

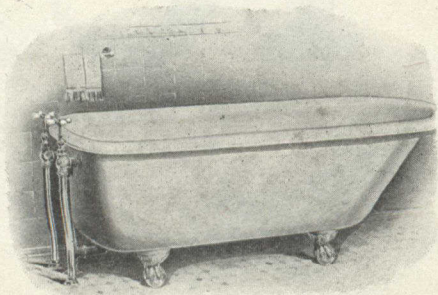
The Canadian Courier



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.
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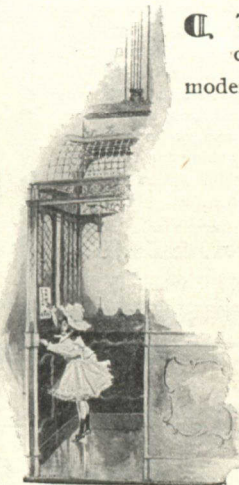
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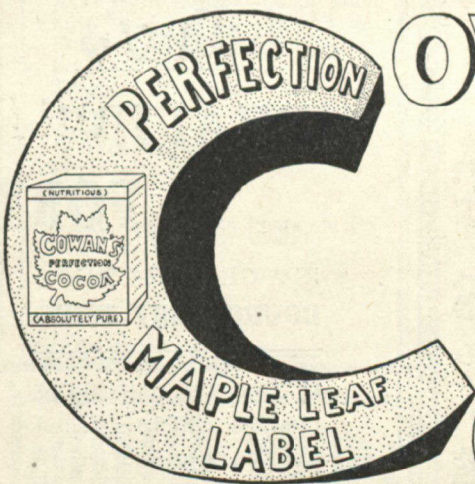


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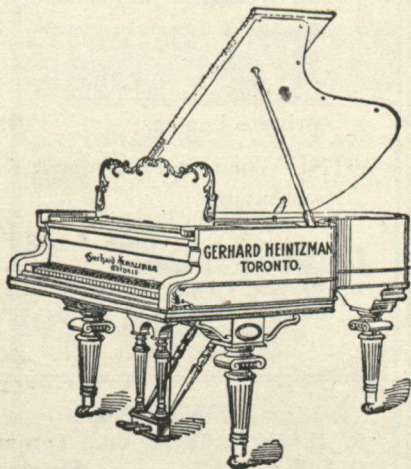
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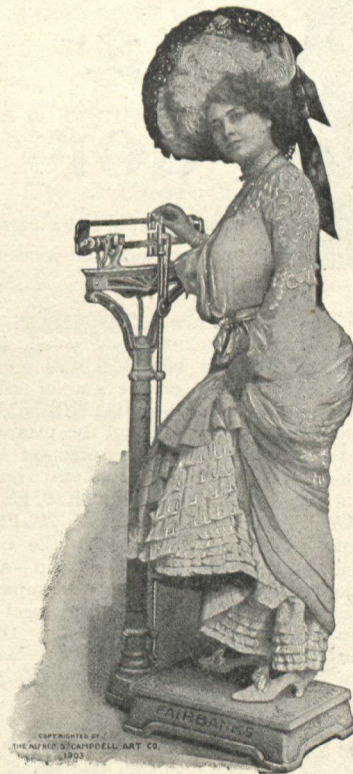
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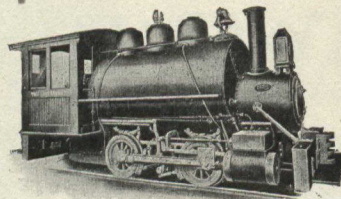
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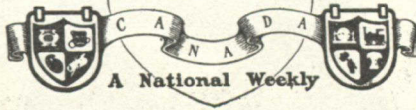
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Editor's Talk

EVERY staff is divided, more or less definitely, into two parts, one of which does the planning and the other the executing. The part of this staff which does the planning is working over-time just now, getting ready for the new paper, which is to be worth 10 cents a copy. Some of their plans are to go into effect on November 1st and some on December 1st. To get every plan into execution at once will be impossible. As our second volume does not close until the end of November, a larger page cannot be introduced until the first December issue. This volume must be completed with the present sized page. However, there will be some decided changes on November 1st.

Such of our readers as are amateur photographers are again reminded of our monthly competitions, particulars of which may be found elsewhere.

Those interested in the University Scholarship Competition will find a photograph of the winner on page 31.



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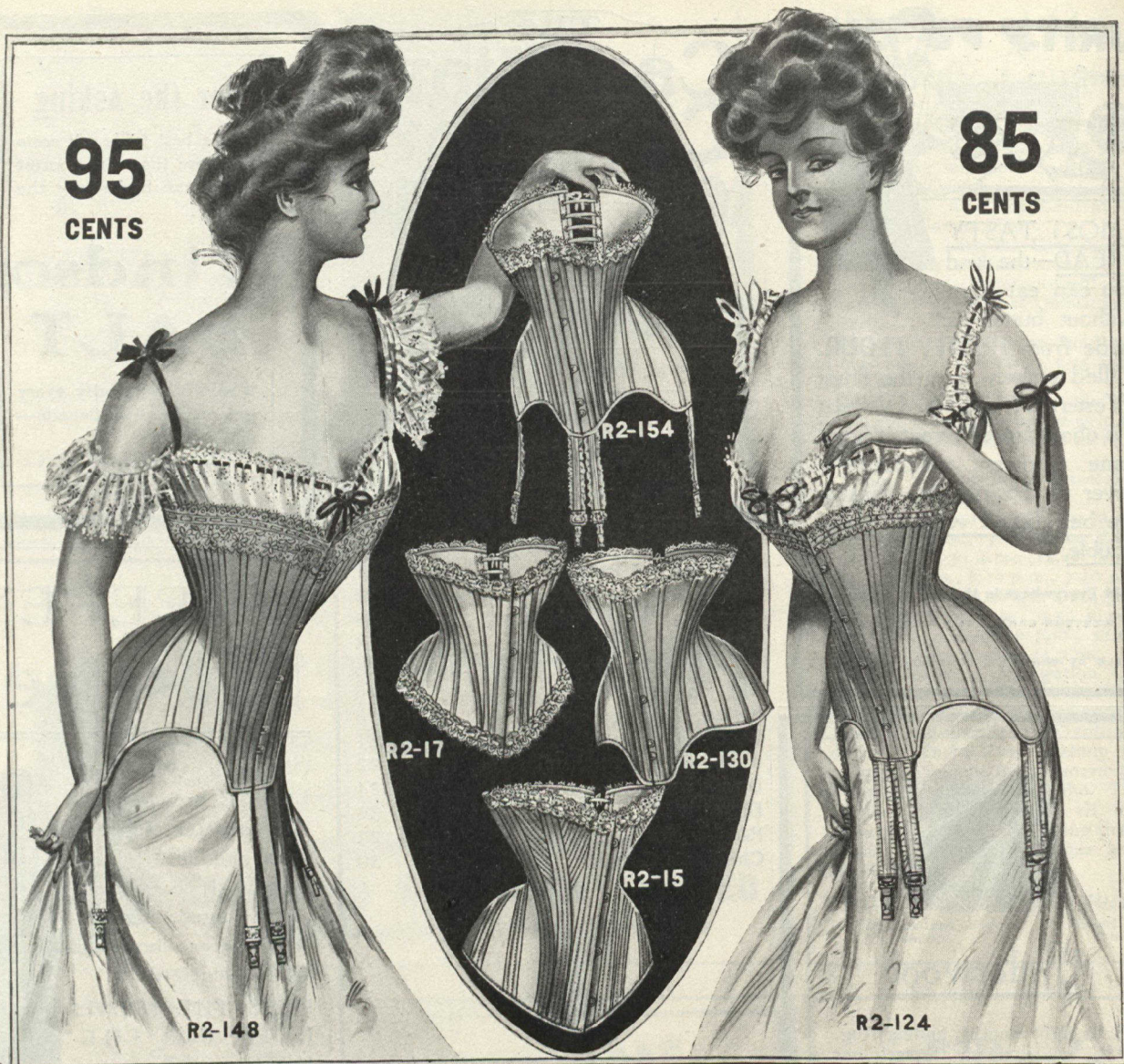
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THE **T. EATON CO.** LIMITED
TORONTO - CANADA

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

NEWS CO. EDITION

Subscription: \$2.50 a Year.

Vol. II

Toronto, October 19th, 1907

No. 21

Topics of the Day

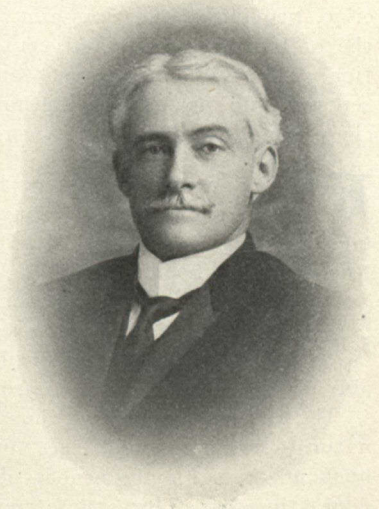
FEARFULLY and wonderfully made are the descriptions of Canada now appearing in British newspapers and periodicals. There is a story told in Toronto about a journalist who came all the way from London to see Cobalt. With a party, he started off on schedule to go through the district. The day spent in the town of Cobalt itself was dark and drizzly but the welcome was bright and warm. Consequently that newspaper correspondent saw absolutely nothing of Cobalt and its wonderful mines except one or two small rooms where liquid refreshments were lavishly supplied. Presumably he had gone back to London to praise or condemn the Cobalt mines.

A writer in the "British Empire Review" has this to say of Calgary: "The style of building is quite picturesque, but there are as yet no trees, no flowers, no gardens, no fences around. A background generally of old tins, paper, old heaps of wood, fragments from the building stage, and rubbish generally." However, he liked the fresh invigorating air, and thinks that when the citizens have had time to sweep up a bit Calgary will be a "nicer place of residence."

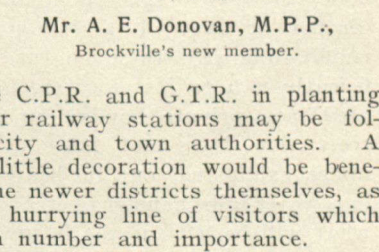
* * *

In spite of some of the peculiarities of these visitor-writers, they have written passages about Canada which must do a great deal towards keeping the Britisher's eye turned this way. True, this country is not so tidy as England where policemen patrol even the country roads. It is still a great big raw undeveloped section of the world, with towns and cities in a most elementary stage. It will take a hundred years to clear up the rubbish and polish the face of the landscape. Per-

haps the example of the C.P.R. and G.T.R. in planting flower-beds at the larger railway stations may be followed by the various city and town authorities. A little tidying up and a little decoration would be beneficial to the people of the newer districts themselves, as well as pleasing to the hurrying line of visitors which is annually increasing in number and importance.



Mr. A. E. Donovan, M.P.P.,
Brockville's new member.



Professor Adam Shortt,
Wages Adjuster.

dealt with at Colonial and Imperial conferences. It will be a clearing-house for colonial opinions and information.

Mr. Lucas and Mr. Just have been selected for these positions because of their knowledge of Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. They are well-informed and sympathetic and should perform exceptional service. If there were more colonials in the civil service of Great Britain, it would be an advantage. Perhaps some of the Rhodes scholarship men will drift that way, seeing that scholarship and not political "pull" is the entrance test.

* * *

These remarks upon Great Britain's interest in Canada lead up to a consideration of the extent to which we are absolutely dependent on that country. If Great Britain were to withdraw her confidence in us for twelve months, the expansion of the country would cease. Mr. Hays found the money for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway in London; Mr. Mackenzie goes there annually to float the bonds of the Canadian Northern Railway; Mr. Nicholls has just returned with two millions for the Canadian General Electric, and a

hundred others are doing the same each year. The municipalities and provincial governments are almost entirely dependent upon the London market.

Our dependence on London was never greater than it is today. The United States money market is in bad condition; the Canadian banks have double-locks on their reserve vaults; our assets are mortgaged and margined to the limit. Considering the higher dividends and the increased volume of business, stocks are lower in price than they have been for several years. To

Great Britain alone we may turn for relief. She has never failed us in the past; she is not likely to fail us in the present. She took our bonds when the prospects of the country were rather dim and doubtful. She is not likely to refuse them now that our possibilities seem ten times as great as in the seventies and eighties.

* * *

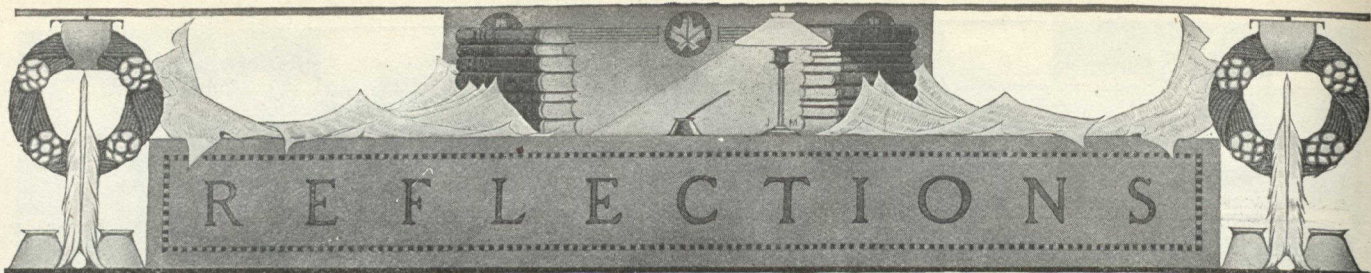
There is another lesson here. Canada is short of capital and one reason for it is Mr. Fielding's allowing South and Central American companies to be incorporated at Ottawa. This was foolish and undesirable. It led to the drawing of Canadian capital to Cuba, British Guiana, Venezuela and Mexico. In fact it was "down-right insanity" on the part of the Canadian authorities. To give governmental sanction to those trying to draw Canadian investments was a crime against the country.

* * *

Professor Shortt has succeeded in dealing a body-blow at the Courier's theory that wages have risen to an extremely high point and are likely to recede. He has secured an advance of about fifteen per cent. for the telegraph operators employed by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

It is a splendid sign of the times that the British newspapers and periodicals are willing to publish all the available material about Canada. No less than four parties of journalists have crossed the Atlantic this year to see with their own eyes the glories of this newer portion of the King's Dominion. The man in the home-land who has not heard or read of Canada must be a recluse.

And alongside this ever-increasing journalistic interest, there is working the new "Dominions Department" of the Colonial office. Under Mr. Lucas, with the assistance of Mr. Just, this department will now deal directly with all matters relating to the self-governing Dominions beyond the seas. It will be the medium for communications sent from Canada to the British government relating to all matters which are usually



IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

THERE is something attractive in the partisan whom no argument can have any political effect. He is a Tory (or a Liberal) to-day, to-morrow and for life. Leaders may come and go, policies be born and deserted, organisations become instruments of personal and party aggrandisements, but this steadfast partisan changes not. No matter what the occasion, no matter who the candidates, no matter what the policy, the leaders of his party can rely on his vote at election time. No malleasance in office, no crookedness in electoral methods, no vileness in the use of campaign funds can alter his blithe and cheerful adherence to the thing which he calls his "party." Such faithfulness is attractive, perhaps, but it is deadly—deadly so far as the man's political conscience is concerned, deadly in its effect on political progress.

Mr. Henry H. Davis, writing in the October "Westminster" on "Party Government in Canada," says, "We must give up the spirit of abject subserviency to parties which is disintegrating the moral life of the country." The language is neither startling nor wholly new, but coming as it does from one of the younger university men, it is worthy of quotation. Many others must use these words and express their sentiments before there is much change. The habit inherited from several generations cannot be easily eradicated. Popular delusions die hard.

Mr. Davis is not far astray when he says there is no need in Canada for any third party in the political field, but that the greatest is freedom of thought and speech within the present parties. At present if the member of a party tries to offer criticism, he is denounced as a "kicker" or as "disgruntled." If he persists, he is treated as a traitor and carefully shunned. And yet, some of these objectors would have saved their parties from disgrace, had their warnings been heeded.

Some day, perhaps, the epitaph "he voted Liberal (or Conservative) all his life" will be a sign of disgrace, but that day is not yet. The party newspapers still chronicle that equally glorious phrase "he was a stalwart."

MR. J. A. RADFORD has a sensible article on Canadian art and its critics in the October Canadian Magazine. He shows sympathy with his struggling brother-artists, but exhibits little fear in his frank statements as to their progress and their weaknesses. He admits that the annual art exhibitions produce little that is excellent, and comments on the appalling monotony of our landscape pictures. He forcefully emphasises the lack of really good figure work, of historical paintings, of splendid portraits and worthy pastorals.

Almost the only attempt to paint an historical picture in recent years was Mr. Bell-Smith's "Coronation Procession." This was not Canadian, nor was it an artistic success. Yet, there are many great events, past and present, in Canadian history which would lend themselves to heroic treatment. Perhaps, if the Dominion Government were to offer a yearly prize for such a painting, there would be an effort to produce something along this line. The prize need not be large, say \$2,000. Some of the richer provincial governments might give

commissions. The opening of the first legislative session in Saskatchewan or Alberta might be mentioned as a fit subject for provincial encouragement. Others will quickly suggest themselves. The bronzes on the Maisonneuve and Champlain statues in Montreal and Quebec give an indication of what might be done on canvas. Further, the work done by the poets along the line of preserving and popularising the great incidents in our history, might receive heroic treatment at the hands of those who work in paint and plaster.

What Canada needs most is a painter who will touch the heart of the nation with subject pictures which reveal and translate the life of the people. The river-driver, the bushman, the hunter, the grower of wheat, the fisherman, the miner—all these are picturesque. The black-and-white artists have caught much of this, but the colour artist has preferred sunsets, sunrises, peaceful valleys and golden autumns—all beautiful in their way, but insipid and unemotional. Verner has painted buffalo and duplicated his pictures until they have become almost valueless. Nines has done some striking work, but he has never been quite sufficiently serious. Reid has done several fairly good things, but has fallen away to mere decorations. Several others have made beginnings but they have never gone far. Whether civic, provincial and dominion art galleries would make the artists ambitious and venturesome is an open question. More public interest and encouragement would certainly do no harm. Perhaps an era of frank criticism would be the most powerful stimulant.

FOR a long time, the cry has gone up that Canada had great natural resources which require developing, but it is a question if it should not cease. President Roosevelt is appealing to the United States to conserve its natural resources which to a great extent are being wasted and destroyed. Canada might profitably listen to this voice of protest.

The future generation has some interest in these natural resources, and the present generation should husband them for the benefit of posterity. If this is not done, the day of greatness may not last more than a century or two. If a wise policy be inaugurated and rigidly followed, these natural resources may be sufficiently rich to last forever. If our lands are all alienated into private hands, our forest lands denuded of trees, our rivers and lakes depleted of fish, our coal mines exhausted, our fur-bearing animals all destroyed, our water-falls handed over to a few individual families, what will be left for the future?

On the other hand, a wise national policy may make one tree grow for every one which is cut down, may increase the yearly supply of fish to be taken from lake and river, may preserve all sorts of game for the pleasure and profit of future generations of hunters, may so manage our crown lands that they shall be a perpetual source of profit, and may conserve our other natural resources so that the annual profit derived from their use may be a continuous source of profit for provincial and dominion governments, and through them for the whole people. Canada, to-day, needs a comprehensive pulp-wood policy, a broadly conceived forest policy and a new system for the management of public lands, coal

mines and water-powers. To originate and give concrete form to these new policies, there must be many broad-minded and unselfish citizens who will talk and argue and advocate and investigate and reason together with a view of giving form to legislation which will bring about a more desirable state of public opinion and public policy. To think of to-day is not sufficient; we must think of to-morrow.

Population is now flowing in at the rate of a quarter million a year, and the long-hoped for ten millions is almost in sight. To keep these people employed, to keep them happy and contented, to keep them prosperous and progressive we must preserve our natural resources for their service and their exploitation. Because we have much is no reason why we should be prodigal. Because the day of reckoning will not come in our time is no reason for present waste and plunder. The making of millionaires and spendthrifts must not be the chief aim and object of any nation which aims to be great a thousand years hence.

CANADIANS, in their enthusiasm for Empire, must not forget that news from various parts of that broadly-scattered Empire must have circulation in order to create unity. Those who know how difficult it is

NEWS OF THE EMPIRE

to make, for example, the people of British Columbia take any interest in the affairs of Nova Scotia, and even how hard it is to prevent misunderstanding between Ontario and Quebec whose boundaries join hands for hundreds of miles—these are the people who should realise the difficulties of Empire. To create a unity of gain and desire, to maintain a mutual sympathy and to provide for a constant concord of action along the leading lines of advancing civilisation is a task which seems almost impossible.

Down in India there is discontent because the white races dominate the Hindoos—and those of us who have seen the domineering Englishman can quite sympathise. In New Zealand they have assumed the title "Dominion" and are walking forth to battle with a strange combination of high intentions. Rhodesia has completed her seventeenth year as a British colony, and this fertile land—larger than France and Germany combined—is to be the home of millions of people who may or may not be among the greatest intellectual forces in the twenty-first-century world. South Africa is working out a destiny peculiarly like our own in many leading points, and Australia is still wrestling with the problems of a new Confederation. But what does Canada know of all these? What opportunity have we to gain full and detailed information concerning them?

True, British publications, which are broadly informed on Imperial matters, are now coming into Canada at a lower rate. In this respect we have an advantage over the other portions of the King's Dominions Over-Seas. Still, the cable is the thing, and if Sir Sandford Fleming's plan were adopted the deficit-making cable which operates between British Columbia and Australia would

spend its spare time passing the Empire's news to and fro between the different parts of that Empire.

A HORRIBLE thing has come to pass. In Tory Toronto, the home of Colonel George Denison and Mr. Castell Hopkins, a text-book containing precepts of United States patriotism has crept into some of the public schools. If this had happened in Windsor or Niagara Falls, one could understand it.

**TREACHEROUS
TEXT-BOOKS** But how such a perverter of Canadian youth happened to penetrate into the very stronghold of staunch imperialism must ever be "wropt in mystery." Mr. James L. Hughes, who has spent the summer in Great Britain, is deeply humiliated by the occurrence and refuses to discuss its origin and consequences. Captain Hunter, who is one of the few humourists to be found in political circles, has picturesquely described the offender as "thickly-atmosphered with over-ripe American patriotism." It is well known that Uncle Sam sprinkles the Stars and Stripes over every form of industrial and educational activity. So far, the covers of United States hymn-books have been free from starry eruptions but no one knows when they will break out in patriotic spangles. We admire our sturdy and expansive neighbours and their national heroes, including the Father of his Country who never, never—was a practical politician. But we really have no desire that Canadian school-children should have their text-books on English composition flavoured with patriotism of the Old Glory order. Great Britain has long ago recovered from the trouble about the tea and the Revolution of 1776. The Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts is heartily welcome to our Sunday disquisitions on temperance and our Monday practice of the same. But if text-books on composition must have flag-drills and "sich," let them concern themselves with the make-up of the Union Jack.

OF course, when we begin to cry "hard times" we go far toward ushering them in. We commence to save, count the pennies, to haggle with the grocer and the butcher, to read our bills in the family circle.

**HARD
TIMES** The uneasiness spreads. Economically speaking, we may be the richer for our saving, but our faces are drawn and worried, and carry "hard times" written on them. Certainly we have been careless and lavish of late and may be forced to pinch for a season. But in such case what will be the lot of the after-dinner speaker? He had only to rise and find "no words in which to describe the marvellous wealth and prosperity of Canada." Statistics, he had abandoned long ago, but he revelled in broad effects. He cast his eye—with the accompanying sweep of the arm and the lift of the voice—from the teeming fisheries of the Atlantic coast over the fertile and substantial provinces of the East, across the limitless extent of waving grain and the immeasurable prairies, to the tall tops of the Douglas pine and the bounding salmon of the Fraser.

New York's Civil Service Reform Association

THE State of New York has a Civil Service Reform Association with a membership of 886 persons. It has a paid secretary with an assistant and maintains a permanent office. Article II of its constitution reads as follows:

"The object of the Association shall be to establish a system of appointment, promotion, and removal in the civil service, founded upon the principle that public office is a public trust, admission to which should depend upon proven fitness. To this end the Association will demand that appointments to subordinate executive offices, with such exceptions as may be expedient, not inconsistent with the principle already mentioned, shall be made from persons whose fitness has been ascertained by competitive examinations open to all applicants properly qualified, and that removals shall be made for legitimate cause only, such as dishonesty, negligence, or inefficiency, but not for political opinion or refusal to render party service; and the Association will advocate all other appropriate measures for securing integrity, intelligence, efficiency, good order, and due discipline in the civil service."

Canada needs an organization of this kind to fight the evil of "patronage committees," and to educate the public as to the dangers of the present system of political appointments to the various civil services. Do you care? If you do and would join such an association provided you incurred no obligations you would be unwilling to assume, put your name on a post-card and address it to "Civil Service," CANADIAN COURIER Office, Toronto. It will bring you some information.

Through a Monocle

WHEN the Government looked itself over with a view to finding a man who could go to Japan and diplomatically point out to the fighting rulers of that pugnacious little country that—well, that—eh—well—but, in any case, I do not have to think up a way of stating it diplomatically—the Government by common consent picked out Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux. That was a very high compliment to Mr. Lemieux; and it was also a recognition of the fact, which those of us who have our eyes open, have long known, that our French Canadian fellow subjects have more of the graces of life, as a rule, than we of English origin. If it had not been Lemieux, we would have felt a deep regret that we could not send Laurier; and it is not accident that these two men of superior courtesy are of the same race. Courtesy is a part of French Canadian character. They learn politeness at least as early as they learn to speak. It is not merely the superficial accomplishment of the more cultured sections of the population; but the birth-right of every grade of society. If you happen to be journeying in the province of Quebec and enquire your way of a farmer working in the field, you will receive—usually—an answer offered with a gracious good will and a polite anxiety that you may understand which would put the best exponents of gentle breeding on their mettle to equal.

* * *

This Japanese affair will do the country good in one way, at all events—it will call our attention to the fact that we, too, live in the world, and have "foreign relations" like the rest of the nations. We have been too accustomed to look upon international politics as an expensive amusement taken up voluntarily by bullying governments with large armies to exercise and idle aristocrats who like an excuse to play important roles in foreign capitals. We congratulate ourselves that we did not have any foolish diplomatic service or international complications; and were not we the freest, the wisest, the most progressive people on earth? If other peoples were only sensible enough to be like us—not to have standing armies or floating navies—not to mix in with the affairs of nations quite distinct from themselves—they would get into less trouble and would have more money to spend on housing their poor and educating their children. But now the fact has suddenly been borne in on us that—possibly—these nations may concern themselves in international politics because they must, and that the same compulsion may one day rest upon our own shoulders. If we had not the British name behind us in this business, we might be learning how it feels to be a Korean.

* * *

Talking of diplomacy, what do you think of that snarl the Canadian Pacific Telegraph Company got into with the Western newspapers? That was a diplomatic achievement that ought to earn promotion for some one; unless it is true—as I have heard some cynics suggest—that the C.P.R. is trying to give Borden a lift with his nationalisation-of-telegraphs policy. Stranger things have happened than that the C.P.R. might be thinking of selling out to the Government; and is taking this way to create a national sentiment in favour of the bargain. The national sentiment they are creating all right. When a powerful corporation presumes to tell a

public journal what it shall say and not say, it is about time for the public to march to the support of the independence of its own "voice"—that is, under modern conditions, a free press.

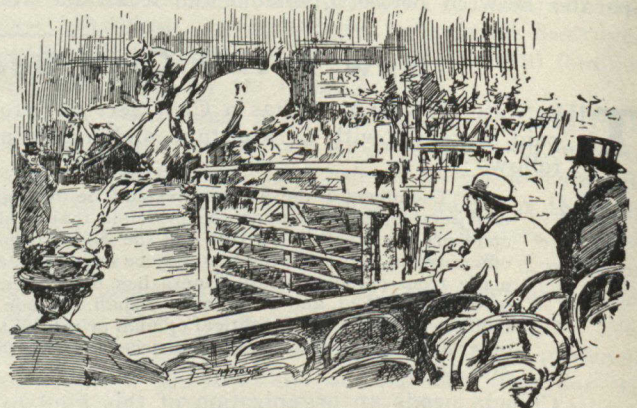
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You have noticed, I presume, that there are a larger number than usual of what might be called unattached politicians in the country just now. There is that hardy perennial "Billy" Maclean; and there is also that paragon of hardihood, Henri Bourassa. Maclean did not go to the West with his presumed "leader," possibly because the rate was higher than two cents a mile; and the nimble Henri keeps hopping about the province of Quebec, firing three shots at the Gouin Government for every one that all the Ministers, taken together, can find time to fire back. Then there is Beattie Nesbitt. The slothful years of peace appear to have eaten into his patience and he longs to be in the fray once more. Moreover, there is your Uncle Israel Tarte. He is not saying very much, but he is not dead and it would take a divining rod to tell just where the springs of his inspiration are at present located. In addition there is Hibbert Tupper, who took a comet flight to the East; and is presumably awaiting Mr. Borden's invitation to "take his coat off." There is a lot of uncertain lightning lying about loose.

* * *

I should like, however, to drop the Monocle—with its suggestion of cynicism—for the moment and pay an earnest tribute to the Rev. John Potts. John Potts has always been a MAN. That is why he was so immensely popular with a generation which has not been given to idolising its clergy. There is no denying that in the hustle of our business life we are not a bit supercilious about the practicality of the "dearly beloved pastor" whom the most of us sit under of a Sabbath. But we were never in doubt about the human practicality of the mind and spirit of Dr. Potts. He was not a dreamer—an idealist. He knew our troubles and our difficulties, and he knew how to conquer many and many of them. He knew that there were other currents in modern life than the streams of religion. He knew that the modern mind was thinking with a wide freedom not appreciated when he was a boy—was enquiring, testing, demanding explanations—and he did not try to hold himself above the common experiences of many. His own faith was simple and sure; but he had a human sympathy with the man whose feet were not so firmly planted. Then he was a citizen, interested in every movement which concerned his fellow citizens. He followed us into politics, into patriotic agitations, into charitable rescue work, into social reform. He was as big in his sympathies as in his body; and his love of humanity was as deep as the thunder of his voice.

At The Horse Show.



First Stout Party. "Well, what do you think of it?"
Second S. P. "Nothing but a circus, I call it. Now, suppose you or I were to buy that horse, you wouldn't catch him jumping gates like that with one of us."—Punch.

With Pen and Pencil

MR. KIPLING has been receiving ovations in the superlative degree out in the West, where he has been "jolly-good-fellowed" until the Lady of the Snows has fairly thawed out his Anglo-Saxon reticence. In Victoria, B.C., he informed the Canadian Club: "The time is coming when you will have to choose between the desired reinforcements of your own stock and blood and undesired of races to whom you are strangers. . . . That is your choice. For myself, I think the time for making that choice is on you now."

* * *



"Choose Your Partners," says Rudyard.

* * *

The C. P. R. has more than enough distractions this month. The strenuous shindy with the Western editors is rather more in the foreground than the domestic difficulty with the telegraphers, but the latter has its moments of interest. The dove is a gentle creature but the edge of the nest is a safe spot for canny folk.

* * *



The Doves' Nest.

* * *

Manitoba is enjoying a glad and golden season. Perhaps there has been more wheat in the Octobers that have fled, but never has a more gladsome sight greeted the Manitoba farmer's eye than the list of soaring prices. "No. 1 hard" has climbed to \$1.13 $\frac{3}{8}$ a bushel, which is 36 $\frac{3}{8}$ % more than last year's price. There is eloquence even in that gentle fraction " $\frac{3}{8}$." The wheat which does not reach the milling grade is worth as much this year as "No. 1 hard" was last year.

* * *



Jubilation in Manitoba.

* * *

The C. P. R. Telegraph and the Western newspapers are having a pleasant time over the wires. The Western papers, to meet an increase in telegraph tolls by the C. P. R., has founded a press association of their own for the collection and distribution of news. This seems to have aroused the resentment of the C. P. R. which also has a press service of its own, and which made the fatal mistake of trying to hold the field by refusing to recognise the new service and also refusing its press rates over the wires.

* * *



The Saskatchewan Editor and the Big Snake.

* * *

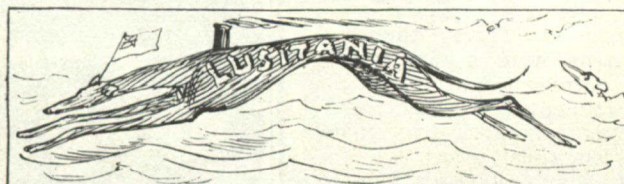
Mr. R. L. Borden's academic style is not appreciated in the remoter districts of the West. The Greenwood "Ledger" says of his speech at Grand Forks: "It was



British Columbia's Opinion of Mr. Borden.

an able presentment of the policy of the party, with the expression of a man who was compelled to sit on an ice chest and take doses of cod liver oil at short intervals." While the vivacious fashion which characterises Occidental expression may have somewhat exaggerated the Opposition Leader's calm, it must be admitted that his manner belongs to the glacial era.

* * *



The Greyhound that has them all beaten.

* * *

The Cunard Steamship Company has issued an official notice calling attention to the record run of the "Lusitania" on her return trip, 619 nautical miles in a nautical day. Commenting on this record the papers declared last week that Great Britain is now likely to regain the blue ribbon of the Atlantic from Germany. It is pointed out in Liverpool that the "Lusitania" has now made the fastest maiden voyage across the Atlantic, the fastest land to land voyage and the biggest single day's run of any steamer.

* * *



The Struggle for the Che-ild.

* * *

It is not particularly flattering to the literary taste of the public that "Buster Brown" should be a valuable asset in the newspaper business, but such appears to be the case. The well known youngster has lately been figuring in court at Montreal before the grave and reverend Mr. Justice Davidson. The Canada Newspaper Syndicate sought an injunction to restrain the Montreal News Company from circulating publications containing "Buster," on the ground that he is the exclusive journalistic property of said Syndicate under the Copyright Act. The Judge declined to take this view, and instead of seeing the last of the little Smart Aleck, he will continue to be twins.

* * *



The Happy Home Coming.

* * *

Hon W. S. Fielding is the white-headed boy of the Nova Scotia Liberals. His recent return from a treaty-making mission to France—surely a notable historical episode—happens to coincide with the completion of his twenty-fifth year in the public service, Provincial and Dominion, and to mark the auspicious event his friends in Halifax entertained him at a great banquet on Tuesday of this week. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. Dr. Pugsley, Minister of Public Works, graced the occasion by their presence. There is not a more popular man in Canadian public life than Mr. Fielding.

Booths at Kingston's Made-in-Canada Fair

THE Limestone City held one of the most successful exhibitions in its history during the week, October 7th to 12th, when a Made-in-Canada Fair was in progress under the auspices of the Woman's Aid Society for the benefit of Kingston General Hospital. The Armouries became transformed into a scene of picturesqueness, where matrons and maids were charming officers for a bewildering variety of booths. Three thousand citizens were in attendance on opening night when Sir Mortimer Clark, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, made a felicitous speech for the occasion, following it with the presentation of a bronze medal to John Gallacher, a fourteen-year-old boy who has twice saved human life.

The chafing-dish booth was a modern feature which would have surprised our grandmothers with its dishes prepared while you wait. The candy booth is an essential feature of any exhi-



A Household Booth.

bition superintended by the sweet sex and made a tempting display. The Indian booth which welcomed "all wise men and Sachems" was in charge of some of Kingston's prettiest girls who were disguised a la Pocahontas and proved as alluring as the lovely Laughing Water. The Farm Products booth was unique in equipment and in financial success, the total receipts for one day making the respectable sum of five hundred dollars. Here dairy maids daintily gowned in white with blue aprons and sun-bonnets served the many customers with all the products of the Canadian farm. The decorations were in keeping with our agricultural adornment. Every utensil for the kitchen, every ornament for drawing-room or library was represented in this patriotic and successful exhibition which has had several fore-runners and should have many successors.



Indian Maidens.



The Wealth of the Farm.

Photographs by Henderson.

Public Opinion

Sir,—Having read with interest your many articles on Canadian banking, particularly the last one under the heading, "From Fifteen to Sixteen and a Half," might I suggest two things?

From the banker's standpoint, there is no doubt that it is a good thing to have available a liquid asset in New York which possibly cannot be provided with the same facility in Canada, on account of the restricted market in which to realise on securities quickly.

But if there is such a demand for money in Canada as to justify the banks in their raising of rates on commercial and other loans one or two per cent., as they have done, and consequently restricting business, would it not appear to the lay mind that if they advanced the rate of interest on savings banks accounts that the result would be to cause a very considerable increase in savings banks deposits?

The truth is that the banks and Bankers' Association are the closest kind of corporation, dominated by a few of the largest, and notably the one special dictating bank.

London, Ont., Oct. 8th, 1907. "INTEREST."

* * *

Sir,—Mr. James Acton's version of the "Chant National" which appeared in your issue of the 14th September, seems to me an admirable one. The lines are dignified, as well as poetic, and should become widely known to Canadians. With the omission of the third verse (the first line of which contains a reference purely

to French Canada) it might be sung from the Atlantic to the Pacific without regard to creed, or race, and in time prove a really fine national hymn.

The setting of Judge Routhier's original poem by Lavallee has been frequently played by our regimental band, and has never failed to secure fresh admirers.

To adopt as our principal "National Anthem" a composition of this kind,—choral in form, properly harmonised, and yet possessing a melody at once musical and pleasing,—would aid very much in developing the patriotic spirit among our young people, and form a lasting tribute to our musical taste. Your correspondent from the "West" need have no fear of "The Maple Leaf Forever" being supplanted. It is very improbable that the writer of that popular song, the late respected Alexander Muir, ever expected his lines to become other than what they are, viz., a set of verses for use in the schoolroom, and at children's patriotic concerts, etc. Indeed, as an intensely loyal man, Mr. Muir, were he alive, would no doubt be the first to welcome any effort to secure the recognition of a poem breathing his own sentiments, but expressed in language, and set to music, on broader and more ambitious lines.

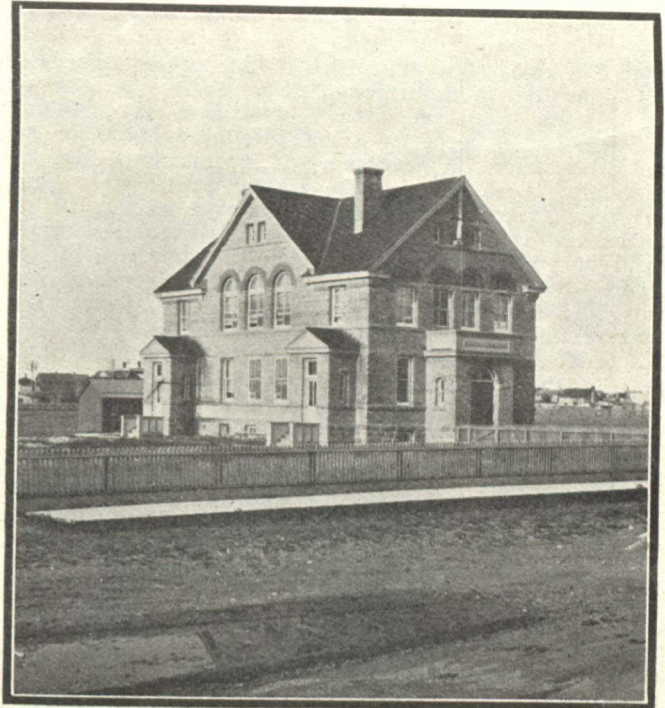
It is certainly to be hoped that the various singing societies in Toronto, from whose programmes perhaps the rest of musical Canada takes its cue, will give the public many opportunities of hearing Lavallee's setting of Routhier's "National Song" using the English words by Acton.

I am, sir, yours sincerely,
St. Catharines, October 7, 1907. WM. T. THOMPSON.

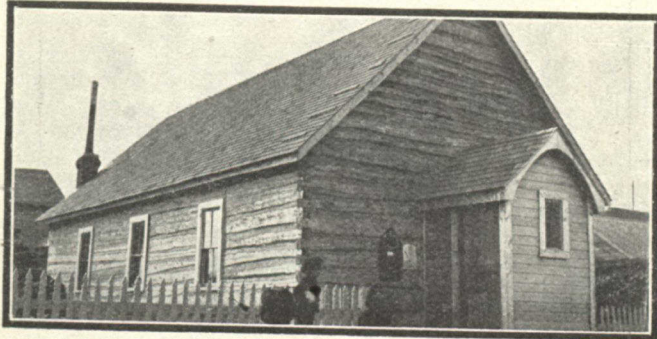
Scenes in the Making of Empire



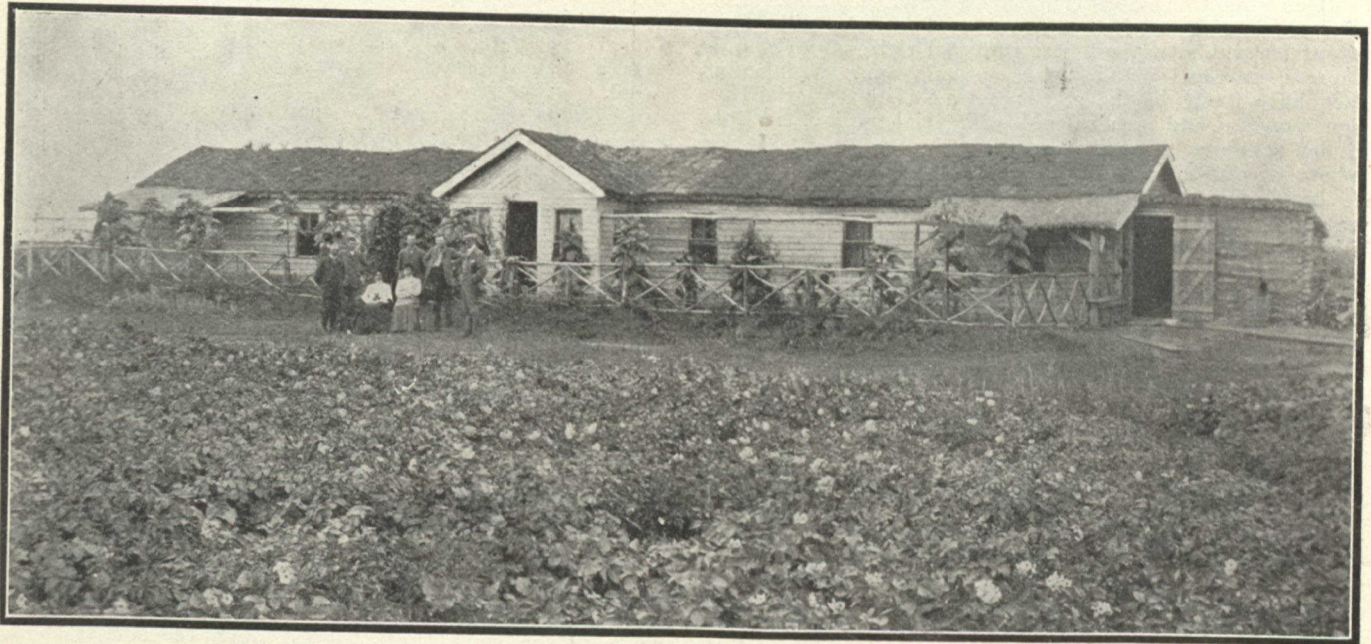
First House at Dauphin, Manitoba.



The Court House, Macleod, Alberta.



First Church at Lloydminster, Alberta.



Farm House of English Settlers, Lloydminster, Alberta.



The Wealth of the Ranches.



A Serviceable Steed.

The Problem of Empire

SECOND PAPER

By E. J. KYLIE

THE two main difficulties of our present situation, noticed in a former article, arose, on the one hand, from the absence of those responsibilities which must be borne by a fully-developed state, and, on the other, from the settlement of international disputes, especially those between the United States and Great Britain. Of course these difficulties may assume various forms. It is often asked why appeals should be carried from our own courts to the judicial committee of the Privy Council, a practice which in many a case may result in a victory for the long purse. Or, again, the recent action of Great Britain in overriding a legislative act of Newfoundland at the request of the United States revived the old trouble. We, who are close at hand, were informed from American sources as to the character of the influence exerted upon the American Government by Senator Lodge and allied interests in the Eastern States. Yet the incident had a deeper meaning. Mr. Winston Churchill put forward frankly the right of the mother country to overrule the local regulations of a colony; none could judge of the questions at issue save the British Ministers. But Sir Robert Bond, the Premier of Newfoundland, has met this claim by his demand that the laws of a colony shall have, so to speak, an imperial value, shall be laws of the Empire in the carrying out of which the honour of the Empire shall be as much concerned as the honour of the colony. This means the end of the colonial status, and a full equality of the newer nations in the Empire.

It is something like this equality which Imperialists offer us, hoping thereby to save us from the difficulties of our present situation. As imperial citizens, we should impress imperial ideals upon our incoming population, and share freely in the settlement of disputes with foreign powers and generally in imperial policy. Lord Milner reminded us, only the other day, that outside the sphere of our ordinary local interests there will always be our foreign relations, our world-connections, which we might the better secure by joining in a full partnership for this purpose with the other states of the Empire. We must examine this proposal carefully, for the closed page of the future can hold scarcely any other destiny for us than this or nationhood. That we should become a part of a larger American union is really no longer possible. Undeniably, the forces of attraction are powerful. Mr. Goldwin Smith, who has outlined them in the *Contemporary Review*, is still convinced of their irresistibility. But we are quite as certain that, in the face of physical and even of moral and intellectual forces, a people, like an individual, may follow a chosen path unswervingly, and so probably nothing is more marked than our determination to work out our destiny apart from the United States.

Yet at the moment, we are scarcely enamoured of Empire, for several reasons. The traditions of many imperialists have not been by any means those of colonial self-government. Some, who stoutly supported the Boer War, resisted as vigorously the grant of a constitution to the Transvaal. Others again seem more concerned to save British supremacy than colonial liberties. Great Britain might have to be conceded some day, like Heligoland, to a European power in the interests of the Empire. This, Bernard Shaw has pungently remarked, would be the real test of imperial sentiment; few would endure it. Others, again, appear to be impelled by an unreasoning fear or jealousy of "the foreigner." Finally to the whole propaganda is attached the stigma of militarism, for most imperialists are unsparing in their criticism of the cowardice, the supineness, the peace-at-any-price policy of their opponents. So even Mr. Richard Jebb can write in the *"Morning Post"*: "The vortex of militarism is at least less deadly than the vortex of materialism, and who can deny that, in point of fact, amongst the great nations of the earth the least corrupt in their public life are those which have been long trained in the school, not only of letters and commerce, but also of war and imperialism. On the one hand, England, Germany, France and Japan; on the other hand, the United States (self-centred until 1898), Russia (with its illiterate masses unenfranchised), and China." Further, he calls attention to a possible comparison between the recent commercial scandals in the United States, the political scandals in Canada, and the patriotism of Japan in the late war and since. War, then,

is to save us from the corruption of peace! as though history does not show statesmen, imperialists in every age throwing over their own political misconduct the glittering shield of war. As though a Europe armed does not save governments from the ruin which to their own knowledge a decade of peace would bring them. But in any case this suspicion attaches, perhaps unjustly, to imperialism, that somehow or other it stands opposed to free institutions working out their destiny in peace. One need scarcely say that this is the feeling of the French-Canadians. But as this Empire must be primarily one of ideas, toleration and liberty being its only possible safeguards—it is essential that the sincerity and singlemindedness of its advocates should be beyond question.

Moreover, there is no scheme; at least little or nothing beyond the present proposals for a loose imperial conference and information-bureau which we can all accept. But it is in the details that we must find the principles expressed, particularly the principles of local liberty and representation. Here indeed, we face the real problem, What are to be the limits of our state? Aristotle made his ideal society the city which would be taken in at a single view, but the bureaucratic Empire of Rome and the representative governments of later times have carried us beyond his boundaries. Yet we must fix somewhere the horizon of our political vision. Can we give our representatives any mandate with regard to the foreign interests of Australia? Yet we must have those who speak for us on the imperial councils fully informed as to the popular will in Canada. Can these imperial concerns reach to the heart of our people, or are they too remote? How will they be related to the provincial and federal issues of which we must judge at present. We shall have to keep all these reasonably distinct, and decide for them in separate elections. Of course we may be capable of speech and effort; there may be no reason why our arbitrary geographical boundaries as at present determined should set limits to our representative system. But this is the real problem. To it every imperialist must give sober reflection, postponing those flights of rhetoric in which he seeks instantly to assign to our humblest citizen both rights and responsibilities of unequalled magnitude.

The Homesteader

No. 3. LETTERS FROM HOME.

See pages 16 and 17

USEFUL and important though the post office is in old and well-settled communities, it is only in new districts, such as those in Saskatchewan and Alberta that its benefits are fully realised. To the homesteader on his lonely farm it seems the one link that binds him to the world that he has known. In spite of the work that crowds upon the settler, homesickness and the longing for news of the old places must often assail him. The nearest post office is miles away across the prairie: the time can ill be spared from the work of the farm; but the thought that there may be a letter, or at any rate a newspaper, waiting for him will often tempt him to find an excuse for a trip into town. He saddles his horse, or hitches up the team for his wife and family, and, on the pretext of a shopping expedition, or a job at the blacksmith's, drives over and casually drops in at the post office.

Everyone, sooner or later, goes there. It is the one universal meeting place. The loneliest rancher in the district turns up at the general delivery wicket sometime or other. Old inhabitants and new arrivals alike are registered there, and it is the clearing house for local gossip as well as news from the outer world.

The postmaster is a sort of directory and census bureau for the whole neighbourhood. He must also be something of a linguist, and to a considerable degree an expert in handwriting. Letters addressed in the characters of all the alphabets of Europe descend upon him, and must be deciphered, or at least guessed at, and more or less accurately pigeonholed.

The crowd that always assembles whenever the mail is distributed is representative of the mixed population that is flowing into the country. The European immigrant in sheepskin coat and top boots, steps up and pre-

sents a slip of paper on which his name is written in his native script, for his English vocabulary and pronunciation is limited. The postmaster hunts through his collection of specimens of picturesque penmanship and picks out the envelope whose appearance most nearly resembles the sample submitted to him. The applicant recognises it, the letter is handed over to him, and in a moment the Saskatchewan is forgotten, and the immigrant is far away in some obscure village in Poland or Galicia. The cowboy from a distant ranch smiles as he reads a letter from his mother in some Ontario town. The American farmer gets a paper from his native state, with the news of local politics and the doings of his old neighbours. The homesick Englishwoman, the traveller for wholesale houses in Eastern Canada, the mounted policeman, the missionary—all are anxious enquirers at the post office. Even the Indian from the reservation uses the post office and asks for a letter from his boy or girl at the industrial school.

For some time there may be nothing, but the disappointment is only temporary. The railway and the post office between them almost annihilate distance. However remote the district, or recent its settlement, the postal service is there, and it is but a comparatively short time between mails. Instead of being cut off from all news for months, as in the olden time, to-day the settler has to wait at most no more than a week or two, and for urgent messages there is that scout of civilisation—the telegraph line—running beside every main trail in the north-west.

C. W. JEFFERYS.

Bound for Western Canada

By LADY GREVILLE, in "Daily Mail," (England)

THE scene—a large bare board room at Euston station, long tables, set out with plates of meat and lightly piled with baskets of bread. Seated around or benches are a motley company of men, women and children, decently, if poorly dressed, some with joyless, saddened faces, others with the light of hope shining in their eyes—hope that transfigures the homeliest and the rudest features. They are emigrants, these people, sent out by the East End Emigration Fund. Already this year the great total mounts up to 3,955. Seven hundred men are leaving to-night and they sit, the drift cast up by the ever-seething cruel sea of modern civilisation—the victims of trade depression, of commercial fluctuations which they cannot comprehend. Happily there are countries where work is to be obtained for the asking, where a man can fill his empty stomach with wholesome food, labour in the health-giving breezes of a virgin land, and live in a cosy cottage built by his own hands. Every day the battle of life grows harder for the Londoner. It is hard to leave one's own country, but it is harder still to starve. It is not till the very last, till hope is dead and hunger pinches, that families make up their minds to risk fortune elsewhere. Unaided, they could not even do this, or dream of incurring the expense necessitated by the voyage. But the association steps in, aided by the Dominion Government, which has given through the past season a one pound bounty to agencies sending out adults. And then, across the ocean, are winning arms of brothers, speaking the same language, living under the same flag, held out ready to welcome and receive them. So these shadows of men, weak from distress and want, yet strong and young by nature, crawl in their rags and their misery to the bureau of the association and demand its friendly offices.

Due and careful inquiry having been made and steady painstaking selection practised, the work of fitting out the emigrant commences. Garments of all sorts and sizes are supplied, bales of flannel and yards of stuff sewn by the deft fingers of poor seamstresses to whom the employment comes as a godsend, or else the gifts of private charity. Each little child is given a warm hood and cloak of dark blue serge, lined with red, in which some look as bonny as the little Red Riding Hood of our childish imaginations.

Clothes effect the most wonderful transformation in man or woman. With the donning of a decent coat, self-respect returns, the man raises his head and walks uprightly, the sad shuffle of the tramp drops from him, and he plants his feet, encased in solid boots, once more firmly upon the ground. Each one is rigged out with what he requires, for it would never do for Canada to receive a batch of beggars; the honour of the old country must be preserved and our immigrants travel like decent folk. Soap and water, well-brushed hair, neat but homely garments, quickly transform the hunted-looking,

miserable starveling into the respectable man or woman.

Supper over, and coffee for the elders, bread and milk for the youngsters safely despatched, a grace is said and a verse of "God Save the King" sung, then the band of emigrants slowly file out and make their way to the special trains, in which each family has its own compartment. Little children are carefully laid to sleep on the cushions, and the friends who have come to see the emigrants off flock round the carriage doors. Few of the travellers are sad, though some already look harassed and fatigued. Here an old man leads away his weeping wife, brokenhearted at the departure of her son; one or two women cry softly, and a man gulps back his tears; but quiet cheerfulness and resignation are the order of the day.

How different from the send-off of the theatrical star, or the popular Member of Parliament. Every one is more or less shabby, earnest, serious and sad. It is adieu for ever to the old country. The sight is a sad one, and yet it is full of hope. On the other side, in Canada, these poor creatures will find friends, work, comfort and comparative wealth.

A Gallant Officer



The late Lt.-Col. F. C. Henshaw.

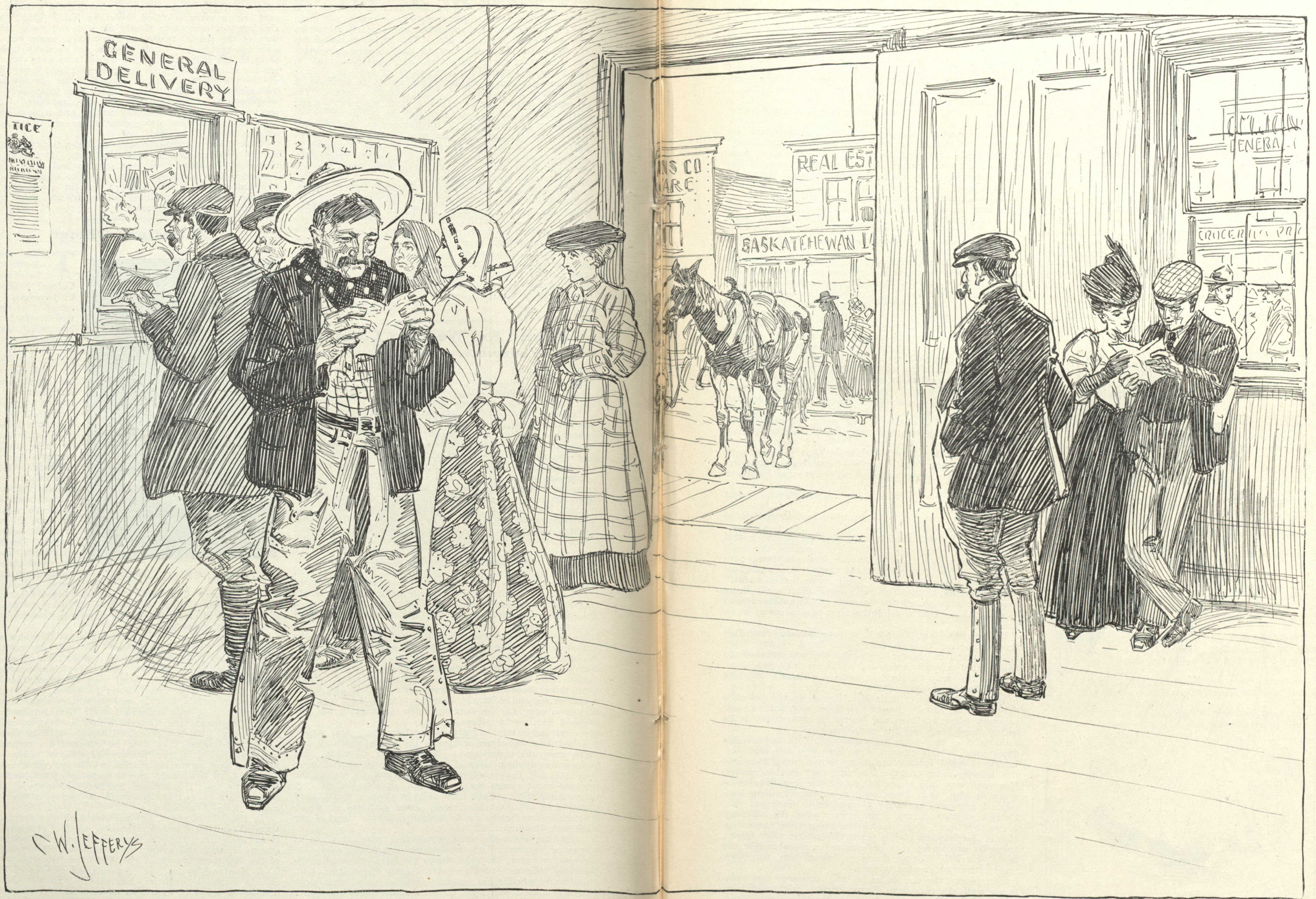
THE recent death of Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick C. Henshaw has removed a figure well-known in the business, social and military life of the City of Montreal. The late officer was the eldest son of Frederick W. Henshaw of Montreal, and was born in that city, with many of whose business interests he was afterwards closely identified. Among the many corporations in which he was at one time a director might be mentioned: The Molsons Bank, Riche-lieu and Ontario Navigation Company, Montreal

Street Railway Company, Montreal Light Heat and Power Company, Canadian Rubber Company. In fact, his financial interests seemed as varied as the city's enterprises and industries.

In the field of military activity, Colonel Henshaw was a prominent figure. He passed through the military School under Colonel Field, 60th Rifles, taking honours and receiving his "second" and "first class" military certificates in 1868. The same year he joined the Victoria Rifles as a private. Later he joined the old 5th Royals for service in 1870 and with that corps he remained until it was disbanded. He then returned to his old regiment, the Victoria Rifles, as captain of No. 3 Company. He was promoted rapidly until he became Lieutenant-Colonel. In 1892 he resigned his command and was placed on the "Reserve of Officers" list. He held the long service decoration which was presented to him by Lord Dundonald on the occasion of the luncheon tendered to the Honourable Artillery Company. For many years he was the chairman of Council of the Dominion Rifle Association.

In the field of sport, Colonel Henshaw was deeply interested and paid much attention to the progress of clean athletics. He was associated with football, lacrosse, skating and rowing clubs and was also president of the Montreal branch of the Red Cross Society.

A Montreal writer, in appreciation of Colonel Henshaw's personal qualities, has said: "To a stalwart, handsome, soldierly figure, he added a cheery, courteous and winning manner, combined with great firmness. . . . He made friends by his charm of doing things. He was in every sense of the word a gentleman who knew the world and its customs, carried out the golden rule and was always just and fair."



Drawn by C. W. Jefferys, for the Canadian Courier.

THE HOMESTEADER
NO. 3. LETTERS FROM HOME
Scene in the Post Office of a New Western Town.

STOLEN—A HOUSE

By HELEN BALL.

Drawings by Emily Hand.

Resume: Larry Staunton has informed his eccentric employer, Mr. Patrick Lawless, whom he has never met and who has a preference for married employees, that there is a Mrs. Larry Staunton, while, as a matter of fact, the young man is unmarried and very much in love with Doris Hamilton. Mr. Lawless is coming to the city and wishes to call, and Mr. Staunton is consequently in a scrape. There is a cottage owned by Mr. Pinkerton who is abroad and whose house is in the hands of an agent named Hudson. Mr. Staunton forms the daring plan of borrowing the house for an afternoon and evening, secures the key and the co-operation of Miss Hamilton, his friend Tom Bryan, and Sylvia, wife of the latter. Doris and Sylvia proceed to the cottage the following afternoon, as the former has promised to pretend to be Mrs. Staunton. They see a policeman approaching the house, whereupon they rush to the cellar.

“OH,” with a subdued gulp from Sylvia, after ten minutes of agonised silence, “what was that? I know I heard someone. Oh!” and she flew to a cupboard, pulling the door tight after her.

Undoubtedly there was a sound of footsteps above stairs. Seeing no other refuge, Doris leaped into an empty coal-bin, and crouched down regardless of her dainty summer frock.

The steps grew more pronounced, and she was fully



“Oh, what was that?”

prepared to see an officer of the law appear at the cellar door, when, above the clamour of her heart, she managed to distinguish the voice of Larry calling in vain for her. “H—here I am,” came in a weak voice from the coal-bin, just as Larry reached the cellar door, and finding it open, rushed down stairs.

“Oh, L—Larry!” and she wildly flung her arms about his neck.

“Dor,” exclaimed Larry, too upset to appreciate his blessings, “for the love of Jupiter what are you doing? You’re not backing out, Dor? He’s upstairs now, waiting to meet you. Seems an awfully decent chap. I like him immensely. Oh, Dor, do come quickly. Here, I’ll help you out,” and he lifted her over the low partition. “Now don’t forget you are Mrs. Larry Staunton.”

As they ascended the stairs hand in hand, Doris felt her courage returning, for Larry certainly did give one a feeling of confidence. Sylvia, peeping from her cupboard, stepped out as they vanished and quietly seated herself on the top-most step.

Giving her the moral support of his arm, Larry led the reluctant Doris to the drawing-room and successfully introduced his “wife” to Mr. Patrick Lawless.

Mr. Lawless was easily approached. His twinkling grey eyes under the shaggy brows held a world of humour, and his mouth smiled pleasantly, almost laughed thought Doris in surprise. Larry leaned back in his chair and, finding matters adjusting themselves pleasantly, glanced with pride at Doris, when suddenly with an explosive laugh he interrupted the conversation which was satisfactorily dealing with the weather, past, present and future.

Doris looked at him in amazement.

“Great guns, Dor,” he gasped; “your face is all smut. You’ve been in the coal-bin; for goodness sake go and wash it.”

The hot blood dyed Doris’ face while she hastily left the room, vowing wrathful vengeance on Larry for not even looking at her face before.

“What must Mr. Lawless think? That was what he was laughing at. Oh, the mean—” and here, Sylvia appearing on the scene, managed to subdue the righteous indignation.

“I simply won’t go back. It’s all his fault,” raged Doris.

But Sylvia unexpectedly acquired a hot and even abusive determination.

“You will. Doris Hamilton, if you are not a horrid little sneak. Whose fault was it you were in the coal-bin, and how could Larry see your face when you probably had to be dragged into the room? If I agreed to do a thing I wouldn’t be a coward at the last moment.”

The scathing words had the desired effect, and Doris once more approached the dragon. Mr. Lawless proved so entertaining that a delightful hour slipped away in no time.

The sound of the door-bell sent temporarily-forgotten thrills shooting through Larry and Doris. Larry, leaving the room to answer the summons, was stunned to find a maid in spotless cap and apron on duty.

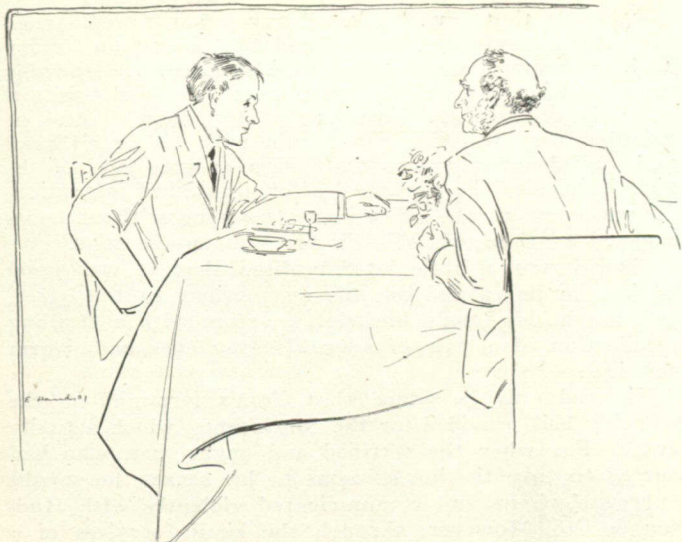
“Who the—why Sylvia,” in a stage whisper; “it’s not—good heavens, what next?”

And the circumspect little Mrs. Bryan, decked out as a dapper maid, calmly opened the door, and with a low courtesy admitted Tom who stared in amazement as he endeavoured to grasp the situation.

Doubtful of the course of proceeding, Tom had left his office early, and happened in to see how the land lay. Larry, thankful for a companion-at-arms, drew him into the drawing-room to take a leading part in the comedy. Everyone was duly pleased to make the acquaintance of everyone else, and things once more moved along happily. Larry was beginning to wonder if his friend Mr. Patrick would soon make his adieus, when the bell rang a second time. Everyone in the room with the exception of Mr. Lawless gave a perceptible start, while Larry, hurriedly explaining that he expected a plumber, left the room, carefully closing the door behind him, for with true instinct he scented trouble.

Once again the dapper maid had answered the summons, and she turned to Larry with a frightened face, and incoherently pointed at a man fuming on the doorstep. Larry strode to the door and politely asked his visitor’s business.

“What do I want? Well, I like that!” in an angry, excited tone. “I want to know what in the devil you are doing in this house? I’ve arranged to take it for



"By gad, boy, you are a bigger fool than I took you for."

the summer. I've just now come from the agent who said someone had the key out, so I came up to see if I could happen to run across the individual—and here I find someone in possession. Well, whoever you are, you had better step out mighty quick."

Larry felt the floor slipping away from him. For a second—but only a second, he was nonplussed.

"Look out there! What are you trying to do?" as the man attempted unsuccessfully to pass him and enter the house. "You must be off your head, man? Who are you anyway? I happen to be Pinkerton."

"Ho, ho! You are, are you?" The stranger's voice was growing unnecessarily and even unpleasantly noisy. "Well, I happen to know Mr. Pinkerton, and he is on the ocean just now you—"

"Look here," thundered Larry, as loudly as he dared, "if you know my brother that doesn't say you know me. And I have the privilege of using his house this summer. And what's more, as an inspiration seized him, 'if you don't want to get smallpox you had better clear out.'" With a terrified ejaculation, the would-be tenant was down the steps and glaring at Larry from a safe distance.

"Smallpox!" he shrieked. "Then why didn't you tell me sooner, and how dare you keep the disease here in the city? I'll report this at once to the health office—I'll go down to Hudson's office at once and find out about this."

"All right, do! and you'll be quarantined with us," laughed Larry, who now had the game in his own hands. "That will be fine! I'll just ring up Hudson and put him on, and he'll see that you are detained there. Or you might come right in here now. The doctor is inside and we've all got to leave here to-night."

With a white face the stranger stammered his regrets and quickly walked away with trembling steps.

"Oh, Jemima!" exclaimed Larry, as he re-entered the house and weakly flopped on a hall seat while he mopped his forehead.

"Sylvia, do you know that this is an isolation hospital and we are all suddenly taken down with diphtheria—no, smallpox?" and with a satisfied grin on his face, he described the encounter.

"Well, I expect we are through with that chap anyway. But how about Patrick—good heavens," looking at his watch, "do you know, it is six o'clock?"

"Yes," whispered Sylvia. "You go and ask him and Tom to stay for tea. Because I knew something like this would happen and I brought along a basket of provisions from home, and it's all ready now."

"Sylvia," in a tone of unbounded admiration, "you are an angel, and I'd kiss you if I weren't a married man," and with a beaming countenance Larry returned to the drawing-room where Doris in an agony of suspense was nobly struggling to be entertaining.

"Well, now," said Larry cheerfully, "I'm rid of the plumber, and the maid says dinner is ready. You'll join us, of course, Mr. Lawless? We will consider it an honour, won't we, Dor?"

"Oh yes—why, of course," was the confused acknowledgement from Doris, as with wondering eyes, half resentful and half dying-to-know, she looked into Larry's eyes.

"Look here, Dor," in an undertone while Tom and Mr. Lawless were finishing a discussion. "If you look at me like that—Good Heavens, girl, I'll kiss you—and I

can, too, because you see a man may legally kiss his wife."

"Larry, if you dare!" and her eyes spoke volumes. Doris hurried from the room presumably filled with housewifely anxieties for the dinner, and after the shock of seeing Sylvia in cap and apron, she gave vent to her pent-up feelings.

"Sylvia Bryan, if he doesn't go the very minute dinner is over—I'll—I'll scream. Oh, but you are a dear. Sylvia, what would we have done without you?"

The dinner, albeit a cold one, proved a great success. It was difficult for the conspirators to keep their faces under control, for the crisis now being past, the bottled-up nerves were rebelling at the continued suppression. All went well until after the coffee-cups had been passed around. The conversation had been general when suddenly Mr. Lawless pulled out his watch.

"By Jove, Mr. Staunton," he exclaimed, "do you know, you and your wife have made things so exceedingly pleasant for me that I quite forgot I was going to take that 8.30 train. I'll have to stay in town all night. I wonder now," looking doubtfully from one to the other, "if you could possibly put me up over night. I do so abominate strange hotels."

There was a second's ominous silence. Sylvia, who had been demurely waiting on the table, with unseemly haste retired to the kitchen.

"Why—why—certainly—why, yes, of course, delighted to put you up—eh, Dor?" floundered Larry in a dazed voice.

But Doris was ignominiously choking over her coffee and suddenly bolted from the room.

"Well, sir, the fact is," began Larry desperately, "that—"

"Hold on, Larry!" and Tom, exploding with his laughter, made his exit by the door which was swallowing the confederates one by one.

Larry eyed the door-knob longingly while Mr. Lawless looked in amazement after the retreating figure, and then glanced at Larry for an explanation.

"The fact is, sir," blurted out Larry, "I guess you might as well fire me right away. I—oh, I don't know how to tell you, but I've played a beastly joke on you. You see—" and in a confusion of words, the confession from start to finish was out.

At first there was an ominous frown on the forehead of Mr. Patrick Lawless. But as the story continued and Larry frankly owned up to his misdeeds, the frown disappeared and a very, very kind and amused light kindled in the deep-set grey eyes. Larry shamefacedly eyeing the table-cloth suddenly looked Patrick straight in the eyes, and was amazed to see a smile fluttering about the broad, good-natured mouth.

"And you mean to tell me, sir," in a severe tone, "that that little girl is not your wife?"

"No, sir!"

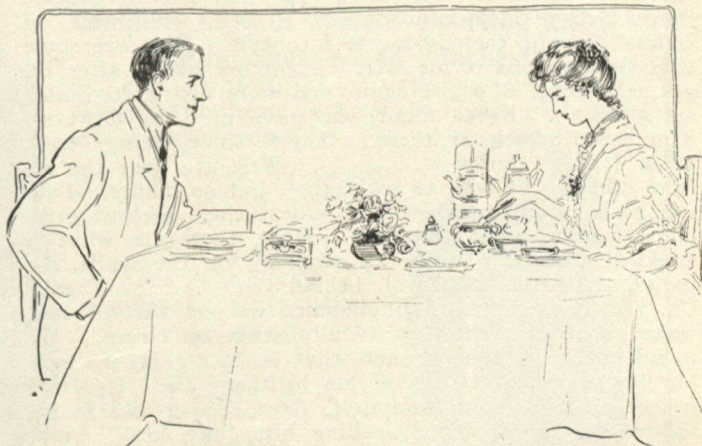
"Then by gad, my boy," with a thump on the table to emphasise his remarks, "you are a bigger fool than I took you for, and if you take my advice you'll not waste an hour before you make her promise she soon will be your wife."

"Why—why—I've been trying for months, sir!"

"Trying, man? Make her! Tell her she has got to, and if necessary, tie her hand and foot and carry her off to the parson."

"And," he continued, "you—you stole this house? Oh Larry, my boy," with a reminiscent chuckle, "you are a worthy son of your father."

"My father?" in a tone of surprise, for there had been no mention of any former acquaintance.



"Larry and a bona fide Mrs. Larry installed in the rose-covered cottage."

"Yes, yes, boy—weren't we at college together, and wasn't he always up to the most outrageous pranks? Why, my boy, that's why I have learned to look upon you as—almost a son. No, of course you didn't understand—thought it was just one of my usual queer ways. You see"—the words came haltingly—"we—both wanted—your mother. He got her—because he ran off with her. I never begrudged him his happiness—but yet—I loved her dearly—aye, dearly," with a far-away, lonely look in his eyes.

For a moment he was living over again the days of his youth, then with a sigh and a quick smile at Larry he returned to sensible middle age.

"Tut! Tut! We must let bygones be bygones. Come, shake hands over it. You are the nearest thing I have ever had to a son. I never married," in answer to the question he read in Larry's eyes, "that was the reason."

Then quickly rising from his seat, he opened the door through which the others had vanished and called to them individually and collectively.

"Come back here and apologise, you young scapegoats. I know all the mischief you have been up to. Come," passing through to the kitchen, "where is Larry's wife—oh, the deuce, I mean Miss Doris?"

"She's cut and run," volunteered Tom, who was seated on the table swinging his long legs, calmly awaiting developments. "She wouldn't stay another minute, so they both ran across to our place, just over the way," and he waved his arm to indicate the direction taken by the runaways. It did not take long for the men in great spirits to follow and to explain the existing state of affairs.

"Now, Larry, my boy, I keep you on one condition," warned the erratic Patrick as Larry and Doris were leaving for home an hour later. It had been satisfactorily arranged that Mr. Lawless should spend the night with Tom and Sylvia.

"What's that, sir?" asked Larry in some trepidation. "What's that, sir!" thundered the older man, trying to look severe while his eyes twinkled under the frowning brow. "What's that, sir—why, that you kiss this girl good-night when you leave her at her door." And he raised a very resisting round chin with his broad hand and looked squarely into the indignant grey eyes of the girl. "No, sir," he continued after a satisfied inspection, "if you come to the office in the morning without being engaged to this girl, I'll—I'll fire you on the spot."

And Larry a little later realised that it was good advice, for he carried out his instructions to the letter, and sought his lonely bachelor quarters with a thrilling recollection of a pair of adorable grey eyes and warm soft lips.

It need only be added that Tom's foresight of the morning had provided for the contingency which actually arose. For when the terrified and angry man who had agreed to take the house, came to his senses, he sought out a telephone and communicated violently with Hudson & Co. However, through the kindly services of a partially explanatory letter, a comfortable check, and the promise of a satisfactory explanation to Mr. Pinkerton, which Tom had had the wisdom to arrange about in the morning, Mr. Hudson of Hudson & Co. took no further steps in the matter, and the lanky youth at the desk had no unnecessary remarks to make when Larry entered the real estate office on the following morning and announced that he had decided to take the house.

Needless to say, the other prospective tenant with the smallpox horror staring him in the face, kept strictly out of the way.

Another month saw Larry and a bona-fide Mrs. Larry installed in the rose-covered cottage, for as Larry had prophesied, they "were married and lived happy ever after."

THE END.

Foreign Photographs

By SAMUEL F. BATCHELDER

OH, Mr. Robinson, how do you do? I'm glad to see you again! My! is it only two months? It seems years and years since you were standing on the wharf waving goodbye to us. Say, you know that little American flag I was waving at you from the back end of the boat? Well, we carried it everywhere we went, and we most always managed to have it showing. Popper mostly had it tied to his umbrella, and sometimes Grace had it for a bow at her neck. Cousin George took it out in church once, and the man came and wanted him to put it away, so we all got up and marched right out, to show our disapproval of foreign tyranny. Oh, we were real patriotic, I tell you! Popper said he guessed we weren't ashamed of our country, and we let everybody know it, too. We lost 'most everything we carried, one time or another, but we never lost that flag nor my camera. And I know you'll want to see the pictures we took—they're just splendid. We had fine luck about the light and everything, and Mommer says they're priceless souvenirs of our pilgrimage. Here's the album. It begins right away on the steamer going over. This is our party the first afternoon, all lined up and looking pretty. Don't George look handsome? . . . Oh, well, of course I'm not there, because I took it. Here are some that George took of me after I'd got my sea-le—after I'd got to feeling all right again and wore my white sailor suit. . . . Never mind who gave me the flowers! You needn't look at these; they're some George took when I didn't know it. . . . Well, it's just the second officer; he was an awful flirt, but so manly. I do admire a manly man—with a moustache. George grew one when he found that out. Now, these are what I took at Chester; we're all standing on the walls, or perhaps it's the cathedral behind us. . . . Them? Oh, they're a couple of Englishmen we just sort of met there. One of them was awfully stuck on Grace. We found out he was a baronet—that is, he's going to be a baronet as soon as six of his brothers die. He was rather modest about it himself. But Popper was so delighted he insisted on calling him "my lord" right away. Mommer hoped he'd invite us all to visit his baronial halls, but he didn't. They had to squeeze up pretty close to get everybody into the picture; that's

why you don't see more of Chester. Here we are in London; me, too, you see. I got a policeman to take us; he was tickled to death to do it, I guess. He said it was a rum go. I know that is London, because we're right in front of one of those American Bars that used to make Popper and George so tired. They said the cocktails tasted like hair-oil. There! isn't that a fine one? It's Saint Peter's at Rome! Don't you see it? Right there, that little mushroomy thing between Grace and Ella. I suppose if we'd taken down our parasols you'd have seen it better. Popper didn't think much of Rome; said it was mostly in poor repair and had no future. But I thought the Lido was lovely. Oh, I guess that's one of the canals in Venice, isn't it? This is all of us just getting into a gondola—Mommer wanted to snap it because it was such a poetic scene. . . . Well, the gondola doesn't show in the picture; no, that's Aunt Hattie's foot. She always gets in the way, somehow. I just fell madly in love with the gondolier till I found he'd been a barber in Jersey City. George says a gondola is a gone dollar! George is always saying bright things like that. This one is Popper and Mommer and Grace and Aunt Hattie and Cousin Ella and George in Paris. Let's see, I guess it's Paris; yes, it must be, because Mommer's wearing her new hat she bought there. She called it an artistic confection. I guess it must have been; it only lasted a week. This is the Eiffel Tower. . . . Well, I don't blame you. It's just behind Aunt Hattie. This is all of us, taken by three perfectly sweet officers in the hotel at Berlin. I say it's Berlin, but Grace is just positive it's— . . . Yes, I suppose it might be 'most any place. We went all over Germany—Berlin and Dresden and Nuremberg—because I was specialising all summer on music, languages, and art, and you get so much of them all in Germany, especially language. But if you go to the best hotels and take Cook's tickets everywhere, you don't have to bother with much of any language except good United States, and Popper says that's good enough for anybody. That's really the way to see the national life of any country, and, besides, you meet so many nice Americans, no matter where you go. Oh, say, do you remember Harry Strong, who was so attentive to Grace

(Continued on page 29)

Literary Notes

THE Canadian West may boast of mountains and prairies, but it has remained for the Maritime Provinces to give Canada an unequalled family of poets in the Roberts household. As yet, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts is regarded as the head of the clan, but his son, Mr. Lloyd Roberts, who is now living in Fredericton, shows by his verse that poetic ability is sometimes hereditary. In the "Windsor Magazine" for October is a poem by the latter entitled "Young Blood," which is a cry amidst city strife and noise for the ways of the woodland.

"So I'll let the spring of life well up and
drown the empty quest;
And I'll watch the stars more bright than
fame gleam red along the crest;
And taste the driving rain
Between my lips again,
And know that to the blood of youth the
open road is best."

A despatch comes from Calgary to the "Evening Journal" of Ottawa regarding the "decadence of Kipling." The awful fact is revealed that Mr. Kipling is now probably the richest man of letters in Europe. It is also stated that Mr. Kipling has made fortunate investments in South Africa and Canada, thanks to the advice and guidance of Lord Strathcona and the late Mr. Rhodes. Then the amusing statement follows that Mr. Kipling's friends deplore his absorption in these enterprises and his "neglect" of literary work. The framer of this remarkable despatch is probably not aware that one of Mr. Kipling's most delightful imaginative achievements, "Puck of Pook's Hill," was published only twelve months ago. If the famous author has made a fortune in royalties, those whom he has cheered and strengthened are ready to admit that he deserves every pound sterling which has fallen from the publishers. We are willing to concede fortunes to the railway magnates, the insurance managers and the company promoters; but it is a shocking state of affairs that a man who can write soul-stirring ballads and stories which throb and thrill should be paid in coin of the realm, as well as in the sympathetic admiration of his thousands of readers. There are many who can control companies and build bridges. But "seldom comes the Poet here" and there is not one cheer too many throughout the Dominion of Canada for the man who has brought the ends of the Empire together and who is in literature the very "Sir Thomas" of whom he writes. As for his "decadence"! We heard that wail ten years ago and we have read "They" since.

Mrs. McClung, an Albertan writer of decidedly unusual stories, is to publish a volume of her sketches of the West. Doubleday & Page of New York will bring out the book early in 1908.

"Songs of a Sourdough," the Yukon stories by Robert W. Service, are still being favoured by fresh editions. William Briggs will publish a handsomely illustrated seventh edition of these poems before Christmas.

"The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre," by Zona Gale, is a volume in which one recognises a collection of stories which have appeared in various magazines during the year. They are delightful tales, delicately told, and they lose nothing of their charm from the circumstance that Pelleas and Etarre have grown old most gracefully together. The writer's sense of humour keeps a sparkle in the sentiment and the reader hopes that Pelleas and Etarre will live to celebrate their diamond wedding. Toronto: The Macmillan Company.

NEW THEOLOGY.

(Overheard in a provincial bookshop.)
Lady (to bookseller): "Will you show me something for a boy of six to read in church while the sermon is going on?"—Punch.



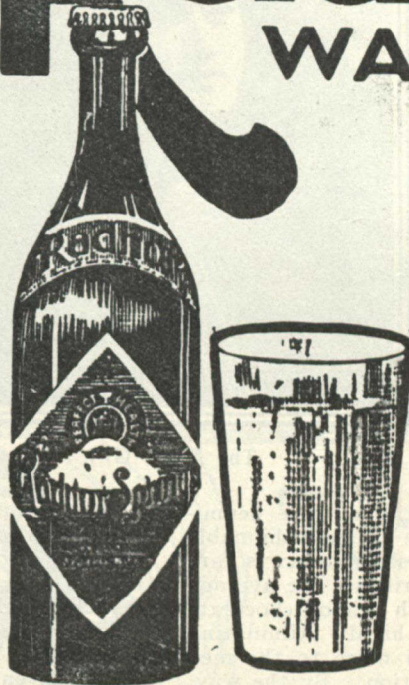
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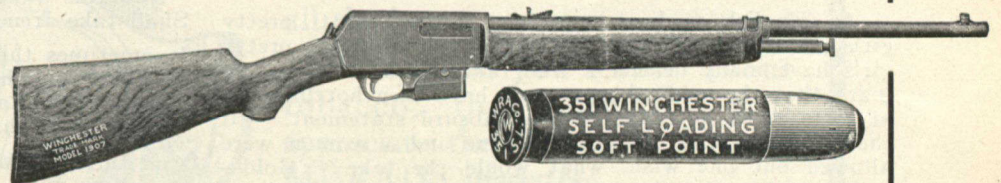
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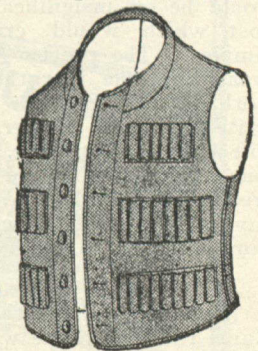
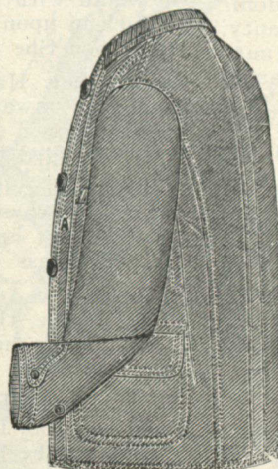
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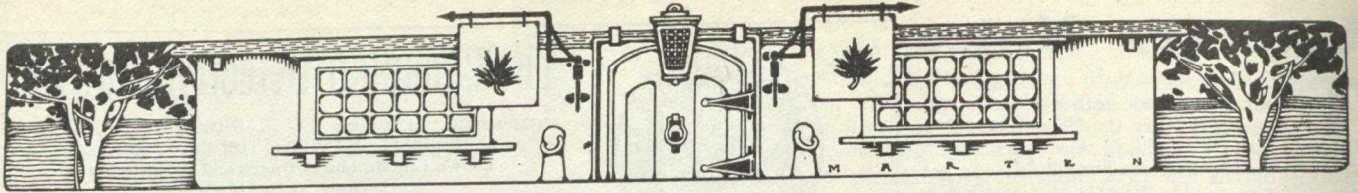
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Limited





AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A CHICAGO clergyman has recently attacked society women for the sin of tarrying at the cocktail and has declared that the downtown restaurants, where alcoholic drinks are dispensed, are patronised freely by women. In Toronto, on the first Sunday of October, Canon Welch, in a sermon on intemperance made similar charges. But has so-called "society" ever been free from this vice of over-drinking? Everyone will admit the truth of the Canon's remarks but no one has much hope of fashionable circles ever being anything but bibulous. There are, of course, shining exceptions, even in the very best society. Mrs. Edith Wharton will hardly be accused of ignorance of the "smart" circles of the United States. In her much-discussed novel, "The House of Mirth," the dreary, sordid scenes of gambling and polite dissipation leave the ordinary reader with no desire to penetrate into such a company. Several critics doubted the wisdom of painting such a picture but no one raised a question as to the life-like colouring. It would be deeply depressing if we are to believe that a large class of Canadian women may be found among the drunkards. But the number is small if conspicuous, so the average Canadian need not be afraid that the country is going to what Mantalini called, "the demitition bow-wows." Only those in the ultra-fashionable circles and the poorest of all in the slum districts are given to over-indulgence in alcoholic drinks. The average Canadian woman is quite content with tea or chocolate and is much less given to anything highly stimulating than is her brother. Why not preach more to the men who drink? They need some exhortation. By the way, if there is any vanity left in the soul of woman, she will hardly resort to the cup which inebriates, for anything uglier than a drunken woman it is difficult to imagine. Bleary eyes, empurpled cheeks and crimson-tipped nose are repulsive enough in mere man, but when woman stoops to the folly of intoxication, the result is enough to shock the aesthetic sense of the least fastidious.

* * *

An English medical man has declared that pretty girls are stupid. It goes without saying that the pretty girls have many defenders who take pen in hand to remark that the medical man must have been horribly out of sorts when he made such an absurd statement. If the old fairy tales might come true and a woman were allowed but one wish, what would she take? Gold—yellow and hard and mighty? Fame, Genius or Wisdom? Woman would turn from all these and ask for Beauty, believing that all the other gifts would be added unto her. There would be a few, perhaps, of all the daughters of Eve who would make another choice, but they would be an insignificant band in comparison with the host which would cry for bright eyes, fair skin and dimples. The pretty girl is not necessarily stupid and, even when she is rather dull in mental equipment, the world would be much drearier without her. Men may write nice little paragraphs in praise of the good housewife and the amiable, sensible creature who makes a long-suffering wife and an excellent mother. But the pretty little Dolly Varden with her dainty charms will have the masculine world at her shapely feet, while Dorcas is left to wash dishes and mend the clothes.

* * *

In New Zealand there still exists the proud native Maori race, with the war-like virtues and the physique of the viking. The photograph of a Maori girl illustrating this page shows one of the finest feminine types of a

strong race. The women of our American continent will be moved to envy as they observe the wonderful masses of wavy hair and the rich fur cloak with its jewelled clasp. But this brilliant and imposing Maori girl is entirely extraordinary. She is, indeed, a princess, and owns many acres of the fairest island in the world. If there are many such royal maidens as she in far-off New Zealand, another Anthony Hope may well arise to write a romance of her moving adventures. The best of all possessions—health—seems to shine from the eyes of this dusky princess who looks as if she knew not the meaning of modern "nerves."

* * *

Velvet, which has been properly called "the fabric of empire," continues to hold its place among fashionable gowns. There is no other material which so combines the qualities of elegance and softness. A gown of violet or ruby velvet is remembered when all the chiffons and organdies are forgotten. But if the genuine velvet is all that is regal, we may admit in sorrow that nothing is more unpleasant than the cheap imitation. Shabby velveteen is the dowdiest stuff that is worn. The rich tints of our Canadian autumn seem to associate themselves with this imperial fabric and we feel grateful

to the woman who wears in these October days, a velvet gown of crimson, russet or softest brown. She belongs to the splendour of the month and sheds a comforting glow through the land. It is no wonder that purple velvet was chosen for royal robes or that the greatest of American poets gives his lost Lenore a stately chair with "velvet violet lining with the lamp-light glowing o'er." Even away back in childhood days this fabric was given poetic fascination, for was not the kingliest tinker of all who came to town the one who, as Mother Goose assured us, wore a velvet gown?

CANADIENNE.

Omar for Housewives

To-morrow a new Cook will come, you say.
Yes, but where leaves the Cook of yesterday?

And this sweet summer day that brings me Rose,
Shall take Irene and Mary Jane away.

I sometimes think that never Burns the Bread
So Black as when the Tea is Boiling Red;

That every Cabbage plant the Garden wears
Knows more than any human Cabbage head.

And this new Maid who looks so fresh and Green
On whom with all my woes I fain would Lean;

Ah, lean upon her Lightly, for who knows
How soon She will get up and Quit the Scene?

Ah, my new Handmaid, fill the pan that clears
To-day of unwashed dishes, stacked in tiers.

To-morrow? Why to-morrow I may be
Myself Obligated to wash them—and for Years!

A box of Biscuits underneath the Bough,
A Can of Beans, a bag of Salt, and thou

Burned out and Singing in the Wilderness.
Ah, wilderness were Paradise enow!

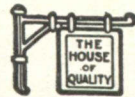
So when the Angel of the Muddy Drink
Called Coffee, throws the Grounds into the Sink,

And taking her Departure leaves you there
Alone to Clean Things Up, you should not Shrink.

Ah, make the Best of so-called Help, my friend,
Until we, too, into the Dust descend.

Take up the Work where hirelings left it off,
Sans Hope, sans Help, sans Dishcloth, and sans End.
—Ethelwyn Wetherald in "Good Housekeeping."

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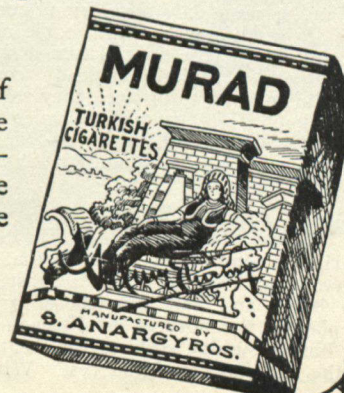
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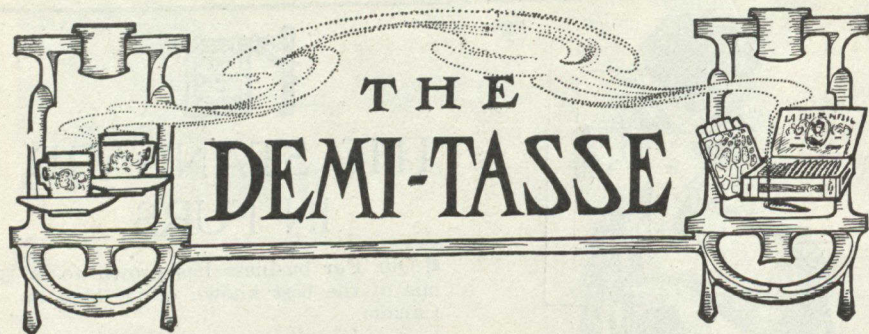
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S. ANARGYROS





WALLS WITH EARS.

IF there is one place more than another where walls have ears it is on board ship. Even in the kind of summer cottages where partitions extend but three-fourths of the way to the ceiling it is no easier to learn the most intimate details concerning your next-door neighbours. "Do you suppose," queried an inquisitive old lady to a stewardess as she waited for her bath to be filled, "that the stout woman in the room next to mine colours her hair?"

"She does, madam," came an icy voice from the next bath, rising above the hiss of the steam and the splash of the water, "and if you remind me later I'll give you the name of the place in New York where I have it done. Your own needs improvement, I've noticed."

LIMERICKS OF THE HOUR.

A President grave came to town,
Prepared to put "hustling" all down.
The Freshies got tea,
And were pleased as could be,
But the Sophs wear a horrible frown.

Some plutocrats, loaded with stock,
Wished to buy an Ontario block.
Said Whitney in glee,
"No million for me"—
And the syndicate died of the shock.

The road called the great G. T. P.
Wished to talk over things in B. C.
But Hays didn't come
While Morse stayed to "hum,"
And McBride is as mad as can be.

From Boston there came a swell band
Of Ancient Artillery grand.
They had a parade,
With lots of gold braid
And their fame will be long in the land.

There once was a fine Irish Tory
Who covered himself with much glory.
But the Brockville election
Brought "A. G." dejection,
While the "Globe" told with tears the sad story.

—J. G.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

Three men were strolling home early in the morning, not long ago, after a dinner. The row of three plug hats swayed from side to side but the man in the middle was the only one very unsteady. At the regular stopping place the end men took the middle man up to the steps to his house, leaned him against the door post, rang the bell, and, when at a safe distance, watched for developments. Soon the door opened, a hand shot forth and their friend was drawn in. With a sigh of relief the two were about to go on home, when they heard a noise, and, turning saw their friend come bouncing down the steps of his home and into the gutter. As the door slammed shut they went back to their unsteady companion. Raising him to his feet, they asked what had happened. In a thick voice he answered: "I f'got to tell ye—boys—I don't live there—any more."—Edmonton Saturday News.

EXTRAVAGANT.

An Irish friend had insisted that a Scotchman should stay at his house, instead of at a hotel, and kept him there for a month, playing the host in detail, even to treating him to sundry visits to the theatre, paying the cab fares and the rest. When

the visitor was returning home, the Irishman saw him to the station, and they went together to have a last cigar. "Now, look here," said the Scot, "I'll hae nae mair o' this. Here ye've been keepin' me at your hoose for a month, an' payin' for a' the amusements and cabs and so on—I tell you I'll stan' nae mair o' it! We'll just hae a toss for this one!"—Bellman.

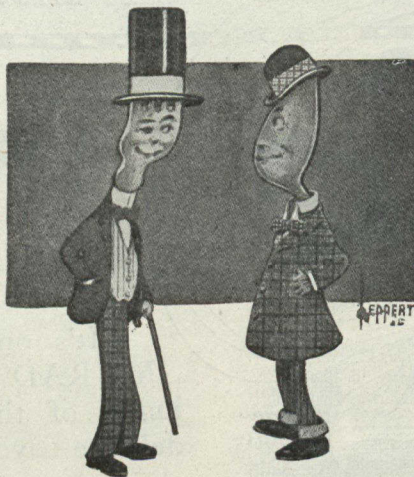
FAITHFUL TO THE END.

The flames crackled ominously, the water bubbled in the great pot, and seated in the shade of a palm the naked savages began to sharpen their cruel knives.

"Is there no hope?" murmured the doomed commercial traveller.

"None," hissed the ebon chief.
"Then," said the young man, pointing to his sample case, "if you are determined to eat me, at least let me ask you, as a last favour, to try our brand of mustard with the feast. I am convinced that one trial will secure us your permanent patronage, and I"—

But strong arms seized him here, there was a splash, and all was over.—Los Angeles Times.



The Fork and the Spoon.

By R. E. Leppert.

The Fork: "You're getting rather spoony with that Miss Brown Sugar, she's very unrefined."
The Spoon: "I'll admit that, but she's an awfully sweet girl."—Metropolitan Magazine.

HER REASON.

Alfred H. Love, the famous peace advocate, protested in Philadelphia against the great quantity of military features in the Jamestown Exposition. "Really," he concluded, with a smile, "one would think that the whole world was animated and kept progressing by a spirit of hatred and revenge and bitter enmity. One would think that—but perhaps you know the story. A pale, wan woman, on her deathbed, said in a weak voice to her husband: 'Henry, if I die, promise me one thing.' 'Gladly, my poor darling. What is it I am to promise?' 'Promise me that you will marry Mary Simpson.' The man started. 'But,' he said, 'I thought you hated her.' 'I do, Henry,' the dying woman whispered. 'I want to get even with her.'"—The Argonaut.

A DIFFERENCE.

The vicar of a large country town in England visited a parishioner, a widow seventy-five years of age, who had ten children all of whom except one daughter had mar-

ried and left her. Now this daughter also was about to be married. The old lady would then be left quite alone, and the clergyman endeavoured to sympathise with her. "Well, Mrs. Higgins," he said, "you must feel lonely now, after having had so large a family."

"Yes, sir," she said, "I do feel it lonesome. I've brought up a long family, and here I am living alone. An' I misses 'em an' I wants 'em; but I misses 'em more than I wants 'em."

ON TOUR.

Oh, Borden the Bold
Has gone out to the West!
Through all the wide prairie
His views are expressed.
He thinks we should manage
Our own little 'phone,
And let the dear people
Just run it alone.

QUEER PLEASURE.

Douglas Jerrold, in his "Ugly Trades," said that "the ugliest of trades has its moments of pleasure," and continued: "Now, if I were a grave digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment"

THE VERY IDEA!

Judging by the way they keep on resigning, those Jamestown Exposition chiefs must have got the notion that they are a Laurier Cabinet.—Montreal Star.

A DESPERATE REMEDY.

First Toronto Woman: "Isn't it perfectly disgusting to think of that white girl marrying a Chinaman?"

Second Toronto Woman: "Well, I suppose she got desperate over the laundry bills."

GETTING IN.

"Can a rich man enter into the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"Yes," answered the wise old Parson Brodhead, "but not on a technicality."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A LAWYER'S LUCK.

A North Carolina lawyer says that when Judge Buxton, of that state, made his first appearance at the bar as a young lawyer, he was given charge, by the state's solicitor, of the prosecution of a man charged with some misdemeanour.

It soon appeared that there was no evidence against the man, but Buxton did his best, and was astonished when the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty."

After the trial one of the jurors tapped the young attorney on the shoulder. "Buxton," he said, "we didn't think the feller was guilty, but at the same time we didn't like to discourage a young lawyer by acquitting him."—Lippincott's Magazine.



The Tramp Dissuader.—Punch.

Canadian Art Criticism

IN an article on "Canadian Art and its Critics," in the October number of the "Canadian Magazine," Mr. J. A. Radford deals discriminatingly and with touches of genuine humour with a delicate subject. Such reflections as the following are only too strictly in accordance with facts:

"Canada is either too young, too poor, too ignorant, or too busy making money to take much interest in art, and the evident indifference of her people is more than echoed by Federal and Provincial Governments, which give art and artists but meagre encouragement. Canadians are easily led in art matters, and they depend to a certain extent on what the newspapers say. The newspapers, by the way, are usually wrong, for the man assigned to report the studios and art exhibitions may, as likely as not, be the very one who the same afternoon described the police court mendicants or a boxing bout. The newspapers rarely employ on their staffs a competent and acknowledged authority on art, who would in all probability give a just and truthful criticism, thereby hurting somebody's feelings. The critic least to blame is this reporter who is told by the city editor to write up the picture show, and not to forget that space is valuable. It being his first visit to an art exhibit, he feels uncomfortable, knowing full well his own inability to grasp the first principles of art. Under these circumstances the poor fellow applies to the secretary or curator, who perhaps introduces him to an artist, if one be present; if not, he instructs him from his own personal view. The artist, when introduced, walks the reporter through the gallery, calling attention to certain pictures which he deems advisable to notice, and of course in his rather delicate position shows his real manliness. The reporter, however, jots it all down, possibly qualifying it with his own observations. Then the editor prints as much as his paper has space for, and the public, without the slightest idea of the way in which the article was written, speaks with awe and respect of what so and so says about the best picture in the gallery which, strange to say, was no doubt the very opinion expressed by the artist to the reporter."

The Alpine Club

(Manitoba Free Press.)

THE Alpine Club of Canada is the youngest in the world, having been born scarcely eighteen months ago in this city of the level plains, eight hundred miles from the field of its operations. On the twenty-second day of December it will be fifty years since the inception of the first Alpine Club in the world, when thirty-one English climbers met at a hotel in Covent Garden and formed an association for mutual help in mountaineering — among them Tyndall, Leslie Stephen and John Bull for whom a high mountain in the Rockies is named. They called themselves "The Alpine Club," and so the society continues to be called, although fully a score of similar clubs of equal standing and energy have been organised in different parts of the world. The thirty-one have grown to seven hundred and "The Alpine Club" will celebrate its jubilee with three days' festivities in December, when the President of the Canadian Club is invited to be its guest. The American Club, which is four years old and whose standard of qualifications is the same as that of the Canadian Club, has scarcely one hundred members, while the youngest of them all now has over three hundred.

Pa's Fault

"Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher, "what have you learned about Jonah and the whale?"

"Nothin'."

"Nothing? Surely you did not forget that I told you last Sunday we were going to have Jonah and the whale for our lesson to-day."

"I didn't forget it, but pa says he don't want me to read about any more of these nature fakes."

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Dramatic Notes

MR. JAMES METCALFE, the dramatic critic of New York "Life," to whom reference has already been made as the dauntless fighter of the Theatrical Trust, turned his kindly attention to our broad Dominion last week and thus expressed himself:

"Canadian statesmen are just now asserting that Canada has arrived and that she has justified, or is justifying, her claim to a place among the nations. This seems to be true when Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger have recognised Canada's claim to recognition by decreeing that Toronto's newest and best theatre must be devoted exclusively to their vaudeville attractions and that legitimate plays and acting shall have no place or booking on its boards. Art of the Klaw and Erlanger kind knows no national boundaries and King Edward VII might as well abdicate so far as Canada is concerned; in fact, all of us might as well abdicate in favor of this enterprising and cultured firm."

It is a pleasure to be able to inform Mr. Metcalfe that the Royal Alexandra Theatre, to which he refers, is not in the clutches of Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, having issued a Declaration of Independence of its own. Neither does it intend to introduce a weary winter of vaudeville. As has been intimated, Mr. David Belasco fully approves of the list of future attractions at the Royal Alexandra. Such artists as Mrs. Fiske, Miss Blanche Bates, and Mr. David Warfield are under contract for the coming season. We regretfully admit that "art" of the Klaw and Erlanger kind knows no national boundaries but we also recognise that Canadian managers are becoming restless under its black magic and a few of them will have the courage to exorcise the spell. The Royal Alexandra owes no allegiance except to the fair lady after whom it is named.

* *

It is not often that a Canadian dramatic editor has a chance to write a really slashing article. The drama, as yet, does not play a large part in Canadian affairs, since ours is a land of few cities. In the newer settlements the inhabitants are too busy with the actual construction of the schoolhouse and the homestead, too much occupied with their own shifting of scenes and placing of properties, to pay much attention to the life of the theatre. Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg are the centres where any considerable interest is taken in the stage. It will be remembered that a company from the last-named city carried off the Governor-General's trophy last winter.

To Montreal, as our most sophisticated community, Canadians naturally look for the most advanced criticism of dramatic affairs. Hence, more than ordinary interest attaches to the Montreal reception accorded "The Right of Way," Sir Gilbert Parker's novel as dramatised by Mr. Eugene Presbrey, which was presented for the first time on any stage in Montreal last week, and which is being played at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, this week. The dramatic editor of the Montreal "Star" devotes a column and a half to this drama, which he belabours in the most complete fashion, contributing a somewhat unusual chapter in dramatic diatribe. After reciting the many circumstances, inducing the Montreal public to regard "The Right of Way" with friendliness, the critic concludes the first paragraph with the reflection:

"It is doubtful if a play ever made its first appearance under more favourable auspices, and it must also in all honesty be doubted if a play ever proved more undeserving of the expectations it had aroused and the cordiality with which it was at first received.

"While much praise is due to some features of the production, while the acting is in places really splendid, and is almost always thoroughly satisfying, while the stage setting is in all instances handsome and is at times superb, the play itself, which

after all is the centre of interest and importance, is a hopeless and almost unrelieved failure. It is beyond doubt the cheapest, most incoherent, and most tawdry melodrama, that ever had the good fortune to be put on in a high-priced house, and played by clever actors. Those who are experienced in things dramatic state that there is nothing under the sun so fickle as the powers that be in stageland. The present production would seem to give a striking justification of that ancient and oft-quoted statement, for the powers of stageland surely never played so strange a trick as when they took this rickety abortion of a play, dressed it up in fine scenery, entrusted it to first-rate actors, and tried to pass it off on the people of Montreal as a great Canadian drama."

The critic admits: "Mr. Guy Standing, who plays the part of the hero, 'Charlie Steele,' does all that can be done for such a role. In the first act especially he is very good and in the awful later scenes makes it as easy for the spectators as he possibly can." Miss Buckley and Miss Lonnon are also credited with excellent work. The latter, by the way, has frequently appeared in Toronto as leading woman with Mr.



Mlle. Genee, a famous danseuse who has come to America.

Willard, and is tiresomely insipid, even as a Dickens heroine.

This mournful account concludes: "Mr. Presbrey made a speech after the third act. It was the conventional sort of thing proper for the occasion and in the course of it he asked what message he would send to Sir Gilbert Parker. Without wishing to interfere in Mr. Presbrey's private arrangements, it might be just as well if he didn't say anything about it. Sir Gilbert may be sensitive."

* *

It must be admitted that, with the best desire in the world to like "The Right of Way," the Canadian audiences which have seen its early production have experienced profound disappointment. The characters of the novel are barely recognised which is just as well for Sir Gilbert's comfort.

* *

While the East has been depressed by "The Right of Way," Vancouver has been aroused to enthusiasm by Royle's "The Squaw Man," and has given William Faversham right Western greeting. As the Vancouver "World" enthusiastically describes it:

"Six times the storms of applause had swept the curtain upward from the boards of the Vancouver Opera House at the end of the second act of the 'Squaw Man,' and in response to the insistent demands, William Faversham 'stepped from the picture' long enough to pay a graceful tribute to the city of Vancouver and to return thanks

for the enthusiastic manner in which he and his players had been greeted."

Mr. Faversham will appear in Eastern Canada in this highly popular play.

* *

Miss Margaret Anglin, who has attained a greater degree of success than any other Canadian actress, has brought upon herself a storm of disapproval from chorus girls, owing to sentiments expressed by her in a signed interview published in a New York evening newspaper. "The girls of the Broadway 'Merry Merry' are not the only ones who have taken umbrage at the actress's remarks, for the women in the vaudeville and burlesque ranks were included. Now they are making faces at her lithographs in the windows along the Great White Way and saying all sorts of mean things besides."

"I would advise no girl to attempt a stage career, unless she has the rational gifts necessary to become a successful actress in companies of the highest standing," Miss Anglin is quoted as saying. "If she has not a natural talent, which will raise her above the level of the vaudeville or burlesque theatre, or lift her from the ranks of the chorus in a musical comedy, she will lay herself open to the criticism—unjust though it may be—of the world, and will ruin what chances she may have of a successful career in other walks of life."

In spite of the agitation of the vaudeville and chorus girls, Miss Anglin has only talked truth and common-sense. One of the former asks if the women on the vaudeville stage do not represent a fine art. They represent, in all but a few instances, amusement which Mr. W. T. Stead might describe as "drivel for the dregs." The debasement of modern drama to ballet performances and the accomplishments of "three-cornered girls who rasp the welkin" is a source of irritation to all who care for dramatic art. Miss Anglin is to be congratulated on the courage and honesty which prompted the advice that has injured the sensibilities of such celebrities as take part in "The Hurdy Gurdy Girl."

* *

Mr. William Collier will be seen in "Caught in the Rain" at the Princess Theatre for one week beginning Monday, October 21. This farce, written by Mr. Collier and Grant Stewart, is said to be the greatest success the comedian ever had. The character of Dick Crawford, the bashful, but ready-witted young mining engineer, whose love affair is the main theme of the comedy, suits Mr. Collier to a dot. He has plenty of brilliant lines, the laughing value of which he enhances by the spontaneous manner in which he delivers them.

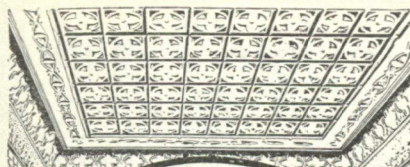
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Following the presentation of "Soldiers of Fortune" at the Royal Alexandra, "The Cowboy and the Lady," by Clyde Fitch, will be given.

* *

In a plea for a revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan light operas, with their good music and songs to be sung—not talked—the editor of the Fresno "Republican" states his objections to latter-day counterfeits in these terms:

"Your modern musical comedy is neither musical nor comedy. Being without plot, fun, sense, or tune, it is all a matter of dress (or undress), and its merit is measured by the pulchritude of the chorus. They are all made by one prescription. Recipe: One tall comedian, imbecile despot of a cannibal island in the South Seas; one pretty girl, who can't sing; one vivacious girl, ditto; six statuesque girls, ditto; twenty fat and twenty thin chorus girls, ditto; one topical song, for the comedian to recite; one sentimental song for the pretty girl to say, while the violin plays the tune; one cute song, for the vivacious girl to speak; numerous ensembles for the chorus to dance; a large supply of gorgeous costumes, gorgeous scenery, bright lights; no plot, no point, no dialogue and no music. Shake all together and administer in two dollar doses. If patient recovers, give him more next time. But if he asks for the tune and somebody to sing it, throw him out! Scenery and costumes cost too much. There is nothing left to pay for music or voices."



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Peculiarities

THESE are several districts claiming to be the garden of Canada, but the Niagara peninsula has a historic claim to the picturesque phrase. "Grapes galore" is the welcome cry this year and carloads of this local-option fruit are being sent daily to the cities of the West, even as far as Vancouver itself.

There is a wonderful Jap runner out in Vancouver who has offered to race Shrub. The scene of competition is not stated but it will probably be from Vancouver to Yokohama.

A New York preacher solemnly assures the public that Mr. John D. Rockefeller feels the weight of his obligation in the Standard Oil Company and considers himself a trustee for Providence. It would be well if the oil magnate could also feel the weight of the Landis fine.

They're having lots of oratory in the West. With Mr. Kipling saying to Winnipeg—"Bless me, how you've grown!" and Senator Cox assuring Alberta that the crops are all right, for Sir Wilfrid has said so, and Mr. R. L. Borden going to and fro and making promises as rosy as a Saskatchewan sunset, the capitals of the West are hearing more eloquence than any other part of the country.

Editors have frequently taken to the woods, but the Editor of the Edmonton "Journal" takes to the tall timber of October for purely hygienic and aesthetic reasons and comes back, to write such glowing leading articles on the lovely autumn they are having out along the Saskatchewan, that the mere Easterner wishes it were not such a long wet walk to Alberta.

At a meeting held in Victoria, B.C., to consider the formation of an Asiatic Exclusion League, two speakers, Canon Beauland and Mr. Crease, who opposed the majority, were interrupted and hissed down in un-British fashion. Let Victoria keep out Japs, Hindus or any other Oriental she dislikes. But she really shouldn't refuse to listen to gentlemen who "differ."

We have a "really, truly" grievance at last. Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, makes the distressing statement that Canada is to have the largest and most powerful ice breaker in the world. Just as we are beginning to recover from the advertisement Mr. Kipling gave the country as a snow specialist, one of our own household, who has experienced all the genial influence of Sir Wilfrid's sunny ways, sets out to prove that we have a winter, after all. The Hon. Louis Philippe might have found better employment in Europe than buying ice breakers.

Dr. Beattie Nesbitt was nice and quiet in the registrar's office in Toronto for many happy moons. Then all of a sudden he fluttered a Gravenhurst audience by talking darkly of some Ontario politician who acts as Rockefeller's "boy," and gets deals put through for those poverty-stricken people of the Kerosene Trust. The civic power plant had been inaugurated in the Muskoka town and the Doctor succeeded in throwing Standard Oil on the troubled waters. It is being rumoured that Mr. Peter Ryan wrote the Doctor's speech but Mr. Whitney calls it twaddle.

The good old days in the "gods" are sadly changed. The Freshies and Sophs of Montreal have given pledges of proper behaviour, without which promise they would not be admitted to the theatre. They have solemnly affirmed that they will try to remember to be gentlemen and have promised not to throw anything whatsoever in the theatre. Also the Toronto Sophs have

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asked the Freshies to a pink reception and given them tea and coffee. Alas for the days of the Brute Force committee! The next thing we know, those ancient enemies, the "cops," will be asked to pour cocoa and hand around macaroons at a Sophomore "Evening with Emerson."

Twenty citizens of Belleville were recently brought up in the police courts charged with robbing orchards. There must be a lot of the "Old Adam" in the county town of Hastings.

From Wiarton, Ontario, comes a thrilling yarn of a lynx which lived in the township of Machar and which coolly appeared near a window of Mr. Evans' farm-house one afternoon. The owner of the house was away, but his wife gallantly rose to the occasion and wounded the animal, which was afterwards killed in the swamp. The skin stretched measured six feet. What a chance for the animal-yarner!

Several Hindoos have been deported from Vancouver recently. It is not reported that they "heard the East a-calling," but they certainly will go back to Mandalay and even beyond that famous spot.

That was a robbery worthy of Raffles in Montreal, when one hundred and fifty dollars disappeared from the Rock City Tobacco Company's office. A man pretending to have a contract to repair the sidewalk got the bookkeeper out to assist in making the measurements, and in the meantime an assistant removed some funds from the office. But the bookkeeper can hardly be blamed for leaving his ledger. Anyone with a contract to clean or repair a Montreal sidewalk may well excite curiosity and helpfulness.

The school children of Hay township, in Huron County, Ontario, are to send a handsome flag to the children of the town of Hay, Herefordshire, England. Mr. J. Lewis Thomas, of London, Ontario, who is a native of "Old Hay," is to make the presentation on his visit to England. The flag is a handsome one with the Huron coat of arms in colours surrounded by the words, "From your kinfolk in Hay Township." The Toronto "Evening Telegram," which objects to the British expression "tram" and prefers the Yankee compound, "street-car," will see horrible imperialism breaking out in these Hay youngsters.

This is an age of Royal Commissions and Eternal Inspection. City Engineer Graydon, of London, Ontario, has had the additional honours and duties of inspector of buildings thrust upon him and is threatened with the inspectorship of coal also. He is said to have replied to these varied calls: "Sure enough; make me inspector of highways, byways, hedges, stars and firmaments, storms and tempests, earthquakes and pestilences—any old thing. I just love excitement. What's trouble to me?" Why can't a fine, strenuous man like that go with this immigration commission to Little Old Japan?

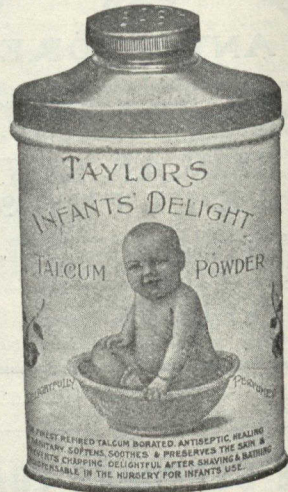
Mrs. Cassie Chadwick, confidence woman and bank wrecker, ruined her constitution by eating rich food and has died in the Ohio Penitentiary. Cassie had a remarkably spectacular career for a quiet little Canadian, born near the pleasant town of Woodstock. After all, the simple life, with a summer in Muskoka for dissipation, is better than the fleshpots of high finance.

The meanest man whom Magistrate Love has encountered recently appeared in the police court at London, Ontario. In order to obtain funds for his alcohol supply the prisoner had not only refused to support his family, but had stolen and sold his little son's chickens.

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FOREIGN PHOTOGRAPHS

(Continued from page 20)

last winter? We met him and five other college boys at Heidelberg, I think it was, or else it was Genoa, and I tell you it was grand, after seeing nobody but strangers and a few foreigners all summer. Here we all are in a bunch. The background don't show very plain, but I guess it's a beer-garden. In Germany we spent all our time in beer-gardens. Popper said they were real homelike. I don't care at all for ice cream soda now. This is a big crowd of us waiting for the train to start up Mount Vesuvius—no, it's the Gorner Grat; you can tell by the sign on the car. That's Grace and Ella talking to the Count of Waffenicht. He was at our hotel, and Popper was so pleased to meet a real count that he lent him two hundred and fifty dollars. The very same evening the count got a message his mother was dying, and he had to leave in such a hurry that he forgot to leave Popper his address. This is Mommer and Aunt Hattie and Ella and me just being put into a carriage by the consul at Brussels. Of course we went to call on him to show him our American flag and get the latest news from home—we always did that wherever we went—and after we'd been chatting about an hour and a half he simply insisted that our stay at Brussels wasn't complete unless we went out to see the field of Waterloo, and he was so kind about helping us get started! He isn't in the picture because he took it. He was glad to; he said he was; but somehow he seemed in a hurry; so it doesn't show much of anything but Aunt Hattie's back. Aunt Hattie is a perfect dear, but—well, Grace says she knows she could have made that Austrian diplomatist propose the third time running if Aunt Hattie hadn't come out to look at the moonlight on the Rhine, too. No, the rest of the album's empty. George said what was the good of taking any more photographs—we'd remember the trip sure enough after we became— . . . Well, I didn't mean to speak of it; but don't you dare breathe it to a soul! It isn't to be announced till next Sunday.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Mother's Testimony



About a month ago I received one of your **LITTLE BEAUTY HAMMOCK COTS** and find it perfectly satisfactory in every respect and would not like to part with it, for it is the best thing I ever saw."

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An Amusing Yarn

(From New York "Life.")

THAT is an amusing yarn which we find in big headlines in a newspaper, to the effect that northern Mexico is full of Japanese veteran soldiers, brought into the country as labourers, but armed, organised, and furnished with competent generals, ready to jump over the line on short notice and invade the United States. This story bears the date of Bangor, Me., whence it was sent by the United Press Association on September 10. It is attributed to the American editor of a Mexican paper.

The Japanese like to fight, and fight extremely well, and would a little rather, apparently, be killed than not, which last propensity would seem very uncomfortable to the troops of any country that has trouble with them. But even Japs are not likely to plan to fool away their lives without some chance of military profit, so this Mexican invasion story is nonsense.

What is natural enough, however, is that Japanese labourers anywhere in western North America should be armed and organised for self-protection against sudden violence from mobs. The attitude of our various governments, Federal and State, toward Asiatics who are living among us is perfectly correct, but in action our governments are very liable to prove a little slow, especially on "the coast," where the labour trust is very jealous of its privileges, and fully persuaded that it would be a mistake to share them with Asia. The rows over the Japanese labour invasion of British Columbia show that all "the coast," British and American, feels alike on this subject, and there is the same feeling in labour circles in Australia and South Africa. Countries on this continent that can attract the Asiatic labour that "the coast" rejects will possess a great industrial advantage.

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HAMILTON - - CANADA

For the Children

STUDY OF THE CAT.

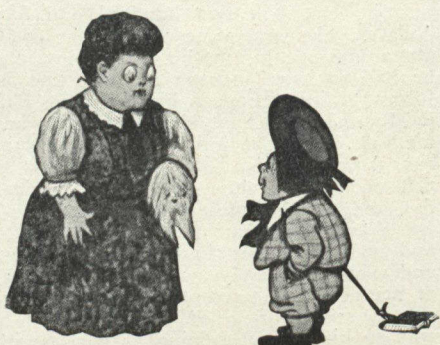
THE new teacher had arrived at school. The first lesson was in natural history. She chose the interesting subject of the cat.

"Now, children," she said, "tell me what sort of clothes pussy wears."

No reply.
"Come! Come!" said the teacher, determined to get the correct answer by naming everything puss didn't wear, "does she wear feathers?"

A pained expression crossed the face of a little boy in the front row.

"Please, ma'am," he asked, pityingly, "ain't you never seen a cat?"—Esau Elec.



Aunty: "Well, Tommy, what did you learn at school to-day?"
Tommy: "About ants. There are two kinds—the kind that lives in the sugar-bowl and the kind that lives with their married sisters."—Life.

THE JUMPING JACK.

Twelve o'clock struck. With a click the Jumping-Jack popped his head out of his box. "Ho! there," he cried, "wake up, sleepy heads; didn't you hear the cuckoo clock? Up you get or dawn will be here before we know it."

In a minute the whole playroom was in a bustle. Black and white woolly dogs barked sharply and went frisking around the room. The old brown cow in the corner was moving her head slowly backward and forward and moo-ing solemnly. The clown doll was doing a crazy two-step up and down the floor, jingling his bells and waving his befrilled arms.

Old Aunt Jemima already had breakfast under way in the dolls' house, and the cheerful smell of frying pancakes and toasted bread filled the air. Anna-May-Bell, in her neat maid's cap and apron, was setting the table, and every now and then shaking her finger and tossing her curls at Mr. Clown who had stopped in his mad career to stick his head in through the window to have a word with his lady love.

Marmaduke Douglas, the only gentleman doll the room boasted of, was busy finishing his practising before breakfast, and the tinkling notes made a fitting accompaniment to the murmur of their tiny voices.

Above it all the Jumping-Jack was again making himself heard.

"Breakfast nearly ready there, Aunt Jemima? I say, I'm nearly starved. Don't keep a chap waiting all night for his breakfast."

"All ready, chil'ren," called Aunt Jemima, appearing at the door, and right away there was a scuffling and a jostling, shouts and merry laughter as they all piled in.

Breakfast over, and everything put neatly away, the fun began. Such dancing and skipping and singing and laughter, and such rides on Dobbin's back. Six of them all on at once, and Dobbin shaking his head and going 'round and 'round the room.

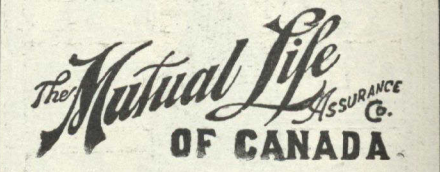
Just when the fun was at its height, a long and loud cock-a-doodle-do! came from the old rooster in the barnyard. In a second there was not a sound to be heard. Every little voice was still. Then gently did the little play-room people tip-toe back to their places, just where Dick and Mary had left them when nurse had carried them off to bed the night before.

Then, when all was quiet, a little patch of daylight crept in through the window and lay across the play-room floor.

—M. H. C.

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