

The Canadian
Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THE MAN AT LONE LAKE

Opening Chapters of a New Serial Story

BY VIRNA SHEARD

SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF CONFEDERATION

BY C. R. McCULLOUGH

THE STORY OF A LAND RUSH

BY FRANCIS DICKIE

ILLUSTRATED NEWS OF THE WEEK

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE DAY



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

READ

"The Man at Lone Lake"

A new Serial Story which begins
in this issue

BY VIRNA SHEARD



MRS. Sheard has written several books, but none of them as Canadian in character as this tale of the North. "Trevelyan's Little Daughters" was a study in child life. "A Maid of Many Moods," and "By The Queen's Grace" were descriptive of English life in the Elizabethan period. In "The Man at Lone Lake" she gives us a Canadian novel of the brightest and most charming type.

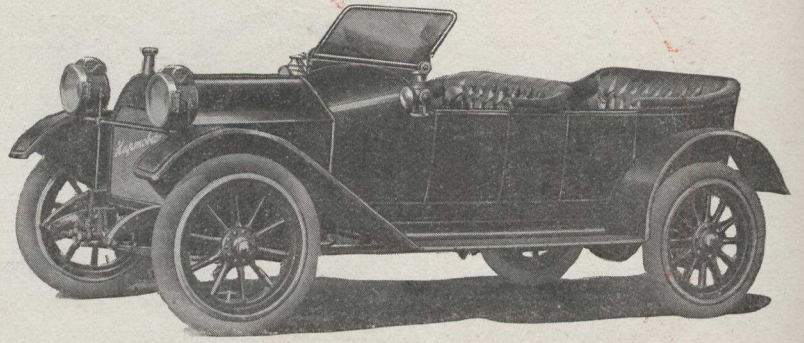
The Readers of the Canadian Courier will find in this story all that they could expect in the way of charm, incident and literary value. It will do more than fill in an occasional idle half-hour. It will interest and it will edify. It has emotional power and a depth of feeling which makes it more than "a mere story."

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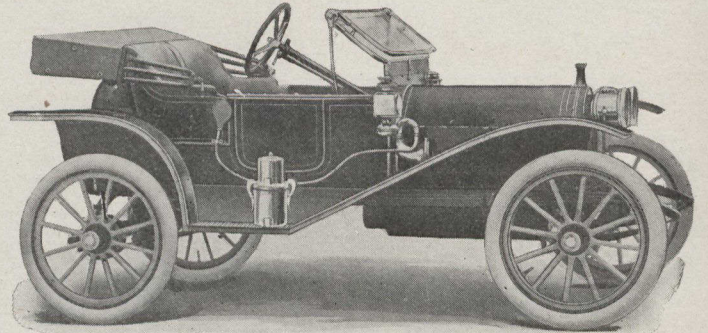


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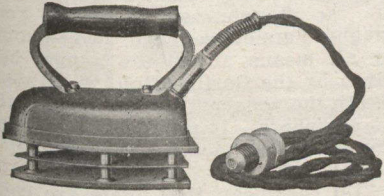
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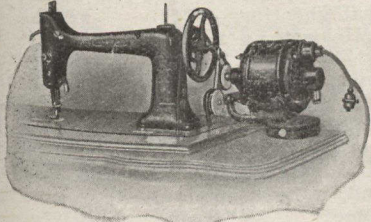
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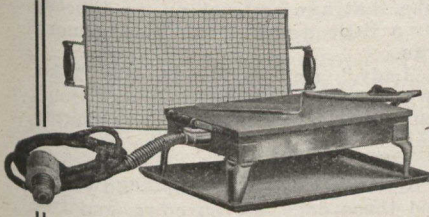
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XI.

TORONTO

NO. 8

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Editor's Talk

MR. C. R. McCULLOUGH, of Hamilton, originator of the "Canadian Club" idea, makes some suggestions in this issue with regard to the celebration of Canada's semi-centennial in 1917. Undoubtedly there will be a celebration of some kind, and it is not too early to discuss the form which it should take. Any reader who has an idea along this line is invited to send a letter to the Editor for publication. Discussion of the subject in the public press will probably bring out some valuable suggestions.

These national festivals and celebrations do much to educate the younger generation in Canadian history and achievement. At the same time they assist in impressing upon the world the fact that Canada has made a great success in working out the "Confederation" idea, which has since been adopted by Australia and South Africa.

Mrs. Sheard's story, "The Man At Lone Lake," begins in this issue. It is unquestionably the greatest Canadian story which we have yet secured for the readers of this journal. The story has already been accepted for book publication by a leading firm of publishers in London, England, and it will also appear serially in Great Britain and the United States. The exclusive serial rights for Canada have been secured for the "Canadian Courier."

The first of a series of humorous Jewish stories, by Ed. B. Cahn, will appear in our next issue. Mr. Cahn is a resident of Toronto but is widely known throughout the Dominion. He has had some of his stories accepted by the leading weeklies and monthlies in the United States, which is evidence that as a popular writer he has already "arrived."

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"If you really wish to get an idea of the toughness of New York toughs," announced one, "you should by all means attend the annual ball given by the Gorilla Club. It is absolutely the toughest stunt that is pulled anywhere. If you don't get action there for your money you won't get it anywhere."

"Do you mean that fights are common at that ball?" inquired the man-to-be impressed. "Am I to understand that shootings—?"

He got no further. One of the others leaned forward, solemnly took hold of his sleeve, and remarked: "Fights? Shootings? Why, every single person that starts to go into the Gorilla Club hall is stopped outside and searched for concealed weapons, and, if he hasn't any—they give him some!"

Knew What He Wanted.—"You can take that axe and get up an appetite for a little dinner," said the farmer's wife.

"Lady," replied Meandering Mike, "what I was applyin' for was food, not physical culture."—Washington star.

His Own Fault.—Visitor—"So you've had three dogs, eleven cows, and two horses killed by autos so far this year. Why don't you put in a complaint?"

Farmer—"Never. I'm willing to take my medicine. I was one of the yaps that kept hollering for good roads."—Puck.

Preparing Himself.—Pat O'Shaunnessy had been told by the doctor that he could live but a few hours, and his wife and assembled relatives and friends asked him whether there was one last wish he would like to have gratified?

"There is," said Pat, "I'd like to hear the village band play once again."

Accordingly the village band gathered. When at last it had played, "Say Au Revoir But Not Goodby," and had taken its own departure, Mrs. O'Shaunnessy, kneeling at her husband's bedside, asked: "Can ye die aisy now, Pat?"

"Yis," replied Pat. "I can die aisy now. Hell has nothing worse than that."

Too Emphatic.—"I don't think my husband loves me any more?"

"Why, not?"

"The other day I said to him: 'John, if I should die would you get married again?' and he said he wouldn't."

"Isn't that all right?"

"Yes, but I wish you could have heard the positive way he said it."—New York Sun.

A Jolt for the Judge.—Lawyer—My client painted a picture of this young lady, your honour, and she claims it does not do her justice.

Judge—"Does not do her justice, did you say?"

Lawyer—"Yes, your honour; and she was foolish enough to think she could get it by bringing the case before you!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Scotch Humour.—Once an old Scotch weather prophet at Whittinghame informed Mr. Balfour that "It's gaun to rain seventy-twa days, sir."

"Come, come!" said the statesman. "Surely the world was entirely flooded in forty days."

"Aye, aye!" was the response, "but the world wasna' sae weel drained as it is noo."—Strand Magazine.

Pa is Surprised.—"Pa, what is a pillory?"

"A what?"

"A pillory. Teacher asked me yesterday and I didn't know."

"Why, that's a facetious term sometimes applied to a drug store. What won't these schools put into your head next?"—Washington Herald.

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And the Hartford Fire Insurance Company into the said Assured, His Executors, Administrators and Assigns, as above specified, from the Eighth day of February one thousand eight hundred and sixty one, the true and actual cash value of the property, at the time the same shall happen; and to answer to this Policy. PROVIDED ALWAYS, AND IT IS HEREBY DECLARED, that no loss or damage shall be made by fire, or by any other cause, or by any military or usurped power, or any loss by the on the property hereby insured, and not notified to this Company and mentioned in or made make any other insurance on the same property, and shall not with all reasonable diligence, Policy shall cease and be of no further effect. And if any subsequent insurance should be made Insurance Company, amount to an over insurance, said Company reserves to themselves the property hereby insured, whether prior or subsequent to the date of this Policy, the Assured than the amount hereby insured shall bear to the whole amount insured on the said property; premises shall at any time after the making, and during the continuance of this insurance, be hazardous or extra-hazardous, or specified in the memorandum of special hazards in the also, in the terms and conditions aforesaid denominated hazardous or extra-hazardous Policy, in writing, and added to or endorsed upon this Policy, then, and from that date, so is MOREOVER DECLARED, that this insurance is not intended to apply to, or cover any loss money or bullion. And that this Policy is made and accepted, in reference to the conditions set herein otherwise specially provided for. This Policy shall not be valid until countersigned by the duly authorized Agent. In witness whereof, The Hartford Fire Insurance Company

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White Horse Whisky advertisement featuring a white horse logo and text: 'White Horse Whisky, Established 1742. Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation. Always ask for WHITE HORSE specially if you want it. Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.'

Motor Boat Book advertisement featuring an image of a motor boat and text: 'SEND FOR OUR NEW MOTOR BOAT BOOK. Get a copy of the finest motor boat book issued in Canada. See the biggest line of elegant runabouts, family launches, cruisers, speed boats, etc., manufactured in the Dominion. Equipment includes your choice of engine. Our prices are always reasonable. Write us to-day. DEPT. The GIDLEY BOAT CO. Limited, PENETANG, Ont. 121'

The CANADIAN COURIER

A National Weekly.

Vol. XI.

January 20, 1912

No. 8

The Semi-Centennial of Confederation

By CHARLES R. McCULLOUGH

THERE will be ushered in on Dominion Day in the year nineteen hundred and seventeen the Semi-Centennial of Canadian Confederation—the jubilee of the Canadian people.

The outstanding importance of the event and the adequate marking of it by Canadians should now begin to possess the minds of our people and lead them to plan for its celebration on a scale proportioned to the growing greatness of Canada.

We are not a demonstrative people. Those without the border noting this have deemed us non-patriotic. From time to time, however, the deep, strong current of national sentiment has risen against some great obstruction and demonstrated to the world that patriotism is a force in Canada and as such demands consideration and respect.

NO one may read the pre-Confederation debates without being deeply stirred by the sentiments uttered by our ever-to-be-remembered Fathers of Confederation. They employed their great talents for a most noble purpose when they sank party and parochial differences, as well as racial and sectarian ones, and together fought valiantly for a principle that alone could make those divided provinces great and enduring.

Macdonald, Cartier, Brown, Tache, McGee, Langbein, Howe, Tupper and other worthies gave themselves unreservedly to the realization of national unity—the dream of a Uniacke (1800), of a Sewell (1815), of a Robinson (1822), of a Durham (1839), of a Hamilton (1855), and of a Morris (1858-9).

MORRIS, of South Lanark, in treating this great question in his *Nova Britannica*, about the middle of the last century, said: "The dealing with the destinies of a future Britannic Empire, the shaping its course, the laying its foundations broad and deep and the erecting thereon a noble and enduring structure, are indeed duties that may well evoke the energies of our people and nerve the arms and give power and enthusiasm to the aspirations of all true patriots."

When Thomas D'Arcy McGee quoted these prescient words in the Legislative Assembly of the little Canada of 1865, cheers resounded throughout the hall, imagination was quickened and hearts were strangely stirred.

In 1917 it were strange indeed if seeing realized in great measure this splendid prophecy we fail to celebrate everywhere in Canada the success of their desire and to do honour to the memory of our great forebears—the Fathers of Confederation.

THAT the architects and builders of the national fabric designed and executed well no one will deny. That they planned and laboured nobly, every Canadian will gladly confess. Ought we not, then, in this the day of our increasing national strength and growing prosperity to pause in the rush of modern life to consider the work of their hands, how greatly it has prospered and blessed us—and so make holiday to celebrate their splendid service.

In view of the many besetting difficulties Confederation was hardly possible had there not been "Giants in those days."

Half a century ago the contest between the parochialist and the unionist was often bitter and sustained. The protagonists of a great cause did not, however, lose heart in their noble fight for the realization of the bigger idea of uniting the scattered and occasionally hostile provinces of British North America by diplomacy and argument rather than by the "Blood and iron" method subsequently used in making a great European state.

SURELY the greatness of the measures of our own "Fathers" will compare favourably with those of the other Fathers of a European Confed-

eracy. Surely, too, it is the highest form of economy to preserve human lives and to conserve national treasure.

In 1917 let us witness to the world that we desire to magnify the triumph of a great idea won by clear intellects and eloquent tongues in the long ago.

LET the idea of unity prevail amongst us. Let 1917 deepen and widen this. Let the confidence of Canadians in Canada increase, and the good will and harmony of our people grow abundantly. Let us realize that "faith is better than distrust, and concord than disagreement."

Let us prepare ourselves for this great national and imperial event by designating ourselves everywhere in Canada as Canadians, not as provincialists. Let us not, anywhere in Canada, describe ourselves by the tongue we speak, by an ancestral race or by the church to which we adhere. And furthermore, let us dwell upon our many agreements rather than upon our few differences. Pride in Canada is a cardinal agreement, a noble resolve to give her our willing service, and national co-operation to accomplish great ends, ought to be added thereto.

If we would hasten the day of the constructive statesman, we must as a people genuinely pursue great ideals. If men of vision are to realize for us in practice those things for which we yearn, the obligation rests upon us to form a fine public opinion. If Canadians generally understood the deeper



Interior, House of Commons, Ottawa.

meaning of Confederation, 1917 would reveal to ourselves and to the world a nation not of magnificent physical proportions only, but possessed also of a truly great soul.

IF the national mind is occupied with great ideas and seeks their realization, the nation's progress and safety present and future are assured. Material progress cannot give Canada abiding greatness. The spiritual side of the nation must be developed if the nation is to endure.

A wider and deeper understanding of our history and the retelling at the nation's firesides of the stories and traditions of the past will do much to exalt and strengthen the spirit of this people. The pages of Canada's history have been ennobled by great names; great figures played great parts under the French and as well as under the English kings.

IN 1917 let us recall them every one and more deeply carve their names and deeds on the nation's marbles. In song and story let us again celebrate the heroisms of the men and women, ay of children too, of the Old Regime, when from the rude battlements of the New France proudly floated the golden lilies of the Old.

In 1917 let us again tell the tales of rare courage and patient sacrifice of those sturdy and high-principled men and women—the United Empire Loyalists—of the long-ago. Let us consider the things for which they stood and the sacrifices they made at the high call of duty. The wildernesses to which they came are to-day the homes of many happy husbandmen and proud cities are planted where they felled the massive maples.

Let the millions who have entered into their labours rise and bless the forefathers, whether of French or of British origin, to whom we owe the body and spirit of this nation of incalculable possibilities.

LET the plan of celebration be in part the re-assembling at the nation's capital of all the surviving Fathers of Confederation and of all the parliamentarians who have sat in the senate and commons since 1867.

Let there be reunions at the provincial capitals of the assemblymen and councillors and of the lieutenants-governor since Confederation.

Let our judges and ex-judges assemble for the consideration of national measures.

Let the universities, colleges, and schools of learning generally bid welcome to their graduates scattered throughout the world.

Let the great men and women of Canada, wherever resident, assemble here in groups to discuss science, literature, art, music, medicine, engineering, economics, philanthropy, education, conservation, government, and the many other complex problems confronting modern civic and national life.

Let us bid come in 1917 the surviving pro-consuls who have represented their sovereign and ours since the days when "Charles Stanley, Viscount Monck, Governor-General of British North America, and Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in and for the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the Island of Prince Edward, and Vice-Admiral of the same," represented Victoria the Good amongst us.

And to this great family reunion of Canadians, home-gathered from the whole wide world, let the premiers of Britain and the Outer Britains be invited as the nation's guests.

And finally to this his greatest Dominion beyond the seas, let the attendance at Canada's jubilee of His Gracious Majesty the King, be asked, that the festival of Nation and Empire may be complete.

With forethought and deliberation let us move toward this epoch in our history. Let us aspire to fulfill in part our great destiny—that of leadership in the great family of British nations—and this shall surely come to us if we make ourselves worthy of that high post of honour.

The Dan at Lone Lake,

CHAPTER I.

THE winters are long at Lone Lake. This thought struck Dick Wynn suddenly as he stood at the door of his shack, whistling and ramming the tobacco into his pipe. He wondered what had so inconsequently made him think of the winter, on a day of such balmy warmth, then remembered that a yellow leaf from the silver birch overhead had just fluttered down, butterfly-fashion, and brushed his hand.

Lately he had not kept track of time further than to notch a stick each morning after the admirable method of Robinson Crusoe. The stick hung invitingly by his so-called desk; the knife was close at hand, and he had ever been prone to form habits. But he had not counted the notches for many days, for he had been working, and to work with him was to be oblivious to the passing of hours. When he worked, he worked, and when he loafed he did it quite as thoroughly.

It might be, he considered reflectively, about the twentieth of September. A flock of sheldrakes had gone by at dusk the night before, heading due south, and about a week earlier he had run across Francois, the half-breed partner of his nearest neighbour, sitting at the edge of the lake making a stretching-rig.

Stepping aside Wynn picked up his time stick, and counted the notches up from a date he had marked.

It was October, October 1st. The soft whistling stopped abruptly. The warm season had fooled him. Well enough he knew that with a quick sharp frost winter sometimes came almost in a night here in the uncertain North, at the beginning of the foot hills. There might be later that season of the gods, "Indian Summer." The red men of the reservation counted on it to a certainty, their ancient prophecy being "First a little winter—then a little summer"; but no white trapper he had ever met pinned his whole faith to those glorious promised weeks.

"October," Wynn said half aloud. "Afterwards—no birds—no flowers—no honey-bees. November." He started at the notched stick, and drummed lightly on it with his fingers.

A chipmunk that had been asleep in the roomy pocket of his corduroy shooting coat, pushed out its small head inquiringly, and then by a movement too quick to follow, reached his shoulder, where it sat up and chattered cheerfully.

The man gave it no attention, but took up the pipe he had laid down, and went on with the ramming process.

"November," he said again—"with the waterfowl gone, and the white frost and the bare trees, and Francois setting his villainous little dead-falls here-about; the howling of the coyotes, and the long nights—the eternally long nights."

He went to the door of his shack again, and the chipmunk still on his shoulder, started to open a nut it had stealthily extracted from some hidden place, vigorously throwing the bits of shell far and wide. One piece struck Wynn on the cheek.

"Go slow, old chap!" he said, "go slow. Don't waste your vitality. You might need it before the white months are over."

The chipmunk chattered back saucily, a knowing look on its furry face, its head tilted sideways.

"You won't, eh? What makes you think so? Many a little beggar like you has got his lively hind leg caught in a weasel trap or been taken captive by one of those fat comfortable-looking gentlemen of the owl family, and it needs quite a bit of energy to get even a clever chipmunk out of such a scrape; even then he doesn't come out all in one piece, my friend. Sure thing. See? You don't see? You still think it wise to put all that vim into shelling a nut? You won't let me lead you gently up to the old, old Eastern practise of repose, the ancient habit of relaxation, the cultivation of the lotos-lily quiet? Here, where the balsam grows and the spruce trees have taken up their abode, you should be able to "get into the silence," as those pleasant people, the Christian Scientists, say. "The scented silence of dreams." Why even I can get there sometimes now, and without help—without help, mind you—when I try hard enough. It simply means shutting off the past, slipping out of the present, and projecting

By Sheard
Author of
"By the Queen's Grace"
(Etc.)



one's soul (projecting one's soul is easier than it sounds, old chap) into the unsubstantial future, or the equally unsubstantial extreme past in which one has had no part."

The chipmunk suspended operations on the nut and chattered again. Wynn smiled up at him.

"What's on your mind?" he said whimsically. "I know you won't rest till I find out. Wait a second and I'll get your Marconi. Ah! I have it! You want to tell me it does not matter a whiff if you do expend some extra energy, for you sleep most of the winter. You think I'm a mind reader? Well, go on thinking so, small one. It's a rattling good idea to hibernate. Would that my pre-historic ancestor, the one who "sat on the ancestral tree from which we sprang (I'm glad we sprang)" as Oliver Herford has it—would that he had imitated the bears and field-mice and slept o' winters. Sleep is good, Silver-tail. I wouldn't mind coming out when the spring wind blows, scraggy and shaky on my legs as a March bear, if I could only get rid of a few desolate months by sleep.

"HOW do you manage it, you and the bears, and those little people, the field-mice? Who taught you how? What fairy charm do you hold, or what kind of a blessed lullaby do you sing to yourselves?"

"It's the wind through the pines, you say. No good—I've tried it."

The chipmunk's chattering had ceased and it had curled itself up on the man's shoulder, a good shoulder, broad and square. It wound its silvery tail around its body and closed its eyes.

Wynn stood quite still at the shack door, and, save for the blue smoke curling up from his pipe, might have seemed asleep himself. His face was turned towards the lake. Through the trees he could see a glimmer of the "deep, divine, dark dayshine" of the water.

When the pipe was finished he lifted the chipmunk gently down and into his pocket. He would smoke another pipe, he thought, and then get to work. Going across to a box resting on a rough-hewn shelf, he raised the lid and looked in. It was empty. He glanced at three unopened tins standing by the box.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "I have smoked a lot lately! But there must be a bag of fine-cut there somewhere." Lifting the box he peered behind it, then moved the tins. In doing so he touched a small, compact black leather case—a physician's case. He drew back his hand as though it had been stung. Slowly he stepped back from the shelf, his eyes fixed on the little case. A slight trembling ran through his limbs, his face suddenly showed blanched and sharply drawn against the dim light of the room. Groping with one hand he caught a chair back and seemed to steady himself by it. The chair was a substantial, home-made thing, and bore the weight well. In a moment more he walked towards the shelf again, took the little black case and laid it by itself, plainly in sight, and away from the tobacco tins. This done, he picked up his pipe. The hand in which he held it shook a little, but the colour had come back to his face, and he went on talking in the same monotone.

"Yes, I must have smoked a lot lately. At this rate I'll run out of tobacco long before Christmas. 'Christmas,'" he repeated with a short laugh. "It's

a lip-blistering wort of word up here. What was it we used to sing around the fire—the old carol—oh yes, 'God rest you, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay.' Well, we let nothing us dismay those days.

"I'll have to canoe down to the agency, or have my merry day without even a pipe for company. True, I can go over to the old man's shack and have him tell me the history of his life yet once again; or the old man may take a notion to tramp down to the Mission to see that grand-daughter, whose name so embellishes his conversations, or he may be going over his line, or he may be dead—although he looks good for thirty years.

"I'd best depend on the pipe. Yes, I'll canoe down. The ubiquitous and honourable the Hudson's Bay Company, have my profound admiration and gratitude. A man can't get an impossible distance away from their posts, if he knows the map." Then he frowned. "I didn't mean to go near a reservation or agency till spring. So much for hide-bound resolution. Wynn, you smoke too much, too infernally much. It's ruination to nerves. Frays them at the edges. You are probably carrying round a beastly nicotine heart at this moment, and it will spring some sort of surprise on you in the night along about February, when the candles have given out. It will probably run down and then make up time on the long jump."

Silence followed this monologue, and the man drew himself up and shook back his head as though confused.

"I am getting into a confirmed habit of talking to myself," he exclaimed sharply. "When I talk to the chipmunk it's only a threadbare excuse to hear a voice. This bone-penetrating silence is beginning to tell. Once I heard of an old woman who lived alone and talked to the clock—but according to the legend she had wheels; and they went round. Now, I haven't got wheels—yet. Still, out here where the John Burroughes' and other back-to-nature folk assure us it requires genius to contract any bad habits, I have contracted two with pleasurable ease; I smoke criminally and babble idiotically."

He went to the door again and leaned against the frame, his figure blocking out the light from the shadowy room. Suddenly he stiffened to a listening attitude. The far-off dip of a paddle had come to him. Perhaps the old man desired a red-trout for his supper. The ice-cold water of the little lake, into which emptied a glacier-fed stream, sheltered many trout and pike, and monster touladi as well.

No. There was no fishing being done. He heard the canoe scrape bottom; then knew it was being beached just beyond a patch of thorn and bramble. The grasses there were rough and dry, and crackled as they broke.

Presently came the "pad," "pad" of moccasined feet through the crisp under-brush and past a place where wild raspberries grew. They climbed a slope, touched a carpet of spruce needles, and the sound was gone.

Wynn leaned forward. "Francois!" he said. "Now he's following the old Indian trick of keeping behind the trees as he comes. Though why this secretiveness heaven knows. Hides by instinct I suppose. I ought to be able to see him about now—ah!

CHAPTER II.

A HALF-BREED swung into view a short stone's throw from the shack. His head had for covering only his thick, shoulder-long hair; his lithe figure was clothed in a red sleeveless jersey and buck-skin trousers, squaw-made. He wore a belt beautifully beaded in a pattern and colours that might have come from ancient Egypt, and as a concession to social custom, there dangled from it a nickle-plated Waterbury watch, and a bunch of assorted keys fastened to a copper chain. Whence or why the keys, none might say.

The expression of his handsome Indian face, lighter in colour than many a Spaniard's, was sullen to the verge of unfriendliness.

"Ah, Francois!" said Wynn, nodding to him carelessly. "I heard you coming. You paddled across, did you not? It's surprising how far one can hear a paddle in this quiet."

(Continued on page 25.)



LONG VIGIL IN BELOW-ZERO WEATHER

These men sat seven days on Dominion land office steps, Calgary, waiting to file on homestead lands.

THE STORY OF A LAND RUSH

By FRANCIS DICKIE

SATURDAY morning, December 30th, saw the close of the latest rush at the Calgary Dominion land office, and though the rush was small it was one of the most turbulent in some time. And the prize for which the rush was chiefly over was three quarter sections of land about one hundred and thirty-five miles north-east of Calgary in a well settled country right on the new line of the C. N. R.

And behind this rush lies a story of human cupidity and human desire for revenge, for revenge that was finally satisfied, when one of the first three men filed upon a part of this coveted land. Early last fall an old, old man waited eight days and eight long nights to file upon a piece of land adjoining that which was snapped up on December 30th, only to be beaten out of his place at the last moment by a ruse that was both clever and cruel, but was fair in that those in the registry office recognize only the first man in.

On the night before the land was to be thrown open last fall two young men slipped into the corridor of the land office. The land office is a part of the post-office building, and between the hours of seven in the morning and ten at night access can be had to the land office by way of a passage from the post-office without the necessity of going around through the outer door before which the waiting land filers stood.

It was just post-office closing time when the two young men slipped into the corridor. Suddenly there appeared at the door of the land office a man whom the waiting filers took to be the janitor. "Stand back," he said, "and let these men out."

The old man that had waited eight long days

and who was the first in line and already had bright visions of the land which was now most certainly his, moved away a little from the door and the waiting line behind, also thinking that someone wanted to get out of the building, stepped back, too. But the men, two in number, who stepped from the portals were not clerks, neither did they wish to get out. Quickly they stepped into the place that the old man and the crowd behind had made for them and the pseudo janitor in the meantime had made his escape. The old man who had waited so long and patiently stood stunned. Sick at heart he stood. He knew it was not right that this which had just happened should be, but he was very old and the time when he could have fought and perhaps won back his place was long gone. So quietly he stepped out of place and marked those long days of waiting down as a score to be wiped off at some future date.

True, there was other pieces of land to be had, pieces for which those behind him were waiting, but the old man had wanted but a certain one, that was why he had waited so long, and after the first glance at the men who had taken his place he knew that they, too, wanted that bit.

This all happened last fall. But before the old man left the city he told his little tale to two stalwart sons of the soil, and also told them that some time during the winter some adjoining land would be thrown open, and that the men who had displaced him were going to get some friends to file upon it.

So a little over a week ago these two stalwart boys, filled with the land hunger and a desire to square accounts for the old man, took up their position in front of the Government office's door and

waited. It was bitterly cold. For five days and nights the thermometer stood all the way from eighteen to thirty-four degrees below zero, but the men were not daunted. The lure of the land, good, rich land, that is more valuable than gold, was in their veins. For four hours at a time the men would stand waiting at the door, then one of them was relieved by a bright-eyed girl of sixteen, his brave little sister. So there was always two of them there at a time. When the brother had rested he relieved his partner who, in his turn, relieved the girl. As the time grew shorter the weather grew colder, and on the last night the two men stood guard without relief. A huge blanket they fastened over the door and dropped it down tent-like, and with blanket and furs beneath and two burning lanterns, they kept reasonably warm through the long night.

It was five o'clock on Saturday morning, two hours before the door would open, when a half-dozen stalwart men slipped around the corner out of the lane from behind the post-office building, and in a bunch rushed at the door guarded by the two sleeping men. The blanket came down with a rending and tearing. The lanterns were kicked out. Dazed, cold, still half-asleep, the two men who had been on guard the last week, instinctively rose and clutched for the door knob and latch of the land office door.

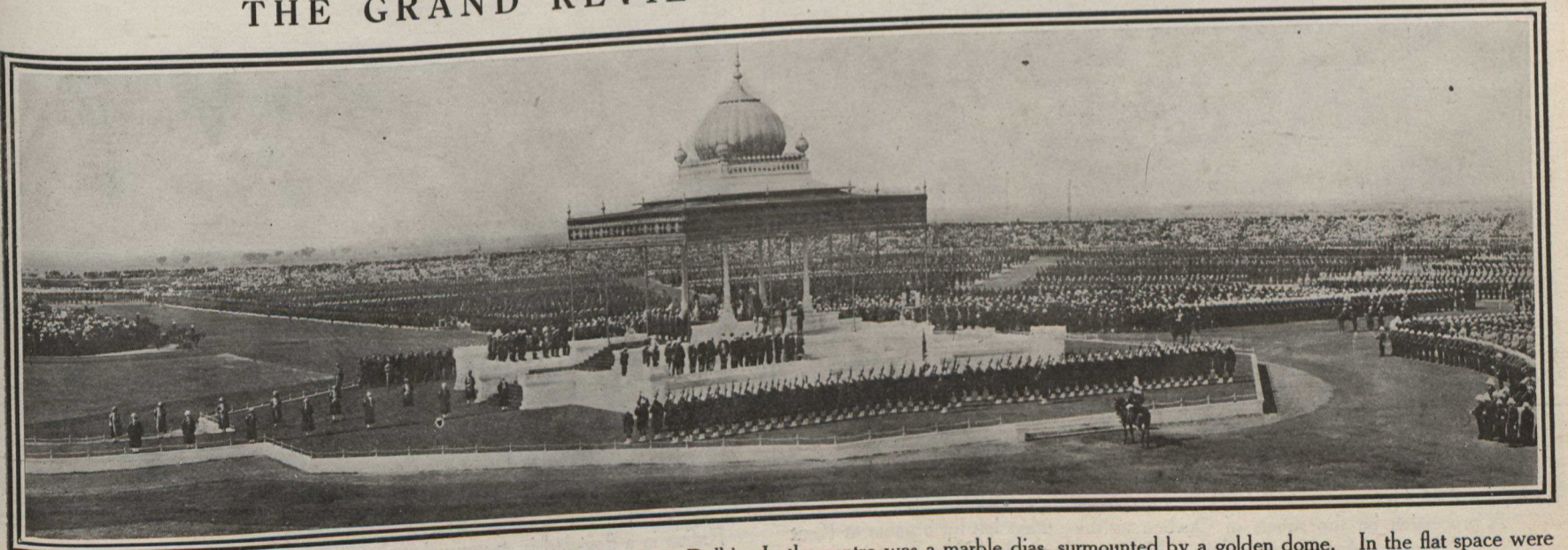
But the gang behind were not through yet. The lure of the land was also in the veins of two of them, the rest were there for hire. A sharp struggle ensued. The two men at the door hanging desperately to their places, striking with one hand while with the other they held to the door. Four narrow stone steps lead up to the door, and this to a certain extent hampered the new comers.

It would probably have fared badly, however, with the two men in front had not two strolling policemen, on night duty, passing down their beat, turned the corner and saw the struggling crowd. They knew the men first in line from constantly passing them night after night for the past week. Stirred by a natural desire for fair play, and also desiring peace, as became their positions, the two policemen butted in. The fighting ceased with the coming of the law, and the rushers-in were for the minute foiled.

At seven thirty the doors opened and the two who had waited long in the cold, stepped first through. But they were still a long way from filing on the coveted property. This was only the first step. The inner portals, the sanctum sanctorium, the registry office, does not open until nine thirty.

So the line stood again in the upper hallway. As the time for the inner door to open grew near the leaders of the early morning rush tried a last ruse. If the two men in front could only be incited to fight there was yet a chance to gain first place that meant so much. With every insinuation and jeer at their command the rushers tried to move those stolid two ahead of them. But the goal was too near now. The land seekers in front knew that to retaliate now at this moment would be fatal, so silently they took it all. And at last the door opened, an eternity it had seemed to these waiters. But now they had reached the end of the rainbow underneath which lay their pot of gold. Two quarter sections of rich, virgin soil was now theirs.

THE GRAND REVIEW AT THE DELHI DURBAR



This picture shows the larger of the two amphitheatres which were built at Delhi. In the centre was a marble dias, surmounted by a golden dome. In the flat space were 20,000 troops on the day of the Durbar, and on the banked-up portion 80,000 spectators were assembled. Here the King received the homage and congratulations of the Princes and Rulers of India. The actual crowning took place in the Fort. Photo by Topical.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH NOVA SCOTIA?

DID you ever take a look at the map of Canada? Maps have a special fascination for me; so that it is a fad of mine to sit and look at maps as other people look at pictures. The map of Canada is well worth looking at. It is a fine country we have, with our vast British Columbia marching up into the silent North, our unmeasured prairies growing their wheat as far north as the Peace River, our perky little "postage stamp" Province of Manitoba—soon to be carried through to Hudson Bay, our industrial Ontario with all its activity stowed away in the toe of its boot, our picturesque Quebec holding its majestic St. Lawrence in its bosom and fronting the sea, and our Maritime Provinces dipping south to shut off the sea-view of the entire United States. It is an ornament to any wall. I had rather have it hanging above my study-table than half the blurred copies of great pictures or gaudy reproductions of poor ones which you can buy at a bargain now that Christmas is over.

* * *

WELL, I was looking at it the other day, and I noticed Nova Scotia. It is a marvellously well-situated Province. It has all the advantages of an island without being cut off from the Mainland like poor little Prince Edward Island. Its coast is serrated with harbours. It lies between New England and Old England. Every ship that sails from Boston or New York for the British Isles passes almost within hailing distance of Nova Scotia. Its fishermen have the best starting point for their voyages. Its land is rich, as witness the Annapolis Valley. It has coal and iron in its mountains—those twin bases of a matchless industrial development. It is the first land that the immigrant sees—unless he comes when he can be smuggled up the St. Lawrence; and it is the part of Canada which is nearest to the markets of Europe. If I did not know Canada, I would say, off-hand, just from looking at the map, that the rest of the Dominion could not hope to get a settler until the snug sea Province of New Scotland had been filled up so completely that they were beginning to fall off over the edges.

* * *

YET the Census Man tells us that this is not so. And now I would like some one to tell me why. Why don't everybody live in Nova Scotia that can? Why does any immigrant ever pass it? Why are industries established elsewhere until all the available sites in Nova Scotia have been occupied? An ardent Maritime Province man was discussing this with me the other day, and he said

that the Intercolonial had a lot to do with it. It was not that the road was not a good road, but that a Government line could not develop a country like a private company. Company railways establish contributory industries and help to open up a land generally. Another reason suggested was that the men of wealth in the Maritime Provinces do not put their money into industrial or commercial enterprises. They had rather do the banking for other people, or else just live on the interest of their "safe and sane" investments. This last idea reminded me of a very similar country in some regards—Greece. Greece is the loveliest land I ever saw, with a perfect climate, an ingenious and clever people, and the best site to command the trade of the East. Yet it stagnates. The reason given me in Athens for this was that the Greeks with wealth do not try to make more money by planting native industries, but are content to live on what they have in Vienna, in Paris, in Italy or in Athens itself.

* * *

NOVA SCOTIA once had a great industry—the building of wooden ships. But the world outgrew wooden ships. Iron ships replaced them; and Nova Scotia was left with her forests and shipyards empty and silent. As for the Nova Scotians themselves, they are more under the spirit of the Old World than the rest of Canada—which is, being interpreted, that they are less greedy of money and less inclined to measure all things by the total of a man's bank account. I am sure that you have noticed this virtue of their's; for I do not hesitate to call it a virtue right in the teeth of a community which conspicuously lacks it. They think more of their golden hours, and less of their golden treasures than we do. It is quite easy to understand why a Nova Scotian may be content with what he has, when he has enough; and ready to sit down and live his life. That is what an Englishman would be very apt to do. They do not look on "trade" as a duty in the Old World, but as a burden; and they pay their highest honours to the classes which have wholly escaped from it.

* * *

IAM told that Nova Scotia is on the brink of a revival. Her lovers say that her time has at last come. The obvious advantages of this most choicely situated province of ours, are about to be appreciated; and the Nova Scotians will soon be in the midst of what we call a "boom." Whether they will all quite relish this awakening, is another question. But the prophecy is confidently made that it is coming. Certainly I do not see how it can be kept at bay forever. There is no province for which nature has done more—none for which it

has done so much in proportion to area. It has "the corner lot"—not only of the Dominion—but of the Continent. All our traffic has run by its door ever since we had any worth mentioning. Nor has it lacked for sons. What other province, in proportion to population, has turned out so many really big men? It has given us three Dominion Premiers out of our eight, and it has thrown in such public men as Joe. Howe, the younger Tupper and Fielding for good measure. It has given Ontario two of its best College Presidents. In brains, it has fairly won the name of the New Scotland. It is perhaps only because we persist in our truly Western habit of measuring every thing by the number of car-loads of products it turns out, or the colossal fortunes it piles up, or any of the other sacrifices we make to the brazen god "Success," that we imagine that Nova Scotia has not lived up to its opportunities. Possibly if we measured by rich lives and well-freighted brains and the "better things of life," we should find that the little Province by the Sea has had its quiet share, and has been teaching us how to live—if we would but look.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Even the Thermometer Turns.

(By leased wire to THE COURIER.)

Ottawa, January 15th.—Parliament reassembled last week in frigid atmosphere. Members sped to and from Parliament Hill wrapped in varied furs and woollens. The sole subjects of conversation seemed to be the weather and "the dismissals," the latter denoting the changes in the civil service which have resulted from the change of Government, and which, in Ottawa at least, are seemingly more important than all the reciprocity questions in the world. The other night a group of Parliamentarians were making their way to the buildings discussing the temperature. One thermometer on Sparks Street indicated 22 below zero; another 19; and still a third 18. It was decided to settle the question by the Parliamentary thermometer, which hangs just outside the main entrance.

"Pshaw," exclaimed big Thomas McNutt, of Salt-coats, in evident unbelief and disgust, as he examined the indicator. "It is only nine below."

"Wise instrument," murmured Colonel Hugh Clark. "It knows it must be Conservative to hold its job these days."

FEBRUARY is to be the month of automobile shows in Canada. The extensive preparations which are being made reflect the growth of the industry. In some cases the show is held under the auspices of the provincial motor associations and in others wholly under the auspices of the manufacturers and the agents. The Toronto show which is to be held in the Armouries from Feb. 21st to Feb. 28th has received the official sanction of the Ontario Motor League. By the way, the membership in the League is now close to sixteen hundred.

SCOTTISH CURLERS HAVE A GAY TIME IN QUEBEC



A procession on the streets of Quebec as the curlers left for a game at Kent House, Montmorency Falls. Nine years ago, the visiting Scotch curlers were banquetted there.



Riding in a dog-sled is an unusual amusement even in Quebec, but Col. Robertson-Aikman was duly initiated into the sport. The colonel is captain of the visitors' team.

Photos by Gleason.



A section of the parade of fifteen hundred Chinamen held in Toronto on January 8th, to commemorate the foundation of the Chinese Republic.



Low Yuen You, Grand Master of the Chinese Free Masons for Ontario, representing the new Chinese Republic and Ing Quong, representing John Bull.

CANADA'S CHINAMEN CELEBRATE

WITH the triple purpose of commemorating the founding of the Chinese Republic, honouring its first president, Dr. Sun Yat Sen, and celebrating China's New Year's Day, fifteen hundred Chinamen paraded the downtown streets of Toronto on a cold, blustery day last week. And while they paraded, there flashed through the broad Pacific their cable of congratulation to Dr. Sen. Ching Laung, who headed the parade and bore the huge gilt key symbolical of the future opening up of China, was dressed in the uniform of a Chinese general. Following him came a local brass band and two Chinamen, dressed as soldiers and carrying the flag of the republic. Behind these came a drag crowded with influential Chinamen, followed by two open carriages drawn by four horses, each containing Chinese dressed up to resemble John Bull, Uncle Sam, George Washington, Young China, and Leu Yen You, the General of the revolution. Following were eighteen men, each representing one of the provinces which have seceded from the Empire and joined the new movement. These immediately preceded the feature of the procession—an enlargement of a photo of Dr. Sun Yat Sen mounted on crimson and surrounded with Chinese characters, which, being interpreted, read: "Our Leader," "Long may he rule." Next came a number of Chinamen dressed in the conventional black coat and Derby hat of this country, the procession being brightened up, however, by occasional touches of colour as little squads of eight men appeared at regular intervals dressed to represent England, the United States, Australia, Canada, India, Spain, Turkey and France, besides thirty-two representing the Red Cross Society. The parade included about fifty Chinese children and about twenty Chinese women in carriages.



Ching Laung, Leader of the procession. The key is symbolical of the future opening up of China.



Master Edward Ing Quong, who represented Scotland. Several other Chinese children were in the parade.

THE SCOTTISH CURLERS WHO ARE TOURING CANADA



Six rinks of curlers from the Royal Caledonia Club of Scotland arrived at Halifax on the last day of December. They have played matches in several cities of Eastern Canada, and after playing in the Ontario cities will play in Detroit, Chicago and St. Paul and then in Western Canada.

Photo by Notman Studio, Halifax.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

A Significant Phrase.

CANADIAN chartered banks have special privileges which sometimes are spoken of as "rights." Sir Edmund Walker, with his usual fairness, does not so speak. In his excellent annual address to his shareholders he uses these words:

"In view of the franchise we enjoy, we recognize the duty and responsibility upon us to aid in the development of the country."

This is in the proper spirit. If our bankers all had that spirit and followed it logically, there would be less tendency to criticize, and less jealousy of the tremendous profits which the chartered banks are making.

* * *

Canada in Books.

EVERY little while, a British journalist comes out to Canada and writes a book about us.

He goes home with the manuscript, publishes it in London, and sends the edition out here to be sold. He has discovered that we like to read about ourselves. Seldom does he understand the country or its people, but that doesn't matter. He knows we are sensitive and vain and he turns it to good account.

Does any one imagine if a Canadian went to Britain and wrote a book telling what he learned during two or three weeks visit there that the British people would rush to buy it? Not a bit of it. They have a mental poise which tells them that the Canadian could have little to say that would be of permanent value.

Canada's idiosyncrasy in this respect is duplicated in the United States. Whenever a prominent visitor arrives, a crowd of reporters gather about him to ask, "What do you think of New York?" or, "How do you like America?" The poor man has probably no opinion at all, and says so, but his pleasant non-committal remarks are elaborated into a column or two of rubbish. So in Canada, when an important traveller reaches Montreal, Toronto or Winnipeg, he is met by reporters asking him, "What do you think of Canada?"

It is about time that this continent got over its new-baby stage. It does not much matter what these visitors think. We should have sufficient confidence in our country not to be affected either by fulsome flattery or captious criticism.

* * *

The Unfortunate Mother.

A LITTLE story which appeared not long ago on the front page of a Winnipeg daily paper made an impression upon my mind. A man walking home one night, passed the "Home of the Friendless Children," one of Winnipeg's numerous charitable institutions. It was a cold, cold night, and they do have cold nights in that city in late December. So, when he heard the pitiful sobbing of a child, he started in to investigate. He found a pretty baby boy wrapped in three sets of clothing and covered with a warm woollen shawl—but deserted. He took it home for the night and next day it was sent to the Children's Home.

But what struck me most was the comment of the people who had to do with the case and with the language of the reporter who compiled the story. The reporter said that it was left there by an "unnatural and heartless mother," and that the police were searching for "the mother who abandoned it so heartlessly. The matron of the Home is reported to have "voiced her indignation of the heartless desertion."

Is a mother, such as this one may be supposed to be, to be accused of "heartlessness?" The babe was well nourished, and warmly clothed. It was placed at the gate of the Home to which such children are sent. Is it not more probable that the mother went home to weep and to pray that her child would be cared for? Was it her fault that she was forced to abandon her child, or the fault of the "heartless" people who would condemn her and sneer at her if she were to keep it and be proud of it?

Here is a big subject, and one well worthy of more attention than it receives. It does seem as if we are too harsh in our criticism of the women who may be so unfortunate as to become mothers under circumstances of which society cannot approve. It does seem that by our lack of sympathy, by our lack

of a fair and just attitude that we are compelling child-desertion and worse. Surely there must be a remedy for such a state of affairs. Our present methods are irrational and destructive. Why should not the matrons of these Homes invite the confidences of these unfortunate girls and thus prevent child-desertion? Why should not society give such a girl a second chance? Even criminals are given that, and these unfortunates are not criminals unless we make them such.

The Bookless Clergyman.

IN the cities, the clergymen usually get enough salaries to enable them to buy books. If they have not the money to purchase them, they may go to the libraries and read them. Hence the city preacher is usually abreast of the times. He is in constant touch with the latest criticism and the newest "views."

On the other hand, the village clergyman has no money to spend on books, and no libraries to patronize. Is it any wonder that he feels cut off from the intellectual life of the world?

Why not travelling libraries for these men, so that they may keep in touch with all that is best in modern thought? They are doing a great unselfish work, these country clergymen. They are helping in every good movement. They are living on beggarly salaries and suffering many privations with noble patience.

Where is the Carnegie who will bring the library to their door and thus brighten their lives?

Administration by Commission.

MANY people who object to government by commission have no fear of administration by commission. There is an essential difference.

For example, Toronto has civic administration by an elected commission known as a "Board of Control." The government is in the hands of the City Council as it always was. The Board of Control administers, subject to the supervision and approval of the Council.

Again, the Railway Commission for the Dominion administers but does not govern. It is appointed by the Dominion Parliament, which is the governing body. If Parliament wishes it may repeal the act which constituted the Railway Commission and abolish it altogether. It may increase or decrease its powers at will.

There should be no confusion in the public mind on this subject. Occasionally a citizen will be overheard to say, "We have too many commissions." This man does not understand what he is saying. He probably means that the commissions have powers which are too broad. He would sooner see the country and the municipality governed in the old-fashioned way. He is usually a man who also thinks that the people are overgoverned. He does not recognize that society is getting more and more complex and that modern civilization demands new methods of administration.

* * *

Growth of the Commissions.

COMMISSIONS of administrative character are certainly growing in number. The Civil Service Commission was created to regulate the admission of men and women to the civil service and to regulate their promotions. It has done good work in its restricted sphere and no publicist of standing advocates a return to the old state of affairs when nepotism and political pull were rampant at Ottawa.

The National Transcontinental Commission was appointed to supervise the building of the National Transcontinental. It has heretofore consisted of several members, but the Borden Government proposes to reduce it to one member. It has no legislative power; it is purely administrative.

The Ontario Government has three commissions

doing administrative work, but not one has any governing powers. These are the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Commission, which operates the government railway and colonization in the Temiskaming country. The Ontario Railway Board is supposed to regulate the steam and electric railways of the province in so far as these are subject to the provincial authority. The Hydro-Electric Commission, which is building electric transmission lines all over the province for the general benefit of the municipal power and lighting plants in each city and town in the province.

The Dominion Government also proposes to appoint two new commissions of a permanent character, a tariff commission and a terminal elevator commission. These two will, like the others mentioned, perform administrative services which the rulers of the country believe can best be handled in this way.

It might also be said that the Judges of the country are a series of commissions empowered to administer the law. They have no legislative power. They do not form a part of the governing body. Their work is entirely administrative.

* * *

The Latest in Commissions.

MANITOBA is about to create a commission of the latest and most modern kind—a public service commission. The only one of its kind in Canada is in the Province of Quebec, but it has so far done little to make itself famous. Like the Ontario Railway Board, its powers are so limited as to make it ineffective for the work which it might be supposed to perform.

Premier Roblin has promised a public service commission with powers as wide as that of the New York Public Service Commission, one of the most important bodies in the United States. It will have complete control over all government-owned or privately-owned corporations that give public service. It will supervise all steam and electric railways in the province, all gas and electric light companies, telegraphs, telephones, grain elevators and so on. Ample provision will be made for the enforcement of its orders, Premier Roblin declares, so that there will be no possible evasion of its orders. He declares that the commissioners will have positions that will carry greater responsibility than that of a chief justice of the province.

This at least is Premier Roblin's idea. If it works out as he expects, it will probably be most beneficial.

* * *

Where There is Unfairness.

NO private corporation operating a public service can reasonably object to fair regulation.

That regulation must, however, be made by a competent judicial commission, not by a body of irresponsible demagogues looking for votes. Sometimes, a clique of city aldermen will make an attack on a privately-owned public utility corporation without any accurate knowledge of the facts. For example, in Toronto the chief stock in trade of municipal orators looking for votes has been denunciations of the gas company, the electric light company and the street railway.

The conduct of these companies may not have been all it should be, but certainly the criticism has too often been made by men who could have no extensive knowledge of the facts. A public service commission, such as they have in New York State, and in Wisconsin, would deal with such complaints on their merits and either punish or exonerate the private company.

Again, a public service commission such as Premier Roblin proposed to establish in Manitoba, is to be preferred to a commission empowered to carry on a special work such as the Hydro-Electric Commission in Ontario. The former is founded on the principle of justice to the public and also to the private corporations. The latter was founded for the purpose of competing with private corporations. The Hydro-Electric was created for the purpose of giving opposition to the private companies distributing electricity throughout Ontario. It did not expropriate nor purchase the private companies, but proceeded to parallel their lines. Moreover, it did not encourage the municipalities to buy out their private lighting companies, but rather encouraged competition in local centres as it created competition in the general field of distribution. Notably in London and Toronto, the local lighting companies were subjected to keen competition. Both these cities have now duplicate electric lighting services, which is an undoubted and indefensible economic waste. The Hydro-Electric will be of considerable value to the province undoubtedly, but it had been more valuable had it prevented rather than encouraged duplication.

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP HEAP

Our Anniversary.

WITH this issue the Women's Supplement starts on its second year; and on this, our first anniversary, we find pleasure in looking back to the day when this department was given its "try-out."

The first dozen numbers of the Woman's Supplement have, we believe, proved that it makes a worthy feature of the COURIER. We have considerable evidence that our women readers look forward with especial interest to each number of the COURIER containing the Supplement.

This monthly department has been changed in several ways, and we believe that each change has been for the better. It has grown to be a newsy, readable, well-illustrated monthly account of the doings and interests of the women of Canada. However, it can still be improved, and we are aiming to make each issue of the Supplement better than the one before it. Granted the continued interest and co-operation of our readers we set to work optimistically and earnestly on the Supplement's second year.

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Our Animals' Comfort.

STANDING on a street corner in Toronto one day, I observed the line of waggons and carts which drew up to the drinking trough. Each horse seemed to trot a little faster on coming in sight of the watering-place. And what a diversity of horses and wagons there were! Some dragged a heavy load of scrap iron, poor, wretched creatures these. Others were fat and sleek, and well cared for, and drew dignified delivery carts with names of well-known establishments on them. And many belonged to the great middle class of beasts, the indifferent class, as it were, neither poor nor prosperous, probably the beasts of burden of a vegetable or milk cart. And all had a definite aim in view, to reach that trough, where the water rippled alluringly from the mouth of the fountain.

The picture is very natural, perhaps, and very humane. To an observer standing nearby it was doubly interesting. The dumb animals felt instinctively that they were near a friend, and the friend showed his kindness in giving them the trough. The satisfaction of the beasts impressed one, the renewed energy for their journey, and, then—the question as to how many of these drinking-troughs the city contained. Possibly they could be counted on the fingers of both hands. In a city with a population of four hundred thousand, so few thirst quenchers for that city's dumb beasts seems quite inadequate.

The women of all our cities have evinced great interest in this humane problem. In fact, our Canadian women seem particularly interested in all humane questions of the day. It seems to me that much good might be done in all of them, and especially in Toronto, if a committee from the Humane Society would take up the matter of public watering troughs, before the hot summer months are upon us.

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The New Lady.

IF we are to judge from a new club which has been formed recently in Illinois, the women of wealth are about to begin a reformation. This club is formed for the purpose of encouraging women who have been accustomed to living the social life of ease and indolence, to take more interest in the things worth while, in the things which made such fine women of our grand-

mothers and great-grandmothers. Every great-grandmother could cook and sew and knit, and at the same time, wear her lace cap becomingly. And statistics show that these same great-grandmothers lived longer and happier lives than many of the great-granddaughters of to-day. Well, it seems that most women are desirous of as long life as is possible, and surely we, all of us, spend our days in chasing that elusive "Blue Bird of Happiness," so what must be the natural conclusion?

The women who have formed this new club have arrived at it, hence the club. To spend one's evenings over a pretty work basket, while little Jack or Mary recites wondrous stories from the Primer, to go into the kitchen on cook's day out and see that the roast is done to a turn, to busy oneself with the thousand and one household duties commonly allotted to the servants, and one household duties commonly allotted to the servants, seems, after all, a more rational way of spending one's time, than in the vain chase after excitement from one afternoon bridge to another, from tea to reception, and reception to club.

It is the problem of the modern woman. The little band in Illinois have determined to give the home method a trial. Let us hope that our Canadian society women will think it over.

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Women and Clubs.

SOME time ago a veritable battle was waged at a meeting of one of Canada's greatest organizations for women. And undoubtedly, after the smoke of the battlefield had blown away, there was not one present who did not regret that such measures should have seemed necessary. It would have been more dignified, more in keeping with the great spirit of the organization, if a special meeting had been held, or at least a private gathering, for the discussion and final decision of affairs before the annual meeting would take place.

But there is another point which must be taken into consideration. Is the predominating spirit of the clubs and societies of to-day as much for the general good of the club, as for the personal glorification of some of the members? Do we not sometimes forget the great cause which should claim the best that is in each one of us, in the endeavour to further our own personal ends? A popular

leader comes to the front, takes her stand and meets with the unanimous applause of the crowd. Bye-and-bye, perhaps, she sights personal glory in some movement, and, forgetting the large cause which she represents, thrusts herself a little too much into the limelight of public opinion. She is lauded as a leader, and before she knows it has become a great person in public affairs.

Women realize this danger to-day, and as each day advances we see them acting on their knowledge of it, and profiting as all of us are bound to profit by former mistakes.

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The Much Desired Ballot.

EVERYWHERE we see little groups of women talking earnestly and evincing much interest in the affairs of the great world around them. Little deputations with carefully worded speeches, assemble in the Council Chambers in the Parliament Buildings. Women are eternally on the qui vive for something which will help along a cause, whether it be for making better laws for the country, or securing purer milk for the city's poor babies. Some say women have no need of the ballot here in Canada, some say different things. And so it goes. The only question which remains is, "Will women remain satisfied if they do secure it?" M. B.



LADY GIBSON

The gracious hostess who presides over Ontario's Government House.

THE WOMEN IN THE CASE

By MADGE MACBETH



MRS. MARTIN BURRELL

Wife of the new Minister of Agriculture for the Dominion.

THE feminine complement of Premier Borden's cabinet is scarcely a whit less interesting than the Ministers themselves. This is the Age for Women—Women's Rights, Women's Suffrage, Women's Husbands!

"Mr. Who? Minister of What? Oh! Is he married? What is his wife like?" These are the common questions asked all over the Dominion to-day.

In the following brief sketches only simple pen pictures are given of the Ministers' wives. They are a group of charming, responsive women, each one seemingly alive to her share of responsibility in her husband's affairs, and finding pleasure in combining the purely social with the social-political.

This particularly applies to Mrs. Crothers. Born in St. Thomas, and living all her life in St. Thomas, Mrs. Crothers gathered about her a number of friends—people whom she knew more or less intimately and who had time for friendship. The busy days in the Capital are crowded with functions where one says, "How do you do? Yes, tea, please, and good bye," quite a different sort of entertainment from the quiet tea-drinking where one sat for an afternoon and talked! But even these unsatisfactory tabloid conversations will not prove too homeopathic for Mrs. Crothers; she cannot help making friends!

"I stand in an unique position," she said. "There has never been one of me, before, our ex-Minister being a bachelor. I have no precedent to follow."

Nor does she need one. Mrs. Crothers has a strong and magnetic personality of which you are convinced when she takes your hand. She clasps it, grips it a mite harder looking straight into your eyes, gives a slight shake and lets go.

Presto, you are her friend!

She was Miss Mary Burns, and attended Alma College, St. Thomas. College spirit it strong in her and she is an enthusiastic member of Alma Daughters, a society formed by graduates, with a view of promoting and preserving college spirit. She is also Regent of the St. Thomas Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, which has a large membership culled from all ranks in life. Mrs. Crothers endorses this feature and attributes the success of the Chapter to its practical demonstration. A passion for flowers, for gardening, especially for roses, has the wife of the Minister of Labour. Perhaps that explains some of her fineness, her charm. One cannot grow roses, cannot live so near to Nature without receiving some of her choicest gifts.

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Mrs. Martin Burrell is an English woman, born in Faringdon, Berkshire. She is to-day an exquisitely pretty womanly woman, with fresh pink cheeks, bright blue eyes, and lovely white hair. She came to Canada in 1886, and lived 14 years in the Niagara district. Then she and Mr. Burrell moved to Grand Forks, in British Columbia, where their farm was two miles from the nearest neighbour—that is from Mr. Burrell's gate to the neighbour's gate. From the gate to the house in each case was an extra three-quarters of a mile. Mrs. Burrell is a reader—which does not mean merely light reading. She likes to take a winter to a subject and spend plenty of time digesting it. She is fond of flowers and sunshine seems to radiate from her;



MRS. T. W. CROTHERS

Wife of the Minister of Labour.

one feels healthy, morally and spiritually as well as physically, by mere contact with her.

* * *

One is sure of a welcome at the home of Col. Sam. Hughes. If for some dark reason, Mrs. Hughes should be inclined to treat the visitor frostily, her coolness would be more than counterbalanced by the friendliness of her little fox terrier. If one goes to the Minister's home during the morning, for instance, and has to wait until some member of the household comes in, the affable little pup sits in front of you and sneezes until he is assured that you appreciate his efforts at entertaining.

But cordiality is in the atmosphere, here. Mrs.



MRS. SAM HUGHES

Wife of the Minister of Militia.



MRS. GEORGE E. FOSTER

Wife of the Minister of Trade and Commerce.

Hughes is the happy combination of the rarely domestic and unspoiled society woman. She confesses that during the past years she has not wanted to leave her delightful home in Lindsay, but now that she is here she enjoys the life of the Capital. Mrs. Hughes was Miss Mary Emily Burke. She has great sympathy for the higher education of women and holds a teacher's certificate from the Normal school in Toronto, although circumstances have never compelled her to use it. Her father educated his children with a view to independence. Mrs. Hughes' son was the Gold Medalist at Kingston, so evidently a fondness for study is hereditary.

Brought up in a Liberal house, and marrying into a Conservative one, where the convictions were just as strong on the opposite side, Mrs. Hughes has had opportunity to view Canadian politics from both angles. She confesses that the change was gradual, but that it is firmly effected, and has been for many years. She is an ardent, earnest Conservative, who knows the reason why!

* * *

Mrs. George Foster has one of the most attractive personalities in the Capital. To begin with, she is an optimist, and optimists are at a premium nowadays. She accomplishes a tremendous amount of work without giving one the impression of being in a fevered rush—so quietly does she go about it. Mrs. Foster is President of the Victorian Order of Nurses, an organization too well known to need further comment, and she is closely connected with many other charitable institutions. In her, Canada has lost a literary light, for although she has decided talent for writing and a strong inclination for it, her days are too full of other duties to allow her indulgence in this pleasure. The gift, however, has not been lost, for Mrs. Foster's son, Mr. Arthur W. Chisholm, is eminently successful as a writer of fiction. Amongst Mrs. Foster's other accomplishments is a thorough knowledge of German—her great-grandfather being of that nation, and bequeathing a strong love for the Vaterland to Mrs. Foster.

Winnipeg's Club Activities.

THE first meeting of the Winnipeg Women's Musical Club was most enjoyable, and included works of representative modern composers. Miss Carrie Anderson, one of the younger members, gave a pleasing rendering of Schult's "Valse Caprice," and Miss May Scarth played Moszkowski's Valse in E Major, Opus 34. Others assisting were Mrs. Willocks, Mrs. T. H. Verner, Miss Emily Cuthbert, Miss Mary L. Robertson, Mrs. Coyne, Mrs. Jones-Brewer, Miss P. Bryce, Mr. Rignal and Mr. Miles.

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THE Women's Foreign Mission Society of Westminster Church, at its annual meeting on January 8th, elected the following ladies as officers for the coming year: Honorary Presidents, Mrs. C. B. Pitblado and Mrs. D. Christie; President, Mrs. T. D. Patton; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. W. J. Mundell, Mrs. Munroe, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. A. D. Adams, and Mrs. J. Saunders; Secretary, Mrs. S. Wheatley; Treasurer, Miss Harstone.

CALLED TO THE CAPITAL

By KENNETH M. HAIG

A RED brick mansion with a lawn sweeping in front to meet the wide avenue of Roslyn Road and to the back the windings of the Red River, this is "Incherra," one of Winnipeg's beautiful residences and the home of the Honourable Robert Rogers, Minister of the Interior. Mrs. Rogers has been obliged to leave this beautiful home, temporarily, owing to the Government position of her husband. She is now in Ottawa assisting in the many social duties which fall to the lot of the wife of one of the Dominion's Ministers.

"Incherra," the lilt of the Irish name, was surely the result of an inspiration, for it suits so well the atmosphere of the home. A guest wrote of it once:

The Hostess—
"In English? I have never heard

The only one expressive word
That means it—but the very best

That you could wish to any
guest,

Your health—a welcome—
The Guest—
"Perfect bliss?"

I understand—it just means
this."

"When I was sixteen years of age," Mrs. Rogers told me, "I came to Manitoba from Ontario, so you see I am practically a Westerner. After my marriage I lived for some years in the tiny Manitoban town of Clearwater. No, I would not forego that experience for anything. I understand perfectly the life of the prairies, for I have lived it. Often I have done all my own housework. Then living in a little village one leads a sort of community existence. Your neighbours know all about you and you know all about your neighbours"—Mrs. Rogers' eyes twinkled. Anyone who has lived in a village, whether in Southern Manitoba or Timbucktoo, can vouch for the truth of her observations.

Mrs. Rogers is keenly observant both of persons and things, and therefore enjoys travelling. Twice she has been abroad and has journeyed over her own country from Montreal to Victoria.

"I am not sure that I have any hobbies," she said. "There is painting, of course. I dab a little myself when I can get time, and, as you know, I have always been most interested in the Western Art Association. And music—well, I belong to the Women's Musical Club and enjoy playing and warbling a little to entertain myself—at these recitals I am always careful that my audience is nil."

However, Mrs. Rogers' interest in matters musical is not so inconsiderable as she would lead one to suppose, and in this connection a very charming story is told. A few years ago the Women's Musical Club discovered Miss Rhoda Simpson. Miss Simpson's parents were not well off, but they recognized their child's talent for music and especially for the violin, and gave her what advantages they could. Brought to the notice of the Musical Club Miss Simpson was, through the efforts of that organization, given all the education that Winnipeg could offer. Then it became apparent that the young artist should have a term of foreign study, but how to meet the expense? The Club could not afford it and it seemed for a time as though Miss Simpson had been brought so far only to be given a glimpse of the promised land and have its fulfillment denied her. Just at this point Mrs. Rogers came forward. Since then Miss Simpson, as a protegee of hers, has studied in New York, in Dresden and Leipzig, and is now in London. "There is no credit to me,"

disclaimed Mrs. Rogers, "Rhoda has genius and I happened to be able to enable her to cultivate it, that's all. I am sure she will bring credit to her adopted city. I will tell you a story. Last year when the Landgraf of Hesse was here, Government House entertained in his honour. The Prince's personal Aide-de-camp, Baron Riedesel, was my dinner companion and the talk chanced to turn to music, when he told me of the Prince's passion for the violin. I told him of Rhoda and he promised to bring her to the notice of the Prince. That was in September, and in January I had a letter from



MRS. ROBERT ROGERS

"Her breadth of view, her ready wit, and her interest in politics will make her a welcome addition in the state circle."

Baron Riedesel saying that arrangements had been made for Rhoda to play before the Prince. The Prince was so delighted with her performance that he invited her for a two weeks' holiday this summer to his Castle. Rhoda wrote me what a memory that holiday will always be to her and also a letter came from the Prince saying that the visit had been very delightful to him. "Yes, you have guessed it," laughed my hostess, "Rhoda is one of my enthusiasms."

Mrs. Rogers believes that a woman should know all about her own country and should take an intelligent interest in politics. She has always been in the fullest sympathy with her big husband's political aspirations and has followed his career step by step with him. It is rumoured that the "Honourable Bob" reaches no decision until he has talked the matter over with his wife, and her breadth of view, her ready wit and her interest in politics will make her a welcome addition in the state circle of the Capital City. Mrs. Rogers is an ardent imperialist, and has been for two years the Regent of the Earl Grey Chapter of the Imperial Order of

the Daughters of the Empire.

There is one son of the house, Robert, junior, who was last autumn married to Miss Evelyne Maw.

Winnipeg has reluctantly given over to Ottawa one of its most charming and brilliant women in the person of the wife of its member.

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A Reply to the Monocle Man :

A reader objected to what our Monocle Man said regarding "The Women's Movement and Suicide."

HOW well your "nom de plume" fits the article appearing under the name of "The Women's Movement and Suicide!" For the point of view observed throughout is "one eyed" indeed. Because a girl, little more than a child, was allowed

to take a position for which she was unfit on account of immaturity, a position for which any boy of her age would have been equally unfit, therefore, you hasten to bring a wholesale indictment against women teachers in general with a wholesale condemnation of woman's desire for personal and economic independence which is characterized as the "women's movement." Are you quite sure, Mr. Monocle Man, that you are not a woman in disguise? For the lack of logical reasoning revealed in your article is so generally considered the attribute of my own sect. You state that "our daughters have exchanged the home for the world," and that as a consequence young men have been crowded out of various professions, among them, teaching. Let me deal with two obvious fallacies contained in these statements.

To begin with, it is not so much the daughters who have left the home, as that which used to be considered woman's own and indisputable work has left the four walls of the individual homes and has become socialized and specialized in factories and workshops. When we watch the crowds of girls leaving the bread and biscuit factories, the wool and cotton mills, the workshops and factories engaged in the manufacture of ready-made underwear and clothing (both men's and women's), it is brought home to us in a very startling manner that women have been compelled to follow their own industries into the world; for all these were entirely and exclusively woman's work within the home until man's "business genius" stepped in and withdrew them from the home in order to make money! Remember that as long as all the weaving, spinning, baking, brewing,

preserving, tailoring, soap and candle making was done in the individual homes, not only was there employment for all the sisters, daughters, aunts and cousins of the family, but also for a number of women of the poorer classes who entered the larger individual homes as employees or servants. In the days when industries were housed in the home they were carried on for service and love by those who were responsible for them—the women at the head of households and the female members of the family. When industries were taken out of the home their original character was entirely changed, for they were made use of to obtain financial profit only. This accounts for all the evils which have appeared as the accompaniment of the socialization of industries: child labour, sweating, overwork and overcrowding of populations in congested factory districts with all the countless evils flowing therefrom. Is, then, socialization of labour wrong? Not at all! What is wrong is: the socialization of labour under the auspices of men alone, instead of, as it should have been, under the guidance of both men

(Continued on page 19.)

FROM COAST TO COAST

Christmas at the Capital.

CHRISTMAS and New Year's have come and gone, and things are beginning to shape themselves naturally again. Everywhere was the spirit of the season observed in true style, not the least enthusiastic being the women. From Halifax to Victoria, they dispensed cheer and good will, some catering to the poor children of their city, others distributing gifts among the homeless old people, who are obliged to spend their days in some public house of beneficence. And everywhere was the true spirit of the time, the little fairy of love, who beckoned and smiled, and made everyone a little happier than before.

And there were balls and fetes, many of them, some brilliant affairs, others more modest. At the Capital, Christmas Day was spent by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, in true old English style. His Royal Highness offered hearty greetings to the entire household, and presented the labourers with turkeys and wine, the higher officials with handsome stickpins, bearing the Connaught monogram surmounted by the Ducal crown in precious stones.

Their Royal Highnesses, with the Princess Patricia and suite, attended the early celebration of Holy Communion in St. Bartholomew's, and at eleven o'clock service at Christ Church Cathedral.

The new Rideau Skating Club has been honoured by having for its patrons, their Royal Highnesses. Princess Patricia is an enthusiastic believer in all outdoor sports, and brought with her to Canada a Swiss toboggan sled.

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Santa Claus in St. John, N. B.

SANTA CLAUS delighted the hearts of thirty-five poor children, the Saturday before Christmas, at the King's Daughters' Guild, St. John. And Santa, moreover, was a woman, a member of the Comfort Circle, who distributed gifts of candy, oranges, popcorn, apples, dolls, games and books, and more substantial gifts of mittens, overstockings, underwear and toques, to the children who were in greatest need of them. Music was contributed by one of the ladies of the Circle, and a happy group of kiddies returned to their homes at six o'clock.

Miss Brittain, matron of the Guild, was presented with a gift of appreciation, accompanied by clever verses expressing the best wishes of the Circle.

* * *

Toronto Festivities.

ABOUT three hundred and fifty of Toronto's young people were made happy on the evening of December the twenty-seventh, when Ontario's Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Gibson entertained at a dance in the old Government House, which looked picturesquely quaint and beautiful, with its quantities of orchids, lilies, roses, narcissi and azaleas. His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor received with Lady Gibson, who was wearing a handsome gown of smoke grey chiffon velvet with panel and bodice trimming of fine point de gaze, diamond tiara and white osprey and necklace of diamonds. Miss Gibson was in white satin and silver, with pearl embroideries and necklace of pearls and topaz. Miss Meta Gibson wore flame-coloured satin, with pearl necklace and ornaments. Miss Scott, who was visiting at Government House, from Hamilton, wore mauve satin and ninon, embroidered in beads.

* * *

Edmonton Charities.

THE poor children of Edmonton were a little happier on Christmas Day than they had been for many months. And their happiness was caused by the Edmonton Masonic Lodge, who, with the aid of many ladies, gave a banquet to the children of the Bethpage Home and the Children's Aid Shelter. The long tables were decorated with white flowers, and the matron, Mrs. Bate, with the assistant matron, Mrs. Cotterell, played the part of wise mothers to the banquetted kiddies.

After the last nut had been cracked, the last raisin nibbled, the Christmas tree beckoned, and all obeyed. Each child was given a doll or toy, and thirty happy kiddies went home to dream about the wonderful things they had seen and tasted.

Among the ladies who went to the Shelter to assist in the preparations were, Mrs. John Blue,

Mrs. Graydon, Mrs. R. W. Cautley, Mrs. Hodge, Mrs. R. B. Chadwick, Mrs. W. A. Brown, Mrs. Cashman, Mrs. McIntyre, Mrs. Chalmers, Miss Cook and Miss Graydon.

* * *

Canada and Suffrage.

MRS. PANKHURST has been with us, and has told us of her work. She has shown us that modesty is one of the greatest attributes of woman, and has convinced the doubting ones that a woman may be dignified and at the same time powerful. She is sincere in her work, and very hopeful of success.

Everywhere she was greeted by large audiences, and much sympathy, by both men and women. She thinks that every woman is willing, yes, anxious, to improve the conditions of the country in which she lives, inasmuch as it is in her power to do so. The enthusiasm of all Mrs. Pankhurst's audiences in Canada have encouraged her, and given her heart to go back to England, where she will remain until she has secured equal rights for men and women. Possibly she will be back soon, possibly not for many years, but Canada may expect a change of affairs when she next comes, for it is her ambition to carry every issue successfully to a finish, once she has identified herself with it.



MISS CATHERINE PROCTOR

A young Toronto actress, who has been chosen by David Belasco to succeed Frances Starr in "The Easiest Way."

In Toronto, she addressed great audiences in Massey Hall, and was the guest of the Canadian Club, which she addressed, and was entertained by the Suffrage Association to a banquet, on the evening of her departure. She found the cause much strengthened, and many more members added to the suffrage ranks.

In London, there was enthusiasm. At first, people went purely out of curiosity, but they went away full of admiration for the little woman who had such a cause in mind. In Montreal she was equally well received.

* * *

Winnipeg En Fete.

BALLS, balls, nothing but balls. So it seemed, during Christmas week. And a better way to entertain a city's visitors could scarcely be imagined.

Winnipeg held a very successful one, of which the Winnipeg Cricket Club were the hosts, and excellent hosts they proved to be. The ball was held in Manitoba Hall, the music, which could not have been improved upon, was provided by Rignol's Orchestra. Bridge tables were placed on the balcony for the devotees of that game, and supper was served after the tenth dance, the guests forming little parties of six or eight, and finding tables all prettily prepared for them.

The gowns were indescribable in beauty and colouring, from white satin and pearl trimming, to

green satin veiled with mauve. Everyone who was anyone in the social world, was present, to name whom would be well enough for a daily paper, but impossible to the limitations of a monthly newspaper's space.

* * *

A New Girls' Club.

THE Hamilton W. C. T. U. organized recently a Girls' Club, over which Mrs. Clunas and Miss Thompson presided. Committees for literary, religious and social work, were formed, and general enthusiasm evinced in the movement.

The officers elected were: Miss Thompson, Superintendent; Miss Bessie Brown, President; Miss Georgie Wilson, Vice-President; Miss Winnie Patterson, Secretary; Miss Addando Smith, Treasurer; Miss Marjorie Taft, Pianist; Miss Bustin, Evangelistic Superintendent.

* * *

Christmas in Chinatown.

HERE in our Canada, we are accustomed to a Christmas season of holly and mistletoe, of gift giving and receiving, of general good cheer. There is a sacredness about our Canadian Christmas season which robs it of all sordid thoughts, and makes it a time of beauty, always anticipated with eagerness. For it is the time for the children, and must needs be beautiful.

But here in our own Canada, in Vancouver, one of our most beautiful cities, is a smaller city, alien to our spirit of national goodwill and rejoicing. This is a place where the cheat, the ravenous money-maker, the slant-eyed Celestial hovers and the air resounds with strange words and stranger oaths.

Christmas is made the time for indulgence and money-making. A wanderer through Chinatown paused, one day, before a suspicious looking building, and was accosted by a Celestial, who invited him to enter. The admission was fifty cents. The stranger went in, and passed through different rooms, where were seated groups of Chinese men and women eating bowls of their national delicacies. Through devious passages he was conducted, past grinning, yellow-faced types, half stupefied from opium. At last he reached the place of action. About fifty were present, Chinamen, Hindoos and Italians. There was an energetic bookie who received bets. For there was to be a combat between two fighting cocks, owned by two Chinamen. In a short time the fighting began. The grinning Orientals became excited, and shouted and waved frantic hands. Round and round the birds went, and finally one long spur found its mark, and Wo See's bird lay defeated. The bets were collected, and the visitor made his way to the street.

There is only one reason for publishing an account of this incident on a page of a woman's periodical. It is to places like this that many girls are drawn through curiosity, and remain through force. And Canada is encouraging these scheming Celestials, by sending sweet, young girls to teach them in the Sunday schools. The details of the den this stranger visited are left to the imagination of the public. The rooster fight is only one of the gruesome incidents.

* * *

Ontario's New Government House.

MANY and elaborate will be the social functions which will take place at the new home of Ontario's Lieutenant-Governor. This residence, which none in the city will equal, is being erected in Chorley Park, Rosedale, Toronto, and is to be of grey Credit Valley stone. To fit in with its beautiful surroundings, it will be in the form of a French chateau, the only two designs of which in Canada are the Chateau Laurier and Chateau Frontenac. It will be more elaborately finished than the Chateau Frontenac, though not so large. Its windows will look out over a magnificent prospect of woods, valleys and gullies. Around its walls will circle a terrace with a stone balustrade overlooking the treetops of a steep gully. The colour scheme has not yet been decided upon.

* * *

London Military Ball.

"A VERITABLE fairy-world of music, gal-lantry and beauty." Thus has the annual military ball of London been described. About Christmas time, every year, the officers of London are the hosts of a military ball, and this year's said to be the most successful as well as the most fashionable in years. All the well-known military men in London and Western Ontario were present,

glistening in their different regiments. Small wonder the writer compared it with a fairy-world. And the decorations did much to make such a comparison appropriate. The drill hall was divided by a wall of palms into a ball and dining room. The ball room was decorated with red, white and green streamers, flags and bunting. Around the walls were masses of evergreens, above which were hung shields and green drapings at intervals. The windows were curtained with long, flowing ribands of green, and above the ball-room and over the dining-room hung an elaborate lattice work of white and red ribbons. One of the eight company armouries was particularly noticeable. A tent arranged, as upon a field of battle, with all the war accoutrements.

Music was furnished by the Tony Cortese Orchestra, and the Seventh Regiment Fusiliers Band. The patronesses included: Mrs. Adam Beck, Mrs. C. W. Belton, Mrs. A. A. Campbell, Mrs. Thomas Coffey, Mrs. Hume Cronyn, Mrs. W. M. Gartshore, Lady Gibbons, Mrs. Jeffrey Hale, Mrs. C. S. Hyman, Mrs. F. E. Leonard, Mrs. W. A. McCrimmon, Mrs. R. W. Puddicombe, Mrs. F. A. Reid, Mrs. T. H. Smallman, Mrs. E. B. Smith.

Victoria Activities.

VICTORIA was particularly busy dispensing cheer and good will, during the festive season. All the women's societies had some worthy cause in view, and provided for the comfort and enjoyment of many who might, otherwise, have been neglected.

At the Y. W. C. A. the girls decorated the rooms with holly, flowers and evergreens, making the house look very homelike, so that any girls away from home might have a place of welcome for the Christmas time. There was an old-fashioned dinner at the Y. W. C. A., to which many girls were invited, so that not many away from home were allowed to become lonely.

At the Protestant Orphans' Home, Mrs. Kaye, who was in charge, hung up over fifty pairs of stockings, and Santa Claus, in his mysterious way, having found out what each kiddie wanted most, left the desirable article in the stockings. A Christmas dinner was given, at which the relatives of many of the children were present. On the twenty-eighth, the annual Christmas Tree was held, and the kiddies sang their joy and goodwill, and so provided a pretty programme for the parents who were there.

And the dear old ladies in the Home for them were looked after, and made happy. An exceptionally good dinner was provided, and each old lady received at least one gift from interested friends of the homeless who make it their duty to distribute cheer and gladness. Above everything, we always feel glad when we know that the older ones are happy.

And the hospitals were well remembered. At the Jubilee Hospital, the corridors, wards and chapel were beautifully decorated by the Daughters of Pity. A Christmas tree was hung with presents in the Children's Ward, and the sick little tots were made to smile a little more on Christmas day than on the days before.

Fifty-six homes in Victoria, apart from many more helped by private cheer producers, received gifts and food from the thoughtful ladies who form the society known as the Friendly Help. We are told that few cities in the world had a smaller percentage of needy families this Christmas than Victoria. Which speaks well for Victoria generosity, to be sure.

Lambs' Club Ball.

LAST year, the Lambs' Club of Hamilton tried an experiment. They gave a ball. The experiment proved such a success that it was repeated this year, when it was more successful than ever. It was given in the Hotel Royal, which was gaily decorated, in smilax, pink roses, evergreens, flags and Christmas bells.

The patronesses were Mrs. George Matheson, Mrs. William J. Jackson, Mrs. John Lenox, Mrs. F. S. De Long, Mrs. E. A. Izard.

A Paris Wedding.

A WEDDING which will be of interest to many Canadians was solemnized recently in Paris, France, when Miss Marjory Clouston, daughter of Sir E. Clouston, president of the Bank of Montreal, became the bride of Dr. John Todd, of McGill University. The civil ceremony was celebrated at the

British Consulate by Percy Inglis, the consul-general, at noon, and the religious ceremony, a few minutes later, by Bishop Ormsby, in the presence of members of the family, no invitations having been issued.

Hamilton Historical Society.

A LARGELY attended meeting of the Women's Wentworth Historical Society was held in the Board of Trade room on the morning of December 31st, when Mrs. Calder, the President, was in the chair. It was a meeting for especial rejoicing. The Duchess of Connaught has consented to become Honorary President, Mrs. Gibson, now Lady Gibson, is Vice-President, so there seemed to be particular honours for the Society. For the Museum at the battlefield, Mrs. John Crerar presented the society with the signboard used at the last tollgate in Wentworth County. Mrs. Frank Wolcott gave a framed programme of a concert held in Hamilton in 1842, and Mrs. John E. Parker gave the key to the first jail in Hamilton. The date for the annual ball was fixed for February 9th.

Miners and Woman Suffrage.

THE miners of British Columbia want woman suffrage. They passed a resolution declaring for it, at the fourteenth annual convention of District Six, Western Federation of Miners, held in Nelson, B.C., recently. They think that equal rights for men and women would mean much in making a day of eight hours legal on all government work.

A Western Visitor.

VANCOUVER, Winnipeg, and Regina have been visited recently by Miss Florence Parberry, a gifted English writer. Miss Parberry addressed the Women's Canadian Club of Vancouver, telling of Kashmir, India, which she says is the most beautiful country in the world. She was the guest of Mrs. Tupper in Winnipeg, from which city she returned to Regina, where she was entertained by the Regina branch of the Women's Press Club.

Hamilton Clubs.

A NEW club has been formed in Hamilton, unique on account of the youth of its members. The ages of the members range from seven to thirteen years, and their object is to relieve the poor of the city. All the girls are ambitious, and hope by the end of the year, to accomplish much work in relieving the needy. The name of this new organization is the Red, White and Blue Club.

THE old boys of the Hamilton Collegiate Institute gave a New Year's Ball, on New Year's night, in the assembly hall of the school. So great was the success of the function that already the boys have decided to make it an annual affair. The hall was prettily decorated with emblems of Varsity, Queen's and McGill. Over four hundred people were present, and enjoyed their first tripping in the New Year.

The patronesses were: Mrs. Thomas Watkins, Mrs. R. A. Thompson, Mrs. W. H. Ballard, Mrs. J. B. Turner, Mrs. James Gil, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. E. S. Hogarth, Mrs. W. M. Logan, Mrs. Walter Thompson, Mrs. J. E. Wodell.

An Edmonton Vocalist.

MADAME NORDICA visited Edmonton, a few weeks ago. Madame Nordica is always on the lookout for new singers, for she was found, years ago, in just that way, by someone else. And she found a young vocalist, in the person of Miss Davies, who sang for her, and who impressed the "Diva of song" so favourably that she advised the young singer to go on with her studies. As a result, Miss Davies leaves shortly for the Continent.

A Distinguished Visitor.

AN interested crowd jostled each other on the wharf, the other day, in New York. Finally, when the White Star liner Olympic came in, the interest and curiosity was appeased somewhat, by the appearance of a beautiful woman, wearing a flowing Greek robe and mysteriously carrying a glittering diamond in the centre of her forehead. She spoke no English, and evaded any questions of the reporters by an indifferent shrug of her French shoulders.

This distinguished guest was Madame Maeterlinck, wife of the brilliant Belgian playwright. She has come to America to take part in her husband's production of "Pelleas and Melisande," and will doubtless be joined later by her husband. This is

not the only reason of her visit to this country, however. She is interested in the American method of educating young girls.

The diamond, worn so curiously between her eyes, is believed by Maeterlinck to bring good luck.

Victoria W.S.P.U.

MRS. PANKHURST is an energetic little woman, who is responsible for many clubs and societies. One of the most recent is the Women's Social and Political Union, formed in Victoria, of which Mrs. Harold Pethick was elected first President. The name does not sound quite so imposing as the Women's Suffrage Association, but the work will be similar to that of this organization.

Ladies and Cigarettes.

WORD has come post haste to Canada, from London, that ladies may now smoke in public, without unusual comment. This is one step toward equal rights, surely. Possibly now that they have been given permission, the glory of the thing will fade. However, when Lord Haldane, at the conclusion of a dinner in the Savoy Hotel, made the announcement that there would be no objection to anyone smoking, Mrs. Asquith and Mrs. Winston Churchill were among the first to take advantage of that kindness, and were promptly followed by all the ladies present.

Reception at Art Gallery.

AN annual reception is held on New Year's Day, at the Art Gallery, Phillips Square, Montreal. The meeting, this New Year's, was most successful, the President and Council of the Art Association receiving over four hundred members and their friends. Music was supplied by an orchestra, and refreshments served in the large gallery. The reception will undoubtedly be the last to take place in the present building, as the Association hope soon to occupy their handsome new home on Sherbrooke Street.

Among the invited guests were, Lady Allan, Miss Cecile Shepherd, Mrs. R. Adair, Mrs. F. D. Adams, Mrs. H. B. Ames, Mrs. W. F. Angus, Mrs. R. Stanley Bagg, Mrs. H. Wyndham Beauclerk, Miss Phyllis Bird, Mrs. H. C. Burgess, Lady Chapleau, Lady Hingston, Lady Lacoste, Miss Caverhill, Mrs. W. G. MacNaughton, and others.

Ladies' Rifle Club.

ON January 4th, the Canadian Ladies' Rifle Club of Toronto met and shot for the Canadian Rifle trophy. The following scores were sent to Ottawa:

Mrs. A. A. Wright, 42 out of a possible 50; Mrs. G. C. Royce, 42; Mrs. W. S. Groves, 40; Mrs. W. G. Adams, 39; Miss Chadwick, 38; Mrs. R. H. Greer, 36; Miss Merritt, 36; Mrs. R. Thomas, 33; Mrs. Osler Wade, 32; Mrs. F. F. Kelly, 30; Mrs. L. McCarthy, 30.

Women's Art Association.

A LARGE number of visitors were attracted by the exhibition of private and loan pictures, held in the Women's Art Building, Toronto, on January 4th. The visitors were received by the President, Mrs. Dignam, and some ladies of the committee, in the upstairs galleries. Many notable examples of artists' work were on view, which were much admired by the numerous guests.

Refreshments were served at many prettily decorated tables. The public will be glad to learn that the exhibition will remain open for some time.

A Memorial Exhibition.

NOT less interesting was the recent exhibition of the paintings of the late Miss Sydney Strickland Tully, which was held in the galleries of the Art Metropole, during the month of December. This artist had already accomplished much, but from the versatility of the paintings exhibited, far greater things undoubtedly would have come, had her untimely death not intervened.

Miss Tully was born in Toronto, and it was in Toronto that she died, on July 18th, 1911.

St. George Chapter I.O.D.E.

A LECTURE on Canadian Literature was given by Professor Pelham, before the St. George Chapter I. O. D. E., Toronto, at their January meeting. He reviewed the conditions under which Canadian literature has been produced, mentioning especially some of the earlier poets, whose work has prepared the way for later efforts.

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THE T. EATON CO LIMITED TORONTO CANADA

The Canadian Women's Press Club

THE C. W. P. C. records with sincere sorrow the recent death of one of our younger members. Mrs. Valeria T. Lyon (Amelia Sedley) was for a short time on the staff of the Toronto Globe. Her death occurred at Cookstown, where she had lived with her father and mother since the death of her husband several years ago. Her father is Mr. J. A. Edmiston, principal of the Cookstown public school. Mrs. Lyon was the wife of the late Mr. G. S. Lyon, of Perth. A telegram expressing the sorrow and sympathy of the Club was sent to Mr. and Mrs. Edmiston by the President on behalf of the C. W. P. C. Mrs. Lyon at the time of her death was only twenty-six years old. The following paragraph is taken from a sketch of Mrs. Lyon which appeared in the Toronto Globe, and which was written by one of the C. W. P. C. members, Miss Deacon (Rose Rambler) of The Globe staff:

"The first writings of Mrs. Lyon were published in The Circle of Young Canada department of The Saturday Globe, to which she contributed sketches, letters and splendid discussions on books, the ablest of the last-mentioned being, perhaps, those on Carlyle of whom she was a great admirer. When she came to The Globe permanently she brought a little portrait of Carlyle with her to hang above her desk; 'for,' she said, smiling, 'I don't think I could write quite so well without the Seer to look at.'"

THE holiday season brought a wonderful number of friendly greetings from the members of the C. W. P. C., which proved how fine and vital is the bond of comradeship amongst the women writers and journalists of Canada. Some of these messages came from old friends from whom the C. W. P. C. had not heard for a year or more. These were among the most welcome. Miss Wallace was one of those who sent greetings from Halifax. This delightful wish came to the Club from Madame Louis Frechette: "Que l'annee 1912 soit brillante de bonheur et de succes litteraire." From Edmonton, Vancouver, Portland, Oregon, and London, England, Club members sent happy messages for the New Year. Miss Lily Dougall sent a poetical greeting which gives her change of address from Exmouth to Oxford. She has left the "bit of sea and bit of sky that I have loved so well, so long," and taken in exchange:

"That busy mart of mind where men may sell
Their lore, their dreams; where folly
For a song
May run and buy ideas all day long;
Where all the world delights to hear
or tell."

Miss Cora Hind's greetings took the form of "Tales of the Road," a second installment of the interesting Tales of four years ago. To listen to Miss Hind tell of the travels of the Motor Maud is to listen to a real story of the prairie. For all these New Year privileges the C. W. P. C. is grateful.

MISS CORA HIND, Commercial Editor of The Manitoba Free Press, was in Toronto for a few days in December. Miss Hind, who is an authority on wheat and on stock, had been in Chicago attending one of the notable gatherings of stockmen in that city. She came on to Toronto to attend a meeting of the same character, and visited as well the Winter Fair in Guelph. Since it was a business trip, Miss Hind's time was much occupied, but a number of the Toronto members had the pleasure of meeting Miss Hind at a tea given for her by Miss Edith Macdonald.

SIX new members are welcomed to the C. W. P. C. this month: Mrs. M. H. Mackenzie, special correspondent of the Sydney Recorder and Victoria News of Baddeck, a contributor to New York Collier's; Mrs. David Mills, on the staff of the Daily News

of Port Arthur; Miss Mabel Burckholder of Hamilton, magazine writer and author of "The Course of Impatience Cunningham"; Miss Mary Stuart Clendenan of Winnipeg, editor of the Home Journal Department of the Farmers' Advocate and Home Journal; Mrs. E. E. Elliot of Toronto, who has been engaged for years in commercial illustrating for Montreal and Toronto papers, and is a writer of special articles for the Toronto Globe, Canadian Courier and Toronto Weekly Star; and Mrs. Kaufman of Vancouver, a contributor to The University Magazine, Montreal, and The Youth's Companion, Boston.

MRS. ROBERTS MACDONALD, of Frederickton, a member of the famous Roberts family, so many of whom are Canadian poets, and a New Brunswick member of the C. W. P. C., is spending the winter in Nelson, British Columbia. Mrs. Macdonald is the author of "Dream Verses and Other Poems," and has written several books of fiction.

THE Winnipeg branch held a delightful Christmas luncheon on the 21st of December in the French suite of the T. Eaton Company. A miniature Christmas tree was in the centre of the table and holly-wreathed place cards conveyed to the members Mrs. Walker's Christmas greetings. The President, Mrs. McClung, presided. Each member brought a Christmas sentiment in prose or poetry, and a prize was given to the member who proved correct in most instances in connecting sentiments and writers. This prize was won by Mrs. Hamilton. A toast list—The King—The Club, root and branch—Our Editors—The Male of the Species—Our Public—called forth eloquent speeches from Mrs. McClung, Miss Hind, Mrs. Osborne, Miss Mantle, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Walker, Miss Moulton, Miss Haig and Mrs. Skinner.

AT the December meeting of the Port Arthur and Fort William Press Club, Miss Georgina Binnie-Clark, the English author, one of the recent acquisitions to the membership of the C. W. P. C., gave a most interesting address on Farming for Women. The President, Mrs. Seaman, was in the chair, and at the conclusion of Miss Binnie-Clark's address, the speaker was tendered a unanimous vote of thanks.

VERSES by Miss Edith Russell, a member of the C. W. P. C. in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, appeared in a recent number of St. Nicholas.

MISS ISABEL ARMSTRONG, of Regina, and Miss Irene Moore, of Saskatoon, both members of the C. W. P. C., held a Christmas celebration in Saskatoon, along with several other women journalists, which took the form of a bear and moose supper. What other country in the world furnishes women journalists with as good and characteristic copy as Canada?

THE President of The Society of Women Journalists for 1912 is Mrs. Charles Perrin. Mrs. Baillie Reynolds is Chair and Mrs. Thomson Price is Vice-Chair. A recent letter from Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson, the Honorary Secretary, speaks of Miss Irene Currie Love, a charter member of the C. W. P. C. having lately addressed the Society of Women Journalists on Opportunities for Women in Canada. Mrs. William Clark, a member of the Society, is to visit Canada in the Spring, and will lecture on places of interest in India connected with the Durbar.

THE members are reminded that C. W. P. C. badges may be obtained from the Treasurer, Miss Jane Wells Fraser, 60 Bond Street, Toronto. The price of a C. W. P. C. badge is fifty cents.

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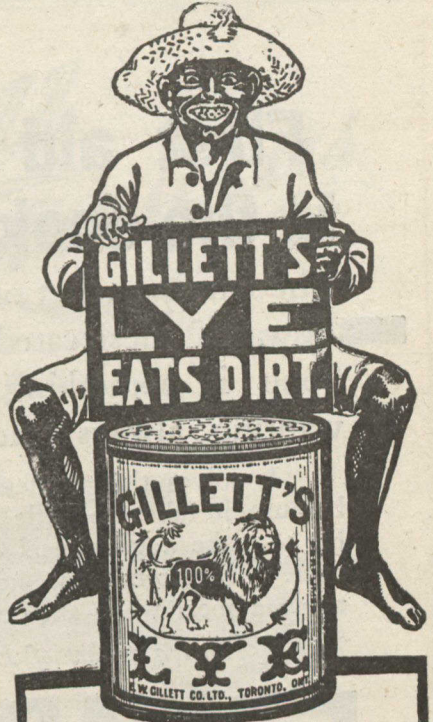
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THE MATINEE GIRL

By MARGARET BELL

"Aunt Mary" in a New Role.

"AUNT MARY" has a new play. I do not need to mention who Aunt Mary is. She has endeared herself to every matinee girl from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in her interpretation of that role in The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary. She came back to us, a few weeks ago, in the role of a grandmother, no less dear than Aunt Mary. But she has not deserted

stage, and the cast could not be improved upon. Richard Bennett plays the part of the rich young bachelor, Ernest Lawford the mucker amongst the gutters, and Louise Rutter the wronged girl.

Miss Rutter is a very beautiful woman, with dark eyes and hair, and a Madonna profile. She has the charm and reserve of an English lady, the cleverness of a keen observer of humanity. She was seen last in Sherlock Holmes and Secret Service with William Gillette. We noticed her then for her finished style of acting. This year finds her even more finished, and she plays an exacting role with just enough subdued emotion.

* * *

Louise Gunning.

QUITE the most refreshing musical comedy we have seen this season was "The Balkan Princess," of which Louise Gunning is the star. This bit of tunes and tripping was first directed to me by Robert Mantell, who spoke in highest terms of it. He had enjoyed it, he said, after a strenuous run in New York. It was as a stimulant to a fainting man, when all his energy is spent. The music was above the ordinary musical comedy "hash," and there was a real plot.

I called on Miss Gunning, one day in her dressing room. It was after students' night, which is a yearly occurrence in Toronto. Miss Gunning seemed to be unusually ruffled, that day, and was painfully frank in expressing herself. I fear that students' night would become a custom of the dim ages, if the crowd of enthusiasts could have stood outside Miss Gunning's door, and heard her tell just how much she loved them. It was the most disgraceful thing she had ever heard of, and she had played before students of Harvard, Yale and Brown's. What'd they think? Did they forget that she was a high salaried artist? No, they never should have, had they been in her dressing-room just about six minutes. Reminders of her stellar position were numerous. I should call Miss Louise Gunning a pessimist of the last degree. Too bad that she should mar her beautiful face by pouts and frowns anent the hotel service all over the Continent, and the non-



MAY ROBSON

the former character. She includes it in a repertoire, and gives her many admirers a chance to see her nibble her first grapefruit, and sip her initial glass of champagne.

This new role Granmum, enables Miss Robson to use her bright scintillating wit to excellent advantage. There is a ripe philosophy in the lines, which might be readily recognized as belonging to Miss Robson herself. For she is responsible for some of them, having collaborated with the author in writing it. "A Night Out" is what the new comedy is called. Granmum endeavours to get herself into all kinds of questionable situations, and the result the next morning is enough to make the most un-humorous laugh. She allows the boys, her two grandsons, to take her to a cafe, and comes home in the small, undecked hours, a disabled figure, having escaped from the cafe by means of the fire escape, it being more desirous than the door. Since the cafe was raided by the censors. The boys manage to haul her through the balcony window, and Granmum goes to bed just an hour or two before her irascible daughter gives the call for breakfast.

* * *

"Passers-By."

WE have seen another new play, written by Haddon Chambers, the English playwright. It concerns a young bachelor, who, bored with his indolent life, accepts the suggestion of his butler and observes the passers-by, who wander along Piccadilly. The results, of course, are of the greatest interest. There come along the homely philosopher in the person of Nighty the cabby, the lazy crumb grubber, who is content to live from the bits he can pick up in the streets, and the honest girl, who, having been wronged, is trying to provide a decent living for herself and her baby.

Every line is a bit of philosophy. Seldom has it been my good fortune to see so clever a production. Every detail is heeded, the setting is wonderfully realistic, requiring the greater part of a day to set upon the



LOUISE RUTTER
In "Passers-By."

appreciation of Varsity students. There are so many more things to think about. But she can sing. High E comes to her like the warbling of a lark on a summer's morning.

* * *

The Season's Hits.

EVERY season introduces new stars, and usually some new way of handling an old subject. The musical comedy of to-day seems deplor-

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TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG REGINA EDMONTON SASKATOON

ably weak, but at last New York has tasted a palatable bit. This new gem of musical freshness is called "The Quaker Girl," and is produced at the Park Theatre. The music is by Lionel Moncton, the lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenback. Of course, it is an importation from across the blue. It seems that most of our really good things come from London. The scenes are laid in an English country village and in Paris. Ina Claire makes a very petite Quaker Girl, and Clifton Crawford, well remembered for his part in "The Three Twins," plays Tony Chute, a naval attache at the American Embassy, Par's. We hope to see this refreshing new bit of music and comedy, here in Canada. Undoubtedly, however, we shall be obliged to wait until the hot suns of summer have welcomed and bidden adieu to our stock companies, before being treated to such a palatable stage delicacy.

ELSIE FERGUSON, billed as the youngest star under the Harris management, is appearing this season in a new offering, "The First Lady in the Land."

HELEN WARE, one of the strongest of our recent finds, is starring this season in a new play by George Broadhurst, entitled "The Price."

BILLIE BURKE is touring in a new comedy, "The Runaway."

MARY BOLAND yearly adds new honours to her list. This season, we saw her play the part of Miss Heseltine, with John Drew, in "A Single Man."

MARGARET ANGLIN is eliciting unstinted praise from the New York critics in her excellent high comedy work in "Green Stockings."

THE Toronto managers have a good list of attractions for the latter part of the season. Our Alexandra bill includes Gertrude Hoffman and the Imperial Russian Ballet. Gert is becoming quite well known through her Salome and other classical effects. Then comes Excuse Me, The Never Homes, Everywoman, the great morality play, and Viola Allen in a new offering. Gertrude Elliott has abandoned "Rebellion," and will appear in White Magic. Pomander Walk will return to give theatregoers a chance of refreshing themselves, a second time. The Montreal Opera Company are coming for two weeks, and deserve the best of patronage.

The Princess Theatre has an equally attractive bill. Mrs. Fiske has just left, and is followed immediately by Henrietta Crosman in The Real Thing. Julian Eltinge, the inimitable female, follows closely, and The Servant in the House, and Alma, Where Do You Live? a rattling comedy, come along to give patrons a chance to think, and then—to laugh.

Mr. Zangwill and Mrs. Ward

ISRAEL ZANGWILL, the noted author, in a recent lecture, said: "Anybody who will go and look at the harem scene in that popular play, 'Kismet,' may not look upon absolute realism, but he will get a pretty good insight into what lies behind the Anti-suffrage attitude. We—men and women alike—have got to shake off the notion that the male is to stride about the planet throwing crumbs of love or chivalry to the female. The old story against the Englishman that he sold his wife at Smithfield is no mere myth; according to Baring Gould, wives were sold in Devonshire as late as 1860. The husband led his lady to the market place by a straw halter, while the town crier rang his bell. Thus a Mrs. John Codmore was sold for £5, which, says Baring Gould, was as large as the price of wives went. A Mrs. Grouchet only fetched 5s., thus realizing the verse of Proverbs that 'a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.' "So many centuries of Turkish delight do not die easily, and even Mrs.

Humphrey Ward, the most academically accomplished woman of her day, has to cry out when academical committees are formed which ignore women. What a strange head for the Anti-Suffrage Society is this busy lady politician! She is as much out of place there as Mr. Bernard Shaw would be at an Irish wake. In her latest letter to The Times she runs down our success in San Francisco; she urges that after all suffrage in one of the United States is only equal to the local government suffrage here. That may be true. But with what force does the argument come from Mrs. Ward, who is such a strenuous supporter of the local government suffrage for women?

"There can, in fact, be no better argument for suffrage than Mrs. Ward in her true activities. You find in her books, as in those of George Eliot, that element of religion and that feeling of scholarship which are almost entirely absent from British male fiction.

But we have got beyond theoretical arguments. Woman's suffrage is an issue so clear that even Mr. Balfour cannot escape having a decisive opinion about it."

A Reply to the Monocle Man.
(Continued from page 13.)

and women; the former supplying the mainly new impulse and initiative in the shape of more advanced methods of production and labour-saving, the latter supplying the motive of co-operation and conservation of the human material engaged in the work, and introducing the leaven of service and love which were the main source of the original creation of all industries.

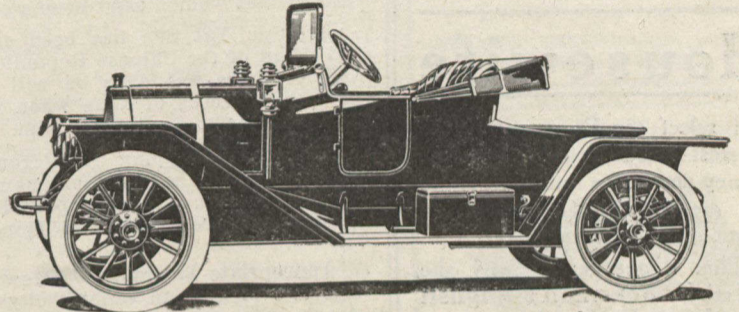
You draw a picture of the peaceful though somewhat dull home where the girls of to-day could, if they chose, still enjoy the leisure and "literature" (?) and harmless amusements of the young ladies of Jane Austen's time, and you contrast with it the feverish rush and dangers which pry upon the independent girl in the city. Surely the class consisting of the daughters of leisured classes is an infinitesimal one in comparison with the classes whose children, daughters and sons, have to go out and earn a living! Even in the much praised old times the daughter of the artisan and of the working man or shopkeeper were expected by their own parents to go out into the only avenues of employment then open to them: domestic service and teaching in private "gentlemen's" houses. Even to-day you, Mr. Monocle Man, yourself, who object to the girl entering the workshop and factory, expect somebody's daughters to enter your and your friends' houses in the capacity of domestic servants.

Now, with regard to women-teachers, let me say that the best way of determining whether men or women are best qualified for the profession is: to make the salaries absolutely equal for men and women, and then let Nature do the rest! The State should not be allowed to employ inferior labour for the most important work of the shaping and training of the human material out of which the citizens are made merely because it is cheaper to employ it. If the present pay offered for teaching the lower grades of school is not "good enough" for any man (whatever his tender years and want of experience) it is not good enough for not only the mature trained and experienced woman, but also for the young girl who forms the equivalent of the young boy! If women are less competent to deal with the boys of thirteen or fourteen, men will be less competent to deal not only with girls of the same age, but with all younger children of both sexes. The only rational suggestion to be made, if the former statement really holds good, is: to separate the boys and girls at the age of thirteen, and place the boys under male teachers, and not "to abolish the woman teacher altogether," because it is "questionable whether she can exercise the necessary authority over boys of that age."

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FORTY-SECOND ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA



LIABILITIES

	Dec. 31, 1910.	Dec. 30, 1911.
TO THE PUBLIC:		
Deposits bearing interest	\$51,709,181.96	\$62,836,071.69
Deposits not bearing interest	19,737,130.43	24,166,660.46
Interest accrued on Deposits	318,239.13	537,010.12
Deposits by other Banks in Canada	315,055.75	755,066.05
Total Deposits	\$72,079,607.27	\$88,294,808.32
Notes of the Bank in Circulation	5,925,890.24	6,338,076.44
Balances due to Agents in United Kingdom and Banks in Foreign Countries	647,035.76	1,725,457.63
	\$78,652,533.27	\$96,358,342.39
TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:		
Capital Paid-up	\$6,200,000.00	\$6,251,080.00
Reserve Fund	7,000,000.00	7,056,188.00
Dividend No. 93 at 12 per cent. per annum	174,000.00
Dividend No. 97, at 12 per cent. per annum	186,000.00
Former Dividends unclaimed	582.75	421.24
Rebate on Bills Discounted, not yet due	240,000.00	275,000.00
Balance of Profits carried forward	243,230.93	401,480.56
	\$92,510,346.95	\$110,528,512.19

ASSETS

Gold and Silver Coin	\$4,141,664.06	\$4,810,001.96
Dominion Government Notes	8,530,488.25	10,094,472.50
Deposit with Government for Security of Note Circulation	310,000.00	310,000.00
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	4,215,937.06	5,703,096.17
Balances due from other Banks in Canada	56,819.77	59,512.32
Balances due from Agents in United Kingdom and Banks in Foreign Countries	2,471,155.83	2,282,406.45
Government and Municipal Securities	2,342,186.60	2,037,808.15
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures, and Stocks	7,979,844.35	9,127,281.72
Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds	7,178,574.43	13,322,851.25
	\$37,226,670.35	\$47,738,440.52
Loans to other Banks in Canada	337,903.88
Loans to Provincial Governments	553,499.72	602,648.52
Current Loans and Discounts	52,471,208.98	59,646,165.35
Overdue Debts (Loss provided for)	45,107.71	59,060.84
Bank Premises	1,875,986.31	2,482,196.96
	\$92,510,346.95	\$110,528,512.19

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

By Net Profits for the Year, after deducting Charges of Management, Accrued Interest on Deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and rebate of interest on unmatured bills	\$1,152,249.63	
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, December 31, 1910	243,230.93	\$1,395,480.56
Appropriated as follows:		
To Dividends No. 94, 95, 96 and 97, at 12 per cent. per annum	744,000.00	
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund	50,000.00	
Written off Bank Premises Account	200,000.00	
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward	401,480.56	<u>\$1,395,480.56</u>

RESERVE FUND

Balance at Credit 31st December, 1910	\$7,000,000.00	
Premium on New Stock	56,188.00	
Balance at Credit 30th December, 1911		<u>\$7,056,188.00</u>

W. B. TORRANCE,
Chief Inspector.

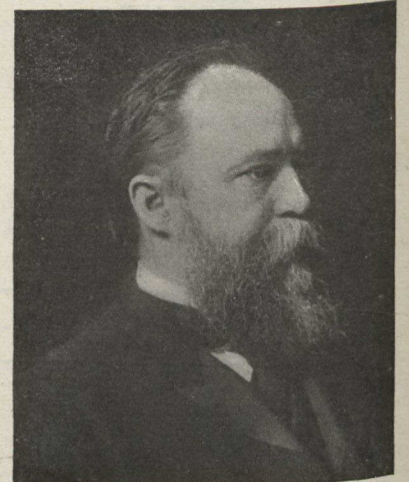
EDSON L. PEASE,
General Manager.

the Montreal Tramways and Canadian Light and Power Companies. Of course, it remains to be seen what percentage of the shareholders of the old Montreal Street Railway will take kindly to the formation of such a company, as in any such organization there will be the opinion that the holding company will, in a sense, pool all revenues from all concerns, and in this way make the real money-making departments carry along the other ones which may be experiencing considerable difficulty in making a great deal of money. On the other hand, it is now admitted that the problem that the Street Railway group have been confronting, both from a street railway and power standpoint, has been a rather difficult one to solve, and it may be that they are only putting through the proposed plan as outlined above because they have decided that it is the best that can be done under the circumstances.

COUPON.

A Dean of Finance

SIR EDMUND WALKER is dean of finance in Toronto. But the constituency over which he exerts influence extends much beyond the



SIR EDMUND WALKER

capital of Ontario. He is a national oracle. When he delivers an utterance upon the business outlook of the country as he did at the annual meeting of his bank the other day, business men all over the Dominion stop and think.

The head office of the Canadian Bank of Commerce is located in the Ontario capital, and, as Sir Edmund's chief business has been the affairs of this bank, he has resided at the scene of operations. He has helped in developing Toronto as a financial centre second only to Montreal. To speak of Sir Edmund's career, one must consider him from several angles. Pre-eminently he is celebrated as a great banker. But his talents lie not all on the Rialto. His contributions to ordinary citizenship as shown by his big efforts to promote a broader outlook in Canada upon such matters as education, art and national patriotism reveal the versatility of the man.

Sir Edmund began his financial career as a junior in the Canadian Bank of Commerce in Hamilton in 1858. He passed through all the chief grades of office until, eighteen years later, he became general manager. In 1907 he was chosen president. He combines practical genius for banking with a pronounced theoretical speculative trait.

For some years, Sir Edmund has been a trustee and Senator of Ontario's University, and in 1905 he was one of the Royal Commission appointed to reorganize that institution. As an amateur art critic Sir Edmund has few equals in America. He is especially familiar with Italian art of the earlier schools.

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THE CHINA DOG

By MARGERY WILLIAMS

"I DON'T suppose he meant to hurt it, poor little chap," said Thurston.

"I daresay he didn't. But that has nothing to do with it, Jack. He shouldn't have touched it at all. It isn't as if he didn't understand. He understands perfectly. He's been told time and again he's never to touch anything on the mantelshelf—I've told him, and you've told him—and yet the moment he's left alone he goes and does it!"

Thurston puffed at his cigarette silently. He watched his wife as she stood fitting together the blue shattered fragments in her hand.

"I suppose it can be mended," he said at last.

"It can be rivetted, but it won't be the same. And this bit has gone all to pieces; you can't mend that. But it isn't so much the worth of the thing. It's the fact that he's been deliberately disobedient."

She laid the bits of china down impatiently.

"Don't you think you might forgive him—just this time? He said he was sorry."

"No, Jack, I'm not going to. It isn't just this time. It's happened before. You always forgive him for everything the minute he's done it, and so he gets to think it doesn't matter."

"We promised to take him with us to-day, and he's been looking forward to it so, poor little kiddie. We promised him last week. It seems rather a shame—and it's such a lovely day," he finished tentatively.

"He can be out in the garden. No, I'm not going to take him, Jack. He'll stay at home. I told him so. It's no use; he's got to learn. You won't have him whipped, so he must be punished other ways."

Thurston pulled his watch out.

"The pony will be round in ten minutes. You'd better get your hat on," he said.

"All right. I won't be long."

As the pony-trap drew up outside the house, his wife appeared, knotting a white veil round her hat.

"Are you ready?" she said.

He climbed into the trap, with a shamefaced glance at the nursery window. A small desolate face looked out over the muslin blind.

Their drive contrived to be silent, in spite of each other's voices. Thurston was thinking all the while of the little face that had watched their going from the nursery window, and the drive seemed a stolen pleasure. Once, when they passed a hedge pinker than the others, he said:

"The kid would like some of those roses."

He stopped the pony and got out, cutting long sprays with his pocket-knife. He gathered a big bunch, and stowed them away under the wagon-seat. As they drove on again she said:

"I know you think I'm hard on him, Jack, but it can't be helped. He's got to be taught that when he does wrong, he must suffer for it. He's quite old enough to understand."

"He's only four," said Thurston.

"Four's old enough to learn obedience. If he doesn't know it by now he'll have to be punished till he does!" Thurston muttered something inaudible, flicking the pony with the whip. "What?" said his wife.

"It seems to me that when a child says he's sorry, that's enough."

"No, it isn't. He's always sorry, but it doesn't appear to teach him any better next time. When he knows why he's sorry I'll forgive him."

"We might get tea at that little farmhouse the other side of Birchley," she said presently.

"As you like."

"You needn't do your best to spoil the drive by being disagreeable."

"I'm not disagreeable," said Thurston.

He turned the pony up a narrow lane, descending stonily between high hedges. The land dipped to a hollow, where the tiny farm-house nestled among low-growing trees. There was an old orchard, where some pigs wandered, and a turkey hen, startled by

the sound of wheels, drew her brood off clucking through the long grass. Old-fashioned flowers grew about the house. A middle-aged woman came out to meet them at the door; she directed Thurston to the stable-yard, and he led the pony round and tied it in the shade.

When he entered the house tea was already laid in the small stuffy sitting-room. His wife stood by the fireplace; she beckoned him across.

"Look here—do you see that?"

She pointed him out a hideous red-and-white china dog, of the breed familiar to cottage chimney-pieces. Set aloft among the homely knick-knacks of the mantelshelf, its mouth curved to a fatuous smile, its staring eyes surveyed them insolently.

"Good Lord," said Thurston. "What an ugly beast!"

"Ugly, Jack? It's beautiful. It's real Chelsea. There ought to be a pair. I wonder where the other is?" She took the dog down. "Look, it's been mended. See that crack? But it's a beauty. Jack, do you think she'd sell it?"

"For a consideration, possibly."

"I'm going to try! I'm going to talk her over. I don't suppose she cares much about it. And it's cracked anyway!"

She sat down to pour the tea out, but all through the meal her gaze kept turning to the dog on the shelf. She fell into abstracted silences, and Thurston could detect in her eyes the determined battle-gleam of the collector. At another time he would have entered into her spirit good-humouredly; now her enthusiasm somehow jarred upon him. He felt irritable. He looked at the dog too, but with antagonism. It's black staring eyes revolted him. He ate bread and butter moodily.

"Jack," she whispered across the table. "Do be a dear, and talk to her for me! Don't let her see you're really keen. I simply must have that dog! If we can't get it to-day, I shall come back another time."

It was the farmer who came in, when they had finished. Thurston felt his wife's spirits droop visibly. She turned her back upon the dog with a studied indifference, leaving him to bargain. Thurston paid for their tea, then mentioned the dog casually. He wasn't going to put himself out about it.

"That dawg," said the farmer. "Yes, 'tis a rare ugly thing. There was a pair on 'em; my wife got 'em fur a weddin' present. Over a hundred years old, I've heard they was. She give the other away last summer to a bicycling chap as took a fancy to it."

"Do you think she would part with this one?" said Thurston. "I've rather a notion for it," he explained.

"I dunno," said the farmer. "I'll ask her. But I'm pretty sure she wouldn't. You see t'aint so much the dawg, but my wife, she kinder sets store by it—'count 'o our little gal."

"Yes?" said Thurston.

"Th' ain't much reason in it, you may say, on'y our little Liz. . . . You see, my wife she had the dawgs fur a weddin' present, an' she allus was one to think much 'o things, an' she set store by them dawgs, bein' in the family so long, an' one time our Lizzie, she got reachin' up to the mantelshelf—she allus was a clumsy little thing—an' she knocked one on 'em down an' broke it. She warn't meanin' to, but my wife was a bit hasty-tempered, them days, an' she fetched the kid a shove, cross-like, an'—she fell down agin the fender there, an' hurt her back. Twenty years ago that was. She'd a' been twenty-four now, our Lizzie." He paused a moment, apologetically. "So you see, my wife, she likes to keep that dawg—sence we ain't got Liz now—"

There was a stir by the window. Thurston had not looked at his wife while the man was speaking, but he had seen her turn. He lifted his head now, and their eyes met. She came across the room to him blindly, catching at his arm.

"Jack," she said, "if we—. Oh, Jack, I want to get home—!"

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No. 10

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FOR THE JUNIORS

"My Pet."

By Marjorie Martin (Aged 14.)

VE a cat her name is Midd,
She will do just as she's bid,
Though she's lazy and so fat,
But still she is the dearest cat!

All she does is sleep and eat,
She likes to get right near the heat,
Like a ball upon the mat—
Still she is the dearest cat!

When a rat appears in sight
Up she jumps with eyes so bright,
How she runs though she's so fat
My! she is the dearest cat!

When I ask her a kiss to give,
She will do sure as I live,
On my nose she gives it pat
Oh! how I love my dearest cat.
—Certified by W. Martin, North Bay.

A Brainy Bunny.

BENJAMIN is a remarkable rabbit, the pet and plaything of the kennels at Hatchford Park, Surrey, where Lady Samuelson has her prize Pekingese and Japs. Not only does Benjamin follow his mistress about wher-



MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

This rabbit plays with the dogs and has no fear of them.

Photo Copyright by Central News Agency.

ever she goes, but takes tea with her in the drawing-room, being partial to the best China blend, with plenty of sugar. He has also a weakness for watercress sandwiches and sweet cake. Benjamin is entirely without fear of the dogs, and romps with them like a puppy. He will even chase a particular dog with whom he is on somewhat strained terms, and which, on these occasions, takes to flight.

Tom, Tiny and Fritz.

By Ruth Robinson (Aged 14.)

OUR pets are three in number and are cats. One is grey with a white dot under his chin. His name is Thomson, but gets Tom for short. The next is the black and white cat, whose name is Tiny. She is the cross-st cat I ever met. Last of all is the kitten, which is grey and white, and whose name is Fritz.

Fritz is the funniest behaved kitten I ever saw. Ever since his eyes opened he has been looking for some kind of adventure. Thomson is the very opposite. He would rather lie around all day and sleep.

My brother has trained the kitten to jump. It has now reached as high as the table, that is, jumping through his arms. Every night my mother puts it down in the furnace-room to sleep. It has got so used to it, that, if it is outside, and cannot get in, it will scratch at the door and mew. One evening, when my brother was returning from night school, he beheld a little animal running toward him. Of course it was the kitten. It purred and mewed so that he picked it up and carried it home. When he sat down at his desk to work, the kitten

went in and purred at his feet. Getting tired of this, it jumped up on the desk and walked all over his books. He didn't have any peace until he put the kitten to bed.

We always look for fun when the three cats are in the house together, because they love to put one another out of the arm-chair. One day Thomson was in the chair, and Fritz wanted in, too. There was plenty of room for both, so Fritz got on one side, and Thomson on the other. This day they were fighting a little bit. Both cats' tails were hanging down from the chair. My brother (to have some more fun) stepped on each tail. Each cat jumped up and they started to thrash each other. I could go on and give a fuller story, but I think this is lengthy enough.

—Certified by Mrs. Robinson, Orillia.

Don.

By William S. Williams (Aged 16.)

I WAS returning from a visit to my uncle's house, when darkness suddenly descended. Don, my collie, who always accompanied me, had run after some rabbits. I whistled, and

it echoed and re-echoed through the wood, but instead of Don, two men stepped out of some bushes. They advanced on me threateningly. I attempted to run, but stumbled and fell. The two men pounced upon me. One man raised a stick as if to strike me. But the blow never fell. There was an angry growl, and one of the men gave a cry of pain. They did not wait for any more, but dashed into the wood, with Don in hot pursuit. As soon as I had recovered sufficiently I whistled Don back. He came reluctantly wagging his tail, and dropped a piece of rag by my feet. His pursuit had not been in vain. I continued on my journey home, but they did not follow.

—Certified by Mrs. J. Williams.

Pipie.

By Myra Moses (Aged 12.)

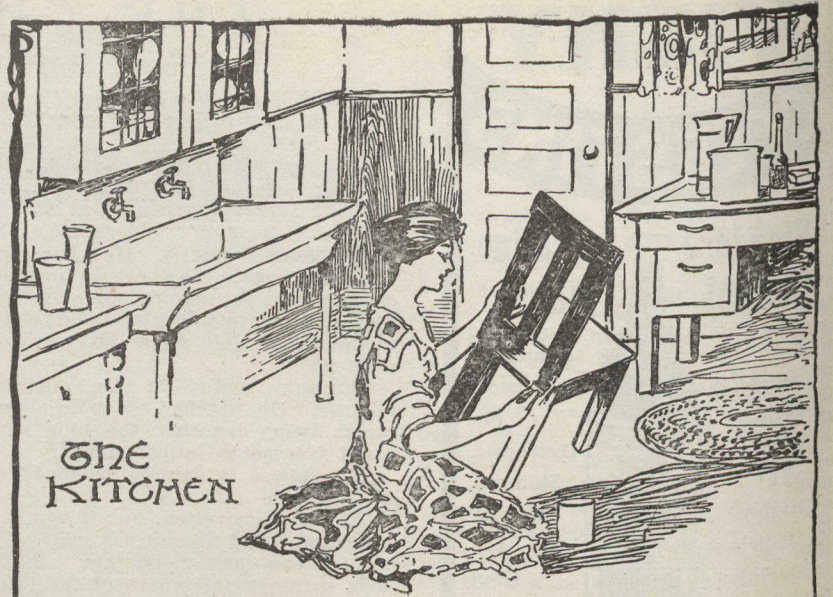
I HAVE a little kitten named Pipie. She is jet black, with green eyes. Pipie is very playful. Th's morning she played "hide-and-go-seek" with me. She was "it" all the time, and never missed finding me.

She will sit up and beg for anything you hold up. She eats everything, namely vegetables, fruit, p'e, cake, candy, etc.

Pipie follows me down the street when I go out. I have to chase her home. She thinks this is great fun. When you go to find her at night you just think you have her (then she jumps) and the fun begins.

She is as good as a watch-dog, I am sure. We would not like to lose her.

—Certified by Mrs. Moses, Toronto.



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Will give a new tone to your oilcloth—make these old kitchen chairs fit for any company—cover up the ice-man's clumsy work on your refrigerator—brighten the wainscoting—banish pussy's claw marks from the table and chair legs. Worth while trying it?

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Capital and Surplus \$6,650,000. Total Assets \$52,000,000. \$1 OPENS AN ACCOUNT.

THE TRADERS BANK

113 Brancher in Canada.

THE MAN AT LONE LAKE

(Continued from page 6.)

The other frowned.
 "I paddle ver' still, he returned.
 "You have the ears of a moose."
 "Thanks, laughed the other. "Will you come in and smoke?"
 The half-breed ignored the invitation.
 "I come from ol' man," he said. "I bring message. Else I would not have come, Bagosh. Maybe you do not think so, eh?"
 "Oh, yes, I think so, Francois," Wynn answered, a little smile lurking around his mouth. "I know how much you don't like me. Still—callers are rare hereabouts, and we might smoke the calumet, and pass the time of day. The chap that called this lake 'Lone Lake' hit it off, and the other one who built this most desirable, though wretchedly out-of-date shack in the wilderness must have wanted, like Dundreary's bird, to flock by himself."
 A puzzled look came on the half-breed's face, as he tried to follow the smooth voice.
 Dundreary's bird" was a new one to him. Still by some process he understood.
 "He flock as you flock," he said sneeringly—"by himself, is it not?"
 "You are right," returned the man.
 "And now, as you won't smoke, and I don't owe the pleasure of this visit from any desire on your part to see me, what's the old man's message?"
 Francois leaned forward.
 "Ol' man sick," he said; "ver' sick. Dead on one side."
 Wynn gave a sharp exclamation.
 "Him face twisted," went on the Indian. "Two nights ago he fall, then was dumb. Now he speaks; some. Him says for you to come."
 "I'll go back with you at once—at once. It's a stroke from what you tell me, Francois. A stroke, you know." There was a pause. "It's not necessarily fatal. Not certainly fatal, that is. Who's with him?"
 "My mother—Wanota."
 "So. That's well; very well. But you must have left him alone to go down to the reservation? You should have let me know. I wonder he'd have a woman look after him even now."
 The half-breed grunted for answer, and strode towards the lake. Silently the men pushed the canoe out. Wynn took a second paddle, and the birch-bark boat slipped over the water, red with the sun-set glow. The drops falling from the paddles glittered like rubies.
 A blue-bill rose from his feeding ground at the water's edge as they passed, and they disturbed a king-elk, who was drinking. The trout rose, flashed a moment in silver and red semi-circles, scattering the spray from their fins, and then fell lightly back into the cool beloved depths.
 A scent of balsam was on the air, and the strange perfume of the water that rises at sunset, and that no man can name.
 By-and-bye the half-breed glanced over his shoulder.
 "How long you stay round here?"
 "Really, I hardly know," said the other.
 "You trap—this winter?" Came the second question after a pause.
 "No—Thank God." Wynn returned quickly. "Not this winter or any winter. I didn't last winter—as I fancy you know."
 Again the paddles dipped.
 "You not too Christian to shoot?" remarked the half-breed through his teeth. The words hissed a little, Wynn thought.
 "Oh, no, Francois. I'm not too Christian. I shoot now and then, as you observe. When I do I almost always kill what I aim at. It's best, don't you think," went on the easy tones, "to shoot to kill, or to refrain from the pleasure of shooting? Even if one only goes gunning after such little cattle as the brown rabbits, it's best to finish them outright. Swiftly you know. To snuff out their ego on the fly, so to speak—and not send them limping off into the brush, or gasping and choking into the long grass, where they will in all likeli-

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

REPORT of the PROCEEDINGS of the ANNUAL MEETING of SHAREHOLDERS

TUESDAY, 9th JANUARY, 1912

GENERAL STATEMENT.
 30th November, 1911.

The forty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of The Canadian Bank of Commerce was held in the banking house on Tuesday, 9th January, 1912, at 12 o'clock. Many Shareholders and others were present.
 The President, Sir Edmund Walker, having taken the chair, Mr. A. St. L. Trigge was appointed to act as Secretary, and Messrs. Edward Cronyn and H. L. Watt were appointed scrutineers.

The President called upon the Secretary to read the Annual Report of the Directors as follows:

Report.

The Directors beg to present to the Shareholders the forty-fifth Annual Report, covering the year ending 30th November, 1911, together with the usual statement of Assets and Liabilities:

The balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account, brought forward from last year, was	\$310,204 06
The net profits for the year ending 30th November, after providing for all bad and doubtful debts, amounted to	2,305,409 42
Amount recovered from over-appropriations in connection with assets now realized, including the \$350,000 appearing in the statement of 31st May, 1911	500,000 00
Premium on New Stock	1,357,820 00
	\$4,473,433 48

This has been appropriated as follows:

Dividends Nos. 96, 97, 98 and 99, at Ten per cent. per annum	\$1,057,218 59
Written off Bank Premises	400,000 00
Transferred to Pension Fund (annual contribution)	55,000 00
Transferred to Rest	\$1,400,000 00
Transferred to Rest, premium on new stock	1,357,820 00
	2,757,820 00
Balance carried forward	203,394 89
	\$4,473,433 48

As is customary a careful re-valuation of all the assets of the Bank has been made and all bad and doubtful debts have been fully provided for.

As made known to you in May last, your Directors decided to issue, at a premium of 80 per cent., \$2,000,000 of the \$5,000,000 new stock authorized in January, 1908. At the closing of the books \$1,861,550 of this amount had been subscribed and \$1,697,275 paid up. When the payments in this connection have been completed the paid-up capital of the Bank will stand at \$12,000,000 and the Rest at \$10,000,000.

The following branches have been opened during the year: In Ontario—Porcupine, South Porcupine, Bloor and Dufferin (Toronto); in the North-West Territories and The Pas; in Saskatchewan—Bengough, Biggar, Briercrest, Brooking, Cudworth, Edam, Mirror, Nutana, Radville, West Side (Saskatoon), Tilley, Willow Bunch; in Alberta—Beaver Lodge, Mount Royal (Calgary), Grou-ard; and in British Columbia—Chilliwack, Duncan, Golden, Kelowna, Salmon Arm and Vernon. The branches at Latchford and Porcupine, Ontario; Durban, Manitoba, and Brooking and Tilley, Saskatchewan, have been closed. Since the close of the year a branch has been opened at Powell Street, Vancouver, B.C.

The various offices of the Bank in Canada, the United States, Great Britain and Mexico, and the departments of the Head Office have been thoroughly inspected as usual during the year.

Your Directors wish again to express their appreciation of the efficiency and zeal with which the officers of the Bank continue to perform their respective duties.

B. E. WALKER,
 President.

Toronto, 9th January, 1912.

Liabilities.	
Notes of the Bank in circulation	\$ 12,004,649 68
Deposits not bearing interest	\$ 41,288,032 95
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date	104,677,701 81
	145,965,734 76
Balances due to Banks in Canada	196,618 80
Balances due to Agents in the United Kingdom and Banks in foreign countries	2,273,529 13
	\$160,440,532 37
Dividends unpaid	2,021 47
Dividend No. 99, payable 1st December	288,940 00
Capital paid up	\$11,697,275 00
Rest	9,757,820 00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	203,394 89
	\$182,389,983 73

Assets.	
Coin and Bullion	\$10,736,214 55
Dominion Notes	15,093,480 00
	\$25,829,694 55
Balances due by Agents in the United Kingdom and Banks in foreign countries	\$6,982,375 82
Balances due by Banks in Canada	6,854 59
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	7,526,242 58
	14,515,472 99
Call and Short Loans in Canada	6,604,716 44
Call and Short Loans in the United States. Government Bonds, Municipal and other Securities	8,420,602 53
Deposit with the Dominion Government for security of Note circulation	11,541,092 11
	475,000 00
Other Current Loans and Discounts	\$67,386,578 62
Overdue Debts (loss fully provided for) ..	110,999,611 31
Real Estate (other than Bank Premises) ..	293,240 08
Mortgages	138,061 35
Bank Premises	347,091 02
Other Assets	3,142,487 82
	82,913 53
	\$182,389,983 73

ALEXANDER LAIRD,
 General Manager.

The motion for the adoption of the report was then put and carried. By-laws increasing the number of Directors of the Bank in the event of the proposed union with the Eastern Townships Bank being carried out, also increasing the authorized capital stock of the Bank were then passed. Resolutions relative to the Pension Fund, and providing for an alteration in the par value of the shares of the capital stock of the Bank were submitted and passed. The usual resolutions expressing the thanks of the Shareholders to the President, Vice-President, and Directors, and also to the General Manager, Assistant General Manager and other officers of the Bank were unanimously carried. Upon motion the meeting proceeded to elect Directors for the coming year, and then adjourned.

The scrutineers subsequently reported the following gentlemen to be elected as Directors for the ensuing year: Sir Edmund Walker, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., Hon. George A. Cox, John Hoskin, K.C., LL.D., J. W. Flavell, LL.D., A. Kingman, Hon. Sir Lyman Melvin Jones, Hon. W. C. Edwards, Z. A. Lash, K.C., LL.D., E. R. Wood, Sir John Morson Gibson, K.C.M.G., K.C., LL.D., William McMaster, Robert Stuart, George F. Galt, Alexander Laird.

At a meeting of the newly-elected Board of Directors held subsequently Sir Edmund Walker, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., was elected President, and Mr. Z. A. Lash, K.C., LL.D., Vice-President.

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hood have several unpleasant hours before they give up the ghost.

"No, killing an animal does not worry me; but to hurt it would keep me awake at night. That's where my conscience gets in its work, and that's just the plain difference between your conscience and mine."

"An' the ol' man's," sneered the Indian. "He trap."

"Obviously," answered Wynn. His mind was busy with the old man even while he talked to Francois. He seemed to see him laid low, the man he had come to look upon as the very embodiment of mature vitality, or hardy age, untouched by infirmity or weakness of any sort, and enriched by wisdom; as the type of the best that was to be got physically out of the simple life. In the eighteen months that he had lived here in the wild country, he had seen much of David McCullough—"the old man," as Francois had called him. Possibly the name had been given by reason of McCullough's hair, which was white, white as the winter pelage of the ptarmigan, the wild hare, or the weasel—for there was no other excuse for it. McCullough had been as straight and strong as a popular sapling, and could tire out any two half-breeds, with all their inherited and boasted endurance.

The old man's comparative nearness had made life at Lone Lake a possible thing to Wynn. Many an hour had he spent in McCullough's hospitable shack, and he had learned of his past, and the things that had conspired to drive him out of the world of men into the silent places of the mysterious North Land. Learned much and given little. The old man said the North had always called him, and when he had become caught in a tangle of circumstances, too much knotted and twisted to unravel with even a life-long patience, he had cut the tangle and left. He had had no one depending upon him but a son who was at college. The boy had no taste for the life of Northern Canada. Neither the golden Manitoba prairies, the plains and ranch lands of Saskatchewan, nor the timbered foothills of Alberta meant anything to him but the abomination of desolation. He would have none of the Rockies, or the land beyond. So McCullough had left him. Later the boy had taken to the stage as a profession, and had married a popular and pretty little actress.

The old man had pictures of both fastened up on his shack wall; pictures cut from old magazines, and faded photographs. They must have been a good-looking pair of young people. Wynn had often thought how charming and how incongruous to their surroundings the pictures were. In one, young McCullough was photographed as Romeo, his eager love-impassioned face alight even yet on the discoloured paper; and the pretty little actress smiled down at them as Peg Woffington. Somehow he was always glad for McCullough's sake that they had stuck to the legitimate and not side-stepped.

In all the pictures there was a touch of lightness and joy, as though life were good to them and full of flavour. It hadn't lasted so very long. Both had died of a contagious fever within a few days of each other, and they had left as legacy to the old man, Nancy, their little daughter of twelve. He had gone after her to the distant city, and it had seemed to him, long used to the stillness of unpeopled places, like a hideous maelstrom of unblest confusion. With swiftness and dispatch he had found his little grand-daughter and borne her back to the wide and quiet space that he desperately desired to regain.

Strange and most wonderful to the old man was the adaptability of the child to her surroundings. She had loved the peace, the freedom and the silence. Therefore, a perfect content had entered into McCullough's life, and an element of gladness he had not counted on—and it lasted four years.

Often he had retold the story of those four years the child had been with him. Wynn knew it by heart.

It ended abruptly with the day that Nance had gone to the Sisters' School at the Mission, just beyond the Com-

pany's nearest trading post.

The old man had never said why she had gone, and Wynn had never asked.

Now, as he paddled behind Francois over the rose-red water, his mind was busy with many things McCullough had related; half-forgotten tales of summer days and winter evenings, in which his little grand-daughter had been the central figure. He remembered fragments of sentences that held her name, tenderly spoken as the old man spoke that name alone. Wynn wondered vaguely what kept her at the school. Whether she would care if she knew her grandfather was ill, whether she would return; who would carry her word—whether any word would be sent. For the first time the girl appealed to him as a vivid personality; hitherto she had been quite as unreal and hardly as interesting as her parents whose pictures hung on the log wall. "Perhaps," he concluded regretfully in his mind-searching, "perhaps I have not given those stories of the old man more than the merest polite attention." He realized now he had never been very keen about hearing them. They had not had the snap and swing that carried along some of his tales of winter adventure, or summer sojourn among the Indians.

The paddles still dipped; now they entered the marsh where the river carried its waters into the lake that again emptied into the little Smoky River, itself only a branch of the far-winding Peace.

They went against the current here, but when the last bit of yellow had melted into the violet-gray of twilight, the half-breed swung the nose of the canoe shoreward, landing near a spruce thicket.

The open was reached in a few minutes, and the men came upon two shacks about a hundred yards apart. One was the common shack of the trapper, the other in the gloaming loomed large and almost imposing. For two summers McCullough had laboured upon it, sparing neither himself nor the unwilling Francois. For several weeks during each spring he had pressed into service three young Indians—Muskegons or Woodcrees, as they called themselves—who had come down a long way from the Driftwood Mountains, sinewy and tough as popular-saplings from their winter's discipline.

Though they had regarded the old man as quite mad, they had followed his wishes, for he paid them well, and they were hungry and very poor.

They who scorned to use an axe for themselves, had cut lodge-pole pine-logs for him, and shaped and piled them. Francois and McCullough did the rest.

The house, like "Nonsuch" House of old London Bridge, was put together without nails. Where nails might have been used they drove wooden pegs. The chinks between the walls were filled with a blue clay. There were three rooms, and in the living-room a fire-place.

The fire-place and chimney had been built of stones cemented with the clay belt that in firing grew hard as brick. The floor throughout was of hardened clay covered with wolf and bear-skins. A bark-covered verandah went across the front of the house, and poplars grew near it.

The fame of the old man's new abode spread through camp and reservation, for the three Wood Crees had seen enough to furnish forth a tale, and as they were of a Nomadic tribe who still clung to teepees of birch-bark or the tanned skin of moose, the story was the subject of doubt and derision.

The Company's trading posts, the Indians knew. The Mission school-house and churches they accepted with wide toleration, but that a trapper with open sky above him, and the good healing earth and forests for his habitation should want more than a tent or shack which was indeed a necessary evil in time of storm or cold, seemed to them foolishness.

When the new log house was finished the old man moved into it, while Francois lived in the shack, and, against his inclination, kept it in the order McCullough demanded.

(To be continued.)

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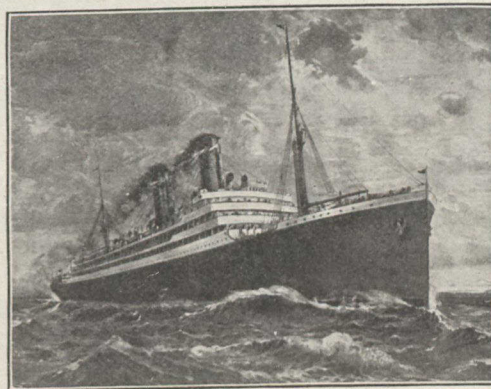


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