

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Book Number

Canadian Books of 1911
By MARJORIE MACMURCHY

Books and By-ways
By JEAN GRAHAM

The Sweetening of Ezra
Sankie's Pot
By ARTHUR STRINGER

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

What One Boy Thinks of Gurney-Oxford Stoves

THE prompt call to dinner is a welcome sound in this boy's ears, and meals are always on time since his mother got this new Gurney-Oxford Range.

It saves him bother and chores, too. He seldom has to split any kindling--that wonderful Economizer is such a good way to *hold the heat* that the fire lasts for hours and yet burns very little fuel--much less than any stove they ever had before.



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This youngster's enthusiasm is echoed by grown-ups in every family where a Gurney-Oxford Range is used.

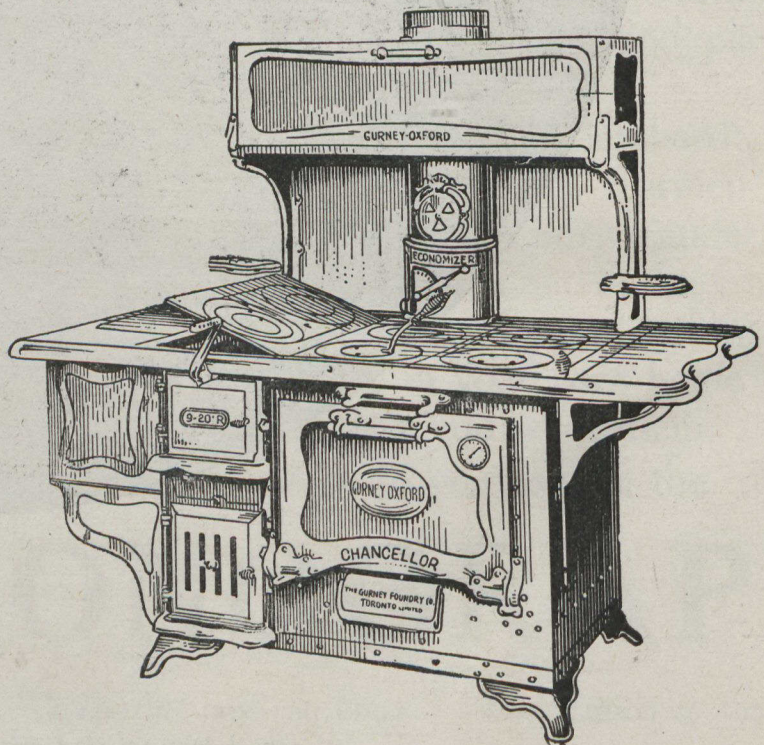


Its exclusive patent device, the **Oxford Economizer**, saves not only fuel and time but food values, because of the slow simmering possible without stirring or attention. It is a good ventilator, too, and takes the cooking odors up the chimney.



In short, **Gurney-Oxford Ranges** represent the highest present day development in stove making. Simple and strong in construction; reliable and easy in operation; and in outward show, shining, spick and span, this Gurney-Oxford range is an ornament as well as a necessity to any kitchen.

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. X. TORONTO NO. 26

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Editor's Talk

THIS issue brings to a close Volume 10 of the "Canadian Courier." Five years ago next week the "Courier" was first published. The transitions of five years on this paper have been necessarily parallel to the evolution of the country to which it belongs. There is but one reason for this necessity. The "Canadian Courier" has made a consistent and persistent and successful effort to portray in word and picture the growing epic of Canadian development. And if one should take time to go through the files, he would find in the records of those ten volumes more illustration of the varied life of this country than could be found in the archives of any other paper in America. But there is no time to dig into the past. Our present business is to deal with the problems of the future. Some day when we have nothing else to do we may appoint an archivist. At present we are too busy.

The growing popularity of the "Canadian Courier" has been emphasized by some incidents which have attracted the attention of the business editor. He reports that during the past few weeks one subscriber sent a cheque covering four years' subscription to this paper, and three others sent remittances each covering three years. Curiously enough all these subscribers reside in Western Canada, a distinct proof that the national feeling is as strong in that part of the country as in any other portion of the Dominion.




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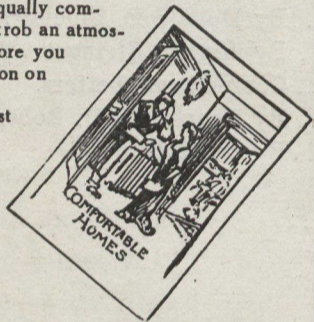
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IN LIGHTER VEIN

Up-to-Date.—"In 'strained circumstances, is he not?"

"Yes. He confesses that it is about all he can do to keep the wolf out of the garage."—Puck.

* * *

The Tourist Pace.—"I once saw," writes the author of an article in Scribner's, "a tourist party of our fellow-countrymen hurried through the Louvre, with an impatient cry on the part of the conductor: 'Now, ladies and gentlemen, you haven't time to stop to look at anything! Just walk on as fast as you can! This gallery is an eighth of a mile long!'"

It was only last summer that a motor car was driven rapidly to the portal of Wells Cathedral; the American at the wheel jumped out, crying: 'Now you do the inside, and we'll do the outside, and it won't take us more than fifteen minutes!'

A friend of mine tells of an American lady who once rushed up to her in the Vatican, asking breathlessly: "Can you tell me—have I seen the Pantheon?" The response: "Madame, you must know that better than I," brought a second swift question: "Has it a hole in it?" The admission that it has a hole in it elicited a quick sigh of gratitude. Then, said the tourist, with the relieved air of one who has one dash the less to make—then she had seen it."

* * *

The Hero Unrewarded.

I met her where the busy crowd
Surged madly in the noisy street;
Her face was fair, her bearing proud,
But, oh, her fitting smile was sweet.

I saw her danger ere she knew
That harm was near; with quick-
caught breath
I took her in my arms and drew
Her from the very jaws of death.

Her look was proud, her face was fair,
Her voice was rich and sweet and
low;
Her father was a millionaire—
I learned that she was married,
though.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

* * *

Beating the Bank.—Frenzied finance is not exclusively a habit of recent years. At the Riggs National Bank in Washington there is carefully guarded proof of the foregoing assertion. Regarding the proof, there is told this story: One winter morning, Henry Clay, finding himself in need of money, went to the Riggs Bank and asked for the loan of \$250 on his personal note. He was told that, while his credit was perfectly good, it was the inflexible rule of the bank to require an indorser. The great statesman hunted up Daniel Webster and asked him to indorse the note.

"With pleasure," said Webster. "But I need some money myself. Why not make your note for \$500, and you and I will split it?"

This they did. And to-day the note is in the Riggs Bank—unpaid.

* * *

Noisy Uniform.—During the recent visit of President Taft and several Governors to the Hutchinson Fair, the officers of the Kansas National Guard, including the Governor's staff, appeared in full uniform. Senator Charles Huffman, of Columbus, regimental surgeon, among others was togged out in all the gold braid and brass buttons that go with a regimental uniform. On the morning that Taft arrived Huffman went into a barber shop to get shaved. He drew a chair presided over by a rather loquacious barber. After discussing the weather and the President and the fair and other things, the conversation began to lag.

Finally the barber took another spurt with his mouth, and after admiring Huffman's uniform and gold braid and brass buttons, asked: "How many pieces in your band?"

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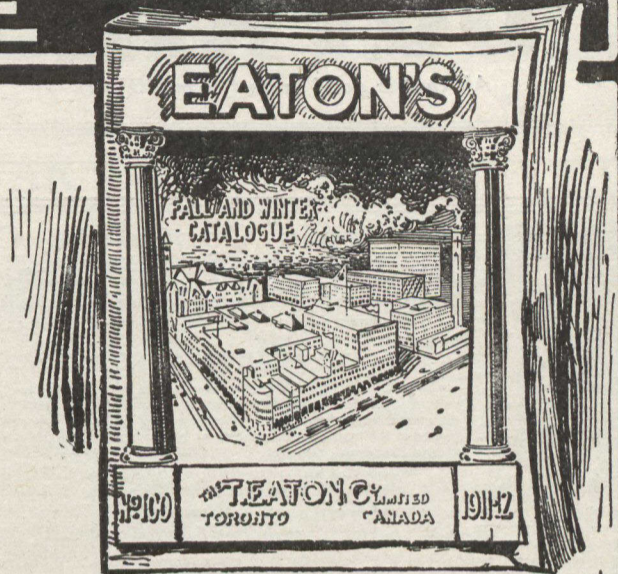
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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of the Bank has been declared for the current quarter and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after the 2nd day of January next to the Shareholder of record of 15th December, 1911.

By order of the Board,

STUART STRATHY,
General Manager.

Toronto, November 3rd, 1911.

NATIONAL TRUST CO. LIMITED

J. W. Flavelle,
President

W. E. Rundle,
General Manager

Executor and Trustee Under Will

CAPITAL AND RESERVE	\$ 2,700,000
ASSETS UNDER ADMINISTRATION	\$25,000,000

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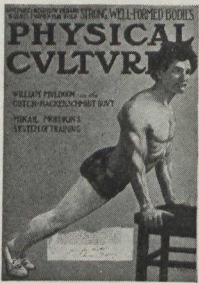
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Concerning Stories

(From The Argonaut.)

IT is said that every novelist in the English-speaking world has contributed at least one work of fiction to this year's list, and the list itself is cited in confirmation. Never before was there such prodigious activity among the fiction makers. We must suppose either that the majority of the authors are willing to write for the smallest remuneration or that the novel-reading public is reading more than it ever did before. Perhaps the truth lies half way between the two theories.

Only the most placable of critics can observe the results without pessimism. On the one hand we have the dead levels of mediocrity. On the other hand are the lower levels of nastiness, prurience, and the evil brood that may be classed under the name of problem novels. There are, of course, some few notable and shining stories that stand out like oases in the desert, but they may be counted almost upon the fingers of one hand. Also there are some few honest stories of romantic adventure well and truthfully told, and some of the lesser novels, while without a ray of genius, are yet based upon wholesome and universal sentiment and are good to read. The sociologist of the future will wander wonderingly through the fiction of to-day and he may mercifully decide that we could not have been quite so bad as we seemed.

But on the whole the short story is a greater offender than the novel, and unfortunately the short story is still in the heyday of its popularity. To a great extent the short story in its present form is an expression of the weariness of the day that is incapable of the continuity of attention demanded even by the weakest novel. But it is more than this. It is an expression also of the profligacy of the day that demands the arousing of some evil animal passion as a counter irritant to greed and cupidity. Its animating theory is the repudiation of restraint and the glorification of gratified impulse. It assumes that the attainment of pleasure, and usually of a vicious and passionate pleasure, is the aim of life and the justification of every evil course. The short story might easily have become one of the most powerful agencies for good that the human mind has ever produced. It has been made a vehicle for general debauchery. Its writers no longer try to express themselves. Their only ambition is to express and to aggravate the lusts of the majority.

To see how true this is we have but to glance at some of our most popular weeklies and monthlies. During the last few years their progress has been an undeviating descent into hell. Their dominant note has become that of animal passion.

The excuses that are made are almost too transparent for refutation. Literary art, we are told, must deal with the facts of life. That is true enough. It is true of all art. But are we then to suppose that the facts of life chosen by the literary artist must always be the unclean and the ugly facts of life. Are we to assume that life is represented by the divorce courts, by marital infidelities, by unbridled lusts, by naked and unashamed passions, and by the miseries that follow them. What should we think of the picture gallery that contained nothing but picture of sewers, drains, gutters, and garbage cans? All these things may have their place in art, but they are not art in themselves unless they are used to emphasize a contrast. But there is no contrast in the indecency of modern fiction. It is indecent for the sake of being indecent.

There is another class of short story that perhaps is still more pernicious because it lacks even the wretched parody of romance and sentiment that is used to gild the problem novel. It glorifies dishonesty instead of passion, and its hero is a thief instead of a rake. To "get rich quick" is the one ideal of these stories, and to get rich not by adding to the wealth of the nation, but by processes best described as swindling within the law.

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The CANADIAN COURIER

A National Weekly.

Vol. X.

November 25, 1911

No. 26

SCENES FROM THE TURCO-ITALIAN WAR DRAMA AT TRIPOLI



Two Arabs accused of mutilating Italian soldiers. Both were ordered to be shot.



Arab, sentenced to death by the Italians, confessing to a Turkish officer.



Arab prisoners roped together being conducted into Tripoli.



Wounded Italian brought to Tripoli after a battle.



At the open-air court-martial the German Consul's Arab servant was sentenced to death.



Italian soldiers firing on a prominent Turkish residence.

The Sweetening of Ezra Sankie's Pot

One Can't Divide Humanity Into Bad Breeds and Good

By ARTHUR STRINGER

CHEYENNE, MACCALLUM, the "bad man" of Jackpine Creek, had invaded Teet Brule's smoke-hung bar-room in quest of an old cigar box. He carried with him, in the crook of his great arm, a young pup that shivered and whimpered against his moose-hide jacket. When its whimpering, every now and then, would rise and break into an open and mournful cry of pain, Cheyenne would blaspheme solemnly and movingly, and reiterate still again just what he would give to get his hands on the unsanctified son of misery who would break a young dog's leg that a-way.

As Cheyenne was known to be the freest-handed blackleg west of the Dirt Hills his challenge was accepted in silence, and the quiet care and solicitude with which he improvised a pair of splints, and bound up the wounded fore-leg, was watched with something that might be said to approach awe.

"Who'd ever think," said Black Sauriol, as the door closed once more on the giant in moose-hide and his whimpering charge, "o' Cheyenne MacCallum a-goin' round wet-nursin' a six-week-old-she-mongrel that a-way!"

Timber-Line Ike, drying his beaded mocassins in the box-stove glow, looked at Black Sauriol with heavy disdain.

"What I allus told you short-horns," he said, slowly, leaning back and linking his stubby red fingers over his gorilla-like chest. "There's one fact I allus laid out, and I allow I allus will. And that fact is, there's no good wastin' time tryin' to divide this here corral o' humanity into the breed that's good and the breed that's bad. For somewhere you'll allus find enough good in the meanest speerited cuss that ever stole a blanket from a sick squaw, or mebbe enough bad in the neatest-prayin' sky-pilot that ever thought he was a-ropin' down the flesh and the devil and Jackpine Creek altogether, to show you that you're calculatin' on something that's about as uncertain as a Chinook wind."

"Which all is, mebbe, goin' to give the Almighty an uncommon shock, when it comes to a show-down for the good points concealin' themselves in a few citizens along this here crick-bed," commented Black Sauriol with placid disgust.

Timber-Line Ike twiddled his short red thumbs, ruminatively.

"Mebbe so; mebbe so!" he acquiesced, in his slow and deliberate wisdom. "But such bein' the Almighty's line o' snufflin', mebbe He'll git as much good out o' the black cards as the others, a-fore the end of the game. I've seen good men go bad, and now and agin I've seen bad men bein' good. Which same reminds me some forcible of a lesson what come home to me, 'bout the time I was cuttin' my eye-teeth, same as you, Sauriol!"

And this it was that prompted Timber-Line Ike to tell what he knew of Ezra Sankie and his pot.

"These here procedin's took place some time after our old friend, Montana Bill, instituted them sun-parlors and mud-baths o' his up on Cone Peak—Bill called it a sannytarium. And I allow, after hittin' on them medicinal springs, and gittin' that sunny little shelf o' rock six thousand feet up, for lungers, and ropin' in a mild and trustin' tenderfoot for the cost o' puttin' up that palatial health-joint, I allow that Bill ought to have lived a fat and easy goin' life. But this sannytarium business is a heap more complicated than steer-herdin'. Leastaways, Bill saw that, when he got that health-joint goin' full swing and let his eye dwell on the specimens o' maverick that kept wandering up to take the cure. Bill tumbled to that fact, all right.

"The first patient what wanders up into Bill's secluded little sun-parlors was a foot-hill card-sharp who'd got a bullet through his lung for playin' a five-ace deck, across the Line. He was a quiet and feeble enough cuss, payin' handsome for all extras, and puttin' in his first three weeks alone playin' 'Frisco solitaire with hisself.

"Then along ambles the second patient, a yellow-faced granger with only one ear, who said he was lookin' for solitudo and rest. Which, I allow, was some true, seein' he was wanted for shooting a Arizona sheriff, and had been chased up across the frontier twenty-two hundred miles, by his unforgettin' Uncle Sam. This second patient o' Bill's went by the name o' Tune Up Tidmarsh, and it weren't so long before him and Creepin' Kolker, the first-comer, were puttin' in twelve hours a day playin' cut-throat poker.

"That third patient o' Montana Bill's came along kind o' unexpected and sudden. He was a Eastern tenderfoot answerin' to the name o' Judge Wimble, and I allow he was the fattest thing our friend Bill ever squaw-cinched on to Cone Peak. He carried about three hundred o' beef *aparejoed* inside his saddle-girths, and Bill's side partner headed him off from Banff with a mitful of Saskatoon talk about those Cone Peak mud baths. This here Judge Wimble, havin' soaked in about forty years o' extra high livin', was carryin' round with him a genteel combination o' king's-evil and gout. And on off days, when his leg was bad, he could hand out about as high-spiced and well-browned a line o' profanity as you ever tried to strike a match on! Not that this here old judge's cussin' was mean and vindictive—not for a minit. There was something round and mealy and ripe about that old man's swearin'. Cusses just seemed to fall out o' him, like big ripe apples out of a old apple tree. And seein' he was weighted down with ready dust, payin' his four bits twice a day for these here mud-baths o' Bill's, he was given all the rope he wanted, keepin' Creepin' Kolker and Tune-Up Tidmarsh some busy squarin' up their three-handed cut-throat account every night, with Bill sittin' up meek and patient to put out the lights.

"But that Cone Peak poker outfit never got into fair and open sailin' until Bill's next patient ambles along, in the shape of a Southern sport by the name o' Captain Jade. This here Captain Jade had seen about as much high-livin' as old Judge Wimble, I allow, but it took the captain different. With him it was a high-grade lode o' rheumatism, with out-croppin's o' treemers. He'd been shootin' mountain sheep back in the hills, and landed on Bill's health-joint with an extra equipment o' lumbago, through sleepin' in jackpine wind-breaks without lickerin' up sufficient. He was lean and wiry and fine-wrinkled about the corners o' the eyes and mouth, and as bald as a hard-head. When he told a yarn he allus laid back and cackled like a hen who'd just dropped a egg. But when it came to a show-down in the line o' cussin' he ran this here Judge Wimble a uncommon close second. Only the captain's cussin' was different: sour and sharp and cuttin' as alkali topped off with a flavorin' o' blue-stone.

"But Montana Bill wasn't doin' any kickin' those days. He just laid low and watched his wad gettin' fatter and fatter, givin' the best corner o' his sun-parlor over to these here unregenerate old growlers, a-watchin' the four of 'em make for that poker table first thing every mornin', and waitin' for the last hand to be dealt round at night, before puttin' out the lights. When they cussed over the grub, Bill swallowed it meek. When they smoked in bed and burnt holes in the sheets, Bill let it pass. When the old judge, bein' uncommon heavy, broke another chair, Bill just chalked it down agin his account and said nothin'. Bill was mighty glad these here four patients o' his were provin' so congenial, and gittin' so much fun out o' their poker, seein' there was nothin' to do at Cone Peak but sit and look at seven miles o' rock and jackpine, or walk round and bet on the weather.

"THEN Bill's side-pardner sent in word he was forwardin' another patient, a genoine lunger, payin' spot cash for five weeks' treatment. But if Bill 'd been told they were sendin' a woman up to Cone Peak for five weeks he wouldn't have worried more'n he did about the comin' o' that fifth patient o' his.

"For this here newcomer, Bill finds, was nothin' more nor less than first remove to a parson, bein' a young professor o' homiletics out of a down-East gospel joint. And Bill saw, first throw o' the rope, that his broken-down sky-pilot was a-goin' to be some uncongenial to that gang o' sulphur-eatin' poker-players. But seein' it was too late to renigg, Bill goes over to the card table, some solemn, and tips off his four patients as to what's comin'. He likewise lays out, some tearful and appealin', how he's hopin' old friends aint a-goin' to desert him in the hour o' trial.

"Judge Wimble, bein' asked by Tune-Up just what line o' graft a doctor o' homiletics dealt in, explained, some learned, that this partic'lar science dealt with the fundamental principles o' public discourse and vocal rope-throwin' in general.

"Which means," says Creepin' Kolker wearily, 'we're goin' to be discoursed to continual'

"And which also means," says Tune-Up Tidmarsh, 'that I ventilates with thirty-eight caliber orifices the cuss who opens fire on me about this here soul o' mine!'

"But when this here broken-down sky-pilot turns up at Cone Peak Bill lays off sittin' up nights apprehendin' that talk menace. For Bill and his four growlers sees first cut o' the cards, that for a man whose trade had been the scientific teachin' of the art o' public discourse this here Professor Ezra Sankie was about as quiet and silent and all-round retirin' a cuss as ever wore shoe leather. There was six foot two o' him, but he was rolled out so uncommon thin that you could a-knotted him up into a hoss-hair cinch. He was kind o' pale and sallow and hungry-appearin' in the face, mighty solemn and sad-lookin', I allow. He had a queerish pale and plaintive eye, too, and a protoodin' Adam's-apple that worked up and down, some visible, when he was devourin' his grub. Which same always gave the four growlers the jim-jams, every meal time. But he was about as all-round' unoffendin' a sky-pilot as ever put on a collar backwards, and as that poker gang sized him up, in his long and shiny black coat, faded out into a kind o' gentle green, with the cloth gone off the buttons and the metal worn bright round the edges, why, I allow they were unanimous in decidin' they'd allow no special dust bein' kicked up about their sportin' proclivities.

"FACT is, from the first day this here sky-pilot appears in Bill's sun-parlor they starts bullyin' him round, stickin' out for their rights.

"This here crow-bait angel-buster," says Tune-Up, the first mornin', as he shuffles the deck and deals round some ostentatious, 'reminds me of a snake-fence decked with moss!'

"Kind o' reminds me of a lost hound, wanderin' round that-a-way!" says Captain Jade.

"Reminds me of a codfish!" says Judge Wimble, cussin' round good and audible, just so 's to establish a workin' precedent.

Then they goes on with their game, 'special noisy and pr'fane, slingin' out their chips and rakin' in their dough, with the sky-pilot a-settin' in one corner o' the sun-parlor as quiet and unoffendin' as a lost cat, havin' his spells o' bad coughin' now and then, and takin' his temper'ture about every half hour.

"Twasn't until well on in the afternoon that the old judge did any verbal quirtin' about this. But bein' peevish through losin' his pile to Tune-Up, on a jack-pot that was runnin' greenbacks over the table-edges, he lets out some sudden.

"I wish you wouldn't smoke that darned thermom'ter round here all day in my face!" he yells out, with a bang on the table.

"Which same makes the sky-pilot jump a good six inches up in the air. Then he flushes up, kind o' red and hot, and apologizes meek and gentle, layin' out that he'd try not to offend 'em in the future.

"Fact is, this here sky-pilot's offendin' took an altogether different and unlooked for trail. Which same was due to his prayin' aloud, when he turns in. And seein' as Montana Bill hadn't expended any unnecessary labour and wealth in puttin' up that health-joint o' his, just kind o' blockin' off the bedrooms with quarter-inch green pine, allowin' plenty for ventilation, these here four old gamblers are some electrified that night by hearin' a long and eloquent prayer goin' up to the Almighty for their unregenerate souls. And mebbe it didn't leave those sulphur-eatin' side-winders kind o' weak and gaspin', lyin' there hearin' theirselves described to the Almighty so plain and explicit and unvarnished. Which same brings 'em down to the next day's game kind o' quiet and constrained, not sayin' anything about this here prayin' they'd been overhearin', quite accidental.

"But they'd taken their stand, and they stuck to it. They allowed no interferin' with their gamin' and they kept on tyin' their all-round cussedness with a lariat o' well-braided swearin'. Which same the sky-pilot, sittin' meek and quiet in his corner, says nothin' about. But that night he prays ag'in, long and earnest and eloquent, for them four poor mortals whose souls is blackened with sin. And them four mortals overhears the same, breathin' hard, and writhin' down under the blankets and feelin' like a bunch o' greasers with a neck-girth on.

"And while sufferin' that a-way, all the rest o' the week, these here four old Piutes is studyin' out, silent and secretive, just how to side-flume that cataract o' chillin' solitudo. But they spot no trail a-leadin' out o' this blind canon until about the fifth day. Then I allow the sky-pilot can't stand the all-fired quiet and lonesomeness o' that corner o' his no longer. So he takes a look at the game

(Continued on page 28.)

THROUGH A MONOCLE

CAN WE AFFORD TO BE "INSULAR?"

I ALWAYS hesitate to call the attention of my fellow-Canadians to anything which goes on outside of their own country and which is not translatable into "more immigrants" or a flattering assurance of their superiority to the rest of the world; for I too often find that they are not interested. Can it be that we are "insular?" The term "insular" was adapted by the people of the Continent of Europe to describe the lack of knowledge and interest shown by the inhabitants of Great Britain in her palmiest days in Continental affairs; but it will generally be admitted that the average Englishman is a keen and industrious student of both Continental and World politics when contrasted with the average Canadian. He has to be. The poor old Mother Country would have been submerged long ago if her voters had gone "blinkered" with the sweet contentment so common with my countrymen. And yet the British Foreign Office has trouble enough, in all conscience, with those sections of the electorate which it must please who are always engaged in some sentimental crusade or other with little reference to the needs of British policy or the limits of British power.

* * *

HOWEVER, I have decided to venture asking the "forwards" who read THE COURIER to consider so important a development in world-politics as an entire change in the alignment of the nations, and, consequently, in the balance of power. This—in a word—is found in the passage of Italy from the Triple Alliance to the Triple—or is Quadruple now?—Entente. The adhesion of Italy to the two Germanic Empires has been more or less dubious for some time, it is true. It always was an unnatural alliance; but, when France was hostile, it was the sole possible guarantee of Italian safety. But for years now, France has been friendly; and the *rapprochement* between France and Britain has made it easier for the Southern Kingdom to move nearer to her blood brother and away from the Austrian Empire whose occupation of Venetia is still remembered and whose occupation of Italian settlements about the head of the Adriatic is still a reality and an exasperation.

* * *

BUT nothing decisive occurred until the initial Italian expedition sailed for Tripoli. The first soldier of the "Royal Government" who landed on the Tripolitan beach, set his foot on the Triple Alliance. It died in an hour. If Italy were in doubt where her interest lay before she went to Tripoli, she cannot feel the smallest hesitation now with the flower of her army locked up in this North African adventure and absolutely dependent upon constant support and reinforcement from the sea. For Italy to quarrel to-day with Britain and France, the two powers whose navies control the Mediterranean, would be to sacrifice her army in Africa and her African ambitions. A battleship fleet which should steam quietly in between Taranto and Tripoli, cutting all connection between Italy and her soldiers, would inflict a staggering blow upon the Italian Government, finally balk her Colonial aspirations, and give Tripoli back to Turkey.

* * *

GERMANY and Austria could save her no more than they could keep the German cruisers at Agadir. On the other hand, they dare not attack her when defended by her own army and backed by the three powers of the Triple Entente. So, automatically, by the supreme law of plain self-interest, Italy is lifted out of the Triple Alliance and transferred to the Triple Entente. Nothing so important has happened in world-politics since the crushing of military Russia between the upper and nether millstones of Japanese attack and domestic revolution. Slowly Russia is recovering herself, redressing once more the balance of power which the Bosnian affair proved to be so hopelessly upset; and now Italy has stepped to the other side of the "saw horse" and brought it decisively down to firm earth again. The consequence is that the feeling of apprehension which has constantly hovered over the French and British capitals for many a day, is dispelled; and the powers which regard themselves at all events as "the peace powers" are once more in command of the situation.

* * *

JUST how far they are "peace powers" is open to fair debate. Russia is to-day taking advantage of the situation to tighten her hold on Persia;

and Britain has no choice but to accept the Southern portion of that feebly governed but comparatively valuable land which is within her "sphere of influence." France has just added Morocco to her splendid North African domain; and Italy—as we have seen—is casting her shoe over the last of the North African lands to be left to the Arab. It is quite possible that in Berlin they do not regard all these incidents as convincing proofs of a spirit of peace. But, however that may be, it is a shift in the balance of power which it is important that we should see. The reason why it is important for us to understand these things is because it is in this field that the British Foreign Office does its work; and we in Canada are coming to have a decided effect upon the course of the British Foreign Office. No formal machinery yet exists by which we can impress our opinions upon the British Foreign Minister; but, nevertheless, they listen in London for such echoes of our judgment as get across the Atlantic.

No British Government would—if it could help it—take a path in foreign politics contrary to strong Colonial opinion. They want Canada, Australia and South Africa to be with them when they move. But it is impossible for us to deliver an intelligent opinion on the duty of Britain in any regard if we do not take the trouble to understand in some

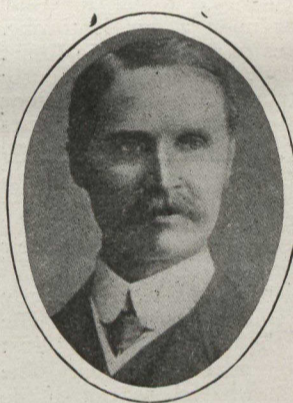
fashion the problems which confront her and the difficulties she must meet. We are a young people and a tender-hearted people, and we are especially susceptible to the sentimental appeal which so often sets the non-Conformist conscience" astray in Britain. Let me give one example which will make clearer what I mean than much argument. The Congo atrocities were fearful things. "Red Rubber" was a sickening revelation. Naturally and properly the good people of England were stirred. We would have been aroused here if we had experienced the Morel campaign. But when the leaders of this crusade badgered and bombarded the Foreign Office to send a cruiser to the Congo and put a stop to it, they did not sufficiently weigh the fact that this would bring Britain into conflict with Belgium, whose late King owned the Congo; and that that might be fatal to the British Empire. As a matter of fact, the very threat of British interference probably caused that secret treaty with Germany signed by King Leopold in which German forces were given free access to Belgian roads if they should desire to turn the flank of the French defences. Now if Germany, at the height of her power, had taken advantage of this treaty and conquered France, and then turned the French fleet against us—but you see the argument. We must recognize that there are some things which Britain cannot do. And we can only be sure that we will be found in the hour of trial with the cool statesmen, and not with the warm-hearted but reckless crusaders, if we keep carefully informed as to the position on the international chess-board where Britain plays always for her life.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

ANDREW BONAR LAW--CREATOR OF POLICIES

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

ANDREW BONAR LAW, M.P., has been chosen leader of the Opposition in the British House of Commons. Some years ago, a thick set, effervescing lump of a boy called Law, with a shock of bushy hair, played ball



and studied latin at the Grammar School in Richibucto, New Brunswick. Sometimes, after school hours, he sat on the docks and watched the clumsy square-riggers load up with lumber and put out to sea. It may be he thought of being a lumber king or sailor some day. But Bonar Law, the Richibucto school boy, has become an historic personage—the first Canadian, or colonial, to attain to the leadership of a great political party in the United Kingdom; perhaps an omen of the days when a boy from Halifax, Capetown, Calcutta or Melbourne, may sit in the seat of Pitt and Gladstone in the historic room at Westminster.

The accident of his being a Canadian is not, alone, the claim Mr. Law has upon public interest just now. That did not gain him the leadership. Bonar Law is chieftain of the Conservative party to-day, because he is the most outstanding and brilliant exponent of a movement, which shows symptoms of becoming a dominant issue in British politics. He is the king-pin of the tariff reformers. Mr. Balfour found that the movement of tariff reform was getting too strong for him; he decided to hand the control over to a younger, more aggressive and virile man. Balfour, dreamer, dilettante and dialectic, tried to ride both the horses of the tariff reformers and those opposed to their doctrine. Bonar Law's convictions are all in the direction of protection; he is the uncompromising, unhesitating supporter of tariffs.

The new leader is a son of the Manse. His father was Rev. James Law, a Presbyterian minister in Rexton, Kent County, New Brunswick. Law, the statesman, arrived in the world in 1858. He was brought up in the atmosphere of the Kirk and public schools at Rexton and Richibucto. When he was twelve years old, his aunt took him to Glasgow, Scotland, to finish his education.

Since then, Mr. Law has resided mainly in Glasgow, though he frequently comes to Canada, and has always been proud of his Canadian rearing. On his mother's side he had a number of Glasgow

relatives called Kidston, who conspired with his aunt to start him in the iron business in Glasgow. He prospered at it, becoming at length Chairman of the Scottish Iron Association. Incidentally, he gained knowledge of more matters than iron. He learned to think after the Scotch mode. In the city of Adam Smith, father of political economy, Bonar Law began to be enthusiastic about theoretic questions of trade and commerce. In the year 1900, a parliamentary deputation got after him to contest Blackfriars, Glasgow. Law captured the seat. His aptitude for politics was such, that, two years later, he was appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade. The Conservative party ran on the rocks in 1906, and Law went down in a landslide, hurled by a labour vote. Since then, he has sat for Dulwich Division of Camberwell and Bootle Division of Liverpool.

From a New Brunswick kirk manse, to leader of the Opposition in the British House of Commons, with a fighting chance of being Imperial Premier some day, is a rise without record. In eleven years' parliamentary experience, this Canadian has proved his qualities for leadership among the best brains and blood in the capital of the world. Old Joseph Chamberlain picked him out as an impressive figure years ago. Bonar Law's personal appearance subtly suggests intense earnestness more than anything else, in the heavy brow, the bull dog grip of the mouth and the fixed eye glance. His speeches have the ring of responsible utterances. There is little play of fancy in them; few generalities. They all concern "dry" topics, such as corn taxes, coal duties—tariff reform. They bristle with statistics. Mr. Law has something to say and he can compel a bearing on solid subjects without appeal to passion. As a writer says of him: "His audience would rather listen than cheer." His capacity for getting down to the roots of tariff schedules made him a sort of bibliography of new arguments to his former leaders, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain. This is what caused Earl Percy to once remark of Bonar Law: "There is no one who has rendered more yeoman service to his party." It is significant that the choice of the Unionists is a preponderantly unanimous one. The party has been somewhat under the handicap of not being able to agree on certain policies or their protagonists. It will be Mr. Law's task to organize his following into a united, concentrated, definite force. He knows his party; that is why he has been selected as its constructor.

Whatever Andrew Bonar Law, creator of policies, contributes to the thought of the Empire, will be watched with keen interest in every part of it; and the not least in that part, "which lies beyond the seas."

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Ottawa, Nov. 20th, 1911.

LAST week left its impress on Canadian history. Two noteworthy events occurred on consecutive days. On Wednesday, a new Premier took his seat in the House of Commons, and on Thursday a new Governor-General, a Prince of Royal Blood, opened a Canadian Parliament. In addition, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, one hundred and fifty generals, colonels, and lieutenant-colonels gathered to discuss the future of the Canadian militia, and on Saturday evening, the first royal drawing-room was held in the Red Room, otherwise known as the Senate Chamber. Never before was so much that is important, interesting, and spectacular crowded into so few days in the Capital of Canada.

Nor were the events local. The ordinary Ottawa citizen went about his business as usual. The railway men were busy in looking after the largest number of trains that ever entered Ottawa in the same period of time. The cabmen were working overtime. The hotels were crowded beyond all precedent. The rooming-houses did their best and still many visitors went about homeless and disconsolate. The caterers employed extra help. It was a good-natured but exciting rush for all those who cater to traveller-comfort. Yet the average citizen was undisturbed.

But if Ottawa itself was normal, blase and indifferent, it was not so with the hundreds of visitors. These men and women from all over Canada, representing influence, political power, administration, wealth, social standing, and other portions of the national life—they were really in earnest. It was a strange contrast.

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Its Significance.

THERE was more than a mere pageant. There was something of greater significance in these events, than the mere coincidence of spectacular ceremonies. There was more than the empty by-play of the idle rich. Beneath all the tinsel and formalism of the various shows, there were the pulse-throbs of a nation in action.

A naval review off Spithead, or in the Baltic, or in the Hudson River may indicate the sea-power of a nation. The review of a hundred regiments on Salisbury Plains, or on some other national parade ground may symbolize the military strength of a modern republic or empire. A coronation at Westminster or Delhi, an installation at Paris or Washington, may be an epitome of constitutional government. So the events of last week in Ottawa symbolized the political, national and imperial activities of Canada's national life. One parliament gave way to another; a freshly chosen premier was installed in the seats of the mighty; a newly appointed governor-general occupied the crimson-canopied throne for the first time; and hundreds of the Dominion's leading citizens crowded the corridors and galleries of the legislative chambers to witness and record their appreciation of the occasion.

The coming and going of the Usher of the Black Rod, the ancient ceremony of the Commons appearing twice at the Bar of the Senate, the enthronement of a new Speaker in the House, the semi-royal cavalcade which swept up Parliament Hill, the richly coloured state pageantry when the Governor-General read the Speech from the Throne—these must be more than mere tinsel and show. In this democratic age, such functions could not linger in the lap of reason, if there were not beneath and under them a significance which is important and far-reaching. A nation was adding to its history.

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Auguries for the Future.

AMONG the events of the week, none was more sudden, more significant nor more spectacular than the first passage-at-arms between the Premier and the ex-Premier. The Commons had returned from the Senate Chamber after their first visit, with orders to elect a Speaker. Mr. Borden rose to make his first speech in the House as leader of a new government. In a few well-chosen words he moved, seconded by Mr. Foster, that Thomas Simpson Sproule be the new Speaker. Sir Wilfrid Laurier arose, and the galleries leaned forward slightly. The ex-Premier, the new leader of the Opposition, began as usual in his quietly

graceful manner. But soon he had passed into pleasantries in which there was either superlative humour or undisguised contempt. The audience had expected peace, but it soon recognized its mistake. It was war—and the faces on the Government side hardened and stiffened and some members shifted uneasily in their seats. The gauntlet was gracefully but surely thrown on the floor of the House.

Again arose the new Premier. Like lightning came the feeling to the listening throng that something must happen. Would the challenge be accepted? It was—almost before the echo of it had died away. He declared that he was the leader, that he ruled by the divine right of the ballot-box and that he would not be denied. This was not in his words, but in his clenched fist, his inclined body and his deep, bass tones. He answered challenge with challenge.

Then the moment passed. The Speaker was selected and enthroned and the business of the twelfth new parliament began.

Yet it was an augury. The old leader still disputes with the new. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the forces behind him believe that Mr. Borden is to Conservatives what Alexander Mackenzie was to Liberals—a one-term leader. They cannot believe that the change is permanent. They refuse to recognize that a new party has permanently seized the reins of government. This is but a repetition of 1873, not of 1896. They are neither discouraged nor disorganized. They will fight as men to whom victory has only been delayed.

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What Came Ye to See?

ON this second visit to the Senate Chamber the commoners looked upon a scene quite unparalleled in our records. A Royal Governor and his Royal Consort sat upon a double throne. Before him were the Judges of the Supreme Court in scarlet and ermine. About him were gorgeously appraised aides and generals. Beyond, on the floor of the Chamber were the Senators in two long lines flanked behind and before by scores of women and maidens who represented the wealth and beauty and talent of the nation. All about, north, south, east and west, the galleries were crowded with the cream of Canadian citizenship, their wives and their daughters.

There was an intense silence, broken only slightly by the murmur of the assembled commoners. The newly-elected Speaker of the House standing just within the Bar announced his own election. The Speaker of the Senate acknowledged receipt of the information. The man upon the throne took up his printed document, adjusted his glasses so domestically handed to him by his beautiful companion, and proceeded to do his duty with a soldier's voice. Queen Victoria's son, was the thought of some; King Edward's brother, that of others; a noble chieftain, by general consent. First in English, then in French—for he is the governor of a two-race people. The end is reached. The eye-glasses are handed back. An aide carries a copy of the address down the length of the Chamber and hands it to the First Commoner. The man and woman on the throne step down and the show is over.

Was it the man upon the throne or the speech which he read first in English and then in French? What came this crowd to see, and why came they arrayed in glittering uniform and costly garb?

Such was the opening of the twelfth Parliament by Their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The royal standard which rose on the main tower as they arrived, fluttered slowly down as they departed. King Edward's wish had come true—a royal prince had performed the chief function of a governor-general of the greatest of the King's Dominions Over-Seas.

* * *

The Legislative Programme.

OPINION is divided as to the Speech itself. It contained much and indicated more. Trade with the British West Indies and other parts of the Empire is to be developed. Better highways, improved grain inspection and government-owned terminal elevators are the promises for those engaged in agriculture. A permanent tariff commission is assured. But not a word of the Canadian navy and civil service reform.

The new Cabinet Ministers must discover just how far they agree or disagree on the details of the government programme announced and unannounced. The Speech showed only that part of their intentions about which there can be no dispute. The navy and civil service reform must wait for mature and adequate consideration.

The session is expected to last until about the middle of February. The estimates for one and three-quarter years must be passed. There will be little time for constructive legislation. Yet, the navy question is one which cannot be delayed and the Opposition will probably force the fighting on this point.

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The First Drawing-Room.

BRILLIANT as were the Opening ceremonies and Opening Day audience, it was entirely outdone by the Drawing-Room. The number present was larger, the people present were more "select," the uniforms were more varied and more numerous, and the costumes were richer and more dazily. The Drawing Room gains much by being kaleidoscopic. There is movement and there is music; and there is stateliness without impressive silence.

First came the lieutenant-governors and cabinet ministers, His Honour Colonel J. M. Gibson leading the way. The ex-cabinet ministers wore their Windsor uniforms, but the new ministers were in plain evening clothes—another reminder that the new government is not yet in full working order. For these persons, Their Royal Highnesses stood; the others they received sitting.

Then came in due order the Senators and Judges, the Members of the House of Commons, members of provincial councils and legislatures, deputy ministers and other state officials, the general public and, lastly, the officers of the militia and their ladies. The number presented exceeded that at any other drawing room, even that which was presided over by the present King and Queen in Canada in 1901.

Undoubtedly this was the most brilliant and distinctive function of its kind ever held in America. To see anything to surpass it in the English-speaking world, one would be forced to go to London. It was a bit of old world pageantry transplanted in the new, and only possible under monarchical rule. For, after all, though Canada is democratic, it is still monarchical. The Windsor and military uniforms, the feathers, veils and court trains have no place in republicanism. The President of the United States shakes hands with his guests; Their Royal Highnesses merely bowed. The monarch, in the person of his viceroy, maintained the aloofness which distinguished him from elected rulers.

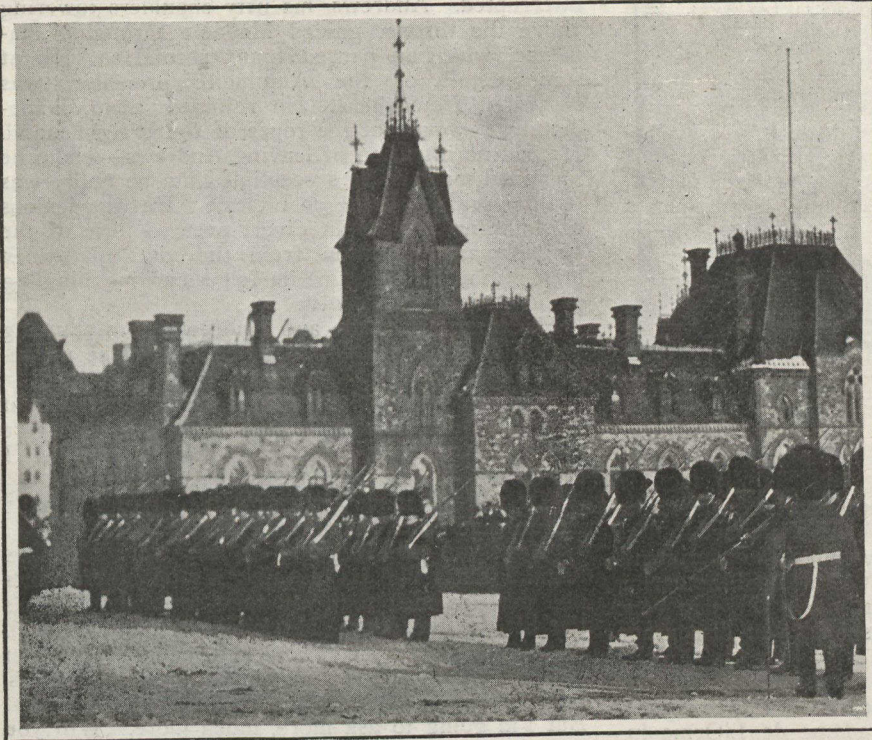
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The Militia Conference.

EQUALLY successful was the Militia Conference held on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week. About one hundred and fifty of the senior officers met daily, under the guidance of the Minister of Militia, to consider the larger questions of militia organization and national defence. On the first day there was a tendency to consider that an increase in pay was necessary in order to promote military efficiency. On the second and third days, the conference got upon safer ground and mere financial considerations fell into their proper place. The value of cadet corps as feeders of the militia, and their general relation to the physical and moral training of the youth of the country was fully examined and decidedly emphasized. The conference learned that in Australia, the youths pass, without a break, from junior to senior cadet corps and from senior cadet corps to regular militia work under a system of universal training. This was accepted ultimately as the ideal to which Canada should work. It was admitted that the country is not yet ready for universal service, but that much the same result might be obtained by a union of volunteer cadet and volunteer militia services if properly combined and co-ordinated.

The other outstanding features was the realization, slowly reached through much discussion, that it will be necessary to educate the public to the value of a strong militia as a safeguard for national and international peace. It was decided to bring the value and importance of physical and military training more prominently before the press, the clergy, and the public generally.

The occasion was unique, in that this was the first parliament of militia officers ever held in the Dominion. The resulting enthusiasm and spirit of co-operation will undoubtedly have considerable and lasting results; and the Minister of Militia, Colonel Hughes, to whom goes the entire credit for the idea of such a gathering, will probably find that he has disseminated through the force much of his own characteristic energy and determination.



The Governor-General's Foot Guards on Parliament Hill.



Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier among the spectators.

PARLIAMENT OPENS

Scenes from the Opera of November 16th, 1911

OPENING of Parliament this year came as a sort of echo of the Coronation—which to residents of Ottawa and visitors to Parliament Hill it resembled on a small scale. It was the first Parliament since those opened by the late Marquis of Lorne, when the Speech from the Throne was read by any one directly connected with royalty. And it was the first time in Canada that Parliament was ever opened by a full uncle of a reigning monarch. No colonial Parliament and no Congress of the United States could have been inaugurated with perhaps quite so much colour and novelty; for to the presence of H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught and his suite must be added the more profoundly interesting novelty of a new Premier and a new party in power; the regal figure of Sir Wilfrid Laurier relegated to a place among the sightseers and the Opposition members, and the plain but forcible figure of Mr. Borden occupying the place of honour next to the representative of Royalty.

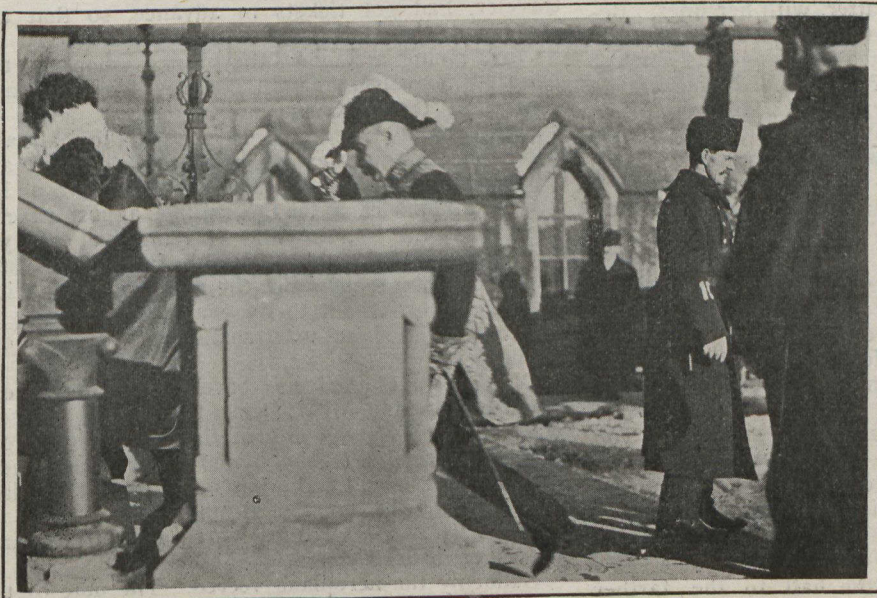
Ottawa has always taken this function seriously and perhaps always will. When Parliament is able to open with such an emphasis of Imperial prestige and local colour as it presented last Thursday, Canadians need have no hankering to be in Washington in order to behold a really great constitutional spectacle on the continent of North America



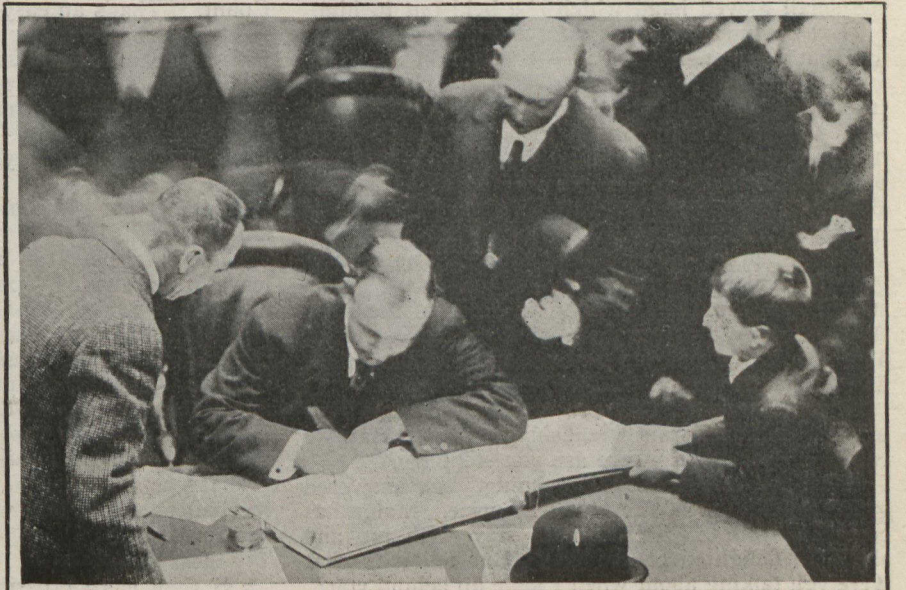
H. R. H. The Duke of Connaught and Governor-General of Canada arrives.



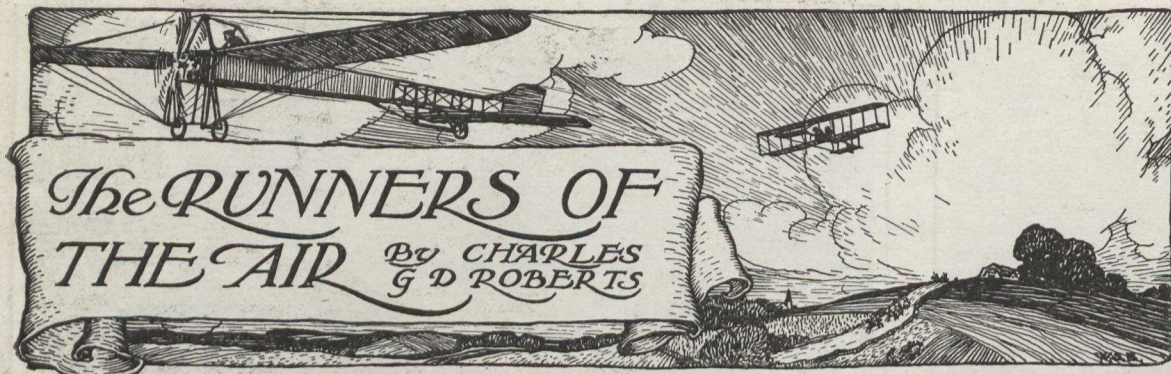
Plain Mr. Borden---but the Premier.



Hon. Clifford Sifton, just arriving, watches the show.



The note of democracy. New members signing the roll.



A NEW SERIAL STORY

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

GREGORY NICOLAIEVICH, bandit and patriotic Servian, has taken to Count Sergius Charles de Plamenac, known as Serge Ivanovich, samples of jewels discovered in Austria by the bandit, which they believe will make it possible for Serbia to wage a successful war against Austria. Captain Andrews, of the British Army, a friend of Servia, calls on them, and the bandit describes how to find a distant hog-pen under which he has hidden the rest of the jewels. Austrians come in pursuit of Gregory, but he escapes. At a cafe, Andrews and the Count plan to attend an aviation exhibition in Paris, and the Count points out Madame de L'Orme, a Parisienne, wife of a Belgrade, wine-merchant.

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

IT was in the middle of the first week of October that Plamenac and Andrews arrived in Paris. They put up at one of the new and admirable hostels, smart but quiet, just off the upper end of the Champs Elysees.

As the two men walked down the Avenue toward the Grand Palais, where the Aeronautical Exhibition was being held, the fantastic element in the beauty of the scene fitted into their mood.

Once entered within the towering portals, their mood changed. They were there, keen-eyed and practical, to study aeroplanes.

They passed around, examining the different types and models, noting the merits and defects of each; considering, the while, to what usage and to what dangers the plane they bought would be put.

"I lean to the monoplanes," said Sergius.

"They're not weight-carriers," protested Andrews. "I grant them speed and beauty and handiness, of course. But we're interested in something that can carry weight, old chap. Lots of petrol, a passenger, a bit of grub, a box of tools! Don't forget that—a box of tools! Well, note the carrying surface of those two splendid supporting planes. Then, we must have stability. Look at the generous length of the empennage, the stabilizing tail. No pitching forward on your head, there!"

"The Bleriot has just as much length of tail, in proportion to its wing surface!" protested Plamenac. "And so has the Antoinette."

"But they don't carry the weight," persisted Andrews.

A SOFT, gay voice and irreproachable French accent at their elbow made the men turn sharply, hat in hand.

"Madame de L'Orme!" exclaimed Count Sergius, with a swift apprehension which it would have puzzled him to explain. "Why, I thought you were in Belgrade!" At the same time he bent low over the small gloved hand which she held out to him.

"But do hurry, Count, and tell me how glad you are that I'm not in Belgrade—or Captain Andrews, I am sure, will forestall you. I don't need an introduction, Captain Andrews," she continued, holding out her hand to him in turn. "Count Sergius has told me lots of lovely things about you and promised to bring you to see me on your return to Belgrade. He must not wait for that, for now I'm in Paris."

She was an altogether delightful apparition, graceful and well groomed in her long, dark green, straight-lined, narrow coat, of the mode of the hour. Andrews looked at her with so frank an excess of admiration that she laughed, girlishly embarrassed, and Count Sergius exclaimed:

"I fear, madame, I'll have to bring him this very evening or forfeit his friendship forever. May we call to-night? And where are you stopping?"

"Yes, you may come this evening," she answered graciously. "I'm at the Hotel Meurice. Mama has come in from St. Germain to stay with me and she'll be delighted to see you. But tell me, what were you talking about when I stole up behind you?"

"He's got it into his head that he wants to buy an aeroplane and fly it," explained Count Sergius.

"And, as I value his neck if he doesn't, I'm trying to cool his ardor."

"But I thought it was you, Count Sergius, who were so interested in flying!" she exclaimed. "I've heard so much about your wonderful experiments and the strange machines you've built and the daring things you've done with them, down there in your seclusion at M'latza. Why should you discourage Captain Andrews?"

An involuntary glance of astonishment, of suspicion, flashed between the eyes of the two men. It was instantaneous, but Madame de L'Orme intercepted it and smiled. The prompt reply of Count Sergius, however, was simple and candid.

"Surely you've given reason enough, dear madame. It's because I know so well the dangers that I would discourage him. Besides, you have exaggerated the importance of my poor little experiments at M'latza. Like all good Servians, I raise pigs down there. Naturally, it takes some very exciting hobby to divert my mind from that engrossing occupation."

The lady seemed content.

"Well," she said gaily, "since you know all about it, you may take me around and explain the different machines to me."

So they wandered among the exhibits, the two men explaining the various models to Madame de L'Orme. Her ready understanding of the mechanical details surprised them both.

They were discussing the stability of the Voisin as compared with the speed of the Bleriot when madame herself expressed a half-laughing desire to learn to fly, but confessed to some hesitation in risking her neck in the learning.

"If you really contemplated learning to fly, madame, I would undertake to teach you myself and make myself personally responsible for the safety of that inimitable neck," responded the Count.

"There, I knew you knew how to fly!" she cried delightedly. "I may hold you to that promise when you least expect it."

"My poor best shall be at your service," replied Plamenac. But at the same time a whimsical sense of apprehension flashed over him. She might possibly be in earnest. And she might call upon him to redeem his promise at some time when it would be inconvenient either to comply or to refuse. By this time they had come over to the third corner and were looking at the long, slender, exquisite profile of the Antoinette.

"There's the machine that most appeals to me," cried Count Sergius, unable to subdue the thrill of enthusiasm in his voice.

"But the Antoinette doesn't carry weight," objected Andrews.

"She could be made to, very simply," replied the Count. "That's an easy matter, with her lines. Besides, she has another advantage. She—" but here he hesitated and seemed to change his mind.

"What other advantage?" demanded Madame de L'Orme, a gleam of sharp interest leaping into her great eyes.

"I was going to say something quite foolish," answered Plamenac.

Andrews gave him a steady look with a tinge of amusement in it.

"You've excited all my curiosity and now you leave it unsatisfied," pouted Madame, persuasively petulant. "Make him tell me, Captain Andrews."

"If you can not, Madame, what do you think my persuasions would count for?" answered the Englishman. Count Sergius met her eyes with an admiring but baffling smile.

"If you were so rash as to start me telling you things, dear lady, I might tell you too much!" he retorted ambiguously. She had it on her tongue to challenge him, but, with a half-vexed laugh, she refrained.

AS they were crossing the hall to the farther corner, that upon the left of the entrance, the crowd was so great that their conversation was

interrupted. Andrews, his lofty shoulders towering above the throng, guided Madame through. Plamenac, who had paused for a second to look at some detail of the Antoinette propeller, was separated from them. He rejoined them immediately, however, at the ropes of the Wright stand. He had no intention of leaving Andrews—whom he imagined much more susceptible than he really was—alone with Madame de L'Orme. He was jealous of anything that might divert ever so little of the Englishman's attention from the vital matter in hand. And for Madame he felt a curious mingling of attraction and distrust.

Madame de L'Orme and Andrews were standing very close together as Count Sergius came up beside them.

"Why do you look at me so suspiciously, Count Sergius?" demanded the lady gaily. "We were talking aeroplanes. Nothing more frivolous, I assure you."

"Or nothing more serious? In that case I could not forgive you!" bantered Plamenac.

"Now you are laughing at me," said Madame. "And I don't like it. I think it's only aeroplanes and perhaps men that you take seriously. Here's the lift, by the door. My head's crushed with all this wisdom. I must go and find mama!" She put out both hands at the same time to her two escorts, in her gracious French way. "Thank you so much! But I'm going to ask more, much more. Will you both take me with you, one day, to see the flights at Juvisy?"

"We'll be only too much honoured," answered Andrews quickly.

"Yes, indeed!" agreed Plamenac.

"Entendu!" said Madame. "Till to-night, then. Hotel Meurice, right after dinner!" and she stepped into the little lift that takes tired visitors up to the buffet in the gallery.

The two men lingered after she was gone.

"Why did you hesitate in speaking to Madame about the Antoinette?" asked Andrews.

"Some queer instinct. I found I didn't want to speak to her about the boat-like body. With a little ingenuity, one could manage it so that there would be no great danger in descending upon the water."

"Sly old devil, Serge!" said Andrews.

"You've got to be careful there, Bob," expostulated Plamenac.

"Don't worry about me, old chap. I'm as dumb as an oyster on points I don't want to speak about. Shall we go and look at the rest of the machines?"

"No," suggested Plamenac. "I've had enough for the moment. Let's come in again to-morrow morning, before the crowd, and look over all the experiments, models and freaks. We may get some ideas."

CHAPTER V.

PLAMENAC MAKES AN ACQUAINTANCE.

PARIS, it appeared, had gone quite mad over flying.

It was advertised to be one of the greatest days of the Flying Fortnight at the Juvisy Aerodrome. And it was a public holiday. All Paris had made up its mind to be there. Almost before the day's journeying had well begun the railways were overwhelmed.

Late in the morning, after a hurried lunch, Count Sergius and Andrews, with Madame de L'Orme, arrived at the Gare D'Orsay, the central station of the Paris-Orleans railway. The station was almost in a state of siege. The ticket-windows were surrounded by a surging mob; but Andrews, a veteran traveler, had got tickets in advance, so that the mob was of no consequence.

On arriving at Juvisy, they found troops by the hundreds, cavalry, guards, zouaves—directing and controlling the crowds.

They found every seat in the pavilion already occupied, but this they turned to their own advantage. Count Sergius got three chairs and found a place for them close by the railing, almost exactly level with the starting-line. Flying had not yet begun, because the wind, though falling, was still tricky and dangerous. But the red flag, announcing that they were about to fly, was just fluttering to the top of the signal-mast some hundred yards out in the field.

Plamenac and Andrews barely had time to explain to Madame de L'Orme the signals hoisted, which showed the velocity of the wind, what event was to be decided and who was about to fly, when, with a great hum, a motor was started and Gaudart in a Voison rose from the ground.

"He's off!—He's coming!—It's Gaudart!" came the eager, broken cries.

Suddenly the aeroplane veered. The note of the motor changed and, gliding to the ground, the

(Continued on page 26.)

WHAT CANADIANS ARE WRITING

*The Year's Doings Among the Makers of Canadian Books
Told in Terse and Illuminative Paragraphs*

By MARJORIE MACMURCHY

IF the people of any country have a chance to write fascinating chronicles of yesterday—when yesterday means the last fifty years—it is certainly the people of Canada. Hardly a twelve-month ago Goldwin Smith's *Reminiscences* were published. He told the story of his youth in England with his charm as a writer at its rarest. His Canadian memories were not of the same idyllic character. There was a single exception. What Goldwin Smith wrote of his life at The Grange must remain as fair a picture of social life in Toronto last century as we can hope for. It was hardly to be expected that the next twelvemonths would produce other books of biographical history as interesting to Canadians as *The Reminiscences* of Goldwin Smith. Yet "Forty Years of Song," by Madame Albani, although of a wholly different character, is good Canadian history in several of its aspects.



ARTHUR STRINGER.

"The Diary of Mrs. John Graves Simcoe," edited with many notes by Mr. John Ross Robertson, paints the social side of official life in Old Ontario with the same grace and quaintness as are found in Mrs. Simcoe's sketches in water colours of the shores of Lake Ontario. But the biographical book of the year is "Father Lacombe, the Black Robe Voyageur," by Miss Katherine Hughes, of Edmonton.

These books leave Canadians with no excuse for failing to realize the immediate past of Canada. Mrs. Simcoe's favourite riding place was Toronto Island, then connected with the mainland. Castle Frank reappears like a vision from the past and overlooks the valley of the Don when it was a different stream. Mrs. Simcoe made a drawing of the first famous tree-bridge over the Don at Winchester Street. Madame Albani tells of her rigorous youth in the little Quebec village, all her days given to music, a little girl without a doll since there was no time for amusement. The French-Canadian temperament of affection, enthusiasm and bonhomie gives its own charm to Madame Albani's reminiscences. "I live in England and married an Englishman, but I am still a French-Canadian," she writes at the end of her story.

FATHER LACOMBE is also a French-Canadian. His is a wonderful story told by Miss Hughes with a fidelity and devotion which are remarkable even in biography where devotion is often shown by a writer to a hero. Father Lacombe is endowed with a rich personality. The gold of this personality he has scattered over the West of Canada. Yet we do not need to say the West of Canada, for wherever the influence of his life goes and wherever this book is read Father Lacombe will be recognized as a good genius to his people. Miss Hughes, besides writing a fine biography of a remarkable man, has succeeded in drawing a memorable picture of the growth of a great section of Canada. One touch is absolutely thrilling in its revelation of what such growth means. It seems as if history had been packed into a magic nut and when the shell is broken the history emerges in a single night. Miss Hughes tells of the first Indian school begun near Edmonton by Father Lacombe. "Only forty-five years later over one hundred students of the new University of Alberta could look across the Saskatchewan at the deserted grey Fort, from which this school-house had long before vanished—and speak of the Fort and all pertaining to it as something connected with a time quite remote. . . . So quickly has this age made progress in the West."

In his book of humour this year Professor Leacock demolishes thousands of modern novels. The reading of the major part of those who read novels is shown to be entirely foolish. Yet "Nonsense Novels" is proof that Mr. Leacock refreshes himself constantly with popular fiction. None but a close student of the contemporary novel could have written "Gertrude the Governess" or "Caroline's Christmas." It must not be thought that Mr. Leacock wishes to abolish the popular novel. He may even intend to increase its circulation. This gifted humourist is to be congratulated on his facility in making plots. No talent is more remunerative. As

humour, "Nonsense Novels" has an exuberant quality of mischief and laughter which is quite uncanny. There can be no doubt that Professor Leacock ranks with all but the first among humourists of the day. "Nonsense Novels" followed rapidly on "Literary Lapses," and we may feel sure that this book also will soon have as brilliant a successor.

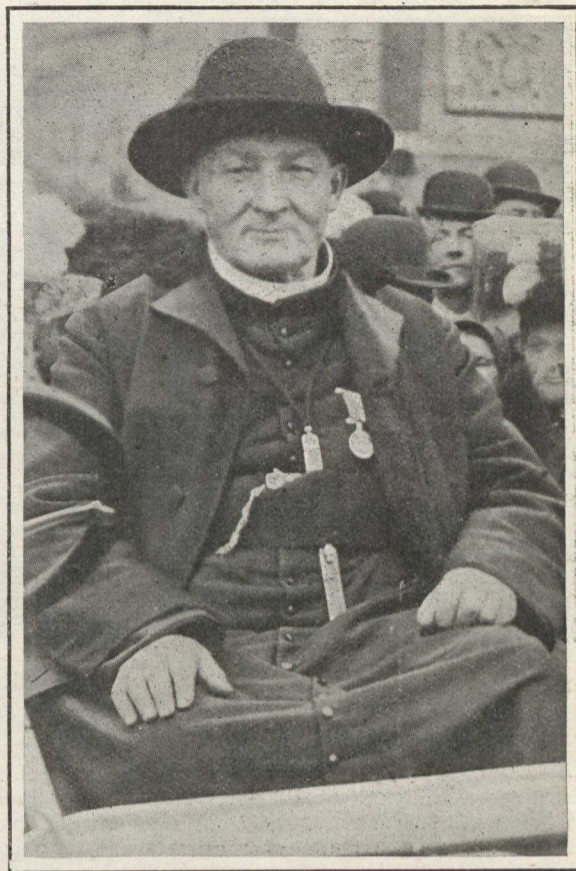
Dr. Doughty, of Ottawa, and Lieut.-Colonel Woods, of Quebec, have recently completed the publication of "The King's Book of Quebec," an adequate account of the history of the Tercentenary which marked a period in the unity of Canada. Lord Grey had much to do with the making of this memorial of the Tercentenary. The two volumes are as handsome an example of book publishing as we have had in Canada. Dr. Doughty and Mr. Burpee, of Ottawa, during the last year, have completed *An Index Dictionary of Canadian History*, which is a very valuable Canadian book of reference. It contains biographical accounts of all the characters mentioned in "The Makers of Canada," besides much other information.

The Toronto branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club has compiled "Canadian Days," a book of 170 pages, containing selections for every day in the year from the works of Canadian authors. The compilers have evidently intended to give a cheerful impression of Canadian literature. Quotations are made from the works of over seventy Canadian writers and vary all the way from French-Canadian chansons to "The Second Chance"; from Sam Slick's "Power has a natural tendency to corpulence" to Arnold Haultain's advice to Lovers and many beautiful lines of Canadian poetry. "Canadian Days" is intended to become that ideal Christmas gift for those who are looking for something distinctively and delightfully Canadian. Of somewhat the same character is Mr. L. A. Burpee's little book of Canadian Eloquence, selections from public speeches by Canadians. "The Canadian Garden," by Annie L. Jack, is a sensible account of what to plant and how to care for what is planted. The book is practical and is not without some literary charm.

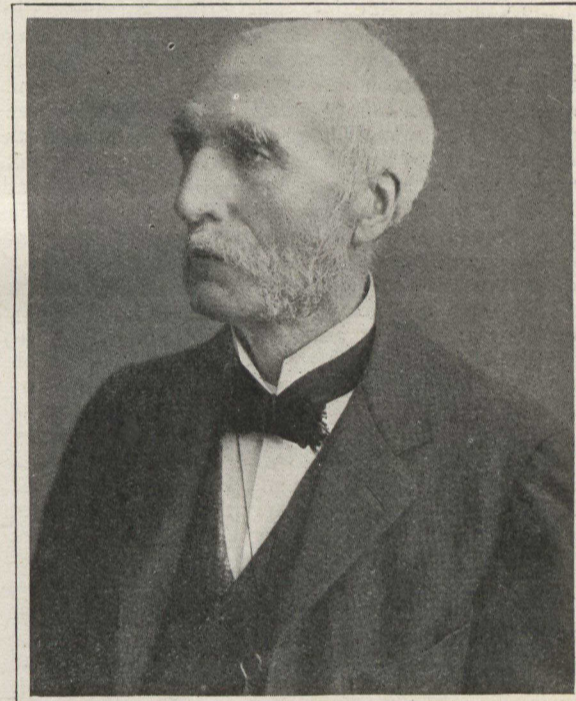
That serious student and hard worker, Mr. H. Addington Bruce, has just had published in Boston a book on "Scientific Mental Healing," which includes an examination of Christian Science, New Thought, metaphysical healing and faith healing.

Judging from the output of this year it is impossible for even the most sanguine to over-estimate the number of books which will be published next year on the subject of Canada. This year's list includes several valuable works by the native-born. Major-General Robinson's "Canada and Canadian Defence" is technical and serious. Mr. Frank Yeigh's "Through the Heart of Canada" is informing and otherwise aims at being readable. Mr. Beckles Willson has written well of "Nova Scotia." Mr. Willson chose wisely when he resolved to restrict himself to one province. Professor Coleman's book on the Canadian Rockies, "Old and New Trials in the Canadian Rockies," is to be published this week. Professor Coleman is a foremost authority on the Canadian Rockies. As a geologist and mountain climber he has a deservedly high reputation where knowledge is rated at its highest in scientific circles. His book on the Rockies will doubtless be a valuable acquisition to Canadian work.

VISITORS are praising Canada in many books which it would be ungracious to describe as indiscriminating in some instances. Carefulness in accuracy marks the writer occasionally. Glowing enthusiasm carries the visitor through his book in not a few publications. As an English lady who had spent six months in Canada remarked of Mrs. Ward's "Canadian Born," "Why, it is not like Canada at all," yet she had to agree when it was pointed out to her that Mrs. Ward's intentions had been wholly kind. Mr. W. L. Griffith's "Dominion of Canada" is a work prepared by Lord Strathcona's Secretary, at the High Commissioner's office in London. It is naturally valuable and thorough. Mr. Murray Gibbon's "Scots in Canada" is a tribute to many pioneers. "The New Garden of Canada," by Mr. F. A. Talbot, is an account of British Columbia. "The Making of a Great Canadian Railway" tells of the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and is written by the same gentleman. One does not see why most of the adventurous boys in Great Britain do not at once run away to Canada after reading these books. "The Golden Land," by Mr. A. E.



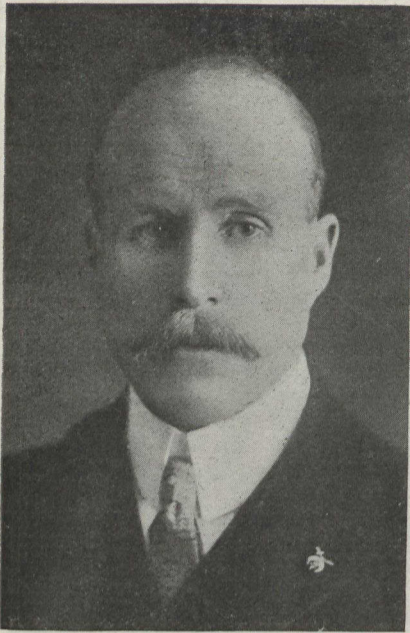
A PRIEST OF EXPERIENCES
Pere Lacombe whose dramatic career among prairie Indians has been told in full by Katherine Hughes.



A MAN OF REMINISCENCES
The late Goldwin Smith preferred the library to the trail.

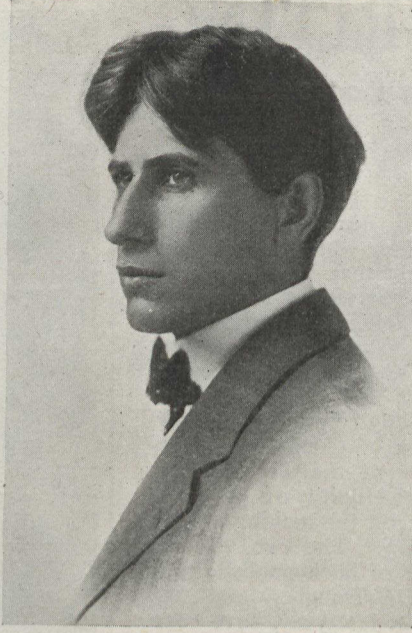


A WOMAN OF ART
"Forty Years of Song" by Madame Albani is a good contribution to Canadian history.



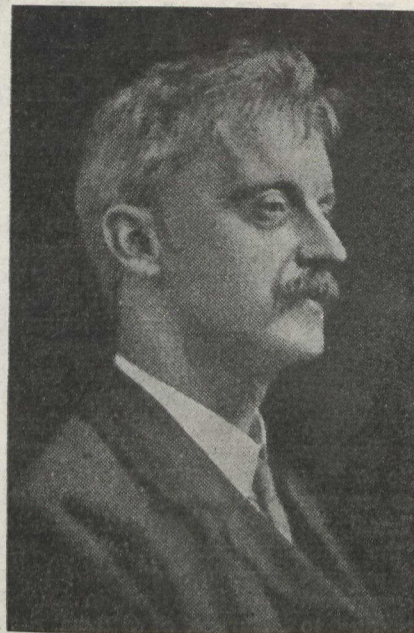
DR. J. D. LOGAN

Is a well known authority on Gaelic, and has written "Songs of the Makers of Canada."



JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Author of "The Honour of the Big Snows."



ARTHUR E. COPPING

Writes "Canada To-Day and To-Morrow."



MISS MABEL BURKHOLDER

The clever author of "The Course of Impatience Cunningham."

Copping, "Canada To-Day and To-Morrow," by Mr. A. E. Copping, are also adventurous. Mr. Copping in his second book gives more space than is usual to a description of Toronto. He says we have only two pennsworth of history as compared with Montreal's gold mine. But he loves Toronto and gives a special account of the Canadian National Exhibition. Mrs. Schaffer, in "Old Indian Trails of the Canadian Rockies," has written an unusually gay and unaffected account of mountain climbing remarkable to be undertaken by a woman. In this instance the woman values her work modestly and claims no more than having spent months in the open, gaining a knowledge of how to live with as little comfort as may be. Mr. Aflalo's "A Fisherman's Summer in Canada," is written in somewhat the same spirit. He does not tell about the whole of Canada, but says in effect to his fellow sportsmen to come and see for themselves.

Two books on Canada and Protection have been written from a somewhat severe point of view by Mr. Edward Porritt and Mr. J. J. Harpell. The first named gentleman's work is called "The Revolt in Canada Against the New Feudalism." Mr. Harpell's book is called, "Canadian National Economy."

Other years will bring other books. One misses, however, this year, a book by Dr. Andrew Macphail. "Canada's National Problems," by Dr. Macphail, was announced a couple of months ago, but has not yet appeared. nor have two other books which were announced at the same time, one by Professor McBride and the other by Lieutenant-Colonel Woods. It must be acknowledged that while 1911 has not been spoken of as a year marked by any far advance in serious work by Canadians, yet it is a better year in this respect than perhaps has been anticipated. The good material which we have is not being conspicuously neglected.

In Canadian Fiction for 1911 Urban Life is Ignored

EIGHT or nine works of fiction by Canadian writers deserve more than passing mention for this year. It should perhaps be stated first that the writing of fiction takes time and thought. Canadians may aspire to the writing of fiction, but if they have to earn a living first and write fiction in their leisure moments, there must be a dearth of fiction. Novels produced in leisure moments unless the writer takes ten years to a book, are apt to be poor and thin in quality. Now, leisure is at a premium in Canada. A clergyman may have a fine turn for letters, or for writing fiction, but since he must spend a good time of his time with his congregation, his career as an author is likely to be interrupted, or less distinguished than it might have been under other circumstances.

The best Canadian works of fiction this year are two books of short stories, written of life in the open. The first is "The Untamed," by Mr. G. R. Pattullo. This is a collection of splendid short stories of ranch life in the South Western States. But Mr. Pattullo is a Canadian and we really need the support of "The Untamed" in Canadian fiction for 1911. The humour, lack of forced sentiment, gaiety and sound human nature in Mr. Pattullo's

stories are delightful. A well-written story which hangs together from the first sentence to the last is a joy to the practised reader, and Mr. Pattullo's stories are of this kind. The second volume of short stories is by Mr. Frank L. Packard. It is called "On the Iron at Big Cloud." The stories are of the construction of the C. P. R. in the district, and they are very good stories.

Other works of Canadian fiction for 1911 are: "The Story Girl," by Miss L. M. Montgomery; "The Fourth Watch," by Mr. Cody; "The Trouble Man," by Miss Emily P. Weaver; "The Singer of the Kootenay," by Mr. R. E. Knowles; "The Measure of a Man," by Mr. Norman Duncan; "The Trail of Ninety-Eight," by Mr. Robert W. Service; and "Great Bear Island," by Mr. Arthur McFarlane. All these books tell of rural, and generally of pioneer, life. Fiction does not turn its head towards the Canadian city. Lumber camps, mining towns, idylls of Prince Edward Island, the trials of a country minister, exploration, and the shining northern trail are the material to which the Canadian novelist looks for his inspiration. Mr. Service's novel has been spoken against for its ferocity in description. How else could he have shown how the days of the Klondyke came and went? Mr. Cody has written a good story of rural life in maritime Canada. Miss Weaver's "Trouble Man" probably belongs to Ontario. This is also a good story. "The Story Girl" is charming, but will be less popular than either of the Anne books. "The Singer of the Kootenay," by Mr. Knowles, is concerned with the making good of a home missionary in British Columbia. Mr. Wanamaker has written to Mr. Knowles to say that he is delighted with "The Singer of the Kootenay," and is giving away copies to his friends daily. There is much that is effective and well-told in Mr. Knowles' book, but he treats serious conditions perhaps too lightly. Mr. Norman Duncan's story is sweet and simple and true-hearted. He finds the same human nature in the woods of Michigan as on the shores of Labrador. "The Measure of a Man" is a good deal of a fairy story, but the world is full of true fairy stories and this in large part is a true fairy story.

Mr. Hulbert Footner's novel of the North, "Two on the Trail," published last year by Doubleday Page and Company, is this year published in Canada and Great Britain. It is dramatic, picturesque, adventurous, and rather overdrawn. Mr. Bindloss' "Sidney Carteret" is a Canadian story by an English author. "Philip Steele" is a tale of the North-west, by an American writer, Mr. Curwood. Miss Mabel Burkholder, a new writer, has produced a rather promising first book in "The Course of Impatience Cunningham," the story of a factory girl. "From Tenderfoot to Scout" is a story of the Y. M. C. A. camp at Orillia. "Is It Just?" is an arraignment of the laws of Canada respecting the holding of property by women. Nothing can be as unreal as fiction when it fails to connect itself with actual life. "The Heir from New York" is a story of this character. So also is "The Yellow Pearl," by a writer whose work has been distinctly praiseworthy in the past and doubtless will be praiseworthy again. New stories have been announced by Mrs. Townley and Mrs. MacKay, both of Vancouver. Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts' "More Kindred of the Wild" is to be published shortly. Short and simple as are the annals of Cana-

dian fiction for 1911, there is at least this to be said for the greater part of the fiction which has been produced this year. The writers have chosen themes with which they are intimately acquainted, and their themes, as it happens, are essentially and intimately Canadian.

Was Any Canadian Poetry Written in 1911?

THOSE who know what has been written in Canada still keep to the opinion that Canadian poetry is the best work in art which has been produced by Canadians. A critic not long ago in an article called "The Literary Group of '61," showed that before Confederation Canadian poets were writing songs which had a national consciousness. No matter where a Canadian happens to find such lines as many in Bliss Carman's "Pipes of Pan," and Roberts' "Songs of the Common Day," he would know that they had been visioned by a Canadian poet. Has any poetry of this quality been written in 1911? Certainly, one has an impression that there has been very little such poetry published this year. Early in the twelvemonths, Mr. Burpee published his anthology, "A Century of Canadian Sonnets," which proved how rich a field he had from which to choose his Canadian sonnets. Since then there have been a number of small books of rhymes published in Canada of which nothing needs to be written. Besides this, Mr. Robert Stead, a writer of verse in Western Canada, has had published his second book, "Prairie Born and Other Poems." The point to be mentioned in connection with Mr. Stead's verse is that it seems to express the convictions of the West. As a general rule, Canadian verse writers are not closely in touch with the opinions of their fellow citizens. The verse writer's own convictions are his chief concern. But Mr. Stead, when he writes four lines like the following, seems to be speaking for the people:

'Tis plain the land's the right of birth
Of every creature on the earth:
No man can make a grain of sand;
How can he say he owns the land?

Mr. Cy. Warman, an American writer who lives in Canada, has lately published a book of verse which is partly Canadian in subject. "The Songs of Cy. Warman," like Mr. Stead's verse, are intended for the ordinary citizen. They have feeling and read easily. Mr. Warman's very popular song, "Sweet Marie," is included in this collection of his verse.

It is an abrupt change to turn to "Irish Songs," by Mr. Arthur Stringer, for this is poetry. For several reasons, Mr. Stringer has chosen to write in Irish dialect. It is not his native speech in poetry. But how gracefully and delightfully he has woven his lines! The Irishman in exile, his memories of the land of his heart, his many adventures, his dreams, and his sweethearts, come singing into these little poems. The colour and music of Mr. Stringer's verses linger with a happy delicacy of phrase after one has closed the book. One does not need to hesitate to call this poetry. Yet it is to be hoped that some day the poet will sing of what he sees and feels when he is, at Cedar Springs. Mr.

Stringer's early book of the life of a boy, "Lonely O'Malley," has been translated into French and published as a serial in a French journal.

"Songs of the Makers of Canada," by Dr. J. D. Logan, has appeared only this week. The book has an author's preface, and a Foreword by Mr. John Boyd. The writer says that his work is no better and no worse than what might readily be accomplished by any man of education and literary instincts. Thus it will be seen that Dr. Logan does not claim to be a poet. But what he writes is so essentially national, so strong in spirit, and deals so closely with what is good material for poetry, that "Songs of the Makers of Canada" is the most authentic little book of Canadian poetry that we have this year. Dr. Logan has special convictions with regard to poetry, nationalism, and the Keltic genius which seem destined to come into everything he writes. Discussion never has made poetry and probably never will. Leaving discussion of Canadian nationalism for the moment to one side, where else can one find poetry which is as fair an attempt to express Niagara as Dr. Logan's poem, "The Over-Song of Niagara"?

Why stand ye, nurselings of Earth, before my gates,
Mouthing aloud my glory and my thrall?
Are ye alone the playthings of the fates,
And only ye o'ershadowed with a pall?
Turn from this spectacle of strength unbound—
This fearful force that spends itself in folly!

BOOKS AND BY-WAYS

Some Autumn Fiction, Biography and Travel Lore

By JEAN GRAHAM

WESTWARD the course of Canadian literature has been taking its way. Quebec and Annapolis are temporarily abandoned for the Okanagan, the Kootenays and the prairie provinces. The latter are dealt with by Mr. W. S. Herrington in a trim, little cherry-coloured book of less than two hundred pages. "The Evolution of the Prairie Provinces" is a history of those vigorous western communities which goes back to the days of the great explorer, Radisson, and traces the western conflict of traders and companies down to the year 1871, when the Legislature of Manitoba met for the first time. The story of the Selkirk Settlement is vividly told, and the strenuousness of this pioneer endeavour comes home to the reader who contemplates by contrast the Winnipeg of 1911. Reflecting on the development of the last forty years, we may well echo the writer's last sentence: "Who is bold enough to prophesy what forty years hence will witness?" Toronto: William Briggs.

* * *

From the same firm come "The Fair Dominion," by R. E. Vernede, and "Father Lacombe," by Katherine Hughes. The former book is an extremely readable volume by an English journalist, who contributed the contents of the volume in the form of letters to the English weekly, *The Bystander*. It would be impossible for that publication to be either dismal or dull—and Mr. Vernede's correspondence is quite up to *Bystander* traditions. There is no tone of patronage—no constant reminder that Canada is a new, not to say raw, country. The writer's observations are both shrewd and kindly, and, when he mentions shortcomings, the comment is made with humorous tact. Mr. Vernede arrived in Toronto on Labour Day—while the Canadian National Exhibition was being held. Consequently, he found the Union Station somewhat incommensurable and plaintively records: "I spent an hour trying to put a bag into the parcel-room, and after that gave up trying." The writer refers magnificently to the Exhibition as the "World's Fair." He makes the following significant observation: "What struck me as most interesting about Toronto was that it seemed to represent more than any other place in Canada what we mean in England when we talk of Canadians."

This non-committal Englishman becomes positively fervent, however, as he approaches British Columbia, and writes so "colourfully" of the waters of Lake Louise that he may say what he likes of our cities: "They are distilled from peacocks' tails and paved with mother-of-pearl, and into them rush those wild blues that are only mixed in the heart of glaciers."

The last chapter, "Back Through Ottawa," is somewhat political and, when read after the 21st of September, 1911, is already out-of-date, so wise is humanity after the event. The writer remarks:

Turn ye and hark above the organ-sound
My Over-song of Melancholy!

The sun and the moon
They too shall soon
Sink back into eternal Night:
All earth and the sea
Shall cease to be
And the stars shall melt in their flight!
Their times are measured
In whose hand they are treasured,
(Think not of thy little day!)
The celestial throng
Chant my Over-song—
Passing away—
Passing away!

The individual finds at Niagara what he brings here, but this searching out of a mood is far nearer the expression of the indescribable Niagara than the mere exclamations of wonder which precipitate writers generally call the poetry of Niagara.

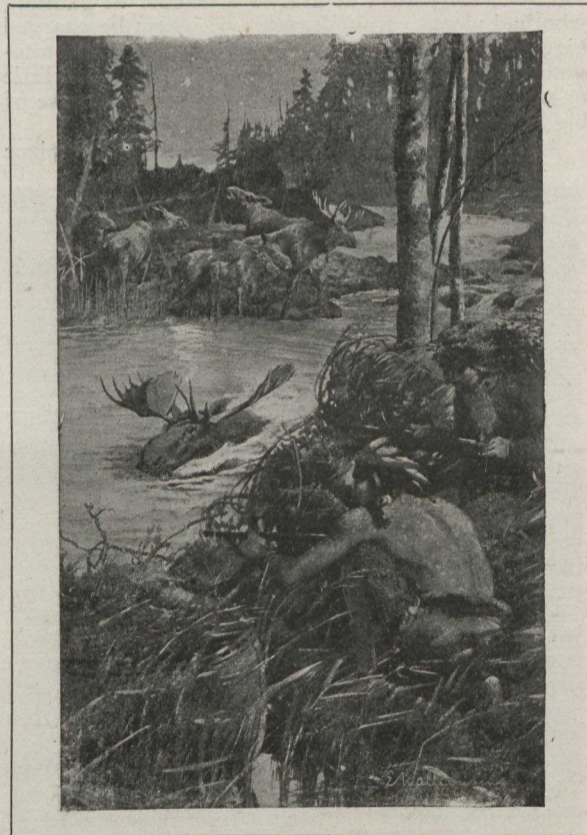
Volumes of collected poetry by Miss Pauline Johnson and Mr. Kernighan were announced for 1911, but have not as yet appeared. The year certainly is not distinguished in Canadian poetry, but if anyone fears that no such poetry is being written he will find now and then in various magazines fine lyrics by a number of writers which he need not hesitate to compare with current verse in the magazines of any country.

"To forego trade in order to uphold the flag would not appeal to a Canadian—mainly, for the reason that the idea would strike him as grotesque."

This "record of Canadian impressions" is enhanced in interest by twelve impressionistic illustrations in colour, from drawings by Cyrus Cuneo.

* * *

"Father Lacombe, the Black Robe Voyageur," is a "gentleman unafraid" who richly deserves such a sympathetic and comprehensive biography as Miss Hughes has given us. Those who complain of the nineteenth century as dull and commonplace and deplore the passing of "real romance" find themselves contradicted by such lives of service as that of the young French priest who went to the un-



INDIANS WAITING FOR MOOSE
From "Pioneers in Canada," by Sir Harry Johnston.

tried West in 1849, and whose twilight hours are spent in rejoicing over the "Home" which he has established in Alberta.

The pioneer ecclesiastic went first to Dubuque in Iowa; for the mission of Pembina on the Red River, whither he was bound, was then in the diocesan limits of Dubuque. Thence he proceeded to

St. Paul and caught, for the first time, a glimpse of the great wilderness beyond the Mississippi. Finally he came to the forest-mission of Pembina, where he served the apprenticeship for his life-work. The first great adventure which came to the young priest was his appointment as chaplain of the Great Hunt in 1850. Then followed twenty years of pioneer endeavour on the Saskatchewan and in the regions beyond, the story of which reads like a romance of the old-fashioned, gallant type, or "men with the hearts of Vikings, and the simple faith of a child." It was a life of primitive hardship, but the priest loved the life and the people among whom he worked, and, with a happy "genius for friendship," found a home among the Blackfeet and the Metis. Courage and industry, with a saving sense of humour, made the day's work a delight to his heroic soul, and he toiled with a strength which was in proportion to his faith.

The biography is written with a vivacity and picturesqueness which make the narrative delightful. Perhaps the most dramatic touch of all is the final scene, where Lord Strathcona and Father Lacombe meet on the lawn at Government House, Edmonton, in 1909—two such Empire-builders as we shall not see again!

* * *

It is nearly a quarter of a century since Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere" startled the orthodox world and provoked a review from the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Such a book would hardly excite theological circles in the present day, so great has been the change of attitude in Biblical criticism. Mrs. Ward's latest novel, "The Case of Richard Meynell," revives the question of ecclesiastical authority and thrusts the reader into all the turmoil of the Higher Criticism circles of to-day. The author, in the "foreword," reminds her American readers that the dominant factor on which the story of Richard Meynell depends is the existence of the State Church, the great ecclesiastical corporation.

This work of fiction is the most serious effort Mrs. Ward has given the world since the publication of "The History of David Grieve." The characters of twenty years ago appear once more, Catharine Elsmere, as dignified and sweetly spiritual as of old, and Rose (who could forget Rose?) as impetuous and piquant as ever, although she is a British matron.

Richard Meynell is a later Robert Elsmere, with the same stubbornness of conviction, the same exaltation of ideals. He finds himself out of sympathy with the Church and is finally driven to renouncing his allegiance to its forms of worship. The practical reader may wonder why he did not take so obvious a step when he first became aware of the divergence between his views and those of the Church authorities. The story throughout is a depiction of spiritual struggle which deepens into tragedy. The final note is of hope and joy, as the soul in conflict grasps the beauty and saving power of service to others. In spite of the sympathy of Richard Meynell, the really dominant character in the book is Catharine. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

* * *

Minor poets are in the majority, if one may indulge in paradox. During the last year, we have had the usual number of slender volumes, filled with entirely innocuous verse on such subjects as the beauties of a May morning and the gentle melancholy of an October twilight. The minor poet is sure to be an ardent patriot who indulges in sonnets celebrating the width of our Dominion, the exceeding freshness of our Great Lakes, and the height of our Rocky Mountains. There is a certain mystery about these small and slender volumes. Surely, they cannot "pay." In these times of dollar-chasing, it is either pathetic or heroic to go to the expense of publishing one's reflections in verse, when the indifference of the general public is to be taken into consideration. So many of these harmless booklets must go down to dusty death, leaving a record of unread pages, that the reviewer can but wonder at the exceeding faith of the optimistic poets. The Canadian publisher is not likely to encourage the aspiring versifier by holding out any hopes of magnificent royalties. There is a Boston publisher who used to bring out many dainty volumes of Canadian verse, with wide margins, on paper of excellent quality—and the inexperienced bard cherished golden dreams when the first letter of this enterprising gentleman reached him, but the Canadian publisher knows better than to hold out prospects of immense sales. The joy of self-expression is supposed to be the reward of the poet—and only once in many moons does a poet catch the popular ear with such notes as Mr. Service warbled in "The Songs of a Sourdough."



"MOTHERHOOD"

Painting by Mrs. Mary R. Hamilton, hung in a Paris salon.



"LE JOUR DES RAMEAUX"

Study of a Palm Sunday girl in Paris.

PICTURES FROM PARIS

A Brief Sketch of How a Canadian Woman Made a Career of Art in Europe

By JOHN E. COLLINS

BEING an artist in Europe is nowadays commonplace enough. Europe is full of artists. American painters abroad are almost as numerous as American students of music. Canadian artists in Paris and Laren and Bruges and Toledo and down in Milan have been numerous enough to form a good-sized colony if all gathered together. But the number of Canadian women who have gone abroad to study and to practise the art of painting are very few indeed; much fewer than the number of Canadian girls who may be found to-day in the music studios of Europe.

And of the few women who have gone from Canada to study art in the great centres of art, Mrs. Mary R. Hamilton is one of the most interesting because her life story has in it the germ of a real striving after something which in her own country she would probably never have got, and a line of experience which in Canada is quite unknown.

For it may be one sort of hardship for say an English gentlewoman to do as many have done—leave home in England and settle on a Canadian prairie to learn the art of homekeeping among the shacks. It is quite another kind and not less interesting for a Canadian woman used to the comforts of home and the company of friends to leave home at the age of twenty-three and go to live in Germany, afterwards and mostly in Paris for the sake of studying how to make pictures. And it was only a few days ago that Mrs. Hamilton arrived in Toronto with something less than two hundred paintings which are now on exhibition and for sale in an uptown gallery. Three of these are reproduced on this page. The collection represents ten years of work, studying with the great teachers, frequenting salons and art galleries, making excursions to out-of-the-way nooks and crannies where many artists go in search of material, investigating types of people somewhat new and strange in Canada but to artists familiar, travelling from city to city over more than half of Europe—and much of the time making a home, not in a prairie shack as the English gentlewoman does, but in a little room in Paris, furnished with an easel, a little grate fire, a collapsible bed and a few articles of furniture.

Mrs. Hamilton was born in Bruce County, Ontario. When she was a child her parents moved to Winnipeg, then a rude sort of outpost place; and there the girl lived till she was nineteen, fond of pictures and water-colour sketching, but having no serious intention of making art a means of livelihood—or she would not have married at the age of nineteen and gone to live in what was then the still more desolate town of Port Arthur. Four years after her marriage Mrs. Hamilton was a widow with a little money and a big desire for art. Not

knowing how to match one with the other she went down to Toronto and took a dozen lessons in painting from Mr. E. Wylie Grier—chiefly in the painting of heads and figures.

Mr. Grier advised her to study abroad.

"Well, of course, that's not so easy," she said. "And I have not much money. Besides—what is a lone woman to do in Paris studying art?"

After a good deal of hesitation, and with perhaps very little faith in her ability to make such a journey worth while, Mrs. Hamilton packed her things and went—to Germany; at first to a teacher of painting who had plenty of pupils, some of whom he charged big fees for lessons, and some he turned away altogether for lack of talent. Some he taught for little or nothing because he saw in them some promise of big things.

Afterwards she went to Paris, which is the place



"THE TOILET"

One of the eternally feminine features of Paris.

of all places for the artist. Paris swarms with artists as Vienna with musicians. For the Parisians are the quickest people on earth to take up with anything new or even novel in pictures. It does not matter so much—as, for instance, it does in the Royal Academy in London—what the connexion or the art pull may be; the Parisian at the salon and the jury that determine whether a given picture is worthy of a place in any of the salons, are always open-eyed for real talent whether it hails from the boulevards or from Timbuctoo.

It was in Paris that Mrs. Hamilton lived during most of her stay in Europe. In Paris she did most of the pictures now on exhibition in Canada. From Paris she made her journeys, as many other artists have done, to Holland, to Belgium, to Spain and to Italy. No doubt it was all very fascinating. But it was no bed of roses. Even cheap living in Paris is expensive enough when one has to spend years searching for material and getting the atmosphere. Years only can make it worth while to try painting European pictures where so many thousands of artists from all over the world have been painting for more than a hundred years. The little room in which Mrs. Hamilton lived—not always the same room, but always a little one—had to serve for a parlor, a bedroom and a studio. The little grate had to do for the cooking of simple meals that cost little but labour and time. The collapsible bed had to be folded up and put away to make room for the model when she came in the morning. And even models cost money; and easels are not cheap; and paint and brushes are a constant expense.

But Mrs. Hamilton kept painting away; and doubting and wondering and hoping that some day she might be able to get some real note into her work whereby she could stack away hundreds of sketches never to be seen again and scores of pictures not good enough to exhibit, that she might have one or two or more worthy to hang in the big galleries. She succeeded in getting several hung in the salons; which was no small honour besides being a very big encouragement.

Latterly she decided to revisit her own country and to make exhibitions of some two hundred of her canvases, including oils, water-colours, pastels and drawings. Until November 30th these will be shown in the Townsend Gallery. Afterwards the exhibit will be removed to Montreal, possibly later to Ottawa, and again to Winnipeg.

THE KING'S SPEECHES

PROPOS of the visit of His Majesty King George V. and his Consort to India, there comes a timely volume from the press of Messrs. Williams and Norgate, London. "The King to his people." This book contains the speeches of our Sovereign both as Prince of Wales and King of England, and is printed with the permission of His Majesty.

King George has established a reputation among royalty as a speechmaker. A glance over this book indicates to a slight degree his activity in this regard during the past ten years. "The King to his people" contains 450 pages of His Majesty's eloquence. Speeches are recorded as the King delivered them from Vancouver to Melbourne. They provide a striking evidence of the care King George has taken to meet all classes and conditions of his subjects. The message of the speeches is always the same, whether the King is addressing the Maori Chiefs at Rotorna, as we find by the book he did on June 13, 1901, or the Indian Chiefs at Calgary—an appeal to his subjects to co-operate with him in maintaining the glorious traditions of the British Crown.

Naturally, the speeches which are most interesting at present, are those delivered on the occasion of His Majesty's last visit to India in 1906.

A quotation from one of them shows what an observer is the most widely travelled prince of the ages, and how outspoken and sympathetic he is. The King—or Prince as he was then—is delivering his impressions of his Indian tour at Guildhall, London. He remarks:

"No one could possibly fail to be struck with the wonderful administration of India. We had the opportunities of seeing at the headquarters of the Presidencies and of the different Provinces the general and admirable working of the civil service. At the same time we realized that it is a mere handful of highly educated British officials, often living a hard and strenuous life, frequently separated from their countrymen, and subject to the trials and discomforts of the plains, who are working hand-in-hand with representatives of the different races in the administration of enormous areas, in the government of millions of people."

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

FROM THE FRONT ROW

At the Opening of Parliament

By ESTELLE M. KERR

IT is all very well to be the wife of a Lieutenant-Governor or a Cabinet Minister on the day of the opening of Parliament, but it is even better to be a representative of the Press, if you want to see everything to the best advantage. So, armed with our magic passes, we sailed past rows of policemen and in to the senate gallery, while others more gorgeously arrayed and more intimately connected with the government, were forced to wait outside until two o'clock when those who had tickets for the reserved galleries were admitted. They bore down on us like a flock of beautiful birds alighting and surrounding us in the benches. Such costumes of satin and chiffon and lace, with gleaming white shoulders and flashing gems only equalled in splendor by the uniforms of their military escorts. When these were seated, those who had tickets which entitled them to standing room were allowed to enter, until every available space was filled while we sat smiling from the front row.

Meanwhile on the floor of the House the Members' wives were taking the seats which the Senators had vacated for them, and there the costumes were even livelier. The ladies strolled in, giving us ample time to criticize their costumes, and it amused me to listen to scraps of conversation from all sides. The lady behind me had been seated on the floor of the House the previous year, and bewailed the new government and its changes, the pretty girl to my right was interested only in the clothes, while an elderly lady nearby was so thrilled with the presence of royalty that she could speak of nothing else.

"This is the first time the royal ensign has floated from the tower above us," she said in an awed voice, "and after all, next to King Edward, he is quite the best! Yet their manners are so simple! They tell me at the state ball the other night that everyone was spoken to. This is the first time, too, that there have been two chairs on the throne; Lady Grey sat on the floor—I mean, of course, in an arm chair. And he is so good to his horses, they are exercised every day and were for a month before he arrived. I suppose they think of poor Princess Louise."

"Do look," remarked the former member's wife, "there's Mrs. A. sitting right beside Mrs. B., isn't that delightful? How they hate each other, those two, oh how they hate each other!"

"Here comes Mrs. P—" said the pretty girl, "what a perfectly beautiful bouquet! She really is awfully pretty until she starts to walk."

"That is Admiral D—. I'm just crazy about the navy, aren't you? Not individually or personally, but as a whole, there is something about them that simply—well *will* you look at that gown!"

"Isn't that band in the hair sweet. I wish I could wear one but it's frightfully unbecoming. Do you like this aigrette? Of course nothing looks well in the daytime. Don't you hate to get into evening dress at one o'clock? And an open carriage in this weather, but we considered ourselves lucky to get *any thing!*"

"Oh do look, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier have just come in and they're standing there all alone. Why doesn't somebody go and speak to them. Oh thank goodness! He's shaking hands with his left hand—isn't he a dear! Sir James Scott is taking Lady Laurier to her seat. Sir Wilfrid can't even stay! And there's Mr. Borden standing to the right of the throne, just where Sir Wilfrid always stood."

"There's Miss E—, isn't she a beauty! She fell down the first time she was presented and made a great sensation—perhaps she did it on purpose! The first time she dined at Government House she kept on her gloves, but now she's engaged to the nicest man in town—well almost."

"I've been practicing my curtsy all morning, but it will be so crowded I know they won't give me time enough to do it properly. I wish they would let us wear court trains, but they take up too much room. There were 700 presentations an hour last year! Look at the plum-coloured robes on those church dignitaries, aren't they quite the most beautiful things here! Who are going to sit on that funny round bench near the throne?"

"The Supreme Court Judges. Here they come now; aren't those red dressing gowns the limit! They look like band men on top of a circus wagon."

"There's the Speaker, M. Landry. He's going to read something. I must say his French is better than his English, but it seems silly to read it twice. Now they're swearing in the new Senators. That's Rufus Pope and the other is George Taylor."

"I wish the Duke would hurry up and come. There's the first gun of the royal salute—isn't it exciting!"

"Here they come; now we must all stand; doesn't he look like King Edward!"

A silence fell as the Duke and Duchess appeared. The Duke wore his Field Marshall's uniform and led his lady by the hand in which he held his baton.

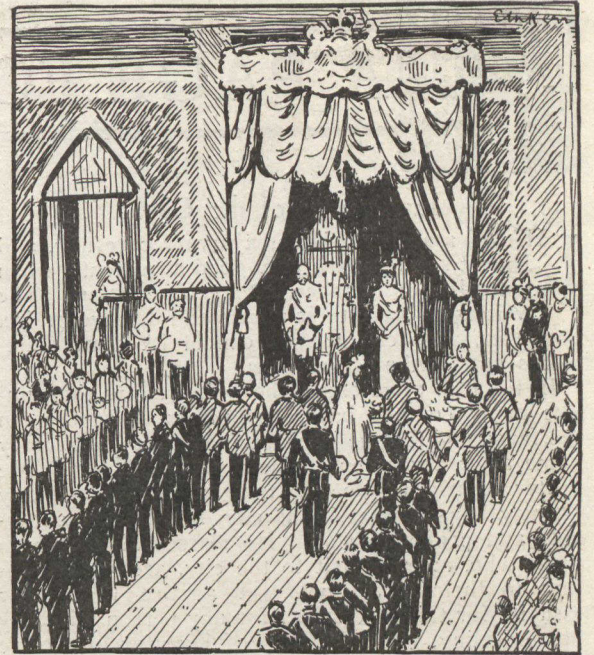
He preceded her in passing the barrier, then stepped aside most gracefully and again gave her his hand. The Duchess, too, was extremely graceful and looked very handsome in her magnificent gown and diamond tiara. Two small boys, Masters Sladen and Sherwood in red coats with white knee-breeches and stockings, carried her wonderful court train, and Miss Pelly in a lovely gown of gold tissue followed, and after curtsying to the throne, took up her position at the left.

The Duke then sat down, put on his hat and said, "Be seated."

The two little pages sat down on the steps, the gentlemen in waiting fell into their places and all who had seats

resumed them. Then M. Le Moine bowed to the throne, walked half way down the room and bowed again; at the barrier he made a third bow and departed to call the House of Commons. It seemed a long time before they appeared, but at last they came crowding in and stood at the back of the room behind the barrier. And very common they looked, too, in their rough tweeds. Major Lawler,

"There go the Gibson's, they're giving them arm-chairs right near the throne. What handsome uniforms the Lieutenant-Governors have!"



During the special presentations the Duke and Duchess stood.



A Corner in the Officers' Gallery.

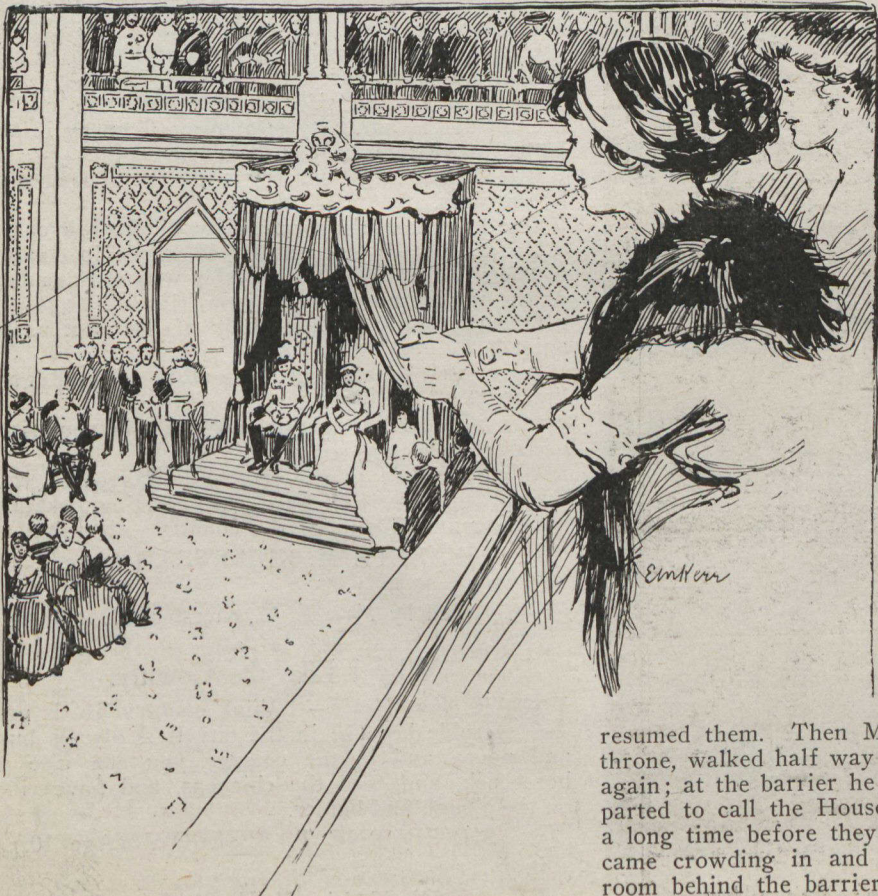
Military Secretary, presented the Duke with a manuscript, the Duchess handed her husband his glasses and he read the Speech from the Throne, first in English and then in French, after which the Duke and Duchess took their leave and the ladies after pausing to chat with each other gradually drifted on to the reception in the Speaker's chambers, leaving the Senators to resume the business of the day.

On Saturday night the scene in the Senate Chamber was even more brilliant. Every woman had saved her grandest gown for this occasion and the majority carried beautiful bouquets of flowers, while the veils and feathers worn by all, proved to be universally becoming. Again we took up our positions in the front row and saw at the best advantage the gay doings below.

The officers and their ladies had access to the galleries near us and so were spared any tedious waiting as they came last in order of presentation. The others could not come to the galleries until after they had been presented, but the Duke's thoughtfulness had provided waiting-rooms for the guests which everyone, especially those who had in previous years endured the long wait in the halls, appreciated very much.

The officers' gallery was a lovely sight with all the filmy tulle veils and dainty white feathers nodding from each feminine head. In the front row across from me, sat a pretty white-haired colonel's wife with a sheaf of tawny chrysanthemums that harmonized with the colorings of her gown; lying across the rail before her. Next to her a major's wife adjusted her gloves, while behind a couple of debutantes were taking their places. The white or very delicately-tinted gowns looked very much the prettiest with the tulle veils, but the more vivid colorings of deep rose, paddy green and turquoise blue varied the monotony of the scene.

The floor of the Senate was gay with military costumes, and the officers stood in four lines leading from the barrier to the throne. The Duke was dressed as before in his Field Marshall's uniform; the gown worn by the Duchess was ever more magnificent than that of the previous occasion, and her court train of white satin with flowers embossed in colored velvet and edged with sable, was a thing of great beauty. The presentations preceded with unusual rapidity; we timed them, sixteen to the minute—sometimes eighteen when no court trains intervened. The number of presentations was very large, but even when the numbers had passed the second thousand, the smile of the Duchess was extremely gracious.



As a Woman Saw Parliament Opened.



A PAGE FOR JUNIORS



In Defence of the City.

I HAVE read the prize essays very carefully, and I must say they are very good arguments, when their length is taken into consideration. The writers all have their merits and deserve praise. However, as a city-born, I cannot let some statements pass without discussion.

In the first prize essay, the writer states that, unlike many country boys, he prefers to remain on the farm, and that he is glad to return to his country home after a very enjoyable visit to the city. The writer clearly points out that he is unlike many country boys, who visit the city, find it very enjoyable and prefer to stay. He classes himself with those who, after a visit to the city, are glad to return to their rural home. I admire the clever essayist for this statement; for any person with any home feeling, with a feeling of love for his native birthplace ought, no matter how much better, preferable, and enjoyable he finds the place he is visiting, long to return to his original home. When I came to Canada, I took up my abode in a small country village; but because I was born and accustomed to live in the city, I was not contented, and after a few weeks' stay in the country, was greatly delighted to be back again in the city.

I agree with him that urban inhabitants have a custom of going to the country to spend their holidays, but I differ with him as to the reason. They do not wish to leave the city to gain the farm or seashore, but to gain a good rest, unmolested by their city business. They do not leave the city to enjoy the fresh air and beautiful scenery of the country, because our modern cities also have fresh air, and if they have no beautiful scenery, the suburbs, at least, within easy reach of urban population, possess it. Urban people are so profoundly in love with the city that they are forced by some unknown internal power to return, not as our farmer states to endure the many unpleasant things connected with city life, but to endure entertainment, amusement and enjoyment.

I agree that country boys are not exposed to such temptation as are the city boys, but in the city we are taught by a superior education and by lectures that we city boys can combat temptation and defeat it. What a triumph it is to defeat exposed temptation! What a healthy and wholesome mind results! What confidence it places in the man who has successfully resisted evil! What opportunity is afforded to country people to resist temptation?

Our lover of the country thinks that the city boy is second to his neighbour in the fields, that he can never hold a prominent position in the world. May I contradict him? It should be obvious that there are no better facilities and opportunities to win fame than in the city. The city possesses lecture rooms, libraries, art galleries, and universities, of which one may take advantage and as a consequence obtain prominence. When one walks along a city street, he is becoming educated, and education does not lead a man to a second-rate position.

My friend thinks that city boys have no taste for the beautiful. If he thought a little longer over this point, he would have come to a totally different conclusion. In the city, we have the ugly and the beautiful. They stand out in marked contrast. We have streets of brick and stone, avenues of beautiful architecture and sculpture, boulevards of pleasing gardens and parks. Now, my friend, when a citizen passes down an unattractive street without a tinge of nature bordering it, then along the avenue with trees and well-kept lawns, don't you think he sees more beauty in nature than if one sees nothing but green leaves and trees about him. The mere contrast between these streets creates an aesthetic taste stronger than that of the rustic.

May I ask, where would you send your produce, if the city is not necessary to the farmer? It is the city with its immense population that buys your products. Without it, there would be no need for farming. When Canada was young, the farmer did not need the city, because the science of agriculture had not yet developed. The farmer, with his little knowledge, had to work hard to produce enough food to support his own family. In addition, if a farmer would be respectable, he must procure necessary clothing and agricultural implements from the city, and if he would know what is going on in the outer world, he must be in constant and frequent communication with the city.

My friend concludes that, since the farmer is independent, his life is better than city existence.

How you arrive at this conclusion from the independence of the farmer is beyond me. It is true that the farmer stands for independence, the citizen for co-operation. It is by co-operation that man benefits man, that man improves himself mentally and morally, that man broadens his ideas, which inspire him to do greater, higher and nobler work.

The second prize winner writes that the country possesses more opportunities for broadening and developing our mental resources. This is a false statement. When we broaden and develop our mental resources, we are becoming a civilized nation. In

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES



He wears his robes of state with royal dignity.



playing golf he looks more like a real boy.

the first lines of the essay, the writer states that the city is invaluable to a civilized nation. It is the manufacturing centre and seat of learning. Yet he is convinced that the country increases our mental resources more than the city.

With due respect to President Falconer's statement, I should like to point out that the educational institutions in the city are largely recruited from the country because rural districts lack such organizations.

That bad water is almost unheard of in the country is the conviction of the describer of happiness. I think I am justified, if I strike out "in the country" and substitute "in the city." Let me say, that it is an undisputed fact that there is a greater percentage of disease through water in rural districts than in the city. Contaminated well water, bad sewage and drainage are not found in modern cities.

About the third essay, I will not venture to speak, since the writer is comparatively young, and her essay is concluded by an admirable piece of poetry. Those last few lines seemed to deprive me of the desire to stand up as a sturdy supporter of the city; it seemed to make her whole essay appeal to me in a way which is indescribable. However, I would say this—that we in the city do see the golden sunshine and the clear blue sky, and we realize their beauty to an extent that country people are not aware of.

So, Aunt Helen, I am still in favour of the city with its rush and roar, its eagerness and enthusiasm, its excitements and entertainments, its struggle and strife, and its taunt and temptation.

S. Cieman (Age 17.)

—Certified by parent.

Toronto, Ont.

* * *

In the Forest.

In the forest on a fine day,
Is the place where children play;
First they play at hide and go seek,
Then they play at little bo-peep;
Up and down the groves they run,
Isn't it fun,
Oh isn't it fun!

Little Metis, Que.

D. M. (aged 9.)

* * *

Prefers Country Life.

COUNTRY life is preferable to city life. For this statement I advance these reasons:

One living in the country has the great opportunity of studying nature and its wonders which one living in the city has not.

Is not country life a free life? Pure air is in abundance, rather than the smoky, impure air of a city.

One has the simple, healthful, digestible, pure foods, which are, to a certain extent, denied those living in a city.

There is no temptation to attend the deteriorating moving picture shows which are ruinous to the lives of young people.

There is not so much excitement and variety in pleasures, making those which are possible the more enjoyable.

One gets to bed early and rises early and so gets the benefit of the pure and fresh morning air.

There is no necessity for worry if one's clothes are not of the latest style; and one is happy in any outfit, provided it is comfortable.

One's house in the country is less apt to be entered by burglars.

One has an unobstructed view of the heavens.

On account of the scarcity of people in country districts one has closer fellowship with the members of the family who are our best friends.

One may have a close study of the most useful animals.

A country person has more time to read good literature.

One has more ready money for the necessities of body, mind and soul.

What is there in the city to be compared with the pleasure derived from the coasting, skating, sleighing and fishing of the country? Nothing.

ELIZABETH M. KIERSTEAD (Age 16.)

St. John, N.B.

—Certified by Mrs. E. C. Kierstead (Mother.)

* * *

Why I Like the Country.

DEAR Aunt Helen,—I think country life is preferable because in the city it is always busy and noisy, and in the country you can ride on horseback, and feed the chickens, and have rides on the plough and binder.

SHERBURNE T. BIGELOW (Age 10.)

Regina, Sask.

—Certified by H. V. Bigelow (Parent.)

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

Scientists have photographed a frost on Mars. The Martians must be enduring an Americanized English musical comedy.

A Toronto man, who killed his wife, fell asleep during his trial. Our courts should try to make their proceedings more interesting.

Glad tidings for hungry people! Andrew Carnegie has given \$25,000,000 more to build libraries.

Col. Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, is talking of adding an aerial corps to Canada's army. It may amount to no more than a flight of eloquence.

Toronto City Council was invited to attend a burlesque show. Another case of carrying coals to Newcastle.

Germany and France have exchanged notes concerning the Moroccan question—a much more sensible game than exchanging bullets.

A big feature of the opening of Parliament appears to have been Sir Wifrid's "speech from the thrown."

Automobile men suggest requiring chauffeurs to pass an examination. That won't bother reckless drivers if they can do that as fast as they pass people wanting to cross a street or board a car.

Nasty, Mean Man.—At a certain Ontario educational institution—the name is not given lest The Courier office be wrecked—the "freshman" girls of this college year are said to be less noted for beauty than for intellect. The men and girl students had their first meeting as a body at a masked ball. A student, whose chief virtue is not gallantry, was asked how he had enjoyed himself at the ball.

"Well," he said, "I liked it all right till the girls took off their masks."

An Amusing Admission.—"That is the most candid confession I've heard in a long time," said a Toronto man the other day after discussing with others some points concerning the Orange Order. A second member of the little group had said to a third, "You're an Orangeman, aren't you?" "No," the one questioned had said, "I'm not. But—well, yes, for all practical purposes I'm an Orangeman."

New Nursery Rhyme.

Mamma's started Christmas Shopping—
Papa's bank account is Dropping.

Lazy.—The proprietor of a Toronto quick lunch counter recently dismissed a waiter, who had something of the lazy feeling that characterized the store-keeper, who is reported to have said indignantly to a tiny customer, "Am I the only man in town who sells molasses?"

This waiter had given several evidences of not trying to please customers. A customer said to him, "Let me have a hot egg sandwich." The waiter didn't want to take the trouble to fry an egg, so he said, "Say, take a ham sandwich."

The Right Locality.—There is a tradition in Vancouver that all successful citizens come from Bruce county, Ontario, as so many Bruce Old Boys have "made good" in British Columbia.

One day a Vancouverite was asking a Chinaman about his former

home, in the endeavour to find out what province of the Celestial Empire he hailed from. At last, the Oriental countenance brightened somewhat and assumed a knowing expression.

"Oh, yes!" he said. "Me come far-off. Once lived in Bluce!"

His Specialties.

Now doth the busy candidate
Wax eloquently warm—
He's either "pointing out with pride"
Or "viewing with alarm."

More Bluffs Called.—Opportunity had grown a little tired of the monotony of calling once at every man's door. So she glanced over one of her most recent lists and decided to make a few second trips. She made the second round of visits to men who—be-



WHEN BRUTALITY IS ABOLISHED

Oh, I beg your pardon, old man. Did you fellows want the ball?

fore her first call—had often prayed to her to grant the darling wish of their hearts.

The man who had wished for a million dollars so that he could be good to his friends was much upset on seeing her a second time.

"I suppose," said Opportunity, "that since I showed you how to make a million dollars you have been planning to make your friends happier?"

"Well," he answered, "I have been so busy at other things that I—I didn't—"

Opportunity had glanced at the papers spread out in front of the man.

"I see," she said sadly as she turned to go, "you have been figuring out how you could make another million."

"Sad, but interesting," she said as she made her way to the home of the man who had declared that he wanted to become a hero.

He rose from his chair with a start as she entered. He looked worried.

"You didn't follow my advice?" said Opportunity reproachfully.

The man decided to be frank.

"I didn't realize what my request to you meant," he said. "I thought that—"

Opportunity had vanished.

As he walked down the stone steps of his house to his huge automobile, the great financier looked as if he had forgotten having said, "I would rather have written a sonnet that would rank with the works of the immortal poets than have made all my wealth."

Opportunity reminded him that she had offered to grant his wish if he would give away even half of his great fortune.

The great financier frowned.

"Call some other time," he said. "I'm very busy to-day."

She turned away sorrowfully, say-

ing to herself, "I have already called on him too often."

Opportunity decided to make one more second call. She went to the home of the worried business man who had sighed for a quiet country home.

He was not at home. He would not be home till late that night.

Opportunity laughed and gleefully clapped her hands.

"He has gone to the country?" she said joyfully to the worried business man's wife.

"No," answered the wife. "He went down town early, and he said he wouldn't be home till late because he has to go over the plans for the addition to the factory. They are doubling its capacity."

Opportunity went back to her one-visit schedule.

Placing Himself.—There's one man in Toronto who has a never-failing fountain of wit and good humour bubbling within him. That man is R. J. Fleming, once Mayor of Toronto, once Assessment Commissioner and now managing the Toronto Railway Company. At the City Hall they tell a story that aptly illustrates his sense of humour. It was when he was Assessment Commissioner that a Toronto paper accused him of favouring a rival daily in the giving out of civic news. The late O. A. Howland, a most dignified and precise man, was then Mayor. He had Mr. Fleming summoned before the Board of Control, and questioned him about it. Mr. Fleming admitted that it might be true—he might favour one paper more than another if that paper were inclined to favour him. At this Mayor Howland was shocked. No civic chief, he said, should know any favourites among the newspapers. But he was curious.

"Now, Mr. Commissioner, might I ask just which paper you would suppose favoured you?"

The big Fleming countenance wreathed itself in a huge smile as he answered, "Well, I think the Christian Guardian would have a friendly feeling toward me."

Absent-Minded Member.—Not long after Hon. W. J. Hanna's appointment to the portfolio of Provincial Secretary, he was in the office of Premier Whitney, when there entered a certain Methodist minister of Conservative "leanings." The Premier introduced him to Mr. Hanna, remarking "Mr. Hanna is a strong Methodist, Dr. C—."

The Doctor beamed on the Provincial Secretary and asked: "Let me see! Who is in charge in Sarnia now?"

Mr. Hanna replied: "Oh, he's all right. Mr. —, Mr. —. Oh, hang it all, I've forgotten his name."

The Little Widow.—A Toronto editor tells the following story—therefore, it must be true.

To a certain Ontario city, there came a charming widow on a visit and her victims were many and moneyed. One of her most ardent admirers was about to make a trip to Winnipeg, and she asked him to go to the cemetery and place a wreath of flowers on the grave of her Dear Departed. He promised to fulfil this mournful mission and, faithful to his trust, proceeded to the Winnipeg place of burial carrying a profusion of chrysanthemums.

What was his surprise to find two graves in the lot, each provided with a stone on which were inscribed the virtues of the beloved husband. The later one, however, conveyed a shock in the final quotation: "Be Thou Also Ready!"

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New Large Industry for Ontario.

THE very rapid increase in the demand for commercial motor cars for all classes of transportation has resulted in Toronto capitalists organizing the Schacht Motor Car Company of Canada, Limited. The company has already completed arrangements for the manufacture of all the styles of cars turned out by the Schacht Motor Car Co. of Cincinnati, and was fortunate in being able to secure a modern factory in the city of Hamilton. No time has been lost and the Company is already turning out a number of commercial cars under contract and will start delivery of same within the next few months. In its first year the Company will have an output of two hundred and fifty pleasure cars and seventy-five commercial cars, but it is the intention to increase the output just as quickly as possible with a view of bringing the total output of the commercial car up to two hundred and fifty a year.



GERALD MUNTZ

Secretary, Imperial Loan and Investment Co., and Managing Director, Schacht Motor Co., of Canada.

Among the men who are identified with the new company are: Mr. Thos. T. Rolph, Toronto, President G. A. Schacht, Cincinnati; Vice-President, John Jones, Hamilton; R. Pellatt, Toronto, and Gerald Muntz, Managing Director, Toronto.

* * *

Epoch in Milling Industry for Canada.

JUST what an important part the Province of Ontario is playing in the growth and development of the flour milling industry of the country was instanced the other day when the new six-thousand-barrel mill of Maple Leaf Milling Co., at Port Colborne, was formally placed in operation.

The mill is situated at what milling experts now regard as the most advantageous point in Canada. Its successful inauguration emphasizes the truth of the statement made by Mr. Robt. Meighen, the late President of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, when he said that in future all large flour mills in Canada would be erected east of the Great Lakes owing to the closer connection that can be established between them and the markets of this and other countries.

The new modern mill, which has been fully tested out for some weeks, has a daily milling capacity of four thousand barrels, and this will gradually be increased to six thousand barrels and ultimately to nine thousand barrels, which will make it the largest mill in the British Empire. Besides the mill itself, the extensive plant of the Maple Leaf at Port Colborne includes huge elevators, warehouses, the power plant and the general office building. The mill and elevator are on an immense concrete and rock pier constructed a few years ago by the Dominion Government. On this pier a dock frontage of half a mile is secured enabling the Company to have a number of vessels tie up for the winter months beside the elevator and thus ensure greatly increased storage capacity. The length of the mill building and elevator is six hundred feet and their width sixty feet. The mill has seven stories and is one hundred and twenty-five feet high. The entire construction is of reinforced concrete and required, exclusive of foundations, seventeen thousand barrels of cement and four hundred and fifty tons of steel reinforcement. The storage warehouse has a capacity of four hundred thousand bags of flour. An idea of just how immense the entire plant is may be gathered from the fact that the floor space of the mill and storage warehouse totals close to five acres. The mill is most favourably situated for an ample supply of power from Decew's Falls.

The opening up of the mill marks an epoch in the life of Mr. Hedley Shaw, the Managing Director of the Company and head of the former Hedley Shaw Milling Company. Ever since he went into the milling business on a small scale Mr. Shaw has recognized the tremendous possibilities of Port Colborne, and it has been his great ambition to have a mill located at that point. The entire mill has been erected under the personal supervision of Mr. J. S. Barker, of St. Catharines, the Mechanical Superintendent of the Company, and must stand as a monument to his marked ability in figuring out just what features a successful mill should contain.

* * *

Surprise for Toronto Interests in Rio.

TORONTO interests who have been buying Rio Common Stock for some months certainly received a surprise when the Directors of the Company the other day intimated their intention of issuing five million dollars of additional common stock. While the new stock will be offered to the shareholders in the usual way, the price of it affords such a small premium that it is felt that but a small proportion of it will be taken up. On this account the entire five millions was first of all underwritten in London at 105, and any portion of the issue which is not taken up by the shareholders will go to the Syndicate. Of course the issuing of further stock may in the long run be a bull factor as far as the stock is concerned, but of course it could not be so construed from the standpoint of hundreds of traders who had climbed aboard in the expectation that the dividend on Rio would be increased at a very early date.

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RECORD-BREAKING NOVELIST

By W. A. CRAICK

IF one were asked to name the author, who had written the greatest number of novels about Canada, the answer would probably be, "Why, Ralph Connor, of course." But the Winnipeg clergyman by no means holds the record. There is a vigorous little Englishman over in London who has actually written and published sixteen novels, the setting of which is laid in Canada. And it has not been long-distance, imaginative writing, either, as one might expect, but the result of numerous personal visits to the Dominion.

G. B. Burgin, for that is this prolific author's name, first came to Canada as a young man, when, after acting as secretary to the Armenian Reform Commission, he contracted typhoid fever, and was sent to this side the Atlantic to convalesce. Ever since, Canada has had a fascination for him, and he likes nothing better than to board an ocean liner in June and cross to Quebec, whence he visits different parts of the country during the summer months. Like most writers, he had a struggle to get on his feet, but he eventually succeeded, his first long story being accepted for the Detroit Free Press by our own Canadian, Robert Barr, with whom he struck up a lasting friendship, and one which led to his receiving the appointment of sub-editor of The Idler when Barr launched that magazine in 1892.

Mr. Burgin has a remarkable output of novels. On March 7 his fortieth book was published, and he has already completed two more to appear later in the year. Then he is under contract to produce three novels in

1912. He has also written hundreds of short stories. All his work is characterized by a cheery optimism and a bright unforced humour. What is considered his best book, "The Shutters of Silence," had its origin in a visit to the Trappist Monastery at Oka in Quebec. The first night he attended evening service, and saw the procession of brown-robed monks file in; there were "good faces, wicked faces, morose faces, faces of dreamers, faces of men who suffered perpetual martyrdom, faces of angelic purity and sweetness, faces which were simply foolish, faces which had seen hell, faces which were still seeing it, faces which had no expression at all." Then bringing up the rear came the face of a boy of thirteen or so, ethereal in its beauty, but already covered with the mask of silence. Deeply moved by the spectacle of one so young already shut off from the world, Mr. Burgin made inquiries, and learned that the boy had been taken in as a foundling some years before, and might in due course take the final vows. In a flash the author saw the skeleton of his story, in which he takes the boy out of the monastery as he nears manhood and dumps him down in London society.

Mr. Burgin's other Canadian novels include "The Cattle Man," "Old Man's Marriage," "The Way Out," "A Wilful Woman," "The Land of Silence," "The Hermit of Bonneville," "The Marble City," "The Devil's Due," "The Only World," "The Belles of Vaudroy," "Fanuela," "A Simple Savage," "The King of Four Corners," "This Son of Adam," and "The Dance at Four Corners."

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Revolt in Canada Against the New Feudalism, Edward Porritt, Cassells.

The Dominion of Canada, W. L. Griffith, McClelland & Goodchild.

Bridge in Canada, W. Forsythe Grant, Morang.

Story of Tecumseth, Norman Gurd, Briggs.

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Canadian Days, Toronto Women's Press Club, Mussons.

The Scotsman in Canada; Eastern Canada, W. W. Campbell; Western Canada, Geo. Bryce, Mussons.

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New Garden of Canada, F. A. Talbot, Cassells.

Canada As It Is, John Foster Fraser, Cassells.

Canada To-day and To-morrow, A. E. Copping, Cassells.

Nova Scotia, Beckles Willson, Constable.

A Fisherman's Summer in Canada, F. G. Aflalo, McClelland & Goodchild.

The Golden Land, A. E. Copping, Mussons.

Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada, Vol. 15, Wrong & Langton, University Press.

Nonsense Novels, Stephen Leacock, Publishers' Press.

Canada West and Farther West, Frank Carrel, Musson.

Pioneering in Canada, Sir Harry Johnston, Copp, Clark.

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Canada and the Preference, S. Morley Wickett.

Canadian Copyright, Frank Wise.

New Testament Evangelism, Professor Kilpatrick, Westminster.

At Onement, G. C. Workman, Frowde.

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WEDDING bells seem to ring often in the County of Essex, Ont.

According to figures recently compiled, there were 16,845 registered marriages in Essex during the period 1899-1908. The population of the county is only 59,660.

Bachelors and spinsters must feel out of it in Essex.

An Educative Influence.

PHOTOGRAPHS are shown on this page of two reading camps maintained for the benefit of men who are blazing the path of civilization. Chaps on railroad construction work do not

than any of the other Provinces, 24,581.

There are 324 Indian schools educating the Indian.

The report is a contradiction of the statement so current that the Canadian Indian is fast disappearing; for it shows that the increase of births over deaths in the past year was 346.

* * *

An Innovation in Vancouver.

VANCOUVER has the government by commission idea under consideration just now.

An act has been drawn up and submitted to the Provincial Government for endorsement.



Grand Trunk Pacific workmen at Mileage 6, Yellow Head Mountains, B.C., keeping up-to-date through the magazines supplied by the Reading Camp Association.

get much chance to read the latest fiction, unless somebody back home is thoughtful enough to ship out to them a few magazines. Providing reading matter and refining influences for the

The Act calls the commissioners "aldermen," and provides a salary of \$7,500 a piece for them; \$10,000 for the Mayor.

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This Reading Tent was in charge of a student from the University of Alberta, who, last summer, earned his college expenses working like a navy in the daytime, and taught other navvies at night.

men on the frontier, that is the splendid work being accomplished by the Reading Camp Association.

This organization tries to substitute intellectual recreation for the wild orgies, which used to be a feature of frontier camp life a few years ago. It is practising practical Christianity.

Facts About the Indian.

THE Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa has just come out with interesting statistics about the red men of Canada.

There are 108,261 Indians in Canada; 4,600 of these are Eskimos. Indians last year earned \$1,500,000 in wages.

British Columbia has more braves

Act going into force till another year. This will give the citizens time to size up the proposal more fully.

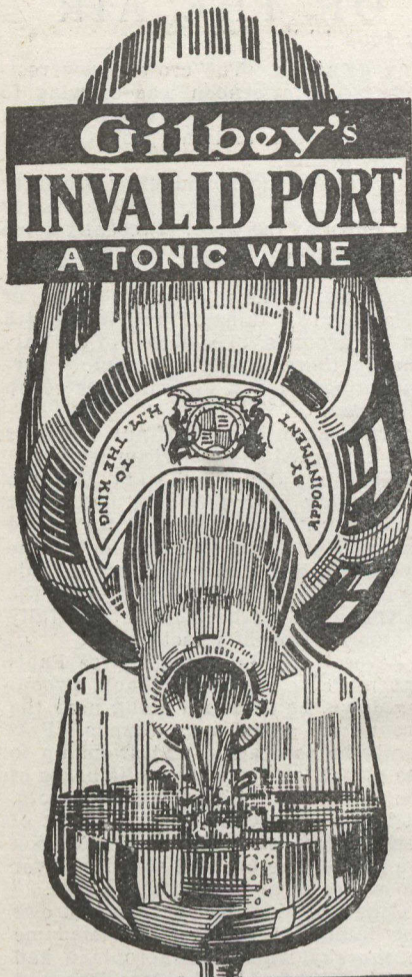
* * *

Adding to His Gallery.

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE, of the C. P. R., in the intervals when he is not worrying with railroad and industrial stocks, devotes himself to the aesthetic. He has a rather rare and expensive taste in pictures. Like Sir Edmund Walker, and several other wealthy Canadian men, Sir William maintains a private gallery, and is constantly making valuable additions to it.

Recently, the railroad knight gathered in two old masters. With the assistance of the Ehrick Gallery peo-





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ple in New York, Sir William was so fortunate as to obtain Murillo's "Portrait of a Man," and the "Monks at Supper in a Monastery," by Magnasco.

They Do Not Balance.

THE city of Saskatoon does not agree with the count of the Dominion census officials. When the Ottawa figures came out a few weeks ago, Saskatoon was listed as having two people over twelve thousand. Since then, civic enumerators have got busy and have found a few thousand more people in Saskatoon—six thousand more to be exact. The civic figures give the city's population as 18,096. Which is right—12,002 or 18,096?

Windsor Progressive.

LAND values are soaring in the town of Windsor, Ont., according to The Record, the live daily published there.

Any municipality of the size of Windsor which can boost its assessment four million dollars in one year is going some.

But that is precisely what has happened in Windsor, if you count the assessment on the Detroit River Tunnel, which makes up more than half of the four million. Increased assessment on buildings and improvements over last year total \$708,425, and in other ways the rest of the additional assessment swells into figures like \$1,650,235. The total assessment in Windsor is now \$15,931,925.

Big Banking for Brandon.

DURING the first week of the month, Brandon's Clearing House did a business of over one million dollars. That is a record in a city which has only had an institution of this kind twenty months. In the same week last year Clearing House figures in Brandon amounted to \$755,441.

There are ten banks in Brandon.

The Golfing Mayoress.

THE wife of Mayor Fleming of Brandon, is somewhat of a sport in the real sense of that word. Brandon was proud of the wife of her first citizen the other day, when Mrs. Fleming captured the championship trophy in the Ladies' Golf Tournament.

Cars for Lethbridge.

HALF a million dollars have been set aside by Lethbridge, Alberta, for a street railway system. Tenders are out and contracts have been let. By August next it is expected that the citizens of Lethbridge will have the same opportunity of enjoying the luxury of the only real joy ride. Eleven miles of double track are to be laid.

Ten cars will be built as a starter. It is to be hoped that the number of cars will increase as the population of Lethbridge grows. This is the only safe way of preventing that street car evil known as strap-holding from taking root.

On the other hand, if Lethbridge decides on an accommodative street car system, let her stifle the squeal of the end seat hog, who flourishes where the car population are few.

Wanted--Sailors.

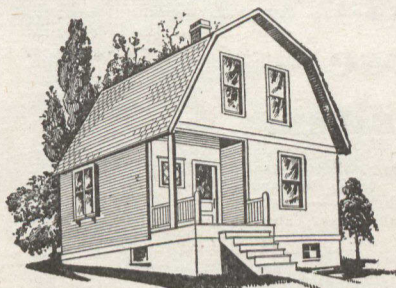
IS there any tar out of a berth? There are vessels in the port of St. John, N. B., which find it impossible to put forth on the deep, because they cannot pick up crews to take charge.

St. John masters are scouting over the whole Province of New Brunswick, and even in Nova Scotia, to get sailormen.

In the good old days—some of the masters are fondly recalling them—strong, deep-chested, sea-faring youths could be signed for \$12 a month.

The St. John sailor famine is partly due to economic conditions. A cage in a bank, or the end of a chain on a survey gang now appeals more to Canadian youth than the uncertain vicissitudes of the rolling billows, to ride which used to be the ambition of normal adolescent masculinity.

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Sovereign Houses are not the portable kind, but are built like any other well-constructed, warm, substantial building. Our plan is not an experiment. It will pay you to investigate.

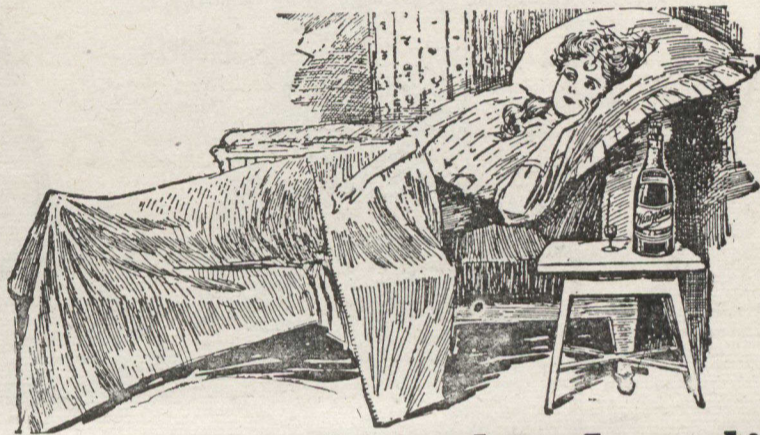
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IMPORTED ABSOLUTELY!!

It's a delicious seasoning.

When frying a chop or steak pour into the gravy just a little of this delicious Worcestershire Sauce.

THE RUNNERS OF THE AIR

(Continued from page 12.)

Voisin ran along a little way and came to a stop.

Another type was rolled out, the operator took his seat and the motor started. The plane moved forward, but did not leave the ground. It passed the starting-line and ran on down the course to the turn.

At this point it ran neatly round the post and came racing back at speed toward the hangars as if it had just been out for a spin. Then the crowd began to laugh. "He's an automobile!" "Il roule bien!" and other good-natured gibes, floated across the field.

"That motor's all right. It's the aeroplane that's at fault," said Count Sergius.

"Yes, it's the machine!" said a voice at his side, speaking English with a marked American intonation. "Not enough life to the planes, far as I can make out."

THERE was an assured note in the voice which gave the words weight, and Count Sergius turned to the speaker, who was not looking at him, but intently watching the aeroplane.

He was a man of medium height, dressed in a heavy brown motoring-coat, with a motoring-cap pulled well down over a strong, smooth-shaven, craggy face. His mouth was large, thick-lipped, but resolute; his nose large and somewhat hooked. Suddenly he turned upon Count Sergius a pair of noticeably fine eyes, large, calm, and of a very dark, luminous gray.

"From things I've overheard you say," he continued, as if in half apology for having addressed a stranger, "I reckoned you knew something about these flying-machines." But it was evident to him at once that no apology was necessary, for both Andrews and Madame de L'Orme were leaning over interestedly to catch whatever he had to say.

"I don't know half as much about them as I want to and intend to before I'm much older," responded Count Sergius cordially.

"Same here!" said the American. Gaudart made another attempt, and was rewarded by a short flight. Then Count de Lambert, Wilbur Wright's first pupil, came out in his Wright biplane.

For a time, now, the crowd was very quiet, content to watch de Lambert as he rolled up round after round to his credit.

Suddenly the cry of "Latham! Latham!" rippled along the stands. Latham's signal, a red globe topping a white "diabolo," rose slowly to the place beneath de Lambert's.

"Now, wait!" muttered Count Sergius.

"But don't be too sure!" warned the American. "It's Latham, but he hasn't got his own machine. This is Captain Burgeat's. His own has gone on to Blackpool."

"But it's an Antoinette!" said Andrews.

"Yes," agreed the American, "and when I get home I'm going to put all the money I can scrape together into it. But I'll have my own motor! Listen to that motor now!"

Across the line it soared, the great dragon-fly, at a height of perhaps twenty-five feet from the earth. The crowd, which had been dead still with expectation, roared. Then, the throbbing hum of the motor changed. There was a sputtering. Slowly, reluctantly, the machine slanted downward. Half-way to the turn it was within five feet of the earth. Then the motor woke up again. The tail-plane waved vigorously. Once more the machine soared upward.

With a lovely, assured sweep it rounded the turn and resumed its straight course along the south of the field. But it was only for a few moments. Again the ominous sputtering marred the hum, and this time it continued. It slowed to a sharp spitting and, as the machine gently came to earth, it stopped altogether.

For some little time there was nothing going on. The crowd grew restless. The afternoon was drawing to its close in a calm that was perfection for the flyers, and the people wanted more flights.

Suddenly the sound of a propeller came from an almost invisible hangar far down by the Orge. Presently some one discerned its number, and cried, "27!" There was a fluttering of programmes. Then a glad shout of "Paulhan! Paulhan!" ran the length of the grounds. The signal of the daring Southern aviator, a red globe surmounting a black pyramid, floated up the mast.

"If you can be sure of any one, he's it!" remarked the American tersely. Mounting at a steep slant, Paulhan was eighty or ninety feet in the air at the first turn. The crowd yelled themselves hoarse. Smilingly the aviator gazed down and waved his hand. Still he kept on rising. At the farther side of the field he was fully a hundred and fifty feet up.

Several rounds of the course Paulhan made at this height, then, swooping down, he skimmed along near the ground for a few more rounds. Presently he rose again and swept up to the stands, straight above the heads of the thrilled and shrinking spectators. At last, now once more at a height of perhaps two hundred feet, he forsook the field altogether and sailed off over the woods straight into the sunset.

Count Sergius, seeing that Andrews was intent on Madame and Madame on the sky where the aeroplane had vanished, turned to the American and began an interested discussion of the merits of the Antoinette machine. The unusual heartiness of their agreement on all the most important points drew the two men together so strongly that Count Sergius took out his card and presented it, saying: "I hope we can see more of each other, since we have such strong mutual interests."

The American took it and read aloud, "Count Sergius Charles de Plamenac M'lazza."

"Thanks. Where's M'lazza?" "In Serbia," answered Count Sergius.

The stranger looked at him with few interest.

"I've read up a lot about that disturbing little country of yours. It's caught my fancy. Yes, I hope we can get together and kind of talk things over."

He took out his card, scribbled on it with a pencil and handed it to Count Sergius. It read:

Wesley Carver
Buffalo

In pencil he had written,

Hotel du Quai D'Orsay, Paris.

"As soon as this show is over," he continued, "I'm going down to Chalons, to study those Antoinettes."

"Why, so am I, Mr. Carver!" exclaimed the Count, warmly holding out his hand.

Next moment he felt a light touch on his arm.

"Oh, don't miss it! He's coming back," came Madame's voice, tense with excitement.

Black, massive, incomprehensible, high against the mystic sky, came the great machine, a portent and a promise, whose significance the world, then, hardly dared to more than guess at. The crowd seemed to feel, all at once, that aspect of the Event. They had begun to cheer at first sight of its return; but as it drew down upon them out of the sunset, they fell silent, as if at a command. At last, as it swept humming over their heads, and they saw young Paulhan gaily and most humanly waving his hand at them, the spell lifted and their shouts rent the air. Once more around the judges' stand the voyager swept his flight. Then he came softly to the ground before the hangars.

Five minutes more and the Red Flag fluttered down from the top of the mast. Flying was over for the day.

(To be continued.)

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

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TORONTO

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The manufacturers of Edwards' Soup are soup-makers and nothing else. By specialising for over 25 years they have been able to produce an assortment of soups of the highest merit at a price within the reach of all.

Buy a packet of Edwards' Soup to-day.

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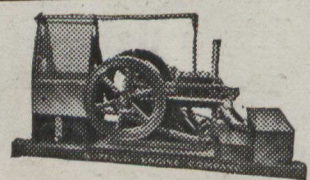
5c. per packet.

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Badness in Books.

READING seems upon occasion to be taken as seriously in the West as real estate, wheat and railways. The subjoined leading editorial from a recent issue of the Winnipeg Telegram, shows that once in a while an editor can turn aside from politics to take a genuine interest in things that make for higher development:

"We do not permit offensive pictures to be sold. We make such war as we can upon indecent posters and theatrical displays. Is it not time that something was done to restrict the volume of unwholesome literature with which the country is being flooded?"

"These books are redeemed by no art nor elevated by any moral purpose; they are simply produced for the gain of author and publisher, through an appeal to the lowest instincts of mankind. They directly nourish, develop and sustain vicious proclivities. Their effect upon the already vicious need not be taken into account, but they fall into the hands of young men and women at an impressionable age, when their habits of life are not fixed, and are more than apt to debase their morals.

"Ignorance is not virtue, it is true, but merely innocence. There are many books which touch upon the darker shadows of human life, which are valuable in the highest degree. They show them as shadows and do not paint hell as paradise. But the books which, either wanton in filth, or by lascivious suggestions convey that vice is enjoyable without its awful penalties are a most dangerous and detestable influence and apt to corrupt innocence into vice instead of fortifying it into a sustained virtue.

"Books are the greatest influence in the world to educate the human mind and direct human conduct. They are greater than all other agencies combined. It is as easy to consort with depraved characters in books as on the streets, and the one association is just as likely to be harmful as the other. If we endeavor to keep our streets clean we should certainly endeavor to keep our bookshelves clean, and the manner and method of doing so should certainly engage the earnest attention."

Want Permanent Literature

THAT the permanent, rather than the ephemeral, in literature is favoured by the average citizen of this country is evidenced by the statement that more books of this character can be sold, in a Canadian town of 5,000, than in a city of 35,000, in the United States.

Such well known concerns as Cassell & Co. are featuring "permanents" this year. Copping's "Canada To-day and To-morrow," Talbot's "New Garden of Canada," Alexander's "Truth About Egypt," Ward's "Truth About Spain," Turner's "Barbarous Mexico," Fraser's "Land of Veiled Women," etc., are amongst the best travel books published during 1911.

The fact that the demand for this class of literature is not confined to any particular Province, proves that the true book-lover is not indigenous to any particular locality—a fact that speaks volumes for the average of general culture which characterizes the genus Canadianis.

The same publishers who were the pioneers of cheap literature, sell over 50,000 copies of their reprints of classic and standard literature, such as "The People's Library" (25c—120 titles), "The National Library" (15c—112 titles). This is pretty conclusive evidence of the above comparative statement.

Record Flights.—Back from winning his championship, Harold Hilton was tackled on the question whether a golf ball really goes farther through the American than through the British air.

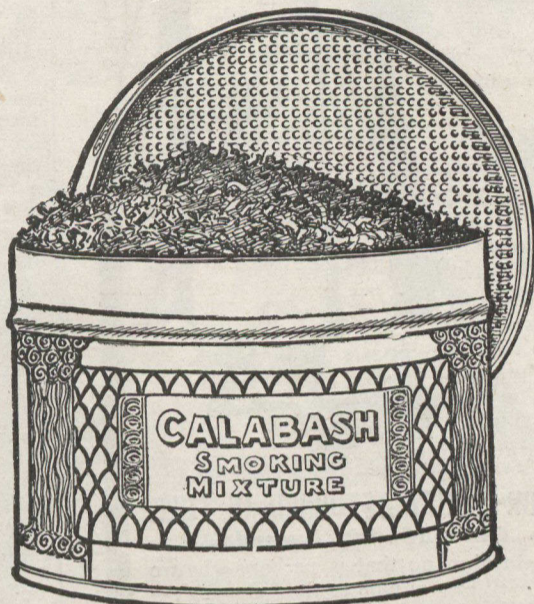
"Well," he replied, "I always find the ball goes farthest in the smoke-room discussions after the game is over."—London Opinion.

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Greatest attention is paid to the cutting of every individual order, and the style of production is equal to anything sold anywhere at twice and thrice the money—at least, this is what the Curzon clientele say about the Curzon \$8.60 Overcoat.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED IN FULL. One Silver and Two Gold Medal Awards.

Our methods appeal to the thoughtful man: that is perhaps why we number among our clientele such well-known men as the following:— Rev. R. J. Campbell, Hon. G. E. Foster, M.P., Horatio Bottomley, M.P. Lieut.-Col. A. E. Belcher, Lieut.-Col. Dr. S. H. Glasgow, Hon. R. R. Fitzgerald, Rev. Canon Davidson, Comte. Ubaldo Beni, J. P. Downey, M.P., W. H. Doyle, M.P., Hon. F. W. Aylmer, Mr. Eustace Miles, Dr. T. R. Allinson, Major-Gen. J. C. Kinchant, Mr. Matheson Lang, Mr. Montague Holbein.

Fill in a post card and address same to us as below, asking for our latest assortment of materials. Together with patterns, we send you fashion-plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days, and if you do not approve, return the goods, and we will refund the money.

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Please mention this paper.



THE SWEETENING OF EZRA SANKIE'S POT

(Continued from page 8.)

over his lean old snoulder, waggin' his head from side to side, and frownin' his disapproval at what he sees is a sure enough pastime o' Satan. Then Creepin' Kolker opens up for a packpot, and the game gets some warm, and the dust piles up in the centre, and the sky-pilot stops waggin' his head, and watches, all eyes, wheelin' his chair round so 's to git a better view o' proceedin's. And they hear him give a little gasp as Captain Jade rakes in the pile. And they can see him strugglin' with hisself, and tryin' to keep away, but he keeps workin' up to em', foot by foot, only fallin' back, kind o' gunshy, now and then, when Tune-Up or Captain Jade or the old judge lets out a cuss or two.

"Then he gets so he watches the game fair and open, and even allows there is something mysterious and fascinatin' in seein' the Goddess o' Chance handin' out destiny that a-way. And he spends a hour or two lookin' at the pictures on the face-cards; and just b'fore grub-time, seein' him cuttin' for an ace, absent-minded, Tune-up Tidmarsh stops the game to go over and show him just how to lay out the cards for a quiet and gentle game o' 'Frisco solitaire. Which same, he says, aint in no way sinful, seein' as a man can't bet with hisself, and is a uncommon nice and soothin' pastime if you aint a-keyed up for high-priced trouble. And the sky-pilot plays a game with hisself, kind o' frightened and solemn, and then gets on to the hang o' shufflin' and layin' out the cards, so that Bill has to give him the grub-call for the third time b'fore he sees it's fodder-hour.

"But when he gets up in his own room that night his spirit kind o' revolts, thinkin' things over, and he sure has a bad hour of it. Which same the four old growlers overhear, while he gits down on his knees, and, some hot and fierce, implores the Lord to keep his feet in the path o' righteousness, seein' as He had set before him such examples o' what a man might fall to, when once he was a-fallowin' the wrong trail. And he prays for hisself ag'in, and for the four errin' ones whose souls and lives were bein' frittered away in the idle pursuits o' card-playin' and gamblin', and he ends up by recitin' to hisself a little pome about Vice bein' a monster o' such low-down Injun aspect that first round you hates him, and then you kind o' endoores him, and then first thing you know you've given him the squaw-hitch and are stickin' to him like a flea to a Black-foot Injun.

"But as I laid out to you some time ago, this here mountain health-point o' Montana Bill's was an uncommon quiet and lonesome locality. Bill had a doctor ride up from Red-Tail Crossin' twice a week, to take temper'tures and stampede around about so much liquor-drinkin' and cigar smokin' among them one-lungers o' his. Then once a month the mail 'd come through, and kind o' brighten things up. But when the papers got so wore out you couldn't read 'em, you had your choice o' doin' two things, a-sittin' and gazin' at seven miles o' rock and jackpine, or joinin' in them idle pursuits o' gamblin' and card-playin' ag'in which this here sky-pilot was prayin' every night, so loud and vigorous. And while he was a-prayin', them sun-baked old sinners said nothin', but just listened and waited, for they could tell by the tenor o' these here supplications o' his that he was sure weakenin', day by day, and gittin' a more and more consumin' hunger to join in that all-fired divertin' game o' theirs.

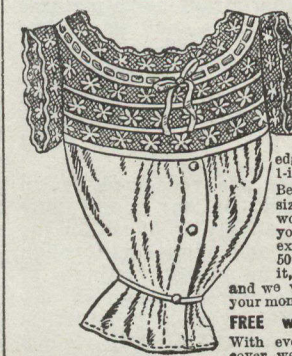
"Which same he does, when Creepin' Kolker finally lays the proposal out to him, the gang havin' agreed the time was ripe for the enticin' o' that sky-pilot. He starts in kind o' nervous and bashful, but he sticks her out, acknowledgin' it was sure wonderful how such a run o' luck as he was havin' seemed to contradict what he calls the law of averages—

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the same bein' due, o' course, to Creepin' Kolker and Tune-Up's kind and generous throwin' o' three aces and two kings into the sky-pilot's hand every other deal o' the cards. For they'd tamed her down to a one-bit ante, and explained to him the meanin' of a straight, and a full house, and a bob-tail flush, and how to count out the cards, and hold 'em so the rest o' the table couldn't see 'em too easy, and not beam like a risin' sun every time he happened to hold three of a kind in his hand.

"But when Bill waits to put out the lamps that night, whistlin' kind o' soft and gentle to hisself at what he sees, the sky-pilot wakes up and finds hisself three dollars and ninety cents in the hole, for all them four old reprobates can do to pump royal flushes into his hand. Which loss puts the gang onto the whole lay-out, that night, while the sky-pilot is a-prayin' to his Maker for strength, and rehearsin' his wickedness and his woes, as open as if he was singin' down some blind-canon in the Barren Grounds. For this here angel-buster, as I said b'fore, was mendin'-up in the mountains out there on a four-hundred dollar grant from his little gospel-joint down East, and lays out he ain't a-goin' to do any gamblin' with this college money, seein' he hadn't even enough of his own left for a sleeper goin' home.

"And when the mail came through, next day, things looked even worse than ever for this here sky-pilot, for he goes to Bill kind o' white and treemerin', and says as how the home folks can't send him out the second remittance, and that he'll have to go down to Red-Tail Crossin' with the mail-carrier and start East that night. He don't indulge in no open bleatin', but Bill, a-standin' back and eyein' him as he goes out to take his mornin' breathing-exercises, can see he's sure broken up about goin' back East without gittin' his cure.

"Which same he lays out to the poker-gang in the sun-parlour, while the old judge is blaspheming his bad leg and Captain Jade is profaning over his mornin' pint o' liquid misery from Bill's sulphur-springs.

"And the Doc was tellin' me he'd be as sound as a dollar ag'in, with another two months o' this altitood', and good-livin', says Bill, quite impartial. So they talks it over, man to man, and when the sky-pilot comes down kind o' solemn and white round the gills, they all shakes hands with him, and lays out as they're mighty sorry to lose him. Which same touches him some keen, and leaves him kind o' blinkin' his pale blue eyes, so's not to show no unmanly tears. Then the old judge up and says as they ought to have one hand round, just for the sake o' old times, and the sky-pilot shakes his head and says 'No,' and Captain Jade suggests just one little pack-pot for the fun o' the thing. But still the sky-pilot hangs back, and then Tune-Up rubs him down a bit, and then Creepin' Kolker wheedles and lures him on a little more, and the final outcome is that Bill lends the angel-buster a ten-dollar bill, and he's sittin' at the table with the other four card-sharps, havin' what he sure allows is his last game o' poker on this terrestrial globe. Which same it was.

"Creepin' Kolker is dealin', and when the sky-pilot gits his chips, they all antes quiet and solemn.

"Can't you open?" inquires Creepin' Kolker.

"I can!" says the Sky-pilot, beamin' and blinkin' over his cards.

"But the others keep uncommon quiet and solemn.

"How many?" says Creepin' Kolker.

"Two cards," says the sky-pilot.

"And he takes up the cards, and turns 'em over, and rubs his chin, and grins outright.

"But they all stay in, none the less, and at a kick under the table from Creepin' Kolker they all start waggin' and smilin' over their hands, all but Tune-Up.

"I quit!" he says, throwin' down his hand.

"And he moves round to the sky-pilot, and looks at his hand over his shoulder, and gives a soft whistle,



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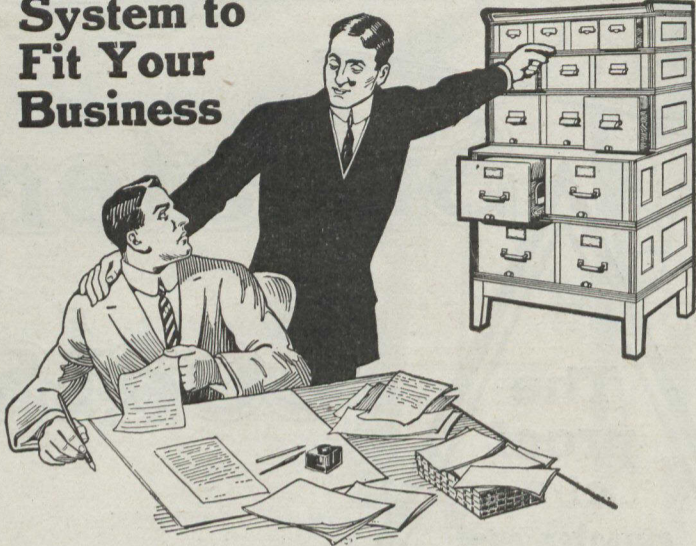
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quite unprofessional-like, and whispers into the sky-pilot's ear off-hand, that he can draw on him as high as two hundred.

"The old judge leans back and laughs and raises him ten, which leaves the sky-pilot lookin' kind o' worried for a minit or two. Then Captain Jade raises 'em another ten, and Creepin' Kolker goes 'em ten better, and Tune-up has to whisper for the sky-pilot to raise 'em all ag'in. Which same he does, while the old judge shoves his pile to the centre, free and confident, sayin' he ain't a quitter, with a hand like his. And Captain Jade does the same, chucklin' down in his lean old throat and makin' believe he'd a hand to sweep the board. Then Creepin' Kolker does the same, firm and belligerent.

"And the sky-pilot raises 'em agin. And they keep a-sweetenin' that pot until the sky-pilot's eyes begin to bulge and his hands is tremblin' and Tune-Up remarks some casual that mebbe it'd better be a show-down.

"What y' got?" demands the old judge as he plumps down his pair o' two spots on the board.

"Why, I beat you!" hollers Captain Jade. "I beat you, with two threes!"

"Then Creepin' Kolker he laughs kind o' free and easy, and says, 'I does you easy, with two sevens!'

"Then all turns to the sky-pilot, who was a-grinnin' from ear to ear, as innocent and unknowin' and unobservin' as a yearlin' lamb.

"Well, they hollers, hot and impatient, 'what y' got?'

"The sky-pilot puts down his hand, one by one. Then he sits back and rubs his Adam's-apple, kind o' nervous, and beams round at 'em kind o' silly, and rubs his Adam's-apple ag'in.

"Why, you've got four aces!" says Creepin' Kolker, lookin' up surprised, so bland and inncerent that the sky-pilot chuckles out loud.

"What!" gasps the old judge, blinkin' down at 'em. "Well, I'll be demed," says he, "if he ain't!"

"Why, he takes the pile, then!" says Captain Jade, kind o' weak and disgusted lookin'.

"And I felt so sure o' this here pot!" says Creepin' Kolker, uncommon sad and dejected, watchin' Tune-up countin' and sortin' up the money for the sky-pilot.

"But as they tucks it down in the pockets o' his faded old green vest with the shiny buttons, the sky-pilot stands back and makes 'em a little speech, kind o' falterin' and half-hearted, about not bein' able to take that money. And he lays that pile out on the table ag'in, slow and sorrowful, and the four old growlers is plum sloughed down, until Bill steps up and says he'll appropriate the wad, if all's willin' for three months o' good Cone Peak board and keep.

"Only," says Bill, as he picks out a fifty what he finds is left over and hands it back to the sky-pilot, 'you've got to gi' me your solemn word that you keeps out o' the game as long as you stays in this health-joint o' mine!"

"And the sky-pilot promises, some fervent, and begins thankin' 'em for nothin' at all, and is a-go'in' to cry, apparent, when the old judge shuts him off, some sharp.

"Look a-here, my young friend," he says, a-poundin' the table, "it ain't you that's winnin' this money; it ain't you or all your studyin' what roned in that pile! It was just the cards! It were these here four aces a-comin' into your hand won the trick. And if you're repudiatin' the Lord for sendin' you a full house that a-way, why, I ain't got much respect for you or your gratitood!"

"And he pounds the table ag'in, and the sky-pilot allows, kind o' dazed that mebbe he may be right.

"Of course it were the cards!" says Creepin' Kolker, without a blink.

"Which same is sure bad poker, and ain't mebbe good morality. But as I laid out to you short-horns at the first there's nothin' gained tryin' to divide this here corral of mixed humanity into the breed that's all good, on the one side, and the breed that's all bad, on t'other!"

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