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Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited.

VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 21

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Editor's Talk

THIS issue contains the Woman's Supplement which is published on the third week in each month. This feature has found great favour with our readers and is now a permanent part of our programme. There is a journalistic rule which says that no new department should be accounted permanent until it has been a feature for two years. This is only the tenth Woman's Supplement and the aforesaid journalistic rule is deliberately abrogated.

For the present our arrangement as to supplements is that the Country Life Supplement will appear in the first issue of each month and the Woman's Supplement in the third issue.

* * *

Next week one of the feature articles will be a defence of the Mormons and Mormonism, by "Janey Canuck," the well-known Alberta journalist and author. Those who were deeply impressed by the wonderful series of articles which Miss Moulton wrote for the "Canadian Courier" last spring are urged to read "Janey Canuck's" answer. Other persons who may be interested in this subject and desire to reply to Miss Moulton or "Janey Canuck" are at liberty to do so.

* * *

Our Christmas Number is well under way and will appear early in December. It will be along quite a different line from that adopted in previous Christmas Numbers. Even the cover design is quite unlike anything which has hitherto appeared on the decorative page of the "Courier." The illustrations will also be presented in an entirely different way and on a more extravagant scale than heretofore. Those who desire extra copies of this number to send their friends should order them early. The issue has been prepared with a view to its value as a Christmas souvenir for those who desire to send a Canadian publication to their friends abroad.



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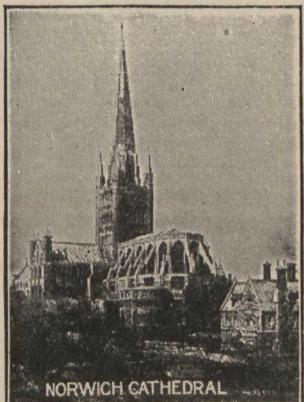
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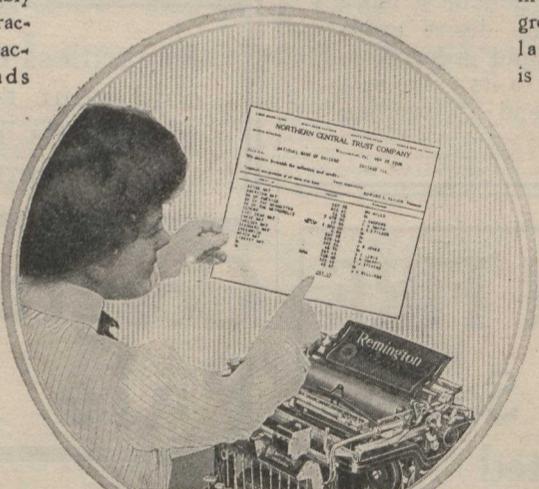
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Sufficient Proof.—Lady—"And you guarantee that the parrot talks quite a lot?"

Dealer—"Rather. His last mistress sold him because she couldn't get a word in edgeways."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Calling His Bluff.—The husband arrived home much later than usual "from the office." He took off his boots and stole into the bedroom; but, vain precaution, his wife began to stir. Quickly the panic-stricken man went to the cradle of his first-born and began to rock it vigorously.

"What are you doing there, Robert?" queried his wife.

"I've been sitting here for nearly two hours trying to get this baby asleep," he growled.

"Why, Robert, I've got him here in bed with me," said the spouse.

Making a Game of It.—"What was that tiresome old explorer talking about?" inquired the languid lady.

"Progress Patagonia."

"And how do you play it?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Two of a Kind.—First Imp—"Ananias won't be so lonely now."

Second Imp—"Why?"

First Imp—"There's a theatrical press agent coming to-morrow."—Puck.

Her Idea of Artists.—Artists do never look alike, any more than grocers or doctors do. Nevertheless, many persons are surprised at an artist who is not small, anaemic, delicate of feature, and decorated with a flowing necktie. Such a person lately visited the studio of a certain artist in one of our big cities.

The man in question wears a big red beard, and stands six feet and some inches high. His shoulders are broad, and his muscles hard from continued exercise. A woman entered his studio and asked for the artist.

"That's him, standing over there," the attendant said.

The woman looked over to where the artist stood, towering like an ancient viking, and gasped. "Why," she whispered, in surprise, "he's big enough to work, isn't he?"—*The Weekly Scotsman*.

A Tall Story.—"What is that tall chimney for?" said a visitor to Kansas, pointing to a farmyard. "Is somebody putting up a factory in this lonely quarter?"

"No," was the reply. "That's just Joe Miller's well. Cyclone turned her inside out."—*Washington Star*.

Exceeds the Limit.—"He's the man of the hour."

"Isn't there ever a woman of the hour?"

"Yes; but it takes her an hour and a half."—*Chicago News*.

Trying and Doing.—Braggs—"You never know what you can do till you try."

Waggs—"That's wrong. You never know what you can do till you succeed."

Braggs—"Well, perhaps that's better."

Waggs—"And then you're wrong. You never know what you can do when you succeed. You only know what you have been able to do."—*Life*.

But Inferior Ones.—A tender-hearted youth was once present at an Oxford supper, where the fathers of those assembled were being roundly abused for their parsimony in supplying the demands of their sons. At last, after having long kept silence he lifted up his voice in mild protest.

"After all, gentlemen," he said, "let us remember that they are our fellow-creatures."

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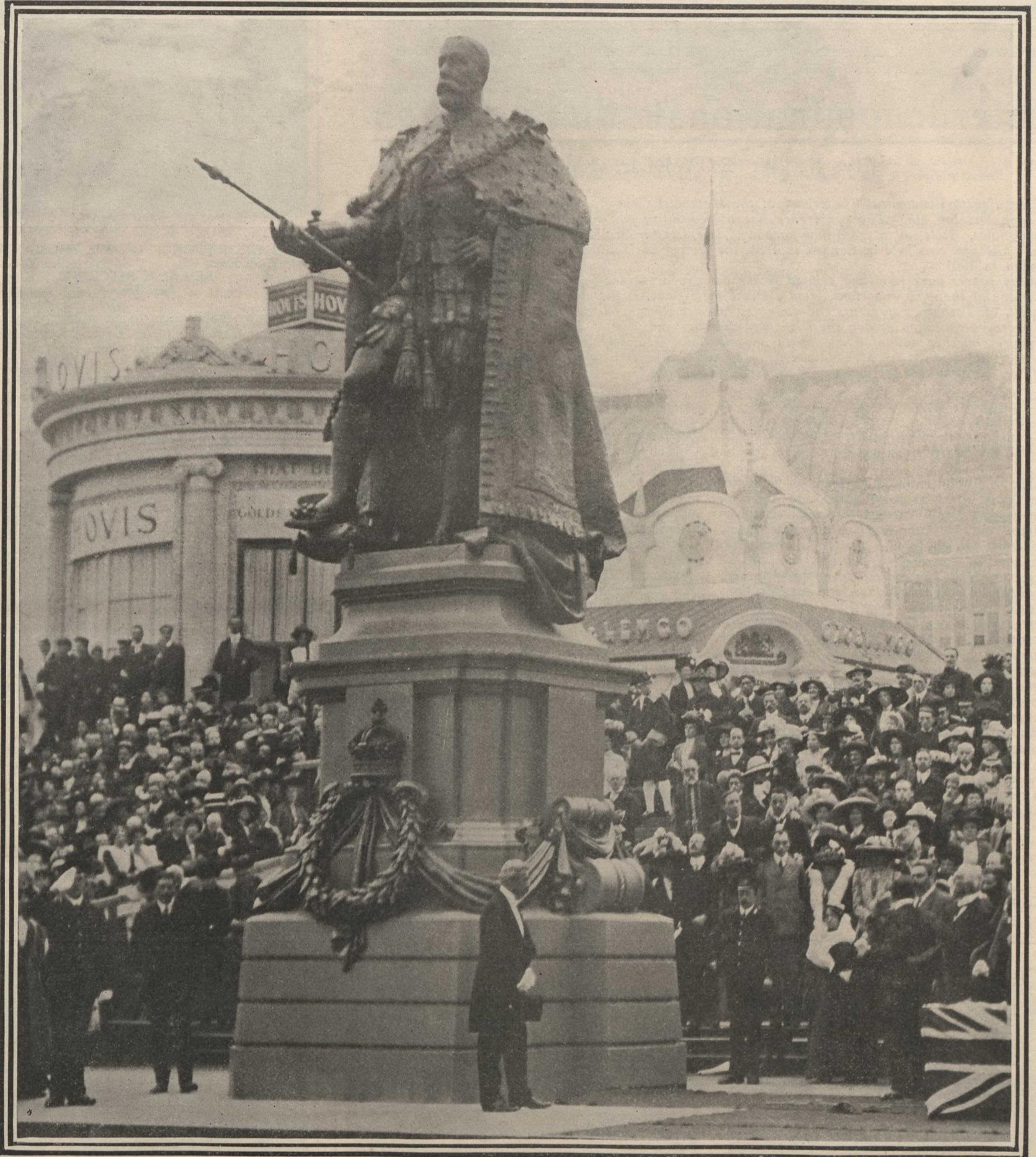
The CANADIAN COURIER

A National Weekly.

Vol. X.

October 21, 1911

No. 21



THE FIRST STATUE OF KING GEORGE V.

The other day, the Lord Mayor of London unveiled, at the Crystal Palace, the first statue of King George V. to be erected in His Majesty's Dominions. It shows the King in his coronation robes. Each observer is welcome to his own opinion as to whether the face is a good likeness of His Majesty and as to whether the whole design is worthy of praise and emulation.

Photograph by London News Agency.



THE ENGLISH DELEGATES TO THE METHODIST ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE IN TORONTO.
Included were the president, vice-president and three past-presidents of the Conference.

Interdenominational Co-operation

By N. W. ROWELL, K.C.

THE Fourth Ecumenical Conference of the Methodist Church of the World opened in Toronto on October 4th. The conference has no legislative power. It cannot make nor amend church laws. It is not a creed-making body. It exists for Brotherhood, Information and Inspiration. The first was held in London in 1881, the second in Washington in 1891, and the third in London in 1901.

Many papers were read and printed in the daily report issued by "The Christian Guardian." Of these one of the most important, from a public view-point, is that which is reproduced here. Mr. Rowell, of Toronto, represents the younger, broader element in the Methodist Church. He pleads for more co-operation among the Christian churches and people. He protests against the burden of many churches and of overlapping organizations. He aims at the subordination of detail differences and a union upon fundamentals. He would substitute co-operation for competition. "The drift of our time and the demand of modern life is unity."

LET us hear the words of John Wesley: "I desire to form a league, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Jesus Christ." "If thy heart be as my heart, give me thy hand."

On this broad and catholic platform let us stand. For this great ideal of co-operation and unity let us unceasingly strive. It is well to remind ourselves that Methodism was born, not to formulate a new faith or to establish a new type of ecclesiastical organization, but to call men to a new life, and we are never truer to our origin than when joining hands with all other communions and organizations engaged in similar work.

A few days ago we had our decennial Methodist stock-taking. Considering the magnitude of the investment of men and money, the result, so far as it has been registered in church membership on the home field, has been very disappointing, and it is little comfort to know that other denominations are passing through a similar experience. It is not without significance that, side by side with a decreasing ratio of increase in church membership in the home lands, the great things for which the Church stands, the great principles which prompt men to right living and right acting, are finding increasing expression in the lives of multitudes of men outside the Church, and the past ten years furnishes a record of unparalleled achievement in the foreign mission field. Why does not the Church as an organization more largely grip the heart and intellect of men in the home lands? Why is it that leadership in great movements of social and moral reform, which of right belongs to the Church, has

in many cases passed into other hands? Why is it that so many who need the helping hand of the good Samaritan look not to the Church, but outside the Church to find it? No doubt many causes contribute to produce present conditions. But is it not true that multitudes of men outside the Church are not hostile to the Church? They are simply indifferent to it. It does not interest them. Life all around them is of such absorbing interest that the Church makes no particular appeal to them. Why is it? I want to suggest for your consideration simply one of many contributing causes. The lack of a direct, commanding and compelling appeal to the deep and vital things in life by men of faith and vision, men of Christlike sympathy and sacrifice. Wherever you find such an appeal by such a man the multitudes respond.

Our ministry is the product of the system. So large a proportion of the time of the ministry is required to keep the machinery of their church organizations in operation that too many come to look upon this as their work rather than simply



REV. THOS. RIPPON MR. THOMAS ALLAN
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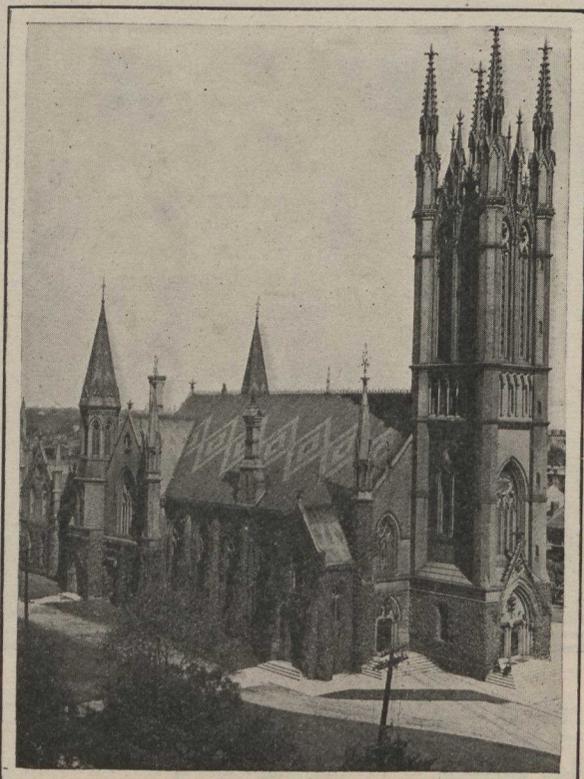
a means to enable them to more effectively present the living Christ to men. Great opportunities and great causes develop great men. Operating church machinery never will. Has not the multiplication of our denominations, the competition between one denomination and another in small centres of population greatly accentuated this difficulty and increased the peril to our ministry?

One's attitude toward interdenominational co-operation depends upon one's conception of the real function of the Church and the vital character and urgency of its message to the world. If we believe in the sufficiency of the gospel of Christ and the insufficiency of all other gospels to meet human needs, if we believe that the living-out in daily life and the world-wide presentation of this Gospel are the central and commanding obligations resting upon the Church, we must realize that the more fully we make it possible for the ministry of the Church to devote themselves with whole-hearted endeavor to this great task, the more speedily and effectively will it be accomplished. How can we make this possible? Assuredly not by the spendthrift policy of competition, but pending the time when unity is possible, by the brotherly policy of co-operation. It is only thus that the world will feel the impact of the combined strength and energy of the whole Church of Christ. Is it any wonder that the Church has been comparatively ineffective in the execution of its commission when we realize that in the life and death struggle in which she has been engaged each battalion of the army has marched to its own tune under the direction of its own commander, and oft-times these battalions have trained their guns upon each other rather than the enemy?

Modern life demands of the Church sincerity and efficiency. In view of the magnitude and urgency of the spiritual, intellectual and social problems confronting the Church and which urgently call for solution, how small and almost trivial seem most of



REV. K. A. JANSSON REV. OWEN WATKINS
Sweden Central Africa
CHAS. PEARSON
New Brighton, Eng.



METROPOLITAN CHURCH, TORONTO
Where the Fourth Ecumenical Methodist Conference was held this year.



Some arrivals at the first meeting on October 4th. The Conference closed on the 17th.

the matters that divide us as denominations. The great fundamentals upon which we all agree are the real things, and the world to-day has little patience with the men or the Church that would exalt non-essentials into articles of faith. So long as we spend our energies in magnifying or perpetuating these differences, so long will men doubt the sincerity of our professions and the efficiency of our work. Our differences are not due to our perfections, but to our imperfections, and is it not suggestive and significant that the men through whom the Church is expressing her devotion to her Lord's great command in the foreign mission field get much closer together than we in the home Churches?

The Church's efficiency is greatly impaired by its divisions. Our sacrifices are often to serve denominational ends rather than to immediately and effectively serve humanity. Such sacrifices make no effective appeal to the men of our day.

Must we not frankly admit that among our home churches, particularly in villages and small towns, there is an entirely unnecessary multiplication of churches, and the energy that should be expended in real service to the community is largely exhausted in the effort to keep the machinery in operation. In these villages and small towns, and in many country places, two, three or four men called of God to preach the Gospel are compelled to devote most of their energy to the operation of two, three or four sets of church machinery where one would serve the religious needs of the community. This multiplication of preachers in small communities where not one of them has a man's opportunity to make his life tell to the utmost, not one has a man's work to do, has a dwarfing and deteriorating influence upon the character of the preacher himself, as a prophet of God. One of the most pathetic and tragic events I have witnessed is that of a young minister who feels that he has in him great possibilities for service, and yet he finds that by the organization of his Church he is compelled to spend his life competing with brother ministers of other denominations for the support of a community which one could adequately serve. This unnecessary multiplication of Churches in small communities also tends to develop among the people narrow denominational rivalry rather than broad Christian charity. How dare we as Christians perpetuate this condition if it can be avoided? If any great business enterprise confronted with competitors such as confront the Church to-day squandered its resources as the Church does, it would deserve bankruptcy, and bankruptcy probably would be its portion. This waste of men and money leads thinking men to ask the question—"Can the Church be sincere; can she believe herself in the mighty import of her great message when she thus squanders her resources?" This ineffective use of the resources of the Church discourages many men, alienates others and prevents the Church from commanding the confidence and enlisting the service of multitudes who are today outside the Church.

The difficulties of securing co-operation are undoubtedly very great, but Christian charity, patience and common sense should overcome them.

In Canada we are now trying a very important experiment in co-operation. Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational Churches have agreed upon a plan for occupying certain new districts in Western Canada in such a way that they will not duplicate each other's work, and have also agreed that one of these Churches should withdraw from certain districts already occupied where the duplication of the work is so evidently unnecessary as to make continuation entirely unjustifiable. Co-operation is no doubt more difficult in some respects than actual union, but if we cannot get union, or until we get union, we must endeavor to co-operate. No movement for co-operation, however, can succeed unless there is a large measure of Christian charity and of brotherly confidence and sympathy between the leaders and the membership of the Churches. There are indications that this brotherly confidence and sympathy are steadily growing, and the movement for co-operation may extend, and other Churches may yet see their way clear to join in a general plan at least for occupying new territory.

There appears to be every reason why there should be, and no good reason why there should not be, continued and effective co-operation between all branches of the Christian Church in great religious, social and moral reform movements. In Canada we are steadily working in this direction. At the present time we have our Dominion Council of Moral Reform, consisting of representatives of our Protestant Churches, the Trades and Labour Council and the farmers' organizations of Canada, and through this Council and other agencies and organizations the influence of the Churches in social and moral reform movements is being rendered more effective. We have also succeeded through our Laymen's Missionary Movement in establishing



During the Conference the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario gave an official garden party in honour of the de'legates. This historic old residence of many governors will shortly disappear. A new "Government House" is now being erected.

thorough and systematic co-operation between all our Protestant Churches in the cultivation of the missionary spirit in the home Churches. For three years all our Mission Boards have co-operated in holding interdenominational missionary meetings and conventions throughout Canada, educational and inspirational in their character, and we are just now entering upon another series, the meetings extending from Vancouver on the west to Sydney on the east. No single feature of the recent remarkable development of missionary interest among the Churches in Canada has made a deeper impression upon the mind of the men on the street, as well as the man in the Church, than this co-operation. For the first time in the religious work of our country men have seen all branches of Protestant Christianity meeting on the same platform, proclaiming the same message, inspired by the same motive, drawn together by the same love for the same Saviour and Lord.

We all know that at the present time the principle of co-operation is being much more extensively and effectively applied on the foreign field than in the home land. It should be everywhere applied; there should be no such thing as overlapping in the foreign field. The problem of Christian education in the foreign field is so vast and so urgent that we cannot seriously attempt its solution, except by a union of effort in the establishment of institutions of higher education. This is the settled policy of our Canadian Methodist Church. In China we have

united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, the American Baptist Church and the English Society of Friends in the founding of the West China Union University. We are all combining our resources and hope to make this Union University one of the great institutions for Christian education in China.

It was stated at the World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh that by effective co-operation the efficiency of the present missionary force could be doubled. With this fact staring us in the face and with countless millions as yet unreached by the gospel, how can we remain Christian if we refuse to co-operate? The truth having been made known to us, we have no further excuse for our sin. If we would win the world for Christ we would show the world that the Churches love one another. The dominant note, the most inspiring note of the Edinburgh Conference, was co-operation and unity through the spirit of Christ. The Continuation Committee of this Conference is in itself an expression of this spirit and of the necessity and urgency for co-operation.

What are the differences between the various denominations of the Church of Christ compared with the differences of Christianity and the non-Christian religions? Do we realize that a great world conflict is on? In every part of the world a battle is being drawn between Christ and His followers and the non-Christian religions, and instead of combining our forces and resources so as to utilize to the utmost their combined strength and energy, we are expending much of our energy in striving one with the other for supremacy. Until the spirit of Christ has so taken possession of His Church in all its branches that they can work together in the spirit of love and, forgetting their differences, live and proclaim His gospel to men in the spirit of sacrificial service, men will not heed the call of the Church.

But, after all, co-operation is only an expedient to obviate some of the worst effects of our unhappy divisions. The drift of our time, and the demand of modern life is unity. The unity of the Christian Church would be one of the strongest testimonies to her divine origin and one of her most compelling appeals to our humanity. It would be the realization of our Lord's prayer, "that they all may be one . . . that the world may believe that Thou has sent Me." For this unity let us all earnestly pray. The unity of all Protestant denominations would be a great advance toward this larger unity and would strengthen the Church's testimony to the world. Every union in the divided family of our Lord brought about in His spirit is a measurable advance towards the perhaps far-off divine event to which the Church of Christ is steadily moving. Let us thank God for the unions in the Methodist family in the past. In Canada we have demonstrated the practicability of the union of all branches of the Methodist Church, and we know the great spiritual inspiration and impulse that come from this union. In Canada we have demonstrated the practicability of the union of all branches of the Presbyterian Church, and we know the great spiritual inspiration and impulse that come from this union. It may be that in Canada we shall yet demonstrate the practicability of a still larger union, and who will set limits to the might, spiritual inspiration and impulse which shall come from such larger union?



REV. ARNAUD SCOTT
London, Eng.

REV. J. H. MORGAN
Folkestone, Eng.

THE LEGEND OF THE LILIES

How Saint Olaga Was Saved From Her Enemies

By CARMEN SYLVA

(H.M. The Queen of Roumania.)

“YOU must tell our story!” said the lilies-of-the-valley to me one day as I was walking in the woods. “You know our story, and must tell it to the little ones, so that they may think of it too, every time they see us growing and smell how sweet we are. Tell them our story, just as we have told it to you!”

And the delicate little bells shook out their sweetest, most persuasive chimes, and sent up such a cloud of fragrance round me, I was fairly overcome, and promised to do their bidding and tell you children how they came into the world.

“There was once upon a time a holy woman, who had the power of healing sick people when they came to her, by laying her hand upon them while she prayed. She was never tired of doing good, the whole day long, and even at times the whole night too, for those who wanted her help would not always leave her time for sleep. They seemed to think that she never required rest herself, since she was always ready for every errand and deed of mercy, and her strength was often taxed beyond the measure of her tender years. For Olaga—that was her name—was still young, and so beautiful that many a knight who saw her would have made her his wife, and great had been the disappointment of such when it first became known that the fair young girl would not hear of marriage but intended to devote herself to the religious life. She belonged, she said, to all the poor, and could not let herself be tied to household cares nor give to husband and children of her own the love with which her heart was filled for all her fellow-creatures.

“And before many years had gone past, one of her rejected suitors, who had never forgiven her for refusing his hand, contrived to bring an accusation of witchcraft against poor Olaga, and spread his wicked tale so artfully, that others believed it, too, and she was tried and condemned to die. They sought her out, in the little hut in which she dwelt in the forest, and told her the sentence passed on her, that unless she cleared herself by ordeal of the crime she was accused of, she would be burnt to death at the stake as a witch. It was useless for Olaga to protest her innocence, and point out to her accusers that she had never done them aught but good, and had moreover only healed their ills of mind or body at their own request. Just those who owed her most, on whom she had wrought her most marvellous cures, were now loudest and most furious in their denunciations, swearing that they would have preferred a thousand times to die or remain blind or lame to the end of their days, rather than be restored to health by a witch's spells. It was this ingratitude on the part of those whom she had befriended, that distressed Olaga most, seeming to her a harder trial than even the prospect of a cruel death.

“She did not feel, as other Saints have done, as if it were impossible that Heaven should abandon her, she scarcely prayed that a miracle might take place, by which her innocence should be triumphantly proclaimed. She was so disheartened by these evidences of human perfidy and malice, it seemed to her that there was nothing left to live for in the world and that it mattered little what should now befall. But when she reached the spot where preparations were made for the fiery ordeal, when she saw the jeering faces of the multitude assembled to witness her tortures, then her soft heart was wrung with pity for the folly and ignorance of her assailants, and the tears gathered in Olaga's beautiful eyes and began slowly and silently to fall as she laid aside her sandals, and placed her feet upon the red-hot ploughshares. Her thoughts were so far away, she was in spirit so entirely removed above the scene, it did not at first strike her as surprising that the soles of her tender feet should experience no sensation of pain as they touched the burning iron. But the onlookers were amazed to behold their victim pass unharmed and unmoved along the fiery path; those who stood nearest could distinctly see, how her tears as they fell quenched the heat of the iron, so that she could tread on it unhurt. The crowd continued to watch her in wonder and amazement, and soon Olaga herself became aware that in some miraculous manner she was being protected, for not only did the burning ploughshares cease to glow just as her feet were about to touch them, but also a cloud of fragrance

sweeter than incense surrounded her and chimes as of little silver bells accompanied her as she passed along. And the wondering crowd beheld the loveliest little flowers, delicate little bell-like blossoms of a kind never seen before, spring up beside the ploughshares the whole way. For it is well-known, that wherever the tears of Saints bedew the ground, there flowers burst into bloom. And thus it was with Olaga. So when she reached the goal, amid the acclamations of the crowd, and lifting her eyes in gratitude to Heaven, they fell on the scaffold piled with faggots for her martyrdom—this was suddenly changed into a perfect bower of blossom, every dry stick having been turned into one of the little bell-like flowers such as had sprung up everywhere along her path. And the silvery chimes rang out upon the sweet spring morning, and the whole air was redolent with the perfume of the lily-bells, and a feeling of mingled awe and shame came upon all who witnessed the miracle, while Olaga folded her hands in prayer, thankful that her enemies had been held back from burdening their souls with still greater guilt. They could not see into her heart, and would not easily have understood that it was rather horror of their crime than any emotion concerning her own fate which drew tears from her pure child-like eyes. And the tears still fell, the whole way she passed along, escorted by the jubilating crowd, back to her little hut, where it lay hidden among the thickest trees in the valley. And wherever a tear-drop fell, there one of the sweet new flowers sprang up, till the whole way was lined with pure white blossoms. Around the hut itself they grew thickest, and here as her foot touched the threshold, Olaga paused and turned and blessed

them, saying:—“Since you have come forth, sweet flowers, in this early spring morning to bear witness to my innocence, since you have been sent on an angelic message to myself and with the assurance of rich blessing to these others, you shall be known henceforth as messengers of joy and gladness, the heralds of the Spring!”

“With softened hearts the crowd of rough men and women withdrew; and never again did human folly or fury disturb the peace of the Saint's life on earth. But in all their troubles, their sorrow and their suffering, people flocked to her as heretofore; and still as in the bygone days, Olaga continued to heal them with the touch of her soft hands, with the gentle pleading of her prayers. And when she died, her flowers—the lilies-of-the-valley, as folk called them—sprang forth from her coffin and covered the mould beneath which she lay, filling the air with a sweetness so subtle and intense that pilgrims to the spot, when they returned to the outer world, felt their souls refreshed and strengthened as if they had held communion with the soul of her who slept there.

“And since that day, with each returning spring, the lilies-of-the-valley have come forth to rejoice the world, and in the soft warm nights, when the moonlight streams through the branches, and the song of the nightingale thrills the woods, then all those whose ears are attuned to such music may hear mingling with it the chimes of the little flower-bells, whilst the perfume of the souls is wafted up as the choicest incense to the Throne of the Most High!”

This is the story of the lilies, as they told it to me on one of those moonlit nights, and I promised them that I would tell it again, so that children when they see them bloom, may not gather them too heedlessly, but may remember that like everything else that is beautiful on earth, these modest little flowers are bearers to us of a divine message and are laden with memories of things divine!

GASTON OF THE FERRY

By MRS. TOM GODFREY

MANY years ago, in an old manor, on the banks of the Seine, dwelt Yvonne, with her father, old Roger de Bernac. Though of gentle birth, they were poor and, moreover, they were friendless.

At a stone's throw from their home stood a dreary grey tower, the only other habitation for miles around. In it lived Gaston, the young ferry-man. He was handsome, valiant, and of noble descent. His life was lonely and industrious. Night and day he was ever ready to jump into his boat directly a horn was blown on the other bank, or an impatient traveller rang the turret bell.

But from afar he had watched Yvonne, and learned to love her.

One day old Roger called his daughter to him.

“Yvonne,” he said, “God has given me a long life, and I thank Him, for I have been able to watch over you. But as I cannot live much longer, you must now marry.”

“No, no,” she sobbed, “I will always stay with you.”

“Always!” he murmured, smiling sadly. “That seems long at your age! For me it may be a month, a week, a day!”

“But I have never thought of marrying, father.”

“Haven't you noticed that Gaston is handsome?”

“People say that he is kind and good.”

“Ah! Wouldn't you like to be his wife?”

“If it is your wish, father, it is also mine,” whispered Yvonne, with a little blush.

Some hours later Roger rang the turret bell, but Gaston was not in. He had been called to the other side by a poor traveller in pilgrim's garb.

“What is your fare?” asked the stranger.

“A penny,” replied Gaston, “unless you prefer going to the ford six miles further on.”

“My feet are sore and I'm tired, yet I must go to the ford, for I have nothing,” murmured the stranger, turning out his pockets.

“Then I will take you over for the love of God,” exclaimed Gaston.

The stranger jumped quickly into the boat in spite of his fatigue. He was handsome, tall, and dark, with fiery eyes and an aristocratic bearing.

“My friend,” he said, as they landed, “for the present I am a penniless traveller. But my father is rich, and his death will make me powerful.”

“The little I have done for you I have done willingly,” replied Gaston. “If there were room for two under my roof, I should ask you to share it with me. But take my purse—I have enough.”

“I deserve to be hanged if your alms do not bring you good luck!” ejaculated the traveller with a smile. “Tell me, is there any place where I could shelter for the night?”

“Yes,” replied Gaston, pointing to a solitary light in Yvonne's window: “At Roger de Bernac's none ever knock in vain.”

Then he turned towards his home where he found Roger waiting for him.

“My son,” said the old man, “I know that you are industrious, honest, and God-fearing, therefore if you like you can be my daughter's husband.”

“But Mademoiselle Yvonne?” gasped Gaston.

“She is willing,” replied Roger. “For she knows that I am weak and likely to die at any moment, and realizes what joy it would be for me to see her betrothed to a good man—and we know few people—and you are just the son I want,” he added naively.

“One doesn't see many men here, so is it fair to her?” faltered Gaston.

“Quite,” replied Roger, smiling. “Yvonne is yours for the asking, and I can die in peace.”

Gaston saw the stranger the next day, and the next. For he stayed on at Roger de Bernac's, and with the money Gaston had given him he had gone to town and bought himself new clothing.

The thrilling stories of his adventures, his passionate lovesongs, his burning eyes, and bewitching smile, fascinated all. Even Gaston was charmed, despite an ominous heart-pricking. But Yvonne grew silent and laughed less.

At last one fine day Gaston rowed him back to the other side. For his father had died and he inherited his lands and title. But on his return Gaston noticed the sad look in Yvonne's eyes, with consternation. What did it mean?

But little by little her silvery laugh returned, and he forgot his fears as their wedding day drew nearer.

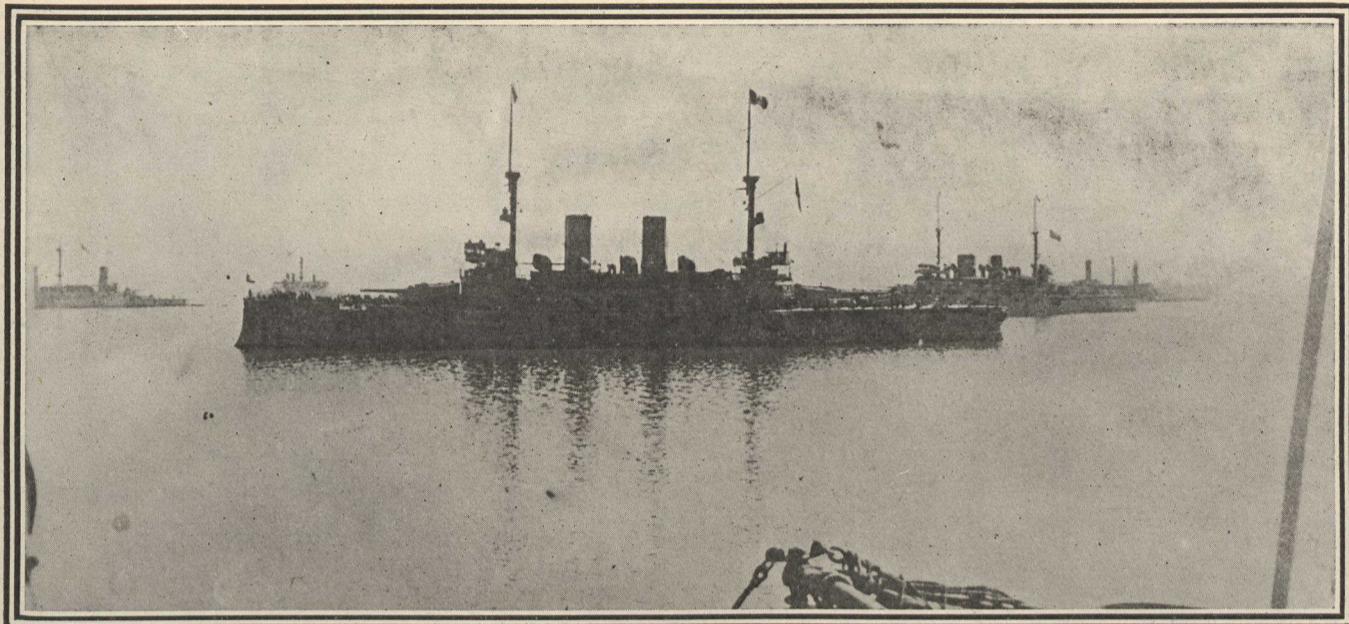
On the night before the eventful day, when a still darkness held the world, Gaston rowed another stranger across the river. He rowed silently, with his eyes fixed on Yvonne's light. His heart was full of her. To-morrow she would be his!

As the stranger landed, he pressed a gold coin into Gaston's hand, and disappeared into the darkness beyond.

Gaston, wondering why the gift had been so great, hurried home. For he saw that a storm was

(Continued on page 29.)

NEWS PICTURES FROM THE SEAT OF WAR



READY TO TACKLE THE WAR VESSELS OF TURKEY.
The Cruisers of the Italian Fleet just before they sailed for Tripoli. This picture was taken from the deck of the "Vittorio Emmanuel."

ADMIRAL AUBREY
Who is in command of the Italian forces.



18711 A Troop Train leaving Rome with its engine decorated with flags.

Photographs by "Topical," London.

The Turkish Garrison drilling in Bengasi.

C. N. R. INAUGURATES ITS TORONTO-TRENTON SERVICE



First Canadian Northern Passenger Train from Toronto arriving at Trenton station on Monday, October 9th. The town declared a general holiday to celebrate the event. Trenton has now three railways, the Grand Trunk, Canadian Northern and Central Ontario. It will be a divisional point on the C. N. R., which means much to a town which hopes to be a great manufacturing centre.



When the first train from Toronto arrived, bearing the officials of the road and other guests, they were received with a brass band, a guard of honour from the cadet corps, and afterwards escorted in automobiles to view the great power development on the river Trent. This photograph is taken from the G. T. R. tracks to the north-east of the town. The river Trent is shown in the upper left hand corner.

Photographs by Herington & Son, Trenton

THE FIRST GROUP PHOTOGRAPH OF



COL. SAM. HUGHES
Minister of Militia.

HON. ROBERT ROGERS
Minister of Interior.

DR. J. D. REID
Minister of Customs.

C. J. DOHERTY
Minister of Justice.

DR. W. J. ROCHE
Secretary of State.

HON. G. E. FOSTER.
Trade and Commerce.

HON. J. D. HAZEN
Marine and Fisheries.

PREMIER R. L. BORDEN
President of the Council.

HON. L. P. PELLETIER
Postmaster General.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

POLITICS AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THESE are a lot of people wondering these days just how far the Civil Service has been really taken out of politics. They are chiefly wondering whether it has been withdrawn far enough to carry them under shelter from the "big wind" which is sure to follow so cyclonic a disturbance as the late elections. Where they are not worrying about themselves, they are worrying about a friend or a relative who has been brought to the "anxious bench" by the change in Government. I know that this is one of your pet issues, Mr. Editor; and I think that you will agree with me that one of the tests of the new Government will be its success in keeping the hungry section of its own following from "mussing up" all its pretty professions about Civil Service Reform when it had no "civil service" responsibility.

* * *

WE see very clearly that improvements have been made along this line if we contrast present conditions with the bad old days when the spoils were allotted to the victors without any question. But just so long as there is such a thing as "patronage," there will be such a thing as the disturbance of public servants by a change in the political complexion of the Government. Some posts are still filled with party "favourites"; and it is impossible that a man, who owes his promotion to his high standing with one party, should not be less hopeful about promotion from the other party. We can all think of men in public office whom we know whose resignations just about now would not surprise us. It is not at all likely, in many cases, that they would be kicked out if they chose to hang on; but they feel that their careers in the public employ are nearly closed, and they are apt to go elsewhere.

* * *

THE portions of the public service which are best protected from political interference are undoubtedly the best served. A man who makes work in a Government department his life work, is like a school teacher who does not regard teaching

merely as a stepping-stone to something else. That is, he puts all his talents at the disposal of his work; he seeks promotion inside and not outside his profession; and he is—other things being equal—certain to make a better public employee or a better teacher, as the case may be, than he would if he were either sleepily sipping his reward for party services or discontentedly teaching school for money to enable him to apprentice himself to another calling. There is a general impression in the country that the Civil Service is overpaid. This notion is of ancient origin, I imagine; and sprang—not from a study of the Government pay-rolls—but from a casual knowledge of the sort of civil servants whom the old party politicians were wont to pitch-fork into these positions. We have had plenty of civil servants who would be overpaid on board wages. Possibly we have some yet. But the standard has certainly been rising of late.

* * *

IF you will look at the pay-rolls, however, and compare them with the importance and responsibility of the duties asked of the men and women who work for this pay, you will immediately lose all idea that the positions, at all events, are overpaid. They are no more overpaid than are Ministers of the Crown. You take any successful man you know, and tell him that you think you can get him a job at Ottawa; and see what he will say. If he knows anything about the facts of the case, he is very apt to tell you that there is no job at Ottawa that he would accept as a gift. He is probably making more money than he could hope to get at Ottawa after years of work and many a promotion; and there is more opportunity in his future than there is in the future of all but a mere handful of the most favoured public servants. The astonishing thing to me is that we get so many excellent men to serve the country in these little known and non-political positions. I can only account for it by supposing that they have been "caught young" when they did not know any better, and that it is now too late for them to cut their way to a new career. The truth is that when we take the prob-

lem of the Civil Service up seriously, one of the first things we will have to do will be to raise salaries all around; and then insist upon getting men to fit the salaries.

* * *

ONE of our troubles is that we are always trying to do national business on what might be called a village standard. If a salary looks large at a village store, we act as if it were large—though the man who works for it may be expected to measure himself with city millionaires and fat-salaried servants of private corporations. We have grown accustomed to seeing the counsel at the bar paid far better than the judge on the bench. We tell ourselves that the judge gets part of his pay in glory and dignity and the right to "boss" his own court. Our people would faint if we tried to pay a man to run a Government railway as much a private corporation pays a man to run its competitor. We employ civil servants to handle hundreds of thousands of dollars in ways that bring them into business contact with the representatives of commercial firms; and we pay our agents sums which the agents of the private firms would be ashamed to work for. And yet we are amazed when the private firm gets the better of the State. Or, rather, I should say we are not "amazed," though we should be in a position to be so; for we have grown so accustomed to see private business better done than public that the fact that it will be so has passed into an axiom.

* * *

CIVIL Service Reform should protect the good men in the service from humiliating competition with the "lame ducks." It should lead to the payment of the highest wages by the State for the line of service required; and make the people content to pay these high wages by showing them results. It should be an honour and not a matter of suspicion when a man is called to his country's employ. There should be a feeling that he must be about the best man available for the task required, and not that he must have "a pull" with somebody of influence. The State should be the best served employer within its own area, at all events. One of the things which needs "reforming" most in connection with all public services is the parsimonious conception of the average tax-payer as to what constitutes adequate pay for public servants. There are too many of us who have no license to feel superior to the country school-trustee who starves the teacher.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

CANADA'S NEW FEDERAL CABINET



T. W. CROTHERS
Minister of Labour.

A. E. KEMP
Without Portfolio.

GEO. H. PERLEY
Without Portfolio.

SENATOR LOUGHEED
Without Portfolio.

HON. FRANK COCHRANE
Railways and Canals.

W. B. NANTEL
Inland Revenue.

F. D. MONK
Public Works.

W. T. WHITE
Minister of Finance.

REFLECTIONS: By THE EDITOR

A Trio of Public Events

EXCITEMENT has been somewhat evenly divided, during the past fortnight, among the three great events: Mr. Borden's Cabinet-making, the Duke of Connaught's arrival, and the struggle for the baseball supremacy of the world. The newspapers had special correspondents covering the three events. A score of photographers followed the chief characters in each ready to "snap" them when opportunity offered.

Of course, the real road to fame is through the baseball portal. There is no activity on this continent which receives so much steady and all-the-year-round advertising as the baseball business. More people would pay half a dollar to see the mighty Mathewson pitch three innings than would pay half a dollar to see the new Premier or the new Governor-General perform. This is not to say that any one of these people thinks Mathewson more important than Mr. Borden or His Royal Highness—it is simply that as a spectacle baseball has all forms of governing beaten. In England they keep up ancient customs and mediaeval state pageantry in connection with the business of governing which helps materially in the competition with sport pageantry. In Canada we have largely abandoned all that and substituted a tame frock-coated pageant which makes little appeal to the senses.

The New Cabinet Spectacle.

WHAT could be more democratic and less lacking in pageantry than the passing out of the old Government and the passing in of the new? Sir Wilfrid drove down to Rideau Hall in a hired cab, unattended, unadorned. He handed in his resignation as if performing a simple piece of state business as a business man. Three hours later, Mr. Borden was called to Rideau Hall, and he, too, drove down in a hired cab, unattended, unadorned. No crowd assembled to see him made the first Minister of Canada. Then a day or two later seven ordinary Canadian cabs filled with sixteen ordinarily dressed statesmen took the same route, and sixteen men participated in the short but impressive ceremony of swearing to be true to the Sovereign, the constitution and the people. Only seven of the six-

teen thought it necessary to wear the conventional frock coat and silk hat. The oaths taken, the party lined up outside Government House and were photographed. Then they took the hired cabs to the Rideau Club for a pleasant luncheon.

All this was simple and democratic. It was perhaps too simple and too democratic. It might have been made more dramatic and impressive. Only the corps of watching reporters and camera-men and the rush to file despatches indicated the importance of the occasion. The first change in Government in fifteen years might have been marked by more display and pomp—but such is Canadian democracy in the twentieth century.

* * *

The Pageant of the Governor-General.

THOUGH the changing of the real rulers of Canada was marked by this severe democratic simplicity, that which accompanied the going of the old Governor-General and the arrival of the new was more striking. The citizens of Ottawa turned out *en masse* to see Lord Grey take his last journey from Rideau Hall to the railway station. The nominal ruler drove through crowded streets in a state carriage, with an escort of cavalry and a guard of honour. There was much saluting, waving of handkerchief and cheering. It was a semi-royal pageant, impressive and sight-compelling.

So at Quebec, on Friday last, when the Duke of Connaught arrived. Again the nominal ruler was welcomed with a semi-royal pageant. The new Cabinet was there faultlessly arrayed; the officers of state and judges in coloured garments; the leading officials of the army and navy in blue and red and gold; the guard of honour; the blare of trumpets; the impressive ceremony of taking the oath; the state dinner; the semi-regal court attended by a thousand leading men and women; the royal train; the reception by city and state at Ottawa—all this was pageantry of a high order.

When one thinks of the spectacle of the new Cabinet in hired cabs, and of the new Governor-General in royal trains and state carriage, attended by a gay cavalcade, one wonders whether Canada is a democracy or a monarchy. It seems peculiar that democracy should retain much of the

ancient pageantry of monarchy, without any attempt to transfer that pageantry to democracy's representatives. There seems to be an inconsistency about it which confuses the mind.

Nevertheless, I confess that I should like to see our Premiers take office with a pageantry such as occurs once every four years in Washington.

* * *

The Cabinet in Perspective.

MOST new Cabinets look weak. The Laurier Cabinet had some men with reputation and some without. Its greatest strength was the brilliant provincial statesman whom Sir Wilfrid induced to come in—Fielding, Blair and Mowat. Its greatest weakness was its new and unknown men. So the Whitney Cabinet looked weak. Mr. Whitney, as he was then, had never held a portfolio. Neither had any of his colleagues. They were all unknown in the broad sense.

So the Borden Cabinet doesn't look to be too strong. Premier Hazen may be a good man, but no one outside New Brunswick ever heard anything special about him. Hon. Mr. Cochrane is comparatively new in political life, and his claim to an Ottawa position was made chiefly in the management of the recent campaign in Ontario. Hon. Mr. Rogers is perhaps the best known of the three Provincial Ministers who have been transplanted. He has long been considered the strongest factor in the political life of the Western Provinces. The other members, outside of Mr. Borden, still have their spurs to win. Mr. White, one of the most promising, has never had parliamentary experience.

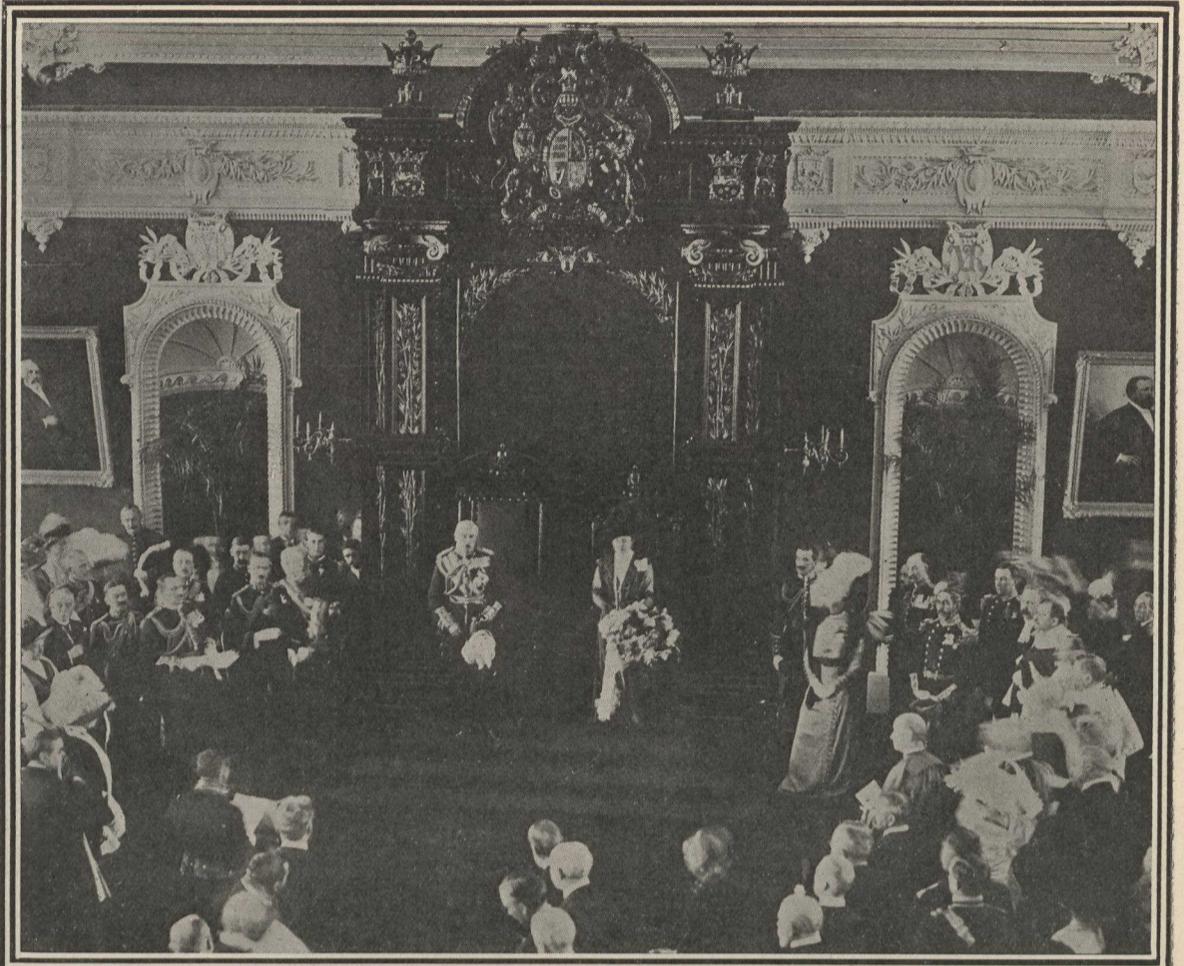
That the Cabinet would be satisfactory to the whole of the Conservative party would be expecting too much. The most outspoken criticism has been directed against the appointment of Mr. White as Minister of Finance. It is charged that he represents the "interests," which, if it means anything, means that he is not sympathetic with the common people. This is arrant nonsense. Mr. White is one of the most broad-minded and democratic of men. The duties of Minister of Finance are largely technical and to these duties Mr. White brings technical knowledge which no other member of the new Government possesses. Moreover, he has no political debts to pay, and political debts are the ball-and-chain which impede the progress and lessen the chances for public service of many politicians.

Good citizens generally are disposed to congratu-

WELCOMING THE FIRST ROYAL GOVERNOR



First picture of the Duke, Landing Stage, Quebec.



Ceremony of Installation in Legislative Council Chamber, Quebec.



Received on Parliament Hill and presented with addresses from City of Ottawa and several societies. Mayor Hopewell leads the cheering.

Photographs by Pringle & Booth.

late Mr. Borden and to wish him well. He and his Cabinet will be judged by its performances and by their adherence to the platform which Mr. Borden laid down in his ante-election manifesto.

* * *

"Sirs Mackenzie and Mann."

A LOCAL artist at Trenton painted a banner for the celebration last week and coined a new phrase, "Sirs Mackenzie and Mann." These were the magic words which caused Trenton to proclaim a public holiday to celebrate the arrival of the first Canadian Northern train from Toronto.

These railway magicians hope to have a railway from Toronto to Ottawa next year, and the portion between Toronto and Trenton is now in operation.

I have heard and read about the delight with which the townspeople along a new railway welcome the arrival of the first regular train. When I rode from Toronto to Trenton the other day on the first train I had my first experience of such enthusiasm, and it was quite equal to my expectations. Mr. D. B. Hanna, third vice-president of the railway, was the leading official present, and the people seemed to look upon him with as great mingled awe and pleasure as if he were the Premier or the Governor-Gen-

eral. He represented "Sirs Mackenzie and Mann," and to my mind represented them worthily.

Trenton rejoiced exceedingly, because the Grand Trunk Railway station is a mile and a half from the centre of the town while the Canadian Northern station is only a block away. Moreover, Trenton is only a station on the Grand Trunk, whereas it is now a divisional point on the Canadian Northern. Again, Trenton has a power development within its borders which will reach 100,000 horse-power when it is completed, and it only needed another railway to ensure its becoming one of the greatest manufacturing points in Canada.

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP HEAP

Season of Bronze Tints.

DREAMY, listless autumn is with us again, and the trees have placed their green garments aside till spring comes dancing across the hilltops. The air is full of a thousand buzzing, humming things, all aimlessly fitting from place to place seeking nowhere in particular. Out in the woods, a panorama of reds and golds and browns stand silhouetted against a clear blue sky, and impatient fragments go wandering along the path of the breeze. It seems the season of indecision. The little robins halt a day or two in the shadow of their summer home, chirp out a remnant of song, then turn their course toward the South. The small boy in the country is loath to don his thick winter stockings and shoes. He has visions of a beautiful Indian Summer, and more dusty roads. But the nuts are beginning to drop, and that means that frost hovers over the earth. The day of baseball is over, and the boy takes periodical jaunts to the attic, and caresses a battered old hockey stick, and gives a shine or two to his skates. The tinkle of the cowbell sounds muffled and distant, and the cows are as impatient as the myriads of swarming creatures which throng the air. There is an uneasiness about the time, a half anticipation which waits for some great something, no one dares to say what. It is the coronation of the King of Winter they await, the great monarch who comes riding along on a nor'east bluster and fills the air with gladness and awe. The kiddies laugh to see him, and clap their hands, the older folk huddle close to their fires and long for spring to come.

But, meanwhile, let us enjoy the season of bronze, when Nature is gorgeous in her autumn raiment, and all the world sits dreaming.

* * *

Just About Women.

A HUGE interrogation point once stood at the crossroads of Desire and Propriety, undecided which way to turn. Finally it turned down the road leading to Propriety, but was obliged to turn back owing to the number of ruts. Then on down the other path it went, until Propriety sent an envoy to tell it of some new bulletin which had appeared on the other track. And thus the poor old interrogation spent its days, first wandering down one path, then turning to the other. What a wearisome existence it had, and what an interminable one!

So it goes. Woman is the huge interrogation point, and as far as the wise philosophers of all the ages can foresee, is likely to retain her interrogation attributes till the last stone is turned. A conglomeration of inconsistencies, how must the original potter have formed her? There must have been some blue clay in the formation, also some sand, elusive sand which almost slipped through the potter's fingers as he worked. And there were bits of ordinary mud, and remnants of rock, here and there, for the mud to mould together. And then the sun shone on it all, and the soft winds caressed it, till the result of it all, the moulded perfection of the potter grew to expect such attentions all through

the eons of time. Thus was vanity first introduced in a bit of clay.

Some showed their desire for preference in a bizarre display of jewels. These were the crude formations, who were moulded from surface clay. The jewels would detract from too close a scrutiny of the model's features. Those who were fashioned out of hard clay where the sun seldom shone, become harsh and spiteful. They viewed the horizon through a mud-splattered lens, and so their vision was murky. All other wandering specimens of manufacture, they ridiculed and made the targets

the searchlight of criticism is not stronger than the other, for such is the world. The wasps' nests seem to loom up at every turn in the path, the bits of honey are often hidden behind closed buds.

Whereas congratulations have been pouring into the home of Canada's new Premier and his charming wife, have we not forgotten to send the greatest note of congratulation to the Dominion for having secured such an helpmate to assist its Premier in the administration of his duties? Mrs. R. L. Borden is admirably equipped for her present position, perhaps more on account of her realization of a wife's duty in her own household than anything else. For, besides being a charming hostess, a well read student of all public affairs, and a leader in all charitable work, she is a woman whose greatest interest is in the systematic management of her own household, in order that her husband may not be disturbed at his work.

* * *

Charm of Advertisements.

IN the theatres, when the curtain has rung down on the first act, in the home, while waiting for the head of the house to come in to dinner, who is it that sits looking over the advertisements on the pages before her? Why, the woman, to be sure. If the advertisers depended on the masculine element of the population to read their stuff, the pages of the magazines would lose that strongly grotesque appearance, and there would be fewer lines at the bottoms of each column, "When answering, please mention the Generous Gossiper." It is the women the dear, considerate creatures who help the advertising man in his schemes. Women are always on the qui vive for some fresh bit of edible to tickle their sensation palate. Think what would become of Fridays in the large department stores, if the dear women failed to scan the last page of the evening paper on Thursday night. Watch the ads in all the periodicals. You will notice some little touch which is supposed to attract milady's eye. Even the men's furnishing houses cater to her with a wondrously painted likeness of a youth in a pompadour cut. And the toilet manufacturers, dear me! how extravagantly they portray their wares, resting peacefully on the rail of a theatre box! How is it that the inherent vanity with which women is always credited cannot be allotted to her as her particular feminine right, without having some mere man use it as a target for all his advertising darts?

Truly, there is a charm about advertisements, a magnetism hovering around them which has a peculiar fascination for the dear things whose minds are not weighed down with the latest stock reports or first night, front row reservations.

* * *

I OFTEN watch the little sparrows. Even on the dreary, dismal days of waning autumn, they chirp away as they work and sing their little song. And yet we are formed from the same clay as the birds. Whence, then, come our melancholy moods?

Watch the bubbles in a champagne glass. They are the sirens alluring one to join the gay dance of Superficiality.

M. B.



MRS. R. L. BORDEN

Wife of Canada's new Premier, from her latest photograph.

Pittaway, Ottawa.

of their malicious tongues. These, however, were in the minority. Thank the Fates for that.

And is a compensation for all his previous blunders, the potter formed a few from the most beautiful substance of the earth. These we see going quietly about their duty, trying to hush the maliciousness of the crudely formed tongues.

* * *

Our "First Lady."

TIS indeed something to be the first lady of a city, 'tis more to hold the same position in that city's province, and think all it means to be the first woman among women in a whole country! The responsibility of it is enough to bring out the very best in any woman, the searchlight of a whole Dominion is perpetually focussed upon her, her every movement is watched from two viewpoints, one of criticism, one of commendation. Lucky, indeed, is she if



The Shadow on the Dial

By Marjorie L.C. Pickthall

But I've a mind to choose a nook
Ere life is done for me,
I'd like to rest near Padley Brook
Beside the hulver tree."

ANYONE who has travelled in the lonelier parts of England, anyone even who has read Kipling's beautiful "Dymchurch Flit," will realize how strongly legend and superstition of ancient days are entrenched among the villages of the East Coast, even in the face of the more modern superstitions of speed and education at all costs. Every hamlet has some two or three old folk upon whose lips lingers strange speech, the speech of an older England, in whose hearts still stay the ancient beliefs in witches and fairies and the powers that dwell in darkness. Such an one was Mrs. Lusher, whom "Carol Christie," a relative of the present writer, has recently rescued from forgetfulness and Time's oblivion, in a delightfully disordered little book of "Walberswick Notes," published by the St. Catharines Press, in London. Mrs. Lusher says she's never seen a ghost on the green, nor her husband neither, he wouldn't believe in 'em, but she used often to see the Ghost by the Mill when she was a girl, up at the ind house by the road. "When I lived with Miss Woolner and Mr. Tuttle, he ewe (owned) property at Wenhaston, often in the evening there would come such a banging on the doors and great lumps against the house. One day there was a great tall woman at the door, so tall her hid seemed almost to look in at the window. . . . They said when the Mill was built, about eighty years ago, they had to dig a very deep hole for the centre pole, that had to be a very strong one to bear the weight of it all. They hadn't dug five or six feet before they came on the body of a lady." "How did they know it was a lady?" "O, because of her dress—her shawl and bits of her dress—and they said there was a ring." "What became of the skeleton?" "O, they just buried it all down deep, folks weren't so much thought of in those days." It was Mrs. Lusher also who said, "Folks didn't live in those days, they just lingered."

Some of the little folk-songs in the book are charming. I do not know whether those signed "F. W." are old or modern, but they preserve all the flavour of the fast-vanishing dialect of the Eastern counties. "The Ladybird" is especially pretty. In East Anglia, we are told, the children call these little insects "Blessed Bishop Barnabee," or "Bishy, Bishy Barnabee"—

"Blessed Bishop Barnabee,
Tell me when my wedding be.
If it be to-morrow day,
Spread thy wings and fly away.

On my life-hand finger third
Sits a bright red ladybird.
Barnabee, my wedding day
You can tell, now fly away.

In the saltings by the sea,
Now is only left to me,
Memories of a summer day
When I gave my heart away.

By the grim old watermill
Dark 'gainst sky of daffodil,
In the sun's last glowing ray
Went we on our homeward way.

Homeward by the river wall,
Listening to the curlew's call,
While the harnsee gaunt and gray
To his fir-wood flapped away.

Through the thrift all silver-pink,
By the dyke as black as ink,
In the marsh's uncut hay—
Barnabee, O fly away."

Delightful, too, is "Padley Brook," with all its smack of the soil:

"The whins they are a glory,
When the days are cule in Spring.
When the mavish tells his story
O'er the bluebells clustering.

But Mrs. Lusher remains the strongest impression, after all. "A long time ago there was a man named Buck lived at Dingle Farm, and he was a very wicked man, yet he used to prophesy all manner of things. . . . He was so wicked. He were a cannibal."

"A cannibal? O, Mrs. Lusher."

"Well, you know what I mean. They never go to church, and work in their gardens on Sunday. . . ."

* * *

THERE are whole lots of things I should greatly like to find out—why the canoe I had this summer would go sideways like Winkle's horse; how the big red King Billy butterflies find their way across a thousand miles of land and sea, enduring with frail vans the winds of all the world; how the toy villages and snowstorms get inside the glass paperweights; why Canadian literature, what there is of it, is in the main so entirely without humour; what started caddis-worms building fancy cases of shells and bric-a-brac; and a whole lot more. But most of all, I should like to find the countries and the towns where dwell those women who Dress Well on Fifty Dollars a Year.

It must be an equitable climate, afflicted neither with the rains of England, nor the dry and biting winds of the sunny south, nor the violent hot and cold fits of our beloved Canada, where these beings dwell. It must be a land of large old houses, of vast roomy attics stored with the cloth and millinery of generations, piled in cedar chests wherein the Fifty-Dollar Dresser may plunder at will. She never has to buy anything but boots and thread and buttons. All other things she "has by her," except corsets, for which she expends sixty-nine cents every two years. As more men seem to read this page than women, I won't go into any further details. But I do hope some day that I shall be able to find that blessed city where one can Dress Well on fifty dollars a year. Notice that sublime "Well." Perhaps then I shall be able to enter in my accounts—(I don't keep any now, finding it too discouraging)—things like the following:

| | |
|---|---|
| <i>How any woman can get an evening dress for \$2.89.</i> | |
| Making dress. | Did this myself in my spare time at the office, with a little hand-machine \$00.00 |
| Lining. | My heaviest item of expenditure 1.14 |
| Lace. | 3 1-2 yards, a bargain, rather soiled, but I cleaned it with gasoline84 |
| Gasoline. | As above05 |
| Thread. | The very best quality, two spools08 |
| Eau de Cologne. | An unusual extravagance, but I found that the lace retained the odour of the gasoline to an uncommon degree25 |
| Featherbone. | Always necessary to a well-groomed appearance12 |
| Hooks-and-eyes. | Two cards, but not all used on this dress10 |
| Paper of pins. | Best quality, a bargain04 |
| Carfares. | Going to purchase pins10 |
| Ribbon. | Two yards for deep girdle, a bargain17 |
| Duchess satin. | Twelve yards, a present, so not included00 |
| Ivory silk slip. | From my great-aunt's wedding gown00 |
| Fur trimming. | Eleven tabby kittens, secured and cured by myself as sporting relaxation00 |
| Total cost of dress \$2.89 | |

They must dwell, these women, in that town rendered famous but not identified, by the "Ladies' Home Journal," where one can get a house, hand-

somely furnished with silk curtains at the windows and every modern luxury for ten dollars a month, so I am told. I did not read the article myself. Prevarication up to a certain point I admire, especially in works of fiction. But this is not prevarication. It is deliberate deception, and as such makes depressing reading. Will not some of the readers of the "Shadow on the Dial" look up these articles and express their experiences and their opinions? Is there any city in Canada or the United States where one can get such a house at such a rent? Please do tell me if you know of one. I want to secure a building lot before the exodus.

* * *

TALKING about clothing, there is a queer old Northern tale, called the Cleaving of Ygunde, about which William Morris should have woven one of his strange, gay, stiff word-embroideries. Ygunde was beautiful and a great lady, none greater in her land. When she went abroad, men said that the birds clung to her bridle-hand for love of her fair face, and that when she sang by the great fire on a winter night the wolves were still in the fir-forests and the ravens beat their black wings without the hall. She was tall and strong, and she carried on her head a crown of dark red hair that was like the crown of a queen, and her eyes were of a very cold bright blue, and her lips were grave and wise. The hearts of men were as dust beneath her feet. But she gave out that none should wed her but he who brought her a fair enough wedding-gown.

"That is an easy thing," said the jarls and the free-holders and the fierce sea-captains. And the long-ships went south and east, and the spoils of a hundred lands were laid before Ygunde. There was raiment of saffron silk sewn with seed pearls, and there were gowns of red silk girdled with rubies, and there were robes of blue silk worked with the feathers of peacocks. The great jarls and the sea-captains laid these things at the feet of Ygunde standing in her hall, so that she was knee-deep in glow and splendour of fine thread and jewelled work; then they stood back, with their hands on their red beards, and they said, "Lady, choose."

Ygunde, with her slow wise smile, stooped above the shimmering heap and drew therefrom a robe that was no redder than the blood which had been spilt ere it was won; it was heavy with silver thread and great flat-cut sardius like little pools of blood. He who had won it stepped forward stammering with hope as Ygunde laid it about her white shoulders. But presently he shrank back, for the rich robe had withered away to a few rusty rags like dry leaves, and Ygunde was looking at him steadily. "Was it for my wealth or my beauty that you desired me?" she said. And he said eagerly, "For thy beauty, Lady." Then she turned from him with a little deepening of her smile, and laid hands on another gown.

This was of a thin blue silk like mist, and little threads of living gold ran and burned in it, and it was girdled with hot gold. Then Ygunde put it on; and immediately it became faded and old as if a beggar had worn it. And she gave it back to him who had offered it, and all men were silent before her.

So Ygunde tried on one robe after another—green and silver and pale yellow, purple and scarlet and gold. But each one showed in some way unworthy, in that there was unworthiness in the love of him who offered it.

At length turned Ygunde from the great men who stood ashamed before her, gnawing at their beards, and she asked if there were no more.

"Lady, there is one more," said one of her women, "but it was so poor and mean among the rest that we did not put it out." So the woman fetched it and it was no more than a dress of plain white linen such as a farmer's daughter might wear, embroidered with a spray of wild roses.

"Who brought it?" said Ygunde.

So they sent for the man who had brought it, and he came and knelt before her humbly. He was no more than one of her father's freemen, a young man, fair and very straight. "Why did you raise your eyes to me?" said Ygunde. And he—"I did not, Lady. I only loved you."

Then Ygunde, still looking upon him, laid the linen gown about her, and it was as if she stood clothed in all the whiteness of the world and the heavens, and the roses became real, and she gathered them and put them in her hair like a bride.

"Was it for my beauty or my wealth?" she said. But the young man could only say, "Because I love you." So Ygunde was satisfied, and she wore the white linen gown at her bridal.

FROM COAST TO COAST

The Vancouver Central Mission.

THE Western women seem to be the very acme of enthusiasm in whatever work they take in hand to do. One of the most praiseworthy organizations at present in the city of Vancouver is the Women's Central Mission, whose motive is to carry on rescue work among the downtown districts. A recent reception was held by this organization for all the women of the city who were interested in the movement. Mrs. McNaughton, the President of the local Council, was in the chair and introduced as the speaker Mrs. Baldwin, of Portland, Oregon, an earnest worker in rescue work in that city. As a result of the reception, a meeting was later held, at which every woman in the city was given a chance of taking part in the work.

* * *

Farewell to the Greys.

THEIR Excellencies the Governor General and Countess Grey have had a busy farewell season. Patrons and members of the race tracks have grown accustomed to the Vice-Regal party, and no meet seems quite satisfactory without it. At the recent meeting at Blue Bonnets, Montreal, their Excellencies, with Lady Sybil and Lady Evelyn Grey, Major Trotter, Captain Bingham, and Captain Freemantle, were entertained at luncheon by Sir Montague and Lady Allen, Her Excellency wearing grey broadcloth and large black hat, with pale grey feathers. Lady Sybil wore black satin with a small black hat.

One of the largest functions tendered their Excellencies was the luncheon given by the Ottawa Hunt Club, where the Guards Band played gaily on the lawn below, despite the note of sadness which was felt by all present. They were also guests on October 4th, at a luncheon by the Mount Royal Club, Montreal, and on the day before sailing, at a luncheon, the guests of the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec and Lady Langelier. Canada has sustained a loss in the removal of the Greys which she will not soon forget, but already has extended a welcome hand to the royal successors, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

* * *

Edmonton Ladies Hospital Aid.

THERE seems to be an energy among the Western women which is periodically evincing itself in some new work, charitable or otherwise. The Ladies Hospital Aid of Edmonton are bubbling over with enthusiasm, evidences of which are being shown in the furnishing of the new hospital which is nearing completion. Toward this end the annual ball was held on September 29, and was a decided success.

* * *

Eastern and Western Buds.

AUTUMN, with its brown and gold tints, does not suggest buds. But autumn is invariably luxuriant in them, just the same, sometimes very beautiful buds, too, the choicest blooms of society. Winnipeg offers a goodly number this season, some of them being Miss Madge Patterson, Miss Constance Gilmour, Miss Kathleen Adams, Miss Margaret Jukes, Miss Dorothy Langford, Miss Jessie Wier, Miss Alice Galt, Miss Florence Andrews, Miss Ruth Monk, Miss Freida Maw, Miss Constance Milroy. It goes without saying that the Capital will have a beautiful crop of buds this season. The Duke of Connaught at the first drawing room is *attraction extraordinaire* for all aspiring debutantes, and some may be hastened a season ahead, for this very reason. Some Ottawa maidens to make their bow this season are Miss Betty Masson, Miss Marjorie Elliot, Miss Bee Blakeney, Miss Phyllis Whitely, Miss Marion Roberts-Allan, Miss Mayme Avery, Miss Mildred Lambe, Miss Phyllis McCullough, Miss May Lewis, Miss Marjorie Bate, Miss Dorothy Cook, Miss L. Duplessis.

* * *

A Toronto Day Nursery.

AS time advances and commercialism takes a grip on the people, it is a good thing there are those who have the interests of the poorer kiddies at heart. The East End Day Nursery, of Toronto, is an organization which is doing the best possible work for mothers who are obliged to go out to work. The mothers bring their babes to the nursery and can go to work secure in the conviction that their children will be well looked after. At a recent meeting the statistics showed that 1,743 children had attended the nursery during the last

month. The institution also conducts sewing and kitchen garden classes for older girls, and a Band of Hope, the average attendance of which is about 80.

* * *

London W. C. T. U.

AT a recent meeting of the London Woman's Christian Temperance Union, it was unanimously resolved that the Dominion W. C. T. U. be invited to convene the next time, which will be in two years, in that city. Many encouraging reports were read, which told of compliments to the meals served, and other service the band of workers rendered to all who attended the Western Fair. Miss Edmunds, corresponding secretary of Edmonton W. C. T. U., presented the greetings of that union and told of some of their difficulties and successes.

* * *

The Changes at Ottawa.

THERE will be many regrets when the new Government causes Ottawa to say adieu to many of its prominent women. There will be some, how-



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT
Who, with the Duke of Connaught, arrived in Canada on October 11th.

ever, who will remain, among them Mrs. Frank Oliver and Madame Rodolphe Lemieux. Mrs. Oliver has always been a favourite in the Capital, being noted especially for her delightful Irish wit.

Madame Lemieux, being French and the daughter of Sir Louis Jette, is always a charming hostess, and is blessed with an originality which is in itself a delight.

Mrs. Fielding and her daughters will be among the number of greatly missed, if they do not return to Ottawa. Very enjoyable were their receptions, owing to the graciousness of the hostess and her able assistants, the Misses Fielding. One great regret is that Mrs. Templeman's home, in Victoria, B.C., is too far away to allow her to come to Ottawa very often. Her gentle, unaffected manner won her a legion of friends during her stay at the Capital.

Lady Laurier, for so long the "first lady," though obliged to live very quietly the last two years, names her friends in the hundreds, and although she has handed her title of "first lady" to another, she will still be regarded in the same feeling of kindness and respect. There will soon be many new names in the social columns of the Capital, and many charming hostesses will take a hand in the gay whirl of the head city of the Dominion.

* * *

Regina Hospitality.

THE Marchioness of Donegal, who has been making a tour of Canada, was the guest in Regina, of Mrs. E. D. McCallum, who gave a dinner in her honour at the King's Hotel, the decorations being of pink roses. The Marchioness was also enter-

tained at Government House, at luncheon, when the following guests were invited to meet her: Mrs. Walter Scott, Mrs. W. M. Martin, Commissioner and Mrs. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. McCallum, Mrs. G. S. Lanigan, of Vancouver, and Mr. E. M. Flint, of London, England.

The Marchioness, it may be remembered, was once Miss Violet Twining, of Halifax.

* * *

The Musical Season at Victoria.

THIS year promises many good things for the music lovers of Victoria. Through the efforts of the Ladies Musical Club, the citizens will have the opportunity of hearing many of the world's greatest artists. The season has already been opened, by a joint recital on October 13th, by Emma Eames and Emilio de Gorgoga. Other artists who are billed to appear are Jan Kubelik, the violinist; V. De Pachmann, the pianist; Madame Calve and Company, and the Flongaley string quartette. The city is indeed indebted to the Ladies' Musical Club, which is still young, having been in existence only since 1906. Heretofore the Club has directed its attention to amateur work only.

* * *

A Winnipeg Shower.

TRULY a blessed shower it was, which descended on the Winnipeg Victorian Order of Nurses on a recent afternoon. Many of the friends of the Order came laden with good things to eat, to fill the winter larder, and all went away with the satisfaction of having seen the larder full. Mrs. G. J. Bury, the President, acted as hostess, and Mrs. W. T. Galloway poured tea.

* * *

Paper Bag Cooking.

JUST now it is paper bag cookery. Every women's organization all over the country is discussing it. Ever since the news appeared of the unique invention of M. Soyer, the famous French chef, the papers have been full of it. Greater London has already tried it, and now lesser London, Montreal and other cities are taking it up.

Regina is probably the most advanced in this art of any Canadian city. The women there have cooked whole meals and quite successfully, in paper bags. Miss Isabel Armstrong, of the *Regina Leader*, writes thus of her experiment: "The fish was the most delicious in flavour, and cooked it to a turn. There were potatoes slightly browned and mealy, and the most toothsome corn on the cob. The timetable that had been obtained with the bags was strictly obeyed, and the result was all that could be desired." It seems that there is a special kind of bag, a waterproof one, which must be used. They come in several sizes, the largest capable of holding a large roast. Vegetables are moistened with water, sealed in a bag, and the steam from the moisture is sufficient to cook them. We are told that any kind of oven will do for this unique cookery.

* * *

Hamilton Ladies' Orchestra.

THIS season of the Hamilton Ladies' String Orchestra promises to be a busier one than any previous. Twenty new members have been added, and great preparations are being made for the annual concert, which will take place in the near future. Many applications for concerts out of town have already been received, and the ladies look forward to a busy season.

* * *

Good Cheer in Winnipeg.

I SEE that Theora Carter is beginning operations in Winnipeg for a Good Cheer Society. Many will remember, particularly in Toronto, that Miss Carter attempted to form a like organization in that city. Enthusiasm was ripe, until it was time for Miss Carter to take her departure. Then, like so many such affairs, interest waned, there occurred rivalries for first place and the Good Cheer Society of Toronto is merely a phantom of the past. We shall watch Winnipeg's inclinations toward such an incredibly charitable organization.

* * *

Social and Moral Reform in Halifax.

AT the recent meeting of the Canadian Social and Moral Reform Council, in Toronto, the different cities were taken up, and the moral question discussed. The report stated that in Halifax is located one of the worst colonies of criminal vice in Canada. And more than this, during the last year little or nothing has been done to suppress

this vice. Several women are working assiduously in the Council, and have asked the various Provincial organizations to undertake the work, and to enforce the law against all forms of social vice, particularly in Halifax.

* * *

Close of Women's Auxiliary.

THE eighth triennial meeting of the Women's Auxiliary to the Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada came to a close on October 3rd, in Winnipeg. Invitations were received from Vancouver and Quebec for the next meeting, but the place of meeting was not decided. This recent convening was the most successful ever held by the Auxiliary. The following Winnipeg ladies were convenors on committees: Mrs. Fortin, Hospitality Committee; Mrs. Menzies, Refreshments; Mrs. R. McFarlane, Social; Mrs. A. E. M. Warner, Information; Mrs. H. Alder, Decoration; Mrs. J. R. Richardson, Post Office; Mrs. A. Code, Secretary.

* * *

Ottawa Anti-Tuberculosis Society.

THE meeting of the Ottawa Anti-Tuberculosis Society, held the last of September, showed a great decrease in the patients at the Lady Grey Hospital. The May Court Club dispensary, through Miss Scott, reported that during the months of June, July and August, 109 patients had visited the dispensary. In these months, 70 dozen eggs and 910 quarts of milk had been supplied. Several improvements have been made during the summer in the hospital, which will add much to the comfort of both patients and nurses, during the coming winter. All credit is due the organization for the excellent work which is being done by it.

* * *

Wedding in England.

A MARRIAGE which will interest many Canadians took place in England toward the last of September, when the Hon. Kathleen de Blanquiere became the wife of the Hon. Dudley Carleton, the wedding taking place at Bath Abbey. Miss de Blanquiere had relatives in Woodstock, and many Toronto people remember a beautiful Mrs. de Blanquiere who lived for many years in that city.

* * *

Mrs. Nordheimer Resigns.

AFTER ten years of active service with the greatest woman's organization in the Dominion, Mrs. Nordheimer, the President, announced her resignation at a recent executive meeting in St. James' Chambers, Toronto.

During the many years of her connection with the organization, Mrs. Nordheimer has watched it advance steadily, chapter by chapter, primary, municipal, provincial and national, and now her greatest ambition has been realized, that of an Imperial Chapter in England, with H. R. H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, as Honourary President. This makes the Daughters of the Empire a fully developed organization, one which has done more than any other to spread a universal feeling of kinship



MRS. NORDHEIMER

Who has resigned after ten years successful work in founding and organizing the Daughters of the Empire.

among the women of the Empire.

Mrs. Nordheimer's resignation will be deeply felt by all who are interested in the movement. Through her untiring efforts not only has she built up the greatest woman's movement in the Dominion, but has made the name of Nordheimer synonymous with greatness and wonderful executive ability.

The annual meeting of the I. O. D. E. was held in the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, on October 18th.

* * *

The Golf Champion.

LAST year, Miss Campbell added the Canadian championship scalp to her belt for the first time. She had already won the Scottish championship three times, the English championship in 1909 and the United States in 1910. Then fate decreed that her family arrangements should bring her to Hamilton to live. She entered the annual contest at Toronto and won steadily, until she met Miss Henry-Anderson, the then holder of the Canadian title. The two had learned the game on the links



MISS DOROTHY CAMPBELL
Golf Champion of Canada for the second time.

of North Berwick, Scotland. Two Scotch women, transplanted by choice and fate in the greatest Dominion overseas, fought a hard battle after all the native Canadian women had gone to defeat. Miss Campbell proved herself slightly the better player and won.

In May of this year she won the British title on the links of the Royal Portnesh Club, Ireland, defeating Miss Hazlett in the finals, three up and two to play. Last week she lost her United States title after a hard fight.

* * *

Toronto Y. W. C. A.

MUCH credit is due the Toronto Y. W. C. A. Board for the work they are doing in that city. The educational rally has been held, and large classes are being formed in the Educational Building, 21 McGill Street. Amongst the newest courses is the course of lectures on personal hygiene, for the Girl Guides, by Dr. Jennie Gray.

The questions of starting a branch for coloured girls was referred to a committee. Mrs. R. D. Fairbairn is the newly appointed President.

* * *

Conference Delegates Entertained.

DURING the recent Ecumenical Methodist Conference held in Toronto, His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Gibson entertained at Government House in honour of the members of this Council at which many prominent churchmen were present. Refreshments were served in a large marquee, and the Royal Grenadier's band provided music. The Premier and Lady Whitney assisted in welcoming the guests.

The delegates were also tendered a civic reception in the City Hall, when Mayor Geary and his mother received in the Council Chamber. The visitors expressed sincere admiration for Toronto's fine City Hall.

* * *

Tarparley-Crawford Wedding.

THE marriage took place the last of September, at St. George's Church, Montreal, of Mr. Charles Wilbraham Satterswell Tarparley, Cheshire, England, and Miss Eleanor Mary Dorothea, daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Crawford, Annbank House, Ayrshire, Scotland. The bride was accompanied to Canada by her parents and her two sisters,

Miss Margaret Crawford and Mrs. Walter Wilson, of Shotley Hall, Northumberland, who were on their way to British Columbia for the marriage of Sir Charles and Lady Crawford's third son Alexander, with Miss Alexa Little, which takes place this month.

The Feminine Factor

BY "IMPERIALIST."

IT may be interesting to consider the part taken in the recent contest by the sex which has no suffrage. It has been asserted frequently that Canadian women are not so well-informed in political matters, nor so active in the campaign itself, as are their English sisters. While this is undoubtedly the case, Canadian women are by no means indifferent to the political future of their country and are decidedly interested in any measure which means a loosening of the tie which binds it to the Mother Country.

Though the members of the Reform party are not to be accused for a moment of any lack of loyalty, it is manifest that the majority of Canadians regarded the Reciprocity policy as inimical to our relations with Great Britain. This feeling was especially strong among the women of the community, who made little public manifestation of their sentiments, but were none the less effective in their private expression of opinion. A considerable number of Canadian women were convinced that close trade relations with the United States would mean an adoption of standards uncongenial to our more Anglo-Saxon community. We have no desire to indulge in unlovely Pharisaism and declare that we are the holiest nation under the sun; but comparisons of certain statistics will readily show that there is more healthful domesticity in Canada and more regard for those laws which make for the stability of home and state than will be found in certain sections of the opulent Republic.

The genuine attachment for the Old Land, which is even stronger in the woman than in the man, is a force with which our politicians must reckon. It is a sentiment which means more than immediate gain or seeming profit. Thus many of the sex which is said to love a bargain read with no enthusiasm that eggs would be cheaper and that butter would cost less. To these women the dual loyalty of the British Colonies means anything but childish dependence—it means both a reverence for the sacrifices of our forefathers and a great belief in the future of each self-governing nation within the Empire.

"O ye by wandering tempest sown
'Neath every alien star,
Forget not whence the breath was blown
That wafted you afar!
For ye are still her ancient seed
On younger soil let fall—
Children of Britain's island-breed,
To whom the Mother in her need,
Perchance may one day call."



MRS. EDMUND BRISTOL, MRS. VANKOUGHNET
and a young friend canvassing in Toronto, during the recent elections.

THE FIRST LADY OF MANITOBA

By KENNETH M. HAIG

I FOUND her in the cosy den of her beautiful home, "Lochy," Mrs. D. C. Cameron, wife of Manitoba's newly appointed Lieutenant-Governor. Rows and rows of books lined the walls and scattered the table drawn up by the deep bow window. Soft brown hangings chimed in with the tawny colouring of the oaken woodwork and furnishings and in the dull red fire-place a fire glowed and blazed and glowed again. The harmony of the room, the companionship of the books and the glow of the fire were all characteristic of the beautiful woman who is Mistress there. Quantities of soft purely white hair shade a youthful face, and surely none but the stately name of Margaret would so well have suited the queenly woman who arose to greet me that afternoon. Her voice—supremest test—is low and clear.

"Do you really like Lochy?" I did not need to answer. "Yes, I love it. I do not think I could leave it to a stranger, my daughter will live here."

"My life?—you see I am the sort of person who comes under the saying, 'Happy is the woman who has no history.' I am of Highland Scotch descent and was born in the little Ontario village of Vankleek Hill. Educated in Montreal, I married very young and came out West. We lived for a time at Kenora, then called "Rat Portage," and afterwards came to Winnipeg. There is nothing more to my history, except that I have been happy, very happy.

"I have three children, my only daughter, Mrs. Homer Dixon, wife of Captain Homer Dixon, S.H.R.C., Lorn, my grown-up boy, and my fifteen-year-old son, now at Trinity College, Port Hope.

"Have I any hobbies? she laughed softly. "Why I have so many that I am afraid I make myself interesting in none. "Of course, my books—but they are friends, not hobbies. Yes, when I travel I keep on the watch for rare editions. I must show you my 'Thackeray,' and she lovingly handed me a beautiful volume in the Cambridge edition in which the illustrations are done by Thackeray himself. "I think, though," she added, as she carefully placed "The Newcombes" with its brethren on the shelf, "that perhaps I love my Stevenson best."

Mrs. Cameron loves horses, and this characteristic is shared by her husband and family. The Cameron turnouts are well known in the city and are prominent at the annual Horse Show.

As would be expected, Mrs. Cameron has long been a leader in Winnipeg's fashionable world, where her beauty, her wonderful instinct for dress, her grace and graciousness have won for her a unique place, but she has wider interests in the club and philanthropic circles. One time President and always prominent in the Western Art Association, she also takes a great interest in the parish work of St. Luke's Anglican Church, of which she is a member, but especially dear to her is the work of the Victorian Order and of the Margaret Scott Nursing Mission.

The title of "first lady" bears a peculiar significance in Winnipeg, where the Mistress of Government House has in each regime endeared herself to the City and the lady who now takes that position promises to add fresh lustre to the name.

MYRTLE REED

Her Friends and Fancies

BY JEAN BLEWETT.

MYRTLE REED was not only a good story writer, but a good story teller. A born mimic, dramatic to the core, she was wont to keep her friends so well amused that they forgot all about time flying when they visited "Paradise Flat." She had a fine sense of humour, and a laugh which was contagious. It will be a long while before her own circle forgets her—the warmth of her greeting, her pleasant railery, her brightness. It was to a spinster who lamented that no man had sought her hand, that Myrtle Reed first said by way of comfort, "Is the average man only a mushroom; at his best a delicacy; at his worst a poison?"

Those who knew the romance of her marriage to Mr. McCullough, and how much in love with her husband she continued to be, used to smile at such

expressions as, "Man, the married kind, are the greatest gold-brick artists in the world." She glowed with good nature. Her stories were always being repeated, her jokes retailed.

She was a woman big of body and of mind; good-hearted to the point of prodigality. Also she had her whims. One of these was to condense all the social life possible into a few passing months, teas, suppers, theatre-parties, unique entertainments thought up by herself and sprung upon her friends, then, of a sudden, to retire from her world—a big busy world it was—and write a book.

Not only did she keep religiously to the quiet of her home, but to her own room. Lying in bed she penned the romances which made her beloved by an army of readers. "I'm a shut-in," she explained by note to one half-shocked, wholly angry friend who had been refused admittance, "the greatest shut-in you ever saw. From friend and neighbour, from laughter and love, from the cuddling of little folks, from music, especially the sobbing breath of song, from art, from all things dear and familiar I am a shut-in. Why? That my creative faculty (if I have any) may have the chance to work. I am the woman ruminant—half fearful, wholly



MRS. D. C. CAMERON

Wife of the newly appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

Moffett Photo.

wrapped up with the brain child I am to bear."

The production of a book would be heralded to the circle by announcement cards of her own designing. Thus upon one the picture of a baby all dimples and rings of fat and the announcement, "Born to Myrtle Reed on" (date given) "A Spinner in the Sun."

And another: "Myrtle Reed announces the arrival at Paradise Flat of a lusty male infant who is already "The Master of the Vineyard." And of a favourite book of hers: "I have dug up some Lavender and Old Lace" which I hope will please you. Help yourself to it." She was only thirty-seven when she died. Her "Love Affairs of Literary Men" is perhaps the strongest work of her prolific pen.

OCTOBER GOLD

BY E. MABEL STRANG.

IF indeed there be anything more rare than the Poet's "Day in June," it is surely the golden October days which nature is pleased to bestow on us—not too lavishly, lest we fail properly to appreciate their worth—to fill our hearts with sweet memories of the dying year. Such days! Morn-

ings of dripping dew, and cool, fresh, exhilarating air; high noon, a blaze of sunshine and colour; and the early eventide, a radiant West, followed after the briefest of twilights, by darkness, and the stars. Everywhere is the sense of ripeness, of completion. Later in the month—or perhaps not until November—come the Indian Summer days, when the soft purple-grey haze lies on every side, and the air is fragrant with the smoke of far-distant forest fires, and it is then that we feel the approach of winter, knowing that this is but the lull before the storm. In these early October days, however, winter is still far distant; and we are conscious only of the perfection of the seasons, the crown of the year. "See the blue of heaven" stretches above us, and all about are the rich treasures of the year's harvest.

On such a day of peace and fulfillment, feeling the call of "God's out-of-doors" too strong to be resisted, I sought and found a kindred spirit and tempted her to truancy. Together we forsook our tasks and wended our way to the river, where very soon our fragile but faithful canoe was safely afloat. A moment later and we were paddling swiftly down the river, towards the great lake beyond. As we neared the river-mouth an innumerable flock of gulls, their white plumage sparkling silver in the sunlight, hovered over us, silent save for the fluttering of their beautiful wings. Then like a cloud they rose, poised for an instant in mid-air, and, sweeping forward, descended once more to the water where they appeared to settle, seeming to rest their snowy breasts on the glassy surface. When we were well out on the lake we turned and followed the shore line due north. High on the east rose the cliffs, with an occasional bare clay promontory rearing its jagged peak, but for the greater part covered with trees: maples, flaming scarlet and orange; birches with pale yellow and russet leaves, and paper-white trunks; crimson sumach; and here and there and everywhere the restful verdure of the evergreens. On the West the sun shone with all the brilliance, if not the warmth of bygone days. The water rippled noiselessly over the sand, and clear beneath us we saw myriads of tiny minnows, like streaks of silver, darting over the white stones. Could it be that summer is dead, and winter at hand? Alas, the wild ducks, flying between us and the sun, and the golden West so early in the day, proclaimed the sad fact that according to the calendars at least, the end is near! Well, even so—mid-October and paddling on the lake—surely it is a memory to treasure, to dream of, and gloat over, in the days of whirling snow and howling wind that be before us. It is memories such as these which give courage to those of us who do not love old Winter's stormy reign—courage to await the advent of the Spring.

A Royal Slip

JAMES L. HUGHES, chief inspector of Toronto public schools, tells an intimate story of how natural and unaffected the children of King George and Queen Mary are.

While on a recent trip through England and Wales the inspector was present at the ceremony of the corner-stone laying of the new Welsh national library at Aberyswith. Queen Mary was to lay the corner-stone. She did it

very well, took the trowel, spread the mortar nicely, but her nervousness caused her to make a little slip. Before the stone had been lowered into place in its bed of mortar, the Queen tapped it on the four corners, and pronounced it "well and truly laid."

She did not notice her error until the Prince of Wales, just like any other boy would do, plucked at his mother's gown to warn her, and the Princess Mary giggled like any other girl would giggle. Even the King smiled at his consort's little break, and she coloured up, for she wanted to do the thing without a hitch.

Fashion's Dictates

PEWTER grey comes across the blue, as the newest shade in suits. Of course it makes a very smart costume and when it is adorned with large, smoke-grey buttons, the smartness is even more noticeable. The buttonholes are piped with cadet-blue ratine. Another smart model comes in marine-blue satin, trimmed with velvet of the same shade, with revers of white ratine. A large bag is carried and one of the new "helmet" hats, piled high with ribbon bows, makes a very fetching finish. In fact, this seems to be the day of distinctive tailor-mades.

The Canadian Women's Press Club

BY arrangement with The Canadian Courier, the official department of The Canadian Women's Press Club is to appear once a month with The Women's Supplement. The department has proved interesting to the members of The Club, and has been read widely by the general public. The members of the Executive who have charge of the department anticipate a pleasant and successful connection with The Canadian Courier, which has opened its columns so cordially to the news of The Club.

MRS. EVERARD COTES (Sara Jeannette Duncan), an honorary member, sailed for England on the Empress of Britain in September. Mrs. Cotes, who has travelled much, but is never hard-



MRS. ALICE ASHWORTH TOWNLEY
President Vancouver Branch C.W.P.C. and
author of "The Opinions of Mary."

ened to the vicissitudes of travelling, made a rapid journey with her husband from Brantford, where she spent most of her time in Canada with her own people, to Prince Rupert. She remained for six weeks in this young Canadian city, and was only over night in Vancouver and Winnipeg. The Toronto Women's Club wished her bon voyage with a box of flowers during her fifteen minutes' stay at the Union Station. A letter written on board said that her stateroom had bloomed with sudden roses since with great self-denial she had kept the box unopened until she was on shipboard. The next time, Mrs. Cotes says, she really must spend more time with the C. W. P. C.

SEVERAL members are bringing out new books. Miss Katherine Hughes, of Edmonton, has written a biography which should be of much interest to Canadians—"Father Lacombe, the Black-Robed Voyageur." Father Lacombe has been a history-maker of the Canadian West, and Miss Hughes, as Provincial Archivist, and a close personal friend of the now aged Father, has special qualifications for re-creating these early days in the form of biography. The book is to be out this fall.

Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, so widely known through her delightful poems and stories, is at work on a new book, as is also Mrs. Alice Townley, author of "Opinions of Mary." Both Mrs. MacKay and Mrs. Townley are members of the Vancouver branch of the C. W. P. C.

MEMBERS who have joined the C. W. P. C. during September, 1911, include: Miss Mae Currie, editor of the woman's page, The Daily Province of Regina; Miss Pauline Johnson, now of Vancouver, the noted Indian poetess; Mrs. Lyon ("Amelia Sedley") of The Toronto Globe; Miss Irene Moore, society edi-

tor of The Daily Phoenix, Saskatoon; Mrs. Stephen Nease, Hillier, Ont., correspondent Picton Gazette, author of "In Music's Thrall"; Miss Maude Pettit, staff of Methodist publications, Toronto; Mrs. Rose, (formerly Miss Alice Callender Thompson), playwright, author of "Romantic Mary," "The Luckiest Girl," "The Return of Letty," "The Truth About Jane," etc.

THE Winnipeg branch of the C. W. P. C. met after a long vacation on September 2nd, on the invitation of Mrs. Lipsett Skinner at a tea when Mr. George Ham, an honorary member of the C. W. P. C., was present. On September 12th the Winnipeg club entertained Miss Pullen-Burry, and on the 23rd the members were guests at the home of Mrs. Montague Vialoux, a few miles out from Winnipeg where a delightful afternoon was spent enjoying a glimpse of autumn in the country.

MRS. FAIRBAIRN, corresponding secretary of the C. W. P. C., and editor of the Woman's page of The Toronto Star, is spending a two months' holiday in the west of Canada. Mrs. Fairbairn is endowed with the happy faculty of enjoying kindness more even than the average woman journalist, and her accounts of how the local branches have made her welcome are pleasant reading. Mrs. Fairbairn has been the guest of the local branches in Port Arthur, Fort William, Winnipeg, Regina and Edmonton. When this item of news goes to print, she is probably on her way through the mountains to Vancouver. At Calgary, she found that Miss Ethel Hayden, formerly of the Medicine Hat News, is now with the Morning Albertan, and Miss Irene MacLachlan, until recently with the Lethbridge Herald, is now on the staff of the Calgary News-Telegram. From the daily press, it is learned that the women journalists of Calgary propose forming a branch of the C. W. P. C. In Regina Mrs. Fairbairn was the guest of the local branch at a tea when Mrs. Scott, wife of Lieutenant-Governor Scott, was also present. In Calgary, she was entertained at dinner, and to a luncheon in Edmonton. Just how fully occupied her time has been with pleasant happenings only those know who have been entertained by the local branches of the C. W. P. C.

MRS. STODDARD, corresponding secretary of the Vancouver branch, spent September in Ontario. She was the guest of the Toronto branch at luncheon, and the



THE MANSE IN ORILLIA

Where several of Marian Keith's novels have been written.

following day went with the Toronto members to the Rosedale Golf Club, where they were the guests of the C. W. P. C. President. The tea at the Golf Club was also made the occasion of wishing Mrs. Fairbairn a happy holiday. Miss Nisbit, of the Hamilton Herald, gave for Mrs. Stoddard a most enjoyable tea in Hamilton when Miss Nisbit's guests were entertained by a musical programme. Mrs. Stoddard has interested many of the members of the C. W. P. C. in the Pauline Johnson Trust, which proposes buying the manuscripts of the Indian poetess and bringing them out in book

form. It is learned with great regret that Miss Johnson's health is very precarious. Mrs. Stoddard was also entertained by the local branches in Fort William and Port Arthur.

MRS. MACGREGOR ("Marian Keith"), wife of the Rev. Donald MacGregor, is moving from Orillia to Toronto since her husband's work will now be in the Presbyterian Church offices at Toronto. Mrs. MacGregor first joined the C. W. P. C. some years ago as a member of the Toronto branch; her return is a subject of congratulation to the Women's Press Club in Toronto. Mrs. MacGregor, as the author of "Duncan Polite," "The Silver Maple," "Treasure Valley," and "Lizabeth of the

Dale," has endeared herself to thousands of Canadian readers.

"CANADIAN DAYS," a book of selections from the writings of Canadian authors for every day in the year, prepared by the Toronto Women's Press Club, will be published in November. Its success is already assured. It is a very attractive little book and presents Canadian literature in its wisest, wittiest and most beautiful aspects. About seventy Canadian writers are represented. Of the women writers from whose works quotations are made, no less than twenty-four are members of the C. W. P. C. "Canadian Days" is an ideal Christmas gift from Canada.

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THE MATINEE GIRL

By **MARGARET BELL**

[The Obvious Thespian]

AFTER the vision of the beautiful Thais had appeared to the monk Daniel, I took a stroll back beyond the busy scene of stage craftsmen, to see the creator of such a role.

What a handsome woman she is, Constance Collier, and how charming in her half-reserved English cordiality! She wore the same shimmering gown in which she had appeared to the sleeping Daniel and gave a distinctly feminine twist here,



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER
 Appearing in "Thais."

a pin there, to the dangling curls which hung elusively from a diamond ornament.

"I do wish you hadn't told me you were coming to interview me," was her opening remark. "Why didn't you just come to make a call, and I'm sure we should have gotten on much better."

I reflected deeply, my eyes focussed on a dainty pair of sandals which awaited future developments.

"Which may or may not be intended as complimentary, Miss Collier. As a matter of fact, we have had no opportunity of ascertaining how well we shall get on together. I imagine that is a decided English expression, is it not?"

The impatient promenade of the dressing-room ceased abruptly. The deep brown Collier eyes became focussed in a straight line with my own, the lips moved in a mock effect of desperation.

"Will you please cease your bantering and be serious. For heaven's sake, give me a lead so that I can tell you something that will do to print. You know I can't think of a thing to say unless I am quizzed."

The mouth curled in a familiar little pirouette up toward the classic nose. "You looked like Margaret Anglin then," I vouchsafed.

It was a brilliant thought. The flint had found its steel.

"Do you know"—she sat down quite calmly on a trunk—"when I first came over to New York, three funny things happened. I went into a shop one day and the salesgirl approached me quite cordially and said, 'Good morning, Miss Elliott. What can I do for you this morning?' I informed her that the Atlantic divided Miss Elliott from her department, and proceeded with my shopping. Well, I went from there to a millinery house, and the girl who served me there said in greeting, 'Why, your hat is not quite finished, Miss Anglin. I'll try and have it for you this afternoon.' 'I am not Miss Anglin,' I explained carefully, and busied myself with the hats. From

there I went to a fur store, and immediately was accosted by a manager of a department, who began thus, 'Mrs. Faversham, we'll send your furs around this afternoon, if it will be all right. They are not ready just yet.' Well, there you are. One thing is certain. I belong obviously to the great band who follow Thespis in her wanderings, but must be without a single bit of individuality."

Which last remark seemed too absurd for any response, so I wandered out toward the front of the house where the orchestra was wailing out the overture to the second act.

Dainty Ethel Green

IN this day of trashy vaudeville, when he who scores most seems to be the one who can produce a laugh at half suggestive situations, it is refreshing to see someone who is not afraid to introduce a bit of sweetness amongst all the trash. Decidedly vaudeville is for amusement and amusement only, and when that amusement is of a high order, with cleanness and dainty dancing the keynote, there is nothing more to be desired.

Ethel Green exemplifies this type of amusement, and is about the daintiest little thing we have seen recently. She has a light, clear soprano, a dainty and original style of dancing, and what counts more with a vaudeville audience, a pleasing manner.

Incidentally, Miss Green has some very decided views on matrimony among stage people. I chatted with her recently, in her dressing-room, while she struggled to relieve her face of its coat of grease paint and rouge. "If people on the stage wish to be happy and married at the same time, they should always stay in the same company. It is absolutely impossible not to become estranged if husband and wife are in two different companies. Of course we all talk of our



MISS ETHEL GREEN
 Vaudeville's daintiest comedienne.

art and the attraction it has for us, but back a million years, there is a stronger power which tugs at our will strings and will not let us go. That is the power of motherhood, which is uppermost in the lives of every woman. If I marry again, I am going to retire in a nice decent city like Toronto or Boston, not New York, and never see the footlights again."

Her first venture in the matrimonial game was a failure. She married Billy Gaston, the comedian, from whom she is taking measures to secure a divorce. Let us hope that she will find the cottage she desires and realize her true ideal.

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Soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar. When mixture is cold, add cream beaten till stiff, almonds, macaroons, marshmallows and candied cherries. Flavor with vanilla or sherry. Turn into mold first dipped into cold water; chill. Remove from mold; serve with angel cake.

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MADAME NAZIMOVA
Touring in "The Other Way."

imbued with nothing more or less than genius, these indeed are rare. It seems almost that it takes a generation to produce one. Bernhardt was the last, with her long, narrow eyes and *voix d'or*. And Bernhardt is to have her successor, yes, her superior, I may safely add, in the snakelike figure who suggests Ibsen with every twist of her finger, whose every move is a bit of art and whose voice blends pathos and laughter, and despair and longing. This is Nazimova, whose greatest difficulty is in finding a play worthy her genius. When we saw her in "Hedda Gabler" and "The Doll's House," we saw an artist in a masterpiece. Then, when she appeared in "The Passion Flower"—peace be to its ashes—and this season, "The Other Mary," we still saw the artist grown even greater, but struggling against the powers which willed that she should waste her greatness in such frivol. Nazimova has been called Bernhardt's natural successor, but there is the question, "Did Bernhardt ever appear in an English play?" or "Could she have mastered the English language in six months sufficiently to allow her to appear in one of the greatest plays of modern times?" It is doubtful if she could. In this way, Nazimova evinces a greatness beyond the heretofore incomparable Bernhardt.

What They Are Doing.

THE season is well on again, and all the favourites have begun their winter's work. Some there are who will meet failure before they are the second week out, others who will stay a whole season in the one theatre.

Billy Burke is "hiking" over the country in a new play adapted from the French, called "The Runaway."

Maude Adams has started on tour in "Chanticleer," the much-talked-of drama. She will reach Toronto on October 23rd.

Gertrude Elliott is starring this season in "Rebellion," a morbid play of divorce, religion and heredity. She is at present in New York, beginning an indefinite run.

Percy Haswell, who enjoyed such popularity in Toronto the last two summers, is appearing with the Farnums, and is at the Chicago Opera House, Chicago, for an indefinite period.

The Favershams are also in Chicago, at the time of writing, appearing in the fantastical comedy, "The Faun."

Blanche Bates will spend some time in New York in her last season's success, "Nobody's Widow."

Ethel Barrymore is reviving some

of her old successes and is on tour in the middle Western States.

A Halifax Leader.

IN every city there is one person who stands apart from the rest, in accomplishment and purpose. In every city there is one organization which stands apart from the others, as the organization which "does things," usually through the foresight and ability of some of its members.

In Halifax this organization is the Local Council of Women, the woman is Mrs. William Dennis, the President and wife of the owner of the *Herald* and the *Evening Mail*. Modestly, in the most simple manner possible, she goes about her work quietly, caring only for the good of the organization in whose interests she labours, and through this body for the good of the whole city.

Not only are her interests centred upon this Local Council, but she is largely responsible for the opening of the Women's Welcome Hostel, where immigrant girls or women coming to Canada may lodge en route to their destinations. The newsboys of the city alike have benefited through her. At her suggestion there was inaugurated the *Evening Mail's* Newsboys'



MRS. WILLIAM DENNIS.

Christmas dinner, at which an annual party of one hundred sit down to turkey and plum pudding. The Supervised Children's Playgrounds also originated in a suggestion made by Mrs. Dennis and Miss Marshall Saunders, author of "Beautiful Joe."

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DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

Sir James simply hates to say good-bye to Frank.

When the Methodist Ecumenical Conference was only a week old, the Salvation Army Congress also came to Toronto. That city is certainly being done good.

Between the aeroplane and the motor car, the pedestrian leads a dog's life.

The Duke of Connaught will have such a time teaching Canadian reporters to say "Your Grace."

The Canadian Manufacturers' Association, which met in Toronto, represents five hundred million dollars of monetary power. No wonder Mr. Champ Clark thinks we are worth while.

There are, at least, four Methodists in the new Cabinet, and it is time for the Scotch Presbyterians of P. E. I. to have a few moments of Conservative notice.

Mr. Armand Lavergne is fairly represented, after all.

The Royalists of Portugal can now sympathize with the supporters of Reciprocity.

Sugar is going down—and the small boy with the peach preserves is assisting its decline.

The Toronto Evening Telegram doesn't like the Borden Cabinet one bit. This looks as if R. L. has done the right thing.

Lord Strathcona is going to Scotland for a pleasure trip. Alas!

F. D. Monk is no longer doing time on a lone furrow, but is right where the harvest is abundant. All things come to him who pays the freight.

There are Mormon missionaries all over Ontario. Colonel Denison will get them, "ef-they-don't-watch-out."

A clergyman of Owen Sound has a lecture on "The Swing of the Century." Hon. William Paterson thinks the nineteenth century had more real style to it.

Too Many Elections.—"These be busy times for the intelligent elector in Ontario," said a Toronto man the other day. "First there was the battle of the ballots to pick the men to go to Ottawa. The intelligent elector was supposed to go to meetings or to sit up nights studying how reciprocity would benefit or hurt this country. 'I'm glad that's over,' he said on the morning of September twenty-second.

"But now Premier Whitney says that the intelligent elector in Ontario must go over the jumps again. The poor voter has just got used to seeing something other than 'political intelligence' in his newspapers when another election is sprung. There'll be more meetings to attend, more political news to wade through and more cases of 'another lie nailed.'

"And when two elections and Christmas shopping have left him a wreck he will have to go through the horrors of the municipal campaign.

"If women still want the vote let them have it. Let them have all the votes. By the evening of January first we men in Ontario ought to be sick of exercising the franchise."

How It Started.—Samson paused after carrying away the gates of Gaza. "There," he said, "I guess this feat will start a Hallowe'en custom."

A Forecast.—In a little while we'll see a sign, "Buy Your Xmas Presents Early," and we'll think it's a good idea.

Then we'll see more signs and feel that we really ought not to delay.

Then we'll see still more signs, price a few things, be told that a small deposit will hold them and say, "We'll come in again."

Then we'll read buy-them-early ar-

ticles in the papers and will commence sleeping badly because clerks are compelled to be on their feet long hours.

Then we'll be frightened almost into action by signs that shriek, "Only Six Days Till Xmas."

Then we'll feel that we musn't put it off a moment longer.

Then we'll reach the day before Christmas and find that we haven't a second to spare till night.

Then we'll rush from store to store unable to make up our minds what to get.

Finally, we'll buy in feverish haste, go home—laden like a camel and tired as a dog—on a late car and crawl into bed solemnly swearing that, "next year we'll buy them early."

The Cabinet Opening.

The Borden Cabinet is formed—
And many folks are proud!
While dearest friends of those left out
Are saying things out loud.

Frank Cochrane's got a lovely job—
And thinks it quite a lark!
At Railways and Canals he'll work
From daylight until dark.

John Douglas Hazen from N. B.
Has Fisheries and Marine;
Now, won't he have the happy time
With salmon and sardine?

"Finance is quite a ticklish task,"
Says Borden in a plight.
"To have it managed to a T,
I think I'll choose Tom White."

Then Freddie Monk, the Frenchmen's
pride,
Who ne'er election shirks,
Is given, as a sweet reward,
The job of Public Works.

Now, Robert Rogers may assume
A mien that's quite superior,
For he's been chosen Minister
Of that renowned Interior.

So dear old Foster comes along
With figures in his head;
"Let's give him Commerce, likewise
Trade,"

The worthy leader said.
Charles Doherty, who's D. C. L.
And also is K. C.,
Has Justice to administer,
In all in-teg-ri-tee.

Then Martin Burrell soon appears
From far Yale-Cariboo,
Why Agriculture's just the chore,
To give that chap to do.

The way of Customs may be found
A "duteous" path, indeed;
It falls unto the joyful lot
Of Grenville's worthy Reid.

The Crothers lad from Elgin's town
Is quite a friendly neighbour;
Right cheerfully he turns him to
The pleasing task of Labour.

The Secretary of the State
Is quite above reproach;
And such official we shall find
In gallant Dr. Roche.

Postmaster-General they call
The noble Pelletier,
Who now is said to be well versed
In letters grave and gay.

Nantel, who comes from St. Jerome,
And is a Frenchman true,
Is quite contented to possess
The Inland Revenue.

And what of him, our dashing Sam,
The soldier lad so bold?
He's hardy Durham's favourite boy,
Whose pranks were known of old.

Now stand a trio, strong and tried,
All un-portfolioed,
Lougheed and Kemp and Perley, too,
Who'll help to bear the load.

And though they're slightly nervous
And really rather new,
When we survey their happy smiles
We somehow can't feel blue.

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THE WILDCATTERS

A Tale of the Cobalt Country.

By S. A. White

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BOOK TWO.

CHAPTER X.

COLONEL THEODORE did not know whether the servants of the law were making any effort to ascertain the whereabouts of those who had composed the CONSOLIDATED company, but, on the chance that they were, he thought it safer to travel about than to remain in one place. Thus it happened that his party, composed of Rita, Whitmore, his friend Stair and a half dozen more of their peculiar set, conscience-free and careless, were touring Quebec in the autumn, taking in the magnificent scenery of its rivers, rocks and falls, which afforded Rita the finest of landscapes for reproducing in colour.

They had seen the most picturesque parts of the St. Maurice, Saugeny, Chaudiere and other beautiful streams, and had later pushed far up the Ottawa valley, even as far, at Rita's wish, as the farthest settlement, whose god-father was one of the lumber-kings. At this wild, beautiful post of Carvelle, in the Pontiac, they remained many days, for the girl declared it the most magnificent of all. There were dozens of scenes she must paint, and it pleased the Colonel to stay. The spot was secluded, restful and picturesque. The party of friends were a happy lot and a two weeks' camping, as it might be called, would be delightful.

Whitmore and Stair decided to canoe up through to Maucasqueen Lake for recreation and fishing. Whitmore had been up in the spring and knew the way. They did not fancy lying idle while Rita indulged her passion for art to the oblivion of all persons about. They admired her and were happy in her presence, but no marble goddess was less susceptible to admiration, flattery, or any other emotion than Rita when she was painting. She commanded the party to stay and it, perforce, had to remain at her whim, but Whitmore and his friend pushed on with the intention of returning before the others should be ready to leave.

They went on by river, lake and portage, and, as they travelled northward, another canoe was winding southward on the same route. In it was a figure well known throughout the Ottawa Valley and the hunting and trading sections. It was Beteric, known as the voyageur. He was hunter, trader, trapper and guide all in one. On many a trip he had guided Carl and Clive when hunting bear, moose or deer, and to them he was a close comrade. They had not seen him since their last fall hunt, but it came to Beteric's mind that he would soon get word from the sturdy friends who loved the chase in common with himself. All summer he had been in the northern labyrinths on a mission which couldn't safely be mentioned in the law's hearing. He knew the north country as no one else knew it. Government parties on surveys or any other service always secured the voyageur if he could be found. The Hudson Bay men made him tempting offers to come into their ranks permanently, but a few months of the year was all for which Beteric could be bound. He was a bird of passage, a roamer and a true son of the wild. But always, in his wanderings, he had a place to which he could turn his thoughts and love as to a home, and that was the settlement of Carvelle. Now, after a summer's absence, he was homing once again, and his heart thrilled with the thought. He came at length to his last portage, at the end of which he could launch his canoe on Lac du Core, whence his path lay through clear water down to the settlement.

Laboriously the voyageur picked his way over the boulder carpet and through the hemlock halls of the portage, grunting under the burden of his canoe and dunnage. Part way across, the sound of toiling reached him and in a thick, scarred tamarac-reach he came face to face with two men packing over from the opposite end.

"Holla!" said Beteric, the voyageur.

"Hello! half-breed," said the two.

"Were you mans go?" asked Beteric, ignoring the slurring appellation.

"Away north up Snake River, Maucasqueen Lake and maybe farther! There is a cabin up there. We will stay two weeks."

"W'at do?" inquired the French-Canadian. It is woodsman's etiquette to always inquire another's business.

"Hunt and fish!" was the answer. "Ever been there?"

"Been dere many taim!" responded the voyageur, slipping his load to earth and seating himself on one of the bags while slowly proceeding to fill a short, black pipe. The two put down their burden in like manner and pulled out pipes and pouches.

"Here!" said the elder, when he saw the plug of ill-looking weed from which the voyageur was cutting a smoke. "Here, try this." He tossed over his pouch full of best Virginian.

Beteric filled his bowl and returned the pouch. Then he lit up and sank back in the green shade with a sigh of content.

"Bon tabac!" he commented, through the fragrant haze. "You lak' heem?"

"Sick of it!" said the donor, puffing indifferently. "Sick of everything down south! We want to get away from it all. We thought we'd try Maucasqueen Lake. You've been there?"

"Many taim Ah been dere. Bon for mak' chasse, bon for mak' feesh! Oui, bon as dis tabac! Mais you no mak' chasse now!"

"How's that?"

"De season clos'."

"We don't care about the season."

Beteric chuckled. "Dat w'at man say by moi on Lac Doixaut dis las' fall. He mak' chasse an' keel deer. Warden catch heem. Dey fin' dat man feefy dollars."

"Are there any wardens up around Lake Maucasqueen?"

"Deux! Mais dey gon' away nord dis taim."

"Where are you going?"

"Carvelle! Ah Beteric, de voyageur."

"Come back with us for a couple of weeks. We are then returning to Carvelle. We will give you a dollar a day."

Beteric silently debated.

"Two dollars a day!" the other urged. "Come! The afternoon is shortening. We want to make Four-Mile Lake by dark."

"Bon!" assented Beteric, turning about to retrace his route. "Ah carry dis for you."

Seizing a heavy leathern gun and tackle case, he shifted it onto his own dunnage-pack. As he turned it to bind it to the other luggage the side with the owner's name came in view and the half-breed, for he could read, saw the words, Richard Whitmore, marked in plain, black letters.

Beteric dropped the case into the underbrush at the side of the path as if a rock-snake had bitten him. His nostrils went wide like a beast's in anger, and a swelling choking ran up the muscles of his chest and throat where his shirt lay open at the neck. The dark eyes gleamed with a fire kindred to that of camp-coals.

"W'ich—you mans—is W'itmore?" His tones were irregular with some strange emotion.

"Why, I am!" the nearest said. "My friend is Alix Stair. What's wrong?"

Beteric's face contorted with wild fury. He flung himself in front of Whitmore, his great hunting-knife flashing in his uplifted hand.

"Diable!" he cried. "Ah keel you. Ah keel you. Mak' feex for fight. Ah keel you mais Ah keel in fair fight."

"What do you mean? Put down that knife!"

"Non! Mak' feex for fight."

Beteric's voice rose in thundering passion and the awful rage of his countenance sent a chill through Whitmore's limbs.

"Fight? You fool!" he cried. "For what?"

"You ask for w'at? Diable! You rueen Marie Jeunvas, de girrl Ah loove," roared the voyageur. "Las' printemps w'en Ah away nord, you come for holeday. You mak' loove for pass de taim. You win Marie's loove. You rueen dat girrl. Ole Jeunvas goin' keel you 'fore he died. He no find. Ah goin' keel you mais Ah no find. Onlee, Ah have de name. Now Ah find you. Mak' feex for fight!" Beteric's fury flamed in his words. The flush of guilt which overspread Whitmore's face increased it.

Both travellers were unarmed, all their weapons being in the packs. Whitmore made a slight sign to Alix and the latter suddenly jumped for them. Beteric, however, was on his guard. One bound and he was astride the duffel where it lay in the path. His great knife high in the air, ready to strike certain death, forced Stair back.

"Queeck!" he called. "Here knife." He threw Whit-

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more a weapon similar to his own. The Southerner took it mechanically.

"Back!" said Beteric to Stair, threatening with his blade, and Alix had to retreat behind Whitmore on the narrow path.

"Pret?" snarled the half-breed, ready to rush. His enemy in sheer despair and self-defence put up his guard.

Quicker than a hawk the half-breed rushed. Whitmore struck viciously. Beteric caught the descending wrist and closed in. The Southerner had the muscles of a trained athlete, but he was as a child in the grasp of the revenge-inspired voyageur.

Whitmore's body bent sideways in the force of Beteric's grip, and he saw the gigantic forearm with its glittering blade above his eyes. With a cry of fear he strove for a low grapple. Their bodies, leaning into the branches at the side of the track, gave Stair the chance he had been looking for, and he sprang over the stamping feet, locking a strangle-hold round the half-breed's neck to pull him from his companion.

On the instant Beteric caught his heel in the crook of Whitmore's leg and the three crashed in a heap. The glittering weapon struck downward sinking to the haft between Whitmore's neck and shoulder, the red blood covering all three.

"Ha, bon!" gasped Beteric, wrenching at the knife to use on his second assailant. Then his words died in the strangle-hold. An iron vice seemed on his throat. He twisted to left, to right—with no release! He was slowly choking. If he could not break the hold he was done.

Suddenly drawing on his muscles for every ounce of their strength, Beteric cast his head down and out. Both figures twisted a foot. The voyageur's shoulder now rested against a small rock, and using it as a fulcrum, he cast his legs upward bearing sideways with his last fighting power.

It told! Slowly the form of Stair slipped over him, fighting, fighting to keep back, his foe struggling like a demon, too. Another heave!—crash! they both rolled through the underbrush fringing the ledge and struck with a sickening thud on the rocky shore below. Stair's body swung underneath, and the force of the impact with the voyageur's great weight above drove out all consciousness.

Beteric, badly scraped and shaken, arose. "Bien!" he murmured, and the smile on his face through its blood was good. It was the smile of justice.

Examining Stair's recumbent form, he saw the former was only stunned. Climbing up to the canoe, he loosened some tump-lines and bound Alix Stair's limbs securely. He carried him to the other end of the portage. Then he bound Whitmore's wound with a rude bandage. The man was plainly dying. From time to time a groan came from the pallid lips and Beteric moistened them with brandy from his flask.

Uplifting him, the voyageur bore him as gently as he could over with Stair. Next he placed the travellers' canoe with its camp outfit and weapons in the bushes, concealing them by bending the boughs of growing shrubs as a screen. Taking his own canoe and the fallen knives, the victor reached the end of the passage, lifted the two in and embarked.

The sun had died. Dim vapours pirouetted this way and that through the lower air-levels and the warm summer hum of evening things rose in shrill cadence. Straight across the water-plane of Lac du Core his paddle-blade drove. A light breeze cooled his heated frame and dried the blood from the scratches.

By moon-rise, Beteric reached the outlier. Moving now more swiftly, the light craft was guided down the river on whose banks the settlement lay a half-day's journey below.

Midnight found him almost there. Tremulous star-gleams smote through the fir-branches and arrowed the plastic way ahead. The wounded man in the bow and the bound man in the stern groaned at intervals. Beteric often gave them a sip of brandy each.

His heart had softened. Justice in his thinking had been satisfied. He was carrying Whitmore to breathe his last breath at the feet of the girl with whom he had trifled. Beteric loved her still and she would thank him.

On, with rhythmic sweep, he glided, his paddle casting dark hollows between the diamond ridges, mingling moon-light and wave, mixing river mist and balsam scent in sweet odorous delight.

The night was beautiful. Drinking air and night at once, the voyageur swung round the last bend. There lay the settlement as he had left it months ago, but it was not wrapped in slumber as he had expected. From several windows twinkling lights beamed.

Beteric edged his canoe into the landing-place.

"Holla!" he called.

"Holla!" answered a surprised voice from a house adjoining the wharf. The voyageur recognized it as Randa's Scurelle's.

"Holla, Randa!" he cried again.

"Beteric! n'est ce pas?" asked Randa, running down.

"Oui! Ah come home."

"Come in taim," said Randa sadly.

"W'at you tell to moi?"

"Marie—elle dead!"

"Bon dieu!" screamed Beteric. "Randa, you mak' de lie!"

"Non!" Randa persisted. "Elle dead. Dat girrl tak' carboleek dis night."

A numb feeling crept over the voyageur's nerves. His voice was dead and cold when he spoke.

"Pourquoi?" he asked.

"Witmore!" was the one-word answer.

"Randa," Beteric said, reaching a hand which his friend clasped. "Randa"—then his voice broke, for the blinding tears smarted in his eyes and feeling choked him at the comrade's hand-grip.

"Randa," he began again, and pointed to the bow. "Dere Witmore!"

"Mon dieu!" Randa breathed, peering down. "You keel heem?"

"Oui! Mak' fight weed knife on de portage. Deux to moi!"—pointing to Stair.

"Diable!" cried his friend in admiration.

"For Marie," Beteric said, brokenly.

"Et pour ole Jeunvas," added his friend.

Without another word the voyageur raised the hardly-breathing body of Whitmore to Randa, who laid it gently down before carrying it to someone's house. Beteric loosed the tump-lines from Stair's legs and helped him out, for he could walk though badly bruised.

Then he shifted the dunnage-bags and seated himself on the thwart.

"Adieu!" he said to Randa.

"Marie go bury to-morrow," the comrade said. "You no leeve dis night."

"Adieu, Randa!" came the voice from mid-stream.

"Par dieu!—Arretez!" called his comrade, but Beteric did not pause and Randa added softly: "Au r'voir!"

"Non," Beteric called back. "Adieu!"

The birch craft swept the bend, throwing up a swirl of ripples, and, splitting moon-light and wave at once, the voyageur pointed his bow for the silent North.

CHAPTER XI.

TWO days Beteric worked from the Pontiac in over the boundary and there in the Nipissing wild, north of Montreal River, he came upon a lone camp-fire at evening of the second day. The smoke rose from the rocks beside an un-named tributary and the voyageur paddled full upon it. The man bending over the fire stood upright. "Beteric?" he cried, unbelieving.

"Le Prince!" the voyageur shouted, "Le Prince—par dieu, mon camarade!"

"What the deuce brought you here?" Carl asked. "Not that you are unwelcome, old friend! Remember that, but I hadn't dreamed of you being within miles and miles of this spot."

"Ah tell toi," Beteric replied, "mais Ah mak' meal first." "Right!" said Carl. "You must be hungry, and the meal is ready. I was just taking the coffee from the fire when I heard your paddle."

The voyageur tumbled out and drew up his canoe. The two then fell to eating with open-air appetites, talking only in monosyllables till they had finished. Then Carl piled fresh fuel on the coals in front of his little prospector's tent and lay down in the ruddy glow. Beteric filled his pipe and told his tale, every word the truth. When he had finished he arose.

"You not want moi pour friend apre's dis. Ah leeve toi now," he said.

"Not by a darned sight!" his friend declared, as he took the voyageur by the shoulders and put him back on his log seat again. "Look here, Beteric! Your blood may not be a clear strain and your skin may be dark, but you're white through and through. That scoundrel got his deserts and he got it in fair fight. If there was unfairness it was on his friend's part."

"Oui, deux to moi at las'."

"Now," Carl said, "I will tell you my story, to show you why I am here." In turn he told the voyageur all that had befallen.

"You mak' wrong," Beteric observed, at the end.

"How?"

"Dat girrl!—she loove toi. She break de heart. Go to elle! Dat w'at been better. Oui, mak' wrong!"

"But, Beteric," Carl argued. "Would a good girl want a gambler, one who had been unfaithful to her? Would she want him to come and ask forgiveness which she could not give? She would be glad she did not have to say cruel things. It was better for him to go than have her cast him out."

"Non!" Beteric contradicted. "Elle hav' de heart. She good girrl, magnifique good girrl, you say. She loove toi. She know you mak' leetle wrong, mais not like Witmore. Elle forgeeve. Une magnifique good girrl forgeeve. Eef elle do not, den she not une good fille."

Beteric's philosophy fell without effect upon Carl's ears. It was his first sin and it seemed mountain-high. It haunted him like a hideous nightmare. Sometimes, in thinking of Jean, his heart grew so tender that he felt like going back, like throwing himself at her feet and begging for love once more; but swiftly would come the picture of the night he had stood at the green cloth and

(Continued on page 30.)

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**MONEY AND
MAGNATES**
New Directors of the Ogilvie Company.

THE expansion which the larger industrial companies of Canada are experiencing is rendering it necessary to have even larger organizations. Another instance of this occurred at the annual meeting of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, Limited, when Mr. W. A. Black, formerly western manager of the company, was appointed to the newly-created office of general manager, Mr. F. W. Thompson retaining his former position of vice-president and managing director.

The Board of Directors has also been enlarged from seven to nine, the new members being Mr. Charles Chaput, of the firm of Chaput, Fils & Cie, wholesale grocers, and Mr. Geo. E. Drummond, of the Canada Iron Corporation, and a former president of the Montreal Board of Trade and the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. The Ogilvie Company have for many years had a very large connection throughout the French sections of the country, and they will be brought more directly in touch with this branch of their business through the presence of Mr. Charles Chaput.

* * *

Personal Inspection of Plants.

DURING the past year or so Canadian bankers and brokers have shown a desire of being brought more directly in touch with the physical aspect of the different larger Canadian industries, in order that they might have an opportunity of better appreciating the possibilities of growth. An opportunity of seeing just what the pulp industry of the country is doing was afforded a large party of Montreal and Toronto financial interests the other day, when they accepted the invitation of the Dominion Bond Company, Limited, to inspect the various plants of the Spanish River Pulp and Paper Mills, Limited, up at Espanola, Ontario.

The Spanish River Company, perhaps better than any other one, is in a position to show just what the possibilities are in the Province of Ontario, but now the directors of the company have felt that it should pass on to the more finished products. In order to enable it to do so they are completing a modernly equipped paper mill, which in every respect promises to be a model of its kind. This new mill, which will have a capacity of one hundred tons of newsprint paper per day, will be in operation early next year, and will enable the company to be self-sustaining right from the handling of the raw material to the manufacture of the finished product.

* * *

Eastern Bank Opens in Montreal.

THE action of the Bank of New Brunswick in opening its own office in Montreal, the financial centre of the country, is taken to mean, by other banks, that the directors of the Bank of New Brunswick are determined to maintain the bank in its present position of being an essentially Eastern Province institution.

One of the most remarkable features of the evolution of Canadian banks during the past few years has been the manner in which different banks, which have originally been organized and developed in the Eastern Provinces, have been gradually absorbed by either Montreal or Toronto institutions, while even the old Bank of Nova Scotia moved its head office up to Toronto. In this way the Bank of New Brunswick was left as the only large bank with headquarters in the East that maintained its absolute individuality, and this notwithstanding the fact that at one time an offer was made to it by one of the larger Canadian banks which was regarded as perhaps the best offer that was ever made to the shareholders of any Canadian banking institution.

* * *

Re-organization Plan of Montreal Street.

THE re-organization plans in connection with the Montreal Street Railway and its subsidiary companies into what will be known as the Montreal Tramways Company, Limited, has met with the approval of almost all the shareholders. The directors have submitted two plans in connection with the re-organization, and intimations already received from a large number of shareholders indicate that by far the greater majority will be in favour of the plan of taking debentures and common stock in the new company for the present stock in Montreal Street Railway. On such a basis the present holders of Montreal Street Railway will receive for every share of stock \$250 in 5 per cent. debenture stock, and \$20 in common stock of the Montreal Tramways Company. The other plan would result in a holder of one share of stock receiving \$87.50 in cash, \$160 in 5 per cent. debentures, and \$20 in common stock of the Montreal Tramway.

The "Street" has taken a very favourable view of the re-organization plans, more especially because they have dragged along for some time and during the period a considerable amount of capital has been locked up.

* * *

Lake of the Woods Had a Lean Year.

THE annual statement of Lake of the Woods Milling Company showed a marked falling off in earnings. In fact, the year was one of the leanest the company had had for some time. The net earnings amounted to \$412,153, as compared with \$475,000 in 1910 and \$723,000 in 1909. The competition that has developed during the past few years in the milling business in Canada rather indicates that big companies will never again be able to show anything like the profits that they showed a few years ago. Of course, last year was one of the most unfavourable ones in about twenty, as far as the flour business was concerned. But the outlook at the present time indicates that Canadian companies during the next twelve months will find a ready market for their output, even though the profits will probably not run up to anything like what they did a couple of years ago.

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Profits Earned in

| 1906 | 1907 | 1908 | 1909 | 1910 |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| \$333,325 | \$381,146 | \$428,682 | \$501,922 | \$615,083 |

Profits Earned in per cent. of Premiums Received

| 1906 | 1907 | 1908 | 1909 | 1910 |
|-------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| 20.9% | 21.99% | 22.36% | 24.49% | 27.39% |

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THE SCRAP BOOK

The Tables Turned.—It was time for baby girl to be in bed, but no amount of coaxing could take her. At last father offered to lie on the bed till she fell asleep. Off she went "pick-a-back," and the tired mother leaned back in her chair with a sigh of content ready for a hard-earned rest.

Ten minutes—twenty—half an hour and she was wondering when father would be down, when all at once she heard a soft, stealthy "pit-a-pat." Nearer came the steps, and then a little, white-robed form with a tiny finger on her lip stood in the doorway.

"Hush, hush, muvver," she said. "I've got farver to sleep."—Tit-Bits.

Value of Education.—"How is your college son getting along with his career?"

"Well, so far he has been a ticket taker, a bill collector, a motorman and a soda-water dispenser."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Retort Crushing.—"You say your baby doesn't walk yet?" said Jones. "Mine does, and it's not so old as yours. Your baby cut his teeth?"

"Not yet," said Bones. "Oh, mine has—all of them," said Jones.

"Your baby talk?" "Not yet," replied Bones; "can yours?"

"Great Scott, yes!" answered Jones. Then Bones got desperate.

"Does he use a safety razor or one of the others?" he asked.—Ideas.

Good Listeners.—Senator Swanson of Virginia tells a good story on himself about the first political speech he ever made. He says: "I jumped up and began, 'Gentlemen, Herodotus tells us—'"

"Which ticket's he on?" yelled the man with the red shirt.

"Herodotus tells us," I resumed with a gulp, 'of a whole army that was put to flight by the braying of an ass.' The crowd applauded and I felt fine. Then the man's voice rose above the din.

"Young feller," he called, 'you needn't be afraid for this crowd. It's been tested.'—Buffalo Commercial.

Being Cheated.—An ancient evil in St. Louis, corrected many years ago, was the system of street-railway fare collection by which the passenger going over the long course of Broadway paid each side of Olive Street. The one-fare system went into effect when the Republicans were in power, and was used as a campaign weapon. But a Kerry Patch orator, who had an affectionate constituency, took his opponents' club away from them and clouted them shrewdly over the ears with it, to the satisfaction of his hearers.

"When the Dimmycrats were in," he proclaimed, "ye wa-alked to yer wurk an' saved a dime. Now that the Raypublicans are in, ye wa-alk to yer wurruk and only save a nickel."

Emblems.

If money talks, as sages say,
And riches are equipped with wings
The parrot might become some day
The emblem of financial kings.
—Washington Star.

Time was when wives were legal tender

In antique days remote and hoary.
A man those days said: "Money talks!"
And in those days it was no story.
—Houston Post.

Did His Best.—The difference, not merely of degree, but of kind, which is supposed to separate the English rector from the inferior order of curates, is exemplified by a recent incident. Returning to his parish after

his autumn holiday, a dignified country clergyman, noticing a woman at her cottage door with a baby in her arms, asked: "Has that baby been baptized?"

"Well, sir," replied the courtesying mother, "I shouldn't like to say as much as that, but your young man came and did what he could."

Revised.—"Always say 'no,'" an old proverb puts it, "and you will never be married."

Always say "yes" and you will never be divorced.—Life.

Establishing His Identity.—A lady in a southern town received notice from her cook that that lady was about to leave her service in order to enter into the holy state of matrimony.

"Why," said she, "Chloe, I didn't even know you had an admirer."

"Oh, yaas ma'am, for some time."

"Who can it be, Chloe?"

"Don't you remember, Miss Lizzie, dat I attended de funeral of a fren' ob mine about two weeks ago?"

"Yes."

"Waal, ma'am, its de corp's husband."

Says It Well.—"A sixteen-page letter from your sweetheart! What on earth does he say?"

"He says he loves me!"—Tit-Bits.

A Business Suggestion.—Bobby had worn his mother's patience to the limit.

"You are a perfect little heathen!" she remarked, giving way at last.

"Do you mean it?" demanded Bobby.

"I do, indeed," said his mother.

"Then say, ma," said Bobby, "why can't I keep that ten cents a week you gimme for the Sunday-school collection? I guess I'm as hard up as any of the rest of 'em."—Harper's Weekly.

Spoiling the Day.—Optimist—"A gran' morning the morn!"

Misanthrope (grudgingly)—"It's no a'thegither ill—(brightening) but, eh, mon, think o' the national debt."—Sketch.

How to Look Sweet.—"My! Miss Ma'r," said the old darky to the young lady of the house the morning after her coming-out ball, "you sho' did look sweet las' night. My! I hardly knowed you. Dey wasn't a thing about you dat looked natchel."—Richmond Christian Advocate.

Rehearsal Disturbance.—Fred Lennox, spending the summer in Chicago, took a flat close to a railroad, which he surrendered after a week's occupancy.

"I think I could have become used to the trains going by in the night," he said, "but every morning at 8 o'clock two engines came under my window and rehearsed until noon."—Chicago Evening Post.

An Irish Idea.—Irish Boatman (surveying the solitary result of the day)—"It's a foin fish for the size 'av ut; them'll run about three to the pound."

Angler—"Hardly that, I should say."

Boatman—"Well, maybe the other two'd be a bit bigger."—Punch.

Bores Will Benefit.—Bores, who are apt to find their acquaintances fly from them for no apparent reason, while they themselves are still in the middle of a good story, should be delighted to know that a new instrument called the "aeroplane," has been invented, and that its inventor believes that it will enable the human voice to carry forty miles at least through rocks and other obstacles.—The Bystander.



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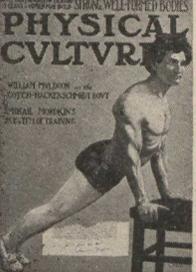
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PEOPLE AND PLACES

Modernizing Province of Quebec.

EVENTS, which have lately transpired, seem to indicate that there is a plot on foot to modernize the Province of Quebec. For instance, just this fall, Quebec enrolled her first law student.

At McGill University Mrs. A. Langstaff takes her seat among the acute young men who until now have monopolized the law course. Mrs. Langstaff, in her legal ambitions, undertakes an unusual role. She is the first woman ever to enter upon the study of law in the regular way in the Province of Quebec.

In Quebec there never has been a woman lawyer. At the bar of other Provinces women have pleaded cases. The Ontario bar has a rather prominent member in the person of Miss Clara Brett Martin, a lady who has enjoyed political distinction on the Toronto Board of Education.

Mrs. Langstaff is not a Quebecker. She is a native of Prescott, Ont. Five years she has been plugging at the law in the Montreal office of Jacobs, Hall & Garneau.

Faddist this courageous lady is not. She is not studying law for her health. But though not a woman's rights champion, Mrs. Langstaff's legal ambitions may gain her a place upon the scroll of fame; for, after she graduates from McGill, Mrs. Langstaff's first professional problem will be to reverse the ancient legislation in Quebec, which excludes woman from the avenue of the law as a road to a livelihood.

THE city of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, the largest city in Canada, one of the most ancient cities in America, is to actually have a public library! At present, the 500,000 citizens who comprise the population of the city we proudly refer to as Canada's metropolis, have no public library. Let it be noted that, in not having a public library, Montreal has not been setting the fashion for the rest of Canada. Libraries are numerous in Canada. Every town of any pretensions in the Dominion has an artistic memorial to Mr. Carnegie—one of the sights. The Roman Catholic Archbishop in Montreal has kindly said that he will not interfere with the selection of books; and so, Montreal is at last to have a public library.

Higher Education in B. C.

A MAN, who will become so absorbed in his work that he will not have time nor inclination to think of making money, is the ideal president for British Columbia's new university in the opinion of Hon. Dr. Young, Minister of Education. The Minister is in search of a paragon of industry to superintend higher education on the coast. When the right president is found, no salary will be too big for him, says the British Columbia Government.

British Columbia is planning her university on an extremely extensive scale; \$1,000,000 will be set aside in next year's revenues for the first buildings. The university will be located on 250 acres of ground at Point Grey, and when completed, will fill a long-felt want in the educational needs of the Canadian Pacific coast.

Cabinet Peculiarities.

PREMIER R. L. BORDEN is a golfer. Commenting on this fact, the Ottawa Free Press jokingly remarks that it is to be hoped that Mr. Borden's golf is not as bad as that of Premier Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, or Mr. A. J. Balfour, whose putting has become the jibe of the English humorous weeklies.

Mr. Borden's Ministers, it would appear, are despisers of conventionality in dress. At the solemn ceremony of swearing in before the Governor-General, only six of them wore silk hats and frock coats. They were:

Hon. Messrs. Borden, Crothers, Kemp, White, Monk and Foster.

Anglicans predominate in the new Cabinet. Eight Ministers—Hon. Messrs. Borden, Hazen, Perley, Rogers, Roche, Burrell, White and Lougheed, attend the Church of England.

Fourteen members of the Cabinet were born in the fifties—Hon. Mr. Roche, 1850; Hon. Mr. Crothers, 1850; Hon. Mr. Hughes, 1852; Hon. Mr. Cochrane, 1852; Hon. Mr. Borden, 1854; Hon. Mr. Lougheed, 1854; Hon. Mr. Doherty, 1855; Hon. Mr. Monk, 1856; Hon. Mr. Perley, 1857; Hon. Mr. Pelletier, 1857; Hon. Mr. Nantel, 1857; Hon. Mr. Burrell, 1858; Hon. Mr. Kemp, 1858; Hon. Dr. Reid, 1850.

The proudest town in Canada this week is the little village of 300 people—Clarenceville, Quebec, where two members of the Cabinet were born—Hon. Mr. Cochrane and Hon. Mr. Kemp.

The law continues to be the strong profession for developing Cabinet Ministers. Eight of Mr. Borden's Cabinet are lawyers.

There are four reputed millionaires in the Cabinet—they are not of the lawyers.

Great Convention for Lethbridge.

THE Province of Alberta is making a bold bid for one of the largest conventions in the world. This is the cosmopolitan Dry-Farming Congress, of which delegates annually convene from all the agricultural countries in the world.

This year the Congress is in session at Colorado Springs. President Tory, of the University of Alberta, and the Provincial Minister of Agriculture, Hon. Duncan Marshall, are at Colorado Springs, and are urging the advantages of Alberta as a convention centre for next year.

If the convention comes to Alberta, it will hold its sessions in the city of Lethbridge. Excursions will be run from all western points. Men from Chili, Russia, Japan, and other foreign countries will trek over the prairie to Lethbridge and look over the resources of one of Canada's great food provinces. This will be great advertising for Alberta and for Lethbridge. The Provincial Government are so much in favour of the project that they have already promised \$10,000 expense money for the Dry-Farming Congress.

Enterprising Climbers.

A. L. MUMM, mountain climber, and his companion, Dr. N. Collie, have been at it again. Mount Robson, in the Rocky Mountains, was this time the scene of their upward plodding.

Their field glasses revealed some extraordinary features. They encountered two of the largest glaciers ever seen in the Rockies, one of which was fifty miles long and eight miles across. They took observations of a peak even loftier than Robson, which itself is 13,700 feet above sea level.

A Journalistic Jibe.

HOT criticism of Canadians and Canadian civilization has just been handed out by one of the old country journalists now touring the Dominion under the guidance of the Immigration Department.

The critic is Mr. H. H. Baird, hailing from Belfast, Ireland, where he owns seven papers of large circulation.

In his remarks, Mr. Baird evidently wishes to depart from a custom of joy-riding newspapermen who sometimes are inclined, perhaps, to flatter Canadians with eloquent tributes to the natural scenery of the Dominion.

Mr. Baird hits at what he regards weak spots in ourselves.

One of his sharpest attacks is directed against the Canadian husband, of whose virtues he entertains no very lofty opinion.

A British Columbia paper thus sum-

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SHOULD your postman or carrier boy fail to deliver your CANADIAN COURIER, in order to prevent a possible repetition of the mistake it is as well to report same to the publishers. Prompt attention will be given. The Canadian Courier, 12 Wellington St. East, Toronto.

marizes his sentiments on Canadian married life:

"According to Mr. Baird, who had talked with many housewives on the prairies, they were treated to much more harshness by their husbands in Canada than in England and Ireland. The average Canadian was surly and uncivil, and not inclined to give any information, and when a young Englishman has lived here several years, he easily and rapidly fell into the ways of the Canadian, and treated womenkind and men with the same measure of surliness as his Canadian confrere."

* * *

The Seats of the Mighty.

THE ghost of Sir John A. Macdonald was evoked by some of Mr. Borden's campaigners in the reciprocity election with telling effect. Mr. Borden is now reverently referred to as "wearing the mantle of Sir John." So persistent have been some of the party in holding up the example of the great Canadian statesman to the Premier-elect, that they have recently presented him with the old arm chair, in which Sir John A., during the party's dark years between 1874 and 1878, sat up nights, studying his National Policy. This chair stood in the law office of Macdonald & Marsh, 25 Toronto Street, Toronto.

When Sir John resigned from his firm, Mr. William Lount, K.C., his suc-



SIR JOHN A.'S CHAIR

Comfortable, high backed heirloom presented to Premier Borden.

cessor, also succeeded to the chair. He moved on to the Bench in 1900, and the chair passed to Mr. George A. Kingston, secretary of the Borden Club, of Toronto. Mr. Kingston's club, a few years ago, banquetted Mr. Borden, and afterwards Mr. Kingston asked Mr. Borden to accept the chair as a present when he should become Premier of Canada.

The following telegrams recently passed between Premier Borden and Mr. Kingston:

"Toronto, Sept. 21st, 1911.

"R. L. Borden,

"Halifax, N. S.:

"Heartiest congratulations. Will have Sir John's old chair shipped to you at Ottawa at an early date.

"GEORGE A. KINGSTON."

"Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 29, 1911.

"George A. Kingston,

"Temple Building,

"Toronto, Ont.:

"Warm thanks for congratulations. I shall expect the old arm chair without fail.

"R. L. BORDEN."

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt, of Vancouver.

MR. JAMES ROOSEVELT, cousin of the ex-President of the United States, recently arrived in Vancouver, where he intends for the future to reside.

The Vancouver papers claim that Mr. James Roosevelt looks exactly like Colonel Theodore. The World thus

enumerates his physical characteristics: "He has strong white teeth, moustache, and wears the Roosevelt glasses."

Mr. James Roosevelt seems to be rather amused at the fuss made by reporters over him just because he happens to be a cousin of "Teddy." He is not at all puffed up. His sense of humour led him to remark, as follows, to a scribe who asked him why he had come to Vancouver to manage the British Columbia Electric Railway Company:

"Oh, well, you know, in view of the heavy voltage generated by our cousin, it could only be expected that the time would come when one of us should enter the electrical business."

* * *

Railroad Scrap at Stratford.

IT seems that the C.P.R. wish to build a station on the Park property along that fair stream, the Avon, at Stratford.

The Stratford papers have raised a howl against the proposal. The Beacon claims that the Park property, about to be desecrated by noisy locomotives, is the only decent breathing spot in the town, and urges that regard for civic taste and enterprise should deter the encroaching corporation from carrying out their intention.

The Windsor Record, heartily in sympathy with the Beacon, joins the chorus of protest, and points out the awful example of Windsor, with her sloppy waterfront, the result of Grand Trunk invasion along the Detroit River.

Neither of these papers have picked on Toronto as a moral lesson, where the railroads who built along the lake shore years ago, are now spending thousands of dollars depressing tracks that the scenery may be improved and the safety of the public guaranteed.

* * *

Maritime Pressmen Convene.

THE pressmen of the Maritime Provinces have just been in session at Moncton, N. B.

Mayor Reilly, of the New Brunswick city, made the delegates feel right at home. He aroused considerable enthusiasm when he testified to the clean idealism of Maritime journalism.

* * *

An Independent Mayor.

THE Mayor of St. John, N. B., is an independent gentleman.

Recently there has been urged the need of extra playgrounds for St. John Junior's after school hours.

The other afternoon a Council meeting was held in St. John and the playgrounds question came up.

A committee was appointed by the Mayor to consider the matter.

One of the committee refused to act.

Another of the committee held forth to the effect that he saw boys playing ball on the streets, and that there were enough parks in St. John—anyway for mere boys to romp in. He remarked, however, that he was ready to serve.

But the result of this expostulation was that the Mayor of St. John fired the committee and ordered up another.

* * *

Sydney Active.

SYDNEY, Nova Scotia, is to have a town fair. The other night, a meeting was held in Sydney and an exhibition board elected, of which the Mayor is chairman. It is proposed to hold two fairs a year. The co-operation of the Farmers' Association, who hold sway on the north side of Sydney Harbour, will be sought.

There is no way to boost a town like a good, clean exhibition. The fame of Toronto, Winnipeg and Brandon is proof enough of this statement. An exhibition of local industry promotes civic spirit. By bringing country folks and town people together, it contributes directly to fostering Canadian national unity.

Sydney, which is one of the liveliest towns in the Maritime Provinces, is on the right track all right when the city fathers link up with the exhibition idea.

When buying your coffee don't merely say "A pound of best Coffee"—Specify

Seal Brand Coffee

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It costs no more than inferior grades and our reputation is behind it.

Packed in 1 and 2 pound cans only.

CHASE AND SANBORN, - MONTREAL.

BENGER'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS AND THE AGED.

A food of great nutritive value, which can be made suitable for any degree of digestive power by the simple process of letting it stand for a longer or shorter period at one stage of its preparation.

Benger's Food forms with milk, a dainty, delicious and highly nutritive cream, entirely free from rough and indigestible particles. "The Lancet" describes it as "Mr. Benger's admirable preparation."

Readers can obtain a 48-page booklet, "Benger's Food and How to Use It," which contains a "Concise Guide to the Rearing of Infants" and practical information on the care of Invalids, etc., on application to Benger's Food Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, England.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.

In Sleeping Room or Boudoir

freshness, beauty and harmony of colour are the surest aids to woe refreshing sleep.

If your bedstead or bedroom furniture has lost its newness and original charm, don't fly off to the furniture dealer! Send for our free booklet, "Dainty Decorator," which tells how "Lacqueret" can add a lustre and brilliancy to your old furniture, that will bring it back to its pristine beauty.

"Lacqueret" makes no muss, is easy to apply, and can be obtained in any shade to suit the furniture. Dries hard over night.

All up-to-date Hardware and Paint Dealers sell "Lacqueret."

All International Products sold in full Imperial Measure Cans.

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Comfortable as a Negligee, dressier than any soft shirt, because, a



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is lined *half* the length of the bosom heavily enough to give that dressy appearance, yet light enough to retain all the comfort

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14

Don't Meddle With a Corn

Don't pare them. That doesn't help for long. And paring too deep has caused blood poisoning a good many thousand times.

Don't merely protect them. Don't doctor and nurse them. Cover a corn with a Blue-jay plaster, and the pain is ended. In two days the corn comes out. In the meantime you forget it.

Five million corns per year are removed in this cheap, simple way. It never fails. No harm, no pain, no discomfort. Why don't you take advantage of this wonderful invention? Go get a package now. Get rid of corns.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters 15c and 25c per package

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IMPORTED ABSOLUTELY!!

It's a delicious seasoning.

When frying a chop or steak pour into the gravy just a little of this delicious Worcestershire Sauce.

THE CANADIAN NAVY

(From The Canadian Gazette.)

ENGLISH journals as divergent in view as The Times and The Daily Chronicle accept with equanimity the conditional character of the new naval arrangement between Canada and the Motherland. The Dominion Navy is only to form an integral part of the British fleet and come under the control of the British Admiralty when it has been placed at the disposal of the Imperial Government by the Dominion authorities.

This, in view of The Times, is a "wise solution" of "the momentous and infinitely difficult problem of combining complete local autonomy in time of peace with organic solidarity of tradition, spirit, training, and discipline at all times, and in time of war with absolute unity of strategic direction and control, so far as in any future war the Dominions affected are prepared to place their forces at the disposal of the Imperial Government." The leading journal has "a just confi-

dence in the patriotism of the Dominions," and the rest must be left to them.

The Daily Chronicle is also resigned. It says: "There need be little fear that the condition would in practice weaken the strength of the Empire for common defence. It is a condition which does, indeed, make the British Empire stronger for defence than for aggression, and that." The Chronicle properly remarks, "is not to be regretted." It recalls that it was at the first public intimation of a possible danger to the naval supremacy of the Empire that the offers of assistance were made, out of which the development of Dominion navies has grown. "Co-operation will not be less ready, and it will be the more effective, because it is combined with autonomy. In any hour of difficulty or danger the navies will stand in the line together. They will then be one fleet, in defence of one flag, and one throne."

THE LANDSLIDE IN CANADA

(From The Literary Digest.)

NO, Uncle Sam is not Canada's affinity.—Chicago News.

Well, good-by, Canada! Take care of yourself.—Columbus Dispatch.

Let's spurn the Canadian dime and be revenged.—Chattanooga Times.

Well, who suggested reciprocity in the first place?—Detroit Free Press.

Possibly old King George III. is chuckling in his final sleep.—Chicago News.

Whisper "Reciprocity!" to Mr. Taft and watch him grow lean.—Chicago News.

Canada breathes freer now that it knows it is not to be annexed.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Sir Wilfrid and his lieutenants evidently didn't know it was loaded.—Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

Uncle Sam's summer flirtation is ended. But there are other summers and other girls.—Columbus Dispatch.

It will be a shock to some Canadians to learn that the American eagle commonly nests in Canada.—Chicago News.

The way to get even with Canada is to wait until she wants to be annexed and then turn her down.—Toledo Blade.

And to think of all the breath that was wasted by Congress on the sub-

ject of reciprocity.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

Of course, if "Our Lady of the Snows" should change her mind, let her remember next year is leap-year.—St. Paul Dispatch.

The price of the gold pen with which President Taft signed the Reciprocity resolution has fallen ten points.—Minneapolis Journal.

Canada has provided "Uncle Joe" Cannon with the first hearty laugh he has had for nearly two years.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Instead of "Our Lady of the Snows," Canada seems to have laid claim to the title "Our Lady of the Noes."—Denver Republican.

Well, if we can't get the tariff wall down on the north border, let us try letting it down a bit in the three other directions.—Detroit News.

Well, at all events, Canada can't keep us from reducing our own tariff when we finally make up our minds to quit cheating ourselves.—Chicago Record-Herald.

In England people say that Canada's rejection of reciprocity with the United States is Imperialism; in Canada that it is Nationalism, and in some other places that it is provincialism.—New York World.

THE TARIFF COMMISSION

By W. H. ROWLEY

President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

WE are all well pleased at the prospect of an early appointment of a permanent Tariff Commission. Business men know how indispensable it is to have accurate information and expert advice if they are to be successful in carrying on the enterprises over which they preside. Yet "mirabile dictu" in the greatest of all Canadian businesses, namely the shaping of our fiscal policy, we have hitherto been content to proceed on incomplete data, and to be guided by advice that we have known to be biased.

Tariff making in a proper way is a science; like most sciences it can be mastered by long and patient study and keen research. No single Minister of the Crown, no set of Ministers, with multitudinous duties of office to attend to, can hope to achieve real success in the difficult problems which a tariff presents. They must have help, and that help should be of the very highest class and greatest calibre obtainable. Ministers must surround themselves with men of wide experience in tariff matters, men of well seasoned judgment, who can be depended upon to make searching investigations, and to bring the cold, hard, material facts, men on whose

advice and opinion reliance may safely be placed.

In appointing a Tariff Commission of this kind, the new Prime Minister, the Honourable R. L. Borden will adopt the safest means of ensuring "a square deal" to all classes of merchants, manufacturers, consumers and to every interest, and this will go a long way towards taking the tariff effectually out of politics, and relegating it to that sphere of business to which it properly belongs.

It is conceivable that such a move may exercise a more or less unsettling influence on business for a time, but this is of minor importance compared with the desideratum of righting wrongs if any such there be. No matter what the cost may be, and no matter whose tones may be trodden upon, let us first get our tariff right and fair, then let us ensure its stability, making from time to time only such slight modifications as the changing conditions of the country demand.

As manufacturers we should be able, we should be willing to view the creation of a Tariff Commission with complacency, so I hope we will all facilitate this work as far as we can, by giving data as we are able to supply.

GASTON OF THE FERRY

(Continued from page 8.)

about to rise. And shortly after he had gone to bed the tempest burst in all its fury.

Suddenly his bell rang loudly. "I cannot cross now," he cried, throwing up his window. "For I dare not tempt God."

"Nor the devil?" laughed a man's voice. "Don't be a fool. You who love, listen to this; a woman's life rests on your decision! If you cross you save her!"

Gaston raised his eyes to Yvonne's distant window. The light burned steadily in it. He leaned further out.

"I'll come," he murmured to the two cloaked figures below.

The boat was half way across when the undercurrents of the river began to toss it unmercifully. An angry gust of wind wrenched the man's cloak from his shoulders, and tore the woman's veil aside.

At that moment the heavens flamed and Gaston recognized the travellers.

The woman was Yvonne; the man Raoul de Montant. Gaston dropped his oars and laid his hand on Raoul's shoulder.

"I gave you alms once," he said sternly, "and now you rob me of my most precious belonging. Is that the way you pay your debts?"

"My debt!" sneered Raoul, "I paid it some hours ago."

Gaston pulled a gold coin from his pocket and flung it in Raoul's face. The latter drew his dagger. Gaston did likewise.

It was a strange fight. The boat, no longer guided by Gaston's skilful hand, rolled so violently that the fighters had difficulty in standing, whilst Yvonne, frightened, fainted and slipped to the bottom of the boat.

"Give her up!" cried Gaston as he threw Raoul.

"She loves me!" smiled Raoul.

"Ah! She loves you!" reiterated Gaston hesitating.

"Yes! She loves me!" cried Raoul.

At this moment the boat struck against a rock and broke athwart. Raoul thought of himself and seized a piece of wreckage. Gaston thought of Yvonne, who had recovered consciousness, and held her up until a wave threw them close to the portion of boat to which Raoul clung, exclaiming: "There is only room for two here."

Gaston raised his arm to strike Raoul, who, without attempting to defend himself, repeated triumphantly, "She loves me!"

"Yvonne," cried Gaston, "is it true?"

"Yes," she sobbed.

For a few seconds a dead silence succeeded her answer. Then murmuring:

"Lord Raoul, make her happy," Gaston pushed Yvonne towards his rival, loosened his hold of the timber and slid silently into the seething waters.

"Oh Gaston! Gaston!" called Yvonne, in a voice full of remorse.

The wind brought a distant adieu, and then nothing more was heard but the uproar of the tempest.

Seeing the Town.—"To-morrow you shall see our public library. It is a magnificent building."

"I'll take your word for it. What have you got in the way of a ball team?"—Washington Herald.

* * *

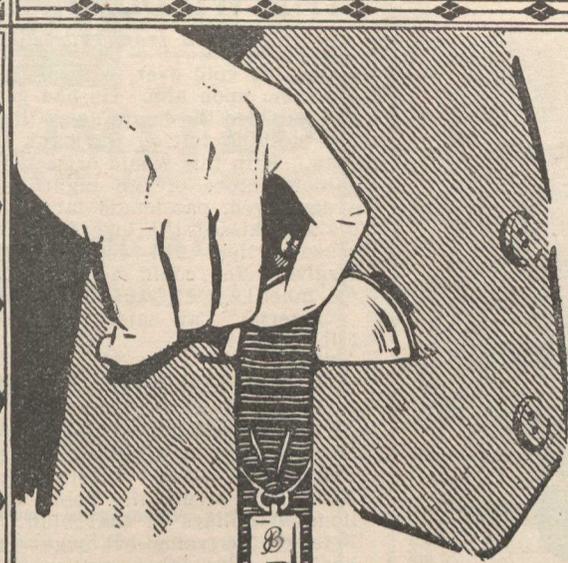
No Monoplist.—"That girl in the breakers is evidently in distress. Why don't you swim to her rescue?"

"It would be very bad form. I rescued her yesterday."—Kansas City Journal.

* * *

This One is on Hugh.—"When I came into the Union Station the other morning, after travelling all night," said Hugh Reilly, at the Commercial Club, "I went into the barber shop. 'When you spend the night in a sleeping car,' I said to the barber, 'it doesn't improve your personal appearance, does it?'"

"Well," said he, as he looked me over, "I don't know how you looked when you started, but perhaps you're right."—Washington Herald.



The Test of Time and Wear

T HIS is the *real* test of a watch case. In some avocations a case reveals its quality more quickly than in others. No matter what your profession or business you want to be sure that the case on your watch will stand the effects of constant usage, and the only real guarantee you can have of this is the integrity of the maker.





Watch cases bearing the above marks are made by the American Watch Case Company and They have been used and sold by the leading jewelers in Canada for over twenty-five years, and have always given satisfaction.

See that the case you buy bears a "Winged Wheel." Its presence is positive proof of gold value, integrity of construction, beauty and correctness of design, and utmost serviceability.

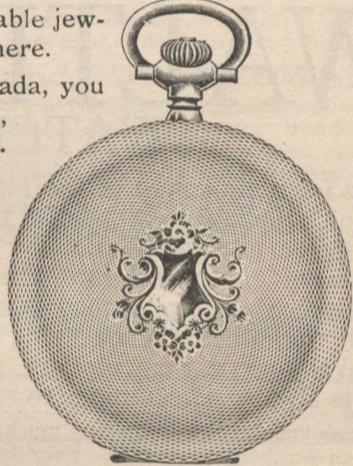
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"La-rola" is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use, allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Frost, Cold Winds and Hard Water. It not only **PRESERVES THE SKIN** but beautifies the complexion, making it **SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.**

The daily use of **"La-rola"** effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, and Irritation, Chaps, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully Cooling and Refreshing after **MOTORING, GOLFING, SHOOTING, CYCLING, DANCING, ETC.**

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

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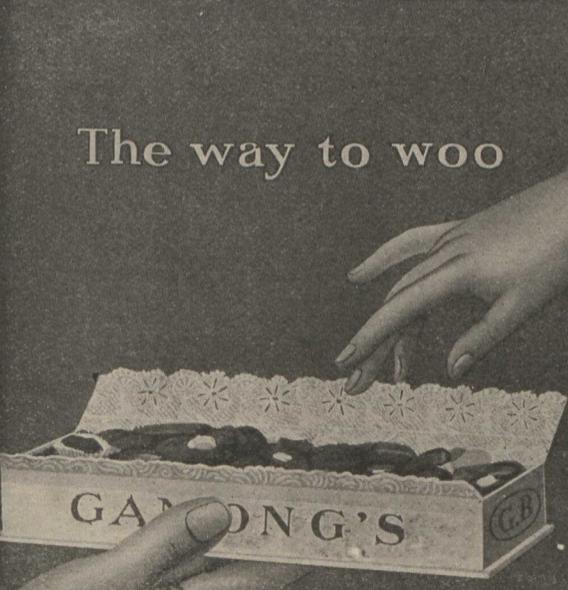
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Delicious Dainty Flavors



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WALTHAM WATCH

always stands for a timepiece of the highest excellence. Even lower priced Walthams maintain a wonderful record for accuracy. Between the popular grade and the Waltham Premier Maximus at \$250—the watch *de luxe* of the world—are the several standard high-grade Waltham movements, offering models of exquisite design and workmanship, and guaranteeing timekeeping results of unrivalled accuracy. High-grade Waltham movements are invariably named. *Riverside*, for instance, is always a good name to remember.

Write for handsome booklet containing much watch information and describing various Waltham movements. Your Jeweler will assist you in the selection of the Waltham movement best suited to your needs.



"It's Time You Owned a Waltham."

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, MONTREAL, CAN.

THE WILDCATTERS

(Continued from page 23.)

tossed the gold over, with all eyes in the room upon him. He had gambled and gambled the hours away till there was nothing left in the bank of the Clan. With this would arise the companion-picture of the night he held a dark-eyed, passionate face close to his and kissed the love from off the sensuous lips. Ah! Jean would never forgive. Nor could he ask. It was too much!

"Beteric!" Carl said. "You see this hill behind?"

"Oui."

"It's full of silver."

"Dieu! How you know dat?"

"I have been prospecting up through here for a long time. I was disappointed on many occasions but at last I have struck it. There are millions of dollars in that bluff. Why, Beteric, the veins are right on the surface. I've taken out enough ore with the pick, shovel and a little powder to pay for installing all necessary machinery. It's the richest mine in Cobalt, Beteric, but what use is it to me? All the mines in the world wouldn't be anything now, old friend. I've lost all the treasure of real worth. I want to be alone though. That's why I've stayed with it. The search was a joy. I thought it would be a joy, too, when I would find ore, but it isn't. Beteric, I'd give that whole hill for one kind word of hers."

"Mais, dat girri!—why she no send un apres toi eef elle want toi?" Beteric asked.

"She didn't want me," Carl answered. "Anyway, no one would find me for I gave the camps which I came through the name of Hooper. I didn't give my own and none of them knew me. They're all fresh prospectors down around the Montreal River."

He piled more wood on the fire. "It's getting chilly," he said.

"Non," observed the Voyageur. "Leetle hotter dis night."

"I don't see how you call it hotter," Carl observed. "I shiver at times." He rolled up nearer the fire.

"W'at, cold have toi?"

"Yes."

Beteric rose and came up to him, looking sharply at his face. "Cold have toi like dis?" he asked, passing a hand from the chest down.

Carl nodded. "Why?" he inquired.

Beteric put his palm on the other's forehead. It was burning hot.

"Mon Dieu," he cried, "toi have de fever."

"Pshaw! man, it is only a chill. I got overheated taking out ore to-day."

"Toi have fever nex' matin," Beteric declared. "Mak' bed queeck!"

He forced Carl to go to bed at once. Going off into the dark woods, he found with difficulty some herbs of medicinal value and long into the night he brewed them over the campfire, giving Carl a bitter draught before he himself lay down in his blankets.

(To be continued.)

Russian Censorship of Books

IT looks as if the Russian censor of books will soon have nothing to do. The new edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" has been allowed to enter Russia "without any mutilation," this being the first instance on record of a work of such comprehensive importance being admitted scatheless. It is not so long since the visitor to Russia, if he received his foreign books and newspapers at all, had to accept the "blackening-out" of whole columns.

Since the revolution of 1905 a more intelligent attitude has been apparent. Evidently, too, the officials are a good deal less "touchy" than formerly. It is a little amusing to find the "Britannica's" article on Russia stating, in reference to the judicial system, that in 1880 "the fines inflicted by the courts were commonly paid in 'vodka,' which was consumed on the premises by the judges and the parties to the suit." This statement and the further suggestion that this amiable custom has not yet been altogether abandoned had not ruffled the censor.



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European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.
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Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
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European plan. 150 rooms, with baths and every modern accommodation. Rates \$1.50 per day upwards. Restaurant one of the largest and best equipped on the continent.



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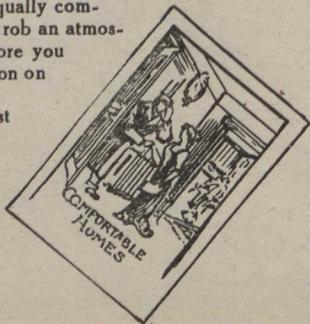
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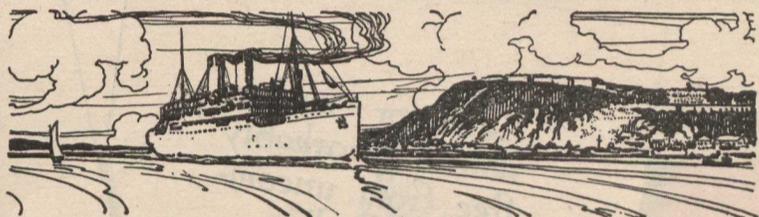
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DEER—November 1st to November 15th inclusive.
MOOSE—November 1st to November 15th inclusive. In some of the northern districts of Ontario, including Temagami, the open season is from October 16th to November 15th inclusive.

OPEN SEASON FOR SMALL GAME IN PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

DUCKS—September 15th to December 15th inclusive.
GEESE—September 15th to April 15th inclusive.
PLOVER—September 15th to December 15th inclusive.
QUAIL—November 15th to December 1st inclusive.
PARTRIDGE—October 15th to November 15th inclusive.
SNIFE—September 15th to December 15th inclusive.
WOODCOCK—October 1st to November 15th inclusive.
HARES—October 1st to December 15th inclusive.
SQUIRRELS—November 15th to December 1st.

Write to the undersigned agents for copy of "Haunts of Fish and Game," containing maps, game laws, and all particulars:

A. E. Duff, Union Station, Toronto Ont.; J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, Que.; W. E. Davis, Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal; G. T. Bell, Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal; H. G. Elliott, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

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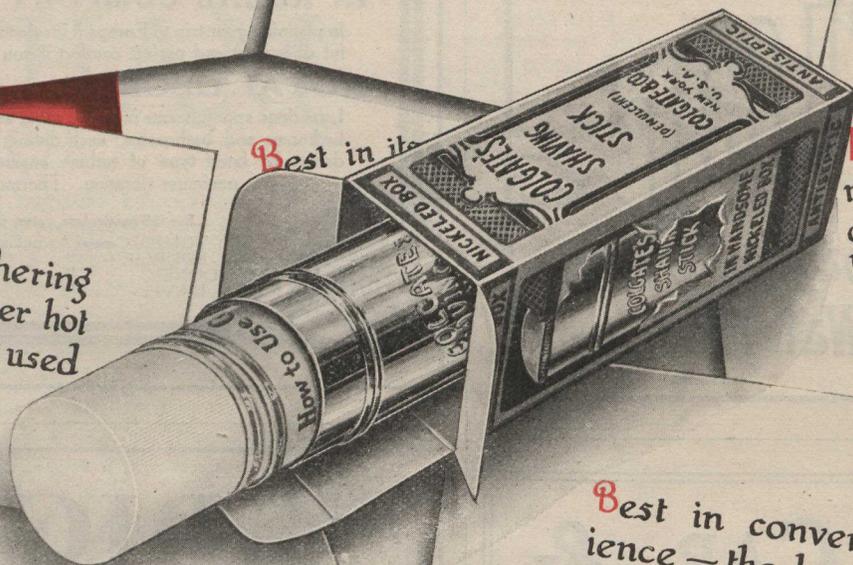
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