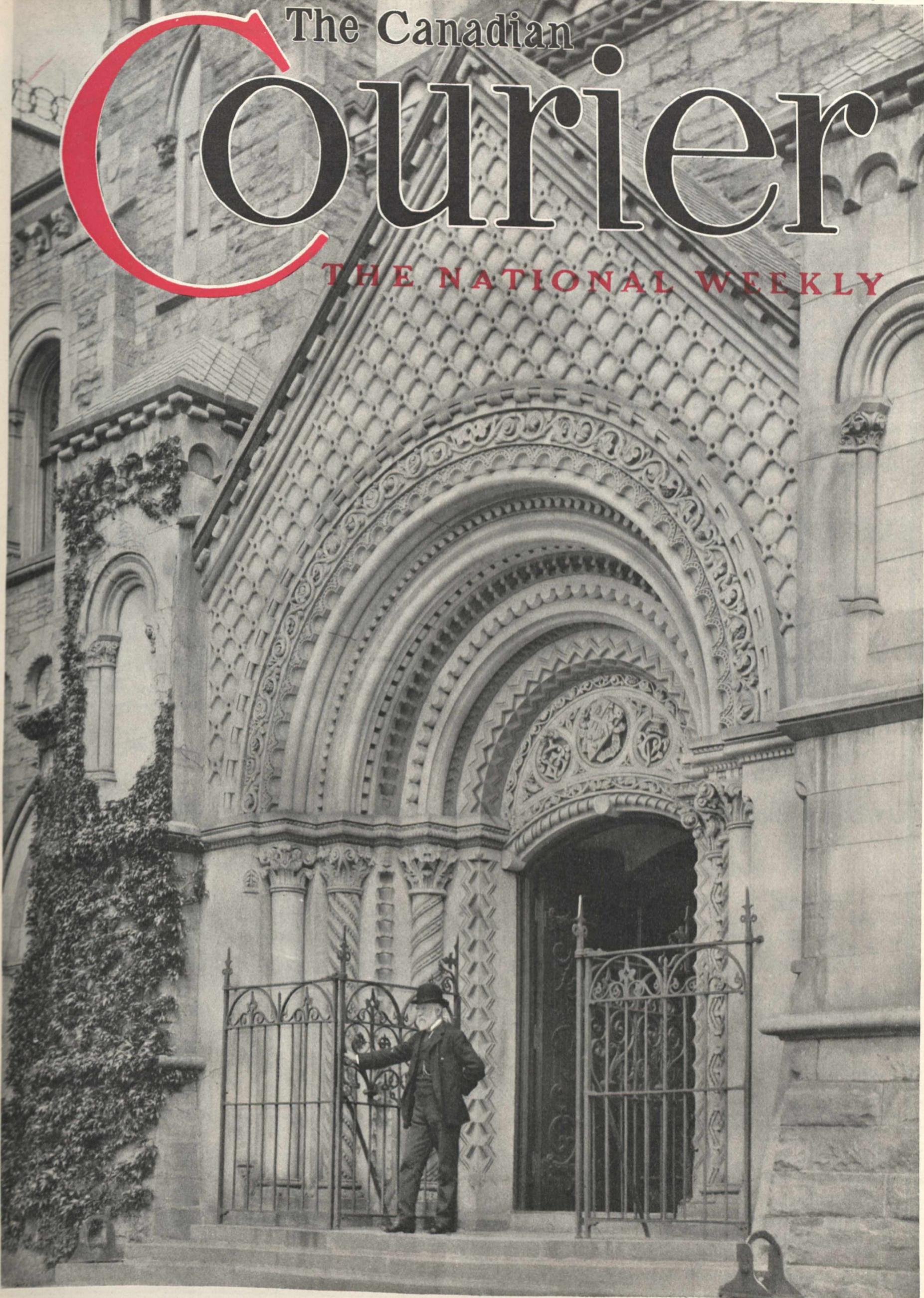


The Canadian
Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MAIN ENTRANCE, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

"BACK TO COLLEGE" NUMBER

Photograph by Pringle & Booth



EATON'S

The Autumn Display
 of Artistic
 House Furnishings

Takes Place On
MONDAY
SEPT. 26th
and
 Following Days

IN ANNOUNCING this Special Showing of Furnishing Requisites we bid you welcome to an Exhibit of Notable Importations from the great markets of France, England, Germany, Italy and the Orient. In the display one may find something satisfactory for every furnishing need in the realm of Floor Coverings, Wall Hangings, Curtaining and Upholstering Fabrics, Furniture and Pictures.



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TORONTO - CANADA

Acts in 30 Minutes

Cures

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Mothersill's Remedy for Sea and Train Sickness. Guaranteed safe and harmless. Certificate in each box from one of the world's leading analytical Chemists. We have the finest testimonials from many of the leading people and institutions of the world.

Write For Particulars

25c. and \$1.00 box at Drug Stores. If your druggist does not have it in stock he can obtain it for you from the leading Wholesale Druggists of Canada or United States.

MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO., Limited
Montreal, Can. - - 19 St. Bride St.
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Hotel York New York



NEW AND ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
Seventh Ave., Cor. 36th St.

EUROPEAN PLAN

RATES \$1.50 to \$2.50, with detached bath
\$2.00 to \$4.00, with private bath

Occupies the geographical centre of the city, near the vortex of travel. Within from one to five minutes' walk of twenty-one theatres. Cars pass the door, and within five minutes of all the large retail shops. Norman Grill Room. Cuisine of superior excellence. Moderate prices.

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CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

The New Russell

OTTAWA, CANADA

250 rooms

American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00.
European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50.

\$150,000.00 spent upon improvements

La Corona Hotel

(Home of the Epicure)

MONTREAL

European Plan
\$1.50 up.

John Healy
Manager

King Edward Hotel

TORONTO, CANADA

—Fireproof—

Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

Grand Union Hotel

TORONTO, CANADA

Geo. A. Spear, President

American Plan \$2-\$3. European Plan \$1-\$1.50

Hotel Mossop

TORONTO, CANADA.

F. W. Mossop, Prop

European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof

RATES

Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up
Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up

Palmer House

TORONTO, CANADA

H. V. O'CONNOR, Prop.

RATES

\$2.00 TO \$3.00

Calgary, Alberta, Can.

Queen's Hotel

Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Free 'Bus to all trains.

H. L. STEPHENS, Prop.

SANDERSON'S
SCOTCH

"MOUNTAIN DEW"

POSITIVELY THE FINEST WHISKY IMPORTED

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

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Editor's Talk



Mr. Wilfrid Gariepy

MR. WILFRID GARIEPY, whose article on the unique system of municipal government in Edmonton is a feature of this issue, was born in Montreal and educated at Laval and McGill. In 1893 the family moved to Edmonton, and since 1903 the son has been practising law there. In 1906 he was elected as an alderman for two years, and in 1908 re-elected by an overwhelming vote. He is first vice-president of the Union of Alberta Municipalities, and is considered one of the authorities of the West, so far as city government is concerned.

In the old days, Eastern Canada worked out some problems which had baffled the Old World. Now Western Canada is inaugurating municipal and other reforms which the East is too timid to try. It is the same old whirling.

The newer communities profit by the mistakes of the old.

For bread biscuits cakes or pies



Has merit all its own



More bread and better bread

The one flour for all baking

PURITY FLOUR



The Real Canadian Girl

will never waste her money on imported table salt. She knows that right here in Canada, we have the best table salt in the world—

Windsor Table Salt

The real Canadian girl, and her mother and grandmother too, know that Windsor Salt is unequalled for purity, flavor and brilliant, sparkling appearance.

WINDSOR Table SALT

13

By Royal Warrant



to His Majesty the King

G. H. MUMM & CO.

EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry Champagne imported

Selected Brut
A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of **G. H. MUMM & CO.** is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

It pays to advertise in the Canadian Courier—because you reach the best class of people in the nine provinces of the Dominion.

THE PORT ARTHUR WAGON COMPANY LIMITED

The Trusts and Guarantee Company, Limited

(as agents for the Company) offer for public subscription 2,500 shares, being the balance of Preferred Stock of THE PORT ARTHUR WAGON COMPANY, LIMITED, incorporated under the Companies Act, Dominion of Canada.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL - - \$750,000.00

Divided into 4,000 Shares of \$100 each of 7 p.c. Cumulative Preferred Stock\$400,000.00
And 3,500 Shares of \$100 each of Common Stock.....\$350,000.00

PRESENT ISSUE

2,500 Shares of \$100 each of 7 p.c. Cumulative Preferred Stock.....\$250,000.00
Carrying with it a bonus of 50 p.c. of Common Stock (fully paid up and non-assessable).

Payable:—10 p.c. on Application. 15 p.c. on Allotment. 25 p.c. on 30th October, 1910. 25 p.c. on 30th November, 1910. 25 p.c. on call at 30 days' notice after 30th December, 1910.

The balance of 1,500 shares of preferred stock has already been subscribed for and allotted. Interest at the rate of 7 p.c. will be charged upon unpaid calls.

BANKERS:

THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA.

TRANSFER AGENTS AND REGISTERS:

THE TRUSTS AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, Toronto.

AUDITORS:

JENKINS & HARDY, Chartered Accts., Toronto.

SOLICITORS:

MASTEN, STAR, SPENCE & CAMERON, Canada Life Building, Toronto.

HEAD OFFICE.....Port Arthur, Ont. EXECUTIVE OFFICE..65 Canada Life, Toronto

NEW COMPANY A GOING CONCERN.

THE PORT ARTHUR WAGON COMPANY, LIMITED, is a new Company, but will commence business under the most favorable auspices, having agreed to take over the Speight Wagon Company, Limited, of Markham, which is a going concern with a production capacity of four thousand wagons per year, and having its entire output for the ensuing year already sold. The intention is to transfer the operations of the Company to a new factory to be erected at Port Arthur.

UNSURPASSED LOCATION OF PLANT.

The location of the new factory is without doubt the finest in Canada, and will be situated on the shore of Thunder Bay at Port Arthur. It is unexcelled for the assembling of materials required in manufacturing wagons and sleighs, and has a commanding position in regard to the facilities for handling its freight by rail and water, which gives the Company a great advantage over its competitors.

CONCESSIONS.

The Company has obtained valuable concessions from the City of Port Arthur, which include a grant of twenty acres of land, a 200-foot dock site, and exemption from taxation for twenty years, except local improvement and school rates. The City of Port Arthur further guarantee bonds of the Company to the extent of \$100,000.00 at 5 p.c. for twenty years.

NEW FACTORY 8 1/5 MILES NEARER THE GREAT NORTHWEST MARKET.

The new factory will be fireproof, built in the most modern style, equipped with machinery embodying all the latest improvements, and thoroughly up to date in every detail, with a capacity for turning out 10,000 wagons a year. The advantages derived by the Company in locating at Port Arthur are numerous, the chief one being, perhaps, the enormous saving in freight, Port Arthur being 30 cents per 100 lbs. nearer the market than any other wagon factory in Canada. This alone gives a saving in freight of \$3.50 per wagon. Coal can be delivered from the American ports to Port Arthur at a freight rate of 32 1/2 cents per ton as compared with 90 cents per ton to Woodstock and \$1.00 to Petrolia.

CONTRACTS.

This Company has a contract with the John Deere Plow Co., Limited, of Winnipeg, for supplying its total requirements of wagons and sleighs. That Company states that its requirements for the year 1911 will be 4,500 wagons and 1,500 sleighs. The Company has a further contract with the Tudhope, Anderson Company, Ltd., of Winnipeg, to supply it with wagons for a period of five years, with a minimum average of 2,000 wagons per year and a maximum of 5,000 wagons per year.

It is well known that thousands of farmers are annually pouring into the Northwest, and it is confidently estimated that the above requirements will be more than doubled in the near future. Last year an immense number of wagons was imported into Canada and sold in the Northwest, upon which a duty of 25 p.c. was paid.

RAW MATERIALS.

The Company will be able to obtain much of its raw material in its immediate vicinity, thereby effecting a saving of many dollars in freight. With all the advantages enumerated, it is certain that within a very short time the plant will be taxed to its full extent.

MANAGEMENT.

The Company has been fortunate in being able to secure the services of Mr. T. H. Speight as its Manager. He has been associated with the Speight Wagon Company, Limited, for the past eighteen years, and is widely known for his integrity and business ability.

The following certificate has been prepared and certified by Messrs. Jenkins & Hardy of Toronto, Chartered Accountants:—

H. BATEMAN FOX, ESQ.,

Secretary-Treasurer Port Arthur Wagon Co., Limited:

15 1/2 Toronto Street,

Toronto, August 11th, 1910.

Dear Sir,—We have examined the books of The Speight Wagon Company, Ltd., at Markham, Ont., for the period of December 1st, 1909, to July 31st, 1910, and certify that based upon the contract sale prices to the John Deere Plow Company, Limited, the net profit on its sales was 14 p.c.

Yours truly,

(Sgd.) JENKINS & HARDY,

Chartered Accountants.

(Continued on next page).

ESTIMATED PROFITS

It is estimated that the sales of wagons, sleighs, wagon parts and trucks for the first year will amount to \$375,000. The profit of 14 p.c. upon this amount is \$52,500.

No estimate has been taken of the saving in freight by reason of manufacturing point being nearer the market, and the closer proximity to points at which lumber can be more advantageously purchased and delivered than at Markham, Petrolia, Woodstock or Chatham, nor of any profits accruing to Company from rentals of dock, etc.

A further saving will also be made by the Company by reason of its freedom from all taxation (except school and local improvement taxes) for a period of twenty years.

INTEREST CHARGES

Annual interest charge on \$400,000 preferred 7 p.c. stock\$28,000 00
Annual interest charge on \$100,000 5 p.c. bonds (guaranteed by City of Port Arthur)..... 5,000 00

\$33,000 00

\$19,500 00

Leaving a balance of for payment of dividends on common stock or as the Directors may deem advisable.

In order to comply with the provisions of the Ontario Companies Act, the following information is given to the public: (a) The original incorporators of the said Company, with their names, descriptions, addresses, and the number of shares subscribed for by them are as follows:—JAMES RUSSELL LOVETT STARR, K.C.; JAMES HOUSTON SPENCE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW; MATTHEW CROOKS CAMERON, BARRISTER-AT-LAW; JAMES AITCHISON, STUDENT; DUNCAN DONALD McLEOD, STUDENT, ALL OF TORONTO, EACH ONE SHARE. (b) The Directors of the Company are not required under the by-laws to hold any fixed number of shares as a qualification for that position. There is no fixed sum provided in the by-laws as to the remuneration of the Directors. (c) The names, descriptions and addresses of the present Directors are as follows:—

DIRECTORS

C. KLOEPFER, ESQ., Guelph, President, President Raymond Manufacturing Company, Limited; Director Traders Bank of Canada.

D. C. CAMERON, ESQ., Winnipeg, Man., Vice-President, President Rat Portage Lumber Company, Limited; President Maple Leaf Milling Company, Limited; Director Northern Crown Bank of Canada.

J. N. SCATCHARD, ESQ., Ellicott Square, Buffalo, Scatchard & Son, Hardwood Lumber Co.; Director Bank of Buffalo; Director Third National Bank.

H. W. HUTCHINSON, ESQ., Winnipeg, Managing Director John Deere Plow Company, Limited.

T. J. STOREY, ESQ., Brockville, President and General Manager Canada Carriage Company; Vice-President Carriage Factories, Limited.

JAMES D. CHAPLIN, ESQ., St. Catharines, President Welland Vale Mfg. Company, Limited; President Chaplin Wheel Company, Limited, Chatham.

W. R. SMYTH, ESQ., M. P., Ottawa and Royal Bank.

F. N. HARA, ESQ., St. Catharines, President Canada Wheel Works, Limited, Merriton, Ont.

T. H. SPEIGHT, ESQ., Markham, Managing Director Speight Wagon Company, Limited, Markham.

JAMES H. SPENCE, ESQ., Barrister-at-Law, Toronto.

Sec.-Treas. H. BATEMAN FOX, ESQ., Toronto.

(d) The minimum subscription upon which the Directors may proceed to allot shares is a total of five shares. The amount payable upon application is 10 p.c., and upon allotment 15 p.c. (e) The by-laws do not provide for any time or times at which calls may be made upon shares of subscribers. (f) The Company proposes to issue bonds to the extent of \$100,000 for twenty years at 5 p.c., guaranteed by the City of Port Arthur. The Company has already allotted 3,250 fully-paid shares of the Common Stock of the Company for the rights, privileges and franchises agreed to be given by the City of Port Arthur. (g 1) There has been transferred to the Company for the shares above mentioned, all the right, title and interest in and to the following rights, privileges and franchises, namely:—(1) A twenty-acre site within the city limits of Port Arthur on the waterfront. (2) A 200-foot dock site. (3) The guarantee by the City of Port Arthur of the bonds of the Company to the extent of \$100,000 at 5 p.c. (4) Freedom from taxation for twenty years, saving and excepting local improvement rates and school rates. (g 2) This Company has also entered into a contract with the SPEIGHT WAGON COMPANY, LIMITED, for the purchase, free from liability, of its real estate, plant, machinery, stock-in-trade, contracts, good-will, patents, and its whole undertaking and assets, except book debts, as a going concern.

The consideration for the transfer of the above assets is seven hundred and fifty shares of the preferred stock of the Port Arthur Wagon Company, and twenty-five thousand dollars in cash, and the Port Arthur Wagon Company, Limited, is also to pay for the actual stock-in-trade of the Speight Wagon Company, Limited, in cash at cost price.

(h) The amount paid or payable as purchase money in shares for the above rights is set out in clause (f) and (g) 1 and 2. No fixed amount has been paid for good-will. (i) The commission paid for subscriptions for stock shall not exceed ten per cent. (j) The estimated amount of preliminary expenses, exclusive of commission, if any, is three thousand dollars. (k) No amount of cash is to be paid to any promoter other than commission for sale of shares. (l) The date of the contract referred to in clause (g 1) is the 3rd day of September, 1910. The parties to the contract are THE TRUSTS AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, as Trustees, THE PORT ARTHUR WAGON COMPANY, LIMITED, and the IMPERIAL TRUSTS COMPANY OF CANADA as Trustees. The date of the contract referred to in clause (g 2) is the 5th day of August, 1910. The parties to the contract are THE PORT ARTHUR WAGON COMPANY, LIMITED, and THE SPEIGHT WAGON COMPANY, LIMITED. (m) All the above-mentioned contracts may be inspected during office hours at the office of the solicitors of the Company. (n) Auditors and bankers have been appointed as heretofore set out. (o) No Director has any interest in the property proposed to be acquired by the Company other than Christian Kloepfer and T. H. Speight, who are shareholders in The Speight Wagon Company, Limited. No cash or shares of the Company are to be paid to any Director to qualify him or otherwise for services rendered, and no Director has any interest in the promotion of the Company. (p) A by-law has been passed increasing the number of Directors to twelve. (q) This prospectus has been duly filed with the Provincial Secretary. Dated this 23rd day of September, A.D. 1910.

PORT ARTHUR WAGON COMPANY, LIMITED

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$750,000,

Divided into 4,000 shares of seven per cent. cumulative preferred stock, and 3,500 shares common stock of the par value of \$100.00 each.

APPLICATION FOR PREFERRED STOCK

TO THE DIRECTORS:

I hereby apply and subscribe for.....shares of Seven per cent. cumulative preferred stock of the above Company at the par value of \$100.00 per share, and agree to accept same or any lesser amount that may be allotted to me, and agree to pay for same as follows:—10 p.c. on application, and 15 p.c. on allotment; 25 p.c. on 30th October, 1910; 25 p.c. on 30th November, 1910; 25 p.c. on call at 30 days' notice after 30th December, 1910.

Enclosed please find \$.....being first payment on my subscription.

I hereby authorize the Trusts and Guarantee Co., Limited, to register me on the books of the Company as holder of said shares.

Dated this.....day of.....A. D. 1910

Name in full..... Address.....

All Cheques to be made payable to the Company.

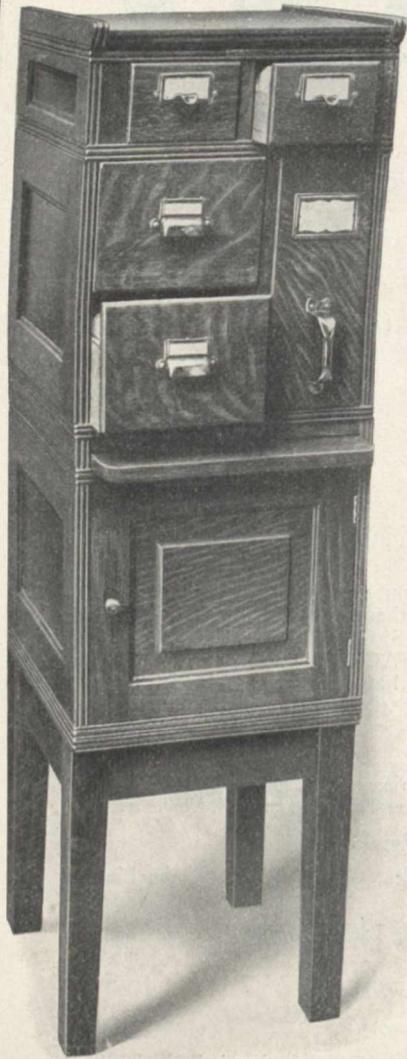
N. B.—This subscription carries with it a bonus of 50 per cent. of fully paid and non-assessable Common Stock of the Company.

Applications for Shares should be sent with remittance due on application

THE TRUSTS AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO, OR ANY OF ITS BRANCHES, OR TO
ANY BRANCH OF THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA

Half Sections Fill

Every Filing Requirement



THESE NEW "Office Specialty" Half Section Filing Cabinets will overcome every "lack of space" filing problem. Half Sections are only one-half the width of the standard Filing Sections. Every office can spare floor space of 16 1-2 x 17 1-2 inches to accommodate a Record Filing Cabinet, that will save hours of time and energy—which otherwise would be wasted in looking for lost and misplaced Records. A Stack of Half Sections will reduce chaos to order, and confusion to system, and repay the initial cost in a few months

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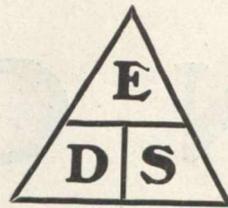
OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.

Head Office and Toronto Showrooms

97 Wellington St. W.

BRANCHES:

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E. D. Smith's Grape Juice

Smith's Grape Juice contains all the health-giving properties of fresh, ripe grapes, being the pure juice of ripe Concord grapes pressed in season, with sugar added—bottled and sealed air-tightly. Like all others of E. D. Smith's products, it is pure and free from preservatives or chemicals. A 25c bottle of Smith's Grape Juice will make twelve to fifteen drinks.

SOLD BY ALL HIGH CLASS GROCERS IN CANADA

E. D. SMITH

WINONA, ONT.



After Working in the Garden

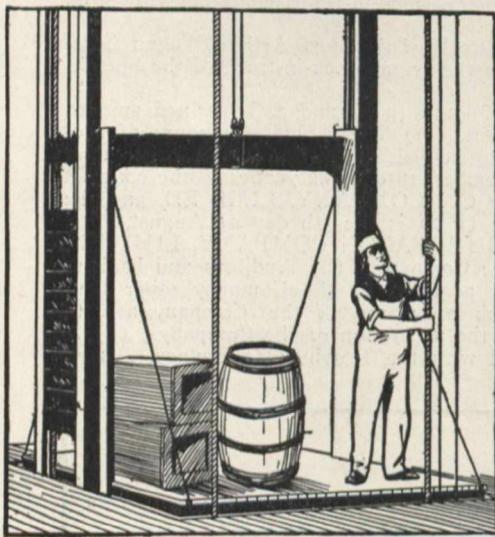
for an hour or so, grubbing around in the soil, your hands need something more effective than soap, but something that will not injure the skin.

Try **SNAP**, the original hand cleaner. Made of neutral oils, glycerine and finally powdered pumice, it quickly removes dirt, grime or stains of any kind and leaves the hands feeling and looking clean and soft.

SNAP

Be sure you get the genuine SNAP, in the Blue and White Can—

Hand Power Elevator--\$70⁰⁰



Otis-Fensom Elevator Company Limited

Head Office, TORONTO, ONT.

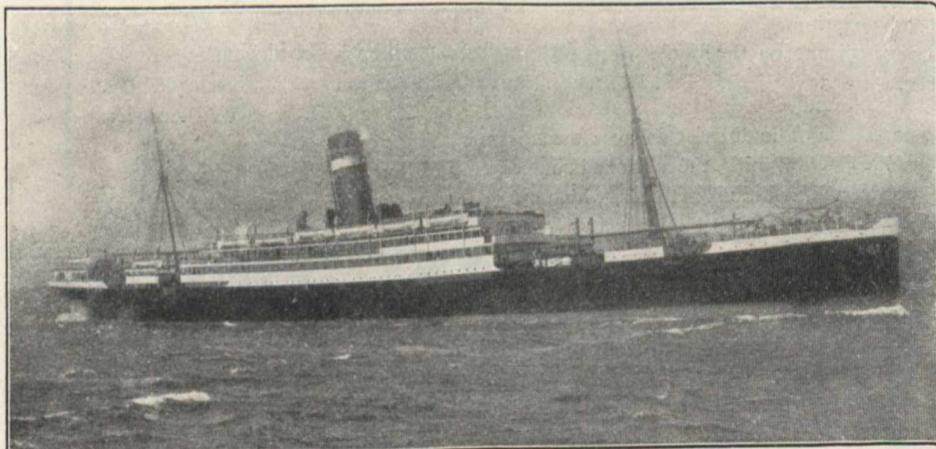
BRANCH OFFICES:

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Ottawa - 9 O'Connor St.
Winnipeg - - McRae Block
Vancouver - 155 Alexander St.

Ganong's G.B. Chocolates

THE LAST PIECE IN THE BOX WILL TASTE AS NICE AS THE FIRST

"BUILT FOR THE NORTH ATLANTIC ROUTE"



R.M.S. "VICTORIAN" AND "VIRGINIAN", EACH 12,000 TONS

Allan Line Steamship Co., Ltd.

CLOSING ST. LAWRENCE SAILINGS

Montreal to Liverpool

TUNISIAN, Oct. 7th *VICTORIAN, Oct. 14th CORSICAN, Oct. 21st
*VIRGINIAN, " 28th TUNISIAN, Nov. 4th *VICTORIAN, Nov. 11th
CORSICAN, Nov. 18th

St. John and Halifax to Liverpool

CHRISTMAS SAILINGS

*VIRGINIAN from St. John, November 25th; Halifax, November 26th
TUNISIAN " " December 3rd Direct
*VICTORIAN " " 9th Halifax, December 10th
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THE MOST COMFORTABLE STEAMERS FOR WINTER TRAVEL.
All Steamers fitted with Marconi Wireless Telegraph.

*TURBINE TRIPLE-SCREW STEAMERS

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H. & A. Allan, Gen'l Agts, Montreal "The Allan Line", 77 Yonge St., Toronto

THE
Canadian Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Vol. 8

Toronto, October 1, 1910

No. 18



QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES IN LONDON

Not since the Troops came home from the South African War, has there been such cheering in London Streets, as when the Queen's Own Rifles marched twelve miles through the Metropolis of the Empire. Our photograph shows the Canadian Regiment passing along Holborn Viaduct.

BACK TO COLLEGE

Some Thoughts Inspired by the Opening of the College Sessions when Young Canadians Resume the Study of Books and Football

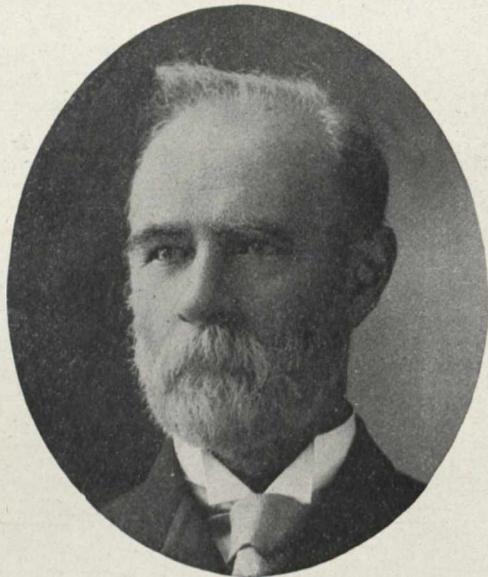
By RODEN KINGSMILL

WITH the reddening leaf, the rusting grass, the rumble of the coal-shute, and the disinterred overcoat come the days when the colleges will occupy as much of the stage as Sir Wilfrid and his band of returned evangelists, the wheat crop, the football prospects and the beleaguered tariff.

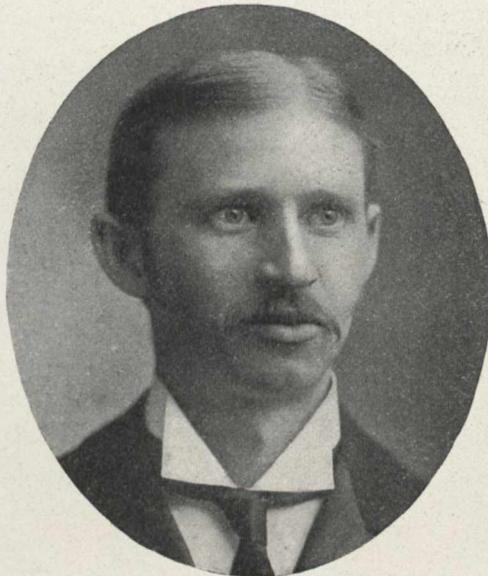
From ten thousand Canadian homes the hope of the family has gone forth to the big town, there to spend the next eight months in the pursuit of culture: the knowledge of men, sport, clothes, girls and the humanities. But, though he may not know it, his primary object in going to college is to learn how to do things. He needs education to make him effective as a workman. A good many people who have not enrolled at any college misconceive the object of a scholastic course. Once upon a time, for instance, R. P. Roblin, the Premier of Manitoba, was in a Pullman parlour with a man who happened to have put in a few years at the University of Toronto. Now, R. P. Roblin would probably be the last man on earth to deny that he is himself one of the brightest and shiniest Philistines that ever trod the prairie. In that Pullman aforesaid R. P. Roblin—as is his wont—proceeded to lay down the law aggressively. Higher education, he announced, was of no use to anybody. It had never made any man richer. Whereupon the collegian made bold to remark that if a man had to dig a post-hole he would do it better with a trained intellect and a trained intelligence than if he had neither.

With the Roblin irenic habitude the Premier replied that his interlocutor was talking rot. No proof of earning power consequent upon the possession of an academic degree being shown, the degree was a worthless decoration. Q. E. D.

Of course, Mr. Roblin was wrong. Anybody who is not a Manitoba civil servant is at liberty to say so. Mr. Roblin was wrong because he looked cross-eyed at the situation. If any fond and self-denying parent believes that in sending his boy to college he is equipping him as a money-getter, that parent is fatally in error. If that parent wants a sure thing in the money-getting line, let him apprentice his son to some reputable pawnbroker. The profits in the business are sure; the element



President Forreest, Dalhousie University.



Dean J. C. Robertson, Victoria University.

—it may be now—that the average Queen's man had never been in a larger town than Kingston until he visited Montreal or Toronto on a cut-rate football excursion. Students are rarely suave. Toronto is unsectarian—even, maybe Godless, *qua* Sam Blake. And Toronto doesn't care. McGill is unsectarian. And McGill doesn't care. Queen's is Presbyterian. And Queen's does care, in a peculiar way. That way tends toward proving that, although Queen's is Presbyterian, it isn't Presbyterian. To this end, every so often there are issued from the Registrar's office at Kingston statements showing that in the student body the Presbyterians are in the minority. No outsider understands why this is done. The answer is to be found in the arcana of the Board of Regents.

From east to west nearly all of the Canadian universities begin the new collegiate year in a hopeful state of importance and prosperity. There is a great deal of new life stirring in them. Some of them have been much discussed and complained of in years past, and heartily exhorted to recognise their faults and correct them; to apply themselves more sedulously to the things that are veritably requisite and necessary. In a word, they have been besought to prove themselves really worth their keep. Most of us know in what directions these faithful wounds of friends have done good. Manitoba, the one that has caused its friends most acute anxieties, seems to have its foot on the path of efficiency that will lead it to a proud place among our state universities. For many months a government commission—appointed by Mr. Roblin, to whom be praise—gave freely its time and its money toward the gathering of data which should aid in bringing order out of the chaos in which the University of Manitoba had been weltering. Sanford Evans, Winnipeg's Mayor, himself a Columbia graduate, is believed to have been the chief architect of the administrative plans that have been vir-

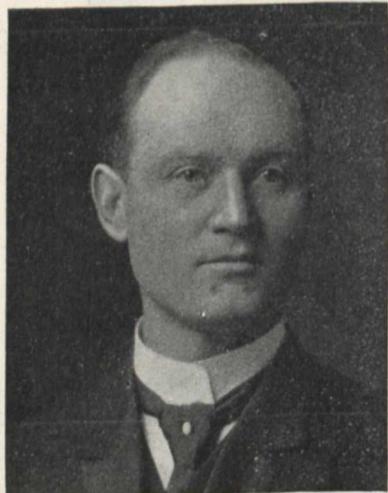
tually accepted. The system will be largely that of Toronto: a degree-conferring and teaching university with surrounding colleges. These are now all denominational. A university must come.

The surgeons of football have performed only minor operations upon that game and hopes are entertained that it will now ride a little lighter on the college back. These hopes may be justified by the fact that the Toronto champions, after beating everything in Canada last year, refused to accept a free trip to New York, where they were asked to play an exhibition match. The faculty of Toronto did not interfere, but they must have done some gratulating when the football captain announced that study must take the place of play, and that the team would not accept the invitation. Thus it is to be seen that in our greatest colleges the toleration of study is on the increase. They are becoming quite bold, in fact, in their advocacy of increased indulgence in the pleasures of scholarship. What would happen to them if the rage for knowledge got hold on the mass of their students not even so omniscient a soothsayer as Dr. Andrew MacPhail can foretell. Certainly a large part of their present apparatus of public advertisement would run at much diminished speed.

IN support of Rodmond Palen Roblin's contention that a college is a place where an extra clever boy may go through and still amount to something, there are the facts that he and Senator Cox and Sir James Whitney and Mr. J. W. Flavelle and Hon. Adam Beck and Sir William Macdonald learned what they know out of school. Pretty

nearly every enthusiast—far be it from me to use the vulgar word "crank"—in Canada is a college man. Whenever you see an enthusiastic person nowadays, running about with an axe to smash the temple of some horrible abuse into chunks; whenever you discern another enthusiastic person waving a torch to commit arson on a rival temple; whenever you hear a howling dervish of some propaganda booming out woe to all heretical dissentients, go back on the trail, and, ten to one, you butt up against a college. No wonder, after all, that Mr. Roblin was comminatory in his words about colleges and college men. They used to have some standing as depositaries of conservatism, but nowadays they are the great breeding-places of loud, defiant innovations. Big and little, rich and poor, the prevailing epidemic seems to have caught most of them. Through a robust little salt-water college in Prince Ed-

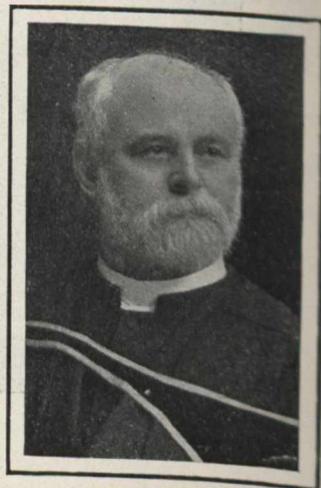
ward Island slipped Professor Alexander MacPhail, the catadioptric apostle of a patented personal brand of imperialism which Canadians are ordered to accept. If they shall refuse, this McGill god from the machine placidly remarks (and his language is plain) that the Canadian people will be "bastards and not sons" of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. This is hot enough—if only the audience had heard it. Rises another college man, Henri Bourassa, a distinguished alumnus of Laval, that venerable foundation. McHenry O'Bourassa—really an Irishman—slugs pretty nearly everything. Mayor Guerin, of Montreal, went to a Presbyterian corner-stone laying. "Arise! ye Habitants," bellows Bourassa. "Boiling oil for Guerin, who attends Protestant religious functions." Likewise, from the halls of Toronto, came one A. B. Aylesworth, Privy Councillor, who had the amazing and hair-raising frankness to tell Parliament that he is a straight blown-in-the-bottle political partisan, in place of pouter-pigeoning it and spurting forth guff about statesmanship and patriotism. This frankness, too, doesn't seem to have shocked anybody in any degree that you could notice. And we have Sir William Mulock, M.A., of Toronto,



President Falconer, University of Toronto.

of chance is eliminated; the hours are not long and the operation of a well equipped loan office—with three balls outside—gives the proprietor the opportunity of becoming a student of human nature. And he is paid for doing it. This is not yet customary at ordinary universities.

Perhaps, after all, Mr. Roblin was not so very far wrong. But did



President Gordon, Queen's University.

who simply will not have Canada turned into an armed camp and thrown into the vortex of European militarism; and Chancellor Burwash, of Victoria, who could teach the Fathers themselves a few things about bone-jarring polemics; and Judge Longley, of Acadia, who is so enthusiastic a Canada First man that some imitation Englishmen would like to have out a Bill of Attainder against this Nova Scotian with opinions as decisive as a hard frost.

All of this shows that in this country a large proportion of the men who "get there" enter the through the college gate. Eleven of Laurier's cabinet of sixteen did it. The college man in business, in the professions, in politics is much the sort of man he is because of what he got in the college. But the raw material must be up to the standard.

ON the whole the college influence tends to temper materialism. It substitutes other means of enjoyment for the pleasures that depend entirely upon money, and modifies the great and necessary interest in money-getting by concern for other things. If there are any prizes that the college man is apt to miss they seem to be the very greatest

money prizes. That makes it the more interesting to remark the willingness of many of the men who win those prizes to devote superfluous hundreds of thousands to college needs and the advancement of learning. It is not often that you will find a great money-maker interested in providing for the training of great money-makers—outside of his own family, of course. But many of these millionaires have shown that they are eagerly concerned to train useful Canadian men. Probably they would like to provide for the training of great men; intellectual giants, if they could, because, fortunately, in Canada a man great by achievement is the biggest thing in our show. Wherein, every true imperialist must regretfully confess, we differ considerably from the revered United Kingdom. But the richest Canadian millionaire cannot make great men by exact provision. The most that is possible is to provide the means of training and let Canadian parents provide the material to be trained.

Several Canadian colleges have been pronounced eligible to benefit from the Carnegie Foundation, which provides pensions for retiring professors. The Foundation requires that any college admitted to its benefits shall have at least \$200,000 of en-

dowment, that its scholastic requirements shall reach a certain standard, and that—here's the rub for some of our colleges—it shall be entirely free from denominational control. The money the Foundation dispenses is most useful to the colleges, but because churches and church people were the pioneers in higher education in Canada, and founded, sustained, and endowed many of the colleges, and in some cases surrounded them with denominational obligations, certain institutions find it hard to meet Mr. Carnegie's rule against denominational control. Some have to stay out; others will change their rules to get in. The influence of the Foundation could be seen in one of our great church courts when dealing with its largest college during the past summer.

To the average Canadian layman the Carnegie influence will seem a good influence. Denominational control is neither wholesome nor necessary nowadays for colleges. Most of the Protestant bodies recognise it and have been willing to see the institutions that they started leave their control. Religion is a branch of knowledge, and, like the other branches, it flourishes best in an atmosphere of freedom.

THE MUSKOKA OF THE PRAIRIE

Along the Picturesque Shores of the Winnipeg River



A few Canoeists of Yesterday—Indians bringing in Blueberries.



Canoeists of To-day—A Bit Whiter.



Wooded shore of Winnipeg River—so like Muskoka.

even such a prospect grows as monotonous as the green boulevards and artistic flower beds of the great city. The natural relief is found in turning to forest and stream, to hill and dale, to lake and island. Away north of Winnipeg are two great lakes with somewhat low and unattractive shores. While the Beach at Lake Winnipeg attracts many people, the rocky shores of the lakes in that part of Ontario which touches the Manitoba boundary have long attracted the wealthier citizens of the city on the Red River. The existence of the Canadian Pacific Railway made Kenora on Rainy Lake the Newport of Winnipeg. The building of the National Transcontinental has afforded opportunity for the discovery of a rival. Strangely enough, this new Muskoka was close at hand. Like many other districts in Canada, its beauties were not recognised until the trained eye and mind of the railway summer resort agent looked it over and pronounced it good.

The accompanying pictures of scenes along the Winnipeg River might easily have been taken in Ontario. Even the Indians with their blueberries look perfectly natural. Certainly the white canoeists do not differ by a hair's breadth from those who holiday, during July and August, along the rocky shores of the thousands of lakes and rivers tributary to Georgian Bay.

The Winnipeg River is in reality a chain of lakes. It is only a river at two points in its course—at the Dalles and underneath the big iron bridge. "Dalles" is an Indian word or a corruption of an Indian term signifying swift waters. At the spot indicated—some twelve miles north of Kenora the river is a mass of whirlpools of the swiftest variety. Underneath the iron bridge the water in the channel is said to be from seventy to eighty feet deep.

Sand Lake is immediately north of the "Crossing." It is destined to become one of the most



White Dog Rapids, 38 miles north of Kenora.

THE central part of Canada has a Muskoka of its own. No one knew of it until four years ago, when the first survey was made by the National Transcontinental Railway Company. A bridge had to be built across the Winnipeg River and it was up to the surveyors to find the narrowest point in that stream. They found this narrow span and discovered a most magnificent stretch of inland lakes, which are studded with beautiful islands.

Life on the prairies is seriously affected by the lack of diversity in the scenery. Of course nothing could be more beautiful than a smooth sea of waving grain stretching from horizon to horizon. But

popular resorts on the continent. The Grand Trunk Pacific has had a magnificent island surveyed where it is understood they will erect a palatial summer hotel. This resort will in time become to their system what Banff is to the C. P. R. Tourists will break their journey at this point and enjoy the majestic scenery and the aquatic sports which the district provides.

A short portage connects Sand Lake with Vermillion Lake. It is maintained by expert anglers that Vermillion is teeming with lake trout. The wide stretches of water make this resort the ideal place for sailing. Paddling is a favourite pastime.

NEWS PICTURES AND THEIR STORY



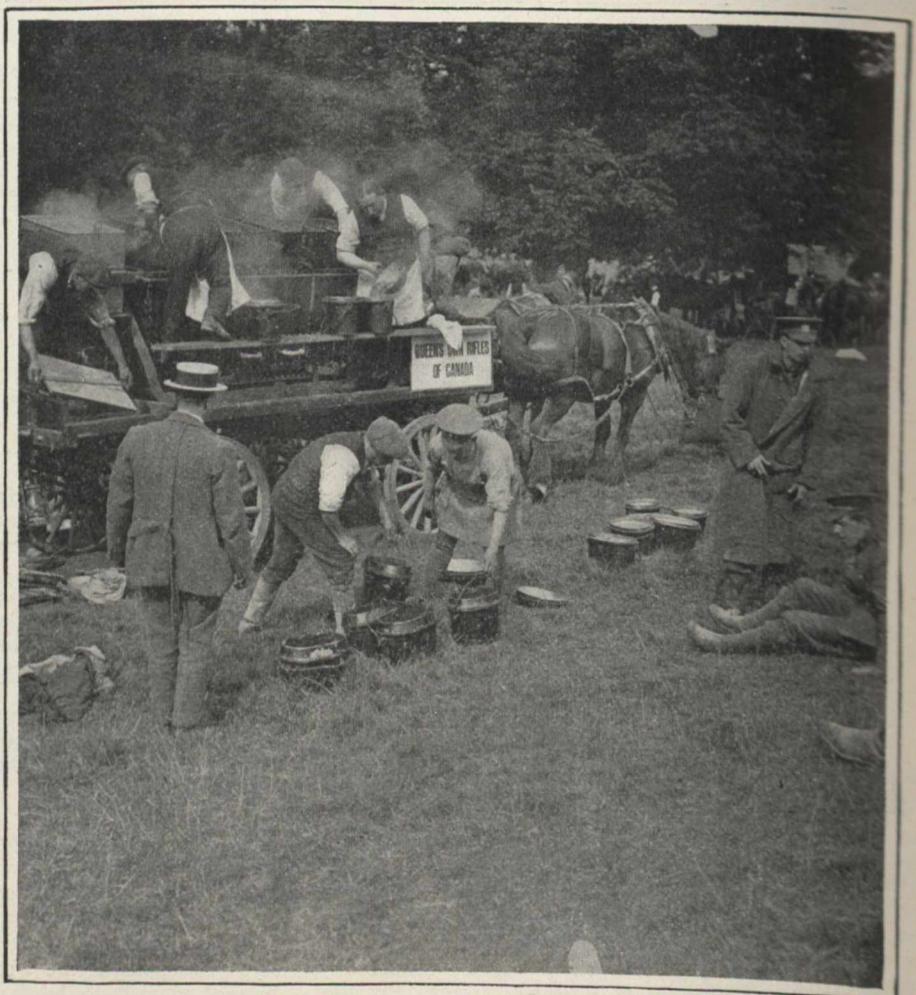
The Canadian Manufacturers held their Annual Meeting at Vancouver, and visited several cities en route. Our photograph was taken at Regina.



The Trades and Labour Annual Congress was held this year at Fort William and was most successful.



Hon. Mr. Haldane, Minister of War, reviewing the Queen's Own. Col. Sir Henry Pellatt is beside him, while in the rear are Lord Roberts and other Staff Officers.



How the Queen's Own Rifles got refreshments on the march through England. —Their Travelling Kitchen

WOMEN AND THE GOLF BALL



Miss Muriel Dick, Lambton.



Miss Dorothy Campbell, Hamilton.



Miss Henry-Anderson, Montreal.



Miss Thomson, St. John.

FOUR WOMEN WHO PLAYED IN SEMI-FINALS AND FINALS, LAST WEEK



Miss Thomson won the Driving Competition



Miss Campbell, International Champion, in action.

think my daughters could stand the social season with no summer golf? But it's so deuced expensive here. Canadian women aren't alive enough in this golf matter. By the way, women don't strike me as being too fond of athletics—in a country like this, too. Your girls won't go out on the street unless—just so! Tell you, a few rounds at golf would teach 'em."

Sixty-six young women from St. John to Winnipeg came to Toronto and battled at the tournament. They were all amateurs, all excited, all sure that they had a chance for some medal or other. Miss Dorothy Campbell, Hamilton; Miss Violet Henry-Anderson, Montreal, last year's Canadian champion; Miss Mabel Thompson, St. John, the young lady who got away with the Canadian championship in past years five times; and Miss Muriel Dick, Lambton Club, Toronto, a rising player, were some of the best known club swingers participating.

The Royal Association gets up a catchy programme. This year there were team matches, an approaching and putting competition, a driving competition, an interprovince game and the individual Canadian championship.

The last was the feature of the meet. Miss Thomson, Miss Dick, Miss Campbell and Miss Henry-Anderson were matched for this event. In the semi-finals, Miss Campbell disposed of Miss Dick—five up and three to play; Miss Henry-Anderson disappointed Miss Thomson by the same margin. So Miss Campbell and Miss Henry-Anderson battled out the finals.

The excitement was intense. Miss Campbell had been heralded as the champion of England and the United States. Against this international cham-

pion Miss Henry-Anderson was to defend her Canadian title. The game was a gruelling contest from the first hole—brilliant drives, splendid lawn play. Each player knew her opponent's characteristics; both Miss Campbell and Miss Henry-Anderson learned the game together on the links of North Berwick, Scotland. Miss Campbell won, two up and one to go. She merited the victory. Miss Henry-Anderson was fighting up hill all the time. She was brilliant, clever—but her opponent never gave her an opening. The champion's mistakes were saved by her remarkable recoveries, notably at the 11th hole. Her deadly approach shots, her driving outclassed the Montreal lady. The gallery followed every move on the run.

"Mind your ankle," I heard an escort say to his companion just before the seventeenth hole. Masculine solicitude passed unnoticed. The girl of the high heels was climbing a hill at a tremendous rate, to get a glimpse at the Champion playing the last hole. Miss Campbell was on the green in four, halved the hole in two more strokes, and was champion of Canada.

"Champion of England, United States and Canada. What's next," I asked her afterwards.

"Oh, I defend my American title in two weeks, you know." She smiled as she put down her tea cup. A big party of Canadian society girls are going to Chicago to cheer for Miss Campbell.

THE annual Women's Championship of the Royal Canadian Golf Association concluded the other day at the Toronto Club links. The meet lasted for a whole week; every day full of incident: championships decided, prizes collected, excellent tea and much golf shop talk. The ladies had the whole field—links, of course, to themselves. The masculine element eddied among the fall fashions sightseeing. How could you keep away veterans like George S. Lyon of Lambton, when there was anything "doing on the links?" If they couldn't bring their clubs along they carried somebody else's clubs; trudged up hill and down dale, posing as experts on the game. On the day the championship of Canada was decided, Mr. Lyon said to the writer: "In all my years of experience, I never saw a more successful tournament. The golf was superb; the ladies have excelled themselves."

A transplanted English colonel, sitting on the Club verandah one afternoon smoking a cigarette through a formidable black holder, expressed himself quite volubly on golf as the national game for Canadian women:

"Why don't some of your town councils turn their suburban lots into public golf links? If they only had your land in Scotland! at that mechanics and office clerks have sticks over there. Golf for women, eh? gives 'em pure air, moderate exertion. How do you



The Championship Final between Miss Campbell and Miss Henry-Anderson, was followed by the largest gallery that ever witnessed a Ladies' Golf Match in Canada.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

THE blow has fallen—and the editorial office is sad. There is over all the staff a shade of melancholy which cannot be mistaken. We have been wounded in the house of our friends. Our most sacred enthusiasm, our most serious purpose in life, has been condemned. A subscriber, a public school principal, has cancelled his subscription because he declares that he can no longer tolerate our “unnatural booming of Canada.” Shades of night!

For nearly four years the staff of this journal has laboured faithfully to discharge what it believed to be its duty in connection with the editing of a national weekly. If ever a set of men and women laboured hard to live up to their professions, we are that set. Wherever there was a photograph, a group of facts and figures, a new phrase or a new thought which seemed to promise aid to a better understanding of Canada, some one started in pursuit. From Cape Breton to Vancouver Island, from Niagara Falls to Herschel Island, the search extended. The most unpromising clue was not overlooked. And now, with success within hailing distance, the blow falls—we are condemned for our “unnatural booming of Canada.”

HAD the language been otherwise, the blow might have been less fatal. We might have shot out Mark Twain's overworked expression and have declared that the effect of the wound had been greatly exaggerated. To be accused of booming Canada, when we had hardly reached the beginning of what we had to say about this glorious and prosperous country, to be accused merely of booming it had been bad enough. But to be accused of unnatural booming, is crushing.

To all those who have suffered because of our enthusiasm, we tender our apologies. We cannot reconstruct our enthusiasms and our convictions; we cannot wholly conceal our belief that this is Canada's century; we cannot retract the hundreds of articles we have written nor recall the hundreds of thousands of Couriers which we have distributed—but we can, and do, apologise.

IS Canada over-boomed? If so, in what direction? Our wheat production has certainly kept pace with all reasonable predictions, and it is still an infant industry. In Northern Ontario there are three million acres of tillable land, in a climate equal to Southern Manitoba, and not an acre of it has yet been sown to wheat. The first home-seekers' excursion was run to the edge of it the other day. It will ultimately supply homes for as many people as now inhabit rural Manitoba. Then there is the Peace River Valley inhabited now by a few thousand which should ultimately have a million population. Add to these, the general development all over Canada, and the prospect is exceedingly rosy. It seems impossible to over-paint the picture.

Winnipeg may be over-boomed, Vancouver may be over-boomed, some of the new Western towns may be over-boomed, but that is all. There are a number of small investors buying town lots which will probably never be worth the purchase money, but that is a form of over-booming which no developing civilisation has yet been able to prevent. There are people who are investing in mining stocks, oil companies, ill-considered mergers and other industrial concerns who are certain to sustain losses, but the same thing is occurring in England and in the United States. So long as investments are a matter of free competition and personal judgment, so long will the unwise man be gulled by the boomster. But this does not stay general development, nor will it prevent Canada from marching steadily on to her glorious future.

THE average price of the automobiles sold in 1907 was \$2,137. All modest and moderate people will be pleased to learn that the average has fallen to \$1,545. Reasoning by the ordinary route, and remembering what happened in the bicycle business, the average price of an automobile in 1913 will be \$900, and in 1916 it will be \$500. It will be noticed that the drop is not quite so large in the second period. This is partly due to the editorial habit of being careful and partly to the belief that when the price of a decent car falls to \$500 there will be sufficient demand for them to satisfy all manufacturers.

The prices quoted above are United States prices, but there is every reason to predict that by 1916, Canada will be manufacturing automobiles as cheaply as the United States. Therefore, it will be easy for every ambitious Canadian to have a car in 1916. All that is required is that he shall every year, upon December 31st, deposit \$100 in a savings account in the nearest chartered bank. By the first day of January, 1916, he will have \$600 in the bank. This will buy the car and provide \$100 for running expenses for the year.

In passing, it may be mentioned that there is no patent or copyright on this idea.

CANADA has heard much talk of “adequate protection” and “reasonable protection,” and now President Rowley of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association gives us “practical protection.” He explains it to mean higher duties on what we make or can make and lower duties on what we do not or cannot make. This is a clear and concise explanation and no one need have any doubt as to the significance of “practical protection.” We can and do make agricultural implements, therefore the duty should be increased. We can and do make paper, and therefore the duty should be increased. We cannot and do not make—well, what is there in this list except raw cotton, bananas and radium? Therefore, let us reduce the duties on raw cotton, bananas and radium.

It is to be feared that this idea of raising all duties except those on the three mentioned classes will not meet with popular favour. Probably seventy-five per cent. of the thinking people of this country are moderate protectionists, twenty-four per cent. practical free-traders, and the other one per cent. will agree with Mr. Rowley on practical protection. These percentages may be slightly astray, but this is our one best guess.

There are few Canadians looking either for increased protection or for free trade. Not many are anxious for reciprocity with the United States. If a reciprocity treaty is negotiated, it will not be a sweeping measure and will be confined mainly to natural products. So long as United States duties are twice as high as Canadian duties, reciprocity in manufactured goods is an impossibility.

A WISE man from the East remarked to the writer the other day that he could not understand the antagonism of the farmer to the manufacturer. Such antagonism meant distrust and dislike of the mechanic whom the manufacturer represented. If the farmers were to hit the manufacturers, they would hit the mechanics harder than their bosses. And the mechanics are the best customers the farmers have—their chief customers indeed.

This sounded like a reasonable argument and it was laid before a man who is in close touch with the farmers for his consideration. He declared that the farmer was not antagonistic to the mechanic, except in certain sections of the country where mechanics live only in small numbers. In his judgment, where prejudice existed amongst the farmers it was due to ignorance and deceitful leaders.

Now that the manufacturers are to start on an advertising campaign to boom “Made in Canada,” perhaps they will devote some of their money to placing articles in the agricultural press which will relieve the farmers' ignorance. The only opponents of reasonable protection are to be found in rural districts, and this is a circumstance which the manufacturers should recognise and meet.

DR. CHOWN, one of the two superintendents of the Methodist Church, made an unusual declaration the other day in regard to this burning question of bi-lingual schools. He and his committee on Temperance and Moral Reform favour teaching one or other of the two official languages, but none other. In other words, they favour English and French, but would bar German, Italian, Yiddish and Icelandic.

It is pleasant to find that the Methodist Church can take a broad view of the language question, and recognise that French has equal rights with English. Such a stand does it great credit. If this country is to eliminate racial jealousy and cultivate national unity, there must be a joint study of the two great languages. Nevertheless, the French districts must be as generous toward the teaching of English, as the English districts are towards the teaching of French.

In this connection, it is pleasant to note that Bishop Fallon denies the report that he was opposed to the teaching of French in schools under his diocesan control. This is the liberal attitude, and it is to be hoped that every French-speaking Bishop in Canada will be equally generous toward the teaching of English. There must not only be official equality, but practical equality. For the latter, Canada looks to those who control our public schools, high schools and colleges.

A REAL temperance friend, one of those who takes a drink when he feels like it, suggests a campaign in favour of closing all drinking places until 12 noon. He says that morning drinking is the worst kind, because only men who are slaves of the habit desire intoxicants in the forenoon. The suggestion looks good. It would be a practical move towards restricting public drinking, it would be a brake on the habitual drinker, and it would make possible a shorter work-day for bartenders. Turn it over in your mind and see if it does not grow in favour. These good suggestions are not made every day. Don't shift it off your mind by crying that it is either inadequate or silly. Mankind moves slowly from goal to goal.

A MONTREAL OPINION

Mr. Emile Dansereau of Montreal writes:

“I may say that your paper greatly interests me. I appreciate the stand you are taking in public matters and your independence. What pleases most is that you are discussing from a national standpoint. I only regret there are not more papers like yours to form a good and sound public opinion in Canada.”

HOW CANADIAN WOMEN ENJOY THE WILDERNESS



No. 1.—A MANLESS EXPEDITION AMONG THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Drawn by ARTHUR HEMING

In one of his Articles on Western Canada, Rudyard Kipling said:—"Praised be Allah, for the diversity of His creatures! But do you know any other country where two women could go out for a three months' trek and shoot in perfect comfort and safety?"

A TREETOP AERONAUT

The Wonderful Adventures of a Flying Squirrel

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Drawing by Charles Livingston Bull

ALTHOUGH in the open clearings it was full noon,—the noon of early September, hot and blue and golden,—here in the lofty aisles of the forest it was all cool twilight. Such light as glimmered down through the thick-leaved treetops was of a mellow, shadowy brown and a translucent green, changing from the one tone to the other mysteriously as the eye shifted its backgrounds. One tall trunk, long ago shattered and broken off just below the crown by a stroke of lightning, stood pointing bleakly toward a round opening in the leafy roof, reaching upward a thin foliated, half dead, gnarled and twisted arm.

In the outer shell and coarse, strong bark of the stricken tree life lingered tenaciously; but its heart was fallen to decay. Near the base of the arm a round hole gave entrance through the shell of live wood to a chamber in the hollow heart. The chamber had yet another entrance, beneath a knot, higher up on the opposite side of the trunk. Through these two holes filtered a dim, warm light, just strong enough to show a huddle of small, ruddy brown, furry shapes sleeping snugly at the bottom of the chamber.

The forest was still and soundless as a dream, under the spell of the noonday heat. But presently the silence was broken by the approach of heavy footsteps, now crackling as they crunched the dry twigs, now muffled and dull as they sank into beds of deep moss. They were plainly human footsteps; for no other creature but man would move so crudely and heedlessly through the forest quiet. Everyone of the wild kindred, from bear down to woodmouse, would move with furtive wariness, desiring always to see without being seen, either intent upon some hunting, or solicitous to avoid some hunter.

Down a shadowy corridor of soaring trunks came into view two figures, a tall, heavy-shouldered lumberman carrying an axe and a slim boy with a light rifle in his hand. It was the lumberman, booted and long-striding, who made all the noise. The boy, in moccasins, stepped lightly as an Indian, his eager blue eyes searching every nook and stump and branch as he went, hoping at every step to surprise some secret of the furtive wood folk.

NEAR the foot of the blasted tree he stopped, looking up. "I wonder what lives in that hole up there, Jabe" he said.

The lumberman peered upward critically. "Jiminy! Ef that ain't a likely lookin' squir' tree!" he answered.

"Squirrel tree!" echoed the boy. "As if every tree wasn't a squirrel tree, wherever there's a squirrel round!"

"Ay, but there's squir'ls an' squir'ls! You'll see," retorted the woodsman, and, swinging his axe, he brought the back of it down on the trunk in three of four sounding strokes.

Straightway a dark little shape, appearing in the hole beneath the branch, launched itself into the air. It looked like a leap of desperation, as there was no tree within reach of any ordinary quadruped's leap. Yet the daring little shape was plainly that of a quadruped, not of a bird. It was followed instantly, in lightning succession, by six or seven others equally daring, and all went sailing away in different directions, across the mysteriously shadowed air. They sailed on long, downward slants, with legs spread wide apart and connected on each side by furry membrane, so that they looked like some kind of grotesque, oblong, toy umbrellas, broken loose in the breeze. The boy stared after them with an exclamation of wonder and delight, trying to keep his eye on them all at once; but in a moment they had disappeared, gaining the shelter of other trees and effacing themselves from view as if by enchantment.

All but one! As the flying squirrels came aeroplaning from their rudely assaulted citadel, the woodsman had dropped his axe, snatched up a bit of stick about a foot long, and hurled it after one of the gliding figures. The woodsman is an unerring shot with the hurled axe, the pike pole, or the billet of wood; but up there in the deceitful transparency of shadow and glimmer the little aeronaut was sailing with elusive speed. The whirling missile almost missed its mark. It just caught the outspread furry tail, which was serving as rudder and balancer to that adventurous flight. The tail, tough and flexible, gave way and took no injury. But the tiny aeroplanist, his balance rudely destroyed, plunged headlong to the ground.

"Oh-h-h!" exclaimed the boy, with long drawn commiseration. But, his curiosity too strong for his pity, he raced forward with the woodsman to capture and examine their prize.

There was no prize to be found. Both had seen the flyer come to earth. Both had marked, with expert eyes; the exact point of his fall; but there was nothing to be seen but a softly disappearing dent in the cushion of moss.

"Well I'll be jiggered!" said the woodsman, fingering his stubbled chin and scrutinising the nearest treetrunks with narrowed eyes.

"Serves us right!" said the boy. "I'm glad he got away. I thought you'd killed him, Jabe."

"Reckon I just bowled him over," responded the woodsman. "But, now ye know where they hang out, ye kin ketch one alive in a cage trap, if ye want to git to know somethin' of his manners an' customs, eh, what? When ye've killed one of these wild critters, after all, to my mind he ain't no more interestin' than a lady's fur boa."

AS the two man creatures disappeared down the confusing vistas of the forest, the soft dark eyes of the flying squirrel, disproportionately large and prominent with a vagueness of depth which made them seem all pupil, stared after them mildly from the refuge of a high crocheted branch. Unhurt, even unbewildered by his dizzy plunge, he had bounced aside with a motion too swift for his enemies' eyes to follow and placed a treetrunk between himself and peril. Darting up the trunk like a fleeting brown streak, he had been safely hidden before his enemies reached the tree.

In his high retreat the flying squirrel did not crouch as a red squirrel would have done, but lay stretched and spread out as if flattened by violence on the bark. His colour, of an obscure warm brown, faintly smudged with a darker tone, blended so perfectly with the hue of the bark that if the eye once looked away it could with difficulty detect him again. A member of a little known branch of the flying squirrel family, the flying squirrel of Eastern Canada, he was nearly a foot in length, some two inches longer than the common flying squirrel, from whom he differed also very sharply in color, his retiring brown and grey being in marked contrast to the buff and drab and pure white of his lesser but more famous cousin. Buff and white would have been so conspicuous a livery in the brown Canadian forests, that his ancestors would never have survived to produce him had they not managed to change that livery in time to baffle their foes.

The flying squirrel, unlike the impudent and irrepressible red squirrel, had a great capacity for patience, as well as for prudence. Moreover, he had no great liking for activity as long as the sun was up, his enormous eyes adapting him for the dim life of the night.

FOR some minutes after the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he lay unstirring on his branch, his ears alert to the tiniest forest whisper, his nostrils quivering as they interrogated every subtlest forest scent. All at once his wide eyes grew even wider, and a sort of spasm of apprehension flitted across the liquid depths. What was that faint, dry, rustling sound, the mere ghost of a whisper, on the bark of the trunk behind him? Nervously he turned his head. There was nothing in sight; but the ghostly sound continued, so slight, so thin, that even his fine ear could hardly be sure of its reality.

The little watcher remained moveless as a knot on the bark. The creeping whisper softly mounted the tree. Then, at last, a flat, brownish black, vicious head came into view round the trunk, and arrested itself, swaying softly, just over the base of the branch. It was the head of a large black snake.

The snake's eyes, dull yet deadly, met those of the squirrel and held them. For a moment the black head was rigid; then it began to sway again, with a slow, hypnotising motion. The eyes—shallow, opaque, venomous—seemed to draw together as they concentrated their energy upon the mildly

glowing orbs of their intended victim. At last the waving head began to

draw near, the black body undulating stealthily into view behind it. Nearer, nearer it came, the flat, hard eyes never shifting, till it seemed that one lightning lunge would have enabled it to fix its fangs in the fascinated victim's neck.

But at this moment the little aeronaut whisked half round, flirited his broad fluff of a tail straight out behind him, and sailed quietly from his perch on a long, gradual swoop which brought him back to the base of the tree from which he had originally started. The hypnotising experiment of the black snake had been, in this instance, an unqualified failure. Angry and disappointed, the snake withdrew to hunt mice or other easier game.

The flying squirrel ran cheerfully up the tree, slipped back into the hole, and curled himself up complacently to sleep away the rest of the daylight. Of his companions, two had already stealthily returned, and the others crept in soon afterward, quite unruffled.

THAT night moonrise came to the forest close on the vanishing trail of the sunset. A long white ray, flooding in through the treetops, lit up the hole beneath the branch of the blasted trunk. Without haste, the flying squirrels came one after another to their high doorway and launched themselves upon the still air. One might have thought that their first purpose would have been to forage for a meal; but instead of that they seemed like children just let out of school, bent on nothing so much as relieving their pent-up spirits. Probably they were not hungry. It was the season of abundance, and they had perhaps ample store of green nuts and tender young pine cones within the hollow tree. In any case, they knew the forest was full of good provender for them, the forest floor covered with berries for when they should choose to descend and gather them. There was no hurry. It was good to amuse themselves in their high and dim-lit world.

Their favourite game seemed to be to crisscross one another, as it were, in their long, gliding flights, which, beginning near the top of one tree, would end generally near the foot of another, as far away as the impetus of their start would allow. Thence they would dart nimbly to the top again, sometimes with a restrained *chirr* of mirth, to repeat the gay adventure. Sometimes, when their descent was steep, they would rise again toward the end of it, by altering, probably, the angle of their membranes, or side planes. As they flashed spectrally past one another, touched suddenly by some white finger of moonlight, their play was like an aerial game of tag. But they never actually tagged one another. Most likely they took good care to avoid any approach to contact in mid-flight, which might have meant a fall to the dangerous forest floor, the haunt of prowling foxes, skunks and weasels.

But though their chief dread seemed to be of the far, dark ground and its perils, there were perils too for the little aeronauts even in their leafy heights. In the midst of their leaping, gliding and sailing there came a hollow cry across the treetops. It was a melancholy sound, but full of menace, a *whoo-hoo-hoo-oo-oo*, repeated at long, uncertain, nerve-racking intervals. It sounded remote enough from the hollow tree; but at its first note the game of the furry aeroplanists came to a stop. One would have said that there was no such thing as flying-squirrels in all the Quah-Davic woods.

After some fifteen or twenty minutes of sepulchral summons, and answer, the calling of the owls ceased. In perhaps fifteen minutes more, the flying squirrels seemed to make up their minds that the danger had removed to some other part of the forest. Then, at first timorously, but soon with all their former merriment and zest, the treetop aeronauts resumed their game.

The game was at its height. Down a long aisle of the forest the high moon poured a flood of unobstructed light. Athwart this lane of brilliance the flying squirrels went passing and repassing. On a sudden, as one of them was sailing gaily across, it was as if a fragment of black cloud fell upon him noiselessly out of the whiteness, blotting him out. Somewhere in the cloud burned two terrible round eyes and beneath it reached forth two sets of rending talons. The life of the gay little glider was clutched out of him with a strangled scream, and the cloudy shape, its eyes blazing coldly, drift-

ed away into the deep shadows with its prey.

THE game came to a full stop, for that night at least. As luck would have it, the squirrel had been sailing serenely just below his unhappy playmate at the moment of the great wood owl's swoop. He had seen the whole tragedy, and it made him distrustful of aeroplaning for the moment. He decided to emulate his cousin the red squirrel and trust to running and climbing, to the solid trunks and branches, rather than to the treacheries of the air. After hiding in a crotch till his palpitations had somewhat calmed down, he descended the tree in a cautious search for food. He had had his fill of nuts and cones. He wanted juicier fare. He went on all the way down to earth, his appetite set on the ripening partridge berries.

Now, as it chanced, the boy had taken to heart that suggestion of the lumberman's in regard to the cage trap. His appetite for knowledge of all the wild creatures of the woods was insatiable. He was eager to know the flying squirrels more intimately than he could know them from the plates and text of his natural history books. His idea was to catch one, keep it awhile, win its confidence, study it, and then give it back its freedom before it had time to forget how to take care of itself among the perils of freedom.

That very afternoon, therefore, he had returned to the "squir'l tree," carrying a spacious trap cage of strong wire, a cage of two chambers, in which he had already kept with success both red squirrels and ground squirrels. The second or inner chamber was the regulation revolving wire cylinder, designed to give the little captive such strenuous exercise as it might crave, and to divert its thought from its captivity. The door was a wide trap, opening upward and outward, and shutting with a powerful spring at the least touch on the trigger within. Beyond the trigger the boy had fixed a varied bait, cunningly calculated to the vagaries of the squirrel appetite. There were sweet nut kernels, securely tied down, a fragrant piece of apple, a bit of green corn ear, and a crisp morsel of bacon rind.

The boy had no means of knowing whether the flying squirrel was like his red cousin or not, in the matter of taste for meat; but he felt sure that some one or other of these scented dainties would prove too much for the prudence of anything that called itself a squirrel. Near the great trunk of the blasted tree he found another giant, half fallen, its top still upheld by the embrace of its stout armed neighbours. The long, gradual incline he rightly judged to be a favourite pathway of the flying squirrels as they raced upward from their excursions to the forest floor. So, upon the slope of the trunk, some six or seven feet above the earth, he fixed his trap securely and left it to show what it could do.

For a long time, however, it did nothing. It was a new, strange thing on the familiar path, and all the little people of the wild avoided it. Till near the first grey of dawn not a flying squirrel had dared approach its neighbourhood.

THE forest powers seem to have sometimes a mischievous trick of selecting some particular one of their children for special trial, of following

up that one for days with a kind of persecution. So it came about that the same adventurous little aeronaut that had fallen foul of both Jabe Smith and the black snake, and had so narrowly escaped the pounce of the brown owl, had now the misfortune to be sighted, as he was feasting on the partridge berries not far from the sloping tree, by a weasel which had had bad luck in his night's hunt.



A Black Cloud fell upon Him out of the Whiteness

Sinuous as a snake and swifter, his cruel eyes glowing like points of live flame, the long, yellow form of the weasel darted forward. With a faint squeak of terror the squirrel sprang for the sloping trunk, his one hope being to get high enough to launch himself into the air. But the flying squirrel is less nimble on his feet than the red or grey. He was much slower than the weasel. He gained the sloping trunk indeed; but the foe was almost at his heels. It looked as if the doom of the wild was upon him. By a frantic effort, however, he evaded, for a second, the weasel's rush. Desperately he raced up the well-known trail. He came to the cage.

There was no time to go over it, or to go round it. He hurled himself straight into it, and brought up with a shock against the wires of the partition. At the same instant there was a loud click behind him. The door snapped down tight. And the weasel, unable to check himself, bumped his nose against the wires with a violence that brought blood and stirred his hunting lust to madness of fury.

Both pursued and pursuer recovered themselves in a second. It was well that the boy, an exact, methodical soul, had lashed the cage securely to the trunk. Otherwise the mad assaults of the weasel would have torn it loose and dashed it to the ground. He was all over it and around it every moment, flinging himself viciously this way and that in the effort to catch his quarry against the wires.

And the quaking squirrel, at the same time, dashed himself frantically from side to side, keeping ever as much space as possible between himself and those relentless, blood-seeking jaws. He had not the wit or the coolness to crouch in the centre of the cage, where he might securely have chattered derision at his foe. He had not yet, perhaps, even arrived at the truth that his prison was his citadel, his tower of safety. But at length, as luck would have it, in one of his desperate bounds he shot himself clean through the round opening into the second chamber, and before he knew it he was racing at breathless pace in the vain effort to climb the wall of the spinning cylinder.

For a moment or two the weasel was nonplussed. He stopped short and stared at these amazing antics of his victim, his thin lips wrinkled back from his pointed jaw and muzzle in a sort of soundless snarl. Then apparently coming to the conclusion that such a farce had gone on long enough, he sprang with all his strength upon the top of the cylinder in the direction in which it was spinning. It was a great mistake. The cylinder did not stop. It spun on—and shot him off indignantly, head first, into space, and banged him down, with a stupefying thud, on the roots of the nearest tree. Very sore and disconcerted, he picked himself up, gave one look at the spinning mystery, and slunk off behind the tree, in a humbleness of spirit such as few of his irrepressible tribe have ever known.

ALL but paralyzed by exhaustion and by the utter extremity of his fear, the flying squirrel stopped racing with his wheel. With all four hand-like paws, and even with his teeth, he clung to the wires, till presently his weight brought it to a standstill. Then he crept through the exit and crouched, trembling and panting, on the floor of the outer chamber.

Here, soon after sun-up, the boy, who was an early riser, found him. He was puzzled, was the boy, over that smear of blood on the cage door; but finding no clue to the strenuous experiences of the night, he was obliged to lay the matter away among the many insoluble enigmas wherewith the ancient wood so continually and so mockingly provokes the invader of its intimacies.

Nor was the further history of the squirrel such as to shock the humane anxieties of an animal-lover. Jabe taught the boy how to care for the little fellow and how to appreciate his curious antics and his individual prejudices.

BILL PODDEN'S LUCK

A Humorous Domestic Tale from Rural England

By A. P. GARLAND

JUDSON, the stout and genial proprietor of the Rose and Anchor, was busily engaged polishing glasses behind the bar when the village postman, with his customary air of importance, came through the open door.

"Nothing for you to-day, Mr. Judson. One for William Podden, Esquire. Fancy calling old Bill Podden 'esquire'! Got a furrin' stamp on it. Likely one of them there German lotteries. Fat lot they'll get out o' Bill." And in a disdainful manner, he carelessly laid a large, imposing-looking letter on the wet counter and continued his rounds.

Sam Judson merely nodded in reply. It was early in the afternoon of a sweltering day in July, and the hostelry was guiltless of customers, and his corpulence forbade any unnecessary exertion. He continued his task, and it was not till a few dropsical flies, evidently sated with ale, had settled down for a siesta on the missive that his eyes were attracted to it.

He picked it up carelessly, and, making his way into the little parlour, which lay at the rear of the bar, placed it on a glass ornament that decorated the mantelpiece. Mrs. Judson, equal if not superior to him in bulk, looked up from the armchair where she had been having a nap.

"What's that Sam?" she asked.

"Only a letter for old Podden, addressed 'care of Rose and Anchor, Slodby, Berkshire, England.' Comes from Germany or somewhere."

"I like his cheek, gettin' letters sent 'ere. What next, I wonder?" she replied, rising and proceeding to examine the cause of her indignation.

"It's from America—Germany, indeed! Can't I see with me own two eyes the name on the postmark? Who does he know in America?"

"Why, he's always braggin' about his brother Joe. Says he made a fortune in the harness trade."

"Oh, I've heard them tales before," she replied, turning the letter over as if to glean some idea as to its contents. To her surprise she noted that the flap was insecurely fastened, as if the gum had failed to hold. She inserted her large forefinger timidly, and a slight pressure left the envelope open and untorn.

"Oh, Sam! Look here! It's open."

"Just like you, doing something silly. Don't you know you can be 'ad up for that'?"

"Who's going to know? Can't I stick it up again easy enough? But now it's open we might as well see wot's in it."

Her husband shook his head solemnly, as if to indicate his disapproval, but nevertheless produced his spectacles and placed them carefully on his nose. Mrs. Judson, meanwhile, gingerly drew forth the letter, and, spreading it out, allowed him

to join her in perusing the missive. It ran as follows:

80 Broad Street, Boston.

June 27, 19—.

Dear Sir:

I regret to inform you that your brother, Joseph Podden, died here on Tuesday last, June 23rd. Before his death he instructed me to draw up his will, whereby you are named as sole legatee to his estate, the value whereof I estimate to be two hundred thousand dollars, or in your currency, forty thousand pounds (£40,000).

A few weeks must elapse before all the legal formalities can be gone through in order to have the property realised, but as soon as this is done, I shall myself proceed to England to hand you over the proceeds.

Your obedient servant,

HIRAM FLOOKES.

Sheer amazement held the worthy couple spell-bound for a moment. They could hardly believe their eyes.

"Bill Podden!"

"Forty thousand pounds!"

"Well, I never did. It can't be true."

They re-read the document carefully to make sure there was no mistake.

"Fancy that, now," said Sam bitterly; "here's me been slavin' day in, day out, by the sweat o' my brow—all for nowt, as I might say, and that there Bill Podden—owes me one-and-eightpence 'appenny—who spends 'arf 'is time cadgin' drinks, becomes a millionaire for life. Is that fair and just, I'd like to know?"

"Don't be a fool, Sam Judson," retorted his better and bigger half; "you'd best go and see Bill Podden before he knows about the letter. Else some other folks will get 'old of 'im. I'll gum up the envelope so as 'e won't know nowt about it bein' opened."

Sam seemed struck with the wisdom of this remark. "That's right, Liz; I'd better go at once. There's lots of folks in the village as would take advantage of a 'armless, good-natured chap like Bill. But 'e'll find a true friend in me," he added loftily.

He wiped his face carefully, turned down his shirt sleeves, and then proceeded by the aid of a buttonhook to fasten the two lowest buttons of his ample vest. Mrs. Judson meanwhile set to work regumming the envelope flap and fastening the letter.

This done, she was helping her husband to don his coat, when, to her surprise, she saw Bill Podden coming along the road past the house.

"There 'e is," she cried; "go and stand at the door and ask 'im in. After a bit, I'll remember to tell 'im about the letter."

THE object of their interest was meanwhile progressing in his customary languid manner. He was between forty and fifty years of age, with a homely sunburned, clean-shaven face, scanty black hair, and cunning little black eyes. He had been nicknamed Artful Bill, possibly on account of the fact that he managed to exist on a little unambitious poaching and an occasional days employment, but more likely because his reputation for obtaining alcoholic refreshment at other people's expense was a byword in the village.

As he came by the door of the Rose and Anchor he looked thirstily inward, when he beheld the proprietor beckoning him with a smile that had hitherto been lacking in their interviews.

"Afternoon, Mr. Judson."

"Afternoon, Bill. 'Ot, ain't it? Won't you come in and 'ave a drop of something cool?"

A look of gratification came over Bill's face as he followed his host into the shop.

"Come into the parlour. It's cooler there. Liz, here's your old friend Bill come to see you."

The lady's smile was expansive and cheery, in strong contrast to the stony glare with which she had hitherto been wont to reply to his request for sundry pints on credit.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Podden. 'Ow 'ave you been keepin'? You're lookin' splendid, ain't 'e, Sam?"

"Tip-top, Liz. Doesn't look a day over twenty-five, does 'e? What'll you 'ave, Bill? I've a noo barrel up from the cellar that's cool as ice. Fetch us a jugful and some glasses, Liz."

The liquid was soon procured, and the glasses having been filled, the visitor did justice to his reputation as a consumer. When the vessels had several times been refilled, Sam produced a large box of cigars, the cover of which depicted a god-dess, innocents of attire, dancing lightly over the heads of a number of bandits in a field of cabbage.

"Try one o' them, Bill. You'll find that a cigar worth smoking. Real 'Avanas—cost me four shillings for fifty 'olesale."

The visitor was now comfortably ensconced in an easy chair, revelling in the unwonted luxury, when Mrs. Judson decided to hasten matters a little.

"Oh! That reminds me. There's a letter for you, Mr. Podden. Come 'alf an hour ago."

She took the fateful epistle from behind the clock and handed it timidly to their esteemed guest.

He opened it carelessly, as if accustomed to receive such things every day, and proceeded to read it leisurely.

Sam had just time to exchange a comprehensive glance with his wife, when Bill rose so suddenly as to upset all the glasses on the table.

"Jerusalem!" he shouted. "I've fallen in for a forchin! My brother Joe that went to the States 'as died and left me thirty thousand pounds."

"Forty thousand, isn't it, Mr. Podden?" said the lady unguardedly.

He glanced again at the letter.

"Yes—forty thousand. But how did you know?" he asked suspiciously.

"Dreamt of it night before last. You remember me telling you, Sam, of 'ow I dreamt that Mr. Podden 'ad been left forty thousand pounds?"

Sam corroborated with almost unnecessary emphasis.

"To think of poor old Joe bein' dead," went on Bill; "one of the best men as ever stood in shoe leather."

He looked tearful and reminiscent.

"Worth ten chaps like me," he continued sadly.

"Don't say that, Mr. Podden," said Mrs. Judson with sympathy. "Looks isn't everything."

"Wot d'ye mean talkin' o' looks? I ain't talkin' o' looks."

"Liz don't mean no 'arm, Bill. She don't know wot she's saying. Her 'art's in the right place," interloped Sam in a soothing manner. "Liz only means as 'ow every eye forms its own beauty. And 'ow it do change! When I was a little boy ladies used to stop their carriages on the road to take me up and kiss me."

Then he added with a note of regret:

"But I've changed a lot since then."

"You 'ave," said Bill with a firmness that Mr. Judson did not like.

Honours being therefore easy, the guest allowed himself to be mollified and even to sketch out roughly the plans he was going to adopt with regard to his prospective wealth.

"Of course, I'll 'ave to wait for a few weeks before I can make a start, because I 'aven't any money to go on with."

Judson looked inquiringly at his wife. She nodded her head.

"I can let you 'ave five pounds for the present. I couldn't think o' seeing an' old friend in difficulty. That's the sort o' chap I am."

The money being duly handed over, an idea occurred to Mrs. Judson.

"Wouldn't it be better, Mr. Podden, if you were to leave that old cottage and come here? We've a nice room upstairs that would suit you."

A little persuasion induced Bill to give his consent, and after having arranged to transfer his quarters that evening he made his way home.

THE Judsons were now satisfied that they had made the most of their opportunity, so they saw no reason for concealing the news any longer. Consequently, in half an hour the whole village was agog with excitement. The one topic of discussion in Slodby was Bill Podden's fortune, and what he was going to do with it. To the female portion of the community the news came as a godsend. Nothing so interesting had occurred since Boddle, the village constable, had been triumphantly acquitted of wife-beating. There was a coming and going from house to house; an exhaustive discussion of the legacy and its recipient; inevitably concluding with a philosophic exchange of views as to the extent to which riches promoted happiness.

On one point, however, all were agreed. Bill Podden ought to get married.

"Forty thousand pounds and 'im not married—why it's wicked," quoth Mrs. Tutton, the mother of three strapping wenches, free so far from the galling band of matrimony. "What 'e wants is a strong, 'ealthy young woman—"

"Not too young," interrupted a spinster defensively.

"A strong 'ealthy young woman"—went on Mrs. Tutton unmoved—"oo can look after 'im nice and proper, and nuss 'im when 'e's got room-atics."

In the meantime, Bill Podden had returned to the cottage which he was supposed to rent—the landlord knew better—and began his preparations for migration to the Rose and Anchor. The task was not a difficult one, as excepting the few sticks of battered furniture, he had little or nothing to

transport. Hitherto not a soul in the village save himself had even entered the cottage during his occupancy, but now a constant stream of callers approached his door. But to none did he open. To all the repeated knockings, he would merely answer that he was busy, and the visitors had to turn away disappointed.

Foremost among these was the widow Branson, the local tobacconist. About three months before, when Podden had first come to settle down in the village, her charms had worked such sad havoc with his impressionable heart that one afternoon, having purchased two penny-worth of shag, he had been emboldened to declare his passion unromantically across the counter. A lump about the size of a pigeon's egg, that still marked his temple, served to remind him of the dangers of a hasty wooing.

With the news of the legacy came a sudden revulsion of feeling on her part.

"P'raps I was 'ard on 'im," she murmured penitently, and proceeded to don her best attire in order to obtain immediate forgiveness for her forcible methods of rejection. She was all the more chagrined when she found him inaccessible, but, nothing daunted, she sought the hospitality of a cottage close at hand from which she could watch his door.

When he did at last come forth, armed with a carpet bag, a fishing-rod, and a large wicker cage containing a particularly foul-mouthed parrot, half the village seemed waiting for him. Everybody was congratulating him and shaking his hand—the widow being the foremost—so that it was many minutes before he could proceed on his way. But he did not go alone. One individual seized his bag, another his fishing-rod, while two others grasped the cage and were struggling for its possession, when the parrot, scandalised at their behaviour, judiciously settled the point by carefully nipping the finger of the one who unwisely had grasped the cage by the bars. He let go his hold with an expression that so won the bird's admiration that she subsequently added it to her assorted vocabulary.

THE whole procession now moved steadily up the street, headed by Podden, to whom Mrs. Branson had lovingly linked herself, and enlivened by the whistling of popular airs by the village urchins, who were delighted at the opportunity of providing appropriate music.

At the Rose and Anchor, Mr. Judson and his wife were awaiting their guest, and a thrill of horror went through them when they beheld the crowd approaching. At first they imagined that Podden must have got drunk or else met with an accident. But the dignified air with which Boddle, the guardian of the peace, followed the procession, reassured them.

On arriving at the hostelry, Podden made an effort to shake off his uninvited retinue by hastening with his property into the little parlour aforesaid. About half a dozen made their way to the bar-counter, evidently awaiting an invitation to drink. Mrs. Branson, however, thought herself privileged to enter the inner sanctum. Judson made an ineffectual effort to stop her, but his worthy spouse came to the rescue. She and Mrs. Branson had a long-standing feud that needed settlement. "An' may I ask, Mrs. Branson, where you're going?" she said with marked politeness.

"I want to see my Bill."

"You what?"

"Bill Podden—we're as good as engaged."

"Engaged. 'E 'asn't taken on no servants yet. Any'ow, you're too old."

The double insult was too much for the amorous widow.

"Too old, you fat 'eap. That's a lie, Liz Judson, and you know it. I'm younger'n 'e is."

"Wouldn't 'ave thought it. But looks is always deceivin'."

"Are you going to let me in?"

"Sartinly not. You 'aven't been asked into my 'ouse, not as I knows of. Mr. Podden is goin' to live with us for the present."

"You're a pair of thieves, that's wot you are. Want to get 'old o' poor Bill's bit o' money. I know you—"

But here the bulky landlady decided that the matter had gone far enough.

"Run for Mr. Boddle," she said to a little urchin who was enjoying the altercation from the open window. "I'll give this woman in charge for creating a disturbance on licensed premises."

Daunted by this move, Mrs. Branson retreated, murmuring fearful threats against her antagonist.

That evening the average nightly receipts of the Rose and Anchor were nearly trebled. All the male adult residents of Slodby seemed to be present, much to the detriment of the Waggoner, the opposition hostelry at the other end of the village. Every family had at least one representative anx-

AT THE NEW YORK THEATRES

Some of the Openings of the Theatrical Season of 1910-11

WITH the coming of September things theatrical begin to stir. In front of all the theatres, lately closed, dazzling electric signs add their lights to the "great white way" announcing some new play or some favourite star. The vacuum cleaner has revived the failing rugs, and perchance the painter has touched up the ceiling, and again the doors swing open to admit the troupe of play-goers for another season of failure and success. It will take a little time to strike the pace, as it were. There must be some shifting and sorting, and selecting and trying-out to see what the fickle public desires. Out of the jumble there will emerge a few plays of excellence sufficient to stay for a run. Another and then another will prove its merit, but most will suffer an early eclipse, and will either be taken off for good, or will be sent off on the road, in an effort to please the less blase, who



A. E. Matthews, who is playing in "Love Among the Lions," at the Garrick Theatre

are not permitted to pick and choose their theatrical fare with such nicety as the denizens of Manhattan.

Already there has been introduced to us one, who, though well known in England, has never played on the American stage before: A. E. Matthews. He has long been a popular player of comedy roles on the other side, and Mr. Frohman did well to induce him to turn his face to the west. The play that has been provided for him is termed a "farcial romance, in four acts," called "Love among the Lions," written by Winchell Smith, and founded upon the novel of F. Austen. The story hinges about the desire of a young lady of romantic proclivities to emulate the doings of an American couple reported by the English papers to have been married in a cage of lions. The romantic damsel, by name Lorana de Castro, has a desire for newspaper notoriety, which she is frank enough to admit, thereby, incidentally showing herself to be less hypocritical than some people we know of who are not playing on the stage. So when a far from truculent young gentleman, Theodore Sanders,—who acquired his portion of this world's goods by following the delicate, if somewhat unusual profession of a tea taster—asks for the hand of Miss de Castro she acquiesces, with the stipulation that the ceremony will take place at the circus in the lions' cage. The balance of the play deals principally with the efforts of Sanders to win the girl without having to take the risk of supplying an extra meal for the lions. This and his ultimate success furnish an evening of hilarity. Laughs are plentifully and easily won by the clever acting of Mr. Matthews as Theodore Sanders, and the balance of a good cast. Mr. Matthews is typically English in his acting. He is an extremely amusing comedian, and gains his ends by the naturalness of his acting and his quiet, almost funereal humour. So far as I remember, he does not laugh once throughout the play. I doubt if he even smiles, but the ridiculousness of some of the situations he finds himself in and the admirable manner in which he handles them keep the audience in roars. Ernest Stallard as the theatrical, pompous, and unscrupulous Prof. Chas. Polkinson is very good. Miss Jane Oaker as Lorana de Castro, and J. E. Miltern as the

By SYDNEY DALTON

lion tamer, Chevalier Noino—an artistic development of onion beginning from the other end—played their parts well, and Miss May Blaney as Mlle. Leonie made her small part stand out.

It is said that Mr. Matthews will play in America for several seasons. He will go up to Canada when New York has seen more of him.

AT the Casino Eddie Foy is holding forth in "Up and down Broadway." It is of the "summer show" variety, and the programme announces it as "a more less incoherent resume of current events, theatrical and otherwise." It burlesques many of the plays of last season and gives Foy an opportunity of doing his old laughable "stunts" in a new setting. It is not as worthy a medium for the popular comedian as such successes of his as "The Orchid," and there is nothing in either the book or the music that would tend to make it of exceptional interest. But Foy is ranked among those few popular comedians who draw because they can always "get a laugh" and send people home in a good humour. As the Janitor of the High Brow Club of Mount Parnassus who, after a visit to New York, develops a distressing fondness for the "great white way" and other un-Parnassuslike diversions, Foy manages to inject considerable amusement into the show.

Of course the descent from Mt. Parnassus to Broadway is accomplished by air ship. Nearly every musical farce that has been projected within the last year has managed to include an aeroplane. It would be considered a technical error to omit it. It is a useful acquisition. Formerly when denizens of Parnassus or Utopia or Mars wished to look in on any corner of the earth they accomplished the feat between acts and the audience always let it go at that, without exhibiting undue curiosity as to how the trick was done. But now these people have taken the audience into their confidence, and in order to show them that the performance is genuine and above board the actual descent is made before the very eyes of the startled spectators, thereby adding materially to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The cast of "Up and down Broadway" contains the names of many well known people, including Emma Carus—who is popular in this neighbourhood—playing the part of Melpomene, nurse of tragedy, with a mission to highbrowise Broadway. Melpomene shares the honours with the janitor.

One of the greatest successes of last season which called forth the highest praise both for the play and the cast which presented it was "Madame X." It is a translation from the French and was originally written by Alexander Bisson. So emphatic was the success of this play that Henry W. Savage has put it on again this season with practically the same cast.

It is strange that despite the popularity of many plays of as serious a nature as "Madame X" we should still be told all too frequently that plays of that sort do not hold the interest of the public as do the light comedies. It is an old complaint, and has probably been heard since the day of Shakespeare. It doubtless makes a first class excuse for any lack of good dramas, but the contention suffers a sad shock when a "Madame X" is produced. Everybody talked about it. Every theatre goer saw it or wanted to see it, and many of those who saw it last season will doubtless see it again this year. Not only is it serious, it is excessively lachrymose. Bisson, with the customary skill of the French dramatists, selected a subject that bid fair to develop into a revel of morbidity and turned a play so nicely balanced, so skilfully contrasted and so splendidly carried out that the career of Jacqueline—Madame X,—her loosening grasp in the tenets of respectability, her ultimate condition as a moral reprobate of the lowest order becomes a fascinating and remarkable study of human nature. One never feels that it is an "improper" play—that bugaboo of theatredom. It is a life tragedy—a page torn from the great drama of humanity which calls for the sympathy and tears of the audience. Madame X is a woman beaten by the force of circumstances. She gave herself the first little shove that started her on the down grade, ignorant of her ultimate fate; fought hard to regain her foothold at first, but ultimately was swept away by a tide she could not breast. One's sympathy is not aroused by tricks of melodrama; a deathbed confession and a tearful pardon. One sees the woman who might have been—the woman she wished to be, in the human wreck who is tried for murder in the last act because she shot a man who would have disclosed her identity to a brilliant young lawyer who is her son. And the young lawyer, winning his spurs at the bar, defends the mysterious Madame X, winning her acquittal by his impassioned appeal to the jury, but just at the last the husband and son are made aware of the woman's identity, and her frail life is ended in the arms of the son who has saved as much of her reputation as remained.

The role of Madame X has proved a great personal triumph for Miss Dorothy Donnelly; in fact her playing of this one part has been sufficient to place her in the front rank of our actresses. Her absinthe drinking, her smoking, her coarsened, maudlin speech her devitalised walk and postures—all lend a terrible reality to the part by their realism. Raymond Elliott as the son, the young lawyer, is excellent in the great court scene, and Robert Drouet as Louis Floriot, President of the Toulouse Court and the husband of the woman who drifted out of his life and down to the dregs of humanity, is well cast. Malcolm Williams as Larogue, an adventurer, plays his part in a highly original and creditable manner. The balance of the company is satisfactory and helps to win deserved popularity.

ANOTHER play which has stood the test so well that it is just commencing its second season here is "The Lily." It is an adaptation by David Belasco from the French, and has been produced and cast with all the skill of that unusual artist. "The Lily" served to introduce Miss Nance O'Neil to New York audiences, under the Belasco management. Miss O'Neil has long been well known in Canada and elsewhere as an actress of great natural talent. The acquire-



Dorothy Donnelly, as "Madame X" and Raymond Elliott, as "William Floriot."

ment of her services by Mr. Belasco was not surprising. He has a way of spotting talent and developing it, and Miss O'Neil could not have come under better management than that of the man who was responsible for the development of such stars as David Warfield, Mrs. Leslie Carter, and others.

"The Lily" deals with the country life of a French family, that of Comte de Maigny. There are two daughters and a son, besides the Comte, who is a selfish, inconsiderate and domineering father, who considers that the first duty of a daughter is to look after his welfare and attend to his every want. He is a slave to all the outworn conventions of family life. His daughters are allowed to see practically no one, and are never absent from home for any length of time. Yet the

father, who is so unreasonably strict, is known to "set a pace" whenever he visits Paris. One of the daughters, Odette, has become a slave to the household duties. She bears traces of a wasted youthful beauty. The younger daughter still knows the joys of life.

Near the home of the Comte de Maigny there lives a young artist, Georges Arnaud, and he and the younger daughter, Christiane, have frequently met when she has been riding on her bicycle through the nearby country. They fall in love, and meet clandestinely, often in his studio. In some way a rumour reaches the ears of de Maigny and a stormy scene comes and the climax in the third act, during which Odette voices all her repressed bitterness for her own wasted life, defending her sister from the rage of the father. It is the one

opportunity Miss O'Neil has in the play, and she makes the most of it. Eventually the father is persuaded by the reasonable family friend, Huzar, to go off to Paris; the artist agrees to leave the neighbourhood, and peace is restored in the household.

"The Lily" is a very true picture of one phase of family life, and the interest of the spectators is held throughout. It is well acted and splendidly produced. Julia Dean, as Christiane, the younger daughter, plays her part well. Charles Cartwright, as the Comte de Maigny, of reduced circumstances, but as proud and haughty as ever, is admirable; and Bruce McRae, as Huzar, the family friend, plays the part in accordance with the best traditions of what a family friend should be.

"The Lily" is at the Belasco Theatre, which was last year known as the Stuyvesant.

A DARING EXPERIMENT IN CITY GOVERNMENT

An Address on the Edmonton Commission System Delivered at the Convention of the Union of Alberta Municipalities, held at Wetaskiwin, Alberta.

By ALDERMAN WILFRID GARIÉPY

MOST of us, if not all, have come to this country with a view to bettering our condition, confident that here our efforts will meet with immediate and profitable returns. The west is a country of wonders. It is true that we live in an age of electricity and of almost unbelievable scientific discovery. Take Edmonton as an instance, in less than ten years her population has grown from three to thirty thousand souls; her assessment has jumped to \$30,000,000 and her territory has come to cover nine square miles. Real estate which could but recently have been purchased at practically nominal prices, is being almost daily sold at figures which cause the eastern people to comment on our extreme enthusiasm and exaggeration. Still there is no drop, no reaction, all this progress is steady, and seems beyond a doubt sound and of a permanent nature. What I quote as happening in the capital of our province is the history all over the west. Calgary is becoming a city of the Winnipeg and Vancouver class. All along the C. and E. railway line you see towns developing as by enchantment. In this country we sow and we reap in the true sense of the word. In less than the life time of an ordinary man he is liable to see a village, a town or a city spring up on the bare prairie.

Such rapid strides make it difficult for municipalities to keep pace with the needs of their population. Sidewalks have to be built, streets have to be paved, police and fire protection has to be secured. All other kind of services must be brought to greater efficiency. That means an expenditure of more money and a heavier tax on the ratepayer. Under such circumstances what should be done so as not to unduly burden the home population at the profit of absent vacant land owners or later comers in the municipality? That is a problem that the fathers of the Edmonton charter have attempted to solve by adopting almost exclusively the single tax system. That is they tax the land only and do not take at all in consideration the improvements thereon. The object is to dwarf wild speculation and encourage the owner to build on his property. Mr. Fisher, secretary of our board of trade, stated recently: "The most striking proof of the general satisfaction with the way in which our system of taxation works out, is the fact that out of a total assessment of approximately \$30,000,000 in 1910, only one appeal against the assessment has been carried to the courts."

Origin of Single Tax.

THE last May number of the "World's Work" contained an interview of a reporter of the publication with Mr. W. Short, ex-mayor of Edmonton, in which the latter said: "I got my ideas from the peculiar needs of our city. I did not know who Henry George was, and the term 'single tax' was at that time outside my vocabulary. Out here was our city growing up by itself, a thousand miles from Winnipeg, isolated in our far western position. We seemed to belong to no one in particular, and no one would assume the responsibilities for us. We worked it ourselves, and worked out our problems the best way we knew how. We were cut off from the world in a way, and had the right to try our experiments in our own city if we wanted to. We did want to, and we are trying. So far we think we have been successful."

One feature of municipal life which is developing into a chronic danger is eastern towns and cities is the fact that public utilities, such as street railway, electric light, gas plants and the like, are the property of private concerns, whose main object is to obtain the greatest profit in supplying the community with which they deal. We all know about the troubles of the city of Montreal with the Montreal Light, Heat and Power company, and of the city of Toronto with the Toronto Street Railway company. How are we in the west to avoid the mistakes which Montreal and Toronto made in their early beginnings?

Municipal Ownership.

EDMONTON controls all her public utilities. She has her telephone (automatic), her electric light, her street railway, her power, her incinerator, her scavenging, her waterworks, her sewerage to the exclusion of any other system within her boundary. She owns extensive exhibition grounds and buildings, and also an isolation hospital. No franchise of any kind has been granted within Edmonton.

But by reason of these undertakings and of the special mode of taxation adopted, it became essential to devise some plan of civic government which would differ from the town council pattern with its administration through committees. It is too clear that there must be a barrier between the power of the ordinary councillor and the appointment of an employee on the street railway system, if the system is expected to pay its own way. The patronage and other abuses of the same kind are too well known to need any extensive comment.

Mr. Short, together with Mr. Justice Beck, then our city solicitor, men of renowned and undoubted legal abilities, with the help of Mr. W. H. Biggar, an expert in municipal law, and Mr. J. G. Kinnaird, drafted the Edmonton charter. In 1904 it became law, thereby making Edmonton a city. That law is a monument as well from a political as from a legal standpoint, and a splendid example of advanced legislation. It is unique, it is a landmark in municipal history. Edmonton was the first city to be incorporated between Winnipeg and Vancouver and her charter was the first of its kind to be granted to any municipality in any country. It has defects, it is undoubtedly perfectible, but taken as a whole, it deserves praise, and if given a fair trial, it will prove satisfactory.

The underlying principle is that an effort is made to keep the administrative and legislative powers absolutely distinct and separate, and to give to the administrative body of the city's government a somewhat permanent character. To speak the language of ex-Alderman J. H. Picard, of Edmonton, our charter was designed with special regard to the question of municipal ownership and with a view to conserving the benefits of our public utilities for the citizens by providing for operation and management on sound business principles. It was evident that this management and control should be exercised by a body with more continuous existence and practical training than the elected council which is subject to change and is of necessity invariably composed of men who have other business interests absorbing their time and energies. Conservation is the first law of nature and while desirous of granting the people adequate control, and

while absolutely imbued with a spirit of democracy, we wanted properly to safeguard the millions invested in our civic enterprises.

Our charter has been called the coat of Joseph, with patches of Henry George, English civic schemes and Galveston adaptation—patches of all shades, shapes, sizes, colours, descriptions and imaginations.

It provides for the election of a council composed of a mayor and a certain number of aldermen, not less than eight nor more than twenty. The exact number of aldermen is determined by bylaw of the council; the mayor is elected for a year, and aldermen for two years, one half of them going out of office every year and aldermen as well as mayor being elected by the city at large, as we have no wards. At present we have eight aldermen. The opinion has been expressed that the larger the council, the better it will work; better men will become members of it, meetings will be fewer in number and questions of broader interest will be taken up for consideration.

The charter provides also for the appointment of one or more commissioners. The mayor is a commissioner ex-officio, and the appointed commissioners may be removed by the council on a two-thirds vote practically for any reason whatsoever. At this moment in Edmonton we have two appointed commissioners, one of them possesses expert knowledge respecting our public utilities and receives an annual salary of \$10,000.

The powers of the council may be said to be supreme and almost unlimited, since it has the appointment and removal of the commissioners in its gift. There is always the guiding star of public opinion, which operates as a check either way, preventing the council from entering the commissioners' province and the commissioners from using their somewhat extraordinary discretion in a manner not compatible with the wishes of the people. The council should legislate and settle principles of policy and there is no limit to its powers of initiative, whereas the commissioners as a body execute the orders of the council and in a general way administer the affairs of the city. The success of the system lies in a proper understanding of the respective functions, rights and duties of the council and commission.

Backing Them Up.

THE commissioners stand in a very unenviable position because their action in some cases is bound to displease a certain number of ratepayers, who will feel disappointed and attempt some revenge.

It becomes the duty of well meaning citizens, once a commissioner is appointed, to give him a fair show and to support him in the stand he takes as long as his actions are reasonable and in the public interest. The commissioners should be a unit; that is based on the theory of the cabinet as understood under the British constitution. Just as truly as the King can do no wrong, the individual member of the government, under British institutions, is as blameless as the whole government itself. The government as a whole assumes the responsibility of everything that is done either by the government or by any of its members, as long as they are acting in their official capacity. We find no difficulty in holding Sir Wilfrid liable for any opin-

ion on public questions expressed by his minister, Hon. Frank Oliver. Our charter has endeavoured to introduce this principle of imperial, federal and provincial government into the municipal administration of our city. The principle is sound. I cannot say that in Edmonton things in this regard work exactly as they should. It is clear that the position of a commissioner will be made much stronger, and he will be more liable to give the best of himself in advising or doing his work if his opinion and his actions are not considered personal to himself, but are those of the body to which he belongs.

Moreover solidarity between its members improves and strengthens the standing of the body itself, because the council and the public will hesitate and carefully think the matter over before overruling the views of the commissioner when these views are presented and advocated by the commission as a whole.

The administration of the city is divided into a certain number of departments, over each of which presides a head, called superintendent of the department in question. We have a superintendent of waterworks, a superintendent of street railway, and so forth. The employees of each department are appointed by the commissioners on the recommendation of the head thereof and with the exception of the solicitor, the secretary treasurer, the assessor and the auditor, the commissioners have the power of appointment and removal of superintendents subject of course at any time to the interference of the council. The salaries are fixed by the council on the recommendation of the commissioners. All moneys paid to or by the city pass through the hands of an official called the city treasurer, and no payment is made unless recommended by the superintendent of the department concerned and approved by the commissioners and authorised by the auditor and the council.

The superintendents report to the commissioners, who in turn report to the council and at any time the council may ask the commissioners for a report on any conceivable matter. The commissioners can make any recommendation or suggestion and the council accepts or rejects the same as it sees fit. The commissioners meet three times a week and the council twice a month.

Our municipality has often been compared to a company, our ratepayers being assimilated to shareholders, our council to a board of directors and the commissioners to managing directors. The comparison is good provided it is not carried too far. A company exists for a definite object, which is the making of profit in the carrying out of a specific undertaking. The municipality, on the contrary, is a body corporate and politic, established by law to share in the civic government of the country. That is its main purpose, and it is only incidentally and as by accident that it undertakes to supply utilities and facilities of human life, and engages in business upon municipal capital.

Handling the Debt.

IN carrying out our public ownership policy a heavy debt has been contracted by our city. Of course we have assets to offset the outlay, and adequate compensation arises from the fact that we have good service at a minimum cost.

The amount of the debenture debt of the city at any time shall not exceed 20 per cent of the total amount of the last revised assessment.

The council has the power to decide on the expenditure of moneys taken off the current year's revenue.

Other expenditures, being for improvements of a somewhat permanent character, must be submitted to the ratepayers for their approval in the form of a bylaw. This, with the annual election, gives the people the lever they want to keep their representatives within such bounds as they deem wise. It has happened in Edmonton as in other municipalities, in Calgary for instance, where city hall bylaws met an adverse fate, that money bylaws submitted by the council to the burgesses have been voted down.

The assessment is made by an official called assessor, and from his decision lies an appeal, first to the commissioners, second to the council, and third to a judge. Our present assessor, Mr. McMillan, is possessed of a wide experience and a sound judgment. His Scotch tenacity has rendered the city many good turns. Lands are assessed at their fair actual value, their situation being the greatest factor and the improvements not being considered at all. The taxes are levied upon, first, the land, second, business, third, income, and fourth, special franchise. The tax on special franchise is very small indeed. The income of every person up to the amount of \$1,000 is exempt. The mode of assessing businesses is by fixing a rate per square foot on each building of part thereof used for business pur-

poses, and a somewhat arbitrary classification is made of the different businesses, a different rate being fixed for the different classes. Such classification is made and such rate is struck by the assessor subject to the approval of the council. Certain lines of business may be licensed but no business pays both a license and a tax.

To qualify as a voter, the requirements are very light. In voting upon referred bylaws a burgess who is assessed in respect of land for \$200.00 or upwards up to \$2,000 is entitled to one vote; for \$2,000 or upwards up to \$5,000 to two votes; for \$5,000 or upwards up to \$8,000, to three votes, and a burgess so assessed for \$8,000 or upwards, for four votes.

One noticeable feature of our charter is the fact that women as well as men, provided they are otherwise qualified, are entitled to vote in our municipal elections. Still, strange to say, women are not eligible to any office, and Edmonton does not as yet stand with Aldeburgh, England, which in 1909 had the honour to have a woman mayor.

Should Commissioners be Elected.

OFTEN the question is asked: "Would it not be better if your commissioners were elected by the people rather than appointed by the council?" Economists and writers on constitutional law assert that persons on whom devolve administrative duties should not be dependent on the ballot of the people for their official existence. Stable tenure of office, under good conduct, is of itself a potent incentive, and when secure in his position provided he acts properly, a commissioner will accomplish his duty with all the care, ability and honesty of which he is capable. Important citizens in Winnipeg, in Toronto, and in Montreal have stated that they find it unfortunate that their controllers should be elected by the people. It was only recently that in Winnipeg two controllers almost publicly quarrelled over municipal questions. When controllers or commissioners have to court the favour of the people, it is clear that they will at times indulge in some grand stand play. On the other hand, an election often means a change, and is it not antagonistic to the public good that commissioners should be exposed to removal at the caprice of a political campaign? Numerous are the exceptionally well qualified men who might accept an appointment, but who will not care to go through the fire of popular election. Generally men of specific knowledge are not good mixers, good vote getters; how could they fight with any degree of success the indomitable ward politician who is all smile and taffy?

There is no fear of the appointed commissioners becoming autocratic and forming a kind of oligarchy. The council who is directly responsible to the electors is always there to execute its mandate, answer the public's call and dismiss the commissioners if needs be; besides, the burgesses have to be consulted on referred bylaws, and by a negative vote may show their dissatisfaction of the manner in which things are handled.

Municipal government by commission only does not compare to that of a commission and council as we have it in Edmonton. The municipality idea, as we understand it in Canada, partakes of the nature of autonomy, of self government, and is altogether British in its nature. Although a country of English tongue, the American Republic does not as fully as we do, grasp the true essence of a municipality. A town or city in the States is often considered an appendix of the state government. The mayor is expected to answer the call of the governor or speaker; the cause of that is possibly the fact that in the United States municipal elections are being waged on party lines, and the same organisation elects or defeats for the house of assembly, the senate or for the municipal council. As to the victor belong the spoils, when a party, be it democrat, republican or populist, is turned out of power, all the officials from the city clerk down to the pound keeper are dismissed, and replaced by friends of the majority. In a large measure the favour shown to the Des Moines system in the United States is due to the expectation that it will eradicate such patronage abuses and permit commissioners to be elected on their merits rather than for their political affiliations. In April last at Montreal, Hon. C. J. Bonaparte, attorney general in the late Roosevelt administration, said in part:

"Everywhere (in the United States) the conduct of public affairs has fallen into the hands of the least estimable and least trustworthy classes. Everywhere we find in the management of public business wastefulness, inefficiency and frequent scandals."

In Alberta municipal life these evils are practically unknown and conditions are bright and prosperous. The Des Moines system is not so simple

as it looks on the surface. The cities which have adopted it have attempted with debatable success, to devise methods to properly check the powers of the commissioners between elections, because checks there must be.

Compared With Des Moines.

IN the city of Des Moines the mayor may veto any decision of the commission and that proves an endless source of troubles. Again each commissioner is elected to fill a specific office, for instance superintendent of the police or of the road department, and that provision also is pregnant of unpleasant and regrettable results. In Iowa there is a general law based on the Des Moines system, applying to municipalities within the state. Under its terms, side by side with the board of commissioners elected to administer the affairs of the town or city, exists another board also elected by the people, whose functions consist in appointing and promoting employees after examination. Where is under such arrangements the guarantee of order and good understanding, where is the protection against clash and friction? As to the power of initiative, recall and referendum which are essentials of the Des Moines system, the words suggest the idea—the people may initiate legislation, vote on legislation initiated by their representatives, and revoke the mandate of any elected person.

The Toronto Star recently wrote: "Among the people who have made a fetish of elections, the Americans are probably the most completely superstitious." In Des Moines, if a commissioner gets in disfavour, on petition of a certain percentage of the voters, he may at any time be removed from office. With such a sword of Damocles hanging over his head how can a commissioner use his better judgment and display some independence? In our growing communities, where population and ideas are constantly changing, such a principle if carried into effect would be fraught with dangers and would lead to continuous turmoil. Too frequent elections are conducive to anarchy rather than to order and true progress.

The Edmonton charter provides for a basis of referendum which appears to be sufficiently broad, namely in cases of contracting debts not payable within the current year granting special franchises, bonusing or exempting from taxation and buying or carrying on certain classes of undertakings.

In other matters the annual election, the publicity of the proceedings, the right of petition, the influence of the press give the people protection, comfort and redress.

The Edmonton charter embodies the essential advantages stated to be included in the Des Moines system without containing any of its questionable features.

It places the government of the city in the hands of a small number of men of undoubted and tested abilities, who move within a sphere where rash and passionate action is excluded and whose sole object is to show their qualifications by results; leaving them at all times answerable to a body elected to represent the views of the ratepayers, pass legislation, settle general policies and see that the programme mapped out by them as mouthpiece of the people is properly executed by the commissioners under pain of immediate dismissal. It is an imitation of our provincial system of government where the house of assembly legislates and the cabinet is the executive body.

Taken all in all, if our system fails, the fault should be attributed to the men not to the method. Clever and competent men should be induced to seek municipal honours and in that regard there seems in late years to have been considerable improvement.

As Lord Rosebery says: "There used to be a cheap sneer at municipal matters by calling them parochial. But my belief is that every day that passes over us the great municipalities of this country are growing in power, in influence and in majesty. Their offices are daily more coveted, their honours daily more cherished, and their work expands every hour in usefulness and benefit to the country at large. The time is not remote when men who wish to do the public service will prefer even to do it in a municipal rather than in parliamentary life."

No Charge

A MISERLY acquaintance of the famous English physician Abernethy once tried to obtain free advice by relating his own symptoms in the guise of a hypothetical "case." "Now, Abernethy, what would you advise the man to do?"

"Consult a physician," said the brusque practitioner.

DEMI - TASSE

Newslets.

PRESIDENT TAFT would be so pleased if some one would ask Colonel Roosevelt to spend the winter in Madagascar.

Toronto newspapers were entertained in Hamilton, and haven't been able to talk about anything but the mountain since their return. High Park seems so flat after an upward spin in a red automobile.

A Canadian newspaper announces that the Chinese are a nation of cooks. Ten thousand Canadian homes will ring up Pekin next week and ask how much a good plain cook will charge for services including transportation. No exclusion for the Asiatic who can broil a steak and fry onions.

Hon. A. B. Aylesworth is to be made a knight and will retire as Sir Allan. Why not create him a peer and give him the resounding title, Baron of the Newmarket Canal, or Earl of the Alaskan Award. King George may as well do the honours handsomely.

The Mayor of London, Ont., has had his pocket picked. Rural crimes are becoming terribly common.

A Little Lather.

THERE'S trouble in Ontario, The Globe is in a flutter, It really wants to know, you know, And makes a dreadful splutter.

The 'laundry' at Orillia, Is what it kicks about; It wants to have a laundry list And see the wash all out.

With Whitney's Compliments.

UNTO King George a basket went, "It did not fail to reach us, And thanks so much," the Sovereign said, "There were such lovely peaches."

The Exception.

A CYNIC had returned from a party in Toronto, given by some "new rich" citizens who were rather ostentatious but not given to the use of correct English.

"I suppose," said an inquiring friend, "that everything was very swell."

"It was," said the cynical youth with a yawn, "everything was observed except the rules of syntax."

Slightly Mixed.

THE tourist from Chicago usually makes herself seen and heard in the Old Land. One lady of such tendencies announced to a surprised audience in a London boarding-house that her husband had written to say that he was going to buy an automobile.

"I don't know whether he'll go in for a towering-car, or a running-around," said the voluble lady. "But one thing is certain, we'll have our own garbage."

No Ice Palace.

MONTREAL has decided to hold a carnival without an ice palace, since the latter structure is considered a poor advertisement for Canada.

Oh, no we never mention it, Its name is never heard; There's no one wishes now to speak, That once familiar word. In days gone by we took a pride In turrets cold and high, Which reared themselves in Montreal And pierced the wintry sky.

We may exult in carnivals, Upon the mountain side, But no ice palace rears its form O'er the toboggan slide. It gave us such a frozen look In photograph and card, That we discard Siberian stunts As something quite too hard.

As It Seems To Us.

PRESIDENT Taft's daughter Helen intends to stay home and help her mother this year instead of going back to college. Why doesn't she help her dad? He needs it more.

It is said that the hobble skirt is to be succeeded by the bolster slip or stove pipe gown, after which are to come the

HARD LINES



Indignant Swimmer (to well-meaning, but misguided rescuers): Go away, you idiots! I'm not shipwrecked, I'm —I'm swimming the Channel.—*The Tatler.*

following dresses: The barber pole, the grain sack, the inverted cone, the isosceles triangle and the egg cup.

And now it's the public health that's to be conserved. Next we'll hear of Mr. R. L. Borden conserving Conservative strength in Quebec.

The civic authorities of Toronto are likely to put an end to vaudeville performances in the moving picture theatres of the city, but it appears that there's still no move being made to put an end to the V. P.'s in the City Council meetings.

Uncle Sam is trying to dissolve the sugar trust. Well, if he can't dissolve that one, it looks hopeless to attempt to make the other trusts melt away.

Teddy Roosevelt is to visit Toronto next year. The City Hall tower has been wired against lightning, a high-pressure water service has been installed and the sea-wall is being hurried along, so the damage is expected to be comparatively light.

Ottawa is to have peat for fuel, the By-towners having given up the attempt to heat their homes with cut and split sections of the long dry speeches delivered in Parliament.

It is reported that at the recent race meet at the Blue Bonnets track, Montreal, the bookies dropped \$200,000. But

don't worry; it will bounce back to them at future meets.

Canada's Thanksgiving Day has been set for the 31st of October, and with Hallowe'en also coming on that date it looks as if we're in for something like Uncle Sam's "safe and sane fourth."

Saskatchewan wants more men for threshing her grain, and if they don't soon appear, the Saskatchewan women may adopt the feminine scheme of looking under the bed.

Generous with Titles.

YOU would have thought that the importance of the recent Eucharistic Congress and the prominence given to it in the press would have guaranteed that everybody would have had some idea of the position of the people prominent in it, but the experience of a Toronto publication says otherwise. The publication concerned was having cuts of Cardinal Vannutelli and Father Vaughan made at an engraving house. The foreman of the engraving firm was telephoned to and was asked what progress was being made on "those portrait cuts that are being made for us?"

"Wait a minute," said the foreman, and when he returned from a little trip of inquiry he sent over the telephone the startling question, "Was they two popes?"

"Carrying Coals to Newcastle."

THE joke is on Hon. Geo. P. Graham, who represents the City of Brockville in the House of Commons, and it's on him good and hard. It was while he looked about in the Hudson Bay Company's store at Pas Mission, on the Saskatchewan River, while on his recent trip that the joke was hung on him, and he appreciates it all the more because it was put on him so innocently.

The Minister of Railways saw some long-sleeved driving gloves that interested him, and he remarked to a friend that it might be a good scheme to buy some to take home to "the boys." Turning to the factor he asked, "Where do these gloves come from?"

And the factor answered, "From Brockville."

Profanity by Proxy.

A GOOD solid type of Western Ontario gentleman not long ago told of the only time when he had been guilty of profanity. He and a friend had gone fishing, and for some time luck was dead against them. At last, however, they seemed to be about to get at the one time the reward for their patience. Both corks were bobbing beautifully, and it was in the excitement of the moment that the man who was very careful of his language was trapped into a lapse.

"I've got a—good bite," said the friend eagerly, and with fully as much eagerness the man who never had indulged in unprintable talk whispered, "So have I."

Insulted the Goldfish.

THIS time it's the kindergarten that has furnished a school remark which deserves telling.

In the kindergartens of Toronto, globes of goldfish are an interesting feature, and the feeding of the fish is a regular part of the pleasant kindergarten routine. In the present instance the fish had been given breakfast, and the teacher had called the children back to their places. One little fellow who had started his school experience that morning, lingered near the goldfish.

"Come along, Bobby," said the teacher. "We're going to sing."

In a drawling voice, and with a tone that indicated greater interest in the fish than in the singing, Bobby said, "All right. I was just looking at your sardines for a minute."

Good Cooking Makes A Happy Home

Is anything more irritating than to spend hours of careful thought and preparation on a dish or a meal, only to have everything spoiled in cooking? Nothing is more disappointing than to have to set such a meal before your husband—nothing is more embarrassing when a guest is present.

How different it is when everything comes out just right—done to a turn—perfect. How good and proud it makes you feel—makes up for the whole day's worries. How it cheers your husband—tired from his hard days' work. How it ends the day right for the whole family.

Why not have such a meal always. You can—easily.



Stoves & Ranges

make good cooking sure. Their special patent double flue distributes the heat over every part of the oven—baking everything absolutely evenly. With a Gurney-Oxford the under crust is always done as well as the upper—both perfectly.

In addition to perfect baking the Gurney-Oxford offers many other decided advantages.

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Found only on the Gurney-Oxford, keeps your fire burning continually and evenly and saves 20% of your coal bill.

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The Gurney Foundry Co.
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Please send me your catalog descriptive of Steel or Cast Iron Ranges. (Indicating which by underscoring.)

NAME

ADDRESS.....

44

THE CANADIAN BABY

In a few days, the Conservation Commission is to hold a Session at Ottawa, to consider the Conservation of Canadian Men and Women. They will also consider the question of the Conservation of the Canadian Baby. This article is dedicated to the Grand Men and Women who will attend that Conference, in the hope that it may help them in their discussions.

By MAIN JOHNSTON



THIS is the age of shows. There are horse shows and automobile shows, cat shows and dog shows—all the time! It is only at long intervals, however, that there is a humanity show. It is probably for this reason that the Baby Show at the Canadian National Exhibition on Labour Day created a lively interest, which has not died out yet.

There have been a few somewhat similar events before, but none on such a scale as this. Over three hundred babies were on exhibition, many of whom came from widely separated points in Canada. There were naturally many funny incidents in connection with the show. You cannot bring three hundred babies to one place without having lots of excitement. There were the nervous mothers and the boasting mothers, the quiet babies and the crying babies, and, on every side, the crowds of interested spectators, to whom the whole affair was better than a circus.

The amusement passes, but the permanent results remain. The Baby Show proved to be a distinct encouragement for those interested in Canadian social problems. It proved without a doubt that it is possible to bring up children in the cities of Canada, who will compare favourably with those anywhere in the world. The six babies who won the main prizes were all from the city of Toronto, and not from country districts.

Every one of the eight doctors who acted as judges agreed that the standard of excellence was remarkably high.

"It was simply a revelation to me," declared one of them.

"I have had experience with babies in Great Britain and Europe, but I have never seen such a good average. The muscular development in the majority of cases was really surprising, and, as a concomitant of this, there were signs of a healthy mental state. The eyes were bright and keen, and revealed a quick brain within."

It might be objected that these babies were "hand picked," so to speak, and that it is not fair to base judgments upon them. In one sense, they were chosen, of course, for no mother would bring a baby who was suffering from a disease. On the other hand, a mother's opinion of her child is often an exaggerated one, and she, in her fondness, might think her baby perfect—but the doctors quite possibly would hold a different view. For example, she might rely on its prettiness or its rolls of fat, which are not always a proof of health.

These children, however, came from all classes of the community, and in such numbers that it might be expected reasonably that some of them would be decidedly mediocre or worse.

In view of these facts, the doctors' unqualified praise is all the more significant.

Another feature of special interest is the fact that the majority of the front rank babies were the children of mothers who had come here from Great Britain. The doctors remarked upon this at the time, and the writer followed up the suggestion by asking the mothers of the six prize babies, where they themselves had been born.

Replies were received from five of them. One had been born in Berlin, Ontario; the other four had come from Great Britain, three from England and one from Scotland.

"There is a reason for that," declared one of the medical men, "and one which it would be worth while for Canadians to consider seriously. The majority of Old Country women are not as 'sophisticated' as our mothers here. They live more simply, and they do not spend their time in reading baby books, and consulting the clock to know when to give the child its next bottle of baby food.

"Without one exception, every one of the particularly fine babies at the Exhibition had been fed from nature's fountain!"

At any rate, wherever the babies or their

mothers came from, they are all Canadians now, and it has been demonstrated that healthy children can be reared in the cities. The Baby Show will, in all probability, be an annual event hereafter at the Exhibition. It will doubtless do much good. If it is considered important to watch the development of horses and dogs, surely it is of far greater value to consider the question of the children. Unfortunately, all babies are not like those at the Show. Many of them, as everyone knows too well, are weak and sickly.

There is no problem more vital to any country than the health of its children. If the Baby Show attracts attention to this element of the population, if it does anything towards the rearing of bright, laughing, well developed boys and girls, it should receive every encouragement, not only in Toronto, but throughout the country.

None But the Brave

By ALICE LUCILLA FAIRWEATHER

From Miss Polly Morton of New York to her friend Grace Fletcher, of the same city.

At Sea, January 17th, 190—

Dearest Grace,—Such an indefinite address as the one mentioned above, and yet it is all I can tell you of our "whereabouts." We have been out four days and have had very rough weather. The wind has tried to see in how many ways it could blow, and the result has been much unhappiness among the passengers. Mrs. James has not left her cabin, and Susy's sole conversation consists of groans and resolves never to go on board a ship again.

I am fortunate in being a good sailor, (remember our last trip across) and have been making the acquaintance of some of my fellow-passengers.

There are the usual types of people that one invariably meets travelling—The old man and his young over-dressed wife—the fussy man who complains of the food—the talkative woman who has taken the trip before, and wants to tell you all about it. At the table I am placed beside a very young man who, so far, has not ventured a single remark, even the weather.

Oddly enough, there are two men I know on board. One is George Baxter, a college chum of cousin Fred's, and the other is Mr. Campbell, who I met two years ago in Boston. You may be sure I am thankful for two such nice companions. Some of the ladies are very kind, but there are so

many ways a man can make himself useful on board ship, and these two do not neglect any opportunities. I will write again after we leave Cuba.

Lovingly as always,

POLLY.

Somewhere in the Tropics, February 27th, 190—

Dearest Grace,—You have seen all the wonders of these Islands, so I won't waste time describing scenery. Mrs. James and Susy are enjoying the trip at last, and Susy looks much better, though she is far from strong yet.

I have been well looked after by Mr. Campbell and Mr. Baxter. I don't know which I like the better of the two, and my dear, it has reached that point where I shall soon have to decide. Why will men propose on board ship? It is so awkward. It is a help to write to you even though you can't reach me to advise me. You see I like them both so much. George Baxter appeals to my ideal of manly strength, both of body and character, while Mr. Campbell seems to understand and sympathise with my thoughts and ambitions.

Next day.

My dear I have decided, or rather *the rat* decided for me. After an exciting night and morning, I will try to tell you all about it.

Last night I had just got to sleep, when Susy suddenly awakened me by saying, in a weak voice, "Polly, I know there is a rat in the room." You know how terrified I am even of a mouse, but I pretended to be brave, and lighting the light, I chased out, with the help of an umbrella, a horrible rat. All was quiet for a few minutes, and then, from the next state room, where my two lovers were, came sounds of canes rattling and boots being thrown about, evidently the rat had visited them. Presently, through the curtain I saw Mr. Campbell, fully dressed, standing in the passage, and in our door rushed the rat once more. Susy and I shrieked, "Oh, come and kill it," and what do you think he said, "I'll go and get a cat, Miss Morton," and off he went somewhere. I should not care if I never saw him again. A second later the rat ran into the passage, George killed it with a heavy cane, and peace was restored for the night.

I could not tell even my dearest friend all that happened next morning, but George says he will never forget what a picture I looked in my pink kimona, and I know I could not refuse when he asked me if he might always look after and protect me. I shall never say I hate rats again.

Your very happy

POLLY.



Prize Babies and Proud Mothers at the Toronto Exhibition

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

The Wind.

I AM the wind! Make way!
I have rushed through the dark back places
Where the dust of the ages lay,
I have breathed into weary faces
With a breath from the Heart of Day.
I have whispered of unknown graces
To the dwellers in Earth's dark places.
I am the Wind! Make way!

I am the Wind! Stand by!
I must toss and hustle and harry
Where the leaves of the forest lie.
I must fetch and bustle and carry
From the ground to the roof of the sky,
I may never have time to tarry,
There are numberless things to carry,
I am the Wind! Stand by!

I am the Wind! Ah, me!
I have sobbed with the children's crying,
I have laughed at the height of their glee,
I have lived with the sad and the dying,
I have rocked in the arms of the sea,
And I know there is reason for sighing,
For I thrill with the children's crying,
I am the Wind! Ah, me!

—Constance Morgan, in *Westminster Gazette*.

The Late Garden.

THE purchase of a "fern-pan" every few months does not make the purchaser a gardener. Neither does the flourishing result of P. O. orders to the favourite florist in the guise of monster hanging baskets. The people who board their palms and rubber plants out know little of the true pleasures of gardening. At any rate, there is no excitement in these cases for there can be no disappointments and no possibilities. Here in the last months, horticulturally speaking, of the year, many are the suggestions of the spring to come—not so far away after all—in the popping of balsam seeds, the shoots of peonies and creepers, the mustering of gourds on the kitchen vine. The nasturtiums which we thought were finally over, have taken a new life, and are blooming healthily once more. The snapdragon is sending up three or four promising branches of blossom. The geraniums are in magnificent leaf even if deficient in flowers, while begonias and coriopsis and golden glow have still their final glory of colour to bequeath. Nature will play the game to the end, as she always does; holding back a trump card, as it were, whether of one late rose, or a queenly truss of geranium, or the purple throat of the petunia, or the red-veined leaf of the Virginia creeper. Nature is always getting her house in order but particularly so in the fall of the year. The garden really suggests or resembles a spacious proscenium. The trees and grass supply the stage of fittings, while in the earth and on the fences and around the shrubbery are little rolls, bales, boxes, bags, pods and baskets of new scenery to be made ready for the spring. The crocus, the tulip, the daffodil, the hyacinth, the bleeding heart, and the English violet are all biding their time and will be quite ready, "letter-perfect" in fact by the time they are wanted. They know their parts, be sure, and the prompter's "call" is never needed.

The Toronto Horticultural Society had an Exhibition the third week of Sept., held in the Allan Gardens, but as the Palm House is not yet completed, the flowers and fruit were on view in a tent. The conditions therefore were not absolutely successful, but some of the showings most interesting. The latest thing in dahlias looked precisely like chrysanthemums and so did the asters. Home-grown peaches from Admiral road attracted much attention. The gladiolus in a multitude of bewildering colour-combination had evidently been cultivated with great care and perseverance. One missed some flowers of twenty odd years ago. Where were the pelargoniums? The wallflowers! The oleanders! But gallant cockscombs were there and the scarlet poker-flower, and the frilly hollyhocks and a few beautiful roses. The smaller the flower, the longer apparently, the name. That is a good story told of Sydney Smith the irrepressible. "Madam," said he to a lady who was fond of her flowers and used (not very accurately) the botanical names, "have you the *Psoriasis septennis*?" "No," she returned very innocently, "I had it last winter and I gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and

it came out beautifully in the spring." *Psoriasis septennis*, is the medical name for a trying and unusual disease!—"Seranus."

Fashions in Fans.

THE fact that Queen Mary has lately expressed her willingness to accept a fan of all British make, reminds one of the fact of how greatly fashions in fans have altered of recent years.

No longer do debutantes and dowagers alike carry heavy fans of huge dimensions, made of immense ostrich feathers, and mounted upon heavy tortoiseshell sticks.

Fans of to-day have grown very much smaller, though by no means less ornamental, than they were ten or fifteen years ago. At the present moment the favourite fan is one of somewhat small proportions, made of painted skin or muslin, and real lace, which is mounted upon beautifully carved and gilded sticks made of mother-o'-pearl ivory.

Such fans grow more artistic each year, and may cost practically any sum from a couple of



Up at the Pas, the little town in Keewatin, where the Minister of Railways turned the first sod of the Hudson's Bay Railway, the other day, there are few native whites. However, the little girl in this picture is one of them. She is seen holding the hand of Mrs. Graham, wife of the Minister of Railways, and posing for the Courier photographer.

guineas upwards. For if a woman likes to be extravagant, she can indulge in the luxurious whim of the moment, which consists of having her crest, her monogram, her cypher, or her whole name outlined in precious stones, or in gold, upon the outer stick of the fan she carries.

Even tiny little fans of miniature proportions mounted upon light tortoiseshell sticks bearing hand-painted designs executed upon chicken's skin are often adorned with a diamond cypher and carried attached to a long gold or diamond chain. These are generally reserved for day use, and from this fashion has sprung a fad indulged in by a great many smart women of having different coloured paper fans to match their frocks, and painted with their particular monogram or cypher.

These they use to collect the autographs of distinguished people or of friends with whom they lunch, dine, picnic, or spend a memorable day. Indeed, the autograph fan of to-day threatens to become every whit as great a nuisance as the autograph album did in our grandmothers' time, for original verses and sketches are quite as eagerly sought after by the possessor of the autograph fan as by those who pursued their friends wanting contributions of wit and wisdom for their albums.

As wedding presents, rare fans of historic value, or of great antiquity, are in constant demand; for,

although very valuable fans are nowadays seldom used in ballrooms, where they run the risk of being easily broken or mislaid, there is scarcely one well-known woman in society who does not own a cabinet full of rare and valuable fans, the majority of which have been presented to her at the time of her marriage.

Queen's Own Visit Madame Tussaud's.

THROUGH the kindness of his directors, Mr. John Tussaud was enabled to issue an invitation to Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt and party and the whole of the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada to Madame Tussaud's exhibition during their four days' holiday in London from the 13th to 16th of this month. Mr. Tussaud received the guests upon their arrival at the great "Red House" in Marylebone Road. Each soldier was presented with a souvenir, catalogue, and postcards, containing views of some of the striking features of the exhibition. Special invitation cards were sent out, bearing in the centre the maple leaf, surrounded by Tussaud's familiar red circlet, surmounted by a crown. These will make pretty souvenirs for our soldier boys to bring home to their friends from the Old Land.

A Princess's Seaside Colony.

MANY stories are told of the King and Queen of Italy's little daughter, Princess Iolanda, after whom one of the richest American millionaires has, through the influence of Sir Thomas Lipton, been granted permission to name his magnificent steam yacht, which is the latest thing in luxury afloat.

It is not, however, generally known that the Queen of Italy who is very anxious to train her daughters in the work of charity, some time ago gave her little girl a charming cottage which overlooks the sea at Santa Marinella, in Italy, and which is known as "The Princess Iolanda's Seaside Colony."

Here thirty poor children—boys and girls—are being maintained and educated by Her Majesty. The little children are popularly spoken of as the "Children of the Queen," and Her Majesty not only takes a very real and motherly interest in them, but she makes her little daughters do the same.

The Princess Iolanda every Christmas sends the colony a gift of her own needlework, which generally takes the form of some useful garments, or else some dolls which she has dressed for the children to play with.

The Queen's Own.

THERE can be no doubt that the loyalty of many a British subject is strengthened by such incidents as the one recently recounted in the *London Athenaeum*. One day, toward the end of Queen Victoria's life, the queen was passing through a naval hospital, and paused at the bedside of a dying sailor. With tears in her eyes, she asked him if she could do anything for him.

"No, your Majesty" was the reply, "I am past that; but will you thank the nurse who has been so kind to me?"

Upon the instant Her Majesty turned to the watching nurse, and raising her voice, that all the ward might hear, said, "I thank you very much for your kindness to my son."

The Kaiser and Votes for Women.

IT is a well-known fact in German official circles that the Kaiser is following the modern feminist movement with no small attention. Speaking of him in connection with this matter a writer in *M. A. P.* says that up to the present His Majesty has observed the strictest reticence on the subject in his public utterances; as a matter of fact, in all his speeches during the last year or two he has studiously steered clear of controversial politics.

Nevertheless, the Emperor is by no means averse from discussing women's suffrage with his intimate friends. It appears that he is a keen advocate of opening up new avenues of activity for women. He would place them entirely on the same level as men. He would remove all the obstacles which now stand in the way of women earning their living.

In His Majesty's opinion, modern conditions compel women to enter fields of labour undreamt of thirty years ago; this being the case, it is necessary to educate them for every walk of life. Grammar schools should be open for them, and also all the higher grade universities.

On the political side of the question, the Kaiser's opinions are not so advanced. In short, he candidly abhors the idea of women entering the field of politics, and views with much distrust the spread of the movement in England and America.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Secrets.
By MAY TURNER.

WHEN I pass Linda's house and put a pebble on the gate, It means, "I have to hurry on. Don't look for me, nor wait." And when I fix my ribbon bow in just a certain way, It means, "Come over to my house this afternoon, and play." Then if I leave undone the topmost button of my shoe, It means, "The rain will spoil our fun. Whatever shall we do?" It really wouldn't matter much if everybody knew; And yet, it's very pleasant, having secrets as we do!

—*Youth's Companion.*

nice numbers, these had to say, like the Romans with their letters, 'Next-door neighbour.' For they had borrowed them from the people who lived in India. The Chinese people, who lived next door on the other side of India, had taken a few, too; but they did not take them all, only enough to multiply with, so that every big number as they wrote it was a little example in multiplication. If they wanted to say thirty, they would write the queer Chinese sign for ten and then put a tiny number three high up on the left side for the multiplier.

How Wadi Made His Numbers.
By EDITH PERRY BODWELL.

ONE day in a primary school the children were making figures on the board. There was a little boy there who came from Egypt. He was only five years old, so all the others watched him to see what he would do. They wanted to see the funny numbers he would make. But Wadi went to the board and made

"So the men from Europe learned the number signs and practised writing them, too. Then they told the people of other countries about them on their long way home. But the people who painted and wrote the first books—for there was no printing then—said:

"We like our own letter numbers the best. We are used to them. They are like nice old friends. We like our numbers all made up of lots of letters. You can use you queer number signs if you like for buying and selling. But we shall keep on using letter numbers for our books."

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Smiles Among the Cedars

our figures without any trouble—ten of them—without any help from the teacher!

She was so surprised and so pleased! And all the children wondered. For they could not make their half so well. It was true that he laid the figure one down flat on its back. And he made the hook of the figure five before he made the shaft. But they were a very nice set of figures for all that.

Nobody in this country had ever taught him to write them, and this was the first time he had been to an American school. So the teacher was puzzled. She asked Wadi what language his teacher taught him to write in Egypt. Then he spoke up real loud, and said, "In Arabic, teacher." That explained it all. For ours are Arabian figures, too.

Then the teacher told them the story of how we came to get them. She said, "Years and years ago all the people who used to speak English and Latin and Greek made the figures we call Roman numerals. We do so still when we number our chapters or our paragraphs and some other things. And the Romans said they took them from the Greeks, their clever next-door neighbours.

"When men went to those Eastern countries, long, long ago, on pilgrimages and to war, they found many of the people who lived all round Arabia counting with the same nice, easy figures you are using to-day. When they asked the sheiks, or Arab chiefs, how they had first made such

And if you will look at the beginning of the chapters of any book, you will see somebody thinks so still.

"We have used the new numbers only three hundred years. It was only about the time that the Pilgrims came to America that the people of England began to use these Arabic figures. Of course we followed their customs, for this country belonged to the English king until after the Revolutionary War.

"So this is the way we came to borrow Wadi's number signs. The first borrowing happened so very long ago that almost everybody has forgotten about it. And we didn't mean to steal either, you know. Nobody cared to keep their numbers all to themselves. This is why Wadi surprised us all by writing his own number work."—*Youth's Companion.*

A Matter of Training.

WHEN Josephine was six years old, she was taken for the first time to see a trained-animal show, and came home much pleased with the performance. As she was at times slow to obey, Mamma thought this a good time to teach a lesson, so she said: "Don't you think, Josephine, if dogs and ponies and monkeys can learn to obey so well, that a little girl like you, who knows much more than the animals, should obey even more quickly?"

"Of course I would, mamma," came the instant reply, "if I had only been as well trained as they have."

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Port Arthur As Industrial Centre.

HAVE you heard that Port Arthur is developing rapidly into a great Canadian industrial centre? If you have not it is probably because you have not as yet had the good fortune of meeting Industrial Commissioner Neill of Port Arthur. Never has the question of manufacturing west of the Great Lakes been such a live one as just at the present time. One of the principal reasons of such a development is undoubtedly the tremendous growth in the market there is in the four western provinces of Canada for almost all lines of manufacture. It is easy to realise that to a great extent the high prices that prevail in the West are due to the heavy freight rates that must be paid on all consignments from Eastern Canada and that the establishment of various manufactures at some point west of the Great Lakes would immediately result in big reductions in the prices that are now being obtained.



Mr. N. G. Neill,
Publicity Commissioner, Port Arthur.

The question is, what particular point offers the greatest advantages as an industrial centre. Different men may have different views but a close study quickly shows that there is a good deal in the claims that are so plausibly made by Industrial Commissioner Neill of Port Arthur.

Look in to have a chat with him in the exhibition style of building the City of Port Arthur has built for him in the square just in front of the Canadian Northern Railway Hotel and it is not many minutes before he has convinced you that Port Arthur offers exceptional opportunities which permit of most raw materials being laid down

at a very low cost at this natural gateway to the great western country, while the finished products can quickly be consigned to any point in the different provinces.

This man Neill is a wonder. His is an ambition to achieve something that will help build up Canada and for the present he is convinced that the best way to do it is to help build up Port Arthur and all Western Canada will profit by it. His is a wonderful enthusiasm, the kind one would not wonder at if a man were building up his own business, but which is uncommon, to say the least, in one engaged in municipal work. That Neill has already been able to get a good many practical business men to have his views is indicated by the fact that there was a big New York enamelware house started work on the erection of a large plant at Port Arthur. The big blast furnaces of the Atitokan Iron Works are also belching forth the flames that denote constant activity twenty-four hours a day while the Canadian Northern Railway, with a view of being able to handle their rapidly increasing traffic, have found it necessary to more than double the track accommodation of their yards.

The Town of Port Arthur is alive to the opportunity that is theirs; has set aside a large tract of land along the eastern end of the harbour front for the establishment of new industries and is improving its harbour and wharf accommodation in a way that will permit of many times the present business being handled with promptness.

And just as you become convinced that there is a good deal in what Neill tells you about the industrial possibilities he springs a new one on you to the effect that Port Arthur is also destined to be a great tourists resort inasmuch as it has one of the most beautiful climates, offers greatest chances for all kinds of boating in Thunder Bay and the adjoining rivers and then points up to the new 135 rooms' hotel the Canadian Northern is just completing with a view of accommodating the large amount of tourist traffic they are certain will find its way into Port Arthur.

And mind you, this man Neill is not a boomer. Just an enthusiastic Canadian who wants to be able some day to say he has done something towards building up his country and is following the course he has marked out for himself in order to be able to say it.

* * *

The New Wagon Company.

NEW industrial companies are appearing regularly, but the new wagon company seems to be one worthy of consideration. Such an institution will be successful only if managed by good men, and judging from their records, the new board is strong and influential. Mr. Chris. Kloepfer, Esq., of Guelph, is president; D. C. Cameron, Esq., the president of the Maple Leaf Milling Company, Limited, vice-president. In locating the factory at Port Arthur, the directors have taken a wise step, as that point is said to be nearly a 1,000 miles nearer the western market than any other wagon factory in Canada. A feature, which will appeal most to the shareholders, is that the company has already contracts in hand to keep them running for years with reliable firms: The John Deere Plow Company Limited, and the Tudhope, Anderson Company, Limited. It is well known that firms requiring wagons during the last two years have been unable to obtain them, owing to the demand being much larger than the supply. In fact, many thousand dollars worth have been imported from the States under a heavy duty. The new company has taken over the Speight Wagon Company, Limited, of Markham, one of the oldest wagon manufacturing concerns in Canada, which will, when the new factory is erected at Port Arthur, be removed there. The City of Port Arthur has granted very valuable concessions in order to induce the company to locate there. These include twenty acres of land, a large dock site, and exemption from taxation.

COUPON.

Reasons for Buying Bonds

1. They afford, when properly selected, ample security.
2. Several different classes are available, the investor being able to suit his individual needs.
3. The interest on them varies from 4 to 6 per cent. per annum payable half-yearly.
4. They have a ready market and may be promptly sold if funds are required for other purposes.
5. The bonds we offer are the obligations of Municipalities and Corporations having assets of value many times exceeding their bond indebtedness.

Municipal Bonds yield 4 to 5 per ct.
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Full particulars on request

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Investment Bankers
7-9 King St. East, Toronto

Very Significant

AT THE LAST ANNUAL MEETING OF



the following very significant statement was made by the President of the Company, Mr. E. P. Clement, K.C. :-

"We adhere to the opinion so often expressed at our meetings that the **Security of the principal should be the paramount consideration.** As a result of this policy we are able to report that after **forty years of operation we have not lost a single dollar of our invested funds.**"

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PIG IRON
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FORGINGS
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HAMILTON - ONTARIO

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Technical Education in Manitoba

THE last issue of the Manitoba Gazette makes interesting reading. It announces the appointment of a special commission by the Manitoba government on technical education. The Ottawa authorities have a commission touring the country getting pointers on the same subject. Evidently the people out in Manitoba think they know their own business best; they are going to thrash out the school problem themselves. None of the other provinces have got down to hard thinking on technical education. Of course, there are some live people in Ontario and the East who occasionally are impressed that there is something the matter with the Canadian school system. They see the rural districts being depopulated of the brightest young chaps, who are running off to the towns into the High schools, and thence into the "learned professions." Why this phenomenon? The High schools do not teach the country boys how to make a living at home. They produce lawyers, doctors and dentists—but not farmers. Nor do they teach the town boy, who is learning tailoring, or plumbing, any new tricks of his trade. These High schools are not adapted to the needs of the country; they are slightly out of date. Their deficiencies Manitoba has

But where is the representative of the hundreds of women workers in the shops and factories of Manitoba? The feminine element is just as absent from the Manitoba Technical Commission as from that of the Dominion government. Is the situation in Manitoba to be like that described by an indignant lady who attended a Montreal session of the Dominion commission:

"I have sat here all afternoon and not once have I heard the word *woman* mentioned."

* * *

Lignite Coal Talk.

A DOMINION land surveyor has been out at Edson, Alberta, talking about lignite coal. He says that the Brazeau coal is nearer anthracite than bituminous. Pittsburg experts agree with him.

Two years ago it was that Brazeau got into the popular vocabulary, when Colonel Talbot, a quiet parliamentary gentleman from Belle Chasse, Quebec, returned from the knees of the Rockies with wonderful tales of new fangled coal. There was much boom talk about the Brazeau region. The CANADIAN COURIER published a great illustrated story, dealing with the Colonel's adventures. But the surveyor says that he "had to be shown." He came, he



At the Foot of the Rockies they find Lignite Coal in layers thirty feet thick.

sized up. The technical commission has been asked to report on the advisability of establishing a technical school system throughout the province. The initiative and enterprise of Manitoba in the matter of technical education is of apparent significance. The West is the land of opportunity and second chance. It is the workingman's country; it wants a workingman's education. What you can do is what counts on the prairie. Harmless erudition is at a discount. Practise and theory makes perfect.

The needs of the people in pursuits other than agriculture are to be particularly considered by the commission, which means that the government has its eye on the development of manufacturing in the mushroom towns. Artizans are to be equipped so that the factory products of the West may stand in the front row with the best.

The personnel of the commission is fairly representative. The Minister of Education is a member; so is the president of the Steamfitters' Union and the chief of the Bricklayers.

saw—he was conquered. Says the surveyor:

"I was fairly astounded by what I saw. The coal seams are so deep and solid that you can see them from either bank of the river. You don't have to dig at all. The coal is right there on the surface and, it is the hardest coal I have seen anywhere west of Edmonton."

Lignite coal is Alberta's fortune—just now potential. It is lying there under the timber and the smoking lodges of the Stoneys, waiting for the snort of the railroad engine. Edmonton sits on lignite, as does Strathcona. There are cake layers of it thirty feet thick all along the headwaters of the Saskatchewan, the place where you can also see weather made.

It is Edson which is to be the coal centre of Alberta, according to the surveyor. The G. T. P. is to send a branch down there. That will be a first step in turning potentiality into actuality. The future of Edson—he has it all laid out. When the mines begin to cough, he says that thousands of men will be employed there.

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

Spreads Like Butter

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides, there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price. Never becomes hard. Every particle can be consumed.

Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks. For sale by all grocers.

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THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO.
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"Lait-Larola" is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving not trace of grease or stickiness after use. Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Frost, Cold Winds and Hard Water, it not only

PRESERVES THE SKIN

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The Supply City of Western Canada

Offers greater combined advantages to manufacturers and capitalists than any city in Canada. The remarkable development of this great central market is creating an unprecedented demand for home industries.

Winnipeg wants these Manufacturers

and offers cheap power, cheap sites, low taxation, varied raw materials, the best of labor conditions, unexcelled railway facilities, and the earnest support of a community that recognizes the importance of its industries. Over a billion dollars produced by the farms of Western Canada in the past five years, and this with only eight per cent. of the available land under cultivation. Consider what this development makes possible for the home manufacturer.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Get Close to this Market.

Special openings for manufacturing farm and agricultural implements, including gas and steam tractors; paper and strawboard mills, men's clothing, ladies' ready-to-wear goods, food stuffs, starch factory, boots and shoes, felt wear, metal goods, wire nail factory, hardware specialties, flax and jute works, beet sugar factory, elevator machinery, electrical fixtures and appliances of all kinds, automobiles and commercial motor carriages, home and office furniture, leather goods, cereal foods, dairy supplies, building materials, stoves, ranges, furnaces and heating plants and twenty-five other smaller lines.

Special reports prepared and mailed free of charge on the manufacturing possibilities of any of these lines of industries, by addressing **CHAS. F. ROLAND**, Commissioner of Industries, Winnipeg, Canada.

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For luncheon is incomparable. Wholesome, nourishing and appetizing—vastly superior to white flour pastries. Delicious as a toast with butter, cheese or marmalade.

Always ready to serve.

Biscuit for Breakfast—Triscuit for Luncheon

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

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Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

KELSEY WARM AIR GENERATOR

The great battery of Zig-Zag Heat Tubes gives the Kelsey more than double the heating surfaces of the ordinary furnace—Reducing coal bills 20 to 30 per cent.—Distributing immense volumes of evenly warmed air Uniformly to every room. No cold rooms—no overheated rooms. The Kelsey system costs less than steam or hot water to install, less for fuel, repairs and operation, and you have fresh air all the time, not the same air heated over and over. A Kelsey is durable and easy to operate.

35,000 KELSEYS have been installed in home of all sizes, the finest residences, schools and churches.

The Jas Smart Mfg. Co. Limited. Brockville, Ont.

BANK OFFICE SCHOOL CHURCH OPERA LODGE FURNITURE

MANUFACTURED BY **CANADIAN OFFICE-SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. LTD.**
PRESTON - - - - - ONTARIO

Hundreds of houses will sprout up. Lots will boom into three figures. The coal will be ported over to Edmonton—supply post and distributing point for Edson.

* * *

The Patriotism of Higgins.

HERE is patriotism and romance!

One hundred odd years ago, Commodore Perry swept the seas. Down at Put-in Bay near Pelee Island, Canada, they are talking of a Centennial in memory of his Lake Erie deeds. Harry Higgins, an English workman, who has been digging ditches in the village for a living, wants to throw cold water on the fireworks. Higgins thinks he is the agent of Providence. Quite recently he was ploughing when a big piece of iron broke his leg. Higgins didn't say much—asked to be carried home in the ambulance in company with the piece of iron. The leg was set. Higgins sat up in bed and called an inquest. The iron was brought in; looked at. Great excitement. The great and gallant Commodore Perry had fired this missile ninety-seven years ago—a century to hit its man.

Put-in-Bay mayor wants the cannon ball for exhibition in honouring Perry. Higgins says it is his. He keeps a shot gun in bed.

* * *

British Peer for Canada.

LORD CLINTON, of his line the twenty-first baron, strong Tory peer in the House of Lords, was in Edmonton recently like many Englishmen now en tour in western Canada. Lord Clinton made a very significant remark when he was at the fur post. He said that he was considering the advisability of disposing of his estates in Devonshire and the north of Scotland and investing the proceeds in Canada. "I have visited Canada before, but never to make a general tour of the Dominion such as I am doing now. The last time I saw the bare, dreary prairies, with little settlement. Now I see the prairies in crop and inhabited, and it is a pleasing sight."

Edmonton people would welcome the noble lord if he should choose to settle among them. In Earl Grey we have seen what a prime booster a peer can be for the Dominion in official position. What of a British peer in Canadian private life? He would be interesting to watch.

* * *

Tragedy or Comedy.

ENGINEERS down in Boston paid an unconscious compliment to Toronto the other day. The Boston people had been looking over the 1909 report of the Toronto City's Engineer's Department. They got some suggestions which set them thinking. They began to feel that their system was wrong. It was quite crude to have the city's engineering work divided into several branches. The water and street departments should both be under one head. The policy of centralisation in vogue at Toronto was quite wonderful. Why not model a reformed system after the one up in Canada?

Here is where the fun comes in. One day last week City Engineer Rust, sitting up in his office at the monumental City Hall in Toronto, opened a letter from one Frederic H. Fay, of Boston. What must have been the feeling of Mr. Rust when he read this letter—particularly this sentence:

"It is to the credit of Toronto, as a city of progress, that you have your municipal work so well organised, and in the hands of trained engineers; and Boston has something to learn from Toronto's experience."

Poor, bullied Mr. Rust—and the incensed weeds of the Reservoir!

The "DRESS SUIT" PROBLEM



Every young man and young-old man should have a Dress Suit. There is going to sure be some evening this season when a dress suit is absolutely demanded. In fact we

should wear the dress costume more than we do, for Canada is a nation now and our provincial customs are fading in a metropolitan atmosphere.

But it is the Best Dress Suit that you must secure. One with the *swagger cut* that, while being *easy fitting* and comfortable, is at the same time ultra-stylish.

"Broderick" Dress Suits are ultra-stylish
Broderick's Dress Suit

BEST MATERIAL

\$40

SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP

The popular "Broderick" Dress Suit is made from the very best of imported worsteds and unfinished worsteds manufactured from pure Saxony Wool in the Mills at Wakefield in the South of England. These cloths are dyed in the wool, which renders them absolutely fast and proof against rubbing.

You may have your suit made according to the latest English or American design. We guarantee the quality of the finishing, the linings and the silk used.

Write for samples and our new fashion book and self measuring chart

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You can't tell them from linen. They have the perfect fit, the texture and dull finish of the finest Irish linen collar. Our "Slip-Easy" finish permits easy, correct adjustment of the tie. "Challenge" Collars are waterproof—can be cleaned by a rub from a wet cloth—always look fresh and new. Insist on "Challenge" Brand. If your dealer hasn't them, send us 25c, stating size and style of collar you desire, or 50c. per pair for cuffs, and we will supply you at once. Send to-day for our new style booklet, "Hints for Careful Dressers."

THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, 54-64 Fraser Avenue, TORONTO, ONTARIO

THE SCRAP BOOK

His Four Kings Were Very Good.

"POOR Pat Sheedy," said a sporting editor, "used to entertain me when I visited his art shop, with gambling tales.

"There was one tale about a sandwich which I rather liked. It seems, according to this tale, that a bartender in Tombstone, or Dead Cat, or some such town, connived with three sharpers and heaven help a tenderfoot that ever ventured to sit in a little poker game among that crew. "One night the tenderest tenderfoot imaginable after half a dozen drinks in the saloon, agreed to take a hand in a dollar-limit game.

"Things went along in the usual way for a while; then an amazing series of nods and winks began to pass about. The bartender had signalled that the tenderfoot held four kings on the draw. There were more nods and winks and betting began.

"In the midst of the betting a waiter brought some sandwiches and whiskey, in order to distract the tenderfoot, and while the poor dupe was tossing off his drink the sharper next him slipped a sixth card into his hand, thus, of course, nullifying it.

"The unconscious tenderfoot took up a huge sandwich, bit off a large mouthful, and began to bet again. Right and left, of course, they raised him. He ate on and bet away calmly. An enormous sum lay on the table.

"Then suddenly the bartender resumed his nods and winks. He was terribly excited. Something was wrong. The sharpers, a little anxious, called the tenderfoot.

"The tenderfoot finished the last bite of his sandwich, took a long drink of whiskey and laid down his original five cards. Then, in silence he gathered in his huge pile of winnings and with a cool nod took his departure.

"After his departure there was a terrible time.

"What the dickens did he do with that sixth card?" the sharpers cried. "Didn't you see? Didn't you see?" cried the bartender, dancing up and down with rage. "He ate it with his sandwich!"—*Washington Post*.

A Thoughtful Maid.

"GOOD-BY forever!" said the young man, coldly, as he prepared to depart. "I leave you now, never to return."

"Good-by," said the fair maid in the parlour scene, "but before you go let me remind you that you can telephone me in the morning ever so much cheaper than you can send a messenger—and you can buy me a box of chocolates with the difference."

A Hard Heart.

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY, of the famous Denver Juvenile Court, said in the course of a recent address on charity:

"Too many of us are inclined to think that, one misstep made, the boy is gone for good. Too many of us are like the cowboy.

"An itinerant preacher preached to a cowboy audience on the 'Prodigal Son.' He described the foolish prodigal's extravagance and dissipation; he described his penury and his husk-eating with the swine in the sty; he described his return, his father's loving welcome, the rejoicing, and the preparation of the fatted calf.

"The preacher in his discourse noticed a cowboy staring at him very

hard. He thought he had made a convert, and addressing the cowboy personally, he said from the pulpit: "My dear friend, what would you have done if you had a prodigal son returning home like that?"

"Me?" said the cowboy, promptly and fiercely. "I'd have shot the boy and raised the calf."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Compliments of Lady Spencer.

DURING his first Viceroyalty, from 1868 to 1874, Lord Spencer and his wife, who was then at the zenith of her beauty, were popular even in quarters where British officials are not as a rule looked upon with favour. The Earl was nicknamed the Red Cross Knight and the Lady-Lieutenant came to be known as Spencer's Faerie Queene. Lord Spencer's last public appearance before leaving Ireland in 1874 was at a school where his wife was distributing prizes. The speaker called upon to return a vote of thanks to the distinguished guests concluded his remarks by saying to the Lord-Lieutenant: "We all hope to see you back again—you and the work of art that sits by your side." The remark was meant as a compliment to Lady Spencer, but might certainly have been more happily worded.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A Bright Idea.

THE head of a certain manufacturing concern is an old gentleman who built up his business from nothing by his own dogged and persistent toil, and who has never felt that he could spare the time for a vacation. Not long ago, however, he decided that he was getting along in years, and that he was entitled to a rest. Calling his son in to the library, he said:

"Tom, I've worked pretty hard for quite a while now and have done very well, so I have decided to retire and turn the business over to you. What do you say?"

The young man pondered the situation gravely. Then a bright idea seemed to strike him.

"I say, dad," he suggested, "how would it do for you to work a few years longer and then the two of us retire together?"

Uncertain of His Steps.

A VERY small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard up the road. "Where are you going to take the dog, my little man?" inquired a passer-by.

"I—I'm going to see where—where he wants to go first," was the breathless reply.

What He Wished.

WIFE (reproachfully)—You forget how you once breathed your love in my ear and promised that my every wish should be gratified.

Hub—No, I don't, but I wish how I'd followed the hygienic rule of keeping my mouth shut while breathing.—*Boston Transcript*.

His Grief.

FAMILY friend (after the funeral): Dearie me, Silas, how you do take on!

Obscure relative (yearning for distinction): Huh! this ain't nothin'! orter seen me at the grave!



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This advantage in our goods, combined with absolute reliability, has been endorsed by the best people in Canada for nearly half a century.

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To match the Fur Garment or Set
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In the annexed cut our artist gives a very clear and accurate representation of a stunning Fall and Winter Coat we feature at the special price marked. It is made in our own work rooms of good quality coating in shades of black, grey, navy, brown; also in fancy tweeds. This Coat is faced back to the armholes with the material. The sleeves are silk or satin lined. Bust sizes 32 to 42 in., lengths 50 to 56 in.

Our letter order staff is at your service in filling orders and answering inquiries. Samples of the cloths and self measurement form will be promptly mailed on request

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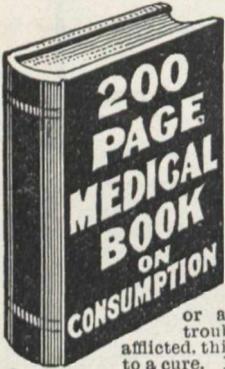
Many men and some women go early to work—what can be easier than to have OXO Cubes and the kettle put ready the night before, and then in the early morning all you have to do is to drop an OXO Cube into hot water and you have a delicious drink to start the day on. OXO Cubes are equally handy in all kinds of cooking—they make it so easy.

Sold in Tins containing 4 and 10 Cubes. OXO is also packed in bottles for people who prefer it in fluid form.

OXO CUBES

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Consumption Book



FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 1609 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.



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ABSOLUTELY FREE to introduce our goods. Just send name and address and we will send it to you at once. Address ALDEN MFG. CO., 77 ROY ST., PROVIDENCE, R. I., U.S.A.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday the 4th November 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between CHATSWORTH and WALTER'S FALLS from the 1st January next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Chatsworth, Walter's Falls and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
Mail Service Branch.
Ottawa, 22nd September, 1910.
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent

New Westminster

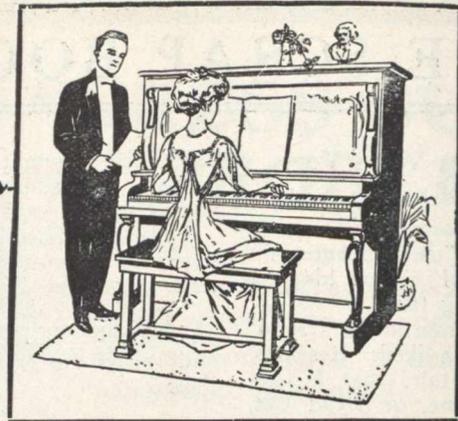
By F. E. BROPHY.

THE Fraser River city whose name carries one back to the banks of the River Thames, within sound of Big Ben and Mr. Lloyd George, is noted for two things, one, an edible, and the other a sport. For the sake of the person who is not good at riddles, the answer is canned salmon and lacrosse, one from the water and the other from the land. Now in the same fashion as Pharaoh's daughter is reputed to have taken a little prophet from rushes on the bank, even so doth the New Westminster lacrosse team, while the spectators, when not watching the process, divert themselves by observing their neighbours net profit from the river. Accordingly, the Eastern critic (and who ever saw an Easterner in the West that wasn't a critic) writes home that the banks find their floating liabilities easily liquidated, and while they admit that scales are a good omen in this place and especially in the hands of justice, they declare that the chief wealth of the settlement lies in fish and game, sockeye and "Salmon-belly."

If the author of these whimsical oddities and quaint arabesques of thought could get away with them without detection, he would be moved to observe that he has resided in the lacrosse capital of the Western hemisphere for a considerable period (considerable is a chosen word, for all periods are such on the local press of this community. The press itself is periodic and to insure that periodicity is a pressing affair). As a citizen, I say, of this capital, I feel that any word that should fall from my lips, would be of more value than if they fell from the lips of an Outlander or a manufacturer of lacrosse sticks.

The Montreal sportsmen came from the St. Lawrence full of ardour and confidence, but when they reached the Fraser and crossed sticks on two separate occasions with the "Salmonbellies," they found their supply of these abstract qualities were insufficient. Later in the season from Donald Smith's pocket borough came forth another band of coureurs-de-bois, adepts we are told by the public prints of the copper country, at fishing and hunting, like their progenitors, the heroes of the Long Sault, and like them mighty in battle, uncheckable in their mad career, and matchless in shooting, for they had the savoir faire in aiming and putting the ball to its goal. Fleet, too, of foot and, whether in the forest or in the clearing, ever on the *qui vive* for the signal of the approach of the enemy. Caring less for the trophy than for the exhilaration of the chase, these spirited descendants of the *jeunesse doree* of Versailles and Fontainebleau, astonished the aborigines with their fleetness and daring. And, says the historian, "they left their gore in the scarce trodden wilderness, far from the haunts of Strathcona and the easeful homes of Mount Royal. They came and they departed, but they carried not with them the thing they sought, which the men of that country continue to hold, hidden now in some fastness among the Douglas firs or again in such spots as could not be come at."

A man once said to the writer: "How do you account for the prowess of your men in the national sport?" He was a French-Canadian, and I replied: "*Esprit de corps.*" I continued (my French is syllabic), "Our men live in the same town which is about 12,000 population. Several of them are brothers. All are friends. Most of them have gone to school together. They have



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is extended to you to come and examine our display of Gourlay Pianos. Even if you are not yet ready to purchase, come now and spend an hour in seeing and hearing these superb instruments.

Gourlay Pianos

are all of one quality—the best. The lowest priced style is as well made as the highest. The ambition of the makers of Gourlay Pianos is not to make the greatest number of instruments, but to make each one so rich in tone, so responsive in action, so artistic in design and so durable in every way that it will bring prestige and added reputation.

If you cannot come in write for Catalogue and prices.

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all played with each other for longer or shorter times. The Western country makes a man active. It calls for action. It invites resource. It inspires confidence in a man. It is a healthy country. These are a few reasons, sir." "Will you," said he, "give me the three chief reasons?" "Yes," I said. "Here they are," and he listened, "Esprit de corps, esprit de corps, esprit de corps." A young fellow standing near remarked, "Excuse me, sir, but I know not the French. What does that mean?" "It means the spirit that actuates a united body such as a regiment, a lacrosse team or the students of a university."

"Is there any reason why an Eastern team cannot lift the Minto cup?" "The matter of change of climate and fatigue of railway journey are, at best, but slight incidents, and have no important bearing on the result."

Continuing, I remarked: "I will tell you a secret. Our men have two or three different styles of play which they can employ at will. They also have a boring in attack on goal which is effective. Another line of tactics consists in the attack passing the ball back to center field while they continue their onrush. Still another trick of the Salmonbellies consists in one of their home men rushing across the goal pretending to have the ball. This trick is so frequently worked that when the man has it in reality, the visitors' defence are baffled. This, of course, is only a little trick of passing interest. The main thing is the team work, the training, the physique, and the resourcefulness. But don't forget the esprit de corps." As a last shot, I continued: "Don't take any stock in this talk of impartial referees, of climate and of fatigue of travel. When the visitors have the right coin they can purchase the cup. Meanwhile, the Governor-General's punch bowl remains on the bank of the Fraser River."

Bill Podden's Luck

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 16.

ious to display his goodwill toward the heir, who, now for the first time, was tasting the sweets of popularity. The most open-handed offers were made to him of loans of money, etc., pending the realisation of his fortune.

Bill's manner fitted the occasion perfectly. He was naturally elated, but most genial and friendly. So far was he from being purse-proud that he accepted drinks and smokes at the expense of all and sundry without qualms. But when he offered to defray the cost of a round, it was "Not at all," "Ave this with me, Bill," or "Give us a chance, Mr. Podden," until ultimately he gave up trying. Ere the gathering broke up, he had shaken hands at least three times with every one of the visitors, and had in one or two cases shed tears that came, as he said, from a "too full heart."

The next few mornings he spent in visiting privately nearly all his well-wishers. There was little need of anything more than a subtle suggestion, and immediately a loan was forthcoming.

Four days later he announced his intention of going up to London to see a firm of solicitors he knew that would manage his affairs for him. He was also in need of a suit of mourning to replace his present attire, which he had got on loan from a local hay-dealer.

On the day of his departure a large crowd assembled at the station. Everybody pressed around to shake his hand or offer advice. In

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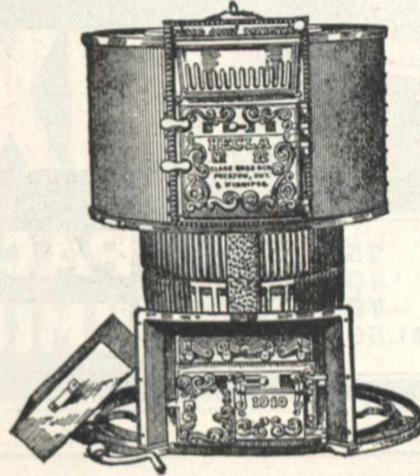
are the only permanent joints between castiron and steel. By means of these joints, we prevent gas and smoke from getting in the Air-chamber and from there into the house.

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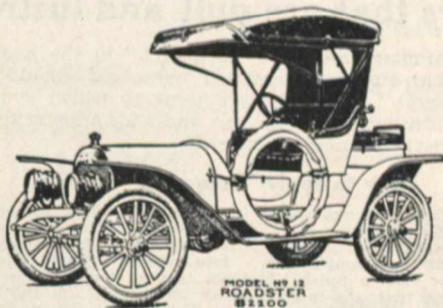
fire. So we perfected the Castiron Combustion Chamber, which has proved its wonderful strength, service and durability.

Our little book "Hecla Heated Homes" tells you a lot of things you ought to know about a furnace, besides the exclusive features mentioned above. Let us send you a copy. It's free. Write.

Send us rough plan of your house—and we will submit estimate of the cost of installing the proper size "Hecla" in your home.

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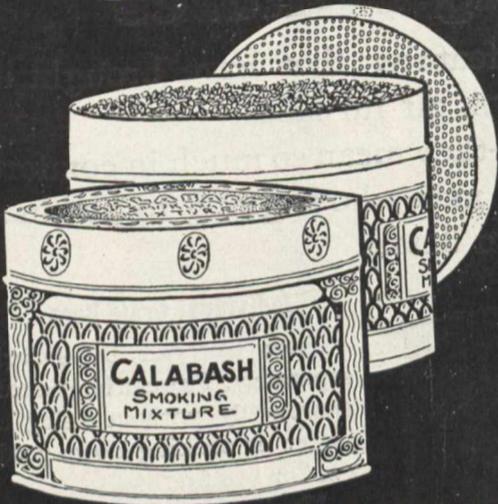
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answer to cries of "Speech!" he spoke a few touching words:

"Friends—I ain't used to making speeches, but before I go I want to say as 'ow I'm proud of 'aving such a lot o' honest friends. Me 'eart is too full to say no more. But I know 'ow you'll all be glad to see me back in Slodby."

The applause that answered his speech almost held back the incoming train.

All gazed at his beaming, benevolent face framed in the window of the carriage, as he was carried slowly away to the metropolis.

That evening in the smoking-room of a public house at Islington he wrote the following:

Dear Joe:

Kem off all right. I enclose £10 which is your share of the dibs. Next letter will be to Devonshire, where I'm goin' next week. I will write and tell you where to send the usual.

Your loving brother,
BILL.

Bill was right. They will be glad to see him again at Slodby.

Narrow Mr. Brown

IF Brown were as thin-skinned as he is thin he would have been dead long ago.

At home and among his wife's relations he gets all the usual names and jibes that absence of flesh always attracts, and at the office he gets a number and variety of names and jibes that give him constant opportunity to prove himself good-natured.

To the men among whom he works he is "slats," "sliwer," "skinny," "fatty," "scissors," "rail," "lath," "toothpick," and "umbrella rib."

Also he is "spineless spike," "human hairpin," "exclamation mark," "bloated string," "picture wire," "headless tack" and "elongated narrowness."

One of his chums calls him "penumbra," and carefully explains to him that "penumbra" means almost a shadow, the "almost" meaning "not quite as much as."

"Jump through that" is the command of a man who forms a circle with thumb and forefinger, and Mr. Thinness is told that fly screens have too big a mesh to keep him out.

He is assured that he "can't be seen if standing sideways," he is asked why he bothers opening doors when he could go through the key-hole, and he is told that were he a rogue his besetting sin would be crawling into contribution boxes and letter boxes.

"That's Brown sideways," says a jester holding up one leadpencil, and—holding up two—there he is, "front elevation."

"Come here, I want to clean my pipe," says another tormentor. "You won't? Well, I'll get some flypaper and catch you."

Standing with arms extended, Brown is declared to be a good representation of a sword, and he is warned to avoid slipping through cracks in the floor or down manholes in the street.

"Euclid," he is told, "had you in mind when he defined a line as having length but not breadth."

If he complains of pain in the chest he is told that it is backache, and he is accused of sleeping in a drinking straw. Also he is advised to hire out as a paper-knife or sky-rocket stick.

Such and many other jibes are his portion in life, but, with a broad smile on his thin features, he says, "I'd stop being skinny if it weren't that you fellows would have nothing over which to 'laugh and grow fat.'"

W. A. C.

O'Keefe's
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POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
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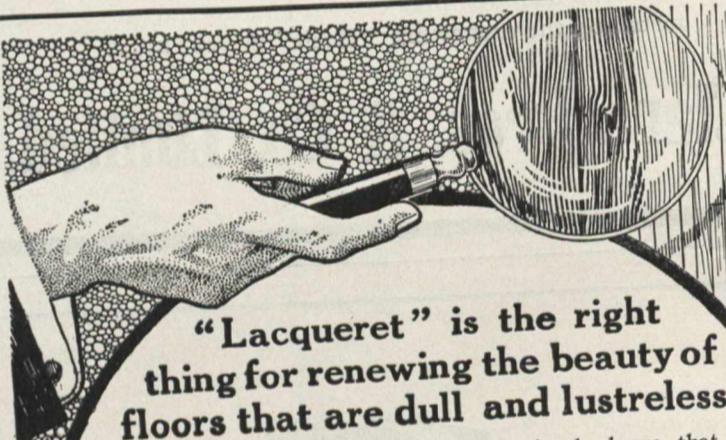
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Remove all dust, dirt and grease from the floor. Use one coat of colored "Lacqueret" for refinishing worn, stained and soiled wood floors. If the surface is badly worn and requires a second coat, use clear "Lacqueret" after the colored coating is thoroughly dry. Two coats of colored "Lacqueret" is apt to produce too dark a finish. Stained, natural wood, painted oilcloth and linoleum floors that are in good order but simply dull and lustreless only require one coat of clear "Lacqueret." This retains the original color effect.

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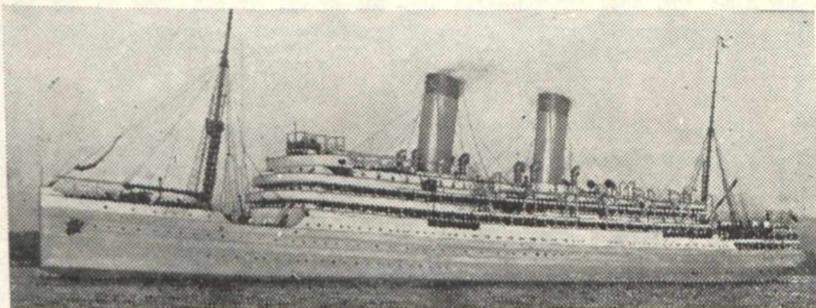
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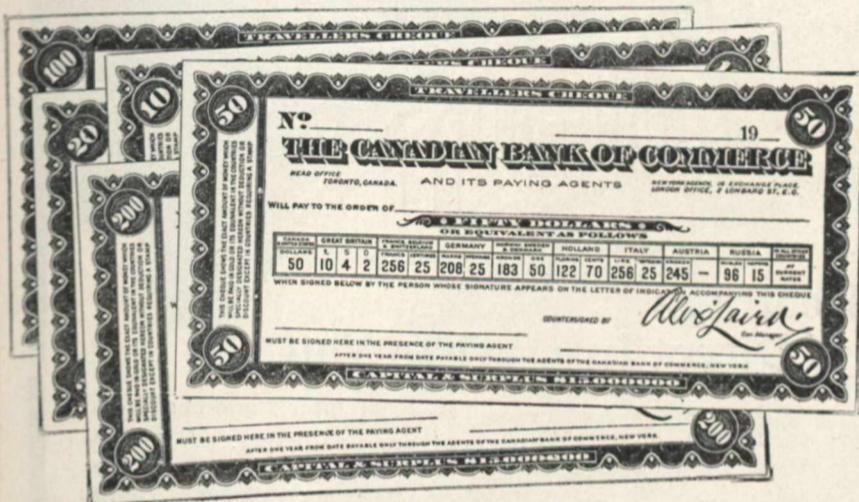
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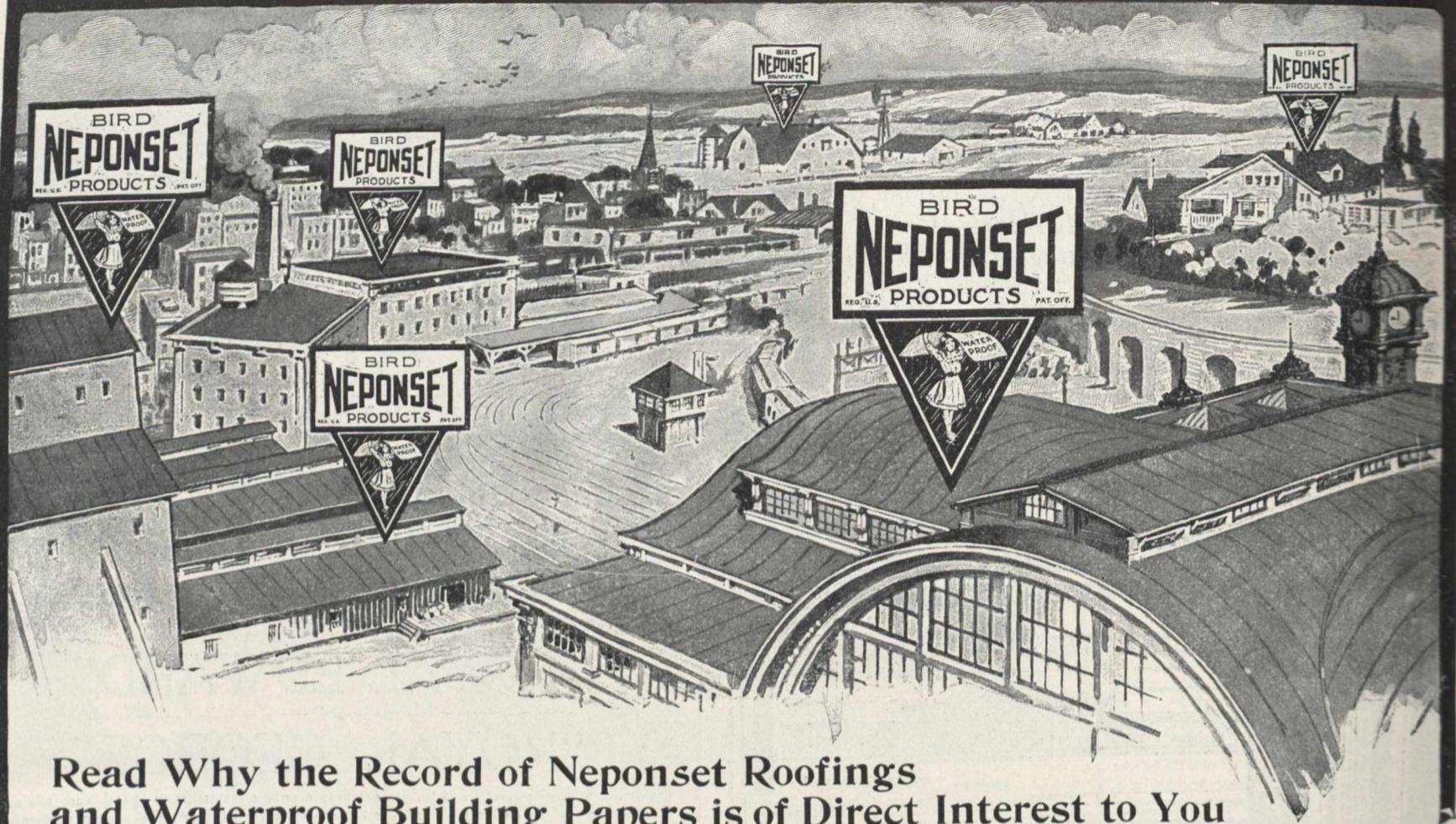
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Whatever class of buildings you are interested in, whether it be dwelling, factory, train-shed, grain elevator, barn or poultry shed, there is a Bird Neponset Product you should know about. There are special Neponset Roofings for different types of buildings and special Neponset Waterproof Building Papers for every building purpose.

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