

The Canadian Courier

W R Haight
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5064

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Read in
Nine
Provinces

Hunting in
the Arctic
BY
Harry Whitney

M

Drawn by T. O. Marten.

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

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

MR. WHITNEY'S description of his hunting trip in Ellesmere Land is continued in this issue. Some more of his wonderful photographs are also reproduced. Four more articles from the pen of this versatile hunter will appear in later issues, all of which will be fully illustrated.

NOTHING could be more interesting than the present struggle between the supporters of a new Welland Canal and those who favour the Georgian Bay Canal. The history of these two undertakings and the arguments pro and con are well summarised in this issue by Mr. Norman Patterson. The subject has proved too large to be adequately dealt with in one article and a second will appear next week. Every person interested in the price of Western grain, and that includes nearly all the business men of Canada as well as the farmers of the Prairie Provinces, will find these articles very valuable. The problem is a national one, and the expenditure is large, therefore the question should receive the most careful attention.

THIS week we present a page of the latest portraits of the statesmen who are taking a prominent part in the fierce election campaign now being waged in Great Britain. We also present an excellent article from our British correspondent, which in a calm and judicial manner summarises the position of the House of Lords in the present controversy. Other articles and illustrations, equally illuminating, will appear in later issues.

THE growing popularity of the advertising columns of the "Canadian Courier" is clearly shown by the following comparison of the number of columns carried in December, 1908, and December, 1909:

	December 1908		December, 1909
Dec. 5th	... 22 columns	Dec. 4th	... 42 columns
" 12th	... 42 "	" 11th	... 58 "
" 19th	... 30 "	" 18th	... 47 "
" 26th	... 32 "	" 25th	... 41 "
	126 columns		188 columns

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Skirts and Dresses

One Piece Dresses ready-to-wear have become very popular this season on account of the clever styles shown and the extremely low prices at which they can be made.
The new style dress shown on this page together with these fashionable skirts are the product of our own factories.
A high standard of material and workmanship offered to you at **EATON'S** low prices.

Fashionable Skirt of All-Wool Panama

J-4004. The New Moyen-Age Model Skirt, made of fine all-wool Panama Cloth. Has the new yoke effect over hips, below which it is side pleated, falling in full flare; the yoke is gored and fits smoothly; front gore made in panel effect. This style of skirt which has become very popular is made in black or navy.

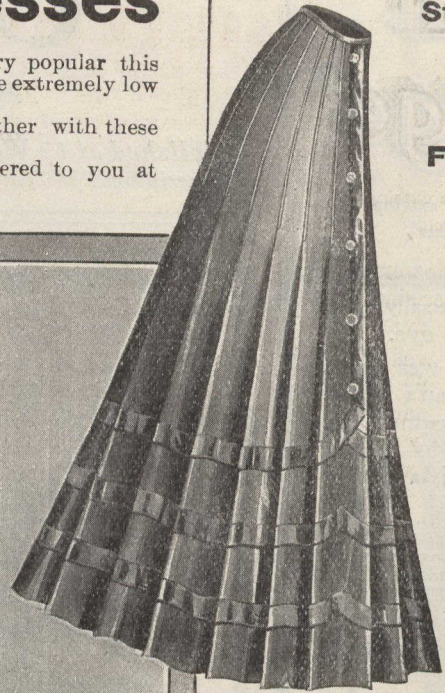
Sale Price **4⁹⁵**



Stylish Skirt of All-Wool French Voile

J-4382. Dressy Style Skirt of all-wool French Voile. Is designed in seventeen gore effect side pleated style; has trimming in Directoire style of taffeta silk, which extends down front and around bottom, also has trimming of silk covered buttons on front panel. Made in black only.

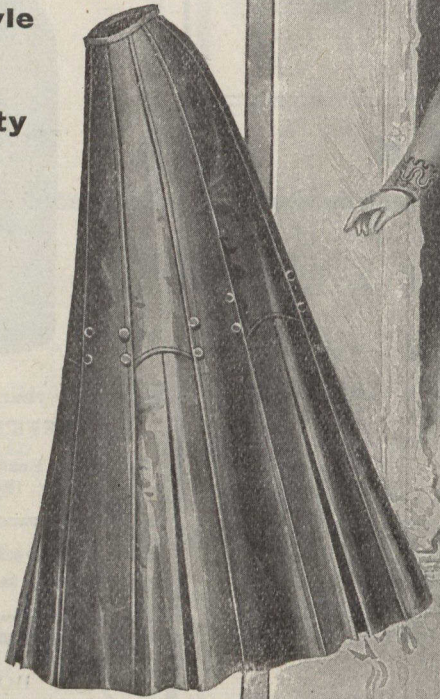
Sale Price **6³⁵**



Popular Style of Fine Quality Lustre

J-4383. Skirt of fine quality Lustre, cut in nine gore style; the front is made in panel effect; each alternate side gore ends in an inverted pleat; other gores are finished with self covered buttons, which complete the trimming of this smart model. Choice of black or navy.

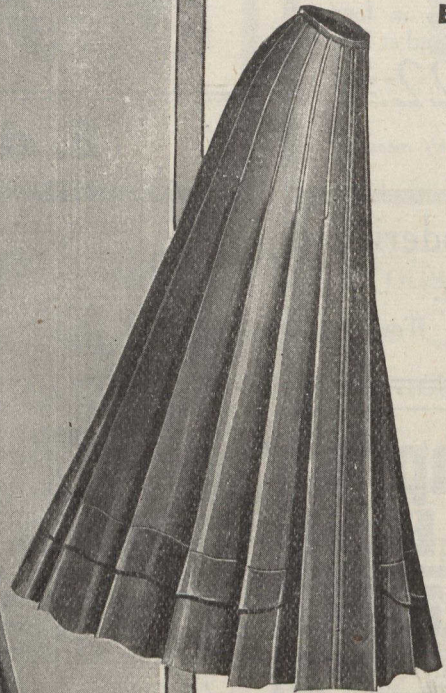
Sale Price **3⁴⁵**



Exceptional Value in All-Wool Panama

J-3406X. Thirteen gore style skirt made of all-wool Panama. The front is formed with two box pleats; is side pleated all around and stitched to below the hips, then falls in open pleats below; bottom of skirt finished with fold of self. Choice of black, navy or brown.

Sale Price **3⁶⁵**



ALL-WOOL PANAMA DRESS \$7⁹⁵



Serviceable Skirt of Imported Vicuna Cloth

J-4002. Skirt made of imported Vicuna Cloth. This style is cut with nine gores; the front gore forms inverted pleats, and is trimmed at bottom with large self covered buttons; all side seams are lapped. A well made and serviceable style skirt. Choice of black or navy.

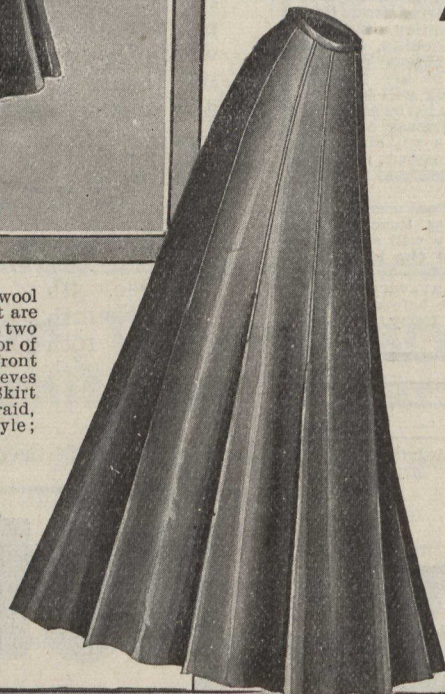
Sale Price **2³⁵**



A Graceful Style in All-Wool Panama

J-4003. Skirt of good quality Panama Cloth. Is made nine gore side pleated style; the front gore is formed in panel effect, each gore is stitched neatly over the hips and falls in open pleats around the bottom. An exceptionally neat and popular style skirt. Choice of colors, black, navy or brown.

Sale Price **2⁹⁷**



J-5286. New Style Dress made of all-wool Panama Cloth. The front and back of waist are trimmed with silk braid in scroll design, also has two wide tucks either side; yoke and shaped collar of fancy net, edged with frill of lace around neck; front finished with large silk covered buttons; long sleeves trimmed with braid; fastens invisibly in back. Skirt is made close fitting over hips and trimmed with braid, and is pleated in the new Moyen-age kilt style; unlined. Choice of colors, black, navy or green.

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T H E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 7

Toronto, January 8th, 1910

No. 6

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

OPPONENTS of the Canadian navy idea assert that Great Britain is in danger of being defeated by Germany "now" or "soon." From this they argue that to be an effective aid to Great Britain, we should construct a Dreadnought in Great Britain at once, or contribute enough cash to enable Great Britain to construct one at once. They never tell us exactly why they think Germany will fight soon nor why they think that if a fight occurred Great Britain stands the slightest danger of being defeated. Hon. R. P. Roblin recently made a long speech on the subject in Winnipeg and the best he could do in the way of quoting an authority was to cite the opinion of Ex-Senator Chauncey M. Depew. This was a joke. What the Hon. Chauncey knows about warships and European conditions would hardly fill as much space as one of the chestnuts he cracks in an after-dinner speech.

Now is there any authority whose word we can take, any impartial observer with expert knowledge?

HOW would the Naval Department of the United States do? They issue an annual report on the standing of the navies of the world. If they think Germany is beating Great Britain in naval progress, that would justify the opponents of the "tin-pot" Canadian navy and support a movement for a quick contribution. Their report for 1909 is just out and it should be examined.

In that report, they group Dreadnoughts and cruisers of the Invincible type, because both are armed with big guns, mostly eleven-inch or over. Of these Great Britain has seven completed and nine under construction. Total, 16. Germany has two completed and nine under construction. Total 11. How long will it be before Germany can beat Great Britain in that particular? Won't it be sufficiently distant to enable us to build a few warships and train a few thousand men?

Of battleships of the first-class, other than Dreadnoughts, Great Britain has forty-nine and Germany twenty-four. How long will it take Germany to catch up with Great Britain in that particular. Won't it be long enough for us to build several first-class cruisers in Canadian shipbuilding yards?

Of armoured cruisers, other than the Invincible type, Great Britain possesses thirty-five and Germany nine, and the British vessels average more tonnage than the German. How long will it take Germany to catch up with poor, decrepit Great Britain in that particular? Can she do it in ten years? Can she do it in fifteen?

Of torpedo-boat destroyers, Great Britain has 148 and Germany 79. Can you see Germany gaining on Great Britain in that particular? Can she catch up before the little Canadian fleet is build and organised, and Canada given a real place in this naval game?

The truth is that in either present tonnage of war vessels or projected tonnage, Great Britain has nearly three times the strength Germany has, presuming, of course, that the United States naval department knows what it is talking about, as well as a discredited Ex-Senator of Congress.

THOSE who examine the facts will be surprised to know that Germany's present fleet does not equal that of the United States. Uncle Sam could go up against the Kaiser at the present moment, with a fair chance of success. And even Uncle Sam admits that Great Britain's fleet is unmeasureably superior to his.

The real truth of the matter, as pointed out by the Scientific American, is that Germany had to get into a feverish haste over warship-building or the United States would have had a fleet unmeasureably superior to Germany's. That journal says: "As late as a year ago, when Germany had no Dreadnoughts afloat, she actually possessed only fourteen battleships capable of fighting effectively at modern ranges, as against twenty-five flying the United States flag, and forty-nine under that of Great Britain."

Think of that, ye self-appointed protectors of crest-fallen Great Britain! Think of that, ye followers of Chauncey Depew! Think of that, ye blind-folded politicians who would rush Canada into an ill-considered naval policy!

A year ago, the German fleet was about one-half the strength of the United States fleet in long-range work, and only one-quarter the strength of the British fleet. Germany had reasons for her haste. The fight in the Sea of Japan proved to Germany that her fleet was badly constructed and feebly armed. Her ships were too light for modern guns. Her 9.4 guns, which were her main armament, were practically useless in the first line of fire. One year ago, Germany was down and out as far as fleet efficiency was concerned.

THE following table which will be found in the recent report is commended to the kindly and serious consideration of those who would have us believe that if we don't send a few millions over to London in the next few weeks, that Britannia will cease to rule the waves forthwith.

Relative Order of Warship Tonnage.

Name	At Present Tonnage	With all Completed Vessels Tonnage.
Great Britain	1,758,350	2,005,873
United States	682,785	785,687
Germany	609,700	820,692
France	602,920	766,909
Japan	396,368	489,704
Russia	259,263	412,250
Italy	216,038	257,818
Austria	114,897	167,297

IN confirmation of this view, many British utterances might be quoted. Just one week ago to-day, the Chancellor of the Exchequer speaking at Reading, paid his respects to the scare-makers "who mistook the rattling of the milkman's cans in the mornings for the jingle of spurs of German Hussars." On the sea, he declared, Great Britain has three times as many men and three times as much material as Germany. Did these scare-makers think a German would eat three Britishers as if they were three frankfort sausages?

The people who imagine that the Germans are roaring lions going about seeking whom they may devour have a difficult task on hand when they attempted to prove their case by authentic evidences. A certain labour representative has been making quite a fuss in England about German aggression, but the Rt. Hon. John Burns tells us not to worry as the man's views are warped. Otherwise, no prominent voice in Great Britain argues that the danger from Germany is immediate, and few admit that it is even remote.

"WHY all this recent fuss in Great Britain, then?" someone will ask. The question cannot be satisfactorily answered, except to say that it was mainly political. Times were bad, and the builders of naval vessels were afraid the building of ships would be seriously lessened. They and other interested people got up a scare. The contest between Lord Beresford and Admiral Fisher further added fuel to the flames.

The best proof of this is that the fuss is nearly over. Very little is heard about it. The House of Lords has supplied a new topic for people who must talk. Canada's manifest duty is to keep cool. We have seen flags waved before and it should not be allowed to drive us into a frenzy on this particular occasion.

EVERY now and again some one gets up in the Maritime Province to make the remark that the people of Toronto, Montreal and the surrounding country think that the Maritime Provinces are not a

live part of the Canadian Dominion. The consequence is that the people of that portion of Canada are a little touchy whenever any person "up west" has a suggestion to make with regard to Maritime Province development. A Montreal paper recently described the Maritime Provinces as the "dead ends" of Canada, and Professor Magill, of Dalhousie, takes the remark as a text for an article in the New Year edition of the Halifax Morning Chronicle. In the same issue Professor Walter C. Murray, of the University of Saskatchewan, writes a letter in which he finds fault with the Cambridge Modern History for calling "Joseph Howe" John Howe. A similar typographical error once appeared in the Courier.

It seems unwise that public men should seize upon chance remarks and typographical errors and make them the basis of an attack upon the good-will of one portion of Canada towards another. If that policy is pursued there will be plenty of material on which to build quarrels. Trouble is just as easy to find in the year 1910 as it was in the year 1810. There have always been more or less jealousies and rivalries between the Maritime Provinces and the Upper Provinces, even before the days of Confederation, and these rivalries and jealousies will continue to exist no doubt. There was a time, indeed, when the Maritime Provinces hated the Upper Provinces with a bitter hatred, and with tolerably good reason. Fortunately, time has ameliorated these provincial relations.

The real situation is that the people of Canada are commencing to look upon the country as an indivisible whole. They will criticise something in the Maritime Provinces as quickly as they will criticise something in Ontario and they will praise some feature of progress in the Maritime Provinces as readily as they will praise some feature of western development. The Maritime Provinces have their characteristics and these are very likely to be commented upon from time to time. So has Quebec, so has Ontario, so has Manitoba and so has British Columbia. These criticisms, however, are now more kindly and sympathetic than they ever were. It would be a sad day for Canada if they disappeared altogether.

Again, the very fact that two universities in Ontario and two universities in the West have Maritime Province scholars as their principals is an answer to the charge that Maritime Province brains are not fully appreciated by the remainder of the country. Following the safe line of reasoning, Maritime Provinces statesmen, such as Tupper, Thompson, Fielding and Borden, have succeeded in winning as much fame and as much prestige in Western Canada as they ever did in Eastern Canada. But all this has been said a score of times. The remarks of President Murray, and Professor Magill are our excuse for reviving these ancient arguments. The Maritime Provinces, in all their schemes for development, may safely count on the fullest support and the most cordial sympathy from every other part of Canada.

LAST week we commented upon the Municipal lethargy shown by the citizens of Montreal in the small vote which came out when the question of Municipal lighting was up for consideration. Out of 40,000 owners of property entitled to vote, only 2,855 took sufficient interest in the question to go to the polls and mark their ballot. It is interesting to compare the results of the Municipal voting in Toronto last week. In 1908 37,000 votes were cast in the mayoralty contest; in 1909 in spite of the fact that there has been a considerable growth in the number of voters, the vote cast showed a decrease of 2,500. A great many of the most important citizens of the town apparently neglected to go to the polls. Further, the Board of Control elected by the city is probably the most notable example of a "comic opera" board ever chosen in a Canadian city. When the town found out who were elected to that position it sat down and laughed.

It is small wonder that the principles of municipal ownership and municipal operation of public utilities should be growing less popular throughout the country. The best business people of the city of Montreal and Toronto are taking very little interest in municipal affairs. They complain that they have not the time to be candidates for public office, and even go so far as to say that there is little to be gained by even casting a ballot. They seem to have adopted an "utter despair" attitude. They feel themselves hopeless in the grasp of a democracy which is based upon manhood suffrage. The business man with a stake of half a million dollars in the town, shudders when he finds that his vote may be off-set by that of an Italian dago with fifty dollars in his boot leg. This same manufacturer may be a sympathiser with Mr. Lloyd-George when he exhorts the mob against the House of Lords and a landed aristocracy. But he is restive and disheartened

when the same principles are applied to the governing of a city in which he lives.

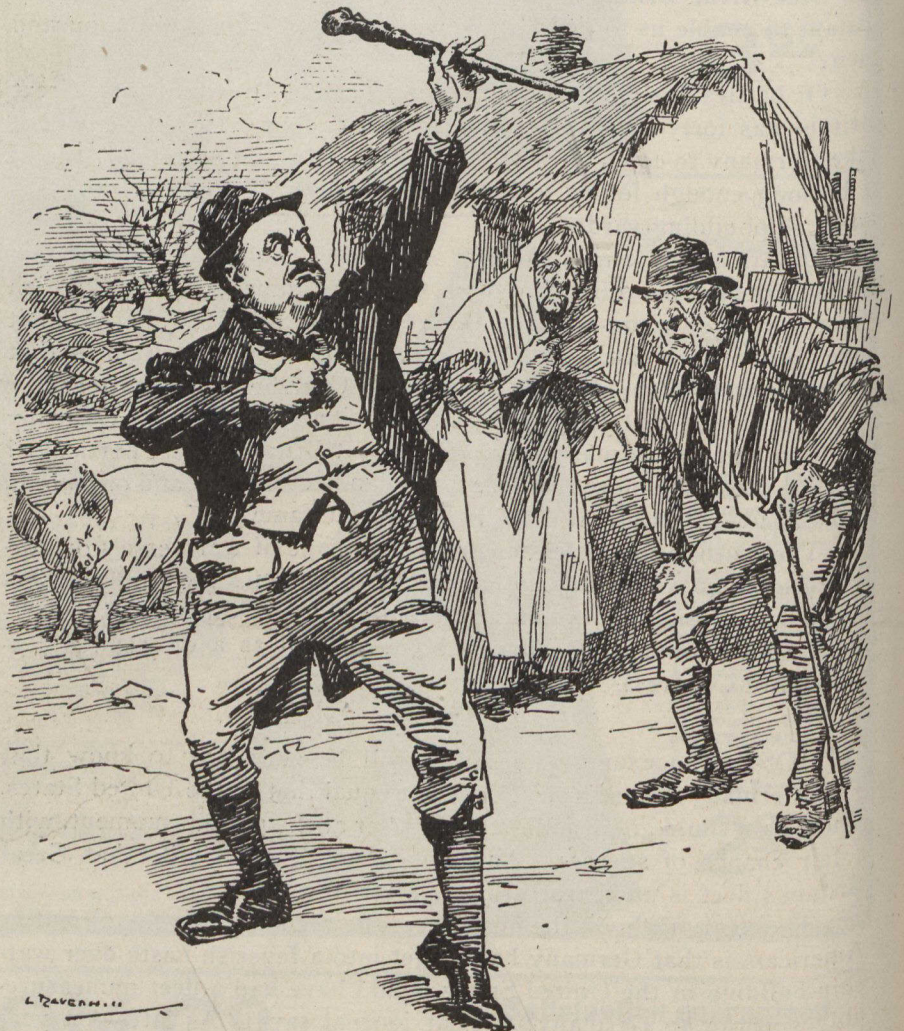
In Canada, as in Great Britain, the franchise is undoubtedly too wide. Here it is the foreigner who makes the voting seem ridiculous. In Great Britain it is the penniless, shiftless, unemployed labourer. However, the hands of the clock cannot be turned back. He is the wisest citizen who accepts conditions as they are, refuses to be discouraged, labours cheerfully and persistently, and sturdily supports whatever progress is possible. For the man who puts on his velvet smoking jacket and his embroidered slippers and sits down in front of his cheerful fireplace, letting public affairs go to wrack and ruin, we must all have the most supreme contempt.

TWO or three papers have received the proposal that the Duke of Connaught should be our next Governor-General with a degree of flippancy which ranks them with Reynold's Weekly and publications of that ilk. In their opinion, the governor-general is a useless appendage to a Canadian government and this opinion does credit to their ignorance rather than to their knowledge. The constitutional position and social influence of the occupant of that high office was never greater than at the present moment.

On the whole, the proposition has been well received and if the Duke cares to honour us with a short residence he will be sure of a warm welcome. This is a democratic country and some phases of our conduct might shock a person less widely experienced than His Royal Highness. But a Prince who, on a previous visit to Toronto, hunted up the small food store kept by an ex-sergeant of the company of which he had been captain, made an informal call, and sat down for a quiet chat with the humble citizens of a new country, is not a Prince likely to find our democratic ways at all irksome.

At the Board of Trade dinner in Ottawa, the other evening, Senator Belcourt suggested that Earl Grey might signalise the close of his term of brilliant service by inducing His Majesty the King to visit Canada. We fear this is asking too much of one on whom so much of the world's peace and harmony depends, and one who has reached the years which we must credit to Edward VII. However, the invitation might be sent and with it will go the best wishes of every citizen of the premier nation in that constellation officially described as the Dominions Overseas.

PUNCH'S LITTLE JOKE ON THE IRISH SITUATION



Mr. John Redmond.—"And soon we'll be free from the degrading tyranny of the Saxon."

Irish Peasant.—"An' where will we be afther gettin' our ould age pinsiens from?"

Mr. John Redmond.—"Oh, we'll still take their money!"

MEN OF TO-DAY

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE

THAT nothing good can come out of the colonies is a dictum that has just about served its time in Britain, even in the sphere of conservative scholarship. The latest mark of deference paid by Britain to a Canadian professor and a Canadian University is the recent appointment of Dr. John Watson, vice-principal of Queen's University, to the Gifford lectureship at Glasgow for 1910-11. This lectureship is one of the most coveted honours in British academic life and now for the first time it has been bestowed upon a Canadian. The lectureship was founded in 1885 by the late Lord Gifford, who directed in his will that the income from the sum of £80,000 be bequeathed to the Scottish Universities for the encouragement of the study of natural theology. In conformity with this limitation of subject Dr. Watson, in his series of lectures in 1910-11, will treat of "The Development of Christian Theology." Among the names of previous incumbents of the lectureship are such distinguished ones as those of Max Muller, the Cairds and Prof. A. C. Bradley, of Oxford.

Dr. Watson is widely known through his work as professor of moral philosophy at Queen's and as the author of some seven books, most of which deal with Kantian philosophy. These have an international reputation and some of them are used as texts in the most famous universities, including Oxford and Cambridge. His two recent books are "The Philosophic Basis of Religion" and "The Philosophy of Kant Explained." Through the efforts of Dr. Watson, the course in philosophy at Queen's has become one of the best in the University, being especially noted for its post-graduate work. But it is not only as a teacher that he is prized at Queen's. Among the "boys" he is one of the most popular of professors and at the various student banquets there is felt to be something missing if the placid genial humour of "Wattie" does not contribute to the merriment of the evening.

* * *

A LOCHINVAR IN POLITICS

THE hold that some of the enterprising French-Canadians are getting on business and public life in the West is exemplified in the career of Hon. Prosper Edmond Lessard, the new member without portfolio in the cabinet of Alberta. Ten years ago Edmond Lessard was a tyro in Edmonton. He had come up fresh as a

daisy and as handsome as Apollo from Dorchester County, Quebec, to see what manner of place the fur-post metropolis might be. He went clerking in the firm of Gariepy and Chenier, afterwards manager for Gariepy and Brosseau, who built the second brick store put up in Edmonton. Things were pretty crude then. The cayuses were still thick on the streets and the "sheepskins" were even more numerous than the cayuses. The young city was just in the making, minus railway or riches or anything like definite prospect; minus even organised politics. Mr. Lessard had the French-Canadian's inborn love of the political game—though he is himself a mixture of French, Irish and Scotch. In the autumn of 1899, in company with gentlemen who are now known as Hon. C. W. Cross, Senator Roy, and John R. Boyle, M.P.P., also Mr. A. G. Harrison, present Secretary of the Edmonton Board of Trade, he went into the organisation of the Edmonton Young Liberal Association. That body had a big contract—to organise a vast constituency for electoral purposes; for up to that time political machinery in Alberta was even more chaotic than trade and commerce. Mr. Lessard was secretary of this association for five years, and in that connection he got most of his real practical training in politics, with the shrewd, cool-headed "Charlie" Cross as an apt tutor. Cross believed in certain methods. So did all the young

Liberals. "Frank" Oliver was disposed to stick to the old way. The young Liberals won: a very compact organisation. Much of the success is due Mr. Lessard, who is a big, genial hustler in a class for physique with Mr. Jean Cote, the full-blooded, impetuous, but shrewd-headed sort that nothing short of a north wind at forty miles an hour at forty below zero is able to stop. He is President of the Edmonton District Liberal Association, and was for two years President of the Edmonton Liberals. He is now junior member of the firm Gariepy and Lessard and is one of the leading business men as well as one of the most estimable citizens of Edmonton. His elevation to the cabinet evidences the wise power of selection exercised by the Rutherford administration.

* * *

A CURLER'S CAREER

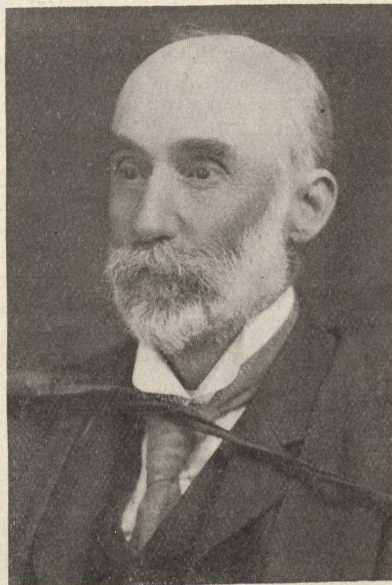
TO be President of a curling association is pretty good evidence that a man is Scotch. Mr. Alexander Goldie, of the well-known firm of Goldie and McCulloch in the "Birmingham of Canada," known as Galt, is the new head of the Ontario Curling Association. There are a few curlers in Ontario. If Mr. Goldie could swing the curling vote in a political contest he would be a great power. He has never gone into politics, however; content to serve as alderman in the Council of Galt and to keep an interested eye on public affairs in general. He was born in Galt in 1873; matriculated from the Collegiate Institute there in 1889 and graduated from the School of Practical Science in 1893. Two years he put in at the works of the Goldie and McCulloch Co., getting a practical mechanic's experience; in 1896 appointed works manager, which position he has held ever since, with full charge of all the engineering and manufacturing part of the business. Mr. Goldie has always been a devotee of athletics. At Toronto University he was for three years a member of an association football team, the champions of Canada, and at Galt he played for years with the club that for several years held the championship of Ontario. As a curler he is inveterate; has been curling, as he himself says, ever since he can remember anything; has been several years on Tankard rinks and on Galt rinks that won the Tankard in 1904 and 1906, former year as skip and latter as third player. Mr. Goldie is now President of the Galt Y.M.C.A. and is an example of thrifty, constructive and enthusiastic citizenship well worth the emulation of any Canadian.

* * *

TWO WORTHY PUBLIC CITIZENS

THE Canadian Club of Winnipeg has for its President the Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor); for its Vice-President, Mr. A. B. Stovel. The club numbers 1,110 members, with over a hundred on the waiting list. Some estimate of the club's relation to public affairs may be gained from the fact that the idea of the Selkirk Centennial originated with that body. Mr. Gordon is well known to Canadians—and others. He has made a large lot of money out of his books and is still preaching the gospel. He is as well known in Winnipeg as "Tribune" Richardson and Lord Strathcona. He is an enthusiastic curler, canoer and camper and the man who first gave literary publicity to the term "Sky Pilot," of which he has been an eminent example.

Mr. Augustus B. Stovel, Vice-President of the Winnipeg Canadian Club, was born at Mount Forest, Wellington County. After completing his High School course he went to Toronto where he began work as a printer. From Toronto he went to Chicago, and in 1884 passed on to Winnipeg, where he spent some years as pressman in one of the newspaper offices. In 1892 he joined with his brothers in forming the Stovel Co., at present engaged in printing, engraving, lithographing, book-binding and publishing. Mr. Stovel has been an active fraternity man; closely identified with the I. O. O. F. ever since he went to Winnipeg. He has also been prominent in church work, and for over ten years prominent in his efforts to render the Sunday Schools of the city more efficient.



Dr. John Watson,
Vice-Principal Queen's University, Kingston.



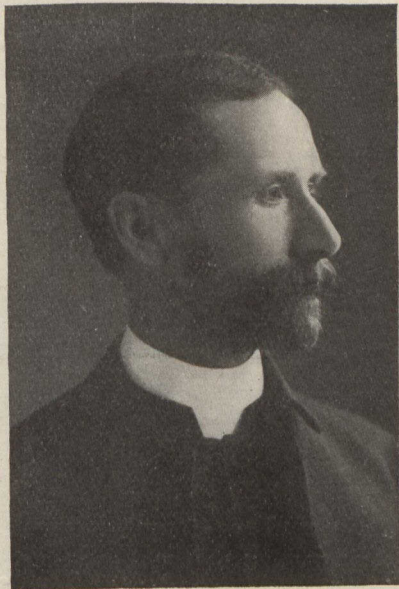
Hon. P. Edmond Lessard,
Member without Portfolio, Alberta Cabinet.



Mr. A. B. Stovel,
Vice-President, Winnipeg Canadian Club.



Mr. Alec R. Goldie,
President of the Ontario Curling Association.



Rev. C. W. Gordon,
President of the Winnipeg Canadian Club.

Over the Line Fence

IN a recent issue of the "Canadian Courier," there appeared a few comments on some remarks let fall at Ottawa by Mr. Medill McCormick. This eminent Chicago publisher was reported, while at Ottawa, to have stated that he was convinced that when Canada attained two-fifths of the size of his country, she would surely be absorbed by the United States; also that Toronto was eminently fitted to serve as the capital of the Canadian portion of the United States.

Mr. McCormick resents the criticism in which the "Courier" indulged at his expense. He has written a letter, which is printed below, denying some of the statements attributed to him.

Mr. McCormick has a perfect right to disagree with the Ottawa reporter who is alleged to have misquoted him. Reporters exist for the purpose of making people misunderstood. The publisher of the Chicago *Tribune* does not want Canada to be the toad when the United States is the snake.

There is a note of pathos in the statement that Canada might yet put the United States out of business by prohibiting the export of certain Canadian materials. We presume that pulpwood is one of these raw materials, inasmuch as civilisation even in the United States exists largely on paper of which the Chicago *Tribune* is an excellent example. Perhaps the greatest service we could ever do the United States would be to go on exporting her raw materials and in return import the finished products.

Mr. McCormick also alleges that the British press accord a better hearing to critical opinions affecting the Empire than do the newspapers of the colonies or of continental Europe. Why not? The colonies are the feelers of the Empire. Besides, Canada has the United States for a next-door neighbour and we have learned all a neighbour's ways of both admiration and of censure. Whenever we have a little spare time in this big, busy country we just lean over the line fence and chin to the big neighbour. Then we go up the lane and tell the folks at the house what the neighbour said to us. In short, we are beginning to understand the United States, which is a fair basis for getting along on a basis of amicability. It is a matter for congratulation that with men the calibre of Mr. McCormick the understanding is becoming mutual. Perhaps if more United States editors would speak as frankly and enthusiastically as Mr. McCormick we should get more light on international relations.

Mr. McCormick is one of the most successful of the younger generation of American newspaper proprietors. He is only thirty-three years of age, and a Yale man, class of 1900. Since the year 1903 he has been publisher and treasurer of the Chicago *Daily Tribune*. He has occupied many of the leading offices in the various journalistic organisations of his country.

Here is Mr. McCormick's reply to our criticism:

United States and Canada.

December 28th, 1909.

To the Editor of the "Canadian Courier":

Sir,—I thank you for sending me a marked copy of the "Courier" of the 18th because it will give me an opportunity to correct some erroneous impressions which have resulted from some casual remarks which I let drop in Ottawa. I expressly stated that they did not constitute a part of an interview which was otherwise reported with accuracy, because it would be presumptuous of me under the circumstances to suggest union to Canada, or Toronto to Washington.

I think you do me an injustice when you call me "an American publicist of note" and when you say that I still dream "that pipe

dream of long ago that Canada will be forced out of business by his country and compelled by fate to become part of the United States." My impression of Canada is quite different from that which you impute to me. I was led to Ottawa because instinct, perhaps, as well as reason, told me that there was a great country growing to the north of us—that a nation had sprung into being, of which we were scarcely aware. I was fully cognizant of the amazing ignorance of the American people regarding Canadian affairs and am a little disappointed to learn from the columns of the "Courier" that a people whose strength and ability so gripped me while I was in the Dominion, should be equally ignorant of the conditions across the line. I have not suggested or even thought that the United States might put Canada out of business. Quite the contrary. Under the existing fiscal relation between the two countries it is more likely that the Dominion can put us out of business by prohibiting the export of certain Canadian materials.

I do not remember that Ottawa was mentioned in the course of our conversation as the possible capital of the "great Dominion." My recollections of Toronto—its vigour, its nationalism and its idealism—made a lasting impression upon me. I had come to Toronto at the invitation of some of the Canadian editors to address them on technical matters regarding our profession and later in the day to make a speech on a subject which I should select myself. That speech, I think, in a fair degree represented my views.

But your last paragraph does me the most serious injustice. If Canada has been the football of two great powers, I went to the Dominion at least with the intention of showing the American public that you were not a football, but a nation.

In concluding I might add that a private letter on Anglo-German relations *vis-a-vis* the United States which contained some remarks not altogether palatable to the readers of the London *Daily Mail*, was published at the request of Lord Northcliffe and was treated with a greater consideration by the English press than by that of my own country. Whatever other views I may hold of the mother country of the two great daughters this much is true—that a man, no matter what his opinion may be, can have a fairer hearing in England than in any of the daughter states within or without the Empire or than in any great European continental country.

I am, Sir, respectfully yours,

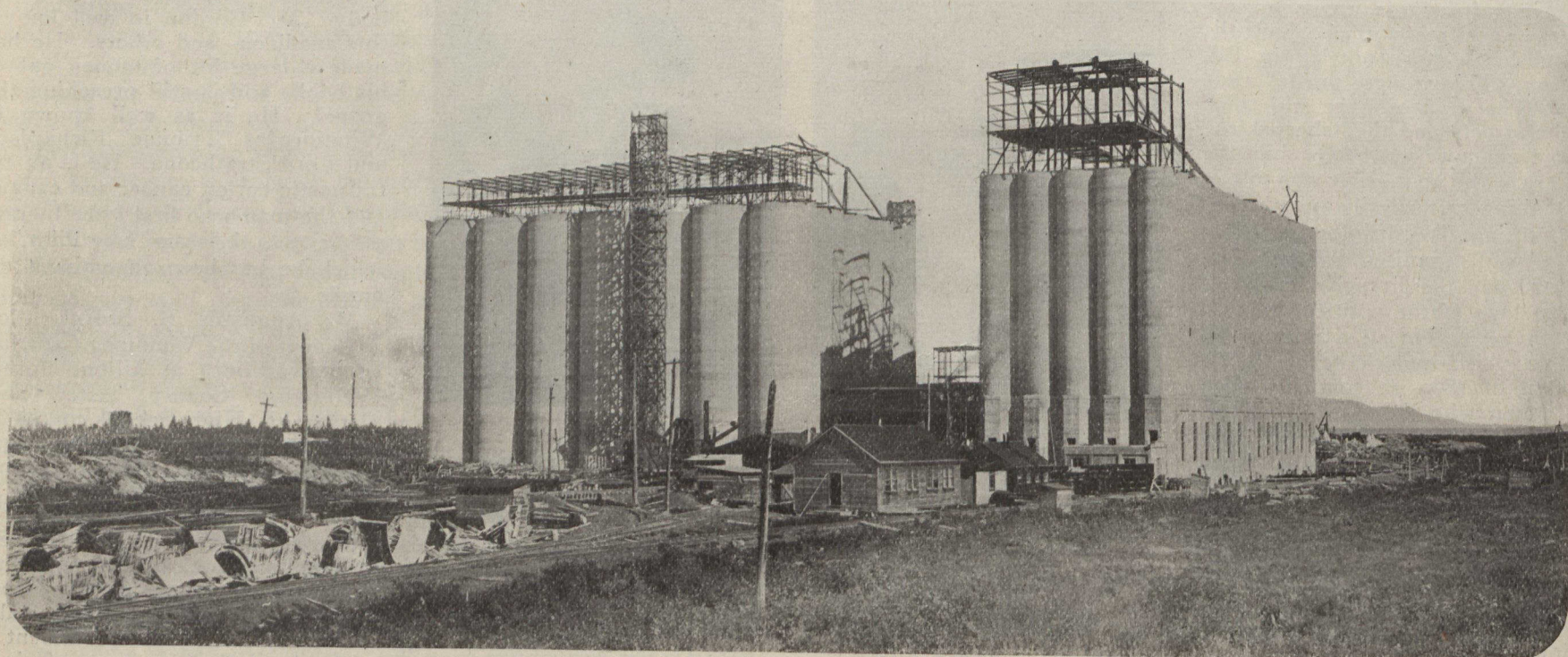
MEDILL McCORMICK.

* * *

Cement in Canada

NO Canadian industry has developed more rapidly than the manufacture of cement, which is now being used for almost every sort of building—skyscrapers, bridges, subways, piers, foundations, business blocks, pillars for houses—even barges are being made of cement. The biggest Canadian building in which cement enters into the construction is the new elevator of the Grand Trunk Pacific at Fort William, to have a capacity of twenty million bushels.

So rosy has been the prospect of the cement industry in Canada that production has succeeded in overtaking consumption. In 1908 the total production of Portland cement in Canada was 3,495,961 barrels each of 350 pounds, as against 2,491,513 barrels in 1907; an increase of 40.3 per cent. Consumption, however, did not keep pace with production; in 1908, 2,665,289 barrels of Canadian Portland, which meant a surplus of nearly a quarter-million of barrels. Had the cement used in Canada been all made in Canada, there would have been an over-stock of only about 300,000 barrels. Twenty-three plants in Canada are engaged in the production of cement, with a total daily capacity of 27,500 barrels.



A modern example of how cement is used in Canada. The new Grand Trunk Pacific Elevator at Fort William, whose total capacity is to be 20,000,000 bushels.

THE BATTLE OF THE CANALS

The New Welland vs. The Georgian Bay Canal.

By NORMAN PATTERSON

There is something attractive about a battle. Whether it is a battle with soldiers or war-vessels, a battle for diplomatic pre-eminence such as is being waged by the Kaiser and the King, a battle for financial leadership such as Harriman and others have waged in the United States, or any kind of lesser battle, the struggle attracts the spectator. Much of the present interest in the British election is merely curiosity regarding a great political battle for large stakes.

Canada is having a battle about the proposed Canadian navy, and this will be followed by a battle over the Welland and Georgian Bay canals. Already the forces are commencing to line up on the one side or the other. "A new Welland Canal with seven locks and capable of accommodating the largest vessels on the Great Lakes," is the cry of the one faction. "A Georgian Bay canal which will carry ocean vessels from the St. Lawrence to the head of Lake Superior" is the cry of the other faction. The new Welland Canal would cost probably thirty-five millions. The new Georgian Bay Canal would cost probably one hundred and fifty millions. If the Government should undertake to build the new Welland Canal it would not prevent their afterward going on with the building of the Georgian Bay Canal. The strange part of the situation lies in the reverse proposition. The building of the Georgian Bay Canal would undoubtedly prevent the Government undertaking the Welland Canal. This is what the supporters of the Welland Canal fear. They do not object to the Georgian Bay Canal being built but they want to make sure that the new Welland Canal is built first.

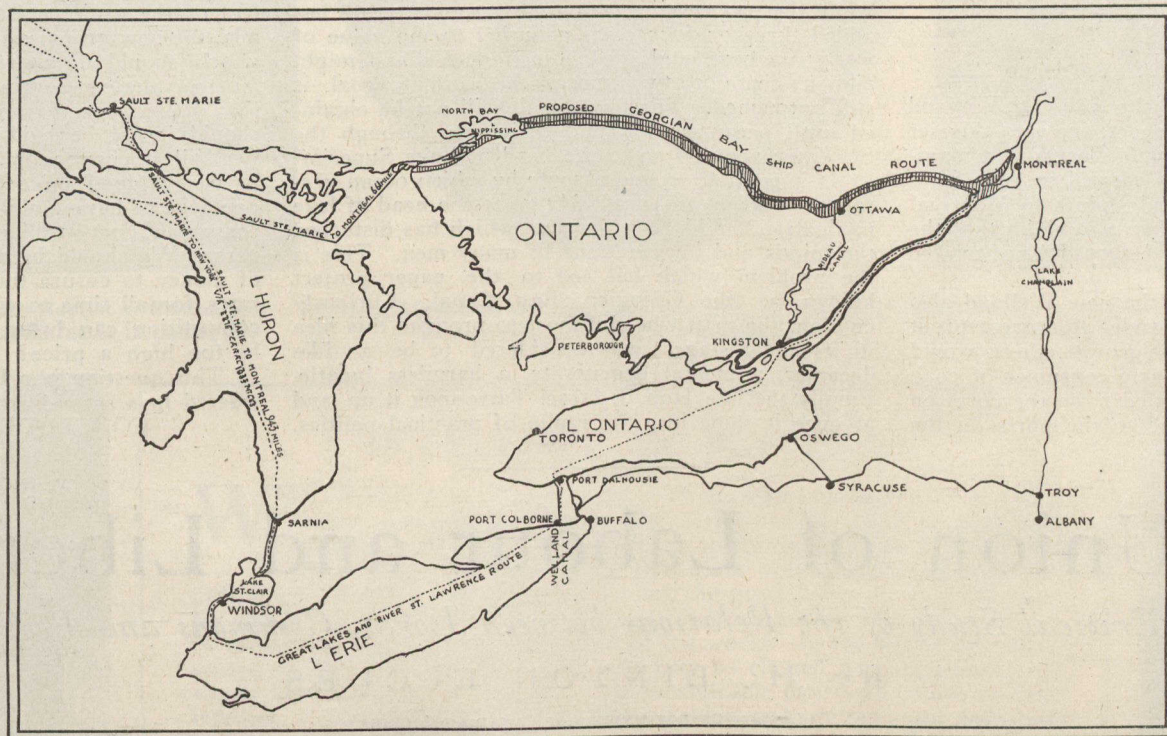
A Little History.

To understand this canal question one must know something of the history of the Welland Canal, one of the most romantic histories in the commercial development of North America. The Welland Canal should have been built by the United States Government. In the year 1808 Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the United States Treasury, suggested to Congress a comprehensive canal scheme for that country. Those were the days when steam railways were but a dream, and when it cost \$32 to transport a ton of merchandise one mile. Gallatin's plan provided for canals in every direction in which goods and products would be likely to move. This included canal connections from the Hudson River to Lake Champlain and to Lake Ontario. Nine years later this portion of Gallatin's plan was carried out. The Erie Canal was begun. But Gallatin's plan was not followed absolutely and the change has diverted the course of commerce on this continent for a hundred years. The Erie Canal started at Albany and followed the Mohawk River to the town of Syracuse. From there to Oswego is a short distance and if the Erie Canal had gone that direction it would have made Oswego one of the largest ports on the Great Lakes. Those in charge of the building of the canal were too wise for that. They did not want to build up trade on Lake Ontario because that would help Montreal. They desired rather to build up trade on Lake Erie and prevent the products of the West finding a cheap highway to the St. Lawrence River. Therefore, when they reached Syracuse they took the long route over to the Tonawanda River and the city of Buffalo. This increased the length of the canal by over one hundred miles, but the wisdom of those who did this was amply justified. That change diverted to New York the whole trade of the Great

Lakes and all the large tributaries thereof.

About this time a proposal was made in the United States to connect Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. Niagara Falls barred the way down the river Niagara. It is reasonable to suppose that if a canal were built between Buffalo above the Falls and Lewiston below the Falls, it would have been a great convenience to the people trading along the southern shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario. The American statesmen of the time were looking care-

THE WHEAT ROUTE OF THE FUTURE



This map shows the proposed Georgian Bay Canal, the proposed New Welland Canal, and the route of the Erie Canal from Buffalo to Albany, with a cut-off to Oswego. These three Canals will carry the wheat of the future, but the question is "Which will be the best and cheapest?" From Sault Ste Marie to Montreal via the Georgian Bay is 661 miles, and via the Welland Canal is 943 miles. From the Sault to New York, via Buffalo and Erie Canal is 1085 miles.

fully at the main chance. They recognised that such a canal would be a great rival to the Erie and would divert traffic to the St. Lawrence River and the port of Montreal.

It will thus be seen from this short historical summary that the fight between New York and Montreal began just one hundred years ago. The Americans built the Erie Canal to Buffalo to kill the trade on Lake Ontario. They refused to build a canal round the Falls for similar reasons.

Canada's Feeble Attempt.

As soon as it was known in Canada that the Erie Canal was to be built and would likely run to Buffalo, a project was started to build a Canadian canal connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario. In February, 1816, a committee of the Parliament of Upper Canada reported on this and other navigation suggestions. Two years later the people of the Niagara district sent in a petition in favour of it. This discussion went on until 1824, when William Hamilton Merritt and others formed a Welland Canal Company. At that time the Erie Canal was almost completed; but its Canadian rival was not yet begun. Little work was done before 1826, because the company had great difficulty in getting money. The nominal capital of the company was \$800,000 and very little of this was in cash. Like many modern companies, the promoters apparently hoped to pay for the work out of Government bonuses. The Upper Canada Government did make a loan of \$100,000 and afterwards took stock to the extent of \$200,000. The Imperial Government also made a loan of \$200,000 for ten years. This brought the work up to 1830, when the canal was partially opened. The locks were built exclusively of wood, and much remained to be done to extend and improve the whole route. In eight years it was out of date. Then the Government decided to take it over and rebuild the locks with stone. This was done and in a few years a nine-foot canal of excellent construction connected the two lakes.

Some twenty-five years later the Welland Canal was re-built, and a depth of fourteen feet secured. This was found necessary to provide for the growth

of the modern steamships and the increased traffic.

Although it is only a few years since the fourteen-foot canal was finished, the plans are now ready for a twenty-four foot canal. Such is the rapid progress of commercial demands. The present Welland Canal is 26¾ miles in length, has twenty-five locks, which are forty-five feet wide and 270 feet long. These locks in carrying a vessel from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie elevate 326 feet. The new canal will be shorter and will have only seven locks.

Argument Reversed.

STRANGELY enough, the argument which was used by the United States Government against the building of the Erie Canal to Oswego and against a United States canal connecting Erie and Ontario is now being used against the new Welland Canal. Certain Canadian shippers declare that a new Welland Canal would allow both American and Canadian grain vessels to go through to Oswego where they would discharge their cargoes rather than at Kingston or Prescott. In this way the traffic would be diverted to New York instead of Montreal. They declare that just as soon as the big American vessels get through to Lake Ontario, the Erie Canal will be extended to Oswego and Canadian grain will once more find its way to New York. Ogdensburg and Oswego would have an advantage over Kingston and Prescott because

grain landed there would have a choice of routes. It could be sent by rail to Montreal, Portland, Boston or New York.

It must be remembered in this connection that the State of New York is now spending one hundred million dollars on a new Erie Canal. When this is completed and equipped with electricity it will accommodate a barge carrying 33,000 bushels of grain or about four times the Erie Canal barge of the present time. The Erie Canal will then be in a better position to compete with the St. Lawrence canals than at any time since the early years of its existence.

On the other hand, there are shippers who declare that Oswego and Ogdensburg will never get the grain. They maintain that it will still go out via Montreal, even when the Erie Canal is deepened and even if it were extended to Oswego. The great advantage of Montreal is the fact that it is a national port and the "F.O.B." charges are lower. In New York the "F.O.B." charges amount to nine-tenths of a cent per bushel. This difference is sufficient to keep much of the grain going via Montreal. When you add the advantage of being able to ship from Kingston to Montreal in barges carrying 80,000 bushels, as against barges carrying 33,000 bushels on the Erie, the advantage is further accentuated. The advocates of the new Welland Canal advance other arguments but these are their main line of defence.

The Present Advantage.

ANOTHER argument advanced by those who are opposed to the new Welland Canal is that the Montreal route has now all the advantage required. The distance from Buffalo, on the south shore of the Niagara River, to New York is practically the same as from Port Colborne, on the north shore of the Niagara, to Montreal. At present, a vessel 270 feet long and drawing thirteen feet of water may pass through the Welland, through Lake Ontario and down the St. Lawrence Canals with 90,000 bushels of grain. At present an Erie Canal barge carries only about 8,000 bushels from Buffalo to New York. When the new Erie is completed, a

barge will be able to carry only 30,000 bushels, or one-third what a boat may carry over the Canadian canal route. Therefore, they argue, a new Welland is unnecessary even to compete with a new Erie.

One of these expresses the argument thus: "Under present conditions we control the route to the seaboard. Make it an object to connect Lake Ontario with New York by extending the new Erie Canal to Oswego, and we will have to fight for our control of the trade."

The answer is this. A new Welland Canal with seven locks and a depth of twenty-two feet of water on the sill would lower the cost of carrying grain from Fort William to Montreal by three cents a bushel. At present it costs 6½ to 7 cents a bushel to ship grain, by the Great Lakes route. With a new Welland Canal the cost would be:

Fort William to Port Colborne ..	1.5 cents
Port Colborne to Kingston5 "
Kingston to Montreal	1.5 "
Total	3.5 "
Present rate	6.5 "
Gain	3.0 "

Those who believe that the present Welland Canal is sufficient for all purposes, reply to this set of figures by pointing out that 6½ cents is a maximum rate and that grain was carried in 1909 from Port Arthur, Fort William and Duluth to Montreal for as low as three cents. They also claim that the average rate for the season of 1909 did not exceed 4½ cents.

The shippers who favour the new Welland also advance the argument that besides this great profit gained for the western wheat-grower, there would be an equal gain for the Ontario consumer of coal. This commodity could be carried from the ports on the south shore of Lake Erie to the ports on the

north shore of Lake Ontario, via a deepened Welland Canal at about 30 cents a ton.

Welland vs. Georgian Bay.

TWENTY years ago, it was thought that a ship which could carry 35,000 bushels of grain down the Great Lakes from Fort William, Duluth or Chicago was about the limit. To-day, there are vessels which carry 300,000 bushels, and some cargoes have gone even higher. However, this progress in shipping capacity has applied only to the Upper Lakes. The two-hundred and three-hundred-bushel vessel may go into some of the Canadian ports on Georgian Bay, Lake Huron and Lake Erie, but it cannot go farther than Port Colborne at the entrance to the Welland. Through that canal, 90,000 bushels is the limit. Even with a new Welland, the big vessel could go only as far as Kingston, Prescott or Oswego. It could not go on to Montreal as the St. Lawrence canals are now at the limit of their possible depth. Therefore it is argued that while the progress in the past twenty-five years has added three or four cents a bushel to the value of western wheat, and while the new Welland might add a cent or two more, the ultimate goal is still untouched. The final result will not be obtained until ocean vessels find their way through the St. Lawrence and on to the head of Lake Superior.

Is it possible to find a route by which ocean vessels may safely and profitably go to the head of lake navigation? This is a problem which has disturbed the minds and imaginations of many men. This is the problem which has led to the paper project known as the Georgian Bay Canal. Curiously enough, the man who did most to promote this idea in its early stages was considered to be an idle dreamer, a mental degenerate, a harmless lunatic. Finally the late Hon. J. Israel Tarte took it up, and at once it came into the realm of practical politics.

Then the Government decided upon surveys, and to-day you may get volumes of statistics and volumes upon volumes of maps showing the character and possibilities of the undertaking. Several eminent engineers have devoted years, at a moderate salary of course, to working out a set of plans. The dream of twenty years ago is already a reality—on paper. It is shown almost conclusively, if not convincingly, that it is possible to develop a water route up the Ottawa, across to Lake Nipissing, down the French River to Georgian Bay, with a minimum depth of twenty-two feet.

Here, then, is an all-water route, away from the frontier, wholly within Canadian territory, carrying grain to no possible rival port, on which the largest vessels now on the Great Lakes may travel in comfort, and over which the smaller ocean vessels may find their way to the head of lake navigation. Here is a route which will make Montreal even greater than it is now, because it will give it control of the grain and flour trade of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas in addition to the control of the grain and flour trade of Western Canada, the new granary of the world. Here is a route which should do more to open the heart of the North American continent to the trade of the world than half a dozen transcontinental railways. Why should it not be built?

Will it cost too much? We should be willing to pay a good price in borrowed money for the privilege of having a ship load in Liverpool and discharge in Fort William or Port Arthur and vice versa. We should be willing to pay a fair amount of money to ensure that railway and ocean freight rates for all time to come shall be as low as such competition can bring them. Would \$150,000,000 be too high a price?

This question is a large one and it will be considered in a second article.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

The Union of Labour and Liberalism

A Critical Study of the Relations between Lords, Commons and People.

By H. LINTON ECCLES

LONDON CORRESPONDENT OF CANADIAN COURIER

MOST people are asking, What is to become of that awe-inspiring body of hereditary legislators, the House of Lords? There has been a big development of the political situation in Britain since I last wrote, and now the dominant question is not one affecting the fate of the Budget, but the character, if not the very existence, of the House of Lords itself. When these next few weeks of sharp and fierce platform campaigning are over, the verdict of the electors will be pronounced upon issues more vital perhaps than we have known in our generation.

This year's Finance Bill of the Liberal Government is dead—killed by the solid assent of nearly two-thirds of the unelect; those who sit in judgment upon the acts of the Lower House of Representatives by right of birth or because they have been made the recipients of titles which relieve them from the responsibility of submitting themselves to the suffrages of the voters at the polling booths. There is a striking similarity between the majority for the Budget in the House of Commons and the majority against it in the House of Lords. These two votes, the one for and the other against—the one signifying the unmistakable approval of the Commons and the other the equally unmistakable disapproval of the Lords—serve the more sharply to accentuate the wide differences in constitution, environment and temper of the two English Houses of Parliament.

For years the composition of the elected Chamber has been changing and becoming more democratic. It would be incorrect to say that the Peers have altered, since they were never more conservative than they are to-day. But whilst the House of Lords has been unquestionably standing still, the people's House has undergone a remarkable transformation. The Commons of the time of the great Reform Bill would be unrecognisable, not to say impossible, now. Even Mr. Gladstone would be astonished at the present character of the House he knew so well, though the changes were revealing themselves in his day.

Probably Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain had as much to do with this upheaval as any one, at any rate when they were young and at their best. The then Duke of Marlborough's younger son was a democratic aristocrat; the right-hand man who left Mr. Gladstone to ally himself with the Conservatives became an aristo-

cratic democrat. Both men, without question, had a good deal of the true democrat about them, and many people believed then and more believe now, that if these two ambitious, skilful and able parliamentarians had joined careers, the Tory party would have been all the better for their regenerating influence and more closely and sympathetically in touch with the people of the country.

However, the independent positions taken up by these nominal allies of the Conservative party bore fruit, though not so much on their own as on the Liberal side of the House. Backed by his faithful followers, Mr. Gladstone waged a great fight against the hereditary legislators. Everybody admits that it was a brilliant failure, but history has proved that the time was not ripe for it then. The line of demarcation between Conservatives and Liberals, in spite of the Home Rule split, was not distinct enough. There was not so much difference between them, and most Liberals were prepared more or less to tolerate the existence of the Upper Chamber which possessed and used the privilege of vetoing and amending legislation proposed by the Commons.

But times and men and circumstances were changing, not always perceptibly even to the close observer, though none the less steadily. The man in the street first began to take serious note of the altered conditions when the trade unions sprang into life and aggressive activity. Not content with backing their members in disputes with the employers, the unions formed definite political ambitions, and at the 1906 general election entered the parliamentary arena with an actual and substantial party of fifty, all elected on the Labour ticket. They were very particular about their independence, which they have kept fairly intact right up to now. But in spite of their isolation, the Labour party has felt obliged to lend general support to the Liberals, because the ideas of the two parties, especially on social reform and workmen's legislation, have as a rule run in the same direction.

This constant contact with Labour interests allied to the very considerable spread of radicalism within their ranks, has led to a marked democratising of the Liberals as a body. The influence of Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. John Burns, in common with that of other members of the Government, has been thrown into the democratic scale, and has had its effect, of course, upon the rank and file

of the party. When the forces were massed for resisting what were looked upon as encroachments by the Lords, these men formed the advance guard and they were readily backed up by the rest of the Liberal party. More significant still, the Labour men renounced their independent role so far as this fight was concerned, and came out as strong and unflinching adherents of the Budget proposal and opponents of the House of Lords. When the Budget was thrown out, this tacit but officially unsolemnised union between Liberalism and Labour was brought closer than ever.

Will it be "end" or "mend" with the House of Lords? Some folks who profess to know say that it depends upon the size of the Liberal majority at the election; and, be it noted, the tendency is to prophesy that Mr. Asquith will certainly come back again to power. He has the finest fighting programme that the Liberal party has had within recent times. He can say that while the Conservatives have promised old age pensions for years, it was left for a Liberal Government to pass them into law. That is to mention only one item which will go a long way in securing the approval of the electors.

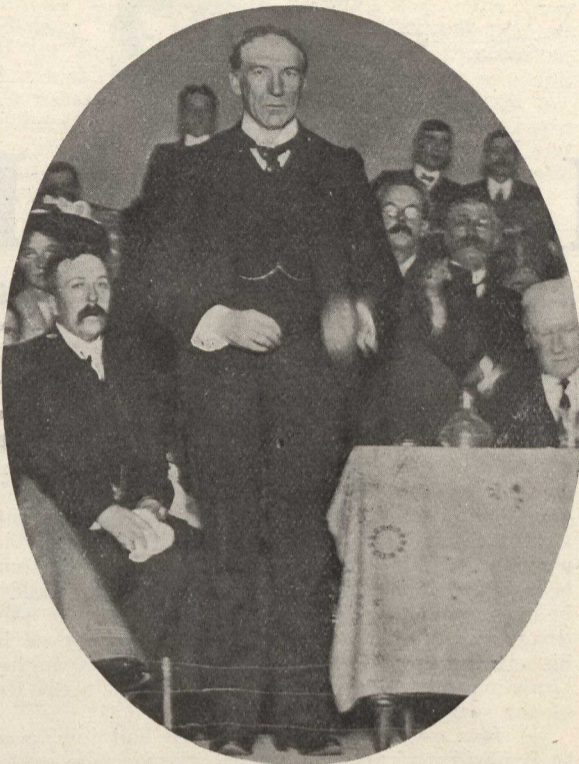
Those who are in favour of the total abolition of the House of Lords probably number one-half of Mr. Asquith's followers. This is in addition to the Labour party, who are the Peers' fiercest opponents, and does not take count of the Irish party, the majority of whom are absolutely "against the Lords." Whether this assumed half of the Liberals would vote for the total abolition is not certain. Probably they would not go so far as that—yet.

The party will, no doubt, be satisfied with the taking away of the Lords' veto—the Lords' right to say the last word whether or not any particular bill shall pass, including money as well as other bills. Indeed, that is the main plank in Mr. Asquith's platform; and Mr. Asquith is a clever, astute man, asking neither too much nor too little, but capable of being satisfied for the time being with what he can get.

It is a tremendously interesting play, and is being acted with the limelight full on. The whole of the players and chorus are on the stage, orators as well as members and candidates; and we, the audience, are being suitably rushed off our feet by the raging, tearing comedy of this 1910 general election.



Lord Rosebery the Humorous Hamlet of British politics is the most mysterious character in public life



Rt. Hon. Alexander Ure, the Lord Advocate for Scotland is most irritating to the Unionists



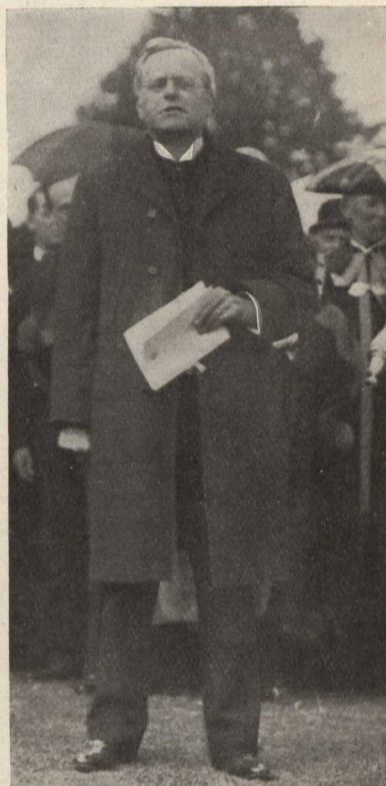
Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour concentrates his mind equally upon a golf ball, a debate or an article on esthetic



Rt. Hon. John Burns, Labourite

INTELLECT IN POLITICS

WHATEVER poverty there may be in the Old Land, poverty of brains is not a condition. Where else in the world could be found so dazzling a diversity of intellects as in the political battle now going on in Great Britain? Time was when men thought that with the passing of Gladstone and Disraeli went out the great lights of the firmament: but the sky is spangled yet with brilliant intellects among whom may almost be summed up the wit and the wisdom of the world. In the characters represented on this page are four men who may be classed as philosophers; of whom Lord Rosebery is the chief; the inexplicable figure who sums up pure intellect, a peerage, great wealth, statesmanship and oratory; the man who once saw life before him as a dream of achievement and before he had passed middle life realised the dream; the follower of Gladstone, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, at Gladstone's death Premier but still a Peer; brilliant, profound and meteoric. Intellectually similar is Mr. Balfour, who as leader of the Unionist party has as much distinction as a subtle thinker and a debater; without passion and without particular convictions; something of an esthetic, little of a pure fighter but a master of invective. How different is that other even more literary light, Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, Secretary for Ireland, the humorist and the wit, the man with the Irish temper and the English birth, author of *Obiter Dicta*, eminent authority on Education. Contrast with him Hon. Mr. Haldane, Secretary of War; the pure philosopher who illuminated Schopenhauer and being called by Hon. "C. B." to the headship of the War Department, bent himself to the herculean task of reorganising that very practical thing, the Army. Again, behold John Burns, member for Battersea; cradled in poverty; imprisoned for inflammatory labour speeches on Trafalgar Square; elbowing his huge shoulders at the last into the Liberal Cabinet.



Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell



Hon. Alfred Lyttleton, one of the leading Unionists



Mr. Walter Long, able lieutenant of Mr. Balfour



Rt. Hon. R. B. Haldane who reorganised the Army



THIN ICE

By Isabel E. MacKay

RESUME.

Peter Rutherford, a wealthy young Montrealer, visits an aunt in a small Ontario town. A business communication takes him to the post office on a night when a blizzard sweeps the town and, confused by the violence of the storm, he turns by mistake into the home of Margaret Manners, whose acquaintance he has an opportunity of improving before her brother arrives to show him his way. By a chance circumstance, Peter neglects to mail a letter of proposal written to a girl in Montreal, and later drops it in the Manners home, where it comes into Margaret's hands.

CHAPTER III.

A COUNTER-IRRITANT.

PETER ANTHONY RUTHERFORD was the oldest and only surviving son of Hannibal Rutherford, the millionaire jeweller, of Montreal. His father had been one of the best type of self-made men, rising by dint of a business faculty, little short of genius, from the position of a subordinate clerk in the employ of Graham & Wills to be partner and finally sole owner of the largest jewellery concern in the British Colonies.

Until well on in middle life his business career had absorbed all his energies, he had no desire and no interest apart from it and it is likely that this would have continued to be the case had he not, at a psychological moment met Miss Julie Lacelles, the daughter of an impoverished French family. Julie Lacelles had known better things and found the dead level of their poverty hard to bear, so that when the rich Mr. Rutherford came a-wooing Julie saw in him the way of escape from the daily drudgery of the life she hated. They were married, and contrary to many prognostications, the marriage turned out well, for Hannibal Rutherford's love was deep and Julie was happy and content. Of this prosaic but satisfactory union two sons and one daughter were born, the younger boy dying in infancy, the older living to become his father's idol, and, in the course of time, his heir.

So it was that at the age of five-and-twenty Peter Anthony Rutherford held no unenviable position. The responsibility of wealth lay but lightly upon his shoulders, for, though he had inherited a fairly large portion of his father's business ability, he was far from suspecting the fact, his ambition being to win fame as a writer of books. While still attending his classes at McGill University the inevitable happened and the pursuit of literature gave way for a time to the pursuit of love—Peter becoming madly enamoured of Miss Edythe Blythe, a young person of considerable attractions. Had Miss Blythe been conscious of Peter's state of heart these things would never have happened, for the lady had common sense and would certainly not have married a struggling lawyer had her horizon included anything better. But Peter, in those days, was shy and deferred the telling of his tale until too late; his rose was plucked by hands less fearful.

This disappointment had a more lasting effect than anyone, knowing Miss Blythe, would naturally have supposed. Peter became a cynic and refused to believe in love, his pursuit of the goddess ceased abruptly, and from a boy he became a man.

Friendship, he felt, was the only thing worthy of a man's serious attention and given youth, wealth and position, friends are not hard to find. Peter found plenty, both men and women, and considerably surprised the latter by sticking strictly to the letter of the bond. In this love-proof condition it was his fortune to meet Miss Mabel Sayles, a lady of undeniable charm and no silly sentimentalities. Miss Sayles was what is known as a fine girl. She was tall and dark, her features aquiline, her colour high, her manner graceful and assured. A better contrast to the lamented Edythe could scarcely be, and Peter knew he would be expected to marry someone. Mabel understood the situation perfectly and was content to wait—for a reasonable period. She was pre-eminently the type of femininity that knows what it wants and is quite clever enough to get it. In fact, the whole situation resolves itself into this—that Miss Sayles wanted Peter, Peter's mother wanted Miss Sayles and Peter was generally willing to oblige his mother. The only one who disapproved of this delightful matrimonial scheme was Horace Graham, Peter's chum. Graham did

not like Miss Sayles and did not want anyone else to like her, least of all his running-mate, and, as he explained afterward, it was partly in order to divert Peter's mind that he had induced him to try a little stimulating speculation. Speculation, provided the stake were large enough, was certain in Graham's mind to provide a powerful counter-irritant. Graham (the son of Hannibal Rutherford's old partner) was a born speculator as his father had been before him and was never quite happy unless he was promoting "a good thing." Let it be said that, unlike many promoters, he always believed in his good thing and if the thing belied its epithet Graham's name was always to be found in the list of the seriously injured.

A few weeks before Rutherford had journeyed to Banbridge to arrange his sister's marriage settlement Graham and he had embarked in an enterprise which promised well both as an investment and as a mind-distractor. So rosy had been the promise that Rutherford had plunged somewhat heavily and had been so busily engaged in trying to recover himself that he had left Montreal without having definitely proposed to Miss Sayles. It had required the two days of comparative leisure and the constant companionship of Mr. Leverage to bring him to the state of mind necessary to the composing of the letter which, owing to the unreasonable interference of fate, had never been sent.

When the banging of the door had shut out Margaret's face, and Peter, conducted safely by Tom Manners, tacked and scudded and forged heavily forward through the snow, he asked himself fruitlessly why he had not posted that letter. His aims and ambitions could surely not have changed in the few hours which had elapsed since he set out for the post office. The letter from Graham, foreshadowing probable large financial loss, could hardly have been a determining factor, for even granting the very worst, he was still the proprietor of a large and prosperous business whose profits would provide his wife with everything the soul of woman might want. Besides, he thought too highly of Miss Sayles to believe that she would ever have considered marrying him for his money alone. Why, then, had he dropped the letter back again into his overcoat pocket?

The problem was still unsolved when, alone in his room that night, he turned the pockets of his overcoat inside out and felt fruitlessly around the lining. The letter was not there! Perhaps it was the cold thrill of dismay caused by this discovery, and the natural inference that after all he must have slipped it in the post-box with the rest of his mail, which gave the clue to the solution he was seeking. When he believed that the letter of proposal was actually on its way to Montreal he knew, without any possibility of doubt, that he would give the remainder of his fortune to have it safely back. And why? The face of a girl, golden-haired, grey-eyed, girlish and sweet, rose up before him and solved that problem too!

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. LEVERAGE IS PREJUDICED.

WHEN Peter awoke next morning it was with a haunting sense of something gone wrong somewhere. The blizzard had done its worst and departed leaving behind a world of dazzling, tumbled white and an air so clear and keen, so filled with cold, bright sunshine, that the man who could not feel the joy of living must be miserable indeed. In spite of himself Peter felt his spirits rise. Surely nothing could be wrong anywhere on a day like this. And there, on the dressing table, lay the cap. He would have to return the cap—and it was not really necessary to think farther ahead. He came down to breakfast whistling.

"Peter," said Leverage, "the remainder of those papers will be ready for you to sign this afternoon. I know you are crazy to get back to civilisation."

"One might almost think you were glad to have him go," said Mrs. Leverage, reproachfully. "I'm sure there is no necessity for Peter to hurry away just because you've finished your old business. I have not talked to him five consecutive minutes since he arrived."

Peter sipped his coffee and remembered the wisdom which he had thought out in the night hours. "You're awfully kind, Aunt Jane," he said, "but I think—I'm almost sure I'll have to go to-morrow." His tone, full of genuine regret, pleased Mrs. Leverage but caused her shrewd husband to look up quickly. He was quite well aware that the regret was not caused by the pain of parting from them.

"Get the letter you were expecting, last night?" he asked, casually.

"Yes." Peter's tone was uninterested.

"Bad news?"

"Oh, so-so."

"Peter," Mr. Leverage became suddenly ponderous with the wisdom of the years, "I hope you do not allow that chap Graham to draw you into any of his wild speculations?"

Peter raised a mild and innocent face.

"I have no taste for speculation," he said, adding questioningly, "why should I speculate?"

"You shouldn't," said Leverage coolly. "That's why I was afraid you might have been doing it."

Peter laughed. "By the way," he asked, "that chap who brought me home last night seemed a good fellow. You know him, don't you?"

"Oh yes, we know him." Mrs. Leverage managed to impart a certain curious emphasis to the verb which gave the hearer quite clearly to understand that she did not boast of the knowledge.

"He is a case in point," said her husband in explanation.

"What point?" asked Peter vaguely.

"He is a speculator. I don't know, but I imagine that he has come somewhat to grief of late."

"I really don't see, Peter," said Mrs. Leverage plaintively, "how you could possibly mistake their house for ours. The verandah has not been painted for years; they have no hardwood floors and their woodwork is not oiled. They haven't a fireplace in the house and their furniture is poor. The rooms are the same size as ours but I think the appearance of a room depends so much upon what is in it, don't you?"

Before the eye of Peter's mind the picture rose of a softly-lighted room, a tea-table and a graceful figure pouring tea.

"I think," he said gravely, "that the appearance of a room depends entirely upon what it contains."

"Now some people like an almost empty room," said Mrs. Leverage. "But I don't agree with them. Empty rooms are lonely, in my opinion."

"They are," agreed Peter fervently.

"I suppose" (Mrs. Leverage had no idea that she was being apropos) "I suppose you saw Margaret?"

How maddening it is to have a trick of blushing! Peter glanced guiltily at Leverage, who was not looking.

"I met a Miss Manners," he admitted carelessly.

"Margaret is a nice girl. I like her and I'm sorry for her. I don't think her brother is much of a comfort."

"A brother," said Peter, "ought to be a comfort."

"And if she marries that Mr. Klein it's my opinion she won't be much better off."

Rutherford applied himself to his egg and there was a short silence.

"He is a horrid man," continued Mrs. Leverage, addressing her husband in a combative tone.

"I assure you, my dear, it is your prejudice." Mr. Leverage's tone was mild but positive.

"I am not a phrenologist, Herbert, but I think I know a head like that when I see it."

"Undoubtedly, Jane. But when a person is prejudiced—"

"I am not prejudiced, Herbert. The man looks like a murderer."

Mr. Leverage opened his mouth to reply, but utilised it more sensibly in taking a spoonful of egg.

When he did speak he addressed himself to Peter. "Your aunt," he said, "does not like Mr. Klein. Nevertheless he is one of our wealthiest citizens—"

"Not a citizen at all," interrupted Mrs. Leverage.

"Not a citizen exactly, perhaps, but he spends much of his time here. I will admit that he is somewhat peculiar in looks but many consider him quite handsome."

"He gives me the creeps," said Mrs. Leverage. "You make him appear rather interesting," Rutherford said. "Did I understand you to say that he and Miss Manners—"

"We suspect so," said Mr. Leverage amiably. "We fear so," amended Mrs. Leverage. "But personally I think better of Margaret."

Peter finished his breakfast thoughtfully. He did not see how it could matter to him whether Miss Manners were engaged or not, yet he felt distinctly interested. Could this suitor be the man to whom she had inadvertently referred the evening before? The man whom she "did not like at all?" He found himself hoping that this were so, though what possible interest it could have had for him, a semi-engaged person, was far from obvious.

"I have a cap," said Peter, as he rose from the table, "a borrowed cap, which I must return to Miss Manners. Perhaps I may meet this gentleman."

"Don't bother about the cap," remarked Leverage. "I'll send it over."

"Oh, no! It is a very particular cap. I must return it myself."

And it is a peculiar fact that while Leverage, the shrewd, noticed nothing of moment in the heat and fervency of this reply, Mrs. Leverage, who was not shrewd at all, smiled quietly, and when her husband had left the room she said:

"If you decide to stay with us longer, Peter, we shall be—delighted."

CHAPTER V.

PETER RUTHERFORD SEES A FACE.

MARGARET was standing in the hall dressed for walking when Rutherford was ushered in. Her high fur collar and little turban trimmed with sable

made the most effective framing possible for her shining hair and delicate, youthful face. She looked more lovely than Peter's most adorned memory of her and at once he began to doubt the wisdom that had counselled the slightest delay in effecting his necessary flight. There was a change in her manner also, the frank friendliness of the night before was obscured by a forced cordiality and thinly veiled nervousness. The tone in which she invited him to come in and sit down was frigid.

"Perhaps," hesitated Peter, divided between a desire to find out what had changed her and an instinct to fly, "perhaps you were going out."

"Not at all. I have just come in." Margaret began slowly to remove her gloves.

Peter, standing like an embarrassed school-boy, watched her helplessly. His usual calm and self-possessed readiness had deserted him and he felt, for the first time in many years, a disquieting consciousness of his hands and feet. With a desperate effort to appear easy and unconcerned he approached her, holding out the cap. Margaret had told herself that dignity was her only refuge after the blunders of last night and had schooled her inexperience into the most forbidding of attitudes, but when her eyes fell upon the extended parcel her sense of humour triumphed. A delicious dimple crept into the corner of her cheek, her grey eyes sparkled.

"Are you very much obliged?" she asked, severely.

"I am very much obliged," repeated Rutherford obediently.

"Then I really think you had better come in and sit down, it ought to take some time to express your

feelings properly. Only I warn you that this is not my 'day.'"

"Oh, do you have a day?" asked Peter, beginning to feel natural again. "Am I missing very much by this day belonging to someone else?"

"It depends on what you call much. But you miss the best tea-cloth and flowers on the table and newly-baked cakes and you run the risk of poisoning by Martha, who is sure to be cross and spoil the tea."

"Couldn't you tell Martha to spare me because I had to come to return the cap?"

"I might. I'll try, anyway. Please sit down."

Left alone, Peter had leisure to inspect the room. It bore, indeed, the traces of which Mrs. Leverage had spoken and in the cold light of the winter afternoon seemed bare and almost cheerless. It seemed no fitting home for Margaret. Peter found himself furnishing in imagination a very different room, and then another and another, as a master jeweller might prepare a setting for a single pearl, only to discard each masterpiece as all unworthy of its destiny. He was engaged in choosing a few choice pictures to adorn the walls of one of these creations when Margaret returned. She wore a simple house dress not unsuited to the plainness of the room.

"Tell me, Miss Manners," said Peter, still half in his dream room, "do you admire Turner?"

"Turner?" blankly. "Oh, you mean *Turner*. I am afraid," demurely, "that I have not made a study of Turner except through reproductions in the shop windows and on the Turner calendars. A friend of mine has a copy of his 'Guidecca.' It must be very

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.

WHY THEY WON

A Tragedy of Colour that Helped to Turn the Vote.

By MRS. STANLEY WRENCH

LITTLE LADY BETTY turned to me with a sigh of intense weariness. "Elections are dreadful things," she said. A sentiment which I, as a much-worried canvasser, endorsed mentally as the most sensible thing I had heard said that morning.

"What is the matter now?" I asked gently. Somehow, one always does adopt a gentle tone when talking to Betty. She is so much like a child, with her big, innocent grey eyes and trusting air.

She sighed again. "I am really in trouble," she said slowly, removing the smart black Marquise hat I had been admiring as she spoke.

Instantly I was all sympathy.

"What is it?" I asked. "Has Chip-chap been overfeeding again, or has the milliner forgotten to send your hat home?"

"Don't be foolish, Len," she said. "Of course, it is nothing of the kind. Women do not trouble over such trifles when the welfare of England is at stake."

I opened my eyes. This is not Betty's usual mode of expression, let me state. Then I fancied that I understood.

"Oh, I see," I said, a little testily. "You've been attending some of those Women's Suffrage meetings."

But I did not like to think of Betty getting mixed up with affairs of that kind at all. However, she shook her head very decidedly at the suggestion.

"I haven't," she retorted. "I have not been near those stupid meetings. It does not interest me in the least whether women get the vote or not; instead, I really think they are foolish to want any more responsibility than they have already."

"Wise Betty," I murmured gently; you see, I am a privileged person, being her cousin.

She rang the bell for tea, then flung herself pettishly into the biggest chair in the room and sighed.

"Don't you want to know what it is?" she pouted. "You used to be ever so much more sympathetic than you are now."

"So sorry, Betty!" I protested humbly. "You know I'm just dying to know, but I didn't want to bother you."

So Betty smiled once more.

"Now you are your own nice, dear self," she said. "Well, I'll tell you. It's just like this, Len. You know, I've promised Hubert to go with him to all his meetings, and sit on the platform."

"Oh, well, Betty," I said, "surely that isn't such

a terrible ordeal, is it? You are used to being stared at by this time."

"But that's not all of it," said Betty, dimpling and smiling. "I don't mind being looked at one bit; in fact, I'll own up to you, Len, I—I rather like it. But, you see, he wants me to go round with him to get votes."

"By Jove! Betty, and you'll get them, too," I said admiringly, and Betty's dimples came faster than ever.

Then she pouted again. "You don't understand," she said. "You see, it is about the colours. Whatever Hubert is, his colours are blue and yellow, and he wants me to wear them."

"Well?" I said inquiringly. Truth to tell, I was wearing a tiny favour of those colours at the moment.

"Oh, Len," she cried impatiently, "cannot you understand? Don't you see it's simply impossible? I cannot wear those."

"My dear Betty," I protested, "why not?"

"Oh, you are stupid," she cried, an opinion which I began to endorse, since I was apparently incapable of comprehending what was to Betty such a simple matter.

"Please explain," I said as humbly as I could. She flashed at me one glance of disdain.

"You used to understand me at once," she said, "and surely you who have known me all my life ought to know that blue will never suit me, and as for yellow—ugh!"

She glanced at me reproachfully. Then I understood.

She was wearing a most elegant creation, every crease, every fold of which spoke Worth, and—the colour was red.

Had it been any other person save Betty, I should have laughed; but with those eyes upon me, the gravity of the situation became more apparent. There was silence for fully two minutes and a quarter, then Betty spoke again.

"Cannot you suggest something, Len?" she said a trifle impatiently.

"Couldn't you—couldn't you wear just a tiny favour of Hubert's colours on your dress?" I asked timidly.

The withering look Betty cast upon me caused me to shiver.

"I did think you were a person of some taste," she remarked severely. "It seems I was mistaken."

I was crushed. Betty poured out a cup of tea, and handed it to me with the air of a tragedy queen. I stirred it nervously.

"Er—er—," I said, "I suppose you really do want to help Hubert?"

Betty brightened up.

"Well, yes," she said briskly. "That is, I want to do just the same as all the other women are doing. Everyone is helping someone or other, and of course Hubert would like to get in."

"Precisely," said I, "still, Betty, it does not necessarily follow that your political opinions coincide with his."

Betty looked frankly puzzled.

"I'm afraid I don't know much about politics," she said humbly, and I felt inclined to ejaculate, "Thank heaven!" but refrained. After experience with ladies whose sole aim in life seemed to be such, it was somewhat a relief to meet one who did not want to talk about "women's rights."

"You might suggest to Hubert that you cannot honestly—conscientiously give him your support," I said. "Then you can wear your red dress."

"You're a dear," said Betty, beaming at me, and pressing macaroons upon me with hospitable liberality. "Then you really think I might help Mr. MacLure instead?"

"Certainly," I responded, feeling myself an out-and-out traitor, for MacLure was my candidate's opponent.

"Good-bye, Len," she said gaily ten minutes later, "I'll let you know how many votes I win."

I did not see Lady Betty till the polling day, when I met her resplendent in that Worth costume.

"Our side is going to win," she cried gaily, waving her hand from her motor-car, just then packed with voters.

I smiled sadly. Who could resist Betty? I nearly felt ashamed of my blue and yellow favour at that minute.

MacLure did win, and by an overwhelming majority, but it was only that night I found out the solution to the problem that had puzzled my brother canvassers.

Picking up a ladies' paper, some weeks old, I read:

"Red will be the prevailing colour this winter. Ladies who wish to be dressed *en derniere mode* will unhesitatingly include a costume of this colour in their winter wardrobe requirements. . . ."

I dropped the paper with a sigh. Was it a forecast, or had some clever politician designed to win success for his party by enlisting the aid of Dame Fashion?

Who can say? By-elections are lost and won—and even a General Election may depend upon such slender issues.—M. A. P.



HUNTING IN THE ARCTIC



On the Trail of the Musk Ox in Ellesmere Land

By HARRY WHITNEY,

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

ARTICLE NUMBER TWO

In the first of his series of northern articles published last week, Mr. Harry Whitney explained that his expedition to the north was merely for the purposes of hunting. His camp was located at Annootok, on the Greenland shore of Smith Sound, forty miles from Etah, the most northerly Eskimo settlement in the world. To Annootok came Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who had

been regarded as lost in the north, and unfolded to Mr. Whitney his remarkable story of Polar discovery. The explorer told of a great hunting region northwards where musk ox abounded. With the assistance of Dr. Cook, Mr. Whitney's party set out for Ellesmere Land, where the real sport of big game hunting in the Arctic began in earnest.

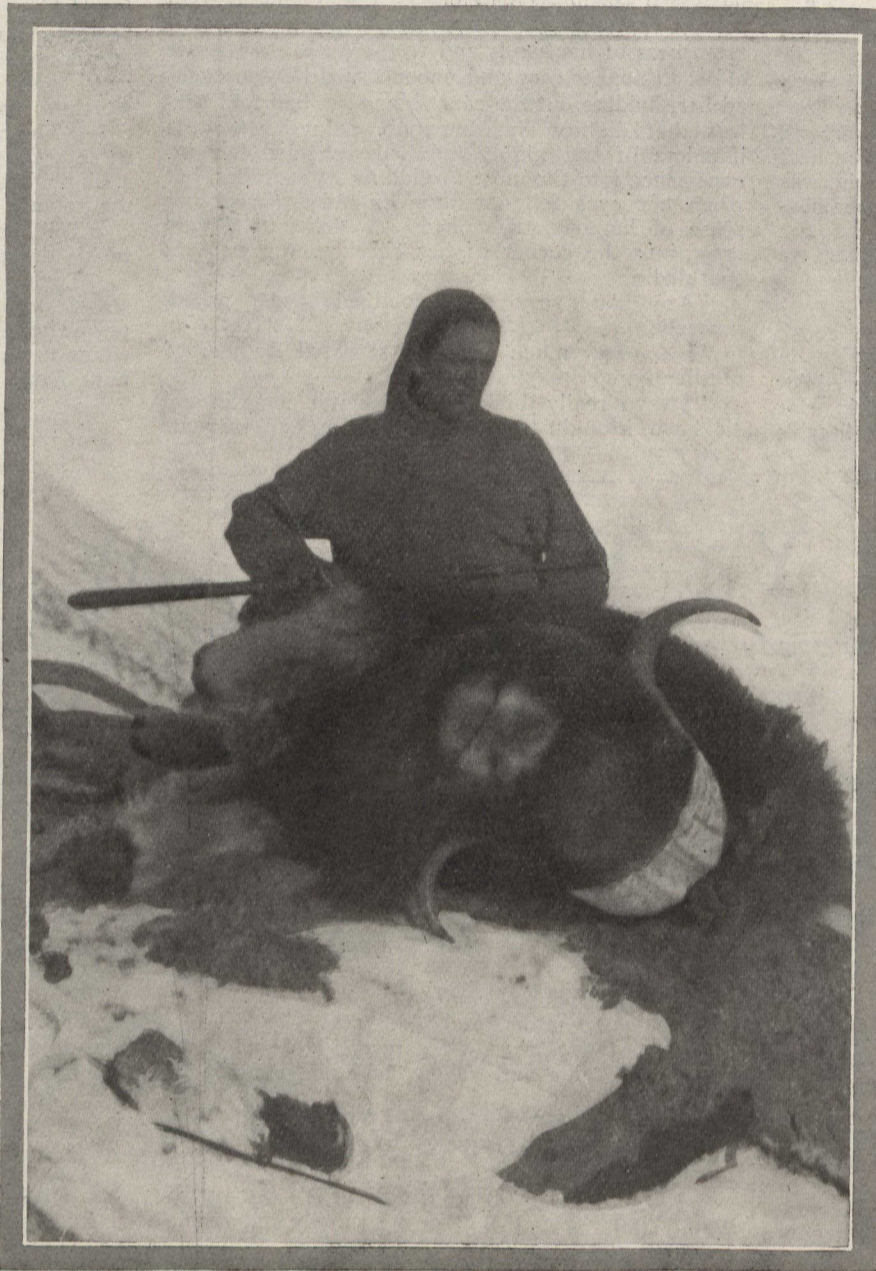
THE Eskimo divides his periods into "sleeps," but a sleep does not designate by any means the civilised measure of day and night. It is, in fact, a very uncertain term. Often we travelled from twenty to thirty hours without rest. Now there was no night, and I so far lost count of time that I was not at all certain of dates. Our single marches with the succeeding "sleep" not infrequently covered a full forty-eight hours, or two ordinary days. The object of these extended marches was to take advantage of good weather and general conditions, or because no safe or convenient camping place presented itself in the interim.

Okspuddyshou and Etukishuk went ahead to survey the ice barricades. They climbed a high iceberg from which a good view of our surroundings could be had, and returned with a most discouraging report. Personally, I could see little hope of finding an opening through which to push our sledges. This second march on Smith Sound was of eleven hours' duration, and with piercing wind and driving snow I suffered great discomfort. But a comfortable camp was the reward, tea and bacon for all hands warmed our blood and brought cheer and content, and our sleeping bags were snug and cosy.

A few hours' rest, a breakfast of seal liver and seal flippers—very strong and fishy in flavour—and we were again ready to attack the problem of overcoming the ice barrier. Etukishuk, who was one of Cook's Eskimos and had also been on the Polar Sea with Peary, and Annoplo-blackto, who had been with the latter on one of his "Farthest North" expeditions, both asserted that they had never in their lives encountered anything more difficult.

We found but six miles through which we had to chop our way, but those six miles consumed thirteen hours of continuous effort. Snowshoes could not be used in this rough stretch, though the snow was very deep in places, and now and again I sank to my waist. At length, men exhausted and dogs so tired that they laid down in their harness and refused to be urged into further effort, wind blowing, snow drifting, and my face and feet benumbed with cold, we searched for a suitable snow bank on which to build an igloo. Snow to be available for this purpose must be hard and firm, else blocks cannot be cut from it. Here it was all too loose, and as a last resource our bivouac was made in the lee of a convenient iceberg that broke the force of the bitter wind.

Though I wore dark glasses as a protection, the white glare had seriously affected my eyes. They had a burning sensation, and the eyeballs felt as though sand or some similar substance was imbedded in them—the warning of approaching snow blindness. In addition to this, with insufficient shelter from the north wind and consequent inability to protect myself from the cold, I was far from comfortable, but the Eskimos consoled me with the statement that we had passed the roughest ice and that with four more "sleeps" should find ourselves in the musk-ox country.



This is the first Musk Ox shot by Mr. Whitney in Ellesmere Land. The picture must be given a half left turn to observe the curious physiognomy



Arctic Hare shot in Ellesmere Land and frozen life-like.

Nature asserted herself, and my sleep was long and dreamless. When I awoke, much refreshed, the wind had died, the sky was cloudless, the sun was shining, and the day was the mildest of the year. The Eskimos had been up for several hours, but had not ventured to disturb me. It is characteristic of them that they will not awaken a slumbering white man.

The travelling was much improved, the drivers pushed the dogs as rapidly as possible, and progress was good. On an island that we passed I killed three Arctic hares with my .22 automatic rifle, and Okspuddyshou killed five, a welcome variety to our diet. The Arctic hare is several times larger than our ordinary hare and the flesh is even more palatable.

I shall never forget the feast that those Eskimos had when we next halted. I made a careful note of what the six men consumed within three hours—seven hares, one seal, about a bucketful of dried walrus meat prepared by Dr. Cook for dog food while at Annootok, and two large cups of tea and four biscuits per man. A good part of the seal and all the hare meat they ate raw, like hungry dogs. I trained my camera upon them, but Eskimos have a decided objection to being photographed while they eat, and out of respect to their wishes I desisted.

The drivers had been urging their dogs forward with unusual speed, and now the reason developed. They were anxious to reach a cache made by Dr. Cook more than a year before, when he was on his way north. It was expected that tobacco would be found in it, and the Eskimos were simply crazy to get at it. We found it on the side of a steep hill, with the supplies covered with rocks. Camp was made a few hundred yards from land. I insisted that all should be made snug before the cache was opened, and every one worked with feverish haste. Finally, when camp was in order and I gave the word, they rushed forward.

Under the stones we found four large tin boxes containing one box of tea, one box of sugar, one box of coffee, five cans of cranberry sauce, twenty-four boxes of matches, a number of cakes of chocolate, two boxes of films for small camera, six rolls of film which I found would fit my own camera and which I appropriated, one plane, one small knife, some .22 cartridges which had gone bad and some rifle cartridges which were as good as ever, one large and one small fry pan, and one large box of dried walrus and narwhal meat—the dog pemmican customarily made by white men in the Arctic—but to the great disappointment of all, no tobacco.

Though the pemmican was intended for dogs, the Eskimos seemed to enjoy it immensely. Everything was carried down to camp, and there, in accordance with Dr. Cook's request, I divided between his two men, Etukishuk and Ahwelah, such things as I did not need myself.

Here in our camp near the cache we halted for seven hours. I slept indifferently, weary as I was, and put in a miserable night, owing to the constant cracking of the ice with loud reports, sometimes directly beneath us, when it would tremble and threaten



Crossing Smith Sound. This is the sort of pleasant polar jaunting that enabled Dr. Cook to make his fabulous twelve miles a day in reaching the Pole.

Copyright Photographs by Harry Whitney.

to swallow us up. The Eskimos were all sleeping soundly when I arose and got my oil stove going, but they were soon up, preparing the sledges for the advance.

Again we came upon open water and were compelled to turn a long distance out of our course to get around it. However, the ice was in the finest possible condition, and we were able to cover in this march twenty miles by the chart, though we halted once to kill seals, a number of which were to be seen on the ice, as we needed them badly for dog food. I succeeded in getting two and the Eskimos brought in five among them.

At length we reached the head of Flagler Fjord, and left the ice for the land. High winds had swept the rocks pretty clear of snow, and travelling became, therefore exceedingly bad. The country was very rough and we could see only a short distance ahead, but there seemed small prospect of improvement. There was so little snow, in fact, that it became evident that we should have to lighten our *komatiks* of every pound we could spare from our equipment, dispensing with everything not absolutely necessary to our existence, even at the expense of comparative comfort. A small amount of tea and sugar and twenty-five pounds of biscuits were retained. Among other things, my oil stoves and oil were cached, and beyond this point I used the Eskimos' stone lamps to do my cooking.

Here we encountered the hottest day of the season. The thermometer registered at one time fifty-eight degrees above zero, though later, when in camp as I wrote my journal, I noticed that it had dropped to six degrees above. Travelling in this high temperature was exceedingly uncomfortable. Perspiration ran into my eyes, already inflamed by the glare of sun and snow, and they became very painful. Okspuddyshou and Tukshu had delayed the use of smoked glasses too long, and were suffering a great deal of pain from snow blindness.

Hares were very plentiful in the valleys which we were ascending, and so tame that we could approach within a few yards of them. I shot several for food, though they were very poor. The skins, too, were in high demand by the Eskimos for socks.

While hunting hare with Etukishuk I came upon the heads of five large musk oxen which had been killed a long time ago, and also saw a great many old musk-ox tracks. One pair of horns was in fair preservation, and this I took with me, but the others had lain in the snow for so long a time they were valueless.

In spite of the many tracks that were seen here, I held to my purpose to push on to the country for which we had set out. Here the tracks were not of recent date, while in the farther country there was no question but that we should find an abundance of game. In fact, Eiseeyou assured me that we were now so close to it that after another "sleep" or two at most we should have musk oxen for dinner.

The difficult conditions of travelling compelled us to shorten our next march to eight hours. Men and dogs were exhausted. Our eyes were bloodshot, highly inflamed, and painful. The temperature had suddenly dropped, and when I attempted to sleep I suffered more from the cold than at any time since leaving Annootok. The moisture from our breath froze at once into crystals upon everything it touched.

The short march, the necessity of halting to rest the dogs, and our own weariness brought about by constant back-breaking lifting of *komatiks* over rough, rocky places made progress slower even than had been anticipated. But encouragement came in the increasing freshness of musk-ox signs, which gave promise that our ambition was soon to be realised.

Finally we turned into the bed of a very large river—a river when the weather was warm enough to make the water flow, but now a stretch of solid ice. I should say it was a mile and a half in width. On either side snow-covered mountains rose abruptly to lofty heights, with glaciers from the interior ice cap now and again pushing down through ravines.

Everywhere we were surrounded by frozen desolation. It would be difficult to imagine a more God-forsaken region, but withal it possessed a rugged, austere beauty, an impressive and inspiring grandeur. Here in the midst of this bleak, barren land came to me a day that shall remain a life memory—a day that brought full recompense for all the hardships and sufferings that I had endured in the Arctic.

We had halted to make camp after many hours of desperate struggle, when Eiseeyou called me to him and pointed to what appeared to be two large black rocks at the foot of a mountain, a half mile or so distant, and as he pointed, said laconically, "*Omingmong!*" (musk ox). All the Eskimos broke at once into an excited babble, and set to work with feverish haste to straighten out the dogs' traces preparatory to a long run at high speed.

I could make little of what they said, for it requires not one, but several years of constant resi-

dence among the Eskimos for a white man to obtain sufficient grasp of their language to understand a running conversation. But when I saw them remove their guns from their cases, I knew they were preparing for the chase and told them very forcibly that I must hold them to our agreement, that I alone should shoot all the musk ox and any bear seen upon the trip, unless I chose to give others the privilege, and this I did not propose to do, on the present occasion, at least.

They were very sulky at first, but finally replaced their guns in the cases. In great haste and confusion everything was made ready. Three of the Eskimos cut one dog loose from each of their teams, and these dashed away on the trail of the musk ox, putting new life into those attached to the light sledges, which, though the snow was soft and deep, took up the chase at a mad run. For a few hundred yards our speed was beyond belief. The dogs were wild for the hunt.

The three dogs that were first cut loose overtook the musk ox and attacked them by biting at their heels. When we had come within fifty yards of the animals, Eiseeyou cut his eight dogs loose, and the pack brought the game to bay. There was a large boulder rising above the snow, and both musk ox backed up against it and kept the dogs off with lowered heads and frequent charging, always backing up to the boulder to protect their rear.

They were the first musk ox of my experience and they were the most peculiar animals I had ever seen. Their long hair hung down and dragged in the snow, leaving a trail where they had walked on either side of their tracks. For a little while I watched their method of fighting the dogs, and then raised my rifle and gave each a shot behind the shoulder. I was very close to them when I fired and both animals were killed instantly.

I may say here that for either long or close shooting, the high-power small bore sporting rifle, carrying a good weight, soft-nosed, jacketed bullet, is, in my experience, the most effective and satisfactory weapon. I have done rapid shooting, always with killing effect, at many hundred yards, with such a weapon, and when big game is hit it cannot escape.

The instant the musk ox dropped, all of the dogs were on top of them and would have torn them to pieces had the Eskimos not driven them off with their whips. These were two very large old bulls, with magnificent heads, trophies alone worthy of my hard trip from Greenland.

MEN OF THE YEAR IN MINIATURE

Little Cartoons on some of the celebrities who have marked the mile-posts of 1909

IN the roll call of men of the year 1909, the King—God bless him! He is a gentleman. Of all Teddies in the world he is the best. Let no man try to define the King to us Canadians. We know the King; neither do we make him cheap; nor hold him on a pedestal. He has had his good time. He could have a fairly good time yet with most any of us. Monarch, emperor, diplomat and gentleman—he is yet a simple, plain man to whom four hundred millions of subjects extend the happiest of New Years; white men and black men and brown men and yellow men; gathered by all seas; sweltering under tropic suns and freezing in the Yukon; men in the ships and in lands where all languages are spoken—but none so plain as that which says—The King, God bless him!

Taft—shift the eyeglass; this is a different breed; a gentleman no less, and a diplomat and a statesman. But we do not know Taft. He has not yet jarred on our sensibilities; seems like a common man played very large; a humorous, humanist sort with the smile that beams like a rising sun; a man of no fads and no great particular preachments, but a sterling, sensible plain man after the manner of the late Grover Cleveland. He won his recognition down in the Philippines and in the Panama zone. Plain, big Bill—for a common man

For Lieutenant Shackleton is the man for that—unless Lieutenant Scott should head him off. We believe in the South Pole for the British. Shackle-

name becomes pronounceable. It is a fashion of German Emperors to make and unmake Chancellors. The new prince's fate will be awaited with interest.

Cornering the world's wheat and forcing the price up to a price and a half does not fall to the lot of many men. James Patten did it in 1909. He was for a time more talked of than the Kaiser and the King and the flying-machiners. He struck humanity hard—in a very practical place. His achievements in the Chicago wheat-pit made even Wall Street look tame and Sunday-Schooly. But he squared the account by selling a pile of wheat at a large personal loss; not, however, putting himself in any danger of the county poorhouse and without in the least detracting from his brilliant and sensational reputation.

Carnegie, the richest of all money-givers; the man whose main occupation in life now is to give away money—now what would that feel like, do you think? If you and I could wake every morning to the strains of a pipe organ and do nothing but go over the list of libraries we were to endow that day and the pipe organs to install; knowing that the law of interest on money was running us such a race that unless we should get nervous prostration giving away the money we should die some day richer than when we started in at the game. That is an awful consideration; and it seems to have



King Edward.



President Taft.



Commander Peary.



Lieut. Shackleton.

ton has done his share. His proximity to the antipodes of the North Pole gave him about as much mysterious eminence as the North gave to Peary. Most of us used to dream that the South Pole was just an imaginary bubble in a warm summer sea; that there would be dolphins playing and gulls of brilliant summer plumage flitting over the water. Whereas the voyage of Shackleton proves that the South Pole is about as far north as the North Pole; for the north after all is the inaccessible.

Next to the monarchs and the polar discoverers—surely the flying men deserve attention. They have brought the unattainable as near as the Pearys and the Shackletons have brought the inaccessible. 1909 has been the year of flying-machines; more airships in that year than in all the years of the world's history. The Zeppelins and the Bleriot and the Wrights and the Farmans have put us in touch with the infinite in a very practical way. They have come as near as possible to realising the epical illusions of Jules Verne. They have all but taken us on the trip to Mars. By this time next year—



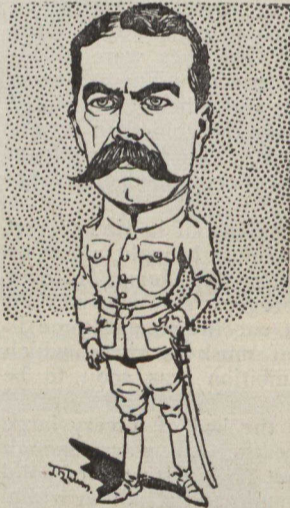
Count Zeppelin.



M. Bleriot.

he wields a huge power. George the Third wouldn't know such a man, for he had no notion that the Thirteen Colonies ever could produce so unostentatious and homely a ruler.

Of all men of the year, Peary has become most unusual. If he has found the North Pole he has done what no other man ever will do. To stand on top of the world's roof and look down in imagination on the millions of mankind that crawl half up its bulge and a little beyond—that is a subject for an artist of Dorean calibre. Of course Peary did nothing of the sort; he simply hauled a toboggan and when he got over the hummocks to the exact spot by his sextant and compass, he stayed just long enough to do what science required of him and came away. He has succeeded in becoming a hero; but that is a dangerous thing. Besides, there have been so many cheap funnygrams gotten off about Peary and the Pole that there should be a New Year's resolution—to leave Peary alone and pray to heaven that he do not hanker too hard after the South Pole.



Viscount Kitchener.



German Chancellor.

fallen upon no other man in the world's history but Andrew Carnegie.

Lord Lansdowne has come into the limelight. He is the only Canadian ex-Governor-General who ever had the opportunity to precipitate a budget crisis in Great Britain. 1909 and Lansdowne are well linked together. 1910 and the British election are still in the balance; the most sensational and all-absorbing British election that ever was. The whole world knows about the House of Lords and all of Canada knows vastly more about the issues at stake in the coming election across the water than at any other time since we became a people.

One of the memorable events of the year was the Imperial Press Conference in London, at which editors from all parts of the Empire met. It was natural that Lord Burnham, the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, and one of the moving spirits in bringing about the Conference, should be its president. Wielding great journalistic influence, Lord Burnham has been one of the most prominent opponents of the Budget.

airships to rent or hire, perhaps. Count Zeppelin electrified Germany with his airship. Bleriot got across the English Channel and threw the German scare afresh into England. God keep these airship men of peaceful mind!

Solid on the ground, however, is the great Lord Kitchener, who, having conquered most of the peoples of the earth before he was fifty, has now gone to the Mediterranean for a polite official rest, nominally in command of something but no longer appealing to the imagination as he did in the Soudan and South Africa and in India. The War Office wanted him not. He was too much Kitchener. Once the world of wagging tongues had him about to be married; but he is still the single and singular Lord Kitchener, the man of iron who was never really beaten at the game of war.

The new German Chancellor is an unknown quantity; conspicuous chiefly because he has succeeded Von Buelow, who fell foul of the Kaiser, as Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg may do—when his



Mr. James Patten.



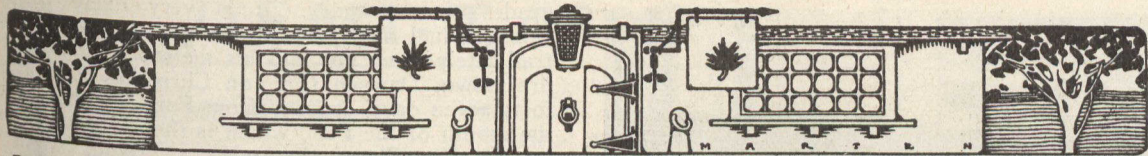
Mr. Andrew Carnegie.



Lord Lansdowne.



Lord Burnham.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

Women and the Free Grant Lands.

IN the Women's Department of the Winnipeg Telegram, Grace I. Hopewell raises a point which is well worth consideration. She desires to know why Canadian women are not given equal opportunities with foreign women in connection with free grants of land in the West. This is a brand new point. It should be taken up and

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAT IN THE WORLD



This is said to be the most beautiful cat in the world. It is called "Love in a Mist," and its wonderful marks attract great attention whenever the cat is exhibited. The light marks are silver colouring.

Photo by Halftones, Limited.

discussed by every women's association from Halifax to Victoria.

The free grant lands belonging to the Dominion Government are being given to foreigners at a terrific rate. Indeed, the Government's magnificent generosity is of doubtful merit. During the past year there were several cases where men, not necessarily Canadians, waited around land offices when certain districts were being opened up and thereby secured a farm worth three or four thousand dollars free of charge. Not all the farms given away are worth a thousand dollars or upwards, but a great many of them are. It seems strange that the Government should prefer to give these away rather than to sell them. It is stranger that they should prefer to give them to foreigners than to native Canadians. It is still stranger that they will give a section to a foreign woman and not to a Canadian woman.

The following extracts give some idea of what this western writer thinks of the situation:

"Our Dominion Government will give one hundred and sixty acres of land in western Canada, free, to any foreign woman, whether she be a Doukhobor, Russian, Italian, Galician, German, Swed or Norwegian, if she is provided with babies and a release from her husband by divorce or death, while our school teachers, who have served long years, who have had a hand in the education of our future statesmen; our nurses, who have saved the lives of many children each year, these and many other intelligent, industrious women, many of whom have spent long years in caring for aged or invalid parents or other relatives, or who have some one depending upon them for support and for this reason have not married; these women must stand aside and see the foreigner receive a free homestead.

"Why should these lands be given away to outsiders and withheld from our Canadian women when they are willing to comply with the rules and perform the homestead duties?

"Besides the spinsters in our country there are many widows who have been deprived of their children by death and who are thrown entirely upon their own resources for a livelihood.

"We think the Government need not fear a deluge of women in the West if they extend the homestead privilege to women, for there are those among us who have been brought up in the country and who would be quite capable of managing a

farm. Try us for three years and see if we do not 'make good.'

"Our agricultural colleges are open to women, yet the women who have graduated in these colleges are not allowed to make homestead entry, while foreigners who scarcely know a spring lamb from a jack rabbit are welcome to one hundred and sixty acres of the best land they can find in western Canada."

* * *

Sarah Bernhardt's Dolls.

THE actresses of the French capital and other grown-ups who are not actresses have several collections of dolls which are peculiarly interesting.

Mme. Marthe Regnier has a whole roomful, Mlle. Marcelle Yrven has galleries of dolls, and M. Leo Claretie, the son of M. Jules Claretie, of the Francais, has a house full.

In *M. A. P.* we are told that the other day there was talk at Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's house of these collections, and somebody wondered why Mme. Sarah had never thought of starting one. She laughed, and led the way into a room, where three hundred beautiful dolls in costumes of all kinds received her visitors. At the end of the room was a curtain. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt drew it aside and showed a collection of exquisite little figures carved by herself, painted by her friend Louise Abbema, and representing the actress in all the parts she has ever played, from Iphigenie, in which she made her debut at the Francais in 1862, to Joan of Arc, in which she is appearing now. This collection is probably the most valuable little collection of dolls in the world.

* * *

An Irish Lady Aeroplanist.

THE Irish lady who startled Scotland Yard by applying for a license to drive a motor-cab in London, Miss Shelah O'Neill, is preparing to make an aeroplane flight across the Irish Channel. She created a new record a few days ago in being the only woman stall-holder at the Stanley Show.

Her project is certainly sensational. "If the weather is good," she said, "I shall probably make the attempt to pay a 'flying' visit to my home in Ireland about Christmas time. The machine I shall use is now being built. It is partly my own invention, and is a biplane, with several improvements

on existing types. Built of spruce, which is quite flexible, the aeroplane will weigh only two hundred pounds, and will carry ten gallons of petrol. In three weeks' time I shall begin trial flights at Shell-beach."

Miss O'Neill understands all about the mechanism of motor-cars, and for a long time past she has been keenly studying aviation.

* * *

The Golden Shore.

BY SERANUS.

FAR away, far away
Lies the golden shore of Youth,
Where I never more shall stray,
Well I know—too well, in sooth.

Brooklet slipping swift to sea
Made a sailor's lass of me,
Bounding light from stone to stone,
Eyes uplifted, curls outblown.

Just a feather on the strand
Plucked and set within my hair
Made of me a princess grand,
Riding on my palfrey fair.

Just a blossom in the green
Was a roseate fairy queen;
Dandelions in the grass
Soldiers were with shields of brass.

Little hill beyond the field
Was a mountain tall and bare;
To its top I gaily reeled,
Drinking in the spacious air.

In the drowsy afternoon
Of a warm and sunny June,
When my elders sat to darn,
I would race around the barn.

In the barn were splendid things,
Grim and gracious, all alive,
Some with fur and some with wings,
And outside a honey hive.

Quite enough for loveliness
Was a little, cotton dress,
Made of white and scarlet check,
With a ruffle at the neck.

Cold and heat and wind and rain—
Each was welcome in its turn;
Frost upon the windowpane,
Sun that made my face to burn.

Never meal without a grace
Said with earnest, childish face;
Never sleep without a prayer
To the angels bright and fair.

Far away, far away,
Lies the wondrous golden shore,
Where at work or where in play
I shall wander nevermore.

A RUSSIAN PRINCESS ACTS IN LONDON



The Princess Banatinsky has been appearing at His Majesty's Theatre, in London, England—presenting plays in the Russian Language. She has met with great appreciation, the critics placing her in the same class as Sarah Bernhardt. Our photo shows her in Cleopatra.

Photo by Halftones, Limited.



The sort of House the Beaver builds.—On Mud Lake in North Ontario.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Little Stories by Land and Sea, concerning the folk who move hitber and thither across the face of a Big Land.

The Busy Beaver.

FOR their dams, beavers choose a sluggish stream in the woods and select a point where the water is about two feet in depth. The dam is commenced in the centre of the stream, is carried each way to the shore, and when completed is a mere tangled heap of brush having a long slope and comparatively tight surface on its upper side. Their object in building these dams is to maintain a sufficient depth of water over the entrances to the tunnels leading to their burrows in the bank. The dam in the above photograph was about 100 feet in length and created a depth of about eight feet on its upper side.

Beavers live almost entirely upon the bark of such hardwood trees as the maple, birch and poplar and their methods of obtaining their supplies of food are very ingenious. They stand upon their hind feet and gnaw round and round the stem of a tree until it falls. (The photograph above shows a tree that has just been felled.) Several beavers then commence to cut the log into sections of various lengths but without entirely separating the sections. Then they seize the log in their teeth, grasping it at the joints, and by their united efforts manage to drag the log to the water, where it is floated away and sunk at the doors of their houses, where they are stuck into the mud to prevent their floating away.

* * *

An Up-to-date Westerner.

A WESTERN farmer, post-office address, Moosejaw, dropped into Detroit, Michigan, the other day. For a plain, unassuming Saskatchewan chap, he made a big sensation among the smart Americans. He had whittles of No. 1 hard in his clothes; also one hundred thousand dollars. The manner in which Mr. J. J. Coe let blow his greenbacks, caused the bright young reporters to sprint on his trail. He led them a merry chase among the automobile dealers. Brisk competition there was that day among the dealers of a town, which makes the majority of Uncle Sam's buzz waggons. All of Mr. Coe's money was spent on automobiles. When he was ready to take the train back home, thirty cars bore tags with the address—Moosejaw, Saskatchewan, Canada. One of the pressmen, a cub reporter who had never put a foot farther in Canada than Niagara, piped a question at the affluent farmer, asking him whether he was going to use all the cars himself—were the roads as bad as that? Mr. J. J. Coe issued a statement to the effect that he and thirty of his neighbours back home had made a whole heap in wheat this fall. They could not see why they should not have the same playthings as the rest of the world. True, there was not much chance for joy-riding during winter time in Moosejaw—but spring! Mr. Coe concluded:

"Give us a garage when this shipment gets there, and some speed regulations, and we will be right up-to-date with the eastern cities."

* * *

A Railroad Capital.

CONSIDERABLE joy there has been in Lethbridge besides Christmas good cheer these last few days. Especially are the real estate men jubilant. They have visions of a boom and big, fat prices for their acres. All this exuberance of joy, because a new railroad is going to push through

the Alberta city. The civic fathers are glad because Lethbridge is to contain the palatial head offices of the new concern. As the capital of a railroad, Lethbridge will be as proud as Montreal or Toronto. The new railroad is to run from Pilot Bay, B.C., to Hartney, Manitoba. Ottawa and Sudbury capitalists have been calculating the cost and sizing up the general situation. They took over the charter of the British Columbia and Manitoba Railway several weeks ago. At a meeting in Lethbridge the other day the officers of the company expressed themselves optimistically as to their project. They promised millions of backing. The sureyor's gangs are to get on the job at once. Preliminary routes have been sketched. Most of the road is expected to be constructed during 1910.

* * *

Naval Opinion.

COMMANDER JOHN T. WALSH, R.N.R., the well-known C. P. R. authority on marine construction, was interviewed at St. John the other day about the Canadian navy question. There were some phases of the navy scheme which did not appeal very strongly to the Commander. For instance, he was extremely amused at the cherished plans of some enthusiasts who would have the Canadian armament manned exclusively by Canadian tars. "Why, there could not be such a thing as a Canadian admiral in less than twenty years!" exclaimed the Commander. According to him, none of the present generation could be utilised as sailors. Both officers and crew of the Dominion navy are still in the public schools. Naval marines are not made in a day. Commander Walsh illustrated that the development of a seaman-gunner must be undertaken at the age of fourteen years. The seaman-gunner is one of the indispensables of a warship. Every man on board, except, perhaps, the stokers, must know the a b c of the modern breech-loader. He must be qualified to step to the front and do the shelling should the man behind the gun in front drop.

Commander Walsh said that he himself favoured a Canadian navy rather than a cash contribution to Imperial defence. To what he objected was the hasty planning of theoretical academicians, who knew nothing of the practicalities of ships. Canada would have to wait at least fifteen years for such a fleet as they advocate. But a start could be made at once. The Dominion Government could pack off to the training ships of England two or three dozen of bright public school intellects, who would return in a few years and employ their expert naval knowledge to the needs of their country.

* * *

Worse Than Locusts and Wild Honey.

LUCKY for Bishop Stringer of the Yukon that he doesn't wear sandals as the apostles used to in days of old. The good Bishop of the far north, shepherd of souls by the northern lights, has just been through an experience when he was kept alive mainly by the nourishment derived from his own moccasins—which might have been of moosehide or of caribou-skin. There isn't a great deal of sustenance in a pair of moccasins. The only way to get what little there is, out, is to make moccasin soup. In this way one pair of moccasins may be used like the proverbial family bone, a good many times. There is real moccasin soup, moccasin bouillon and moccasin consomme—all in various

grades of consistency. It is very likely Bishop Stringer had them all. He was held up on a long trail lately—just got into his metropolis and cathedral town, Dawson City, on Christmas Eve, after forty-seven days' journey from Fort Macpherson at the mouth of the Peel, which is the old route taken by the Klondikers that went overland. With a missionary, Mr. Johnson, the Bishop started from Macpherson in September, hoping to cross to the head of the Porcupine River in time to reach Yukon River last fall with canoes. The head of Bell River, emptying into the Porcupine River, was frozen, so they had to walk back to Fort Macpherson. For twenty-five days they "mushed" in blinding Arctic storms, with little food. Supplies finally gave out. For many days there was only a handful of food for each man daily. Finally the party were compelled to take their moccasins and muckluks from their feet and eat them. They were able then to walk only five or ten miles a day, and at last stumbled into an Indian camp, where there were plenty of supplies. Each man lost fifty pounds in weight.

* * *

To the Governmental Bow-Wows.

"CANADA is a country of extraordinarily intelligent people run by its incompetents," remarked a rather caustic though observant citizen on a street-car just this morning. He had been observing the House of Commons, which did not hugely please him.

"Scarcely a strong face in the House," he protested. "Scarcely a man who looks as though he were more than a third-rater; no men of distinction. Why, the Canadian Cabinet has been deteriorating ever since Confederation."

Even the first-prize cabinet of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1896 did not, in this critic's mind, come up to the councils of the earlier years. Apparently the man was a Tory—though he spoke with great perspicacity and some wit. He animadverted upon aldermen and city councils and mayoralties.

"For it's quite evident," he said with a 1910 glimmer, "that most of our chief magistrates are very ordinary men. It is no longer a dignity to be classed as mayor of one of our chief cities. Aldermen are little thumb-box people; most of them scarcely worth four hundred dollars a year. School trustees—"

But by this time the car had got to his corner and he said the rest to himself. It was a cold douche for the warm, impulsive beginning of a new year; but it was the season of the year that fetched it forth.

* * *

The Poetic Ice-Boat.

ICE-BOATING is once more a fad—for the frozen few. There is said to be a great deal of poetry in an ice-boat. But the man who sees the poetry is neither he who drives nor he who pays twenty-five cents for an outing. An ice-boat is the next best thing to an ice-box in the world. On shore the day may look balmy and mellow. Pack yourself into an ice-boat and start on a fifty-mile an hour clip to nowhere in particular, and you conclude that it's about time airships were being perfected.



Bishop Stringer of the Yukon, his wife and family in Borean Costume.

DEMI-TASSE

One on Mr. Whitney.

A FAIRLY good joke on Mr. Harry Whitney, the American millionaire, yachtsman, and sportsman, whose articles are now running in the CANADIAN COURIER, is going the rounds. It appears that when he was in the northland he met Captain Bernier and the members of the Arctic expedition. As white people were rare in that portion of the world, each party was glad to see the other, and courtesies were exchanged. Mr. Whitney invited Captain Bernier to dine with him on his yacht and the Captain accented with alacrity. After the dinner, which was exceptionally fine considering the distance from the Cafe Martin, Mr. Whitney exhibited the trophies of his rifle gathering during his year in Ellesmere Land, and other portions of Canadian territory. The musk-ox robes were especially magnificent. Then Captain Bernier drew himself up to his full height and looked quizzically at the American millionaire.

"May I ask," said the Captain, who represented the majesty of the Canadian Government in that region, "if you have a game license from the Dominion authorities?"

Mr. Whitney, somewhat startled, replied that he had not.

"Then I must request you to pay me fifty dollars for that privilege."

And Mr. Whitney paid over the amount to his guest.

* * *

A Double Understanding.

GOING the rounds of the English press at the present time is a story concerning a recent banquet at which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd-George, was a guest. Sitting next him was a young lady, who listened reverently to every word that fell from her hero's lips.

"Ah," she ventured at last, "you have suffered a great deal in your life from being misunderstood, have you not?"

"Yes," Mr. Lloyd-George is reported to have replied, "I have suffered from being misunderstood; but I haven't suffered half as much as I would have if I had been understood."

Which reminds the COURIER that few good stories are absolutely new. Five years ago at the Canadian Press Association banquet, Colonel Hugh Clark was taunted by his namesake, Joseph, of the Star, with omitting his humorous paragraphs from his paper and hitting out, straight from the shoulder, on the platform in a recent election campaign. In reply Colonel Clark said that the editorial paragraphs might have been misunderstood. Then he added: "You know, gentlemen, it is as dangerous for a candidate in a political election to be misunderstood as it is to be understood."

* * *

A Wine-Dinner Toast.

HERE'S to all good fellows,
In this world and the next;
We drink to you a toast to-night,
Goodfellowship's our text.

Not the fellow that takes your hand
In an idling hour, you know,
Not the fellow that slaps your back
As long as the highballs flow,
But the chan who speaks a kindly
word

When the world is running wrong;
The fellow that grips your hand in
his,

And tells you life's a song.
What if we know the duffer lies?
What if he knows it, too?

There are times in life when the friend who lies

Is the only friend that's true.
Cavil and rant, ye prudes who will,
Of the evils of wine and gin—

But, somehow, the real, true things we feel

Leak out when the wine leaks in.
The fool is a fool and the cad is a cad,

Whichever God means him to be,
But the man that's a man won't forget he's a man,

Though he's out on a deuce of a spree.

So drink to this toast from your hearts, my friends,

From heart to heart let it run—
Here's to good fellows all over the world—

Their health! And God bless every one!

* * *

"A Daniel Come to Judgment."

THE following is one of the good stories told of the eminent Curran who dealt with cases seemingly impossible, his shrewdness and wit overcoming every obstacle:

A farmer attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Next day he applied for the money, but the host affected to know nothing about the matter. In his dilemma the farmer consulted Curran. "Have patience," said the counsel, "speak to the landlord civilly, and tell him you are convinced you must have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you and lodge another hundred pounds with the landlord, and then come to me." The dupe doubted the advice, but moved by the authority of rhetoric of the learned counsel, he at length followed it. "And now, sir," said he, returning to Curran, "I don't see as I'm to be better off for this, even if I get my second hundred again; but how is that to be done?" "Go and ask him for it when he is alone," said the counsel. "Aye, sir, but asking won't do, I's afraid, without my witness at any rate." "Never mind, take my advice," said Curran, "do as I bid you and return to me." The farmer did so, and came back with his hundred, glad to find even this safe in his possession. "Now, sir, I suppose I must be content, but I don't see as I'm much better off." "Well, then," said the counsel, "now take your friend with you and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him." It need not be added that the wily landlord found he had been taken off his guard, whilst the farmer returned full of gratitude to his counsel with both hundreds in his pockets.

* * *

Excusable.

IT is said that Mr. Carnegie considers the following to be his best Scotch story: On a certain evening a party, of which he was one of the number, were seated playing at whist. Near him was a crusty old Scot whose partner was a young woman, the daughter of a neighbouring laird. The young woman's surprise may be easily imagined when in the heat of the game her partner threw down his cards and exclaimed:

"What kind of a game are you playing ye stupid auld—"

And then recollecting himself, he bowed, and said humbly to the outraged girl:

"Your pardon's begged, madam. I took ye in the excitement for my ain wife."

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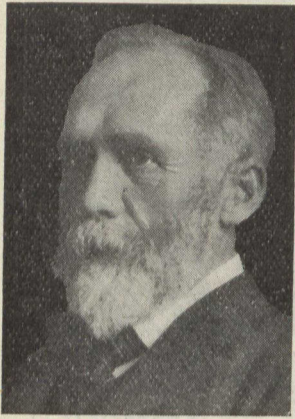
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Where a Son Can Succeed His Father and do it Successfully.

NOW that Mr. James Ross has with his withdrawal as president of the Dominion Coal Co. made it clear that he intends to gradually retire from active participation in most of the concerns he has helped along towards the enjoyment of a great deal of success and prosperity, the question naturally arises, who will succeed him, more particularly in the enterprises in which his holdings are very large?



Mr. James Ross.

Very fortunately for Mr. Ross, he has a son who can step right in and look after his father's interests in very much the same way as he would himself, and this son is Mr. J. K. L. Ross, more generally known as Mr. "Jack." Jack is a very fine type of young man who has, of his own will, gone right in and done a good deal of good hard work, evidently with the idea of equipping himself in a way that would permit of his doing successfully just what his father wants him to do now. Ever since Jack left McGill University, and more particularly its champion football team, he has given very close attention to work, with the result that he knows a good deal about the practical side of the coal and steel industries, and has at the same time a pretty thorough business training that will permit him of being able to sit down at almost any board of directors, and besides having a pretty good grasp of the problems that may be presented, give the various companies the benefit of the considerable experience that he has had. During

the past few years young Mr. Ross has developed very fast, his close association with his father giving him an advantage that can be enjoyed by very few young Canadians, mainly because there are few minds that have such a thorough grasp of the industrial possibilities of the country as has that of Mr. Ross, and his has always been constructive genius, which has always been the means of the successful organisation of industrial enterprises.

While Mr. Ross, Sr., retires from the Dominion Coal and Dominion Iron & Steel concerns, he remains one of the largest, if not the very largest holder of Dominion Iron Common, and it is not unnatural that his son, Mr. J. K. L. Ross, will be one of the vice-presidents of the new Steel Corporation when it is successfully organised in a few months. Among Mr. Ross' pet schemes, however, are the Dominion Bridge and the St. Johns Railway, both of which are what might be called almost closed corporations, but which have the reputation of being in their own particular sphere, the most successful enterprises of their kind in the country. Young Mr. Ross has on and off paid quite a little attention to these enterprises, more particularly to the Bridge Company, and it is very likely that now that he has given up active participation in the Coal Company as a result of his father finally surrendering the controlling interest to the Steel Company, that he will be able to give more attention to the Bridge Company. Young Jack is just the type of a man that will be immensely popular with his associates, very largely because in addition to getting a good deal of shrewdness from his father, he has inherited a great deal of affability and kindness from his mother, and this is just the combination which always works very well in the business world.

* * *

How Much Watered Capital in New Capitalisations?

WHILE the deposits in Canadian banks have gone forward with leaps and bounds during the past year or two, it cannot be said that the people of Canada have been without an opportunity of investing their money if they so desired, seeing that the new companies floated in 1909 represented the total capitalisation of \$121,624,875. My, how this fever of forming new companies has spread in Canada during the past ten years! In 1900 the total authorised capital of the companies incorporated in that year was \$9,558,900. Think of it! An increase of \$112,065,975 or 1172 per cent. in nine years. That is certainly travelling some, even for a country that is growing as rapidly as Canada is at the present time, and there is every indication that the tremendous figures shown in 1909 will even be exceeded in 1910 owing to the big consolidations and mergers that are now being arranged for, and that will likely be carried through if the money market remains in anything like a satisfactory condition till next fall.

An interesting feature of it all would be if one could only prepare a statement showing just how many millions of watered capital are included in the total figures for 1909, and for that matter for almost any other year. Just right off the bat, and as a kind of making a stab in the dark, one could almost say fifty millions of the total 121 millions was nothing but watered capital. And by George! the more one thinks of it, if one knows of just how these things are done, the more one feels that this figure would be below rather than above the real mark. And then comes the question if there is really any such thing as watered capital, seeing that what might be so termed at the inception of the company, cannot any longer be termed as such once the company is showing, over and above its fixed charges, profits that might be applicable to its watered stock. Once there is an earning power on it, there is a fixed value to it, quite regardless of the fact that the promoters might have paid one hundred cents on the dollar for it, or whether they got it in return for their efforts in connection with the organisation of the concern. And a growing country like Canada seems to be able to stand quite a large amount of this class of capital, mainly because the actual business that is being done, very largely with the assistance of a very kind tariff, permits of the various concerns living down a good deal of excess capital, and paying handsome dividends on all classes of securities.

* * *

How Some Men Work to Have Dreams of Their Boyhood Come True.

JUST how strongly some men work to have the dreams of their boyhood days come true, is afforded by the example given by old John Murphy, the former dry goods merchant who sold out his large departmental store in Montreal to the Robert Simpson Company of Toronto back a couple of years ago. Old John is a very democratic type of man, and although he built up a very large and prosperous business, always seemed happiest when he could

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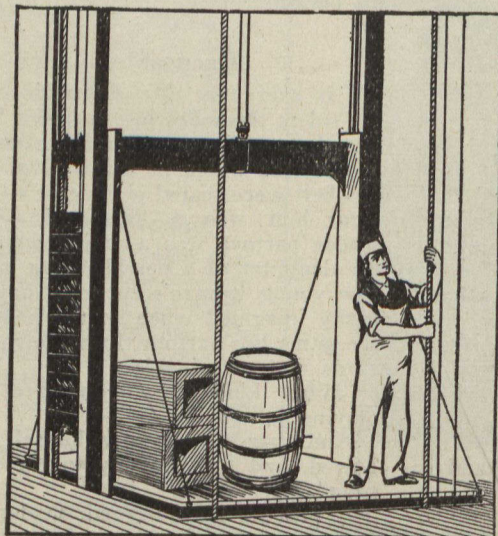
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dived down into a new case of goods, and after examining each piece, mark them off in the proper manner.

But the great dream of his boyhood was, that if ever he should get real rich, he would get the very best pocket knife that money could buy. Off and on through his long business career his dream came back to him, but somehow he never felt just rich enough to be able to allow himself the luxury in the manner he had dreamed of, till finally after selling out his large business at a pretty attractive figure to the Robert Simpson crowd, he was one day in London, England, and the dream came back again. Right on the spot John made up his mind that he would get on the train and go all the way down to Sheffield, into the Rogers factory, and pick out the very best knife that had ever been turned out of the factory. This he did the very same day, and after reaching the factory and looking throughout the elaborate catalogue, he decided on one that was a regular beauty and cost somewhat over \$100, because of the manner in which it was set with some gem or other. Shortly after he got back to Montreal, he was talking with one of his former associates, and recalling to him how often he had mentioned his boyhood dream, he pulled the knife out of his pocket, and in proudly showing it he seemed to take really as much pleasure as the average man does in being able to pull off some big deal. Ever since he has carried the knife very carefully around with him in his pocket, and has evidently derived a great pleasure from the fact of being able, every once in a while, to pull it out and look at it.

* * *

Stocks for Three Years.

The following table gives the price record of leading Canadian stocks for the past three years, up to the close of the year. A perusal of the table will show that a good many issues closed the year at the high point:

	—1907—		—1908—		—1909—	
	High	Low	High	Low	High	Low
BANKS—						
Canadian Bank of Commerce	180	153	171	155	196	172
Dominion Bank	267	216	246	216	248	236
Bank of Hamilton	217	180	205	185	207	199
Imperial Bank of Canada	230	195	234	209	234	225
Merchants Bank of Canada	170	150	166	151	170	160
Molsons Bank	215	183	207	188	211	200
Bank of Montreal	257	225	250	230	254	245
Bank of Nova Scotia	293	274	286	274	285	277
Bank of Ottawa	224	212	208	200	213	210
Quebec Bank	145	119	135	120	126	122
Royal Bank of Canada	242	218	233	212	233	212
Standard Bank of Canada	230	210	232	213	241	224
Bank of Toronto	235	200	221	201	227	215
Traders Bank of Canada	140	123	137	122	148	136
Union Bank of Canada	152	125	133	123	140	133

	—1907—		—1908—		—1909—	
	High	Low	High	Low	High	Low
STEAM RAILROADS—						
C. P. R., Common	195	138	180	140	189	165
Minn., St. P. & Soo St. M., Pref.	168	105	151	124	163	147
Minn., St. P. & Soo St. M., Common	140	60	135	80	154	133

	—1907—		—1908—		—1909—	
	High	Low	High	Low	High	Low
STREET RAILWAYS AND LIGHT CO'S.—						
Consumers Gas Co.	206	182	200	182	207	196
Detroit United Railway	84	28	56	31	71	55
Illinois Traction Co., Preferred	94	71	95	79	98	90
Mex. Light & Power Co., Common	57	35	79	46	89	62
Mex. Light & Power Co., Pref.	108	90	108	104
Mexico Tramways Co.	61	57	139	68	146	122
Montreal Light, Heat & Power	96	79	113	85	136 ³ / ₈	109
Montreal Street Railway Co.	239	157	204	171	223 ¹ / ₄	203
Rio de Janeiro T. L. & P. Co.	48	27	81	30	104	79
Sao Paulo Tram., Light & P. Co.	138	94	156	111	161	143
Shawinigan W. & P. Co., Com.	58	38	81	54	104	81
Toronto Electric Light Co.	160	110	135	110	135	114
Toronto Railway Co.	115	83	109	94	130	108
Tri-City Rail. & L. Co., Pref.	90	75	85	69	93	84
Twin City Rapid Transit, Common	108	69	97	79	116 ¹ / ₄	97
Winnipeg Electric Railway Co.	186	120	171	124	190	156

	—1907—		—1908—		—1909—	
	High	Low	High	Low	High	Low
NAVIGATION—						
Niagara Navigation Co.	126	105	129	105	137	124
Northern Navigation Co.	104	80	105	83	123 ¹ / ₂	97
Richelieu & Ontario Nav. Co.	82	49	78	62	95	77
St. Lawrence & Chi. S. Nav. Co.	127	116	126	109	128	106

	—1907—		—1908—		—1909—	
	High	Low	High	Low	High	Low
INDUSTRIALS—						
Amal. Asbestos, Common	38	15
Amal. Asbestos, Pref.	100	85
Bell Telephone Co.	145	110	143	123	150	138
Canadian Gen. Electric Co., Preferred	103	100	108	104	111	110
Canadian Gen. Electric Co., Common	136	77	108	83	123	101
Dominion Iron & Steel Co., Common	25	13	22	14	72	19
Dominion Iron & Steel Co., Preferred	66	36	75	44	138	70
Dom. Iron & Steel Co. 1st mort. bonds	80	65	80	71	97	78
Dominion Coal, Common	70	37	60	38	93	43
Dominion Coal, Preferred	112	85	103	85	120 ¹ / ₈	96
Lake of the Woods, Common	90	65	98	71	145	98
Lake of the Woods, Preferred	112	100	119	103	128	118
Mackay, Preferred	71	50	71	59	77 ¹ / ₂	69
Mackay, Common	75	40	78	52	95	70
Nova Scotia Steel, Common	82	45	62	42	86 ¹ / ₈	55
Nova Scotia Steel, Preferred	120	106	115	108	121	114

	—1907—		—1908—		—1909—	
	High	Low	High	Low	High	Low
TRUST AND LOAN COMPANIES—						
Canada Permanent Mortgage Corp.	126	112	145	112	163	140
Central Canada L. & S. Co.	165	150	180	175
National Trust Co.	160	157	150	145	200	170
Toronto General Trusts Corp.	150	140	145	143	165	150

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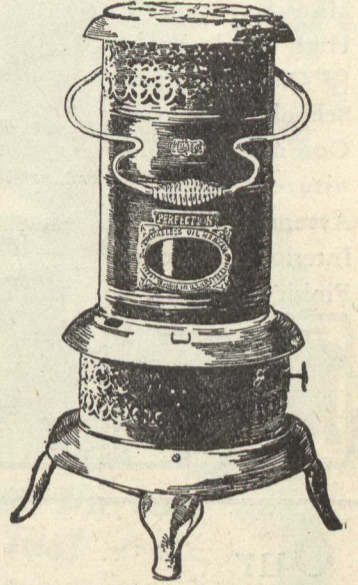
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ART AND BUSINESS

Wherein the Critic and the Man with the Red Tie discover an anomaly about Art

IT seems that the artist and the business man have very little in common. Setting aside all differences of temperament — though many an artist thinks he should have been a business man and there are not a few financiers who insist on being considered artists—it seems that the great distinction is this: the business man has for the chief article in his creed, being strictly up to date; while the artist is said to be the man who worships the *Has-Been*. Such is the position set forth by "The Lay Figure" in a recent issue of *The Studio*.

"How unaccountable are the aberrations of the human mind!" sighed the Art Critic. "How inconsistent people are, and how little common sense do they display!"

"What is the matter?" laughed the Man with the Red Tie. "This is an unusual frame of mind for you to be in. Has anything serious happened to give you a specially gloomy view of life?"

"It all depends upon what you count as serious," replied the Critic. "I think that the present condition of modern art is enough to put anyone who has to do with it in a gloomy frame of mind. Do you find it particularly exhilarating?"

Artists and Bad Times.

"But what is there worse than usual in the condition of the art world?" asked the Man with the Red Tie. "Have you only just discovered that all artists are having a poor time just now?"

"Things need not be worse than usual to make one feel troubled about the prospects of modern art," returned the Critic. "Why should we accept chronic bad times as the normal state of the art of this or any other country? Why does not the modern man support modern art?"

"But, anyhow, I cannot see the connection between aberrations of the human mind and bad times for art," declared the man with the Red Tie. "Are the artists all wandering in their minds, or is the general public incurably mad?"

"Has it never struck you as a strange thing," inquired the Critic, "that the very people who in the ordinary affairs of life pride themselves upon keeping abreast of the times and being intelligently up to date, should show in all their dealings with art an absolutely retrograde and unenterprising spirit? Would you not call behaviour of that sort inconsistent and lacking in common sense?"

Modern All Over.

"I am getting at your meaning now," admitted the Man with the Red Tie. "You think that the modern man should be modern all through, and that if he admires the latest methods in business he should also accept the latest developments in art?"

"Precisely!" said the Critic. "I say it is illogical for a man to insist upon strictly keeping in touch with his own times in one direction and in another wilfully to disregard one of the most important activities in the life about him. The man who collects works of art—I do not mean pictures only, but all sorts of artistic productions—does no credit to his intelligence when he turns his back upon the artists who are his contemporaries and pretends that only the relics from the dark ages will satisfy his taste."

"Here, wait a minute!" broke in the Collector. "This is an attack on

me! Do you mean to say that I have neither consistency, logic, nor common sense because I do not buy stuff by every Tom, Dick, or Harry who has a studio or a workshop and turns out things for the modern market? Do I suffer from mental aberration because I prefer the work of the great masters of the past?"

"Now for some home truths!" chuckled the Man with the Red Tie. "Hit him hard."

"I say that your preference for what you call the great masters of the past is quite illogical and quite opposed to your point of view in all your other dealings with life," asserted the Critic. "I will go even further and say that your neglect of modern art is an evil thing and exercises a pernicious influence over present-day workers."

"This is too funny!" cried the Collector. "I am, it seems, the villain in the piece, and I go about blasting innocent virtue."

Good Art Nowadays.

"Quite so," agreed the Critic. "That is exactly the effect you produce. Your mistaken worship of old things is so exaggerated that you can see nothing good in anything that is not old. Look at the work of our modern art craftsmen, is it not as good and as original as any of that which was produced centuries ago? Is it not artistically better in touch with the spirit of the moment and more rightly related to the life we lead? Why do you not buy it?"

"Because I have learned to prefer something else," returned the Collector, "and having educated my taste why should I not satisfy it?"

"I will tell you why," replied the Critic. "What you call the education of your taste I call demoralisation, and this demoralisation reacts disastrously upon the craftsmen who have a right to encouragement from you. But so great is your mental aberration that you would prefer a machine-made copy of some antique object to the best effort of a living worker. A new thing to you is, in art, a necessarily bad thing, because it is not like that survival from the past that gratifies your morbid appetite. If the collectors centuries ago had been like you, there would be to-day none of those great works by the ancient masters about which you talk so much; there would be nothing but middle-aged copies of things older still. You, as an astute business man, boast of being always up to date, and yet to try to force artists to be centuries behind the times. Shame upon you!"

Mark Twain's Lawn Mower

AMONG the stories of the noted humorist, Mark Twain which have only recently come to light, is the following: Some years ago Mark asked one of his neighbours with whom he was always on the most friendly terms if he might read a set of his books. The neighbour somewhat ungraciously replied that he might read them in the library but that he had made it a rule never to allow a book to leave his house. Some weeks later the neighbour sent to ask the loan of his lawn mower.

"I shall be very glad to lend it to you," said Mark, "but since I make it a rule never to let it leave the lawn, you will be obliged to use it there."

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THIN ICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

beautiful. If Venice is anything like that I should love it."

"It is like that and you would love it. It would suit you. Now that I think of it," reflectively, "that is what your hair is—Venetian."

Margaret looked at him coldly and he knew that he had made a mistake. What had really been but a too outspoken thought she had taken as a clumsy and uncalled-for attempt at compliment.

"If you mean that it is bleached," she said calmly, "it isn't."

Peter laughed.

"I had forgotten that part of it and I beg your pardon for my inexcusable remark. But when you visit Europe don't forget Venice. I imagine you might find memories there of some previous existence."

He had intended the words as the lightest banter merely, an easy way of bridging an awkward pause, but to his surprise she looked quite serious.

"Do you believe in that?" she asked.

"In what, Miss Manners?"

"In what you said, that those strange memories and premonitions people have and cannot account for are really dimmest recollections of things that actually happened—some-time?"

"I don't know that I do," truthfully; "in fact, I do not think that any theory that has ever been advanced explains or accounts for them in the very least."

"Because," went on Margaret simply, "I had one of those feelings when I saw you in the hall last night."

"Did you?" Peter was now vividly interested. "How nice—I mean I hope it was nice. Won't you tell me about it?"

"Oh, there is very little to tell, just an impression, so real that it startled me, of having been through a similar experience; that I had seen you standing there just as you were with the snow thick on your coat, and the little pools of water and," with a mischievous smile, "the handkerchief. I knew quite well the words you were going to speak before you spoke them."

"It is curious. I have had just such experiences; everyone has, I expect. By rights, though, I should have said something very memorable, shouldn't I?"

"Yes. But the most curious thing of all is that these presentiments are nearly always of trivial things that do not seem to mean anything."

"I am not trivial," said Peter stoutly, "and I always mean a great deal."

"It is sad to be misunderstood," said Margaret smiling, "but I assure you that if this were my 'day' your opinion of your own importance would be justified, for in Banbridge a gentleman caller is looked upon with envy and respect."

"This is my day," said Peter. "Tomorrow I go home."

Margaret looked politely interested. "I have no doubt you find Banbridge dull," she remarked, "and, before I forget, let me give you this letter which must have slipped from your overcoat."

This was the moment for which she had been gathering her courage, and her air of detached carelessness was quite perfect as she handed him the letter which lay on a table near by and began serenely to pour the tea. Her nervousness had evaporated and she felt nothing save a very feminine curiosity to see how he would meet the situation.

Peter took the letter indifferently but when his eye caught the address and he realised that it was his freedom he held in his hand, his sense

of relief was so great that for the moment he could appreciate nothing else. Margaret, watching under her eyelashes, saw the joy in his face and naturally mistook the cause.

"I hope," her voice was quite cool and impersonal, "that the letter was not important?"

"Oh, very important indeed," exclaimed Peter, still looking delightedly at the envelope. "At least, I mean, of course, it was not important at all."

Margaret stared politely.

"I mean," stammered Peter, now very red, "that it didn't make any difference, you know, the posting I mean."

"Oh!" said Margaret coldly, "I thought that perhaps I should have asked Tom to drop it in the post for you."

Peter's face grew white. "I'm so glad you didn't," he said impulsively, then, in stammering explanation, "I—I prefer to mail it myself."

Margaret nodded sympathetically. It was quite natural that he should wish to post his own love-letters. She felt suddenly tired and out of sorts. It mattered nothing to her that he should make such a fuss over his recovered letter, only—only he need not have shown it quite so plainly. She felt that she had been entirely too friendly with him after the deception he had practised on her last night—making her so ridiculous! Her manner grew distinctly colder.

Peter, too elated by his reprieve to notice the change, chattered on, and not until her silence became most pronounced did he realise that he had already prolonged his call more than was customary or even permissible.

"You will think me a savage," Miss Manners, he remarked, "but I have been enjoying myself so much that I had forgotten the conventionalities. I know I ought to have gone away home long ago."

The warmth of his tone and his smile made it hard for her to preserve her formal coldness. She permitted a slight thaw—after all, he was going away to-morrow.

She rose with him politely, saying in a decently regretful voice.

"I am sorry that you are leaving town so soon. There is to be a grand sleighing party on Thursday, it might have been an interesting experience for you—as a survival of an ancient custom, I mean," she added smiling.

Peter was in somewhat of a predicament. Needless to say, since the recovery of the letter, his plans had undergone a radical transformation. He had no intention whatever of returning to Montreal on the morrow but how to convey this to her with no shadow of reason for the sudden change was a puzzle.

"An old-fashioned sleighing party," he said; "how enticing! I should love to go. And it is just possible that I may not leave here to-morrow. You see, I am much interested in—

in mines."

"Mines?" in surprise.

"Yes. Leverage you know, is quite an authority on mining."

"I didn't know," said Margaret.

"If I should happen to be here," said Peter, "how could I get an invitation?"

"Oh, Mrs. Leverage could invite you, or for that matter I will invite you now."

"Thank you," began Peter eagerly, but could say no more, for just then the door-bell rang and the feet of Martha could be heard slip-slapping along the hall. "I must go," he said, "it is unpardonable to have stayed so long."

TO BE CONTINUED.



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LITERARY NOTES

COLLEGE journalism is something to be commended and encouraged. Canadian institutions of learning are characterised by the excellent publications issued by the students. During the holiday season, the wielders of the pen among the academicians have been just as busy as professional editors issuing special numbers. "Varsity in Cartoon" represents the work of the Toronto students this Christmas. It is an excellent reproduction in drawings and prose of the life exemplified by the Queen's Parkers. The Christmas number of the *Queen's University Journal* reflects credit upon the Kingston boys. Among the most interesting of the college magazines which we have received is the *Review* of Western Canada College, Calgary. The *Review* is published at Christmas, Easter and Midsummer. The Christmas copy to hand tells the story of the "doings" since college opened early in the autumn. Evidently the Calgary collegians go in for all there is in school life. The scribes bubble over with merriment as they recall certain incidents. Here is an example:

ST. HILDA'S GATE.

Did you ever hear this story—this story of St. Hilda's?

(Miss Bilbee hopes it's known to very few.)

You see it is a strange one, and perhaps it might derange one.

It's startling, and it's very, very true.

Thanksgiving after dinner, each boy like some bold sinner

Paraded through the streets with howls and yells.

And when they came to our doors and interrupted our snores

We wished them all secure in prison cells.

Now when their yells were finished—though ardor undiminished,

Now hearken all to what I do relate,

A boy I knew last summer (I think it's S. B. Plummer)

With others carried off our antique gate.

About the voyage home, although there's little known,

Strange rumours time to time come this way.

At any rate it's clear, that from stratagem or fear

They safely hid the gate till it was day.

Then a boy of Ruddy Face, who's well known in this place

And a villain whom the girls call S. B.

With some blacking and some ink and some red paint that was pink,

Just made our antique gate a sight to see.

Many names were written on it—too many for my sonnet,

And I guess we girls just know the boys to blame,

But every single lassie in St. Hilda's thinks it's classy

And to hide it in the cellar was a shame.

Now some day when we're all home, ring Five Thirty on the phone,

(You'd better give that job to perfect Mac.)

Bring pot of paint along, plenty of it—mighty strong,

And we'll paint our College fence RED and BLACK.

—From St. Hilda's. Who wrote it?

"An Unofficial Love Story." Albert Hickman. Century Co., New York. \$1.00.

Mr. Sydney G. P. Coryn writes thus appreciatively in the *Argonaut* of the new book of Albert Hickman, the Canadian novelist:

"This fascinating and clever little story has for its heroine Miss Marjorie Dyer, who is the daughter of a tradesman in a Canadian town, and therefore the object of the supercilious jealousy of her more highly placed townswomen. Miss Dyer is beautiful, elusive, and of an almost superhuman skill in the management of her male retinue—in fact, she is entirely bewitching and mysterious, while she is presented with such adroit humour that we must wonder at the author's moderation in confining himself to such narrow limits. That the reader shall wish there was more is one of the great arts of fiction as well as of letter-writing—an art well nigh lost nowadays—and we certainly want to hear more of Miss Marjorie Dyer. Will not the author oblige?"

* * *

The Canadian Almanac for 1910 is out. Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, are the publishers of this volume, which is undoubtedly the best and handiest reference book compiled in Canada. The Almanac has been the resource of those seeking accurate information on everyday topics for sixty-three years.

* * *

The Companion Bible is announced by Mr. Henry Frowde, the first part of which—The Pentateuch (with fifty-two appendices)—will be ready immediately. The new edition will consist of the Authorised Version, with the structures, and critical, explanatory, and suggestive notes. The special features of the Companion Bible are the amount of information given alongside the text, often occupying more than half the page, the aim being to make the Bible self-explanatory; and also its low price. So that the new work's usefulness may be unaffected and that it may commend itself on its merits, the edition is not associated with any man's name.

* * *

A man with a good idea is William Wilfred Campbell. Mr. Campbell recently published "The Beautiful Rebel," a novel of Upper Canada during 1812. His success has determined him to write a series of historical novels dealing with the early province of Ontario. The *Christian Guardian* announces "Richard Frizell, His Account," a story of 1837. The drama of the British pioneers has not as yet been written. May William Wilfred Campbell do for Ontario what Sir Gilbert Parker did for Quebec.

An Actress's Jewels.

YEARS ago, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell was living in a suite of rooms at the Savoy, a young and very nervous interviewer called to see her, but her gracious reception soon put him at his ease and he had a long and charming conversation. But during the whole of the talk not a word was breathed about jewels. "Come, come, this will never do," rallied the lady, as the interviewer rose to depart; "you've not yet asked me anything about my poor jewels. And every pressman is so interested in an actress's jewellery. Why, an actress without jewels is like a bride without a trousseau! Now, as you've not bothered me you shall have a good look at them," and with a beaming smile she left the room.

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spread on brown bread makes the most delicious sandwiches. A teaspoonful of OXO to a cup of hot water makes an appetizing, nourishing drink. Children love OXO.

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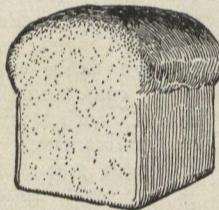
But that's not all. Every grain of this wheat contains both high-grade and low-grade properties. In separating the high-grade parts from the low-grade the Western Canada Flour Mills put the hard wheat through a process so exacting that not a single low-grade part has the remotest chance of getting in with the high-grade.

Of course this special process is more expensive to operate but it means a lot to Purity flour users—that's why we use it.

It means that Purity Flour is made entirely of the highest-grade flour parts of the strongest wheat in the world.

It means a high-class, strong flour and therefore yields "more bread and better bread."

Purity may cost a little more than some flours, but results prove it the cheapest and most economical after all.



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CIRCULATION DEPT.

ODDS AND ENDS OF GOSSIP

A GENERAL election has a considerable influence upon the doings of people in the great social world, for its leaders are very largely composed of the wives of prominent politicians. Such great hostesses as Lady Lansdowne, Lady Londonderry, Mrs. Asquith, the Duchess of Norfolk, and others will for the next few weeks be devoting their energies and attention almost exclusively to matters political, and have cancelled practically all ordinary social engagements until after the election is over.

The course which political affairs have taken in the past few weeks has had, indeed, a decidedly disturbing effect on the social world. In the first place, there was a sudden and, at this time of year, wholly unusual rush on the part of Society to London consequent on the debate in the Lords, which necessitated the cancelling of a large number of social engagements in the way of country house parties and such-like functions. And now comes a general election in especially interesting and unusual circumstances, which will, for the next few weeks, put a stop to a vast number of social functions and entertainments, except those of a more or less political character and complexion, of which there will soon be numbers in full swing all over the country.

* * *

"Everyone Shouting."

A RATHER amusing story was told the other day concerning a well-known and very popular hostess, the wife of an M. P., who had to put off a gathering at her country house in order to attend to the preparations for the fight that will take place in her husband's constituency.

"I am not going to see anyone," she wrote to one of her friends, "until after the election at —, but you must come here when the 'shouting' is over." To which her friend, who took no interest in matters political, replied by wire, "Everyone is shouting here. I am off. Reply when shouting is over to — Hotel, Nice."

—M. A. P.

* * *

The Fall of the Blood.

I HAVE scarcely got over the shock yet, although it happened more than twenty-four hours ago.

We called the youth "The Pedigree Pup." He traced his ancestors back to the Conqueror. Not that there was much harm in that, but he was always ramming the allegation down our throats, and it used to get on our nerves. Otherwise he was a harmless, well-dressed idiot. With regard to his pedigree, as a matter of fact, none of us believed in it—and in any event it seemed an insufficient excuse for him—and you may be sure his trusted intimates never lost a chance of telling him so.

But two of us felt sorry about this yesterday.

Yesterday we were out with him when on a sudden he fell heavily on his back on the pavement. A con-founded piece of banana skin had done it. And when the Pedigree Pup tried to rise he couldn't. With a groan he fell back again. At first we thought he was trying to draw us, but when we bent down to help him up we saw a sight which made us feel queer. Blood was trickling from the side of the Pedigree Pup—and its colour was blue.

You never saw such shame-faced sceptics as we were then. "We're sorry, old chap," we said, just before he noticed what we had seen. Then he looked at us reproachfully, and swooned. . . . It was the work of a minute to call a cab and to rush him to a hospital.

Our feelings during the diagnosis may better be imagined than described. We had to wait only ten minutes, but it seemed as many hours. "If he gets over this, we'll never chaff the poor old fellow again," we said.

At last the doctor — much too young for his job, it seemed to us — appeared.

"Well?" we asked in unison. "Your friend has sprained his ankle," he said.

"But the blood, doctor?"

"What blood?"

"Why, the blue blood?"

"Ah, I had forgotten that," he said, and smiled in what we regarded as a callous manner.

"We were fond of our friend," I said reprovingly. "In falling, he surely broke an artery?"

"A very natural mistake," he said kindly. "So many amateurs find a difficulty in distinguishing between an artery and a fountain pen." — Punch.

* * *

A Fine Old Sailor.

AMONG the long list of retired admirals of the Royal Navy, there is none who is a finer type of the old school naval officer and polished gentleman combined than Admiral Sir Algernon De Horsey, who now lives the life of an English country gentleman at his seat, Melcombe House, near Cowes. The Isle of Wight is a very favourite spot for our admirals to retire to after their work at sea is done. Admiral De Horsey did many fine things during the fifty odd years of his active service afloat and ashore. Perhaps the most noted of these was when he was Commander-in-Chief in the Pacific in 1878, and in his flagship *Shah* engaged the rebel iron-clad *Huascar*, and forced her to surrender to the Peruvian authorities.

* * *

A Sporting Tragedy.

("Athletics," according to Miss May Sutton, "are the best antidote for premature love affairs.")

IN early youth he loved and wooed, And oh! his ways were wondrous gentle;

For sports, which he considered rude, He did not care one continental; But, though her heart he strove to gain

With many a tender word and deed, he Found all his amorous efforts vain Because she thought him far too weedy.

"The man who marries me must show Some skill at outdoor exercises, Have scored his century or so And won his share of sporting prizes.

In time, perhaps, I'll love you well, And may consent to have you by me,

But now you cannot even tell A cut past cover from a stymie."

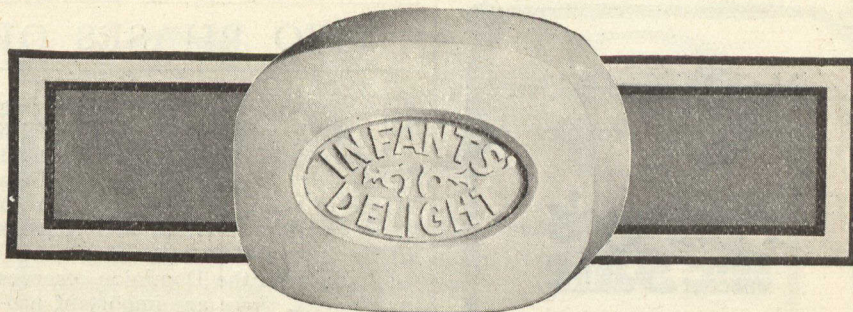
He strove to bang the hefty four, He learned to bowl the googly twister,

To lean upon the lusty oar, Disdainful of the frequent blister. All sports proved potent to delight One who had been so limp a lover, From over-flying Wilbur Wright To under-studying a shower.

But, though the prospect of her hand First turned his taste in this direction,

Sport's fascination gripped him, and Stifled his premature affection. The passing years have left him free; Her words on Man are simply cutting;

A solitary spinster she, While he's — improving in his putting. —Punch.



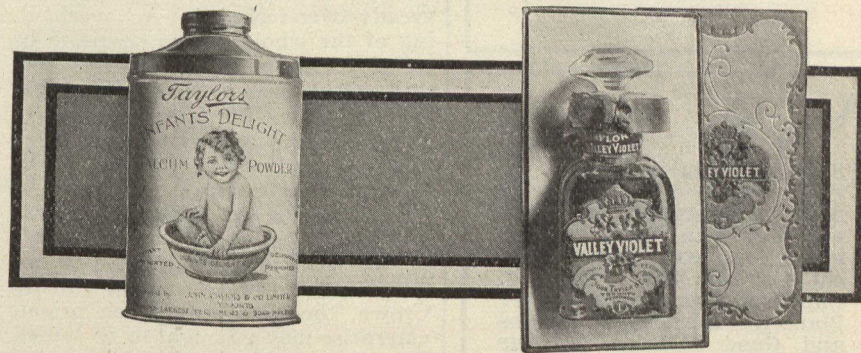
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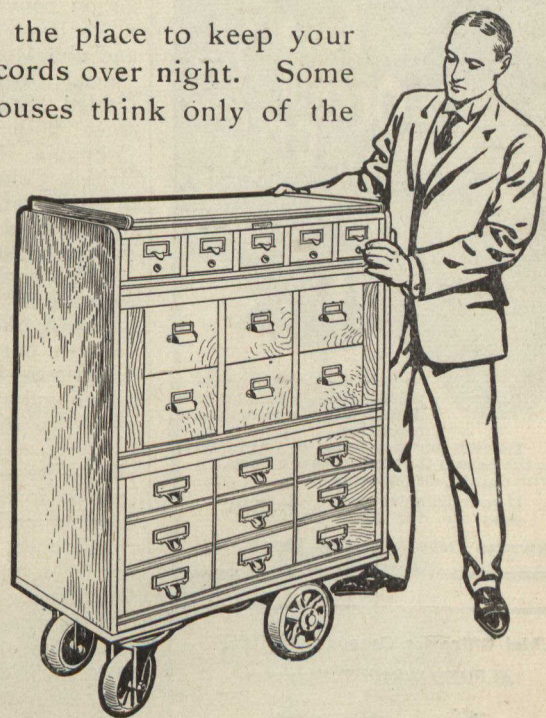


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TWO PHASES OF CONSERVATION

CANADA'S chances of preserving much of her national wealth are well outlined in a recent article by Vice-President William Whyte of the C. P. R. in the *Canada West* monthly. Part of Mr. Whyte's article is as follows:

"Aside from the Dominion reserves in the west, there are important provincial reserves in Quebec and Ontario of comparatively ancient origin. The Ontario Government has several such, and a new one, covering a million acres in the Rainy River Valley, was set aside this year. In Quebec the Algonquin Park reserve has 1,280,000 acres—two thousand square miles, an enormous territory. It may not be amiss to say that the recently created Hunter's Island reserve, in declaring which the Province of Ontario and the State of Minnesota joined, was brought about largely through the efforts of a Canadian railway official, Mr. Arthur Hawkes.

Conserving the Water.

"On the extreme west of the country, in British Columbia, the forests need to be looked after, and the present water law requires change. A correction of the unused records is necessary. Many of the streams are greatly over-recorded. An overhauling of the whole system seems to be called for, beginning with this feature. There are questions of the right to store water for later use, and of how much the government should or can do in extending irrigation works. The acre-foot measurement should be substituted for the miner's inch, and the duty water shall perform should be specifically defined. Title to the water itself being vested in the Crown, the extent to which private enterprise may go ought to be settled. British Columbia is vitally interested in the care of its water supply, since irrigation has come to play so large a part there, and this means care for the timber on the mountain slopes and at all heads of streams. The irrigation conventions held in that province have taken these matters up, and should have the ear of the provincial legislatures. In this, the United States has direct interest, since both the Kootenay and the Columbia Rivers take their rise in British Columbia, so that the cutting of the forests in country tributary to them would have an injurious effect on the rainfall.

"The western provinces thus far have fairly well conserved their timber and, therefore, their water resources, but energy is needed in two directions—the planting of trees on farms and along highways, and rigorous regulations for the prevention of fires. The railways especially should be obliged to institute a system of forest ranging, and means of communication by wire or telephone throughout all wooded regions traversed by their tracks. Then again, the same general rule as to seasons of comparative safety and danger from fires are now made applicable all over the Dominion. In this aspect, at least, the existing system needs revision. The greater danger lies in the western provinces, where population is more thinly distributed, railways farther apart, telephone service not so complete, rainfall less and not so frequent, and the winds not only drier (in fact, they are dry), but of about double average velocity.

"Between Ontario and British Columbia the whole west of Canada is forestable. The eastern provinces, as noted, are stirring to repair their losses and withhold the axe. His Excellency Earl Grey has put his hand to the work and gone into co-operation with the Forestry Association

and the Department of Agriculture. At the Toronto convention referred to, his lordship urged the seriousness of the case upon the attention of the whole people, and was not unmindful of the western plains.

"Not so long ago, the people of Manitoba were told they could grow no trees except the Manitoba maple, the poplar and the birch. Look at our elms to-day. Broadway in Winnipeg is one of the most beautiful streets in the world, and the elms have made it so. The foliage has become so thick that the trees will have to be thinned out. Of all the elms planted in Winnipeg the records do not show that one per cent. has died."

The Loss by Fire.

ON the other hand, Mr. Russell McLennan, in the *Sunday Magazine* shows the frightful devastation of property caused by fire in the United States. He says:

"The people of the United States are paying annually through fires a preventable tax almost great enough to pay for the construction of the Panama Canal for one year. In other words, if the buildings in the United States were as nearly fireproof as those of Europe, the amount saved would be three hundred and sixty-six million dollars, which includes not only the fire loss, but the cost of private fire protection, the excess of premiums over insurance paid, the annual expense of waterworks and of fire departments. This would almost build the canal for one year. If our buildings were as those of Europe, the fire cost would be ninety million dollars, instead of four hundred and fifty-six million.

"For every building constructed in the United States in 1907, half a building was destroyed by fire. This fact is stated by Herbert M. Wilson, chief engineer of the United States Geological Survey. Inquiry as to the cost of property destroyed by fire, and including in the total the cost of maintaining fire departments, payment of insurance premiums less benefits returned, protective agencies, and the cost of water supplies, gave the fire cost in 1907 as \$456,485,000. The cost of building construction during the same year was almost a thousand million dollars, or nearly double the amount of the fire cost. Hence, Mr. Wilson's conclusion that for every building that was constructed half a building was destroyed by fire.

Over a Million a Day.

"THIS fire cost means a cost to the people of one and one-third million dollars daily. It is equivalent to a tax on the people exceeding the total value of gold, silver, copper, and petroleum production. This fire cost was greater than the true value of the real property and improvements in Maine, West Virginia, North Carolina, North Dakota, South Dakota, Alabama, Louisiana, or Montana.

"The actual fire loss in 1907, \$215,084,709, was greater than the true value of the real property in Utah, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Wyoming, or Nevada.

"Figures gathered by Dr. James A. Holmes, chief of the technological branch of the United States Geological Survey, show that fire losses in the United States for 1907, exclusive of forest fires, reached the total of \$215,084,709.

"While the prevailing material of construction—lumber—is responsible for the great fire waste, the Government holds that there is a cause lying back of all this; that is, faulty construction and equipment of buildings."

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There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of **G. H. MUMM & CO.** is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

Royal Warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by

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OTTAWA, CANADA
250 rooms
American Plan \$5.00 to \$5.00.
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\$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements

La Corona Hotel
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European Plan, \$1.50 up. Montreal

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

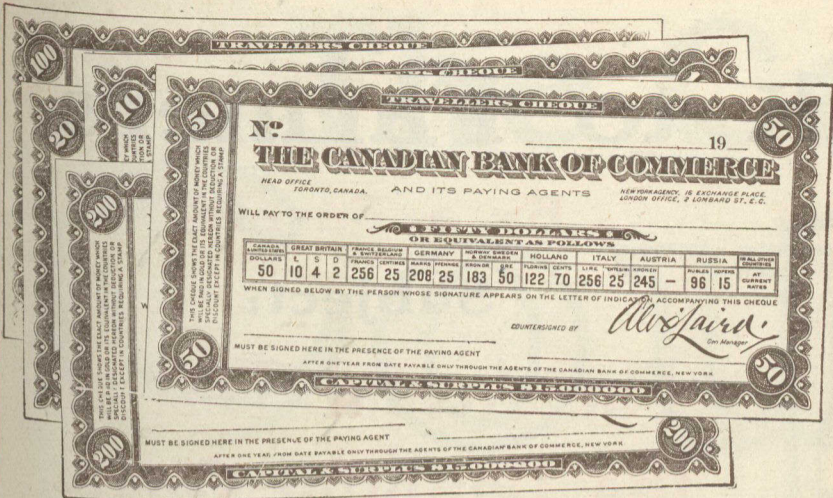
Grand Union Hotel
TORONTO, CANADA
Geo. A. Spear, President
American Plan \$2-\$3. European Plan \$1-\$1.50

Hotel Mossop
TORONTO, CANADA. F. W. Mossop, Prop.
European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof

RATES
Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up
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Calgary, Alberta, Can.
Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 per day. Free Bus to all trains. H. L. STEPHENS, Proprietor

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Prices range from **\$4.50 PER DOZEN** large bottles, upwards

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COB LONDRES CIGARS are **QUALITY**—nothing else—packed in plain boxes—no gaudy, ornamental touches—not a penny wasted on looks. But the quality is the best.

I **GUARANTEE** every **COB CIGAR** to be equal to and in most cases better than any ten cent straight cigar on the market, and I let you be the judge. I want **YOUR** business. **READ MY OFFER**

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I WILL, ON REQUEST, SEND FIFTY COB CIGARS ON APPROVAL TO A READER OF THE "COURIER," EXPRESS PREPAID. HE MAY SMOKE TEN CIGARS AND RETURN THE REMAINING FORTY AT MY EXPENSE IF HE IS NOT PLEASED WITH THEM. IF HE IS PLEASED WITH THEM HE AGREES TO REMIT THE PRICE, \$3.00, WITHIN TEN DAYS.

You are consequently getting a ten cent straight cigar for **SIX CENTS**—delivered to you.

DO YOU SUPPOSE I COULD AFFORD TO MAKE THIS OFFER UNLESS I KNEW MY CIGARS WOULD PLEASE YOU?

I cut out the jobber and the retailer and I have no agents. By selling direct to the smoker he gets them at the price the merchant ordinarily pays.

In ordering please order on your business letter head, enclose your business card or send personal reference.

Sit down and drop me a line NOW

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To Mexico, Colorado, California and Pacific Coast Points
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FEATURES Double track, fast service, finest roadbed, modern equipment, unexcelled dining car service. **ALL ELEMENTS OF SAFETY AND COMFORT.**

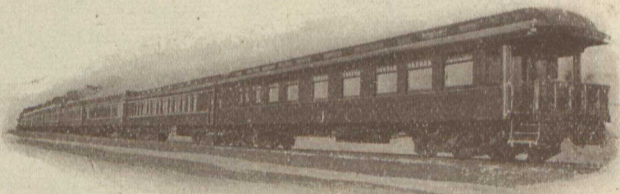
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Among your resolutions for the New Year first consider your safety and comfort when travelling

REMEMBER

Canadian Pacific Railway

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Canada's Greatest Railroad

AND ARRANGE ACCORDINGLY

A Straight Talk to Farmers

By a Farmer

Subject:

The Actual Test or
the Doubtful Guar-
antee--WHICH?



When it comes to buy-
ing shingles, which
counts most with you--
twenty-five years of actual
wear and tear or a leaky
guarantee?

The Actual Test—What It Proves

“Eastlake” Steel Shingles have proven their durability by the actual test of time.

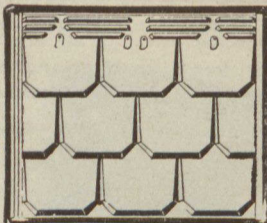
A quarter of a century ago scores of public and private buildings were roofed with “Eastlake” Metallic Shingles.

These roofs are in excellent condition and certified as such by practical building inspectors.

Think of it! For over twenty-five years scores of “Eastlake” shingled roofs have withstood the ravages of all kinds of weather, the lightnings and torrential rains of summer—the hail, snow and sleet of winter, and yet they are in perfect condition to-day.

Isn't that conclusive evidence that “Eastlake” Steel Shingles make a permanent roof?

The “Eastlake” is the ONLY steel shingle that can boast of such a record.



You're not asked to buy the “Eastlake” on any paper guarantee—not asked to believe a single claim which the shingles have not proven.

You're only advised to buy the “Eastlake”—if you want a permanent roof, because the durable and weatherproof qualities of “Eastlake” Steel Shingles are positively known. They have been proven by actual wear and tear test.

Some day you intend putting a lightning, fire and stormproof roof on your house or barn. Then you should write to-day for this free booklet, “Eastlake Metallic Shingles”. It contains information that will interest you. Send a postcard at once—if you don't you will forget. —*The Philosopher of Metal Town.*

All kinds of sheet metal building materials—ceilings and walls, siding, cornices, corrugated iron, conductor pipe, etc.—you can have a catalogue simply for the asking. Mention it on your post card.

A Paper Guarantee—What It Stands For

Did you ever stop to figure out one of those so-called metal roofing guarantees?

Did you ever discover really what is guaranteed?

You find that it is merely a claim—and claims alone will never satisfy the shrewd buyer.

He rightfully demands proofs. He wants to know on what grounds the claims are based.

Unless the article has successfully undergone an actual test, a paper guarantee appears a joke.

Many times it is a cloak to hide some weakness of the roofing it guarantees.

Ask your lawyer about it. He will tell you that, stripped of its exceptions and provisions, all high-sounding phrases, little else remains.

IT REALLY GUARANTEES NOTHING

Kind of risky when the guarantee is as leaky as the roof it guarantees.

**“EASTLAKE”
STEEL SHINGLES
LIGHTNINGPROOF, STORMPROOF
AND RUSTPROOF**

Manufacturers

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Metallic Roofing Co
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