

The Canadian Courier

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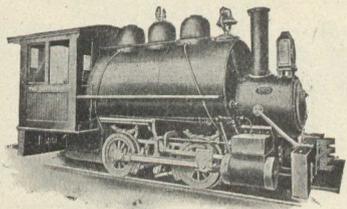
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THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHERS' TALK

THE Kipling story, "A Deal in Cotton," is the fiction feature of this week's issue and is furnished with an appropriate heading by Mr. C. W. Jefferys who is to give the "Canadian Courier" an illustration for Mr. London's Yukon story. The latter will appear during February and may derive additional interest from the fact that the adventurous author is supposed to be lost on the Pacific. Mr. Arthur Heming, author of "Spirit Lake," is to contribute further stories and sketches to these columns. His "Postmen of the Wilderness" proved one of the most attractive features and few Canadians know the Peace River district better than this former Hamilton boy.

THE article published in last week's issue on the French theatre in Montreal proved a surprise to many readers who were unaware of the extent of modern French culture in our metropolis. Young Canadians are making their way rapidly in the field of literary and dramatic art and photographs or paragraphs relative to their success will be welcomed by the Editor. The better class of theatrical productions, as presented in Canadian cities, will be announced by the "Courier." The Walker Theatre of Winnipeg is one of the latest and finest buildings in Manitoba's capital and an article on its construction and class of entertainment will shortly be published.



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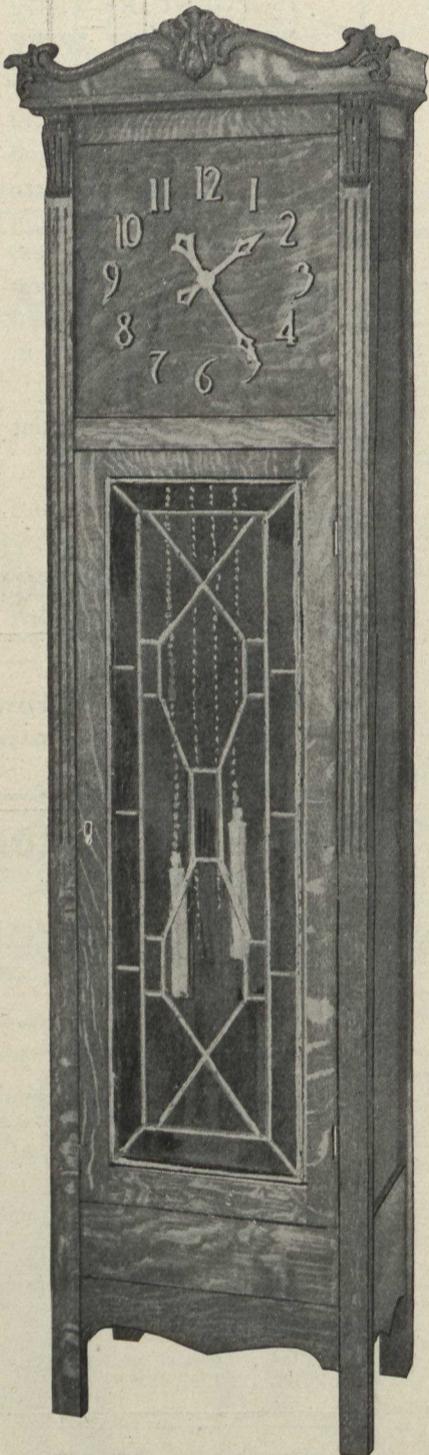
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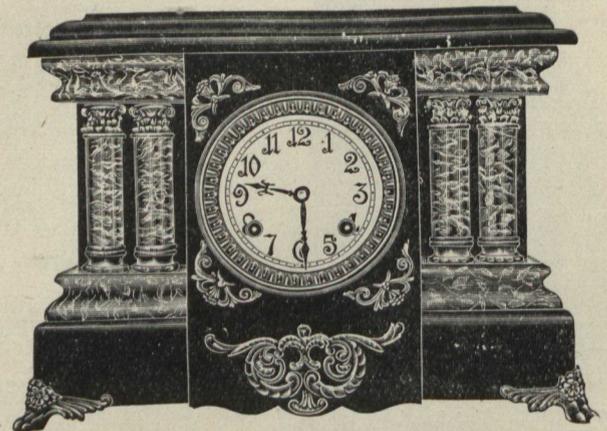
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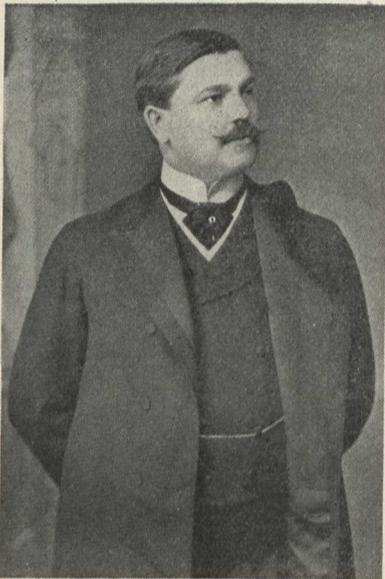
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Vol. III.

Toronto, January 18th, 1908.

No. 7

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux.

THE reappearance of Hon. Mr. Lemieux at the Capital is the most important event of this session of Parliament. Since November last the Minister of Labour has been in Japan. He went as the representative of the Canadian Government in diplomatic negotiations with the Japanese Foreign Minister and United States Ambassador O'Brien regarding Japanese immigration into Canada. A few days ago Japanese Consul-General Nosse resigned his Consulate in Montreal. Recently the United States fleet of sixteen ships sailed for the Pacific. Two months ago Rudyard Kipling spent several days on the Canadian Pacific coast studying the Oriental question. Diplomatic despatches have been numerous.

These more or less related events have given Mr. Lemieux's return from Japan more significance than

has ever attached to the ambassadorship of any other Canadian Cabinet Minister. Much has been said at the Conference but little reported. Envoy Lemieux has kept silence. At the last meeting of the diplomats, however, he insisted that Consul-General Nosse had repeatedly assured the Canadian Government, before the Anglo-Japanese treaty, that Japanese immigrants to Canada should not exceed six hundred a year. The Consul-General states that he stipulated no such figure and that his unofficial remarks were improperly construed by the Government.

For these reasons Ambassador Lemieux's dealings with Japan have been as much the subject of public speculation as Hon. Mr. Aylesworth's diplomacy in England over the Alaskan Boundary dispute. Mr. Aylesworth at that time, however, was neither a Minister nor a member of the House. It will be remembered that Hon. Mr. Lemieux is only incidentally Minister of Labour; that the Department of Labour was created by Sir William Mulock shortly after the Laurier Government came into power in 1896, when Mulock was made Postmaster-General. The present Deputy-Minister of Labour owes his position to the work which he did for Sir William Mulock investigating sweat-shop contracts let by the Conservative Government for the supply of uniforms to Post-Office employees. The Labour Department was created for the original purpose of keeping sweat-shop practices out of all Government contracts. Its jurisdiction was extended till it found expression in the Industrial Disputes Act, by virtue of which so many Canadian labour troubles have been satisfactorily settled by conciliation. The growth of the "yellow peril" on the Pacific Coast has elevated this department to an international status.

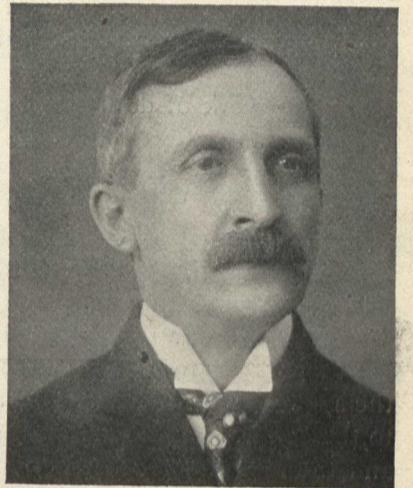
Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, the present Postmaster-General and Minister of Labour, is a young man, born in Montreal in 1866; he became a lawyer in 1891; was for some time assistant editor of "La Patrie"; he is the author of several works on law and lecturer on History at Laval University. He was first elected to Parliament as member for Gaspé in 1896. In 1904 he became Solicitor-General;

in 1906 he succeeded Mr. Aylesworth as Postmaster-General and Minister of Labour.

* * *

MR. CY WARMAN, story-writer, poet, lover of nature and expert raconteur, appeared before the Canadian Club of Toronto and made two pleas. The first was that the Canadian forest should be preserved by cutting only the ripe trees and preserving the saplings for future harvests. The second was that Canada would be a Mecca for tourists, if hunting deer with dogs was made a criminal offence and if the amount charged for a hunting license was no greater than it is in Maine—\$15.

Mr. Warman lives in London, Ont., but that is because his wife loved her native city. By birth he is an American; by taste and sympathy he is a cosmopolitan; by adoption he is a Canadian. Ralph Connor was being entertained in London once and Mr. Warman as London's greatest literary citizen was asked to meet him at dinner. Apparently the Winnipeg novelist did not realise that he had met a man with the entree to the best magazines in New York, for when they met again and were again introduced in the King Edward, Toronto, Ralph Connor remarked, "What is your business, Mr. Warman?" The latter's sense of humour was too much for him and he replied: "I was in the radiating business, but I am not now." It was not a truthful answer, because wherever Mr. Warman goes he radiates cheerfulness, fellow-feeling and camaraderie. His inexhaustible "yarns," his homely observations and his unflinching wit have endeared him to a host of his adopted countrymen.

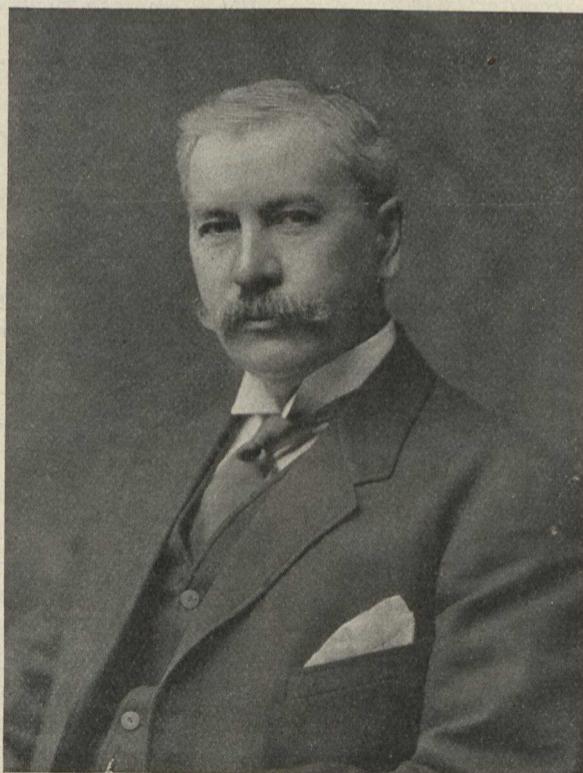


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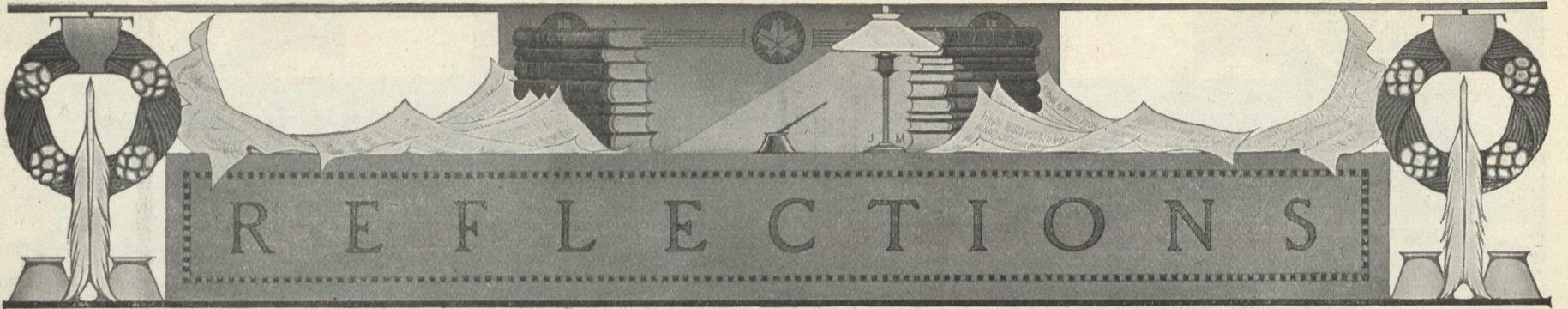
* * *

MR. WILLIAM MACKENZIE, president of the Canadian Northern Railway, returns from Great Britain with the assurance that Canada's reputation is steadily growing. He admits that the British financiers were doubtful about us for a few weeks, but is confident that this has passed. The stability of our institutions, during the recent financial crisis, has increased British admiration for this part of the Empire. Mr. Mackenzie believes that the tide of British capital and British immigration will continue west.

Mr. Mackenzie has been busy with the financial arrangements which his various companies have with the European investors. Judging from the rumours and from his remarks, he has been as successful as usual. Canada owes much to Mr. Mackenzie and those who like him have made visit upon visit to London to give personal explanations of our commercial and industrial progress, and to keep the British investor enthusiastic and well-informed. To perform such work successfully requires a great amount of ability and judgment, and the financiers of Montreal and Toronto have proved themselves the equals of any similar class in the world. Few of them have inherited their financial knowledge, but rather have gathered it quickly by stern, hard contact with the more experienced capitalists of New York and London.



Mr. Cy Warman.



IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

BEFORE work was begun on the new Grand Trunk line between Winnipeg and Port Arthur, it was thought that it might be completed in 1907. Before much was done, the date was changed to 1908. The latest news places the date in 1910. The work has proved much more difficult than was anticipated, both on the part being handled by the Grand Trunk and the main line which is being constructed by the Trans-continental Railway Commissioners. The spout of the wheat hopper is not being enlarged as quickly as the country had hoped.

ENLARGING THE SPOUT

The work of double-tracking the Canadian Pacific line between Winnipeg and the twin towns on Lake Superior—Fort William and Port Arthur—is being steadily prosecuted. The Company is issuing more stock and will have plenty of funds for the continuation of the work in 1908. With plenty of capital and with cheaper labour and cheaper steel, the C.P.R. should show excellent progress in 1908 in this special undertaking.

The volume of traffic passing through this district is steadily increasing. If 1908 happens to favour the West with a bumper crop, the spout of the hopper will be all too small. It is of great importance to the country that the two railways now passing through that district and the one under construction should receive primary consideration from the different managements. Any failure to promptly and fully transport the wheat to the head of lake navigation, means a considerable loss to all the new settlers who are doing their utmost to make the Last Great West the granary of the world.

ON several occasions last year the probability that wages would be lower was outlined in these pages. The expected has occurred. A leading paper manufacturer told the writer a few days ago that his business was never in better condition. The prices of raw material are coming down, while labour is cheaper and more plentiful. A large factory in Montreal which lowered wages and released a small percentage of its work-people had a strike which lasted only a few days. The firm promised to raise wages when times got better and the men returned. The other day, there was a dispute in Cobalt as to wages and an arbitration committee framed a new schedule at lower rates for all classes of miners and helpers; this has been accepted without a murmur. Contractors who last summer were paying \$2.00 for pick and shovel men are now paying \$1.00 to \$1.50.

DECREASES IN PRODUCTION COST

Raw material is lower; wages are lower; the cost of manufacture is lower; and as a consequence most of the articles which the great consuming public regard as necessities are cheaper. Canada was becoming a dear country in which to live and to do business. The cost of production was so high that profitable export was often impossible. The recent flurry in financial circles and the steady increase in the supply of labour have brought conditions to a more reasonable basis. If capital and labour are wise, they will hesitate before returning to the extravagant methods which have prevailed for several years.

ONE of the most regrettable features of Canadian social life is the excessive amount of alcoholic liquor consumed between meals. This ancient custom is slowly but steadily being eliminated. A new trouble is now in sight. The Goderich Township correspondent of the Clinton "New Era" tells of a meeting held to hear the result of the day's voting and speeches by the newly-elected reeve and councillors. The report closes with this record: "Refreshments in the way of candies were then distributed to the large and enthusiastic audience." This is the thin end of a new wedge. Just when people have discovered that election whiskey is not good for them, some wicked man intro-

CANDY AS A REFRESHMENT

duces the practice of giving the electors stomach-ache by supplying them with free candies.

There is grave danger here. If all the candidates for public office—federal, provincial and municipal—adopt the practice of carrying a painful of gum-drops or conversation lozenges with them on their canvassing tours, it will be a grave menace to the national stomach. True, it may stimulate the growth of candy factories and greatly increase the trade in this commodity. It may also, by substituting candies for liquor, enable country hotelkeepers to maintain their old-time profits. Candy bar-rooms may become as numerous, as attractive and as profitable as liquor bar-rooms. Lollypops, bulls-eyes and sugar-sticks may be as refreshing as beer and spirits, but too great indulgence in them is almost as dangerous.

This transfer of the Canadian affection from beer to candy will also have some other doubtful results. For example, imagine its effect upon our pastimes, our pulpits and our legislation. When the fifth "end" of the curling match is reached, the skip from the Chocolate Club will say to the skip from the Sugar-Stick Club, "Come into the club-house, old man, and let us have a few peppermints. I find they help to keep out the cold and prevent my feeling weary." On Sunday morning the village parson will deliver a sermon on "Over-Indulgence in Sweeties." Some aggressive but meddling member of Parliament will bring in a Bill whereby the municipalities will have "Local option" as to whether or not the hotel bars shall be allowed to serve candies to their customers or whether these shall be sold only in sealed packages for home consumption.

In order that the subject may be further discussed before the public, the editor will give a prize of a two-cent stamp to every subscriber who can add the proper word to the following unfinished Limerick:

There was a young lawyer in Kent
On a political career most intent;
Said he, "I will buy the best sweeties and sticks
If you elect me." It was sad,
For the voters were on to his ———.

All answers must be accompanied by one coloured label from the top of a candy box bearing the name of some confectioner who advertises in "The Courier" or some other reputable periodical. P.S. Enclose twelve and a half cents for return postage.

ROUGHLY speaking paupers may be divided into three classes, viz: people who can't work, people who won't work, people who are able and willing to work but can't get work. In the first class we may place physical and mental cripples, men and women who by

WHY SHOULD POVERTY EXIST

reason of ailments of the body or mind are unfit to earn a livelihood. The State assumes responsibility of caring for those who are mentally weak and it is not unreasonable that the State should be the guardian of those who through birthright, accidents or disease are unable to look after themselves.

In the class of those who won't work we place the able-bodied vagrants and beggars who are parasites on society and those who are chronically lazy. There should be little difference of opinion as to the deserts of men and women of this nature. They should be confined in jail, or better, places specially prepared for them separated from criminals, and at all hazards be prevented from increasing the species. It might not be a bad idea to include among this number those for whom fortune has made it unnecessary to gain a livelihood and who have so little in common with their fellowmen and State that they are unwilling to undertake exertions on their behalf.

Having disposed of those who can't and those who won't work it will be found that there is a very small number of paupers in the country. Those who are willing and able to work and cannot find

work are limited in number, except in an occasional crisis which comes periodically to the industry and commerce of all countries. There is a very apparent disposition on the part not only of the people of Canada but the people of other countries to increase government and municipal activities. Without any increase in the number of undertakings in which the municipalities, the provinces, and the Dominion are engaged there would be little trouble in securing work for everyone upon the public highways of the provinces. The streets of our towns and cities alone would occupy almost numberless days of good hard honest labour before they are in condition, and every day of labour intelligently spent in this way would bring good interest to the taxpayers. Canada is almost destitute of parks, boulevards, and public improvements which are so characteristic of the Latin states of South America. It might be urged there would be difficulty in distributing the labour, but upon investigation it would be found that this is not a serious obstacle because poverty exists in the congested sections of population where public works are mainly required.

WITHIN the last ten years, there seems to have arisen an unusual number of fads about food, each of which is confident that it has found the dietary road to health and long life. The vegetarians are strong in England, especially in London, and number in their ranks, prominent literary men and politicians, while a Duchess has recently been added unto them. The roast beef of Old England may become a myth and Charles Lamb's essay on "Roast Pig" may be regarded at no distant date as a curious description of a vanished dish. It may be that our descendants will look back to our dinner-tables, much as we regard the feast of cannibals and shudderingly refer to their barbarous ancestors who actually devoured the flesh of cows and sheep. As yet, however, a vegetarian menu seems a comfortless affair, lacking in the good cheer which tradition associates with roast ribs and brown gravy. There will be a distinct loss to literature, if chops and veal cutlets disappear. Part of the homely charm of Charles Dickens' English scenes is due to those ample spreads where roast beef, fried ham and mutton chops make such a goodly show. But if these joys are to vanish, we must make the best of the lettuce and asparagus which remain. This continent is not nearly so affected by the food fad as seems to be the case with Europe. Even Mark Twain succumbed to the general topic when he made his last extended visit across the Atlantic and gravely considered how many meals he might safely ignore. Eatables and drinkables were never more closely and carefully analysed than in the year 1908 and it is simply wonderful how many microbes seem to flow from the water-tap and make themselves at home in the milk-bottle. Some day, but not yet, it will be quite safe to take a glass of city water or a mug of milk.

THERE is said to be a decided unwillingness on the part of those newcomers, the Mennonites, to obey the regulation in certain provinces with regard to flag-flying on the schools. According to the St. John "Globe," the Mennonite objects, not to the British flag in particular, but to any flag, considering it "a badge of power which is used to oppress simple people and to rob the poor toiler of the results and rewards of his industry." The Mennonites are described as decent and hard-working citizens whom it is desirable to keep in the country. But the flag, after all, is the symbol of our highly-valued constitution and the Mennonite might be persuaded to see the sweet reasonableness of recognising it as such. We must remember that he knows nothing of the Magna Charta, the Habeas Corpus Act, the British North America Act, nor any other of the steps by which we came into our present light and liberty. A flag does not mean to him security for his home and progress for his posterity. Wherefore, we should deal gently with the uncomprehending Mennonite and try to show him what the flag stands for before we expect him to desire its unfurling above the school-house. Should the Mennonite fold his tent and depart from a Union Jack country for the south he would find, so far as flag-honouring is concerned, that he had fallen from the frying-pan of Manitoba into the fire of Illinois or Michigan, for the citizens of the United States, above all other people that on earth do dwell, insist that their country's flag shall be duly honoured. Sometimes the methods of our neighbours in the instruction of the newly-arrived immigrants may have seemed crude; but their problem is a big one, the people who come must realise as soon as possible what the new country means and direct methods are likely to accomplish the naturalising miracle. It is only the abuse of the flag-flying that either Republic or Dominion needs to shun. Let us hope that the industrious and law-abiding Mennonite may be induced to smile upon the three-

crossed flag, which means to us what our fathers believed and achieved but which looks to him like another rag of tyranny.

JUST as everything has settled down into quiet and the noise of the Peace Conference is stilled, there arises a murmur on the shores of Lake Michigan and another Chicago professor makes a few remarks. The reason for the extra-activity of the Chicago instructor is not on the surface. There are many great educational institutions on the American continent, containing professors of amazing research and erudition; but in affinity for the spot-light Chicago leaves California, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, to say nothing of McGill and Toronto, in the dim recesses of obscurity. However, this time the Chicago savant, Professor Herbert McCoy, has made a more startling announcement than is usually uttered by the members of the Faculty, inasmuch as it would fairly shock the financial world, if taken as a near reality. The distinguished chemist read a paper in which the assertion was made that the transmutation of elementary metals is now possible, through the presence of radio-active conditions in the atoms. This all seems like the dream of the mediaeval alchemists; but our modern telephones and aeroplanes would have looked like witchcraft to our great-great-grandparents. The fairy tales of science are more entertaining than the stories of Grimm, and the electric bulb bids fair to eclipse Aladdin's lamp. So, the modern radium specialist may succeed in accomplishing that towards which Roger Bacon dimly strove. But it will be many silvery moons before we are practically indulging in the transmutation of metals. Otherwise, the new Canadian Mint might have a sad fright.

JUST whether it would be wise for the Dominion Government to inaugurate a period of economy is a question which might reasonably attract more attention than it is receiving. For the nine months ending December 31st, the Dominion revenue shows an increase of nine million dollars. December itself shows a decrease. The revenue for the fiscal year ending March 31st will probably fall short of the estimate. It is but reasonable to expect that the wonderful expansion in revenue which has marked the past few years will some day receive a check. It will not go back, perhaps, but it will increase more slowly for a time. In all probability that "some day" is here.

Given these facts, should the Government continue to increase its expenditures or should it like the business community adopt a careful attitude? Optimistic citizens and daring politicians will cry out for greater expenditures; the more sober-minded and less partisan members of the commonwealth would probably advise caution and prudence. A growing country, such as this is, must always find it difficult to retrench. New wants and new demands are arising every day. Even the Opposition is advising fresh expenditures for rural mail delivery and nationalisation of telegraphs and telephones.

Whatever the answer may be, the Government would be wise in limiting its expenditures on such public buildings as post-offices, customs-houses and armouries. Some of the larger canal projects may safely be left over until the Transcontinental is completed between Moncton and Winnipeg. There are other smaller undertakings which are not absolutely necessary and the postponement of which would do no more than pique certain members of Parliament who pride themselves on the amount of public money which is expended in their constituencies.

THE All-Red Line proposition calls for twenty-four knot passenger steamers which are likely to prove too extravagant for Canada. The backbone of Canada's steamer service is freight and little freight is carried by fast passenger steamers. The freight delays the steamer in port and hampers her speed. Yet freight service is even more important to Canadians than passenger traffic.

To go into details. A steamer which carries freight and passengers and which makes 15 knots an hour consumes about 140 tons of coal a day. To increase the speed to 17½ knots, the coal consumption rises to 250 tons a day. To reach a speed of 24 knots, which might be devoted to freight, and requires more men to handle it even with the aid of special machinery.

The fancy service, such as is given by the new Cunarders and the larger German vessels travelling between New York and Europe, is expensive. These vessels depend for their revenue almost entirely upon passenger traffic. For some years to come, Canada's passenger traffic must be small as compared with New York, and boats sailing to Canadian ports must rely to a considerable extent upon freight. For this general service, the slower and less expensive vessels are more suitable. Canada should have the best, but it would be foolish to pay for baubles.

Through a Monocle

BEFORE these lines get to your eye, Mr. Lemieux will probably have taken the country into his confidence touching the fruits of his diplomatic visit to Japan. But, unfortunately, it is quite possible at this time, before he has spoken, to find in the Conservative press a disposition to pre-judge him to his disadvantage. The Conservative editors do not seem to have realised that when Mr. Lemieux took ship for Tokio, he ceased for the time being to be a Liberal leader and became a Canadian diplomatic representative. It would be as good patriotism to keep up a running fire of ridicule and belittlement and prediction of defeat on a Canadian regiment marching into battle because it happened to be led by a Liberal officer, as to assail Mr. Lemieux in this way during his diplomatic errand. Diplomacy is a civilised substitute for war. When a nation has to send a diplomatic representative to the court of another nation, he is as much the national representative as is the general of an army in the field. And to shoot at him from behind is just as cowardly and treasonable.

Several journals have pointed to this humiliating policy of a section of the Conservative press as an evidence that Canada has not yet attained national stature. It would be fairer to say that we have not yet become accustomed to transacting national business. Some of us still think that our petty party squabbles are the greatest struggles in the round world. We can hardly talk of a European war without wondering chiefly what effect it will have on the various "votes" of European origin in this country of ours. Our fault is not that we have not risen to a national stature, but that we have risen far beyond it to the stature attained by conceited boyhood. Most of us remember what we thought of ourselves and our affairs when we were in our teens. Then were we the centre of the world. It made more difference what happened on our school ground than what happened in all the rest of the nations taken together. That is to some extent the national attitude of Canada—or, rather, the attitude of some of our people. We are quite conscious of our nationhood. It is our relative position among the nations that we have failed to perceive.

We will have to learn to recognise the fact that, when the authorised Government of the Dominion sends a national envoy to a foreign court, he carries upon his shoulders the honour, the prestige and future respect of the Canadian nation. To criticise him captiously—to ridicule him at all—to treat him with scant respect—is to insult Canada. For the moment, he is Canada. For any one to assume that he will blunder, is to assume that the nation will be disgraced, and to take one's place among the critics of another nation which might like to see us disgraced. We must stand by our own man through thick and thin, under such circumstances, precisely as we would stand by our soldiers, even if they did make mistakes in tactics or found themselves outmanoeuvred. They are our own in any event. A diplomat is a symbol of his nation just as the flag is; and we might as well spit on the flag as wantonly ridicule our own diplomat. If he fails through his own fault, we shall have to deal with him at home, gravely, reluctantly, and as much as possible in domestic privacy. But this will come after he has laid down his commission. So long as he carries it, his person is sacred. We never hear of the British press ridiculing the British ambassadors while they are in the midst of their duties.

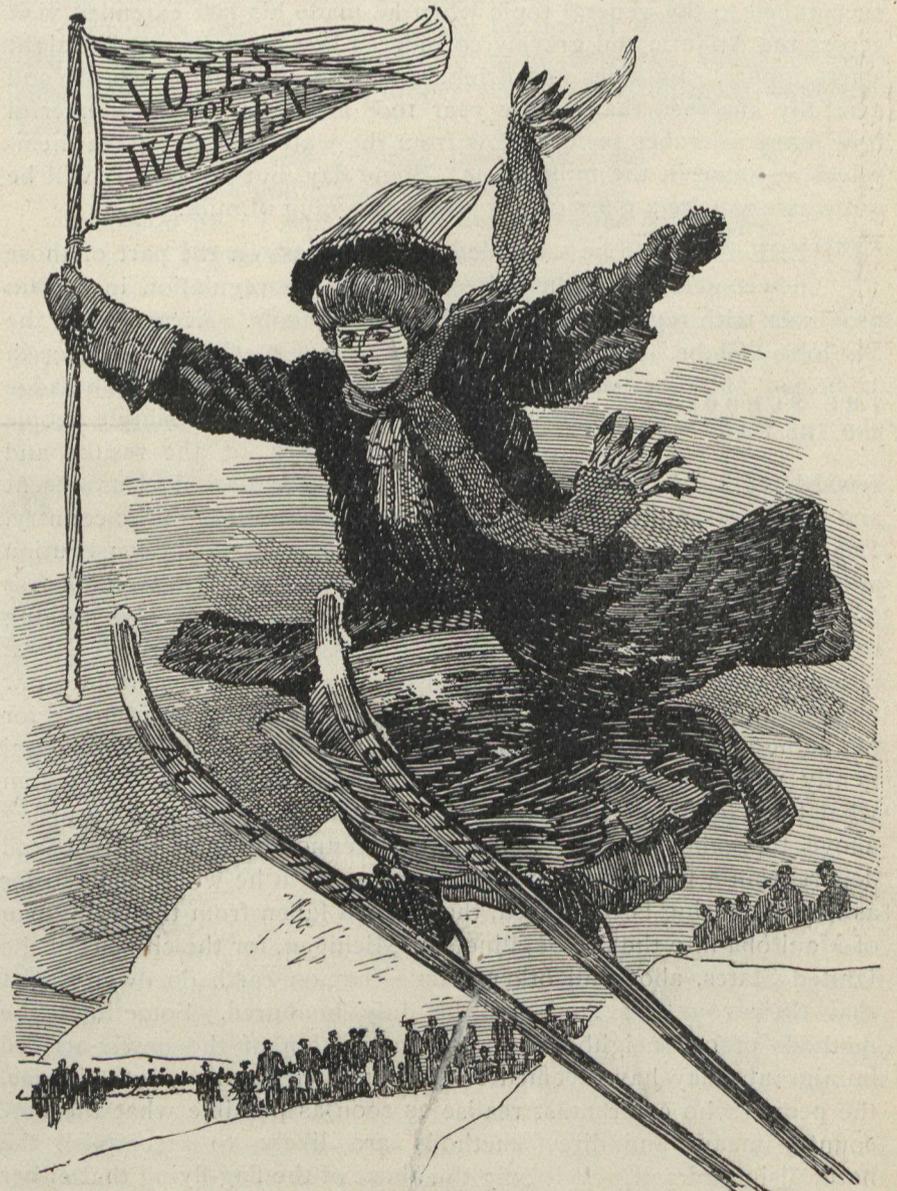
But—to change an unpleasant subject—every now and then I notice in the papers some writer who says that the tipping system is "degrading" to the waiter or the porter or whoever plays the part of "tippee"; and I always wonder why. The Toronto "Star," for instance, referred to it the other day as "a system which degrades an honest and useful occupation," meaning that of restaurant waiter. In the same article, a story was told in which a waiter was asked if he thought it was "a manly, proper thing to accept tips." Now what relation does the tipping system bear to the wages of the man who is commonly tipped? The Toronto "Star" is good enough to tell us. It says that

the waiters' "wages are sometimes fixed at an extremely low rate with the expectation that they will be augmented by tips." That is, in two words, the proprietor of the restaurant pays the waiter only a part of his wages, leaving the customers to pay the balance. As tips average for the same restaurant about the same throughout a year, this soon shakes down to a well-understood sum, and the waiter's pay envelope contains the amount he does not expect to get from his customers.

* * *

The meaning of this is simply that the patron of the restaurant pays the waiter for a part of his services direct, instead of giving the money to the proprietor to be handed to him. The proprietor sells the patron so much food and a place in which to eat it; but it would be inconvenient for the patron to have to hustle out into the kitchen to fill his own order. So the proprietor has on hand a waiter—to whom he pays a literal "retaining fee"—who will sell to the patron independently his skilled services as a server of food. Why it should degrade a man thus to deal directly with his customer, instead of dealing indirectly through the proprietor and the cash girl, I cannot make out. Is the proprietor "degraded" because he deals directly with the customer? Which do we rank the higher in a shoe store—the proprietor who sells us the shoes and takes our money, or the clerk who sells us his services but makes us pay him through another man? There are other objections to the tipping system possibly. The lavish American tends to spoil it, as he spoils most good customs he gets into his hands. But the difference between a hotel servant who expects a tip and a hotel servant in a rural district who does not, is precisely the difference between a store-keeper selling his own goods and anxious to make the sale, and a careless clerk who does not care two straws whether he makes a sale or not.

THE SUFFRAGETTE IN GREAT BRITAIN.



Leap Year or the Irrepressible Ski.—Punch.



Mrs. Ira MacKay,
Treasurer, W.W.C.C.



Mrs. W. F. Osborne,
Recording Secretary, W.W.C.C.



Mme. Dubuc,
Third Vice-President, W.W.C.C.



Mrs. C. C. Chipman,
Fourth Vice-President, W.W.C.C.

The Women's Canadian Club, of Winnipeg

By FLORENCE H. RANDAL.

MENTAL telepathy would seem to have been unconsciously exerted in the recent formation of Women's Canadian Clubs in the East and West, almost at the same time. In Winnipeg the project was mooted before it was known that Montreal had taken steps in the matter but it yet lost the claim to distinction of being the first city in the Dominion to band together its women in this way. However, it made a good second, for its inaugural luncheon was held on Saturday, December 14, while Montreal's took place the Thursday previous. Statistics are not at hand as to the growth of what one might almost call Winnipeg's "twin club," but that it was rapid in the latter city may be judged from the fact that at the organisation meeting, on November 29, there were 75 charter members, the next week 118, while the president announced at the luncheon that the number had increased to over 250.

To the enthusiasm and energy of Mrs. H. J. Parker, of Winnipeg, the birth of the club is due. Mrs. Parker is secretary of the Alpine Club and her pen is a busy one in other ways. But her suggestions found ready acceptance and at the first meeting nearly one hundred women were present, this number greatly exceeding that at the organisation of the men's club. The formal motion for organisation was made by Mrs. Fortin, wife of Archdeacon Fortin, in a bright little speech in which she said she would have liked to have seen the club established on the lines of the Union League Clubs of Chicago, where men and women meet together, but doubtless a better decision had been arrived at in the formation of a separate club. Miss Jones, Principal of Havergal College, spoke of work done by the University Women's Club of Toronto in entertaining distinguished men and women passing through the city.

Mr. Sanford Evans, whose name is intimately associated with the formation of Canadian Clubs and who was instrumental in establishing the first one in Hamilton, welcomed the sister society and spoke of "the audience of women" which could be called into being whenever occasion presented itself. Prof. Osborne and Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor) also spoke.

The officers of the Club are as follows: President, Mrs. Sanford Evans; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. George Bryce; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. Fortin; 3rd Vice-President, Mme. Dubuc; 4th Vice-President, Mrs. Chipman; Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. F. Osborne; Treasurer, Mrs. Ira MacKay; Literary Correspondent, Mrs. W. H. Thompson; Executive Committee, Mesdames C. H. Campbell, D. K. Elliott, T. D. B. Evans, J. E. McAllister, W. A. McIntyre, J. B. Mitchell, H. J. Parker and Miss Jones. Care was taken to select names representing the various aspects and interests of the community, as these relate to the history of Winnipeg. Red River days were not forgotten, nor the Hudson's Bay Company. The constitution is modelled on the lines of the

men's Canadian Club. There will be both active and honorary members and the fee was set at one dollar.

Mrs. Evans in her address said that the Club should appeal especially to the home-keeper, using the word in the true sense. Such a woman must have "the tact of a politician, the system of a department store, the genius of a general and the patience which Mrs. Job must have known. Mothers should often discuss devotion to country with their children and



Mrs. Sanford Evans,
President, Winnipeg Women's Canadian Club.

show them also the marvel of opportunity which Canada holds for them."

"I foresee a chain of Women's Canadian Clubs between Halifax and Vancouver—a veritable sisterhood," the president said, at the luncheon the next week.

This was a most successful affair. It was held in the cafe of the Royal Alexandra Hotel, a beautiful room in a fine hostelry, and 230 women spent a very pleasant hour in listening to the addresses of Hon. T. M. Daly and Mr. John Kendrick Bangs. The latter was a guest at the hotel, lecturing in the city the same evening. "I thank you as a subject of President Roosevelt," he said. "I do not know what notification Daniel had when he was called upon to appear at the first annual banquet of the lions, but

I am sure he had more time than I had. As a benighted American from the other side of the border, 'Canadian Club' (and you ladies may not understand my reference) has not signified anything so suggestive of home. Now that I have seen this Canadian Club I realise for the first time the fine distinction that may be drawn between words and I know the difference between spirituousity and spirituality.

"I am just as glad and proud of this Club in my own small way as Mr. Daly is. My ancestors are responsible for what you have become—some of them, possibly, by leaving you. Certainly if one of my forebears had not left Canada I should probably have been a citizen of Quebec or Montreal. My grandfather was a pioneer Methodist missionary, who left New York when he found it reformed as much as it would ever be. He tried a section where there might be more scope for his spiritual efforts, in the neighbourhood of Quebec, and was there captured by a Canadian woman. . . . I only wish that Mr. Daly had added, in his list of big things of Canada, that it has also on the other side of the border the finest neighbours that any nation could have."

Hon. T. M. Daly gave an eloquent address on "How Canada Was Saved to the Empire." "If Wolfe gave Canada to the Empire, Carleton and Brock saved it," said he. Mr. Daly declared he had no patience with the man who sees any other future possible than that which will come from Canada's allegiance to the Empire, and he thought, too, that there was no better place for becoming a Canadian than in the West.

A Washington Speaker in Montreal

THE Hon. H. F. B. MacFarland, of Washington, U.S.A., President of the Commissioners' Committee of that city, was the guest of the Canadian Club, Montreal, this week.

Mr. MacFarland, who is a forceful speaker, opened his address by stating that Washington had nothing but friendship for Montreal, as the United States had nothing but friendship for Canada; that they had not only a material but a heartfelt interest in Canadian progress.

Hon. James Bryce, the representative for England at Washington, holds the largest place in the hearts of the people of the United States, and the ties with the English-speaking people are greater than with any other countries.

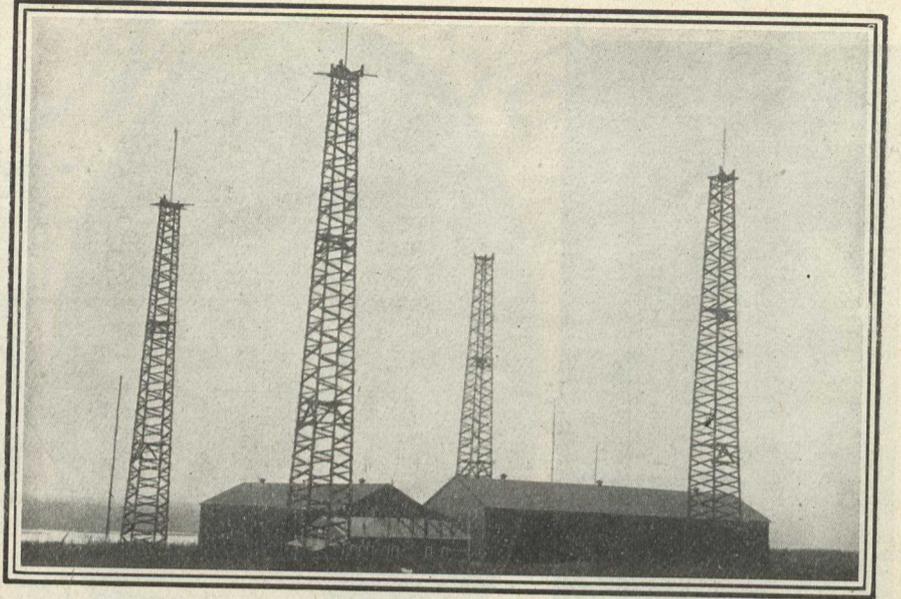
Municipal government by commissioners has been successfully established in Washington; it has a great advantage as it eliminates partisan politics, and at the same time makes public opinion more effective. The remarkable progress in thirty years in the national capital is due largely to this Commission; in 1878 Congress agreed with the taxpayers that it would pay half the municipal expenses and the Commission is run as a business for business purposes.

Before closing, the speaker who was frequently applauded, said that Washington owed a great debt to Canada, considering the good work done by members of the United States Senate who were born in Canada.

LORENZO.



Three miles from the Town of Glace Bay, N.S., is the Canadian Headquarters of Signor Marconi, and the Residence of Mr. Vyogan the General Manager.



General View of the Marconi Stations at Glace Bay, N.S.—Receiving and Transmitting Towers and Condensing Station.

With Marconi's Wireless at Glace Bay

A Famous Workshop of Twentieth Century Wizardry

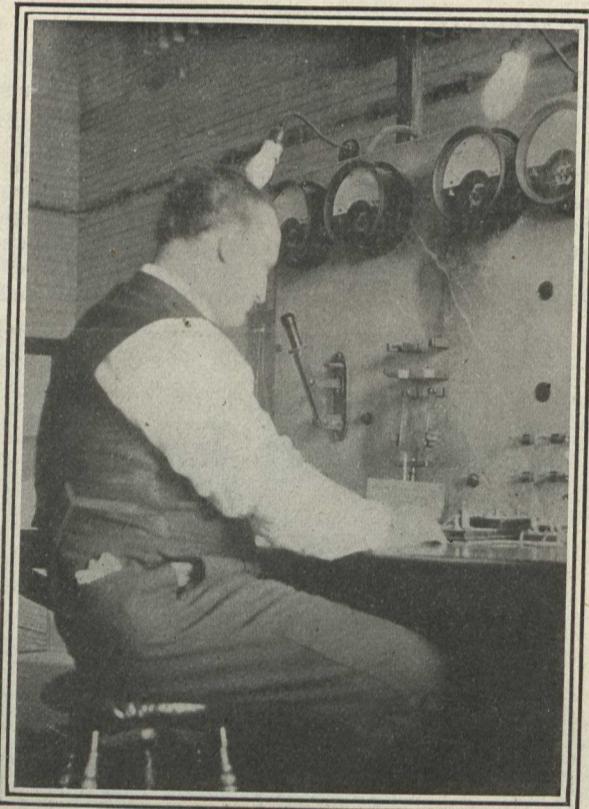
By ANDREW MERKEL

THE Marconi station at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, is one of the two in existence equipped with what is known as the unidirectional system. The development of this system has marked the latest stage in wireless telegraphy and upon it is based the Italian inventor's more recent triumph, the successful transmission of trans-Atlantic messages. The other station so equipped is situated at Clifden, Ireland; together they have been exchanging, since October 17, some ten thousand words per day.

The Cape Breton station is three miles distant from the town of Glace Bay, and occupies the central knoll of a property some ninety acres in extent. It is enclosed by a formidable array of barbed wire fences—and very few are they who are permitted to explore its mysteries.

The station consists mainly of four wooden towers, each 215 feet high, topped by a 35-foot mast, making the total height 250 feet. Circling these four towers are set at regular intervals 24 masts identical in dimensions and design; they support the fifty-one aerials employed in the operation of the plant. These are arranged in combinations of eight and are the chief factors which go to make the unidirectional system possible; for by their means Mr. Marconi claims to be able to reflect and concentrate the sound waves he employs, and to transmit them in one direction only. Thus he increases the range of his station to a very considerable extent besides safeguarding the secrecy of his messages in the elimination of many of the opportunities of possible interference.

The four main towers of the station form an



Operator Sending a Message.



Signor Marconi spends much time in the Receiving Room, watching his wireless messages come in.

imaginary square the side of which is 350 feet long. Enclosed within this square are the two condensing houses of the station together with the general offices of the Company and the operating rooms of the plant.

The condensing houses are of corrugated iron, 200 feet long, 60 feet wide and 33 feet high. The condenser consists of steel plates, hung at a distance of twelve inches apart and heavily insulated. This condenser has supplanted the old one of tinfoil, glass and oil, and is reported to have materially increased the efficiency of the station.

The houses are situated at right angles to each other and are joined in what is known as the spark room of the station. Over this room the aerial wires from the towers meet and are led into the building.

The spark room itself is about thirty-five feet square. In this are contained the step-up transformers, which raise the current to the enormous potential required at the station. It also contains the "choker," a magnetic apparatus which plays an important part in wireless telegraphy, and the detailed construction of which is jealously guarded by the Marconi employees. To the casual observer it is an oblong contrivance with movable ends which automatically regulate the magnetic flux to be given off. The choker prevents the condenser from discharging the electric current back into the transformers and dynamo and also causes the current to be discharged from the condenser through the jigger or oscillating wire. At the time of the current's discharge, a streak of blue flame is seen to come from the vicinity of the choker, making the spark room a small Inferno. A tearing sound, not unlike the twanging of a deep bass string, answers the flash, while a crackling noise is heard as the current traverses the aerial wires overhead. The flash is of such peculiar value that it will fog the sensitised film contained in the pocket of a photographer happening to be in the room during the period of discharge. The rhythmical sound given off, separated into dots and dashes may be heard and read a mile away. Mr. Marconi is, however, devoting some of his spare time to the development of a hood for the choker, which will effectually subdue the noises given off and render them inaudible outside the confines of the station.

Directly adjoining the spark room is the sending chamber, a small room containing nothing more than the apparatus required in the actual transmission of messages. The operator sits before a board connected up with the twenty-four subsidiary masts of the station. Without moving from his seat he is enabled to arrange these masts in their several combinations. This admits of his transmitting a message to Clifden for instance, to be followed immediately by one directed to the Cape Cod station. He manipulates a key very little different in design from the ordinary Morse, now in common use, though somewhat larger. In pressing this key the operator releases the current which enters the condenser and from thence to the choker, where it is discharged. An indicator in the operating room

records as the case may be, the dot or dash, as it leaves the aerial.

Separated from the sending room by a slight partition is the receiving room of the station. In dimensions it is about fifteen by twenty-five feet. A table running the length of the room contains all the apparatus necessary in the actual work of receiving messages. The sound wave in receiving off the aerial wire, goes through the induction coil in the primary wind of the magnetic detector and then to ground. The receiving apparatus is connected on to the secondary wind, the signals being received by an ordinary telephone receiver equipped with a highly sensitized diaphragm.

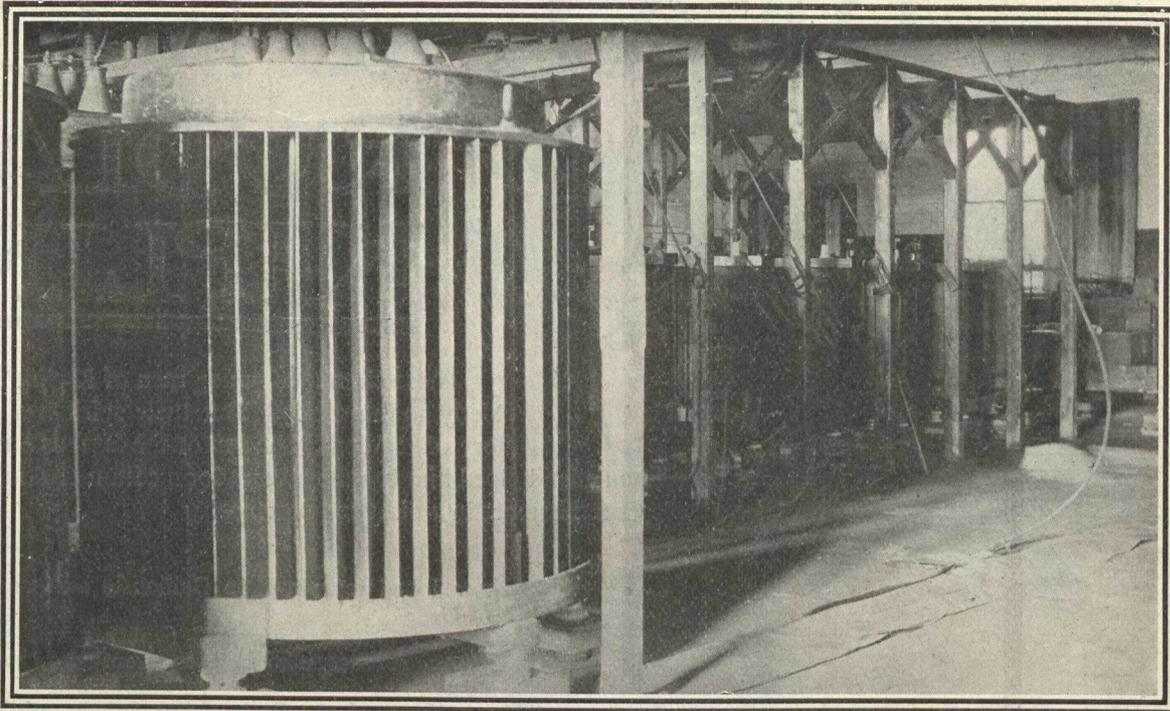
Adjoining the receiving chamber is a room fitted up with a complete telegraphic outfit. Here the land wires of the telegraph companies enter the building. The room is small, having accommodation only for three operators.

The building also contains besides the general offices a drafting room and a store room, where a duplicate of every separate part of the apparatus required, is constantly kept in stock.

The power-house is separated from the main building of the station by about four hundred feet. It is of wood and is floored with concrete. Contained in this building is a modern electrical plant. Steam is the power employed and the engines, of which there are two, are capable respectively of developing one hundred and seventy-five and two hundred and twenty-five horse-power. The boiler room contains a battery of five boilers. A workshop is also contained in this building, where a number of men are constantly employed turning out and repairing all the more important apparatus of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co. of Canada.

Besides the buildings actually employed in the operation of the plant, there is situated on the property the residence of the general manager, the staff quarters and other outbuildings. The station is entirely self-contained, is furnished with a hospital and possesses its own water supply. Telephonic communication is established between all the several buildings while the quarters of the staff are of course furnished with electricity obtained from the plant.

At the present time the station is unable to



The Spark Room contains the latest Mechanical Secret of the Marconi System. Here among the huge step-up Transformers the "choker" makes a little pandemonium of fire and noise.

receive and send messages simultaneously. This is undoubtedly proving its greatest limitation, for it restricts the capacity of the station to some ten thousand words per day sent and received. Taking into consideration, however, the tremendous strides made in the development of wireless telegraphy within the past four years, it is not too much to hope that even this defect will eventually be remedied and that the station will be able to handle effectively all the messages entrusted to it.

In this regard, it may be said that Mr. Marconi himself claims to have already perfected an apparatus which will not only make possible the sending and receiving of messages simultaneously but will permit

of four or five operators working together. This apparatus is said to be constructed on the frequency principle, the same as that employed in the selective ringing system of telephony. Mr. Marconi claims to be able to attune his instruments to a number of frequencies, each frequency admitting of an additional operator. With four or five operators the capacity of the station will be enormously increased.

The application of this principle Mr. Marconi hopes to undertake in the near future, at all events before February of next year, when he purposes to open his trans-Atlantic stations for general business and to accept for transmission all messages submitted to him.

Committees of the House of Commons

WE are frequently reminded of the decadence of oratory, especially in the House of Commons. Some historical minds consider this a national defect. Even in the British Parliament the Latin quotation has gone; and at Ottawa none of the members recite poetry.

Parliamentary oratory has declined because government in the Twentieth Century is largely a matter of business. While it may be true that most of the fireworks in the House are personalities, it is equally true that most of the business of the House and very much of the real talking of Parliament is done in the committees—of which chairmen have lately been appointed.

It is not often a sinecure to be a chairman of a committee in the House. The chairman who is most likely to find that out is Mr. Hugh Guthrie, chairman of the Railway Committee. This committee has a hundred members; also it has a history almost as full of episode as some legislatures. Before the appointment of the Railway Commission the big hall in which the committee meets was the most turbulent stamping ground in the House of Commons. It was more than once so in the days when Hon. Mr. Hyman was chairman. Whenever any of the other big committees failed to furnish excitement, there was sure to be something doing in the Railway Committee room. For when a man or a company desires a charter for a railway the first thing to do is to point out with a long pointer on the map behind the platform just where he thinks he is at in the geography of Canada; and it was not always a Sunday School task to convince sixty Government supporters and forty Oppositionists that a railway in that part of Canada was in the direct interests of each member's constituency. When the rival representatives of another charter-desiring road came on the scene the lesson on the map became still more interesting. Sometimes, too, there has been a good lively morning or two over the desire of some one to upset some old charter in order to squeeze in a new road. Now, however, since the Railway Commission has been put on wheels it is not so necessary to build map railways in the Railway Committee room; but Hugh Guthrie will probably find that he will need every inch of his por-

tentous physique and most of his impressive voice to maintain strict order in the committee. For the rules of the committee are not based on Chesterfieldian usage, and many a member who in the House would be as mum as a back bencher knows how to be, looms up obstreperously in the committee. Quite often, too, a member who is able to spellbind the House where he is not allowed to say promiscuous things by the Speaker, finds himself only a squeak in the committee.

Next in importance to the Railway Committee is that of Public Accounts. For a budget speech is one thing and a session of the Public Accounts Committee is quite another. Members who have little or nothing to say when Mr. Fielding brings down the budget for the session, get highly critical and censorious when they begin riddling the past year's accounts. "Where did the money go to?" is the family motto of the Public Accounts Committee, and in the effort to find out even a Government supporter on the committee may find it necessary to help bring in a minority report that a few thousands have gone into the wrong hole.

This session the Banking and Commerce Committee, chaired by H. H. Miller, is likely to hold more eventful sessions than the Railway or the Public Accounts. The things that some members have been promising their constituents to do to the banks they will very probably begin to do in the Banking and Commerce Committee. If the Opposition has any intention of raising the hard times cry to oust the Government in the next election, the first squeal will be likely to come from the committee room where Mr. Miller has the chair. If George E. Foster is on that committee he will perhaps raise his voice very high, for Mr. Foster is one of the best committee spouters in the House and would as soon tackle a financial problem in committee as run Mr. Fowler through on the floor of the House.

The Committee on Agriculture, which in size and importance ranks among the biggest, has not often furnished many fireworks. The deliberations of this body, which contains all the farmers in the House, are mainly concerned with very prosaic and useful business and may at times become quite pastoral. But the voice of the farmer is now more

than ever heard in the land, and the average farmer speaks to better effect in the committee than on the floor of the House. Once in a while, too, the Committee on Agriculture becomes a real contribution to the gaiety of nations, as it was three or four sessions ago when the present Minister of the Interior said some plain things in the best Oliver, truly-western style to Prof. Macoun concerning the Peace River Valley and the frost belt; things that were quite too warm to be said in the House of Commons.

The Private Bills Committee has an important detective work to do in sifting out the details of a bill which may have an axe in it somewhere to grind. The Committee on Privileges and Elections never misses a session of the House without a few theatricals. It is true to-day more than ever that the bulk of the nation's business is done in these committees which hold two or three parliaments every morning and sometimes hold important sessions in the afternoon.

A Golfer-Poet

CANADA has poets of various kinds and it is only right that there should be a golfer-poet. He lives in Brantford and his name is Mr. Hastings Webling. He has collected his verse and published it in a little booklet entitled "A Few Golf Shots," which every enthusiast should possess. These are lines to be remembered:

"Lonesome games in life and golf are bad."

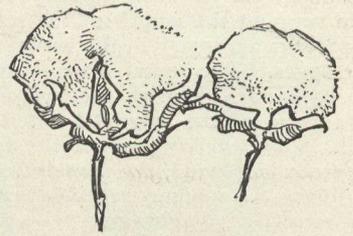
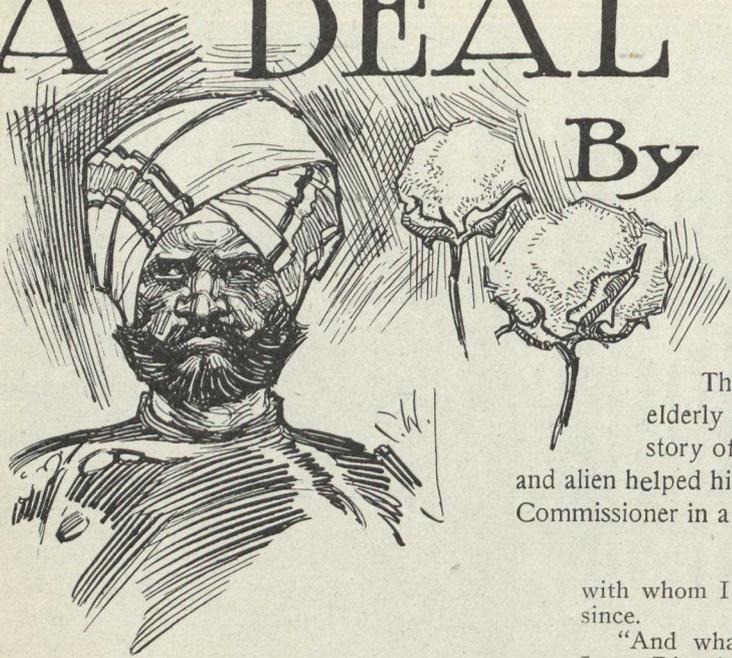
"Of course I'm not a Lyon, a Martin, or a Betts;
But I toddle round in ninety, more or less."

"By Jove, there's no denying, it's great fun for
a man,
To play 'a tender 'twosome' with a sweet
Canadian."

"A toast then to golf,
Let outsiders scoff
At the best of all joy-giving games;
It adds to the wealth
Of your life and your health,
And its fair fascination remains."

A DEAL IN COTTON

By RUDYARD
KIPLING



Those strenuous young men of Kipling's "Plain Tales" and "Many Inventions," have grown elderly and unwieldy. But their spirit has descended to the next generation, as is shown in this story of "Adam," the son of the famous Strickland, who tells how Ibn Makarrah, an alleged enemy and alien helped him to raise money for a cotton deal in far-off Africa, where Strickland, Junior, was Assistant-Commissioner in a picayune province.

LONG and long ago, when Devadatta was King of Benares, I wrote some tales concerning Strickland, of the Punjab Police (who married Miss Youghal), and Adam his son. Strickland has finished his Indian service, and lives now at a place called Weston-super-Mare, where his wife plays the organ in one of the churches. Semi-occasionally he comes up to London, and occasionally his wife makes him visit his friends. Otherwise he plays golf and follows the harriers for his figure's sake.

If you remember that Infant who told a tale to Eustace Cleaver, the novelist, you will remember that he became a baronet with a vast estate. He has, owing to cookery, a little lost his figure, but he never loses his friends. I have found a wing of his house turned into a hospital for sick men, and there I once spent a week in the company of two dismal nurses and a specialist in "Sprue." Another time the place was full of schoolboys—sons of Anglo-Indians—whom the Infant had collected for the holidays; and they nearly broke his keeper's heart.

But my last visit was better. The Infant called me up by wire, and I fell into the arms of a friend of mine, Colonel A. L. Corkran, so that the years departed from us, and we thanked Allah, who had not yet terminated the delights nor separated the Companions.

Said Corkran, when he had explained how it felt to command a Native Infantry Regiment on the Border:

"The Stricks are coming for to-night—with their boy."

"I remember him. The little fellow I wrote a story about," I said. "Is he in the Service?"

"No. Strick got him into the Centro-Euro-Africo Protectorate. He's Assistant-Commissioner at Dupe, wherever that is. Somaliland, ain't it, Stalky?" asked the Infant.

Stalky puffed out his nostrils scornfully.

"You're only three thousand miles out. Look at the atlas."

"Anyhow, he's as rotten full of fever as the rest of you," said the Infant, at length on the big divan. "And he's bringing a native servant with him. Stalky, be an athlete, and tell Ipps to put him in the stable rooms."

"Why? Is he a Yao, like the fellow Wade brought here, when your housekeeper had fits?" Stalky often visits the Infant, and has seen some odd things.

"No. He's one of old Strickland's Punjabi policemen, and quite European, I believe."

"Hooray! Haven't talked Punjabi for three months, and a Punjabi from Central Africa ought to be amusin'."

We heard the chuff of the motor in the porch, and the first to enter was Agnes Strickland, whom the Infant makes no secret of adoring. He is devoted, in a fat man's placid way, to at least eight designing women; but she nursed him once through a bad bout of Peshawur fever, and when she is in the house it is more than all hers.

"You didn't send rugs enough," she began. "Adam might have taken a chill."

"It's quite warm in the tonneau. Why did you let him ride in front?"

"Because he wanted to," she replied with the mother's smile; and we were introduced to the shadow of a young man, leaning heavily on the shoulder of a bearded Punjabi Mohammedan.

"This is all that came home of him," said his father to me. There was nothing in it of the child

with whom I had journeyed to Dalhousie centuries since.

"And what is this uniform?" Stalky asked of Imam Din, the servant, who came to attention on the marble floor.

"The uniform of the Protectorate troops, sahib. Though I am the little sahib's body servant, it is not seemly for us white men to be attended by folk dressed altogether as servants."

"And—and you white men wait at table on horse-back?" Stalky pointed to the man's spurs.

"These I added for the sake of honour when I came to England," said Imam Din.

Adam smiled the ghost of a little smile that I began to remember, and we put him on the big couch for refreshments. Stalky asked him how much leave he had, and he said: "Six months."

"But he'll take another six on medical certificate," said Agnes anxiously. Adam knit his brows.

"You don't want to—eh? I know. 'Wonder what my second in command is doing?' Stalky tugged his moustache, and fell to thinking of his Sikhs.

"Ah!" said the Infant. "I've only a few thousand pheasants to look after. Come along and dress for dinner. We're just ourselves. What flowers is your honour's ladyship commanding for the table?"

"Just ourselves?" she said, looking at the crotons in the great hall. "Then let's have marigolds—the little cemetery ones."

So it was ordered.

Now marigolds to us mean the hot weather, discomfort, parting, and death. That smell in our nostrils, and Adam's servant in waiting, we naturally fell back more and more on the old slang, recalling at each glass those who had gone before. We did not sit at the big table, but in the bay window overlooking the park, where they were carting the last of the hay. When twilight fell we would not have candles, but waited for the moon, and continued our talk in the dusk, that makes one remember.

Young Adam was not interested in our past, except where it had touched his future. I think his mother held his hand beneath the table. Imam Din—shoeless, out of respect to the floors—brought him his medicine, poured it drop by drop, and asked for orders.

"Wait to take him to his cot when he grows weary," said his mother, and Imam Din retired into the shadow by the ancestral portraits.

"Now what d'you ever expect to get out of your country?" the Infant asked, when, our India laid aside, we talked Adam's Africa. It roused him at once.

"Rubber—nuts—gums—and so on," he said. "But our real future is cotton. I grew fifty acres of it last year in my district."

"My district," said his father. "Hear him, Mummy!"

"I did, though. I wish I could show you the sample. Some Manchester chaps said it was as good as any Sea Island cotton on the market."

"But what made you a cotton-planter, my son?" she asked.

"My chief said every man ought to have a *shouk* (a hobby) of sorts, and he took the trouble to ride a day out of his way to show me a belt of black soil that was just the thing for cotton."

"Ah! What's your chief like?" Stalky asked in his silkiest tones.

"The best man alive—absolutely. He lets you blow your own nose yourself. The people call him—" Adam jerked out some heathen phrase. "That means the Man with the Stone Eyes, you know."

"I'm glad of that, because I've heard from other quarters—" Stalky's sentence burned like a slow match, but the explosion was not long delayed.

"Other quarters!" Adam threw out a thin hand. "Every dog has his fleas. If you listen to *them*, of course!" The shake of his head was as I remembered it among his father's policemen twenty years before, and his mother's eyes shining through the dusk called on me to adore it. I kicked Stalky on the shin. One must not mock a young man's first love or loyalty.

A hank of raw cotton appeared on the table.

"I thought there might be a need, therefore I packed it between our shirts," said the voice of Imam Din.

"Does he know as much English as that?" cried the Infant, who had forgotten his East.

We all admired the cotton for Adam's sake, and indeed it was very long and glossy.

"It—it's only an experiment," he said. "We're such awful paupers we can't even pay for a mail-cart in my district. We use a biscuit box on two bicycle wheels. I only got the money for that"—he wound the stuff round his bony wrist—"by a pure fluke."

"How much did it cost?" asked Strickland.

"With seed and machinery, about two hundred pounds. I had the labour done by cannibals."

"That sounds promising." Stalky reached for a fresh cigarette.

"No, thank you," said Agnes. "I've been at Weston-super-Mare a little too long for cannibals. I'll go to the music-room, and try over next Sunday's hymns."

She lifted the boy's hand lightly to her lips, and tripped across the acres of glimmering floor to the music-room that had been the Infant's ancestors' banquetting hall. Her grey and silver dress disappeared under the musicians' gallery; two electrics broke out, and she stood backed against the lines of gilded pipes.

"There's an abominable self-playing attachment here!" she called.

"Me!" the Infant answered, his napkin on his shoulder. "That's how I play 'Parsifal.'"

"I prefer the direct expression. Take it away, Ipps." We heard old Ipps skating obediently all over the floor.

"Now for the direct expression," said Stalky, and moved on the Burgundy recommended to enrich fever-thinned blood.

"It's nothing much. Only the belt of cotton-soil my chief showed me ran right into the Sheshaheli country. We haven't been able to prove cannibalism against that tribe in the courts; but when a Sheshaheli offers you human flesh, tattoo marks and all, skewered up in a plantain leaf before breakfast you—"

"Naturally burn the villages before lunch," said Stalky.

Adam shook his head.

"No troops," he sighed. "I told my chief about it, and he said we must wait till they chopped a white man. He advised me if ever I felt like it not to commit a—a barren *felo de se*, but to let the Sheshaheli do it. Then he could report, and then we could mop 'em up."

"Most immoral! That's how we got—" Stalky quoted the name of a province won by just such a sacrifice.

"Yes, but the beasts dominated one end of my cotton-belt like anything. They chivied me out of it when I went to take soil for analysis—me and Imam Din."

"Sahib! Is there a need?" The voice came out of the darkness, and the eyes shone over Adam's shoulder ere it ceased.

"None. The name was taken in talk." Adam abolished him with a turn of the finger. "I couldn't make a *casus belli* of it just then, because my chief had taken all the troops to hammer a gang of slave

kings up North. Did you ever hear of our war against Ibn Makarrāh? He precious nearly lost us the Protectorate at one time, though he's an ally of ours now."

"Wasn't he rather a pernicious brute, even as they go?" said Stalky. "Wade told me about him last year."

"Well, his nickname all through the country was 'the Merciful,' and he didn't get *that* for nothing. None of our people ever breathe his proper name. They said 'He,' or 'That one,' and they didn't say it aloud either. He fought us for eight months."

"I remember. There was a paragraph about it in one of the papers," I said.

"We broke him, though. No, the slaves didn't come our way, because our people had the reputation of dying too much the first month after they're captured. That knocks down profits, you see."

"What about your charmin' friends, the Sheshahelis?" said the Infant.

"There's no market for Sheshahelis. People would as soon buy crocodiles. I believe before we annexed the country, Ibn Makarrāh dropped down on 'em once, to train his young men, and simply hewed 'em in pieces. The bulk of my people are agriculturists—just the right stamp for cotton-growers. What's mother playing—'Once in Royal'?"

The organ, that had been crooning as happily as a woman over her babe restored, steadied to a tune.

"Magnificent! O magnificent!" said the Infant loyally. I had never heard him sing but once, and then, though it was early in the tolerant morning, his mess had rolled him into a lotus pond.

"How did you make your cannibals work for you?" Strickland asked.

"They got converted to civilisation after my chief smashed Ibn Makarrāh—just at the time I wanted 'em. You see, my chief had promised me in writing that if I could scrape up a surplus he wouldn't bag it for his roads this time, but I might have it for my cotton-play. I only needed two hundred pounds. Our revenues didn't run to it."

"What is your revenue?" Stalky asked in the vernacular.

"With hut tax, traders', game, and mining licenses, not more than fourteen thousand rupees; every penny of it ear-marked months ahead." Adam sighed.

"Also there is a fine for dogs straying in the sahib's camp. Last year it exceeded three rupees," Imam Din said quietly.

"Well, I thought that was fair. They howled so. We were rather strict on fines. I worked up my native clerk, Bulaki Ram, to a ferocious pitch of enthusiasm. He used to calculate the profits of our cotton-scheme to three points of decimals, after office. I tell you, I envied your magistrates here hauling money out of motorists every week! I had managed to make our ordinary revenue and expenditure just about meet, and I was crazy to get the odd two hundred pounds for the cotton. That sort of thing grows on a chap when he's alone, and—talks aloud!"

"Hul-lo! Have you been *there* already?" the father said, and Adam nodded.

"Yes. Used to spout what I could remember of 'Marmion' to a tree, sir. Well, *then* my luck turned. One evening an English-speaking nigger came in towing a corpse by the feet. (You get used to little things like that.) He said he'd found it, and please would I identify, because if it was one of Ibn Makarrāh's men there might be a reward. It was an old Mohammedan, with a strong dash of Arab—a small-boned, bald-headed chap; and I was just wondering how it had kept so well in our climate, when it sneezed. You ought to have seen the nigger! He fetched a howl, and bolted like—like the dog in 'Tom Sawyer,' when he sat on the What'sitsname beetle. He yelped as he ran, and the corpse went on sneezing. I could see it had been *sarkied*. (That's a sort of gum-poison, Pater, which attacks the nervous centres. Our chief medical officer is writing a monograph about it.) So Imam Din and I emptied out the corpse one time, with my shaving soap and trade gunpowder, and hot water.

"I'd seen a case of *sarkie* before; so when the skin peeled off his feet, and he stopped sneezing, I knew he'd live. He *was* bad, though! Lay like a log for a week while Imam Din and I massaged the paralysis out of him. Then he told us he was a Hajji—had been three times to Mecca—come in Hajji from French Africa, and that he'd met the nigger by the wayside—just like a case of *thuggee* in India—and the nigger had poisoned him. That seemed reasonable enough by what I knew of coast-niggers."

"You believed him?" said his father keenly.

"There was no reason I shouldn't. The nigger never came back, and the old man stayed with me for two months," Adam returned. "You know what the best type of a Mohammedan gentleman can be, Pater? He was that."

"None finer, none finer," was the answer.

"Except a Sikh," Stalky grunted.

"He'd been to Bombay; he knew French Africa inside out; he could quote poetry and the Koran all day long. He played chess—you don't know what that meant to me—like a master. We used to talk about the regeneration of Turkey and the Sheik-ul-Islam between moves. Oh, everything under the sun we talked about! He was awfully open-minded. He believed in slavery, of course, but he quite saw that it would have to die out. That's why he agreed with me about developing the resources of the district—by cotton-growing, you know."

"You talked that too?" said Strickland.

"Rather. We discussed it for hours. You don't know what it meant to me. A wonderful man. Imam Din, was not our Hajji marvellous?"

"Most marvellous! It was all through the Hajji that we found the money for our cotton-play." Imam Din had moved, I fancy, behind Strickland's chair.

"Yes. It must have been dead against his convictions too. He brought me news when I was down with fever at Dupe that one of Ibn Makarrāh's men was parading through my district with a bunch of slaves—in the fork!"

"What's the matter with the fork, that you can't abide it?" said Stalky. Adam's voice had risen at the last word.

"Local etiquette, sir," he replied, too earnest to notice Stalky's atrocious pun. "If a slaver runs slaves through British territory he ought to pretend that they're his servants. Hawkin' 'em about in the fork—the young tree that you put around their necks, you know—is insolence, same as not backing your topsails in the old days. Besides, it unsettles the district."

"I thought you said slavers didn't come your way," I put in.

"They don't. But my chief was smoking 'em out of the North all that season, and they were bolting into French territory any road they could find. My orders were to take no notice so long as they circulated, but open slave-dealing in-the-fork was too much. I couldn't go myself, so I told a couple of our Makalali police and Imam Din to make talk with the gentlemen, one time. It was rather risky, and it might have been expensive, but it turned up trumps. They were back in a few days with the slaver (he didn't show fight) and a whole crowd of witnesses, and we tried him in my bedroom, and fined him properly. Just to show you how demoralised the brute must have been (Arabs often go dotty after a defeat), he'd snapped up four or five utterly useless Sheshaheli, and was offering 'em to all and sundry along the road. Why, he offered 'em to you—didn't he, Imam Din?"

"I was witness that he offered five man-eaters for sale," said Imam Din.

"Luckily for my cotton-scheme, that landed him both ways. You see, he had slaved, *and* exposed slaves for sale in British territory. That meant the double fine, if I could get it out of him."

"What was his defence?" said Strickland, late of the Punjab police.

"As far as I remember, but I had a temperature of 100 degrees at the time, he'd mistaken the meridians of longitude. Thought he was in French territory. Said he'd never do it again if we'd let him off with a fine. I could have embraced the brute for that. He paid up cash like a motorist, and went off one time."

"Did you see him?"

"Ye-es. Didn't I, Imam Din?"

"Assuredly the sahib both saw and spoke to the slaver. And the sahib also made a speech to the man-eaters when he freed them, and they swore to supply him with labour for all his cotton-play. The sahib leaned on his own servant's shoulder the while."

"I remember something of that. I remember Bulaki Ram giving me the papers to sign, and I distinctly remember him locking up the money in the safe—two hundred and ten beautiful English sovereigns. You don't know what that meant to me! I believe it cured my fever; and as soon as I could, I staggered off with the Hajji to interview the Sheshaheli about labour. *Then* I found out why they had been so keen to work. It wasn't gratitude. Their big village had been hit by lightning, and burned out a week or two before, and they lay flat in rows around me asking for a job. I gave it 'em."

"And so you were very happy?" His mother had stolen up behind us. "You liked your cotton, dear?" She tidied the stuff away.

"By Jove, I *was* happy!" Adam yawned. "Now, if anyone—he looked at the Infant—"cares to put a little money into the scheme, it'll be the making of my district. I can't give you figures, sir, but I assure—"

"You'll take your arsenic, and Imam Din'll take you to bed, and I'll come and tuck you in."

Agnes leaned forward, her rounded elbows on his shoulders, hands joined across his dark hair, and "Isn't he a darling?" she said to us, with just the same heartrending lift of the left eyebrow and the same break in her voice as sent Strickland mad among the horses in the year '84.

We were quiet when they were gone. We waited till Imam Din returned to us from above, and coughed at the door, as only dark-hearted Asia can.

"Now," said Strickland, "tell us what truly befell, son of my servant."

"All befell as our sahib has said. Only—only there was an arrangement—a little arrangement on account of his cotton-play."

"Tell! Sit! I beg your pardon, Infant," said Strickland.

But the Infant had already made the sign, and we heard Imam Din hunker down on the floor. One gets little out of the East at attention.

"When the fever came on our sahib in our roofed house at Dupe," he began, "the Hajji listened intently to his talk. He expected the names of women though I had already told him that our virtue was beyond belief or compare, and that our sole desire was this cotton-play. Being at last convinced, the Hajji breathed on our sahib's forehead, to sink into his brain news concerning a slave-dealer in his district who had made a mock of the law. Sahib"—Imam Din turned to Strickland—"our sahib answered to the false words as a horse of blood answers to the spur. He sat up. He issued orders for the apprehension of the slave-dealer. Then he fell back. Then we left him."

"Alone, servant of my son, and son of my servant?" said his father.

"There was an old woman which belonged to the Hajji. She had come in with the Hajji's money-belt. The Hajji told her that if our sahib died, she would lie with him. And truly our sahib had given me orders to depart."

"Being mad with fever—eh?"

"What could we do, sahib? This cotton-play was his heart's desire. He talked of it in his fever. Therefore it was his heart's desire that the Hajji went to fetch. Doubtless the Hajji could have given him money out of hand enough for ten cotton-plays, but in this respect also our sahib's virtue was beyond belief or compare. Great ones do not exchange moneys. Therefore the Hajji said—and I helped with my counsel—that we must make the arrangements to get the money in all respects conformable with the English law. It was great trouble to us, but—the law is the law. And the Hajji showed the old woman the knife by which she would die if our sahib died. So I accompanied the Hajji."

"Knowing who he was?" said Strickland.

"No. Fearing the man. A virtue went out from him overbearing the virtue of lesser persons. The Hajji told Bulaki Ram, the clerk, to occupy the seat of government at Dupe till our return. Bulaki Ram feared the Hajji because the Hajji had often gloatingly appraised his skill in figures at five thousand rupees upon any slave block. The Hajji then said to me: 'Come, and we will make the man-eaters play the cotton-game for my delight's delight.' The Hajji loved our sahib with the love of a father for his son, of a saved for his saviour, of a Great One for a Great One. But I said: 'We cannot go to that Sheshaheli place without a hundred rifles. We have here five.' The Hajji said: 'I have untied a knot in my head handkerchief which will be more to us than a thousand.' I saw that he had so loosed it that it lay flagwise on his shoulder. Then I knew that he was a Great One."

"We came to the highlands of the Sheshaheli on the dawn of the second day—about the time of the stirring of the cold wind. The Hajji walked delicately across the open place where their filth is, and scratched upon the gate, which was shut. When it opened I saw the man-eaters lying on their cots under the eaves of the huts. They rolled off; they rose up, one behind the other, the length of the street, and the fear on their faces was as leaves whitening to a breeze. The Hajji stood in the gate guarding his skirts from defilement. The Hajji said: 'I am here once again. Give me six and yoke up.' They zealously then pushed to us with poles six, and yoked them with a heavy tree. The Hajji then said: 'Fetch fire from the morning hearth, and come to windward.' The wind is strong on those headlands at sunrise, so, when each had emptied his crotch of fire in front of that which was before him, the broadside of the town roared into flame, and all went. The Hajji then said: 'At the end of a time there will come here the white man whom ye once chased for sport. He will demand labour to plant such and such stuff. Ye are that labour, and your spawn after you.' They said, lifting their heads a very little from the edge of the ashes: 'We

are that labour, and our spawn after us.' The Hajji said: 'What is also my name?' They said: 'Thy name is also the Merciful.' The Hajji then said: 'Praise then my mercy,' and while they did this the Hajji walked away, I following."

The Infant made some noise in his throat, and reached for more burgundy.

"About noon, one of our six fell dead. Fright—only fright, sahib! None had—none could—touch him. Since they were in pairs, and the other of the fork was mad and sang foolishly, we waited for some heathen to do what was needful. There came at last Angari men with goats. The Hajji said to them: 'What do you see?' They said: 'O our lord, we neither see nor hear.' The Hajji said: 'But I command ye to see, and to hear, and to say.' They said: 'O our lord, it is to our commanded eyes as though slaves stood in a fork.' The Hajji said: 'So testify before the officer who waits you in the town of Dupe.' They said: 'What shall come to us after?' The Hajji said: 'The just reward for the informer. But if ye do not testify, then a punishment which shall cause birds to fall from the trees in terror, and monkeys to scream for pity.' Hearing this, the Angari men hastened to Dupe. The Hajji then said to me: 'Are those things sufficient to establish our case, or must I drive in a village full?' I said that three witnesses amply established any case; but as yet, I said, the Hajji had not offered his slaves for sale. It is true, as our sahib said just now, there is one fine for catching slaves and yet another for making to sell them. And it was the double fine that we needed, sahib, for our sahib's cotton-play. We had forearranged all this with Bulaki Ram, who knows the English law, and I thought the Hajji remembered, but he grew angry and cried out: 'Oh God, Refuge of the Afflicted, must I, who am what I am, peddle this dog's meat by the roadside to gain his delight for my heart's delight?' None the less he perceived it was the English law, and so he offered me the six—five, in a small voice, with an inverted head. The Sheshaheli do not smell of sour milk as heathen should. They smell like leopards, sahib. This is because they eat men."

"Maybe," said Strickland. "But where were thy wits? One witness is not sufficient to establish the fact of a sale."

"What could we do, sahib? There was the Hajji's reputation to consider. We could not have called in a heathen witness for such a thing. And, moreover, the sahib forgets that the defendant himself was making the case. He would not contest his own evidence. Otherwise, I know the law of evidence well enough."

"So then we went to Dupe, and while Bulaki Ram waited amid the Angari men, I ran to see our sahib in bed. His eyes were very bright, and his mouth was full of upside-down orders, but the old woman had not loosened her hair for death. The Hajji said: 'Be quick with my trial. I am not Job.' The Hajji was a learned man. We made the trial swiftly to a sound of soothing voices round the bed. Yet—yet, because no man can be sure whether a sahib of that blood sees, or does not see, we made it strictly in the manner of the forms of the English law. Only the witnesses and the slaves and the prisoner we kept without, for his nose's sake."

"Then he did not see the prisoner?"

"I stood by to shackle up an Angari in case he should demand it, but, by God's favour, he was too far fevered to ask for one. It is quite true he signed the papers. It is quite true he saw the money put away in the safe—two hundred and ten English pounds; and it is quite true that the gold wrought on him as a strong cure. But as to his seeing the prisoner, and having speech with the man-eaters, the Hajji breathed all that on his forehead to sink into his sick brain. A little, as ye have heard, has remained. Ah! but when the fever broke, and our sahib called for the fine-book, and the thin little picture-books from Europe with the pictures of ploughs, and hoes, and cotton-mills—ah! then he laughed as he used to laugh, sahib. It was his heart's desire, this cotton-play. The Hajji loved him, as who does not? It was a little arrangement, sahib, of which—is it necessary to tell all the world?"

"And when didst thou know who the Hajji was?" said Strickland.

"Not for a certainty till he and our sahib had returned from their visit to the Sheshaheli country. It is quite true, as our sahib says, the man-eaters lay flat about his feet, and called for spades to cultivate cotton. That very night, when I was cooking the dinner, the Hajji said to me: 'I go to my own place, though God knows whether the Man with the Stone Eyes have left me an ox, a slave, or a woman.' I said: 'Thou art then *That One*?' The Hajji said: 'I am ten thousand rupees reward unto thy hand. Shall we make another law case, and get more cotton machines for the boy?' I said:

'What dog am I to do this? May God prolong thy life a thousand years!' The Hajji said: 'Who has seen to-morrow? God has given me as it were a son in my old age, and I praise Him. See that the breed is not lost!'

"He walked then from the cooking-place to our sahib's office table under the tree, where our sahib held in his hand a blue envelope of Service, newly come in by runner from the north. At this, fearing evil news, I would have restrained the Hajji, but he said: 'We be both Great Ones. Neither of us will fail.' Our sahib looked up to invite the Hajji to approach before he opened the letter, but the Hajji stood off till our sahib had well opened and well read the letter. Then the Hajji said: 'Is it permitted to say farewell?' Our sahib stabbed the letter on the file with a deep and joyful breath and cried a welcome. The Hajji said: 'I go to my own place,' and he loosed from his neck a chained heart of ambergris set in soft gold, and held it forth. Our sahib snatched it swiftly in the closed fist, down turned, and said: 'If aught be written hereon it is needless, for the name is already engraved on my heart.' The Hajji said: 'And on mine also is a name engraved; but there is no name on the amulet.' The Hajji stooped to our sahib's feet, but our sahib raised and embraced him, and the Hajji covered his mouth with his shoulder-cloth, because it worked; and so he went away."

"And what was in the letter?" Stalky murmured.

"Only an order for our sahib to write a report on some new cattle sickness. But all orders come in the same make of envelope. We could not tell what it might have been."

"When he opened the letter, my son, made he no sign? A cough—an oath?" Strickland asked.

"None, sahib. I watched his hands. They did not shake. Afterwards he wiped his face, but he was sweating before from the heat."

"Did he know? Did he know who the Hajji was?" said the Infant in English.

"I am a poor man. Who can say what a sahib of that get knows or does not know? But the Hajji is right. The breed should not be lost. It is not very hot for little children in Dupe, and as regards nurses, my sister's cousin at Jull—"

"H'm! That is the boy's own concern. I wonder if his Chief ever knew," said Strickland.

"Assuredly," said Imam Din. "On the night before our sahib went down to the sea, the Great Sahib—the Man with the Stone Eyes—dined with him in his camp, I being in charge of the table. They talked a long while, and the Great Sahib said: 'What didst thou think of *That One*?' (*We do not say Ibn Makarrah yonder.*) Our sahib said: 'Which one?' The Great Sahib said: 'That One which taught thy man-eaters to grow cotton for thee. He was in thy district three months to my certain knowledge, and I looked by every runner that thou wouldst send me in his head.' Our sahib said: 'If his head had been needed, another man should have been appointed to govern my district, for he was my friend.' The Great Sahib laughed and said: 'If I had needed a lesser man in thy place, be sure I would have sent him, as, if I had needed the head of *That One*, be sure I would have sent men to bring it to me. But tell me now, by what means didst thou twist him to thy use and our profit in this cotton-play?' Our sahib said: 'By God, I did not use that man in any fashion whatsoever. He was my friend.' The Great Sahib said: 'Toh Vau! (*Bosh!*) Tell.' Our sahib shook his head as he does—as he did when a child—and they looked at each other like sword-play men in the ring at a fair. The Great Sahib dropped his eyes first, and he said: 'So be it. I should perhaps have answered thus in my youth. No matter. I have made treaty with *That One* as an ally of the State. Some day he shall tell me the tale.' Then I brought in fresh coffee, and they ceased. But I do not think *That One* will tell the Great Sahib more than our sahib told him."

"Wherefore?" I asked.

"Because they are both Great Ones, and I have observed in my life that Great Ones employ words very little between each other in their dealings; still less when they speak to a third concerning those dealings. Also they profit by silences. Now I think that the mother has come down from his room, and I will go rub his feet till he sleeps."

His ears had caught Agnes' step at the stair head, and presently she passed us on her way to the music-room, humming the *Magnificat*.

PICTURE AND PROSE

By ERIE WATERS

IT is stimulating to watch the growth of an idea. Such an idea is that of a truly national magazine. Its realisation is fraught with deep significance. It is a means of enlarging a nation; of widening human sympathies; of strengthening ties of brotherhood. If the nation is geographically large, holding within its borders men from many lands, men of various callings, there is much to learn.

In the ideal magazine, the picture aids the printed word. We, of to-day, scarcely realise how much we owe to the excellent illustrations in newspapers and magazines, so inexpensive and so easy of access. There are many of us who think in pictures, who see various characters grouped as we imagine them, who see vividly all their surroundings. Pictures of the real life of to-day, whether from sketch or photograph, are doing their work. By a certain association of ideas, the mention of hundreds of immigrants flocking to the prairies of Canada, brings up pictures, such as a national journal gives. Not of a crowd, but of isolated homes—a shack, or a tent, of cabin or mansion. One sees individual home-seekers. The settler, strong of hope and of muscle, plowing a lone furrow, or, in company with others, harvesting his first crop. Or, in the post office of the nearest town, a man in rough working-garb, utterly oblivious of his surroundings, unmindful of curious eyes, eagerly, slowly, absorbing a letter from home. In one corner a more prosperous young man reads; his well-dressed, pretty little wife looking over his shoulder to share the family news with him. Others show in their faces stolid patience or hopes deferred. Such pictures grip the heart. There is a catching of the breath for the moment, a throb of warm human feeling. And the dwellers on the prairies who are fortunate enough to see magazines, may sympathise with the fisher-folk on the Atlantic or Pacific coasts or the inhabitants of crowded cities. They may even pity these latter, who, with many advantages, lack big draughts of pure prairie air. Thus, picture, prose and poem bring into closer touch, and knowledge of each other, parts of a great whole.

Someone has said that "The family is greater than the nation." If in nation-building there is also

character-building, if in many homes aims are high, religious aspirations are pure and noble; if in North, South, East and West, ties of brotherhood are strengthened, we may look with hope and confidence to the future of our great Dominion.

In thinking of illustrated papers, one is reminded of the educative work of "The Illustrated London News." Looking backwards, the writer remembers the father of a large family who at some sacrifice kept up his subscription to "The News" because "pictures teach history." Thus, when the paper came, when young and old bent over it eagerly, the big man, out of a store-house of knowledge, added wisdom to pictures and printed page. His idea was that the eye was attracted, the scene imprinted on the memory; and the battle, the stirring event, or the royal pageant was more easily remembered because the artist had helped the writer.

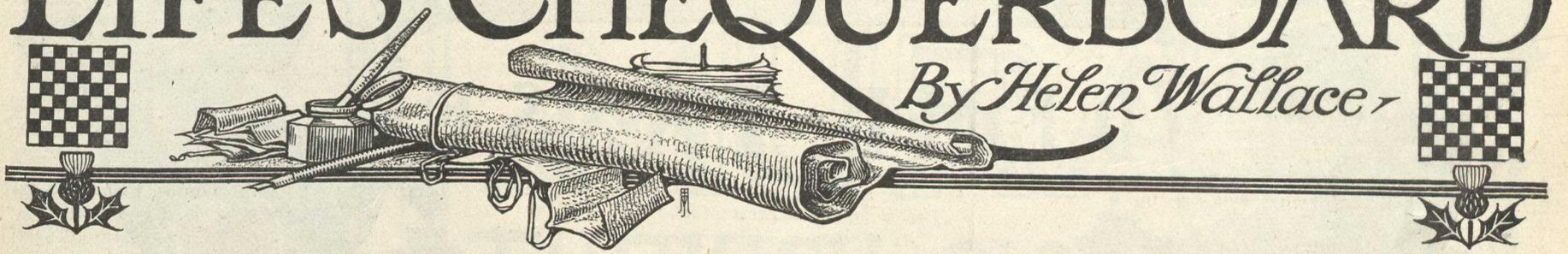
Progress in St. John

NOW that our winter transatlantic business has swerved from Portland to Canadian ports, the city of St. John has become a place of first-rate importance. It is the Atlantic terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is well served by the Intercolonial Railway, is connected by the New Brunswick Southern with the State of Maine, and expects to be one of the termini of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Already it has a population of 50,000 and an assessed valuation of \$27,000,000. It has nearly forgotten the great fire which nearly wiped it off the map. The city has been entirely rebuilt in a modern way and is fitted to be a great commercial centre. All the larger vessels engaged in the Atlantic carrying trade make St. John their terminus during the winter months. This natural advantage is of recent origin and St. John has had to do some great hustling so as to keep its accommodation equal to the demands put upon it.

Any person interested in this growing national port and fast-developing trade centre should get a copy of the illustrated book just issued by the Board of Trade of that city. It is handsomely printed, profusely illustrated and contains all the facts in brief and attractive form.

LIFE'S CHEQUERBOARD

By Helen Wallace



Resume: Lady Marchmont and her grandniece, Lesley, are visiting the former's nephew, Richard Skene, at "Strode," his Scottish home. They withdraw from the dining-room, after Lady Marchmont has pled with her nephew to forgive an erring member of the family. Mr. Skene's lawyer, Dalmahoy, ventures to refer to this injury of many years before. The offender, Adrian Skene, the son of Richard's cousin, had refused years before to marry Lesley and the old lawyer advises his friend to alter his will. Mr. Skene tells of how Adrian had won Mary Erskine, the girl whom he had loved, and the emotion called up by this recital of past wrongs proves too much for his failing strength. He falls to the floor and dies of an attack of heart trouble. Lesley Home, after her uncle's death, dreads the prospect of meeting Adrian again. Adrian arrives and is greeted warmly. At the reading of the will it is found that the property is left to him, on condition that he marries Lesley. Otherwise the latter becomes owner of "Strode." In the excitement following this announcement, Adrian's wife appears. Lesley wishes Adrian to accept position of manager of the Strode estate. The latter accepts and informs his wife, Alys, a shallow and rather disappointing young person, of his new position with which she is naturally delighted since Adrian had not been successful as a London journalist.



LESLEY knows every stick and stone about the place and the people too. She has been the greatest help to me," said Adrian rather coldly. "But, Alys, why should you sit over the fire?" with a quick change of tone. "Why not come with us—with me? It would be a change for you." "You know I can't ride those great prancing horses,"

said Alys pettishly, and restlessly shifting the objects on the dressing-table.

"But there's no need to ride. I'd take the cart any day you would care to come—and it's not *always* raining."

"And would Miss Home or I sit behind?" laughed Alys. Then, at sight of her husband's face, she ran to him. "Adrian," eagerly, "I didn't mean to be horrid, I didn't, indeed. I know I shouldn't have said that, and I'm sorry I did, but you must admit it is a little dull for me."

"I thought you were never to be dull at Strode, little woman," said Adrian, in the indulgent tone he often used to her, but now it was assumed with something of an effort. "If our staying here does not make you happy—"

"But it does, it does, and perhaps I wasn't altogether to blame for not realising that it would be quite so solemn and stately and—and stupid," with a mischievous grimace. "And I am quite happy in the prospect of going to Wedderburne, and you have never told me how I look. It's a long time since I had a compliment."

She stepped back a pace or two and stood confident, smiling. She wore black, of course, but to say that is to say nothing, for black, as no other shade or colour can, runs through the whole gamut of expression in a woman's appearance from the dowdy to the daring, and Alys could never be described as dowdy. From the foam of frills which eddied round her feet to the sheath of glittering jet which encased her slim body, and the exaggerated pictorial hat which crowned her russet hair, she seemed to her husband the embodiment of a smartly executed French caricature.

"I—I am sure it is all right," was all he could find to say after an uncomfortable moment in which he strove vainly to find something even remotely complimentary to say. "Somehow I think I liked your old way of dressing better. Of course, I don't know about such things, but isn't this just a little—what is the word?—extreme for a quiet, informal luncheon? Why not consult Lesley?" turning back towards his dressing-room.

What wife could be expected to take such a suggestion meekly?

"Consult Lesley!" Alys's shrill laugh rather startled Adrian, so reminiscent was it of Halcyon Villa and his little Cinderella's elder sisters, between whom and his wife he had ever thought so profound a gulf was fixed. "My dear Adrian, Miss Home is no doubt a paragon of all the virtues, but beyond her riding-habits, which I grant you, she knows nothing, absolutely *nothing* about clothes."

"Neither do I, but she always seems to me suitably dressed," said Adrian, thereby in no way improving matters. As Alys tossed her head in silent scorn, he went on, with a keener edge of discomfort in his voice, "I shall be able to do more soon, Alys dear, but Dalmahoy's cheque in advance had mostly to go to clear off things in town, then where—" A glance at her floating skirts conveyed the question.

Adrian might not know much about clothes, but it did not need much knowledge to assure him that the cost of this fresh, crisp toilette was on a very different scale from Alys's little home-made *fichus*.

"That's a secret," laughed Alys. "If you will waste money paying dull old debts, I must spoil the Philistines on my own account. At least you won't be asked to pay, you dear old curmudgeon."

Adrian's dark flush stained his face, but all that he allowed himself to say was:

"You will come to me, Alys, the next time."

Wedderburne was a vast house built at the time of the classic revival, which has left to modern Edinburgh a baleful legacy of squat, pseudo-Doric temples, and has scattered over the country mansions whose massive, pillared fronts, suggestive of town-hall or exchange, seem oddly out of place by a green river-side or amid quiet fields. From the central hall, with its marble pavement and columns and its domed cupolas, no heaping fires nor coiling hot-air pipes could banish the sense of chill on this grey but mild November day.

If a subtler sense of chill pervaded the party in the dining-room it was not the fault of Mrs. Kenyon, a lively little woman, still pretty in a dark, vivacious style. She was very good-natured and very popular, being always ready to do a kindness when she remembered. She in no way resembled her brother in face or stature, and as she had been married very early to a stock-exchange magnate, and until he had succeeded to the old family place—Sir Neil had been a traveller, part sportsman, part explorer—they had seen but little of each other. That, however, in no way prevented her from taking the keenest interest in his affairs, which to her were summed up in matrimonial possibilities.

"Neil must marry," she had decided, as soon as the death of his uncle, old Sir Hugh, had brought the wanderer rather reluctantly home. A casual mention of Miss Home in one of her brother's very infrequent letters had been enough to give wings to her fancy, as coincident with that his complaints of the dulness of Wedderburne and a stay-at-home life had suddenly ceased. Through her innumerable dear friends she had soon learned how desirable the match would be, and if this had been the case a few months ago, how much more so now, when Miss Home was left sole heiress to her uncle. With Strode added to Wedderburne, Neil might aspire to almost anything. Her family feeling, her kindness, her social ambitions were all aflame. Much against her husband's will, she lengthened their stay in the North, and delayed her visit to Wedderburne till there should be no fear of "the bereavement" preventing her meeting with Miss Home.

Now when Lesley entered the formal, old-fashioned drawing-room, which no mistress' presence had brightened for so many years, Mrs. Kenyon finally pardoned her brother's culpable indifference to the charms of the various young ladies of her own selection, each of which would have made such an admirable Lady Wedderburne. She welcomed Lesley with so much effusion that she had but little to spare for Alys, whom she hastily pronounced "an odd-looking, over-dressed young person."

When in a small party the host and hostess are primarily interested in one member of it, the others are apt to feel somewhat left outside. Sir Neil was not the man to wear his heart upon his sleeve, nor

to be outwardly neglectful of any guest, but Alys, sitting at his right hand in virtue of her matronhood, knew that she hardly existed for him. He was courteous, of course, and asked all the necessary questions and paid all the necessary attentions, but she was perfectly aware that beyond the fact that she was a woman to whom as such he had to be civil, she left absolutely no impression upon his mental or emotional retina—a bruising conviction to even the most robust vanity.

To her other neighbour she simply did not exist at all, Mr. Kenyon's mind being wholly occupied by financial matters in consequence of the morning's somewhat disturbing telegrams from town. She had, therefore, ample leisure to observe her husband and Miss Home, who were seated opposite to her, a study to which, half consciously as yet, Alys Skene was day by day devoting more and more time. At present the most morbidly acute suspicion could find nothing to fasten upon. The pair had hardly exchanged words, as Adrian had been monopolised by Mrs. Kenyon, who, having, like everyone else, heard the story of the will, found herself interested in the hero of it, and eager, like many another one, to find out what such a man could have seen in "that little London milliner," for with her quaint simplicity of dress Alys had sacrificed much of her air of old-world distinction.

Lesley and her host were talking with easy friendliness over some matter of estate business. Since the fates had decreed that he must take up the responsibilities of a large land-owner, Sir Neil had flung himself into country affairs with an energy which had already given him a mastery of business details astonishing to his more easy-going neighbours, and which, as Adrian was already conscious, would render him a formidable critic.

And Sir Neil was perhaps not disinclined to be critical, though he would have found it hard to account even to himself for his attitude towards the younger man, or his aversion, which was much greater than he had ever expressed, to Adrian's settlement at Strode. It was utterly absurd, he admitted, since Adrian was not to blame for Richard Skene's wrong-headed will, and was indeed the chief sufferer from it, yet Sir Neil was always conscious of a certain grudge against him, as if his were the blame for the despoil done to Lesley. With more reason he probably grudged him these shared memories of early days, the boy and girl years together, which Lesley would so frequently recall. Nor was he the only one with whom these memories rankled. Alys's grey eyes would gleam steel-like at Lesley's easy, frequent "Do you remember, Adrian?"

Now when Lesley, having gaily defended the disputed point, the retention of a doubtful tenant, said:

"It was not a mere piece of feminine sentiment. Remember, I am a woman under authority. I had Mr. Skene's sanction," she was surprised at the personal note in Sir Neil's response:

"I am not surprised that Mr. Skene should be on the side of sentiment."

"You speak as if sentiment were a crime," said Lesley rather hotly.

"By no means—it is merely a question of its sphere. It is only when like dirt, to use somebody's expression, it is matter in the wrong place, that it becomes obnoxious. To do the best for the land and the place generally is the first consideration, the reformation of doubtful characters may come in afterwards."

"What a cold-blooded doctrine!" exclaimed Lesley, as Mrs. Kenyon's voice came from the other end of the table. She had caught but one word of her brother's remark.

"Oh, dear me, don't let Neil begin upon sanitation, Miss Home. I tell him that the first article of his creed is 'I believe in drains.'"

"One might have a worse," said Sir Neil, not unwilling, perhaps, to let the previous subject drop. After coffee, Mrs. Kenyon suggested an adjournment to the billiard-room, where some of Sir Neil's sporting trophies had lately been arranged.

"By rights they should be in the hall, I suppose,"

(Continued on page 17)



THE WRONG TUTOR.

DURING the last session of Parliament at Ottawa a banquet was given to Hon. Mr. Fielding at Aylmer. Among the speakers was the brilliant Charles Marcil, Deputy-Speaker of the House of Commons. He mentioned in an eloquent speech on the question of dual languages, the complaint that while the French-speaking Canadians learned the English language, the English-speaking Canadians made no effort to learn the French language.

Mr. D. D. Mann of the Canadian Northern Railway followed Mr. Marcil and, referring to this part of the Deputy-Speaker's address, said:

"I agree in the main with Mr. Marcil but I feel that personally, owing to an unfortunate incident of my youth, I should be excused from all blame in not to-day being able to speak to you in the French language. As a young man I was sent into the lumber woods one winter in charge of a camp. Among the men in the camp was Joe Trudeau. As I then had all the ambitions of youth and had firmly resolved to become Prime Minister, I realised the importance of learning French and spent long winter nights conversing with Joe. At the end of the season I had made great progress. I could understand Joe and Joe could understand me. I already had a fair knowledge of English and Gaelic and felt that with the three great languages I could go anywhere in Canada.

"In the following spring I had charge of a river drive and was not displeased to find that a greater portion of the gang were French-Canadians. The first day, I immediately commenced to give them orders in their own language and, much to my surprise, they did not appear to grasp at once my meaning. One of them spoke up and said: 'Mr. Mann, what language is that you are speaking?'

"French," I replied.

"Oh," he said, in a somewhat sarcastic spirit, 'is that the kind of French they teach in college?'

"No," I replied, 'I learned the language from a good French-Canadian in the woods last winter.'

"Who was it?" queried my interrogator.

"Joe Trudeau," I replied. Immediately there was an explosion of laughter from the group listening. 'What in blazes is the matter?' I asked indignantly. 'Why,' said one of the men, 'we can't understand a word of Joe's talk. He has an impediment in his speech.'

* * *

A STARTLING REQUEST.

THERE is a church out in the West which had a faithful sexton, named Robertson, who for many years looked after the dusting of the pews and the ventilating of the sanctuary. But Robertson departed this life and the congregation mourned. About a week after his demise, the prayer-meeting was being held, when the pastor, a notoriously absent-minded man, finding the room unpleasantly warm, turned to a prominent member and said with gentle distinctness:

"Brother Blank, will you kindly go below and ask Robertson to turn off the hot air?"

* * *

SUCH A WASTE.

NOW that January evenings have come, the members of the Mendelssohn Choir, Toronto, are devoting themselves to practices with a single-hearted energy that is good to see—and hear. Strangers are not often admitted to these practices; but an Australian musician of some prominence was recently visiting Toronto and, on speaking to Mr. A. S. Vogt over the telephone, received a hearty invitation to the Mendelssohn Choir practice that evening. Consequently when a stranger appeared in the music hall and seated himself with an air of enthusiastic attention, prominent Mendelssohnians

hastened to him with rolls of music that he might more comprehendingly follow the course of the evening's work. Every courtesy was shown the listener and at the close of the practice, Mr. Vogt sent word that he would like to meet the former who advanced in some bewilderment to the genial conductor, whose inquiries about the Antipodes added to the visitor's confusion.

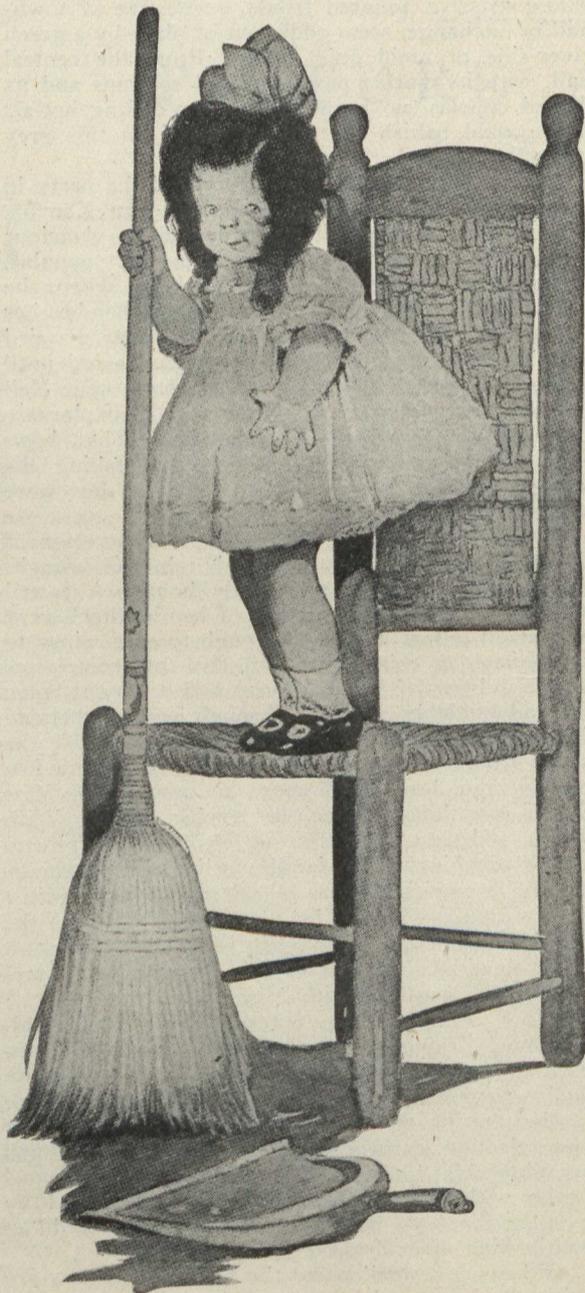
"I think you must be mistaken," said the newcomer. "I don't know a thing about music and I only called to take my sister home."

* * *

NOT THE RIGHT ARTICLE.

AN Irishman asked the chemist for something to kill moths, and the latter supplied him with camphor balls. Next day the Irishman returned, and, holding out the crumbled remains of some of the balls, said: "Are yez the young man that sold thim things to me yisterday?" "I am," replied the chemist. "What's wrong with them?" "Th' idea of selling them to kill moths or anything else! If yez can show me a man that can hit a moth wid wan o' thim, I'll say nawthing' about the ornaments an' the looking glass me and the missis broke."

* * *



Look at me, eve'ybody; I'm 'most as tall as a broom!—
Woman's Home Companion.

WHY SHE DRANK.

A CANADIAN girl, with U. E. Loyalist ancestry, was visiting in New England some years ago and among other entertainments, was asked to a tea given by the Daughters of the American Revolution, who are descendants of those who fought in the cause of American Independence. The Canadian girl manifested an extraordinary fondness for tea and, after she had imbibed four times of the cup which never gets politicians into trouble, her hostess, who was very well acquainted with the tea-fancier, said curiously:

"My dear, I didn't know that Canadians were so fond of tea."

"I'm not fond of it," said the guest slowly, "but I've been hearing so much about that Boston tea-party to-day that I thought I'd drink all I could of yours, just to get even for that British tea which you threw in the harbour."

The patriotic motive for the maiden's devotion to the "orange pekoe" became generally known and was highly appreciated by the gracious dames whose ancestors had taken a hand in sending the taxed tea overboard in the days when Boston was young.

* * *

GIVE AND TAKE.

AN English statesman, on one occasion when engaged in canvassing, visited a workingman's home, in the principal room of which a pictorial representation of the Pope faced an illustration of King William, of pious and immortal memory, in the act of crossing the Boyne.

The worthy man stared in amazement, and seeing his surprise, the voter's wife exclaimed:

"Shure, my husband's an Orangeman and I'm a Catholic."

"How do you get on together?" asked the astonished politician.

"Very well, indade, barring the twelfth of July, when my husband goes out with the Orange procession and comes home feelin' extry pathriotic."

"What then?"

"Well, he always takes the Pope down and jumps on him and then goes straight to bed. The next morning I get up early before he is awake, and take down King William and pawn him and buy a new Pope with the money. Then I give the old man the ticket to get King William out."—Short Stories.

* * *

ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

ON a perfect winter day, when the air was bracing but not bitter and the sky was a glorious turquoise—on such a day did a Toronto young man, whose alias is Brown, find his way to the Teapot Inn where he was met by a charming girl whom he escorted to a table as far from the gadding crowd as could be secured. Hardly had he begun to wish the charming girl if 1908 had so far proved a happy year when two somewhat venerable spinsters of severe aspect spied the far corner and swept into the two remaining chairs. Brown was filled with wrath but he has learned wisdom in several schools. So he merely turned to the charming girl and said with a perfectly natural laugh:

"You know, I'm a lonely orphan to-day. We discovered this morning that my sister Louise has a serious case of measles and mother says I must go to a boarding-house for several weeks." The intruders arose, cast a startled glance at the young man with a bemoaned relative and fled to the upper room at the restaurant, leaving the charming girl to say:

"You really oughtn't to tell lies."

* * *

HIS FLIGHT.

Jones is blue and sorrowful—
Heavy is his woe;
January sales have "took"
All poor Jonesey's dough.

Life's Chequerboard.

(Continued from page 15)

said their owner, who had shown no great alacrity in responding to his sister's suggestion. "But I should as soon think of sticking them up in a mausoleum as in that big black and white tomb downstairs."

On the common ground of sport the two men fraternised. Mr. Kenyon had retired to the smoking-room with the afternoon letters. The little cloud of mutual doubt was dispelled for the time as Sir Neil was drawn on by Adrian's questions to tell how a moose head or a pair of rare horns had been gained. He spoke simply and well, with the complete non-self-consciousness which full knowledge of a subject and absolute absorption in it gives. The talk ranged from sub-arctic nights sparkling above Labrador snows, to streaming jungles or sandy plains spreading vast under a fiery Eastern sunrise.

"Why didn't you pull me up, Agatha, if every other body was too polite?" Sir Neil broke off with rather a shame-faced laugh, as the Strobe carriage was announced.

"I was wondering what you would have done with yourself if you hadn't had to come home and look after Wedderburne. You've left yourself no more uncanny beasts to risk your neck after," said Mrs. Kenyon.

"Plenty," said Sir Neil lightly. "I must have a go at Thibet and the mountain sheep some day. I've never had a shot at one yet."

"I hope you'll be better employed in Glen Falla," said Mrs. Kenyon, with a significance which her brother wrathfully hoped the others might not notice. "Though a woman had divined a thing, why couldn't she let it alone?"

"I am afraid I annoyed you at luncheon," he said a moment afterwards, as he was putting on Lesley's cloak for her, and Alys was bidding their hostess a very dignified farewell. "You think I am too down on Skene," answering Lesley's questioning look, "because I was a little doubtful as to his having knowledge enough, not, goodness knows, in any other way, but I wish you would believe," growing more earnest, "that really it was in your interest—"

"I am sure you have done a trustee's duty to the full, and I'm afraid I haven't been too grateful. Indeed," with a little mutinous smile, "I have sometimes thought that my interests could take care of themselves, as my Cousin Adrian very well can," and she put up her hand and took possession of the clasp with which Sir Neil had been fumbling.

He had been perhaps in no haste to complete the operation, for there is no position which gives a full and uninterrupted view of a woman's face as the effort to clasp a heavy cloak for her. There was no time for more but Lesley caught the echo of her word "grateful" as she turned quickly away towards Mrs. Kenyon.

"My congratulations," said the little lady, with dancing eyes, as they stood for a moment under the heavy, pillared portico and watched the carriage lamps flash lessening circles of light on the rising mists.

"Keep them till they are needed," said Sir Neil rather grimly.

"My dear Neil, where's the difficulty? The *beau cousin* is safely married, and a good thing too. You have a fair field—go in and win. It's a mistake to 'fear your fate too much.'"

"Perhaps," said Sir Neil; "but 'to win or lose it all' is an uncommon big alternative, Agatha."

MURAD

TURKISH CIGARETTES

If you attempted to smoke cigarettes made from one particular kind of Turkish tobacco, the result would be disappointing.

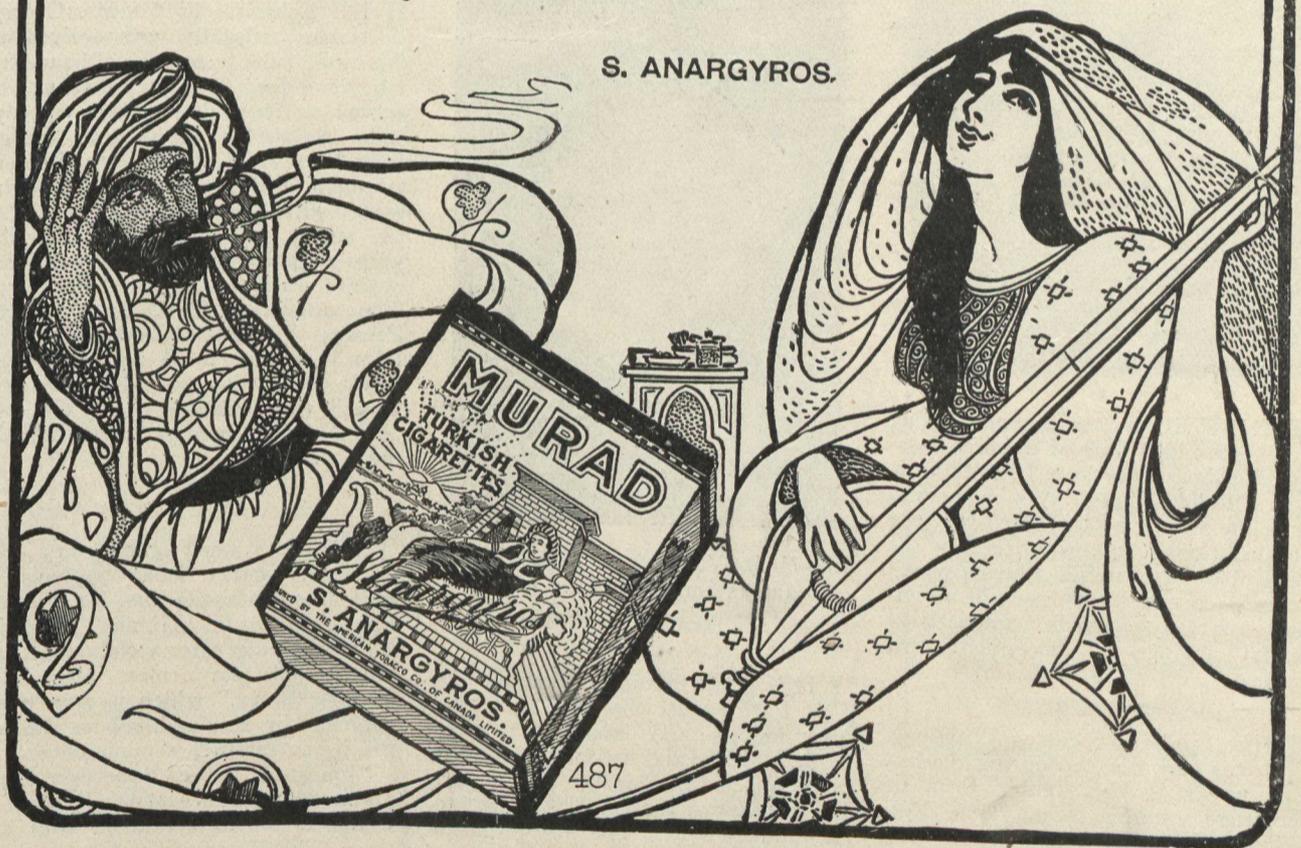
The cigarette would either be too strong, too mild, or absolutely tasteless.

The flavor of a cigarette depends upon the blending of different kinds of tobaccos in the right proportion.

The ability to do this successfully is an art possessed by few.

One of these few, blends the tobacco which gives the MURAD cigarettes their full, mild, rich, delicate flavor.

They cost 15c. a box of 10.



CHAPTER VIII.

Rain—rain—rain!

Alys Skene stood watching the dimming moisture form into great drops and roll slowly down the pane, her little oval face as dreary as the winter world without. But it was not the swathing mists through which the hills loomed spectral, nor the stripped garden, nor the brown, brawling river which she was seeing. It was a little picture which painted itself before her inward vision, all the more vividly for that pale background—Lesley and Adrian cantering away together, Lesley on her chestnut mare, her cheeks and eyes glowing the brighter for the soft, moist air, as she turned to call laughingly back, "You ought to have come, Alys. It's not really raining—only what we call 'saft a wee!'"

She had all the long, unbroken afternoon to brood over that picture.

Lady Marchmont had a cold, and kept to her room, a holy of holies which Alys's foot rarely profaned, and she had the choice of her own sitting-room, the morning room, or the drawing-room to be miserable in! Miserable; yes, it had come to that. Her misery might be largely of her own making, but she was not likely to make that discovery. And she had laughed at the bare idea that she could be dull at Strobe. Dull! if that were all, though the afternoon stretched before her like a gulf of time, to be broken only by the solemn entry of the two footmen with tea, and the return of her husband and Miss Home long after the early dusk had fallen. They would have a hundred things to discuss, in which, though they might make a show of including her, she could have no share.

It was all her own doing. She must have been mad—turning away

from the window with clenched hands as she recalled how she had pled with Adrian to give up their old life for this—this, looking with desolate eyes round the great, luxurious, flower-filled room, empty save for her own slim, black figure.

"Well, she had lifted a stone to break her own head." She had heard the old homely saying on one of her rare expeditions to the village, where the people seemed to speak in an unknown tongue after the glib Cockney accent to which her ears were accustomed, but this she had understood only too well. The words repeated themselves to weariness in her mind as she wandered about, picking up a book and throwing it down, striking a note or two on the piano, and starting as they resounded through the warm, scented stillness.

(To be continued)

MUSIC AND DRAMA

THE pantomime is a form of theatrical entertainment in which England is easily first, New York has sought to imitate the Christmas pantomime of London but has admitted that something was lacking in the Gotham performance. Mr. Clive Holland in an article on "The Reign of Pantomime" gives the public some interesting items regarding the cost of these productions. He says: "Very few of those who in their tens of thousands witness the various gorgeous metropolitan and provincial pantomimes, 'just to please the youngsters,' have, we imagine, more than the faintest idea of all the time, thought, labour and money which go to the building up of these productions." Probably that tinkly musical comedy, "The Gingerbread Man," is as near the Christmas pantomime as anything afforded to Canadian audiences.

* * *

THE Executive Committee in charge of Earl Grey's Musical and Dramatic Trophy Competition, which is to take place in Ottawa during the week commencing February 24th, have announced the following selections which, according to the regulations, must be included in the programme given by those companies entering in the musical competition: Men's choruses, Dr. H. Walford Danes' "Hymn Before Action"; women's choruses, James H. Rogers' "O, My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose"; mixed choruses, Elgar's "My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land"; orchestral Entr'acte in B minor, Schubert. There are now nine entries, including both musical and dramatic, for the competition. The last day for receiving the names of competing companies is February 1st. Applications should be sent to Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, Hon. Secretary at Ottawa.

* * *

WINNIPEG has some enterprising churches. One of these, a Presbyterian body, has Rev. Charles Gordon ("Ralph Connor") as pastor and is in the front ranks of hard-working organisations. Another of these is the Central Congregational Church which actually carries its widespread activities so far as to include a Paderewski recital among its "meetings" this week.

* * *

THE Walker Theatre, Winnipeg, has been devoted during the last two weeks to the lighter form of theatrical entertainment. "The Rolling Girl" was succeeded by the more elevating "Happyland" with Mr. De Wolf Hopper as leading artist. Among the productions of this decorative comic opera class, "Happyland" is prominent for its picturesqueness and excellent management.

* * *

THE great Belgian cellist, Jean Gerardy, played in Stanley Hall, Montreal, last Monday night. It is characteristic of our somewhat "dollaristic" age that the "Star" critic remarked in advance of the event: "If you ever hear 'Papillon,' as Gerardy alone can play it, you will say he has earned twenty dollars in a minute."

* * *

UNDER the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and Lady Clark, the Chancellor of the University of Toronto and Lady Meredith, Sir William and Lady Mulock, the President and Mrs. Falconer, the Principal and Mrs. Hutton, the Alumnae Association of University

College will present two evenings of scenes from grand opera in the Greek Theatre of the Margaret Eaton School of Expression, Toronto, on January 24th and 25th. These scenes will include "The Spielman," a trio for voice, violin and piano by Miss Katie Tough, Mr. Trethewey and Mr. Wendt; the Town Fair scene from "Faust," by Mr. Wilhelmj, Mr. Jolliffe, Mr. Edmondson and Miss McConnell; the first and second acts of "Martha"; the Bandit Scene from "Stradella"; the first scene of "Hansel und Gretel" by Mrs. Gorrie and Miss Katie Miller. Scenes from "The Flying Dutchman" will also be given. Mr. Wilhelmj, who is in charge of what promises to be a varied and interesting programme will sing the "Hans Sachs" song from the "Meistersinger."

* * *

IT was long ago admitted that Miss Lillian Russell can neither sing nor act. But she is a rarely handsome woman who has been able to retain her good looks and buoyancy for an unusual number of years and her Montreal appearance in "Wildfire" this week is doubtless a popular success.

* * *



Miss Madge Vincent, as "Maid Marian" in pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre, London, England.

* * *

THE great pianist, Vladimir De Pachmann, who has been winning laurels and laudation in New York, Chicago and Boston this season, is to appear in Canada this month. He will play at Massey Hall, Toronto, on January 27th. The interpretation of Chopin by De Pachmann is one of the "revelations" in the realm of modern music.

* * *

MR. JAMES K. HACKETT is a Canadian actor who attained early in life both kudos and ducats. His latest role in "John Glayde's Honour," a Sutro play, did not arouse much enthusiasm in his native land, probably because the Canadian public still associates Mr. Hackett with such picturesque characters as the hero in "The Pride of Jennico." There is no more acute critic of drama on the continent than Mr. James Metcalfe of New York "Life," who put up such a plucky fight against the managers of the Trust theatres. Hence, his remarks on the subject of Mr. Hackett's acting in the Sutro production are of unusual interest:

"In his manliness and sternness Mr. Hackett was impressive, but when it came to the interpretation of the deeper emotions it must be recorded

that Mr. Hackett failed utterly. He went at those scenes as one who says, 'Now see me act,' and act he did and nothing else. It is not often that one sees anything so wholly inartistic as his handling of the scene with his wife where he takes the centre of the stage and addresses himself directly to the audience, entirely ignoring the woman who is supposed to be the cause and the object of his passion."

It seems as if Mr. Hackett's early triumph in romantic parts and his physical fitness for the role of a Rudolf Rassendyll or a Richard Carvel are now seriously in the way of his achieving dramatic success in modern and everyday scenes. So long as the "drama of dress" has such an influence as holds sway at present in Anglo-Saxon communities, the attractions of velvet doublets, lace ruffles and plumed headgear are not to be denied, nor the charm of a personality which seems to find them the natural garb. After all, the dashing hero of Jennico is more to be desired than money-grubbing John Glayde whose perfidious wife decides to abandon him. If it comes to a choice between Sutro and the Castles, give us the latter—unless, indeed, the "Secret Orchard" be in debate.

* * *

THE lightsome art of Mr. George Ade is usually well-received on this side of the international boundary whether the Adesque humour be served as musical or plain comedy. "The Sultan of Sulu" and "Peggy from Paris" were happy bits of entertainment, while "The Country Chairman," with Mr. Maclyn Arbuckle as the sturdy politician who pulled the wires with masterful hand, was such modern realism as appealed to a Canadian audience. Next week at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, Mr. William H. Crane is to appear in Mr. Ade's new play, "Father and the Boys," which is said to be the best comedy by the wittiest fable-writer on the continent.

* * *

THERE is no English actor who can attract more appreciative audiences in Canada than Mr. Forbes-Robertson and his "Hamlet" has probably received greater acclaim than any other of his many roles. Miss Ellen Terry's "story," which is now being published in England, relates the following interesting reminiscence: "Johnston Forbes-Robertson made his first appearance at the Lyceum as Claudio. I had not acted with him since 'The Wandering Heir,' and his improvement as an actor in the ten years that had gone by since then was marvellous. I had once said to him that he had far better stick to his painting and become an artist instead of an actor. His Claudio made me take it back. It was beautiful. I have seen many young actors play the part since then, but not one of them made it anywhere near as convincing. Forbes-Robertson put a touch of Leontes into it, a part which some years later he was to play magnificently, and through the subtle indication of consuming and insanely suspicious jealousy made Claudio's offensive conduct explicable at least. On the occasion of the performance at Drury Lane, which the theatrical profession organised in 1906 in honour of my Stage Jubilee, one of the items in the programme was a scene from 'Much Ado About Nothing.' I then played Beatrice for the last time, and Forbes-Robertson played his old part of Claudio."

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Cards Which Counted

IN the columns of the "Railway and Locomotive Engineering" for December, there is an interesting story with a well-known Canadian painter as the principal:

It seems that there was an artist who had occasion to travel, not long ago, on one of our many trunk lines of railway. The artist was a pleasant fellow, but he believed in personal comfort with all his heart. When he got on the train he sought the smoking compartment of the parlour car, with the hope of enjoying himself.

He had an eye for colour, and gazed out of the window on the russet foliage of the woods, the cobalt waters of the cool streams and at the fading glow of the amethyst sky, but he was not happy, for the seat he was in was not to his liking. There is no denying it, that although the seat had been designed with the idea of fitting the human anatomy with great exactness, it had failed of its purpose. The artist took a post card from his pocket and drew a sketch of himself, as he thought he looked, but certainly as he felt, while occupying that seat in the smoking compartment of the parlour car.

When the journey was over, he mailed the post card to a high official of the railway, whom he knew very well, and awaited developments. The high official was much amused at this novel form of protest and enclosed the card to an officer more immediately connected with the active management of the road. This officer was also amused at the card, and realised the germ of truth which the representation of the cramped artist portrayed. He, however, at once detected the fact that the car with smoker seats as shown, belonged to another company, and with a good humoured explanatory line, forwarded the card to the owning company.

The officer of the owning company who got the card, frankly acknowledged the home thrust and smiled at the artistic bit of raillery upon the railway. He, however, gave orders that the seats which had thus been pictorially proved inimical to comfort should be taken out of the car when it next went to the shop for general repairs. The artist was in due time informed of this decision, but his attention was called to the fact that the railroad upon which he had travelled,



Do you see that Hump?

was not responsible for the design of the furnishings in a car belonging to another company; though everybody deeply sympathised with him in his dire distress.

The artist thereupon gratefully acknowledged, by another post card, his reception of the welcome news, his attitude of mind being typified by the profound and respectful bow in which he showed regret for his mistake in having "post card-ily" reflected upon that railway for the shape of the

seats which had not been designed by them. It is evident that at the same time a feeling of justifiable satisfaction extended to his very finger tips.

Thus it came to pass that a humorous post card in which a certain temper of mild irony had appeared, was destined to reach the deep-seated cause of discomfort. The artist had clearly shown himself to be no stiff-



"Beg Pardon, I thought you had designed that seat."

necked objector, but one who had accommodated himself to circumstances, and had even bowed his shoulders temporarily to the yoke. He certainly felt constrained to hope that his attitude in the matter would be understood, and he has since had the satisfaction of knowing that it has been thoroughly appreciated. He confidently believes that he will be in good shape when he travels again.

Lord Mount Stephen

LORD MOUNT STEPHEN, who has been entertaining the Prince and Princess of Wales at Bocket Hall, near Hatfield, has had one of the most romantic careers in the peerage. He was born at Dufftown, in Scotland, in 1829, and began life as a herd-boy. Later on, he became a draper's assistant in Aberdeen, and at the age of twenty-one emigrated to Canada, where he has since become famous in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway. In recognition of his valuable services he was made a baronet in 1886, and five years later was raised to the peerage. Lord Mount Stephen's princely charities are well known, his splendid gift of £200,000 to the King's Hospital Fund having earned for him the gratitude of the whole country. Although Lord Mount Stephen has been twice married, he has no children. Many years ago, however, he adopted a little girl, who is now the wife of Lord Northcote.

Lord Mount Stephen, in spite of his great success, has never forgotten anyone who has helped him along in his career. When he was a shepherd-boy, the minister of the district used to give him many words of encouragement, and endeavour to make his lonely work on the hillside as cheerful as he possibly could. Young George Stephen, as he then was, determined at the time that he would one day reward this kindness, and years afterwards, when he had become a famous man, his thoughts reverted to the consoler of his boyhood's days. To show his gratitude to his old friend he gave him a handsome annuity, besides endowing a fund of many thousand pounds to enable every parishioner on the Speyside to have a minimum income of £100 a year.—M. A. P.



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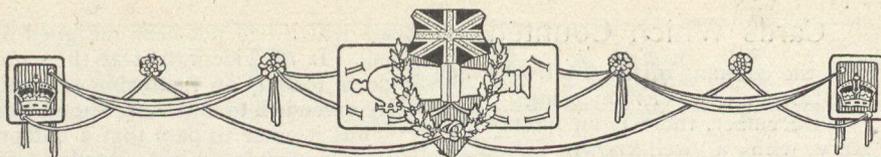
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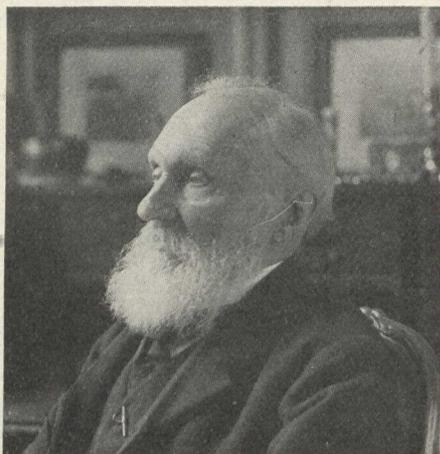


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BRITISH GOSSIP



The late Lord Kelvin.

THE death of Lord Kelvin has removed Great Britain's most distinguished scientist whose eighty-three years had been full of work and honours. He was buried in Westminster Abbey on December twenty-third, 1907, the day upon which Paris had to chronicle the death of Jules Janssen, her most notable astronomer. The first Baron Kelvin was born at Belfast in 1824 and was known in his untitled days as William Thomson. At the age of twenty-two he was filling the chair of Natural Philosophy in Glasgow University and his career as professor was marked by many triumphs. But it was his services in connection with marine telegraphy and his invention of the sounding-machine which gave him

his greatest fame. Since 1865, his has been among the foremost names in British science and each succeeding year seemed but to broaden the interests of one whose research has been for the benefit of the whole race.

* * *

LAST summer, in spite of rains and chills, was a season of pageants in the southern part of England. But any little festivities of that form in which Oxford, Winchester, Bury St. Edmunds or Coventry may have indulged will be entirely outshone by the pageant which is to be given in London next July. All the official bodies of the greatest city in the world are supporting the scheme, while actors, historians, musicians and artists are to contribute to its majesty. It is said that Regent's Park, with its twelve acres of tempting expanse, may be selected for the scene of London's "strange, eventful history." The pageant will go very far back indeed in the history of the "town on the Thames." There is to be a scene in which the chief figure will be the mythical King Lud (who is supposed to be buried in Ludgate), there are to be cave dwellers, early Christians, the coronation of the Conqueror, the triumphs of Richard, Coeur de Lion, the coronation procession of Anne Boleyn, the reception of victorious Drake by Anne's famous daughter, Elizabeth, luckless Charles I. on his last journey to Whitehall, gorgeous Eighteenth Century glimpses of Regency splendour and the final scene a reproduction of the London of 1830. Truly an ambitious programme in which, let us hope, Mr. Andrew Carnegie will not be asked to take part.

* * *

IT may be remembered that about a year ago the Salvation Army established in London and elsewhere an anti-suicide bureau. The principles on which the scheme was founded were inviolable secrecy, free consultation and no financial help guaranteed. It was remarked at the time that anyone so desperately out of love with life as to contemplate getting rid of it by poison, pistol or rope, would be hardly in the mood for consultation or confidence. But the first annual report of this bureau shows that about twelve hundred persons applied to the Army committee and made confession of extreme despondency which prompted them to risk the Great Perhaps. More than fifty per cent. of these unfortunates gave poverty as the reason for their desperate condition. General Booth says that each applicant was treated on his merits and thorough examination made of the circumstances leading to application. This work affords only another proof of the great, practical work being done by the members of this Army to raise the submerged and to shed light in Darkest London.

* * *

THE Island of Malta is a place of many memories and of picturesque reminders of the old days of the "Knights" and the still older days of the Romans. Its occupation by the British is one of the curious political circumstances which make the Empire of King Edward such an odd mosaic. The recent change which makes the Duke of Connaught in command of the pretty island with headquarters at Valetta will doubtless make that spot a more brilliant social centre than it has been heretofore. The Duchess of Connaught is said to prefer northern Europe to the climate of the Mediterranean but will spend the winter months at Valetta. The Princess Patricia is still fancy free, although a semi-Royal betrothal is arranged for her several times a year by enterprising journals.

* * *

BRITISH literary publications have become somewhat agitated over the decidedly revolting novels written by authors of what has been aptly called "the fleshly school of fiction." Miss Corelli and Miss Harraden have united in condemning the offending novelists, most of whom are women. Several prominent editors have joined in the condemnation and have published strong articles on the matter, perhaps the most striking being that by Mr. Rook in "Black and White." The critics are right in their assertion that the four or five women who have perpetrated the most loathsome of these garbage monstrosities are really narrow-minded and under-educated persons who can conceive of nothing more in life than a round of absolutely sensual pleasure. It is almost folly to call most of their stuff "animalism." A really decent pig or self-respecting St. Bernard would hardly descend to the orgies in which these writers of inaccurate English are pleased to revel. However, we have recently had that delightful story, "Alice-for-Short," which counteracts a dozen of the fleshly abominations.

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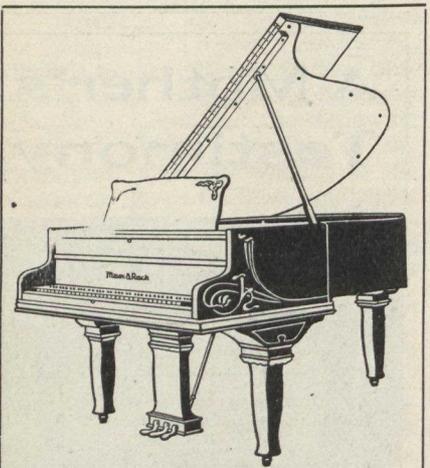
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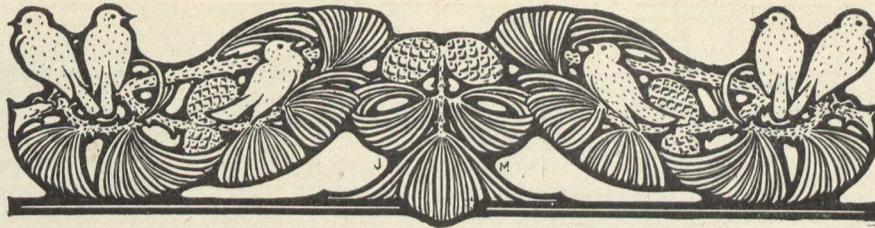
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FOR THE CHILDREN

HERE is some news about common gray marbles, the ten-cent-a-dozen kind that we all know. They are made in Germany, out of small pieces of stone left over from the marble quarries. We are told that there are factories where little boys are put to work with hammers breaking these into small cubes, and that over 600,000 are turned out each week. There is something to think about next spring when you go in search of the marble-bag stowed away in some cubby-hole.

* * *

A SUDDEN UPRISING.

A PICNIC was in progress, and a benevolent and elderly lady took much enjoyment in seeing the delight of the children who were disporting themselves in her grounds.

She went from one to another, saying a few kind words to each. Presently she seated herself on the grass beside Tommy, a little boy with golden curls and an angelic expression. But as soon as he observed her sitting beside him Tommy set up an ear-piercing howl.

"Have you the stomach ache?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, I ain't!" snapped Tommy.

"Perhaps you would like some more cake?"

"No!" roared the angelic child. "Wot I want is my frog wot I catched!"

"Frog?"

"Yes, my frog! You're sitting on it!"—Youth's Companion.

* * *

Raising Electric Light Plants.



Setting out the bulbs.—Life.

* * *

PRINCE PINOOZILUM.

OH, little Prince Pinoozilum was very, very small, In fact, I can't compare his size with anything at all; The Princess was his sister, and was smaller far than he, And the younger prince, his brother, was impossible to see.

Oh, little Prince Pinoozilum was very, very thin, His body was no bigger than an ordinary pin; And so at first they called him "Pin," but when he had become A little larger, then they thought, and added "oozilum."

His friends did not expect too much, considering his size, For even larger princes are not always good and wise; In fact, I've often heard it said, the more some princes grow, It's startling how much worse they get, and how much less they know.

But little Prince Pinoozilum was always very good, And, really, he behaved as well as anybody could; At school in all his classes he was always at the head, While other pupils twice his size were at the foot instead.

And when he grew to be a man, Pinoozilum could speak Italian, Spanish, German, French, Hungarian, and Greek; And sums in mathematics he could quickly calculate, And do them all within his brain, and never use a slate.

So little Prince Pinoozilum, who was so very small, Should be a good example and a pattern for you all; And remember, though you're little, you can still be good and wise, For your learning and behaviour don't depend upon your size.

—Arthur Macy.

* * *

OLD MAN RAIN.

OLD Man Rain At the window pane Knocks and fumbles and raps again; His long-nailed fingers slip and strain; Old Man Rain at the window pane Knocks all night, but knocks in vain— Old Man Rain.

Old Man Rain, With battered train, Reels and shambles along the lane; His old gray whiskers drip and drain; Old Man Rain, with ragged train, Reels and staggers like one insane— Old Man Rain.

Old Man Rain Is back again, With old Mis' Wind at the window pane, Dancing there with her tattered train; Her old shawl flaps as she twirls again In the wildman reel and is torn in twain— Old Mis' Wind and Old Man Rain. —Madison Cawein, in "The Reader."

* * *

DOUBTLESS CORRECT.

Teacher: "Jimmie, correct this sentence, 'Our teacher am in sight.'" Jimmie: "Our teacher am a sight."

* * *

THE LITTLE DREAMER.

A LITTLE boy was dreaming Upon his nurse's lap, That the pins fell out of all the stars And the stars fell into his cap.

So when the dream was over, What did that little boy do? Why, he went and looked inside his cap, And found it wasn't true. —Woman's Home Companion.

* * *

TOO MUCH FISHING.

IF the American boy can go fishing three or four times a year he thinks he is having a good time of it, but an American missionary in China says that Chinese boys whose parents live near the water begin fishing when four years old and put in at least 300 days a year at it. They have to do it for a living. When the fish don't bite the boy is apt to come in for a licking. —Saturday Sunset.



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LITERARY NOTES

IN "Musson's Extension Courses," the department of "English Language and Literature" is in charge of Dr. L. E. Horning of Victoria College, whose philological qualifications for such an undertaking lead one to believe that the writer will succeed when he announces: "The purpose of this course is to try and stimulate an interest in our mother tongue, its ebb and flow, its growth and decay, its extent and future."

Dr. Horning's introduction to an historical consideration of the English language is written with a simplicity which engages the interest of the layman without the aid of terrifying terms. The writer's remarks on dialect as a source of new words and his explanation of "standard" as applied to language sound like the result of independent research rather than the echo of an "authority." This introductory chapter is a happy prelude to further dissertation on a subject of which Canadians know too little. The writer does not forget the spirit in considering the letter and concludes by reminding his readers of the personal element in language-making: "We are all creators in the field of language, unconscious it may be, but nevertheless creators; it behooves us, therefore, to have a care that we do no violence to our mother-tongue."

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THERE is a certain class of novel in which members of the excessively "smart" set rejoice, but which is unpleasant to those who still believe in the existence of decency and honour. To this class belong the productions of Bettina von Hutten whose latest novel, "The Halo," accomplishes the difficult task of outdoing her former efforts in morbid nastiness. The story introduces us to a marvellously beautiful heroine with an unsavoury maternal parent whose lover is a morphine fiend, who finally conciliates society by taking his own worthless life. The girl is a faithful copy of her delightful mamma, so far as lack of principle is concerned, and is tiresomely conceited throughout her various "affairs." There is an air of slovenly melodrama about the whole production which is fatiguing to the fastidious. Toronto: William Briggs.

* * *

THERE is plenty to deplore, says the "Argonaut," in modern literary tastes but some substantial crumbs of comfort are to be found in the report of the president of the American Library Association. He gives the following list of the novels most called for during the last six years in order of their popularity:

"Les Miserables," "Count of Monte Cristo," "Three Musketeers," "David Copperfield," "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "Tom Sawyer," "Vanity Fair," "Henry Esmond," "Last Days of Pompeii," "Diana of the Crossways," "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Romola," "Mill on the Floss," "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "Lorna Doone" and "Jane Eyre."

The San Francisco critic considers the list quite creditable and also consoling. It is true that it is surprisingly meritorious but why, oh, why is that impossible, "When Knighthood Was in Flower" ahead of "Ivanhoe" and "Lorna Doone"?

* * *

THE "Atlantic Monthly" for December contained an article on wheat by a Canadian writer, Agnes Deans Cameron, which told in a graphic fashion the story of Western fields. The January issue of the Boston magazine contains another contribution by a young Canadian. Miss Pickthall's short story, "La Tristesse," is a remarkably vivid sketch with French-Canadian background. "The Peace-Teaching of History," by J. N. Larned is a contribution which will be welcomed by those who put their trust in Conferences at the Hague. The conservatism which usually tempers the "Atlantic" is shown in Henry Lee Higginson's article, "Justice to the Corporations," which wisely remarks on present conditions:

"To-day the farmer and the planter assert their independence of banks and rely on their real riches, the crops; but they can hardly move their crops to market, because, through foolish fear, money is hard to find, and yet the money of the last month or last year is all in existence and has not been eaten up. It is simply hidden by foolish people who presently will recover their senses."

* * *

THE New York "Evening Mail" pays the following compliment to our Canadian poet, Wilfred Campbell: "Nature poet, prophet of the Anglo-Saxon race, deep in the deepest problems of our day, Campbell appeals to many tastes. He has well won the enviable place he holds among the singers of this generation. His work always has meaning and beauty; sometimes it rises very near to greatness. The lyric gift is truly his; his range of feeling and fancy is wide, the forms it takes in his artistic, sensitive hands are many and varied."

* * *

IT is a year since the Irish Literary Society of London unveiled a massive Celtic cross erected at the last resting place of Moore in Bromham churchyard, Wiltshire, England. In that rural cemetery are grouped the graves of Moore's wife and children, near the spot where the last years, troubled and sorrowful, of the Dublin poet were passed. On one of the carved panels of the great limestone cross is this inscription:

THOMAS MOORE.

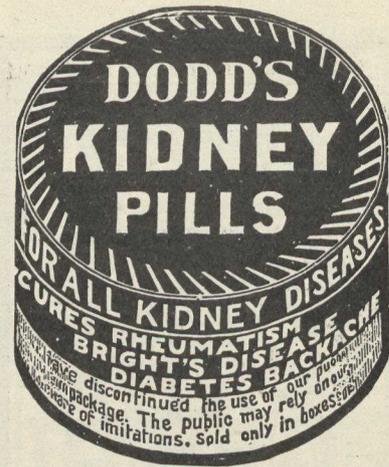
Born, 1780. Died, 1852.

Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee,
The cold charm of silence that hung o'er thee long;
When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song.

On the back of the cross is the quotation used by Byron in eulogising Moore:

The poet of all circles, and the idol of his own.

Since the unveiling of the memorial, it is said, many admirers of the poet who wrote such melodious songs have visited the quiet little Wiltshire burying-ground.



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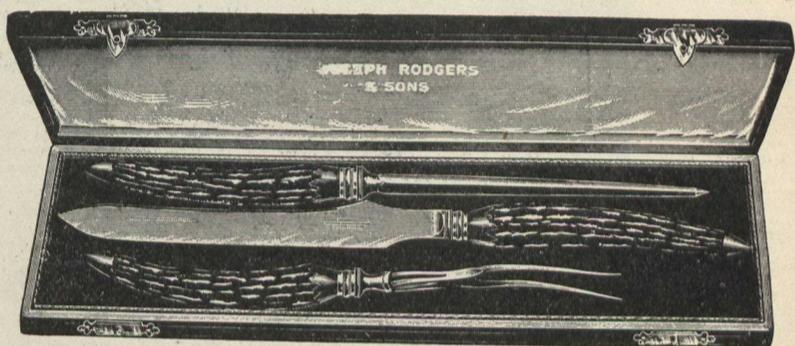
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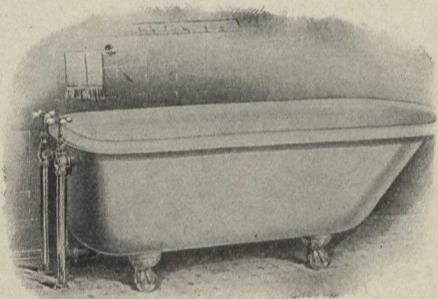
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