

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Bertha M. Ingle

Sailing Season
on Great Lakes

Illustrated

Brandon—
The Wheat City

Illustrated

Ladies' Golf
Championships

Illustrated

Latest Plays
in New York

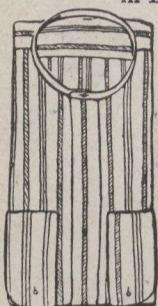
Illustrated

David Westlake's
Ultimatum

A Short Story

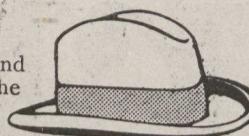
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 20

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Editor's Talk

CANADA is largely dependent upon New York for its drama and its dramatic heroes and heroines. It is quite true that this country gets a glimpse of the best British artists and occasionally has an opportunity of hearing an all-British opera company. Nevertheless, even these come to Canada with United States audiences in view rather than Canadian audiences. Hence the primary source of our dramatic news is the city of New York. This is the explanation of the New York correspondence on dramatic topics which appears in the "Canadian Courier" from time to time. The daily newspapers give advance notices of current plays a week before these plays are billed to appear. The "Canadian Courier" correspondent describes them months before they reach Canada.

Mr. J. E. Webber, our New York correspondent, is a Canadian who knows the theatrical situation in Canada as well as the theatrical situation in New York. He aims to give our readers such information as may be interesting for its own sake and valuable in enabling them to form opinions of plays and players who may later appear before Canadian audiences.

* * *

IN recent years a considerable change has been made in the methods of distributing news. A large proportion of the news of the day is now told by the camera, instead of by the pen. For this reason the "Canadian Courier" is steadily developing its news picture services. In this issue there are pictures from Brandon, from Ottawa, from Montreal, from New York, and from Europe. No expense is considered too great as applied to these features.

* * *

M R. S. A. WHITE'S serial, "The Wildcatters," has almost run its course. It is the first serial by a Canadian writer which has appeared in the "Canadian Courier," and it met with a generous reception. Good Canadian serials are not easy to get. We are now negotiating for another Canadian serial which should arouse much interest. A fuller announcement with regard to it will be made next week.

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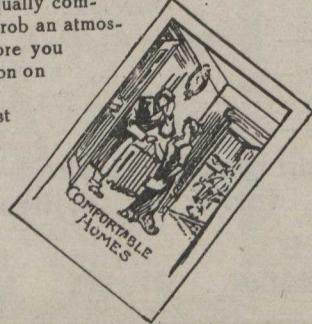
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IN LIGHTER VEIN

Never Fail.—"Do you think women would improve politics?"

"Well," replied Mr. Growcher, "after listening to the conversation on the front porch, I'll say this for them: If they ever start an investigation they'll find out something."—Philadelphia Times.

Those Girls.—Patience—"When I was young I had at least fifty offers for my hand."

Patrice—"Those were what you might call your palmy days, I suppose."

Keeping It Dark.—"Concede nothing," was the advice of a well-known politician concerning a certain famous disputed election. His policy was followed to the letter by the man of whom the following is told:

On the relief train that had been rushed to the scene of the railway wreck was a newspaper reporter. The first victim he saw was a man whose left eye was blackened and whose left arm was in a sling. With his hair full of dirt, one end of his shirt collar flying loose and his coat ripped up the back, the victim was sitting on the grass and serenely contemplating the landscape.

"How many people are hurt?" asked the reporter, hurrying up to him.

"I haven't heard of anybody being hurt, young man," said the other.

"How did this wreck happen?"

"I haven't heard of any wreck."

"You haven't? Who are you, anyhow?"

"I don't know that it's any of your business, but I'm the claims agent of the road."

* * *

Always Asking.—Friend—"What about the rent of a place like this? I suppose the landlord asks a lot for it?"

Hardupp—"Yes, rather—he's always asking for it."—London Opinion.

* * *

Really!—He—"How clean the surf keeps the sea-shells."

She—"Yes, you know the sea is very tidy."—Lippincott's.

* * *

Delighted Guests.—Willis—"Did they have a good time at your reception last night?"

Gillis—"Yes, the guests enjoyed it hugely. All my wife's arrangements went wrong."—Puck.

* * *

A Jelly Face.—"When mamma asked if I'd been stealing jelly, I said yes." "Why didn't you deny?" "I didn't have the face to say no."—Boston Transcript.

* * *

Too Much Motor.—Wigg—"Henneckke has bought a motor-boat and named it after his wife."

Wagg—"Can't manage it, eh?"—Philadelphia Record.

* * *

That Settled It.—At a cricket match in Yorkshire an appeal was made against a batsman for obstructing the field. The out side were not quite clear which umpire should be asked, so some asked one and some the other. Umpire No. 1 said "Out," Umpire No. 2 said "Not out," and consequently a dispute ensued. At last Umpire No. 1 stalked up to No. 2.

"Ave you shook 'ands with Lord 'Awke?" he demanded imperiously.

"No," said No. 2.

"Well, I 'ave—Hout!"

That settled it, and the batsman had to go.

* * *

Wise World.—The world likes a good loser, particularly if it gets some of his money.—Lippincott's.

* * *

Love Didn't Last.—Visitor—"Poor man! Have you been disappointed in love?"

Hermit—"No, lady—only in matrimony."—Chicago Daily News.



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You cannot either look or feel well dressed if your underwear is ill-fitting and uncomfortable.

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The CANADIAN COURIER

A National Weekly.

Vol. X.

October 14, 1911

No. 20



Final hole of the Ottawa Links, where the Annual Ladies' Golf Championship was decided a few days ago.

LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS

CANADIAN women continue to take tremendous interest in golf, and general opinion seems to be that the quality of golf played by women is steadily improving. A greater number of British golfers are living here or visiting here, and this is having its effect. For a time the ladies' golf championship of Canada was held by a Canadian, but Miss Dorothy Campbell, British Champion and American Champion, has taken this honour from the native Canadians for two years in succession. She won the Canadian title for the second time on September 29th.

The Ladies' Championship contests, held annually by the Royal Canadian Golf Association, were played this year on the Ottawa links. The weather was not very favourable, and in some ways the meet was not quite as successful as previous gatherings of this character.

The final between Miss Dorothy Campbell and Miss Florence Harvey, both residents of Hamilton, was not a severe

contest. Miss Harvey started well, but after the first three holes were played seemed to find the going rather difficult. At the end of the thirteenth hole Miss Campbell was seven up and five to play. When it is remembered that Miss Campbell is undoubtedly the most expert woman golfer in the world, no one need be surprised that she was able to beat Miss Harvey with considerable ease.

Earl Grey presented the Ross Trophy, emblematic of the Canadian Championship, to Miss Campbell, and the Silver Medal for runner-up to Miss Harvey. Miss Muriel Dick, of Toronto, made the best net score in the annual handicap round, while the two gross score prizes were won by Miss Campbell and Miss V. Henry-Anderson, of Montreal. The first consolation match was won by Miss Evelyn Cox, of Toronto, and the second by Mrs. A. Rowe, of Hamilton. The latter also won the Driving Competition, with Miss Christie, of Ottawa, second. The putting and the Desolation match went to Miss Henry-Anderson. In the team match Montreal was first and Hamilton second.

Miss Campbell is now defending her American title.



MISS NESBITT, WOODSTOCK
A strong and experienced player.



MISS MURIEL DICK, OF TORONTO
Best net score, annual handicap round.



MISS DOROTHY CAMPBELL
Champion for the second time.



VISITING AMERICAN STEAMER SALUTING VIVIA II. BY SETTING AMERICAN ENSIGN.

In this season's L.Y.R.A. races off the Canadian National Exhibition Grounds, Toronto, here shown, Vivia II. won the George Cup, defeating the Watertown, of Watertown, N.Y.

SAILING SEASON OF 1911

By C. H. J. SNIDER

GIVE me one good grey day, with the rain-soaked sails swollen to bursting point in the wind that whips the crests off the bursting seas—it's worth a whole summer of sailing."

So said a water-sodden wight the other Sunday as he stepped ashore after a wild whirl through the bursting breakers all the way up from Frenchman's Bay to Toronto piers—a staggering, reeling rout through seas that shut out the Highlands of Scarborough every time the nutshell under him settled in the trough.

There are thousands of such hydromaniacs just at this time o' year, sighing solemnly over the close of a season's sailing, their one regret being that it is over "so soon."

There is food for thought in the fact that the three-masted schooner yacht Oriole III., owned by Geo. H. Gooderham, M.P.P., and Mr. J. C. Eaton's steam yacht, Florence, were the last of the large craft to leave Toronto Bay this fall—the last except the ocean-going Catania, which lies swinging at her moorings there through the October gales, awaiting the return of the Duke of Sutherland and his party from the West. It means that wealth and position are no safeguard against the sea-fever.

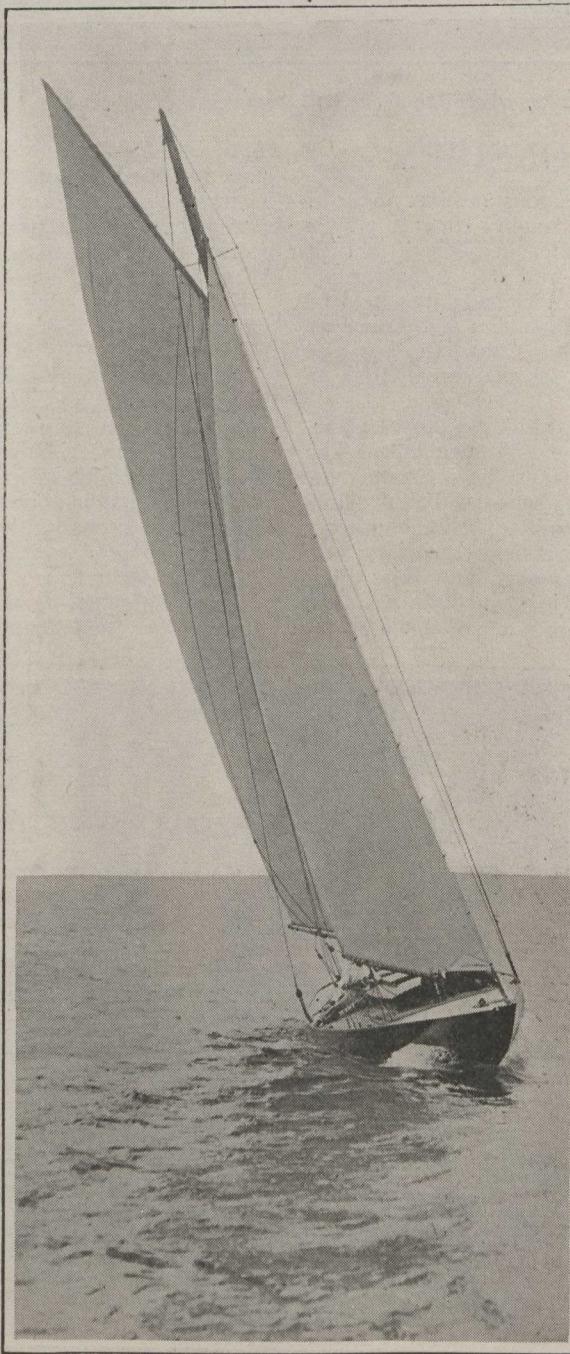
Well, they have a good season to look back on, those singing, sighing sailors. To Toronto came for the Lake Yacht Racing Association Regatta, a jaunty fleet of thirty-four contestants, large and small, manned by between two hundred and three hundred yachtsmen, beside a dozen or so spectator craft—from as far west as Cleveland, and as far east as Kingston. Buffalo had the well-known More Trouble, and the smaller Magia. Rochester had the little spitfire Tantrum. Kingston sent the little sloops Heather and Kathleen. The Bay of Quinte was represented by the bluff old cruiser

Dolphin. Hamilton had her best sailors—Capt. Jack Fearnside, with the rejuvenated Canadian.

Sandwiched in between the international contest for the George Cup, for the small class, and the international contest for the Fisher Cup for larger

sloops, the L. Y. R. A. Regatta of Aug. 30-Sept. 1 came at just the right moment in sailing psychology. Carried on as it was in front of the hundred-thousand crowds that thronged the Industrial Exhibition grounds, it partook of the nature of a huge marine pageant, and people who didn't know a binnacle from a bobstay argued fiercely over the merits of Watertown's spinnaker and Seneca's reaching jib ere the day was done. The pick of all the L. Y. R. A. pictures were the big cutters, with their rich hued canvas and towering club-topsails. Some of the finishes those big fellows made were thrillers—tearing along separated only by a few seconds in time and still fewer fathoms of water, the white foam flying from the forefoot and arching up in a great feather along the polished side, up over the slanting deck, and back again into the mill-race of the wake, while the groaning spars, inclined until they seemed about to topple over, spread a canvas cloud that darkened the brightest flashes of the seething water. That was how the Aggie finished twice—Aggie of Oakville, designed and built eighteen years ago by plain Capt. Jim Andrews, and owned by C. G. Marlatt, ex-commander of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. She has been sailed against almost everything that ever floated, on Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, and has a string of winning flags that crowds all the available stays and halliards. Twenty-one have been counted, and she may have more at home. It did a Canadian's heart good to see the home-made craft win out against the proudest products of the draughting board of the great Fife, of Fairlie, and other world famous designers.

It was pleasant, too, in this L. Y. R. A. meet, to see again the old Canada, she than won the cup in 1896, when the two halves of this continent sat up to watch the fray at Toledo, on Lake Erie. She



THE ADELE PASSING JUDGES' BOAT.

Here seen finishing in a Canada Cup trial race off Toronto Island



PATRICIA WINNING FISHER CUP.

In this, the deciding race, Seneca, the challenger, was far behind.

THE AGGIE, OWNED BY C. G. MARLATT.

Built in Oakville. Is eighteen years old and still winning races.

was second in her division every race, on time allowance. Vencedor, the Chicago yacht that raced against her when the Canada's Cup was first won, was completely wrecked, this same summer, in the great annual Lake Michigan fixture, the 300-mile race from Chicago to Mackinac.

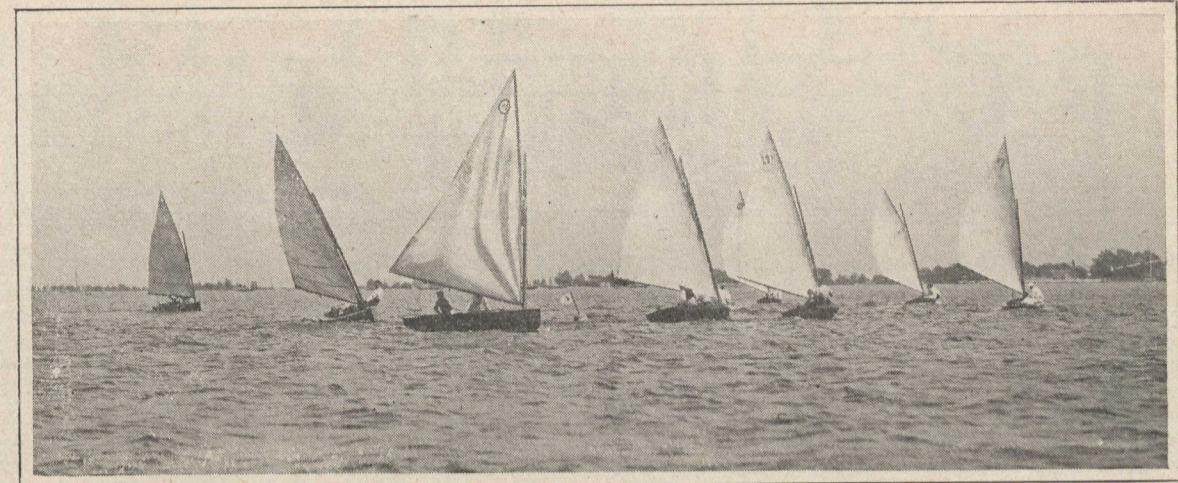
The big international events on Lake Ontario were the George Cup and the Fisher Cup contests, sailed Aug. 28, 29, 30, and Sept. 2, 4, 5 and 6, respectively. The George Cup is the trophy which keeps the small classes alive. The challenger this year was Watertown, sailed by Judge Geo. W. Reeves. Kingston sent the veteran Kathleen, twice a winner of the trophy. The holders, the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, defended with Vivia II.

Watertown won one victory, her crew doing splendid work in light-sail handling, but the good whole-sail breezes of the ensuing days showed that she was no match in sail carrying for the able little Vivia, and even Kathleen took her measure, winning second place. Judge Reeves will be back after the cup again next year, with a new boat, or a much improved Watertown.

A notable feature of the George Cup contest was the good international feeling shown. The Lakewood Yacht Club, of Cleveland, sent a candidate down, in tow of the power yacht La Belle, the largest gasoliner on fresh water. As the rules confine the contest to Lake Ontario craft, Lakewood could not be allowed to compete, but she was welcomed to the following L. Y. R. A. contest, and made a good showing, beating Watertown, but not the Toronto boats. The Americans cheered Vivia's victory enthusiastically, and their visiting steam yachts were the first to salute her as she crossed the finish line, a final winner.

In the Fisher Cup contest, the challenger was the famous Seneca, of Rochester, the Herreshoff speed marvel which dumbfounded the experts by her almost unbroken series of victories in 1907 and 1908. In 1907 the Royal Canadian Yacht Club sent Adele (now Eleanor) against her for the Canada's Cup—the best boat money could buy or the brains of Britain could produce. Seneca sailed circles around her. Adele took part in the L. Y. R. A. regatta this year, and Seneca did not—more's the pity, for many would have given worlds to see whether Adele could now beat her.

Seneca's challenge was met by a R. C. Y. C. syn-



ONE OF THIS SEASON'S MANY DINGHY RACES ON TORONTO BAY.

These contests call for quick, clever work, and give the men handling these small boats excellent experience.

dicate with Patricia, designed by George Owen, formerly of Hamilton, who also designed the victorious Vivia. Seneca would have won the first race, if there had been ten minutes more time to sail it—but the limit expired when she was within a mile of victory. When the race was resailed she was beaten by 3 minutes and 45 seconds. Next race she won by 3 minutes and 20 seconds. Had she had the first race to her credit this would have given her the cup; but the next race she lost by 3 minutes and 41 seconds—and there was the end of it. The contestants were very evenly matched, with the defender Patricia—slightly larger and more powerful—having a good chance of victory in heavy weather. Seneca was sailed by her owner, Eric Moore, of Rochester. It was Addison Hanan, of New York, a sort of saltwater Jarvis, who won the famous victories with her in years gone by. Patricia was sailed by Norman Gooderham, and had the better handling. The presence of her designer on board was a legitimate tower of strength to the defence. Mr. Owen has for years been a member of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club.

In small boat affairs as well, the keenest of the racing this season was on Toronto Bay. That spot

is, above all others, the home of the sailing dinghy; there must be three hundred owned in the city, and contests with thirty or forty of these butterflies clashing their wings are common. The Brierley Cup contest for the dinghies in the Lake Sailing Skiff Association regatta, Dominion Day, was the usual close fight, victory perching on the burgee of a Toronto dinghy again. But the Queen City was less fortunate in the skiff events. Sixteen of these larger flutterers participated, and Velvet, of Hamilton, Mr. George Hancock's sixteen footer, carried off both the Walker Cup and Commeford trophies, so there will be voyaging of the small boat fleet to Burlington Bay next summer.

Things have been quiet on Lake St. Louis, the home of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, ever since the ill-starred attempt made last year to regain the Seawanhaka Cup from Manchester, Mass. Montreal met all comers, from England and America, in defense of that trophy, year after year, for a decade, but at last the cup travelled from the river to the ocean. Montreal made a plucky attempt in 1910. There is talk of trying again in 1912; and from Victoria to Halifax booms the deep-sea chorus of sailing men, "Good luck!"

ful, was cogently logical. He was at no time carried away from a scientific approach to a problem in the science of economics. He was upon the platform at Massey Hall to state his objections to reciprocity as a business man. He stuck to the economics of the situation. And he did so convincingly. The next morning the Conservative press in Toronto acclaimed him as a new platform power, and recommended his speech as the chief item of the Massey Hall fest of anti-reciprocity oratory.

Having said his say on reciprocity, Mr. White claims that he would have much preferred to have been spared being involved in the political furore which swept through the country during the following weeks. He says he had no political ambitions. But his friends and the leaders of the Borden Opposition urged him to actively assist in the fight against reciprocity. Mr. White, himself, felt very strongly on reciprocity. He yielded.

The next time he appeared on the platform it was with Mr. R. L. Borden, and again at Massey Hall. Once more, he made a speech which was the feature of the meeting. During the last weeks of the campaign he toured Ontario in the Conservative van. With his humour, eloquence and logic he was most effective everywhere.

It so happened that Mr. Borden in looking for a finance minister, a rather scarce article, bethought himself of Mr. White. A man who has made such a sudden hit in politics and who was known personally and favourably to every financier in Canada, from the top down, was not likely to be overlooked. Anyway, the important summons came and Mr. White was called to Mr. Borden's assistance.

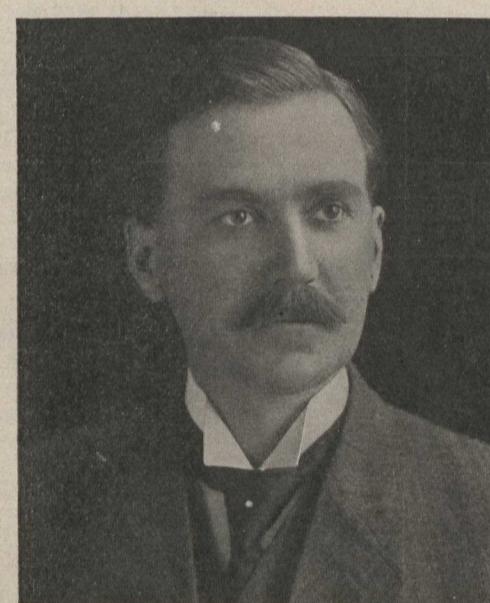
Mr. William Thomas White saw the light first at Bronte, Ontario, forty-four years ago. He is older than he looks. His father and mother were Scotch-Irish. He is Scotch-Irish, too. When he was only four years of age, his father, a farmer, died. Young White grew up like most other country boys in the short-pants stage, going to the public school on the concession. He passed the Entrance examination and got to high school in Oakville and Brampton. He matriculated in due course and struck out to be a freshman in the University of Toronto. Money became scarce. He entered the Assessment Department of the Toronto City Hall, and also formed editorial connection with the Toronto *Evening Telegram*. In the famous class of 1895, with which, by the way, Hon. W. L. M. King,

(Continued on page 22.)

THE NEW MINISTER OF FINANCE

ONE of the surprises of the new Borden cabinet is Mr. W. T. White—the Hon. W. T. White, Minister of Finance. A few days ago he was unknown in the political field, unknown to the great body of electors and voters, unknown except to his circle of friends and admirers in Toronto and Montreal. He was, perhaps, better known in New York and London than in Halifax and Victoria. He has recently been general manager of the National Trust Company, a most important financial corporation, and the story of his discovery in a law office by the shrewd financiers who founded the institution is a romance in itself. He had just finished years of service with his company, of which he is vice-president, and had packed his grip for an extended holiday, when reciprocity looming up large carried him on its shoulders to the pinnacle of Chief Financier of the nation. He has suddenly become a national figure.

The dark horse, the political surprise of the Conservative triumph, is certainly Mr. W. T. White. Six months ago, Mr. White, as an Ottawa possibility, was most remote. Though a well-known citizen of Toronto, he had, until this spring, made no public profession whatever of interest in active politics. The tide of reciprocity, which in its flood washed away a Government, uncovered new leaders to the people of Canada. Mr. White is an example of how great national upheavals may sometimes affect the ambitions and the fortunes of individuals. Only a great war will produce a great general. He made his debut as a political speaker on the platform in Massey Hall, Toronto, at the meeting called by a group of anti-reciprocity business men



MR. W. T. WHITE, Toronto
Minister of Finance in the Borden Cabinet.

is or, is not so; or turns some arguments of his opponents with a humorous quip. "If the United States offers us a gift horse, we should not only examine its mouth, but look out for its heels," he remarked once.

For almost an hour the audience watched attentively the slender, swaying figure of the speaker. He made an original, unique appeal. He was speaking upon a subject which afforded rare opportunities for flamboyant oratory and patriotic hysteria. But White, although eloquent and delicately fanci-

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

That Ninth Plank.

LAST week, I referred to the ninth plank in Mr. Borden's platform as laid down in his final message to the people before the general elections. It runs thus: "(9) The extension of civil service reform." This means that those employed in the civil service outside of Ottawa will be placed under the Civil Service Commission at an early date. Then no man over thirty-five will be eligible for a Government position, and candidates must pass an examination before appointment.

Mr. Borden's new Postmaster-General will be one of the first of the new Cabinet to face a situation where the spirit of the "Ninth Plank" must be considered. The Postmastership of Montreal is vacant. The Deputy Postmaster has been performing the duties for two or three years, and is prima facie entitled to the promotion. In a similar case in the Toronto Customs House, two years ago, the Deputy Collector was given the preference, although it had been customary to appoint a politician to such a post.

Surely, with Mr. Borden's ninth plank in mind, it may be expected that no politician shall be given preference over Mr. Gaboury, unless there are departmental objections to his promotion. Montreal is the most important post-office in Canada, although its revenues are not so large as Toronto's, and if there is any post in the outside service which should be free of political patronage, it is this one. The highest kind of efficiency there can be secured only through making the postmaster entirely free of political influence.

The Conservative politicians of Montreal will not be doing their duty by Mr. Borden, if they refuse to allow him and his Postmaster-General the fullest liberty in regard to this appointment.

* * *

Railway Servants in Great Britain.

MUCH information has been given to the Canadian public about the position of railway employees in Great Britain, and some of it has been misleading. It is quite true that wages for this kind of work are lower in Britain than in America, but this is true of all kinds of labour. It is not true, however, that the railway employees get an average of \$5 a week. Porters are paid at this rate, but they earn a great deal in tips. No person thinks of handing in a bag or trunk or taking it away without giving the porter a penny or two. This must add a shilling a day at least. Again, the carters are paid a low wage, but this sort of work is easy and is classed as "unskilled."

A recent return of *The Board of Trade*, a Government publication, gives the average wages of employees as follows:

Employed.	Wages.	Average.	
	£	s.	d.
1906	457,942	582,207	25 5½
1907	478,690	618,304	25 10
1908	459,120	574,059	25 0
1909	459,444	582,782	25 4½
1910	463,019	596,342	25 9

These numbers are exclusive of clerical staff, salaried officers, and casual labourers.

When the number of hours worked is considered, the wages do seem low. The same return shows that during one-half of the year, the men work more than twelve hours a day. This is especially the case among passenger guards and brakemen.

On the whole, therefore, while the case for the railway employees may not be as strong as some would have us believe, it would seem as if the wages were too low and the hours too long. On the other hand, it is probably true that in the United States and Canada, the hours are too few and the wages too high. However, so long as we can get along with short hours and high wages, no one will be anxious to see them lowered.

* * *

Political Ethics.

A FINE point is raised by the Winnipeg *Telegram* in regard to members of parliament who may desire to change their allegiance. The editor of that paper discusses a rumour that Mr. Champagne, M.P., of Battleford, and Dr. Neely, of Humboldt, elected as Liberals, will change over to the Conservative side and support Mr. Borden

"for what there is in it." The *Telegram* says that "the Conservative party cannot avoid accepting such support, but it would be most unwise to encourage it."

Well, let us see. In 1908, Mr. Joseph Russell, an independent, ran against Mr. A. E. Kemp, the former member in East Toronto. With the aid of the Liberal vote in the riding, when there was no Liberal candidate, Mr. Russell was elected. He went to Ottawa, and after a time slipped into the Conservative caucus. When the news reached Toronto, the regular Conservatives objected. They protested to the other Conservative members from Toronto. They protested to Mr. Borden himself. Yet Mr. Russell continued to attend the Conservative caucuses. It would thus seem that the Conservative party at Ottawa have created a precedent which will let Mr. Champagne and Dr. Neely join the Conservative party if they so desire.

If the *Telegram* thought the principle wrong in 1909 and 1910, it should have protested against allowing Mr. Russell to attend caucus. Its present protest seems to be rather late.

* * *

Another Phase of the Question.

THERE is another side to this question. If it is permissible for a constituency to switch its politics in order to get on the Government side, why should not the same permission be given a member if he thinks his constituency would ap-

Mr. Borden's Cabinet

(ANNOUNCED ON TUESDAY.)

R. L. Borden—Premier and President of the Council.
Martin Burrell, B.C.—Minister of Agriculture.
Dr. J. D. Reid, Ont.—Minister of Customs.
W. T. White, Ont.—Minister of Finance.
W. B. Nantel, Que.—Minister of Inland Revenue.
Hon. Robert Rogers, Man.—Minister of Interior.
C. J. Doherty, Que.—Minister of Justice.
T. W. Crothers, Ont.—Minister of Labour.
Hon. J. D. Hazen, N.B.—Minister of Marine and Fisheries.
Col. Sam Hughes, Ont.—Minister of Militia.
F. D. Monk, Que.—Minister of Public Works.
Hon. Frank Cochrane, Ont.—Minister of Railways.
Hon. Geo. E. Foster, Ont.—Minister of Trade and Commerce.
Hon. L. P. Pelletier, Que.—Postmaster-General.
Dr. W. J. Roche, Man.—Secretary of State.
Without portfolio—A. E. Kemp, Ontario; George H. Perley, Quebec; Senator Lougheed, Alberta.

prove? For example, if the Liberals had been returned to power last month, would Rainy River have elected a Conservative or a Liberal? Mr. Carrick, the Conservative candidate, got the seat by acclamation last week because the Conservatives have come into power. Had it been otherwise at Ottawa, Mr. Carrick would certainly have had a stiff fight.

Again, the Yukon and other outlying constituencies usually elect Government supporters. These elections are "deferred," and are conceded to the party which wins in the earlier polling. Can it be wrong for a representative of an outlying constituency such as Battleford or Humboldt to do what the constituency would probably have done if the election in that riding had been on the "deferred" list?

I have no knowledge of the intentions of Mr. Champagne or Dr. Neely. The *Telegram* may be entirely wrong in taking the rumour seriously. Yet, should these men take the course which rumour suggests, it is apparent that they will have at least some arguments in their favour. If I were asked my advice, I should say that they have no right to do so without resigning their seats and running again; but should they not choose to do so, they will have a fair though inconclusive argument to support them.

* * *

The Telegram's Own Answer.

ON the same page on which the Winnipeg *Telegram*'s attack on Mr. Champagne and Dr. Neely appears, there is an editorial note on the Yukon. It begins, "The election in the Yukon will be of more than ordinary interest, owing

to the overthrow in politics." It goes on to point out that Dr. Thomson will be a candidate "now that the Conservatives are returned to power," and that he will likely defeat Mr. Congdon, the former member. To my mind this seems an almost complete answer to the *Telegram*'s own editorial on Mr. Champagne and Dr. Neely. It is all a question as to what the constituency desires. It may not be dignified, but it is practical politics as practised by Canadian constituencies which require special treatment from the Government because of their newness and their undeveloped condition.

* * *

Lord Grey's Departure.

L ORD GREY has gone and Canada is welcoming his successor. Just before he left, Lord Grey remarked, in replying to an address, that Lord Chatham was the first British statesman to realize that the future of the British Empire lay on this side of the Atlantic. He added that he would never miss an opportunity to preach Lord Chatham's gospel wherever he might be.

This may be taken as Lord Grey's final message to the Canadian people. He has come to believe in Canada's future as a national power and as a great force in the Anglo-Saxon family of nations. He looks to Canada to be the great nerve-centre of the British Empire—to exercise the hegemony which has been so often discussed. His enthusiasm over the idea cannot fail to be inspiring.

Whatever divergent opinions there may be as to Earl Grey's ardent imperialistic views, no one will deny him the credit of being honestly in earnest. He is no time-server, no smooth flatterer. Every one who has come in contact with him, agrees as to his honesty of purpose and belief. Without denying nor belittling Canada's right to decide as to her own destiny, he has kept the imperial ideal before the people with whom he came in contact, and has done it with a skill and an earnest frankness which has aroused neither antagonism nor animosity among even those who are inclined to disagree.

* * *

Civic Improvement.

WHILE Toronto is being invited to adopt a general plan of civic improvement prepared by the Guild of Civic Art, Ottawa is being severely criticized for not adopting such a plan. In a resolution passed by the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada, which met last week in Montreal, it is pointed out that the work of beautifying Ottawa "has been carried out without any comprehensive interest or plan of the whole possible scheme of improvement; and many things have been done which are unsuitable and inadequate, and will require change."

Here is another charge as to unwise and improvident expenditure of federal funds which will require the attention of the Borden Government. The charge may not be correct, but as the criticism comes from an independent, non-interested source, it should be investigated.

The lesson, however, for all Canadian cities is that there should be a general plan of improvements which are to be made or which may be made during the next twenty-five years. This will prevent useless undertakings, ensure orderliness and timeliness in all undertakings, and prevent extravagance. The curse of civic government is its haphazard yearly programme and lack of continuity.

* * *

Sir John Thompson.

A SUBSCRIBER asks if Sir John Thompson had any parliamentary experience when made Minister of Justice by Sir John Macdonald, in September, 1885. He had, but not at Ottawa. He was first elected to the Nova Scotia Legislature at a bye-election in 1877, and re-elected by acclamation at the general election of 1878. The Liberal Government, under Hill, being defeated, a new one was formed under Holmes, with Thompson as Attorney-General. In May, 1882, he became premier, was defeated at a general election in June and resigned in July. He was immediately made a Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia.

In the autumn of 1885, Sir John Macdonald brought three new men into his cabinet, Thomas White, George E. Foster, and John S. D. Thompson. The two former were members of the House of Commons. Thompson was not a member and had not even met Sir John Macdonald. He was entirely unknown in a national sense and his appointment was a great surprise. Sir John Macdonald, however, needed a Nova Scotia successor for Sir Charles Tupper, and selected Thompson on his reputation. He afterwards said, "The great discovery of my life was the discovery of Thompson."

PLAYS OF THE WEEK

First Offerings of the Current Theatrical Season

By J. E. WEBBER

Our New York Correspondent.

CONSIDERABLE grist has been brought to the theatrical mill in the opening weeks of the new season, but, with the exception of "Passers-By" and "Disraeli," the grinding discloses comparatively little of substantial worth. One or two of the offerings, in fact, tallying too well with the description, have already met the fate of the proverbial chaff with scriptural exactness.

"A Single Man," by Hubert Henry Davies, is a typical John Drew play. A literary bachelor of forty-three, under the stirrings of spring and a domestic incident at his own hearth, suddenly awakens to a desire for wife and children. He begins by falling in love with an absurd little butterfly, and after a violent effort to "do" the youthful—he is an Englishman, of course)—realizes that the pretty, accomplished, and intellectually sympathetic secretary, who has been associated with him for several years, and who adores him, offers a companionship more suited to his tastes and years. Mary Boland plays the secretary with all her customary grace and charm.



MR. JOHN DREW AND MISS MARY BOLAND
In a scene from "A Single Man."

Photograph by White.

"Passers-By," the Haddon Chambers' play which has had a long career at Wyndham's Theatre, London, is likely to pass into the list of notable New York successes. Passers-By are the flotsam and jetsam that drift into the life of Peter Waverton, a rich young bachelor, with apartments in Piccadilly. "Pine," his valet, in common with certain Barrie children, has a fondness for looking out of the window. His interest in "just the passers by" leads to the introduction into his master's lodgings of some curious specimens of humanity. There is a cabman, a waif, who might be described as "a triumph of the negative, and a young woman brought in for shelter from the fog. The action all takes place between ten o'clock at night and four in the morning.

"Disraeli," the play by Louis N. Parker, which had its premiere in Montreal last spring, and a run of several months afterward in Chicago, makes its New York appearance for the first time. The dramatic episode, as readers who have seen the play will recall, has to do with the great English statesmen's efforts to gain financial control of the Suez Canal. A background of domestic felicity is provided in the tender regard of Disraeli for Lady Beaconsfield, while a brace of young lovers, invented for the purpose, play the interludes. Mr. Parker has been adroit and imaginative in making historic events conform to dramatic necessities. But the interest depends chiefly on Mr.



MR. GEORGE ARLISS
In his remarkable impersonation of Disraeli, in
Louis N. Parker's new play "Disraeli,"
at Wallack's Theatre, N.Y.

Photograph by Moffatt.

A PEARL AND PEARLS



MISS GABY DESLYS
The famous fascinating French dancer, who recently arrived in America and appeared at the Winter Garden, New York.

Photograph by White.

Arliss's remarkable characterization of the central role. This is so far the acting event of the season.

"The Woman," by W. C. DeMille, among other things affords opportunity for contrast. In "Disraeli" we have a glimpse of more or less picturesque English political life in mid-Victorian times: in "The Woman," of wholly commonplace Washington politics of to-day. The dramatic struggle of the latter centers around the efforts of a party of grafters to "break" an insurgent leader who threatens the fate of their bill. A compromising incident in his past life has been unearthed but all their efforts to discover the identity of the woman—who happens, by one of those fortuitous dramatic coincidences, to be the daughter of the "boss" and wife of his chief ally—are foiled by the assistance of the hotel telephone operator. The story has a purpose, is interesting, the political background graphic in its outlines, and some genial characterization is afforded. The staging is done with Mr. Belasco's usual skill, and John Cope as the boss grafted and Mary Nash as the telephone operator do conspicuous work.



MR. JOHN COPE and MISS MARY NASH
In a scene from "The Woman."

Photograph by Byron.

"The Arab," by Edgar Selwyn, is the first of the several oriental dramas contained in the forecast of theatrical managers, to make its appearance. The story deals with the love of the son of an Arab chief for the daughter of an American missionary. His passion begets in him new desires and ambitions, and prompts him to render assistance to the Christians when their massacre is threatened by the Turks. The play provides opportunity for stirring incident and splendid spectacular effects. Mr. Selwyn plays his own hero.

"A Man of Honour," by Rabbi Landman, although weakened by long speeches, in which the vocation of the author is too often manifest, has at least the quality of sincerity. A judge politically honest and sincere, is suddenly confronted with the knowledge that his son has been embezzling the funds of a mining company against whom he is about to render an adverse judgment. Political preference and the love interest of his daughter are also involved, but, disregarding all consequences he finally places his judicial integrity above all other considerations and justifies the title of the play. The dramatist, however, graciously sees that virtue gets its own reward and brings on the silver lining in time to light our homeward way. Mr. Edmund Breese, Ben Johnson, and Ralph Delmore are the principals of an excellent cast.

"Snobs," by Bronson Howard, is a satirical farce, having for its central

narrative the succession of an unsuspecting milkman to the little estates of an English duke. The highly democratic milkman's excursions into society to learn "how to be a duke," while his more polished and romantically inclined friend temporarily wears the title, exhibits the snobs of the play in an amusing dilemma. Frank McIntyre, of Travelling Salesman fame, plays the milkman role.

"Modern Marriage" is a farce comedy adapted from German sources, by Harrison Rhodes. The hero of the piece, in order to spend his wooing of an "emancipated" young woman, pretends to the authorship of a revolutionary book on the subject of marriage, from which her own liberal ideas have been taken. When the husband, however, apparently acquiescing in her views of marriage, implies in his conduct or seeming conduct, that what is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander, the very primitive passion of jealousy that arises reveals the thinness of the modern crust. Another complication arises when she confesses her desire for a normal life and receives her husband's confession that he is not the author of the troublesome book. She argues with some justice that the announcement

will make her a laughing stock to the world, and insists that he must go on keeping up the fiction. This he does until the real author arrives on the scene and brings on the final complication and adjustment. Cyril Scott and Miss Emily Stevens are the principals in the sprightly farce.

"What the Doctor Ordered," by A. E. Thomas, is another farcical treatment of marital discord. A young couple fall out over a trifle and are each so amazed and horrified at the conduct of the other that some hidden subtle malady is suspected. The aid of a doctor, who happens also to be a bit of a philosopher, is invoked. He prescribes a homoeopathic dose which works the desired result.

And then, last of all, like the mellowing liqueur that follows the repast, we have Gaby Deslys—Gaby, the dainty little Parisian dancer with her smiles and her whites and her pearls—the very same Gaby who, according to rumour, cost a monarch his throne. What other claims, if any, this glittering gem of the boulevards may have on public attention remains to be seen. But at least we shall have one important advantage over Manuel. He paid a crown, we may see her for half a crown.

that sense of personal loyalty which is so strong in European countries, but so diaphanous here? We have a "personal loyalty," but it usually seems to me to be more like devout reverence than loyalty. We do not exactly deify the King; but those of us who are very "loyal" appear to keep him in a compartment of our minds not far from the Deity. Now that is not at all the loyalty of Europe. They take a very human view of their monarchs—and many of them are exceedingly human—but they feel also a personal fealty to them which is hard to describe.

* * *

I SHOULD not be surprised if it finally worked out into a permanent understanding that we would always have a member of the royal family for our Governor-General. Royalty would then cease to be a monopoly of the United Kingdom; and the Greater Britains beyond the Seas would share in its possession. The King would still live at Windsor and open the Parliaments that meet at Westminster; but we would have Viceroys of our own who would live at Rideau Hall and open the Parliaments of Ottawa. Such a step would undoubtedly make the tie which is supposed to exist in the Governor-Generalish stronger than it is now; and it is so obvious and so easy and so certainly popular a "move" that I can hardly believe it will be overlooked. It is even possible that if we get a branch of the royal family settled at Ottawa, our Republican neighbours to the South of us might be willing to give up their glorious democracy, forget the quarrel over a certain tax on tea, and come back into the fold, for the sole purpose of permitting their Four Hundred to get into close personal touch with real royalty. The Newport vote would be solid for it, anyway.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

ROYALTY AT RIDEAU HALL.

A MEMBER of the royal family is about to become Governor-General of Canada. There are many who will think that this is much more than a "social note." The Governor-Generalship has hitherto been held by members of the British nobility—the second order in the United Kingdom. Proposals that it be given to distinguished Commoners, or even to distinguished Colonials, have never borne fruit. It has been kept for the nobility; and it is not to be supposed that so important a course in statesmanship has been entirely accidental. From our side of it, the Governor-Generalship has become little more than a formal office maintained to give distinction to the decisions of that Committee of Politicians we call the Cabinet. We would have hotly resented any attempt by a Governor-General to interfere with the actual government of the Dominion. We proposed to attend to that little chore ourselves. But we liked to have an ornamental head to the State; and we bore with patience the "funkey-making" effect noticeable among certain classes at Ottawa.

* * *

BUT among the calm and far-seeing statesmen of Britain, it is altogether likely that the Governor-Generalship has always worn another guise. The occupant of the office must, of course, be very, very tactful. He must know just how far he could go, and when he approached dangerous ground. But our British statesmen must have wholly lost the sense of Empire-building if they did not see in the power to send a British nobleman out here to get into intimate touch with our ruling public men, a means for promoting the unity and harmonious co-operation of the British peoples. I do not know what the people of India think of their Viceroy; but we make no bones about regarding him as an official chiefly intended to look after British interests in India. The circumstances are quite different in Canada; but what reason is there to be confident that the purpose may not be something similar?

* * *

AND now we are to have an uncle of the King in this position. Is this a compliment or a permanent promotion? What would be more in keeping with the principle of a limited monarchy on which all British institutions are founded than that the Viceroys of the Colonies should be chosen from the royal family of the Empire? That would be establishing the office a step higher than it now stands—it would be manned from the first order of the realm and not from the second. I know that gentlemen with a mind for exactitude will at once tell me that the monarch constitutes the first order in his own person, and that princes of the blood are no more than superior members of the nobility. But I am not concerned for the moment with these old world conventions. There is a difference in the mind of the common citizen between the royal family and the greatest of the noble houses; and we would feel that we had a bit of the monarchy at Rideau Hall if it were a settled practice to give us for Governor a brother or uncle of the King.

* * *

I AM not going to split hairs with those who say that the monarchy is "one and indivisible"—that the King is as much the King of Canada as of

the United Kingdom—that it would be a great wrong to permit our people to think otherwise than that the whole of the monarchy for us sits on the British throne. I know all these things; and I am simply dealing with the popular effect of such a change as we are considering. It will certainly make a difference to us that the new Governor-General is of royal blood; and there is no use pretending otherwise. We thought differently of the Princess Louise than we have ever done of any of the other consorts of our Governors-General. And the truth is that the appearance of a royal Governor-General will constitute a force which will make toward what we call roughly "Imperialism." It will give us more a sense of belonging to the Empire. Royalty has always seemed something very far away from us. It was a possession of another world. It was an institution which we theorized about a great deal, but which did not seem to have any flesh-and-blood interest for us.

* * *

NOW it is going to seem different when the Duke and Duchess of Connaught come amongst us, people precisely like Lord and Lady Grey, democratic, unassuming, human, devoted to the Empire and willing that Canadians should know how much they are valued as supporters of the Empire. We will get a new angle of vision toward royalty. Here we will have the brother of one king and the uncle of another living at Ottawa, counselling with our statesmen, meeting us on all sorts of occasions, and identifying themselves with things Canadian. Will the effect be to strengthen

Canadian Clubs Again

AGAIN the open season for Canadian Clubs. Some of the many clubs of that name have already opened their season of 1911-12, and between now and next spring many prominent men will address Canadian audiences on a great variety of subjects of interest to thoughtful men in this young but progressive country.

On Saturday of last week the Ottawa Canadian Club opened its season. The speaker was Rev. D. M. Gordon, D.D., principal of Queen's University, Kingston. The subject of his address was "The Place of the University in our National Life."

On Monday of this week the Toronto Canadian Club held its first meeting of the season. Mr. Hamar Greenwood, the well-known Canadian member of the British House of Commons, made the address. He spoke on "The Programme of the Home Government." His popularity and the importance of the subject resulted in the attendance of so many people that some had to lunch away from the room in which they afterwards heard the address.

WHERE THE NEW CABINET WAS BUILT



PREMIER-ELECT BORDEN'S RESIDENCE, WURTEMBERG STREET, OTTAWA
For several days after election day Mr. Borden kept closely to his home, where he talked Cabinet with men whom he had summoned there and with some who went there uninvited.

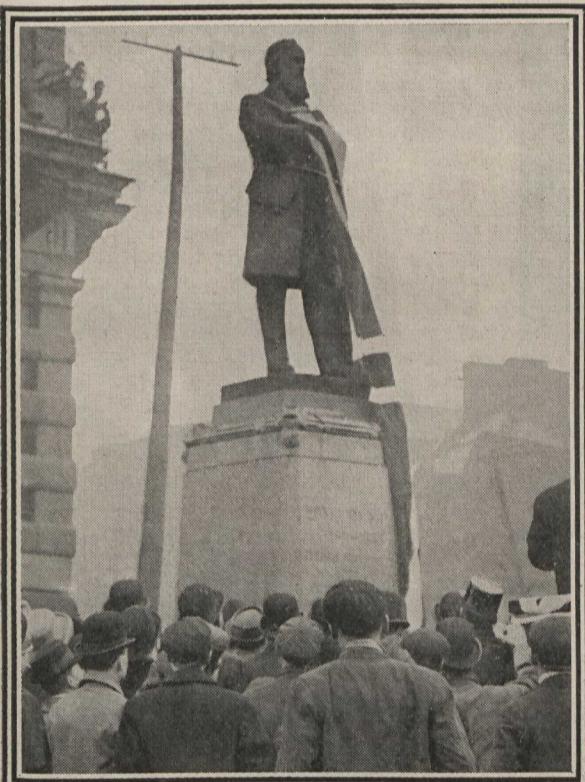
NEWS OF THE WEEK—BY CAMERA



Lord Strathcona going to address McGill students before leaving Montreal on October 3rd. The lady is Hon. Mrs. Howard, his daughter.



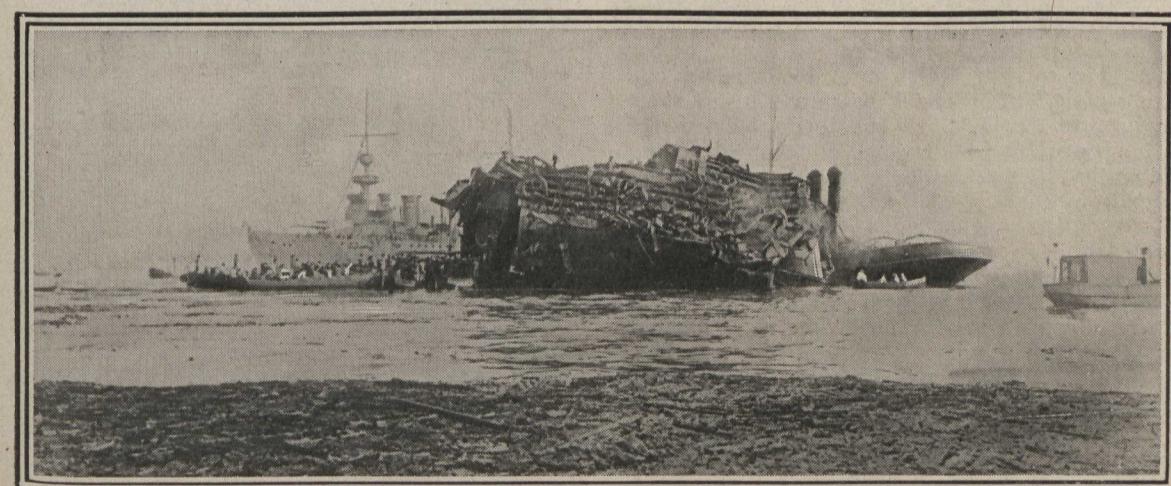
Lord Strathcona leaving McGill. Sir William Macdonald on his left, and Principal Peterson on his right.



Monument erected by citizens of Montreal in memory of Hon. John Young.



One of Earl Grey's last public functions. Unveiling, on October 4th, the monument to Hon. John Young who gave the initial impetus to obtaining a deep harbour for Montreal.



The worst of the French Navy's many disasters. The camera's awful story of the effect of an explosion on the cruiser "Liberte." Note the wreckage in the foreground.

The Destruction of the Liberte.

THE explosion of her magazines, which resulted from a fire, destroyed the splendid French cruiser Liberte at 5.53 a.m. on Sept. 25th. Three other vessels were damaged by the shock and by masses of twisted iron and armour-plate falling on their decks. The explosion caused the death of two hundred and fifty-four men and injury to one hundred and sixty.

Explosions such as those on the Liberte and on the United States battleship Maine show that the care of a war vessel is a very ticklish job. A nation's fighters on water are exposed also to such dangers as explosions in conning towers and the sinking of sub-marines.

Five days before the Liberte was destroyed, the British protected cruiser Hawke rammed the White Star liner Olympic, and both vessels were badly damaged.

In the last five years accidents to French war vessels have killed over six hundred men.

DAVID WESTLAKE'S ULTIMATUM

A Woman's Long Wait and a Man's Detemination

By T. A. SELLAR BOWMAN

IT was an evening in late autumn, and as the motor raced along the winding white road which led back to the city the two occupants of the car caught glimpses of the autumn tints upon the trees and hedges, and one of the two sighed as the good-bye spirit of the season of falling leaf and fading flower deepened within him.

David Westlake was an admirable specimen of England's best type of young man. Showing strength and manliness in every movement, his form denoted perfect health; well-formed, though somewhat pale, his face, with its deep forehead, searching brown eyes, and strong mouth, was that of a man who took life seriously and thought deeply. His companion, Nurse Mabel Hamilton, was a pleasant, happy, smiling English girl—the possessor of two wonderful gray eyes, a wealth of auburn hair, and a fresh, healthy complexion. As the car hummed along she looked up at her companion and smiled; she could not understand the sigh which had just escaped his lips.

Suddenly, David Westlake leant towards the smiling face beside him, and, in a voice which was scarcely steady, asked: "When have you to be on duty again, Nursie?"

"Why, ten, as usual, David! We are in plenty of time. Why do you ask?"

The man did not answer, but quietly asked the chauffeur to stop at Hampton Court. The gates were only a couple of miles further on, and in a very few minutes the car drew up. David took his companion's hand and helped her to alight, then the two entered the grounds. The man was silent and pale, and a look of surprise settled upon the girl's face as she walked beside him. They moved right over towards the palace, and then, as they turned into an unfrequented part of the gardens, David broke the silence.

"Mabel," he said, "no doubt you have thought me very strange and quiet this afternoon."

"Yes, you have been quiet, David, and serious—fearfully serious. You're working too hard, you silly boy. You should leave that book alone for a while. You won't improve it's 'style,' as you call it, by working at it night and day."

He shook his head sadly. "It's not that, Nursie. It isn't the book that's troubling me; it's something far more serious. I've been trying to tell you about all the afternoon, and I haven't had the pluck. But it must come out—the truth is, I have to say good-bye to you this afternoon—now! And it's not good-bye for a week, or even a month; it's good-bye for altogether."

The merry smile which still lurked about the sweet lips of the girl by his side vanished. Her face became pale as death, and she grasped his arm as she gasped: "David, you are cruel. What do you mean? You can't mean that you are going away, that you are tired of me, that you don't love me!"

Something like a sob sounded in the throat of the man as he caught her in his arms. "Don't speak like that, darling," he whispered, wildly; "it's not that. How could I be tired of you? How could I? I love you, Heaven only knows how much, but I must go away; there's no help for it."

"But why, David—why?" she asked, anxiously. He gazed down into her eyes for a little while, and then, releasing her from his grasp, turned away as he said, quietly: "Why! Because—because I'm a bankrupt. That's why."

For a moment there was silence, and then the girl moved forward and touched his arm. "Tell me all about it, David. I want to know."

He walked towards a seat which stood near, and there, with his eyes turned from her, told her the story.

"I rose this morning," he said, "bright and happy. I had wired you last night arranging our motor run, and I had decided to ask you here, on the way back, to be my wife. I went downstairs to breakfast, and was surprised to find that father had not waited for me; for, as you know, dad and I usually have breakfast together. On my plate was a note telling me that he was in the study, and asking me to see him as soon as I was free. I hurried through my letters and papers, and went to his den. I knew there was something wrong as soon as I saw him. He was as pale as death, and walked up and down the room restlessly. I sat down beside him, and then he told me. I knew that things had been going wrong in the city for a time, but I had no idea they

could be so bad as they actually were. Dad had had a series of bad speculations, and in a mad moment risked all his remaining money on a supposed sure thing. It had gone smash, too—and we are ruined."

As he finished the girl looked up at him. "I'm awfully sorry, David, and I feel, oh, so much, for poor Mr. Westlake. It must be an awful blow to him. But why should this mean good-bye for us? I can't see, if you love me, that it makes much difference. At the worst, it only means a few years' waiting until you make enough to settle down comfortably."

David Westlake leant down and kissed her passionately. "You're a brave little woman, Mab," he murmured; "but it's no use. Don't you see that it will take me years to get back into anything like the position I was in before this happened. You think you would wait for me now; but that's only because you're a good little soul and don't want to hurt me. But think! There are dozens of fellows who would be able to give you everything you want—pretty dresses and hats, and jewels, and all the other things. You mustn't waste the best years of your life waiting for me to make a fortune. I'll struggle on somehow—never mind me."

The girl, who had spoken so quietly up to now, sprang to her feet with a flush upon her cheeks. "David!" she cried, bitterly, "how can you speak like that? What are pretty dresses and hats, and theatres, and cars to me without you? Is that all you care for me? Is that the sort of creature you think I am? You can't love me—you don't know what love is—or you would not speak to me so."

Her voice broke off in a sob of pain as she sank back on the seat beside him, her eyes swimming with tears, her whole body trembling with emotion.

He turned to her in astonishment, and then, in answer to the pleading in her eyes, clasped her to his breast, as he whispered, "Dear little sweetheart—how I have wronged you."

For several wonderful moments the two figures remained thus, her slim, beautiful form nestling to his, her eyes filled with tears looking into his own, their lips sealing the vow of love. Suddenly he broke from her, and they walked back towards the gates, and soon the great car was racing on once more, drawing nearer and nearer London with every minute that passed. Now the man smiled, but as the country was left behind and the flaring lights which marked the outskirts of the city leaped into view, a sigh escaped the lips of the girl, and a tear-drop crept unseen down her pale cheeks, and dropped unfelt upon the hand which clasped her arm.

DAVID WESTLAKE sat in his office in one of New York's busiest thoroughfares, gazing dully into the red glow of a comfortable fire. The pages of a letter which had just come in were lying scattered about the fireplace, where they had fallen from his nervous fingers as he read them.

Three years had passed since he said good-bye to Mabel Hamilton in the gardens of Hampton Court—three years crammed full of busy life and money-making. He had, for the time, set aside his literary work and thrown himself with restless energy into the swim of a business career. He had been successful, too, as far as he had wished to succeed; that is, he had saved enough during these three years to enable him to marry Mabel and to return to the literary work which he loved. Half an hour before he had been making plans for the future. He was to return first to England and claim "Nursie," after which he meant to go West for a time to the lonely places, there to finish the book upon which all his hopes were centred. Then the letter had come, dispelling his dream, wrecking his wondrous castle in the air, and filling his mind with the dark thoughts of a man who suddenly finds all his ideals shattered.

As he thought of it all, a bitter laugh escaped his lips and rang strangely through the room. He stooped and picked up the letter, and read it over again. It ran as follows:

"Dear Mr. Westlake,—I cannot tell you with how much pain I write these lines, but I think our past friendship demands that you should know what I have to tell you. For a year after you left England Nursie talked of no one but you—thought of nothing but her future with you. Then there came a change. Dr. Robert Milton, whom you have met, introduced Nursie one day last year to Sir Frank Gil-

bert, and since then things seem to have been going wrong. He has been constant in his attendance on Mabel, and every week there is a dinner, a supper, or a dance at which they are both present. I thought nothing of it at first, because I was sure that Nursie was to be trusted; but one day she spoke to me about her gay companion, and I could see that she was gradually being carried away by the fast life which he was providing for her. We had a long talk about things, and I pointed out that her constant companionship with Sir Frank Gilbert was scarcely fair to you. She at once got into a passion and left the room, and since that day has not spoken to me. You know, Mr. Westlake, how much I have Nursie's welfare at heart. You know the firm chums we were, and you will realize the pain which the estrangement is causing me. Mabel is gradually drifting further and further away from you, and I fear that unless you come home and put things right soon it will mean the ruin of both your own happiness and hers.—Ever your sincere friend,

"VERA MAITLAND."

So this was the cause of the gradual dropping off in Nursie's letters, and of the coldness which was creeping into their tone! Was he too late to remedy matters? Was it worth while going to England now? These were the questions which chased one another through David Westlake's mind as for nearly an hour he sat gazing into the dying fire, and brooding over the matter. Then he came to a decision. Shaking himself together he walked across the room to the telephone and rang up the Cunard offices. Two minutes later, having booked his passage for Liverpool by the Mauretania, which sailed the following Saturday, he threw himself into his deck chair and attacked the pile of correspondence which lay waiting his attention.

AS the Liverpool express rushed into London ten days later, a man with somewhat haggard features, who was seated in the corner of a first-class compartment, hastily gathered his wraps together and waited impatiently for the train to stop. Then he stepped out on to the platform and walked with long, nervous strides towards a little figure in nurse's uniform at the far end of the station. He shook hands, and, as they walked over to a taxi, asked in an eager voice: "Have you anything further to tell me, Miss Maitland?"

The girl shook her head, and, with a look of pity in her eyes as she watched his pale, twitching features, said softly: "Nothing, Mr. Westlake, except that Nursie is taking supper at seven to-night with Sir Frank Gilbert at the Savoy."

"Then she doesn't know that I am in England?"

"No. I thought it best not to tell her, but to let you take whatever action you thought best when you arrived."

"Do you think it worth while taking any action, Miss Maitland?" he asked, in a pained voice. "If Mabel has ceased to care for me there isn't much good in my worrying her with my presence."

"But that's exactly what you must not believe," answered the girl. "I am certain that Mabel is as much in love with you as ever. She is simply thoughtless, and has lost her head in the whirl of gaiety which she has been enjoying lately."

By this time the car was nearing Westminster Bridge, where Nurse Maitland had asked David to set her down. He remained silent until the car stopped, and then, as he shook hands, he said, quietly: "I am going to try and reclaim Nursie, Miss Maitland, but I will return to New York by the Franconia on Saturday again. If I succeed in my mission, Mabel will go with me. In any case you will be the first to hear. I can't tell you how grateful I am to you for sending me that letter of warning. I shall never forget your splendid courage and kindness."

As he re-entered the taxi he asked the driver to take him to the Hotel Metropole; then he changed his mind. "No," he said, "drive straight to the Savoy."

That meeting-place of London's moneyed idlers was this evening, as usual, a scene of luxurious gaiety. A blaze of electric light flooded the restaurant and fell upon the faces of happy men and smiling women. The whole atmosphere was one of rich merriment—there were the flash of jewels, the scent of flowers and perfumes, the strains of music, the jingle of glasses, the laugh of careless pleasure. Suddenly the folding-doors opened, and a strange figure entered the hall of luxury—a man with haggard, twitching features, wearing a long travelling coat and a soft felt hat. He gazed about him for a minute and then walked firmly through the crowded room to the far end, where two persons were seated at a little table. One was a tall, handsome, clean-shaven man, in immaculate evening dress; the other a girl with a smiling, careless face, grey eyes, and auburn hair, dressed

(Continued on page 25.)

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

FROM TCHA TO TEA

BY MADGE MACBETH.

ALADY of parts was recently heard to make this remark apropos of a small town in Northern Ontario, "M—? Oh, my dear, it's an *awful* place! Why, do you know, there isn't a Tea Room in the town!"

By the same token, a votary of the "cheerful cup" wrote an Old Country friend, last winter, "Ottawa is much improved since you were here; we now have three Tea Rooms, and when the Chateau is finished, there will be four."

Gauging the importance of a place by its miles of street railway, its water power, or its city revenue is not uncommon, but gauging its standing by the number of Tea Rooms—Heavens! And yet again—Heavens!!

As Ottawa has been mentioned, let it be known that Nicholas Sparks did not bring a Tea Room from the Emerald Isle when he came from there, nor did he and Burrows bind their famous bargain in one of these indispensable havens of refuge. Tea Rooms are but six years old in our Capital, and had it not been for the enterprise and courage of a young woman, we might still be classed with those "awful places" without a Tea Room in the town!

For Miss Lindsay met with much discouragement and positive indignation when she felt the pulse of Ottawa's opinion upon the subject of Tea Rooms.

She opened an Art Room with general approval and immediate financial success, but the Art Room was only a stepping-stone toward the other, which had long been a cherished hope.

"Tea Rooms were my hobby," said Miss Lindsay. "I always wanted to have one. When I went to New York or Chicago, the first places I visited were Tea Rooms; no little trick of attractiveness in decorating or serving escaped me, and I always thought how I would alter this or that when I had a Tea Room."

Miss Lindsay belongs to one of Ottawa's best known families, consequently any departure of hers from the social treadmill was more or less a matter of public importance. The writer remembers a few of the indignant protests which were made when the establishment of the Tea Room was a certainty. "A Tea Room!" said one. "Why on earth should Ottawa have a Tea Room? Have we not our own Crown Derby, our Orange Pekoe, and our comfortable grate fires?"

The dauntless Miss Lindsay persevered, however, and the Tea Room was!

A place of modest dimensions at first, it was—the floor over Mr. Sparks' offices on Sparks Street. From the afternoon of its opening its success was assured; the demand for tea (and *bought* tea, mind you) was far greater than the supply. Miss Lindsay was obliged to secure larger quarters, and she soon moved into another building, where she had two floors, the top one divided into cosy little smoking rooms. Score number two! Picture the men who flocked there after office hours, flocked to a place where they could smoke as well as drink tea!

Miss Lindsay hereupon made up her mind to make it easier for the wives of members or those who might be in Ottawa temporarily to entertain. The top floor was some days filched from the indignant men and turned over to a card playing gathering, or to a concourse of women who drank tea, and bandied small talk, and only the hostesses themselves know the boon it was to have such a place at their disposal, where they were relieved of the worry and trouble consequent upon entertaining in a rented house, or a couple of furnished rooms.

Lack of space again made a move imperative, and this time Miss Lindsay took an entire building. The Art Room was on the ground floor, the Lunch and Tea Room, kitchen and cloak room were on the second, and the smoking rooms were, as before, on the top. The New Rooms were known as "the Kettle-drum."

"Kettledrums," by some authorities, were originated in India. A kettledrum is a military instru-



Miss Lindsay, an Ottawa lady who introduced the delight and luxury of tea-rooms into her own city.

many of the farewell entertainments that have been given for them in the last few weeks have been occasions of regret rather than rejoicing.

One of the recent farewell events was a breakfast, given by the president and members of the Ottawa Hunt Club, in their attractive club-house, the decorations being carried out in the colours of the club, scarlet and green. The breakfast table was in the form of a horseshoe, in the hollow centre of which was a magnificent standing horseshoe of American beauty roses, and red and white lillies with a large bow of heliotrope ribbon which bore in gold letters the words, "Long life and good luck to the Earl and Countess of Grey."

A similar event took place on the last day of the Autumn Meet of the Ontario Jockey Club, when Their Excellencies and a number of guests were entertained at luncheon by the President and officers in their club-house at the Woodbine, and spent the remainder of the afternoon on the lawn watching the racing events. A very genuine feeling of regret swept over the throng, not only on the members' lawn, but also the racing enthusiasts who crowded the betting ring, as the band in attendance broke into the strains, "Auld Lang Sine," and the carriages containing the Vice-Regal party drove past the Judges' Stand for the last time. Their Excellencies departed amid cheers of farewell.

In Ottawa Earl Grey and Lady Grey tendered a formal farewell to their servants in the form of a ball which took place at Government House. Early in the afternoon, Mr. John Guy, orderly in the Governor-General's office, was united in marriage to Miss Polly Atkinson, one of the maids in Rideau Hall. Rev. Canon E. A. W. Hanington performed the ceremony in St. Bartholomew's Church. The bride was assisted by Miss Wagstaff, and Mr. Harry Bristow was best man.

At the farewell ball His Excellency and the young bride lead off in a quadrille, while Lady Grey danced with the groom.

When She Came Not.

I thought I heard her when the wind would pass
Down through the piny trees, the tangled grass;
I thought I heard her exquisitely near
When no sound was.

I thought I heard her little feet
Over the gray beach-pebbles beat,
And that I need but lift mine eyes
And see her there without surprise,
Knowing that she had come again
To kiss from me her scar of pain.
I thought, alas!

That she was exquisitely near
When no sound was,
And raised my head, and threw my arms apart;
but she
Was nowhere 'twixt the forest and the sea.

—Shaemas O'Sheen, in Harper's Weekly.



The Main tea-room of "The Kettle-drum." A general view.

ment so named from its resemblance to a kiddie or fish basket (French). For lack of a better table, officers used to eat a bite of food, while riding, from the flat side of the drum. Hence any gathering which was marked by an absence of ceremony was called a Kettledrum. In Paul Jones, the Kettledrums were gatherings especially for ladies, and were an improvement upon the old-fashioned parties where every one was supposed to work. Thackeray describes Drums as receptions where both ladies and gentlemen regaled themselves with varied refreshments.

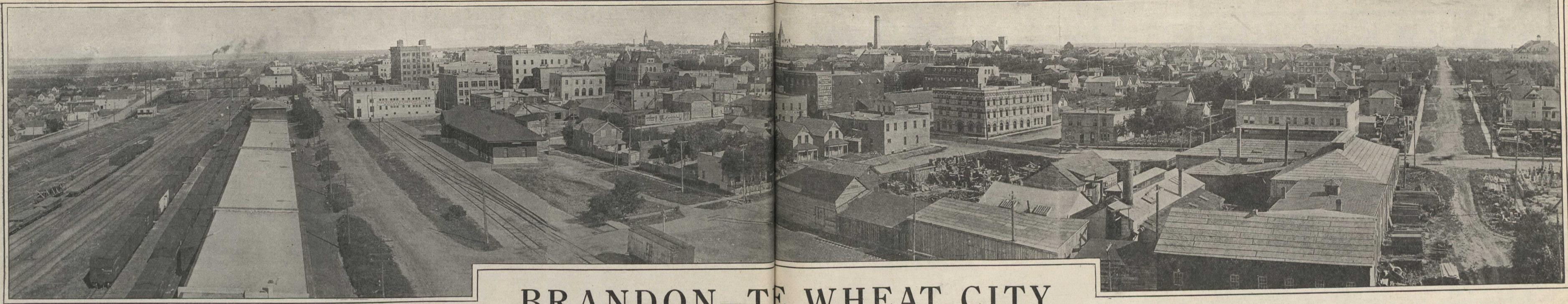
About the Ottawa Kettledrum, however, there was no doubt. It was a place where a dainty lunch was daintily served, where tea and all its buttered and sweetened accompaniments was to be had in company with the creme of Ottawa's society. Was —did I say? Yes, for she is about to give up the Kettledrum and move into a more conspicuous place. Mr. Bergman, the manager of the Chateau Laurier, has persuaded this energetic and successful business woman to give up a good thing for a better one, and Miss Lindsay is to have charge of the Chateau Tea Room.

Miss Lindsay's reputation is hardly more than local; many of the people who have recently come to Ottawa will never know what they owe her. But a struggle such as hers—to give to a benighted home town that which it did not know it needed—that is no mean achievement, is it?

* * *

Farewell Functions

THERE is a general feeling of deep sorrow in anticipation of the departure of Their Excellencies, the Governor-General and Lady Grey, and



The yards of the Canadian Pacific and Great Northern Railways lined with factories and warehouses of Brandon.

BRANDON! Etymologizing the word, "brand," is Saxon for a burning, a sword; "on" is also Saxon, akin to "in" and "under." Brandon is therefore a burning-in, not the mustard plaster species of burning, but rather that of the sword, lasting and ineffaceable. It was the metamorphosis of the sword to the plough share that has burnt Brandon into the map of Manitoba, making it the agricultural capital of the province and its second city.

The godfathers of Brandon knew little of, and cared less for, etymology, and named the town after some man. Some of these same godfathers forgot their vows at the baptismal font, and poor little Brandon had to learn much of its shorter catechism by itself. Like Topsy, it just grew, without any boom. Some of its founders were lured by the wiles of the farther west, but there were many who drove the stakes in deeper and transformed Brandon from a way station on the Canadian Pacific into a benign octopus whose tentacles of steel embrace some seven score towns within a sixty-mile radius. These highways of the iron-horse are guarded by a regiment of elevators whose bellies bulge with twelve good million bushels of grain every time their yawning maws are filled, and the Brandon district crop will fill them seven times this year.

Brandon's believers are seeing it come into its own. While other towns have attained wonderful growth in record time, gained world-wide notoriety, blazoned their bank clearings and boosted their subdivisions, Brandon has plodded along without a press agent to a population of 15,000. The Bran-

donian who had taken time enough to get away from his money-making to see these other much vaunted towns came back with the knowledge that he had at home a city whose light had been kept carefully under a tub by watchful city fathers, who feared that the oxygen of progress might call for more fuel. These champions of the lesser tax and the let-well-enough-alone policy have seen the town prosper in spite of them, and a retired farmer who dared to run for Council didn't even amble.

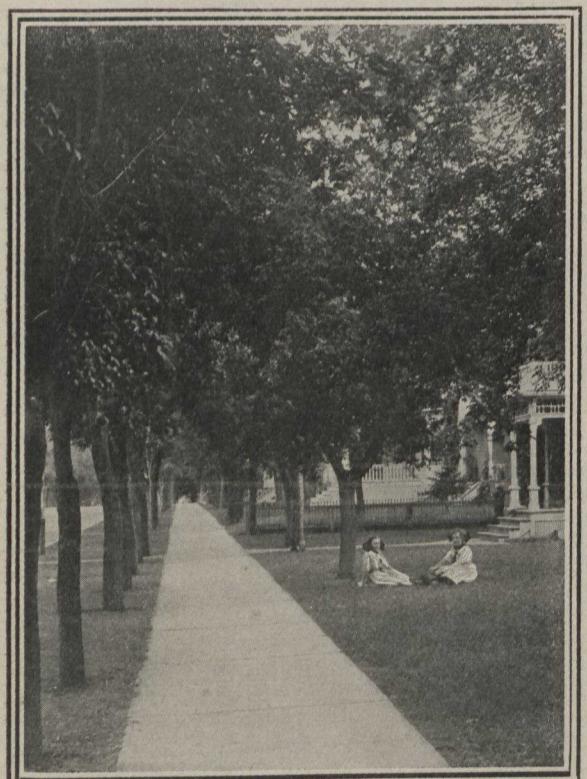
And while there are yet retrogressionists in the City Council, their efforts are offset by the men of greater faith whom the citizens have placed in the seats of the mighty. Besides which the council annually vote a publicity fund to the Commercial Bureau, a body of public spirited men who give their time and money for the advancement of "The Wheat City." Their efforts are supplemented by an active Board of Trade, embracing the majority of the live business and professional men of the town. They have brought industries and wholesale men into Brandon and are out after more.

Hub of Transportation Wheel

No campaign of publicity will make a town great unless it has the fundamentals to warrant that greatness. Brandon is the centre of a district seventy miles in each direction, that produces over sixty per cent. of the grain yield of Manitoba. This district is famed for the quality and quantity of its purebred stock. Its summer show is second only to that at Toronto, and its winter fair of live stock ranks with the winter fairs at Guelph and Ottawa. The Assiniboine River waters a fertile valley and connects the city with the forests of the north, giving access to cheap lumber, the manufacture of which into different forms is a growing industry. The main lines of the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern pass through Brandon, each road making it a divisional point with branch lines radiating like the spokes of a wheel. The Great Northern from St. Paul terminates at Brandon and has a charter for extension to Hudson's Bay. The Grand Trunk Pacific is running in a short spur from its main line this year. The transportation problem is completed with the laying of street railway tracks, which are going down as this article is being written. Each of these railways has industrial sites which they offer at a nominal price to the manufacturer and the distributor, and cars are transferred from one road to another without any charge. The Electric Light Co. are operating a central heating plant supplying cheap power and heat. This is an undoubted advantage to the small or even the large manufacturer who must have heat even if he does use electric power. Coal is rather higher in the Prairie Provinces than in the East, and this heating plant is a drawing card that no other Western town possesses.

Brandon having become a great distributing centre, the Railway Commission were called upon to re-adjust shipping tariffs, and they have placed Brandon in an advantageous position. The Western manufacturer can break bulk at Brandon and reship at much cheaper rates than he can farther East, serving towns in central, southern, northern and western Manitoba, and even into the territory of the two distributing points in Saskatchewan.

This vast territory is filling up rapidly, creating



BRANDON IS PROUD OF HER STREETS.
The city has many streets like this—broad, well paved, and bordered with fine trees and extensive lawns.

BRANDON—THE WHEAT CITY

"Has Plodded Along, Without a Agent, to a Population of 15,000"

By D. NIXON



MEET OF BRANDON'S AUTOMOBILE CLUB AT THE CITY HALL.
These are but a few of the automobiles owned in Brandon and its suburbs. For both business and pleasure the automobile has almost ousted the horse.



LOGS FROM LAKE WINNIPEGOSIS REACHING BRANDON.
These logs have travelled thirteen hundred miles to reach the mills and factories of "The Wheat City."

This general view of the city brings out in relief many of Brandon's fine buildings.

bigger markets for manufactured goods every year. As yet the bigger distributors are the farm implement manufacturers, the Eastern places represented being Toronto, Hamilton, London, Fergus, Brantford, Smith's Falls, Woodstock, Chatham. And several American houses have large warehouses. A number of manufacturers and wholesalers of Eastern Canada either have sample rooms in the town or travelling representatives, who make Brandon their headquarters, not only for this part of Western Canada, but in many cases for the whole of the West. The local manufacturers are doing business on a large scale even if yet they are not so numerous. There are flour mills, wire fence plants, breweries, planing mills, tanneries and the many other manufacturing plants that a town situated as Brandon is requires. There are wholesale grocers, hardware dealers in building supplies, fruit dealers, and a six-storey wholesale seed house. Brandon has more manufacturing and wholesale houses for its population than any other Western city.

The Provincial Asylum for the Insane is situated at Brandon. A fire last fall destroyed the building, but a better one is being erected in its place. It occupies a beautiful position across the river from the town proper. Near it is the Dominion Experimental Farm, and not far away is the Indian School and Farm. The Baptist and Catholic churches each conduct an educational institution, while the city is well served by collegiate, normal and public schools. The public buildings of Brandon are creditable. The business blocks and bank buildings are in the aggregate much ahead of those in towns of much larger population. Brandon looks older than it is—its tree-lined streets, parks and expansive lawns give it that appearance.

A lot of money ebbs and flows on the bar of the clearing house. Ten banks are required to handle Brandon's finances, and the bank clearings are not swelled by extravagant real estate transactions though prices are firm and the city steadily growing. Three insurance companies have their headquarters in "The Wheat City." One thing they lacked and missed sadly was good hotel service, but this year a new hotel was opened and another renovated, and the Canadian Northern Railway will soon have completed a mammoth hotel and station, which will be the second largest and best west of the Great Lakes.

The Great Bank Robbery

BY P. W. LUCE.

CARTOUCHE, the most famous French robber of all times, who bussed himself in Paris nearly three centuries ago, is credited with this bon mot:

"Si j'y touche, j'y tiens."

(If I can touch it, I will hold on to it.)

This selfish sentiment probably animates his twentieth century emulators, and more particularly the quartette which robbed the Westminster branch of the Bank of Montreal of \$257,000 on September 15. At any rate they are carrying out Cartouche's policy of holding on to the tidy sum for which they "touched" the big financial institution.

The safe which the four bank robbers blew open with nitro-glycerine had been in use in this bank for over twenty years, and had passed undamaged



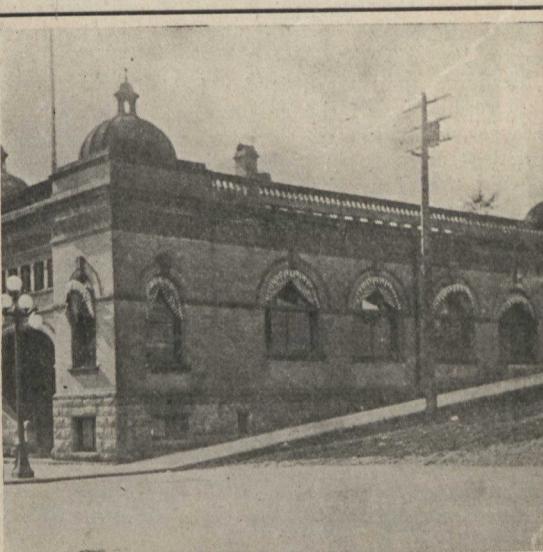
CANADIAN NORTHERN HOTEL, BRANDON
When completed it will be, next to the Royal Alexandra, in Winnipeg, the largest and best hotel in the Prairie Provinces.

through the great fire which partially destroyed that city in 1908. The strong box was fireproof, but it was not proof against clever thieves.

Now that the quarter of a million dollars in easily negotiable securities has been taken away, and that proper safeguards are being taken against a return visit, the public is informed that the veriest tyro would have had a good chance of lifting the snug fortune from its clumsy depository. The bank had no night watchman, no burglar alarm system, and was so situated that it was difficult to see the interior of the bank from the street.

The police station, where an officer sleeps all night, is less than twenty yards from the bank, and the men who so cleverly lifted the cash passed the lock-up empty-handed on their way to their night's work, and loaded to capacity on their return journey.

Meanwhile the officer slept, and downstairs in the basement of the bank the old Chinese janitor struggled silently to disentangle himself from a length of knotted rope and an evil smelling gag.



Where four men "lifted" \$257,000.



A PAGE FOR JUNIORS



Bill and the Buffalo

By WILLIAM MAITLAND.

A True Story.

WHEN my uncle first took up a ranch in the far west, it was doubtful whether the raising of cattle would prove successful on account of the great herds of buffaloes that destroyed the land for grazing. Conditions soon changed, however. The buffaloes were slaughtered in such numbers that they became scarce, and my uncle, seeing that they would soon become valuable, corralled a dozen of them.

I was twelve years old when I went to live on his ranch, and those buffaloes were very interesting to me, so I spent many hours watching them when I could not accompany my uncle to cattle round-up. There was nothing to see but prairie as far as the eye could reach, and though I was very fond of riding and imitating the cowboys in all they did, I found it at times unbearably lonely during the first few months, so I was looking forward to a time of dreadful monotony when my uncle rode off with the cow-boys one morning, telling me he would probably be absent three days.

"Good bye, Bill, take good care of the buffaloes," he said laughingly as he rode away.

They were hardly out of sight when I saw a speck on the horizon in the opposite direction growing visibly larger. It soon developed into a band of horsemen, and I was overjoyed, thinking that the travellers would probably rest here and so help to while away the time. My joy was changed to fear when on a nearer view, I discovered that they were Indians making straight for the ranch. On arriving they dismounted and picketed their ponies not far from the house, and an old man with one eye and an evil countenance, who could speak a little English, asked to see my uncle. On finding he was absent from home, he produced a dirty envelope and handed it to the old steward.

"Let me read it," I said, drawing myself up to my full height, "I am here in my uncle's place."

The missive proved to be a letter signed by the governor of Fort Wayne, asking that a buffalo be delivered to the bearer, and stating that the government would pay for it.

"I cannot do this while my uncle is absent," I said. "Come back in three days and he will attend to it."

The Indians shook their heads and mumbled amongst themselves.

"Why do you want the buffalo? We can let you have meat."

"Medicine man want it for heal sick," replied he of the evil eye.

I was suspicious of the written order, for it seemed strange to employ Indians as messengers, and told the steward to give them food. After a short discussion the band withdrew to a spot about one hundred yards from the house, where they lighted a fire and cooked their meat and some corn they had brought with them, after which they rolled themselves up in their blankets and went to sleep.

I woke frequently during the night and went to the window, but the Indians were sleeping peacefully in the moonlight. At daybreak, however, they were astir and prowling about the ranch. They renewed their request and we again tried to pacify them with meat, but all day long they hung around the place and gave us such black looks that we decided we might as well give them a buffalo or they would force us to do so.

We then led out the corral, a very ancient buffalo, and, handing him over to the Indians, we retired

some distance and waited curiously to see what they would do. They proceeded to shoot it full of arrows, and it dropped to the ground. Seeing us watching, however, old "evil eye" came and told us we must go away, for if the eye of the white man observed their rites, the healing charm would be lost. Accordingly we retired to a place of concealment behind some bushes, and watched the performance.

The Indians lay in a ring surrounding the dying buffalo at a distance of about 50 yards; then one crept snake-like through the grass, shot an arrow into his side, and crept back to his place; another

ACROSS THE BAY

By ESTELLE M. KERR



The Country Girl.

I live upon an island fair
With flowers, grass and trees,
And white sails on the water flit
Like sea gulls in the breeze,
And mighty ferry-boats start forth
Each hour of every day,
And bear the happy people
To the city 'cross the bay.

I see large steamships at its docks,
And churches with tall spires;
I watch the chimneys spouting smoke
From all the hidden fires.
I'd like to see the wheels go round;
I want to sail away
And live within the busy streets
That lie across the bay.

At night I watch the lights come out
And twinkle forth like stars,
Sometimes I think I hear the roar
And see the motor cars!
It's very still and lonesome here,
I wish that I could play
Within the merry city streets
Away across the bay.

followed, and then another, until each had contributed an arrow. Then they chanted a mournful dirge, crowding around the beast so that we could not see what they were doing. It was growing dark and the yellow glow from the sky gave an unreal appearance to the scene. The Indians that by daylight had seemed mean and disagreeable, now looked like fiends, and so great was their excitement that there was no knowing what they might do. Visions of tomahawks and scalping passed through my mind, and I wondered if we had not better mount our horses and prepare to fly for our lives. The old steward left me to watch while he went to saddle the horses, but I determined to stick to my post as long as possible, for what would my uncle do if he returned and found us gone and the Indians in possession? Besides, he had told me to look after the buffaloes, and now they might kill them all.



The City Boy.

I live within a crowded street
Where noisy carts go by
All day and nearly all the night
I hear the din and cry;
But when my work is through
I like to steal away
And look towards an island fair
That lies across the bay.

I see the green trees waving there,
I almost smell the flowers,
And ferries; plying to and fro
Connect that world with ours.
And so the happy people go,
But I must always stay
Upon the damp and grimy dock
And gaze across the bay.

The water here is foul and dark,
But over there it's blue,
Except at sunset when it's gold
And pink, and every hue.
It looks just like the gate of heaven,
I want to sail away,
And play upon the shining sands
Away across the bay.

Just then I saw a far off cloud of dust; nearer it came and nearer; the Indians saw it, too, and under cover of the darkness, they mounted their ponies and made away. To my great joy I discovered that it was my uncle and the cow-boys returning sooner than they expected, and—tall boy though I was—I was soon sobbing in his arms.

My uncle was very much relieved to find that nothing worse had happened, and when I showed him the letter signed by the governor at Fort Wayne, he at once pronounced it a forgery.

In the morning we went to see the dead buffalo. The Indians had stripped off a piece of its hide from its head between the eyes and down the centre of its back. This was the portion evidently required by the medicine man who wished to heal the sick chief, but had it not been for the unexpected arrival of my uncle, I have no doubt they would have taken the rest of the hide, and the best part of the meat, of which they were very fond.

After this thrilling experience, it was some time before I again complained of the dull monotony of ranch life, but after that my uncle always left one of the cowboys in charge of the ranch when he was not able to take me with him.

Children in War-Time

HOWEVER brave a man may be, he is likely to become panic-stricken the first time he is under fire. Children, on the other hand, sometimes show remarkable courage, owing largely to their ignorance of the danger.

During the siege of Lucknow, the children who had grown pale and weak from long confinement in the stifling rooms where they were comparatively safe, were occasionally allowed to play in the courtyards in spite of the danger. Once their swing was carried away by a bomb-shell and bullets pattered about them, but they accepted this all as a matter of course.

In the memoirs of the late distinguished actress, Madame Helena Modjeska, she tells how, as children, she and her brother Adolphe were under fire in Crakon when it was attacked by the Austrians. There was a bombardment and fierce fighting at the street barricades. The children's mother ran into a cellar, telling them to follow, but they did not.

"I will not go to the cellar! I want to see!" declared Adolphe, passionately; and the little Helena, usually so obedient, was possessed by the same intense curiosity, and remained with him. Almost immediately there was a fearful crash, and a shell carried away the iron balcony and made a gaping hole in the wall of the house; then "with a noise like the snapping of whips the rifles began their work."

"Louder and louder grew the shooting, and with it the crash of broken window-glass falling to the floor with the bullets. Adolphe, who ran from one room to another picking up the bullets, pulled me with him to the corner room—the one most exposed to the fire of the Austrians. 'Hide in that corner!' he cried, pushing me forward, and then added, with open pleasure, 'There will be more bullets!'

There were "more bullets," but when she saw a dying man on the pavement, she clung, weeping, to her brother, and both fled to the cellar.

COMPETITION.

For boys and girls under eighteen.
Which is preferable—country life or city life?

For the best letters in answer to this question there will be three prizes: First prize—Any three books, the titles to be selected by the winner from our Library list. Second prize—Any two books. Third prize—One book.

All entries must bear the name and age of the contributor, and be certified as original by parent or guardian. Contest closes Oct. 30th.

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

A British editor says that the Government of the United Kingdom is characterized by "parochial unimaginativeness." At the very worst, Canadians never had a Government with such a complaint as that.

Ontario breathes freely and British Columbia wears a Pacific smile. Sir James will remain the pride of Toronto, and the Honourable Richard is himself again in Victoria.

Port Hope may be a rather quiet town; but we'd rather be there than in Stamboul.

Turkey is at boiling point, says the press. It may turn out a roast.

And Portugal has had a small rising. These republics are the restless little things.

The Duke of Sutherland's yacht appears to be a rather pleasant craft, if you don't mind roughing it.

The trouble in the Balkans looks as if it really might happen.

Some Montreal buildings are said to be sinking into the earth. Architecturally it would not be a calamity if the Legislative Buildings at Toronto were to take a notion to disappear.

The Kaiser is unhappy because there is a prospect of a war in the Mediterranean. Isn't he the gentle soul?

Just as we rejoice that the ice bill is paid, we are made aware that it is necessary to order coal.

There has been a strike in Ireland. Talk of taking coals to Newcastle!

The Ecumenical Conference of the Methodist Church is being held in Toronto. Sir Wilfrid Laurier considers this meeting highly necessary. Toronto souls need saving.

King Manuel is quite busy these days, looking after the interests of his ex-throne.

Baffin's Land is now declared rich in gold. It will probably be annexed to New Ontario.

The Nationalist Party now has an opportunity to enlist in the Turkish army and learn how to conduct a naval war.

"Our Lady of the Snows is not to be sneezed at," says Uncle Sam thoughtfully.

The Plum Tree.

Oh, fair are apple-blossoms
Which sweetly flush and drop;
Fairer the pink blooms of the peach
Which mean a luscious crop.
But of all orchard products
That ripen in the Fall,
The softly-gleaming purple plum
Is hailed the best of all.

Canadians love the maple
Which burns in scarlet hue,
On every autumn hillside,
'Neath skies of clearest blue.
But in our festive Capital
The politicians throng.
To watch the plum-tree bending,
When shaken good and strong.

A Royal Feast.—Dr. G_____, one of the most venerable figures in the Methodist Church of Canada, was speaking at a great banquet in terms of praise of the viands served to the delectation of the clerical guests.

"Never," he declared, "have I seen a finer spread."

The next speaker arose, and, although a learned judge, lapsed into

reminiscence of old days when Cobourg was a college town, describing a forbidden midnight feast, at which the most appetizing dish was fried chicken—which had not been paid for. "Dr. G_____" is mistaken. That spread was finer than any at which we have since sat down. And he must remember it—for he secured the chickens."

* * *

A New Ottawa Industry.—One of the jesters at Shea's Theatre, Toronto, worked off an election joke on an audience last week. He explained that reciprocity might possibly increase the cost of living, and since it was defeated it was found necessary to establish a Bordeng House at Ottawa. The audience had no bricks nor any of last spring's eggs, and the jester is still alive.

* * *

His Ex-Excellency.

Our worthy Governor, Earl Grey, Has packed his goods and sailed away To England's shores, where, home at last,

He'll ponder o'er the glories past Of hunting deer and shooting duck, And all the sport which by good luck Does unto governors befall Who come to reign at Rideau Hall.

He's had a happy, gladsome time In this broad land of pleasant clime, Rejoiced in all the Woodbine's fun Where best of "gees" do swiftly run. Then back to Ottawa he'd go Where Members sit in joyous row; With gracious mien he'd read the speech Which lofty sentiments would teach.

He patronized dramatic art, And took the orchestra to heart, By giving trophies rare and fine Which in our city clubs do shine. He also talked about the care We need concerning good fresh air, That we may keep our lungs all firm, Without tuberculosis germ.

In fact, we found him of the best And only hope that all the rest May find in Canada a home, Like him, who speeds across the foam. May all Grey days be turned to gold, His heart be kept from growing old, His spirit ever full of pluck, Good-bye, Earl Grey—and best of luck!

* * *

Disconcerting.—Ald. J. O. McCarthy, one of the most prominent members of Toronto's City Council, was somewhat disconcerted the other night by the witty interruption of a Hamilton alderman, Dr. Davies, at a dinner given by the Torontonians to the visiting Hamiltonians.

Ald. McCarthy was reminiscing about the last time the two bodies had been together.

"It was a ball game, I believe," remarked the Toronto man, "and I remember that I made a great catch that day."

"What was her name?" queried the Hamiltonian quickly, and there was a laugh all round the table.

Now, if there is one man in Toronto whose reputation is stainless as far as flirtation goes, it is J. O. McCarthy, and the question so upset his oratorical equilibrium that he could not proceed for several minutes.

* * *

At 'Varsity.

The Exhibition's over, Election cries are hushed; The next sensation comes along When "Freshies" green are rushed.

* * *

A Straight Tip.—"What can I do," roared the fiery orator, "when I see my country going to ruin, when I see our oppressors' hands at our throats strangling us, and the black clouds of hopelessness and despair gathering on the horizon to obliterate the golden sun of prosperity?"

"Sit down!" shouted the audience.

A SENSIBLE MOTHER

Proud of our children's teeth, consults a dentist and learns that the beauty of permanent teeth depends on the care taken of the first set.

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THE WILDCATTERS

A Tale of the Cobalt Country.

By S. A. White

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BOOK TWO.

CHAPTER VII.

FOR weeks, up beyond the camps on the Montreal River, Bland and Halycon searched for the lone prospector whom they believed to be Carl. They followed the miners' advice as to what lakes and rivers to ascend for these men had a general knowledge of the geological formation of the land-surface, and were possessed of some idea as to what parts a prospector would be likely to visit. Lewis had written to his partner asking the name of the man, but the partner could not remember, so the two, full of the hope that the solitary man could be no other than Carl, went on their quest without it. Bland, naturally sanguine of spirit, thought it was only a question of days when they should find him, but as two weeks slipped away his high expectations subsided as quickly as they had risen. He could, in any event, spend but a little longer in the search, for his father would need his presence shortly for the autumn business-trips at home. The time came for him to go and they retraced the arduous route back to the camps on Montreal River. From there Jerry went down again to join his father for home.

Clive did not go. He took a fresh supply of provisions which they had caused to be sent in with the miners' shipments, and turned northward again in a last attempt to find the lone prospector. This wild, secluded environment made him forget the pang of his own unfulfillment. Perhaps that was the reason he had not given up the search when Bland did. To wander and rove at the will of the wander-lust made him forget. The nature-love filled his being and eased in a measure the yearning that cried out for the one person in the world who had ever stirred his heart.

Thus Clive Halycon, enduring hardship and labour, which sat lightly on him because of his strength and hunting experience, sought for some sign of the way Carl—if it were Carl—had taken, but he saw not a sign, not even a deserted bough-tent or dead campfire.

When the first brilliant tint of autumn flamed in the leaves Clive gave it up and began to work southward. In a few days he left behind the thickest rock-chasms and hardest portages, coming at last to Lake Scauron, whose outlet was the River Slade. From this the way wound by lakes and rivers, which were quicker of passage, but dangerous at many points. It was late afternoon of a week-end day when Halycon reached Lake Scauron, and scintillating sunset arrows flew down and splintered on its glassy surface, turning the right side of his canoe to gold and merging into a crimson glow where it crept up over his hunting-shirt to the bare, muscled neck. Water, shore and sky made one panoramic range of iridescent blending of amethyst and white fire, mauve and grey, saffron, magenta and dun, woven in unspeakable harmony from the ripple-points to the sheening autumn leaf, from the leaf and reed to the glorious, blazing empyrean above.

The wondrous beauty of it all checked the man's thought as he slowly paddled the length of the lake, and with a sigh he left it for the river current which had its source at the southern end. The paddler would have given much to pitch his night's camp on the margin of this heavenly lake, but a mile ahead, on the River Slade, lay Love's Rapid, a swift, bouldered channel difficult to run on calm days and deadly in foul weather. Halycon was well versed in woodcraft and no woodman would have trusted this calm too far. A change might come in an hour or in a night, and he would rather have the Rapid behind him at sunrise. How the passage got its ironical name no one knows, and though many a hunter or trader has called it Death's Rapid, still the old name clings.

The chasm was not wind-tossed, but yet man-hungry, and Clive Halycon steeled his fingers on the paddle grip when he let the craft slide gently into the head-swirls.

It hung a moment and then shot downward with meteor speed. In the rushing chute the waters showed white fangs between the black rock jaws grasping at the tossing bow. Halycon, with arm, eye and brain alert, plied his paddle in lightning passes, avoiding the granite crags and the tumbling waves.

Brr-o-o-o-m—s-s-wash-h-h! the torrent roared on both sides, striking the perpendicular side walls with foaming

white-caps. The first gulch was cleared with a leap, and he struck the middle eddy. Shaking and lurching the bark its giant clutch drew and tore, but Halycon's great shoulder-strength edged the frail canoe out. Then the full force of mid-stream swept it downward like a cork.

Flying spray went over him in sheets. Flip! Flip! he used the paddle. Boom-m-m! the cauldron boiled. A fierce, wild joy thrilled him through and through. It was the glorying human emotion in battle with the elements.

Flip! Flip! Flip! he skimmed by the last knife-edged reef and, hugging the shore from the whirling surge beneath, shot out in safety through the noisy, bubbling underflow.

"Ha!" he laughed in exultation, wiping the spray from his face. Something tapped the side of his canoe. He scooped his hand out and caught it. It was the blade of a paddle broken near the shoulder.

Halycon gave a quick look about. On the other bank the land ran out in a point and the surly current was buffeting a smashed canoe where it had tossed it on the edge.

"Jove! Someone has run through and been swamped!" Clive exclaimed. With a face of concern he forced his way across. Leaping out and pulling his own canoe out of reach of blows from the surf, he examined the battered craft. It was a total wreck, with a dozen gaps in bow and bottom. There was nothing in it.

"Poor duffer!" was his ejaculation. Turning to go on, a dim foot-scar caught his eye. The ledge of shore was hard but in the hollows earth, mast, and moss had accumulated and in one of these the sprawling mark of a toe was visible. It seemed to have been made by a tapped sole.

Halycon went down on his knees and searched intently. Here was another and another, leading away from the ledge toward the undergrowth. Ah! there the branches were bent aside and the brush was crushed and broken as if something had been dragged through. Halycon strode in. The crackling of boughs underfoot was answered with a groan from the brake to his right.

"This way, friend!" came a feeble voice following on the groan. "I crawled out of that burning sun!"

Clive forced the fern away and saw the man.

His face was bloody and drawn; the hair was matted and the limbs all limp. Even through the partly dry and crumpled garments the twisted knots of swelling indicated breaks. He lay on a bed of moss and tufted reeds.

"I'm done, friend!" he said again before the other could speak. "I am hurt inside as well."

"My poor fellow, you must have hit the rocks hard."

"Just like a cork in that gap! It's a terrible channel. You didn't come down?" he asked.

"Yes, I came down," answered Clive.

The wounded man half rose, but sank back with a face full of pain. "You're a good one!" he groaned.

"Come!" Halycon said. "I must fix you up." He lifted the prostrate form.

"Don't!" the feeble voice expostulated. "That awful sun!"

"It has gone down," Clive said softly.

He was a big man, but Clive carried him out into the open.

In a few moments, under his quick action, a fire was burning briskly.

"It's no use, stranger!" the poor fellow said as he watched him. "I've only an hour or so."

"You'll drink some coffee," Halycon observed. "Then I'll doctor your bruises."

"No, partner, you will not. You know I'm done as well as I do. Own up now!"

He looked Clive in the eye.

"Well," the latter reluctantly declared, "I guess you are. I would like to have cheered you up though."

"That's all right, friend! It's good to have you with me. I rather feel that you're a man. Then that rapid proves it. Say!"—looking at Halycon's bronzed features.

"Say! You've been wandering some yourself?"

"The best part of the summer!"

"Just like me! Women beat the dickens! Don't they?"

Clive drew a sharp breath and bent over the coffee pot to hide his confusion.

"Some do," he admitted.

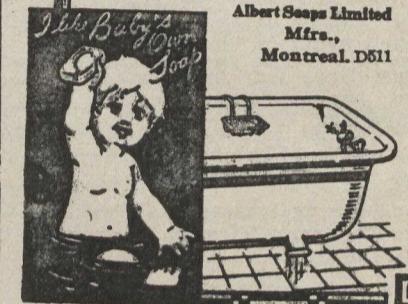
"Beat the dickens!" repeated the weak voice. "Say! is that sun gone?"

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Halycon looked at him anxiously and the other man interpreted the look.

"No! friend," he said, "I'm not off my head, but that heat has burned into my brain all day and I feel it yet. It was just a while ago that I crawled in. It was torture but I couldn't die in that sun."

Halycon moved over to look at him more closely, but the prostrate man waved him back.

"Don't look!" he groaned. "I'm not nice to look at. I was once. At least she said so. I was white, Eastern, groomed and the rest! You know it all. But the rocks have disfigured what the sun, wind and rain had left."

Clive poured out a can of coffee and set it by him. He put the pot on again and lay down beside the fire.

The wounded companion raised his one uninjured arm with difficulty and took a sip of the hot liquid.

It seemed to clear his voice a little. "Women beat the dickens!" he said for the third time. "Did you ever find one that was everything in the whole world to you?"

"Once!" Halycon answered. "That's why I'm here."

"We're a pair! I am here because someone is dear to me. If I did not love her so well I would now be marrying her instead of roaming here."

"What?" Clive asked in wonderment.

"We were engaged for three years," the stranger explained. "I have found out that she does not care."

"Yet she would marry you?"

"Yes, but I love her too well. In the spring, when I saw how things were, I took my canoe and headed for this wilderness, leaving a letter which released her from the engagement. I have been here ever since."

"You are from where?"

"Ottawa. It is hard, stranger, to cherish a dream for three years and then have it slip from your heart."

Halycon's thoughts were far off. He was thinking of his own case. He had dreamed of a love for three months and the awakening was gall. For the moment he forgot his companion. He was back in dreamy, lake-starred, mountain-domed Banff once more. He could hear the hill-songs and the cataract-tunes which they both loved. He could picture the girl in all her loveliness as his soul remembered her. Then had come the night of bitter disenchantment!

A groan abruptly broke his dream. "Friend, give me more coffee!" The tone was weaker.

Halycon obeyed and the pain-shattered voice went on:

"Three years! That awful rapid!" The breathing thickened. The man's mind was really gone now. He raved irrationally.

"Awful sun!" he moaned. "Alice, are you there? Here's a friend who has been good to me. When did you get back from Banff?"

Halycon leaped up at the words and caught his breath. "What?" he cried. "Say that again!"

"Alice, I couldn't marry you. Since you came back you don't care. That awful sun! Say, partner, how did you—miss—the eddy? I've been three years on the rapid. That coffee is good. Thank you, Alice. No, my brain burns. Where—is—the shade?"

The broken ravings of the man's delirium continued. Halycon moistened the baked lips. With the faltering words had come a great revelation and Clive felt a surge of shame at heart. He was the one who had wrecked this man's love-dream. He reproached himself but that could not change anything.

"Good-bye, Alice!" the voice whispered. "It's dark—and no sun! Partner, I say—it's over!"

The last word was but a gasp. A sickening convulsion ran through the frame. Halycon stood looking at the quiet form and the tears dripped down his tanned cheeks.

Then the thought of his obligation to the dead arose. He could not take the body with him, for though the hardest portages were over there were still long ones to make. If his path had been clear waterway it would have been different. Clive smoothed the limbs as naturally as possible, ready for burial, and with his camp-spade dug a narrow grave where the shingle lay piled in a nook of the rocks. He took what few papers and things were in the clothes and bound them carefully together to return to the dead man's friends when he should find them on communicating with Alice Blendon. Engraved upon the sheath of the hunting knife, Clive read the name Charles Hooper.

In a coffin of soft fir branches Halycon laid the body to rest, murmuring a prayer ere he covered it. There in the depths of the wild northland, Charles Hooper found his tomb, and if he could have spoken from the silence perhaps he would have approved. He was laid away in the heart of God's unsoiled country with the wind and wave to sing his requiem, with the moaning pines, whose voices of grief last longer than human sighs, to mourn beside his grave, with the virgin forest for a sacred abbey and with the tribute of great soul to great soul. What, in earthly passing, could be better?

At the camps on the Montreal, Clive told his story. The partner of Lewis confirmed his belief that the dead man was the lone prospector. He remembered now, when the name was mentioned, that the man had called himself Charles Hooper during his two days' stay in the Montreal camps before he pushed on to meet death in the wilderness.

But the partner of Lewis did not know it was the false Charles Hooper whom he had seen.

CHAPTER VIII.

TEN days after Halycon left for the North the bubble, which was in substance CONSOLIDATED DIAMOND COBALT, burst. There was, however, no hue and cry throughout the country. Losers, ashamed of their imprudence, said not a word. In large cities men who had plunged heavily in the watered stock never admitted they had held a cent in the company's shares. It was through no investigation or suspicion of the public that the bubble burst. Public confidence is so serene, so sanguine and so sympathetic that instinctive cunning and innate wariness show forth only after it is too late. There was a man in Cobalt, though, who was watching the proceedings of the company, and it was through him that the swindle was exposed. Robert Ridgeley pricked the bubble of the gang which he had seen operate in mining camps other than Cobalt by airing the "salt" in a weekly letter to the journals. Coming from such a man as Ridgeley, there was no one but knew it was gospel truth, and when a judicial investigation into the affairs of the CONSOLIDATED began, no officer or director of the company was to be found. Theodore, Freeman, Giles and their tool, Jacob Graham, had secretly and hastily departed from Cobalt. Jasper and Jasper had been wise enough, moreover, to lay plans to make themselves safe should their scheme be exposed. They had acted but as ordinary solicitors to an apparently wealthy mining company which engaged their services. Further than that, they knew nothing. They were in no way responsible for the sound or unsound financial condition of the concern, their connection being a purely legal one. So Jasper and Jasper put themselves about not one whit to escape the law as the others had. For them it was unnecessary to do so.

In the large cities, where one knows so little of his neighbour's life, those who lost in the broken CONSOLIDATED could not be easily specified on account of their reticence, but in a small village place, where every inhabitant knows the goings and comings of everyone else, facts like these were open as the day. All persons in the Humber village and surrounding community knew that Henry Thurston was a ruined man and that the Thurston place was mortgaged to the last red cent within a week after the news of the bubble-bursting reached the village. Gossip ran rife and the few enemies of the Thurstons found a fine opportunity of making sarcastic comments and wise reflections. But neither the comments nor reflections altered the case. Henry Thurston was down! The foot of misfortune had trampled heavily. The CONSOLIDATED mined not in silver, calcite, galena, copper or sulphides, but in savings and bank accounts, and the money for allotments did not line their shafts with timber. Instead, it lined the pockets of the men behind the mine. Their bubble had been pricked at last, but not before the pockets were bulging.

CHAPTER IX.

THE streaming afternoon sun of autumn, coming through the vines of the open bay-window, struck aslant Jean Thurston's hair and lighted it all to golden radiance where she stood.

"Mr. Jasper," she was saying, "this is the last time I shall answer that question, and my answer is a decisive 'No!' I forbade you to re-open the subject. It is most embarrassing for me, and, I should think, humiliating to you. I do not want to wound you, but it can never, never be."

Jasper's eyes gleamed maliciously and the blood rose to his face. Along with his many vices he possessed a stubborn pride, and it nettled him that this country girl disposed of his suit with such queenly indifference.

"That is your final decision?" he asked. "You cannot, of your free will, marry me?"

"My final decision!" she answered with emphasis.

"Then I must change that will," Jasper declared. "Since your will is not free I must force it."

Jean Thurston laughed contemptuously. "You talk like the proverbial villain in the play," she said. "I suppose you thought because we have lost nearly all we had that I would rush at the chance of marrying a rich lawyer. Thank you, no! I want neither you nor your money. There is somewhere on the round of this earth a brave, true heart worth all the thousands you can pile together."

"It is Glover. Curse him!" Jasper burst out unthinkingly.

"That will do, sir!" Jean said, going swiftly to the door.

Her hand was on the knob when Jasper cried: "Wait one moment! I have something I wish you to see. I beg pardon for my expression. I forgot myself."

"Be very, very brief," she said coldly. He drew from his pocket a folded paper.

"I ask you once more to marry me. If you refuse, you know the inevitable." He had opened the paper out and held it in his hands before her eyes. It was the mortgage on the Thurston place.

Jean shrank with a cry, but recovered herself imme-

(Continued on page 26.)



More and more women are using our bank for their personal savings. The bank not only offers safety from theft or loss, but removes the temptation to spend money foolishly. There is no way to accumulate the money necessary to purchase some desired article like depositing small sums from week to week.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

C. P. R. Makes Million and a Half Net a Month.

A MILLION and a half net earnings a month seem to be almost incredible figures for a Canadian corporation to reach, and yet such are the figures that the Canadian Pacific Railway are now showing.

Last year's figures are, of course, the biggest the railroad has ever been able to show, and must be taken as an indication of the progress and development that the country generally experienced during that time. The net revenue from railway and steamship lines amounted to approximately \$12,000,000, or, at the rate of \$1,000,000 a month. And the total net receipts from the Land Department and other outside sources amounted to almost \$6,000,000, bringing the total net revenue for the year close to \$18,000,000. In every department the exhibit is a wonderful one, more especially as it is pretty well known that C. P. R. statements, if anything, err on the side of conservatism. Large as are the earnings, they might, if the directors so desired, be made to appear very much more attractive than they are.

The other day a director of the C. P. R. remarked that almost every department of the company's business was contributing its share to the larger volume of earnings the company was now showing. Of course, the company has rounded out its organization in a most effective manner, and with its steamships and railway covering not only every port of Canada, but other of the most important freight centres of the world, its traffic is no longer dependent on any one centre or class of business. The result is that if any particular department were to show a decrease it would be more than offset by the increase that might be possible in others.

As one of the large shareholders of C. P. R. remarked the other day, it certainly looks as though the railway were making so much money that the Directors were finding difficulty in knowing what to do with it. If, however, they need any particular advice at any time, there are, no doubt, a great many who would be able to help them out.

* * * First General Manager of New, Big Bank.

M R. GODFREY BIRD, the manager of the Montreal Board of Trade Branch of the Bank of Toronto, will be the first general manager of the new Banque Internationale du Canada, which has been so successfully organized by Mr. Rodolphe Forget, M.P.

Mr. Bird has been one of the most successful men in the Bank of Toronto, and there is no doubt but that his branch in the Board of Trade at Montreal has proved during the past eight or ten years one of the best money-makers that the Bank has had. Mr. Bird was recently offered the management of the chief office of the Bank of Toronto in Montreal, but his own particular branch had been so successful that he preferred to remain in it, as he was directly in touch with all the accounts of his own branch and knew all about them. It was through Mr. Bird's banking enterprise that the Bank of Toronto secured such large and attractive accounts as those of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company, the Canadian Consolidated Felt, and a large portion of the accounts of Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways.

* * * Big Improvement in Pulp Market.

ALL the larger Canadian Pulp Companies, such as the Laurentide, Spanish River, and Belgo-Canadian, are in a position to benefit to a very considerable extent by the marked improvement which has recently occurred in the pulp market, owing to the demand for the different grades of pulp being very much in excess of what the different Canadian companies can supply. Back about six months ago pulp was selling in the vicinity of \$17 a ton, but now it is around \$22 a ton, and from the way enquiries are coming in from different points in the United States some pulp experts figure that within the next six months pulp may sell at \$28 to \$30 a ton. Of course, such prices mean enormous profits to the Canadian companies, more especially as most of the larger concerns are finding it possible, with better organization and improved machinery, to cut down the producing cost per ton.

* * * Calgary Using a Lot of Cement.

M R. F. P. JONES, the General Manager of the Canada Cement Co., who recently returned from a trip through the greater part of the Canadian West, makes the interesting statement that Calgary at the present time is using a great deal more cement, in proportion to its population, than any other city in Canada. The statement should be regarded as proof of the great building activity there must be in the Western cities, as the past summer has been one of the best in years in the construction line in some of the Eastern cities as well.

* * * British Admiralty Secretary on Canadian Board.

JUST what close attention leading English interests are paying to Canadian enterprises was shown the other day when Sir Innigo Thomas, the Secretary of the British Admiralty, was elected to the Board of Directors of the Sherwin-Williams Company of Canada. Such an appointment is sure to greatly strengthen the position of the company in England, where it is already largely interested by its ownership of the Lewis Berger & Co., Ltd., of London.

The Sherwin-Williams Company of Canada, with the different companies they now own, are the largest paint manufacturers in the British Empire, and the directors intend to extend the company's business gradually so as to reach every section of the immense empire.

* * * Growth of Ontario's Mineral Production.

M INING is a great and growing industry in Ontario. During 1910 the mineral production of that province, according to the report of the Bureau of Mines, just issued, amounted to \$39,313,895, as compared with \$32,981,375 in 1909. Previous years' totals were as follows: 1908, \$25,637,617; 1907, \$25,019,373; 1906, \$22,388,383; 1905, \$17,854,296.



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of Canada
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Being 23.43 per cent. of the premiums received for that period

Profits Earned in				
1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
\$333,325	\$381,146	\$428,682	\$501,922	\$615,083
Profits Earned in per cent. of Premiums Received				
1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
20.9%	21.99%	22.36%	24.49%	27.39%

HEAD OFFICE :
WATERLOO, - ONT.

COUPON.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Reindeer Carriers.

A RATHER peculiar cargo arrived in Edmonton the other day when the Canadian Northern train rolled in from the East. This was a shipment of forty-three Newfoundland reindeer. Let no unsophisticated Easterner think that this shipment was the nucleus of a zoological museum for Edmonton. The reindeer were not intended for educative or ornamental purposes, nor to be shot by gamesters in the city which has made fur fly.

The Government is bringing them to the great Mackenzie land as substitutes for northland dogs, which have hitherto been used as carriers in the north country. Is the trapper behind the fleet limbs of a reindeer speeding through the wilderness would indeed be picturesque. It would be romantic, too; for are not the steeds of Santa Claus, the only fairy prince left to us moderns, reindeer?

The Government purposes stocking

Columbia. She was sure the Eskimos would barter them for some gaudy trifles. She hied to the Hudson's Bay store and bought an ornate pipe for 50 cents, and a pound of tobacco.

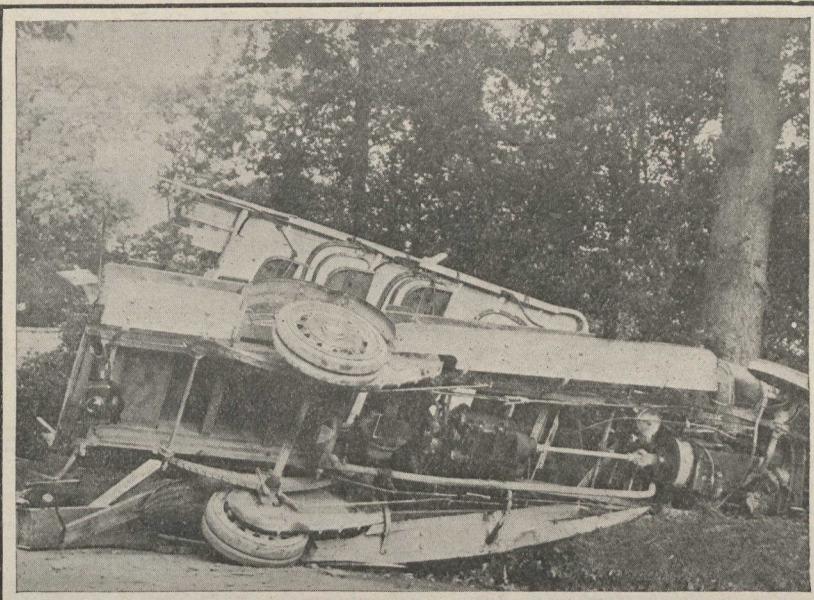
Then she tackled the Eskimo who owned the ivory "nothings." The Eskimo went into ecstasies over the tobacco. But he wouldn't take the pipe. The lady has not told what were the nature of his objections to the pipe. Perhaps, he thought it was stuffed with putty.

He balked, anyway, and the chagrined tourist had to buy a five dollar pipe before the fastidious native would part with his wares.

* * *

A Death Ride.

NEW fangled vehicles of transportation which are beset with dangers to humanity are not all aerial. On this page is a picture of an immense motor bus in a complete state of demolition. It is of a type unknown in Canada; a sort of railroad carriage operating on the public highways. In



CONSETT MOTOR CHAR-A-BANC DISASTER

The inter-urban coach struck the tree on the left at high speed and careered over on its side like a huge dinosaur.

the north country with these reindeer because it is felt that they are better adapted to northern conditions than dogs.

* * *

Sir Daniel Retires.

THE citizens of Winnipeg, the other night, gave a large reception in honour of Sir Daniel Macmillan, who is retiring from the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. The Royal Alexandra Hotel was the scene of the brilliant function. Sir Daniel Macmillan and Lady Macmillan were both present, and were deeply moved by the expressions of cordial esteem with which they were greeted by the citizens of the Capital of the West, who had gathered to pay tribute to a popular governor and a kindly hostess.

The successor of Sir Daniel Macmillan is Mr. D. C. Cameron, well-known as a lumber operator, and Winnipeg Millionaire.

* * *

Aboriginal Commercial Instinct.

THE experience of a British Columbia lady illustrates how modern business instinct is being developed among the aboriginal people of our great north country.

This lady was a tourist—an intrepid one, who had travelled to Fort Macpherson, almost at the top of the world. She wanted curios to take back to her friends as proof of her travelling exploits.

At Fort Macpherson she came upon some ivory carvings in an Eskimo tent. These would be excellent objects to take back and arouse the envy of the feminine, stay-at-home, tea-drinking world at home in British

England and on the continent, municipalities are not far separated from each other. Cities of half a million may be but 20 miles apart. Between such places motor busses of the above type are used to supplement the railroad and electric lines in quick transit. The wrecked car was thundering in its inter-urban run when it struck a tree and turned turtle.

* * *

An Experiment in St. John.

THE Board of Trade in St. John, N. B., believes in Lady Nicotine as a method of stimulating the interest of members in the Board's business.

There are four hundred men who comprise the St. John Board of Trade. That is a large assembly to get together at the regular meetings.

Because many members are absent at roll call, it is thought that a new scheme of turning the monthly meetings into smokers with a prominent man addressing the smoking Board on some live civic or commercial subject, will be effective in increasing the working capacity of the Board.

* * *

Winnipeg's New Hotel.

THE G. T. P. railroad palace hotel project in Winnipeg is in the hands of the architects and contractor. This hostel, to be called the Selkirk, will be on the way up in a few weeks.

* * *

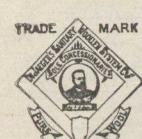
Seventy Years a Priest.

A PLEASING incident occurred in Winnipeg recently. The aged priest of St. Boniface, Father Damos Dandurand, set out on Sunday morning to say his usual mass. He went to

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"Lacqueret" acts like magic in beautifying and preserving old furniture and dingy woodwork, and dries hard over night. Colors will not fade. Very easy to apply. Have you a copy of our entertaining and informing booklet, "Dainty Decorator?" You can have one for the asking.

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Eat simple, nourishing, inexpensive foods and you will be the gainer in health and pocket. The high protein foods, meats, etc., cost the most, are the hardest to digest and hence the least nutritious in the long run. Cut out heavy meats and soggy pastries for a while and eat

SHREDDED WHEAT

Biscuits, the ready-cooked, ready-to-serve whole wheat food—steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the cleanest, finest food factory in the world.

Try Shredded Wheat for breakfast for ten days—served with milk or cream. Easily digested. Keeps the stomach sweet and the bowels healthy and active.

Also deliciously wholesome when eaten in combination with stewed or fresh fruits.

Triscuit is the crisp, tasty Shredded Wheat Wafer—delicious for any meal with butter, cheese or marmalade. Toast in the oven before serving.

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D64

Hospice Tache to care for the souls of 108 orphans of that institution. There he found his children, and an unusual number of sisters and fathers in their black robes.

There was an air of the festival about them all. The faces of the children beamed. The fathers looked kindly expectant. The sisters gazed pensively at the floor.

The hand of the Father of St. Boniface trembled ever so slightly as he conducted the service. He remembered that seventy years ago to-day he had said his first mass in the little chapel at Montreal. To-day he was 93 years old.

On this, his birthday, his parishioners in the throbbing world of Winnipeg had come to do him honor. After mass two tiny tots dressed as cherubs laid a wreath of flowers at his feet. A maiden read an address. Younger fathers took him by the arm and led him to a banquet prepared by the sisters.

THE NEW MINISTER OF FINANCE

(Continued from page 7.)

lately Minister of Labour, graduated, White got out of the University by the B. A. route, taking honours in classics.

The budding journalist, administrator of civic taxation, and college man, now developed visions of the law. He moved across the hall from the Assessment office to the City Solicitor's office. At Osgoode Hall Law School, in the two junior years, he took the first scholarships, and emerged the third year with the gold medal. Among Osgoode students, he was noticed as a promising speaker, scoring heavily once at a mock trial. Mr. White never practised law. Strange, but on the day of his graduation in 1899, Mr. E. R. Wood, financier, whom White had never met before, offered him the management of his new financial house, the National Trust Company. Mr. White has ever since been associated with this corporation.

When not at his desk, he spends much of his time at his beautiful home in Queen's Park. Generally, you may find him in the library recuperating from the maze of financial figuring which is his life downtown. Literature and the University of Toronto, of which he is one of the Board of Governors, are his two hobbies. Mr. White is rather idealistic about libraries. He got these notions from Mr. Goldwin Smith, whom he knew intimately. Sets of books he abhors. Have the choicest books of an author and know them, that is his motto. Of sets he has but one—the Makers of Canada. He says that this work is one of his favourites.

Will he make good? If urbanity of manner, a penchant for hard work, a clear vision of large problems, and an immense accumulated knowledge concerning finance are a good basis for success, then Mr. White will probably succeed. If a Liberal whom chance and a great issue have thrown into another party has the same opportunity to win success within that party as if he had been in it all his life, then this one of the famous "eighteen" will make good. His friends say he is "big" and "brainy," and every item in his career is proof. He is new to parliamentary work, but that won't bother him. He is certainly big enough to say, "I don't know," if it is necessary. He will not bluff success, he will find it fairly or not at all.

D. B. S.

Good Idea.—When William R. Travers was in the directorate of the New York Central Railroad, Jay Gould was running the Erie in opposition, and his management of that system betrayed a constant and intimate knowledge of what was going on in the Central's star-chamber. Commodore Vanderbilt was, naturally, exasperated, and one day, after expressing how helpless he found himself to outwit his rival, he turned to Travers with the query: 'Well, Bill, how can we stop Gould from getting knowledge of what we are doing?"

"W-w-why," suggested the genial wit, 'w-w-why d-don't you m-m-make him a d-d-director of N-N-New York C-C-Central."

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The Fraser Valley of British Columbia is a land far-famed for its fruits and vegetables.

This is the land where \$1000 a year can be made on an acre of ground, where fortunes are made in a few years on five-acre farms.

I sell this land for from \$150 to \$350 per acre, on terms of \$200 cash, balance in five years.

Write for particulars.

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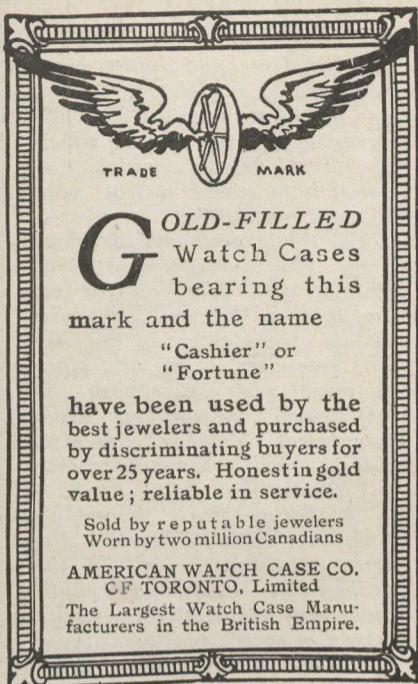
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Cosgrave's Pale Ale

Chill proof. It will not cloud when packed in ice.

Brewed and Bottled only by the Cosgrave Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited.



The S. S. T.

By Donald A. Fraser.

SAINT PETER sate at the Pearly Gate,
As the eager souls flocked in;
And he called aloud the titles proud
They had won in this world of sin.

There were quite a maze of plain
B.A.'s,
And a deal of M.A.'s, too,
While the LL.B.'s, and the Ph.D.'s
Both numbered quite a few.

There were stern M.D.'s, and B.Sc's,
And others many a score,
Till Peter said: "I'm such afraid
My throat is getting sore."

But, when the last of the great had
passed,
Came a maiden, pale and thin,
And a humble smile lit her face the
while
She said, "May I come in?"

Saint Peter gazed at her amazed,
And cried: "Why, Little Miss!
You're rather young to be among
A noted crowd like this."

"O Sir!" she said, in a tone dismayed,
"I know I've no degree
From a college grand; but in Earthly
Land

I have been an S. S. T."

"An S. S. T.?" Saint Peter he
Said he had never heard
Of such a name, "Explain the same
Out plainly, word by word."

"Oh! S. S. T. just means," said she,
"I've taught in Sunday-school;
And so, with these, I'd enter, please,
If it's not 'gainst the rule."

Saint Peter bowed, then called aloud:
"Miss Jenkins, S. S. T.;"
And all inside turned round and tried
A glimpse of her to see.

Saint Peter's word was scarcely heard,
When an angel tall and grand,
Came sailing by those titles high,
And seized Miss Jenkins' hand.

And he said: "My Dear, You're welcome here.
Come forward, if you please;
For the choicest seats in these retreats
Are reserved for S. S. T.'s.

"For the Master knows the hearts of
those
Who've earned their S. S. T.;
And their patient love is ranked above
The college-made degree."

"Tay Pay" a Busy Man

REV. DR. W. T. ALLISON, Professor
of English and History in Wesley
College, Manitoba, who was in Eng-
land this summer, writes thus about
T. P. O'Connor:

One of the busiest men in England
is T. P. O'Connor, M.P. I saw him
lately at a press banquet, sitting next
to Lord Northcliffe. The evening was
warm and he wore an expansive hand-
kerchief to protect his chin from a
stately collar. During the speech-
making he tried to look pleasant, but
it was evident that he was bored. No
doubt he was begrudging those hours
which he could ill spare from his vari-
ous toils.

For cons'der the extent of Tay Pay's
activity. When the House of Com-
mons is in session he has to be in
his place as the representative of a
teeming district in Liverpool. He is
not only an individual member of the
House, but one of the leading spirits
of the Irish party, Redmond's right-
hand man. He is obliged, therefore,
to lie awake at nights planning the
campaign for Home Rule, and when
the funds in the party's war chest run
low he is usually packed off to Amer-
ica on a lecture tour in order to
raise more money to enable the Irish
to keep on fighting.

In these days, when the political
pot is boiling so fiercely, the afore-
mentioned duties would keep even a hard
worker pretty well occupied. But T.
P. O'Connor is gifted with the
versatility of the Celt, and also with a
quality which the Celt too often lacks,



Three-passenger coupe, \$1,300 F.O.B. Windsor. Equipped with electric headlights, combination side and tail lamps; dome light inside; shock absorbers in front; 31 x 3½ inch rear tires; horn and too's. Interchangeable runabout body with Coupe only \$80 extra. Runabout, \$850; Touring Car, \$1,000; F.O.B. Windsor, fully equipped.

Consider the Luxury of this \$1,300 Enclosed

Hupmobile

More Hupmobile coupes were sold last year
than any other enclosed car of its type.
The reason is obvious.

The Hupmobile coupe ceased to be an interesting experiment and became a pleasant certainty two seasons ago.

Consider the coziness and comfort of this enclosed car on sharp, chilly mornings, to and from the office; and back again to the house on wet or wintry evenings.

Consider its convenience for about-town business trips—for the journey to and from the depot; for shopping purposes; for the theatre trips and afternoon calls.

There is not a member of the family from the baby upward that does not partake of its luxury.

And all this at such blessedly small expense. There is no doubt at all but that the limousine is the height of motor car luxury—

If you wish, your Hupmobile Coupe can be convertible into a Hupmobile Runabout for \$80.

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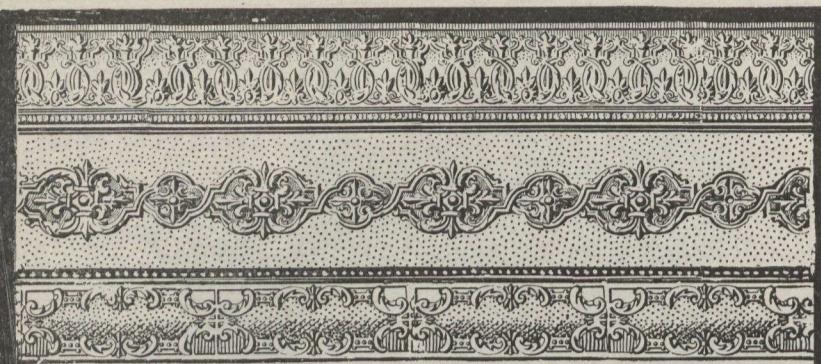
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Send for programme desired.

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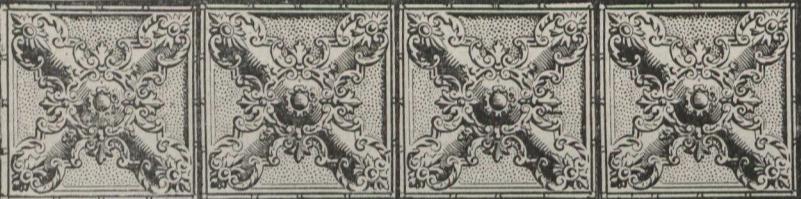
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Preston Steel Ceilings

Not only far more sightly than plaster, but fireproof, damp-proof; non-cracking; washable, just as your bathtub is; and more durable than any structural material in your home or any building you use. Yet they cost not much more than plaster the first year—and by far less year by year.



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The bosom won't wrinkle

In a Negligeé shirt you can sit, stand, stoop, reach, move in any direction; but you wrinkle the front.
Do this, without wrinkling the front, in a

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Semi-Regattas present a dressy appearance unattainable in a soft front shirt.

The bosom of the Semi-Regatta Shirt is lightly lined in half its length.

TRADE
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MARK

To buy one is all you have to do to find out. 13

BERLIN - ONTARIO

a passion for work. So, in addition to harassing political duties, he plies the profession of journalist. Some years ago he founded "T. P.'s Weekly," which has now become one of the best sellers on the news stalls in England and throughout the colonies. The leading article is usually by the editor and is always written in a charming style. In book reviews and literary and political reminiscences Mr. O'Connor is specially clever. Not content with the great success of his weekly, he has now added to his toil by founding a magazine, which he has dubbed "T.P.'s Magazine." During its short life it has already made good, and will no doubt add greatly to the swollen coffers of its owners.

The September number of his magazine gives an example of how this busy journalist can build up a fascinating article with comparatively little labour. I can imagine that he prattled it off in the last half-hour while the press was kept waiting. Racing through the new biography of Napoleon written in German by August Fournier and just translated into English, he selected a number of passages which go to prove that Bonaparte was insane. Thus we have an extremely readable article, entitled, "The Insanity of Napoleon's Genius." Fournier has supplied the raw material, but T. P. O'Connor has done the German deliver a great service by spreading the first of his researches broadcast throughout the world. Happy is the author who has a brilliant journalist for interpreter!

Western Breezines

THE "Editor and Publisher" of a weekly journalistic effort in the Province of Alberta writing to an advertising man in Montreal offering him a position on a newly acquired "Fourth Estate" says:

"Are you married to your position in Montreal? Would you consider taking the advertising on an obscure farm paper? On what terms? I bought this paper a year ago, lacking a few weeks, when it was absolutely dead and putrefying. My nose must have been out of kilter at the time or I would have detected the smell. It printed each week a claim of 6,500 circulation. I found 2,453 after I got through combing. From a news standpoint it was worthless. I braced it up, changed the form, notified the advertising agencies of my actual circulation—and sawed wood. About ten weeks ago I started after circulation and we passed the 6,500 mark (actually) last week. I am putting on 600 to 800 a week just now, and expect to do better when the fairs commence in Alberta. Am trying to get my circulation confined to one particular section. Don't care to have it spread out."

"The paper is just what you see enclosed. The staff consists of myself, my stenographer and a young chap who helps with the mailing and runs errands. I canned my farm "expert" because he couldn't write a lick, and I let my advertising man go because he was NOT an advertising man. Am now negotiating for the best agricultural writer I can get to put out among the farmers, and also a man to take charge of the advertising. I mention all this detail to acquaint you with the conditions as they actually are. You may refer to _____, who have supplied me with paper for the past year, to _____ who prints the paper, and to _____ who makes my cuts. I know that they will all tell you that I do business right and meet my bills immediately on presentation."

A Dry Section.—A travelling man who drove across the country to a little town in western Kansas, the other day, met a farmer hauling a wagon-load of water.

"Where do you get water?" he asked.

"Up the road, about seven miles," the farmer replied.

"And you haul water seven miles for your family and stock?"

"Yep."

"Why, in the name of sense, don't you dig a well?" asked the traveller.

"Because it's just as far one way as the other, stranger."

THE \$500,000

C. N. R. Hotel and Station here, now nearly completed, is but one of the many signs of confidence in Brandon's future which should aid you in arriving at a decision to invest at least part of your savings here.

The tremendous civic development and improvement programme now being carried out is another reason why you should choose Brandon, the City of Certainties, as the best place to invest your spare cash. It will work for you here while you sleep and on Sundays. Safety, security and large profits are assured.

Waverley Park, Brandon's only restricted residential district, crowning the hill in the fashionable West End, beautifully and uniformly treed with hardy maples, and directly in the path of the city's present and future growth, affords you the rare combination of absolute safety and assured profits in the immediate future. At present for every outside buyer I can show seven local investors—a distinction rarely enjoyed by western subdivisions and probably the best and most convincing endorsement of the exceptional merits of Waverley Park that I can offer.

I am mailing free to all who ask for it a beautifully illustrated booklet of Brandon, in which I have done my best to point out to ambitious young men one of the roads to success. These roads are few and hard to find—and harder still to travel. I know something about one of them. Write me to-day.

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Bank of Hamilton Chambers
BRANDON, : CANADA

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DAVID WESTLAKE'S ULTIMATUM

(Continued from page 12.)

in an exquisite gown of silk upon which gleamed here and there costly clusters of jewels. They were both laughing merrily as the figure in the travelling coat moved forward. He stopped beside them, and, touching the girl's arm, whispered only one word in a trembling voice—"Nursie!"

The girl looked at him, and immediately her gaiety vanished. The merry smile disappeared, and the rosy features blanched white. She uttered no word, but, as if compelled by some superhuman agency, rose and followed David Westlake out of the room and into the waiting motor-car. So quickly did the whole incident pass that Sir Frank Gilbert never spoke, but, as he found himself alone with the eyes of all turned upon him, he slipped on his coat and quietly left the room.

Meantime the car containing David Westlake and Mabel Hamilton sped on through the streets. For a few seconds neither spoke, but all at once the man spoke and said sternly, "Have you nothing to say to me, Mabel?"

She hung her head for a moment and then raised her face with a forced smile as she stammered, "Why—I am glad to see you back again, David; but why—why didn't you let me know? I would have met you at the station, or at Liverpool."

He laughed scornfully and turned his face away as he retorted bitterly, "Would you really have given up the supper at the Savoy to come and meet me?"

The shot went home, and the girl sank back upon the cushions trembling and ashamed. She did not answer his question, and the silence remained unbroken for several painful moments. Then the man seized her hand, and drew her to him. His eyes gazed searchingly into hers as he whispered: "Do you still love me?"

She looked at him with fear in her eyes, and answered, brokenly: "Yes, yes! But I don't understand. What do you mean? What is wrong? You look so white and worn and strange."

Closer he pressed her to him until their lips met, and then, as she shrank back into the corner of the car, quivering with the passion which his kiss aroused, he whispered hoarsely: "Do you love me, Nursie? Will you come back with me to New York on Saturday—away from all this mad life that is dragging you from me?"

Her eyes fell before his gaze as she murmured: "No, no—I cannot. It is impossible."

He sank back in his seat without a word, and then he caught hold of the speaking-tube and shouted to the driver: "To the Hotel Metropole." The car turned at the next corner, and as it sped back into the centre of the city David Westlake took the hand of the girl beside him, raised it to his lips, and kissed it passionately. "I am going back by the Franconia on Saturday, Mabel," he said. "I think you know why I want you to come with me at once. Think over it, and decide as you like, but remember, if you do not come with me, you will neither see me nor hear from me again."

Just at that moment the hotel was reached, and, with a last glance at the trembling, white-faced girl whom he loved, David Westlake opened the door and swung out into the street. "Drive this lady to Kensington Park Road," he said, quietly; and, as the car moved off, he lifted his hat and walked on into the hotel.

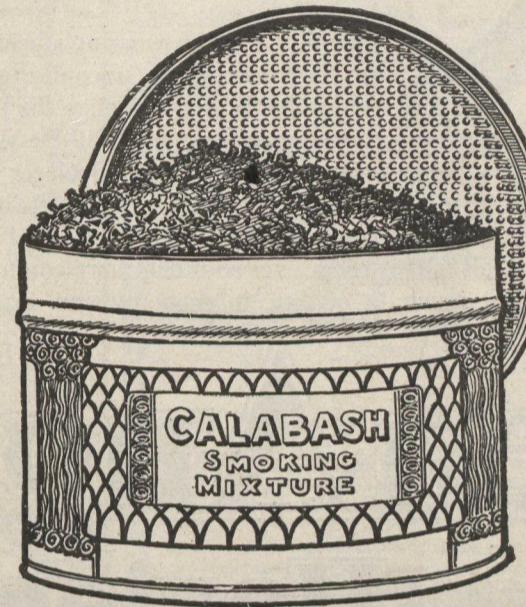
It was a bleak, murky night, and as the Franconia crept down the Mersey towards the sea few passengers remained on deck. On the promenade only one figure was to be seen—a man who, heedless of the thin drizzling rain which was quickly soaking through his coat, walked restlessly up and down. Once he stopped to light his pipe, and as the tiny flame flared up it threw into prominence the features of David Westlake—features which had impressed upon them the marks of a wild despair. He moved to the side, and, as the great liner swung steadily out to sea, looked

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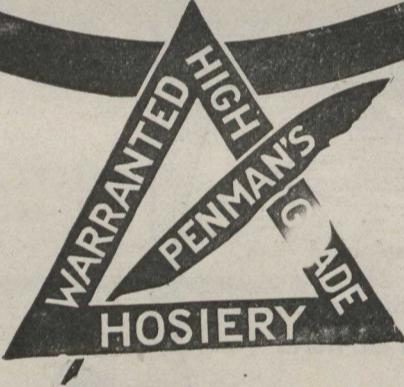
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Hosiery**

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down at the hissing trail of waters which she left behind. The throb of the engines sounded drearily in his ears, the wind, too, whistled weirdly, and the waters seemed to sweep past the sides of the ship with a hiss of anger. A sigh escaped the lips of the man, and was torn away by the wind, as he turned and resumed his lonely walk along the promenade.

All at once he stopped. He was not alone, then! Another figure loomed in sight, moving silently towards him. He advanced to meet it, glad at the thought of any companionship which would rid his mind of the thoughts which were torturing him. Nearer, and yet nearer, moved the other figure, and as its outline became more distinct a cry of wonder sprang to his lips. He rushed forward, and tore the shawl from the head of the woman who was advancing towards him. A white, quivering face was revealed which sank upon his breast, as a cry reached him above the sound of wind and waves—"David, forgive me. I do love you still!"

And through the shriek of the storm an answering whisper reached her ears—"Nursie, my love!"

THE WILDCATTERS

(Continued from page 19.)

dately. "It is a forgery," she said fiercely. "You wretch! Mr. Mackay holds the real one."

"No, my pretty lady," the lawyer answered. "This is the real one. Mr. Mackay did hold it. He does not now, for I do."

"Oh!" she interposed. "He would not part with it. He told father he could have as long as he wished to redeem the place. He was so lenient."

"He would have been a very great fool not to part with it. My lady, that slip of paper cost me a thousand dollars more than its real value. But that is nothing. I would give many thousands for you. Be assured that this is the mortgage on your place! For a thousand advance and the assurance that I would be as lenient as himself, Mr. Mackay parted with it."

"To a scheming wretch!" Jean cried impetuously.

"Hold!" said Jasper. "I am not such a schemer as you think. I am even more lenient than Mackay. Give me a favourable answer and I destroy the mortgage! I shall give your father a clear title to his place again. They shall have the home that has always been in the Thurston name to do as they wish with it."

"And for that I must give you my heart, my love, my life? I must sell it to you? You know it is given elsewhere. Oh! you villain, you have schemed for this. You bought the mortgage so that you could do it. If I refuse?"

"I shall foreclose."

Jean dropped her head in her hands with heart-broken sobs. "Drive them out?" she moaned. "My poor father and mother! You will take their cherished home, the spot that is next to heaven to them? Oh! what manner of man are you?"

"It is the only way," Jasper grimly remarked. "You need draw no harsh pictures of what might be. One word from you and it all remains as it is. Nothing could be simpler. Which shall it be? Will you marry me—or not?"

"Oh! I cannot think! I cannot say!" the wretched girl sobbed. "Leave me. Give me time. Give me a—a—month!"

"You will decide sooner," Jasper said, "but we will say a month to please you. You can answer me then?"

"Yes, yes, but leave me. Go—" she pleaded.

Jasper went away with a cold smile of victory on his face. His was a double triumph. He had won against all odds and, more than this, it was a sweet revenge on Glover.

Jean leaned on the table in the silent room with her face hidden in her arms.

"Carl, Carl," she sobbed, "if you were only here! Even Clive is away, away in the lone north. Oh! Prince, why didn't you come? I need you so."

(To be continued.)

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