

The Canadian
Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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Nine
 Provinces

THIS WEEK

Humorous Story
 By Margaret and
 A. E. McFarlane

Full Page Drawing
 By Arthur Heming

**A Presbyterian
 Patriarch**
 By Donald B. Sinclair

**A Red Hot Musical
 Controversy**
 By Several Critics

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Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Chatsworth, Walter's Falls and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

Mail Service Branch.
Ottawa, 22nd September, 1910.
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

MANY compliments have reached the office concerning last week's paper. This week we present a bill of fare which should be fully as attractive. Mr. Heming's drawing is the second of a series of four depicting the outdoor life which Canadian women may and do enjoy. After this series is completed, there will be some drawings of seasonable sport. We are pleased to know that our readers appreciate Mr. Heming's magnificent portrayals of "life in the open."

THE story by Mr. and Mrs. McFarlane is good and also unique. Mr. McFarlane is to be a regular contributor in future. The story by J. J. Bell, author of "Wee McGregor," is in an unusual vein for this celebrated British novelist.

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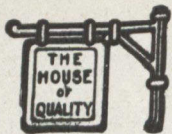
Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Collingwood, Gibraltar, Banks & Maits Mills and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

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Ottawa, 23rd September, 1910.

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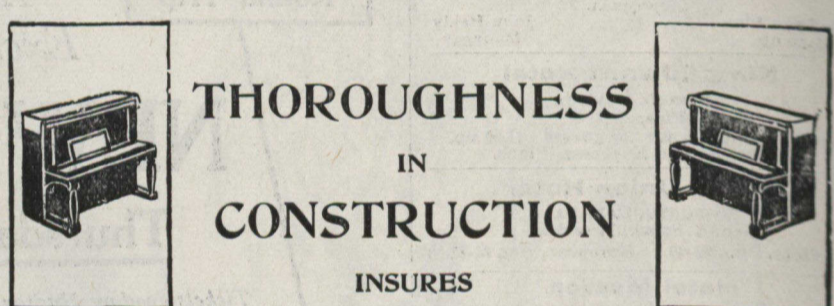
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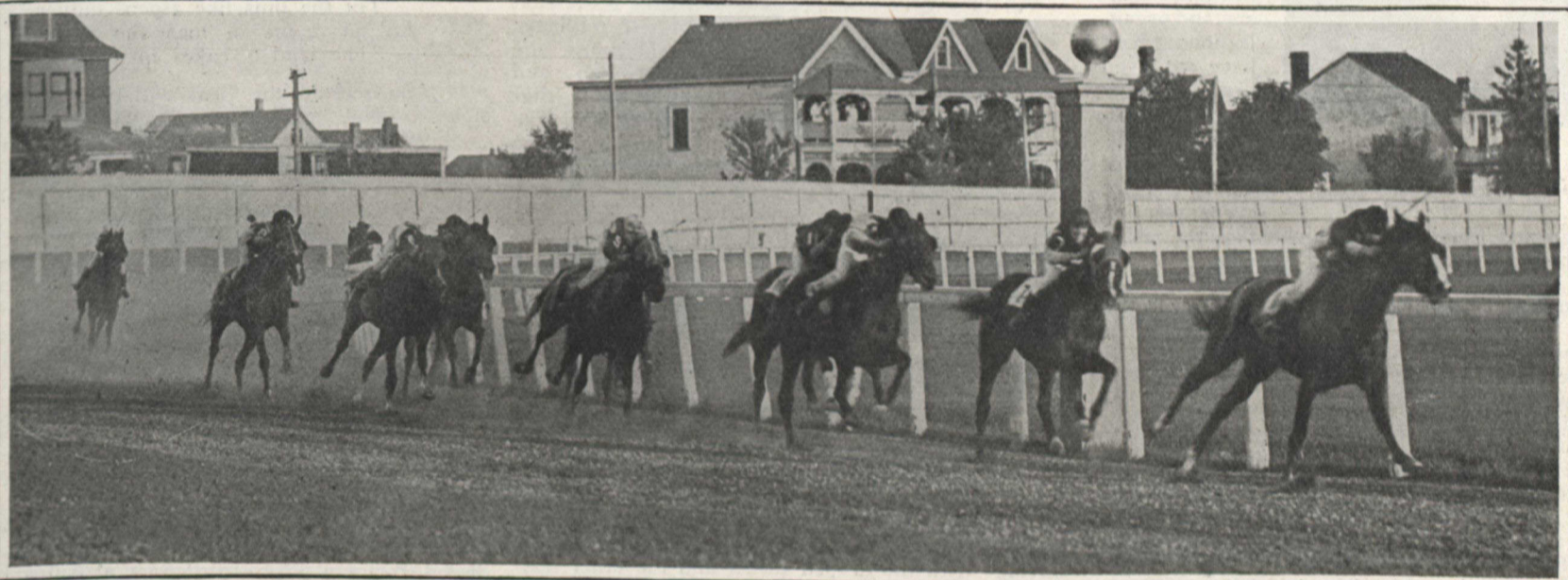
Vol. 8

Toronto, October 8, 1910

No. 19



This cheerful bunch of stable boys snapped by the Courier as they were watching the sport of kings, really ought to have been included in our Studies of Expression page in this issue.



Round the turn with the Judges' Stand in sight, the pace becomes terrific; this looks like a scene from one of Mr. W. A. Fraser's Racing Stories.



The breathless panic of the short speed events is the Melodrama of horse-racing; but the Spectacle at the track is the hurdling, even more so than Dame Fashion in the Members' Stand.

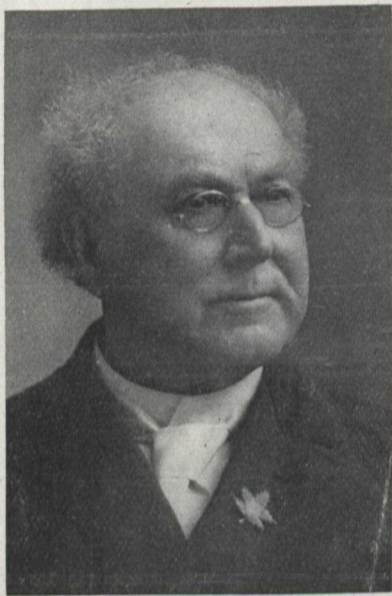
SCENES AT THE FALL MEETING, ONTARIO JOCKEY CLUB, WOODBINE RACE TRACK, TORONTO

A RED HOT MUSICAL CONTROVERSY

Has Canada an Original National Anthem? Phalanxes drawn up in Wordy Warfare, Discuss the Merits and Demerits of "O Canada," and "The Maple Leaf Forever."

By SEVERAL CRITICS

A RECENT issue of the CANADIAN COURIER contained an interview with Dr. Williams, the leader of the Grenadier Guards' Band, which has just returned to England after a considerable visit to this country. That interview has stirred up much talk and comment. One of the chief points in the discussion is the relative faults of the "Maple Leaf Forever" and "O Canada!"



The late Alexander Muir, who wrote "The Maple Leaf Forever."

An interview which appears in the Toronto Evening Telegram runs in part as follows:

"The Maple Leaf Forever" has done more to keep Canada British than all the speeches and reports of the local leaders and organisations that have sat even here in Toronto, and aided in a musical movement to sterilise every mention

of the flag and Empire of Britain out of the songs of this nation," said an earnest Canadian.

"O Canada" had a great innings at the Montreal Congress. The original words attached to the tune are beautiful in their devout significance, but why should the ultramontane anthem of a church and state enthusiasm be forced upon children who do not want to be divorced from a song that has proved its value in the strengthening of British and Canadian sentiment?

"The 'O Canada' boomers were not content with loving the song they discovered. They must needs hate the good old 'Maple Leaf Forever,' and make war on a song that had fairly sung its way into the hearts of thousands of Canadians. The 'Maple Leaf Forever' had no Mendelssohn choirs to illumine the defects of its nature with the splendours of Dr. Vogt's art. The children at the Provincial Model School were taught that 'O Canada' was a masterpiece and worthy to rank with the great historic songs of the nations. 'The Maple Leaf Forever' was almost run out of the Toronto Public Schools, and nearly dropped from the programme at the Public School concerts."

Just here it may be well to recall the views of Dr. Williams as they appeared in the COURIER. His remarks concerning "O Canada" ran as follows:

"You see," he said critically, "it's by no means quite original with—what's his name again?"

"Calixta Lavallee." I told him the story of how it came to be composed in 1881.

"Listen," he said; and he hummed a military air. "Do you see any resemblance?"

"Quite decidedly. Yes, but—"

"That's Handel's 'Scipio March,' which we play a great deal. I don't say 'O Canada' is a plagiarism on it; perhaps an unconscious similarity. Still 'O Canada' has many of the qualities of a really fine national hymn."

The Telegram's article would indicate that there are two ways by which the critic may get his knife into "O Canada." He may slam the music of the piece; or he may attack the words. For instance, in criticising the music of "O Canada" there are some people who boldly express their doubt as

to whether the hymn which first rolled out down in Quebec thirty years ago is original. That is the attitude of Dr. Williams. He sees a similarity between "O Canada" and Handel's "Scipio March." Says Dr. Williams:—

"I don't say 'O Canada' is a plagiarism on it; perhaps an unconscious similarity." Those who hold to the view that "O Canada" is reminiscent of other melodies, allege that on that account it is defective as the national anthem. This allegation does not pass unchallenged. Dr. A. S. Vogt, of the Mendelssohn Choir, to whose efforts must be largely attributed the vocal popularity of the anthem in middle Canada, freely admits Dr. Williams' charge that "O Canada" is suggestive of Handel's "Scipio March." He adds that it also sounds like one of Mozart's marches. But, however, the choir leader sees no great objection in that. Interviewed by the COURIER Dr. Vogt remarked:—

"I take it that there is no work of art, be it music, literature or painting, which does not to some extent borrow from its predecessors. What's new under the sun? 'O Canada' is what I call original. The expression of a strong personality, it is distinct; it's Canadian. Its music is as far removed from that of the other so-called Canadian national anthems as the Poles. You can't forget it."

Another gentleman of the musical profession took up the "Scipio March" point of Dr. Williams.

"I am going to give you three old songs," he said. He hummed over Dunferline, French and Winchester Old. In spots you would think that the song you heard was the previous one. The three have striking similarities. "There you have it! The 'Scipio March' and 'O Canada' is an example of the same thing—just freaky coincidence. Now, who would say that 'Winchester Old' was plagiarised from Dunferline!"

Besides the question of its originality, another criticism is hurled at the music of "O Canada." This introduces the question of taste. There are many Canadians who are impressed by the majesty of the "O Canada" anthem. A citizen, interviewed by the Telegram, commenting as follows, thinks it funereal:

"The whole theory of the 'O Canada' boom was bound up in the belief that there was surpassing musical excellence in the tune, and did you notice that at the Exhibition the dirge-like effect of the massed bands as they groaned out the tune until the spectators were looking out for the gun carriage with the draped casket and the other incidentals of a military funeral."

He also complains about the words of "O Canada," and "ultramontane anthem." He enquires indignantly why "O Canada" should be forced upon children. The suggestion of coercion arouses a singing master, well known for his choral work in connection with the public schools of Ontario, to repudiation:

"Why you don't have to push 'O Canada,'" he said. "The youngsters learn it like their A, B, C's. Frequently I have written the words on the blackboard—not a bit of music in sight. The whole class will burst into song as I write. In Ontario scarcely a school concert but 'O Canada' is on the programme, with 'God Save the King.'"

Another editor jumps into the melee and speaks as follows:

Lavallee's noble melody, "O Canada!" has found acceptance from Halifax to Vancouver. It belonged to Quebec until two years ago. Then it became the possession of all Canada. The only thing Canada regrets is that the treasure was discovered so late. The Champlain Tercentenary brought the tune to the front. No sooner was the dust brushed off than musicians, connoisseurs, and, best of all, the great mass of the Canadian people, recognised in it the grand simplicity which makes a national anthem. Earl Grey made it the fashion. Dr. Vogt handed it over to his Mendelssohn Choir and made it a classic. Bandmasters found in it a body of tone that lent itself to great effects with

the brasses and made it a stock piece. The school children all over Canada took it up, sang it, and made it popular in the home. Nowhere else in the world can a national anthem show such growth in two years' time. Lieutenant Williams of the Grenadier Guards band says that "O Canada!" is reminiscent of the "Scipio March." Perhaps. Most national anthems are reminiscent of something or other—some folk tune, some chord in the people's hearts. They would not become national anthems if they were not. Meanwhile, reminiscent or not, "O Canada!" is good enough to keep. It goes everywhere. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier got off the boat at Prince Rupert, just one step from the Arctic Circle, the band played "O Canada!" So far as Canada is concerned, it is like what Kipling says of "God Save the King":

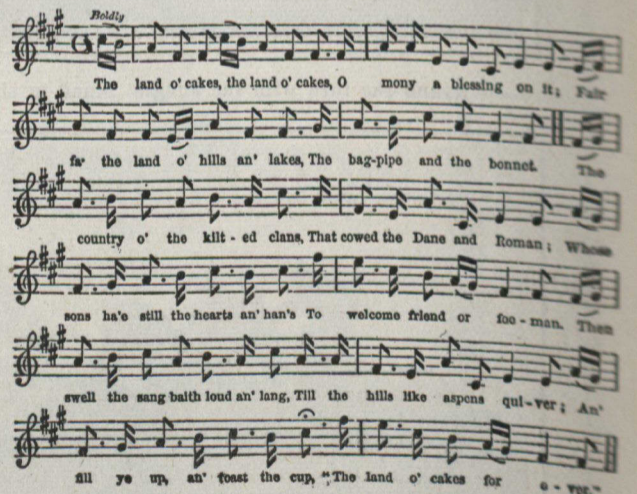
"You can't get away
From the tune that they play
And the bloomin' old rag overhead."

So much for "O Canada." As Dr. Williams said: "I have been also told that 'The Maple Leaf' is the thing." A correspondent writes to the COURIER and throws the searchlight on Alexander Muir's song as the national anthem. He states definitely the original Scotch air to which the words of "The Maple Leaf" have been fitted—"The Land o' Cakes." This Scotch song was written by John Imlah—air "Black Watch," and was known as the march of the gallant Forty-second Royal Highland Regiment. The words of "Land o' Cakes" are these:—

The land o' cakes, the land o' cakes,
O mony a blessing on it;
Fair fa' the land o' hills an' lakes,
The bagpipe and the bonnet
The country o' the kilted clans,
That cowed the Dane and Roman;
Whose sons hae still the hearts an' han's
To welcome friend or foeman.
Then swell the sang both loud an' lang,
Till the hills like aspens quiver;
An' fill ye up, an' toast the cup,
"The land o' cakes for-e-ver."

Be scorn'd the Scot within whose heart,
Nae patriot flame is burning;
Wha kent nae pain frae hame to part,
Nae joy when back returning.
Nae love for him in life shall yearn,
Nae tears in death deplore him;
He hath nae coronach nor cairn,
Wha shames the land that bore him.
Then swell the sang, etc.

Fair flow'r the gowans in our glens,
The heather on our mountains;
The bluebells deck our wizard dens,
An' kiss our sparking fountains.
On knock an' knowe, the whin an' broom,
An' on the braes the breckan;
Not even Eden's flow'rs in bloom
Could sweeter blossoms reckon.
Then swell the sang, etc.



This reproduction of the music of "The Land O' Cakes" was taken from a rare book entitled "Lyric Gems of Scotland," in the possession of Mr. Wm. Campbell, Toronto.

When flows our quegh within the glen,
Within the hall our glasses,
We'll toast "Auld Scotland's honest men,"
Thrice o'er "Her bonnie lasses";
An' deep we'll drink "The Queen an' kirk,"
"Our country an' our freedom";
Wi' broad claymore, an' Highland dirk,
We're ready when they need them.
Then swell the sang, etc.

Follows the letter containing the references to

"The Land o' Cakes" as it affects "The Maple Leaf":

Toronto, Sept. 25th.

In the *Telegram* of Sept. 14, discussing an interview in the *COURIER*, certain rude jolts were administered to "O Canada" by the leader of the Guards' band. The interview must have lasted long enough to enable Bandmaster Williams to change his mind quite frequently; first impressions of disapproval being modified later on. He is not impressed with the music of Calixta Lavallee, but very much impressed with Handel's "Scipio March," which it resembles, and which his band plays quite frequently as a matter of choice; and finally admits that "O Canada" has many of the qualities of a really fine national hymn." Whether it be the work of Handel or an obscure French-Canadian, it is rather a compliment to its admirers that they should have detected the smell of the rose when called by any other name. It has always impressed me, whether its notes were long or short, and its fitness for a national hymn was enhanced in my mind, by its being considered a purely Canadian production; and the suggestion of its not

being original destroys a beautiful romance, and furnishes a jolt in the neck as rude as it is unexpected.

However, as the two compositions are claimants for adoption as national hymns, it is hardly fair to instance one as lacking in originality without considering how the other qualifies in that respect. "The Maple Leaf" has been assiduously, and, no doubt, honestly, boomed by the *Telegram*, because it was assumed to be of native growth, although admittedly lacking in literary finish. I have read whole pages of matter concerning it and its author, and especially remember the circumstantial and moving little incident which inspired it: the leaf falling from the tree and resting on the poet's shoulder, clearly singling him out as the man for the job; to a critical mind it suggests Newton and the apple, but we will take it as read.

The words, were written, and the music followed in remarkably short order. Muir was not a literary man, and possibly did not discriminate between parody and original composition as strictly as a professional writer would.

It may flatter men of Scotch blood to know that an adaptation of a Scotch song "has kept Canada

British," and sung its way into the hearts of thousands of Canadians. "The Maple Leaf Forever" does not merely resemble "Land o' Cakes Forever"; the tune is adopted frankly and entirely. The line "Shamrock, thistle, rose entwined" seems purposely coined to fit in. There is not a Scotchman in Canada who has not sung or whistled "Land o' Cakes Forever" to the tune of "The Maple Leaf" before he ever left his native land. I have sung and whistled it myself when going to school in Edinburgh fifty years ago. But the humour of it is that in Scotland "Land o' Cakes," "Scotland Yet," or "Garb of Old Gaul" are swagger songs, sung by the students not for any music that is in them, but to express their pent-up patriotic impulses.

I am sure "Land o' Cakes Forever" never aspired to the position of a national hymn before reaching this country. The *Telegram* is right in saying that there is a swing and movement in the simple tune that will sing its way into the hearts of anybody, especially boys, but why not be honest about it? The tune is as old and familiar as the hills, and to claim that it was produced here in comparatively recent years is preposterous.

W. CRUICKSHANK.

A PRESBYTERIAN PATRIARCH

Rev. Dr. Carmichael, in the day of Short Calls, celebrates his Fiftieth year in one community

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

THE patriarch of Canadian presbyterianism lives in King Township, County of York, Ontario, and he is Rev. Dr. Carmichael. For fifty whole years in one community he has been preaching with the Scotch tang in his voice. To five generations he has been sky pilot. He has baptised six hundred and forty children—the children of infants whom he had rocked in the cradle, some of them. And he belongs to the present just as much as to the past. He tells the same story to the hired man with the bicycle as he did forty years ago to his father Sunday morning in the boss's pew at the kirk; one difference: his three-hour disquisition has been cut to twenty minutes—*O tempora, O mores!* "The Doc. has kept himself posted; he speaks Greek everyday, he does." A King farmer pounded his knee with a hand like a ham as he made the above remark to me the other day. Dr. Carmichael is one of Queen's first graduates, with a year of Glasgow brushing. He is one of the most eloquent men in the councils of his church. A prominent city pastor said the other day that Dr. Carmichael could go down to Queen's or Toronto and fill the chair in Hebrew or church history with the *savoir faire* of the best intellectual fibre on the staff of the theological colleges.

But this gentle scholar has given the best that is in him to a small, rural congregation. He has shut his eyes to the lure of fashionable, metropolitan ecclesiasticism; he has seen confident, young clerics succeed to good jobs with fat salaries which letters in the King post office had offered him. Always there was the Call. And every Sunday morning for fifty years his buggy has been trotted out, and his horse hitched; and he has jogged over corduroy roads and the new highways of macadam to meet

his flock—twenty-two miles of a drive, three charges to be visited, three sermons in his black



Rev. Dr. Carmichael, King, Ont.

coat to be delivered in English and the soft speech of the Gael, advice to be rendered, consolation given. Then on the week days toilers in the field

have seen his buggy—sometimes long, white ribbons at the whip; and often, too, a weary sufferer in dead of night has heard the hoof of the manse horse clicking among the stones.

Nothing ostentatious has there been about Dr. Carmichael's ministry. But there has been a great deal of self-sacrifice. When we speak of city chaps in this connection we call it heroism; for we are a nation of hero-worshippers. In the making of a raw country, we tend to be impressed alone by feats spectacular; if Jones builds a railroad he is a "big man"; who gives a continental about the wrinkled old schoolmaster or the sympathetic minister at home who first inspired the mind of Jones with visions of mighty deeds? Yet, after all, these unadvertised men are the pillars of our civilisation.

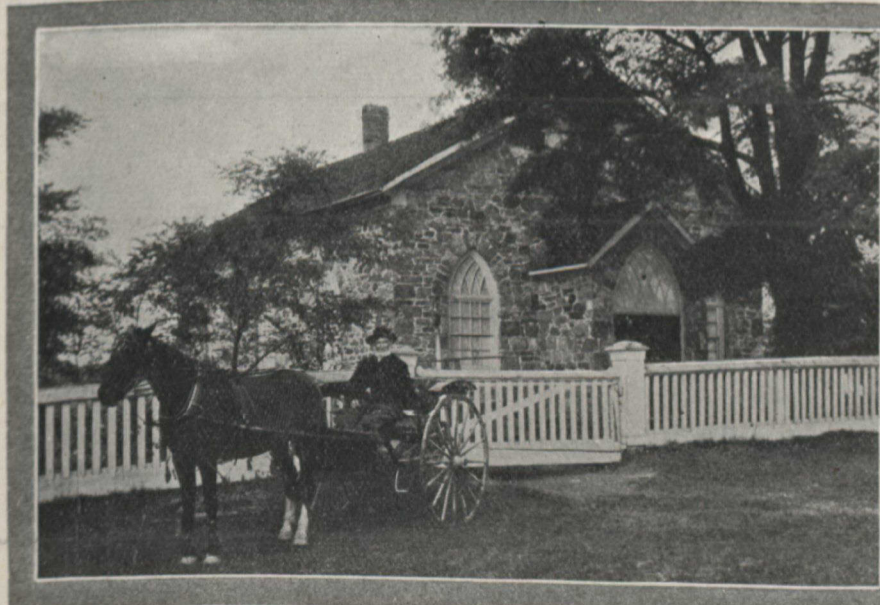
The editor of a country weekly remarks that to hear Dr. Carmichael preach reminded him of a "voice from the grave." Dead wrong—he has journalistic jaundice. Listen to the experience of the *COURIER*. Recently I communicated with Dr. Carmichael asking for an interview to take place at his house. The first man I saw when I got off the train at King Station was Dr. Carmichael. Eighty-two years of age, he had driven four miles since eight o'clock and to be bothered by a newspaperman!

"Your drive—it must have tired you," I suggested.

He became a very indignant old man indeed.

"No," he said brusquely. "Driving rests me—tell your readers that—that—it rests me." He paused. Then he went over and sat down thoughtfully on a bench.

"Really, there's not much to say," he said almost shyly. "They—the people—think that this fifty years



Service over at Eversley, the Doctor is off for the next charge. He covers 22 miles a Sunday.



St. Andrew's Church, King, Ont. If there are any late comers, the Doctor is ready for them.

of ministry has been a wonderful task; but it is they who have laboured. It's not the minister who makes a people; it's the people who make the minister. Life and death, joy and sorrow, storm and calm, sunshine and shadow—they have all been here." The Celt in him died for a moment.

Suddenly, he brought a long forefinger down into the palm of his other hand.

"One thing I want to say to you, I was never

bothered by this higher criticism talk."

There was a dead calm.

"They say you read novels, Doctor." I ventured with considerable apprehension.

But Dr. Carmichael laughed till there were tears in his eyes.

"Connor, Knowles, Montgomery—anything Canadian. But when I was your age, I read Allison's History of Europe, Brown's Dictionary of the Bible. Children now read problem novels."

The train citywards was rumbling into the station.

"When are you coming to the city again, Doctor?"

"Oh you wish to hear me preach, do you? I preach much better in St. Andrew's, King, than in St. Andrew's, Toronto. You know: When you go to preach in the country, put your best sermon in your pocket, but when you are off to the city put your best coat on."

TAMPERING WITH THE OATH

By RODEN KINGSMILL

THE federal civil servants in the Toronto Post Office have lately been taking the oath of allegiance to King George. And hidden in the rotund verbiage of that oath is something that surely is an amazing innovation. Here is the oath:—

"I do sincerely promise and swear (or affirm) that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to his Majesty King George V. as lawful sovereign of

the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, of the British possessions beyond the seas and of this Dominion of Canada, *dependent on and belonging to the said Kingdom*, and that I will defend him to the utmost of my power against all traitorous conspiracies or attempts whatsoever which will be made against his person, crown and dignity, and that I will do my utmost endeavour to disclose and make known to his Majesty, his heirs or successors, all treasons or traitorous conspiracies, and attempts which I shall know to be against him or any of them; and all this I do swear without any equivocation, mental evasion or secret reservation. So help me God."

The words in italics are new in any oath as heretofore administered to Canadian officials. They do not appear in the oath taken by the Governor-General. They are not to be found in the oath which, since the Federation of Canada, has been sworn to by Lieutenant-Governors, Senators, Members of the House of Commons and the Judges of Canadian courts.

No British Sovereign ever made any such assertion as is made in the italicised words. Queen Victoria and Edward VII. and the present King repeatedly made it clear—and their words could easily be quoted—that they held utterly different opinions. No Prime Minister, no Minister, no politician in the United Kingdom ever advanced any such absurd and dangerous claim.

Neither King, nor Queen, nor statesman thus denied fact and ignored the constitution and outraged truth. They would not so outrage truth; and these words do outrage truth. If "this Dominion of Canada" is veritably "dependent on and belonging to the said United Kingdom" the condition is so new that Canadians are hearing of it for the

first time. And they do not know it now.

There is not a word in the British North America Act to warrant the use of those objectionable words.

Canada no more "belongs to" the United Kingdom than Yorkshire belongs to Surrey, or Ireland "belong to" Scotland, or Australia "belongs to" Canada. Canadians will want to know how those new words got into that important state oath.

Senators and Members of Parliament within four weeks will have to swear allegiance to King George. When Parliament opens it is a certainty that it will be impossible to find one of our legislators who will consent to kiss the Book and swear to a false statement.



Lord Grey inspecting the Q.O.R. at Quebec.



Sir Henry and the Veterans who welcomed him home.



"Home, Sweet Home."—The Queen's Own Rifles on the Steamship "Canada" approaching Quebec City, on Sunday morning. They received royal welcomes in Quebec, Montreal and Toronto.

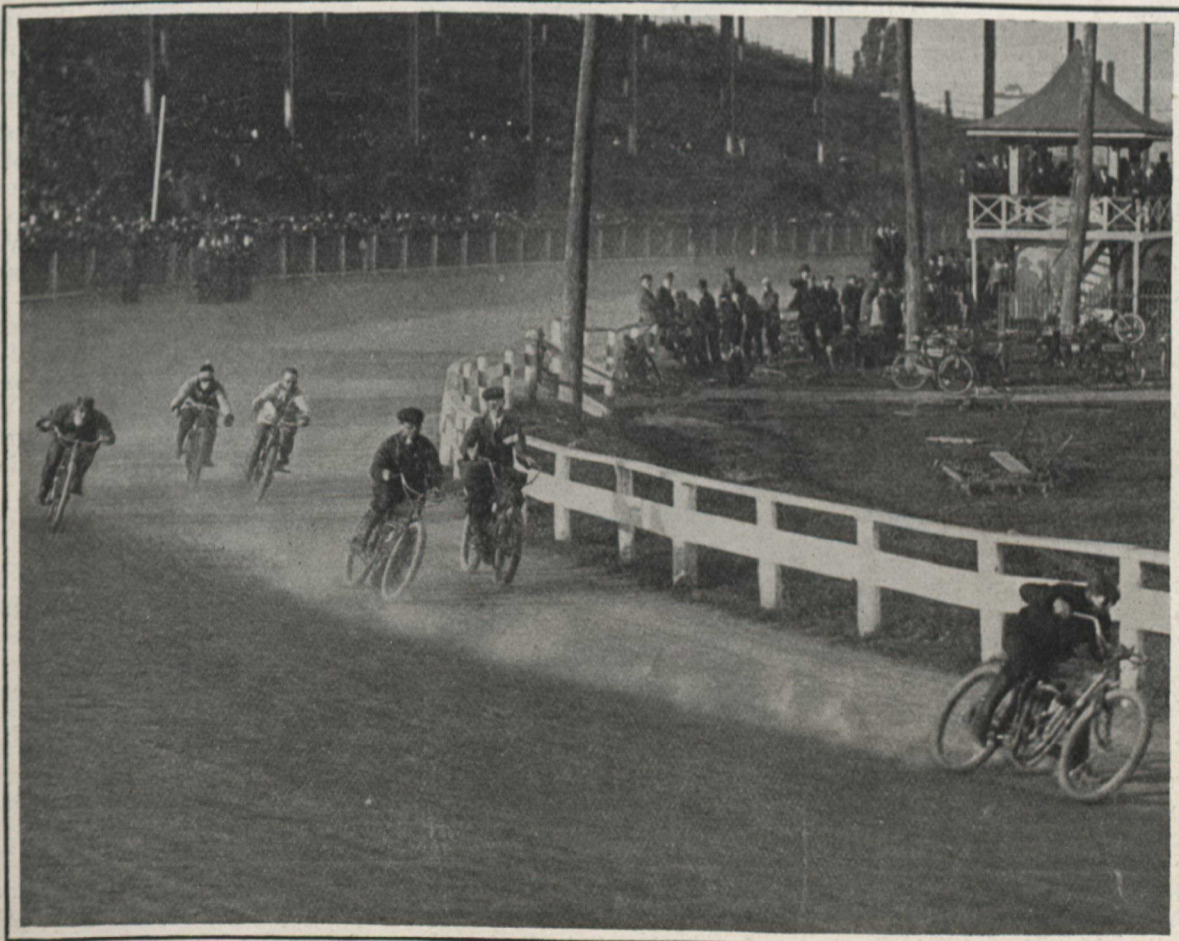
SPORT ON FIELD AND TRACK



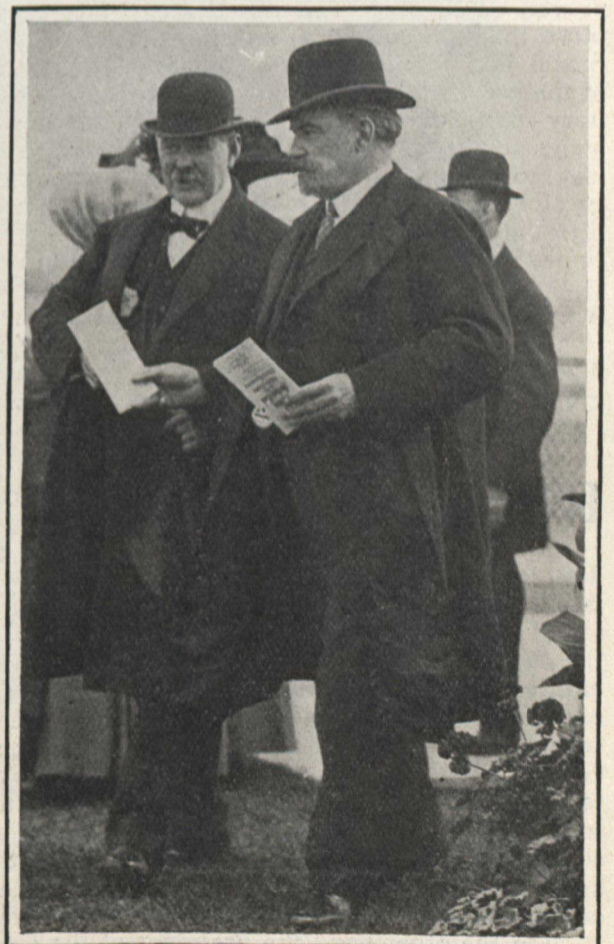
The Vancouver stickhandlers came three thousand miles to battle with the Young Torontos in the Mann Cup Series. The two teams are seen here lined up with the Officials before the game—Young Torontos, left; Vancouver, right.



The semi-final in the battle for Mr. D. D. Mann's Cup went to the Toronto boys, by a margin of two goals. The Young Toronto's, Maitlands and Eaton's are in the finals.



A mile-a-minute clip at the Annual Meet of the Toronto Motor Cycle Club, held in Toronto. Five thousand people turned out for the afternoon's excitement.



Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., left, and his host, Mr. D. D. Mann, taking in the Races at Toronto.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

NEWSPAPERS in Canada have been giving considerable attention to the visit of the Queen's Own Rifles to England, and at first glance it would seem that attention were overdone. There are many men in Canada doing fairly big things, and some of them are not getting their due meed of credit. Probably it will always be true that the world's praise and blame will be unevenly distributed. In this particular case it is probably true that Sir Henry Pellatt has done something in which the event was bigger than the man, or indeed, bigger than all the men who have taken part in this spectacular event.

A Canadian who has just returned from England says as a result of his observation that "Sir Henry Pellatt was the lion of England during his visit." He describes how the common people rushed in crowds to see Sir Henry and his regiment at every possible opportunity. The effect upon the military in England has been duly described by the correspondents with the regiment. They have also told us of the attitude of His Majesty, of the member of the Cabinet responsible for the army, and of the chief military authorities. It is, however, the attitude of the common people which is superbly significant. This class does not run to see a man or a body of men unless they represent some idea which is deeply imbedded in the minds of all the people. Men are not interesting because they are on parade.

It would seem, therefore, that this event has a significance out of all proportion to its military importance. It may be that the spectacle of a regiment from the Dominion-over-Seas visiting the centre of the Empire indicated a new era in British history. Not a military era, but a family era. There was a time when the colonies were regarded as British possessions, populated by dependent people and races. That view is passing. To-day the colonies are receiving the respect and regard which the British people gave to the United States when it won its independence.

THERE is something very comforting in the new British view of the Dominions-over-Seas—comforting to the people who live in those parts of the world which have been incorrectly styled "outposts of Empire." In teaching the British regular that a Canadian militiaman is as strong, as intelligent, and as tenacious as the best drilled regular of the British army, the Queen's Own Rifles have done something along this line. They have enhanced the reputation of every Canadian, every Australian, and every South African. They have proven once more what the United States proved more than a hundred years ago, that the Anglo-Saxon is an Anglo-Saxon, no matter what portion of the earth's surface he may call home. Wars, military organisations, naval fleets, political constitutions, cabinets and statesmen, sovereigns and political leaders, suffragettes and socialists, come and go, but the Anglo-Saxon remains forever. All the great events in British, United States and colonial history are of little importance as compared with the welfare, virility and the continued pre-eminence of the Anglo-Saxon race. Everything which tends to place the Dominions-over-Seas on an equality with the older Anglo-Saxon communities is of supreme importance. It means much to the self-respect of the people of Canada, Australia and the other dominions, present and future, and it means just as much to the progress of civilisation and the welfare of humanity as a whole.

FUNNY, indeed, are the articles in the newspapers with regard to Tariff and Reciprocity. Nearly every journal from Halifax to Victoria is discussing these two subjects from some standpoint. The independent press and the purely non-political papers are trying to get somewhere near the truth on both subjects. The fun is found in reading the leaders in the purely party papers. For example, the *Toronto Globe* came out on Tuesday morning with an editorial entitled "Strange Tariff Delusions," a title which is sure to make every thinking man smile. The editorial proceeds to tell us that Protection is a fallacy and that if Canada had Free Trade she would become a great manufacturing country. Under present conditions our raw material costs us too much, our labour is too high, and manufacturing is too expensive. Under Free Trade we could manufacture so cheaply that we would be able to capture the United States market. In fact, the whole editorial was apparently intended to make men grasp axes and start out at once to destroy the tariff wall.

On the other hand the president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and Protectionist newspapers are trying to assure us that without Protection the country would go rapidly to the dogs—

which interpreted means the United States. They point out day by day that if we give the United States manufacturer half a chance he will put every Canadian industry out of business. This view of the situation is just as humorous as the *Globe's* "delusion" editorial.

Surely the time has gone by when the newspaper writers of Canada should belittle themselves by engaging in an argument which was out of date sixty years ago. Protection is a system suitable for some communities; Free Trade is a system which is suitable for other communities. Each system has its strength and each system has its weakness. What Canada must find out is just how far she can safely reduce her custom duties without injuring the requirements of the Government and without injuring the present prosperity of the country. All that is clear at present is that Canada requires neither high Protection nor Free Trade. Her present moderate tariff is very nearly right, though undoubtedly capable of modification and improvement.

THAT wireless telegraphy is making decided advance is amply shown by the efficiency of the outfits carried by all the steamers on the Atlantic. A despatch from Mr. Marconi, now in Argentina, states that he has received signals from Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, and from Clifden, Ireland. The distances are over five thousand miles. This indicates that the distances over which wireless may be sent are steadily growing, as is our debt to Mr. Marconi, and those who are like him engaging in perfecting this new servant of civilisation.

It is to be hoped that the Canadian Government is watching these events closely and taking all care that the wireless services in this country shall be controlled by the Government. It would be extremely unfortunate if they should be allowed to get into private hands. This should be a public service, on the same basis as lighthouses, fog signal stations, hydrographic surveys, river buoys and canals. The wireless stations should be under the joint control of the Post Office Department and the Marine Department—the one to look after commercial messages, and the other to control its relation to shipping.

So far, the Government has done well. There is, however, ground for believing that influences are at work which aim at securing franchises from the Government for all or a portion of the service. It would be unfortunate if the Cabinet should listen to any proposed modification of its present policy of public control.

SIR JAMES WHITNEY has just returned from a visit to England, and there is some talk of his establishing a Civil Service Commission for Ontario, similar to that recently created at Ottawa for the Inside Service of the Dominion. This would be an excellent move, and would do much to enhance Sir James' reputation as an energetic and broad-minded administrator.

Those who favour Civil Service Reform throughout the country and the abolition of the present spoils and partisan systems should get active again. The Ottawa Commission was but a beginning. The

Outside Dominion Service should be brought under the Commission at an early date, so that the customs, inland revenue and post office employees would be removed from all danger of political influence and party patronage reduced to a minimum. There should also be Civil Service Commissions in every province, in order that every Government employee shall be appointed on merit and not because of political achievements. It will be a tremendous wrench to the patronage committees, but the reform must come in Canada as it came in Great Britain and the United States. The interests of all the people are paramount to the interests of political parties and petty politicians. The day of small things is passing away, and the appointment of men to important public offices because of party service will pass away also. Canada must adopt the standards in administration which are the earmarks of a great nation.

PERHAPS we are too prone to make heroes of our millionaires and politicians, and to forget the heroes of the pulpit, the teaching profession, the hospitals and even the farm. In this issue, a writer attempts to do justice to a hero of the pulpit, a man who for fifty years has laboured faithfully and intelligently to keep one community wholesome and sound. All honour to such a man, and all honour to the faithful men who are doing similar service for the nation under similar conditions.

As in Ontario, so in Nova Scotia. At Tatamagouche, this week, they are celebrating the jubilee of Rev. Dr. Thos. Sedgewick, who for fifty years has served the Presbyterian congregation in that town. The clergy and the people of Nova Scotia are proud of this grand old man of the church—and it really does not matter what church. What counts it whether it is Father Lacombe or Dr. Carmichael, or Dr. Sedgewick? Let us honour them for their sacrificial and soul-serving ministrations whether orthodox or dissenter.

QUITE DIFFERENT

Editor *Canadian Courier*:—

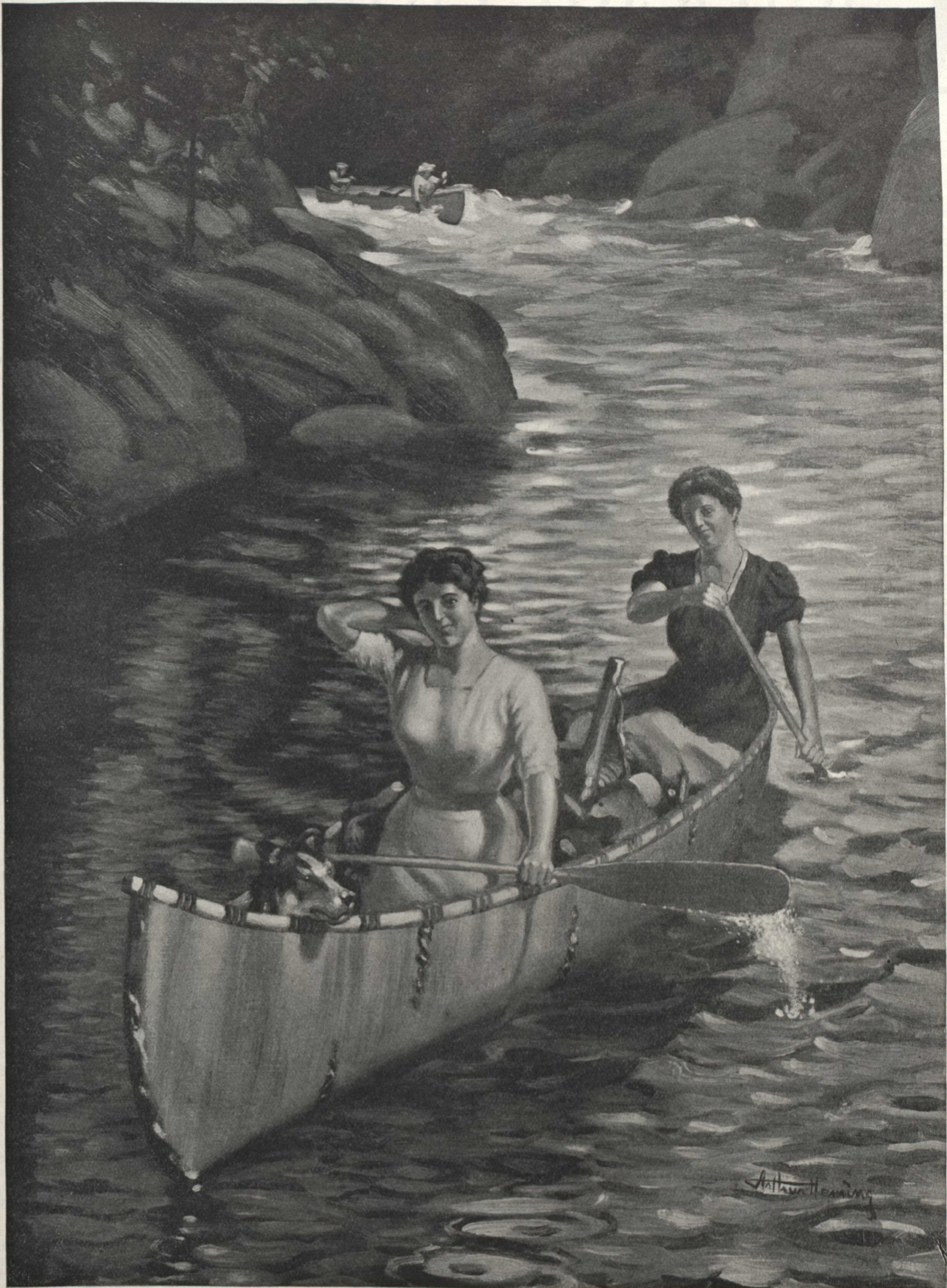
Sir: Your attitude in the past is to me a guarantee for the future. Your courage and sane judgment are a national asset when displayed in a journal such as our *National Weekly*. You may rest assured that the "Public School Principal" who complains of your "Unnatural Booming of Canada" is not voicing the sentiments of the teaching profession. You are to be congratulated on your unselfish devotion to that Canada which is so dear to all patriots, and though I cannot just now recall all you have said in "booming" that Canada of ours, I feel safe in saying that your optimism has not overreached itself. I believe that the future of Canada is such that were its greatness suddenly revealed to our untrained eyes, we would need to veil our faces. With best wishes,

N. WILLISON,

Principal of Schools.

Coldwater, Oct. 1, 1910.

HOW CANADIAN WOMEN ENJOY THE WILDERNESS



No. 2—A CANOE TRIP THROUGH NORTHERN ONTARIO

Drawn by ARTHUR HEMING

Canadian girls are fond of all ozone sports, but no sport in the Dominion—not even tennis or golf—has the same lure for them as the paddle with a splash of moonlight. Hundreds of girls own their own Canoes. On the broad lakes of Muskoka, and the swift rivers of Northern Ontario you hear all summer long the dip, dip of the blade—and they say there is music in it!

A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE HEATHEN

Callow Youth and Missionary Effort

By MARGARET AND ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE

Illustrated by R. Johnston.

WASH had now turned seventeen; and, although he could not honestly say that Idelia Constable was the first, five minutes after he had got to speaking terms with her he realised from the depth of his nature that she would be the last.

That being so, Providence was benignly with him in the fact that she did not attend his church, the First Avenue Episcopal. To his years there was open only one regularly prescribed and codified outlet to one's passion, and that was in walking home from the evening service with the fair and tender object of it. And if Idelia had belonged to his own church, as had *someone else* —. He thought of sister Het, of Wally, his "kid brother," and the two little girls, and he flushed again with a score of ignominious memories.

Idelia went to the New Brick Methodist, and Wash was almost immediately made to understand that she was joined to it by no such loose vicariousness of bond as that which still knit him to his own. That first Sunday evening, after half an hour of uneasy waiting in the New Brick vestibule, he did succeed in separating her from the cluster of girls of which she made a part in the outflowing congregation, and she allowed him to walk with her. But she explained to him with clearness that she had always felt that it wasn't right for a girl who was living according to the spirit to go home with any boy who hadn't been at church himself. Her other boy friends had always called for her at home, and she was sure her mother would be quite willing to have him do so, too.

He was psychically jarred by her mention of other boy friends. Yet not less fully did the same speech recognise him as their successor, and great happiness invaded him. To hear her, too, thus openly avow that she was living according to the spirit wrought within his own impressively. It was not merely by chance, then, that Idelia's face had made him think of "The Soul's Awakening." * * * If he was no great things in that way himself, with awed solemnity he pledged himself to enter at once upon one unsparing effort to be worthy of her.

IN the meantime, next Sunday evening he would most certainly call at 44 Elm Crescent. He was so decided as to that, that he neglected to ask Idelia's permission. And, probably in consequence thereof, when he did call he found that he had come too late. Mrs. Constable, taking him in with humorous but not unkindly scrutiny, said that she was very sorry but Clarence Sweetnam of their church had been there before him.

He remembered that Clarence Sweetnam, though only by his schoolyard name of "Clara." He, too, had a face like that in "The Soul's Awakening," but it had never impressed Wash in the same way as did Idelia's. * * * If you could land on that kind of Dough-bag even once and not risk putting him out of business *altogether* —!

He had learned some vital truths about girls, though, from Helma Young; and it was he who went with Idelia the Sunday following. By the end of another week the Dough-bag was little more than a memory of contemptuous conquest with him. * * * And by now, if he still outwardly went on with the grind of the Academy, he really had his existence in an astral body of soft and blissful day-dreaming. During that third week there were nights when he did not get to sleep for hours; he did not want to. He was realising, too, always more and more, how hopelessly unworthy of Idelia he was. The feeling he had had for Helma he saw now had been merely a fancy, a kind of child's play and the delusion of the mind.

And that third Sunday evening at the New Brick, Idelia asked him if he would mind staying

with her to the after-meeting—the one the minister had spoken of in the announcements. Wash had heard something less of the announcements than he had of the sermon, but he said he would be very glad to stay. Let it be confessed, however, that he descended with her from the gallery to the body of the church with a good deal of nervousness; it would probably be one of those "experience meetings" he had heard about.

It was not "experiences" which were to be sought for. It was something which many worthy people find it even harder to give. That Sunday had begun one of the half-yearly terms in the New Brick; the Reverend George Johnston, from the Indian field was with them, and a grand call was to be made for new subscriptions to the foreign missions in general.

Wash took one of the cards from the hymn book rack in front of him, and while the grand call was being most eloquently delivered, he examined it. He had heard of the system, one of subscribing not in "lump" sums, but of engaging one's self to maintain a certain weekly average for the next six months. To every subscriber there was given a package of envelopes stamped with his particular number on the books, and whatever was put upon the collection plate in those envelopes was checked in to his account by the recording treasurer. If a subscriber fell behind one week he could make it up the next, and no one but the recording treasurer be any the wiser. But, for the enlightened satisfaction of all, at the end of the church half year a detailed report was published, and those who had subscribed for golden harps and paid for harmonicas were exposed as in a kind of lesser Judgment Day.

Wash had, however, always associated this subscribing business with the elders of the flock alone. He was now to find that in the New Brick things were otherwise. Collectors having been picked out to go up and down among those elders, the minister looked benevolently over their heads and asked "young brother Sweetnam if he would be so very good as to assist them and look after the requirements of those juniors who had so modestly retired to the pews in the rear."

It was "Clara" Sweetnam to whom he had addressed himself. With a befitting burden of gravity that youth arose, possessed himself of one of the baize-lined plates, and walked slowly but directly down to that rearmost pew into which Wash had ushered Idelia.

She had already procured her little silver pencil, and she made out her card for ten cents a Sunday. "The best we girls can do seems such a trifle," she murmured, smiling with a divine resignation upon both attendant youths. "Clara" smiled sadly back at her, finished filling out his own card, and dropped it on the plate. It was for twenty cents a Sunday. Wash beheld it, and also that the plate still tarried. "You skate!" he said in his heart. "I'll put a cannon firecracker into *your* tomato-can!" And he made out his card for half a dollar. * * *

He could see the Dough-bag still gulping when he was four pews up from him. Idelia was giving his arm little ecstatic pressures of delight, and up and down his spine were running waves upon waves of fullest joy.

GOING home, too, Idelia said that what made her feel most proud of him was that she had thought at first that he was the kind of boy who wouldn't really care about the heathen at all. And even now mightn't he regret that he had been so perfectly lovely and generous?

Regret it? He felt that he had never got such value from money before, and never could again! When he was left alone, to go directly back to

his own abode was an impossibility. He walked down to the river, followed the dock-line, grey with trodden snow, and then on farther still, away around by Thompson's Mills. His secret thoughts, tumultuous within him, were of how easy it would be to marry and set up housekeeping in that weekly payment way. There had burst upon him the full inspiration of the instalment plan.

That part of it ends here.

CHAPTER II.

IN this chapter the woe begins.

By next Sunday Idelia had got his envelopes for him—extremely neat and attractive squares of bond, about half the regular commercial size. Wash, too, was ready with his first half-dollar. On the twenty-eight of last December the pater had more than generously raised his allowance to five dollars, payable upon the twenty-eighth of every month to follow; out of that he would never really miss this fifty cents a week.

On the way to church Idelia pointed out to him that his number, 33, was exactly what their ages, added together, came to. It was minutes almost before he could find words with which to comment on this fact. And that night he sat in his attic den thinking long thoughts of unutterable sweetness. * * * It was true, that to put in that first fifty cents he had had to stand off his quarterly dues, a dollar and twenty-five, to the Young Forest-Runners; but the Young Forest-Runners could always wait until the end of the month, and by then he would have another five.

Next Tuesday, in a Main Street window, he saw exactly the shade of four-in-hand he had been looking for ever since he had met Idelia. It cost him seventy-five, though. And when on Sunday he turned out the change pocket of his every-day vest, he had precisely forty-two cents left. He had just remembered, too, that half of his next five had been promised as his share of the deposit on the new pair-oar his camping crowd—he and Russ McGowan and Billy and Chant Harrison—had ordered for the coming summer up the river.

He was in arrears to the bowling alley, too, and had been clam enough to keep his library books out overtime.

But he could not stay away from Idelia. Before leaving home he slid two nickels into his envelope, and he listened tensely to the anthem as he laid that envelope on the plate. This time, when they were on their homeward way, Idelia said that he was showing himself so good about keeping up his subscription that she was going to tell him something. All the girls in her class had set out to get one of their boy friends to contribute. She had chosen him, and he had given twice as much as any of them—he not even belonging to their church, either! Wash glowed, temporarily, under the praise—though those nickels did not lie comfortably upon his inward pride. And he could not keep from a secret wish, too, that he had known before what those other boys were going to give.

The Sunday following—considering that next time he would be flush and could shove in a dollar or so at one go, probably—he put on no envelope at all. Idelia did not say anything, but he could feel that he had hurt her feelings, none-the-less. He was compelled, in justice, to tell himself, though, that she really had no great cause to complain. She had owned herself that he was whacking up twice what he'd had any need to. And, as a matter of fact, however angelically she had meant it, she couldn't very well have hit on any time in the whole year when he could less easily have spared that coin.

By next Sunday—that was the twenty-ninth of March—he had drawn his "V." But, in the meantime, to the bowling alley arrears, the Forest-Runner dues, and the deposit on the pair-oar, there had been added Wilkins & James' bill for the new band to his foot-power scroll-saw. They had soaked him unmercifully, too. By swallowing himself he had stalled off the payment on the "pair-oar," but he had had to cash in for the other things. He made it another case of nickels that Sunday.

As for the Sunday following, there was nothing for it, he would have to let Idelia go for once. In fact if he did not feel that Idelia was the kind of girl who brought out all that was good in a man, he would say that perhaps he had been giving almost too much of his time to her of late. * * * It always pleased the mater and pater, too, to have him turn up now and again in the home pew. He met Idelia coming out of the library Friday afternoon, and, with a face that felt like a stove lid on ironing day, he explained this to her.

She said it was very good indeed of him to think about such things. And, just as they were parting, she showed that she could be thoughtful also: "Wouldn't he like her to put his envelope on for

him, so that he mightn't have to get behind?"

Next Sunday he made it twenty cents—in nickels again, however.

The Sunday after, he was astonished to discover, just at collection time, that he had neglected to bring any envelopes with him, Idelia, with a coquettishness chastened by a certain gravity, suggested that he let her keep half the package thereafter; she would see that he would never be without them then.

That night was the second in which he had a long period of tossing wakefulness. He was sweating profusely, too. * * * The difference between Idelia and other girls was that what, with them, would have been "showing in their face," came with her from the very best intentions. But why, in suffering Simon, could no girl on earth ever seem to understand money matters? * * * And what knocked and pounded him most of all—he told himself—was that things were "socking" it into him, not for any break he'd made, or fault he'd committed, but because he'd made a little shot at doing the decent and open-handed and philanthropic.

Next Sunday, April the nineteenth, he was exactly two dollars behind. But nobody could know that except the Lord and old Gardhouse, the recording treasurer. And, besides, he could easily take the whole thing up in one or two big chunks before that half-yearly report came out. In the meantime no one could say that he was not denying himself enough; the other three boys had spoken to Schmidt for new bass rods; he had made up his mind, unalterably, to make his old one do.

On the twenty-sixth he went to his own church again. But he hankered intolerably for the New Brick. He felt that it might be better after all, to give Idelia up.

By the first Sunday in May—one of nickels again—he was two ninety behind. * * * He had had to get a new Ascot that week, too, as well as to cover his entry for the Junior Bowling Finals. * * * What really "ratted" him the most, as he now saw it, was that Idelia, consciously or unconsciously, was practically putting a sort of *tax* on his affections.

On May the tenth—but these particular details from the agony column have been carried far enough. There came one Saturday afternoon when, looking out of his tool-shop window, he saw young Wally showing the two little girls how to ball up the spaniel pup in the "netted hammock." They had only had to give that pup the first roll into it; it was doing the rest itself. Every time it managed, in a galvanism of desperation, to throw a somersault, the deeper it was entangled. Every time it got its tail, or an ear, or a leg through, and plainly, in its simplicity again believed that escape was full ahead, it ended by rolling over on its neck trussed together in a misery of helplessness several degrees more complete than ever. Finally it succeeded in getting its nose out—and after that it could not even yelp. * * *

IT is not for the high profession of literature to deal in puerile and trifling images, however, but rather to observe the noble movements and follow the majestic transitions of the human heart; and the way is yet to be made straight for the catastrophe, spiritual and moral, which must bring this chapter to an end.

Once more Wash had missed a Sunday at the New Brick; but, by the next, Nature had been too insidiously strong for him. He seemed to find his excuse, moreover, in the fact that upon the Monday immediately following he would draw another "five." He had not had the mental courage, though, to call for Idelia at her home. As upon the occasion of his first visit to the New Brick, he waited—this time with embittered humbleness—in the church vestibule. And *this* time Idelia did not emerge with any cluster of girls. She came out with "Clara" Sweetnam. * * * Wash got his "V" at the breakfast table next morning, and on his way to the Academy he walked into Schmidt's and bought one of those new bass rods.

Yet he slept even more brokenly now than he had in the weeks preceding. His mother said that

he had been studying altogether too hard of late. She was glad enough that it was June, and the last month of school; he was losing flesh daily. He regarded his face in his mirror, and with a care-worn pity saw how true the observation was. But when sister Het repeated it—with only the slightest change of modulation, he blazed into a rage and gave her the hottest kind of come-back.

What was stranger, too, he felt particularly hot every time his eyes fell upon that new bass rod. In the matter of the "Dough-bag," he would settle with him later. As for Idelia—but for her he would not have gone and got that rod! And if

ing supper. It was obvious that the young lady was very undecided as to whether to go with him or not. But finally she did. And at the corner of Elm Crescent her hesitation was most tangibly explained. "Clara," in all the solemn dignity of his Sunday blacks, was coming down the block. At the sight of them he turned and sheered off hurriedly. Wash felt his spirit rise and swell—but it was with the exultation of the wicked. And it was with a smile, too, that he put on that hard and bulging envelope. He took pleasure from his very shamelessness in the fraud.

They went home by the shortest route. And before this new mood which her escort had brought into evidence Idelia walked in a nervous silence. He had not made her the first apology for his conduct of late. He was not even tender. If anything he seemed to be challenging her to reproach him. She was compelled to tell herself that Washington White did not seem to be so good a boy as he was when she first met him. But it was her duty to forgive. She was at least glad, too, that he had caught up again with his subscription; and with an angelic mildness she told him so: "But, perhaps he had done it because he had heard of something?"

"Heard—heard of what?" Already he felt the abyss before him.

"Why, heard that poor old Mr. Gardhouse has been very unwell for the last week or two—and *some one you know, but I'm afraid don't care for you as you should*—is keeping his accounts for him!"

HE had got the other boys to wait for him until Thursday, when he would be drawing his allowance. But early on Monday he did what he had never done before. He hit the pater for his five ahead of time. He got it, and they pulled out Tuesday morning.

When he went around to the summer kitchen to say good-by to Het, she eyed him with a big-sisterly sympathy which tortured. "Did she throw you down very, *very* hard, Wash?" she asked.

"No!" he shouted, and flung out into the yard. Women's troubles were all of the simple sort. If they could form any idea of the sort of thing a *man* sometimes went through!

CHAPTER III.

HE had retreated up river, but never let it be thought that he had run away from that subscription. Heaven and earth had conspired against him therein, but he was going to meet the balance of it now—and before that September report came out—if he died a hundred deaths for it. His sense of honour was with him still. Indeed, the more he had bruised it, to the greater bulk had it festeringly swollen. And now it was a sense of honour which no paying of a few miserable dollars could satisfy. Having paid them, he was going to whip time and space out of the Dough-bag. But until he *had* paid, he recognised that he was impotent.

Yet he had not run away. It was only that he must get from under the thing for long enough to recover a little nerve and strength. More than that, if there was any saving to be done, it must be done out of his hands; he no longer trusted in himself. But he did trust in those two months of tenting it. They had started with the new pair-oar, piled up with supplies from home, they had absolutely nothing to buy but bread and milk and butter and the like; and his allowance must accumulate *now* no matter if the whole Satanic host opposed it.

And when once they had pegged down their "eight-by-nine" in the old place and got things going; when again they were living on oatmeal porridge, bass and catfish, and birds shot for snipe—which were really sand-pipers—he did begin to feel that the hope beginning to stir in him once more might at last be not without good reason.

Yet, little more than Horace's knight had he succeeded in fleeing from black care. He found himself thinking of that subscription even when the "mudcats"—and whalers at that—were biting as they had never bitten before. Other years, too,



"They went home by the shortest route."

Drawn by R. Johnston.

there had been any *excuse* for her treason—if for months he had not kept himself on the rocks on her account! He had never cared about their old recording treasurer. But Idelia, from the very first, seemed to have regarded herself as the *recording angel*. And now, after nagging and jabbing it into him Sunday after Sunday, week in, week out—However, once and for all it was over with *this* time.

It was over with, too, for the June fortnight which immediately followed. Then came the final week of the Academy. And next Sunday would be the last before he and the old crowd headed for up the river. Towards the end of that week Wash was conscious of being in a psychological condition in which he had never been before. His righteous anger against Idelia had in no wise abated—but he felt within himself an absolute compulsion to see her before he went away!

Working within his soul, too, was a kind of lawless bravado. He was down to hard pan once more, but no matter for that. Since a full envelope was the price of seeing Idelia, a full envelope he should carry with him. In his upper bureau drawer amid clock wheels and broken collar buttons, lay the remains of an old coin collection. It consisted of a series of big red pennies of the forties and fifties. He took ten of them and wedged them into an envelope. He did not care; he had stood to be hammered by his conscience for four months now; he was going to try a whirl on another tack.

He arrived at Idelia's when she was just finish-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.

A QUEER MIXTURE

By J. J. BELL, Author of "Wee McGregor."

WHO'S the blue-eyed little thing?" enquired the smartly dressed, fat-faced man, tilting back his chair and his silk hat simultaneously.

"Who?" The younger man at the desk spoke absently, without raising his eyes from a broad sheet of paper crossed with red and blue lines and peppered, so to speak, with black figures. "Your pardon, Mr. Fashner—what did you say?"

"Oh, nothing of importance. She's rather a pretty little piece—the girl who brought you that statement. Reminded me of my little friend Lottie Helm who's playing at the Octagon just now. You have some nice-looking girls around you, Locksley." Mr. Fashner laughed, and selected an Egyptian cigarette.

"Yes, I suppose so," said the other, making a pencil jotting on a slip of paper. "Excuse me for a minute, while I get out this percentage . . . H'm! It's as I feared, Mr. Fashner—not very satisfactory." He repeated some figures, the results of his brief calculations.

"No," said Mr. Fashner, frowning as he struck a match, "it's as you say—not very satisfactory. You'll have to buck up, Locksley."

Locksley said nothing. Apologies and explanations did not come readily to him, and he was not the sort of a man who makes airy promises. He was wishing Mr. Fashner would take his departure, and leave him alone to think things out.

"Of course," continued the older man, perhaps a trifle patronisingly, "we must not expect too much all at once. Still, the business is two years old now, and we should be glad to see a start at profit-making. We are paying you a generous—but I need not refer to that, since I am sure you fully appreciate the fact. Well, I must be getting along. By the by, what is the name of the blue-eyed little thing?"

"I'm sorry I don't know whom you mean, Mr. Fashner," Locksley replied.

"Why, I told you; the girl who brought you the statement."

"Oh, yes—yes. But I didn't notice her. She came from the sales office. That's all I can say about her."

"I thought she might have been your secretary or stenographer," said Fashner with a laugh which was not unpleasant, but rather silly for a middle-aged man.

Locksley smiled in spite of himself. "I'm afraid you would not have called my chief stenographer a 'blue-eyed little thing,' though she does wear blue glasses. She stands nearly six feet." He sighed.

"Poor creature! She leaves us this week because of her sight."

"Hard lines, I'm sure," said Fashner, getting up and putting his hat straight with deliberation. Then he extracted his pocket-book and took from it a five-pound note. "Put it along with her salary, when she gets it for the last time," he said, throwing the note on Locksley's blotting-pad. Then he held out his hand. "Buck up, Locksley, and let me have a better report of things next time we meet," he said. "I don't blame you, but the others are inclined to get rusty." With a nod he left the room.

"A queer mixture," said Locksley to himself. "Wonder if he'll do as much for me when I leave this place. Hardly—because I'll be sacked," he said. Leaning his head, which felt unusually heavy, on his hand, he began to examine the figures on the broad sheet with red and blue rulings. Presently his pencil stopped at a little block of figures. At the end of a minute's reflection he put out his hand and rang the bell.

Following a tap on the door, a girl entered. Locksley glanced up, and allowed his eyes to linger for a moment. She was not what he would have called "little." His eyes went back to the figures.

"Who is responsible for the making-up of this statement?" he asked.

"I, sir."

"Then can you assure me that these figures—these here"—he indicated them with his pencil—"are correct?"

"Yes, sir."

Locksley stroked his dark moustache, regarding the figures thoughtfully. They showed an appalling drop from the previous week in the lace department.

"Sure they're correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"No mistake in the figures supplied to you?"

"I thought there must be some error when I first got them, so went to the lace department and made sure."

"Ah! You take an interest in the business!"

She smiled slightly.

"A great many people here take an interest in their own part of the business," he remarked, "but not many, I'm afraid, do so as regards *the* business. I'm obliged to you. Now I want the lace figures for the past thirteen weeks—it will do in the morning—also the figures for the corresponding weeks of last year. You understand?"

"Yes, sir." She scribbled on a tablet.

He looked up. "You write shorthand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good speed?"

"I believe it's pretty good," she said frankly.

It was here that he noticed her eyes.

"Take this down," he said, and read fairly rapidly from a circular which he took from a basket. "Bring a typed copy with the figures to-morrow morning. What is your name?"

"Mildred Harvey."

"Thank you. That is all just now."

The remainder of the afternoon saw him engaged in receiving callers, interviewing heads of departments, dictating letters. At seven o'clock he dined hurriedly in a restaurant, and returned to the office to wrestle with figures. The man's days were spent in talk, his nights, with rare exceptions, in thought and calculation. John Locksley was strong of mind as well as of body, but he was beginning to suffer from discouragement; he was an eager worker, but the feeling was growing upon him that he was striving in vain. He could not get away from the fact that Locksley's Stores had failed to "catch on." For the first two months of its existence the enormous warehouse had certainly attracted the public; but now the people came in hundreds instead of in thousands, and there were spells of actual slackness. Probably the average customer would still imagine that Locksley's was doing splendidly, but such an establishment was doomed unless the people came in their battalions. And Locksley knew it. He was tired of asking himself why the public did not overrun the place, why the daily flood of orders by post had dribbled to such a depressingly small stream. He was tired of trying to explain these things by "the general depression in trade," "over-competition," and so on. The cold and simple fact remained—Locksley's Stores had not "caught on" with the public. For the first time in his life—he was thirty-four now—he was losing confidence. Also, he was wishing that he had never come to London.

In a city in the Midlands, Locksley had, a few years earlier, undertaken the management of an old-established but failing business, revivifying it and forcing it again to the very heights of prosperity. And then, whilst ambition sang in one ear, temptation whispered in the other. A syndicate comprising seven immensely wealthy men invited him to London. They had the money, he the ability and experience. They wanted his name also. Nominally he was the proprietor of the magnificent building that rose shortly afterwards in one of the Western thoroughfares. He was really a figurehead, though, to be sure, he had all the responsibility, unlimited powers of management, and a yearly salary of £1,500. Already he was counting his income as at an end, and his good name as beyond redemption. He could have endured the former misfortune.

FIGURES, figures, figures! Pounds, shillings, pence—and those silly farthings. Were the buyers or the sellers the bigger fools? What was

business at all, except to take an advantage under the pretence of giving it?

Locksley literally sweated over the sheets of figures. He absorbed them, he analysed them, he wrought with them. But he could not juggle with them. They were black figures; in no way could he make them golden. They represented a deplorable loss on the week's trading.

At one o'clock in the morning he left the office for his hotel, determined to inform the syndicate on the morrow that the game was not worth the candle. But it was not the first time he had gone to bed with that determination, only to wake, not so much with renewed hope as a fierce defiance of failure.

"The statements you asked for yesterday afternoon, sir," Miss Harvey laid the broad sheets at the side of his desk.

"Thank you," he said absently.

"And the typescript."

"The what? . . . Ah, yes; of course." He took it from her hand, and the circular, on which he had written her name, from a drawer. He compared the two, and laid them aside.

"Any customers in the leather department as you came through?" he enquired.

"Eight, sir."

He put his hand on the statements. "There is some work here," he remarked. "Did you stay late last night?"

"I came in early this morning, sir."

Then he looked up. By this time he knew she was pretty, but at that moment he was struck more by her freshness than by her features. In her regulation pale grey dress, with its collar, cuffs and belt of white, she would have attracted most men.

"What is your salary at present, Miss Harvey?"

"Fifteen shillings, sir," she answered, with a slight start.

"My chief stenographer is leaving on Saturday. Do you think you could take her place?"

She flushed, and a small laugh of delight escaped her. She bit her lip, and replied, demurely enough:

"Yes, sir."

"You think you can undertake the work?" Mr. Locksley was used to girls saying they would try.

"Yes, sir."

He looked at her again. She had the happiest blue eyes and the happiest yellow hair and the happiest red mouth he had ever seen. His gaze went back to his desk. Opening a scribbling diary he wrote a word or two.

"On Monday, then," he said. "You will occupy room 44, next door to this. The salary is twenty-five shillings."

"Oh!" she exclaimed softly, and just managed to check a "really?" Recovering herself, she murmured a grave "Thank you, sir," bowed slightly, and left the room.

For the rest of that day Locksley felt unwontedly cheerful. Night, however, with its figures and facts, changed all that.

LOCKSLEY, who was peculiarly sensitive in some respects, differentiated between quickness and sharpness. He admired the former quality and detested the latter. The predecessor of Miss Harvey, despite her poor sight, was what one would call a sharp business woman, and her manner annoyed Locksley, while her misfortune depressed him. Miss Harvey was merely quick-witted and alert, and—in a vague way at first—he found her refreshing. Later he ascribed this effect to her healthy brightness, her daintiness and her pleasant voice. Later still, he put it down to what he was fain to call her sympathy—not that she had ever even suggested a thing. Perhaps he thought of sympathy because he wanted it. He had no time for making friendships in London; and his relatives had shown their regard principally by borrowing the bulk of his income for the last two years. Yet his relations with the girl were absolutely of the business sort. Doubtless she knew more about him than when she first entered his employment; that was inevitable; but he remained as ignorant regarding her as when he had asked her her name. Well, he didn't want to know any more—so he told himself one afternoon as he watched her face while she wrote to his dictation.

A week later Locksley had an unexpected visit from Mr. Fashner. As he entered the room from the corridor, Miss Harvey, a sheaf of papers in her hand, was leaving it by the door leading to No. 44. Fashner came forward with his lips shaped for whistling, which expression became a grin as the door closed behind the girl.

"What! Blue Eyes again, Locksley! Surely

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TWO STUDIES IN HUMAN FACIAL EXPRESSION



Students in Physiognomy have been greatly interested in the facial expression of the athlete. This picture shows the different expressions of those competing in the Hundred Yard Race for the Amateur Championship of Canada, held recently in Montreal. Lukeman, Canada's greatest sprinter, is breasting the tape.



There is strenuousness in the attitude of the Queen's Own Rifles as the photographer snapped them—but it is a bit different. The faces of soldier boys also become tense and drawn when a fight is on; but here the Queen's Own are not at all bellicose. They are hurrahing for Lord Roberts after the inspection by Hon. Mr. Haldane in London.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Content.

SUN for the day, stars by night,
The moon to a blue-black sky.
Laughter and song for a heart that's light,
For the heavy heart a sigh.

Each in its place is better—best—
Each rounds the circling years,—
And we learn to treasure the glow of joy
No more than the balm of tears.
—Elizabeth H. Smith in *Youth's Companion*.

A Lady of Quality.

THE sudden death of Lady Edgar in England, on the last day of September, has removed from many circles one whose influence was ever in behalf of enlightenment. Lady Edgar was a daughter of the late Thomas Gibbs Ridout, and a grand-daughter of Hon. John Ridout, who was Surveyor-General of Canada from 1810 to 1829. Her tastes led her to devote much attention to literary and historical study and her own volumes are a valuable contribution to Canadian historical lore. One of these, "Ten Years of Upper Canada in War and Peace," was largely compiled from records and correspondence left by her father and grandfather, both of whom took an active part as officers during the troublous times of the War of 1812. Lady Edgar also wrote the "Life of General Brock" for the "Makers of Canada" series.

Soon after her marriage to James David Edgar in 1865, she became actively interested in her husband's political career, accompanying him to British Columbia, when he was appointed to an important mission by the Mackenzie Government in 1874. As the wife of Sir James Edgar, K.C.M.G., P.C., Speaker of the House of Commons at Ottawa from 1896 to 1899, Lady Edgar held an important position and proved both a gracious and pleasing hostess. Sir James Edgar was possessed of literary culture and remarkable gift of expression, and the Speaker's receptions during those three years were marked by an intellectual atmosphere, more familiar in older political centres than in our Canadian capital. Since the death of her distinguished husband, Lady Edgar has devoted herself to historic and philanthropic work and her ability was

recognised in her election to the office of President of the Woman's National Council. During the month of June, 1909, when the great International Quinquennial Congress was held in Toronto, Lady Edgar had a heavy responsibility as the chief officer in the Canadian Council, and played her part with a dignity and tact which made her own countrywomen realise the fitness of the President whom they had "set in authority."

It is gratifying to know that the seven children of the Edgar household have inherited the gifts of their talented parents. In educational circles, Professor Pelham Edgar of Victoria University and Miss Maud Edgar of Montreal are especially well known.

In an age when much clamour is heard regarding the "rights" and education of women, Lady Edgar stood for what was best in both old and new "schools" of feminine training. She believed firmly in the intellectual development of woman and yet she exemplified in manner and conversation the leisurely dignity and serious womanliness which are too often regarded as old-fashioned. A life of high ideals and gentle manners has closed all too soon—and may the Canadian womanhood of the Twentieth Century continue to esteem the quality of mental breadth and the sense of social responsibility which made Lady Edgar a leader to be held in honour!

J. G.

The "Divine Sarah's" Strange Pets.

MADAME Sarah Bernhardt's arrival in London, where she is about to open an engagement at the Coliseum with Rostand's "L'Aiglon," recalls many anecdotes concerning that famous actress. On one occasion a playwright visited her at her hotel in the Boulevard Pereire, Paris, and his experiences are described in a paragraph in *M. A. P.*

"The door was opened by a gigantic manservant, a Patagonian, whom she had brought back from South America. The salon into which I was shown had no windows, but was lighted from the top like an artist's studio. The room was eminently characteristic of Madame Bernhardt, and contained many curious figures and bizarre nicknacks.

"The acme of eccentricity was seen in the farthest corner of the room. It was a huge cage rising from the floor to the ceiling which contained the great actress's young lions, which were, at that time, her pets.

"After I recovered from my first natural shock of surprise, I went up to the cage which Tigrette, Madame Bernhardt's tigress, had lately vacated, and was tenanted by several cubs whose gambols I watched with interest, not unmixed with some fear, for the bars of the cage seemed very slight. I turned to the Patagonian Hercules and asked whether the lions were quiet.

"'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'they're quiet, especially Scarpia.'

"I stretched out my hand to pat Scarpia's head, but the brute made a savage snatch at me, and I pulled my hand back far more quickly than I had put it out.

"'I thought you said they were quiet,' I remarked to the Patagonian, who stood smiling by my side.

"'Oh, yes, monsieur, so they are, very quiet; that was only play when he grabbed at you.'

"He left the room and returned in a moment with a large bowl of milk.

"Then he unfastened the cage, and the next instant the cubs were galloping all over the room, jumping from chair to divan, from divan to chair, dancing round me, crouching at my feet as though about to spring, and then dashing off to the other end of the room where the milk was awaiting them.

"As Madame Bernhardt did not come, I took advantage of a favourable opportunity to get on the other side of the salon door, and that ended my visit for the day."

Lady De Blaquiere and Her Daughter.

ON this page is reproduced a picture of Lady de Blaquiere and her daughter, Hon. Kathleen de Blaquiere, photographed at the Bath Horse Show, England. Lady de Blaquiere will be remembered in Canada as the handsome Miss Lucianne Desbarats of Montreal before her marriage to Lord de Blaquiere, a nobleman of an ancient Irish family

of French ancestry, and hereditary Great Alnager of Ireland. Lady de Blaquiere was educated at the Sacred Heart Convent in Montreal. Their only



Lady de Blaquiere and the Hon. Kathleen de Blaquiere. Lady de Blaquiere was Miss Lucianne Desbarats, of Montreal. This photograph of the handsome Canadian and her daughter was taken at the Bath Horse Show, England.

daughter, who stands on the right of the picture, is a very beautiful girl who has only recently made her entrance into society.

Louis Wain's Return.

MR. LOUIS WAIN, the famous cat artist, has returned to London after three years' absence in America.

During the last fourteen years Mr. Wain has devoted himself exclusively to drawing and painting cats, and he has drawn and painted, he estimates, about 150,000 of them. Among the cats he has painted are those of Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, which are of the long-haired chin-chilla type. The Princess has a remarkable cattery in Windsor Great Park, where the cats are domiciled in little houses precisely like suburban villas, with windows, doors, and all the conveniences of well-equipped houses. There are dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, with couches for the cats to lie on, bells which the cats ring for food, and miniature orchards for them to roam about in.

Lady Decies, whose cats he has painted, has a large cattery on similar lines near Windsor. Other women whose valuable cats Mr. Wain has transferred to canvas are the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Rachael Byng, and the Hon. Mrs. Morrison, who for years has imported superb specimens from India. The Duchess of Bedford owns quite a menagerie of cats at Woburn Abbey.

Mr. Wain says that there is no repose for poor pussy in New York, owing to the noise, rush, and movement. "On the whole," he remarks, "I believe the cat is honoured more in England than in America. The specimens seen about New York are more or less what we call in England 'strays.'"

A Dainty Suggestion.

PARIS stationers are selling boxes of coloured sealing-wax with instructions in the etiquette of the use of the different shades. Black is for mourning, white for marriage invitations or announcements, violet for condolence, chocolate for dinner invitations. Ox-blood, although that might be as suitable for dinner notes, is for business. Young girls are to use light pink, and love-letters are to be sealed with ruby. They say that there are Parisians who use the colours according to this code!



Madame Sarah Bernhardt in London.—Sarah Bernhardt has had a magnificent reception in London, where she is about to appear at the Coliseum Theatre in "L'Aiglon." Our photograph shows the celebrated actress leaving the Carlton Hotel, to go to the Coliseum.

DEMI-TASSE

Newslets.

MR. J. A. MACDONALD has had the most peaceful time of his life down in Mexico. He has refused to attend a bull-fight, or to listen to the beguiling strains of the Toreador's song.

Jamaica wants closer relations with Canada—a sweet and strong bond, says Colonel George T. Denison. Sugar for sweetness and rum for strength.

The *Maine* battleship, when it was all in the air, was nothing to the State of Maine in a condition of Democratic eruption.

They're beginning to talk reciprocity over in Buffalo and Cleveland. Soon they'll have tariffs to burn.

Judging by the way the fair New York contrives to smuggle in pearl necklaces, the United States expects every feminine citizen to "do" her duty.

The Finnish parliament is nearing a close. We positively refuse to make a pun on this circumstance.

Professor Woodrow Wilson may be Governor of New Jersey. Now, watch President Falconer run for the Toronto mayoralty!

From Erin's Isle.

T. P. O'CONNOR sure has come To say a word or two Of Canada's surpassing charms And Ireland's wrongs, a few.

We give him warm reception And listen to his views; But to subscribe to all his "terms" We simply do refuse.

Its Reflected Glory.

THE relative importance of places is sometimes confusingly stated. For instance, Dr. A. S. Vogt was once asked in New York if "Toronto were not the town where you changed cars for Cobalt."

A woman innocently aroused the ire of a resident of St. Catharines by saying about that picturesque spot, "Oh, yes, that's where our automobile broke down on the way from Buffalo to Toronto."

As It Seems to Us.

BEGINS to look as if the letters "T. R." will soon stand for "Theodore Rex."

Germany's revenue for the present fiscal year will probably be nearly \$11,000,000 short of the budget estimates. Emperor Bill may believe that he rules by divine right but he finds that he still has some need of the almighty dollar.

Berlin police, armed with sabres, slashed several newspaper correspondents, which was a new experience for the latter, who had merely been used to having their reports slashed.

A Brantford horseman who was taken up in an airship at Detroit, says he wouldn't go up again for a million dollars. It's a sure thing that he won't do to lead any expedition that might be planned to pick the silver lining from the clouds.

Just by way of variety we're hoping to hear of some hunter letting a deer get away because he mistook it for a man.

A blue book says that wild beasts and snakes caused the death of 21,904 people in India in 1908. We don't like to keep harping at him all the time, but wouldn't it be a good thing to ship Teddy Roosevelt to India?

Wireless communication was maintained a few days ago between an aeroplane in flight and a land station. The value of that seems to be that in coming wars the ready-to-quit aviator will be able to say to the man below, "Don't shoot. I'll come down."

London says that muffs are to be bigger than ever this winter, and New York says that women's cloaks, skirts and coats are dearer because of the recent cloakmakers' strike. What the long-suffering husband and father says isn't fit to print.

An autoist at Winnipeg clipped over eight seconds off the best previous mile record, and it looks as if automobile speeding will be kept going in Canada till somebody clips a few dozen pickets off the fence and a few arms, legs and heads off the spectators.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy narrowly escaped being struck by an aeroplane, but we don't hear of any aeroplane attempting such leze-majesty on Bill of Germany.

Chinamen disguised as ladies are said to have been smuggled into the United States from Canada. Immigration officials learned that the smuggled ones were not ladies and have decided that they were "no gentlemen."

New "Prodigal Son" Story.

AT the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, this time one of the most noticed pictures was one showing the "Prodigal Son." Standing on a hillock, with his back to people viewing the picture and with the swine and other evidences of his sad condition about him, the "prodigal" looked to be in a state of pure and hopeless dejection.

An old lady and an old man approached the picture together. They were "doing" the art gallery quickly without a catalogue, and they were making brief comments as they passed along. The picture of the prodigal son made them pause, and after they had given this



TELL IT NOT IN GATH

Canvasser: "Is the head of the house in?"
Mr. Weak: "Sh! Speak low! I'm the head of the house."
—M.A.P.

picture a better look than they had allowed for some others, the old lady said, "Shipwrecked, I suppose."

Fortune's Favourite.

FOR long his toil had not availed To open Fortune's doors;
But he struck it rich in a mining ditch,
And he's resting on his ores.

Stray Bullets.

THE following section of a news item in the *Chicago Daily Journal* has been going the round of the exchanges: "Cooper drew his re-

volver and fired two shots. One of the bullets took effect in the forehead of his assailant and he dropped to the cement walk. The other fled."

That serves to recall what is fully as funny a break that was made by the *Toronto World* on June 12, 1907. The *World's* report of a murder included the following gem: "It was in an inner compartment of Mr. Isaacs' room that Wandle was shot. Two shots took effect in the body and one in the wall."

A Song of Bacilli.

TORONTO city water
Is muddy as can be;
It isn't fit, the experts say.
To boil a cup of tea.

Toronto city politics
Are muddy as can be;
The dust from ward disturbances
Seems settled heavily.

In Nineteen Hundred Twenty,
The City Fathers think,
We'll have filtrated water
Which one may dare to drink.

Lines by William Taft.

O H, I love to think of the grand old times
Which I spent at Murray Bay,
When life was glad and fishing good,
And golf was simply gay.
When the strife is o'er, I shall swift return
To Canada's soil once more;
For the White House "stunt" is no
lightsome task,
And I sigh for the days of yore.

Pitied Poor Toronto.

THIS one concerns the time when "Polly of the Circus" was playing Ontario. This play tells the story of how Polly gets hurt and when left behind by the circus is taken to the home of a minister, who becomes much interested in her.

A little girl who, with her mother, was seeing the play in Kingston, anticipated the course of events by asking: "Is Polly going to marry the minister?"
"Yes," answered the mother.
"And won't she be in the circus any more?"
"No."

The little girl knew where the play was going next and she said feelingly, "Gee, won't Toronto get stung!"

Checkmate.

She—Would you die for me?
He—Do you want a dead one?

Real Disappointment.

"I'M sorry, but it's all off," she said, and the hopeful smile on the man's face gave way to a look of keen disappointment. He had hoped for a different message from the young woman whose "Yes" or "No" meant much to him.

He looked her fairly in the eyes, hoping to read there some less terrible tidings than her lips had given him; but he found nothing to give him hope. He saw that her face bore a look of sorrow instead of it's usual one of cheerfulness and happiness, but he knew her well enough to realise that while she might feel pity for him her answer would still be the chilling one that was hurting him so much.

"Really?" he asked mechanically.
"Yes," she said.

The man seemed to brace himself to face the situation bravely, and with a sigh of resignation he said, "Well, if you haven't any roast turkey bring me some pork and beans."

Salesmanship.

"HERE'S a splendid thing, madam—wear it and you'll know you're wearing something nobody else has. Yes, that other is a fine thing—everybody's wearing that."

"CEETEE" Underwear conforms to every movement of the body.

It fits perfectly. That's a "Ceetee" feature you should know.

Perhaps your old underwear is of the "sack" variety—

Cut from the woollen fabric and sewn into shape—that sags, wrinkles or binds—a constant annoyance to grin and bear.

Enjoy the delightful sensation of underwear that fits—underwear that conforms snugly to every movement of the body.

From first to last

"CEETEE" UNDERWEAR

pleases all ages, young and old alike. It is made from the finest Australian Merino Wool, and knit to fit the form—combines health with absolute comfort.

Insist on your dealer showing you "Ceetee" Unshrinkable Underwear.

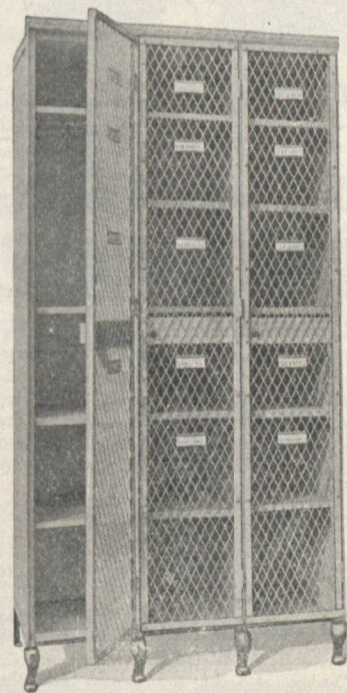
In all sizes for men, women and children.

Look for the "sheep"



The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt, Limited
Established 1859
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Before making your advertising appropriation for 1911 write for our leaflet "From Saskatchewan to Peru."

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Our lists comprise carefully selected offerings of the above securities, affording the investor from 4% to 6% interest return.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

WOOD, GUNDY & CO.
LONDON, ENG. TORONTO, CAN.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Difficulty in Getting Men to Operate Principal Banks of the Country.

IT is difficult to conceive just what a hard time the leading banks of Canada are having to secure trained staffs. It is one of the greatest problems with which our banks are confronted at the present time. Two reasons have contributed to the difficulty. First, of course, is the rapid expansion of the branch system of Canadian banking institutions throughout the country and secondly, is the difficulty of keeping men even in the higher positions owing to the very large number of opportunities offering in commercial life in all parts of the country.

To get an idea of the value which the trained banker places in an organized staff of banking men may be gathered from the fact that when the Bank of Montreal took over the Ontario Bank after its collapse Inspector Stavert reckoned that it was worth every dollar the Bank of Montreal paid or guaranteed for the Ontario Bank to secure to the Bank of Montreal such a large number of young men who were thoroughly trained in the banking business.

Of course it would be difficult for the outsider to estimate the value of a staff on such a basis because few know the difficulty that the banks of the country are contending against all the time.

More recently another indication of the value of a good staff to a bank was afforded when the Royal Bank of Canada made arrangements to take over the Union Bank of Halifax. At the time some of the shareholders of the Royal considered the terms offered the shareholders of the Union of Halifax were somewhat too liberal but it is said that one of the leading officials of the Royal in talking over the transaction expressed the opinion that the securing to the Royal the services of the staff of the Union was alone worth practically all that had been paid without taking into consideration the value of the real estate and general assets.

All of which goes to show that there never was a time when the banks of the country had as great difficulty either getting or holding good men as they have at present. As a banker remarked the other day: "We just seem to get a man trained in and send him West to manage some branch or other when he discovers he can make a good deal more money in some other line of business and off he goes."

* * *

Montreal Always in Throes of Stock-watered Corporations.

POOR old Montreal! It seems to be destined that she should remain for all time in the throes of public utility corporations who are loaded to the tilt with watered stock and her poor inhabitants must be reconciled to their fate of providing the dividends on all the millions of "water" with which the corporations have been saddled.

In the past the big corporations seem to have been able to get pretty near everything they wanted from the Provincial Legislature and as a result of the excessive capital put on the gas and electric light companies the consumer has always had to pay a great deal too much for his gas and electric light.

And now the proposed combination of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company, the Montreal Street Railway and the Shawinigan Water and Power Company seems to offer another exceptional opportunity for injecting another wholesome supply of water into them all.

Of course, the interests behind the deal were somewhat forced into it by the actions of the other clique who were trying to put through the Montreal Street and Canadian Power Consolidation, a deal in which there would have been enough water to float quite a few corporations but evidently from the proposed basis of the Montreal Power, Street and Shawinigan consolidation the old crowd did not want to be outdone even on the question of "water" and so they are providing all kinds of it that will bring the three corporations up to a point where they jointly will be able to boast of a capitalisation in the vicinity of \$75,000,000. Think of it, seventy-five million dollars. Do you realise just what an amount that represents. Must frankly confess I don't myself, for once you get anywhere above \$25,000,000 it seems pretty near impossible to conceive such a vast amount of money.

There has, however, been a development during the past year which may be the means of preventing the public utility companies of Montreal taking every single dollar the average workingman may be able to make. The assistance may come from the Public Utility Commission, created a few months ago by the Provincial Government of Quebec. Here is a great opportunity certainly for it to prove just what it can do, and if it can achieve anything that will help to bring the rates for gas and electric light in Montreal down around the level of those in Toronto, and other Canadian cities, there will be great cheers from the city down around old Mount Royal.

* * *

Canadian Shareholders Getting Larger Returns All the Time.

TWO dividend declarations made during the past week go to show that two of the leading industries of the country must be enjoying more than the usual amount of prosperity. The average investor always seems to think that as far as Canada is concerned the leading industries are the milling and iron and steel. When they are enjoying a good deal of prosperity a great many others must be getting along very nicely. And so there is more than passing interest in the increase made by the directors in the dividend on Nova Scotia Steel and Coal from 4 to 5 per cent. The increase must be considered a conservative one as recent earnings would easily have justified an increase to a 6 per cent. basis. A continuance of the present very satisfactory conditions in the iron and steel trade of Canada will therefore likely result in still another advance before another year rolls by.

Then there was the declaration of the first half-yearly dividend of 3½ per cent. on the preferred stock of the Maple Leaf Milling. This makes it look as if the men who know most of all just what kind of a crop is being gathered in in the Northwest are quite satisfied with the yield and are looking forward to satisfactory market conditions for some little time to come. Here-

Reasons for Buying Bonds

1. They afford, when properly selected, ample security.
2. Several different classes are available, the investor being able to suit his individual needs.
3. The interest on them varies from 4 to 6 per cent. per annum payable half-yearly.
4. They have a ready market and may be promptly sold if funds are required for other purposes.
5. The bonds we offer are the obligations of Municipalities and Corporations having assets of value many times exceeding their bond indebtedness.

Municipal Bonds yield 4 to 5 per cent.
Corporation Bonds yield 5 to 6 per cent.

Full particulars on request

A. E. AMES CO., LIMITED
Investment Bankers
7-9 King St. East, Toronto

ASSETS
\$8,617,909

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,250,000

CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY
TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED
AND DEBENTURES
ISSUED

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited
Chief Toronto Agents

Very Significant

AT THE LAST ANNUAL MEETING OF



the following very significant statement was made by the President of the Company, Mr. E. P. Clement, K.C. :-

"We adhere to the opinion so often expressed at our meetings that the Security of the principal should be the paramount consideration. As a result of this policy we are able to report that after forty years of operation we have not lost a single dollar of our invested funds."

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

after the dividend on Maple Leaf preferred will be paid quarterly, which, of course, will mean something better than the 7 per cent. promised for the stock when it was issued in May last.

From now on it would not be surprising to see quite a few more increases in dividends by Canadian corporations.

* * *

The Demand for Bonuses of Common Stock Increasing.

IN the case of the more recent consolidation, there has been very keen demand for the bonus stocks, very largely, perhaps, because people have very great hopes regarding the future of Canada, and feel that these larger companies should, to a very marked degree, share in the prosperity that will be general throughout the country.

The Canadian Power Company's securities are evidence of this. This company will be a competitor of the Montreal Light, Heat & Power, in the electric light and power field in the City of Montreal. Only a couple of years ago the 5 per cent. bonds of the company were sold with a bonus of 100 per cent. of common stock. This stock has recently sold above \$60 a share, very largely probably because the future of the company seems particularly good in a metropolis like Montreal. In the industrial field the preferred stock of the Sawyer-Massey Company of Hamilton was sold at \$112, carrying with it a bonus of 100 per cent. of common stock. Within a few months of the public offering, the common stock sold above \$30 a share, and is now quoted about \$28 a share. In the case of Maple Leaf Milling the 7 per cent. preferred stock was sold at \$93 a share, carrying with it a bonus of 25 per cent. of common stock. This was in May, 1910, and already the bonus stock has sold as high as \$57 a share, and is now quoted about \$55 a share. In the case of the Black Lake Consolidated Asbestos, the 6 per cent. bonds were sold with a bonus of 25 per cent. of preferred stock, and 50 per cent. of common stock. This was in the fall of 1909, and at the present time the preferred stock is selling above \$60 a share, and the common around \$26 a share. The 5 per cent. bonds of the Quebec Railway, Heat & Power Co. also carried a bonus of common stock, and the latter has sold at high as \$47 a share, and is now quoted around \$42.

In almost every instance these common stocks given in the form of a bonus, represent the goodwill of a company. Once the earnings of the company show a surplus on this common stock, the general opinion is that the holder of the stock holds just as much interest in the concern as a partner would in an ordinary business, and that in the case of big earnings, he has just as much right to the bigger returns that may be possible, as the ordinary partner would have to the larger profits that this concern might be making.

In some cases it may be that the amount of common stock is somewhat large as compared with the amount of bonds outstanding, but then again, Canadian companies are growing concerns in a country that is going ahead at a very rapid rate, and on this account capitalisations which may look somewhat large, when looked at at present, will seem comparatively small when viewed from the standpoint of the business they will be able to do five or ten years from now.

COUPON.

Northern Ontario Clay Belt Developing Rapidly.

A GOOD case for that rich virgin territory—the Northern Ontario clay belt—is made out by Frank H. Newton in the *Canadian Magazine* for October. Mr. Newton sums up his impressions of the progress of the country and conditions there:

"The man who wants to farm is offered every inducement and accorded every opportunity to improve both his farm and his resources; but the mere speculator, under whatever pretext, is quickly turned down. More than one attempt in this way has been reported, only to end in financial loss to the individual. In the older settled parts of the country along the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway the requirements and conditions of settlement are better understood and lived up to, but in the newer sections along the Transcontinental Railway which are likely to rise in value more quickly, there is still a desire for speculation in one form or another. Fortunately for the residents of that new section, the Minister controlling that department has long been a resident of the north country and is well versed in all that pertains to the growth and prosperity of young and struggling settlements. This is evidenced by the fostering care in the growth of Cochrane by the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Commission. This new town site was opened for sale a year ago and now has two hundred or more buildings erected. It has been made a divisional point for both railways and a good union station of concrete, costing some \$40,000, is in course of erection. Rumours of town plots in opposition to Cochrane for speculative purposes have resulted in all the lands for a mile and a half on either side of the Transcontinental Railway from the Abitibi River to beyond Frederick House River being withdrawn from settlement, and thus every attempt at speculation has been blocked. The cry of the department at Toronto is for actual settlers only, and while every consideration will be shown the farmer, the country, vast as it is, has no room for the speculator in lands or timber. Perhaps it is as well that it is so. The clay belt is essentially an agricultural country, and the farmer is the man who can best develop it. After he gets going, other industries will naturally follow. The speculator's field is in the mining lands and the timber to the south and west. The great clay belt is destined to contain the prosperous homes of many thousands of our younger farmers, and even then though plenty will still be left for another generation there is wisdom on the part of the Ontario Government in carefully regulating the supply in accordance with legitimate demands."

Mr. Nelson thinks that the clay strip will prove a bigger gold mine to the Canadian people than the silver at Elk Lake and Gowganda, and Cobalt; or the gold at Larder. He has the country mapped out as a great farming district. Mr. Nelson remarks:

"The value of this great tract of level, fertile land awakened still keener interest in the minds of the leading capitalists and legislators of the Dominion, with the ultimate outcome of another transcontinental railway between the East and West and the opening up for settlement of larger tracts of agricultural land in both Ontario and Quebec than those now under cultivation, with all the attendant opportunities for general trade and commerce. In another twenty years there will be as great, if not greater, population north of the height of land than there is south of it, so far at least as Ontario is concerned, and still will remain a greater territory around the shores of Hudson's Bay for the restless energy of the adventurous pioneer."

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

Spreads Like Butter

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides, there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price. Never becomes hard. Every particle can be consumed. Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks. For sale by all grocers.

Manufactured by
THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO. Limited
Ingersoll, Ontario
Canada



GANONG'S

THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES

HAVE THEM WITH YOU
ON ALL OUTINGS;
PICNIC OR BOATING.
DELICIOUS YET WHOLESOME.



COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA

(MAPLE LEAF LABEL)

Its richness and exquisite flavorgive an added deliciousness to homemade "sweets" and dainties. Be sure you get **COWAN'S**—the cocoa with the Maple Leaf Label.

THE COWAN CO. LIMITED,
TORONTO. 133



G. H. MUMM & CO.
EXTRA DRY
IS THE MOST EXQUISITE DRY CHAMPAGNE IMPORTED
S. B. TOWNSEND & CO. MONTREAL SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA

SANDERSON'S SCOTCH
"MOUNTAIN DEW"
POSITIVELY THE FINEST WHISKY IMPORTED

SHREDDED

Easily and quickly digested by the most delicate stomach

Heat the biscuit in the oven to restore crispness, then cover with sliced pears or peaches, and serve with milk or cream, sugar to taste.

Sold by all grocers, 13c. a carton, two for 25c. 2231

WHEAT

LANDSCAPE WORK

In developing lawns and estates great care and judgment is required in the locating of walks and drives, and selecting suitable varieties of trees and shrubs to be planted, and the arranging of them artistically. Many homes lose their charm for lack of knowledge and experience in developing the grounds. This difficulty is overcome by our Landscape Department, which is in charge of experienced men qualified to develop grounds of city or country homes, large estates, school and public grounds, parks, cemeteries or factory lands. Now is the time to discuss Fall or Spring work. Correspondence solicited.

Brown Bros. Co.,
Brown's Nurseries,
Welland Co., Ont.

ALL MY PIMPLES GONE

Girl Tells How a Blotchy Skin Was Cleansed by a Simple Wash.

"I was ashamed of my face," writes Miss Minnie Pickard of Altamahaw. "It was all full of pimples and scars, but after using D. D. D. Prescription I can say that now there is no sign of that Eczema, and that was three years ago."

D. D. D. has become so famous as a cure and instant relief in eczema and all other serious skin diseases, that its value is sometimes overlooked in clearing up rash, pimples, black-heads, and all other minor forms of skin impurities.

The fact is, that while D. D. D. is so penetrating that it strikes to the very root of eczema or any other serious trouble, the soothing Oil of Wintergreen, Thymol and other ingredients are so carefully compounded there is no wash for the skin made that can compare with this great household remedy for every kind of skin trouble.

D. D. D. is pleasant to use, perfectly harmless to the most delicate skin, and absolutely reliable. Write the D. D. D. Laboratories, Dept. T. C. 49 Colborne St., Toronto, for a free trial, bottle, and prove its wonderful effectiveness. For sale by all druggists.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, the 11th November 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between FEVERSHAM and FLESHERTON from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Feversham, Rock Mills, Maxwell, Flesherton, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 27th September, 1910.
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent



WHITE HORSE
WHISKY
Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

A Queer Mixture

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

you have noticed them by this time." Locksley had a wild desire to strangle the man.

"Know her name yet?" asked Fashner, placing his hat on one chair and seating himself on another.

"Miss Harvey, I believe," said Locksley, stiffly.

"And is that all you know about her?"

"That is all I know about her."

Fashner went into a fit of laughter, which to the younger man seemed as idiotic as it was offensive. "Well, well," he said at last, bringing out his cigarette case: "Well, well * * * By the way, Locksley, wish me joy. Miss Lottie Helm has done me the honour of promising to marry me." He made the announcement so bashfully, so boyishly, that Locksley's resentment fell away.

"Why, certainly, I congratulate you, and wish you joy, Mr. Fashner," he said, rising and holding out his hand.

"Thanks, thanks. * * * Only wish I had been twenty years younger, for her sake as well as my own. But I believe she does like me a trifle. She's a good, honest little woman. Had a rough time of it till she hit it off at the Octagon. But she's going to chuck the stage when she marries me next month." He smiled, then sighed. "I've been a bit of an ass in my time, Locksley, but, thank the Lord, I've escaped being a blackguard." He lit a cigarette and fell silent.

"Queer mixture," thought Locksley once more. Aloud he said, going back to his desk: "You have all my best wishes, Mr. Fashner."

The older man nodded.

"There's another thing," he said at last. "I thought I'd tell you, lest the others should spring it on you when you haven't time to think. You see, I had a good deal to do with bringing you to London, and I'm afraid it hasn't been all you expected."

Locksley stared. "You mean," he said presently, "that I haven't been all you expected?"

Fashner waved a podgy hand.

"What I have to tell you is this," he said slowly. "Locksley's Stores is probably on the eve of being floated as a public company. Have you got that?"

Locksley sank back in his chair. "Well?"

Locksley said nothing.

"The prospectus is in course of preparation," the other continued; "the subscription list may possibly open some time next month."

"But—but it won't float! It can't!"

Fashner smiled. "My dear boy, wait till you see the prospectus! The prospectus at present being drafted by my colleagues would float a battleship!"

Locksley recovered himself. "It must be a romantic document," he said dryly. "You believe the public will come in, Mr. Fashner?"

"Helter-skelter! My colleagues are anxious to get their money back, you know, and they'll get it back in this way with—well, interest."

"What's to be the capital?"

Fashner mentioned some figures that made Locksley raise his brows. "They'll never pay a dividend on that, Mr. Fashner."

"Never is a big word. Locksley's is a big business, and its turn may come yet. The shareholders will have the odd chance, I fancy. Oh, yes, Locksley's turn may come yet."

"After they have got rid of Locksley himself," said the younger man, with a bitter laugh. "Are they going to change the name of the firm also?"

Murray-Kay Clothes for Men

Possibly you did not know until this moment that Murray-Kay built clothing to order for men; such is the case, however, and, furthermore, the house of Murray has been doing it for the past fifty years or more. During all that time some of the best known and best dressed men of the day have owed something of their distinction to this fact.

To wear Murray clothing has always meant that the wearer is not merely covered, but fittingly attired in stylish, well-made garments, designed and cut by experts after the most approved fashion of the time to suit his individual taste.

That so little has been heard of this department outside a somewhat exclusive circle is due to the fact that the space available for it has always been limited, and no more orders were taken than could properly be attended to. Now, with increased facilities at command, a few additional clients can be served with all the care and close attention that have earned for this house so enviable a reputation for high-class work.

Murray-Kay invite inspection of their Autumn importations of materials for Suits and Overcoats. They are fully representative of the best weaves and newest effects and colors.

The prices asked for Suits, Overcoats, Vests, etc., are now, as always, most reasonable.

An instance in point is this offering of Suits built to measure of Mahony's Irish Serge.

Mahony of Cork is known the world over for his Irish Serges. Faultless in weave, endlessly durable and dyed in sunproof black and navy, they afford the very highest satisfaction to wearers.

Murray-Kay's special prices on these Suits, made to your measure only..... **\$25.00**

Men residing out of town may avail themselves of Murray-Kay advantages through their letter order department. Write to-day for samples of materials and self-measurement form—they will be mailed at once postpaid.

MURRAY-KAY, LIMITED

(W. A. Murray & Co., Limited)

17-31 KING STREET EAST - TORONTO

A MARTYR TO HEADACHES?

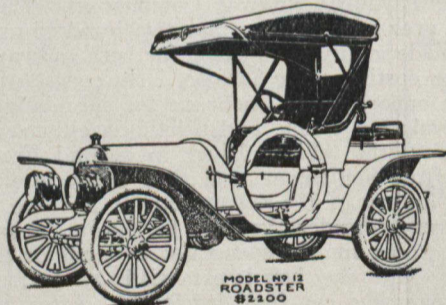
NA-DRU-CO HEADACHE WAFERS

25c. a Box at your druggist's.

will make life comfortable for you again.

They relieve the worst headache in 30 minutes or less.

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal.



MODEL NO. 12 ROADSTER \$2200

Business and Professional Men

Notably Physicians and others in strictly out of doors callings, find the Electric Automobile the easiest possible means of quick, clean and comfortable transportation. We have experts at your service gratis who will be pleased to advise you regarding the use of the Electric Automobile. The electric automobile is the town car par excellence for ready and reliable service in all seasons and all kinds of weather. Its user is always independent of the chauffeur and will never tire of praising it.

PHONE MAIN 3975

The Toronto Electric Light Co'y, Limited

12 ADELAIDE STREET EAST

THE "ELECTRIC BUILDING"

Fashner was watching the smoke rising from his cigarette.

"I understand that you, Mr. Locksley, will be invited to remain where you are, as managing director, at your present salary."

"Why should they want me to remain?"

"My dear fellow, a prospectus of Locksley's Stores without John Locksley in it would not charm the public. That's obvious!"

"I suppose it is. The public don't know, of course, that Locksley is a failure. I begin to see, Mr. Fashner. I might remain for a time as managing director—in name. How's that?"

Without replying, Fashner rose and took up his hat.

"I've mentioned the matter, simply because I thought you ought to have time to think it over. I have no advice to give you, but I'll be interested to know how you feel about it, say, a week hence. I'll look in this day week. This puts a good deal of responsibility upon you. And a bit of a problem, too. You can see that the company can't be floated without you. On the other hand, I'm not saying that the business would come to an end if you—er—left it. I hardly think my colleagues would let it go just yet. Your agreement, I believe, expires next February. I do not suppose you would be asked to—er—retire before then. But you might wish to do so—eh? Personally I am sorry—but we all know that business is business, don't we? However, you must think it over. You know better than I do what you have at stake." He held out his hand.

"You have something at stake yourself, Mr. Fashner," said Locksley, looking straight at him.

"I've twenty thousand in this show," he returned simply.

"Naturally you desire the flotation to—"

"Sorry; but I've an important engagement. See you a week hence." and Fashner hurriedly left the room.

"Queer mixture," thought Locksley again. Then he muttered: "What an infernal swindle!"

But it was a problem all the same—and a bigger problem than it would have been three months earlier. Locksley had ever done the straight thing, but now it was more difficult than usual. Why should he beggar himself to save some scores of the silly public from losing money? And it was not absolutely certain that they would lose; they had, as Fashner had said, the odd chance of Locksley's Stores' turn coming yet. Beyond a few hundred pounds—a very few—he had no resources; and what sort of berth could he hope to obtain in the circumstances?

Suddenly, in the midst of his self-questioning, like an actual blow the great truth struck him—he loved Mildred Harvey.

III.

THE week had passed. The day had come for Locksley to declare his decision. He had received a note curtly stating that Fashner would call at four o'clock. It was now three-thirty.

Locksley had not made up his mind. The temptation to accept the syndicate's offer was not so easily put aside. Again and again he had told himself that for good and all he was quit of it; again and again it had returned. Could he afford to reject the offer? Heavens! he might come to be a shopwalker in a fourth-rate drapery establishment. And would he not deserve it? Before him lay an opportunity that most men—respectable men, too—would snatch at. Why not? Never in his life had

he so greatly dreaded poverty—or, at any rate, penury. It is one of the penalties of our civilisation that love and money are inseparable.

He roused himself. Only twenty minutes remained. He must force himself to decide.

There was a tap on the door of No. 44. Miss Harvey entered.

"In the letter for Bullard & Co. you gave me the sum of £1,350 as our final offer. Is that correct, sir?"

"Why, no," he said, after a moment's reflection, "it should be £1,530. Yet I remember giving you £1,350. Thanks for letting me know. And—Miss Harvey, let me know if you strike anything else that doesn't seem right. I—I'm in the way of making slips to-day."

Involuntarily she glanced at him. His eyes were on the papers before him.

"Yes, sir," she said, turning to her door.

"Miss Harvey—"

"Yes, sir?" She paused.

He rose and placed a chair near his desk.

"Miss Harvey, would you mind sitting down for a minute or two? I want to ask your advice."

Looking frankly surprised, she seated herself.

Locksley leaned against the side of the desk.

"What I shall first tell you, Miss Harvey," he began in a low voice, "is private and confidential—in the meantime, at least. Of course, you are quite used to things that are private and confidential in this office. Well, the owners of this business are desirous of converting it into a limited liability concern—selling, it, or a part of it, to the public. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind dropping the 'sir' during our present conversation?"

"Very well, sir—Mr. Locksley." Her voice became just the least thing shy.

"Thank you. By the way, have you been regarding me all along as the owner of this business?"

"Yes."

"May I ask you why you have done so?"

"Why? Oh—because—because it has your name, of course. And, perhaps, because you always seem so worried," she added gravely.

"Ah! Well, I must tell you that I'm only the manager. I lent my name, and—I'm afraid I can't get it back. I'm no lawyer, and I'm not sure that I'm much of a business man either, though I used to fancy myself as the latter. However, I must grin and bear that bit of it. The point is that the people who do own the business want me to become manager of the proposed company, chiefly because they believe that my name will induce the public to buy shares. Now supposing shares were not, let us say, going to be very good for the public. Do I make it clear enough?"

She nodded. "Quite clear, Mr. Locksley."

"Then what should I do? I have to give my decision ten minutes hence."

"Oh!"

"What ought I to do, Miss Harvey?"

She half rose. "That is too big a question for me." Then she sat down again. "Supposing you refused the offer—"

"The probability is that there would be no company; and the certainty is that I should find myself unemployed, with little chance of getting anything but a—an ordinary job. You'll admit that I have something to make up my mind about, Miss Harvey?"

"Challenge" Collars Are The Favorites

Business men who appreciate the significance of a good appearance invariably insist on "Challenge" Collars. They reflect good taste and refined judgment in dress.

ALL THE LATEST MODELS

CHALLENGE
Brand
WATERPROOF
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"Oh, yes." She rose with decision. "But no one can make up your mind except yourself, Mr. Locksley. May I go, sir?" There was pride, but no unkindness in her voice.

"I had hoped," he said sadly. "I had hoped you might help me."

"I?"

"I—I would be guided by you."

"Oh, dear!" The words escaped her. "I am honoured by your confidence, Mr. Locksley," she went on, soberly, "and I think that you are in a most difficult position, but—"

Suddenly he drew himself erect and faced her squarely.

"Miss Harvey—would you care whether I did the one thing or the other?"

The blue eyes fell before his grey ones; the fair face went rosy—then white.

"Oh, how unfair of you!" she cried, and ran to her room.

Locksley threw himself into his chair, a prey to many emotions. He would have given all he had then for the touch of her hand.

Four-thirty. Fashner was late. Locksley did not care. He was consumed with misery, but he had made up his mind. Perhaps the blue eyes had helped him in spite of their owner.

There would be no prosperous John Locksley. There would be no Mildred for him. With his head on his hands he tried to proceed with the heap of documents. Presently he pushed them aside and wrote a letter.

"Well?"

Fashner had entered in his quiet way. He did not seat himself, but waited for the other to speak.

Locksley sat up. "Good afternoon," he said. "I've just been writing my resignation."

Fashner's face betrayed nothing of his thoughts. "Sure you won't change your mind?" he asked.

"Quite sure, thank you."

"I see. Then I don't suppose there's anything for me to say. Besides, I'm pressed for time. Lottie is waiting for me in the motor."

Fashner took an envelope from his pocket and threw in on the desk. "Look at it afterwards. By the way, have you found out yet who Blue Eyes is?"

Locksley's face turned dull red, but ere he could command his voice, Fashner, with a laugh, had gone. He rose and opened the door of No. 44.

"There will be no company, Miss Harvey," he said.

She raised her eyes from the typewriter and met his fairly. A very sweet little smile played on her lips.

"I didn't think there would be, sir. I have found a doubtful point in one of the letters. I will bring it to you immediately."

The machine clicked, and Locksley retired, helpless, hopeless.

MR. FASHNER got into the brougham.

"Find what you wanted, Percy?" enquired Miss Helm.

"I did, my dear," he replied with unusual gravity. "Locksley is a straight man. He was ready with his answer. So I left him the note offering him seven-fifty a year to look after my affairs. I hope to goodness he agrees."

"Do you lose a lot through the company thing not coming off?" she asked.

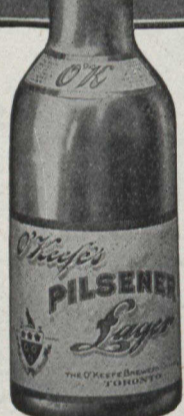
Fashner made a grimace, but changed it quickly to a smile.

"If Locksley could face losing everything, surely I can face losing a bit. You shan't starve, sweetheart."

"I wasn't thinking of that," she said warmly.

"Besides, it was you, Lottie, who

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 4th November, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between EPPING and MEAFORD from the 1st January next. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tenders may be obtained at the Post Offices of Epping, Meaford and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.
POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa, 19th September, 1910.
G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

really kept me off the crooked road. I've admired Locksley all along, but I couldn't have followed his example if I hadn't had you. Fact, my dear!" Then he laughed. "By Jove! some people will be mad when they get his resignation."

"But what about the girl you said was like me? Are you sure she is the girl you thought she was—the rich Miss Somebody who wanted to learn all about business?"

"Absolutely certain. I'm not sure, though, if I've succeeded in directing his attention to her existence. He got mighty red when I mentioned 'Blue Eyes' to-day, but I'm afraid it was with rage. The good fairy game isn't in my line, Lottie."

Lottie squeezed his arm. "You're just a dear!" she said.

He beamed on her. "Lord, but I am happy!" he whispered. "I'd give something to see Locksley happy, too. She's the very girl for him. I know what I'll do. I'll get to know her through her uncle, whom I've had deals with. Then I'll introduce—"

"You seem to think he won't be able to resist her, goosey!"

"Of course! She's so like you!" But at that moment Locksley with a letter in one hand and Miss Harvey's fingers in the other, was trying to tell her that she was like no one else in all the wide, beautiful, wonderful, glorious, happy world.

A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE HEATHEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.

after about the first day he had found that three meals of civilisation something less than half enough; and from the beginning he had added flesh at the rate of a pound a week or more. But if, this summer, he also ate five meals after the first day, he felt with a silent melancholy that his affliction of the mind absorbed any little extra nourishment he chanced to take. He felt, too, that it was only his will power that kept him any longer from lying awake at night. And, even so, there was an occasion when, bathed in perspiration, he sat up from a nightmare in which old Gardhouse had just informed his father that he was seventy-eight fifty in arrears, and if it was not paid at once it would be sued for. Before he could sleep again he had to go out into the moonlight, and with some charcoal and a shingle figure out once more, exactly how much he was shy, anyway. It was a horrible lot; but nevertheless he swore he would yet head off that September statement. The other boys, with the frankness of true friendship, told him that they could see all right what was the matter with him; but for the next seven weeks he'd have to take it out in writing to her.

Writing to her? * * * That gradually unsealed his eyes to something that was inexplicable. There was nothing to hinder him writing to her; but, for whatever reason, he didn't seem to want to!

And the next thing, wherever it came from, he began to think that perhaps, after all, he had never felt about Idelia in the way he had believed he had—in the way a man really ought to feel. * * *

When first he found such thought in his heart he had certain periods of humiliation and shame for himself. He was, then, one of those wretched change-about-who no sooner win a noble woman's affection than they tire of her. After such hours he ended by swearing to himself that he had not really altered at all; it was only worrying over that subscription that made him feel that way.

By the latter half of July, however, he had hardened a great deal more. The camp got its bread and milk and stuff from an upshore farmer; and his two girls used to bring it down. About every other day they added in a pie or a batch of cookies or a big chunk of gingerbread or something. They were the kind of girls you could bank on. They weren't working any missionary rackets. More than that, the younger one—the one Wash generally saw safely home again—could give points in looks to pretty nearly any "townner." * * * It wasn't that he blamed Idelia for feeling that way about missionaries herself—there were mighty few females who didn't get that streak some time or

other. But he would ask anybody, had it been a square game for her to work others into fairly paying out their life blood to them? She'd gone about it deliberately, too; she'd owned to that herself; and if he had changed any she had only herself to thank for it. * * * As a matter of fact he sometimes doubted now if he'd ever really cared for her at all.

The second of August brought a letter from her. Of course, he was glad to get it, though it was rather queer for her to go ahead and write to him first in that way. Nor did she say anything about his not having written. But on her second page she said that he would be pleased to hear that Clarence Sweetnam was being very nice to her while he was away; he had taken her to both church strawberry festivals, and had asked her to go to the Episcopal garden party. She closed by saying that she hoped he wasn't troubling too much over his subscription. * * * "Clarence said that from being on the inside you could write some stories that would make very rich reading about those payments by envelopes." * * *

Wash answered that letter. An he wasn't hot, either. Everything he wrote was off the ice, with the refrigerator dew still on it. "He was very glad indeed that she was having such a good time. For his part, he was having the time of his life up river. * * * As for that subscription—no matter what the circumstances were that led him into assuming obligations—she could always be quite sure of his meeting them in due course." That last sentence was one he could feel justly proud of. If it didn't frost her, nothing would.

He was not hot at all. He didn't care enough for the girl to get hot over her! But as for the Doughbag—who, he saw now, had from the beginning been simply her instigator and accomplice—when he thought about him—

IV.

WE pulled back to town with the rest of the crowd on Wednesday, August the twenty-sixth. He had thirty-two cents on hand; for almost a month his July allowance had been waiting for him; and on Friday he would draw his five for August. By the coming Sunday, the last of that half-yearly term, he would be in arrears just nine sixty-five. It would leave him a bankrupt for weeks afterwards, it would mean a condition of remorseless and intolerable insolvency, but he was going to settle with that subscription.

On Friday he had that nine sixty-five in the envelope. Already his soul was beginning triumphantly to inflate itself, when he became conscious that a most peculiar develop-

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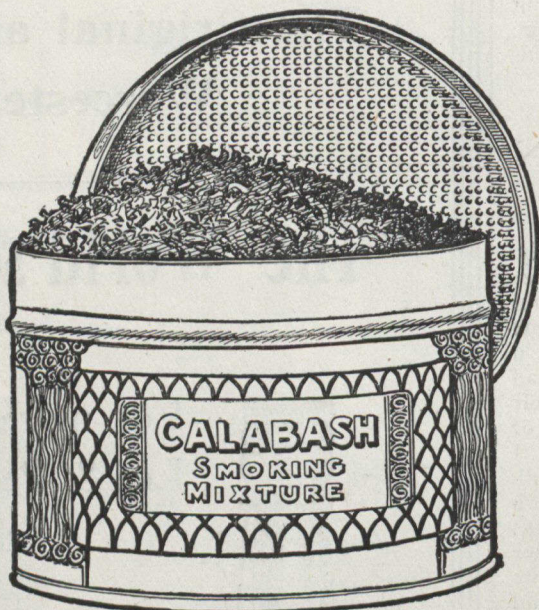
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ment was taking place in his lower jaw. It was as if they, too, were attempting, and very painfully, to inflate themselves. By Sunday morning he was on his back, and the little girls were quarreling as to whose turn it was to carry up his tray and get another look at him. He was well worth looking at, too. He had grown a double dewlap—and his cheeks were puffed out like those of some great chipmunk coming from a wheatfield. * * * He had the mumps. Surely fate had chosen him for her fair and shining mark!

But there was one thing which neither battle, murder, nor sudden death should defeat him in. After Sunday's supper he sent for Wally, drew a thick and heavy envelope from beneath his pillow, and told him he wanted him to go to the New Brick Methodist that night, and put it on the collection plate.

"Gee!" gasped Wally. "What for?—How much is there in it?"

"There's nine dollars and sixty-five cents in it—that's how much."

"Hickory Smoke! But what d' yuh got to cough it up for?"

Wash was supporting his jaw with one hand, and conversation was a torment to him. "Now, don't begin chinning a lot of questions. Do what I tell you, and there'll be a dime in it for you."

"Do I have to stay for the sermon?"

"At the Methodist the sermon comes before the collection."

"Oh-h dink it! And Pop made me go with him to our own this morning."

"I'll give you a quarter then. But for Heaven's sake get out an on with it." Wally put his tongue into his cheek, winked cheerfully at Wash's dewlap, and made his exit.

The burden was lifted now. His mind was free. His tonsils ached, but he did not care for that. He had come to recognise how paltry are all physical ills compared with the worries of the mind. He could understand, indeed, with a certain secret pride, that this experience had graduated him into the estate of manhood. He now looked back on his feeling for Idelia Constable as upon one of the youthful infatuations which, in the course of things, probably all real men go through. His mother came up and asked him if there wasn't something she could get for him. He told her "nothing at all." He felt it, too. He began to realise with an ever-increasing glow of spiritual gratulation, that what he had gone through had made something very like a philosopher out of him.

Except for the little girls, his door was not opened again until Wally returned.

"Well," asked Wash from a soul at ease, "did you put it on?"

"Sure thing we did."

"We?"

"Hinky and me. We knocked 'em, too! We changed it for silver at the drug store. First I poured on my handful and then Hinky came in with his—"

At the expression on that elder brother's face as he tried to get from bed, Wally began to back up upon the door. "Gee, what's chewin' yuh?—I tell yuh we put it all on! Yuh can ask Hinky if we didn't—and if you'd seen them all rubberin' and twistin'—"

Wash was weak enough, but he got his legs out at last and made his rush. Wally flung the door behind him, and fled furiously down the stairs. "Darn it," he kept yelling, "what's the matter with yuh, anyway? We put it all on, every darned nickel of it—ask Hinky—"

In that moment an attendance upon Idelia Constable and an attendance at the New Brick alike came to an end.

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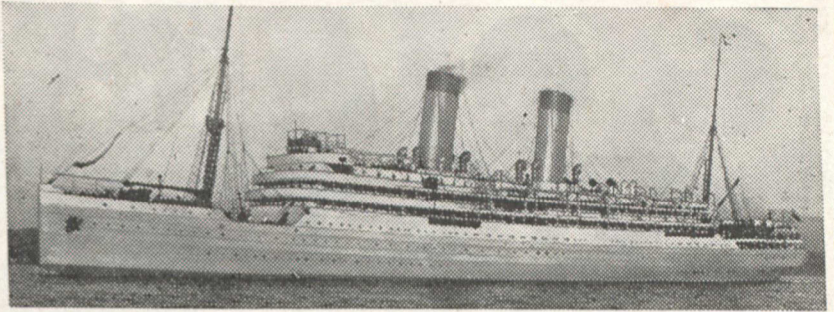
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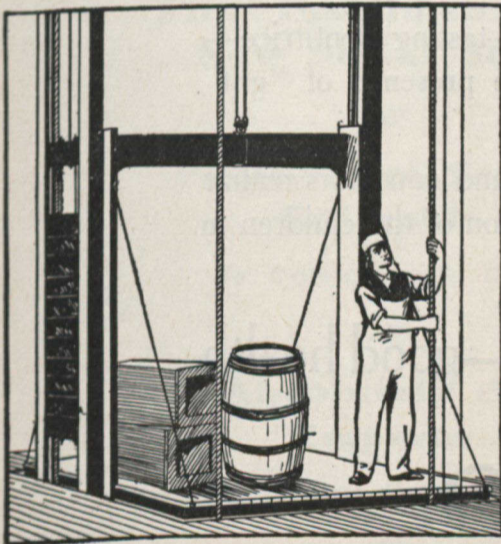
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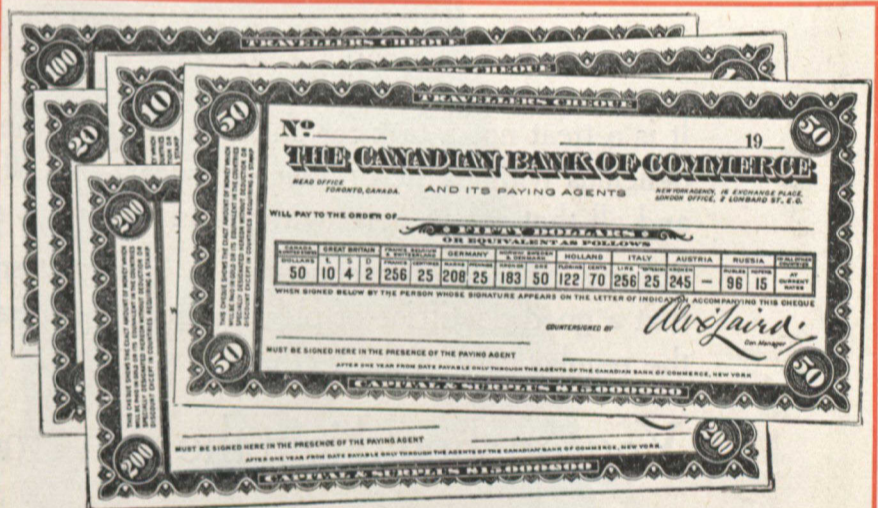
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