

The Canadian Courier

W R Haight
446 Parliament St
5064

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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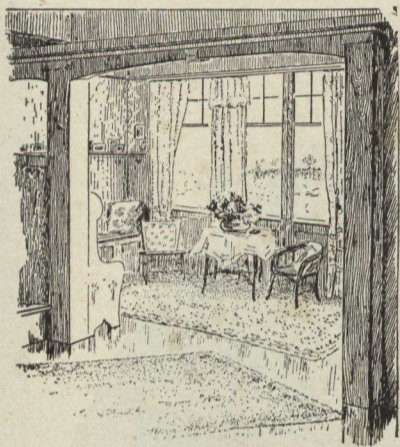
Read in
Nine
Provinces

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

The Interior Decorating Dept.

A TOUR OF INSPECTION

THE Drapery Department occupies practically the entire fourth floor of the New Building, the Carpet Department taking up the old part. We will take the various sections in order in a rapid survey of this interesting stock. x x x x



First of Silkoline Section

At 15c. a yard.
For screen filling.
Small curtains.
Secondary bedroom curtains.
Dressing Tables.
These goods will wash.

The designs may be just as good as in higher priced fabrics, but the material being of a light transparent cotton you obtain a very nice effect at trifling expense.

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Art Sateen is Close By

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Casement windows and bedroom windows often look best with sash curtains. We sell the muslin by the yard.

40 and 50 inches wide, 20c. to 40c.

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We also show grenadines and laces for sash curtains.

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4 Greens.

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Come to us when you want curtain stretchers, or anything else in connection with your windows.

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Hotel Mossop
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

JANUARY 1, 1910.—Resolved, that the Canadian Courier for 1910 will be as far in advance of that in 1909 as an energetic, aggressive policy based upon three years of experience can make it. We believe that this last year of the first decade of the twentieth century will mean more to Canadian development than any previous year. How much more depends in the last analysis, not alone upon trade and industry and railways and governments, but chief of all upon life. Of Canadian life we believe the Canadian Courier to be an exponent. Where we have failed in the exposition for 1909, we hope to make good in 1910. Therefore we extend to all our readers—A Happy New Year!

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is widely known and appreciated as the best cheese in the world. The same careful selection of the raw product—the same thorough supervision of every process of manufacture has placed our

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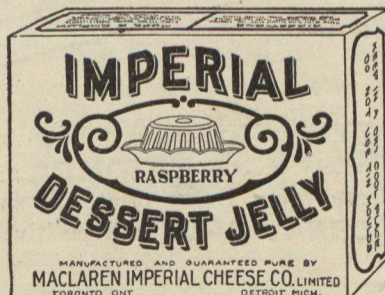
it is the first-class of pure and wholesome Imperial foods. The nuts are carefully selected, sifted and tested—the most nutritious parts only being concentrated in our Imperial Peanut Butter. A delicious and wholesome food for young and old alike.

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H. G. WILLIAMS, Manager

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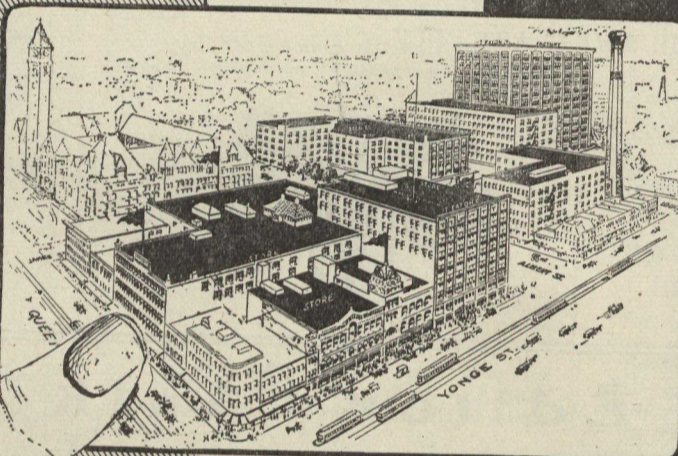
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TO-DAY

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 7

Toronto, January 1st, 1910

No. 5



REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

JANUARY, 1910, will probably be one of the memorable months in the political history of the Dominion. The question of a Canadian navy and of its relation to the Imperial Defence

Force of the Empire is to be defined once and forever. The debate should be one of the most important that has ever taken place in the House of Commons. It will probably make and unmake reputations. It will probably decide the question as to who shall be Premier of Canada when the star of Sir Wilfrid Laurier has set. It may lay the basis for the next great conflict of the parties in a general election. It will certainly be of more importance, if not of greater interest to the people of Canada, than the results of the General Election now being decided in Great Britain. It may even be as important in relation to the future of the Empire generally.



FOR one year, this question of a Canadian contribution to the British Naval Defence Force has been the chief national topic. It has occupied more editorial space and been the theme of more public speeches than any other topic. It has been discussed at greater length in political caucuses of an official and non-official character. It has given the politicians and statesmen more ground for consideration than any topic in recent years. It has rivalled, in political interest, the Manitoba School Question, the Western Autonomy Bills and the National Transcontinental. It has produced several schools of thought in unexpected proportions and on unusual lines of cleavage.

At one time it seemed as if the question would be decided easily. The Ministers who went to Great Britain to attend the unofficial conference returned with a plan which seemed satisfactory. Sir Wilfrid and his ministers proceeded to assure their followers that a satisfactory solution had been reached. Mr. Borden, leader of the Opposition, after mature consideration, decided that in the main the Government's policy of a Canadian navy, built in Canada, controlled in Canada and manned by Canadians was almost if not quite satisfactory.

Then the muttering began. Down in Quebec a certain section of people began to talk against a contribution of any kind, even a contribution which was to be spent ostensibly for home protection. In the rural constituencies of the Maritime Provinces and Ontario, the farmers began to talk of the spirit of militarism and to express regret that a portion of the revenue of Canada was to be diverted to a useless purpose. In the Middle West, a stranger development occurred. There the people began to argue for a direct money contribution to the yearly expense of the British fleet, or the Imperial Navy as they termed it for the sake of their argument. Prominent Conservatives began to contend that Mr. Borden had made the mistake of his political career in agreeing that the announced policy of the Government was satisfactory. Influenced either by a desire for political advantage, or by a genuine feeling that a direct contribution of money or ships was necessary, these leading Conservatives complained that the party's position has been prejudiced by Mr. Borden's precipitate commendation of Sir Wilfrid's position. At the present moment it would seem that while the Government's following is nearly unanimous, the Conservative camp is in confusion. When the matter comes up for decision in a fortnight, almost anything may happen. While the Liberal ship is apparently riding the seas in tranquil fashion, the Conservative ship is plainly tossed about on angry waves which indicate a possible shipwreck.



PERHAPS the most outstanding feature of the contest will be the test of leadership on both sides. When the smoke clears away and the battle is decided, General Laurier and General Borden will have greater reputations or less. Sir Wilfrid has the advantage in this respect. The leader of a party in power finds it easier to preserve

discipline than the leader of an Opposition. His lieutenants are named and are bound to him by closer ties. They are cabinet ministers with greater responsibilities to their leader than

the lieutenants of an Opposition. Sir Wilfrid, the general of the Government side of the House, will probably have his followers well in hand throughout the struggle. Very few of them will disobey orders. On the other hand, Mr. R. L. Borden will have greater difficulties in enforcing like discipline. Never having led his party to victory, he has less prestige, less firmness of touch. The leader of an Opposition, unless he is an ex-cabinet minister, has always doubters in his ranks who make cohesion and a united front a difficult matter. When prominent Conservatives, such as the Premier of Manitoba and the Premier of New Brunswick, openly doubt the wisdom of Mr. Borden's present position, he will find it difficult to keep his following at Ottawa from getting out of hand. He may overcome these difficulties and come out of the conflict more firmly seated in the Conservative leadership. Then again, there may be a different result.

While it is too early to forecast what will happen, it is not too early to indicate the seriousness of the political situation and to direct public attention to it. The drama will be interesting, whether it develops into a tragedy or a comedy.



ONE of the great questions which must shortly be decided by the Canadian people is that of canal development. It is the most pressing phase of the transportation question. The building of the National Transcontinental is progressing apace; the Canadian Northern Railway is spreading through Ontario and across British Columbia; the surveys for the Hudson's Bay Railway have been made and the building of that line practically decided upon. This eliminates the railway problem from the list of pressing questions. The deepening of the St. Lawrence canals some years ago fulfilled for a period all the pressing needs of the country so far as canals were concerned. With the development of the grain trade in the West, however, there has come a new canal problem. It has resolved itself practically into the question, "Shall the Government build the Georgian Bay Canal or shall it build a new and deeper Welland Canal?"

This canal problem will be discussed at greater length in next week's issue. In the meantime it may be said that both projects have their enthusiastic supporters and advocates. It is announced from London that Sir Robert Perks has abandoned his candidature in a British constituency and is coming to Canada to devote his time to the advocacy of the Georgian Bay Canal. He will be supported in his campaign by a number of contractors all anxious to see the Dominion Government enter upon another spending campaign similar to the National Transcontinental. He will also be supported by a large number of people in Ottawa and Montreal who believe that the Georgian Bay Canal would be a tremendous aid to the development of the district lying between Lake Nipissing and the Port of Montreal.

Sir Robert will not, however, have it all his own way. There are those who believe the Georgian Bay project to be too heavy an undertaking in this stage of our development. They will argue that it will be better to spend twenty-five million dollars on a new Welland Canal than one hundred and fifty million dollars on a Georgian Bay Canal. They will claim that the success of a new Welland Canal with seven locks instead of twenty-four is absolutely certain and that the practicability of the Georgian Bay Canal via Lake Nipissing to the Ottawa River, is problematical. The steamship interests will be divided, while the railways will probably oppose both proposals. A great mass of statistics and detailed information will be laid before the public for their consideration.

Canada, just as much a private business corporation, should not

enter upon any large undertaking without fully considering all the circumstances in connection with it. Optimism is essential; so is a progressive spirit. "Going it blind" is bad business.

MUNICIPAL elections were held last week throughout the western provinces and similar elections will be held next week throughout Ontario. A large number of new men will come into the municipal arena to receive their first practical lessons in self-government. Canada has as fine a municipal system as any country in the world. This system varies in different provinces, but the important features are identical. There can be no doubt that much of this country's success may be accounted for by this municipal system and by the training which leading citizens receive from participation therein.

Municipal administration brings a man fame of a local character. If he shows special aptitude for public administration in his township, village, town or city, he is likely to be singled out for legislative or parliamentary honours. In the municipality he learns the A B C's both of politics and public administration. While municipal duties are important in themselves they are usually but the stepping-stone to broader fields of public usefulness.

It is not every municipal administrator who can go higher. Nevertheless, every citizen with an ambition to serve his fellowmen can not do better than seek a place in a municipal administration. It will teach him lessons which will be enormously beneficial to him personally and which will considerably widen his view of public affairs. When he ceases to be a municipal administrator he will be a better citizen and wield a stronger influence in all public discussions and all political campaigns.

Further, greater business ability and a higher quality of administration are now required in municipal government. Municipal ownership of waterworks, gas plants, electric lighting, and street railways have enlarged the field of the municipal administrator. If municipal ownership is to succeed, the municipal administrator must be a man of broader education, greater experience and wider outlook than his predecessor of half a century ago. The complexity of modern industrial and commercial life extends as surely to municipal government as to any portion of human activity.

A RECENT despatch from Washington shows how close are the commercial relations between the United States and the British Empire. For the first ten months of 1909, the total foreign trade of the United States amounted to two billion, five hundred million dollars, and of this forty per cent. was with British countries.

Among these British countries, Canada stands second to Great Britain as a market for United States goods. During these ten months, the United States sold us goods to the value of \$154,500,000 as against \$128,000,000 in the same period of 1908. This explains President Taft's conciliatory message, and the semi-official announcement that there would be no tariff war between the two countries.

A PARENTLY neither the citizens of Montreal nor the City Council of that metropolis are prepared to accept Judge Cannon's report. One day last week the real estate owners were asked to vote on a by-law as to whether the Corporation should establish a municipal lighting-plant at a cost of two million dollars. The by-law was fathered by men who had been prominent in civic affairs during the past three or four years and who were more or less criticised by the report of the Commissioner who investigated the civic affairs. It would naturally be supposed that owing to the severe nature of Judge Cannon's finding, any proposition emanating from these gentlemen would have been voted down. Twenty thousand owners of property were entitled to vote, but only 2,855 took sufficient interest in the question to go to the polls and mark their ballots. Of these 1,610 voted for the by-law, and 1,245 against. From this one of two conclusions must be drawn. We must either assume that the people of Montreal are not interested in the government of their own city or that they do not believe in the finding which Judge Cannon presented.

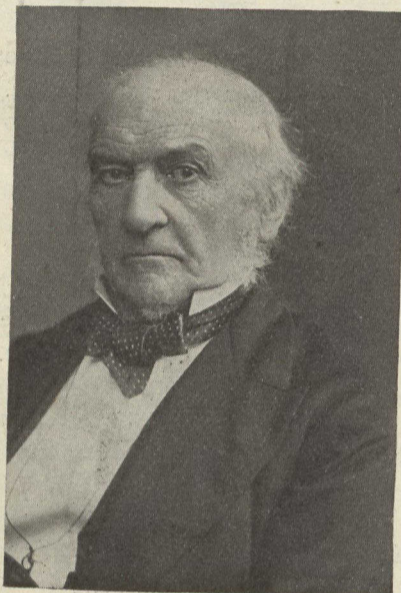
The interviews with the aldermen which have appeared in the newspapers since Judge Cannon's report, certainly indicate that a majority of the aldermen will decline to accept the Judge's findings. They claim that his assertion that a million dollars a year is wasted by carelessness and chicanery is not true. They are apparently determined to return the Judge's report to the Attorney-General of the province, by whom the Commissioner was appointed. They are also

apparently determined to go before the electors next month and try to secure a verdict which will be antagonistic to the Judge's finding. If the vote last week is any criterion of what will happen in February, the so-called "grafters" and "plunderers" will be returned to power.

Without expressing an opinion as to whether Judge Cannon's verdict is correct or not, there is sufficient evidence to indicate to the country at large that Montreal's municipal government is in need of a shaking-up. The good business men of Montreal are either asleep or so engrossed in their private affairs that they have not time to spare for the welfare of their city. This charge is more or less true as regards the business men of all large Canadian cities, but nowhere is there such apathy as in the City of Montreal.

GLADSTONE AND PENNY NEWSPAPERS

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, publicist and litterateur, was born on December 29th, 1809. That fact has caused much to be written about him during the past week and no feature is more interesting than the account of his fight with the House of Lords over penny newspapers. The features of this contest bear an



William Gladstone.

intimate relation to the present struggle between the Commons and the Lords now being fought out, with other issues, in a general election.

By a law of the year 1836, there was an inland revenue tax of a penny on every copy of a newspaper printed in Great Britain and an additional tax of sixpence on every advertisement in the paper. The distinct and avowed purpose of the taxation, says Justin McCarthy, was to prevent the issue of cheap newspapers. "It was the creed of many that cheap newspapers meant the establishment of a daily propaganda of socialism, communism, red republicanism, blasphemy, bad spelling, and general immorality." In spite of the tax, penny newspapers had come into existence in Liverpool, Mr. Gladstone's birthplace, in London, and other cities. The

struggle to pay the tax and also the expenses of publishing was terrific. The older papers sold at sixpence and naturally they opposed the "cheap uns." The manufacturers of paper, strangely enough, were also opposed to the newcomers, being unable to foresee the great growth of their industry.

Mr. Gladstone became the champion of the penny rag, and in 1860 brought in a bill to abolish the paper duties. The second reading was carried by a majority of fifty-three; the third reading by nine. This gave courage to the opponents in the House of Lords and when the bill was sent up to them, it was promptly rejected. Mr. Gladstone was highly incensed—and one of Mr. Gladstone's qualities was his ability to grow mightily indignant when his measures were rejected. He and Mr. Bright maintained that since the House of Lords could not initiate a tax, they had no power to reimpose a tax which the House of Commons had removed. It was argued in return that the Lords could modify any scheme of taxation, even if they could not initiate one. The question was fought out before the public between sessions, and the bill re-introduced in the following year. The Lords attempted no further opposition and the measure became law. It is said that Lord Palmerston sent a message to the Lords that the rejection of Mr. Gladstone's scheme was a very good joke for once, but they really must not try it a second time. The Lords followed this advice, if it ever were really given, and cheap newspapers became possible. To-day after fifty years of experience and mechanical improvements, only one daily newspaper in Great Britain sells for more than a penny, and many of them sell for a half-penny. Socialistic teaching has come, but more through other sources than the penny rag.

When Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister for the fourth time he again came into conflict with the House of Lords. In February, 1893, he introduced his Irish Home Rule Bill, which the Commons had previously rejected. The opposition to it was tremendous and it was not until September that it was safely passed on to the House of Lords. The Upper House disposed of it promptly, killing it by a majority of more than ten to one. On this event Mr. Justin McCarthy has passed a curious remark, pregnant with application to the present situation. "Mr. Gladstone might, on the whole, have been content. The peers reject every great reform measure which comes before them for the first time. They never resist long. They yield when they see that public opinion is determined." This may be taken either as a compliment or an adverse criticism, according to the view of the reader. However, Mr. Gladstone never forced the second conflict over this bill. He never sent it to the House of Lords for the second and happy occasion. In the following year he retired from active politics, leaving the House of Lords triumphant and Ireland tied to the chariot-wheels of Great Britain.

MEN OF TO-DAY

The New First Sea Lord

ADMIRAL SIR ARTHUR KNYVETT WILSON is slated as the new head of the British Navy. He succeeds Sir John Fisher, who has become known to most Canadians of late chiefly because he was on one end of the navy "teeter" with Lord Charles Beresford on the other. Lord Charles spoke his mind pretty freely about the navy while he was in Canada last year. Nobody doubted his meaning. Nobody doubted that something has been wrong with the navy even since William T. Stead quit reforming it. Everybody seemed to understand that Lord Charles was a straight, two-power standard exponent and a believer in decentralisation. Both he and Sir John Fisher were agreed upon the duty of the colonies to provide either ships or money. Lord Charles heartily endorsed the Canadian Government's anti-Dreadnaught scheme, providing for a contribution of ships for Canadian waters in the interests of the Empire abroad, rather than money voted to build Dreadnaughts for use in British or any other waters for the sake of the Empire at home.

* * *

Sea Dogs that do not Bark

NOW Sir John Fisher retires in the wake of Lord Beresford and Sir Arthur Wilson is announced to take his place. Sir John is nearly seventy, Sir Arthur is sixty-eight. What an age those sea-dogs are! At a time in life when the average Canadian begins to think about handing over the business to his son and once in a while being driven in a coupe to the office, Sir Arthur Wilson heaves in sight with the grizzle of sixty-eight years, but never an ache or a tremor, to take charge of the greatest fighting-machine the world has ever seen. He will probably contribute five or six years of his vast experience as commander-in-chief of the navy, and retire to make room for some other veteran who has been pounding round the world and "slambangin' home again" without even his name being known outside of Great Britain, and to but a fraction of the people in all that tight little island. So marvelously does the navy produce her leaders, unadvertised, unblazoned and for aught we usually know unheroic, till we read somewhere of the deeds one did forty or fifty years ago on the face of one of the seven seas. Which is rather different to the way great sea-dogs are made to bark in other countries. Merely to read the abbreviated list of fleets commanded by Sir John Fisher seems like a chapter from a gazette.

* * *

"The Silent Man"

SIR ARTHUR WILSON has had a very similar experience. He is known as "the silent man." Certainly we have never heard of a thing he has ever said, for rumour has it that once upon a time his second in command said to a midshipman: "You have just come from the flagship; do you know when the fleet is to go to sea?" So taciturn a man is the Admiral that for years he has been known to the blue jackets as "Old 'ard 'eart." Once it was reported that he was going to be married—a similar joke to that which was visited upon Lord Kitchener a couple of years ago. "'E married?" said a bluejacket. "'W'y 'e'd a sight sooner 'ug a torpedo."

However that be, Sir Arthur succeeds to Sir John—not for the first time; for he succeeded Sir John Fisher in 1897, when the latter left the admiralty to hoist his flag as commander-in-chief on the North American Station. In that year Sir Arthur became controller of the navy at home. Four years later he was afloat again in command of the Channel fleet. At that time he was not recognised as a master of naval tactics—and that is but eight years ago, when he was sixty years of age.

* * *

Over the Seven Seas

BUT back of all that—what an experience! Away back in the days of the Crimean War young Wilson was in the navy, and he served in the Black Sea. When the Chinese War broke out in 1865 he was in it, over in the China Sea, where the Yang-tse-Kiang tumbles to the music of the Hoangho. At the time of the Egyptian imbroglio in 1882 he saw service along the north coast of Africa; and when the Soudan affair broke out in 1884 he met the Fuzzy-Wuzzies,

some of them with his fists. He was then a Captain. In 1895 he was made Rear-Admiral; in 1901, Vice-Admiral, after his retirement from the Comptrollership being put in command of the Channel fleet.

Here and there glimpses occur of this silent, useful man; one, for instance, from the Soudan: "At Tamai," says a writer, "he was known for a feat of berserk valour in the broken square." An eye-witness thus describes it: "I saw Wilson with his usual smile, knocking over the Fuzzies with his fists, enjoying himself in his quiet way." And as readers of Kipling know, a Fuzzy-Wuzzy in the Soudan was regarded as the worst thing a British regiment ever undertook to wollop.

The same writer goes on to sum up the character of the first sea lord of the Admiralty thus: "The typical 'strong, silent man in a blatant land,' Sir Arthur Wilson, if he goes to Whitehall, is destined to give the navy peace. No doubt a great part of the unrest of the past few years has been inseparable from a period of necessary change, though it has been aggravated in a wholly unjustifiable way. It will be Sir Arthur's task to sound the 'Still.' If he initiates nothing fresh, he will consolidate the great work of his predecessor, and he will make the heavy hand of discipline felt throughout the service. Recollecting more recent valedictions, it is instructive to recall that when Admiral Wilson hauled down his flag after six years' consecutive command, he made a signal to his fleet to the effect that discipline

would be best maintained if there were no demonstration when he quitted his flagship. That spirit will be maintained, I fancy if he becomes first sea lord. The man will be sunk in the service, be he whom he may.

"He is 68, but a man of abounding vigour, absolutely fearless of responsibility, chary of praise, but never known to lose his temper; tireless in work; a man difficult to know, but nevertheless, one who attracts the affection as well as the respect of his subordinates."

* * *

The Apostle of "Tubes."

THE most outstanding candidate for the Mayoralty of Toronto in 1910 is Mr.

H. C. Hocken, who is an example of persistency and conviction rather hard to surpass. Mr. Hocken is the smallest man in physical stature that ever ran for so high an office in Toronto. He is also one of the most pugnaciously aggressive men that ever lived. There is much about Mr. Hocken to admire. He has no lack of courage and has the record of a diligent, constructive career, dating back to the day when he was a printer at the case, particularly on the old Toronto News, of which he was foreman at the time the "labour" split in the News ranks gave origin to the Toronto Star. He was editor of the News just before its reorganisation seven years ago. At that time he went to St. Thomas and became editor of the Journal in that city. Two years of that and he was back in Toronto as editorial writer on the News. He took a strong interest in civic affairs and was always much in evidence at the City Hall. When he retired from the News and purchased the Orange Sentinel he got control of a medium through which he was able to wield considerable influence. His elevation to a controllership in Toronto two years ago was rather unique, as the promotion of a man who had no preliminary experience as an alderman. Since that time he has been untiringly aggressive in his efforts to get what he thinks the people need by way of extended street traffic accommodation. He is now committed to the policy of "tubes." Whether that propaganda to provide underground transit for the citizens of Toronto gets him the Mayoralty or not remains to be seen. If it should, and should the people register their plebiscite in favour of the scheme, it will be a long, hard reach from that to the passage of a by-law empowering the corporation to provide "tubes" that run right through the pockets of the people. However, Mr. Hocken is politic enough to know that any campaign which appeals more or less vaguely to sentiment, even when limited to expediency, is a good way to advertise.

It is sometimes complained that in a city so large as Montreal and Toronto so few of the leading business men or manufacturers offer themselves as candidates for the chief magistracy. Perhaps the reason is that the public attach so little importance to the office that they decline to pay a salary that makes it worth the while of any leading business man to devote his whole time to the work. Civic management is just as much a matter for experts as the conduct of a business, and often requires a far greater degree of ability, wedded to public spirit.



Sir Arthur Knyvett Wilson, who is slated to succeed Sir John Fisher as the first sea-lord, commander-in-chief of the British Navy.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

SOME OBSERVATIONS IN SPAIN.

SOME time ago, we had Lord Northcliffe comparing the Inter-colonial with the Spanish railways. His Lordship had no intention of being complimentary; and, for a man in a hurry, the Spanish railways might seem a trifle leisurely. But who is in a hurry in Spain? Certainly not the visiting tourist, if he has really gone to see the country and not merely to make a record of ten towns in ten days—collecting hotel labels and distributing picture post cards. Spain is a land which repays slow travel. In parts, it is magnificently mountainous. In others, the rich "vega" pleases the eye like an English rural landscape. You run through orange and lemon groves for hours; and other hours are spent amidst the silver grey of the olive. The funeral plumes of the cypress rise in silent grace by the banks and swift, dark rivers. Cactus hedges line the track, and here and there rise the tall frouds of the palm. Who could be in a hurry through such a garden? Then the bare, grey hills with their incredible gorges and the "saw" of their sierras cutting the sky-line, are equally arresting. At the stations the halts are often long, but never dull. The peasants cluster about in typical groups—the men with broad hat brims, brilliant sashes, and handkerchiefs tied about their heads; the women, dark-eyed, often with singular regularity of feature and roses in their night-black hair. I don't believe that even Lord Northcliffe would want to hurry.

* * *

THEN they have a checking system in Spain for your baggage.

You may have noticed the lack of one in England. True, it is not adapted to catching a train in ten seconds, but it rids you of the responsibility of watching your baggage. It is well to arrive at the station a little early when you have a suit case or two to register; for it is quite a business. You get a porter to carry your things into the baggage-room, and then he proceeds to try to worry the baggage-master into taking some notice of them. But usually that official is very busy registering other baggage. Finally, however, he delegates a subordinate to weigh your bags and look at your tickets. This is most carefully done and the result reported to the chief. Next he satisfies himself that your bags are locked. He does this by unstrapping them and snapping all the fastenings open, and then pulling away at the locks. The first time I saw this done to my bags, I did not understand it; and, leaping over the barrier, I demanded in excellent English what he wanted to open my baggage for when I was going away from his town; and at the same time offered my keys as a simpler method of breaking into the bags. He waved my keys aside, ignored my question and hurried off to plunge into the clerical part of this intricate business.

* * *

THIS consists in first making out labels which are pasted onto your bags; and then preparing a receipt for them which states how many pieces you have, what your ticket is like, where you are going

and sundry other pertinent facts. This, I think, is made out in duplicate, one copy being given to you and the other preserved in the archives of the railway. This sounds complicated and it gives you time to become familiar with the baggage-room; but when it is done, your baggage is checked—something Lord Northcliffe could not get done in his own country for love or money. All this time, the porter has been energetically devoting himself to forwarding the process, chiefly by shouting at the baggage-master and alarming you by glancing apprehensively at the clock. When it is done, he seizes the rest of your *impedimenta* and rushes off to find you a seat in the train. There he lifts your things into the racks over-head, and sees you comfortably settled. You might fear by now that you owed him so much for his many and arduous services that they would be for nothing, as you would have to go home, all your money having been given to the porter; but if you bestow a big penny on him, he will be graciously thankful; and if you make it three cents, he will throw in a smile worth ten times the money.

* * *

AN English cabman at Gibraltar advised me to go to Malaga by boat in order to escape the hardships of the Spanish railway thither. He said that the line would be all right as far as Bobadilla, for an English company ran it to that point; but that beyond Bobadilla it was Spanish. No other adjective was needed; that was damning enough to his mind. He was of the Northcliffe School. But he was wrong. There is no slump in the line or its rolling stock after Bobadilla. The train to Malaga was quite as good as that from Algeciras; and the train back from Malaga was much better. The "train de luxe"—i. e., express train—from Seville to Madrid is a first-class train judged by any standard; and it runs on time. The day coaches are much better adapted to day travel than ours are, and are much more frequently used for that purpose. The sleeping cars are built with an aisle down the side off which the "cabins" open. In fact, they are the regular Continental International "waggons-lit." As for speed, this express train does 274 miles in ten hours over a road that negotiates mountain ranges and is full of curves and grades. On the whole, it looks as if the English cabman and the English editor might have been a trifle hasty.

* * *

OF course, a man can get a lot of material for cheap and easy criticism of the Spanish railways if he does not speak the language and tries to work them without knowing the ropes. He will try to do everything the wrong way and he will not understand when he is courteously put right. That reminds me of the English gentleman who was travelling in Canada with a large family and many trunks. An assiduous railway representative who was looking after his party checked his baggage for him, and gave him the checks. As the train jogged along that night, the said railway representative was surprised to find pieces of torn baggage checks in the corridor of the car. By piecing them together, he found out that they belonged to the gentleman with the large family and the "much luggage." "Oh, yes," said that gentleman when asked, "that's all right. I went into the luggage van with my little bits of paper and checked all the pieces off. They are all there, all right; so I threw away the checks." Now if that gentleman had not understood the language of the country and had not been in such good hands, he might have had some trouble and had some criticisms to offer of one of the best railways in Canada.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



His Majesty King Edward, photographed while shooting over his preserves at Sandringham; accompanied by his corps of attendants.—Illustrated London News.



General view of Nelson, B.C., which was an out-of-way trading post in the days of the mining development that brought Silver King and Le Roi into the world's markets.

THE ROMANCE OF TWO GREAT MINES

Both are in the Museum now, but heaped up riches for Canadians and Spokaners last century.

By EDGAR WILLIAM DYNES

THE recent re-opening of the Silver King mine in the Kootenay district of Southern British Columbia recalls to mind the early days in this famous mineral camp, which, in the palmy days made no small number of millionaires and put several wild-cat promoters on easy street for all time. It recalls the old days—the good old days, there are still some of the old timers who will say—the days when you could sell a wild-cat mine for a king's ransom and the backwoods barber would lop off your whiskers for a simple matter of fifty cents. It brings back to memory the stirring period when sky pilots were as rare as white clouds on the day before the flood while the devotees of the green tables were as thick as a swarm of angry bees on the swaying branch of a green sapling. It springs a searchlight on an era when money was flush—too easily got to save.

But it also recalls the story of the finding of the mine itself. It brings to light of how that a delver of the hills found some peacock float of which he did not know the value and thereby lost a fortune, and although he travelled the hills for twenty-and-two years longer, before he turned up his toes, he never found the like of the peacock float again. It tells of how a disheartened prospector came to the conclusion that it was easier to delve into the pockets, and to work on the sympathies of some easy marks down in Colville, Washington, than to drill into the heart of the hills for the hidden treasures stored there; and then by way of getting out of a nasty predicament he aspired to membership in the Ananias Society.

In the summer of 1886, Nelson Demers, Melt Oakes and Frank Emmett, of Colville, left the Salmon River on what they purposed to be a long prospecting trip. They had a few good cayuses, a good supply of bacon, beans and coffee, and were fully equipped for a long siege of mountain life. One day, after being some six weeks together, Demers picked up some float, peacock in colour, to throw at a passing gopher, and, utterly unconscious of the fact that he held in his hand what might lead to fame and fortune, he passed on. That night there was a quarrel between Emmett and Oakes, with the result that Emmett divorced himself at once, and went "skidoo," taking the horses with him. This resulted in Demers and Oakes having to go back to their cache on the Salmon River for supplies and some few weeks later they returned to Colville.

They found the historic old town in a state of great excitement. Emmett had come in the day before, reporting that his party had left him, and that in a short while he had panned forty dollars out

of a creek on the British Columbia side of the line. Although he had not displayed any gold, he had been successful in borrowing some money on the strength of it and had left town.

Soon afterward, a man named Hall and a party of eleven men, thinking that there might be some truth in the placer find story, set out from Colville with fourteen horses and a good supply of provisions, bound for the Kootenay country.

After getting well up into the northern territory, they came upon some very rugged country, and one morning nine of them took their blankets on their backs and piked off into the hills, leaving Hall and one of the party named White to look after the horses. The animals strayed away some distance and in looking for them Hall and White stumbled on the lead of the Silver King, not two hundred yards from the spot where Demers had picked up the peacock float a month before.

However, the lucky prospectors did not as yet know the value of their find. When they returned to Colville, a fake grafting assayer, who wanted to get his finger in the pie, gave returns of twenty ounces in silver instead of almost five hundred as it really was. A little while later, another assayer, Jack Cobaugh, got his hands on a piece of the ore and, in return for the information that it ran four hundred and eighty-five ounces in silver, he was given a twenty-sixth interest in the claim. He afterwards sold his interest for \$25,000 and blew it in quickly on delusions of various kinds and forms which sprang up and flourished in the wake-me-up-life of the little town of Nelson which grew up on the shore of Kootenay Lake, only a few short miles from the mine. Nelson Demers knowledge that he was once close to a fortune.

The news of the discovery soon spread and in

the following year, Cook and Fox, of Colville, set out for the vicinity of the new bonanza. They located some valuable ground in close proximity to the first find, but to a second party which came later fell the honour of naming the mountain.

One of this party named Thompson was writing the notice on the discovery post of a new location when he called to his partner:

"What shall we call this mountain?"

As he spoke, a large warty toad hopped out from beneath a half-rotten log and his partner answered:

"Look at that toad! Call it Toad Mountain!"—and Toad Mountain it remains to this day. The locators of the Silver King had christened it Mineral Mountain, but the baptism without water has stuck.

The Silver King people began development of their property immediately and some very rich ore was taken out. The first shipment of twenty tons, which had to be sent out by pack train—a very expensive method of transportation—netted the fortunate owners over \$8,000. The mine began to attract unusual attention and many splendid offers to purchase were turned down, one genuine bid of \$300,000 being refused, and all went well for a time.

A little later some men from Victoria made their appearance and jumped the claim. There had been some technical irregularity and the owners, not being very well versed in the mineral laws, did not know what to do. However, just at this time a wealthy Englishman named Atkins happened along, and he offered to fight the claim jumpers and also spend twenty-five thousand dollars in development work in return for a half interest. This was agreed to and the mine was saved. Indeed, it has been authoritatively stated that it has added over ten million dollars to the world's wealth since the day when fourteen "cultus" cayuses wandered to the top of Toad Mountain to find better pasturage than the valley ground afforded.

But, as sometimes happens in the mining world, the lead finally pinched, and some three or four years ago the mine was closed. Lately, however, a development syndicate have taken a long lease on the old mine. They are shipping ore regularly and report that the returns are most satisfactory, so that the bonanza of the early days, and around which so much romance swings, appears to be entering on a new lease of life.

The story of the finding of the Le Roi mine at Rossland is not one whit less suggestive of the way that mining lifts some men from poverty to affluence. It sold for \$12.50 in 1890 and nine years later was rated on the great mining exchanges of the world for eight million dollars of honest



Silver King, as it appeared in the early days, about 1890. The mine was located in 1886.



A near view of the Le Roi Mine which in 1890 sold for \$12.50, and nine years later was rated in the mining exchanges at \$8,000,000.

American money. It is a tale of miner's luck—the greatest kind of luck—backed by long nerve, daring plunges and dogged perseverance.

In 1890, four years after the finding of the Silver King, Joe Morris, an old prospector, and Joe Bouregeois, a dapper little Frenchman who had panned the gold out of the pay dirt on many a creek but who knew nothing about the quartz proposition, were sent in to do some assessment work on a small property near what is to-day the hustling little mining city of Rossland.

Their supplies ran low and Bouregeois went over the mountains to the then out of the way trading post of Nelson for more bacon and powder, leaving Morris alone. Time grew heavy on the hands of the latter and one afternoon when the haze of the hot summer afternoon was everywhere, and having absolutely nothing to do, he began to make some explorations. Before the sun had again gone down to rest behind the western hills he discovered the bold iron outcroppings of several strong veins which have long since made the Red Mountain city famous all over the world.

He located five claims, the Le Roi, the War Eagle, the Centre Star, the Idaho and the Virginia. Some of these properties have of late years passed into the hands of close corporations but as early as ten years ago they were rated on the exchanges of London, Montreal and Toronto at an aggregate valuation of more than fifteen million dollars.

Bouregeois was a much surprised man when he returned from Nelson, but with the opportunity to make millions in their grasp, the two lonely prospectors were poor men—so poor they could hardly rustle a grub stake. Bouregeois with a scant outfit again tramped over the lonely mountains to Nelson and showed his samples to the local assayer but received faint encouragement.

"Iron pyrites," said the local expert; "what does it assay?"

"Ten dollars in gold, five per cent. in copper and a trace of silver."

"That's a devil of a bad showing, Bushway. Better drop it."

But the little Frenchman kept up heart and finally ran up against E. S. Topping, who had been mining recorder but was now running a small store. He questioned Bouregeois closely and found that the only assay was from the Virginia. He reasoned that the others might do better and that the veins were big.

The result was that Bouregeois and Topping struck a dicker. Topping agreed to pay the location fees of each of the five claims and in return was to have one of the claims. The pity of it! A mountain of wealth for the price of a cheap ready-made suit!

Bouregeois returned to the claims and after going to work, he and Morris found clean ore above the fir roots. Topping followed soon after and made some crude assays which gave more encouraging returns and the three—Topping, Bouregeois and Morris—gathered around their lonely camp fire, clenched their teeth, set their jaws and resolved to stay with it. After carefully looking over the properties, Topping chose the Le Roi claim for his share.

Late in the fall Topping made a trip to Colville where he met a Spokane lawyer named Foster who was trying a lawsuit. He succeeded in interesting Foster in the property; in fact the lawyer was so impressed with the story the man of the hills told that he urged Topping to go with him to Spokane and lay the whole matter before his associates. This Topping did, with the result that a syndicate was formed to take a bond on the property. Prominent among the members of this syndicate were George Turner, late Senator from Washington, and Col. I. N. Peyton.

This syndicate took an option on sixteen-thirtieths of the claim for \$16,000, the option to run until June the first of the following year. They also obligated themselves to make the rock and dirt fly to the extent of three thousand dollars. The option was taken up before it ran out and in the meantime Col. Peyton bought out the remaining fourteen-thirtieths, and the entire ownership of the mine was transferred to Spokane. A little later Morris and Bouregeois disposed of their interests to very good advantage as well.

But with the Le Roi property, it was now that the real struggle began. With great perseverance and the spirit which makes things go, the Spokane owners began to develop a great mine out of a prospect. There were many obstacles to overcome and many days when the lamp of hope burned down to the flickering point. On one occasion the mine was only saved from a sheriff's sale by the timely disposal of some treasury stock which Col. Peyton was successful in placing in Danville, Illinois.

By the spring of 1895 it was apparent that the Le Roi was a paying mine. Under the management of Col. Peyton, profits from ore shipments more than met cost of development and the balance began to come out on the right side of the ledger. In 1896 the first dividend was declared and after that dividends of from \$25,000 to \$50,000 came regularly.

The large dividends began to attract wide attention and experts came from far and near to make an examination. Among them was the Hon. Chas. H. McIntosh, at that time Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories, who having occasion to visit London some time afterward, brought it to the attention of some friends and associates—men who had millions at their back.

The result was the organisation of the British America Corporation with five million dollars capital and its purchase in 1898 of a majority of the stock of the Le Roi at six dollars per share or an equivalent of three million dollars for the entire mine. Subsequently, the English company purchased the remainder of the stock at eight dollars per share or the equivalent of four million dollars



How the prospector packed in supplies to Silver King in the early days.

for the mine. As the deal progressed millions of dollars were transferred from the ancient vaults of old London to the banking houses of the energetic, go-ahead, western city of Spokane. On one occasion Governor McIntosh drew his check for \$1,072,054 in part payment.

While addressing a public meeting in Spokane last summer, Mayor Moore took occasion to remark that the successful culmination of this gigantic deal had laid the foundation for a large part of the prosperity which Spokane now enjoys. At that time the injurious effects of the panic of '93 were still visible, and not a few of Spokane's big men had gone under while others were on the brink. But with the coming of several million dollars into the hands of Spokane men, and being re-invested there, it started an era of prosperity in the Falls city which has continued unabated.

Spokane men have figured to advantage in many other mining deals in southern British Columbia, and thus it happens that on Cannon Hill, the Falls City's high class residential quarter, and where stand the stately homes of a score or more of mining millionaires, I counted the abiding place of eleven who had found the foundation of their fortune in the turn of a miner's luck in the rich Kootenay country.

Appreciate the Engineer

THERE is a pretty general opinion in Canada that the people owe more to the politicians than to anybody else, a great deal to the railways, much to the manufacturer, incidentally a little to the farmer and whatever happens to be left over to the professional man of one kind or another. Over in England just now the politician comes in for abuse, the landlords are looked upon with disfavour, the clergy are sometimes mistrusted, and nobody seems to know precisely whose business it is to save the situation.

A writer in *Engineering* discovers that when all is said and done the humble engineer deserves more consideration at the hands of the public. He says: "It is not so long since the third-class passenger travelled at 20 miles an hour in a wooden box that stopped at every station, and was often shunted for half an hour to let a mail-train pass. Now he sits on a cushioned seat and dines well, flying from London to Liverpool without a stop at 54 miles an hour; yet he will often grumble if there should be a 'signal stop'; or if a gale should make the train ten minutes late. His whole attitude toward the railway, which is from beginning to end the product of engineering, is one of dissatisfaction, and that in spite of the fact that travel becomes more rapid and more comfortable year by year.

"Again, one would have thought that the engineer would, at least, have gained some little esteem for what he has done in the way of cheapening and improving food, for that appeals to the intellectual and unintellectual alike. He has halved the cost of bread and improved the quality; he has rendered meat the poor man's daily food, instead of, as formerly, a weekly or monthly treat; he has given us fresh fruit and vegetables all the year round, and has brought to our shores new varieties of food which before could only be enjoyed by those who travelled over the world. Yet one never hears any mention of the engineer in connection with the subject of food. . . . In the matter of clothing and household fabrics the work of the engineer is supreme, and it is wonderful that our womankind have not united to raise a monument to Hargreaves, who delivered them from the thralldom of the spinning-wheel, and to Howe, who, by the sewing-machine, enabled them to increase the elaboration of their dress by 200 per cent."

THE GREAT TUNNEL

By NORMAN T. FARR

THE greatest sub-fluvial railway tunnel in America is now practically completed between the town of Windsor, Ont., and the city of Detroit. This makes the second tunnel of that kind along the river system of the great lakes between Canada and the United States. It is several years now since the Grand Trunk tunnel designed by Mr. Joseph Hobson, the eminent Canadian engineer, was opened for traffic under the St. Clair River between Sarnia, Ont., and Port Huron, Mich. But there have always been more reasons why a tunnel should be opened under the Detroit River, over which passes a far greater volume of railway traffic than goes across the St. Clair. Four railways crossing Ontario converge at Detroit; the Michigan Central by whom the great tunnel has been undertaken; the Grand Trunk, the Canadian Pacific and the Pere Marquette. Since the Michigan Central, with its old "Canada Southern" short-cut division began to link Canada and the United States the car-ferry has been the only system of transporting trains from one country to the other across the Detroit River. The traffic has grown to such enormous proportions that the car-ferries have great difficulty in handling it, especially in winter when the ice is coming down. Five or six years ago when the congestion began to be acute, there was talk about the possibility of a huge bridge from Amherstburg, Ont., by means of islands in the Detroit River to the Michigan side. But the bridge project was abandoned because it would interfere with the system of water-bound traffic, which operates north and south in even greater volume for seven months of the year than the cross traffic on the railways.

Three years and a half ago the Michigan Central railway decided to construct a tunnel which should not only serve to carry M. C. R. traffic, but should also be available for other railways desiring to use it. At an approximate cost of \$10,000,000, the tunnel is now being completed. It is planned to formerly open the tunnel for traffic in March, 1910.

Final details of the gigantic, yet unique, engineering undertaking are now being carried out. The tunnel itself is finished, so far as construction is concerned, and when the contractors turn over the completed work the railway company will have as its property, a tunnel as fine as anything of its kind in the world.

The completion of the work means much to the travelling public of both Canada and the United States, saving, as it does, a big loss of time in service. At present all the railroads, which have as their terminals, the cities of Windsor and Detroit, use the picturesque old side-wheel car boats in transporting cars across the border line, formed by the Detroit River. When the tunnel is opened for traffic the car ferry service will be eliminated, for the greater part. The old process requires almost an hour's time.

Work on the tunnel construction was started in August, 1906, and its prospective completion in the comparatively short space of time, of little more than three years and a half, is regarded as an engineering triumph. The labour was greatly facilitated by the very little excavation work found necessary on the submarine portion. Instead of boring the tubes under the river bed a trench was dredged, into which were sunk eleven huge twin-tube sections constructed of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch armour plate steel and concrete, ten of which are

260 feet long. These tubes were constructed on land, made waterproof at their ends, and then towed into the river where they were filled with water and sunk, end to end, so as to form a line from one side of the river to the other.

This method of tunnel construction was an innovation in engineering tasks and attracted widespread attention. It was the first instance the system ever brought into practical use and pronounced by experts as completely successful. The genitor of

long and the Detroit approach 2,000 feet. The tunnel, throughout, is 20 feet high and of sufficient width to permit the passage of the widest freight or passenger cars, with room to spare. The interior is fully protected against fire by a sprinkler system of the latest design and is supplied with light by incandescent arc lights, each 25 feet apart.

Everything known to engineering skill has been worked out in the tunnel to make it proof against accidents, when in use. There is a telephone

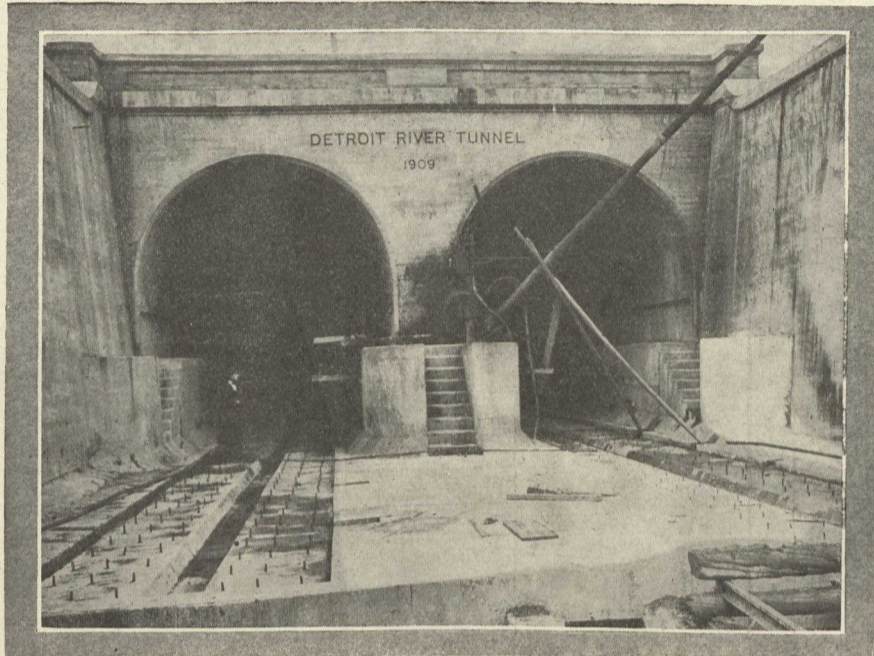
exclusively in hauling the trains through the underground portion. They will do away with the usual smoke-filled tunnel interior and also avoid the danger resulting from sulphur fumes accumulating in the tunnel as is the case where steam engines are used. The new locomotives will be given their first official tests in the tunnel next month.

The present Michigan Central depots, in both Windsor and Detroit, will be abandoned within a few more months, to be replaced by new ones. On the Detroit side, the present fine big structure will be utilized for other purposes and a new structure, to be one of the finest in the west and cost \$2,000,000, will be erected near the entrance to the tunnel approach. A smaller and less pretentious depot will be erected on the Windsor side in a similar location.

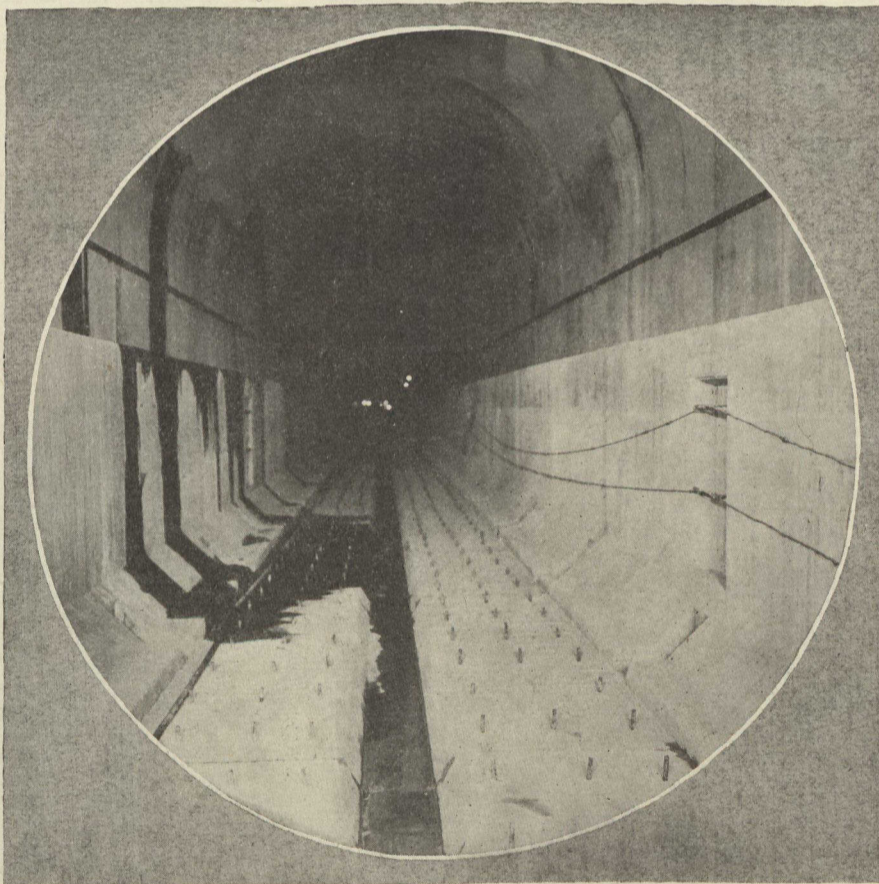
The only regrettable feature of the undertaking was the heavy list of fatalities and injuries that occurred during the progress of the early construction work. It is estimated that as many as 225 workmen sustained injuries which necessitated their going to the hospitals in Detroit and Windsor for treatment. To date the tunnel's toll of lives is close to 30.

The accidents, for the most part, were caused by falling earth from the roof of the tunnel. Breaking timbers and fires also caused several deaths and injuries were comparatively few when it is considered that during the time the tunnel was being constructed, from 800 to 1,000 men were employed, night and day, in the work.

The construction work was superintended by W. S. Kinnear, chief engineer of the Michigan Central Railroad Company. William Butler also furnished many of the original ideas carried out in the work.



Where Trains will run a hundred a day under the Detroit River.



The mile and a half Tube that ties Canada to the United States by way of traffic.

the project was William Butler, vice-president of the Butler Bros. Construction Co., which firm had the tunnel contract.

The entire tunnel, with its open approaches, is more than two miles in length. The section under the river measures something over 2,600 feet, while the underground bores on the Detroit and Windsor sides are 2,200 and 3,000 feet in length, respectively. The Canadian approach is 4,000 feet

system, excellent drainage facilities and huge suction fans. The fans are located in the air shafts, situated on each bank of the river, at a point close to where the submarine section of the tunnel connects with the land tubes. The air in the tunnel is pure but the big fans insure the drawing off of any not so which may accumulate.

Electric locomotives, operated by the third-rail system, will be used

The Shifting "Dipper"

THE great northern constellation which is seen in all parts of Canada the year round and known familiarly as "The Dipper," but to astronomers as "the Great Bear" or *Ursa Major*, is said to be changing its shape. According to astronomers there will come a day when the dipper will no longer be a dipper; that is, when the stars that compose it, will have shifted so in relation to one another that the dipper shape will be no longer recognizable. While these are supposed to be "fixed" stars, they are in reality in a state of relative motion, says a writer in *Cosmos* (Paris):

"No star is at rest in the universe, despite the time-honoured name of 'fixt stars.' It requires, however, delicate and prolonged observations, which have not been possible until recent years, to discern and measure the respective displacements of these stars in the heavens. On the other hand—and this is really marvelous—the modern astronomer is able to ascertain the speed the celestial bodies in the line of the visual ray.

"It has long been believed that the wonderful constellation of the Great Bear, which is known to all the brilliancy of its seven chief stars and by its constant presence above our horizon, forms a single system, despite the immense distances that must intervene between its stars.

"But from the accurate investigation just made by Dr. Ludendorff, of Potsdam observatory, based on spectroscopic observations made at that observatory, it results that very probably the seven stars of this constellation form two distinct systems, although connected."



HUNTING IN THE ARCTIC



On the Trail of the Musk Ox in Ellesmere Land

By HARRY WHITNEY,

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

Recently all America has been divided into three parts—Cookites, Pearyites and doubting Thomases. Canada, as the land lying near to the North Pole, has been just as much interested as though either Peary or Cook had been a Canadian. We had feebly hoped to discover the Pole for ourselves. As the people possessing the greatest northern coast line in the world we are perennially interested in the land of the musk ox. The series of articles by Mr. Harry Whitney, beginning in this issue, are intended to emphasise

that interest. Mr. Whitney is an explorer and a sportsman; the first white man to meet both Peary and Cook on their return from the Polar regions. His account of meeting Dr. Cook has a flavour as fresh as Robinson Crusoe. He spent a year in the Arctic, the first man to trail the musk ox in Ellesmere Land. The story, descriptive of his experiences, will appear in six instalments, all copiously illustrated by the borean camera; without exception the finest literature of the north-land since the work of Dr. Nansen.—Editorial Note.

WHEN I sailed for northern Greenland on the *Erik* in the summer of 1908 I had no other expectation than to return home in the autumn. I had no part in the Polar Expedition to which the *Erik* was attached. I was simply a sportsman passenger in search of such shooting as the voyage to Etah might afford. Walrus and other large aquatic game would be certain to offer good sport, and perchance some trophy might be obtained of the musk ox, so coveted by sportsmen because it inhabits only the most inaccessible and remote regions of the Far North.

My ambition to secure musk ox trophies had not been realised when the order came for the *Erik* to turn her prow southward, and though I had hardly dared hope for such good fortune, my disappointment was now so keen that suddenly I resolved to be put ashore for a year's big game hunting under the shadow of the Pole. I expressed my desire to Mr. Robert E. Peary, commander of the expedition, who informed me he was establishing a cache at Etah, and very considerably granted my request to be permitted to remain there and hunt musk ox the following spring. And so it was that the *Erik* steamed away without me, and I took up my life among the Highland Eskimos to brave the rigours of an Arctic winter, with no other object than that of sport.

Supply bases and home camps were established at Etah and Annotok, on the Greenland shore of Smith Sound. Annotok, forty miles north of Etah, is the most northerly Eskimo settlement in the world. Here the hunters of the tribe gather with their families in the autumn, to remain throughout

the winter, that they may take advantage of the abundance of land and sea game to be found in the surrounding region.

This section, too, has a peculiar interest in the history of Polar research. Smith Sound has witnessed the struggles and defeat of many expeditions, and the rocks and cliffs that line its shores on either side, could they but speak, might tell the story of many tragedies. On a very clear day one may see in dim outline Cape Sabine, in Ellesmere Land, rising beyond the ice-choked waters, where so many of Greeley's brave men gave up their lives.

Our camp at Annotok was established in a miniature shack, constructed of packing boxes by Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the explorer. This has been his home during the previous winter. It was here I spent the trying months of the long Arctic night, varying the tedious existence with short sledging journeys, during moonlit periods, in search of reindeer and bears.

These journeys gave us sufficient exercise to preserve a healthful condition of mind and body. No words can adequately describe the awful pall of the Arctic night. It is unreal and terrible. The continued darkness brings with it a fearful stillness, over which seems to brood impending doom—something intangible, indescribable, uncanny. The only sound that ever breaks the quiet is the occasional cracking of a glacier, with the report of mighty thunder, startling and unexpected. Intense and severe as the cold may be, any active man can stand it without serious suffering, for that acts only upon the physical being and can be guarded against; but the prolonged, sunless night has a dire

effect upon the mind, which only exercise and diversion can counteract.

It may be imagined, then, with what thankfulness we greeted the first hint of dawn, when it finally appeared, with its suggestion of the blessed light of day. At length the sun raised his head above the eastern horizon, to instill new life and vigour into our half-torpid minds and bodies. With each return he grew bolder, raising his face higher into the heavens and remaining longer, and then I began to plan my hunting trips for musk ox.

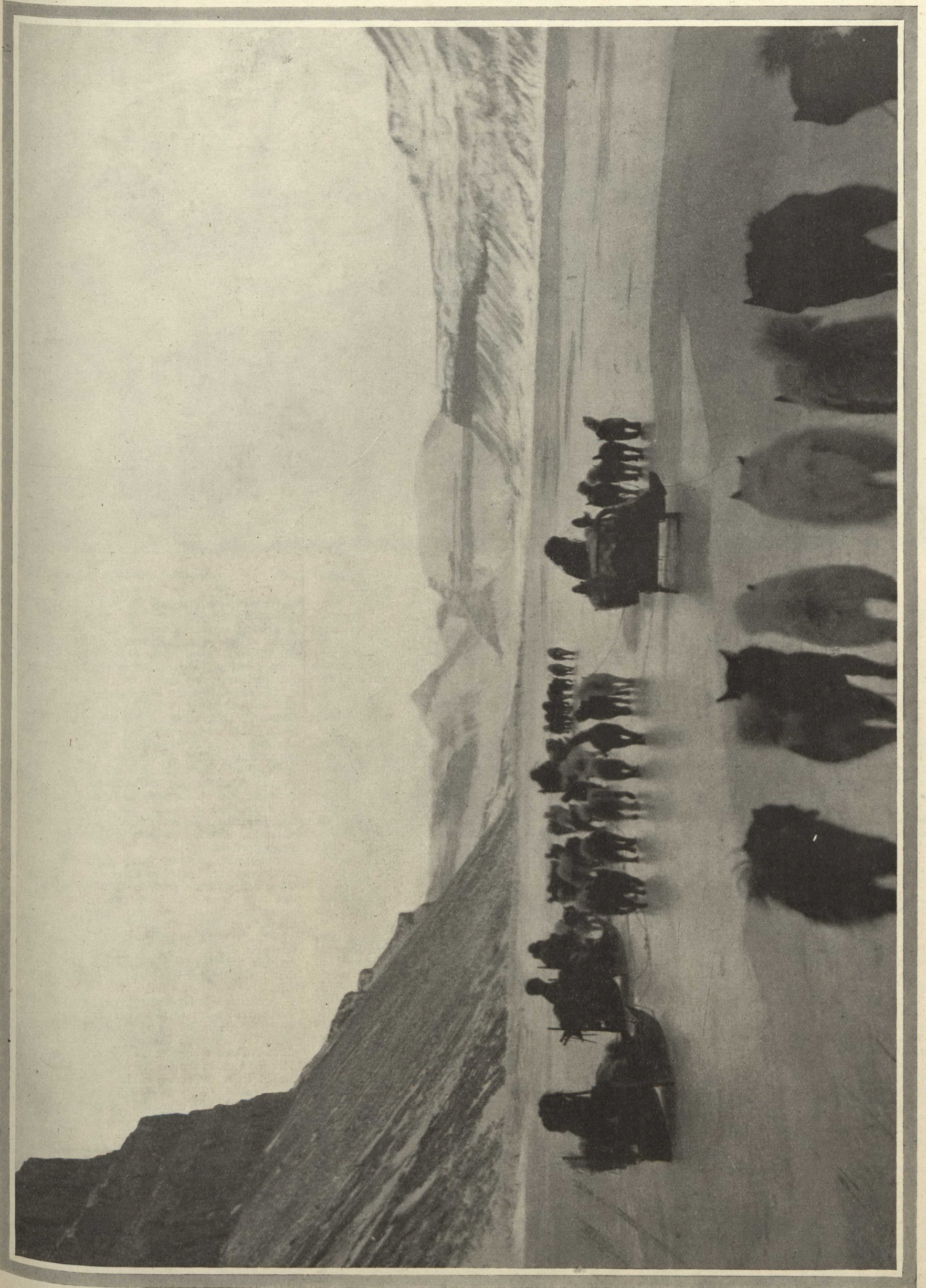
It was at this time my Eskimo friends discovered, one day, three moving figures slowly making their way toward Annotok over the tumbled ice of Smith Sound. We could scarcely be certain at first that they were men, but presently our dogs were harnessed to sledges and we were dashing away to meet them. The few miles that intervened were quickly traversed, and what was my astonishment, as we approached, to find one of the travellers to be a white man, and what my further astonishment when he introduced himself as Dr. Frederick A. Cook, whom we had come to believe had perished in the North. For the first in more than a year Dr. Cook was enabled to converse in his native tongue, for his stalwart young Eskimos spoke no English, and the pleasure he must have felt in meeting a fellow-countryman thus unexpectedly after his long exile can better be imagined than described.

The three men were without provisions, unkempt and much reduced in flesh through privation. We carried them on our *komatiks* to Annotok, and there the Doctor recuperated for his sledging trip to Upernavik, where he was to connect with a steamer



The mysterious Musk Ox, the beast of *Ultimo Thule* making his last stand against the dogs of civilisation

Copyright Photograph by Harry Whitney.



Five men and forty dogs up in the rock-bound gorges of Ellesmere Land with the Ice of Smith Sound behind it.

Copyright Photograph by Harry Whitney.



Main Camp of the Whitney Party in the Middle of Ellesmere Land.

Copyright Photograph by Harry Whitney.

for civilisation. Here it was that he honoured me with his confidence and thrilled me with the announcement that he had reached the North Pole on the twenty-first of April, 1908—the great goal for which men had been striving and offering up their lives through more than two centuries.

Before his departure for the South, he described to me a region through which he had passed, well stocked with musk ox. This, I decided, should be the scene of my hunt, and the Doctor arranged that his two young Eskimo companions, Ahwelah and Etukishuk, should be of my party.

It is a long and difficult sledge journey to Upernavik. I was expecting a vessel to come to my relief in the autumn, and therefore Dr. Cook placed in my charge his instruments and such of his personal belongings as might be injured or lost in sledge transportation, or would impede progress. I accompanied him to Etah, where we said good-bye, and then returned to Annotok to prepare for my hunting expedition to Ellesmere Land.

Komatik (sledge) loads were lashed into place on the evening of May 12th. Biscuits, tea, sugar, canned corned beef hash, and beans were to be our food staples, oil our fuel, a sixteen-ounce canvas tent and reindeer-skin sleeping bags our shelter. At half-past two the following morning, with Eskimos active and eager for the chase, harnessed dogs jumping and yelping in traces, and everything ready for the start, I gave the word. *Komatiks* were broken loose, and away we went.

There were six sledges each in charge of an Eskimo—Eiseeyou, my head man; Etukishuk and Ahwelah, Dr. Cook's two companions on his Polar dash; a man named Tukshu, and two bearing the name Okspuddyshou; all capable and active travelers and hunters. In explanation of the two Okspuddyshous it may be interesting to state that it is not uncommon for two or three men in the same family to bear the same name and for several in the tribe. Several others, not attached to my party, accompanied us across Smith Sound but there left us to return to Annotok.

Our course was to the northward, that we might circumvent an open lead some ten miles out on Smith Sound. The crisp Arctic atmosphere was brilliant and exhilarating, and for five miles the ice, smooth and perfect, enabled us to make rapid progress. Then we came upon rough rafted ice, and ice axes were brought into use to open a road. Dogs and *komatiks* became scattered in what seemed to me a hopeless effort to find a passage. But no situation is so hopeless and no physical obstacle so great that the resourceful Eskimo cannot overcome it.

Now and again when the way was blocked, they climbed ice pinnacles to look ahead for possible routes, then returned to the task of cutting away obstructions, hauling, lifting, pulling at the traces to aid the willing dogs. It is little short of superhuman—the energy of those men. Six hours of toil and we found ourselves again on smooth ice. It was new ice, formed within the previous fortnight, and as polished and perfect as a field of glass. The dogs appreciated it as well as ourselves, and forged ahead at a rapid pace.

Many seals were seen on the fresh-made ice, and Eiseeyou, my head man, expressed a desire that I take charge of his dog team while he stalked some of them. Seals are extremely shy, and great caution must be practised in approaching them. The Eskimos use a blind in the form of a miniature sledge, about eighteen inches in length by six inches in width, with bearskin tacked on the runners. Fore and aft are two upright crotched sticks, upon which the rifle rests and to which it is lashed. On the front of the sledge a crossbar sustains two long perpendicular sticks, over which a piece of white cloth is stretched, or when that is not attainable, hare skin is substituted. Through a hole in this cloth screen the rifle muzzle protrudes.

Holding his blind before him, Eiseeyou was enabled to walk within three or four hundred yards of a seal without startling it, then he dropped on hands and knees and pushed the little sledge before him. Thus hidden behind the cloth screen, which so blended with the ice as to arouse in the seal no suspicion of danger, he approached within fifty yards before shooting. Seals always lie close to their holes, and it is necessary to hit them in the head or under the shoulder and have the bullet penetrate the heart and kill them instantly; otherwise they will flop into the hole and sink before it is possible to reach them.

The dogs are trained to lie down and remain quiet until the shot is fired. With quivering bodies and nerves tense for a run, they watch with the most acute anxiety every movement of their master. The instant the report of his rifle rings out they spring to their feet and dash forward, with as impetuosity and eagerness that nothing can restrain.

Eiseeyou was successful, and in spite of anything I could do, the dogs broke away in a wild dash to the slaughtered seal, and only the whip preserved the carcass from being torn to pieces on the spot. While I kept the dogs in subjection, Eiseeyou cut a bowl-shaped hollow in the ice, and into this bled the seal. Then the dogs were released to drink and feast upon the warm blood. This is their reward for patience and restraint while their master

stalks his game, and only his own team is permitted to participate in it.

In this manner Eiseeyou killed two very large seals. These were sufficient for immediate needs. We lashed them upon a *komatik* with sealskin thongs, and without great delay resumed our journey toward Ellesmere Land.

For some distance our course followed a wide lead of open water, where could be seen numerous seals and white whales, with an occasional walrus, while overhead hovered large flocks of sea pigeons and small gulls. Presently the dogs crossed a fresh bear's track and, wildly excited, took the scent and were off on a dead run after the quarry. We were as anxious as the dogs to catch the bear. Eiseeyou cut loose one of the seals to lighten the load, and for a time our speed over the smooth ice was terrific. But two other Eskimos, with larger teams of ten and eleven dogs each, and lighter loads, soon outstripped us.

When the bear's tracks at length led into rough, hummocky ice, I advised Eiseeyou to abandon the chase and locate a suitable camping place, for we had then been travelling twenty-one continuous hours, and I was very much wearied and in need of rest and food. At this moment Okspuddyshou, who had thrown off his load to lighten his sledge, tore past, and I shouted to him not to give up so long as there was hope of killing the bear, and that I would give him plenty of tobacco for the skin.

A halt was at length made near an iceberg, from which fresh water could be cut for our kettle. Snow blocks were thrown up to form a wind-break, and in the lee of them I pitched my tent and set up the oil stoves that I might cook my own meal and brew a large kettle of tea for the Eskimos when they returned from the hunt, which they presently did, unsuccessful. They were a hungry lot of savages when they gathered around the dead seals to feed like animals upon the raw, bloody meat.

Finally the dogs were fed and we turned into sleeping bags for much-needed rest. As we slept, a strong north wind sprang up, and when we rose to resume our journey, we found it raw and piercing. But presently the weather moderated and snow began to fall heavily. It will be remembered that we were still on the Smith Sound ice heading for Ellesmere Land. We attempted to make land south of Victoria Head, but very rough, rafted ice repelled us and the thick snow shut out all view ahead. We were at length compelled to abandon our effort and go into camp again.

SECOND INSTALMENT ON JANUARY 8th.



THIN ICE

By Isabel E. MacKay

CHAPTER I.

A BAD NIGHT.

PETER RUTHERFORD, one arm in the sleeve of his overcoat, paused irresolute.

"It's a bad night," said Leversage from his comfortable seat before the fire.

Mrs. Leversage looked up from a book.

"Better not go, Peter," she advised mildly.

Rutherford slipped the other arm into its sleeve and turned up the high collar. A little opposition is a good tonic.

"Oh, I don't know," he said briskly. "I think I'll risk it. I am rather anxious to hear from Graham and I have some letters to post—one very important letter." He smiled a little. "If anything happens to me my relatives can sue the town for not providing a postal delivery."

"It would be necessary to prove loss," said Leversage gravely. "I, for one, would not care to take the case."

"Do you know how to open the box, Peter?" asked Mrs. Leversage hastily.

"I am thankful to say that I have had no experience, but I presume it opens with a latch-key."

"Oh, no, we are not quite as ancient as that. All the private boxes have combination locks. Ours is number 127, the combination is S.C. and you set it by moving the pointer to C and shifting S to the indicator at the top."

"Otherwise," interposed Leversage, "you break the glass and pay damages."

"Let's see," repeated Rutherford choosing a fur cap from the rack, "Box 127 S.C., put the pointer to C and shift S to the top. I feel as if I were going to rob a safe—So long."

He tried to open the outer door gently but the angry wind shook it from his grasp and threw it backward with a bang; a whirlwind of fine snow burst like a giant puff-ball in his face and fell in powdered showers upon his overcoat; the drift, which had piled itself against the door, swept into the hallway on invisible wings.

"Better not go!" called Leversage from the drawing-room, but Peter, gasping a little, had already gone. Once out in the storm and battling in a hand to hand conflict with the fury of the elements the wildness of the night was not without its charm. It was not cold, at least it did not seem cold; one would have to be lost or exhausted before realising how low the temperature really was. The fierce wind buffeted and veered and seemed to drive the blinding snow from every point at once. Rutherford was glad of the heavy drifts through which he waded because they helped him to keep his feet.

A bad night indeed, a gloriously bad night! Every foot of headway had to be fought for and Rutherford liked fighting. Head down he pushed his slow way forward, breathless, choking and thoroughly enjoying himself. Indeed, so occupied was he with going the wind one better that it was some time before he realised that he had lost all sense of direction and could not tell where he was or where he was going. In the whirling snow he could distinguish nothing save the blur, here and there, of electric light; he could hear nothing save the shrieking of the wind. By rights, he knew that the last turn should have brought him out upon the main street but apparently the main street had moved. Peter stiffened himself against the tree-trunk and reflected. A snow-covered figure came noiselessly up behind him and passed noiselessly. Rutherford, always quick to decide, left the friendly tree and grabbed the figure's overcoat.

"Post-office!" shouted Rutherford.

The figure turned and seemed to listen.

"Post-office!" bawled Peter again at the place where the figure's ear should have been.

A voice, very faint and muffled answered, "Come on—going there!"

They started on again, the figure leading, and after some more blind stumbling Peter perceived by the better walking and the more frequent blurs of light that the main street had found itself and presently the haven of the post-office loomed delightfully ahead.

Peter stumbled up the steps and through the door-way, dizzy and gasping—he had had enough. The still, warm air of the vestibule came to his storm-bewildered senses with something of a shock. He shook off the snow and breathed long.

"Bad night," volunteered the figure he had followed and who, divested of his snowy covering, turned out to be a mere man like himself with a voice like a fog horn.

"Blizzard!" said Peter, still gasping. "Do you have them often?"

"About one a year," replied the stranger cheerfully.

Peter, who had regained his breath, felt cheerful, too.

"I am glad I struck it," he answered, "it is quite an experience," and stamping the pyramids of packed ice from his heels he pushed open the swing door and entered the post-office proper.

Facing him at right angles were rows and tiers of boxes—all vacantly staring. For a moment he returned the stare and then, the last vestige of the storm-confusion having passed, he remembered what he had come for. One of those boxes belonged to Leversage—but which? Slowly his memory rallied; it was box 127 and the combination—what in thunder was the combination?

The other man had taken his mail and gone and the office was quite empty. Peter found box 127 and looked in. There were two letters, lying decorously on their faces. One was from Graham, he knew Graham's envelope, and the other probably something for Mrs. Leversage.

But what was that combination? Rutherford thought hard. Box 127—combination—combination—hum! He had repeated it glibly enough at the house. Box 127—combination—oh, yes, combination S.C. With a complacent sigh at this justification of an excellent memory he turned the pointer round to S and—stopped. How had Mrs. Leversage explained the thing? He twirled it again to C and pulled tentatively. The door would not move. He reversed the combination and pulled again, energetically, with the same result. The thing had sounded quite simple, it must be simple, he was bound to get it soon. There had been something said about an indicator at the top. He found the indicator, shifted C into place and tried again. It was certainly maddening! Try as he would he could not remember just exactly what Aunt Jane Leversage had said. There was an alternative though, Leversage had suggested an alternative. After a few more useless attempts and an equally useless shaking of the obstinate door he felt that it would be a positive pleasure to break the glass, a delight to make Leversage pay damages.

He rose from his stooping position and looked around for a weapon, to encounter, with dismay and discomfiture, the amused gaze of a much interested spectator. The spectator was tall, young, feminine and, from what was visible of her face, distinctly interesting. Rutherford had a girlish trick of blushing, of which he was much ashamed and, as he straightened up under the fire of those laughing eyes, he knew that he was blushing his very worst. The lady's cheeks had been blown so rosy by the wind that it was impossible to tell whether she blushed or not, but she had stopped smiling. For a moment their mutual embarrassment kept them dumb, then, in a polite but uninterested tone, the lady spoke.

"Can I be of any assistance? These locks are troublesome to strangers."

Rutherford smiled and recovered his composure.

"Troublesome," he said, "is not the word I should have used. The thing simply won't work. I was told it was S.C. and I tried S.C. and every arrangement of S.C. that I can think of. I was just preparing to smash the glass."

"S.C.," repeated the girl thoughtfully, "that will mean the pointer to C, and S to the indicator at the top."

"I don't see any reason why it should," said Peter hopelessly.

"This way," said the girl, stooping.

A few turns of her deft fingers and the door swung open easily. Peter noticed that her hand

was white and prettily fashioned and that she wore no rings.

"Thanks, so much," said Peter as the girl rose. He would have liked to say more but she had already turned away and was walking briskly towards the door. Could it be possible that she intended to go out into the storm alone—What were her people thinking of? Peter felt very much vexed with her people for not taking better care of her. Why, the wind alone!—impulsively he left the open box with the letters in it and strode to the door. The snow and wind were there but the lady had vanished. To Peter it seemed that the snowy night had swallowed her up. He turned back slowly. On second thoughts his impulse appeared to have been a very foolish one—Perhaps she had not been alone after all!

The box stood invitingly open and he took out the letters carelessly. One was for Mrs. Leversage, the other, as he had supposed, the expected word from Graham. Under the gas jet in the corner he paused, fingering the envelope. Now that it had come he hesitated to open it. Its news would mean so much that he trifled with uncertainty a little longer.

"Here goes!" he said finally and tore open the flap.

"Dear Peter (the note ran)

"We are going to come a cropper or I miss my guess.

"Yours in affliction,
O. Graham."

Men said of Rutherford he was a good loser and his face as he unfastened his ulster to place the note in an inner pocket was quite impassive. It would have been hard to guess that he had received news which might mean large, even serious, financial loss. He rebuttoned his coat calmly and stood for a moment under the gas jet thinking. Then, taking from his pocket the letters which he had braved the storm to post, he crossed to the letter box—and hesitated.

What made him hesitate he was never able to satisfactorily explain. He had certainly intended to post those letters, he had come out for no other purpose—one, as he had told Mrs. Leversage, was most important. This one he separated from the others and looked at with a curious expression, smiling a little as he thought of what Aunt Jane would have said had she seen the address and known that its importance consisted in the fact that it contained a proposal of marriage.

Rutherford picked the envelope idly, thinking hard. Had his news from Graham affected his nerve, he wondered? Why did he not slip the letter into the box and have done with it? Finally, with a quick movement and a half guilty smile, he dropped the letter back into his coat pocket. His other letters he slipped into the place provided, and walked meditatively away. Fate had taken Mr. Peter Rutherford in hand.

CHAPTER II.

THE FATES AMUSE THEMSELVES.

Quite unconscious of the determining hand of fate, Peter Rutherford left the post-office and stood on the steps to get his bearings.

"One corner down," he muttered, "two corners to the left and three straight ahead, third house from the corner. I must not get lost this time."

Taking a long breath he stepped out briskly into the wind and snow, forcing his way steadily ahead and realising in his own proper person the probable private emotions of a snow-plough. The drifts had deepened and the street was almost deserted. He had gone far before a fiercely whirling gust tore the fur cap from his head and left him dizzy and gasping. Pursuit was useless as the cap was already invisible, so accepting the situation with philosophy he flattened himself against the nearest building and with much effort succeeded in passing a handkerchief over his head and tying the ends beneath his chin.

At the first corner down he turned into a side-street, leaving the more travelled thoroughfare behind and striking out into a wilderness of white

darkness. "Two corners to the right," he reminded himself, and when he had successfully accomplished them and turned again he muttered hopefully, "Three corners straight ahead and third house from the corner, if I ever get there."

He plodded on doggedly. Somehow the exhilaration which had upheld him in his first encounter with the storm seemed to have evaporated. He was tired, the fight had been too unequal, he was quite ready for retreat with honour. When

at last he arrived at the third house from the corner, capless, thoroughly chilled and almost choking, his usually placid temper had ragged edges and he banged into the hallway with unnecessary violence. Snow-covered as he was he strode directly to the door of the room where he had left his comfortable relatives.

"How any one *can* live in a hole like this——" he began explosively, and then stopped. Loversage's portly form was not reclining in its usual

chair before the fire, in fact there was no chair and no fire and no Loversage. Mrs. Loversage, too, had unaccountably disappeared. He was standing in a room he had never seen and addressing vacancy.

"Glory be!" said Rutherford under his breath. It did not take much reasoning to guess what had happened and his one idea was to retreat unseen. He wheeled precipitately experiencing with great

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.

THE CROOK IN THE ROAD

By LILLIAN K. BEYNON

"HOW much do I want fur that piece of land, with the old shanty on it?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing. It's not fur sale."

"You want to run a railroad through it?"

"Well, I'm glad to hear that. It's many a day we've wanted a railroad in these parts; but you can jest put a little crook in it, and run the road furninst the shanty there, and lave the old shack be."

"You want to buy it?"

"I'm thinkin' you'll be wantin', fur I'm not sellin' I say."

"What'll I take fur it?"

"Will you lave me be. That shack's me conscience, and I'm hopin' St. Peter'll let take a fotygraf of it with me, to hang on me pearl bed post, to save me trouble whin I begin housekeepin' up yonder."

"What do I mean?"

"Well sit down and be comfortable, fur it will take awhile to tell. There, that's alright."

"It happened on Christmas Eve."

"What happened, you ask?"

"Why, the one great thing that happens to every man, some time or other, between the beginning and the end of things fur him. With some it's bein' born. Everything worth while dates from that auspicious occasion; while with others it's bein' married, or makin' a bisnis hit, or maybe swatin' a ball over the fence or owin' a bull pup what took a prize fur bein' more useless than all the other bull pups. It all depends on the nature of his soil, what a man's special 'It' is."

"Mine happened on Christmas Eve. The fact is it had been happenin' fur many a Christmas Eve, and all the eyes between, and I did not know. Why the Lord did not scoop up a bit of clay, it bein' so plentiful, and make woman on the same plan as man, when he was about it, has puzzled me many a day. It would have saved many a misunderstandin' I'm thinkin'."

"Anyhow, I did not understand, and a storm was brewin' under me feet fur fifteen year, and I was a stirrin' it up now and agin', thinkin' all the time because nothin' was botherin' me, that the weather on the other side of the matrimonial barque was fair. But it wasn't. And on Christmas Eve, the wreck came."

"Of course it was nothin' much that snapped the cord. Some words, what men and women keep only fur them as are jined closest to them; words what when once said, lave a scar that no amount of love and forgettin' ever rubs out. And then she sed she never wanted to see me again, and I sed I would oblige her; and she sed she would git a divorce, and I sed she couldn't git it too quick fur me. Then I ketched me cap in me hand, and struck fur the door but before I got out, Jessie run after me callin' 'Daddy, daddy, come back,' and stretchin' out her arms to me."

"Yes, Jessie is the youngest. She was only five then."

"Her mother called her back sharp, and she stopped, but she did not go back. She stood haltin' in the middle of the floor, until I put out me arms, and she run into them. She kissed me and coaxed me not to lave her (Jessie and me had always been great pals) and then avil spirits rose up in me, and blabbered thots into me mind that no dacent husband and father should have, and I cussed men fur makin' it possible fur me to take from a woman the little kids she had suffered fur, and gone to the edge of things to git. But I was better nor me thots, and I sent the little kid back to her mother, and I guess we both knowed as we saw her between us, that nature had us tighter nor any law could undo. And then I went away."

"Have you ever gone away from home, fur the last time, when there was no other home to go to, and it didn't make no difference to nobody whether you ever showed up any place again?"

"You never did?"

"Then you have never felt all a man can feel. That is hell, and you do not need to cross any dark and stormy river to get there. It ain't so bad as long as you can feel mad and hard and abused. That is comfortable, to the time that comes after, when you take a look into your own side of the boat, and see that the mice have been doin' damage; and your old reliable that you always banked on, has been leakin' bad, and you are mostly responsible fur the trouble, when you might have plugged up the holes, or cleared out the mice, and kept the barque sailin'."

"It was not angels singin' peace, that kept me company that night; it was devils urg'in me on to destruction, and they spent the night with me and all Christmas Day, and it was Sunday."

"On Monday I straightened up me bisnis, and left Eliza and the kids what I had, and next day I left fur here. I built this shanty, and I lived alone in it fur fifteen years."

"The life has aged me, you say?"

"No, not that alone. It was that Christmas day, and the Christmas days that have followed. A man does not fight devils a day and a night and come out without any scars."

"This country was all wild then and I fought it, sir. I worked and grubbed and hoed early and late, and I only laughed when the hail come and knocked down every head of grain. And I laughed more when the frost froze it stiff, and the mange killed the cattle and the horses died, and other folks was weepin'. I didn't care fur grain and cattle. It was the gettin' them I loved. It made me ferget. But once a year I could not ferget, and that was Christmas Eve. I hated it, my life, how I hated it, but I couldn't get away, and my dreams were cursed and my Christmas Day was spent in hell. Them days came like a nightmare that followed me all the year, and Christmas began to chase Christmas faster and faster, until one was no sooner gone than, than I heard the other comin', and I was gettin' afraid the old man was losin' his hold on things."

"Then come the strangest thing. It was jest the week before the fifteenth Christmas since IT happened. I was sittin' in my shack there one night, afeared to go to bed fur the time would pass so quick until me dreams would come back, and I heard the latch of the door rattle. I run to the door hopin' it was some one to keep me company, but it was a clare moonlight night, calm and quiet, and there was not a sound or sign of a person or thing, so I closed the door and sat down again."

"It could not have been five minutes when the latch rattled again, and this time louder and more impatient-like, and I again hurried to it, but there was still no sign of anyone around."

"Then I remembered an old story me mother had told me, how the spirits come to her people when there was goin' to be a death or something very important goin' to happen, and I knew this must be a sign, so when it come again, I jest sat still and watched."

"And as I looked I was sure I saw the door move, and then I saw it was openin' slow and quiet. I was too much afeared to move. I sat quite still and watched the door openin' slowly, wider and wider. At last I could see outside. I saw the shadow of the wood-pile on the snow, and I saw me old sleigh and everything in the yard jest as I had left it. Then somehow, I do not know how, I was not lookin' into the yard on the prairie, but into the room where fifteen years before I had sed good-bye to me little Jessie. I saw it as plain as I ever saw anything. I saw there was a new carpet on the floor, and a new book-case beside the wall, and fur the rest, the room was much the same as it was fifteen years before. There was no one there at first, but soon an old woman came in. I did not think it was Eliza at first, fur her hair was white, and her shoulders stooped and her face wrinkled; but soon she turned her face toward me, and I

knew it was her. But it cut me sore to see her like that."

"Did I expect her to stay young? No, I guess not, but it isn't easy to see them you love, lave so much behind at one jump. It grips your insides somehow, and you want to stop things. You want to say it can't be, and by sayin' so make it so, and all the time you know the uselessness of your protestin'; then of a suddin' you give in and you shrink up, and a lump fills your throat, and fate looks big, so big you step back, and you wonder—you wonder if the things you lernt at Sunday School were maybe alright."

"Jest then Eliza looked into me face and said, 'Sam, will ye never fergive me, boy? Fifteen years is a sore long time.'

"It was so parlysed at the sound of her voice that I couldn't spake a word, and I jest sat and looked at her. And again she said, 'Boy, boy, I would follow ye to the end of the airth, if I only knowed where you was. It is fifteen years, Sam, boy, come back.'

"And I couldn't spake fur the lump in me throat, but I stretched out me arms and I made a gurglin' sound, and the door was still open and I was lookin' out into me yard, and I could see the shadow of the wood-pile on the snow, and me old sleigh and everything jest as I had left it."

"I was havin' a nap, you say? Well, maybe; slape explains many things, what we can't reduce to arithmetic any other way, but what followed wasn't any dream."

"Next day I shut up this shanty, and took the train fur me old home. I arrove on Christmas Eve, jest about the hour I had left. I went straight to the old house. I hadn't heard a word fur fifteen years, and I had often thot maybe Eliza was married agin, but I knew better now. I knew she was waitin' fur me as I was fur her. So I crept up to the windy, and looked in, and there if there wasn't the new carpet, and the new book case I had saw, and the other things much the same as they had been. Then Eliza come in jest as I had saw her, with grey hair and bent shoulders and wrinkled face and stood by the table, and I saw her lips movin' and I knew she was wantin' me to come back."

"I walked right up to the door and knocked, and Eliza come to the door, and she most let the lamp fall when she saw who it was; but I took it out of her hand and put it on the table, and then I faced her and said, 'Eliza, did you stand at this table three nights ago and say, Sam, will ye never fergive me, boy? Fifteen years is a long time.'

"And Eliza looked surprised and said, 'Mayhap I did, Sam. I have sed somewhat like that many a time since that night.'

"But, I sed, 'think hard. Did you say that, that night, and then after while did you say, Boy, boy, I would follow ye to the end of the airth, if only I knowed where you was. It's fifteen years, Sam, boy, come back?'"

"Like as not I did," said Eliza, and a blush like a young girl crept up over her old sweet face, and she looked like a girl to me agin; and you air men, so you know what I did."

"After a bit, I told Eliza how she had come to me and it made her nervous and she crept up closer to me, and I put me old tremblin' arm around her, and we babbled away fur hours; and she sed she had been callin' fur me in her heart fur years, but I had never seemed so close as a few nights before; and she needed me special, because Jessie was married and she was all alone, and sore lonesome."

"Now, Sir, you have me story. I know it does not explain things, but maybe you can do that. Life is smooth sailin' fur me now, and me Christmases are real Christmases, and that may not be any better fur me than it was before. So I keep this shack to remind me of them dark times, and to keep me minded, that smooth sailin' fur me may be on the rocks fur me partner; so you'll jest make a little crook in the road, and build it furninst the shanty, and let the old shack be."

THE DEMI-TASSE

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

RESOLVED: That I will not discover the North Pole this year.—Dr. Frederick A. Cook.
 Resolved: That I will be Mayor of Toronto.—H. C. Hocken, Esq.
 Resolved: That I will not try to swim in the Newmarket Canal.—Hon. A. B. Aylesworth.
 Resolved: That I will not play in Dr. Gilmour's backyard when he moves to Guelph.—G. C. Creelman.
 Resolved: That I shall give up trying to be a member of the peerage.—James Simpson.
 Resolved: That I will not follow in dear old Leopold's footsteps.—King Albert of Belgium.

THE FAVOURITE.

Said the Broker to the Eskimo:
 "You've a cosy home, I learn,
 You scarcely need to think of funds
 You've sealskin sacs to burn.
 Yet if you were to purchase stocks
 Upon the Arctic Mart,
 What would you buy, my northern friend,
 To make a gentle start?"

The Eskimo just thought a while
 And then he softly smiled,
 As if a thought occurred to him
 Which all his cares beguiled.
 He stroked his chilly, marble brow
 And said in frigid voice:
 "I think, if I were buying stock
 'Peary preferred' would be my choice."

THE WRONG SIGN.

A RECENT arrival from the British Isles was grumbling the other day to a Toronto man that the church had too "bloomin' much" to do with politics in Canada and that he thought it was time to do away with clerical interference.
 "You're away off," said the Toronto man. "The church has nothing to do with politics in this country."
 "Then what d'you mean by putting up the sign, 'Church for Controller?'" inquired the grumbler.
 The Toronto man looked puzzled and then smiled at this misconception of "Three cheers for Tommie!"

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

THERE once was a Bishop who dwelt in the buoyant and delightful City of Cork. He was fond of addressing his congregation in a most friendly, not to say affectionate, manner. "Dear souls," was one of his pet forms of address. What was the surprise and amusement of an American visitor who



Mrs. Jones, (convulsed by the Vicar's comic song).
 "Deary me! I'm sure 'e 's a wonderful man for a Parson.
 Nobbyuddy couldn't call 'im tight-laced!"—Punch.

attended the church one Sunday, when the Bishop broke out in the fervent remark: "Dear Cork souls!"

Another story was told by a genial United Stateser, who found himself at the other extremity of Ireland, in no less a town than Londonderry. He entered a tobacconist's shop, to find a very pretty girl in charge of the "best leaf." He bought the necessary supplies and then surveyed with pleasure the rosy face of the girl who had waited on him.

"Do you know, my dear girl," he said, with deliberate admiration, "you've got the prettiest eyes I've ever seen?"

A pair of Irish eyes blazed for a second, and there flashed the reply: "Yes, and you're not the first impertinent Yankee who's told me so."

BREAKING THE NEWS.

A RENOWNED scientist, who had been exploring returned to England bringing with him various animals which he intended to present to the Zoological Gardens. He was most particular to see that they were well looked after on board, and was so attached to them that when one of the laughing hyenas was found dead one morning, the captain, to whom the occurrence was at once reported, hardly knew how to break the news, and eventually entrusted the task to the sailor in whose special care the animals were, bidding him break it as gently as possible.

"If you please, sir," said this worthy, approaching the bereaved passenger, "you know them two laughing hyenas of yours?"

"Yes, my man, what about them?"

"Nothing much, yer honour, only one of 'em 'asn't got much to laugh at this mornin'?"

THE PART OF SANTA CLAUS.

"**H**OW many presents did Santa Claus bring you?" asked a caller of Miss Grace, who is in her early teens and had just with great enthusiasm gone through her first season of extensive give-and-take gift-making.

"Only six," she replied almost mournfully as she surveyed the stack of holiday finery which burdened the table in front of her.

"Why, I thought these were all yours," the visitor exclaimed in astonishment.

"They are, but all the others except the six are just exchanges."

HE KNEW HOW.

A YEAR ago a manufacturer hired a boy. For months there was nothing noticeable about the boy except that he never took his eyes off the machine he was running. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up from his work to see the boy standing beside his desk.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Want me pay raised."

"What are you getting?"

"Tree dollars a week."

"Well, how much do you think you are worth?"

"Four dollars."

"You think so, do you?"

"Yes, sir, an' I've been t'inkin' so for t'ree weeks, but I've been so blamed busy I ain't had time to speak to you about it."

The boy got the raise.—*Success*.

A SURE THING.

A DURHAM farmer was travelling to London to consult a lawyer, when the fear struck him that he had left certain important papers behind. He made a hurried search of his bag. "If I did leave those papers," he remarked, "I'm a fool!" The search proceeded, and a moment later he said: "I believe it'll turn out I'm a fool!" Just as he was examining the last bundle of papers he exclaimed: "Well, I'll bet I'm a fool!"

A man on the other side of the compartment lowered his newspaper for a moment and said, slowly and deliberately: "Oblige me, sir, by laying a little money that same way for me."—*English Mail*.

CANNY SANDY.

WHILE passing by an old-fashioned inn the tourists were attracted by an ancient bag-piper, who was tooting atrocious sounds through an instrument that was both dilapidated and squeaky.

"Great Jericho, Sandy!" exclaimed one in desperation. "Why don't you have your bagpipes repaired?" And the old man ceased playing and looked up in astonishment.

"Havers, mon, ye dinna understand. If ma bagpipes wor in good tune the inn mon winna give ma two shillings to move on."

GENEALOGICAL.

She: How far can your ancestry be traced?

He: Well, when my grandfather resigned his position as cashier of a county bank they traced him as far as China, but he got away.

DEDUCTIVE REASONING.



"Great Scott! What a rattling good time I must have had Christmas night."—*Bystander*.

VOCAL INSTRUCTION AS AN ART.

"**Y**OU have temperament," said Signor, the singing teacher, to the female icicle who was having her voice tried.

She entered the class!

"You display artistic reserve," Signor said to the bursting basso who rattled the roof with his bawling.

He entered the class!

"You have rare vocal equipment," Signor said to the attenuated alto who sang with her eyebrows and shoulders.

She entered the class!

"You sing with unusual intelligence," said Signor to the tiny tenor who did not understand a word of the texts he uttered.

He entered the class!

"You have wide range," Signor said to the capacious contralto who sang three tones and talked the rest.

She entered the class!

"Your top tones have tenor quality," said Signor to the burly baritone who almost choked when he ventured above middle D.

He entered the class!

"You are a born dramatic soprano," said Signor to the shrinking young thing who bleated "Violets" in tremulous, piping tonlets.

She entered the class!

"Your eyes look beautiful when you sing 'For All Eternity,'" said Signor to the poor, plain person who had neither voice, diction, intelligence, nor musical feeling.

She entered the class!

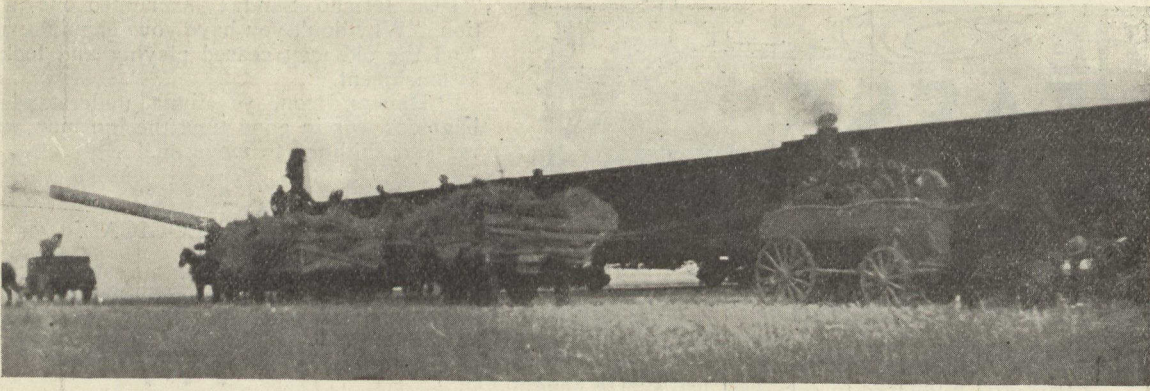
"I must place you in opera," said Signor to the bow-legged, cross-eyed clerk who sold ribbon on weekdays and sang in the choir on Sundays.

He entered the class!

"You would make an ideal Mimi or Madam Butterfly," said Signor to the middle-aged lady with the 58 bust.

She entered the class!

In fact, Signor's class is full of overgowing, and he does not understand why other vocal teachers are complaining this season.—*Musical Courier*.



Near Kindersley, the newest Town in Saskatchewan, an enterprising farmer, last harvest, had a railway siding run into his wheat-field, and the threshing machine set with its grain-spout right into a box-car.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

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

WHERE is the G. T. P. camp? Edmonton is no longer the end of the line. The engineers have marched sixty-eight miles west of Alberta's capital on the long thousand-mile trek to Prince Rupert. They have reached Pembina River, where, for the last few weeks, a bridge has been climbing over that stream. This proud structure looks down upon the rolling prairie from an eminence of 213 feet. It has risen to eminence amid stress of circumstances. The contractors trotted out their gang on September 7th for the first time. The weather man at once began to administer some hard knocks. However, despite discouragement, on December 14th, a week beyond the specified contract time, there lacked but the pounding in of two hundred bolts to effect the completion of the bridge. On that date, two great track-laying machines from Edmonton rumbled over it. The next task of the engineers is to throw the rails across 55 miles to Wolf Creek; then the jaunt is 47 miles to Athabasca River. Where the road cuts the Athabasca, is a considerable distance from that well-known supply town, Athabasca Landing. The G. T. P. engineers say that the whole grade of 170 miles, from Edmonton to Athabasca, will be pushed through by next autumn.

A PROGRESSIVE MAYOR.

MAYORS, aldermen and councillors are dividing the world just now. Winnipeg has re-elected its mayor—a month ahead of any other city in Canada, whereas Montreal elections occur regularly one month later, in February. So far as can be ascertained, December was none too soon to re-elect Mayor Sanford Evans, who, in spite of a lot of unhealthy and quite premature prognostications, has proven himself the most capable man that ever did the chief magistrate's work in that city. Mr. Evans was regarded by his critics as an impractical man. Many who happened to know his earlier career, which was not quite articulate on all points, predicted that he would not measure up to the size of the job. Everyone knows that to be Mayor of Winnipeg for 1909 was no place for a dreamer. The issue was straight business. The city came face to face with a vast necessary expenditure for local improvements, involving an outlay on capital account far in excess of any previous year—water-works, sewerage, pavements, lighting and power, making it necessary for the city to go abroad, borrowing heavily in England. Mayor Evans was elected as a progressive man. He has succeeded in working out a progressive policy in Winnipeg. Those who criticised him a year ago have learned that it sometimes takes circumstances to make men. Evans has adapted himself to the needs of Winnipeg. Six years and more he has been working on that one thing. He has succeeded. The public decision in this case is not one of sentiment, such as might have been expected to carry a man like Evans. If so it was the sentiment of business. There was an attempt to hatch up a straight moral reform ticket with a clergyman as the head, but Winnipeg with all its moral ideas and ambitions will be considerably older before she halts the wheels of progress to study pure ethics. If any Mayor of Winnipeg could be expected to boost an effective and possible moral reform ticket that man should be Mayor Evans, who, however, understands better than any scribe is able to tell him, just how much potency there is in moral reform when a young city is opening wide her gates.

ELEVATORS AT NELSON?

SOME CANADIAN COURIER railroad predictions have come true. On August 15th, 1908, an article was published dealing with the Hudson's Bay Railway project. At that time, the Dominion Government had made up its mind to build a road to Hudson's Bay from the Pas, which is the Arctic terminus of the Canadian Northern. Should the route lie along the Churchill or the Nelson Rivers? That question was imminent. There were a great many Churchill supporters; the Nelson theorists

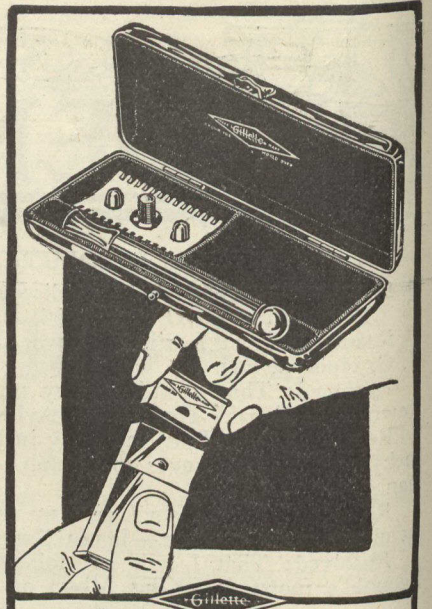
were derided. The COURIER hinted that the Nelson route might yet, however, be chosen. It was submitted that there was evidence to favour the building of the railroad along the Nelson instead of the Churchill. The matter was left to the engineers for confirmation. They have made their report. The Nelson route is sustained. The other day, Mr. M. J. Butler, Deputy Minister of Railways, laid the result of his investigations before Parliament. Mr. Butler bases his advocacy of the Nelson route upon the opinion that it would admit of cheap construction in comparison with the Churchill route. He illustrates that Nelson is shorter—410 miles—while Churchill means an increase of a sixth of this mileage. Nelson would necessitate the expenditure of \$16,426,340—\$2,682,332 less than Churchill, for a complete equipment—eighty-pound rails, stations, engine houses, water tanks, yards, two 4,000,000-bushel elevators, and harbour improvements, exclusive of light-houses and buoying. Also, Nelson harbour has natural advantages over Churchill; artificial facilities could be installed at a million and a quarter less cost than at the latter port.

ECHOES FROM THE NORTH.

IT is written in the Ottawa books that Mr. William Beech has a homestead farther north than any nation-builder who has yet paid the required ten. Mr. Beech squats down on the south shore of Churchill Harbour. He grows fruit up there; he hunts; a great deal of his spare time he gives up to archaeology. The other day, Mr. Beech and Mr. Beech, Jr., got off a train in Winnipeg, dark-skinned with the Arctic gales than any in the cosmopolitan metropolis. They opened their grips for their friends. With the whiff of the northland breeze came forth cranberries, blackberries, blueberries, of a flavour and taste which would make an Ontario fruiter gasp; also furs—white fox, mink and otter; and walrus whiskers, teeth of the polar "Teddy," and a thousand oddities of Eskimo ingenuity in the shape of paper-knives, miniature harpoons, paddles, spears, and gods. The travellers had not brought the whole north with them at that. They told of minerals at Hudson's Bay—of anthracite coal, which showed but one per cent. of ash. They told of romantic happenings, too. They heard whispers in the north of a little ketch *Paradox* which got jammed in an iceberg. The icy water was eating into the hull. Along came the good ship *Pelican* of His Majesty, the Hudson Bay Company. Now, the skipper of the *Pelican* refused to accommodate the *Paradox* tars on his craft unless they would agree to abandon their little ship. It was very cold; they did so. They were towed to Churchill. Then, according to report, they were told to drift—but not with their ship. There is talk of an investigation into this tale of heartlessness.

BACK TO COAL OIL.

TO town folks, burning coal oil appears just about as antiquated as using tallow candles. There is one town in Canada which has gone back to the oil. That is Prince Rupert, B.C. Several weeks ago, fire licked up Seal Harbour sawmill on the outskirts of the northern metropolis, and incidentally destroyed the municipal electric light plant. The sole resource in this emergency was to bring out the dusty old lamps whose wicks turned up creaky with disuse. At first, the smell of the coal oil was a great novelty and source of much clever wit among the Prince Rupertians. Now dissatisfaction is rampant. Prince Rupert wants the electric light back—but not the sawmill plant. The other day, a deputation arrived in Victoria and talked to the government about the matter. Mr. Manson, M.P.P. for Prince Rupert, proposed that the government build his town an electric light plant, and, when Prince Rupert becomes incorporated, the city will assume full responsibility for it. No decision has been reached yet, but indications are that Prince Rupert's public ownership aspirations will be gratified. Meanwhile, the lamps are blazing away on the kitchen tables.



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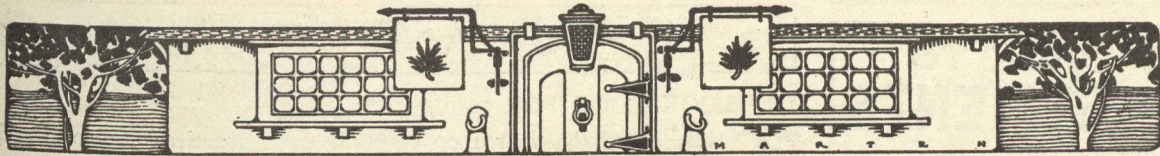
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

HISTORY IN POTTERY AND CHINA.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."
—Ode on a Grecian urn (Keats).

THE history of England, from the commencement of the seventeenth century, might, to a great extent, be illustrated from the pictures and portraits with which the contemporary potter has adorned the dishes, plates, jugs and mugs which he so ingeniously fashioned and then baked.

Nearly every woman is, we might say without romancing, a collector born at heart (not a rake, as somebody has been unkind enough to say), though she does not always know it. One need not be ashamed of collecting beautiful works of art, although a collector is sometimes looked upon as an amiable maniac. Collectors at the present time include our leading business men, public men, men of great scholarship and culture. And in the past such men as Horace Walpole, the greatest collector that ever lived, and Goethe, the greatest name in German literature, found relaxation in collecting casts, majolica, drawings by old masters. Gladstone collected books, porcelain and wedgewood. There is a tradition that Mrs. Gladstone used to contrive that he should never have more than fifteen dollars in his pocket at a time, lest he might "ruin himself" in old china.

The accompanying illustration is that of a plate of the beautiful "Old Blue" Staffordshire ware. This ware is comparatively inexpensive, and is often of great historic and local interest, as is the case with our illustration. The plate itself (which is a rich bright blue in two shades) is now possessed by Mr. Phil Ives of Toronto. It most probably at one time belonged to Mr. Molson's Accommodation, the first steamboat on the St. Lawrence River. Although an important event in those days, the centenary was passed by us last November very nearly unnoticed and unsung. We believe this is the only picture of the Accommodation in existence. It is hardly likely that it is only a type, for what is more probable than that Mr. Molson, wishing to commemorate his exploit, had a real picture taken for this purpose and not an imaginary one?

The dinner set to which this Accommodation plate belonged was made by Davenport of Longport and is impressed with an anchor at the back—an early mark. The Longport works were visited in 1806 by the Prince of Wales and Duke of Clarence, who ordered a magnificent dinner service for the Coronation banquet of William IV. This very probably induced Mr. Molson to place his order with Davenport, who was then turning out good work. Our illustration is an excellent example of the skill attained in this art more than a century ago.

TRAVEL CLUBS.

PROF. WRONG, of Toronto University, addressed the Rosedale Travel Club the other evening in the commodious schoolroom in Rosedale, on the subject of "Village Life in Quebec." These Travel Clubs, of which there are several successful ones in Toronto, are, I imagine, indigenous to this continent, and usually prove very popular. Some of the earnest women identified with this movement here are already well known in social and educational circles, as Mrs. Rutter, Mrs. Sims, Mrs. Stark, Mrs. W. H. Elliott, Mrs. Murch, Miss Hill and many others. Several of these energetic hostesses and workers are travelled persons themselves and can be relied on to talk pleasantly for an hour or so upon phases of

European life and character. Others join the club in order to benefit by the experience of their associates. It is a new sensation—to sit and listen while papers are read about and pictures exhibited of Genoa, Pisa, Venice, Dresden or Munich. Appropriate music is usually provided—not, let us hope, after Mark Twain's celebrated recipe—and occasionally a brilliant outsider is present to give necessary fillip stone. But was it not a happy idea to take "Village Life in the Province of Quebec" for one evening? How many people in other parts of Canada are aware of the absolute novelty and sense of refreshment that greets one as—to take the nearest example—the St. Lawrence steamer glides into Montreal docks at sunset in July, with the French voices of the hotel touts, the clashing bells of Notre Dame, the unusual look of the *voitures*, the narrow streets, the foreign signs and advertisements? Therefore, the Travel Clubs, by including distant Canadian and particularly French-Canadian districts in their itinerary, are doing a very great work in this province. Prof. Wrong closed with a note of warning: not to criticise Quebec too severely, remembering the weak points of other provinces; not to hamper, by unnecessary and uncalled for meddling, the inevitable if gradual progress of events in the older province towards more modern conditions. Now for reciprocity. If there is a Travel Club in Montreal (there are probably several) perhaps a talk on Toronto or Niagara may prove equally beneficial in the near future. The old family homesteads,

such as Beverley House or Heydon Villa, the stately and unspoilt pile of Osgoode Hall, the Niagara peach orchards, the scenery on the Credit—these would work up well in an hour's "Talk on Toronto." Mrs. Jameson, the famous art critic and authoress of a bygone age, recalled, in after wanderings, the colour and contour of Hamilton Bay, as seen from the adjacent heights, as one of the most beautiful sights of her life, rivalling Naples in exquisite tinting and aerial suggestion. The house occupied by Mrs. Jameson while in Toronto was in the vicinity of Portland Street, probably the then much sought after and aristocratic portion of the town, close by the lake and open to all panorama of sky and water.

Indeed, the Rosedale and Parkdale Travel Clubs might do worse than arrange an evening's "Travel" along these old streets; Peter, John, Wellington, Front, Strachan Avenue, and north to Dundas. For such a purpose, Dr. Scadding's "Toronto of Old" should constitute a good starting-point. Having never encountered a "Baedeker" of Toronto, I am, of course, just hinting at these things and people and places from memory. Probably a good guide-book to such colonial haunts exists somewhere.

YOUNG LOVE AND THE ROSE.

By Margaret O'Grady.

The lark's sweet note is wild and glad,
The lilting breeze a love song sings,
A gay red rose with saucy pose,
On a dancing sunbeam lightly swings.
Madly, madly swings the rose,
Young love has come. She knows, she knows.

The nightingale is hushed and still,
The wind-whipped leaves a requiem croon,
And a rose, pure white in the pale starlight,
Hides her face from the tender moon.
Sadly, sadly droops the rose,
Young Love is dead. She knows, she knows.
—Canadian Magazine.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

OUTLOOK GOOD FOR 1910.

THE end of the year 1909 certainly finds practically all of the leading industrial concerns of Canada in a prosperous condition and all the leading interests are agreed that the prospects for 1910 are of the very best. The most disturbing factor, as far as can be seen at present, will likely arise from the labour situation and the unusually high market prices that now prevail for some species of raw material, such as cotton and rubber.

The leading Canadian steel companies, such as the Dominion Iron and Steel, the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal and the Algoma Steel Company of Lake Superior Corporation will enter the year 1910 with more orders on hand than at any time during the past two years. The cotton companies, most of which are now included in the Dominion Textile Company, have a ready market for everything they can produce, but then again they have been sorely tried by the unusually high level at which raw cotton has been selling for some time past, and they were anxious to avoid over production from raw material secured at the highest level. The rubber companies, most of which are now included in the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company, have been making considerable money but during the last few weeks have been going a little bit slow because of the big jump that has occurred in crude rubber. The market for the crude now gives indication of adjusting itself and these companies now go into the new year with prospects of a bumper business.

Then again, all the three big Canadian railways have plans for enormous expenditures for new construction work and additional rolling stock and locomotives, all of which besides providing a great deal of business to various industrial concerns, will keep the labour market busy trying to supply a sufficient quantity of labour.

This would seem to indicate that barring unforeseen circumstances, such as the possibility of war between Germany and Great Britain and other little matters of that kind, Canada should enjoy a fair degree of prosperity in the new year. Here's that she may and that we may all share it with her.

* * *

A GOOD MANY BETS WON AND LOST.

THIS is the time of year when a lot of the brokers on the regular stock exchanges as well as a great many traders have either to cash in on, or pay up a good many debts made earlier in the year.

Away back last February or March innumerable bets were made around the Montreal Stock Exchange, that Dominion Iron Common would sell at \$75 within the calendar year. Of course it was the interests who were very close to the iron and steel developments who laid the bets that the \$75 mark would be reached, when about ten days ago the stock went up as high as 72½ with some two weeks to go, it certainly looked as though the bull would, in addition to making a good deal of money on the advance of the stock, pick up quite a little easy money through their gambling propensity of making bets.

Another stock on which considerable bets were made, around the Montreal Stock Exchange was Montreal Power. When Senator Forget returned from Paris in the early part of the year he expressed very optimistic views with regard to power going as far as to think that as a result of the large investment orders that would come from London it would in all probability sell as high as 150 before the end of the year. Some of his associates, while sharing his optimism decided that it might almost be a safe bet to lay a little money that the stock would cost 140 within the year. For a long time it certainly looked as though they would not have a chance to have a run for their money, but around about the first of November the stock started to spurt and a few days ago got as high as 33½, all of which went to prove that they have not been very far wrong, and that if they had included the market price of the stock plus the 7 per cent. dividend, the high price would have been 140½ and there would have been a little real money coming their way instead of being forced to take some of the profits that they had likely made and handing them over in payment for their bets.

It is usually when trading falls off on the exchanges and brokers have more time on their hands that most of these bets are made, but as a rule brokers are willing to bet on pretty nearly any old thing, this being perhaps a natural result of their daily life of speculation for themselves or for their clients.

* * *

WHILE THEY DIFFER THEY SOMETIMES AGREE.

IT would be very difficult to find two men in the same line of business whose views are so absolutely different as is the case with Mr. Robert Meighen, president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, and Mr. F. W. Thompson, vice-president and managing director of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, Limited. Usually when Mr. Meighen takes a view regarding crop prospects, future prices of wheat, whether the farmer should hold on or sell his wheat, it may be regarded as absolutely certain that Mr. Thompson would come along and express entirely opposite views. When Mr. Thompson intimates that there is every indication that wheat is likely to advance and that as a result of flour prices should be raised, Mr. Meighen will walk in on the floor of the Board of Trade remarking, as he strokes his beard with his finger, that there is nothing in it, and that the Lake of the Woods Milling Company has not any intention of advancing its quotations for the different grades of flour. Then Mr. Meighen will add, that while any one company may reduce the price of flour none of the others would be able to raise the prices unless all the mills agree to a similar arrangement. But lately when there has been such active discussion as to what Great Britain should or should not place a tax on there has been found a question on which even Mr. Meighen and Mr. Thompson are willing to agree. Although they expressed themselves in a slightly different manner their meaning is exactly the same. Mr. Thompson, for instance, says that now the Colonies of the British Empire are able to supply the Mother Country with her full supply of wheat, that England should levy a tax on wheat imported from foreign countries. Mr. Meighen, on his side, brings in the navy question and states emphatically that Canada should, as a starter, contribute at least \$25,000,000 as a preliminary contribution to the navy, but that in return Canada should be placed in exactly the same position as either Scotland or Ireland with respect to England. Both of which mean that Canadian wheat should go into the Mother Land absolutely free and as a result an enormous market should ever be at the disposal of our Canadian milling concerns. They do not view such a result from merely a monetary standpoint, but on the other hand, point out that once such

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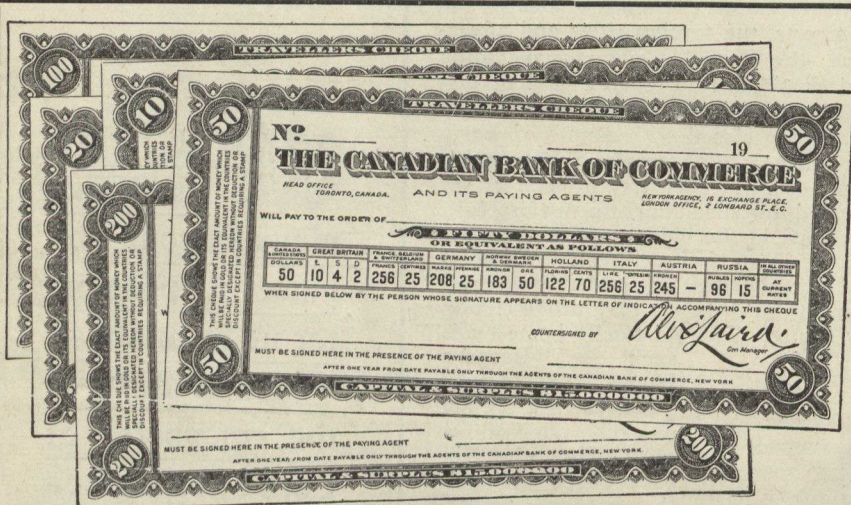
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an arrangement were made that influx of British immigration unto the prairie lands of the Canadian West would far exceed anything Canada has ever seen. This is but another instance of what is good to the industries of the country is sometimes beneficial to the country itself.

* * *

WHEN CORPORATIONS MEET PECULIAR LABOUR CONDITIONS.

SOMETIMES labour conditions do become peculiar. One day Mr. Markland Molson, who, besides being a director of the Molson Bank, is also a member of the Board and Executive Committee of the Montreal Cotton Company, happened to be out at the cotton mills at Valleyfield, and when the whistle blew for one o'clock, the hour at which the employees should be at their looms ready to start work, he noticed a large gang of them strolling leisurely across the yard in the direction of the mill.

Turning to the general manager, he casually asked him, what was the reason of it and why the men and girls were not at their posts on time to start work when the whistle should blow. He took out his watch and figured that it would be at least twelve minutes past one o'clock before the mills could be in complete operation, and when he made this remark the general manager said to him, "It's always the same, both in the morning and the afternoon, but if I was to go out and complain about it to them the first thing I would know would be that the Union officials would call all hands away from their work and the whole mill would be left idle."

Mr. Molson, with his mind for figures, then worked it out how much time the Company lost by the employees acting in this way each day, and then figured it up over the entire week, and from a week up over the whole year, and the first thing the general manager knew he was able to show him a net loss of over \$30,000 a year. The general manager admitted it and wanted to know what Mr. Molson would suggest doing about it, seeing that he and the other officials had been looking for some solution of the problem for some months. It just meant that the Union during the period of prosperity, had become so strong in the town by having the company meet their various demands, that they were able to do pretty near anything they liked.

* * *

A VERSATILE ACTOR.

COMES news from sunny California of Nathaniel C. Goodwin, erstwhile great American comedian, more recently vice-president of the Scheffel firm of curb brokers, and now retired financier. Into two of the most prominent of the Scheffel promotions, Ely Central and Bovard Consolidated, under his auspices, went a few hundred thousand Canadian dollars. They are still there, although this week the Nevada coppers have been looking up a bit and some holders have been heartened with the prospect of getting out even. If they do, it will be the most entertaining comedy in which Mr. Goodwin ever starred. Years ago, this versatile actor played with great success the title role of a piece called "A Gilded Fool." An eminent critic who until he attained years of discretion signed himself "Touchstone" questioned the logic of the play. "A Gilded Fool" told the story of a young and rather dissipated man about town who suddenly renounced his gay life for the sake of a woman and winning her secured also for himself a good name as a business man and laurels as a financier. The local critic held that while Goodwin as the sport was convincing enough, he scarcely was able to put it over as the astute money-maker and that in life the villain who had sought the hero's commercial ruin and incidentally the heart of the leading woman, would have been, as they are generally supposed to be, completely successful. Mr. Goodwin has waited years for the vindication of the play. After a long career in that most casual of all occupations, acting, he blossomed out as a distributor of mining stocks, and according to report gathered up more real wealth in one short season than formerly came to him through the box office in three. And this estimate does not include the year he tried a Shakespearean repertoire. No speech which he ever proclaimed was half so moving as when he extolled Ely Central or Bovard Consolidated. The proof of it was that people gave up a hundred or a thousand dollars, when before it cost them only two dollars to hear Goodwin talk. The Goodwin stocks were boosted until some rivals of the Scheffel firm knocked the bottom away and while the opposing forces were talking about each other's prison records (Goodwin not included) market values were smashed to smithereens. Then newspapers which had hitherto been rather lukewarm as to his histrionic achievements, declared that Goodwin was a grand actor. Under these cruel insinuations his artistic nature suffered so that he retired from his high office in the Scheffel firm and issued a letter placing the entire responsibility for the results of his action upon the papers. His leave-taking from New York in his private car accompanied by his current wife was said to be very affecting, but his emotions were as nothing compared with those of the actor colony which had gone into the Scheffel stocks, hook, line and sinker.

* * *

COBALT STOCKS AND THE BROKERS.

THE market has seen some strange recruits to the cause of reform in the business of trading in Cobalt stocks. Mr. H. B. Wills began the crusade by urging all buyers of Cobalts to take the goods home with them instead of leaving them in the care of the broker. Making the broker the custodian of thousands of shares belonging to various clients provides a powerful temptation for the said agent to speculate in the short side of the market. The client's stocks are "borrowed" to make delivery as occasion demands and the market is thus subjected to artificial influences which are not always to the advantage of the real holder.

There is more than a suspicion that some brokers who are offering most attractive terms to clients are not executing all the business they receive but are really bucketing the orders against the market. There is but one end to this kind of gambling. In the end the trend of prices goes against the broker and the customer finds that he has never been in the market at all. It was probably a case like this that started Mr. Wills on his present crusade.

That a number of unexpected volunteers have enlisted themselves under his banner constitutes a curious phase of the episode. Some of the most flagrant manipulators in the Cobalt market have declared themselves in favour of the reform. And for what reason? The maliciously-inclined might say that with the market clear of floating supplies of stocks, manipulation might be made infinitely easier. At present a broker who enjoys pretty complete control over one particular stock may start to make a market for it and when he has advanced the quotation far enough to show him a fair profit on the transaction, other brokers step in and sell the stock short. If these brokers were not holding stocks in trust for clients they would be afraid to do this.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

HOW MAMMY POSSUM GOT HER POCKET

By Grace MacGowan Cooke

POSSUM was a favourite dish in the cabins at Broadlands plantation, though it seldom found its way to the table at the Big House. The three Randolph children were always intensely interested in the game which the possum hunters brought home; for more often than not these were alive, having shammed death and been picked up by the tail and carried in dangling from a stick. They are sorry little beasts, with dishonest, squinting eyes close together, and mournful, long, thin noses.

"That one looks like a widow," Patricia said, pointing to a possum in a slat pen at Uncle Bergen's cabin.

"I think she looks as though she had lost her children, besides her husband," amended Pate, laughing.

"Poor old Mammy Possum!" cooed little Isabel.

"She ain't lost none o' her chillens," asserted America, the nurse girl. "I knows in reason dat ain't what grieve her, 'caze she got a pocket in her coat for to tote her chillen in."

When Mammy Possum had been taken from the pen and the pocket shown to the children, their questions brought the inevitable story from the devoted America.

"You see, hit come 'bout dis-hyer

a piece o' hit,' she lay dat poke down an' fergit hit. Gentermans, she plumb lost de poke, an' little Joe Possum in it!

"De store was full o' folks doin' dey Christmas tradin', an' Mammy Possum commence to holler an' run 'round 'mongst 'em, an' ax 'em all is dey see her poke, on her little Joe Possum. She holler an' she bounce, an' she mighty nigh break up 'he meetin' wid her carryin' on. De storeman want dat sorter doin's stopped. He tell her an' he tell her to quiet it, an' hush her fuss. But lawsy! She ain't studyin' 'bout quittin'—she ain't got no notion o' hushin' her fuss, Mammy Possum ain't. She jes' holler de louder, an' run 'round de faster, an' bounce de higher, like she plumb crazy. So de storeman he up an' sont for de sheriff—he did so. Mr. Porkypine was de sheriff in dem days, an' he soon step in an' take a hand.

"Hey, you!" he holler at Mammy Possum, whar she's a-r'-arin an' bellerin' an' weavin' around 'mongst de storeman's plunder. 'You hush dat fuss. I'se 'shamed on ye. Folks can hear ye plumb to de co't-house.'

"He grab a-holt her, an' sorter lean de sharp ends o' his quills inter her.

"Ouch!" she squeal. 'Yas, sir, I'll hush an' be still.'

"Well, den," say Mr. Porkypine, 'whar you leave dat young 'un?'

"Oh, I had 'im in my poke, please sir; an' de pesky string hit break, an' de poke git lost; an' now my dear little Josey somewhars, tied up in dat poke. He can't git out, an' I can't find 'im; an' he 'bleege to starve to death! Oh, Josey—osey—wosey! An' Mammy Possum des cry like her heart plumb broke.

"Well, set dar,' say Sheriff Porkypine to Mammy Possum.

"But hit didn't take Sheriff Porkypine long to find dat poke un'neath he counter; an' Josey Possum was all curled up fast asleep inside o' hit. Or meb-

be he was playin' dead, like possums does.

"Now, dar yo' poke an' yo' possum chile,' he tell de lady. 'An' don't let dis-hyer thing happen agin. Ef I was you I'd have me a pocket sewed fast into de inside o' my coat, for to carry my chillen in.

"Thanky sir—thanky, kindly!' say Mammy Possum. 'I'll do best like you say. You is a kind genterman—ef you is de sheriff what takes folks to jail—an' you knows a heap.'

"So dat's how come it dat Mammy Possum set up nights to sew a pocket an' put hit in every coat she had; an' she liked hit so well dat all Mammy Possoms been doin' so eber sence."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

* * *

A GOOD EXCUSE

LITTLE Lawrence jealously guarded his baby brother, and when a lady visitor asked how much he thought his mother would take for him, said, "Oh, ever so much—about a hundred dollars!" "Well," she said, "I am able to give that much." He reflected a moment; then, seized with a sudden inspiration, he replied, "But she wouldn't like to break the set."



A Full Load.

way," the girl began. "'Long 'bout Christmas time, Mammy Possum go to de store for to do her tradin'. She done take Sammy an' Bob an' Joe Possum 'long wid her, 'caze she ain't got nobody for to leave 'em wid. She tote a poke on her shoulder for to put her plunder in, an' she give one hand to Sammy, an' one to Bob, for to lead 'em. An' Joe he whine an' he fuss: 'Oh, Mammy Possum, I ain't got nothin' for to hold to. I gwine git lost—I knows I is.'

"Ketch a-holt o' Bobby's hand,' say Mammy Possum.

"Bobby's ol' hand, hit's so scra-atchy,' little Joe say.

"Little Joe was de baby, an' raised a pet; he was spi't—yas, law! he was a piece o' spi't meat, dat youngest possum. But he mammy, look like dey hain't nothin' she won't put up with, or undertake, for to please him. So what ye reckon she done now? Why, she up an' put dat possum chile in de poke an' pack him all de way to de storehouse! Den, when she git dar, what wid de storeman sayin', 'Lemme show you some dis hyer fine calikers, an', 'Please, ma'am, Miz. Possum, taste dis hyer cheese, an' see don't you want to buy

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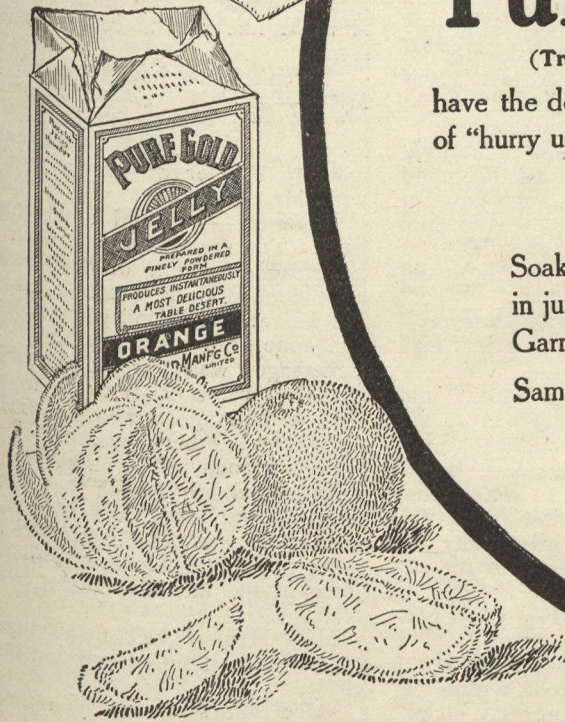
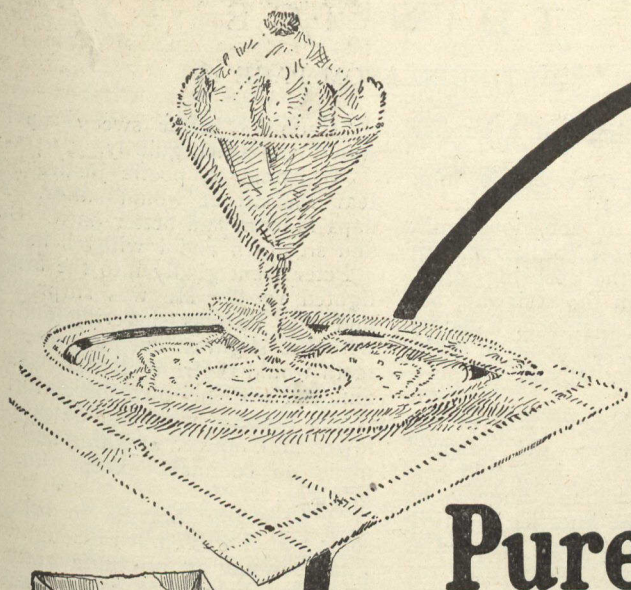
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IN THE DAYS OF THE PLAY PARTY

By J. L. HARBOUR

MODERN ideas of propriety have made the play party a thing of the past in localities in which it was once most popular. Parties of this kind still obtain in some of the rural districts; but our revised ideas of correct deportment have deprived honest young fellows and rosy-cheeked maidens of the delight they once found in coming together on long winter evenings in the old farmhouses or in the villages and enjoying the play party with its great variety of kissing games and noisy fun.

Often the party closed with an oyster supper, and there would be unlimited quantities of pie, doughnuts, and apples. The young fellows were almost sure to have in their pockets an abundant supply of "pep'mints," and this confectionery would be in heart-shaped forms, with such armorous inscriptions as "I love you" or "You are my heart's delight" on them. The penetrating odour of musk was in evidence on the handkerchief of the girls, while cinnamon drops were more popular as perfume with the boys. There was a bright pink hair oil of pungent odour that was much in vogue, and the wearing of paper collars brought forth no invidious criticism, even though the collar was worn with a flannel shirt. Poetry and kissing were happily combined in many of the games.

* * *

A GAME OF MUCH KISSING.
I RECALL one game involving so much kissing that by the time twenty or more persons had entered

into it each would have been kissed fifty or sixty times. When playing this alluring game the young people ranged themselves in two lines. Facing each other, they sang lustily and to a rollicking air:

"Here stands a young couple,
Both joined heart and hand!
Oh, it's he wants a wife
And she wants a man,
And they can be married
If they can agree;
So march down the centre
In love and harmo-nee!"

The couple at the head of the line then clasped hands and marched down the room between the two lines, and this was supposed to constitute the marriage ceremony. Then the young man marched to the head of the line again behind the young men, and the young woman did the same behind the girls, while the others sang:

"Now, they are married,
And, since it is so,
Away to the war in haste he must go!
I'm mourning, I'm mourning!
And this shall be my cry,
If I never see my true love
I surely shall die!"
The "rue love" then appeared and embraced his bride, while the others sang:
"Oh, here comes my true love!
And how do you do,
And how have you been
Since I last saw you?
The wars are all over
And we're from war's alarms;

So can't you give us joy

By the raising of your arms?"

Then all the boys and girls clasped hands high in the air, creating a kind of arch, under which the reunited pair marched, the bride kissing every boy in line, while the bridegroom had the happy privilege of so saluting everyone of the girls.

Then the next couple at the head of the line were "married" in the same way, and with the same osculatory result, and so on until each couple had been properly united.

* * *

THE KISS WITH NO HARM.

ANOTHER popular kissing game was "Sister Phoebe." When this game was on a girl took her place on a chair in the centre of the room, while the others sang:

"Oh, sister Phoebe, how happy were we
The night we sat under Tom Snyder's peach tree!
Tom Snyder's peach tree, heigh-o,
Tom Snyder's peach tree, heigh-o!"

"Tom Snyder came out with his old rusty gun,
And he said he would shoot us if we didn't run,
And if we didn't run, heigh-o,
heigh-o!
If we didn't run, heigh-o!"

"Now take this hat on your head to keep your head warm
And take a sweet kiss, which will do you no harm;
But a great deal of good I know, I know,
A great deal of good, I know!"

Then "Sister Phoebe" chose the young man who should bestow the sweet kiss that was to do her no harm.

* * *

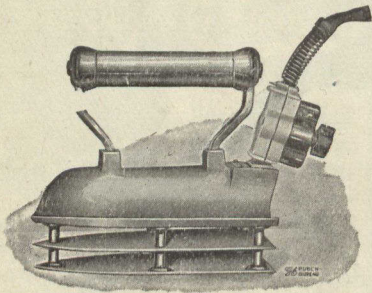
"GRABBING" A PARTNER.

THERE was a marching game with no particular name, though I believe it was sometimes called "grab." When playing this game the young fellows chose partners among the girls and marched in a circle with some unmated young fellow in the middle. Then the marchers sang:

"Oh, happy was the miller
Who lived by himself!
As the wheel went around
He gathered in his wealth.
With one hand in the hopper
And the other in the bag,
As the wheel went around
He cried out, 'Grab!'"

Then all the young fellows had to "change partners," and the unmated fellow in the centre had to watch his opportunity and "grab" a partner for himself if he could. When all the "grabbing" was done, the one who found himself without a partner had to take his place in the circle, and the doggerel lines were sung again. Or it might be that this rhyme was sung:

"Oh, happy was the rain-crow
As she flew!
If I was a young man,
I'd have two.
If one proved false
And from me did go,
I'd have two strings
To my bow, bow, bow!"



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SAUCE

T H I N I C E

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

vividness the feelings of a burglar caught in the act.

"Oh!" said a voice beside him, "look at the carpet!"

With a start of conscious guilt Peter looked, not at the carpet but at the owner of the accusing voice. There, standing on the stairway, her dark eyes full of reproach, a dainty finger pointing at the pools of melting snow, stood the lady of the post-office.

Peter's first thought was of the handkerchief! When she stopped looking at the carpet she would certainly—with trembling fingers he sought to untie the knot he had tied, alas, too well, and failing, dragged at the thing in frantic haste with the result that what had been a decorative headgear became a rakish bandage over the left eye. At last it was off—too late. The reproach in the girl's eyes changed to amusement.

Rutherford could think of nothing to say, ideas he had none, his mind was a blank. It seemed but a moment since those eyes had glanced at him in just that laughing way.

"Why," he blundered, "how did you ever get home?"

"I did not try to walk, anyway," said she still smiling. "But if I may ask, how did you get—"

"I expect I *didn't* get home," said Peter ruefully. The girl was so absolutely natural and friendly that embarrassment seemed needless, beside he was not accustomed to suffer from embarrassment and now that the hideous handkerchief was safely removed he felt more equal to the occasion.

"I most sincerely beg your pardon," he began more formally. "I don't see yet how it happened but I expect I must have 'gone wrong' as the Sunday School papers say. I assure you I counted my corners and watched my directions and did everything quite properly so that by rights this ought to be the home of Herbert Leversage, K.C.—which apparently it isn't."

"Oh! Are you staying with Mr. Leversage? Why, he lives at least six blocks from here."

Six blocks! Rutherford thought with a shiver of the night outside but managed to keep his dismay out of his voice.

"Well," he remarked, laughing, "if anyone had told me that I would lose myself in a town that had to be made a city by act of parliament I would have thought they were romancing. The unexpected certainly does happen but, if you will kindly give me my bearings, I will try again. The unexpected will not be so inconsiderate as to happen twice in one night."

The girl, who, during this colloquy, had been leaning on the balustrade, came down into the hall. Peter saw that she was quite tall, very slim and girlish as yet and that her delicate face was quite as attractive as his former glimpse of it had promised. She looked at him in a friendly way with the clear, straight glance of an unspoiled child.

"You can't go alone, that's certain," she said thoughtfully, "and I can't go with you, so if you don't mind, you had better wait until Tom comes home. He won't be long," she added reassuringly. "You had better take off your wet coat and sit down."

Peter was delighted. He could hardly have hoped for anything better than this. Tom, whoever that person might be, was welcome to stay away indefinitely. To be sure the invitation had been very matter of fact but it was better than the very best he had dared to expect. He surveyed the soaking carpet with repentant glance.

"Hadn't I better sweep up the snow?" he asked guiltily.

"It would be poetic justice but I fear the carpet would suffer. Perhaps Martha had better do it. Go in and sit down and I will tell her."

Peter went gladly into the brightly lighted room. He was surprised to find that he was shivering and that with the slightest encouragement his teeth would begin to chatter. He felt annoyed with his own discomfort but if his hostess, who had quickly followed him, noticed anything amiss she made no comment except to say brightly:

"I have told Martha to bring us some tea. I was chilled through when I came in and am not quite warm yet. A night like this is colder than it seems."

"I don't know how to thank you, Miss —"

"Margaret Manners," she told him simply. "It is possible that you have met my brother as you are staying with Mr. Leversage."

"Manners— No, I don't think I have. You see I have only been with Leversage a couple of days and we have done nothing but talk business. He was an old friend of my father's and one of his executors. Mrs. Leversage was my father's half-sister. I came down to arrange my sister's marriage settlement as I am my father's other executor. Leversage is a good fellow and Aunt Jane is delightful only I wish they lived in Montreal—at least I did wish it," he added with a smile. "And since there is no one here to introduce us, I rejoice in the name of Peter Rutherford."

Miss Manners, who was sugaring the tea, looked up eagerly but a trifle shyly.

"Oh," she said, "are you the rich Mr. Rutherford?"

Peter smiled, then he thought of a certain letter in his vest pocket and the smile faded.

"I am afraid," he said regretfully, "that I am not the rich Mr. Rutherford."

Miss Manners was plainly disappointed.

"I just *hoped* you were," she said frankly, "you see you mentioned Montreal and your name is the same as his. I would like to meet him very much because he is going to marry a friend of mine."

Peter sat up a little straighter. "You don't say so," he remarked anxiously.

"Yes. A Miss Mabel Sayles. She lives in Montreal—perhaps you know whom I mean."

Peter meditated.

"I think I do," he said. "I have met her but I did not know that she was—er—engaged."

"Oh, yes. I don't suppose it's a secret. She says in her last letter that she has made up her mind. He is very rich." Miss Manners finished with a little sigh and handed Peter his tea.

"Was that," asked Peter thoughtfully, "what helped her to make up her mind?"

"I don't know. I hope not. Of course she couldn't help liking it, you know. It must be lovely to marry a rich man, but not unless there were—other things."

"As for instance—"

"Well, it would be necessary to like him, too, you know."

"Do you think so? And does Mrs. Sayles like him?"

"I expect she does. Of course he's a millionaire— You can hardly blame her for consenting to become a Mrs. Millionaire?"

"Money," said Peter with a Sunday School air, "money is vanity."

"Indeed it is not. It is very nice, and so useful. If I had a million," meditatively, "I could travel, I could have a maid and a new piano and a hundred-and-fifty dollar kodak."

"Do you really think you could do all that with a paltry million?" asked Peter in amazement.

"Yes, and get a new dress every time I wanted one," Margaret laughed, "only I expect I should call them 'gowns.'"

"I expect you would and be heartily sick of them. At least I know some ladies who consider the getting of gowns one of their trials."

"They just say so," said Margaret wisely. "Don't you believe it. How could a new gown possibly be a trial?"

"Search me," said Peter fervently. "And then there would be the travelling—to go everywhere and see things. Why," Margaret's face was full of rebellion, "I have never seen anything. I wouldn't know an old master from a chromo."

"That's nothing. Others have made the same mistake. I don't believe you would like old masters. They are educative, but tiring."

"Then you have travelled, Mr. Rutherford?"

"I have. Travelling is also educative—but tiring."

"Give me the chance," said Margaret. "I need the education and I'll risk the getting tired. I don't believe you could tire me."

Peter watched her eager face amusedly.

"Perhaps not," he admitted. "And then there are the other ambitions you mentioned, the piano and the camera and the maid, you could get lots of fun and education out of them."

Miss Manners sighed.

"Don't let's talk about it. When I begin to picture things like that I am as discontented as possible and feel as if I'd marry a rich man myself just to get them."

She paused and her eager face took on a different look. An uneasy, almost frightened expression shone in her eyes.

"I did not mean that," she said abruptly.

"Not if you like him very much?"

"But I don't like him at all." The girl's tone was quick and sharp. Then realising what she had said she blushed with annoyance and bit her lip.

Rutherford, however, had apparently noticed nothing unusual in her remark and Margaret drew a breath of relief.

"In fairy-tales," said Peter, sipping his tea tranquilly, "the Prince was always very rich and very nice and the Princess loved him dreadfully."

But to himself he said, "Who in thunder is the rich man that she doesn't like at all. I didn't know there were any rich men in Banbridge."

"I suppose," answered Margaret, "that that is why they were called fairy-tales."

Peter laughed. "Probably," he assented, "though I have met some rich fellows who weren't half bad. Are there many wealthy folk in Banbridge, Miss Manners?"

"No. Our wealthiest citizen is Thomas Malby, he lives in a big red brick house with two towers and a stone verandah. They say that the door knobs are real gold plate."

"Gracious, what wealth! But you don't believe it do you?"

Margaret's eyes twinkled.

"I have never seen them but it may be true for Mrs. Malby keeps them done up in chamois leather bags."

"Well, personally I would not believe a thing like that from hearsay. This Croesus is married, you say?"

"Yes. Have some more tea? I am just beginning to feel warm myself."

Peter obediently passed his cup. Why, he wondered, had she seen fit to change the subject? Had she seen the drift of his questioning and

stopped him purposely. Looking at her frank eyes smiling over the tea cups, he decided that she had not. Still, he had no right to question her, her private affairs were none of his business and he felt vexed with himself for a curiosity which he knew was indefensible.

"I suppose," he ventured carelessly, "that this rich man is properly supplied with sons?"

He had blundered now! She saw the direction of his enquiry at once and flashed him a quick glance, half resentful, half amused.

"No," she said demurely. "It is sad, isn't it?"

Then, seeing his discomfited face, she laughed.

"I am sorry I cannot further supply your appetite for information," she said, "but I think I hear Tom on the verandah."

"It will take him at least five minutes to stamp the snow off," said Peter with an audacity for which he was somewhat noted. "In that time—"

Margaret sprang up.

"That reminds me. It would be cruel to let him take all that trouble for nothing. If you will excuse me I will tell him that he is expected to escort you home."

Rutherford was beaten, but at least he had sufficient sense to know it so he rose briskly.

"Just give me time to fix that handkerchief artistically and I am ready."

"Wouldn't you rather wear a cap?"

"No thanks—oh yes, I would. Borrowed things have to be returned."

"Tom might bring it back in his pocket."

"Oh, no, it would crush it. I couldn't think of allowing it to be crushed."

Margaret laughed.

"You may have the last word if you like," she said graciously. "Good-night."

"Good-night," said Peter, "and thank you—thank you for understanding me—it was a thought beautiful."

"Oh," cried the girl, "you've read 'Tole!' Isn't it just too dinky—I —"

But just then the wind slammed the door, leaving her standing alone in the hall.

The girl glanced around and gave a little laugh, "I had the last word, after all," she murmured, "I wonder —"

A letter was lying on the carpet by the hall-rack and Margaret stooped to pick it up. "It must have fallen from Mr. Rutherford's overcoat," she thought, and placed it on the table carefully. As she did so the address in plain, clear writing stared her in the face and she read:

Miss Mabel Sayles,
2012 Clybourn Ave.,
Montreal,
Que.

Amazement, perplexity, anger wrote themselves upon her expressive face followed quickly by amused and somewhat horrified understanding.

"I've done it now," she said aloud, "Mabel will never forgive me—if she ever knows. How could I guess? He said he wasn't that Mr. Rutherford, how mean of him—and he didn't look rich I'm sure—oh dear!"

She sank upon the nearest chair and tried as far as possible to review the banter of the evening.

"I told him she had 'made up her mind,'" she murmured, "and he said he 'didn't know she was engaged'—how awful!"

For a moment tears of genuine regret and vexation stood in her eyes, then she dashed them away.

"It's her own fault," she said decisively. "She shouldn't have boasted if it wasn't so!"

And shrugging her shoulders Miss Manners went upstairs to bed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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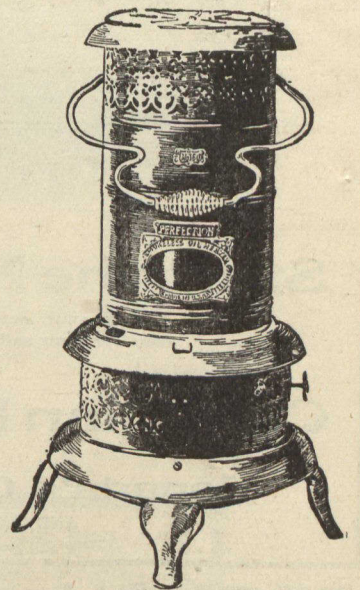
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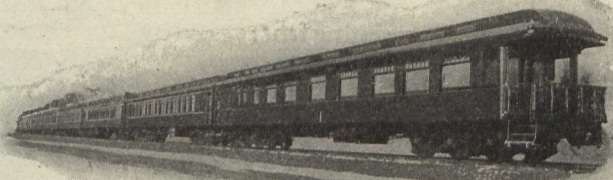
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GOSSIP ABOUT ART FOLK

MR. MARK HAMBOURG, whose playing at Queen's Hall the other day was so praised by the critics, has had a good many interesting experiences in the course of his professional career. One day, in a town very far out west in America, two people were held up and robbed of the contents of their pockets. Among other things that they stole were two tickets for Mr. Hambourg's concert in the town that night. The pianist's surprise may be imagined when, in the course of his recital, a note was handed to him from the robbers stating that they returned the tickets that they had stolen, and "much regretted that they were unable to make use of them."

While touring in Africa some time ago, Mr. Hambourg got into conversation with two Boers, who were much impressed with the size of his grand piano, which he was taking with him on the tour. When told that it weighed 1,850 pounds, they were astounded. "1,850 pounds?" they echoed. "How many people does it take to play it?" They thought that an instrument of such weight must certainly require more than one person to use it properly.

* * *

A SELF-MADE ACTRESS.

MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER is a striking example of the self-made woman. It is not so very many years ago that she was appearing in the Gaiety chorus; but she did so well that she was shortly able to fulfil her ambition of leaving musical comedy and becoming a "serious" actress. Miss Collier's first appearance on any stage was made at the mature age of eight, when she so over-acted her "thinking" part that she was forced to retire for a rest, and afterwards returned to school. Since those early days her successes have been innumerable, and some of her best work has been done with Sir Herbert Tree—her Nancy in *Oliver Twist* being a thing that will live in the minds of playgoers for many a long day. It is interesting to note, by the way, that, like most artistic people, Miss Collier is somewhat superstitious, and she has, or had, a mascot in the shape of a little rag doll.

* * *

FIRST FIDDLE.

AN amusing story is told about Herr Kubelik, who has always been noted for his witty repartee. It is not generally known that his wife is herself a remarkable violinist, and were it not that she is overshadowed by the genius of her husband, she would probably have played more in public. Some time ago Kubelik and his wife were discussing the latter's gift, when she modestly said: "Oh, I play the second fiddle." "Ah," broke in Kubelik with a sage smile, "but sometimes she plays the first."

* * *

BEERBOHM TREE'S JOKE.

WHEN Miss Collier was playing Roma in *The Eternal City*, Mr. Hall Caine was anxious to get a powerful effect in a scene she was taking with the late Robert Taber, and the former was himself in a vein of reminiscence. "I once saw," said Mr. Caine, "a very striking bit of business. The man picked up the woman and threw her over his shoulder." Miss Collier looked at him in consternation, for she would be rather a heavy person to throw about. However, they did their best, but their futile efforts were interrupted by Tree. "That reminds me," said the actor-manager. "I saw a play in Italy once in which the hero caught hold of the heroine by the legs and banged her head on the floor. "Splendid—a

magnificent idea!" interpolated the enthusiastic author. "What was the play?" "Punch and Judy," replied Tree."

* * *

A FAMOUS CONNOISSEUR.

MR. JAMES ORROCK, the famous connoisseur, who has just presented to the Nottingham Art Gallery a series of paintings by Morland, Constable, and others, once described himself as "a voice crying in the wilderness of British Art." Mr. Orrock's enthusiasm was largely responsible for the renaissance of interest in antique furniture. When he first began to collect fine old pieces of Sheraton and Chippendale, he suffered the usual fate of pioneers—he was laughed at. This, however, did not damp his zeal. "You may laugh," he used to say, "but I shall laugh louder than you some day, when my 'roomy' old chairs and sideboards shall be appreciated at their true value." How completely his judgment has been vindicated may be seen from the fact that an Elizabethan chair for which he paid 10s. years ago sold some time since for £150.

* * *

KYRLE BELLEW'S UPS AND DOWNS.

FEW leading men of the present generation have been more popular than Mr. Kyrle Bellew, who has been seriously ill in America, and few actors of any kind have had a more varied life than he has. He was originally intended for the sea, and trained on the *Conway*. After some years' experience of a sailor's life, during which he had many exciting adventures, he went to Australia, where he tried gold-digging, lecturing, and journalism. On the death of his father, he returned to England, and as he had for long desired to shine as an actor, he went on the stage, and made his first professional appearance at Brighton. Since then he has played numerous parts, and he is considered to be the ideal stage-lover.

Mr. Bellew tells a good story of how he was once walking in London and saw a man who used to act with him, but who had lately had very bad luck. This man was standing outside a pawnshop, having a heated argument with a policeman. As he approached, Mr. Bellew overheard the latter say: "Come along, young fellow, move along! You can't stay here outside this shop all day!" "And why not?" asked the poor actor defiantly. "I think I have got a perfect right to look into my own clothes-box, haven't I?"

* * *

A BANKER MUSICIAN.

BARON FREDERIC D'ERLANGER, who composed the music to the operatic version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess," is a famous banker, besides being a musician. It is not often that art and finance go thus hand in hand, but the Baron has been equally successful in both, and his latest work has opened the eyes of the critics considerably. The Baron is a born musician, and could play the piano well when he was only a child. He wrote numerous charming songs as a young man, and his first opera, *Jehan de Saintré*, was an immediate success.

The opera of *Tess* was not, as many people suppose, first produced at Covent Garden. It was seen in 1906 at the San Carlo Theatre, in Naples, and while it was being performed, a panic was going on in the town owing to the fact that Vesuvius was in eruption. So panic-stricken were the people that the theatre had to be closed on the following night.



The Message of the Violets

Violets have brought many messages to women in times that are past, but never such a message as that offered on this page—the message of BEAUTY. For the charm of every woman is in her beautiful complexion and we have spent years learning how to perfect a soap that would both cleanse and beautify. As a result we have traveled thousands of miles to the Orient for pure cocoanut oil. This oil has for centuries kept the skin of the fairest women fair in spite of the tropical sun. We bring this oil to you from France. Then we mill the soap by our secret process and add the exquisite perfume of a million flowers. Could anything be more delightful?—it is the

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Infants' Delight Toilet Soap

This is by far our most popular soap. Almost a million women now use it in their homes. It lathers into a rich, creamy foam and wears down as thin as a wafer. Ask your dealer for a cake—it's 10 cents everywhere.



Valley Violet Talcum Powder

Fragrant and dainty, this talcum powder has won its way into thousands of homes. It is smooth and soft so as to prevent irritation of tender skin. It is borated and thoroughly antiseptic. The perfume has a charm peculiarly its own—try a box and see. 25 cents at all dealers.



Taylor's Shaving Stick

Quickly softens the beard with its rich, creamy lather. The face is left cool and clean—the skin as smooth as velvet. Doesn't smart in the least and won't dry on the face. Try the first stick—then you'll be convinced. 25 cents everywhere.



(6)

Infants' Delight Talcum Powder

Nowhere can be found a more delightful talcum powder for use in the nursery. When dusted on smoothly it leaves a sensation of coolness and prevents irritation of the most sensitive skin. Indispensable after bathing or shaving. Price 25 cents a box.



Persian Bouquet Toilet Soap

Here is the very utmost for those who desire both quality and fragrance in soap. The cocoanut and olive oils are of an exceptionally high grade and the perfume is one of the rarest of scents—it suggests the exotic breath of an Oriental garden. Ask for it at your dealer's. 25 cents a cake.



Persian Bouquet Perfume

Those who want something distinctive in perfumes will find this all that can be desired. It is not heavy or dense, but it brings the dainty fragrance of some far off clime—the mingled perfume from the most exquisite flowers of the Orient. Your dealer will show you this delightful perfume. \$1.00 an ounce.



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