

The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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

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After all our regular buying was done, such a remarkable offer came to us from Belfast, Ireland, that we cabled our acceptance and instructed the manufacturers to rush this lot of handkerchiefs through to us with all possible speed. As a result we're able to make the following

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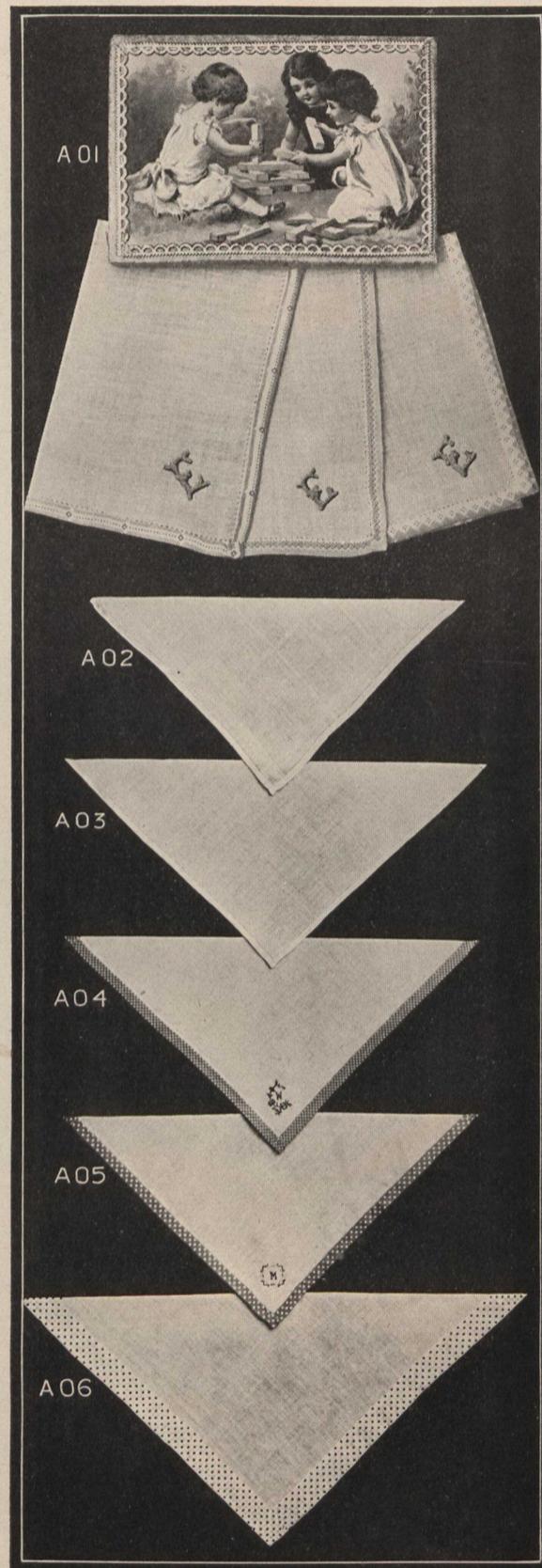
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THE
Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHER'S TALK

LAST week's cover design has been the subject of much comment, many of our readers declaring that it makes a new record in periodical covers. As it was painted by a Canadian artist and the plates made by a Canadian engraving firm, we are rather proud of the achievement—not our achievement, but theirs. Mr. Johnston had also the pleasure of knowing that the front cover of the "Courier" for last week was accounted worthy to be hung in the Annual Exhibition of the Applied Art Society which opened in Toronto on Monday of this week. We believe that this is the first time any Canadian periodical has been honoured in this way. This week's cover by Mr. Nicolet, an artist whose studio is in London, Ontario, is we believe one of the daintiest pictures which his clever brush has yet produced. Mr. Nicolet has also done a very dainty winter design which will appear in January.

OUR voting competition for "Canada's Ten Biggest Men" is attracting much attention. It was somewhat unfair of His Majesty to Knight two prominent names in the list after so many ballots were in. Yet we believe that Sir Edward Clouston and Sir Hugh Graham will be found to be well up in the competition. Do not delay sending in your voting paper. Every person must help in this momentous decision.

PEOPLE are asking about the subscription price. We will still accept Three-Dollar-Cash-Subscribers, if they come well recommended. We make no rash promises about the length of time we will indulge our friends in this way.



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"London Dry"
Gin

is of highest quality. Distilled from the finest materials.

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==A Few Facts==

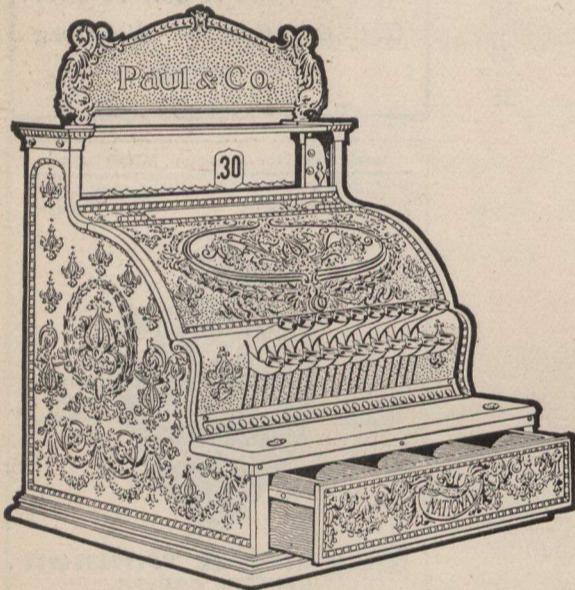
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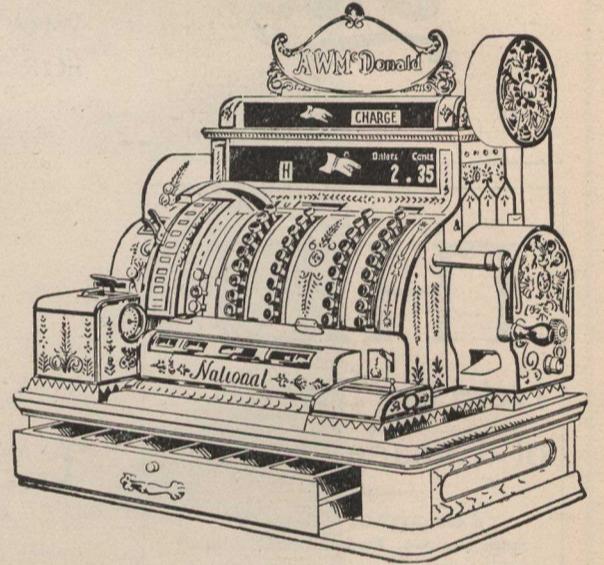


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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

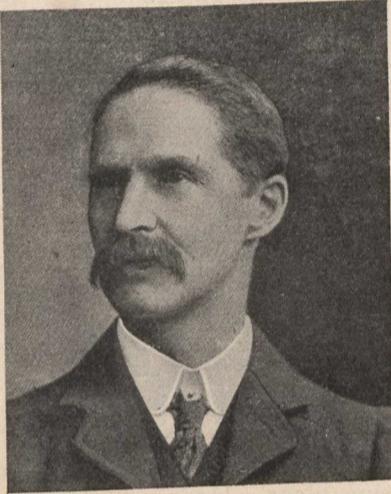
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Vol. IV.

Toronto, November 14th, 1908.

No. 24

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Andrew Bonar Law, M.P.,
A Canadian in British Parliament.

Mr. Bonar Law. This was really a courteous way to reply to Lord Milner. As to Mr. Bonar Law, it must be remembered that he is one of the nine Canadians in the British House of Commons and the close trusted friend and lieutenant of Mr. Chamberlain; the man whom "Joe" preferred to Lloyd-George in the cause of tariff reform. A few months ago at a Conservative banquet in the Hotel Cecil in London, Mr. Law was referred to by Earl Percy in these complimentary words: "Of all our leaders there is no one who has rendered more yeoman service to the party."

Mr. Law was born in New Brunswick. He entered British politics in 1900 at a time when matters of trade and taxation were absorbing the public after the close of the Boer War. During the few years that succeeded to the Unionist Party, Mr. Law made a close study of the tariff and won the distinguished encomiums of several of the great leaders; swinging ultimately to Chamberlain and in two years gaining the ear of the critical House as no other Canadian has ever done. Member for Glasgow he was well fitted to be, in that he was son of a Presbyterian minister in New Brunswick and educated altogether in Scotland. But he is already a bigger man than merely member for Glasgow. He has struck out upon the broad issues of tariffs as they affect the Empire, and his utterances on this question attract the attention of the whole nation. His inclusion in the next Unionist Cabinet seems almost a certainty; so that Mr. Hirst made no mistake when he admitted that tariff reform had produced at least two eminent men, of whom Mr. Bonar Law was one.

* * *

DEAN REEVE, who has just retired from the headship of the Toronto Medical School, is one of the conservative forces in professional life; a man of strongly-marked personality who by some may be called a man of the old school, although in his relation to medicine he has always been modern and pro-

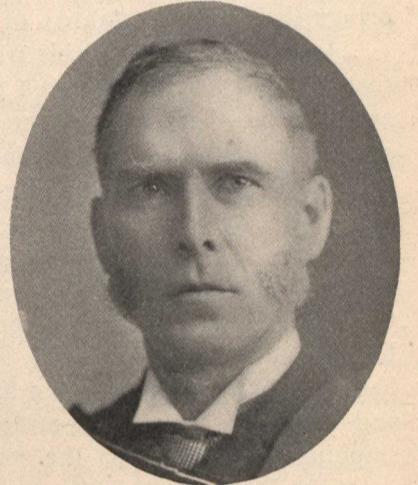
gressive. One of the old-fashioned traces in Dr. Reeve's make-up is his penchant for the honorarium. A well-known legal gentleman of Toronto talking to an equally prominent medical man, said that in the earlier days when he was a patient of Dr. Reeve he frequently said to the Doctor, "I wish you would send me your bill." To which the Doctor's easy reply was: "Oh, perhaps I shall be hearing from you before then." "But of course," said the lawyer, "I often felt reluctant to send the honorarium for fear I might be sending too little or too much."

Dr. Reeve was the third Dean of the Medical Faculty in the University of Toronto since its inception. He succeeded Dr. Aikins, who was familiarly known to the "Meds" as "Tommy." The students have never been so familiar with Dr. Reeve, who upon occasion has so far relaxed his customary prosaic attitude as to give students a dinner on Hallowe'en Night in order to keep them from going abroad. In 1887 Dr. Reeve became assistant surgeon of the Toronto Eye and Ear Infirmary; in a day when things were pretty crude in medical science in Canada; when the old Toronto School of Medicine was regarded as a very modern institution; and when ocular diseases and spectacles were much less common in the country than they are to-day. Now Dr. Reeve has the reputation of being about as difficult to get an interview with as the Kaiser. Two years ago when the British Medical Association held a congress in Toronto Dr. Reeve was president of that august body, and he discharged his duties with much dignity. The serious, scientific bent of the Dean always carried him through a public address, even when his manner and his flow of words did not promise him a rarely good time. As a public force in medical science he will be much missed when he retires to private life.

Dr. Charles Kirke Clarke—remarkably euphonious name!—who has been mentioned as a probable successor, has been a long while a public man. In 1905, he succeeded Dr. Daniel Clark as superintendent of the Insane Asylum in Toronto; as an authority on mental aberrations he is eminent. But nobody is able to surmise why an expert on insanity should be indicated as a probable head of the Toronto Medical Faculty; though those who have closely watched the performances of students upon Hallowe'en are able to trace some connection.

* * *

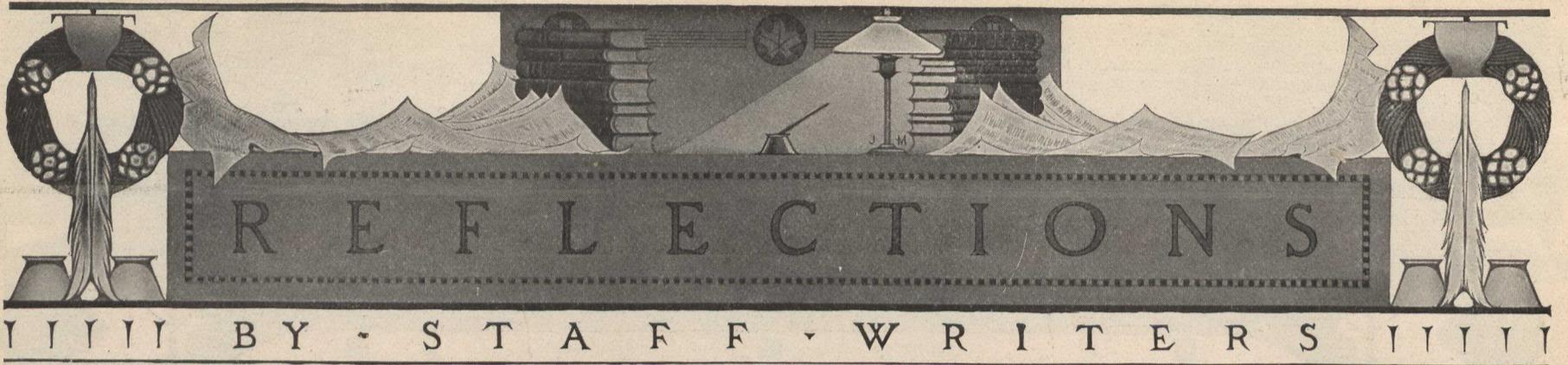
DR. BARCLAY, pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Montreal, has been shown many substantial proofs of acceptable ministry on the recent completion of his twenty-fifth year of pastoral service. On the evening of Thanksgiving Day, Dr. Barclay was presented with a five-thousand-dollar cheque by his congregation, while Lord Mount Stephen sent a truly royal contribution of over seventy thousand dollars. During the life of Queen Victoria, Dr. Barclay was one of her Court preachers and paid a "command" visit to Balmoral Castle every summer.



R. A. Reeve, M.D.,
Who is retiring from the Deanship of the
Faculty of Medicine, in the University
of Toronto.



High River Lacrosse Team, Winners of the Alberta Intermediate Lacrosse Association.
Playing an Undefeated Series, Scoring 48 Goals against 12.



REFLECTIONS

IIII BY - STAFF - WRITERS IIII

THE C. P. R. ALL-RED LINE

FROM Liverpool to Quebec in less than six days is now the record of the Canadian Pacific steamers—and Canada is proud of these two great vessels, of the men who had the courage to put them into commission and of the St. Lawrence route, which has been so often condemned. Perhaps the vindication of the St. Lawrence route brings the greatest quantity of pride and pleasure in its train.

Just on the heels of this triumph, there is a revival of the rumour that the C. P. R. has ordered two larger and faster steamers for the same route. These are to be built on the Clyde and be ready for service in 1910. If they displace the Empresses, these will probably be placed upon the Pacific Ocean. And, mark you, the C. P. R. will then have an All-Red route from Liverpool to Yokahama and Australia. The dream of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Hon. Clifford Sifton will have come true—but the owners of the route will be the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, not Mr. Sifton and his friends. Down tumbles another of Mr. Sifton's great projects. No other company would dare, even with a huge bonus from Great Britain, Canada and Australia, to go into competition with the greatest railway and shipping corporation on the continent.

Canada need not worry about Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's triumph over the Hon. Clifford Sifton and his All-Red Route. All the advantages which Mr. Sifton foresaw will be ours and the only privilege we shall lose is that of saving a couple of million dollars a year in shipping bonuses. If this worries us at all, we may easily waste these millions by finishing the useless Trent Valley Canal or by starting to construct the equally fantastic Georgian Bay Canal.

THE FUTURE OF W. F. MacLEAN, M.P.

THAT excellent defender of "progress, public rights and public ownership," the Toronto *Telegram*, overcoat-pocket organ of John Ross Robertson, Esq., is worried about the future of that other advocate of public rights and public ownership, Mr. W. F. Maclean, member of Parliament for South York. During the late general election Mr. Maclean "sulked in his tent" and declined to "go up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." In other words, this Independent-Conservative member did not allow his newspaper, the Toronto *World*, to help Mr. R. L. Borden in his fight against Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Even if Mr. Maclean loved Borden less, he should have loved his sworn principles more than to allow Sir Wilfrid Laurier, "the incarnation of enmity to progress, public rights and public ownership" to win a great victory, says the *Telegram*.

It is indeed a great question. Has Mr. Maclean decided that he will no longer play the role of "a voice crying in the wilderness"? Has he decided that he will no longer do the thinking and the leading for the Conservative party, while all the honour and glory goes to Mr. Borden? Has he decided to abandon the role of an Ishmaelite and to turn himself into a hard-working and well-disciplined member of a busy Opposition?

Mr. Maclean is a man of parts. If he would but steer a respectable middle course for a time and be willing to give credit as well as take it, he might yet become a great man in the political world. That he will do so, is to expect the impossible. Mr. Maclean will break out again shortly. He always has done so in the past—as soon as the debt is paid. The public life of Canada has little to expect from Mr. Maclean, except an occasional display of brilliant fire-works.

REASONS FOR OPTIMISM

DURING the campaign, the Liberal newspapers were extravagantly optimistic but they produced fairly good material. Some of it should be forgotten but some of it should be remembered. For

example, the western papers printed a list of 1,500 new towns west of Lake Superior, which had been christened during the past twelve years. This list was secured by taking the names on Stovel's current railway map and eliminating all the names which appeared in Waghorn's guide for 1896. True, some of these are mere flag-stations on the railway lines but undoubtedly the majority of them are thriving villages, and a few of them prosperous towns and budding cities. Fifteen hundred new railway stations is pretty rapid growth in twelve years, and yet this is but the beginning of development in the west and the north.

Another favourite feature of the western Liberal papers was a pair of maps showing the railways in 1896 and those of 1908. In 1896, between Port Arthur and Banff, there were 3,366 miles of railway; in 1908 there were 9,365 miles of railway built or under construction. In 1896 the C. P. R. operated 2,954 miles, and in 1908, 4,541 miles, an increase of about 1,600 miles. In 1896, the other railways only totalled 412 miles, while now they exhibit 4,824 miles, the chief owners being the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific. The Northern Pacific had less in 1908 than in 1896.

This tremendous growth in railway mileage, of which the growth in villages and towns is complementary, indicates the persistent movement of population which is now taking place. He would not be a daring man, who would venture that during the next twelve years the West will show an even greater growth in population than during the past twelve. The larger the magnet, the greater its drawing power, and from this reasoning every Canadian should be an optimist.

A JOKE ON THE MINISTER

THE Executive of the Booksellers and Stationers' Association have a deep sense of humour. They wanted a little favour from Dr. Pyne, the Minister of Education in the Province of Ontario, so they waited on him, carrying bouquets. They proceeded to congratulate the Minister on the excellent books his department was now getting out. It was a daring thing to do, but apparently the joke was not noticed and the newspapers were handed out a nice little item which they wrote up in their beautifully submissive way. Or at least, the *News*, which is now the government organ did—first column, front page, double heading.

The item in the *News* does not mention the "cheap" readers which Ontario is now enjoying. To have congratulated the Minister on those wonderful productions of the printer's art, would have been so noticeable that even a Minister of Education would have seen it. They were wiser than that, of course. They congratulated him on the new Latin book and the new Algebra. The new Latin book is certainly an improvement over anything the W. J. Gage Co. has ever published at the price. The type-face is a little light, the ink used might have been a little better colour, and the paper is a dull grey quite unsuitable for a school book, but otherwise it is a very fair volume—as school-books go in Ontario. As for the Algebra, it is undoubtedly one of the cheapest and most disgraceful text-books authorised in Canada since the Ross Government went out of power. It is printed partially from English plates and partially from Canadian type—and they do not match. It is set in a type which is so small that it must necessarily cause injury to the eyes of every student who uses it, since the press-work is abominable. If such a poor piece of printing were done by the printers who turn out "The Canadian Courier," the contract for the printing of this journal would go to another firm at once. Even the greedy "School-Book Ring" never did a book much worse than that. The binding is good, rather above the average, but the whole volume is decidedly inferior to the British edition.

It is rather too bad that the Booksellers should have been so

bold, and that the Department of Education should have accepted these compliments so readily. It makes every person concerned look either knavish or foolish. The Booksellers of Ontario should have been above indulging in what is apparently a good joke carried too far. However, it is pleasant to know that the Minister retained his composure, and refused to grant their request.

NEWFOUNDLAND

IF the Bond Government is returned to power or if the People's Party should eventually win out, it might be wise for the Dominion Government to send a representative to look over the situation. This is the first occasion in recent years when the people of the Island Colony have failed to vote for the people who used the old bug-bear, "Canada's tax-gatherers." Such being the case, Newfoundland may be nearer to discussing federation than we have supposed.

If negotiations should be entered upon, there must be nothing narrow in the Canadian view. We can afford to treat the Island generously and we should do so. Even giving generous terms in the broadest sense would be only fair treatment, since in the years to come, Newfoundland must be of great value and service to Canadian shipping interests. The Island lies in the pathway to Europe and every Canadian vessel passing in or out of the St. Lawrence must go within a few miles of its shores. As a haven of refuge for our ocean-going and coast-running trade vessels, it is of the utmost importance.

The sensibilities of the Newfoundlanders should be fully considered, and only skilled diplomats should be allowed to handle the negotiations so that whether federation is reached or not, no one amour propre shall be injured. Canadian statesmen should deal with Newfoundland as they would expect the authorities in London or Washington to deal with Canada.

POLITICS IN WEST HURON

MR. ROBERT HOLMES, ex-M.P., and unsuccessful Liberal candidate against Mr. Lewis in West Huron, thinks that the town of Goderich put its money on the wrong horse. He says that Goderich had the benefit of the military camp, which he secured for them, and how can it expect to have it next year, under the circumstances? According to Mr. Holmes, Goderich has said to the Government, "We do not want any favours," and therefore the Government would only be taking the citizens at their word if it took away the camp and gave it to some constituency represented by a Liberal.

Lest we may be accused of misjudging Mr. Holmes, we quote from an editorial in his paper, the *Clinton New Era*: "There was a chance of Goderich becoming the permanent camping-ground for Western Ontario. As it is there is not much likelihood of it. The Conservatives there, in their partisan zeal, have thrown away their opportunity in this respect at least, if not in others."

Perhaps Mr. Holmes wrote these sentences at a time when he was feeling somewhat discouraged over the result and perhaps he will not bring down the lightning which he threatens. Nevertheless he has done a most daring thing when he publicly states that the Militia Department gave the Western Ontario camp to Goderich in the hope of winning West Huron over to the Liberal column. He is even more daring when he ventures to suggest that, since the election resulted adversely, the Government will withdraw the camp. If the charge is true, then the public will have strong reason for believing that "bribery of constituencies" is a common practice of the ruling party at Ottawa. It would be unfortunate, if the people came to believe that; it would be more unfortunate, if the charge were true.

THE BRITISH AND OURSELVES

MOST unfortunate, indeed, it would be if either the English or we ourselves got the impression that we are a superior people. We are certainly a pretty confident people. Making homes out of bushland, and creating a smiling half-continent out of a "few arpents of snow," have made us think fairly well of ourselves. Moreover, we have always been able to pay our debts and we usually have sense enough to keep out of international troubles. And greatest test of all—we have won the respect of Uncle Sam and his fellow-citizens, a unique distinction.

At the same time, we admire the Englishman—the educated, soft-toned, self-contained Englishman who forms the great majority of those who come over first or second-class. It is only the Englishman who comes over third-class who worries us, together with a few, a

very few of the monocled kind. The English workman is usually a good citizen at once; but occasionally he is shiftless, supercilious and extremely tantalising. He is inclined to grumble and raise a row. The beer does not suit him and the climate is worse. At most, this attitude does not last long—a year or two at the outside.

We need more English farmers and workmen, and the decent Englishman will never be without a welcoming smile and some encouragement. If he comes here poor and demands special treatment, high wages, short hours and an occasional round of charity, he will not get it. In this country every man must work and save. There are no old-age pensions here. This is a busy bee-hive.

The British business-man and the British capitalist have never complained that they were not welcomed. It is only the loafers and the shiftless who have complained, and their complaints are the best testimony to the standard of citizenship which Canada has raised.

GOVERNOR HUGHES, HAIL!

GOVERNOR HUGHES is a modern hero, for he does not give one picayune for the party workers and the party managers. He does what he thinks is right and leaves the rest with the people who mark the ballots. What a pity Canada had not a few of the type! Sir James Whitney comes nearest the style, but Sir James is getting so much praise that he is becoming rather autocratic like our good friend President Roosevelt. Governor Hughes defying the bold, domineering party manager is a picture which should be held before every Canadian publicist. Our statesmen need more starch in their back-bones. They need to learn that the man who threatens to read them out of the party, if they do not keep in line, is a man to be denounced and fought. Mr. Bourassa may be wrong or he may be right, he may or may not be a self-seeker, but he certainly has courage to do what he thinks is right. So had the late Hon. J. Israel Tarte. Others might be mentioned, but the list would not include many of the men who write "Honourable" before their names, nor even many who are entitled to use "M.P." as a suffix. The party whip cracks and most of them get behind the door; but then, in the words of a wise man, what is a door for?

In these sad circumstances, perhaps New York State will not be angry if we take Governor Hughes as a model hero for a short time, and if we regard his re-election as one which reflects great credit upon the good people who voted for him. It may revive the long-forgotten statement that in the end right and justice shall prevail.

COURTESY IN POLITICAL CIRCLES

THERE is a fair amount of courtesy shown toward each other by opposing politicians, yet no one remembers having noticed the publication of a telegram from Mr. Borden congratulating Sir Wilfrid Laurier on his victory. Perhaps Mr. Borden's secretary overlooked the sending of it. Not so with Mr. Bryan; he wired Mr. Taft and received a reply. Here are the messages:

"Hon. Wm. Taft, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Please accept congratulations, and best wishes for the success of your administration.

"(Signed) W. J. Bryan."

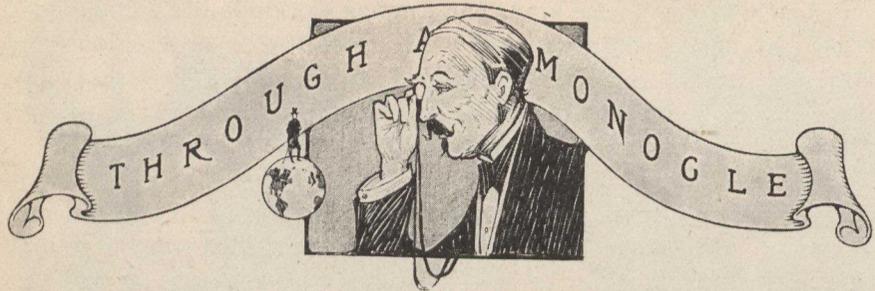
"Mr. W. J. Bryan, Lincoln, Neb.

"I thank you sincerely for your cordial and courteous telegram of congratulations and good wishes.

"(Signed) W. H. Taft."

There are those who believe that the visit of British statesmen to Canada will do something towards improving the spirit and language in which our public men speak to one another and of one another. The speeches made by Lord Milner were models of propriety and carefulness, and perhaps an occasional member of the Canadian Parliament may have been impressed with the increased force which Lord Milner's utterances bore on that account. Yet we have had many such speeches from the scholars and public men of Great Britain during the past thirty years, and that without much appreciable effect upon the rough-and-tumble conduct and speech of our so-called representative men. Even in journalism, "smart-aleckism" is mistaken for wit, and brutal suggestions pass current as "strong writing."

Both political life and newspaper work would gain much by the general adoption of a more civil and respectful tone towards those who disagree with us. It is apparent from the foregoing telegrams that we may learn of courtesy even from the United States.



EVERY time humanity moves to a new plane, the feeble and the cowardly and the commonplace all join in a chorus of glee whose refrain is that the day of the MAN is over. When the aristocracy succeeded at last in pulling down the King, and substituting their own rule for his, they shouted out to the world that the day of the MAN was over, and that hereafter the world would be ruled by a number of equals. At this, every sprig of aristocracy smiled, for he was to be one of the rulers. The great mass of the people paid no attention; for they were not yet included and it mattered little to them who robbed them of all their surplus over a bare living. But the gleeful aristocrats did not reckon on the strong Minister; and before long they learned that they had not got rid of the MAN. They had only changed the name of his office. Then the Middle Classes—the burgesses of the cities, the free land owners, the great ship-masters—took a hand in government; and again we were assured that the MAN had disappeared. But again the mediocre mob were disappointed. The MAN was still master, were he Cromwell or Pitt or Napoleon.

* * *

TO-DAY in certain sections of the world, a wide—though not a wholly free—democracy has come. From the Mexican line north, this continent is ruled by the democracy. But have we got rid of the MAN? The recent elections in Canada and the United States tell the tale. A MAN carried the Canadian elections. There was no other issue worth considering. When Sir John Macdonald was alive, allegiance to him and opposition to him made up the most of our politics. In the United States, a MAN appeared at the White House and captured the people. In spite of the “no third term” rule, which was framed to meet just such cases, he could have been re-elected President if he had not forbidden it. As it was, he chose to try his strength only in naming his successor. For this purpose, he picked out a man whom no one wanted. It was not that they disliked him but that they did not know him. He was not “in politics.” He was not a Senator nor a Congressman nor a State Governor nor a great General. He was one of the last men in the Union whom a prophet would have selected.

* * *

BUT the MAN said, “I will make him President”; and he did. More than half of the workers of the Republican party were against him, and the whole Democratic party fought him; but he was elected. The MAN won out. Moreover, another MAN appeared in the Democratic ranks and the nomination became his. Again, the political forces fought him; but the MAN was victorious. The people still love a hero. Another MAN had got, in spite of the politicians, into the Governor’s chair in New York. The politicians said that he must make way for one of themselves. But the MAN appealed to the people; and the MAN was re-nominated. More than that, he was re-elected in spite of the most shameless plotting, treachery and “trading” to secure his political death. But the world is full of such cases. The MAN Clemenceau dominates France. There is no big man to-day in Britain; and the people are in a state of flux. During the past half century, they have been ruled by Gladstone, Disraeli and Chamberlain.

* * *

DOES this mean that democracy is a failure? Not a bit of it. The inference is rather that it is a greater success than its critics expected; for it does not deprive the nations where it exists of the great benefits of powerful personal leadership. Critics of the democracy are always asking us if we can possibly imagine that the average wisdom of the whole people—ignorant and uninformed as well as intelligent and experienced—will rise to the same heights as the skilled and big-brained wisdom of the selected few. This dominance of the MAN in every democracy is giving these cynics their answer. The whole people do not pit their average wisdom against that of the “King” or the oligarchy; they merely exercise it in choosing the right

“King” and oligarchy. The trouble was, when the MAN was put on horse-back by the few, that he was chosen for his services, past and probable, to these few; and the great mass of the people and their interests were ignored. Now the MAN, on his way to the seat of power, must consider the entire nation, weak as well as strong, and he must rule so as to win their approval. This the MAN can always do. He can fit himself to the conditions necessary to permit him to lead.

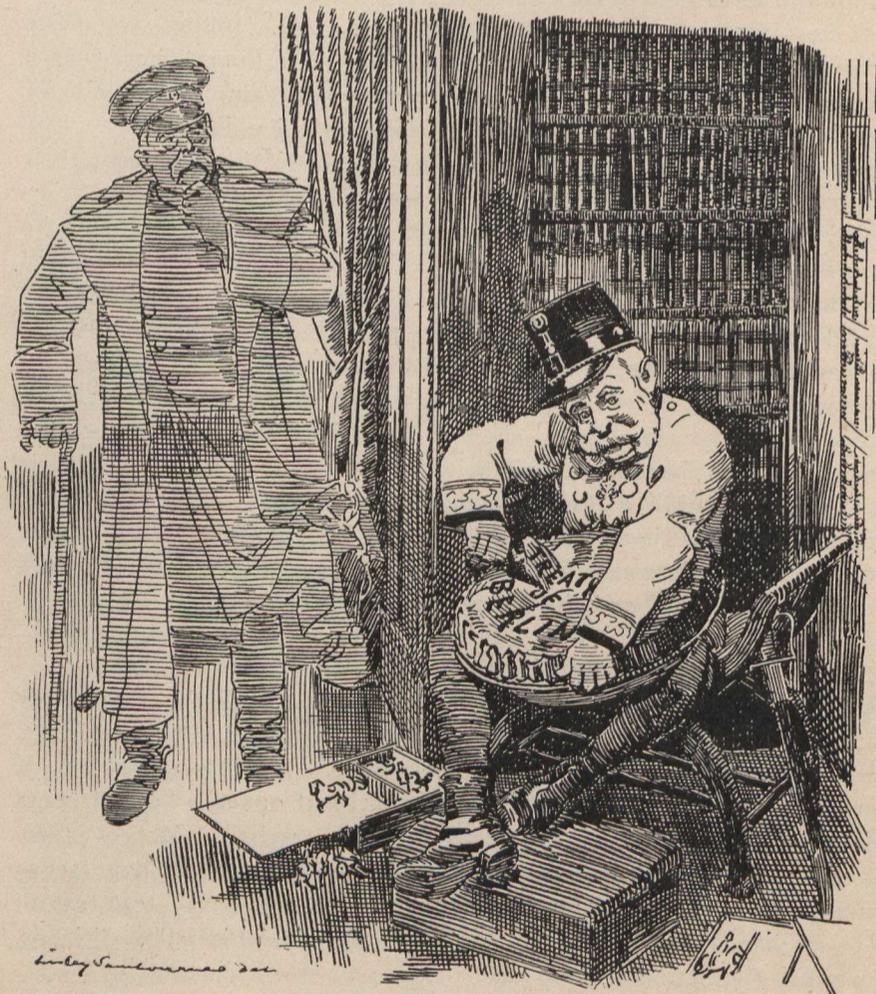
* * *

THE democracy then, instead of suspecting the persistence of the MAN at its head, should welcome it as a sign of its permanence and value. It can produce a Napoleon when he is needed quite as certainly as a monarchy can produce a Von Moltke. The nation loses nothing by being a democracy; and it gains infinite happiness, opportunity and freedom for the many. We need not fear that the ballot in the hands of the masses will keep the MAN down; and we know that it will compel the MAN to rule for the ballot-holders and not for a coterie of knights who alone could unhorse him and nullify his genius. The people should insist upon being at least as well served as a tyrant, a court or an aristocracy. They have a wider field from which to choose their man. They supply a more comprehensive and well distributed education, and so “enter” more of the sons of the nation in the great competition for MAN-ship. But they must not permit their prejudices to incline them against the scion of an old house or the recipient of the best training when it is clear that he is the best MAN. The democracy has come to stay; and it need not fear giving those who once opposed its coming, or who have had better opportunities than most, the fullest chance to serve the new order. The glory of popular rule should be that it can more surely secure for the nation its best leader than any of the other systems it has replaced.

N’IMPORTE

IN MEMORY OF BURKE.

AMBASSADOR WHITELOW REID unveiled a tablet in Bath, on October 22, in memory of Edmund Burke, the English statesman and orator. The tablet had been set upon the house where Burke lived in Bath. Subsequent to the unveiling ceremonies Mr. Reid made a long address in which he declared that the highest, the most courageous, and the most far-seeing service in Burke’s whole illustrious career was his outspoken sympathy with the American colonists and his unflinching resistance to the measures which eventually brought about the American revolution.



“HE PUT IN HIS THUMB.”

Shade of Prince Bismarck (to little Franz-Josef Horner). “Hullo, my boy! Breaking the pie-crust I helped to bake? Well, well; after all they’re made to be broken, and I’ve done a bit in that way myself.”—Punch.

(For further explanation see article next following).

THE EUROPEAN FERMENT

By NORMAN PATTERSON

TO any one even fairly familiar with the history of Europe in the nineteenth century, there can be no greater marvel than the peace which has existed since 1878. A continent, no larger than North America, contains nearly ten times as many separate and distinct nations. Russia in Europe is much smaller than Canada. France and Germany are about the same size, but neither has as many square miles of territory as Ontario. Italy is only half as large as France and Spain is not a great deal larger. Austria-Hungary is about the same size as one of the new provinces of Western Canada; so are Sweden and Norway combined. Turkey, including her tributary states, is a fairly big country. Then there are all the pygmies: Belgium, Denmark, Greece, Holland, Luxembourg, Montenegro, Portugal, Roumania, Serbia, Switzerland, and now Bulgaria. Twenty-one continental powers, including Great Britain, struggling to live together in peace and harmony, where in North America there are but three. Is it not therefore a marvel that for thirty years these people have dwelt together in peace, if not harmony?

The credit for the present disturbance must be divided about equally between Bulgaria, Austria and Germany. "Ferdinand Le Fin" of Bulgaria has been showing a *finesse* which looks rather much like highway robbery. Austria, which has occupied two Turkish provinces for thirty years, now takes them over without extra charge. The German Emperor is simply raising a row so as to keep in the centre of the stage; Morocco has been picked bare and he is looking about for a new bone of contention. There is no doubt, however, that the original portion of the dust-raising at the present moment came from Turkey and her tributary states. They are attempting to do some house-cleaning over there and hence the dust.

To even faintly understand the European peace which has made the past thirty years so notable and to understand this Near-East or Balkan question, one must recall the history of modern Turkey, and the Congress of Paris in 1856. It was then that the terms of peace, after the Crimean War, were agreed upon and the Sublime Porte was admitted to participate in all the advantages of the public law and system of Europe. The other Powers agreed to respect the independence and territorial integrity of Turkey which was thus admitted to a place in the European family.

Since 1856, Europe has had a sort of international police, with the governments of Britain, France, Austria, Germany, Russia and Italy acting as the policemen. When these policemen appear upon the scene of a disturbance, the combatants go peacefully about their business. There have been two distinct periods in this police business, 1856 to 1878 and 1878 to the present time. The first period was marred by only one great war, that between France and Germany. The second period was inaugurated by the Treaty of Berlin which in turn resulted from the Russo-Turkish war of 1877. The Treaty of Berlin then superseded the Treaty of Paris as the basis of Europe's peace.

The events which led up to the Treaty of Berlin are worth recounting. The other day, *Punch* represented Emperor Franz Joseph as Little John Horner, sitting in a corner, breaking the crust of a pie called "Treaty of Berlin" in the presence of the shade of Prince Bismarck. The Treaty was the work of Bismarck and Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield) and so admirably was it adapted to future requirements that it has stood the test of thirty years of international rivalry. How much longer it will stand remains to be seen. Austria, apparently, would like to make it an historical document rather than a living force.

Between 1856 and 1878, Turkey showed few signs of repentance and her government fewer signs of improvement. Insurrections were common and the Turkish soldiers acted or did not act in a most

desultory and irregular manner. A large rebellion might go unpunished, a small one might bring down most repressive and brutal punishment. The various nationalities and the various creeds of the people who make up Turkey in Europe render the problem of government a most difficult one. As Justin McCarthy has put it: "Fate has given to the most incapable and worthless Government in the world a task which would strain the resources of the loftiest public spirit and the most accomplished statesmanship." Slavs, Greeks, Albanians, and Jews governed by Turks; Christian and Mohammedan living side by side. Bosnia and Herzegovina were in a constant state of rebellion, because they respected Austrian power more than Turkish. Serbia and Montenegro were really independent, but their independence was a source of inspiration to such of the other states who were less free. Roumania had finally succeeded in gaining independence under Prince Charles of Hohenzollern. Bulgaria was in a

firming the reports which had been sent by a Mr. MacGahan, a correspondent sent out by the *Daily News*. Led by Mr. Gladstone, the British people began to shout for vengeance. Disraeli defended his government's inaction by warning the people that to punish Turkey was to assist England's arch-enemy, Russia. Mr. Gladstone went too far in his enthusiasm, and advocated turning the Turk "bag and baggage" out of Europe. Disraeli construed this to mean putting Turkey out and letting Russia in, and by skilful argument turned the tide of public sentiment against Gladstone and in favour of his own policy of non-interference. The traditional distrust of Russia won.

While Great Britain was standing by, Russia came forward as the bucklered champion of Christianity. On April 24th, 1877, the Czar declared war against the Sultan. In the previous year, Serbia and Montenegro had made a bold attack on Turkey. Serbia was soon subdued but the mountaineers of Montenegro kept up a prolonged struggle. A conference of the Powers at Constantinople proved a failure. The Turk was unrepentant and unconvinced. Then Russia stepped in and the fat was in the fire. Beaconsfield (for Disraeli had gone to the House of Lords) threatened that if Russia wanted war, Britain was quite prepared. He made no move, however, when Russia's announcement came. He left Russia and Turkey to fight it out. That was in 1877.

In the following year, the Jingo party arose in Britain. Some one wrote a war song for the London music-halls which had this refrain: "We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do,

We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too."

The Jingos worked the rest of the public up to fighting pitch against Russia, and the Mediterranean fleet was sent to Constantinople, near to which Russia's victorious armies had already pierced. Lord Carnarvon, the Colonial Secretary, resigned, and he was followed soon by Lord Derby. The Liberal Opposition protested against going to war with Russia, but the people seemed to be with the Government. While armed interference was likely to occur at any moment, it so happened that the tension was suddenly broken by a treaty between Turkey and Russia—the famous San Stefano Treaty. This treaty was nearly as objectionable to Great Britain as Russian occupation of Constantinople, but it gave time for possible negotiations. Russia offered to submit certain portions of the Treaty to a congress of the Powers. Beaconsfield demanded that all of it should be submitted and to enforce his demands called out the Reserves and summoned a contingent of Indian troops to Malta. Lord Salisbury, who was openly in favour of strong measures, had become Foreign Minister in succession to Lord Derby, and the peace party almost gave up hope.

Enter Prince Bismarck. He invited all the Powers to Berlin. Russia hesitated but finally accepted. It is said that her acceptance was secured only after a secret treaty with Great Britain guaranteeing her certain concessions. On June 13th the Congress met. Great Britain was represented by Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury—the first time a British Premier ever left a sitting Parliament to take part in a foreign conference. Lord Beaconsfield no doubt felt that it was a great moment, the greatest in his career. If he could bring back a peace which would be acceptable, he would be the greatest figure in Europe.

The Congress agreed upon the now famous Treaty. The complete independence of Roumania, of Serbia and of Montenegro was recognised. Montenegro in addition was given a seaport. Bulgaria was made a self-governing but tributary state. Eastern Roumelia was likewise given a measure of independence. Bosnia and Herzegovina were to be occupied by Austria but the territory was not actually made Austrian. Russia gained Bessarabia in Europe and a Black Sea port in Asia Minor.

This famous treaty was much criticised at the time. Lord Beaconsfield justified giving the two provinces to Austria by stating that Austria's influence would be an offset in the west to Russian

(Continued on page 24)

CANADA'S TEN BIGGEST MEN

A VOTING CONTEST IN WHICH EVERY READER OF
THE "CANADIAN COURIER" IS INVITED
TO TAKE PART.

NO FEES. NO PRIZES.

In order to discover whom the people regard as the Ten Greatest Men in Canada, the "Canadian Courier" has decided to hold a voting contest. Any resident of the Dominion, male or female, over 21 years of age, may vote. Each voter may name any number of men, from one to ten. Any ballot containing more than ten names will be disallowed.

The counting will take place on January 1st, 1909. The leader from each of the nine Provinces will be announced, as well as the list of the ten who receive the highest general vote. Each Province will thus have a chance to show whom it regards as its most prominent citizen, even though the general vote throughout Canada may not be large enough to place him in the general list.

Any voter may give reasons for his choice. If these are brief, pointed and worthy, they may be published. A selection of opinions will be given from week to week. The names of those giving opinions and the names of voters generally will not be published, but no list will be counted to which a voter's name and address are not attached.

The "Canadian Courier" has no object to serve, other than to afford its readers the opportunity of taking part in what must prove a most interesting and instructive competition.

Address all letters

VOTING COMPETITION,

"CANADIAN COURIER,"

TORONTO.

distressed condition and Crete occasionally broke into open revolt. Greece wanted Thessaly. What a situation for possible fireworks!

In 1875, trouble became so common that the Great Powers set about the work of interference. All were agreed upon a certain course, with the exception of England. Apparently she still regarded Russia with suspicion and hesitated about taking strong measures against the one Power which stood between Russia and the Mediterranean. Finally, the insurrection reached Constantinople itself, and the Sultan Abdul Aziz was dethroned. A day or two afterward he committed suicide. His successor had no greater administrative success. An insurrection broke out in Bulgaria, and the Bashi-Bazouks were sent to suppress it. They did so in a manner which caused the whole Christian world to shudder. Men, women and children were murdered by thousands, and "the Bulgarian atrocities" have ever since been historical in Europe.

It was the Bulgarian crime which brought Europe to its feet. In England, it drew Mr. Gladstone from retirement into one of his most active campaigns. Mr. Disraeli, then premier, joked about the rumours of massacres and according to Mr. Stead, deliberately "lied" about them; but Mr. Baring, a British consul sent to investigate, con-



Fall Church Parade of Hamilton's Militia Garrison. The 91st Highlanders, though a young regiment, have already won for themselves almost as much fame as Hamilton's crack regiment, "The Thirteenth."

Col. J. M. Gibson, Lieutenant-Governor, making his last march at the head of his Brigade.



The Great Republican Procession in New York just before the election. It is estimated that over 100,000 people were in line. They carried ten thousand dollars' worth of flags, and the picture shows how thoroughly they enjoyed marching and shouting for "Big Bill" Taft.



THE SLOPE OF THE NORTHLAND

By W. B. FINDLAY

RIVERS that run northward to the sea; forests of spruce, white wood, Balm of Gilead, poplar, hemlock, and balsam; belts of clay wide as many townships and deep down to the foundation of things; waterfalls of marvellous horse-power, and over all the lakes, rivers and forests the quiet of an untenanted, unpeopled land. This is the land of to-morrow. When men are weary of rushing to the wind-swept, treeless prairie, they will turn to this wooded land, the hills and running streams will draw them, the charm of rustling leaves will call to them and the Northland will claim its own.

This is the slope of patience. Beaten by adverse winds and storm-tossed, the ships of the people of the Hudson Bay Company cast anchor in James Bay more than two hundred and twenty years ago and generations of factors and agents have looked southward from James Bay listening for the sounds of the coming of the people of their own colour and race.

Through the reign of nine British sovereigns the flag has waved on the shore of the Bay and now the sons of the race are pressing in from the south to fill the land.

Here, as everywhere, the Scotch have been. More than a hundred years ago one MacDougall felt it was getting crowded about Abitibi Post and slipped his canoe into the lake, placed his squaw in the bow and paddled down the Abitibi River and up the Black till he came to a fall that made him think of the rivers of the old land and so he made his camp. He sleeps back yonder in a quiet place near the river along which he trapped and fished. His grandsons still fish and hunt but the Highland blood is gone and they are Indians back to type and tradition.

Down the slippery bank of the Black we slid, a medicine man, the chief of the engineers who are putting the T. and N. O. through to the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the writer. We left 400 pounds of dynamite sitting on the bank and two greasy men who were fondling the parts of a gasoline engine and saying short words away down in their throats.

These are the rivers of yesterday, and as our 18-foot canoe glided along and we came to the place where the Black runs into the Abitibi and this great river carried us on northward, we knew we were on the great trade route along which for more than two centuries the traders, agents and Indians of the Hudson Bay Company travelled.

Northward and ever slipping a little westward, the Abitibi makes its way toward the Moose, past deeply-wooded banks that break away into hills and valleys, a rolling country of clay, deep and exhaustless. Here one misses the great rocks that mark the rivers farther south. Just an outcropping shows at intervals of miles and then once more the clay. So the waters are greyish, cold and uninviting to the swimmer.

Towards noon the whistle of a steam tug went echoing along the river and the doctor heaved a sigh of relief, dropped his paddle and declared he was ready to give up the gliding motion of the canoe and sit on the top of the steam whistle just for a change.

The little tug picked us up, swung the canoe to the rear and puffed onward. We were a small but conglomerate crowd. Two or three gold prospectors pushing north-east, a few labourers for the Grand Trunk Pacific, two engineers, a preacher, a doctor, a land-seeker, and always the captain sticking his head out of the wheel-house cursing us individually and collectively for pushing our heads in his line of vision.

We reached the Iroquois Falls just as the sun touched the white foam of the river, the spray and the shadowy mist with the golden glory of his noontide power. Unbroken by rapids, the river sweeps on to the brink of the falls, then, in a beautiful curtain of grayish white, drops twenty-five feet to the waters below.

Leaving the beaten path of the portage, we climbed up through the small growth of poplar and white wood and guided by one who knew the spot, came upon a grave. It was neatly fenced with cedar poles deeply notched and carefully measured. On a white painted post held by hand-made nails



A "H. B. Co." Canoe carrying Mail from Abitibi Post to Moose Factory—Passing the N.T.R. Crossing at Abitibi, on August 15th.



A Gold-Mining Outfit.



An Indian Trapper's Camp—Split Poles, Moss and Brush.



Northern Graveyard—A lone Wooden Slab in a Corral.

rests an oak slab brought in from the south, as there is no oak here. It bears the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Thomas Bedds, who departed this life the 15th day of July, 1850, aged 18 years and 5 months."

Fifty-eight years ago on his way down from Moose Factory for medical treatment, this youthful servant of the great company could go no farther and here he died. Here on the slope overlooking the river, in sight and sound of the falls with its twining wreaths of spray and the deep-toned requiem of the waters—here he rests. Carefully through all the years has the Company kept his grave. He served them living and thus have they cared for their living and watched over their dead since 1670 when gay-hearted

Charles gave them their charter.

This way in the early days passed men who had in their souls no ambition to perpetuate the names of relatives by tacking them to river and lake. Therefore, they took the soft-sounding Indian names or some fitting term born of surroundings or of circumstances. Thus we have such river names as the White Clay, the Black, the Abitibi, the Shallow, the Driftwood, the Moose, the Missinabie, and as we passed Iroquois Falls working our way down ten miles we came to a break in the river right in the heart of the moose country, called the Buck Deer Rapids. The experts made ready to shoot the rapids while the rest of us walked about the portage. The doctor remarking as he walked along that while he loved the poetry of motion, still the land looked good to him.

At the foot of the rapids we came upon two youthful Americans. The size of the country had stunned them; they were facing the trip up the river to Lake Abitibi, then over the height of land and on down the waters until they reached the Ottawa. Our salutations were simple, for somehow in the North one finds but little to say and few questions to ask. As they looked up the Buck Deer Rapids and found it was forty-one miles to the lake, the elder one remarked, as if talking to the Balm of Gilead trees, "This is the biggest blankedest country I ever heard of, but it don't matter if we never get home."

Ten miles below the Buck Deer Rapids a bridge 800 feet long is being thrown over the Abitibi by the Grand Trunk Pacific. One single span of 400 feet will cross the water. But a matter of a few years and the moose reigned here supreme save a tramp caribou might wander down and give battle. As late as the August of this year six Indians in a 25-foot birch bark canoe passed down from Abitibi Post to Moose Factory carrying with them His Majesty's mail, being the yearly delivery to James Bay via the Abitibi and Moose River. These are picked men, they are the artists of the North, knowing the northern waters as a city man knows his own street, but as a tale that is told their day is wearing away and soon the sound of the whistle echoing along the muskeg will proclaim the arrival of the mail train at Moose Factory on James Bay.

Here six years ago everything was unbroken bush. In 1905 came the man Hanning; soft-footed and quiet, he seemed a part of the silence into which he faded, but as the months passed even he reappeared at broken points in the bush and a quiet whisper of his presence fell among the Indians who passed up and down the river. The man Hanning is still there, so is also the right-of-way of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which he located, and over the building of which he still presides, a son of our people, for our sons are the railway builders of the world—in Egypt, the Soudan, South Africa, in the early days of the American West, in China to-day and yesterday in South America—the world over they are found, quiet, sure-footed, responsible, the sons of our own people doing the world's work.

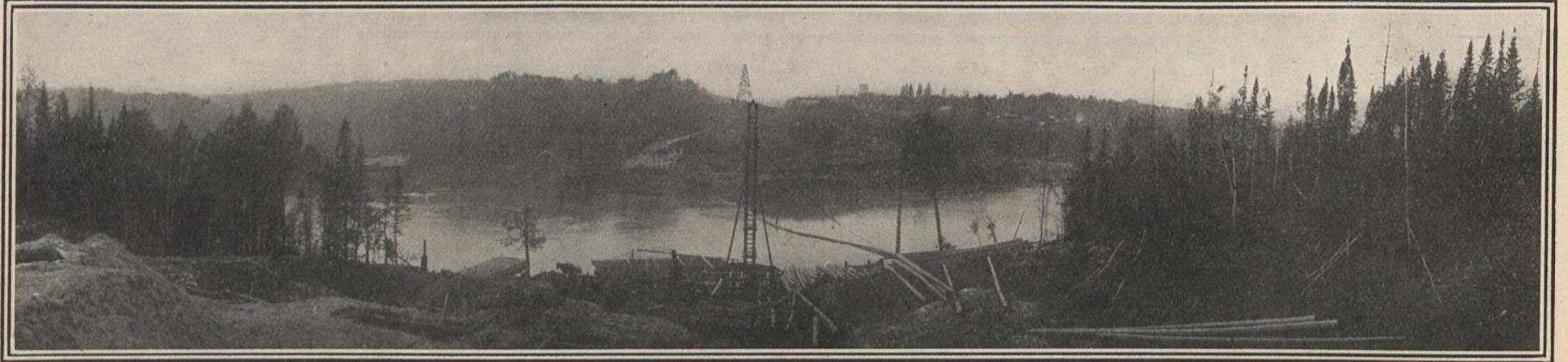
Late in the afternoon the chief of the engineers suggested we stroll over to Laing's Camp, the most northerly on the right-of-way of the T. and N. O. These men of the North need a northern dictionary. Terms here are relative. Beware of the Northman who, in this land, takes you for a stroll, and should he call it a walk or speak of a journey say farewell to your friends, for the end thereof may be anywhere till the trail stops. There is such a thing as a mile in the North, but it is a convertible term

and each man fills it in to suit his own ideas. In any case we took the stroll. The trail led through the bush and was broken here and there by a tiny stream working its way north seeking greater waters. It led through muskeg, it was well-worn, soft, mushy and full of hidden roots. The chief moved on ahead, his feet by instinct seemed to find solid ground. Behind and even more behind floundered the doctor and the writer. Our feet took possession of us and with diabolic certainty landed us in many a bog hole and sent us sprawling over many an innocent looking root. The plunging figure of the chief broke into irregular lines. The orthodox faith of other days failed us and we were filled with the doctrine of transmigra-

tion. Now we knew the reason of that man's speed through the bush. His grandfather was a moose and his great aunt on his mother's side a caribou. Softly the night fell and the moon arose. From the forests of spruce the shadows crept irregularly across the right-of-way. Here on this slope will be our last line of defence if ever our land knows war once more, which heaven forbid. No invasion will ever reach us from the north, but if southward we are overwhelmed by a mighty host, ruthless and blood-hungry, then here on this great northern slope we will make our last stand, and the winds, as they whistle through the forests of spruce and pine, will

carry with them our triumphant defiance to the armies of the alien. The fellowship of the camp felt good, and if your appetite has been jaded by many feasts and you feel hard and world weary, then I pray you take a journey over a northern muskeg trail, and may the goddess of your good fortune lead you to a camp of engineers such as we fell upon, and all the feasts of former days will be forgotten in the taste of things, and on a bed that may be hard or soft, or may not be there at all, you will sleep that sleep that knits up the ravelled sleep of care. So we awoke, faced the daylight, said farewell to Laing's Camp, and "beat it" down the right of way southward to the city.

OPENING UP THE HUDSON'S BAY COUNTRY



The Abitibi River flows into James Bay—Here is shown the Town of Abitibi, where the National Transcontinental Railway will cross that River. The Bridge will be over 800 feet between the shore piers.



Clearing the right of way of the Junction of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway with the National Transcontinental, and laying out the Town of Cochrane. Since this photograph was taken, about October 1st, some buildings have been erected and some of the streets graded.



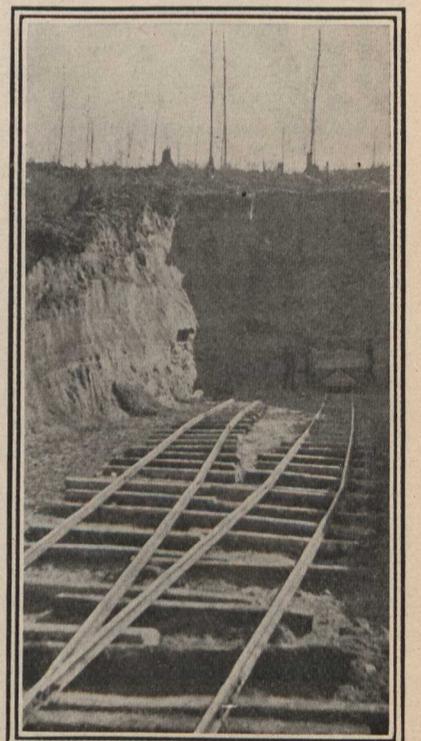
A Fill on the N. T. R.



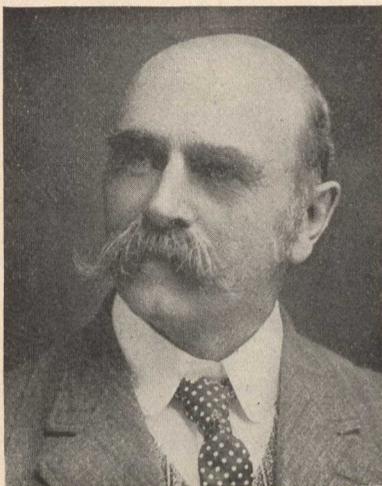
A Dump on the National Transcontinental.



Surveyors in Fly-time.



A Cut on the N. T. R.



Mr. Walter R. Mursey,
Author of "Life of Brock."



Mr. Arthur Johnston,
Author of "Myths and Facts of the American Revolution,"



Mr. J. W. Tyrrell, Explorer,
Author of "Across the Sub-Arctics."



Mr. Robt. J. C. Stead,
Author of "The Empire Builders."

CANADIAN BOOKS OF THE YEAR



BOOKS about Canada and books by Canadians are fairly numerous this year. Our scholars have been exceedingly active and many historical works of considerable value have been added to the rapidly growing list of works of this character. Canadian novelists have not been quite so

active, and there are no new stories by Parker, Fraser or Ralph Connor. The poets have given us a rather large supply, but the average of the work is not high.

It is impossible in one article to give a comprehensive comparison and review of all the new books, but the following notes and lists will give any prospective book buyer a rough and ready guide to the publications of 1908. There is no mention of any work not related to Canada in some way, nor is there any mention of the publications of societies or governments.

The essay, as a form of literary art, has been somewhat neglected in late years, but there are two recent collections of this class by Canadians which are delightful in style and treatment. Dr. William Osler in "An Alabama Student and other Biographical Essays" (Henry Frowde) has given us a volume, rich in the result of scientific research and polished with a literary care such as few modern writers bestow. "Dull would he be of soul" who would not find within the covers of this book such chronicle of high endeavor and sacrifice in the cause of distressed humanity, told with a master's restraint, as makes a book to be read more than once—even in an age of many books. Mr. Bliss Carman in "The Making of Personality," (L. C. Page & Co.), turns prose writer, although the poet nature is infused into these chapters which deal lightly yet discriminatingly with the graces and growths of life. This work is a suitable companion to the author's "The Kinship of Nature."

In that interesting series, "A Historical Geography of the British Colonies," edited by Sir C. P. Lucas, K. C. M. G., the second part of the fifth volume, dealing with the history of Canada, by Hugh E. Egerton, has just been published, with ten maps. The first part, treating of New France, was published several years ago and the present publication brings the record down to "The Dominion of To-Day."

In "The Tercentenary History of Canada," from Champlain to Laurier, by F. Basil Tracy, we have at last a definitive history of Canada told in a very graphic and impartial manner. It has long been deplored of course that Parkman in his many volumes only touches on parts of Canadian history, and stops before the really important part of our history commences. It is possible that owing to the author's absence from Canada for some years, he has been able to write in such an impartial manner.

In style, literary finish, and broad conception, Mr. Doughty's book on Quebec excels all other works which have been issued to mark the Tercentenary year. "The Cradle of New France" is an excellent title. The dedication to Lord Grey is a suitable tribute to the man most responsible for the success of the national portion of the celebration. The colored illustrations, the two chronolo-

gies, and the excellent folding map add something to a well written story. The main portion of the book is much shorter than the more elaborate history to be found in "Quebec under Two Flags," by Messrs. Doughty and Dionne, published in 1903. The briefer story makes it more suitable for the general reader. (Cambridge Corporation, Montreal).

The publishing of the last volumes in the "Makers of Canada" series brings to a close one of the most notable, perhaps the greatest effort in the history of Canadian publishing. Mr. Morang may not have made much more profit in his venture than was made in England in publishing the "Dictionary of National Biography," but he has certainly made for himself a niche in the Canadian temple of fame. To publish twenty volumes of Canadian biography, covering an historical period of three hundred years, and to do this publishing in a country where there are few writers of books and even fewer buyers, was a task which only a sublime optimist would attempt. Mr. Morang is deserving of much praise for his courage, his patriotism and his unselfish efforts on behalf of Canadian publishing. True, his editorial board might have been better chosen, and the books might easily have been made more popular, but these are matters of opinion and judgment. The work is done; it is one of the most notable publishing events in our annals—and that is sufficient.

In "The Canadian Manor, and Its Seigneurs" Professor Wrong has performed a praiseworthy service. It once more reminds us of the wealth of historical material that must be available to Canadian writers, more especially since the better organization of the archives at Ottawa and in some of the provinces. The ramifications and diverse interests which the manor at Murray Bay has been found to possess is the surprising feature of Professor Wrong's book. It has an added interest since it gives side lights on the American Revolution, and the War of 1812 as affecting the people of Canada at those times. Not the least valuable part of the book are the concluding chapters which are devoted to an illuminating discussion and exposition of French-Canadian life.

Travel and discovery are dear to the Canadian, whose continent-wide Dominion has a map which is but half unrolled. Mr. Lawrence Burpee tells in graphic fashion in the volume, "In Search of the Western Sea," the story of the early adventurers and explorers, while "Through the Mackenzie Basin," by Charles Mair, is a work of decided historic and geographic value. We have been accustomed to think of Canada as the land of Great Lakes, but the story of northern and western exploration brings home to the dweller on the lake shore that Canada's rivers are mighty streams with a history sparkling with hardy adventure. Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, a Canadian woman who has recently become the wife of Mr. Ellis, has written an account of her completion of her first husband's explorations in the Nascaupsee regions of Labrador. The book, "A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador," has been most favorably received, both in this country and in England, giving, as it does, a simple account of a journey through part of the Barren Lands. Miss Agnes Laut, who has devoted so much attention to the Canada of the past, has written "The Conquest of the Great North-West,"

a worthy successor to "The Vikings of the Pacific."

Just why any publisher should issue two books by different authors in one set of covers, it is difficult to understand. Why the account of a treaty and its negotiations should be combined with a book on mammals and birds is equally mysterious. Yet this is just what has been done in the case of the volume entitled "Through the Mackenzie Basin," which also contains 250 extra pages devoted to "Notes on the Mammals and Birds of Northern Canada." The combination makes the book bulky and unsuitable for many readers. Two volumes would have been more profitable and more suitable. This feature does not detract, however, from the praise which should be given to each of the two writers. The expedition, which Mr. Mair describes, occurred in 1899, and its history might have been given to the public at an earlier date. Yet if it had never been given, Canadian literature would have lacked the interesting story of a unique and almost romantic expedition. The second part of the book is almost purely scientific, and should have been published separately. It represents the work of many years on the part of an observant Hudson's Bay company factor.

The well known Canadian explorer, Mr. J. W. Tyrrell, C.E., has just returned from a trip through the northern part of Manitoba, where he has been on a survey trip of an extensive character. Mr. Tyrrell arrives from the north just in time to see the new edition of his book "Across the Sub-Arctics," come from the press. His publisher, Mr. William Briggs, has had this new edition in preparation for some time, and it will contain a large number of new illustrations. Mr. Tyrrell has added two new chapters which will be of considerable interest, one on the subject of the new sea route to Europe via Hudson's Bay, and the other on the subject of musk-ox hunting. Mr. Tyrrell is an enthusiastic believer in the possibilities of this new sea route, and has by practical observation come to the conclusion that the plan is perfectly feasible. In conversation Mr. Tyrrell almost invariably speaks of Fort Churchill as the coming Liverpool of America.

The modern publication deals with the latest conditions in the newest mining camps. Hence one is not at all surprised to find "Trails and Tales in Cobalt" by Mr. W. H. P. Jarvis in the forefront, while Mr. Anson A. Gard contributes to the accounts of that district in a work bearing the reassuring title, "The Real Cobalt." The literary man usually finds a vein of "copy" wherever there has been a streak of silver.

Among the reminiscent works of the year, none is more charming than "Sixty Years in Upper Canada" by Col. Charles Clarke, late clerk of the Legislature of Ontario. It describes in a chatty way, the chief political events and personages of the last sixty years. The days of open voting previous to 1874, when the ballot was introduced, were stirring days and the men who fought the political battles were brave men—"Coon" Cameron, John Sandfield Macdonald, D'Arcy McGee, Hon. R. W. Scott, Edward Blake, and others almost equally famous. It is a charming work, partly history, partly biography, partly reminiscence, but always sprightly. (Wm. Briggs, Toronto).

A six-volume work, entitled "Little Masterpieces of Autobiography," which has been edited

by Mr. George Iles, is announced in the *Montreal Gazette*, as of special interest to Montrealers. There are three contributions by Mr. Iles himself, which include part of his correspondence with Robert Louis Stevenson and his account of Joseph Jefferson's visit to Montreal. In the fourth volume Tennyson's letter to Dr. S. E. Dawson, C.M.G., regarding "The Princess" is reprinted.

A short time ago issued from the press of William Briggs a very important volume by Professor Blewett, of Victoria University, entitled "The Nature of God." This book was very highly received in Great Britain, and is considered to be one of the most important contributions to philosophical literature which has been issued for a number of years. One of the English reviewers in writing of this book said that if Canada had many such writers and thinkers as Dr. Blewett that there need be no fear for the future of the British Empire. This same publisher now has in the press another important volume by one of our University professors, namely Professor Wm. F. Osborne, M.A., who occupies the chair of English Literature, in Wesley College, Winnipeg. Professor Osborne is one of the rising men of the West, and his book is said to be a very important contribution to Shakespearean literature.

A book which will be particularly interesting to Canadian readers is to be issued very shortly entitled "Myths and Facts of the American Revolution." This book is the result of some twenty years' work and research on the part of Mr. Arthur Johnston, a resident of Santa Ana, Cal. Mr. Johnston is English by birth and belonged at one time to a literary club that met in Leadenhall Street, London, two other members of which at the same time were the late Sir Henry Irving and Sir Edward Clarke, late Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Johnston left England for the United States at 19 years of age, joined the northern army and was with Grant on the Mississippi, remaining with the army until the war closed. This book is one which will create a great deal of discussion. Mr. Johnston, however, has got his facts carefully together and has been very accurate in quoting his authorities.

Mr. Walter R. Nursey has written a new life of Sir Isaac Brock, to be entitled "The Story of Isaac Brock." Mr. Nursey has had a somewhat varied career. He was educated in the Old Country for the East Indian civil service, but came to Canada to engage in agriculture. At the time of the Fenian Raid in 1866 he served as a volunteer in the Queen's Own Rifles. He has been a *coureur des bois* in old Prince Rupert's land, and was one of the pioneers of Fort Francis on the Rainy River. For a short time he was in the service of the Hudson's Bay company and subsequently became a "free fur trader." Finally he drifted into journalism and in 1878 he published the *Manitoba Telegraph*, followed by the *Herald*. In 1878 he was appointed Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Manitoba, and the following year was gazetted Provincial Auditor and remained in office until 1889. He was the first Justice of the Peace for Keewatin, and has travelled extensively in the British and United States North-West, and with canoe and snowshoe, pack horse and dog train has explored the country with rod and rifle from Hudson's Bay to Alaska. Mr. Nursey has done considerable writing, having issued over thirty books, most of them dealing with commercial subjects or with the great North-West.

OTHER GENERAL WORKS.

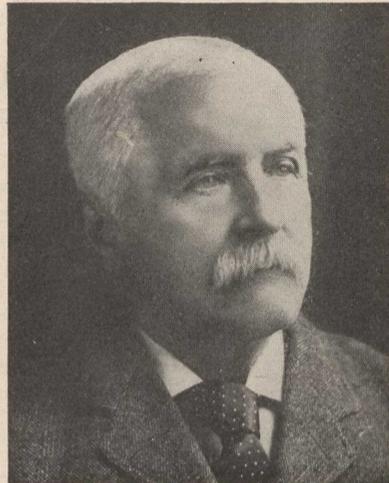
"Culture by Conversation" by Robert Waters. Dodd, Mead & Co.
 "Sixty Years of Protection in Canada" by Edward Porritt. Macmillan.
 "Sir John A. Macdonald" by George R. Parkin. Makers of Canada Series, Morang.
 "Sir James Douglas" by R. H. Coats and R. E. Gosnell. Makers of Canada Series, Morang.
 "Lord Sydenham" by Adam Shortt. Makers of Canada Series, Morang.
 "Municipal Government" by S. Morley Wickett. University of Toronto Library.
 "An Irish Saint," the life story of "Holy Ann," by Helen E. Bingham. Briggs.
 "History of the Canadian Press." Canadian Press Association, Toronto.
 "Dictionnaire Historique des Canadiens et des Metis Francais de l'Ouest" by Father Morice. Laflamme & Proulx, Quebec.
 "Lescarbot's History of New France," translated by W. L. Grant. Champlain Society.
 "Bemocked of Destiny," by Aeneas McCharles. Briggs.
 "History of the First Century of Methodism in Canada" by Rev. J. E. Sanderson. Briggs.



Mr. W. M. MacKeracher,
Author of "Canada, My Land."



Prof. W. F. Osborne,
Author of "The Genius of Shakespeare."



Mr. Charles W. Mair,
Author of "Through the Mackenzie Basin."

"The First English Conquest of Canada" by Henry Kirke. New edition. Sampson Low, Mars-ton & Co.

"Canadian Annual Review" for 1907, edited by J. Castell Hopkins. Annual Review Co., Toronto.

"The Continuity of Revelation" by Rev. W. Lashley Hall. Briggs.

"The Kingdom of Canada" by J. S. Ewart, K.C. Briggs.

"The Church Year" by Dr. W. J. Armitage. Frowde.

"In Old Quebec and Other Sketches" by Bryon E. Nicholson.

"Successful Farming," or How to Farm for Profit, by Wm. Rennie, Sr., late of the Ontario Agricultural College. Fully illustrated. Toronto: William Rennie's Sons.

"Harvests in Many Lands" by Rev. W. G. McTavish. Illustrated. Briggs.

"Where the Buffalo Roamed" by Edith L. Marsh. Briggs.

"New Canada and the New Canadians" by Howard Angus Kennedy. Musson Book Co.

"Western Canada" by Rev. L. Norman Tucker (English Church Expansion). Musson Book Co.

"The Making of Canada" by A. E. Bradley. Musson Book Co.

"Canadian Types of the old Regime, 1608-1698" by Charles W. Colby. Henry Holt & Co. and Briggs.

"William Lyon Mackenzie" by G. G. S. Lindsey. Makers of Canada Series. Morang.

"The Story of Old Kingston" by Agnes Maule Machar. Musson Book Co.

"Brownie Clown of Brownietown" by Palmer Cox.

"An Apostle of the North" by Rev. H. A. Cody. Musson Book Co.

"In the Land of the Maple Leaf" by Basil Stewart. Musson Book Co.

"Over-Sea Britain" by E. F. Knight. Musson Book Co.

"History of Canada, 1774-1907," by Hugh E. Egerton, companion volume to "History of Canada—New France," by C. P. Lucas. Frowde.

"The Genius of Shakespeare" by Wm. F. Osborne. Briggs.

"The Facts of Conversion" by Rev. George Jackson. Briggs.

"Concerning the Christ" by Rev. J. D. Freeman. Briggs.

"The Coin of Vantage," by Rev. W. T. Herridge, D.D. Frowde.

FICTION.

The "local colour" class of fiction has been popular in Canadian circles of late. Miss Montgomery's "Anne of Green Gables" has a delightful and realistic Prince-Edward-Island setting for a story of quiet charm. Mrs. McClung of Manitou, Manitoba, has written a thoroughly bracing and western book, "Sowing Seeds in Danny," which belongs to the prairies as much as the former belongs to the most eastern of our maritime provinces. Of entirely other scenes is Mr. Robert Barr's dashing story, "Young Lord Stranleigh," with its blase aristocrat hero, while "The Measure of the Rule" is another contribution by this prolific novelist. Mr. Theodore Roberts in "Captain Love" tells a tale of diverting adventure, but Mr. Arthur Stringer's "The Under Groove" is a bit of unpleasant sordidness which the admirers of his poetry will hardly enjoy. "Weiga of Temagami" by Mr. Cy Warman is a collection of north country sketches, fresh with the healthy atmosphere of a pine country but somewhat doleful as to the for-

tunes of the Indian heroines. Mr. A. R. Davis' "The Old Loyalist," as might be known from the title, is a story of one who made sacrifices for his national beliefs, and it has some interesting reminiscences of older Ontario. There has been no work of fiction of startling merit but the stream of Canadian narrative appears to be flowing smoothly.

The latest of Mrs. Cotes' vivacious stories is "Cousin Cinderella," this time centred round a Canadian girl and her brother, who have been sent to London by their parents to see the world and broaden out a little. London, as they see it, is a different London from any we have come across before in books, and not only do we see the customs of the country, but also the manners, and perhaps idiosyncrasies of the titled English among whom our young friends spend most of their time. Incidentally there are some interesting insights into Canadian character.

LIST OF FICTION.

"Cousin Cinderella" by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan). Macmillan.
 "The Measure of the Rule" by Robert Barr. McLeod & Allen.
 "The Young Lord Stranleigh" by Robert Barr. McLeod & Allen.
 "Captain Love" by Theodore Roberts. L. C. Page & Co.
 "Sowing Seeds in Danny" by Mrs. R. W. McClung. Briggs.
 "The Under Groove" by Arthur J. Stringer. McClure.
 "Weiga of Temagami" by Cy Warman. McLeod & Allen.
 "Paths of the Righteous" by L. Dougall. Macmillan.
 "The Tragedy of Quebec" by Robert Sellar. Norman Murray, Montreal.
 "Gabrielle Amethyst" by F. W. Musgrave. Briggs.
 "The Web of Time" by R. E. Knowles. Frowde.
 "My Lady of the Snows" by Mrs. J. Y. Brown. Briggs.
 "The Harvest of Moloch" by Mrs. J. K. Lawson. Musson Book Co.
 "Anne of Green Gables" by L. M. Montgomery. L. C. Page & Co.
 "Treasure Valley" by Marian Keith. Westminster Co.
 "The Master of Life" by W. D. Lighthall. Musson Book Co.
 "Nancy McVeigh of the Monk Road" by R. H. Mainer. Briggs.
 "The Old Loyalist" by A. R. Davis. Briggs.

POETRY.

The most successful book of poems, in the financial sense of the adjective, at least, has been "Songs of a Sourdough" by Robert Service, which was published two years ago and has seen new editions in recent months. Mr. James P. Haverson, following this selection of acid titles, has given us this year "Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead," which gives in humorous and vernacular style the lamentations of a "grouchy" youth. Mr. Robert J. C. Stead's "Empire Builders and Other Poems" contains several virile songs, Mr. W. M. MacKeracher's "Canada My Land and Other Compositions" is of the conventional type of patriotic verse. A book long expected and desired is "Collected Dramas" by William Wilfred Campbell of Ottawa. Mr. Campbell has been urged for years towards the publication of these works and admirers of

(Continued on page 23)

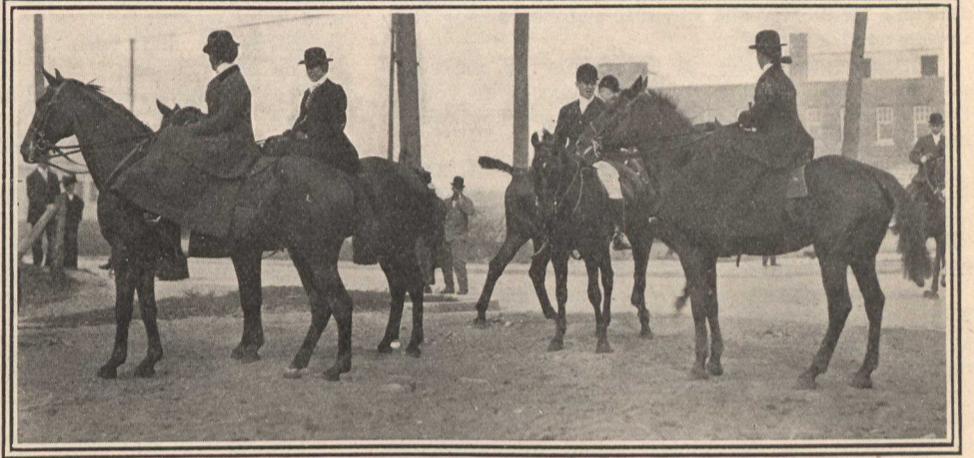
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THE AMAZING PAIR

By GILBERT DAYLE

Author of "Mr. Halzden's Love Affair," "The Part the Countess Played," etc.



THE Avona Castle from the Cape had struck Southampton late on the afternoon of a dull November day, and now the boat "special," freighted with an impatient lot of passengers, was doing the best time she could up the line to town. She was not, however, likely to make a record journey, for the mistiness of the day had increased with night-fall and frequently she ran into patches of fog that necessitated slowing up.

Sitting comfortably in the corner of one compartment was a young man. He was quite young, twenty-five at the utmost, and an agreeable specimen of open-air manhood.

"Dear old Gran!" he laughed to himself, as he folded up a letter, "always harping on the old string—my responsibilities—time for settling down and all the rest of it! Well, I'm in no hurry—don't think I'm much of a sentimentalist!"

The train came gradually to a stop and, a feeble light gleaming through the carriage window, he saw they were drawn up at a small station. The name on the oil lamp showed the name of the place to be Bamstoke, a tiny village about half-way towards London.

He drew his rug closer round him and was about to pick up a magazine when the loud blare of a motor horn reached his ears. He looked out of the window again; there was a road running parallel to the line, and through the fog he could just see the head-lights of a large car coming towards the station. The train began to move.

Then, suddenly, something very astonishing happened!

From the wooden shelter—almost opposite his carriage—a lady emerged. She made a dart for his compartment, opened the door, and jumped in as the train was moving. He grasped her arm and shut the door after her. As he did so, he heard a hoarse shout from the platform, and caught a glimpse of the big motor car, now at a standstill by the station.

Then he resumed his seat and glanced at his new companion. She was leaning back against the cushions opposite him, a trifle exhausted with her exertion. She was a young girl, and the first look told him that she was bewilderingly pretty.

"I'm so sorry!" she burst out breathlessly. "I must apologise for disturbing you in this fashion. This is a special train, isn't it?"

He nodded.

"Yes, I knew there was to be one—they told me. I was waiting for the ordinary one in a few minutes' time, but—" she came to a nervous stop.

"The motor horn?" he suggested

A little swift wave of colour suffused her cheeks. It struck him again that she was wondrous pretty. "You heard?"

He inclined his head with a smile.

"Of course, I know it's a very strange proceeding on my part, and it looks—" she paused in confusion.

"It looks," he put in helpfully, "yes, it looks remarkably as if you were doing a bolt!"

She gave a little gasp of relief.

"Yes, that's just what it is!"

She looked across at him appealingly.

"You won't—you won't give me away?"

What eyes she had! Give her away!

"Not I," he cried. "Why on earth should I?"

"Well, you might think it your duty—if you knew."

"I won't know! Leastways, only as much as you care to tell me! You can count me down your friend!"

She held out an impetuous little hand to him. "Thank you!" she said gratefully, and again their eyes met.

"All the same, I feel I owe you some explanation," she went on.

"Tell me as little as you like—the merest of bald outlines—not but that I'm frightfully interested," he added.

"Well, I had better not mention any names; you won't have any clue then, and therefore your sense of duty won't be aroused."

"Is it very bad then?"

She hesitated.

"Not from my point of view. You see, I've bolted from my guardian for two days."

"If you've left a suitable explanation, he may not be very much annoyed," he hazarded.

"I'm afraid he will—I think he'll be furious. In two days' time I shall be twenty-one."

A light broke over him.

"And out of his jurisdiction, eh? He wanted you to do something you didn't like in the last few days of his guardianship. Why didn't you do it?"

"You see, it was rather a big something," she paused. "He wanted me to marry someone I didn't want to marry at all."

"Jove—the man with the motor car?"

The girl nodded.

"Yes; despite my unwillingness my guardian insisted, and the marriage was arranged for tomorrow. To-night, I pretended I had a head-ache, went to my room, packed a few things in this basket, and slipped away. They must have somehow discovered my escape."

"And hence the pursuit in the motor car?"

"Yes—mustn't he have been annoyed to find the special had stopped to pick me up?"

"I expect he was."

"But, it seems rather rough on him," he said, trying to impart a little severity into his tones. "Unless, of course, he's—er—well, somewhat detestable."

"Oh, he is—and more so," she put in emphatically.

He was relieved.

"He needn't be pitied, then?"

"Oh, no! He knew I hated him. I think he is only getting his deserts. You are not wavering—you will be my friend?" she asked suddenly.

"As firm as ever!" he cried. "I'm glad though to hear it's only mere justice." He paused. "We must think of business. What are your plans for to-night?"

"All complete!" she said triumphantly. "I've written to an old school friend who lives at Hampstead. I'm going there to remain in hiding for two days. I've got her letter with the address here." She opened a little bag that hung from her wrist, and she felt in it.

She gave a little quick cry of alarm.

"Gracious, I've left it behind! And being a new address, I don't remember it. It's frightfully awkward. I must have dropped it somewhere. I'm certain I brought it away with me. Anyway, I must hope for the best. I daresay when I get to Hampstead I shall be able to find her house by inquiring."

He shook his head.

"On a foggy night in November, and rather late—no, that won't do—for you," he said with a frown.

"I suppose I could go to an hotel?" she put in anxiously.

"By yourself? No." He looked up quickly.

"You must come and stay at my grandmother's—that is what you must do!" he said with an air of finality.

The novel and somewhat sudden suggestion made her laugh.

"But perhaps she won't be delighted to welcome me?"

"Not a bit. She's a charming old person."

"I'm quite sure of it," said the girl. "But don't you see, I'm doing something illegal, and it would not be fair to let anybody else be brought into it. What do they call it?—aiding and abetting, or something of that kind?"

"She won't mind that. You see, she makes rather a fuss of me, and, besides, I'm coming home after a six months' shooting trip, and am going to spend my first night in town with her—and she thinks it rather nice of me. So, you can take my word it will be quite all right. You'll come, won't you?"

"If you're quite sure," she said. "And I can go on to Hampstead the first thing in the morning. It's really awfully kind of you to take so much trouble," she added gratefully.

"I'm enjoying it. I'm going to see you through—even if I get five years for it!" he declared.

"It's a bit awkward, though, our not being able to know one another's names," he went on. "Do you think it would be frightfully indiscreet if we were to go a little way and say, tell each other our Christian names?" he ventured.

Her cheek dimpled.

"Under ordinary circumstances that would be going rather a long way in the first half hour, wouldn't it?"

"But since we simply can't use our surnames—and I must refer to you as something! And, of course, the Christian names will give no clue whatever!"

"Well, my godfathers and godmothers in my baptism decided on Coralie," she answered, a trifle shyly.

"People of discernment, too!" he said, thinking "Coralie" a jolly name for quite one of the jolliest girls he had met.

"And . . ." she said inquiringly.

"Oh, most of my friends call me Jim," he answered, boyishly.

"Yes," she said, looking at him critically. "I like that. You are Jim."

Some thirty minutes later they were at Waterloo—the time seemed to have passed like magic. Then there was a hansom cab, and a hurried drive through foggy London streets.

"Well, if, somehow, I did not feel certain you were one of the nicest men in the world, Jim, how horribly frightened I should be!" she whispered.

"Thank you, Coralie," he said soberly.

A few minutes later, and they were standing together in the hall of a large house near Hyde Park.

"In the drawing-room, you say? No, don't announce me," Jim said to the manservant.

He turned to Coralie with a smile.

"This way," he said, and led her across the hall. "Come along in."

An elderly lady with white hair was sitting before a fire at the far end. With a bound Jim crossed the room to her, and she rose from her seat with a little cry.

"Why, Jim, my dear boy!" she exclaimed.

He put his arms round her neck and kissed her affectionately. Then the old lady glanced at Coralie.

"Gran," cried Jim, "a quite extraordinary thing has happened to-night. This young lady is on her way to a friend at Hampstead, but has lost the address. I'm going to ask you to be good enough to put her up for the night."

The old lady gave Coralie a keen little critical glance, then, without further ado, made her way across the room to her.

"Of course, my dear," she said kindly. "I shall be only too pleased to be of any assistance to you."

"It's more than kind of you," broke in Coralie. "I know it must seem very extraordinary, but—" She came to a stop helplessly.

"That is all right," said the old lady, patting her hand. "I am quite satisfied to carry out any idea of Jim's," she added, with a fond glance at the young man.

"Didn't I tell you?" he cried triumphantly.

The old lady went to the wall and pressed a button. A maid appeared.

"Will you show this lady to a room, Straker. She will stop the night."

She turned to Coralie.

"If you will come down in a few minutes, my dear, I'll have some refreshment waiting. I am sure you must both be famished!"

Almost in a maze, Coralie followed the trim maid out of the room.

"Thank you, Gran," he said. "You are the dearest, most sensible old lady I know. Now I'll tell you the whole story."

And he did, right from the time he heard the blare of the motor-horn.

"She's one of us, Gran. I could see it at a glance."

"It certainly is rather romantic—but then, I like romance; we get so little of it nowadays. She seems to have made rather an impression upon you."

"Of course she has! Hasn't she with you?"

"I'll tell you more about her later on!" replied the wise old lady.

And then Coralie re-appeared and "Gran" led the way to a cosy little room where the daintiest supper imaginable was in waiting. It was all wonderfully pleasant, thought Jim as he glanced across at the girl. With her hat and coat removed she seemed prettier than ever! And in an armchair at the back sat the old lady, watching the pair closely with her sharp little eyes. She paid more attention,

perhaps, to the girl, who, happily, was quite unconscious of the close scrutiny to which she was being subjected.

And after the jolly little supper, another pleasant hour in the drawing room—all too short, reflected Jim, as at length Coralie rose to go to bed.

She said good-night to the old lady, then Jim saw her to the door. She held out her hand and for a moment their eyes met.

"Good-night!" she said.

Jim saw a tinge of colour sweep over her cheek. The next moment she had vanished and he came back to the old lady.

"Well, Gran?" said Jim with a laugh.

"I suppose it isn't possible that—in a single evening—the thing's preposterous!" he stammered out.

"My boy," said the old lady, "love is always preposterous."

And with that Jim went to bed. He rose rather late the next morning and hurried downstairs, only to be met with this astonishing note. It ran:

"Dear Jim,—This is not ingratitude—only discretion. There is sure to be a fuss, and I think that by leaving for Hampstead at once, any chance of your grandmother and yourself being mixed up in it will be reduced to a minimum. In two days' time, when I shall be my own mistress, I hope to be able to call and thank you both for your kindness in harbouring a runaway.—Coralie."

To say the least of it, Jim was bitterly disappointed. He went in search of his grandmother, and found she had received a similar note.

"I like it—the right spirit!" she said.

"Yes, the right spirit—but annoying!" he said gloomily. "There are two days to get through before I can find out who she is!"

He had strolled out to his club and in the reading-room had picked up a paper devoted to South African affairs. Under "Society Gossip" he, by some chance, caught sight of the word "Coralie," and read the paragraph quickly.

"The well-known and popular Lionel Belstein has not been seen much in town lately. Perhaps a reason for this can be found in the fact that at two o'clock to-day he will be married at Bamstoke Parish Church to Lady Coralie Walliston, only daughter of the late Marquis of Brackdale, and ward of General Sir Cornley Yorke."

The paper fluttered from his hands.

"Lady Coralie Walliston. I was right, then!" he murmured. "And engaged to Lal Belstein!"

Interested in South African affairs himself, he knew the man by sight and unsavoury reputation. A youngish millionaire, very successful, trying to break into society, Lal Belstein, of Wallbrook, Johannesburg, and Parklane!

No wonder Coralie had fled from him! He could not help smiling to himself as he thought of Coralie safe in Hampstead.

"All the Belstein forces couldn't do it! What on earth could the General, her guardian, be about to try and force her to marry a brute like that! Thank heaven she is safe out of their clutches. Lady Coralie Walliston—I must double back to tell Gran!"

He made his way out of the club, and the first thing that caught his eye was the first edition placard of an evening paper, and in big letters he read:

"HAMPSTEAD SENSATION—LADY ABDUCTED IN A MOTOR CAR."

He bought a paper, opened it quickly, and read the following:

"Mysterious affair at Hampstead. What a postman saw in Cedar Avenue this morning!"

He read on eagerly and found that a postman delivering letters about nine o'clock noticed a young lady with a basket in her hand apparently attempting to discover a particular house. Within a few moments, the postman witnessed an astonishing incident—no less than the sudden abduction of the young lady by two men who sprang from a large covered motor car that had stopped just behind her. A second or so afterwards and the car was vanishing in the distance. The whole affair had happened so quickly that the worthy postman had no opportunity of taking the number. As to the appearance of the two men, he could only say that one was tall and elderly with a white moustache and a somewhat military bearing, the other younger, short and dark.

Jim crammed the paper in his pocket.

"Kidnapped, by Jove!" he muttered excitedly. No doubt entered his mind as to the identity of the girl and the men with the car.

The General and Belstein had found the letter she had left behind giving the address at Hampstead and rushed up to town on the car. And they would get her down to Bamstoke in ample time for the ceremony at two. He had misjudged the Belstein forces!

What was to be done? He strode along deep in thought. What was it to do with him? Nothing—unless, by any chance, he had happened to have fallen in love with her.

Had he? He stopped suddenly, as if in hesitation. Looking round he saw a cab. The next moment he had jumped into it and told the man to drive to Waterloo as fast as he could.

"I'll just run down anyway; perhaps I shall be able to do something!" he said grimly.

In a few minutes he was in a train whirling down the Southampton line again, his brain vainly trying to hit upon some feasible plan.

"I can't make head or tail of a man like Sir Cornley Yorke trying to marry his ward to Lal Belstein!" he said for the hundredth time. "There's something ugly in it!"

He alighted at the little station of Bamstoke and found it was one o'clock.

"They must have got down a couple of hours ago, unless they have been stopped!" he thought.

He learnt that Bamstoke House was about a mile away, and as he strolled along the quiet country road he pondered deeply, but, try as he might, he could find no solution to the mystery.

Presently he reached the gates of Bamstoke House. There was a lodge, but apparently it was deserted. The house stood beyond the bend in the drive and was not visible.

As he stood gazing, he heard in the distance the throb of a motor.

"Perhaps after all they have been stopped—are coming now!" he reflected.

He had no desire to be seen, so hurriedly concealed himself from view in a clump of trees on the roadside.

The throb grew louder, and looking up the road Jim saw a large car in the distance very similar to the one he had noticed in the fog last night.

Another minute and it had drawn up outside the lodge. Belstein was driving, and was the first to alight, and went to open the gate. A door opened at the side and the General jumped out. Jim caught a momentary glimpse of Coralie's face, white and set. He felt a thrill go through him.

"What is Carter about not being here?" cried the General irately. "Is no one in the lodge? I'll—"

He walked quickly to the lodge, and tapping on the door, opened it and entered. Belstein followed him with a laugh.

"Don't be too hard on them on my wedding day!" he cried. "I want to speak to Carter, too!" he added as he disappeared.

Then suddenly a great idea dawned upon Jim. Springing from his place of concealment he tore across the road to the car, perched himself in the driving seat, and thrusting down the starting lever the car leapt forward. He heard a cry from the lodge, but he merely put the car at her top speed and in a few minutes they were a couple of miles away along the road.

"Two can play at the abduction game," he thought to himself. Then in a lonely part of the road he drew up, and, jumping down, opened the door and looked in on Coralie.

"Now?" he queried with a smile.

"Jim!" she cried in amazement.

"We haven't much time for explanations," he observed briskly. "I just want to know your wishes. In four minutes you can be back at the house—in ample time to dress for the ceremony."

She shuddered.

"Or I can run you on to Franley, wire to Belstein that his car is waiting for him at the hotel, and take you on to a place of safety for a couple of days—which?"

She looked up into his face.

"I'd much prefer to bolt again," she said, and a smile trembled round her lips.

He touched his cap.

"Right, miss!" he said, shutting the door.

Feeling chilly, he slipped into Belstein's fur driving coat, then off they went again.

In another three-quarters of an hour they were at Franley. He drove the car up to the Queen's Hotel and ordered some tea for Coralie.

"I shan't be away for more than fifteen minutes," he said, after seeing her comfortably installed in a sitting-room, and strode away in his fur coat.

First of all he went to the local garage and ordered a car to be sent round to the hotel at once. Then he proceeded to the telegraph office and despatched two wires. One was to Belstein and ran:

"Thanks for loan of car and coat—both waiting at Queen's Hotel, Franley."

The next was to his grandmother.

"Can you come to Handley for a night or so—Coralie there.—Jim."

As he walked back to the hotel, he unconsciously thrust his hand into the pocket of the fur coat, and brought out an unaddressed envelope. Not being accustomed to wearing other people's clothes, he forgot for the moment it was Belstein's property, and opened it without thinking. The first thing he pulled out was a cheque for £25,000, drawn in favour of General Sir Cornley Yorke, and signed Lionel Belstein. With it was a letter:

"As arranged, on the day of my marriage to your ward, I hand you herewith the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds, to take the place of her fortune lost by you in South African speculations. . . ."

Jim read no more. He replaced the contents of the envelope hurriedly.

"The something ugly!" he murmured. "No wonder poor old Yorke was forced to make the marriage. Same old story of the trustee and gambling with the funds. In the grip of Belstein—poor devil!"

At the hotel he stuck down the envelope, and addressed it to Belstein.

He met Coralie in the hall.

"What now?" she asked.

"Oh, all change here!" he answered, pointing to the new car that was waiting in the yard. "Explanations en route," he added.

He led the way, and they got into the car.

"I'm a passenger now," he said, seating himself beside her, and spreading a thick rug over them. "We have thirty-five miles to do."

He gave the word to the chauffeur, and they were off again. As soon as they were clear of Franley, Coralie turned to him.

"It's all very extraordinary. How on earth—"

He told her briefly the story of the South African paragraph and the night edition that appeared at eleven o'clock.

"And you came down at once to Bamstoke?" she cried, in wonderment. "Whatever induced you—" She came to a stop suddenly.

He turned and looked into her face—quite the prettiest he had ever seen. Then he laughed softly. "Thought I'd like to—pretty country, nice day for a run, and that sort of thing," he answered truthfully.

There was a few moments' silence. Coralie seemed rather deep in thought. Presently she looked up at him again.

"May I ask where we are going now? I hope I am not unduly curious, but the excursion is just a little unusual, isn't it?" she asked.

"Oh, dear no—quite normal," he answered lightly. "As a matter of fact we are well on the way to Handley Towers."

"Handley Towers," she repeated, wrinkling her pretty eyebrows. "Why, isn't that one of the places belonging to the Duke of Northborough?"

"Yes—they tell me it's mine," he replied coolly. She turned round in her seat and looked him straight in the face.

"Are you—are you the Duke of Northborough?"

He nodded.

There was a moment's pause. Then he saw a little smile dimple about her mouth.

"It seems rather a pity to discover it. You see, I shan't be able to call you Jim again."

Then this young man, who, twenty-four hours ago, had declared that he wasn't "much of a sentimentalist," did an absurd thing. He moved his arm and caught hold of her hand under the rug.

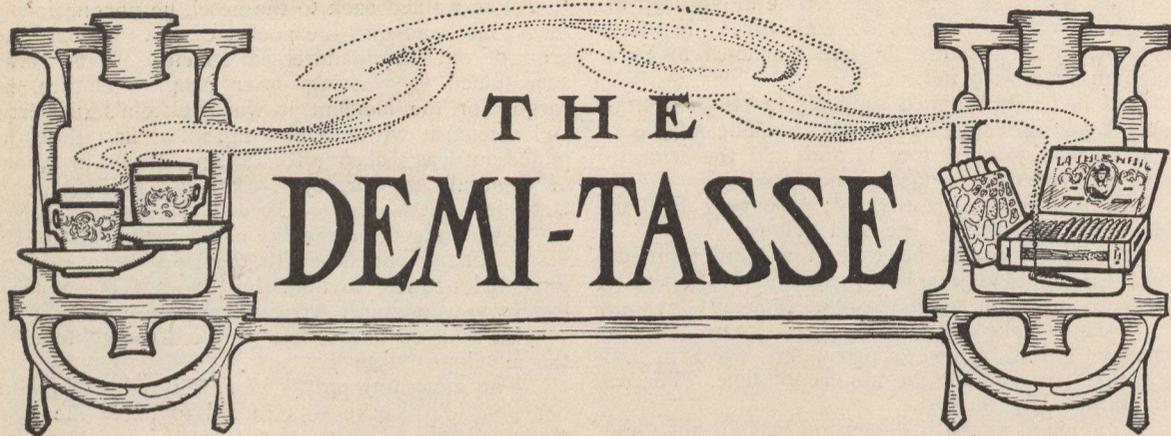
"I'm very much hoping you'll continue to do it—and for the remainder of your life, too," he added, in a voice that trembled slightly.

* * * * *

"An amazin' pair, my dear!" observed "Gran"—otherwise the Marchioness of Hexmouth—to a crony a few months later. "They met one another in amazin' fashion, became engaged in an amazin' short time, and, 'pon my word, they seem quite amazin'ly happy now!"

Who's What

SETON, ERNEST THOMPSON.—Nature faker in ordinary to the President, honorary member of the Liars' Club and husband of Mrs. Seton. This gentleman was born in England and divided his time between the back woods of Canada and the literary footlights. He draws pictures, the long bow, and checks. When not in pursuit of Sand Hill stags, grizzly bears, and free advertising, he can be seen in full Indian costume posing for his hired photographer, whom he engages at a yearly salary. Author of "Lives of the Posers," "Wild Animals I Thought I Knew," "Me and Nature," etc. Occupation: Climbing downward. Favourite flower: Narcissus. Address care Jorn Burroughs, Hudson River.—*New York Life*.



A DISCOURAGED CITIZEN.

A STORY comes from Nova Scotia about a fervent Tory who was greatly disappointed in the result of the recent Dominion Election and who went about, declaring that the country was going clear to the "bow-wows."

"Don't be so down-hearted, man," said the rector, who, though a follower of Fielding, was disposed to comfort the disconsolate brother, "the Lord will be with His people."

"That's what I've been hoping ever since 1896," said the pessimistic politician, "but sometimes it seems as if Laurier had scared every one else from the job of looking after Canada."

* * *

AN ANCIENT FEUD.

SEVERAL good men and true went down to the City of Brantford years ago and in the course of their visit at the leading hotel of Telephone Town, one of them, a Maclean and a Highlander, became intensely animated and then took occasion to mar somewhat the features of an innocent acquaintance. Friends interfered and the Maclean was reproached for his display of a war-like spirit. He refused to repent, however, and explained in fine historic fashion.

"Why shouldn't I attack him? He's nought but a Monteith and it was a Monteith that betrayed Wallace." Just a trifle of a few centuries but the enmity of the days of Edward I. is not entirely forgotten in the days of Edward VII.

* * *

ALREADY.

Santa Claus awoke from a long sleep, one frosty day in November, and watched the successful candidates go by.

"What are you smiling at?" said the Spirit of 1908.

"They laugh at my whiskers and hair," said the old chap, as he reached for a red muffler, "but they are the real back numbers."

* * *

CONDIMENT COMPLIMENTS.

Several citizens of a small Canadian town were discussing a departed sister, who had been given to good deeds but was rather too fond of dispensing sharp-spoken advice.

"She was an excellent woman," said the deceased lady's pastor, "she was constantly in the homes of the poor and afflicted. In fact she was the salt of the earth."

"She was more than that," remarked an indolent, Twentieth-Century Rip Van Winkle. "She was the vinegar, the pepper and the mustard as well. She was a perfect cruet-stand of virtues."

* * *



"Say, you! Donna Marina Sacramento Jaramillo, what are you doing with my best Sunday-go-to-meeting jeans?"

"Why, Pedro, dear, I'm making me a sheath-skirt." —Life

NEWSLETS.

It is rumoured that the Teddy Bear will accompany Mr. Theodore Roosevelt on his literary and hunting expedition to Africa. It would not surprise us one bit if the cunning Theodore were to exchange a few Teddy Bears for a nice little tract of African land with the lions thrown in.

Lord Milner is advising us "to do something together." Now, where is that old acquaintance, Mr. E. Zee Mark? Some people who have bought mines in the golden north are thinking they have been done "altogether." It is so easy to give advice.

"It is a sad year for the B's," remarks the Toronto News, commenting on the also-ranness of Messrs. Bryan and Borden. Yes, dear friend. It is quite evident that neither Miss Columbia nor Miss Canada will have a B in her next year's bonnet. This remark is perpetrated in revenge for certain witticisms "On the Side."

Mayor Payette and a member of the Montreal Council have exchanged a perfect vocabulary of unkind words. Just as we were settling down after the epithets of the campaign! Now, if Mayor Payette would *only* take the Toronto school trustees for an example, he would blush to use "langwidge."

There is an epidemic of tag day sweeping over the province and masculine citizens are objecting to this latest form of contributing to a Good Cause. Cheer up! It might have been suffragettes.

* * *

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER is to write an article for a New York magazine, *The World's Work*, on "How to Regulate the Trusts." It is not a humorous contribution. Next thing we know, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan will be contributing a dainty bit of verse on "How to be Happy though Hungry," Mr. William Jennings Bryan will be inditing "How to Win Elections," and Mr. Winston Churchill will issue a pamphlet on "How and Where I Acquired My Manners," while Mr. R. L. Borden may be persuaded to publish in the Saturday magazine section of the Toronto *Globe* a brief and telling account of "Ambitions I Have Fostered."

* * *

THE WRONG TREE.

The teacher had been reading to the class about the great forests of America. "And now boys," she asked afterwards, "which one of you can tell me the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?" Up went a hand in the front row. "Well Tommy?"

"The porcupine, ma'am."

* * *

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

My dear Bryan,

Thank you so much for the invitation to visit you at the White House in 1913. But I expect to be very busy myself, that year, organising my cabinet and getting used to being premier. However, if you should feel like a little trip to Ottawa, any time before you get in, I shall be pleased to show you where Fowler and Bennett used to sit.

Very comprehendingly yours,

R. L. B.

My dear Hughes,

Allow me to congratulate you. It's simply wonderful how our family gets on. Brother Sam sends his love. I'll drop in, next time I'm in Albany with the teachers.

James L.

My dear Taft,

Sometimes it's the expected that so charmingly happens. Comprenez-vous? I quite agree with you that country life is to be preferred to the city.

The city voter, for instance, is hardly ever endowed with correct judgment of men and measures.

With kind regards for Roosevelt and sympathy for the lions,

I am,
Yours for the *entente cordiale*,

Laurier.

* * *

WHY DID THEY FAINT?

Statistics.—Of the 1,001 young women who fainted last year, 987 fell into the arms of men, two fell on the floor, and one into a water-butt.—*Life*.

* * *

IN THE POLICE COURT.

Magistrate: "So you actually have the audacity to boast of your skill in stealing watches?"

Prisoner: "I'd back myself against anybody in this court, I don't care who he is." Then, politely, and looking hard at the magistrate, "Of course, sir, I mean no offence to you, sir, you understand."

* * *

THE CRANK.

"You say there is nearly always something broke about your automobile."

"Yes," answered Mr. Chuggins, nervously.

"What is it, as a rule?"

"Me."—*Washington Star*.

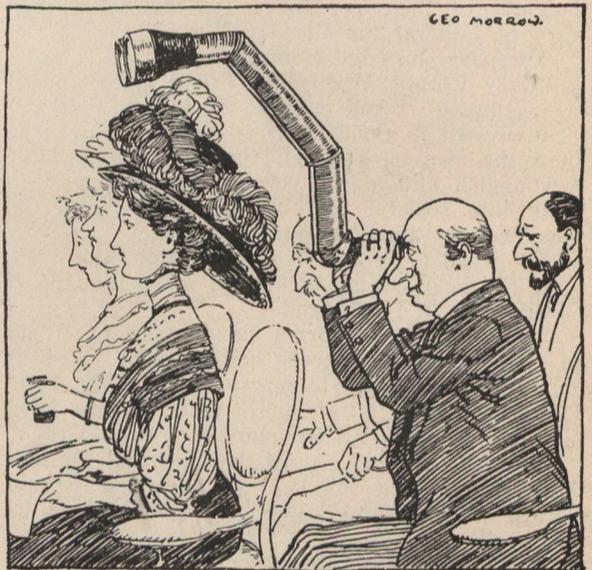
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THE BEST OF THE PARADE.

LORD ROBERTS once promised to inspect the boys' brigade battalion in Glasgow, but at the last moment was prevented by illness. A local officer was secured to fill his place, and in selling tickets for the inspection it was thought only fair to let purchasers know that the distinguished Field Marshal would not be present. One small brigade boy came up and asked for two tickets for his father and mother. The clerk said, "Do your father and mother know that Lord Roberts is not to be present?"

The boy replied, with a look of self confidence, "It's no Lord Roberts they're comin' to see—it's me."

* * *



Getting over the Difficulty.—Punch.

* * *

POSITIVELY UNKIND.

"You are not going to stay in town late to-night, are you, John?"

"Not very late, dearest. I have to help put a man through the third degree at the lodge. I'll come straight home as soon as it's over."

(Kindly, but firmly): "If you can repeat the pass word, 'Six slim slick saplings,' distinctly when you come home from the lodge, John, the servant will admit you; and if you can't, you needn't ring. You'll stay outside all night, my dear."

John came home early.—*Illustrated Bits*.

* * *

THE HORSEMEN.

A veterinary surgeon pronounced a hunter to be afflicted with an incurable disease.

"What had I better do?" queried the owner to his groom.

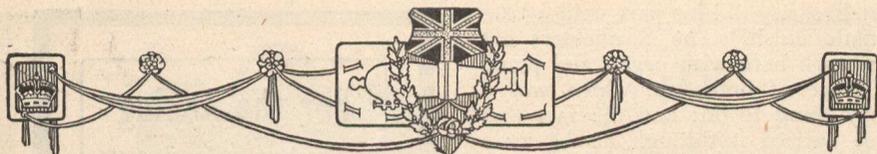
"Well, sir," was the reply, "conscientiously speaking, I should part with him to another gentleman."—*Tit-Bits*.

* * *

A GENEROUS OFFER.

Artist: "And what will you give me for this picture?"

Art Editor: "Ten seconds' start."



SHEFFIELD CHOIR

TO the eastern and Ontario Canadian for the past two weeks the capital of England has been not London but Sheffield. Two weeks of singing from the Sheffield Choir have done something to make the Old Land a little more real to those who have heard these choristers or who have even read the newspapers concerning them. Strictly speaking, the chorus that came to Canada as "the world's greatest chorus" was not the Sheffield Choir proper as they have it at home; neither was it the choir that visited Germany. The Imperialising chorus was a selection of singers from the towns of Yorkshire, most of them from Sheffield, and none of them had passed any individual test to enter the aggregation beyond having a tonic sol-fa certificate. So that whatever may be said either in praise or in criticism of the chorus amounts to an expression of opinion concerning what might be termed an average body of trained singers from Yorkshire.

On the face of it, then, it was rather far-fetched to proclaim the chorus as a world-beater when Dr. Coward and his choristers probably had no intention of playing any other role than that of a body of conscientious, enthusiastic and artistic songsters, imbued with a deep love of the art of song and willing to undergo much personal inconvenience as well as to pay ten pounds sterling each for the privilege of singing to Canadians.

Detaching these admirable people from the press agent, we shall get a better idea of what their art meant to Canadians. We shall see them as happy, healthy Britishers, filled with curiosity about Canada as well as with love of singing. In that chorus were folk of all stripes. There was the well-to-do manufacturer and the pawnbroker and the man who played the organ and led the choir in a madhouse. It was an aggregation of home-like folk, few of whom make a living out of music. They sang not with the terrible iron-bound precision of the paid professional orchestra, but with the easy grace and abandon of people whose hearts were into the work a little deeper than their heads. To say that they were pre-eminently technical is absurd. Many of the things they did here could have been done better by at least one Canadian chorus so far as tone and technique are concerned. Neither did they pile up the big Tone. The fabulous Yorkshire bass of which we sometimes hear was not astonishingly in evidence. The voices were naturally soft; mellowed by the salt sea air and by the maturity of experience. They sang with splendid ease; if they had not done so they might never have carried through such a campaign of choral programmes as they did in the two weeks of concerts they gave in Canada. Travelling and singing, and singing and travelling—by water and the more tiresome railway; singing in music halls and opera houses and skating rinks and drill sheds; sometimes with Arctic breezes for an accompaniment; huddled into hotels and losing baggage; here and there and gone again; elderly men, middle-aged women and youths and maidens—feted and dined and officially received and banqueted till the small hours of the morning, yet next day going about to see as much of the fraction of Canada as they might in

two weeks—what a wonder that these enthusiastic choristers were able to sing as they did, unless they had been native-born singers who sang with the ease of temperament and inheritance!

So that it becomes necessary to indulge these visitors in a strange land for a few free and easy ways in their conduct of a programme. Quite possibly in merry, art-loving old England they take music festivals less seriously than we do who are rather new at the business; so that for singers to stroll into the chorus while a piece is under performance was perhaps not a breach of etiquette; neither did it matter that the conductor found it necessary to rearrange his entire women's section during a concert; and now and then a lady stepped over the back of a chair; singers rose at haphazard and sat down rather at random; and in a score of ways it was easy to see that a music performance must not be taken too seriously if it is to be thoroughly enjoyed. At any rate there was evident enthusiasm and good cheer among these singers; and plainly they have a deep affection for the magnetic and impulsive leader who goes among them as though he were father of the whole family. To most of this we in Canada are strangers. It might be an advantage if sometimes we were to relax a bit more; if we were to swing along with more of the good cheer, singing with the heart as well as with the voice.

Well, it was a real treat to hear these Sheffielders sing the oratorios *Messiah* and *Elijah*, in which they gave us the last word as far as anything we have heard here is concerned. In this part of their work there was a high order of intelligence and splendid feeling. The effect was eminently devotional. What few defects they displayed were of a minor character. Neither were the strong features merely in tricks of enunciation and declamation. For the two performances of the *Messiah* and the *Elijah* we are particularly grateful. They were a distinct and definite message from the home of oratorio, nobly rendered and technically big enough to compel admiration.

Pity we could not say the same about the rendering of the Bach numbers. There were three of these: the *Sanctus* from the Mass in B Minor, and two motets of much length. A society that makes a feature of oratorio after the manner of Handel ought to display virtuosity in Bach choral music which was the immediate forerunner of oratorio. The Sheffield Choir demonstrated that they have at least a great love for Bach; but one cannot be so sure of their absolute respect—for in none of the three works did the chorus succeed in revealing the true Bach, in whose work pre-eminently technical mastery and precise definition are of first value. The Sheffield Bach renderings were rather foggy. One missed the sharp, clear line of the sopranos and the strong cleavages of the bass section. There was quality of tone, vigour and warmth of feeling, but no particular authority. The chorus lacked training in Bach, and all their mellowness of tone and fine warmth of temper were unable to lift them above the level of splendid mediocrity. Of course the *Sanctus* was given at the close of the first programme when the singers were weary alike of travel

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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

and of singing. But the other two were given when the voices had been rested, and they were a disappointment to those Canadians who have heard at least two of Bach's biggest choruses done in a manner that would have made the old forerunner and maker of fugues desire to rise again upon earth. One of these the Sheffields sang with a listless tempo that robbed the work of all the snap and delightful abandon that belongs as a distinguishing feature to all of Bach's melodic harmonies. This was set down by one of the choristers to a "mood" of the conductor.

As to the unaccompanied part singing: this was rather unconvincing. England is the home of the glee and the madrigal, but Sheffield is not evidently the home of ultra-refined part singing. In the first place the programmes contained nothing in this category but English part songs and motets; not a trace of Gounod or Tschaikowsky; of Palestrina or of Brahms or Cornelius; nothing more European than Sullivan and Boughton and MacFarren. This may be patriotic; but it looks somewhat like parochialism. If the Sheffield Choir have European unaccompanied repertoires and had taken trouble to turn up programmes of the Mendelssohn Choir, they might have discovered that Toronto at least has for years been listening to finer things than most of the English motets, madrigals and glees. Furthermore, there was no particular art in singing a hackneyed old melody like "Banks and Braes," and singing it without apparent preparation and with flatness of tone.

Much of the unaccompanied work was ragged. The conductor did not seem to be over regardful about the nuances and the sustained pianissimos; neither as to attack and release of tone; for in this sort of work the voices have a prime chance to show either how good or how bad the training may have been. We cannot say that Dr. Coward is a great trainer in unaccompanied choral music. He is too headlong. He suffers from lack of restraint. There is not the silken finish and the clean-cut, razor-like crispness about the Sheffields' performances in this work that the most critical Canadians would have liked to observe. At the same time there was a good deal of native art and splendid feeling about some of these pieces.

Of course even for the average performances of most of these things the choir got boundless applause. Our audiences are very kind sometimes. We have a strong love for the old flag and we like to have our English cousins visit us; like to have them sing to us or talk to us or act for us, or do anything for us that they know well how to do. But there are a few hundreds of people in the Massey Hall clientele who will enquire any mortal thing on a programme because they want to avoid the odium of discrimination. Heaven knows some of the solos given us by the Sheffield Choir would have been more benevolently let go without an encore. But we fetched them all back; in so doing we showed that we were having a good time, and doing our best to show our English cousins that we appreciated their visit.

In the *Dream of Gerontius*, Dr. Coward undertook to make a fresh display of what his chorus could do. He succeeded. This work is a tax on choristers. It is also something of a choral anomaly. Why it was not scored for orchestra alone or for the opera stage is not clear. It seems hard for a stout, red man in a dress suit to personate a dying white soul by a deal of musical phantom talk, no matter how well he may sing—and

Mr. Brearley did his part with a true artistic finish. The Sheffields did the work here with organ and piano in place of orchestra, which was a risky thing to do; and the fact that they carried it through in the main so magnificently stands as a mark of great credit. Vocally the choir did its best work in this oratorio meant for an opera. Their work was dramatic and full of strength; highly convincing in interpretation and done with splendid response to the conductor. The much talked of "demons' chorus" proved to be a thrilling performance marked by a resort to the super-dramatic; some rather cacophonous "ha-has" being understood by some critics as the essence of scornful drama in singing; and so they might have been if the choristers could have been staged as imps and snarling devils instead of being ladies and gentlemen in evening dress.

Finally, we were glad the Sheffields came. They have taught us the real imperishable love of song; the undying heart interest in choral work; the wholesome devotion to a form of art of which in the north of England they have plenty and of which in Canada we are beginning to see the true native worth in culture. Most we are sorry for is that the press agents took the trouble to advertise this chorus as a world-beater in order to get big crowds; for we all like to see and hear the thing that tops the list. Candidly, when we think it all over we are inclined to think that Dr. Coward and his admirable choristers brought with them a good share of the proverbial British forbearance towards colonials who might have been expected to be strangers to the best in choral art; something of what Lowell after his British ambassadorship called "a certain condescension among foreigners." And it is a trifle awkward that whereas in most Canadian towns and cities the work of the Sheffields must have been a gospel of pure high art, in the capital of Ontario for some years back we have been hearing choral utterances that made us critical and inclined to scold.

Altogether the visit of this Choir will be of immense benefit to Canadian choral music. We are sorry that our cousins have had to work so hard. Heaven knows they should have given no more than a concert a day, but the box office decreed otherwise. So that if we have received our co-workers with enthusiasm we have also worked them like horses. We only hope that when they come to look back upon this visit to the first Dominion in the Empire they will forget the hardships and the railway bumps and the long ship voyages and the weary hotels and the cold skating rinks, and remember chiefly that we were mighty glad to welcome them and to hear them sing; that we hope they will come back again and bring with them the best they have in choral singing, for the best is none too good for Canadians and we firmly believe that these English folk have the best with them somewhere.

A word as to the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, who did a difficult work nobly well. We are sure that our English singers appreciated the work of this organization, which is now less than two years old; and if it continues to do as well and to progress as rapidly for another two or three years, the Toronto Symphony ought to be able to go into concert with the best of our Canadian choirs for at least one or two concerts in a season. With the advantage of being able to rehearse for a month with the choir, this orchestra should be able to give a better account of itself in concerted work than an imported organization which has to get along with two or three rehearsals. A. B.

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"Now Who Shall Arbitrate."

It has been observed more than once that man and woman have essentially different standards of judgment, especially with regard to the social proprieties. The difference is not often as shrewdly illustrated as it is in the following article by a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

I will call my wife Cynthia, in order that she may not recognise herself should her eye chance to fall on words so unworthy of her notice. Cynthia and I each have but a single complaint against the other — a pretty good record as married people go, or don't go, nowadays. She says I have no penetration, and I in turn quote her favourite George Meredith at her, and exclaim, "Destroyed by subtleties these women are!"

She claims to be the unique possessor of a pair of invisible antennæ, with which she can feel impressions and touch the intangible.

Now when I meet a person for the first time I size him up by his conversation—which reveals his ideas and standards—and by his general bearing—which tells me whether he is a gentleman or a mucker. Not so Cynthia. These obvious methods are not for her.

In my business I am thrown with all sorts of men, mostly good, honest fellows,—gentlemen I call them,—and I often bring one of them home to lunch; and then when I see Cynthia at dinner I ask her what she thinks of my friend.

"Didn't you like Robinson?" I ask encouragingly. "He's a bully chap, honest as daylight."

She merely raises her eyebrows.

"My dear Jack, I do not question Mr. Robinson's integrity,—but have you never noticed how his teeth are set in his gums? No gentleman ever has teeth like that—they are sometimes worse, but never just like that."

I feel myself to be a coarse clod not to have noticed Robinson's teeth, but taking heart I next bring home my friend Brown,—a man of perfect refinement according to my gross standards, and with a set of teeth which Cynthia duly disposes of as "too good to be true."

"Well, how about Brown?" I tentatively inquire. "Don't you think he is a gentlemanly fellow?"

"Why yes, he is a little like a gentleman," she replies; "but his hair, Jack! it grows just the way the hair of clerks in shoe-stores grows—right up out of his head. It's common."

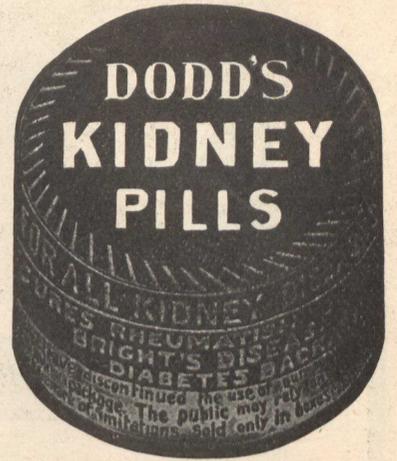
"Aye, madam, it is common," I cry with Hamlet, and without him I add, "It is very common indeed for hair to grow right up out of one's head;" and I feel myself to have been very clever, in spite of Cynthia's pitying smile.

Jones is then brought to the bar of judgment and is banished to the limbo apparently reserved for my particular friends, because, forsooth, he answers Cynthia's offer of salad with the words, "Thank you, not any."

Gray committed social suicide by saying, "Pardon me," instead of, "I beg your pardon,"—apparently an unpardonable offense in itself; and White, my trump card, proved himself, if not a knave, at least a fool, by referring casually to a man of our acquaintance as "a gentleman whom we all know."

In my masculine stupidity, I asked Cynthia one day to call on my partner's wife—a very pretty and cultivated woman; at least so I thought till Cynthia laid invisible tentacles on her.

"Why, my poor Jack," she said after her call, "did you never see that Mrs. Black is simply veneered? She's not solid mahogany at all. Her 'cultour'



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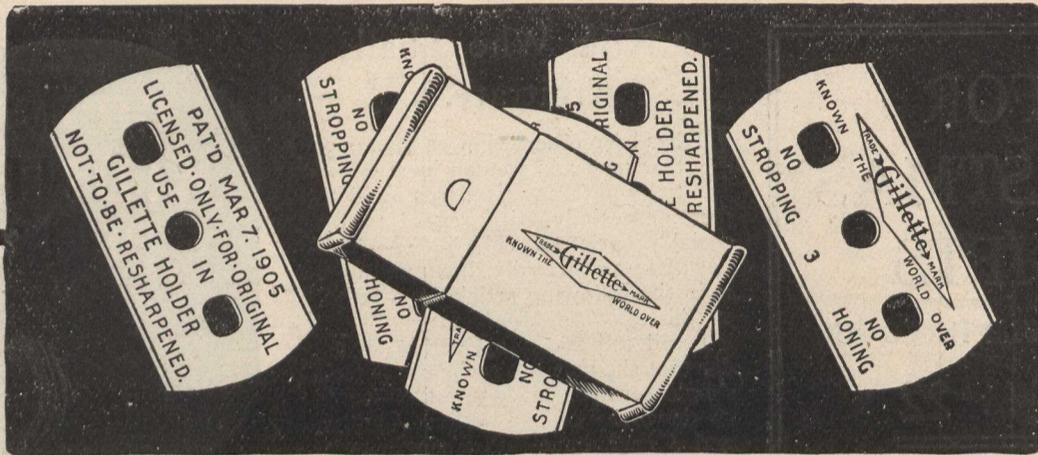
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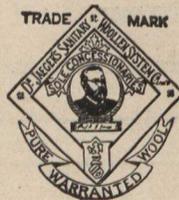
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as she calls it, keeps peeling off and showing the raw material underneath. Why, when her husband introduced me to her she shook hands and simply said, 'Mrs. Green,' and added that she was glad to see me in her home." As I did not show due horror at this *faux pas*, Cynthia continued, "She has evidently been told that perfect ladies make three distinct words of 'notatall' instead of running them all together as most of us do, and that it is dictionary elegance to speak of one's 'nevew.' Perhaps you would have been imposed upon by those trademarks of acquired cultivation, but I should have liked her much better if she had remained the nice, simple little country girl nature intended her to be."

"Well, but her husband, now," I began. "There's no pretense about him."

"Not a bit!" my wife rejoined with misleading heartiness. "He wears just the kind of ring that railroad conductors always wear, and he says 'culch-er' quite frankly, and swallows in the middle of the word; besides, no one that tries to cover up his mouth with his hand when he laughs could possibly be called pretentious."

At last in desperation I brought home a man whose business path sometimes crosses mine. He has not the strictest sense of honour, nor the highest regard for truth, nor the most refined brand of humour when he is with his own sex. In fact, he is a man whom other men call a cad, yet he is not without personal attractions, chief among which is an enviable sense of ease in whatever circle he finds himself—particularly if that circle be largely feminine. This specimen I cautiously submitted to Cynthia's all-seeing eye.

"There!" she exclaimed, almost before the door had slammed after him, "that is a gentleman! Oh Jack, don't you *feel* the difference? Don't you see that a man like that can say things that in some people would be—well, almost questionable—and yet in him they're all right just because he has that indefinable something—"

But I could stand it no longer. "He has that definable something which makes every man who knows him distrust him," I began; but I heard her murmuring, "Unconscious jealousy," and I knew that my words would be wasted.

"The truth is, my dear Cynthia," I said in a fatherly tone, but without caring to meet her eye, "you are like all of your sex, absolutely illogical. A man knows a gentleman when he sees one even if his teeth do grow out of his gums and his hair out of his head. Men are better judges of human nature than women."

"Do you mean to say that you seriously place a man's clumsy reasoning above a woman's delicate intuitions?" Cynthia asked incredulously.

"I do," I responded heartily.

"Now who shall arbitrate?" quoth Cynthia. "Ten men love what I hate." When she wishes to annoy me particularly she quotes Browning at me.

"I have decided to submit the question to a Club I know of," I answered grandly. "It is composed of ladies of cultyur and gentlemen of culch-er." Then, with a sudden stroke of genius, I added, "You have probably never heard of the Club; your invisible antennæ don't reach so far. It's on the other side of the Atlantic."

A small Londoner, being asked to say who the Pharisees were, replied: "The Fareses are a very mingy, measly lot. One day one of them gave Our Lord a penny and Our Lord took it in His hand and looked at it with scorn and said, 'Whose subscription is this?'"

Canadian Books of the Year

(Continued from page 14)

"Mordred," "Hildebrand" and their kindred may now have these productions in satisfactory and complete presentation. Dr. W. H. Drummond's "The Great Fight" will be a welcome publication to all lovers of the departed "Habitant" poet. There are two publications of poetry by Canadians which are of unusual style and interest. Mr. C. W. Jefferys has illustrated a charming volume, "Uncle Jim's Canadian Nursery Rhymes," whose author desires to remain unknown although many a shrewd guess may be hazarded by Ontario readers. This is a book to be cherished by small Canadians and read by all of us. Miss Estelle Kerr has written rhymes and made illustrations for a delightful bit of "Dutchery" entitled "Little Sam in Volendam," reviewed some time ago in the CANADIAN COURIER columns. Other volumes of poetry are "Miriam and Other Poems" by J. Hunt Stopford, "Bird of the Bush" by George Summers, "A Garden in Antrim" by Eva S. Molesworth, "Poems of Memory and Environment" by Charles Sparrow, and "Croynan Hall" by Ray Palmer Baker. "Champlain: A Drama in Three Acts" by J. M. Harper is presented to the readers of Canada and the United States "as a memorial of the beginnings of colonial life within the territorial lands between the St. Lawrence and the Hudson."

William Inglis Morse is one of our preacher-poets from the Maritime Provinces who has gone "on the world's pilgrimage of gain" to the United States. His "Acadian Lays" bring a message from him to his native land. If the poems are not great they are at least worthy.

Dr. Albert D. Watson, author of the "Sovereignty of Character," has written a volume of strong verse entitled "The Wing of the Wild-Bird." Nature pieces, patriotic verse, descriptive lyrics—all these have force, rhythmic charm and strong imagination. An unusually fine collection of really Canadian verse.

The author of "The Second Concession of Deer," Mr. William Wye Smith, has issued a collection of his verse. It is his final message and no one may say it is unworthy. Most of the poems are Scotch in character and style.

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 "Miriam and Other Poems" by J. Hunt Stopford. Briggs.
 "Bird of the Bush" by George Summers. Hunter, Rose Co.
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 "The Great Fight" by Dr. W. H. Drummond. Musson Book Co. and Briggs.
 "Empire Builders and Other Poems" by Robert J. C. Stead. Briggs.
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The European Ferment

(Continued from page 9)

influence in the east. Dividing Bulgaria from Eastern Roumelia was condemned, but time has since brought about a reunion. There was also a cry that Russia had won back all she lost by the Crimean War and in a certain sense this was true. Greece was disappointed in not getting some territory, but subsequently her dreams came true. Nevertheless, when Lord Beaconsfield returned to London to coin his great phrase, that he had brought back "Peace, with Honour," he was received as a conquering hero. He was accorded a welcome such as has come to only two or three Englishmen of modern times.

Thus was made the Treaty of Berlin, which established or confirmed the "Concert of the Powers." It is as if all Europe were in one large Federation, with the Treaty of Berlin and general international law as a sort of constitution, and with the governments of each country combined into one ruling power. Nevertheless, the Federation of Europe seems almost as far away at the present moment as at any time during this thirty-year period. Austria and Bulgaria seem to have cast international good faith to the winds to satisfy ambitions which are inopportune. Had they waited until the Young Turk party had brought the Sultan's government into a more organised and constitutional state, their hasty actions might not have seemed so purely selfish and predatory. Their action may mean the tearing up of the Treaty of Berlin.

What Canadian Editors Think

HAVE PEDESTRIANS RIGHTS?
(Ottawa Journal.)

AS cities grow the rights of the footfarer in the city streets are clipped. In theory the pedestrian has first right in the highway. In practice he has no right that he is not able to guard by eternal vigilance and a strenuous agility. The traditions of the king's highway continue to be fairly well observed in Great Britain. There is at least an organised attempt by the authorities to restrain the scorching chauffeur and cyclist, and the hard-driving horseman. On this continent the attempt at restraint is not so well organised nor does it result in so good a measure of protection to the foot passenger as is afforded in the Old Country. Toronto, for instance, seems to be suffering under a peculiar curse in her own highways. Month in and month out her people are ground to death by the locomotive, the trolley car, the automobile or the bicycle, and there is a growingly insistent demand for the better enforcement of the laws of the road and if necessary the stiffening up of the laws. Persons of more or less advanced years, of defective vision, hearing or powers of locomotion find it impossible to get about the streets in the middle of the city with comfort and exceedingly difficult to get about with any confidence in their own safety.

It is all wrong. The law which gives the pedestrian first right in the streets should be enforced. No strain should be put upon that modern interpretation of the law which demands that the pedestrian shall exercise a ceaseless vigilance in the thoroughfares. The law and the by-law should be rigidly enforced by the police. If the statute law and the local law are not sufficient to provide

(Continued on page 26)



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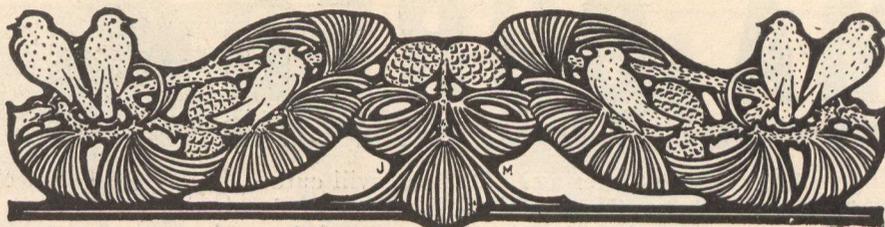
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F O R T H E C H I L D R E N
CURING ROSA MAY.

By E. W. FRENTZ.

ON the morning when Bessie Norton was six years old she came down to breakfast to find a long box, all tied up in pink paper, with a string that was like a little gold chain. The box stood on the table by Bessie's plate, and there was a card on it, with some writing. Bessie could read print, if the words were not too long, but she had not yet learned to read writing; so she ran to her mother with the card and asked her to read it.

"It says, 'For Bessie, with best wishes for many happy birthdays,'" said mother, and then she helped untie the gold string and take off the pink paper. When at last the box was open, there appeared the most beautiful paper doll that Bessie had ever seen. She had lovely golden hair, curling in little ringlets all over her head, and her eyes were large and blue and her cheeks like blush roses, and with her were all kinds of beautiful dresses. There was a light pink one for parties, with a hat to match, and a plain dark blue sailor suit for every-day wear, and two dainty white ones to dress up in in the afternoon. Each one had a hat to go with it, and there were also lots of dainty lace underclothes, and two hand-bags and a parasol.

Bessie was so happy that she could hardly wait to eat her breakfast. As soon as it was over she took the beautiful doll, which she had named Rosa May, and went with her to the house of her playmate, Nellie Baker, who lived next door. All that day the two played together with Rosa May under the trees, and in the afternoon they gave a party, because, you see, it was Rosa May's birthday just as much as it was Bessie's.

Many other days they played together, too, and Rosa May always had the best of care, and was taken into the house and put to bed at the right hour. But at last there came a day when a band came marching by, playing beautifully, while Bessie was dressing Rosa May. She ran out to the fence, and then followed a little way down the street, and when she came back her mother called her in to supper, and poor Rosa May was forgotten.

It rained hard all that night, but of course Bessie did not know it, for she was asleep. But the next morning she looked everywhere for Rosa May, and could not find her. At last she went out under the trees, and there she found the poor doll, where she had lain all night in the rain.

It was a sad, sad sight. One blue eye was all washed out, and the other was nearly gone. Her right arm was doubled back under her and was broken, both legs were all twisted, so she could never stand up straight again, and in place of her pretty rosy lips there was only a great ugly red mark.

Bessie sat down beside her dear Rosa May and began to cry. Of course she could not help it. No little girl could. She cried so hard that she did not hear the sound of footsteps coming nearer, and she did not know there was any one about until a pleasant voice said, "My, my, little girl, what is the trouble?" The voice came from a pleasant-faced young man, who had a little box, like a trunk, in one hand, and a big light-coloured umbrella and a bundle of sticks under his arm.

Bessie showed him her poor Rosa May, through her tears. He took the doll tenderly in his hands, and said, "Well, well, she has met with a very bad accident, I see, but I think perhaps I can cure her."

"Oh, can you?" cried Bessie. "Are you a doctor?"

The young man laughed. "Yes," he said, "I think I can cure this patient if you will let me operate just as I think best."

"Oh, yes, sir!" cried Bessie. "You can, if you will only cure Rosa May."

The young man took out a little pair of scissors, and then opened his box and found some smooth, stiff white cardboard. Then he took poor Rosa May and cut her head right off! Bessie almost cried right out at this, but the young man was smiling so pleasantly that she did not. He took the cardboard and cut out a new head, just like the old one, and then with a little glue from his box he fastened it on to Rosa May's body, so you could hardly see the place. Next there came out of the wonderful box a bundle of little tubes of paint, which he mixed in a small china pan, and in a few minutes the new face had two big blue eyes and a rosebud mouth and curly, golden hair and a pair of pink cheeks—just as Rosa May had had at first.

By this time Bessie was so happy that she was dancing up and down, and when the young man cut off one arm and both legs of Rosa May she did not mind at all, because she knew he would make new ones as good as the others had been at first. And he did, so that no one would ever have known that Rosa May had ever had any accident or been sick.

Bessie thanked him over and over again. She asked him if he was going to doctor some one else, and he laughed and said no, he was going to paint a picture. As he turned away he said, "You must be careful not to leave Rosa May out at night again, for young children like her take cold, and sometimes you can't get a doctor who knows how to cure them."—*Youth's Companion*.

* * *

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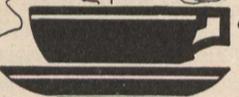
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Mrs. D. McGillivray writes from Nanton, Alberta, September 3rd.—
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What Canadian Editors Think

(Continued from page 24)

the safety and the comfort of pedestrians they should be enlarged and strengthened.

POLITICS A SCIENCE.

(Stratford Herald.)

POLITICS is a science, and like every other science a proper knowledge of it is not to be obtained by a few spasmodic efforts at obtaining knowledge, or desultory reading on the subject. To the electors of Canada is committed the sacred trust of the franchise, and it scarcely needs demonstration to prove that no man is capable of exercising that franchise intelligently who has not prepared himself by some education on the subject to do so. First of all should come a general knowledge obtained from history, and to Canadians the history of Britain and Canada, especially along the direction of the growth of the British constitution, should be an essential. Next ought to come a close observation of the conduct of the party in power, as to whether it is acting in harmony with the great principles of British and Canadian political freedom, and at the same time doing the best for the interests of the province or the Dominion as the case may be. Every Canadian citizen should be a close observer of what is going on in the Provincial Legislature and the Parliament of the Dominion while they are in session. He owes this duty to himself and to his country, so that when those who are entrusted with the management of our affairs appeal for support, he may be able to decide correctly. Closely linked with legislation is administration, and this should be watched as well. It follows then that a good citizen should be a student of politics almost all the time, although just as in other studies there should be periods of relaxation.

THE IMPERIALIST LEADER.

(Victoria Colonist.)

ONE of the best features of Viscount Milner as an Imperialist is that he is not in a hurry. We have had impatient Imperialists, worthy people who hardly felt like going to sleep o' nights lest the Empire might go to pieces before morning. Like the three tailors of Tooley Street, they used to meet in solemn conclave and resolve what "we the people of the British Empire" were going to do. Many of them had only discovered the day before that there was a British Empire, and they exhibited all the perverid enthusiasm and all the unreasoning impatience of new converts. When those of us, whose ancestors had been laying Imperial foundations by hard work and many sacrifices during a century or more, ventured to protest against being stampeded to the support of some ill-digested plan, they could with difficulty restrain themselves from denouncing us for all manner of crimes and misdemeanors. Of late years better counsels have prevailed. Mr. Chamberlain sought to discover some principle upon which we can all unite, and though every one may not be quite as certain as he is that he found it, he undoubtedly stimulated "thinking upon Imperial lines," as no one had before him. The sober second-thought of the British people everywhere is coming to realise that, while united action along tariff lines may result in producing greater cohesiveness in the Imperial fabric, it may also have a tendency in the other direction. Our criticism of Mr. Chamberlain's Imperialism is that it made too much of trade and too little of sentiment.

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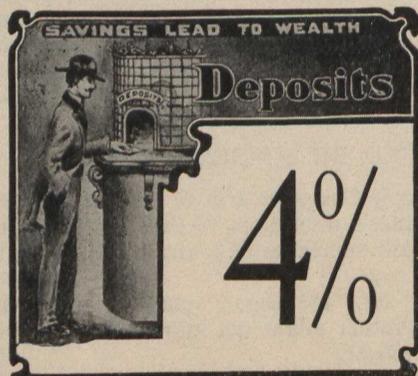
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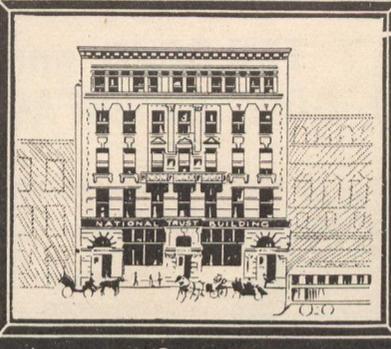
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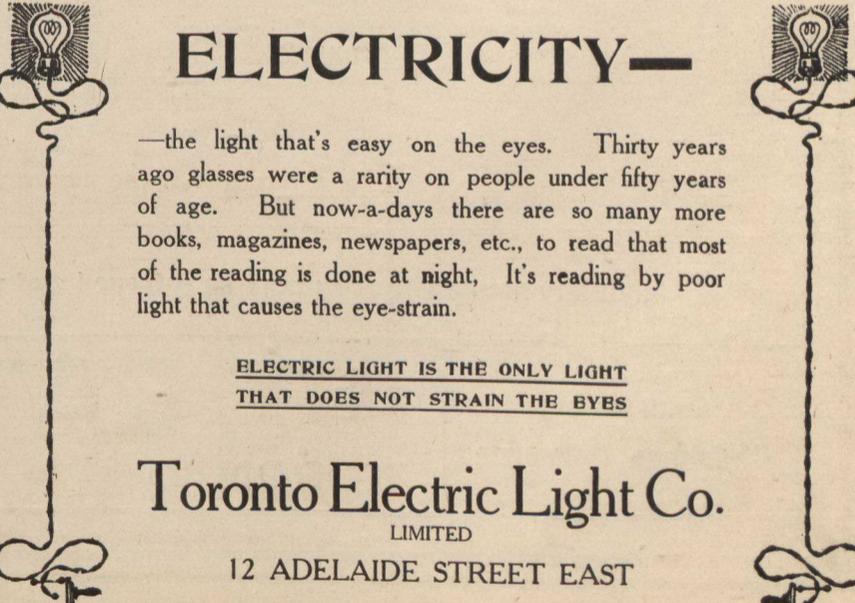


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