

The Canadian

# Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

5064  
W R Haight  
446 Parliament St



“ W I N T E R ”

Drawn by T. W. Mitchell.

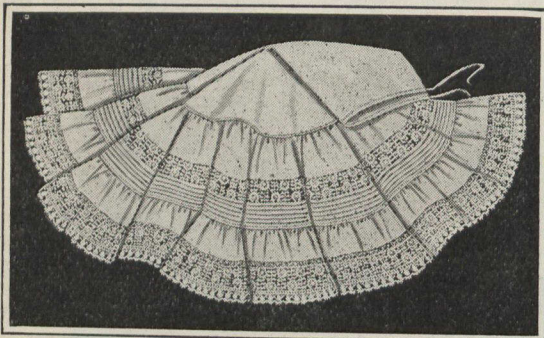
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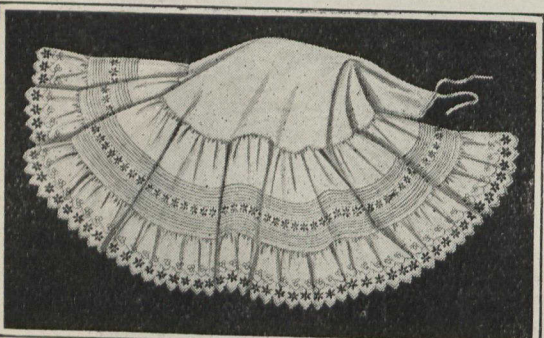
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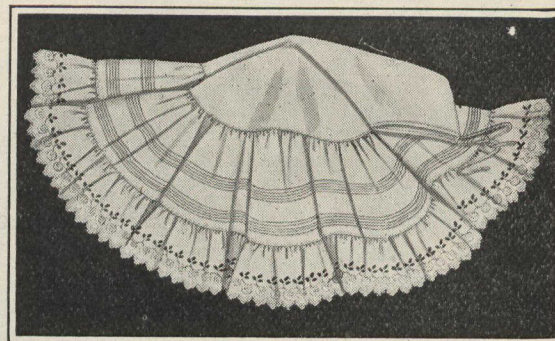


**R1-2503. Women's Skirt**, made of good Cotton, French band, extra deep flounce of fine Lawn, trimmed with two clusters of five narrow tucks, one row fine embroidery insertion, deep flounce of skirting embroidery; lengths, 38, 40 and 42 inches, special value. **Sale Price** ..... **99c**

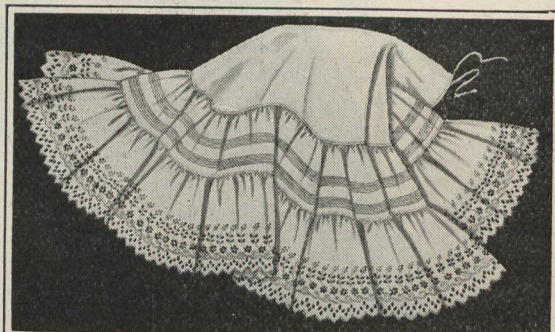


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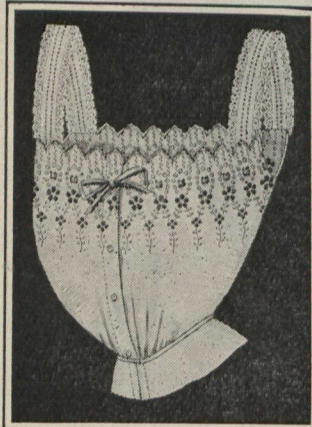
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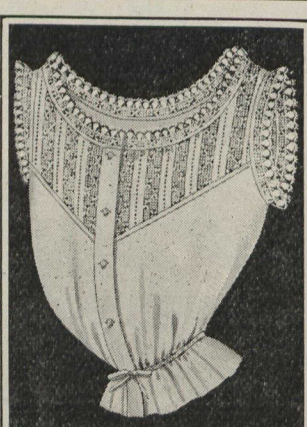
**R1-2505. Women's Skirt**, made of fine Cotton, French band, eight inch flounce of fine Lawn, trimmed with two clusters of five narrow tucks, finished below with 12 inch flounce of extra fine skirting embroidery, under dust ruffle, good width, well made in every way; lengths 38, 40 and 42 inches, special value. **Sale Price** ..... **1.23**



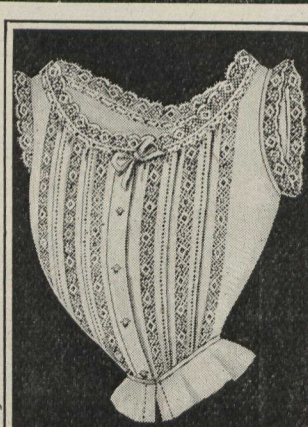
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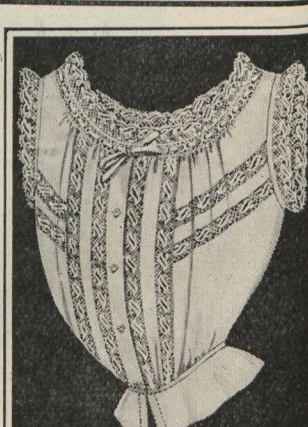
**R1-3504. Women's Corset Cover**, front made of all-over embroidery, Nainsook back trimmed with three clusters of narrow tucks, low round neck trimmed with fine lace edge, arms to match, pearl buttons; sizes 32 to 42 inches, special value. **Sale Price** ..... **47c**



**R1-3505. Women's Corset Cover**, made of fine Cotton, low round neck finished with Maltese lace, arms to match, front has pointed yoke of ten rows Maltese insertion with ten straps of fine lawn with hemstitching, back has two rows of lace insertion with hemstitched lawn between, making a very pleasing design; sizes 32 to 42, special value. **Sale price** ..... **49c**



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**R1-3507. Women's Corset Cover**, made of extra fine Cotton, low round neck finished with one row lace insertion, beading, silk ribbon draw, narrow edge of fine lace, arms to match, front with handsome design of four rows fine lace insertion running down from neck to waist, two rows across front, full front, pearl buttons; sizes 32 to 42, extra special. **Sale Price** **73c**

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# THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

Published at 61 Victoria Street, Toronto, by The Courier Press, Limited

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## PUBLISHER'S TALK

THERE has been some talk recently in British Columbia and elsewhere as to the propriety of flying the Union Jack or the Canadian Ensign over school-houses and public buildings. Mr. Barlow Cumberland, the greatest authority in Canada on the Flag, its history and its use, has written a paper for THE COURIER which should settle the matter for once and for all. Officially it is already settled, although the general public and even the official classes seem to have some doubts still.

MAY we again point out that THE COURIER is publishing each week a coloured cover which is wholly "Made in Canada." The artists and engravers are all native workers. We repeat this because a few people have expressed doubt that such work can be done in this country. The illustrative and decorative arts have made tremendous progress in the Dominion during the past five years.

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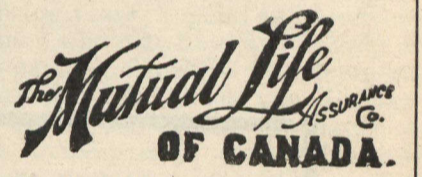
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| 1897 | \$ 819,980 | \$ 3,730,777 | \$ 218,140 | \$ 21,487,181     |
| 1907 | 2,243,570  | 11,656,410   | 1,508,719  | 51,091,848        |

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## What Canadian Editors Think

### OPPOSITION PRAISE GOVERNMENT.

(Edmonton Journal.)

THE *Journal* is, as everyone knows, a professed critic of the present Alberta administration, and as far as its general policy is concerned will continue to be so. The question of railway construction in this province, however, is not one of partisan politics. It is a matter in which every man, woman and child in Alberta is more deeply interested than in any other secular affair, and its solution should be one towards which both political parties can unitedly aim. The *Journal* therefore received with pleasure the statement of Alberta's First Minister and hopes that the important step now being taken will be followed up by whatever legislation is necessary to ensure an early construction of north-and-south lines to open up the resources of the country and afford the transportation facilities which are imperative to its development.

\* \* \*

### PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

(Victoria Colonist.)

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is credited with the statement that the people of the United States need not worry about his future. He admits that as President of the United States he has had a "first class time," and adds that he has enjoyed every minute in the White House. But when the last Presidential stroke is finished he is going out to work for himself. Sympathy for Roosevelt would go to the wrong man. He is credited with money of his own. He is to get a good job as editor of a magazine of sorts. He is still young enough—only fifty—to try a fall with frenzied finance if he have any bent in that way. It is not Roosevelt, but the United States that loses by his withdrawal to private life. We do things better this side. Our plan provides steady jobs for men like King Edward, Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, jobs that they can keep all winter and longer.

\* \* \*

### LOW TARIFFS FOR QUEBEC.

(Cotton's Weekly, Cowansville, P.Q.)

SHOULD low tariffs prevail between Canada and the United States, there will be great changes for the better in the industry and commerce of the Eastern Townships. Compared with the development of the other portions of Canada the Eastern Townships have stood still. Canada has developed along the lines of east and west not of north and south. Montreal, Ottawa, Sudbury, Winnipeg, all these places have participated in the development of Canada. The Eastern Townships being, out of the line of this development, have developed only in a local way. The tariff wall has killed us. What with New York, New Hampshire and Vermont to the south of us and Maine to the east we have occupied as it were a blind alley. We have been marked for through commerce "no thoroughfare."

Were the tariff removed, markets would develop for us to the South and East as well as to the north and west. Our border towns would become cities and our villages, towns and we would share in that marvelous industrial development which has recently taken place along the

north and south coastal routes of the United States. Until the tariff wall is removed our commerce and industry will lag and our young men of intelligence and enterprise will continue to sell out and go west.

\* \* \*

### GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC AND THE COURIER.

(St. John Globe.)

THE Canadian Courier, Toronto, thinks that the situation in regard to the Grand Trunk Pacific is so vital that "as soon as the elections are over" the Dominion authorities should hasten to give the public the facts. It suggests that if the railway is likely to be too expensive, the plans, or rather the arrangements as to its building might be changed," but the building of the sections between Lake Abitibi and Quebec, and Quebec and Moncton, should be abandoned "until such time as the districts through which the line is to be built are more accessible and more in need of transportation facilities." It recalls that the first estimate of the cost of construction of the portion which the government is building was thirty thousand dollars a mile, but that by the statement of the Minister of Railways in the House of Commons last July those estimates are doubled, and the cost will be at least sixty thousand dollars per mile. The Courier seems to overlook the important fact that the road is not being constructed merely to provide transportation facilities for the districts through which it is to pass, but to enable the products of the West, which are being sent overseas, to pass over Canadian territory and to be shipped at Canadian seaports. Were it not for this idea, suggestion, promise, hope, the Quebec representatives, the New Brunswick representatives, the Nova Scotia representatives would not have been as ready as they were to vote for the measure.

\* \* \*

### FORMALISM IN THE COURTS.

(St. John Sun.)

THE customs and traditions of the Canadian law court are at times somewhat confusing to the ordinary business man. The spirit of the modern commercial world is rather out of sympathy with the extreme formalism that has prevailed in the courts. Men grow impatient over the delays of "red-tape." They are in a great hurry to get at the business in hand and to have done with it. There is a good deal to be said in favour of retaining much of the formalism that has prevailed. That a Canadian magistrate was, but the other day, compelled to summon a constable to force a lawyer to obey the order of the court is a fact worth pondering. The ends of justice will surely be defeated if the idea gains ground that the presiding magistrate is not supreme in his own court and if it becomes a practice to attempt to influence his judgment by any other method than that of argument. The judge upon the bench may personally be willing to throw down all restrictions, but he has a duty to the people because of his office. He is there not to enter into a contest with the members of the bar who happen to appear before him, but to give impartial judgment upon the arguments which they present. Every expedient should be used that will create and maintain the impression that reasonable argument is the sole method of appeal.



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A National Weekly

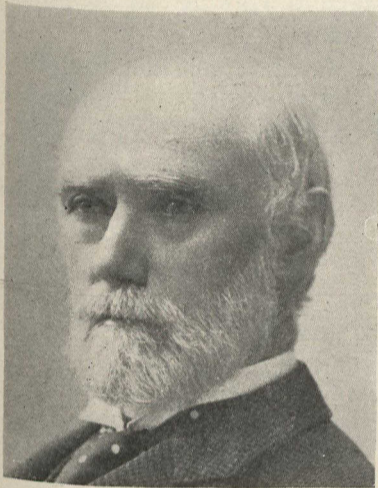
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Vol. V.

Toronto, January 2nd, 1909.

No. 5

## IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Mr. H. P. Dwight,  
President G.N.W. Telegraph Company.

**F**AR-REACHING problems confront the Canadian Railway Commission, whose jurisdiction seems to extend at about the schedule rate of a mile a minute. From cattle-guards and level crossings, to the Cape Horn route for western grain to Liverpool, just about sums up the scope of this remarkable body of men. When Vancouver commercialists talk about elevators in Vancouver they have in mind the Railway Commission. When Mr. Charles M. Hays spouts about Prince Rupert with its easy gradients and ignores Vancouver with its prospective grain-cars as a hopper, he must remember Chairman Mabee and Dr. Mills and the other members of the Board within whose ken these matters

swing. So is it for the western farmer who hopes for the government elevators now so lavishly talked about in that country. With problems vast as these on their hands, it will be only a matter of time till some minor section of the Commission will have to attend to the adjustment of freight rates on the jerk-water sidings in the back townships.

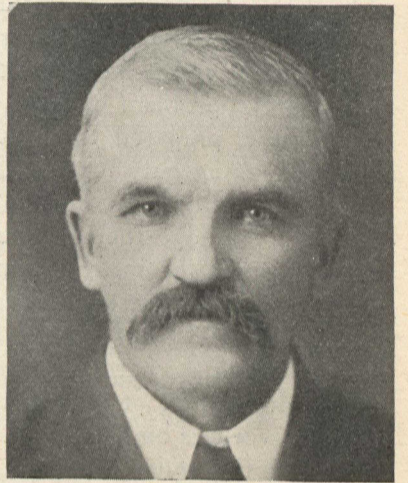
Most of these men are of large calibre. Chairman Mabee has never been a parish man. Even as a lawyer he had a wide horizon; and on the Bench he was a master of decisions. As chairman of the Canadian section of the International Waterways Commission he proved his ability to think in half-continent. Mabee is not easily hoodwinked; he is a hard man to wear down; and has somewhat of the Taft capacity for mowing down a day's work.

Dr. James Mills, once president of the Ontario Agricultural College, is no dreamer either. Dr. Mills was always a hugely practical man. Once during his academic days he invented a patent lock. That was after he had spent a few years teaching Homer and Virgil to Brantford school-boys. Prior to that he was a self-educated school-teacher who when a farm hand had the misfortune to lose an arm in a threshing-machine. The accident, however it spoiled him as a farm hand, was the beginning of his intellectual career. He was an able educationist; a plain, unfrilled man who frequently deplored fads and had small use for Shelley and Keats and dreamers of any sort. His career at Guelph was not all roses, either. He had his troubles; but he walked over them successfully and stayed with the "Model Farm" till he saw it in the very front rank of such institutions in the whole wide world. Not always cheerful was Mills in those college days; sometimes said that at best he was running a big boarding-house. But when the opening came on the Railway Commission Dr. Mills left the big boarding-house to his son-in-law, Mr. Creelman. Incidentally Dr. Mills gets more than twice the salary on the Commission that he got in the college; besides he has free transportation in a private car and is able to see how

much of a big farm he and his college helped to make Canada.

\* \* \*

**M**R. H. P. DWIGHT has celebrated his eightieth birthday. There are a great many Canadians who do not know Mr. Dwight—which is a pity; for Mr. Dwight justly ranks as one of the makers of Canada. He is the father of telegraphy in this country. What he does not know about the history of wires in Canada is a very small matter. He came here from New England when there were no wires whatever. He went out putting up poles and cables in the wilderness, before there was even a railway in Ontario. He was a young man then. He is much of a young man still. Only two or three years ago he resigned the general managership of the G. N. W. and became its president. Now every day he may be found at his desk with the same quick, nervous energy that made him a hustling power in the land when he was putting up wires in the wilds of Canada. Tall and spare and keen of eye, Mr. Dwight is a specimen of fine business acumen; a brain that thinks clearly with advancing years; hopeful and benevolent and aggressive—a hale, hearty old man who may have his quibbles and foibles, but is nevertheless a commanding figure in the commercial life of this country. What he has seen of Canada would make a great romance. In some measure his life fits in with the career of a man like Lord Strathcona, his great contemporary. Keenly interested in science, Mr. Dwight is always as alert as a school-boy over the newest developments of the wizard age that seems likely to work some of its biggest wonders on the face of Canada long after Harvey P. Dwight is dead and gone. There are a good many sportsmen, too, who know Mr. Dwight as a fine hunter; a man of the north who regularly went up into the wilds of Muskoka after his deer and got a town named after him. Besides, there are not a few poor folk in Toronto who have cause to remember this man for his benevolence. Mr. Dwight is not a sentimental charity man; does not believe in indiscriminate giving; but when he hears about a real case of distress he is as quick as any man that ever lived to devise measures of relief. In all probability Mr. Dwight wishes he were a young man again that he might be able to watch and take part in the marvellous development of Canada in the twentieth century. But he has to his honourable credit half a century of labour.



Hon. A. P. McNab,  
New Member Saskatchewan Government

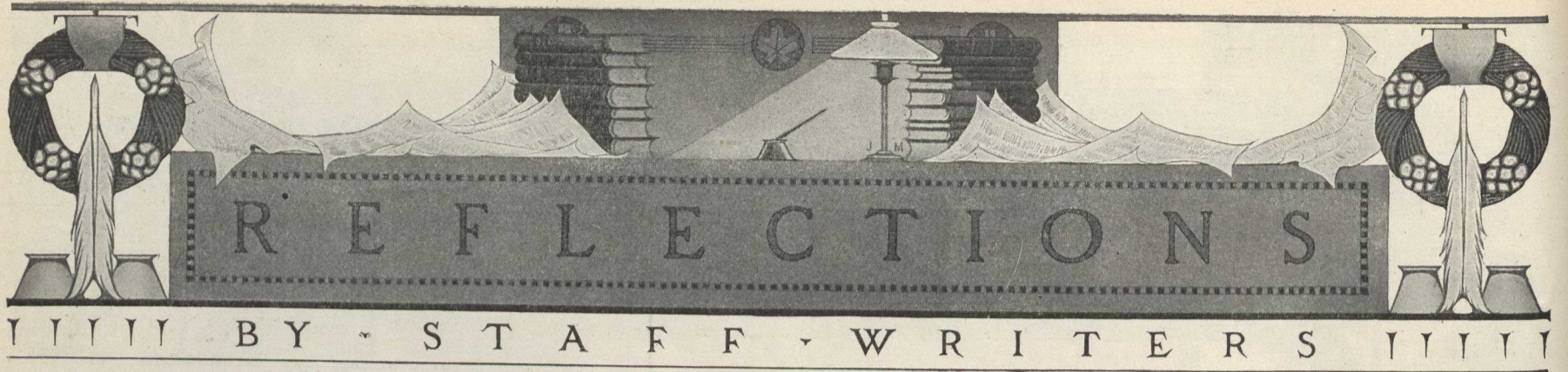


Some members of Railway Commission, leaving City Hall, Toronto. Judge Mabee Chairman, in centre, Mr. D'Arcy Scott at left, and Dr. James Mills at right.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Saskatchewan Cabinet fared badly at the provincial general election. Mr. Motherwell and Mr. Calder were defeated but have since succeeded in getting back into the Legislature. The Cabinet has also been enlarged by the addition of Mr. A. P. McNab of Saskatoon. He is the senior partner in the Saskatoon Milling and Elevator Company and a strong man in his district. He will occupy the position of municipal commissioner. It is possible that the Cabinet will be further enlarged in 1909 by the addition of another member, bringing the total to six.





### PROVINCIALISM DYING

MR. HENRI BOURASSA'S address at the banquet of the Commercial Travellers in Montreal was well conceived and happily delivered. Perhaps his most important statement was that "the old narrow provincialism is dying fast," which is a reverse way of saying that nationalism is growing. He claimed that local attachments and interest in local problems should not blind people to the necessity of considering national and imperial problems in the broadest possible spirit. "I say in the name of the French-Canadians that we are proud to face every problem brought before the people of this country in a broad spirit, prepared to meet the views of our English fellow-citizens," asking only for frank and brotherly discussion.

While taking this broad, statesmanlike attitude, Mr. Bourassa expressed the hope that citizens would not forget that the Dominion is based upon a federation scheme, just as the Empire is based on self-government, and that the greatness of each province meant the greatness of the Dominion. It is a just and opportune appeal. Those who are working hard on provincial problems should not be considered unnational or anti-national. Too often people ascribe high praise to workers on Dominion problems and forget or overlook those who are doing equal service in provincial spheres.

Mr. Bourassa has done good service in pointing clearly to the danger on both sides—first of being too provincial and second of being too national. Each Canadian citizen has a double role to play, a double duty to perform. He must regard his local affairs with a keen and judicial mind and must also remember that his province is one of the nine which go to make up the great Dominion. The Dominion is the provinces, and the provinces are the Dominion. Our patriotism must be broad enough to include both.

### THE ENGLISH IMMIGRANT

IN common with many other Canadian publications, "The Courier" has received protests against its attitude towards the new English settlers. Protests are always welcomed by an editorial staff, as they form the basis for consultation and argument. Nevertheless there does not seem to be any great reason why the attitude of Canadian journalists and the Canadian public should be revised. There are good Englishmen and poor Englishmen, just as there are good Canadians and poor Canadians. The *Times* correspondent who points out that it is the impecunious and shiftless Londoner who causes the most trouble has "hit the nail on the head." He points out that "the Englishman who succeeds is hardly ever a Londoner." Undoubtedly the "cockney" is the bone of contention, Canada maintaining that she does not want him and the cockney himself maintaining that he has a right to an opportunity. It is a rather difficult situation. Canada wants more immigrants, but she wants rural citizens rather than urban dwellers. When the latter class press in upon us, we are compelled more or less reluctantly to explain that they are unwelcome. This leaves us open to the charge that we boycott all Englishmen, which is quite untrue. Our only recourse is to keep on explaining and explaining, until the people of the motherland get our point of view. We hold no grudge against those who have misunderstood. If a hundred more explanatory articles are required they will be forthcoming. The British business man, the British mechanic of a high grade, the British domestic and above all the British farmer will find here a warm welcome. The cockney will continue to receive the cold shoulder.

### IMPERIAL CONTACT

SIR CHARLES FITZPATRICK did the Over-Seas Dominions a service when he said that these districts are not suffering from any plethora of visits from British public men. The editor of *The*

*Englishman* says that the chief reason for the neglect is that the British people overseas have no vote for the British House of Commons and the politicians cannot waste time on us. The explanation seems inadequate. So far as Canada is concerned, we do not desire the visits of politicians so much as we desire those of statesmen, publicists, financiers and business men. We would like to have the active interest of those who are not busily engaged in working out the purely domestic political problems of Great Britain.

The Select Committee of Peers, appointed to consider the question of a new constitution for the House of Lords, has recommended that official representatives of the Over-Seas Dominions might safely be admitted to that body. The editor of *Canada* suggests that 37 of the 40 life peerages which it is proposed to create should be allotted as follows: Canada 17, Australia 12, South Africa 5, New Zealand 3. These "Barons of the Empire" would, he thinks, be a strong link in the bond of Empire. These peerages are to be granted, the suggestion continues, to the High Commissioners and retired political representatives and prominent figures in commercial and financial life. The suggestion is worth considering, although it would seem difficult to find men who are willing to accept such honours with all the obligations involved.

There is no doubt a feeling in Great Britain and in the self-governing colonies that if the Empire is to develop its cohesive powers, there must be some kind of intimate contact between the centre and the outer circle. An Imperial Council, consisting of a certain number of British representatives and an equal number of Over-Seas representatives meeting once a year when the colonial legislative bodies are not in session would seem more feasible. It would not involve a change of residence, nor would it require the assumption of titles which might be inconvenient and burdensome. Representation in the House of Lords is hardly democratic enough for the colonies. These two advantages of an Imperial Council over representation in the Lords would seem to be almost overwhelming with such light as we have at present.

### FOREIGN SHIPS AND COASTING TRADE

MARITIME public opinion has received another check from the Dominion Government. Last spring an Order-in-Council was passed, to come into force on January 1st, 1909, providing that foreign ships should not be allowed to engage in the coasting trade between Canadian ports on the Atlantic. Many Norwegian ships were engaged in carrying coal and steel from Nova Scotia ports to St. Lawrence ports, and the Canadian ship-owners wanted protection. Those who sell supplies to the ships backed up the demand. The Government promised to make 1908 the last for this kind of competition, but like some other pre-election promises it has gone by the board. The foreign ships have been given three years freedom. In 1912, the question is to be again discussed.

Of course, the coal and steel companies are jubilant. They believe in this foreign competition. Mr. Wanklyn, vice-president of the Dominion Coal Company, says: "You may mention that the Government is acting for the best interests of the country." It will be noted that Mr. Wanklyn does not say that if the Canadian vessels gave equally low freight rates, they would get the preference. Like a few others of our prominent financiers, he is so busily engaged in earning dividends for his stockholders that he finds no time to discover what is the best interests of Canadian and British shipping as a whole. Apparently he and those who like him are financially interested in low freight rates have no disposition to consider the national effect of this foreign competition.

The ship-builders of Canada, the ship-owners, and the merchants who sell supplies have a real grievance here. Shipping-men are as much entitled to protection as any other class of the community.



They must buy all their supplies here and they must employ Canadian labour. The supplies to some extent and the Canadian labour entirely are more expensive, and hence the Canadian ship-owner is at a slight disadvantage. It seems unfortunate that this could not have been offset by some measure of protection. It is in the interest of the whole country that Canadian shipping should thrive and increase.

#### THE PURITAN POET

THE year which has just closed was observed, during its last month, in literary circles as the tercentenary of John Milton's birth. The remark has frequently been made that no one now reads "Paradise Lost." That is not saying that the world would not be the better for more knowledge of the Miltonic genius. John Milton lived and wrote in a stormy day and it is not surprising that some of its turbulence and intolerance affected his later work. But English literature has not many volumes to display which are so enriched by creative imagination as the works of John Milton. His prose works, a perfect "field of the cloth of gold" in the opinion of Lord Macaulay, would have made a lesser man famous, but, except one prophetic passage from the "Areopagitica," they are unfamiliar to the public.

We are given to patronage of the past, to speaking slightly of the poor dear Early Victorians and with kindly tolerance of the Elizabethan age. Have we not invented the telephone, the aeroplane and the kinetoscope? But anyone who contemplates the dreary and the gloomy magnificence of the Seventeenth Century poet's "Satan." "Puritanism" is nearly always used in modern days as a synonym for prudery, while we forget that the early Puritans of the Colonel Hutchison type were by no means insensitive to the appeal of form and colour. Milton's exquisite "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" show an appreciation of nature's melodies, of the stateliness of noble architecture and the impressiveness of great drama such as no cold and impervious character could have experienced. The Cavalier poets, Herrick and Suckling, have left us dainty verse and sparkling songs but no such immortal music as "Comus." The satirist of the Restoration has given us a caricature of the hypocritical class who joined the Puritan ranks for the sake of political or military preferment. But there was much that was noble and enduring in the Elizabethan Puritan and it is this strain, clarified of certain absurdities and excesses, which is the healthiest influence in modern England.

#### GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE

THERE is a sort of axiom which is too often overlooked in discussing honesty and dishonesty in government—a dishonest people cannot have an honest government. We talk of our governments as if they were something entirely separated from ourselves, as if they were distinct entities. If the aldermen of Pittsburgh and San Francisco have been corrupt, the blame lies on the people of these cities. If Toronto and Montreal are the worst-governed cities in Canada, it is because of the people. If there are looseness and corruption among the civil servants of the Dominion Government, it is because the people with whom they come in contact are loose and corrupt. There is no other logical conclusion.

In the recent war between Russia and Japan, there was one great difference. When Russia sent money to the front to purchase supplies, provide medical attendance and necessary assistance of one kind or another, the money got "lost" or "side-tracked." On the other hand Japanese money never disappeared in this way. The Japanese officials were patriotic and honest.

When Great Britain went to war with the Boers, the army contractors everywhere began to look for "fat" contracts. Waste of various kinds was rampant. Even in Canada, there were many examples of the Canadian and British governments being "salted" in the purchase of supplies. Nearly every merchant who got a contract built a new warehouse or a fine new residence. Every man who owned a \$50 horse in this country was anxious to sell it to the Government for \$150.

It is the rummiest kind of nonsense to expect a government and a civil service to be much better than the people. Members of parliament are offered blocks of stock in industrial companies, mining ventures and other undertakings, free of charge. Why? If members of parliament are subjects of such tempting offers, are civil servants in responsible positions any less liable?

The only real safeguard against corruption, bribery, secret commissions and present-giving is a strong patriotic public sentiment. Laws against these malpractices are necessary. A noble-minded judiciary is necessary. Public-spirited and fearless crown prosecutors are necessary. Yet, even with all these, public service will be very little better than the business morals of the people. Why has not the Intercolonial Railway been put under an independent commission? Simply because several hundred politicians and contractors of one kind and another recognise that the "patronage" would be abolished and that fair prices would prevail. Under an independent commission or a private company, there would be fewer "passes" for the merchants and prominent people of about twenty counties. There would be fewer appointments for sons, brothers and cousins of prominent political workers. To fail to recognise this, would be but to play the part of the ostrich with his head in the sand.

Not every member of parliament or legislature is dishonest; not every civil servant is looking for private gain from public service; not every man who sells to public bodies is charging other than a fair rate. There is probably no more dishonesty among these classes than among other classes. There is, however, a feeling that a government or a municipal corporation should pay high prices when it buys. The City of Toronto pays a higher price for labour than any other employer in that municipality. Every service performed by that corporation costs more than a similar service performed under private management. It is much the same under provincial and federal governments. This shows that the sentiment of the people is in favour of mulcting public bodies. Even the trades unions insist on this principle or practice. This is not corruption, of course, but it comes so close to it, that to step over the line does not require a long stride. It is not a far cry from trades unions charging a city \$2.00 a day for labour which is sold to private employers at \$1.50, to a merchant charging a government retail prices for supplies sold in similar quantities to private parties at twenty-five per cent. discount.

It all comes back to public sentiment and general practice. When public opinion condemns a newspaper for selling its advertising space to a government for twenty-five per cent. more than it charges other customers, when it condemns a merchant who makes an unreasonable profit out of a government contract, when it condemns a member of parliament for trying to secure the expenditure of money in his constituency when it is not necessary, when it maintains that every man dealing with the government shall be both honest and patriotic—then we may expect laws against corrupt practices to be of some avail.

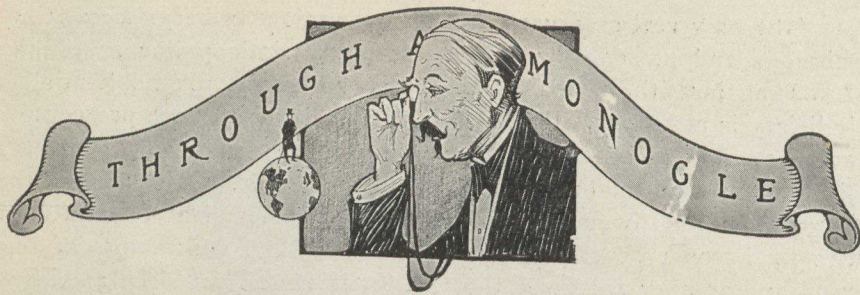
#### THE BRITISH SPELLING

BRITISH dictionaries and British publications generally spell favour and harbour with a "u." The "Canadian Courier" follows the British practice. The *Canadian Magazine* also does this. Most Canadian publications, however, follow the United States spelling and omit the "u." They also spell traveller and waggon with one "l" and one "g." Now comes the announcement that the Ontario Department of Education will follow the British spelling instead of Daniel Webster. This has brought down upon it the wrath of the *Toronto Globe*, a journal which usually recognises that this is a British country.

On May 30th, 1890, Sir John Macdonald submitted to the Privy Council and had approved a minute making British spelling the official spelling. He had been building up a constitution which was intended as a bulwark to British rule in this part of the North American continent and it was therefore natural that with other British institutions he should adopt the British educational standard in the matter of the spelling of English words. With this official declaration on record, it is only right and proper that the educational authorities of this country should observe it in preparing their text-books.

Whether "Honourable" should be spelled with a "u" or without it is not really of much consequence, beyond the circumstance that other people who fly the Union Jack favour the more ancient method. It is but another of the light straws which indicate that this is a British as well as an American country. It is to be hoped that the rumour is true and that Sir James Whitney and Dr. Pyne contemplate this revival of the official spelling, which is used in all public documents issued by the Dominion Government. Before the *Globe* visits its condemnation on Sir James Whitney, it might try conclusions with Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal cabinet at Ottawa.





THEY tell me that the custom of calling on New Year's Day is reviving. More ladies are staying at home to receive visitors; and more gentlemen are making the rounds. It was a good old custom in many ways, though it did—in days when drinking was more common than it is now—lead to unfortunate results from too much conviviality. But now that we have become too civilised to look upon even the incipient imbecility of maudlinism with tolerance, we ought to be able to revive the sociability, the old-fashioned courtesy, the gayety of the custom without its less desirable features. The fact is that, outside the pale of "high society," our gentlemen do not pay sufficient court to our ladies after they have once entered the sober dales of matrimony. Only the young people practise in our prosaic day any of that chivalry which was so captivating a feature in the life of our ancestors; and it would be excellent training for most middle-aged husbands of my acquaintance to be required to spruce up on New Year's Day, hire a sleigh and drive around to make calls on all their wives' lady friends.

\* \* \*

NEW YEAR'S DAY at all events calls for a more joyous celebration than it usually receives. We get jollity enough at Christmas. That is a holiday which our people have taken to with great relish, led on, I fancy, by the unconquerable hosts of boys and girls who after all do most of our holiday-celebrating in this country, whether in mid-winter or mid-summer. But, with most of us, New Year's Day is little more than a day free from our customary labour. The Scotch who still retain memories of the old land make more of it; but it is difficult for them to get up much of a celebration in the midst of a cold and unstirred community. Yet it is a most significant anniversary. It is the beginning of the New Year. In Paris, people mark it by going to dine with their friends or having their friends in to dine with them. And, as Christmas is the family festival, we might well make of New Year's the festival of friendship. If we will not go a-calling as our grandfathers did, we can at least gather our friends around a festal board and turn the diary of the year just gone as it may affect our little circle.

\* \* \*

THIS last year has been a good one to us in Canada. It has seen us out of the deep trouble in which we were at its beginning. Good times may not have come again in full force; but the bad times have gone. There is now no more real uneasiness as to the future. All we dispute about is the date when the final revival will appear. It would be most difficult in any case to check for long the progressive prosperity of Canada. Nature is too bountiful to us. It is like trying to keep a man poor who has a large income from investments which constantly dump into his lap another fat instalment. Nations which have no such outside sources of income, and which must toil for every cent they get, are in a different position. They have no royal road away from hard times. They must work out their own salvation. We have merely to hold out our hats at the right time to get them filled. With a quarter-continent of almost virgin soil being rapidly filled up and full of the activity of railway construction, wealth must bubble up all around us in Canada; and nothing in the world can keep us long in the trough of the sea.

\* \* \*

BUT it is just as well for us to realise the foundations of our national security. Otherwise we may fall into the error of imagining that it is due to our superior merit as a people or because Providence has an especially friendly eye over us. But a very little examination will show us that our comfortable position is due to outside circumstances, one of which at least proves superior merit in another people—not in ourselves at all. The first cause of our prosperity—as has been hinted—is undoubtedly the fabulous natural wealth which is now open to the exploitation of a comparative handful of men. We are six millions with a half-continent to harvest. We are spreading out over land which we have not drained or enriched

or worked in any way. We are finding mines from which wealth pours in a steady stream. We are living fat off capital which other peoples have saved and which they now send in here in search of the opportunities which our new country offers.

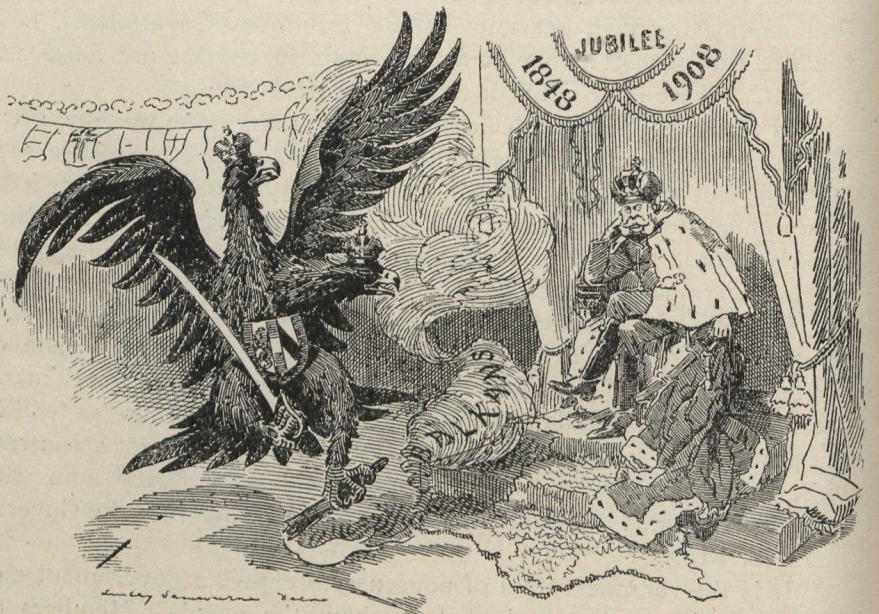
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THEN Canada has another advantage which is well-nigh unique. It is safe from war's alarms, and yet it has neither a navy nor an army to justify this safety. No other country in the world is so happily placed. Australia—in many ways a similar land politically—has an Asiatic peril on its northern frontier, and is building a local navy and talking of universal military service. South Africa has just been torn by a great war. Not a land in Europe can be sure that a hostile army will not cross its frontiers; and not one can escape the burden of supporting an army. The United States is building one of the great navies of the world, and her people will have to bear greater military burdens as the years go by. Canada alone is exempt—so long as she chooses to be so—and why? Because the people of the United Kingdom furnish her with protection. Whitechapel Jack casts his shield over the self-satisfied Peace Society of "Little Ontario." So long as we accept this position of "peace without honour," we are on the charity list of the poorest wretch in the Mother Country. But I expect that we will grow ashamed of it some day and take up our share of the burden. If Britain should get into serious trouble over these European complications and unfortunately find her power crippled—which God forbid—we may feel the pressure of the burden sooner than we expect.

N'IMPORTE

### Lord Roseberry on Municipal Government

I KNOW there used to be a cheap sneer at municipal matters by calling them 'parochial.' I suppose I have what one of your more eminent burgesses, Lord Beaconsfield, used to call a 'parochial mind.' But my belief is that every day that passes over us the great municipalities of this country are growing in power, in influence and in majesty. Their offices are daily more coveted, their honours daily more cherished, and their work expands every hour in usefulness and benefit to the country at large. I think I am not saying too much when I say that the time is not remote when men who wish to do the public service will prefer even to do it in municipal rather than in parliamentary life. And I think so for this reason; that in the practical work which you do in municipal life you get a more immediate return for it than you do in Parliament. A politician's life is apt to be spent in futile action and barren criticism. But you, on your side, if you embark in the council of the town to which you belong, have the opportunity of seeing your work ready to your hand fruitful around you. What you are able to effect you see achieved at once, and you see the results in the increased beauty of your city and in the increased welfare and happiness of your neighbours and surroundings. As we know, politicians, on the other hand, with the highest aims and objects before them, often have to wait for their lifetime and not even to see in their lifetime the object realised after which they seek."—Address on Social Problems. Glasgow, 1890.



A BIRD OUT OF HAND.

Emperor of Austria (to his Bird). "If you're doing this war-dance in honour of my jubilee. I rather wish you wouldn't. I'm an old man and it don't amuse me." "Punch" intimates that His Majesty, Franz Joseph, hardly approves of Austria's recent aggressions.





A Group of Members of the Ontario Bar Association, taken during their recent meeting at Osgoode Hall, Toronto. Mr. Frank Hodgins, K.C., the President, is third from the left, Mr. Frederick E. Wadhams, Treasurer of American Bar Association and Secretary New York State Association, is second from the left. Among others in the group are Col. Ponton of Belleville, Mr. T. Hobson and Mr. W. H. Wardrope of Hamilton, Mr. F. M. Field of Cobourg, Mr. A. E. H. Creswicke and Mr. H. H. Strathy of Barrie, Mr. J. R. Code and Mr. E. R. Cameron of Ottawa, and several prominent Toronto Barristers.

## FOREIGN vs. DOMESTIC MISSIONS

WHILE not opposed to foreign missions, THE COURIER has steadily maintained that domestic missions require all the support which generosity and religious obligation may extend at the present moment. THE COURIER is not opposed to the Laymen's Movement, but it has ventured to press on those behind it in Canada the great needs of the rapidly expanding, newer districts of the Dominion. With this explanation, we give our readers a communication which, though somewhat unfair to ourselves and to those who are taking a similar position, expresses the views of those who are not yet convinced that our position is the correct one:

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:  
Sir,—I notice in your issue of THE COURIER for Dec. 19th, under the head of "Reflections," one of your staff takes pen in hand to instruct the Christian reading public upon their missionary obligations. It is unfortunate for THE COURIER that this particular writer, as well as a few others, is not possessed of a broader outlook upon the religious world. Obviously, he has not spent many hours thinking out the religious problems of the day. The

forward movement in the ranks of Protestantism, as expressed in the Layman's Missionary Movement, is, according to our informant, a specie of madness. Does he not know that by far the greater portion of the amount of money raised through the churches for missionary purposes is applied to the work in our own Dominion? Does he not know that the Christian consciousness from its very nature is under obligation to carry, and keep carrying the Gospel to the farthest part of the earth? Does he not know that the opportunities in the foreign field are as great to-day as they are even in our own West? A movement of the Christian Church cannot be confined to the home or the nation, else it is certain to be short-lived. A business concern may have an eye to nation-building; the Church is building the Kingdom of God in the world. Cramp the outlook, reduce the sweep of the missionary movement, and you prepare for its death. The old cry of poorly paid clergy at home is raised. Reduce the contributions to missions and raise the parson's salary. Has anyone ever known, as a matter of experience, that this follow-

ed? Does anyone suppose that if the Methodist body were not sending thousands to foreign missions that there would therefore be any less than sixty-three of her ministers receiving less than \$750 per annum? The people who turn away the missionary appeal because they want to see home missions better supported do not go down in their pockets to give to home missions what they might otherwise give to foreign missions. They do not, as a matter of fact. The giving to foreign missions does not render the home church poorer, but rather richer, as hundreds can testify. And it renders every giver rich in the consciousness of unselfish duty done, for none but the Master's sake. The mad laymen who are supporting the mission cause know what they are about. They have experience, and they have been thinking broadly. It is always disappointing to read in the press the sort of remarks one hears from narrow, ill-read men.

Yours truly,

R. C. BLAGROVE.

Belleville, Dec. 19, 1908.

### THE TOY DOG CRAZE—THE LATEST IN LONDON



The latest fad in fashionable circles in London, is the craze of toy dogs. The smaller and more helpless these little creatures are, the more they are valued. One dog recently changed hands for the enormous price of £50 an ounce. Our photographs show some of the proud owners of these fashionable fads, taking them to an exhibition of toy dogs.



# THE TELEPHONE PROPHECY OF 1878

A "Long Distance" Letter in which Wonders Were Foretold

**M**ORE than thirty years ago the Capitalists of the Electric Telephone Company must have been somewhat surprised by a letter received from Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, who foretold what doubtless seemed like fairy developments, even to such far-seeing creatures as capitalists. There was not a central office in those days, yet the sanguine scientist prophesied, not only central offices, but aerial and underground cable, multiple cable distribution, toll service, private branch exchanges for hotels and offices, speaking tube installations, and free trial service. As in the case of every other invention, there were several experimenters in the field, who, however, lacked Mr. Bell's belief or perseverance, and did not carry their operations to a practical and paying conclusion. The mass of the people regarded all this telephone talk as idle fancies of men who had nothing better to do than toy with electric vagaries. Many of the citizens who are now reading of the movement regarding a Bell monument are wondering over "the luck some fellows have," utterly ignoring the daring and patience which went to the first "Hello!" which was heard over the telephone. Mr. Bell was a prophet, indeed, and he is going to have all sorts of honours in his own country, Brantford leading all other towns in plans for perpetuating his deeds. "Telephone Town," as the Brant city is called, would regard with scorn the biographer who would write down Alexander Graham Bell anything but a Brantford Old Boy. The prophecy of 1878 is interesting in the first week of 1909, as showing what a wide-awake inventor foresaw (or foreheard) more than thirty years ago, and as stimulating effort and imagination regarding telephone extension for 1938.

Kensington, March 2, 1878.

To the Capitalists of the Electric Telephone Company:

Gentlemen,—It has been suggested that at this, our first meeting, I should lay before you a few ideas concerning the future of the electric telephone, together with any suggestions that occur to me in regard to the best mode of introducing the instrument to the public.

The telephone may be briefly described as an electrical contrivance for reproducing in distant places the tones and articulations of a speaker's voice, so that conversation can be carried on by word of mouth, between persons in different rooms, in different streets, or in different towns.

The great advantage it possesses over every other form of electrical apparatus consists in the fact that it requires no skill to operate the instru-

ment. All other telegraphic machines produce signals which require to be translated by experts, and such instruments are therefore extremely limited in their application, but the telephone actually speaks, and for this reason it can be utilised for nearly every purpose for which speech is employed.

The chief obstacle to the universal use of electricity as a means of communication between distant points has been the skill required to operate telegraphic instruments. The invention of automatic printing, telegraphic dial instruments, etc., has materially reduced the amount of skill required, but has introduced a new element of difficulty in the shape of increased expense. Simplicity of operation has been obtained by complication of the parts of the machine—so that such instruments are much more expensive than those usually employed by skilled electricians. The simple and inexpensive nature of the telephone, on the other hand, renders it possible to connect every man's house, office, or manufactory with a central station, so as to give him the benefit of direct telephonic communication with his neighbours, at a cost not greater than that incurred by gas or water.

At the present time we have a perfect network of gas pipes and water pipes throughout our large cities. We have main pipes laid under the streets communicating by side pipes, with the various dwellings, enabling the members to draw their supplies of gas and water from a common source.

In a similar manner it is conceivable that cables of telephone wires could be laid underground, or suspended overhead, communicating by branch wires with private dwellings, country houses, shops, manufactories, etc.—uniting them through the main cable with a central office, where the wire could be connected as desired, establishing direct communication between any two places in the city. Such a plan as this, though impracticable at the present moment, will, I firmly believe, be the outcome of the introduction of the telephone to the public. Not only so, but I believe in the future, wires will unite the head offices of telephone companies in distant cities, and a man in one part of the country may communicate by word of mouth with another in a distant place.

I am aware that such ideas may appear to you utopian and out of place, for we are met together for the purpose of discussing not the future of the telephone, but its present.

Believing, however, as I do, that such a scheme will be the ultimate result of the telephone to the public, I will impress upon you all the advisability of keeping this end in view, that all present ar-

rangements of the telephone may be eventually realised in this grand scheme.

The plan usually presented in regard to private telegraphs is to lease such lines to private individuals, or to companies at a fixed annual rental. This plan should be adopted by you, but instead of erecting a line directly from one to another I would advise you to bring the wires from the two points to the office of the company and there connect them together; if this plan be followed a large number of wires would soon be centered in the telephone office, where they would be easily accessible for testing purposes. In places remote from the office of the company, simple testing boxes could be erected for the telephone wires of that neighbourhood, and these testing places could at any time be converted into central offices when the lessees of the telephone desire inter-communication.

In regard to other present uses for the telephone, the instrument can be supplied as cheaply as to compete on favourable terms with speaking tubes, bells, and annunciators, as a means of communication between different parts of the house. This seems to be a favourable application of the telephone, not only on account of the large number of telephones, that would be wanted, but because it would lead eventually to the plan of inter-communication referred to above; I would, therefore, recommend that special arrangements should be made for the introduction of the telephone into hotels and private buildings in place of the speaking tubes and annunciators, at present employed. Telephones sold for this purpose could be stamped or numbered in such a way as to distinguish them from those employed for business purposes, and an agreement could be signed by the purchaser that the telephones should become forfeited to the company if used for other purposes than those specified in the agreement.

It is probable that such a use of the telephone would speedily become popular, and that as the public became accustomed to the telephone in their house, they would recognise the advantages of a system of inter-communication. When this time arrives I would advise the company to place telephones free of charge for a specified period in a few of the principal shops so as to offer to those householders who work with the central office the additional advantages of oral communication with their trades-people. The central office system once inaugurated in this manner would inevitably grow to enormous proportions, for these shop-keepers would thus be induced to employ the telephone, and as such connections with the central office increased in number, so would the advantages to householders become more apparent, and the number of subscribers increased.

Should this plan ever be adopted, the company should employ a man in each central office for the purpose of connecting the wires as directed. A fixed annual rental could be charged for the use of the wires, or a toll could be levied. As all connections would necessarily be made at the central office, it would be easy to note the time during which any wires were connected and to make a charge accordingly. Bills could be sent in periodically. However small the rate of charge might be, the revenue would probably be something enormous.

In conclusion, I would say that it seems to me that the telephone should immediately be brought prominently before the public, as a means of communication between bankers, merchants, manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers, dock companies, water companies, police officers, fire stations, newspaper offices, hospitals, and public buildings, and for use in railway offices, in mines, and other commercial operations.

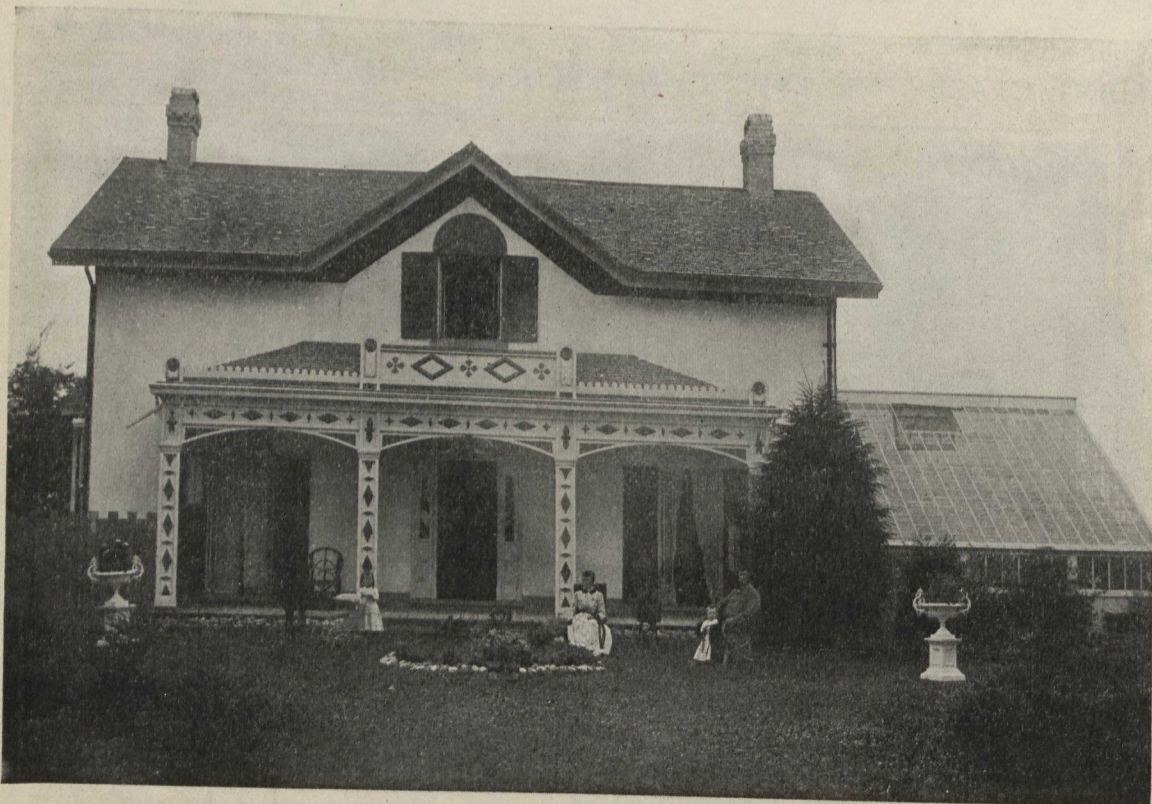
Arrangements should also be speedily concluded for the use of the telephone in the army and navy and by the Postal Telegraph Department.

Although there is a great field for the telephone in the immediate present, I believe there is still greater in the future.

By bearing in mind the great object to be ultimately achieved, I believe that the telephone company can not only secure for itself a business of the most remunerative kind, but also benefit the public in a way that has never previously been attempted.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

(Signed) ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.



The Homestead at Mount Pleasant, in which Dr. Alexander Graham Bell conducted his early experiments.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PARK, BRANTFORD





Prisoners in modern Reformatories are put at the work which suits them best, hence the existence of a band.

# EMPLOYMENT FOR PRISONERS

By JOSEPH P. DOWNEY, M. P. P.

ONE of our leading prison administrators in a recent discourse dwelt upon the value of the moral, intellectual, and industrial training of young men in a reformatory, and concluded as follows:

"The young criminal may be awakened to a new intellectual day by the educational processes of the school of letters. He may quicken to a new spiritual life by the inspiration of moral or religious truth, but he stands secure only when his feet rest upon the rock of economic independence."

It is generally recognised that idleness is the cause of the downfall of a great many of our young men. By force of circumstances, or in obedience to an easily cultivated habit, these unfortunates have failed to be caught up in the swiftly moving mechanism of our industrial life. Armed with no particular trade or profession, strangers to the tastes and ambitions which industry creates, they soon become wayfarers on the highway. They join the procession of workers intermittently and again loiter on the wayside. The ease and idleness and unrestrained freedom that lawlessness offers prove an overpowering attraction to these human failures. Already they are out of relation with society. Condemnation and imprisonment only place the seal of authority upon their ostracism.

What does this class—so many of which find their way to prison—stand most in need of? Employment, regular, healthful, self-improving. They require to be trained to the habit of industry; to be taught the social and economic necessity of labour. Not derelicts, but "left-overs," the road to their reclamation lies through the readjustment that constant employment affords. They must be made to feel within them the strength and self-reliance that flow from honest toil. The saddest spectacle one can witness is that of a group of prisoners deprived of the privilege to labour. See five hundred insane criminals in one yard, marching, gesticulating and addressing imaginary audiences, or

loitering in corners silent and morose. You shudder at the contemplation of the awful jumble of human wreckage—lives once bright with promise and filled with pleasure, beating their aimless way through the double darkness of crime and insanity. Yet you realise at once that the situation is unavoidable. Those unfortunates require the exercise. They are incapable of concerted labour. They are better, thus, mingling together and getting healthful recreation in the open yard, than sitting in idle solitude in their cells. No such justification, however, can be offered for idle groups of sane and healthy prisoners. Enforced idleness is the greatest wrong that can possibly be inflicted upon a prison population. It means deterioration, mental, physical and moral; it renders abortive all attempts at reform and opens the door to insubordination and mutiny. For one year a large state prison in the United States was unable to find employment for fifty per cent. of its population and during that year, vice, disease and insanity increased at an alarming ratio.

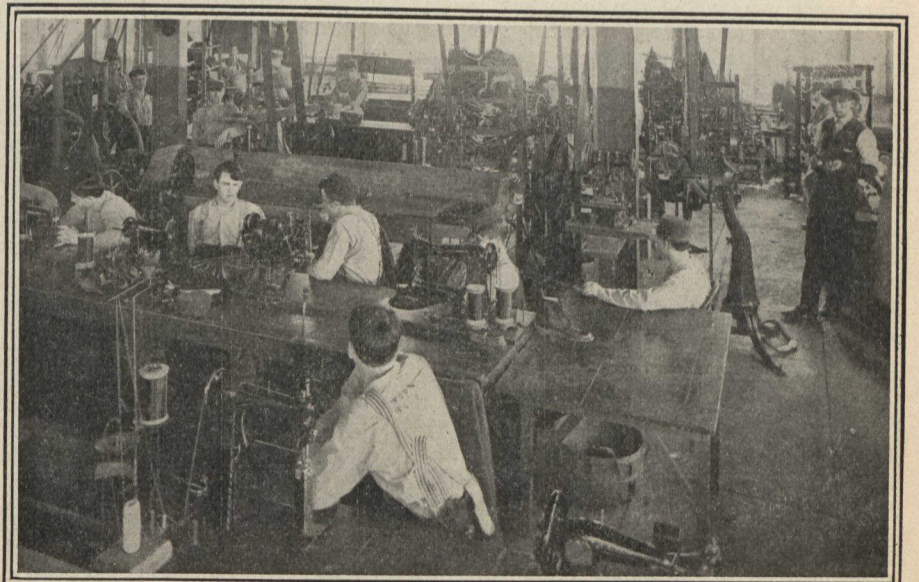
Not for the physical exercise alone is labour in prisons desired, but for the social and moral benefits which that labour confers. We must give to the inmate the gratification and encouragement of seeing the material under his hand increase in value through his effort. Perhaps he never worked at a machine before. Now he is developing a liking for mechanics. Unpractised heretofore in the use of tools, his pride is stirred, his self-reliance strengthened as he notes the growing skill with which he handles them. As we increase his capacity to earn an honest livelihood we lessen the temptation to vice and dishonesty.

The industrial activities of the old penal institutions were of a limited and unattractive character. They were designed to discourage and debase rather than inspire and develop the better side of the prisoner's nature. From these conditions it has been a long but steady march to the complicated industrial enterprises of the up-to-date reformatory. In

Borstal, England, several trades are taught. Mansfield's technical schools and industries embrace sixteen trades. Elmira at one time employed its population in thirty-two callings. It is not claimed by any of these institutions that it perfects a young man in a trade. The aim is to impart the elementary knowledge of and develop his aptitude for some kind of work, so that when he quits the reformatory he may, with less difficulty, obtain a congenial and remunerative position. The progress that has been made in industrial training in these institutions is simply astounding. Some of the most pretentious buildings have been erected by inmate labour under the direction of a skilled superintendent. In one large reformatory of the United States all the steam-fitting and plumbing, and an up-to-date cell block, built almost exclusively of steel, are the work of the prisoners. Of course a great deal of the labour essential to the industrial training of prisoners is unremunerative. For instance, the building trades in the early stages cannot be taught without a total loss in labour and material. To make a young man proficient in laying brick, or painting a house or sign, it is necessary to waste both mortar and paint. The field of industrial operations within the walls is limited, for prison labour has become a vexed economic problem during the last quarter of a century. In the neighbouring republic several lines of industry have suffered severely because of the unfair competition of prison-made goods. Many large free-labour factories have been driven out of business. As a result of the protest of the manufacturing and labour interests, some of the prisons of the United States have been forced to abandon or largely curtail the output of their most profitable lines of industry. Others confine themselves solely to manufacture for state use; in other words, for the use of institutions maintained or aided out of the public treasury. Confronted on one side with the necessity of affording inmates regular employment and on the other with the demand that the product of their



Prisoners busy in the Broom-Making Department



Being trained in Shoe Manufacture



labour shall not go into competition with free labour, prison administrators have a difficult problem to solve. Happily for them, and for the unfortunates committed to their keeping, it is now generally agreed that the most beneficial kind of employment for the prisoner is on the land.

Just as withered nature finds resuscitation and life in the soil, so must weakened man come back to the earth from which he sprang, to vivify the moral and physical being within him. If under any conditions the delinquent can restore himself to good relations with society, surely we can hold out the strongest hope for his restoration, when we put him close to nature—in the pure air, under the open sky, in God's clear sunshine. Most of the old-time objections to the employment of prisoners at outside labour have been swept away by the experience of up-to-date reformatories. Exposure to the public, lack of discipline, and the evils of less restrained association are not subjects of criticism in the case of a well located, rationally managed prison farm. The prisoners can be kept as remote from the public as if they were inside the walls; discipline can be as well maintained and out of door labour need not involve closer communication among the inmates than in a factory. The almost universal testimony of countries that have adopted and managed, with care, outside employment of prisoners is that, to the inmate it is physically and morally the most helpful kind of labour, and to the institution just as profitable as any line of production now recognised by prison administration. In three convict prisons in England—Parkhurst, Borstal and Dartmoor—the open labour system has met with successful practice. Australia has carried the experiment to the extent of establishing movable prison camps in order that roadmaking and reforestation, or any other public work, may be economically conducted. In Prussia, the rule is to employ as many as possible of the prison inmates in agricultural work. The remainder are allotted to inside industries. Dr. Krohne tells us that the prisoners work with great pleasure in the open air, are quite amenable to discipline and do as well as free labourers. Austria began the experiment on outside labour in 1886 with sixty-five prisoners. Now hundreds are employed.

At Witzwil, in Switzerland, is located what is said to be the most perfect agricultural prison colony of its kind in the world. Out of sterile and marshy ground they have developed a truly model farm. In all about two hundred prisoners are employed on this farm and the net revenue is \$18,000 annually. France and Russia also furnish encouraging examples of the success of open air employment.

But no country on the face of the globe has so effectually engrafted the farm idea onto its prison system as the United States. The Massachusetts State Farm at Bridgewater is a striking example. There, one thousand acres of rock and marsh—land absolutely impossible of cultivation—have been reclaimed and made into a veritable garden, providing the two thousand or more inmates with all the provisions they require. Some ten miles from the city of Cleveland is situated the Cleveland Farm Colony. The colony covers an area of two thousand acres. On this tract of land it is intended to locate all the charitable and penal institutions of the city. The hospital for the insane, the tuberculosis hospital, the old people's home and the house of correction are already constructed. On our way to the colony we passed a rather unique conveyance—an ordinary farm wagon carrying to the institution ten or twelve prisoners recently sentenced by the courts. These men were chiefly drunks and disorderlies and they were being taken back to the land to restore their physical strength and get out of the old groove. The driver of the team was the only man in charge of the group and there appeared to be no thought of any of the prisoners attempting to sneak away. These men work out their sentence on the farm. They eat in large dining-rooms, like ordinary hired men, and sleep in airy, well lighted dormitories. When the term of sentence has been completed, the prisoner may continue to work on and earn money to give him a new start in life or enable him to get away from his old associations. The Cleveland Farm Colony among many other things aims at rational reformatory work among that class that is now being brutalised in our unsanitary, evil-smelling gaols. It has cost an enormous amount of money so far and the end is not yet. When criticised for the expense of the under-

taking, Mayor Tom L. Johnson recently said: "We make men out there; not money." At Mansfield, Ohio, they have a one-thousand-acre farm from which an annual revenue of from ten to fifteen thousand dollars is derived. Elmira, New York, is handicapped with too small an area of land, having only about four hundred acres available, and yet in the farm Elmira recognises its most potent reformatory agency and an assured source of revenue.

The trusty system is essential to the successful operation of a farm by prison labour. The maintenance of an armed guard in the fields would mean rather costly grain, fruit and vegetables. Therefore there must be a system that will develop the necessary number of trusties from the population, to do farm work. That system depends on the missionary zeal of the officials in the work of reclamation—encouragement to every good effort, strong but humane repression of the bad. It means a faithful partnership between officials and prisoners in the industrial and educational activities of the prison. It means the development of good will and confidence—a common loyalty to a system, designed to enlarge the liberties and opportunities of the well-disposed prisoner. Hence it is that in the modern reformatory we can see hundreds of young men, undergoing sentences from one year to life, labour all summer in the fields without other surveillance than that of the farm foreman, and rarely is an attempt made by one of them to get away. Instead of sighing within their cells they go singing into the fields where good old mother nature with her wealth of restoratives helps to lift these weak or maladjusted children to proper relations with themselves and with society. What would happen were fifty of the best men in the Central Prison at the present time sent outside the walls to work, without armed guard? The probabilities are one-half would fail to return. Not that our lawbreakers are more incorrigible than those of any state in the American Union, but because here we have made no attempt to develop the system under which trusty labour can be utilised. Only when the proper atmosphere within the prison walls has been created can the trusty system be attempted with any hope of success.

# "NEVER TURN YOUR BACK"

By JAMES L. HUGHES

FOR many years the boys of Toronto had a hero of their own. Major Goodwin, teacher of Physical Culture in the Normal School, won their love and admiration by his fine figure, by the grace and dignity of his manner, by the brightness of his smile, by the keenness of his humour, and by the charm of his wonderful stories. Many of the men of to-day have more erect bodies and a lighter step because they knew him, and were trained by him, in the Model School.

He had been a soldier from his early youth, and he had fought against Napoleon at Waterloo. The fortunate boys who heard him tell the story of Waterloo can never forget it. But he had many other tales to tell in connection with his long and eventful life. He had stories of dear old Ireland where he was born, and of many foreign countries in which he had served. But the stories the boys liked best were about the many matches in fencing in which he took part, till at length he won the ground prize and became the champion fencer of the British army.

The old Mayor had one son, and his stories of Harry's strength, and agility, and ability as a fencer, were told with more dramatic power than any stories connected with his own career.

Harry was a soldier too. He had joined the first regular Canadian regiment, and was sent to Malta. He had been trained carefully by his father, and had proved himself to be a worthy son of even so fine a father. He was one of the best athletes in Canada before he became a soldier.

How proudly the Major told us the news of Harry's triumphs at Malta! First he won the championship of the army in the Mediterranean in fencing, and next he defeated the champion of the navy. Then his fame spread more widely, and we heard that he was to compete with the champion of Italy. We waited anxiously for the result. When at length we heard that "our Harry," as we called him, though we had never seen him, had won again, our cheering pleased the happy father so much that he took us to a store on Yonge Street for a treat, and

we toasted our hero with ginger beer and cake. But the old father grew older, and he became more lonely, and longed to have Harry home again, so he bought Harry's discharge from his regiment, and he came back to live in Toronto.

Soon after he returned he was challenged to compete for the championship of the world. He accepted the challenge, and a great crowd saw the contest.

In a fencing competition the rivals wear white sweaters, and on the breast of each a circle is made. The fencing foils have buttons at the ends. These buttons are dipped in blacking, and the man who first makes three marks inside the circle on the breast of his opponent, is the victor.

Harry quickly proved himself to be much the better swordsman, but he was not able to score his points on his opponent's breast. When he broke the guard of the other man made his thrust, his rival turned his back, and received the spot on his back instead of on his breast.

An hour passed. Harry had more than thirty spots on his rival's back, but only one inside the circle on his breast. Finally there were two spots on Harry's breast. Only twice had his guard been broken, and both times he had received the mark on his breast like a true man. The spectators became angry. We knew Harry had really won a dozen victories from his opponent, yet it seemed as if he would lose the contest through the trickery of his rival.

In the excitement that followed the making of the second spot on Harry's breast, some one shouted, "You turn your back, too, Harry!" His old father, eighty-two years of age, turned quickly, and said in thunder tones, "Never, Harry! Never turn your back! No gentleman would ever do that!"

The face, the tone, the manner of the grand old Major will never be forgotten by any one who was present. Thrilled by his spirit we broke into cheering, which lasted several minutes, during which the contest was suspended. The Major's remark and our wild cheering stirred a manly spark in Harry's

competitor. He turned his back no more, and very soon Harry had placed the second, and then the third spot on his breast inside the circle. Harry had won the championship, and better still, he had won it honourably.

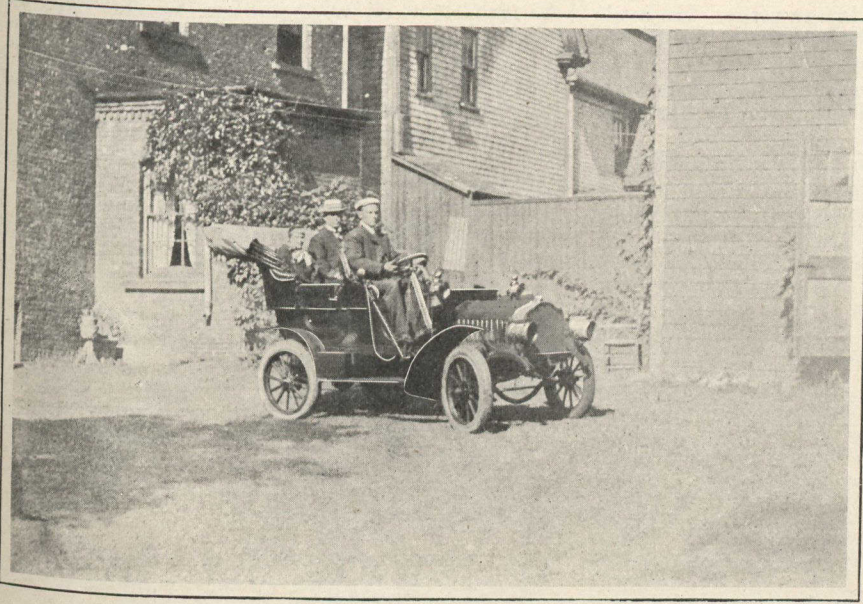
## The Ten Big Men

THE voting competition for Canada's "Ten Big men" is drawing to a close. The rush of Montreal ballots has carried up some of the residents of that city during the past week. There are likely to be a number of other rapid changes in the next few days. Only ballots post marked in December will be accepted. The standing at noon on Monday, the 28th, is as follows:

Sir Wilfrid Laurier.  
Sir William Van Horne.  
Mr. William Mackenzie.  
Lord Strathcona.  
Sir Hugh Graham.  
Mr. Goldwin Smith.  
Sir Rodolphe Lemieux.  
Hon. L. P. Brodeur.  
Hon. T. Berthiaume.  
Sir Lomer Gouin.  
Mr. D. D. Mann.  
Mr. H. S. Holt.  
Sir Charles Tupper.  
Hon. W. S. Fielding.  
Dr. William Osler.  
Sir Sandford Fleming.  
Sir Thomas Shaughnessy.  
Sir James Whitney.  
Mr. R. L. Borden.  
Sir William C. Macdonald.  
Professor Graham-Gell.  
Hon. Edward Blake.  
Mr. Byron E. Walker.  
Sir Gilbert Parker.



# THROUGH CANADA WITH THE CAMERA



Automobiling is forbidden on the highways of Prince Edward Island, hence the motorist finds his only pleasure in exercising his car on his own lawn.



Skating on Moyie Lake, Kootenay Region, British Columbia, where the hockey enthusiast finds an ideal sheet of ice.



Toronto—A bob-sled of unique construction, giving unusual height.



Toronto—Helping to pile up the pennies for the Christmas and Winter Relief Fund.



# PEOPLE AND PLACES

HAMILTON is pardonably proud of Mr. John Hendrie, who, in his Hamilton days, was ward foreman to the Board of Works in that city, but is now superintendent of the tunnel construction through the Bergen Hill at Jersey City, which is a four-track tunnel and one of the largest in the world. His salary is large. But his experience since he was water boy on the old Great Western has been remarkably varied. He was but a small boy when he came from Scotland with his father in 1871, when his father got a job on the old Great Western, and young John went carrying the water jug. When the C. P. R. began to be built he became foreman; afterwards went south, following the steel into Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama; becoming roadmaster on the Nashville, Chattanooga, and Tennessee, and superintendent of steel railway construction in Bedford, Ind. When Chicago started to dig the drainage canal, which has been so much talked of as a problematical link between the great lakes and the Mississippi, Mr. Hendrie got charge of two sections of the work. From canal to tunnel was his next switch, when he got charge of the Homestead tunnel construction, which put him in line for the Bergen project, certainly one of the biggest engineering propositions ever engaged in by a Canadian outside of Canada.

THERE are 3,143 commercial travelers in the Canadian West. This is one of the most remarkable developments in that country. Where the drummer is there also is business. It is no longer necessary for the West to import its knights of the grip from the East. The wholesale section of Winnipeg is as big now as twenty Hudson's Bay stores—yet it is not so long since the whole of Winnipeg was a Company store, and when the only commercial travelers in the country were the cart freighters. Calgary also has a forest of warehouses. Edmonton has more than half as many, and expects to beat Calgary at the wholesale game. Regina is another wholesale centre, with 217 commercial travelers living there. Calgary has 422. Winnipeg has nearly two thousand. Nearly six hundred of these couriers of business belong to British Columbia.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH sends the following characteristic message to Port Arthur:

"Hearty good wishes to The Daily News and all its friends at Port Arthur for the New Year from an old Englishman who saw Port Arthur in its early days, and now hears with pleasure of its great and growing prosperity.

"GOLDWIN SMITH."

When Goldwin Smith saw Port Arthur it was a baldheaded little blotch on the C. P. R., one of the shivering little log places that made the traveler wonder why the scenery in that part of Canada was so sublime when the stopping places were so ugly. Now Port Arthur is a flourishing metropolis, with huge docks and warehouses and a blast furnace and the biggest elevator in the world; ships that come and go spouting out the wheat which this year ran sixty-five million bushels down the lakes. And, of course, there is Fort William. One of these days there will be one city there at the head of the lakes. But when that takes place there will be a hundred million bushels coming out of Port Arthur alone, and Prof. Goldwin Smith will be a very, very old man.

EDMONTON has honoured ex-Mayor John McDougall with a casket presentation and a public address. When the people have a good thing out in that country they know how to appreciate it. Edmonton has done a great many big things since the first railway got in there from behind. The Mayoralty term of Mr. McDougall has seen the street railway system inaugurated and the septic tank installed, street paving has been done till Jasper Avenue, where the waggons used to stick in the mud, and where the old freak conveyances of the Klondikers were tried out for the overland route, has become one of the handsomest business thoroughfares in Canada. On Mr. McDougall's presentation casket was the figure of a Red River cart. He knew what that meant. He went to Edmonton on a cart. He became the fur king of the greatest fur town in the world; and he

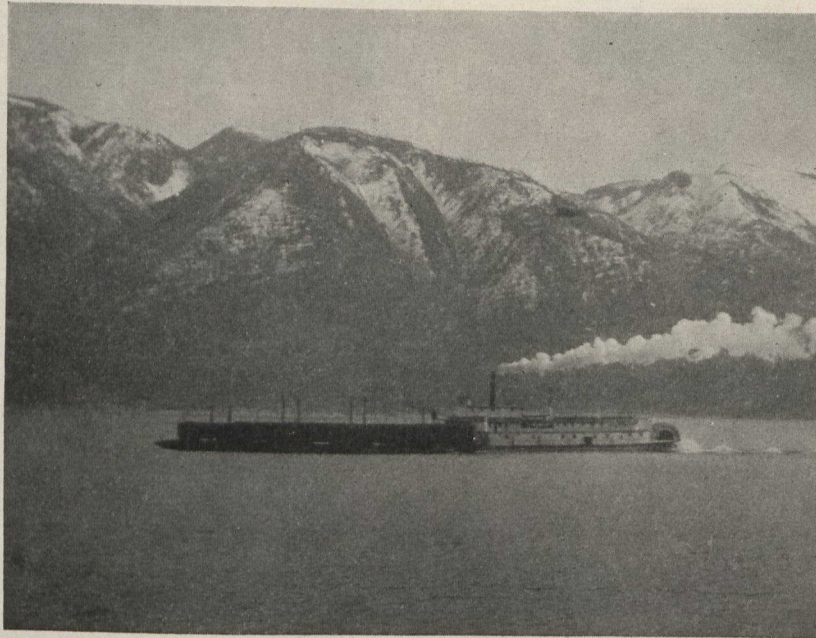
built the first modern store in the place. He made money out of land scrip. Latterly he has turned his attention to civil government; example of an old-timer having made all the money he needs takes a notion to do something for the town he has helped to build.

Speaking of old-timers in the West, the Regina Leader says with great enthusiasm:

"Who are the business mainstays of Regina today, if it be not the Old-Timers? Follow up any business street, and look at the signboards. Starting at the east end of South Railway Street, we find the Armour's, the Petersons, the McCarthys, Longworthy, Neeley, the Gollnicks, the Ehman's," with a hundred other names, after which the writer concludes:

"The Old-Timers are stayers—not quitters. They are as prominent in the professions as in business. They made Regina what it is, and they are going to remain here and help make its future. A young men's country, verily! The writer first saw it when he was but twenty-five. The young men arriving now will be the Old-Timers of the next decade. The remark that many Old-Timers are 'in the cemetery' we pass over as the senseless sneer of a cad."

WAINWRIGHT, Alberta, is one of the most expectant towns in all Canada. This is the present western terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific on the edge of the Battle River, whose immense canyon is the glory of that part of the West. Wain-



Stern-wheeler Towing Railway Cars on Kootenay Lake, British Columbia.

wright is a new town; very new, paint not yet dry; a regular Christmas gift to the country; has now a newspaper which is in its eighth week, and whose front page is a faithful rescript of the deeds and expectations of the country thereabouts. Unlike many a small town in Ontario when that Province was new, Wainwright has more than ordinary connection with the huge world of industry. It has a bridge, a marvelous railway bridge that has just been finished, a thing of steel and cement that stands ready to link the eastern section of the Winnipeg-Edmonton line with the remaining hundred and thirty miles to the young city up on the Saskatchewan. Concerning this bridge, the scribe says.

"The bridge was commenced about a year when the concrete foundations were started. Fortunately, no difficulty was experienced in getting satisfactory footings, so that the whole of the piers were got in good shape and in quick time. There are 54 spans, the longest being about 150 feet, its greatest height being 184 feet above the river. At each end there are constructed concrete abutments or retaining walls, which support the compound girders. On the land side earth has been dumped up to the level of the grade. It is expected a number from town will be at the bridge on the opening day to give a lusty cheer as the locomotive starts across, and again upon the completion of the journey. Wainwright can see ahead, for Edmonton appears so much nearer."

On that front page of the weekly paper also is the story of a whole lot of little doings that make up the life of a new community. The oyster supper and the hockey match; Ladies' Aid entertainment and somebody's funeral; visitors in town and homesteaders building houses; somebody's dance and the fact that

the town's coal oil nearly ran out the other day. Such is life in the modern West. Twenty years ago most of the items would have been different—barring the funeral. But the Wainwrights and the Camroses and the Vegrevilles of the great valley are the new way, and as true to this day and generation as were the Fort Pitts and the Carltons and the Fort Edmontons of the fur days. Progress. The round-house has come, the water tank, the train from the East; everybody down at the station to see it come in.

THE Spokane Apple Show will be one function at which Canada will be well represented. Canadian apples from British Columbia will be there in large quantities—Northern Spies, Kings and Russets. For the Okanagan Valley is great on apple crops. This will be the most impressive and imposing symposium of apples and apple-fanciers ever known in America. Four provinces in Canada will send contributions.

MR. GEORGE McL. BROWN, who for many years represented the Canadian Pacific Executive in British Columbia, and who recently has been manager of their Atlantic steamships, with headquarters in Montreal, has been appointed European traffic manager. He has sailed for London. Mr. Brown is both physically and mentally a "big" man, as is his father, the Hon. Adam Brown, postmaster of Hamilton.

MONTREAL preparations for the ice-carnival are proceeding apace. Last week the Winter Carnival Committee accepted a design for the ice palace, to be erected on Fletcher's Field, at a cost of \$8,000. The palace will consist of three towers, the tallest 190 feet, to be surrounded by a fortress wall. The structure is to be illuminated at night, and the interior will be large enough to provide a promenade for sleighs and automobiles. One of the chambers, forty feet square, will be used for exhibition purposes. Building operations will be started as soon as the river ice is thick enough to get the required size of blocks. The blocks are to be cemented by wet snow, as the intention is to have no artificial material used in the palace.

HERE is the banner editorial on the uncouth sporting event which has attracted so much Christmas interest. It is from the St. John Globe: Australians view the prize ring in an altogether different light from Canadians. When the Premier of New South Wales was asked to stop a fight arranged to take place at Sydney today between Burns, a Canadian, the champion heavyweight of the world, and Johnson, a coloured Texan, who aspired to the title, he calmly assured the gentlemen who called upon him that he would do nothing of the kind, and that he intended to occupy a front seat at the "great battle." No doubt he was as good as his word. The Government railway in the Province ran special trains to accommodate the people who went to the fight, and who paid from \$5 to \$50 to see two men beat each other. According to a report from Sydney, the man who got up the fight—his name is McIntosh—looms bigger in Australia to-day than either King Edward or the Prime Minister of England," which does not seem to say much for the people of the Antipodes. The result of the fight was the defeat of Burns. For some time past while the champion was winning every fight in which he participated he was described in the Associated Press despatches as an American; now that he has been defeated he is spoken of as a Canadian.

BURGESS CROKER.

RICHARD CROKER has been made an honorary burgess of Dublin. At a formal and imposing ceremony he signed the roll and received from the lord mayor a certificate granting him the freedom of the city. The roll is limited to distinguished persons who have rendered service to Ireland or to the cause of liberty at home and abroad, and the names of three Americans precede that of Mr. Croker—General Grant, Edward Potter, commander of the ship *Constitution*, which brought relief to Ireland in 1880, and the late Patrick A. Collins.



# THE EXPIATION OF HILARY

"In the King's Service."

By C. D. LESLIE



IT was a cold, blustering night, and Hilary, his hands in the pocket of his overcoat, was striding along, careless whither his feet carried him. He was new to London, new to the city bank that caged him, and he loved after his solitary dinner to take long walks through London's streets and breathe the fresh

air for which he pined during the day. A clutch on his arm and the above words uttered in an authoritative voice woke him from a dream of wild duck shooting by night on the Norfolk Broads. He peered into the face of the man who had arrested him, and his lips parted, but the latter anticipated his query.

"I'm a Scotland Yard detective. See that man in front—come on, don't stand still—he's a fence, I've been looking for him for days. The Duchess of Broughton has been robbed of some of her jewellery, and I believe he's got the plunder. I'm going to arrest him, and I call on you in the King's name as an able-bodied citizen to assist me."

The man spoke, walking with his hand on Hilary's arm, and his eyes fixed on a figure some fifteen yards ahead, that, apparently, of a respectable elderly gentleman who held his tall hat in his hand and let the night wind play upon his long silvery hair; it gleamed as he passed a lamp post.

Hilary resented being impressed in this way. "I should have thought you could have done it single-handed," he retorted, glancing at the man beside him; an athlete himself, he sized the detective up as another; he looked in the prime of life, a man strongly built and muscular.

"I don't mean to arrest him in the street. I want to find his home. It's somewhere about here. I don't mean to lose sight of him however. If you're afraid, cut and run, young man, for there may be some fighting if you keep by me," and the speaker released Hilary with a grunt of contempt.

The latter had spoken on the impulse of the moment, but already he was realising that fate had thrust an adventure in his way and it needed not the detective's sneer to make him keen to see the end of it. He began some word of protest, but at that moment the man in front ascended the steps of one of the row of houses they were passing, and letting himself in with a latch-key, vanished.

"The old fox," exulted the other. "I've run him to earth," and he hastened on, Hilary beside him till he reached the house which now sheltered the quarry. It was a three-storeyed building of moderate size—there are acres of such houses in the western residential portions of London between the river and Hammersmith Broadway. It showed no light, neither did those on either side, though in one case a "To let" board explained the reason.

For a minute the detective scanned the house in silence, and then he seemed to make up his mind. "I'm going in," he announced, "some of the gang may be there, but I'll risk it," he looked up and down the dark, empty street. "Go and look for a policeman, young man—"

"Don't 'young man' me," retorted Hilary with heat, "I'm coming too. If there is a scrap, you'll find I'm as good a man as you. Piet Bowman, of Norwich, taught me boxing."

He had taken a keen dislike to the detective, but he knew his duty as a loyal citizen; moreover, he would not have missed what was coming for a month's salary.

"What's your name, sir?" asked the official curtly.

"Hilary Parker. I'm in the London and Universal."

"Haven't got a revolver or a life preserver about you, Mr. Parker? Never mind, just follow me—hullo!"

A faint ray of light showed over the front door; someone inside had lit the gas in the hall.

The detective marched up the steps and knocked loudly. A minute later footsteps were heard within, and then the door began to open. Over his companion's head Hilary got a glimpse of the silver-headed old man peering at them, next moment the latter with a shout of alarm and one faint endeavour to keep out the two resolute men who were determined to come in, abandoned the door and fled

along the passage and up the staircase. Fast on his heels sped the detective, and Hilary, unconsciously slamming the front door behind him as he entered, brought up the rear, following the chase up the carpeted stairs and into a plainly-furnished sitting-room on the first floor. The old man ran to a desk and tried to open one of the drawers, but ere he could effect his purpose the detective was upon him, and struck him on the head with a life preserver, and the victim of the blow toppled to the floor like an overturned lay figure. Hilary uttered a cry of disgust at the brutality of the action.

"To hit an old man like that—we're not in Russia," he cried incoherently.

But the detective took no heed of him. He kneeled down by the prostrate figure, and, turning the old man on his back, plunged his hand into the inner breast pocket of the frock coat he was wearing.

"Look!" he murmured, in a curiously muffled voice, "the beauties!"

He had drawn forth a round flat case, and, opening it, displayed to Hilary a magnificent diamond necklace. The stones sparkled and glittered in the badly-lighted room, and must, the young man guessed, be worth a fortune. He gazed at them, dazzled like his companion at the sight.

"What are you gentlemen doing here? What has happened?"

The words, uttered in a feminine voice, roused the two men. A young girl stood on the threshold gazing at them with puzzled eyes; she was tall and slim, and attired in a plain serge dress. From where she stood an ottoman obstructed a view of the fallen man, but next moment, moving forward, she caught sight of him and cried out, "Oh, grandpapa!"

Hilary gave a guilty glance at the old man, ashamed of having momentarily forgotten him. He lay breathing heavily, but his face was deadly pale; the truncheon had cut the skin over the right temple and the blood trickled from it and ensanguined his silver hair.

With a little cry the girl flew across the room, and falling on her knees, took his head in her arms. "Have you killed him?" she cried, with a catch in her voice.

"No, no," Hilary protested, "he's only stunned," and he looked at the detective; he was angry with the latter, whose brutality had put him, he felt, in a wrong position; it struck him, too, at this moment that he did not even know the name of the man who had claimed his assistance in the name of the law.

The latter was calmly putting away the jewel case in an inner pocket. He now addressed Hilary. "I'm going downstairs to call the police," he said; "you stay here, Mr. Parker, till I come back."

The girl suddenly abandoned the old man and rose to her feet. "The police! Who struck down my grandfather? What are you putting in your pocket?" she demanded, firing the question at him in a crescendo of indignation.

"I struck him in self defence, young lady." The speaker moved to the open drawer where the old man had stood, and produced a revolver from it. "He was about to shoot me with this," and he put the weapon in his pocket, and turned to the door, but the girl interposed. "What did you come here for? What have you taken from my grandpapa?"

"The Duchess of Broughton's necklace." The girl stared at the speaker with dilated, frightened eyes, and Hilary interposed, "He's a Scotland Yard detective, and he accuses your grandfather of having received the necklace knowing it to be stolen."

"Why," stammered the girl, "grandfather is confidential clerk to Patterson and Sons; he had to deliver the necklace to the Duchess to-night at half-past eleven at the Kensington Palace Hotel."

Hilary uttered a cry, the fierce ejaculation of a man who suspects he has been fooled. "Are you a detective?" he demanded, advancing, his eyes aflame, upon the other man.

What followed was all over in a second. The self-styled detective sprang at him with cat-like activity, and picking him up in his arms raised him in the air and dashed him violently to the floor.

Hilary was up again in a second, but all the

breath had been knocked out of him, and he could only lean panting against the wall. Meanwhile his adversary, brushing past the girl, vanished from the room, and a few seconds later the banging of the front door announced he had left the house.

A strong wish to follow the example of the man who had duped him, and a wish to steal away also, assailed Hilary, for the girl was now occupied with the old man. But he manfully repressed it, and approaching her explained his position as well as he could in a few sentences. She hardly listened.

"What does it matter? The necklace is gone and it means ruin; grandpa will lose his situation." "I'll get it back," said Hilary stoutly. "I won't rest till I do."

"How?" asked the girl, looking at him, and Hilary found himself tongue-tied; she was exceedingly pretty, with deep blue eyes and golden hair. He coloured deeply.

"I don't know," he stammered, "perhaps"—this was an inspiration—"your grandfather may know the rogue."

The old man was coming round, the two bending over him saw his lips move and the closed eyelids twitch. Then the eyes opened.

"The necklace," he murmured.

"It's gone, grandpapa," sobbed the girl. "Tell me, sir, do you know anything of the man who broke into the house? He told me he was a Scotland Yard detective, and bade me assist him. I unwittingly helped to rob you."

Slowly the old man answered, "He goes by the name of Captain Jack; I've been warned against him."

"Yes, yes; but where can I find him?"

"The Swan's Head—so Froome said."

"Where is that?"

"Vauxhall, near the river," and exhausted with the effort of speaking, the old man closed his eyes, and relapsed into unconsciousness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Out into the night went Hilary to hunt the thief; to retrieve one folly by another, but he was in no state to weigh chances and probabilities; he was, in fact, in a mood little removed from madness. A rogue had first duped, and then by a wrestling trick strange to him, overthrown him, and he panted for revenge. The clue he had was slender, yet it might suffice. But haste was imperative, so he took the first hansom he met, and directed the man to drive to the Vauxhall bridge-road, and put him down in the vicinity of the Swan's Head.

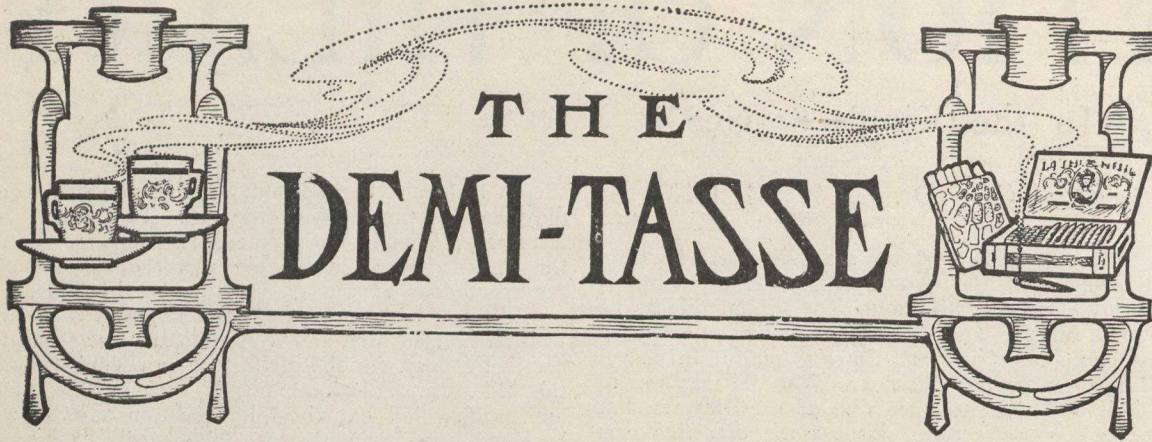
He had only exchanged a few sentences with the girl before leaving the house on his quest, but he was able to guess pretty well the course of events leading up to the catastrophe. The old man's name was Grainger, and he was employed by Patterson and Sons, the well-known jewellers. He had that night, at half-past eleven, to deliver the diamond necklace to the Duchess at the Kensington Palace Hotel, and had somewhat recklessly gone home first, trusting that the fact that he was carrying such valuable property was a secret known to him alone and the heads of the firm. Yet he had been warned against the pseudo-detective by Froome, who was really employed by Scotland Yard, and evidently knew him by sight, as shown by his conduct when Captain Jack audaciously forced the house door; he had rushed for his revolver only to be struck down and robbed while Hilary looked passively on.

Hilary had thought out no plan of campaign; his passions were hot, but his wits dormant, yet he trusted they would serve him when the occasion came. Presently the cab stopped, and the driver's voice over his head announced: "It's across the road." He stepped out and paid the man.

He stood in a squalid street wherein the lights of the Swan's Head were the one bright spot. Then for the first time it occurred to him he ought to call on the police to aid him. But on second thought he dismissed the idea; time, he felt, was everything, precious minutes would be wasted explaining the situation, and the sight of a uniform would warn the man he sought of his approach. Alone, therefore, he entered one of the swing doors of the Swan's Head. It was a small public house set on a corner site, and the bars met at right angles, undivided into compartments as in larger drinking shops. It was tolerably well filled, chiefly by men

(Continued on page 21)





## BORDEN'S OPPORTUNITY.

A SMALL BOY recently visited the Capital with his father, and, as the latter was absorbed in political affairs, he had few opportunities of telling the youngster much about the various "attractions" of the Parliament Buildings. The boy was especially interested in Colonel Sherwood's force of well-set-up men, and asked who the "soldiers" were.

"They're special policemen," replied the busy father. "They're to protect the Government."

About half an hour afterwards the two passed a member of the force who was busy recording notes in a small official book, and who paid no attention to the passers-by.

"Look at him, Daddie!" said the small citizen, in great excitement. "He's not watching out at all. Why, Borden might slip past without his knowing a thing about it."

\* \* \*

## DISTINCTION.

Josiah Quincy, the prominent Boston politician, was walking near the City Hall, when he heard an Irish labourer accost another thus:

"An' who's Josiah Quincy?"

"I never see such ignorance," rejoined the first. "He's the grandson of the statue you see in the yard."

\* \* \*

## AN UNMISTAKABLE REFERENCE.

THE recent limelight performances of the Emperor of Germany recalled to a Canadian raconteur a story about an English tourist who was said to have indulged in violent language in Berlin during the summer of 1896. This was not very long after the famous Kaiser's message to Kruger. The Englishman had gone so far as to call the worthy Emperor a fool of emphatic order, when an officer of the law interfered with a charge of lese-majeste.

"How do you know," enquired the protesting Englishman, "that I was talking about Kaiser Wilhelm? I might have been referring to Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria."

"But, no," replied the official, solemnly. "There's only one damn-fool Emperor."

\* \* \*

## WHEN HARRY LAUDER "BOUGHT."

WHEN Harry Lauder was in Toronto last week all good Scotchmen were happy. The story is told about a crowd of English actors who gave an informal and impromptu wine party at the Hotel Astor, New York. One after another had purchased champagne, until none was left to do the honours but Harry Lauder. Mr. Lauder heaved a sigh. The sigh was ineffective, and he heaved another. Sorrowfully he spoke. "Well, boys," he said, "it's my turn to stand treat, and I'm going to do it. Come along with me. I've got a bottle of fine old Scotch upstairs in my room that I brought over with me." And he kept his word.

\* \* \*

## HIS BRIGHT IDEA.

Bridegroom (in church): "Good heavens! I've forgotten the minister's fee."

Best Man: "That's all right. We'll send the ushers around with the collection boxes."—Boston Transcript.

\* \* \*

## A TOUCHING TRIBUTE.

TWO Toronto men, discussing Scottish wit, after Harry Lauder's scintillations, decided that "Caledonia," stern and mild," has contributed generously to the gaiety of nations.

"They'll even descend to puns," said the younger. "I remember hearing two Presbyterian ministers in Scotland talking about a young theological student whose widowed mother had economised in every way, in order that he might attend the university. She had made a good sum out of her poultry. So

one of the parsons said, with a twinkle in his eyes: 'I suppose one might call that *hen-courage*?' 'No,' replied the other, 'I'd call it egging him on to the ministry!'"

\* \* \*

## AN EDITORIAL ENDORSEMENT.

FROM a serious-minded jester the editor received this note, together with a consignment of humour that was heavy enough to go by freight:

Dear Sir:

I read all these jokes to my wife, and she laughed heartily. Now, I have it on good authority that when a man's wife will laugh at his jokes they are found to be very good—or she is.

Yours, etc.

The editor slipped them into the return envelope with the letter, after writing on the margin: "She is."—Lippincott's.

\* \* \*

## A TACTFUL ATTENDANT.

TOMPKINS had suffered terribly, and at one time it appeared that his illness might have a fatal termination. But skilful doctors and a pretty nurse tended him most carefully, and the crisis was successfully passed. The pretty nurse was Tompkins' one ray of sunshine during his weary hours, and he fell desperately in love with her.

"Nurse Edith," he said one day, "will you be my wife when I recover?"

"Certainly!" replied the consoler of suffering humanity.

"Then my hopes are realised. You do really love me?" queried the anxious Tompkins.

The pretty nurse stammered. "Oh, no," she said; "that's merely part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful. I promised this morning to run away with a man who has lost both his legs."—The Argonaut.

\* \* \*

## WANTED ONE CHEAP.

"Yes," said the old man, addressing the young visitor, "I am proud of my girls, and would like to see them comfortably married, and as I have

made a little money, they will not go to their husbands penniless. There's Mary, twenty-five years old, and a real good girl. I shall give her five thousand dollars when she marries. Then comes Bet, who won't see thirty-five again, and I shall give her ten thousand dollars! and the man who takes Eliza, who is forty, will have fifteen thousand dollars with her."

The young man reflected a moment on so, and then enquired:

"You haven't one about fifty, have you?"

\* \* \*

## A STARTLING QUERY.

The director of the Zoological Gardens was on his vacation. He received a note from his chief assistant, which closed thus: "The chimpanzee seems to be pining for a companion. What shall we do until your return?"

\* \* \*

## A STRONG EXCUSE.

A KIND-HEARTED clergyman asked a convict how he came to be in jail. The fellow said, with tears in his eyes, that he was coming home from prayer-meeting, and sat down to rest, fell asleep, and while he was asleep there the county built a jail around him, and when he awoke the jailer wouldn't let him out.—Short Stories.

\* \* \*

## PEACE.

The Czar: "I will build two big battleships."

John Bull: "I will build four."

The Czar: "I will build eight."

John Bull: "I will build sixteen."

"The Czar: "Let us have peace."—Hamilton Spectator.

## Telephone Talk

WHEN one is worried by "Central's" failure to respond it would be well to remember what French civic authorities have just announced.

According to this latest bit of telephone philosophy, "Paris authorities have discovered that the telephone system of the city is largely controlled by the nervous system of the telephone girls. The majority of these girls live alone and neglect their proper meals, and in consequence subscribers suffer from the telephone girls' nerves more than is necessary. The telephone officials, to remedy this condition of affairs, have organised canteens to provide their girls with luncheon and dinner at twelve and fourteen cents a meal, consisting of roast beef and mutton, and plenty of sweets. The authorities have drawn the line at caramels, which says the official circular, 'tend to disorganise the service.' Subscribers' complaints, it is stated, have diminished 30 per cent. since the innovation."



Augustus.—"Hallo, old man, how are you, and how are your people, and all that sort of silly rot?"—Punch.





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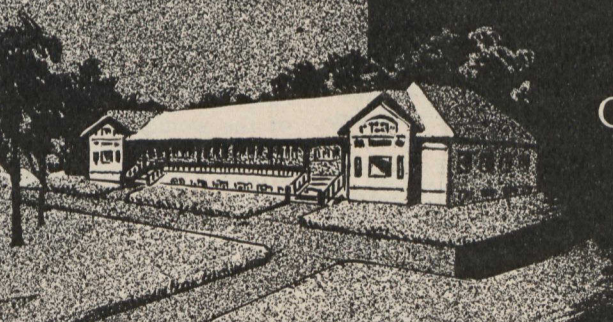
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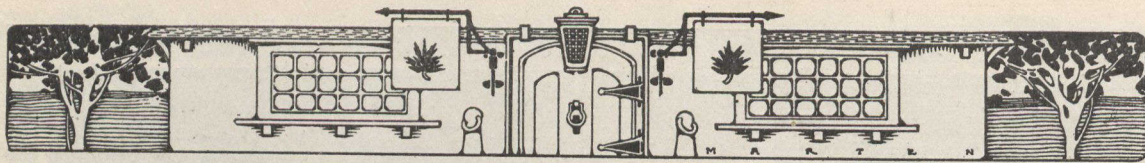
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## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

WHEN THE CALENDAR CHANGES.

THERE is a strange reluctance, at first, to write the figures which denote the new year. For three-hundred-and-sixty-six days of twenty-four hours each, we have been writing "1908," and a new figure in the final place is hardly welcome for the first fortnight. Then we become accustomed to the change of notation, and the preceding twelve months slip into their place with the "hungry generations" that have gone.

We know that science would tell us that there is no new year, that the division between the midnight moments is all arbitrary, a mere device to mark the queer old Earth's various gyrations. But to most of us, the ringing bells mean more than the change of calendar and the "flying cloud and frosty light" look down on many a wide-awake watcher as the old year passes.

We can all bring back memories of New Year parties, Old Year gatherings, which had a touch of solemnity beneath the greetings. A certain advent of another year stands out more vividly than any other I can recall. It was in Baltimore, as the new century came in with January, 1900, and His Holiness, the Pope, had ordered high mass in all the churches of his faith. It was a wonderful service in the stately cathedral in Maryland's picturesque city—one to stir the imagination of any worshipper, even though he came from the exceedingly Orange city of Toronto. The music that soared and echoed and whispered from the dim arches, the melodious voice of Father Lucius O'Brien as he delivered an eloquent homily to the thousands of the reverent congregation who sat from midnight till the approach of eastern light, listening to anthem



Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, L.L.D., addressing the Oxford Union Society.

and oration, are not to be forgotten. But more memorable than any other feature of an impressive scene was the face of the Cardinal, rising above brilliant robes and gleaming jewels, pale, benign, and powerful. One felt that the secrets of a State might lie behind that broad forehead, be sealed by the man with grave yet kindly lips. It was a face of wonderful magnetism, which held our gaze through those first hours of the Twentieth Century. There are many able men guiding the political and financial destiny of the American Republic, but there is no more striking and subtle personality in the United States than Cardinal James Gibbons.

\* \* \*

### AN INNOVATION AT OXFORD.

OLD OXFORD is associated with all that is picturesque and conservative in English university life. It has been described more than once as "the

home of lost causes," and has been the shelter many a time for distressed royalty. So far back as the days of Alfred, King of the West Saxons, the story of Oxford may be traced. In Norman times, Oxford was a refuge for Queen Maud, the daughter of Henry I., who fought a losing fight for the crown against her cousin Stephen, Yorkists, and later on, the Stuarts, fled to Oxford when London proved inhospitable.

In 1825, the Oxford Union was inaugurated, and for eighty-three years has proved a great debating ground for young British speakers. Some of the most prominent statesmen of the Nineteenth Century were trained for future service in this notable Union of England's ancient university. Last month this body was addressed by a woman for the first time in its history. The question for debate was "That in the opinion of this House, the time has come when the Government should be urged to remove the electoral disabilities of Women." Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett was the first speaker, and proved an eloquent and logical supporter of the motion. According to the *Illustrated London News*, from which we publish an illustration, she was received with courtesy and enthusiasm, but the side to which she gave her adherence lost by thirty-one votes. The debating-hall was so crowded that permission was given to members to sit on the floor and in the gangways.

It must be borne in mind that many English women who are earnestly in favour of woman suffrage have no sympathy with the violent and repulsive methods of that noisy group known as "suffragettes." That hysterical freak, Mrs. Pankhurst, and her two strenuous daughters (one of whom recently wept copiously in the Police Court) are not by any means commended by the large body of English women who are in favour of "removing electoral disabilities." A Canadian girl who visited England last summer was somewhat surprised at receiving an invitation to a woman suffrage reception, and expressed a fear of encountering the belligerent sisters.

"My dear child," said a charming member of the organisation, "we wouldn't dream of having anything to do with those people." The tone was kindly but informing, and the Canadian girl was left to reflect on how hard it is to know just which association is making the "cause" ridiculous.

The Canadian advocates of woman suffrage are of the logical order, and have kept to dignified methods of procedure. Whether one sympathises with their aims or not, it must be admitted that, so far, their manner and methods have afforded a strong argument in behalf of their representations.

\* \* \*

### A MUCH-DISCUSSED MATCH.

THERE is some consolation to the woman who dwells in obscurity, in the uncomfortable prominence given to the millionaire maiden's betrothal or bickerings. Miss Katherine Elkins, of West Virginia, is the pretty daughter of a United States Senator, and her love affairs have lately kept the press of her native land busy and abusive. The Duke of the Abruzzi, a member of the Italian royal family and an explorer of note, came to this continent with an Italian battleship at the time of the Jamestown Exposition, and the United States souvenir thieves promptly fell upon the ship, dismantling it of buttons, pictures, brushes, combs, mirrors, and any stray articles which appealed to their fancy. The Duke held his tongue about this wholesale robbery, although he was properly indignant over the spoilation of the vessel. However, a United States officer, who became acquainted with the facts, created a slight sensation by an attack on "America's thievish souvenir hunters." That doughty mariner, Admiral Robley D. Evans, declared that American souvenir fiends would steal anything but a glass of water. However, it seemed that the Duke of the Abruzzi, during a visit to Washington, met with still more serious misadventure, in the course of which a fair souvenir snatcher deprived him (temporarily) of his heart. This nobleman had discovered things in Africa, such as mountain peaks and rivers, but America proved disastrous to his amorous and nautical possessions.

It was announced that the fair daughter of Vir-

ginia was to become the bride of the Italian aristocrat, and the press of the democratic Republic, with decided fervour, gave the rumour as much attention as if it were a base-ball tournament or a continental war. Some of these benevolent papers grumbled because another rich and lovely daughter of the States was about to ally herself with an "effete aristocracy." Others were plainly pleased with the announcement, and indulged in remarks about America's "duchessa," with ornate descriptions of the bride's gowns and speculations as to the dowry. The Duke could hardly be accused of fortune-hunting, as he has a tidy fortune of his own, amounting to eight millions of dollars. Then the trouble began, with the Church and the Dowager Queen, who has excellent taste in the matter of pearls and lace and a decided objection to foreign relatives-in-law. The papers were delighted with all these cross-purposes, and proceeded to publish true and particular accounts of the Italian royal family councils. Now it seems that Queen Margherita has prevailed, the Duke has departed for Central Africa or the farthest North, and Senator Elkins has become non-committal. The extreme democrats, who had taken such an



The Duke of the Abruzzi and Miss Katherine Elkins of West Virginia, whose engagement has recently been indefinitely postponed.

overwhelming interest in what was none of their business are now in a rather awkward position, as they should rejoice over the fact that a United States girl has been saved from a distressing alliance with a "decadent" race. But they hardly know whether the episode is an escape or a mortification, and for the moment are hesitating over a choice of epithets for the royal explorer of the Ruwenzori Mountains.

\* \* \*

### THE ACCEPTABLE GIFT.

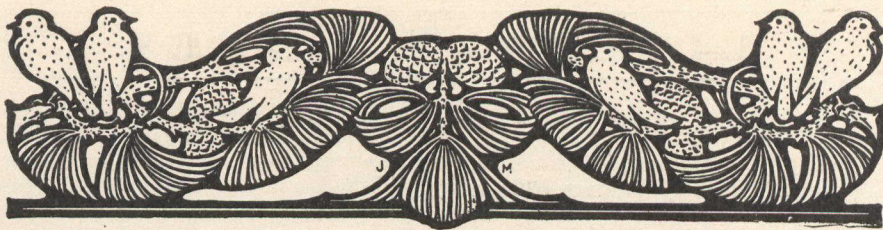
"SOMETHING PERSONAL," was the rather vague yet suggestive advice to a Christmas shopper. The gift which reminds one of the sender, or indicates a recognition of one's own little preferences, in flower or flavour, brings a message which is most grateful of all. The cheerful giver is a worthy citizen, no doubt, but the tactful giver is blessed among women. The last word is used advisedly, for the tactful giver is usually feminine. Man instinctively shrinks from the personal touch in a present, unless, indeed, he is deeply interested in the recipient, and then the gift is unmistakably to the elect lady. But, as a rule, he means well but cannot be bothered thinking about "what she would really like." Woman, however, loves small mysteries and intimate touches, and will go to all the trouble of finding out whether "Alice Walters likes blue or mauve" before tying up the paper knife or booklet.

\* \* \*

### THE WOMEN'S VOTE IN WINNIPEG.

THE Winnipeg papers are saying that the thousands of women who voted in the Mayoralty election of that city were strong supporters of that successful gentleman, Mr. W. Sanford Evans. The *Edmonton Saturday News* remarks, in connection with this circumstance, that Mr. Evans is one of Winnipeg's handsomest citizens. Of course, the alleged humorists will indulge in facetious comments at the expense of feminine judgment, but in this case the features of the candidate and the good taste of the women voters merely formed a coincidence. The Hamilton and Toronto friends of Mr. and Mrs. Evans rejoice in the success which has attended these gifted and ambitious ex-Ontarians, who are so devoted to their Manitoba home. It seems but a few years since we heard Mr. Evans' discourse on George Eliot's "The Spanish Gypsy," and Miss Irene Gurney play Beethoven sonatas. Marriage has not interfered with the latter's musical and literary aims, and, no doubt, the sympathy and companionship of his talented wife have contributed not a little to the social and municipal triumphs of the Mayor for whom Winnipeg women voted.





F O R T H E C H I L D R E N

MR. MOON.

By MURIEL G. C. DOUGLAS.

Before I went to bed last night  
I saw the moon, so round and white,  
Climb up above the chimneys grey.  
She smiled at me and seemed to say,  
"My little moonbeams long for you  
To play with them, up in the blue."

I knew that Nurse was ironing still,  
I jumped upon the window sill  
And opened every window wide,  
It was so clear and cool outside,  
And all the chimneys dark and grim  
Had each a little shining rim.

And then I saw the prettiest sight,  
A little boat, all silver light,  
Dropped gently downwards from the sky.  
I waved my hand, "Dear earth, goodbye.  
Of course I'm coming back quite soon,  
I'm going to see dear Mr. Moon."

\* \* \* \* \*  
Oh, it was such a lovely land,  
And all their cities were so grand,  
With silvery paths that wind and wind,  
And Mr. Moon was very kind.  
I simply had a splendid time  
Until they rang the daylight chime.

\* \* \* \* \*  
I really can't remember quite—  
I hope I said "Goodbye" all right.  
I found myself at home, in bed,  
And Nurse was standing by my head.  
I tried to tell her where I'd been  
And all the lovely things I'd seen.  
She said, "Oh, sleepy eyes of brown,  
I think you've been to Dreamland town."  
—Little Folks.

FAIRY ROBES.

All night upon the grassy hill,  
A fairy band—of wondrous grace—  
Had worked with touch of magic skill  
Upon their dainty robes of lace;  
And when a tint of rosy hue,  
Soft, flushed the early morning sky,  
They washed their garments in the dew  
And spread them on the grass to dry.  
C. M. EMBREE.

A CHILD OF THE GYPSIES.

By KATE WHITING PATCH.

Most folks live in a wooden house,  
All shut in from the sky;  
But we live in the big world outside,  
With a house on wheels when we want to ride—  
Dad and Mammy and I.

Most folks live in a little place  
With a fence around the edge;  
Our place is wherever we happen to be;  
That ring o' blue as far 's you can see  
Is all we have for a hedge.

Most folks sleep in a bed indoors,  
When the dark comes down at night;  
But we can lie in the soft new hay  
And hear what the hoot owl has to say  
When the stars shine bright, so bright!

Most folks, when it comes hungry time,  
Have to sit at a table, they do;  
But we squat round where our fire leaps high  
And the smoke curls up to the blue o' the sky,  
And the little ants feast there, too.

Most folks would wish for a house and things,  
And money enough to buy;  
But we—why we'd miss the dust and the dew,  
And the new place we're always coming to—  
Dad and Mammy and I.

—Kindergarten Review.

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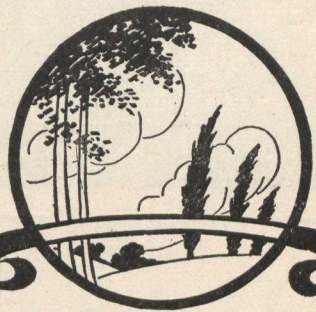
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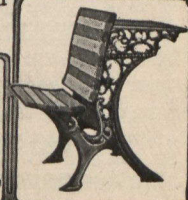
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## LITERARY NOTES

## LETTERS FROM INDIA.

DURING last summer there was issued a book, "Letters from India, by Alfred Wm. Stratton," which appealed to all who had known the writer, one of Canada's most scholarly sons, whose life labours ended in India in 1902. This journal published last summer a review of the work, but the meeting in Canada this week of the American Philological Association renders appropriate the following tribute from a Toronto professor to the peculiar gifts of Alfred William Stratton:

Few books of Canadian origin lay such claim to our notice as this. If, like the Hon. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, we would "think imperially" to read the title is enough to lead us farther. If we follow the advice given by Mr. Carnegie to the Canadian Club of Toronto, "to think rationally," then these letters from a Canadian professor who taught Indian pundits Sanskrit, are bound to attract our attention. Or if, like the late laureate, we believe, "that man's the best cosmopolite who loves his native country best," then we must be keenly interested in the life of Alfred William Stratton, the Toronto boy who became principal in the Oriental College of Lahore, in the North-Western Province of India.

To take the last point first, this book is both a reminder and a revelation. It reminds us again of the remarkable record recently made by Canada in the domain of scholarship. We find, as we read, that A. W. Stratton was the classmate and intimate friend of Professor F. H. Sykes, the head of the English Department in the Teachers' College of Columbia University, New York. He was also, when teaching at Hamilton, the colleague of Professor W. H. Schofield, the Dean of the Faculty of Comparative literature in Harvard University, who won first laurels as the representative of that institution in Berlin last winter. Not less brilliant, while it lasted, was the career of young Stratton, as it is detailed for us in the biography which is so skilfully interwoven with the letters in this volume. We follow him from the Wellesley Public School through Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute to University College, where he began the study of Sanskrit in Dr. McCurdy's class in 1886, the only one that ever met in the University of Toronto up to the present year.

The book, we have said, is a revelation. It reveals in the writer of the letters a character which unites in a rare manner the qualities of sweetness and light. Everywhere he went he made new friends, and he never lost an old one. After leaving the university with a high reputation as a classical scholar of unusually wide reading, he taught in Hamilton, and there fell under the influence of Mr. Henry Witton, a self-taught Sanskritist, with whom he read a great part of the *Hito-padesa*—the Aesop's Fables of India. It was the natural result of the bent thus acquired that he devoted himself with especial zeal to the study of Sanskrit when pursuing a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins University, in 1892-95. While there he assisted Professor Bloomfield with his Sanskrit classes, and afterwards became Docent in Sanskrit in the University of Chicago. Yet, with all this preparation, it was a great surprise to him when he heard that he had been recommended by Professor Bloomfield for the double position of Registrar of the Punjab University and Principal of the Oriental College at Lahore.

The success of his work during the

three years that were left to him justified his choice. It is as the record of these years that the letters have been published, and at a time when Indian affairs are in so critical a condition this view of the country by one so well fitted to discover the feelings of "the native born," has a very special interest. His birth as a Canadian, his training in the old classic language of India, which he learned so thoroughly that during two years he lectured in Sanskrit to his Indian pupils, his exceptional opportunity of dealing with all manner of representatives of the native races, who flock to "the only university in India which, recognising the traditional lines of study in India, seeks to raise the standard," his rare personal charm and sympathy—all these factors combine to make his utterances on Indian affairs very valuable.

To him who thinks imperially, these letters will have the greatest interest, both as descriptive of life in India and as giving an example of the way in which the colonial administrator of scholarly training can take up the task of the learned German and pursue it with success. This last phrase must be qualified. Dr. Stratton's success was but temporary. One sees too clearly that the strain of working as the Registrar of a university larger than that of Toronto and Principal of a college larger than University College and professor of the most difficult of all the ancient languages, was too great for even his tireless energy and brilliant intellectual ability. In the holiday season of his third summer he fell a prey to the low Indian fever, and in spite of the most faithful nursing, his strength failed him, and he died on the 23rd of August, 1902, in Gulnarg, "the meadow of roses," in the vale of Cashmir. His Indian pupils called him "Devata," the saint. It is by such men's work that the true empire over India will be won. Every Imperialist should carefully read this book.

D. R. K.

\* \* \*

## AN IRISH NOVEL.

THE announcement by Mr. Stanley Weyman that "The Wild Geese" is to be his last novel will be received with protest by all who care for real romance.

This latest romance, "The Wild Geese," concerns itself with Ireland in the early years of the reign of George I. and introduces the reader to a Kerry district, as picturesque as it is turbulent. Colonel John Sullivan, the hero, is an Irishman who has been abroad for many years in varied service and who has finally come to hold Quaker-like ideas on the subject of war. One entirely agrees with Captain Augustin who wonders what such a man will be doing in Kerry, "what with Sullivans, and Mahonies, and O'Beirnes, that wear coats only for a gentleman to tread upon." Colonel Sullivan, indeed, has a stern task ahead of him but finally holds that windswept corner of Kerry with a firm hand. The girl who flouts and hates him is as high-spirited an Irish girl as ever danced in Kerry and, of course, the hatred turns to the opposite passion in the end.

The story is told with all the vigour and distinction which made the author's early narratives of France so inspiring. There is a sympathetic and yet judicial attitude towards Ireland and her wrongs which represents the best historic temper. The melancholy beauty of the wild land and the tragedy of her anarchy are depicted by a master of romance. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.)

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# The Expiation of Hilary

(Continued from page 15)

## Good Intentions

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OTTAWA

of the labouring type, though here and there a better dressed customer could be seen. Hilary approached the counter between two lots of gossiping drinkers and leaned over towards the barmaid, a faded brunette with the hard eyes of a woman who has been seeing the worse side of life all her days. “Captain Jack here?” he asked in a confidential whisper.

“He ain’t; haven’t seen him today,” was the reply.

“I must see him to-night, it’s important.”

“Well, he may be in later, it’s early yet,” and she glanced at the clock, which pointed to half-past ten.

“But where is he lodging at present?”

The woman said nothing, surveying him with an unfriendly look.

“He and I have got a little job on,” continued Hilary. “He’ll be mad if he misses me. I’ve important information for him.”

“You ain’t one of his lot.”

“You don’t know everything. Come, give us the tip,” and he showed her half a sovereign.

“If you won’t say I told you.”

Hilary swore solemnly, and the coin changed hands.

“He’s got a room in Martin’s Buildings under the name of ‘Spender’; all his pals know that.”

“I’m a very new pal,” explained Hilary.

Outside he found a small boy who, bribed with a sixpence, led him to the principal entrance of a huge residential block of cheap flats close by, which were Martin’s Buildings.

“D’you know a chap named Spender who lives here?” asked Hilary, “a big, dark man, rather a toff?”

“Yer means Captain Jack?” said the boy, a wizened ragamuffin, who might be any age between ten and fifteen.

Hilary gave him the sixpence. “Find out if he’s in,” he commanded, “quietly, mind, and you’ll have another.”

The boy dived into the rabbit warren and shortly returned. Captain Jack was not in his room, and had not been seen that evening.

Hilary thought turiously. He was on the track, it was hereabouts that Captain Jack was to be found, but where was the man? Was he hiding in a different part of London? It might be so, in which case he had no hope of running him to earth.

“Youngster,” he said to the boy, “it’ll be half a crown in your pocket if you’ll find me Captain Jack within the next hour.”

“I’m on, guv’nor,” was the joyous response, “but,” the boy added, his face falling, “e mayn’t come any/where ’ere to-night. ’E’s got a swell address in the West End, ’e don’t live ’ere reg’lar.”

It was with little real hope in his heart that Hilary returned to the Swan’s Head and ordered whiskey and soda. He could do nothing except pray Captain Jack would turn up in this haunt of his. The crowd was thicker round the counter, and a smell of stale beer and bad tobacco pervaded the atmosphere. He sat apart, and, wrapped in his gloomy thoughts, hardly noticed the flight of time. He was aroused from his abstraction by a tug at his coat sleeve. “Guv’nor,” whispered a familiar voice in accents of triumph, “I’ll trouble yer fer that ’alf-crown.”

“Where is he?” asked Hilary, hardly believing the news true.

“At the King William, standin’ drinks in the private bar like a bloomin’ lord.”

In a second Hilary was on his feet following his diminutive guide. His

pulse throbbed, the blood sang in his veins, it was with an effort he controlled himself and listened to the boy’s tale of how Captain Jack had driven up to the King William in a cab a few minutes before. He was in the bar parlour at the back of the house, the resort of the landlord and a few intimate friends.

The King William turned out to be a rather more pretentious house than the Swan’s Head; there was an air of flashy gentility about the few men and women who were drinking at the bar. With a confident step the boy led Hilary towards a door facing the entrance, and held out a hand for his reward.

Hilary produced the coin, saying, “Let’s see him first.”

He did not intend immediately to show himself, but the boy jerked the door open forthwith. He had earned his money. Captain Jack stood on the hearthrug, a glass of spirits in his hand, listening to an elderly man who was volubly holding forth on some subject or other; he looked at the door as it opened, and his eyes met Hilary’s. The latter entered. Fate had so far been kind, but he recognized the real difficulty of the quest had now commenced.

It needed but a glance at the room and the company in it to recognize the strength of his adversary’s position: Captain Jack was among friends, a villainous-looking quartette. One was old, it is true, but three were sturdy young ruffians. To accuse the thief would be at the risk of his life; he must temporise.

Captain Jack did not change countenance, and he left Hilary to speak first. The latter, finding looks of sour suspicion levelled at him by everyone, assumed a confidence he was far from feeling. “I hope I don’t intrude, gentlemen,” he began, “but my friend here, the Captain, left me in the lurch earlier this evening.” He turned to the pseudo-detective. “Halves, partner,” he demanded, with a laugh.

“I don’t know you,” replied Captain Jack, favouring Hilary with a his glass.

“He’s been telling you, hasn’t he, that he pulled off a good thing today?” queried Hilary, addressing the rest; and, though no one answered him, he guessed instinctively by their manner that he was on the right tack. “He has, it’s so good he daren’t go into details, but I was his partner, and I want my share.”

“Then you’ll have to want it,” the captain was goaded into retorting.

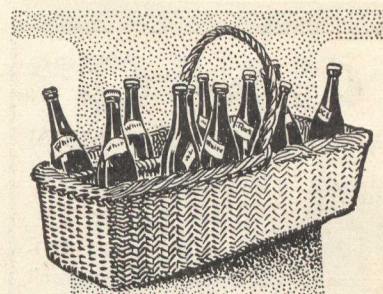
“Will you fight me for it?” challenged Hilary.

The prospect of a fight placated the company. They now surveyed Hilary with distinct friendliness. Some random oaths were uttered, and someone shouted for more drink, but Captain Jack quelled the noise with a wave of his hand.

“Mr. Parker,” he said seriously, “be advised and go quietly, or it’ll be the worse for you.”

Without hesitation Hilary picked up an empty glass off the table and flung it at him. His aim was true; it struck the Captain on the mouth, cutting his lips and sending him reeling back, while the blood spouted from his face.

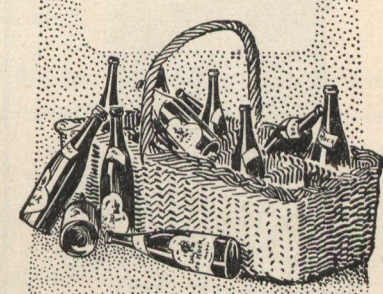
Instantly there was an uproar. Everyone was on his feet, and the air was full of clamour, when suddenly the lights went out, and the room was plunged in darkness. Hilary made for the door, and straightway collided with another man. They crashed to the floor together, Hilary by accident on top. A fierce oath from the man beneath



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gave the young man a sudden clue as to the other's identity. It was the Captain, trying to escape. Then Hilary knew his hour had come, and banged the thief's head vigorously on the hard floor. The latter's struggles momentarily relaxed. In another minute Hilary had his hand in Captain Jack's inner pocket and was touching the fateful round, flat jewel case.

The lights went up again as suddenly as they went out, but by this time the case was in Hilary's pocket, and he was blandly staring at the men who crowded about him.

"The Captain's had a fall," he said. "Don't crowd; give him air."

Retribution had indeed befallen the pseudo-detective. He lay stunned like the old man he had struck down and robbed earlier in the evening. The game he had tried to play was obvious. He dared not show the necklace to the others, for they would have insisted on a division of the plunder. Hilary's vigorous assault had shown him to be dangerous, so Captain Jack had turned off the electric light and attempted to escape in the dark.

Hilary was prepared for further trouble, but instead, the oldest of the quartette, who was the landlord, made the way of escape easy. "You clear off," he commanded the intruder. "If you've got any quarrel with the Captain go to his private address; don't you come brawling 'ere and chucking glasses about. And you'll have to pay for the one you broke. I'll trouble you for eightpence." This as he bent over the fallen man and satisfied himself no serious harm had befallen him.

Hardly believing in his good fortune, Hilary tossed some money on the table, muttered something about only wanting his rights, and went out, leaving the rascals behind totally unconscious that he carried a king's ransom in his pocket. For the diamonds were safe; a hasty peep at the case under a lamp-post satisfied him on that head, and almost immediately afterwards he saw the welcome gleam of a policeman's helmet. He attached himself to the constable till the Vauxhall bridge road was reached, and then seeing no cabs took the tram to Victoria Station.

"Where to, sir?" asked the cabby he hailed by the station.

Instead of replying Hilary stared blankly at the man. Where, indeed? He had not the remotest idea of the name of the street where the Graingers lived, and only a vague notion of its whereabouts, but the difficulty only daunted him for a moment. "The Kensington Palace Hotel," he said.

The delivery of the necklace to its rightful owner would be his first act. At the hotel he could probably, by means of the directory, find out Mr. Grainger's address. He sat back in the hansom enjoying the ride and the relief he felt at having retrieved his earlier error. How amazed the Graingers would be at the news of his success, and how warm their gratitude!

As he alighted a second hansom also drew up before the hotel, and a tall, well-dressed gentleman followed him in and up to the enquiry office.

"Is the Duchess of Broughton staying here?" asked Hilary, and when the clerk nodded affirmative, "I'm the representative of Patterson and Sons, and I have a necklace to deliver to her."

"What!" almost shouted the gentleman, overhearing. "You have our necklace—the one Grainger was robbed of? I came to acquaint Her Grace with the news of its loss!"

Five minutes later, the necklace having been delivered to the Duchess, Mr. Patterson and Hilary were driving to Maresfield road, North Kensington. "Bertha Grainger, explained the junior partner, "came to me—I live in Kensington square—to tell me of the robbery half an hour ago. The poor girl told a confused tale which I did not quite understand, except that the necklace was gone, and old Grainger badly hurt, and the only thing to do apparently was to come and tell the Duchess we couldn't deliver it. The loss would have fallen on us, as we are taking charge of it. The Duchess is staying in the country, and came to town by a late train on purpose to attend the Buckingham Palace ball. She particularly requested our representative not to deliver the necklace till eleven, as she would not reach the hotel before then. But here we are at Grainger's house. Now come in, and let's hear the history of your adventures."

Miss Grainger opened the door to them. "It's all right, Bertha," began Mr. Patterson, in a cheery voice, "the necklace is recovered. The Duchess has it. This gentleman brought it to the hotel, and has come to tell us how he recovered it."

"Oh!" said Bertha; that, and no more, but her eyes met Hilary's with a look of relief and gratitude, such a look he had complacently anticipated, but its effect upon him was wholly unexpected; moreover, a second later, when their hands met, a thrill ran through him such as he had never before experienced. The unexpected had been happening all the evening, and now he was vaguely aware that, most unexpected of all, he had fallen in love. And so, as a matter of fact, had Bertha, and the consequences were—well, this happened some time ago, and Hilary occupied himself in his last summer holiday in getting married. And the lady's name—the one she didn't change—was Bertha.

## Where the Dollar Comes From

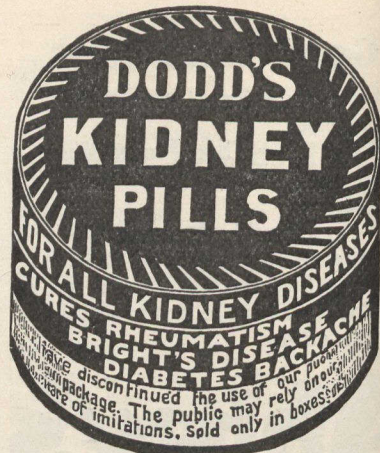
JOACHIMSTAHL, near Carlsbad, where radium baths are to be established next year, is already historic as the birthplace of the original dollar. An authority in the *London Chronicle* says this was the silver guldengroschen, coined in 1519 by order of Count Schlick from the metal of a recently opened mine, and it became known as the Joachimstahler, or "thaler" alone for short. Before 1600 the nimble English language had already made "dollar" of this. Thereafter this name was loosely used of all manner of coins varying in value from three to five shillings, and belonging to all manner of countries, from Sweden to Japan. It was from the prevalence of the Spanish "dollar" in the British American colonies at the time of their revolt that the modern almighty dollar was derived, while in England very modern slang has given the name to the crown piece.

## Time to Consider

Jones (who has a big opinion of his own golf): "I suppose you've seen worse players than I am?" (No answer from caddy.)

Jones (louder): "I suppose you've seen worse players than I am?"

Caddy (slowly): "I 'eard you sir, but I was just a-thinking."—*Windsor Magazine*.



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# PROGRESS

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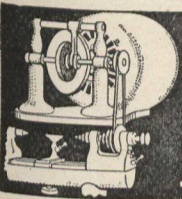
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loans all its funds on first mortgages on real estate. If you made a Deposit, took out a Debenture, or made an Investment in the Permanent Dividend Paying Stock with us, this would be your security:

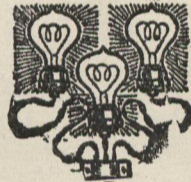
4% Paid on Deposits, Withdrawable by Check.

4 1/2% Coupons on all Debentures.

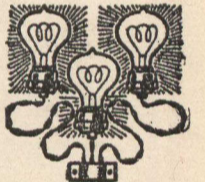
6% Dividends on Permanent Stock.

Call or write for a copy of the 15th Annual Report. All business strictly private.

A. A. CAMPBELL, Managing Director



## —Mr. Man



You need an electric motor in in your shop. It saves space, overtime and dirt. Reduces your expenses for repairs, labor, insurance. Prevents breakdowns, increases output with very little additional expense. Electric motors will save you money. You use only what power you need and pay only for what power you use.

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**Broderick's**  
**Business Suits \$22.50**  
**Worn from Coast to Coast**

Write for samples and measurement chart  
DEPT "D"  
**FRANK BRODERICK & Co.**  
TORONTO, CANADA

AREA OF PROVINCES in Sq. Miles.  
Ont. 220,508  
Que. 341,756  
N.S. 21,068  
N.B. 27,911  
Man. 64,327  
B.C. 370,191  
P.E.I. 2,184  
Sask. 242,332  
Alta. 251,180  
Yukon, 206,427

## National Trust Company Limited

18-22 KING STREET EAST. TORONTO.

|  |                             |   |
|--|-----------------------------|---|
| <b>DIRECTORS:</b><br>J. W. FLAVELLE<br>Z. A. LASH, K.C.<br>E. R. WOOD<br>W. T. WHITE<br>HON. MR. JUSTICE BRITTON<br>HON. GEO. A. COX<br>G. H. WATSON, K.C.<br>CHESTER D. MASSEY<br>ELIAS ROGERS<br>ROBERT KILGOUR<br>CAWTHRA MULLOCK | <br>NATIONAL TRUST BUILDING | <b>DIRECTORS:</b><br>JAS. CRATHERN<br>H. S. HOLT<br>H. MARKLAND MOLSON<br>ALEX. BRUCE, K.C.<br>E. W. COX<br>H. H. FUDGER<br>H. B. WALKER<br>A. E. KEMP, M.P.<br>WM. MACKENZIE<br>ALEX. LAIRD<br>J. H. PLUMMER |
|--|-----------------------------|---|

CAPITAL \$1,000,000. RESERVE \$500,000.

**3 1/2%** Interest allowed on daily balance of Savings Account.





THIS illustration shows our Fly Front King Edward, with lots of drapery in skirt, which is very popular with the best dressers.

**Semi-ready Tailoring**  
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Exclusive Agencies in all the chief Towns and Cities of Canada.