place for disease germs.

Standard IDEAL Alexandra Ware is an unusual combination of chemical and mechanical skill that puts it in a class by itself, imitated, of course, as all meritorious products are, but never approached in quality, and the time is now, when leaving all other considerations and arguments aside, you should insist on Standard IDEAL Alexandra Ware for health's sake, to say nothing of the luxury of it.

The genuine Standard IDEAL Ware can be bought anywhere in Canada, and costs no more than the product offered as a substitute.

It will cost you nothing to have a handsome booklet on Standard IDEAL Ware and Bathroom Treatment. Drop a card.

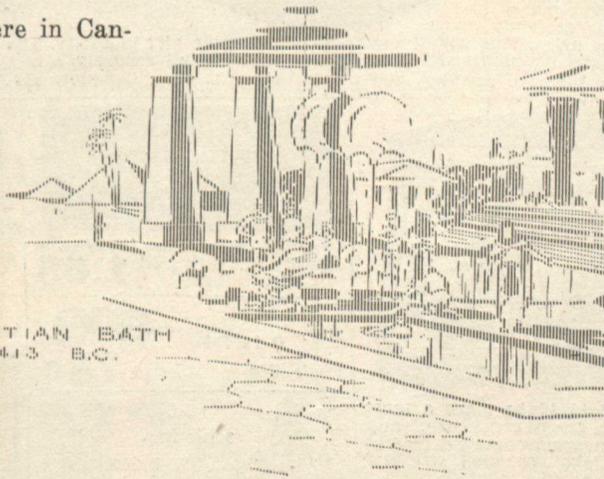
### The Standard IDEAL Company, Limited

Port Hope, Ontario, Canada

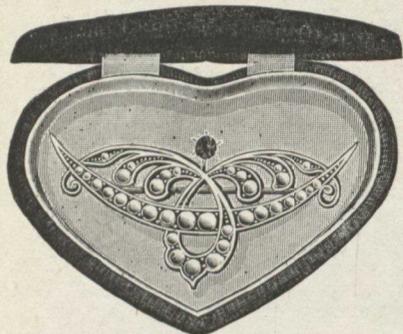
BRANCH OFFICES AND SHOWROOMS:

119 King St. E. 42-44 Beaver Hall Hill 76-82 Lombard St  
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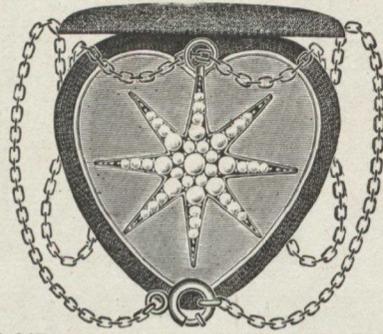
EGYPTIAN BATH  
413 B.C.



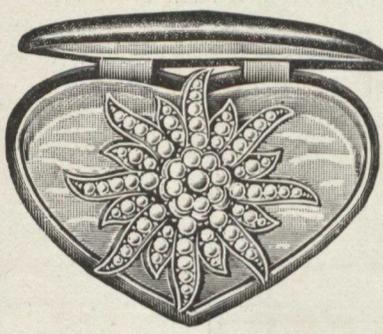
# CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS



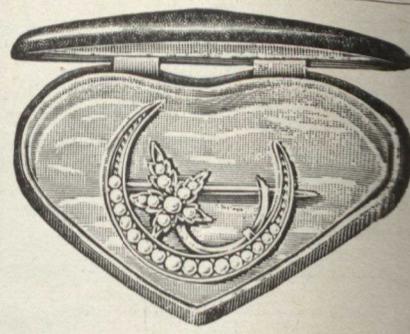
**1S-0151. Very Handsome Pearl Brooch, 14k gold, beautifully set with pearls, with one amethyst at the top, and is one of our best values quoted on this page. All our Pearl Brooches of this class are always sent out in a neat case, which goes to complete this article as a perfect gift. Price . . . . . 6.45**



**1S-0152. A handsome gift of a 14k Pearl Sunburst and Neck Chain complete in a pretty case, one of the best brooch jewelry values catalogued. This is a special price. The brooch is perfectly made, beautifully finished, and set with 41 real half pearls, safety catch and pendant ring. 7.75 Price complete with chain. . . . . 1S-0152A. Brooch, without chain. . . . . 5.00**



**1S-0153. One of the most handsome Brooches we have ever catalogued, and at a price which seems too low for the kind of article. It is 14k gold, raised centre, safety catch and pendant ring, very massive design, and a very suitable article for a gift, supplied in a neat box. 15.00 Price . . . . .**



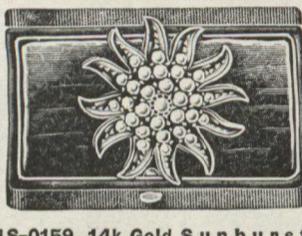
**1S-0154. Very Pretty Brooch, harvest moon, with maple leaf design, 14k gold, Pearl set, and with fine quality stones, beautifully finished, and at a very moderate price, in box. Price. . . . . 5.50**



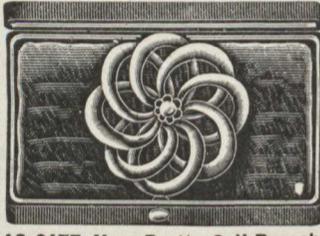
**1S-0155. 14k Gold Stick Pin, pearl set in crescent and star design, very popular, in box. Price. . . . . 1.50**



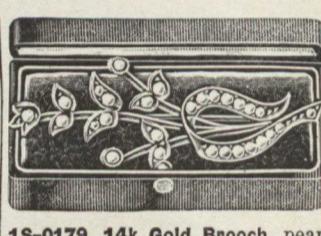
**1S-0158. Handsome Brooch, 9k gold, set with real pearls, an English-made brooch, beautifully finished in every way, and remarkable value, in case. Price . . . . . 2.00**



**1S-0159. 14k Gold Sunburst, set with fine quality pearls, finely finished, and with safety catch, one of our best brooch values, in box. Price . . . . . 3.95**



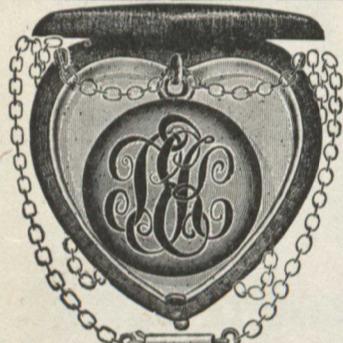
**1S-0157. Very Pretty Coil Brooch, 10k gold, whole pearl centre, a very finely finished article, and at the price is excellent value, in box. Price . . . . . 3.50**



**1S-0179. 14k Gold Brooch, pearl set, fine quality, handsomely finished, and has safety catch, a very showy article, in 4.50 box. Price. . . . .**



**1S-0160. Prettiest Tie Pin of the season, paved heart, 14k gold, pearl set, a very dainty gift, in box. Price. . . . . 2.25**



**1S-0161. Very acceptable gift for a girl or young woman. A 10k Gold Locket, engraved with any monogram, and with a 10k gold necklet in case, making it a complete gift. Price . . . . . 5.95**



**1S-0162. The Always Popular Wishbone Stick Pin, 14k gold, with real pearls, in a case, makes a very pretty gift. Price. . . . . 1.50**



**1S-0164. A complete gift for a gentleman, and such remarkable value and popular price. These Links are 10k gold made in this one design only, for this special offer. We took the manufacturer's entire output, and got a very low figure, and we, in turn, are giving you the benefit. These Links with handsome two initial monogram engraved, and in a neat case, to make the gift complete. Special price. . . . . 2.19**



**1S-0165. Coil Stick Pin, with diamond set centre, a very handsome pin, 14k gold, a very acceptable gift, in case. Price. . . . . 5.50**



**1S-0166. 10k Gold Locket, engraved with pretty monogram, is always a very desirable article to use as a gift. The locket is good size and weight, and has space for two photos. Price. . . . . 5.50**



**1S-0163. This is something very acceptable. It is a 14k Rope Neck Chain, with small pearl-set pendant, and pendant hook. Price . . . . . 6.45**

**IMPORTANT—We cannot promise to engrave any article before Christmas if the order is received after December 12th.**

**1S-0180. Newest Style Neck Chain, 10k gold, new bead pattern. Price. . . . . 3.00**

**1S-0167. Neat 10k Gold Reversible Cable Neck Chain. Price . . . . . 2.75**  
**1S-0167A. Same in 14k. Price. . . . . 3.75**



**1S-0168. This Magnificent Pearl Necklace, set in 14k gold, and made in the most artistic design, is certainly a wonder at the price. This would make a most desirable gift to a lady. The rope chain is also 14k gold, and the pearls are finest quality, and are all securely set. A very handsome piece of jewelry, and comes in a neat case. Complete at. . . . . 15.65**

**1S-0169. Oval Locket, 10k gold, with monogram, place for two photos, good size and weight, and makes a desirable gift. Price 5.50**



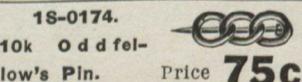
**1S-0170. This Bracelet, 9k gold, fancy pattern, makes a most desirable gift. Beautifully finished in every way, and at the price quoted is extra value . . . . . 6.95**



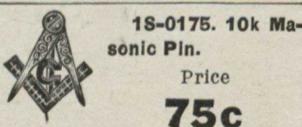
**1S-0171. 14k Gold Links make a most acceptable gift for a gentleman. Any two initial monogram engraved free of charge. The Links are good size and weight, and come in a neat box, suitable for a present. Price. . . . . 3.75**



**1S-0172. Pearl Set Wishbone Safety Pin, 14k gold, in box. Price . . . . . 1.65**



**1S-0174. 10k Odd fellow's Pin. Price 75c**



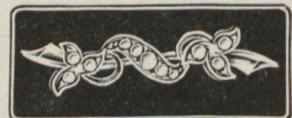
**1S-0175. 10k Masonic Pin. Price 75c**



**1S-0176. 9k Gold Safety Pin, with pearl set horseshoe design, in box. Price . . . . . .79**



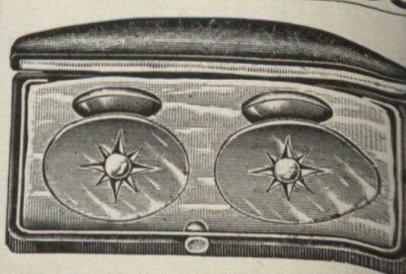
**1S-0173. 14k Gold Brooch, pearl set. Special 2.90**



**1S-0156. Handsome 9k Gold Brooch, set with real pearls, very pretty, in box. Price . . . . . 1.50**



**1S-0177. 9k Gold Brooch, fancy design, pearl set, attractive and neat, in box. Price . . . . . 1.25**

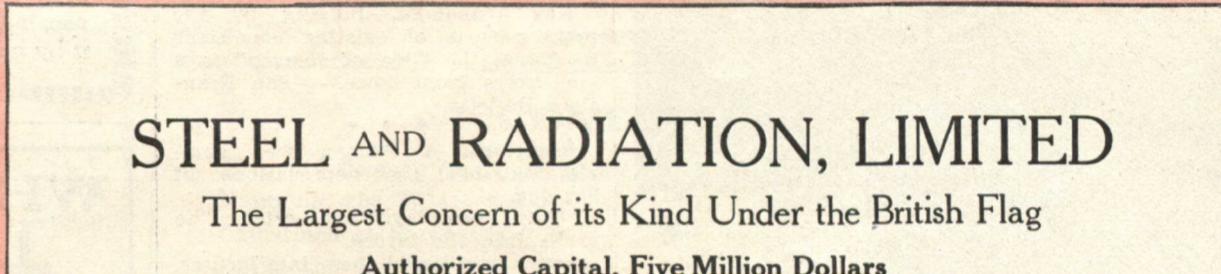
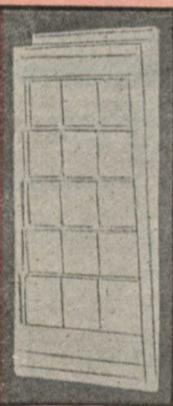
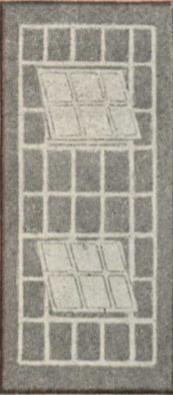
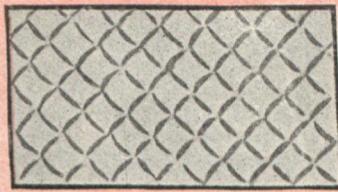
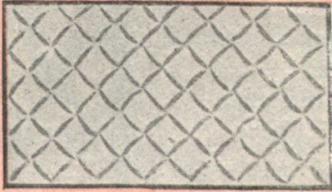


**1S-0178. Pearl Set Cuff Links, 10k gold, and large real pearl, makes a very desirable gift for a gentleman. They are always useful, and come in a neat box, as a complete gift. Price . . . . . 4.50**

Satisfaction or your money refunded in full.

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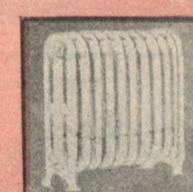
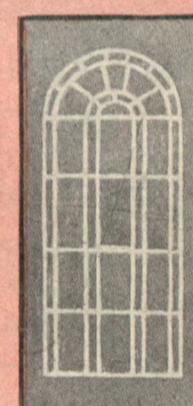
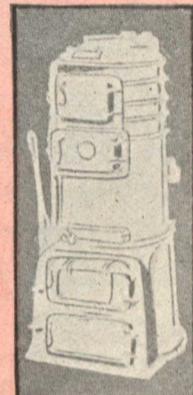
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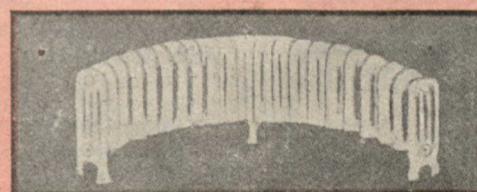
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**E**VERY important building erected in Canada now includes in its specifications one or more of this company's specialties. By its sound ideas and practical improvements, "Steel and Radiation" has made a notable contribution to the advancement of sanitary science and architectural safety and preservation. Its efforts in this direction have been made possible and effectual no less by its remarkable combination of men and capital than by its splendid organization and scientific methods.

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TORONTO**





The spirit of Christmas finds a perfect embodiment in a Waltham watch. No gift crystallizes the refined sentiment of the season so perfectly as a Waltham, none combines such qualities in practical usefulness.

# WALTHAM WATCH

As timekeepers, Waltham watches have no rivals, and for beauty of model, they are unsurpassed. Waltham offers a wide selection, from popular priced movements to the new Waltham Premier-Maximus at \$250—the finest timepiece ever made. The Standard Waltham grades are named:

### The Waltham Riverside

has been a famous Waltham movement for a full generation. It is a strictly high grade movement running through various sizes for ladies and gentlemen. All 19 jewel Riverside movements are tested for temperature, isochronism and five positions.

### The Waltham Colonial

for professional, business and social life combines the highest art with the sound principles of Waltham construction. It is a graceful thin model, adjusted and cased at the factory, and assures a watch of highest accuracy. Price \$37.50 and upwards

Make your gift the gift of a lifetime—a Waltham.

Handsome Booklet describing various Waltham movements and full of valuable watch lore free on request. Let your Jeweler guide your selection.

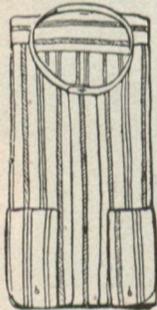
*"It's Time You Owned a Waltham."*

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY,

MONTREAL, CAN.

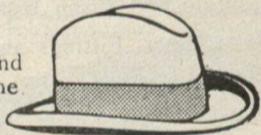
## MAKE YOUR MONEY BUY ITS UTMOST

We offer you the smartest styles for present wear in "Elcho" Soft Felt Hats in Brown, Drab, Slate or Black. Prices from 3/6 each.



**"ELCHO" SHIRTS** made in the LATEST STYLES.

Very comfortable, good looking and specially treated to withstand the vicissitudes of the laundry. Prices from 2/6 each.



**"ELCHO" READY TO WEAR SUITS**

STAY right, keep their shape, colour and style and give real service to the last thread. Made in Tweed, Serge or Flannel, from 21/- each.

**"ELCHO" SHOES ADD THE FINISHING TOUCH.**

"Elcho" footwear have correct shape, give long wear and fit perfectly—what more could you want in shoes? Prices from 8/11 per pair.

Postage extra on all these articles.

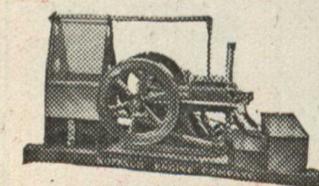
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**BUFFALO ENGINE**  
WATER COOLED

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## The Scrap Book

**Thoughtless.**—Talkative Passenger (trying to get into conversation)—"I see—er—you've lost your arm."

Gentleman (trying to read)—"So I have. How careless of me!"—The Tatler.

\* \* \*

**Has Wandered.**—Judging by the press reports of existing conditions in China, the "Son of Heaven" is a long ways from home.—San Francisco Bulletin.

\* \* \*

**Sagacious.**—A woman was complaining about the depredations of her dog.

"Only yesterday," she cried, "he broke into the larder."

"Dear me!" said her interlocuter. "Did he eat much?"

"He ate," she replied, "every blessed thing except the dog biscuit."—Washington Star.

\* \* \*

**Business-like.** — **Blobbs** — "So he broke off the engagement, eh! Did she take it to heart?"

Slobbs—"No, to court."

\* \* \*

**How it Happened.**—Condescending Chappie—"I weally can't wemember our name, but I've an idea I've met you here before."

Nervous Host—"O, yes, very likely. It's my house."—Sketch.

\* \* \*

**Didn't Work.**—A company of Edinburgh students were starting for Glasgow on a football excursion, and meant to have a carriage to themselves. At the last moment, however, just as the train was starting, in hastened an old woman.

One of the young fellows, thinking to get rid of her easily, remarked:

"My good woman, this is a smoking-car. don't you know?"

"Well, well," answered the woman; "never mind. I'll mak' it dae." And she took a seat.

As the train started the word was passed round, "Smoke her out." All the windows were closed accordingly, every student produced a pipe, and soon the car was filled with a dense cloud of tobacco-smoke. So foul was the air that at last one of the boys began to feel ill. As he took his pipe from his mouth and settled back into his seat the old woman leaned forward to him.

"If you are dune, sir," she said in a wheedling tone, "wad ye kindly gie me a bit draw? I came awa' in sic a haste I forgot mine."—Sheffield Telegraph.

\* \* \*

**Real Trouble.**—Guest (who has been put in the haunted room—to ghostly visitant)—"Oh, go away! what's a stiletto in the chest compared with three glasses of Brown's champagne?"

\* \* \*

**Needed Largest Size.**—At a spiritualistic meeting in Wichita a few weeks ago the spirit of Elijah Crosser was called for. Elijah Crosser had died there many years before, but was remembered for his immense stature, six feet five inches. A voice in the darkness said he was Elijah.

"Are you in heaven?" asked an old-timer.

"Yes," came the answer.

"Are you an angel. Lige?"

"Yes."

The questioner paused, evidently having exhausted his fund of questions, and then suddenly inquired: "What do you measure from tip to tip, Lige?"

\* \* \*

**Well Rebuked.**—Brahms dine one day with one of his fanatic admirers, and the latter, knowing the master's predilection for fine wine, had a bottle of renowned quality brought to the table toward the end of the repast.

"This," he exclaimed, "is the Brahms among my wines!"

The guest sipped of it, saying: "Excellent, wonderful! Now bring on your Beethoven!"

# MAGO

THE WATER OF QUALITY

Is sold wherever gentlemen drink—or, for home use, by all grocers. Specify it by name.

22

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## Hotel Directory

### THE NEW RUSSELL

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250 rooms  
American Plan, \$3.00 to \$5.00  
European Plan, \$1.50 to \$3.50  
\$150,000.00 spent upon improvements.

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European Plan \$1.50 up. John Healy, Manager.

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—Fireproof—  
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### PALMER HOUSE

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H. V. O'Connor, Proprietor  
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**Queen's Hotel** Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Free 'Bus to all trains.  
H. L. Stephens, Prop.

### HOTEL MOSSOP

Toronto, Canada. F. W. Mossop, Prop.  
European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.  
RATES:  
Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up.  
Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up.

### THE NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL

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One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.  
Single rooms without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.  
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited

VOL. XI.

TORONTO

NO. 2

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## Editor's Talk

THIS Christmas Number is the regular weekly issue of "The Canadian Courier," and not a special issue, prepared by a special staff and sold at a special price. Our readers might keep this in mind when comparing it with other Christmas numbers.

Last year's Christmas Number contained forty pages; this year's number consists of forty-eight pages. This is an evidence of the "Courier's" growth. The edition this year is at least ten thousand copies larger than last year, which is further evidence of the same character. Last year's number contained two full-page advertisements in duo-tone; this issue contains eight full-pages in two colours. Further, the artistic quality of the advertising designs shows that Canadian advertisers realize the importance of appealing to the artistic sense of their prospective customers.

If it should strike you that this issue of "The Canadian Courier" is the best regular issue of a Canadian periodical that you have ever seen, and that you would like copies sent to some friends at home or abroad, send us the list of names and enclose ten cents for each copy. They will be sent promptly from this office, post paid. We have reserved some extra copies for this purpose.

Next week's issue will contain the regular monthly "Woman's Supplement," and also two special Christmas stories, by Canadian writers. The demand for the November issue containing the Woman's Supplement was greater than the supply, showing the increasing popularity of this feature. It gives us much pleasure to record this generous appreciation on the part of the women readers of the only paper in Canada which is fully entitled to call itself "The National Weekly."

## NATIONAL TRUST CO.

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A GIFT THAT LASTS

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Christmas  
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# The CANADIAN COURIER

*A National Weekly.*

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No. 2

## NENNOOK—THE WHITE TERROR

### *The Great Ice King of the North*

By H. M. Mosdell

THE storm-sprite held high revel 'midst the Arctic wastes. In from the ocean he rushed tumultuously, borne on the snow-whitened wings of the stinging east wind. At the blasts of his breath the waters rose wrathfully up and piled themselves in fury on the seaward edge of the broad northern ice-field that capped the polar regions. By the vehemence of their onslaught, huge cakes were torn off and hurled far inward on the icefield while the floe heaved and groaned in painful protest as the restless billows shouldered their headlong way impetuously beneath it. To leeward of the broken, wildly-tossing fringe of wave-churned fragments that marked the edge of the floe, the snow swept hurriedly along over hillock and mound, blanketing everything with a restless covering of uniform white. It smoothed out the deep wrinkles on the face of the floe and its ever-thickening carpet covered up even the blow-holes through which came Kirolik, the seal, from his fishing expeditions. It was a wild time to be aboard, but Nennook, the white bear, heeded not the warring of the elements. He was too hungry to pay much attention to the storm, too well-used to the vagaries of wind and sea to be hindered thereby in his persistent search for food. Noiselessly he padded along, his great bulk showing as a dull, yellowish-white blur against the drifting storm scud. The searching wind was powerless to penetrate his heavy, shaggy covering of fur and the hairy pads on his great paws kept him erect against its fiercest onrush even in places where the wind-squalls had swept the glassy ice clean of snow. So he shuffled persistently onward in the very teeth of the gale, his long pointed head bent low, his wide nostrils snuffing eagerly at the snow-carpet as he made his tedious way toward the windward ice.

HE halted at the seaward side of a rounded mound of ice. Just why was not apparent. There was not a sign of life to be seen either on the ice or in the air. Above his head whistled the snow-laden gale; beneath him was the solid floe. There was nothing to shelter him in this strange resting-place and the snow speedily began to drift and pile round his big body as they lay there prone and unmoving. The gleam and twinkle of his great brown eyes showed that the halt had not been called for fatigue. This was his manner of hunting and Nennook, the great white terror, was waiting, waiting for what the food instinct had told him was near.

A long time he lay there in the storm, scarce changing position by an hairsbreadth, his eyes staring steadily at the ice a foot or so away. A tremor of excitement shook his huge form and his whole attitude became tensely alert as the snow at the spot under his observation slowly lifted up like the cone of a miniature volcano and then suddenly burst open to show the dripping brown head of Kirolik, the seal, as

he poked his bewhiskered nose for a whiff of the fresh air. Slowly he faced round, keeping a wary eye on the ice, but ere he was aware, the white terror had smitten him from behind, crushing his skull with one mighty, well-placed blow of a heavy, claw-armed paw. A moment later and Nennook had the limp warm body of the hapless seal safely on the ice and was feasting in contented forgetfulness of many weary days of enforced fasting.

The long, tedious spring slowly merged into the brief Arctic summer. Gradually the cold, damp days of the foggy east winds gave place to bright, clear weather and the heartening sun completed what fog and rain had commenced. The high snow-drifts rapidly shrunk and disappeared, rivulets ran rejoicing down the side of every ice-mountain, the frost-bound streams were loosed after dreary months of captivity and rippled onward smilingly to the ice-strewn ocean. The floe which had been Nennook's winter hunting field, went rapidly to pieces, and, as often as not, in his travels, he was swimming lakes and channels of salt water, wherein he was almost as much at home as on ice or land.

A STRONG offshore wind overtook Nennook one day as he made his way coastward to fish. So it happened that when he reached the edge of the field the gale had opened a gulf four or five miles wide wherein huge waves ran races with each other to the landward fringe of the floe. But Nennook did not hesitate. One mighty leap and he was in the storm-lashed water, fighting his way toward the coast with powerful, untiring strokes. The billows buffeted him, they beat him down, they tossed him sportfully from crest to crest, but he struggled doggedly on across these weary miles of tossing water, with many a splutter and grunt, until at last, tired, but successful, he mounted the standing ice that formed a narrow fringe along the shore.

Later, Nennook took up his station on a big

boulder near the mouth of a stream. Patiently he watched the dark, swift, running waters for signs of life, crouching as far back as possible from the edge of the boulder, one paw held ready to strike. The dark back of a salmon showed dully through the water as the fish moved slowly up-stream to its breeding-place. Swift as the lightning's flash was the stroke of Nennook's paw as he struck out and down. Splash! and a silvery form was withdrawn from the water, impaled on these terrible claws. For a long time the bear fished from the teeming river and then, surfeited with feasting, he ambled off to sleep in comfort and content in the warm, cheery sunshine.

Winter was close at hand when Nennook met his mate on the Arctic floe. She was hunting, like himself, on the coastward ice, and in bulk and strength of form was no whit his inferior. Uncertain of temper and insatiable of appetite she was none too amiable or attractive. Still the pair got along well enough together in their restless wanderings during that long northern winter. The sun disappeared beneath the horizon and a night, whose duration was reckoned in cheerless months, came on; the frost king set his seal on river and sea; snowstorms swept the ice-floe and stung the eyes of the wild creatures like a pitiless lash, but Nennook and his fierce mate minded none of these things. Together they hunted when the driving snow scud hid ice and sky or the bright stars twinkled through the frosty air; together they feasted when Aurora Borealis hung its mystic, waving curtain from the sprinkled vaults. And Nennook felt that it was good indeed to be thus accompanied and cheered by his mate on his many trips abroad over the homeless wastes.

A SECOND summer passed and when winter was again at hand Nennook's mate bethought her to seek out some hole or burrow, wherein she might spend the long season and rear a family. To leeward of a small hummock she dug out a cave into which she crawled and the restless snowdrifts soon sealed her snugly in. Here two frisky cubs were born and the delighted mother affectionately fondled and fed them at her breasts all through the tedious winter, herself lean and starving from the long fast. For the sake of her little ones she dare not unseal her den and venture out on the storm-swept floe in search of food. One blast of the deadly frost and their tender lives would have been at once snuffed out, so with true mother self-sacrifice she remained in her snow-bound cave.

Nennook disappeared soon after his mate started house building in the snow. His absence was unavoidable. Hunting one day along the fringe of broken ice that marked the seaward edge of the floe, he had fallen asleep after some big feasting and the pan on which he rested was carried many miles to sea by a sudden gale, ere the white bear awoke to the fact that he was foodless and adrift.



*Nennook and his mate at play.*

Many days his involuntary voyage continued and he grew lean and weak from fasting. At last his icy craft grounded on a coast away south and Nennook hastened to land and seek long-withheld food. And the people of that country, soon discovering that some strange monster was preying on their flocks and herds, organized a hunt which ended the career of Nennook, the exile, erstwhile the great white terror of the north.

With the coming of spring the mother bear and her cubs forsook their cramped winter quarters. Long fasting had made the old one recklessly savage and she did not hesitate to attack even Aiviuk, the walrus, who with his mate and their little one sunned himself on a jutting point of ice. Nothing less than gnawing, compelling hunger and a mother's desire to provide food for her offspring could have made the bear forgetful of the terribly overwhelming odds against her in attacking a walrus family party. At her first onslaught the mother walrus hurriedly took her baby on her broad back and splashed with it into the safety of the water, but Aiviuk remained to fight the intruder on the ice.

The battle was a fierce one. But the white bear was no match for the walrus. True, she was incomparably more agile, but to what avail her speed and multiplied attacks when even her own sharp claws could not inflict serious injury on the thick,

tough hide of her adversary? There was no possibility of remaining at close quarters for any appreciable length of time, for Aiviuk, while clumsy enough in moving his huge bulk around, knew how to use his long curved tusks with promptitude and effect. And the lean, hungry bear was too worn with the winter's fasting to keep up the struggle long enough to hope to tire out the walrus. Sullenly she recognized her defeat and faced about to retreat to her cubs. It was too late. In the violence of their struggle Nennook's mate and Aiviuk had broken loose the narrow spur of ice whereon they fought and now it was far adrift from the main body of the floe. Meanwhile the noise of the conflict had brought many walrus to the scene and they hastened to assist their fellow. Some of the huge creatures sought to lever themselves on to the ice with their tusks, but the pan gave way under so much extra weight and in the water Nennook's mate speedily fell a victim to their unsparing rage.

### Extravagance

ALL extravagance may be divided into three classes—national, municipal, and personal. This is the season of the year when people are inclined to be extravagant, so that it is the proper moment for a sermon on the subject.

Municipal bodies and private persons usually choose the Christmas season to announce their extravagance. Ask an expert alderman of a Canadian city about money by-laws and he will tell you many strange things. He will undoubtedly say, "Never submit a money by-law between May and October. This is the non-spending season. What money people spend then is spent on themselves, mainly in holidays and summer amusements. The time to slip a money by-law past the people is between November first and February first. The great public is then in a jolly, good-natured, don't-care-a-hang mood, and 'the fool and his money are soon parted.'"

The Christmas season is also the time when the male human opens up his purse with the greatest readiness. There is an atmosphere of doing-good-and-being-generous everywhere. It is infectious, virulently so. The wife and the children recognize it and act accordingly. The store-keepers study it well and turn it to the utmost advantage. The hospitals appeal to the Christ-spirit and seldom appeal in vain. Even the beggar knows that at Christmas-time money is "easier."

As for national extravagance it knows no season. That is with us always—spring, summer, autumn and winter. The country spend millions as blithely as the individual spends quarters, because "millions" is a word of which none knows the real meaning.



# In the CHILDREN'S ROOM By Arthur Stringer



SINCE she has always been a child among Her children, speaking with their tongue, And telling o'er their tales, and making seem More true to life each little childish dream,

She at the last had murmured: "You must take My place with them, now, for the old time's sake."

SO he, that empty Christmas morning went, Up to the Children's Room, where she had spent Such joyous hours, such evenings intimate, Where still, it seemed, some ghost of her must wait. Then suddenly upon his spirit weighed A sense of want that left him half afraid Of all the vast house and its emptiness, Of all the ache his heart could not express.

HE, otherwise, unreconciled, austere, Combating all his grim world year by year, Had grown more cold, more scornful of his kind, And so, in toil, life's solace sought to find— A man who would not think, and could not wait, A lonely heart that built on work and hate, That sought the last but not the best of creeds, And in engulfing effort drugged its needs.

BUT in the Children's Room he stooped above The childish heads life gave scant time to love. Wide-eyed they studied him, and bravely then He struggled with the tears that iron men

Must seldom know, for, turning to the wall, There on three simple pictures chanced to fall His gaze, embittered with the ache Of all his unilluminated life's mistake.

THEY were the simple pictures She had told Strange stories of, above each head of gold, In angel evening hours and days of rain, Crooning the same tale o'er and o'er again, Until each listening child that 'round her knelt With her the beauty of the story felt— The simple history that day by day She softly told, and while she lulled away Some pressing tear, some momentary grief, She left them richer with a new belief— While he, torn with his century's disease Of restless doubt, sought never dreams like these!

ONE picture was of but a shepherd boy With gazing eyes and brow illumed with joy. His sheep he saw not, nor the wide gray waste Of mild Judean midnight, for he faced A star, a strange star in the eastern sky; And like a little wind there wandered by A breath of Peace, and o'er the troubled earth A new tranquility sighed into birth.

THE second picture showed a mother bent Above a new-born Child. She was not spent Nor worn, but gazed with ever wistful love Down on the Child. The lowly roof above Their heads was but a stable, yet the face Of him called Jesus filled that humble place With mystic glory, and the serried wings Of angels drooped to guard his slumberings.

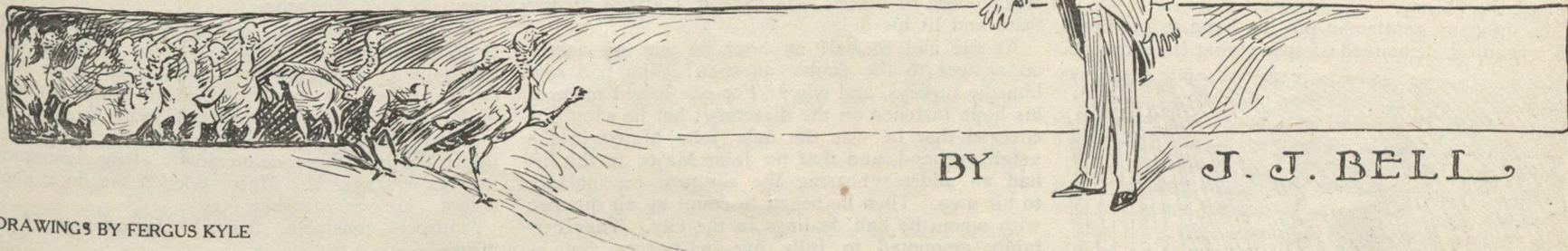
THE last scene was that of the wise men low Before the Child. A wonder seemed to grow Upon them as they watched, and they fell prone Before the Infant as before a throne; And as the mother marveled, lo, on her They heaped their frankincense and gold and myrrh. (The wise men these, he mused, who saw afar And knew and understood their better star!)

WITH what was half self-hate and half regret The man on whom the fever and the fret Of life had left its ashes, slowly turned Back to his little children who had learned What he had lost. . . . Then to his vision came A picture like the first, yet not the same.

IT showed the Child of old with sorrows crowned: It showed a dusty cavalcade that wound By pool and rock and path, until, behold, From one high plain there suddenly unrolled The sun-bleached slopes, and on their heaving breast, In all its thousand-roofed and walled unrest, Jerusalem flashed back from tower and dome Judea's pride, the pomp that still was Rome! One dust-stained Man, with troubled eyes stood long And gazed on tower and wall and heard the song Of swarming street and life too feverish grown; And as he watched, in silence, and alone, Up o'er his brooding face a sorrow crept, And Christ, its Saviour, o'er the city wept!

AND strangely then the man who knew No child-like faith, his little children drew About his knee—"For surely on this day Christ is re-born," he murmured, "as you say!"

# FIVE AND TWENTY TURKEYS



BY J. J. BELL

DRAWINGS BY FERGUS KYLE

I.

SOMEONE once remarked of Mr. Thomas Bulfinch that he suggested a Merry Christmas all the year round. And, in truth, he was so plump and rosy, so blithe and hearty, so frank and kindly, so good-humoured in all seasons and in all weathers, that the description was not, after all, a merely fanciful one.

Mrs. Bulfinch was a fit made for such a man, for while her stoutness of figure and goodness of heart were not exceeded by his, her discretion had on many occasions prevented his enthusiasm from running to sheer extravagance and, perhaps, positive folly. The Bulfinches were in comfortable circumstances—very comfortable circumstances, indeed—and Mrs. Bulfinch would have been the last to deny that they could afford to be generous; on the other hand, Mr. Bulfinch would have been the first to admit that his wife recognized the practical limits of generosity more clearly than himself.

They were getting on in years, as we say; their silver wedding day was past, and Mr. Bulfinch was beginning to take things easy at his office. His home was in Norfolk Square, where it had been since the return from the honeymoon. For a good many years now he had talked frequently of purchasing a little country estate, and his wife had shown all the interest to be desired in the subject. Yet each knew that the other had no real thought of quitting town for a new home; and when, of a morning, Mr. Bulfinch would express his intention of dropping in to see So-and-so, the estate agent, Mrs. Bulfinch would cheerfully approve, feeling sure that he would return in the evening without having made the call.

You would have said of the Bulfinches that they were the sort of couple who ought to have a dozen children. They had none. But they didn't mind other people having children. There were many people and many children who regarded Mr. Bulfinch as a kind magician, and Mrs. Bulfinch as a good fairy. There were, doubtless, persons, also, who said that it was a very easy matter to be kind and good when money was in plenty; and possibly they were right, for the Bulfinches did seem to give without the slightest difficulty. At the same time it might be remarked that a too close and constant admiration of the poor widow's mite may induce a certain spiritual short-sightedness.

On the 23rd of December Mr. Bulfinch came home a little earlier than usual, in order to enjoy a cup of tea with his wife, and to assist her in the dispatch of the last batch of Christmas gifts. He found her in the parlour immersed in correspondence, or at any rate in envelopes, five-pound notes, and postal orders.

"All the parcels are gone," she informed him.

"Good," said Mr. Bulfinch, rubbing his hands.

"And all the letters, except the anonymous ones, Thomas."

Thomas chuckled. "You've been working too hard, my dear. I expected to have to do my share."

"Well, we've still got the Christmas tree to get ready for to-morrow, and there's more to hang on it than ever."

"To be sure, to be sure. But I'd better give you a hand with the anonymous lot, Mildred." He chuckled again. "I believe we enjoy this part of it best of all."

"I believe we do, Thomas. But let us have tea first. Jane shall bring it here."

For a good many years it had been the custom of the Bulfinches to dispose of a hundred pounds through the post in sums varying from a sovereign to a five-pound note. The recipients were people to whom these mysterious money gifts would make all

the difference at Christmas, and the senders derived very considerable satisfaction from their innocent little game.

Mr. Bulfinch was still emitting intermittent chuckles when the tea arrived. "I think we must really try to increase the list next year," he said. "Another twenty pounds wouldn't ruin us—"

"We'll see, we'll see," said his spouse gently. "And did you meet your cousin to-day?" she inquired, as she removed the cosy.

Mr. Bulfinch stopped in the midst of a chuckle; his face fell slightly.

"Yes; I called at his office. But he wouldn't change his mind."

"Did you remind him that it was the twenty-fifth time he had declined our invitation?"

"I did. I fancied he seemed a little moved, but his regret was expressed in the usual cool fashion. I sometimes think that John Major has retired so far into his shell that he couldn't come out even if he wanted. It is extraordinary that a disappointment in love, all those years ago, should still leave its wound. Well, we have done our best, Mildred; we can do no more."

Mrs. Bulfinch sighed. "I hate to think of the man sitting alone on Christmas Day—even his house-keeper out with her friends."

"He has done it for a quarter of a century."

"Yes; but he is getting old."

"He's two years younger than I."

Mrs. Bulfinch smiled. "He is two centuries older, poor man. Is it no use making one more effort, Thomas?"

Mr. Bulfinch shook his head. "I've come to the conclusion that John really resents any little attempts at kindness. I suppose we are now the last to make any. I fancy all his old friends have given him up as hopeless. He won't, or can't, come out of his shell. At least, I can imagine no bait that would tempt him. Nobody can do anything for him."

"Won't he do anything for anybody?" said Mrs.

Bulfinch. "If he could only be induced to think of other people—"

"Other people don't seem to exist for him. Of course, if you were to go to him with a subscription list for a hospital or other charity, he would give you a fat cheque quite readily. But he wouldn't be the least interested in the people his money was going to benefit. And as for the human misery round about him—there's a good deal of it round his home—I don't believe he notices it."

There was a short silence.

"Well," said Mrs. Bulfinch, "you're letting your tea get cold, and why don't you smoke a cigar? I think we should send him an anonymous gift. It might set him wondering, and take him out of himself. I've a good mind to send him a turkey, Thomas."

"Good gracious, Mildred! A turkey! Of all the things to send John Major—"

"In one way," she interrupted quietly, "a turkey does not seem absurd; yet, you will admit it is a thing not easy to overlook. If your cousin got a turkey—"

"My dear, if you sent John a dozen turkeys—" began Mr. Bulfinch, and stopped short. The next moment he slapped his knee and chuckled violently.

"Thomas, you're spilling your tea. And, besides, I don't see anything to laugh at."

"You will presently," said Thomas, controlling himself. "You will presently! My dear, I believe you've given me an idea—the idea of my life! Listen to this."

Mrs. Bulfinch listened, frowning and smiling by turns.

"No, Thomas, you must not do such a thing," she said, when her spouse had finished, but her tone was not very firm.

"Why not? It's worth trying. In fact, we *must* risk it. Think again, Mildred. The possibilities are great. He is bound to do—*something*."

"Yes, but what will he do?"

"Let's try him and see. I'll promise not to spend more than twenty pounds, Mildred."

Mrs. Bulfinch threw out her hands. "Have it your own way, Thomas," she said at last; "have it your own way. It would be worth twenty pounds, but— Well, have it your own way."

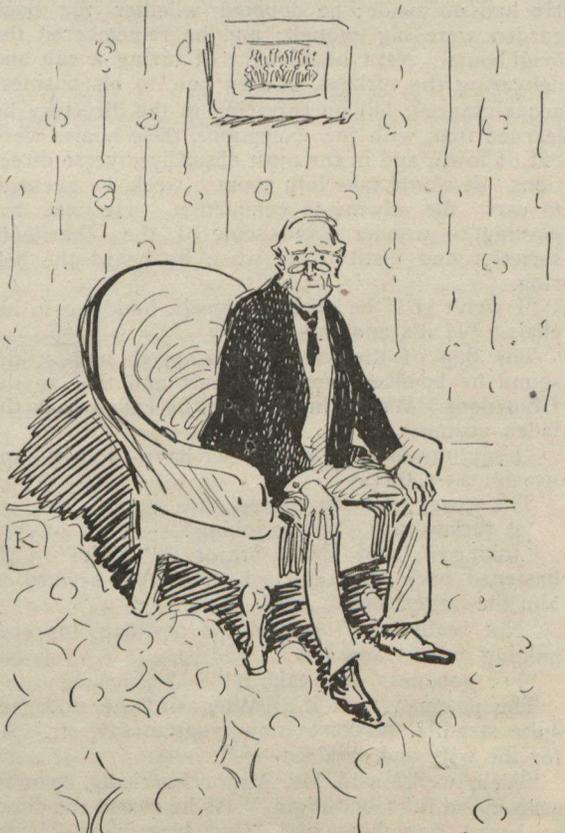
II.

ON Christmas Eve Mr. John Major left his place of business rather later than his wont. It was seven o'clock when he inserted his key in the door of the old house in the shabby terrace which he called home. It was a drizzling evening, but he was not more depressed than usual. Perhaps depressed is hardly the word for the man's normal state of mind; dulled would be better. Mr. Major's life was spent in his dingy office and his costly library. He had no interests whatever elsewhere. Albeit he had no quarrel with the world; he simply ignored it.

He pushed the door open, stepped inside, and closed it carefully. He remembered that his house-keeper had gone to her friends in the country for a couple of days. The thought did not disturb him; his creature wants were simple, and he was equal to meeting them with the aid of a gas-fire. He placed his umbrella in the stand, hung his coat and hat on their accustomed pegs, and went forward into the dim hall. There was a tiny peep in the hanging lamp, and he turned the tap on full. John Major was not a miser; only a recluse.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, and wheeled about. "Good gracious!" he repeated.

The hall seemed filled with turkeys, enormous turkeys. There were turkeys on the floor, reclining



"Who had sent him the turkeys, and why?"

in various queer attitudes against the wall, turkeys on the table, with swelling chests and dangling necks, turkeys under the table, as if thrown down hurriedly, turkeys on the chairs, one of which slid off and fell with a solemn thud even as Mr. Major gaped at it. There were turkeys also at the foot of the stairs, and one more rested on the mat at the door of the library.

The unhappy gentleman put his hand to his head and, groaning, demanded of space what it all meant.



"I say—do you—er—care to have a turkey for yourself?"

At last his eyes alighted on a piece of paper laid on one of the turkeys occupying the table. It proved to be a message from his housekeeper, as follows:

"SIR,—

"Turkeys have been arriving all day long, and I did not know what to do with them, seeing you never told me as you had ordered them, or was by way of expecting of them to arrive. I have been near distracted out of my sense, but they are beautiful turkeys indeed. With comps of the season, and thanks for the kind present you left for me this morning,

"Respectfully,  
"ANNE MIDGEWORTH."

Mr. Major had just completed a second reading of this missive when a ring called him to the door.

A vanman handed in a turkey and a sheet for signature.

Mr. Major was about to protest, when his own name stared him in the face. He took in the turkey without a word, signed the receipt and made to close the door.

"Merry Christmas, sir," said the vanman.

"Oh!" said Mr. Major, and produced a florin. "I forgot," he added feebly, and closed the door on the man's thanks.

He made a round of all the turkeys, examining their labels. The labels told him nothing except that no two turkeys had come from the same shop, and that many had come from quite distant parts of the metropolis, also that all were indubitably directed to himself. Presently he proceeded to count them. Twenty-five! With a helpless sigh he made for the library, all but falling over the turkey lying on the mat. As his savage kick hardly moved it, he took it up, with a shudder at its clamminess,

and slung it across the hall. Then he entered the room, slammed the door, jerked up the gas, and flung himself into the easy-chair by the gas-stove, which was not burning as inodorously as it ought to have done. On a small table his housekeeper, prior to departure, had set a frugal meal consisting of a tinned tongue, bread and butter, cheese and a small bottle of claret. He gave it a glance of distaste and lit his pipe.

At the end of half an hour he was no nearer an answer to the double question: Who had sent him the turkeys, and why? For one bright moment his hope fastened on the directory; but he soon discovered that he was the only John Major in the neighbourhood, and that no John Major in the list had an address bearing the slightest resemblance to his own. Then he began to count up all the men with whom he had dealings in the city. They certainly amounted to fully five-and-twenty, but he could not name even three who would be likely to send him a gift of any kind, at any time. Of course, he had heard of practical jokes, and the possibility of one or two men getting others to join them in carrying out a hare-brained scheme did occur to him, though he could hardly conceive of twenty-five men wasting their attentions upon himself, and in such a manner. Again he thought of his cousin Thomas Bulfinch; but Thomas, he argued, took Christmas seriously, and Thomas had, at all events, left him the previous afternoon with anything but the air of a man about to indulge in a joke even more silly than seasonable. So Mr. Major's mind went back to the city again, and it might have groped there for the remainder of Christmas Eve had not a new question sprung up to demand all its attention. And the new question was exceedingly urgent, though extremely simple.

What was to be done with the five-and-twenty turkeys?

Here the kindly reader is asked to remember that Mr. John Major was an elderly, single gentleman, that he was alone, and, also, that he was of a very retiring disposition. Moreover, the time was the eve of the two most complete holidays of the year. Further, he did not know his housekeeper's holiday address, nor had he the remotest idea as to how long a turkey would "keep."

He began by taking down a volume of the encyclopaedia, and therein acquired some unnecessary information respecting the Ottoman Empire, the populations of Constantinople and Bagdad, Turkish cigarettes and Turkey red; he also gathered that the turkey he was interested in was of "a genus of gallinaceous birds, according to some ornithologists, of a distinct family, Meleagridae, but included by others in Phasianidae." And here he threw the stout volume on the floor. It is at such a moment that we realize that compilers of encyclopaedias are only human—or, if you like, the reverse. A wild desire to dig a hole in the back garden and bury the lot came to him, but passed almost immediately. He had no spade; he doubted whether the back garden were big enough; and he remembered the neighbours. Next he thought of hiring a cab and delivering the turkeys, one by one, to his business acquaintances; but on referring to the directory he learned that, with few exceptions, their homes were out of town, and in the most absurdly diverse directions. It would take him about a week, he guessed, to carry the scheme to completion. He was beginning to wonder about some of the charitable societies and institutions, when he heard the bell ring.

"I won't go!" he said to himself, huddling in his chair. "If it's another—"

The flap of the letter-box snapped, and at the sound he bounced from his chair and flew to the front door. Wrenching it open, he called back the laden postman.

"I say, my man, look here—er—have—you—er—any use for a—turkey?"

The weary postman started, then stared.

"A turkey, sir? You're joking!"

"Joking!" said Mr. Major. "Wait!" He hastened back and returned with what seemed to him the largest bird.

"Not really, sir?" gasped the postman, his eyes bulging.

"For goodness' sake take it!"

The postman took it. "Why, sir," he said, not quite steadily, "I don't know what to say, sir. As for the wife and children—"

"Well, well," said Mr. Major hurriedly, "you're welcome to it. Good-night." As he closed the door, he heard something like "God bless you—Merry Christmas, sir."

With a bitter glance at the remaining twenty-four turkeys, he returned to the library. There he opened the solitary envelope which the postman had dropped in the box. It was a card with greetings from Mr. and Mrs. Bulfinch. For a moment he thought of telephoning to his cousin to request his aid; then he laid the card on the mantelpiece and began to pace the room.

Something would have to be done, and quickly. It was eight o'clock. Five minutes later he went on tiptoe to the front door, and, after some hesitation, opened it a couple of inches. It was a dreary night, and but few pedestrians went through the terrace. At last a policeman, his wet cape glistening in the lamplight, came slowly along. Summoning his courage, Mr. Major opened the door about a foot. He had a turkey ready.

"Officer—constable. Ahem! One moment, if you please."

The policeman came up the steps at once.

"Er—I've a turkey here—no use for it. Care to have it?"

It took a minute to convince the policeman that the offer was genuine. When that was done, he overflowed with thanks and recollected that he knew a little shop hard by where he could deposit the gift until he went off his beat. "My! but it's a beauty, and I don't know how to—!" He was concluding when Mr. Major mumbled something about his being of no consequence, and shut the door. Still, he was not in time to escape the "Merry Christmas."

The lonely man's spirits had risen a degree or two, but on his turning and surveying the hall they sank again to zero. Still twenty-three to get rid of,



"John, by all that's wonderfu'!"

and he was possessed with the idea that some of them, at least, were already beginning to taint the atmosphere. He stifled an impulse towards flinging wide the door and slinging them one by one into the street, at the risk of being taken for a lunatic. Nay; he must try more discreet methods, he told himself, and longed for another postman, though he knew of no person save his cousin who would communicate with him at this season. The

(Continued on page 38.)

# CHRISTMAS AT HUNKER'S CORNERS

*A Homely Sketch of How It Was Kept in Old Ontario*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

BACK on the Hunkers town line—"Where are you going Christmas?"—was very easy to answer. Hezekiah Howe and his family never went anywhere except every other year out to Uncle Martin McDowell's on the gravel road. Next year Uncle Martin and his folk drove in the big two-seated cutter—or the democrat—back to Hezekiah's. That was the general rule. They used to begin the agitation about keeping Christmas long before the last load of corn-fodder was hauled. Of course, in 1911, people like Uncle Martin just step to the "rural phone" and ring up in the commonplace way folk do in town. But even a letter was a roundabout affair in those days before Christmas had begun to be a big hurlyburly of trade and shopping. Writing paper and pens were hard to find and nobody seemed to have any stamps. So we had to begin talking up Christmas when we all drifted together at the township fair in October.

However, three times out of five the Christmas gathering was at our place; somewhat because at Hunkers we had the liveliest lot of young folk in the township—fifty-five children at the school, not counting the big ones in winter—and we were celebrated for our Christmas tree programmes in the church. One of the first symptoms of Christmas around the place was that the junior member of the family bought a jew's-harp upon which he practised all the tunes he knew, sitting back by the wood-box in the evenings, while mother knit mitts and the girls chopped mince-meat for the pies, and dad in his stocking feet read the weekly paper.

There was an air of great plenty round the farmhouse at that time of the year. Hogs were killed and the pork-barrel was full of hams, shoulders and sides. The strawstack was not yet nibbled into caves by the cattle. Dried pumpkins were upon the rack over the stove and dried apples hung by strings in thrifty festoons over the iron tea-kettle and the pots. The shote pigs were in good form from running loose on hickory nuts and oak nuts—and there was still a hundred bushels of yellow Flint corn in the crib. Well-remembered, too, is that old butter-bowl that the man of the house whittled from a "bump" on a maple log—as fine a bit of natural grain as ever grew; and in that, during the Christmas week, one of the girls chopped the mince-meat, according to directions from mother.

Raisins and brown sugar were very abundant round the kitchen those nights. Between tunes on the jew's-harp, the junior from the wood-box helped himself on the side to the raisins.

"You silly gilly! think I'm stonin' raisins for you to gollop 'em?"

Maw changed the stitch on the wrist of the mitt and smiled as some new melody struck up at the wood-box; and dad at his weekly paper, one thumb in his braces, sprawled back in the light and unconsciously patted his socked foot, not even hearing the clack of the chopping knife in the butter-bowl.

Suddenly he sneezed—jiggling the bread-pan on the wall.

"Mercy me!" said mother. "You ketchin' another cold, Zeke?"

"Haws is down agin," he smiled broadly. "Knewed I got mine off in time. Yes, sir. They'll be lower 'fore they're higher, too."

"Well, goodness knows, we kep' some o' them hogs long enough; most gobbled their heads off, I think," said mother, who rose to instruct Julia on the precise admixture of mince, raisins and brown sugar.

"Say, bub, how's that Christmas tree entertainment comin' awn?" dad wanted to know suddenly as he yawned up at the face of the clock.

"All hunkadory. Practise agin to-morra night."

"Hmh! Down at the church, eh? Guess that woodpile's gitt'n low. I'll haul in another load to-morra."

We never bought wood at the Hunkers church.

Cordwood was common those days and the rusty box stove had a big mouth.

"They say you gota be Santy Claus agin, dad."

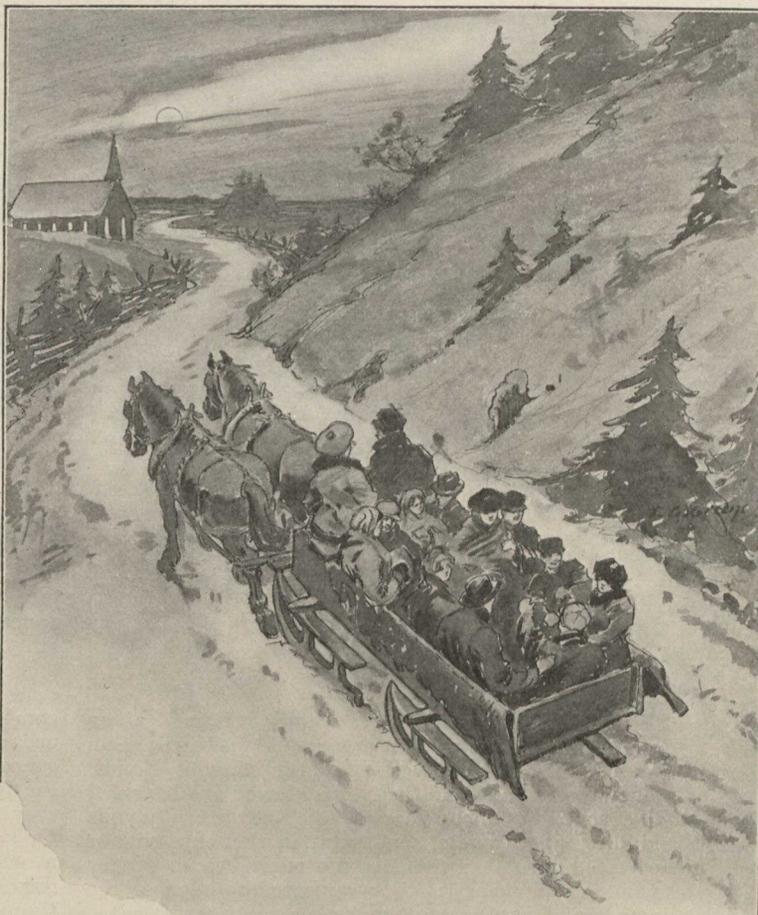
"Shoot. 'Bout time some o' you yunkers done that Santy Claus trick. I been borryin' that coonskin coat five seasons now."

"Pretty good programme, David?" asked mother.

"Good as the wheat. Two mouth-organ solos, maw—three recitations and two dialogues; hull slather o' songs; two er three speeches—lemme see, oh yes! and a couple 'v organ solos by blind Jimmy Morgan."

"Ain't you forgot something—very important?" asked Julia, who proceeded to "give it away" that David was to perform a jew's-harp duet with the mouth-organ.

"Aw, give us a rest, sis!" The boy slammed a



*"Hunkers was a hubbub of high young life as the bob-sleighs glided in, packed with oat-straw and buffalo-ropes and people two deep."*

Drawn by T. G. Greene

couple of hickory sticks out of the wood-box and made a frightful clatter at the stove.

Zeke wound the clock on both sides and looked out of the door; quite mild sort of night so close to the bush, and he listened to the casual cluckering among the poultry in the shed.

"Guess that fox aint been round lately, hez he?" squinting up at the old muzzle-loading shotgun on the wall.

"Gracious! hope he doesn't grab that old gobbler," said Julia.

"Shucks! No danger o' that," grinned the boy. "He's high an' dry on a hickory lim' in the lane. I seen 'im wollop three ganders the other day."

"He-he-he," giggled Julia. "That was the day he druv you into the stable—when yeh had sich a red face splittin' the wood."

"Aw—that was two years ago when I was on'y a gaffer."

Three days longer that old red-wattled, fan-tailed gobbler bossed the chip-hill.

Splitting wood, David watched him—with pensive humor. Once, as she came for an armful of wood, mother took a notion to have goose instead.

"Jiminy Christmas! I'd as lief have fat pork as goose. Jist you wait, maw. That gobbler's gobble wunt be heard after sunrise to-morra."

This was on Christmas Eve; a mild, cloudy day

of casually flittering snow. That afternoon Dave drove the team and the bob-sleighs out to Hunkers and hauled up a red cedar tree from the swamp. Half the young folk came in sleighs and cutters to the church. They hung paper garlands and festoons of evergreen; they decorated and candled and loaded the tree and put up the red stage curtains—cretonne borrowed from the storekeeper. Also they had a rehearsal in which everything but the Santa Claus role assigned to Zeke Howe was duly gone through, while the girls not on the programme cleaned all the lamps on the seat near the box stove, and filled them from the oil-can kept along with the mop and the broom behind the zinc screen in the corner.

By that time it was dropping dark over the village, and they reluctantly went home to the chores and to tog up for the entertainment.

The only folk that didn't go to the church that night were some old people with rheumatics. Shantymen shoepacked in from the backwoods. The hoopmaker tramped up from the black-ash bush on the gore line. The old farmer doctor jingled out in his layback cutter. The cattle-buyer arrived with his coonskin coat. Hunkers was a jangle of bells

and a rollicking hubbub of high young life as the bob-sleighs glided in packed with oat-straw and buffalo robes and people two deep. Entertainment as rehearsed was carried out according to the written schedule placed in the preacher's hand by the young folks' committee. David's jew's-harp of solemn sound chiming with the mouth-organ on the good old popular classic "Nellie Gray," fetched a stampede of applause, so that the chairman had to call order—just as a conversation lozenge inscribed "Kiss me quick" flipped him on the nose. Then the hand-out bags went round the crowd: when they were empty there was such a fusillade of artillery from blow-ups and exploded paper, that nothing was able to quiet the jamboree but Hezekiah Santa Claus, who in his coonskin coat and his beard of cotton-batting, and his string of sleigh-bells, appeared from behind the curtain in a grand mysterious hush.

When he got done with his benevolences midnight was nigh at hand and the meeting broke up; went the four roads in a hula-baloo of revelry, heard for a mile and a half. By the time the last bob-sleighs turned in and unhooked, some of the "night-hawks" were wishing one another "Merry Christmas!"

Regular bedtime round Hezekiah's place was half-past nine at the latest; but that night it was half-past one before the last one turned in with the last stocking hung up at the door.

All this while there had been very little ado about presents. Indeed we were not overburdened. For a few days or so there had been some little scheming; but there was no one to get presents from us, outside of that farm, and nobody ever thought of sending any in. The postmaster who kept the general store was never known to handle a gift from the mail-bag carried by

the stage driver. He stocked up with a few knick-knacks himself—tin horns and stick candies and boxes of blocks for the children, toy locomotives and jumping-jacks and Punch and Judy boxes. But nobody seemed to have become conscious that Christmastide is a time to get a large number of things that one might wear, or put on the floor or on the walls to be used for furniture and clothes. Nobody ever worried about how much or how little a thing cost. None of them had any real value—except that they served to remind one of somebody in a trifling way. Certainly the ear of corn found in Hezekiah's stocking, and the early Ohio potato that fell out of David's in the light of the creeping dawn, had not caused anybody else much mental anxiety or expenditure of cash.

David was up by starlight. So was Hezekiah. They pulled on their boots at the rear of the kitchen stove.

"Pretty cute trick o' yourn, dad—that potatah. Gosh! hope yeh got the kind o' corn yeh expected."

"Yup, yaller Flint's all right, bub," as he got the lantern. "Say, how 'bout that gobbler?"

"Oh, donchu worry, dad. I'll 'tend to that."

David let his dad boot away to the stable. He went softly over the chip-hill in the creeping light of the Christmas day; silent glimmerings over the bush as the stars faded and flickered out; and of

course, because in every boy there is something mystical, he was thinking vaguely about the one bright star over which they had argued and the Christmas carols that he had read about, sung by old country folk. There was a music and mystery in the air; in the light that crept and then ran back over the strawstack and the field next, then the cow-chopping, and afterwards the black, silent bush where a mile or so back the Chippewas in their wigwams would be just starting their smokes, not knowing anything about the meaning of Christmas and with no sort of dinner but black squirrels and fox.

By this stage of thinking David had the axe hunted up, and he poked away furtively to the hickory tree in the lane where the old gobbler had roosted for years. He could see him plump and black against the dawn as he went shinning up to the limb; heard him squawk and half gobble in grumbling protest at being disturbed so before sunrise.

"Can't help it, old boy. Now's y'r las' chance to gobble on earth—if y're goin' to."

Immediately the old bird gobbled so blithering loud that he set all the other fowl into a clack and a flutter, and in the general *melee* David got him hard and fast by the legs. How he got him off the limb and down to the ground and away to the log on the chip-hill, should perhaps be set down in some classic about ancient sacrifices. But in a very little while there was a headless gobbler lying just outside the kitchen door for the dog to smell at suspiciously—when mother and the girls came down to wash.

"Igorry! I got 'im all hunkadory," said David as he hunched away to help dad with the chores.

Then the sun peered out of the neck of woods and the clearing was glorious with cold, clear light.

Breakfast was no sooner over than mother put her pudding into the steamer. The girls went plucking the gobbler in the yard; and long before it was time for Uncle Martin to arrive, that historic bird was sizzling fragrantly in the big top oven.

Along about half-past eleven the folks drove in—sleeked-up team, light driving harness and double-seated cutter with two buffalo robes; for Uncle Martin was a well-to-do man; a bulky, bearded, bush-whacking sort in his younger days, but now very mellow and benign, with Aunt Matilda as red-faced as a peony and jolly as a bed of sunflowers; also three young folk whose names are too long and numerous to mention.

So the stalls were full of horses, and the table with two extra leaves in it was quite surrounded by the two happiest, most uncantankerous families in all the Hunkers land. There was just a fleece of cloud over the bush for a while.

Uncle Martin asked the blessing; and he had one of the simplest ever known, the sort that always seemed sincere, for he took his time to pronounce every word, and that day he seemed to slip in an extra about Christmas—sort of a little prayer about things and people.

Then—without napkins—we sat and waited for dad to administer the old gobbler; girls and women so busy talking that nobody noticed with what fine old mastery the head of the family was doing the job. Uncle Martin talked to David, who was just at the age when words of wisdom from a big clean-limbed man like that were stored up never to be forgotten.

"Now, Aunt Tildy—what's your part?"

"Oh, a bit o' the breast"—she was going to say, when David broke in with a fine allusion to the good job he had made of the neck; because Julia was telling the other girls in a giggling way about the jew's-harp performance at the church, and he hated to be blunt and shut her up before company.

"Now then, David, I guess you'll have the part that went through the fence last," sniggered dad when he had got round the board—once.

"Huh! That's where you get left, dad. That gobbler aint been able to go through a fence for three years. He allus went over it."

Which in those times was counted a merry jest.

The talk at that dinner would have filled a book; ranging over a vast variety of topics: personal, municipal, political, and commercial; markets all reviewed—prices of every living and dead thing for five years back, even to clover seed and buckwheat; horse talk and family affairs; marriages and funerals in two sections; births and other festivals; revival meetings and fights in the township council—Uncle Mart. being a councillor; but there wasn't a word to hurt a living soul, though maybe it was because of the Christmas day and the fine plum

pudding that everything seemed to have such a golden edge.

When dinner was over, Uncle lighted his pipe, and Dad took a chaw of tobacco. They fed and watered the horses; when a mackerel sky put a soft benign tone over the crude landscape nibbled from the bush.

When they got in the old boys, took down the shotguns.

"Say, maw, we're goin' out to shoot black squirrels. Yup."

But the boy Dave and his sister rummaged out

## THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

By MARGARET BELL



A THOUSAND little fairy creatures danced on the frost peaks and sang as they danced. Away up in the heavens, seated amongst a billowy mass of amber clouds, the jovial face in the sun looked on and smiled. And as he smiled, the frost fairies danced the faster and sang more blithely. For it was Christmas morning. Christmas out in God's big open, and all Nature joined in a great festival of joy.

This joy festival was the one best festival of all the year, and the fairies had robed themselves in gorgeous raiment for it. Some there were in royal purples, and some in tints as amber as the cloudlets by the sun, and some shone dazzling gold, and red like rubies. And many more were gowned in amethyst, as if a bed of violets had been petrified and made radiant for wandering mortals to look upon. And some there were who changed their robes, each time the sun looked upon them. You could see them dancing a minuet in glowing reds, and immediately a magic finger would come out and change them to a brilliant green or purple. And then the clouds would come up and place a veil over the Sun Man's eyes, leaving the fairies all robed in a shimmering, glowing garment, glistening pure white. Truly it was a beauteous festival, one which thoughtful mortals would remember on down through the ages.

A GROUP of children came running along through the path in the woods, just as the Sun Man's face became veiled by the passing clouds. They were ruddy and their eyes glowed and sparkled like so many uncut sapphires. They were joyous kiddies, all of them, exuberant in the pure vigour of life, unspoiled by any superficial hand. They paused a moment, as they came to the edge of the wood, and listened to the little stream, as it went gurgling over the stones. Along the edge at either side were rough fringes of ice, which glowed almost like the frost fairies on the faded grass blades. One youngster approached the creek and set a wary toe on the fringe of ice, whereupon it cracked and fell into the hurrying stream. There it glistened and gleamed, a bit of polished silver, until it was carried away out of sight. Another little fellow remonstrated, and said that it was wrong to break the ice fringe. There the break appeared, an ugly gash in the beautiful frieze work, like a sword wound in the arm of Venus. And all the children gathered around and talked and gesticulated. Some took sides with one, some with the other. It seemed as if they had forgotten their mission through the wood, which was simply to see the fairies dancing on the frost peaks. And bye and bye, the great eye of the Sun Man came peeping from behind a cloud veil, and the glistening silver of the frost nymphs became all gorgeous once more, and they danced in riotous delight, in greens and reds and purples and blues.

The second little boy, he who had remonstrated with the first, raised his finger in warning, and bade the others listen. From out the woods came the distant whispering of the winter gnomes, who pirouetted on the branches of the silver-tipped trees. Just a quiet whisper it was, as gentle as the cooing of a summer dove, yet as potent as the tuning of a thousand lyres. The group of kiddies ceased their quarrelling, and turned toward the wood. The little fellow who had caused the hush turned his ear toward the whispering trees and a light of under-

the old rocker wooden skates, and while the old ramrod guns of Uncle and Dad made the bush crack for a mile and a half round the farm house, the young folk gathered on the old pond down on the flats, and they shinnied till the shadows came down.

Such was the Christmas at Hunkers—not so very long ago, when the simple things of strong-hearted folk made all the community life there was, and when we were able to see little things very large in the imagination, because they spelled so much of honest, home-made effort. Good old Christmas of Hunkers Corners!

standing crept into his eyes. Away up in the heavens, the Sun Man looked down kindly and twinkled his eyes.

"Listen," the pensive little boy said softly, "and you will hear what the woods are saying to us. We came out to seek the spirit of the day and now it is coming to find us. Each little silver-tipped branch whispers of gladness and joy, and bids us make merry and feast on the great store of beauty that Nature has placed all around us. There is a gift for everyone in the glistening frost fairies and the silver-tipped treetops. The old Sun Man blinks down a thousand blessings, and tells of a great new Hope which is to come and dwell among the nations on the Earth. And it will be the best of all gifts, and everyone can share in it, if they will only keep their visions clear enough to watch for it."

The kiddies moved silently toward the wood, where they were deluged with a thousand little dazzling frost fairies, who fell from the shivering trees, and enveloped them in silver. And all the kiddies laughed and clapped their hands, for they had found the Christmas Spirit in the woods.



AND the group of children began to chase the frost fairies among the faded grass blades. And they wandered through the woods, and out into bleak open spaces. And all the time there appeared the same dazzling spirits, coaxing them on. And the Sun Man away up amongst the clouds looked down perpetually and winked a roguish eye. And on and on they wandered, along bypaths, past comfortable farmhouses, past rows of pines and cedars, till they came to a large city all red and green in Christmas colourings. For a short time the frost fairies seemed to desert the children, then they would pop up in the most unexpected places. One youngster peeped into a large window where a white-crested nurse sat holding a baby, and dancing a vari-coloured ball before his eyes. On the window sill outside, a tiny icicle hung and dancing therefrom, a fairy with a golden robe caught in the grip of the morning sun, pointed toward the nurse and child. And the group of kiddies came and stood before the window, and watched the golden gowned fairy, till it had jumped off the icicle, and hopped further along the street.

It went dancing away toward another part of town, and paused this time, before a gaily coloured window where were displayed all kinds of toys and fruits to delight the heart of any child. A few kind faced women stood nearby, and a score of ragged children. The children laughed and gurgled, and many were munching candy. Each one held a precious parcel, and each one an orange and a small stocking filled with brilliant hued sweets. For a long time the fairy danced before the window, then went slowly along on its way. The group of wide-eyed kiddies followed it, past tawdry buildings, past churches and chapels, past wondrous houses of stone and dwellings of the discontented. And soon they came again to the edge of the great city, where they were confronted by a whole colony of frost fairies who danced and quivered before them. And they followed them far away, to the edge of the woods again, where the creek gurgled, and the ice fringe bordered. A great shout seemed to go up from all around, a great, silent cry, away up past the Sun Man who blinked amongst the clouds, past the silver-tipped treetops and the sighing pines.

And the children laughed loudly, and clapped their little hands in glee. For they had found the Spirit they had sought, out amongst the dear, familiar associates of Nature.

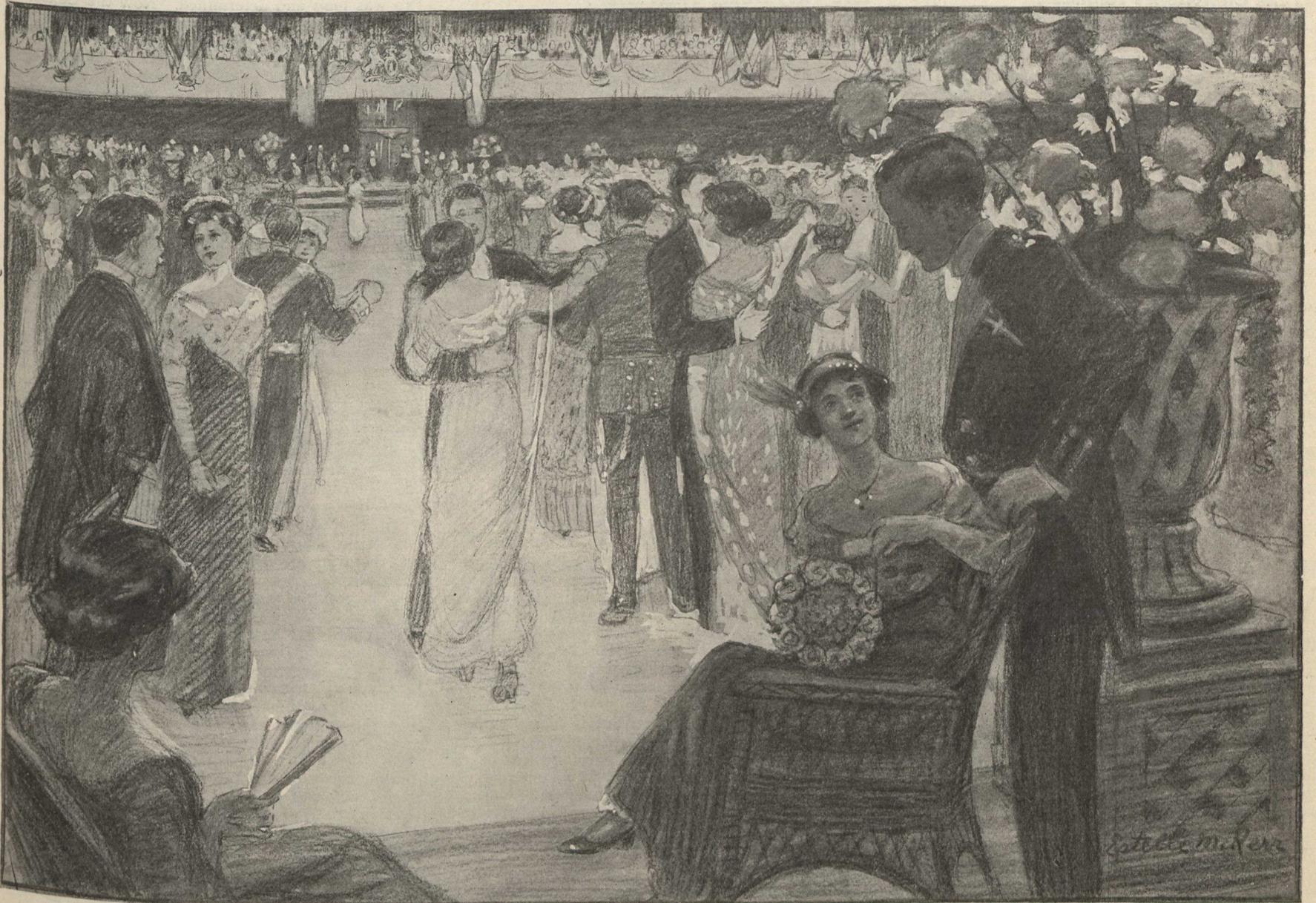
# THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES PAY THEIR FIRST VISIT TO TORONTO



The Duke Inspecting Guard from Q.O.R. (Captain Pellatt) at the railway station.



Reading his reply to the Civic Address, on steps of the City Hall.



The Royal Canadian Yacht Club Ball in the Armouries, under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses.

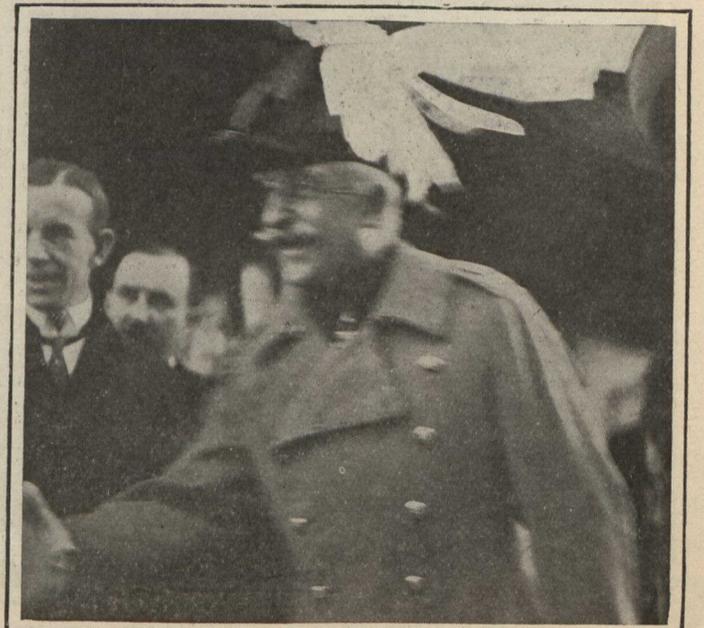
Drawn by Estelle M. Kerr.



Chatting with Sir James Whitney.



Characteristic.



Receives the members of the City Council.

# REFLECTIONS :: BY THE EDITOR

## What the Manufacturers Desire.

STRANGE it is, but the manufacturers do not ask for a representative manufacturer on the Tariff Commission. Neither are they willing that Labour should be represented. They are now talking of a tariff expert, a transportation expert, a commercial law expert, an expert accountant, and any other kind of expert who is neither a straight manufacturer nor a straight labour man. There is some sense in the suggestion, too, when you come to think it over.

\* \* \*

## As the Campaign Promises.

IF the leading Liberal papers are to be believed, the Dominion Liberals propose to repeat the famous Conservative appeal to the British Born. They propose to take as their new platform: (1) An increase in the British preference; (2) a Canadian naval service to help the Empire. This seems like a strong "tandem buck," as the footballers would remark.

\* \* \*

## The First Division.

ANew Parliament's first division is always interesting and always historic. On Wednesday of last week, the first division in the House of Commons occurred, with the result that Premier Borden has a majority of 44. Every member of the House except one was paired or accounted for. The vote was: Conservatives 121, Liberals 77. Eighteen members were paired, one was unpaired, Dr. Thompson of the Yukon has not yet arrived and two seats were unrepresented because Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Forget each hold an extra. Then add the Speaker, and you have the full count—221.

What they voted upon really doesn't matter. It was the first test of strength between the ins and the outs, and both sides were glad to have the disagreeable function over. Of course, it could not be avoided, otherwise the dear public might not think that all these great men were really in earnest.

\* \* \*

## Western Canada's Worry.

WHILE Eastern Canada, except Quebec, is worrying about the decline of rural population and the scarcity of food products, Western Canada has an entirely different brand of trouble. The crop of wheat has been too great for the transportation facilities and there is a sort of grain blockade. Since the last blockade, the Canadian Pacific has been double-tracked from Brandon to Fort William, the Canadian Northern has increased its facilities between these points and the Grand Trunk Pacific has come into existence. The spout has been enlarged, but the hopper has expanded even more.

It is hard luck to see grain destroyed by hail or

frost; but it is even harder luck to have cut it, threshed it and drawn it to the railway only to find that it cannot be handled because of inadequate freight service. No doubt the railways are doing their best, but the plain fact remains that in spite of all the rush to build railways in the West there is still something to be done. It is a great tribute to the fertility and the popularity of the Western wheat-fields, but at the same time it emphasizes the need for finding fresh outlets for the products of that wonderful region.

\* \* \*

## Are They Doing Their Best!

THERE is much talk as to the attitude of the new Government towards immigration into Eastern Canada. In the future the East hopes that it will get a larger share of this movement of population than it has received in the past. While sympathizing with the Eastern Provinces in their desire for this change in conditions, it is only fair to the immigration authorities to point out that the Eastern Provinces must bear a large share of the blame, if blame there is, for the former condition of affairs. It is questionable if the provincial authorities have been doing their best to attract immigrants. Ontario had an official whose work was "colonization," but he found such parsimonious backing that he retired from the service and went into private business. Ontario has never met the immigration problem fairly and squarely. The same might be said of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

To come to cases. In the first place the farmers are not acting wisely. An English farm labourer arrives with his wife and family in April. An Ontario farmer meets him at the Union Station in Toronto and hires him for seven months. In November, the farmer lets him go and the labourer must needs go to the city to get employment. Once he gets it he never returns to the farm. It is estimated that about five thousand Ontario farm labourers are discharged in October and November of each year, and make their way to the manufacturing centres. There they become street-car conductors, motormen, truck drivers, caretakers, and so on. Consequently, every spring the Ontario farmer complains that he cannot get help. Of course he can't. The fault is largely his own. When he learns to give his men employment all the year round, he will be able to keep them. The Government should insist upon men being hired for the whole twelve months.

On the other hand, when an English farm labourer goes West, he takes up a homestead; in order to get a patent for his land he must stay on it for three years. Part of the time he may work for other farmers, but at least six months of each of his three years is spent on his own land. By that time he knows something about farming in Canada

and he remains on the land. The West is beating the East because it is keeping its immigrants on the farm.

Premier Borden may do something for the Eastern Provinces by encouraging more settlers to try Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Ontario. But all his efforts will be vain unless the Provincial authorities devise some better system for keeping the people after they get them.

\* \* \*

## Manitoba's Great Victory.

MESSRS. Roblin and Rogers have battled for the enlargement of the "postage-stamp" province and at last they have won. The Liberal Government at Ottawa refused to agree to this enlargement on terms which would satisfy the political rulers of Manitoba and the fight between the two was long and determined. Now the Conservatives are in power at Ottawa and the Hon. Robert Rogers is one of the leading members of the Borden Cabinet. It is the hour of triumph for Messrs. Roblin and Rogers and incidentally for Manitoba.

It is safe to say that in this dispute, the general opinion of the people was with the Manitoba leaders. Small provinces are not a success. The three maritime provinces should be united into one for this reason. Manitoba should be enlarged. The principle of large provinces was admitted by the late Government at Ottawa when Saskatchewan and Alberta were created. That Manitoba should tamely submit to remain one-third the size of its neighbours, was something which even Sir Wilfrid Laurier did not expect.

The exact terms of the settlement will be announced shortly, but in the meantime congratulations to Manitoba are in order. Its victory was not undeserved and is in the best interests of the whole country.

\* \* \*

## Excesses of Trades Unionism.

ONE must surely sympathize with trades unionism in this its hour of trial. The McNamara confession of guilt shows that trades unionism like capitalism or commercialism or any other "ism" has its foolish adherents and its hair-brained members. Royalty, aristocracy, financiers, capitalists, manufacturers and religionists all suffer from this feature and why should trades unionists be the exception?

If the result is to make trades unionists more careful to inculcate a respect for human life and property, much will be gained. In the past, the labour leader has sometimes been too enthusiastic in devotion to his cause, and occasionally that enthusiasm has run away with his better judgment. The eastern part of the continent has suffered less in this respect than the western. This Los Angeles incident may serve to usher in the dawn of a better day on the Pacific Coast of both the United States and Canada. The interests of capital and labour are identical, though at times it is hard to get both sides to recognize it. Extreme measures on either side only delay the progress of both.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA LEAD AND ZINC MINERS' CONVENTION, HELD AT NELSON RECENTLY



These gentlemen want a government bounty on spelter, or a duty on zinc and zinc products. Also a Royal Commission to report on the needs of the industry.

## At the Sign of the Maple

### About Christmas Giving



SOMETIMES we hear people say that after all Christmas is a bore, and that it is always a relief to them when it is over and done with. And if you show the least inclination to sympathize they will probably go on and tell you that Christmas shopping is no longer the pleasure it used to be. They

dread the noisy shops and the crowding throngs of people and Christmas is all very well for children, but for grown men and women—well, they tell you they think it is high time someone had courage enough to do away with the old-fashioned nonsense of distributing gifts on that day. But you must not believe that they really mean it. Everyone loves Christmas and would see the old customs that go with it pass out of existence with the deepest pangs of regret. These people who complain have probably lost sight of the original idea and look on the interchange of gifts in the light of a commercial transaction, and the annual tax on their bank accounts as an unnecessary evil. And it is not always the people with the slim pocket books that complain. A great deal of thought and very few dollars and cents is the actual expenditure for their remembrances, and after all it is by kind thought alone that we value our gifts. And we all know that to receive some simple little thing that causes us to exclaim "this was truly meant for me," gives much more happiness than the elaborate remembrance so evidently purchased at random.

There is a girl who has most everything the world can give, including four initials to her name, which she insists on using on all occasions. After Christmas last year she told me that of all the beautiful gifts she had received none gave her more pleasure than a box of handkerchiefs from a girl friend who lived in the States. "And think of it," she said to me, "that dear thing had worked my four initials on every one of those handkerchiefs. I never had anything I felt was so much my very own before."

So that it is always best to keep the commercial attitude from taking any share in our Christmas preparations no matter how much we are tempted. Begin to think of Christmas earlier. Spend less money and more thought, you will be happier yourself and give more happiness to others. No other remedy seems to suggest itself for the bored Christmas shopper.

\* \* \*

### Toronto's Civic Reception

By MARGARET BELL

NEVER had Toronto's regal-looking City Hall appeared to better advantage than on the night of November the twenty-eighth, when the great doors were thrown open to a civic reception for the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Never did Toronto's policemen look more imposing, when a hundred of them formed lines and palisades at every available corner in and around the building, and never were Toronto citizens given such an opportunity of displaying their different tastes in dress. All the newest effects in ciel blues and moonlight greens were there, strolling leisurely around

through the lordly corridors. And there were flame-coloured gowns, as brilliant as the name suggests, and frocks of purple as royal as the bouquets of orchids in the several corsages. And then there were plain shirtwaists, just a few of these, and shimmering wedding dresses, worn by brides of two months or six and seven years. Truly it was a brilliant spectacle, the multi-coloured gowns, the blushing debutantes, the handsome mothers, the wives of diplomats and democrats, the grand *tout ensemble* of Toronto's citizenship.

And this is not all. There were men there, hundreds of them, all immaculate in evening suits and linen. It is doubtful if the doors of Toronto's City Hall will see so many stiffly starched evening costumes, for many months to come. Within an arbor of palms, a military band sent patriotic strains up to the lines of waiting sightseers who thronged the

boredom to shadow her countenance. She was particularly gracious to a dear, old woman in a simple black gown, who curtsied low before her and walked slowly past the line of military men who formed a cordon on either side. And Miss Pelly, the beautiful lady-in-waiting, smiled and bowed also to the sweet-faced woman with the snow-white hair.

The military officers were presented last, and formed such a picture as made a murmur of admiration wreath itself around the whole gallery of the Council Chamber, and caused a sweet, young debutante to exclaim, "I declare I'm going to marry a soldier man."

And when it was all over, when the Council Chamber was closed, the royal pair stepped down from their dais and chatted quite informally with their friends, the Duchess burying her face deep in the bouquet of American Beauties she carried, and offering them to different members of her party to enjoy likewise. The Duke noticed the large portrait of his mother, Queen Victoria, hanging behind his chair on the dais, and called his Consort's attention to it. Together they looked at it, in silence, and the guests in the gallery were silent too.

And then they passed out quietly, to the waiting carriages, and Toronto turned over the most memorable page in her Book of Public Events.

\* \* \*

### Books on the Christmas List.

METHODICAL people always have a shopping list, but at Christmas time some people who are not methodical find one very convenient too, so it is safe to conjecture that about this season of the year there are a good many shopping lists in use, and that nine out of ten of these call for a visit to the book shop before the arrival of the great feast for which everyone is making preparation. The word "book" on our shopping list always has a vague sound and often it is very difficult to know just what book will be most appreciated by the particular person for whom it is intended. If it is fiction you are looking for here are a few suggestions which may keep you from going astray, and may help in the selection of gifts:

#### NOVELS WORTH READING.

- "The Broad Highway," by Jeffrey Farnol.
- "The Prodigal Judge," by Vaughan Kester.
- "Hilda Lessways," by Arnold Bennett.
- "The Iron Woman," by Margaret Deland.
- "The Miller of Old Church," by Ellen Glasgow.
- "The Glory of Clementina," by W. J. Locke.
- "The Sick-a-Bed Lady," by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott.

#### BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

- "Mother Cary's Chickens," by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
- "When Woman Proposes," by Anne Warner.
- "Her Little Young Ladyship," by Myra Kelly.
- "A Weaver of Dreams," by Myrtle Reed.
- "Molly Make-Believe," by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott.
- "Just Patty," by Jean Webster.

#### FOR SMALL BOYS AND GIRLS.

- "The Young Railroaders," by F. Lovell Coombs.
- "The Sweep of the Sword," by Alfred H. Miles.
- "Tom Stapleton, the Boy Scout," by Capt. F. S. Brereton.
- "The Witch's Kitchen," by Gerald Young.
- "The Secret Garden," by Frances Hodgson Burnett.
- "Peter and Wendy," by J. M. Barrie.
- "The Bees," by M. Ellen Thonger.
- "When Knights Were Bold," by Eva March Tappan.



THE KING'S CARD

Cedric, the ancestor of the Royal Family of England, accepting the Crown, A.D. 519.



THE QUEEN'S CARD

William and Mary accepting the Crown of England. Painted by Howard Davie.



THE PRINCE OF WALES' CARD

Edward the Black Prince after the battle of Crecy.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S CARD

"A Voice Divine."

### ROYAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, who have granted permission to issue them to the public.

second floor, and added a spirit of gay but dignified camaraderie to the radiant assembly.

There was a hush when the Royal party arrived, as if a sacred, silent finger had been placed on each spectator's lips. That hush was Toronto's greatest tribute to her Royal Governor-General and his beautiful Consort. The Duchess wore an exquisite sable cloak which, when later removed, revealed a regal gown of gold lace over pale green satin. A handsome string of diamonds was around her neck, and a tiara in her hair. She toyed with the diamond necklet, as she sat bowing to the hundreds who were presented to her. It was a noticeable sign of nervousness on the part of those presented, that many bowed carefully to the Duke, but, being seized with an insatiable desire to gain the exit door, forgot all about the gracious Duchess who was never tired, never allowed the slightest expression of

# THROUGH A MONOCLE

## A CONTINENT OF COPYISTS?

I DO not know whether you are interested in where New York dines or not; but I was interested the other day to noticing a half-page of "Where to Dine" advertisements in the New York *Evening Telegram*, than which there is no more "New Yorky" paper published. Right across the top of the page were the following big three restaurants—"Parisien," "Hofbrau Haus," and "Colaizzi's." That is, you could dine in French fashion or in German fashion or in Italian fashion. But the poor American cook didn't seem to get even "honourable mention." Then, as you ran your eye over the page, you found such names as these: "Have Dinner at Maxim's," "Faust," "Cafe Revue," "Navarre Grill," "Marsullo," "Florence," "Baroni," "Abbey Inn," "Moretti," "Luechows," "Far East Tea Garden," "Ye Olde English Coffee House," etc. and so forth. One American idea did seem to promise to emerge in the black-type phrase—"Genuine Old Fashioned Beefsteak Dinner, \$1.25"; but you found by reading the advertisement that you had to eat it at "Reisenweber's." Then there was a restaurant called "Old Maria's," which had an American ring to it; but it had a lunch for 40 cents "with wine," and its specialty was "spaghetti with garlic." Foiled again! Then there was a place called "College Inn," with a "Cabaret Entertainment." Latin quarter—not America.

WHERE, oh! where! does the good American go to get his griddle cakes and his pie and his doughnuts and his fried chicken and his hot biscuit and all the other national dishes which help to make dyspepsia a Republican institution? I confess that I earnestly hope that these purely American dishes will always be obtainable in New York, for I love to live on them myself when down there. If there is anything better to eat than the American breakfast, with an orange, and then a beefsteak smothered in onions with Saratoga chips, and then a plate of hot "wheats" with maple syrup, and all washed down with several cups of rich coffee with real cream in it, I do not know where to find it. It has the usual London breakfast—weak tea, cold fish or fat bacon, stale toast and marmalade—"beaten to a frazzle." So I do not want the American dining-room to be crowded out by all the imitation "Cafes"

## BACK TO HIS LIBRARY



Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour leaving the Guildhall after announcing his resignation as leader of the Unionist Party and Opposition.

and "Rathkellers" and "Abbey Inns" in the world. But why don't the American purveyors of food advertise in New York?

\* \* \*

I GO down to the Maine Coast some times for a little holiday; and one of the best parts of it is the New England food. I think it is the breakfasts I like best, because of their marked contrast to that dismal function in most other corners of the world. You know the Continental breakfast, of course—coffee, a half-moon of pastry and some tasty butter. You can get a roll or two if you insist, but they regard you as a vulgar glutton when you do. It is very nice—what there is of it. And you get accustomed to it, and it becomes enough. Then the other meals more than make up for the meagreness of the first. When it comes to a French "dejeuner," you have the American or Canadian luncheon—a rehash of last night's dinner—badly beaten, while the Continental dinner is a thing apart. We ought to translate "dinner" into banquet in our language. But still you mourn for your pie, and you long for just one dish of "hash-brown potatoes."

\* \* \*

BUT there is something funny about this transplantation of European names to this continent. Emphasis should be put on the names; for little pains is taken to give the names even plausibility. A man will open a drinking-place in a cellar which otherwise he would use as a store-room, and call it a "Rathkeller," ignoring the fact that a "Rathkeller" should be under a "Rathhaus" or City Hall, and is so called for that reason and for that reason alone. Then the "Hofbrau Haus" is the "house of the court brewery"; and I don't believe that there is a court brewery at the corner of Broadway and 30th Street. And I am even more certain that the scene there does not in the remotest degree resemble what would meet your eyes if you walked into any one of the several large beer halls which go to make up the genuine Hofbrauhaus of Munich. As for "Maxim's," there is no reason why that should not be reproduced in New York. Maxim's in Paris is by now largely run for Americans.

## ONCE KNOWN AS "TORONTO THE GOOD"

SOME of our Canadian cities are almost impossible as to stage. Four days H. R. H. "the Duke"—with half a column of extraneous titles—was in the second largest city in Canada. He visited all the leading public places, including the City Hall twice, and the leading hotel once. Several hundreds of people who were down town and in the heart of the city every day and all day saw neither the Duke nor any of the signs of his visit except the flags and bunting. Toronto has no stage centre. Again and again festivals have been tried in that city; always with a large element of failure. We remember the first dazzling fiasco; the four days' carnival in 1890, which happens to be just the date of the Duke's other visit to Canada. Never was such an opera comique of village blunders. We remember the centenary celebration in 1903, when Toronto had a home-comers' assemblage on the basis of an Old Boys' Re-union to celebrate a hundred years of incorporated existence. It was a humdrum, incoherent muddle with no centre and no circumference; no place where a pageant could come to a head. Toronto is wrong by topography. The city has no stage centre; no public square. Even Montreal is better—and bad enough; though the Place d'Armes Square is at least a meeting-place. Winnipeg is much better—but none too good. Ottawa has Parliament Hill and one big downtown park which does very well. Quebec, of course, is unrivalled. But Toronto leads them all as the city of pure unmitigated prose where no Lascelles or any other master of pageant could contrive a spectacle capable of being seen by half the population at once. Perhaps the real centre of Toronto is the Exhibition grounds?

Now the unstageableness of the first English-speaking city in Canada may be set down to mere accident or lack of foresight on the part of city fathers, or parsimony or lack of imagination—or

THIS is, perhaps, a more serious question at bottom than selecting fancy names for alleged restaurants where few go to eat but many to imagine that they are having a bold, bad, dizzy time. This Continent cannot respect too greatly or study too deeply the culture of the most cultured of the Continents; but, when that has been conscientiously done, it must at last express itself in its own terms if it is to play any permanent part in the world. For too long, American literature was no more than a pale reflection of English writing. Hawthorne, Longfellow—in spite of Hiawatha and a Puritan point of view—Holmes, even Poe, were English authors living in exile. Even Lowell used "American" like a dialect. But men like Howells, Aldrich, Hamlin, Garland, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Will Carleton, James Whitcomb Riley and others of that school, established a worthy American style. The "best sellers" to-day, however, are seldom American; that is, modern American. The uncultured reader of fiction, who is naturally in an immense majority, prefers his romance rose-tinted and his adventures in a world where there is no bothersome limit of the probable.

\* \* \*

I FRANKLY confess that I read too small a portion of the enormous output of the regiments of new authors, whom American publishers are presenting to an astonished world, to be able to generalize about them; but I can say that I have met nothing in this army comparable with such men as H. G. Wells, William de Morgan, or even W. J. Locke who are comparatively recent productions in England. As for Canada, there seems to be an impression here that literary photography is art. It is no more art than "kodaking" is; and yet, if you will strip recent Canadian literature, so-called, of its preaching and its photography, you will have precious little left. Yet we have had some promising failures. Norman Duncan promised to be an artist until he went to the Labrador and became a missionary. Arthur Stringer still is an artist when he chooses to be one. The late Dr. Drummond was always an artist; and his French-Canadian types will never die. However, this is an unprofitable subject. We are still awaiting the writer who shall reveal Canada; and, when he comes, he will do more for this country than all the immigration agents and all the "made books" on our resources and history that have ever existed.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

almost anything that looks like good newspaper explanation. But we presume that the beginning of this malady conventional goes very far back in the history of the city and of the country to which it belongs. The people who made Toronto anything but a transplantation of British society and a college centre came up from the villages and the towns and the concessions and side-lines of Ontario. They were people who had to skimp their lanes down to wagon-width because they couldn't afford to let lie idle so much land that had cost the blood of sweat to clear up from the bush. Land to these people was a luxury. Work was a habit. A village was only a cross-roads with farms all round, and it took on the character of the land. A town was only a bigger village—and the same again. The so-called little cities of ten thousand and more were, and still are, outgrowths of the concession; honest, industrious market places where a strong-hearted, hard-working, conscientious populace gathered together once in a while—but with no big moments except on circus days and Twenty-fourth of May celebrations.

What these places are in little, Toronto is in big, though it will not be forgotten that several of our smaller Ontario cities such as Guelph, with its post-office square, Brantford with its centre-town market, Chatham with its Tecumseh Park, Hamilton with its "Gore," and Goderich with its radial system of streets from a hub as a centre, are all much better suited to stage effects than the chief city in Ontario. Toronto has never had any really big moments. She takes her holidays rather grudgingly and goes about things with a sober mien; only once a year breaking loose at Exhibition time. Toronto is one of the most diligent and useful cities in the world. She will never lose her head. And the Guild of Civic Art will never be able to propound a scheme that will make her look like a great city. A. B.

# Why Willie and Lillie Were Late

By Estelle M. Kerr



1. It snowed all night, it snowed all day, it snowed a week or so ;  
The children put their snowshoes on, they're not afraid-- Oh no



2. And Toby followed them until he fell into a bank,  
When Lillie tried to pull him out she tripped, and down she sank.



3. Poor Willie couldn't help her up although he tried and tried.  
"Help, help!" called Will, then all at once way up on high, he spied



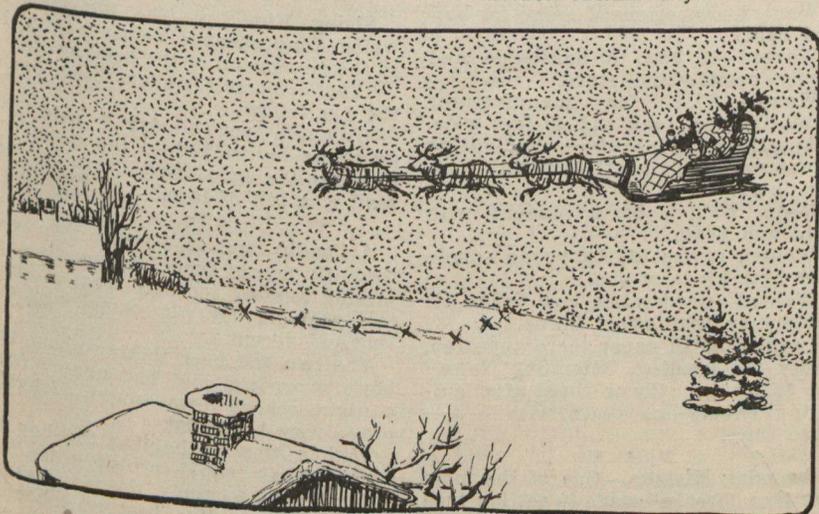
4. Old Santa Claus with sleigh and deer a skimming through the skies,  
He quickly glided to the earth when he heard Willie's cries.



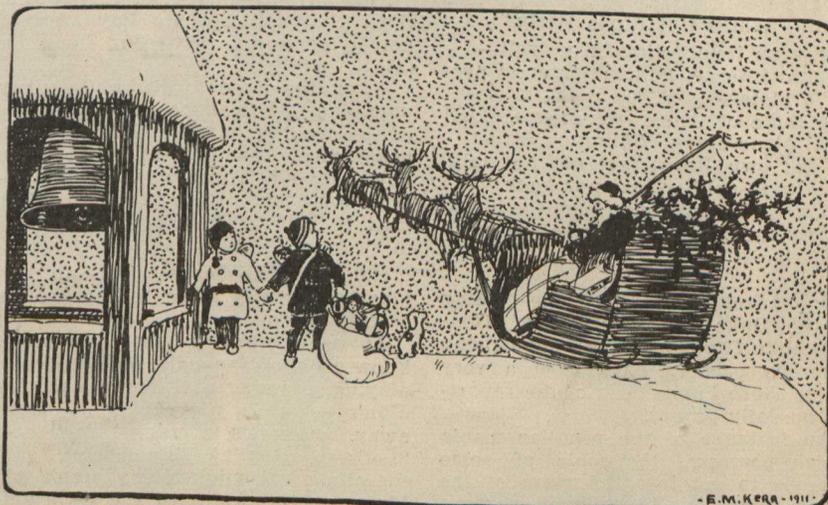
5. And then he pulled poor Lillie out and set her on the sleigh,  
With all the toys and dolls and books reserved for Christmas Day.



6. Then Willie sat by Santa Claus while Toby jumped behind,  
And Santa tucked them snugly in,--He was most awfully kind!



7. He cracked his whip, and off they flew at sixty miles an hour,  
And when they reached the school house roof they lighted by the tower.



8. "Just take this sack," said Santa Claus. "And don't forget the date,  
For no one minds at Christmas time if you are rather late."

# DEMI-TASSE

## Courierettes.

"Never enter a saloon and you'll get rich," says Andrew Carnegie. That sort of advice from Andy will probably drive a few men into saloons.

"Football needs change" says a daily paper headline. And just after that fifteen-thousand-dollar gate at the Argonaut-Varsity game in Toronto, too.

Jack Johnson was made a Mason by a Scottish lodge. It would not have been polite to black-ball him.

A St. Louis man wooed, won and wed a pretty widow—all in ten minutes. Now watch for some couple to come along and break the record by including a divorce.

It is said that a thousand-foot liner which the White Star Line is building will not be an ocean greyhound. If ocean vessels run much more to length, each of them ought to be called an ocean Dachshund.

The Borden Government had a majority of forty-four on the first division in the new House, but there is declared to be no truth in the rumour that Sir Wilfrid Laurier said, "It hardly seems enough."

The extremes to which they are going seem to show that, if British suffragettes who tie themselves to pillars had the needed strength, they would, Samson-like, pull a building down on Premier Asquith.

**A Young Democrat.**—The younger generation of Canadians are growing up to be dyed-in-the-wool democrats if the rather naive remark of an eight-year-old Toronto lad may be taken as an indication. This boy, the son of a well-known newspaper man, is by no means a title-worshipper.

It was before the Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived in Toronto, and the boy's father was talking with him about the big preparations made for the event. At first the youngster's interest was aroused by the military nature of the affair, and he thought seriously of turning out to stand behind the red-coated Cadets and wave a flag as the ducal party passed. Then, after deliberating over the matter, he rather startled his parent by the remark:

"Well, Dad, I don't care much whether I see the Duke and Duchess or not. You know they are just two people."

## The Explanation.

They jump and jam, they rush and ram,  
They pry and pull and push,  
They shove and tear, they sweat and swear—  
Football? No—Christmas crush.

## He Can Really Walk.

(A two-column heading in the Toronto Evening Telegram in connection with the visit of the Duke of Connaught was: "Duke Starts Day With Stroll. Walks Out Alone Early.")

Here's an item delightfully droll—  
With intense human interest replete—

The Duke of Connaught took a stroll  
All alone along Wellington Street.  
On his own Royal feet did he walk,  
He took neither taxi nor hack,  
And when he had gone round the block,  
Why then, well, of course, he came back!

**Self-Advertisers.**—Since the coming of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to Canada, the self-advertising notoriety seekers have been a very active thorn in the flesh of the reporters on daily papers.

An instance of the peculiar mania which possesses the souls of some persons to get into the glare of the fierce light that beats upon royalty, and to afterwards get their doings into print, is told by a Toronto scribe who

"covered" one of the events in which his Royal Highness took part. The newspapermen were in a position to see all that happened, but they felt much like cutting out from their stories the name of a man who had been prominent at the event, because each of them was called up at his office an hour afterwards by that man and reminded of the prominent part that he had taken.

This was followed by the visit to the newspaper offices of some others who had been at the function, and were eager to see that their names got into the papers.

## Going 'Ome.

(Two big parties of Britishers in Canada are going to the Old Country for Christmas.)

As the poet almost put it:

"There is no land like England  
Where'er the light of day be—  
There is no puddin' like English puddin',  
With rare roast beef and gravy."

**He Refused.**—The newly-weds had quarrelled, and were discussing the



A DUTCH CUT

terms of the divorce they were going to get.

"You can have the baby half the time, John," she conceded.

"That's good of you," he admitted.

"When will I get Baby?"

"At nights."

## Slangy Mary.

Mary had a little lamb  
'Bout which a poet wrote.  
Said Mary, "Why he kids us thus  
Is what doth get my goat."

**Startling.**—Newsboy: Get the special extry! All about the big murder! The Man on the Street: Good gracious, are they still playing football?

**Appropriate.**—Like other ferry boats, those that sail Toronto Bay are not noted for speed. Thereby hangs a tale.

When the Toronto Ferry Company puts on a new boat the name is selected by holding a competition. The boats must bear the name of some flower, and a Toronto lady's suggestion was that the company's latest boat be called "Creeping Charlie."

**Golf Stories.**—Several Toronto golf players recently were telling stories of this season.

At one club two men, who don't know all about animals, noticed, while playing a game, a little animal that didn't seem in any hurry to move away. "There's a mink," said one. "Let's go after it." "Be careful," said the other. "A mink bites, doesn't it?" However, they pursued the little animal. One of them struck it with a club, and then both wished that he

hadn't. The animal was the kind that can cause a whole town to do a nose-holding act. When the golfers got back to the club-house they were refused admittance. Their clothes were thrown out to them, and they had to dress away from the club-house.

Near another club there is a manufacturing establishment that spreads forth a very unpleasant odor. A man and a woman were playing there one day, and the play worked into the aggravating variety that made the man say, "There's a stymie." "Do you know," replied the woman, "I was sure there was something near here that made a nasty odor."

**Amusing Ads.**—Like the funny answers given by the school child, which have become known as "howlers," the advertisements in daily papers are often extremely, though unintentionally, funny. In these advertisements the meaning is usually clear, but the construction has given a funny turn to the idea expressed.

A Toronto evening paper recently had, in the "Church Services" column, the following: 7 p.m., the minister. Subject: "The Great Choice." Bathurst or Dupont cars.

A clothing house advertized "Blue men's striped shirts at 39 cents."

The "Want" advertisement column appears the richest field of fun as is shown by the following advertisements, many of which appeared in Canadian papers:

Wanted—A waitress to sleep at home; no Sunday work.

Wanted—A girl to operate a typewriter with references.

Wanted—An experienced man to run a saw-mill out of town.

A young lady wishes her passage to Europe. Willing to take care of children and a good sailor.

Wanted, for \_\_\_\_\_ Methodist Church, an organist and boy to blow the same.

Wanted, for Alberta, a man to take care of horses who can speak German.

Wanted—Saleslady in corsets and flannels.

Wanted—Women to sew buttons on the top flat of the \_\_\_\_\_ building.

A dog by a young man with pointed ears.

Wanted—Experienced nurse for bottled baby.

Wanted—A boy to be inside and partly outside the store.

Wanted—Flat for manufacturer about 100 feet long and 40 feet wide.

Apartments Wanted—Bed-sitting rooms wanted by gentleman with folding doors.

Room wanted by a student with light and heat.

Wanted rooms (3) by young couple with both kinds of gas.

Wanted—Good milch cow by an elderly lady with short horns.

In an English paper there appeared, under the heading, "Startling News," the following: Corns cured after suffering twenty-one years with \_\_\_\_\_ Corn Cure.

**Amusing Mistake.**—One of the most amusing "breaks" made in setting type was that on a Toronto paper at the time of the unveiling of the late Sir John A. Macdonald's statue in Queen's

Park. Sir John, as is well known, so often wore a red rose that it became known as his choice among flowers for the button-hole. The paper referred to tried to say that many leading Conservatives standing about the monument wore the red rose so characteristic of the late chieftain. But the type-setting machine made "rose" read "nose."

## A Protest.

From early morn till late at night  
I'm on the go;  
I'm kept so busy that my life  
Is full of woe.

I walk to work and fondly think  
All care forgot,  
But some big, glaring bill-board sheet  
Says, "Watch This Spot!"

Shop windows catch my eye, and soon  
I'm taking pains  
To estimate how many beans  
A jar contains.

I board a car and think that there  
Some peace I'll know,  
But then an "ad." commands that I  
"Watch Bugville Grow!"

At night it's worse; the paper has  
My brows in knots:  
A speckled picture waits—I yield  
And "Count the Spots!"

An old one next! A woman's head!  
More work for me!  
I'm tender-hearted, so must find  
Her daughters three.

"Was this man murdered?" huge type asks;  
I think it out.  
"Where's Willie Jones?"—More time I spend,  
And end in doubt.

All night I dream; that spotted imp  
Demand to know:  
"If Willie's lost, how many beans  
Could Bugville grow?"

**His Degree.**—"I hear that old Theolog has been giving an address on 'Comparative Religion.'" "Yes. That's the only kind he knows anything about."

**Never Short of That.**—It is reported that there has been a scarcity of milk in some parts of Ireland, but the Green Isle still has no shortage in the milk of human kindness.

**Displeases Both.**—The Girl at the Theatre—"I think that the censor should forbid any actress smoking a cigarette on the stage.

Her Escort—"I do, too. It makes me mad to see an actress smoking when I know that I have to wait till the intermission."

**Humility Note.**—Each of us has his own little niche to fill, and the big man can't always do the little man's work. When he tried to drive the first spike in Toronto's new civic car line Mayor Geary made six misses before getting his first hit.

**Sizing Him Up.**—The big man of well-fed appearance refused to yield to the persuasion of the book agent.

"You can't sell me anything," said the big fellow.

"I guess you're right," said the agent as he walked to the door. "I suppose the only kind of thing you read is a bill of fare."

**A Candid Boy.**—A Toronto man who formerly taught school received a surprising answer recently from a fourteen-year-old boy who came out from England recently.

The two had been talking about the boy's prospects, and had agreed that a night school term would probably prove very beneficial.

With a view to helping the boy to decide what would probably be the best subjects to study, the man asked, "What did you like best at school?"

The boy didn't hesitate a moment, and his answer was "Closing time."



Kiddies at whose command are intelligent nursing and the best knowledge of modern medical science,

### Importance of the Baby.

**M**ORE people are studying "the baby question" today than ever before in the history of modern nations. This study has several sides and many phases. This year at Berlin, Germany, there was an international congress on "Infant Mortality," at which there were representatives from all quarters of the globe. These good people discuss the teaching and training of physicians in regard to the care of babies; the teaching and training of midwives, nurses and social workers; and the numerous features of infant welfare work. There were many other meetings this year at which the baby question was discussed. The baby's food, the baby's clothing, the baby's physical development, and so on through the list.

What does all this mean? Why all this sudden excitement about babies?

Perhaps it would be safe to generalize and say that the science of human life is coming to the front. The world has long been studying how to take care of lambs, calves, colts, chickens, and all other kinds of young animal life—the baby was neglected. Now science and statistics and medical health officers have discovered that the baby needs attention such as is bestowed upon other young animals. Indeed the baby needs more attention. It is the most helpless of all newly-born animals and it is the most valuable.

Moreover, the world is becoming crowded, and this crowding has affected the health of the baby. The baby needs fresh air, but there is too little fresh air in the big cities. The baby needs fresh milk and pure food, and these are hard to get under modern crowded conditions. The babies need strong, healthy mothers, with plenty of leisure—and such mothers are hard to find. These are some of the additional reasons why the baby question looms large at the present moment.

Away back behind the banish-the-slum movement, the back-to-the-land movement, and the model-housing movement, lies the baby question. The child raised in a small home or flat in a large city is subject to all sorts of dangers. If it lives to maturity it is smaller and weighs less than the child raised in the open country. It is subject to both physical and moral dangers too numerous to mention, too horrible to define.

But enough of the dark side. Science and humanitarian studies are doing much for the bright, smiling, angel visitors that make marriage holy and the home a heaven. Thousands of brainy men and women are working hard to make human life less precarious and more certain. The future of the race, of all the races, depends upon the measure of success which comes to these unselfish workers.





Preparing to satisfy ravenous appetites



Clothes and kit for "active" service

## The Boy Scout Movement

BY W. K. GEORGE.

President of the Ontario Provincial Council of Boy Scouts.

I BECAME enthusiastic over the Boy Scout movement simply because I believe that it contains greater possibilities of good to the boyhood of the nation than any other movement of modern times. My feeling was that anything that could do material good to boyhood was laying the surest and best foundation for a better citizenship.

The Boy Scout movement instils ideas of courtesy, decency and honour into the minds of boys just at the receptive age. It takes the boys off the street and therefore greatly lessens the danger of their forming bad habits. They imbibe good without knowing that they are doing so.

The chief advantage of the movement is that the whole character of the work appeals to the nature of the average boy. We all, as boys, liked to get out into the woods to play at capturing Indians; the Boy Scout movement furnishes an infinitely better vehicle for that instinct. Under proper guidance and an intelligent system of direction the boys acquire knowledge of great value. They learn the use of observing and thinking faculties that they never knew they had. They have a good time; but coincident with that they learn much that will be of



"Chips of the old block"

great use to them. To take the full course of the many badges is a liberal education; indeed there is almost a liberal education in any one of the courses. The boys learn many things such as first aid to the injured, home nursing, stationary engineering and the work of firemen. In the last-mentioned line of work they become expert at such things as handling hose and getting into a burning building to rescue people who have been overcome by smoke. Some of the boys make excellent volunteer firemen, and there are instances in which they have risked their lives to save others.

The charge is made that the Boy Scout movement tends towards militarism, but the truth is that the movement will probably be the greatest factor in obviating the danger of militarism. We have not reached the stage where our country can abandon military protection. Each country needs to be ready to meet danger, and so must have a large standing army or have men ready to call on. We don't advocate jingoism, but if, unfortunately, danger should arise, the country might be glad of the aid that the older boy scouts could give. With a few weeks training the boys would be available as defenders. The Boy Scout movement helps to furnish material readily available for our volunteer forces, and may thus also help to prevent the necessity of our maintaining a large, standing army.



Getting a line of training that Canada hopes they'll never need



Winter Pastimes that Mean Glowing Cheeks



Canada's cavalry is nearly all volunteer but nevertheless satisfactory



Latest style of field gun (18-pounder) in action



Queen's Own and 48th Highlanders, Toronto, on Field Day work

## Canadian Militia in Summer



Last winter, the active artillery tried their quality in war conditions



They had an experience of bivouacking in the snow



And the men rather enjoyed the mid-winter experience

## Canadian Militia in Winter



Joys that make Children in the Hospital forget their Troubles.



Santa Claus makes a point of not forgetting the Poorest Homes.

The Greatest Morning of the Year.



King of the Broad Prairie

The life that calls to men who chafe and fret at the fetters of city life.



Happy Childhood -- Near to Nature's Heart

## DELHI: THE DURBAR CITY

HORACE WYNDHAM

AT Christmas time the city of Delhi will be a centre of world-wide interest, for there on the 12th of December will take place the Durbar at which King George is to be proclaimed Emperor of India. This Durbar (a Persian word signifying ceremonial function) is of special importance, as it is the first one that a Sovereign of England has attended. Like his father, King George has already visited India, but only as a Prince, not as a Monarch.

The city of Delhi, the ancient capital of the Mogul Emperors, has a sort of prescriptive right to be the locale of the forthcoming Durbar. It was there that Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India by Lord Lytton in 1877; and it was there that Lord Curzon accepted the homage of the ruling Princes on behalf of King Edward on January 1, 1903. Apart from these historic precedents, however, Delhi is the only town in India possessing a tract of ground where any considerable concourse can be assembled. The Durbar that Lord Hardinge, the Viceroy, is organizing, will be held on "the Ridge." This is a huge turf-covered plain, just beyond the walls. The civil and military authorities have acquired the whole tract, extending for more than twenty-five miles, and have built on it a series of camps for the accommodation of the multitudes which will flock to the ceremony. In all, there are to be some 400 of these camps, averaging a population 500 apiece. For the time being everybody will live in tents. The scale of charges for accommodation has been fixed by the Government, and varies from forty dollars to ten dollars per head per diem. As added to this will be the cost of a return ticket to India, and railway fares from Bombay or Calcutta, a visit to the Durbar will run into a lot of money. Yet every outward-bound steamer is already full up.

While Calcutta has been described as the "City of Stinks and Statues," Delhi rejoices in the more complimentary description of the "City of Mosques and Palaces." The description of the "City of Mosques and Palaces." The description is well deserved, for it is better furnished with such buildings than any town in the whole of India. Chief among its architectural glories are the beautiful "Pearl Mosque," glistening with white marble domes and slender minarets, and the ancient palace of Shah Jehan. The principal thoroughfare is the Chandni Chank, a broad, smooth street, instinct with colour and life, where orientalism jostles occidentalism at every turn. Up-to-date motor cars, electric trams, and bicycles, together with lumbering bullock-waggons, elephants, and camels are all encountered there. Most of the shops (or "dookans" in Hindustani) are occupied by native jewellers and embroiderers.

The Delhi of to-day stands on the site of many other Delhis, and there is no period in the history of India when a city of the same name did not exist, and in approximately the same place. It was the capital of a mighty empire when the inhabitants of England were walking about in a costume of blue paint and a string of beads, for this "rose red city half as old as Time," was a populous bustling town fifteen centuries prior to the dawn of the Christian era. The British occupation was effected in 1803, and ever since then (with a brief interval of four months during the dark days of the Mutiny) the English flag has floated over its walls. The modern town is of considerable commercial importance, and has a population exceeding 220,000.

With regard to picturesqueness of aspect, Delhi is favoured beyond all cities in India. Round three sides runs a lofty wall of red granite,

above which a number of cupolas, downs and minarets are sharply silhouetted against the sky. At intervals the circuit of the wall is pierced by massive gates; and it is through one of these that King George will make his State entry on December 7. This is the "Shadi Dawaza," an historic gateway reserved exclusively for the passage of the Mogul Emperors. According to the official programme the Royal party will be met at the Fort by the Viceroy and the members of Lord Hardinge's Council. The Fort is a city within a city, and until the Sepoy Revolt, was the residence of the Kings of Delhi. It is a magnificent specimen of Moslem architecture that cost the labour of thousands of workmen for twenty years, and an incredible sum of money. The reception is to take place in the "Hall of Audience," a beautifully designed apartment bearing on its gilded and lacquered walls the proud inscription, "If on earth there be a paradise, it is this!" From the steps of the gorgeous "Peacock Throne" the native chiefs of India will offer His Majesty the homage of two hundred millions of his Eastern subjects.

The actual Durbar itself is scheduled for five days later, on December 12. This is to be an open air festivity, and will be carried out on "the Ridge." Sitting in a specially erected pavilion, King George, accompanied by Queen Mary, and supported by the Viceroy, the chief military and civil officers, and the native princes, will, through a herald, be proclaimed Emperor of India. The Royal Standard will then be hoisted and the massed bands play the National Anthem, the proceedings terminating with the firing of a "feu de joie" by the troops, and the presentation to His Majesty of the ruling chiefs. Other ceremonies connected with the Durbar, and to be spread over a week, are to consist of a military review, an investiture of honours and decorations, and a series of banquets.

### New Bishop for B. C.

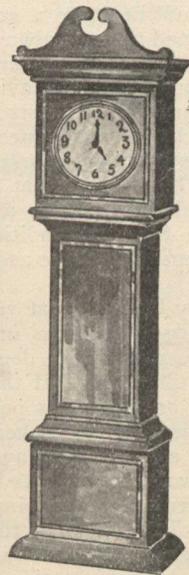
REV. JOHN C. ROPER, of New York, was elected Bishop of Columbia in succession to Bishop Perrin. The session of the Synod, which was held in Victoria, B.C., the second last week in November, was very protracted. Nine ballots were taken before any of the candidates secured a majority of the clerical and lay delegates. Rt. Rev. W. W. Perrin, the former Bishop, was appointed some months ago to the Suffragan Bishopric of Willemsden, in the See of London.

Rev. John C. Roper, M.A., D.D., graduated as B.A. from Keble College, Oxford, in 1881, and afterwards M.A. from Brasenose College, Oxford, and received the degree of D.D. from the General Theological Seminary, New York city, in 1898. He was ordained to the ministry in England in 1882 by the Bishop of Chichester, and occupied a curacy in Sussex from 1882 to 1883. He then became theological lecturer at Brasenose College, Oxford, from 1883 to 1885. In 1885 Rev. Prof. Roper came to Toronto, and was professor of divinity in Trinity College from 1885 to 1888. From 1888 to 1897 he was rector of St. Thomas' Church in this city. In the latter year he went to New York, and ever since has been professor of theology in the General Theological Seminary.

### Song of the Reckless.

Chase the people off the street;  
How they jump and run!  
Any other job is not  
Up to this for fun.  
Fast and faster set the pace.  
Frighten everyone.  
Ev'ry time you hit a man,  
Urge the car to spurt:  
Rush away, not both'ring to  
See how much he's hurt.

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No. 10

A Grandfather Clock in miniature made of solid mahogany, with lines of inlay. Height, 14 in., width, 4½ in., fitted with a good spring movement.

Price \$6.00

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It is high time to make selection of the presents you intend giving. Our catalogues Nos. 5 H. and 6 H. will be of great assistance.

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# MONEY AND MAGNATES

## Good Cheer Among Financial Interests.

ON the whole there will be a fair amount of good cheer among Canadian financial interests this Christmastide. On paper, at least, the great majority of them are a good deal richer now than they were at this time a year ago, and there is always considerable difference of opinion whether one does not take a good deal more contentment out of feeling rich than being rich. The reason for their having a greater percentage of wealth is that a majority of Canadian interests are holders of some securities or other, and in the main stocks have advanced to a considerable extent during the past year. One has only to glance over either the Montreal or Toronto Stock Exchange list, and he will see that many of the standard issues have advanced thirty, forty, and fifty points, and many other specialties have made considerable gains. Such a condition has naturally resulted in good business for brokers generally, because as a rule stocks do not advance without a good deal of activity.

It has certainly been a great year for the banks. Many of the larger ones will show the largest earnings in their history, because right throughout the year there has been an active demand for money, both in the form of current and call loans. The fact that the majority of the banks had, at times, considerable money on hand was perhaps the main factor in the active trading markets of the year. The brokers, without being able to get a lot of money from the banks, could never have been able to carry out their plans in connection with upward movements in different stocks.

Then, again, from a general industrial standpoint, the year has been a good one in Canada. True, some of the largest industries, like the steel companies, have been adversely affected by the conditions which have existed in the United States. As against this hundreds of smaller industries have had a great year. At times, payments were not quite as good as the manufacturers might have desired, still they have on the whole done a very large business. Public utility companies in the various cities have perhaps made the biggest gains of almost any one line of corporations, mainly because city life has been developing at a tremendous pace. Cities are growing so rapidly that the companies owning street railway, light and power franchises have been making so much money that it is difficult for them at times to know just what to do with it.

Altogether, there is room for contentment and thanksgiving. Of course, it could not be expected that we could go ahead at the rate at which we were going for the last year without some things developing which have been of anything but a satisfactory character, like Asbestos and Cereal, but then so far the percentage of these things has been small.

\* \* \*

## New General Manager for Bank of Montreal.

AFTER a good many years at the helm of affairs in the Bank of Montreal, Sir Edward Clouston has evidently decided to retire from the active management, but will, of course, retain his office of Vice-President. For a great many years past Mr. H. Vincent Meredith has been very closely associated with Sir Edward in the active management of affairs, and he will step into the position of general manager. With the system that is followed nowadays, these changes are effected without in any way changing the regimen of our big institutions, because it generally happens that the men who occupy the larger positions are also members of the board of directors and after they retire from the active management they will remain on the board.

Sir Edward Clouston's term as general manager of the Bank has been one during which he has had to make a strong uphill fight to get the bank in the financial condition in which he wanted to have it. When he took hold, it was a recognized fact that the Bank had paid too high dividends in the earlier days and had neglected increasing its reserve as fast as it should have. Sir Edward had the unpleasant task of having to go ahead and try to keep the shareholders satisfied with the dividends they had been receiving for a great many years. This was all the more difficult because younger banks were coming along and paying bigger dividends than even the leading bank of the country. The reason why Sir Edward would not stand for bigger dividends was that he needed all his surplus profits to try and bring the reserve fund up to the same level as the paid-up capital. He remained in charge until such time as he was able to bring about such a result. This came about a little faster than was expected a year or so ago, because during the past year the Bank has arranged for an additional issue of capital, and the big premium it is receiving on the stock will add more than a million dollars to the reserve.

\* \* \*

## Another Group Springing Into Activity.

AS recent as a couple of years ago if anything like a ten or twenty million dollars deal was pulled off in Montreal it would have been thought that in some way what is commonly called the "old Bank of Montreal crowd" would have had something to do with it. The recent shipment of over \$10,000,000 gold to Montreal in connection with the reorganization of the Montreal Street Railway, which represented only about half of the actual financing which had to be done, revealed the fact that it was another group altogether that had carried through the transaction and that the entire \$10,000,000 had been shipped on behalf of the new interests to the Merchants' Bank of Canada, who had charge of the exchange of securities for the Montreal Street Railway shareholders.

The new group is what has come to be known, more especially, as the Canadian Light and Power group; and as they were primarily identified with propositions in direct opposition to those which the so-called Bank of Montreal crowd were identified with, they naturally had to look elsewhere for any financial assistance which they may have required. Then, again, Montreal has been growing at a very rapid pace, from a financial standpoint, during the past few years, and where there was one circle back a year or so ago, there are now four or five, all of them able to carry off pretty big things.

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for your family, at this season of the year, none is more suitable than a policy in the

# Mutual Life of Canada

It will stand as an evidence of your love and foresight for those dear to you when other more transient gifts shall have been forgotten!

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Assets, all safely invested, exceeding . 18,000,000  
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of choice farm land, soil a rich clay loam, all open prairie

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Would be most desirable land to settle on or its purchase would be a splendid investment.

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Subscription List opened on Tuesday, December 5th, and will close on or before 3 p.m. on Tuesday, December 12th.

WE OFFER ON BEHALF OF THE OWNERS AT PAR  
15,000 7% Cumulative Preference Shares of \$10 each  
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**SUBSCRIPTIONS.**

The Trusts & Guarantee Company of Toronto and the Mercantile Trust Company of Hamilton will receive subscriptions for the above offering. Payments to be made as follows:

\$1.00 per share on application.	\$3.00 per share on Jan. 15, 1912.
\$3.00 per share on allotment.	\$3.00 per share on Mar. 15, 1912.

Or payment may be made in full, and interest at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum from time of such payment will be allowed up to March 15, 1912.

The following information is supplied by Mr. Gerard Muntz, the Managing Director:

**COMPANY IN STRONG POSITION.**

The Schacht Motor Car Company of Canada, Limited, was incorporated for the purpose of manufacturing and selling in Canada, Newfoundland, and the United Kingdom, the pleasure and commercial cars and trucks of the design and under the patent rights of the well-known Schacht Motor Car Company of Cincinnati.

An operating agreement between the parent Company and the new Canadian Company provides that the latter shall enjoy all the patents and receive the benefits of all experimental work, both now and in the future, of the Cincinnati Company. The latter company also agrees to supply the Canadian Company with any parts or accessories now or in the future manufactured by it, at prices satisfactory to the Company. The material advantages enjoyed by the Canadian Company by reason of this association are the most valuable enjoyed by any Canadian Company.

**COMPANY HAS ADVANTAGE OF LONG EXPERIENCE.**

The Schacht Motor Car Company of Cincinnati, with which the Canadian Company is closely associated, is an example of sound and successful management. The shareholders have been paid regular annual cash dividends of 6 per cent. and, in addition, have received stock dividends of 200 per cent. during the past ten years.

The Company has established a substantial reputation for the reliability of its output. The Company makes a specialty of large trucks and commercial cars, while the merits of its pleasure cars have been demonstrated by a splendid series of records throughout the United States.

The interests who have helped to make the American Company permanently successful will be actively identified with the new Company, while Mr. Fred A. Charf, who for the past seven years has been superintendent of the Company's plants at Cincinnati, will occupy the position of superintendent of the new Canadian Company. Copies of the Prospectus and application forms will be furnished on request.

In view of the above we feel that we can recommend to our clients the purchase of these shares which, in addition to providing an excellent investment of combined safety and high earning power, have the further attraction of a bonus of 20 per cent. of the common stock, which provides the preferred shareholder with a ready means for participation in the surplus profit of the Company over 7 per cent.

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(Pronounced "Easy")

"EZE" (pronounced easy) Suspenders are so stylishly finished, and the quality is honest through and through. Better still, they have the famous "EZE" double back.

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Dressy colors; smart designs; sizes for all men, big or little.

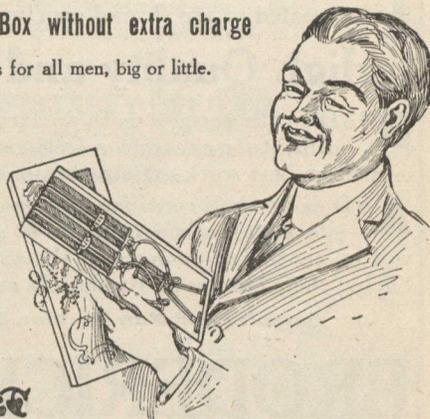
A pair of "EZE," in fancy box ..... 50c

A pair of "EZE," with armbands and garters, in fancy box ..... \$1.00

If your dealer hasn't them, write us. Postpaid anywhere upon receipt of price.

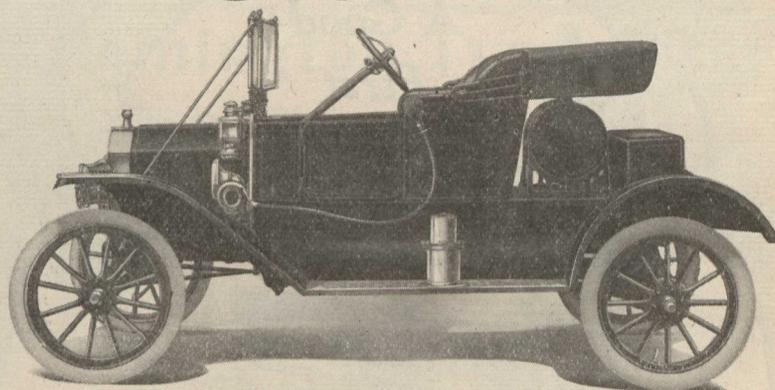
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Ford Model T Torpedo Runabout

This sounds like an extravagant statement, but is it? Judge for yourself. Check over in your mind these exclusive Ford features:

Extreme simplicity in design; Vanadium steel (scientifically heat treated) construction; Magneto built into the motor. Ford planetary speed transmission. Ford spring suspension; Ford rear axle; quick accessibility to mechanism; 25 to 30 miles per gallon of gasoline; 8,000 to 10,000 miles on one set of tires.

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Completely equipped f. o. b. Walkerville, 4-cylinders. 2 Passengers completely equipped as follows: Extension top; Speedometer; Automatic Brass Windshield; two 6-inch Gas Lamps; Generator; three Oil Lamps; Horn and Tools; Ford Magneto built into the Motor.

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Ford Model T Touring Car, 5-passengers, completely equipped \$850 f. o. b. Walkerville.

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Ford Model T Delivery Car, capacity 750 pounds merchandise, completely equipped, f. o. b. Walkerville, \$875.

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# MUSIC NOTES

THIS Christmas season marks a long step ahead in Canadian music. Just the other day a group of Toronto musical men were discussing a new musical project recently launched in this country with headquarters in the United States, Canadian headquarters in Winnipeg, and the Ontario chapter in Toronto.

"If I had taken the offer to be head of the Ontario branch—I could have cashed a couple of hundred thousand dollars," said one.

"On So-and-so," mentioning the name of the Ontario manager, "will look down on all of us yet—financially."

But of course mere money has nothing to do with music. The thousands of Canadian choristers who are now rehearsing for Christmas services and concerts after Christmas are not primarily concerned with box-office receipts. If they were—there would be no box-office receipts.

\* \* \*

along with the Berlioz "Te Deum" and a large number of unaccompanied works.

The National Chorus, under Dr. Albert Ham, will do a number of particularly good unaccompanied works and will be assisted by the great lyric tenor, Alessandro Bonci. This Society's concert will be in January.

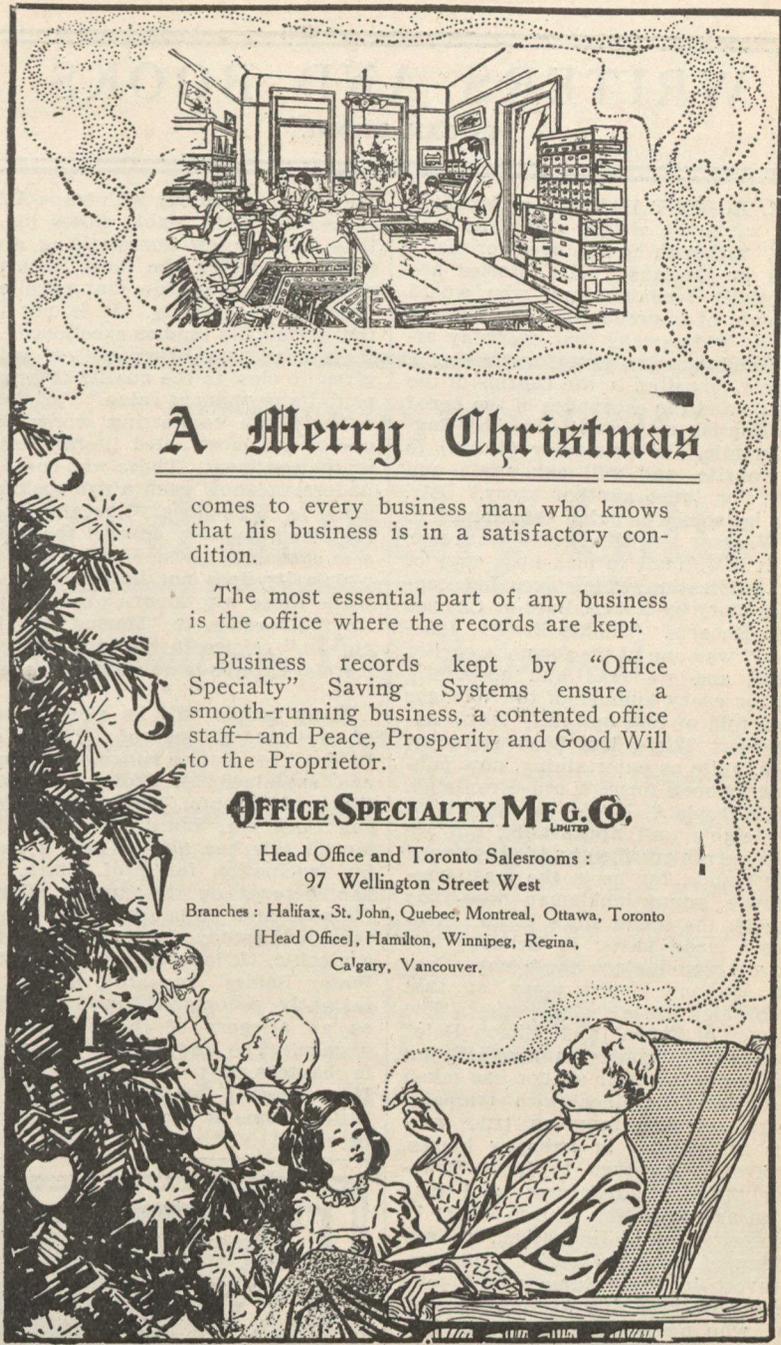
Later in the season comes the Schubert Choir, with Kubelik, violinist, as one of the assisting talent. This society is steadily advancing in the character of solo talent imported.

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra have already given four of their biggest series of regular concerts, in addition to playing for the Schubert Choir, a number of popular repertoire concerts, along with some of out-of-town engagements. This society is on the steady road of advancement so often noted in the columns of the CANADIAN COURIER.

\* \* \*

THE Mendelssohn Choir is midway upon its biggest of all seasons, with five concerts to give in Toronto, one in Buffalo, two in Carnegie Hall, New York, and one in Boston. The chief piece will be Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem," given so remarkably last year. This will be done both in Toronto and New York—with the Theodore Thomas orchestra. Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova," almost ultra-modern, will be the other large work,

NOR would any review of the past few months on Canadian music be anything like an adequate story, omitting the Hambourg Conservatory established in September of this year and now a very busy institution. Prof. Michael Hambourg is at the head of the Conservatory, associated with his two eminent sons, Jan Hambourg, teaching violin, and Boris, in charge of the cello and part of the ensemble work.



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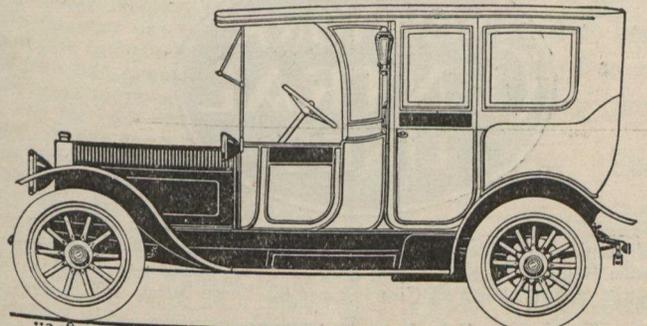
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## WRITERS AND BOOKS

By CANADIENNE

MR. ROBERT BARR is a Canadian whom we always regard as "one of us," although he has lived for many years in England. His stories are essentially readable—and who would complain of improbability when one is kept so wide-awake that everyday affairs and worries are, for the hour, entirely forgotten in the charms of the heroine and the escapades of the hero? The English magazines, like the English public, are extremely faithful to a favourite, and will ask again and again for "just another story." Mr. Barr became a popular contributor to the Windsor Magazine some years ago, and it is difficult to pick up a copy of that publication which does not contain a story by Robert Barr or Charles G. D. Roberts. "Jennie Baxter, Journalist," was one of the former's earlier novels, and we read and cheerfully paid for every number of the Windsor which told of that sprightly lady's adventures. There has been a recent series, quite as entertaining, now published in book form, "Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist." This is not Lord Stranleigh's first appearance, but we are sincerely gratified by his continued performance, for he is the most irrepressible young nobleman who has come on the scene since Rudolf Rassendyll made havoc in Zenda. Not that we would place these narratives with Anthony Hope's story of that memorable little kingdom! "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Simon Dale" were such romances as we shall not read again, for their author has taken to tiresome heroines with temperaments, and has forsaken true warriors for studies in unhappy homes. However, we return to Lord Stranleigh and his adventures, and may advise any Canadian who is weary of reciprocity and bilingualism, to say nothing of our immigration problems, to invest in the volume which tells of the career of this fortunate young man, who made more money in less time than it takes Arnold Bennett to write a novel, and who did an amount of good with it which would gladden the heart of Charles Dickens and set the Christmas Spirit dancing with glee. It is a good antidote to Robert Chambers, David Graham Phillips, and the other best sellers, who neither cheer nor alleviate.

THERE are many women in Canada who can write readable and pleasing verse. There are three, at least, who write poetry—and Virna Sheard is one of the three. Mrs. Sheard is one of those happy writers who "wait for the mood," and her poetry has always the rare quality of spontaneous expression. There are few Canadians who have not lines by Virna Sheard pasted in a scrap book, and among these lines none are more musical and appropriate than those written on the death of Irving.

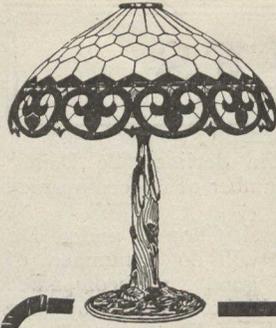
Mrs. Sheard has also written many short stories and several novels. Her readers will be interested to know that a new book by this lady of versatile talent will soon be published by Cassell and Company. It is a novel, entitled "The Man of Lonely Lake."

SPEAKING of "best sellers" reminds us of a good article by Mrs. Hamilton Wright Mabie, in the November Ladies' Home Journal on the subject: "Are the Best Sellers Worth Reading?" The writer gives a list of thirty-six recent best sellers, and declares regarding it: "The good, the bad, and the indifferent grow together in this list like the tares and the wheat in the parable. There are half a dozen real novels of which more than one, it may be suspected, will be selected later as additions to the library of American fiction." After all, six out of thirty-six is a rather encouraging estimate. But why should Mr. Mabie say "additions to the library of American fiction," when, at least, ten of the novels are by English writers, and

are concerned chiefly with trans-Atlantic scenes? Mr. Mabie closes his article with a few summarizing statements, of which the most important are: "It is not true that excellence precludes popularity. It is not true that popularity implies excellence. . . . It is true that being a 'best seller' gives no clew to the quality of a novel or to its permanent value."

These are comforting words from one of the most noted literary critics on the continent. Those who could not understand how such a symposium of slush as "The Rosary" became one of the most popular books of the season are consoled by the reflection that popularity does not imply excellence, while those who mourn over the public indifference to "Marius, the Epicurean," rejoice in the fact that commercial success is no clew to quality.

Many people will be glad to know of a new edition of "The Water Babies," by Charles Kingsley, arranged and explained by Professor William Clark, of Toronto (Toronto: The Mursion Book Co., Ltd.). Kingsley's immortal tale has always held a singular fascination for Prof. Clark, who has lectured on the subject all over Canada, and probably given it more thoughtful study than any other literary critic. It is forty years since "The Water Babies" appeared, and it was instantly recognized by Prof. Clark as an allegory of the spiritual life of men. The new edition is arranged in chapters, the titles of which present Prof. Clark's interpretation, and the little volume is charmingly illustrated in color.



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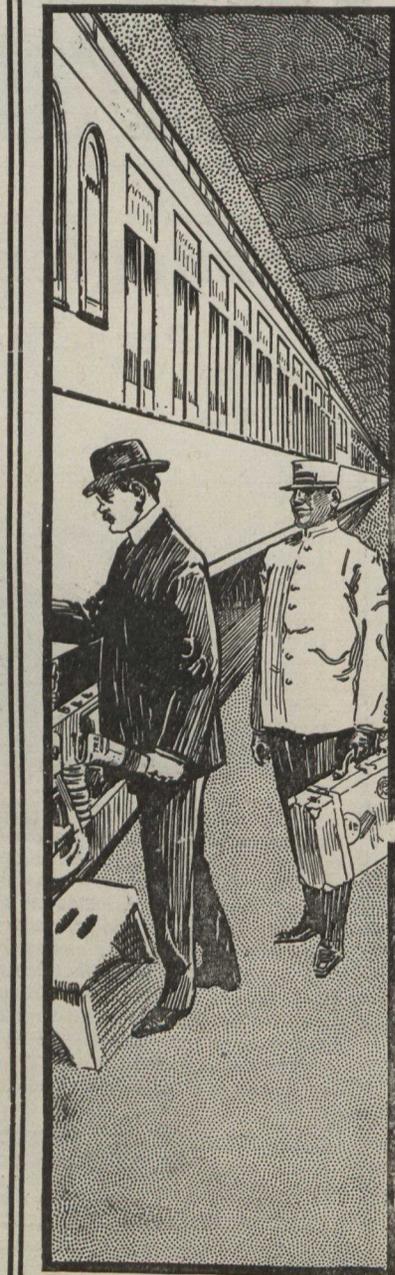
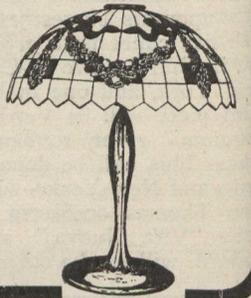
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**Runners of the Air**

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

CHAPTER VII.

MEANWHILE, all through the winter, their friendship with the American, Wesley Carver, had been growing. Him they had found in the Antoinette factory, in workman's blouse, busy and glad. To the astonishment of Monsieur Levavasseur, the manager of the company and inventor of the machine, Carver insisted on working regular hours and receiving regular wages, even though he was at work on the very machine which he had himself ordered at a handsome price.

Being so occupied, they saw little of him in the daytime, but they gradually dropped into the way of looking him up in the evenings and of sometimes running over to Rheims with him for dinner.

It was not long before Andrews signified to Plamenac his hearty agreement and thereafter, in the most natural way in the world, Serbia and her affairs would continually crop up in the conversation. Like so many Americans, even of the most exclusively business class, Carver was full of the sentiment of romantic adventure, and they found him already hot against Austria for her cynical bullying of the little inland kingdom. He was also inclined to rag Andrews rather mercilessly, on the score that England, Russia and France having submitted so meekly to Austria's affront and countenanced the shameless rape of Bosnia-Hertzegovina.

One evening, as they sat discussing these subjects, Carver jokingly arranged how this end and that might be accomplished.

"The princes of Montenegro should be kings of Serbia," interposed Count Sergius.

"Why, of course," agreed the American. "What you say goes, in this affair. So Andrews and I will attend to it at once. But, meanwhile, let's have another drink. You fellows look as if you were already attending the funeral of those Karageorgevichs."

To his surprise, the Englishman leaned toward him across the table, and Count Sergius turned upon him eyes that went suddenly ablaze with exaltation.

"I take you at your word, my friend," said Andrews solemnly. "We will attend to it!"

The American wrinkled his brows and glanced from one to the other.

"You fellows beat me!" he muttered in whimsical bewilderment. But he felt that something big was in the air and his luminous eyes grew eager as a boy's.

"Old man, what you have planned for Serbia is a joke," said Plamenac in a low voice, "that we have set ourselves to do. Power, enormous power, has been miraculously put within our reach. We have but to stretch out our hands to grasp it. We have needed another man, a strong man, a straight man—above all, the right man."

"When I met you at Juvisy, I felt that you were the man. Andrews feels about it as I do. We want you with us in this great adventure. I'm sure I don't have to assure you that it's clean. And vaster destinies than those of my little country are bound up in it. We want you to come and help us."

Carver's face had grown very grave during this amazing speech.

"Thank you for your confidence," he said simply. "I can see what it means for you to have spoken so freely to me. It looks mighty tempting to me—any sort of an adventure would look tempting to me, if it meant going into it with you fellows. But I can't run my motor in the dark without headlights. Before I say yes or no, I must know just what we're going to be up against. Then if my business—I'm not altogether free, you know—if my business won't let me go in with you, it will be just as if you hadn't told me."

"Of course," replied Count Sergius.

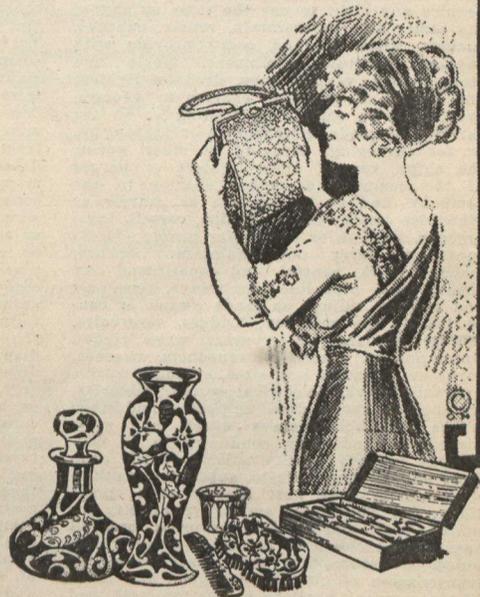


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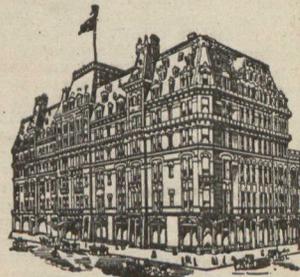
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"you have to know all about it before you can decide."

"But you're decided already," broke in Andrews. "I know you, Wesley Carver, and you can't keep out of it, at any cost. I couldn't. Why, man, it's what you came over for!"

"Have a cigar. You'll find them all right," said Carver coolly, holding out his case.

Then Count Sergius began. First he sketched, briefly but glowingly, the story of Servia, her splendours, her disasters, her imperishable dreams, the perils now surrounding her. Then, the tradition of the Black Stone. Then, the treasure and their daring schemes for getting it safely into Servia; how it might, thereafter, be turned into a lever for prying Austria out of Bosnia, heaving a mountain against her southward march and throwing the scattered Servian people together into one great nation.

As he talked, the American's great gray eyes began to flame with dancing lights. At the end of the story he stretched himself, drew a prodigious breath and relighted his cigar.

"I reckon," he remarked at last, "my Antoinette factory in Toronto will have to wait a while. There are things going on over here that seem too good to miss."

SOME three weeks after this decisive conversation, the three new aeroplanes, after having responded satisfactorily to the most searching tests that Andrews and Count Sergius could put them to, were taken apart and boxed ready for shipment. The Voisin was consigned directly to Count Sergius himself at M'latza, by way of Vienna and Belgrade.

"This will give the Austrian spies something to find out," said the Count. "They'll watch that Voisin to its destination and perhaps I'll amuse them with it by-and-by, when we think they ought to have their attention occupied."

"We might let it leak out that there's some grand smuggling scheme afoot and they'll keep their eyes on that Voisin till they hypnotize themselves," laughed the Englishman.

As for Plamenac's Antoinette and the Englishman's Farman, it was decided that they should go by different routes. The Antoinette was to go by way of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, across Italy to Venice, and thence by water to the Montenegrin port of Dulcigno, where it was consigned to one Allesandro Mosso, bicycle agent—and also incidentally, agent and ally of Gregory Nicolalevich and the free bands.

Gregory would be on hand at Dulcigno and would see to getting the unwieldy freight safely through the mountains up to Niksich—which secluded Montenegrin town had been chosen as base of operations.

For the Farman machine a rather more elaborate programme was arranged. Andrews decided that it should go by water from Marseilles, all the way around through the Dardanelles to Kustendji on the Black Sea, the chief port of Roumania. It was consigned to himself at Bucharest, where a certain potent "pull" he had with the Government would enable him to avoid undue curiosity on the part of the Roumanian customs.

From Bucharest he would himself superintend the long and troublesome transport of the aeroplane up the Danube to the Servian frontier, and thence across to the safe seclusion of Niksich. It was more or less intricate and troublesome, but seemed to appeal to the Englishman's imagination more than any other route.

THEY were on the eve of getting away, Andrews for Bucharest, Plamenac and the American for Slavonia, where they would look over the lay of the land, when a letter came from Madame de L'Orme, dated from Vienna. It was addressed, as usual, to Count Sergius; but, in accordance with that impartial camaraderie which Madame had so tactfully established, it was manifestly intended for both men.

It announced her purpose of coming at once to Paris and beginning her lessons without further delay. The

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Owing to the enormous demand which we have had for our suits, corset covers, and coats, we have been unable to get the above goods fast enough to fill our orders. We have, therefore, been compelled to stop the advertisements, as we do not like to keep our customers waiting any longer than is necessary. We therefore wish to notify the public that all orders will be filled according to dates, as we have made arrangements with several factories to buy their entire output. We wish to assure our patrons that they will always get square treatment when dealing with us.

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49 Colborne St. : TORONTO, ONT.

### TENDERS



MILITIA.

Tenders for Purchase of Scrap Metal at Dominion Arsenal, Quebec.

SEALED TENDERS for the purchase of a quantity of scrap metal at the Dominion Arsenal, Quebec, will be received up to noon of Thursday, the 14th day of December, 1911.

The quantities are approximately as follows:

	lbs.
Lead dross	5,337
Cupro-nickel skimmings	18,795
Cupro-nickel, Cuttings and Webbing	136,860
Brass	7,302
Brass Skimmings	58,861
Brass Foundry Ashes	50,000
Copper	1,446
Sweepings, shop, brass	497
Cupro-nickel Ingot	89,453
Brass fired '303 in. and 1 ft.' Cases	154,620
Steel Tool	10,125
Steel, Mild	29,626
Steel, mild, turnings	57,100
Gunmetal	9,520
Lion hoop 1— $\frac{3}{4}$ in. x No. 17 B. and S.W.G.	12,854
Iron hoop 1— $\frac{3}{4}$ in. x No. 15 B. and S.W.G.	1,800
Tinned plates	12,720

The prices should be for delivery f.o.b. cars Quebec.

The envelopes containing tenders should be marked "Tender for Scrap, Dominion Arsenal," and addressed to the Honourable the Minister of Militia and Defence, Ottawa.

Tenders should be accompanied by a certified cheque upon a Canadian chartered bank payable to the Minister of Militia and Defence for 5 per cent. of the tender.

All metals are loose except cupro-nickel skimmings, shop sweepings and hoop iron which are packed in barrels; and the whole will be delivered f.o.b. Quebec.

Small samples and any additional information required may be obtained from the Superintendent Dominion Arsenal, Quebec.

The Minister does not bind himself to accept the highest or any tender.

Tenders for the whole or any separate item in the above list will be considered.

EUG. FISET,  
Colonel.

Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence, Ottawa, November 23, 1911.

(H.Q. 72—11—2.)

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

Count, with a troubled look on his dark face, handed the letter over to Andrews.

"Oh, but we must head her off, instantly!" exclaimed Andrews, who now was growing day by day more impatient. "If she comes to Paris, she'll come down here. And if she comes down here, she'll find out that we've been getting three machines and packing them all off in different directions. And if a lady's husband is mixed up with the Austrian Secret Service, it's just as well that a lady should not know too much."

"He might get things out of her without her suspecting that it was going to do us any harm," agreed Count Sergius. "What had we better do?"

Such indecision was so unlike his prompt and positive friend that Andrews laughed outright.

"Do? Why, wire her at once, tonight, that we'll meet her day after to-morrow in Vienna. That will fix things for the moment. She'll wait. Then, old chap, you can deal with the situation more exhaustively when you see her."

"Yes, we will tell her we've got a Voisin at M'latza, and will give her lessons down there," said the Count.

But in this hope they were to be disappointed. Madame de L'Orme, for reasons that did not seem to them very clear, was unable to await them in Vienna, and for some weeks they heard no more of her.

CHAPTER VIII.

TSCHERNAGORA.

SPRING comes late to the Balkans for a land of the same favoured latitude as Rome and Barcelona. But it had come and established its kingdom before Andrews arrived with his charge at the camp on a tributary of the Drina, where Count Sergius, Carver and Gregory Nicolaievich had been awaiting him for more than three weeks.

The outlaw—he was no outlaw in Montenegro, but a highly honoured citizen—was one of those rare men who could induce his valorous but most industrious compatriots to work. He had accomplished marvels by letting his workmen suspect that there was a military purpose behind their toil—which toil forthwith became worthy in their proud eyes.

In accordance with the plans and minute directions forwarded to him by Count Sergius from France, he had got two spacious hangars ready to receive the machines, as well as a rough but sufficing workshop to accommodate the tools, materials and spare parts which the American had brought with him. The site Gregory had chosen for the camp was a good twenty miles from Niksich, near a hamlet buried in the mountains.

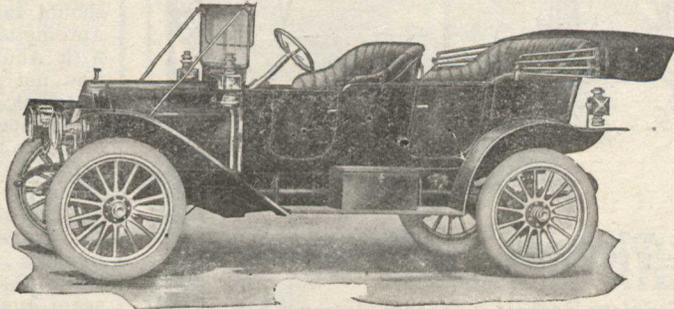
While waiting for Andrews to arrive, there was infinite occupation for Count Sergius and Carver. First, the outlaw had to be made free of the air. From his first sight of the white-winged monoplane soaring up and down the valley and butting into the squalls like a sea-eagle, he was a slave to the game. For a few days he was like one possessed, and could neither sleep nor eat till he had flown. It did not content him in the least to be carried aloft by the Count or by Carver. He must do it himself. Very cautiously and gradually they taught him. He proved an apt pupil, but quite too recklessly daring. And as soon as he had learned, they would let him fly no more.

"We must not risk this precious machine in your wild hands, my Gregory," decreed Plamenac. "We must think of but one thing, till that one thing shall be accomplished. Then—why you shall have this very machine, all to yourself, and may soar up to play with the eagles of the Tschernagora\* to your heart's content.

At Vienna Count Sergius had collected a series of large-scale topographical maps, which covered not only the whole of Southern Hungary, Slavonia and Bosnia, but Servia and Montenegro and the Sanjak of Novi Bazar as well. It was evident that

\*Montenegro.

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**"Quality---quality---always quality. You men talk quality as if your life depended on it," said a man recently.**

**What else but quality has made the Russell car!**

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**What else has met competition!**

**What else has doubled the business of the Russell Motor Car Company and made it an example of success in the business world!**

**QUALITY** is the thing that makes machines as it makes men---makes them fit for the work they are cut out to do---gives them staying power---gives them dependability---gives them **VALUE**.

**QUALITY** in the Russell Motor Car means many interesting things. It means good designing to begin with, not simply for looks, but for resistance to strain---it means machining to one ten-thousandth part of an inch and the nicest adjusting. It means an Inspection Room in which every part of a Russell Car has to pass people who are *paid to discover defects*. It is expensive---this method---but look at the results.

Visit our nearest branch or agency and receive a free demonstration. You will be given an intelligent idea of its quality without being placed under obligation.

Our attractive catalog sent upon request. Models from \$2,350 to \$5,000 equipped.

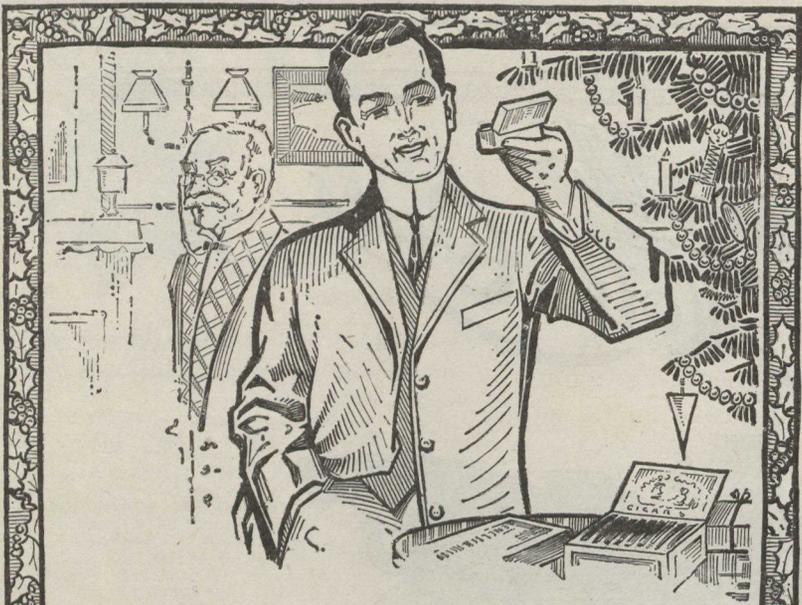
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Under the Mistletoe

**GANONG'S**  
THE FINEST **G.B.** IN THE LAND  
**CHOCOLATES**



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The GILLETTE Safety Razor is a gift that pleases much at first, and more every day. It is as handsome as a piece of jewelry—and even better than it looks. Daily, for a lifetime, it will transform shaving from an irksome task into a pleasant incident in the morning toilet.

When you give him a GILLETTE for Christmas you do much more than add to a man's daily comfort. Your pleasure lies in encouraging in him those sterling habits of self-reliance, self-respect and economy of time, of which the morning GILLETTE shave is a symbol.

Keenest, quickest, most convenient, and the only adjustable razor, the GILLETTE is a Christmas box worth giving—and worth getting.

See the GILLETTE assortment at your Hardware Dealer's, Druggist's or Jeweler's. Standard Sets \$5.00—Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.00—Combination Sets from \$6.50 up.

**The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited**  
Office and Factory, 63 St. Alexander St., Montreal.

Offices also at New York, Chicago, London, England and Shanghai, China.  
Factories in Montreal, Boston, Leicester, Berlin and Paris.



Austria took the liveliest interest in the topography of her Balkan neighbours.

At M'latza they spent a week, getting the Voisin machine unpacked and put together, though the meadow-lands around Plamenac's place were not yet fit for flying. Then they had to come to join Gregory at Nicksich by way of the Sanjak.

By the time Andrews arrived with his Farman, the valley fields and the lower slopes were blue-misted with incomparable violets; and though the brooks still ran swollen and icy from the melting of the mountain snows, the magic of high spring was over the land.

It was planned that Count Sergius should take Carver with him in the Antoinette, while Gregory should go with Andrews in the Farman. This was not altogether to the outlaw's taste, as the great biplane made no such appeal to his imagination as the bird-like monoplane.

But it was the inevitable division, for every reason. Andrews was by far the heaviest man of the four, his tall frame tipping the beam at one hundred and ninety-eight pounds; while the lean Montenegrin went a scant hundred and thirty. Carver and Plamenac, on the other hand, were men of from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty weight.

Again, Count Sergius and Gregory were the two who knew the country thoroughly and had eyes trained to the peculiarities of the landscape; so it was obviously well that their knowledge should be divided between the two aeroplanes. Lastly, the Englishman had much of that turn for mechanics, that instinct in the hands, that intuitive comprehension of machinery, which was so highly developed in Carver and so lacking to both Count Sergius and Gregory. And thus it was that fate decreed the division.

In the Antoinette Count Sergius had substituted a sturdy seventy-five horse-power Anzani motor for the fine, but frail, motor of Levavasseur's invention. It was the Farman machine that proved to be the triumphant weight-carrier.

A FEW days before the arrival of Andrews, however, something had happened to make Count Sergius uneasy. There came to the village a Jewish peddler, who displayed an immense amount of interest in aeroplanes. Of course, it was not surprising that he should be interested; and though his anxiety to penetrate the sacred enclosure which fenced the hangars was rather firmly repressed, no one had the least objection to his attending on the flights and gazing at them to his heart's content. When, however, he fell into the aim and intent of all this wonder work the villagers took alarm. Of course, they could not tell him, for they themselves did not know.

But they did know there was some righteous reason for their ignorance. And they felt it was not good for a stranger to be so inquisitive. They forthwith began to notice that, for a peddler, this stranger was singularly indifferent to the prosecution of his calling. So unnatural a Jew was a problem demanding solution, so they propounded him to Gregory and to Count Sergius.

The peddler's investigation of aeronautics was cut short. He was led, by the duly instructed villagers, for some distance on the road back to Nicksich and effectually advised against return.

It was a small matter, but it put Gregory sharply on his guard. He set pickets several miles beyond the village, who scrutinized every wayfarer, and within the next two weeks a phenomenal number of peddlers, strollers and unaccounted-for persons came that way. With ruthless disregard of the rights of the highway, they were inexorably turned back. But the circumstance of their coming was disquieting. Count Sergius became convinced that he was being spied upon, and grew eager to push matters to a conclusion before his invisible adversaries should have time to guess too much.

The four men now held conclave IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

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The tray cloth regularly sells for 25 cents, and one year's subscription to our embroidery Magazine would ordinarily cost you 25 cents, thus making a total cash value of 50 cents. The above Bargain Offer will be sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents and the names and addresses of five Lady friends. Send us your order to-day.

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# Cosgrave's Golden Gate BEER

Order it from your dealer. He has it in wood.

On draught at all hotels.

assiduously over the maps, and at last came to a decision as to the course.

The route finally selected, Gregory went north with a company of tried followers to see to the placing of petrol and food supplies at certain points along the way. It was a task for shrewd strategy, but with the resources at his command the wary guerilla-leader was not likely to fail in it.

In his absence, Andrews, Count Sergius and the American busied themselves with the drawing of special duplicate maps, on a large scale, for use during the flight.

Two days after Gregory's departure there came a letter to Count Sergius from Madame de L'Orme. It was addressed to M'latza and had been forwarded promptly by the Count's overseer, because it was marked "Immediate," and also "Urgent." It announced Madame's return to Belgrade with a Santos flying-machine and begged the fulfillment of certain unfulfilled promises. She was anxious to come at once to M'latza, with her maid and her new toy; moreover, she felt confident that she was ready to do credit to her kind instructors—she put it in the plural, she said, because she expected to find Captain Andrews at M'latza, having heard of his recent visit to Bucharest and his departure for Servia. This was the gist of the letter itself; but there was also a postscript.

When he had read the letter aloud to Andrews, about half-way through, looked up with a smile of content and remarked, "We'll have to think of some nice way to postpone her trip for a week or ten days; but it will be pleasant, Bob, to have the little lady down at M'latza for a bit when we get back. We'll be feeling pretty slack when this is all over, and she'll be a Godsend."

Without waiting for his hearer's endorsement of this sentiment, which easily went without saying, he ran his eyes on hastily and in silence, to the end of the letter.

But when he came to the postscript he turned a little pale, sprang to his feet, read the scrawled lines over again and thrust the letter abruptly into the Englishman's hand. Recovering himself on the instant, he sat down again and asked in a quiet voice—"What do you think of that, Bob?"

This is the postscript:

"If you are not at M'latza, I hope this will be forwarded to you instantly. And if you are engaged in anything very important, please do not go on with it. You are being watched! You are in danger! Please do nothing until I see you!"

Andrews read the postscript in silence. Then he read the letter. Then he read the postscript again, turned the paper over in his fingers and stared with inward eyes at the blank back page.

"What do you make of it?" demanded Sergius.

"Just what you do, no doubt!" answered Andrews. "I'm no Sherlock Holmes. I think it's just as she says. We are being watched. And we are in danger. And she's got wind of it, through some confidence or indiscretion of that interesting husband of hers. She's a good pal, all right, so she has warned us. I can't see any deeper into a millstone than that. Can you?"

Plamenac's face had been very white and his mouth grim. An ancient suspicion had thrust itself upon him. But as Andrews,

"No!" said he. "That's the whole of it, no doubt, and she's doing her best for us in sending this word. Unless—"

Here he hesitated and bit his moustache.

"Unless what?" demanded Andrews.

"Unless nothing!" responded Sergius with sudden decision. "It was a fool notion, a rather darn fool notion, and I won't stultify myself by giving it breath. The question is, what to do. Go right ahead? Or see her first and find out what more she knows?"

"Not likely she knows anything more or she'd have told us all about it," said Andrews, who was foolishly persuaded that he understood women to some extent. "If Gregory were



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ALL SCOTCH  
WHISKY**

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back, I'd vote for action first and in-operating to-day?"

"Shouldn't wonder if you were right. Let me see. About where did we calculate that Gregory would be operating to-day?"

"It's one of those ingenious names that look like something else. It has slipped my mind, but you've got it in your note-book," answered Andrews. "Anyhow, he said he'd be at Mother Maria's to-morrow night, you know."

"Yes," said Count Sergius. "Well, now, I've got an idea. But I'd like to let it ripen for an hour or two before I expose it to your critical eye. Suppose you got hold of Carver and lay the situation before him. I'll go and take old Ivan for a flight. He's keen as mustard to go up and I've promised it to him. You know he's got an eye like a hawk. Then after lunch we three will hold a conference."

AT the meal, Count Sergius was dumb; but there was an excitement in his eyes which led Andrews and Carver to look for something interesting. When chairs were pushed back and Andrews had lighted his black briar and Carver had satisfied himself that his cigar was up to the mark, then the Count rolled himself a cigarette. But he forgot to light it. He used it as a pointer, to fix unsure objectives in the air.

"Here's my plan," he began without preliminary. "If you fellows don't like it, fall upon it. First, as to Madame de L'Orme. We'll send her a wire from Nixsich this afternoon, telling her simply that we will meet her in Belgrade next Friday or Saturday and take her down to M'latza. This is Tuesday."

"But will we?" queried Andrews. "We can but do our best," answered Plamenac. "Then—well, you see, there's no wind! The moon's full! To-night we'll start for Slovlch!"

The American blew a long column of smoke from between his lips.

"Right!" said he. "When in doubt, trump!"

"It looks good," assented Andrews. "It would seem safer than waiting. And the Austrians are apt to be a bit slow. But what about Gregory?"

"Why, if things work out right—and they've got to—we'll pick him up at Mother Maria's, with other things."

"All right," agreed Andrews. "But you'll have to keep by me or I'll get lost; for I won't be able to use the maps when I'm alone, nor a gun, very well, if there should be any little misunderstanding. I'm going to miss Gregory's company a lot."

"I'll send Ivan with you," said the Count. "That's why I took him up this morning. He'll get the hang of the maps in five minutes and he's one of the best shots in all Tschernagora. He's been decorated by Prince Nicholas for his shooting and Prince Nicholas doesn't throw away decorations or anything else. You'll be all right with Ivan, who admires you immensely and believes that England is almost as great as Montenegro."

"Well, to-night it is, then, old chap," said Andrews. "And power to your elbow!"

The face of the American suddenly worked with strong excitement and his big gray eyes fairly flamed. "We'll stand to your back, Andrews and I. I reckon," said he in a voice from which all emotion was scrupulously dried out. "You're all right, Plamenac."

Sergius started to thank them, but the words stuck in his throat. At last he muttered, "Well, there's one good thing about me and that's my friends!"

Then he got up hastily and went out to send his wire to Madame de L'Orme.

(To be continued.)

In Deep Water.—Jack's Uncle (coming up on piazza)—"What do you suppose? Jack has just rescued that young widow, Mrs. Wiles, from the surf."

His Aunt—"There! I expected something of the sort. Now we'll have to rescue Jack."—Boston Transcript.



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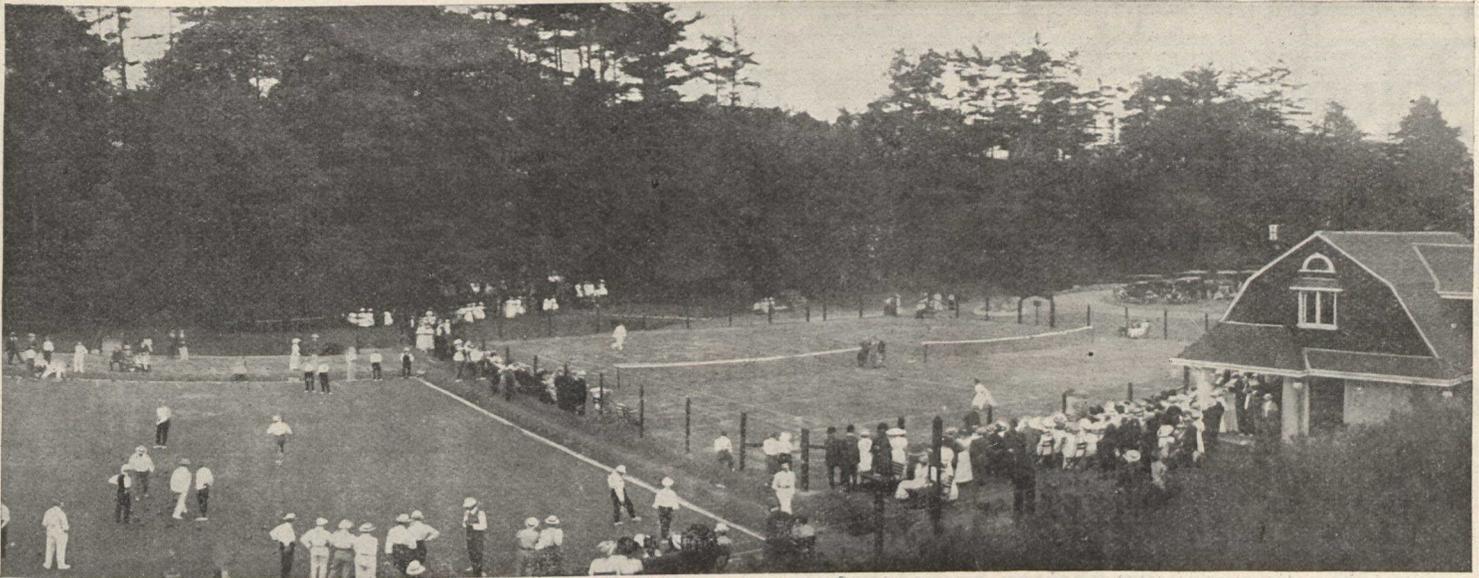
**WATSON'S**



"No. 10"

**SCOTCH**

8' PER RUNNING FOOT Ornamental Lawn Fence  
SOLD DIRECT TO CONSUMER. FREIGHT PREPAID TO NEAREST STATION. ARTISTIC, DURABLE, INEXPENSIVE GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK.  
REGAL FENCE & GATE CO. SARNIA, CANADA.



The Tennis Courts and Bowling Green of the Lawrence Park Estate

## A BEAUTIFUL PLACE TO LIVE IN

Beautiful spots in which to live are becoming scarce. They are being bought up, and built upon rapidly. Lawrence Park is really the only suburban beauty spot near Toronto where there is natural landscape, highly developed and where costly improvements have added an artistic charm. There is

plenty of room left for those who may select home sites within the next few months.

### BUY BEFORE PRICES ADVANCE

It is inevitable that prices will advance by next spring, in the meantime, select the best lot you can, before choicest ones are taken.

# LAWRENCE PARK

(NORTH TORONTO)

### AS AN INVESTMENT

Lawrence Park has made such substantial improvements and has been made the home of so many prominent people, who have erected such lovely homes that the high character of the Park guarantees a permanence of value. A purchase of lots here will be profitable because there is a continually increasing demand, and lots in Lawrence Park as in other places under similar circumstances will increase wonderfully in value in a short time.

### FOR A HOME

The situation of Lawrence Park is ideal. It is high, good natural drainage, rolling landscape, a ravine beautifully wooded, and quite a strip of woods borders the south side of the property. Hundreds of trees and shrubs have been set out, grading, sodding and seeding have been done, fine roads and walks built, sewers, water, gas and electric light are already put in. All the comforts of the city, only 15 minutes ride up Yonge Street on Metropolitan Cars to Lawrence Park.

## LOTS ARE \$20 PER FOOT UPWARDS



Formal Garden of Jno. Firstbrook Esq.

Send for our  
Beautiful  
New Book  
FREE.

It contains illustrations  
of views taken at  
Lawrence Park.



One of the many charming walks on Lawrence Park Estate

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24 Adelaide St. East, Toronto

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Wholesale  
Centre

# YORKTON

Railway  
Centre

## COMMERCIAL CENTRE OF EASTERN SASKATCHEWAN

As a Location for Wholesalers and Manufacturers is Unexcelled  
in Eastern Saskatchewan.

The town of Yorkton, the largest and most prosperous town in Saskatchewan, appeals strongly as a location for **Wholesale Distributing Houses** and **Industrial Enterprises**. It has four railway outlets and will shortly have six. It is on the Winnipeg Edmonton main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Hudson Bay-to-Boundary main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and will be one of the most important towns served by the proposed Canadian Northern Railway line to Craven, Sask.

Railway transportation to Fifty Towns and Villages within 100 miles radius of the town.

Adequate Electric Light and Power facilities under civic administration and control.

The world's Oat centre. Excellent track sites available for wholesalers.

This is not a prospect. It is a certainty.

The large wholesale distributing firms now located here, including the International Harvester Co., The A. McDonald Co., The Massey-Harris Co., The Imperial Oil Co., The Winnipeg Oil Co., and others, prove that.

### Building Permits

In 1908 .....	\$100,000	In 1910 .....	\$185,000
In 1909 .....	150,000	In 1911 .....	300,000

### Municipal Work

In 1909-10 .....	\$371,000	In 1911 .....	\$300,000
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### Employment is Given in Yorkton now by

A flour mill	Two brick yards
Cereal mill	Two newspapers
Nine elevators	Municipal works
Foundry and machine shop	The building trades
Steam laundry	Bottling factory
Sash and door factory	Dairy industry
Four lumber yards	Cattle shipping
Two oil companies	Wholesale implement companies

And there is a field for the expansion of all of these businesses, as well as for the establishment of new ones. Many openings in the professions.

### Yorkton Offers the Man Who is Looking for a Home

Employment at highest wages, whether he is skilled or unskilled.

A large and growing field if he is a professional man.

Business opportunities if he is a tradesman or merchant.

A huge market if he is a manufacturer or wholesaler.

The offer is backed by the guarantee of what the country has produced in the past and its increase as additional lands are put under cultivation.

Land under cultivation now amounts to 00,000 acres immediately adjoining the town.

Tributary country extends 00 miles east, 75 miles south, 00 miles west and 00 miles north.

Grain shipments last year were 2,600,000 bushels and 125,000 bushels remained in farmers' hands.

Last year the farmers of the Yorkton district sold ten train loads of cattle for shipment east and south.

Implement sales made by local merchants last year amounted to \$160,000, and many more were shipped out.

Here is what the merchants now on the ground did last year, a retail business of \$800,000.

Six general stores handled trade worth ..... \$459,000

Three fruit stores handled trade worth ..... 60,000

Three hardware stores handled trade worth ..... 160,000

Two gents' furnishing stores handled trade worth 50,000

Three drug stores handled trade worth ..... 50,000

Two electrical supply stores handled trade worth 20,000

In addition there was the trade of the mills, butcher shops and other industries established

### Yorkton Must be a Distributing Point, Because

It is 200 miles to Saskatoon.

It is 150 miles to Regina.

It is 280 miles to Winnipeg.

It is one of the most important towns on the C. P. E. main line to Edmonton.

It is a junction point on the G. T. P. line to Hudson's Bay.

It will be a collecting point on the C. N. R. line to Hudson's Bay.

It has an 18-hour freight service from Winnipeg.

It has a distributing tariff on the C. P. E. and G. T. P. systems.

Freight will gather here from branch line to be forwarded east and north.

### Yorkton Has all the Comforts of a City. There are

A general and isolation hospital.	Five churches.
Four banks.	Three hotels.
Telephone system.	Electric lighting.
Fire department.	Sewers and waterworks.
Granolithic sidewalks.	Two public schools.
Collegiate institute.	Charming summer resort.
Attractive residential sections.	Two newspapers.

Home comforts, educational facilities for your families, numberless openings for yourself, and a positive guarantee of constant expansion in business and property values are back of Yorkton.

### Growth of a Decade-and-a-Half as a Village

Incorporated in 1894 with a population of 25.

Became a town in 1900 with a population of 600.

Five years showed a population of 1,200.

Doubled again, and in 1910 had a population of 3,500 and assessments of \$2,400,000.

Yorkton has a tremendous tributary country to draw from and which must be supplied from that centre.

Yorkton is a natural distributing point for merchandise and collecting point for outgoing products.

Local consumption and existing business houses handle an average of .4 cars of goods daily.

### Five and Twenty Turkeys

(Continued from page 8.)

sound of a passing cab roused him. Opening the door he called "Hi!" in a deplorably diffident voice. The driver heard, however, and brought his cab to the kerb.

Mr. Major, having torn the labels from a couple of birds, descended with the latter to the pavement.

"I wish you," he said, depositing a turkey in the cab, "to drive this turkey to—" And he gave the name and address of the caretaker of his office. "Deliver it with Mr.—er—Brown's compliments. Here are three—no, four—shillings to cover your fare, and, I say—do you—er—care to have a turkey for yourself? I—I find I've got one too many."

The cabby, though perfectly sober, narrowly escaped a fall from his box. His speech may not have been elegant, but there was no mistaking his gratification. And, of course, he wound up with "A Merry Christmas to you, sir."

Mr. Major, oblivious to the rain on his bald head, watched the cab drive off, and wished he had put several turkeys in it. He was about to ascend the steps when the face of a woman under the nearest lamp caught his eye. It was a long, melancholy face, and the owner was tall and gaunt, but respectably dressed. She came along the pavement rapidly, and Mr. Major made up his mind with a jerk. He stepped forward, put his hand to the hat that was not there, coughed, and said in a loud whisper:

"Madam, would you accept a—"

"Sir, how dare you address me?" she exclaimed, and was gone, leaving him ready to sink to the ground with shame.

With bowed head and burning countenance he made for the steps.

"Please, sir; please sir," said a small voice behind him.

Mr. Major turned to behold a little girl of, perhaps, twelve, and a woman with two younger children clinging to her skirts.

"Excuse her, sir," said the woman, shamefacedly; "she didn't mean to beg."

"Ah!" said the man, and something stirred in his heart. "Will you come up to the door for a minute?"

The woman hesitated.

"Mother!" cried the little girl.

"To oblige me," said Mr. Major, and led the way. "I—I have a turkey here which I have no use for," he continued, a few seconds later. "Pray accept it as a favour to myself."

"Oh, mother!" cried the little girl again, and the smaller children echoed her ecstatically.

But the woman wept.

It was many years since Mr. Major had seen a woman weep.

"You—you must not do that," he said at last; "you really must not."

The little girl spoke. "It's because father's in the hospital, and we've got no money, and—and it's Christmas, and the young ones was crying, and I told 'em I'd perhaps find a kind gentleman like I once read about in a book, and then you—" She broke down.

"It's all true, sir," said the woman, finding her voice, "but I never thought I'd come to this."

"Well, I'm glad you've come to me," he replied. "I—I insist on you accepting this and giving me your address." He forced a couple of sovereigns into her hand. "You don't know how much you have obliged me." To the little girl he repeated his request for the address, and on receiving it, wrote it down. "I'm afraid the turkey is too much for you to carry, and here is a cab coming—luckily d'sengaged."

The woman was past protesting.

"And now that we've got a cab you may as well have two turkeys. You can give one away, if you like."

A minute later they were driven off, the children with a shilling apiece which he had thought of at the last moment. Nor did he forget to present the driver with a turkey along with his fare.

Once more he surveyed the hall. Still eighteen remained! Yet the sight of them did not depress him as much as might have been expected.

Presently he donned coat and hat,

The Yorkton Board of Trade will advise you as to what opportunities are most readily available. Detach the coupon or write to-day to

Secretary Board of Trade  
Yorkton, Sask.

Name .....
Address .....
Send me information re .....

took a turkey in each hand, and went forth into the night.

At eleven o'clock he found himself in the hall with but two turkeys left. But he was utterly exhausted. He passed to the library and made an attempt upon the neglected meal; it was a failure; he could not eat. He lit his pipe, but let it go out almost immediately. Laying it aside he leaned forward, his face in his hands. And in his heart that the night's work seemed literally to have quickened and warmed, there grew an ache, a desperate craving for human company, human sympathy.

III.

It was almost midnight. The Bulfinches, tired but happy, were in the parlour. Their children's party was over; the last of the older youngsters had just departed.

"Surely I hear a cab stopping," said Mrs. Bulfinch, breaking off in her recollections of the evening's incidents.

"I'll go," said her husband, "before the ring brings up any of the servants. They must be tired out. Possibly some of our young friends have forgotten something."

He reached the front door just as someone came heavily up the steps. He threw it open.

"John, by all that's wonderful!" From the departing cab came a hoarse shout—"Merry Christmas, sir!"

Mr. Major smiled faintly, and looked ready to collapse. His cousin dragged him in. A turkey flopped on the rug.

"I—I thought I'd bring it along," said John feebly. "I'm afraid I'm late."

"You're just in time, bless you!" cried Thomas. "Man, this is good of you. Off with your coat. Why, it's soaking. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Oh, I'm not going to wait a minute," John began, awkwardly.

Mr. Bulfinch's kindly eyes grew moist. "You're going to wait over Christmas Day, at least," he said softly. "You don't leave this house tonight."

He raised his voice. "Mildred, here's John—cousin John—come to stay!"

Mrs. Bulfinch came bustling from the parlour.

"And no one was ever so welcome," she said warmly. "Why, what a splendid turkey!" she exclaimed, perceiving the bird which her husband had placed on a chair. "How very good of you, John." She gave a little sob—or was it a giggle?

And Thomas chuckled.

John said nothing, but he allowed them to lead him to the parlour. After all, it didn't so much matter just then who had sent the turkeys as who had got them.

Tariff Commission

(Ottawa Free Press.)

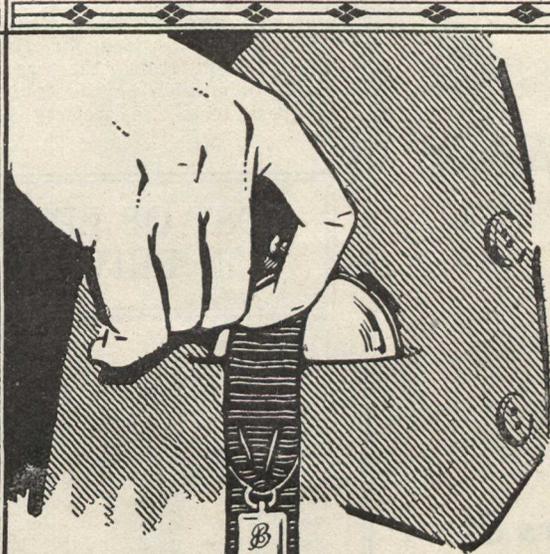
In opposing the proposal to appoint a permanent Tariff Commission to keep constant tab on the working out of the tariff, Senator Campbell expressed the opinion that the Government, through capable officials, could obtain all the information required for tariff making.

But the fact is that this information has not been systematically obtained and tabulated in the past. There have been no officials whose duty it has been to go out into the highways and the byways for facts. The duty of the existing officials has been simply to carry out the tariff statute.

In appointing a permanent tariff commission we assume that the Government will be doing just what Senator Campbell wants—selecting "capable officials" for the sole purpose of collecting information.

The Free Press has for years advocated the principle of a permanent tariff commission. The Free Press, therefore, endorses the proposal of the Borden Government to appoint such a commission.

It remains to be seen whether the appointees of the Borden Government to that commission are able and will-



The Test of Time and Wear

THIS is the real test of a watch case. In some avocations a case reveals its quality more quickly than in others. No matter what your profession or business you want to be sure that the case on your watch will stand the effects of constant usage, and the only real guarantee you can have of this is the integrity of the maker.

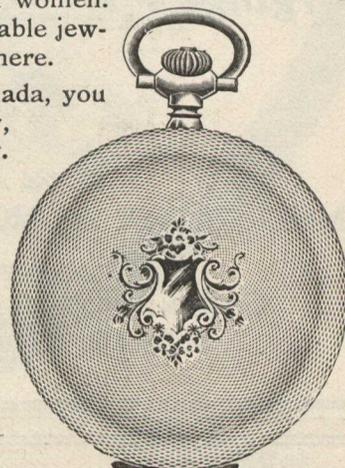


Watch cases bearing the above marks are made by the American Case Company and they have been used and sold by the leading jewelers in Canada for over twenty-five years, and have always given satisfaction.

See that the case you buy bears a "Winged Wheel." Its presence is positive proof of gold value, integrity of construction, beauty and correctness of design, and utmost serviceability.

"Winged Wheel" cases are absolutely warranted to give satisfaction. Any found defective will be promptly made good. All sizes—all styles—at various prices in hunting case, open face, plain polished, engine turned, hand engraved, enameled, and decorated designs for men and women. Sold by reputable jewelers everywhere.

Made in Canada, you get the quality, save the duty.



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Contains not only all about watch cases, but the newest styles and designs in "Winged Wheel" cases, and tells you how to lengthen the life of your watch. Artistic and handsome, and intensely interesting, it is well worth sending for. A post card brings it.

THE AMERICAN WATCH CASE CO. OF TORONTO Limited

The Largest Manufacturers of Watch Cases in the British Empire.

THE TRADERS BANK of Canada

DIVIDEND No. 63.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend at the rate of 8% per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of the Bank has been declared for the current quarter, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after the 2nd day of January next to Shareholders of record of 15th December, 1911.

By order of the Board.

STUART STRATHY,

General Manager.

Toronto, November 3rd, 1911.

BY APPOINTMENT.

**WHITE HORSE WHISKY**

Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

CHRISTMAS GIFT FURNITURE

If you want to give a present that will give lasting gratitude—give furniture.

500 Suggestions for Christmas Gifts in Our Catalogue 17

All beautiful, useful and sensible. Priced in a way that will help you to purchase economically. This catalogue sent free to any address outside of Toronto.

**\$5.45** For this Handsome **ROCKER** Freight Paid to Any Station within 200 miles of Toronto

Exactly like illustration. An example of the remarkable values in our catalogue. The frame is made of selected oak, with quarter-cut oak arms and front posts, highly polished and elaborately carved, spring seat and buttoned back, upholstered in morroccoline—best quality of imitation leather, which wears and looks equal to real leather. A rocker well worth \$10.00.

The ADAMS FURNITURE CO., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



# CANADIAN CAR & FOUNDRY COMPANY

LIMITED



BUILDERS AND DESIGNERS OF ALL KINDS AND TYPES OF

*Freight and Passenger Cars of Steel or Wood Construction*  
*Car Wheels Castings*  
*Brake Beams Bar Iron*  
*Forgings Bolsters*



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# THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Head Office: TORONTO

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

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L. .... President.  
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Branches in every Province of Canada and in the United States, England and Mexico.

## Travellers' Cheques

The Travellers' Cheques issued by this Bank are a very convenient form in which to provide funds when travelling. They are issued in denominations of

\$10      \$20      \$50      \$100      \$200

and the exact amount payable in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

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

## HEALTHY

For nervous breakdown, over-work, over-exertion as well as for the correction of disorders of the blood, the nerves, the heart and premature decline of vital powers.

# Wilson's Invalids' Port

a l. Quina du Perou]

A ig Bracing Tonic is Specific

It will maintain the physical strength and energy of the body, animating all the organs of the human system to healthy vigor.

Big Bottle

Ask YOUR Doctor



IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

ing to live up to the duties for which they are appointed. If they do and they are properly supported by the Government, we look for almost as much benefit from the permanent tariff commission as the country has received from the railway commis-

## COST OF LIVING IN BRITAIN

IT was only four years ago that the British Government completed an investigation into the cost of living, and according to an announcement made by Prime Minister Asquith in the House of Commons, it is now about to undertake a similar investigation by the Board of Trade. The world-wide increase in the price of commodities used in the home, has affected England materially, and the Government in promising to look into the matter is acting in compliance with a natural desire on the part of the people to know the reason why.

The Co-operative Wholesale Society of Manchester has compiled figures which throw some light on the subject as far as showing the extent of the increases and decreases. All the prices given by the society are wholesale, and to these must be added 15 or 20 per cent. to realize the cost of the commodities mentioned to the consumer who buys at retail. Here is a table which gives an idea of the changes in wholesale prices:

Goods.	1898.	1906.	1908.	1910.
	Per lb.	Per lb.	Per lb.	Per lb.
Bacon and ham . . . . .	4.96	6.64	6.15	8.19
Butter . . . . .	11.35	12.82	13.08	12.87
Cheese . . . . .	5.25	6.55	6.68	6.56
Flour . . . . .	1.39	1.09	1.29	1.23
Lard . . . . .	3.24	4.89	4.99	6.33
Meal . . . . .	1.23	1.18	1.33	1.16
Sugar . . . . .	1.49	1.83	1.86	2.03
Tea . . . . .	16.17	15.42	15.65	15.45

Other figures compiled show that in an average weekly grocery order, including bacon, butter, cheese, flour, lard, meal, sugar and tea, the increase in cost from 1898 was 5.37 per cent. in 1906, 9.96 per cent. in 1908, and 13.36 per cent. in 1910. Meat has risen also—the increase being 2 per cent. between 1905 and 1907—but the price of bread is a little lower now than it was a year ago. In the last ten years the price of clothing has increased from 5 to 7½ per cent., while coal has gone up since 1908 about three shillings three and one-half pence per ton.

As for wages there has been an upward tendency in the last year, and the agitation for further increases is now a serious matter throughout the United Kingdom. This upward tendency followed a period of low wages, the movement having been downward from 1908 through part of 1909, and at the end of 1911 the general level of wages was higher than in any year since 1893.

France, too, is troubled over the upward tendency in prices. The question has become so acute that the Government has formulated proposals to enable municipalities to encourage the operation of co-operative shops for the sale of meats and bread. The plan contemplates permitting municipalities to lend money to establish these shops and authorizing municipalities to establish such shops, which will be conducted by private parties who will receive necessary funds from all the municipalities.

**Native Pride.**—The native pride of small American towns is one of the most delightful things about them. The Louisville Courier-Journal is the authority for quoting this conversation:

"Did the presidential train stop at Plunkville?" asked a visitor of the mayor of that place.

"No, it did not," replied the official, "but one of the party threw out a burnt match as they passed through."

## RICH OR POOR—YOU NEED TEETH.

No one, old enough to know better, should be neglectful of that most vital and useful organ of the human system—the teeth—the very guards to the gateway of health.

## SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

should be found on the toilet table of every one, be he rich or poor. It will not tarnish gold work nor scratch the enamel. A perfect dentifrice—the one for you.

3 Forms: Liquid, Powder, Paste.



## Cut Glass Facts

Every admirer of fine Cut Glass should write for a copy of our new book

### "Cut Glass Facts"

This book explains how good Cut Glass is made, also how to distinguish good Cut Glass from inferior so-called Cut Glass. This book is free for the asking.

## Gowans, Kent & Co. Limited, TORONTO

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### ELITE CUT GLASS

The Best Grade of Cut Glass Made in America

Look for the Elite Trade Mark when buying. None genuine without it.



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Is recognized as THE FAMOUS NATIONAL DRINK

Brewed scientifically from the choicest Bavarian Hops, selected Barley Malt and pure sterilized spring water, properly aged in wood, and bottled under the most sanitary conditions possible. The secret formula for this famous brew and the sole right to make it on this side of the Atlantic is owned by

Reinhardt's of Toronto

# A King in the West

By WILL H. OGILVIE

WHO is he—this King of the West? A squatter or station-owner as a rule; for the most part, though not inevitably, a Scotchman.

All that have travelled through the Bush Land know him. Long before one crosses the unmarked boundary of his kingdom one hears of him. The drovers are speaking of him—"And old Bruce" (or McDougall, or Scott, or McDonald, or Stevenson—quisque regno!) "he let me put my horses in the bend of his horse-paddock good luck to him!" And the teamsters—"Bruce, he says to me, 'You leave the old leader here till you come through again—plenty of grass here'—he says. He's a white man is Bruce!"

The swagman knows him; he has travelled weary miles through the stations and selections, has passed "Hungry Bob's" and "Scabby Wilson's" with a tightened belt and a smothered curse, but here he is on white man's ground at last! The very gates call "Welcome!" the very trees wave sympathy.

One of the huts at the shearing-shed is given up as a camping place for the travellers, firewood is stacked at the door for them and water tanks are at hand. Up at the store the store-keeper is ready to give them flour and tea and sugar, and even tobacco, for the asking; and to offer payment is to call forth the ready rebuke—"This is Bruce's!"

When the teamster, toiling down through the flood-water on the black-soil flats, pulls into a swamp which he has not sufficient strength to get out of; when at last mud-spattered, baffled and disgusted he unchains his weary horses and rides up to the station for the help that he knows will not be asked in vain—then the King sends down four or eight or more of his strong fat horses, hooks them on to the stranded waggon and drags it out upon the high ground. "Poor beggars," he will say in self-excuse to his more careless neighbours, "they have hard times enough in the swamps, I am glad when I can help them!"

If a coach contractor starts a new line of coaches on the road, he knows that the King will run his horses free of charge in his rich horse-paddock "just to give him a start."

If the Queensland drover, short-handed and in trouble, has lost his horses or some of his stock, he knows that "old Bruce" will lend him a man to help in finding them.

When the neighbouring squatters and station managers are driving through on their long journeys to and from town, they say "Let us push on as far as Bruce's!" for at the palace of the King waits always the regal welcome.

These men, these sunbrowned independent princes who need to bow to no man, are one and all his lieges and many times his guests.

In the country town, the capital of his kingdom, the white man reigns supreme. Members of Parliament, mayors and magistrates may rule in his absence, kings in their petty councils—but the white man of the district is the over-lord, the emperor of them all.

At the Agricultural Show, at every meeting social and political, billiard tournament and church bazaar, at hospital committee, at Race Club meeting, he is always in the chair, if not actually so in the flesh at least in spirit and influence—and everyone recognizes the fact and is glad. For out-back they love their King.

When his old chestnut horse wins upon the township track there is no owner who receives such an ovation as he, not one section of the public only but all men are his friends and all men let him know it as they stand up upon the fences and the rough bush-stands and cheer with all the rough heartiness of western men.

When, in royal person, he drives his own four-in-hand into the showing, the four white-faced browns stepping proudly as befits their rank and use, it is a wild roar of delight that goes up from the crowd when



Seam-in-front stockings would seem absurd! Then why any seam

You have kept on wearing stockings with a seam up the back—shapeless, uncomfortable things! because you probably didn't realize the perfection reached by Pen-Angle Seamless Full-Fashioned Hosiery. These are hose *without the sign of a seam*—look for the sign of the trademark. As they are being knit they are shaped lastingly to the curves of the foot and leg. They fit—they wear better—and the utter absence of any seam at all makes them ever so much more comfortable. No difference in cost—but much in quality, in economy and in comfort when you buy

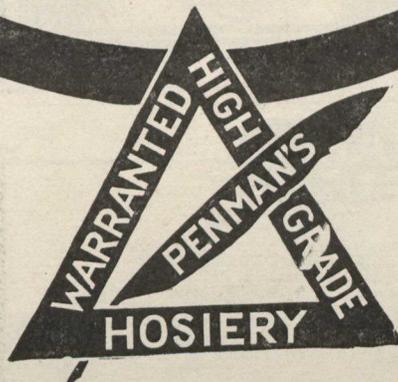
# Pen-Angle

Full-Fashioned Seamless Hosiery

Next time you go shopping ask for the hosiery with the trademark that insures you foot-ease.

65

Made by Penmans Limited Paris, Canada



Makers of Underwear Sweaters and Hosiery




Here's to the Beers that were  
Here's to the Beers of to-day

The Bottle is Light  
The Lager is Bright

And the beer is always "O'K"

# O'Keefe's

## PILSENER LAGER

The Lager that is driving imported beers out of Canada. Sold by leading Hotels, Cafes and Dealers.

249 The O'Keefe Brewery Co., Limited, Toronto.








## Toronto-Trenton New Line

Trains leave Toronto (Union Station) for Trenton and Intermediate Points 9.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Daily except Sunday. Connection at Trenton with Central Ontario Ry. trains. Dining Car Service on morning train from Toronto and evening train from Trenton. Parlor Cars on all trains. For all information apply to C.N.O. Agents.

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they see the judge step forward and fasten the blue ribbon on his leader. And I question if any honour in the world is so high and proud a one as this—the spontaneous asseveration of a rough land's loyalty to the popularity of their uncrowned king.

But the King is a good sportsman as he is a good man, and would scorn to take a prize he had not deserved or an honour that was not fairly his; and when his team is passed out of the ring or his game old racehorse finishes second past the post it is the king himself who is the first to congratulate the winner, as, in opposite case, he is the first to take away the sting of defeat.

When the shearers go out on strike and the back country is given over to destruction and plunder, when the squatters are obliged to guard their woolsheds with squadrons of police, and sheds and out-stations are destroyed and the dry grass paddocks are burning from Springsure to The Bogan, not a stick of his property is touched, not an acre of his land is fired. "Are you men?" yells a brick-red Roman horseman to his band of mounted desperados with the light of battle in their eyes and the lust of revenge in their hearts, "Then lay no fire-sticks here—for this is Bruce's Run, and this is white man's ground!"

And they pass him by, all rough and reckless as they are, for the sake of his helping hand to the teamsters and his broad road to the drovers and his fair wage and honest dealing to the shearers he employed, and if there is one man in that wild disturbed country that can stand between employer and employed and can patch up the broken threads binding Capital and Labour, that man is Bruce—the uncrowned King!

The influence of such a man is immense. To begin with, he is straight. And straightness is the virtue of all virtues among bushmen. "You can trust him with your life!" they say out there, and no further recommendation is needed. The longer he lives among the toiling brave-hearted bushmen, the softer grows his heart to them.

If there is one proud possession of the bushman it is gratitude, and the man who has befriended him need never want a friend. So it is that the King has many champions. They do not sit on gaily caparisoned horses and fling challenge-gauntlets upon the steps of Westminster Abbey, but they are king's champions for all that and worthy of their trust.

In every hotel bar on Sunset Side you will meet them, some the worse of liquor but none the worse for loyalty. With every mob of sheep and cattle going down, with every group of horse and bullock-teams you will find the men who have taken his favour and uphold his name.

Why is it, I wonder, that such a large percentage of these wearers of the purple are Scotch?

A vindictive world would have us believe that the average Scotsman is a hard-grained, close-fisted ascetic. Here we have abundant proof to the contrary.

Our uncrowned king, if he be a Scot, whistles unblushingly upon the Sabbath and has even been known to "hae a gill" upon the sacred day.

Men come and go upon the northern road, in the dust of the wool-waggons, in the dust of the travelling mobs; and the king upon his vine-covered verandah sees many men go by, but there comes a day when Death himself rides down the river road and knocks with grisly hand—the knock that even kings must obey. And they carry him out and bury him in a corner of his inner kingdom in sight of the big North Road; and the bushmen, hundreds of brown, hard men that have looked Death in the face so often that they pass him with a jest, follow their uncrowned king to his last resting place with trembling lips; and afterwards and always as they pass the little white-railed square that marks his grave the roughest of them will raise their shabby dust-stained hats to the memory of their loyal friend, and you may hear them saying as they pass: "He was a white man! God rest his soul!"

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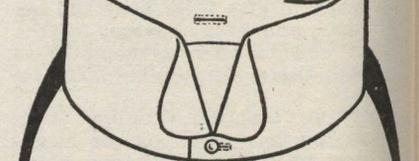
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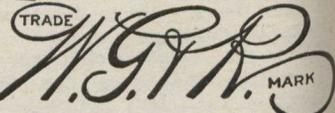
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