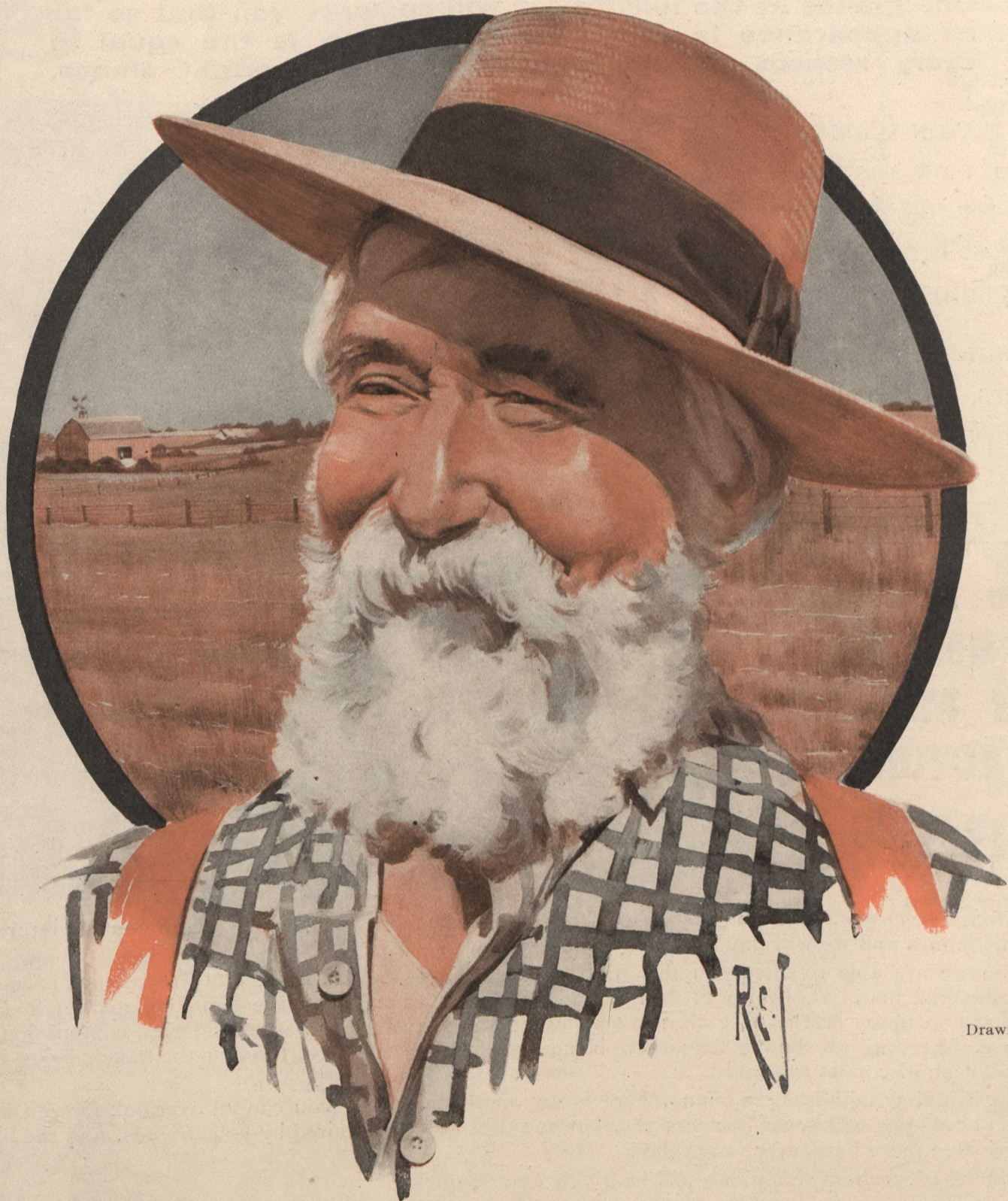


The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Drawn by Robt. E. Johnston.

“THANKSGIVING”

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,
COURIER PRESS, Limited. TORONTO.

EATON CABINET GRAND PIANO \$185⁰⁰

THIS HIGH GRADE PIANO is finished in the finest Brazilian Mahogany and French Walnut. Trusses, pilasters, mouldings, etc., are cut from solid Mahogany and Walnut, to match wood in cases. Each piano is fitted with latest Norris noiseless pedals. All actions employed are of best grade only. Sockets set in brass and attached to brass flange rail throughout the action. Hammers warranted Weichert felt. Full set of copper wound strings in each piano. All tuning pins are bushed in hard Rock Maple through the iron frame into cross-banded wrest plank, which is in turn supported at the back by six hardwood posts. The tone is of course the most important consideration when selecting a piano, at least it is one that should receive careful thought, and in this piano we have used our very best endeavors to produce an instrument at a low figure that would not be lacking in this respect. We can therefore guarantee this instrument to possess a tone that is full, round and powerful, at the same time sweet and melodious. Altogether the piano is strictly high grade in tone, construction and finish. We warrant it to be entirely as represented in every respect, such warranty extending over a period of ten years from date of purchase.

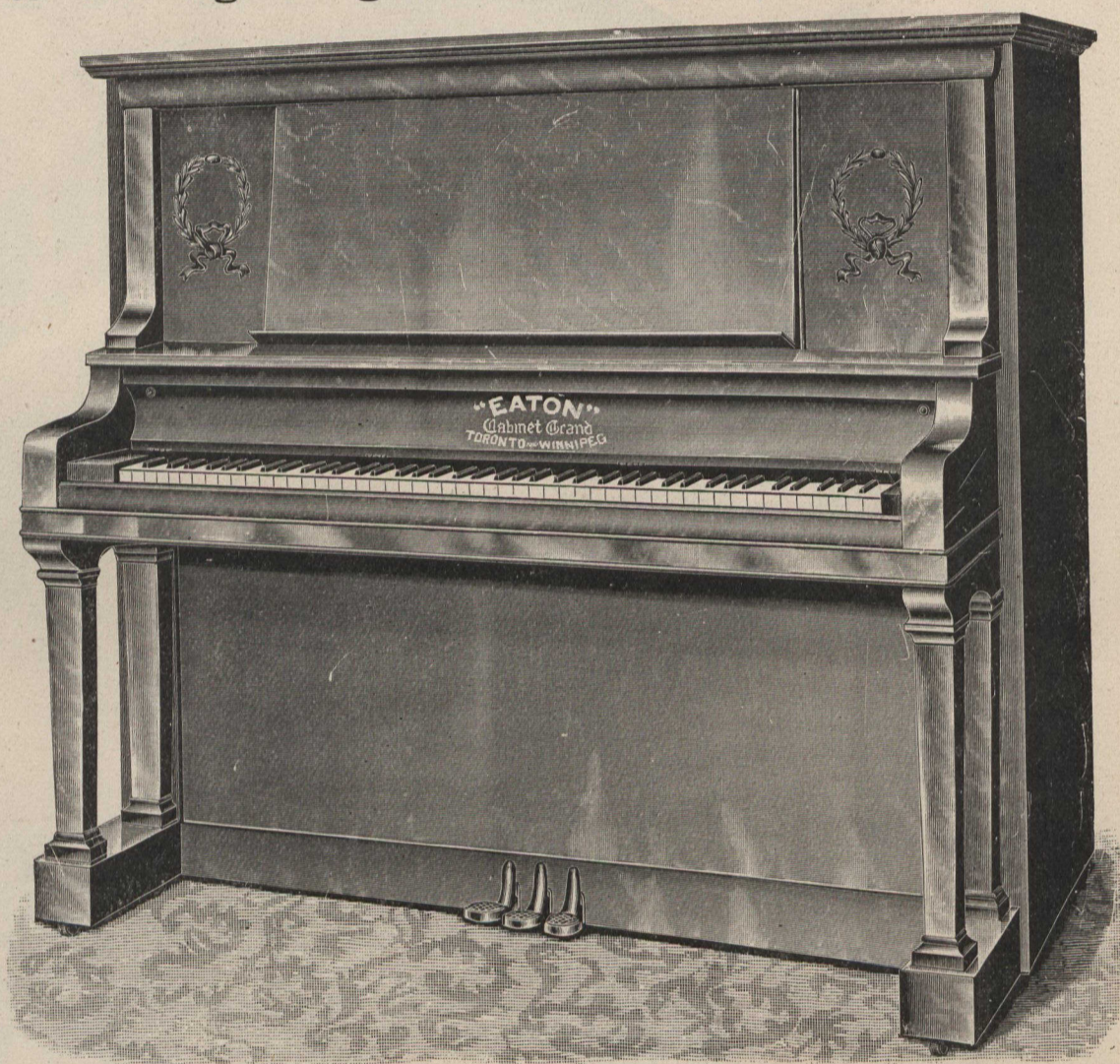
One glance at the illustration will convince you that so far as appearance is concerned this piano is the equal in every respect to the highest grade of upright pianos.

Q. THE EATON CABINET GRAND PIANO is built especially for us by one of the largest firms manufacturing pianos.

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Further information about this piano will be given upon request.

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VOLUNTEER BOUNTY ACT
1908

WARNING TO PURCHASERS

EVERY assignment of the right of a South African Volunteer entitled to a land grant must be by way of appointment of a substitute and must be in the form provided by the Act. Special attention is called to Sub-section 3 of Section 5 of the Volunteer Bounty Act, 1908, which provides that no assignment of the right of a volunteer by the appointment of a substitute shall be accepted or recognized by the Department of the Interior which is NOT EXECUTED AND DATED AFTER THE DATE OF THE WARRANT FOR THE LAND GRANT issued by the Minister of Militia and Defence in favor of the Volunteer.

J. W. GREENWAY,
Commissioner of
Dominion Lands, Ottawa.

28th. September, 1908.

KEEP IT IN FORCE

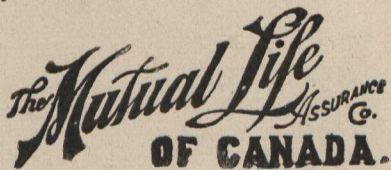
In the first place be sure you put your life insurance in a

SOUND AND GOOD COMPANY

AND THEN DO NOT

ALLOW IT TO LAPSE!

You cannot do so without loss and you may be prevented, later on, by poor health from re-instating it. You did a wise thing when you took out a policy in



Keep it in force at any sacrifice. It may be, some day, (no one knows how soon), not only

"Glad News in a Sorry Season"

but the chief support of those who now make home the dearest and sweetest spot on earth. Stand by your policy. It is the anchor of the Home!

HEAD OFFICE . . . WATERLOO, ONT.

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THE
Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHER'S TALK

CANADA'S Thanksgiving Day, which occurs on Monday next, furnishes the key-note to this issue. The cover design shows "John Canuck" smiling because his excellent crop has been safely harvested and marketed. Elsewhere in this issue, the reasons for this smiling countenance are set forth in detail. No country on the face of the earth has more reason for genuine thanksgiving and continued and sustained optimism.

NEXT week, we shall publish a literary review of 1908, with some information as to the book-offering for the approaching holiday season. We believe in books and the influence which literature has upon the national character. We are aware that a people is known by what it reads as much as by what it eats, wears or produces. While publishing an illustrated weekly of information and entertainment, we have no intention of overlooking anything which makes for culture and the higher life.

NEXT week also we shall give some attention to the Northland, where the new transcontinental and other railways are opening up for settlement a territory equal to the whole of the present cultivated section of the Dominion. Within a few days, the National Transcontinental will be in direct connection with the system of railways in Ontario and Quebec. The junction point is about 500 miles north of Toronto and Montreal. The "strip" of populated country is being steadily deepened, and the recent accomplishments are of more than passing importance.



The Wise Man's
Four Wishes

"Bread—when I'm hungry,
'SPEY ROYAL'—when I'm dry,
Money—when I'm 'broke,'
Heaven—when I die."

Gilbey's
"Spey Royal"

is distilled from the finest materials and is the choicest and oldest PURE MALT SCOTCH WHISKY obtainable.

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HOLBROOK'S FIRST LIMERICK PRIZE WINNERS

The decision of the Prize Committee for Holbrook's Limerick Contests, composed of the Editor Canadian Courier, Editor Mail and Empire, and Manager Woods-Norris, Limited, Advertising Agency, is announced below.

Prizes have been mailed to each winner.

Many replies arrived too late; many others showed no care in metre or rhyme—many a clever idea failed for a prize because of some little oversight.

Try again. Note the rules and dates carefully. The prizes are well worth winning. See next Saturday's paper for the beginning of the third Limerick. Replies to the second Limerick Contest, now running, must be received by November 14th.

FIRST LIMERICK

Said John Bull at his dinner one day,
I'll get rid of my cook right away;
He's served up this course
Without Holbrook's Sauce;

PARIS-MADE PERFECT LENS OPERA GLASSES

William Franks, Galt, Ont.
Mrs. Cook, Rackheath, Victoria, B.C.
Alvin G. Hall, Brantford, Ont.
Mrs. Wren, Hamilton, Ont.
S. H. P. Graves, Ottawa, Ont.
F. G. Harwood, Montreal, Que.
E. Whitehead, Vancouver, B.C.
Lorne J. Potter, Montreal, Que.
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M. B. Ewart, Ottawa South, Ont.
J. Reidy Smith, Lennoxville, Que.
Herbert Cope, Carberry, Man.
Robert Nuttall, Ealing, London, Ont.
T. H. Duncombe, St. Thomas, Ont.
Fred J. Sims, London, Ont.
Mrs. F. C. McCarthy, Montreal, Que.
Mrs. J. Marsh, Verdun, Montreal, Que.
Mrs. H. S. Matthews, Montreal, Que.
W. Plow, Montreal, Que.
Miss E. Sheppard, Westmount,
Montreal, Que.
Miss May L. Anderson, Toronto, Ont.
H. Bott, Montreal, Que.
John Westlake, London, Ont.
Mrs. C. F. Jeffs, Seaforth, Ont.
Miss Mary Seath, Toronto, Ont.
Harry Uppadine, London, Ont.

LONGFELLOW POEMS— LEATHER BOUND

Miss G. Knowels, Victoria, B.C.
Mrs. Muckle, Victoria, B.C.
H. H. King, Victoria, B.C.
E. W. Johnson, Victoria, B.C.
Miss Tilly Grant, Victoria, B.C.
E. Powis, Hamilton, Ont.
A. Lyon, Hamilton, Ont.
Thos. J. Bradley, Dundas, Ont.
Miss Marjorie Laurie, Hamilton, Ont.
H. T. Welsh, Vancouver, B.C.
E. J. Pushinsky, Hamilton, Ont.

\$25.00 GOLD WATCHES

Thomas Price, 662 Pritchard Ave.,
Winnipeg, Man.—"But the cook did not
wait, so they say."

G. G. Harper, 472 Princess Ave., Lon-
don, Ont.—"Here's a moral, cook, use it
and stay."

Miss Laura Gow, care Government
Printing Bureau, Ottawa, Ont.—"Tis
enough all his skill to outweigh."

Mrs. David Blair, Rimouski, Que.—
"The one sauce that beats hunger, I
say."

LONGFELLOW'S POEMS (Con.)

Mrs. E. Layland, Hamilton, Ont.
Frank T. Babcomb, Hamilton, Ont.
Fred T. Tory, Ottawa, Ont.
Mrs. H. J. Fleming, Prince Albert, Sask.
G. D. Hynes, Carlton Place, Ont.
Miss Alice Crompton, Montreal, Que.
A. F. Scroggie, Montreal, Que.
Erie Woodcock, Winnipeg, Man.
George Munro, Vancouver, B.C.
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hair is a clean, healthy scalp.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

not only cleanses the scalp, but, through the tonic and antiseptic action of its pure pine-tar, glycerine and sweet vegetable oils, it imparts a healthful tone to the underlying glands. Its routine use, therefore, keeps the scalp clean and healthy, thus preserving the gloss and beauty of the hair while promoting its growth.

Healthful booklet on "Shampooing" mailed free.
The Packer Mfg. Co., Suite 85 S, 81 Fulton St., New York

Broderick's
Business Suits \$22.50
Worn from Coast to Coast

Write for
samples and measurement chart
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FRANK BRODERICK & Co.
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AREA
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Man. 64,327
B.C. 370,191
P.E.I. 2,184
Sask 242,332
Alt. 251,180
Yukon, 206,427

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

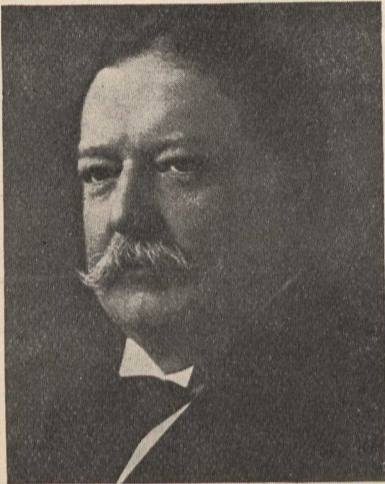
Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. IV.

Toronto, November 7th, 1908.

No. 23

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Hon. William Taft.
Successful Candidate for Presidency
of the United States.

THE other week it was Laurier and Borden; this week it is Taft and Bryan. These men are four "big" Americans, and the proof is that we may speak of them without using their Christian names and still not be accused of incivility or uncouthness. Before this reaches the readers of the "Canadian Courier" it will probably be President-Elect Taft. The result seems to be a foregone conclusion, though there is just the slightest, the very slightest chance that the persistent candidate, Mr. William Jennings Bryan, will win. The Republicans in the United States, like the Liberals in Canada, seem to have such a hold on the voters and so much the ear of the talking public, that they are monopolists. It is probably time for a change in the United States as it was in Canada.

Politicians in office look so much "bigger" than politicians out of office. Indeed, a politician in office is usually termed a statesman.

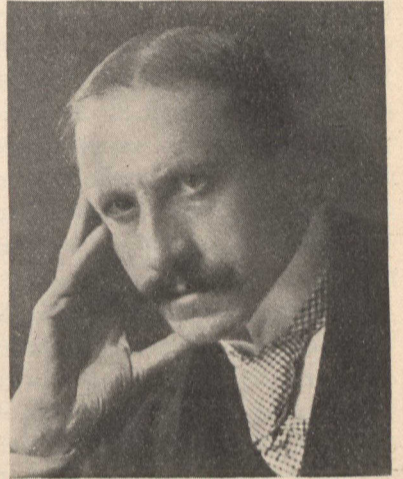
There is one feature in which elections in the United States excel elections in Canada, and that is the processions. They have processions in Quebec but not in the more Anglo-Saxon portions of the country. The average Britisher is possessed of only a well-subdued enthusiasm. But in the United States, though the Anglo-Saxon blood is fairly strong, every one seems to be an enthusiastic Celt. The political procession may embrace 100,000 people, as the Republican procession in New York last Saturday is said to have done. Such a thing would be impossible in Canada, outside the Province of Quebec.

OF historic dimensions was the career of the late Hon. Thomas Greenway, ex-Premier of Manitoba and appointee to the Railway Commission. Mr. Greenway was one of those robust farmer figures that suggest the grim outlines of Cromwell; or he resembled Cincinnatus called from the horns of his plough to the horns of a dilemma to serve his country—the farmer Premier of Manitoba who in the eighties might have been seen in his shirt-sleeves out on the farm at Crystal City when the House was not in session, supervising the work of a big farm that was as good as a model farm to that country. In such a role the sturdy, stocky figure of Thomas Greenway was admirable. He was a man of the soil; had the simple proclivities of the farmer; the earnestness and homely, rugged directness and the interest in human beings. He had seen the homeliest sides of Canadian life; coming to Canada from Cornwall at the age of four years to the region round about Bowmanville, then a hole in the woods and a few milkstands, long before the Grand Trunk made it a town. From that to the bush in Huron County was not hard. The Huron tract in those days was the whirlpool of politics and the hub of backwoods activities. No boy could grow up in that tract and not be both sturdy and fond of politics. Later the boy Thomas became a saddler's apprentice in London; went into storekeeping up in the



Mr. W. J. Bryan.
Defeated Candidate for Presidency
of the United States.

Devonshire settlement in Huron County; became a Methodist local preacher; elected to the Commons as an Independent for South Huron in 1875. But three years later, seeing the shadow of the National Policy creeping up on the horizon, this free trader Conservative decided to break into the West, where he became a farmer and a politician; got his nomination for Mountain as he stood in a waggon on the trail; and continued to sit for that constituency for twenty-five years as member, leader of the Opposition and Premier. In that quarter of a century Mr. Greenway saw the whole transformation of the West; saw the new life break into the country following his tracks of '78; saw the new Winnipeg and the rise of a second developmental era following the boom of his early years and the glum depression of the decade following. His appointment to the Railway Commission was largely a formality. His death removes a valuable national figure.



Lord Milner.
Who has been preaching Imperialism in
this part of the Empire.

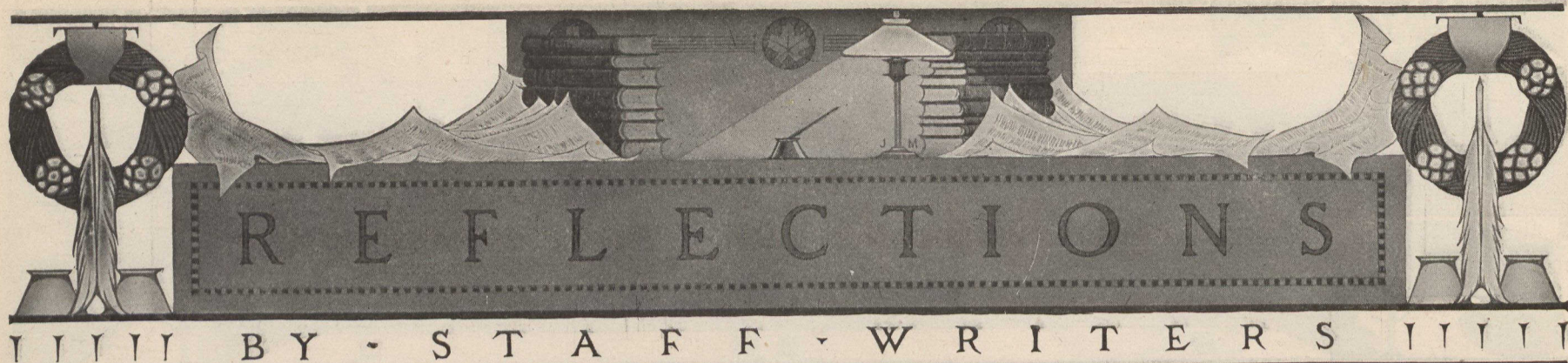
ELECTION of a bishop in Montreal has been more refined

guesswork than the general Dominion elections. Two deadlocks were indulged in; last one completely eliminating Bishop Dumoulin of Niagara, who looked a certainty to some of the newspapers, and bringing out Deans Evans and Farthing. Careers of these eminent candidates were traced and the capabilities of each duly proven. On the face of it the public could not decide which should be which; both were good and true men. But the deadlock would not break. Neither of the Deans got the decisive ballot. The Synod sent a cablegram to England to the Rev. Cosmos Gordon Lang, Bishop of Stepney and Suffragan to the Bishop of London. It was not supposed that Bishop Lang could have any objection; quite certain that so scholarly a man would be sure to know exactly where Montreal was in Canadian navigation and would not confuse that city with Toronto. So with admirable and almost touching fidelity the newspapers traced the career of Bishop Lang, showing how that he was pre-eminently fitted to occupy and adorn the Bishopric of Montreal—when lo and behold! the good and worthy Bishop not having had the slightest intimation that he was to be honoured in such a fashion and dragged thousands of miles across the sea and up the St. Lawrence, lost no time in inditing a counter cablegram saying—"Deeply appreciate honour; regret cannot accept." Highly concise and decisive; but to the Synod at Montreal deeply confusing dilemma; up to the time of writing no Bishop in sight for Montreal; patience of Synod and newspapers and public quite exhausted; only solution—abolish the Bishopric.

THE birth-day of His Majesty, King Edward, by a happy coincidence, comes this year on Canada's Thanksgiving holiday and it may be said sincerely that in no part of the Empire will the health of the sovereign be drunk with more enthusiasm than in this peaceful Dominion. King Edward has devoted himself to strengthening the bonds of brotherhood within the Empire and to forming friendly ties with other States. It is no matter of idle form when we unite in "God Save the King!" in this wide stretch of his "Dominions beyond the Seas."



"Gentlemen—The King!"
Born November 9th, 1841.



REFLECTIONS

IIII BY - STAFF - WRITERS IIII

THE BANKS AND THE WEST

LAST year the "Canadian Courier" ventured to comment in several issues upon the apparent contradiction in the policy of the banks with regard to Western Canada. It was pointed out that for some years the banks had indirectly fostered or assisted the real estate boom which distinguished the Western provinces. They did this by financing men whose business it was to deal entirely in real estate and also by themselves making purchases of corner lots in leading Western towns. Then suddenly the bank managers changed their policy and condemned the whole real estate situation in the West. They withdrew all support from those engaged in this business and ceased to buy any further real estate for themselves. The "Canadian Courier" was rather severely criticised at the time by the financial interests for taking such a harsh view of the conduct of the bank managers.

After some months the discussion has been revived. This time the banks are again criticised, but by entirely different critics. Strangely enough, too, the criticism appears in the *Montreal Gazette*, the journal which above all others, has most persistently been a defender of the banks and their policies. The persons who gave voice to the criticism reported in the *Gazette* were, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Mr. Whyte, two of the leading spirits in the Canadian Pacific Railway. Sir Thomas can not be accused of lacking sympathy with financial interests or with the financial magnates who control Canadian banking interests. His confirmation of the truth of the "Courier's" comments upon the banks' policy is fairly sufficient proof of its soundness.

The despatch which appears in the *Gazette* is sent from Saskatoon under date of October 18th. In an interview given at that time, the reporter makes Sir Thomas say: "The actions of the banks were drastic in an ultimate sense. It came without warning and with it came an intensely anxious time for practically everyone. Fortunately for his corporation, they had at that time, about a year ago, the huge sum of twenty million dollars on deposit, which fact saved the situation. He blamed the banks for the manner in which they encouraged speculation in lands and realty, and then, after having done so, it seemed hard to have them suddenly shut down on everyone. It would have been better had they shut down on negotiations a year before they did."

As if this were not sufficient, the reporter adds another telling paragraph. "At this point Mr. William Whyte cited an instance of a man in a Western city who could not get store credit for two hundred dollars, and yet one bank financed him to the extent of twenty thousand dollars on realty speculations."

There is really nothing important in this recital of facts, except to prove that the men who manage Canadian banks are not much wiser than the men who manage the railways, the factories, and the general commercial interests of the day. They have their faults as well as the rest of us, and seem to be much better at giving advice to other people than at restraining their own enthusiasm.

A WONDERFUL METHOD

ONTARIO, the banner province of the Dominion, has an excellent method for selecting fire-rangers. These government employees are sent each spring into the north to travel by trail and canoe and see that no incipient fire shall gain headway in Ontario's most valuable natural asset. They must guard timber to the value of many millions of dollars, and consequently they should be experts as well as physically perfect men.

And this is how they are selected. Each member of the Legislature, who is in good standing with the Cabinet or some member thereof, is given the opportunity of nominating two or more of these

fire-rangers and "no questions asked." What a sublime method! As a result, a traveller tells how the first rangers he met were a couple of students out for a lark, the next two old men of whom one was unable to move about, and the next two Methodist preachers. Another traveller tells of two rangers (they always go in pairs) who lived together all summer in Nipissing district and never spoke to each other because of a quarrel over their domestic arrangements.

Surely Sir James Whitney cannot know of these cases, or he would quickly inaugurate a reform. What Ontario really needs is a measure of Civil Service Reform which will take all such patronage out of the hands of cabinet ministers and members and place it in the jurisdiction of an independent commission of experts.

NEWFOUNDLAND ELECTIONS

CANADIANS may not see the humour of their own elections but they have certainly recognised that of the Newfoundland elections on Monday last. For forty years, the Newfoundland fishermen have been scared into voting for one or other of the parties by the "Canadian tax-gatherer" bogey. These simple-minded individuals are warned that if Newfoundland is carried into the Canadian Confederation, their boats, nets, cows, pigs and window-panes will be taxed to support the extravagant Canadian Government. To be accused of plotting for union with Canada is a sure cause for defeat at the polls. It reminds one of the Liberal appeal in the recent election, and a potent appeal at that, which called upon the people in the newer parts of the Dominion to vote for the Liberal Government if they desired to see a railway run to Hudson Bay and see the National Transcontinental completed.

There is, however, a real Canadian interest in this election, because the Labrador boundary is one of the chief topics of discussion. Quebec and Labrador are neighbours, Quebec being Canadian and Labrador being Newfoundland territory. The boundary has never been carefully defined, and in some cases timber limit grants overlap. Sir Robert Bond, the Premier, and Sir Edward Morris, the leader of the Opposition, each claim that he would be the best man to handle Newfoundland's side of the case before the Privy Council.

While this interest exists, the election of one party or the other is not likely to advance or retard confederation. Newfoundland is almost solidly against it, though its non-partisan and thinking people are quite well aware that union with Canada would be immensely beneficial. Some day a great leader will arise who shall perform a notable imperial service by dispelling the ignorance of the farmer and the fisherman and who shall arrange for terms of union which are mutually beneficial.

LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT

THAT the Laymen's Missionary Movement has acquired considerable importance in Canada is beyond question. Under the leadership of Mr. J. Campbell White of New York it has spread through all the leading Canadian cities until a very large body of Christian laymen have become interested. The missionary zeal of all the Protestant churches has been stimulated and co-operation among Protestant bodies has been shown to be practicable. In the United States, the movement relates wholly to foreign missions; in Canada it has been made to cover both home and foreign missionary work. The addition of home missions was a concession to those who felt that Canada was in an exceptional position. The hundreds of new settlements in Northern and Western Canada have created a field for missionary work which demands greater contributions for home missions than at any other period in the history of this country. To provide new ministers and new churches will absorb millions of missionary offerings during the next decade. The Roman Catholic Church is providing adequately for its extension in these districts and

Protestant churches must do the same. If the Laymen's Missionary Movement will prevent overlapping and foolish competition among Protestant bodies in these newer districts, much will have been accomplished. If, however, the movement is stampeded at the last moment on behalf of foreign missions, the Protestant churches of the future will have much to regret. There are those who believe that already Canada has directed too much of her effort in behalf of foreign missions, to the detriment of home missions, and there is much to be said for this point of view. Even if it is incorrect, the needs and necessities of the home field should be fully investigated and carefully considered by all the co-operating committees.

ELECTION AFTERMATH

SOME curious happenings form the aftermath of the general elections. A few foolish Liberals are trying to induce the public to believe that in British Columbia, Manitoba and Ontario, the Conservative governments used their authority unfairly against the Liberal candidates. There does not seem to be any evidence to support the contention. As individuals, the Conservative cabinet ministers and members of the legislatures used all legitimate means to assist the Conservative cause. That this is quite justifiable is amply proven by the active interference of the Dominion Liberals when any provincial election is in progress. What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander. Moreover, the success of the Liberals in the two constituencies in Northern Ontario where the provincial government might have exercised most influence, Thunder Bay and Nipissing, shows that the pressure could not have been very great. At one polling booth in Nipissing where the voters were wholly employees of the Ontario Government railway, the Liberal candidate received a majority of the votes. In New Brunswick, the Liberals swept the province, though it is but a few months since the Conservative provincial party enjoyed a similar triumph.

The general charge of provincial interference would be equally foolish if made by Conservatives against the Liberal governments in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Prince Edward Island. No doubt, these Liberal governments did what they could on behalf of Liberal candidates. That they went too far, according to Canadian practices, is no more to be believed than that the Conservatives went too far.

Equally foolish is the despatch sent by the Hon. Clifford Sifton from Brandon in which he explains that the reduction of his majority in Brandon from 821 to 60, and the great turnover in Winnipeg, is due to "stuffed voters' lists." Those who know Mr. Sifton's genius for organisation will take this statement with considerable salt. If the lists were not in good condition, that was the fault of the Liberal organisation. The probable truth is that Mr. Sifton and his lieutenants are not nearly so popular as they once were. They have been getting wealthy and, rightly or wrongly, the people have voted against them as, in other constituencies, they voted against Conservatives who were suspected of using their parliamentary positions for private aggrandisement.

Another foolish charge is that the Liberal victory throughout Canada was partially due to a "corruption" fund. It is probably true that the Liberals had twice as large a campaign fund as the Conservatives. That this gave them an advantage is quite true. Their corps of paid organisers and their supply of literature were larger, and no doubt affected the result to some extent. That the campaign funds were used illegitimately to any considerable extent is improbable. Even with a smaller campaign fund, Sir Wilfrid Laurier would probably have won with a fairly large majority. Everywhere the Liberals were well organised and fairly enthusiastic, mainly because of the magnetism of the great man who led them. In the second place, the Roman Catholic vote throughout the provinces, other than Quebec, seems to have gone as solidly for Sir Wilfrid as the Orange vote went solidly for the Conservatives. The celebrated pamphlet issued by the "Orange Sentinel" of Toronto was used to advantage by the Liberals among the Catholic voters and probably emphasised the tendency which had already manifested itself. So far as Ontario is concerned, Mr. Borden might pray to be saved from his friends.

If there were malpractices by either Liberals or Conservatives in any constituency, the best citizens on both sides should unite to expose it. A political wrong-doer should be punished as fully and as relentlessly as any other criminal. This idea, that a man who does wrong on behalf of a political candidate should be protected and rewarded by him, is most vicious. If its incipient appearance is not met with severe measures, it may become malignant. The Maritime

Province people are making an earnest attempt in this direction, and their efforts seem to be meeting with considerable success. The central and western provinces should follow this lead, which means much for the high character of our political life. Eternal vigilance is the price we must pay for political purity and an uncorrupted electorate.

WHAT HAVE WE ACCOMPLISHED?

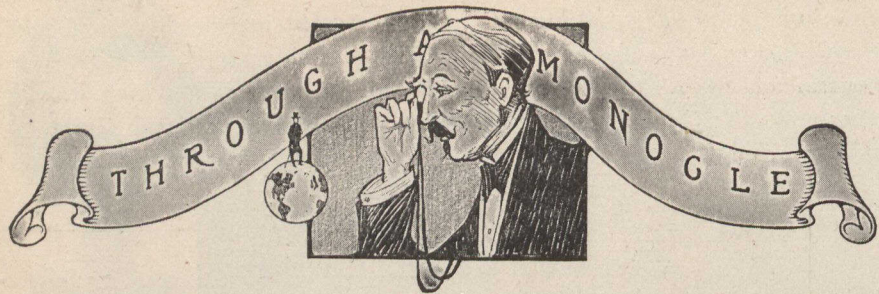
FOR weeks the whole country has been in a state of mental excitement over the question as to whether we have been well governed or not, and a decision has been reached. Does that decision mean anything? Will the members of the new parliament be any more independent than the members of the old parliament? Will shrewd and scheming men cease to get plums in the shape of "fat" contracts from the various departments? Will the Government buy only from those on the patronage lists, and thus debar themselves from getting quotations from one-half of the dealers in any particular line? Will the Government grant post office buildings and armouries to the members on its own side and to a favoured few on the Opposition side? Will the newly-elected members cease to discuss every public question from the party point of view or will they forget all about the campaign-fund and the next election and do what seems best in the interest of the nation as a whole? Will the practices which have prevailed for forty years at Ottawa disappear now and a political millennium be inaugurated?

Not a bit of it. Change of government or no change of government, there will not be much difference. Political reforms like other reforms must come slowly. Until the people learn to encourage the self-sacrificing, honest member and to spurn the man who bribes them with wharves, harbour improvements, and other public expenditures, irrespective of the party to which they belong, there cannot be much improvement. The average member of parliament has about as lofty ideals as his supporters in the constituency. He knows how the people who have helped in his election will "bleed" him for subscriptions, for special concessions, for government positions and other favours whenever opportunity arises. He knows how much money was spent to create "the great success." He knows, especially if he represents a city constituency, how little sacrifice the best class of citizens have made in behalf of a clean and honest election. He knows his public and he can estimate pretty accurately how much conscience it possesses.

Until the people change, there will be little improvement in political methods. The people have been changing slowly. There are signs of higher ideals. The Railway Commission and the Civil Service Commission are the result of our desire to get to a higher plane in political administration. That there is talk of the "evils of patronage," of the unbusinesslike method of undertaking public works solely because they will help certain members in their next election, of the lack of business common-sense in the whole conduct of parliamentary affairs from the discussions in committee to the debates in the House—that this talk is common is a sign of coming reform.

So long as the cry "My party, right or wrong," prevails, so long will daring and unscrupulous men perform outrageous political acts for the sake of remaining in office and making life easier for themselves and their friends. The dangerous politician is the man who believes that the public forgets and forgives. An impotent public is one which does what the dangerous politician expects of it. The game is one in which there should be no quarter.

If we believe parliament is not ideal and if our parliamentarians are not quite so fair, so high-minded and so public-spirited as we would like to see them, let us remember that our business life is also far from being ideal, that our theatres are pretty bad, that respectable citizens buy the Calgary *Eye-Opener* to see what new filth it has gathered up, that human passions are still filling the asylums, jails and penitentiaries, and that church choirs and church members are not always living in that Christian harmony which thinketh and speaketh no evil. Private life, business life, social life and parliamentary life—all these bear somewhat the same characteristics. In Great Britain, parliamentary life has probably reached a higher relative position than it has in this country, but there are reasons for that. This need not discourage us, but rather should it encourage us to talk and work for that high standard of public conduct which has made and is keeping Great Britain in the fore-front of the world's great nations.



SOME up-to-date paper should start a "guessing contest" as to the real meaning of the Federal elections. The people went to the polls and delivered a verdict; but it seems to have been a "sealed verdict," if we are to judge by the difficulty that the party writers and leaders have in making out just what it means. A Delphic utterance was clear by contrast. The Government press happily see that one of its meanings was not to condone the wrongdoing of their party, and they call upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier to use his strength to drive out of his fold at least the most inky of his discoloured sheep. Ah! if Sir Wilfrid could only be got to realise his strength! He is one of the few public men whose modesty is a genuine weakness. He never did credit his own great strength. In 1896, when the Liberal party was confronted with the dilemma presented by the Manitoba School Question, Laurier would not believe that his personal strength was great enough to enable him to flatly oppose coercion and yet keep Quebec. It was Israel Tarte—so the story went—who preached at him on this point until he was willing to risk moving his six-months-hoist amendment; and this was very possibly the service rendered him and the Liberal party by Tarte which Sir Wilfrid had in his mind when he said, after that election—"There is nothing too good for Tarte."

* * *

TO-DAY Laurier is dictator of the Liberal party. He could command half his Cabinet to "walk the plank," and his position would hardly be shaken in the country—if he chose the half with discretion. As for the "grafters," he can pitch every man of them out of the camp, neck and crop; and not the whole army of them could even embarrass him by way of revenge. His majority is large; and, to no small extent, it is a personal following. Probably no other Canadian—not even the magnetic Sir John Macdonald—had so large a personal following. The Liberal candidates in Quebec are almost universally regarded as "Laurier candidates"; and he has not a few personal followers in the rest of the Dominion. Moreover, those who do not love him for his own sake, would turn pale at the fear of losing his power to win elections. Laurier can give us a clean Liberal party if he will but make that his chief business during the next four years.

* * *

AS for Mr. Borden, his position is naturally not so secure. They are beginning to whisper "resignation," and it is notorious that he does not relish political life. A twice defeated leader may be forgiven for re-examining his position. But one thing is at least plain, and that is that Mr. Borden is stronger than his Parliamentary party. No Conservative votes were lost during the late election because R. L. Borden was leader; but R. L. Borden lost not a few votes because of some of his following. If he decides to continue the fight, he ought to make it a preliminary condition that he be allowed to cut all the rotten material out of his party. No man can possibly lead a party who is afraid of it. Mr. Borden is now in a position to dictate terms—if he is to go on. The two leaders could guarantee us a campaign free from scandals in 1912.

* * *

THE great number of constituencies which chose their members on local issues or personal feeling, show how a campaign without national issues degenerates into little parish contests. The candidates cease to be representatives of broad policies and become the fuglemen of some local faction or the victim of some county jealousy. The consequence is that the "verdict" is not as between the two great parties but only as between two local candidates; and the unpopularity of a nominee in one corner of his constituency may decide whether that riding be counted as supporting the Administration or condemning it. If there were so much as one big national question before the people, this would not happen. The voters would think more of the issue than of the personality of its representatives; and we should get a real national verdict from the polls which we could understand. The politicians ought certainly to give us an issue to

consider at the next elections; and that is primarily the duty of the Opposition.

* * *

SIR WILFRID referred to this as his last appeal to the people from several platforms. After the encouraging majority that flowed in on the night of the 26th ult., we may surely regard this as no more than a rhetorical flourish. Why should Sir Wilfrid retire while he has the strength to serve his country? Sir John Macdonald died in harness; and there could be no better example. Mr. Gladstone talked retirement and did actually withdraw from public life to compose his soul with a view to entering the future life free from the distracting worries of earth; but he quickly emerged from that atmosphere of aloofness and calm at the call of a new issue, and led his party to victory and then to an entirely new battlefield. Great political leaders do not retire; they die. Men who have given a life-time to public service cannot learn the trick of private citizenship. Every question brings to them a great public responsibility which they are utterly unable to leave to others with the indifferent shrug of the average busy householder. They must speak; and their prestige gives to their lightest word the note of leadership. Imagine Chamberlain in good health and in retirement; and anyone else attempting to lead the Tariff Reform movement in Britain! When Roosevelt talks retirement, he is compelled to bury himself in mid-Africa; and even then most people expect him to return and lead the Republican hosts again in the near future.

N'IMPORTE

The Voting Competition

NO doubt many people have begun to think about "Canada's Ten Biggest Men" and the "Courier's" voting competition. Nearly everybody has a hazy notion of the list he would write down, but when he puts his pen to paper—it is different. Shall it be moral, or intellectual or physical force? Shall it be politicians, or educationists, or novelists, or the men who do things? Are the archbishops and missionaries and doctors and engineers and musicians to be overlooked in favour of the politicians, lawyers and railway-builders? Careful thought will bring up the names of fifty or even a hundred men who might, with some show of reason, be called "big".

The first voting paper received contained the following names: Dr. Osler, William Mackenzie, Charles G. D. Roberts, Archbishop Gauthier, Professor Shortt, G. A. Reid, Sir William Van Horne, B. E. Walker, Sir James Whitney and Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Another list runs: Lord Strathcona, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. W. S. Fielding, Sir Sandford Fleming, Sir William Van Horne, Sir Percy Girouard, Dr. Osler, Dr. Parkin and Hon. Edward Blake.

Note the differences in these two: Laurier, Van Horne and Osler are the only three names which appear in both lists. On the two lists are seventeen different names. This gives some idea how widely people's ideas vary. It indicates also what good this competition may do. More lists will be published each week until the competition closes on December 31st. Only names of living Canadians are to be included.

The Romance of a Cloak

LORD HERRIES, father of the present Duchess of Norfolk, who died last month, belonged to one of the historic Roman Catholic families of Scotland. There are many ancestral treasures at Everingham Park, his stately Yorkshire residence; but it is said that the most prized of all is an old-world, faded lady's cloak with an extraordinary history.

William, fifth Earl of Nithsdale, one of the earl's ancestors, joined the Stuarts in the famous Rebellion of 1715, was taken prisoner at Preston, lodged in the Tower and sentenced to death. On the day before that fixed for the earl's execution, his devoted wife gained access to him in the Tower and, disguising him as a servant-maid with cloak and hood and painted cheeks, enabled him to accompany her and pass the sentries unchallenged. The cloak, preserved to this day, is that which covered the Jacobite earl as he passed forth in humble disguise. It is a story such as Sir Walter Scott would have loved to tell the generation that first read the Waverley novels about one hundred years ago.

A Novel of Jefferson's Days

IN the autumn of 1898, Miss Mary Johnston published her first novel, "Prisoners of Hope," which was succeeded by her great popular success, "To Have and to Hold," a romance of the early English settlers in Virginia. Miss Johnston's latest novel is "Lewis Rand," which was published simultaneously in America and Great Britain last month.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON IN FULL BLAST



Ben Simpson about to Kick Off at the Tiger-Ottawa Game at Hamilton, October 17th.



Varsity Outplays McGill in Toronto.



A Speedy "Quarter" at Work.

The Two Races in Canada—History Repeating Itself

By S. W. McLAGAN

WHEN Rolf the Ganger, so surnamed because he was a rover par excellence amongst a roving people, burst from the eastern confines of the North Sea, and established himself and his reiving crews upon the sunny soil of France, he builded better than he knew, for he little thought that he was starting a race development which was destined in the course of the centuries to belt the earth with communities of energetic, tireless men.

It was about the year 912 A.D. that Rolf, with a goodly following of lusty pirates, left his home in or about the Danish peninsula on his last Viking cruise. His course led him into the estuary of the Seine and up to the gates of Paris, where he made himself so effectively disagreeable that the then King of France gave him his daughter to wife as a peace offering and the fair province of Neustria to govern and settle down upon. Out of the mists of the north more Norsemen followed, and soon a flourishing Norse colony was established. By and by the name of the province was changed to that of Normandy, in compliment to the Norse origin of its now ruling caste, and Rolf and his heirs got the title of Duke. In course of time the original French people and their Norse over-lords intermingled and intermarried, and in a generation or two a new blended race grew up; but in respect to language and customs, little of the Norse remained visible, except a greater force and energy and virility of mind and spirit and physique latent in the people. It was from this new race that the conquering host was recruited which, in 1066, under Duke William, forever after to be styled "The Conqueror," crossed the "narrow seas," and, at the battle of Hastings, shattered the power of Saxon England. It is matter of common history how Duke William, with a fine eye to the legalities, compelled the Saxons to elect him their king after their form, and thereafter distributed large portions of their domains amongst his leading followers. There followed many years of tyranny and oppression, strife and bloodshed, but eventually, as in Normandy, the conquered masses grew up through and absorbed the conquerors, and out of the new race blend thus formed has been developed the Anglo-Saxon people and English speech so much in evidence in the world of to-day; although it is right to state that the term "Anglo-Saxon" in these last days but inadequately

describes the modern English-speaking peoples, for, in the course of the centuries much of Celtic and pure Norse blood has been mingled with the early Anglo-Saxon-Norman strain. Tennyson graphically and dramatically describes, in allegory, the process of the development and result in the dream he imagines Edward the Confessor to have experienced on his death bed:—

"The green tree:

Then a great angel passed along the highest
Crying 'the doom of England,' and at once
He stood beside me, in his grasp a sword
Of lightnings, wherewithal he cleft the tree
From off the bearing trunk, and hurled it from him
Three fields away, and then he dashed and drenched.
He dyed, he soaked the trunk with human blood,
And brought the sundered tree again and set it
Straight on the trunk, that, thus baptised in blood,
Grew ever high and higher, beyond my seeing,
And shot out sidelong boughs across the deep
That dropt themselves, and rooted in far isles
Beyond my seeing."

Now let us recross the English Channel and see in mental vision the emigrant ships of France setting sail early in the seventeenth century to found another France beyond the western ocean, on the shores of the St. Lawrence. These emigrants mainly consisted of Celtic-French from Brittany and Norman-French from Normandy—kin, though now remotely kin, to the blended race that occupied the British Isles—in the case of the Bretons, speaking even the same language, a Celtic dialect, as the Celtic communities of Britain. Cross again the "narrow seas" and observe the departure from Spithead in 1759 of another armed host bound across the wild Atlantic on conquest bent of the new France, which, after much struggle and hardship, discouragement and neglect, had taken root on the soil of America. Soon two armies were at death grips under the walls of Quebec, whose members had much in common in blood and origin, though widely separated by the wedge of many centuries. This time the god of battles inclined his head towards the side that represented the Saxon and Hastings was balanced by the Plains of Abraham, whilst the gallant leaders of either host, Wolfe and Montcalm, passed to the shadows together, fitting symbol of the passing for

ever of the times of strife and the beginning of the everlasting union in Canada of the kindred peoples. Henceforward the descendants of Celtic-Breton and Celtic-Briton, of Norman-French and Anglo-Norman, were destined to live and prosper and expand under the grand old Union Jack, ever the emblem of freedom of faith and thought and speech and work for all men wherever it waves. The change brought greater freedom and more untrammelled personal opportunity to the French-Canadians than they had ever had under the domination of France, and they have acknowledged the trust reposed in them by free and frank loyalty to their new allegiance. Ere long there commenced the same process of absorption of the conqueror by the conquered that has been noted as occurring in Normandy and Britain, and to-day there are to be found in the Province of Quebec the bearers of many a typically Scotch and English name who know no language save Canadian French, and who, in daily habit and religious faith, are altogether French-Canadian, and whose immigrant forefathers, in many cases, fought under Wolfe before Quebec. There seems little doubt that had the territory of New France been more circumscribed, the descendants of immigrants for some generations, at all events, would have become French in language and habits; but the lands that passed to the British Empire were so vast that immigrants of English speech and Protestant faith easily found ground on which to found communities of their own. And so in the course of time, beginning with the immigration of United Empire Loyalists from the revolted American colonies, and followed by the stream of emigrants which soon set in from Great Britain, large English-speaking communities were established, which have expanded in numbers, until, as at this day, their populations exceed that of the French in the whole Dominion. A certain amount of absorption of one sub-race by the other on both sides still proceeds, but only to a small extent. There is, however, a coalescing movement of another kind going on with ever increasing force and ever increasing good faith between the two peoples, directed to the evolution of a new people and nation and name—that of Canada and Canadian—the full fruition of which cannot now be forecasted, but which seems certain to be of great moment in the future history of the world.



In the Society Circus—A Fiery Steed.



The A. B. C. Circus of "High-Salaried" Entertainers.

BROCKVILLE'S FETE OF NATIONS

AMID all the excitement of election month, the town of Brockville, where the Minister of Railways and Canals finds a happy home, undertook a whole week of festivities, all in behalf of the General Hospital. Canada is not greatly given to picturesque or unusual entertainment. We Canadians go south—way down to the Gulf of Mexico—to see the Mardi Gras, and across the ocean to behold Rome or Florence in carnival array. However, even in this land of Anglo-Saxon sobriety, we occasionally hold a fete or celebration, in which gaily-decked booths and bright-hued costumes make an effective patch of colour.

In the pretty town on the St. Lawrence the "Fete of Nations and Society Circus," held in the Armoury proved a success both from the aesthetic and financial standpoints and the hospital funds were increased by four thousand dollars, while the citizens thoroughly enjoyed a week of hilarity. The Ladies' Auxiliary of which Mrs. G. P. Graham is president, superintended the undertaking and naturally rejoice in its success. The first building of the hospital was erected during the latter part of 1888 and various additions have been made until the total cost of the buildings and equipment exceeds forty thousand dollars. The institution is so largely dependent on voluntary contributions for its maintenance that it needs the constant and generous support of Brockville citizens.

Brockville has a natural beauty such as few communities possess, and, when to the majesty of the St. Lawrence and its islands is added the rich colouring of Autumn woods and hills, there is afforded a scenic background for human sport or merry-making that is a pageant in itself. Brockville was among the earliest towns to evolve a "Made-in-Canada Fair," which has been taken as an example in so many Canadian cities since its first appearance, as an advertisement of home industries and an aid to local charities. It is the women of the country who are constantly looking for new entertainments with which to coax the pennies from the public. So it will be of interest to the feminine world to learn of the way in which Brockville managed the grand march of nations.

Each evening there was a pageant representing national costumes and characteristics with Miss

Canada and the provinces of the Dominion at the head. England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France and the United States were also gayly and picturesquely presented before an admiring public. The "hub" of the fete, according to the *Brockville Times* was the large Canadian booth erected in the centre of the hall. Here the provinces were found with the products of each for sale, including dairy products, home comforts, candies, honey, cereals, flour, homespuns, rubber goods, vegetables, fruits, notions of all kinds, including Christmas cards and calendars.

The description of the Scotch and Irish booths gives an excellent idea of how the fete was given colour and individuality. The latter stood to the east of the Canadian and with its thatched roof and profusion of shamrocks gladdened the eyes of every son and daughter of Erin. The genuine Blarney stone and a true descendant of an Irish king were among the attractions of this emerald booth, while a plentiful supply of blackthorns, articles of bog oak, real Irish lace and linen appealed to patriotic memories and aesthetic taste. The Scotch booth, with its fishermaids, Highland lassies and pipers gay, would make any descendant of Bruce or Wallace spend his last bawbee on oat cakes, short bread, butter Scotch or any other of the dainties which the Caledonian loves. No other booth lends itself more readily to historic touches than that which the plaidie and the heather make resplendent. Germany is the land of fairy tales and gorgeous toys and even October is not too early to begin to think of the various dolls and horns which are to fill small stockings on Christmas Eve. A French booth suggests everything of the daintiest order in lace, embroidery and perfumes, while an Italian department would, of course, have roast chestnuts and fruits in abundance.

There is no entertainment of this order now complete without a representation of the Orient, in Chinese curios and Japanese tea-rooms, while the Dutch booth, with dairy delicacies is sure to suggest the Land of the Windmill.

To the stirring music of the Band of the 41st Regiment, the grand march of nations took place each night, with banners a-flutter and all stepping proudly. Then followed the society circus, a clever burlesque of that event which gladdened our child-

hood days and left wonderful memories of tigers and tinselled gowns. Clowns and equestrians were applauded loudly, while a fair "equestrienne" performed marvellous feats for the benefit of the breathless audience. Nor were circus refreshments lacking. Peanuts, popcorn and the pinkest of lemonade added to the gaiety of what proved a most amusing "take-off" on circus joys.

The five photographs reproduced on this page show the thoroughness with which the various performers entered into the spirit of this fete of nations and society circus, making it a "jollification" and pageant to be remembered. It also elicited from admiring spectators "appreciation" to the melodious tune of several thousand dollars.

In Bulgaria

TO-DAY Bulgaria boasts of some six thousand teachers; she has a network of railways; roads have been constructed; public buildings erected; agriculture encouraged. New towns have sprung up, and there are fairly good harbours on the Black Sea. The Army is well trained, and Bulgaria may be stated to be more Western in its civilisation than Oriental—a great evolution indeed.

Whatever may be his shortcomings, the prince who is now Czar of the Bulgarians has shown great resource and inexhaustible patience, and he is certainly largely responsible for the relative welfare of his country. He has been assisted in his task by his people. The average Bulgarian is hard-working, level-headed, and intelligent.

As I write there rises before me the picture of that beautiful country, vividly I recall Tirnovo and the quaint little villages of the neighbourhood, where pretty women, with their parted Madonna style and wearing sequins and glass trinkets, distil attar of roses, and sing as they work, while the men gaily plough the fields behind their massive buffaloes. For Bulgaria is a land of corn and a land of roses. To-day the peasantry have left the fields and the villages. They throng to Sofia, the capital, and to Tirnovo, the capital of old. For Bulgaria has declared its independence, and their beloved Prince is now Czar!—ROGER DE CHATELUX in *Daily Mail*.



Pierrot Leading the Parade.



Pierrette in Parade.



Some Star Performers.



The Thanksgiving Turkey and its Allies.

Canada's Thanksgiving

CANADA has much cause for thanksgiving on Monday next. The period of depression which began in July, 1907, had almost run its course by August of this year. Since then there has been a considerable revival in business activity. Stock market prices had returned, by August, to almost the high level of 1907, and have since gone even higher. Cobalt stocks have experienced a considerable boom, showing that this silver camp is likely to have a permanent effect upon the national prosperity during the next few years. Real estate values grew firmer. The building trades became more active. Manufacturing establishments began to take on a more active appearance and the number of unemployed was considerably reduced. Last year it was difficult to secure enough money to move the crops, but this year money was more plentiful and the grain was marketed quickly. The railways were much better prepared for the movement and the marketing of the grain proceeded at a pace heretofore unknown. Wheat vessels were plentiful and there was little, if any, congestion in this traffic. The apple crop was one of the largest in the history of the country and the cash receipts from this branch of industry were satisfactory. Cheese and butter production fell off owing to the fall drought in Ontario and Quebec, but the heavy hay crop of the earlier part of the year saved the dairy farmers from serious losses.

On the whole, therefore, Canada is in a splendid financial and commercial condition. The financial readjustment of the past twelve months has restricted business, especially in the value of imports, but has not left the general public in a crippled condition. The railway receipts and bank clearings are showing a steady increase over the corresponding periods of 1907. The wonted cheerfulness has returned and plans for progress, development and extension are being made at almost the "boom" speed.

Canada may eat its Thanksgiving dinner and attend its Thanksgiving services in a spirit of thankfulness. The hardest of the hard times has passed. The outlook is cheerful. It will be some time before

the profits of 1905 and 1906 will be duplicated, but the genuine progress of the country in all its features will be as rapid as ever. There are those who prophesy that 1909 will be a new record year in every particular.

So far as the crop is concerned Canada has considerable cause for thanksgiving. The quality of the grain is much better than in 1907, though still below the average. The prices at which products are being sold are almost equal to those of last year. These two features in themselves are of great importance, though too often overlooked in estimating prosperity. Most people are satisfied with an estimate in bushels, forgetting that the quality of the grain and the price are equally important in making up the value of a year's crop.

The August estimate of Canada's crop was better than the September estimate from official quarters. The October estimate, not yet officially given, is said to be better than the September and almost equal to the August returns. In September, the threshing returns from Saskatchewan and Manitoba caused the Dominion Department of Agriculture to lower its figures as to the wheat crop of 1908 by some nine million bushels. Nevertheless the September estimate is fairly cheerful and is used as the basis of the following tables, which are probably a little lower than the actual results.

WHEAT PRODUCTION BY PROVINCES.

	Bushels per acre.	Total Bushels.
Prince Edward Island	14	387,000
Nova Scotia	20	412,000
New Brunswick	16	323,000
Quebec	14	1,447,000
Ontario	21	17,264,000
Manitoba	17	51,748,000
Saskatchewan	15	35,940,000
Alberta	30	8,130,000

Aver. 17.5 Total 115,651,000

OAT PRODUCTION BY PROVINCES.

	Bushels per acre.	Total Bushels.
Prince Edward Island	34	6,124,000

Nova Scotia	35	4,727,000
New Brunswick	27	5,505,000
Quebec	24	37,020,000
Ontario	35	108,794,000
Manitoba	38	50,267,000
Saskatchewan	32	29,763,000
Alberta	49	25,451,000

Aver. 33.7 Total 267,651,000

Immigration has fallen off very considerably this year. Not that this indicates a declining faith in Canada; the decline is due to the attitude of the authorities toward immigration agencies and an avowed policy of restricted admission. In short, Canada did not desire a great influx of new citizens this year. So many came in during the five previous years, that the supply was larger than the country's power of assimilation. To place a quarter of a million immigrants each year in suitable and profitable employment is a large task for a country the size of the Dominion. To try to do this, at the time of an industrial depression, when the average citizen finds it difficult to keep up his average earnings, would have been decidedly foolish. The authorities were therefore wise in discouraging all except those who were seeking work on the soil. The result is seen in a decrease, in the six summer months, from 193,781 in 1907 to 100,486 in 1908. This decrease is entirely in the immigration from Europe, that from the United States being fairly well maintained. During this same period, the arrivals from the United States amounted to 35,183 in 1907, and to 34,233 in 1908. This is a decrease of only 1,000 people in the six months period.

That the Government is wise in discouraging European immigration and encouraging United States immigration is amply proven by the general attitude of the public. There has been much criticism of the European citizen-donations which Canada has received during the past few years, but not a word against the United States immigrant. The American farmer knows our conditions, and speedily makes himself at home. The American mechanic has a standard of living equal to that which prevails here and his competition in this market is not greatly feared by the trades unions.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

HAVING just celebrated the discovery of the Fraser River, the inhabitants of the Pacific Province will now proceed to dredge it. For three hundred thousand dollars the Marine Department have secured a dredge that will make a thirty-foot channel clear up to a place called Millside, which is large on shipping lumber. The dredge will have performed the longest journey ever undertaken by a craft of that ilk; for she will get to Vancouver via Cape Horn from Germany. Not that Germany makes any better dredges than plenty of other countries, but this was a "Fruhlin" that had become a white elephant on somebody's hands, and the Marine Department whose business often takes it overseas and into strange, remote places, got it at a bargain. The dredge will soon be tracing the route followed by Captain Vancouver more than a hundred years ago.

* * *

CANNING industries in Ontario aggregate more than in all other provinces combined; sixty-four factories in the province. These can almost everything but music. They pay to farmers every year nearly a million dollars for fruit and vegetables; for corn, tomatoes and peas; for pears, peaches and apples; for all the sorts of things that Canadian farmers have the soil and the climate to grow. Hands employed by these factories total nearly seven thousand. Prince Edward County is the native home of the canning industry. Twenty-six years ago one Warrington Bolter, who was a shrewd, practical man, started the first cannery in Canada. He very likely was a farmer whose wife made a bee for six months every year doing down fruit and pickles, somewhat after the fashion of Snider, the catsup king, the Canadian whose wife gave him the recipe for the catsup that made him famous and a millionaire. One Gilbert Parker also is said to have started a cannery in a place called Bloomfield. Since these two pioneers in the industry the dumps of Canada have been bountifully decorated with the tin cans that travel over all railroads and trails; to the Yukon and to Cariboo; to the transcontinental camps in Northern Ontario; to the lumber camps up the Saguenay; to the mining camps in Cape Breton, and out on the prairie where every new town is known by its suburbs of tin-can dumps.

* * *

FORT FRANCES is headlong into a huge new enterprise—proposition to develop idle water-power into electrical energy on a Niagara scale. This young city seems to have water on the brain. Every little while some new water-power project gets under way there. She has water to burn. Present concern is capitalised in St. Paul at seven millions, under the name of the Minnesota and Ontario Power Company—note that the name of the State where the money comes from goes first, the origin of the power being a secondary consideration. Thirty thousand horse-power is aimed at from the electrical energy end; but there is also to be a huge pulp and paper mill having daily capacity of two hundred tons of news print paper with fifty tons of surplus sulphite. Lord Northcliffe should take a villa in Fort Frances.

* * *

THERE is a university professor somewhere in the United States who expects that in time the newspapers will tell nothing but the truth. In short he would abolish elections, fashionable wed-

dings and obituaries; also he would play the dickens with the fanciful readabilities of some temperamental quill-drivers who every now and then break loose and into pictures of the here and the hereafter. In a western paper a few days ago appeared one of these yarns; which reads so excellently well that one forgets the importance of naked truth and thinks it a fine bit of fiction. The story concerns Billy, a Kyoquot Indian, and his *klootchman* Louise, who for thirteen days were adrift in an open boat on the Pacific—being lost from a schooner; at first with seven biscuits, most of which a hungry wave gobbled up, reducing the drift-aways to a ration of one inch of hard-tack each per day. The story speaks eloquently for itself; in fact Jack London would need to work hard to beat it. For example:

"The sky portended rain. Billy sang an old shaman song to the gods of his fathers, crying for rain. At last it came. With a sail spread the cast-aways caught the welcomed rain and drank deep. The water made their hunger more cruel. The determination to eat no more than the little ration allotted to them was hard to keep. The tenth day brought them food. They sighted a sleeping fur seal. Craftily the old *klootchman* steered the canoe toward it while Billy watched with poised spear. Aim was a question of life or death. The *klootchman* brought the canoe closer. Then the spear flew true. It pierced the sleeper, and with glad cries the famished Indians drew in the carcass. They skinned it. This because of the habit strong in them. A fire was made in the bottom of the canoe to cook the seal meat. There was no fuel, other than the masts and canoe gear, so Billy broke up his spear pole. They had water held in the basin made by the sail, a saving from the rain of the day before, and when they made a fire the seal meat was roasted. They could not wait. Both clutched at it and ate their first meal for ten days. They ate again, and with renewed vigour and more hope paddled on until the grey of the land loomed in the distance, and with the goal in sight they paddled strong. It was Unimak island they had found, and on the fourteenth day after they had started from the schooner they landed at Bristol Bay inside False Pass."

* * *

IN the West nowadays must be sought most of the extremes in domestic architecture. Log shacks are still fashionable in some sections; on the trail you may see the mud hut of last year doing duty for a stable this year; and in Winnipeg may be found some of the most modern and elegant residences in Canada. Home-building is becoming a science out west. The homes of Winnipeg and Calgary and Edmonton will bear comparison with those of almost any eastern city. Newness of course is leading characteristic. It will be a hundred years before historic family residences become a feature of western cities. But some of us may live to see the day when the civilisation curiosity hunter from Great Bear Lake takes a scoot out to Winnipeg to observe some of the old-fashioned, comfortable old mansions, built so solidly and with such large rooms and all that sort of thing.

* * *

"**S**T. JOHN, the New York of Canada," is becoming something of a slogan in New Brunswick. This is by way of intimating that Montreal must expect to rank as a secondary inland city if the prediction is ever fulfilled. Three facts are impressively cited as tending to show that this is no dream: The rapidly growing and soon-to-be

enormous volume of the ocean-borne trade of Canada; the determination of the Canadian people and of the Liberal Government that all the trade of the country shall be carried on through Canadian channels; the position of St. John which makes it incomparably the best Canadian port through which the shipping of produce may be carried on during the winter season when the St. Lawrence ports are closed to navigation. As to distances of water haulage the figures are: Halifax to Liverpool, 2,450 miles; St. John to Liverpool, 2,700 miles; Portland to Liverpool, 2,843 miles; Boston to Liverpool, 2,807 miles; New York to Liverpool, 3,034 miles. Statistics are also given to show the obvious advantage of St. John over other ports in matter of railway haulage and competition; also plans are freely submitted showing how the Government purposes to deepen the harbour and build wharves. All very encouraging. Pity that on the eve of an election a lot of people will sniff the air and say it looks like a campaign dodge to get votes. But then, it may be no such thing. It may be that the facts cited by the enthusiasts are to win out on behalf of St. John. If they do, nobody will be sorry. St. John ought to be a great port. But the facts of the case should be hammered at a long while before an election so that nobody may be able to say that it is just a political pipe dream.

* * *

NEITHER has the ginger departed from western journalism nor the colour from western life. The projection of the G. T. P. is beginning to unearth some such romances in the vicinity of Edmonton as came to light during the glorious delirium of the Klondike rush. The *Edmonton Journal* has a recent convulsion of picturesque language concerning gold, the new transcontinental—and a woman, saying:

"Two first-class, rough and tumble, rock-ribbed, copper-fastened, indurated sour-dough prospectors of the class who climb to the haunts of the mountain goat and the bald-headed eagle in the pursuit of the elusive treasure vault of the hills, and chase the fickle rainbow from Cape Nome to Terre del Fuego, came into town last night and brought with them a string of stories that would give a Hearst reporter the jumpy-jumps for a month. The first, in point of interest, is the announcement that a new gold region of great promise has been discovered in the Fraser River country. The second is that the Grand Trunk Pacific is not likely to be completed through the defiles of the Rockies for five years. And the third is that lovely woman, personified by Mrs. Mary Schafer and Miss Molly Adams, society women of Philadelphia, have invaded the wilderness and have gazed on the scenic grandeur of the Yellowhead. They are the first white women to look on the glories of Mount Robson or to visit the embryonic townsite of Tete-Juan Cache. They will have the unique honour of enlivening the pink tea circles of the Quaker City this winter with stories of travels in a country where few men and no women have ever set foot before. Messrs. Summers and Kaecke report the discovery on the Beaver Creek, fifty miles below Tete-Juan Cache and fifty miles above the outlet of the Little Smoky River, of a ledge, ten miles long, sixty feet wide and as plain as a turnpike, carrying \$10 of gold and 50 ounces of silver to the ton. Their discovery is in a country heretofore unvisited by prospectors, red, white or black, and so close to the sky-line that a pack-train of bald-headed eagles would be the most feasible plan of getting supplies in, pending the construction of the G. T. P."

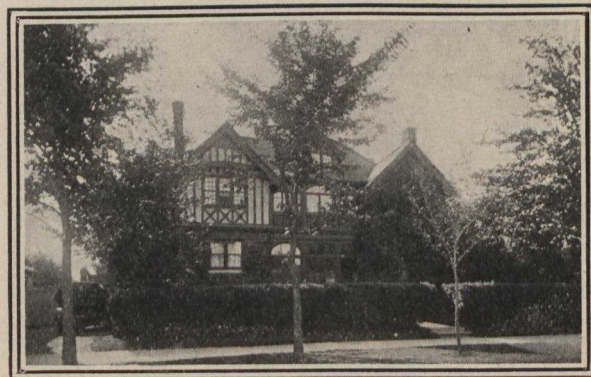
SOME WINNIPEG RESIDENCES



Home of Mr. D. C. Cameron.



Mr. A. A. Andrews, President Exhibition Board



Judge Phippen's Home

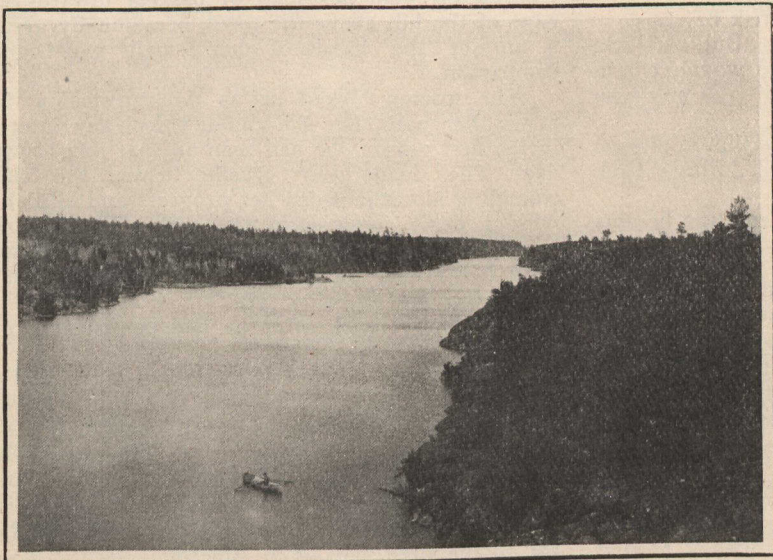
THE DEER COUNTRY ALONG GEORGIAN BAY



The Elbow on the Wahnapetae.



The Still River, from C.N.O. Bridge.



The Pickerel—A Sporting Stream.

HUNTING BLACKTAIL IN THE FOOTHILLS

By SHERWOOD B. MARSHALL

IT had snowed the day before; those big, soft flakes which cover the trees and ground, and pile up fantastic shapes where the low underbrush held the snow, making the scrubby second growth appear tall and phantom-like — the ghosts of their former greatness.

Contrary to all expectations, the morning broke clear and cold, the snow-covered trees seeming to resent anything with life coming into contact with them, as the snow in great clouds would fall upon the slightest touch.

We had arrived the previous afternoon during the snowstorm, prepared to take the trail for a still-hunt the next day. Our camp was located at the foot of a long coulee running back from the table land of the foothills. We had built it during the early fall when we were getting out timber for our corrals. It was part dug-out and part logs, snug and warm. The door being near the roof, and there being no windows, we called it the "Bears' Den." A typical mountain stream flowed by the door.

We started just at daybreak—three silent figures in heavy woollen mackinaw and moccasins, which let us glide through the timber and underbrush as silent as shadows. The first trail, which we struck about a mile from our camp was that of a small jumping deer, and we did not bother with it. However, the next trail was that of a deer of different calibre, the long toe and uneven hoof, which we could see plainly defined in the snow, telling us that a large Black-tail had passed, and within the last hour. My companions proceeded onward while I immediately picked up the trail, running with the short silent steps that my old "breed" friend had taught me, keeping about a foot from the trail so as not to destroy it. I had gone but a short distance when I came across some cattle tracks where some cattle had passed the same morning. The deer which I was following had taken advantage of it, they walking in the same track, making it very confusing for the moment; but getting the direction which he was travelling by a close study of the footprints, I started off at a good steady dog-trot, confi-

dent that my game must be near, but suddenly discovered that I was no longer following his trail. It was then I reaped the benefit of keeping to the side of the trail, for I retraced my steps, examining every inch of the way, and about one hundred yards back discovered his trail again, but to all appearances the world had swallowed him up, as not a

sign or mark could be seen of where he had gone. I stood in perplexity about a minute thinking of what I should tell the boys at the camp, when suddenly I remembered what one of the boys had told me about deer retracing their steps, so I determined to follow the back trail. I had gone perhaps fifty or a hundred feet when I saw in the trail where he had jumped, taking one of those great side leaps which only the Black-tail can take. Making a detour, I struck the trail again about twenty feet to my right, showing up clear and distinct in the snow.

Having lost about fifteen minutes getting the trail again, I set off at a good fast pace and having gone about a mile, was beginning to tire, when suddenly to my left I heard a crash, and, almost before I had time to think, Mr. Black-tail jumped out of some brush about twenty feet away. The second he jumped I fired, but he was too quick for me and I made a clear miss, shooting under him, so he was in the timber before I could get another shot, running up the side of the coulee. However, knowing that he had to cross several open spaces before he reached the top, I got my rifle sighted on the first space, about one hundred and fifty yards away, which I knew he was going to cross, judging by the noise he made. A large deer, when frightened, makes a noise like a troupe of elephants going through the bush, and he certainly was frightened. The moment he appeared I fired and caught him fair on the back of his head. He fell like a log and never moved a muscle. I ran up and drew my knife across his throat, and after tearing my red handkerchief into a couple of pieces and placing them on sticks near by to keep away the wolves, I returned to camp, tired and hungry. The other boys were in ahead of me, one of them having got a splendid jumping deer, while the other started on the trail of a Black-tail but lost it, returning to camp without anything.

The next day, with our pack horses we returned to where I had shot my deer and took back to the settlement one of the largest Black-tail bucks which ever came out of the foothills.



A newly-killed Moose, suspended by a wire.

THE REWARD OF MERIT

A Story of How Thanksgiving Day Proved True

By FLORA BALDWIN



WHEN Jack Lennox sat on his horse at six in the morning and sang "Come into the garden, Maud," most tunefully, he did it with no thought that the selection was slightly inappropriate for several reasons. In the first place there wasn't a garden, there or anywhere else in this big new western town at the outside edge of the foothills, and the girl who appeared in answer to the melodious invitation was decidedly not the Maud of Tennyson's creation. She was instead a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girl dressed in a riding habit—divided skirts—and leading a saddled pony. But the man whose warbling caused her to appear seemed more than satisfied with the substitute, evidently labouring under the delusion that he was being offered "something just as good."

Down the street, quiet now, but that would presently hum with western life, across a few vacant lots, past back doors whose privacy was unprotected by any sort of a fence, out to the bridle path that followed a river which had not lost its mountain blue or its mountain swiftness in a hundred miles of rolling prairie, over the bridge and up the steep bank—that was the regular morning route, and the horses took it without question. There was always some uncertainty when the top was reached. A dozen trails led out from the bank across the Alberta prairie, little dark tracings on a surface of vivid green in summer and of the dull gold of ripened grass in the fall. But whichever path the riders chose for the swift gallop, there was always a moment's pause on the brow of the hill.

"Isn't it beautiful, Jack?" said Marion, softly.

"I hate a place that can't produce a tree," quoted he with a sly glance at his companion.

"It isn't right nice of you to remember the foolishness I talked as a fresh arrival!"

"I always remember what you say, and—"

"Well, you can forget *that*. I've been converted. If there were the big elms and beeches and oaks I sighed for at first, we could not see that whole winding length of river—how many miles of it can we see, Jack? That sheet of blue sky would be broken up into patches, and all this wide prairie would be screened off, so that we could see only a little, little way, instead of right out to the edge of the world where the winds are made."

He quoted again, "Those abominable winds," and then before she could interrupt, "You won't want to go back East again?"

There was the faintest sigh. "My work is back there, but, thank fortune, Jessie needs me yet, and I won't go back till the New Year anyway."

"Why not stay here?"

"It isn't good form to live on your brother-in-law, and when my sister is strong again they will not need me. But I hate to leave the kiddies—"

"Bother the kiddies! You needn't look shocked, Marion; they have bothered me a heap. Not a moonlight ride have we had all this summer, because you were doing multiplication questions and putting babies to bed!"

"But you—we—had every morning."

"I know, and mighty good mornings they were, too; but, hang it all, before breakfast is no time to propose to a girl!"

"To what?" in a startled tone; then, recovering herself, "I fail to see the necessity, night or morning."

"Then you must be blind. It's an absolute necessity if I am to survive." He laid a detaining hand on her bridle as she would have turned away to hide a crimson face. "I love you, little one, and I have never had a decent chance to tell you so. Don't go back East, dear; stay with me, and we will have a home under your beloved blue sky."

"Let's finish our ride, Jack."

"No, not till you answer me."

"I'm sorry," and genuine sorrow was in her voice, "but it's impossible."

"Some one else?" he asked abruptly.

"No."

"You just don't like me?"

"No, that isn't it. I do like you very much."

"But you don't love me?"

"Listen, dear." The tender little word sounded hopeful, and encouraged Jack to lay his hand on the brown one nearest him, but it was promptly

withdrawn. "I do like you, but I can't love you nor any man. I can't."

"Can't, Marion? Be frank with me for the sake of the liking. I'm not very clever, but I think I'm trustworthy."

"You're everything that is fine, and I'd trust you with my life, but I can't love you because—because it isn't in me. It is so hard to explain. Once when I was just a young girl I loved—yes, it was back East. I would cheerfully have died for him, but he came out here and forgot me. That is a common story, but it hurt me as much as if nothing had ever happened like it. I died, at least my heart did. No, I am aware that I do not look like a blighted being. Anyone who can eat and sleep and enjoy a joke as I do is not entitled to sympathy from the general public. Somebody says that the saddest thing in life is to retain the desire to love and to lose the power. I have lost the power."

"Marry me, little girl, and we'll risk it."

"No, that wouldn't be fair to you. But, oh, Jack, I'd give anything if I could! There wouldn't be a happier woman in the world than I. Can't you make me love you, Jack?"

The brown hands were held out to him in piteous appeal, and as he took them he said, "Please God, I'll make you."

It was time to go—to go down from the heights to the day's work, but before they moved away Jack said, "Marion, I am going to ask you to do something hard. Wait, don't answer till you hear. If ever you find that your feelings have changed will you come and tell me? That is a great deal to ask, you will say. I know it. But as long as you do not love me I do not want to risk losing you altogether by bothering you. A man could ask it only of the truest-hearted woman in the world."

As his hand left her rein she looked at him frankly and said, "Yes, Jack, I will."

When a swain sets out to win a maiden's heart, deeds of "derring-do" seem to be always around the corner; not an opportunity in sight to make of himself a heroic figure in the eyes of the fair one. But for once the fates appeared to be kind. Jack was wise if he was in love, and by great effort kept up the old friendly companionship with its walks and rides, its books and music. He did not even blunder by too assiduous attentions to the young nephews of the girl he loved. But if heroism and self-sacrifice could relight the flame on the altar of the heart, Marion would speedily have been compelled to fulfil her promise. When the box factory took fire, it was he who gave the alarm and helped to bring out the terrified girls. He stopped the Senator's runaway horses on Main Street, and reassured the trembling old lady in the carriage behind them. He nursed his chum through a bad attack of fever and broke a "bad" broncho. It was only human that he secretly hoped that something might come of it, although he had done every one of them without any thought of reward. Which was just as well, as no reward seemed to be forthcoming.

In the West salaried workers observe holidays, and the owner works on such festive days as Thanksgiving and Citizens' Day. Especially does the young business man choose a holiday for straightening things up. Jack Lennox belonged to the last class, and so it happened that on this particular holiday he had refused to join a party in a gallop to Patterson's ranch, had lent his horse to one of the crowd and had gone to his office.

Two or three hours of steady work followed, and then his thoughts began to stray. The growing prosperity of the business was shown on the books, and the thought of what the money would buy led to longer thoughts of how he would like to spend it. Was there any hope that the profits would go into a home—a pretty bungalow upon the hill with Marion as its mistress? Not much hope, it would appear, but on the strength of the scanty supply he began to draw plans on blotter and pad. By the time he had settled where the fireplace would be, he was far away from the office in spirit.

"This is a healthy state of mind for a business man," he said at last, rousing himself and endeavouring to look scornful, but his eyes smiled and his lips refused to take on any but a tender expression. "I'll walk it off." But his steps were unconsciously turned to the short cuts that led to the bridle path and the bridge and the steep bank. At the top he stopped for a long look, then stepped out on a trail

that showed a black speck far ahead. It might be some one he knew and they could walk back together. So on he went, enjoying to the full the crisp air, the sun now losing its mid-day heat and beginning to strike the earth with slanting rays, and the atmosphere of freedom in the wide spaces unblotted except for a bungalow here and there, at which he looked with more than common interest.

The speck ahead grew larger and larger until it resolved itself into two forms, one large, the other small. They were coming slowly, very slowly, and as Jack got nearer he saw a squaw with a heavy bundle on her shoulders, and a little child by her side. Her steps were slow, not to keep pace with the child, but through sheer weakness and fatigue. The brown baby face was smeared with tears rubbed from red eyes with a dirty hand, but on the countenance of the woman sat dry-eyed despair. She had carried loads all her life; she would always have them to carry; tears were of no avail. So she trudged on with her load of baskets towards the edge of the hill above the town, occasionally giving a tug at the hand of her small, woe-begone companion.

The woman looked up as Jack's shadow fell across her path, but she couldn't feel any interest in the first person she had seen all that long, sunny day. The load was cruelly heavy, the child stumbling along impeded her progress and filled her with a fierce impatience, the fiercer because she loved her little son, and his fatigue lay as heavy upon her as her own. The white man was but a blur before her unseeing eyes.

Jack looked back after he had passed and pity smote him.

"By George! she looked just about all in, and so did the kid. What a life those poor beggars live! The noble red man may do well enough, but the women—any fellow with a grain of man in his make-up wouldn't let his wife haul a load like that—or any other woman. Now, what put that notion into my head? I can't undertake to tote bundles for all the tired squaws in Alberta."

But he looked back again, and because he had gone slowly through idleness and she had gone more slowly through exhaustion, the distance between them was very short. With a grimace at his weakness—he named it—and a shrug of the shoulders, he turned and covered the intervening space in short order.

His friendly face more than the intelligibility of his words made her understand as the fastenings were undone. She had no experience to help her comprehend, for no man, not even the husband who was once her lover, had borne a burden for her. He was fastidious enough to feel a qualm as he touched the greasy leather straps, and the shudder was external and prolonged before he grasped the dirty little hand of the papoose. The woman did not try to keep pace with his long strides, and was soon left behind.

Jack chuckled as he strode along. What would the boys—what would Marion think if she could see him now? The chuckle died a sudden death as, obedient to some impulse, he glanced around. He would soon have the question answered, for here came the whole riding party. They were not very near yet, but would catch him before he reached the edge of the hill. For a moment he seriously thought of dropping baskets and boy and veering off in another direction, then he stiffened and prepared for the worst.

On they came, a laughing, singing, chattering crowd, riding in a close group regardless of bridle-paths, and without thought for gopher holes. The horses could look out for those. They might have passed Jack without notice, for the bundle made a fair screen, if the sight of an Indian carrying a load and aiding a child while his squaw walked free, had not been a sight worth more than a casual glance. The leader turned as they passed, and in less than a moment the din was deafening.

"Good heavens!"

"Is this the way you spend a holiday?"

"You have good taste to choose this company in preference to ours."

"Didn't know you had gone into the transportation business!"

"Look at the youngster's hands!"

"Poor little kid, he looks almost dead. Is that his mother back there?"

There was no use trying to answer questions or make explanations to that clamouring mob of which

Marion was the only one who had not spoken. Jack took refuge in silence and gave them only a broad grin at his predicament and their curiosity.

"Slip along now," he said, when they were silent through exhaustion, "I'm not travelling your way to-day."

They left him with laughing jeers, and then, in recognition of what they had seen, they stopped on top of the hill, with the sky for a background, and gave three ringing cheers.

That night Jessie's meek offer to put her own sons to bed was accepted, and Marion met Jack on the verandah.

"There's a moon to-night, Jack. Shall we ride a little while?"

"Will you really? Give me just five minutes to saddle." He was already half-way to the street. "How does it happen, have you given the kiddies to an orphan asylum, or lent them to their mother?"

A few minutes later with one consent they turned towards the path and the river. The incident of the afternoon was not mentioned, indeed silence seemed easier and just as eloquent as speech, and conversation was spasmodic. At the top they dismounted, the bridle reins were dropped over the

horses' heads, and the two looked out over the moonlit river and the town with its twinkling lights.

Marion spoke first.

"Jack, you said it would be hard."

"Is it too hard, dear?" he asked quietly, but with a great hope springing up in him.

"It isn't a bit hard. Isn't that a shameless confession?"—laughing softly and tremulously. "It was this afternoon did it, and I wanted to say it out before the whole crowd."

"Say what, Marion?"

"I love you, Jack."

THE FRIENDSHIP TOKEN

By EDITH GOLDWORTH EBERTS

"JERRY, I wish you were my bruvver, an' nen I could go wiv you." The big blue eyes filled up with tears.

"Well, Ellie, never mind, I'll soon be a big man an' own a hotel"—he waved his small brown hand towards the big, gay summer hotel that topped the hill—"an' then I will come and take you an' your auntie to live with me."

"I won't have any one to play house wiv. I don't want to let de other boys hold my doll while I wash de dishes. You are just like a gwowed-up papa; an' now you are goin' way off."

She dug her little red-handled spade into the sand and stared winkingly at the waves racing over the beach. She was seven, with a cloud of golden curls, and big, mournful blue eyes. He was ten, with sunny, brown hair and fearless, brown eyes. They had both come as strangers to the gay seaside resort, but in a few days had become the greatest companions and friends. They built their sand-houses together and played house. Every day they had big feasts of candy or peanuts or cakes, down on the beach. She spread out her treasured dishes and heaped on the goodies. More often than not the sand got heaped on too, but that did not matter. They were children, and nothing matters then. They had played now for eight weeks and to-morrow Jerry was going home. He did not like to see tears in Ellie's eyes, so he shied pebbles at the waves.

"Maybe I'll neber see you, Jerry, for years an' years, an' maybe neber. Ain't it awful?"

This was too much for Jerry, and two little tears crept into the corners of his eyes and jumbled the sea and sky together. But he kept on shying pebbles until the mist cleared.

"I've got something to give you to keep so's you can remember me," and he pulled out of his pocket something done up in a piece of ruby velvet.

"When I was ten in May, my uncle Walt gave me a five-dollar gold piece and said when I wanted to use it real sensible I could use it. An' so las' night I got it out of its box an' borrowed a little file from old Joe an' sawed it in two."

He carefully unwrapped the ruby velvet and displayed the two pieces of gold.

"My hand got awful tired, so when I was most through I broke it. It makes one side jagged. I am going to have a hole put through my piece and wear it on my watch chain. Dad said I could have a watch for Christmas. It's called a friendship token," he concluded as he pressed one half into her small, brown hand.

Her fingers closed over it with a caress. "I will keep it for eber an' eber," she said.

And then he put his face down in her blue sun-bonnet and kissed her lips.

It was a sultry June morning. Low in the west black thunder clouds were piling. The breeze that had freshened with the dawn, had died away. In the old trees on the lawn which surrounded the big white cottage, the robins were calling madly for the rain. A young girl in white muslin was fastening up long pink sprays of wild roses to the wire which was stretched on the wide verandah. Orchard Farm was about five miles from the city, and as automobiles were as common as horses passing up and down the white country road, the girl did not notice the red car which was running by jerks, until it finally stopped short in front of Orchard Farm's white gates. A young man was the sole occupant, and he immediately got out and tried to find out the trouble. He tinkered and tapped and twisted but it might as well have been "Maud" in the funny paper, for it would not be coaxed or driven. And the storm came on.

Presently a big rain-drop hit the young man on the nose, and at the same time Helen Manners opened the gate and said shyly:

"I know you are in trouble, and as there is a storm coming, my aunt and I will be glad to offer you shelter."

As he lifted his peaked cap his brown eyes looked straight down into her blue ones, and the pink deepened in her cheeks.

"I do not like to trouble you, but I am very thankful for your offer. My machine has gone back on me just when it ought to be behaving its best."

"Can you push it in under the trees? They are so thick that the rain will not do much damage," said the girl. She opened the gate wide, and he pushed the car through into shelter, and then walked quickly by her side to the house. Just before they reached the verandah the downpour came. He caught her hand quickly and they made a run for it.

"I am afraid you are nearly drowned," he said as she sank laughing and breathless into a big wicker chair.

"O, no, not quite," she replied, brushing back the bright, damp curls that were flying across her forehead. "I believe we had better go inside as the wind is commencing to drive the rain on to the piazza. My aunt will be here in a few minutes. She is making bread." Together they pushed the verandah chairs and tables back against the wall out of the reach of the rain, and then Helen led the way into the house followed by the young man whose willing arms were piled full of cushions.

"Please drop them here," she said, motioning to a cosy-corner in the hall. After he had deposited his load, she led him into the parlour. "I will see if my aunt is nearly finished, if you will excuse me."

"Pray don't call her from her work just on my account. I will feel very sorry if I put you to any inconvenience."

"It will not be any inconvenience, for she will not be able to leave her work unless it is finished. There are some magazines on the table. I will be back in a few minutes."

Left alone in the big, cool parlour, he turned over the magazines and watched the door, until the minutes seemed like hours. Suddenly he saw a photograph on the piano, and on close examination he found it to be a picture of his young hostess.

"How lovely she is," he said half aloud as he stood before it.

He heard a low laugh at his back, and turning found the girl standing close beside him. She had changed her damp dress for a pink gingham, whose colour rivalled her cheeks.

"Mrs. Manners, my aunt, will be here presently. I see you are near the piano. Do you play?" He shook his head.

"No; but I am very fond of music. My mother plays a great deal. Perhaps you—"

A blaze of lightning cut through the gloom. The girl covered her face and sank into a chair. The thunder shook the house and for a moment drowned the voice of Mrs. Manners, who had just entered. Forrest rose from his chair when he saw her.

"I am sorry if I have caused you any trouble, Mrs. Manners. It was so kind of you to offer me shelter."

"There is no trouble," she replied. "The storm is a bad one, and I hope your car will not be ruined."

"I think not. My name is Gerald Forrest. I have only my business cards with me." He handed a pit of pasteboard to Mrs. Manners.

"Is your father Bruce Forrest of Forrest and Company, the law firm?" she asked after she had scanned the card.

"Yes; I am a junior member of the firm."

"Well, I used to know your father quite well," and she beamed kindly through her glasses at the young man.

"I had a business appointment at twelve, but I guess I will not be able to make it." He looked at his watch, and in so doing displayed the handsome gold fob.

But it was not this which caught Helen's eyes and made her gasp. Attached to the fob by a gold link was a gold friendship piece. And as far as she could tell it was the mate to the piece she had treasured since a little child. Could it be possible that this was the "Jerry" she had played with and loved during that summer at the seaside many years ago? She remembered that the boy's eyes were brown like this man's, and under this new light she was sure she could trace a resemblance in the face. He looked up quickly and saw the girl's eyes full upon him with a puzzled, intent look in their blue depths.

She laughed. "I noticed your friendship token. I think it is such a pretty idea. Is it a gilded penny?" she asked guardedly. He handed the watch and fob to her.

"That was the first piece of gold money I ever owned. Years and years ago I cut it in two, and gave the other half to my little sweetheart. We had played together all one summer by the sea, and our hearts were nearly broken when we had to part. I can just see her in her little blue sunbonnet as I kissed her good-bye." Helen's face was as pink as her gown. Could she ever tell this man that she was that little seaside sweetheart whom he had kissed?

"And so you wear this in memory of your first sweetheart," said Mrs. Manners.

"Yes; I have never found one since whom I liked so well," he answered laughingly.

"Have you never seen her since?" Helen asked, her eyes looking full into his.

"What lovely eyes you have," he thought to himself. But aloud he said: "No; I never knew my little Ellie's last name, so I can't even hunt for her."

The maid announced lunch at that moment and Gerald Forrest eagerly accepted Mrs. Manners' gracious invitation to lunch with them.

Two hours after when the storm had vanished, and he had got his motor car into shape again, he was speeding along to the city with a cordial acquiescence from Mrs. Manners that he might come again.

That night his dreams were a queer mixture of blue eyes and blue sunbonnets, thunder storms and the booming surf.

It was August, and the harvest moon was shining in all its golden splendour on Orchard Farm lawn. On a garden seat in the shadow of the trees sat a young girl in cool white muslin. By her side was Gerald Forrest.

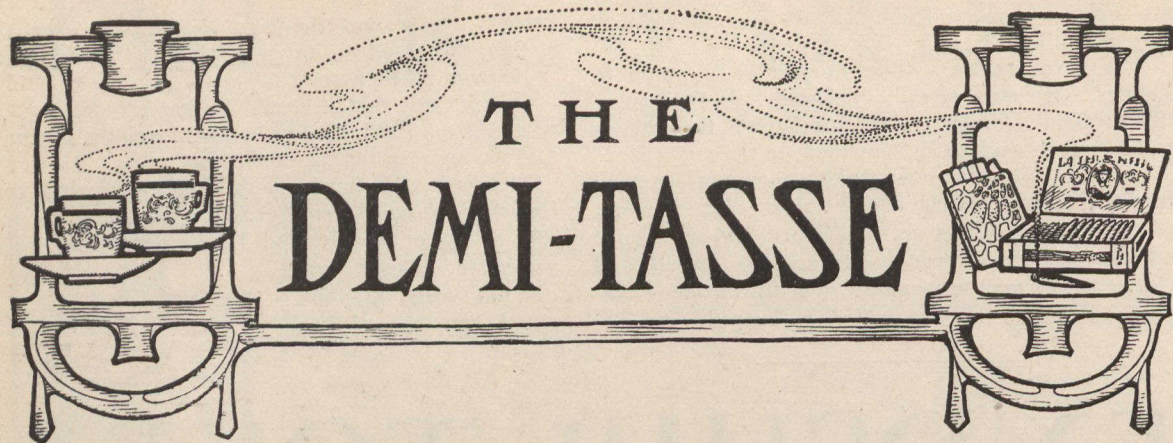
His fine face looked pale in the half-light. There was a gleam of mischief in Helen's eyes he could not understand.

"I do not think you have been playing with me all these happy weeks. You could not help but know that I have loved you dearly since the first. Tell me you care a little, Helen."

"Mr. Forrest, I predict that you shall marry your first sweetheart, the girl who has the other half of your friendship token." This jarred the man. He was in earnest, and he could not bear to hear her speak so lightly.

"To the man I marry," she went on, "I must be his first as well as his last sweetheart. You see you had one once, and gave her half a coin. She

(Continued on page 22)



WHAT DO POETS WANT WITH GOLD?

YEARS ago, a Canadian writer, the late Archibald Lampman, wrote a poem with the above title, in which he expressed the traditional artistic scorn for material things. There recently came to the office of the *Canadian Courier* a modern lay on this thrilling subject by one of our best writers, who wishes, however, to be known in this case as "Henry Howard."

What do poets want with gold?
Just the usual things I'm told—
Things to eat upon the table,
(Not canned things without a label)
Things to look at, things to drink,
Things to smoke to help them think;
Little coat to fit the laddie,
Bigger coat to fit the daddy,
Coat for Mrs. Poet, too—
Just the same as me or you.

What do poets want with gold?
Well, the list is not soon told—
I know one who wants an auto,
So you see he's really got to
Get some gold from some nice edit-
Or, for there's no credit
For a man who is a poet
(Was one once and so I know it);
So you see it's really true
That he needs gold—same as you.

What do poets want with gold?
Would you like to wear old, old
Trousers? Just for want of cash
Would you like to live on hash?
Trips to Europe are delightful
And, if poets had their rightful
Rights, there'd be a finer
Crowd on an Atlantic liner;
Ah! if half their rhymes were sold
Poets would not want for gold!

A FOREIGN CONSTITUENCY.

"I believe Robinette is in," said an enthusiastic Reformer in Toronto on the afternoon of October 26th.

"But there are several *Poles* to hear from," remarked a cynical friend.

TAKING IN THE STRANGER.

A SENATOR of the United States is telling the following story: He was in a train bound for Cologne when he made the acquaintance of a stranger who proved to be a delightful companion.

The stranger pitied the Ohio man for living in a country where really good Rhine wine was unobtainable and insisted on their drinking a bottle of Rudesheimer together.

When they arrived at Cologne, accordingly, they dined together and finished a bottle that deserved all the stranger's praise. Next morning the Senator was surprised to find ten dollars charged on his bill for the wine. He explained that the stranger had been his host. The waiter informed him that the stranger had particularly warned the book-keeper to charge the bill against the celebrated American friend, as otherwise the latter would be extremely angry. Meanwhile the stranger departed by an early train.—*Inter-Ocean*.

NOT A CANDIDATE.

ON that loud Monday which saw the return of Sir Wilfrid, the crowds began to gather in Toronto streets soon after five o'clock. Near the office of the *Toronto Telegram*, later in the evening were displayed on a spacious sheet portraits of distinguished candidates and others who were quickly recognised by the crowd. After a slight lull, a yell

of pronounced enthusiasm was heard and several citizens hurried down from the *Mail and Empire* corner to find out what was happening. On the canvas smiled the sweet face of Queen Alexandra, a welcome change from the features of prominent politicians. The comments of bystanders were illuminating.

"She ain't no suffragette," hoarsely remarked one ruby-beaked gentleman who seemed in some mysterious way to have obtained more "Scotch" than the law allows on Election Day.

"Elected—by acclamation!" was the graceful salutation of another spectator, as the face of the Queen faded away, to be succeeded by "local lights."

A DIFFICULT TASK.

Teacher: "Johnnie, where is the North Pole?"
Johnnie: "Dunno."
Teacher: "You don't know after all my teaching?"
Johnnie: "No'm. If Peary can't find it there's no use of my trying."

THE LIMIT.

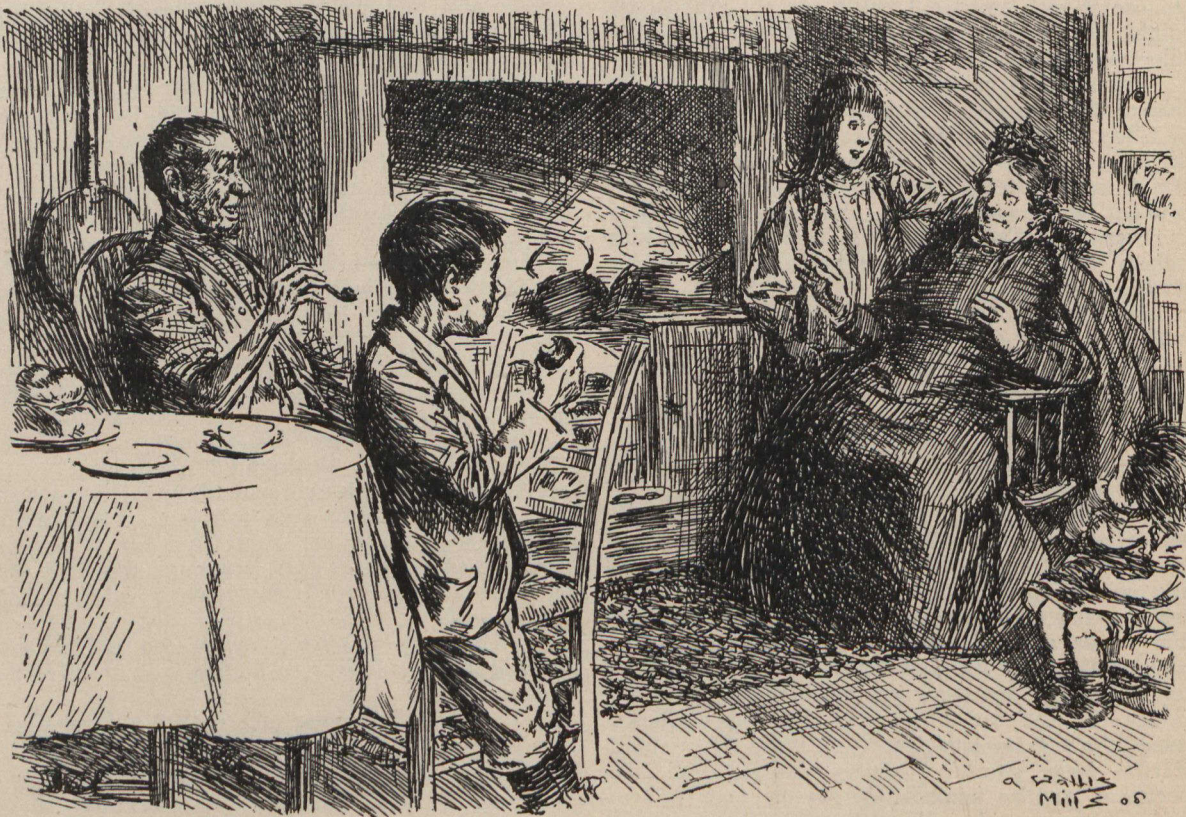
Mulligan: "The byes say ye licked poor Casey. Shure he nivir hurt anny man's feelings."
Harrigan: "He's a snake in the grass. The blackguard referred to me as his contemporary, an' I'll be the contemporary of no man livin'."—*Puck*.

STUNG.

There once was a bulldog named Cæsar
Saw a cat and he thought he would tæsar,
But the cat was too fly,
And she scratched out an eye;
Now Cæsar just sæsar and flæsar.
—*Philadelphia Press*.

THE WRONG PLAY.

VAGUE but attractive news of dramatic doings in the metropolis reaches the most retired up-state districts. A farmer visiting New York wandered with his wife into a theatre where one of the gloomiest of Ibsen plays was in progress. For half



Mrs. Jenkins, (returned from a visit to London). "Ay, that Lunnon's a wonderful place! What wi' the 'orse buses and the motey buses and the 'lectric underground railways! An' now I've comed away, I expects it's all goin' on just the same!"—*Punch*.

an hour the good couple listened in puzzled silence to the mournful remarks thrown out by the group of Norwegians infesting the stage. Then at last, after a particularly harrowing prediction of sudden death to everybody in the last act, the farmer turned to his wife with these words: "Say, Mandy, I'm darned if this is 'The Merry Widow.' Let's go."

INCONSEQUENT.

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON.

I sometimes think it hardly fair
That I am here while you are there,,
Still I am perfectly aware
You might come here or I go there.

And I would just as soon be there,
Or here; or have you here or there.
So I suppose I scarcely care; ;
In fact, it's neither here nor there.

—*Canadian Magazine*.

A LOGICAL PLEA.

SOME years ago, at a session of the legislature of Kentucky, an effort to repeal the law offering a bounty on foxes' scalps was made, but was defeated by the appeal of a member from a mountainous and sparsely settled region. "Do the gentlemen want to deprive my constituents and me of the benefits of hearing the gospel preached?" he demanded, with indignation in his tone and overspreading his rugged countenance. "We are all Methodists up my way, and our preachers won't come without we can give 'em chickens, I know. We can't raise chickens unless the foxes are killed by somebody, that's sure; and there ain't nobody that can afford to spend their time hunting foxes and get nothing to pay for it. So, gentlemen, if you repeal this law, you'll be depriving my constituents of the benefit of hearing the gospel preached; that's the way it looks to me!" The law was not repealed at that session.

THE SAME FAMILY.

AN official of the Department of Commerce and Labour, who had been directed by his chief to draw up a summary of the conclusions of certain distinguished authorities on engineering, met with a disaster not long ago, when he had occasion to refer to certain statements of Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, the British engineer.

The official had been told that after Mr. Colquhoun's name there should be placed the letters "M. I. C. E." (Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers). "That's easy to remember," the official had said, adopting an easy system of mnemonics. "M. I. C. E." spells 'mice.'

This memory system was of little avail, however, for when the official handed in his summary, the letters after Mr. Colquhoun's name were "R.A.T.S."—*Lippincott's*.

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THE TORONTO GLOBE:

"A rattling good story is 'Gaff Linkum' by Archie P. McKishnie and all the better for being a story of Canadian life forty years ago. The plot is well conceived and well worked out and in 'Gaff Linkum' there are whole chapters which hold the attention of the reader as only a writer who has his subject well at heart can do. The various characters introduced are all true to life and those who live near Lake Erie, or for that matter near any of the great lakes, will call to mind several people who are the counterpart of those so shrewdly depicted in Mr. McKishnie's excellent story."

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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

IN THE UPPER GALLERY.

CANADA has lately been visited by Lord Milner and Lord Northcliffe, and each distinguished guest has announced himself as enjoying the tour of the Dominion. The latter expressed his surprise, when in Toronto on Election Day, that Canadian women should appear to take so little interest in political matters. Comparisons were drawn between Canadian and English women as regards concern in national affairs, and Lord Northcliffe stated that the latter (*not* the suffragettes) would appear on the decisive day, wearing the party colours, actively supporting their favourite candidates and showing in every way an intelligent and lively interest in the issue. Not such, remarked the observing Harmsworth, is the custom in Canada—in fact, Election Day was a dull event in comparison with such in dear old England.

With these comments in mind, it was curious to look upon the hundreds of Toronto women assembled in the upper galleries of the University Convocation Hall, on the following night when Lord Milner addressed the Canadian Club. The members of that club had resorted to a large auditorium for this imperial occasion and, with a commendable courtesy, had extended invitations to their women friends. Certainly the feminine section of the audience showed no lack of interest or enthusiasm, regarding either the speaker or his message.

"I wonder," said an observant man after the meeting, "why Northcliffe said our women are not interested in public affairs. They seemed to be there to-night in large numbers. Yet they did not appear to care anything about the election in the Dominion."

"That was because it was a tame affair," replied his fair young cousin in a tone of placid superiority. "You see, there were really no great problems involved in our election. It was nothing but a campaign of scandal—on both sides—and women are not a bit interested in scandal."

The man gasped—and was silent for a very long minute.

Lord Milner appealed to his Canadian audience as a man who had played a plucky part during one of the most trying ordeals in Britain's modern history. It is not so long ago, since 1898, when all eyes in the British Empire were turned towards Capetown, when Australian and Canadian contingents were hurrying across grey, wintry seas to the scene of conflict between Boer and Briton. No man, throughout that strife, had a more difficult task than he who stood before a Canadian Club ten years later to talk quietly and earnestly about the meaning of British citizenship.

The word, "imperialism," some years ago seemed in danger of becoming hopelessly soiled and shopworn, so industriously was it used by those who employed it as an excuse for idle boasting. But the word itself has roots in noble Roman soil and that which it signifies is clearly defined by those whose deeds have made the meaning plain. It is simply a modern rendering of the mediæval motto, *noblesse oblige* and its ultimate application is found wherever British subjects are building enduring institutions for those who are to succeed to wider opportunities. As interpreted by Lord Milner, it is utterly removed from the spirit of vain boasting and the sham militarism which is always spoiling for a fight. It means the reverse of those qualities covered by the term, "jingo."

There have been Canadians who have used the word until their hearers fairly sickened of their affectation and bombast. There have been Canadian women who have made it a cloak for the most wearisome and sycophantic tuft-hunting. There have been Canadian "orators" who have bored excessively an innocent public with their rantings about an empire, for which the speakers had never dreamed of doing the slightest service.

Lord Milner probably made the deepest impression when he declared that the thought of the privileges and responsibilities of British citizenship brought him no desire to wave a flag or shout "Rule Britannia," but rather to go into a corner and pray. His evident abhorrence of cant and pretence appealed most frankly to an audience ready to respond to the speaker's essential manliness.

While there was not a sentence in the address which was without interest, there was one suggestion of especial value to Lord Milner's feminine hearers. The speaker referred to the desirability of our becoming acquainted within the Empire with each other's leading citizens and with the products and problems of the different parts of the British territories. He said emphatically that in these days we read a great deal of trash. Why not substitute for this worse-than-useless stuff the modern story of the development of Australia, New Zealand and Canada?

This is where our Canadian women can do a great deal. The mother or teacher can direct the young reader to those modern chronicles of endeavour and achievement, more truly wonderful than anything related by the cheap novelist. It is all nonsense to say that women have no time to read such literature. We have time to play bridge, go to the matinee and read tenth-rate novels—most of which publications mean mental deterioration. Of course, we have time to find out who Premier Deakin is and how the new South Africa is faring—but most of us would rather follow the heroine of a Caine or Corelli novel through her tawdry adventures. The plea for nobler reading, from a man whose scholarship bears the Oxford mark, may have stirred many of his hearers with a desire for wider fields.

The address by Lord Milner must have had a broadening and deepening effect upon all who heard it, whether the listeners agreed or disagreed with the speaker's convictions. And the audience was worthy of the occasion. As one looked down from the galleries on the hundreds of earnest, manly faces, there was evident a realisation of the gravity of the issues discussed. On the platform and in the main auditorium were men prominent in all professions and callings; and yet all found a happy meeting-place in the Canadian Club. The young president made a graceful introductory speech and pleasant presentation of the enthusiastic thanks of the audience and altogether it was an edifying occasion.

It may be as well to ask at this point what the Toronto Women's Canadian Club proposes to offer its members this season. Its first attempt—the luncheon to Mrs. Humphry Ward—was indefinitely postponed. Whatever may be done by the sister organisations in Montreal and Winnipeg, the Toronto club remains mute and inactive—and some of the members are asking—"Why?"

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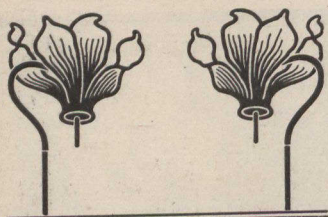
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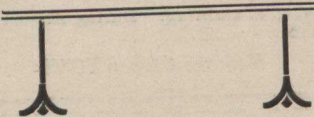
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MUSIC AND DRAMA



Mr. Harry Girard, Imperial Opera Company.

Imperial Opera Company, is a young man of versatility, who combines the functions of manager, actor and singer. Mr. Girard has also produced and appeared in "The Alaskan," a comic opera of his own composition, and has appeared in grand opera. He was for a season the leading man for Miss Lulu Glaser's "Dolly Varden." Mr. Girard, in addition to his managerial duties will soon arrange for a series of recitals which should prove interesting.

* * *

STILL does the Sheffield Choir hold the attention of all music-lovers in these early November days. At the time of going to press, no report has yet reached us of the Ottawa concert but an immense audience was expected for the event. In Toronto, where choral enthusiasm is so fervent, expectation is at its highest pitch and the financial success of the four concerts is assured. While enough work has been packed into the Yorkshire choir's visit, to dismay all but veterans, it is to be regretted that the English singers cannot extend their journey to Winnipeg and the West where so many of their countrymen would rejoice to hear them. But the East is thankful for the ten concerts arranged by the indefatigable manager for Ontario and Quebec.

At the civic reception, given the Sheffield Choir in Toronto on Friday at the Municipal Buildings, the Schubert Choir under Mr. H. M. Fletcher was asked to sing "O Canada" and Sir Edward Elgar's setting of "God Save the King." The popularity of the *Chant National* has grown so surely that the first notes of "O Canada" will send most Canadian audiences a-cheering.

* * *

MR. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAN is proving the truth of the saying that success has an unrivalled way of succeeding. Mr. Maughan wrote a play which so captivated London managers that he has been kept busy ever since. At present four of his plays are running at the theatres of the English capital—"Jack Straw" and "Lady Frederick" being special favourites. New York is also producing one of Mr. Maughan's plays and Canada may hope to see "Jack Straw" before the season is over. This enterprising young playwright may some day rival Mr. Clyde Fitch whose fiftieth play, "Girls," will be produced at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, next week.

* * *

THIS sparkling, scintillating comedy from the pen of Clyde Fitch will be presented in Toronto for the first time by the original New York company that played 225 consecutive nights at Daly's Theatre, New York, under the direction of Sam S. and Lee Shubert. This is said to be one of the brightest of the comedies written by Mr. Fitch. The struggle of a trio of girls who have come to New York to fight their way through life without the assistance of the sterner sex present a series of amusing incidents. That the young ladies finally yield to the charms of the hated sex is a foregone conclusion. The entire performance sparkles with a wit and humour that hold the attention of the audience from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Mr. Charles Cherry, who plays the leading male role, is well known in Toronto, having appeared here several times in the support of Miss Maxine Elliott. Toronto usually enjoys a Clyde Fitch production and the Princess Theatre will doubtless receive a large patronage during its sojourn in this city.

* * *

MISS GRACE SMITH, an English pianist who has played in Bechstein Hall and Queen's Hall, London, and has received most favourable notice from many of the press critics, will pay Canada a visit this month and expects to include Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto in her musical tour. Miss Enid Newcombe, a young English violoncellist has already won a place among Toronto musicians and such artists from across the sea are frequently induced to remain in Canada.

* * *

IT is said that the highest salary ever paid a vaudeville performer in the United States will be given Mr. Harry Lauder, the unique Scottish comedian who came to New York last month, after having been given such a send-off as royalty might have experienced. It is announced, by the commercial-minded press, that he will receive four thousand dollars a week for twenty weeks, of which he must pay twenty-five thousand dollars as release money to the managers under whom he was playing in London. Scotland is not rich in comedy traditions but Mr. Lauder's career has shown that when a thorough-going Scot gives his attention to the manufacture of jokes he can make a more brilliant success of it than any other "artist." Where is the Irish comedian who has made four thousand dollars a week by his wit?

IT was announced last week that the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, would see a revival of the best comic opera, with Gilbert and Sullivan favourites well in the front. On November seventh is to be given a performance of *The Mikado*, which ought to be well patronised in Thanksgiving week. Many a season has come and gone since the "flowers that bloom in the spring" gayly blossomed in Japanese gardens but the good old airs of *The Mikado* are unspoiled by time. Since the early popularity of Oriental comic opera, the island kingdom of Japan has become a power or a peril as one chooses to consider it. But the picturesque possibilities of the chrysanthemum land are never obscured and *The Mikado* will bring back all the assumed pomp and circumstances of the "court of the almond eye."

Mr. Harry Girard, the baritone in the

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"CEETEE" Underclothing

is full-fashioned, and knitted to fit the form. It has no rough seams—is absolutely unshrinkable, and retains its softness and elasticity no matter how often washed.

We manufacture it in all styles for men, women and children, and want you to ask your dealer to show you "CEETEE" underclothing. It is fully guaranteed by us.

THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, LIMITED

GALT, - ONT.

Established 1859



ONTARIO, MANITOBA and NORTHWEST BRANCH

ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager - TORONTO

THE HIGH PARK SANITARIUM

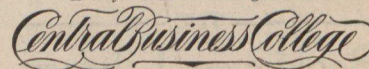


A modern medical institution, affiliated with the Battle Creek (Mich.) Sanitarium.

Delightfully located near the north gate of High Park, overlooking the park and Lake Ontario. Thoroughly equipped with modern appliances for the medical application of Electricity, Baths of all kinds, including the Electric Light Bath, Massage, etc. Resident Medical Staff assisted by trained attendants. For rates and descriptive literature, address Dept. C

144 GOTHIC AVE. - WEST TORONTO

Have you read the Catalogue of the



TORONTO

It is mailed free on request. Fall term now open. Write E. E. SHAW, Secretary

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

Vapo-Cresolene

Established 1879

**Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis
Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria**

Cresolene is a boon to Asthmatics


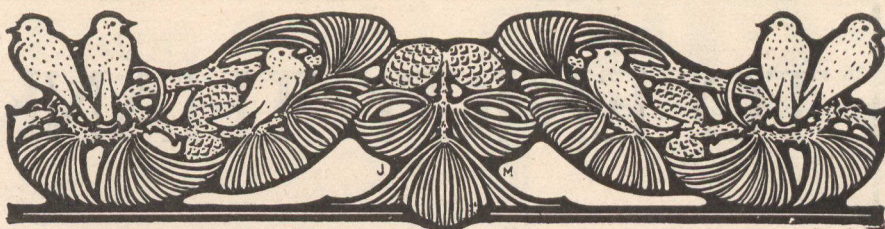
Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a remedy to cure disease of the breathing organs than to take the remedy into the stomach?

It cures because the air rendered strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased surface with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. It is invaluable to mothers with small children.

Those of a consumptive tendency find immediate relief from coughs or inflamed conditions of the throat.

Sold by druggists.
Send postal for booklet.

LEEMING, MILES CO.,
Limited, Agents, Montreal, Canada. 307

FOR THE CHILDREN

CONTENTMENT.

A THANKSGIVING VERSE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

By Donald A. Fraser.

A little bird sat on a tree
And sang this song right merrily:
"I'm glad, as glad as I can be,
That I'm a bird upon a tree."

A pretty golden butterfly
Among the blossoms fluttered by,
And asked her mate, who wandered
nigh:
"Who would not be a butterfly?"

A tiny little daisy-flower
Unclosed her eyes when passed the
shower,
And smiled to feel the sun's warm
power;
"It is so sweet to be a flower."

A gentle, playful summer breeze
Blew o'er the fields and stirred the
trees,
And whispered to each one of these:
"Don't you wish you could be a
breeze!"

And Jack, a chubby little boy,
With romping dog and rattling toy,
Cried out, with shouts of keenest joy,
"It's jolly fine to be a boy!"

—Delineator.

SUNNIEST OF DAYS.

"Cheery hearts and smiling faces,
Gentle speech and ways,
Makes a cloudy, dull Thanksgiving,
Sunniest of days."

—Kindergarten Review.

* * *

THEIR SECRET.

By PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN.

Thanksgiving Day at grandma's house
Is just the jolliest thing;
She lets you wander everywhere,
She treats you like a king.

She asks you what you like the best,
As though you were a man;
She doesn't say, "Not good for you,"
She says, "Eat all you can."

She says, "He's like his father,"
And then her voice grows low
And trembles just a little—
I wonder why 'tis so.

For father always laughs at this,
And presses grandma's hand,
Till she smiles back so happily.
I guess they understand.

—Kindergarten Review.

THE STRAND ABOVE.

(From the Danish of Johannes Jorgensen, by Jacob A. Riis.)

THE sun rose on a bright September morning. A thousand gems of dew sparkled in the meadows, and upon the breeze floated, in the wake of summer, the shining silken strands of which no man knoweth the whence or the whither. One of them caught in the top of a tree, and the skipper, a little speckled yellow spider, quit his airship to survey the leafy demesne there. It was not to his liking, and, with prompt decision, he spun a new strand and let himself down straight into the hedge below.

There were twigs and shoots in plenty there to spin a web in, and he went to work at once, letting the strand from above, by which he had come, bear the upper corner of it.

A fine large web it was when finished, and with this about it that set it off from all the other webs thereabouts, that it seemed to stand straight up in the air, without anything to show what held it. It takes pretty sharp eyes to make out a single strand of spider web, even a very little way off.

The days went by. Flies grew scarcer, as the sun rose later, and the spider had to make his net larger that it might reach farther and catch more. And here the strand from above turned out a great help. With it to brace the structure, the web was spun higher and wider, until it covered the hedge all the way across. In the wet October mornings, when it hung full of shimmering raindrops, it was like a veil stitched with precious pearls.

The spider was proud of his work. No longer the little thing that had come drifting out of the vast with nothing but its unspun web in its pocket, so to speak, he was now a big, portly, opulent spider, with the largest web in the hedge.

One morning he woke very much out of sorts. There had been a frost in the night and daylight brought no sun. The sky was overcast; not a fly was out. All the long gray autumn day the spider sat hungry and cross in his corner. Toward evening, to kill time, he started on a tour of inspection, to see if anything needed bracing or mending. He pulled at all the strands; they were firm enough. But, though he found nothing wrong, his temper did not improve; he waxed crosser than ever.

At the farthest end of the web he came at last to a strand that all at once seemed strange to him. All the rest went this way or that—the spider knew every stick and knob they were made fast to, every one. But this preposterous strand went nowhere—that is to say, went straight up in the air and was lost. He stood up on his hind legs and stared with all his eyes, but he could not make it out. To look at, the strand went right up into the clouds, which was nonsense.

The longer he sat and glared to no purpose, the angrier the spider grew. He had quite forgotten how, on a bright September morning, he himself had come down this same strand. And he had forgotten how, in the building of the web and afterward when it had to be enlarged, it was just this strand he had depended upon. He saw only that here was a useless strand, a fool strand, that went nowhere in sense or reason, only up in the air where solid spiders had no concern.

"Away with it!" and with one vicious snap of his angry jaws he bit the strand in two.

That instant the web collapsed, the whole proud and prosperous structure fell in a heap, and when the spider came to he lay sprawling in the hedge with the web all about his head like a wet rag. In one brief moment he had wrecked it all—because he did not understand the use of the strand from above.—*The Outlook.*

PURITY FLOUR



SUCCESS IN BAKING tasty, vitalizing bread depends chiefly on the flour used.

PURITY FLOUR, made solely from the choicest Western Canada Hard Wheat, has no equal as a thoroughly dependable household flour.

Sold Everywhere in the Great Dominion

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO. LIMITED

MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH, BRANDON



WE MANUFACTURE—

**BRIDGE
ROOF and
GIRDER
PAINTS**

VARNISH FOR ALL PURPOSES

WRITE FOR
DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLETS

THE
CANADA PAINT COMPANY

Montreal Toronto Winnipeg

LIGHTING A STORE WITH PITNER GASOLINE LIGHTING SYSTEMS

it can be made to look more cheerful and inviting than by daylight and at a cost less than half what is paid for electric or coal gas lighting.



A Postcard will bring prices and full particulars.

The Pitner Lighting Co.

Limited

36-38 Lombard St.
TORONTO, CAN.



GILSON MFG. CO. LTD. 113 York St., Guelph, Ont

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

MADE IN CANADA

GILLETT'S



PERFUMED LYE

READY FOR USE IN ANY QUANTITY

For making SOAP, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets and drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 lbs. Sal Soda.

Sold Everywhere.

E. W. GILLETT CO., LTD.
Toronto, Ont.

Chase & Sanborn's

HIGH GRADE COFFEE

A Welcome Sight.

Made of
Chase & Sanborn's
High Grade Coffee

there is no cup so clear and fragrant.
The aroma pleases the most fastidious drinker of coffee.



Reading Club

Toronto has clubs many, but the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression has taken the initiative in the forming of a club for Interpretative Reading only.

The Club will meet on the first and third Wednesdays of the month at 4.30 o'clock.

The Programme is chosen from 19th and 20th century writers.

Invitations to the first meeting on November 4th may be had on application.

Course Tickets \$2.00. Telephone North 4544

Our Family Circle

Answer to Husband.—Yes, it is understood that the feminine view is distinct. Most married men discover that what they think to be comment their wives feel to be criticism. Speak only good of the bread.

Mother.—Your son's rudeness in the house is not a sign of unfilial feeling. It is merely his way of recognising the family tie, since he is polite away from home. Always speak kindly to him; this is persisted in until he is grown up will cause him to notice it.

Wife.—Your husband's taciturnity on home-coming is not bearishness. He, dear man, realises that you have a lot on your mind. *Verb. sap.*

Daughter.—Rub your hands with oatmeal flour. Dish water roughens the cuticle. Unless your mother is a *very* robust person you may overstrain by practising for more than an hour after meals. Sufficient rest is necessary to the artistic temperament.

Son.—We agree, it is difficult for young persons to appreciate mature views. The fault we should hardly say is yours at seventeen, but you should persevere and, withal, allow for the well-known difficulty of "talking-down" to another. Your father is no doubt doing his best. Seek the interpretation of the philosophy of conduct from some chum who may have had a father with a clear style. Leeches will die if exposed to the blood of a cigarettist.

Mother-in-law.—Do not be too anxious to discover whether your daughter is well mated. Deep affection, such as yours, may blind you to the alleged faults of the young couple, but eventually the efforts of both families will be sufficient to rout out the real defects of the match. Printers' ink does not spoil grey hair.

Love and the Aeronaut

Won't you come and fly with me?
I know sky paths all untravelled,
Cloud banks, cool as cool can be,
Ways through stars to be un-
ravelled;
Skirt with me the rainbows red,
Flutter through the lazy hours
Like the fleecy clouds and thread
Vapory lanes and unraind showers.

Up and up and up—away!
Leave the hills and clear the moun-
tain,
Dripping with the showery spray
As a song bird in the fountain.
Till the lights that twinkle far
Where poor mortals fret and ponder
Seem as distant as the star
Twinkling in the heavens yonder.

Don't you feel the spread of wings?
Don't you hear the anchor slipping?
Bid farewell to earthly things—
Heavens, Love! The gas bag's rip-
ping!
Quick, your hand, Love! Do not
quake!
Shades of Vergil, Homer, Sallust!
We are just above a lake—
I must throw you out as ballast!

J. W. FOLEY.

A Royal Hat

A restaurant keeper at Marienbad has a straw hat which he values at \$1,000. It is not a handsome object, but he was many years in collecting the materials from which it is made. Every straw in it has been touched by the lips of royalty, for the thing is woven from the straws put in the drinks of the crowned heads of Europe who frequent his cafe.

TO ENJOY THANKSGIVING

Every man should fill his pipe with the latest solace :

GREAT WEST

SMOKING TOBACCO

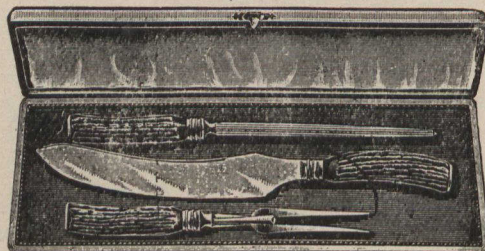


SMOKE or CHEW

In the big red bags of Great West there is one-seventh of a pound of good tobacco for..... **10c**

THANKSGIVING DAY

is almost here. The turkeys are fattening. Remember it requires a sharp knife to successfully carve a tender bird.



In Pairs,
Stag
or
White
Handles

In Cases,
Satin
and
Plush
Lined

Friends always appreciate a present of a Carving Set or a Set of Knives and Forks. We can supply them at a price to suit your pocket. Call and see them at

Aikenhead's

Aikenhead Hardware, Limited, Temperance St.

HOTEL EMPIRE

For Families and Transients
Broadway and 63d Street, (Lincoln Square) N. Y. CITY



IN THE VERY CENTRE OF EVERYTHING.

All surface cars pass or transfer to door. Subway and "L" stations, two minutes.

ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS

Rooms, with detached bath, - \$1.50 per day up
Rooms, with private bath, - - 2.00 " "
Suites, with private bath, - - 3.50 " "

European plan, also Combination Breakfasts
EXCELLENT SERVICE—FINE MUSIC
W. JOHNSON QUINN, Proprietor

What Canadian Editors Think

ELECTIONS AND TRADE.

(Mail and Empire.)

THE slackening of trade incidental to political campaigns of national sweep is irrespective of the nature of the questions referred to the people. In the campaign just terminated neither tariff revision nor any other proposed legislation pertaining to trade and industry was prominent as an issue. Yet commercial business slowed down, because the general public rightly gave part of their energy to the political business that was laid before them. It is undeniable that the general interest excited by an election campaign is not always wholly serviceable to the state. Across the line much of the popular interest concentrated on the Presidential election campaign is not of more real political value than was the tremendous national enthusiasm that for weeks was sustained at a high pitch over the event of the struggle between the champion teams of the great baseball leagues. However, whether or not the interest abstracted from trade in election times all conduces to the country's political welfare, it certainly does not of itself put money in the people's pockets. Now that the elections are past, Canadians can settle down to the every-day business of life. There seems to be plenty of that business for everybody's attention.

* * *

STREET EDUCATION.

(St. Thomas Times.)

A MOVE has been made in London, Ontario, to keep children off the streets at night, and observation goes to show that such a movement is no less needed in St. Thomas. Street education is a poor one. If all the boys and girls were good they might be allowed to walk the streets at nights to a reasonable hour, but they are not all good, and the pity of it is that like a bad apple, a bad boy is likely to affect those with whom he comes in contact injuriously. Boys and girls are seen and heard, too, on the streets of St. Thomas at unreasonable hours. There are here and everywhere parents who have no sense of the responsibility of the position they occupy—some of them immoral, but it is to be feared that there are many respectable people, moral people themselves, who neglect their children, at least, to the extent of knowing where they are and with whom they associate at all times. Is it going too far to say that it is just possible some of them are interested in moral and religious work, and yet forget all the duty they owe to their own progeny?

* * *

PROGRESS OF HUDSON BAY ROAD.

(Victoria Colonist.)

THERE has always been considerable hostility in the East to the Hudson Bay scheme. Some of the eastern people have feared that the northern route will seriously impair the business done by way of the St. Lawrence. They have been too narrow-minded and short-sighted to recognize that, if the Hudson Bay route fulfils the expectations of its promoters, there will be such an enormous development in the West, that the East will get likewise a great access of business and wealth, and the net result will be to increase instead of to diminish the traffic by the channels which are already in existence. Some of the eastern hostility was also based upon financial grounds.

The eastern electors did not see why they should spend millions in developing a purely western route. This of course was a rather narrow view to take, but it was one which was strongly held by many. The Government have met this difficulty by providing that the entire cost of the road and the terminals is to be defrayed from the proceeds of sales of land owned by the Government in the West, to settlers. To-day the route to the Bay is being surveyed, and construction will begin within the year.

* * *

THE DIME NOVEL BOY.

(Catholic Record.)

A CASE well worthy the attention of the Government recently occurred in Montreal. Four boys, all under fifteen years of age, appeared before Judge Bazin on a charge of theft. The boys had read dime novels until they had determined to lead lives of crime. Between them they stole \$220, and with the money purchased a new suit and winter overcoat each, a plentiful supply of cigarettes, hunting knives, seven revolvers and a Winchester rifle and a liberal supply of ammunition. When captured they were about to leave for the wild west. There is surely a pressing need of setting the criminal law in action so that our boys may be protected from the deplorable results of the dime novel pest. These books come to us by the ton from the printing presses of the United States and frequently we have evidence that they exert a baneful influence upon our youth, that in fact they are direct incentives to crime. We are pleased to notice in Toronto the retailers of immoral post cards have been brought to justice and we trust they will, if found guilty, be severely dealt with. It is passing strange that no action has been taken to correct these evils by those gentlemen who are so frequently to be found attempting to lasso yard engines and locomotive whistles on the Lord's Day.

* * *

DEMONS OF NOISE.

(Ottawa Journal)

THE steamboat whistles are not the only steam whistles which torture the air in Ottawa. The residential portions of the city are hemmed about with railway tracks from which by day and night comes the nerve-racking screech of the locomotive whistle. At the railway roundhouse at certain hours of the day the whistle noises are infernal. From the factories at the hours of the going-on and coming-off of the hands ascends an ingeniously irritating cacophony. And the ordinary noises of the street from the trolley cars, the freight trucks, the delivery waggons and the automobiles in the more crowded thoroughfares, the rags, bones and bottle merchant, the piano organ and at night the Salvation Army band; the gramophone barkers in the shop doors, all swell the chorus which we have learned to endure but shall never really love. It might be possible for the authorities to separate necessary from unnecessary noises. It is plain that many of the noises which we suffer are necessary to the prosecution of the useful activities of the community. As for these, of course, we must grin and bear it. But there is no reason why we should tolerate the unnecessary noise and we should take steps to provide that no noise which is not one of the ordinary concomitants of useful industry should be allowed within the city limits.

SHREDDDED

A GOOD BREAKFAST FOR FIVE CENTS

Start the day right by eating a breakfast that gives the greatest amount of mental and physical strength with the least tax upon the digestion.

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with a pint of hot milk will supply all the energy needed for half a day's work.

AT ALL GROCERS.

13c A CARTON—2 for 25c

1178

WHEAT



O'Keefe's STAR BEER

Is In Tremendous Demand

Everybody seems to be drinking "Star" Beer, these days. Everybody may drink it, too, because "Star" Beer contains less than 1 1/4% of alcohol, and is non-intoxicating.

That is why it is so popular—why orders are pouring in—why "Star" Beer is meeting with such unqualified success in the homes.

"Star" Beer has the delicious flavor and body of the finest lagers, but owing to the special method of brewing, it contains very much less alcohol.

Have your dealer send up a case.

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO., LIMITED
TORONTO. 840

JAEGER

PURE WOOL



Underwear for Winter

Advantage No. 3.—Perfect fit and comfort.

In each JAEGER garment every detail of comfort is studied. Careful selection of the yarn, perfect models, materials thoroughly shrunk—every seam perfect, every button sewn tight—every garment made to give satisfaction and to secure recommendation.

There are many imitations—none quite the same.

Look for the above trademark.

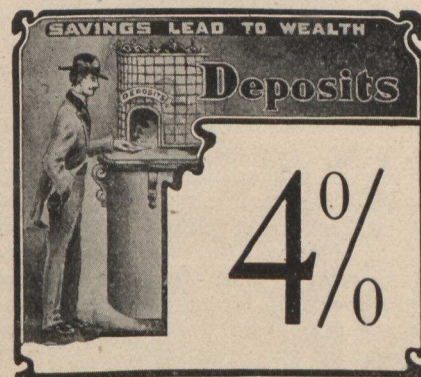
Guaranteed against shrinkage

Sold at fixed moderate prices by leading dealers

Dr. JAEGER'S CO. LIMITED, 10 Adelaide W.

TORONTO 43

BANKING BY MAIL



No matter where you live you can make your Savings Bank Account grow and get 4% interest.

Withdrawals by cheque.

Write for 15th Annual Balance Sheet.

THE PEOPLES BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION
LONDON - ONTARIO

"CMC" GARTERS FOR MEN



Mergerized Cotton, 25c.
Pure Silk, 50c.
With new "CMC" MID-GET CLASP. It won't tear; it can't come off; no pulleys or cord to cut or wear; made entirely of best English elastic.
"CMC" Men's Garters are on sale at all leading furnisners. If your dealer has none we will send sample pair on receipt of 25c.
State color required.

Positively the best men's garter, and best value on the market.

Manufactured by
C. H. WESTWOOD & CO.
84 Bay Street, Toronto

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.

H. G. WILLIAMS, Manager



Wilson's Invalids' Port

(A la Quina du Perou)

Perfect in Health-Giving Quality—
Plentiful in Quantity.

BIG BOTTLE
ALL DRUGGISTS
EVERYWHERE

110

CRESOLENE ANTISEPTIC TABLETS

A simple and effective remedy for SORE THROATS AND COUGHS

They combine the germicidal value of Cresolene with the soothing properties of slippery elm and licorice. Your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps. LEMING, MILLS Co., Limited, Agents, Montreal. 401

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

A Friendship Token

(Continued from page 15)

is the one you really love."

"Helen, do not talk such utter nonsense! That was years ago when I was a child. Helen, Helen, I did not think you could do this. Dear, I love you so, I will give you the little gold piece. I do not want it. I want you."

Her blue eyes ran to his face for a moment. She heard the pain in his strong voice, and her fingers commenced to untie the corner of her handkerchief. Her voice went on softly as if he had not passionately interrupted.

"Mr. Forrest, I have never told you that I had some one long ago whom I liked very much; and now that I am older, I have learned to love him. He loves me too. And I am afraid after

all you will have to take the little girl with whom you used to build sand-houses and play house, and eat candy and sand off her little dishes, and tie the strings of her sunbonnet." He gazed at her in wonder and bitter pain, but her eyes were looking out on the moonlit fields. "The man I love, and who loves me," she continued softly, "has the rest of this." She held her white hand palm upwards, near his face, and there lay the other half of his friendship token! There was no mistaking it with its jagged edge. For a second it dazed him, and then he remembered what she had said. He raised her hand quickly and put his lips on the bit of gold, then he gathered her closely in his arms.

"My little Ellie! My sweetheart!" And the harvest moon hid away behind a little fleecy cloud, for such scenes were old, old.

Mr. Kipling's Dose for the Doctors

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, who, just about a year ago, was making brief and brilliant speeches to our Canadian Clubs, has recently delivered—without notes—a characteristic address to the Middlesex Hospital students, whose prizes he distributed.

"It may not have escaped your professional observation," he said, "that there are only two classes of mankind in the world—doctors and patients. I have had a delicacy in confessing to the patient class ever since a doctor told me that all patients were phenomenal liars where their symptoms are concerned. But, speaking as a patient, I should say that the average patient looks upon the average doctor very much as a non-combatant looks on the troops fighting on his behalf, and thinks that the more trained men that are between him and the enemy the better.

"I have the pleasure of meeting a number of trained men who, in due time, will be drafted into that permanent army which is always in action, always under fire, fighting against Death. It is unfortunate for the doctor that Death—the senior practitioner—is bound to win in the long run. We patients must console ourselves with the idea that your business is to make the best terms you can with death on our behalf, to see that his attacks are delayed as long as they may be, or diverted, and to see that, when he insists upon driving the attack home, that he does so according to the rules of civilised warfare.

"Every sane human being agrees that this long-drawn fight for time that we call life is one of the most important things in the world. It follows, therefore, that you, who control and oversee this fighting, must be among the most important people.

"The world decided long ago that doctors have no working hours that anybody is bound to respect. Nothing except your extreme bodily illness will excuse you, in the world's eyes, for refusing to help mankind at any hour of the day or night. In your bed, bath, or on your holiday—if any of the children of men have pain or hurt—you will be summoned; and what little vitality you have accumulated in leisure hours will be dragged out of you again. At all times—in flood, fire, famine, plague, battle, murder, and sudden death—it will be required of you that you should report for duty at once, to go out on duty at once, and to stay on duty till your strength fails you or your conscience releases you—whichever may be the longer period.

"And I do not think your obliga-

tions will grow less. Nobody has heard of a bill to promote an eight-hour day for doctors. No change in public opinion will allow you not to attend a patient when you know the man never means to pay you, or protect you from the people who, although perfectly well able to pay, prefer to cadge round a free hospital for their glass eyes or cork legs. It seems to be required of you that you must save others; no one has laid down that you need to save yourselves.

"You belong to a privileged class, and some of your privileges are these:

"You, and kings, are about the only people whose explanation a policeman will accept if you exceed the legal limit in a motor-car.

"On presentation, your visiting card will pass you through turbulent and riotous crowds unmolested.

"If you fly a yellow flag over a dense centre of population it will turn it into a desert.

"If you fly a Red Cross flag over a desert it will turn it into a centre of population. Men will crawl to it on their hands and knees, as I know.

"You may forbid a ship to enter a port, and if you think the exigencies of an operation demand it, you can stop a 20,000-ton liner, with her mails, in mid-ocean.

"At your orders, houses, streets, whole quarters of a city will be pulled down or burned.

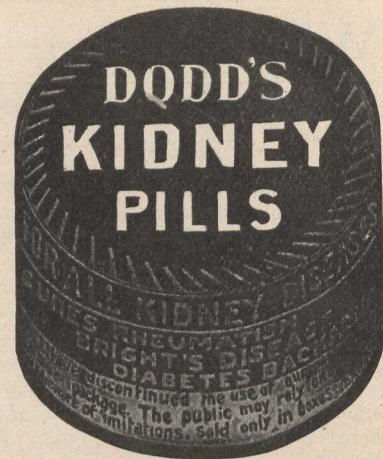
"And you can call upon the armed co-operation of the nearest troops to see that your prescriptions are efficiently carried out.

"At a time when few things are called by their right names, when it is against the spirit of the time to hint that an act may entail consequences, you are going to join a profession in which you will be paid to tell the truth, a profession which exacts from its followers the largest responsibility and the highest death-rate—for its practitioners—of any profession in the world.

"I will wish you in the future what all men desire: enough work to do, and strength enough to do that work."

An Historic Manor

Hatford Manor, Faringdon, formerly the home of the poet Chaucer, and a part of the Pusey estate, has been sold to the lease-holder, George Baylis, of Wyfield Manor, Newbury, the largest producer of barley in England. Pusey is said to have been granted to the family of that name by Canute by tenure of a horn, which is still in Mr. Bouverie Pusey's possession and bears the inscription: "Kyng Knoude gave William Pewseye horn to holde by thy Londe."



IF YOU WANT HEALTH STRENGTH VIGOR APPETITE DRINK

Cosgrave's Ale or Cosgrave's Porter

Made from pure IRISH MALT.

Or a delicious blend of both
Half and Half

Always Ask for COSGRAVE'S

CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

TORONTO HOTELS

King Edward Hotel
—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

Palmer House
200 Rooms. \$2.00 up.
American and European.

ONTARIO HOTELS

Caledonia Springs Hotel
(C. P. Ry.)
CALEDONIA SPRINGS, ONT.
American Plan, \$3.00 up.
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

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.

MONTREAL HOTELS

The Place Viger (C. P. Ry.)
American Plan, \$3.50 up.
Accommodation for 200 Guests.

QUEBEC HOTELS

The Chateau Frontenac
(C. P. Ry.)
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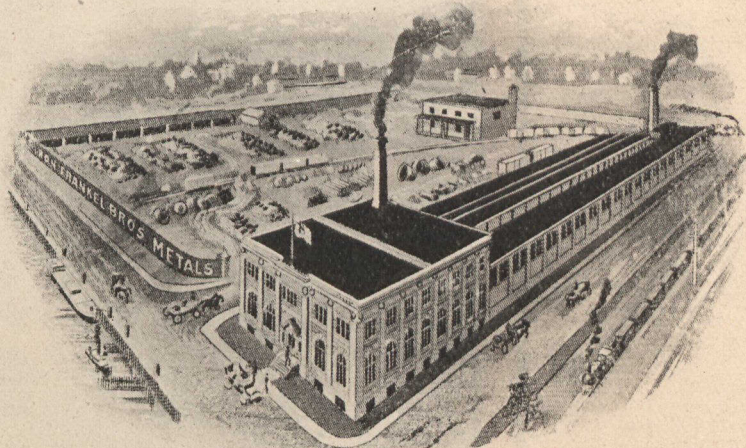
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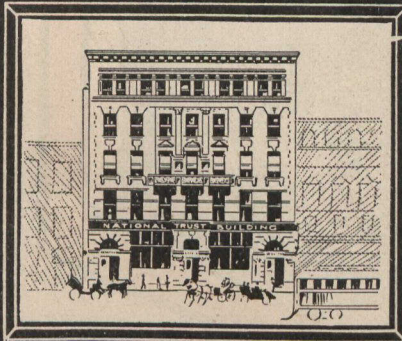
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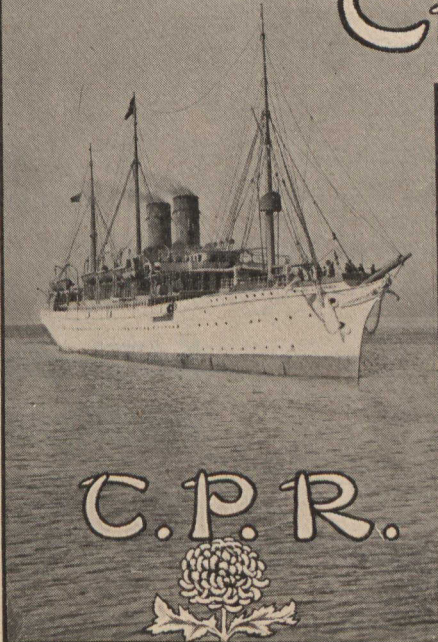
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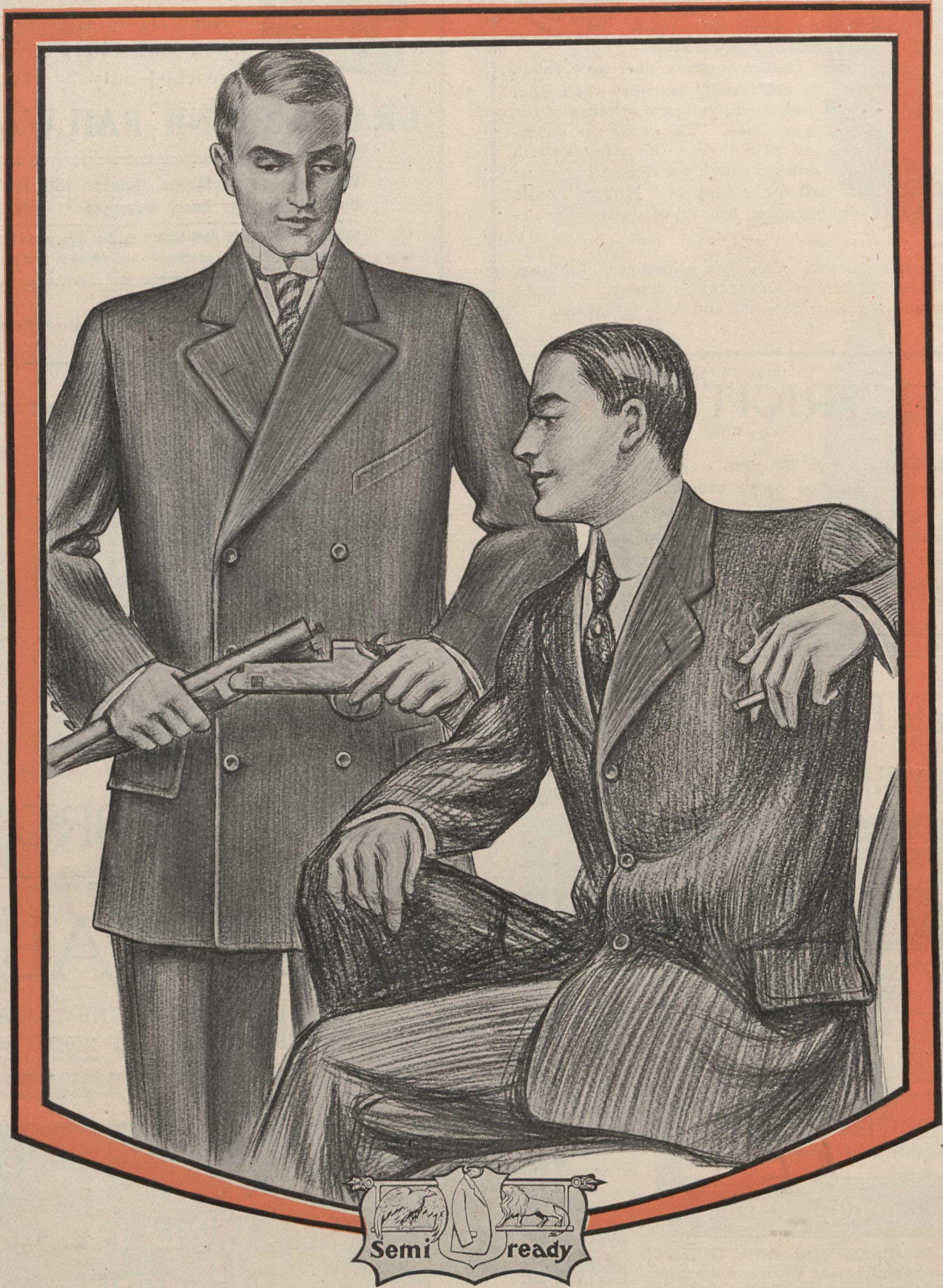
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