

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.
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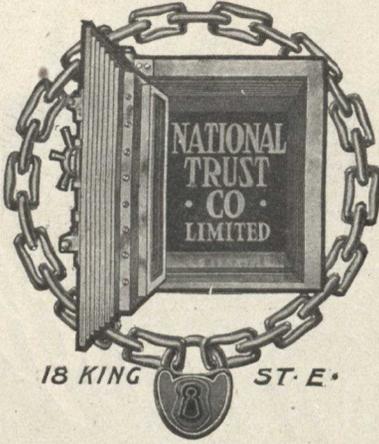
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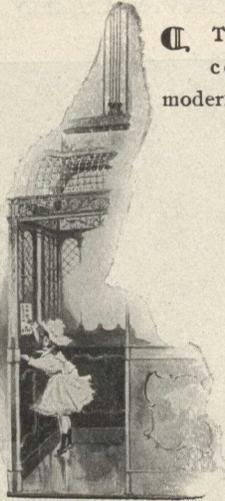
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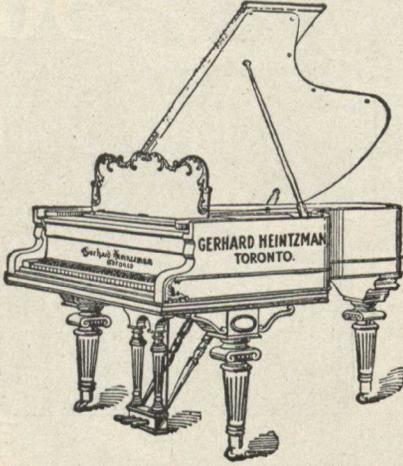
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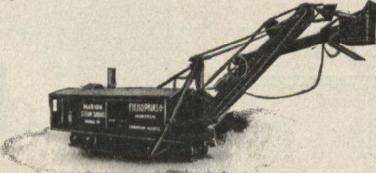
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61 Victoria Street - TORONTO

CONTENTS

Topics of the Day.....	7
Reflections	8
Through a Monocle	10
With Pen and Pencil.....	11
Personalities	13
Dangers of the Deep.....	14
Mr. Twigg on Molly Coddlers	15
Nova Scotia's Exhibition.....	16
Second Photograph Contest	17
Stolen, A House! Story	18
The Cobbler, Story	20
Music and Drama	21
British Gossip.....	22
Demi-Tasse	24
Literary Notes	26
Peculiarities	27
Children's Column	30



Editor's Talk

YES, the price is to be ten cents a copy. And why not? "Graphic," "Sketch" and other illustrated London weeklies are sixpence in London, and fifteen to twenty cents here. "Leslie's" is ten and "Collier's" twelve cents. Why, then, should not the Courier be ten cents or even twelve cents?

The answer is easy: It should be ten cents if it is just as good. Thank you, that is all we ask.

The new "Canadian Courier" will be easily worth ten cents if we have our health. The news value of each issue can be doubled without doubling the cost. It is just as easy to put a ten-cent paper in a mail bag as a five-cent, and it is very little more trouble to put ten cents in the cash box than to put in five. The general expense does not double, and with an increased revenue it should be easy to double the news value of the Journal.

New subscribers have only until November 1st to get a ten-cent paper at \$2.50 a year. There will be no extension of time for the man who procrastinates.



There is no other salt for table use that can compare with

Windsor SALT

It is absolutely pure—never cakes—and is always the same.

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O'Keefe's "Pilsener" Lager is brewed with filtered water, choicest hops and pure barley malt. It is always fully aged, filtered again before bottling and pasteurized.

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Insist that your dealer always sends O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"

"THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE" (Registered)

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited

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These machines are practically new; were taken by in exchange for Underwoods. If you prefer the Remington this is really giving them away.

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 Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

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CANADA'S LEADING HOME MAGAZINE

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Illustrating and describing Carpets, Curtains, Draperies, Furniture, Wallpaper—
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TORONTO - CANADA

In answering this advertisement please mention Canadian Courier.

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription: \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. II

Toronto, October 12th, 1907

No. 20

Topics of the Day

AS a protest against pessimism, the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Canadian Pacific Railway was noteworthy. There were reasons for the optimism displayed. The gross revenue from traffic increased more than eleven million dollars. This is perhaps the largest gross increase in earnings ever shown by a Canadian Company and it was sufficient to make the shareholders joyful. The report of the steamship lines on the Atlantic and Pacific was favourable. This is important because the C.P.R. steamers on the Atlantic were purely experimental. That these steamers are to be replaced by larger vessels is a distinct "boost" for the Canadian Atlantic route. It should not be forgotten that ten years ago Canada was quite pessimistic as to her Atlantic trade and it was felt that Portland, Boston, New York and Philadelphia had an advantage which could not easily be overcome. The people of Montreal, Quebec, St. John and Halifax may take fresh encouragement out of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's remarks.

* * *

Sir Thomas has several times denied, according to the newspapers, that the Empresses would be transferred to the Pacific and larger boats substituted for the Atlantic trade. This must have been what is known as "official" denial, because he now hints that this will likely be done. The incident recalls Sir William Van-Horne's denial of the interview with him which appeared in a Montreal paper stating that he would retire from the Presidency within a year. It was afterwards shown that the interview was authentic, but Sir William denied it absolutely. Apparently, he found that the announcement was likely to injure C.P.R. interests of the moment, so there was nothing left for him to do but discredit the reporter. He did so, but at the appointed time, he handed the presidency over to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and took the minor office of Chairman of the Board of Directors, which he still holds.

* * *

During the past few weeks Canada has received some notable advice. The London "Standard" suggests that the Dominion should charter a fleet of steamers next spring, invite immigrants to come along to this Land of Promise and give them free transportation. The idea is an excellent one. It would be spectacular. It would be the hugest advertisement any new country ever received. No doubt there would be practical difficulties in the way to ensure fair treatment for every person, but these should not be insuperable. "Oliver's Armada" would be an excellent title for the fleet and we would suggest this to the modest Minister of the Interior.

The New York Sun suggests that as soon as Canada obtains the full treaty-making power, the world will acknowledge that she is a full-fledged nation. The Sun would like Canada to go on as she is doing and obtain this power and then decide on independence. It is nice to have the Sun take interest in us and our progress, but it rather spoils its case in suggesting that it would like to see us independent. Independent of what?

* * *

That a five-cent stamp will now carry an ounce of mail matter to foreign countries will be quite a boon to business men who write large and important letters. Postal reforms are coming so fast and furiously that it is difficult to keep up with them. Mr. Henniker Heaton and other reformers deserve the world's gratitude, for this reform applies to all countries in the International Postal Union. It would be interesting to know what the letter rate would be if the business of carrying

mail were handled by private corporations instead of governments.

* * *

Mr. George Hannah, manager of the Allan Steamship Line, is proud of the Grampian, the new ship which will help to develop direct trade between Glasgow and Montreal. The vessel arrived last week in Montreal, and with the Hesperian, now almost ready, will commence a regular service next spring. Canada's ocean-going fleet is increasing with rapid strides, and the portion of Canadian foreign traffic carried on by Canadian vessels is steadily increasing.

* * *

The growing intimacy between this country and Great Britain is shown by the post-office statistics. In September, Montreal received 1597 mailbags from Great Britain as against 928 last year. Outgoing mail showed a similar increase. There was a gain of 3,750 pounds of letters and 20,000 pounds of printed matter. These facts are of considerable Imperial significance.

* * *

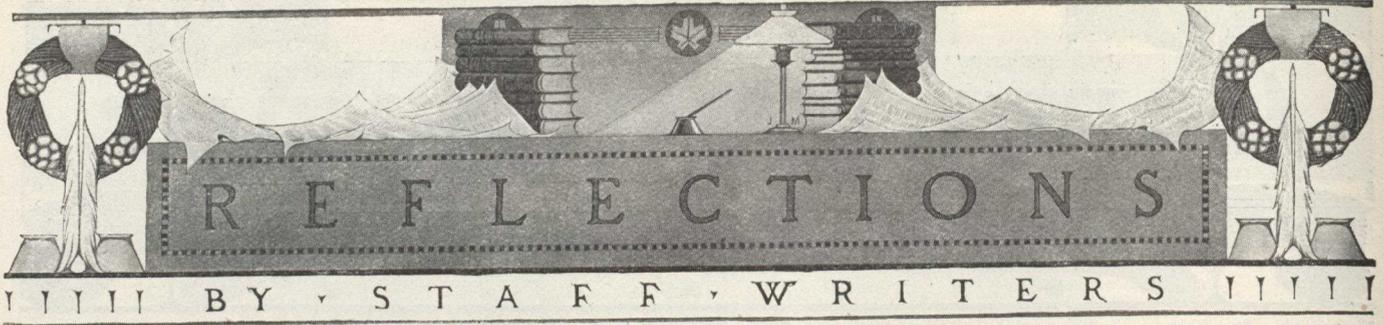
Mr. Samuel Kydd of the Montreal Gazette has completed forty years of service in journalism. There is no editorial page in Canada which ranks higher than that of the Gazette. It is scholarly, temperate and dignified. It is somewhat out of tune with the modern bent towards municipal and government ownerships, but that only serves to emphasise the unswerving adherence of Mr. Kydd to his own ideas and ideals. Faithfulness to the truth as he sees it is a most valuable quality in a journalist.

Mr. Kydd was born in Scotland in 1853, but his schooling was received in Toronto. His early newspaper training was gained in Lindsay, from which Ontario town he went to the Gazette in 1874. He succeeded Mr. R. S. White as editor-in-chief when that gentleman became collector of customs for Montreal on January 1st, 1896.

* * *



Mr. Samuel L. Kydd,
Editor, Montreal "Gazette."



REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS

THE Vancouver editors are paying their respects to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and intimating that these capitalistic gentlemen are quite like the individuals who introduced slaves into the Southern States. "Their cheap talk of patriotism is really talk of cheap labour. . . . And like the slave traders and slave owners of the last century, they are not wanting in assurances from the pulpit that they have religious warranty for inflicting the semi-civilised hordes of Asia on a community of white Christians."

VANCOUVER SPEAKS OUT

This quotation is not that of a leader of trades-unionism, not that of a political stump speaker; it is an extract from a leader in the chief Liberal organ of British Columbia, the Vancouver "World." Its editor is not pleased that the C.M.A. should have spoken up on behalf of Great Britain's treaty with Japan. He classes this association with the banking interests and other moneyed classes "whose only wish is to make the most of the natural resources of the province for themselves in the present," regardless of the future.

If the manufacturers had any idea that their opinion would be considered with respect in British Columbia, this is the answer. It is a plain, unvarnished answer. There is no doubt as to the sentiment. Any man who is not in favour of keeping out the Japanese, who have driven 3,000 white fishermen off the Fraser, is anathema.

If Sir Wilfrid Laurier feels that his protest against denouncing treaties in a panic should meet with favour among even the party journalists, he also has received an answer. This editorial goes on to state that if the Liberal candidates at the next general election do not avow their determination to do or die against the Asiatics, the Vancouver "World" will support independent candidates.

Perhaps the situation is not really as bad as the editor of the "World" would have us believe, but there is no perceptible weakening in British Columbia's attitude. The white people there are scared and they admit it, nor can political soft soap make the slightest change in their belligerent and determined attitude. The passive Chinaman they will tolerate; the determined, aggressive Jap they will fight to the last extremity.

THE Charlottetown "Guardian" figures that the proposed tunnel between Prince Edward Island and the mainland would cost ten millions, or \$300,000 a year at three per cent. It estimates the saving at \$325,375, exclusive of the damages accruing to the Province for the non-fulfillment of the terms of Confederation. If these damages are included, the saving would be at least \$425,000. This, it believes, shows that the tunnel would be a profitable investment for the Dominion Government.

THE P. E. I. TUNNEL

To make the argument stronger, the "Guardian" estimates that the annual earnings of the tunnel would be \$100,000. Adding this to the saving of \$125,000, the Government would have \$225,000 a year for operating expenses and maintenance.

These arguments emphasise the costliness of Prince Edward Island to the Dominion Treasury. The winter mail service now requires two steamers and a third is

promised. Then the annual bill will be as follows:

Operating three steamers	\$194,055
Interest on their cost	22,500
Depreciation and risk	75,000
Winter mail service at Capes	8,323
Mail subsidies to summer steamers	12,500
Special trains to winter steamers	6,000
Subsidy to Telegraph Company	7,000

Total\$325,378

Looking at the question in this way, the tunnel is certainly a proposition worth considering.

IT looks as if the Canadian Pacific was getting unpopular in the West. The editorials of the past week, especially in the Winnipeg Free Press, have had a rather pungent flavour. The immediate cause is an increase in telegraph tolls on news going to Western papers and the failure of the Canadian Pacific associated press to please its customers.

A STRONG BREWING

The Canadian Pacific Telegraph Co. has practically a monopoly of the business passing between Eastern and Western Canada, and up to the present it has refrained from taking any undue advantage of that situation. Its rates were high but it gave service in return, and both friends and foes were able to get it at the same price.

Now, the Nelson "News" claims to have been cut off because its conduct was displeasing, and the Winnipeg "Free Press" takes up the case with such warmth that it looks as if there are other reasons than this for anger. No doubt there is something to be said on behalf of the Canadian Pacific Telegraph Company; but even if this be the case, a breach with all the newspapers in the West would be a serious matter for the Canadian Pacific Railway. The C.P.R. has been charging fairly high rates on all its traffic, has been making much money out of its land sales and has generally reaped a considerable profit from its Western business. This profit it was fully entitled to in the main. However, just when the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific are offering keen competition, it would seem to be an unpropitious moment for a quarrel with the journals of public opinion in that portion of the country.

The C. P. Telegraph Co. would be wise to do nothing to make its telegraph tolls more burdensome at the present time. An agitation for government ownership of telegraphs and telephones is in the air, and telegraph companies are likely soon to find themselves within the jurisdiction of the Railway Commission. This is a time for placating the public with good service and reasonable rates rather than for irritating any influential portion of it by anything which might be construed as petty tyranny.

IT is gradually dawning upon the reader of the modern magazine, and it has been openly declared by a critic of the same, that the advertisements are the purest literature in the publication. This condition merely shows that new occasions create their own treatment. When the age becomes one of advertising, the artists and the verse writers are wise enough to recognise the fact and transfer their attention from sun-

ART AND ADVERTISING

shows that new occasions create their own treatment. When the age becomes one of advertising, the artists and the verse writers are wise enough to recognise the fact and transfer their attention from sun-

sets and divine despair to salads and hair-restorers. After all, why should the soul of mortal be too proud to admit the claims of our daily bread and our Sunday clothes? Charles Lamb wrote a mouth-watering essay on "Roast Pig" and it is the frequent fear of those who love his works that some Chicago canned-meat firm will annex that essay. Shakespeare is being worked overtime in a way to make Bacon jealous, in order that soap and breakfast foods may be known in the land. Some people may read the serial stories in the magazines but everyone reads the advertisements. One may be in doubt as to how far the hero has progressed in the heroine's affections but there is no uncertainty as to the charms of the girl who is using the soap that floats. We know the story of Puritan Wheat or the Highkicker Shoe by heart, while we may be uncertain as to the editor's policy. In fact, all the charms of literary style and the fine effects of art have rallied to the side of the advertiser, and the most interesting journalistic controversy of recent date concerns itself with the percentage of alcohol in the advertising columns of the disputing journals.

CANON WELCH'S sermon in Toronto on Sunday last must have startled his military audience and was likely to disturb the peace of mind of those who read the newspaper reports of his remarks. Canada has

EXCESSIVE DRINKING

been proceeding in the belief that drunkenness is not so common in this country as in Great Britain, and that the consumption of liquor is proportionately less. The Canon's figures were not conclusive, but they indicated that he had failed to find justification for the Canadian complacency. If the amount of drunkenness is not increasing in Toronto, the prosecution of the offenders is more thorough. This is the only other explanation for the steady increase in the number of arrests. His intention seemed to be to warn the public that continued agitation and education are required to keep the evils of intemperance in check.

The Canon's appeal to prominent women to discourage intemperance among young men who attend social functions, while rather crudely phrased, is quite

timely. Drunkenness is just as objectionable among the professional and capitalistic classes as it is among workmen. The social evils which follow in its train are the same and the physical injury to the race is just as important.

The medical profession have been rather lax in their duty in this regard. They have much information as to the results of intemperance in both sexes which they fail to make public. It cannot be denied that they have a responsibility, if not quite equal to that of the priest, yet varying only in degree. The British medical men have been franker than their Canadian confreres.

THE Education Department of Ontario is working out a scheme to do away with the burden of written examinations in high and public schools. If this brings about the effect intended, it will be possible

ELIMINATING EXAMINATIONS

for a pupil to go through the high school or collegiate institutes without passing any examination except that set by his teachers. The only examination to be conducted by the department will be those for entrance to model and normal schools, and to the faculties of education in the universities. These, of course, will be confined to those who intend to enter the teaching profession. The junior matriculation examination will be entirely separate.

This idea is excellent, but in the end much depends upon the teacher. He holds the fate of the children in his hand. If he desires to prove that he can fit his pupils for examination better than the teacher in the next county, he will persuade his pupils to go up for examinations whether they intend to be teachers or not. He will laugh at departmental regulations, at educational ideals and at all finely-spun theories, if he thinks he can make a record for himself by shoving his pupils through departmental examinations.

Educationists may devise remedies, inspectors may give excellent advice, but so long as the teacher lacks high ideals, so long will the present system prevail. Today, ninety per cent. of the teachers in the schools are working with the examinations in view. The dull scholar is neglected and the bright one is rushed forward.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and High Buildings.

WHEN the Grand Trunk Railway proposed to build a twelve-storey station and hotel in Ottawa, Sir Wilfrid Laurier is said to have gently interposed and advised the G.T.R. to stop at ten storeys. He objects to very high buildings. He is wise in this. No building should be of greater height than one and a half times the width of the street on which it faces. This is the rule in Great Britain and it is a splendid rule. It assures plenty of air and light.

The Traders' Bank Building in Toronto is a fifteen storey structure. It is a splendid building and one such will not hurt any city. If, however, there were several such buildings in Toronto, in close proximity to each other, there would be congestion of traffic, lack of air and sunlight and other dangers to the general public.

Sir Wilfrid might advantageously turn his attention to other "high" buildings. As Sir Montagu Allan has pointed out, the Banks are erecting buildings the cost of which is altogether too high. A bank building is now going up in Montreal which is likely to cost over a million dollars. Other expensive buildings have been erected in the leading cities. As Premier of this country, Sir Wilfrid might reasonably look into this position of affairs and say whether or not he thinks the expenditure of the banks in this direction is too "high." The bankers say the country is developing faster than the accumulation of capital can meet the demands occasioned by new undertakings, and yet vast sums are being spent by these same bankers on buildings which are more for show and ornament than for the production of revenue. There is an inconsistency here, and now that Sir Wilfrid is interested in "high" buildings, he might investigate this inconsistency.

Of course, the bankers are the wisest men in the community, and it is almost sacrilege to suggest that they would do anything in the slightest manner detrimental to the public interest. Nevertheless, they might not object to having so high an official as Sir Wilfrid discuss their plans, providing that he did so in a friendly spirit and with due regard for their susceptibilities. With his sunny ways, he might beguile them into a conference where they would explain to him the reasons which the general public at present is unable to discover.

Through a Monocle

MESSRS. FIELDING and Brodeur, who have returned with a French treaty, are two of the non-spectacular members of the Ministry; yet they are two of the most effective business men. The business Minister—the good administrator—the man who shapes the business policies of the Government—is not as much in the public eye as the captivating orator and the man with a genius for striking effects. But, without him, few Ministries could keep the business of the nation going. Sir Mackenzie Bowell was such a man in the Macdonald Ministries. He seldom spoke in the House except in explanation of some detail of his department; but he was always there, always ready to undertake the hardest drudgery of any task which fortune threw in the way of the government, always loyal to his chief and always loyal to what he conceived to be the best interests of his country. It is true that he did hate a Grit, but then he regarded a Grit as a national enemy with the whole-souled sincerity of an earlier day. This, however, is merely an aside. He was a business Minister and helped very materially to keep the wheel of the administration moving.

* * *

Mr. Fielding is necessarily much before the public because of his position as Finance Minister and second in command. But he is not what would be called a spectacular man. His budgets are clear; but they are not eloquent. He has no Gladstone magic with which to guild figures with the fire of rhetoric. He is simply a very high type of business minister. Mr. Brodeur is even a less ostentatious worker than Mr. Fielding. He is more like a Scotch than a French politician. But he is an effective worker and his value to the Government is very great. These are the two best men who could have been sent to Paris to negotiate a trade treaty with France. They have the business knowledge, the power and the address. Mr. Brodeur brought to the task the advantage of being himself of French blood, and Mr. Fielding is as nearly as possible an ideal commercial negotiator. If they have not succeeded in getting a good treaty, we can comfort ourselves with the reflection that no one else would have been likely to have done as well.

* * *

Talking of treaties, what do you think—honour, bright—of the effort that is being made to blame Sir Wilfrid for getting Canada included in the Japanese treaty, now that it seems to have got us into trouble over Japanese immigration? Did we not all think that it was a good stroke of business to get favoured access to the Japanese market at the time the treaty was extended to us? Was not Canada practically unanimous in supporting Sir Wilfrid on that occasion? Did the Opposition make any serious fight in the House? It turns out that the Japanese Government does not consider itself bound by the "understanding" that it was only to send us about five hundred immigrants a year; but is it not carrying partisan rancour a little too far to load the Government with the discredit of all this? There seems to have been a mistake made, and, technically, the official representatives of the country are to blame. But it would have been a delicate business to have tried to get Japan at the very moment when we were seeking to secure trade concessions from her, and on the morrow of her great victory over Russia, to put down in black and white a humiliating admission that her people were not as good as any other people and must therefore be excluded from the very country which was asking a trade alliance.

* * *

The pressmen of Montreal will have given—before this

gets into print—a banquet to Mr. C. A. Dansereau on the completion of his fortieth year as a journalist. Four decades is a long span for a man to have covered as an active newspaper writer in Canada. It carries one back to Confederation. And for the greater part of this time, Mr. Dansereau has held a position of such prominence that his figure has been visible to public men throughout the entire Dominion. I well remember when I was a mere neophyte in political matters to have heard about "Dansereau" of Montreal who could write so exactly like Chapleau than even their best friends could not tell which had prepared a document. Chapleau was then the king of the French-Canadian platform and rapidly winning that repute which was soon to take him to Ottawa to act as a thorn in the side of Sir Hector Langevin.

* * *

It is a long time since English Canadians produced a dominating orator. To-day, our national orator is the Prime Minister—a French-Canadian. And we of English speech would be hard put to it to name a man who could act—as they say in golf—as a "runner-up." Mr. Foster is regarded as the best speaker in the Conservative parliamentary party; but he is hardly what we mean when we speak of an orator. "Charlie" Marcell comes nearer to oratory; but he is French. Mr. Bourassa is a capital parliamentarian; but he is not English. Going back a generation, we have Chapleau—as we saw—but whom have we to match with him? Blake was a cogent speaker; but he was not a man to move the masses. Sir John Thompson was a great debater; but as far as possible from an orator. On a question that touched his own heart, Dalton McCarthy could touch the hearts of his hearers; but was he not Irish? McGee was an orator and Davin was at times eloquent; but they were both Celts. Sir Charles Tupper was vigorous; and—for lack of a better—we might nominate him. Yet the English race can produce orators, as a long list from Fox to Rosebery attests.



A Devil of a Game.—Punch.

With Pen and Pencil

APPARENTLY Mr. Hosmer did not like the criticisms of the telegraph companies' charges recently made by Senator Davis, Sir Sandford Fleming and others. Apparently he decided to teach the Western newspapers a lesson. Accordingly he has advanced the rates on the daily supply of news paragraphs which arrive from the associated press companies and other Eastern correspondents. If the rates were too high before, they must now be twice too high. It remains to be seen whether this action will make the Western papers humble or whether they will join with Mr. Borden and advocate government ownership of all trunk telegraph lines.



A Bold Hold-up in the West.

China has made another step towards the introduction of Western civilisation. Her army has been reorganised on occidental lines and now a form of constitutional government has been introduced. Is this due to the influence of Japan or Europe? Perhaps both. In either case it shows that the awakening of the Chinese Giant is proceeding apace. Autocratic vice-roys governing large provinces without consultation with the people has passed out and the Chinaman is to lose his political passiveness.



China now has Responsible Government.

It is said that the Premier of Ontario has refused a cash offer of one million dollars for one million acres of crown lands. Mr. Whitney will sell the public lands only to bona fide settlers. Mr. Whitney is a hard problem to solve. Some time ago, his government undertook to end a school-book monopoly and appointed a commission to investigate the case. After it reported, he turned round and made a fresh bargain with the monopolists and bought up their stock of condemned readers at bargain prices. Sometimes Mr. Whitney is against monopoly, sometimes he is in favour of it.



Whitney Nobly Said "No!"

The Hon. "Dick" McBride, Premier of British Columbia, says it was the Grand Trunk Pacific officials who encouraged the Japanese to come to Canada. Senator Cox, one of the directors, declares that the G.T.P. is being held back because labour is scarce, and consequently the British Columbia section cannot be built until work on the Alberta and Saskatchewan Section is completed. Hence it would seem that British Columbia must choose between the influx of spade-handlers and a delay in the building of the road which is to open up

the central portion of the province. It is an awkward choice.



"Keeping the Boys Interested in each other."

Some person might write an article on Mr. Kipling as an Empire-knitter. He takes a great interest in the outlying portions of the King's Dominions and is anxious to see them take a proper interest in each other and a proper interest in the affairs of the Empire generally. He frankly admitted this in his speech to the Winnipeg Canadian Club.



Roosevelt the Panic Maker.

President Roosevelt, speaking at Memphis last week, remarked on the frenzy which seizes people who hear the most ordinary remarks from public men. He jocularly declared that if he were to state that honesty was the best policy it would likely lead to a run on the banks. He declared that such circumstances would not, however, deter him from condemning wrong-doing wherever he found it.

The President has managed to make so many remarkable utterances during his career that even his platitudes are regarded as impressive. When the Chief Executive is an authority on a vast variety of matters, varying from railway management to wild animals he has known, he is naturally considered an oracle.

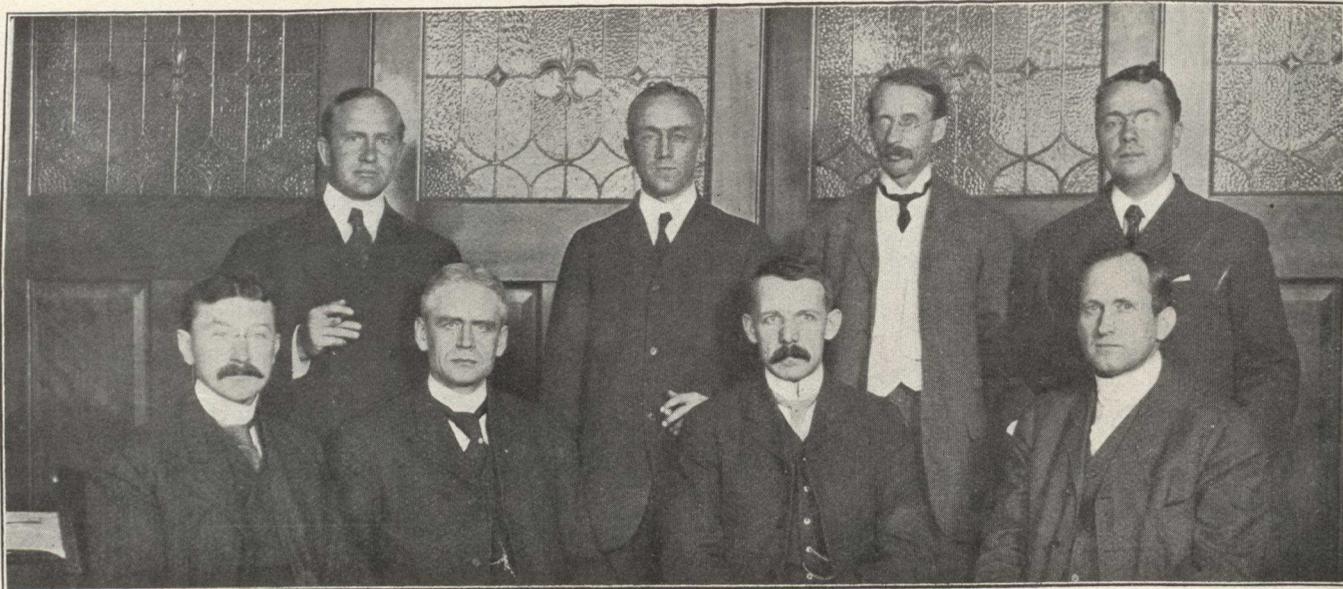


A Sense of Duty.

There are 164 distillers of whiskey in Scotland and the stock on hand is equal to four years' consumption. Hence, there is talk of restricting the output so as to reduce stocks and raise prices. Higher prices are necessary because of the increased cost of coal and barley. It might be advisable for those who have a fondness for this beverage to stock their wine cellars at present prices. The visit of the Boston Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company is said to have materially reduced the stock in Toronto.



Tea instead of Tribulation for the Freshie.



SOME PRESIDENTS OF THE CANADIAN CLUB OF TORONTO.

Upper row from left:—Mr. W. R. P. Parker, Mr. Casey Wood, Mr. G. A. Howell, Mr. John Turnbull.

Lower row from left:—Mr. W. E. Rundle, Mr. W. Sanford Evans, Winnipeg, Mr. J. A. Cooper, Mr. George Wilkie.

This photograph was taken last week on the occasion of Mr. Sanford Evans' visit to Toronto.

Sensitive about Snow

IS it not time for Canadians to recover from their sensitiveness regarding the climate of this Dominion? Mr. Kipling, about a decade ago, brought all manner of replies and parodies upon his head because he chose a picturesque, though by no means original, title for a poem on our "preference." Then, after everyone had left the plough or the counter to write lines of more-or-less rhythmic protest, Mr. Kipling came back with the immortal limerick concerning the small boy of Quebec. We may as well admit that we have a few snowstorms and that skating is not an extinct pastime in Canada. We have no one but ourselves to blame for the idea that we spend our summers beneath a snow blanket. For years we sent photographs and paragraphs about ice palaces, toboggan slides and regattas on a frost-bound bay to friends scattered on the shores of the Seven Seas. Then we wonder that Canada is not placed in the same class with the Riviera and Algiers, as a balmy resort in winter. Our novelists have usually chosen the frostier parts of Canada for the scenes of their thrilling narratives. The Hudson's Bay Company and the Klondikers are much more romantic

than the quiet farmers and merchants who live along the shores of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. What is really needed is a Canadian novelist who will give us a series of summery fiction in which Niagara, Pelee Island and other mild districts will display to the foreign reader the charm of our southernmost counties. Mr. Arthur Stringer has a fruit farm in Kent, Ontario, where he raises huge melons and prize pears. It is his solemn duty to write a masterpiece in which the tomatoes, grapes and peaches of his native land will have an honoured place and will show to the alien that chilblains are not always with us. In the meantime we need not become wrathful every time we get a snowball in the face. Ours is a broad territory, as we have said many a time, and the dweller in Essex, Ontario or St. John, New Brunswick, must remember that Canada stretches away off to Yukon and that the adventurous foreign sportsman usually has his baggage checked through to the far north and hardly takes time to notice that we have several "gardens of Canada." He is so anxious to get to the "mountains, you know, and bag a bear" that he forgets to write home about the blue skies and bracing air.



THE GENERAL HOSPITAL AT KINGSTON.

This week the citizens of Kingston are holding a "Made in Canada" Fair in aid of the Hospital. The Armouries have been fitted up with booths, and citizens and county residents are combining in the good work of furnishing materials to be sold.

Personalities



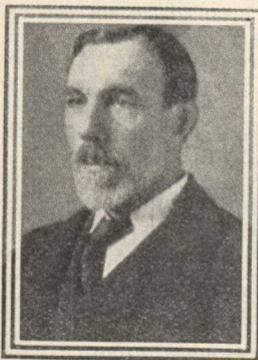
H. S. H. Prince Albert
of Monaco.

PRINCE OF MONACO.

PRINCE ALBERT of Monaco is a much-talked-about dignitary at present, since one of London's daily papers has started a crusade against Monte Carlo, of which the Prince is the real proprietor. Probably no other spot in the world has known so many sordid tragedies as the beautiful corner of Southern Europe where the turn of the wheel sometimes brings fortune and more frequently brings disgrace. All the loveliness of sub-tropical scenery, the lavish equipment of stately mansions, the adornment of picturesque gardens combine to make the Casino a place of unique attraction. Gambling may be the vice of those possessing a low order of intellect, according to a modern philosopher. But the scenes at Monte Carlo have a fascination for those who wish to see human nature in all the ugly feverishness of the gamester's disease. The master of these gilded dens lives in a magnificent palace overlooking the hillside. He is a plainly-dressed man of severe aspect, with sad eyes and a stern mouth. He is said to be courteous in manner and singularly quiet in conversation. He cares nothing whatever for the games of the Casino or the tragedies associated with them. His scientific submarine researches have made him famous, and his chief delight is to be on a ship among the Arctic ice-floes or to take a camera tour among the wild animals of the north.

KAID HARRY MACLEAN.

Among the British-born subjects who have led romantic careers, none has seen more unusual service than the Scot who is now a captive in the hands of the pirate chief, Raisuli. The story of his life is more entertaining than the average melodrama and much more inspiring. Sir Harry, as he is known in England since 1901, belongs to an ancient Scottish house and was a captain of the Sixty-ninth regiment of infantry in the British army. He served as a member of the Red River expedition in Canada under Lord Wolseley and left the English service while stationed at Gibraltar, to take command of the late Sultan of Morocco's bodyguard, being advanced in course of time to the position of generalissimo. The Kaid, as he is called in Morocco, has never found it necessary to become a Moslem in order to strengthen his position, and although the Moors are fiercely faithful to the teachings of the Prophet, the fact that the Kaid has remained a strict Presbyterian has not interfered with the esteem accorded him in his adopted country. The Kaid invariably dresses in the uniform of his rank—a blue, gold-embroidered jacket, wide knickerbockers a big turban and a wide, flowing mantle. The Kaid has accomplished a great work of organisation in the Moroccan army and has received congratulations on its excellence from no less a judge than the Emperor of Germany. The father of Kaid Harry Maclean is living in London, having reached the age of ninety-five years. Sir Harry comes of the best fighting Highland stock and his early release from captivity is anxiously awaited by both British and Moorish authorities.



Sir William Ramsay.

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY.

Copper is a substance which has figured in sensational scenes and incidents during the last five years. Mr. Thomas Lawson of Boston has told part of the

story in a style more yellow than the material demanded. But there is a scientific side of the case of which Sir William Ramsay is said to know more than any other living man. Last spring reports were published to the effect that Sir William has asserted his success in producing metallic copper by transmutation or combination of some kind. This report was denied by Sir William who, however, made another surprising statement, that he has produced lithium by subjecting metallic copper to certain operations in the course of which portions of it have become "degraded" or transformed into a substance of lower atomic weight in the same chemical group. This claim has been definitely placed before the British Association by Sir William himself. Lengthy discussion of this segregation of one element from another combination of elements has ensued, for all continents are highly interested in the announcement made by the distinguished Scottish chemist.



Archduke Karl Franz.

ARCHDUKE KARL FRANZ.

The present Emperor of Austria, Franz Josef, has had a singularly tragic life. The suicide of Prince Rudolf, the assassination of the beautiful Empress Elizabeth have darkened the latter half of this distinguished ruler's career. The heir-presumptive to the Austrian Emperor is his grand-nephew, the Archduke Karl Franz who has recently come of age. He is at present a student at the Prague University and is a fine, stalwart young specimen of the Austrian aristocracy. This future ruler of Austria-Hungary is the son of the Archduke Otto and Maria Josepha, sister of the King of Saxony. Since attaining his majority, he has had for his personal service, instead of a tutor, Count Wallis, an officer of his own regiment, the Seventh Dragoons. He received an officer's sword from his imperial grand-uncle, engraved with his own and the Emperor's monogram, both surmounted with the Royal arms. The matrimonial views of this young nobleman are naturally of much interest to the feminine aspirants to a crown. The young heir's choice is restricted to a comparatively narrow circle and the emperor is probably desirous of avoiding a repetition of the Rudolf tragedy.

The ancient university in the Bohemian capital has been a favourite with many members of the Austrian nobility, and the present heir is fond of student life.

DR. FRIDTIOF NANSEN.

Dr. "Farthest North" Nansen has been paying a visit to England, in the course of which he expressed himself freely on the subject of English Society, considering it frivolous and entirely reprehensible. Dr. Nansen must have found himself in the wrong crowd. He probably went with the smart set, instead of the scientists, and so was sadly shocked. But if people will go with the "bridge and brandy" crowd, what can they expect? Dr. Nansen's Norwegian spouse remained at home while her scientific husband made interesting explorations in darkest England. Dr. Nansen refused to say much about his plans for future Arctic research. He is not overwhelmed with grief, it is said, over Mr. Wellman's failure to get nicely started on his balloon trip for the North Pole. In fact, Dr. Nansen is a somewhat disagreeable explorer.

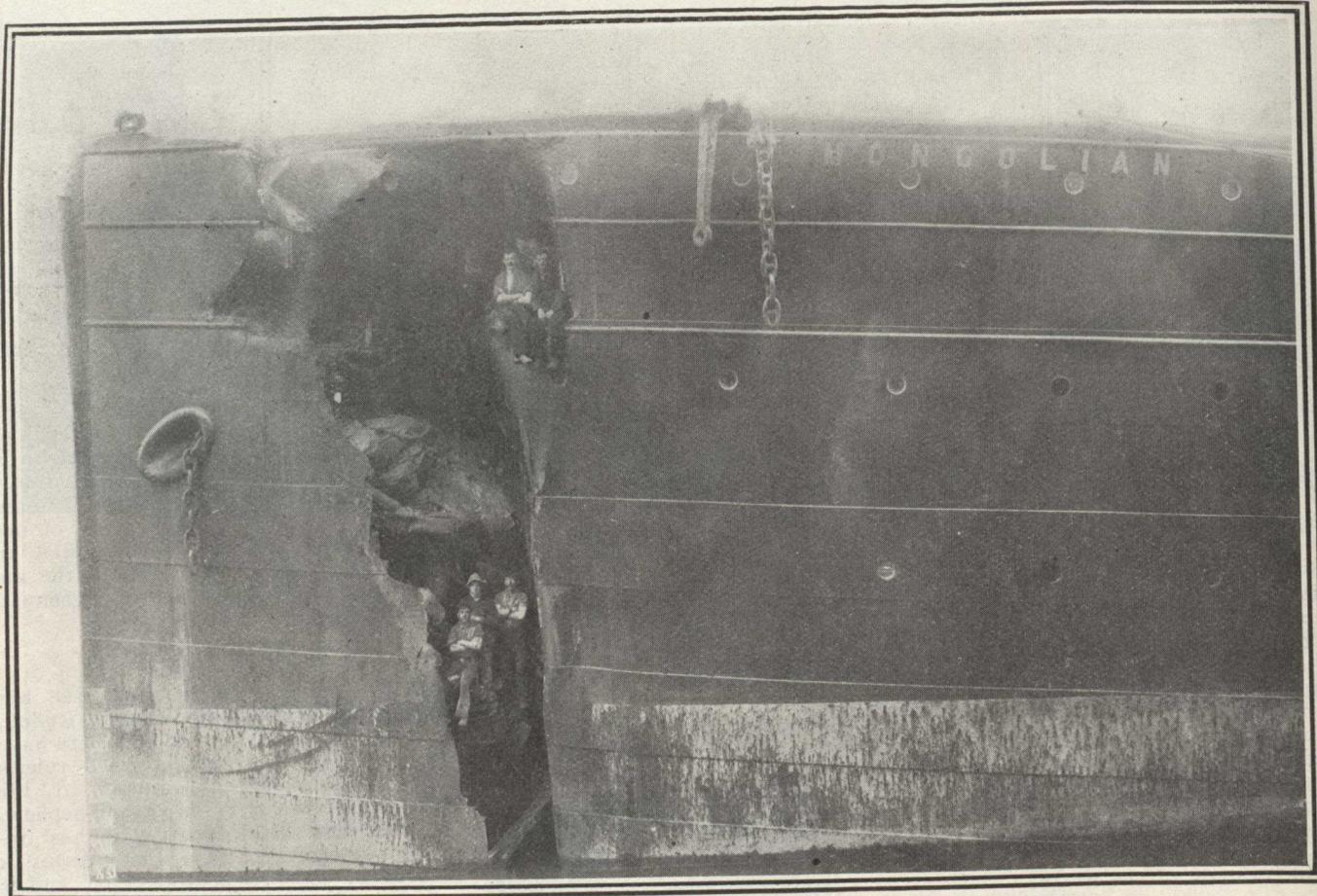


Dr. Fridtjof Nansen.



Kaid Harry Maclean.

The Dangers of the Deep



A HOLE FOUR TO TWENTY FEET WIDE IN THE "MONGOLIAN."

On Sunday, September 22nd, the "Mongolian" outward bound, met the "Hurona" inward bound in the St. Lawrence, about 900 miles east of Quebec. In the fog, the "Hurona" crashed into the "Mongolian" with the result shown. The gash was just before the first watertight division, and very little cargo was injured. The "Hurona's" prow was badly smashed, but her injuries were all above the waterline. Both vessels came on to Montreal for repairs.

With a Prince for Prize

THE millionaire hostesses of Newport and New York have lately been waging war o'er the prostrate youthful form of their latest Royal visitant, Prince William of Sweden, whose engagement to the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna was lately announced. The visit of Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the German Emperor, was the occasion for the triumph of the Vanderbilt social section. The recent visit of Prince William of Sweden gave opportunity for revenge to another. To an expectant American public, through an amenable American press, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish announced her intentions of avenging, during the stay of the Swedish Prince in Newport, the defeat sustained by herself and other millionaire ladies on occasion of the Prussian visit. She secured the young Prince to lunch, and omitted from her list of guests the Vanderbilts and Mrs. Harriman. She booked him for a farewell party four days later, but reckoned not on the wiliness of her enemy. Mrs. 'Corny' Vanderbilt, patrolling Newport in her dog-cart, swooped down on the unsuspecting Prince William while he was out for a stroll, and, before he knew where he was, whirled him off to a tea-party at her 'cottage.' Next day, all Newport expected to meet the Prince on board his cruiser 'Fylgit,' but owing to bad weather it had to be postponed at the last minute. Mrs. Vanderbilt, on receiving word of the postponement, sent off her husband post-haste to request the honour of the Prince's company on board their own yacht "North Star," on which, in less time than it takes to tell, a magnificent fete had been arranged. That was score No. 2 over Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who, recognising defeat, climbed down, announced to the aforesaid Press that it was all a mistake, and declared that revenge had never even entered her calculations.

"In the end, therefore, honours were fairly easy. The Prince, as the bone over which the dogs were quarrelling, behaved really beautifully, and came out of the 'shindy' far less scratched than the dogs themselves. He entertained his hosts on board his cruiser 'Fylgit,' and, naturally, ignored entirely their recent struggles over his person. The Swedish Minister at Washington, alarmed as much at the grandeur of the hospitality extended as at the severity of the battle, intimated that the young

Prince had had as much as was good for him of this kind of thing; besides which, the spectacle of a Prince of democratic Sweden revolving in the plutocratic whirlpool of Newport might not please his compatriots' eyes. So the Prince tore himself away, having first refused, with manful persistence, an invitation to join a bathing-party on Bailey's Beach, for which the waves, in anticipation, had, it is reported, been plentifully sprinkled with gallons of Eau de Cologne.

"The result of the contest was (1) Vanderbilts, (2) Stuyvesant Fishes. Also ran: Harrimans, Goelets, Ogden Millses and Havemeyers."

—The Bystander.

Official Responsibility

WITHIN the last month there have been two cases of prosecution of negligent or erring railway employees which have attracted attention. Hill was sentenced to jail for six months for being drunk on duty. The punishment may seem severe for such an offence but we must remember that the intoxication of such an official might mean a terrible loss of life. In the second case, the jury, after nearly three hours' consideration, acquitted a conductor charged with manslaughter in connection with the Myrtle collision. The latter verdict is said to have been given on purely sentimental grounds and Judge MacMahon made a departure from usual procedure by remarking: "I hope, gentlemen of the jury, if you should happen to be on a train when there is a collision and you are injured, that perhaps your ideas of duty and care of officials will change."

However sympathetic may be the attitude of the public towards the man who has made the mistake, his responsibility should be amply recognised and also the penalty which negligence of such duty deserves. The drunkenness of an operator, the disobedience of a conductor are far more serious than such frailties in the ordinary workman. If we are going to render those in extraordinary positions immune from extraordinary penalties, the safety of the travelling public will be materially affected.

Mr. Twigg on Molly Coddlers



"A Man like me."

MR. TWIGG was not in good humour. His gruff "Good night" in response to my pleasant "How are you, Mr. Twigg?" was sufficient to show that the philosopher was out of sorts. The evening paper was unceremoniously tossed to one side, and, as I am an observing man I surmised that there was something unpleasant in its columns.

"A fine evening," said I.

"Hum!" he replied. "Going to have rain; I feel it in my bones."

"Jacob Turner's started to cut his wheat," I continued after a pause, trying to turn the conversation into a pleasant vein.

"Wheat and thistles, you mean. If his father could see the old place now it would make him turn in his grave."

"Anything of importance in the paper?" I enquired carelessly after a while. I had struck the seat of trouble. Mr. Twigg laid down a half-finished pipe—a most unusual thing for him to do.

"In the papers?" said he. "Yes, another speech from a political molly coddler."

"From a political what?" said I.

"Molly coddler," he replied deliberately.

"What's a political molly coddler?" I enquired, not quite sure of the term as applied to politics. Mr. Twigg ignored the question and continued—

"Here's a University President getting up on the platform and shouting Graft! Graft! Graft! Politics are rotten in Parliament, rotten in the Legislature, rotten in the Municipality.

"Now," continued Mr. Twigg, assuming a judicial attitude and weighing the question with great deliberation. "Either that man knows what he's talking about or he doesn't. If he knows there is graft, why doesn't he name the grafters and denounce them—Goodness knows there's enough laws on the subject. If he doesn't know what he's talking about, why in thunder doesn't he hold his tongue. It isn't the man who shouts Graft! from the top of a flagpole that merits civic gratitude; it's the man who proves it, punishes it, prevents its recurrence.

"Give a dog a bad name, kick him when you get a chance, and he'll steal the steak off your dinner table when you turn your back.

"Everybody knows that politics are not run on strictly Bible class principles, but thank heaven, crooked politicians are the exception, not the rule, and the purity there is in Parliament to-day is there, not because of the molly coddlers, but in spite of them.

"Up to Shreveport there's a big wholesale merchant who is always molly coddling. But bless you, that's nothing in Shreveport; there's as many molly coddlers in municipal politics as microbes in the City water. Well, as I was saying, this fellow gave an interview the other day,—'What we need,' says he, 'is big men to run the

City—men of affairs who will work for nothing and be above the suspicion of graft—a man like me for instance, only I'm too busy.' That man reminds me of the fellow who was willing to go to war with the United States and sacrifice his mother-in-law and all his wife's

relations in the trenches, if the worst came to the worst.

"General charges of graft, made by men anxious for the limelight of notoriety have done more to lower the tone of public life than all other things put together. There is no game with so many blanks to it as politics, and there is many a man who, after he has drawn the prize, envies the fellow who drew a blank. The salaries are small, the hours are long, the work is nerve-racking. The one reward that should exist is honour, and that, the molly coddlers are doing their best to take away.

"There are good and bad priests, and there are good and bad politicians. There is just a little sense in calling the Christian Church unclean because of its bad priests, as to revile politics because of its bad politicians.

"Not long ago there was a molly coddler up at Shreveport who listened to so much of his own talk that he became convinced he was a great man. He decided to run for alderman as a stepping stone to the Premier's chair. When the ballots were counted his pile looked like an ant-hill stacked up against the Rocky Mountains. He couldn't understand it. Of course he offered sixteen reasons, beginning with dollars and ending with cents. He was a clever enough fellow in his way but he lacked human sympathy and it didn't take the voters long to find it out. The molly coddlers didn't vote for him. As soon as he entered the field of Try to Do Something he was as bad as the rest in their eyes. Anyway, the molly coddlers aren't much shakes at elections. Some of them haven't got votes; some don't take the trouble to vote; and those that do vote are usually driven to the polls in a party hack.

"The stone statue of a dead statesman will do more to inspire civic pride than an army of men touring the country and delivering 'Don't-do-that-my-child lectures.'"

Mr. Twigg leaned back in his chair as if he had said enough. His pipe had almost gone out; he carefully pulled at it in silence for a minute. "Of course, there are many kinds of molly coddling," said he, "even to molly coddling the molly coddler."



"Graft! Graft! Politics are Rotten!"

Dementia Americana

THE word "American" is sometimes confusingly used. But in the article by Robert Adger Bowen in "Lippincott's Magazine" on the famous expression, "Dementia Americana," most of the author's severe comments may include Canada in the general term.

"It is a curious commentary upon our American character that its vaunted shrewdness should be offset by an almost clownlike gullibility, that our sober judgment is apt to be swayed by a mawkish emotionalism which slops over itself helplessly, and that our standards of manliness may change overnight from exaggerated hero-worship to an unjust and determined persecution. Mr. Kipling has told us that we are very crude, and it is one of our own citizens who profited largely by his self-expressed axiom that the American people love to be humbugged. 'I have come to believe,' remarked an earnest man the other day, that the rarest thing among our people is a sound intelligence.'

"Now, it is true that as a people we possess a shrewdness that sometimes goes by a harsher name among those who have failed to profit by it, and that, as individuals, we resent a personal cheat, and are apt to get our money's worth in a bargain. Moreover, it is true that we are adepts in divorcing sentiment from business, and that we are wonderful accumulators of money. And yet it is equally true that we submit hourly to extortions in a hundred civic and municipal ways, that we pay dearly for sham and bluff and fraud—duped, it would seem, by the very disproportion of worth to cost."

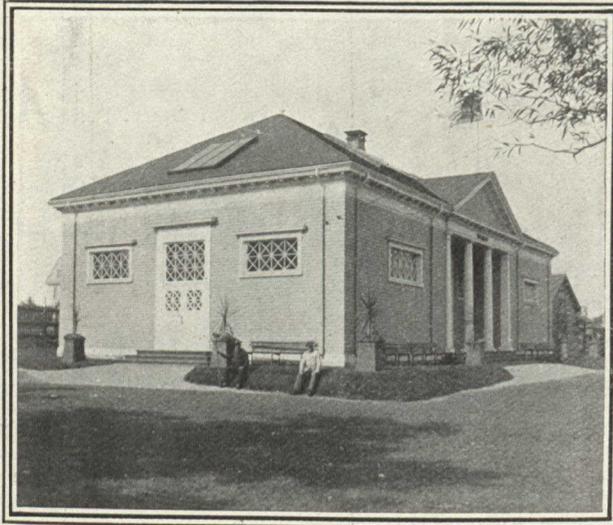


Mr. Twigg.

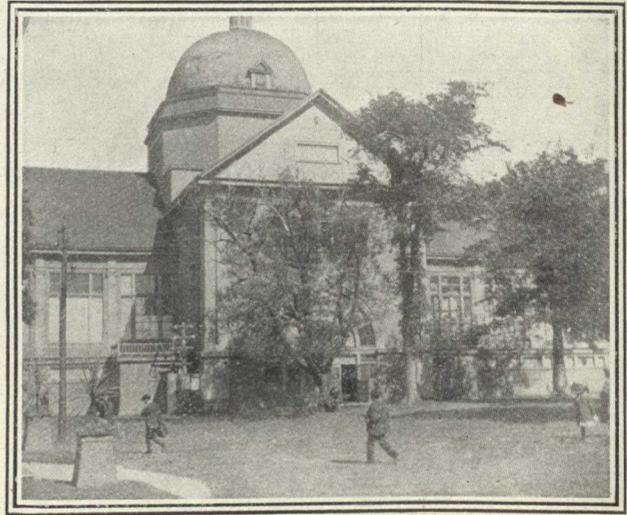
Nova Scotia's Leading Exhibition



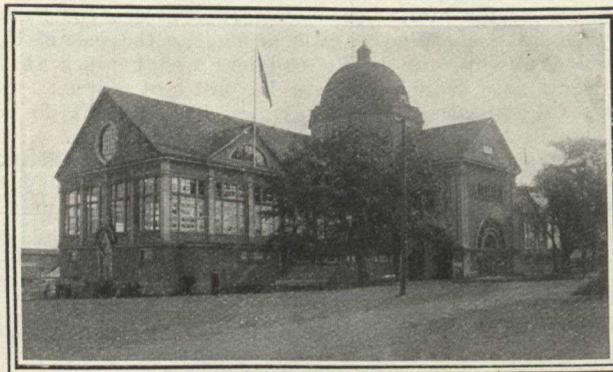
Halifax Fair, September 25th to October 3rd—"Fakers' Row."



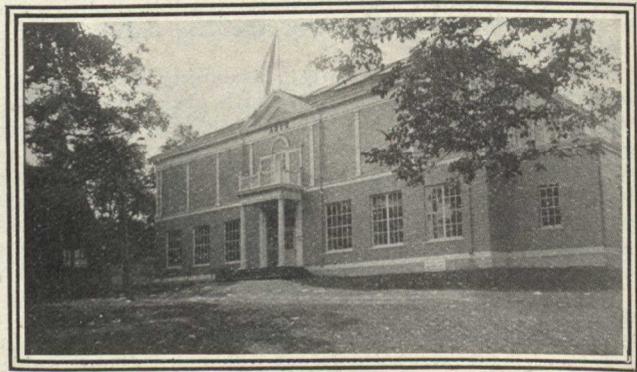
Mines and Mining Palace.



Entrance to Main Building.



Manufacturers' and Liberal Arts Palace.



Art Palace and Woman's Work Department.

Exhibition at Halifax

THE tenth annual fair was held in Halifax from Sept. 25th to Oct. 3rd. Besides the large main building there are separate buildings for Mines, Art, Fisheries, Machinery, Transportation, Agriculture, Horticulture, as well as numerous horse and cattle sheds, grand stand and race track. In fact, there is an outfit that is surpassed by only several larger centres in Canada, and unequalled in the Maritime provinces. This exhibition runs for eight days, with an average attendance of 10,000 a day. In this age of combines, trusts and merging of smaller concerns, it would seem to an outsider that the Maritime provinces, by combining their exhibitions, and holding their fairs alternately in their respective capitals, would draw larger crowds and have larger and better exhibits.

Perhaps the most exciting afternoon during the exhibition was Wednesday of last week when a record attendance thronged the grand stand and paddock in order to watch the races with their varying fortunes for favourites. On this occasion, "Miss Letha," the Fredericton mare, won a remarkable triumph by covering three heats under adverse circumstances in 2.17 $\frac{1}{4}$ and in the first heat starting twenty yards behind the watch and against a decidedly heavy wind, she covered the mile in 2.15 $\frac{3}{4}$. This feature of the fair certainly bears comparison with Central and Western Canada.

There is noticeable a striking advance in the quantity and quality of women's work, to which additional space

is being given. In this respect, all the exhibitions in Canada are alike. The old days, when prize quilts and a few yards of "pineapple pattern" lace represented woman's contribution to the exhibition, have gone forever and a large display, including productions in most of the arts, is an imposing feminine contribution.

As would be expected from a province by the sea, Nova Scotia made an excellent showing in the Fisheries and Marine Department, where cod, haddock, lobster, bloaters and salmon showed the wealth of the eastern coast. Model yachts and sailing vessels, display of fishing gear and hand-made nets showed the variety of this department, while a collection of native sea shells and sea weeds gave an artistic touch to the otherwise practical exhibit.

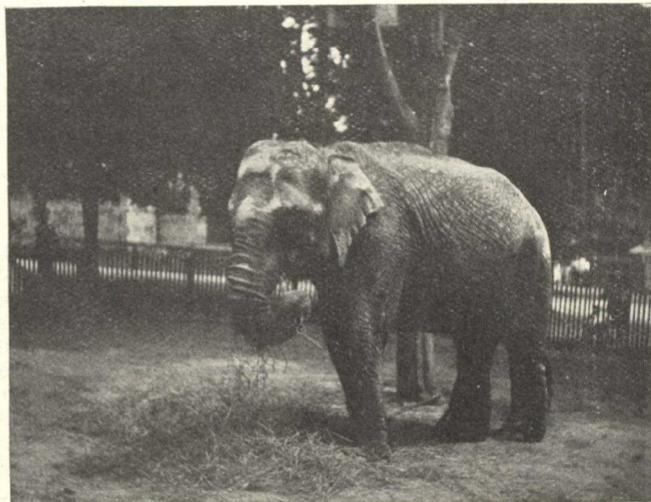
Limericks

A WEEKLY paper started a limerick competition craze in England a few weeks ago by printing four lines in a well-known limerick form. Competitors were asked to supply the fifth line, accompanying it with a coupon and a sixpenny postal order. The success of the scheme was immediate, and other papers and advertisers followed suit, the latest prize offered being \$15 a week for life. The demand for sixpenny orders was so great that the postoffice ran short. The normal demand is somewhat less than 100,000 a month. In the month of July 1,300,000 such orders were supplied.

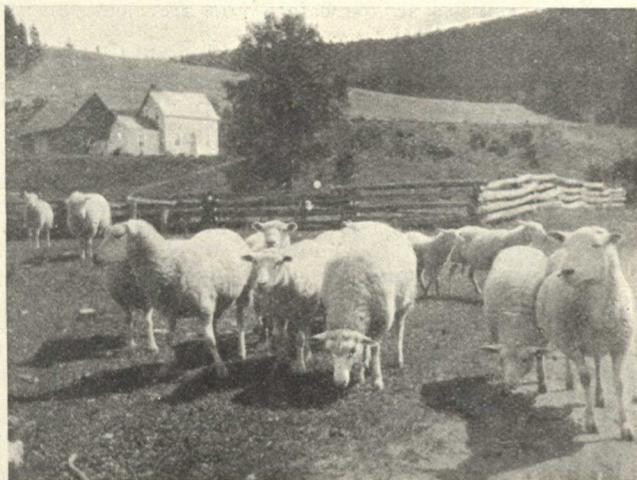
Outdoor Pictures of Animal Life



First Prize—"Elegance and Ease."



Second Prize—"The Captive Elephant."



Third Prize—"Grazing."



Fourth Prize—"A Wrestling Bear."



Fifth Prize—"Noonday."



Honourable Mention—"Miss Pussy."



Honourable Mention—"Come Down Kitty."

WINNERS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST, NUMBER TWO.

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| 1. J. H. Jost, Halifax. | 4. R. G. S. Anthony, Vancouver. |
| 2. M. O. Hammond, Toronto. | 5. Harold Cowen, Toronto. |
| 3. Robert K. Steeves, Campbellton, N.B. | 6. C. V. Fessenden, Peterboro. |
| 7. H. B. Youell, Aylmer, Ont. | |

STOLEN—A HOUSE

By HELEN BALL.

Drawings by Emily Hand.

"TOM, you are the very fellow I wanted to see. I'm in the devil of a muddle, and I can't see my way out."

"What's wrong, old chap? Been robbing somebody's apple tree? Out with it, then, and have the agony over."

"Oh, this is the worst yet—but come in here where we can talk." They were at the moment passing one of the numerous men's clubs which dot the city.

Seated in confidential chairs, Larry Staunton was soon unburdening his mind to Tom Bryan, his confidant since their first year at college.

"The trouble is, Tom, I'm afraid it's just about all up with the comfortable job I've been holding down. You know I represent Lawless & Co., of Indianapolis. I have never seen Patrick Lawless, but he is an eccentric genius—for instance he engaged me whom he doesn't know from Adam, for this responsible position which I fill. And the worst of it—no, not the worst, but bad enough—is that I'm sailing under false colours. Bryan remained sympathetically silent.

"You know," the confession continued, "or probably you don't know, that Patrick Lawless employs none but married men. Yes, you may well stare—consequently it was necessary for me to be married, and so, triumph of mind over matter and all that sort of rot, don't you know, I adopted the creed that what you want is really yours, and you know well enough I want to marry—and then I used my newly acquired faith to my pecuniary advantage. I didn't actually say flatly that I was married, but in applying for the position, I casually mentioned that my wife and I were very anxious that I should get this fixed position in the city."

"H'm—your wife!"

"Yes, you see, my wife that is to be. Everything went smoothly. Without a hitch, the Honourable Patrick engaged me—somehow took a tremendous shine to me, though mind you, he has never laid eyes on me."

"Probably that accounts for it," interrupted Tom with a grin.

"That was just three months ago," continued Larry, disregarding the interruption. "Since then things have gone swimmingly. I've sent in plenty of business. Patrick and I have grown wonderfully chummy—by mail—and to-day to my horror he announced in a particularly friendly letter that he was coming up to the city tomorrow, for the day, and would esteem it a personal favour if he might meet me in my home and be introduced to my wife."

Bryan here subsided in his chair in a fit of suppressed amusement. Seeing that Larry looked indignant, he sympathetically offered him a rare cigar. A few moments later with the aroma of excellent tobacco soothing their nerves, they felt better prepared to cope with the alarming situation.

"Now," burst out Larry, "will you tell me what I'm to do? I have no home—I have no wife, and if my prophetic sense reads true, I'll be minus a job and a nice tidy little salary in about twenty-four hours."

"Yes—it is rather a muddle," assented Tom, lazily watching rings of smoke vanish in the air. "You'd better confess the whole thing, Larry. You'll find it rather difficult to get a wife and a home all in one day. Lawless must be a deuced queer chap. What do you suppose has possessed him to want to chum up with your family circle?"

"Pure cussedness of human nature, and his own natural born tendency for doing unexpected things," growled Larry. "Everyone will tell you that about Patrick Lawless."

"It's a great pity, Larry, that Doris Hamilton hasn't given in to your persuasions before this contingency arose, and you might have been married long ago," said Tom regretfully. "And there's the finest little thing in the shape of a dove-cot out our way to be rented furnished. Belongs to Pinkerton. for the summer, and they've put their house

in some agent's hands. But you'd never be able to get it anyway on such short notice. Someone was in there looking at it yesterday. But, pshaw, what's the use of a house without the wife, and upon my soul, old chap, I really couldn't agree to lend you mine."

"Oh," interrupted Larry, "I might almost manage the wife business for one day. I ran in to see Doris this morning and told her of my double affliction. She thought it awfully funny—said she was almost inclined to accept me in order to succeed the defunct Mrs. Larry who will have to be decently buried to-day. But," in a brighter tone, "it's the nearest she has ever come to my way of thinking."

Tom grinned appreciatively as Larry's spirits rose perceptibly with the recollection.

"In fact," he continued, "just as I was leaving, she said, joking, if I could find the house, she would play at being my wife for one day—just to see how it felt. Say," he added, his face expanding in a tremendous grin, "wouldn't I make her dizzy. I could get the house? Oh, what a lark—and she couldn't say a word with old Lawless on the spot! Oh, Tommy, my boy," bringing his fist down on the other's knee, "I've got to get that house by hook or by crook. Do you know the name of the agent?"

"Hudson, I believe Pinkerton said," responded Bryan, ruefully rubbing his knee. "But look here, Larry, you are off for another scrape before you are clear of this one."

"Oh, well, Thomas, my son, it's a case of two negatives, don't you know. Two scrapes together may land me on solid ground. Come on down to Hudson's. We'll see what's doing anyway." So off they went, chuckling like a pair of school-boys.

"I say, have you the renting of Pinkerton's house out there at West End?" demanded Larry of the lanky youth at the desk in Hudson's real estate office.

"Yes, sir," drawled the youth.

"Then could you let me have the key? I want a house and I'd like to run out and see that to-day."

"Well," doubtfully, "some folks nearly decided to take it yesterday. Still, I guess you could have a look at it, only don't keep the key long because they're coming in after it to-morrow morning."

After a few further questions he handed over the key and the men left the office.

Once around the corner Larry began to execute a war dance.

"Well, what good does that do you?" demanded Bryan. "You have the key but you haven't the house."

"Haven't the house, man? What are you talking about? Haven't I the passport to the front door of that house, and can't I keep it until my friend Patrick has come and gone to-morrow, and can't Dor and I set up our own establishment for the day? Why, Tommy, it's the opportunity of a lifetime! I'll be so absolutely fascinating that Dor will haul in her guns, and we'll be married and live happy ever after."

"You don't mean that you are going to regularly steal that house," thundered Bryan; "simply walk in and take possession?" Larry nodded delightedly.

"My dear fellow you are mad," expostulated Bryan; "and borrow a wife into the bargain?"

"There it is, all in a nut-shell, Tommy," chuckled Larry complacently. "You think Dor will go back on her word? Not an inch, though it was only a joke. She's too decent a sport for that."

"Well, I'll have nothing to do with any such nonsense," exclaimed Bryan impatiently.

"Oh, go on, admonished Larry incredulously. "You're as tickled about it as I am, only you won't acknowledge it."

"Oh, Larry, Larry, what's to become of you?" And Tom strode away chuckling to himself.

"We'll drop in to see you to-night," called Larry as he made a dash for an up-town car.

There were various



'Haven't I Got the Passport?'

matters to be adjusted before the auspicious moment on the morrow when he would take possession of his newly acquired residence. The project required to be more fully explained to Doris who, Larry acknowledged to himself, might "raise the devil" when she learned the interesting particulars.

It was with a bold countenance but many an inward quaking that after the day's work he at last rang the bell at Mrs. Hamilton's substantial residence.

"Yes, sah, Miss Do'is is in, sah. Missus she am out, sah," announced the smiling black Dinah as she ushered Larry into the library.

"What, Larry—you again? What have you got to say for yourself this time? I'm rather expecting Mr. Maxwell this evening." And Doris Hamilton's tip-tilted nose suggested volumes of independence.

"Hang Mr. Maxwell, Dor, you can just send word that you are out if he turns up."

"Wouldn't think of it my dear boy. He's a very delightful man, and I think he's really fond of me."

"Oh, of course he is, the duffer. Pretty boy—wears pink ties to match his cheeks and—"

"Well, why don't you wear red ones to match your red hair and fiery temper? You had better run along home if you are going to be disagreeable."

"Home—that's just what I want to talk about, Dor. You remember me telling you about Mr. Lawless, and that he was coming to call on me and my wife?"

"Yes," interrupted Doris scornfully; "and you—stupid, can't find the house when I nearly offered to be the necessary wife for one day."

"Oh, ho! That's where you are mistaken, my lady. Here is the key of the house." And with a triumphant flourish he waved it before the girl's unbelieving eyes.

"And now," in a business-like tone, "if you will just run and get your coat and hat, we will go down and inspect our new home."

"Why, Larry, you goose," expostulated Doris. "It's all a joke—we wouldn't do it, really, you know."

"Wouldn't we, just?" emphatically. "Now look here, Miss Doris Helena Hamilton, you are not going back on your word. Why it will be a regular picnic."

"Larry Staunton, what are you talking about?" And the grey eyes of the girl, half-startled, sought to read the truth in Larry's sunny blue orbs.

"Dor," beseechingly, "you wouldn't go back on a fellow? I've got the house—at least I have the key, which amounts to the same thing."

"Oh, Larry," in an uneasy tone, "do be sensible and tell me the truth. Whose house is it—what do you mean?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I've stolen—no, borrowed the house for the day. Oh—" as Doris looked incredulous—"there's no end to my wickedness. I lie, I steal, and am prepared to kidnap a maiden all forlorn. Oh, wouldn't things be warm for me if the old gentleman got on to my game. If the worst comes to the worst, Dor, I'll be issuing 'At Home' cards from the county jail."

After some further lively discussion of the matter, Doris, with a low chuckle which augured well for the madcap project, hurried away for her hat, all forgetful of the youth with the pink tie who arrived on the scene five minutes after their excited and united exit.

Before locating the house destined as the cloak of respectability for their evil deeds, the pair of house-breakers sought the stimulating companionship of Tom Bryan and his wife, and then emboldened by their reinforcements, they turned their steps towards the Pinkerton dwelling. An ideal spot it proved to be, surrounded by a hedge and covered with rambling yellow roses which flirted through the little diamond-paned windows with the dainty frilled curtains inside, and Doris was won to the cause at the thought of playing mistress for one day in this doll house.

Then, too, all her life Doris had been possessed with

an inexcusably immoral longing to steal something just to find out what sensation it would awaken, and now that the coveted opportunity was at hand, she could not resist it.

"And then Sylvia you will be so near that if anything dreadful does happen, I can run and take refuge under your roof."

"Why, Larry, I am a donkey," exclaimed Tom. "It had not occurred to me that you might have our house."

"No sir-ee!" objected Larry. "No half-measures for us. We are in to mutilate the laws of our country—eh, Doris, what do you say?"

Oh, there wouldn't be any fun at all if we weren't doing something wicked," agreed Doris. "And besides, it's such a darling of a house. But, oh," with a gasp, "just supposing we should be caught, supposing Mr. Pinkerton should turn up?"

"Goosie,—he couldn't swim back; they are out on the middle of the ocean now," was Larry's comforting assurance.

"Well, I tell you, Larry Staunton," shaking a warning finger under Larry's nose, "if we are caught, or anyone ever finds out, I'll—I'll never speak to you again."

"No—you couldn't for some years anyway," assented Larry, cheerfully. "You see the men and women are not even within hollering distance in jail."

* * * * *

The eventful day dawned bright and fair. The four conspirators were oblivious to everything but the contemplated adventure.

Larry was irrepressibly jubilant. Doris who advisedly refrained from taking her mother into her confidence, was

at one moment declaring vigorously to herself that she "simply would not"—that "Larry was an idiot," and the next instant longing for the thrilling moment when they would officially steal the house. "I suppose," she soliloquized, "I really will marry him some day, probably would have done so months ago if he had made me. It will be like a story—oh, but if we are caught!" And her heart would go down the heels of her shoes; with a sickening thud to only to be elevated the next second by the thought of the hugeness of the joke.

Sylvia, Tom Bryan's wife, confessed to herself that nothing in the wide world could have induced her to do it. She would have been "frightened to death," but she was in a palpitating state of curiosity to know how it would all end, while Tom, the only one of the four who kept a level head, attended to one or two little matters down town which might relieve the tension at a strenuous moment.

Larry and Doris, with Sylvia half-frightened and wholly interested, fluttering about them, took possession of their newly acquired home at about two o'clock. Then Larry with parting words of encouragement, started in haste for the station to meet that disturbing element, Mr. Patrick Lawless.

The girls, left to themselves, giggled hysterically and flitted from window to window in nervous apprehension, their hearts beating like sledge-hammers at every foot-step they heard.

After about an hour a burly policeman turned a nearby corner and leisurely strolled down the street. Doris, in a panic of fear, confident that he was suspiciously eyeing the Pinkerton house, flew to the cellar, closely followed by the gasping, stuttering Sylvia.

"Oh, D-Doris, d-did he l-look? Oh, if only I could g-go home."

"Don't you dare think of such a thing," cried Doris, with an hysterical little shriek. "And leave me here alone? Sylvia, if you do you're a p-pig." And she grasped Sylvia frantically by the skirt, just as the latter was about to make for the stairway.



"The Conspiratorsturned their steps to the Pinkerton dwelling."

THE COBBLER

THE STORY OF A MUSICAL MECHANIC

By C. W. WESTRON

IF anyone cares to know how I became acquainted with the cobbler, I do not mind admitting that it was through the two girls. When I first came to live in the fifth house in the square, the two girls occupied rooms on the ground floor, whence (the house being jerry-built and the walls thin, ripples of laughter were occasionally wafted up to the first floor back. The laughter sounded inviting, friendly, and, though not uproarious, cheerful in the extreme; as if, in fact, the two girls, buffets or no buffets from the world, had concluded to take it as it was, and make the best of it. To me, somewhat lonely I confess, the sense of companionship was a welcome one, and, surreptitious inspections having convinced me that they came in comfortably at the waist, and were blessed with nice hair and neat boots, I was only too glad, meeting them on the stairs one day, to find a tentative bow answered by two beaming smiles.

It was certainly through the two girls that I became acquainted with the cobbler. Walking up the garden-path one day, I observed the younger (and prettier) of them standing at the door. The afternoon sun was trying its best to make gold of her brown hair. That, however, is merely by the way. The cobbler was in it (in the way, I mean) and, what is more, he made not the slightest attempt to get out of it. So that it was neither inquisitiveness, nor a desire for information, which made me a listener to the conversation, but dire necessity.

He was a tallish man with a ragged beard, and there was a rapt expression in his eyes which attracted my attention at once. In his hand he held a pair of shoes, and I noticed that they were small shoes and had dainty heels. This is a digression, however, for the cobbler was not talking about the shoes, though he looked as if he were, and, business being business, doubtless should have been.

"And my voice could be distinctly heard above all the other voices," I heard him say, "and it floated up into the dome, and it echoed in the roof softer, and softer, and softer. Then it died away."

I caught his eye; there was not the slightest embarrassment in his manner. He looked at me gravely for a minute; then he took his departure, and I was left with the younger (and prettier) of the two girls.

"I am afraid I have interrupted an interesting conversation," I said.

She smiled, and informed me that it was precisely what I had done. "He is a most interesting man," she added.

"He appears to be a jewel of great price," I responded; "but what is the mystery of his voice?"

"His voice?"

"Yes; it grows softer, and softer, and echoes in domes, and does other funny things."

"Ah, you heard," she said half reproachfully; then she explained the cobbler to me.

It appeared that the cobbler was a cobbler from necessity, and a musician by instinct. When the necessity pressed, he made or mended boots; when it did not, he went to St. Paul's and sang. His taste was exclusive; none but church music appealed to him, and St. Paul's was his church of churches. Perhaps it was that its dome took kindly to the practice of echoing; perhaps, that long acquaintance with it had endeared the structure to him; but certain it is, that there, whenever a chance offered, he went; and there, on his own proud admission, he sang prodigiously. Sundays were naturally his field days. During the week, his powers had to some extent to be repressed, and his yearnings only partially satisfied, but on Sundays he found an ample and generous recompense. The earliest service found him ready, and evensong never ended too late for him.

The younger of the two girls waxed enthusiastic about the cobbler. "He is so truly artistic," she said, "so different from ordinary people. Fancy his working hard day after day at such coarse work as mending boots, while, within his soul, there is always this deep longing for beauty and peace and music!"

I am ashamed to say I could not repress a smile. She blushed. "I'm afraid it seems stupid," she said.

"On the contrary, it is most interesting," I protested. "I should like to meet him."

"Well, he's often here," she said, "and——"

"I'm often here," I rejoined.

Some few days afterwards there came a modest tap at the door of my room, and, opening it, I saw the younger of the two girls. "I am afraid you will think it very silly," she said, "but the cobbler is here, and, as you seemed so interested in him the other day, I thought you might like to see him now."

I expressed my gratitude. "But I hope I shan't put him off his conversation," I added.

"You are not so bad as all that," she admitted graciously, so we went downstairs together.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Boles," she said brightly. "You've done the shoes?"

"Yes, Miss."

"And how is St. Paul's getting on? This gentleman takes a great interest in it."

The cobbler seemed relieved. Perhaps he had thought that in my presence St. Paul's might be ruled inadmissible. "I was there yesterday, being Sunday, Miss," he replied gravely. "'How lovely are the messengers!' was the anthem. It was grand. My voice kind of ruled the choir, sometimes loud, sometimes soft, but always ruling. The Dean preached in the morning—a beautiful sermon, Miss. When he went into the pulpit, he bowed to me as though to say, 'Thank you, Mr. Boles.'"

"That was very nice of him," said my companion.

"It was, Miss, very nice; and in the afternoon two ladies—one oldish and one quite young—came in at the north door. They walked right up and looked round, as though to say: 'Where is he?' Of course I knew what they wanted. The Dean had mentioned my singing to his wife and daughter, and here they were, come to hear me. So I got up and bowed, and said, 'The next chairs are vacant, ladies, and I am Mr. Boles.'"

The cobbler paused.

"And what happened?" I asked.

"Well, they sat there and listened," he continued slowly. "'Rock of Ages' was the hymn—it's a good hymn, and I let myself go. I was at my best, and I knew it. One of the tenors in the choir looked at me as though to say, 'Good gracious, that such a man should sing without a surplice?' and as my voice rolled and reverberated, the ladies shut their eyes, so as not to lose a sound."

"I suppose you couldn't give us a verse now," I said.

"I never sing out of church, sir," replied the cobbler gravely.

After that I used to look out for him; partly because I found him interesting, and partly because the younger of the two girls found him interesting. So it came about that the cobbler repaired many boots that did not need repairing, and poured much talk into sympathetic ears. Of how he startled the bass one Easter Sunday; of how the Archbishop came up from Lambeth to hear him; of how the Dean made it a practice to look for him and smile at him; of how the Priest-Vicar said, "The man has a voice like an organ;" of how, on one melancholy occasion, the mystic bond of artistic affinity which existed between him and the principal tenor broke down, and discord resulted in the "Amen"—of these and many other moving incidents we heard the story.

The cobbler fell into a regular habit of calling on Monday and relating his experiences of the previous day, after which he would gravely hand each of us a copy of the Sunday hymn-sheet and depart. One day he made a sensation by informing us that he was going away.

"Going away?" said the younger of the two girls.

"Oh, I am so sorry!"

"Leaving St. Paul's?" I asked, reproachfully.

"Yes, Sir, it's practically settled. I saw in the paper last week that they want a first-class tenor at one of the Oxford colleges. Yesterday I came out strong in one of the Psalms. I saw the Dean whisper to one of the minor Canons, and I expect to receive a call this week. I shall be ready, Miss."

"I suppose we must congratulate you, Mr. Boles."

"Thank you, Miss. Of course, I shall be sorry to leave St. Paul's; I doubt if any other church would suit my voice so well. I'll see to the shoes, Miss."

But the Oxford appointment seemed to hang fire.

(Continued on page 29)

Music and Drama

THE Governor-General's second musical and dramatic competition, which will be held during the week of February 24th, 1908, will have slightly different conditions from the first. There will be no limiting conditions to sending companies, only from cities of fifty thousand population and upwards. The limitation of one musical and one dramatic company from each province will be enlarged in the case of Ontario and Quebec to two of each sort of organisation. The companies to compete will be chosen by a committee from each Province. In the case of Ontario and Quebec it is thought that under the new conditions preliminary Provincial competitions may have to be held to select the competing organisations to represent the Provinces in the contest at Ottawa. The selection of the companies to represent the Provinces in the Federal competition will be left to the Provincial committee. For Ontario, the Lieutenant-Governor has appointed Mr. A. Maclean MacDonald, barrister, Traders Bank Building, Toronto, chairman, and all entries for that Province may be made to him. In Quebec, entries must be made to Mr. E. J. Lotbiniere, Quebec City.

* *

The audiences which crowded the Princess Theatre, Toronto, during the engagement of Miss Maude Adams and her company in the presentation of "Peter Pan," showed how genuine was the public admiration of the play and its interpreters. It is just an exquisite bit of fantasie, such as no other than James M. Barrie of "The Little White Bird" and "Sentimental Tommy" could conceive. Miss Adams in physical daintiness and imaginative appreciation is all that "Peter Pan's" creator could desire.

There was a flag incident which somewhat detracted from the enjoyment of the play. There is an entirely unnecessary and impertinent United States interpolation in one scene when the Stars and Stripes is hoisted in triumph over a small craft. What that particular flag has to do with a fairyland play is something that no one offers to explain. "Peter Pan" concerns itself with no country's standard—least of all, that of a land given over to the material and the money-making. Therefore, it is not astonishing that the volatile gallery broke into obvious disapproval of Old Glory's absurd intrusion. The use of the Stars and Stripes in Mr. George Ade's "Peggy from Paris" or "The County Chairman" is inevitable and only an unthinking boor would resent its appearance. But the unfurling of the most commercial ensign on earth during such a delightful bit of "other worldliness" as "Peter Pan" is highly in-artistic and objectionable.

* *

The musical season will open in Toronto on October 17th when Mark Hambourg will give a recital in Massey Hall, which has been redecorated during the summer. The great pianist has had a triumphant European tour since his last appearance on this continent. The Toronto concert will see his first appearance in his American tour for this season. The Massey Hall management has been especially fortunate this year in securing recitals by artists of the first rank. Madame Calve is to appear in concert on October 21st. So, the musical events are opening bravely.

* *

Madame Le Grand Reed is not to desert Canada altogether this winter, but her New York manager has arranged for a Southern tour during which this delightful singer will appear in Tampa, Florida. It is understood that Madame Le Grand Reed will be one of the soloists at the Schubert Choir concerts in Toronto.

* *

The drama, "The Right of Way," based on Sir Gilbert Parker's novel of that title, is presented in Montreal this week and will be the attraction at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, during the week of October 14th. "The Right of Way" is a story of one character. Every other figure in the

(Continued on page 25)

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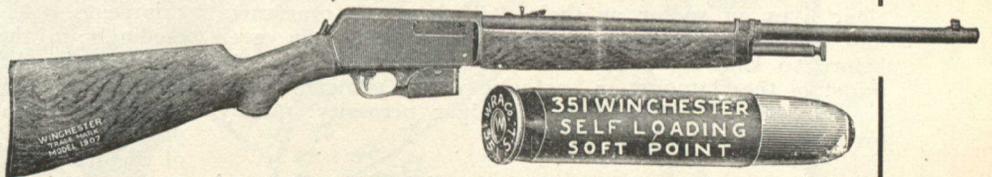


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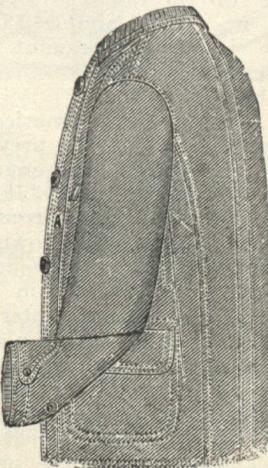
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British Gossip

OF the two distressing but important questions—"What shall we eat, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?"—the former is at present affording England a furious controversy. Sir James Crichton-Browne, a medical authority who several years ago edited some "extra" letters written by Mrs. Carlyle, and who has a poor opinion of the late Mr. Froude, has awakened to find himself in the "Daily Mail." In a recent address, Sir James made so bold as to attack the present fashion for thinness, openly and strenuously differed from the vegetarians and asserted that we do not eat enough. He said little about drinkables but the vegetarians became excited and rallied to the cry of carrots and the simple life. The beef-eaters retaliated and straightway there was a pretty scrap as to what and how much we should eat. However, this is not a question for doctors alone. All classes are interested, inasmuch as we are all obliged to eat something, however humble, in order to remain above the ground. All sorts and conditions of men are telling the story of their lives, in so far as their daily bread is concerned, and one half of the world is coming nearer than ever before to knowing how the other half lives. In the midst of the clamour, an aesthetic writer protests plaintively: "Food is, at best, a vulgar necessity. Why force the subject upon us?"

* * *

The poor curate is once more receiving his share of attention, although an increase of salary does not necessarily follow. Truly, the lot of the poor curate is hard—much harder than that of the average non-conformist pastor. The "prizes" of the Established Church are regarded from afar by the great body from the clergy and it is left to the reader of church statistics to wonder how the clerical household is fed and clothed, to say nothing of educated. The burden of keeping up appearances is laid upon the man of gentle birth and the necessity for supporting every philanthropic movement in the neighbourhood is also present. Anything more distressing than the poverty-stricken parsonage or rectory can hardly be imagined. The Brontes painted a dismal picture of Haworth in the early part of the last century and there are many households in Yorkshire and more luxurious counties of to-day which are no better off than the family circle which possessed so little comfort and so much genius.

* * *

The German scientists, who are invariably thorough in their investigations, have recently taken the subject of

earthquakes into consideration and a congress on the subject has been held. There have been three conferences on the matter but Great Britain is represented this year for the first time. Professor A. Schuster of Manchester University has been invited to represent British interest in the subject. The British Government has decided to contribute two hundred pounds annually for four years to the German organisation. As the British colonies are so widely scattered, England is more deeply concerned financially than any other nation in the study of seismic disturbances. But, so far, the Government has not contributed anything to the support of such investigation in Great Britain. Curiously enough, the Hague was selected as the scene of congress. This capital of a small state seems to be a favourite meeting-place, whether for Peace conclaves or earthquake investigation.

* * *

The increasing popularity of Wales as a "resort," both for invalids and artists is leading to study of the customs and costumes of that sturdy Principality. It is to be hoped, however, that the tall hats of the Welch peasantry will be kept for pageants or fancy dress entertainments. As a style for everyday they would be exceedingly in the way of the travelling public. The Welsh national festival has been more than usually popular this year and has been enthusiastically described by several southern journals. The visitors to the various unpronounceable villages are rapturous in praise of the air of the Welsh mountains which is of a quality not known in London or the suburbs. In these hill retreats the true Simple Life exists but even the ultra-fashionable tourist cannot endure more than a fortnight of simplicity.

* * *

The American Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, caught the prevailing Welsh fever, and went to that picturesque country for a brief visit, when he was entertained by Lord Mostyn, who is a member of one of the most prominent families of Wales. According to that well-known authority, M. A. P., Lord Mostyn was born in 1856, was educated at Eton and succeeded his grandfather in 1884. In 1879, he married Lady Mary Clements, sister of the fourth Earl of Leitrim, and they have two sons and one daughter. Mostyn Hall is a fine old mansion, dating from the reign of Henry VI., and in it is preserved a silver harp that the Mostyn of Elizabeth's time presented to the chief musician at a special Eisteddfod held under a warrant from the Virgin Queen herself. The present peer's grandfather was largely responsible for the now flourishing position of the popular seaside resort of Llandudno.

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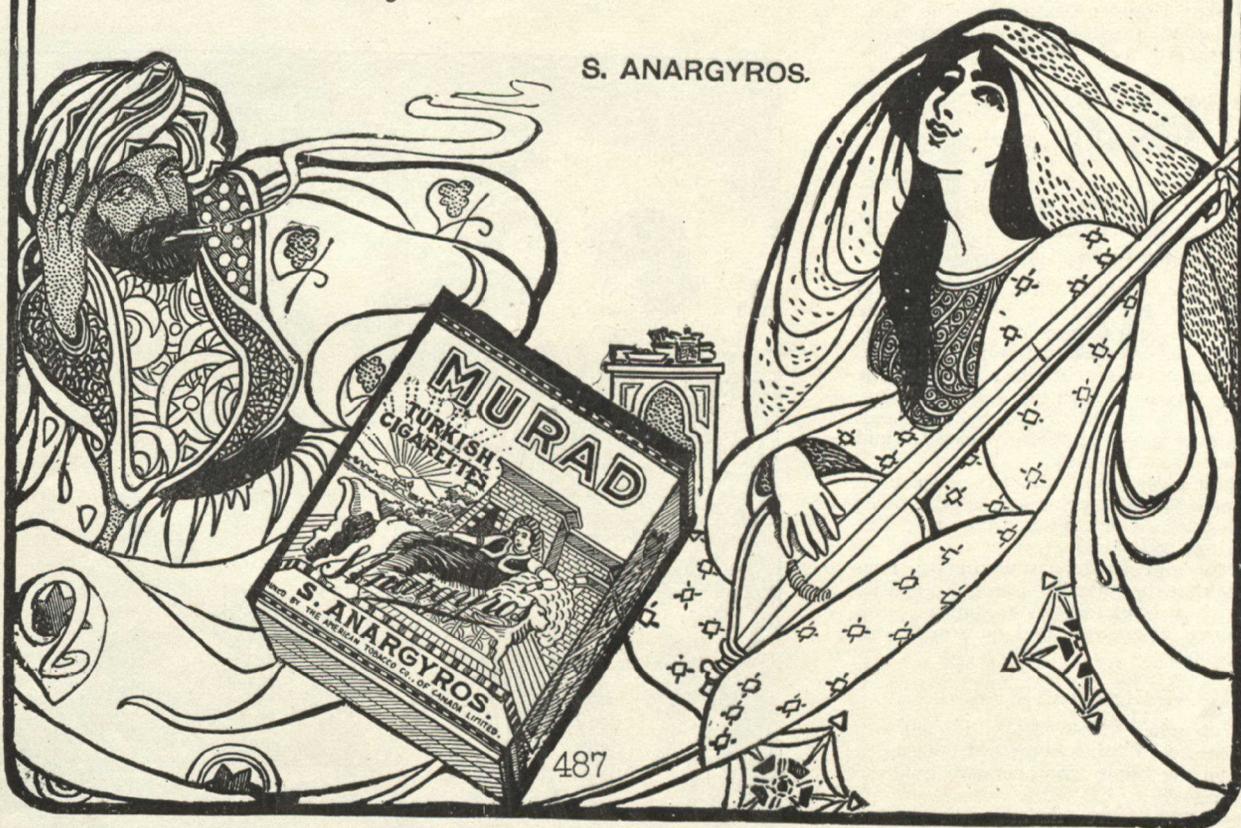
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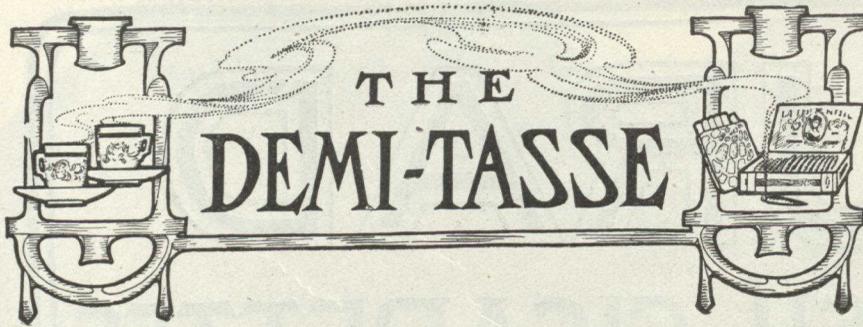
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"What are you thinking of doing?" asked a citizen of Toronto.

"Getting an honest living."

"Well, there's one thing sure," was the comforting reply. "You won't have much competition."

* * *

CAREFUL CANADA.

A small boy from Canada was spending the summer at a New England resort, where the usual fancy dress entertainments were held to kill the long evenings.

"Bobbie," said a fair Bostonian, on one of these occasions, addressing the youthful Canadian, "we're going to have some Teddy Bears at the party to-night. Will you be our littlest Teddy Bear?"

"Yes," replied young Canada, adding with due caution, "if I don't need to have any fleas."

* * *

EQUALISATION.

Professor Brander Matthews, who is at least as good a wit as he is a reformer, was overheard once talking with Mr. Carnegie.

"I notice, Mr. Carnegie," he said, "that you don't limp."

"And why should I?" asked the philanthropist.

"Well," slowly answered the professor, maybe they pull them alternately."

* * *

MADE SURE OF HIM.

A leading English K.C. recently told how he was indebted for his rise in the world to the active co-operation of a humble, but resourceful, individual. In the days when he was a briefless barrister, he went one day to read in the Temple library. He had not been there long when his small errand boy appeared, greatly excited and breathless from running.

"If you please, sir," the boy gasped, "a gentleman is waiting for you at the office with a brief. He can't get out, sir; I've locked him in."

Together the barrister and the boy hurried back to the chambers, and the gentleman with a brief, who was amused with his capture, afterwards became a most valuable client.

* * *

AS GOOD AS NEW.

Mrs. Brindle: "Now, Mary, I want you to be careful. This is some old table-linen—been in the family for over two hundred years, and—"

Mary: "Ah! sure, ma'am, you needn't worry. I won't tell a soul, and it looks as good as new, anyway."

* * *

HIS BILL.

AN editor was talking about the famous English astronomer, Sir Robert Ball, who has recently declared that radium proves the earth to be 800,000,000 years old.

"Sir Robert Ball is as full of fun as of learning," said the editor. "Once I dined with him and a half-dozen other scientists at Stratford."

"At the end of the dinner Sir Robert's eyes twinkled, and he said to the landlady of the quaint Stratford inn:

"Madam, I am going to give you a lesson in astronomy. Have you ever heard of the great platonian year, when everything

must return to its first condition? Listen, madam. In 26,000 years we shall all be here again, on the same day and at the same hour, eating a dinner precisely like this one. Will you give us credit till then?"

"Gladly," the landlady replied. "It is just 26,000 years since you were here before, though, and you left without paying then. Settle the old bill, and I'll trust you with the new."

* * *

HIS EDUCATION.

"Fifth grade, next year, Johnny?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, you'll be in fractions or decimals then, no doubt?"

"No, sir. I'll be in beadwork and perforated squares."—Pittsburg Post.

* * *

ONLY A TRIFLE.

"Professor," said a senior, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray don't mention such a trifle," was the reply.

* * *

A NEW DEATH TAX.

A STORY which comes from Australia tells about a lanky countryman from the mines who went into the office of the Melbourne "Argus."

"My old gov'nor's dead, and I should like a bit of poetry or sumthink put in the paper about him."

"All right," said the clerk, "hand it over." "Can't you fix sumthink up for me?" asked the miner; "he was a right good chap."

"Oh, yes," replied the clerk, "we'll manage that for you. Our charge for 'In Memoriam' notices is sixpence an inch."

"Oh, thunder!" exclaimed the mourner, "I can't stand that. My gov'nor was over six feet."

* * *

HOPED HE WOULDN'T GROW.

A well-known member of the British House of Commons was addressing an agricultural meeting in the south of England and in the course of his remarks expressed the opinion that farmers do not sufficiently vary their crops and make a mistake in always sowing wheat.

One of the audience opposed to him in politics asked him what crops he would recommend.

"Everything in turn," he replied.

"Well," said his interlocutor, "if swedes don't come up, what then?"

"Sow mustard," said the M. P.

"And if mustard doesn't come up, what then?"

And so he went on through a whole list of crops until, the M. P.'s patience being exhausted, he put an end to his questioning amid roars of laughter by saying:

"Oh, sow yourself, and I hope you won't come up."

* * *



He: "So you were never in love?"
She: "Why no! But I've been engaged to heaps of men who were."—The Bystander.

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(Continued from page 21)

strange, eventful history of "Charlie Steele" is tame and colourless in comparison with the hero. Whatever the dramatist, Mr. Eugene Presbrey, has done with the story, he has probably not weakened the masterful personality of that complex and fascinating "man who disappeared." The criticisms already expressed of the work of Mr. Guy Standing are such as give the impression of his satisfactory intellectual grasp of an exacting part.

* *

There is a rumour to the effect that the Elgar Choir of Hamilton will give a concert in Toronto at Massey Hall after Christmas. It is to be hoped that this artistic organisation will decide to give Toronto neighbours the benefit of an Elgar evening.

* *

Madame Marcella Sembrich, who is to sing in Canada this autumn, arrived in New York last month. Madame Nordica has also arrived in her native land and is to begin overseeing the work on her proposed Nordica Festival House in Harmon on the Hudson. This institution is to be opened in the spring of 1909.

* *

The Henry Arthur Jones' play, "Mrs. Dane's Defence," with which the Royal Alexandra Players opened their season in Toronto, is followed this week by a light and airy comedy, "The Other Girl," which is proving a source of as much entertainment at "On the Quiet," "The Embassy Ball," and others of Mr. Thomas' productions which have enlivened past seasons.

* *

Several Canadians who have been studying music abroad have returned this autumn for a concert tour at home. Among these is Miss Mae Dickenson, who is to give a series of recitals in the West.

* *

On October 18th in Association Hall, Toronto, Miss Jessie Alexander (Mrs. Roberts) and Miss Bessie Bonsall, (Mrs. Barron) are to give a recital which will be a renewed pleasure, as it is some time since either has appeared before a Canadian audience.

* *

The controversy between Mr. Metcalfe, dramatic editor of New York "Life," and the Trust theatrical managers of that city has lately revived in public interest. Many months ago, that critic found himself debarred from all trust theatres, the allegation against him being that he had attacked the managers thereof as Jews. Litigation followed which did not succeed in opening those theatres to Mr. Metcalfe, who is, according to Mr. William Winter, "a person intellectually and socially superior to every one of the members of the syndicate." But a new chapter of the story opened on October 1st, when the Court of Appeals at Albany, N.Y., handed down a decision which holds that Charles Burnham, manager of the Wallack Theatre, New York City, was properly arrested and confined in the city prison on the complaint of James Metcalfe, a dramatic critic. After Burnham's arrest he secured a writ of habeas corpus directed against Magistrate Pool and Warden Flynn, thus bringing about his release. The court holds that Burnham was properly in custody and that he can be remanded.

Canadians took a natural interest in the case, as the Theatrical Trust extends its malign influence across the boundary. However, the decision at Albany is a cheering indication that a few courts are non-purchasable.

HER HUMBLE INQUIRY.

A lady in a neighbouring city went to call on a friend. The door was opened by a "green" maid, who said:—

"Yes, Mrs. Gilbert's to home, but she's a-laying down. Shall I raise her?"—Harper's Bazar.

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Literary Notes

THE POOL.

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

Come with me, follow me, swift as a moth,
Ere the wood-doves waken.
Lift the long leaves and look down, look
down

Where the light is shaken,
Amber and brown,
On the woven ivory roots of the reed,
On a floating flower and a weft of weed,
And a ribbon of froth.

Here in the night all wonders are,
Lapped in the lift of the ripple's swing,
A silver shell and a shaken star
And a white moth's wing.
Here the young moon when the mists un-
close
Swims like the bud of a golden rose.

I would live like an elf where the wild
grapes cling,
I would chase the thrush
From the red rose-berries,
All the day long I would laugh and swing
With the black choke-cherries.
I would shake the bees from the milkweed
blooms,

And cool, O, cool,
Night after night I would leap in the pool
And sleep with the fish in the roots of the
rush.

Clear, O, clear, my dreams should be made
Of emerald light and amber shade,
Of silver shallows and golden glooms.
Sweet, ah! sweet my dreams should be
As the dark sweet water enfolding me
Safe as a blind shell under the sea.

—Metropolitan Magazine for October.

* *

"Climbing in British Columbia," by Julia W. Henshaw, is one of the most interesting features of the October number of the "Pall Mall Magazine." The writer shows how a great impetus has been given to mountaineering in British Columbia by the reorganisation of the Alpine Club of Canada through the energetic action of Mr. A. O. Wheeler, F.R.G.S., who is in charge of the Dominion Topographical Survey of the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains.

* *

Mr. Peter McArthur is a keen-witted Canadian writer whose humorous and satirical verse has always a wide circle of readers. Mitchell Kennerley of New York publishes Mr. McArthur's latest book, "The Prodigal and Other Poems."

* *

Mr. Arthur Stringer, the author of "The Wire Tappers," has collected his recent magazine poems and others, hitherto unpublished, and these will appear this autumn as a book, entitled "The Woman in the Rain and Other Poems," published by Little, Brown & Company. The title is not to be regarded as happy, since it suggests floppy skirts, dripping umbrellas and entirely unpoetic rubber shoes. But, even with a damp title, Arthur Stringer's poetry will be welcome.

* *

Mr. Emerson Hough, a United States novelist, whose stories, "The Mississippi Bubble" and "Heart's Desire," were widely read in Canada, has been a visitor to the Canadian West for the last three weeks. Mr. Hough is a sportsman as well as a novelist and was quite enthusiastic about a four-hundred-mile trip he had taken through central Saskatchewan, and informed a Winnipeg reporter that some of the districts he had seen in the West have the finest duck shooting on the continent. Mr. Hough was reticent as to his future use of his Canadian travels in fiction form. These sportsmen who indulge in literary work in their idle moments have become extremely cautious about their outdoor yarns, for Roosevelt will get them, "if they don't watch out."



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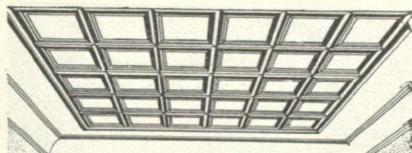
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Peculiarities

WINNIPEG is getting after the bakers and the city health department officials may make some startling statements regarding sanitary conditions in city bakeries in their forthcoming report. It is hinted that some of the bakers are unacquainted with the quality which is next to godliness and that their aprons are not immaculate. They are in some instances seeking gain rather than sanitation. In short, they are "after the dough."

* * *

It is announced that Great Britain will send a fleet of five warships to Esquimaux early next spring during the movements of the United States squadron along the Pacific coast. But the public is not informed how long these hearts of oak are to linger.

Oh, the nations love each other,
(But they keep their powder dry),
And they call the Jap a brother
(While they wink the other eye).

* * *

The West has a right royal way of doing business and does not count the coppers. For instance, the negotiations between the city of Edmonton and the Bank of Montreal in London, England, over the sale of the city debentures is costing a pretty penny. Cable messages are freely used to expedite settlement and a recent despatch cost about one hundred and fifty dollars. But they have timber and prairies to burn out there.

* * *

Trustee Strong of the School Board, London, created a lively row by alleging that the coal ordered for the schools had not been properly weighed and accounted for and that some of it was going to other institutions than those of learning. With the price of coal going away, away up, London citizens cannot afford to be careless with the school supply.

* * *

Of course, every infant is wonderful, but there is one baby in Canada who deserves an extra adjective. This tiny youngster fell from the "Soo Express," while the train was whirling along at thirty miles an hour, and was picked up about a mile west of Almonte in a sound and crowing condition. The mother telegraphed from Arrprior to discover the whereabouts of the missing baby and was overjoyed to hear that the child was unhurt. Surely that youngster is intended to become a railroad magnate.

* * *

The Hamilton "Herald" actually sits back and says that it will make no particular difference to Hamilton whether or not Rudyard Kipling comes its way. But think of the difference it will make to Rudyard! Hamilton is getting to be too Haughty for anything. But if Winnipeg had a mountain and a Marathon hero, it might put on airs, too, and pretend it didn't care a picayune for poets.

* * *

Galt held a highly successful Old Boys' Reunion not long ago and when the executive committee met last week it was found that there is a handsome surplus to be given to local charities and enterprises. It takes a good Scotch community to make even a Homecoming yield the "siller."

* * *

A New York faker has been writing to certain Aurora people, saying that a relative of the same name has died in New York, leaving several shares of C.P.R. stock to the Aurora friend. The letter further asks that \$5 be forwarded to "Drummond," solicitor for the deceased, to pay expenses of proving the claim. Some good people have sent the \$5 but the C.P.R. stock still tarries. But it may only be delayed by the severe frost.

* * *

What diplomatic adjectives these politicians are obliged to use! Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King in denying that he had expressed certain views on the Oriental problem, attributed to him in a Vancouver despatch, remarks that the views were probably intended as the expression of opinion of some other person, otherwise he



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Trains leave Napanee for the north at 7.50 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 1.25 p.m., and 4.25 p.m.

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Trains run between Deseronto and Napanee as follows:—

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

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would be inclined to think the despatch had been "deliberately designed as mischievous." If a Deputy Minister were only allowed to express all his feelings all at once, how many conditional clauses would vanish!

The limerick fever is burning in the West and the fatal fifth line is being conveyed to newspaper offices by the bagful. 'Tis a brain-storming game, full of zest—And now it has reached the far West.

You just add a line
Of the latest design,
And the newspaper judge does the rest.

In Galt, bread has risen, not by reason of yeast but because flour has increased in price. The Galt loaf is labelled twenty ounces and the staff of life will soon be regarded as a delicacy. Even the tramps will be content to accept plain bread-and-butter if flour continues to soar.

A Montreal tailor is said to have adopted a popular fashion from a Boston tailor who made a hit with a large number of customers by inserting a secret pocket in the coats of married men. He broadly advertised the new trick as a device for keeping loose change secure.

From every part of Ontario comes the report that the schools are overcrowded. London Collegiate Institute, one of the best in the province, finds the building inadequate. The Sunday school room of All Saints Church is being used in that city for the model school term. The name ought to exercise some influence on the teachers in training.

Some of the Doukhobors have set forth once more on a playful little prow. Two bands of "pilgrims" were stopped at White-mouth, Manitoba, and are being compelled to remain there in a box car. Happy Douks!

A St. Catharines policeman has been suspended for being found drunk on duty for the second time within three weeks. Idleness has driven many a good man to alcoholic diversion.

The "Christian Guardian" of Toronto has been reproving Messrs. Borden and Aylesworth for their unfriendly "langwidge" and hopes it won't happen again. But just wait until the clergy really settle down to discuss church union. Then there will be a vocabulary worth waiting for.

While the steamer "Monteagle" was passing the port of Victoria, B.C., bound for the Orient, a Japanese, who was in the act of being deported, jumped from the vessel and swam towards the shore. He was picked up, landed at the outer wharf, and will be sent back to the Land of the Chrysanthemum by the next steamer. So hard is it for the superfluous Jap to become an Occidental.

Five hundred settlers from Holland will come to Alberta next spring and will settle in the Peace River country. That conference at the Hague is having a remarkable effect.

A young man from Gananoque recently visited the "local option" village of Lansdowne, taking with him the bottle that bewilders. He reached the village in a state of exhilaration and the Lansdowne police, finding that the lock-up was engaged, placed the young inebriate in a vault in the cemetery where he speedily came to his sober senses.

The Fairbanks cocktail is almost as disturbing an item in politics across the line as the Napanee-and-soda of 1904 or the beer-and-pigs'-feet which once made a London election conspicuous.

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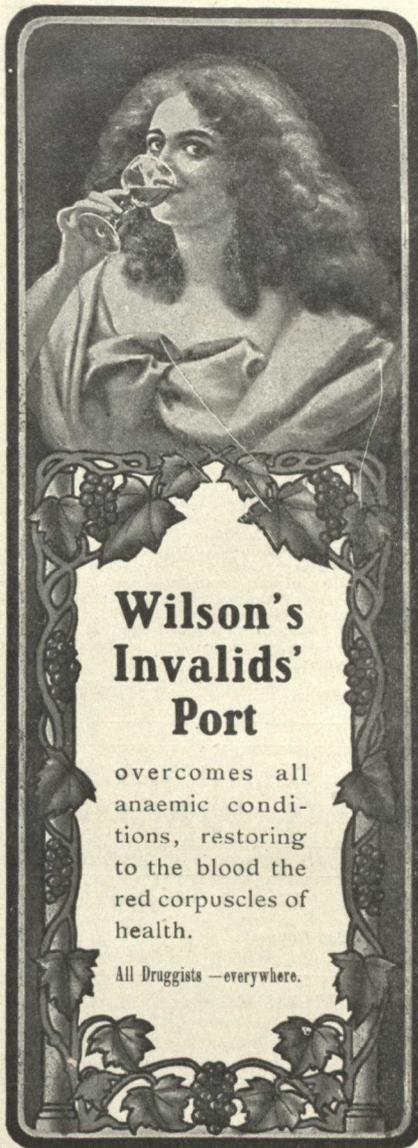
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THE COBBLER

(Continued from page 20)

Week after week brought the cobbler regularly to our door, and every week some obstacle had arisen. There was strenuous competition between three of the colleges as to which should acquire him. The choir of the fortunate college which triumphed, had, eaten up with jealousy, petitioned the authorities against his advent. St. Anne's, Soho, had in turn put in their claim for his services, only to be brought into sharp conflict with St. Margaret's, Westminster. The Dean and Chapter of the Abbey itself had abandoned a promising cutting-out expedition on the conviction that his voice was too imperious.

In course of time the cobbler's purple ecstasy subsided into a chastened, but proud, resignation. "I am afraid they will never settle it," he said.

"It looks bad," I admitted.
"The fact is, sir, the Dean as good as said to me yesterday that, at all cost—at all cost—I must stay at St. Paul's."

It was about this time that the younger of the two girls married, and I fell upon gloomy days. An atmosphere surrounded the younger of the two girls which I missed greatly, when she had gone. I think the cobbler must have noticed my gloom; at any rate, he noticed her absence. "Lady gone away, sir?" he asked.

"Married," I answered, rather shortly.
"Dear, dear! Married, indeed, sir! And I thought—ah, well! We all have our disappointments, sir."

An extraordinary change came over his face. For a moment I thought he was stricken with sudden illness; I was alarmed, I confess, and he must have noticed my perturbation. "My face seems to express more than most, sir," he said with satisfaction; "I seem somehow to throw more into it. There was a funeral passing me in the High Street the other day, and I put on that same sympathetic look that you have just seen, sir. The widow—it was a husband as was dead—put her head out of the carriage window as though to say, 'Thank you; Mr. Boles.' My face somehow seems to express more than most. I'll leave the extra hymn-sheet, sir. No doubt, the lady would like to see it, and you can send it on."

I sent it on, and from that time the cobbler and I became great friends. I used to visit his shop, and acquired quite an affection for a rough bench which stood therein, and from which I could watch the play of his busy hands and the expression of his grey old face. He was always genial, this cobbler, and whether the condescension of the Dean or the opposition of an upstart young bootmaker over the way formed the topic of our conversation; I never heard him say an unkind thing.

One day the whim seized me to go to St Paul's and hear him sing. I had often wondered what manner of voice he really possessed, and I made up my mind to find out. Underneath the dome, and near the chancel, I found him, and, seeing a vacant chair behind him, slipped into it unobserved. When the Psalms began, his face lit up; his body swayed from side to side with the rise and fall of the music; with an impressive forefinger he beat out the time. But I heard no voice. I leaned forward, and strained my ears. No, not a sound, not a whisper! The mighty voice of the cobbler existed only in his imagination.

Meanwhile—not that it is a matter of any consequence—I console myself with the elder of the two girls.—Macmillan's Magazine.

INAPPROPRIATE.

The late Bishop James Newbury Fitzgerald, in an address in St. Louis, once declared that sympathy, far more than eloquence or learning, made for success in the ministry. "Too many of us, through lack of sympathy," he said, "say the worst, the most inappropriate things. Thus a young Baptist friend of mine, condoling with a housebreaker in a jail, droned: 'Ah, my friend, let us remember that we are here to-day and gone to-morrow.' 'You may be; I ain't,' the housebreaker answered shortly."

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For the Children

NORA'S STONE BUTTERFLY.

TEDDY and Nora ran into Grandpa's study all out of breath. "It is, isn't it, grandpa?" cried Nora. "It isn't, is it?" cried Teddy. "What are you talking about, children?" asked grandpa, smiling.

"About my stone butterfly," said Nora, eagerly. "I found it down by the brook. It must have got caught in the stone some way. See here!"

Nora held out a stone in which was something that looked very much like a butterfly with its wings spread. Grandpa took it in his hand and looked at it carefully. "That is not a butterfly," said he. "There, Nora!" said Teddy; "I told you it just happened so."

"No," grandpa went on, "it did not just happen so. Let me tell you a story."

"Oh, do, grandpa!" cried Teddy and Nora together.

"A long, long time ago—"

"When you were a little boy?" interrupted Nora.

"It was before there were any little boys in the world," said grandpa, "and just where our farm is now, nothing was to be seen except the ocean. In the ocean lived a great many shellfish. There was one little fellow who had a very pretty shell, though I can't tell you just now what colour it was. He had a splendid time swimming about with his mates in the warm sea water as long as he lived, and when he died he left his little shell in the sand at the bottom of the ocean. The sea slowly drifted away, and the sand grew harder and harder, till at last it turned to stone, and the shell turned to stone, too. There it lay for thousands of years, till at last a little girl found it and called it a stone butterfly."

"Oh, grandpa, how funny!" said Nora. "And are there many more shells in the rocks?"

"There are so many," said grandpa, "that you could not write the number on your slate."

"Then see if I don't fill my cabinet with 'em!" cried Teddy.—Youth's Companion.

* *



Conscientious

Mary Anne, after spending a morning on the shore is told by her mistress to take the children home. Mary Anne: "Yes'm, but please must I tidy up the beach first."—Punch.

* *

MORE GRADUAL.

Jimmy—Who's goin' to tell Joe's mother he's hurt?
Jack—Let's send Clarence. He stutters so, he won't tell it so sudden.

* *

THEY WERE DISAPPEARING.

Mother—Tommy, what are you doing in the pantry?
Tommy—Oh, just putting a few things away.

* *

COUNTING THE STARS.

I tried so hard to count the stars
And got as far as three,
When many others slyly peeped
And, smiling, blinked at me.

So I began it o'er again
And got as far as nine,
When all at once I seemed to see
A thousand others shine.

Then came so many in the sky
I would not try again,
For all the counting that I know
Is only up to ten.

—Windsor Record.

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