

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Drawn by F. Nicolet.

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

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THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHER'S TALK

WE are pleased to tell our readers that every department of the *Courier's* business showed excellent progress during 1908, and that we have begun 1909 with perfect confidence. There are a few pessimists who have prophesied that a publication so extravagant as to use a new coloured cover each week would speedily come to financial grief. To these Jeremiahs we would say that the coloured cover is a permanency. It has justified itself whether regarded from the artistic, the sentimental, or the business view-point.

THE voting competition has closed and the announcement will be made next week, with portraits of the ten leaders. We do not assume that this competition settles the matter finally, but it certainly shows who are "Canada's Ten Big Men," so far as the general public has made up its mind. The general public of to-day and the future historian may disagree tremendously.

WE shall shortly publish a mid-winter sporting number with a design by Mr. Arthur Heming. This is the head of a Half-Breed Trapper, done in colours, and presenting a striking as well as artistic appearance. We shall be glad to receive a few more picture-features for this particular number. Hunting stories and pictures will form a large portion of the programme.



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| Year | Income | Assets | Surplus | Business in Force |
|------|------------|--------------|------------|-------------------|
| 1897 | \$ 819,980 | \$ 3,730,777 | \$ 218,140 | \$ 21,487,181 |
| 1907 | 2,243,570 | 11,656,410 | 1,503,719 | 51,091,848 |

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Sizes for waists shown on this page are: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust.

We do not sample materials of Waists shown on this page.

EMBROIDERY FRONT WHITE LAWN WAIST

T-9103. White Lawn Waist, made with all-over embroidery front, trimmed with small tucks; cuffs of three-quarter length sleeves and attached collar, tucked and edged with lace; buttoned in back, and trimmed with four clusters of tucks. **65c**

Sale Price **65c**
If by mail, postage extra 6c.

T-9109. Waist made of good quality White Lawn; the front is of all-over embroidery trimmed with two clusters of tucks and row of lace insertion down either side; attached collar, shaped, trimmed with lace insertion and edged with lace; shoulder pieces of embroidery, edged with lace; sleeves are three-quarter length with tucked cuffs trimmed with lace insertion and edged with lace; buttoned in back and tucked. This style of waist is very popular. **1.00**

If by mail postage extra 6c.

FINE LAWN WAIST EMBROIDERED FRONT

T-9041. Waist made of good quality White Lawn; has front of all-over embroidery with cluster of small shoulder tucks, also tucked box pleat down centre which conceals buttons; collar tucked and trimmed with lace insertion, edged with lace; back tucked; full length sleeves with buttoned cuffs, tucked, and edged with lace. **75c**

Sale Price **75c**
If by mail postage extra 7c

EMBROIDERED FRONT, DAINTY DESIGN

T-9037. White Lawn Waist; has front of fine all-over embroidery, trimmed with tucking; attached collar, shaped, trimmed with lace insertion, edged with frill of lace; buttoned in back, and tucked; 3/4-length sleeves with tucked cuffs, trimmed with lace insertion, edged with frill of lace. **85c**

Sale Price **85c**
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T-9054. Waist made of fine White Lawn; front of all-over embroidery trimmed with fine tucks, and panel of embroidery down centre; tucked collar, edged with lace; full length sleeves with tucked buttoned cuffs, edged with lace; back tucked; buttoned in front. **85c**

Sale Price **85c**
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2⁹⁵

3⁷⁵

3⁷⁵

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2⁹⁵

SKIRT OF ALL-WOOL PANAMA CLOTH

J-3471. All-Wool Panama Cloth Skirt, made in seventeen gore side pleated style; each pleat is stitched to below the hips and terminates in full flare; has deep fold of self material around the bottom. Colors black, navy or brown. **3.75**

Sale Price **3.75**

Skirts shown on this page can be supplied in sizes: Waist 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29 inches; lengths 38, 39, 40, 41 or 42. Regular stock sizes only supplied.

J-4036. This Lustre Skirt is made in nine gore side pleated style; each pleat is stitched to below the hips, ending in two open pleats and giving generous fullness around the bottom. Colors black, navy or brown. **2.95**

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J-6055. Skirt of Imported Vicuna Cloth, made in the popular nine gore side pleated style; each pleat stitched to below the hips and ending in full flare; has fold of self material extending around skirt and ending at the front gore. Colors black or navy. **2.95**

Sale Price **2.95**

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

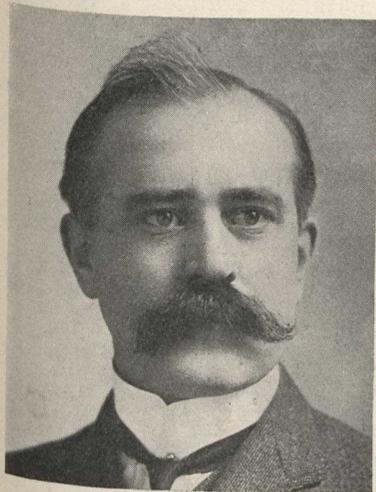
Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. V.

Toronto, January 9th, 1909.

No. 6

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Hon. J. A. Calder,
Minister of Education, Saskatchewan.

HON. James Alexander Calder, B.A., LL.D., Minister of Education for the Province of Saskatchewan, is an educationist by training as well as position. Like the Hon. G. W. Ross, and unlike Mr. Harcourt and Dr. Pyne—the three ministers of education in Ontario in recent times—Mr. Calder was a school inspector. He had been previously principal of Moose Jaw High School. After being inspector from 1894-1900, he became deputy-commissioner of education for the Territories, a position he held for four years. In 1905, he was elected a member of the first Legislature of the new province and was appointed provincial treasurer and minister of education.

At the recent general election, he was defeated, but in a subsequent by-election was more successful. He has been the target for the Opposition because of a school-reader contract which he made with the Morang Co. of Toronto, the Alberta Government being also a contracting party. Mr. Haultain, leader of the Opposition, attacked this contract on the ground that the price was excessive and the books were printed in New York in a non-union shop. The latest rumour is to the effect that a commission or committee of the House will be appointed to investigate and that the Scott Government hope by this means to vindicate Mr. Calder and incidentally put Mr. Haultain in the list of past-masters of the political arts.

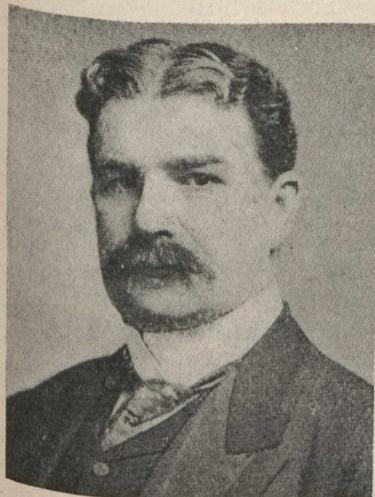
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THE Hon. Charles R. Devlin, Minister of Mines, Colonisation and Fisheries for the Province of Quebec, was taken suddenly ill on Christmas Day but is recovering. He was recently in England arranging for the establishment of an Agent-General in London, who will look after Quebec's interests at the Heart of the Empire. Quebec has never had a representative there, although smaller provinces have. Ontario is preparing to do the same. The practice is thus getting quite common.

Mr. Devlin is Canadian born and his wife is a French-Canadian. He had served two sessions in the Dominion House, when he went to Galway and was elected to the Imperial House in 1903 and 1906. In the latter year he returned and again entered the Dominion Parliament. Nearly a year later he transferred to the Quebec Legislature with his present portfolio. He has a brother in the Dominion House, representing the County of Wright, Mr. Devlin's old constituency. He is a witty speaker and is said to be a clever administrator.

CASTRO is in Europe and Gomez administers the affairs of Venezuela. President Cipriano Castro has been called the "Restorer" of Venezuela. He certainly was a "Dictator." Perhaps he was also the "Exploiter." History alone will tell all the tale. In any case, he seems to have abandoned his beloved country for a permanent holiday. General Juan Vincenti Gomez is the acting president and may possibly succeed to the full title.

MAYOR OLIVER — colloquially known as "Joe" Oliver — is again Mayor of Toronto.



Hon. C. R. Devlin,
Minister of Mines, Quebec.

Mr. Oliver polled more votes than all the other candidates combined, with the largest majority accorded to any Canadian mayor in many years. He is one of the least pretentious chief magistrates Toronto ever had. In bulk he is considerable. He belongs to the heavy-weights. He is a convivial temperance man; one of the fat men who get along well with the public and do not fight with colleagues. Rows at the Board of Control have been rare during the past year. Mr. Oliver, however, has sometimes spoken his mind with the decision of a rat-trap. His grammar is not always unimpeachable. Some of his *lapses linguæ* are almost classic now. For he was not brought up on rhetoric, but on pine deals. A good lumberman, may sometimes be a lumbering speaker. At the same time Mr. Oliver knows how to construct sentences, logically and in order of magnitude as well as any one. He makes his meaning clear. Also he works between speeches. He has never fussed over a silk hat like his predecessor. But behind that mellifluous eye there reposes a sleeping dog of vigorous practical intellect. A year ago Mr. Oliver was unknown to the public. He now stands the same chance of immortality as Emerson Coatsworth and Thomas Urquhart. One of his most recent aphorisms indicates that he takes his job with some meed of importance. Delivering a civic address of welcome to a visiting body of Britishers he said—from manuscript—"Toronto, the premier city in the banner province of the greatest colony in the most stupendous Empire the world has ever seen." The logic of that phraseology should make Mayor Oliver Premier of Canada.

* * *

MR. JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON has given another \$10,000 to the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto. Mr. Robertson has genuine sympathy with the suffering children, the tiny ones who suffer through no fault of their own or through accident. He also believes and practises that a man who does one piece of public work and does it well is doing pretty nearly enough. Of course, his interest in Freemasonry, his historical investigations, and his interest in the Canadian Associated Press are more or less parts of a busy life such as distinguish prominent citizens from those who pursue less active careers.

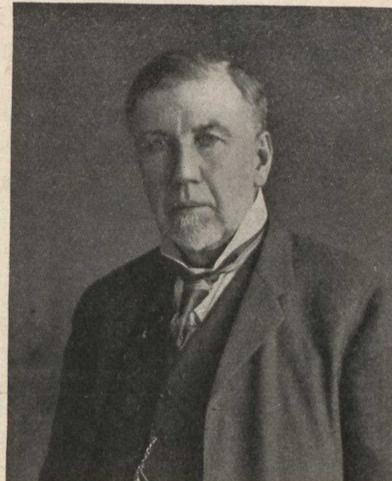
Mr. Robertson is not content to preach charity, although he is very good at that, but he practises it as well. There are those who say that there is not much charity in the editorials in the *Telegram* but after all why should the journalist be charitable? Is it not his business to be a fault-finder and a critic, so as to keep vote-seeking aldermen and politicians, as well as public-utility corporations, up to the mark? At least, this seems to be Mr. Robertson's point of view.

* * *

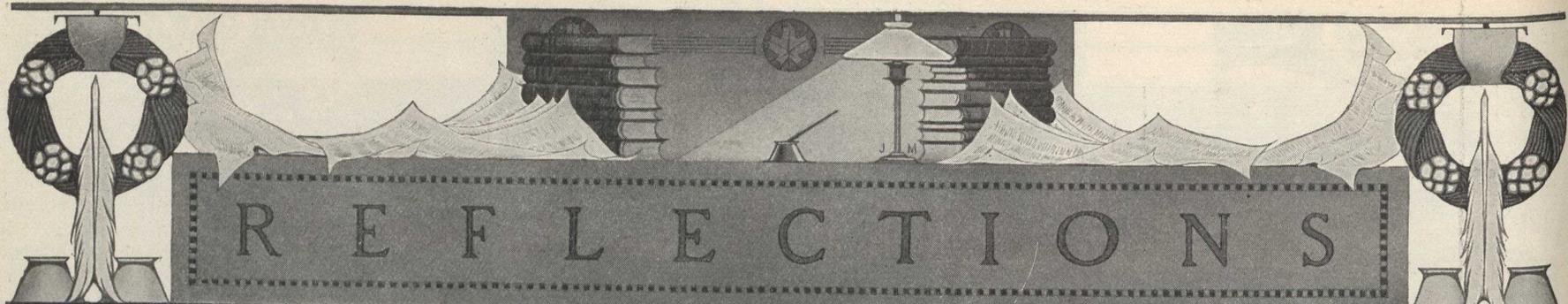
THE Indian Congress at Madras has approved Lord Morley's scheme of reform in the government of India. Dr. Choz, President of the Congress, declared that the measure of self-government advocated by the Indian Secretary had done much to dispel the cloud that had hung over India for the past year and that the upshot of the reform would be to give India a measure of constitutional government. Lord Morley is not unknown in Canada. The last time he was here he visited at the home of Mr. Goldwin Smith who recently intimated that there was no danger of an uprising in India within the next five years.



Gen. Juan Vincenti Gomez,
Venezuela's acting President.



Mr. John Ross Robertson,
Proprietor of "Evening Telegram," Toronto



REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

CANADA AND ITALY

CANADA has many Italian citizens, and owes much to the country which gave them to her, but aside from this there is great reason for an exhibition of national sympathy. The disaster which has come upon that sunny land is of the most unfortunate character and of stupendous proportions. The way in which the world has been hastening to her assistance and relief is the greatest evidence of the growing international good-will. Canada cannot be backward at such a time, and it is pleasant to record that the Federal Cabinet did not hesitate in formally expressing the national sympathy and in their dispatch of \$100,000 for relief purposes. They recognised that the whole Canadian people would approve of prompt and generous assistance for a sister nation in distress.

Several Canadian cities have also moved promptly in the matter and this too is to be commended. If a similar misfortune overtook a group of Canadian cities and towns, it would be a great consolation to us to have Italian cities extend their sympathy and assistance. For the same reason, the Italians will appreciate the civic hand-grasp which we stretch across the Atlantic and the Mediterranean.

DOUBLE SHUFFLE IN POPULATION

IT has been recently said that the Canadian population of the New England States would make a city almost twice the size of Montreal. The Maritime Provinces are facing the serious problem of a western migration. Ontario has a similar story to tell. The trend of population in Canada is irresistibly westward. Instances of men selling western farms to move eastward are as rare as snowballs in July. The national slump in eastern and middle population must be made up by importations from abroad. Mr. Hirst, editor of the London *Economist*, enunciates a novel doctrine of immigration to Canada, quite regardless of all Emerson Hough has said in his serial called "The Sowing." Mr. Hirst is convinced that prairie life is too lonely for the Englishman or the Scotchman. Isolated in the best wheat lands, he fears that his sentimental countrymen will go insane. He advocates that the less accessible parts of Canada should be occupied by those who are used to Canadian life; that the Ontarians should migrate westward and leave their farms to the British immigrant. This is not a solution which will appeal to the Ontario farmer. Mr. Hirst does not comprehend Ontario. He does not understand that land which has been hewed and homesteaded out of the woods during a hundred years of pioneering has a sentimental hold on people which is quite as respectable as the Britisher's dread of an outpost. Neither would it be good economy for the Ontario farmer to migrate westward—beyond the national overflow of population. Ontario farms are too valuable to leave for cheap land in the West. Not far from twenty per cent. of the entire wheat crop of Canada in 1908 was produced in Ontario; and this crop was but a circumstance compared to the enormous total value of grain, cereals, live stock and dairy produce. A few years of the Englishman in Ontario would soon change the figures.

The internal westward movement of population will be less marked as time goes on. The great movements will still be trans-oceanic and northward across the border. The young men of Ontario and the Maritime Provinces who are ambitious and who are not attached to land will continue to move westward, but it is the fate of the Britisher to jostle the American Farmer in the Canadian West.

NATIONAL SELF-PRESERVATION

SELF-PRESERVATION, speaking nationally, is of two kinds. There is the self-preservation which is represented in navies and standing armies and citizen soldiers, and there is the self-preservation which comes from the safe-guarding of the material and moral wel-

fare of the people. In considering their national welfare, President Roosevelt has given the continent a new topic for discussion by his invitation to Canada and Mexico to attend an American conference on the preservation of national resources.

Such an invitation should come as a shock to all those after-dinner orators who, in both the United States and Canada, have been accustomed to speak of our "unlimited natural resources." We have been taught by these post-prandial purveyors of buncombe, honey and "shaft sawder," that there were enough forests, minerals, water-powers and other natural products on this rich continent to support mankind for a thousand years to come. Yet here is the greatest man on this portion of the globe calling a conference to consider waste, and destruction, and possible depletion. It is indeed strange.

Fortunately as we look deeper into the invitation and the situation, we find that a constructive policy is also aimed at. Mr. Gifford Pinchot, who bore the message to Ottawa, remained long enough to address the Canadian Club in the presence of Lord Grey, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and Mr. R. L. Borden. He pointed out that the words were "conservation," "preservation," "irrigation" and "development." This makes one think that perhaps after all the situation is not so bad. There is still a little left to conserve, to preserve, to irrigate and to develop. The forests, mineral deposits and oil fields are to be conserved. In regard to coal the situation is already serious. In minerals, the preventable waste is greater than the total annual revenue of the Dominion, Mr. Pinchot ventures. The forests are to be preserved from destruction by fire and by wasteful lumbermen. The waste lands are to be irrigated as has been done in California and in Southern Alberta. The water-powers and inland waterways are to be developed.

It is a wonderful programme, undertaken not for the present generations but for posterity. Those nations are most truly great which are most concerned about posterity.

THE CANADIAN SNOW

THERE has been considerable opposition to the Montreal Ice Carnival on the part of patriotic citizens who fear that the public in Great Britain and elsewhere may gain wrong impressions. An attempt has been made to show that the immigration experts disapprove of it. The result of the argument has been to make people somewhat lukewarm in their support of the undertaking.

Just here there is one piece of evidence which the immigration authorities, the Montreal Board of Trade, and the railway officials will find it hard to answer. There is published in London, a weekly known as "Canada." It was founded with the assistance of guarantees made by leading banking institutions, railways and the department of immigration on this side of the ocean. It was practically bonused to help make the Dominion better known in Great Britain. This paper is semi-official in character and presumably would know what will interest the British investor and the British immigrant. It should also know what will and what will not discourage immigration. Yet in its issue for December 26th it has many pictures of the Canadian winter. Its frontispiece is "A Trapper's Christmas"—log hut, snowshoes and plenty of snow. A double page in the centre of the issue is covered with reproductions of eight photographs, every one having as its background snow and ice. Tobogganning, sleighing, curling, ski-ing, snowshoeing, hockey and ice-boating form the subjects of the illustrations. Scattered through the issue are other pictures of a similar character.

Now if this semi-official government and railway organ is allowed to make a feature of these winter sports and scenes, why should the City of Montreal be barred from having its ice carnival? The pictures are certainly intended for British consumption, because only a few copies of this paper find their way to this country. All the reading matter in the paper is prepared for British readers, and

the news it contains has lost its value long before the paper arrives here. Under these circumstances, and with this evidence, the protest of those most vitally interested in immigration must fall to the ground.

IF CANADA WENT TO WAR

IF Canada went to war, the man-in-the-street would fear the deadly hail of bullets and shells. The woman-in-the-house would have the same fear. Yet the least danger which the soldier has to face in warfare is the danger caused by the enemy's shot and shell. The military records of several centuries show that of the men who die in active service, only 20 per cent. are killed in battle or die from wounds. The remaining 80 per cent. die from disease. It is sickness and disease which kill, not bullets.

In the Russo-Turkish war 20,000 men died from bullet wounds, while 80,000 died from disease. In the Crimean war, the percentage of those who died from disease was very large. Only 2,000 of the Allied Forces were killed in battle, while 50,000 succumbed to disease. In the United States war with Mexico, the proportion was three to one; in the United States civil war, the proportion was about the same. In the French expedition sent to Madagascar 29 were killed in action and 7,000 died of various diseases. In the Boer War the percentage killed in action was small. In the United States war in Cuba the number who died of disease was fourteen times the number killed. All the evidence shows that disease is a greater enemy to the soldier than the foe which he fights with bullets.

There is but one exception on record and that is the recent conflict between Japan and Russia. The Japanese were continually moving over ground rendered dangerous by Russian occupation, but their system of military hygiene and sanitation was so complete and so highly specialised that only 36 men out of every 100 were ever in sick quarters during the year and a half which the war occupied. They employed an army of men to look after the sick and wounded of the fighting army. This subsidiary corps was officered by the best-trained medical men who ever followed an army. Their hospital equipment was the most perfect that the world has ever seen. The consequence was that only one man died of disease for every four killed in action. The diet had much to do with this great accomplishment; it was based on most exhaustive researches, calculations and experiments. No soldier was allowed to drink water which was unboiled. No wounded man was left more than a few minutes before receiving the skilful care of surgeon and nurse. The details of their arrangements are admirably told by Louis L. Seaman, a United States military surgeon who was present during most of the campaign. His volume is entitled "The Real Triumph of Japan."

The lesson for Canada is that in our military system, the greatest possible attention should be paid to the medical branch of the service. Sir Frederick Borden and those associated with him have done something along this line, but much remains to be done. The medical service requires further development, and medical officers should be vested with greater authority. An army which can retain its health and strength will defeat an army double its size which is enervated by bad food, irregular meals, contaminated water, and lack of proper sanitary arrangements.

A MODERN BATTLE

ALL over the province of Ontario, they are saying things about the recent vote on License Reduction in the City of Toronto. After all, such conversation is natural. What London is to the world, what New York is to the United States, Toronto is to Ontario. Every municipal and political move in the biggest city of the province is watched with the keenest interest. The Toronto daily paper is the medium. It carries the names and speeches and ambitions of the pettiest city politicians into every home—and distance lends enchantment to the view. When therefore the campaign to reduce the number of hotels from 150 to 110 came on, the names of Oliver and Spence and Hales and Bosworth and Geary and Haverson and other leaders, real or supposed, were printed many times. They became familiar to the eyes of the provincial reader. The general interest in the campaign grew keen and intense.

It was a modern battle. The two armies of seventeen thousand men and women each were drawn up in battle array under their different captains, their colonels and their generals. The preliminary skirmishes had taken place when the judge revised the voters' lists, and when the meetings for and against the By-law were held. The real battle occurred on January 1st, for Toronto is a busy town and it cannot afford an extra holiday for its municipal battle-day. The opposing armies rose early. The deadly two-horse cab and the deadlier automobile were pressed into service and the battle of the ballots was on. The procession of "The Boy or the Barrel—Which?" a day or two before had been but an exhibition of strength by the

Reduction army. The "Antis" had carefully concealed the strength of their army—they believed in silent and thoughtful preparation rather than praying, and shouting and parading.

And what was the real issue? In a vague way, the Reduction army felt that it was fighting for temperance, for the abolition of the bar, and the treating system. Just why they hated the treating system is difficult to tell. Nearly every temperance voter practises it—treating his friends to dinners, drives, card-parties, refreshments of a mild type and to a free distribution of his views on moral reform generally. As to the "Bar", there is little doubt that it has grown unpopular—especially with those who belong to the clubs and have learned how dignified it is to have their liquid refreshments served at a table. Up in Rosedale, and along the Top of the Hill where these new-made aristocrats live, the vote against the Bar was furiously heavy. In Ward Six, the Parkdale division, where there is but one bar-room, the majority in favor of reduction was greater than the majority over the whole city. In a district which had less grievance against the bar than any other, they fought tigerishly for its blood. In other words Ward Six decided the day. It was there that the Antis' army was outflanked, crushed, and beaten.

And what will be the result? About forty hotels will lose their licenses, but they would have lost them long ago if the License Board had lived up to its pretensions. They are only make-believe hotels. They are really saloons—and Toronto long ago decided against the saloon. Forty men who have been advised to improve their premises by these same license commissioners must now lose the money which they have invested. Forty men who were told to bluff at hotel-keeping, are now informed that the bluff will not be accepted. Forty men, with sore hearts, depleted pocket-books and wonder-eyed families are driven to other occupations or to engage in illicit traffic. One hundred and ten men are left to garner in whatever of the increased trade which can be gathered up from the debris of the forty destroyed businesses. That is to be the result—if the City Council pushes the victory to its logical conclusion, and the Courts do not interfere.

Was it worth while? Apparently, the Temperance people throughout the province think it was. They base on it an argument that the Bar must go and that provincial prohibition is in sight. They say that the effect on the subsequent municipal battles throughout the province was exhilarating and that it will mean much in the future out-post fighting. They boast that the Temperance fire which has made the Southern States "dry," which has burned its way through the Maritime Provinces and Manitoba, has at last reached Ontario. They expect it to be all-consuming. They will not cease their efforts until they have cut off every license, every club privilege and even the package sale. They may go too fast as they did in the middle seventies, and a reaction may set in. That apparently is the only danger which besets the victorious army.

Undoubtedly over-indulgence in strong drink is unpopular. Whether this is due to economic or moral forces, or to both working in union, is a question which is open to discussion. The young man who makes a habit of occasionally getting on a "spree" finds difficulty in obtaining advancement in his calling or profession. The drunkard, once a respectable member of the business community, is now found only in the lower strata. Further, it is becoming fashionable to boast of being a teetotaler. The Methodists, Presbyterians and other "non-conformist" bodies have forced the Anglican Church to join them. They are preparing to make liquor-drinking, even in moderation, a mortal sin. Before they attain that success they must come in conflict with the man who desires to have liquor on his table and at his club. He is a small but formidable minority.

One peculiar feature of the campaign is the utter disregard of the temperance advocate for "vested interests" and "compensation." One clergyman, since the vote was over, remarked that compensation was a subtle proposition which must be tabooed, that "there will be no vested rights in this business," and that "it's enough if we forgive them and tell them to go and sin no more." Men of this class cry down compensation by declaring that all licences are annual, forgetting that the licencees are not annual, but have spent their lives in the business. However, a province which uses public credit to fight private enterprise as in the case of the Hydro-Electric Commission, is not likely to hesitate at wiping out the capital of a few hundreds of hotel-keepers. In this respect, we are more American than British. Strangely enough, during the recent fight in Toronto, the license-holders themselves have not stuck out for compensation. It may be that they felt that such an appeal to such a public would have been useless. They perhaps felt that the sins of the general traffic were about to be visited upon them and that little was to be gained by crying for mercy.

Now that the battle in Toronto and in the Province generally is over, it might be wise for the leaders on both sides to sit down and discuss future campaigns. If the Temperance people should refuse to attend such a conference, the public would be seriously affected by their intolerance. If the Brewers and Licensed Victuallers should refuse such a conference, then the Temperance people would occupy a better strategical position with those inclined to take a moderate view. If both sides refuse, then it will probably be necessary for the Legislature to step in, abolish local option and annual licenses and substitute some system which will prevent further investment in licensed property, will safeguard or transfer that which is now invested, and which will place all questions in connection with liquor-selling under provincial rather than local control. This would mean a mild but effective form of Provincial Prohibition. —C.



I DO not know what effect it has had upon you; but this frightful disaster in Sicily and Southern Italy has turned my eyes with a new sympathy upon the uncouthly clad, often dark-browed, olive-skinned strangers whom we see constantly upon our streets—frequently at work and at the hardest tasks—and whom we lump together carelessly as “Italian labourers.” In our scheme of things, living in our comfortable homes and working in our well-heated and neatly furnished offices, these poor devils seem to be human machines fortunately provided to do the roughest work in the national foundation digging we are at just now in this new country; and to do it for pay which no Canadian would touch. They are the point of the human plough we are driving into our stone-strewn soil. They get scarred and broken and ground to powder; but the ploughing goes on. We know that they are human, for we hold them accountable when they commit crimes, and we pay “workers” to “labour” amongst them, and we have discovered that whiskey intoxicates them and that love and jealousy stir their hearts.

But during these days of awful suspense, we must surely have come to appreciate them better. Many of them are from the very districts upon which death descended with so pitiless and far-circling a scythe. They are Sicilians and Calabrians; and they have left at home a mother, a father, sisters, brothers; possibly some bright-eyed vine-dresser with whom they hoped to establish in a little home with their earnings in the far-away and magically rich “America.” Have they escaped? Are they dead? Are they starving or wounded or driven mad? As I write, none of these questions can be answered for these poor “Italian labourers” who only learn from the papers the vague but terrible news that their village has been devastated and that many of the inhabitants are supposed to have perished. We have been working the cables to learn, if possible, if any single Canadian or American tourist went down in the awful catastrophe; but poverty cuts the wire relentlessly between these distant adventurers and their families, and they may never know the whole truth until they have piled up their little “fortunes,” and made their way back to the land they love—and love rightly, for it is one of the loveliest lands under the sun.

* * *

LET us imagine a case:—Along the Marina at Messina walked a year ago young Pietro Ricco. He was poor, very poor; for his family had lost their vineyard on the southern hill-slope not far from the city, and he had no money to buy a fishing boat. Little work came to him; and yet he loved—but this is getting sentimental. He had, too, a mother and several brothers and sisters who must be fed. So he dreamed the dream of that wonderful land over the seas where men may get rich, rich; and he decided to make the venture if he could arrange for the living of his people while he was away. He did not want to go; you may be sure of that. The soft Southern Land of his birth coaxed him to stay; and he dreaded the cold, far-away country where snow lay on the ground half the year and the oranges never ripened. But he is brave—is Pietro; and he journeys up to Naples and takes his passage. The discomforts of the steerage did not trouble him much, for he is used to roughing it; but the discourtesy, the uncomprehending and supercilious tyranny of the officials—that amazed and enraged and then stupefied him. He had never seen it at home.

* * *

IN Canada, he is treated like a part of a consignment of something. The medical examination he expects; but hardly the callous herding into gangs where he works harder than he ever dreamed work could be, under a “boss” more brutal than he ever imagined, for pay which he never feels sure of until he has it in his hands. At times, nature revolts; and this son of the careless and passionate South must taste a little of life. He cannot get wine, so he takes whiskey or whatever passes under that name; and it makes him wild, when he does things that he can only dimly remember afterward. In the cities, traps are laid for him—bad whiskey, bad women, fire to the tow of his Sicilian spirit. He loses thus some of his precious store of money. But always he dreams of the olive groves, the scent of

the oranges and the grapes, the gay life on the piazzas, his old mother munching her crust and waiting, perhaps another with dark eyes under midnight hair—

* * *

THEN comes the news of the earthquake. Messina is ruined. Reggio is gone, everybody dead under the wreck; no, some are still living but hurt, hungry, cold and in danger. Where are they?—those for whom he made this venture into a new world. Are they dead? Or are they almost worse? He cannot know. He cannot hope to know. Only as others read to him out of the English papers in this cold, strange country can he know anything. These strangers are greatly excited to learn if, perchance, some stray tourist of their acquaintance has been in Sicily when the blow came; and they are cabling here and there at fabulous expense to ascertain. He flames with anger. It is his country—not theirs—and he knows that his best loved ones are there; and yet he must wait. He cannot cable, he cannot go; when will he know? They are not learned, his loved ones; they cannot write. And now the old public letter-writers who might have sent him a line are probably dead. So he must wait. And he must earn more money—much more money—before he can go back and find out for himself. Yes; he will take the stranger’s job of digging in the frost-bound winter streets. And there he toils and sweats and chills with his heavy pick, digging down through the flinty ground in the icy air under a corporation “boss,” as you rush past him to-morrow in your heated car on your way to a heated office. He is only a “poor Dago;” but in his nostrils comes at times the scent of orange blossoms and in his heart is a great dread.

N'IMPORTE

A BUSHEL OF DYNAMITE.

ONE of the steam shovels engaged in work on the Panama Canal, in the operation of which more than 300 employees were engaged, recently lifted out a quantity of dynamite which is described in an official report as being “more than a bushel.” What would have happened if the shovel had struck the dynamite instead of the earth around it is easy to imagine. The explosive was in sticks three-quarters of an inch in diameter and five inches long, and the cartridges bore the trade-mark of a French manufacturer of dynamite and a date which appeared to be November 29, 1887. Unquestionably the dynamite was put in by the French and either failed to explode or was abandoned when the work ceased on that part of the French waterway. The dynamite appeared to be in perfect condition.

The British Liberals are trying to lash the British Public into a rage over the obstinacy of the House of Lords in refusing to pass the Licensing Bill, a temperance measure. Punch thus depicts John Bull’s rage.



BOILING OVER WITH APATHY

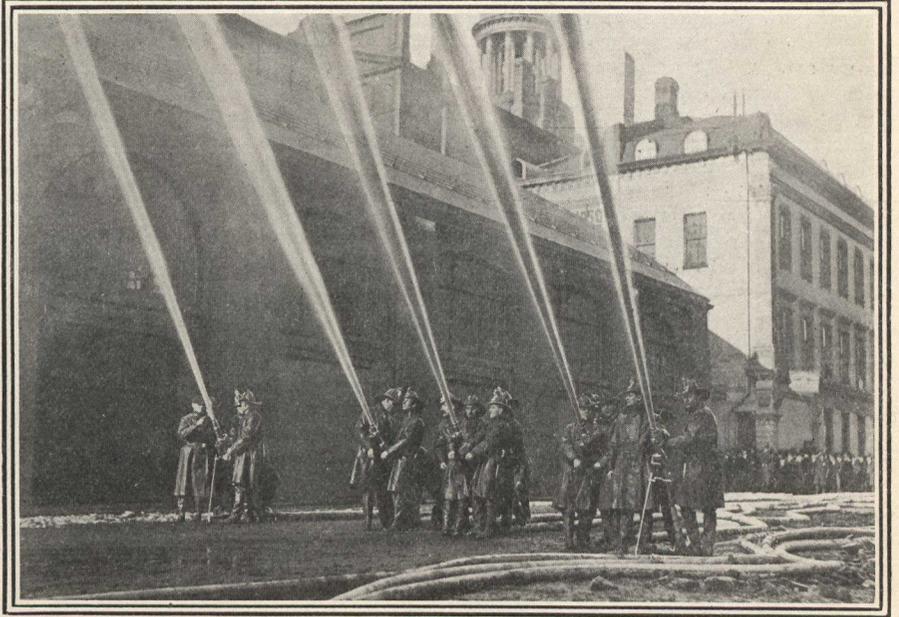
Prime Minister. “Insult me six times more, and I won’t be answerable for myself. And heaven knows what would happen if I appealed to my friend here, who already has great difficulty in controlling his indignation.”

TORONTO'S NEW HIGH PRESSURE SYSTEM

Opening of a new fire-protection water-system which has been in course of construction for two years and which will more than quadruple the water pressure when a fire occurs.



Watching the cyclometer. The indicated pressure before the test was 300 lbs.; when six streams were turned on it fell to 225.



Testing the pressure. Streams 150 feet high have been thrown, thus making it the finest system in Canada.

A Scot and His Game

A TEAM of Canadian curlers are now on the Atlantic bound for bonnie Scotland, the home of the roarin' game. And if the Scot who has stayed at home cannot play the game as well as his sons who have settled in Canada, what he lacks in skill is made up by love of the sport. Curling is something to the Canuck; it is of the Scot. It is ingrained into his nature deeper than his religion or his financial interests. It has been known to make a Scotchman break the Sabbath and a dollar bill.

Perhaps it is the scarcity and uncertainty of curling in Scotland that makes the native Scot love it so. The newsboy who gets a mouthful of turkey once a year is fonder of turkey than the millionaire who has it on his daily bill of fare. So with the Scot and curling. He gets it by fits and starts and a little bit at a time. He watches the weather anxiously as the first film of ice forms on the lochs and burns, tests it repeatedly till the glad cry "Ice bears" brings the laird

from the castle and the labourer from the cabin to become one cheerful noisy curling family.

With the Canadian it is entirely different. With his pebbled ice in covered rinks lighted by electricity and a climate specially built for the game, he takes his curling with almost the same regularity he does his meals, and comes to look upon it as almost part of the day's work. And again the old relationship between familiarity and contempt is more or less noticeable.

However, the native Scot is experimenting with a new toy. A new rink at Glasgow has been fitted with an artificial ice plant and curling on artificial ice will be tried. In fact it is intended to play most of the Canada vs. Scotland games on this ice, though what kind of a surface it will provide is for the future to decide.

But be that as it may the Canadian curlers—there were thirty-five of them chosen from all over Canada from Dawson to Halifax—will have a glorious time in the old land, and the trip should prove one more of those sporting ties that bind the colonies and the mother country more closely together.

A JUVENILE TEMPERANCE PARADE IN TORONTO



The "Reductionists" of Toronto got up a parade of children to influence the voters in the fight to reduce the number of licenses from 150 to 110. Several hundred vans and automobiles carried the crowd. The most ubiquitous sign was "The Barrel or the Boy—Which?" The by-law was carried by a small majority, the figures being 19,338 in favor of reduction and 18,492 against.

THE POSSIBILITY OF PENNY CABLES

MR. HENNIKER HEATON, Australian millionaire, member of the British House of Commons, and author and advocate of penny postage, has turned his attention to penny cables. At present it costs 25 cents a word to cable from Great Britain to Canada or vice versa, and 75 cents a word to cable from Great Britain to Australia. Before the Canada-Australian cable was built the charge to Australia was 9s. 6d. The building of this all-British cable, for which Sir Sandford Fleming is mainly responsible, has effected a saving to consumers of one million dollars a year. Mr. Heaton believes that many millions can be saved by government cables across the Atlantic and government land lines and cables to India and other distant British points. Further, by introducing a nominal rate, the cable business would grow as the postal business has grown. His aim is a penny a word for telegrams and cables wherever sent, irrespective of distance.

Just think for a moment what four cents a word instead of twenty-five would mean to Canadians. The business man who sells in Great Britain or buys there could be in daily communication with his correspondents in that country. Every Britisher living in Canada could afford one telegram a week to his friends at home. Distance would be practically annihilated. Business would be stimulated. It would cost no more to wire to Liverpool, Edinburgh or London than it now costs to wire from Toronto or Montreal to New York. Business with Great Britain would increase enormously. Canadian exporters would be almost as close to the British market as French, Dutch, German or Russian exporters. Instead of waiting two and a half to three weeks for a reply to a letter, a business man could send a penny cable and have a reply in three hours. It would be truly wonderful and highly advantageous.

Mr. Heaton claims, though this is disputed, that the carrying capacity of the cables between Europe and America is now 300,000,000 words a year, whereas only 20,000,000 are sent. The cables are idle eleven-twelfths of the time. Keep them busy and the present revenue would be maintained at a penny a word. Five million dollars a year is paid for the use of the Atlantic cables which are idle eleven-twelfths of the time. Instead of paying five millions for the present cables, Mr. Heaton would have the public pay less than half a million and force the companies to make up the deficit by getting increased business and keeping the cables busy. Perhaps his figures are unreliable or too optimistic, but they are his, and the public have always found him fairly trustworthy.

In Australia a message can be sent 3,800 miles through wastes and wilderness by land telegraph for a penny a word. In Russia, a message can be sent from St. Petersburg to Vladivostock, a distance of more than 6,000 miles by land, at less than eight cents a word.

In discussing this question before the Royal Colonial Institute in November last, the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster-General, then on a visit to London, said in part:

"But our veteran champion of postal improvements is evidently not satisfied with cheap postage alone. According to his definition, the post office is the machinery of thought, but electricity is thought itself displayed in action—the living fire that makes the massive wheels to turn. At this period of the world's history, in face of the refined and perfected strategy employed to appropriate trade, the nation which makes the best use of electric agencies, according to its special needs and circumstances, will be supreme. In his masterly effort of this evening, he has nailed new colours to his mast, with the very suggestive and captivating motto: 'Penny-a-word Telegrams throughout the Empire.' With him, I believe that cheap cabling is the key to all the really momentous problems that

confront statesmen and merchants. It annihilates distance, abolishes delay, bridges the ocean, laughs at the storm, creates trade, nourishes individual and racial sympathies, multiplies strength. Speaking for myself, and for myself alone, I look upon the penny-a-word cable as an ideal, as a blessing, which some day, sooner or later, should be attained and secured. Mr. Henniker Heaton's scheme embraces the whole world. As a Canadian, I am personally and chiefly concerned with what I think Canada might do for herself and the Empire of which she forms so important a part. Canada's interest is defined by her geographical position. Lying as she does in the Western Hemisphere, the link joining Great Britain and Australia, Canada might not possibly do more than to make the most of her position to reduce to its minimum the distance between those parts of the Empire. The All-Red Route will be

HENNIKER HEATON'S CLAIMS.

1. Cable rates are too high and prohibitory.
2. Commerce is hampered and hindered by present monopolies.
3. Cheaper cables would mean federation and international peace.

HENNIKER HEATON'S HOPES.

1. I want to secure for my countrymen cheap and perfect communication by telegraph with all parts of the world.
2. The electric telegraph has annihilated time and space, and enabled us to crowd the previous operations of a year into the space of a few hours.
3. The cables of the world are now in the hands of monopolists or cable rings. It is advisable at all costs to put an immediate end to all cable monopolists. We ask that they be bought out at the market price of the day by the Governments of the civilised world.
4. The people of England now pay four to five millions sterling annually for cable communication, yet the charges are so high that only one in a hundred messages is a social or family message. The cables, I repeat, are now for the millionaires and not for the millions. The present high cable telegraph rates are prohibitory to the masses of the people.
5. The British and Colonial Governments now pay nearly a quarter of a million sterling every year for official cable messages. This sum would go far towards the interest in purchasing the cables from the companies.
6. We pay only £700,000 a year for foreign and imperial packet services. Our cables would in Government hands cost us one million in place of four millions sterling annually.
7. The first step is to call a Conference of the Postmasters-General of the world for the establishment of a penny-a-word telegraph rate throughout Europe.
8. The next step is to hold a Conference with the postal authorities of America. The present high rate of one shilling per word yields £1,000,000 per annum. The carrying capacity of the cables to America is twelve times greater than the present work. The majority of the cables between Europe and America are unscrupulously kept idle by the cable monopolists.
9. That the civilised Governments of the world shall abolish political frontiers for telegraph purposes. To show what can be done it is pointed out that in Australia a message is sent 3,000 miles at a penny a word across the territories of six Governments and States.
10. That a land telegraph line can be constructed throughout Europe and Asia at a cost of from £25 to £30 a mile, whereas a cable costs from £200 to £300 a mile. That a land line can carry ninety words a minute and a cable only about thirty words a minute.
11. That Europe, Asia and Africa (and even with short sea gaps Australia can be linked up) be connected by international land lines by arrangements with the various Governments.

one instalment in the right direction. Would not an All-Red Cable be another? Let me point out that, confining herself within the limits of the British Empire, Canada has had a principal share in the great movement which resulted in the Pacific Cable. This cable, owned by the Governments of Great Britain, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, is operated under the direction of a Board made up of representatives of those Governments. The mere announcement of this new cable caused at once a drop in the rates of the Eastern cables from 9s. 4d. to 4s. 9d. per word, and when the cable was laid there was a further drop to 3s., thus practically saving to the consumers by this last reduction one million dollars a year. Without dwelling at any length on what could be done on the Atlantic side between Canada and Great Britain, I venture to say that still more hopeful results could be achieved. If all postal experience is not belied, there will be, there must be, a large increase in the cable business within a short time. Those who now use the cables will use them more freely. Every reduction in rates would open the door to a class of traders who cannot now afford to use cables, as the cost of cabling

is practically prohibitive. Whilst a penny-a-word cable may be a distant though desirable ideal to reach, yet, in letting down barriers by degrees, would we not be admitting the masses to advantages which heretofore have been the monopoly of the wealthier classes? The cable companies have had a chance for fifty years of showing what could be done with a great public utility which, in my judgment, ought to be at the service of the largest number of the people. The best they have been able to do is 1s. per word—1s. a word for the settler of the Canadian West, for the small trader, for the toiler, for the middle-classes generally, is unquestionably a prohibitive rate. Mr. Henniker Heaton, who has already done so much for the cause of Imperial penny postage, and who has devoted his life in advocating cheap communications, is convinced that a penny-a-word cablegram is practicable. Politically,

commercially, every one admits that it would be a step in the right direction. The advantages to be won are too obvious to need further comment. I am well aware that objections are raised from a scientific and financial point of view, but many in the audience will remember the stern and relentless opposition made against penny postage, not only in Great Britain, but in various countries. In conclusion, let me express the hope that such a grand idea as Mr. Henniker Heaton has enunciated this evening will be pressed on, and that an unbiased inquiry will be made into its feasibility and prospects of success. The first English sentence I learnt at school was the following one: "Where there is a will there is a way."

Canadian Hymn Writers

REV. A. WYLIE MAHON, St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, N.B., has done his country a national service in his brochure "Canadian Hymns and Hymn Writers." That he has found much that is worthy of discriminating praise is a real tribute to the talent of a young land. Tennyson has said that a good hymn is the most difficult thing in the world to write, because it has to possess simplicity, yet be poetical. Offer any expression out of the common and it ceases to be a hymn. A good hymn has also to be deeply spiritual. Mr. Mahon calls people to task who say that as well look for a needle in a haystack, or for a harvest of snakes in Ireland, as for meritorious hymn-writers in material and as yet unschooled Canada—since we have an interesting group of composers, whose songs are sung far beyond the confines of the Dominion.

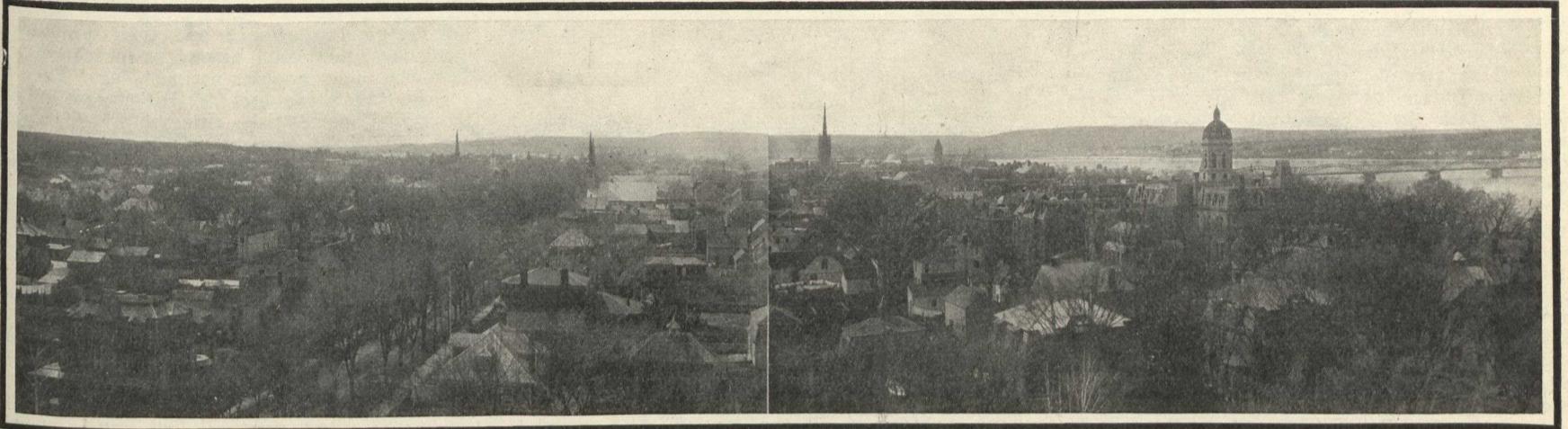
This list begins with the first of the sweet singers, Dean Bullock, of Halifax. He was yet young when he wrote for the dedication of his church in 1827, "We Love the Place, O God," one of the most beloved hymns of this day. In 1854 he published a volume of "Songs of the Church."

Then are given notes upon Joseph Scriven, Port Hope; to whom we are indebted for "What a Friend We Have in Jesus!" one of the first hymns given by missionaries in many foreign lands to their converts. Many and many a mixed company joins in it. The authorship has been falsely credited to Dr. Bonar. Mr. Scriven was deeply religious and charitable. He published a small volume of hymns, but his death in 1886 was hastened by ill-health and pecuniary distress. He had given freely to others, but had little confidence in the responsive charity of this world.

Dr. Robert Murray, religious editor for over fifty years in Nova Scotia, is credited with fine lyrical gifts. Several worthy hymns of his have been incorporated into songbooks of different churches, six appearing in the Presbyterian hymnal of Canada, and three in the new Canadian Anglican hymn book, where thirteen Canadians found voice. Dr. Murray's "From Ocean to Ocean" is an unperishable national gem.—*Church Life.*

BALLOON VIEWS OF CANADIAN CITIES

FOURTH SERIES



Fredericton is an attractive residential city of 7,500 inhabitants with an assessment of four and a half millions. Lumber, cotton and shoes are its chief products. It is the Capital City of New Brunswick, and is situated on the River St. John.



The Harbour of St. John, the Winter Port of Canada. The wharf and grain conveyors at the left are in the I.C.R. service. The elevators in the distance are in the C.P.R. service. On the extreme left is Courtenay Bay which the Dominion Government expects to dredge shortly. The Grand Trunk Pacific may ultimately find an ocean terminus here.



The City of Guelph, one of the best in Western Ontario. It contains the Ontario Agricultural College, and its greatest annual event is the "Fat Stock Show" held annually in December.

THE UNION JACK

By BARLOW CUMBERLAND

UNDER the heading of "Le Drapeau de la Confederation" (The Dominion Ensign) there recently appeared in the columns of *La Presse*, of Montreal, an article rather taking to task the Educational Department of British Columbia for having directed that the Union Flag, generally known as the "Union Jack," should be officially raised over the Public Schools of that Province, the direction being that the Union Jack, and not the Canadian Ensign, should be so used. It is to this latter regulation that objection was made.

Apart from the question of this particular regulation, it may be well to first consider the general subject of the using of flags.

At sea and afloat the indication of the nationality and ownership and of the rank of the vessel itself or of the personages on board is of so much importance that by all countries and at all times definite and imperative regulations have been issued for their proper and official display. The flying of a flag without due authority renders the vessel and her captain subject to penalties and fines.

National flags carry with them to foreign shores the power and protection of the authority which they represent. Wherever a British ship sails she carries with her the presence of British sovereignty and law. Her deck is as sacred to friend and foe as the soil of the country whose flag she bears.

On land, within the precincts of their own country there are always distinct regulations for the use of certain flags for official purposes, but their use by private individuals is governed more by personal selection than by any set rules. They are being displayed by friends in the midst of friends, yet their use should always be governed by propriety.

The Royal Standard is the personal flag of the King, or proclaims the presence of some member of the Royal Family. It would not be thought proper to use it unless it might be on some special occasion or anniversary in honour of the Sovereign.

It would scarcely be considered appropriate that a private individual should use the special flag of the Governor-General, or of a Lieutenant-Governor, the latter being the Union Jack with the arms of his Province in the centre.

Propriety would also indicate to a foreigner that as a private individual he should not raise his foreign flag unless at the same time he displayed the flag of the country on whose soil he might be. In these and other like instances propriety should rule, and unpleasant misunderstandings would thereby be avoided. Should he, however, be a Consul or an official representative of a foreign nation then the raising of his country's flag over his official residence is justified, and carries with it, as on a ship, the evidence of its nation, and is entitled to be respected as though it were upon its own country's soil.

Specific instructions for the official use of national flags are necessary, therefore both on land and at sea and when issued should be willingly obeyed.

What flags then may be used in general by private British persons on British soil?

The Union Jack in the early centuries was authorised to be used at sea only on the King's ships. Subsequently regulations have been issued for its use on other ships, and on land on military garrisons and official buildings. A usage, world-wide, in all British countries has grown up in the flying of this flag by private persons on land, but except by inference no definite authority had been given for the loyal practice.

In reply to my enquiry, as President of the Ontario Historical Society, stating the position and usage and asking for the authority, the following letter was received:

Sandringham, Norfolk, 29th Dec., 1907.

Sir,—In reply to your letter of the 9th inst., I beg to inform you that the "Union Jack," being the national flag, may be flown by British subjects, private or official, on land.

(Signed) KNOLLYS.

Barlow Cumberland, Esq.

By this letter of the Private Secretary of His Majesty, the King, the usage is thus confirmed and authorised.

Formal declaration has also been since issued by the "Home Office" in England "that the Union Jack was to be regarded as the national flag, and

may be used generally by British subjects on land."

A British subject may therefore always use the Union Jack on British soil.

The three crosses of the three nations whose union it first typified have since expanded far beyond the United Kingdom of the parent isles.

The sons of the Kingdoms have in centuries of prowess carried it far afield, and bringing distant continents beneath its realm, have built up the Dominions beyond the seas in Australia, Canada, India, South Africa, and the myriad islands of the oceans, so that it has become the Union Jack of the British Empire.

It is in this respect that *La Presse* has erred in describing it as "le drapeau d'Angleterre" (the flag of England). On the contrary, it is not the flag of any single one of the nations, but is the union emblem of all the British, who, whether originating in the old lands or arising beneath its protection in its expansion in other lands, raise it over their portions of the British Empire in united allegiance and loyalty to their Union Sovereign and British Realm.

This, then, is the one flag which may be used by all the united nations around the world, the National Flag of the British Empire.

But there are also loyal and local flags which may be used in each.

The flag of the Englishman is the Red Cross of St. George, on a white ground; of the Scotsman, the white cross of St. Andrew, on a blue ground or his upstanding lion; and of the Irishman, his St. Patrick's cross or his harp and crown. These are the local flags of their home countries.

The local ensign of the Australians, adopted at their union, is the Southern cross, upon a red ground, with the Union Jack in the upper corner. Such, too, is "le Drapeau de la Confederation," our Canadian ensign. In its broad red field are the arms of the Dominion of Canada, as the sign of our Canadian Union, in the upper corner is the Union Jack, as sign of our British Union. As the other local flags are to each the emblems of their home country and their lineage, so too is the Canadian Ensign, the emblem of our own home country and our growing lineage united from ocean to ocean.

It was very noticeable at the recent celebration in Quebec of the Tercentenary of the foundation of Canada that the Union Jack and the Canadian Ensign were displayed much more generally and the Tricolour much less than previously, and reasonably so, for the Tricolour of modern France is only of a later date and does not represent anything in his allegiance or his history to the French-Canadian. A quarter of a century before it came into existence, in the revolutionary period of the modern French, the French-speaking Canadian of more ancient lineage had adopted his allegiance and self-government under the Union Jack, and has loyally fought under it for the defence of his home and liberties in the wars of 1775 and 1812.

As the white ensign and fleur-de-lis of Champlain had before been the flag of his forefathers, so the Union Jack has now for a century and a half been the union flag of our French-speaking developers of Canada, and whether by itself or as le Drapeau de la Confederation, is the guardian signal of our united progress.

It has already been noted that when flags are to be employed for official purposes it is requisite that definite regulations shall be issued for their use. In Canada we raise the Union Jack on our Parliament and Legislative Buildings as indicating the presence of Government under the British Constitution; on our law courts, of the administration of British law; and on our municipal and home buildings, the Canadian Ensign, as evidence of our personal and local rule and lineage. When flags are to be raised over our Public Schools it is manifest that for so important and public a service in the instruction of our children distinct regulations require to be made so that they may be duly authorised and similarly displayed.

The lessons that these flags convey should be those of the widest patriotism, the most paramount in their meaning.

We are engaged in Canada in the most momentous problem in nation-building that is laid upon any people of the present day. Pilgrims are coming to us from all nations of the earth. Leaving

their original allegiance and their previous national flags, they come among us to acquire a new allegiance under another national flag. They come to enjoy the advantages of British protection and the rights of British citizenship. The parents have come to be members of the most world-wide and greatest Empire the world has ever known, and as they and their children see our Union Jack raised over the Public Schools they will quickly acquire the wondrous lessons that its waving folds convey and learn to love and respect it as their own.

If, though of varying lineage, they are from our kindred lands or are of our own upbringing, then under the Union Jack they will unitedly and in union feel at home, for it is the union flag of the British of all races and tongues.

Is it not an inspiration for ourselves to have it brought to mind that our union flag floats on every sea, that on one-fifth of the earth's surface it is hailed as their union emblem by 400,000,000 of fellow-patriots, in every clime, of many languages, and all religious faiths, each dearly loving their own native land, but united in loyal brotherhood with their fellow yet far-distant Britons under the one British King and Empire?

In Manitoba, Ontario, and now in British Columbia, the Union Jack is the flag which has been instructed to be raised over the Public Schools, and also in Australia and in the British Isles.

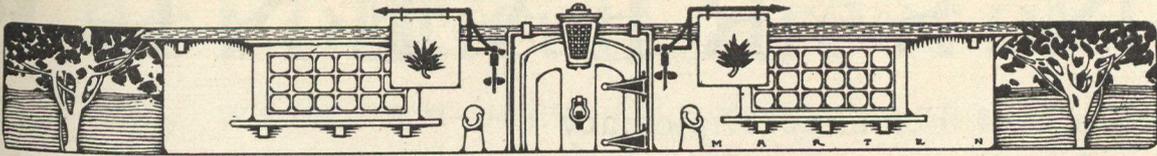
The patriotic celebration of "Empire Day," which first originated in the schools in Canada, is fast extending through the schools of the Empire. On this day as well as on other notable days, appropriate addresses are given, the national flag is reverently raised and saluted, and the National Anthem and patriotic songs sung by the scholars. It is recorded by Lord Meath that in the Public Schools of the Empire 6,000,000 children united in 1907 in this celebration; the record for this present year will be far in excess, and in time it is fair to believe that it will be adopted in all the Public Schools.

It was the Union Jack, the one flag common to all the Britons, which was thus raised on all these schools in all these lands. With such examples and such an inspiration, the local loyal ensigns in our sister-countries and our own are yet as much esteemed and displayed, but in this education of our hearts and youth we thus join hands in union with our brethren around the world.

That British Columbia has joined the circle is what, from its history, would be reasonably expected, and perhaps with much local propriety, for the Union Jack forms the upper part of the British Columbia Provincial Coat-of-Arms. Objection cannot well be made to the decision of her educational authorities.

Canada has now entered upon the fourth century of her history. In the Old Land varying races, as Angles and Saxons, Norsemen and Normans, held successive sway, bearing their share in the formation and character of the realm, and these many nationalities were fused together. The internecine wars of the Roses at last spent their dividing forces, and all differences have been blended in completed union. We have been continuing this same expansion of nationality on another continent under similar phases, but at greater speed, each decade adding its duties and responsibilities as we develop the previously unoccupied possibilities of its northern half. Of this progress our Union Jack reminds us. Under the single cross flag of Richard the Lion-hearted, the great-grandson of William of Normandy, our Atlantic Sea Provinces were planted. Under the two-crossed Jack French Canada came into our Union, the United Empire Loyalists in loyal fidelity followed it into our country, and our coasts on the Pacific were added by Vancouver. Under the three-crossed Jack all our Canadians rose as one man and joined to repel the invaders from the South, who had sought to compel us to leave its allegiance, and under it we have achieved the completion of our United Dominion.

It is the record of our history, the signal of our Northern zone, the flag of our Empire. In this wealth of meaning and as evidence to all men of the British liberties which it maintains, it has been directed to be raised over our Public Schools as a lesson, an inspiration and a talisman to all who live and grow beneath its magic folds.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

OUR LADY OF THE ICE.

THE Canadian sensitiveness about snow ought to be abandoned by this time, as rather ridiculous. While we properly resent the representation of Canada as an ice-bound region, where the roses never bloom and ice-cream soda never fizzes, it is entirely unnecessary to make a disturbance whenever a Canadian toboggan slide is pictured in an English paper. The Irish-Canadian poet, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, wrote "Our Lady of the Snows" long before Mr. Kipling dreamed of his frost-touched tribute to this extensive part of the British Empire. There is no reason why we should be ashamed of our winters, and seek to blot the three white months from the calendar. Let us insist on the summer, by all means, and pray that it may be ninety-six in the shade when our guests from the British Isles come over to have a nice cool time in Canada, don't you know, during July and August. But may we take a pride, also, in our days of glorious winter sunshine and snow, when a turquoise sky arches hills and fields of pearl. Is there anything more ethereally fair than the moonlight streaming over a midwinter lake and forest? Can you look on a jollier scene than a Canadian hillside on a Saturday in January, brilliant with the blue and scarlet coats of Johnny Canuck and his sister, who are gathering roses for their young cheeks in the shrewd air of the winter afternoon?

Montreal is to have a carnival and ice-palace, during the latter part of January and the first week of February. It is high time for a revival of Montreal's old-time sports and celebration, and those who are grumbling lest the ice-palace should keep away the festive immigrant are wasting their lamentations. Those immigrants who are frightened by the prospect of an old-fashioned winter are the weak or the worthless—just the class of immigrants whom we desire to keep away from our shores. Lazy or timorous citizens are, of course, afraid of being frozen, in a country where you must work or walk, to keep warm in January's outdoors. If we can frighten away the unfit and attract the sturdy, by building an ice-palace "which shall shiver the stars apart," let us make all haste to erect the glittering structure. Toronto, it must be admitted, is no city for such a palace. The days of dreary slush, in the capital of Ontario, make it a place to be shunned during, at least, one-sixth of the year. Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec are ideal winter cities and the sports which make the days of ice and snow picturesque and glowing should be seen in their most vivid colours in the early months of the year. Montreal has more of metropolitan flavour than any other city in the Dominion. It may be mediæval in the matter of mud, during April and May, but it is a dream of summer loveliness and a delight of sapphire river and reddening mountain-side in September. It ought to afford a winter pageant such as no other city of this continent can display, and Our Lady of the Ice may find a mansion "royal-rich and wide" in the palace of Borean architecture.

It seems as if the immigration department and other faint-hearted elements were trying to discourage the Canadian metropolis in the palace project. Was not Lord Roberts, the Empire's beloved "Bobs," forced to give up his Toronto visit last summer because the heat of Quebec and Montreal had proved too much for a veteran who had written "Forty-One Years in India"? After that, "who's afraid" of having an ice-palace in a city which can freeze or thaw in the superlative degree?

* * *

THE WIFE OF A GENIUS.

THE latest book about Whistler, the delightful work by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, gives the world a more complete story than it has yet heard of the moods and methods of "James McNeill." His marriage was as whimsical as any other episode in his unconventional career. A friend asked him one day why he did not marry Mrs. —, a charming widow whom he had long admired. Mr. Whistler modestly expressed his willingness to enter the estate of matrimony, if the lady were "agreeable." The widow, who was present during the amiable interrogation, nonchalantly assented and the entirely unfashionable wedding took place within

a few days after this brusque wooing. The marriage, according to these and other chroniclers, was a "happy-ever-after" affair, as "Mrs. Jimmie" was content that her eccentric spouse should say and do very much as he pleased.

The Whistler story, so far as its domestic aspect is concerned, leaves the reader wondering whether the wife of so eminent and eccentric a genius is to be congratulated. Probably the only woman to enjoy or tolerate such an existence is the utterly domestic or the idly Bohemian type. The woman who cares and knows nothing about the books her lord and master may write, the pictures he may paint or the sonatas he may compose, but who is quite content to prepare meals at whatever hour he cares to partake of them, is not likely to find her gifted husband anything but appreciative of her inferior but satisfactory talent. The woman who sympathises, yet refrains from interference with his work, and is content with a casual salad or an occasional new gown is often an ideal comrade for the genius. Yet the biography of the artist is likely to give no woman exalted ideas of the joy of sharing the great man's income and bearing the great man's irritabilities. The question has often been asked: "Do men like clever women?" We might also consider: "Do women like clever men?" By no means. Clever men are too fond of a monopoly of lime-light. Woman likes best the man whom she can call "a dear old stupid" and patronise in a superior feminine way.

* * *

EVENING.

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL.

When the white iris folds the drowsing bee,
When the first cricket wakes
The fairy hosts of his enchanted brakes,
When the dark moth has sought the lilac tree
And the young stars, like jasmine of the skies,
Are opening on the silence, Lord, there lies
Dew on Thy rose and dream upon mine eyes.

Lovely the day, when life is robed in splendour,
Walking the ways of God and strong with wine.
But the pale eve is wonderful and tender
And night is more divine.
Fold my faint olives from their shimmering plain,
O shadow of sweet darkness fringed with rain.
Give me to night again.

Give me to day no more. I have bethought me
Silence is more than laughter, sleep than tears.
Sleep like a lover faithfully hath sought me
Down the enduring years.
Where stray the first white fatlings of the fold,
Where the Lent lily droops her earlier gold,
Sleep waits me as of old.

Grant me sweet sleep, for light is unavailing
When patient eyes grow weary of the day.
Young lambs creep close and tender wings are failing,

And I grow tired as they.
Light as the long wave leaves the lonely shore
Our boughs have lost the bloom that morning bore.
Give me to day no more.

—The University Magazine.

* * *

THE EARTHQUAKE IN SICILY.

THE Sicilian disaster is one of those overwhelming catastrophes which (fortunately, perhaps) no reader can imagine in its full horror. We of the northern countries are so likely to adopt English impressions of the Mediterranean that Sicily, Algiers and the Riviera seem to be idle playgrounds in which there are always sunshine and roses. No island of the purple-waved ocean is more beautiful than that with Palermo and the ill-fated Messina. Sicily had her great warriors, sailors and teachers when England was a barbarous territory and Anglo-Saxon dominion was undreamed-of. The beauty of these southern districts is so alluring that the traveller forgets the dangers which lurk beneath the smiling, fertile surface.

The history of this stricken land is rich with art and romance. No word has yet been received of the extent of injuries to historical remains, and, naturally, the first thought has been of the distressed people and their needs. All countries of Europe are touched by this calamity but to the island itself the disaster has brought a terror which will lead to a temporary abandonment of the regions near the overthrown cities. We think of the destruction of Pompeii as one of the worst disasters of this kind, perhaps because Lytton's story did so much to add to the romantic interest of that awful happening; but the seismic disturbance of the last week of 1908 really wrought more widespread ruin than any of the earthquakes or eruptions of those early days. Yet, so curious is the effect of distance on immediate sympathy, the story of this great upheaval is less harrowing to the western world than the mere headlines of a railway wreck near New York or Montreal.

"In Sicily," said a Canadian girl who had been in Taormina last winter, "oh, I hope no one I knew has been hurt." So we all instinctively turn to the one familiar face or scene, fearing that something or someone we knew has been part of a tragedy that means irretrievable ruin to thousands.

CANADIENNE.



A Party of Tourists near Lake Louise in the beautiful Banff district of British Columbia.

LILLIAN'S REVENGE

A Story of Feminine Diplomacy

By THOMAS H. CURRY

"LILLIAN, what's this I hear about you?" Lillian looked up, meekness personified. "I don't know," she answered. "What have you heard, father?"

For eight years, ever since the death of her mother, Lillian Morse had made it a point, oft times at a great inconvenience, of being on hand every day to pour her father's coffee, being well aware that her presence at that initial meal of the day enabled her to retain a control over the irascible old lawyer, which she might have long before forfeited by her many vagaries. Many times Mr. Morse had tried to throw off the yoke and control his daughter, but had failed. But now this case was serious. Mr. Morse was positively indignant.

"Last night I met Morrison at the club," he said, "and he informed me that you had gone to work as a reporter on the *Herald*. Is it true?"

"Why, yes, father," replied the young lady. "Don't you remember me telling you that I was going to be a reporter?"

"I do, but didn't I tell you I seriously objected to your doing so?"

"You haven't a right to object, father. Women today are emancipated, and they have a right to follow any profession. They have thrown off the shackles; Mrs. Stevens says so."

"Mrs. Stevens! I might have known that she was at the bottom of this."

"Mrs. Stevens has opened my eyes to the truth, and has shown me that women are degraded by their present condition of dependence on men."

"She has? And I suppose my wishes have no weight with you?"

"Indeed they have, father, where your interests are concerned. But in this case I should feel ashamed and degraded if I yielded. This is a matter of principle with me. You won't ask me?"

"But, Lillian, I do ask you! I want you to give up the idea altogether."

"I can't, father."

Mr. Morse did not care to come to a direct issue with his daughter—an issue in which victory would be almost as bad as defeat. He racked his brain for some way in which to attain his end without an open struggle. An idea suddenly occurred to him. Perhaps it was born of madness, but he did not stop to think.

"Well," he said, "as you know I object on the general principles to your working at such a calling, but perhaps there are some points of view from which it will be all for the best."

"I am quite certain there must be, father," returned Lillian, though in a hesitating way her father's sudden yielding bewildered her not a little.

"Yes," continued the old gentleman, looking down at his plate, and cutting his steak with careful precision. "Yes, I suppose it is just as well, after all. I presume you will take a room down town?"

"No-o, I had not thought of that. I shall stay at home for a time, at least." Lillian was evidently startled.

"Well, of course the wedding won't come off for several months."

"What wedding, father? I'm not going to be married!"

"No, not you. I refer to myself."

"You!" Words could not express Lillian's horror. The universe reeled about her. The sun was darkened, and the fixed stars toppled from their places.

"You are evidently surprised. Surely you must have marked my growing devotion to her."

"To her? To whom?"

"To whom? Well, to think of that! And they say women are keen, and scent a romance from the first. I'll never believe that again."

"But, father, who is it?" demanded the girl again, her heart throbbing wildly. "Who is it?"

"Why, your friend, Mrs. Stevens, of course. Who should it be?"

"Mrs. Stevens!" Lillian sank back in her chair, pale and wide-eyed. Mrs. Stevens to be her stepmother! It was too much. "Father!" she exclaimed. "Are you in your proper senses?"

"Why, Lillian, what do you mean? Is not Mrs. Stevens one of your best friends? Surely you don't mean to make trouble, do you? I warn you not to!" he concluded, angrily.

"Father, please don't—please don't! If you love me, break it off!"

"Why, that is out of the question. How can I break it off? Why, Lillian, girl, I hadn't the slightest idea that you would take it in this way; and, then, if you are going to be a reporter, and keep late hours, and all that, I'll need some one to —"

But, there; it's a matter of principle with me, Lillian, and I should feel ashamed and degraded to yield, even in deference to your wishes."

"Oh, I'll do anything! I'll give up reporting—I'll always obey you! Oh, father, I see it all; I've been so selfish, and —" Lillian flung herself on her father's knees in a passion of weeping.

The old man winked elaborately over her head at a particularly ugly portrait that hung upon the wall. "Well, dearie," he said, hesitatingly, "if you promise to give up reporting, and settle down quietly, I'll see if I can get Mrs. Stevens to let me off."

"You will? How dearly I love you, father! I'll be better in the future than I have been in the past. I don't deserve to have such a good father."

The old man stroked her hair gently. "Don't cry, little girl," he said. "I am sure it will be all right. By-the-way, when you see Mrs. Stevens you had better not say anything to her about this—it might prejudice matters if you do. I'll settle with her." There was a note of anxiety in the old man's voice, which, it is safe to say, his daughter attributed to some cause other than the right one.

"I wouldn't speak to the creature again for anything!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet. "I'll go immediately and resign my place on the paper!"

Mr. Morse hugged himself repeatedly as he went down town that morning, but he would not have been so happy had he known what the fates had in store for him. At the very moment when his chuckles were deepest, his daughter and Mrs. Stevens were sitting side by side in an elevated train, where they had met when Lillian was returning home from the office of the *Herald*, after having manfully resigned her position she had secured with so much difficulty.

Mrs. Stevens saw the girl first, and crossed over and sat down beside her. "How do you do, Lillian?" she exclaimed, pleasantly.

But Lillian drew herself up haughtily and turned away. "Good morning, Mrs. Stevens!" she answered, freezingly.

The elder woman's smile froze upon her face. "One moment!" she exclaimed. "What does this mean?"

Lillian paused for an instant. "Nothing whatever," she replied. "I prefer to be alone, that is all."

"That is all, is it? One day you say I am your best friend, and ask favours of me. The next you decline my hand, and say you wish to be alone. And yet you claim to be a new woman, and want to rank with men. Humph! Men have few enough virtues, Heaven knows, but they do speak out, and don't treasure up spite, as women do. My dear girl, there is some misunderstanding here, and I mean to know what it is. Be a business woman, as you say you want to be, and speak out."

"I don't want ever to be a business woman, nor a reporter, nor anything!" she exclaimed. "I never really wanted to be one. You talked me into it for your own purposes. I care not to be rude, but you know you did."

"Houghty-toighty! What's this? Talked you into it for my own purposes, did I? There's gratitude for you! What purposes did I have?"

"You know."

"I don't know."

"You don't? Why, my father?"

"Well, what about your father? He is a pleasant old gentleman enough, though sadly behind the times. He ought to marry, and give you a stepmother to teach you manners."

Lillian turned away in wrath. "Good morning, Mrs. Stevens. If you will kindly excuse me, I prefer to be alone!" she said.

"Yes, you said so before. Now, Lillian, none of this nonsense with me. I want to know just what is wrong. You can speak frankly. I am old enough to be your mother, you know."

Lillian made a gesture of repulsion. "You never shall be!" she exclaimed. "You think you are sure of it, but father has promised to break it off."

"Break what off?"

"His engagement."

"His engagement? What on earth are you talking about?"

"Don't you know?"

"Indeed, I do not."

A sudden hope dawned in Lillian's face. "Do you mean to tell me that you are not engaged to marry my father?" she exclaimed.

"Good heavens, no! What put such an insane

idea into your head? I wouldn't marry the best man in the world."

"But father told me so himself."

"Your father told you that he was going to marry me?" Mrs. Stevens' tone was one of deep amazement.

"Why, he certainly gave me to understand so."

The elder woman shook her head, with a stupefied air. "I'm sorry to say it, Lillian," she observed, at length, "but the truth must be faced. I have thought for some time that your father was failing. He is an old man, you know, and —"

"Oh, no!" Lillian exclaimed, clapping her hands gaily. "I understand now. He was trying to frighten me into giving up reporting. Oh, how he fooled me!"

"Trying to frighten you? What do you mean? Am I such a bugbear that he should take the liberty of using me to frighten people?"

"Oh, now, Mrs. Stevens, don't get angry! Any stepmother would have been the same. He only took you because you were handy, I know. He—he didn't mean anything uncomplimentary."

"He didn't? Well, I'll make him pay for it, all the same!" exclaimed the other, bitterly. "I always knew that your father abhors me, although he conceals it very well. But he has no right to use my name this way, and he shall suffer for it! If you will keep him quiet, and not tell him that you have told me of his insolence, I'll make him rue the day he thought of it!"

Lillian clasped her hands again. "Can you, really?" she asked. "Poor old dad! You mustn't hurt him, really, you know. But I should so like to turn the tables on him. How can it be done?"

"I must consider. Let's put our heads together and contrive a plan."

A day or two later the plan came to a head, when Mr. Morse entered his parlour, just before dinner, to find Lillian and Mrs. Stevens awaiting him. With a sickening foreboding of evil, he strove to retreat, but Mrs. Stevens forestalled him. "Henry, dear!" she exclaimed, coming quickly forward and extending both hands. "Henry, dear, your daughter, Lillian, has welcomed me to your home, and there is no longer any objection to our union. I am yours; take me!" She stood near him, with downcast eyes, apparently waiting for him to take her in his arms.

Mr. Morse drew back, with a horrified look. "Good heavens!" he gasped, as the perspiration started on his brow, "I—I—Oh, Lillian, what a horrible mess you have gotten me into!"

"Why, father, what do you mean?"

"It's all a mistake, madam! I don't want you to be mine. I don't want anybody to be mine! I—Oh, Lillian, help your father! Explain to Mrs. Stevens!"

Lillian's heart melted at the appeal, but she hardened herself, and replied, coolly: "Why, father, what is the matter? You told me yourself that Mrs. Stevens was one of the sweetest women that you ever met!"

"Yes, but—but—Oh, Lillian, I don't want to marry again. I don't —"

"But, father," persisted Lillian, remorselessly, "you told me about it your own self."

"I was only joking. I wanted you to give up reporting. I never asked Mrs. Stevens to marry me. I never thought of such a thing. Madam, you are honest. Did I ever say a word of love to you?"

"Henry, dear Henry!" murmured Mrs. Stevens, her head still bent downward.

Mr. Morse groaned aloud, and the heart of his daughter was moved by his distress.

"Will you promise never to try to deceive me again, father?" asked Lillian.

"Never! Never! I promise!" cried Mr. Morse, forlornly.

"Well," said Lillian, slowly, "in that case, I think he is sufficiently punished, doctor."

"I suppose so, too," said Doctor Stevens, suddenly looking up. "Although it seems to me, your ideas of punishment need a little revision. Mr. Morse, I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth; but the next time you take liberties with the name of an unprotected woman, remember me, and don't do it!"

"I won't—I mean, I will!" exclaimed Mr. Morse, delightedly. "And, madam, I beg to inform you that, although I cannot marry you, I shall always retain for you the highest respect, and —"

"There, there, no more is necessary! Besides —"

"Besides," interrupted Lillian, "besides, dinner is getting cold."

The Political Career of Joseph Sellers

By WILLIAM HENRY, With Illustrations by C. W. Jefferys

I HAVE given up my political aspirations: That seems strange, in view of the fact that a week ago I had firmly made up my mind some day to be the Prime Minister of Canada. Not all at once, of course. I am not a fool. I realised that it might take years, perhaps ten years or even more, to reach the goal of my ambition. But I was prepared to wait and work, to tread the thorny paths; only I did not think the paths would be quite as briery.

I was willing to start at the bottom. It would have been much more congenial to my natural disposition to start right out speech-making, and I had already prepared one or two speeches suitable for almost any political gathering, but I did not know how to get myself before the public, could not get the bushel basket off my light as it were.

You see, I am the second book-keeper in a large wholesale house, and my opportunities for meeting with the political giants of the day are somewhat limited. So, I made up my mind, as I think I said before, to start right in at the bottom. I went to the Conservative Rooms in Timmons Square and told the man in charge that I wanted to help in the organisation of the campaign. I always had leanings towards Conservatism, and anyway I think it is the party of the future. I have never actually voted for the party for my name has not been on the voters' list. Political rooms are not very pretentious affairs, but those in Timmons Square used to be a vacant store and were fitted up with merely a long board table and a lot of wooden chairs.

They were glad to see me, and I think the man behind the table recognised at once that there was unusual ability in me for he immediately closed the big book he was reading and took my name and address.

"You want to help us?" he asked.

"I have decided to throw body and soul into this great campaign for purity in the public administration of the affairs of the country," I said. This is a sentence from one of my speeches. Since I've had no opportunity of getting them off, except in my own room and then very quietly for fear of disturbing the other boarders, or when taking my Sunday walks in the country, I take every advantage of saying them, little by little, in private conversation.

"Quite right," said he encouragingly, "we'll give you a street to canvass."

He took a little book out of the drawer and opened it before me. There were a lot of names written in it with addresses and columns left vacant to fill in and tell whether the man was a Conservative, a Liberal or undecided, with a wide column at the end for remarks.

It did not take me many minutes to grasp the idea, and I really think—at least, I did think—I had the instincts of a born politician.

"Now, report here as soon as you get finished and I'll give you another book," said the man, and he handed me a nicely sharpened lead pencil. I learned that his name was Grundy. "If I'm not here," he continued, "ask for Mr. Thompson. Either one of us will be here all the time."

A number of chaps strolled in while I was there, mostly big, rough, uncouth-looking men, but I've no doubt in their own way effective workers for the party.

"Let me introduce you to the boys," said Mr. Grundy, after he had finished his instructions. We shook hands all around. They were not the sort of men whom I would care to meet socially, but one must do that sort of thing in politics.

"Sit down and have a smoke," said Mr. Grundy, handing me a box of weedy-looking cigars.

"No, thank you," I replied. "I must be up and doing, out to fight in the cause of truth and justice." I said this with a smile, but at the same time I intended it should be a kind of object lesson to the men standing around. Elections are not won by prayers, as we in politics—or rather, as we who used to be in politics—would say.

When I stepped out of the room I felt rather queer, and a creepy feeling came over me. I took my book and looked at it in the light of a shop window, and I knew

that my political career had commenced. If it had been daylight I think I would have had my photograph taken with the book in my hand—a sort of



"A big woman whose form completely filled the whole doorway."

historical photograph, in years to come, to be preserved in the archives of the political history of my country.

The district under my jurisdiction, or rather the street I had been given to canvass, was quite a long way out in the suburbs, and I had to take a street car and paid my own fare. I began to wonder what became of all the big sums subscribed by contractors for campaign funds. I made up my mind when next I saw Mr. Grundy to suggest that I should be allowed car fare.

I got out at Van Dorn Street and found the first house on my list. It was the house of Mr.

William Plummer. I hesitated for a moment as to what I should say to Mr. Plummer. Apparently he was a working man, judging from the kind of house he lived in, and not a very prosperous one at that. You must size all these things up with the eye of an eagle in the political game. In a moment I knew just how to take him. I no longer hesitated, but rapped firmly on the door. I wasn't kept waiting long.

"What do you want?" said the voice of a big woman whose form completely filled the whole doorway.

"Is Mr. Plummer at home?" I asked pleasantly.

"What d'ye want with Plummer?" she questioned in a surly voice.

"Why, Mrs. Plummer," said I, holding out my hand, "I want to talk politics with your husband." She didn't seem to notice my hand, but looked me up and down.

"What side are you on?"

"Why, the right side, of course. Won't you let me come in? I'm tired."

"Come in if you want to," said she, "but Plummer's not to home."

"He's late to-night," said I in a familiar sort of way, taking the rocking chair in the front room which served the double purpose of parlour and bedroom. In my own opinion it's not time wasted to talk to women. If they have no votes, they are the mothers of our voters. That's what I say—or at least, used to say.

"You didn't tell me what side you are on," said Mrs. Plummer, looking me squarely in the eye. She had a somewhat florid complexion, and a rather hard, stern face. As I remember her now, I regret to say Mrs. Plummer had a dissipated and altogether disagreeable face. But politicians must get used to meeting all kinds of people and learn to adapt themselves to circumstances.

"Mrs. Plummer," said I, "I belong to the party that is with the working people. The party that believes in high wages and low taxes. The party—"

"Are you a Grit or a Tory?" Mrs. Plummer interrupted.

"Our party believes that the working man has rights," I continued, paying no attention to the interruption, "and rights that should be sacredly protected, and the rights of a working woman—" I was about to make a gracious reference to her sex when Mrs. Plummer again rudely interrupted me.

"Cut out that speech-making," said she. "Are you a Grit or a Tory?"

"My dear madam, I am a humble disciple of that grand old chieftain long since dead, Sir John A. Macdonald, the party of the National Policy, the party of—"

"You're a Tory," she said with an ominous look. I was beginning to think that Plummer was a Grit, and felt that there was some missionary work cut out for me if he was as strong-minded as his wife looked.

"Yes, madam, Tory, or Liberal-Conservative, as we call ourselves in this age and generation. What party affiliations, if any, has Mr. Plummer?" I inquired, placing the book on my knee and taking out my lead pencil. I was about to make my first political record.

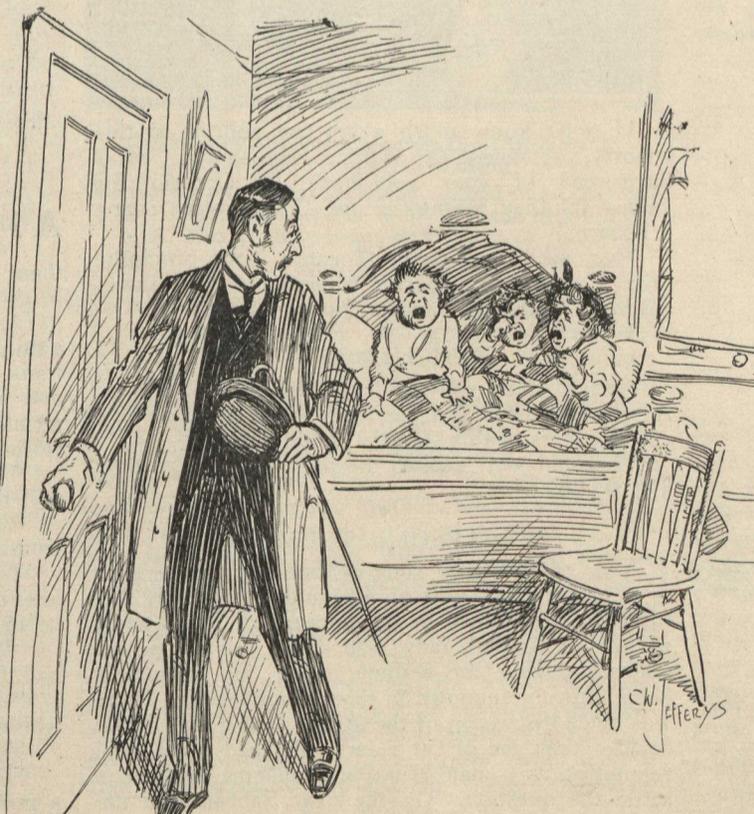
Mrs. Plummer sat in silence, as if in deep thought. "Oh, Plummer," she said, after a moment, with a start, "he'll tell you himself. I wonder if you'd watch the children for a minute while I step to the door."

"Certainly, madam, with pleasure," I replied, wondering where the children were. I found out that they were in bed. There were three of them.

"Oh, the little dears," said I, stooping over the bed. "What pretty children you have!" I exclaimed, looking around at Mrs. Plummer. But she had already left the room and closed the door; so my remark was lost upon her. There is nothing wins a mother's heart like an expression of appreciation of her offspring.

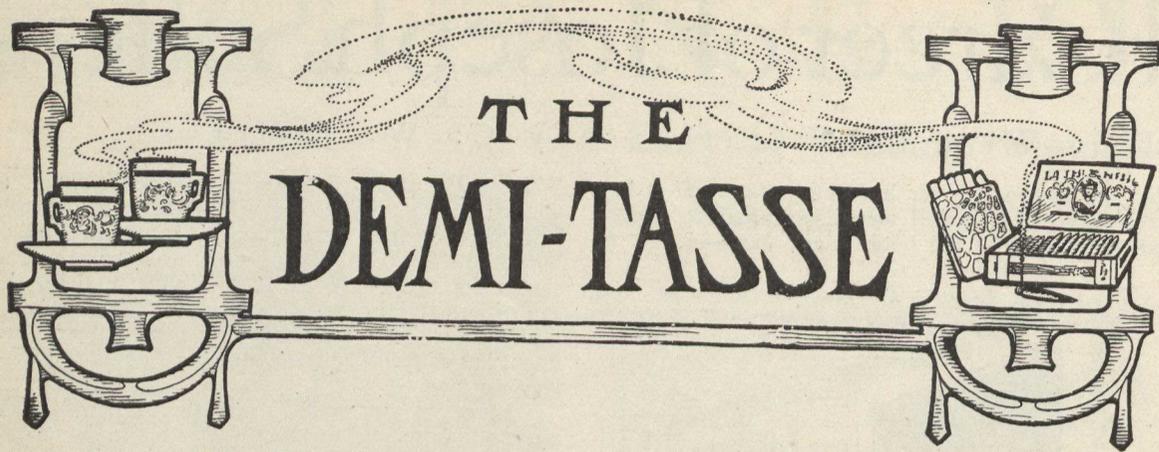
"I won't be long," called Mrs. Plummer as she closed the outside door.

"All right. I'll keep house," I answered playfully. I knew that I was already firmly established in the confidence of the family and I sat back in the chair and closed my



"The children were sitting up in bed and screaming at the top of their voices."

(Continued on page 21)



A FALSE ALARM.

A TORONTO youngster whose Sunday-School teacher had persuaded him to pray every night for license reduction was greatly interested in the voting on New Year's Day. The first report, as received over the telephone, was that license reduction had been defeated. "O Daddie!" said the small boy mournfully, "I've wasted my prayers for the last week!"

A CAROL AND A COCKNEY.

DURING last month, when the children of the land were busy preparing Christmas choruses for the glad festival, there was a small girl who became especially fond of a hymn opening "Noel! Noel! Christ is born in Bethlehem." She went about the house singing this verse with a clearness of enunciation which did credit to her instructor.

One of the servants in the household, a recent importation from "England's Unemployable," looked disapprovingly on the juvenile singer, as "Noel" resounded through the kitchen. Finally, the former could endure the strain no longer and remarked with emphasis:

"Of course, I know things 'as changed in these days but it do seem something hawful fer a child to be singing 'No—'Eil' around the house."

NAMING THE PICTURE.

THE artist was of the impressionist school. He had just given the last touches to a purple and blue canvas when his wife came into the studio.

"My dear," said he, "this is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for."

"Why not call it 'Home'?" she said, after a long look.

"Home? Why?"

"Because there's no place like it," she replied meekly.—*Glasgow Times.*

HOW SHE GOT THEM.

IN the volume of Lear's Letters, recently published, there are several delightful anecdotes about this artist whose famous "Book of Nonsense" is likely to live longer than more pretentious attempts at humour. At one time, Lear gave lessons in draw-



Winter Fashions, (1908-9)—Punch.

ing to Queen Victoria, who found her teacher decidedly unconventional. One day, the Queen was personally taking Lear about, showing him some of the priceless art treasures preserved in the royal cabinets. Carried away by the surpassing beauty and number of these treasures, Lear impulsively exclaimed: "Oh! how did you get all these beautiful things?"

He afterwards told that the Queen, in a kindly but impressive manner, replied: "I inherited them, Mr. Lear."

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

Jack Frost is King, the winter breeze
Is blowing chill o'er hills and leas,
And whirling flakes form fairy frieze
On hillside, roof and grating.
Though Mother Earth is sleeping sound,
And Nature, cold, is all ice-bound,
Though heaps of snow lie all around,
Yet Phyllis will go skating.

Soon do we reach our goal, the rink,
And, as I lace her shoes, I think
How pretty are her cheeks so pink—
Her smile so fascinating.
Now, round and round and hand in hand,
We go in rhythm with the band,
Thinking that 'tis through fairyland
With Phyllis I am skating.

The last waltz being played, I fear
An end of all this bliss is near
And now I sadly sigh "Oh, dear!"
I'm far from satiated.

Returning home, her arm in mine,
I tell her that she's just divine,
To steal a kiss I fondly pine,
Since o'er my heart she's skated.

S. RUPERT BROADFOOT.

Guelph, Ontario.

NEEDING LICENSE REDUCTION.

SAID Luschman: "I'm troubled a great deal with headaches in the morning. Perhaps it's my eyes. Do you think I need stronger glasses?"

"No," replied Dr. Wise meaningly, "what you need is not stronger glasses, but fewer."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

A DIFFERENCE.

"I don't know much about the politics of this country," remarked the visiting Englishman, "but I have read of your politicians. In Ontario, Sir James Whitney belongs to the Conservative party, I believe."

"No, sir," replied the Toronto Tory promptly, "the Conservative party belongs to Sir James Whitney."—Adapted from *Chicago Tribune.*

GOOD ADVICE.

"What would you say," said the prophet of woe, "if I were to tell you that in a short space of time all the rivers in this country would dry up?"

"I would say," replied the patient man, "go thou and do likewise."

A FEARSOME TRUMPET.

LAST summer the congregation of a little kirk in the Highlands of Scotland was greatly disturbed and mystified by the appearance in its midst of an old English lady who made use of an ear trumpet during the sermon, such an instrument being entirely unknown in those simple parts. There was much discussion of the matter, and it was finally decided that one of the elders, who had great local reputation as a man of parts, should be deputed to settle the question. On the next Sabbath the unconscious offender again made her appearance and again produced the trumpet, whereupon the chosen elder rose from his seat and marched down the aisle to where the old lady sat, and, warning her with an

upraised finger, said sternly: "The first toot—ye're oot!"

A FABLE.

ONCE upon a time there was a young man who met two nice girls who were constantly together. Now, he was an astute young man, and he desired to say something pretty and agreeable to the ladies, but he knew that if he paid a compliment to one of them, no matter which, the other would be hurt.

So he thought rapidly for a moment, and then he said:

"Ah, I know why you two girls are always together."

"Why?" asked the two girls.

"Because everybody says that a handsome girl always chooses a homely one as a companion, so that her beauty may be enhanced by the contrast."

After such a remark, either both girls would be angry with him or delighted.

And what do you think happened?

The two girls blushed and said he was a flatterer and went their way together, each happy for herself and sorry for the other.—*Life.*



Fine set of china, consisting of over one hundred and fifty pieces—cheap—*Life.*

A PREFERRED CREDITOR.

A MERCHANT who recently failed called all his creditors together and offered to settle with them at 10 per cent., giving them his notes payable in thirty days.

As most of the creditors had little hope of getting anything, they eagerly accepted the proposition. One man, however, stood out for better terms, and all efforts to get him to agree were futile. Finally the bankrupt took him out into the hall, and said:

"When you come in and sign with the others, I will make you a preferred creditor."

"All right," said the objector. "Under those circumstances, I agree to a settlement."

The papers were signed, and all the creditors left, except the one who had been told he was to be preferred.

"What are you waiting for?" said the man who had failed.

"Why, you said I was to be preferred. I am waiting to know what I am to get."

"Well, I tell you—you will get nothing."

"Get nothing? Why, you promised to make me a preferred creditor if I would sign with the rest."

"And so you are; I make you preferred. I tell you now you get nothing. The others wait thirty days before they know it, and then they get nothing."—*Current Literature.*

PEOPLE AND PLACES

GOOD deal of talk has been indulged in lately about the "remittance man" who for so many years has helped to make history in the West. These gentlemen are the unconscious humorists of the West. Some of these chaps are really delightful characters—quite apart from the hard luck stories from which the man that writes them up gets so much of his charm in narration. Most of them do things on the prairie that would cause a family eruption in the old homestead. Some of them undergo a large number of experiences. One who used to be round Edmonton a few years ago had been ranching, breaking polo ponies, building wire fences, running bowling alleys, impresario and manager and stage carpenter to an itinerant theatrical outfit, sold fish and did telegraphy, taught school and finally landed up in a business college—after which he got married.

* * *

ONE of those thrifty French peasants has been trying out the life in the Peace River country. Having satisfied himself after sixteen years' experiment that the country is all right, he is taking a trip home to Vosges, France, to see the gay old home land once again before he goes up to the Peace to settle for the remainder of his days. His name is Leon Eauclair and he tells a thrifty story of his progress in that far-up land. He is not a romancer either; but he speaks encouragingly of the life; says he has been farming and dairying and raising cattle and behaving himself just as a frugal Frenchman knows best in the world how to do. Before he left the Peace River, between fifteen thousand and eighteen thousand bushels of grain had been threshed. He will return in a year; just about the time the last big migration sets in to the last great West.

* * *

REV. DR. BRYCE, who has written a history of Winnipeg, has been lecturing on the Mound-Builders. Dr. Bryce of course has never seen a live mound-builder, so that the part of his discourse which dealt with the pioneers of Winnipeg is of much greater interest. There are no mound-builders in Winnipeg. But the Winnipeg of to-day compared to that of 1871 when Dr. Bryce went there is enough different to make the early settlers of that city seem like mound-builders. In that year the wheat city had 300 people. Its transportation was Red River boats and the old stage coach. The arrival of the steamboat was equivalent to the coming of a circus. Once when the population of Winnipeg was listening to a sermon in the old log Methodist church, the boat whistle blew. The congregation got up *en masse* and left the preacher—to see the boat come in. The Red River cart was the next step in evolution. The reported words of the historian on this phase of western life are almost quaint with subdued pathos:

"Principal Bryce sighed for the passing of the Red River cart. The cart was a great invention, wholly of wood, and their sweet music, as one after another trailed across the wide prairie, could be heard long distances away. The iron steed has taken the place of the Red River cart; it is seen no more, unless out on the frontiers. The passing of the Red River cart is only one of the indications of the mighty changes that have come over the condition of things in the West since the advent of the railway."

* * *

TROPICAL and Oriental races are having a various time of it in Canada just now. For months now British Columbia has been turmoiling over the Sikhs. In Vancouver the other day two negroes and a Chinaman were hanged. In New York a few days earlier an Indian beat the world at long-distance running. A week ago a negro named Johnson banged the Canadian, Tommy Burns, out of the world's heavyweight championship. About the same date two Chinamen were murdered with axes and meat knives in Winnipeg. Now in a Toronto paper some anti-Oriental is trying to show that Chinese laundries are not only bad political economy for Canada, but also that they are decidedly bad for the health. Concerning the Sikhs, a prairie daily has this to say:

"The average Sikh is not a good worker and he is not a rapid worker, which is to be expected seeing that he comes from a country where rapid working is not the rule. He is not a very intelligent workman, and there are reasons in heredity why he is not. But he does the best he can, is faithful, respectful and steadily improving. He has not the adaptability of the Chinaman, nor the activity of the Japanese, but he is learning how to make him-

self useful, and we venture to say that he really has very little to complain of. Of course there are reasons why the Sikhs will never be like white men, at least until they materially change their habits of life; but this is not to be expected in one generation, and as there are no Sikh women in the country there will be no second generation of these people to be brought up in Canadian ways."

* * *

REMARKABLE old priest is Father Lecorre, who for thirty-seven years has been a sacrifice to the northern Indians—away up at the Fort Providence mission on Great Slave Lake. Here, as a religious contemporary puts it, he spent "thirty-seven long years of unflinching service under the most trying circumstances, before he thought of respite, and in that time he traversed on foot or in canoe a territory large enough to make many empires, and rejoiced in being spent in the interests of these poor, benighted children of the forest and the plain. During fifteen years of that time he tasted no bread, the only nourishment obtainable being dried fish, potatoes when they could be produced, and some barley, out of which soup was made at the orphanages."

Also among the Eskimos Father Lecorre has laboured—but the "medicine men" of these pagans were too much for him. At Point Barrow he spent a winter, sleeping underground in a hut, trying to teach the hyperboreans the religion of the one true God. Father Lecorre is now out in civilisation interesting the Church in his work. He was born in Brittany in the village of Morbehau, France, in 1845, and made his primary studies in the seminary of Ste. Anne D'Auy in that country. On 1870 he responded to the appeal of the great Indian missionary prelate, Mgr. Clut, Vicar-Apostolic of Mackenzie, and came out to this country as a sub-deacon.

* * *



The most birdlike of the Aeroplanes: M. Max De Gyvray's machine in flight.

The machine has flexible wings formed of an envelope filled with incombustible gas. It is the invention of M. Max Desmousseaux de Gyvray, of Cannes.

* * *

IN a book called "Soldiering in Canada," there is a picture of a soldier sitting outside a log cabin at a place known as Humboldt, which in those days of the Rebellion was an outpost perhaps lonely enough and yet profoundly interesting to Colonel George Denison, who wrote the book. More than ten years before the little war, the first woman telegrapher of the West lived in a little log cabin in Humboldt; Mrs. George Weldon, who with her husband became the vanguard of civilisation in that untenanted region. Mrs. Weldon has just died at Grenfell, Sask. Her life is one of the most remarkable in that country. She had a lonely but a happy life. Her husband mending wires in a blizzard; she alone in the cabin; the long, dreary winters; and then the grand summers when the winter was forgotten. One fall—1881—the little cabin was enlivened by the visit of a very distinguished personage, the Governor-General, Lord Lorne, who with a large party made an overland trip through the West.

* * *

TREHERNE is a hustling little town on the prairie. A book has been written about Treherne, which was founded as far back as 1878,

when Manitoba was just beginning to get town halls. A band of pioneers migrated and settled the community of Treherne, and these sturdy pathfinders with the ploughs—P. Henselwood, the present postmaster, N. Steadman, W. Malloch, J. K. Robson, D. McNeil, A. Buchbach, T. A. Metcalf, F. Scrammell, J. Palmer, J. G. Hogg, R. J. Warren and R. W. Palmer—hauled wheat thirty-five miles to Portage La Prairie till the railway came. Treherne has progressed enough to have had two fires; has five elevators and a twenty-six-thousand-dollar school; ships out annually half a million bushels of grain and has a big flour mill, two lumber yards, a planing mill and a machine shop; concrete sidewalks and a photographer; two doctors, a veterinary and a dentist and a board of trade. Population is 700.

* * *

PREVIOUS to President Roosevelt's journey to Africa, whose natural resources he goes to exploit for the benefit of the Smithsonian Institute, that versatile ruler has issued a message to Canada, concerning the conservation of natural resources in North America. He understands that Canada has more raw material according to population than any other civilised country in the world. He also recognises, as he says, that "it is evident that natural resources are not limited by the boundary lines which separate nations, and that the need for conservation of them upon this continent is as wide as the area upon which they exist. In view, therefore, of these considerations, and of the close bonds of friendship and mutual aims which exist between Canada and the United States, I take especial pleasure in inviting you to designate representatives of the Government of Canada to meet and consult with representatives of the States and of the departments of this Government, and the National Conservation Commission, in the city of Washington on February 18th, 1909."

Public Opinion

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Dear Sir,—Do you consider your application of the term "United Statesers," in reference to the citizens of the American Republic, to be justifiable or wise? Does not the claim of one hundred years, with recognition of the whole civilised world (except a small part of Canada) entitle them to use the term "Americans"? Is it not a dog-in-the-manger policy to refuse them the use of a term which Canadians do not want for themselves? Eighty million people in United States and at least eight hundred million people in other parts of the world use the term "Americans"; is it, therefore, any use for a section of six million people to attempt such a tremendous reform over such a trivial matter? Why not allow our friends the exclusive use of the euphonious term "American" and let us endeavour to add greater prestige and wider significance to our own "Canadian." No journal in Canada is better suited to handle this patriotic work than the CANADIAN COURIER and it seems a shame that its efforts are directed otherwise in a hopeless crusade. As a National Weekly the CANADIAN COURIER wields a tremendous influence, which will become greater, and let it be for the best.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE FISHER CHIPMAN.

Winnipeg, December 21st, 1908.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—I suggest, as a solution of the difficulty raised by "Voter," and your remarks upon it, the following: When a Canadian goes into, and becomes a permanent resident in, a foreign country, wholly attaching himself to that country, even if he does not go to the length of becoming a naturalised citizen, he should no longer be accounted a Canadian in the sense requisite for your voting competition. But when he is in another part of the British Empire, whether temporarily or permanently, he is still a Canadian and must be so accounted. There can be no question whatever that such men as Sir Percy Girouard and Sir Gilbert Parker have never ceased to be Canadians, and per contra surely Sir William Van Horne is now a Canadian although born elsewhere.

Yours, etc.,

December 23rd, 1908.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

THE Mendelssohn Choir Executive find it necessary, in connection with their annual cycle in February, to announce an additional concert for the evening of Thursday, February 11th. The important step has been rendered imperative on account of the unprecedented demand for seats from the public generally, and particularly from outside points in Canada and in the United States, where these annual concerts are now regarded as of international interest and significance. For this extra concert the committee has been successful in securing the services of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, which will therefore assist the choir on four successive evenings. The programme which Dr. Vogt and Mr. Stock have arranged will be in character and brilliancy fully equal to the others of the series. As the orchestra is due in Chicago the next day for its regular weekly concert, the management only consented to their remaining in Toronto for the fourth evening, in order to enable the Mendelssohn Choir to reward the subscribers to the series who have so generously supported the enterprise of Dr. Vogt's society this season. It is most gratifying to the committee as reflecting a healthy and sincere growth in our musical taste, that this year's large subscription was obtained in four weeks' time and without any extra effort having been made. The programme details of the five performances of the week of February 8th, will be announced at an early date. It is interesting to learn that the three concerts in which the society is to participate in Chicago in March, are attracting the musical people from as far south as Nashville, as far west as Denver, and as far north as Winnipeg, from which point a special train is to run to Chicago.

* * *

THE Imperial Opera Company is no longer at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, having completed its performances with a highly successful week of "Jack and the Beanstalk." During this week, the dramatised version of "Mr. Crewe's Career," Mr. Winston Churchill's political novel, is an attraction well worth seeing, and next week, the David Belasco triumph, "The Warrens of Virginia," will be seen at the Royal Alexandra. Written by Mr. William C. de Mille, produced by Mr. David Belasco, and interpreted by a cast of decided talent, this play should appeal to such theatre-goers as appreciate a romantic drama. This is a war play, with a story of love and daring which appeals to the human interest in both Cupid and Mars. Mr. Belasco's wonderful success with former productions has been repeated in "The Warrens of Virginia," which ran in New York at the Belasco and Stuyvesant Theatres successively for more than a season.

The interest in the announcement shows that the name of the producer is one to conjure with. The Royal Alexandra is so admirably adapted for the production of a play with picturesque and varied background, that this drama depicting the war scenes of more than forty years ago should be well-patronised.

* * *

IT is extremely unfortunate, says the London (England) *Daily Mail*, that circumstances nearly always seem to combine to prevent the British composer and the British musician from having a thoroughly satisfactory chance in their own country. The well-known publishing firm of Ricordi

offered, in 1905, a prize for the best opera composed by an Englishman. The Covent Garden Syndicate offered to produce the work chosen, and it was generally understood that the opera would be produced in the English tongue during the summer of 1907. However, the arrangement fell through. It seems that there are insuperable difficulties, not very clear to the average man, about producing an opera in English without more than half a year's preliminary preparation, though a German, French, or Italian work can be staged at short notice. Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, one of those who adjudicated on the operas submitted for the prize, has been complaining in print of the procedure of the Covent Garden Syndicate. The selected work, entitled "The Angelus," is to be produced some time next year, but it will not have the *eclat* which it would have gained if it had been brought out during the season. It was a condition of the competition that the libretto should be in English, and now the opera has been "side-tracked" because "the book" is not in a foreign tongue. A little less subservience to the tradition of foreign domination would be a most wholesome symptom in British impresarios.

* * *

WHEN Miss Eleanor Robson played in Toronto last month, it was generally recognised that "Vera the Medium" was a poor play—especially for Miss Robson. The part of "faker," however distressed, is not one which sits gracefully upon this actress with the plaintive voice and honest eyes. The late Frank Stockton wrote a whimsical story about a young author who composed so good a story that no editor would receive his later efforts, because, forsooth, they were not quite so satisfactory as the brilliant achievement of his early days. The author finally overcame the difficulty in true Stocktonian fashion. It is possible that Miss Robson's remarkable success in "Merely Mary Ann" furnishes a comparison which is virtually a handicap. Every paper admits that her "Vera" is well-sustained but sighs for the days of "Merely Mary Ann." The latter play was highly unsatisfactory to those who were familiar with Mr. Zangwill's story as it originally appeared, since it had been wrenched sadly in order to give it the happy ending which an indiscriminating public demands. The reader of the novel may dumbly protest at the spoiling of the tale, but he is forced to admit that Miss Robson as the little slavey with a poet's soul is a delight to ear and eye. However, the actress herself must begin to wonder if "Mary Ann" is to haunt her future efforts, for already she has stood in the way of the Jerome heroine, in the path of "Salomy Jane" and beside "Vera the Medium," plaintively mocking their would-be charms.

A "LITTLE COLONEL" STORY.

THE latest book in the "Little Colonel" series is "Mary Ware: the Little Colonel's Chum," by Annie Fellows Johnston. The heroine is a bright, wholesome school-girl who proves herself an ideal comrade, both at work and play. The story is one to appeal to girls of all classes and should join the other "Colonel" books as part of the girl's library. The book is prettily bound and illustrated, making a presentable volume. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company. Toronto: William Briggs.)

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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE SAUCER-PIE.

By MAUD LINDSAY.

ONCE upon a time there was a saucer-pie. A saucer-pie is a pie that is baked in a saucer instead of a pan; and if you have never seen one I hope you will before you are a hundred years old.

This pie was baked in a saucer that belonged to a little girl named Polly. Her grandmother had given her the saucer, and it was as blue as the sky.

When her mamma took the pie out of the oven, and put it on the table to cool, she said:

"Here is a nice little, brown little pie, Baked in a saucer as blue as the sky."

The pie belonged to Polly as well as the saucer. Her mamma had baked it for her because it was her birthday; and she was very proud of it.

"Tell me about it again," she said, as she stood on tiptoe by the table to see it. Then her mamma said:

"Here is a pie that is dainty and sweet,

Baked in a saucer, for Polly to eat." But Polly did not want to eat her saucer-pie by herself.

"I will have a party," she said; and away she went with dancing feet to call her neighbours in.

There was Martha, and Margaret, and little boy John; and all of them came to Polly's party.

When they got there the table was set with Polly's doll dishes, and in the middle of the table was the pie.

"A nice little pie, in a saucer blue, Baked in the oven for Polly and you," said mamma, as she cut the pie, once across this way, and once across that.

Each child had a slice; and then, nibble, nibble,—

All that was left of the saucer-pie, Was a *crumb* in the saucer as blue as the sky.

* * *

THE THIMBLE BISCUIT.

By MAUD LINDSAY.

ONCE upon a time Polly's mamma was making biscuit for supper. She sifted the flour, so fine and white; And kneaded the dough till it was light,

And rolled it out with a rolling pin, And cut the biscuit round and thin.

Polly watched her do everything; and when the last biscuit was in the biscuit pan, mamma said:

"Here is a little piece of dough left on my biscuit board. I wonder if there is a little girl in this kitchen who would like to make some little biscuit?"

"Yes, yes," said Polly, clapping her hands with delight, for, of course, she knew her mamma meant her. "I'd like to make little biscuit all by myself."

So mamma tied a napkin around her waist for an apron, and Polly rolled up her sleeves just as mamma did when she cooked, and climbed into the kitchen chair so that she could reach the biscuit board. Then she was ready to begin her biscuit.

"May I sift flour, too?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed," said mamma. "You must always sift flour on your board if you want your biscuit to be smooth and nice."

So Polly sifted the flour so fine, and white,

And kneaded the bit of dough so light;

And rolled it out with the rolling pin; And—

What do you think? Mamma's biscuit cutter was larger than Polly's piece of dough!

"I think you will have to borrow grandmother's thimble for a biscuit cutter," said mamma. A thimble biscuit cutter! Was there ever anything so funny as that? Polly laughed about it all the way upstairs to grandmother's room; but when she told grandmother what she wanted, grandmother did not think it was strange at all.

"I used to make thimble biscuit when I was a little girl," she said; and she made haste to get the thimble out of her workbag for Polly.

Grandmother's thimble was made of shining gold; and oh! what a fine biscuit cutter it made. The biscuit were as small and as round as buttons, and Polly cut enough for grandmother, and papa, and mamma, and Brother Ned, and herself, each to have one for supper that night.

"I think it is fun to make thimble biscuit," she said as she handed them around in her own blue saucer; and if you don't believe she was right, make some yourself, and see.—*Kindergarten Review*.

* * *

WHERE SHE WAS GOING.

A little girl of three years of age was one day sitting in her little rocking-chair before a grate fire. The heat becoming very intense, she stood up, and exclaimed: "I'm going nearer where the fire isn't!"

* * *



"Such a happy jumble-land."—The Outlook.

* * *

GRATITUDE.

By ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK.

When there are so many things to play,
Why should a small child ever be sad?

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And in summer you row on the lake;

Store and soldiers the whole year through,
Dolly's sewing and clothes to do,
And splendid sailboats to make.

But if the day's been stupid and long,
So you wish and you wait for the night,

And though everything's cross and wrong,
There is always the "Sleepy Song,"
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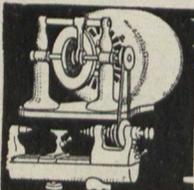
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LITERARY NOTES

A BOOK OF MONTHS.

A SEASONABLE little volume is "A Canadian Book of Months, Verse and Prose," by Suzanne Marny. There are twelve chapters of reverie and reflection, pertaining to the calendar divisions of the year, followed by a score or so of lyrics picturing pleasantly the varied aspects of Canadian rural scenery. Perhaps one might substitute Southern Ontarian for Canadian. It is no matter for surprise that there are two stanzas on "October." The Canadian artist or poet who has not contributed a bit of October colouring in picture or verse to the art gallery or to the bookshelves of the national library should be given a cabinet of solid silver. Our art "runs" to October; yet we can hardly wonder at this tendency when we consider the mellow beauty which touches our woods and waters in the tenth month of the year.

In the author's chapter on February there is a cheerful touch of winter joys: "As we sip at our cheering cups we gaze into the evergreen-planted lawn. Erect and dark, the mysterious trees strike their note upon the whiteness. We hold our breath with delight, and drink in the fairy-like aspect of the frost-bound spot. The blue shadows have inundated the land, and only one amber beam lingers in the dark group. It is nearly six when we take our leave, but the February afternoon is generous and the light dies slowly in the paling half pearl above us." Toronto: William Briggs.

* * *

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

IN the sixteen features of the December number of *The University Magazine*, there is a variety which might appeal to the most jaded reader. Should one wish to read an article of classic retrospect and modern prophecy, with a delightful play of fancy over the whole fabric, there is Principal Hutton's article, "Plato's Watch Dog," which seeks to find in our new Dominion the blend of Pagan and Christian virtues which Plato beheld in the common watch-dog. Surely, the following is a hopeful outlook!

"If then the British element in this Atlantean blend can provide the primary virtue, the French element can provide the secondary, can 'soothe us with their finer fancy, touch us with their lighter thought'; can supply the keener intelligence and the more feminine grace. Or if there be still doubt of this, Plato, look at another element in this kingdom of Atlantis: one section of the British stock of this kingdom came up from the south when their neighbours, henceforth called Americans, quarrelled with their British mother-country, as your Greeks always quarrelled with their mother-city. This part of the people refused to quarrel lightly with their mother-country; they thought of their duties no less than of their rights: they cherished ancient memories: they were loyal to old ties: they refused to break with all their past for an old man's obstinacy and a few pounds of tea: and they sacrificed their American homes and came north in recognition of the virtue of patience, loyalty, considerateness; yes and they must have had their measure too of the other and first virtue, or they could never have hewed them hopes and homes out of the northern wilderness, where the timber-wolf howled after its prey and sought its meat from God.

"And so, Plato, have not these Atlanteans the promise of the three virtues, self-reliance, forbearance, intel-

lect? The masterfulness of the Briton, the fidelity of the Loyalists, and the genius of the Frenchman? What do you say?"

No writer in Canada to-day is more happy in his treatment of such grave fantasy than Principal Hutton, whose "Oxford Types" first gave the public outside the University of Toronto some idea of the flavour of his fruitful philosophy. It is impossible for this Professor of Greek to be either dull or didactic, and the suggestion that Canada may possess this trinity of virtues is a delightful bit of inspiration.

Dr. MacPhail contributes a wise-after-the-event article on "Why the Conservatives Failed," and Mr. Archibald McGoun dilates on the subject of "Fiscal Fair Play." The Ashburton Treaty comes to light once more in an article concerning "British Diplomacy and Canada" by a writer whose name is indicated by three stars. Mr. Arnold Haultain wades boldly and not ungracefully into philosophic depths in "The Search for the Ultimate," while Mr. E. M. Hardinge comes to the rescue of "Realism" and repudiates the practice of those who would apply the term to all manner of nastiness. Mr. William Trant, in an article on "The Treatment of Criminals," deals in an enlightened fashion with a question which is agitating all publications in these days. If the criminal is not receiving all the attention he deserves in our weekly, monthly and quarterly publications, then the criminologist is hard to please. *The University Magazine* is a publication which is devoted to the finer issues of literature and affairs and one hopes to see it in many Canadian libraries. The Macmillan Company of Canada.

AMERICAN CHIVALRY.

THE London *Chronicle* has a good word to say for American chivalry. It is not in vain, we are told, that American men call their attitude towards women "chivalrous." It is in fact a precise reproduction of that of sixteenth-century Italy, allowing for difference of idiom—a quite delightful difference. Here, for example, are the two declarations in regard to a gentle fiction of love intended to offer woman an appropriate but temporary compliment. This is the word of Count Baldassare Castiglione, writing of high life and manners: "Discourse of love is used by every gentleman . . . not only when impelled by passion, but also merely to do honour to the lady with whom he speaks. The pretense of loving her is at any rate a testimony to her worthiness to be loved. She, on her part, will for a time seem to fail to understand, and anon will take it all as a merry jest."

And here is the American gentleman's equivalent course of action. He was telling us of the visits of girls to country houses of the South where he and his contemporary young men were also guests. "We want to give them a good time," he said (generous wish! we can hardly imagine any other nation's men deliberately setting out with it), "and so we always propose to them." "Well, that is no doubt cheerful," said the Englishman, "and they, of course, understand it. But," he added, as an afterthought that apparently had not occurred to Count Baldassare Castiglione, "suppose one of them should take your courtship in earnest." "Then," said the American, and the fine phrase of the sixteenth century could not have been more expressive, "then, of course, I should see her through."

The Political Career of Joseph Sellers

(Continued from page 15)

eyes, to dream of my future political greatness. Here I had come into a household an absolute stranger, and only a few moments before had met this big coarse, forbidding creature. I had, so to speak, conquered her, won her confidence and, I hoped, her esteem. I was now left in charge of her infants and the household.

What I had done to the Plummer family could be repeated with the Smiths and the Browns of Van Dorn Street. The ward, the city, the province, the whole Dominion would soon be mine; I would rise to become the political dictator of the age, and would have a following that would bow at my feet. The children would bare their heads as they pass along the street, and I would graciously smile upon the little ones. Men and women would whisper, "There goes Sellers!" In the course of time "Sir Joseph Sellers," who knows? Ah, this was life! Politics! Politics! At least, that's what I used to think.

I must have sat for half an hour at least, and had begun to think something might have happened to Mrs. Plummer, when one of the children sat up in bed and called: "Maw, I want a drink!"

"Hush, little one," I called, turning to the bedside. "Mamma has gone out for Papa."

"Who are you?" asked the child, looking at me with open eyes. It's strange that children and dogs are never afraid of me. "Are you a doctor?"

"No, little one," I replied. "I'm not a physician. Do you want to see one?"

"Naw, I want a drink of water," was the answer.

"I'll get you one from the kitchen," I replied, going to the door.

Much to my surprise, the door would not open. In some unaccountable way, it had become locked; doubtless there was a spring lock on the other side.

"The door is locked," I said to the child. "I can't get you any water."

"I want a drink!" cried the little fellow.

"Sh—sh—" I whispered. "You'll wake the other children."

The child stopped and looked at me again.

"Are you a doctor?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "Do you want a doctor? Are you sick?"

"We've got the measles," he said.

Now, mother always shielded me from children's ailments. I am an only child and grew to manhood without having whooping-cough, measles, scarlet fever, or mumps. Grandmother says I had a touch of brain fever once, but mother never believed it. These diseases are apt to go hard with grown-up people—very often they are fatal. You can imagine what I felt like! To be in a dirty room, away off in the outskirts of the city, locked in with three children, all down with the measles. I rushed to the door and pulled with all my might. It wouldn't budge. I rushed to the window, but it was nailed down. I rapped on the window-pane hoping to attract some passer-by, but the street was deserted. By this time, the children were sitting up in bed and screaming at the top of their voices. My terror had become infectious. I really think they were more frightened of me than I was of them, if possible. I was nearly beside myself and seriously thought of throwing a chair through the window and escaping through the broken pane, when I heard footsteps, and the outer door opened. It was Mrs. Plummer returned, thank heaven. No,

it couldn't be Mrs. Plummer. It wasn't her footsteps. It was a heavy, shuffling sound.

The children heard the noise and with one accord yelled: "Maw, Maw, come here! There's a burglar in the house!"

"I'm coming," answered a husky voice, and there was a noise of a body falling heavily against the door, and then falling away against the other side of the hall. "I'm coming," called the voice.

There was an interminable fumbling at the key-hole. Mrs. Plummer was apparently finding difficulty in locating its exact whereabouts. I stood there biting my lips with anxiety to escape from this pest-ridden house, and—Mrs. Plummer; but I intended to take just time enough to give her a piece of my mind. Her husband could vote against the party for all I cared.

The children screamed, the room was a perfect Bedlam. At last the door opened and Mrs. Plummer lurched into the room. She had been drinking! She had a bottle of gin in her hand!

"Right, children—I'm home," she hiccupped.

I made for the door, but Mrs. Plummer blocked it with her immense bulk.

"Now, you dirty little rat of a Tory," she said, shaking the bottle at me, "what have you been doing to my children—makin' 'em cry like that. Don't you know how to take care of sick children when their poor mother goes out for a breath of fresh air?" she asked.

"Let me out!" I commanded, "I'll call the police."

"I don't want you here," she retorted, making way for me. "You won't get Plummer's vote," she called as I rushed from the house, "for his time ain't up till after election day."

Hudson's Bay Route is Still O.K.

(Winnipeg Free Press.)

THE loss of the Hudson's Bay Company's vessel *Stork* in James Bay adds one more to the comparatively small list of wrecks to be credited to the navigation of our northern waters. The last wreck, which occurred several years ago, involving the loss of a valuable cargo of furs, pointed a moral to many of the detractors of the Hudson Bay route, who seized upon the opportunity to point to the perils of navigation in the Bay. It is well to observe, however, that both these wrecks took place in the most southerly portion of James Bay, notoriously difficult of navigation by reason of the very shoal water which characterises practically the whole Bay. Hundreds of miles separate this section from the route which will be traversed from Fort Churchill to the markets of Europe, when the Hudson Bay Railway is completed. On this latter route no wrecks have been reported for many years, it being considered absolutely safe so far as the ordinary perils of the sea are concerned; and the harbour of Churchill itself being easy of access and bordered by deep water on every hand. There need be no apprehension that the wreck of the *Stork* in any way reflects on the navigability of the Hudson Bay route.

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O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"

"THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE"
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600 CANDLE POWER of Illumination (Equal to Daylight) for One Cent Per Hour

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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

What Canadian Editors Think

MONTREAL TO OTTAWA BY ELECTRICITY.

(Ottawa Journal.)

ACCORDING to a New York engineering journal, the New York Central Railway will as soon as the condition of the money market renders easy the getting of capital push toward completion the electrification of its lines to Albany. It is also said that the New York, New Haven and Hartford is now considering the advisability of equipping all its main lines with electric motive power. This is the result of its gratifying experience with a similar equipment of its suburban zone. A director of this road says that they have found that a pound of coal consumed in their electric power house produces twice the drawbar pull on a train obtained from the same amount of coal used in a steam locomotive. The Pennsylvania Railroad is so sure of the advantages of electricity that it proposes to equip its main line from New York to Philadelphia with electricity and it is expected when that work is completed the 90 miles will be made in less than one and a half hours. These things being so, the day should not be distant when the railways around Ottawa, with unlimited cheap water power available, will be utilising electricity largely. From Ottawa to Montreal by electric motive power ought to pay as well as from New York to Philadelphia.

* * *

HONOURS OF DEPORTATION.

(St John Globe.)

THE reader of the daily newspaper will often find in it a paragraph describing the deportation of some individual or some family, and he may, perhaps, feel sorry for the unfortunate or unfortunates; or, on the other hand, he may feel that what is done is just the right thing to do. Very few persons, except the actual sufferer, can realise the great horrors of the thing described. A poor family in some part of Europe, north or south, more likely south, hears of Canada; of the richness of the country and the comfort of its people. Looking at the comparatively hopeless future before him and his children he determines to come here. After untold difficulty he raises a sufficient sum—a little more than sufficient if all goes well—to bring him to these shores. As he reaches here ill-fortune meets him in some way, just as he has landed, and he must go back. He must go back in all probability to the place where he started, but the ship will only land him at the port of his departure. It is no wonder that sometimes on the return voyage the father breaks down and commits suicide, or becomes insane.

* * *

ANNEXATION IS DEAD.

(Manitoba Free Press.)

SUCH is the view of this college professor; and it is worth noting for the information of Western Canadians, who will be surprised to hear that their devotion to the British flag is luke-warm. It is interesting to observe the revival in the United States of the hope of annexation with Canada; but the hope rests on nothing stronger than desire. There is not a single known fact to support it. What Canada's future will be is a legitimate subject for speculation; but one need not be a prophet to declare that the merging of the Dominion in the Great Re-

public is not among the possibilities. The two countries will doubtless improve their political and commercial relations in the course of time, but they will always remain two nations. The Canadian name, the Canadian race, the Canadian flag, and the Canadian nation are as sure of permanency as is the United States itself. Public men, journalists, college professors and political students in the United States should get this fact firmly fixed in their minds. It will save them from wasting their valuable time in idle speculation.

* * *

UNION OF CHURCHES.

(Catholic Record.)

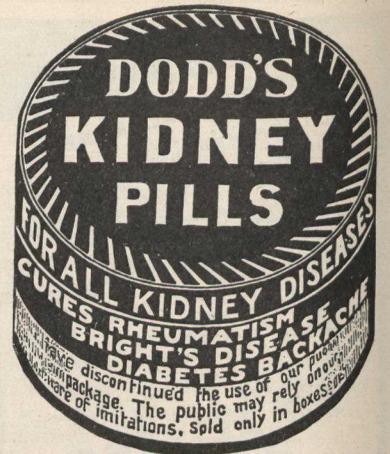
IF we are to judge by reports of committees, church union, so far as the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational Churches of Canada are concerned, has no obstacle in the way of consummation. Our knowledge is relative. We are not quite positive about the reports. We are not certain how far the union is intended to go. Least of all do the methods proposed commend themselves to our judgment. That union should be desired, that it should be sought by work, charity, and prayer needs no argument to support it or logic to prove its necessity. Disunion is too marked. Its consequences are too serious. Its energy destroys supernaturally and naturally the great interests which union should defend and conserve. Disunion scatters what union would sow; and wastes truth and grace enough to have evangelized the whole world. To feel the want of union is better than the old intolerant spirit, provided, however, it has its source in a proper motive. If the motive is worldly—merely to present to the country a large wall patched but whose joints are cracking, the union cannot be lasting. It will win contempt, when, if true, it should command respect.

* * *

NATIONALIZE ELEVATORS.

(London Advertiser.)

THE agitation in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta in favour of the Governments buying out and controlling elevators, appears to be gaining strength, and it is not unlikely that as a result of a conference of the Premiers of the three Provinces interested, held during the present year, an attempt will presently be made to solve the question. There are difficulties in the way. The farmers secured the right to ship grain from railway sidings direct into freight cars, thereby preventing extortionate elevator rates, only after much effort, and while it is generally conceded that Government-owned elevators would prevent extortionate charges, it is thought that, even with the buildings under Government control, many farmers would continue shipping direct from sidings into cars, unless that method were prohibited by statute. They cherish a privilege which has been secured by a long struggle, and would be loth to give it up even for the sake of the boon of Government-owned elevators. Moreover, there are those who seem to fear that managed by the State, elevators might become subject to political patronage. This objection could be overcome by the appointment of commissioners who would be free from political or other influences or interference. The commissioners might also be given power to decide in the matter of weights and grades.



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RATES \$1.50 to \$2.50, with detached bath
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250 rooms.

American Plan \$8.00 to \$5.00.
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—Fireproof—

Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

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In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

PROGRESS

In August last the now thriving town of Delisle, on the new Goose Lake extension of the Canadian Northern Railway, was nothing more than a patch of uncombed prairie—early in November the residents of this busy, bustling community were reading the first edition of their own weekly newspaper. And scores of other towns are progressing as rapidly. This remarkable development spells opportunity for the enterprising. Learn more about these immense new fields of activity. Write for literature describing these opportunities for the enterprising, in new Canadian territories, east and west.



Address all enquiries to Department of Publicity and Industries, Canadian Northern Building, Toronto, Ont.



The Only Double-Track Railway

Between Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara Falls, London and other Principal Canadian Cities and the Longest Continuous Double-Track Railway in the World under one Management.

Unsurpassed dining car service. Finest Equipment. The best of everything is assured on this popular Railway.

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There is only one Genuine "VICHY" Water. It comes from the *Celestins Spring*, which is so highly prized for its curative properties in Kidney and Bladder Complaints, that the water is bottled under French Government Supervision, and sealed with a Special Label to prevent substitution.

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The Editor of The Canadian Courier will pay the highest market price for new and interesting photographs. 59-61 Victoria Street, Toronto.

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Ask in any bar or hotel or grocery, for a

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If you are unable to obtain same, send us the name and address of the hotel or grocery, and in order to repay you for your trouble, we will send you an elegant pack of ivory finished playing cards, worth at least 25 cents.

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I, the undersigned, have asked for Kilty Scotch Whisky of

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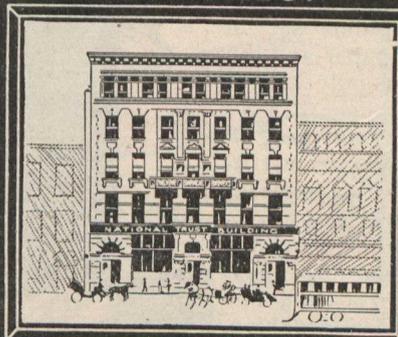
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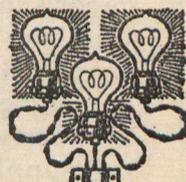
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CAPITAL \$1,000,000. RESERVE \$500,000.

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Are the finest in Canada.
Call and see them.



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Not the half cold, half browned or burnt kind, but crisp, golden brown toast—just as you like it, made at your breakfast table with an **Electric Toaster**. Simply attach cord to light socket and snap the switch.

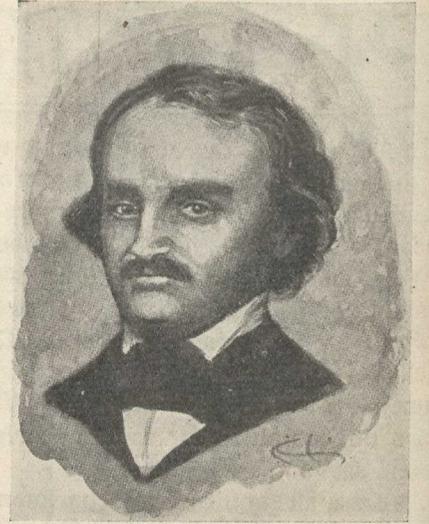
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You'll say it's the nicest you ever tasted.

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