

Vol. III, No. 2

December 14th, 1907

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The Canadian Courier

A · N A T I O N A L · W E E K L Y



M A R T E N

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NUMBER

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December 14, 1907

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THE
Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHERS' TALK

THIS is a sort of Christmas number. We have been so busy working out the details of our regular issues that special issues are out of the question. A year-old publication must be careful not to over-tax its new machinery. Nevertheless, we are not ashamed of this number. Mr. Heming's article and drawings and Mr. Marten's cover design are enough to make any issue remarkable. Perhaps we may not unfairly describe these two as the greatest Canadian illustrators that the country has yet produced. They are both young—one is now on his wedding-trip and the other is just old enough to be—and Canada may justly entertain the hope of much good work to come.

BY the way, we desire to emphasise the fact that only Canadian artists and engravers do work for "The Canadian Courier." Every cover and illustration ever used by us has been "made in Canada." Every native artist with ambition has a chance to be represented in this national weekly. It is part of the purpose of "The Courier" to encourage native art as well as native literature.

WE are anxious to have more amateur photographers take an interest in our illustrated pages and in our photographic competitions. Any person desiring information as to our methods of doing business and the kind of material we are seeking will find out everything he desires to know by dropping us a post-card.

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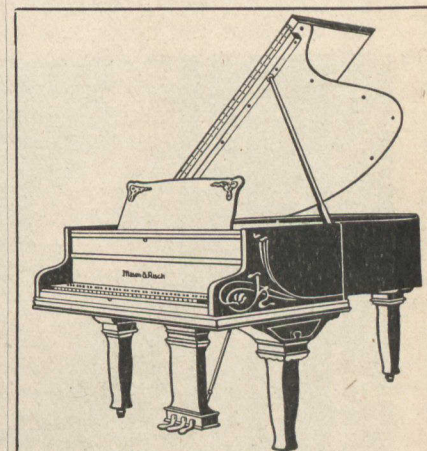
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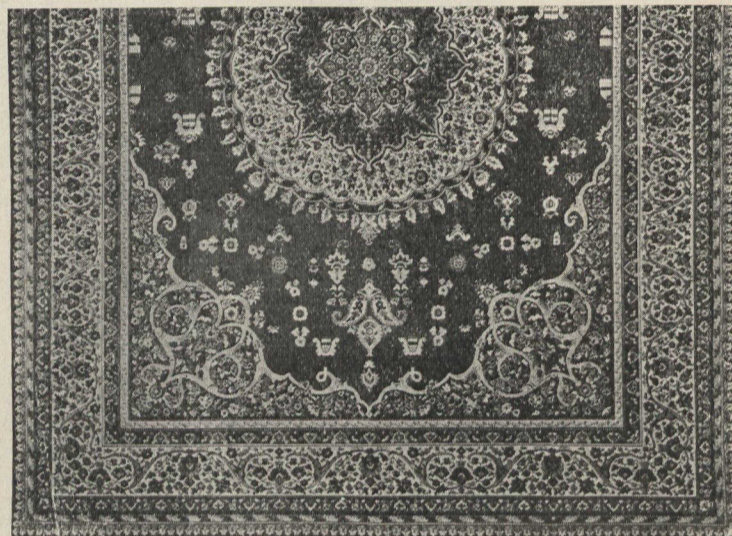
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THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED - TORONTO, CANADA

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. III.

Toronto, December 14th, 1907.

No. 2

Christmas Thoughts

CHRISTMAS should find Canada thankful and cheerful. The Minister of Finance assures us that the wonderful progress, which has been the theme of the Liberal Politicians for ten years, is still with us. The foreign trade of the country is greater than ever before. The national prestige and credit are still at the highest point. One British journal says that we will see a falling off next year, but when did a British journalist ever estimate us correctly? If that writer had asked the Ottawa Cabinet Ministers, they would have told him that this prosperity will continue so long as a Liberal Government holds office.

It is quite true that the Bankers have not had quite the same faith in the steadfastness of our prosperity or in the surety of our foundations, but then Bankers are often pessimistic. It is also true that they have pulled back on the traces this year and have laid their ears along their manes, but that need not worry us very much. Already they show signs of a changing view. They are bringing home some of the money they sent to New York and are ceasing to accumulate coin and bullion in their vaults. A man may now go into a Banker's office and ask him to discount some paper without danger of being ejected with a stern reprimand.

The statisticians of the West have figured out that the crop of 1907 in the three prairie provinces is worth twenty-one million dollars more than that of 1906. There is a better feeling out there than there was in September. Then there was great uncertainty as to whether the crop would be marketed this year owing to the lateness of the harvest and the tightness of money. Nevertheless, a goodly portion of it has been turned into cash and in most districts the year shows a fair, though by no means large profit. The Hon. Walter Scott, Premier of Saskatchewan, assures the public that there are adequate supplies of coal on hand, and that there will be no recurrence of last year's fuel scarcity.

Down by the sea, business is also good. There was a time when the cars carrying goods from Montreal and Toronto to the Maritime Provinces were returned to Central Canada empty. This is not the case just now. The East is selling goods to the West in almost as great quantities as its purchases. Butter, potatoes, hay, coal, iron and manufactured products are finding a ready market in what the man by the Sea is wont to term "Canada." The factories of St. John, St. Stephen, St. Croix, Amherst, Windsor, Sydney and Halifax are sending their goods even as far west as British Columbia. The Maritime Winter Fair at Amherst last week was a record-breaker in every respect.

During the year 1906, fourteen million bushels of wheat were shipped from the port of Montreal;

during the season of 1907, this was increased to twenty-one millions. The shipments of other grains were just about the same as last year. The shipments of flour and apples also greatly increased, but there was a decrease in cheese, butter, cattle, meats, and eggs. These decreases are due to two causes: an increase in the population and an unfavourable season for farming in Ontario and Quebec. On the whole, however, the season has been an average one.

Is there a large concern in Canada which has passed its dividend or diminished its profits in 1907? Hardly one. The banks are showing increased profits, since they are still paying a low rate to the people and charging one to two per cent. higher for their loans. The railways have steadily increased their earnings, though rates are slightly lower than last year. The Canadian Northern shows an increase of almost fifty per cent. in its gross earnings, while the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk have maintained their customary rate of upward progress. The manufacturers of railway rolling stock, of bridge and structural steel, of steel rails and iron, of pulp and paper, of machinery and heavier metal goods have had a splendid year, though at present the demand is not quite so brisk as it was. The insurance and loan companies will have an even better year than last, because the rate of interest is higher.

There is not a cloud on the horizon, except some signs of timidity. The plans for future development are not being pursued quite so vigorously as at this time last year. That, however, may not be an unmixed evil. What development work which will occur in the near future will be such as is based on first-class commercial prospects. There will be fewer imaginative and doubtful propositions. The little check which has occurred as a result of the world's financial stringency has but served to cause some timely stock-taking and to check some foolish extravagances. The savings-banks deposits of 1908 will probably be greater than ever, since people have been reminded of the possibility of a "rainy day."

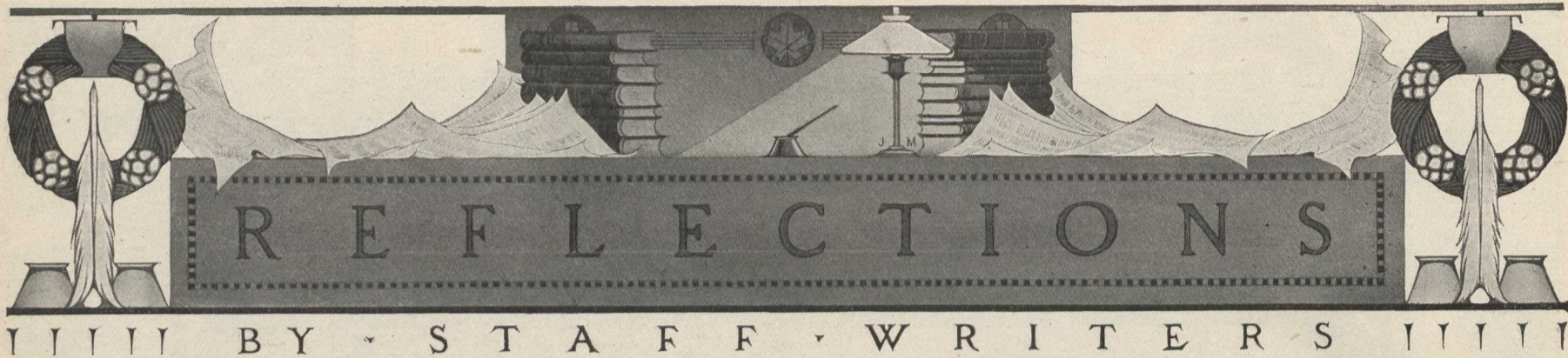
If our review of the situation be correct, Christmas should be a cheerful season. Let us not, however, forget the newer citizen who has not yet found an absolutely safe place in the country of his adoption. In this way we may assist in spreading "Peace on earth and good-will to men."

The Anglo-Saxon usually makes of Christmas a family festival, when re-unions such as make a grand home-coming of Old Boys are seen in every town and city of the Dominion. The Christmas of Victoria, British Columbia, is said to be more like that of the Old Country than any other Canadian observance of the season. In considering the fact that it is the children's holiday, the happy lot of the young Canadian affords cheering consideration. To be born in Canada in this dawn of the Twentieth Century means health, freedom and golden opportunities for every boy or girl. The Canadian young person has no reason to envy any other youngster under the sun.



Santa (Dumont) Klaus, wishing to be up-to-date this year, decides to deliver his toys by air-sleigh. All will be well if his apparatus doesn't get mixed up with a church-spire. Then the result may be as shown here.

Drawn for The Courier by H. W. Chance.



WHILE the Dominion Government may find it inadvisable to confine immigration to particular classes or to capitalists and agriculturists, the Ontario Government is moving towards the establishment of a new policy. It has grown tired of sending mechanics

HAND-PICKED IMMIGRANTS

out to work on farms and of trying to fit square pegs into round holes. It now proposes to send a body of immigration agents to Great Britain, to work under the guidance of the greatest expert the province can produce. This expert must know every county in the province and the needs of each. If a certain county wants twenty-seven bean farmers, he will send out a general order to his slaves, "Find me twenty-seven reputable and moneyed bean farmers, quick." If another county wants ninety-three dairy-maids, the order shall be varied to suit. If any of the more cultivated counties have farms which are lying vacant because the old folk have died and the young folks have gone West, the Ontario Agent-General will advertise: "Twenty-five gentlemen farmers wanted; must have at least £1,000 capital."

A further feature will be that the Ontario Government will bring these immigrants over, put them down where they are needed and look after them until they are properly settled. It will resolve itself into a big Colonisation Company and work along the lines which the Salvation Army and other bodies have adopted in colonisation work. In this scheme, there will be no room for the shiftless 'Arry from London or any of the other large cities. The Agent-General will have enough men and women on his staff to inspect the teeth and the breath as well as the purses of every applicant. There will be scientific methods such as are worthy of the greatest province of the Dominion.

The idea is excellent. It seems strange, however, to note how lordly we are becoming in our immigration ideas. Ten years ago we would have wept tears of joy over incoming chimney-sweeps; now we desire only gentlemen and people with means. Bye-and-bye, this ought to be a great country in which to sell shoe-polish and tooth-powder.

IN the back room of a widow's cottage at Kettering, England, in the year 1792, twelve enthusiastic Baptists met together and formed the "Particular Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Heathen." The total subscriptions amounted to £13 2s. 6d., and

A MISSIONARY REVIVAL

the number of people to be converted was 420 million. Nevertheless, William Carey, who was responsible for the movement, went to India and began a work which has since been continued by many others. There were missionaries before Carey, Protestant as well as Catholic, but his name remains one of the most revered in British missionary annals. He has been called the "Founder of Modern Missions."

Three years after Carey began his work, the London Missionary Society was formed on the basis of co-operation of all religious bodies. Four years later the Church Missionary Society was organised. Soon missions were planted in Ceylon, Africa, New Zealand and the Southern Seas as well as in India. In 1816, the Wesleyan Missionary Society was formed to carry on the work begun by Dr. Thomas Coke in America under Wesley's instructions. Nine years earlier, Robert Morrison had landed in Canton and had begun the work of translating the Scriptures into Chinese. For eighteen years he toiled at this work. In 1824 he returned to Great Britain and was received with cheers by the House of Commons. He was the first Protestant missionary, though the Catholic and Greek Churches had been there for centuries. The China Inland Mission dates from 1866. Twenty-two years later, the Scriptures were translated into Japanese. Between 1840 and 1874, Livingstone carried on in Africa the work begun by

Dr. Vanderkemp and Robert Moffat. In 1823 the American Board of Foreign Missions began work among the Moslems at Beyrout.

These outstanding facts in missionary history will give the reader a general idea of the genesis and progress of the Protestant missionary movement. The work of the Salvation Army is on a different basis. With the earlier Protestant missionaries went the humanitarianism of Great Britain and these missionaries worked to suppress such foolish customs as offering children to the Ganges, burning widows on their husbands' funeral pyres, cannibalism, and (later) slavery. The Army, on the other hand, puts social reform scarcely second to evangelisation. The waifs and strays of society, the submerged tenth and the criminal classes are the special objects of its solicitation. It desires to raise mankind as well as Christianise it. This is a difference well worth noting.

Just now, there is a missionary revival in progress on this continent. It is termed the Laymen's Missionary Movement and is intended to greatly increase the amount of money to be expended upon Christianising the world. This week is to be a "big week" in Toronto. Mr. J. Campbell White, of New York, is beating the big drum and Toronto is being urged to "advertise" herself all over the continent by leading in this grand work to the extent of half a million dollars. No doubt, Toronto will, in Mr. White's words, "make good." No doubt other Canadian cities will "make good," because the appeal is to the best side of our religious nature. Canada will give largely. Just whether the giving will be followed by wise expenditure remains to be seen. That portion of the funds which is retained for Canadian missions will probably be decidedly useful in our more sparsely settled districts. That portion which goes abroad—well, we shall refrain from being pessimistic. In the United States, the whole movement is on behalf of foreign missions. In Canada, the city and home missions are to share in the distribution. To this extent, the Canadian movement is a broader appeal than that across the Line.

FROM present appearances, it looks as if the Liberals of Canada were becoming Conservative and the Conservatives were becoming Liberal. The names are ceasing to represent the sentiment. This is especially true in regard to the question of Public Ownership.

NAMES AND MISNOMERS

In Alberta and Saskatchewan, the Liberals have gone in for public ownership, especially of the provincial telephone systems. These Liberal governments are also talking of a Hudson Bay railway owned by the three provinces. In Manitoba, the Conservatives are not quite so decided on the subject. So far there is no misnomer. Coming to the Dominion Government, we find Mr. Borden declaring for government ownership and operation of the National Transcontinental; and for ownership and operation of trunk telephone and telegraph lines. This is Liberal doctrine surely, even if it comes from a Conservative. On the other hand, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has steadily refused to move towards radicalism. He has always declared against government operation, being content to rely upon private ownership under government control.

Last week, Sir Wilfrid took occasion to criticise the Halifax Platform of the Leader of the Opposition and to state his position on this question. He admitted that corporations, like all other human institutions, are a mixture of good and evil. Nevertheless, corporate capital, corporate labour and corporate effort will do more for progress than individual effort. Further, corporations in most cases can do better than the state. If we remove the incentive of ambition and emulation from public enterprise, we suppress progress and condemn the community to stagnation and immobility. He instanced the Canadian Pacific Railway as a private enterprise which had worked

more good to the nation than a government railway could possibly do. He was not prepared to follow the example of Australia and New Zealand. In regard to telegraphs and telephones, he felt that Great Britain's experience should instruct Canada to be careful. The financial losses there were an argument against similar experiment here. To prevent excessive rates, he would rely, not on government operation, but on government control through the Railway Commission.

Coming to Ontario, we find Mr. Whitney, a Conservative leading a government pledged to public ownership of the distribution of electricity, and the Liberal Opposition taking the contrary position. The Ontario Government is practically forcing all the Western Ontario municipalities interested in Niagara power, to decide for or against public ownership of this public utility. A by-law to establish a municipal distribution plant, in opposition to the present private plant, in the city of Toronto is being supported by leading Conservatives because they feel that this attitude is a party duty. The policy may be right or it may be wrong, but it is passing strange to find such radical legislation supported by Conservatives when it would more naturally be supported by Liberals. In days of yore, people were wont to call Sir Oliver Mowat "an old Tory," and it looks as if Mr. Whitney may yet be termed "an old Liberal."

It certainly looks as if the two great parties should exchange names for a time at least. If that is not done, then we must forget that the terms Conservative and Liberal mean anything, and vote with the particular party which has a policy to our liking. This may tend towards greater independence among voters but it will be somewhat confusing.

YEARS ago, such seasons as "revival meetings," held in Canadian communities meant an outbreak of fiery denunciation of dancing, card-playing and the theatre. But times have somewhat changed since flowers in a woman's bonnet indicated the initial stage of that fatally easy descent, or since attendance at the dancing-school or the skating-rink betrayed an inky depravity beside which Pharaonic self-righteousness shone in dazzling purity. But even yet an occasional evangelist, seeking cheap notoriety and a sensational clamour, sets out to attack the Terpsichorean art in terms and tales more offensive than are heard at most dancing-parties. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, whose evangelistic ability has won international recognition, have lately been fluttering the dancers of Victoria and Vancouver by direful prophecies concerning the destination of those who chase the glowing hours with flying feet, while a Victoria editor has come chivalrously to the rescue of the youthful revellers, even insinuating that the person who cannot observe nor participate in the ordinary dance without unpleasant thoughts has a mind in need of fumigation. One of the evangelists sadly confesses that he once indulged in the sinful pastime and that he has been aware of a spiritual improvement since he ceased from waltzing and took up evangelising. Exactly! But another citizen with mind of a more impervious nature has probably found a little exercise with his feet beneficial to a worried head. Dancing, as carried on in most Canadian communities, is, like skating, a youthful pastime which is given up by citizens over thirty, who take to the more dangerous occupation of municipal politics and lead the country another sort of dance. It may occur to the disinterested spectator that the important matter is to avoid hysteria, whether in the form of too much Terpsichore or excessive evangelising.

A NEW ENGLAND writer recently confessed that he likes to spend his holidays in the old land because he finds the English names a delight and a solace, proceeding to dwell upon the melody and restfulness of such phrase names as the Forest of Dean and Moreton-on-the-Marsh. True it is that in Canada, as well as in the United States, we have been too much absorbed in building the house, the shop and the factory to realise the desirability of giving the place a dignified or significant name. Consequently a community finally rebelled against the hideousness of Rat Portage and adopted the musical "Kenora." The new transcontinental line took the matter of names into consideration and offered a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars for a sounding title for the Pacific terminus with the result that the name of a dashing Cavalier is to be kept in memory on the Western coast, much to the horror of those moderns who think that war and warriors should be forgotten by those who enjoy the fruit of the

fighting. No one has ever been able to say what is in a name but that it is meaningless no thoughtful person will assert. The New Englander who enjoys the leisurely old-world names says there is something about Auchterarder that makes it a very bagpipes of a name. "Is it any wonder that the presbytery of Auchterarder has come to words, and worse, over and over again?" We have sometimes shown a queer perversity on this continent by giving names such as "Paradise," "Eden" and "Zion" to localities which are bleak and sordid. But even on this new soil we have names, such as the "Ticonderoga," which drew Stevenson's Highlander across the seas, that have a history and significance of their own. Some of our streets and churches are being called "First" and "Second" in the deadly fashion too often followed in the neighbouring republic. Monotony is too prevalent in our commercialised existence to be allowed to spread over our highways and halls as well. Let us keep our St. Andrew's, our Chalmers, our St. Paul's and our Wesley, for these names mean much. Our history may be traced in the Indian, French and Saxon names along our lakes and streams and it is a chronicle worth preserving.

IN Rome the great proconsuls finally found it impossible to return to the level of civic life. They brought in the armies devoted to them during their years of service abroad and wrecked the republican constitution. In England at the moment the three proconsuls, Lord Milner from South Africa, Lord Cromer from Egypt, and Lord Curzon from India, have all the political influence of their predecessors, without the same military strength. Beside them the stay-at-home politicians are dwarfed into insignificance. Men hang on their words for guidance in the controversy between Free Trade and Tariff Reform. Lord Milner some time ago gave his allegiance to Mr. Chamberlain, but Lord Cromer has just come out emphatically for Free Trade. Since his return to England the Egyptian proconsul has made two weighty pronouncements. In the first he insisted upon the folly of yielding to the principles of a false humanitarianism in Egypt and in India; in the second he urged that it was only England's Free Trade policy which had rendered possible a settlement of the Egyptian question with other powers. He repudiated the suggestion that the Tariff Reformers had a monopoly of Imperial thinking. He is himself the strongest argument to the contrary. Lord Curzon must soon speak if only to break the tie. His traditions are said to be those of Free Trade. But for the time he is devoting himself to the cause of Oxford, and amazes everyone in academic circles by his knowledge of conditions, methods and feeling in the university.

AMID the chorus of approval which greeted the Anglo-Russian agreement a few voices were heard protesting that British interests had been sacrificed. Persia was looking to Britain for political leading and support; when part of her territory was handed over to Russia, whose traditions and methods were abhorrent to her, she felt herself betrayed in her confidence. This view of the case has found support recently from those who jealously measure year by year the advance of Germany in the East. By subsidising lines of steamers and promoting railway schemes Germany has developed her trade with Persia, so that she may claim at any moment to enter into the partnership with Russia and Great Britain. The south-western provinces, which have not come within the present agreement, would form her share. In Turkey also Germany is looking for a portion of the spoil, should the Empire be dismembered on the death of the present ruler. She has unbounded influence in Turkish government circles and has her eye on the rich farm lands of Asia Minor for her own overflow population. For her people whom she cannot any longer keep at home, Germany must find immediate accommodation. Hence her ceaseless activity. The agricultural districts of Asia Minor, which resemble closely, it is said, the better parts of Ontario, and the climatic conditions recommend themselves to her. What a strange revolution it will be if German farmers lead a peaceful crusade among the motley tribes of the East. Resistance to their movement would probably come from the young Turks, who, while pressing for local reforms, have made Britain the guardian of their political fortunes at home. It is the irony of history that Britain's traditions of domestic freedom have made her the hope of political idealists elsewhere, and that to maintain her influence with her friends she has to keep up her vast armaments and play a strong hand in foreign politics.

DENUNCIATION OF DANCING

THE GREAT PROCONSULS

LOSS AND GAIN

THE MATTER OF NAMES

Through a Monocle

IT begins to look as if the obliging Conservatives might remove one of the last of the standing reproaches against the Liberals as an Opposition party. That is, the reproach of having, when out of office, endeavoured to make use of their country's misfortunes to get into office. We used to call it "talking blue ruin" in the gloomy old days when the wound of the exodus would not stop bleeding, and when our population refused to increase as we thought it ought, and when even some stout hearts felt moments of discouragement. Then the Liberal leaders—some of them, at all events—would get up and paint the picture even a darker blue than it was; and all with a view to heaping discredit upon the cheery optimists who sat in "the seats of the mighty" and refused to see anything ahead but prosperity. I think that many a Liberal born, who loved his country, came near to loving the Tory leaders about that time. We might have twitted them with drawing their hope from the same sources that they drew their fat official pay envelopes; but, however that might be, they were optimistic and refused to be down-hearted when every young Canadian of us was hoping with all his might that there was nothing to be down-hearted about.

* * *

But now, just because we have had a little stock market "scare" and because our industries have discovered that they have been pushing ahead a trifle too fast for their capitalistic steam, we hear the heirs of these same unconquerable Conservatives "talking blue ruin." It is enough to make a certain great Tory who sleeps under a lonely group of pines at Cataragui turn over in his grave; and how that invincible optimist, Sir Charles Tupper, who is still with us, ever stands it, I cannot guess. And there is no reason for it. The country is not in a bad way. It is merely hampered for the moment because the "capital factory" is a little behind in its orders. The world began by burning up two great masses of capital in two great wars; and then it started out to use capital from the diminished supplies left at an unprecedented rate. That is all. We are as rich as we ever were; but we may be short of small change in our trousers pockets for a while.

* * *

We are not bleeding away our best life in an exodus. We are keeping our young men and women, and planting them on new farms in the West; and the best of the American West is re-crossing the border to join them. Immigration comes to us from Britain; and we are keeping it. It is not sifting away across an invisible line into the United States, as it was when the Liberals "talked blue ruin"—and more shame to them—a species of suicidal political folly which they are not done mourning yet. We are building two new transcontinental railways—a daring enterprise which may well stagger humanity, to say nothing of the depleted money bags. We are growing in every way. Nothing has happened but a slight attack of "growing pains"; and still there are a few asses, unhappily in a position to speak for the Conservative party with some partial and subordinate authority, who get up and yell for the ambulance and try to blame the Government for not having prevented these "growing pains" by starving the country into a stunted manikin which could never harbour them in its weazened carcass.

* * *

I had not intended to talk this way with these Christmas reminders all about me; but there are some things which will not yield wholly even to the season of peace and good will. Come to think of it, however, one might do worse than insist upon the goodness of the gifts with which one is surrounded as a fitting Christmas exercise. I doubt whether we who are nearest to it quite realise what a marvellous thing is this land of Canada; and what an unparalleled gift of fate it was for us to be born Canadian citizens. Politically, Canada is the spoiled child of creation. It was literally born free, which can be said of no other land save those born under the British

flag. Then, as it developed, it entered, no one knows how many centuries before the rest of the world, into the golden era of peace. Other nations have this security yet to painfully work out for themselves through many Peace Conferences and costly wars; but Canada passed several decades ago into the age of the pruning hook and the ploughshare. No war can come near us. The best navy of the world keeps away all hostile flotillas; and behind, it rides—without our asking—what will soon be the second best navy commanded to protect us by the Monroe Doctrine.

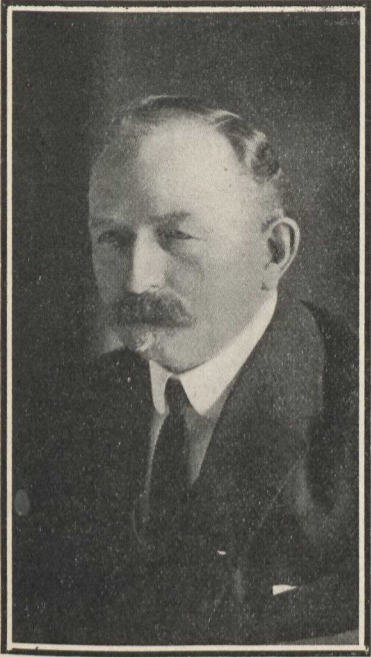
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Australia is not so secure; because her neighbour is not an Anglo-Saxon republic but an over-crowded Asia. South Africa is a white community in a black sea. Switzerland depends upon the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe, and must keep armed for fear it gets over-balanced in some unlucky day. South America has but one navy between it and invasion. Here alone can the Dove of Peace securely build its nest. Then we are a democratic people. No hereditary aristocracy claims privilege over us. No ruin of ancient wrong encumbers our fields. We are also a people in whose veins flows the blood of progress. With the Americans, we share the reputation of being the most nervously alert people in the world. And when we come to our natural wealth—the fabulous wealth of the land that has been given us—it is neither necessary nor possible to catalogue it. In forests and minerals, in fat fields and teeming fisheries, in variety of climate and majesty of scenery, what country is there to compare with ours? And to think that the petty insects of an hour—be they coloured blue or red—dare pretend to even temporary pessimism at the very time when such a land and such a people are just falling into their grandest stride!

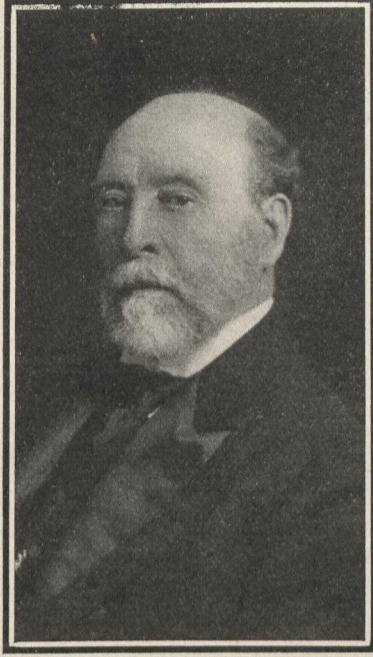


A SIGNAL INDISCRETION.

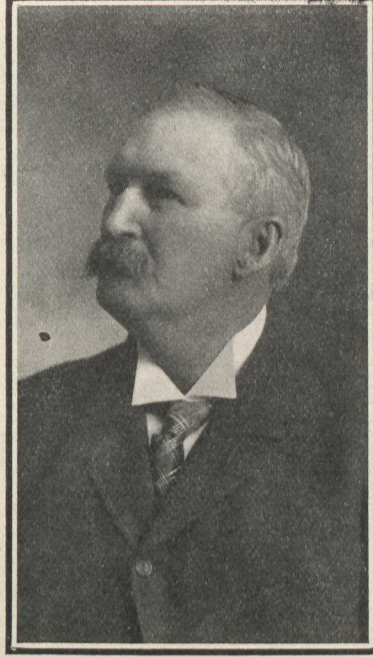
Mrs. Britannia: "Now then, Charles, my boy, if you must box Percy's ears, you might wait till my visitor's gone."—Punch.



Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, lately appointed Director, Bank of Montreal.



Mr. David Morrice, lately appointed Director, Bank of Montreal.



Hon. Daniel Derbyshire, Brockville, recently called to the Canadian Senate.



Hon. N. A. Belcourt, Ottawa, recently called to the Canadian Senate.

Wheat, The Wizard of The North

By AGNES, DEANS CAMERON

THE December magazines show a surprising number of articles by Canadians in New York and Boston publications. Among these none is more interesting than "Wheat, the Wizard of the North," by Agnes Deans Cameron, vice-president of the Canadian Women's Press Club, in the "Atlantic Monthly," from which we may learn many stimulating facts.

"To-day the young men of Canada see visions where the old men dreamed dreams. Five years ago a far-sighted farmer from Alberta journeyed to Ottawa, to interest the Dominion Government in the sending of Canadian wheat to Japan. 'Wheat for Japan!' was the pettish response from the seats of the mighty. 'Why in the world can't they grow their own wheat?' Here was a brain of the same vintage as that of the boarding-house keeper who could not see the sense of killing his fat pig and getting another when that pig ate all the table scraps he had.

"The fur-trader of Canada was no coloniser; the herder followed the trapper, and both looked askance at the farmer; wheatfields cannot flourish on fur preserves or cattle ranges, and the interests of Jean Baptiste and Piebald Pete and J. Solid Smith, the grain-grower, are felt to be antagonistic. But Solid Smith is winning out. The prairies west of Winnipeg produced in 1906 no less than 201 million bushels of grain, and the farmer driving in his 40-bushel wheat to the elevators snaps his whip at the cattle-man with, 'Johnny Bowlegs, you must pack your kit and trek.'

"The Canadian cattle exported in 1907 put over \$12,000,000 into the pockets of the cow-men, but the cow-men have to get out of the way of the wheat elevators and whirring binders. A man rides away debonair to a round-up, and coming back ten weeks later rubs his eyes to see a brand new town with popcorn stands and His Majesty's Post Office where he had left bare range. It is swift work. One day the wind in the prairie, the next a surveyor's stake, two weeks later the sharp conversation of the hammer on the nail-head, the chartered bank, the corner grocery, another little blotch of red on the map, and a new city of the plains. For between the parallel of 49 and Arctic ice a nation is developing which will be able to furnish the world with bread as unfailingly as its vast territory for two centuries has furnished the world with fur. The evolution of modern Japan represents the progress of the last half of the nineteenth century; the awakening of Canada is the index of the genius of the twentieth.

"Western Canada in 1906 had five million acres sown to wheat—but one thirty-fourth part of her total 171 million acres suitable for wheat-production. In 1870, grain crops in Western Canada were a negligible quantity, the cultivated spots meagre fringes on the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, and wheat elevators unknown. These great red storehouses of grain now dot the prairies north, east, south, and west, representing (terminal elevators

included) over fifty million dollars of invested capital. One hundred and eighty-seven new elevators were built within the last two years, making a total elevator capacity of over fifty-five million bushels. There are 956 elevators on the Canadian Pacific Railway lines and 297 on the Canadian Northern, with twenty on other lines. Canada's exports for 1906 showed an advance of forty-four million dollars over those of 1905; her total foreign trade for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, was \$617,965,110, an increase of sixty-seven million dollars over the previous year."

* * *

And the conclusion of the glowing matter is a tribute to the transportation men.

"The present is one of unprecedented activity among the railway kings of Canada. The Canadian Northern, originated by Mackenzie and Mann, with the Manitoba government as sponsor and fairy god-mother, is essentially a twentieth-century growth. Beginning at Port Arthur and running by way of Winnipeg and Edmonton, through a thousand miles of prairie literally bursting with fatness, it has paid its way from the start. This line has a lower bonded indebtedness and consequently lower fixed charges than have to be faced by any similar railroad on the American continent. The entire system is free from objectionable grades and curves. From Pas Mission on the Canadian Northern to Fort Churchill on Hudson's Bay is only four hundred miles, and Mackenzie and Mann for years have been firm believers in the Hudson's-Bay-Liverpool route; the sea-board extension of this line would seem an assured fact.

"The wheat plains of Canada are bigger than that rectangle in the United States extending from

Ohio to the Great Lakes and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. To him who would rightly read the signs of the times, nothing is more encouraging here than the activities of the railroads. The sanest and most conservative men in the world are railroad men. Sentiment is eliminated as a factor from all their equations; it is a matter of dollars and cents with them. They know as no one else knows the country, its resources and its possibilities. President Hill, and Sir Rivers Wilson, Mackenzie and Mann and the president of the mighty Canadian Pacific Railway are not making million-dollar appropriations and hurling away money for the sake of spending it. I see no greater tribute to the country than the fact that from sixty thousand to one hundred thousand men were employed in the preliminary railroad construction work in Canada in 1907, and that the whole economic condition of the country is about to suffer a sea change with the opening of competitive lines to Hudson's Bay.

"The white ghost of Henry Hudson revisiting the glimpses of the moon, if still to be touched by earthly issues, would seem to say: 'Open the Bay, which o'er the Northland broods, Dumb, yet in labour with a mighty fate! Open the Bay! Humanity intrudes.'"

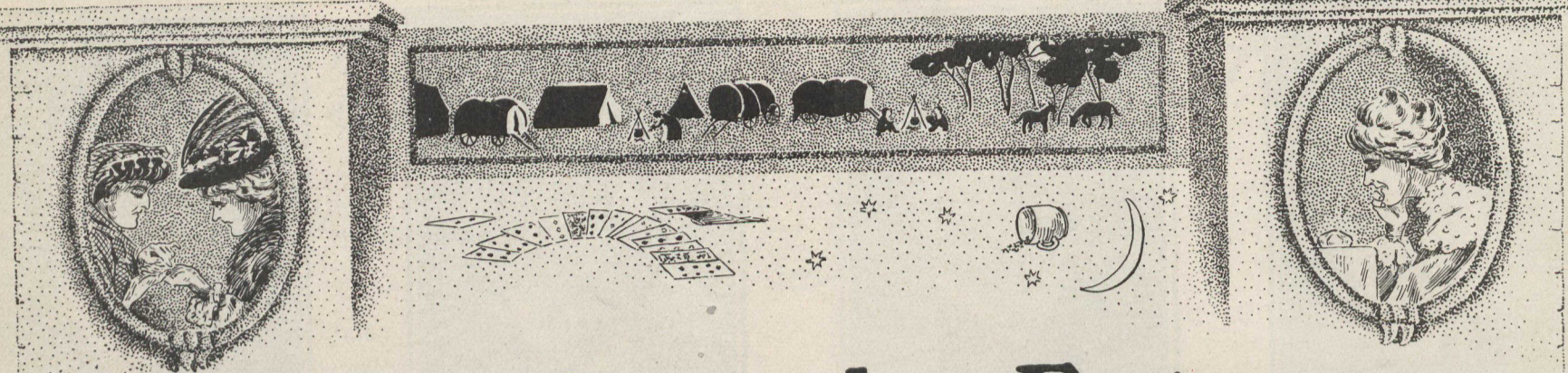
Great Doings at Guelph

THIS is the week of the Winter Fair and also the twenty-ninth annual meeting of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union in the Royal City of Ontario. There is no talk of financial stringency or hard times in that good old town these days, for are not thousands of dollars going in prizes for such live stock as any country might well be proud of? The City Hall of Guelph on Wednesday night of Winter Fair week hears such optimistic speeches as would make any desponding Canadian get up and cheer for the soil of his land and the stock (human and sub-human) which lives thereupon. It is a stalwart audience which members of parliament, cabinet ministers and visiting celebrities from Chicago, Wisconsin and Kansas are facing and there is not a member of the cheering crowd who looks as if he could be provoked into telling a hard-luck story.

On Friday night of last week there returned the victorious team of the Ontario Agricultural College which had carried off for the third time and thereby won permanently the bronze trophy for judging live stock at the International Live Stock Exposition, Chicago. The five students in the team were met at the Guelph station by three hundred of their fellow students, all bearing torches. Then followed a procession in which many prominent citizens joined and finally there was a joyous banquet at which President Creelman, the heartiest boy of them all, ably presided.



The Spoor Trophy, offered by Union Stock Yards, of Chicago, to team of students scoring highest marks in judging stock, won three years in succession by team from Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.



A Dip Into the Future

Being an Account of Soothsayers and Palmists

THE title written above has no such noble significance as Lord Tennyson bore in mind when, as a young and untitled poet, he longed to see all the wonders that shall be. The "future" herein mentioned is that which is advertised daily in Toronto newspapers and which occasionally attracts the vigilant eye of that law which is always so eager to detect the small offender. Toronto has lately enjoyed some exciting escapades in the matter of spooks and clairvoyants, and it was in the hope of meeting with out-of-the-ordinary revelations that Monica and I set forth on a bright November afternoon to learn what we might from the sisterhood of psychic palmists.

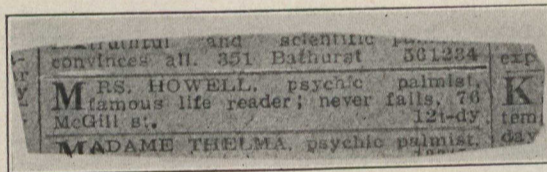
Mrs. Howell of 76 McGill Street, who advertises as "psychic palmist, famous life reader; never fails," was the first expert whose service we sought. On entering the hall of a prosaic, commonplace city house we encountered a prosperous-looking man, who had evidently been consulting the "life reader" and who had apparently been given a verdict of glad hand. Monica, who has innocent blue eyes and fresh cheeks which hardly look at home in a search after psychic experience, was told that she must remain in the hall while I went on to the perusal of palms. There was a row of chairs which looked as if Mrs. Howell sometimes had a considerable waiting list. This person of psychic powers is a substantial lady, middle-aged and blonde, dressed inconspicuously and looking like those comfortable mothers-in-Israel who preside over steaming boilers of temperance drinks at country tea-meetings. She possesses cushiony hands which hold yours firmly as she tells you what the lines mean.

Evidently Mrs. Howell is anxious to avoid any explanations to gentlemen of the legal profession, for she asks you to sign a printed slip stating that you desire merely a delineation of character as indicated by the light or heavy markings on the palm. Then the lady proceeds to tell you what manner of creature you are, being remarkably careful to indulge in such modifying expressions as:—"you're impulsive—but sometimes you're cautious. You may trust to first impressions—but sometimes not. You're ambitious and energetic—aren't you?" Gradually, however, Mrs. Howell emerged from the nebulous nature of these characteristics and boldly ventured to tell of things which had happened—journeys, such as all able-bodied Canadians take nowadays—slight illnesses such as measles and chicken-pox, from which few of us escape. Then she mentioned Christian names, none of which I recognised as belonging to intimate friends. She said, out of the wisdom and benevolence of her soul: "You're not married, but you might have been. It's your own fault." My heart warmed to this expansive creature; such divinations were cheap at a dollar for a quarter-of-an-hour. "You quarrelled," she continued solemnly, "and you believed what a fair woman said about him." Vainly did I rack my memory for the fair woman and her perfidious words. "Can you place him?" asked the lady, "he thought an awful lot of you." Then she foretold a letter, which is a fairly safe prophecy, and informed me that I was to become the bride of a widower, medium height and fair, a gentleman given to books and writing and often before the public. "Perhaps an auctioneer," I said hopefully, while my heart performed a "going, going, gone" feat. But Mrs. Howell would not commit herself to the profession of this im-

By "ALICE-FOR-SHORT."

probable being and airily concluded with a few general remarks to the effect that I should live to be seventy-six, unless an accident intervened. Hoping that a friendly automobile or head-on railway collision would prevent this horrible length of days, I retired to the hall and sent Monica to have her rosy palms investigated while I listened to a beady-eyed widow who told me that Mrs. Howell, more than a year ago, had hinted at the demise of the speaker's husband who was then "as stout and hearty a man as you'd want to see." A pretty girl with a wealth of chestnut hair beneath a bright green hat, said: "Why don't you go to Madame La Zelle on Church Street? She'll tell you a good deal for fifty cents and a lot more for a dollar."

Monica returned with the glad news that she was to be married, twice and that there was a dark-eyed man with black, "crinkly" hair who would simply "do anything for her." Madame La Zelle was out of town, Madame Francis of Wood Street was out shopping and Madame Johnson of 59 Ann Street, "crystal reader and psychic palmist with splendid testimonials," was busy with such a rush of "clients" that although we called four times, the seeress was reluctantly obliged to postpone our conference until the following week.



—Evening Telegram, Toronto.

WEDNESDAY afternoon, the twenty-seventh of November, was rather chilly for an expedition to the encampment of the Royal English Gypsies, away out on the corner of Triller Avenue and Queen Street. There was a dreary grey sky arching a lake of sullen blue and one felt ready to hear of battle, murder and sudden death. There were three queer, bulgy tents before which hung a pretentious sign declaring them to belong to Royal English Gypsies, "patronised by Royalty and the Peerage." We hoped for, at least, a dusky queen and childhood stories of wonderfully beautiful Tillahs and Sabras came back to memory as we made our way to the first tent. But alas! An elderly woman with sallow face and unkempt black hair, with a gown very much the worse for time and toil, appeared on the scene and escorted us to a large and chilly tent, plainly furnished and even mean in appearance. This dowdy sibyl informed us that she had been born and brought up in England, but that she was a true "Egyptian" by blood and added condescendingly: "You know we never marry outside our own race." The only gypsyish characteristic possessed by this dame was fine dark, silky hair which might look well if a hair-dresser would give it half-an-hour's attention. Again the small slip was produced and signed, and I noticed that a man from the metropolis of Cooksville had preceded us.

The gypsy stated unctuously that her terms were a dollar for both hands, fifty cents for one. I extended eager palms but the seeress demanded the money in advance. This reader of the hand

indulged in the most vague generalities, qualified by all manner of conditional clauses, calling upon Heaven to witness that she told only what she saw in the hand, and what it might portend. Not for her the thorny ways of the bold fortune-teller whom an over-active police force escorts to the magistrate. After this fashion she discoursed: "You are self-willed"—just as if my chin wouldn't tell her that—"your smiles 'ide an hachin' 'eart,—you'll cross over water, maybe in a year"—that means a season ticket for Niagara. For a lady of Egyptian blood, she had a curious fashion of displacing the letter "h." She also gave me the interesting information that a desirable man is deeply in love with me, admitting however, that there is a "hobstacle" in the way. She concluded by solemnly declaring that within a year, a "dark gentleman with a lordly walk and smiling face" should lead me to the "haltar." But what, I mused, is to become of the widower of medium height and fairish. I retired to an opposite corner and glowered as Monica extended her right hand, for Monica's glove is only five-and-a-half.

The gypsy indulged in a similar dissertation to my young friend, and really told her quite as much for fifty cents as she had told me for a dollar. Monica, also, is self-willed and quick-tempered and she, also, is to be married within a year. But not a word would the gypsy lady vouchsafe as to the large fortune which should await us. To tell the truth, we were both glad to escape from our somewhat unsavoury surroundings, and I voted the man from Cooksville an idiot for going there in deadly earnest. The question as to our next appointment was easily settled. We had not yet known the joy of listening to the crystal-gazing lady, Madame Johnson of Ann Street. There was something mysterious about the desire to avoid us which this expert showed. We had seen "Madame" for a few moments on Saturday when she had informed us that she took no money for her expositions but that she kept in stock a book on occult subjects which each "client" might purchase for the sum of fifty cents. But "Madame" had been extremely busy the four times we called, and the mussy look of the room with a table strewn with cold beef, dirty tea cups and other accompaniments of a scrambly meal did not lure us to the spot. However we tried the crystal-gazer once more, only to be informed of her absence. Monica and I agreed that there is something queer—something remotely resembling the State of Denmark—about Madame Johnson's methods, even though she advertises in the columns of the Toronto "Evening Telegram."

THE name of Madame La Zelle had haunted us since Saturday, and we agreed that a visit to the lady of the musical name was likely to prove edifying. We went, we saw—and Madame La Zelle conquered. Her name may be just plain Sarah Smith in everyday life, and she may have been born and bred in Toronto the Tiresome Good, but Madame La Zelle could go to the uttermost parts of the earth and make herself at home within the first five minutes. If she took up her abode in the jungle she would have the tigers all tamed, and be reading their paws before they had quite decided what manner of being she is. The others had given us no impression save weariness, or a slight disgust at the folly of mortals who believe in gypsy queens, although it must be admitted that Mrs. Howell

keeps fairly to her text. But Madame La Zelle is a tall, slender girl with a dark, pretty, vivacious face and a manner which any debutante might envy. She dresses well in a style only to be described by a French word dear to social columns, but which shall not be dragged in by its monosyllabic hair. Monica and I gazed in admiration at this unusual creature in the black voile gown, with slender bands of gold on her arms and a few sparkling rings on perfectly-kept hands. The information we had received was quite incorrect. Madame La Zelle does not tell you "a good deal for fifty cents, and lots more for a dollar." Her charge is a dollar for a reading, and you cheerfully pay it.

Monica retired and left me to the consideration of the palmist (or should there be a word, palmistress?), who drew forward the inevitable little slip which the vigilance of the law has rendered necessary. As she did so, she made a graceful apology for such a seeming exaction and explained with a dainty shrug of her shoulders, that there are so many "fakes" that the intrusive police are exceedingly severe upon anyone who professes to see the future. "Wherefore," said Madame La Zelle, "if a policeman comes to have his hand read, I simply show him that all I do is

to say what the lines mean, according to the science of palmistry. I do not say, 'this will take place,' only 'the lines indicate such an event.'"

The picture of this engaging bit of femininity perusing the broad palm of a Toronto policeman gleamed for a second before my eyes and then Madame La Zelle and I chuckled jocosely. She has what is rarer than rubies, a naive sense of humour. Her very frankness is entirely disarming. She takes you into her girlish confidence, shows you just what certain lines, bars, stars, criss-crosses and curves mean (according to palmistry), and leaves you perfectly content to part with a sum which would buy a sheet of yellow car-tickets, or one-dozen-and-a-half new-laid eggs. "But does she tell you what is true?" asks the serious reader. She simply tells the characteristics that are indicated by the hand-lines, (according to the study of which Cheiro is king), and meddles very little with the future. She began in a somewhat startling fashion by stating that I was born in March—which is quite according to fact—but she kindly refrained from mentioning the year. She also told Monica correctly the month of her birth. She said: "You are given to presentiments and forebodings," whereupon I impulsively helped matters

out by saying: "So are all the other Irish." That admission, of course, made it easy for her to declare a fondness for luxury, a distaste for drudgery, and a remarkable gift for spending money. Little was said about the future, save that certain lines indicated love of change which would be gratified by much foreign travel, late in life. Oh, yes, and by way of detail, there were two marriages of which the first is to be decidedly unhappy. Is it the fairish widower or the dark man with a lordly walk with whom such matrimonial amenities, as the throwing of plates will be exchanged?

As we left the pretty parlour with its cheerful green furnishing and walked home through the gathering gloom of the November night, Monica squeezed my arm with enthusiasm, and murmured: "She told me I was born in June, that I'm going to be a widow, and that I must not yield to melancholy. But isn't she perfectly cute?" There was nothing to do but agree. It was really worth all the trouble of encountering the unkempt gypsy, knocking in vain for the obdurate crystal-gazer, to come at last to a rare and radiant student of Cheiro who knows her business, and goes about it in a fashion which a stage heroine might envy.

THE MORMONS OF ALBERTA

By W. F. ASBURY

IN the early eighties the present fall wheat country of Southern Alberta was a vast expanse of uncultivated prairie. Practically the only settlements between Medicine Hat and the mountains, in the territory now tapped by the Crows' Nest branch of the C.P.R., were Lethbridge, Macleod and Pincher Creek. Macleod was the centre, because it was the headquarters of the Mounted Police. Lethbridge, now the metropolis of this populous region, was a little village depending for existence upon the coal mines opened up by a company, of which the late Sir Alex. T. Galt was the head. In the foothills of the Rockies, a number of Ontario people had settled at Pincher Creek and commenced ranching.

Farming was unknown in the country in those days. The rancher, the miner and the policeman ridiculed any suggestion that the dry, grass-covered prairie would some day be dotted with farms, productive of great crops of wheat, oats and barley. The man was a fool, they declared, who would waste his time at an experiment in the growing of cereals. So persons, who might have tested the soil to see what it would bring forth, were discouraged and it was not until a few Mormons came across the boundary line from that great Mormon State, Utah, and settled in the pretty valley, in which now nestles the town of Cardston, that farming was seriously attempted. The Mormons had lived most of their lives in semi-arid states. They had raised crops in Utah, and Southern Alberta to them was a land of far greater possibilities. They sowed the grain and they reaped the harvest and then they sent for their friends. The Mormon people came in hundreds and settled upon the land in the Cardston district that had been condemned by the old-timers.

Then irrigation was suggested with a view to attracting more of the citizens of Utah to migrate to Alberta. It was believed that the tract of country from some distance north and east of Cardston to Lethbridge required irrigation in order to make farming upon it profitable. So the

Alberta Railway & Irrigation Co., founded by the late Sir Alex. T. Galt, undertook to build an irrigation canal and settle upon the land the Mormon people. The canal was built and hundreds of the followers of Joseph Smith came into the country and commenced farming on the irrigated lands. In a few years the towns of Raymond, Stirling and Magrath, named after Chas. A. Magrath, son-in-law of Sir Alex. T. Galt, land commissioner of the Irrigation Company, and a former member of the Executive Council of the Northwest Territories, came into existence and they are to-day centres of prosperous communities of contented farmers. Irrigation is a very fine asset for a farmer. It means that he has water whether rain falls or not and lots of water assures a good crop.

But these Mormon people believed that the land could be made productive, as it had been in the Cardston district, without the necessity of irrigation, so a colony of these pioneering people drifted to Taber, east of Lethbridge, and began farming, with the result that to-day hundreds of people are getting off at this station, where only four years ago all that the eye could see was a C.P.R. water tank and the bald prairie.

I claim for the Mormon that he has been the founder of the fall wheat, irrigated and dry land farming of Southern Alberta. I say further that the good Mormon farmer is a treasure. His religious beliefs may be distasteful to many people but it must be admitted that he holds the palm in this western country as a scientific and progressive agriculturist. Thanks to him, Southern Alberta is to-day a farming country. A very few years ago it was only a ranching country. Now the rancher is being driven out and his land is being cut up into farms and populated by the best men from the Western States. The Mormon lead the way and the Gentile is following in his footsteps and even displacing him on his land.

Mormon capital established the great beet sugar factory—the only one in Western Canada—at Raymond. A million dollars are invested in it. The immense brick building and the equipment which it contains, make one of the most substantial industrial establishments I have ever seen. The beets are grown on the irrigated lands about Magrath and Raymond and the factory last year produced 4,673,300 pounds of sugar and paid out to the farmers \$5 a ton for the production. The Alberta Government paid \$23,366.50 in bounties, being at the rate of a half cent per pound on the sugar manufactured.

The Mormon has been enterprising in another respect, and that is in fruit growing. In the town of Magrath apples and other fruits have been successfully raised. This is unusual, as very little fruit, more especially the larger varieties, have been grown as yet in this western country.

As to the Mormon towns, Raymond, though the youngest, is the largest, having a population of over 2,000. Cardston is the oldest town and

it is a most substantial and progressive place. Magrath has a population of about 1,000 and is in the heart of the richest irrigation district in Western Canada. In each community the Mormon meeting-house is an imposing structure. The public schools are also large, well-designed buildings and manned by competent teachers, the majority being Gentiles. The school population in these towns is far in advance of Gentile towns of like population and very close to towns twice the size. In 1906 the enrollment of pupils at Lethbridge with nearly 4,000 population was 776 and at Medicine Hat with about the same population, 621. Now compare these figures with the three principal Mormon towns and you will find the statistics to be as follows: Raymond, 2,000 population, 527 pupils; Cardston, 1,000 population, 408 pupils; and Magrath, less than 1,000 population, 325 pupils. What better proof is required of the antagonism of the Mormon people to race suicide?

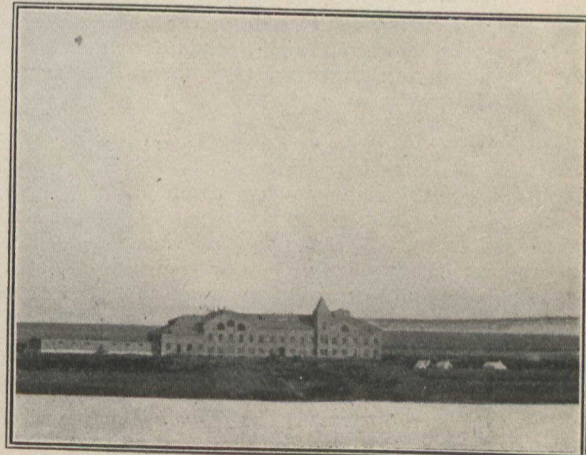
These three Mormon towns possess weekly newspapers. David H. Elton, one of the brightest journalists in Western Canada, and a former Mormon missionary in the Southern States, conducts the Magrath Pioneer and the Cardston Star. Brigham Young, a grandson of the famous apostle of the same name, is the proprietor and editor of the Raymond Chronicle.

The Alberta Legislature has as one of its members, J. W. Woolf, of Cardston. He is a leading Mormon and one of the most successful business men in the province. Prior to the creation of Alberta into a province he was a member of the Territorial Assembly at Regina.

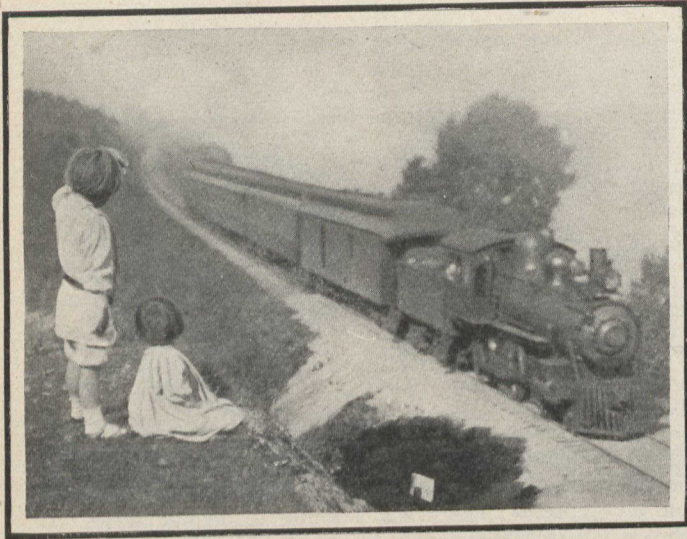
I think most fair-minded people will admit that the coming of the Mormon people to Southern Alberta had a wonderful lot to do with the marked material advancement of that section of the country. They discovered the agricultural possibilities of that region and if for no other reason they are entitled to lasting gratitude.



A View of the Main Street of Cardston, Alberta, a Mormon Town



Beet-Sugar Factory at Raymond, Founded and Controlled by Mormons



Some Unusual Photographs
OF
CHILD LIFE

By A. A. GLEASON, Toronto.

Christmas Throughout the Empire

By CAPTAIN H. S. SCOTT-HARDEN

ALL through the Empire, with the rich and the poor, Christmas is a day for giving some present. In India the natives called it "Kissmiss" day. The butler will present you with an almanac and a large bouquet, the gardener will make many salaams, and the Parsee who furnishes your bungalow will send up a sugared cake, "with respects and best wishes" in pink letters, and much gilt paper and fuss; and the Syce, the man who looks after the pony, will decorate the head-collar with roses.

Everything belonging to master that day is "Kissmiss." There is a "Kissmiss" polish on your polo boots, and one of the new shirts has been kept in hiding for months carefully wrapped up lest it should lose the gloss, and is produced for the "Kissmiss" dinner; and the following morning the Chokra brings a large cup of tea in case the Sahib should be thirsty, and he very cautiously treads over the matting lest he should incur master's displeasure and wake him too early.

CHRISTMAS IN AN INDIAN JUNGLE.

IONCE spent Christmas in a camp pitched near the banks of a dried-up river bed, in the jungle in Central India. A few pools of water were all that remained of the swollen torrent during the monsoon—and here the animals came to drink. It was a favourite hunting-ground for sportsmen for tigers and panthers. Bear and cheetal used to water there, and the sandy banks presented a mass of pug-marks made by the different animals as they crossed the open ground. That day we had been after small game and bagged a hare and some jungle fowl about the size of bantams, and secured a peacock as he flew over. The previous day one of the

party had killed a deer, and with these the Christmas meal was cooked. Our stores consisted of tinned peas and asparagus and a plum pudding sent out from England, so that when the dinner was served the "Bobajee walla" or native cook presented the menu as follows:

Hare Soup.
Jungle Fowls.
Venison.
Stuffed Peacock.
Green Peas and Asparagus.
Liver on Toast.
Plum Pudding.
Coffee.

And a bottle of port which had been well shaken on a camel for some ten miles and then carried by a native through the jungle, and finally uncorked and used to drink many healths.

CHRISTMAS IN THE ANTIPODES.

IN Australia Christmas Day is often the hottest of the three hundred and sixty-five, and the hot winds borne in the interior almost suffocate you in Melbourne and Sydney and the heat is unbearable. In the bush, men and women are fighting the fires to save their homes and their possessions, and the owners of fruit gardens are watching their incomes drying up while the Christmas dinner is on the table. One who walks through the snow muffled up to the chin to the house of a friend where the turkey waits, can hardly realize Christmas in the Antipodes, yet the plum puddings are there and the roast beef, and the children dance round the fir tree, often brought hundreds of miles for the occasion.

Christmas for the Australians, owing to the climatic conditions, is not the family re-union or

party-at-home affair. It is the time for cheap excursions and travel. Trips to Tasmania, where the apples are beginning to ripen and the laughing jackass birds are calling from the sleepy hollows, and the duck-billed platypus (the only species of animal which has a furry back like an otter and web legs like a duck and lays eggs) wanders amongst the thick undergrowth near the pools; where the tree-ferns grow and the blueberries hang in clusters under the mimosa trees. And Christmas Day is spent in the bush and there is a "Billy tea," which means that a kettle is hung under three sticks and boiled whilst the party sit round in the shade under some great eucalyptus tree whose trunk is covered with lichen and moss; and returning to the wooden villa,

"Music, mirth and social cheer
Speeds on their wings the passing year."

And then perchance some choir-boys will come round and sing and one wakes from a dream. One is not in the Old Country—the window is wide open and the Southern Cross shines brightly in the sky like four huge diamonds. The waits have passed on to chant another hymn elsewhere.

CHRISTMAS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

WITH memories of kangaroo-tail soup and the open house of the hospitable Australians, we pass on to another great continent, the southern part of which is painted crimson on the map of the world. There amongst the oaks planted by the Huguenots under Table Mountain, Christmas is kept in the good Christian manner of old.

"Loved when the year its course has roll'd
With all his hospitable train."
With the sun shining from a cloudless sky in
(Continued on page 14)

Postmen of the Wilderness

By ARTHUR HEMING.

Illustrated by the Author.

"**V**OYEZ, voyez, le paquet!" shouted Delaronde as he floundered into the trading room without a thought of closing the door—though the drifting snow scurried in after him—and called to the others to come and see. Instantly trade was stopped. The factor, the clerk and the Indians rushed to the doorway to obtain a glimpse of the long expected packet. For three days the storm had raged, and the snow was still blowing in clouds that blotted out the neighbouring forest.

"Come awa', Delaronde, ye auld fule! Come awa' ben, an' steek yon door! Ye dinna see ony packet," roared the trader, who could distinguish nothing through the flying snow.

"*Bien, m'sieu*, mebbe she not very clear jus' now; but w'en I pass from de Mad Wolf's Hill, w'en de storm she lif' a leettle, I see two men an' dog train on de lac below de islan's," replied the halfbreed fort runner, who had returned from a caribou cache, and whose duty it was to keep the fort supplied with meat.

"Weel, fetch me the gless, ma mon; fetch me the gless, an' aiblins we may catch a glint o' them through this smoorin' snaw; though I doot if it's the packet, as ye say." And the factor stood shading his eyes and gazing anxiously in the direction of the invisible islands. But before the fort hunter had returned with the telescope, the snowy veil suddenly thinned and revealed the gray figure of a tripper coming up the bank.

"*Quay, quay!* Kee-e-pling!" sang out one of the Indians. He had recognised the tripper to be Kipling, the famous snowshoe runner. Immediately all save the factor rushed forward to meet the little halfbreed who was in charge of the storm-bound packet, and to welcome him with a fusillade of gun shots.

Everyone was happy now; for last year's news of the "Grand Pays"—the habitant's significant term for the outer world—had at last arrived. The monotonous routine of the post was forgotten. To-day the long, dreary silence of the subarctic winter would be broken in upon by hearty feasting, merry music, and joyous dancing in honour of the arrival of the half-yearly mail.

All crowded round the voyageur, who, though scarcely more than five feet in height, was famed as a snowshoe runner throughout the wilderness stretching from the Saskatchewan River to the Arctic Ocean. While they were eagerly plying him with questions, the crack of a dog whip was heard. Presently the faint tinkling of bells came through the storm. In a moment all the dogs of the settlement were in an uproar; for the packet had arrived.

With a final rush the gaunt, travel-worn dogs galloped through the driving snow, and, eager for the shelter of the trading room, bolted pell mell through the gathering at the doorway, upsetting half a dozen spectators before the driver could halt the runaways by falling headlong upon the foregoer's back and flattening him upon the floor.

All was excitement. Every dog at the post dashed out with bristling hair and champing jaws to over-awe the strangers. Amid the hubbub of shouting men, women, and children, the cracking of whips, and the yelping of dogs, the packet was removed from the overturned sled and hustled into the factor's office, where it was opened, and the mail quickly overhauled. While the factor and his clerk were busily writing despatches, a relay of dogs was being harnessed, and two fresh runners were making ready to speed the mail upon its northward way.

Presently the factor's letters were sealed and hurriedly deposited in the packet box which was lashed on the tail of the sled, the fore part of which was packed with blankets, flour, tea, and

pork for the packeteers, and frozen whitefish for the dogs. Then amid the usual handshaking the word "*Marche!*" was given, and to the tune of cracking whips, whining dogs, and crunching snow, we swung away from the quaint muddled log buildings, out through the big gateway, and down upon the snowy lake. The Indian track beater hurried on far in advance of the packet train, and the halfbreed driver loped behind, while my man and dogs brought up the rear.

As the going was good—for the narrow trail lay on the sunlit lake for ten miles or more—little was heard except the hard breathing of men and dogs, and the monotonous swish, swish, swish of the snowshoes as they sent thin clouds of sparkling snow high into the frosty air. The trail, which led to an Indian encampment many miles away, was smooth and hard packed; for six trains had passed over it not half an hour before. But when our route turned from it we entered a forest of heavy timber where a new track had to be beaten for the dogs to follow.

Here and there through the interlocked branches of the snow-mantled evergreens, whose spreading arms roofed the forest's silent aisles, long shafts of gladdening sunlight shone obliquely down upon the somber gray carpet of the woods, and marked it with ever-varying splashes of dazzling white, that cast soft reflections far among the boles and lighted up the shadowy lanes where hares were still at play. Overhead, huge fluffy wreaths and long soft festoons were draped in graceful array; while on the tops of tiny, slender spruce trees, or upon rotten stumps, or even upon the fungous brackets that clung to lifeless trees, rested big bosses of snow, sometimes

two or three feet in diameter and four in height, that looked as if at any moment their fragile supports might break away. Yet, with the help of the sun's dancing rays, these strange forms fashioned in such fanciful shapes gave the winter wilderness an aspect of enchanting splendour recalling childhood's dreams of fairyland.

But in a moment the sunshine vanished, and the trees began to whisper of the coming wind, to shake their shaggy heads in discontent, and to sway their shoulders stooping beneath their heavy mantles of gray; until the enchanted wood became once more only a forest in a snow storm. Now, instead of sunlight showing the way, the gloom of night shrouded our course. Soon men and dogs alike were coated with snow, while not a sound was heard except the defiant roaring of the pines.

At noon the dogs were halted where dry wood and evergreens were at hand, the dry wood for a fire, and the evergreens for a carpet to protect our moccasins from the melting snow. Hurriedly we washed down freshly thawed bannock and slices of fried pork with dishes of steaming tea. A smoke, and then once more we turned to breaking a heavy trail. Soon, travelling into sunshine, we caught sight of two magnificent timber wolves trotting along among the trees not fifty yards away. Splendid creatures they were, with their shaggy coats waving as they ran, like fields of ripening wheat in a breeze. They were big brutes, looking taller and heavier than any of our dogs. With wistful faces and soft, friendly eyes they kept us company for over two hours. The dogs, of course, fretted to be at them; but the wolves were not afraid, for they

seemed to know that they were a match for half a dozen dogs. As usual the packeteers had no gun; and, when they coaxed me to use mine, I was glad to find that I could do nothing with it; for, as sometimes happens in the North, the intense cold had contracted the spring and rendered the hammer useless.

Out upon a lake we swung where the wind-packed snow made easy going. Here the heavy sleds slid along as if loadless, and we broke into a run. On rounding a point, we saw a band of woodland caribou trot off the lake and enter the distant forest. By the time we had reached the end of the lake, and had taken to the shelter of the trees, dusk was creeping through the eastern woods, the sun was nearing the southwestern hills, and we made camp for the night. We were to sleep in the open; for in winter the trippers, or packeteers, never carry tents, but a blanket between them and the Aurora Borealis, though the thermometer may fall to sixty below zero. Instinctively we divided the work among ourselves. One, with a snowshoe, cleared a space on which to build the fire and spread our beds; another went in search of balsam brush to make a mattress beside the fire; another chopped firewood; another unharnessed the dogs. Presently a crackling, roaring fire, whose long tongued flames seemed bent on reaching the branches overhead, was sending a whirlwind of glowing sparks to the tops of the overhanging trees. Just then the dogs began to blow and then to growl, as a strange Indian strode out of the gathering gloom into the brilliant glare of the fire.

"*Wat-che! wat-che!*" (what cheer, what cheer), sang out a halfbreed.

The stranger replied in Cree, and the two began a lively conversation. The Indian was the track beater of a fur brigade that was approaching. All were now keenly interested. The cracking of whips and the howling of dogs was heard, and a little later the tinkling of bells. Then came a train of long legged, handsomely harnessed dogs hauling a highly decorated carry-all, behind which trotted a picturesque



"The Mackenzie River Mail."

From the painting by Arthur Heming.

halfbreed dog driver. When the train had drawn abreast of our fire, an elderly white man, who proved to be the district chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company, clambered out from beneath a pile of robes, cheerfully returned my greeting, and accepted with dignified courtesy a seat upon my dunnage beside our fire. Other trains followed, until in a little while the woods seemed full of laughing, talking men and snapping, snarling dogs. Some sixteen men were soon crowding round the fire, and over fifty dogs and a dozen sleds were blocking the spaces between the trees.

Some of the men moved off with axes in their hands, and the sound of chopping began to echo through the woods. On every side big dry trees came crashing down. The roaring of the fires drove the darkness farther away. Then could be seen the building of stages on which to place the valuable fur-laden sleds out of reach of the destructive dogs; the gathering of evergreen brush; the unhitching of dogs and the hanging up of their harness in the surrounding trees; the unloading of sleds; the placing of frozen whitefish to thaw for the dogs; the baking of bannocks, the frying of pork, and the infusing of tea. Then, in silence, the men ate ravenously, while the dogs watched them. When pipes had been filled and lighted, each driver took his allotment of fish, called his dogs aside, and gave them a couple each. Some of the brutes bolted their food in a few gulps and rushed to seize the share of others; but a few blows from the drivers' loaded lashes—lead being woven in the centre to give weight—drove them back.

When the dogs had devoured their day's rations—for they are fed only once in twenty-four hours—their masters sought out sheltered spots for them, and cut a few branches of brush for their beds. Some of the men cooked a supply of bannocks to be eaten on the following day; others hung their moccasins, mittens, and leggings on little sticks about the fire to dry. It was an animated scene. The fires were huge structures, twelve or fifteen feet in length, so that each man might have room without crowding his neighbour. Some stood with their backs to the blaze; others sat or lounged on their blankets. As they puffed away at their pipes, conversation became general; but soon turned upon that, to them, interesting and often discussed subject, the packeteers.

"Which is the longest of the company's packet routes at the present day?" I inquired.

"That of the Mackenzie River packet from Edmonton to Fort Macpherson," replied the factor. "In winter it is hauled two thousand and twelve miles by dog train; and in summer it is carried by the company's steamers on the Athabasca, the Slave, and the Mackenzie Rivers. Next comes the Peace River packet from Edmonton to Hudson's Hope, a distance of over a thousand miles. In summer it goes by steamer, and in winter by dog train. There's the York Factory packet from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay by way of Norway House, a distance of seven hundred miles. In winter it is hauled by dogs from Selkirk as far as Oxford House, and from there to York Factory by men with toboggans. In summer it is carried by canoe on Hay River and by steamboat on Lake Winnipeg. Then there's the Liard River packet, and the Reindeer Lake packet. Each travels about five hundred miles by dogs in winter, and by canoe in summer. The Moose Factory packet from Temiscaming to James Bay goes by canoe in summer, but by men in winter. All mails in and out from Hudson Bay or James Bay to or from the next post in the interior, are hauled by men. Dogs are seldom used on those routes, on account of the depth of the snow and the scarcity of dog feed."

"Tell me, which is most important, the summer or the winter mail?"

"Oh, the winter; for, when inward bound, it bears the commissioner's instructions to the district managers; and, when outward bound, it contains information regarding the results and the prospects of the fur trade, and orders for additional supplies."

"Can you tell me how many miles a day the packeteers average on their winter trips?"

"Well," replied the factor, "I think the rate of speed maintained by our packeteers is remarkable; especially when one considers the roughness of the country, the hardships of winter travel, the fact that the men must make their bread, cook their meals, care for their dogs, and, when upon the trail, cannot even quench their thirst without halting to build a fire to melt snow. Yet the packeteers of the Mackenzie River mail cover their two thousand miles on snowshoes at an average rate of twenty-seven and a half miles a day, including all stoppages."

"That is certainly splendid travelling. Some of

the packeteers: I should judge, have made great records; have they not?"

"Yes, that's true," acknowledged the factor; "the packeteers do make great efforts to break former records between posts. But, though they may have succeeded in cutting down the time, their achievement is never mentioned on the way-bill, nor does it affect the time allowed for the completion of the trip; for, though the mail be brought in ahead of time, it is never handed over to the relay until the appointed hour has struck. Otherwise the whole system would be thrown out of gear. Exceptionally fast runs are not shown upon the way-bills, because they would eventually affect the average time allowed for the trip; and in stormy weather that would be hard upon the packeteers. The time allowed for the transmission of a packet is calculated on a ten years' average. No excuse for delay, except death, is tolerated. At each post on certain fixed dates relays of men and dogs are kept in readiness to forward the mail without delay. A through way-bill accompanies every packet from point of departure to point of delivery. At each post along the route the time of arrival and the time of departure of the mail must be entered upon the way-bill, as well as the names of the packeteers and of the officers in charge."

"I understand that packets contain not only the despatches of the company, but the private mail of the employees, that of missionaries of all denominations, that of chance explorers or travellers, and even that of opposition fur traders. Is that a fact?"

"Yes, sir, and, moreover, no charge is made by the company."

"Do the company's officers experience much trouble in procuring men to act as packeteers?"

"Oh, no; none whatever. As a rule when men enter the company's service, they stipulate that they shall be given a place on the packet; for that affords them an opportunity to pay a visit to the next post, and to join in the dance which is always held on the arrival of the mail. Trippers consider themselves greatly honoured on being given charge of a packet; for it means that they are held to be trustworthy, and thoroughly familiar with the topography of the district."

"Before the advent of the railway and the steamboat, which was the longest of the company's packet routes?"

"By all odds that of the Yukon packet. It made the journey from Montreal to Fort Yukon, which was then situated at the junction of the Procupine River with the Yukon River. It was routed by way of the Ottawa River, Lake Huron, Lake Superior, Lake of the Woods, Lake Winnipeg, the Athabasca River, the Slave River, and the Mackenzie River. It was forwarded in summer by canoe, in winter by dog train, for the enormous distance of four thousand and five hundred miles. And, let me tell you, it is to-day, as it was a hundred years ago, the pride of the company's people that not one packet was ever lost beyond recovery. Packeteers have been drowned, frozen, burned, shot, smothered, and even eaten; but the packet has always reached its destination somehow."

Knocking the ashes from his pipe, the factor rose and added, "But it's getting late. I must be turning in, or my men will be late in getting under way to-morrow."

In a little while the murmur of voices had ceased, and round the dying embers the motionless forms of the Indians and halfbreeds were lying wrapped in their blankets or robes. Out of the fast gathering gloom came the heavy breathing of the dogs as they shivered in their frosty beds. Faintly from the western hills sounded the howling of wolves. Away up in the wintry sky the Northern Lights were flashing with fitful brilliance.

By three in the morning camp was already astir, though the thermometer hanging in a tree registered fifty-eight below zero. After a hasty breakfast, the men dragged their reluctant dogs to the sleds and harnessed them. Then the factor and I shook hands as the mail pulled out on its northern trail.

The going was excellent; for the passing of so many sleds had left a serviceable trail. It was easy to follow, though the woods were still in darkness, and remained so for several hours. At dawn I parted company with the packet. As I turned on my eastern way, I thought of the work of these wilderness postmen, of the hardships they endured, and the perils they encountered. The factor's assertion that no packet had ever been lost beyond recovery brought to my mind stories that I had heard.

For instance, a canoe express was descending the Mackenzie River; the canoe was smashed in an ice jam, and the packeteers were drowned. A few weeks later, passing Indians caught sight of a stick bobbing on the surface of the stream. Though the

water was deep and the current was running at the rate of three miles an hour, the stick remained in the same place. So the Indians paddled over to investigate. They found that to the floating stick was fastened a long thong, which, on being pulled up, brought the missing packet to light.

Again, while making camp near the Athabasca River, the packeteers had slung the packet in a tree, the usual place for it while in camp. During the night their fire spread and burned up their whole equipment except the tree, which, being green, received little more than a scorching. The packet was unharmed.

On Great Slave Lake during a fierce snow storm the packeteers became separated from their dogs, and were frozen to death. But the packet was afterward recovered.

In one autumn two packeteers journeying from George's River post to Ungava post drew up their canoe upon a sandy beach, and camped beneath a high, overhanging bank. During the night the bank gave way and buried them as they slept. When the ice formed, the trader at Ungava sent out two men to search for the missing packet. They found the canoe upon the beach; and, from the appearance of the bank, conjectured what had happened. Next spring the landslide was dug into, and the packeteers were found both lying under the same blanket, their heads resting upon the packet.

Christmas Throughout the Empire

(Continued from page 12)

midsummer, women in their muslins and their men-folk in dark clothes and their broad-brimmed hats, and surrounded by all the wealth of beauty which nature can supply, greet their friends in Cape carts who arrive at the gaily decked stoep to pass the festive season. A word or two of welcome, a glass of vanderhum (a liqueur made from oranges) and questions about the farm and the fruit—the midday meal is commenced.

Here amongst the farmers it is the custom for the women to wait upon the men, but on Christmas Day the order of things is reversed, and the Kaffir servant girl decked in spotted muslin brings in the turkey or the khoran to be cut up and handed round by the men. Drakenstein wine, a sort of light hock made nearby, is sipped down, and the large cups of coffee which looks the colour of muddy water and is highly sweetened, closes the meal. The Cape carts are "inspanned" and a drive is taken to visit some friends by the sea, or towards the Paarl, where there is an absence of oaks for six miles through the oldest Dutch settlements in the Colony. Everyone is greeted as they pass along and everyone is decked out in their finest clothes. Regardless of colour and of taste, the Hottentot and Kaffir women outvie each other in gorgeous costumes and false jewellery. It is the one day in the year when the natives were allowed by the Boers to walk on the pavements in the Dorps during Kruger's reign. It was a day of peace and prayer and of mirth and festivity after the family Bible had been opened and read.

CHRISTMAS DURING WAR.

DURING the South African War, fighting was "called off" for forty-eight hours—from Christmas Eve until the warriors were ready to renew operations. After the Battle of Colenso, which took place just before Christmas, there was an armistice. The old Boers put away their Mausers and looked down from the trenches on the heights above the Tugela at the merry-makings in the British camp. At Chieveley where Buller's army lay there was a cricket match in which a celebrated Australian cricketer took part. There was a race meeting, when the programme included the Colenso Derby and the Tugela Plate for a piece of the armoured train, and the Chieveley Stakes. There was a dinner party in every mess and a "sing-song" within sight of Percy Scott's 4.7 guns.

When the Goorkhas and Sikhs were winding their way up the mountain passes where three empires meet, there was a halt, and the officers and men of the British regiments took what cover they could from the snipers, to drink to those they had left behind in cantonments and to the colours and the band and drums safe in barracks at Pindi and Cawnpore; and the flying column chasing the Mad Mullah Zarebared in the garden of Allah for an issue of rum and a tug of war, or a camel-loading competition, and the thoughts of the holly-covered walls in the barrack rooms at Aldershot and the Curragh came to them, and the colonel's visit to the company dinners when the health of the officers seconded for active service would be drunk in mugs of beer.



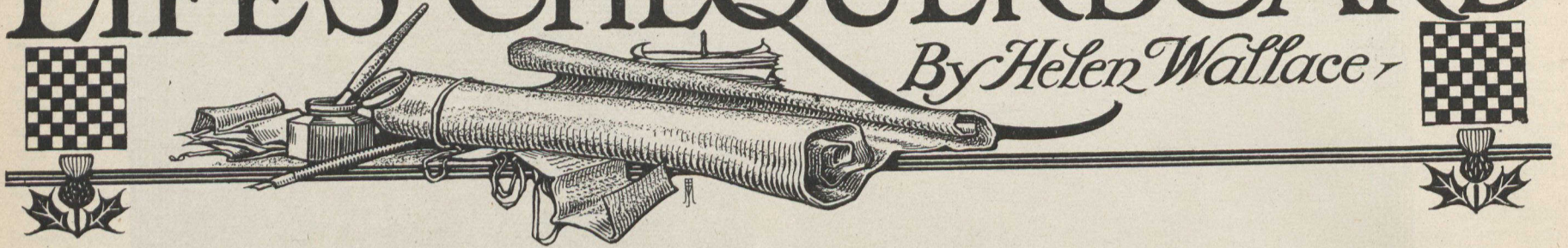
THE YORK FACTORY PACKET

From the Painting by Arthur Heming.

To Illustrate "Postmen of the Wilderness."

LIFE'S CHEQUERBOARD

By Helen Wallace



Resume: Lady Marchmont and her grand-niece, Lesley, are visiting the former's nephew, Richard Skene, at "Strode," his Scottish home. They withdraw from the dining-room, after Lady Marchmont has pled with her nephew to forgive an erring member of the family. Mr. Skene's lawyer, Dalmahoy, ventures to refer to this injury of many years before.

"I'M going to be sensible, but there's a bit of business I wish you would reconsider. I wish you'd let me draw up a fresh will for you. I've been too long at the business," he went on, in spite of his host's slight movement of impatience, "not to know that the worst sort of harm a man can do is often after his death. There's no use trying to play Providence and keep a grip on other folks' lives after we are gone. There's been mischief enough done in that way already. If you had let Master Adrian alone I believe everything would have fallen out as you wished. Two young things in one house were bound to come together like two apples set a-rolling. And it might all come right yet. Give Master Adrian another chance. Let them meet as friends. If he saw Miss Lesley now, I'll be bound he'd change his tune. There'd be no more question of 'thrusting him on her,' which he quite rightly considered a far greater wrong to her than to himself, but don't perpetuate the condition. It's cruel to Miss Lesley—"

"If her feelings are wounded they will be well salved," said Mr. Skene dryly.

"Do you think she will thank you for that?" retorted Dalmahoy bluntly. "Not if I know anything of her. If she were your daughter instead of your niece it would be different, but after all Adrian is your natural heir, as he would have been your legal heir, had Strode been entailed. He is the last male of the line, the last of the old name—"

"Am I likely to forget that?" exclaimed Mr. Skene bitterly, and his friend glanced away, wishing he could have used some other plea. "But is even that reason enough for me to hand over Strode to him, to turn it into a labour colony or an art school, or heaven knows what, according to the whim of the moment?"

"Pshaw! that was but the effervescence of youth, and as to all that, you could easily tie his hands, but Strode itself would be excellent ballast. How many a lad has planned a new heaven as well as a new earth—as easy to do the one as the other when you're at it—and then has doucely followed in his father's footsteps and made a good sober laird after all."

"Lesley's good commonsense would have been the best ballast. I can't trust Adrian"—a note of sharpness in the level tones—"he has too much of the French strain in him. Like father like son, and he and his father have inherited both name and nature from my uncle James's French wife. He grafted an alien strain on the old stock when he married Adrienne de Valcour," said Mr. Skene coldly.

"But if you think so ill of Adrian, why force him on the lassie? Is it fair to Miss Lesley? Is she any more likely to take a ready-made husband than the lad was to take a ready-made wife?" asked Dalmahoy shrewdly.

Mr. Skene fingered the stem of his glass for a moment in silence, and then he thrust it from him so suddenly that the glass upset and the wine spread in a widening pool over the table.

"Tut! tut!" ejaculated Mr. Dalmahoy, making a well-meant effort to divert a stream which was flowing in his direction.

His host turned upon him, a blaze of cold wrath upon the white face and in the pale, implacable eyes.

"Am I to go to my grave without having one desire, one hope in life fulfilled? Do you think it means nothing to me that since I have no son

to come after me, I must sever Strode from the last of the Skenes? Is it so much to ask of Adrian that if he is to inherit Strode he should unite all that is left of the family and bind it to the land again? Do you think that if he had not been the last of our name I could have borne to have had him under my roof, could have tutored myself to regard as my heir a lad whose every look and tone reminded me of the man who laid my life waste? You remember his father, Dalmahoy—my cousin Adrian. I was the heir—yes, but he was the favourite—you heard my old Aunt Mary just now—and did he ever lose a chance of throwing that in my teeth? As God's above, I believe he wooed Mary Erskine and wiled her away from me for no other reason than because he knew that my whole heart was set on her. He knew that she was everything to me, while to him she was a flower to be plucked and worn for an hour. I know what you would say—the man is dead. Thank God! I said, when I heard it, but he had time enough before he died to break his wife's heart—the woman on whom I would not have let a breath blow too harshly. And it is to this man's son you would ask me to hand over the inheritance of my fathers, a lad who, for all these years, has countered me and thwarted me at every turn, and who, when I was fool enough to cherish one last wish at the end of my empty days, denied it to me, took my last hope from me, the last brightness from my barren age."

He checked himself abruptly, rose from the table, and, going to one of the windows, drew back the heavy curtain, and gazed out into the night.

Dalmahoy sat staring at the red stain of the spilled wine, as if it had been the blood flowing from the old unhealed heart-wound suddenly bared anew to him. This outburst of despairing wrath and bitterness, leaping out like a jet of lava at white heat, checked the words upon his lips. And he had thought that he knew Richard Skene, and had regretted that the schoolboy friend of long ago was becoming more and more merged in the precise, formal Laird of Strode. He must have been moved to the very depths before he could utter that name, unspoken for long years—Mary Erskine—the gentle girl who had been swept off her feet by Adrian Skene's impulsive wooing, and who, though she had adored her husband, had never perhaps quite understood him, any more than he had comprehended her.

Dick Dalmahoy turned and looked for a moment at the tall, thin figure standing framed in the long window against the night sky and the faint stars. Amazement and deep pity held him silent, crossed by the darting, incongruous thought that on the morrow Skene would bitterly resent this sudden self-revelation. For all that, his heart was very full as he approached the silent figure.

"Skene," he said—and it required some courage to utter the words he did—"you've had hard measure meted out to you, but I've aye thought you over hard on your cousin Adrian. I believe he loved his wife, though I'd never say he was the right man for her, still, if more time had been granted him, well—well—"as Mr. Skene stirred and thrust out a passionate hand, as if fiercely repudiating the thought—"we'll say no more of that. You've aye thought of Adrian as the son of the man whose death even could not wipe out his offence against you, though I think we might well leave him now to the judgment of his Maker. But what of Mary's plea, when at the last she begged for your protection for her boy? It was for 'Mary Erskine's son,' not for the last of the Skenes. Could woman have paid a finer tribute to your love and her trust in it? Have you forgotten that? Are you keeping faith with her now when you cut her son adrift because he wouldn't do your bidding in a matter

where, if a man's a man at all, he feels he has a right to choose for himself?"

Dalmahoy paused. He had used the one plea likely to reach that core of fire which he now knew had smouldered through all the years under the chill outer crust. And he had reached it.

"Forgotten! Do you think I have ever forgotten? Let my right hand forget her cunning—" Skene faced round, and his look revealed how fiercely that hidden fire had burned—how the old love had contended with jealousy and pride.

"Rick," cried Dalmahoy, on a sudden impulse, "you're fighting against yourself. It's not the first time that Mary's memory has pled with you. I believe in your heart you are willing to listen if you would but yield to it."

His old friend bent a strange look on him, the tense lips parted, but no words came; then he abruptly turned away and stood silent, gazing out at the darkling autumn hills, brooding vast and solemn under the stars, at the faint, steely glint of the river running broad and strong in the valley beneath. The hills of home, his native glen, the swift, rejoicing river—next to his one ill-fated love, these had held the first place in Richard Skene's deep, narrow, tenacious heart. As his eyes followed that familiar waving outline, only a deeper shadow against the sky, was he thinking of one who, though differing from him in every other point as only one radically dissimilar nature can differ from another, had still shared with him this silent passion, this inborn clinging to the home of his race.

Five years ago he and his cousin's son, the younger Adrian, had parted in hot anger, though the final breach was but the culmination of the long inevitable jarring between minds of such differing types, heightened on the elder man's side by corroding prejudice, full-fed from old springs of bitterness. Had the spell of these long unspoken words, "Mary Erskine's son," indeed had power now to open a fount of sweet waters which could at last overflow the bitter, and to awaken tender memories of the blighted years?

Looking out from the warmth and comfort enclosed by these glowing, wine-dark walls behind him into the immensity of night above the silent hills before which human passion and strife dim and dwindle, was Richard Skene asking himself whether, if Adrian had been impulsive and visionary, hot upon all his new-fangled dreams, he had always had justice dealt out to him? Did he wonder how the exile might be faring, or where he might be beneath the wide-spread wings of darkness? Had Dalmahoy been right—had some breath from the past blown upon that arid heart, reviving and softening it, though the will still kept its icy grasp? Who could tell?

Dalmahoy, to whom the silence was growing unbearable, came a step nearer. Mr. Skene stirred slightly, as one might when half aroused from a dream.

"'Mary Erskine's son'—Mary's son," he murmured to himself, as a man might utter some soothing spell.

Then suddenly he wheeled right round, his hands grasping vaguely as if for some support. In his widely-opened eyes was the look of one face to face with something long expected and awaited. They met his old friend's startled, anxious gaze, and he made a convulsive effort to speak.

"Tell—tell—" The broken words trailed off into a long, rasping, choking breath—a sound which chills the marrow and which, once heard, can never be forgotten.

The tall figure wavered and seemed to shrink together, as Dalmahoy, after one horrified second, sprang forward, caught the falling body, and gently guided it to the floor.

It did not need the verdict of the doctors,

(Continued on page 23)

Messiter's Sister

The Strange Experience of a London Editor with a Psychic Contributor.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL, Author of "Her Son," "A Face of Clay," and "The Hill."

(Continued from last week)

"HIS ambitions were never realised," she continued. "He touched the fringe of them just before he died. And he knew that if his strength, his poor frail body, had not failed, he would have held what he desired so vehemently in the hollow of his hand. At the last, it was terrible; the struggle, the hopeless struggle, to live a little longer, a few months, so that he might taste—success—"

Adrian was about to entreat her to say no more. The contrast between the matter and manner of her speech had an edge so sharp that he felt his own tissues—tough enough, to be sure—to be lacerated. She went on, in the same dull monotone:

"The night before he died we were alone. And then—and then—" Her voice died away in a fluttering sigh.

"Yes, yes." Adrian bent forward and took her hand. It was cold, limp, and transparently thin.

"He said that he would try to—come back. And he did."

Adrian was conscious of a shock. Her hand fell from his warm grasp, and with it much of his sympathy and respect. Reason revolted against what was incredible. And yet—and yet—her face suffused truth.

"You saw him?"

"No; I heard him."

Adrian read the terror in her dilated eye. "It happened months after he was buried. I had brought myself to look over his papers. I was reading an unfinished manuscript. I cried because it was unfinished, because he had tried to hard to finish it. Oh, it all came back, that last scene—his poor face, his thin fingers, clutching the pencil, and then the—end! Oh! I hated, hated, his work, because it killed him. . . . And yet I loved it, you understand, because it was his—his, not a part of him, but all of him. Just as I came to the last illegible line, I heard his voice in my ear."

"Go on," commanded Adrian. He spoke with a vehemence that he knew to be brutal; but for the moment she, the frail woman, had swept him off his feet, whirled him into a maelstrom of emotion, passion—aye, and fear. The dead man's voice—he could remember it well—thrilled and vibrated in his own ears.

"I was sitting by an open window, and the voice came from outside, whispering my name, 'Christine—Christine!' And I answered, 'Yes, John,' almost without thinking. And then he told me to get a pen and write down what he was about to say. He finished the story which—which I brought to you next day."

"The story I bought and printed," said Adrian.

"Yes. I like to think, now, that he was permitted to help me, you understand, that it was not done for any selfish motive. I had come to the end of my resources. But I cannot deny that I was terrified. It made me ill—very ill."

"And this?" Adrian touched the second MS. "I had spent the cheque you sent me. And he came again. I had prayed that he would come. Was it wicked? Perhaps we are not meant to grasp what lies beyond. When I prayed, I had the feeling that I was—how shall I put it?—tampering with—with a power that might kill me. If I had not been—in want—"

"In want? And a hint to me—"

She silenced him with a gesture so delicate, so eloquent of pride, gratitude, and shame, that Adrian's cheeks flamed.

"He came," she continued. "And he dictated what I have brought you to-day. That is all."

Adrian jumped up. Crossing the room, he flung the window wide open. The cool air flooded his brain. At the same moment, the office boy appeared with the tea. This anticlimax of an interruption restored to Adrian self-possession and self-confidence. He asked his visitor to pour out tea with an air and accent that proclaimed the superior animal, securely

enthroned above the weakness and credulity of the other sex. He began to talk of current topics. Messiter's sister drank her tea, listening to his well-turned phrases. A faint colour sparkled in her cheeks; she smiled at his quips; she seemed to wish to exhibit herself as the agreeable, conventional woman, pleasing without effort and easy to please. Presently she rose, drawing on a pair of carefully darned gloves. Instantly the situation became strained.

"Must you really go? I shall want this." He indicated the manuscript.

"It is—it is his, you understand."

"Certainly; it is John Messiter's, if you say so."

Her eyes flared.

"I do say so—and you don't believe me."

He bit his lip. What a brute—what a fool he was! Of course, she had written both stories, although her brother, doubtless, had begun the first. Grief at his death, an abominable penury, had unbalanced a brain too finely adjusted for work-a-day uses.

"My dear Miss Messiter, I beg your pardon. I repeat, with tenfold emphasis, what I said half an hour ago. I should be proud to call myself your friend. I shall esteem it an honour to serve you—if I may."

"But," she held his glance, "you don't believe me; you think me not mad—"

"Heaven forbid!"

"But—unbalanced."

She had used his own word, reading his thoughts with uncanny subtlety.

"And, that being so, I can only say good-bye, and thank you."

Adrian stammered out:

"May I—you will f-forgive me—but—as a f-favour to me—" He retreated to his desk and pulled a cheque book from a pigeon-hole. "S-s-something on account—"

"No. Well, then—yes. I am in debt. My landlady is a good creature. But she, too, is struggling."

Adrian filled in a cheque, thrust it into an envelope, and begged her to say no more. She took him at his word, bowed, ignored his outstretched hand, and left the room.

"She is furious," he muttered, "because I have seen through her pathetic little enterprise."



"He picked up the instrument, astonished and perplexed."

He sat down and plunged into the MS. Yes, yes; who could doubt that this was woman's work? Why, the delicacy of it, its fragrance, its bloom—bloom was the word—revealed the sex of the writer in every paragraph. She was a genius—half crazy, half starving, and wholly charming; a creature of fascination.

He had hardly finished the story when the door opened, and in came Paxton Wright, his sub-editor, whom Adrian in expansive moments called "friend."

"Ah, Wright. Sit down. Something amazing has taken place."

He was constrained, against his better judgment, to tell this shrewd, lynx-eyed man what was in his mind. Speech became a necessity. Wright curled a derisive lip.

"A clear case of obtaining money under false pretences. With your experience—"

"You did not see Miss Messiter."

"Yes, I did. A witch, no doubt. You are not easily humbugged."

"She is not quite—" Adrian touched his forehead significantly.

"Pooh! She's as sane as I am. I took particular notice of her, because she is unquestionably pretty; too thin, but graceful as a nymph. She's laughing at you now, I'll be bound."

"If—I say if, Wright—if her story were true."

Wright shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh! You contemplate a fake. From a business point of view I'm with you. We can hoax half England."

Adrian shuffled in the editorial chair. At times Wright scraped his feelings. Not often; he was too clever for that, but now and again—and always unexpectedly. Adrian asked himself the uncomfortable question: "Is Wright quite straight?"

"This magazine would never lend itself to that sort of thing," he said stiffly. "Did you want to see me about anything in particular?"

II.

Next day he sent Messiter's sister another cheque, the balance due, and with it this note:

"MY DEAR MISS MESSITER:—Unwittingly I placed you and myself in a false position. But please forgive me. For the future I promise to consider whatever you may bring or send without asking questions, which, after all, are irrelevant. At the same time, can't we meet? I would travel an ell to you. Won't you come an inch?"

To this she replied by return of post, acknowledging the cheque with thanks. The answer he awaited with almost boyish impatience was condensed into a postscript.

"I am a forgiving woman. Because you have placed me in one false position, I shall not try to place you in another."

Adrian, it has been said, had found life simple. Now, without gradation of any kind, it became complex. He had tried to obey the philosopher's injunction, but self-study and self-analysis had not taught him knowledge of character, temperament, and opinions other than his own. He felt that he was floundering, if not foundering, in a sea of speculation. Messiter's sister obsessed him.

He knew many so-called spiritualists and spiritists; he had assisted at their disappointing seances; he had read their pamphlets, their manifestoes, their affidavits. And the thoughts, the messages, the words twisted out of planchette, had without exception proved trivial, or senseless, or illiterate; generally all three. He recalled a message from John Milton, an Alexandrine faulty in quantity, ill-spelled, and grotesque in sentiment. A woman of his acquaintance claimed to have constant intercourse with departed spirits. He did not doubt that she was sincere in believing that certain illustrious spirits hovered about her even at unseasonable hours. She saw them, heard them, as clearly, let us say, as a delirious patient sees

and hears the creatures of his imagination. Adrian, in compliance with this lady's request, had put some searching questions. What, for instance, was the late Y—, that admirable painter, doing in the world unseen? "He is painting," replied the lady solemnly, "pictures more beautiful than any he painted here." This answer was reasonable and satisfying. "And W—" Adrian named a famous poet. "Ah! he too is at work. He tells me that he has just finished a poem, in nine cantos, finer than anything recorded here." Adrian admitted that it would be impossible to make any critical estimate of pictures painted with celestial pigments, but he begged his friend to procure, if possible, a sample verse or two of W—'s new poem. Surely W—, who on earth had really bored his friends by constant recitation of his own poems, would be willing to oblige an honest seeker after truth. And if this new poem were finer than any he had written on earth, what a gospel it would prove to millions! The lady replied rather tartly that W— was not permitted to transmit his best. Adrian smiled derisively. It is hard to believe that the worthless, the base, and the counterfeit are the only coins current between the quick and the dead!

He published the second manuscript in the next issue of the magazine. It attracted more attention than the first. The elect became excited. Why, it was asked, had these posthumous works been withheld so long from publication? Were more to be expected? And so forth.

Meantime, it had become plain to Adrian that he loved Messiter's sister, with a love differing from anything of the kind experienced before. One measure adequately the strength of this attachment by the statement that this shrewd, cool-headed man was willing to marry, on her own terms, a girl he had met only twice. If she imposed silence, he would ask no questions. He wrote a letter entreating permission to pay her his addresses. She sent one line in reply:

"Not till you can swear that you believe what I told you."

About four months later she called at the office for the third time. Adrian was so shocked at her appearance, the attenuation of her features, the pallor of her skin, that he exclaimed instantly: "What have you been doing?" She displayed an irritation which he rightly attributed to physical weakness.

"I didn't come here to talk of myself."

"You have brought another MS.?"

He spoke with carefully studied courtesy.

"No."

"Will you sit down?"

She refused the chair he offered. Her large, clear eyes lingered on his face.

"You are in trouble, Mr. Steele."

He betrayed his astonishment by a sharp intake of breath and the too quick "How did you know? I've not told a soul."

"And it is serious—very serious."

"Oh! You read minds, too? Yes, it is very serious."

The look of bewilderment on his clean-cut face provoked a smile from Messiter's sister—a smile which puzzled Adrian more than anything that had gone before, for it was the smile of superior knowledge, yet tender, pitying, and magnanimous. The smile provoked him to unconsidered speech, to almost brutal frankness. That he, who had grasped all he wanted with a sure, tenacious clutch, should find this fragile woman so elusive, so intangible, became an insupportable exasperation. His calm, authoritative manner, his easy gestures, his courteous bearing, were suddenly exchanged for a boyish petulance and roughness.

"You try me too high!" he exclaimed. "I tell you that you are partly responsible for a misfortune which has overtaken me. I have been obsessed by your mysteries. I have neglected my work. And I must pay for such neglect. Well, I'll pay, if you'll own that for some inscrutable purpose you've tried to make a fool of me. You have the satisfaction of knowing that you have succeeded."

"Oh!" she said faintly.

At once he felt ashamed of his outburst. She looked so pitifully small and weak.

"It's all right," he said, confusedly. "I take it back. I don't believe that you—you—could have deliberately deceived me."

"And this misfortune of yours? Will you tell me what it is?"

Adrian nodded. Her eyes seemed to diffuse a strange power of perception. He went on to say that he was the sole trustee for a niece whose small fortune of some ten thousand pounds he held in trust. Certain securities had been taken by him from his bankers to look over with a view to re-

investment. Adrian recalled bringing the package from the bank, carrying it to his office, and thence to his chambers. He could swear that no one save himself and the manager of the bank knew of its removal from the bank's strong-room. And yet, within forty-eight hours, some of the negotiable securities, amounting in value to two thousand pounds, had been stolen, or at least had mysteriously disappeared.

"I've turned my chambers and this office upside down," said Adrian in conclusion. "Well—I've been inconceivably careless, and I must pay the penalty."

"You mean—"

"That the money must be made good." He laughed bitterly. "Luckily I have scraped together a little more than the amount missing. It might have been a little less. Wright always told me I was a fool to save. If I hadn't saved, some very awkward questions would have been asked. But—why have I bothered you with my troubles?"

He stopped, confused, remembering that she had divined these troubles before he had declared them. Then he burst out: "How did you know?"

She did not answer. Again it struck him that she was horribly ill. Her next words arrested his attention.

"If I could help you! If I had the strength—"

"The strength?"

"If I could ask—John!"

It was a supreme moment for both of them. Her brother's name quivered from her lips, a mere sigh. Yet it smote Adrian with inconceivable violence. He was trembling when he said:

"Have you heard from John lately?"

He could not keep an ironical inflection out of his voice. This cursed John, this infernal spirit raised by a weak woman's fancy to stand between her and her happiness and his happiness! She replied meekly:

"No; I did not dare. I have not asked him, but if you—" She faltered, blushing, irresolute, turning aside her graceful head.

"I—I ask you to ask him? Never!"

His hatred of this imaginary brother was written plain upon his face. She understood instantly.

"How hard you are!" she exclaimed. "And how incredulous of everything which you can't see and feel and hear! Good-bye!"

Their hands met; he noticed how her fingers vibrated at his touch. A voice within struggled for utterance. He wished to say: "Christine, I love you with all my heart and soul. Be my wife!" The same voice whispered that he must speak now or never, that it was not yet—too late.

They parted. After the door had closed behind her, he sprang forward, irresolute, his features twisted by indecision. And then the habit of a lifetime seized him. His face grew impassive, his relaxed muscles became rigid; he returned ponderously to his desk, once more the obedient slave of that tyrant, his reason.

For some hours he worked feverishly, making up the time he had squandered, imposing upon himself a penance of unremitting labour, of undivided attention to the innumerable duties of an editor. The pile of letters to be answered dwindled to small proportions. He heard Wright leave the office; the boy, first to come and last to go, ran off whistling. Doors were slammed all over the big building as men stopped work for the day. Soon, Adrian was sensible that he and the hall porter were left alone. Still, he wrote on and on, trying to blot out the pathetic face of Christine with ink.

And then suddenly his telephone bell rang. He picked up the instrument, astonished and perplexed. Who was ringing him up at seven in the evening? And how did they know that he was in his office at such an hour?

"Who is it?" he asked. "I am Adrian Steele."

"I am Christine Messiter."

Adrian recognised her voice at once. The tone of it seemed stronger, clearer, more vital. Yet he asked anxiously:

"Are you ill?"

"I am quite well," came the reply. "You are alone. Will you go at once to Mr. Wright's desk. In the middle drawer you will find a small bunch of keys. One of them—a Bramah key—unlocks the japanned box which you will find in the lowest right-hand drawer. In the japanned box are the missing securities. Will you look at once?"

"Yes," said Adrian, confounded; "but—"

A faint voice murmured: "Good-bye."

Adrian hesitated. The obvious questions—the how, and why, and when—rushed to his lips, but never passed them.

"Christine," he said passionately, "Christine—are you there?"

"Yes."

"I love you—do you hear? And I am coming to you. Wait for me! Christine, do you love me?"

He strained his ears to catch her reply, but it came to him so faintly that he supposed something must have gone wrong with the instrument.

"I—love—you. I—shall—wait—for you."

And then—silence!

Adrian shut up his desk, and put on his hat and overcoat, before he remembered Christine's message. Great Heaven, how had such knowledge come to her? He rushed into Wright's room. His desk was locked, but the middle drawer happened to be open. The small bunch of keys met his eye. He pulled at the lowest right-hand drawer—that, surely, would be locked. No. By some mischance the patent lock of the fluted lid, which ought to have locked the desk and all drawers in it, had failed to work properly. Adrian saw the japanned box.

The securities were there.

With a trembling hand, with a beating heart and throbbing brain, he thrust them into his pocket, and replaced the box and bunch of keys. He had a strange look of awe upon his face as he went downstairs.

Passing through the hall he noticed the porter and a couple of workmen, and paused to ask what they were doing at such a late hour. The porter's answer was the keystone to the arch of mystery through which he felt himself to be crawling. The telephone, he was told, needed adjusting. The job, however, was nearly done.

"Is it disconnected now?" Adrian asked.

"Yes, sir, and has been since six. You needn't worry, Mr. Steele; it will be in good order before business hours to-morrow."

Adrian rushed up the street and into the Strand, whence a hansom bore him swiftly to Bloomsbury.

The landlady—not the slattern he remembered so well—opened the door.

"Where is Miss Messiter? She telephoned to me—not half an hour ago."

He was pushing by, when she clutched at his sleeve. Something in her stupid, kind face arrested him.

"We've no telephone in the 'ouse, sir. Miss Messiter come 'ome about four. I took her a cup of tea. I'm sure she's not gone out again; she's in the second floor front."

Adrian was half-way up the stairs before she finished her sentence. He knocked at Christine's door, inclining his head to hear her quiet: "Come in." There was no answer. The landlady, breathing very heavily, joined him, and opened the door. By the light of a reading lamp Adrian could see Christine lying back in her chair, asleep and smiling in her sleep. The landlady and he approached silently. The landlady touched the hand which lay upon the arm of the chair. Then she screamed out:

"O my God! She's not asleep. She's—she's dead!"

The New West

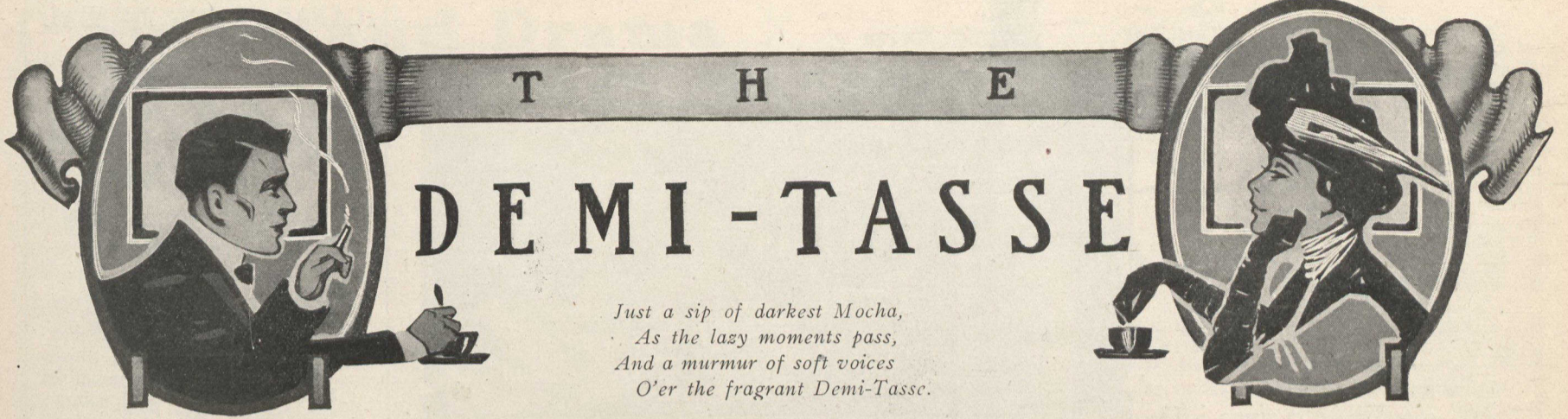
Oh, have you seen, my travelled friend,
The expurgated West,
Where men no longer tote their guns
Attention to arrest;
Where little Willie Tenderfoot
No longer gets a shock,
But where they gather round the boy
And sell him mining stock?

Gone are the glories of the land
Where once the cowboy ranged,
That chap is now a hired man,
For, lo! the times have changed!
No longer hardship stalks abroad,
For if the grub is shy
They call the store by telephone
And get a new supply.

The wild and woolly mining camp
Most of its wool has shed;
The bold, bad men who used to roam
The streets have gone to bed;
They do not now shoot up the town—
That wouldn't be polite;
Besides, it doesn't seem the way
To treat electric light.

A new and milder race of men
Now monkey with the game,
And when they get their dress suits on
The scene is trite and tame.
You note them in the swallowtail,
Tall hat and fancy vest,
And looking all around you see
The passing of the West.

—Selected.



THE DEMI-TASSE

*Just a sip of darkest Mocha,
As the lazy moments pass,
And a murmur of soft voices
O'er the fragrant Demi-Tasse.*

AT A LOSS.

A CANADIAN speaker who was recently asked to say a few words to a club in a small town seemed to be much depressed before the hour for his speech arrived.

"What's the matter, old man?" said a sympathetic friend.

"You see, my wife's here and she told me before I left the house that I was not to say that this is Canada's century, that we have a glorious heritage, nor that this is Canada's growing time. Well, I'd like to know what is left to say."

* * *

CHORUSES FOR CONVICTS.

THERE are some matters in which we may be instructed by the Old Country. Recently the one thousand inmates of Wandsworth Prison, England, were entertained by the Brixton Oratorio Choir who visited the prison and sang selections from "St. Paul" and "Elijah." The report says that the prisoners seemed glued to their seats. Here is an idea for the Mendelssohn Choir, the Elgar Choir, the Schubert Choir or the Festival Chorus. Dr. Gilmour would, no doubt, welcome a choral invasion and would be likely to see that all Central Prison inmates attended. The English paper says that if the practice of singing oratorios to prisoners is followed up it will act as a deterrent to crime. That is the most caustic bit of musical criticism we have yet noticed.

* * *

INFORMATION FOR FOOLS.

THIS column continues to give valuable and varied advice. We wish that it were possible to answer all of our inquiries this week, but we hope ultimately to keep in touch with all the dear interrogators who wish to know things.

Gladys. "Would you advise me to order a pale-blue evening-gown? I have chestnut hair and am rather large in the waist. How would you have the bodice trimmed? Can you tell me how to remove a large lump on the back of the neck? Do you think it right to marry without love? A gentleman who is the widower of my second-cousin Maude seems serious in his attentions but my feeling towards him is mere friendliness."

By all means, have a pale-blue evening-gown. Have it trimmed with bias bits of broadcloth on the front of the skirt and touches of wild and woolly rosettes on the bodice. Your chestnut hair must look perfectly sweet. I really don't know what to say about the growth on the back of the neck. Try rubbing it with coal oil for an hour or so. Perhaps you had better see a doctor. Of course you are not supposed to marry without love and a cabinet of silver. Still you may be happy with the widower of your cousin Maude. Some widowers make excellent husbands. You might send his photograph and a piece of his left ear and I should then be able to advise you.

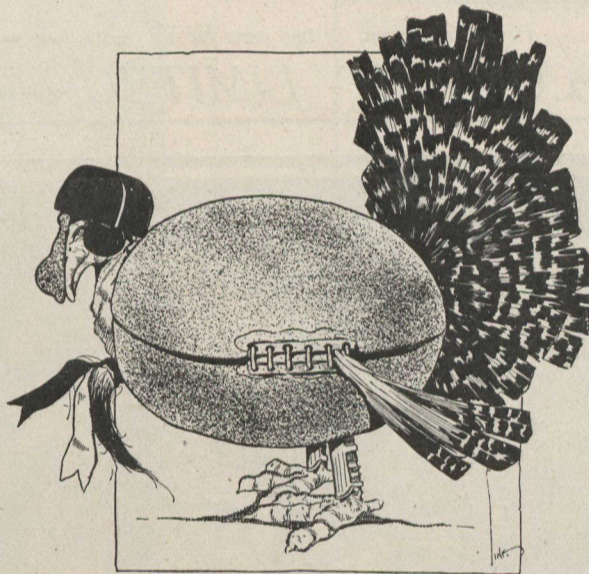
Ethelwyn. "Would you kindly advise me as to how to convert a wheel-barrow into a cosy corner? I have mislaid my copy of the 'Ladies' Home Infernal' and forget just how it is done. Do you believe that true love lasts forever? What is good for warts? Your column does me so much good. I feel that I have a true friend to whom I can tell all my private affairs. What would be a nice present for an elderly gentleman whose first wife died of small-pox?"

I've really forgotten about the wheel-barrow stunt but I think you turn the arrangement upside down and saw most of it off. Then you cover the remainder with several layers of wadding and myrtle green plush. It makes a nightmare of a corner if you follow these directions. So you read the 'Ladies' Home Infernal'! I am very fond of the cover. It usually has such a supremely idiotic

young couple spooning away that it makes one happy for a week. 'Heart to Heart Talks with Whirls' is my favourite department. Of course I believe that true love lasts until forever and the day after. It has excellent staying qualities. I don't know what is bound to remove warts but I should advise you to rub them with a mixture of bath brick and carbolic acid. Am awfully pleased that this column does you good. That's what it's for. Tell me all about yourself, like a bally simpleton. Really I hardly know what to say about the Christmas gift for the elderly person. That was very sad about his first wife. Perhaps you'd better send him something about golf or hockey. These old chaps are pleased to be treated like sports. Write again and do tell me if you get rid of the warts and whether the cosy corner is a howling distress.

ANABELLE.

* * *



The College Bird.—Life.

* * *

A DIFFERENCE.

BARNEY MALLOY and Mike Cairey were shingling a roof. "Barney," Mike asked, removing a bunch of shingle nails from his mouth, and settling back comfortably, "what is the difference between satisfied and content?"

"The difference? Sure, there's none," answered Barney. "If you're satisfied you're content, and if you're content you're satisfied."

"That was my opinion, too, Barney, me boy, up to now, but it struck me sudden like as I put that last nail in that I am satisfied all right that Molly Cairey is my wife, but I am durned sure I am not content."

* * *

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

HAMILTON is happy because a Toronto trustee perpetrated the following: "If you find a man prepared to strike out from the shoulder, no matter where the axe may fall, you will always find some snake in the grass prepared to knife him." That's the queerest snake which a Toronto citizen has seen in a long time.

* * *

COLD JUSTICE.

A POOR beggar in Paris, being very hungry, stayed so long in a cook's shop, who was dishing up meat, till his stomach was satisfied with only the smell thereof. The choleric covetous cook demanded of him to pay for his breakfast. The poor man denied it, and the controversy was referred to the deciding of the next man that should pass by,

who chanced to be the most notorious idiot in the whole city. He, on the relation of the matter, determined that the poor man's money should be put betwixt two empty dishes, and the cook should be recompensed with the jingling of the poor man's money, as he was satisfied with only the smell of the cook's meat.

* * *

A SAD SUBJECT.

"**I** MET a fellow to-day," said Gaddie, "who was simply dotty about a buried treasure; couldn't talk of anything else."

"That reminds me of my wife," said Peckham.

"Why, does she talk of a buried treasure?"

"Almost constantly. I'm her second husband, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

* * *

GETTING MIXED.

THE chairman of the school committee was addressing a meeting at the teachers' institute. "My friends, the schoolwark is the bulhouse of civilisation; I mean—ah—"

The chairman here became slightly chilled.

"The bulhouse is the schoolwark of civ—"

An invisible smile began to make itself felt.

"The warkhouse is the bulschool of—"

He was evidently twisted.

"The schoolbul is the housewark—"

An audible snigger spread itself over the faces of the audience.

"The scowschool—"

He was getting wild. So were his hearers. He mopped perspiration, gritted his teeth, and made a fresh effort.

"The schoolhouse, my friends—"

A sigh of relief went up. A-h-h! Now he has got his feet under him again. He gazed suavely around. The light of triumphant self-confidence was enthroned upon his brow.

"Is the wulbark—"

And that was all.—Short Stories.

* * *

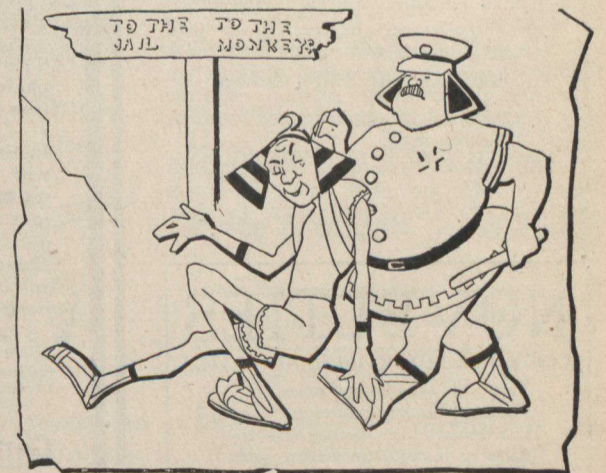
WARNING TO SMOKERS.

A MISSIONARY travelling in the South, one day saw an old coloured mammy sitting on the doorstep of her cabin peacefully smoking a pipe as black as herself and filled with very strong tobacco.

Thinking he saw an opportunity to do some missionary work, he remonstrated gently with her, but with no apparent success. Finally he said: "Mammy, when you die, how do you expect to get to heaven with such a tobacco-laden breath as yours?"

She looked up at him and slowly replied: "Massa, when I dies, I 'spect to lose my breath."

* * *



Weather Forecast.—Cooler to-night, fine to-morrow.
—Metropolitan Magazine.

The Critics and "Spirit Lake."

"Here is a book so full of the spirit of adventure and wild sport, so breezy and fragrant of the woods that one is strongly tempted instantly to cut loose from civilisation and to set forth into the trackless wilderness."—*Boston Transcript*.

"The whole thing would seem to be a transcript from actual life and makes one of the freshest and most interesting novels of the year."—*The Reader*, London, Eng.

"We can recommend it highly."—*New York Mail*.

"The story moves with smoothness, and a swift under current of feeling that grips one's heart-strings. It is a marvellous piece of work."—*Buffalo Courier*.

"A delightful volume."—*Madame*, London, Eng.

"Reading the book is almost like standing face to face with nature in her grandest moods."—*Hartford Courant*.

"One of the best volumes of Canadian fiction yet produced."—*Canadian Courier*.

"We have read Mr. Heming's book with rare enjoyment."—*Birkenhead News*, Eng.

"Undeniably good reading."—*Bookman*, New York.

"There is no dull page in this tale of adventure, and it is as informative as it is entertaining."—*Boston Budget*.

"A most readable book."—*Christian Advocate*, St. Louis, Mo.

"Mr. Heming's book of charming stories belongs to a class of literature deservedly popular on both sides of the Atlantic."—*Daily News*, London, Eng.

"'Spirit Lake' ought to have a wide and enduring popularity."—*Vogue*, New York.

"The author's striking drawings lend additional fascination to this delightful romance of pure nature."—*North American*, Philadelphia.

"His story is excellent. The illustrations are the work of a real artist and can scarcely be over-praised."—*The Guardian*, London, Eng.

"The book makes excellent reading for every lover of the wild, and may be commended to every prisoner of the city."—*Times*, Pittsburg, Pa.

"The book is a pleasant change after the usual run of modern novels."—*The Spectator*, London, Eng.

"These stories have been translated into French and published in 'Je Sais Tout,' the most popular French magazine of the day."—*The Press*, Pittsburg.

"The beautiful illustrations add much to a tale that awakens keen interest especially in those who love to be near to nature."—*Paris Edition of the New York Herald*.

"'Spirit Lake' is a book every youth will read with deep interest and profit."—*Forest and Stream*, New York.

"Mr. Heming has produced an interesting and entertaining book, and has illustrated it with remarkable distinction."—*The Tribune*, London, Eng.

"The pictures no more reflect any other artist than the text reflects any other author. Mr. Heming possesses in two fields the originality of profound knowledge."—*The Living Age*, Boston, Mass.

"'Spirit Lake' is surely entitled to be accounted the work of the year — for Canada."—*Toronto World*.

"One thing is certain, he will be hard to please indeed who does not with avidity seize this excellent work when the first opportunity offers; no time should be lost in securing it."—*The Road* London, Eng.

"Mr. Arthur Heming is a writer with whose work we shall hope to meet again."—*The Daily Telegraph*, London, Eng.

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Music and Drama

THE National Chorus concerts, announced in this column last week, will take place next Monday and Tuesday in Massey Hall, Toronto. The assisting orchestra, the New York Symphony, under Mr. Walter Damrosch, has done similar service on former occasions and its alliance with the Canadian chorus has come to be regarded as an excellent habit. Dr. Albert Ham, the conductor of the National Chorus, and also organist of St. James Cathedral, has confined the choral efforts to the works of British composers and has introduced several new compositions to Canadian audiences. Dr. Ham, who is an Englishman by birth, has composed several effective settings, of which "Crossing the Bar" is dedicated to Principal Hutton of Toronto University.

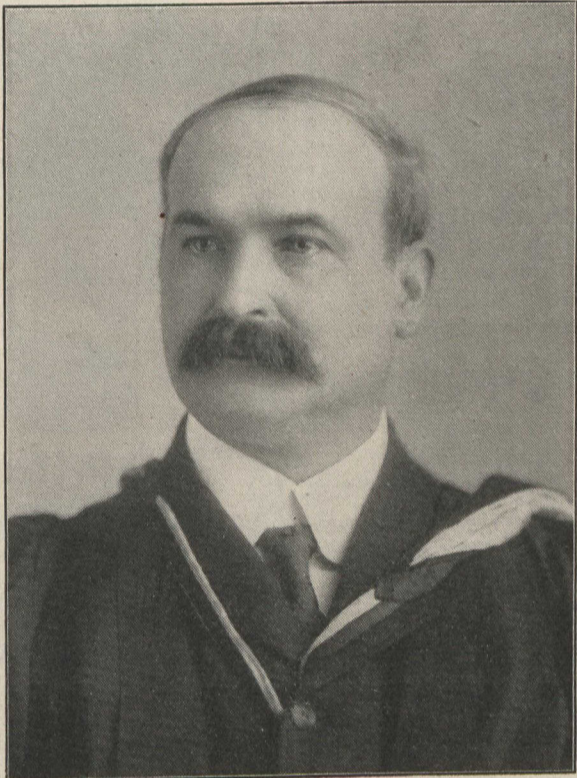
* * *

THE members of the Ottawa Rowing Club deserve congratulations for the success attending the entertainment given under their auspices last week at the Russell Theatre in the Capital. Mr. Gordon Rogers, who had the heavy share of the programme, showed himself a most competent monologue artist, while the local pianist and vocalists who assisted fully sustained Ottawa's reputation for musical talent.

* * *

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL appeared at the Russell Theatre, Ottawa, last Monday night in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and was greeted by a large audience. The "problem play," so much patronised by Mrs. Campbell, is being produced in Toronto, also, this week. Mrs. Campbell's genius might be directed to less depressing but quite as artistic material. This is hardly the season for "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and other distressful heroines, but unpleasant plays seem to be the only class which appeals to this golden-voiced actress.

* * *



Dr. Albert Ham.

* * *

FEW Western Canadians are aware that Montreal has the distinction of possessing a French theatre in which the modern Gallic plays are presented by an efficient company. Last week, for instance, Edmond Rostand's "L'Aiglon" was on the boards and this week "Le Fils de Coralie" is the attraction at Theatre Des Nouveautes.

* * *

MRS. LESLIE CARTER in "Du Barry" is as tiresome a ranter as ever tore a passion to tatters. The most striking feature about this noisy artist is the fashion in which she shakes her cayenne locks and makes every coil eloquent as she screeches her friendly intentions. Canada has suffered on more than one occasion from this frantic play "from the French" and really does not demand another dose.

* * *

THE "Bystander," a well-known London weekly, has an interesting portrait and paragraph on the subject of Miss Edith Miller in a recent issue. The latter, under the heading, "A Canadian Contralto," says: "Miss Edith Miller is of those fortunate ones who have profited by opportunity. At the smoking concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society early in the year she happened to be down to sing. She sang, and the King himself, who happened to be present, gave her applause with the Royal hands. More than this, he sent asking her to sing again, and afterwards personally congratulated her on her performance. Perhaps to obtain the Royal favour to-day is hardly what it would have been in mediaeval times, but with the seal of kingly approval set on her performance, it is not surprising that her career should have been assured. Besides her qualifications for social success—she is tall and graceful, and has a particularly fascinating manner—she brings real musical talent to bear on what she undertakes, and those who heard her sing during the recent series of Promenade Concerts were charmed by the skill and restraint with which she used her contralto voice."

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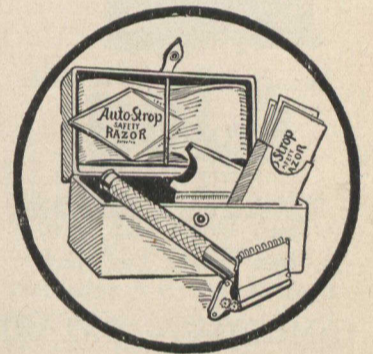
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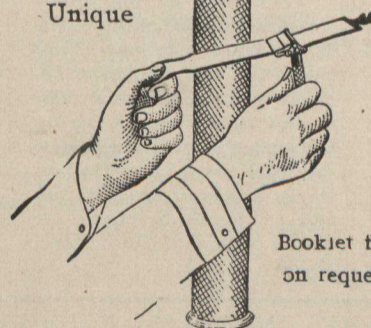
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Life's Chequerboard

(Continued from page 16)

summoned in hot haste by half-a-dozen galloping grooms, to tell him that his friend of a lifetime was dead, and that Strode was awaiting a new owner.

CHAPTER II.

To and fro in the great hall, between the fire gleam and the shadows, Lesley Home was slowly walking up and down. The house, always silent with that silence with which a rich man can so easily surround himself—the silence of thick walls and massive doors, of deep-piled carpets and curtains, and the noiseless comings and goings of velvet-footed domestics—was hushed to-night to a deeper quiet. The stillness was something palpable, something which forced itself upon the attention. To-morrow the Laird of Strode would go forth for the last time. He would be laid with his fathers in the ruined nave of the old cathedral church at Dunkeith, but to-night he still held state in the old house which had once been his, and which in the majesty of Death he still possessed.

Lesley had come from the death-chamber, where she had looked her last look upon the still face. Though the high peace of death had descended upon it, it still bore the marks of the earth and of time in the deep lines which bitter brooding rather than the years had graven upon it. She had sought the chamber of the dead with the honest desire to leave behind her in that unjust presence the lingering sense of injustice, of wrong wantonly done to her maiden pride, which had rankled surely enough at times, ever since her cousin Adrian, as she called him, had departed so abruptly from Strode. For her uncle she could not feel more than the natural sorrow and awe at the sudden rupture of a lifelong tie of daily association, though he had been kind after his cold, indifferent fashion. She had stolen from the quiet room at last with a sob which was one of pity rather than of grief.

"Poor Uncle Richard! I pray God that he has found the happiness he always seemed to miss in life," was her parting thought.

Now, as she paced the hall, the future thrust out the past. It was the new chapter that was just about to open rather than that which was closing which held her thoughts. In this, though she chid herself remorsefully for it, she was but sharing the feelings of all to whom the name of Skene of Strode was one to conjure with. In farm and cothouse, up and down the long valley or scattered among the hills, in the old town of Dunkeith, everywhere the passing sigh of regret for the old master was quickening to the throb of expectation of the new. And who would that new master be, or would it be a mistress rather, who would reign at Strode, was the question which was hotly debated at the dinner-tables of the neighbouring gentry, down through every rank and grade of life to the taproom of the village inn or the wayside smithy, where each discussed it after his or her kind.

Lesley was quite aware of the gossip, and the consciousness of it brought every now and then a hot stain of red to her pale cheeks as she paced steadily up and down. The matter had never been broached to her. She was supposed to know nothing of it, but though the least precocious of girls and infinitely more occupied with her fishing and her gardening, the training of Sheila's puppies, or the rearing of the pheasant chicks, than with such far-away things as love and marriage, she had known by some instinct that she had been offered to her cousin Adrian and had been refused, that he had thrown away a great inheritance since it was burdened by such a condition. Nor had there been lacking hints and chance words which had amply confirmed her instinctive knowledge. Pride had closed her lips on her sense of injustice and her hot anger—anger which at first had burned as fiercely against Adrian as against her uncle. The latter, in the depths of her heart, she had perhaps never wholly forgiven, until an hour ago, when she had softly laid the sheet again over the marble-still face, though on the surface they had, after a time, been good friends enough, especially since he had let her taste the pleasures of responsibility, and given her a chance to develop her practical capacity. But with Adrian her humour and her sense of justice had soon come to her aid.

"Poor fellow; why should I be hurt because he wouldn't marry me?" she had once said, laughingly, to Lady Marchmont. "I was only a schoolgirl—you remember how I clung to my short skirts—or a schoolboy rather. We liked each other immensely, and I missed him dreadfully for many a day, but I should simply have laughed if he had spoken to me of marriage. It would have been like marrying my big brother, and I daresay he regarded me as a good sort of fellow for my age."

Lesley had been perfectly sincere in her protest, but sincerity may have more sides than one, and now, as she listened for the sound of wheels, her thoughts went out more and more to the cousin who had once filled so large a part of her life, and had so suddenly vanished from it, save in memory. In the silence these memories came thronging back thicker and faster. Aye, and softer and tenderer, too. Oh, what good days they had had together! She might jestingly say that Adrian had treated her as a younger brother, but in her heart she knew that it was not so. At times, in the fierce independence of a very young girl, she had girded at his carefulness for her, though, as she had truly said, she had missed it dreadfully when he was gone. Gone—after a strange, abrupt parting which she had long wondered over, but which she now throbbingly recalled. He had found her in the garden, busy planning some rearrangement of the beds, and had caught her hands and merely said, "Good-bye, I must be going." But he had stood gazing into her face, as though he were searching for something there. Then he had dropped her hands with a muttered word she did not catch, and had turned away before, in her surprise, she could ask him where he was going, or how long he would be away. Ah, if she had known then that it would be for years—but now he was coming back!

Suddenly, in a surge of mingled feeling, she caught up a lamp and crossed the hall towards the dim recess, where the portrait of Adrian Skene, the elder, hung. She held up the light to the dark, debonair face, still smiling its easy, careless smile, though the man himself was dust, and stood looking long and steadily at it. She was perhaps trying to reconstruct the image of her Cousin Adrian which had remained with her through the years, or else she was trying to picture the Adrian whom she would soon have to meet.

(To be Continued)



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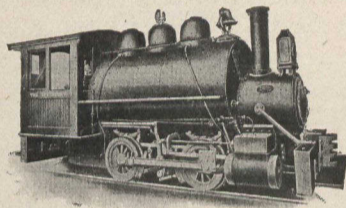
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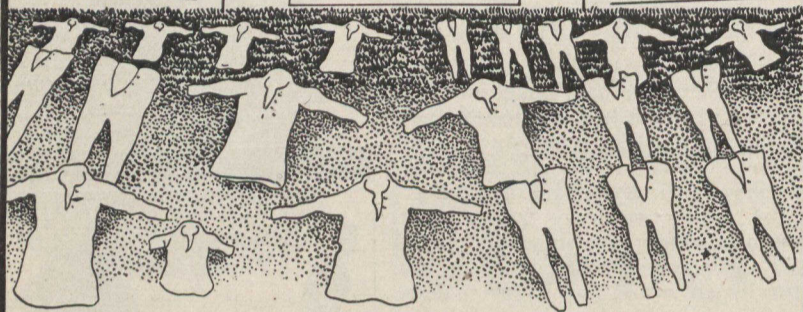
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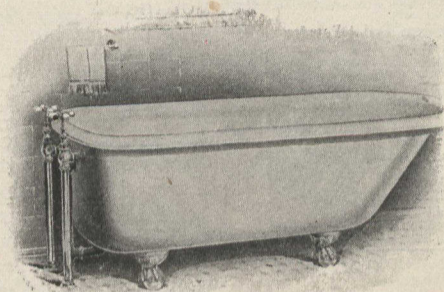
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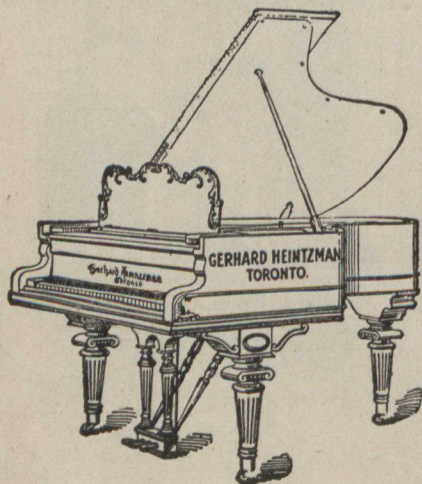
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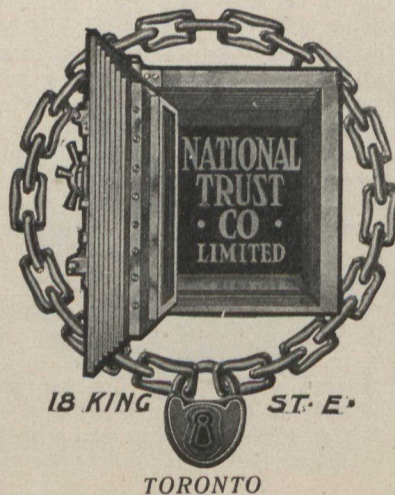
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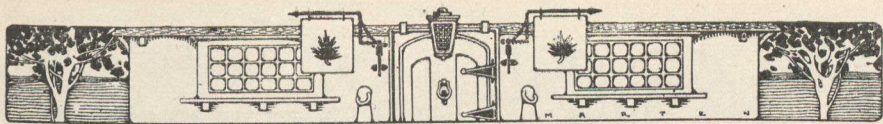
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE



Afternoon Tea.

THE problem of domestic service which is multiplying wrinkles on the housewife's brow and driving whole families to the restaurant or the hotel is an ever-present tribulation. But sometimes one finds a household of the old-fashioned sort, served by a maid who has been years in "the family" and whose loyalty is a good thing to behold. It was my fortune to see such a rare modern instance, not long ago, in a prosperous Ontario town where a servant of the fine old Irish name of "Honor" has been a valued member of the household for more than ten years and is as devoted to the six happy, healthy children as if they were her own kindred. To see her faithful, dignified performance of her duties and the loving regard in which she is held by those half-a-dozen well-bred young Canadians was a refreshing

change from the frequent cry: "Really, I don't know what we're coming to! It's simply impossible to keep a servant." Just where the trouble lies it would be hard to say. But one of the pleasantest pictures I have seen in many a day was respectful and respected "Honor."

* * *

THE silly season regarding Christmas usually sets in about the twenty-first of November, when wisecracks, both male and female, begin to talk of how children should not be taught to believe in Santa Claus. Of all modern freaks and fads, this is surely the dreariest. Santa Claus is one of the adorable memories of childhood and the educators who would fain remove him are Bluebeards to be avoided. They are the Gradgrinds whose vices Dickens portrayed in "Hard Times." Even Canada is not free from these tiresome, unimaginative creatures. One of them recently broke out in Essex, Ontario, and warned teachers against referring to Santa Claus in the course of the day's work. Poor little Essexites! The road to learning is hard enough without being deprived of Santa Claus beguilements at Christmas time. By all means let the kiddies believe in good old Santa Claus and his rosy cheeks. I suppose the Essex educator will drive away the festive reindeer and leave us only the dull and useful donkey instead. And what about the flight down the chimney and the midnight scampering about with presents? Really, it is hard for a grown-up not to believe in Santa Claus when the shop-windows begin to fill with rocking-horses, dolls, gorgeous tin horns and glittering tinsel balls. It is time to read about Marley and Scrooge, about Tiny Tim and all the other blessed Dickens people whose ghosts come back in the white month of December. By the way, if any lonesome creature wishes a Christmas Eve book of delicious flavour, let him absorb Jerome K. Jerome's "Told After Supper," and make friends with the "spooks" in that chronicle of strange visitants. Long live Santa and his northern steeds!

* * *

CANADA has recently enjoyed visits from two actresses to whom the over-used adjective, "charming," may be justly applied. Miss Ethel Barrymore, in "Her Sister," played the part of unselfish devotion which naturally falls to her lot. The critics find in Miss Barrymore's personality a handicap to her creative work. There are certain men who retain an eternal boyhood, who are always looking for new sticks to whittle, new kites to fly, new worlds to conquer. There are a few women who keep to the last the freshness and buoyancy of girlhood's spirit—although it is sadly true that most women make haste to grow old. Ethel Barrymore is one whom the gods love. She will die young even if her years should lengthen out to fourscore. Then we have seen Eleanor Robson again—not so enchanting as when she was "Merely Mary Ann," but a winsome and thrilling "Salomy Jane" as she dared and defied the law to save "the Man." What a voice to echo through days of dreariness has this dainty Eleanor, who was born in Lancashire, brought up in a New York convent, and is now an actress with fame attending her in two continents! "She's a charming comedienne" was a man's comment. "She's a mighty sweet girl," was a Southern girl's rejoinder.

CANADIENNE.

YOUTH AND AGE.

By Ethelwyn Wetherald.

Bent over some heroic book,
In nights gone by, his boyish head
So filled with eager dreams he took
Them with him to his bed.
The splendid strife, the rush of life,
The trump of fame, inspiring, strong,
His heart so stirred he scarcely heard
His mother's slumber song.

But now the glowing book of life
Is falling from his nerveless hand;
Gone are the splendours of the strife
The conquering hopes—a daring band;
No plaudits pierce those aged ears,
No trump of fame, though loud and strong,
He only hears across the years
His mother's slumber song.

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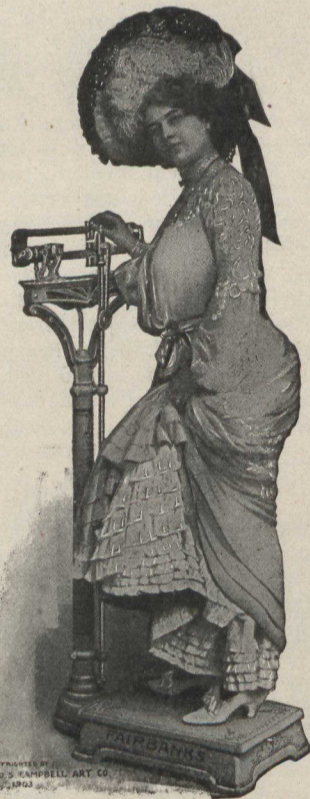
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