

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

C. P. R.
NEWS DEPT.
10¢
CALGARY, ALTA.



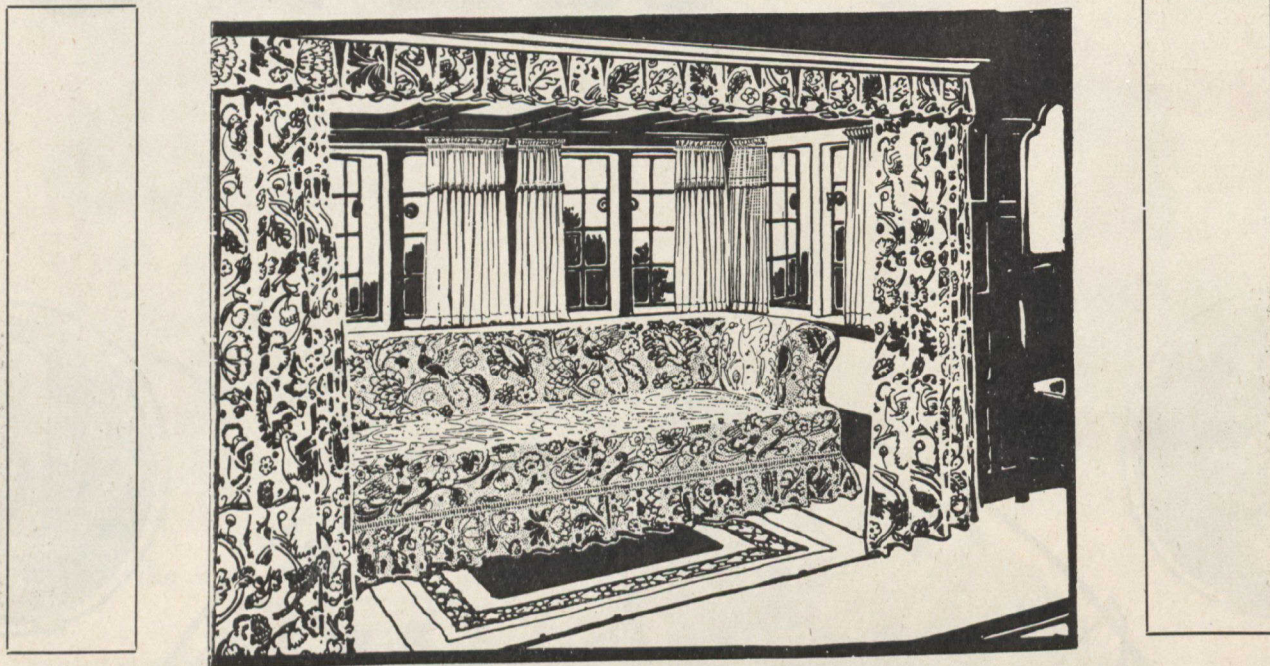
H-B-J

INDIAN SUMMER

Read in
Nine
Provinces

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

Old Fashioned Fabrics



THE foremost housefurnishers both in England and America have gradually come round to the belief that the simple old-fashioned fabrics, such as Chintzes and Cretonnes, in the quaint patterns our great grandparents knew, are the most cheerful things to live with ever used in homefurnishing.

Q And the feature that is most interesting about their revival is that they may be successfully applied to almost any room. A dinghy parlor may be transformed into a delightful living room by a few loose covers and curtains of chintz, mixed with a little sunshine. Look what the fabric here illustrated has done for this oriel! Yet this complete chintz effect, in a just such a fabric, in your own room, with all the work done by our own skilled designers, would cost between ten and fifteen dollars.

Q No matter what kind of room you have, the artistic use of these bright, old-fashioned fabrics will make all the difference between sunshine and gloom for you during the coming winter.

Q Thirty new patterns to choose from. Fourth floor.

Q The new Queen street elevators are most conveniently adjacent.

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY
LIMITED

TORONTO

A morning glass of

Abbey's
Effer-
vescent **Salt**

puts you right for the
whole day.

28

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

THE
THIEL

Detective Service Co.
of Canada, Limited

E. R. CARRINGTON, Secy. & Asst. Gen. Mgr.
OFFICES IN CANADA:
Montreal - Toronto - Winnipeg

OTHER OFFICES:
CHICAGO, ILL., Monadnock Block.
DENVER, COL., Majestic Building.
KANSAS CITY, MO., New England Bldg.
NEW YORK, N.Y., Hudson Terminal Bldg.
PORTLAND, ORE., Chamber of Commerce.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Mutual Savings Bank Bldg.
SEATTLE, WASH., New York Block.
SPOKANE, WASH., Empire State Building.
ST. LOUIS, MO., Century Bldg.
ST. PAUL, MINN., Germania Life Building.
CITY OF MEXICO, MEX., Equitable Life Ins. Bldg.
LOS ANGELES, 621 Trust Building.
SPECIAL EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE

The Hamilton Steel
and Iron Company

LIMITED

PIG IRON

Foundry, Basic, Malleable

FORGINGS

of every description

High-Grade Bar Iron

Open Hearth Bar Steel

HAMILTON - ONTARIO

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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CONTENTS

REFLECTIONS	5-6
CANADIAN CASH FOR BRITISH SHIPS	6
MEN OF TO-DAY	7
LIMITATIONS OF A FRONT-BENCHER, by the Monocle Man	8
AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOUR CONGRESS	9
GOVERNMENT AID TO RAILWAYS, by John V. Borne	10
WINGS OF THE FLYING-MAN	11
A WORK OF ASSIMILATION, by Louis Blake Duff	12
THE HIGHWAY OF THE GREAT LAKES, by Norman Patterson	13
SERGEANT KINNAIRD, story by W. A. Fraser	14
AT THE END OF THE STEEL WITH THE OUTPOSTERS	15
DEMI-TASSE	16
PEOPLE AND PLACES	17
AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE	18
MONEY AND MAGNATES	19
THE LONG ROAD, story by Elizabeth York Miller	22

Editor's Talk

LORD NORTHCLIFFE says he misses the British advertisements from the Canadian newspapers. He certainly missed them if he read the Canadian Courier. They have not come our way—yet. He would, nevertheless, find in this journal, from week to week, an excellent collection of Canadian advertisements—a growing collection. Canadians are slowly learning the art of making and using illustrated advertising. They are even learning the uses of colour in advertising. We take much pride in our artistic advertisements.

This brings us to a point which we have in mind. Every Canadian firm which desires to use a first-class medium, reaching the best people of Canada at an opportune time, will reserve space in The Canadian Courier's Christmas Number which will be issued during the week of December 11th. The writers and illustrators and engravers have been busy on it for several weeks. The presses will begin to turn this week. The advertiser must speak soon or our readers from Halifax to Victoria will miss his announcement.

ON the outside back cover of the issues of December 4th and 11th, there will be printed for the first time in the history of Canadian periodicals two tri-coloured advertisements. These will be artistic in the fullest sense and will add considerably to the appearance of those two issues. We mention the fact with considerable pride. The Canadian Courier has broken several periodical records during its short history, and this its latest triumph is by no means least. Indeed, it is only recently that it was discovered that Canada might possibly produce periodicals which could compare in artistic value with the excellent publications which Uncle Sam so willingly pours across the Border.

Subscribers whose subscriptions expire this month are duly and expressly warned that next month's issues will be of considerable value. This is the renewal season and what is worth doing is worth doing quickly. With the first issue in December we begin our Seventh Volume. Will you help to make it Lucky Seven?

"LEITH SERGE"

"The Serge that's making
Broderick famous."



A Serge of invincible quality made of the finest Botany Wool by one of England's foremost mills and we have the

**SOLE AGENCY
FOR CANADA**

A suit made from "Leith Serge" the Broderick way will guarantee you a perfect, stylish fit and lasting satisfaction.

ORDER IT NOW **\$22⁵⁰**
Prices Start at—

And keep the fact in front of you that

**BRODERICK'S
OVERCOATS**

have no superior any way you take them.

Frank Broderick & Co.
113 W. King St., TORONTO

Write for Samples and Measurement Chart

Cosgrave's

XXX Porter

is preferred and praised by every lover of good brewing and perfect bottling wherever Porter drinking is known in Canada. In Pints and Quarts Leading Clubs, Hotels and Dealers.



Central Business College

THE WAY OUT

of your inferior hum drum, low salaried position is through the door of the

Central Business College

In this school you may enjoy practical training at small expense of time and money which will positively bring you a good salary. Particulars free. Please write and let us help you. Address **W. H. Shaw, Principal**, Yonge and Gerrard Sts., Toronto.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

EATON'S

THE GREAT MAIL ORDER HOUSE

BIG
VALUES

LOW
PRICES

EATON'S
CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE
READY NOW
WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY

THE **T. EATON CO.** LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA.

RIGHT
GOODS

PROPER
SERVICE

YOU NEED OUR SPECIAL CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE

¶ We command your attention by advertising and secure your confidence and patronage by superior value giving; many striking examples of which are listed on every page of our Christmas Catalogue. Practically every person can make money but to spend it judiciously is another question. In view of this fact **EATON'S** enter into partnership with every customer and offer a service of skill and long experience in helping you select the things you need. This is not because **T. EATON CO.** are philanthropists, but because we recognize that your interests are ours, and that you will eventually give your trade to the house that gives you the best values. Before you do your Holiday buying get our Christmas Catalogue and take advantage of the many instances of genuine, **EATON** economy, which it contains.

Our Grocery Catalogue is **FREE**

THE **T. EATON CO.** LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

Write for Our Jewelry Catalogue

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 6

Toronto, November 13th, 1909

No. 24



OPPOSITION to the Canadian navy idea is finding fuller expression. The relics of the Patrons of Industry and the Grange in Ontario are reviving their old talk about militarism. A certain section of the French people are being led to protest along the same line. There is a familiarity about these arguments which brings up a friendly smile when they are trotted out to do duty once more. Militarism is a vague term, very moderately understood by those who declare it to be a bugbear.

Of course, every person in Canada is opposed to militarism. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Borden, the two party leaders, are opposed to it. Nevertheless, the man who has travelled, who has read history and who knows international relations of the day, is a supporter of armies and navies. The world must be policed by individual nations until the day when arbitration courts and a universal parliament shall have set up an era of "peace and good-will toward men." Unfortunately that day is not yet.



HOWEVER, these "grangers" are probably more consistent than the protesters who declare for a money contribution to the British fleet, and against a Canadian Unit of an Imperial navy. When the South African War occurred, a money contribution to the British Army funds would not have been half so valuable as the same amount of money spent on Canadian troops. The picture of colonial troops rushing from all quarters of the world to assist the motherland army in its struggle was a valuable one from an international point of view. Mr. Chamberlain counted more on the moral effect than on the actual physical benefit. In case of a naval conflict, the very fact that there are colonial navies, colonial coaling-stations, colonial repair yards and dry-docks will be of immense moral benefit. This talk about the supremacy of the navy being settled in the North Sea is arrant nonsense.

Further, when the colonial troops arrived at the scene of conflict in South Africa they were found to be, man for man, equal to the trained British soldier. They were less disciplined but they had many qualities which the soldiers of the line did not possess. In scouting and outpost work they were vastly superior. It may be the same with the colonial units of the navy. They may not exactly resemble the British units, but they may have some superior and useful qualities.



FROM the point of view of the benefit to Great Britain, the two features outlined in the preceding paragraph should be sufficient alone to justify the creation of colonial units of an Imperial navy. There is a third feature which should appeal especially to Canadians. The people of this country should know how to build, equip, maintain and direct a navy. We boast of being a nation, but no people having two long seaboards can be a nation until they have learned how to defend those seaboards. No people having a fleet of merchantmen on every ocean are entitled to much consideration unless the flag that flies over these vessels is known and respected. There is no other method, at this stage of civilisation, of having that flag respected than to let the world know that there is behind it a force which will actively resent any wanton insult.

If a Canadian merchantman is confiscated in a Nicaraguan or Venezuelan port, it seems ridiculous to have to appeal to London for a gunboat to go to its rescue. If the Canadian rights in the seal-fisheries are being encroached upon by piratical individuals from Japan or the United States, a Canadian gunboat on patrol would be both advisable and useful.

Again, the fisher folk of Canada, both on the oceans and on the Great Lakes, would be the better of some naval training and experience. If they had this, then in time of a great war in which Great

REFLECTIONS

By STAFF WRITERS

Britain was involved, they would make splendid naval recruits for British ships. If such an emergency never arose, the training would nevertheless make them better men in every sense of the term; better citizens, better in physique and better workers.



FURTHERMORE, it is quite possible to argue that if Canadian money were sent to England, it would not be as well spent as if it were expended at home. During the South African War, British army funds were not as well administered as Canadian army funds. The Britisher wasted millions by incompetency in buying and utilising supplies. There was some extravagance in Canada in the purchase of saddlery, artillery harness and other supplies; but it can easily be proven that the Canadian Government got better value for its dollar than the British Government.

Only the other day, Lord Charles Beresford in a letter to Premier Asquith charged that there is a system of intimidation in the Admiralty and that an officer who speaks out against abuses finds others promoted over his head. He gives the names of the officers who have been treated thus and all the facts in connection with their punishment. Lord Charles does not rest his arguments on vague generalities.

Canadian administration is none too good. Favouritism and incompetence are still somewhat rampant in our civil service. Political influence affects the giving of contracts and the distribution of expenditure. It is just possible that we have more of these faults than they have in Great Britain. Nevertheless there is no valid reason why a Canadian navy should not be built, equipped and manned as efficiently as a similar unit of the British navy. If it were not so, then Canada as a nation has no right to a separate existence and the Dominion Government should be wiped out.



A CONSIDERABLE portion of this talk against a Canadian navy is the result of a family quarrel in the Conservative party. There are some ambitious leaders in that organisation who think Mr. Borden is too much of a gentleman to be a successful leader. Without mentioning names, it may be said that the centre of this restless faction is in the city of Winnipeg. Moreover, in our opinion, the men who are stirring up this strife are not worthy to be even lieutenants in the party which Mr. Borden leads. They are almost entirely lacking in those high qualities of leadership and statesmanship which Mr. Borden so eminently possesses. The people who know them best within the Conservative party would be the last to wish to see the "revolt" successful.



AT a time when money seems plentiful, and when bank deposits are increasing by leaps and bounds, the investing public are sure to receive a large number of invitations. At the present moment the Canadian newspapers are well supplied with advertisements of new flotations. These are written in most alluring and indefinite language. They are all newly incorporated companies, officered by men of whom the public knows very little, and are formed for the purpose of experimental business ventures. The advertisements are prepared to interest mainly the small investor, the man who has one hundred or two hundred dollars to invest. In some cases the whole flotation is a palpable fraud. In other cases the proposition is put up by men who are over-sanguine or thoroughly impractical.

Even the newspapers which publish the advertisements are usually aware that the people who invest their money in these untried ventures are more likely to lose than to gain. The newspaper publishers solace themselves with the doctrine that people go into these ventures with their eyes open, and it is not the newspapers' business

to decide in advance whether a flotation is a fraud, an impossibility or a genuine opportunity. To a certain extent the publishers are right. In some cases it is exceedingly difficult to foretell what will happen. Nevertheless, several of the advertisements which have appeared recently are known by most well-informed people to be of a class which the careful investor would be sure to avoid.

There are many fools in Canada as in every other part of the world. A large percentage of these fools have money, and most of them are sure to invest some or all of it in a foolish way. To those who are wise we would respectfully offer the suggestion that this is a splendid time of year to refuse to invest spare capital in any company of which they have not personal knowledge. If they must throw away some of their money it would be better to spend it in buying Christmas presents for their families and friends.



MR. FIELDING'S efforts at economy show clearly in the financial results of the past seven months. While the revenues of the Dominion have increased by seven and a half millions in that period as compared with the same period of 1908, the expenditure on current account has decreased over two million dollars. This is an excellent showing and it is to be hoped that it will not lead Parliament to inaugurate another era of extravagance.

The revenue for this seven-months period exceeds the current expenses by nearly nineteen million dollars. Seventeen of this nineteen millions are eaten up by capital expenditure including ten millions on the National Transcontinental. If our current and capital expenditures can be kept equal to our current revenues, then Mr. Fielding is a finance minister of whom every Canadian, no matter what his political allegiance, may reasonably be proud.

PARLIAMENT assembles again this week at Ottawa and under most favourable auspices. When times are good and revenues expanding, the work of Parliament is rather pleasant. It is so much easier to get appropriations for new armouries, post-offices, docks and other little incidentals which mean much to the growing constituencies. The main test of a member's fitness in this country is his ability to do something for his constituency. The test is a most improper one, but it exists nevertheless. Even an Opposition member may get some local appropriation for his clients if he is good and does not act in an offensively partisan manner.

The great questions of the session will be the proposed naval unit and the revision of the bank charters. That is what the wise ones say. But there are wiser ones than the wise ones and they tell of a number of other things which will occupy many pages of *Hansard*. There is the delay on the National Transcontinental and its superlative cost. There is the working of the Civil Service Act and its possible extension to the Outside Service. There is the Intercolonial Railway and its ghost-like interrogation mark which no one seems able to remove. There are to be some taunts and counter taunts about Conservative family affairs and a certain cabinet minister whose reputation is not satisfactory to all the people. The case of the Welland vs. the Georgian Bay Canal is pressing for settlement. The manufacturers are asking for a tariff commission and will have something to say about technical education. Then there is the long-delayed extension of the boundaries of Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba with the corollary problem of a Hudson's Bay railway. All these and some other important and unimportant topics will keep the two important legislative bodies wasting time for six months at least.

CANADIAN CASH FOR BRITISH SHIPS

THE PETITION OF THE DREADNOUGHTERS WHO ARE WELL REPRESENTED BY CERTAIN NEWSPAPERS AND A SMALL SECTION OF THE PUBLIC.

*"We don't want to fight, but by jingo! if we do,
We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money too."*

—FROM AN ABSURD AND DISLOYAL OLD BALLAD.

To the Right Honourable Sir Wilfrid Laurier, G.C.M.G., P.C., Prime Minister of Canada, and President of the King's Privy Council:

The petition of the undersigned humbly sheweth: That whereas there are those in both Parliament and press, as well as among the Canadian public, who believe that Canada's contribution to an Imperial navy should take the form of ships built, manned and maintained in Canada; we, the undersigned, believe that such contribution by Canada to the defence of the Empire should take the form of money with which ships may be built, manned and maintained in the United Kingdom, for the following reasons:

First.—We are not yet sufficiently advanced in Canada in the art of self-government to elect men competent to administer the affairs of a navy. We are merely colonial; subsisting politically by the consent of an Imperial Parliament, whereof our own Parliament is but an unworthy offshoot, destitute of traditions or of statesmen, wholly lacking in the initiative of self-government.

Second.—Canada is not a maritime nation. She has but three of her boundary lines exposed to ocean tides and seafaring ships; with but one river on the east capable of carrying men-of-war as far as the city of Montreal, which though the commercial metropolis of Canada, is a village not worth while to defend in time of war; with merely four great lakes along part of the southern boundary between us and the United States under whose flag we should have the protection of a navy built, manned and maintained in America and subject to the Monroe doctrine. Neither are our Canadian people sufficiently maritime in their habits to furnish sailors for ships built and manned in this country; in token whereof we submit that our thousands of fishermen on the Atlantic as well as those upon the Great Lakes and the Pacific are by no means proficient in nautical art and not to be considered capable of learning the business of men-of-war.

Third.—In the event of a war imperilling the existence of the Empire, we should prefer to fight by means of *Dreadnoughts* manned by English, Irish and Scotch substitutes whom we are willing to pay out of our abundant revenues to face the

common enemy, in order that we may be left free to till our fields, exploit our forests and mines, and operate our factories in perfect peace as becometh a loyal colonial people earnestly engaged in building up the outposts of empire.

Fourth.—The establishment of a Canadian navy will lead to the building of shipyards in this country; which as a landfaring population we object to for the following good and sufficient reasons:

(a) We are creditably informed that most of the money invested in the shipbuilding industry will be furnished by English capitalists; and as a young, aggressive and self-reliant people we are naturally averse to letting the English capitalist do more than furnish funds for the building of railways and the financing of civic debentures; preferring to secure the bulk of our industrial capital from the United States who are our neighbours and are already engaged in building factories in our midst much more effectively than could be done by British industrial capitalists. Moreover we prefer to think that the day is not far distant when Canada will be isolated from the mother country; when the man from New Zealand so beautifully depicted by Lord Macaulay will sit and sketch the ruins of London Bridge—in the day when Britannia no longer rules the waves, and when the greatest island the world has ever known will be merely a vast deserted village, while we in Canada will have become a prosperous independent nation subsisting without war, or fighting altogether in the air by means of airships.

(b) It having been already somewhat bruited abroad that the Canadian Government is in favour of establishing shipyards for the building of warships, certain cities and towns are becoming engaged in an unhealthy and ungodly rivalry, not only in the Province of Quebec upon the river St. Lawrence, but as well upon the Atlantic coast and in the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; which as a contented, unaggressive people we are inclined to view with alarm, believing that pastoral stagnation is much preferable to industrial rivalry.

(c) The said industry will incline to take much necessary work from highly skilled mechanics in the United Kingdom and place it in the hands of Canadian workmen—which is unpatriotic; or it will tend to compel the migration of workmen from

the United Kingdom to Canada which also is inimical to the principle that Canada exists for Canadians alone and is not dependent upon imported labour whatsoever.

(d) The general tendency of the said industry will be to augment the manufacturing interests of a country which was intended by nature and destiny to be purely agricultural; which design of nature we have already begun to subvert in an unholy manner by pushing our manufactures far towards a premier place.

Fifth.—The history of nations conclusively shows that the establishment of the warship-building industry inevitably leads to the building of ships for the mercantile marine; by reason of the fact that once a country has got ships of war it is more worth the while to have ships of trade and commerce as an object of protection; and this country has instinctively decided to discourage the furtherance and extension of our mercantile marine; in token whereof we would respectfully point out that two years ago the total number of commercial ships registered in Canada was only 7,528 with a total net aggregate tonnage of 700,000 tons.

Sixth.—The voting of money by a Canadian Parliament for expenditure by the Parliament of Great Britain embodies the principle of taxation without representation which in 1776 was the direct cause of the American Revolution whereby Great Britain turned a restless colony into a great commercial rival, thereby benefitting the Empire.

Seventh.—We believe that the building of warships in Canada to be manned, maintained and operated by Canadians has the tendency to cause this people from coast to coast to take more and more self-conscious pride in their estate as a nation; which in a young people is a token of undue arrogance and in a colony covering an area the size of Europe, not to be tolerated or encouraged.

For all which abundant reasons we petition that the Canadian Parliament shall vote money and not ships to the Imperial navy.

In witness whereunto we affix our hand and seal.

THE DREADNOUGHTERS.

Ottawa, Nov. 9th, 1909.

MEN OF TO-DAY

A Knight for a Cause

THE Premier of Newfoundland has had as eventful a life as usually falls to a public man in that remote Crown colony. Sir Edward Morris was elected last May after a very strenuous fight with Sir Robert Bond—following a prolonged deadlock at the polls. Sir Edward was born in St. John's; educated at St. Bonaventure College; graduated from Ottawa University; studied law on the Island—till he became the colony's leading criminal lawyer. In 1885 he entered politics; an Independent in St. John's against the party tickets—heading the poll by hundreds; and ever since that day he has been senior member from St. John's.

Well, they have had more politics to the square inch in Newfoundland than almost anywhere in Canada. Patience only is able to thread the maze of sects and factions and cliques and coalitions since Edward Morris got into the arena. Politics and fish have been about equally commingled along that troublous coast. Since ever most of us are able to remember there have been fish squabbles and treaties and arbitrations and bait questions and adjournments to the Privy Council—mainly about Newfoundland which happens to be the greatest fishery island along the Canadian coast-line. Sir Edward Morris got his knighthood over fish. That was two years ago in connection with the French shore question.

Up to this time Morris and Bond had for years been joint heads of a coalition which became a big broom to sweep the country. But from 1907 the leaders began to organise separate camps—at first over the labour question. In that year Morris retired from the ministry. In the legislative session of 1908, certain of his adherents who followed him, and the Conservative opposition combined as a new organisation, calling itself the People's Party, choosing him as the leader. Last fall he faced the country at their head; securing eighteen seats, as against eighteen returned by Bond. This deadlock was unique in the parliamentary annals of the world, and brought about a struggle which lasted for six months. Premier Bond advised a dissolution and another election. The Governor declining to agree to this, Bond resigned. Morris being called upon, formed a ministry, met the Legislature, and proposed to elect the Speaker from his own ranks. The Governor granted Morris a dissolution, and in the resulting election, he carried 26 seats against 10 for Bond.

Sir Edward Morris has long been regarded as the strong man for Newfoundland politics and his handling of this crisis confirms him in that reputation. He is a resourceful, experienced public man. Has been nearly sixteen years in executive control, and possesses a familiarity with affairs not shared by any public man in the Island except by Sir Robert Bond. He is noted for his democratic measures, being foremost in the introduction of enactments to help the fishermen and labouring classes, and he enjoys a widespread popularity among all classes in the country. He has just returned from London, where he represented the colony at the Imperial Defence Conference and will now take it up and the control of the colony's affairs in which he will carry out the policy upon which he appealed to the electors and secured their support.

* * *

A Pioneer's Career

MR. H. H. GAETZ, of Red Deer, is the newly-elected President of the Union of Alberta Municipalities. That Mr. Gaetz is the leading municipal thinker of that big, prosperous province was evidenced by his illuminative paper at the Edmonton convention some time ago, on "Municipal Legislation." He is the son of a Methodist minister; born in Halifax County, Nova Scotia, in 1867. In 1884 his father, Rev. Leonard Gaetz, then of London, Ont., got leave of absence on account of ill health. He went west with his family and homesteaded what is now the town of Red Deer, which was by waggon-trail two days journey from Calgary. The eldest boy was then seventeen. A year later the boy homesteaded an adjoining

half-section. That was the year of Rebellion. Ten years ago on the train up from Calgary the writer heard the Rev. Leonard Gaetz tell the story of how the seditious Indians entered his store, and how the family guns were loaded in case of need. Mr. Gaetz was then postmaster, the store being about three miles from the present town of Red Deer, which is at the point where the trees begin in the valley of Saskatchewan.

The young man spent his early years as camp boss and cook in his father's sawmill on the Red Deer River; also engine-driver and general manager of the same. In 1890 he went studying the drug business at Calgary; afterwards opened the first drug store between Calgary and Edmonton. He is still in the drug business, president of the Gaetz-Cornett Drug and Book Co., Ltd. He has been postmaster at Red Deer since 1894; is now president of the Alberta branch of the Canadian Postmasters' Association. Mr. Gaetz has been identified with every local movement of a public character: president of the Board of Trade; chairman of the School Board; councillor for four years; mayor of Red Deer for two years; member of the Executive of the Union of Alberta Municipalities since its inception five years ago. It was during his term as mayor of Red Deer that Mr. Gaetz inaugurated with the support of his council a form of municipal commission adapted to the needs of a town that size; an organisation conceded to have no superior in the province.

* * *

Political Prestige of the Quill

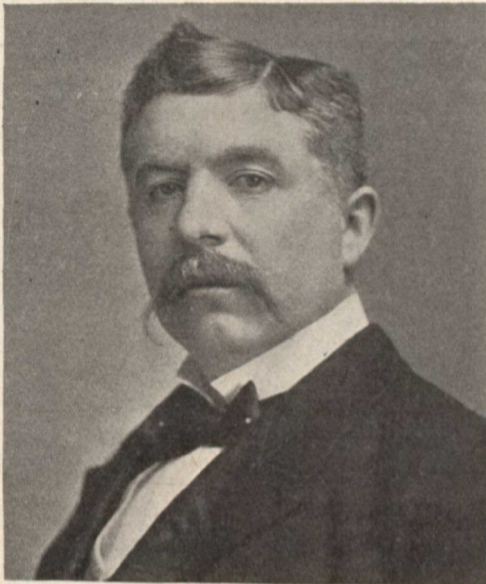
THE newspaperman seems in Alberta to have as much chance for political preferment as the lawyer and doctor of Ontario and Quebec. Two wielders of the quill got cabinet positions out there recently. Mr. Duncan Marshall, M.P.P., is one of the two whose ink has put them among the near great. Not long ago along old Jasper Avenue in Edmonton, they were talking about Mr. Marshall for Minister of Railways. But that portfolio passed him by. Then came a vacancy in the cabinet caused by the retirement, owing to ill health, of Hon. W. T. Finlay, Minister of Agriculture. Mr. Marshall has stepped into that portfolio. He is in his element. He knows the literature of fattening shorthorns; the rotation of crops; the rural routine both experimentally and scientifically. A good many years he got up at cock-crow and left the plough only when the golden sun had dipped over the hills of his father's Bruce County farm. As an editor, he talked improved farming to the tillers of the soil about Thornbury, Ont., in the pages of the *Thornbury Standard* and later to the homesteaders of Edmonton through Frank Oliver's *Bulletin*. He grew enthusiastic about moulding public opinion. The editorial page was too quiet. He loved fight. He went on the stump. He had natural wit and eloquence. The enterprising voters of Olds, down near Calgary, pushed him into the Legislature.

Mr. W. H. Buchanan sits beside Mr. Marshall—minister without portfolio. He is a very young man to be a cabinet minister—only thirty-three; but hustling is what counts in the hustling West, whether it be following up the binder or on the stump. Mr. Buchanan's life has been a continual hurry. At the age of seventeen he was hiking after copy on the *Peterboro Review*. Shortly afterwards he was news editor of the *Toronto Telegram*. It was in 1905 that Mr. Buchanan got the western fever. He arrived one morning in Lethbridge where he found a town of 2,500 people. Soon the town talk was the *Lethbridge Herald*, established and edited by Mr. Buchanan. He boomed Lethbridge. He has prospered with the town. It is only recently that he was elected to the Legislature.

* * *

An Editorial Paradox

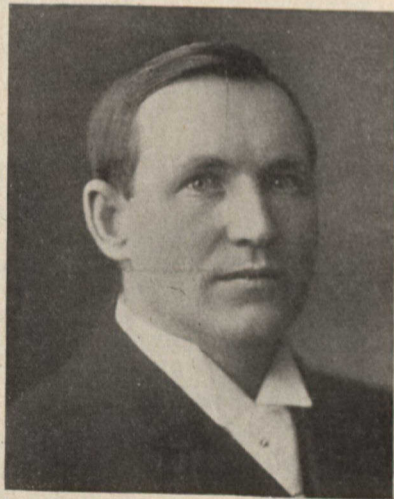
MR. JOHN R. McDUGALL, editor of the *Montreal Witness* and president of the Dominion Alliance, marched in a procession on a recent Sunday to St. James' Cathedral and listened to sermons by Roman Catholic clergy on the evils of strong drink. When it is considered that Mr. McDougall's paper is under the ban of the Roman Catholic Church, and that some of the bands in the procession played quickstep "chunes" on the "Sawbath" to which Mr. McDougall marched, it surely must be said that "the world do move."



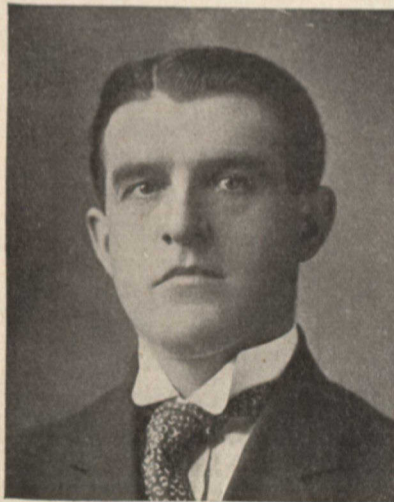
Sir Edward P. Morris,
Premier of Newfoundland.



Mr. H. H. Gaetz,
Red Deer, Alta., President Alberta Municipalities.



Hon. Duncan Marshall, M.P.P.,
New Minister of Agriculture, Alberta.



Hon. W. A. Buchanan, M.P.P.,
New Minister without Portfolio, Alberta.



THE LIMITATIONS OF A FRONT-BENCHER.

A REVOLT against the two "front benches" has never succeeded, that I can remember, in Canadian politics. It is seldom attempted. An unlucky "thirteen" tried it over the Jesuit Estates bill; but they did not succeed and none of them came to a good end. The most conspicuous were Dalton McCarthy and John Charlton; and Dalton McCarthy never got back into the good graces of the Conservative leaders—possibly he did not care to do so—and John Charlton was left outside both the Liberal Cabinet and the Liberal Senate when the Liberals came in. His friends made earnest efforts to get better treatment for him. They even talked about the matter in public. But John never got beyond the door-step. Then the "front-benches" seemed to understand each other over the Fowler "wine, women and graft" charges; and even the voracious curiosity of the country could not force the matter through. Bourassa did his best for those who enjoy spicy reading; but Bourassa plus Lavergne were suppressed.

* * *

THE "front benches" contain the shrewdest judges of political weather in Canada. This is a safe statement, even if any think that one or other of the "benches" displays mighty bad tactics at times. For, in that case, we can easily admit that the other "front bench" is as shrewd as the law allows. In any case, super-shrewdness in reading the signs of the times and discerning the prospects of the future is supposed to be the chief qualification for a position on a "front bench." Thus when these two rival bands of strategists lay their heads together and decide that there is only one course for them both to pursue, and then try to beat each other to it, we may assume that as far as their wisdom goes there is no political kudos to be gained by a national party in any other course. That is, the experts have decided that, politically, there is only one side to the particular subject in question.

* * *

HAVING come to this decision and risked their reputations as political prophets and mind-readers upon its correctness, they both bend all their efforts to make their prophecy come true. This probably means more than their foresight. Our political "front benches" have more power as compellers of history than as foretellers of the same. But when they join in assuring the country that it is agreed upon a certain course—say, the building of a Canadian navy—they can do a great deal toward helping the country make up its alleged mind in the desired direction. Every partizan from Prince Rupert to Sydney wants the prophecy to come true. Every member of the "patronage brigade," every office-seeker, every "interest" which dreads above all things the interference of extra-partizan influences in politics, all, in short, who like the present see-saw system from any point of view, will combine to see that the infallibility of the "front benches" is not called in question or their authority successfully challenged.

* * *

THERE is, of course, one way in which this supreme power of the allied "front benches" can be broken. The malcontents can capture one or both of the "front benches" and post their own representatives in the seats of the mighty. But this is both a difficult and a dangerous operation. For further particulars you might apply to the member for North Toronto. Such a revolt is more apt to split the party in whose bosom it arises than it is to enthrone wisdom at its head. We are hearing a great deal to-day—in the Liberal press, which can hardly hide its glee—about such a revolt across the House against the course taken by Mr. Borden and Mr. Foster on the naval resolution last session. But the entire party was committed to that course—were it wise or stupid—and it is just as open to Mr. Borden and Mr. Foster to right-about-face as it is to the humblest "back-bencher" who sat still and let them tie the party up to the domestic navy policy. Then it would be absolutely certain to tear the party

to pieces in any event. Even Mr. Borden could not lead a solid party into the camp of the Imperialists.

* * *

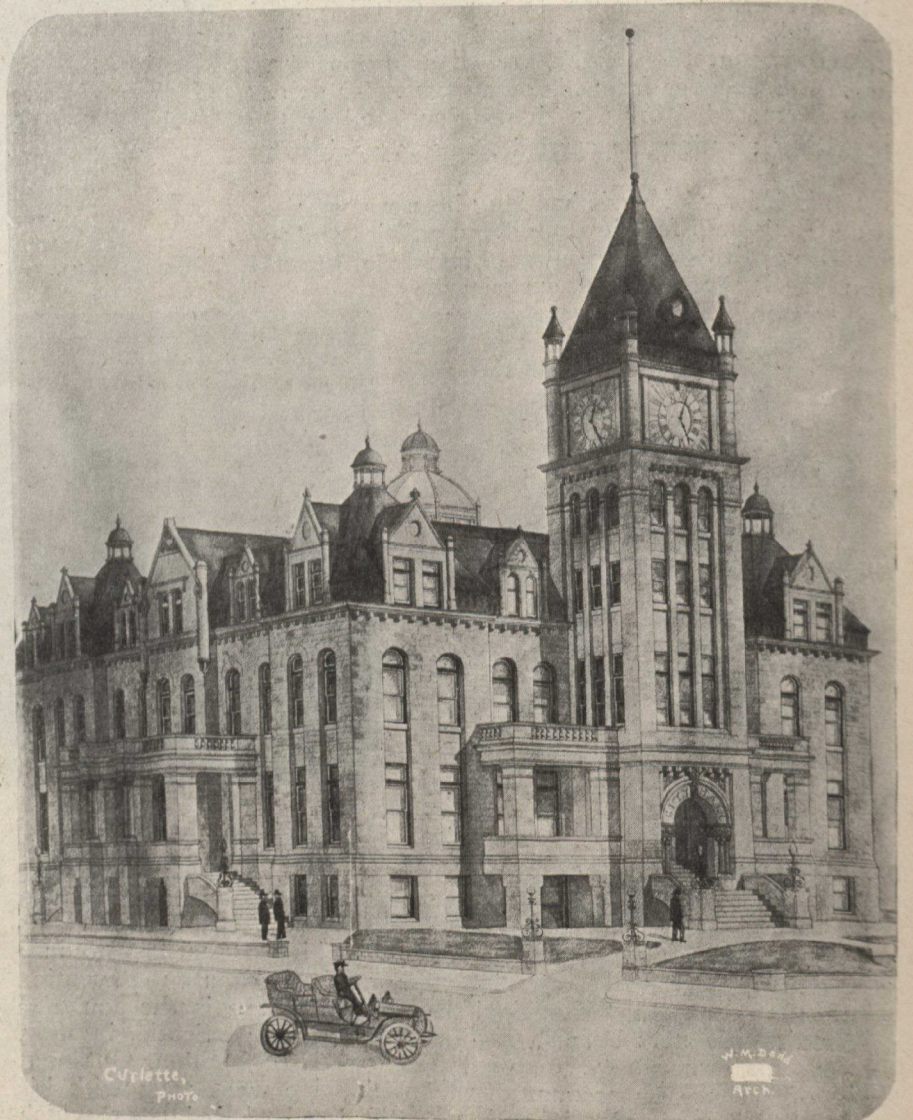
IN talking this way about the probable effect of this or that policy upon the fortunes of either party, I must confess that I am talking about something for which I care precious little. But we must consider the effect of such arguments upon the actions of men who do care very much what becomes of this or that party if we are to arrive at a true estimate of the forces which are playing upon our public men. It is by no means only a question as to what Mr. Borden or Sir Wilfrid Laurier may think of the need of Canada for a navy or the wisdom of putting our contribution into the common Imperial purse for the protection of the entire Empire; but we must consider as well what these gentlemen can get their parties as a whole to do in the matter. Sir John Macdonald was wont to say that "government in this country is the science of compromise," and Sir John knew something about it. It is not enough for a public man to fire in the air—he must bring down game. When a public man is satisfied to tell us what he thinks ought to be done in a detached and superior manner, without taking any pains to assure himself that it can be done—or pooling his influence with others to get the best possible thing done—he is a dreamer and not a leader.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

A Municipal Tie-up in Calgary

THE new Calgary City Hall is erected and practically completed outside. But the ratepayers have twice turned down a by-law to vote funds to finish the building. Now Mayor Jamieson says that a further by-law will be presented only when the people petition for it. In the meantime the City Hall stands in its incomplete state, absolutely useless to anyone. When the result of the vote on the last by-law became known, work on the building was stopped, and, as the workmen gathered up their tools and left, one fastened a pair of overalls to the flag-pole, and for a few hours the black flag floated over the unfinished City Hall.

A City Hall Deadlock.



The City Hall at Calgary, which is in an uncompleted condition and about which there is now a fairly large civic row

FIRST MEETING OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOUR IN CANADA



THE WORLD'S GREATEST LABOUR LEADER

The little man, Samuel Gompers, who wields an autocratic power over the great democracy, the A. F. of L., as he arrived at the Union Station, Toronto, on November 8th. On the right is Mr. James Duncan, Vice-President A. F. of L., on the left Mr. D. A. Carey.



THE WIFE OF THE LABOUR LEADER

Mrs. Gompers leaving Massey Hall at the close of the opening Congress, where she was presented with a swaggering bunch of Chrysanthemums. Mrs. Gompers does not always accompany her husband on his frequent long trips.



Second from the left—Mr. Wm. C. Davio, born in Toronto, recently elected Justice of the Peace in Cleveland; an example of a Canadian who has worthily represented labour in the United States.

Photos by Pringle & Booth



Sam De Nedrey, Editor of *The Trades Unionist*, Washington, D.C., shaking hands with William Glockling, President of the Trades and Labour Congress of Canada.

THE FAMOUS CLERGUE INDUSTRIES AT SAULT STE. MARIE



The Lake Superior Corporation at Sault Ste. Marie is doing well. In this picture are shown the General Offices, the Iron Works and the Pulp Mills

Government Aid to Railways

With Special Reference to the British Columbia Situation

By JOHN V. BORNE

THE British Columbia general election throws into considerable relief the whole question of Government assistance to railway builders and accentuates the difference between the situation between the Rocky Mountains and the situation between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast.

Premier McBride is appealing to the province to endorse two agreements, providing for the construction of railways. The first guarantees the bonds of the Canadian Northern Railway at the rate of \$35,000 per mile for a line to be built from the Yellowhead Pass to Vancouver, New Westminster and the mouth of the Fraser River; and for the construction of a line from Victoria to Barkley Sound on the west coast of Vancouver Island.

The second agreement is with the Kettle River Valley Railway and provides for the building of about 260 miles of railway, connecting Midway in the Boundary district with Nicola. This railway is to receive a subsidy of \$5,000 per mile; but whereas the Canadian Northern line is to be exempt from taxation for ten years, the Kettle River Valley line is to pay taxes. The expectation is that the interest obligation of the province will practically, by this method, be reduced to \$9,000 per year.

The election is really being fought on the Canadian Northern main line guarantees. The Victoria-Barkley Sound arrangement and the scheme for the extension from Midway to Nicola, while they are important enough in their way, are, it is said, introduced mainly because it is desirable to give special local interest to the election in districts where many voters reside.

Last winter the Legislatures of Saskatchewan and Alberta guaranteed bonds for \$13,000 per mile for the construction of several hundreds of miles of Canadian Northern railway in each province, but it was done so quietly, so much as a matter of course, that little notice in the east was taken of the action of either legislature. The British Columbia guarantees are much greater per mile, because construction in the valleys of British Columbia, and especially through the Thompson and Fraser canyons, is exceeding costly.

The negotiations for the Canadian Northern were carried on by Vice-President Mann, who has a unique reputation as a constructor. He had a considerable share in building the Canadian Pacific mountain section, and has been thoroughly accustomed to controlling railroad building in such heavy pieces of country as the rugged sections of Maine and the Superior-Rainy River watershed. Mr. Mann's estimate of the cost of coming down the Thompson and Fraser valleys will not be criticised.

Neither is there any question of the reasonableness of the Canadian Northern's desire to extend to the Pacific coast. Its lines in the prairie provinces are so extensive, and are guaranteed to become still more extended, that the undertaking to reach the Pacific has got behind it an achieved record of steadily increasing earnings, which is quite unique among pioneer railways—the receipts during the last fiscal year were over ten and a half million dollars. Criticism of the McBride-Mann arrangement has attacked the manner, rather than the substance of the assistance promised to the Canadian Northern. The Opposition leader, Mr. Oliver, who is showing admirable aptitude for dealing with the public and for making the best of his case, admits the necessity for a provincial railway policy. But he says the McBride guarantees too greatly jeopardise the province's credit, and suggests that the more excellent way for British Columbia is to make friends of the powers at Ottawa, and secure a cash subsidy from the Dominion, as the counterpart of a cash subsidy by the Province, instead of the guarantees, which, he would have the electors believe, obligate the Province to pay in perpetuity over \$800,000 yearly in interest.

To the truthful assertion that although the Canadian Northern has received guarantees from the Dominion and Provincial Governments it has always earned more than its fixed charges, Mr. Oliver replies that while that is true, it may not always be true. But as far as a fairly wide reading

of the British Columbia papers discloses, there is not very much vim in the opposition to the McBride railway policy. The two ministers who resigned, avowedly because they could not support their chief, have not turned a loaded gun upon his policy. The antagonism of Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper is believed to have a double origin in his individual hostility to Premier McBride, and in an affection for the Canadian Pacific Railway.

For those not directly concerned in the election,

is, that they were for branch lines only, which had no earning potentiality in connection with bigger railway systems in more productive country.

Great railway building in British Columbia must be conditional upon the extent to which it can secure for British Columbia markets beyond its own borders. The province which made the first transcontinental railway the price of remaining in the Federal Union has developed far beyond the present service. The real key to the situation, therefore, is in the prairie provinces, rather than in British Columbia itself. The provincial elector has, in a very unusual degree, a reason for considering himself a participant in the faith and works of the provinces of Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta in connection with the railway which he hopes to see extended into his own territory. He is not pledging himself alone, but is attaching himself to those other four great entities, for it is their development as well as his own which is his indubitable surety.

The Dominion Government has never granted land to the Canadian Northern Railway. The lands which that company controls come to it through the purchase of charters, the originators of which could not finance them. The Province of Manitoba was the first to assist what is now the Canadian Northern. Its example was followed by the Dominion Government and by the Province of Ontario, in order to give the prairie country a second route to the Great Lakes. It has since been emulated by the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta in the construction of branch lines, such as the Brandon-Regina and Saskatoon-Calgary lines, which are giving to the southern prairie country new alternative fast routes from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains.

The Ontario Government last winter declined to guarantee Canadian Northern Ontario bonds, but offered two million acres of land to secure construction from Sellwood to Port Arthur—a method which, in a region much less attractive to farmers than the easily cultivated land of the West, is understood to be of little or no assistance in dealing with the cold, hard money-changers of London.

In Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta this year the Canadian Northern has been constructing fourteen different branches all under Dominion and Provincial guarantees of bond interest. The British Columbia Government is following its neighbours; and, if a prophecy may be hazarded, the return to power of Mr. McBride will go far towards making this method of promoting the commercial expansion of Canada a permanent institution.

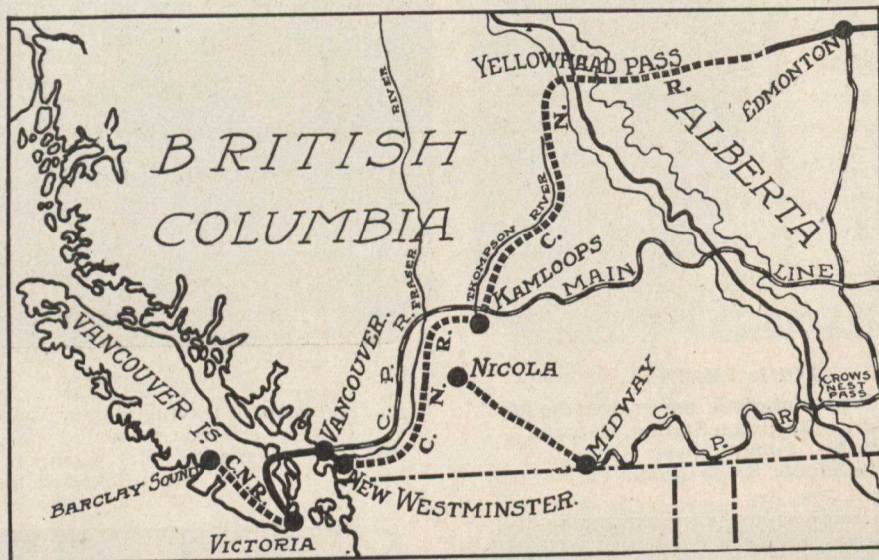
Edward the Seventh, Confessor

AT a country house some years ago King Edward was led, in his good nature, to comply with a friend's request for his "confessions." To the question, verbally given, of "If not yourself who would you be?" the King laughingly replied, "Why not my nephew, the German Emperor?" A year or two later, however, the King had changed his mind, and declared that, after all, there was no life comparable with that of a Scottish laird.

* * *

A book exists in which the late Duke of Clarence wrote his confessions as a small boy, and in which the simplicity and amiability of his character are touchingly shown. And that he was a very small boy at the time may be believed when it is known that he spelt his favourite motto, *Ich digne*. His favourite writers were "Captain Marryat and Charlotte Yonge," his favourite qualities in woman, "Truthfulness and Love," and to the question, "If not yourself who would you be?" came the answer, "Papa."

For that matter there are a good many Canadian youngsters who don't mind being identified with "papa"; except that when they grow up "the governor" seems to be the idea; about which time it depends a good deal on how much "papa" is making in his business as to how much the average small boy cares to resemble him.



Map showing projected lines of railway in B.C. The C.N.R. will run from the Yellowhead Pass to Vancouver and New Westminster. The Kettle Valley is projected from Midway to Nicola.

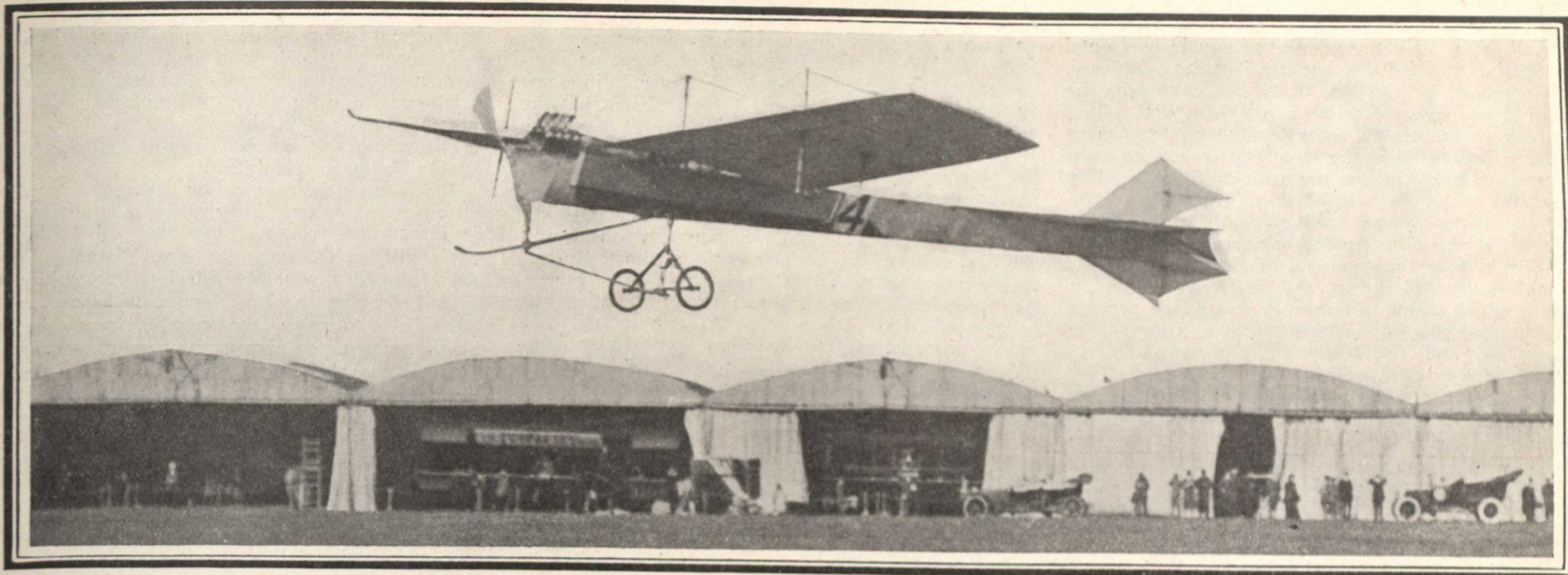
the situation is chiefly interesting because it marks a stage in the railway expansion of Canada, both as a commercial enterprise and as a development of public policy. Mr. Mann undertakes to begin construction on the Yellowhead-Vancouver line—the surveys on 80 per cent. of which have been completed—within three months after the passing of the Act implementing the provisional agreement, and to have trains running to the Pacific coast within four years. It may reasonably be hoped that by that time, the connection of Port Arthur with Sudbury and with Ottawa, which is required to give the present Canadian Northern lines in the prairie provinces their own access to St. Lawrence tide-water, will also be completed. The Canadian Northern ambition to become a transcontinental line is within measurable distance of being realised.

The attitude of British Columbia to railway expansion would seem to indicate that the policy of giving financial assistance to railways has become permanently embedded in our body politic—at least as far as opening up comparatively unsettled territory is concerned. The Kettle River Valley understanding contemplates a cash subsidy to the railway company apparently because the company had previously obtained a similar promise elsewhere. There is no land grant in either case, excepting the right of way over provincial lands with permission to cut the timber required for actual construction.

To the objection that for 250 miles the Canadian Northern will only be across the river from the Canadian Pacific, and to that extent, therefore, will open up no new territory, it is an effective answer that the province is after a new transcontinental line which, by bringing great business from beyond the mountains and beyond the seas, will create new commerce just as surely as if it were being built across fertile and unpopulated plains of infinitely greater extent than the valleys of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers.

It is not authentically stated whether, as a means of covering the difference between the McBride guarantee and estimated total cost of the railway, the Dominion Government will be asked for any assistance. Possibly Premier McBride, who has no conciliatory feelings towards Ottawa, would prefer to be without collateral support of this kind, being confident in the certainty of a justification of, to quote the conclusion of the McBride-Mann agreement, "the intention of both parties * * * that such railway lines shall be built without any cost or expense whatsoever to the province of British Columbia."

British Columbia is paying several small sums yearly as the result of certain railway guarantees which did not turn out well. The difference between them and the chief guarantee under consideration



THE GIANT JUNE-BUG OF THE UPPER SPHERES

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During the recent Aviation Week at Blackpool, England; Latham in his bug-like Monoplane getting away from the Aero-dromes, the round-houses of the Flying-Machines

WINGS OF THE FLYING MAN

Exploits and Experiments of the Men whose Pastime is Conquering the Air

By AERO-GRAM

IT'S a good many years now since the first flying-machine was invented. If we remember right the first of any consequence was the boy who climbed up on the woodshed and attempted to come down with an umbrella for a parachute. This was part of the balloon idea; which has survived to this day. The possession of wings has always been a desirable thing. Centuries ago, away back in the days of the Greek, Euripides wrote a play called "The Birds," in which he said a number of smart, envious things about the animals of the air that seem to go where they please in a most exasperating manner and are forever engaged in looking down upon mankind.

The balloon and the parachute were some of the earliest attempts to make men into birds. The

has done most, and most excited the world's wonder; and to it the world must look for the solution of the problem of air navigation. This is being done. The world has lately had a large number of airship experiments with this type of machine. Several of the most highly civilised and inventive nations have been and are still engaged in the race for the mastery of the air. The general public who walk and ride on street-cars and bicycles and automobiles have been left out of the scientific secrets whereby these flying men have been able to fly. It is time for some explanation of the obvious principles which are of such patent interest to the average man; for it is within the realm of possibility that the average man may yet be able to go aloft in his own flying-machine just as he now hitches up his own buggy.

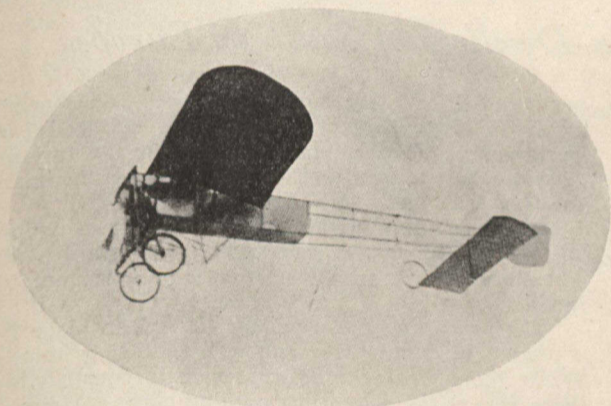
It's all a matter of understanding the tricks of the medium, which is the air; just as in shipbuilding the thing to understand is the water. The skater on thin ice is often used as an analogy; for on thin ice the skater keeps from breaking through only by motion. So with the bird; the column of air that supports the bird would sustain its weight for but a moment, unless the bird should move and keep moving. No one ever saw a bird stay up in the air long without either moving through the air, transferring its weight quickly from one part of the air to another, or else by fluttering its wings. So with the airship. Motion is the thing.

The further exposition of this absorbing problem has been well set forth by Mr. R. P. Hearne in the *Illustrated London News*:

"Further experiments with gliding surfaces and planes showed that, if these were inclined upward at a small angle and projected through the air, a certain amount of lifting effect took place. When falling from a height through still air a plane or glider sinks gradually down along an inclined path. If, however, a sudden gust of wind blew against it horizontally the glider would tend to rise, the increased air-resistance overcoming the natural tendency of the glider to fall. This increased air-

resistance can be obtained either from a current of wind blowing against the glider or from the glider being forced along at such a speed as to set up its own wind—that is to say, increased air-resistance. Immediately the speed drops the resistance declines. Each portion of air is delayed over longer by the glider, and, like thin ice under a slow skater, it is unable to bear the pressure. Thus buoyancy and lifting-power in a flying-machine depend mainly on speed.

"Obviously, then, the next step in the development of the gliding-machine was the fitting of some apparatus which would give the instrument horizontal velocity. This, in effect, would give the glider that speed which carries the swift skater safely over

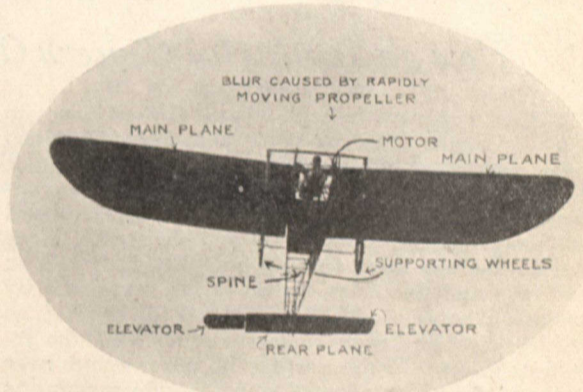


A Bleriot Monoplane at Doncaster.

kite was a sort of dummy bird that pleased a large number of boys. And we still have the kite principle in the flying machine. In his book, the "Reign of Law," the Duke of Argyll long ago pointed out the structure of the bird's wing, showing how manifestly improbable it was that man would ever be able to devise any sort of mechanism capable of carrying his own weight as the bird's wing carries the bird. Both are heavier than air; man being about the same specific gravity as water—though a great many people are unable to swim.

In the earlier stages of flying-machines men tried to equip themselves with body-attached wings; but it was found that no man has muscular power enough to propel wings of his own. Then came the fixed wings on gliding machines with brief soaring or gliding flights. This also was of no use. Then came the balloon and the introduction of the gas-bag; which was highly successful and has survived to this day in some types of machines. The balloon has been a very useful air-machine. It has enabled men to get away from the earth by means of a gas-bag. This was all very well so far as it went; but the balloon was at best a cumbersome, clumsy thing largely dependent on the vagaries of the air and by no means under good control.

Flying-machines were attempted again on a different scale. These are at present of two kinds; the heavier-than-air propellor and the gas-bag machine, which of course is an adaptation of the balloon principle. The former is the machine that



How the Aeroplane keeps going.

thin ice. It entails the use of some propeller, and of an engine to drive this propeller.

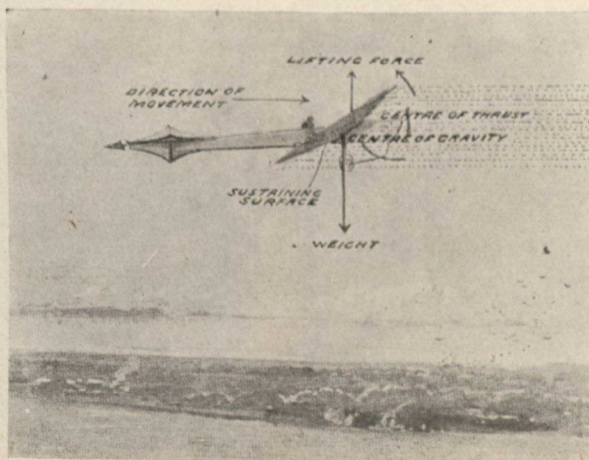
"When these became available, it was possible to make a flying-machine rise from the ground, especially if the bearing-surface of the machine were suitably designed for this lifting effect. Driven forward by the action of the propeller, the machine acquired speed, struck the air with greater velocity and thus made its own wind, so to speak. It was found that, by giving the main planes a slight upward tilt, the machine drove upwards into the air, and thus rose more steadily in its inclined path. So, by slow evolution, we have worked from flapping-wing machines to fixed-plane gliders and then to gliders fitted with engines of propulsion."

In this way there have been evolved:

- (1) *Monoplanes*, or single planes.
- (2) *Biplanes*, or machines with two main planes one above the other.
- (3) *Multiphanes*, or machines with more than two superposed planes.

Monoplanes have a central body with wing-shaped extensions at each side, vertical planes which can be raised or lowered to keep the machine stable, a rudder to guide, and a horizontal tail to steady it. It requires high speed to make it rise and keep it going.

The biplane with rectangular main planes is the most common type of aeroplane. It has a small plane held out in front of the main body which is capable of being tilted to cause the machine to rise



How the Aeroplane stays up.

or fall. The Wright machine has double horizontal planes in front for this purpose. In some biplanes, the aeronaut by a series of levers may warp the main planes so as to assist in the rising and falling process or to help in going around corners, so to speak. Pulling down the front corners of the main planes will help to drive the machine down; pulling down the rear corners will help to drive it up. "The wing warping device in the hands of a skilled aviator is very effective for balancing."

The biplane thus consists of three main parts: the elevator held away out in front; the main planes which maintain buoyancy and which prevent the machine tipping in going around curves; the rear planes and rudder which enable the aviator to direct the course of the machine. The biplane also differs from the monoplane in having its propellers back of the engine, instead of a drawing propeller in front. Bleriot and Santos Dumont have successfully worked monoplanes; the Wrights, Farman, Delagrangé, Fournier and Latham are leaders in biplane work.

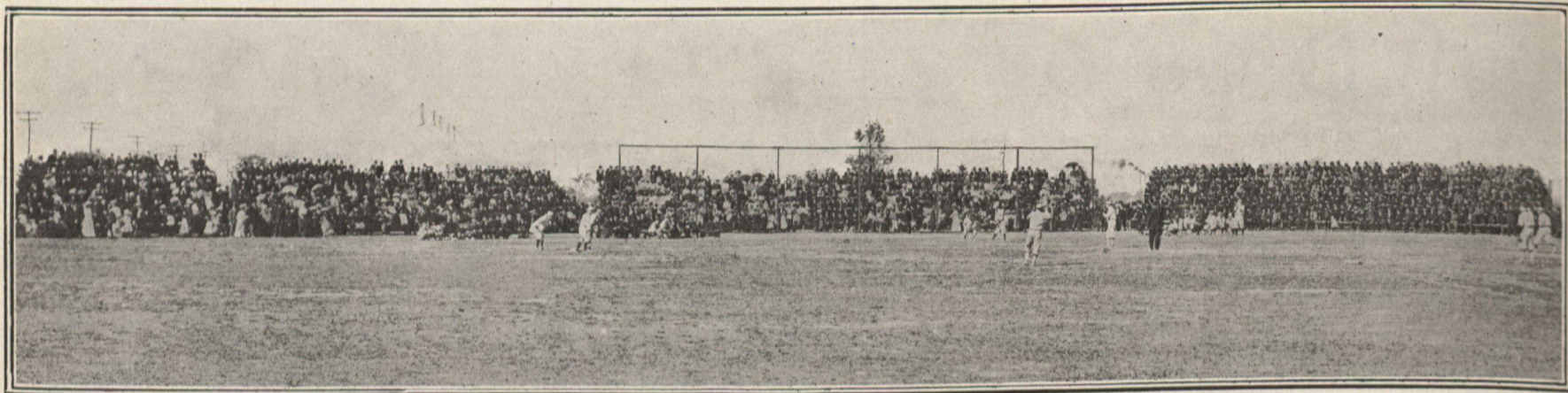
Canada is so immersed in the problems of wheat and railways that she has taken little interest in aeronautics. She has looked upon the airship meets

in Europe as she did the Hudson-Fulton spectacle in New York, a huge race meet at Ascot or Doncaster, or a huge carnival or festival in some European city. She has not fully realised that the railway problems which interest her to-day were solved by Europe twenty-five years ago, and that the older countries of the world have passed into a newer stage of experiment. As Canada is considering the beginning of a Canadian sea-going navy, Britain, France and Germany are considering the beginning of an aerial navy. In short, Europe is a generation ahead of America in this respect. At Friedrichshaven, a School of Aeronautics has been established with nine pupils. It is said that nearly 900 applied for admission, some being English, some American and some Russian. France has had several aeronautic meets this year. England held her first two events of this nature in October at Doncaster and Blackpool where race-courses were utilised. A fortnight ago, airship manoeuvres were held at Cologne to decide upon the military merits of rigid, semi-rigid and non-rigid balloons. The Comte de Lambert has made a successful flight over Paris, circling the Eiffel Tower at a height of twelve hundred feet and covering forty miles in

forty-nine minutes. An Italian military balloon has circled over the Capitol and Quirinal at Rome. Mr. Farman at Blackpool made a British record of forty-seven miles in ninety-two minutes. The conquest of the air is in sight.

Discussing the various kinds of aeroplanes, the *London Outlook* recently said:

"In aviation the competition between monoplanes and biplanes continues briskly, and it is an interesting circumstance that of two new all-British, or nearly all-British, machines one, Captain Windham's, should favour the Bleriot type, while the other, belonging to Mr. Moore-Brabazon, whose motor is of foreign construction, resembles the Wright pattern. At present the honours seem to lie with the monoplane, and public preference is naturally being stimulated by the extreme care and beautiful workmanship with which the Bleriot and Antoinettes now on exhibition are turned out. The Parisians themselves appear to have lost their heads over M. Santos Dumont's latest creation, a perfected *Demoiselle* fitted with the new thirty horse-power horizontal Darracq motor which is said to work extremely well.



AN INDUSTRIAL COMMUNITY OUT FOR A HOLIDAY.

Recently the Plymouth Cordage Company, at Welland, Ont., opened a new Play-Ground for the use of its Employees; all present to watch a Game of Baseball.

A WORK OF ASSIMILATION

How an Industrial Concern Organised a Community from the Slum-Dwellers of Southern Europe

By LOUIS BLAKE DUFF

THE emigrant from Southern Europe comes to Canada with two great capacities. Our land satisfies him in both regards. He builds sewers and railways and he forms the connecting link in general between mother earth and the steam engine, the derrick and the drill. More recently he has been walking into the black jobs in the mills and foundries. Such is his vocation. By avocation he is a reckless consumer of spirits; so reckless that he begins to carry on his back the record of crime. In the average he never comes near to the ideals of his adopted country. He remains as foreign in sentiment, in his hopes and aspirations, in his manner of life as he is foreign in birth.

Strangely enough this country whose hoe he wields offers him nothing but the hoe, and beer and whiskey. The "foreign quarter" in the average industrial town and city in this province is as far removed from the essence and spirit of Canadianism as though it had been lifted bodily one dark night from an ancient setting on the Mediterranean and

placed by morning here by an Ontario town side, wholly prosaic, very dirty, sometimes sordid. To this "foreign quarter" the church has seldom ventured and the schoolmaster has but the smallest acquaintanceship. It is a section of the community where progress has never been interpreted. The country learns little or nothing about the people except that they toil and monopolise a great deal of space in the police column. An exception proving this truth about the position of the immigrant ought to have some interest in this day when the assimilation of the Southern European looms up as a grave problem.

A few years ago the Plymouth Cordage Company, which had been manufacturing cordage at Plymouth, Mass., since 1824, established large mills at Welland. Much of the labour, it would seem, might be classed as semi-skilled, an industrial cor-

ner into which the foreigner fits with some snugness. A large percentage of some hundreds of workmen were accordingly drafted from the foreign classes—the Italian, the Austrian, the Hungarian, the Croatian, and a few French.

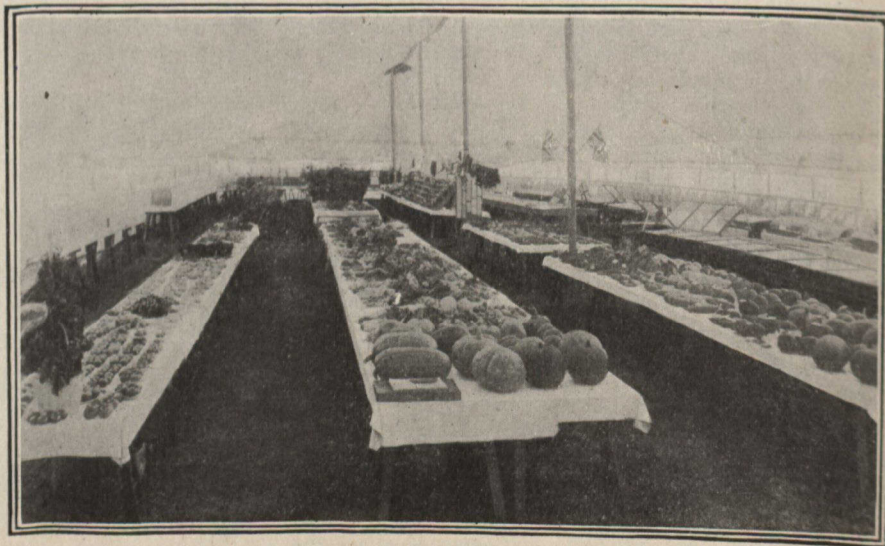
That was four years ago. To-day these people are surefooted on the way to becoming Canadians. The story of their transformation is probably unique in this country.

The first thing the company did was to place its workmen in comfortable and well-appearing homes. While there was nothing expensive in construction there was at the same time nothing cheap. Houses, these were, such as the foreigner had never entered before; electric-lighted, roomy, airy, new, clean; with good plumbing and a dry basement. It is rumoured that not a few bathtubs were used as coal bins that first winter, but the tub has since stepped up to fill the full responsibilities of its position.

An area of one hundred and eighty acres was laid out in these workingmen's homes, and the streets



One of the Houses of the Cordage Workmen at Welland.



Display at the Fall Fair, from the Gardens of the Workmen.

were made wide and the boulevards ample. It was the physical home that marked the first step in the journey towards the new civilisation. The next problem was to get hold of the children and fit them for the public schools. The school instinct is one very far away. A kindergarten was established. Here the children were taught sufficient English and sufficient cleanliness to gain passport to the public schools. The afternoons are spent by the teacher in the homes, and there soon blossomed under her touch the nicely curtained window, the carpet and the table cloth. To-days lads and lasses from the kindergarten and from the schools lead their parents to the stores and fill the role of interpreters.

The houses stood desolate enough in the beginning. Then they were merely occupied houses. Today they are homes. The transformation is a story by itself. The company offered to the tenants what-

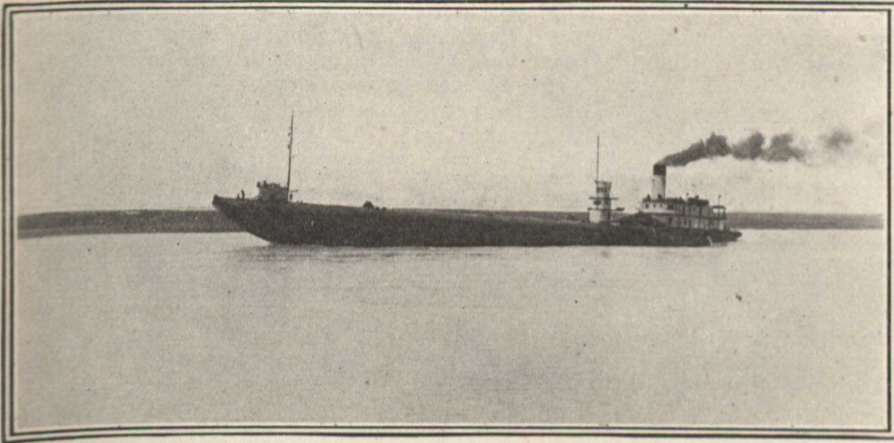
ever flowers and shrubs and vines they might desire, and a man came all the way from Boston to tell the plainest secrets of horticulture. Ideas took root with the gift vines. The severity of the outlines died away in verdure, houses sprang up from smiling borders of flowers and held fast to clinging tendrils.

The Cordage Fair is the thermometer of progress. A tent that looked like full-brother to a Ringling Brothers' circus tent was filled with the fruits of the labour of the Cordage work-people; flowers, fruit, vegetables, one hundred and fifty exhibits of poultry, preserved fruit, baking, fancy cooking, some of it done fantastically into shapes of alligators and serpents, fancy work, and the products of the kindergarten. It is doubtful if any other fall fair in Ontario had so interesting or so creditable a hall exhibit. This exhibition, the expenses of which are borne by the company, comes entirely from the gar-

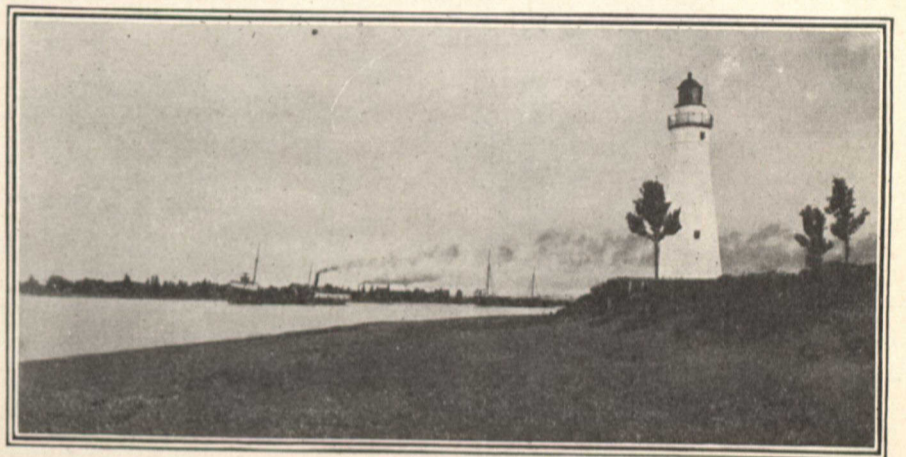
dens, the poultry yards and the homes of the cordage workmen.

Fair day has another interest, for on that day very liberal prizes are distributed for the best kept places, front garden, rear garden, vines, trees, a class for each. The fair for 1909 had an added importance in that there was celebrated the opening of the new playgrounds. The picture shows a game of baseball in progress, a region of athletic endeavour which the foreigner has not yet invaded, but he takes a keen interest in the game. Scanning the list of races and contests and the tug-of-war one finds the foreigner of the fleet foot and the strong arm.

This is one way of treating the foreign workman and he has responded not only by meeting his employers on the level but also by assuming the duties of citizenship. What has been done in the Ontario town may be done on the prairies.



A Whaleback or 'Pig' Ore or Grain Carrier going up the Lakes.



Fort Gratiot Beacon opposite Pt. Edward, guides more shipping than any other.

THE HIGHWAY OF THE GREAT LAKES

By NORMAN PATTERSON

TRAFFIC in the vessels which use the highway of the Great Lakes may be easily summarised. The boats going up the lakes from Montreal, Toronto, Buffalo, Cleveland and other ports carry coal and merchandise. The latter is usually termed "package freight." These boats unload at Fort William, Port Arthur and Duluth and bring back iron ore and wheat. Coal and merchandise up; iron ore and wheat down—this is a brief summary of a traffic which has grown tremendously in recent years. The iron ore on both shores of Lake Superior feeds the small furnaces at Hamilton and elsewhere in Canada and the large furnaces at Pittsburg and elsewhere in the United States. The wheat from the northern states of the Union and the great provinces of the Canadian West pours down the lakes to the various Canadian ports on the Georgian Bay, the Point Edward on the St. Clair, to Buffalo and Port Colborne on Lake Erie, to Kingston and Prescott on the St. Lawrence. Thence it finds its way by railway to Montreal and New York—Montreal chiefly—to be loaded on board the steamers bound to Great Britain.

November is the busiest of all the months so

Biggest Day's Shipping on Record

Port Arthur, Nov. 2.—The grain shipments from the two ports yesterday were: Kaministiquia for Point Edward, 42,567 bushels flax, and 79,272 bushels of wheat; City of Paris for Buffalo, 104,000 wheat; G. R. Crowe for Tiffin, 118,000 wheat; Midland Queen for Owen Sound, 22,000 wheat, 94,093 oats, 23,818 barley; Western Star for Buffalo, 184,522 wheat, 64,000 flax; Bickerdike for Montreal, 46,000 wheat; Iroquois for Montreal, 163,166 oats; Neebing for Meaford, 114,100 wheat; Turret Cape for Buffalo, 62,462 flax, 48,130 wheat; W. D. Matthews for Tiffin, 200,000 wheat; Advance for Montreal, 40,508 flax.—(Extract from daily paper.)

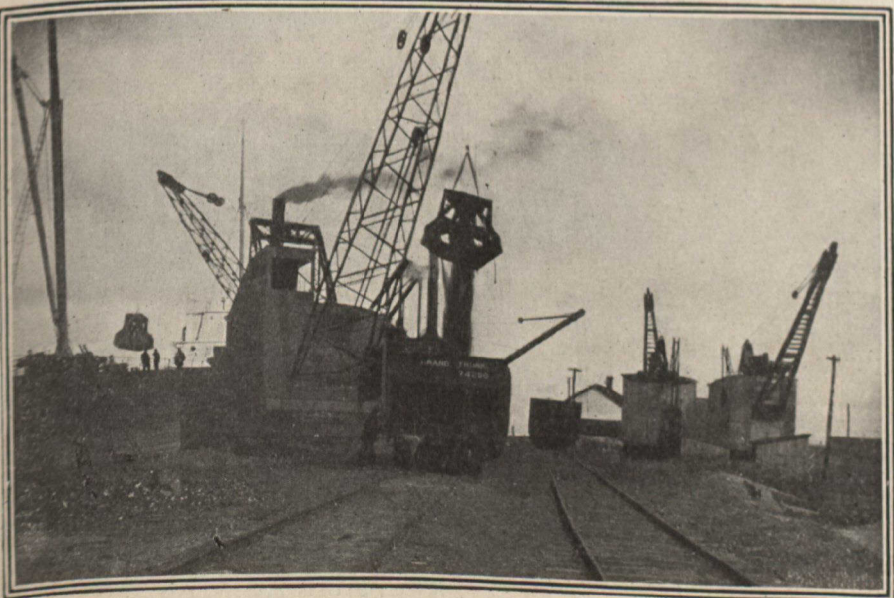
far as wheat is concerned. September is a busy month, October is busier, November is a rush. But all records are surpassed by the first five days of December. Marine insurance ends on December 5th, and any vessel leaving after that date goes without insurance; therefore every vessel in the trade tries to be in Fort William and Port Arthur for a load on one of those last five days. It

is said that already contracts have been made for the shipment of ten million bushels in those five days. Any wheat left in the Upper Lake ports after that date must come out by rail or remain in storage until spring.

There is the explanation also why rates rise as the season advances. The December rate will be about a cent a bushel higher than the September rate. The number of vessels is limited, the amount of grain offering is exceptionally large, and the exporters are competing with each other for boat space. Sometimes a vessel which runs at a loss from May to September will earn enough in October and November to pay all losses and a twenty-five per cent. dividend.

Of course, there are dangers on this highway. Last year, the monetary loss in vessels was over two million dollars, though not all were grain vessels. This year the vessel loss will be nearly as great. In 1907, a hundred lives were lost; in 1908, only a few persons were drowned; but this year the human toll demanded will be nearly twice as great as in 1907. The loss by fire is not great; strandings, collisions and losses by

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 21.



Unloading Ore and reloading on cars at Pt. Edward—at 1000 tons an hour.



Forward over the hatch-ways of a 550-foot vessel unloading ore at Pt. Edward.

Photos by Boyd

SERGEANT KINNAIRD

By W. A. FRASER

HE weighed the chances, his eye resting on the loop that cut at his wrist till his clenched hand was cold in bloodlessness. To slip the strap was cowardice; but on the other side was so much,—his young, full life against that of a man whose teeth had been at his throat within the half hour.

Inwardly he cursed Cayuse. What right had he to hang a dead weight at the end of his life,—that's what the strap represented, his life? And yet he owed Cayuse something,—the knife thrust had been meant for himself.

Slowly he raised his right arm above his head, which lay against the cliff, and fingered the rock for a hold. He clutched a jagged point and, bracing till his moccasined feet seemed to cut into the ledge, worked his body back the span of a hand. Then he wove his foot backward along the path. As the rope slipped in its new angle the cliff seemed to fall away from his shoulder inward; his body swung on a pivot. Beads of perspiration gushed from his forehead. Two seconds he fought. He won. Again his head felt the hard press of rock. He rested as though he had battled for an hour. There was something of triumph in the infinitesimal victory. His mind whispered that he could win out.

For half an hour he fought a grim battle on that narrow ledge. Inch by inch the twenty feet were covered, his tiring strength offset by the increased slope to the wall against which he clung. His own peril had been replaced by a dread that the strap might cut on the cliff's edge; but it was shaganappy, rawhide, as tough as whalebone.

At last the strain fell away, as though strong shoulders lifted Cayuse. The dangling man now lay against the shelving rock. Kinnaird drew him up to the now wider trail, where he lay in an inanimate sprawl. A faint flutter of the heart beat against Kinnaird's searching hand; blood dripped from his fingers, as he drew them from beneath the buckskin shirt and splashed a crimson trail across the face so ghastly white in the moonlight; and as he turned the buckskin coat and woollen shirt over Cayuse's head a red stream trickled from beneath a shoulder blade to the sopping waistband.

The Sergeant ran his hand in the unconscious man's pocket and drew forth a plug of chewing tobacco. As he mouthed this to a black pulp he tore his own cotton shirt into bandages, and covering the wound with tobacco he wound Cayuse's body with cotton strips. This seemed inadequate and he knifed the buckskin coat into ribbons and applied them.

Then he sped down the trail to the shack, filled the candle bottle with whiskey, grabbed two tump lines, and raced up the rock scarp of Little Divide.

As the raw liquor scorched its way down Cayuse's throat, he gasped; his eyelids twitched, then curled backward from eyes that stared wonderingly into Kinnaird's face.

"You're all right, Cayuse," the Sergeant said soothingly, his arm beneath the other's head.

Cayuse's mouth opened and closed inaudibly half a dozen times; then, his voice just a hoarse whisper, he gasped: "What's—where—" He put his hand out and touched Kinnaird's face like a man in a dream.

"You're all right, Cayuse," the Sergeant soothed. "Don't you remember? Dupre knifed you; but you'll be all right. Here, drink this."

He held the bottle to the trembling lips, saying, "Gulp it down. You've lost some claret; but you'll be all right. You're tougher than a mule."

The whiskey drove the weakened heart faster; it pumped the depleted blood and warmed the wavering senses back to understanding. Cayuse tried to rise; but Kinnaird held him back, saying, "Keep quiet, old man; I'm going to pack you out."

Then, making a cradle of the tump lines, he lifted Cayuse to its saddle, then, squatting down, drew the wounded man's arm about his neck, placed the broad strap over his forehead, and, rising, said, "Put your legs across my hips and keep quiet. If you wiggle an eyelid, you'll tip us into Mad Squaw's lap."

"Lemme walk," Cayuse objected with broken petulance. "I'm not done up so's I got to play baby."

"Shut up, or I'll throw you in the ditch!" Kinnaird laughed. Then, creeping cautiously along the stone ledge, he carried his burden over the dip to the pine wood, where Badger, winding the scent of blood, snorted in terror, and stood trembling in dread as Cayuse was lifted to the saddle.

They crept cautiously down the steep path to the flat, where Kinnaird, stopping the horse, ran his hand over the bandages.

"Dry as a bottle," he advised. "Just sit tight, and you'll be all right."

"Say, preacher, you're white, and I just want to crawl over that fool break I made," Cayuse said penitently, his speech hyphenated by little breaks of weakness.

As Kinnaird took the reins in his hand to lead Badger, Cayuse asked suspiciously, "Whar we goin'?"

"To Stand Off."

"Different here! The fellers'll pump you full of lead soon's I palaver. Say you, stop!" he piped angrily, as the horse was led onward. "Set me afoot and pull your freight for your own outfit. I got a hoss feedin' here somewhar."

"If you get excited you'll start bleeding, and you ain't fit to die," the Sergeant flung over his shoulder, plodding stolidly ahead.

"But I was there scoutin'! I got to split on you, you mule headed bronco. You'll get killed! If I had a gun, I'd lam you over the head!"

"Look here, Cayuse," Kinnaird turned back and put his hand on the wounded man's knee; "didn't you get knifed in my troubles? If I set you afoot here, you'd bleed to death; besides, there isn't anybody in Stand Off could fix up that wound. It's a bad one."

"But I got to make the war talk," Cayuse whined. "I got to tell Mayo you come sniffin' about Red Eye Fountain like a damn coyote; and if Dupre was trailin' you, don't that sure allow they're out for you to-night?" He finished with a yelp of pain; for Badger was again on the move, and a sudden twist ripped like a knife at his side.

As Stand Off loomed, Cayuse made a final appeal. "Cache me in some shack where they won't find me till mornin', and pull out. You won't, eh? Then get shot, and be damn to you!"

Kinnaird led Badger away from the trail, sweeping clear of the town, to his own home. He helped the wounded man in, laid him on a sofa, and lighted a candle, saying, "I'll put Badger in the stable. Curse yourself empty in the meantime."

When he returned, Cayuse watched him build a fire to heat a kettle of water and bring forth bandages and antiseptic dressing with a look of dissatisfaction in his eyes. At every sound without he glanced apprehensively at the door. When the Sergeant drew a wooden chair beside the couch and spread his surgical outfit, Cayuse, eyeing the preparation with awe, whined coaxingly, "If I stand plumb steady an' let you rope me plenty quick, will you hit the trail soon's I'm hobbled?"

Kinnaird was silently stripping the crude bandages. "By Jove!" he exclaimed as the ugly wound gaped with red lips, "your shoulder blade just saved you."

Cayuse winced when the carbolic wash nipped at the red trail of the knife; and as the slitted skin was drawn together with adhesive plaster, he said, "Get a canter on, Doc! You're slow's a squaw doin' bead-work. I wisht—" He broke off and raised his head, holding his ear toward the door, a startled look in his eyes.

From without came a shuffling clatter and the echo of men's voices. Then the door swung rudely open to the push of armed men, who entered and set their rifles clangingly against the wall. Kinnaird's hand, which had rested in warmth on the adhering strips of plaster, twitched the wound till Cayuse winced as his eyes fell on the figures of Chris and Somers.

At once Mayo strode to the couch, and, staring at the wounded man, asked, "What's this mean? Who's laid Cayuse out?"

"He's wounded," Kinnaird answered quietly, picking up a roll of bandages.

Chris pushed past her father, saying, "Let me help you, please."

Her hair brushed Kinnaird's face as she slipped an arm beneath Cayuse, and he heard her whisper, "Deny everything! Don't speak!" And when his hand carried the cotton roll beneath the wounded man it was grasped reassuringly by slim fingers.

"There! I think he'll be all right now," Kinnaird said presently, drawing a blanket over Cayuse. "Who did him up?" Mayo asked curtly.

Kinnaird pushed the chair with its matters of surgery to the wall and leaning against the logs rested his hand carelessly beneath his coat, the fingers touching the butt of a pistol.

Cayuse's voice broke the trying quiet in a querulous weak tone. "The party got did up hisself, Thad, as this-a way. I pulls out after the joy quit doin'

business; but Buck he ain't mindful to hit the trail nohow,—he jes throws loops round Stand Off, and I ain't in condition to pilot nothin', I ain't. Then I stacks up ag'in' the preacher's shack for to git one of them powders he give me onct, for I was feelin' terrible bilious; but he ain't ter home. I ain't got no length when I knows some coyote is trailin' me, and I slips from Buck, all quiet, and clubs him with the butt end of a weppin. He hands me a hurt under the arm that made me hostile. Next I knowed I was here and preacher is puttin' on the Doctor brand. He allows he was comin' from a Bible talk with Gabrou's sick wife, when he finds me cached plenty quiet out on the trail weepin' blood."

Mayo sat listening to Cayuse's somewhat long story with a heavy frown on his dark face. Evidently Dupre had, by some extraordinary blunder, trailed Cayuse from the mission shack under the impression it was the preacher, and had got into a row with the half-drunken man. All these complications angered him. There seemed always to be some explanation forthcoming to shield the man of whom he had an overmastering suspicion. He knew there was something wrong; but it was so elusive! Perhaps the only way to get at the truth was to adopt his usual method, smash straight at the difficulty.

"There ain't nothin' to it but just a square show-down," he began with grim earnestness. "The name of a Mayo woman has got dragged in, and somebody's got to play the part of a man, that's all! Us Mayos allus kept the name of our women folks and our weppins shiny clean. Now whar do you stand, preacher?"

"I don't understand," Kinnaird replied.

"Perhaps you don't; so I'll explain. Stand Off never did cotton to the idea that you was what yer brand called fer. Speakin' fer myself, I figgered you was more than Gospel slinger. You didn't do nothin' like a sky pilot would sure do; and Matt may've been locoed, and he may've been right when he allowed you was standin' in with the p'lice. You knowed that Sergeant Hawke to-day, and you made some sign talk that shut his mouth. Dupre, he trails this p'lice coyote to earth hidin' in the buffalo pound waitin' fer somebody from Stand Off to hold palaver. Leastwise we figgered this way, and we ride out to-night thinkin' you'll have hooked up, special as you'd pulled your freight to parts unknown. Chris is there allowin' she's come to meet him," Mayo jerked his head disdainfully in the direction of Somers, "just as a girl meets a man she's goin' to get spliced to. There couldn't be no other kind of a meeting between Chris and a man where they was cached off in the dark, I allow. If it was different it would sure lead to gun work, which doesn't help a woman's name nohow. P'raps I ain't made the talk hit the bull's eye, cause I'm kinder mixed over all this Injun work; but we've trailed into somethin' that's got to be put right. That's what we've come fer. If you and him had some p'lice business to arrange, you oughter say so; and if Chris rounded up Somers that-a way, they've got to—"

The girl turned a face ghastly pale, in which black eyes glittered in fierce resolve, upon Mayo, and interrupted, "I know what you mean, dad, and I say again that I met Frank out there because he couldn't come here. Preacher Black knows nothing of Frank's being at the pound."

"That bein' so, are you ready, Chris, to go on with the ceremony you must've been plannin'?"

The girl's answer was checked on her lips by a groan from Cayuse, followed by a smothered curse as writhing in pain he buried his face in the pillow.

Kinnaird sprang to the couch, peered into the wounded man's face, and exclaimed, "Quick, Chris, lift his head! He's fainted! We must have air!"

He darted to the door, and as he threw it open he ripped up the buttons of his coat; then wheeling, his voice rang out, "Hands up! The man that touches a gun dies!"

The startled eyes that flashed to the door looked into the ominous throats of a pair of six-shooters, and five pairs of hands pointed to the roof as though their owners were making a double-handed affirmation.

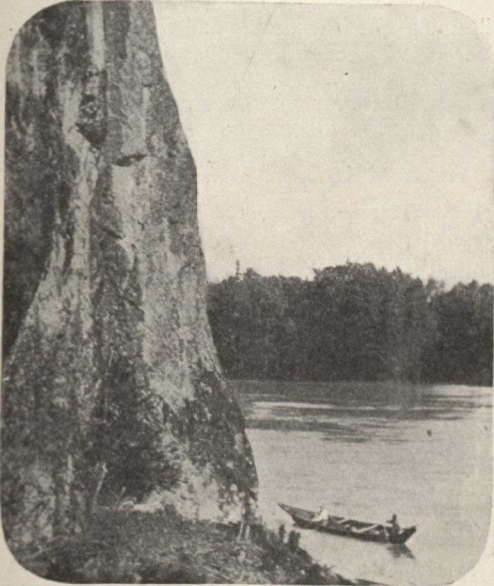
Kinnaird's coat hung away from his bare chest, smeared red with the blood of Cayuse, and the guns in his hands held a depressing unhappy steadiness as he said crisply, "Somers will collect your weapons, and if any man makes a play I've got to quiet him. Just pass round behind the gents, Somers, and unbuckle. Keep out of line!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.

AT THE END OF THE STEEL WITH THE OUTPOSTERS



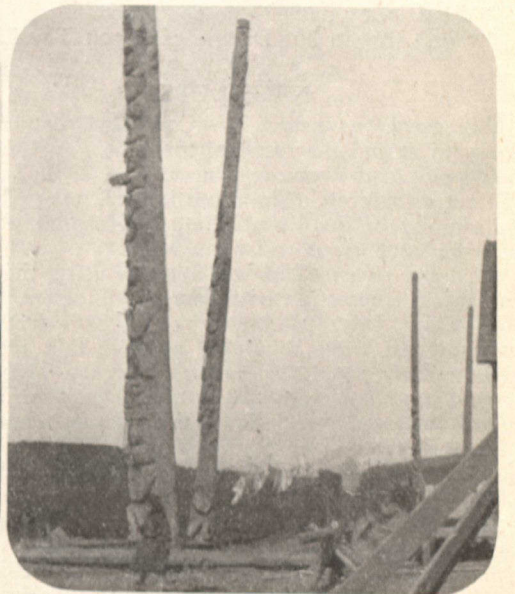
At the G.T.P. Railway Camps, near Hazelton, B C., beyond the Peace River. Throwing a Horse to shoe him is the regular way.



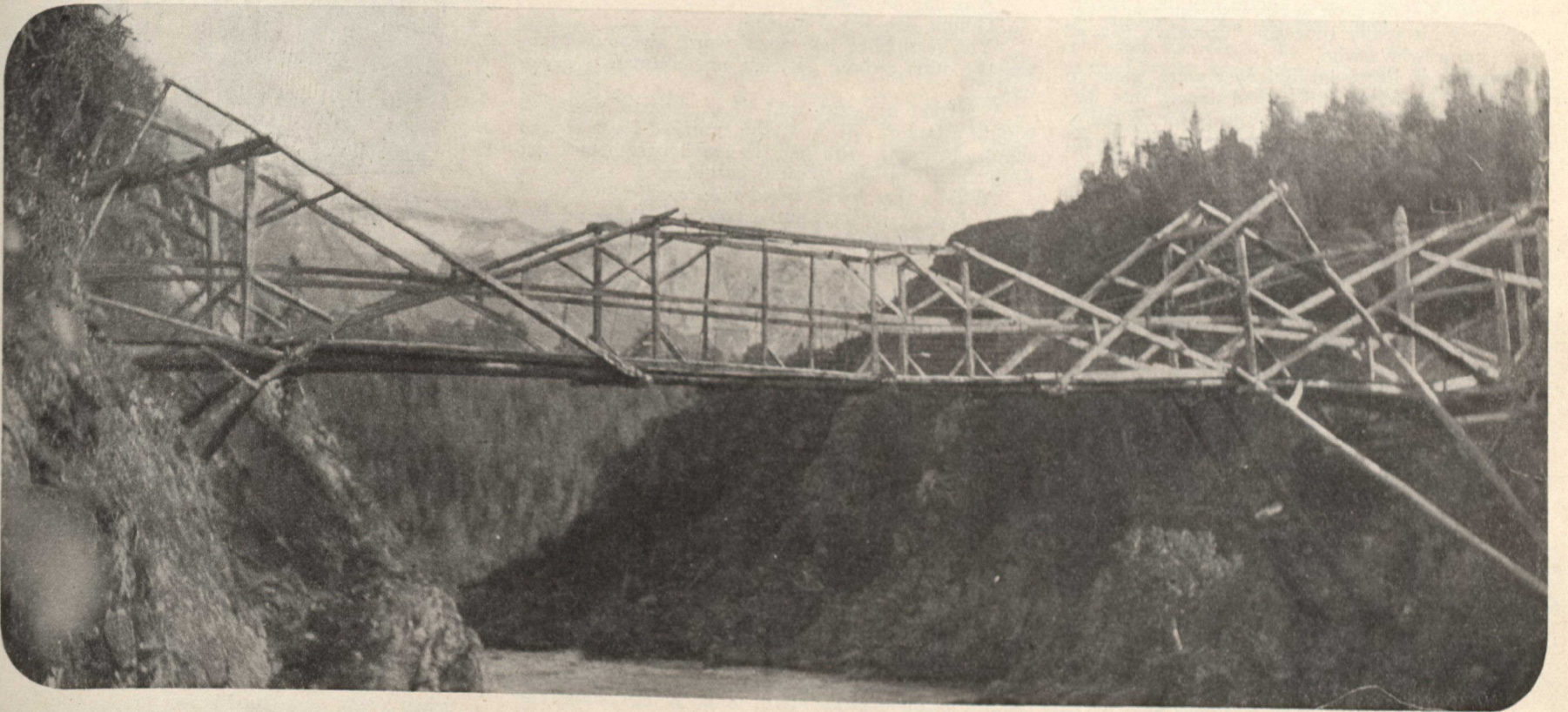
Mile 63 and a high cliff.



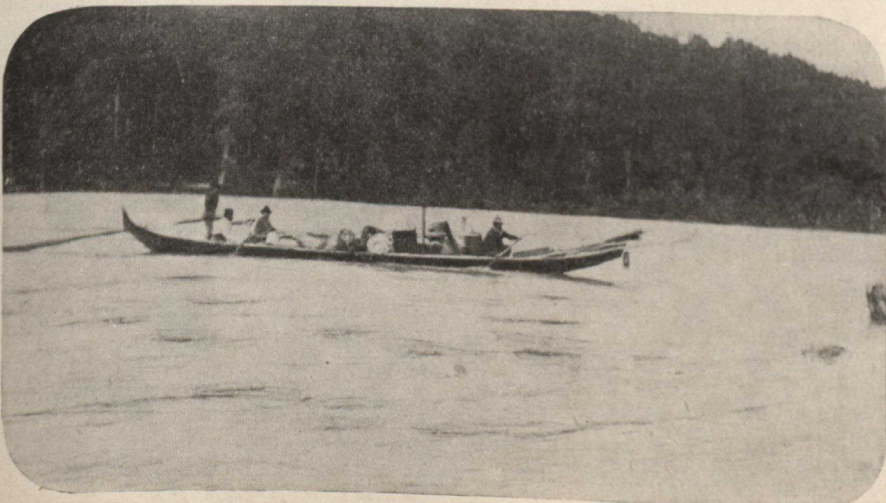
Pack Train making up at the Hudson's Bay Store for the men at the end of the steel.



Totem Poles—will soon be Telegraph Poles.



Suspension Bridge across the Bulkley River, at Hazelton, B C.; designed and built by Siwash Indians, fastened with wooden pins and D.O.C. telegraph wire; length 141 feet.



This is how the Upper Skeena outfit pulls Camp—down the river.



From this strange craft 'Hole-in-the-Wall' catches Salmon.

Photos by Holt

THE DEMI-TASSE

HIS NAME.

IN a town of Ontario, there lives a certain pompous gentleman who is never done telling of the exploits of himself and his family. On one occasion he made an evening call at the house of an acquaintance and was entertained for a few minutes by the small daughter of the family.

"Do you know who I am, Marjorie?" he said in condescension.

"Yeth," replied the innocent child.

"What is my name?" he continued.

"I just forget, but Daddie calls you The Limit."

NEWSLETS.

Montreal has asked Dr. Cook and Commander Peary to attend the carnival to be held in Canada's metropolis in the coming winter. Hon L. P. Brodeur will act as referee. The reception will take place in the vicinity of the Royal Victoria Hospital, so that an ambulance corps will be at hand.

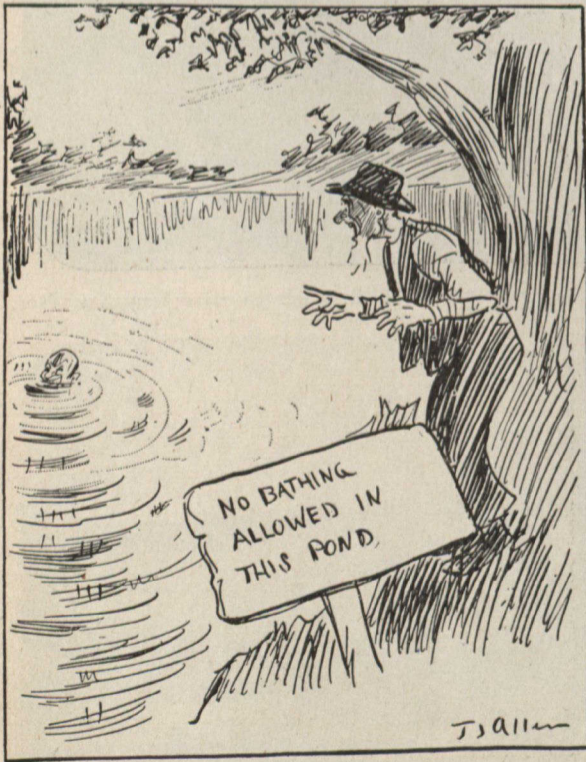
Did you ever? They are actually using the word "retire" in connection with James L. Hughes. Then Miss Clara Brett Martin arises in her wrath and declares that there should be no such talk and that some trustees should bridle their tongues. This well-deserved rebuke from the feminine member is delicious and ought to "hold" a few garrulous men for a dumb quarter-of-an-hour. But the Hughes motto is not "retire," whether it is Colonel Sam in Darkest Africa or Inspector James in Troublesome Toronto. It is dollars to fried cakes that the latter comes out Sunny Jim, leaving those who whispered "retirement" to wonder what gave them the fatal blow.

Mr. R. L. Borden had a perfectly lovely party in Toronto and will be simply delighted to come again. "Peace, gentle peace" is the watchword along the Tory lines for the next week or so, but you never can tell, and it's really time for "Canada's Navy" Party to know who's who.

It looks as if President Falconer were about to make the few rowdies who turned dances into *dis-habille* remember that the University is not a Donnybrook Fair. An ounce of expulsion is worth a pound of police.

CO-OPERATION IN DEMAND.

AT a laymen's banquet recently given at St. Simon's parish house, Toronto, Rev. Dr. Llywd of Trinity College made some interesting comparisons in the course of an address on the position of the modern church. Out in the West, a traveller was once surprised to see the curious movements of what seemed to be an over-burdened grass-hopper, and discovered to his surprise that a small specimen of the class was actually supporting a larger. Such was the attitude of the Church in the Middle Ages



Man on Shore: I'm going ter have you arrested when you come outer thar!
Te—he! I ain't coming out—I'm committing suicide (sinks with a bubbling grin).

—the Church was expected to carry the community and the parson was literally the "person."

However, continued the speaker, it is necessary, in these modern days of independence and individualism, that all forces should work together lest there be unhealthy rivalry. In illustration of this, a story was told of a certain irascible captain, who was informed by the mate that a storm was coming up and who declared that he would not come on deck till he pleased. "Attend to your part of the ship and I'll look after mine" was the captain's cheerful reply.

After a few moments, above the whistling of the gale was heard the sound of rattling chains, and the captain rushed to the deck to find that the anchor was dragging. In reply to his angry question, the mate merely answered:

"I was just looking after my end of the ship, sir."

OUR SAVING FRIENDS.

PERHAPS there are no merchants who see more of the stinginess of human nature than those who keep a drug store. Whether you are run down by an automobile and wish to wait for the ambulance, whether you are in need of the city directory, a postage stamp, or merely wish to know the time, the long-suffering druggist is the man to supply your needs.

A man of this useful calling recently told of a farmer who came into the former's shop in an Ontario town and spent a pensive ten minutes inhaling the fragrance of a new and expensive French perfume.

"That's pretty swell," ejaculated the shopper.

"How much is it?"

"A dollar an ounce."

"Gimme five cents' worth."

"You've smelled five cents' worth already," snapped the other, whose patience had ultimately given way.

A second druggist told of a woman who had bought a box of pills and who returned for a second supply, bringing with her the small pasteboard box which had held the original purchase.

"What's that for?" asked the druggist.

"I thought perhaps you'd take something off the price if I brought back the box," was the ingenuous reply.

CRUEL!

Friend: "What was the title of your poem?"

Poet: "Oh, Give me back my Dreams!"

Friend: "And what did the editor write to you?"

Poet: "Take 'em."

ABSOLVED!

WHEN Charles P. Norcross now a Washington correspondent, was a reporter on the New York Tribune, he was sent one Saturday night to interview Father Ducey, a priest famous in New York both for his wit and his good deeds. Father Ducey was in the confessional. Norcross said he would wait, but was told that nobody was in the church, and that he might go in and see Father Ducey and come out before any penitent went in. He found the reverend father waiting, and began a timorous conversation with him, being somewhat awed by his unaccustomed surroundings.

"Good evening, Father."

"Good evening, my son."

"Father, I am a reporter from the New York Tribune."

"Very well; I absolve you from that."—*Short Stories.*

MARK TWAIN'S FIRST FIVE DOLLARS.

WHILE travelling on a train Mark Twain was once asked by a friend and fellow-passenger if he remembered the first money he had ever earned.

"Yes," answered Mr. Clemens, puffing meditatively on his cigar, "I have a distinct recollection of it. When I was a youngster I attended school at a place where the use of the birch rod was not an unusual event. It was against the rules to mark the desks in any manner, the penalty being a fine of five dollars or public chastisement.

"Happening to violate the rule on one occasion, I was offered the alternative. I told my father, and, as he seemed to think it would be too bad for me to be publicly punished, he gave me the five dollars. At

that period of my existence five dollars was a large sum, while a whipping was of little consequence, and so—" here Mr. Clemens reflectively knocked the ashes from his cigar—"well," he finally added, "that was how I earned my first five dollars."

HE HAD RELIGION.

ONE of the workers in a Chinese mission in Montreal became much interested in two Chinamen, who, she found, owned a flourishing laundry business in her home neighbourhood. She looked in once in a while to see how things were going with them, and one morning found Sam smiling and cheerful, as usual, but John was missing.

"Where is John this morning?" she asked.

"Oh!" answered Sam amiably, "Christian gentleman hit him in the head with a blick, and he allee same in hospital."

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY.

Spellbinder (on the stump): "Gentlemen, in all my career, I have never been approached with a bribe!"

Voice from the rear: "Cheer up, old man. Your luck may change."—*Brooklyn Life.*

THOSE WHO ASK SHAN'T HAVE



Jeanette (lunching out). "Oh, what a silly girl I am I fort I had annuver plum!"

A NEW ONE ON MARY.

Mary had a little lamb
And it began to sicken:
She sent it off to Packingtown
And now it's labeled "CHICKEN."
—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

SEE THROUGH HIM.

AN Irish soldier in the Spanish-American war took sick and was reduced to a skeleton before he was allowed to return home.

"Well, I see you're back from the front," remarked an old acquaintance, whom he met.

"Is that so?" inquired the Irishman. "I knew I was awful thin, but I didn't know I was as thin as that."

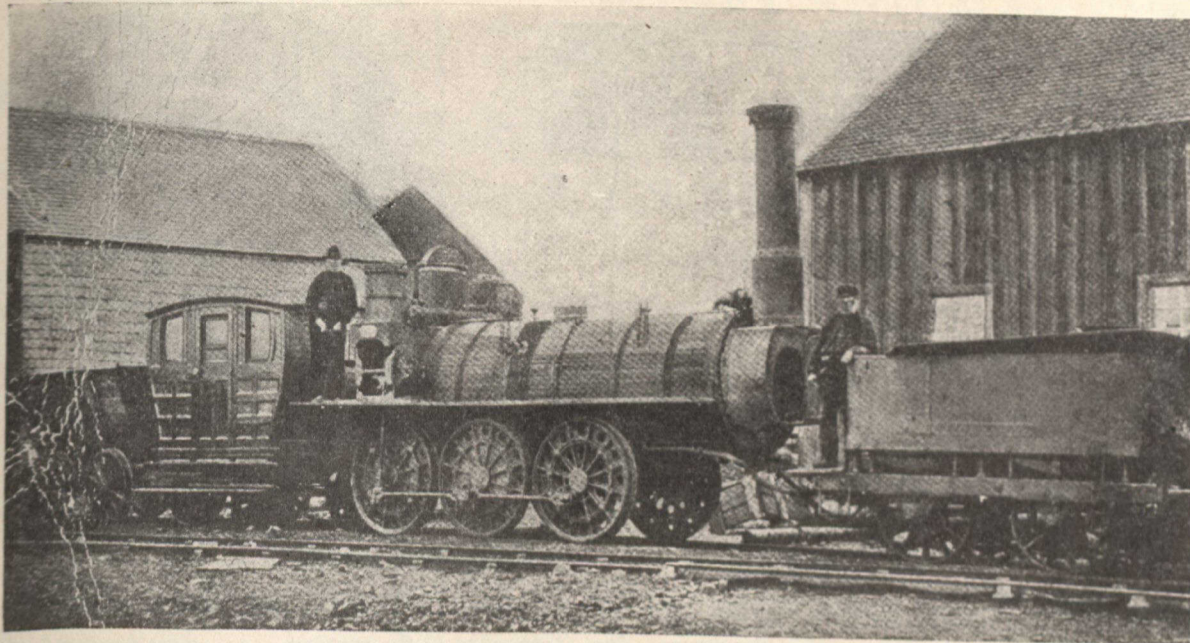
A POLITE REQUEST.

IT is related of a good-humoured celebrity that when a man once stood before him and his friend at the theatre, completely shutting out all view of the stage, instead of asking him to sit down, or in any way giving offence, he simply said, "I beg your pardon, sir; but when you see or hear anything particularly interesting on the stage, will you please let us know, as we are entirely dependent on your kindness?"

SIC TRANSIT.

(Reply to Cy Warman)

If all the stars were polar stars
And all the solar band
Went shooting by like motor cars
The pole would be on land.
If all our pains were window panes
Opening to the sky,
The aeronauts would rack their brains
Learning how to fly.
In such a way Old Science brings
God's wisdom here on wheels,
It's not the want of cash that stings
It's what the Lord reveals.



The First Locomotive ever built and operated in Nova Scotia—in 1839.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Little Stories by Land and Sea, concerning the folk who move hither and thither across the face of a Big Land.

THE CHAMPION PACKER OF THE NORTH.

ONE of the most interesting figures in the prospecting section of Northern Ontario is Joe Charlebois, who holds all the records for heavy and long distance packing with the tump line. Charlebois is one of the principals in the transport company that carries passengers, mail and freight over the canoe route between Elk Lake and Gow Ganda. This route is about fifty miles long, with sixteen portages varying in length from one hundred yards to a mile and a half.

In the everyday work of the transport company the men carry packages weighing from two hundred to three hundred pounds apiece. One huge tent was brought in weighed three hundred pounds and some barrels of vinegar went three hundred and eighty pounds. These immense loads are carried on the back by means of a leather strap called a tump line, that passes over the top of the head. Shoulder straps are not used at all. The beginner feels it most in the muscles of the neck, but old packers usually have astonishing neck development and claim that extra heavy packs affect them most in the knees and temples. The terrific pressure on the top of the head under the broad band of the tump line impedes the circulation, causing exquisite pain in the blood vessels of the temples.

Charlebois is easily the leader at this strenuous work, having had years of experience at it and a physique perfectly adapted to the short but terrific strain of this class of work. He is five feet six and a half inches tall and weighs about one hundred and seventy pounds. His wonderfully developed neck, stout body and short, well-formed legs enable him to stand up under a load that would crumple up a taller man in a moment. Some of his feats are worthy of record.

When eighteen years old he carried five hundred and fifteen pounds of pork up a flight of fourteen steps, with a tump line.

In a packing contest at Elk Lake on May 24th this year, he carried four fifty-pound sacks of flour three times around the Mattabanick Block, winning so easily that on the third round he got a spectator to throw on another sack that a competitor had dropped.

Two years ago, at Larder Lake, for a wager, he carried the immense load of seven hundred and twenty-two pounds a distance of one hundred yards, winning \$100. This is a load that the average horse could not stand up under.

The prospector who has struggled over a quarter-mile portage with a pack of a hundred pounds can appreciate the tremendous stamina and will-power required for a feat of this kind.

* * *

REMEMBERING THE REDCOATS.

MAJOR-GENERAL Sir George French had occasion the other day to talk to the Canadian Club at Winnipeg. He spoke on a subject which he understood a little better than any one else present—even Colonel Steele. He talked of the establishment of the mounted police; and he himself was the man who conducted the first force that went in thirty-six years ago, after the sale of Rupert's Land

to the Canadian Government and the relaxation of the Hudson's Bay Company regime. Getting the police into the country by way of the Red River up from Dakota to Fort Garry and thence across the plains to old Fort Macleod near the boundary was the first episode in the career of the world's greatest police force. How the force spread out and became headquartered first at Battleford when that was the capital of the Territories, and afterwards at Regina when that town became the capital with divisional forces at Calgary and Fort Saskatchewan, Macleod and Prince Albert—is the finest part of the story of the west that came before the present era of progress. It all sounds like very remote history. The change has been almost violently sudden. Twenty years ago the mounted police were still known as the riders of the plains and their deeds were chronicled as the stories of heroes—which a good many of them were.

* * *

FIRST LOCOMOTIVE IN NOVA SCOTIA.

THE only original surviving first locomotive in Canada belongs to Nova Scotia—though it is owned now by somebody in the United States; purchased at the St. Louis Exposition. The "Samson" she was called and she was built and run in 1839, ten years before the first locomotive was run over the old Northern from Toronto to Bradford. The Samson ran on the Old Mines railway, which operated two other locomotives, all built by Timothy Hackworth, who appears to have been an exiled Britisher in Nova Scotia, a competitor with George Stephenson and anxious that the great designer of locomotives should not beat him at the game. The old road ran from Albion Mines near New Glasgow, N.S., to Abercrombie—six miles. The rate was about three miles an hour. The slowest side line in the West—even the switches in the foot-hills past Pembina and Entwistle—are swifter than this old "Samson" which was the pioneer of the Intercolonial and in a sort of way of the C. P. R., and the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific. Seventy years ago the "Samson"; running six miles of a road; now almost 25,000 miles of railway with a yearly building of three or four thousand miles; building railways faster according to population than any other country in the world: such is railway progress in Canada.

* * *

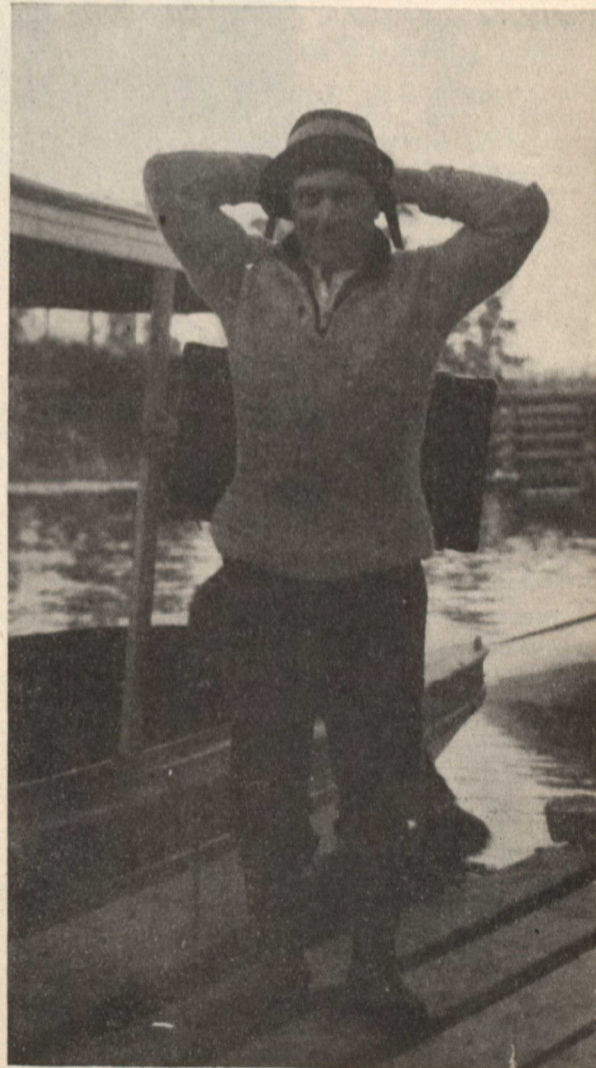
GIRLS WHO WORK.

"MY wife secured a newly arrived Yorkshire girl as a servant. The first morning I looked around for my boots. I could not find them. My wife explained that it was the habit of English servants to gather the boots up in the morning and clean them." A Vancouver newspaper man bubbled with ecstatic joy the other day as he described to Mr. F. H. McKenzie of the London *Daily Mail* the paradise qualities of his seat of domesticity. He had engaged an English servant. His family hearth were dead sure they knew all about servants. None of the vagaries of the maiden sorority had escaped them. They would not turn an eyelash of surprise if "mi-lady" demanded that she must partake of her food off the family plate and oak; or that she must

go out two nights a week plus one afternoon, and, in the event of Bill's coming take him into the parlour; or that she must have at least two hours in the afternoon for a nap; and that on no condition must she on Monday washday stain her fingers in the blue. But there was to be no surprise party—just a bit of wonder. The first morning, the girl with the pretty Yorkshire accent was up with the birds. She replaced the journalistic British Columbia mud which decorated her employer's boots with a mirror of a shine. Two days later, she did not like the mist on the windows. When did mistress clean them? The paragon stayed three months. Then some bashful swain stole her away into the bonds of matrimony. And a poor bereft newspaper chap has made a standing offer of \$25 per month to the girl who will undertake to reduce the chaos of his collars and ties and footwear.

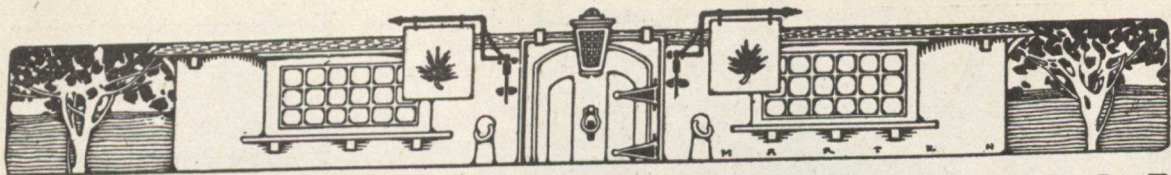
Mr. McKenzie was impressed by the revelations of the man from Vancouver. He contributes to his paper an article in favour of the immigration of English women workers to Canada. "If you sent me a thousand, I could give every one of them employment at once," said a large employer. Mr. McKenzie elaborates upon the advantages possessed by Canadian girls who tend shop or pound a typewriter or add up figures for \$5 a week. They work under sanitary conditions all day; their hours are short; their work is not hard. They laugh with life. None of them, from Toronto to Vancouver, appeared to him to skulk along the weary pavements in the evening hours to an attic desert. They have the price of a strap in the street car. Merrily they troop out at closing time. They wear good clothes, they eat ice cream, they dance, and they get married. Canada is the place for girls—who work.

The work does not have to be done in the town, either. Some girls like to hear the birds sing, and catch the scent of the flowers, and gaze at a sky which has not a blur of smoke to mar the azure. The West is the place for them, and they can be as sentimental as they like. The same issue of the *Mail* which contains Mr. McKenzie's article talks about an English girl who came home from the Nor'-West to tell her friends at home about how she farmed in Canada a regular knight's estate—330 acres. In the fragrant mornings she rose in a thousand silences. She got to know the meaning of the Canuck word "chore," when she had fed fourteen horses, cattle and pigs before breakfast. She prepared her own meals; it was she who scrubbed the house. She ploughed, she sowed—and she reaped. "At the end of my fourth season, I found I had made cent per cent. profit on the year's workings," said she to her friends.



JOE CHARLEBOIS THE MIGHTY

Charlebois is not very big, but he carries a load almost five times his weight.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

AS IT USED TO BE.

RELIC of bygone days is the toll-gate. There were hundreds of them all over the country at one time. On every leading roadway the little white house with its obstructive gate held up many a traveller on his way to town or city. The gate was closed to all until the nickel or dime was deposited in the keeper's hands. A nuisance at all times, but especially so in winter, when the pocket hidden away beneath the top coat and sundry other weather protectors, had to be got at and the small piece of currency extracted whose magic would open the gate and permit the traveller to continue his journey.

But all that is of the past. A toll-gate is a curiosity to-day, a memory of the old days when a tax on the traveller was considered necessary to keep up the country roads. Some of the toll-roads were good roads and no one begrudged the small outlay, though there was plenty of grumbling because of the bother. These roads have nearly all been taken over by the municipalities and the traveller pays his tax for their upkeep in another manner.

STORIES OF A SONG QUEEN.

NOT alone for the beauty of her voice is Madame Calve, that wonderful queen of song, admired by the music-loving world, but in a large measure for her kindness of heart and the simplicity of her nature, and many are the stories told of her illustrative of these qualities.

At one time, we are told, she was busy writing in the apartment of her hotel in New York, when the door opened, and two little girls whom she had never seen before, looked in. Nevertheless, she greeted them cordially and asked them what they wanted. "Oh," they replied, "we want to hear you sing." The famous prima donna put aside her work and went instantly to the piano, and sang to them some of her most popular songs for which in opera she would have received hundreds of pounds. When she had finished she ordered cakes and tea and having regaled her little visitors to their hearts' content, sent them away delighted.

Like most artists, she is very superstitious, and constantly carries about with her a charm given her by a Bohemian fortune-teller which is intended to assure her success. She tells a story about her superstition which, though it may only be a coincidence, is decidedly curious. Travelling by train on the Continent she dropped her hand mirror and shattered it to pieces. Being greatly distressed over the incident she insisted on getting out of the train at the next station, though it was many miles from her destination, and remarkable as it may appear the train which she had left came into collision further along the line and many passengers were killed and wounded.

She is a great believer in hard work, and will leave no stone unturned to achieve success. When studying the part of Ophelia in Ambroise Thomas's opera of *Hamlet* she asked a doctor to take her over an asylum. While there she met a young girl who interested her considerably owing to her likeness to Madame's conception of Ophelia. Calve watched her carefully. The girl stooped, picked up something and handed it to the diva, but just as the latter was about to take it, the girl rushed upon her and it was with difficulty that she was restrained. Ever afterwards when she plays the part of Ophelia the famous singer declares the image of the mad girl rises before her.

Although entirely sincere in her work, Madame Calve assures us that the artistic life is not all delightful. "I don't live," she says. "I want to have plenty of exercise, to see all the museums and picture galleries, and to enjoy

myself; and all these things are impossible if I am to sing and act well."

A THEATRE AFLOAT.

A NOVEL innovation has taken place in the theatrical world in France in the form of a floating theatre. It is called the International Marine Theatre and is at present located on the Oise, the river on which Robert Louis Stevenson paddled his canoe in the course of his "Inland Voyage." It consists of three barges, with a yacht for the management, and has a seating capacity for five hundred persons. The enterprise is under the direction of a lady, Mme. Perney, and the repertoire consists mainly of a class of melodrama such as would be likely to appeal to the riverside theatre-goers to whom they cater. *The Vendetta, The Sorceress, The Orphan of Geneva, and Haphe the Bandit*—such is the bait offered. The creation has caused considerable interest, the novelty of the idea is almost certain to assure its success.

SOME INTERESTING ASSOCIATIONS.

LADY KNILL, who is a most delightful hostess, no doubt derives her vivacity from her French ancestry. She is a granddaughter of the illustrious architect, Pugin, the head of whose family was the Comte de Pugin. Her father, Mr. John Hardman Powell, was Pugin's first and favourite pupil, and, not content with borrowing that master's art, he took also his daughter's heart. Before her marriage, Lady Knill was herself an artist in stained glass windows, in the designing of which she spent much time in her father's studio. She is still keenly interested in art and in artists, although she gave up her own artistic career upon her marriage. Her wedding ceremony, by the way, has a peculiarly interesting association. She and Sir John had the privilege of being married by the late Cardinal Newman, who only performed two marriages during the time he was a Cardinal, and this was one of them. Her home was at Edgbaston, Birmingham, opposite the Oratory, and the Cardinal knew her people intimately. Lady Knill is President (in the place of the late Lady Margaret Howard) of the Catholic Needlework Guild for Southwark, and also Hon. Secretary of the Rescue Society, Southwark.

SONG OF THE DYING YEAR.

THE waves are grey and chill
Beneath an ashen sky;
Across their waste forlorn
There shrills a lonely cry.
It sighs o'er darkened groves
O'er petals lying low,
As from the cloud-hung North
Comes presage of the snow.

It echoes from the depths
Of woodlands dim and far,
And dies upon the hills
Beneath a shadowy star.

The sky is dusky pearl,
The earth is bare—and yet,
Beneath the brown, cold leaves
There sleeps the violet.

—J. G. in the *Canadian Magazine*.

IN autumn the comforts and delights of the home circle begin to assert themselves after the vagrancies and absences of the summer. November in the home is one of the most delightful of seasons.



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MONEY AND MAGNATES

STEEL AND COAL WILL COME TOGETHER.

SEVERAL leading Toronto as well as Montreal financiers are now confident that they will be able to effect a merger of the Dominion Iron and Steel and the Dominion Coal companies in the near future. It may be that an official announcement of its consummation will be only a matter of days, and yet again, it may be months before it is carried to a successful issue. Up to the present time, I know of as many as a dozen propositions and counter-propositions that have been made by both the Steel and Coal interests. It seems only natural that the Coal people should have a counter-proposal for every single proposal that is made by the Steel interests. Nobody knows better than Mr. James Ross himself the value of the property and assets of the Dominion Coal Company, and if it is to go into any merger or consolidation with the Steel Company, it is to be on a basis that is justified by the rapid improvement that has been made during the past few years in all the mines of the Dominion Coal Company. Many had thought that Mr. Ross would gladly have accepted \$100 a share for his 60,000 shares of Dominion Coal common. Some of the Steel people have even gone so far as to work out a proposition on that basis. Personally, I don't think that Mr. Ross would accept par for his very large holdings, nor would he suggest to his shareholders that they should accept it. The Dominion Coal Company in its present condition represents one of the greatest achievements of Mr. Ross' aggressive and long career, and it is only during the last year or so that it has reached a point where it was able to show the full benefit of the general plan on which all the mines had been systematised. It seems only natural that it should show still greater benefits from this general plan than it has up to the present time, and it is on this account undoubtedly that Mr. Ross and his associates want to have the Coal Company taken in on a basis that will be worked out with due regard to future possibilities. Unlike the mergers that have taken place earlier in the year and have been handled by Montreal interests, it was Toronto capitalists who first conceived the idea of the Steel and Coal merger in the near future, and they have carried through the negotiations to a point where it may be considered as almost absolutely certain that they will go through. The last time any effort was made to bring these two big concerns together, was when the Coal Company was leased to the Steel Company on an 8 per cent. basis. The failure of the deal was something awful. Times, however, have greatly changed in Canada since then and all the leading banks are agreed that it is in the interests of both these big companies that they should come together and work along absolutely friendly lines. They both need each other so much that it would seem best that there should be a union between them.

* * *

COBALT UNMAKES AS WELL AS MAKES FORTUNES.

ALMOST every day one overhears the statement: "I wish I had been able to get in on the Cobalt boom." And now almost every few days there seems to be some occurrence or other in connection with the camp which should make a great many people feel very much satisfied with themselves that they have had nothing to do with either the camp or any of its properties. Of course, there is no getting away from the fact that up to date it has created quite a nice number of millionaires, but somehow or other, as is usually the case when it comes to speculation, it is the small investor or trader who has been caught. Just the fellow who can least afford to be caught at all. Take the La Rose situation, for instance. Of course, there is nothing but the strongest commendation for the action taken by the new board of directors in letting the shareholders know at the earliest possible moment just what was the situation at the mines. As most of the members of the new board had been large buyers of the stock when it was selling around \$8, it naturally required a good deal of courage to come out with an announcement of the reduction in dividends that would surely result in enormous paper losses to themselves. But they had the courage, and took their medicine.

Where was the small trader, who had been carrying a few hundred or a thousand shares on margin up around the \$8 level? He had scarcely a chance to get off. The call for larger margins had to be answered very quickly and as is always the case, the small trader found it difficult to answer such a hurry-up call, and in the meantime the stock which he had bought in the hope of its going to \$10 and even \$12, within a few months, was down below the \$5 mark, and all his margins had been wiped out. Not very long ago, it was Temiskaming that gave small traders a severe jolt, and only recently poor old Foster, which was once considered a favoured trading stock above the \$2 mark, had to admit that it has less than \$2,000 in the treasury, while the stock is selling around 45 cents. Some day, someone will try to figure out whether Cobalt has really made more fortunes than it has unmade.

* * *

WHEREIN INVESTMENT CENTRES DIFFER.

ONE of the most striking differences between an old centre of investment and a new one, seems to be that the one has most regard for the form of investment that the other dislikes. Take for instance, the difference between London, England, or Berlin, and Montreal and Toronto. In Canada, if you want to sell a preferred stock you generally have to offer a bonus of common stock along with it, otherwise the average investor would not consider it for a moment. Do the same thing in London or Berlin and the bonus you would offer would immediately make the average investor doubtful as to the soundness of the investment, and he would likely dismiss it without giving it serious consideration. It all seems to be largely the question of just how much money you have. In the older centres the investor is looking more especially for a safe, even though it be a small, return on his money. In a new country such as ours, the investor is not only looking for a return on his capital, but, as well, for an opportunity to make a little more money with it. Up to the present time, the bonuses of stock that have been given along with large issues such as Mexican Light and Power, Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light and Power, Sao Paulo Tramway, Light and Power Co. have proved very nice things for the Canadian investor, as, taking the average of all three, he has had an opportunity of practically doubling the amount invested in them by the increase in the value of the stock he received as bonus when he purchased the first mortgage bonds of the companies.

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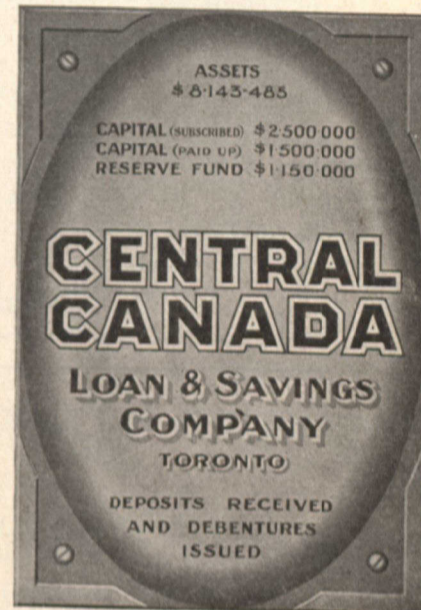
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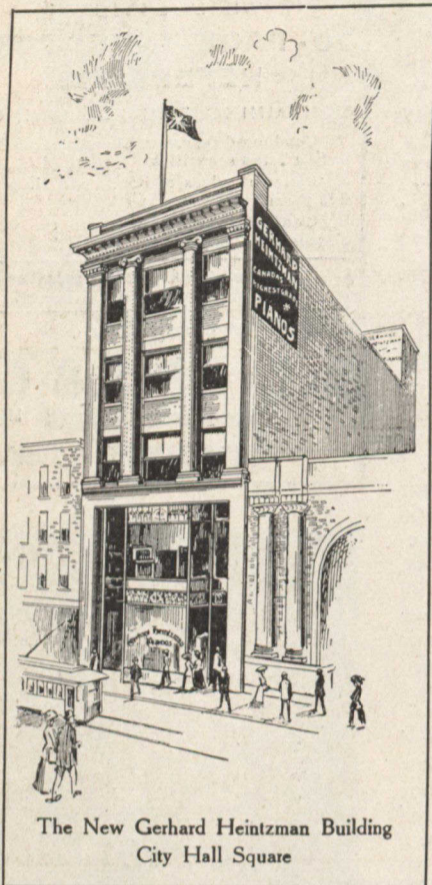
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Canadian Orchestral Music

A GLANCE at some of the musical works to be put on in Ottawa this year is enough to show the remarkable progress made in the orchestral branch of musical art. The end of the season for the T. S. O. will show a comprehensive inclusion of large, diversified works on a scale never before attempted in Canada. The orchestra will give two additional concerts, one in Hamilton and one in Brantford, besides two with the National Chorus in Toronto and a couple of programmes at "popular" prices; making a total of twelve concerts in a season.

Similar progress, though necessarily of a more restricted scale, is being made by orchestras in other cities. One of these days Winnipeg will cease to depend upon Minneapolis and will organise a permanent orchestra — with the T. S. O. as a model of organisation. Smaller bands have already been begun in western cities. A few weeks ago a Regina orchestra played a programme for Earl Grey. Calgary has an enterprising young orchestra. Half a dozen other young cities have begun the work. And if ever the T. S. O. goes on tour across Canada there will be a musical awakening. The Toronto Symphony Orchestra deserves as much support at the hands of Canadians as any other enterprise of a more practical nature. We seem to dig up funds for railways and steamboat lines and factories and universities; why not for native music in the form of Canadian orchestras?

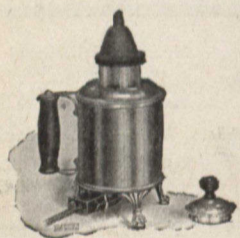
New Trains

THAT enterprising railway, the New York Central, have shown their appreciation of Canadian traffic by improving their connections with Toronto. They have cut down the train-time between the two cities by an hour and ten minutes. One may now leave New York at 6.30 p.m. and reach Hamilton at 7.35 a.m. and Toronto at 8.40 a.m. How our grandfathers would have scoffed had they been told of such possibilities! Besides this train, there are others equally good leaving New York at 8.02 p.m. and 12.07 a.m. The latter is called an "after the theatre" train.

A Niagara Landscape

HEAVY with haze that merges and melts free
Into the measureless depth on either hand,
The full day rests upon the luminous land
In one long noon of golden reverie.
Now hath the harvest come and gone with glee,
The shaven fields stretch smooth and clean away,
Purple and green, and yellow, and soft grey,
Chequered with orchards. Farther still I see
Towns and dim villages, whose rooftops fill
The distant mist, yet scarcely catch the view,
Thorold set sultry on its plateau'd hill,
And far to westward, where you pointed towers
Rise faint and ruddy from the vaporous blue,
Saint Catharines, city of the host of flowers.

—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.



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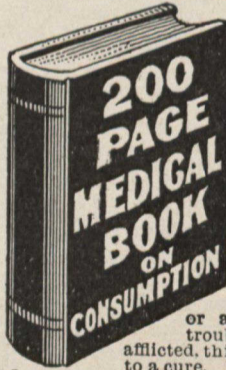
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

gales make up the greater part of the loss. In spite of these losses, the profits of those who operate on this great waterway will this year exceed those of any other. Rates were never higher, and cargoes never larger.

The harbours on this highway were never in such condition to handle the business expeditiously and economically. From Montreal to Fort William, the docks, warehouses, elevators and general facilities are better equipped than at any time in the history of Canadian shipping. It is the same story everywhere. More elevators with better machinery, deeper and better protected harbours, large wharf areas, better freight sheds, improved canal equipment, good lighthouses and improved charts.

Our illustrations, which are typical, show the facilities at Point Edward, where boats which do not care to go through the St. Clair and Detroit Rivers may unload their freight. Here wheat and iron ore destined for Ontario points may be trans-shipped to the Grand Trunk Railway by the latest machinery. The Point Edward elevator has a grain capacity of 500,000 bushels and can elevate 10,000 bushels an hour. The wharves are also equipped with steam cranes which take iron ore out of the vessels and load it directly into freight cars. About 400,000 tons of ore or eight hundred million pounds will be handled this year for the Hamilton Steel and Iron Company alone. In addition to these two great features, large quantities of lumber pass inland and larger quantities of general freight pass upward. All the freight taken up the lakes by the Northern Navigation Company steamers passes through Point Edward.

The same story might be told of the other Canadian ports on the Great Lakes—the stations along this great water highway. Tiffin, Meaford, Collingwood, Owen Sound, Depot Harbour, Port Colborne, Port Dalhousie, Goderich, Toronto, Hamilton and Kingston.

Those who take pride in the great transcontinental highways must not forget that this water highway, for a portion of the year, plays an equally important part. Without it, the economic transportation of Canadian wheat from the prairie to the seaboard would be almost impossible. Without it, the manufactures of Eastern Canada could not be so readily and cheaply conveyed to the West. Without it, a coalless land would find it difficult to get coal at a reasonable price. It is a national highway, costing little to maintain, which performs national services of tremendous magnitude.

One important iron and steel works is of particular interest as a link in this chain of shipping—the Hamilton Steel and Iron Company, Limited, who in their modern plant have two blast furnaces with a capacity of 175,000 tons per year; four open-hearth furnaces, capacity 90,000 tons a year; one rolling mill—100,000 tons a year. This company has also a plant for manufacturing spikes and washers; a forging plant which turns out some of the largest forgings used in Canada. The ore used by this company aggregates 350,000 tons a year; all carried down from the ore ranges in the north to Point Edward and transhipped by rail—as the Welland Canal is too small to allow boats of the capacity required; and to carry by means of a large number of small vessels would be too slow a process.

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You can cook over every pot-hole and bake in Pandora oven at same time—and get perfect results. That's because cooking draft is also baking draft. Flues are so constructed that heat passes directly under every pot-hole and around oven twice before passing up chimney. No wasted heat—instead fuel does double duty, saving Pandora owners both time and money.

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Will you let one cent stand between you and health? Send a one cent postal with your name and address, and we will send you FREE two little books that tell how health is regained without drugs or medicine. No fads, faith cure, brace, exerciser or health food. The means employed to regain health are scientific, therefore natural. No matter what the disease you suffer from, send for the books. One cent may save you years of suffering. Address

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THE LONG ROAD

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

You Need
Them Both

There are two things you need in your home—one is a bar of *Infants' Delight Soap* and the other is a box of *Infants' Delight Talcum Powder*. For this soap is unlike the ordinary. We go thousands of miles to the Orient for pure coconut oil and bring olive oil from the famous gardens of France. Then they are filtered and boiled after which they go through our secret milling process. Crushed under a weight of thirty tons and passed through heavy granite rollers, the soap comes out in miles of silky ribbons and is pressed into cakes. So you see we give you the best we know—it is simply perfect soap. Ask your dealer for a cake—it's ten cents everywhere.

Taylor's

Infants' Delight Talcum Powder is just what its name suggests—a delightful powder for the baby. The delicate skin of baby is easily irritated by perspiration, but where talcum powder is dusted on smoothly it leaves a delightful sensation of coolness. The perfume is one that baby will like too—it has the delicate fragrance of roses. There is no better powder to use after bathing or shaving. Antiseptic and borated it softens and preserves the skin. Ask your dealer for a box today—twenty-five cents a package.

John Taylor & Co.
Limited (9)
Toronto



NATALIE'S baby arrived just in time to save her reason, for Jim's life had gone out like a lamp in the night, and no one knew exactly when or where it happened, least of all Natalie herself.

Jim's record as a husband was miserable, and he died as he had lived, leaving a grey shadow of disgrace to cloud his memory and a trail of bitter anguish for Natalie, to whom the consolation of a sorrowing widowhood rife with sweet and tender recollections was denied.

She might not even mourn for him. If he had died respectably in bed, as other men do, if she could have held his hands at the last, as other bereft wives did, Natalie's brain would not have tottered.

It was three o'clock in the morning when she heard that peal of the bell. It was the culmination of all her fears, the summing up of all her wretchedness. She had lain awake for hours, quite alone in the little flat, shivering at every sound. A crushing sense of impending disaster surrounded her—but for that matter, it always did when Jim stayed out late.

And then came the ring of the bell. She fumbled nervously in the dark for her dressing-gown and slippers, found them, turned up the patch of blue light in the dining-room to a widening circle of flame, pushed the electric button that released the catch on the front door, and then tremblingly awaited the approach of those shuffling footsteps on the stairs.

Up, up they came, carrying their heavy burden that had been Jim. Not Jim as she knew him best, nor even Jim in one of the stages when his wildcat schemes and promises alternately cheered and sickened her, but a pallid, death-white Jim, with staring eyes, and lips tight-closed, as though to stem the crimson tide that hid behind.

The men laid their burden on the lounge in the dining-room, to which she silently motioned them, and then turned and filed softly out again, giving no word of explanation, and Natalie was left alone with the dead thing that had been her husband.

Somehow, she managed to find her way to the telephone and called up the doctor; then, cold and trembling, she crept back to the dining-room and knelt on the floor beside the couch, whispering to Jim in her sweetest coaxing tones. She couldn't quite make out that he was really dead, for his hands were warm and limp, and a red stream crept from the corner of his mouth, despite the firm determination of the pale lips to prevent it.

Something of the truth forced its way into her brain at last, and half-fearfully she laid her hands over his heart.

There was a soft, crackling sound, and when she lifted his coat to find out what it was, a crumpled bit of paper fell upon the floor.

Impelled unconsciously, Natalie picked up the paper and took it to the gas-jet. With her cold fingers shaking so that she could scarcely open it, she read:

Jim, dearest,—For God's sake, come to me! I must see you. You love me, Jim, you know you do, so what's the use of pretending any longer? I forgave you for lots of things, Jim, but I can't forgive you if you stop loving me.—Marianne.

Natalie clenched the infamous note in her hands and stood motionless, looking down on Jim's mute, staring face, faithless even in death. In that moment all her youth dropped from

her like a cloak. Her face hardened, and the tears were frozen in her eyes as she faced the dead man.

"You lied to me," she whispered, half to herself, "and I—hate you! Yes, I do; I hate you! You—you—" All the starved passion of Natalie's unselfish life rose and beat about her like some wild storm whose coming she had not counted upon, and was not prepared to meet.

Then, in the midst of it all, she suddenly became very still and white, a vague fear for her own safety lifting her out of the mad tumult of emotion into which she had fallen. Like a hunted creature she turned this way and that, but the man on the lounge was powerless to help her and the telephone was the long distance of the hall away. She looked once more at the crumpled, damning bit of evidence in her hand, then stumbled blindly with it to the sideboard, and hid it among the silver in one of the drawers.

This done Natalie fell to the floor like a poor broken lily.

When the doctor came he found a dead man, an unconscious woman, and a very live baby to minister unto.

And those were the circumstances under which Natalie's baby came into the world.

It was six weeks later that Natalie recovered sufficiently to realise the full misery of her position, and to know that she was practically well and sane again, and that she must take up the burden—the wee, wee burden that bore the face of Jim—and travel the road again.

It was a long road, and the explanations were all at the far end of it. Jim was gone, leaving no word behind to clear himself, and the note—now in a drawer of Natalie's dressing-table—was plain evidence against him.

Natalie got no farther in her reasoning. She must wait until she and Jim came face to face again, and that was at the end of the long road. She must wait, and travel it silently, making no sound.

But meanwhile, such is the cruel necessity of life, she must live, and so must the baby; and as there was no one else to whom she could turn, Natalie braced herself to meet this new difficulty. She thought over the matter carefully, though her cool, unemotional plans for the continuing of an unquestionably hateful existence surprised her.

To follow Jim into the Great Unknown and find out had been the burden of her thoughts during those weeks of illness, but now that she was well again she wanted to live—nay, she needed to live—to save her own boy from the motherless childhood that Jim had known.

She moved away from the little flat where the whole of her miserable wifehood had been spent, and she resumed the unsullied name of her youth, for she determined that her boy should start fair, at least. Then she sought about for something to do that would not separate her from the baby yet might yield them both a livelihood.

Such occupations are rare, but there is one to which many women turn in an emergency, and as Natalie was an accomplished needle-woman, she found before long that the simple "Dressmaker" sign brought her all the custom she could handle. In time her little establishment boasted one assistant and then another, and before she quite realised it Natalie was tasting the sweets of a modest success. Incidentally she was happier than she had ever been in her life.

With the era of prosperity new

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For comfort loving people

"CEETEE" Underclothing always fits perfectly, being knit (not cut and sewn) to the form from the finest imported yarns (spun from Australian Merino Wool.) It has no rough seams, and is guaranteed against shrinking.

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1871 Manufacturers—Established 1859



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Adds a delicious zest and piquancy to
SOUPS, FISH, MEATS, SAUCE
POULTRY, GAME.

MADE AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND—SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

customers drifted in, for the fame of Natalie's skilful needle and scissors travelled far, and they came from the more fashionable precincts, and even from Mayfair itself, for rich ladies are not averse to patronising a moderate-priced dressmaker when her style is correct.

One morning an unusually smart brougham stopped at Natalie's door, and a young woman, exquisitely gowned, with dark eyes and a pale, beautiful face, came in to consult about her spring wardrobe.

Although a new customer she ordered lavishly, and Natalie was engaged in taking her measures, when the baby, who was just then learning to walk, toddled uncertainly into the centre of the room and stood regarding the visitor with his sad, serious eyes.

They looked at each other for a few seconds in silence, the baby and the young woman, while Natalie was still busy with the tape. Then the baby broke into a soft, cooing laugh, and Natalie heard her customer say, in a stifled tone:

"Whose baby is that?"

"Mine," said Natalie briefly, wondering a little to herself at the change in the girl's voice.

"Yours? But I knew someone who had his eyes and laugh. I've seen them before. Does he look like you?"

She glanced into Natalie's face to see, and Natalie said softly, whipping out her little pad and pencil to make the measurement entries:

"No. He looks like his father."

Then a moment later:

"What's the matter? Are you ill? Is there anything I can do for you?"

The young woman had collapsed upon the couch—the same couch on which the dead Jim had lain many months before—and was sobbing bitterly, her handkerchief pressed to her face.

"No, I'm not ill," she managed to say at last. "It's just a ghost—a memory that follows me everywhere. I fancied I saw it just now—in your baby! My nerves are gone, I suppose. Please forgive me."

"Why, of course," said Natalie gently. "Perhaps you're tired. This time of year is hard on everybody. I'm tired myself. Shall I order you a cup of tea?"

"Oh, no, thank you," said the girl; "I must be going."

She looked impulsively at Natalie, as though eager to say something further, then restrained herself with an effort.

"If I can help you," said Natalie, noting the look, "even though I am a stranger, I'd be glad."

"Perhaps you can help me," said the girl wistfully. "It's just this way. If I don't tell somebody soon I shall go mad. That's plain to me now. I've kept it so long here!" She put her hand to her breast, as though it hurt her. "And I'll tell you about it if you'll let me."

"I'm so sorry!" said Natalie, in her old sweet voice that Jim never could resist. "I'm so sorry! Tell me, if you like—if it would help."

She hesitated, from pure unwillingness to intrude upon the other's distress.

The girl stopped sobbing and sat upright, her pale face now flushed and tear-stained, her eyes fastened on the wondering baby, who peered at her from the safe shelter of his mother's skirts.

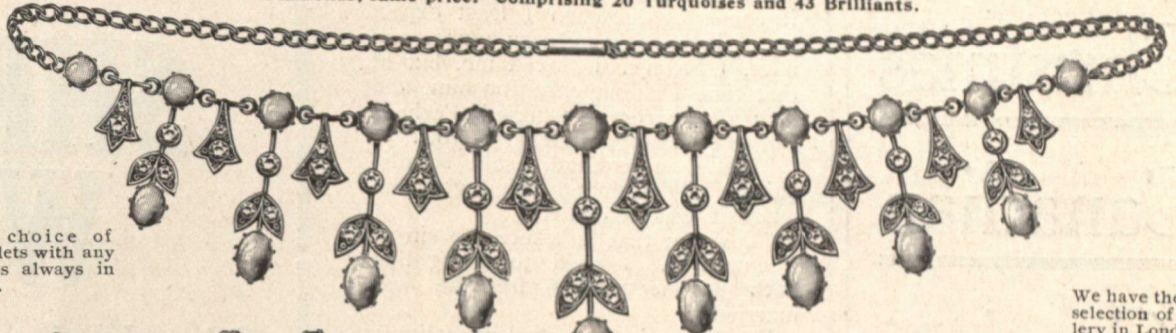
"Your baby has brought it all back to me," she said with difficulty. "He is so like, and you are so kind; somehow I feel that perhaps you have been through a trouble, too."

"Yes, I have," said Natalie simply, "a very great trouble."

But there were no tears in her eyes as she spoke, for Natalie had shed her tears, and learned that weeping is only for those who may be comforted.

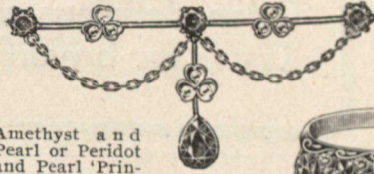
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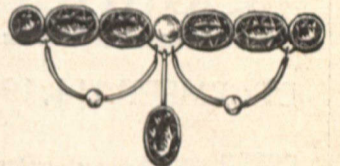
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Circulation Dept. Canadian Courier, Toronto

THE
Christmas
Canadian
Courier

DECEMBER 11th, 1909

THE Christmas number of the Canadian Courier for 1909 will be an interesting human document. The man or woman, tradesman or customer, outposter or stayer-at-home, townsman or dweller in the rural parts, who fails to find this issue the best compend of interesting features he has ever seen in a Canadian publication, whether daily, weekly or monthly, must be so near the North Pole that even the Canadian Courier is unable to reach him.

This number will contain at least thirty-six pages. From front cover design to the "ad." on the back cover page, this issue of December 11th will reflect in picture, story and verse and in special illustration features the life of Canada at the Christmas season. From coast to coast; the man in the city and the outposter on the prairie; the miner and the lumberman; the man away from home and the citizen by his fireside—this will be the Christmas festival story of Canada.

Christmas both past and present will be the theme. The Christmas of our grandfathers in Canada will be illustrated by a superb full-page line drawing from the masterful Canadian pen of Mr. David Thomson, now resident in London, England; also a sketch in words to accompany same—"A Christmas Party in 1850." The Christmas of our fathers will be represented by a special sketch written expressly for the Canadian Courier by one who has been through the experiences depicted in "The Old Farm Lane in Christmas Week"—illustrated by a splendid wash drawing by Mr. T. G. Greene, a Canadian artist recently a member of the Carlton Studio in London, England. For the Christmas of to-day we have secured a full-page series of line drawings by the leading pen-and-ink artist of America, Mr. C. W. Jefferys. There will be two pages devoted to Christmas carols and church and city scenes; Christmas stories by Canadian writers, both well illustrated by Canadian artists. We have also secured exclusive right to a story concerning the son of Charles Dickens who during the Rebellion served in the North-West Mounted Police and whose dramatic experiences at Fort Pitt will occupy two splendidly illustrated pages. Last but not least, the cover by Miss Estelle Kerr will appeal to the Yuletide imagination of every child and parent in the land.

No periodical in Canada has ever succeeded in setting forth so popular and interesting a picture of a Canadian Christmas as is now in preparation by the Canadian Courier.

"You see," said the girl earnestly, "I'm being punished every hour of my life. And sometimes, like to-day, when I think the suffering is over it comes again when I least expect it. I loved a man very much, and once, I believe, he loved me, but at that time I didn't care for him, and then afterwards he married. Perhaps I'm not making it clear to you?"

"Yes, I understand," said Natalie quietly. "You found you loved him when it was too late."

"Yes; but that is where the sin of it comes in. I tried to bring him back to me again—after he was married."

She stopped and looked appealingly at Natalie, but the little dressmaker sat listening in cold silence, her hands folded in her lap.

"Was it so very wrong? You see, I thought he loved me; he had loved me first."

"I couldn't say," said Natalie, a great, half-forgotten pain crushing her heart. "It depended on whether he cared for his wife, I suppose."

"I'm coming to that," she went on hastily. "It seems that he did care for her, very much. He'd been wild, and I think a little unkind, and she'd forgiven him time and again. One night I sent for him; it seemed that my heart would break. He came, and we talked for hours. Then we quarrelled, because of her—his wife. He told me how dearly he loved her, and that he was going to turn over a new leaf, and that I must never write to him again or try to see him."

"I grew angry, I think; I almost forget how it did happen, but suddenly, while he was passionately reproaching me, he turned white and fell forward upon his knees and groaned. When I went to him to try to help him up, blood was coming from his mouth, and I heard him mutter:

"This is the end.... God, what an end!" And presently, again, "This will kill Natalie!.... Get a cab—quick!"

The little dressmaker half rose from her seat, her face blanching with emotion.

"Go on," she said.

"I am. I was half-fainting with fright, and hardly remember what else happened, except that I helped him to the corner and into a cab, and told the cabman to get help and take him home. Afterwards, I learned that he was dead when they carried him in. He must have died in the cab."

"Then I went away to try to forget the horror of it, and when I came back I wanted to find the wife and tell her, but she had disappeared. I felt that she ought to know; I wanted to tell her that her husband had been faithful. His last words and thoughts were of her. That has been hanging over me and reproaching me. It was the least I could do for him—to clear his memory. It must have been a terrible thing for her—not knowing."

The little dressmaker rose from her chair and drew her baby close to her; there were tears in her eyes as she faced her visitor—the sweet relief of tears.

"It was terrible for her," she said; "more terrible, even, than you imagined. You see, she found your note—the note you wrote asking him to come to you."

"Why," exclaimed the girl, "how did you know? Did it come out in the papers?" She rose excitedly. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, I forgot," said the little dressmaker simply. "You don't understand. I am Natalie."

* * *

The story that pleases best is not always the story that ends happily, although American readers seem to prefer that kind of ending; in spite of the fact that tears are good business on the stage—good for the box-office receipts.

The ideal food for school or workshop is

SHREDDED WHEAT

Crisp, delicious shreds of baked wheat—
Try it for breakfast with milk or cream.

Dainty Garments for Dainty Women

If you would have out-of-the-ordinary house gowns and dressing sacques—if you want them with distinction and style to them—ask your dealer to show you

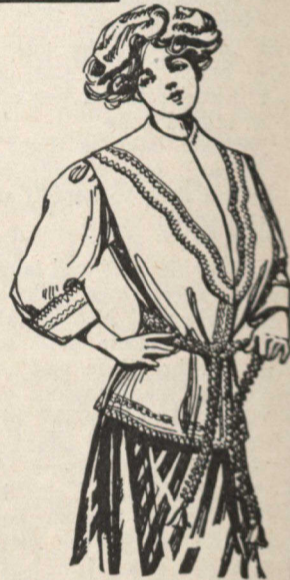
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They are made on stylish lines—are soft, fleecy and restful. Handsomely trimmed with silk, satin and braid.

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Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for additions and alterations to the General Post Office Building, Toronto, Ontario," will be received at this office until 5.00 P. M., on Monday, November 22, 1909, for the work mentioned.

Plans, specifications and forms of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and on application to Mr. Thos. Hastings, Clerk of Works, Customs Building, Toronto.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, with their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p. c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
NAPOLEON TESSIER,
Secretary

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, October 29, 1909

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without Authority from the Department.

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SERGEANT KINNAIRD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

As the constable moved from man to man, even the click of a buckle sounded loud and vibrant in the deathly stillness that was over all. There was something terrible in the knowledge that the man who stood silent and erect in the doorway, his bare chest splashed with blood, might deal death indiscriminately at the least false move. The girl crouched on her knees, her arms still under the head of Cayuse. The intensity of the dramatic scene held her fascinated, to the utter oblivion of her cramped poise. Something of Kinnaird's thought in drawing her out of the line of fire floated hazily in her mind.

Somers slipped the pistol belt from Kootenay, who was last in line, backed to the wall, and followed it till he stood beside Kinnaird, where he stood slipping his recovered pistol in his belt.

"Now, gentlemen," Kinnaird said, and his voice had changed from the sharp, imperious ring to a soft drawl, "you may put down your hands and line up against the other wall. Somers will drop your weapons down the well behind the shack, except two rifles, which we will borrow and send back. And, Somers, strip the horses and stampede them. Watch your own doesn't get away. Then saddle Badger and bring him to the door.

"Now, Mayo, there's a little explanation coming to you. Your pastor has resigned. I'm sorry I had to make this gun play; but I couldn't stand to win out at the cost of any reflections on one of the cleanest living, best little women on this green earth. Chris told that story against herself to save my life, as she thought, and to keep you men from making a fool play that would have put you on the hunted trail. She never went to see Somers for herself; she's been trying to keep the boy away from her.

She's a girl such as God makes once in awhile, such as makes a man that's been playing the spy feel cheap."

There was an inarticulate cry from the girl,—a sob, as though she had suffered a physical shatterment.

Without taking his eyes off the men, Kinnaird said, "Yes, Chris, I was just a spy. I came here for that purpose. I was a wolf in sheep's clothing, skulking in this black coat to turn your father and the rest of them over to the police. Do you hear that, Mayo? And, by heaven! you deserved it too! With your whiskey you've turned hell loose among the Indians! But when Chris has to give herself in pawn for me, I throw down my hand. My way was as wrong as your cursed traffic is. You musn't hold it out against her; for it's all my fault. I think that's about all, Mayo. Somers and I are going to ride out from Stand Off, and if anybody is fool enough to follow, we'll cheerfully pump him full of lead."

Kinnaird leaned his shoulder against the door jamb, his eyes resting passively on Mayo's scowling face as though he invited discussion, but nobody spoke. He had expected a tirade of denunciation. There was only an interval of ominous silence. It was broken by the voice of Somers at the door saying cheerfully:

"All ready, sir."

"Good by, Chris." Kinnaird's voice roused the girl from the stupor. She came forward, holding out her hand. As Kinnaird held it and looked in her eyes, he felt glad that he was going away, glad that he had lost. The sacrifice the girl would have made for him was so marvelously great it dwarfed into nothing the step in the force, won under cover.

With a tired look in his face he turned to Mayo and said, "What Chris

did wins, Mayo. I'm a free agent, I'm not in the service. The trail swallows me up to-night."

As he backed through the door, Cayuse's querulous voice called after him, "Good by, man. You're white."

As Kinnaird lifted into the saddle, through the door he saw Chris standing with her face buried on her father's shoulder.

Somers touched him on the arm. He looked into the boy's face—and drove the rowels up Badger's flank.

THE END.

How the Mongoose Killed the Cobra

A CURIOUS coincidence of a semi-literary character occurs in the publication of a story by the Ceylon Times concerning a battle between a cobra and a mongoose. Several years ago while on a lecturing tour in Canada the late Dr. Talmage told this identical story in Massey Hall, Toronto, with a description and vocabulary so similar that it looks like an exact parallel. Here is the story as told by the Times:

"I had the good fortune recently to witness a fight between a four-foot cobra di capella and a mongoose.

On first catching sight of the cobra rikki tik (as Rudyard Kipling calls the Indian mongoose) quietly smelt its tail and then hung around awaiting events with curiosity, but he had not long to wait, for the cobra spread his hood, hissed out its death sentence and prepared to dart from its coil at its natural and hated enemy.

"Now commenced a most interesting and deadly battle—of feint and counter feint by the mongoose and strike and lightninglike recovery by his adversary, who was also on the defensive, all the time watching for the opportunity to get in his properly aimed bite.

Time after time rikki tik squirmed slowly up to within reach of those

terrible fangs—belly on ground—with every grey hair of his body erect with anger and excitement, his eyes glaring from his head, which, by the way, he invariably held sideways during this approach and attack, but the moment the cobra struck in a flash back sprang master mongoose, and although often it appeared as if impossible that he could have escaped the dreaded fangs, ne'er a scratch harmed him, and there he would be again wearing the cobra out and pressing his advantage inch by inch. At last with a growl and sharp rikki cry the plucky little beast flew in, avoided the strike and seized the snake behind the head, never for a moment getting under its mouth, but right at the nape of the neck, and head which he scrunched with a loud cracking sound, despite the struggles and twisting and turning of the cobra. Again and again rikki returned to the now writhing reptile and bit its head and body until it lay dying.

"Finally he ate three or four inches of his mortal foe, but carefully avoided eating the fangs and poison glands which I picked up by a stick and found them broken but with the venom sacks attached.

"Contrary to popular belief I am of opinion the mongoose is not immune from snake poison, else why should he so particularly and carefully avoid being bitten? It is only by his marvellous activity that he escapes the spring and darting strike of his deadly enemy, the cobra di capella."

NOT AT ALL NERVOUS.

JOSEF LHEVINNE, the famous Russian pianist, says he never has any nervous emotions when preparing for his performances. All music to him is very simple to learn. He claims that his technique is so perfect that nothing ever written for the piano is able to afford him any difficulty in execution. Only interpretation is Lhevinne's great study.

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THE INTERPRETATION OF
MUSIC.

THE great Russian pianist, Josef Lhevinne, has his own opinions as to the relative value of interpretation and execution in music. He says:

"I am often asked by musical people for my ideas regarding the correct interpretation of certain much-discussed and often much-abused piano masterpieces. This raises a point concerning which I feel very strongly—namely, false conception or exaggerated sentimentalism. It has always seemed to me an offence against good taste to desecrate the inspired compositions of the masters in the manner that is sometimes done, simply to force a striking personality picture or a remarkable technical equipment on the momentarily deluded audience.

The real art of music has but two phases—the creative and the interpretative. The duty of the virtuoso is to give correct and adequate expression to the composer's thought as set down in musical form. In too many instances we find the interpreting artist invading the ground that belongs solely to the composer. Beethoven is one of the worst sufferers from this clan, and Chopin ranks as his fellow victim.

One of the best-known and most abused of the Beethoven sonatas is that in C sharp minor. Yet we have handed down to us undeniable traditional renditions that make it imperative for the sincere artist to abide by one interpretation only. Here is a work that, for some strange reason, has had applied to it a descriptive title, "The Moonlight Sonata," one that is entirely misleading. There is nothing about it to suggest moonlight nor the romantic schoolgirl idea of a love-story. It is a wonderful fantasia—an expression in music of three moods of mental storm and stress. The Adagio depicts a mood of the deepest melancholy, depression and restrained sorrow. The wonderful melody is not a love-song, but a threnody, to be played not in a romantic manner, but as an expression of poignant grief. The Allegro is a relief from the dark picture preceding—a rift in the clouds of gloom, a ray of sunshine born of the sweet remembrance of joys forever dead. It is to be played with tenderness, but not brightly, as is too often done. The dream ends, and sorrow, embittered by the fleeting vision of past happiness, turns to rage. The Presto is an expression of passionate grief. The composer loses the torrent of his sorrow in peals of pianistic thunder, ending in crashing reports and flashes of lightning. These are silenced only that we may hear the wild cries of a broken heart. There is not a moment of consoling distraction throughout the terrific excitement of that wonderful last movement.

Yet this is the work that is often distorted into a Romeo and Juliet tragedy, and is ruined by improper phrasing, absurd pedaling, over-accentuation of the singing tones, and exaggerated nuancing indulged in which pervert the composer's true intent. The composer's wishes are indicated by the expression-marks left for us. It takes years and years of study to arrive at a proper understanding of his real meaning, but that is the purpose to which the earnest artist consecrates himself. The interpreter who fails to do this is chargeable with presumption, and assumes to be greater than the creator of the music; he really has but one thing to do—play the music as it is written.

—From *Ainslee's Magazine*.

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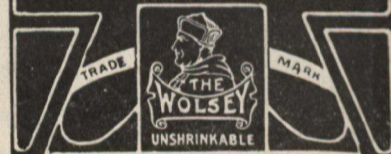
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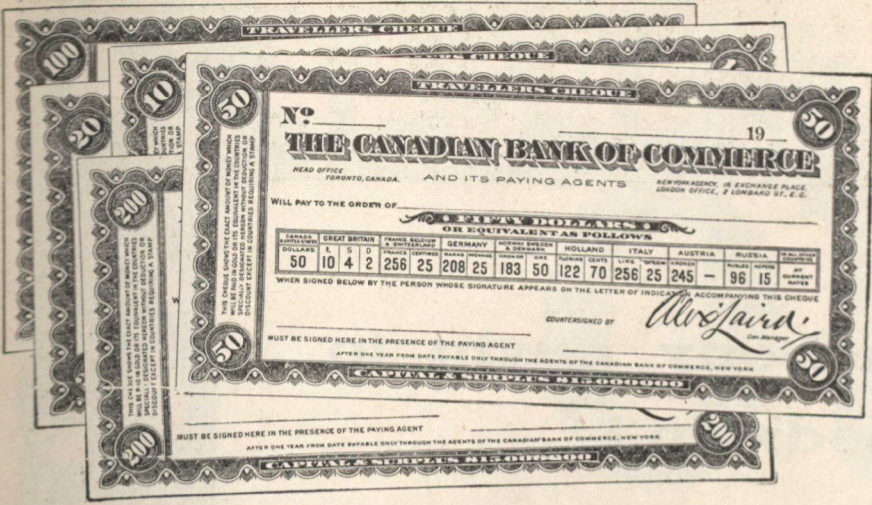
That is what it did, however, for Madame Mathilda Boudreau, of Amherst, Magdalen Islands. Writing on June 18th last she says:

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Following are eight clubbing propositions. The publisher's price is given and below is given our combination price. As well as new subscribers to the Canadian Courier, renewal subscriptions will be allowed in the club. You may choose any one of the eight. Cash in either case to accompany order.

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