

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



ENGLISH GARDEN IN WHICH THE LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT HAS DONE EXCELLENT WORK

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

INCORPORATED 1866

BRITISH AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY

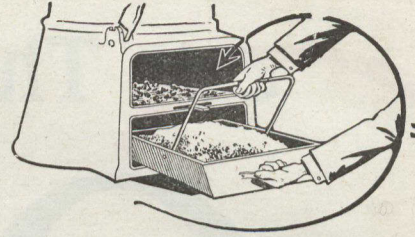
LIMITED

ENGRAVERS OF
BONDS, BANK NOTES, STOCK CERTIFICATES, POSTAGE AND REVENUE STAMPS and all Monetary Documents

The work executed by this Company is accepted by the
LONDON, NEW YORK, BOSTON
and other STOCK EXCHANGES

HEAD OFFICE - - - OTTAWA

Branches:
MONTREAL No. 2 Place d'Armes Square
TORONTO 701-3 Traders Bank Bldg.



How the King Ash Pit Disposes of the Ash Job

THE average man simply won't sift ashes, and it's no job for a woman. With the King Boiler you can have an ash sifter beneath the grate bars so that you can sift the ashes without removing them from the boiler. The ash-dust falls to the ash-pan below, leaving the cinders to be thrown back into the fire. This feature of the

KING BOILER & RADIATORS

abolishes the drudgery, dirt and muss connected with ash-sifting. For all the dust raised in sifting is carried away up and out the smoke pipe by a direct draft. Ask on a post card for your copy of "Comfortable Homes." Simply bristles with valuable and helpful points on heating and heating values.

STEEL and RADIATION, Limited

Head Office: Fraser Avenue. TORONTO Showrooms 78-82 Adelaide St. E.
Branches in All the Principal Cities and Towns



How are you fixed when goods arrive?

DOES your shipping room present a scene of noisy, bustling disorder? Are you compelled to clog or temporarily paralyse the running of your business by shorthanding your various departments in order to accommodate fresh shipments as they arrive? Or, is it possible for one or two men to take hold and expeditiously, economically and safely---without waste of time or energy---dispose of the goods systematically and in proper arrangement. Your answer depends upon whether or not you use

OTIS FENSOM FREIGHT ELEVATORS

In point of utility, convenience and economical efficiency, your Otis-Fensom Elevator bears the same indispensable relation to modern business as the telephone, typewriter and electric light. It makes for decidedly improved business conditions. It saves labor---it saves time---it saves calling clerks, salesmen or other employees from their regular duties in the store or office. It enables you to keep your ground floor clean and inviting, and to use all of the ground floor space for salesmanship and display. It does away with expensive hand labor and substitutes mechanical facilities that keep pace with the increasing demands of your business.

Send for "Freight Elevators and their Uses."

The Otis-Fensom Elevator Co., Limited
Traders Bank Building : : : Toronto

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Head Office: TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000; Rest, \$8,000,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President.
ALEXANDER LAIRD, - - - General Manager.
JOHN AIRD, - - - Assistant General Manager.

241 Branches in Canada, United States, England and Mexico

DRAFTS ON FOREIGN COUNTRIES

This Bank issues drafts on the principal cities in foreign countries drawn in the currency of the country in which the drafts are payable. These arrangements cover over 500 of the principal cities and towns throughout the world.

TRAVELLERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT

These Letters of Credit are issued for the use of travellers and tourists and may be obtained available in every part of the world. The holder can draw whatever sum he requires when needed without risk or difficulty.

NATIONAL TRUST CO.

LIMITED

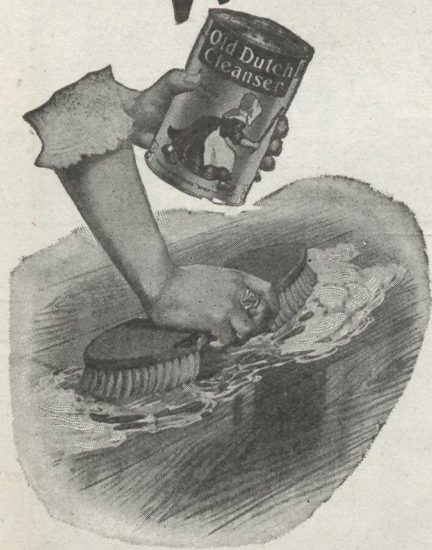
J. W. Flavelle, President. W. E. Rundle, General Manager.

Executor, Trustee, Administrator of Estates

Capital and Reserve, \$2,700,000

OFFICES
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG REGINA EDMONTON SASKATOON

Just **WHY**



Scrubbing Floors

With

Old Dutch Cleanser
Saves Time & Labor

Because the fine, porous particles of the Cleanser get right down into every crack and crevice, take up all dirt and leave the floor clean and spotless.

Wash wood, stone, cement or linoleum floor with mop; sprinkle on Old Dutch Cleanser and rub over with scrubbing brush; then mop up and wipe floor dry. No long, tiresome scrubbing necessary as with old-style soap powders.



Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10c

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XI.

TORONTO

NO. 1

CONTENTS

- The Militia Conference By John A. Cooper.
- News Features Photographs.
- The Last Football Struggle ... By Donald B Sinclair.
- When Sir Wilfrid Led Before . By the Monocle Man.
- The Inside of the House By G. M. West.
- City Planning How to Go About It.
- Garden Making With Photographs.
- The Tale of a Tail By Estelle M. Kerr.
- Patricia's Gift, Story. By Charles D Leslie.
- Runners of the Air, Serial By Charles G. D. Roberts.
- Reflections By the Editor.



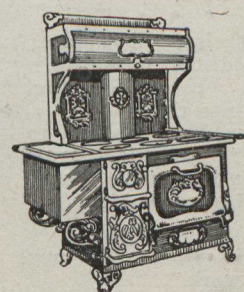
Editor's Talk

CANADA'S periodicals have in times past had a "hard row to hoe." When the "Canadian Courier" was first issued, on Dec. 1st, 1906, the general public looked askance at the two men who stood sponsors for it. The wise old public knew the history of two score of "national" ambitions similar in kind. "The Nation" and "The Week" were grand papers, but they faded away because of insufficient public support. The first issue of "The Nation" appeared in April, 1874, and the first number of "The Week" in December, 1883. From 1896 to 1906, no one had the courage to make a real attempt to found a national weekly. Then came the "Canadian Courier" and the public wondered whether it was courage or ignorance.

There were practically no finger-posts. No Canadian weekly had made even a semblance of success. The British models and British experience were of little value because of their highly specialised nature. What guidance there was came from the history of United States weeklies. The latter had had a free run of this market for many years, and they had set such fashion as there was.

That the "Canadian Courier" circulates as freely in proportion to population in British Columbia and in Nova Scotia as in Ontario is some proof of its national fitness. That its circulation is larger than any other periodical issued in the country is a tribute to its business management and editorial steadfastness. That it enters buoyantly its eleventh volume shows that the Canadian people have been generous in their encouragement.

The staff of to-day is the same as in 1906—a little older, a little wiser, but still the same. "The Monocle Man," the mightiest of all regular contributors, was in the first number. His many friends will be glad to know that he intends to continue indefinitely. Mr. W. A. Fraser contributed the first short story, and he is still giving us first call on his work. "Canadianne," who wrote a special article for the first issue, has been a weekly contributor ever since. The staff is larger, but the same spirit is in the minds and hearts of all—a desire to reflect Canadian national life with truth, accuracy, and enthusiasm.



\$39.00 Wholesale Price will bring in your home the nice 9-20

STEEL RANGE

complete with HIGH CLOSET and RESERVOIR. Buy direct.

Write for Circulars to...

The C. H. LEPAGE CO., Limited, Quebec, Can.

Whooping Cough
CROUP ASTHMA COUGHS
BRONCHITIS CATARRH COLDS

Vapo-Cresolene

ESTABLISHED 1879

A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children.

Send us postal for descriptive booklet. 809

ALL DRUGGISTS

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat. They are simple, effective and antiseptic. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

Vapo Cresolene Co.
Leeming-Miles Bldg.
MONTREAL



Hunters and Trappers



Save your fine Specimens! Every trophy you kill is worth money to you. You will be astonished at the prices you will get for your specimens. We can teach you, by mail in your own home, how to

Mount Birds and Animals also heads, fish, and the tan hides, make rugs, robes, etc.

Yes, you can learn easily—quickly—perfectly in your own home by mail. Success guaranteed. Fascinating work. We have 35,000 sportsmen students, and every one is an enthusiastic taxidermist. Big profits to all who know taxidermy. Write today.

Special for Canadian Students

For a short time we are making a special reduced price to Canadian students. Act promptly. Write today. We will send you, absolutely free and prepaid, our handsome new book on taxidermy and the Taxidermy Magazine. Hundreds of letters from enthusiastic Canadian students sent on request. We want every sportsman and nature lover in Canada to write for these free books today. No obligations whatsoever. Either a postal or a letter will do, but write today—now—while this special offer lasts.

NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY
5800 Elwood Building, Omaha, Neb.

8%
Orchard Bonds
GUARANTEED

In return for an investment in a bond in Orchard property at Mission City, B.C., you are absolutely guaranteed an income of 8% per annum, and also assured of a share of the revenue profits.

Semi-annual payment of the 8% interest is guaranteed by the Bankers' Trust Corporation, Limited, of Vancouver, B.C.

The Trust Deed explains everything fully. Send for a copy right now.

The Kerr Land Company, Limited

614 Columbia Street
Vancouver :: B.C.

Such a good Soup.

Such a little price.

Such a thick, nourishing, strengthening soup is Edwards'; so small is the cost that everyone can well afford it.

Edwards' Soup is prepared from specially selected beef and the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce. It comes to you all ready for the saucepan. The cook will find Edwards' Soup a great help in the kitchen. It goes with lots of things that aren't as tasty by themselves; it strengthens her own soups and there's double the variety in the menu when Edwards' Soup is on the pantry-shelf.

Buy a packet to-day.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

5c. per packet.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in Ireland by Irish labour. There, and in England it is a household word.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

Disconcerting.—"Hold up your hands," cried the orator on the soap-box, "you who are in favor of Socialism—or work for all and a living wage for all!"

A couple of hundred soft, not over-clean hands went up.

"Ah, our time is coming," cried the speaker exultantly. "Look at that brave show of hands. Where are your anti-Socialists now?"

"They're workin'. They're holdin' down their jobs. That's where they are," shouted a small boy.—Washington Star.

* * *

Politics, 1911.—"Does your wife want a vote?"

"She want's two," replied Mr. Meek-ton; "mine and her's."—Washington Star.

* * *

The Easiest Way.—The Playwright—"Ah! The audience is calling for the author."

The House Manager—"I hear 'em; but you can get out through the alley and I'll hold 'em back while you beat it."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

* * *

Making It Worse.—Pete Hamler, the Chicago ball player, on his first trip in the Wisconsin woods was out with Comiskey and several others after partridges. Pete saw one running about thirty feet in front of him and raised his gun to shoot.

"You're not going to shoot him while he's running, are you, Pete?" asked Comiskey.

"No," exclaimed Hamler, appalled by his narrow escape from doing a deadly thing. "I'm going to wait until he stops."

* * *

A By-Product.—First Caddie—"What you doin', Jimmie?"

Second Caddie—"I'm goin' fishin' after this round. Look at all the worms he's dug."—Judge.

* * *

Wholesale Killing.—Hospital Attendant—"Heavens! How did you manage to run over six men?"

Motorist—"I started for the hospital with one, and killed the rest on the way."—Town Topics.

* * *

Have Their Suspicions.—The Stranger—"Is there a good criminal lawyer in your town?"

The Native—"Wall, everybody thinks we've got one, but they ain't been able to prove it on him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

* * *

To Be Candid.—"What sort of a ticket does your suffragette club favor?"

"Well," replied young Mrs. Torkins, "if we owned right up, I think most of us would prefer matinee tickets."—Washington Star.

* * *

Knew Whom He Meant.—He—"I dreamt that I proposed to a pretty girl last night."

She—"Well, go on! What did I say?"—Sydney Bulletin.

* * *

The Duke's Story.—"Daughter, has the duke told you the old, old story as yet?"

"Yes, mother. He says he owes about two hundred thousand plunks."—Washington Herald.

* * *

Cheap Exercise.—"You must take exercise," said the physician. "The motor car in a case like yours gives the best exercise that—"

"But, doctor, I can't afford to keep a motor car," the patient growled. "Don't buy; just dodge them!" said the doctor.—Liverpool Mercury.

* * *

Hand Work.—Doctor—"I must forbid all brain work."

Poet—"May I not write some verses?"

Doctor—"Oh, certainly!"—Christian Intelligence.

THE MAGI WERE THE WISE MEN



Very Smart & Natty



The newest wing collar—very dressy, yet comfortable. We cut it so it fits snug without pinching. Ask your haberdasher for the classy new Carleton.

(2 in. high in front; 1.7.8 in. at back) or for Chaucer, same model but slightly higher.

In quarter sizes at 2 for 25c.

Name the brand before you select a collar. It's 26

W. G. P. R. MARK
BERLIN, ONT.

YORKSHIRE RELISH is the finishing touch to any hot or cold meat, and to any made dish, bird, fowl or fish. It improves everything from a Belgian Hare to a Welsh Rabbit, and from a Venison Pasty to a Yorkshire Buck. 20c. a bottle.

"The Most Delicious Sauce in the World"

CHAS. GYDE, Sole Agent for Canada, MONTREAL.

6

YORKSHIRE RELISH

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA (Dr. Churchill's Formula) and WINCHESTER'S SPECIFIC PILL ARE THE BEST REMEDIES FOR EXHAUSTED OR DEBILITATED

NERVE FORCE

They contain no Mercury, Iron, Cantharides, Morphia, Strychnia, Opium, Alcohol or Cocaine. The Specific Pill is purely vegetable, has been tested and prescribed by physicians, and has proven to be the best and most effective treatment known to medical science for restoring impaired Vitality, no matter how originally caused, as it reaches the root of the ailment. Our remedies are the best of their kind, and contain only the best and purest ingredient that money can buy and science produce; therefore we cannot offer free samples.

Price ONE DOLLAR per Box, by First Class Mail. **No Humbug, C.O.D., or Treatment Scheme**

PERSONAL OPINIONS: Dear Sirs: For Neurasthenia the Hypophosphites are our main tays.—Dr. JAY G. ROBERTS, of Phila., Pa.

I can certify to the extreme purity of your Hypophosphites.—Dr. L. PITKIN, New York. I have taken this excellent remedy (Winchester's Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda) as a Nerve Food by my physician's order. It has so greatly benefitted me that I hope other sufferers may be helped likewise.—Miss ELLA H. JOHNSON, Irvington, N. Y.

I don't think there is a more honest remedy for Nervous Debility than your Specific Pill.—B. R., Princeton, Ills. I find your remedies excellent.—ASSISTANT ATTY. GEN. N. D.

For free treatise securely sealed send to **Winchester & Co., 1031 Beekman Bldg., N.Y.** Est. 53 years.

Sold by Lyman's Limited and the National Drug and Chemical Co. and Lyman, Knox & Co. of Montreal. IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."



Exclusively a DUNLOP feature



THE NEW DUNLOP SPECIAL BICYCLE TIRE

Tell your dealer "THIS TIRE — OR NONE"



BY APPOINTMENT.

WHITE HORSE WHISKY
Established 1742.

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

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

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

The CANADIAN COURIER

A National Weekly.

Vol. XI.

December 2, 1911

No. 1

DAILY APPEARANCES ON PARLIAMENT HILL

Some Snapshots of Public Men Walking Up to the House of Commons



MR. JOHN STANFIELD, M. P.
Chief Conservative Whip.



SIR WILFRID LAURIER
Arriving at the House on his seventieth birthday---Nov. 20th.



HON. W. B. NANTEL
Minister of Inland Revenue.



HON. ROBERT ROGERS HON. MARTIN BURRELL
Minister of the Interior Minister of Agriculture.



HON. T. W. CROTHERS
Minister of Labour.



E. M. MACDONALD, M. P. GEORGE CLARE, MP
Liberal from Pictou. Conservative Waterloo County

SENIOR MILITIA OFFICERS GATHERED AT OTTAWA



Col. J. MASON

Col. CROWE

General COTTON

General OTTER

Col. HUGHES
Minister of Militia

General MacKENZIE

THE MILITIA CONFERENCE

By JOHN A. COOPER

COLONEL SAM. HUGHES, Minister of Militia, has created something of a sensation in militia circles by summoning to Ottawa about one hundred and fifty of the most active senior officers. For three days, November 16th to 18th, these citizen soldiers discussed all sorts of topics looking to the improvement of the militia as a defence force. No missionary or religious conference could have been more earnest or sincere. Every meeting was well attended, the closest attention was paid to all the discussions, and a magnificent spirit was shown. Besides meeting together as a whole, the conference was divided into sections, each discussing its own problems and each making separate recommendations.

While there were twenty-three subjects on the programme, the greatest amount of discussion occurred on three or four. The chief aim was to discover how to keep the militia popular and efficient and many valuable suggestions were made which will no doubt be examined by the authorities in due course. Some of these suggestions were technical, but some were of considerable interest to the general public. The latter will be dealt with here in order of their seeming importance.

Rates of Pay.

CAVALRY section recommended 75 cents a day for first year, 95 cents for second, and \$1.00 for third; with 25 cents a day for musketry efficiency. Pay of horses, \$1.50 a day. Maximum indemnity for horses \$200.

Artillery section recommended that the rate of efficiency pay should be increased and "specialists and higher pay" should be available for expertness. Pay of horses \$1.50 a day. Maximum indemnity for horses, full value of animal.

Infantry section recommended a minimum of \$1.00 per day plus an allowance for good conduct and efficiency in shooting.

This was one of the big questions of the meeting. Every section was in favour of increased pay, although none demanded it. It was recognized that

it would be difficult for the Government to persuade Parliament that the increase was necessary and advisable. The demand for increased pay came

A MILITARY FAMILY



Lieut.-Col. JOHN HUGHES
9th Infantry Brigade

Inspector JAMES L. HUGHES Col. SAM HUGHES
Hon. Col. Toronto Public School Cadets Minister of Militia

from the rural corps rather than city regiments. The latter drill at home in the evenings and the men do not lose wages because of attendance at parade. The country regiments, on the other hand, go to camp each year and the men lose their wages while they are away; consequently it seems necessary to make up at least fifty per cent. of this loss. The present rate of fifty cents a day should therefore be doubled.

Opinion in the conference was divided on the question. If time had permitted there would have been alternative suggestions. For example, the rural battalions might be drilled at local headquarters for two years and then go to camp on the third year. Under such circumstances, 50 cents a day would suffice for local drill and one dollar a day for central camp drill. All corps would thus draw only the maximum pay when they go to camp. This would not mean a great increase in the total annual cost. It would amount to perhaps \$100,000 a year as against \$275,000 were all paid a dollar a day.

Again there were a number present who were wholly opposed to an increase of pay. In the city regiments, no man draws his pay, the whole being funded for regimental and company purposes. In the rural corps, each man draws his pay individually and there are no general funds. Those opposed to the increase in pay expressed the opinion that the rural officers and men should follow the city custom and serve free, funding their earnings for regimental and company purposes. They pointed out that the man who possesses insufficient patriotism to drill twelve days a year for three years is not worth much as a citizen, and that under voluntary service of this kind better men would be secured.

There seems to be something in this contention. Country regiments are too often filled up with a class of men who are not very desirable, are not permanent residents of the district and who are not likely to be an asset to the state in the event of war. It is difficult to see, as many of the officers pointed out privately, how an increase in pay would make any improvement. There must be a reform of a broader and deeper kind. One officer went so far as to suggest to the writer that if the country regiments are not willing to serve as the city regiments do, they might just as well be disbanded. A militia

RECENTLY TO DISCUSS THE NEEDS OF THE ARMY

Sir MACKENZIE
BOWELLThe Rev. Dr.
McMILLAN

Major WINTER

Col. A. A.
MACDONALDLieut.-Col.
BROWNCol. S. J.
DENISON, C.M.G.Lieut.-Col.
HALL

Photograph by Pittaway.

service founded upon a money consideration would never, in his opinion, be other than a farce.

An increase in the flat rate of pay, and the abolition of "efficiency" pay would be a decided reform. Every one, from top to bottom of the service, admits that "efficiency" pay is a farce and in some cases a great deal worse than that.

Universal Training.

OF course, if universal training were to be adopted there would be no need for an increase of pay. Senator Power explained how in 1866, Nova Scotia trained as many men as the whole of Canada trains to-day at a total cost of \$100,000. The companies drilled at their home headquarters and only the officers were uniformed. There was no pay for the individual. Colonel Logie pointed out that in Australia every youth of sixteen must serve two years in the senior cadets and then follow by three years in the militia. Thus by the time he is twenty-one, he has already served five years. For this period of service, he receives no pay.

Universal training has the supreme economic advantage that it drills young men only and occupies their time when they can spare it and when their economic value is not developed. Universal training which ends when a man reaches twenty-one years of age should not scare any anti-militarist. Any young man who drills sixteen days a year for five years is not giving up much for his country, and what he is giving is time which is not overly valuable. Nevertheless this is the period of his life when physical training of this nature will be of the greatest benefit to him. The greatest benefit, and the lightest burden.

And yet the conference hesitated to vote for universal training. The officers knew that they would be misrepresented and misunderstood. The cavalry section made no recommendation on this point. The artillery section were strongly in favour of it. The infantry section discussed it, but took no action. The whole conference discussed it, but decided nothing. Nevertheless universal training to be completed at twenty-one years of age was in the air and if another conference is held next year it would be more seriously and aggressively considered.

The chief points in its favour may be summed up,

(1) It would save a large sum annually; (2) It would save two-thirds of the time of officers, now spent in seeking recruits; (3) It would train men at a period when their training would be physically most beneficial, and (4) It would train the selfish as well as the unselfish.

Armouries and Drill Halls.

AN armoury is a place in which to store arms and equipment; a drill hall is a place to drill a company or a battalion, with armouries attached. At present the city corps have drill halls, and the country corps have nothing. The latter desire either unit or company armouries. The best suggestion was to the effect that every company or companies in a town or village should have an armoury. This would be about 20 feet by 35 feet, a frame structure on a stone foundation, built on land donated by the local authorities, and costing from \$1,000 to \$2,000 each.

It does seem strange that the Government should build large, expensive and luxurious drill halls for city corps and leave the country corps without places in which to meet occasionally and in which to keep their equipment. Armouries are a necessity if the military spirit is to be kept alive between drill seasons. They are the meeting places for the men, providing a social military centre which seems essential. They are also useful, even when small, for preliminary squad drill.

In erecting public buildings of this kind, the Dominion Government has been extravagant and niggardly, according to general opinion. The buildings which they have erected have been unnecessarily expensive and usually badly planned. Too much money has been expended on exteriors and too little on interiors. These expensive armouries have been too often political favours rather than business-like expenditures. This is the extravagant side. The niggardly side was their failure to provide inexpensive small armouries for the units of the towns and villages.

Cadet Corps.

MOST enthusiasm was shown when the discussion of cadet corps was taken up. It seemed to be universally recognized that the cadet corps were the basis or the feeders of the militia. At present there is no system, as in Australia, whereby

youths pass directly from cadet corps into the militia. Colonel Mercer and others suggested that some changes should be made, such as lowering the age limit in the militia, whereby cadets would pass at once in the senior corps without the interregnum which now exists. A cadet finishes his training when he is sixteen or eighteen years of age, but cannot enter the militia until he is twenty-one.

The cavalry section recommended that separate camps be authorized for cadets who are affiliated to a regiment, and that 22-calibre rifles be supplied to them, with 50 rounds of ammunition. The artillery section expressed its "sincerest sympathy with the cadet movement and believe that its development is essential to the future strength and efficiency of the force." The educational and cadet corps section recommended summer camps for cadets, small annual grants for each properly uniformed cadet at annual inspection, and that provincial educational authorities should encourage the cadet movement. The infantry section expressed general approval of the cadets as the first step towards universal training.

A More Varied Ration.

THE subject of better feeding in the camps received scant attention, but it is undoubtedly important. Lieut.-Col. Miller, of the 23rd Regiment, furnished the writer with the details of an experiment in this connection. The Government makes certain allowances for this work and supplies plenty of food. Col. Miller thinks it should revise its list of supplies and decrease the cost. He took 137 men to camp and fed them as he would feed his men in a lumber camp, the Government giving him cash in lieu of the ordinary rations. The amount handed over by the Government was \$410. Col. Miller did his own providing and expended only \$301, leaving him a net profit of \$108. He succeeded in feeding his men at 189-10 cents per day, or 63-10 cents per meal. Yet every meal had a special menu of its own. There was a greater variety and the men fared much better than on government rations. He used only half as much bread, a little more than half as much meat, saved on butter, cheese, jam and beans. With this saving he bought sausages, rice, macaroni, apples, prunes,

(Continued on page 21.)

PATRICIA'S GIFT

The Testing of a Strange Power That a Ring Was Claimed to Have

By CHARLES D. LESLIE

I.

A TALL, dark girl, carrying a dog-whip and accompanied by a small pack of vivacious terriers, came down the lane and halted before the garden gate of a tiny cottage.

"How are you, Mrs. Duff?" she called.

Perhaps the words, though the young lady spoke clearly, would not have reached the ears of the old woman seated in the porch, but the terriers, spying and sniffing at the gate palings, here set up a chorus of barks, and called attention to their mistress.

"Why, Miss Patricia!" cried Mrs. Duff; she hobbled to the gate and dropped an old-fashioned curtesy to the Squire's daughter.

"I came to ask—quiet, you noisy dogs!—how you were, Mrs. Duff?"

"Thank'ee, miss, I be tolerably well."

"What a wonder you are! Do you know I can hardly believe you are a hundred years old," said Patricia; she was twenty herself, a grown woman, and it seemed incredible this old dame should be five times her age.

"I be, miss," said the centenarian, stoutly. "I mind I was born in Bolcombe in 1810, and it's in the church registry, miss."

"I hope you get the soup and pudding regularly?"

"Thank'ee, miss, yes, young Jarge he brings it every evening, the Squire he main good seeing I wasn't born in the parish. But my first 'usband 'e was a Colshott man, and 'e brought me to Colshott just eighty year ago. Your father 'e be the third Squire I've lived under."

"We're all proud of you, Mrs. Duff, you are a link with the past, you know."

"Yes, miss," agreed the centenarian, "three 'usbands I've buried 'ere; and talking of 'usbands, miss," said Mrs. Duff, working round to the subject uppermost in her mind, "be it true what they say in the village, that Sir Hugh and you baint going to be wed?"

"Quite true, Mrs. Duff," said Patricia, in a studiously unconcerned voice. "Sir Hugh and I, as you are aware, have known each other all our lives, but our engagement was a mistake. I realized this, and last week wrote and asked Hugh to release me, which he did."

"Eh, it seems a pity, and him such a fine figure of a man," lamented the attentive listener.

Patricia laughed. "Don't you think I shall ever get such a good chance again?" she asked.

"Nay, nay," protested the Squire's pensioner, loyally. "You be pretty enough to wed a Duke, my dear, and you'll make a great match yet. But I wonder Sir Hugh let you go."

Patricia hesitated a second, and then determined to speak; the news must become known, better tell it herself. "He was glad to be released," she said, smiling calmly, "he wanted to marry a shop girl, and now he's free he's going to do it almost immediately."

"A shop girl! Sir Hugh! Eh, but what would his lady mother have said if she's been alive? It's wrong, miss. I don't hold with the gentry marrying with the likes of we."

"Oh! I believe she's a lady by birth," said Patricia, reluctantly—she was too proud purposely to misrepresent the status of the girl who had supplanted her in Hugh's affections. "Her father was in the Army, Hugh says; but this girl, left an orphan with a capital of a hundred or so, started a flower shop in the Finchley-road in partnership with another girl, and they make a living out of it."

Old Mrs. Duff peered into the proud young face, and Patricia, with her calm, unconcerned smile, gave her look for look. They made a strong contrast—the Squire's straight, tall, handsome daughter in the pride of her youth and maiden beauty, and the bent, aged woman so near the end of life's journey. Not only was there the difference of eighty years between them, but one belonged to the ruling classes and the other to the labouring, and in villages like Colshott this distinction is nearly as great as it was a century ago. Yet Patricia had the feeling she was being pitied, and, heedless of the proverb, "Qui s'excuse s'accuse," went on:

"It's nothing to me personally whom he marries, still, as Hugh's old friend, I think he might have made a more suitable choice."

Mrs. Duff nodded twice. She seemed to be making up her mind. "Will ye come in a minute, miss? I've something I want ye to see."

Patricia left the dogs in the lane, and followed the old dame into the tiny cottage. She wondered if those shrewd old eyes had read the secret she tried to hide—that she hated this unseen rival who had robbed her of Hugh. She had never really loved him, still she had been content to marry him, and she never doubted she stood first with him; and so she had been till another fair face had made him secretly chafe at the chain which bound him to Miss Fordway. Deeming herself neglected she had written breaking off the engagement, expecting the train next day would bring an apologetic lover to her feet; and, instead, a letter gratefully accepting his release, and confessing his love for another, followed two days later by a second announcing his engagement to Julie Rivers. The news hurt Patricia the more as her pride would not permit her to acknowledge it.

Mrs. Duff seated herself in the armchair of state the one living-room possessed, and, after rummaging a cupboard in a corner, produced a little tin box, which she opened. Inside, on a piece of wadding, lay a ruby ring. Patricia took it up and surveyed it with interest. It was old—the workmanship told her that—but valuable, certainly.

"Give her that," whispered the old woman, "'tis a spinster ring."

"A spinster ring! What is that?"

"If a maid wears that ring she'll never find favour in a man's eyes; however rich, however beautiful she be, she'll die unwedded. Give that to Sir Hugh's sweetheart, and he'll never marry her."

"What rubbish are you talking?"

"It's not rubbish," quavered the old woman. "I know its history. I took it, I did, from the dead finger of Miss Doris last year, when I found the poor maid in the river."

PATRICIA started. Doris Haytor, the Vicar's daughter, had for several years been engaged to a Lieutenant in the Navy. Twelve months before he got his step, and the wedding-day was fixed; but a week before it the sailor cruelly jilted his old sweetheart, and the distraught girl had drowned herself. Mrs. Duff had found the body in the river.

"You took it from her finger, Mrs. Duff? You wicked old woman!"

"'Twould only have brought trouble to another of the young ladies at the Vicarage; it couldn't do me no harm."

"But why do you assume—oh! what nonsense it is—that wearing the ring caused Miss Haytor to be jilted?"

Mrs. Duff, fixing her eyes on her listener, set forth her reasons. The ring had come to Doris from a spinster aunt who wore it habitually, and the girl had only worn it a few weeks before her death. When Mrs. Duff found the body she recognized the ring. She had seen it in her youth, and remembered the legend concerning it. It was to the effect that some two hundred years earlier one gipsy girl had murdered another to gain possession of it, and the latter, with her dying breath, had laid the curse on the wearer of the ring.

"'Tis my belief," concluded Mrs. Duff, "that Pason suspected it brought poor Miss Doris her terrible bad luck, and that he was glad it was gone. Never a question about it did he make."

Patricia listened, frowning at the ring as it lay in the palm of her hand. She had only met the faithless lover once, but she remembered him as a pleasant, unaffected sailor, obviously deeply in love with his pretty sweetheart. And yet just before the wedding day he had jilted her. It was strange. The ring fascinated her.

"Mrs. Duff, I don't believe the legend. I don't believe a word of it, but I've taken a fancy to the ring and I'll buy it of you. I'll wear it myself."

"No, no," shrilled the old dame. "Miss Patricia, 'tis a spinster ring, for sure, and if ye do, 'tis a maid you'll die, young or old."

So genuine was her earnestness that it impressed Patricia in spite of herself. She had no wish to die an old maid; indeed, she was rather anxious to get married, so as to show Hugh she was not wearing the willow for him. Suppose the story were true? It would be easy to test the truth of it—temptation came to her, she yielded.

"Well, I won't wear it myself, but I'll take your advice, Mrs. Duff. I have to answer Hugh's letter announcing his engagement—I'll send it to him for his shop girl."

II.

"My Dear Hugh,—There was no reason to apologize for the fact that you are getting married almost immediately. Accept my good wishes and the enclosed ring as my wedding gift; give it to your fiancée.—Your old friend.—Pat."

"DEAR old Pat," murmured Sir Hugh Dare, laying down the above letter with a sigh of relief, "I believe she'd have run rough-shod over me if we'd married, but she's a good sort, and I'm glad she's forgiven me."

He glanced at the ring, casually wondered where Patricia had bought it, and put it in his pocket. The feeling that he had not treated his old playmate well had worried him since his engagement to Julie. His betrothal to Patricia had been engineered by his mother and the Squire, but he had always had an admiration for her, and had been easily persuaded into the match. And though Pat was an imperious and exigent fiancée, he had been content till that day when he first met Julie—Julie with her gentle brown eyes and soft brown hair. He had gone into the shop to buy some flowers, and found an over-dressed cad making love to a shrinking, frightened girl, who evidently wished him away. Answering the unspoken appeal in the pretty eyes, Hugh had constituted himself Perseus to this modern Andromeda, got rid of the blustering would-be lady-killer with a few cutting words, and straightway fallen in love with the persecuted maiden.

Hugh was a gentleman, and tried to remain one. He did not make open love to Julie, but he could not keep away from the shop. He meant no harm, he just drifted till Patricia unconsciously cut the cord which bound the Gates of Paradise against him.

He did not hesitate. Though Julie served in a shop, she was born in his class, her character was stainless, and he was deeply in love with her; he promptly took advantage of his release by asking her to marry him.

To Julie Hugh was Prince Charming. There was no happier young woman in London when, deeply blushing, she listened to his wooing, and shyly confessed she had loved him at first sight, but had not dared to dream he would ever ask her to become his wife.

Soon after reading Patricia's letter, which came by the afternoon post, Hugh took a hansom for Finchley-road. Julie and he were to dine at the Carlton that night, and he was to fetch her at seven.

She kept him waiting ten minutes and more in the little sitting-room behind the shop; but when she came she looked so sweet, and apologized so prettily, he promptly forgave her, and they entered the hansom as happy as two children going to a party.

On the way he gave her the ring, slipping it on her finger beside the diamond engagement ring she wore, and telling her of Patricia's letter.

Julie was delighted with the ring. "I suppose Miss Fordway will call upon us when we go to the Towers?" she added.

Hugh reflected. After all, Pat's note was very curt, even contemptuous in tone. He doubted if she would recognize Julie, and the Squire would certainly never forgive him.

"No," he answered, "she won't call. I doubt if any of my neighbours will. They won't forgive me for marrying beneath me."

The words slipped out quite naturally, and he seemed so unaware of having said anything rude that Julie, after waiting in vain for some apology for this speech, asked if she should write and thank Miss Fordway for the ring.

"No," said Hugh, and nothing more was said till the Carlton was reached.

Everyone knows the Carlton is one of London's smartest restaurants, and when Hugh had suggested dining there Julie had said she feared her evening frock was hardly up to the Carlton standard. Hugh had replied she looked lovely in it, that the simple white dress was very pretty and chic, almost worthy of its wearer, and the subject had dropped; but when they were seated he surveyed her with a dissatisfied air. Yes, Julie looked provincial, even dowdy, amid the smart toilettes in their vicinity.

"You ought to have had a smarter gown," he said, "you look quite second rate."

Julie flushed, and all her innocent happiness departed. How could he be so brutal, she wondered; the retort that it was his fault bringing her rose to her lips, but she bravely repressed it. Hugh, she saw, was out of temper; he ate little, but drank freely, and there was an obvious change in his manner. She summoned all her wits in a vain endeavour to entertain him, but her talk only seemed to add to his peevishness, and presently in despair she played with her food in silence.

"Why the deuce can't you say something?" he

(Continued on page 23.)

THROUGH A MONOCLE

WHEN SIR WILFRID LED BEFORE.

It must be curious to see Sir Wilfrid once more in Opposition! When a man has spoken so long with authority, it cannot fail to be something of a shock to find him speaking as a critic. Of course, much of the authority still clings to his criticisms. There is no critic like the man who has carried the "role" which he is now criticizing. It is not only that he knows just where the weak spots are likely to be; but that the listening public know that he knows and pay especial attention to his lightest hints. What in another would be merely vague, in him becomes significantly mysterious and pregnant with unknown meaning. There is tremendous "steam" behind his blow. That is one reason why politics are usually so much more virile in London than they are at Ottawa. Ex-Ministers are commonly quite numerous on the Opposition "front bench" there; while they soon disappear from ours, so long are our Governments in power.

* * *

THOSE of us who can go back to the days when Laurier sat in Opposition before, will picture him again as he was then—slim, alert, picturesque, almost dramatic in his appeal to his auditors. When stirred, he reached the high-water mark of eloquence as far as my experience goes. I have never been as thrilled as deeply as when, sitting in the gallery, I heard Sir Wilfrid make an appeal to the House of Commons on behalf of his race and its beautiful language. That was eloquence, if such has ever been heard in Canada; and those who have only heard him make commonplace speeches in which his inner heart was not engaged, have no notion of the forensic power of the man. He is, perhaps, more halting and dull when making a perfunctory address than most speakers. His is not the tiresome gift of glibness. I know book agents who talk much better than he does. But his tongue has been touched by the divine fire from off the altar; and he can move his fellow-men as can no one else of his generation in Canada.

* * *

BUT where have gone the fighters of other years who stood beside him? Cartwright—dour, grim, sarcastic—dozes in the Senate. Davies—fresh, vigorous, incisive—is on the Supreme Court bench. Langelier—quiet, effective, faithful—is at Spencerwood. Mills—learned, watchful, the most dangerous antagonist for a high-flown orator—is dead. Mulock—cynical, effective, pitiless—is on the Bench. Charlton—plausible, argumentative, always apparently pained because his speeches did not cause the then Government to change its plans—is gone. Paterson—popular, amiable, earnest, his heart as big as his voice—was a victim of the late "debacle."

I rather fancy we could say with truth that he was killed by a policy for which he had little liking; though he was one of the men who, from force of habit, accepted it in Washington. Then there were Edgar and Lister—both hard fighters—and genial "Jim" Sutherland, who seldom talked and always worked. Trow was the "whip" and, perhaps, we might say that McMullen—now in the Senate—was the "lash"; and old Peter Mitchell stood like a post on the flank of the party and gave some shrewd blows to both sides.

* * *

THEY were a great fighting combination; and when they got Israel Tarte attacking from "the oasis," they made the Government uneasy. But I remember the Government best before the uneasy days. Then Sir John Macdonald sat firmly in the leader's seat, and guided the destinies of the nation with a hand which would have been autocratic, had it not been so gentle and human. Sir John was by disposition a lover of men; and, if he had been made an absolute monarch, his would have been the most benevolent despotism history you ever saw. He ruled in the sense of the majority, not so much because he had to, as because he wanted to; and he was always ready to take a good hint from the Opposition. Again and again have I seen him come into the House after one of his Ministers had got into a snarl with the Opposition over some item in the estimates, the Minister bound to force his policy through by weight of the majority which was Sir John's and not his at all; and, after consulting with the badgered Minister and hearing what it was all about, get up and suavely accept the proposal of the Opposition. He was giving this country the best government that was practicable; and, if he fought the Opposition at the polls, that was about all the faction fighting he proposed to be bothered with.

* * *

THE desks about Sir John were very ably manned. There never was any truth in the story that Sir John dreaded a strong force near the throne. Sir John Thompson was the heaviest gun in the Ministerial battery; but he did not speak as often as some of the others. Mr. Foster—the sole survivor of the long journey in the wilderness—was a rough-and-ready fighter; and Sir Hector Langevin was one of the best hands at getting his estimates through that the Government possessed. Sir Mackenzie Bowell had the confidence of the Opposition—a rare thing in those strenuous times—but the speaker whom Sir John evidently loved most to hear and whom the Opposition loved least, was Sir Herbert Tupper, who was fiery, frank, almost reckless, and given to "stump" oratory of an elevated character. One of the most impressive men outside of the Cabinet was Peter White; and I am glad to be

able to remember also Alonzo Wright, "the King of the Gatineau." George Airy Kirkpatrick and Lt.-Col. Tisdale were effective supporters; and Mr. Hazen, of New Brunswick, came into the House as a young man and was regarded as very promising. Dr. Weldon, of Albert, was the great Independent on general topics, though the eruption of race and religious issues brought the singularly able and hard-hitting Dalton McCarthy and "Jesuit Bill" O'Brien to the front. The "bolting" of Clarke Wallace came later. Chapleau—so mighty a figure on the "stump" and so picturesque as he sat in his seat—was disappointing on the floor, and did not often speak.

* * *

SIR WILFRID to-day looks around upon a new House. Not so old by six years as was Sir John when he died, he has still come a long way. He sat as a Minister with Alexander Mackenzie, and watched as a young man the making of Confederation. About him rise the waves of the new generation. Mr. Borden was a Liberal while Sir Wilfrid was already leader of that party; and Mr. Borden's Cabinet is largely a Cabinet of new men. It does not mark the return of an old party to power; it is the arrival of a virile Opposition in office. Mr. Borden's colleagues—with a single exception—made their reputations fighting a Government. And the vacant seat beside Sir Wilfrid is for a new man—George Graham. Genial George Graham is so new a recruit that it seems only the other day that he was the rising hope of the Opposition to Sir James Whitney; and now he looks like the "leader designate" of the Dominion Liberal party when that organization finally consents to let Sir Wilfrid retire to his loved retreat in Arthabaskaville.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

The Football Final

"HURRAH, Hurrah, we're champions again!" Sixteen thousand people at Varsity Stadium heard the exultant song of the Blue and White sweep over the gridiron as the referee blew his whistle for full time. It was a tremendous moment. University of Toronto 14, Argonauts 7—the big, black letters on the white scoreboard at the south end of the field were visualized by the minds of every rooter, from the little freshman, who had staked the tail of his month's allowance on the result, to the fair Co-ed, who had coaxed her big brother to take her to the Stadium. The last great football game of 1911, in central Canada, was over. For the third successive time in three seasons. University of Toronto are Canadian champions. In 1909, Captain John Newton's team tripped up the Ottawa Rough Riders; in 1910 punting Hugh Gall and his outfit laid low the Hamilton Tigers in the jungle under the lee of the mountain; in 1911, neat John Maynard and his band pulled out ahead of the scullers from Toronto Bay, bringing to the University of Toronto permanent possession

"HURRAH! HURRAH! WE'RE CHAMPIONS AGAIN!"



General view of the Varsity oval on Saturday last when Varsity defeated Argonauts for the (so called) Rugby Championship of Canada by a score of 14 to 7.

Photographs by Pringle & Booth.



The Varsity "Rooters" were on hand early in order to work out their colour effects and general chorus arrangements. Hence it was thoughtful of their leaders to provide them with hot coffee.

of the Grey Cup, emblematic of the Canadian Championship.

The Argonaut-Varsity struggle last Saturday made football history in this country. As a sporting spectacle, it was unique. No Canadian football contest before drew such a crowd. Half as many people saw Varsity beat Argos as attended the Yale-Harvard game on the same day. Events of the season contributed towards bringing interest in the game to white heat. In the first place, there was the standing of the teams. Argonauts had gone through the season with only one defeat, the reverse suffered at Hamilton; Varsity had done equally as well in their league, also being worsted only once, which was at Ottawa, where they were downed by Father Stanton's collegians. Another circumstance, which intensified interest in the Argonaut-Varsity drama, was the fact that both teams belonged to the city of Toronto. In a sense, a civic, as well

as a Dominion championship, was at stake.

As a game the Argonaut-Varsity struggle will be recorded in the annals of Canadian Rugby. It was not an intensely exciting game. At no point was there any doubt as to which team would be victors. But it was a great game. The better team won. That is the great fact about Saturday's game. The triumph of Varsity was a supreme vindication of the superiority of their open, varied play over what is known as "straight football," used by Argonauts. To the "extension runs" and "fade-away ball" of the collegians, the Argonauts stubbornly and monotonously opposed "Two bucks and a kick" and terrific "line-plunging" on the part of Dr. Smirlie Lawson. Science and speed flashed through slow-moving huskiness. The significance of the last great football game of 1911, if anything, is that it pointed the open road of football development which all teams must travel.—D. B. S.

that is not a wholly new story in Canada, where government contractors are accustomed to produce supplies much inferior to specification. Most of us knew that the British army supply department was weak. The events of the South African war proved that. But most of us also thought that the navy was unimpeachable. To be told that it too is badly handled at headquarters is disconcerting to say the least.

* * *

Ontario Keeping Cool.

BECAUSE of the general election on the 11th, the Ontario politicians are trying to get up some excitement through the Province. They are not succeeding to any noticeable extent. The registrations are small, and they are an excellent barometer. Everybody knows that Sir James Whitney's Government is as safe as a bank—although one is not so sure of banks these days. Sir James is an honest autocrat who has given the people about as much satisfaction as they can expect from any party in power. Personally, I should like to see Mr. Rowell's body-guard run up from eighteen to say twenty-five. He is a fine young man, who takes his politics and his religion straight. Besides, Sir James has really too many supporters. He is liable to have an internal revolution on his hands if he doesn't lose some seats. Besides, a weak opposition is not good for the opposition itself, for the party in power, nor for the province.

* * *

Needs of Maritime Provinces.

PUBLIC opinion in the Maritime Provinces is aroused over the census returns. This has been the case in 1881, 1891, 1901 and 1911. There is nothing specially new about it. The *Halifax Chronicle* says Nova Scotia was dragged into confederation by "the hair of the head" and has got nothing out of the deal. The *St. John Standard* says:

"Whatever of paternalism there has been in Canada, has been for the development of the West. Nine-tenths of the Federal expenditure for railroads has either been in the West or for the purpose of moving the products of the West to tide water for export. The whole effort of the Government at Ottawa has been to populate the West, and it is only in recent years that they have found space in small editions of their pamphlets to make any reference to the Maritime Provinces at all."

Personally, I have advocated a two-plank platform (neither of them wholly original) for the Maritime Provinces. I have discussed both planks with many of the leading men of those provinces during the past dozen years and have met few who disagreed with my views. Yet neither one of them seems to be any nearer adoption to-day than when I first advocated them.

These planks are, (1) a union of three provinces into one, and (2) an agreement with the federal authorities that will give the Maritime Provinces a fair share of the yearly supply of immigrants.

I am convinced that were New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to unite, they would get a union government which would "do something." That is the first need. Neither of these provinces has ever had a government which would insist day after day and month after month that the Maritime Provinces had as great claim to recognition as Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Statesmanship in those provinces has been concerned with roads, bridges, timber and mining fees and the distribution of petty patronage. If either one of them had produced a Roblin, a Rogers, or a McBride, there would be a different story to tell. Manitoba wanted more territory, Quebec wants Ungava and Ontario wants a port on James Bay—and they are all likely to get what they want. There will be a terrible row if they do not.

The Maritime Provinces will never get what they want till they produce a man who will go out and ask for it, and who will break down somebody's door at Ottawa if he doesn't get it. To produce such a man, and enable him to speak for the whole district, there must first be political union.

About 50,000 immigrants a year is the share of the Maritime Provinces and they get about 2,000. Whose fault is it? Ontario and the West have hustled for what they got, why shouldn't the Maritime Provinces do the same?

That these ancient provinces have been treated fairly, I do not believe. But it is human nature to neglect the negligible. The Ottawa authorities might have done more for them had they been as generous and as broad-minded as Ottawa authorities should be, but they were not. However, the remedy must come from the East. The prizes of this world fall to the men who go after them. It is much the same with politicians, provinces and countries.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Extensions of the Franchise.

MRS. PANKHURST does not often appeal to me in her general doctrines, but I admit being impressed by her attack upon the recent extensions of the franchise in Great Britain. She says the Asquith Government's Bill "automatically enfranchises everything in trousers." It enfranchises ten million "of the lowest type of men, who live off their wives and prey on other women." Of course this is exaggeration, but there is some truth behind the statement. In Britain, Canada and the United States, manhood suffrage has been carried to the extreme.

One man, one vote, is a good principle, but it does not necessarily follow that every man should have a vote. At the militia conference at Ottawa the other day, it was suggested that no man should have a vote unless he had served three years in the militia. The suggestion was laughed out of court, but I am not sure that there isn't something in it. If the law were framed to provide that in future every young man, attaining twenty-one years of age, should be entitled to vote without registration if he had served two years in a cadet corps or one year in the militia, I don't know but what it would be a wise move. Of course such a law would apply only to the federal franchise, and not to provincial or municipal franchise. The young man who shows a willingness to become a defender of his country should have some small electoral advantage.

In any case, the franchise should be confined to men who earn a decent wage and who are able to show in some way or other that they value the privileges of a Canadian citizen. The loafer has no right to the franchise. The man who can neither read nor write one of the two languages of the country—English or French—has no right to the franchise. The mere wearing of trousers, as Mrs. Pankhurst puts it, should not give a man a vote.

As for giving votes to women, I would be in favour of it on similar conditions. That is if there could be a test which would confine the franchise to women with some knowledge of public affairs, or who have some stake in the community, it would not be objectionable. Widows and unmarried women having property may now vote at municipal elections in most Canadian cities, but very few of them take advantage of their privilege.

* * *

Men Who Fail to Vote.

WHILE maintaining that loafers, non-earners and uneducated men should not have the vote, one cannot shut his eyes to the fact that many educated, property owners fail to use their ballots because of selfishness. These men are almost as dangerous as the others. The *Ottawa Free Press* points at that at the last municipal elections in Ottawa, there were 19,500 people on the lists entitled to vote and only 9,700 voted. The *Free Press* intimates that this is partially explained by the fact that the candidates for municipal honours were not such as to commend themselves to the public. This is a poor excuse. No matter what the quality of the candidates, every voter should exercise his suffrage.

Municipal elections in many provinces are now coming on and it is the duty of every man and every woman with a vote to use it to the best advantage. If good men realize that there is no danger from "general apathy" they will be more

anxious to come out as candidates. There is no reasonable reason why candidates should be forced to go about hand-shaking, coaxing and cajoling voters to come out and cast a ballot for them. The whole practice is wrong. Its natural result is to leave municipal politics in the hands of small men who have so little sense of dignity and self-respect that they are willing to devote weeks to what is known as a "personal canvass."

What Canada needs is not more voters, but more men who may be relied upon to vote at every election.

* * *

Were They Real Immigrants?

SOME doubt has been expressed as to whether all the people coming into the country and classed by the Government as immigrants were really such. I asked Mr. W. D. Scott, superintendent of immigration, for his answer to this and he gave it promptly. He turned up his records for eleven years to show that all people coming into the country at ocean ports were classified under four heads: (1) Immigration proper; (2) returned Canadians; (3) tourists; (4) saloon passengers. For example, the people coming to Canadian ports during the fiscal year 1910-11 were classified as follows:

Immigration Proper	189,633
Returned Canadians	34,850
Tourists	7,289
Saloon Passengers	16,109
Total	247,871

This seemed to me to be a conclusive as well as an interesting answer. Further, "immigrants" are defined as those who have never been in Canada before and who declare their intention to reside in Canada permanently. Neither returned Canadians, tourists, nor saloon passengers are included in the immigration figures.

It is also interesting to note that of the 189,633 arrivals last fiscal year, 123,013 were from Great Britain and 66,620 from the Continent.

* * *

Efficiency of Defence.

WHEN a Conservative member of the British Parliament tells his constituents that Mr. Winston Churchill was recently made first Lord of the Admiralty in order to restore efficiency in that arm of the service, it looks as if the story were true. Conservative members do not go about telling stories to the advantage of Liberal Cabinet Ministers unless there is some considerable public reason for it. The semi-socialistic Winston Churchill in the role of saviour of the greatest fleet in the world, is a tribute to that bumptious young statesman which almost turns back the hands of the clock. Heretofore we have looked upon this active young gentleman as a destructive critic rather than a constructive administrator.

That the British fleet was short of coal recently and perhaps inadequately supplied with ammunition seems almost incredible. Recently the Chinese insurgents captured a government arsenal and a great deal of ammunition. They found great supplies of "bullets" made of paper and a little powder; but that is an old story in China. The other day a Canadian battery went into action on a Field Day with blank ammunition which wouldn't explode; but

COUNTRY and SUBURBAN LIFE SUPPLEMENT

POINTS ABOUT THE MAKING OF A GARDEN

Expert Criticism of Gardens That Is Interesting and Suggestive

THE charge is made—by men whose knowledge of the matter would seem to give them the right to make it—that the dwellers in suburban homes do not, as a rule, exercise the best judgment in the making of gardens that are intended to be beautiful as well as useful. The criticisms made by the experts concerning this matter are suggestive and interesting.

There is declared to be little or no sympathy between the man who designs the garden and the man who designs the house, the result being a spoiled picture.

Again, the making of gardens is said to be intrusted to gardeners whose knowledge and experience are not sufficient to properly perform the task. The ordinary gardener—according to the more than ordinary ones—lacks art, perception and has various failings as, for example, crude ideas concerning the planting of trees and shrubs.

"Details are important," declares one authority. "It is upon detail and its suitability that the ultimate result will depend. The necessary man is he who can grasp and systematize a great mass of detail without losing sight of main principles and without losing his sense of perspective."

The ideal of beauty in gardens, in the opinion of this same authority, should not rest on the assumption that it is to be attained by superadded ornament—by such things as specimen trees or mean flower beds placed in impossible positions.

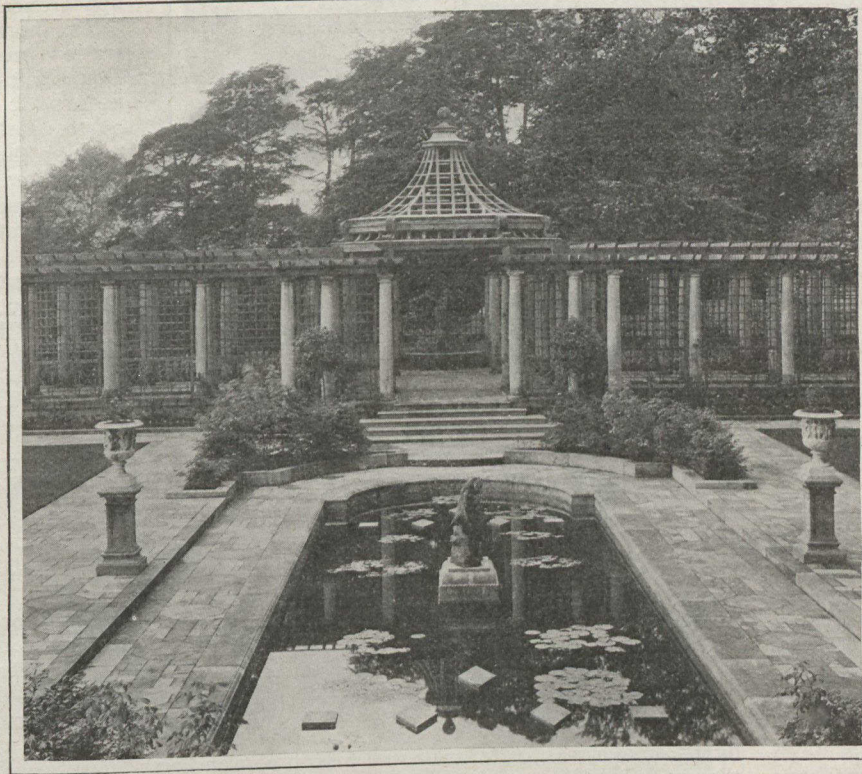
He is especially severe in his criticism of rustic designs.

"The stock pattern summer-houses, seats and other garden furniture made of round, unpeeled wood nailed to a rough framework were the invention of a period in which art expression reached a low ebb," he says. "These heavy yet flimsy erections with their sticky looking varnish and all absence of any recognition for the principles of design cannot be made to be anything but an eyesore and an evidence of bad taste. When new they look aggressively fresh, and the moment the newness fades they begin to look dilapidated."

Also he strongly protests "against the practice of dotting urns, statuary and other sculptured stonework about natural lawns."

"Such features," he says, "should form a part of a definite architectural scheme or should form part of the design for a formal garden. Spread about in unsuitable and isolated positions their beauty is lost and they clash with and mar the sylvan loveliness surrounding them."

In preparing to make a garden, as in setting about so many other things in these days of great knowledge and



The pergola and the pond are features of English gardens.



Type of an English garden house in which tea is served.

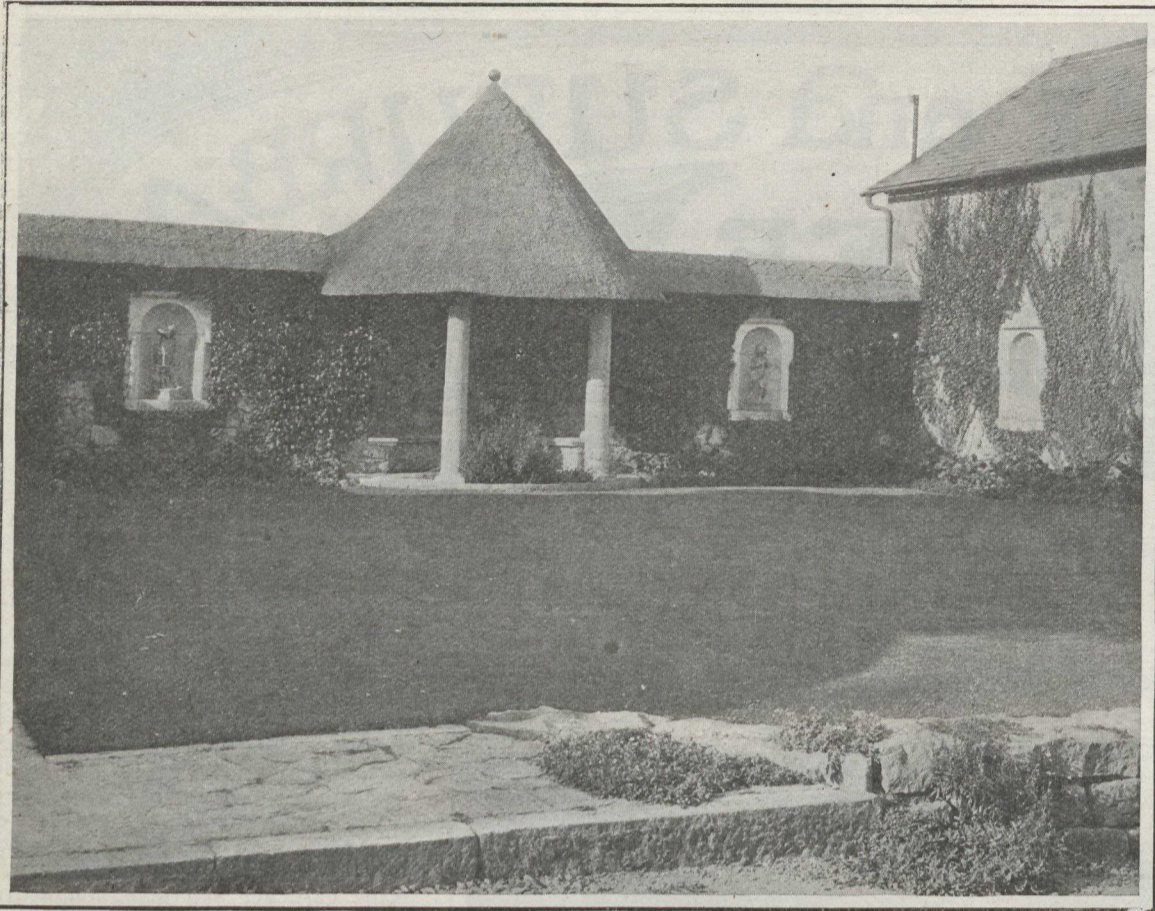
specialization, the owner is likely to become almost frightened by the great amount of variety of ready-made advice which is revealed by a study of the subject. Often the way out appears to be to turn the whole matter over to an experienced landscape gardener and give him a free hand. But the man who really loves his garden and takes pride in it will usually not be satisfied if he adopts that course. He wants the garden to be to some extent an expression of himself and he wants to have a hand in the planning of it.

So the best course appears to be part way between doing it all himself and having nothing at all to do with it. Much has been written on garden making and a good percentage of it is worth reading. The services of a good landscape gardener are not by any means to be despised, but a study of the matter will make it possible to more fully appreciate the work of the expert and will aid in finding out wherein the ideas of the expert cannot be modified or departed from so that the individuality of the owner of the garden may find expression.

A garden should be in keeping both in material and in treatment, with the district in which it is situated. Strength and simplicity of treatment are necessary and extreme formalism is to be avoided. Many gardens give the impression of being crowded. Indeed in the making of a garden there are more things to avoid doing than there are things to do.

In Great Britain the making of beautiful gardens has received great attention. The size of the estates there and the wealth of the owners make possible things that can reasonably be attempted by but few people in Canada. Usually the work is delegated to a landscape gardener, or landscape architect, as the expert garden maker there is called. Some of the creations of those landscape architects are such as would appear crowded and stiff if attempted by men of less experience. But the better landscape architects of the Old Land are real experts. They have a broad outlook, and their treatment of each part of the garden is in keeping with the garden as a whole. Moreover, they plan their gardens so that whatever they do will fit in acceptably with the size and character of the buildings and with the outstanding features not only of the garden itself, but of the district in which it is located. In Canada the science of landscape architecture is not as far advanced as it is in Great Britain, but as this country grows older greater progress is being made in the proper planning of gardens.

The gardens of the Old Land are planned for the use and delight of



For hot summer days. In English gardens a part at the north is enclosed to make it private.

people who have more leisure and make more use of their gardens than do most people in Canada. The lily pond, the trellis and the garden house are stock features of those gardens. In some of them there are wonderful rock gardens that look quite

natural, but have been almost altogether made by the landscape architect. There are many instances of wonderfully attractive rock gardens in which all that nature had provided in those locations were a valley and great trees. As one English landscape

architect phrased it, "every shrub, small tree, flower, rock and blade of grass has been put there." A trellis with vines or roses is often used not only to give shade, but to partially screen the view so as to give a cloistered effect. Often a dam is made across a small stream, the result being the forming of a beautiful pond and small waterfall.

Such a garden house as that shown in the first illustration accompanying this article is a feature of almost all Old Country gardens. It usually has a kitchen underneath, and on the main floor is a large airy room in which small receptions are held and in which tea is served. The Old Country habit of taking afternoon tea is becoming more common in Canada, and therefore such a garden house ought to make an acceptable feature for the gardens on Canadian estates. A tea garden within a garden is also a common thing in the Old Land. A small section of the tea garden is usually paved with flags for the convenient placing of tables.

In the Old Country gardens terraces are much in evidence. Local stone, often in its rough state, is used in building these terraces, which make a break in sloping lawns and give level walks that lead people to take mild outdoor exercise close to the house. In many of the rose gardens each bed is planted with but one kind of rose, and into the stone walls about the garden are built Alpine plants that spread on the walls and make a very attractive appearance.

The north garden, such as is shown in an illustration on this page, is a feature of many Old Country estates. It is walled so that it is almost as private as a room in the house. It is at the north of the house so that it forms a pleasant retreat on the hot days when other parts of the garden are not as pleasant for sitting in. On such days tea is served in the north garden instead of in the garden house.

Naturally many features of Old Country gardens are not suitable to Canadian gardens, but some things that the former have would be suitable, either as they stand or in a modified form, to the gardens of this country.

WORK OF THE TOWN PLANNER

How He Obtains the Material on Which He Bases His Work

SIX lectures on various phases of planning cities and towns were delivered at Toronto recently by Thomas H. Mawson, the noted English landscape architect. One of the most interesting and practical of the addresses was that on the work of the city planner, part of which is here given:

"We of the Old Country in our old towns have missed many fine chances," said Mr. Mawson, "and now, at the eleventh hour, are filled with regrets for the 'might have been' and are endeavouring, generally at ruinous expense, to patch up or remove some of the most glaring faults in our town planning. We allowed the short-sighted greed of a few individuals to balk Sir Christopher Wren's plan for rebuilding London after the great fire of 1666, and now, two hundred and fifty years afterwards, we find that we have spent twenty times the cost of his scheme in more or less futile attempts at patching up old mistakes.

"In the remodelling or extension of an existing city, we have before us not only so many streets, so many buildings and so many open spaces with which to deal, but, what is far more important, the individual, communal and civic spirit, which has, perhaps, been growing and solidifying for centuries, and which has made the city what it is socially, politically, morally, educationally and commercially.

"In the new city, on the other hand, we are faced with the task of estimating, so far as we can, in what form the city's individuality will develop, how far its course of development may be influenced for good and to what extent it is beyond our control and must be met and allowed for in all we propose to do."

"It will thus be seen that, whether the sphere of operations be an old city or a new one, the first essential of the city planner is a thorough study of the growth and origin of cities, coupled with that reverence for the historical which always accompanies it. To this must be added a knowledge of men and of human nature that he may be able to read on the face of things as they exist not only the city's history, but the impress of the civic spirit and the individuality that results from the possession of that spirit.

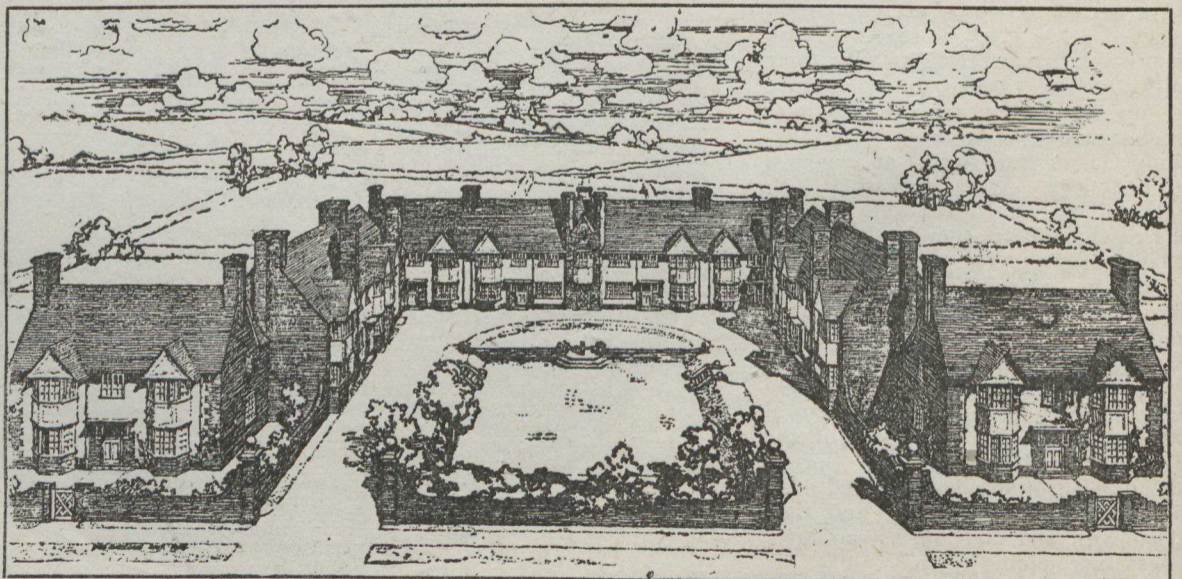
"If the town planner is to realize the highest and the best that each opportunity affords, he must cul-

tivate the broad outlook and must carry his survey far beyond the confines of the place itself.

"THE bane of all the town, village or suburb planning, which has been done so far in my own country, has been that it has been placed in the hands of one man, who has usually been chosen for the work because he has shown considerable ability for one aspect of it, such as architecture or administration, and he has been expected to evolve, out of his inner consciousness, a scheme which shall fulfil the social, practical or artistic requirements of which his special training has given him no knowledge. If a town plan is to be worth consideration it must be the result of the joint efforts of the surveyor, the architect, the sanitary engineer, the town planner, the medical health officer and the sociologist.

"First will come the historian, who will schedule all that is old and, which, through its connection with the history of the town, or its intrinsic value,

must be preserved, and who will prepare archaeological records, aided by photographs and plans, of all also that is old, but which is not important enough to be allowed to stand in the way of that which is modern and hygienic. Then will come the surveyor, who will prepare contour plans on which all subsequent operations will be based. After him will come the sanitary and hygienic engineer who will determine on the source of the water supply, the pressure at which it can be delivered and consequently the maximum height up the hillsides to which houses may be built, the position of his sewage disposal scheme and consequently the lowest point at which house drains can be connected to it by gravitation. He will also suggest to the sociologist sites which will prove suitable for the provision of the other public services, such as power stations and gas works. With these materials before him, the sociologist will decide the density of the population and the number of houses to the acre which can be allowed over different parts of the site, the



BETTER THAN THE STRAIGHT ROW

Houses placed in the above rectangular form have better ventilation and lighting and greater beauty.

educational and recreative facilities to be provided, the location of varying classes of property, with a view to social problems, and the connection between the artizan and his work, and, within the limits specified by the engineer, the location of the factory area. This information, laid down on maps of the district in varying colours, will be taken in hand by the town planner, who, after having shown on the same plans in a distinctive colour, all the tops of the hills too high for the water supply, the bottoms of the valleys too low for the sewage scheme, besides other places of natural beauty which must remain in a state of natural and other open spaces which it is necessary to provide, will proceed to the work of laying out the various streets, squares and traffic centres.

"Thus is the material for the work of the city planner produced, and it is his duty and province to take all these results of the labours of his confreres in city building and weld them into one coordinate and self-sustained whole, a whole which shall be beautiful from every point of view and from every standpoint, whether that of the architect, gardener or sociologist, without sacrificing for one moment any of the solid qualities demanded by the practical citizens. This he will do, not by the superposition of meretricious ornament, but by

balancing mass against open space, height against breadth, the open vista against the enclosed colonnade, level masses of subdued and restrained architectural frontage against the telling note of the tower with its strongly marked vertical lines, nobly spreading trees against the open glade, bright colours reflected in still water and so on, all in mass and with the broad outlook, leaving to the architect and the horticulturist the filling in of details in a manner consonant with his vision of the city-to-be, and under his direction.

"I do not mean you to infer that each of these specialists will take up the work in turn and do his own special task independently of the others. Their spheres will interlock at every point and, if the city planner adequately fills his office, he will be in direct communication with them all during the whole process.

"Nor do I intend you to understand that, in every case, a separate and distinct individual should be retained in connection with the various parts of the scheme for, in small schemes, there would be no justification for this. Now would the group of specialists ever be the same, for each fresh task would present fresh features which would call for fresh advice, such as the great port with its harbours and docks, the great railway centre where

the railway engineer would take a prominent position or the scholastic centre where the wishes and requirements of principals and professors would need consideration.

"It is evident, therefore, that the function of the city planner is largely administrative. His it is to see that each participant in the scheme is given his due opportunity for expressing himself and fulfilling his office worthily and efficiently and to guide, control, encourage and restrain, as the case may require, so that no one factor in the completed work is either over assertive or insignificant. For this work he must be possessed of the confidence and sympathetic appreciation of the electorate which may be best expressed by providing, to aid him in commercial and other local questions, a strong and representative committee. This committee would by preference be chosen from the members of those societies for the encouragement of the corporate weal and the inculcation of a high civic ideal which naturally make a town planning propaganda a prominent part of their work. The good that can be done, and has already been done, by such societies cannot be over-estimated both in educating the electorate to the need for the advantages of planning in advance and in strengthening the hands of those charged with the work of city planning."



Living-room in a country house treated with breadth and quiet simplicity.

THE PLANNING OF THE HOUSE

By G. M. WEST

THE primary object of a house being to form a shelter and habitation for man, it is evident that when we have built our home we shall spend considerably more time contemplating our handiwork from within than from without. The cold, bleak days of winter do much to make us appreciate the thought and care which was put into the designing of a happy interior.

To the average layman the average plan does not, I am afraid, give much idea of how his rooms will appear when his dream is realized and the house completed. He sees a bay there or a fireplace here, but can glean nothing from scanning the drawing as to how these items will eventually appear; and a perusal of the specifications is very often not much more illuminating. Nevertheless, once the plan has been fixed upon, it is these details which seem so slightly treated that make our home attractive and express its individuality and character.

The Fireplace.

In practically every home, the fireplace occupies a most important place, and rightly so, for is it not the centre of the family circle. Nevertheless the doctrines of domestic design affirm that the mantel should be suppressed to a large extent. This does not mean done away with, but rather that it should not thrust itself rudely into the scheme of the room. It should become merely an incident of the treatment in simple conformity to the finish. The single

shelf four feet or four feet and a half from the floor is most effective and on it can be placed those ornaments which so strongly express the individual taste or lack of taste of the habitant. The mantel itself should be of the same material and finish as the room, with a facing of tile or brick in colours and texture selected with the future scheme of decoration in mind.

Then there are the more rustic types, the entirely brick and the rough stone mantel of rugged strength and simplicity, which seems, however, more in place in the summer cottage or camp than in the house for permanent occupancy.

Many a fireplace has been designed and executed in an alcove with "comfortable looking" seats and other features. To my mind, however, it is much more homelike to have a few large comfortable chairs or a couch ranged round the hearth, and it cannot be disputed that they are much more comfortable to occupy than a seat which is very seldom just the right width or length or position.

The Stairs.

Perhaps the most important feature in the majority of houses is the stairs, and a well designed and easy stair is a possession worth having. For some unexplainable reason the average speculative house nearly always is cramped in this portion. Simply designed newels, rails and balusters with clean-cut, well-designed moldings and open stairs, are most desirable. Square balusters alter-

nating with wide ones, cut with simple conventional patterns, are a good solution in moderate houses. A rise of seven inches and a run of nine inches for each step is as steep as any stair should be in an ordinary dwelling. The treads should always be of hardwood similar to the flooring. The newels and handrails are sometimes stained and waxed, while the remainder of the wood work is finished white, but this, however, depends altogether on the style of design. The landings should be wide and clear and are often a good place for a pleasant window seat.

The Trim.

For the whole interior finish, simplicity is the keynote and we should carry this idea out in the trim and other wood work. For the unpretentious house a flat unmolded trim seven-eighths of an inch thick and but four inches wide with a small back mold running all around and forming the top member of the base is an excellent solution. Care must be taken when laying out the doors to allow for the full width of trim in corners. No very narrow strips of plaster should be left in the angles for the paper hanger to struggle with. Where the ceiling is lower over windows or doors bring it down tight to the top of the architecture. The tops of all openings into the same room should be, as far as is consistent with other requirements, level. Nothing looks worse than to see several doors and windows in the one room all of different heights. All the doors on each floor can be the same height and the window heads kept at that line. There is room for much individuality in the design of the doors, those of single panel design or with two vertical panels being very effective. On the bedroom floor it is well to stain and wax the doors in the colour used below, a pleasing contrast thus being obtained against the white used for the other trim.

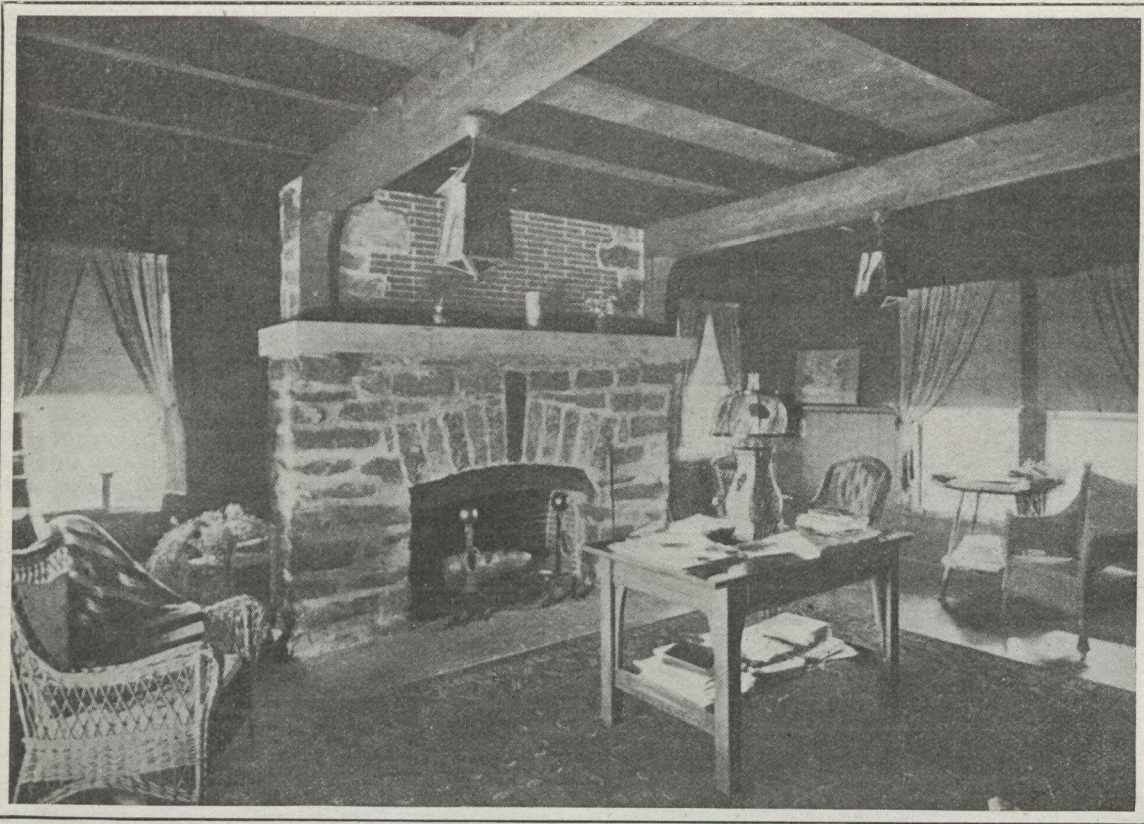
The wood work of the principal rooms on the first floor should be ordinarily stained and waxed, and they should be trimmed all alike, in whatever wood is selected. Chestnut stained in a brown tone is very effective and is cheaper than oak.

Some Important Items.

Another important item is the ceiling decoration. A simple molded plaster cornice three or four inches on the ceiling and three inches on the wall with perhaps a bevel enrichment is successful. Sometimes a neat wood cornice replaces the plaster, and it is a great improvement over the wood plate rails which have held such sway. Ceilings are often finished in stucco, which, when tinted, gives a much better texture than the hard, smooth surface necessary for papering. Wood beams or rather mock beams are oftentimes effective, but when used it should be borne in mind that they represent structural units and therefore should not run in aimless patterns regardless of their structural significance.

Hot water heating and other pipes sometimes form annoying eyesores in an otherwise pleasing room—care must be taken to have them concealed. Ceilings can often be furred down to cover some and walls furred out around others. When furring out continue the furring all across the room or at least to some suitable place to stop it without leaving annoying breaks in the wall surface.

Of course hardwood floors should be used



Living-room of rather more rustic style in a country house at Worcester, Mass.

wherever the purse can afford, and in every house an underflooring should be laid diagonally to the joists before the walls are carried up.

Decoration And Furnishing.

Volumes could be written on the possibilities of decorating and furnishing even the smallest dwellings. Suffice it to say that simplicity of scheme and most of all the presence of a scheme of decoration is essential; do not introduce a wide variety of colourings and styles into your

rooms. Nothing cuts up the interior of a small house and diminishes its apparent size more than to decorate each room and hall in a different colour and texture. Keep to simple colourings well chosen to go with each other and use care and discrimination in selecting your furniture, coverings and hangings. Do not be afraid to ask your architect's opinion. You do not have to follow it and it is probably good. He realizes that the decorating and furnishing can make or mar his work and will probably be glad to voice his opinions.

The Town Man on the Land

Why He Is Learning to Go Gardening

APPRECIATING land nowadays is becoming a peculiarity of city people. In a country with millions of acres yet unoccupied, or even reached by railways, we are confronted with the growing city where vacant lots are, if not unknown, at least inaccessible for even baseball; with fast-developing towns in the west staked off on the environs for future speculation; with farms selling in some cases for five hundred dollars an acre—if the land happens to be along a lake front anywhere within half an hour's ride of a city limit.

The paradox of the land is peculiar and it is becoming more acute. Seven miles west of the western limit of Toronto land sells not by the acre, but at twelve and fifteen dollars a foot. A mile or two east of Hamilton are the same conditions. In a few years Hamilton and Toronto will shake hands at twenty dollars a foot for country and suburban residences.

This may be a speculative value; but it is being paid. Every turn-over of a block of land means an increase in the average price. A few years ago land that sells now by the foot was sold by the lot. The man who bought three lots then is succeeded by the man who buys one lot; or he has sold two of his lots at so much a foot; and the inference is that the more people you can get on to a given area of land the greater the value of the land—which to the man desiring a comfortable, quiet life is an illusion.

So we persist in packing our towns and cities with people often at the expense of the rural parts. We build up big communities on small areas of high-priced land. The influence of the city community reaches out over the adjoining farm lands which go up in price for three reasons: sympathy with the value of town property, the rapid extension of the suburban subdivision, and the practical value of good land adjacent to a city for the market and fruit garden business.

Thus begins a backward movement to the land. City dwellers burdened with high rents and crowded quarters begin to acquire suburban and even country residences where the time and the money re-

quired for transportation do fall a margin below the cost of rent and of other items of living in the city.

The whole thing becomes a mathematical problem, whereby a man figures an hour each way on a suburban and street railway car as worth so much in both time and fares; comparing this at so much a week or a month to the extra cost of living in the town and allowing so much for the increase of comfort by living in the country.

One of the results of this backward movement is that the city man with a plot of land near his house learns to go gardening. He finds that with an hour a day in the summer he can tend his garden more or less, do a little casual hiring and produce vegetables and small fruits enough to supply his own table with perhaps an occasional sale to friends of his in town.

The experience of some city men in keeping gardens and raising chickens would be of immense interest to farmers who have taken half a lifetime to discover that a real truck garden is absolutely necessary even on a farm; and of even more interest to the townsman who hankers to be delivered from the tyranny of monopolistic prices for vegetables and fruit. And it often happens that the townsman who turns himself to the problem of gardening is able to give lessons to the villager or the rural dweller who all his life surrounded by idle or half-idle land has to learn the real productive value of land from the man who has been living on the edge of a boulevard.

But the technic of the garden is not easily learned by the average man who has been brought up in town. For the instruction and encouragement of townspeople who are contemplating removal to the suburbs or the open country books have been and will continue to be written. Among the most practical of these is "The Canadian Garden," by Annie L. Jack, which deals simply and experimentally with how to raise fruits, flowers and vegetables. It contains chapters on the land, on hotbeds, on the kitchen garden, the fruit garden—including raspberries, plums, cherries, currants, gooseberries and strawberries; on pruning and grafting; on fighting

insects and diseases; on ornamental trees, window and cellar plants and bulbs for all seasons.

This is the sort of book that will be read by hundreds of city dwellers ambitious to get back to the land. Scores in every hundred will probably conclude that the quest is too complicated and will give up the idea. A percentage will take the problem seriously and whenever they get a chance will learn from the experiences of those who have gone out to the suburbs and the open country just how far book knowledge is capable of being translated into profitable work on the land.

Suburbanite's Adventures

"ISOBEL was born in a flat, and that was no fault of her own; but she was born in a flat, and reared in a flat, and married from a flat, and, for two years after we were married, we lived in a flat; but I am not a born flat-dweller myself, and, as soon as possible, I proposed that we move to the country." Isobel and her husband did move to the country. The flat dwellers took a little house in the suburbs. Isobel's husband gardened on his small lot until his hands were white with blisters; raised chickens; played golf; and went automobiling. In all these activities, Isobel was his chum; she was like a wondering child lost in the mazes of a new world.

Isobel and her genial husband are the chief characters responsible for the fun in a new book by Ellis Parker Butler, entitled, "The Adventures of a Suburbanite." On picking up this thin volume, anyone, who had no previous acquaintance with Butler, might perhaps think it a serious dissertation on the country life movement. But the author of "Pigs is Pigs," "The Great American Pie Company," etc., has made another excursion into the humorous. "The Adventures of a Suburbanite" is a scream from page 1 to page 224. Some of the incidents in Butler's book are rather grossly exaggerated, but the writer can be forgiven these departures from verity, because of his good natured fun. Butler is that type of volatile American who sees much humour in the veriest trivialities of existence. "The adventures of a Suburbanite" is one great, big lark. The city man, contemplating a country residence, won't get many sane hints on house-planning from it. But "The Adventures of a Suburbanite," by helping him to see the humour of his new environment, will, none the less, smooth the way for his making a success of a rural venture.

"The Adventures of a Suburbanite" is published by the Musson Book Company, Toronto.

Madness of Bigness

THERE is a certain amount of madness in the desire for bigness now evident in so many cities. Why should a city have a million inhabitants? Can any person advance one sound and sensible reason why Toronto, or Montreal, or Winnipeg should be bigger than it is now? Isn't it really a desire based upon false ideas and vain ignorance?

In London, a skyey apartment of two rooms costs its occupant 7s. 6d. a week. The same apartment in Cork, Ireland, cost 1s. 9d. Is it to force working men and clerks to pay high rents, that Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg work day and night to make themselves grow?

In a city of 200,000 people, the working man can walk to and fro the factory. After the city gets larger, he must pay a toll to the street railway. Is it to build up street railway profits that Toronto and Montreal and Winnipeg are working might and main?

Glasgow boasted that it would supply model suburbs for its working people, but it failed. It crowds 800,000 people into a space about one-thirteenth the size of Greater Melbourne, Australia, with only 600,000 of a population. Are Toronto and Montreal and Winnipeg anxious to emulate Glasgow and Birmingham and London, where men and women exist but do not live?

Unsavory slums, degrading tenement-houses, uncleanly citizens, under-fed and uneducated children, wickedness and vice—these are the results of large cities wherever they are created. Are these the qualities and the distinctions sought by the larger and more ambitious Canadian cities?

Are the rulers of our cities trying to produce mean citizens or clean citizens? Is this a mad race for bigness, or do they think that they can build big cities without the attendant evils to be found in every other large city on the globe?

Here is something for every person to think over. It would seem wise, when a city reaches 400,000 people, to say "Stop!" The interest of humanity forbids you to go farther."

BACK TO THE FARM

(From the New York Sun.)

PROF. BENSON, of the Department of Agriculture, tells an interesting story about the revolution that has taken place in some parts of the country in the attitude of country boys and girls toward the farm. In the spring of 1907 he began an experiment to show the result of teaching something about agriculture to scholars in the rural schools.

"In March, 1907," says Prof. Benson in an address delivered before a committee of the Council of Grain Exchanges, "I sent out a circular to thirty-four schools in one county in Iowa asking the teacher these questions:

"How many boys above the fifth grade in your school expect to be farmers when grown to manhood?"

"How many of the girls expect when grown to womanhood to have anything to do with the farm home and rural life?"

"Out of a total of 164 boys enrolled in the thirty-four rural schools above the fifth grade, 157 said: 'We will have nothing to do with farming in any shape or form; we will be doctors, lawyers, preachers, statesmen, Presidents of the United States, anything but farmers.'

"Only seven of them had the nerve to say that they would be farmers or have something to do with farming when grown up into manhood. When I received that report I was so interested in those seven boys that I made a special trip out to the schools where they were located and made some personal inquiries as to why under the sun they had decided to become farmers.

"Two of these boys had been associated pretty closely with P. G. Holden and M. L. Bowman. They heard Mr. Bowman lecture on corn. They heard Prof. Holden. There was one boy that had actually gone down to Ames and had taken the first short course that was put down there. There were three whose fathers had

been in short courses or farmers' institutes and had got the spirit in same way. Then the other one—I am unable to this day to account for the index of his life.

"Now this would not be interesting unless I give you the results obtained last spring (1910). There was then a total enrollment of 174 boys in these same thirty-four schools. I sent out to them the same letter and the same questions, with the same precautions, and got the following report:

"Out of the 174 boys 162 had changed their minds or had decided that they would be farmers or have something to do with directing of farms, and not only there but somewhere else. And still twelve of them persisted in not having anything to do with farming. One, I remember, was to be a rural school teacher, and two or three of the others were going to be merchants, one a banker and so on.

"One of the chief reasons for the changes that had been made was that I saw to it after getting the first report that every teacher in those thirty-four schools should get to work at once and teach by correlation, by general lessons and by class study the elements and rudiments of agriculture and home economics, and I succeeded that very year in getting thirty-one out of thirty-four to work.

"Then the girls; we must not leave the girl question out of this. In those thirty-four schools there were 174 girls enrolled. On the first census we have 163 girls who did not wish to remain on the farm and eleven who would stay on the farm. Well, that is a rather disastrous condition of affairs. But at the close of three years' work along this line in these same schools out of a total enrollment of 178 girls 161 of them said: 'We will have something to do with the direction of the farm home,' and seventeen of them still persisted in going to the city."

Improve Your English

Increase Your Income



THESE GREAT BOOKS POINT THE WAY FOR YOU TO Advancement---Success---Prosperity in Commercial and Professional Life

With the mighty advances which are being made in every branch of business and professional life there has come a demand for a higher standard of intelligence—of proficiency. The time is past when illiteracy or slipshod methods of speech and correspondence are looked upon with tolerance. The man who can express himself with force and clearness is the man who is in demand everywhere.

GET THESE SIX VITAL BOOKS

Aside from their great value in widening a man's mental perspective—putting him in a position to appreciate and enjoy all the beauties of literature—these six books have an intrinsic value far beyond their cost. They have put thousands of men and women into the path that leads to increased business, promotion, and higher salary. They are the simplest, the most practical, the best, for Business Managers, Correspondents, Advertisement Writers, Stenographers, Story Writers, Authors, Public Speakers, and others.

"Your course is rich and fine. You seem to have condensed the experience of years into a few sentences that a business man can use immediately," says W. P. Warren, Marshall Field & Co.'s Advertising Manager, in speaking of these books.

WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD, BUT THEY'RE YOURS FOR A TRIFLE

These six books include many chapters covering such subjects as

Spelling	Use of Words	Verse Writing
Pronunciation	Style and Diction	Novel Writing
Word-Building	Description	Essay Writing
Grammar	Dialog	Best Poetry—How to Read It
Capitalization	Advertisement Writing	How to Study Shakespeare
Punctuation	How to write a Story	and Other Great Authors
Letter Writing—All Kinds	Character Study	

These books also show you the correct use of English in Short Stories, Novels, Essays, Articles, Conversation, Speeches, Business and Private Correspondence, Advertisements, Circulars, Booklets, etc.

Formerly Cost \$25—Now Only \$3—\$1.00 Down, 50 Cents a Month

In typewritten form this course of study, as now published in these six cloth-bound books, was sold for \$25.00. There are over 800 pages.

Sign and mail the Acceptance Card with 50 cents, and the set of books will be forwarded to you, carriage prepaid; 50 cents a month for five months pays for them. This is the biggest \$3.00 worth of books you ever bought.

NORMAN RICHARDSON,
12 E. Wellington St., Toronto

NORMAN RICHARDSON
12 E. Wellington St. Toronto, Canada.

Inclosed find \$1.00 for which send me Sherwin Cody's six cloth-bound books, 'The Art of Speaking and Writing the English Language.' I will send you four further monthly payments of 50 cents each, until the price (\$3.00) is paid.

Signed
Post-Office
Province
Date

BACK TO THE GARDEN

(From the Kingston Whig.)

PROF. ADAM SHORTT, of the Civil Service Commission, before the Canadian Club, Woodstock, discussed some of the causes of higher living, and made some statements of special interest. The population was shifting to the cities. Why? The farmer was made more and more dependent upon the city for the things he needed. There was a time when he could make most of his requirements, and when the needs of the poor contributed to his bondsmen. Now these things he wants he gets, from the men who live and work in cities, and he makes for this urban life by having and using as little help he can.

With regard to the higher prices that are paid for the articles men buy and must have, we quote from the Woodstock Sentinel-Review and from Mr. Shortt's address:

"In the past ten or fifteen years, the increase in the cost of things, which came from outside is about ten per cent., while things which are made in Canada have gone up from thirty per cent. to one hundred per cent. Clothing has gone up, but the price of wool in the web has not. The increased cost is due to the cost of labour, high rentals, and profits in Canada. Wheat grown in the west is delivered as bread on the Britishers' table at from ten per cent. to thirty per cent. less than it is in Ontario. Unless we balance up things and give better conditions to the country people we cannot expect the cost of living to go down. The farmer though prices have gone up does not get much of the difference. It is the secondary man, the middleman. In the west there are thousands of people who help to increase the population, who do not produce anything but merely handle the goods of the east. Then the speculators make their money on buying and selling,

but only for themselves, and not for the country people. They build houses on the prairies, and lay sidewalks and sewers, but they do not produce anything except for themselves. When the city ends, the builders will have to leave for somewhere else. When they leave, rents will go down, the value of ground will go into ground and the owners will collapse. The middlemen will not be able to see to these people and they will collapse."

It is a philosophic fact that the life, the prosperity, the comfort of the people depend on the products, and Mr. Shortt has an idea that is worth considering. It is that the men who work in cities shall have shorter hours, that they shall not live in congested districts but out of them, that each shall have his garden and work it, and that he shall be a producer for himself as well as a producer for others. Time was when this idea did prevail that man, without shorter hours worked his garden, and in that time living was not as high as it is at present. "Back to the Soil" is the slogan with many. It does not necessarily mean back to the farm, but it does mean back to the garden, for the exercise, the diversion, the profit it affords.

A Brave Man.—Penam — "Colonel Bloodyman's old war traits still cling to him."

Nicks—"How so?"

Penam—"I dined with him last night, and he gave the waiter no quarter."—Harlem Life.

* * *

A Hint.—Scotch Sexton (who has shown old lady over church and followed her to the gate without getting a tip)—"Weel, my leddy, gin ye find when ye gang hame ye've lost yer purse, ye'll mebbe mind ye didna' hae it oot here."

THE TRADERS BANK of Canada

DIVIDEND No. 63.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend at the rate of 3% per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of the Bank has been declared for the current quarter, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after the 2nd day of January next to Shareholders of record of 15th December, 1911.

By order of the Board.

STUART STRATHY,

Toronto, November 3rd, 1911.

General Manager.

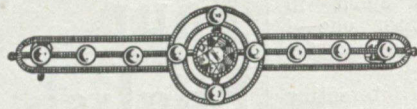
"ITS QUALITY THAT COUNTS."



No. 6842. Ladies' Locket with fine Pearls. 10.50



No. 6843. Bar Pin with fine Topaz and Pearls. 6.00



No. 6844. Bar Pin with fine Peridot and Pearls. 10.00



No. 6845. Men's Signet Scarf Pins from 1.50 to 2.50



No. 6846. New Style Pendant with fine Amethysts. 6.50

Early choosing is always advisable for Xmas gift-giving. The present year is no exception. Already buyers are taking advantage of "first choice."

We lay aside any article by the depositing of a small cash payment NOW. It is just as well—in fact it is a good practice to do this, and ensure

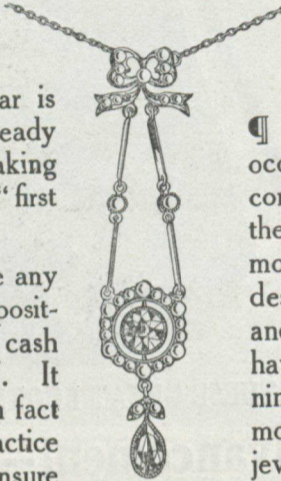
the obtaining of articles which cannot be duplicated in time.

On no former occasion has our stock contained so much of the "unusual." For months our buyers, designers, goldsmiths and diamond setters have been busy planning and creating the most artistic line of jewelry imaginable.

Because of our exceptional facilities for reducing cost of production we are enabled to offer price-saving advantages of rare benefit to our patrons.

Kents' Limited
Leading Jewelers & Silversmiths
144 Yonge St., Toronto

No. 6846B. New style Necklet with fine Peridots and Pearls 18.00



No. 6847. New Plaque Design Pendant with fine Peridot and Pearls. 30.00



No. 6848. 10K. and 14K. Gold Crosses Plain or Chased from 2.00



No. 6850. Fine Solitaire Diamond Ring. 25.00



No. 6851. Fine 3 stone Diamond Ring. 50.00



No. 6852. Fine 3 stone Whole Pearl Rings 10.00 to 50.00 and upwards



No. 6852B. Fine 5 stone Whole Pearl Rings 15.00 to 60.00 and upwards



No. 6849. 10K. and 14K. Gold Locket in Oval and Square Designs with Initials from 4.00 to 10.00

Winnipeg's Good Start

THE great complaint against all municipal government is that it is neither comprehensive, continuous nor far-sighted. The municipality works from year to year in a haphazard manner, instead of thinking out in advance its next quarter-century needs.

Winnipeg, the enterprising commercial metropolis of the West, has got down to real work in town planning. It has a town planning commission, which is going at the task in a broad-minded way. There are sub-committees on traffic and transport, social survey, housing, aesthetical development, dockage and river frontage, physical plan and legislation.

The traffic and transport committee will undertake the work of studying the traffic problems, both vehicular and railway, and will not only try and get an accurate idea of the present conditions, but will make suggestions to avoid trouble in the future.

The dockage and river frontage committee has in hand not only the question of river traffic and wharfage, but also the important one of making suggestions for a general scheme for the beautification of the river frontage. The aesthetic committee, which is composed of almost entirely architects and artists, will deal with all matters of art, and will have an eye on the city beautiful.

The housing committee is studying the housing conditions from all points of view. The physical plan committee have charge of all the material provided by the various committees, and will undertake the work of putting the material on to a series of maps and charts so that the whole scheme of the commission may be seen at a glance.

Profits in Trees

THE owner of a suburban or country home with an estate attached should not jump to the conclusion that a bit of "bush" will be unprofitable. In the first place it will help to retain the moisture and thus affect surrounding land which is cultivated. In the second place, it adds much to the beauty of an estate, and may be a joy forever to the inhabitants of said estate.

Writing in The Canadian Farm, R. H. McMillan, of the Dominion Forestry service describes a small white pine plantation, thirty-five years old, which produced 88 cords of wood per acre. This, he claims, represents an annual return of \$10 per acre for each year of the life of the plantation.

He tells that in a certain 34 years old larch plantation there are 710 trees to the acre. The thriftiest trees average nearly 8½ inches in diameter, breast high, and 55 feet in height. At 34 years this plantation yielded 620 posts and three cords of firewood per acre. The net value of these products, after deducting with interest at three per cent. the cost of establishing the plantation, was \$330.82 per acre. This was at three per cent. an annual profit per acre of \$5.73 during the whole life of the plantation. The cost of establishing this plantation was \$18 per acre. Planting larch will at least be as profitable as growing ordinary farm crops. Larch is adapted to well drained soils, but will fail where drainage is poor. It should be closely spaced, and should never be planted with trees which will grow faster and overtop it. Trees which might profitably be mixed with larch are spruce and sugar maple.

Soft Maple.

In a plantation of soft maple 35 years old, there are 264 trees per acre; the average diameter, breast high, is 10.6 inches; the average height is 71 feet. The plant contains 62 cords of wood per acre, and might be sold standing for enough to give a clear profit of \$97.74 per acre, which would be above cost and interest a net annual return of \$1.60 per acre. This plantation was well spaced, the trees being about six feet apart each way.



THE CHARM OF YOUTH

The fresh, natural glow of health and vigor need not be wholly lost with the passing of the years.

It is as futile to hope to retain a good complexion without caring for it, as it is to expect a garden to blossom without water. Try a massage with

DAGGETT & RAMSDSELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM

Rub it into the skin and see how it cleanses and purifies. Used every day, you retain the fresh, natural, healthy condition of the skin.

At most up-to-date Dealers in Toilet Requisites, or for six cents (6c.) in stamps (to defray packing and postage) we will send you a sample package of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and Lustr-ite Nail Preparations, together with booklets containing information of great interest to you.

J. PALMER & SON, Limited

If the time spent regretting the poorness of your hair were occupied in taking care of it, you would have a head of hair to be proud of.

PALMER'S Hair Tonic

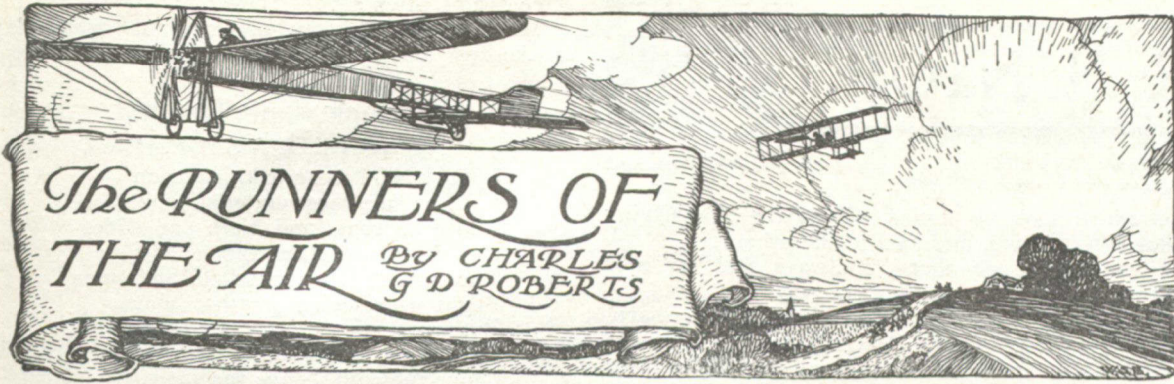
50c. and \$1.00 sizes cleanses the scalp, invigorates the roots of the hair and by making it perfectly healthy, restores to it the soft, lustrous quality.

Smooth, rosy, carefully manicured nails, bespeak a nice appreciation of the essentials of refinement. They can be secured by anyone if they use

LUSTR-ITE

preparations and tools. They are adapted to every need of the manicuring art, and are used by professional manicurists all over the world.

5 De Bresoles St., Montreal



A NEW SERIAL STORY

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

GREGORY NICOLAIEVICH, bandit and patriotic Servian, has taken to Count Sergius Charles de Plamenac, known as Serge Ivanovich, samples of jewels discovered in Austria by the bandit, which they believe will make it possible for Serbia to wage a successful war against Austria. Captain Andrews, of the British Army, a friend of Serbia, calls on them, and the bandit describes how to find a distant hog-pen under which he has hidden the rest of the jewels. Austrians come in pursuit of Gregory, but he escapes. While attending aviation exhibitions at Paris, Andrews and the Count meet Madame de L'Orme, a Parisienne, wife of a Belgrade wine-merchant. The Count promises to teach her to fly. He also meets Wesley Carver, of Buffalo.

CHAPTER VI.

PLANS ARE DISCUSSED.

THE crowd was on its feet, trying to get away. "No use being dragged into that maelstrom!" said Andrews. "Let's stay here in the cafe and have tea, till it thins out."

"Yes, I want tea now!" agreed Madame de L'Orme.

"Stay and join us," said Count Sergius to the American. He had an intuition that this was a man he was going to need.

"Thank you! Delighted!" said the stranger. "I'm anchored here for an age yet," he continued. "My car's in the very inside corner of that awful bunch out yonder."

Over the tea, which they took in the pavilion, while a sweeping searchlight and ranks of Roman candles illuminated the gathering twilight, the American talked with a frank enthusiasm and unpretentious authority which delighted Madame at once, and presently won over the more guarded Englishman.

Count Sergius had no difficulty whatever in getting him to talk about himself—a subject in which he was frankly and healthily interested. But his egotism was quite without offense, the whole man being so transparently straight, capable and well-equipped along his own lines. Count Sergius speedily drew it out of him that he was a graduate of the Stevens Institute of Technology, a practical as well as theoretical engineer and a manufacturer of motors.

"I think I've scored just a little bit over a good many smart folks," said he with a boyish pride. "I've just about secured all the Antoinette rights for a country that's going ahead, right now, faster than any other country on this little globe, bar none. That's Canada. There's where the money's to be made now. They've got imagination for big things."

"So—well, after I've learned all there is to know about the Antoinette, after I've learned to make it, to fly it and if necessary to improve it, I'll float a company in Canada and set up my plant in Toronto or Winnipeg likely."

"It certainly interests me," said Count Sergius. "I'd like to look into the whole idea with you, by-and-by, if I may be permitted."

"You sure may!" agreed Carver heartily.

"Oh, how interesting it must be to be a man!" sighed Madame. "What chances you have to do such big, interesting things!"

The American surveyed her frankly, appraisingly. "I reckon it's women like you that make it interesting to be a man!" said he.

Madame was unmistakably gratified. There was no gloss on the compliment to disguise or discredit its vigor.

"Curious, isn't it," she remarked, "that you men with such decided interests in common should just chance to come together this way, among all these thousands."

"Folks say I'm lucky," responded the American readily. "Oh, by the way! I gather that you've come down by train. It'll be particular Hades getting back. I wish you'd all come with me. I've got a big car here—empty. Looks selfish, but I stopped in Orleans last night, and ran up here this morning."

Both Andrews and Madame looked at Count

Sergius.

"Thank you very much," said he without hesitation. "If Madame de L'Orme is willing, we'll be only too delighted and too grateful."

"Madame de L'Orme is certainly willing—and her private opinion is that you are an angel," said the lady with decision.

LATE that night, Plamenac and Andrews were sitting in a snug corner of Fouquet's cafe on the Champs Elysees over a good-night glass.

"Carver is a jolly good sort," said Andrews. "You've a keen eye for a man, Serge!"

"I feel it in my bones," replied Plamenac, "that he's the other man we've been needing. He's efficient to the finger-tips. At the same time, he's a dreamer. You feel at once that he's 'white all through,' as his countrymen would put it. I'm bound to land him, you see if I don't. He'll forget his Canadian Antoinette factory for a while, if I'm not much mistaken in his quality."

"I've no doubt you're right! And you're the Commander-in-chief, anyhow. But aren't you, possibly, going just a bit too fast, old chap?" cautioned Andrews.

"Oh, we'll not commit ourselves, not a bit of it, till we know him. But you'll see I'm right."

"Then, what now?" suggested Andrews. "We've got about all we're likely to get out of Juvisy, I'm thinking. And I'm for the Farman machine."

"And I'm still for the Antoinette," replied Count Sergius. "But let's not talk it over here. Let's get back to the hotel and thrash it out in my room, where we won't have to talk under our breath this way."

In the Count's luxurious room the two men argued earnestly over the respective fitness of their favorite aeroplanes for the task before them.

"But as we've got to have two machines anyway," said Andrews finally, "we certainly can't put all our eggs in one basket. Why have them of the same pattern? I'll get a Farman, you an Antoinette. That will widen our margin of security a bit, I'm thinking."

"Agreed," said Plamenac. "And now for our programme. Let's get up to Amsterdam at once, tomorrow, and market the stones."

"How will a certain bewitching dame like so sudden a flight on our part?" suggested Andrews.

"No better than you will, Bob," retorted Plamenac.

"I?" laughed Andrews. "I, indeed!"

"Of course, I like her—find her most interesting and attractive," acknowledged the Count, with a slight change in his voice. "But we mustn't let anything distract us for a moment from our work. I sha'n't see her. I'll write her in the morning. And I'd advise you to do the same thing, Bob."

Andrews looked inscrutable and changed the subject.

"And after Amsterdam, what?"

"Why, then straight down to Chalons, to Mourmelon-le-Grand, both of us," answered Sergius.

"The Antoinette people are down there and so are the Farman people. We'll order our machines and get to know every screw in them while they're being built. And meanwhile we'll be learning to fly. That will cut out our Winter's work for us, Bob. We've got to be nothing less than experts, masters, you know."

"Good, and then?"

"Then, we'll have the job of getting our machines into Servia—to my place at M'latza, where we'll tune them up and make our final arrangements."

"But will M'latza do?" queried Andrews. "You'll remember Madame de L'Orme seemed to know all about what you had been doing at M'latza. It's my honest opinion, old chap—chaffing aside—that if she took so much trouble to find out something then, she'll take a lot more trouble and find out a lot more now."

Count Sergius looked worried. "I don't see why she should, Bob," he protested. "But if it seems

advisable, we can find a place farther south, where no one can possibly be any the wiser. We can settle that by and by. You see, we'll be running over to consult with Gregory before Spring and he'll be able to advise us on that point better than any other living soul."

"Well, we needn't borrow trouble," said Andrews cheerfully. "Let's return to Chalons. I'm going to begin on a Voison and I'd advise you to do the same. Of course we'll have to pay by the nose for lessons, if we're not going to be purchasers. But it will be well worth our while."

"Oh, we'll buy one Voison. That will be better every way," said Plamenac. "We sha'n't have to count the pennies, you know."

Andrews got up, knocked the long ash of his cigar into the grate and stretched himself with an air of joyous anticipation.

"Now I think I'll turn in, if we've got a journey on for to-morrow," he said.

At the door he turned.

"But say, old chap, I've more than half a notion that we'll find that little lady down at Chalons, too, taking lessons on a Voison. She's really awfully keen on getting a flyer, you know."

"Well," said the Count, "if she's there that won't be our fault."

The next afternoon they left the Gare du Nord for Amsterdam. Not till they were nearing St. Quentin did Madame de L'Orme name come up.

"Did you get in to make your adieux?" asked the Count.

"No," said Andrews, "I didn't. I wanted to. But it occurred to me that I'd have to be either mysterious or ungracious or lie to her. I couldn't very comfortably be any one of the three, with those big trusting eyes of hers upon me! So I copied your admirable discretion and sent a *petit bleu*."

"I'm glad of it," said Plamenac heartily.

CHAPTER VII.

AT MOURMELON-LE-GRAND.

AT Amsterdam the matter of the diamonds went without a hitch. A week in the quaint old many-watered Dutch capital sufficed to conclude the business.

From Amsterdam, Count Sergius and Andrews hurried straight to Rheims, by way of Namur, without returning to Paris. They were impatient to get settled down to their work at Mourmelon-le-Grand.

Here they were overtaken by a letter from Madame de L'Orme, forwarded from the Amstel Hotel at Amsterdam. It was addressed to Count Sergius but evidently intended for both. Madame wrote in tears, being suddenly summoned back to Belgrade by her husband, for reasons which she did not specify. But she declared her purpose of returning as soon as possible and begged that certain amiable promises might not be forgotten. Plamenac drew a breath of relief, but to Andrews it seemed as if his relief were tempered by some other consideration.

"You're not really so pleased as all that, Serge," he gibed. "What is it? Why look so black about it?"

"It's not that, I assure you, Bob," protested the Count seriously. "I was thinking about her husband. I don't like that chap. He's an oily little fat beast, a thorough bounder. He must be rather loathsome to such a woman as she is."

Andrews laughed hugely and laid an admonitory hand on Serge's shoulder.

"Let's hope for the little lady's sake, it's not so bad as that," he said.

"You see," continued Plamenac, "I don't trust the brute. I have my suspicions that there's something more than selling champagne that keeps him busy at Belgrade. He runs up to Vienna too often."

"Oh, oh!" said Andrews. "That lively Austrian curiosity, you think! That might account for Madame's information as to your occupations at M'latza!"

"Impossible!" answered Plamenac decisively, forgetting certain vague suspicions that had flashed more than once across his own mind.

"Impossible, of course, as far as anything of that sort would involve her personality," agreed Andrews without reserve. "But you forget, old chap, that husbands—even 'oily brutes,' do sometimes tell their wives harmless things that they think may interest them."

"Oh, quit it, Bob! Gentle irony does not become you," protested Count Sergius. "We'll write her a joint letter wishing her all the consolation that Belgrade can afford her at this season."

"And telling her," added Andrews, "that when she gets back she'll find us expert enough to teach her."

At Mourmelon things were speedily *en train*.

(Continued on page 25.)



A PAGE FOR JUNIORS



The Tale of a Tail.

BY ESTELLE M. KERR.

IT was a warm day in November and the windows of the class-room stood open. Bob leaned back from his desk, yawned, and looked out of the window; then seeing the teacher's reproving eye fixed upon him, he ducked behind the boy in front and bent over the blank page of his exercise-book. He heard the other scholars pencils scratching vigorously, so he picked up his own, chewed the end of it for a while, and then wrote in a clear, round hand.

"The Tail of a Chipmunk."

"What a subject!" ejaculated Bob, "how can they find anything to write of in that?" His eyes wandered out of the window again, but he was recalled by a little voice close to his ear saying, as if in answer to his question,

"Well, I don't know, it depends upon how you look at it!" and Bob was surprised to see his magnifying glass standing on end and looking at him with a genial expression which reminded him of his grandfather.

"How would you look at it, sir?" asked Bob.

"Well, I am accustomed to looking at things closely and through my spectacles, the smallest things have often the greatest importance. Take your own case, for instance," the magnifying-glass came closer and eyed him carefully.

Bob smiled at the little creature. He felt himself, such a giant, that he wondered how his friend could discover anything small about him.

"Now the smallest part of you is your brain."

Bob stopped smiling.

"In fact no one would know you had any, who didn't observe people closely as I do, and yet it is the most important thing about you. It is the same with the chipmunk's tail."

"But it isn't a tail, it's a t-a-l-e."

"Why didn't you say so then? But, no matter, write the tale of a tail."

Bob glanced at his exercise-book and was ashamed to see that he had written t-a-i-l by mistake. He was about to apologize when the Pencil spoke for him.

"That was stupid of me!" said the Pencil.

"You certainly do look dull," the Knife cuttingly remarked.

"And if I am whose fault is that?"

"Oh, come, now," said the Rubber, bouncing up, "I can soon change that."

"There you go again," said the Pencil, "always butting in. It's none of your business!" and he obstinately refused to move from the spot. "I hate these people who are always trying to correct you," he said.

"You'll never make your mark in the world unless you can learn to mind your P's and Q's," said the Knife.

"Oh, shut up!"

The Knife did as he was bid with a snap and the Pen remarked:

"Now you've done it, you can't write another word without his help!"

"Well, I need a rest anyway, and so would you if he had been chewing you for the last half hour. I am bruised all over."

"Don't speak of it," said the Pen, dropping an inky tear, "I, too, bear his scars."

"I think you are a pretty sore-looking crowd, but I am glad to see the Ink well, ha, ha!" laughed the irrepressible Rubber.

"I don't know what you are laughing at," growled the Pencil.

"Why, that's a pun, don't you see the point? he, he! Oh, come, now, where's the knife? You'll never see it without his help."

"What's that you're saying, I well?" said the Ink, "I never was so upset in my life!"

"Dear me, what is it?" cried the others crowding about him.

"It's all the fault of that boy, that lazy good-for-nothing Boy, he upsets me terribly!" and he gave Bob a black look while the Pen and Pencil nodded sympathetically.

"The only cheerful one in the crowd is the Rubber and you can't crush him."

"Of course you can't, and there's no use of crying over spilt ink. Let's get busy and we can finish the composition in no time now that the Boy is asleep."

Bob blinked his eyes to show he was awake, but

the others took no notice. Even the Magnifying Glass ignored him, and said to the others:

"That's right, go ahead, I always shut my eyes when there are difficulties in the way."

The Rubber erased the T, and the Knife sharpened the Pencil, and the Pencil joined the A to the L, and added an E. Then they all put their heads together and dictated the composition while the Pencil ran rapidly across the page and Bob followed its movements with fascinated eyes. It covered one sheet and then they all helped to turn over a leaf and the Pencil hurried half way down the page, where he stopped and lay down exhausted.

"There, it's done," he said, "and the boy is waking up, hurry back to your places!"

"Time's up!" called the teacher.

Bob rubbed his eyes. He looked anxiously at his exercise-book but the page was perfectly blank and his pencil, unsharpened, lay between the leaves. Only the title remained and that was spelt wrong.

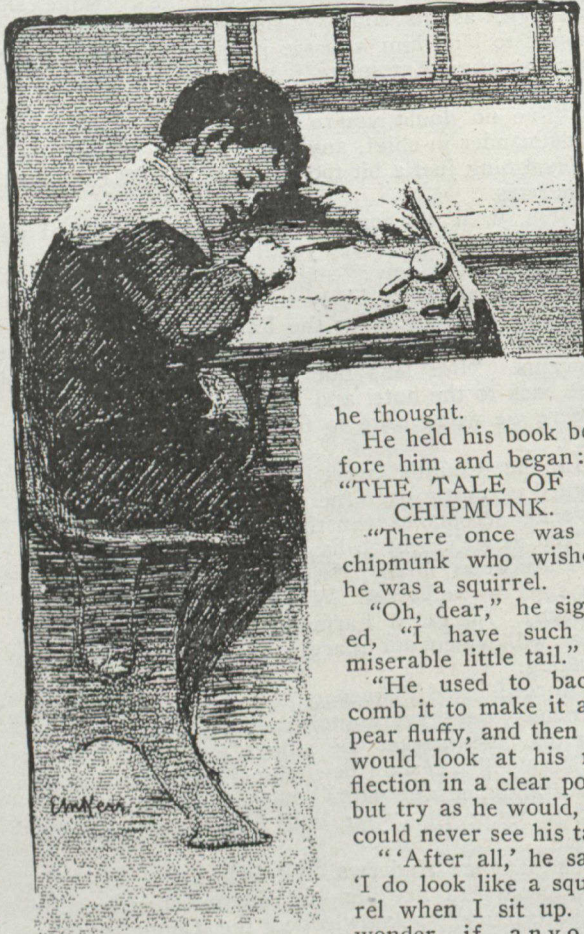
"Now, Bob, will you read us your composition?" said the teacher.

"It isn't quite finished, sir," replied Bob.

"Well, read what you have written."

Bob rose slowly to his feet—

"If I can only remember what the pencil wrote,"



he thought.

He held his book before him and began: "THE TALE OF A CHIPMUNK."

"There once was a chipmunk who wished he was a squirrel.

"Oh, dear," he sighed, "I have such a miserable little tail."

"He used to back-comb it to make it appear fluffy, and then he would look at his reflection in a clear pool, but try as he would, he could never see his tail.

"After all," he said, "I do look like a squirrel when I sit up. I wonder if anyone

would take me for a squirrel? Here comes a boy, I will run out on the limb and get into position and see what he says."

"The boy came along the path, whistling, with his hands in his pockets.

"Hello!" he said, "there's a squirrel!"

"The chipmunk trembled with delight, but he was afraid to move for fear the boy would discover his mistake.

"The boy turned his back for a few moments, then whisked around very suddenly, and before the chipmunk knew it, a stone hit him on the head and he dropped to the ground.

The boy ran up.

"Oh, Pshaw!" he said, "It's only a chipmunk and I wanted a squirrel's tail!" and he walked away.

"For hours the chipmunk lay there quite still, but after a while he was able to crawl home, and he never again wished he was a squirrel."

Bob sat down.

"That's the best essay you ever wrote, Bob," said the teacher.

"But I didn't write it, sir."

"Who did, then?"

"My pencil did," said Bob, and then he remembered that there wasn't a pencil mark on the page. Everybody laughed but the teacher, who said:

"Now don't be silly, Bob, for I see you have got

some brains after all."

Bob looked at his magnifying glass which lay on the desk and he fancied he could see it smile.

* * *

An Unpleasant Thought.

BY BETTY SAGE.

I CANNOT bear to think upon
The fact that winter's coming on,
I love to coast and hitch and slide,
But there are other things beside;
The dentist, dancing school and sums
Begin when chilly weather comes.
But worst of all, I cannot bear
To put on winter underwear—
I love the cold, I love the snow,
But woollen things do itch me so.

* * *

Why I Prefer the Country.

IN the first place we must have the two pictures firmly fixed in our minds. First the city with all its traffic, noise and hustle. Now we board a car and go to the country, which is quite different, for you hear the low tinkling of cow bells and sheep faintly bleating; you see farm houses scattered here and there, and every three or four miles a little school house. All our artists love to paint in the country, so here we may say the country is preferable for its beauty.

In a city there are many diseases. Why? Because there are so many buildings, such as warehouses, factories, etc., where germs collect. People inhale these. They are no so strong as those living in the country because they do not get enough fresh air and exercise. So these little germs often prove fatal. Why do they send consumptives to the country for open-air treatment? Because the country is more healthful.

Some people say in a country you do not know what is going on in the world, but this is a great mistake. We have papers and magazines with just the same news as those of a city. One thing we are behind in perhaps is the reading of cheap novels and magazines.

Those living in a city go to moving pictures, concerts and something every night, and would neglect their school work, which is very important. Without good, hard study what of our future citizens? In a country we have no such attractions and the country schools turn out good, clever men and women. People say you don't learn much at a country school, but the most important studies are taught and taught thoroughly.

In a city you see young boys standing around the corners, smoking or chewing tobacco. They do not get their full growth and have that sickly look. Would it not be better for them if they were in the country on a farm away from all temptation. You will even see boys drunk in the city. The country is also the place for them. I believe the boys living in the country are better than those in a city.

I also believe that people in the country are more religious. In the larger cities people even work on Sunday, or else they work all week and then don't feel like going to church. In the country the people keep regular hours and they like nothing better than going to church. They remember the little sermon all through the week. It lightens their work. In a city those that do go to church remember the sermon only till they meet some friend, then one says, "Did you see Mrs. Jones' new gown?" and "Those plumes must have cost an immense sum." They keep on this way but don't mention sermon, anyway I don't suppose they heard one-half of it, so intent were they looking to see who looked most stylish. Now to finish up I must say when I go to the city it is a great treat; but the noise soon becomes a strain and I love to get back to my dear old country home with all its peaceful, quiet look, its lovely trees and sparkling streams, and I love to wander through the woods and think how kind nature is to us living in the country.

ELIZABETH S. BUNNELL (Age 16.)
Sussex, N.B.

—Certified by Mrs. Albert Bunnell.

COMPETITION.

For boys and girls under eighteen.

Subject: "Our Pets."

Six books (the titles to be selected from our Library List) will be awarded as prizes for the best stories, letters, poems, drawings or photographs about this subject.

All entries must bear the name and age of the contributor, and be certified as original by parent or guardian. The contest closes January 1st.

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

The papers say that Premier Borden had a popular majority of 43,383. Sir Wilfrid Laurier could name some men with whom it wasn't popular.

A woman testified in court in the United States that her husband had sold her to another man for a cent and a half. Was it a swindle or a bargain?

According to the Liberal papers the Ottawa Opposition is getting the Government into about forty knots an hour on the navy question.

East Hampton, Mass., reports the engagement of a man to a lady who is reported to have mastered fifty-four languages. He gets our vote for a Carnegie hero medal.

On the advice of Great Britain, Persia has decided to apologize to Russia. There seems to be some fitness in the term "Persian lamb."

It looks significant that, after getting nicely started on his campaign in Ontario, Liberal Leader Rowell made a strong plea for good roads.

Football Elegy.

I.

"Smash it over!" sang the crowd,
"Over for a try!"
Harry seized the pigskin in
The twinkling of an eye.
Sturdy friends were at his back;
Sturdy foe before,
So he charged with main and might,
In the chance to score.
Was he over?—Sure he was,
With a yard to spare!
How the cheering from the stand
Rent the autumn air!
All the fence around the field
Was splintered by the jar.

At Harry's service, someone sang
"The crossing of the bar."

II.

The stadium re-echoed with
A loud, discordant roar;
As down the field the half-backs came
And swept the team before.
James, our full-back, braced himself
And took a flying duck—
Landed in the centre
Of that awful triple buck!
Did he stop them?—Well, I guess;
Brought them to the ground.
People say they felt the shock
Half a mile around—
James could surely tackle,
Just the way they do in books.

Afterwards we all remarked
"How natural he looks!"

III.

"Block that kick!" the rooters cried,
Awful was the hush,
William was our favourite then,
Played at centre rush.
He had always steady nerves,
Always used his brain;
So he charged the forward line
Splitting it in twain.
Blocked the kick?—You bet he did!
Stopped it with his jaw—
Finest piece of head work
That I think I ever saw.
He was fond of flowers,
And his favourite was the trillium;
In the spring we always plant
Some fresh ones over William.

PAUL SHEARD.

hand he walked up to the platform, and the sight of the novel gavel put the delegates in good humour at once.

Then His Worship tilted his fedora hat on the side of his head, took out a pipe and proceeded to "smoke up," just like the humblest of the rank and file in the party. He mingled freely with "the boys," and such a veteran as Hon. Thomas Crawford testified publicly that not in forty years' political experience had he met such an efficient chairman as G. R. Geary. It is just such little things as these that help to make the Mayor an almost unbeatable man in municipal elections.

Baiting Borden.—The Opposition at Ottawa is bothering the life out of the Government by asking questions.



THE LITTLE THINGS

Curate: But you know, Miss Fisher, you should always be careful of details. It's the little things that tell.

Nellie: Yes, I know that all right. I've got little brothers and sisters at home.

Having been put out of their job of running the country's affairs, the Liberal members are asking what are declared to be embarrassing questions about the navy, the Farmers' Bank, the Ne Temere decree, and so on. And the Grits "gloat" when the poor Tories' brows are knitted.

This teasing of the Government will probably be a feature of Liberal tactics for a long time. It is understood that the questioning will be broadened to include general matters. When the usual political ground has been covered, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who has beaten his oratorical sword into a question mark, will demand that Premier Borden give a straight, definite answer to "How old is Ann?"

Other questions soon to be sprung are as follows:

"Did the Prime Minister promise in his Halifax platform that if elected he would give a solution to the problem as to whether the hen or the egg came first?"

"Is the Government aware that in an election speech one of its candidates declared that he would square a circle? Was this promise made in good faith? Will it be carried out?"

"Has the Government determined on any steps towards finding the fourth dimension? If not, will any such steps be taken?"

Lullaby Up-to-Date.

Bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting
For some nifty Christmas boxes
To fill Baby Bunting's soxes.

Not Worrying.—A peculiar point of view was that shown recently by a man employed on the mason work in connection with the alterations being made in the Standard Bank building, Toronto, to prepare it for occupation by the Ontario Club. The man

was walking on a cracked plank some twenty feet above the ground.

"That plank is cracked," said his boss, who feared that the man might have a dangerous fall.

"Oh, that's all right," was the reply. "It belongs to the steel contractor."

The Dividers.

When European powers have cut
Old Africa in sections,
And nicely split poor China up
For fear of insurrections,

When poor old Turkey has been
carved

By lands that civilize,
And Persia has been cut to make
For each a splendid prize,

No doubt the "spheres of influence"
Will settle on the stars;
We'll find the European powers
Dividing up old Mars.

They may take long to reach that far,
But doubtless very soon
The foremost four will each absorb
A quarter of the moon.

Gatling Gun Orator.—Controller Thomas L. Church, of Toronto, was the victim of one of the smoothest bits of sarcasm on a recent occasion when "Tommy," as he is familiarly known, delivered one of his characteristic speeches at a Conservative convention in a Toronto riding.

The Controller's style of speech-making is a peculiar staccato utterance, a sort of Gatling-gun delivery, and it is difficult for those not accustomed to his oratorical methods to follow him. On the occasion in question he talked as usual about three hundred words to the minute and flitted from topic to topic as easily as a bird hops from twig to twig. He rattled on until his time limit was called, and no sooner had he finished than an auditor rose at the back of the hall. Somehow its always the man at the back of the hall that says the witty thing. And this man said something that caused gales of laughter to sweep through the hall.

"Mr. Chairman," he shouted, "might I ask you to insist that the next speaker use the English language?"

The Modern Method.—Black—"So poor old White has suicided? Did he use poison or a pistol?"

Brown—"Neither. He went deer hunting."

As the Grits See Him.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who will be remembered for his splendid work in "The Reins of Office," which ran for several seasons at Ottawa, is making a decided impression in the leading part of "An Opposition Worth While." It is so long since he has appeared in this class of play that his present role is unfamiliar to the veteran Sir Wilfrid, but his handling of the part justifies his friends' oft-asserted belief in his versatility. He is supported by an all-star cast.

A Fixture.—Arthur Stringer, the noted Canadian author, and his wife, are both quite tall, but that fact availed them nothing when they faced the problem of firing a cook.

They were living in an apartment in New York at the time with which this incident deals, and their cook was a big negress who wasn't mistress of the art of cooking.

Mrs. Stringer gave the coloured lady notice to leave on a certain day, but when that day came the boss of the kitchen hadn't packed her trunk and was working away as though she was still in good standing. Mrs. Stringer's reminder that diplomatic relations had been severed had no effect.

"I'll get her out," said Arthur when told of the state of affairs.

He entered the kitchen, and, advancing towards the cook, said, "You were told to leave to-day, and I want you to pack your trunk and get out."

The cook saw that the time to declare herself had come. So she picked up a hammer and said, "You jest lay a finger on me and I'll smash your face in. I like this place, an' I've decided I've goin' to stay."

A FATAL ERROR

A man steps into your office, draws up his chair, and talks right into your face. His breath is offensive. Your only thought is how to get rid of him and his business. You cut him short with, "I am not interested."

SOZODONT

is essential to one whose breath is not pure and sweet. Penetrating the little crevices, it deodorizes, sweetens and purifies them, and makes you feel gentle and clean-cut.

3 Forms: Liquid, Powder, Paste.

12 STORIES OF SOLID COMFORT
IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK



HOTEL YORK

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

Corner 36th St. and 7th Ave.

One short block from Broadway and New York's Newest, Largest and Finest Department Stores, Fashionable Shops and Theatres.

2 Minutes from New Penna. R.R. Terminal.

10 Minutes from Grand Central Terminal.

Accommodations Better than Rates indicate

ROOMS \$1.50 and \$2.00 with Bath Privilege

" \$2.00 to \$4.00 " Private Bath

Where two persons occupy same room only \$1.00 extra

will be added to above rates

Write Hotel for Map of New York

JAY G. WILBRAHAM, Managing Director

WATSON'S



No. 10

SCOTCH

BILLIARD TABLES

Burroughes and Watts, Ltd:

By Special Appointment to H. M. the King, and Contractors to H. M. War Dept., and the Admiralty. The Largest Firm in the British Empire. Estimates free of charge, and inspection invited.

34 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

Red or Black VULCAN STYLOS

Moderate priced, easy-writing pens that give satisfaction; unequalled for rapid writing and ruling.

\$1.00 Post paid

TWO SIZES, 4 1/4 AND 5 1/2 INCHES.

Extra Size, 8 ins. (Black only), \$1.25.

J. I. ULLRICH, & CO., 27 Thames St., New York.

Mfrs. of Stylo and Fountain Pens.

Rodolphe Forget

Member Montreal Stock Exchange

83 Notre Dame St., Montreal

Carefully edited studies of leading Canadian securities mailed on application. Facts and figures compiled by experts.

Paris Office

60 Rue De Provence

PELLATT & PELLATTMembers
Toronto
Stock
Exchange401 Traders Bank Building
TORONTO

BONDS AND STOCKS
also COBALT STOCKS
BOUGHT AND SOLD
ON COMMISSION

Private wire connections with W. H.
GOADBY & CO., Members New York
Stock Exchange.

**GOVERNMENT
MUNICIPAL and
CORPORATION
BONDS**

Our lists comprise carefully selected offerings of the above securities, affording the investor 4 per cent. to 6 per cent. interest returns.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

Wood, Gundy & Co.

London, Eng. Toronto, Can.

E. R. C. CLARKSON & SONSTrustees, Receivers & Liquidators
Ontario Bank Chambers
Scott Street, TorontoASSETS
\$ 8827-945CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,300,000**CENTRAL
CANADA**LOAN & SAVINGS
COMPANY
TORONTODEPOSITS RECEIVED
AND DEBENTURES
ISSUED**MONEY AND
MAGNATES****First Tests of Canadian Mergers.**

DEVELOPMENTS during the past couple of weeks are affording Canadians a first opportunity of experiencing what happens when mergers or consolidations fail to work out the way their organizers had anticipated. First of all came the trouble in the Asbestos consolidation, known as the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation. A large number of Canadian investors will lose a lot of money in this asbestos concern, because the company has unfortunately found itself in the position of not being able to pay its bond interest on December 1st, and as a result some re-organization plan will have to be worked out. The securities were placed more particularly in and around Montreal. The trouble with the Asbestos situation seems to have been that just after the consolidation there came a decided change in the market for Asbestos products. If the consolidation had been able to get anything like the prices for its Asbestos that had prevailed during the couple of years previous to the consolidation there would not, it is claimed, have been any difficulty in earning its bond interest, but unfortunately prices declined from 40 to 50 per cent., and even by cutting down expenses as quickly as possible, the Company still fell short of earning enough money to pay the interest on its bonds.

Just as Montreal was affected by the unfortunate development in Asbestos, so Toronto and Ontario gets its turn in connection with the Canadian Cereal and Milling Consolidation. This represented a consolidation of eight of the different milling and cereal companies in the Province of Ontario. At the time the consolidation was effected everything looked very well, but unfortunately the company in its first year had to contend against conditions in the milling trade that were said to be the worst in twenty years. While it had no difficulty in earning the interest on its bonds, still during the past few months it has fallen short of being able to earn its dividend, on its Cumulative Preferred stock. As a result the dividend, it is said, would have to be passed. All of which goes to show that while it is comparatively easy to figure out how a company should earn its fixed charges with comparative ease, it is another thing to get them to do so.

Always a Surprise Coming in Dominion Steel.

JUST at a time when the thousands of shareholders of Dominion Steel Corporation Common had figured out that they had, after a great deal of patience, experienced almost every surprise that could likely be in store for them, the directors of the company came along the other day with the announcement that they had decided to attend to further financing for the Company by an issue of Preferred Stock which, of course, must rank ahead of the present Common Stock. Almost every time that the Dominion Steel gets on its way towards slightly higher prices, something or other always happens that puts it back very quickly. The situation to-day seems to be that it would be difficult to find more than about one holder in a hundred who would not gladly sell his Steel, if he could only manage to get anything like the price he paid for it. Of course the Steel directors are evidently sincere in their statement that the Preferred issue was very much better financing for the Company and more in the interests of the Common shareholders than if they continued issuing bonds, but it is hard to get the average holder to consider what is to his ultimate advantage when he has to recognize that the value of his holdings is depreciating very fast. The developments of the past few months in the Steel situation would seem to indicate that the insiders themselves are finding out that everything is not just as rosy as it seemed at the time that they effected a practical consolidation of the Dominion Iron and Steel, and Dominion Coal companies into the Dominion Steel Corporation. With the large amount of new work still to be carried out, it will be necessary, during the next couple of years, to do quite a considerable amount of financing.

Calling of Loans Affected Market.

THE set-backs that have been experienced in the Canadian markets during the past few weeks are said to have been due, almost entirely, to the calling of loans by some of the Canadian banks. Quite a few of the latter close their fiscal years at the end of the present month and, as a rule, in anticipation of preparing their statement to shareholders, call loans are reduced to some considerable extent. On this account it is expected that money will again work easier immediately after the turn of the month. On the other hand, it is stated that the banks are discouraging over-extension of speculation on the Canadian markets, and while they have lots of money for business accounts, are not lending out any more than they can help to brokers.

Change in Control of Big Ontario Pulp Company.

THE attention that the pulp industry in Ontario is receiving from the leading financial interests of the country was indicated, the other day, when a number of the interests who had nursed the Spanish River Pulp and Paper industry along for some years past, sold out their holdings to Mr. Garnet P. Grant, the President of the Dominion Bond Co., and C. Meredith & Co., Ltd., of Montreal. Mr. Grant was personally responsible for the reorganization of the company back some months ago, which provided ample capital to enable the company to go ahead with the erection of a large paper mill which is now nearing completion.

Steel Interests Seeking Assistance From Government.

IT will be interesting to watch just what will be the outcome of the endeavour the steel interests of the country are making to try and get additional assistance from the new Government at Ottawa. The other day representatives of the three largest concerns, viz., Dominion Iron, Nova Scotia Steel and Coal, and Lake Superior Corporation, waited on the Ministers at Ottawa, and a great many people claim that the new Conservative Government are so committed to better protection of Canadian industries that the said companies will stand a very much better chance than they did when Mr. Fielding was in charge.

McCuaig Bros. & Co.

Members Montreal Stock Exchange

A General Stock Exchange
Business Transacted.
Investment Securities a Specialty.

Reports on any Canadian or
American Securities furnished
on application.

Our Weekly Circular gives an
analysis of the position of

STEEL COMPANY OF CANADA

Copy mailed on request.

17 St. Sacramento St., Montreal
OTTAWA, SHERBROOKE, SOREL,
GRANBYChief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, ManagerIRISH & MAULSON, Limited
Chief Toronto Agents.**The Merchants' Bank**

of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - - MONTREAL.

President, Sir H. Montagu Allan.
Vice-President, Jonathan Hodgson.
General Manager, E. F. Hobden.

Paid-up Capital \$ 6,000,000
Reserve Fund and Un-
divided Profits 4,999,297
Deposits (Nov. 30) 54,779,044
Assets (Nov. 30) 71,600,058

161 BRANCHES IN CANADA

General Banking Business transacted.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all
branches.

Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards re-
ceived and interest allowed at best
current rates.

TORONTO OFFICES:

Wellington St. West; 1400 Queen
St. West (Parkdale); 406-408 Parli-
ament St.; Dundas St. and Ronces-
valles Ave.

The Title and TrustCompany, Bay & Richmond Sts.
TORONTO

Executor, Administrator
Assignee, Liquidator

For Policyholders Only

During the past five years the

MUTUAL LIFE

of Canada

Has earned in profits for its
policyholders

\$2,262,158

Being 23.43 per cent. of the premiums
received for that period

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%

HEAD OFFICE :

WATERLOO, - - - - - ONT.

BISSELL'S
Coco Ball Bearing
CARPET SWEEPER



the popular
Christmas
GIFT

You can't select an article at double the cost that will contribute as much genuine pleasure and satisfaction to a friend as a

Bissell Sweeper. Made of the richest woods, hand polished and with metal parts all nicked, the "Bissell" makes a most appropriate and acceptable holiday gift, and will be a constant reminder of the giver for ten years or more. Thousands of Bissell Sweepers are used every year as wedding and holiday presents.

For sale everywhere. Prices \$3.00 to \$4.50. Send for booklet.

Buy of your dealer between now and January 1st, send us the purchase slip within one week from the date of purchase, and we will send you GRATIS a fine quality black leather card case with no printing on it.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Dept. 24. Grand Rapids, Mich.
Canadian Factory: Niagara Falls, Ont.

THE MILITIA CONFERENCE

(Continued from page 7.)

raisins, canned tomatoes and evaporated cream. Puddings were thus a regular feature of the dinners.

And in spite of all this improvement he saved twenty-five per cent. of his cash allowance.

Those Who Attended.

BESIDES the Ottawa staff and local officers, the following attended. Montreal: Lieut.-Col. Burland, Lieut.-Col. Cole, Lieut.-Col. Costigan, Lieut.-Col. Cameron, Rev. Gaspard Dauth, Lieut.-Col. Fisher, Lieut.-Col. Grant, Lieut.-Col. Labelle, Lieut.-Col. Landry, Lieut.-Col. MacKay, Lieut.-Col. Renouf, Colonel Roy, M.V.O., Professor Smart, Lieut.-Col. Wilson and Major Winter. Toronto: Dr. Barton, Capt. Cooper, General Cotton, Dr. Fotheringham, Lieut.-Col. Gooderham, Colonel Hon. J. M. Gibson, Lieut.-Col. Greenwood, Lieut.-Col. Hall, Mr. James L. Hughes, Major Lang, Colonel Macdonald, Colonel James Mason, Lieut.-Col. Mercer, Lieut.-Col. Mitchell, Colonel Sir Henry Pellatt, Dr. Ryerson, Lieut.-Col. Williams. Quebec: Lieut.-Col. Bacon, Lieut.-Col. Burstall, Hon. P. Boucher de la Bruere, Lieut.-Col. Davidson, Capt. Hill, Lieut.-Col. Jones, Colonel Hon. P. Landry, Capt. Lavergne, Lieut.-Col. Laurin, Lieut.-Col. Hon. Wm. Macpherson, Lieut.-Col. Scott, Lieut.-Col. Wurtele. Halifax: Colonel S. J. A. Denison, C.M.G., Colonel Humphrey, Rev. Dr. Macmillan, Lieut.-Col. Thacker, Lieut.-Col. Weston. Also the following: Lieut.-Col. Armstrong, Calgary; Colonel Benson Kingston; Colonel Bertram, Dundas; Dr. H. E. Bigelow; Lieut.-Col. Billman, Winnipeg; Major Brown, Aylmer; Lieut.-Col. Campbell, Lindsay; Colonel Crow, Kingston; Lieut.-Col. Cruikshank, Calgary; Lieut.-Col. Good, Woodstock; Lieut.-Col. Gwynne, Grenfell; Hon. Lieut.-Col. Hendrie, Hamilton; Colonel Hodgins, London; Lieut.-Col. J. Hughes, Clarke; Lieut.-Col. Kemmis, Pincher Creek; Lieut.-Col. Kent, Kingston; Colonel King, St. Catharines; Hon. Lieut.-Col. Laurin, Ancienne Lorette; Lieut.-Col. Lickie, Vancouver; Colonel Logie, Hamilton; Major MacArthur; Lieut.-Col. Macdonald, Alexandria; Hon. Colonel Macdonald, Guelph; Lieut.-Col. Mackenzie, Woodstock; Lieut.-Col. MacNachtan, Cobourg; Lieut.-Col. MacLaren, St. John; Lieut.-Col. Penhale, East Broughton; Lieut.-Col. Petrie, Guelph; Lieut.-Col. Ponton Belleville; Lieut.-Col. Rathbun, Deseronto; Lieut.-Col. Spearing, Sherbrooke; Major Shanly, Hon. Col. Steele, Winnipeg; Lieut.-Col. Sylvester, Lindsay; Lieut.-Col. Sissons, Medicine Hat; Lieut. Col. Stewart, Vancouver; Captain Taylor, Guelph; Lieut.-Col. Turner, Quebec; Lieut.-Col. Vince, Woodstock; Colonel Wadmore, Victoria; Dr. J. A. White, Lindsay; Colonel White, Guelph; Major Watt, Winnipeg; Major Williamson, Lindsay; Major Young, Brandon.

Canada and the United States
By PREMIER BORDEN

CANADA is an autonomous nation within the British Empire, and is closely and inseparably united to that Empire by ties of kinship, of sentiment and of fealty, by historic association and tradition, by the character of its institutions, and by the free will of its people.

By the like ties of kinship, by constant social and commercial intercourse, by proximity and mutual respect and good-will, this country is closely associated with the United States.

Canada's voice and influence should always be for harmony, and not for discord, between our Empire and the great Republic, and I believe that she will always be a bond of abiding friendship between them.

I trust that the anniversary of one hundred years of peace will be commemorated in the two countries with a deep and solemn sense of national responsibility, and that each will accomplish its destiny under the splendid inspiration of enduring and increasing friendship and good-will.—Extract from speech at Halifax.

BRODERICKS



THE ARCTIC "RAGLAN"

One of the many models in the famous Broderick collection of distinctive overcoats for this season.

Correct in fit, graceful in effect, most pleasing to the eye.

The Arctic Raglan is strictly English in effect, broad, full shoulders, without padding, lapels bold and well rounded, gracefully and freely draped from the shoulders down, boxy throughout, and with patch pockets, single or double-breasted.

A truly magnificent garment, tailored in the perfect Broderick way—Prices from \$45.00 to

\$22.50

BRODERICKS

LIMITED

113 West King St., Toronto

WINTER TERM

Opens January 2nd in all departments of The Central Business College and its four City Branches. Free catalogue mailed on request. Address C. A. GILL, Secretary, Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS



\$8,500 offered for one invention. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers, Journals. Patent Obtained or Fee Returned. CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys. Established 16 Years. 1016F. Street, Washington, D. C.

Extreme Weakness for 4 Years

The following letter gives another remarkable example of the health-giving power of 'Wincarnis.'

60 Marchmont St., Russell Sq., London. Dear Sirs,—For nearly four years I have suffered from intense weakness. Several months ago I got so bad that I had to spend a month in the hospital, but when I came out I was no better, and could not walk any distance alone. Since then I have been very much worse—so bad that I despaired of ever being well again, especially after four years' incessant suffering. One day I sent to you for a bottle of your 'Wincarnis,' and after taking a wineglassful I was delighted to find how much brighter and better I felt. So I continued taking 'Wincarnis' and I feel, to-day, an entirely different woman. All my friends remark at the change in me, and say, "'Wincarnis' must be a wonderful thing to put you on your feet again after your long illness." I think there is no praise high enough for 'Wincarnis,' and I feel so happy to be strong and well again. You may use this letter if you wish, so that other sufferers may know of the wonderful health and strength your 'Wincarnis' has given me.—Yours faithfully, MRS. R. LANSSENS.



RESTORED TO HEALTH BY

WINGARNIS

Will you try just one bottle? Can be obtained at all first-class Druggists, Stores, Etc. MANUFACTURERS: COLEMAN & CO., Wincarnis Works, NORWICH ENG. TRADE NOTE: 'Wincarnis' can be readily obtained from all the leading Wholesale Distributing Houses in the Dominion. IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

HOTEL VICTORIA

BROADWAY

Fifth Ave. and 28th St., NEW YORK



RATES

Rooms without bath, one person, \$1.50 per day and upward, two persons, \$3.00 and upward; with bath, one person, \$2.50 per day and upward, two persons, \$4.00 and upward. Suites \$6.00 per day and upward.

"Canadian money taken at par."

American Hotel Victoria Co.
GEORGE W. SWEENEY, President
ANGUS GORDON, Manager,
Late of King Edward Hotel, Toronto, Can.

GIFT FURNITURE

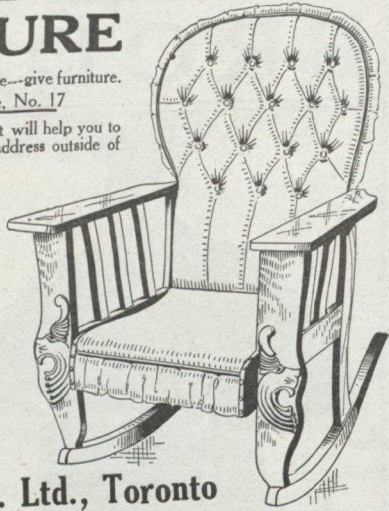
If you want to give a present that will give lasting gratitude—give furniture.
500 suggestions for Christmas Gifts in our Catalogue, No. 17

All beautiful, useful and sensible. Priced in a way that will help you to purchase economically. This catalogue sent free to any address outside of Toronto.

\$5.45 for this handsome **Rocker**

Freight paid to any station within 20 miles of Toronto.

Exactly like illustration—An example of the remarkable values in our catalogue. The frame is made of selected oak with quarter-cut oak arms and front posts, highly polished and elaborately carved, spring seat and buttoned back upholstered in morroccoline—best quality of imitation leather which wears and looks equal to real leather. A rocker well worth \$10.00.



The Adams Furniture Co. Ltd., Toronto

NORWICH UNION FIRE

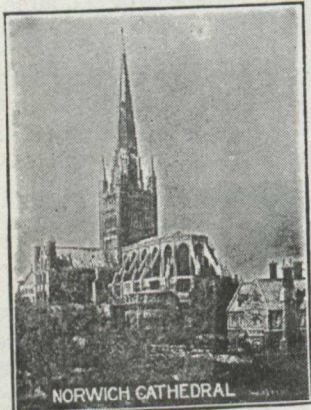
Insurance Society
Limited

Founded 1797

\$125,000,000 PAID FOR LOSSES
\$496,900 DEPOSITED AT OTTAWA

Head Office for Canada, TORONTO

JOHN B. LAIDLAW, Manager
A. H. RODGERS, Branch Secretary



NORWICH CATHEDRAL

Have you a country home where you grow fruit and vegetables. Perhaps you keep chickens and pride yourself on your good country milk, butter, and eggs. You may even grow grain and keep some pure bred stock.

In any event you ought to keep posted on all these things. CANADIAN FARM, A NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL WEEKLY will be sent to your address for \$1.00 a year. It is brim full of timely articles well illustrated. Every issue may save you money.

Circulation Dept., CANADIAN FARM, Toronto, Ont.

Your Costly Silver is Worthy of the Greatest Care

Did you ever stop to think of the hard labor and work spent in the average household cleaning the silverware? All the rubbing, scrubbing, polishing and dust. Oh, say, it's awful.

That rubbing WEARS AWAY the silver or plate very rapidly—it can't help but do so.

The best and most modern way of cleaning Silver, Gold and Plated Ware, and with NO RUBBING, is the WONDER-SHINE Way.

This method is now being used altogether by the leading Hotels, Clubs and many owners of Gold, Silver and plate services.

Silver Lasts Longer—Shine Lasts Longer

IT IS SO EASY TO USE. A 25c. package contains everything complete, with full directions for using, and with it you can clean all your silverware many times.

Does all the work in quarter the time.

25c. and 50c. Per Package

WONDER-SHINE

SILVER CLEANER

SOME LITERARY NOTES

THE members of the Toronto branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club are to be congratulated on the attractive volume, "Canadian Days," which they have compiled, being "selections for every day in the year from the works of Canadian authors." The cover, in imperial purple, with dainty tracery of gold, and the title in lettering of ivory-white, is in excellent taste, and is a welcome departure from the maple leaf and the beaver. The size of the book, about five inches by four, is also very much in its favour. It reminds one of those delightful little books in the Cambridge edition, which could be tucked away in a corner of a shopping bag and taken on the boat or up the river for an afternoon with the poets.

The literary selections are quite worthy of this mechanical excellence. The first day of January is devoted to Ralph Connor, the last day of December to Arnold Haultain—and the width of the year is between the author of "The Foreigner" and the writer of "Hints to Lovers." The charm of such a book is, that it may be "picked up" at any moment and bring a gladdening glimpse of old favourites and new friends. Most of the selections are from the writings of Canadians of to-day; but the older ones are not forgotten, and one is especially glad that Sam Slick is included, and that there are many snatches of verse from "French Songs of Old Canada." The members of the editorial committee, Marjory MacMurchy, Amelia B. Warnock, and Jane Wells Fraser, announce in the preface: "Selections have been made with an endeavour to reveal the spirit of the country, gay and earnest, hopeful and full of eagerness, and, it is believed, showing love of beauty and the aspects of this land." The reader will readily admit that the ambition of the compilers has been attained, for the "Canadian Days" leave one with an impression of hope and buoyancy, confuting those critics who declare that much work and little play has made Johnnie Canuck a dull boy. Quotations from such a year-book are dangerous; yet, the following lines from Pauline Johnson's "Canadian Born" are so much in the spirit of this land and this age that they may be transcribed: "And here's to the days that are coming,

And here's to the days that are gone,
And here's to your gold and your spirit bold,

And your luck that has held its own;
And here's to your luck so sturdy,
And here's to your hearts so true,
And here's to the speed of the day decreed

That brings me again to you."

"Canadian Days" will make a charming gift book, especially for our friends who are far away. It is published in Toronto by the Musson Book Company, Limited.

* * *

AMONG the young Canadians who have found the unexplored places of the Great Northwest a literary gold mine is Mr. Hulbert Footner, whose story, "Two on a Trail," was a truly thrilling romance, with a heroine of surpassing charm, and a hero who is surely the most wonderful newspaper man in the pages of fiction. It is always safe to represent the journalist as a remarkably fine chap, for the book-reviewer is more likely to be a newspaper man than a university professor. Mr. Footner is as relentless in depicting a villain as he is generous with his hero, and it is difficult to recall a more abandoned scamp than the evil genius who followed "Two on a Trail." Like King John, as depicted in Collier's old green-backed history, his character bears no redeeming feature. Mr. Footner is away once more in the wilderness, "somewhere west of the Saskatchewan," and we shall look forward to a still more startling romance, for the writer of "Two on a Trail" is capable of many good stories. The Christmas number of the Woman's Home Companion contains a charm-

ing tale by Mr. Footner, "The Flying House," which is a delicate and sympathetic study of the small toilers in a great city. "V'ilemma" and "Algernon" are well worth knowing, and the illustrations by Alice Barber Stephens are in this well-known artist's happiest mood.

* * *

MR. ROBERT HERRICK has chosen Canada for the most dramatic scenes of his latest novel, "The Healer," and those who know our vast northern spaces will straightway be set wondering as to where Lake San-guishine may be sparkling. Mr. Herrick's literary style places him with the best of modern writers of fiction. "The Common Lot" was a book of unusual moral force, and of crisp vigour of expression, with a simple delineation of the ordinary citizen which reminded the reader of William Dean Howells. "Together" was a realistic and over-sombre study of ill-mated consorts which disappointed those who had expected something better than divorce court details from the author. "The Healer" may fairly be called an extraordinary story. In these days, when such adjectives as "phenomenal" and "marvellous" are applied to every magazine serial, it is hazardous to venture on comparisons. But read the first half-dozen chapters of "The Healer" and ask yourself how many novelists of to-day could have approached such a dramatic situation. The interest which is aroused in the very first chapter is held throughout a narrative which is as ruggedly unconventional as the scenes which witness the hero's first triumph. It may be considered morbid by the absolutely healthy, as the passion of the modern world for psychotherapy, faith healing, the Emmanuel Movement, Christian Science or any other creed or craft which will bring calm to disturbed nerves, is reflected in the evolution of "The Healer's" career. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

ABC of Chinese Revolution

DR. SUN-YAT-SEN.—The Lloyd-George of China. Intends to provide a New Heaven and New Earth for the Celestials, but has not as yet worked out all the details. Has frequently limehoused the idle Manchus. At present lives in Chicago, as he considers this city more progressive in some ways than those of China. Hates pigtailed.

Yuah-Shi-Kai.—The Kitchener of China. Will cut off a man's head as soon as look at him, and will not allow his officers to be carried on to battlefields in rickshaws. A silent, strong man, but not really Shi.

The Chinese Emperor.—The Kaiser of China. Aged five. He began his education the other day, and can already teach his instructors how to do pot-hooks. Considers that his subjects should wear pigtailed and have a place in the sun. A strong believer in the Chinese navy, about which he has often been told stories by his pedagogue.

Morrison of Peking.—The authority on China. The other authorities are people who have either met Morrison of Peking or have read Morrison of Peking's books.

Boxers.—An unpleasant section of the Chinese population who believe in delivering the "knock-out" blow. The Jack Johnsons of China. It is to be feared that they would consider even the Rev. F. B. Meyer "a foreign devil."

Admiral Sa Cheng Ping.—The Lord Charles Beresford of China. His enemies maintain that he believes more in keeping the eyes that are painted on the bows of the Chinese battleships bright and trim than in making his gunners practise throwing stink-pots. A daring officer, nevertheless.

The Great Wall of China, Etc.—These cannot be described in detail, but include Mandarins, Missionaries, Pagodas, Chopsticks, Fleatrap, and Teashops, all of which are likely to suffer considerably if the revolution continues. It may, however, be over by now.—The Bystander.



The simplicity of OXO Cubes appeals to every woman who cooks or has a cook. You boil the water—we have done the rest. OXO Cubes are so handy and complete in themselves—no mess—no trouble—no measuring—no sticky bottles or troublesome corks. Exact—convenient—and economical, because no waste.

58



One Cube to a Cup.

The Flavor will be to Your Liking

Try a glass of Cosgrave's new Golden Gate Beer the next time you feel thirsty.

It is becoming the first choice of every one who appreciates a beer that is both delicious and wholesome.

Cosgrave's Golden Gate BEER

is the product of the finest materials.

Now on sale at all hotels.

In wood at all dealers for family use.

WHITE LABEL ALE



Dominion Brewery Co. Limited TORONTO

PATRICIA'S GIFT

(Continued from page 8.)

demanded. "I might as well dine with a mute."

"Oh, Hugh," the girl answered, with tears in her eyes, "why are you so cross this evening? You're so unlike yourself. If I talk you snub me, and now you swear at me for saying nothing. What am I to do?"

Hugh looked at her with a puzzled air. "I never swore at a lady in my life," he protested. "I feel out of sorts, I admit, and if I was rude I'm sorry, Julie, but what has come over you to-night? You're not yourself."

"It's you who are not yourself," Julie might well have retorted, but she only said, humbly, "What is wrong with me, Hugh?"

What indeed! Hugh could not understand it. The girl's delicate beauty had seemingly vanished, her voice grated on his ear, her personality had become unattractive, even distasteful to him; all the pleasure had gone out of the evening; he found himself counting the courses which brought him nearer release; no sooner was desert served than he suggested departure. He put her into a cab.

"Aren't you coming back with me?" she said, with an appealing look.

But he pleaded a club engagement, bade her a brief good-night, and turned away with a sigh of relief. Julie cried all the way home.

He came next day, and she greeted him with a smiling face and gave him her lips as though nothing had happened, and waited for the apology to which she was entitled; but it remained unuttered, Hugh was morose and silent, and made but a short stay.

A week passed. A week to Julie of long-drawn misery. She adored Hugh so much that love made her blind. She told herself he was unwell, that he had private worries, that she had unconsciously offended him, but at last she guessed the truth. He no longer loved her, and wanted to be released from his engagement.

She cried herself half blind when she realized he had tired of her. But she had her pride, and wrote him a brief note asking him to call the next afternoon, and met him, pale and heavy eyed, but with a dignity of which he was uncomfortably aware.

"Hugh," she said, "I owe you an apology. I've been rather stupid these last few days. You've changed; you've tired of me; you want to be free. Why didn't you say so?"

The man looked and felt thoroughly ashamed of himself. "You must think me a weather-cock," he said, "but I must confess since that evening at the Carlton I don't love you as I did. It's not your fault. You're the same girl, but I—well, something has come over me. But I feel a cad! Julie, you must let me make it up to you. You shall have a settlement—"

"Stop!" cried the girl, and, despite her self-control, a sob broke from her. "Oh! Hugh, you might have spared me that. Take money from you! Don't you know me better than that?"

"Don't flare up so," grumbled Hugh; "I mean no offence. It would have eased my mind. Let's part friends, anyhow," and he held out his hand.

Julie took it, and as their fingers touched, her eyes, downcast, fell on the two rings he had given her, the only presents she had accepted from him.

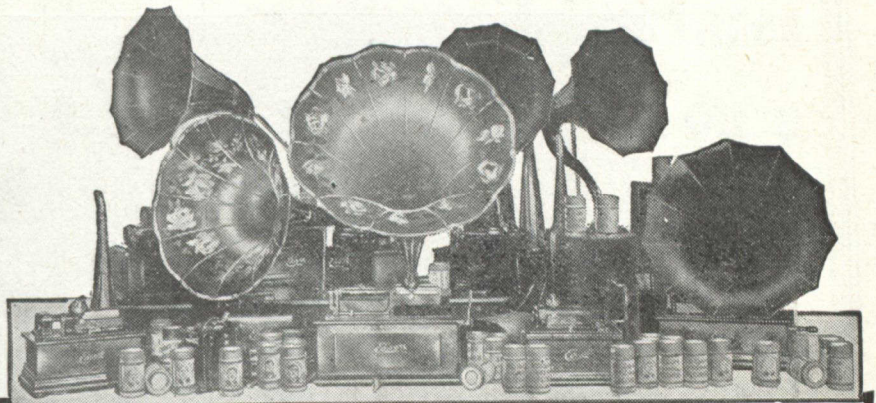
"Your rings," she cried, and began to take them off.

"Keep them," he begged; and then, as she shook her head, "At least keep one, Julie, in memory of me. Come, I beg."

Julie drew off the engagement ring and hesitated. "Very well," she said, "I will keep the other. I confess I've taken an odd liking to it. Good-bye, Sir Hugh."

The door closed behind him and she was alone—love's dream over.

"What a cad I feel," muttered Hugh as he walked away; yet the sense of relief at being free was so great that it dulled the pricks of conscience, and by the time he had reached Oxford Street he had walked himself into a state of content with the whole world. He was passing Lewis's when he heard



Your Choice Edisons FREE Yes, FREE

of Any of These Edisons Yes, FREE

Shipped positively and absolutely free. You do not have to

pay us a single penny either now or later. We don't ask you to keep the phonograph—we just ask you to accept it as a free loan. We do not even ask you for any deposit or any guarantee, not even any C. O. D. payment to us. All we ask is that you tell us **which** of the magnificent Edison outfits you prefer so that we can send that one to you on this free loan offer.

Just Take Your Choice You Do Not Have To Buy Anything

Get any of the outfits shown above—your choice of records, too. **Simply get the phonograph and the records and use them free just as though they were your own.** Entertain yourself, your family and your friends, too, if you wish, with everything from the catchiest, newest popular songs, side-splitting minstrel and vaudeville monologues, to the famous grand operas, **Amberola** and other records sung by the world's greatest artists.

All This Entertainment FREE

Hear all this to perfection on the Edison Phonograph. After you have had all this entertainment absolutely free, then you may simply send the outfit right back **at our expense.** Now, if one of your friends wishes to get such an outfit tell him that he can get the rock-bottom price. On easy payments, too; even as low as **\$2.00 a month without interest.** But that's not what we ask of you. We just want to send you your choice of the latest style Edison Phonograph **free**—your choice of records, too, **all free**—then we'll convince you of the magnificent superiority of the new style Edison. It will cost us a little in express charges to get the Phonograph back from you—that is true—but we'll feel amply repaid for that, knowing that we have made of you a friend and a walking advertisement of the new style Edison Phonograph.



Mr. EDISON Says: "I want to see a Phonograph in every home."

Send Coupon for New Edison Books FREE Today

Get our handsome Free Edison Catalog and list of over 1,500 records, so you can select just the machine and the songs, recitations, etc., you want to hear on this ultra generous offer. Remember, there is absolutely **no obligation** on your part at all. All you need to do is to return the outfit at our expense when you are through with it. If you enjoy good music, and the finest and most varied entertainment it is possible to imagine, or if you want to give your family and friends a treat, such as they could not possibly get through any other means, then you should certainly send the free coupon today. Don't wait—your name and address on a postal will do, but the coupon is handier. No letter necessary. Be certain to write while the offer lasts. Better write today.

FREE COUPON F. K. Babson

Edison Phonograph Distributors
Dep't 7809, 355 Portage Ave.,
Winnipeg, Can.

Without obligations on my part, please send me your great Edison Catalogs, and also your Free Offer on my choice of a new style Edison Phonograph.

F. K. Babson
Edison Phonograph Distributors
Dept. 7809, 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Can.
U. S. Office, Edison Bldg., Chicago.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....



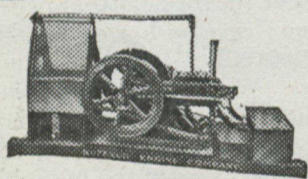
A Christmas Morning KODAK

All the child-world invites your Kodak. Wherever the children are there is endless opportunity for a Kodak story—a story full of human interest to every member of the family. And there's no better time to begin that story than on the *home day*—Christmas.

There are Kodaks now to fit most pockets and all purses and practical little Brownies, that work on the Kodak plan and with which even the children can make delightful pictures of each other. There are Brownies as cheap as one dollar and Kodaks from five dollars up—no excuse now for a Christmas without the home pictures. Write for our catalogue—or better still, let your dealer show you how simple and inexpensive Kodakery has become.

Make somebody happy with a Kodak

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited : Toronto, Can.



\$99.⁰⁰ for a POWERFUL
4 H.P.

Write for
Circulars

**BUFFALO
ENGINE**

WATER COOLED

The C. H. LEPAGE CO., Limited : Quebec City, Canada

Send only 10 cents

For this beautiful 18-inch tray cloth on Fine Art Linen, your choice of Wallachan, Eyelet, Mt. Melick, Violet or Holly design and we will include FREE OF CHARGE, one year's subscription to "Art Needlework" Magazine.

The tray cloth regularly sells for 25 cents, and one year's subscription to our embroidery Magazine would ordinarily cost you 25 cents, thus making a total cash value of 50 cents. The above Bargain Offer will be sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents and the names and addresses of five Lady friends. Send us your order to-day.

AVALLONE & CO., DEPT. 8,
49 Colborne St., Toronto, Ont.



IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

his name called softly by a familiar voice, and turning, saw Patricia seated in an open Victoria.

"Pat!" he cried, joyfully, taking her hand. "So you're in town?"

"I'm staying with Aunt Alice. She's shopping in there. You look very happy, Hugh. When are you going to be married?"

"Never," was the prompt reply; "at least, not to Miss Rivers. That was all a mistake. It's broken off."

"Oh, Hugh! Since when?"

"This very day," he said, cheerfully. "But when did you realize it was all a mistake?"

"About a week ago."

"After you gave her my ring?"

Hugh thought for a moment. "That same night," he replied; "we were dining at the Carlton, and I suddenly realized how unsuitable the engagement was. Julie saw it too a little later, and broke it off this afternoon."

"Did she give you the ring back—the ruby I sent you?"

"No, I begged her to keep it. Surely you don't—"

"I don't want it back," Patricia hastened to say. "Come and see me to-morrow, Hugh. Good-bye," and she dismissed him.

"Then the legend is true," she whispered to herself, horror-stricken by the mischief she had wrought. Her conduct had been despicable. "I must go and see her."

Directly after dinner she went to her room, put on an inconspicuous hat, donned a long dust-cloak, slipped quietly out of the house, and, hailing the first taxi she met, gave the address of the flower shop, previously ascertained by the aid of the London Directory.

The evening had turned rainy, and so cold, though it was July, that Julie had lit the fire in the little back sitting room, and she sat crouched over it dumb with misery. No warmth could melt her frozen heart; even her fingers held to the dancing flames remained chill. In the dull light the rubies glowed like red stars. She found a fascination in gazing at them; though men deceived and life went away, the rubies shone every day and night, smiling, mocking imps.

The door-bell rang, and she started to her feet. Who could it be? Had Hugh come back? Vain hope—the strange voice in the hall was feminine. The maid opened the door.

"A lady, miss, to see you," she announced, and a tall stranger entered.

"Forgive the intrusion, Miss Rivers," she began; "and now that we are alone I will give my name. I am Patricia Fordway."

"Why have you come?" asked Julie, sullenly. "Don't you know Sir Hugh Dare and I are no longer engaged?"

"That is why I have come. I want my ring—the ring I sent to him for you. I have a special reason for asking."

Julie flushed. Five minutes ago it had seemed impossible any further humiliation could befall her.

"Take it!" she cried, passionately, plucking it from her finger. "I'm sorry I didn't give it back this afternoon. Had I known—"

She stopped in amazement. Her visitor had flung the ring deliberately into the blazing fire.

"Oh!" cried Julie, "why did you—" She stared, for the moment reading in the action a further insult; then she saw Patricia's dark eyes expressed sympathy, and there was contrition in her voice.

"I've done you a great wrong, Miss Rivers, and that is my amends. The ring brings ill-luck to its wearer. I was told the story and half believed it, and deliberately sent it to you. I can only ask your pardon."

"What do you mean?" stammered Julie.

"I mean," said Patricia, "I believe Hugh will come back to you and beg your forgiveness very soon—perhaps to-night." And taking the other's hand she drew the girl to her, and making her sit down beside her on the sofa told her the strange legend of the spinster ring.

"It must be true," said Julie, awestruck. "I remember quite well now. It was directly he had put the ring on

my finger that he changed. He was so courteous, so gentle, so chivalrous up to then, and since—oh! I can't tell you what I've suffered. I thought he was ill, or that I'd offended him in some way. I couldn't believe he no longer loved me."

"I've been so worried about you," said Patricia, remorsefully, "ever since I sent Hugh the ring. I can't understand why I did it. But all will come right now. Oh! yes, I feel sure of it."

The daylight slowly faded as the two girls sat over the dying fire holding each other's hands. Both felt strangely content—Patricia in having destroyed the ring, and Julie by the other's confession and presence.

The silence was broken. They heard the door-bell peal, steps in the hall, and then Hugh burst into the room.

"Julie!" he began, passionately, and stopped short, amazed at the sight of Patricia.

"Ah! Hugh," she said, calmly, "I rather expected you. What have you to say to Miss Rivers?"

His momentary amazement past, Hugh hardly noticed Patricia. He was staring at Julie. Yes, it was the girl he loved whom his eyes rested on, not the Julie of the past week—the Julie for some inexplicable reason distasteful to him. An hour before his love had suddenly reawakened, and brought him post-haste to sue for pardon.

"Julie!" he muttered, hoarsely, "can you forgive me?"

Patricia slipped quietly out of the room.

THE RUNNERS OF THE AIR

(Continued from page 17.)

With their machines ordered, a Voisin, a Farman and an Antoinette, both Andrews and Count Sergius had the run of all three establishments, where they proceeded to familiarize themselves with every detail of manufacture. All three factories were swamped with orders, and they were told that they could not get their machines before mid-Winter. But meanwhile there were the training machines on which to learn.

As they had already decided to do, they turned their attention first to mastering the Voisin. At his first attempt Count Sergius flew, covering a couple of hundred yards and coming easily to earth. After four more flights he accomplished, in excellent form, the circular kilometer, after which Monsieur Chateau, the instructor, left him entirely to himself, to practise as he would.

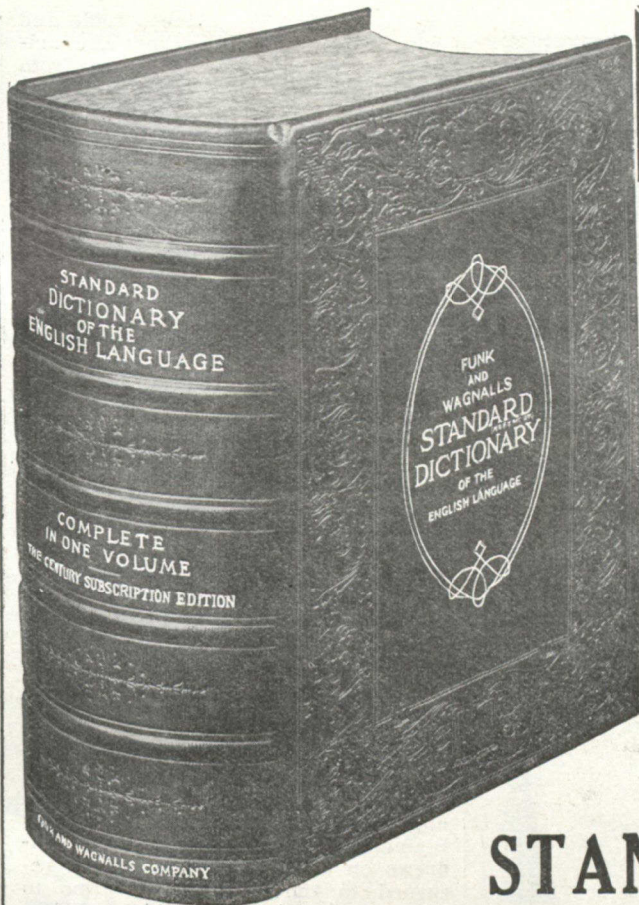
But with Andrews, to his surprise and frank chagrin, it was quite different. An expert at the most varied and divergent sports, skater, swimmer, horseman, tennis-player, automobilist; sure of eye, hand and balance, he had mastered all else he had undertaken. Nevertheless, the capricious aeroplane refused to rise for him. During his first three lessons its front wheels never left the ground.

THEN, at last, in the fourth lesson, it got up, heavily and reluctantly, and covered perhaps a hundred yards before slinking to earth again, as if with its tail between its legs. For several more lessons this seemed about all that Andrews could accomplish. Sergius was keenly disappointed. Monsieur Chateau shook his head and indicated his serious apprehension that Captain Andrews was not cut out for a flying-man.

But Chateau didn't know the Englishman. Andrews was annoyed, but he was by no means discouraged. He set his long jaw. Then, all at once, it came to him. It was his tenth lesson. Chateau stood by with a weary and supercilious air, which made Plamenac furious. Andrews, however, didn't care how the instructor looked. He grinned resolutely, grasped the wheel and rolled off.

Curious! To-day for the first time the machine felt like a live thing under his hand. With confidence he tilted the elevating plane.

The great machine rose obediently into the air and sailed steadily down the field without wavering. When he judged himself to be about fifteen feet



**Less than 2 Carfares
a Day Gives You a
Mastery of Words**

YES, even less than it costs to mail four letters by first-class delivery. Think of it! Only seven cents a day will put in your home the supreme authority on the defining, pronouncing and spelling of every live English word—the *Standard Dictionary*.

No library is complete without this most reliable dictionary. The home or the office that tries to get along without the Standard, when it is so easy to own, is certainly looking so closely at the pennies that the dollar can not be seen right behind.

STANDARD DICTIONARY

is not only the most complete dictionary ever published: it is also a history of words, a guide to the correct use of English, a thesaurus and a condensed cyclopedia.

In almost every article you read there are words that suggest whole trains of ideas. If you skim over such words without knowing their full and true meaning, you can never hope to have the rich vocabulary of the entertaining talker nor be able to write clearly and forcefully.

A copy of the Standard stood beside Lord Morley when he was writing his "Life of Gladstone."

T. J. FORD & CO., TORONTO

Send 4c. for "Better Say" [Regular Price 25c.]

T. J. FORD & CO.,
303 Church St., Toronto.

Here is 4c. for "Better Say." I would like to examine sample pages of the 1911 Standard Dictionary.

Name.....

Occupation.....

P. O.....

Province.....



**BEETHAM'S
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 and 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, Irritation, and Chaps, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully soothing and Refreshing after MOTORING, GOLFING, SHOOTING, CYCLING, DANCING, ETC.

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

M. BEETHAM & SON - - - CHELTENHAM, ENG.



8' PER RUNNING FOOT
SOLD DIRECT TO CONSUMER.
FREIGHT PREPAID TO NEAREST STATION. ARTISTIC, DURABLE, INEXPENSIVE GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK.
(SEND FOR CATALOG)

REGAL FENCE & GATE CO.
SARNIA, CANADA.

There's Purity and Vigour in every drop of
**READ'S
"DOG'S HEAD" GUINNESS**

It retains through the entire brewing process and after maturing and bottling, the delicious fragrance of the hop with its sweet and soothing perfume.

It has the sparkling force of a cleverly fermented beverage without the fiery effects of spirits.

It is the mildest of stimulants, in the most palatable form of liquid food, for everybody and especially for all nursing mothers.

This label, the seal of excellence, is on every bottle

**SOLD EVERYWHERE
BOIVIN, WILSON & CO., Agents, MONTREAL**



**O'Keefe's
PILSENER**



Insist that your dealer always sends
O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"
"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle"
(Registered)

**The O'Keefe Brewery Co
of Toronto, Limited**

Daintiness is the Key-Note

What pride you take in the quiet artistic arrangement of your bedroom! So restful, so harmonious! But the furniture may be a little the worse for wear. If so, try

LACQUERET
HOUSEHOLD LACQUER

It's so easy to apply! And it will cover up blemishes on your bedstead, rejuvenate the doors, brighten the drawers, and hide the wear and tear marks on sofa and table legs. "LACQUERET" is made in eight artistic shades. Also in Silver and Gold, flat and gloss White, and flat and gloss Black. The clear "Lacqueret" will not discolor nor hide the grain of the wood. Our little booklet, "Dainty Decorator," tells of its many uses in the home. Write for your copy. Ask your dealer for "Lacqueret." Cans contain full Imperial measure. Don't accept a substitute!

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. LIMITED.
TORONTO WINNIPEG

up he lowered the plane a trifle and with a gentle fanning kept the machine at that height. He heard, from behind him, a yell of approval from Plamenac. When he had gone about a quarter of a mile, almost without thinking of it, he began to turn. The machined tilted inward—but not too much. It came at once to an even keel as he went ahead on his new course. Exultant, but cool as steel, he turned again and came humming back to where the instructor, Count Sergius and half a dozen spectators stood watching. He swept triumphantly past them in a clean curve and continued his flight.

At last he felt himself getting cold. Swooping back to the sheds, he made a perfect landing just before Chateau and Plamenac. The little group was excited and fell upon him the moment he descended from his seat. The instructor, enthusiastic and repentant, hugged him violently. He saw the keen delight in Plamenac's eyes, though all his friend said, as he wrung his hand, was:

"Bully for you, Bob!"
"I think," said he in a casual tone, "a cup of tea would go pretty well now."

After this spectacular success, Andrews and Plamenac were almost daily rivals in their flights. They began now practising on other machines. Plamenac on an Antoinette and Andrews on a Farman, though both returned to the Voisin from time to time. When, about the middle of February, their own new aeroplanes were delivered to them, they felt that they might fairly consider themselves equipped for the great adventure.

(To be continued.)

Her Only Correction.—A young widow went to select a monument for her recently deceased husband. After due consideration she picked out a stone and ordered the following inscription placed upon it:

"My grief is more than I can bear."
The man who was to erect the monument was a little tardy in doing it and the widow remarried before it was done. This fact worried him, as he feared that he might have to change the wording of the inscription. So he called upon the lady and told her that he was now ready to do his work, and after some hesitation asked her if she wished to change the wording of the inscription in any way.

She politely replied: "No, just as I gave it, only add at the end the word 'Alone.'"—Lades' Home Journal.

A Fighting Missionary.—The famous English prize-fighter Bendigo "found religion" and turned missionary. His methods, however, sometimes smacked of his past. Once a group of men was pointed out to him with the remark that they were atheists.

"Atheists—what's Atheists?" queried Bendigo.

He was told.
"Eh! Don't believe in no God, don't they?" he exclaimed. "Ere, hold my coat!"

His Status.—He (rejected):—"Then you regard me merely as a summer lover, a convenient escort to excursions and picnics?"

She—"That's about the case, George. I have looked upon you as a lover in the picnician sense only."
—Boston Transcript.

Placed.—Messenger—"Who's the swell guy ye was talkin' to, Jimmie?"
Newsboy—"Aw, him an me's woiked togedder fer years. He's the editor o' one o' my papers."—Life.

Impossible.—"You'd better fumigate these bills before you go home. They may be covered with microbes," said the druggist one Saturday evening as he handed a few faded, worn, and soiled silver certificates to his clerk.

"No danger from that source," responded the latter, "a microbe couldn't live on a drug clerk's salary."—National Monthly.

Gilbey's INVALID PORT

When the Doctor orders Wine you order **GILBEY'S INVALID PORT**

Unequalled for its tonic value during convalescence. A pure light Oporto Wine. For sale by all leading Wine Merchants.

TONIC WINE

BANK OFFICE SCHOOL CHURCH LODGE OPERA FURNITURE

MANUFACTURED BY **CANADIAN OFFICE-SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. LTD.**
PRESTON—ONTARIO

Hotel Directory

LA CORONA HOTEL
(Home of the Epicure)
Montreal
European Plan \$1.50 up. John Healy, Manager.

KING EDWARD HOTEL
Toronto, Canada
—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

GRAND UNION HOTEL
Toronto, Canada
Geo. A. Spear, President
American Plan \$2—\$3. European Plan \$1—\$1.50.

PALMER HOUSE
TORONTO : CANADA
H. V. O'Connor, Proprietor
Rates—\$2.00 to \$3.00

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.
Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Free 'Bus to all trains.
H. L. Stephens, Prop.

HOTEL MOSSOP
Toronto, Canada. F. W. Mossop, Prop.
European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.
RATES:
Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up.
Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up.

THE NEW RUSSELL
Ottawa, Canada
250 rooms
American Plan, \$3.00 to \$5.00
European Plan, \$1.50 to \$3.50
\$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements.

THE NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL
(European Plan)
One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.
Single rooms without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.
St. James and Notre Dame Sts., Montreal.

Keating's Their Great Enemy



Keating's Powder is the universal enemy of every form of insect life. It may be freely sprinkled into crevices in wood and upholstery and although it is odorless and stainless—and harmless except to insect life—it is a most potent exterminator. Made in London, England, by Thomas Keating. Get the original. Sold by all druggists.

In tins only : 10c., 20c., 35c.

The Road To Dollars

YORKTON

The Commercial, Educational, Judicial Land and Railway Centre of **Eastern Saskatchewan**

The largest and most prosperous town between Winnipeg and Saskatoon on the C.P.R. main line from Winnipeg to Edmonton. Situated in the midst of a prosperous and fertile farming area. Adequate railway facilities unequalled; one of the greatest grain-shipping points of Canada.

Yorkton Wants

Factories of all kinds:—Abattoir, Dairy, Tannery, Automobile Assembling Plant, Skilled Laborers, Masons, Carpenters, Painters, Domestic Help, Wholesale Business of all kinds. A place for you and yours. An opportunity to grow prosperous with a prosperous community. A hearty welcome awaits you at Yorkton.

Write for Full Particulars—But Write To-day.

G. H. BRADBROOK, Secretary Board of Trade, YORKTON, SASK.

NOT A TONIC—"THE" TONIC

Wilson's Invalids' Port
(a la Quina du Perou)

Re-creates the Nerve Forces

A Proven Remedy for

Brain Fag Depression
Premature Decay Maternity Weakness
Sleeplessness Anaemia

And all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

Big Bottle Ask YOUR Doctor

**AS TO THE SIZE OF
ELECTRIC TOASTERS**

ELECTRIC TOASTERS are made in many different sizes. There is a toaster for a small family and a toaster large enough for restaurant use. There is no difference in the quality of the toast—just a difference in the amount that can be made at one time. For a toaster just your size, ask at the Comfort Number

—MAIN 3975—

The Toronto Electric Light Co.
Limited
12 Adelaide St. East

French **NATURAL** Sparkling Table Water

Perrier
"The Champagne
of Table Waters"

**CANADIAN CAR &
FOUNDRY COMPANY**
LIMITED



*BUILDERS AND DESIGNERS OF
ALL KINDS AND TYPES OF*

*Freight and Passenger Cars of
Steel or Wood Construction
Car Wheels Castings
Brake Beams Bar Iron
Forgings Bolsters*



WORKS AT
AMHERST, N.S., and MONTREAL, QUEBEC

HEAD OFFICE:
EASTERN TOWNSHIPS BANK BUILDING
MONTREAL, QUEBEC



Toronto-Trenton New Line

Trains leave Toronto (Union Station) for Trenton and Intermediate Points 9.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Daily except Sunday. Connection at Trenton with Central Ontario Ry. trains. Dining Car Service on morning train from Toronto and evening train from Trenton. Parlor Cars on all trains. For all information apply to C.N.O. Agents.

Toronto Ticket Offices:
Corner King and Toronto Streets and Union Station
R. L. FAIRBAIRN, Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent, Canadian Northern Building, Toronto, Ont.



THE ROYAL LINE
HAS SET A NEW STANDARD IN
STEAMSHIP ACCOMMODATION

You can enjoy all the comforts and luxuries to which you are accustomed at home on the magnificent triple turbine Royal Mail Steamships

**"ROYAL EDWARD" and
"ROYAL GEORGE"**

The private suites of apartments, the single state-rooms and the luxuriously fitted social rooms of

the first-class are unexcelled by anything on the Atlantic.

The second and third class cabins have set a new standard for this class of accommodation.

For full particulars, rates, sailings, see nearest Steamship Agent or

GUY TOMBS, General Agent, Canadian Northern Steamships, Limited, Montreal, Que.

H. C. BOURLIER, General Agent, Canadian Northern Steamships, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

P. MOONEY, General Agent, Canadian Northern Steamships, Limited, Halifax, N.S.

A. H. DAVIS, General Agent, Canadian Northern Steamships, Limited, Winnipeg, Man.



**CANADIAN
PACIFIC**

**Coast to Coast
in a
Tourist Sleeping Car**

"Going Tourist" is the popular way to travel nowadays. IT PAYS, at the low cost of berths, and at the same time provides thoroughly satisfactory accommodation.

Tourist sleepers leave Toronto and Montreal daily for Vancouver.

ASK FOR "TOURIST CAR" BOOKLET.

M. G. MURPHY, District Passenger Agent, TORONTO



**The Great
Double Track Highway
Between the
East and West**

SSOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS are operated daily between Montreal, Toronto and Chicago, carrying the finest equipment, including Pullman Sleepers, Parlor, Library, Cafe Cars, Dining Cars and Modern Coaches.

1000 Miles of Double Track Line

Palatial Pullman Sleepers

Courteous Employees

Smooth Roadbed and Excellent Train Service

Full information from 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.

RYRIE BROS.
LIMITED
 JAMES RYRIE
 PRESIDENT.
 HARRY RYRIE
 SEC-TREAS

GIFTS FOR MEN

134 · 136 · 138
 YONGE ST
 TORONTO.
 (ONTARIO)



GIFTS THAT MEN WILL APPRECIATE.—A few timely suggestions of especially appropriate gift articles for men—they are all good sensible things which will appeal to particular men. Every gift purchased from

- "Ryrie's" is enclosed in a handsome box, and mailed prepaid to any address in Canada (except the Yukon).
- | | | | |
|---|--|---|--|
| 115C—Guaranteed Fountain Pen, 14k point, with safety clip\$ 1 00 | 122C—Three Extension Coat Hangers, in calf leather case\$ 1 00 | 130C—14k gold Fob and Seal\$10 00 | 135C—Brass and Leather Tie Rack, with velvet cushion for scarf pins ...\$ 2 00 |
| 116C—14k Knife, with steel blades..\$12 00 | 123C—Heavy 14k Signet Ring, with any monogram\$ 7 50 | 131C—Fine Partridge-wood Cane, silver mounted\$ 4 50 | 136C—Brown Betty Tobacco Jar, silver mounted, with any pierced silver three-letter monogram\$10 00 |
| 117C—Thin Model Ebony Cloth Brush, in leather case\$ 1 00 | 124C—Heavy 14k gold Cuff Links...\$ 5 00 | 132C—Goat Seal Leather Dressing Case, silk lined, pair Ebony Military Brushes, Ebony Cloth Brush, Comb, and Tooth Brush in nickel holder....\$ 5 00 | 137C—Suede Leather Handkerchief Bag, silk lined (holds 24 handkerchiefs).\$1 00 |
| 118C—Gentleman's Set, 14k gold, containing collar cuff button, three studs, pair of gold cuff links, in case ..\$10 00 | 125C—Three Mother of Pearl Studs, with 14k patent backs\$ 5 00 | 133C—Earthenware Tobacco Jar, with airtight cover\$ 2 50 | 138C—Antelope Leather Tobacco Pouch, rubber lined, with silver shield.\$1 00 |
| 119C—Sterling Silver Cigarette Case..\$ 5 00 | 126C—Two "Mab" Razors, finest steel, in case\$ 3 00 | 134C—Fine Brass Smokers' Stand, two cigar rests, match holder and ash tray\$ 3 00 | 139C—Fine pierced brass Ash Tray..\$ 50 |
| 120C—Mother of Pearl Set, gold-filled mountings, six vest buttons, three shirt studs and pair of links, in case..\$9 00 | 127C—Ebony Military Brushes, leather case, with silver initial on each...\$ 4 50 | | 140C—Genuine Briar Pipe, amber mouth-piece, silver mounting, in case..\$2 75 |
| 121C—Fine Suede Leather Collar Bag, silk lined with silk cords\$ 1 00 | 128C—Set of three Studs and Collar Button, 14k gold, in case\$ 4 50 | | 141C—Heavy Brass Pipe Rack, holds six pipes\$ 5 00 |
| | 129C—Gentlemen's Suit Case Umbrella, with | | |