

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



“THE DREAMER.”

Sketched by E. Wyly Grier.

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

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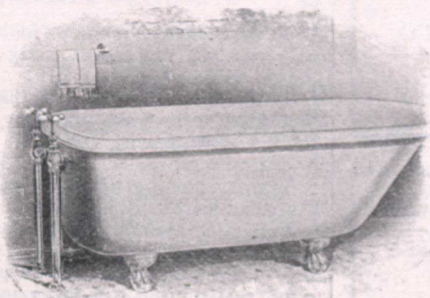
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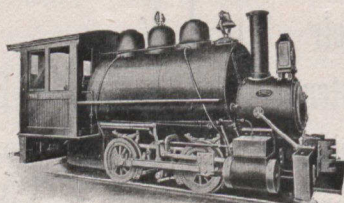
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Editor's Talk

OUR arrangements for the new CANADIAN COURIER which is to appear on December 7th, are approaching completion. The improved mechanical equipment and organisation will enable us to publish later news and more news photographs. This, at least, is our expectation based upon careful planning and numerous experiments. All the advantages will not be apparent at once, but will appear gradually.

In that issue a new serial story entitled "Life's Chequerboard," will begin. The author is the well-known British novelist, Helen Wallace, and among its taking features is the fact that it is not long enough to weary the average reader.

At the same time a series of illustrated articles on "Sport" by H. J. P. Good, the well-known authority on the more dignified pastimes of the country. Mr. Good was until recently editor of the Toronto "Sunday World," and is known to fame as the editor of the first sporting page that ever appeared in a daily paper published in North America. These articles will be historical and reminiscent in addition to dealing with present conditions.

For the last time we remind the subscribers that, beginning with December 1st the new subscription price will come into force and no renewals can be accepted at the \$2.50 rate after that date.



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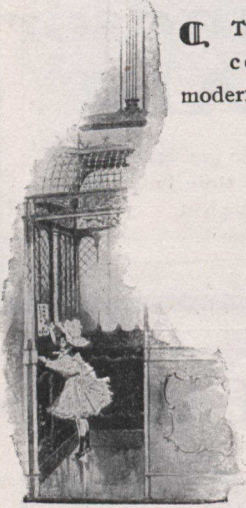
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# The Canadian Courier

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Vol. II

Toronto, November 23rd, 1907

No. 26

## The Great Electric Struggle

**T**HE Ontario Government and the City of Toronto on the one side and the Toronto and Niagara Power Company, the Electrical Development Company and the Toronto Electric Light Company on the other, are having a battle royal. The details of the fight should interest every citizen in the Dominion because of the principles involved.

The events which led up to the present situation may be briefly told. The Toronto Electric Light Company lights the streets, business places and houses of Toronto which use electricity. It also supplies all the electric power of the city, except in the case of certain large firms who generate their own power and light and in the case of the Toronto Railway Company which also produces its own power. Those interested in the Toronto Electric Light Company and the Toronto Railway Company sought to get power from Niagara Falls. The firms there refused to sell except at what was considered an exorbitant rate. These people then formed two new companies. The Electrical Development Company has a plant at Niagara Falls, produces and distributes power. For the purpose of transmitting the power to Toronto, the Development Company uses a transmission line built and owned by the Toronto and Niagara Company. At the outskirts of the city, this power is sold to the Toronto Electric Light Company and the Toronto Railway Company, which carry it through the city, the former for distribution, the latter for operating the street cars. All these companies are provincial incorporations except the company which owns the transmission line; it is working under a Dominion charter.

### THE GOVERNMENT MOVES.

Enter the Government of Ontario. There is a cry that Toronto and other Ontario municipalities are to be bled by an electric power monopoly. Hon. Adam Beck to the rescue with a Power Commission. The Ontario Government, after investigation, decides to build transmission lines throughout Ontario, if the municipalities will make contracts to take sufficient power to justify the expenditure. This power is to be bought from the Ontario Power Company, a United States concern with a plant on the Canadian side of the Falls. Toronto and other municipalities vote on power by-laws and approve the scheme. The Government goes on, makes a provisional contract for the power, and tells Toronto it is ready to sign a contract. The City Council get a report on what it will cost to put in a receiving station and to place wires on the streets and underground. A partial distributing plant will cost two and a half millions, and a by-law is to be submitted at the municipal elections on January 1st to spend this amount of money.

This being the history in brief form, there are some questions to be asked and answered.

How is it that the Ontario Government is entering into competition with companies which have already spent fourteen million dollars or thereabouts in providing for the present service? The Government will spend three or four millions on a transmission line, and the City of Toronto is to spend two and a half millions on a distribution plant. Later, if it goes on to the legitimate conclusion of the enterprise, will spend five or six millions. Here, then, is ten millions to be spent to compete with fourteen millions already invested. Ten millions of public money against fourteen millions of private capital. It looks ominous, but that does not explain why. The real reason probably is "fear"—fear on the part of light and power users that the private companies will charge exorbitant prices. The history of these companies and of the men who operate them is that they are none too lenient in the treatment of the

public—so the consumers declare. The impression is probably due to the autocratic attitude of the managers of the companies. They have failed to reassure the public by honeyed words and smooth promises. Moreover, the public ownership bacillus has got to work with a vengeance, and, cultivated by hungry newspapers and ambitious politicians, it has penetrated the blood of the people.

### THE REASONABLE SOLUTION.

The proper result of the agitation which has gone on for two or three years would be an agreement which would regulate the rates at which the Electric Development Company and the Toronto Electric Light Company would sell power. Control of rates would be equally effective and less expensive. It would ensure to the public more advantages than can be gained by a competing plant. It is the wiser solution from an economic point of view. However, it takes two people to make a bargain, and though there have been attempts made to come to such an agreement, neither party was very sincere in its desire.

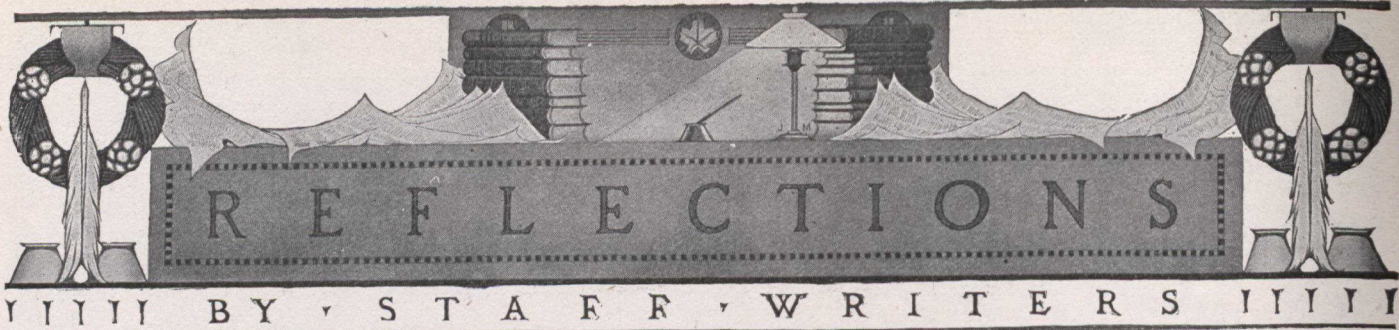
The City of Toronto is riding for a fall. It has many important schemes on hand which are much more important than its fight with the Toronto Electric Light, though this is of some value. It has a sewage problem which will require the expenditure of millions. Its drinking water is none too good and a few millions are needed to guarantee the absolute purity and constant supply of this necessity. There are other pressing reforms. It is strange that these problems which affect the health of the community should be shoved into the background for a problem which at best means but the saving of a few thousands of dollars annually to a small number of manufacturers. It does not speak too highly for the intelligence of the community that it allows its prejudices against two or three financiers to stampede it into a fight over a sentimental advantage, when these more important problems should be engrossing all its attention. Nevertheless, the result of the vote on January 1st may prove that the people have kept their heads and that they are not willing to sanction a heavy expenditure for what at best is a doubtful advantage.

### THE EFFECT ON THE INVESTOR.

If the Ontario Government and the City of Toronto go in for this power scheme, there will be some unremunerative capital in both the private and public undertakings. This will be unfortunate. A great many British and Canadian investors have bought stock and bonds in these private companies, presuming that the franchise was valuable and that the undertaking was likely to be remunerative. If the Britishers lose, and they must lose if the Government goes ahead, Ontario will not have a very enviable reputation among the financiers of London. This would be most unfortunate, since much of Ontario's future depends on the amount of British capital which flows in here in the next twenty-five years. Even were the rates charged by these companies slightly excessive, the loss to Toronto would not be any greater than would be the case if the investors in such enterprises should become timid and shy.

There is something peculiar in our public men, if a government can enter into a contract not to compete with a company and then after that company has completed its undertaking, the Government should step in and make the undertaking unprofitable by setting up competition. That the Government has changed and new men are in office is no excuse for the breaking of a bargain. Even were there no such clause in the Electrical Development Company's charter, the Ontario Government has

(Concluded on page 11)



# REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS

**S**OME superb specimens of Canadian manhood, frock-coated, silk-hatted and glowing with ideals and ambitions, have decided to raise another \$500,000 for the heathen. Perhaps it is another \$500,000 a year, but that does not matter. And while this is being done in Toronto, known the wide world o'er as the

## A RELIGIOUS MENDICANT

City-of-the-Many-Churches, the London correspondent of the Montreal "Star" cables that quite a number of Canadian missionaries are going about England asking for funds. Toronto is sending money and missionaries to India, China and Japan, and the Canadian West is begging England for money and missionaries. What a delightful state of affairs!

These Toronto gentlemen should not be discouraged, and the writer of this is loath to have any word of his make them timid. However, most of them are lawyers, accustomed to charging \$25 to \$200 a day for their services and it is not likely that they will be intimidated by such a puny pen as this. Perhaps they will listen to a suggestion. It is this: let them take the first thousand dollars they collect and send a man through the newer parts of Canada to count the number of places where the people are too far from a church to hear a service except in private houses and to ascertain the number of missionaries in the West with congregations which they do not see oftener than once a month. Let this man make a report as to what it would cost to supply these newer districts with churches and Sunday Schools and resident ministers. The secretaries of the various missionary societies of the Protestant churches will give the gentlemen much useful information before he starts.

Such an investigation would be reasonable. If it is found that the West has plenty of preachers and churches, then we will know that these clergymen, like Archdeacon Lucas, are deceiving the British public when they ask for assistance. If it is found that they have not sufficient gospel means, then surely this half million dollars should be expended in such a manner that Canada will cease to be a religious mendicant. If this country is really able to look after itself, then Archdeacon Lucas and his begging confreres should be put in close confinement. If Canada is neglecting her own missions, then it is well that the people who are to be besieged for donations by this frock-coated committee should know the exact circumstances.

In the meantime, every contributor to such funds as these would be helping to preserve the good name of the country if he would mark his cheque "For Canadian Missions only."

**S**UCCESS on the brow of the Men's Canadian Clubs has led to a movement for Women's Canadian Clubs. One has already been formed in Montreal and will hold its meetings in the Royal Victoria College. The officers of the club are: President

## WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUBS

Lady Drummond; vice-president, Madame Dandurand; honorary treasurer, Mrs. Walton; honorary secretary, Mrs. R. W. Reford; committee, Miss Hurlbatt, Mrs. C. A. Barnard and Miss Helen R. Y. Reid. The club already has a waiting list of twenty-five. A similar club has been discussed in Toronto for some weeks.

The idea is excellent, since Canadian women now take

too little interest in larger public questions. For a long time a person who discussed public questions was designated a politician. The practice is passing away, and a man or woman may now discuss these themes without being labelled by a term which to many people is decidedly offensive. In Great Britain, intelligent and cultured women may discuss public questions with their husbands and men friends without losing caste. In fact, woman's influence in political circles is considerable and usually beneficial. In Canada, women have been taught to discuss only babies, gowns and pastry. The women's pages in our daily newspapers are filled with those three subjects, with an occasional dissertation on palmistry and fortune-telling.

Canada possesses many intellectual and well-informed women who might exert a profound influence on the national life, aside from their home influence, if they were encouraged to do so. The movements for prison reform, for tuberculosis hospitals, for temperance and license-restriction, for the development of our art life, for improved social conditions of the poor have always found strong support among Canada's well-informed women. An enlarging of their opportunities for discussion would undoubtedly extend their opportunities for doing good and aiding reform.

The greatest benefit would be the enlarging of the feminine outlook. There is no valid reason why women should be denied the opportunities which are now extended to their fathers, brothers and husbands.

**T**HERE are several national movements which are not receiving the attention they should get. An inspiring but unnecessary proposal to raise \$500,000 a year more for spreading the Protestant gospel among people who already have gospels of their own, arouses great enthusiasm when national movements are attracting little enthusiasm. President Falconer's plea for a broader national outlook is most timely.

One of these slighted movements is the nationalising of our news services. Thanks to the generosity of the Dominion Government, Canada now gets her cable news direct from Great Britain. This was the beginning. Sir Sandford Fleming has been advocating similar direct service from Australia, and this would make an excellent second feature in the reform. The daily papers in the West are agitating for a national service of domestic and foreign news. They have already made a step in this direction by establishing the Western Associated Press Service which now includes almost all the daily papers from Winnipeg to the Rockies.

The Vancouver Board of Trade has passed a resolution in favour of an inter-imperial news agency which would perform both the services already mentioned. If it would co-operate with the Canadian service now existing for the transmission of British news to Canada and add the transmitting of Canadian news to Great Britain, it would revolutionise the reading matter of this country.

There are two good reasons why this movement should receive general sympathy and support. The commerce of Canada with the various portions of the Empire would be considerably facilitated if these coun-



tries were more closely connected by intelligent daily news services. The second reason lies in the present dependence of Canada on the United States for the news of the world. Many daily papers are filled with material which is sent to this country by the Associated Press of the United States and distributed here by the G.N.W. and C.P.R. telegraph companies. These papers can get no other supply, and the present service is not suited to this country. It is a wonderfully low-priced service, but it tends to give coloured views of foreign affairs and is too American for Canadian purposes.

The question is not wholly a sentimental one. The national life demands that Canadians shall read unprejudiced reports of the world's happenings. Our commercial interests are broadening and they demand for their support an accompanying development of the purely Canadian news services.

**P**ARRY SOUND was somewhat surprised recently to learn that Frank Capelli, whose execution had been twice deferred, was finally out of danger of the extreme penalty and was condemned to life imprisonment.

#### THE CASE OF CAPELLI

The crime of which the prisoner was guilty was a peculiarly revolting murder, followed by his savage attacks on four other persons whom he stabbed. This is hardly a happy moment for the powers which commute to exercise their privilege. Men of Capelli's class are coming into the country in considerable numbers and during the construction of our railways will probably be scattered throughout the north country. If there ever was a time when the firm hand was needed in the administration of justice to such criminals as

Capelli, it is the present. Weakly sentimentalism over men who indulge in an orgy of stabbing will soon place small communities at the mercy of such ruffians for it is not difficult to terrorise villages which are unused to Southern Europe methods of conducting a quarrel. Those who are utterly opposed to capital punishment will do well to consider present conditions in France where the increase of crime has aroused a popular demand for the restoration of the death penalty which has been practically abolished by the systematic commutation of the sentence of criminals condemned to death. During the present session it was the intention of the French Ministry to secure the adoption of a measure formally doing away with the execution of criminals, but recently juries throughout the country recommend having recourse to such punishment as being the only means of stopping the atrocious murders which are of daily occurrence in Paris and in the provinces. A popular vote taken by a Parisian newspaper has resulted in a vote of three to one in favour of restoring capital punishment. Awful as such a sentence may be, it is more merciful to the community than the faltering policy which does not sustain the original sentence. That such a penalty should be very rarely imposed is admitted. But that we have arrived at the stage when it may safely be abolished is extremely doubtful. Its deterrent effects is being realised in France to-day, and in certain states of the republic to the south of us. The over-severe punishments of a century ago are horrifying to the modern citizen; but we are in danger of going to the other extreme and failing to impress upon the desperado the fatality of his course.

### Relieving the Financial Situation.

**I**T IS somewhat remarkable that the Canadian banks have so signally failed to devise any method for alleviating the present tightness of money. If a panic had occurred, which was never likely, undoubtedly they would have been able to meet it. In the case of some temporarily embarrassed firms, with wide financial connections, the banks have been of decided assistance. In coming to the relief of the business community and to those who had wheat to sell, the banks have not shown any remarkable ability. They managed to lock up a great deal of Canadian money in New York, and they have increased their own stocks of gold and legal tender; but these movements tended to restrict rather than aid the commercial and industrial community.

It does not require extraordinary talent on the part of a bank manager to refuse to make new loans or to renew old ones. All that is necessary is a fair amount of stubbornness and obstinacy. If this process can be carried on without making customers feel hurt, the bank manager will receive credit for firmness and tact. Yet if the bankers had been able to provide for public safety without restricting business, they would have been deserving of greater praise than is implied in the use of such terms as stubbornness, firmness and tact.

For example, the bankers here might have followed the precedent set by the bankers of the United Kingdom and raised the rate of interest on deposits from three to four per cent. It is peculiar that the rate of interest on bank deposits in Great Britain is as high as in this country, while other rates of interest are lower there than here. Just now, the British rate is actually one per cent. higher than here. Most Canadian trust and loan companies pay from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 per cent., while the T. Eaton Company and other large firms allow 5 per cent. on employees' savings up to \$1,000 and 4 per cent. for sums above \$1,000. If the bankers had raised their rate of interest on deposits in the same ratio as they have raised their rate of charges for discount and loans, they would be paying fully four per cent. Such a change would, it is reasonable to assume, have increased the amount of money on deposit. It would have been a great encouragement to savings and would have discouraged expenditures not absolutely necessary.

There are those who argue that banks should be paying 5 per cent. on deposits, judging from the profits they make. The dividend paid by the average Canadian bank is 10 per cent., speaking generally. In addition to these paid-out profits, there are vast sums known as "reserves," which are usually nothing more or less than accumulated profits. Further, the leading banks are very conservative in their estimate of assets, and a fair amount of profits is hidden away in various ways. For example, the Bank of Montreal estimates its real estate at \$600,000, when \$3,000,000 would be more nearly correct, and \$5,000,000 might not be an outside figure. Enough is apparent on the surface to show that the banks could be more generous with their depositors without seriously impairing their profits.

When the wheat-moving problem became acute, the bankers, apparently, were not able to bring up those magnificent "liquid assets" from New York and they were unable to cope with it. The public had to apply to the Minister of Finance for relief. Mr. Fielding dealt with the problem with considerable vigour and, at the time of writing, it appears that he has discovered some method whereby the movement of perishable wheat will be facilitated. Even while Mr. Fielding was announcing that he would come to the relief of the situation, the bankers and their apologists, such as the Toronto "News," were telling the people that there was no scarcity of money for crop-moving. They have not dared, however, to come forward and insinuate that Mr. Fielding was making a move for political effect. They knew Mr. Fielding too well to take any such risk.

In confirmation of this view of the situation, we quote from the Winnipeg "Free Press" of the 14th:—"The banks were loath to admit that the burden of moving the wheat to the seaboard was one they could not easily carry, and until the last persisted in declaring that legitimate trading was adequately financed."

The honours of the movement are to Mr. Fielding, not to the bankers. The bankers sent seventeen millions to New York and locked up much money in their vaults so as to strengthen their reserves. Mr. Fielding brought out his reserves and took a chance with them in order to prevent financial losses to the Western farmer. The bankers were conservative, even timid; Mr. Fielding was daring and resourceful. The country will know whom to praise.

# Through a Monocle

ONE trouble with the manning of our political parties recently is the tendency to look down instead of up for new recruits. When the rumour went out that Mr. Aylesworth's deafness might incapacitate him, people naturally began to look about for a successor. But they did not look where Sir John Macdonald looked when he brought Sir John Thompson down from the bench, or where the Liberals looked much earlier when they brought Sir Oliver Mowat down from the same elevation. They did not even look where Sir Wilfrid Laurier looked when he called Sir Charles Fitzpatrick to his side at Ottawa, or when he summoned David Mills, or where Sir John went when he made sundry "offers" to Dalton McCarthy. They began, rather, to talk of Robinette and of men even less in the public confidence. Now, Robinette is a good criminal lawyer. Young Mackenzie King is a promising young man. But when a man is desired to take what is practically the Liberal leadership for Ontario, he ought surely to be of heavier calibre.

\* \* \*

It is all very well when a Cabinet is well manned at the top to get in a youth or two on his promotion. That is the way to develop public men. But when a Minister is sought who must take upon his shoulders practically the leadership of a great party for one of the great provinces, the best man in the community—be he twice a judge—is not too good for the position. It is happily to be hoped that, in this case, no change will be necessary; but the way in which the possibility was met shows the tendency of the times. The Conservative party is equally guilty. Do you notice the loud and enthusiastic silence which has followed the acceptance of the nomination in Pictou of Sir Hibbert Tupper? There are a lot of men who would rather hear of the nomination of young Master Unknown who will be a great Minister in the year 1927.

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If the Conservative party knows an opportunity when it sees it, it should line up behind Adam Beck. There is a young Minister who has in him the makings of one of the most popular leaders of progressive modern opinion in the country if he gets the right backing. He is industrious, courageous, painstaking and can hit the popular mind. Moreover, he has succeeded in massing against him all the unpopular forces in both parties. There is one great family newspaper, for instance, which should lose about ten thousand subscribers over this affair if it were properly handled by its natural opponents. It has put itself in an indefensible position where a little direct firing ought to riddle its reputation pretty badly. "Billy" Maclean is firing straight enough; but he is always a little out of range because of the poor position he allowed his batteries to assume long ago. Still, there are other papers within range; and they should show us some spirited gunnery.

\* \* \*

I notice that Mr. Justice Riddell is coming in for some criticism because he dislikes to hear slang used in judicial proceedings and has a prejudice against disorder amongst the lawyers who are appearing before him. I rather fancy, however, that the quiet judgment of the people will be with him. There is something to be said, after all, for the dignity of a British court. If we like our courts to be free and easy, we have only to cross

the American border to get some excellent models. They do not waste any starch or put any undue emphasis on decorum in the free and democratic United States. I recall attending a trial once at Old Orchard Beach—a serious trial in which a man was up for keeping a ball-throwing gallery open on Sunday. The magistrate or the judge, or whatever he may have been called, sat in a plain chair at the head of a pine table in a public hall. He was arrayed tastefully in light tweeds and an urbane manner. No one could accuse him of lacking in respect for the lawyers who sat at the table with him and were far more in charge of the proceedings than he was. In fact, the lawyer for the defence was quite sharp with him at times; and once His Honour apologised to him.

Of course, they got through with the trial. They heard the evidence, and the lawyers argued with a fine command of the colloquial which must have been very appealing to the sporty defendants in the case—or were they prisoners? I am not sure now that they were present at all, though I seem to have a hazy recollection of the lawyer for the defence consulting somebody in the body of the audience occasionally. When it came time for the judge to deliver his judgment, he rose to the occasion. He did not stand up, but he evidently would have liked to; for then he could have addressed his audience with more effect. He seemed chiefly concerned in persuading them that they should not blame him for the decision he was about to render which was to the effect that the indictment was faulty and so that the case must fail on a technicality. I cannot say that I was much impressed by the scene. I am afraid that I made some remarks comparing this court to a Canadian court to the disadvantage of the former.

A Canadian writer, when asked for his ideas on the "lady" question, said: "A lady does not chew gum," thus giving a negative phase of this elusive creature. An Ottawa clergyman has recently denounced the chewing of gum as "villainous"—which most readers and hearers will admit is an over-strong adjective for the ruminating act. But, while the chewing of gum is no sin, it is a proceeding of highly offensive vulgarity in the eyes of many.

## MOTORING IN MUSKOKA



The roads of the north country are not supposed to be a happy highway for the automobile. But this Toronto party recently found their varied scenery quite enjoyable.



The Start of the Ten-Mile Walking Race for Women, Toronto, November 16th.

Photographs by Pringle & Booth.

## THE GREAT ELECTRIC STRUGGLE

(Concluded from page 7)

plenty to occupy its attention without going into unnecessary enterprises of this character. Because a member of that Government desires to make a name for himself and to pose as a friend of the public is no reason why his colleagues should sacrifice the public interests to give him that opportunity.

Municipal ownership is absolutely necessary in many undertakings. In regard to electric lighting it is not so vital as in sewage-disposal, water-supply and the ownership of the right to operate street-cars. Electric lighting is a doubtful business at best and it is not a matter of concern to all classes of citizens. The workingman is much more concerned with the price of coal-oil and gas. The cities of Canada should not be stampeded into going to extremes in municipal ownership and operation. They must fight monopolies which seek to take undue advantage of the control of public utilities. They must appeal to the provincial governments for control of rates and other powers which will enable them to build up happy and prosperous communities. It is not necessary, however, that the municipality should eliminate all private services. They should check and control but not destroy.

## Sport of the Week

**L**AST Saturday marked the beginning of the end of the football season, and the start of the beginning of the hockey season. Football will soon give way before frost and snow to those sports which depend upon keen ice for their full enjoyment. In the meantime, the race-horse is, like the ducks and the geese, moving farther south. Ottawa and Montreal and Winnipeg will have races on the ice, but these will not rank as "Grand Circuit" races.

The Ontario Hockey Association has elected Mr. Dwight J. Turner, president for the year, and starts the season with a good balance in the bank and an increased membership.

In football, the complication of series prevents any quick summary. In the Intercollegiate Union, Ottawa College sprung a surprise by defeating McGill and winning the championship. The team was thought to be too crippled for the feat but the critics were incorrect. The Intermediate, Junior and Association (Soccer) championships all go to Varsity (Toronto). In the Interprovincial Union, Montreal wins. The Halifax League Championship goes to Dalhousie, the eighth time in succession. The Montreal Intermediates are likely to win the Quebec R. F. U. honours, having won the first match against Ottawa II.

The newest departure in athletics was witnessed in Toronto last Saturday, when eighty-four young women competed in a ten-mile walking race, conducted by the Toronto Star. The time made by Miss Rosamond Dunn, the winner, was 91 min., 35 2-5 secs. The course was hardly the full ten miles. Any young lady elsewhere who thinks she is a good walker may now go out quietly and try her speed and endurance against this record.

## Public Opinion

The Editor of the Canadian Courier :

Sir,—A short time ago a report was published under the direction of the Minister of the Interior at Ottawa entitled "The Hudson Bay Route. A Compilation of Facts and Conclusions. By J. A. J. McKenna."

This report is largely made up of extracts and quotations from the accounts of travellers who have visited Hudson Bay during the past 160 years. Naturally a discussion of the merits of Port Churchill as a harbour is included, and on pages 42 and 43 a description of the harbour is printed without quotation marks. As far as the general reader can tell this description is written by the author of this report. Instead of being written by him, however, it is copied verbatim, with some transposition of sentences from my report on two journeys through the barren lands of Canada, and overland from Port Churchill to Winnipeg, published as Part F. of the Annual Report of the Geological Survey of Canada for 1896. This report is open to anyone who wishes to read or copy it, but in copying from it, as from any other book, quotations should be marked and properly acknowledged.

J. B. TYRRELL.

Toronto, Nov. 15, 1907.



The Winner Finished Strong.



Egypt.

An Egyptian Musician.

Saxony.

Japan.

Spain.

Mrs. Fleming.

Miss Lamothe.

SEVERAL HUNDRED PERSONS REPRESENTED THE NATIONS AND YE OLDEN TIMES.

# The Hospital Bazaar at Ottawa

By F. A. ACLAND.

THE Capital has set an admirable example to the cities of Canada in instituting and carrying to a successful conclusion a grand bazaar to raise funds for a tuberculosis hospital. It is a symptom of the earnestness with which society is beginning at last to combat one of the greatest of modern menaces to the physical well-being of the race that the Governor-General and Prime Minister of the country should have taken a leading part in achieving this success. The warm interest taken in the subject by the kindly and sympathetic monarch of the Empire was recognised by fixing the bazaar for a date to include the King's birthday, and a week of brilliant and profitable festivity was brought to a climax and a close on the evening of November 9. To the excellent Society known as the Daughters of the Empire is due primarily the idea of the bazaar and to the ladies of that society were left the working details; but with the hearty backing and personal participation of the viceregal family, the members of the government, the leader of the opposition and the mayor of the city, how could such a combination fail?

The Bazaar was held in the drill hall, which for the occasion had been converted into a fascinating little new world, dominated by an Eiffel Tower and a column Vendome in token of its suggestion of "the Streets of Paris," the official title of the charming enterprise, but lined around with quaint gaily decked booths representing many nations in miniature, while to and fro among the crowd of spectators and buyers, and doing a rarely profitable business, moved from day to day, afternoon and evening scores of fair ladies and gallant knights in costumes of generations more picturesque than our own. The booths of the ladies in charge of them re-

spectively were as follows—this being also the order of arrangement in the Bazaar: Saxony, Mrs. Hanbury Williams; England, Lady Grey; the United States, Mrs. J. G. Foster; Ireland, Mrs. Schrieber and Mrs. H. Fleming jointly; France, Mrs. Fitzpatrick; Japan, Mrs. Sifton; Canada, Mrs. R. L. Borden; Germany, Mrs. H. K. Egan; Turkey, Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar; Egypt, Mrs. S. H. Fleming; Spain, Mrs. D'Arcy Scott. It is needless to say that each lady chief was attended by a bevy of charming assistants robed in dresses symbolic of the idea specially illustrated in the booth. Thus the English booth illustrated "Ye Olde Curiosity Shop," and the ladies were most becomingly attired in dresses of the period of Sir Joshua Reynolds, large picture hats being a prominent feature. The costumes at the American stall were, again, of the Martha Washington period, and those at the Irish booth were typically of green velvet. Similarly the articles for sale or the entertainment, so far as seemed expedient, represented the specialties of the respective countries. There were Teddy Bears representing the great republic, chrysanthemums and a tea garden for Japan; sherbet and Turkish delights for the Ottoman Empire; fortune telling for Egypt. Each evening the Bazaar was opened with a gay procession in which the representatives of the various nationalities took part, smartly stepping to the music of the bugle.

Earl Grey in opening the bazaar on Tuesday evening mentioned an incident that deserves to be recorded as often as possible, namely, how, when driving to open a tuberculosis hospital in Toronto, he had been stopped on the road by the employees of the Canada Cycle and Motor Company and presented with a cheque for \$100



Canada.

United States.

England.

Martha Washington.

Germany.

Mrs. Southam.

Miss Jennings.

Mrs. O'Hara.

Miss Douglas.

SOME OF THE FIGURES IN THE PROCESSION OF THE NATIONS

Photographs by The Allets Manufacturing Company.

for the hospital, raised by 25-cent subscriptions among the men. The Governor gladly mentioned the incident to show how far reaching and universal was the spirit of sympathy with the undertaking in hand. Sir Wilfrid, too, who opened the bazaar on the following evening, touched the chord of public sympathy when he spoke of himself as one who had lost his health and found it again, and who was therefore himself able to sympathise the more keenly with the sick. Sir Frederick Borden, who performed the opening function on Thursday evening, in his capacity as Minister of Militia, gave a military order to the public to open up their purses and there is every reason to believe that the order was duly obeyed and that the proposed tuberculosis hospital of Ottawa will become a tangible reality as a result of the generosity of Ottawa citizens.

### A Patriotic Purchase

**T**HE city of Hamilton, Ontario, deserves the aspiring adjective frequently attached to it. But Hamilton is achieving, as well as ambitious, and its Napoleons keep afar from Waterloo. The latest proof of the manner in which the women of Hamilton persevere, until the desired end is attained, was given last month when the Women's Wentworth Historical Society, of which Mrs. John Calder is president, handed over the cancelled mortgage on the Stoney Creek property to the trustees, Hon. J. M. Gibson, Hon. J. S. Hendrie and Mr. Thomas W. Watkins.

Eight years ago, Mrs. Calder learned that the historic old Gage house, with about five acres of land, was to be sold. With characteristic energy, Mrs. Calder at once secured the property, becoming personally responsible for the purchase money, until the necessary sum could be raised by subscription. Several prominent citizens said the money could all be raised at once but Mrs. Calder felt that, since the property was the scene of a battle of national importance, as many people as possible should be allowed to share in paying for it. The money has all been raised by subscription and by entertainments, ex-

cept the annual grant of \$100 by the Ontario Government which Hon. J. S. Hendrie was influential in having raised to \$300 this year to be used for the mortgage. The property is now free of debt and several hundred dollars have been spent in repairs and improvements. This is the only historic ground in Canada, owned by a patriotic society, and but for Mrs. Calder's prompt action, it would have been divided and sold for farming purposes.

On a perfect autumn day, such a day of October sunshine as shows Canadian scenes in their richest garb, the guests of the Historical Society gathered to witness the final ceremony, when a guard of fifty members of the Thirteenth Regiment escorted His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. The historic homestead was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and fruit, with a background of hunting which reminded the assembly of the heroic deeds which made such a fertile land our own. Mrs. Calder in an appropriate and patriotic speech welcomed Sir Mortimer Clark and handed him the clear deed of property given to the trustees of the property.

Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia, made a congratulatory speech and promised to use his influence in securing a satisfactory grant from the Dominion Government for a monument to be erected on the hill to commemorate the Battle of Stoney Creek, one of the most thrilling engagements in the War of 1812.



Mrs. John Calder, President of Wentworth Women's Historical Association, Hamilton.

### SCENE NEAR THE STONEY CREEK BATTLEGROUND.



Battlefield House, the old Gage Homestead, used by the United States' Generals as their headquarters, on the night of June 5th, 1813.

# Mr. Twigg on Oysters and Politicians



"SPEAKING about oysters," said Mr. Twigg, as I dropped into my customary seat on the back steps, "I have been meditating for the last hour or so on the difference between them and the Shriveport politicians.

"Seems simple enough at first, doesn't it?" and Mr. Twigg gazed at me over the top of his spectacles. "But the more you think of the problem, the more complicated it becomes until you are finally convinced of its stupendous importance.

"Now, for one thing," and Mr. Twigg leaned forward with elbows on knees and chin in his hands, "the months with the letter 'r' in them are the season for both oysters and politicians. September, October, November and December, and they are both in the mouths of the public—on everybody's tongue; January, February, March and April, and that's the end of them until next fall. In the summer months the Shreveport politician is as dumb as an oyster.

"Beginning with September, you will find them at the saloon lunch counters. There is, of course, a slight



"The Oyster goes into the Cocktail and the Cocktail goes into the Politician."

difference in their behavior—while the oyster goes into the cocktail, the cocktail goes into the politician. You

will find them at society banquets, one first on the toast list and the other first on the menu. The politician usually gets away from the banquet in better condition but I have seen them sometimes when they hadn't much to boast of over the oyster.

"The politician is often in hot water, so is the oyster. If some of those University chaps were to collect statistics—and they spend years on figures of less importance—they would find that the politician, more frequently than the oyster, meets an untimely end in soup. They are both in constant danger of a roast, but, where the oyster has a close season to protect him by law from the pan roast, the politician may expect any kind of a roast in season and out of season. But that's really a distinction more than a difference. They've both got hard shells, and they need them. I suppose there are none of God's creatures that have been knifed oftener than oysters and politicians. If they hadn't hard shells to protect them from the raps of the public on one hand and the gluttony of sharks and octopuses on the other, both species would soon become extinct. Of course, the papers say they are controlled by trusts, but that's, for the most part, only heresay, and nobody pays much attention to it."

"In some places—take New York, for instance—they like them big, and for this purpose have them artificially fattened, but I must say I like them best when raised on a natural diet. They have more of a home flavour."

"I haven't had the education of those naturalists and never really conversed with an oyster, although I will admit having said pretty hard words to some of them after having been intimately associated for a few minutes—but that's neither here nor there. What I started out to say was, if the real sentiments of the oyster were known, you would find he was just as much opposed to the muck rakes as the politician and would put in a strong protest at being exposed to the public eye all covered with mud. But, bless you, mud doesn't really hurt either of them—everybody realises it is indigestible, but sometimes they don't feel the mud, there's the shell, you know.

"Now," said Mr. Twigg, leaning back, "It's an interesting subject; think it over." He pulled at his pipe and I sat in silence lost in admiration at his wisdom. Mr. Twigg is not insensible to flattery and silence is the true form of flattery.

"Did you ever see an oyster pearl?" he enquired.

"No," I answered.

## THE HOMESTEADERS

NO. 4.—THE FIRST HARVEST

THE homesteader's first harvest is not likely to be very big. Twenty acres or so are about all that he will be able to put under cultivation, and on newly broken land his crop will probably be light. Most of it he sows with wheat, but he also puts in some oats to help his stock through the winter and reserves a small patch for roots and garden vegetables.

As soon as he has put in his crop, he sets about providing a more permanent habitation than the tent and covered waggon, which have hitherto served him and his family. He can make choice among several styles of prairie architecture, ranging from the dug-out sod hut to the stone foundation frame house. If he has the money to spare, he can send to the nearest town for a few thousand feet of dressed lumber and a roll or two of tar paper and build a shack in the latest Western fashion. Most likely he cannot attempt anything so ambitious at once. The neighbouring poplar bush will supply him with sufficient poles for a log house, and a few yards of prairie will provide sods for his roof and a rough barn. With these natural resources and the necessary doors and window sashes from the town the settler constructs his first house.

By the time it is finished the summer is nearly over. The homesteader begins to prepare for the harvest. He has made the first payment on a reaper, and the machine stands ready for use under a lean-to beside the barn. He hires a couple of newly-arrived immigrants, anxious for work, to help him. He bargains with the owner of a threshing outfit to stop over at his place and thresh his little crop on the way to a big farm farther down the valley.

Then follows the anxious time of the year. The farmer watches the weather like an enemy. Each day, each night, has its effect, good or bad, upon the ripening

crop. A sudden frost, a spell of dull or rainy weather, may at the last moment destroy the labour and the hopes of months.

But at length the grain is ready for cutting and the harvest begins. In addition to reaping his own crop, the homesteader finds time to take his machine over and help out a couple of new neighbours who have not yet got reapers of their own. One morning he sees on the horizon the smoke of the threshing engine at work on a distant farm. A few days later it puffs its way into the midst of his own ripened sheaves and startles the flocks of blackbirds that are already gathering their share of the crop. It does not take long to thresh out his small acreage. Soon only a few patches of black ashes and a pile of straw here and there show where the harvesters have been at work. The last load of wheat is on its way across the prairie to the elevator. There are oats in the barn and enough seed grain for next year's sowing. In the root house are some potatoes, turnips and perhaps a few cabbage for the winter.

During the next few weeks, the homesteader turns his cattle, pigs and poultry into the stubble, for on these Western farms a whole European village might glean enough to feed itself after the crop has been gathered. Thither flock the prairie chickens, and the nearby "slews" and the banks of the river are alive with hundreds of wild ducks, while overhead the long triangles of wild geese travel steadily southward. Then, if the homesteader can lay hands upon a gun, and feels the pulse of any sporting blood in his veins, he goes a-hunting. Then come frosts, the air falls suddenly cold at sundown, at night the northern lights play across the stars, and the homesteaders' first winter is at hand.

C. W. JEFFREYS.

# A Parson of the Foot-Hills

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



The Reverend Marchmont Ing Cutting Hay.



Church of Mountain Stoney.

and packs his lodge-poles in to the north mountains. There he hunts the wapiti, the lynx and the black bear. His woman, who belongs to a mothers' meeting, helps him skin the carcasses and dry the meat, and she makes all the pemmican. But the class-meeting goes with them; and always Powderface is able to thank the Lord for sending the good game—the Lord whom he has been taught to believe holds the foothills in the hollow of his hand.

Powderface is a Mountain Stoney. The band to which he belongs are the most religious, most lavishly picturesque and the most self-contained of all the northern tribes. Their women attend mothers' meetings on horseback, gorgeous in coloured skirts and shawls. The Mountain Stoney alone inhabit the most western reaches of the great Bow River, and yet have in times past fought like wolves with the Crees and the Blackfeet for the great hunting-ground among the mountains at the head of the Saskatchewan. No Stoney has ever killed a white man. In '85, when the Blackfeet and Bloods and Sarcees would have joined the Crees in the Rebellion, they did not because the Stoney stayed in camp.

To these large-limbed dwellers in the high hills, four thousand feet above the sea, the Rev. Marchmont Ing is the spiritual over-lord. There is no longer any mounted policeman at Morley, which is the name of the C.P.R. station forty miles west of Calgary where the letters are posted from Mr. Ing's parish. Ing is not a fighting parson. He is too busy to fight. His parish is too large. He has three horses and they all know the foot-hills trails in their sleep. From the white church down on the flats to the bulging Rockies, eighteen miles on the north side of the Bow; on the south side twenty-five miles; 69,000 acres of the hugest hills in America, split far down the middle by the Bow River—this is the parish of Mr. Ing.

The parish is historic. In a dejected little graveyard near the church may be seen a portly slab on which runs a simple story of how the Rev. George McDougall, the father of Methodist missions in the Canadian Northwest, was frozen to death thirty-one years ago, having lost his way in a storm on the baldheaded prairie north of Calgary. His first mission headquarters was at Morley, and his first mission house was a squat little shack of a lean-to shape now used for a cattle shed. After him came his son John, who built the second mission house, now used as a stable. Five years ago, from Terre Haute Indiana, came the Rev. Marchmont Ing, formerly a wholesale draper's clerk in England.

In all the foothills there is no voice so big as Ing's. A mile away of an evening you may hear him coming home. When he takes hold of a Cree hymn it makes no difference whether the organ is played or not. Of a summer morning you may hear that ringing baritone behind the missionary mower, the voice of a man who is not

afraid of steep hills and crooked trails, of creeping cold and of mountain storm. Most of Ing's sermons are prepared on the trail. There are no garden-parties in his parish. At the mission corral are three horses, all broken from bronchohood by the preacher, who has his own brand for both horses and cows. Forty rods from the mission house rushes the Bow, as cold as the glaciers from which it fell but a few hours since. From the river Mr. Ing hauls his water on a truck which he rigged up from an old mower. In this yard there is a hay-waggon, a hay-rake and a mowing machine, all of which are his personal property. He keeps no hired man. In the worst of summers twenty tons of hay must be put up for the mission. The preacher puts it up. On some rancher's land, miles from home, he buys the right to cut his crop—if he can find it. For the mission, three hundred acres is needed for grazing. Cutting hay in that country is not exactly a pastoral job either. The August forenoon when I tracked up the preacher he was taking his vacation in one of these foothills hay-fields. He had just finished shaving the poll of a round hill, cutting from the bottom up, and had started into a tongue of wiry grass among the poplars. Two days now he had been banging and hollering among those bluffs—up and down hill, geeing and hawing over the fields had never felt a plough. He had cut and raked and scraped and piled up the hay. To-morrow he would haul it in.

About fifteen rounds on his next sermon the preacher stopped, and while he was resting he oiled the mower, the knife of which he had sharpened that morning on the mission grindstone. His oil-can he had lost and he had rigged up instead a bottle with a grooved wooden spout.

"That oil-can is a good deal like some of my sermons have to be," he said; "rough and ready."

Ing admitted that it was poor hay even for a preacher. "No, it won't fat," he said. "It will fill, though, and that's something." Glancing at the sun—"I expect my wife and little boy to drive back and take dinner with me in the hay. Say, there'll be plenty for everybody, you know." Then, with a jerk—"Hmh! It may snow to-morrow. I must take another rip at that patch in the woods. Say—I wish you'd take my knife and cut me a good long club."

He banged his mower into the grass again.

Being a haymaking parson is no fad of Mr. Ing's. If he were to let the church buy him hay the Stoney would be inquiring why the church would not buy hay for them also. Example is potent. These Indians are cunning in matters of religious economy. Their life is a perpetual horse show: three months a year on the



First Mission House in the Ing Parish.

mountain hunt; one month hard haymaking; the other eight riding to church, to the store, to the big fairs at Calgary, Macleod and Lethbridge, in which places are held the biggest Indian parades in Canada. The foothills are too steep for the plough and the Stoneys are glad of it; besides a plough would be an indignity to fine horses. Long ago they discarded the cayuse. Their horses are either bronchos or bred from imported stock. Carts they no longer have; waggons many; these are better for packing their tepee poles when they creek to the hay-camps and the mountains.

The economic notions of these hill folk are peculiar. One dark-faced brother cannot understand why is he not paid for interpreting sermons since the preacher is paid for preaching them. One of the class leaders complains that since the preacher is paid for leading classes he should be paid also. A collection plate they have never seen. Their children are educated at the big mission school and they have never heard of a school tax. Their sick are taken to the hospital and they know not who paid for the place or for the nurses that have charge of it. Even their own church seems to them to have been built by a miracle.

A year or so ago, new siding, roofing and floor were needed for the church, requiring in all, according to Mr. Ing's calculations, about six thousand feet of lumber. The Stoneys would have been glad to sell lumber to the church, for they have a sawmill and logs are plentiful in the upper hills.

Mr. Ing thought out a scheme to teach these Indians that they owed the church a little elbow-grease and horse-flesh. He called a meeting, at which were present the leading men. It was clearly pointed out through an interpreter that the church was in a bad way. They nodded approvingly. Well, what would he do about it?

"I'll tell you what I'll do, friends," said the preacher. "I'm going to give a prize."

They sat up to listen. What sort of a prize?

"Money," said the preacher.

"Sooneahs!" they repeated. "Good! How many?"

"Just a moment," said the preacher. "I haven't told you what I'm going to give this prize for. Of course it can't be for nothing."

To this all were agreed.

"Well, then, I'll give a prize of three dollars to the man who with his team will haul out most logs from the woods to the mill."

Mr. Ing pointed out that there would be much fun in this. It would be a race.

The Stoneys caught the idea. A time limit was set and on the appointed morning a band of ambitious teamsters trekked to the woods with axes and saws and sleighs. For two days they raced like whirlwinds; the trees fell and the logs flew and the mill-yard became choked with them, every log bearing the mark of the Indian whose team had hauled it. When time was called and the logs were counted, it was found that the winner of the "sooneahs" had drawn five more than the next in order. Lucky man! Every one envied him. When the logs were sawed it was found that the total was thirteen thousand feet, half of which went to the Indians for sawing it. The other half had cost the preacher three dollars, or less than fifty cents a thousand.

On a Sunday last August, I attended Mr. Ing's

church. Five minutes before the first hymn the fence was lined with horses. Some of the horses carried two women. One pony carried an Indian mother with one child in front of her on the saddle-horn, another sitting behind, and yet another surcingle into a shawl on her back.

On that Sunday, Rev. John McDougall, the former missionary, was in the audience, which was not large, for the Stoneys were camped far out on the hills by the fields of slough grass. McDougall was invited to preach. Thirty-five years familiar with these mountaineers the veteran missionary cannot preach in their language. He spoke in Cree, a highly musical and inflexional discourse, interpreted into guttural Stoney by Daniel Wildman, who with hands behind his back, gave a really remarkable bi-lingual performance. For twenty-five years Wildman has been interpreter.

A few more hymns in Cree and the brief service was over. The Stoneys mounted their horses and galloped away to the camps.

Sunday afternoon, the missionary drove his democrat out over the hills, carrying the gospel to the hay camps. In the rear seat went two women helpers, one of whom has charge of all work among mothers and children. The Bow was racing through a shroud of mist and the great mountains leaned purple-indigo out of the clouds over the huge green hills. The black trails were flung like ropes up over the long wooded slopes. For an hour we crawled up and up till we could see far down in its gorge the twisted Bow and the white dot that marked the church.

Here came a cluster of lodges in the woods. Some old Stoney mother in Israel was here. A wolfish dog warned Ing that he might better have stayed in the rig. He made a grand rush at the cloth and the preacher grabbed part of a down tree to beat him off.

Amid a ruck of blankets and clothes and kitchen implements sat the aged woman unable to rise—a withered old bundle of aches and long weary pains. From her moanful gabbling the preacher learned that while she was always glad of the gospel, for three days now she had tasted no tobacco in her pipe. Some coins for her; so much less for the preacher.

In a burst of sunlight, on the brow of a broad hill, came a band of fifty horses herded by two young women astride one pony. Both girls were gaily dressed, and, as they galloped their pony from end to end of the laggard band they laughed to think how far they were from the school and the church, especially the school where riding is not on the curriculum and where Indian girls sit very solemnly with slates and pencils.

"Well, I declare!" The lady superintendent looked hard. "It's Eliza Tying-Her-Shoe and Martha Too-Much-Hair. These girls haven't been at school for years."

Yonder was one of the big hay camps, a line of white tepees on a high ridge that overhung a broad sweep of valley. Here we passed a stack not yet topped beside a waggon not yet unloaded. The waggon had been hauled in late Saturday night. No Stoney will unload hay on the Sabbath no matter what storms may be hanging over the hills. If there were two Sundays in a week he would observe them both. Somewhere among the idle waggons and the grindstones and the sulky



The Chief.



Stoney Boys at the Orphanage.





A Stoney Indian and his Wife.

rakes was the lodge of David Big-Stoney, an interpreter. We pulled up in the middle of the village.

"Ambowahsteig!" said everybody—except the dogs—as we tied the team. It was the Stoney "Good-morning."

The women helpers took a lesson chart and organised an impromptu open-air session of Sunday School. The smoky lodge of the interpreter was full of young men who had been having a class-meeting; scarcely room to wedge ourselves into the crowded ring around the fire under the poles of drying beef. Mr. Ing sat on the floor and took out his Cree hymn-book. The Indians sang the hymn in Cree from memory. Then there was prayer accented by the distant singing of women and the twinkle of a horse bell. Another hymn selected and led by Big-Stoney; then in the lingering smoke the sermon, while the preacher sat with his knees as high as his head.

That service done, we hunted up another congregation. Here in a fine open-air ring about a fire sat twenty women with their children. It was a five-o'clock tea; on the fire a steaming pot; here and there tin mugs and slashes of dried beef and lumps of dark bannock.

With these we "ambowahsteiged" awhile and went to look up Luke Powderface, the chief class leader. Luke was pleased to know that we considered his lodge better than a house. He knows no English; so Mrs. Paul Powderface, his brother's wife, was called, having learned English at the school. She became the medium of an earnest conference between Powderface and the missionary; an inquiry into the state of the religious democracy, of which Luke was the deputy chief. There had been classes all that day and good attendance. But there was need of a new leader for one class. Whom would Luke recommend? Would Mark Two-Young-Men be eligible? No, Luke thought he was too young; it must be some older, graver man. He would see about it while the hay camp was on which, with bad weather, would be weeks yet; then would come the pitching-off in the mountains for three months when the classes must be well looked after.

Soon with a shoal of black storms riding down out of the mountains and swinging along the valley of the Bow we were on the trail again. On the edge of a heavy rain, stop was made at another tepee in a more distant camp. Here was a dying child with its mother; consumption—of all diseases the last these Stoneys should have four thousand feet above the sea level. The white woman prayed over the child while the rain came chattering down.

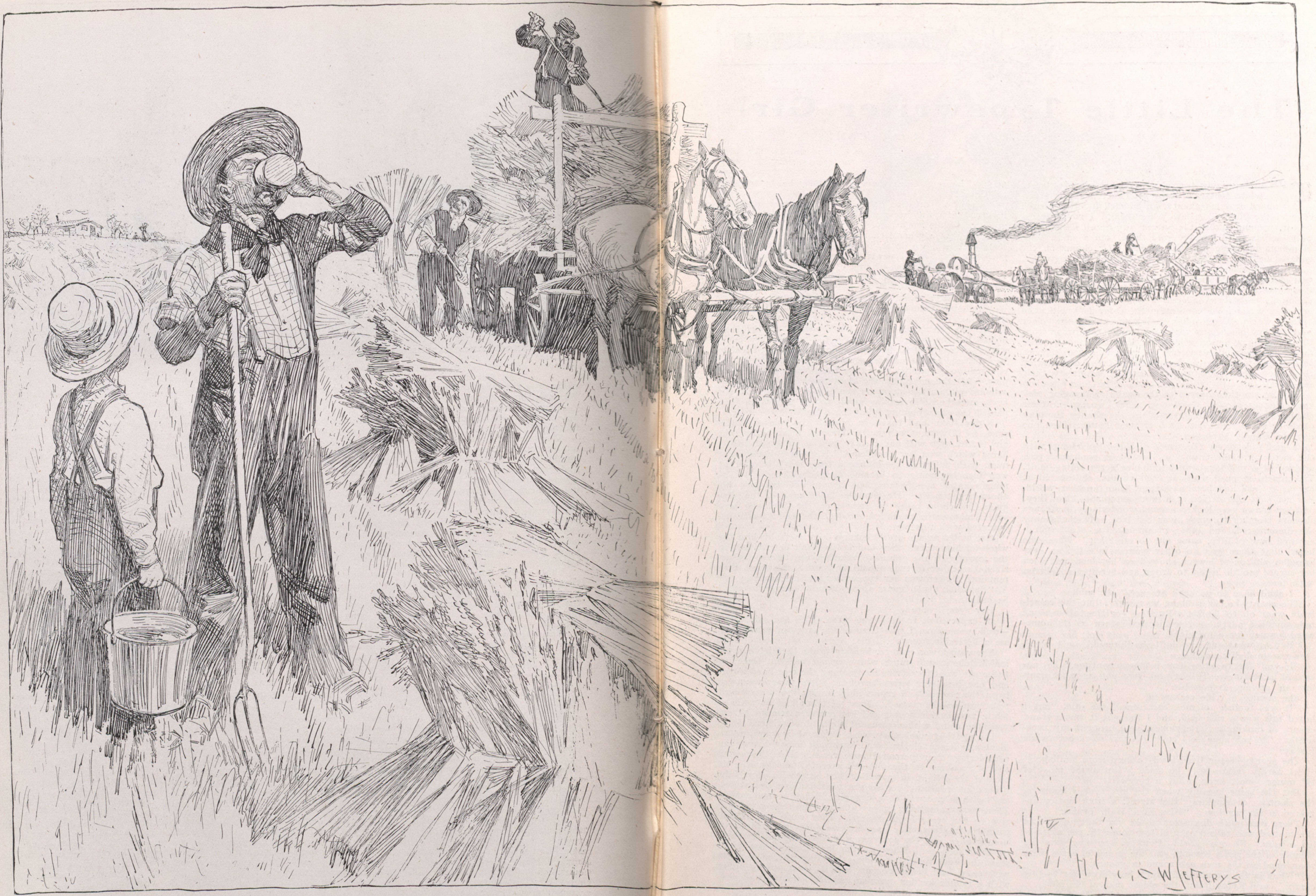
No more stops now till we reached home; climbing here a slippery hill in the teeth of a storm; there riding down into a ravine at the edge of a forest; gradually out and out till the ghostly valley of the Bow came into

view mystically huge under a sea of vapour that caught lines of strange light from the Rockies. Across the river came the missionary cows, who had found a gap in the fence and were setting out for other pastures. Ing whooped them to a turn and drove them in. After supper he milked them and tended the horses and conducted family prayers when the hymn was "One More Day's Work for Jesus."

Six weeks more and the tepees would be few and far between on the Reserve and the congregation small at the church. At the first of October the lodges are packed, with the camp truck and the babies, into the waggons and the Stoneys trail away many miles northwest to the hunting grounds in the mountains. Here at the head waters of the Saskatchewan and far from the Bow are the wapiti and the lynx and the black bear. Here for three moons these copperskin Methodists remember the days of old when as yet there was no missionary. They dry tons of meat and make bags of pemmican and cure the skins which they sell to the trader. But on the Sabbath the Stoneys rest even from the hunt. They know that the missionary is nowhere near, but he has told them that there is another Eye that follows them to the mountains. There in the shadow of the Devil's Head Mountain the Stoney class-leaders conduct their classes and sing Cree hymns beside the rushing Saskatchewan.

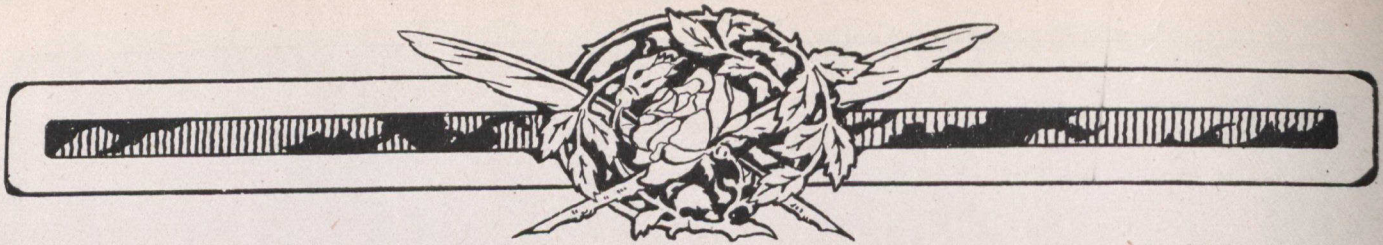
At Christmas they return to the Reserve. On New Year's Day there is held near the mission a big feast of meat and pemmican, to which the white people are invited. It is the "Kechenombee," which means alike Christmas, New Year's and Kiss. After the feast the Stoneys line up and solemnly kiss one another for the new year.

But if one should journey to the mountain camp ground he would find among the scattered bones of the hunt a number of graves. Sometimes at the pitching-off death comes to the lodges, when, as far as may be, the dead are buried according to Christian usage. Some say the Stoneys had rather die in the hunting-ground. They are superstitious. At the hospital they permit none of their people to die until the sick one is taken to a little house in the rear which is called the dead house. After death the friends make a rough spruce box, which is lined with cotton batting. The corpse is swathed from head to foot in cotton bandages, leaving exposed only the right hand which for one day the friends solemnly shake in farewell. The waggon containing the coffin is escorted to the graveyard by a large band of riders in all their carnival of rare colourings. At the grave there is singing of Cree hymns but no weeping. And the riders who came slowly out of respect to the coffin, gallop away into the blue mist that reaches down from the mountains.



Drawn by C. W. Jefferys, for the Canadian Courier.

THE HOMESTEADER  
 NO. 4. THE FIRST HARVEST



# The Little Typewriter Girl

A STORY OF THE BELLE OF A MINING CAMP.

By E. VANCE PALMER

THE little mining township consisted of a few score of white tents, a store, and a rough, weather-board drinking shanty, all huddled together on the edge of the plain. A few years before a roving prospector, pushing across the barren, dry-lipped desert, had come across good payable gold there, and a small band of miners following him had staked their claims on the isolated field, the latest outpost in the van of progress.

But with due cautiousness they had striven to conceal the richness of their find, and in any case it was too remote to attract a general rush. A camel-train with the mails casually wandered in about once a fortnight, but that was all the connection the camp had with the outside world. No woman had ever entered the place save the few black gins who occasionally roamed in from the surrounding bush, selling tobacco and liquor. The miners had resolutely determined to forego the luxuries they would have enjoyed had the field been boomed, for they knew that they would eventually profit by their self-denial.

And so the time passed to the sound of swinging pick and clanging shovel. All day they worked in their claims, and at night gathered at the shanty to play cards or swap reminiscences over their liquor. Then one day the wonder happened.

A girl rode down the street of the camp along with the incoming camel-train, a pretty brown-haired girl, dressed in a pink sunbonnet and blue serge riding-habit. The miners stopped work at their claims, and stared at her as if she had been a visitant from another world. For her part she seemed even more astonished than they, and her brown eyes looked around wonderingly, a strange shyness seeming to creep over her face. At the shanty she dismounted, and the proprietor, a stout good-natured man of fifty, came out to meet her. When she heard that there was no other woman in camp an expression almost of horror showed on her face, and then her curved mouth began to droop and her eyes to glisten with tears.

"I shall have to go back at once," she said.

The shanty-keeper said he was sorry, but the camel-train went on to Walker's Run, a cattle-station some miles further north, and would not return on its homeward journey for a fortnight.

"But w—what am I to do?" she faltered.

He seemed disconcerted.

"If you like to stay here in the meantime," he answered hesitatingly, "I'll try an' give you as much comfort an' privacy as possible."

She seemed a trifle reassured.

"It was foolish of me to come," she said, "but I heard this was a rich field, and I thought it was a grand chance of making a little money, so I brought my typewriter. Do you suppose I could get any work here while I stay?"

The shanty-keeper tried hard to keep from smiling.

"I hardly reckon so," he said. "I'm afraid most of th' miners don't know what a typewriter is."

But the same evening when the girl took a room in the shanty overlooking the street, a little notice appeared in the window: "Miss Elsie Hall, Typist."

There was much discussion in the bar that night, and the matter was talked over in low tones by the assembled miners. No one could think of anything save the wonder of the girl's coming, and the games of cards were abandoned as the men sat round in groups.

"What in th' name of all that's holy drew her to this camp?" said Rufus Bann, the oldest man of the party.

"She don't look like a hustler," said Sydney Burk, a dreamy giant of six feet three, "an' I suppose they crowded her out of th' cities."

"But how did she happen t' strike this place?"

"Reckon she heard a whisper that it was a rich field, an' thought that th' streets would be paved with nug-

gets. That's th' idea they get in their heads down on th' Coast."

"Anyway," drawled out a long thin miner from the corner. "Anyway we must let her earn a few bags of gold-dust while she's here."

There was a general chorus of assent.

"But how'll we do it," asked Rufus Bann. "I don't guess we want any typewritin' done."

Sydney Burk looked at him.

"How long is it since you wrote a letter, Rufus?"

Rufus pondered.

"Bout three years," he said at length.

"Well, pile them on thick an' fast now t' make up for it."

And so after that night the miners racked their brains for the names of mates to whom they could write. They brought her their clumsily scrawled letters to type, and she seemed so genuinely pleased, and smiled on them so gratefully, that they felt rewarded with overplus. All the next day the clattering of the machine sounded out on the street as her fingers rattled over the keys, and the noise was as music to the men when they passed the shanty going home from work.

Rufus Bann had taken on himself the role of chaperone, as it were, arranging matters of business for the girl. Although well under sixty he had an air of fatherliness which won her confidence. He was a little stout man, with puffy red cheeks and a long heavy beard that was just beginning to become tinged with grey. The miners hated him because of his miserliness and his abounding conceit. He was the lucky man of the diggings, his claim being the richest on the field, and in a subtle manner he managed to let the girl become acquainted with this fact.

Gradually as she grew to know him she told him the whole of her story. She had invested all her savings in the journey to the goldfield, thinking that when she arrived there her fortune would be made. Now all that remained to her was her typewriter and her camel.

"But didn't you guess things would be rough here?" he asked.

Her eyes drooped.

"I expected it to be a wee bit rough," she said, "but—well, you know, I was tired of the city and wanted to see a little life."

The camel was a huge, hulking brute that let her pet and fondle it and came whenever she called. Once or twice she went for a ride on it along the tent-lined street and out into the desert beyond. The miners stopped from their work and regarded her with looks of quaint reverence as she passed. Most of them had not seen a white woman for years, and her presence seemed to invade the camp with a pleasant air of domesticity.

During that week they went about their work in ridiculously clean clothes, and spent an unusual time in considering their personal appearance. But they were shy of speaking to the girl—all except Rufus Bann. He seemed to delight in parading his intimacy before the others, approaching her as she passed along the street, and with a natural ease engaging her in conversation. There was something in his attitude aggressively offensive to the rest of the miners. They could not refrain from contrasting their own awkwardness with his cool nonchalance, and the contrast was anything but soothing to their feelings. When on the last day of the girl's stay the two went out riding together the men raged with envy, and Peter Morgan, a little sour-looking miner with a reputation for cynicism, smiled meaningly.

"Women are all alike," he said.

"What do you mean?" said Sydney Burk, flushing.

"Just this," the other answered, "that the little typewriter girl knows as well as anyone in camp what man has th' most money."

There was a dangerous light in Sydney Burk's eyes.

"You little cur, Peter Morgan," he said. "If you were a bigger man I'd thrash you for that sneer."

The other miners looked at the cynic so threateningly that he hastily withdrew his words and the matter was forgotten. Next morning the girl found that she could not possibly finish her commissions in time to leave with the camel train. She appeared distressed, and at length decided to stay on at the camp for another fortnight. It was evident that she had grown used to life on the field, and that the prospect of a term of further isolation in that world of men did not possess for her the same terrors as before.

The miners held a consultation, and at length sent Sydney Burk to explain that their commissions were of no great importance, and that she was not to take them into consideration. After much hesitation the big shy miner made his way to her room and tapped at the door. The rattling of the keys ceased, and a merry voice invited him in. Then leaning back in her chair the girl watched him as, hat in hand, he awkwardly explained his mission.

"I have a conscience," she said, smiling prettily. "I couldn't think of going away and leaving my work unfinished. Everyone here has been so good to me, too."

"But it wasn't your fault they weren't done in time," he said.

"Ah, yes," she answered, "I am to blame. If I hadn't wasted my time riding about the camp they would all have been completed."

The miner was in a quandary. He could not say that the letters were mere devices to give her employment. She was sensitive, and such a suspicion would have wounded her terribly, wherefore he reluctantly withdrew.

Of course the miners were secretly pleased when they heard of her decision. In that short time she had somehow woven herself into the life of the camp, and it would have seemed strangely lonely without her. In that community of little interests her presence was the pivot on which each man's thoughts revolved. Every morning as they passed the shanty window they could see her sitting at her desk, and sometimes she would nod to them with a smile that many a man carried in his mind all day while working at the shaft.

But as the days went on she was seen more and more in the company of Rufus Bann. Nearly every evening at sunset they would stroll together through the camp, the girl's pink sunbonnet thrown back on her head, and her brown hair fluttering in the breeze. There was always a look of pompous vanity on her companion's gross fleshy face, and when she laughed lightly at some casual remark of his, jealous flushes would tinge the faces of the watching men. Yet they could not understand how she could possibly care for such a man as Rufus Bann. He seemed to embody all the qualities from which a young girl would shrink in loathing.

One night when they were assembled in the bar of the shanty the night before the girl was to leave the camp the crisis came. Nearly every man had gathered there, and the room glowed with a flare of light. There was a shuffle of boots on the floor, a rattle of bottles on the counter, and a general clinking of glasses as the talk and laughter went round, when a miner lounged in from the street.

"Did y' hear th' news, boys?" he said drawlingly. "Rufus Bann's engaged."

A sudden silence fell on the crowd. The rollicking laughter was hushed and each man sat looking blankly at his neighbour as if some dire calamity had happened. Then Sydney Burk blurted out:

"It's a lie. I don't believe it."

"But here the shanty-keeper interposed.

"It's solemn truth, boys," he said. "Miss Hall told me so herself, but I didn't want to be th' first t' let on about it."

For a while a look of sheer amazement was manifest on the rugged faces of the miners. An hour before the

suggestion of such a thing would have been deemed blasphemy, but now it was proved by undeniable evidence. Then the silence was broken by the voice of Peter Morgan the cynic, speaking from the solitude of his corner.

"Women are all alike," he said.

The blood sprayed Sydney Burk's face, and it seemed as if another angry retort would flash from him. Then his jaw dropped suddenly, and he held his peace.

There was a great gathering of miners at the store next morning when the camel-train was about to depart. The girl stood in the centre, pretty and blushing, talking eagerly to Rufus Bann, who was looking down on her admiringly, secure in his possession. His heavy, bloated face shone with happiness

as he gazed round at the assembled men, and the vanity of his triumph was written plainly thereon.

It leaked out that she was going home to her mother to see about the wedding, while Rufus was to fix up his arrangements at the camp and follow a fortnight later. He sent his bags of gold-dust with her, to be turned into cash beforehand. When the girl swung into her seat, looking round with a parting smile, the miners forgot their jealousies, and a rousing cheer resounded from the assembled group. Then the camels started off at a loping trot, and she was lost to sight on the wide stretch of clove-brown plain.

The next day a trooper rode into the camp.

"I'm looking for Boy Dawson," he said. "Have you seen a stranger here?"

"None for the last six months," said the miner; then he added with a laugh—"except the little typewriter girl."

The trooper looked interested.

"What was she like?" he asked.

"Plump and dark and pretty," answered the miner. "She left yesterday with the camel-train."

There was a trace of excitement in the trooper's manner.

"I reckon it's the very man I want," he said.

"What do you mean?" thundered out Rufus Bann from the back of the group.

"Just this," said the trooper. "I guess you've been cleaned out by the sharpest swindler in Australia. A typewriter girl is about his best make-up, and this isn't the first camp he's tried the dodge on."

A look of astonishment crept over the faces of the miners, and then they burst out into an uproarious laugh as the humour of the exploit dawned upon them. All except Rufus Bann. For a moment a wave of violent passion seemed to sweep over him, and then he turned slowly round and slouched back to the solitude of his tent.

## Rudyard Kipling

I'm a bally English writer and a bard,  
With my dander up, I turn out copy by the yard.  
I wrote Traffics and Discoveries,  
The Jungle Books and Kim,  
The Light That Failed, and other things,  
And I even wrote a hymn.  
My name is Ruddy Kipling  
And, though in size I'm but a stripling,  
I can fight like I write—can't I Bobs?  
There's the Royal British Army, the Commons and the  
Lords,  
They all want me to write a play and put it on the  
boards;  
Little Bobs will be the hero—not a Noble, but a Mister,  
And will fight the Lords and Commons  
For "The Dead Wife's Sister."  
Oh, in Scotland I'm a peach and in London I'm a pippin,  
For Fleet Street knows that I won't stand for clippin'.  
I'm a terror for my size and I never advertise,  
Do I, Bobs?  
O. R. H.



"Nearly every evening they would stroll together through the camp."

# FOR GOODNESS' SAKE

A STORY OF SURPRISES

By CLIFFORD HOWARD

WHEN I picked up the pocket-book which I found lying on the sidewalk within a few steps of the house, I said to myself: "For goodness' sake!"

I opened the pocket-book as soon as I got to my room, because I wanted to discover, if possible, to whom it belonged. Yet at the same time, it was so truly feminine in its daintiness and so distinctively suggestive of privacy in its tight silver clasp and its delicate fragrance of heliotrope, that, had it not been for my habitually rosy face, I think I should have blushed with the guilty conscience of a Peeping Tom as I prepared to pry into its guarded contents.

I discovered, first, a bunch of dress-goods samples; and two or three of them were really rich and charming bits of fabric. Then I found a dollar bill and two quarters, and a hair pin and a book of postage stamps. There was no token of the owner's identity in any of these trifles; so I went further and fished out a tally lead pencil, a street-car transfer, a silver glove-buttoner, a latch key, a programme of a Strauss concert, and a prescription—to be taken in half a glass of water before each meal. After that I discovered a piece of poetry. It was very neatly folded and occupied a pocket by itself. It looked as though it had been clipped from a magazine. If I remember correctly, it was entitled "Some Day," and ran something like this:

"I know not when; I know not how nor where;  
I know not if the day be far or nigh.  
I only know, thro' faith in answered prayer,  
That some day we shall meet, my Love and I."

I felt at once that the sentiment of the clipping reflected the personality of the clipper. It told me she was still young and heart-free; that she was a refined and gentle soul, in whom the romantic was artistically blended with emotional culture, and that her disposition was thoughtful and sensitive, if not actually angelic.

For a moment I feared that that was all I was destined to learn about her, for it seemed to me that I had by this time exhausted the contents of the purse. But this was merely because of my ignorance of the anatomy of a feminine pocket-book, as is shown by my unexpectedly fumbling into another compartment. And here it was that I came upon the clue for which I was searching. Turning up the flap which concealed its resting place, I found a small card on which was inscribed in particularly graceful chirography:

Bertha Gillmore,  
1472 Euclid Place

For some occult reason, that name Bertha appealed to me. It seemed to associate itself at once in the most natural way with the poetry and the seductive odor of heliotrope and fresh leather, and with the patrician style and good breeding that belong to the aristocratic neighbourhood of Euclid Place.

The consciousness that I had found Bertha Gillmore's pocket-book exhilarated me. I don't pretend to know why, but, somehow, I had a feeling that Fate was at work; that I was drawing close to my affinity. Were I a Theosophist, I should probably have understood it. As it was, however, I did not attempt to analyze my emotions. I simply became enveloped with the idea that perhaps it was I for whom Bertha was waiting; and that perhaps—ah, me! perhaps it was Bertha for whom all unconsciously I had been waiting during these lonely years of unsatisfied bachelorhood.

So I made up my mind I would call at 1472 Euclid Place that very evening and return Bertha Gillmore's pocket-book to her. And as I arrayed myself in a choke collar and swallowtails I conjured up alluring pictures of Bertha, in each of which she had nut-brown hair and lustrous blue eyes, soft and child-like, that gazed into mine with a light of soulful understanding. Whether she would be seated at the piano, playing dreamily to herself—perchance, one of my favourite Schubert melodies—as I was ushered in; or whether, vision-like, she would suddenly appear, with a delicious frou-frou of silken skirts, I was unable to decide. I think, however, my preference inclined toward finding her at the piano.

Timing my departure so that I might reach her house about quarter of nine, I sallied forth into the winter's night, caparisoned with buff-coloured spats and a rosebud boutonniere, and carrying my silver-handled walking-stick, which, by the way, I found of much ser-

vice in keeping myself upright on the icy sidewalks.

As I had anticipated, the house was a handsome one, set well back from the street and fronted by a terraced lawn. A flight of stone steps led up to the doorway.

The bell was an electric one, and when I withdrew my finger after pressing it, it continued to ring. The push-button had evidently stuck; and I said to myself: "For goodness' sake!"

It was a very loud bell. I don't think I had ever before heard quite so loud a one.

I picked at the button with my gloved fingers, but it refused to come out. Then I jabbed it with my cane, and that seemed to make it worse. So I pulled my silk hat well over my ears—for the wind was blowing a perfect gale up there—and went at the push-button with both hands. I thought perhaps I might be able to wrench the socket off and in that way release the button. But just as I was getting a hold on it a lady opened a window in the third storey and poured a pitcher of water on me.

I called to her that she had made a mistake. I told her I was doing the best I could; that if she would only have patience I would explain. But she wouldn't listen to a word I said, and I think, too, she must have been near-sighted, for she broke right in on my remarks and told me that I was a naughty, naughty boy, and that if I didn't stop ringing that bell she would call a policeman.

Then I heard somebody on the lower floor calling for "Bruno," and insisting that it was a perfect outrage.

Really, I felt awfully mortified. It was the first time anything of the kind had ever happened to me, and I particularly regretted that it should have occurred at Bertha's home. I realised keenly that I ought to do something decisive at once; so I grasped my cane in the middle and aimed a desperate blow at the push-button. But just as I swung back my arm a light suddenly shone in the glass panel of the door, there was a galloping noise, as of a human being and a quadruped coming along the hall, regardless of the umbrella stand, and amid the snarls of a dog an elderly gentleman could be heard announcing his intention of breaking somebody's neck.

So I said to myself: "For goodness' sake!" and the despatch with which I got down to the sidewalk was a revelation. I didn't know that I had it in me to be so nimble.

I had barely reached the bottom when the cross man let the dog out and told him to "sic" me and "chew the pants off" me. At the same time he flung a stick of wood after me, and made use of a very ungracious expression.

I can understand why he might have liked to hit me with the stick, but I am at a loss to know why he should have wanted the dog to treat me so shabbily. I certainly had not done anything to the dog.

I don't know what kind of a dog it was. It didn't occur to me at the time to investigate. I think, though, it was a bull-dog. At any rate his name was Bruno, and he seemed to be an obedient sort of a fellow, for he undoubtedly did his best to carry out his master's instructions.

I thought it best to run all the way home. It was only a matter of a few blocks anyhow, and I planned to get into the back alley and jump the fence. I was worried, though, to know how I was going to get around the corner at Butternut Street. It is no easy task to go around a corner on an icy pavement at full speed without either breaking your neck or losing ground, and I had before me the further possibility of losing a portion of my apparel should I invite the nearer approach of the dog by slackening my gait.

Therefore, when I beheld standing on the corner a tall, flat-footed man who looked like a Presbyterian, I said to myself: "For goodness' sake!" and the next moment I grabbed him about the waist and swung myself around the corner with a dexterity that surprised my most hopeful expectations. As I did so, I hurriedly begged his pardon and told him to believe me that I should never have taken the liberty had I not been sore pressed.

I really was very sorry when I heard with what a loud whack the old gentleman fell down; and when I

(Continued on page 33)

## British Gossip

NO sooner does a new game become fashionable than a host of kindly critics arise to declare that it is not new at all and that it was played by King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba when they found time heavy on their royal hands in old Jerusalem. The name of the present craze, "Diabolo," would certainly suggest that it may have some remote connection with the Garden of Eden, where the original Mephisto played it to humanity's exceeding discomfort. It has taken the fancy of modern London to a great extent and "Diabolo" teas have for the moment put bridge in the background. The King of Spain has been photographed in the act of "bediaboling," while "Punch" has seized upon the opportunity to represent Mr. Redmond as playing "the devil of a game." It remains to have a cigar and a new drink given this name and the play will be fairly famous.

\* \* \*

This season might be known as Royalty Month in England, so gay has been the gathering at Windsor of "four kings" and their suites. Perhaps the Kaiser has excited more interest than any other visiting monarch, because, in spite of his close relationship to King Edward, the Kaiser's "intentions" are always a matter for grave suspicion. King Alfonso's visit is unofficial and the rumour is persistent that the Spanish sovereign's health is such that he has come to England to consult a throat specialist. His delicate childhood gave rise to many stories of precautions against tuberculosis. However, the young king has devoted himself to sport in a fashion which would lead the public to consider him a healthy specimen of young royalty. The members of the Norway royal family are peculiarly popular in England and the Queen (formerly known as Princess Maud) is said to enjoy thoroughly a visit to her native land. Little Prince Olaf above any other royal laddie has won the liking of the English public and cheering crowds are quite to the taste of this jolly, fair-haired little chap, whose picture is displayed widely in London shops. In the meantime, the forces at Scotland Yard have no easy task looking after would-be assassins, while these nobles gather at Windsor.

\* \* \*

One hundred million pounds, or five hundred million dollars, is a large sum to gain or lose. Yet the value of the estates to which Mr. George Hollamby Druce lays claim is estimated at such an imposing figure. Mr. Druce lays claim, not only to the Portland dukedom, but also to the possession of the great Welbeck estates and the London and other properties administered by the Portland trustees and held by Lord Howard de Walden. These great London properties include such wonderful possessions as Cavendish Square, Portland Place and Harley, Welbeck, Weymouth, Bentinck, Great Portland and Holles Streets and altogether the value of the properties claimed is estimated at nothing short of £100,000,000. Mr. George H. Druce, the latest claimant, alleges that the fifth Duke of Portland and Thomas Charles Druce, proprietor of the Baker Street Bazaar, were one and the same person. He says he is the grandson and the oldest legal descendant of the fifth Duke of Portland. The present Duke is a cousin of this same fifth Duke, whom he succeeded. Mrs. Anna Maria Druce, the other claimant, represents a similar claim in behalf of her son, through the second wife of the fifth Duke, but the settlement of this claim depends on the validity of the former contention.

\* \* \*

The fifth Duke, according to the story of these alarming claimants, lived a double life. At times he was the Marquis of Titchfield (the courtesy title of the eldest son of the Dukes of Portland) and at other times he was Thomas Charles Druce, under which name he carried on a thriving drapery business at Bury St. Edmunds, married and forsook a wife—the grandmother of the present claimant—and altogether led a life quite out of keeping with his career as Marquis and (afterwards) Duke. According to the claimants, in the year 1864, he decided to abandon this Jekyll-Hyde sort of life. He wished to depart the Druce existence, and, they say, "buried" Druce in the famous vault in Highgate Cemetery and it is around this tomb, or its contents, that the modern Portland mystery centres. If the coffin, when opened, is found to contain, as the claimants allege, bricks or lead, then the claim becomes ominous to the present Duke. The whole case is like the wildest melodrama, or rather goes to confirm the notion that real life outdoes the most extravagant plots of novelist or playwright. So far, Mr. Caldwell, of Richmond,

N.Y., has been the most important witness. He swore that he knew the late Duke in his double role and attended him for a nasal disease. He also swore that in conjunction with the Duke he arranged the "death" and mock funeral of Druce, buying two hundred pounds of lead to place in the coffin. It is no wonder that the interest in the case is world-wide. The present claimant was born in Australia. He is a carpenter and engineer by profession and is the father of six children.

\* \* \*

The Atlantic is not the only ocean which affords a racing stretch for the greyhounds of the sea. The East also seems to have the speed fever. The record from London to Bombay has been beaten by the Ellerman liner, "City of London," which has succeeded in lowering the P. and O. standard rate of speed, having made the passage in just over twenty days. On October 11th the P. and O. steamer, "Moldavia," left London for Australia, taking passengers for Bombay, who were transferred at Aden into the "Oriental." The "City of London" left Liverpool a day later, and the captain expressed his determination to land the passengers in Bombay before the "Oriental" arrived. At Marseilles she was only half a day behind the "Moldavia," and at Suez the P. and O. boat was only six hours ahead. The "City of London" is now regarded as a kind of "Lusitania" of the East and has gained the distinction of beating the P. and O. mail contract time. The record-breaking contests will not be complete until there is a race for circumnavigation of this small globe, with a "Drake" trophy for reward.

\* \* \*

The knighthood which has been conferred on Mr. John Hare, recognises the artistic excellence of work which has delighted English theatre-goers for many years. Sir John, as he may now be called, is to retire from the stage but readily complied with the royal command to appear in the private theatre at Windsor Castle during the Kaiser's visit. The private theatre at Windsor is a transformation and enlargement of what was once called the Waterloo Chamber. The stage is big enough to accommodate any modern comedy and the orchestra is separated from the Royal chairs by a parterre of bright-coloured flowers. A command performance means great care in preparation, but Sir John Hare has arranged former events at Balmoral, Sandringham and Windsor.

\* \* \*

### DISCOVERED AT LAST.



Festive Gentleman: "So you're the shcoundel that's turning the shstreet round, are you?"—The Bystander.



## WE WONDER.

THE steadfast British principles of the late D'Alton McCarthy were well-known to all who came within hearing of that brilliant member. One evening Mr. Samuel Nordheimer was examining certain relics and souvenirs of a Western rebellion which held an honoured place on the McCarthy walls.

"So you were in that rebellion?" he said to his genial host.

"I was," replied Mr. McCarthy.

"Tell me, McCarthy," said his guest with solemn earnestness, "which side were you on?"

The answer is unchronicled.

## THE POPULAR PARTY.

A certain Conservative member (some say it is Mr. Claude Macdonell) was over in Dublin, where he met with the traditional Irish cab-driver who was equal to most emergencies. Mr. Macdonell was driven one evening to a political meeting and on alighting said to the worthy Terence:

"What party do you belong to?"

"Faith, an' I haven't made up me mind; but—" extending a capacious palm—"I hope it's yerself that belongs to the Liberal party, sorr."

## HIS NUMBER.

This is a world of surprises, in spite of what King Solomon said about there being no new thing under the sun. Who would have dreamed, in this day of financial stringency, when banks are unkind and butter is high, that a man would be found to throw up a government job and declare that nine thousand dollars a year for doing nothing is a dreary business. However, we have yet to hear from the man who would look a railroad pass in the eye and sternly refuse it. A few nights ago, several worthies, who are in a position to travel without a ticket, were enjoying the journey from Montreal to Ottawa as they told strange tales of commercial and political adventure. The conductor approached and each member of this privileged group languidly mentioned the number of his pass. Then the official turned to the redoubtable Charlie Kelly, the Ottawa cab-driver, who was an interested listener. Kelly solemnly drew forth a crisp bill and announced the number.

"Five—o—o." And the men who carried the useful, non-transferable little cards appreciated the ready grasp of the situation.

## HIS BOSS.

Mr. D. D. Mann recently met the famous O'Brien of Cobalt claims and proceeded to inform that gentleman in a somewhat alarming fashion.

"I met your boss in Europe this summer, O'Brien."

"My boss!" said the disgusted magnate.

"There's no such person."

"But I tell you I saw him," insisted Mr. Mann.

"You're away off," persisted Mr. O'Brien.

"I'll bet you can't tell me his name."

"Oh, but I can," replied his friend. "They call him His Holiness, Pius X."

## THE PROPER PROCEDURE.

There is a prominent politician (not a Cabinet Minister) who is fond of regarding the wine when it is red. On such occasions he becomes pathetic, not to say tearful

in aspect. He had indulged in several seasons of refreshment one afternoon at the club when he became tenderly communicative to such friends as chose to listen to him.

"Do you know," he said to a political opponent, "I have two boys—fine little chaps. One of them's twelve years old and the other is only ten. And—do you know—" here he paused to wipe away a tear—"neither of those boys has ever smelled liquor on my breath."

"Indeed," said the sceptical hearer. "Well, if I were you, I'd take them to a specialist and have their noses examined."



Shade of Captain of the "Mayflower": "Here's to the 'Lusitania'! She has beaten our record by eight weeks, three days, four hours and twenty-one minutes."—Life.

## OUR ANCESTORS.

The small girl had just returned from Sunday School and was rehearsing a few facts in the history of Adam and Eve.

"Mother, who were the children of Adam and Eve?"

"Why, don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes—of course—Punch and Judy."

## A BIT OF A CONTRAST.

At a dinner recently given in a Canadian city in honour of the president and directors of a certain life assurance company, the toast of "Canada" was proposed in a somewhat lengthy speech adorned by a perfect bouquet of rhetoric. The following toast was proposed in terms of stern brevity by a diner who announced: "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, I have the honour to propose a toast to the president and directors of the — Company."

A local banker arose to make a few remarks, and alluded almost plaintively to the contrast between the two speeches, which reminded him of an a propos yarn.

There was a man in the West who had a horse for sale and in the course of his wanderings he came upon a farmer who looked like a purchaser of stock. The latter regarded the horse critically and said to the owner:

"Do you want to sell that horse?"

"I was thinking that way," was the prompt reply.

"How much?"

"My price is a thousand dollars."  
"Humph! I'll give you fifty."  
There was a painful silence. Then the horse-dealer said slowly: "Stranger, it's a — of a drop but I'll take it."

## NO DOUBT.

Young Hopeful—"Mamma, have gooseberries got legs?"

Mother—"No, dear."

Young Hopeful—"Then I've swallowed a caterpillar."—The Tatler.

## AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

A seven-year-old boy in western Pennsylvania is very much interested in his father's business, which is that of an undertaker. One evening his father and mother took him to the theatre. The play was so thrilling that it drove sleep from even his young eyes. He sat entranced until the curtain was about to fall on the last scene, in which the hero was most tragically killed. At sight of the motionless form on the stage, the boy was suddenly seized with an eye to business. Turning eagerly toward his father, he piped out in a childish treble that could be distinctly heard in the solemn hush that reigned throughout the house:

"Say, papa, will you get the job?"

## THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

"Your husband will be all right now," said an English doctor to a woman whose husband was dangerously ill.

"What do you mean?" demanded the wife.

"You told me he couldn't live a fortnight."

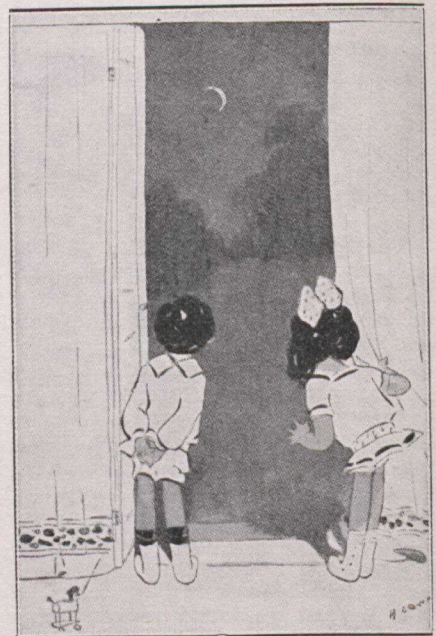
"Well, I'm going to cure him, after all," said the doctor. "Surely you are glad?"

The woman wrinkled her brows.

"Puts me in a bit of an 'ole," she said. "I've bin an' sold all his clothes to pay for his funeral."—Telegraph.

## FOOT NOTE TO HISTORY.

A teacher in a North Carolina school recently asked the pupils of the seventh grade to sketch the events surrounding Julius Caesar's death. A boy in the class wrote as follows:—"Caesar was killed by the ides of March. Somebody told him he had better watch out for the ides, but he said he wasn't afraid of them. One morning when he was going along the street a man said to him, the ides are here. And Caesar said, but they ain't all here. Then he went in the Senate House, and the ides were over in one corner. Directly one of them ran up and stuck his dagger in Caesar's back and then all the other ides stuck their daggers in him, and he fell over and died."—Harper's Magazine.



## The New Moon.

"Sue, dad says there are as many people on the moon as there are on the earth."  
"How crowded they must be now, poor things!"  
—Windsor Magazine.

## Music and Drama

**T**HE great Paderewski is to play in Massey Music Hall, Toronto, on November 27th. There has been much discussion of "Paderewski and the Youngsters," with the decision that not even Hofmann has forced the magnetic "Ignace" from his place. Mr. Krehbiel, of the New York "Tribune," recently wrote in these terms of his metropolitan recital:

"The season has only opened and we are in a whirl of pianoforte concerts. Mr. Hofmann has disclosed to us the cool, calculating virtuoso, whose horizon seemed (at his first recital) to be bounded by the printed page and the instrument upon which he played. Mr. Hambourg has bethumped and bethwacked the pianoforte, and with its steely sinews has seamed the faces of Beethoven and Brahms with bloody stripes. Now comes Mr. Paderewski. Who shall inquire with new curiosity how he played? He has been heard again and again; yet there is no loss of interest in his playing, for here it is not the virtuoso, not the instrument, nor alone the composer's music that exerts the charm. It is the marvelous and indescribable blending of all the elements implied in the words—the perfection of technical execution which must, nowadays, belong to the virtuoso; the tonal charm which wondrous gifts can evoke out of the jangling wire and vibrating wood of the pianoforte; logicalness and emotionality and sensuous beauty in the music itself. Mr. Paderewski has grieved many of his old admirers of late by exhibiting a desire to play in what may be called the orchestral style—to forget that the voice of a pianoforte is not apocalyptic, nor that of many waters and mighty thunderings, but even in his excesses he carries the fancy captive and stirs the depth of the imagination. And when he asks the pianoforte to sing it is a chorus of ecstatic hallelujahs and harping symphonies. So yesterday. Admiration has been expressed in these columns for his splendid variations—kaleidoscopic, in colour and outlines, rich in display of tonal devices, but loveliest in their sweet and strong artistic sanity."

An interesting and somewhat unusual recital will be given in the Greek Theatre of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, Toronto, on January 24th and 25th, 1908, under the auspices of the Women's Alumni Association of the University, when the pupils of Mr. August Wilhelmj, under the management of their experienced instructor, will give a programme of varied operatic selections. The fourth scene of the second act of "Faust"; a rustic scene from Hildach's "Spielmann"; the first scene, first act of Humperdinck's "Hansel und Gretel"; a novel sketch, "The Rendez-vous"; a scene from Flotow's "The Two Bandits," and the "Spinning Scene" from "The Flying Dutchman" form the numbers of a programme which will prove exacting for the ambitious manager of the performance. Mr. Wilhelmj, a son of the famous violinist, has been a resident of Toronto for the last three years. These two recitals will give the patrons of local operatic events an opportunity to judge of his ability and managing skill. Mr. Wendt, a recent arrival from Berlin, Germany, is to act as pianist.

The management of the Princess Theatre, Toronto, has shown admirable judgment this week in arranging to have the cheerfully crude comedy, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," follow the exquisite but tragic "Madame Butterfly." Nothing could be further from Puccini's music and the Loti-Long story than the ultra-Yankee "Mrs. Wiggs."

A writer in the November number of "Lippincott's Magazine," in referring to Madame Alla Nazimova's acting, institutes a comparison between the Russian artist and certain American stars, coming to the conclusion: "Ethel Barrymore's work is lyrical, and has the limitations of the lyric,

Maude Adams is hemmed in from the universal by her own lovely witchery. Each of these players has reached a high degree of dramatic perfection along certain lines, but there is no American actor or actress to interpret humanity to itself, and to depict with full truth the primal passions under the sway of which mankind attains its purgation or hurries to its downfall."

"Each to his taste," as our open-minded friends, the French, would say. There are some of us who are content to enjoy "Her Sisters" and revel in the wizardry of "Peter Pan," and who find small comfort in "Hedda Gabler" and her Ibsen sisterhood. Philistines they may be and Shavians they may not be called. Good old Dr. Johnson who loved his cups of tea was wont to declare that a good book is one which makes life more bearable. If this test be applied to a play, then Mr. Barrie's lovely fantasy is worth a wilderness of "Hedda Gablers."

The Toronto Conservatory Symphony Orchestra, whose appearance with Mr. Welsman as conductor, created such a favourable impression last season, will give their first concert of the season in Massey Hall on Tuesday, December 10th.

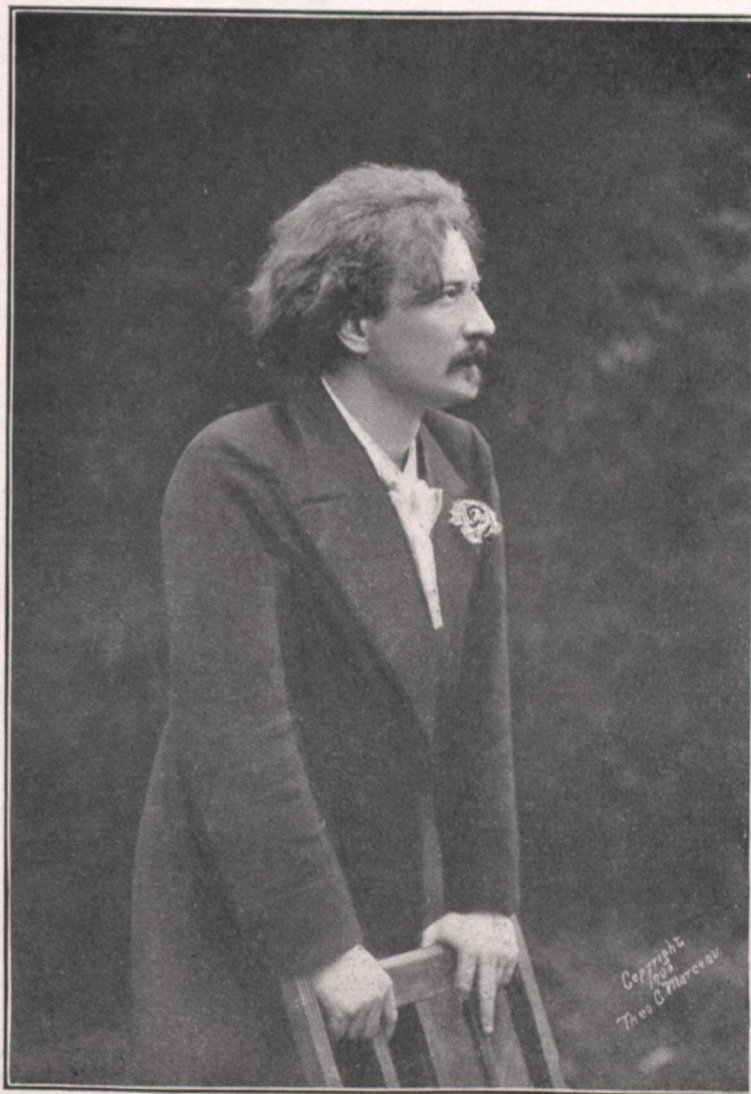
The subscription lists for the Mendelssohn Choir concerts opened last Wednesday, November 20th. The interest in "Mendelssohn week" is greater than ever and the choruses already announced by Mr. Vogt promise a greater feast than one has a right to expect after the riches of last year's series. "Olaf Trygvason" is to be

sung at the first concert, additional interest attaching to this work owing to the recent passing of the great Norwegian composer. Mr. Vogt and the Mendelssohn Choir will go to Buffalo for a concert which is now recognised as an annual event, but, so far, no announcements have been made of other foreign appearances. The friends of the Mendelssohn Choir would like to see the Bostonian wish fulfilled.

"The Pixies' Triumph," a tuneful comic opera in three acts, was recently presented at the Grand Opera House, St. Thomas, by local talent under the direction of Miss Fitzgibbon. The children who took part are said to have given a creditable performance of a delightful bit of musical comedy, quite appropriate to the approach of the Christmas season.

Mr. James Trethewey gave a violin recital in the Conservatory Music Hall, Toronto, last Friday night which proved an event of musical interest, the chief performer's technique and temperamental qualities being equal to the demands of an exacting programme. Miss Jennie Williams, a soprano soloist, assisted at this enjoyable recital, while Miss MacLean made an efficient accompanist.

The Royal Alexandra Players are eliciting popular praise for their thorough performance of the difficult roles inseparable from the work of a stock company. Comedy of a light yet graceful order seems to be their most satisfactory undertaking and this week's bill is no exception, consisting of Jerome K. Jerome's entertaining "Miss Hobbs," a good-natured satire on the aggressive woman which the comparatively recent extravagances of the English suffragettes render quite up-to-date.



Ignace Jan Paderewski

The great Polish pianist, who is to give a recital at Massey Music Hall, Toronto, November 27th.



### A Successful Business

PEOPLE are too prone to believe that the only interesting figures in the life of a country are its politicians. They forget that the history of business contains many romances and much instructive information.

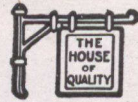
A most interesting volume entitled "Half-Century of Successful Trade" was recently published in London, giving an account of one of the most remarkable business romances of modern times. Mr. Henry Gilbey was a coach proprietor in England before the days of the railways and when the steam-horse killed his business the sons were forced to seek other occupations. They started a retail wine business which has since grown to tremendous proportions, with offices and warehouses in the wine districts of France, cork forests in Spain, vineyards in Portugal, France and Spain, distilleries, bonded stores and export warehouses in England and Scotland. Clarets, gins, Scotch and Irish whiskies and all sorts of spirits now carry the name of Gilbey to almost all centres of population.

The six sons of Mr. Henry Gilbey all became more or less interested in the business, which grew from nothing to a large organisation with an invested capital of two and a half millions sterling. Moreover, other family relatives were brought in and each was given a share in the work and the business. One of the most famous of the family is Sir Walter Gilbey, Baronet, who achieved fame for his services in connection with the revival of horse-breeding. Sir Walter was purveyor of wines and spirits to Queen Victoria and is now purveyor by royal warrant to His Majesty, King Edward, and also to the present Prince of Wales.

### A New Canadian Writer

THERE was recently issued from the house of a well-known London publisher, without introduction from any well-known author, a modest little volume by a new and unknown writer whose name is John Brown Maclean. It has on its cover a somewhat elusive title, "The Secret of the Stream," a key to which is found on the title-page, in half a dozen lines from Browning's "La Saisiaz." There are twelve chapters, each complete as an essay in little, yet each a structural and consistent part of the unity of the whole book, which is an apologetic for the Christian faith. A book with such a *raison d'être* is no new thing. From the first chapter, "The Riddle of Life," to the last, "Apotheosis," it is steeped in the best literature, enriched with illuminating testimony from those who have made English literature great. And that is no new thing in books. But in Canadian literature at least, no little work dealing with this theme has ever appeared with the same appeal to the literary man. The author is a young scholar from the Province down by the Atlantic, and his first venture is a real contribution to our too scanty literature. An original quatrain at the beginning holds within it the book as in a nutshell. Again, in an unsigned sonnet he has expanded that terse and meaty saying of Jean Paul Richter: "God has written His name in the Stars, and sown it in the flowers of the Earth."

"The Secret of the Stream" is a book to be commended alike to those familiar with the master-writers and to the plain man "uncultured and untaught," neither fashioned in schools nor trained in libraries nor "fed up in attic academies"—the man to whom Tertullian called for the inner witness of the truth. Although it is a book on familiar terms with unfamiliar authors, the text is simple, pithy, epigrammatic and is well calculated to lure Tertullian's plain man to great writers for confirmation to that witness within himself, so poetically designated "imprisoned splendour" by the great apologetic poet, Robert Browning.—Manitoba Free Press.



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### PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT

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### Military Training in Schools.

**T**HE agreement between the Militia Department of the Dominion and the Education Department of Nova Scotia for the encouragement of physical and military training in the Nova Scotia schools is due mainly if not entirely to the initiative of Sir Frederick Borden. The movement cannot fail to improve the physical condition of the youth of Sir Frederick's native province and it is in keeping with the general tendency of the day. Nor need any timid citizens fear that this measure means undue militarism or encouragement of a spirit of aggression. Switzerland, one of the most democratic countries of modern times, is punctilious regarding the training of her citizen soldiers.

Inspector James L. Hughes, of Toronto, has received a letter from London, England, stating that Lord Roberts has graciously sent an autographed photograph of himself, for presentation to the Dufferin School as a mark of his appreciation of the excellent work of the Cadet Company in connection with Dufferin School during the past year and also in expression of his thanks to the Dufferin School for the gift of a Canadian flag to the Lord Roberts' Boys in London. The portrait of Lord Roberts is framed in English oak.

The communication informed Inspector Hughes that the Council of the National Rifle Association of Bisley has recently granted a site at Bisley Camp for a School Boys' headquarters. The suggestion is made that boys from all parts of the Empire should take part in the annual rifle match at Bisley. It is proposed to erect a camp for the boys of the Empire at Bisley, and to defray expenses by selling a postcard which Lord Roberts is having prepared. Dr. Hanson, who is at the head of the Lord Roberts' Boys of London, urges Inspector Hughes to send a team of four or eight boys next year, and says: "Mrs. Hanson will mother the boys, and Mr. Alfred Mosely has offered private hospitality for them if necessary while they are in England."

Mr. Hughes, when interviewed by the "Courier," admitted having encouraged the Dufferin boys to send the Canadian flag to the young Londoners and gave permission to use the following quotation from a letter addressed to him by Dr. Reginald J. E. Hanson:

"Your kind letter and message, full of patriotism and firm confidence in the splendid grit of British boys the world over, gave us all great delight. I happened to have it with me when I last saw Lord Roberts, and he has for the moment impounded it in order to show it personally to the King."

Military training in the schools, if properly carried out, will give Canada a host of clear-eyed, well-set-up young "graduates" who will be the best assurance of the country's protection. For their own sakes and in the interests of the state let us have such fine cadet corps all over the country, who will live up to Mulvaney's instructions of "Shoot straight, keep clean, honour the King."

### The "All-Red Route."

**T**HE departure of Mr. Clifford Sifton from Canada to Great Britain for the express purpose of discussing with the British Cabinet the "All-Red Route" indicates that this great project is drawing nearer to its accomplishment. He may be trusted to press with all his skill the arguments in favour of a service of 25-knot steamers from the west coast of Ireland to Canada, which would bring that great and growing State within four days of the Mother Country.

If the fast Atlantic service is accompanied by a corresponding acceleration of the Pacific service, which is already promised by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the voyage to Australia and New Zealand will be shortened by several days. It will, indeed, be easier to reach the Antipodes than it was a century ago to make the comparatively short journey from London to Rome or Naples. Each successive advance in speed means the dwarfing of the



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distances which sunder the States of the Empire, and, therefore, brings them into closer touch and communion. The new service may be costly at the outset, but traffic will quickly grow, while the value of a number of extremely fast liners for war purposes cannot be altogether overlooked.

By an interesting coincidence, the departure of the Canadian advocate of the "All-Red Route" synchronises with an article in the "Novoe Vremya" urging the linking of the Russian system of railways in Central Asia with the Indian lines. There is much to be said for such a scheme, provided that the route is not through Afghanistan. The Amir and his subjects are no warm friends of the "iron horse," and it would not be easy to overcome their objection to a railway through their country. Fortunately, there is an alternative route through Persia and Beluchistan. The geographical difficulties are not grave, and the political obstacles might easily be overcome if the British Government approved the project.—Daily Mail (England).

**Proved His Ability.**

**I**N the west they tell this story about the east, perhaps by way of retaliation for some of the tall stories about the west that they tell down east.

A young man, just graduated from an eastern institution of learning, went to the west and applied at a large ranch for a job.

"What can you do?" asked the owner.

"Nothing much, but I'm willing to work and can learn," replied the eager applicant.

"Know how to ride a horse?"

"No, I never rode one in my life."

"Rather a slim chance for you to be useful here, I'm afraid."

"What have you to do for a man if he could ride?"

"Herding sheep."

"I think I could get along at that very well without a horse."

"Young man, I'm afraid you don't know much about this business. I have a large ranch here and some thousands of sheep. A man without a horse would make a pretty poor show."

"Well, I'll tell you; when I was at college I was the champion sprinter of the institution. I believe I could do you some good service. I have a long distance record too. I wish you'd give me a chance and let us see what I can do."

With a good natured but pitying smile the ranchman said all right and bade his new man to get some supper, turn in and be ready to go to work early the next morning.

When the employer rose next morning he saw the new employee coming in from the direction of the sheep quarters. Somewhat surprised at the young fellow's enterprise in getting up so early, he accosted him:

"Well, you're up and ready to go to work, are you?"

"Oh, my, yes! I've been at work for two or three hours."

Then the ranchman noted that the tenderfoot was dressed in working clothes, a sweater, and already looked rather flushed. "What have you been doing?" he asked.

"Driving those lambs into the corral"

"What lambs? I have no lambs. This is not the lamb season."

"Well, I chased eighty-five of them in, and I tell you I had a time of it too."

The ranchman went with the young tenderfoot to see what the story he told was about.

And, sure enough, huddled up together, frightened and tired out, were eighty-five wild jackrabbits.

"All right, young man; I think you'll do," said the ranchman.—Regina Standard.

"Sappho and Phaon," the classic play by Percy Mackaye, did not succeed at the Lyric Theatre in New York and has been withdrawn. In its place is offered a musical travesty called "Miss Pocahontas," being a burlesque on that famous episode in American history which involved the Indian maiden and one John Smith. "Miss Pocahontas" has for its author R. A. Barnet, who wrote "Jack and the Beanstalk."

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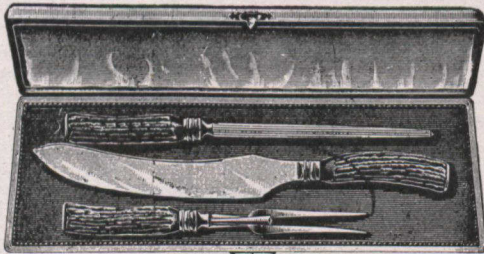
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## Literary Notes

"A CHOICE of Letters by Entertaining Hands" is the explanatory sub-title for Mr. E. V. Lucas' latest book, "The Gentlest Art." Rarely does such a companionable volume come to the modern book-shelf. Like the old-fashioned three-volume novel which Mr. Kipling calls "The Three-Decker," it brings a scent of old-world roses and "carries tired people to the Islands of the Blest." William Cowper, who "wore no less a loving face, although so broken-hearted," and who wrote such charming playful letters; Sydney Smith, the clerical wit whose smiles are unfading; Dickens, Thackeray, Lamb, Jane Austen, Jean Carlyle—and a host of others retell in these pages a chapter or a paragraph of their lives—give the modern type-writing world a glimpse of busy old London or rural England or merely a glimpse of a human heart.

That delightful gossip, Horace Walpole, writes such witty epistles as must have made his letters welcome events. In one of them he concludes an account of a visit to Madame du Deffand with this facetious complaint:

"I made a visit yesterday to the Abbess of Panthemont, General Ogelthorpe's niece, and no chicken. I inquired after her mother, Madame de Mezieres, and thought I might, to a spiritual votary to immortality, venture to say that her mother must be very old; she interrupted me tartly and said, no, her mother had been married extremely young. Do but think of it seeming important to a saint to sink a wrinkle of her own through an iron grate! Oh! we are ridiculous animals; and if angels have any fun in them, how we must divert them." Toronto: The Macmillan Company.

\* \*

One of the most interesting literary souvenirs in the city of Toronto is the pen-wiper used by Charles Dickens. Mr. James L. Hughes is well-known as a lover of the great English novelist, and, on his visit to London last summer, Miss Georgina Hogarth, a sister-in-law of Dickens, presented Inspector Hughes with this valued gift. Miss Hogarth also gave Mr. Hughes a letter referring to the familiar use of this sturdy brush pen-wiper in the famous writer's home at Gad's Hill. The Toronto recipient values very highly this memento of his English visit and has many interesting anecdotes concerning the friends and relatives of the author of "David Copperfield."

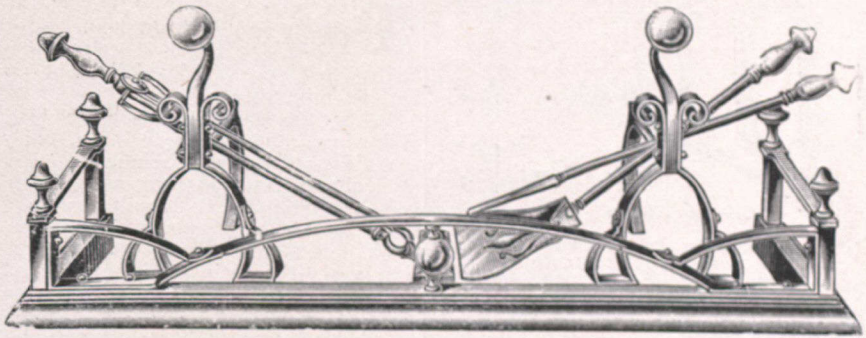
\* \*

There is a certain kind of English story which seems to be easily written and is as easily devoured as butter Scotch. Such are the books of Rosa Nouchette Carey which most girls find eminently attractive. They are harmless and readable, telling of pretty girls in pleasant English homes who almost invariably become married to the right men and live happy ever after. "The Angel of Forgiveness," by this writer, is of the familiar order and may be safely recommended to youthful readers. Toronto: The Macmillan Company.

\* \*

The "Red Book Magazine," a Chicago publication devoted to short stories, usually has among its monthly contents a yarn or two with Canadian scenery. In the November issue there is a story called "The Hop Lee Syndicate," by J. Oliver Curwood, which is not altogether admirable to a Canadian who knows anything about the town of Windsor, Ontario. The lawyers of Windsor, it is to be hoped, do not number among them such a deplorably uncouth and ignorant character as "Colonel Bangs," who is guilty of such expressions as "ow" for "how," "ere" for "here," "figgers," "ain't" and "arf" for "half." Really, the professional men in Ontario towns can usually make a better effort at using the English language than a combination of cheap Cockney and vulgar Bowery.

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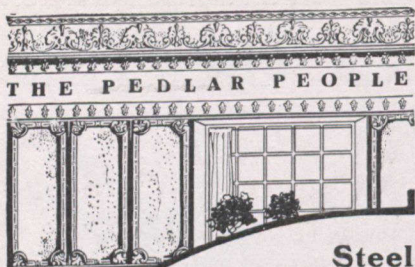
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AN ESSAY ON HABIT.

**T**HE school visitor in a New England town, an elderly man, offered a prize for the best composition on "How to Overcome Habit," to be written in five minutes.

When the compositions were read the following, handed in by a lad of ten years, was declared the prize winner:

"Habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it doesn't change 'a-bit.' Take off another letter, and still you have a 'bit' left. Take off another letter, and the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is not all used up, all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether."  
—Lippincott's Magazine.

\* \*

VERY MUCH ALIVE.

Bobby (rushing in excitedly)—"Say, mama, Sammy Smith is killed. He fell off Perkins' barn in the next block, and his mother is nearly crazy."

Bobby's Mother—"O, poor Mrs. Smith! Bobby, are you sure that Sammy is killed?"

Bobby (indignantly)—"Well, I should rather think so. You just come to the door and listen; you can easily hear him hollerin' up there."

\* \*



Tommy Wooden Soldier: "It's not so hard to swim, after all."—Life.

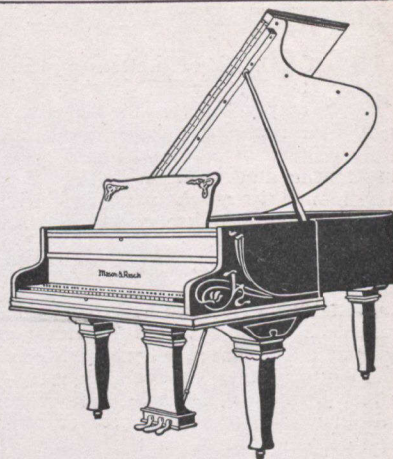
\* \*

SNOWFLAKES.

The first snowflakes of the season fluttered in the air. "Muffins," the children's Maltese kitten, was sitting on the end of an old bench in the garden, where we could plainly see her from the nursery window. When we first happened to look out, a big flake, larger than the rest, had just lighted on the top of her pink nose. She made a snap at it, evidently thinking it must be some new kind of fly invented to torment small kittens who didn't like them. Dorothy and Ronald giggled, and flattened their noses close against the window pane to watch the fun. One after another the flakes lighted upon her, and she made a grab at each in turn, the wonder in her bright round eyes growing greater and greater when she discovered that, instead of buzzing and kicking around as all bugs and flies and things generally do, they just melted away, and didn't even leave a good taste in your mouth to smack your lips over.

Presently the flakes came faster and larger, and Muffin's woolly body looked like one huge snowball. She didn't like this a little bit. She stood up and shook herself, as much as to say: "Now, that will do, I don't like your sort of fun and won't play with you any more." But when they didn't seem to mind, and only came down the faster, she couldn't understand at all. She slapped at two or three flakes with her fat paws, snapped her white teeth at some others, and then, a panic of fear seizing her, she made a rush for the stable door at the end of the garden, which stood partly open. Once inside, and satisfied that the enemy had not followed, she crept softly back and settled herself beside the door, watching with bright, restless eyes, the white crystals as they fell.

And there she sat all afternoon, and no amount of coaxing and promises of milk and other good things would take her away from her post. Dorothy said she looked as if she were thinking, "I can play with the children any day, and have milk too, for that matter; but did you ever see anything like this!"  
W. H. C.



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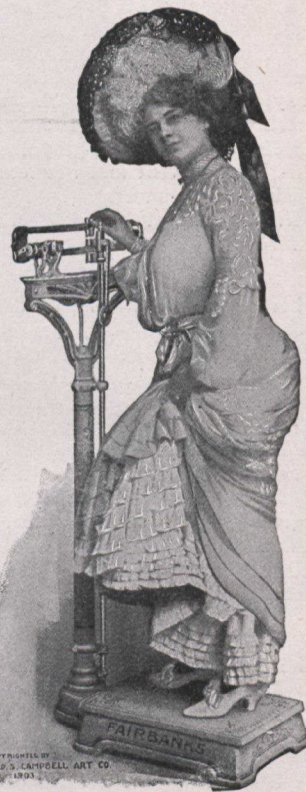
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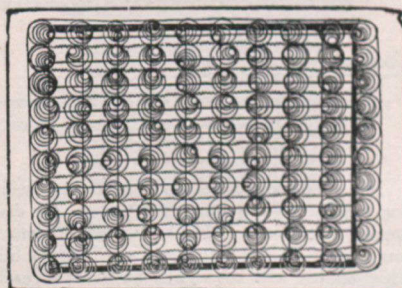
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\* \*

In Souris, Manitoba, was a small band of young boys who had been reading lurid literature until they formed a robber gang of their own and set out to plunder the neighbourhood, even using a revolver by way of enforcing their polite demands. But the law has taken them in hand, to the relief of sober citizens.

\* \*

Mr. Cecil B. Smith, Winnipeg's power engineer, referring to the mayor's demand for his resignation, declares that His Worship must wait.

For Cecil winks his other eye  
And says: "You may believe  
The Council's seen the lovely cards  
I'm hiding up my sleeve."

\* \*

The bankers are confident that the money necessary to move the wheat crops will be forthcoming. It is all very well to talk of the golden grain but it takes a harder form of gold to make that stream flow smoothly to the sea.

\* \*

Freak religions are quite fashionable in certain parts of Canada just now. The rites recently performed at the burning of certain Hindus who were killed by an explosion in Oregon have also been observed in Canada and may become an addition to the modern experiments with ceremonies.

\* \*

A big fir tree with an eagle's nest in the top is the place from which wireless messages will be transmitted and at which they will be received at Point Grey in the West. But the eagle has long since flown.

\* \*

A mirage has lately been seen in Victoria, B.C. But the finest place in the country for mirages is Cobalt, Ontario, where fine towns and cities may be seen just across the lake any day.

\* \*

Hon. A. B. Aylesworth is still suffering from deafness. Now, if he had been on a political tour with Hon. William Paterson, one could understand it.

\* \*

Mr. W. A. McKinnon, the Canadian trade agent at Bristol, has informed the Department of Trade and Commerce that Canadian apples command higher prices than can be obtained for United States products of the same class. For instance, in the variety known as "Kings," those from Canada are two shillings ahead of Boston, Maine or New York. Pomona might be regarded as one of our patron saints.

\* \*

The railway strike which has threatened England for months seems to have been finally averted by the exertions of Mr. Lloyd-George, who has devoted himself to the cause of mediation with characteristic Celtic fervour and is being praised by all parties. Now, it remains for someone in Ottawa to arise and call him "the Mackenzie King of England."

\* \*

If President Roosevelt reads the Halifax papers he must be filled with envy and resentment of the restrictions which keep him from entering another country than his own. There are bears, lots of them, in Lunenburg County, and they have been killing sheep along the shores of the La Have River. There ought to be a happy time for sportsmen in that region. But don't let the English journalists know about it.

\* \*

Mr. J. Allen Baker, a Canadian by birth, who is now a Member of the British House of Commons, lately visited this country and took away the breath of a St. John reporter

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by declaring in reply to the latter's question that he did not know anything about Professor Leacock or his works.

\* \*

Away down in Natal, South Africa, a Cabinet Minister went out on a little shooting expedition and it is feared that he has been devoured by a crocodile. After all, Canadian cabinet ministers are free from dangers of that sort, although there are minor discomforts in this temperate zone.

\* \*

Some Mexican gypsies arrived in Carleton, New Brunswick, and manifested a desire to spend some time in that pleasant neighbourhood. But the hen coops in the vicinity of Carleton began to look lonely and bare and the Sergeant was so out of sympathy with the Romany tribes as to hasten the departure of the gypsy queen and her courtiers. This is an age when old-fashioned romance is treated without ceremony and is straightway hustled out of town.

\* \*

An order-in-council has been passed setting apart a tract of land in Alberta as a forest park to be known as the "Jasper Forest Park of Canada." Why can't they call it something short? But it will be known as "Jasper Park" anyway. Now is the time to reserve these national parks before the corporations have taken all the Alberta soil for their own sweet selves.

\* \*

Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton has returned from his trip to what was once called the "barren lands" but which he describes as a fertile district. He has seven hundred photographs and material for ever so many books. The famous writer is going to England to tell the people there about the beauty of the "barren" district but he indignantly repudiates the suggestion that he is an immigration agent.

\* \*

"The Streets of Paris" bazaar, recently held in the city of Ottawa, has come under the severe censure of both the Presbyterian and Methodist ministerial associations. The former passed a resolution in condemnation of alleged gambling methods, and the latter, although not formal in disapproval, regretted that so worthy an end should be supported by such means. "Tainted money for tuberculosis" does not sound well.

\* \*

A Walkerton judge has affirmed that a Dakota divorce does not "go" in Canada. Not yet, nor even soon. The Sioux Falls civilisation is not regarded with favour on this side of the line.

\* \*

That fine old stormy petrel, Joseph Martin, is flapping his wings once more and crying out in his own far-heard style about Asiatic immigration. It's good to hear from Joseph again, now that Mr. Henri Bourassa is in temporary retreat.

\* \*

Soda biscuits have gone up a cent a pound. If prunes also ascend in price, the boarding-house table will become a scene of luxury and dissipation.

\* \*

The Bishop of London has said that his drive in and about Ottawa was the most beautiful he has ever taken, while Mr. Rudyard Kipling declares that Victoria, B.C., is an ideal spot to live in. Bouquets like these make Ottawa and Victoria blush and "bridle" like two charming debutantes.

\* \*

King Edward is to make green hats fashionable. No wonder the Irish think he's all right and call him "Edward the Pace-Maker."

\* \*

Mr. James Edgecombe has been appointed by the Dominion Government inspector of meats with headquarters at Ingersoll, under "the meat and pure food act." Canada is not anxious to have a "jungle city."

\* \*

There has been a discovery of natural gas near Grenfell, Saskatchewan, and visions of cheap fuel and illumination gleam before the eyes of the latest settlers.

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### Contest Number Five

Most interesting street scene. Same prizes as in contest number four. Closes January 1st.

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HAMILTON - CANADA

### FOR GOODNESS' SAKE

(Continued from page 22)

heard him grappling with the dog I said to myself: "For goodness' sake!"

I don't know just what the cross dog did to the good man, or what the good man did to the cross dog, but the two of them together certainly made an unholy disturbance. And three or four timid pedestrians, scenting danger in the commotion, took their cue from me and began to run.

It was exceedingly disagreeable to me to be the cause of so much public excitement; and when windows began to go up and men and women poked their heads into the night, I felt positively humiliated. By the time I got into our back alley there was a perfect stampede of boys and men coming down the street. There did not appear to be any clearly defined notion among them as to what it was all about, but, so far as I could judge, the crowd was made up of two factions—one running away from danger and following me as the leader, and the other impressed with the conviction that I was being chased. Included in the latter faction were two policemen.

Fortunately, I happened to know one of these, and when they nabbed me as I was about to scramble over the fence I said to him: "Believe me, O'Hara, this is all a very painful mistake. I am simply running away from a dog charged with a mission to injure me and disgrace me."

After a moment's consultation, in which O'Hara assured his fellow-officer that he knew me to be a perfect gentleman, they agreed to allow me to proceed unmolested, with the understanding, however, that I would appear in court should developments make it necessary.

Our cook having in the meantime opened the back-yard gate to ascertain the meaning of this unusual commotion in the alley, I slipped in and told her it was all over and that she had better lock up and go to bed.

The family were somewhat surprised to hear me come into the house through the kitchen, but I said nothing to them at the time concerning my misadventure, except to confide to my sister Ellen that I had inadvertently got some ice water down my neck, and that one of her hot lemonades, with a dash of brandy and nutmeg, would be particularly agreeable.

She responded at once with her usual tact and goodness, manifesting no curiosity and asking no questions until I tossed the fateful pocketbook upon a chair. Then, with a little start of surprise as she picked it up she said: "Why, where did you find this? I have been looking everywhere for it. It has in it the name of a dressmaker on Euclid Place that I want to go to tomorrow, and I have been racking my brains this whole evening trying to recall her address."

Said I to myself: "For goodness' sake!"  
—Lippincott's Magazine

### From the Valley of the Wheat

I sing to the trample of feet on golden floors—

A continent's court whose dust is drifting gold;

I chant with the voice of the flood that over it pours

Five hundred leagues at a lapse to the huge Gulf's hold.

I sing to the yielding of bolts of mountain doors.

To the echoes of iron that beat their measures bold,

While east and west, to the strain of bursting stores,

Five hundred leagues asunder, the gates unfold.

Where the blind, quick seed of life for a thousand shores

Is blest by the harrow that sinks in the silent mold,

I sing to the tremble of steel where the trestle roars,

I chant to the throbbing of ships on seas untold!

—Arthur Upson in The Century.

### A PHENOMENAL RECORD

As a tree is known by its fruit, so also a life company is known by its actual results to policyholders. In this respect



has few, if any, equals; the "actual results" realized under its policies have never been excelled by any Canadian company.

This may be accounted for by the fact (1) That as this company has no stockholders to absorb a part of its earnings, all its surplus belongs to and is equitably distributed among its policyholders; (2) It has the lowest expense ratio to income of any Canadian company, notwithstanding that its net business in force in Canada during the past ten years has increased more rapidly than the Canadian business of any other native company; (3) That its death losses have been, for many years, only about one-half the amount "expected" and provided for, thus showing the excellently fine quality of the company's business, and (4) That in the 37 years during which the company has been in operation "not one dollar received from its policyholders has been lost out of the millions invested for their security"—a phenomenal record.

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THIS XMAS CATALOGUE IS FREE—WRITE FOR IT.

FOR FATHER		FOR MOTHER		FOR BROTHER		FOR SISTER	
	Page		Page		Page		Page
Handkerchiefs	5-6	Box of Candy	3	Umbrellas	7	Candy	3
Umbrellas, Canes	7	Neckwear	4	Gloves, Hosiery	8	Neckwear	4
Gloves	8	Handkerchiefs	5	Slippers and Shoes	9	Handkerchiefs	5-6
Slippers	9	Sewing Bag	7	Handkerchiefs	5-6	Hair Bow	7
Suspenders	10	Gloves and Hosiery	8	Neckties	19	Gloves, Stockings	8
Mufflers	10	Slippers	9	Muffler	10	Brooch	11
Neckties	10	Brooches	11	Suspenders	10	Jewel Box	12
Shaving Set	17	Silverware	12	Watch	11	Perfumery	13
Smoking Set	20	Opera Bag	12	Watch Fob	11	Toilet Set	14-16-18-19
Pipe Rack	21	Sewing Box	15	Stick Pin	11	Glove and H'k'f Set	20-21
Collar and Cuff Box	12-17	Toilet Set	14-16-17	Combination Set	15	Calendars	23-25
Leather Covered Toilet Case	14	Album	27	Brush Sets	14-18-19	Writing Paper	26
<b>FOR GRANDFATHER</b>		<b>FOR GRANDMOTHER</b>		<b>FOR GENTLEMEN</b>		<b>FOR LADIES</b>	
	Page		Page		Page		Page
Cane	7	Slippers	9	Handkerchiefs	5-6	Fancy Ribbons	7
Umbrellas	7	Handkerchiefs	5-6	Umbrellas and Canes	7	Hosiery	8
Gloves	8	Sewing Bag	15	Gloves and Hosiery	8	Brooch	11
Handkerchiefs	5-6	Toilet Set	16-18-19	Shoes and Slippers	9	Opera Bag	12
Hosiery	8	Writing Paper	26	Neckwear, Suspenders	10	Handkerchiefs	5-6
Slippers	9	Pin Cushion	20	Bathrobe	10	Neckwear	4
Neckties	10	Needle Book	15	Watch Fob	11	Jewel Box	12
Muffler	10	Brushes	14	Stick Pin	11	Perfumery	12
Shaving Set	17	Scissors	12	Cigar Case	12	Toilet Cases	14-19
Smoking Set	20	Belt Pin	11	Shaving Mirror	13	Fancy Work	20
Collar and Cuff Box	12-17	Hosiery	8	Shaving Set	17	Hand Bag	12-21
Shaving Mirror	13	Writing Portfolio	12-26	Batchelor Calendar	23	Calendars	23-25
<b>FOR YOUNG MEN</b>		<b>FOR YOUNG LADIES</b>		<b>FOR BOYS</b>		<b>FOR GIRLS</b>	
	Page		Page		Page		Page
Gloves and Hosiery	8	Neckwear	4	Shoes	9	Candy	3
Shoes	9	Handkerchiefs	5-6	Handkerchiefs	5-6	Handkerchiefs	5-6
Handkerchiefs	5-6	Fancy Ribbons	7	Gloves	8	Fancy Ribbons	7
Umbrellas, Canes	7	Gloves and Hosiery	8	Neckties	10	Gauntlets	8
Neckties	10	Chain and Locket	11	Cuff Buttons	11	Calendars	23
Muffler	10	Brooch	11	Silver Cup	12	Books	28-29
Bathrobe	10	Opera Bag	12	Books	28-29	Toys	30-35
Watch Fob	11	Perfumery	13	Toys	30-36	Dolls	33
Cigar Case	12	Perfume Atomizers	13	Sled	34	Games	35
Shaving Mirror	13	Toilet Cases	14-19	Wagon	34	Silver Cup	12
Collar and Cuff Box	17	Writing Paper	26	Candy	3	Postcard Album	27
Pipe Rack	21	Fancy Work	20	Velocipedes	34	Slippers	9

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