

The Canadian  
**Courier**  
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Country Life Supplement



Civic Beauty

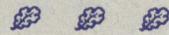
*Prize Photographs*



A Lover of Country Life

*With Special Photographs*

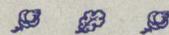
By DONALD B. SINCLAIR



A Marble Home for Art

*With Illustrations*

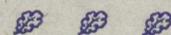
By ST. GEORGE BURGOYNE



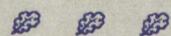
Hunker Bill's Dog

*A. R. N. W. M. P. Story*

By ARTHUR STRINGER



Society at the Races



News in Picture



See Page 13

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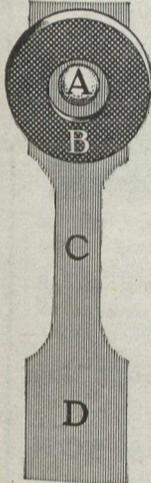
## End Corns for 15 Cents

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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 19

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## Editor's Talk

WE are anxious to secure more photographs for our Country Life and Suburban Supplement, which runs once a month. There are a large number of beautiful country and suburban homes in Canada of which the owners have attractive pictures. It would save the staff a deal of hard searching were our friends to forward these without further solicitation. If you haven't a pretty country home of your own, you know a friend who has one; and the picture of it will be just as welcome. We are especially anxious to get pictures of the homes which are more than mere houses. Building a house is a matter of money and an architect; creating a home is a matter of opportunity, desire and taste.

The articles on Professional Baseball, published in our issues of September 23rd, have aroused considerable interest. Mr. Fitzgerald, sporting editor of the Toronto "Telegram," has a vigorous reply to Mr. Paterson in this number. Any reader who has a word to say on the subject is invited to contribute to the discussion.

\* \* \*

SEVERAL kindly comments on the "Canadian Courier" have reached us recently. A Portage La Prairie reader, with Western ruggedness, declares that "The Courier is a darn good paper." A Port Perry subscriber, with Eastern reserve, writes: "We like the paper very much and will continue reading it."

The editor of the Bowmanville "Statesman" remarks that he was dubious as to the possibility of publishing such a paper in this country, but he is now convinced. He adds:

"To-day the 'Courier' has a very large and growing circulation extending from ocean to ocean and beyond the seas, and a splendid advertising patronage. The weekly visits of this bright publication are anticipated by every member of our household, and our interest in its contents increases with each succeeding number, for 'Progress' has been its watchword from the start. The lately-added Woman's Supplement will be sure to add greatly to its popularity in the homes of Canada. . . . It contains the kind of mental food that Young Canada requires to build up virile, wide-awake, energetic, loyalty-loving and mentally stalwart citizens of the finest country under the sun."

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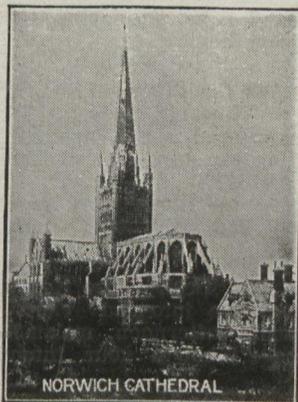
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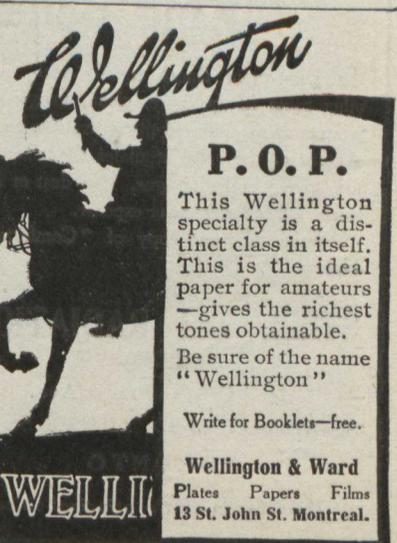
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## Fountain "My Valet"

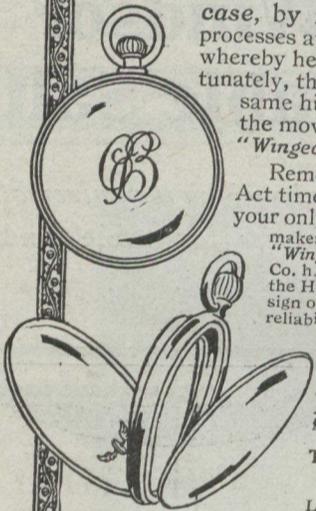
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**The Guest Room**

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**IN LIGHTER VEIN**

**Cash Transference.**—"How are you getting along in the law business, old man?"

"I have one client."

"Is he rich?"

"He was."—Boston Transcript.

\* \* \*

**Wholesale Killing.**—"I know what Lucrezia Borgia would do if she lived to-day."

"What?"

"She'd go around wearing poisoned hatpins."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

\* \* \*

**His Choice.**—Robert Underwood Johnson, the poet and editor, declared at the University of New York's commencement that New York as a literary centre was ridiculous—that nowhere in this country was poetry more appreciated than in Boston, and nowhere less than in New York.

"In fact," said Mr. Johnson afterward, "New York's love of poetry is about equal to the Earlham College boy's love of languages. In my sophomore year at Earlham this lad was visited by his mother.

"Well, my dear," she said to him, "what languages have you decided to take up here?"

"I have decided to take up Pictish," he replied.

"Pictish?" said his puzzled mother. "Why Pictish?"

"Only five words of it remain," said he."

\* \* \*

**Time to Go.**—"Where are you going?"

"I don't know. I'm just going."

"If that's the case, why go?"

"It's time for the girl next door to take her vocal lesson."—Birmingham Herald.

\* \* \*

**Must Talk.**—Ex-Senator Depew, at a recent dinner, told the following story on himself: "I have received many compliments on my skill at after-dinner speaking, but the naivest compliment of all came from an upstate farmer.

"Senator," said he, "you might have typhoid and recover, you might have pneumonia and recover, you might have yellow fever and recover, but if you ever get lockjaw, you'd burst."—The Argonaut.

\* \* \*

**Enough of His Own.**—Wife—"To be frank with you, if you were to die I should certainly marry again."

Husband—"I've no objection. I'm not going to worry about the troubles of a fellow whom I shall never know."—Variety Life.

\* \* \*

**Chronological.**—The amateur artist was painting—sunset, red, with blue streaks and green dots.

The old rustic, at a respectful distance, was watching.

"Ah," said the artist, looking up suddenly, "perhaps to you, too, Nature has opened her sky-pictures page by page? Have you seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping across the livid east; the red-stained, sulphurous islets floating in the lake of fire in the west; the ragged clouds at midnight, black as a raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?"

"No," replied the rustic, shortly; "not since I gave up drink."—The Sacred Heart Review.

\* \* \*

**Should Ask the Client.**—Lawyer for Defendant—"Now, sir, you say that my client disappeared in the darkness after knocking you down. What time of night was this?"

Complainant—"I can't say exactly. Your client had my watch."—Life.

\* \* \*

**New to the "Beat."**—The New Girl—"An' may me intended visit me every Sunday afternoon, ma'am?"

Mistress—"Who is your intended, Delia?"

The New Girl—"I don't know yet, ma'am. I'm a stranger in town."—Harper's Bazar.

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TORONTO

# The CANADIAN COURIER

*A National Weekly.*

Vol. X.

October 7, 1911

No. 19



Mrs. Reynolds, wearing a long moleskin coat, talking with two friends on the lawn.



An interested group studying the programme.

## SOCIETY AT THE RACES

IF there was any distinctive feature about the races at Woodbine this fall, it was the numerous viewpoints on the weather, as evinced by the costumes. Some there were who did not wish to depart from the warm balmy days of summer, others who considered autumn already announced. The tailormades vied with the light filmy gowns of warmer days, and every available shade was utilized. The new cerise was very popular, and there were exquisite combinations of mauves and whites and many others of such technical names as would bewilder the most imaginative. Many wondrous parasols were seen on the lawns, and the new handbags of mammoth proportions gave a fitting touch to every costume.

The tea-room was in gala attire, and presented a beautiful picture, with its bevy of gaily attired patrons, many recently returned from abroad, all chatting interestedly of the coming season to which the present gathering was the entrance.

There was only one regret, one omission, which tended to cast a slight gloom over the whole assemblage, the absence of the Vice-Regal party, whose coming is always looked forward to with such enthusiasm.



Summer and Fall are here represented by the two costumes, both in correct style, but presenting decided contrasts.



A glimpse of the tailor-mades. Lady Tait, who is in town from Australia, is seen on the left chatting with a friend.

# HUNKER BILL'S DOG

*How a Faithful Animal Figured in Its Master's Flight*

By ARTHUR STRINGER

**I**N certain remoter divisions of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police there are two or more men who are known as "Divisional Marksmen." These men, besides receiving a pittance of extra pay, are permitted to wear neat little badges on their tunics, and, incidentally, to curse to their hearts' content the vileness of Canadian ammunition.

The tenderfoot did not need to ask, accordingly, just why grizzled little Sergeant Skeel was being sent out to Kiola Gap. For a half-breed had ridden into the little white-washed barracks, bringing word that Crackerbox Jones had broken gaol from the guard-room at Fort Anderson, had snot down two corporals and a breed, and was now supposed to be making his way along the White-Cat Trail for the Alaska boundary. He had been supplied with arms by the wife of the breed whom he had murdered, and had fired on a constable, who caught sight of him in the light timber west of the Trail. And he would be known by the yellow dog following him. And no half measures were to be taken, for from Regina to Hershel Point, Crackerbox Jones was known as a desperate character.

So Skeel, that short and scarred and grizzled sergeant of dubious origin, who had been smuggled into the force as far back as the year of the Riel Rebellion, and had stuck to the service for the sheer love of the life, secretly filled his tunic pocket with good American cartridges, and watched with dreamy eyes the hurriedly improvised patrolling party detour far out across the lonely muskeg and light-timbered rock between Blackfoot Crossing and White Cat Ford. He said nothing to the tenderfoot who followed him, until he had picked out his position on a wooded bluff to the east of the Gap, commanding three miles of undulating northern desolation. Then he looked over his Winchester carbine with much care. After that he contentedly slipped his forbidden American cartridges into the magazine, and made careful note of the wind before lighting his pipe.

"I allow I'm uncommon grateful for this here ammunition," said the little sergeant with a sigh—and years of Northwest life had not robbed his tongue of its uncouth native touch—"for I'm thinkin' that any gun practice what may be comin' my way—well, it ain't goin' to be the kind where Chinese fireworks fills the bill. If this carbine-work was a-goin' to be just slam-bangin' away until your man came down, then I wouldn't feel so partic'lar. But P'lice orders are some rigid on certain points, especially in dealin' with whites. And my privit instructions are that this here Crackerbox's got to be winged, and brought in alive!" He gazed down at his resting carbine meditatively. "And I ain't hungerin' to obliterate any cuss, just b'cause he's playin' in hard luck!"

"What a fool he is," broke in the tenderfoot, "to trail through with a dog!"

"They're all fools!" rejoined the man with the carbine placidly. "They're all fools in this country, when they try to buck agin' the slow-movin' grind o' British law and order. It's like a baby scratchin' and tearin' at a glacier. He only hurts himself. And there's no let-up to the glacier. But it's like all the rest o' them—him havin' that dog flaggin' his whereabouts, every move he makes! I've never cut across the trail of a bad-man yet, north or south o' the Line, that he didn't have some fool soft spot, somewhere in his make-up! Mostly, I allow, it's a woman. But I can rope in one occasion where it was a bull-snake, and another where it was a Mexican green parrot. But sometimes it's a dog. It was a dog with Hunker Bill, and Bill was about as black-speerited a bad-man as ever drifted down the Yukon."

The tenderfoot asked for details as to Hunker Bill and his dog, patiently waiting his time while the little sergeant's eye studied the lonely and lifeless panorama of coulee and muskeg stretching out into the space below them.

"That was 'way back in the earliest days o' the Klondike gold fever," began the watchman, keeping a dreamy eye ever on the stretch of country beneath him, "when the scum o' the whole Pacific Coast boiled up and dribbled over into the Yukon valley. Everything went, in them days; and I allow this here Klondike country weren't altogether a neat an' tidy rompin'-ground. Just which way Hunker Bill drifted in from is neither here nor there, but just which way he was directin' hisself was uncommon plain, for first crack out o' the box

he got mixed up in a dance hall shootin' party and found hisself stabbed in the shoulder by a jealous 'Frisco lady. Then he took to invadin' river 'caches' and carryin' off little tid-bits, and sellin' the same open handed, for enough Dawson fire-water to float him into delirium tremens for a day or two. Bein' loaded for bear some proper, one night, he tried to shoot up the Hope O' The West saloon. For this uncommon laudable ambition he had his guns took away from him, and was kicked out into the snow. He was crawlin' home under the stars, cussin' and blasphemin' that whole camp some noisy and eloquent, when he hears a pup yelpin' and two men fightin' inside one o' the shacks. Then he sees a door slung open, and a foot kick something out into the snow. Then the door shut again, and Hunker Bill gets down and noses and crawls around them snow-banks till he finds that something, cryin' and whinin' there uncommon pitiful. It was nothin' more'n an overgrown grey and liver-coloured pup, but that kick had broke its leg, and it was sure goin' to freeze stiff. So Hunker Bill picks it up and takes it home, and binds up the busted foreleg with a set o' splints made from an old cigar-box, and gives it milk punch and the corner of a Hudson-Bay four-point to sleep under.

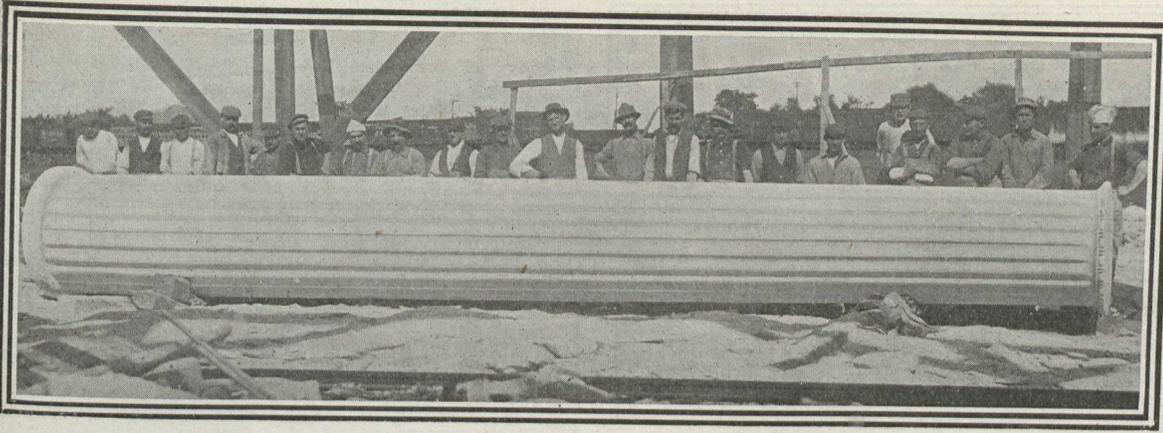
**A**ND Bill watches that leg, and hangs round that pup, and swipes grub for it, and blasphemes some wonderin'-like and says, 'By Gawd, it's uncommon queer, this feelin' o' havin' any livin' critter lick your hand!' And he'd sit and blink at that pup's eyes, and the pup'd sit and blink soft and steady at Hunker Bill. And then Bill'd go and steal a supper for him. And b'tween you and me and this here jack-pine, that mongrey-coloured dog kind o' works a miracle in Hunker Bill. It clean turned his head, I reckon, havin' even a cur put three minutes o' honest trust in him. For Bill got to thinkin' things over and apprehendin' he weren't livin' up to no kiyang mark o' decency, so he sobered up and took a freightin' contract between Whitehorse and Pork Trail. And every move Hunker Bill makes he is shadowed some close by this liver-coloured pup, forever lickin' at his moccasins and watchin' him with those broodin' and trustin' dog eyes. Bill called him Hunker, after hisself, which, I allow, was no uncommon flattery, as Bill saw it. He wasn't much to look at, that dog, with a big and hairy head, lookin' uncommon like a cross between a Scotch collie and a she grizzly. But he was sure clever, and sure faithful, and soon got onto Bill's curves. What's more, he done everything told him. But his carcass was about as lean 's a Nootchi herin's, and seein' his legs were long and scrawny, and one fore-leg crooked, and an ear torn off, he weren't ever accused o' bein' a beauty. Bill used to say it was all his eyes. They were so soft and meltin' and human-like that Bill got into the habit o' carryin' on conversation with that dog same as if he roped in everything Bill was turnin' loose on him. And if any gravel-washer was gettin' lonesome for trouble, all he had to do was try abusin' that dog o' Hunker Bill's. That would turn hell loose in Bill, and if he weren't held back there was likely to be a lot o' people walkin' slow behind that gravel-washer next day. It weren't so all-fired foolish o' Bill, after all, for when he was driftin' down to Dawson, in a Rice Lake canoe among a lot o' shore-ice, his fool egg-shell of a boat got nipped between two floes and went down. Bill went with her. He came up so paralyzed with the cold he hadn't sense enough to grab the float-ice all around him. And that's where Bill's dog got in his work. He grabbed his no-account master by the coat collar, by the arm, by the hair, and kept haulin' and draggin' him in, from one cake to another, until he got him ashore. But bein' just a fool dog, that was about all he *could* do. So he sat down on his haunches and howled, thinkin', I allow, that his boss was done for. And not bein' able to get him up on dry land, he kept on howlin', until, as luck would have it, three Chilkat squaws came down to the bank to see what was wrong. They hauled Bill out, and gave him a free parboilin' in front of a camp-fire. But with his goods lost, and his boat gone and winter comin' on again, Bill didn't seem to have ginger enough left to go pirootin' for a new job. And in them days, I allow, there was always enough duffel lyin' round loose to tempt any cuss what hadn't a keen sense o' property rights. It was a pretty thin-settled and wild and woolly country, then, between Whitehorse and

Dawson, with enough scows stranded on bars or nipped in the early freeze-up to bridge the Behring. And seein' there was a heap o' freight, and all-fired expensive freight, on them stranded scows that had come down the river, too late to get through, there was about two hundred miles of uncommon choice pickin' for any one so natcherally light-fingered as Hunker Bill. Most o' this stuff, you see, had to be put up on safe ground, and 'cached,' until open water again. Sometimes there'd be nothin' more'n a row o' five logs around it, with a tarpaulin over the top to keep off the snow. Now and then there'd be a watchman left to keep an eye on the 'cache,' but most often it was the Mounted P'lice that scared off thieves and kept Injins from gettin' too inquisitive. There'd be two or three men scattered along the trail, with nothin' to see but the choppers now and then, cuttin' wood for the steamers for the next summer, and here and there a log shack to crawl into when a blizzard blackened that frozen valley o' lonesomeness, like the wrath o' Gawd let loose!

"So it was uncommon loose-jointed patrol-work, I allow, and when one o' the big Edmonton firms 'd lost about half a scow-load of fresh pork, they concluded it were about time to pan out a little law on their own hook. Which same they proceeded to do some strenuous. They bought over the service of a couple o' the blackest-hearted white men in all Alberta, answerin' to the names o' Hootchi Ryan and Peewee MacPherson, and set 'em north to look after things, armed with enough fireworks to clean out a Cree reserve. So far as any one will ever get onto the lay-out o' this here hard and feverish game, these two soft-handed sons o' Order rounds up Hunker Bill somewheres in the neighbourhood o' one o' the caches. And that meant rough-house, though Bill seemingly got away with nothing more'n a flesh-wound—or, o' course, it may have been only the dog got nipped by a stray bullet. At any rate, they root out Bill's seven-foot shack, that night, hidden away in the hill-timber across the flats, intendin' it, I take it, for a little surprise-party for Bill. But this here dog o' Bill's puts him onto the game, in time, and there's a heap o' gun-powder noise in the scattered timber, and Bill leaks out under cover of the darkness, hot as a hornet. Just what heppens after that it's some hard to assoom. But some three weeks later, Hootchi Ryan and Peewee MacPherson not bein' heard from, the company sends up for a report. So the Mounted P'lice sends out an Inspector and two corporals, and they start fine-combin' that trail for evidence. First, they find a bag o' ammunition, and a 40-82 Winchester, which is later identified as Peewee MacPherson's. So they keep at it, goin' round on their hands and knees, pannin' the fine snow between their fingers, until they strike a bed o' ashes. Among these ashes they find buttons and moccasin-eyelits and a buckle or two, and a big H. B. clasp-knife, which is identified as Peewee MacPherson's. By this time it was uncommon clear that Hunker Bill and his two friends had had their fight out to a finish. So the next move for the P'lice was to find the bodies, and then, natcherally, to find Bill.

**O**NLY one o' them bodies was ever found. And that was three months later, miles and miles down the Yukon. It was washed up on a gravel-bar, at the spring break-up. And b'cause o' the coldness o' that water, there was no trouble about identifyin' it. It was Hootchi Ryan, all right, but the some startlin' thing about it was that there wasn't a knife-cut nor a gun-wound on the whole carcass. But it was chewed and torn at the throat, and the calf o' the leg and the fore-arms were full o' sharp teeth-marks. So the Inspector could see, plain as print, just how the whole business had come off. While Hunker Bill was attendin' to Peewee MacPherson, that dog o' Bill's was squarin' up accounts with Hootchi Ryan, who, like as not, tried to close in behind, when the fight b'tween the other two was gettin' purty hot. One body was burned—but Bill must a' found that uncommon slow and tedious work, for the other he chucked over a cut-bank onto the river. Then he mosied northwest, for the Alaska frontier, followed by that long-haired, liver-coloured mongrel every move he made. As I laid out before, it was a some sparse-settled country, in them days—and still is, as you'll always find when you travel light!—but it was sure surprisin' how the news o' that double killin' traveled from Yukon down to Wrangel and from Yukat east to Great Bear! It brought some mighty swift and grim-soundin' instructions from the Commissioner down at Regina, for the apprehendin' o' Hunker Bill. I was holdin' out at Fort Selkirk at the time, but I was drafted some speedy to join in that man-hunt, across a thousand miles o' desolation.

(Continued on page 24.)



The largest marble monolith ever prepared in Canada. It is thirty-two feet long and weighs fifty-four thousand pounds. Four of these will adorn Montreal's New Art Gallery.

## A MARBLE HOME FOR ART

By ST. GEORGE BURGOYNE

THE new home for the Art Association of Montreal is rapidly nearing completion and its occupation is expected by May next. The present quarters on Phillips Square have been occupied since 1879, and the development of the work and collections has made them inadequate.

The new headquarters are situated on Sherbrooke Street West, in the heart of the section where Montreal's merchant princes have raised themselves homes, which are the equal of any in older lands, and garnered art treasures which are priceless. In the new structure, which it was hoped would be completed in time to permit His Excellency Earl Grey to formally open, everything is virtually of the "last word" variety. In its arrangement it will embody many features not present in even the finest galleries on the European continent.

In the many large studios there will be no dark corners, and the same applies to the exhibition galleries and libraries. It will be fireproof, in marked contrast to the present quarters which have for years taxed the financial heads by reason of the high insurance premiums. So inadequate are the present premises that during the regular Spring and Autumn exhibitions the growing permanent collections have to be stored in the cellars. Moreover, to keep even with the high taxation and insurance the ground floor of the building has been drawing revenue from shops of different kinds. An added drawback, and one keenly felt, is that owing to inflammability of the structure local picture owners are not always willing to risk their priceless canvases for Loan Exhibitions.

In the Sherbrooke Street building, which is of white marble, there will be sufficient space to hold special exhibitions without disturbing the permanent collections. One of the architectural features will be the four columns which add dignity and beauty to the facade. These are the largest marble monoliths in Canada, and were shipped to Iberville, P.Q., from the quarries of the Norcross Marble Co., at Manchester, Vt. They came in the rough to the yards at Iberville, where it took six men three months to cut each column, by the use of compressed air. Each column, in one solid piece, is thirty-two feet long, fluted and tapering from the base, which is three feet six inches. Each column weighs twenty-seven tons.

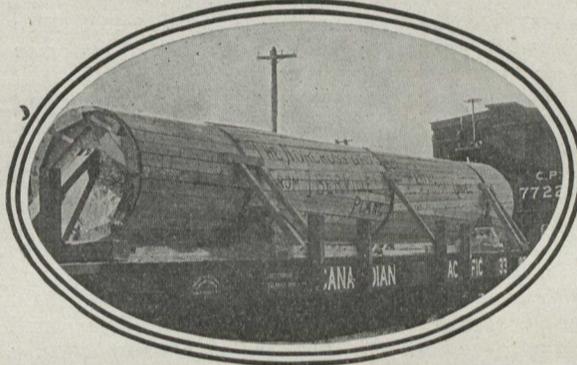
The architects of the new building are Messrs. E. and W. S. Maxwell, of Montreal, Mr. Edmund M. Wheelwright, of Boston, acting in an advisory capacity. Mr. Wheelwright, who has a very high reputation in the United States, has been consulted widely in the matter of school buildings, theatres, and art galleries, and was one of the committee which regulated the decisions and erection of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The cost of the new building will be in the neighbourhood of \$300,000. The site cost approximately \$70,000, and the old premises and land on Phillips Square, still occupied, were disposed of for \$275,000.

The forerunner of the present institution was the Montreal Society, formed in 1847. Exhibitions were held at many and various places until 1868, when a show of work by the Society of Canadian Artists marked the beginning of the Royal Canadian Academy. Two years later the patron of the exhibition was H. R. H. Prince Arthur.

The premises which are soon to be vacated were opened on May 26, 1879, with His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise in attendance. In the following year His Excellency sug-

gested the formation of the Royal Canadian Academy, the body duly becoming "Royal" by letters patent.

From time to time the Association has been remembered by picture lovers. In addition to the bequest of Benjamin Gibb, who, in 1892, left \$70,000 as a trust fund for the purchase of pictures, as well



The marble monolith boxed and loaded on a car for shipment.

as a small collection, there have been collections left by Messrs. W. G. Murray and John Hutton. A noteworthy acquisition was the William, John and Agnes Learmont collection, which was formally presented to the Association last year.

The late Miss Catherine Orkney also left \$50,000 with the provision that the galleries should be closed



The facade of Montreal's New Art Gallery, showing the four marble pillars as they will appear when the building is completed. (E. & W. S. Maxwell, architects.)

on Sunday. It has been this fact, in view of the uncertain support the Association has been accorded, which has prevented the doors being open to the public on that day in line with the liberal practice followed in Europe.

### Olive Schreiner's Latest Book.

By JEAN GRAHAM

IT is quite futile for the most conservative of us to deny that there is a Woman Question. We may be bored by the mention of suffrage and sick of the sound of social service; but the eternal interrogation, of the woman who wants work and who desires the adequate training for it, is heard with an insistence which will secure an ultimate reply, both in the old and the new world,

the Orient and the Occident.

It is nearly a score of years since Olive Schreiner's "Dreams" aroused us to consider the significance of the feminine awakening. Her "Story of an African Farm," although deemed grimly unpleasant by many who prefer the "best-selling" type of fiction remains the most striking story of that Land of Unrest. In her latest volume, "Woman and Labour," this author has produced a remarkable work, to which she refers modestly as "a collection of musings on some of the points connected with woman's work." The introduction gives a dramatic account of how an earlier and much more comprehensive work was destroyed during the course of the Boer War. The present volume, however, will probably prove of more popular value than any more scientific and exhaustive treatise on the subject. Within three hundred pages, Olive Schreiner has taken a comprehensive survey of feminine endeavour in the modern industrial and professional world, with a glimpse of the achievements of the future. She has gone beneath the surface unrest of the social and industrial world of the Twentieth Century, in a search for the cause of the present disturbance—and has dealt with scientific detachment, on the conditions which have brought about the turbulence of to-day. This book is no hysterical tract by a shrieking sister, vaguely but passionately seized by a sense of "wrong." It is the result of a lifework of effort and thought by a woman who is quite as remarkable for her emotional insight as for her intellectual grasp.

THE greater part of this book is devoted to a study of "parasitism," an article of particular significance in this age, when it seems as if luxury were the idol of those whom the world esteems successful. Mr. Henry Watterson, of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, made an attack on the "smart set" some years ago which, for startling invective, has not been exceeded by any other journalistic condemnation of the follies of the multi-millionaire circle. Father Bernard Vaughan, in his London church, has uttered censure of the "sins of society" which has brought fashionable and curious sinners flocking to his congregation. Yet, it may be doubted, whether editor or cleric has been as keenly analytic, as solemnly prophetic as Olive Schreiner, in dealing with the sloth and selfishness of the parasitic woman. The woman who contributes nothing to the active and sustaining labours of her society is described as "the 'fine lady,' the human female parasite—the most deadly microbe which can make its appearance on the surface of any social organism. Wherever in the history of the past this type has reached its full development and has comprised the bulk of the females belonging to any dominant class or race, it has heralded its decay."

Rome, Persia and Greece are quoted as examples of the ancient states which declined and fell through the social corruption which began with the parasite woman. The writer eloquently shows that the idle and luxurious woman means a race of weaklings. She turns to the Germanic races which overthrew Rome, for a confirmation of her statement that the sturdy and industrious woman, who is man's comrade and co-worker, is the origin of a dominant race. Here one is reminded of Tennyson's noble words:

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink  
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free;  
For she that out of Lethe scales with man  
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man  
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,  
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands."

The chapter on "Woman and War" is the most fervent bit of writing which Olive Schreiner has given us, full of that generous emotion which realizes the terrible price which the mother pays for strife and bloodshed. "War will pass," says the writer, "when intellectual culture and activity have made possible to the female an equal share in the control and governance of modern national life, it will probably not pass away much sooner; its extinction will not be delayed much longer."

Mrs. Schreiner, in her introduction, refers rather scornfully to literary graces. In the present volume she is decidedly too much given to the use of the long sentence, in more than one instance spinning out more than three hundred words from period to period. It would be in better taste to use the word, "woman," instead of the more general term, "female," and the adjective, "virile" is over-worked to a wearisome degree. There is little of wit or humour, but the woman who is writing for a "cause" is usually in deadly earnest.

However, these are but trivial defects in the balance, against a book which is one of the most notable of the year and of which the writer may well be proud as a crowning life-work. (Toronto: Henry Frowde.)

# THROUGH A MONOCLE

## OUTLOOK FOR UNIVERSAL PEACE.

HERE is one subject upon which I can always depend for an argument with practically any genuine citizen of the North American Continent; and that is his belief that we are within measurable distance of universal peace. Of course, I am a citizen of this Continent myself, Canadian born and bred, and proud of it; but I have failed to achieve the well-nigh universal North American optimism on the subject of war and peace. It seems to me that we are about as far from peace as we have been at any time during the past few centuries; and that the strong arm and the stifled conscience still rule humanity. I mention this now because recent events have tended to bear out this theory; and I cannot quite resist the temptation to say to my cheerful brethren: "I told you so."

\* \* \*

IT is true that we do not fight under conditions which would have produced actual war a century ago. But this is not because the strong arm has ceased to dominate, but only because we have attained to superior methods of judging the relative strengths of the various "strong arms" concerned. If we go far enough back in history, we arrive at a time when there was practically no way of discovering which nation was the strongest except by war. Nations always fought it out, and settled the question of relative strength by counting the dead. Gradually, however, the spy system developed; and nations began to know more about each other's armies. Then it was not always necessary to go to war to learn which had the heavier battalions. Slowly this spy system improved. We got to know more and more about each other's war preparations. The result is that to-day the civilized nations are pretty accurately informed on this subject; and the Intelligence Departments of the various Governments can usually check the probable results of any war you like to suggest without moving a man or firing a gun.

\* \* \*

BUT what we have achieved is not the spread of peaceful ideals, but the perfection of spying. When Germany appeared in "shining armour" on the frontiers of Russia and served notice on St. Petersburg that it must leave Serbia to its fate, it was not sweet reason nor "Peace sitting under her olive" that triumphed. It was the strong arm. It was as much a conquest by brutal force as if we had had a year of war with many bloody battles. But Russia's excellent spy system told her that she did not have a chance against Germany and Austria combined; and she gave way. It is true that no soldiers were killed; but, if this is Peace, then robbery by threats of death in lieu of cracking the victim's skull to begin with, is idyllic honesty.

\* \* \*

WE have just seen the same game played in the case of Agadir. Germany did not send a squadron to Agadir strong enough to resist any attempt to cut it out. It merely ordered a cruiser to stop there and get its name in the papers. Then the game of chess began. The first question was—Would Britain stand by its associate, France? Lloyd-George answered that question; and Lloyd-George is not a "jingo." That settled the possibility of the permanent retention of Agadir. Germany knew that she would have to go; or the British fleet would drive her away. What might be called the Battle of Mansion House was won by the British. Then the next question was—Would France dread war so much that she would give Germany large compensations, either in Morocco or on the Congo? That was a more protracted struggle; and much ink was shed. But France stood firm. With British backing, she demonstrated that she did not fear war; and Belgium got ready to defend her own neutrality. The Battle of the Moorish Concessions was a French victory. Just what Germany will save out of the rout, is now being discussed.

\* \* \*

THEN there is Italy and Tripoli. Do our Peace Preachers call that Peace? It looks to me exceedingly like the strong arm. As I write, they say that there will be no resistance; but there was in the olden day no resistance to the sack of a city. Yet it was hardly Peace. We have begun to use the flag of truce a little earlier in the game—that is about all. As for bloodshed and sudden

death, I would not like to say that we are less murderous than our forefathers. When we do fight—which is when we are in doubt—the slaughter makes the figures of earlier battles look trivial. Match the "murder" during the single month of August, 1870, with any month of war in the Middle Ages; and you will see. Compare the specific gravity of death—so to speak—during the Russo-Japanese War with that during the Hundred Years' War!

\* \* \*

MOREOVER, there is the question of military burdens. Army training, naval accidents, the weight of taxation, kill far more people now than they did in the old days. Europe is always at war. It has its daily list of casualties—though sometimes it is only the starvation of a seamstress or the debauching of a peasant lad. Still the point I

## IN DEFENCE OF BASEBALL

By J. P. FITZGERALD

THE "Two Views of Baseball"—one by Mr. E. R. Paterson, and the other by "Bleacher"—published in the COURIER two weeks ago, have aroused considerable interest. Mr. Paterson's attack on professional baseball had made many fans "hot under the collar," as one of them expressed it. Also a number of people have declared Mr. Paterson "dead right" in his criticism.

Both the friends and the foes of the game admit that professional baseball occupies a big place in the life and interest of the people of Canada. And now that the ball season is practically over, both sides may discuss the matter without bias. The COURIER would like to hear from those who approve of the professional game and those who object to it.

In the following article a vigorous defence of professional baseball is made by Mr. J. P. Fitzgerald, sporting editor of the Toronto "Telegram." He has followed and written about baseball for many years, and has an intimate knowledge of the game and its effect upon its followers.

MR. ERNEST PATERSON makes a severe arraignment of professional baseball. To be more precise, Mr. Paterson announces that that is his purpose but he rather wanders from his text: nay, more than that takes the effect for the cause and waxes eloquent over the evils of baseball in its professional aspect all the time pillorying the game for the foibles and failings of the fans. It is not baseball that Mr. Paterson really fastens upon, but rather the weaknesses, the shady side of the character of the great American and Canadian public.

Baseball in its very essence and in all its aspects so accurately portrays the inner soul of the nation that it may readily be caricatured and found fault with as a corrupter of morals, as a panderer to the worst side of human nature. The great American sport, whether played by professionals or amateurs, sums up in itself as accurate a reflex of American character whether from a business or social viewpoint as it is possible to conceive. So close indeed are the game and the people that Mr. Paterson falls into the error of flaying the sport, all the time fastening on the people of these two great countries without, however, giving due notice of his glide from the one to the other, nor indeed being aware of it himself apparently.

Mr. Paterson wisely admits the many fine points of baseball, and the wonderful physical and mental development that this game demands, and, more than that, equips its devotees with. That in itself is sufficient reason for its existence and its popularity among players.

It has defects, but they are not of the game, but of the American genius and character. There is that "win at any cost" thread running through this, as well as pretty nearly every other sport in this country. There are pastimes where this unfortunate element does not exist, but very few real live sports that demand good red blood, brawn and brain. "Win at any cost" is not peculiar to baseball or sport. It is the war cry of the nation; the fundamental principle of business activity, not to go farther and say the social side, too.

BASEBALL is not too vigorous for older men. Mr. Paterson falls into this fallacy imagining that baseball such as the professionals play it is

want to make is that the strong arm still rules—that nations still take what they find on the highway of the world—and that it is supreme folly for the possessors of a great treasure, like the Canadians, to neglect the strengthening of their arm and to depend upon the coming reign of good will among men and peace on earth. The millennium is not yet in sight. It is too soon to beat our spears into pruning-hooks and our swords into ploughshares. We have just seen Corea, Bosnia and Tripoli gobbled up before our eyes. We have seen the Isthmus of Panama stolen by our next-door neighbour. What is the use of talking nonsense? If we were not backed by the might of the British Empire, we—with our treasure-house of an unexploited half-continent—would last about as long as a snowball in a certain place it is not polite to mention. I do not know how many object-lessons it will take to bring this evident truth home to my very good friends in this happy hunting-ground of the Men Who Fight With Their Tongues; but I hope that we will learn in time to prevent us from serving as an object-lesson to the sympathetic survivors.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

necessary to engender sport and exercise. As a matter of fact, a man of fifty who has or has not been an adept at the game in his youth can derive the same pleasure and exercise out of a game with men of equal ability as he can at cricket, golf, or any other pastime. He will not be a Bill Bradley, but he can extract as much amusement and pleasure as a boy of twenty out of it.

That old cry of professionalism, "gnawing like a vulture at its very heart," looks well in print. Clean, open professionalism is decent. Can as much be said for a great part of the species of amateurism that stalks through the land? You can't find a tennis meet at which stars are not imported to add interest. Are they real amateurs?

The ideal condition is, of course, to have the public play its own games. But there is more than that in our modern sport. It is also an entertainment, a something to take a man out of himself, to forget his business cares and throw himself into the fray. The fan does speak his thoughts aloud and the fact that he does abuse the umpire and the players is scarcely a fault of the game surely. Let him abuse. It only indicates how far away from his cares and worries he is. That is reason enough for the existence of professional baseball.

Nobody ever accused a baseball player of crookedness; few professionals are ever panned for indifference in their work. They play to win first and to draw salary secondarily.

It may be new for Mr. Paterson to learn that few ball players care to represent their home towns. The reasons are obvious. There are enough Canadians playing the game to give Toronto a first-class team. What good purpose would that serve? Your amateurs are bought and sold, too, Mr. Paterson, and without the same legitimate purpose. Evidently Mr. Paterson is not very familiar with baseball conditions and nothing further need be said on this aspect of the subject.

Baseball is a business enterprise. You must have a winner to make it pay. It is a common fault this hankering after gates. Professionalism has no corner of this market.

### Public Not Duped.

THE public is neither duped nor blinded. They know exactly that the best players are sought to win primarily and because they win to attract the public. Because they don't look upon baseball as an "acrobatic performance," because they adopt these players as their own entering into the game as heartily and as completely as though their own honour and the reputation of their city depended upon the success of the home team is reason enough for the existence of professional baseball. They are a part of the game, and are concerned in it as much as the players or owners. That is where baseball and lacrosse and Rugby football have distanced cricket and the other games in this country. There is no flim-flamming or swindling in baseball, and Mr. Paterson has chosen a most unfortunate tack to sail on. He waxes eloquent over the fancied wrong done the public, where there is no such thing, and the first to cast such an aspersion back in his face would be the public he takes it upon himself to defend from these three-shellers.

The article attacks baseball because the fans want victory even at the cost of poor play by the

visiting team. That is no fault of the game. It is played fairly, and though the general run of enthusiasts demands a win by any means the students of baseball go to see and applaud the finer points whether shown by the home team or the visitors. And be it noted there are more of this kind at every game of ball than can be dragged or coaxed to the so-called "gentlemen's games."

It is not so long ago that a cricket umpire was mobbed in Australia, and if the spectators entered into the other games as they do in baseball it would be but an evidence of life instead of that iciness that indicates the corpse.

**Fan is Good Citizen.**

THE baseball fan is as good and as respectable a citizen as this country affords. He is natural, lets himself go, plays as hard in the stand as the men do on the field. The "gallery" in some of our sports would show the poorest kind of form if it even whispered. What kind of outlet is that to a man's feelings? The public is not taking part in that game. It is an idle onlooker. Football in England demands and receives far more space in the best papers over there than baseball gets in Can-

ada, despite Mr. Paterson's assertion to the contrary.

It isn't baseball Mr. Paterson would abolish, "root and branch," but the fundamental character of the nation. As a matter of fact the word "Business" might well be substituted for "Baseball" in his attack, and the arguments used would be quite as apt—and quite as futile. Baseball is here to stay; it is a part of the national life, and as such will prosper and grow not to the death of active participation of the public, but rather to its encouragement. There are in Toronto this year no fewer than ten professed senior amateur leagues, embracing some fifty teams, or about six hundred young men. The intermediate, junior, juvenile, church and shop teams defy a count. That showing scarcely argues that a professional ball team in our midst discourages active engagement of our own young men.

Toronto has at least enough young men playing baseball professionally in other cities to make up two teams.

Canadians need no appeal to save themselves. They know baseball and embrace it. It has its faults as all things human, but they are few compared with its perfections.

**Praises Stringer's Poems.**

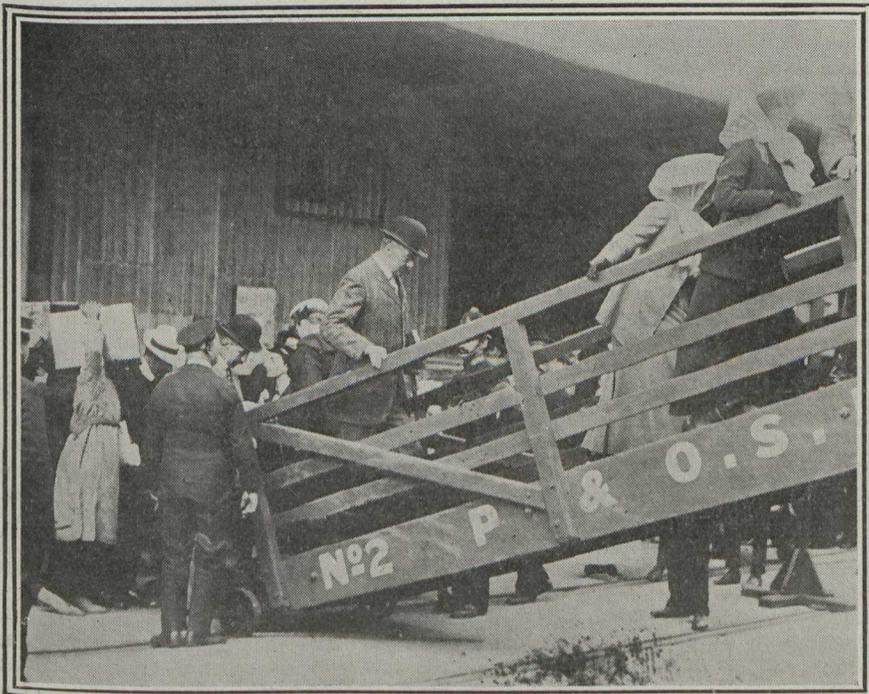
THAT most conservative of American newspapers, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, in a review of the many volumes of poetry produced during the present season, places first on the list Arthur Stringer's new volume of "Irish Poems." "There is some good verse here," concedes the *Eagle's* critic, in enumerating the different volumes under review, "and let us say at once Stringer's at the best is very, very good indeed. 'Irish Poems' is designed more as a small gallery of portraits, or, to be more exact, as a record of fleeting impressions caught from the West of Ireland character.

"Dramatic the poems are; lyric, too, with here and there a sudden piercing insight into the deeper tragedies of life that make them very conspicuous among the verses being written to-day. The craftsmanship of the poems, in places, is as mature and convincing as the work of William Watson. The English is clear and illuminating. There is the sensitiveness to delicate situations of the Irish muse; something of the symbolism and mystery of the Celt; the penetrating humanity, on the other side of the picture, the light-hearted gayety in the face of disaster."



**THE PREMIER OF ONTARIO LAYS A CORNER-STONE.**

On Monday, September 25th Sir James Whitney formally laid the corner-stone of the Administration Building of the new Provincial Prison Farm at Guelph. Among those present were Hon. J. J. Foy, Attorney-General, Hon. W. J. Hanna, Provincial Secretary, who has charge of prisons and asylums, Mr. Justice Teetzel, Dr. Gilmour, Warden of the Institution, and other prominent persons.



**THE BIG MAN AGAIN TAKES A BIG JOB.**

Lord Kitchener has been a-loitering around the British Empire for some time, doing little and saying less. The maintenance of law and order at the Coronation gave him something to think about for a few days only. Now, however, he is off to a big job in Egypt—and the Egyptian problem is mightier than most people think. To the left he is seen going up the gangway to the steamer Nubian, and to the right the Lascars are handling his baggage.

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## Annexation.

NOW that the elections are over and people are more prepared to look at the question of Canada's relations to the United States in a non-partisan way, it may not be amiss to discuss some of the points raised during the campaign. Our situation on this continent compels us to study these international relations very closely, and, in times of political peace, to arrive at convictions and conclusions of a reasonable and practicable character.

There is first the question of annexation. The Conservatives attacked reciprocity because they claimed it would lead to annexation. The Liberals answered that the idea was nonsensical. Perhaps it would be wisest to say that both were wrong, both were extreme. No enlargement of trade between the two countries would lead to annexation, if the Canadian people remained thorough loyal to British connections. In their contention to this effect, the Liberals were right. Nevertheless when these same Liberals denied that there was any annexation sentiment among the public men of the United States they were wrong. Indeed, there was as much truth on the one side as on the other. There are a number of men in the United States, men of light and leading, who desire to see one country from the North Pole to the Panama Canal and who would go a long way in attempting to gain that goal. And it is a reasonable imperial feeling, akin to that which exists among those Britishers who desire to see an Empire which would girdle the world and would dictate terms to all other nations. A nation of ninety millions of people without imperial ambitions would be an incongruity in the world as we know it. If that feeling should lead the United States into war against Canada or Mexico then it would be unreasonable. But so far, only peaceful means have been considered.

\* \* \*

## Proof of This Contention.

PERHAPS some reader would like proof that there is an annexation sentiment in the minds of some United States publicists. If so, here it is. One of the leading papers in the United States is the *Journal of Commerce*, published in New York. It is a financial and commercial authority without a superior on this continent. Its subscription price is \$12 a year, showing that it is not distributed to those who are not able to pay for expert opinion. Its editorial statement as to the facts on this subject should be conclusive evidence.

In its issue of Monday, September 25th, the *Journal of Commerce* devotes its leading editorial to a discussion of "Canada and the United States," and aims to show why reciprocity was rejected by Canada. The *Journal of Commerce* was in favour of reciprocity, regrets the failure of the negotiations or measures and still believes that Canada's future market for farm produce will be the United States. Hence no better authority could be quoted on the subject which we are now discussing.

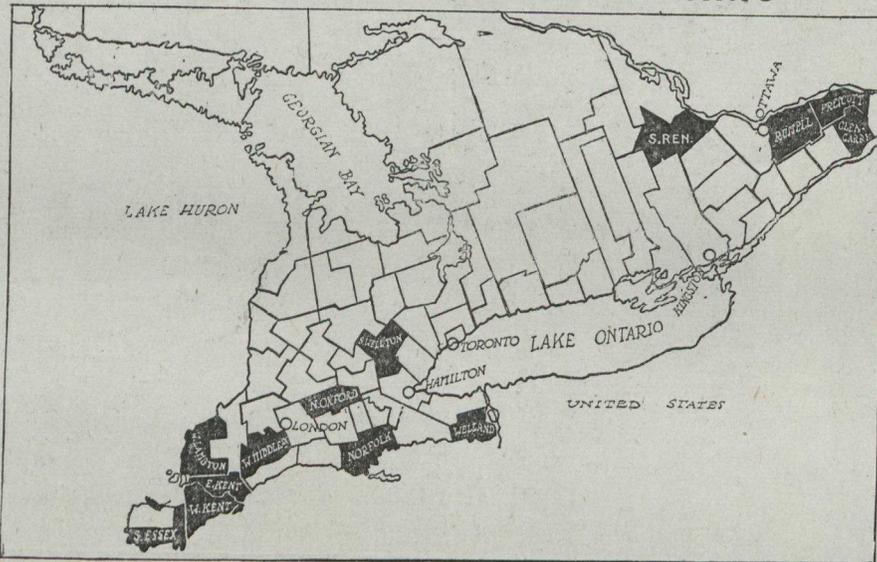
In this editorial, published on September 25th, the *Journal of Commerce* frankly admits that much of the difficulty over reciprocity was due to the "indiscreet utterances" of some publicists and newspapers. It says in part:

"Mr. Champ Clark furnished a very effective campaign document for the Canadian Conservatives when he presented the prospect of 'one flag, the Stars and Stripes, from Central America to the North Pole,' and when he intimated that the reciprocity agreement must lead to the annexation of Canada which he thought could be obtained with the good will of Great Britain. Senator Smith of Michigan cordially indorsed Mr. Clark's views as expressed on the floor of the House, and said that they carried as much weight as if the Prime Minister of England had spoken. He added that Mr. Clark's utterances were a blow to the English scheme of centralization, the feasibility of which is apparent to anyone who studies the wonderful resources of the British Empire. Then Senator Cummins of Iowa declared himself to be for the annexation of Canada, as he had always been, and it was his belief that if it

were generally understood that Canadian annexation was the purpose of the pending pact, it would doubtless help the measure to become law. Senator McCumber of North Dakota said that Canadian annexation is the logical conclusion of reciprocity with Canada, and Senator Jones of Washington, more modest than the rest, confined himself to an expression of his desire to see Vancouver and British Columbia an integral part of the American Union. Then there were newspapers which loudly proclaimed that the reciprocity agreement was the last chance to "head off" the federation of the British Empire, and who saw in the agreement a check upon the east and west development of Canada, making that country a business part of the United States with the line of traffic running more to the north and south. More specifically, these journalistic pundits found that reciprocity would really cut Canada into two countries—the section east of Lake Superior merging with New England and the Eastern States and the West becoming part of the United States."

Surely, no further proof is needed to show that there is a decided feeling towards annexation among public men in the United States and that the people in this country had some basis for their statements and arguments. Fortunately, the feeling is wholly

## NEW POLITICAL MAP OF ONTARIO



Ontario went against reciprocity on Sept. 21st, as this map shows. Thirteen Constituencies (in black) were Liberal; and of these one (Welland) is anti-reciprocity. There are 86 constituencies in all.

peaceable, and is not likely to cause Canada any serious trouble.

\* \* \*

## Another Election Error.

THERE is another election issue in which the error, if it may be termed such, was made by the opponents of reciprocity. There was a constant cry that the farmers of the United States are not as prosperous as the farmers of Canada. This is quite wrong. The United States census figures show that the profits of the agriculturists of that country were never higher. Farm values in well settled parts of the country have doubled in the last ten years, and sometimes more than doubled. Even in New York State, there is a notable increase in the value of farm lands which can only be explained by increased profits.

When the Conservative orators claimed that the United States farmer was not in as good a position financially as the Ontario farmer, they were in error. The facts and figures were against them. There are abandoned farms in New York as there are in Ontario, but the cause is the same. Farming now-a-days requires capital, and the farmer without capital must move to a newer district where land is less expensive and where cultivation is less intensive. Further, farm labour is scarce in New York State as in Ontario, because of more steady employment to be found in the growing towns and cities.

The best brains of the United States is being directed towards manufactures, transportation and commerce, and as long as this is the case so long will the cities attract the best men from the farms. What has happened in the United States is hap-

pening in Ontario, and will later on prevail in the older portions of the Canadian West.

\* \* \*

## The Situation at Ottawa.

EVERY Canadian interested in public affairs and public men has been greatly interested in the happenings at Ottawa during the past fortnight. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues are winding up the business of an administration which has been fifteen years in office. Mr. Borden and his colleagues-to-be are arranging the preliminaries of the new administration. It is an intensely human drama. It is fraught with men's highest ambitions and a nation's greatest interests. He who is not interested must be devoid of civic spirit and national intelligence.

The drama is rendered the more spectacular by the closing incidents of the seven-years reign of our Governor-General and the preparations for the advent of a new Governor-General, a prince of royal blood. Earl Grey is saying good-bye and receiving the last congratulations of a people whose respect and love he has fairly earned. Preparations are proceeding for welcoming the Duke of Connaught, uncle to King George V., who has already begun his journey from London to Ottawa.

The men who have ruled and will rule are being moved about on the chess-board of a nation's destiny—kings, queens, bishops, knights and pawns. It is a great game, spectacular in its living importance and political significance. It is a great game, and a nation may well view it with breathless anxiety and interest.

\* \* \*

## Criticism Gives Way to Praise.

FOR the time being, criticism has given way to praise. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, by his urbanity, gracefulness and courage in the hour of political defeat, is winning encomiums from friend and foe. It has been rendered clear that the Liberals who voted against the Laurier reciprocity proposition did so with great reluctance so far as Sir Wilfrid himself was concerned. It has also been made equally clear that the Conservatives regard Sir Wilfrid as a great Canadian, and that they desire to make his descent from office as easy and as pleasant as possible. This speaks well for the people and as much for Sir Wilfrid.

Likewise all criticism of Mr. Borden has been abandoned, and there is nothing but praise for his general bearing and his political leadership. He has shown no undue elation over his victory, no amateurish spirit of triumph, no churlishness such as is sometimes exhibited by men to whom worldly success comes suddenly. In this hour of victory, he has borne him-

self with dignity and courteousness to friend and foe. In this there is a promise that Canada will find in Mr. Borden a leader as deserving of the national confidence as were any of his predecessors in the high office to which he has been called.

As Canning said, "Men are everything, measures are comparatively nothing." Mr. Borden's task is to surround himself with good men, with men in whom the country will have confidence. As Sir Wilfrid was tested by his conduct in the hour of defeat, so Mr. Borden will be tested by his conduct in the hour of victory. If there is one man in his cabinet in whom the people have not the fullest confidence with regard to integrity and public spirit, he will to just that small extent fail to realize the high expectations of the country.

\* \* \*

## The Ninth Plank.

ABOUT the middle of August, Mr. Borden issued a Manifesto to the people of Canada, which was supplementary to the statement which he issued when Parliament was dissolved on July 29th. In it he gave a pledge that, if returned to power, the Liberal-Conservative party would carry out a policy which he there laid down. In that policy there were eleven planks. The ninth runs as follows:

"(9) The extension of civil service reform."

Just what that plank means remains to be seen. The time for the reform and the extent of it have yet to be decided. But the spirit is quite clear. Mr. Borden believes that all civil servants should be removed from the realm of politics and political intrigue, given a definite assurance of permanency consistent with good conduct, and be regulated and governed by an independent commission.

# COUNTRY and SUBURBAN LIFE SUPPLEMENT

## CIVIC BEAUTY

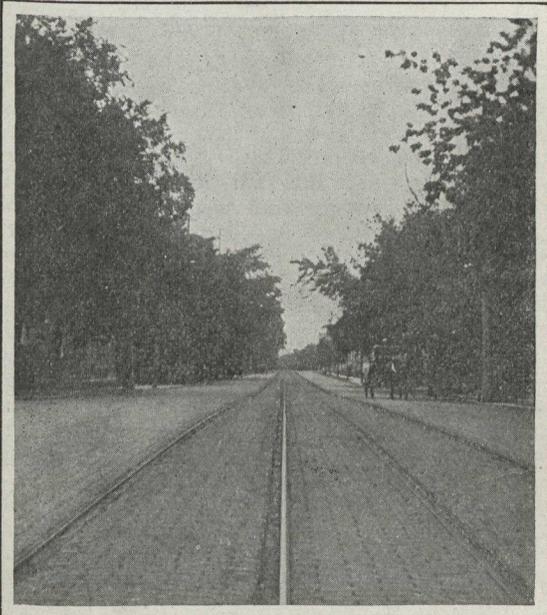
*Interesting Prize Photographs  
of the City of Quebec*

By E. C. JOSEPH

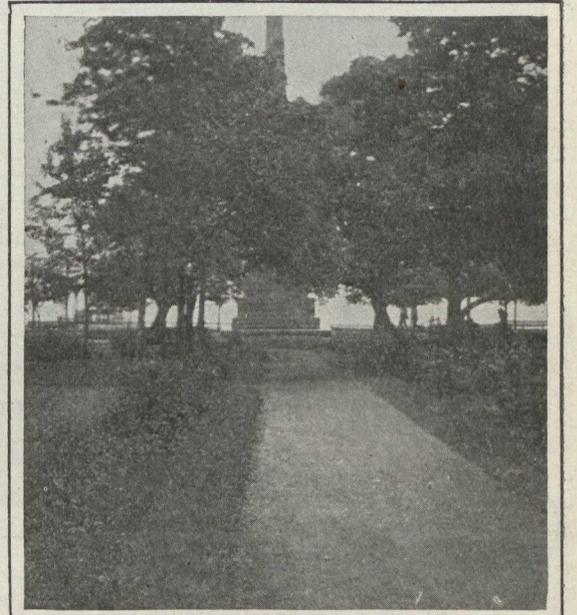
THESE splendid photographs won the second prize in the Civic Beauty competition recently conducted by the COURIER. They were submitted by Mr. E. C. Joseph, of Quebec.

In some ways Quebec is Canada's most interesting city. It has an Old World look that makes part of its charm, and it links up the sparsely-settled Canada of three centuries ago with the wonderful progressive Canada of to-day. It has an abiding charm for tourists, and it bulks up majestically as one approaches it by steamer on the broad St. Lawrence.

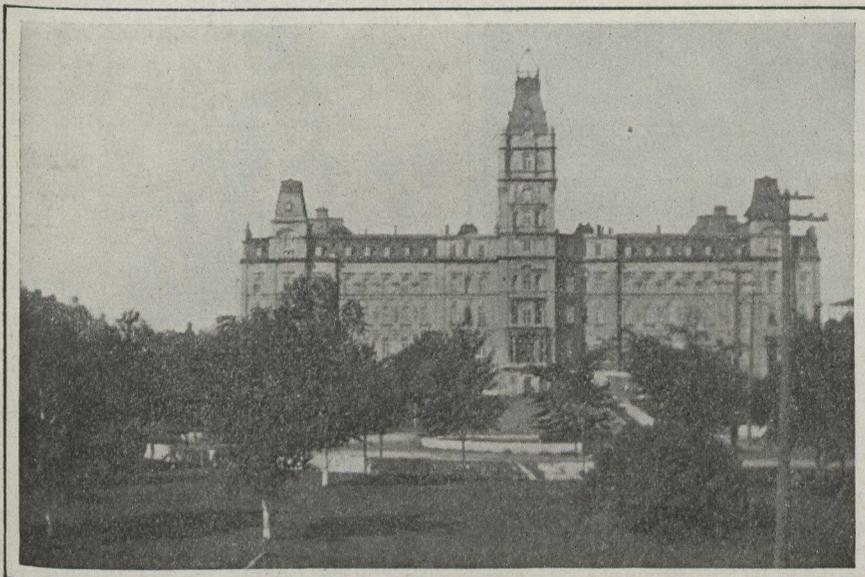
Nature has done much for Quebec, and that fact has inspired her citizens to keep their city beautiful. Not long ago they objected strongly to the idea that Quebec is as slow-going as might be inferred from its old and Old World look. They furnished proof that their city is business-like and progressive. But, as these photographs indicate, they have not forgotten beauty for business. Nature and civic spirit go hand in hand to make a fine Quebec.



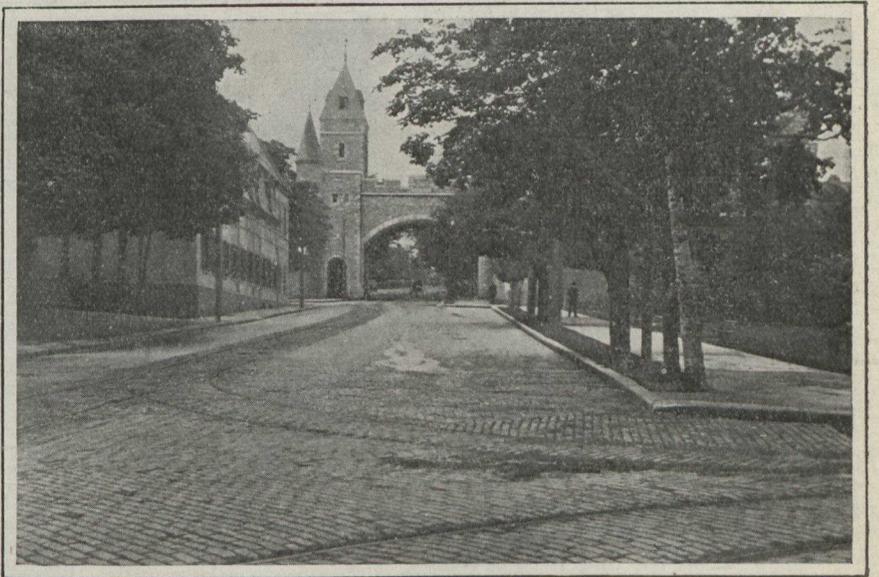
FINE, LONG, RESIDENTIAL STREET  
Grand Alle, which runs across the Plains of Abraham



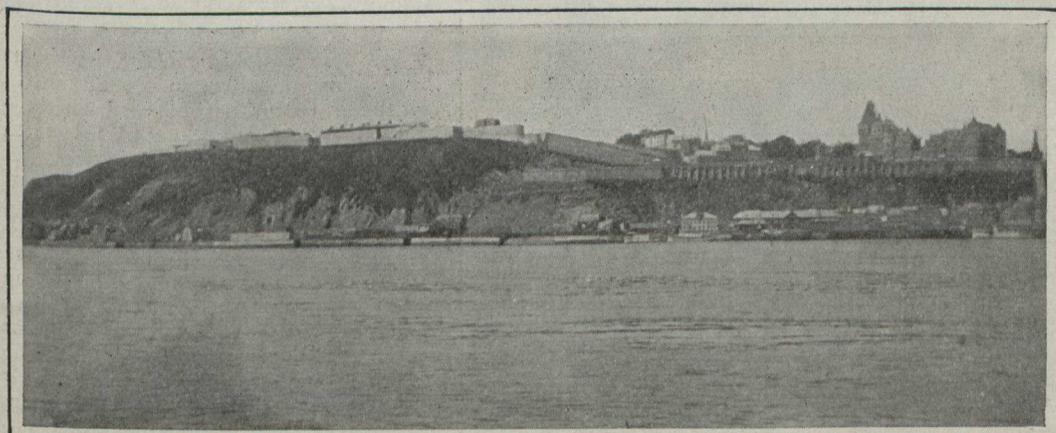
COMMEMORATING TWO HEROES  
The Wolfe-Montcalm Monument in the Governor's Garden



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, FROM THE CITY WALL  
With the exception of the House of Commons, these are the finest Parliament Buildings in Canada



ST. LOUIS GATE, FROM LOUIS ST.  
Largely through the Marquis of Dufferin's efforts, Quebec's walls were restored and gates rebuilt



CANADA'S GIBRALTER, AS SEEN FROM LEVIS  
Topping the rock is the Citadel. To right is the Terrace, Chateau Frontenac and Champlain Monument.



IN MEMORY OF BRITAIN'S GREATEST QUEEN  
The Queen Victoria Monument in a beautiful setting in Victoria Park



COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF MR. JAMES RYRIE AT OAKVILLE

This rambling nature palace is Early English in architectural design, suggestive of the ancient seats of the nobility in a land where the country house is as old as Alfred.

## A LOVER OF COUNTRY LIFE

*The Country Residence of a Toronto Millionaire*

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

ON Lake Ontario, near the town of Oakville, twenty miles from Toronto, stands one of the best appointed country estates in the Dominion. It is the property of Mr. James Ryrie, the wealthy Toronto jeweller. Here, this Toronto millionaire hies him at week ends, retreating from the city for a few days of Horacian simplicity.

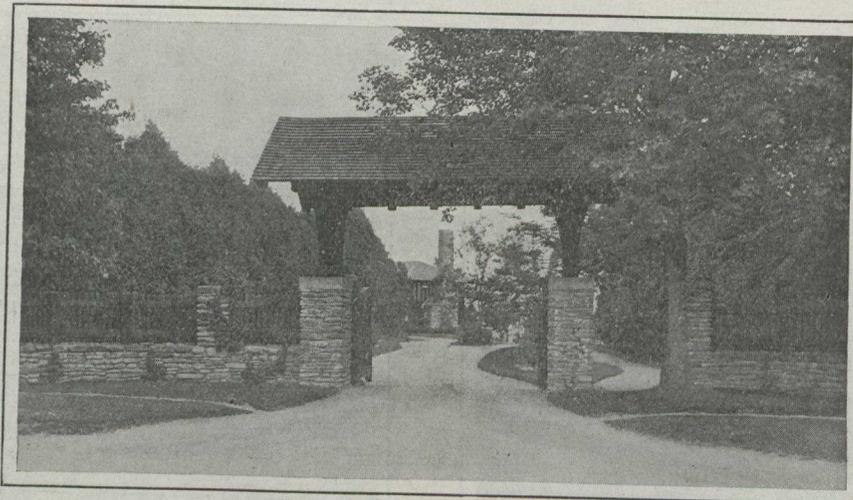
The story of Mr. Ryrie's country home is an interesting incident in the career of a man, whose rise from being a humble watchmaker to the affluence of a diamond merchant of international reputation, is one of the romances of Canadian business.

City men in Canada who buy country houses, are of two classes. There is the farmer's son, who has struck it rich in the city, and longs again for the open spaces. To him in early youth the vista of his father's acres appeared only symbolic of long, hopeless years. He followed the shriek of the train whistle until the lure of the town got him. The city meant battle. Doing chores had made him strong. He conquered. But he sweated blood for it. The gold of victory in his pocket, there comes to him a vision of the open road, the rustle of heavy grain, the silver of the creek in the sunlight down by the bush. And, so, the one time country boy invests some of the "pile" which he has made in the city, in a country house.

The second type of city rusticator is the product of the city, who discovers the country late in life. He was born with the clang of a street car a block away. He went to the city public school, where probably he met occasionally the son of parents who had moved recently into town from the country. Very likely, in common with the other boys on the same street, he learned to speak of this boy, rather raw with sunburn, as a "hayseed." This was a special opprobrium to be attached to all inhabitants of a picturesque world *extra muros* called "the country," about which he knew accurately nothing. It was only after he grew up, and had travelled a little from the smoke of the city, that he came to know the "country," a civilization as vibrant with Canadian nationalism as that which thundered on asphalt pavements. And it was far more peaceful. He barter some of

his gold for this peace. Within automobile distance of the city a large, roaming house goes up. Wide grounds surround it. Another city man has become a country mouse.

Mr. James Ryrie belongs to the second class of country gentlemen. He has been a Toronto man all his life. Until five years ago, he knew as little about the country as do most city men. About that time he discovered it in England; in beautiful



Entrance and driveway Ryrie country estate—nature assisted by art. Note the twenty-foot hedge on the left; it stood there fifteen years before Mr. Ryrie saw it.



From these graceful balconies Mr. Ryrie watches Lake Ontario sparkling in the morning sun.

Kent, where are situated so many of England's finest country houses. He decided to have a country house, as well as a town house, after the admirable custom of English gentlemen.

Though one of the first citizens of Toronto, Mr. Ryrie is, perhaps, not as well known to the general reading public as others of prominence in the Queen City. This is because of his distinct aversion to personal publicity in the newspapers. Writing of this modest trait of Mr. Ryrie's, reminds me of a little incident which occurred several months ago. I am not sure whether he has heard the story or not, but I am certain Mr. Ryrie, with his quiet sense of humour, will appreciate the joke on himself. A Toronto paper, renowned for its weekly slashing attacks on frenzied financiers, undertook one week to vary its programme with a eulogy to Mr. Ryrie's qualities of citizenship. But the indiscriminating newsboys, crying as usual the paper's features throughout the street, yelled, "All about James Ryrie millionaire swindler!"

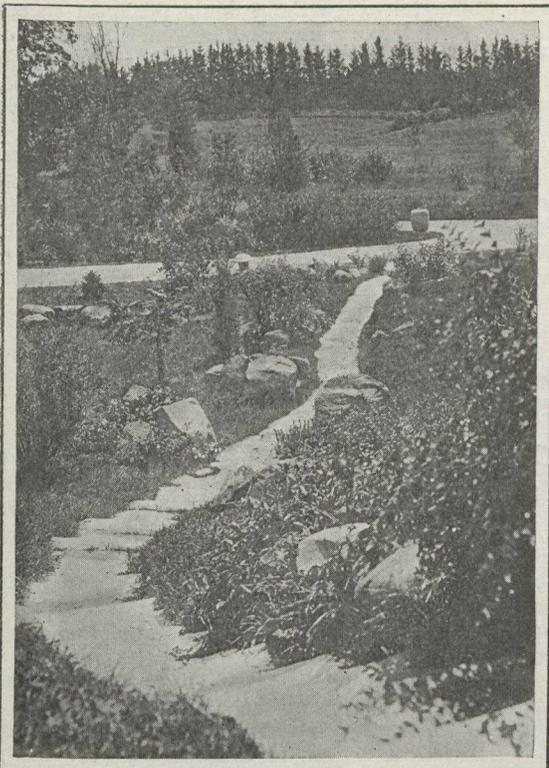
In his offices at Ryrie Bros. great emporium on Yonge Street, in Toronto, I saw Mr. Ryrie, the other day. I saw a quick, agile, grey-haired, little man sitting at a rosewood desk, in an office panelled with glass. He looked like an advertisement of neatness in his suit of light flannels. There was a touch of nature and sentiment in the carnation he wore in his buttonhole. A perfectly groomed hand, ornate with a single little sparkler, slipped out of a white cuff and wrote with a gold pen. He laid down the pen, looked up. I was conscious of a pair of keen eyes, a well-trimmed pointed beard. A suave pleasant voice was saying, briskly: "You want to see my place at Oakville. I am going to let you write it up if you think it worth while. Perhaps you think I am courting publicity. Indeed, I am not! But, in this case, I want to encourage city business men to go in for country life. If my poor example will be of any service to other business men to enjoy more of our natural heritage, I give my assent to your describing my place."

A few days later, as I was driving along an oiled road approaching Mr. Ryrie's estate, I wondered how in the world it would be possible to stage a dainty, dapper, little man like Mr. Ryrie on a farm. Suddenly, from the side of the road, I heard a voice call out, "Hello, there!" I turned, and there was Mr. James Ryrie—transformed. An old grey cap was pulled down over his eyes, his trousers were woefully baggy; I don't think the tan boots he wore had been in the hands of a Greek for ages. He carried a lawn rake in his hand.

"Just been fixing up about the place a little," he said.

Mr. Ryrie's estate at Oakville comprises in all 325 acres. On one side of the road is his house and its twenty-one acres of surrounding grounds; across from it is the Ryrie farm, managed by Mr. Ryrie's son, a Guelph O. A. C. boy. Five years ago this land was an unkempt, waste spot, near a somnolent fruit village. Mr. Ryrie, with the country bee in his bonnet, got his eyes on it and saw possibilities. To-day they are being fulfilled.

The first thing he did was to take the twenty-one acres of which I have spoken, which stretch along the lake shore for a quarter of a mile, and set a house in the middle. He built a large house in early English style, with big rooms and fireplaces, and furnished it magnificently. From the top windows of this house he could look over the lake in the morning, sparkling far more brilliantly than any diamond which ever he sold over the counter of his store. Like a true artist, Mr. Ryrie now wanted beautiful lawns and trees about his house. He attached a gardener to his payroll, and began to lay out the grounds. Had he waited for trees to sprout from the seed, Mr. Ryrie probably would be an old man before he could enjoy their shade. He journeyed to Buffalo and imported an invention which transplants trees of any diameter. In all, he pulled out over 100 Oakville trees and set them down with artistic effect on his grounds. When the lawns began to have a velvety English look, Mr. Ryrie struck out for the Orient and came back with some knick-knacks to add to the attraction of his grounds. He imported several Japanese lanterns from the temples of Japan, made of stone and of chaste design; several



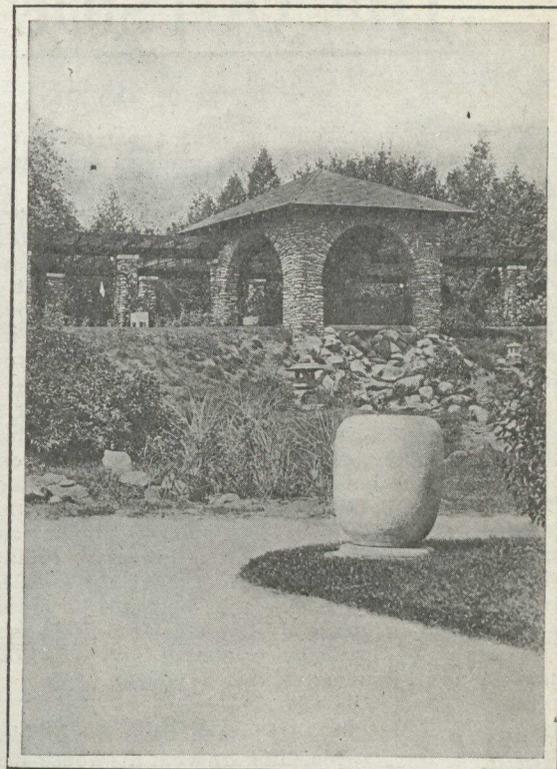
A RIBBON OF WHITE ROCK  
Where trickles water from an artificial waterfall.

immense bronze kettles, used by the Japanese army in transport, he filled with flowers. Antique wells, also from Japan, he located at several points. Fond of the sound of running water, Mr. Ryrie constructed a waterfall where the water bubbles on

its stony way through a portion of the grounds. Mr. Ryrie has not been lying in a hammock during all this transformation of his property. He has taken a pick and shovel and gone out and worked with his men. He has his two sons right on the job. One of these, Grant, a McMaster University senior, has the largest pair of arms and shoulders I ever saw on a nineteen-year-old boy. "Bred in Oakville," his father says.

With the help of his sons, Mr. Ryrie is the possessor of a property to-day valued at \$100,000. That's not saying anything about the 300-acre farm. It came after the house project, when Mr. Ryrie, and his son, Harry, had got so enthusiastic about country life that they wanted to actually farm. Harry went to O. A. C. and took a course in fruit farming. This spring, he and his father planted 6,000 apple trees. It looks as if Ryrie fruit would be as well known a product in Canada as Ryrie diamonds, from the interest Ryrie junior is displaying. He bought a store house at the Oakville station this summer for \$10,000, to facilitate the shipping of his farm products.

Mr. Ryrie has not been selfish in this activity of his at Oakville. There is no man in Canada who has done more to interest city men in the country life movement. By his example, he has induced fully a score of leading Toronto men to build country houses at Oakville. He has made out of a village in decline a wealthy community, unique in the Dominion. He has shown what a city bred man, who cannot distinguish oats from barley, may do in the way of adopting himself to a different environment. He has proved once more the folly of that undemocratic notion which would make a wealthy citizen a puppet of a gilded world, and laugh him out of the court of fashion if he should attempt to get his ear close to nature. Mr. Ryrie, had he so desired, might have a palatial yacht for recreative moments, and become a cruiser and



A NOOK ON THE GROUNDS  
In the foreground, a Japanese temple ornament.

dinner-giver a la J. J. Astor. Tastes differ. It is a rather noteworthy thing in this age of artificial pleasures that plutocratic Canadian gentlemen like Mr. Ryrie and others of the Oakville colony prefer homely joys in the hey day of their prosperity.

## PLAN OF AN IDEAL SUBURBAN HOME

By SAMUEL G. BECKETT

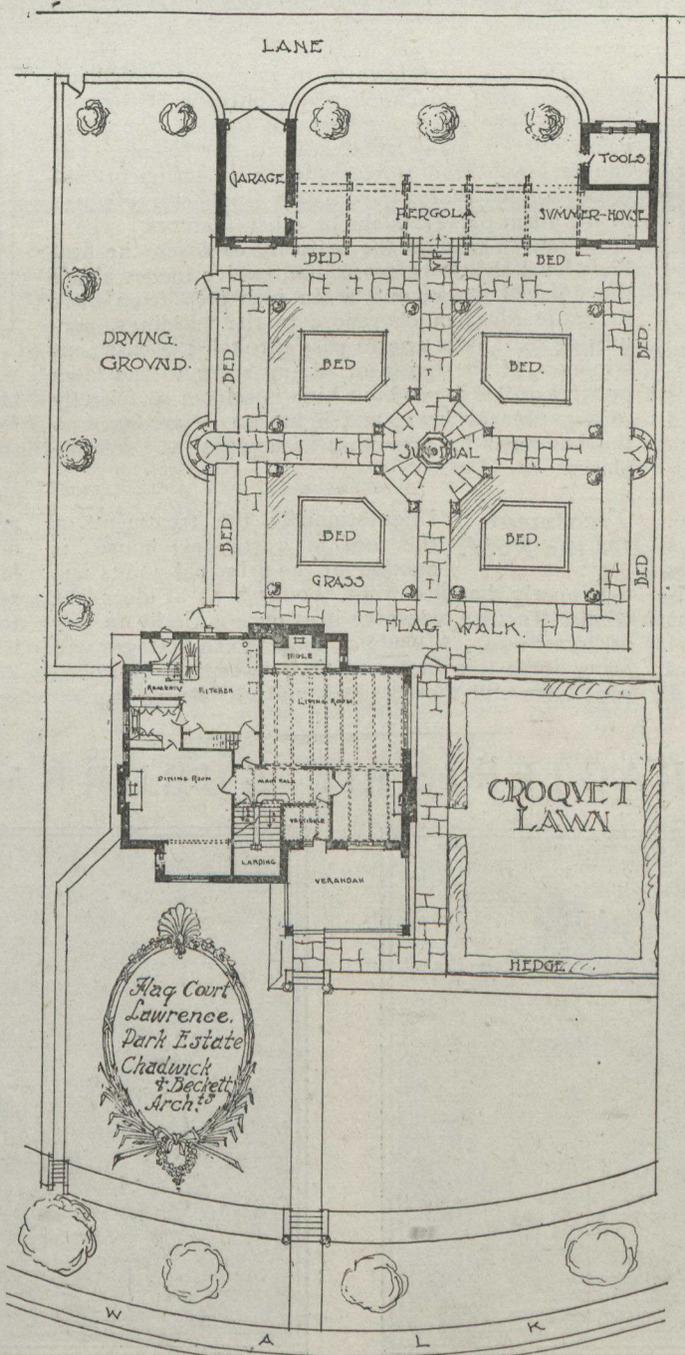
CANADA has a growing number of suburban homes, but not all of them are ideal.

In my opinion too little attention has been paid to the possibilities of the formal garden. In working out a plan for Mr. Firstbrook an effort was made to have a complete suburban home on a small lot. It was essential to have a pleasure garden, a kitchen garden, a croquet or tennis lawn, a front lawn and boulevard. It was found necessary in working out the plan to omit the kitchen garden.

The lot is one hundred feet wide and two hundred feet deep, and rises gradually from the front to the back. The house is placed about seventy-five feet from the sidewalk. The boulevard is on the sidewalk level. Then comes the terrace and front lawn. A smaller terrace carries one to the level of the croquet lawn and the house. The latter is practically sod level of the original ground. This level is carried straight through to the back of the formal garden, where another terrace raises it to the level of the lane. It was necessary to cut the original ground considerably to secure this level.

The picture which appears on the cover of this issue will give some idea of the garden, the pergola and the summer house. It will be noted that the pergola overlooks the garden, giving a very pleasant view. The flower beds are marked off by the use of a small roman stone border, with rounded edges, set flush with the surface, so as not to impede the use of the lawnmower. Each bed is then surrounded with a lawn border, cut off into sections by a flag walk. The boundaries of these beds are still further marked by the use of evergreens. The stone flags used in the walk are about two feet wide and three feet long, with a thickness of about four inches.

In this country we have only got to the beginning of the use of evergreens. In England the backbone of both landscape garden and formal garden is the yew tree. Here we have a number of evergreens, most of which are native and all of which are splendid for ornamental purposes. The cedar, the Norway spruce, the juniper, the cypress and the box do well, and are capable of being treated in a number of artistic ways. The plan shows juniper and cypress planted at the corners of the borders which surrounded the flower beds. These accent the corners and add to the beauty of the view. The croquet lawn is also surrounded by a cedar hedge. We secured cedar trees six to eight feet in height and planted them in a



Plan of a suburban home created for John Firstbrook, Esq.,  
Lawrence Gardens, North Toronto

prepared trench. They were then cut down to four feet and kept well watered. They did very well and we thus gained three or four years over the ordinary method.

To my mind the greatest defect in civic beautification in Toronto is the six-foot board fence. This house and garden is entirely surrounded by a dry stone wall, which gives the required protection with an artistic appearance.

There are several smaller points which might be mentioned. The living-room opens on the garden and is only one step above the garden level. There is a curved stone seat at either end of the central garden walk. A roman stone sundial occupies a central position in the formal garden.

The component parts of the formal garden is well summed up in the following quotation:

"Fortunate is he who looks out from his terrace with its mossy parapet, where the peacock, perchance, shakes out its purple glories to such a world of his own. Roses are clustering on the wall, or flinging out their fragrance below in the sun, mingled with the rare perfume of the aromatic azalea. Along the edge of the lawn his flower border is glorious with the queenly lily, the dark blue monk's-hood, the tall hollyhock, the spiked veronica, the red lychnis, radiant phloxes, proud peonies, the tall spires of foxgloves and larkspurs, and a multitude of fair denizens of the parterre. Richness characterizes the whole, and the sentinel yews, the hedges, and box edgings are there to give order and distinction with the right degree of formality that belongs to the structure that is adorned. The moral sundial, the splashing fountain, the sheltered arbour, and the fragrant pergola, all have their places in such a garden.

The final fact is simple, after all, and the gardener must make it his own. It is that the house and the garden are the two parts of a single whole, and happy is he who can best interpret their sweet relationship."

### The Farmer and the Classics

I FEAR that the "up-to-date" farmer, says David Buffum, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, has little respect for the classics, and would regard it as the sheerest waste of time to dig into the musty pages of the world-old authorities. And yet he might do so to advantage. Not one farmer in ten thousand knows as much about horses as Xenophon did; and Cato and Varro could give almost any of them points in land management that are well worth knowing.

# THE OUTSIDE OF THE HOUSE

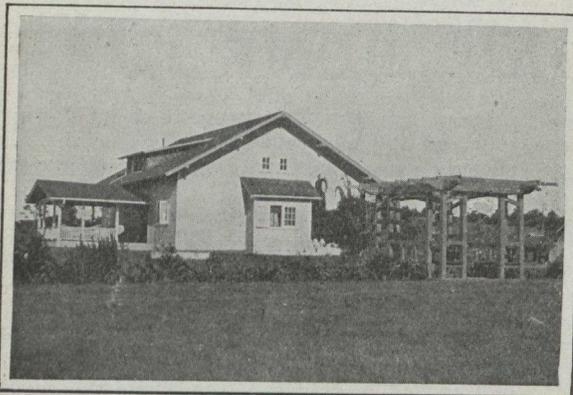
By G. M. WEST

As each year rolls by it is apparent that a great advance is being made in our standards of architectural design, and in no branch of the profession is this more marked than in the development of our domestic architecture. It is fitting that this should be so, but while on the one hand much improvement is shown, the wave of building which has swept over the country has, in many cases, outstripped the improvement, and there are many architectural horrors still being perpetrated.

Doubtless this is due largely to the fact that in many instances, particularly among the humbler class of dwelling, no architect or designer is employed, and the builder then becomes the architect. Unfortunately, builders seem very prone to feel that in order to give a man "his money's worth" and make a satisfactory "show," it is necessary to supply in the one building features enough for a dozen, and to try out all the available materials by giving a foundation of stone or concrete, and, perhaps, a first storey of brick or clapboard and a second finished with shingles stained a violent hue.

## What to Build. It Of

When a layman faces the problem of deciding of what his house shall be built, the wide choice of materials is possibly rather staggering, for the limitations of transportation and other devices which forced our forefathers to build with the materials at hand and therefore to build simply have been to a great extent removed. The temptation is to try too great a variety. Our homes should pretend to be nothing but what they are, and we



A good type of suburban home made entirely of wood.

should, I think, where possible, use the local materials with which to build. There are localities where some kinds of stone are plentiful. Indeed some of our smaller cities are largely built of stone found often directly on the site of the building themselves. In others certain kinds of lake stones in characteristic shapes and colours are at hand. Localities without stone have their various clays from which bricks of varying colours and textures are made; though some of these are far from beautiful. Gravel and sand in others furnish excellent material for concrete or stucco, and in spite of the prejudice against plastered houses in other days many a good house has been built of wood and

coated with plaster. There are, around Toronto, old pebble dashed rough-cast houses nearly fifty years old, with the original plaster still intact.

It is ridiculous to imagine that to be a success a house must be built of stone, or brick, or of wood. There are successful examples of each. The trouble arises when we try to adopt wood construction and details to a masonry house. Personal preference is naturally a large factor in all decisions, but it should always be governed by good taste. If a man's love of a certain site prompts him to build there, let him build in a style to suit it, but if his admiration of a certain style governs let him then select a site to harmonize instead of trying vainly to combine two antagonistic forces. Don't try to put a formal colonial house on some rocky point where it would be sadly out of place.

## Simplicity And Proportion.

The two most essential points in any good design are simplicity and proportion, and the "one material" house which is rapidly coming into favour is a step which helps us largely in obtaining the former. It is much easier to avoid the temptation of putting in miscellaneous, meaningless features or ornaments, if we are building our house from foundation to eaves of the one material than if we are introducing a little plaster here and a bit of clapboard there with a shingled piece, stained a different colour, around the corner.

But simplicity alone will not make a house—four walls and a roof with a few holes for windows would be simple but not necessarily beautiful. Proportion must be borne in mind. For instance, it is almost a hopeless problem to make a house built on the plan of a square anything but ugly, while the same area containing a house with the length twice its width will not only gain a hundred per cent. in appearance, but it will permit of more exposures in the rooms if the long side is placed the proper direction.

One of the first laws is to have one dimension dominate, and this applies not only in laying out the plan; the need for this domination dimension being one of many good reasons for keeping our houses low. Two stories should be sufficient and there is much charm in rambling single storey wings in the form of verandahs or other features. There is no reason why, in the majority of cases, the first floor level should be more than twelve inches above the finished grade, and a six inch step from floor to grade gives much repose to the buildings, permitting as it does one to pass through the casement windows of the living or dining room to the lawn or terrace. A house built high is seldom so friendly to a garden or lawn, and light can be arranged to the basement by providing area ways at suitable places.

## Treatment Of the Roof.

Unquestionably the treatment of the roof in a country house is another of the principal points and a properly handled roof, housing as it does the whole structure, can give it at once a kindly feeling of homeliness. A study of the English cottages will bring forth this fact, and their sweeping, unbroken roof lines and surfaces will make a lasting impres-

sion. Shingles are without doubt the most successful and satisfactory material in general use in our country, though sometimes slates of beautiful colourings and textures can be obtained for the more expensive houses. For country work, however, shingles are always easily obtained and handled.

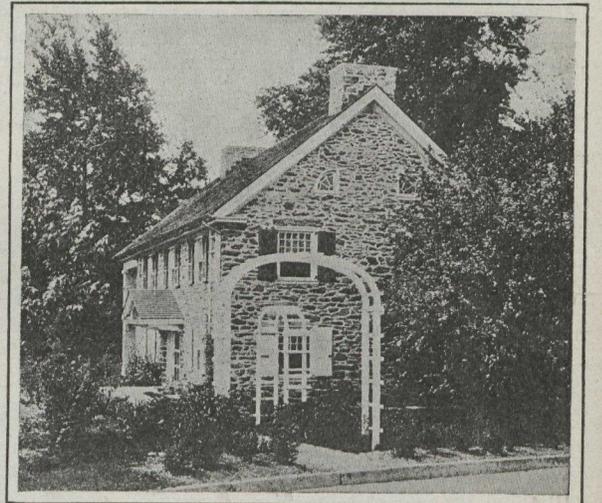
By careful planning and the use of the two storey idea, we can avoid much unnecessary cutting up of our roof surface with numerous dormers and intersecting gables. Similarly the chimneys should be planned to occur where the roof is highest, not where it is low and they will have to be carried many feet skyward to avoid down drafts. Keep them in the ridges of the roof, and if you have to carry them up do not make them similar to the thin, spindly single flue erections which are so popular with speculative builders.

## Colour Scheme.

Another important point about the outside of the house is the colour scheme, and here again we must raise the cry for simplicity. There is nothing more distressing than to see so many houses spoiled by the use of a multiplicity of colour; the writer counted on a rather pretentious country home the other day no less than seven different shades and colours.

It is well to treat the roofs all in the one shade, and is almost always in the case of brick stone or plastered dwellings advisable to use only the one colour, often a cream, or a stone tint, for the remainder of the woodwork. There are, of course, exceptions such as when shutters occur which must receive special consideration.

In fact, in building a house, the opportunities, not to say temptations, for an unskilled designer to



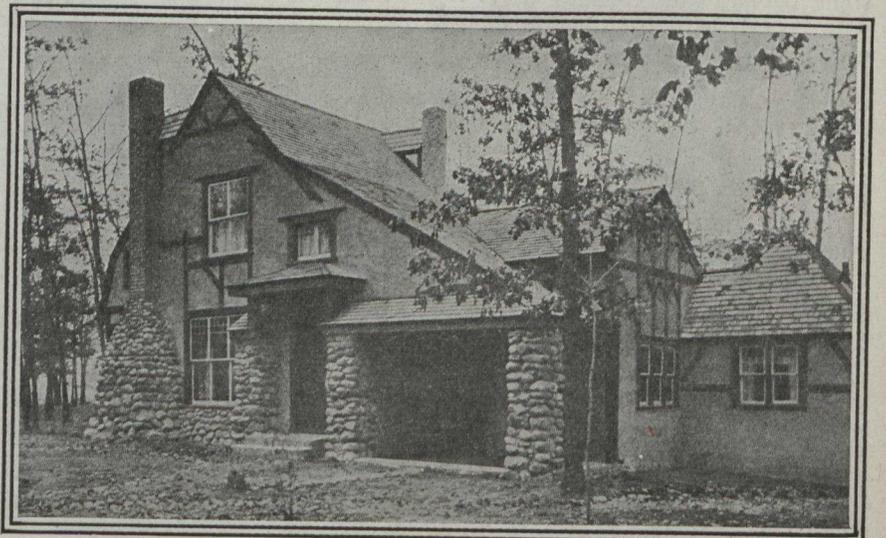
Type of suburban home, constructed wholly of stone.

blunder are legion, and so if our houses are to reflect credit on us it is necessary that we admit that not every man can design a house, and when we build to search out one who can and will crystalize our ideas and requirements for us. The architect as a professional man ranks with your doctor and lawyer. Put some trust and faith in him and do not expect him, solely because he is an architect, to build you a ten thousand dollar house for considerably less, and lastly, when your house is built and you are proud of it, don't be guilty of that bromidic speech, "We designed the house ourselves, the architect just drew it out for us."

## TWO CHARACTERISTIC SUBURBAN HOMES



A brick and cement residence at Glen Ridge, N. J., practically fireproof



A modest house, unusual and by no means ugly.

From "Suburban Life."

### Properties at Oakville

The month of October is the best time of the year to examine country property and it is the best time to buy. In the spring everyone has the "fever," the demand is brisk, and owners are holding out for an advanced price, and in the vicinity of Oakville they usually get it. The indications are for a stronger advance next spring than usual. Wise people will look up locations this month, and close at fall prices. There is not only better buying now, but coming into possession in the fall enables the purchaser to have things in much better shape in the spring. Orchards can be pruned and cleaned up ready for the spring spraying. Fall ploughing can be done, and arrangements be made for spring work and spring planting. These are great advantages.

We understand the situation here thoroughly. We are in a position to show to intending purchasers the best properties now available in the Oakville district. We have several splendid lake front properties and a number of very attractive fruit farms. Also we have several stock and dairy farms that would make very attractive country homes. These properties vary in size from five acres to 200 acres. If you are interested in this matter of farms and country homes and will write us or call at our office in Oakville we shall be pleased to give you any required information, or show you properties now available.

ROBINSON & CHISHOLM.

Oakville, Ont.

## OUR WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

Fifty thousand women read the monthly SUPPLEMENT of the Canadian Courier. It is issued the third week in each month and contains the latest news and news photographs of interest to women.

This SUPPLEMENT is not a magazine. It is simply a news feature of the Canadian Courier. Every "home" publication, such as the Courier aims to be, must appeal especially to the women of the household. This is the Courier's special appeal.

The advertising in the SUPPLEMENT is confined to household supplies and special articles for women. Through these advertising columns, an advertiser can reach more women of the "buying" classes than through any other single Canadian publication.

Advertising rates and further information about the SUPPLEMENT may be had on application to the advertising manager.

**Canadian Courier**  
TORONTO.

## THE PRICE OF COAST FRUIT LAND

"Is fruit land worth three hundred dollars an acre?" asks H. P. Lee in *The New Empire*, published at Vernon, B. C., in the "interests of the interior of British Columbia." Mr. Lee puts in a plea for the Okanagan Valley, which he describes as the premier apple belt of the world. The Okanagan Valley extends from the Yakima Valley, Washington, northward through the Wenatchee Valley, up the Columbia River to the Okanagan River, and north through the Okanagan Lake district, a distance of not more than 200 miles. Here are 25,000 acres of undeveloped fruit land.

Mr. Lee says that every acre of this land is worth \$300; some of it a great deal more: "I can quote you dozens of instances in the Yakima and Wenatchee Valleys where returns of apple orchards run from \$1,500 to \$3,000 per acre. Of course, these are old orchards. I can also give you returns of orchards in the Kelowna and Vernon districts where 12-year trees are

ple. Like the orange and the date palm, the apple wants moisture at its roots, but drought in the air—water to fill the veins of its root system and the best of a long cloudless summer in which to elaborate its juices, to distill its flavour, and to put the blush of colour in its cheeks. The apple tree will do well in a thousand locations, but you must ask the apple itself to report the worth of soil and climate for commercial purposes. A kingly fruit, it chooses and rejects with an infallible judgment. You may cheat the apple grower but not the apple. Therefore soil and climate must combine to make a perfect apple, an apple perfect in colour, flavour, firmness of texture and keeping quality. Such apples are grown on the benches of the Okanagan, and it is fruit that has captured innumerable medals wherever shown. You ask why I particularly mention the benches? Because of the climatic and soil conditions. There is almost



The fine cottage now being used as temporary quarters by the Toronto Hunt Club. It was formerly the Huntsman's cottage, but after the fire which occurred last spring it was remodelled to accommodate the club during the re-building of the Club House.

producing \$1,000 to \$1,500 per acre, but why need I do this? If an orchard produces even \$200 per acre for years to come it is a mighty good investment, and there are scores of orchards doing vastly better than that even in this young district."

Why is the Okanagan the natural home of the apple? Mr. Lee points out the superior qualities of this coast region for apple culture, which is responsible for the soaring of real estate values:

"The altitude of this belt ranges from 800 feet to about 1,600 or 1,700 feet above sea level. The climate is dry and bracing, with very little rainfall—not more than twelve inches in any part of it. You may call it the semi-arid belt if you like. The vegetation is sage brush in the south to bunch grass in the north, with some sage in a few localities and scattering jack pine and fir on some of the benches. The temperature in this district seldom reaches zero, and there are just a few days when it may drop to 12 or 15 below. In the valleys east and west of this valley the thermometer sometimes goes a good deal lower. The soil varies from a volcanic ash, sandy loam, chocolate loam, gravelly loam, clay and even gumbo and hardpan. Then for miles there are nothing but rocks and mountains.

"But let us discuss the Okanagan especially. The nature of the land is rolling with large mountains ranging from three to five thousand feet high on the east and west sides of the valley. Properly speaking there is very little valley as the lakes fill the most of it. The fruit lands are found on the benches or higher lands overlooking the valleys and lakes. It is to these benches or higher lands where we must look for the first-class fruit land, or the climate of the ap-

entire freedom from the menace of frosts. The cold air drains off like water into the low lands, and the warm stratum is lifted and protects the foothills or benches. There is generally a good soil drainage which is essential to the growth of any fruit."

### The Farmer and the Auto

A TORONTO man, signing his letter "Automobile," writes as follows to *The Courier* concerning the farmers' objections to the automobile:

I read with much interest your article on "The Automobile in Country Life" in your issue of July 22nd. I agree with you that the automobile does all you say for the farmer—the trouble is it does more. I spend considerable time in the farming districts of Ontario, and from what I see and hear, I am afraid that the automobile is hardly as welcome in many parts of the Province as one would believe from reading your article.

In the first place, consider the districts adjacent to our larger cities. Here there are several dozen autos passing every day, the farmer's life is made miserable owing to the dust raised by the cars. If he goes to the trouble of keeping a lawn and hedge, they are almost white with dust during the summer months. He cannot have his windows open because the dust would blow into his house. And as for his hay near the road—well, it is hardly fit to feed to any respectable auto-fearing horse. I heard a man say this summer that he had seen farmers, who live on roads which are popular with motorists, raking hay; and the dust from the autos which had passed was so bad that you could scarcely tell whether

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By Walter P. Wright

A complete treatise on the successful growing and care of bulbous plants. Contains 152 pages, well illustrated. Invaluable to all interested in bulb growing.

Cloth Bound, Postpaid. 50c.

## THE IDEAL GARDEN

By H. H. Thomas

An expression of the highest hopes of the gardener. It deals first with the plants and flowers that are indispensable to a perfect garden. The reader's attention is then directed to some of the byways of garden planting. He is given "a peep behind the scenes," with explanations of those practical details that seem chiefly to mystify the amateur. Contains 276 pages, handsomely bound, with 16 colored plates, and 96 photographic illustrations.

\$2.00, Postpaid

A Free Examination Offer of this book is made to all purchasers of *Pictorial Practical Bulb Growing*. Send us 50c and we will mail you, post-paid, both books. You may keep the *Ideal Garden* by sending us \$2.00, or return to us if not satisfied.

CASELL & CO. : TORONTO

## COME WEST

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

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

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

Write for particulars.

**W. J. KERR**

Limited

614 Columbia Street

New Westminster, B.C.

For  
Sheer Value  
Choose This Ceiling

It won't crack. It won't crumble nor crash down on your head, as plaster does. It won't lose its first beauty. It's fireproof. And you can wash it as clean as you can wash a window. Yet, even in first cost, you pay but little more for

## Preston Steel Ceilings

Plaster costs about the same to start with—and lasts only a few years. These steel ceilings outlast the buildings you put them in—and are as good the day you sell the building as the day you bought it. No special fittings needed to instal them—put them on right over old plaster if you like. Tell us your possible needs and let us offer you a choice of more than 2,000 up-to-date art styles. Address:

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32

the farmer was driving a sulky rake or running a threshing machine.

In the more remote districts, where autos are only commencing to become common, while there is not as much dust, the farmers are tormented in another and even worse way. In such districts the farmer has little love for the auto because it makes the roads, which the farmers keep in repair, hardly safe to travel on. I know of many districts where, prior to the entrance of the automobile, every farmer's wife used to drive to town. During the busy season you would see very few men in town. It is simply impossible now for the women to drive alone because the horses are frightened by automobiles. The farmer has to keep some old worn-out skate of a horse, with not enough life to see an auto and not fit for any lady to ride behind, for his wife to drive; or he has to take half a day off once or twice a week and drive his wife to town. And even then things are not very safe. I have met dozens of autos with "scary" horses, and, strange to say, I have never yet met one that has offered to turn in at a gate and give me a chance—not much. It is always up to the farmer—if he has a horse that will not face them—to turn and put for the nearest gate.

In your article you pointed out the facts in favour of the automobile in country life. I have tried to draw your attention to two points against it. We will leave it to some farmer to sum up.

### A New Garden City

MUCH interest attaches to the announcement that a "Garden City" is to be built on Long Island within commuting distance from New York under expert advice and direction. The initial financial outlay, which will amount to several millions of dollars, will be made by Mrs. Sage under the advisement of Mr. Lockwood de Forest.

This is not, it is declared, a charity but a business venture, and one which it is thought will make ample return. There is no reason why it should not, but because of this it is none the less

philanthropy. Unlike the "Garden Cities" of England, this city is not for labouring men, but for those who have been aptly described by a writer of fiction as "the comfortably poor."

Such a scheme has great possibilities and its outworking will be watched with much interest. In England the "Garden City" has in more than one instance proved practical. The great metropolis of London is in fact being surrounded by a chain of those garden suburbs, consisting of aggregations of workingmen's country homes. At the laying of the cornerstone of one of the latest of these, "Romford Garden," Mr. John Burns said: "The object of these garden suburbs is an attempt to bring the country and the garden into the town, and by judicious amalgamation of both to secure, not only for the working classes, but for the whole of the people irrespective of class, something more tolerable, more decent, more beautiful, and more human than many of the collections of houses of all sorts that had been dumped in and about London in the past hundred years."

### Rustic Architecture

NOTHING lends a more artistic effect to a country or suburban residence, whether the estate covers four or five acres or only half an acre, than the construction of rustic summer houses, arbors and benches. If a natural or artificial pond or small lake is present on the property, its beauty is inexpensively enhanced by the filling in of one or more small islands, connected with rustic bridges.

### The Bee's Good Work

THE "busy little bee," which has proved of such great value to dwellers in suburban and country districts, has earned still more praise.

Cranberry producers at Cape Cod, says The San Francisco Argonaut, are calling for colonies of bees in order to make their plants more productive, practical tests having established that the activity of the bees in carrying pollen from plant to plant is a means of materially increasing the yield.



Macgregor: Are ye no well, Sandy?  
Sandy: Dae ye think I'm daein' this for fun?—The Teller.

Is your silverware tarnished?  
Do you dread the task of cleaning it?  
Do you need a real modern way that will change the tiresome silver cleaning day into a half hour of pleasure?  
If so, try WONDER-SHINE Silver Cleaner, which does away with all the rubbing and scrubbing, and the fuss and muss.  
It will not only save your silverware, but will save you much time and trouble, and produce better results.  
It is now used by thousands of ladies giving perfect satisfaction.  
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# WONDER-SHINE

## SILVER CLEANER

# A PAGE FOR JUNIORS



## After the Holidays.

**D**EAR Boys and Girls,— Vacation is over and even those who have journeyed the farthest have all come home. It is good to be back again, too, for if life were one long holiday there would be no vacation, and we need to work in order to enjoy our playtime. But however fond you may be of school or of winter time, I am sure you will all look back on the dear old summer holidays with great pleasure. That you have had all kinds of good times I know from the letters and photographs that have reached me, and we have great pleasure in printing a snap-shot of two

of our little readers in fancy costume on the lawn, and one of three of our boys with their pet donkey. Another of our boys contributes an interesting story about a visit to Norway, which those of you who are fond of travel—and who isn't?—will enjoy reading.

Already a large number of manuscripts have been received on the discussion as to which is better: Country or city life. Needless to say that the letters written in the heat of summer favour country life, but when the cool weather sets in the city boys and girls will have their say, for we want to hear both sides of the argument, and I can tell you that the city isn't a bad dwelling-place whatever you may say. We hope before the first of November to receive a great many opinions on both sides of the question. We are always glad to publish interesting letters, stories, poems, or photographs by any of our young readers, and hope you will find time to write to

AUNT HELEN.

\* \* \*

## A Visit to the Land of Midnight Sun

By HARRY LUNDSTEDT, Paswegin, Sask.

**M**R. GORDON, a rich old American, who had read much about the "Land of the Midnight Sun," decided that he would make a trip there with his wife and their two children, named Dora and Fred, taking Sulitelma, a mountain in Norway, within the Arctic Circle, as his destination.

It was nearing the end of April, and, as his plan was to get there before mid-summer eve, he began to make preparation for his journey. An interpreter and guide was looked for and this was found. Mr. Kollsen, a newly-arrived Norwegian from the vicinity of Sulitelma, answered for both purposes. He had already learnt the English language in evening schools in Norway. A camera and other sundries were got ready to be used.

At last the day for the departure came. Many friends came and gave their hearty wishes for a delightful voyage across the sea and a journey full of pleasure. Seven days after leaving Boston, they arrived at Liverpool, England. Here they spent two days and then they continued their journey to London, where they stopped a whole week. The Tower of London was visited and many other memorial things were not left unseen. The North Sea was stormy, but they reached Trondjem after three days. Here they had the luck of arriving just in time to follow

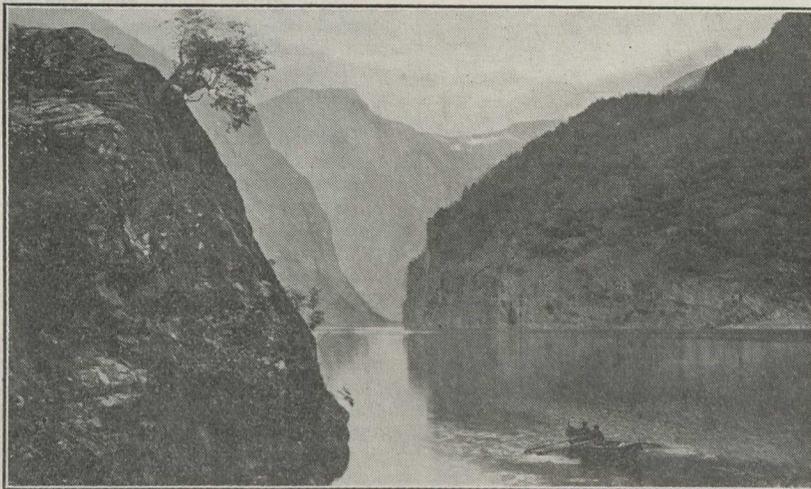
the tourist train that would leave next day. But still they paid a visit to the old, antique cathedral which stood there then.

The 18th of June they arrived at a popular stopping place below the mountain. The owner was a farmer who had an inn, in connection with the farm. Thanks to Mr. Kollsen, the interpreter, who advised them to stop there. Here, both the old and young, especially the latter, received food and good rest, as they had had to do some journeying on foot the last days.

Next morning they felt refreshed, and then Mrs. Gordon, accompanied by Fred and Dora, proposed that a boat ride on the fiord would be lovely, and, as Mr. Gordon was of the same opinion, they went. As they advanced, new scenes opened up to them, and the children could never cease to calculate how high those adamant walls of stone could be. They watched all the eider-ducks that were perched on every projecting piece of rock. Here and there were openings in these massive walls. They revealed to them small pretty meadows, with sheep and goats on them, belonging to some adjacent farmer. They ate their dinner on one green meadow which was prettier to them than the rest. They rowed all day, returning in the evening.

Next day was rainy, and on the morrow, no one went to the mountain as the ground was wet and muddy. On the morning of next day, the sun shone brightly again and to everybody's joy they got up the mountain that day.

The farmer's cattle grazed on the sides of the mountain during the summer. Butter and cheese were made at the seater and a cottage was erected for the servants. They met Laplanders on the road



A Norwegian Fiord

and the children wondered what kind of Indians they were.

Midsummer night was clear, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon sat down to watch the phenomenon. The children had played all day, so they could not keep awake, but fell asleep beside their parents. Mr. Kollsen told stories about the many superstitious beliefs that were held true when his parents lived. As he spoke the sun sank in the west, and in a little while it rose again in the east.

Two weeks were spent on and in the vicinity of the mountain. Then they left Sulitelma pleased with what they had seen. Many a happy remembrance of the happy days that were spent on Sulitelma will surely stay in the young folks minds.

—Certified as original by John Lundstedt.

\* \* \*

## A Novel Stamp Collection.

**T**HE stamp collector incidentally learns a good many facts about history and geography, but it was not until I saw the stamp menagerie that I realized that stamps could teach us natural history as well.

The three cent Canadian stamp of 1851 bears a beaver. Newfoundland issues of 1866 have the seal and the codfish. The seal on these stamps is, however, a queer creature for a museum of freaks, inasmuch as he had claws like a tiger. In 1880 the government had the seal redrawn with flippers. In 1887 the Newfoundland dog appears on the half cent stamp.

In the United States in 1869 the horse was printed in brown on the two cent stamp, and in the Omaha issue, the year of the fair, appeared two more animals, the bull and the buffalo.

In the eastern hemisphere the animal stamps are more numerous and strange. China furnishes a fish, a seagull and a dragon. Across the Indian

Ocean, in the Congo State, one finds the elephant on the one franc stamp. Siberia furnishes the hippopotamus on the two cent stamp.

On the stamps of Nyassa there is depicted the spotted giraffe. In Egypt there is utilized for the Soudanese stamps the camel, and in the French Congo the designs embrace a picture of the leopard.

The stamps of North Borneo afford four more animal specimens—the deer, the peacock, the crocodile and the monkey.

The New South Wales stamps show beasties and birds peculiar to that part of the world—the kangaroo on the one shilling stamp, and the emu and the lyre bird. In New Zealand, the stamps show the sacred huia bird. The picture of the duckbill, half bird, half animal, decorated some of the stamps of Tasmania, and the black swan found a place on the stamps of Western Australia.

The Seychelle Islands show stamps bearing a picture of a turtle. In Peru the llama is used. In Guatemala a quetzal, a queer sort of bird that does not live in captivity, is produced on the stamp as an emblem of national freedom. In Columbia the bald eagle is shown, it likewise being used by France for the stamps of certain of its colonies.

\* \* \*

## The Singing Cow Girl.

**O**NCE upon a time there was a little girl called Mary, who used to drive the cows to the meadows every morning, and then she would sit down by the brook and sing while the brook sang, and the sunbeams sang, and everything about her did nothing but sing. Even Colin, who was only a country boy and used to drive his cows to the opposite side of the stream, began to sing when he saw her.

Mary had brown eyes and brown hair and her face and arms and feet were burnt so brown by the sun that everyone called her the nut-brown maiden, and some people said she wasn't real at all, but simply a brownie. "Mary," said Colin one day, "I love you."

Mary just laughed and sang, but did not answer.

"Mary," said Colin, "tell me, are you real or are you a fairy?"

Just then a golden butterfly alighted on Mary's shoulder.

"Of course I'm real," said Mary, "and I'm only a cow-girl, but I'll marry you if you really love me."

"Well, then," said the golden butterfly, interrupting, "Mary is really a fairy and she is going to live with us as a golden bird for a year and a day, and then if you still love her, she will come back and marry you."

"Dear Colin," said Mary, "I am going away, but though you will not see me you will hear me, for I will come and sing every day and milk the cows in the evening."

Mary flew away with the golden butterfly, and left Colin alone beside the stream.

So every day Colin came and watched the cattle. Some people said that he mistook the singing of the stream for Mary's singing, but Colin knew better, for only one person in the world could sing as Mary sang, and he knew that Mary must be there for the cows were milked without his having to touch them.

And for a year and a day Mary lived as a golden bird among the fairies, then she came back and married Colin, and they lived happily ever after.



Theatricals at a Whitby Summer Home.



Having a Good Time

# DEMI-TASSE

## Courierettes.

It is well to remember that the Hero of To-day is the Has-been of Tomorrow.

The Toronto Globe, during the last few days has been wearing the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.

Hon. G. P. Graham is to return to the journalistic fold. Printer's ink is, after all, much more alluring than "playing cars."

Uncle Sam is now remarking that Canadian grapes are a sour bunch, anyway.

Greece is seriously considering running off from Turkey.

The Bank of Egypt suspends payment. Condolences from the late Manager of the Farmers!

Thomas Lawson, Esquire, of Boston, will not be in the copper merger.

The pari-mutuel machine is not all that the anti-racetrack-gambling association believed.

The African continent is always getting European nations into trouble. Why can't it be cut up, without making all this fuss? If it isn't Tripoli it's the Transvaal.

There will be seventy-six lawyers in the new House of Commons. Think of the fees we'll have to pay!

There are thirty-one thousand telephones in Toronto—and not a single one of them is right.

Probably Madame Eames' press agent stirred up the ecclesiastical authorities to make all this trouble about the alleged wedding.

The International Club for Psychological Research is to open a clubhouse in London, England, where ghosts will be welcome. This is encouraging to those who are weary of life. "Spirits for the Spirits" may be the motto.

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## Afterwards.

Brown is chummy now with Jones, And does not mind a bit If they exchange a few remarks, Although Jones is a Grit.

Jones has lunch down-town with Brown, Who tells a funny story, At which Jones laughs consumingly, Although Brown voted Tory.

Things are as they used to be, With losers and with winners; Citizens are thinking now About Thanksgiving dinners.

\*\*\*

**A Slip in Translation.**—During the recent campaign in Montreal, an ardent French-Canadian admirer of Sir Wilfrid Laurier undertook to translate into English for general distribution some posters which had proved effective among the Gallic citizens. Sir Wilfrid's advancing years had been one of the most effective features of the appeal, and what was the bewilderment of the English-speaking public when they read the heading—

"Our Venerated Chief!"

\*\*\*

## Answers to Correspondents.

Marian: What kind of hat would you advise me to get for the winter? What would you advise as a course of reading? I am considered very literary in my tastes.

Any of the hats would do if you wish to look like a headless freak or a bold grenadier. Try a cerise aeroplane shape, trimmed with willow plumes, and, if you are arrested, don't blame me. I am almost afraid to recommend a course of reading to a young person who declares she is literary. George Ade and O. Henry ought to do you some good, and you might try the serial which runs in The Toronto Evening Telegram. It

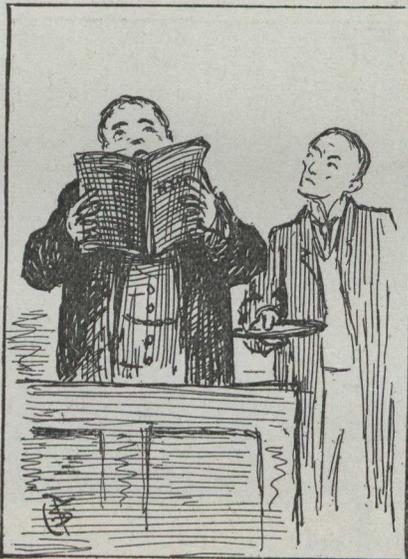
is sure to be a standard by Mary Jane Holmes or May Agnes Fleming. The poems of Robert Service should afford you some edification, although he is stronger on slang than on ideals.

**Pearl:** A young man has come to call as many as six times and has sent me chocolates—also candied violets. He has also said that he feels like leading a noble life when he is talking to me. Do you think he is in earnest and is a man to be trusted?

**My dear Pearl,** you are as good as congratulated. A young man who talks in this way is certainly sincere and probably has his eye on a nice little home in the suburbs at this very moment. Chocolates are rather commonplace, and may indicate no deeper sentiment than a cheerful comradeship; but candied violets tell an entirely different story, indicating that the deepest tenderness of the heart is stirred and is ready to be poured out like champagne or buttermilk—or any libation you prefer. I like the way he talks. It does not sound the least bit brotherly, and that is always an encouraging sign.

**Winnie:** What should I give my future mother-in-law for a birthday present?

If she is fond of jewellery, you might give her a string of amber beads, or an amethyst bracelet. These



A Mind Above Earthly Things

stones do not cost much, and they look quite well for the money. "Heart to Heart Talks With Whirls," being extracts from the Ladies' Own, is a little book which she might like.

\*\*\*

**Her Opinion.**—"You can't tell me anything about the foolishness of women, Josiah," says any Canadian woman, looking up from the evening paper. "No women at a bargain counter were ever half so ridiculous as you men in your election bets. When you see grown-up men trundling each other in wheel-barrows for blocks, just because a certain candidate got in, you wonder when the citizens of this country are going to grow up." "Women," says Josiah seriously, "have absolutely no sense of humour."

\*\*\*

**She Did Her Best.**—"One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives!" sighed a news-monger. "That's not your fault," replied the village cynic.

\*\*\*

**What Defeated Laurier.**—"Do you know why Laurier was beaten?" is a question asked by several men since September 21. The answer they make, when you have given up guessing, is, "Bad Fielding."

\*\*\*

**Quite Calm.**—"Was your husband at all excited on election night?" asked Mrs. Briggs.

"He says he wasn't," replied Mrs. Twigg, "and that it readily didn't make a bit of difference to him who got in. But all I know is that he was singing

'God Save the King' as he came in the door, and started 'Rule Britannia' at the foot of the stairs, and wound up with 'Annie Laurie.' Oh, no, he wasn't excited."

\*\*\*

**Expected a Wild Night.**—"Glad to see The Globe broadening out," said a Toronto Conservative a day or two after the election to a member of that paper's staff with whom he was chatting in front of The Globe office.

The reference was to the fact that The Globe is adding to its premises at Yonge and Melinda Streets, Toronto. The addition takes in considerable frontage on Yonge Street.

The Globe man smiled. Then he told of a remark he himself had made, previous to the election, concerning the addition.

"Not all of the windows had been put in," he said, and I said to Senator Jaffray: "Better not put in any more glass till after September twenty-first."

\*\*\*

**Bad Spelling.**—A certain Toronto business man got a big surprise a few days ago. In a bit of writing that one of his clerks had to do he discovered the word "trowsers."

"Say, how do you spell trousers?" he called to the clerk.

"The latter wasn't sure. "How do you spell trousers?" the business man said to another clerk.

"Why, there's only one way to spell that word—t-r-o-u-s-e-r-s," was the answer.

By this time the first clerk had consulted the dictionary.

"There seems to be a 'u' in it," he said.

The business man and the other clerk smiled, and the latter said to the man who had perpetrated the funny spelling, "Say, you had better never attempt to spell 'pyjamas.'"

\*\*\*

**Warned in a Dream.**—There's one man in Canada who seems to have had a straight tip on the elections. The story concerning it came out at Hon. George E. Foster's committee rooms on Yonge Street, Toronto.

This man showed up there on the morning of election day and volunteered the use of his automobile.

The official who was looking after the volunteered automobiles and carriages couldn't find the man's name on the list of the men who had promised such aid.

The man explained. "I know I'm not on your list," he said. "It wasn't till this morning that I decided to offer the use of my auto. I dreamed last night that Laurier would be beaten. I talked the dream over with my wife this morning and decided that as Laurier would be beaten I'd better get on the Conservative side."

\*\*\*

**A Falling Market.**—A cowboy was told by his boss to drive a German nobleman over the ranch to take in the sights. All went well until they came to a steep hill. When making the descent the horses got the best of the cowboy. They went at a tremendous rate, thereby causing the occupants to hang on for their lives.

At that point the German yelled out, "I would give a thousand dollars to be out of this."

For answer the cowboy, who had sighted a pile of rocks ahead, yelled back, "Keep yer money for you will be out a dern sight cheaper in a minute."

\*\*\*

**Hugh Clark's Sayings.**—The wrestling of North Bruce from the Liberal stalwart, John Tolmie, has placed Hugh Clark, the wit of the Ontario Legislature, in the House of Commons.

Several of the latter's clever remarks made a great hit in the recent campaign.

"Mr. Tolmie," he said, "claims that he represents the masses and that I represent the classes. I want to tell you that I represent the masses, and there's some class to them."

Another remark that "brought down the house," was, "At the last election we were asked to give Laurier time to finish his work. We've given him three years, but we scarcely expected that in that time he'd work his finish."

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Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Enfield, Enniskillen Burketon Station, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
Mail Service Branch,  
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.  
Ottawa, 14th September, 1911.

# THE WILDCATTERS

A Tale of the Cobalt Country.

By S. A. White

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## BOOK TWO.

### CHAPTER II.

THE ranch life on Bar K, of which life he was a part, was indeed, as Kirby had said it would be, a revelation to Carl. He learned the life, the men and the country as they lived and moved. He found that cowboys were human, feeling, whole-hearted fellows, and not swashbuckling pirates of land type. They were rough, of a truth, and they were engaged in hazardous work. They took their lives in their hands many times in a season, but the brave hearts bred by the sun of open plain and singing wind of foothill were the tenderest in comradeship he had ever known. Carl saw the strength of the iron arms as they roped a breaking steer or subdued a fiery broncho, and he saw the softness of the same arms as they soothed the pain from some sick comrade's frame.

These knights of the plains were giants in body and heart, great, fearless men, who had their faults as all have, but who, in having them, touched the human heart and claimed its worship. The name of the Deity fell over freely from their lips, but that was because in the large, free life as roamers across mighty stretches of God's unbroken gardens they came so close to Him. They knew His presence and power, not in fine points of ecclesiastical controversy, but in the scorching blight of summer drought, in tempest blasts through bending cottonwoods and in the lurid lightning's gaze upon the rain-soaked prairie breadth. The glittering mirage was the mirror of His splendor and subtlety. Grim canyon depths were to them His awe-inspiring unfathomability. The winter mountain-storms showed this awful strength. The Chinook wind was God's sweetest mercy!

Among them Carl could have been almost happy had it not been for the thought of Jean, which stabbed him with a sickening pang at times. The work, the rush, the excitement and danger made him forget all else but her, for he put his heart into it, as he always did, no matter upon what he was engaged.

Of course he had it all to learn. It was all new, rough and hard, but Carl went in with such vim, courage and staying power, taking knocks and hardships without a murmur, that admiration for the plucky tenderfoot grew among the cattlemen. There would come a time very shortly, they told themselves, when the tenderfoot would make even the old hands look to their honours. Possessed of indomitable spirit and trained athletic muscles, Carl was no mean figure where strength told. Besides, he was of quickest perception and readiest resource. What he lacked in experience was made up for in a measure by skill and brain work. He learned it all little by little from sticking to the back of a bucking pony to poking dizzy files of broad-backed cattle up the chutes to waiting cars at the shipping depots. Carl learned to eat and sleep in the saddle when necessary. He learned to lasso, to corral, to brand, to camp and cook and to do everything needful in a cattleman's life. He loved the life in its hazardous and strenuous trend.

The spirit of the plain was in him as the days passed. The plunge of his horse was a joy to him, and the feel of heaving sides between his knees came to be a second nature. His slouching sombrero fitted as never Eastern headgear had. The knotted kerchief round his neck was more manly than any linen in vogue. The nerves of his fingers greeted the braided rein and heavy quirt as if they had never known a different touch. The real living hours of the days on the long divides were equalled only by the nights in tented camps before the red coals' glow. Carl grew to it all like a son of the ranch. He forgot what he would forget except when a sunny-haired, blue-eyed girl came in dream form to him. Then the old remorse welled up again and he cursed his weakness of the past. Out here on the vast, lone prairie, he seemed so strong and so scornful of all that was other than clean and white.

### CHAPTER III.

BLAND went down into the Humber country as soon as possible after he had parted from his old comrade. There he related everything to Clive Halycon as Carl bade him do.

Clive gasped in amazement. "He is gone?" was his

helpless question.

"Gone!" Jerry said. "I tried to show him he was wrong. He should have come to her. He thought she would never wish to see his face again. He would die first—that is what he said—"die first rather than come to her."

One evening when Clive found Jean alone he told her. She listened without a word, without a sob till he had finished. Then Jean rose and Clive read her eyes aright and went.

With weak steps the girl sought her room, and there the floodgates of grief gave way. She threw herself upon the bed and wept in paroxysms of sorrow, praying to heaven for strength and guidance.

In that chamber, where the roof-gables held their panes to the west, a light could have been seen all the long night hours if anyone of the peacefully sleeping countryside had been abroad. Inside was such a struggle, wrestling and prayer as perhaps but one had known before. That one was Carl in the night when he had fought the demon of play.

When the moon lay low on the horizon she stood with her tears, looking out through the silvered glass, and the victory was in her grasp, the victory of a woman's heart.

"Carl, Carl," she murmured in broken accents. "It is much but I can forgive. For the sake of my love and yours I can forgive. Carl, Carl, if you had only come!"

Then in the course of another day she went to Clive.

"Clive," she said. "You will find him?"

Halycon took her hands in both of his and promised. "I will find him, Jean," he declared, "if anyone can. I shall say you still care and want him. Is that all?"

"Yes," she whispered. "Tell him it is all my life. Oh! Clive, he must come. You will make him. If his pride or shame refuses you must find a way to bring him. Can you do it?"

"I will," Clive promised. "I will find him and he shall come back."

### CHAPTER IV.

LEAVING his farm in care of the men, Clive went at once. It seemed likely to him that Carl had gone somewhere in the great West. On inquiring at North Bay, where Glover was known to the agents, he found this suggestion to be correct. His friend had purchased a ticket for Winnipeg, and he was only a week or so behind him. Clive followed immediately, but he had entered on a vain chase. He traced him to the great Western city and there he lost the trail and by no effort however great did he again regain it. He searched systematically in all the cities and towns on or near the lines of railroad even out to the Coast, but it was of no use. He inquired everywhere that he thought a man of Carl's attainments might be drawn. It was all to no avail. The eagerness and earnestness of the search was inspired by the thought of how much it meant to Jean Thurston and the promise he had made. He searched and searched, travelled and travelled, sparing no expense to achieve his end, yet he got no trace of Carl. From many ranchers who happened to be in the towns through which he passed Clive procured the names of the men they employed. It might just be a chance that his comrade has drifted to one of the ranges. At Rockeley, he met Darcy, who gave him the names of his own men and those of Doan's, whose ranch was near his. Among these latter names was the one, Charles Hooper, but it conveyed no recognition to Clive.

Thus it went on. He met all sorts of people in all sorts of places, and asked the same question thousands of times. In those wanderings an event took place in his life which changed everything for him. He met—the woman! Clive, who had never known what some term that grand passion, and who had told Carl that he should never care in that way for anyone, had met his fate at last.

It was in Banff that he came upon her, a girl from the East, and a native of Ottawa. She had spent the summer in Banff and had not as then returned home. From the first he was keenly attached and he lingered and lingered there. His mission of search gave him an excuse, and the month's absence upon which he had calculated stretched out into three. Then came a rude awakening, the announcement of her intending departure. Spurred by the thought Clive risked all and told her of his love in that dreamy heaven-spot of Western Canada. That

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# WATSON'S



# SCOTCH

was the moment, the moment of telling, when this new, wild rapture born within him turned to bitter yearning. Alice Blendon loved him, too, but that was the end. Her word was given to another one for whom she had thought she cared till Clive came into her world.

His dream was over. The harmony of his being was spoiled for ever. That was the reward of his search for Carl. He took back home with him a deep yearning and agony. Whether it was greater for Jean Thurston than for himself he could not say, but as he saw the colour leaving her cheeks and the light fading from her grand eyes day by day, Clive thought it must be more bitter for her.

Yet faith is faith! Alice Blendon's word was pledged to one, Charles Hooper, of Ottawa. Clive would no more have thought of asking her to break the engagement than Alice Blendon would have thought of requesting a release. Word of honour was sacred to her and to Clive.

Furthermore, in this pitiable situation Fate's strange whim had influence. By chance Carl had chosen the name, Charles Hooper, to hide his identity in the West. Thus there were two men named Charles Hooper, the real one of Ottawa and the false one on Doan's ranch.

#### CHAPTER V.

**E**VENTS, which were as threads in the loom of the weaver, followed fast for those concerned in the circumstances of the tale, events which need but a few words to picture.

Through boldly displayed advertising, tremendous booming and the shrewd machinations of Jasper and Jasper, solicitors, the CONSOLIDATED DIAMOND COBALT company forced its stock to the first place among paper-mines and even among real mines. The shares were offered at twenty-five cents. The form of advertising was unchallengeable. The authorized capital was given. The names of the directors were boldly typed. A statement of the development to date and the proposed development with new capital for which the first shares were offered accompanied a mining engineer's glowing report of the riches contained in this property. It gave the values of assays which had been made. It invited inspection and, indeed, some intending investors did visit the place. They found the development as stated and everything as claimed. There were bags of ore packed ready for shipment. There was every indication that the mine was producing and that with increased capital there were fortunes in it. Some drifting had been done, but it was on veins which existed only in imagination and in the mining engineer's report. The engineer, by the way, was a barber from some part which is of no consequence. The mine of the CONSOLIDATED DIAMOND COBALT was a salted mine and salted by men old at the game.

Because it told its falsehoods in the biggest, boldest and blackest type, and buoyed up these falsehoods with indisputable evidence which was in reality only a blacker lie, the CONSOLIDATED got the boom for which it had hoped and worked.

Many a man was induced to put varying amounts into this stock. Among them was one, Henry Thurston. Throughout the neighbourhood that knew him Thurston was counted as a wise and cautious man, but wiser and more cautious men have fallen into the same predicament. He invested largely like many others. It was about this time that Thurston first met Jasper. The lawyer had come down to the village on the Humber's banks for the purpose of collecting old accounts which his avaricious mind would not allow him to forget. He was bleeding thousands with his Cobalt swindle, yet he could not overlook the village poor who, in their extremities, had come under his lending thumb at one time or another.

Henry Thurston sought him out to enquire into the CONSOLIDATED, knowing Jasper was one solicitor. Needless to say, the lawyer's smooth tongue convinced him that his investments were quite safe and persuaded him to put more into the stock at the first opportunity. Thurston invited him to his home, and there the lawyer for the first time set eyes on Jean. Such love as his narrow soul was capable of was stirred up in that visit. He made it a point to have more than one business call to the Humber village, and his visits at the Thurston home became quite frequent. Judging the time ripe, according to his professional instinct, he, with all due ceremony, presented his suit. To his shame and chagrin it was quietly refused. Subsequent advances were decisively cut short.

Jasper was forced to swallow his baffled pride and desires, but he never thought of giving up his end because of one defeat. Thus far in his career all things had come to him if he waited, and used his hook-or-by-crook tactics. For this he would wait.

The one rival, Whitmore, still visiting in the country, and the only one who seemed in his way, was removed by a few meaning words. Jasper told him plainly, when he saw in what direction the other's attentions lay, that if he did not want his real character spread over the place he had better spend his thoughts and time elsewhere. Whitmore knew that the lawyer could and would do what he said. He was in possession of all facts connected with him, for Jasper, with his brother, had been his defence in the scrape which ended his college career.

In view of this, Whitmore thought it wise to use discretion and left the scene. He knew Jasper's methods and actions were such as would cause any honest person to despise them, yet he had no substantial accusation to bring against the lawyer.

For the time being Jasper had the upper hand. The investment of Henry Thurston gave him a pretext for still visiting the house to talk over the prospects of CONSOLIDATED DIAMOND COBALT. Thus, though secretly wishing to avoid Jasper, Jean was frequently brought in contact with him.

But that was a hard winter in Alberta, the herds were greatly reduced, and in the shifting, Carl returned East.

#### CHAPTER VI.

**W**HEN the first spring month wrapped wild Temiskaming in green a lone prospector wandered among the northerly regions up near the head-tributaries of Montreal River. He pushed farther north than the late rich finds on that same water, driving his canoe through long, tortuous rapids which would have dismayed any other man, and portaging over rough miles of broken way that no other person would have attempted. But the solitary seeker, strong-framed as he was, gloried in the obstacles in his path. He gloried in the battle of the rapid and the muscle-straining toil of the portage. The lone life was the life he wished for, and in his limbs was the search-fever, the subtle, forceful, fever which always prompted and ever lured with thought of unearthing hidden wealth. With him he had a pick, a shovel, a hand-drill, some pounds of blasting powder, blankets, in which to sleep, and provisions to last weeks if augmented by fish and game. He went with more knowledge of what to find and how to find it than many who have posed as practical prospectors, all their lives. Moreover, he went to win! Through the sweet, spring months he pursued the invisible silver-god who ever evaded his grasp. High hope of morning faded to sullen disappointment at eve as each day filed by and the man would roll himself in his blankets, within his tent of boughs against the timber or under his up-turned canoe on the shore, sick and weary of the quest that brought nothing but emptiness.

Spring merged with summer, and beneath the hot sun that held the still air thick and stifling between the rocky walls of gorges and sent the fly-pestered moose to plunge his body in shallow, marshy borders of lake or river, the lone prospector still persevered in his toil and search. Each evening he took the sinking weight of disappointment into slumber and forgot it. In the fresh, cool hours of dawn his blood rushed strong and there was no thought of past failure. The man went a-seeking with renewed energy, hopeful and exultant of the end. He wound still farther north into the heart of the wild. Only those who had themselves pushed far knew of the lone prospector who had gone beyond them, but when the rich strikes on the Montreal River grew into prominence the doings of all the bands or single searchers operating or staking claims in that vicinity were recorded in the Cobalt weekly letters.

Bland, who had never given up the idea that Carl was somewhere in the mining-grounds of the vast region of Temiskaming, or farther west on the Superior shore, watched these reports eagerly for any hint which might disclose his friend's whereabouts.

One day he talked with Lewis, who had staked claims near the late finds on the Montreal. Lewis was one of the few who had seen the lone prospector of the north-land, and he was telling Bland of the nifty seeker who had gone with his outfit into the difficult country beyond their camps. He did not know his name, but his partner did. The partner was down in the American cities just then trying to interest capitalists in their strike in order to get financial backing. However, Lewis had seen him and gave Bland a description of him. Jerry slapped his thighs with exultation.

"Jove!" he cried. "It's Carl. I'll bet a big C bank-note that it's Carl!"

Immediately Halycon got the following summons: "It beats the deuce, Clive! Carl's up in the north, prospecting. I knew he never went West. That North Bay agent must have been blind on the night he said he sold a ticket to him. I saw Lewis from the new camps on the Montreal, and he told me of a lone prospector who had gone in beyond them. He didn't know his name, but the description just suits Carl. Come at once, old boy! Come prepared to do the hardest canoeing and portaging you've ever done in your life—even harder than the three of us did on that Maine moose-hunt! Do you remember it? Lewis says it is deuced rough, but come, and come quickly. We will follow him and bring him back if we have to tie him down."

Clive lost not a moment in acquainting Jean of this news, and the glad light that sprang to her eyes would have been enough to make him go even if he had not already made that resolve.

He left to his men the reaping of the harvest, took his tried canoe and camp outfit from the garret, and shipping it ahead from Toronto, set out for Cobalt.

(To be continued.)

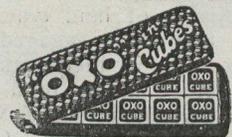


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# MONEY AND MAGNATES



### Stocks May Be Helped By Protection.

THE reason why different brokerage houses claimed that there will be a boom in Canadian stocks if reciprocity were defeated was that they believed that the Conservative party was committed to a policy of, at least, adequate protection of Canadian industries. Of course, none of them is quite prepared to define just what "adequate" means. But they insist that now that the Conservatives are in power the different lines which are receiving some protection are likely to find that it will be continued for a longer period than if the Honorable Mr. Fielding remained at the head of the department that has the ruling of such matters.

The concerns which brokers feel will be benefitted to the greatest extent by this protective policy, as also by the defeat of reciprocity, are: the Dominion Iron and Steel Corporation, the Dominion Textile Company, the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, Canada Cement Company, the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, the Lake of the Woods Milling, and Maple Leaf Milling. But just as these larger companies are affected to a certain extent, so will all other manufacturing concerns be benefitted, even though it be to a smaller extent. The question, however, is how much longer will the farming element in Western Canada stand for the Government continuing to bonus the Eastern manufacturer?

\* \* \*

### U.S. Steel and Dominion Steel.

AN interesting stock market coincidence occurred the other day when U. S. Steel Common, which pays 5 per cent., and Dominion Steel Common, which pays 4 per cent., both sold on their respective exchanges at \$60 a share. The problem which the market trader has to solve is whether U. S. Steel, paying 5, is selling too low, or whether Dominion Steel, paying 4, is selling too high. If U. S. Steel is too low, then it is good to go long of it; while if Dominion Steel is too high, it is a good short sale. And yet the attention which the latter stock receives periodically from the insiders makes it a dangerous stock to go short of. On the other hand, it may be that United States Steel Common is only selling around its present basis because of the wonderful success which the bear interests have had in the New York market recently, and that under anything like normal conditions it would sell very much higher. Both securities, however, are usually very popular with the general public, and in the past have always sold considerably higher than their actual value would seem to warrant.

The average broker in Montreal will tell you that his experience has been that the average trader would sooner buy Dominion Iron, with all its fluctuations and mysteries, than some preferred stock which would give him just as good return as Iron and at the same time leave his capital practically intact.

\* \* \*

### Was a Great Enthusiast of Laurentide.

MR. CHARLES F. SMITH, who passed away the other day in Montreal, was one of the greatest enthusiasts regarding the future of Laurentide Pulp and Paper Company. For a number of years Mr. Smith had been a member of the Executive Committee of the Company, along with his personal friend, Mr. Hosmer, and always gave a great deal of his time and attention to the affairs of the company.

Mr. Smith's early fortune, however, was made out of the boot and shoe business, through his ownership of the James McCready business. It was in the lifetime of the late Mr. James McCready that Mr. Smith entered the employ of his firm as junior clerk, and gradually worked his way up until he became the owner of the entire company. Last year, however, he sold out his entire interests to Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon, when the latter formed the consolidation of the James McCready and Ames-Holden businesses. Mr. Smith was also a director of the Merchants' Bank of Canada, and for many years, as a result of his close friendship with Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, also served as a director of the Dominion Express Company, one of the subsidiary concerns of the C. P. R. Mr. Smith was possessed of a very lovable character and seemed to have the knack of making close friends of all his business associates.

\* \* \*

### Mr. McNicoll Joins Bank Board.

MR. DAVID McNICOLL, Vice-President and General Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has been elected a director of the Molson's Bank. The departure is rather an interesting one, as up to the present time Mr. McNicoll has been so actively identified with the general management of the big railway that, although many offers have been made to him to join different industrial and financial corporations, he was forced to refuse them. Mr. McNicoll's appointment will result in all the higher officials of the C. P. R. being possible directors of outside institutions.

\* \* \*

### Increases Capital to \$15,000,000.

THE Bell Telephone Company of Canada is paying its shareholders an attractive bonus by increasing its capital from \$12,500,000 to \$15,000,000, and offering the additional \$2,500,000 to stock to the shareholders at par as compared with about 150—the price at which the old stock has been selling for some time. The proportion in which the shareholders get the new stock is one share of new for every five of old.

\* \* \*

### Change in Fiscal Year of Cereal Company.

WITH the organization of the International Milling Company of Canada to be a holding company of the International Milling Company of Minnesota, and the Canadian Cereal and Milling Company, arrangements have been made to have the fiscal years of the two companies close on the same date. This has necessitated a change in the closing date of the fiscal year of the Cereal Company from July 31st to August 31st. Consequent on this change the annual meeting of the Canadian Cereal and Milling will in future be held on the third Wednesday of October, instead of the third Wednesday of September.

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## PEOPLE AND PLACES

### Capt. Maynard, Footballer.

THIS is back to college month. With the yellowing of the leaves. Canadian college men all over the Dominion are trooping over the campus, their noses keen for the Registrar's office.

"Who's going to make the team?"

Football is the main topic. Until the academic year is well into Decem-



JACK MAYNARD, STRATFORD,  
Captain, University of Toronto Football Team.

ber, the gridiron completely overshadows interest in the humanities.

From the chirpiest freshman with his light tie and cigarette, to the high-browed senior, speculation is only of that embodiment of student energy—The Team.

At Toronto, for instance, Rugby this fall is a drama so tense that no one knows what is going to happen next. Last year's star Canadian outfit have mostly faded from college by the B.A. route.

The process of whipping raw material into shape is an interesting one; very strenuous for the captain.

The successor of Hugh Gall at the director's job this year is Jack Maynard. He is one of Gall's old Guard. They say this nineteen-year-old youth is going to be a whirlwind. He can get through as fast as Smirle Lawson, though not so picturesquely. His booting is in the Gall class every way.

Maynard is a native of Stratford, Ontario. He got over his first touch down at Trinity School Port Hope.

This summer he has been fire-rang-ing for the Ontario Government in Northern Ontario, taking on football beef on the side.

### A Real Nobleman.

THE closing days of Earl Grey's regime at Rideau Hall are being marked by graceful, little touches of courtesy, which will afford much pleasant contemplation to the historian of the future whose task it will

be to review the seven years of gracious hospitality just concluding in Canada's capital.

The other day, there was a marriage in the servants' hall at Rideau.

John Guy wedded Polly Atkinson.

In honour of the wedding bells the Government House servants gave a grand ball. His Excellency the Governor-General, and Countess Grey, joined the merrymakers.

His Excellency tripped out on the floor with Mrs. John Guy. Her Excellency danced with Mr. John Guy.

How many brides in the most exclusive social sets in Canada have had the honour of the presence of the Governor-General and his lady at their marriage festivities?

Such democratic actions on the part of Earl Grey reveal the genuine worth of a great and true nobleman, whose sojourn at Ottawa the Canadian people will long remember.

\* \* \*

### Parliamentary Oddities

WITH the shuffling of parliamentary representatives by the reciprocity issue, it is interesting to note some peculiarities about our M.P.'s, outside of their party complexion.

Who are the oldest men in the House—not in age, of course, but in parliamentary experience?

Answer: Hon. John Haggart, elected in 1872; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, 1874; Dr. T. S. Sproule, Orange champion, 1878; Mr. George Taylor, of Leeds, 1882; Hon. George Eulas Foster, 1882; Mr. David Henderson, Halton, 1888; Dr. Reid, Grenville, 1891; Colonel Sam Hughes and Mr. W. F. McLean, 1892.

There are 76 lawyers holding down parliamentary seats—such are the spicers.

Thirty-six farmers desert the fields for a bench in parliament during the winter.

Thirty-two storekeepers leave the cash register to the clerk and hike for Ottawa.

Twenty-one doctors prefer tariff clinics.

Seventeen manufacturers are interested in Hayman's Gallows.

Ten lumbermen represent the Canadian tree.

Eight newspapermen are truly the Fourth Estate.

Seven notaries learn Ottawa money-to-loan methods.

Four brokers are part of the most uncertain and fluctuating stock in the world.

The grimy hand of toil is represented by one man. Labour looks lonely.

\* \* \*

### More Coal in B.C.

THAT big stretch of coal beds, lying between Nanaimo and Ladysmith, figured in a big deal recently. 2,400 acres of it, supposed to contain thirty million tons of coal, were transferred to the Harriman railroad interests. By this transaction British Columbia will have a new town. A site has been laid out on the coal fields for employees of the Harriman developers.

## SHIFTING THE MINTO CUP

By P. W. LUCE

EARLY this spring, in an article I wrote for The Canadian Courier, I made the daring prediction that the Minto Cup would eventually shift from Westminster to Vancouver.

Probably most of the readers of this magazine have forgotten this, but he is a poor prophet who does not call attention to his predictions once these have been proved correct. Goodness knows we err often enough to be glad we are right once in a while.

Not because I said so, but because it was inevitable, it has come to pass that the Minto Cup and the world's

lacrosse championship has been won by Con Jones' Vancouver team. The destiny of the trophy necessitated two extra games to decide, but by doubling the score (10 to 5) in these matches the Vancouvers clearly proved their superiority over the famous Salmon Bellies.

If logic instead of bull-luck and playing ability were the deciding factors in the disposition of the Minto Cup, the resting place of the former Governor-General's trophy would still be the same—Vancouver. Vancouver was the first Western city to send a

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team east after the coveted mug, the trip being made in 1901, when the Pacific coast boys fell down before the mighty Shamrocks, then the Invincible Irishmen of the East. A year later Westminster essayed to capture the cup, but the boys returned empty handed.

For years past Vancouver has been the only opponent of Westminster on the lacrosse oval, and had it not been for the stubbornness with which the teams of the larger city have remained in the field, even when hopelessly outclassed by the representatives of the smaller city, Westminster must long since have been compelled to abandon the sport, for without competition no pastime can possibly be fostered.

Until 1908 Vancouver was merely keeping alive its lacrosse team in the hope that some day the Westminster boys would grow old and quit playing lacrosse. Then Con Jones hove in sight and took charge of the situation. He placed his team on a professional basis. The day of the secret divvy and occasional hold-up passed



**MINTO CUP**  
Emblematic of Canadian Lacrosse Championship Recently won by Vancouver

away. Every player was openly paid. Westminster kept up the amateur pretense a year longer, they, too, fell in line.

And then commenced a Titanic struggle that could have but one ending. Con Jones toothcombed Canada and imported a galaxy of stars that, individually, excelled Westminster. But teamwork was lacking, and Westminster still hugged the mug and the championship.

Finally the imported players acquired the desired combination. Then it was only a question of whether the cup would move this year or next year. It was this year.

The pewter is only twelve miles from Westminster, but there are few ardent fans, supporters of the Salmon Bellies, who would not rather see the vice-regal silverware in Toronto or Montreal, or at the bottom of the Red Sea, than in Con Jones' billiard parlors. For the love that exists between the rabid supporters on either side could be weighed on a hair-spring scale.

I saw Westminster go crazy in 1908 when the boys returned from their victorious encounters with the Shamrocks in Montreal; I saw the gloom that descended like a fog over the little town of Souris, Manitoba, in 1906, when the team from that city failed to wrest the laurels from the then Invincible Irishmen of the East. I took part in the cyclone of hair-brained joy ebullitions that swept over Vancouver on Saturday, September 16; I heard a mighty sighing rising from the banks of the Fraser River.

The enthusiasm of Westminster in 1908, the sorrow of Souris in 1906: these were but cheap imitations of the sterling brands of emotion displayed when the Minto Cup moved this fall.



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## HUNKER BILL'S DOG

(Continued from page 6.)

"We weren't sticklers for international amenities, in them days. If we wanted a man, and he got two or three days across the Line, or what Line there was supposed to be, we didn't give up too much time worryin' over geography. So as we struck out towards the northwest, with a breeze sayin' he'd seen a man and a dog at so and so, and a squaw tellin' us she'd spotted that same man and that same dog by a camp-side a hundred miles further up, and then a free-trapper sayin' he'd stopped the two in some pass or other—why, we kind o' felt we'd get our hooks on that Hunker Bill if we had to chase him plumb across the Arctic Circle. Once we almost had him, in an Injin road-house, with a woman called Dawson Jenny. But that dog o' his smelt us, two miles off, and they got away through the heavy timber and headed for the mountains. But still we kept after him, always markin' his trail by that fool dog, and wearin' him down, day by day. But by this time we were in a land o' broken rock and scrub timber, and horses bein' no more good than grand pianos, we had to leave our mounts behind, and keep after him on foot. But I don't want you to rope in the idea that this here man-hunt was so all-fired one-sided. We had sure and special information that Hunker Bill was carryin' along with him his Winchester and two 41-caliber Colts. And knowin' he never was thin-skinned about inauguratin' a round or two o' gun-play, we got a sleepin' uncommon light and short, in those hills o' broken-rock, where a man could creep upon you and comb out your back hair b'fore you'd even see him.

"So, when we fin'ly got Bill cut off and corralled in a hole on a shelf o' rock, with three hundred feet o' sheer cliff behind him, we sat down and chewed over the problem how to git him out o' there without gittin' hurt—meanin', of course, both Bill and us. Seein' that we had grub and water, and Bill had none, or nothin' more'n he could carry, we decided some unanimous that it would be only fool showin'-off to try to rush his position. So we just sat down, comfortable and slow, and decided to starve Bill out. We allowed, at most, about three days o' hunger, then three days o' uncooked dog-meat, and then a proposition o' compromise from the losin' side. But history ain't always followin' the trail we stake out for her, no matter how close and fine we think we're calculatin'. Hunker Bill laid low, and we laid low, and the only sign o' life between us was that long-haired mongrel o' his. And all that first night, when we were on guard, this here dog stood on the brink o' that rock-shelf and howled down at us, low and solemn and long, worse'n the moon-howl of a she-wolf, till all us boys were beggin' the Inspector for just one shot at his carcass. But the Inspector sa'd no, that dog was our man's marker, so that if he ever did get away again, we'd still be able to trail him.

"Next mornin' we saw that dog, cut against the sky, with his nose over the ledge, watchin' us. He didn't move all that day, and I allow it didn't seem that he stirred all the next day. But there he lay, down-charged on that shelf o' rock, with his watchin' nose eternally pointin' down at us. We as-soomed Hunker Bill was keepin' him there; but we couldn't quite get onto Bill's game. And I knew that dog would do anything Bill would order him to, and I knew that dog wasn't hangin' out there for the love o' the open air, or for the sake on' the scenery. I likewise recollected that Bill had never once left that dog behind. And once, down east o' Fort MacLeod, I'd seen a thoroughbred game-dog do a queer thing. That game-dog belonged to a fool Britisher, who was shootin' prairie-chicken and quail, and all the dog had to do was to squat down and point, whenever he spotted the game. That point-act was so deep ingrained in his breedin' and in his trainin' that one day when they were



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beatin' along the open railway track, for dry walkin', and he spotted a covey o' quail, he started pointin', stock-still, and kept pointin'—kept pointin' till the pilot-wheels o' the Western Express ground his blind and unreasonin' dog's soul out.

"Well, there I am wanderin' from the trail again! But, as I was about to say, after we'd watched that fool dog for the third day, the Inspector called us all together, and we had a pow-wow as to the meanin' o' things. The outcome was, we spread out fan-wise, shook out our shootin'-irons, breathed uncommon light, and crept up on Bill's position. We hugged every pebble the size of a goose-egg, sure expectin' a fusillade from our secretive friend, but nothin' broke that all-fired, harassin' silence. When we got to the cave behind the shelf, where Bill was cornered, the Inspector edged in, with his Colt in his hand. I was at his heels, with a carbine ready, kind o' feelin' that it was like old times. We circled in, slow and cautious; then we stood and looked at one another. That cave was as empty as a three-year-old bird's nest.

"We crept out, uncommon dazed and foolish. Then we looked at the dog. He was still there, pointin' over that ledge o' rock. His shank bones were stickin' out through his hide some pitiful, and his ribs had fallen in, but there he was, blinkin' out and pointin' the way Hunker Bill had given him the order to point, a-waitin' for his master to come and say the word that would allow him to move again. Then, step by step, I roped in the whole situation. Hunker Bill, I allow, had liked that mongrel o' his. But Bill had loved his life more'n he loved that dog. So he'd give him the word to down-charge out there, for a blind, and under cover o' the night in some way or other he'd snaked out right b'tween our legs, and got a good three days' start into the unmapped wilderness of Alaska, which shows some plain there ain't no way o' stakin' out the sentiments of a frontier bad-man, for he's goin' to fool you, every time, like one o' these here foothill rivers, by roundin' on himself. And that dog o' Hunker Bill's seemed to know the game was up, for when we circled round him, quiet and respectful, he dragged hisself up on his four feet, shakin', and pointed his nose up towards the sky, and gave one long and quiet howl, that sent the shivers down the back of every cuss who listened to it. Then he crumpled in on hisself and died there, just where he laid, with his nose pointin' out over the valley.

"Well, when the Inspector was walkin' off his ire, over losin' his man that fool way, we took that dog o' Hunker Bill's and gave it decent burial, as we all allowed it ought to have. We planted him good and deep, in an open bit o' lowland, with a wooden cross over the grave, tellin' his name and the date. And old Alkali Ericson said the funeral orat'ion, while we stood with heads uncovered. I recollect that oration some plain, bein' the only one I ever heard delivered over a mongrel, and, as I take it, it ran something like this: 'I allow, good Lord, I ain't much of a hand at this style o' speakin', and I allow we are all men who have to do with hard characters, trailin' through hard places doin' hard work. And I also allow that the carcass we are now commendin' into Thy hands, O Gawd, is only the remains of a low-down and no-account dawg, mebbe unworthy o' Thy notice. But this yere mongrel critter, good Lord, has done the decent thing by the man who wasn't big enough to be his master. He didn't do no heap o' weighin' and studyin' over what he was gittin' out o' the deal. If he stoop between Thy purpose and a low-down and errin' bad-man bein' yanked to the dizzy brink o' justice, O Gawd, forgive him. He was a fool dawg, we all allow, but he was faithful unto the end, and knowin' only his dooty, he done it, and died for it! Amen!' And then, we filled in that uncommon queer grave, up among them bald and lonely hills—and I reckon not ten white men have clapped eyes on it to this day!—and then we fired a salute from our



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carbines, and drifted back towards the open trail again, feelin' kind o' quiet and low-spirited and sheepish."

The tenderfoot smoked on in silence, for want of something to say.

"And Hunker Bill—did you never hear of him again?"

The little sergeant shook his head. "There's been many a man besides Hunker Bill swallowed up by the hills o' that subarctic wilderness. Sometimes they work their way on, to the West, across the Tananahas and out through the Kuskokvim Mountains, and drift down to the coast. And sometimes they double on—"

The little sergeant never finished the sentence, for he suddenly started up, alertly, squinting down towards the far end of the open coulee. The tenderfoot, a little startled, thought he saw a new light creep into the straining eyes, fringed by the pebbled wrinkles of their habitual prairie-squint. He followed the other's gaze, but saw nothing. Then, as he looked, his eye caught a small black speck o' life drifting slowly across the stippled streaks of gray between the broken timber and the open rock. The speck grew to a dot, and from a dot to a figure. Then he saw that it was a horseman, and a horseman cautiously but quickly approaching the Gap. But no word passed between the waiting men.

Yet as the horseman grew more and more distinct the little sergeant fidgeted more and more with his carbine. A minute later he started up, uttered a muffled note of surprise, swore gently, and still again peered narrowly down the trail. The figure grew more distinct, as he looked, and even the tenderfoot, in that clear northern air, could make out the scarlet tunic with the bright yellow facings, and the yellow-striped blue breeches of a sergeant of the Northwest Mounted Police. A vague sense of disappointment crept through him at the sight.

But the third man, so far below, came to a sudden stop, wheeled about, hesitated still again, and then turned back to his original route, only skirting more closely the broken timber. He had caught sight, it was obvious, of his sentinel comrade above him. Then his voice rose through the tranquil valley air as he circled, at a gallop, past the watchers overhead.

"It's all right," he hallooed, with a wave of the arm. "They've got him! Crackerbox Jones is caught, I say—by sergeant and two scouts—twelve miles up the trail!"

Then a strange thing happened. As he swept by them, a dancing splash of vivid scarlet against the gray-green of the coulee-bottom, the little sergeant dropped quickly on one knee and training his rifle on his passing brother-officer, fired, once and then again. The galloping horse plunged, fell and slid forward on its shoulders, tossing its rider ludicrously over, once, twice, three times, in grotesque somersaults. The next moment a bullet whined and sang between the two men and tore through the poplar branches behind them. The little sergeant fired again.

Then he peered out again, and this time he saw that the man in the valley beneath him was on his knees, holding up his two arms, and he could see that one of the fore-arms drooped and fell away, broken by Sergeant Skeel's rifle ball.

"I allow I'd never have known that was Crackerbox, togged out in that service uniform, if it hadn't been for that yellow hound trailin' after him that fool way!"

The tenderfoot stumbled down the loose gravel and broken rock after the hurrying officer. And it was not until then that he saw and believed that it was Crackerbox Jones, with the horse and uniform of Corporal Scott, the man he had shot on the White-Cat Trail, two days before.

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