

The Canadian Courier

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Women's Night Dresses

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509. Nainsook, slip-over style, butterfly sleeves, dainty embroidery motifs, French Valenciennes lace and insertions, silk ribbons,

an exquisite gown. **Sale Price \$3.75**

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January 4, 1908

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THE Canadian Courier

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PUBLISHERS' TALK

WE wish all our readers and patrons a happy and prosperous New Year. They will have it if they are optimistic. As for ourselves, we are quite cheerful over the prospects for 1908. Our subscription list is steadily enlarging; our special three dollar offer is proving quite attractive.

THE other day a lady remarked that our four December issues were worth all the other numbers of 1907 put together. Do you think that remark was a compliment? We have been trying to figure it out for ourselves, but we are not quite sure.

MR. H. J. P. GOOD'S next two articles will deal with curling, and other articles will follow until every sport has been dealt with. Mr. Good desires us to say that he does not know all about all the sports and that he will be glad to hear from any one with historical and interesting information concerning any sport, and especially from those who have portraits or groups of players or sportsmen who have made their mark in any line of athletics. Whether these relate to the past or the present, he will be glad to hear about them. He especially invites correspondence from secretaries of the various organisations in the Maritime Provinces, Quebec and the West. Mr. Good's address is 11 Ann Street, Toronto.

EVERY reader of this journal who hears of an interesting photograph will confer a great favour by seeing that we get a copy of it. The only test is "Will it interest the people of Canada?" If so, we will be glad to get it.

A SPECIAL article on Mr. Marconi's station at Glace Bay with some new photographs will appear shortly. In fact, the next few issues will contain some striking features.



A Mother's Testimony



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

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Suggestions of Midwinter Sale Values

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CR1-2202. **Women's Skirt**, made of good **Cotton**, deep umbrella flounce of lawn trimmed with 3 clusters of three fine tucks between three 1/4-inch tucks, finished with flounce of good quality of skirting embroidery. **Sale Price .99**



CR1-2207. **Women's Skirt**, made of good **Cotton**, deep flounce of lawn with clusters of six tucks between thirteen rows of Swiss insertion, finished with one row Swiss insertion and frill skirting embroidery under dust ruffle. **Sale Price 1.83**



CR1-2204. **Women's Skirt**, made of soft **Nainsook** with deep flounce of twenty-eight rows of wide lace insertion running up and down, with tucked lawn between, finished with frill of lawn, lace insertion and lace edging; dust ruffle. **Sale Price 1.53**



CR1-2203. **Women's Skirt**, made of good strong **Cotton**, with extra deep umbrella flounce of lawn trimmed with six rows torchon insertion, finished with deep ruffle of lace; this is a very pretty skirt; dust frill. **Sale Price 1.19**

CORSET COVER

CR1-3203. **Women's Corset Cover**, low round neck, lace edge on neck and arms, back trimmed with two clusters of narrow tucks, one row lace insertion, full front with three rows of lace insertion and two clusters of tucks across the front, draw string at waist, pearl buttons, Sizes 32 to 42 bust. **Sale Price .37**



CR1-2209. **Women's Skirts**, made of good **Cotton** deep umbrella flounce of fine lawn finished with two clusters of three tucks, two rows Val. insertion, deep frill with two rows of lace insertion and frill of lace, under dust ruffle. **Sale Price 1.93**



CR1-2208. **Women's Skirt**, made of good **Cotton** has deep flounce of good lawn trimmed with three clusters of 1/4-inch tucks, two rows Val. insertion finished below with double frills of wide Val. lace. **Sale Price 1.89**



CR1-2201. **Women's Skirt**, made of good **Cotton**, French band, deep umbrella flounce of fine lawn; trimmed with three 1/4-inch tucks, lawn frill, one row lace insertion and finished with lace. **Sale Price .69**



CR1-2205. **Women's Skirt**, made of good strong **Cotton**, deep circular flounce of fine lawn with four 1-in tucks and three rows of torchon lace insertion between, finished with lace edge, dust ruffle. **Sale Price 1.65**



CR1-2210. **Women's Skirt**, made of good **Cotton**, deep umbrella flounce of fine lawn trimmed with ten narrow tucks, one row of extra wide fine Swiss insertion, finished with wide flounce of extra fine Swiss skirting embroidery. **Sale Price 2.25**

Write for January and February Catalogue

THE **T. EATON CO.** LIMITED

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No. 5

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Judge C. R. Mitchell,
Medicine Hat.

AN occurrence of somewhat unusual interest happened a few days ago when the Dominion Government appointed Mr. E. A. C. McLorg, of Moosomin, Sask., a judge, and on the receipt of his appointment Mr. McLorg felt it necessary to send in his resignation. From this it will appear that the patronage committees in the West are either poorly organised, or are ignored. To the Ontario mind an instance of this kind is hardly understandable. In this Province a man's elevation to the bench is usually announced to his friends about six months in advance of his appointment. The other nominations seem to have stood the test much better, and the names of the new appointees are as follows:

Alberta judges—Chas. R. Mitchell, Medicine Hat, for the District of Calgary; H. C. Taylor, Edmonton, for Edmonton; J. C. Noel, Edmonton, for Wetaskiwin; A. A. Carpenter, Innisfail, for MacLeod; and Roland Winter, of Calgary, for Lethbridge.

Saskatchewan judges—F. F. Forbes, of Regina, for Prince Albert; A. G. Farrell, of Moose Jaw, for Moosomin; and Reginald Rimmer, of Regina, for Carington.

* * *

AT least two of these new judges are New Brunswickers. Judge Taylor was born in Sheffield, N.B., in 1864, and graduated from Mount Allison University in 1887. He studied law in St. John but took his LL.B. from the University of Michigan. He was admitted to the Territorial Bar in 1891, and has served two terms as a Bencher of the old Law Society, and was also Bencher of the new Law Society of Alberta. He has practised continuously in Edmonton, has been a member of the School Board for eleven years, is chairman of the Board of Governors of Alberta College, and is connected with several commercial organisations.

Judge Mitchell was born in Newcastle, N.B., in 1872, and graduated from the University of New Brunswick in 1894, and later took his B.C.L. from King's College, Windsor. As a student he was in Mr. Blair's office in St. John, and later was associated with Mr. Tweedie (now Lieutenant-Governor) at Chatham. In 1898 he moved to Medicine Hat, where he has been remarkably successful. He has been Crown Prosecutor, Agent to the Attorney-General, and a decidedly prominent citizen.

Judge Carpenter is a native of Hamilton and a graduate of the University of Toronto. He took his legal course in Osgoode Hall, and has been in the West since 1903.

Judge Winter is an English barrister, who came to Calgary in 1893.

Four years later he was appointed Police Magistrate, but in 1900 was made Registrar of Land Titles.

* * *

KINGSTON is one of the oldest cities in Canada, but in recent years her progress has not been remarkable. At one time she had a very large wholesale business, but first Hamilton and then Toronto gathered in that trade. The grain transportation of the city was exceedingly important at one time, but relatively has fallen off. This is due mainly to the railway development between Georgian Bay and Montreal, which lessens the comparative amount of grain transhipped at Buffalo and Kingston. During the last two or three years there has been a slight increase in industrial activity owing to the development of the Kingston Locomotive Works. Only a few years ago this commercial institution could have been bought for a song. To-day it is one of the most profitable and progressive manufacturing in the Province of Ontario.



Judge H. C. Taylor,
Edmonton.

Kingston, like all garrison towns, has been somewhat affected by the military element, and until recently the military people comprised a class by themselves. The democratic tendency of the times has triumphed, and the Frontenac Club is the result. It was opened a few days ago with two hundred and fifty charter members. This membership is drawn from the old "Fourteenth Club," the Board of Trade, the officers of the Garrison, the Elks Society, and Queen's University. The building formerly occupied by the Bank of Montreal has been purchased, and this makes an exceedingly attractive club house. It is possible that later a Canadian Club will be organised among the membership of the Frontenac Club with the privilege of using the club house for a monthly dinner.

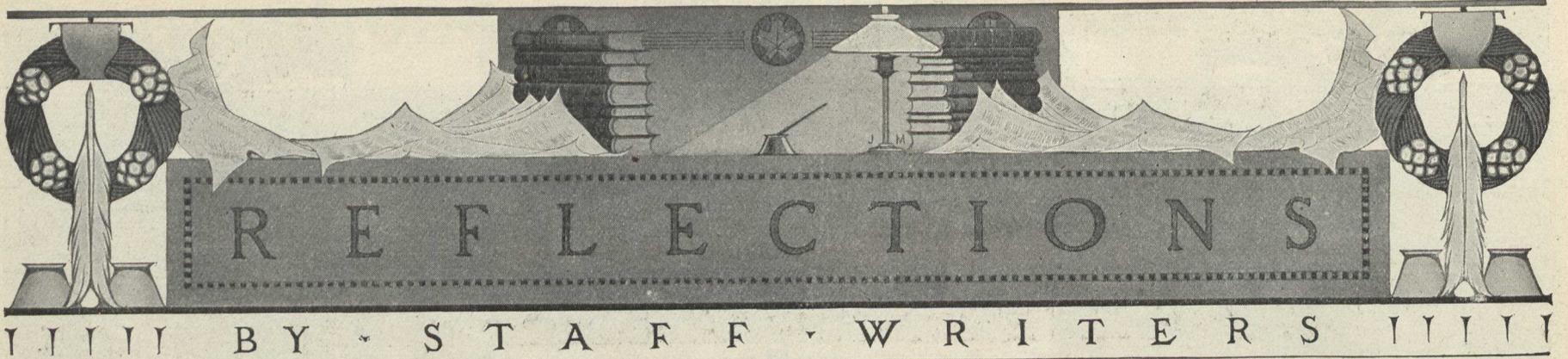
* * *

There is a manifest tendency in all the larger cities of this continent to create central charitable organisations. There is an "Associated Charities" in Toronto and Winnipeg has just created a "Charity Organisation Society." The two evils which may be eliminated by such a central body are overlapping and imposition. If these cannot be entirely eliminated, they may be reduced to quite small dangers.

Indiscriminate and inadvisable charity makes for idleness and pauperisation. Toronto has a British Welcome League which aims at helping the needy immigrant; yet it has probably, in spite of the best intentions, done as much harm as good. It gave board and lodging without asking any return in labour or cash, and has maintained men in idleness who would otherwise have been forced to accept work which was available. It has worked on the assumption that every immigrant is honest and desires to earn his own living. Experience has shown that this is not true of perhaps ten per cent. of these newcomers.



Home of the new "Frontenac Club," Kingston,—formerly occupied by the Bank of Montreal.



HIS Excellency, the Governor-General, is arousing public opinion here and in England by his proposal to acquire the Plains of Abraham as a feature in the celebration of the tercentenary of Quebec, our most picturesque city. The King has made a donation, and others are coming in, including £100 from the London "Telegraph."

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

The movement has the approval of both races in this country. A national park at Quebec, on this historic ground, would be a permanent monument to the heroes of both armies and a permanent reminder of the unity and concord which is one of the marvellous and striking features of Canadian national life.

While these British donations manifest a magnificent spirit on the part of the King and the people, there seems to be no valid reason why the total expense should not be borne by the various Canadian governments. If such a precedent would be unwise, then Canadians should be willing to respond generously to Lord Grey's appeal. It is a splendid chance to prove that we are patriotic as we claim to be. Now that His Majesty has set the example, every citizen should feel a certain measure of responsibility, as well as an appreciation of the privilege which presents itself.

AT a meeting of the Canadian Club of Toronto last week, Mr. W. T. White, manager of the National Trust Company, coined a new phrase. The question of the advisability of creating a civic plant to distribute Niagara power through the city was discussed by two speakers, one in favour and one against. Mr.

NABOTH'S VINEYARD

White took the ground that before a government or a municipality entered into the control of a public monopoly, it should purchase the plants of existing companies. He argued that since a government or a municipality could borrow money on the general credit at a low rate of interest, say four per cent., while a private corporation must pay five or six per cent., the competition would be unfair, unjust, un-British. To emphasise his point he told of what he termed "the first expropriation" on record, the taking of Naboth's vineyard. King Ahab wanted to buy it and offered to give value for it or a reasonable exchange. Naboth refused. On the advice of Queen Jezebel, King Ahab took the vineyard without paying for it. Naboth was stoned to death on a false charge, and the rest was easy. For his wickedness, Ahab came under the Divine displeasure and was ultimately destroyed. Mr. White ended his speech by saying, "Pay for Naboth's vineyard."

The advice might be taken to heart by all advocates of public and municipal ownership. Where a company is already in the field, working under a public charter, it has certain rights which cannot be lightly disregarded. For a government or a municipality to wantonly enter into a competition which if successful must ultimately destroy a private undertaking, would be to introduce a reign of terror, a period of anarchy. Few governments or municipalities would dare to commit such an outrage, and no one can believe that either the City of Toronto or the Province of Ontario seriously intends to do anything of this kind.

FOR some time, Canada has been seeking to control Canadian diplomacy and Canadian treaty-making. There was a time when our post-office system and our tariff-making were controlled in Downing Street, but that was half a century ago. It has been

CANADIAN DIPLOMACY

said that if Canada had been permitted to conduct negotiations, the Alaskan award and numerous other international arrangements would be quite different. As a result of all this talk, King Edward has been relaxing a bit and allowing us greater freedom in this regard. When he was making his treaty with the Mikado of Japan, he expressly exempted Canada from the provisions of that

document. He told the Mikado that Canada could come in if she wished, but that the question concerning the greatest of all the Colonies must be settled at Ottawa. The question came up at the Canadian capital and the would-be Canadian diplomats decided to be a party to this great Treaty.

Now it has cropped up that we, the new nation of new diplomats, were beaten in our first round in the international game. We find that Japan got the best of us, and that we gave to the Mikado much more than we anticipated. When the discovery was made, the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux was hurried off to Japan to tell the Mikado that we didn't understand, that Mr. Nosse who represented Japan at Ottawa, had misled us, that the Treaty was not what we intended, and that he ought to let us out. Mr. Lemieux has done his best and is now on his way home. It would appear from the despatches that the Mikado showed him the Treaty and said "Ha! Ha! Your diplomats were not awake."

The situation recalls the story of a very clever young man who graduated from the University of Toronto and Osgoode Hall and went up to London to practise law. His first client was a man who wanted a loan of \$1,000, offering a first mortgage on a splendid farm in West Middlesex. The young lawyer was pleased and he hurried about and got the money, drew up the mortgage, received his little fee and smiled benignly. He was on the road to great things. Life had commenced. Alas, when he went to register the mortgage, he discovered that the farm was owned by another man.

Canada's first attempt in diplomacy may not be satisfactory, but we will learn. The first lesson will be that we are not so wise or so clever as we think we are. Japan has taught us that. The second lesson will be that the diplomats of Great Britain know a few things, though it may be some time before we are prepared to admit that this is true.

PLENTY of artificial light is a necessity in these days—mainly because we are accustomed to it. The average newspaper is not readable by candle-light. The type of newspapers and books is smaller and more compact, the paper and ink are cheaper and a greater strain is put upon the eyes. There is the same condition in other spheres of human activity. Our great halls and churches could not be lighted by candles or coal-oil lamps; our fine machinery could not be operated except during daylight were it not for the special gas-burner and the incandescent lamp. The luxury of life has been greatly increased by these artificial means, and once the world gets accustomed to a luxury it thereupon becomes a necessity.

THE VALUE OF ARTIFICIAL LIGHT

In Massey Hall, Toronto, the other evening, one demagogic speaker pleaded for more light and more adequate light for all—for the millionaire, the laborer, the seamstress, and the farmer. He wanted it made available by government and municipal ownership for all the people at the lowest possible cost. The man was right in his ideal. That is the end toward which every provincial government and every municipality should be working. Every opportunity for buying up lighting franchises should be embraced; and wherever municipal ownership and operation of lighting plants is being considered it should be adopted without either doubt or delay. Even were it more costly to operate under municipal ownership than private ownership, the other advantages more than counterbalance.

Every municipality should aim to secure cheap light. To get it, it should not steal and neither should it beg. It need not absolutely own its own plant, for regulation and adjustment may be possible. In Hamilton recently, the Power Company voluntarily reduced charges on electric lighting. In the smaller towns there is less likelihood of oppression by private companies than in the larger places. Every town of over 5,000 population must be careful. Kingston, with

18,000, found it absolutely necessary to buy out the private companies selling gas and electricity—with happy results.

In Ottawa and Hamilton incandescent lighting is being supplied at 7½ cents per kilowatt hour; in Toronto domestic lights cost 8 cents and commercial lighting 12 cents; in Montreal the price is 14.25 cents net. In Ottawa, the rate is fixed by civic lighting; Hamilton has probably the cheapest electricity in the world, generated at Decew Falls; in Toronto, the low rate is mainly due to low-priced gas, as until recently the electricity was steam-produced; in Montreal, there is dear gas and a lighting monopoly, hence a high rate. The price of electricity and gas must vary according to local conditions. Where a town or city has a water-power close at hand, hydro-electric energy is likely to be cheap; where it is brought long distances or produced by steam-power, electricity may be costly.

The larger the city, the higher the cost of electric lighting. Too often this fact is overlooked. The butter which costs the farmer ten cents to produce is worth fifteen to the village grocer, is worth twenty to the city commission merchant and is worth twenty-five when the city grocery offers it for sale. A telephone connection with 200 friends may be worth \$25 a year; while telephonic possibilities with 15,000 people may cost and be worth \$60 to \$75. The labourer or the mechanic who walks to his work twice a day is able to work for a lower wage than the man who must spend \$50 a year on car-tickets for himself and family. In the small town, electricity is distributed by overhead wires strung on ugly but inexpensive wooden poles; in a large city, especially in central portions, the wires must be placed in water-tight conduits underground. These and other considerations explain why the rates in Orillia and Gravenhurst cannot be compared with those in Detroit, Toronto or Montreal.

Whether the future light is to be gas or electricity remains to be seen. Whatever it is, the people are entitled to get at the lowest possible rates so that the poor shall have no cause for complaint against the rich.

A LARGE number of journals and newspapers have taken up the cry for a higher rate of interest. The Montreal "Witness" points out that some time ago, Canada could borrow at three per cent. but must now pay four; consequently the Government should increase the rate of interest on deposits in savings banks from three to three and a half per cent. **THE RATE OF INTEREST** The "Witness" adds: "The same applies to the chartered banks. . . . Such an increase should be a matter of good policy as well as simple justice."

The Halifax "Herald" says: "The People of Canada are entitled to as much consideration as the Banks of Canada," and therefore consideration for the profits of bankers should not make Mr. Fielding hesitate in the matter of the Post Office Savings Banks. Mr. Rodolphe Forget, M.P., has made an appeal to Mr. Fielding in the matter, and the question is no doubt under Government consideration. Mr. Fielding professes to be anxious to prevent any retrogression in business; if he is in earnest in this, and we believe that he is, he will lend a willing ear to the cry for a method of temporary relief which came in October in Great Britain when many of the banks increased the rate paid on deposits.

THE two-hundredth anniversary of Charles Wesley's birth was marked by many discourses on hymnology of which the most vigorous was that delivered by Rev. George Jackson, of Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto, who asked the pertinent question:

**FLABBY
HYMNS**

"What kind of Christian do we expect to rear to-day on the water skim-milk of some of our modern revival hymn-books?" Whereupon, Mr. Jackson paid his respects to the "Glory Song," that bit of religious ragtime which made Toronto nights hideous about two years ago. By his frank criticism of that trashy composition, Mr. Jackson proved himself bolder than the writers for the Toronto press who, for excellent reasons, let the "Glory Song" go uncondemned. The reverend critic characterised as rhyming doggerel that lyric, "Have Courage My Boy to Say No," and as "syrupy sentimentalism" that touching interrogation, "Shall We Gather at the River?" The reason that church services have included such deadly rubbish as this may be found in the nature of certain modern revivalists who would not know either good prose or elevating poetry if they read it and who give the people trash because these professional revival gentlemen have no appreciation of anything higher. The Wesleys were men of broad sympathies and deep culture. Their names were

not placarded through the land but their words appealed to the best in the most submerged, because they spoke from the riches of head and heart. From a shallow evangelist we must expect flabby hymns and cheap sentimentalism. When a genuine man appears with a true message he will be listened to. One of the poorest apologies for the repulsive slang of "Sam" Jones and the slushy songs of Messrs. Torrey and Alexander is the plea that the "people" can be reached by such addresses and melodies as they cannot by correct English and good music. Mr. Jackson answers this by a timely question: "For whom do you suppose Wesley's hymns were written? They were not composed for trained choirs and cultured congregations, but for vast crowds in the open air, for the pitmen of Durham, the colliers of Kingswood, the miners of Cornwall, men often coarse, brutal, ignorant beyond anything we know to-day." The truth of the matter is that the "crowd" and the children will show surprisingly good taste if they are given a chance to exercise it. The pulpit occasionally indulges in criticism of the contents of the newspaper and it is only fair that hymn-books and sermons should sometimes come in for a share of comment. There is too much of doggerel and drivel in the modern revivalist's "collection" and Sherbourne Street Church is to be congratulated on having a pastor who possesses both the ability and courage to point out the defects of these modern ditties, miscalled "sacred."

THIS is the season of municipal congratulation and condolence.

Throughout the land there will be many aching hands belonging to successful candidates and many aching hearts pertaining unto those who also ran. The "cheerful-loser" test is not the least severe for

**THE DEFEATED
CANDIDATE**

a man or a nation and the Canadian can usually grin at the list in which his name does not come first. An old-timer was recently describing the elections of long ago when, during both Parliamentary and municipal contests, personalities and even fisticuffs were of a much more strenuous nature than modern laws and customs allow. They were good old days, mused the man with a long memory, when bricks and epithets were the mere commonplaces of debate. This is truly a dull and commercial age in which the defeated candidate is expected to preserve a placid expression and greet his small world with unruffled serenity in the chill dawn of the morning after. Occasionally an unconventional episode stirs the dullness and calls for a libel suit. But even a legal conflict is a poor thing in comparison with the joyous days of the O'Malleys and the Burkes when the "Man for Galway" had to prove his political doctrines by blows and knocks. The compensations of civilisation ought to be vast, indeed, to make up for the colour and clamour which have gone with the elections of the olden time.

FOR THE NEW YEAR

Is there any reason why Canada should not make as much progress in 1908 as in 1907 or any other year?

Is not the soil of Canada just as fertile as ever it was, our mines as rich, our natural resources as unlimited, our possibilities as great?

What about the 800,000,000 bushels of wheat which Professor Saunders said we could produce each year? The land is still there; the weather is milder this year than last; the prospects are even better than they were in January, 1907.

Let us wear cheerful faces; let us be optimistic; let us continue to develop and expand.

Don't be a "Calamity Howler."

Through a Monocle

I DO not know whether the politicians have been making any good resolutions this New Year, but there are few people who have more obvious opportunities. If, for example, the members of the House of Commons would resolve to live up to the old English saying that "the House of Commons is the best club in Europe"—translating it to the best club in America—what a relief they would bring to the gentlemen and ladies of Canada. Possibly the rowdies would not like it as well. Still the rowdies are an insignificant section of our population, and are more noisy than strong even at election time. In the "best club in America," one gentleman would not apply insulting language to another. One gentleman would not make nasty insinuations against the private character of another. If a man's private character was so bad that he had to be denied admittance to the "club," that would be done with the greatest attention to decorum and in a perfectly dignified and gentlemanly manner. The debates conducted by such a "club" could be read by any gentleman or lady in the land without fear of finding there a ruffianly expression or a vulgar epithet.

* * *

In "the best club in America," a gentleman's word would pass at par. This means that no gentleman would ever say what he did not know to be true. The members of the "club" would become so habituated to this attitude that it would never occur to them to question a statement made by another until they knew that he had been misinformed—in which case they would break the news to him with the utmost delicacy. Under no circumstances would they imply that another gentleman was wilfully misleading the "club". Another great gain would be that no gentleman would knowingly bore the "club". No member would get up with a pile of scrap books before him and a heap of blue books on the floor and compel the "club" to sit and listen to a weariness hodge-podge drawn from them both, because the said member would not take the time or did not possess the ability to condense into fair compass what he wanted to say. If a man could not accomplish this simple feat, he would not ask the attention of the "club" at all.

* * *

"The best club in America" would be sensitively jealous of the honour of its members. It would not permit a man to continue to frequent its club rooms who was under suspicion of financial laxity and who did not take immediate measures to clear his name. If one member made degrading moral insinuations against another, both members could not remain in the "club". If the insinuations were true, the exposed member must retire; while, if the insinuations were groundless, the slanderer must go. That the insinuations should hang in the air and both members go on as if nothing had been said, is unthinkable. Accusations of dishonour of any kind would be at once probed and decided. They would never be permitted to lie over until it suited the convenience of one or other of the parties to press for an investigation. There would be more than the honour of either member at stake—there would be the honour of the "club".

* * *

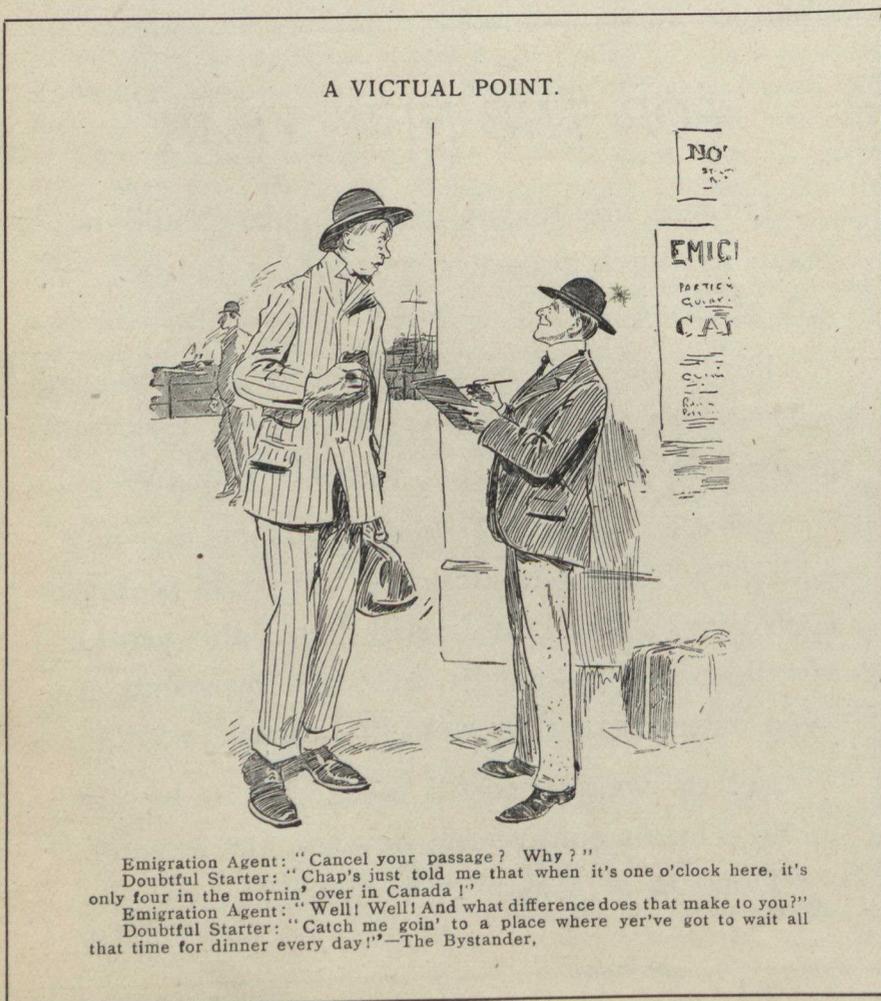
Those who do not regard the phrase "club man" as a compliment—and they are many—will note that their Parliament cannot begin to live up to the standard of honour—be it high or low—that is set by clubmen for themselves. No club in the world would be guilty of the hypocrisy of seeking public approval by abolishing its "bar," and then sneaking through underground passages to the "bar" of a neighbouring club to get liquor. Yet honour is a quality which Parliament could do with very well. One marvels that any Parliament can command public confidence without it; and still the miracle seems to be common enough. We insist upon the probity of our errand boys; but we put up with a Parliament that is constantly being exposed and is constantly unrepentant. We have become accustomed to the fatal idea that we cannot expect much from politicians. This would prove fatal to representative government if we knew of any substitute.

* * *

Yet is not this very idea the parent of some of the degradation of Parliament? We wonder sometimes why men of honour fall so quickly into the common ruck when they are sent to Ottawa. They were public-spirited and high-minded citizens when we nominated them; and now we cannot distinguish them from the herd. What has happened? In many a case, only this—another member has taken advantage of a mis-step on their part to accuse them of dishonesty or lack of good faith, and we have become so used to believing the worst that we hear from Ottawa that we have believed it without any hesitation. "Give a dog a bad name and it will hang him." These men of honour found that their good faith became valueless when they entered the halls of Parliament—that mistakes of judgment were always regarded as deliberate crimes—and they either threw up the task in disgust or decided that they might as well have the gain as the name. What some of us should be able to do is to elect men to Parliament whose high character we know, and then keep our faith in them, no matter what their opponents may charge or appearances indicate. If they have the "stuff" in them, this will bring it out. And it would pay us better to be deceived in a scoundrel or two than to never give a good man a chance.

The Weavers

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S latest novel, "The Weavers," has been the special object of comment abroad, every English reviewer having traced the principal characters to real prototypes, despite the forewarning of the author that no prototype existed. The young hero, David, crusading for Egypt, is identified with General Gordon; the genial old statesman Windlehurst with Lord Beaconsfield, the aspiring young Eglington with both Lord Randolph Churchill and his son Winston. The hero of Gertrude Atherton's "Ancestors" is a young Englishman, surpassingly able, whom the London press has pointed out as also bearing a marked resemblance to Winston Churchill. If the book is prophetic, says the "Daily Chronicle," he may find himself one day boss of San Francisco and later on President of the United States. The two types in the two novels are so different that if they are both cut from the pattern of Mr. Churchill, it is evident that Sir Gilbert Parker and Mrs. Atherton have distinct opinions of his personality.—The Argonaut.





A JOLLY TOBOGGANING PARTY

Photographed in High Park, Toronto, by Pringle & Booth.

A LEADER OF YOUNG MEN

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

OF all cities in Canada Winnipeg is credited by aesthetic people as the last in which to find an expression of the ideal. The city of the box car with a mile of track in its railway yards to every three hundred inhabitants has a right to distinction as the most purely commercial city in Canada. To the meditative mind, the C. P. R. waiting-room packed with hundreds of foreigners in all the garbs known to civilisation suggests that the main thing to do in Winnipeg is to buy a ticket for some new town in the wheat belt. For the people go through the big gateway westward and the wheat comes through it eastward—and there is no man able to say what manner of big town it is that holds the key to the great, growing West.

But the immigrant and the dollar are not the best of Winnipeg. Indeed, you may as easily find the man with moral ideas there as in Chicago or Toronto; but you must be sure that the man who talks the loudest about the decadence of the ideal is willing to practise his preaching.

In the elections recently held for the city of Winnipeg it is worth while to note that the polls for the Board of Control were headed by W. Sanford Evans. In the elections about to be held in Toronto the most conspicuous candidate for the mayoralty is Beattie Nesbitt. Both these men are Conservatives. But the public service represented by Nesbitt is one thing; Evans as Controller in Winnipeg stands for quite another. Quite apart from all considerations of the machine, these two men are types of personality that loom large in their respective cities. The personality—not the pull—of Sanford Evans placed him at the head of the list for the Board of Control.

Evans has for five years been something of a study to Winnipeg. Some have considered him an enigma. Most of this time he has been before the public. In the last Manitoba elections he was a defeated Conservative candidate for the Provincial House. He was managing editor of an influential Government newspaper, the Winnipeg "Telegram." Since severing his connection with that paper he has been prominent in real estate and till recently was chairman of the Industrial Committee section of the Board of Trade. Ten years ago while editorial writer on the "Mail and Empire" he missed by a few votes of a greatly reduced majority the South Wentworth membership in the Ontario Legislature. During the South African War he wrote a

book called "Canadian Contingents and Imperialism." The book was an able contribution to Imperial history but was not widely read. Those who did read it and those who read the editorials of the author in the "Telegram" and the "Mail and Empire" understood that the writer was both a scholar and a political thinker.

But it was not the political scholarship of Sanford Evans that defeated him in provincial elections and put him at the head of the polls for the Winnipeg Board of Control. His success in the latter must be attributed to personality. More than anything else it must be credited to the fact that Sanford Evans is a leader of young men.

For nearly twenty years Evans has been a type of leader among young Canadians. At Victoria College he was first in exams, and first in oratory. In Hamilton, his home city, he was prominent in debate and a stalwart at Rugby. He was built for either an athlete or an orator. Wisely, however, he kept away from athletics. As a sophomore he took up theology and did some preaching. Some have regretted that he did not remain in the pulpit. They did not understand that history had become more attractive to Evans than theology.

For some years after he left preaching Evans managed a children's home formerly conducted by his father, who was a Methodist minister and a theological author. Later he was instrumental in organising the first Canadian Club, which was in the city of Hamilton. Nowadays a Canadian city without a Canadian Club is considered as a museum. Not long after the organisation of this pioneer institution for patriotic young Canadians, Evans went to New York to study ethics under Dr. Felix Adler, head of the Ethical Institute. There he brought his powers of analysis to bear on sociological conditions and did a good deal of public speaking to various kinds of audiences, most of them not easy to reach by platitudes. During that period he made frequent visits to Toronto and gave both public lectures and private dramatic recitals. Some of the theological professors who heard his lectures said he was not an orthodox Methodist. Those who heard his recitals said he might have become an actor.

However, it was but a little while till Evans became an editor. Meanwhile he had finished his university course by taking an A.B. from Columbia College. As an editorial writer on the "Mail and

Empire" he was scholarly but not altogether democratic. Always he had been a wide reader and a man of many books. He had spent his days in a search for ideals. He gave lectures in places outside of Toronto and he always commanded respect for his speaking and his platform personality.

But as yet with all his scholarship and leadership of young men, Evans had never succeeded in reaching the great democracy. When he went to Winnipeg as editor of the "Telegram" he cast in his lot with a city which he knew would in time become a centre of political influence for the West. He carried his moral and intellectual ideas with him. He has since found that a commercial democracy is not prolific of pure ideas. He has found that the man on the street means relatively more in Winnipeg than in Toronto. But he has won a place for his ideas even when he had to pocket some of them. He has impressed his personality on the young men of Winnipeg. His friends who best knew his ability and appreciated his mental and moral training, determined that it was high time a personality of that kind got into the public life of Winnipeg. They understand that Evans as a public man can never be anything else than true to his private convictions. He is not a hustings demagogue; but he is a high type of able public man, a type too rare in any of the Parliaments of Canada.

When Sanford Evans gets into the House of Commons it will begin to be seen that the man who went to the city of the box car with a fund of moral and intellectual ideas, chose the best field in this country for the making of a strong political character.

BISCUITS AND BELIEF.

"IT'S a queer thing," remarked a Canadian merchant recently, "that the great biscuit and cocoa manufacturers are nearly all Quakers." He thereupon proceeded to mention names and it was, indeed, surprising to find so many biscuit "princes," who are staunch members of the Society which has done much for the sobriety and security of the community. The word "Quaker" may have been a nickname originally but it has come to be the popular term for a people whose place in history is unique. The word suggests a sweet, gentle face framed in a wide gray bonnet, a low soft voice, and a home where sweetness and simplicity make a delightful refuge from the strife of the outside world. But who would have thought of associating Quakers with all manner of fancy cakes and melting biscuits? After all, there is something congenial to the peace-loving temperament in the manufacture of frosted and spiced cakelets and fattening cocoa. They are associated with domestic happiness and prosperity.

A MATTER OF FAITH

By Charles Pears.

HARD LINES

By Gilbert Holiday.



Bobby: "Ma's in bed with a cold in the nose, and now you've commenced, Sis. Elder Sister (a rabid Christian Scientist): "Dere is no such dig as a code id der dose."

Little Binks: "Pardon me, Madam, but you are standing on my ice cream."

Typical English Cartoons, from the "Tatler."

Life on Bering Strait

DURING the last ten years it has become the fashion to speak of a summer holiday in Yukon or Alaska as Canadians in the olden days used to plan for a fortnight in Muskoka or a trip down the St. Lawrence. Dawson City and Fort Wrangel are becoming familiar names

in New York and Montreal, while novelists have not been slow to seize upon the picturesque features of that far country.

The scenes here presented are chiefly taken from the Cape Prince of Wales district of which Mr. Miner Bruce, a writer on Alaskan subjects, says: "The mountains that mark the western-most point of the continent at Cape Prince of Wales are rocky and barren, the ledges standing upon high pillars with shattered sides and uneven surfaces. Towards the base, facing Bering Strait, the slope is gradual, extending into a low, sandy beach reaching out into the strait a mile or more and then bearing to the north. . . . An all-rail route from the new world to the old, across Bering Strait, would be the connecting link to weld the nations together in the development of commerce and of the untold riches of little-known portions of the two vast continents. That this would be a mammoth undertaking is not denied, but its possibility cannot be questioned. It is not all fanciful—the unsubstantial pageant of a dream—but is rather the living, actual reality that before another quarter of a century has rolled away a great international highway will be opened up and the nations of the world will become its patrons."

But it is unlikely that there will ever be large cities in this great white world of the north. The Englishman, the Scot, the man from Seattle and the man from Ontario are always looking forward to going home—Alaska or Yukon is no abiding-place for the Saxon. At this western extremity of the continent, Cape Prince of Wales, there is an Eskimo village looking across to Asia, where "west is east." There the primitive inhabitants afford an interesting study to the man who is tired of stifling towns and bargain-day civilisation. There is room and to spare in these wide stretches of western-most America and its lonely lure is not easily forgotten.

Mr. Bruce has some interesting remarks on the natives who have puzzled many students of ethnology: "The first thought that strikes one when

he looks upon the Alaskan Eskimo for the first time is 'how striking the resemblance to the Japanese,' and the longer he associates with them, the more strongly he is impressed with the idea that at some time, though very remote, there has been a connecting link between these two peoples. Their stature, colour of hair, shape of eyes, olive complexion, and small hands and feet all bear a striking resemblance to the Japanese. Many of their characteristics are similar, as, for instance, their sunny and happy



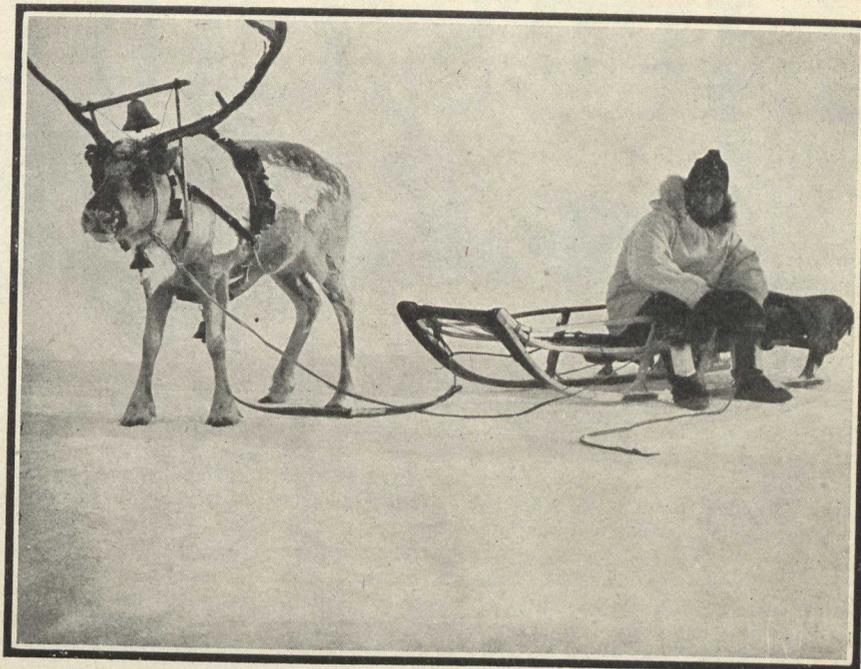
An Eskimo Beauty.



An Eskimo woman fishing through the ice for tom cod.



"Seven Up."—Eskimo Boy and Pups.



An Eskimo Automobile.

Photographs by Dr. Sloan.



Returning from Polar Bear Hunt in the Arctic—Distance travelled, 1000 miles.

disposition; the most marked characteristic perhaps being their innate faculty of imitation which is so conspicuous among the Japanese. . .

"The Eskimos of Arctic Alaska do not live as many suppose, in snow houses. They live in huts built underground. Usually more than one family occupy a single hut, and often ten or fifteen persons live for eight months in a single apartment.

"The Eskimos have two kinds of water craft—the oomiak, or skin boat, and the kyak, or canoe. The oomiak is a curiously constructed affair, and when standing on the beach looks lumbering and awkward and as if it would not carry a heavy load or ride much of a sea; yet as many as thirty or forty persons often get in one, and when thus loaded it will ride in rough water with remarkable buoyancy."

The seal fisheries have been the great source of wealth in this part of the world and it has sometimes looked as if England, the United States and Russia might disagree to a dangerous extent regarding this Bering Sea industry. The life of the men on the sealers is hard in the extreme—almost brutal—and Mr. London's "Sea Wolf" is said to be no exaggeration of conditions on these ships.

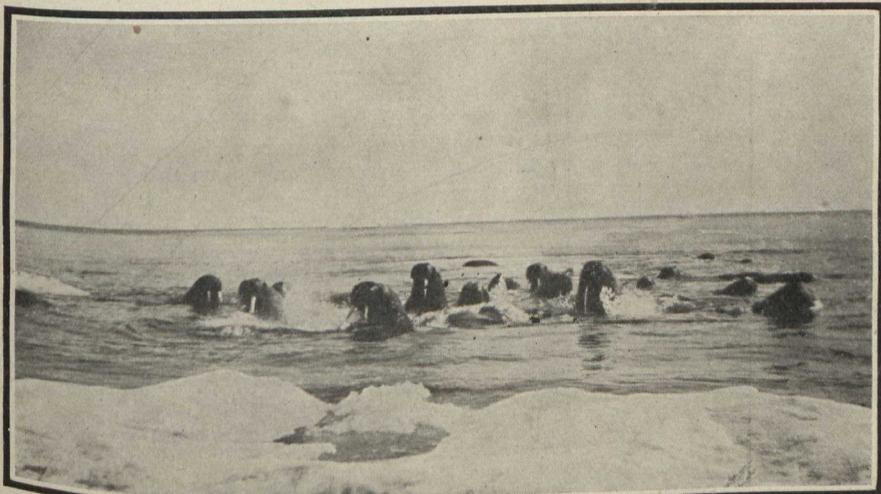
The Eskimos of this region are obliged to live on a fish diet almost exclusively and walrus and cod become monotonous and none too wholesome fare. But the native appears to be wiry and of enduring fibre.

A Canadian poet, Robert Service, who has written "Songs of a Sourdough," has told us the

spell of this northern land as no other writer has described it:

"I knew it would call, or soon or late, as it calls the whirring wings;
It's the olden lure, it's the golden lure, it's the lure of the timeless things;
And to-night, O God of the trails untrod, how it whines in my heart-strings!

With the raw-ribbed Wild that abhors all life, the Wild that would crush and rend;
I have clinched and closed with the naked North, I have learned to defy and defend;
Shoulder to shoulder we've fought it out—yet the Wild must win in the end."



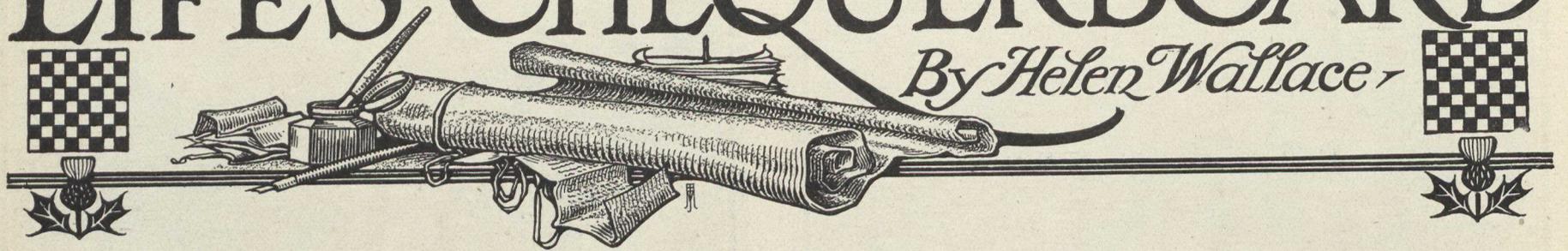
Walrus Among the Ice Floes in Bering.



An Eskimo Skin Canoe.

LIFE'S CHEQUERBOARD

By Helen Wallace



Resume: Lady Marchmont and her grandniece, Lesley, are visiting the former's nephew, Richard Skene, at "Strode," his Scottish home. They withdraw from the dining-room, after Lady Marchmont has pled with her nephew to forgive an erring member of the family. Mr. Skene's lawyer, Dalmahoy, ventures to refer to this injury of many years before. The offender, Adrian Skene, the son of Richard's cousin, had refused years before to marry Lesley and the old lawyer advises his friend to alter his will. Mr. Skene tells of how Adrian had won Mary Erskine, the girl whom he had loved, and the emotion called up by this recital of past wrongs proves too much for his failing strength. He falls to the floor and dies of an attack of heart trouble. Lesley Home, after her uncle's death, dreads the prospect of meeting Adrian again. Adrian arrives and is greeted warmly. At the reading of the will it is found that the property is left to him, on condition that he marries Lesley. Otherwise the latter becomes owner of "Strode." In the excitement following this announcement, Adrian's wife appears. Lesley wishes Adrian to accept position of manager of the Strode estate.

was light, but there was no mistaking the hope and the purpose underlying it.

"You must tell me more by and by. As you know, we are not literary people at Strode, so that must be my excuse if what I am going to suggest is quite unsuitable." Lesley paused, and then began again with a slight effort. "Since Captain Grant's death a few months ago my uncle was acting as his own agent, and I think I was not a bad deputy," with a laugh, "but it was too much for poor uncle, and certainly it would be far too much for me. Adrian, will you help me, for I cannot manage alone, and there is a great deal to be done. Uncle Richard was a far more generous landlord than people knew, but there were many things with which he had no sympathy. Do you remember what improvements you used to plan—we could carry them out together," eagerly. "You would have a free hand. I hoped—I thought you might care to come back to Glen Falla and the hills. Mr. Dalmahoy will explain the business side of it, but Strode is a great empty house for two women, and I hoped that you—and Alys would make your home with us unless you preferred to have Tombreck. You will think it over at least, won't you? There is no need to decide at once," she ended beseechingly.

Adrian was silent for a moment. He knew that his cousin had taken this means of offering him a very handsome income, an honourable position, and an occupation which, though responsible, was to one fitted for it by no means arduous. And there was something inexpressibly winning in the way she had done it, in the contrast between her usual calm, easy decision of manner, and the touch of doubt and hesitation in her voice, the scarcely-veiled suggestion that the conferring of the favour lay with him. The proposal had its temptations; it would relieve at once the wearing, daily pressure of anxiety, it would place in his hands that which he had long vainly coveted, the power to help and influence other lives, but—to give up all his hopes, to come back to Strode under such changed circumstances! He thrust the last thought aside, for he knew it was the consciousness of it which had brought the flush to Lesley's face, the tremor to her voice. But all these mattered little compared with the main question—how could he take advantage of her generosity, how could he accept her charity, for it would be no less?

"Lesley, your plan is as generous as yourself," he exclaimed hastily. "It's not your proposal that is unsuitable, but I who am wholly unfit. You and Strode need someone with experience, and five years of Fleet Street haven't added to any small stock I ever possessed. It was always one of the chief counts in your uncle's indictment that I was so unpractical, so little adapted to a country life, and I am afraid Mr. Dalmahoy and your trustees would be of the same opinion."

"Oh, they—" exclaimed Lesley, with a disdainful lift of her head and a quick involuntary gesture as if she were sweeping away adverse opinions like so many cobwebs. "If that is your only objection—"

"Isn't it enough, even if there were no others? But I am 'thirted' to a very exacting and capricious mistress, the spell of the inkpot is on me, and if it is hard to serve two masters, what about two mistresses?" with rather a woud-be laugh. Then, with a sudden change of voice, "Lesley, if I could really serve you, God knows I would, but it would be no service to you if I take up a post which some other man could easily fill better. It was more than good of you to think of it, to remember what all this means to me," with another glance round glowing hill and valley. "I thank you with all my heart, but I can never thank you enough—" striving to find warmer words in a vain effort to salve the hurt he knew he was inflicting. "I would not lightly put such an offer aside, but I cannot do what you wish—it would not be right for me—it would not be honourable—"

Lesley's rare vivid flush dyed her face.

"I am sorry you think I should ask you to do anything dishonourable," she said in a suppressed voice. The words were almost wilfully perverse,

but in her sudden disappointment she could not stay them.

"Lesley!" exclaimed Adrian, "you know I don't mean that. You ask me to serve you, but I know that you would fain do me a service too, and in your kindness you think too well of me. I know what I am fit for, that as an estate agent I should not be worth my salt for months, and if I undertake it, what should I be but—" He stopped abruptly. Such words should not be spoken between them, but what cursed folly had led him almost to the brink of uttering them? The breaking off of his own work would have been reason enough.

But Lesley's instinct divined his thought, as if it had been spoken. She sprang hastily to her feet, ejecting Coolin suddenly from his comfortable couch on her skirt.

"I thought you would have been more generous, Cousin Adrian," she said in a low voice, as the collie, leaping up, filled the air with a tempest of joyful barks.

CHAPTER V.

"And this is Strode?" eagerly.

"Yes, this is Strode," absently.

Luncheon over, Alys had instantly claimed the fulfilment of her husband's promise to show her "all his old haunts," so she phrased it, but, away from the house, her interest soon flagged, and Adrian had been a rather silent and abstracted guide. Even the famous garden, falling steeply from the house to the river, terrace below terrace, rose-garlanded or creeper-hung, failed to hold her attention. The contrast between the sombre firwoods, the billowing sweeps of bare moorland, and the wealth of colour and fragrance on this sunny, sheltered slope had seemingly no appeal to her any more than the quaint relics of a bygone taste which had striven to create the surroundings of a Roman villa in a Highland strath—the exotic shrubs formally trimmed, the carved urns and lichened statues which surmounted each pilastered terrace and flanked the descending flights of mossy steps.

"What a lot of money all this must cost. I am sure I have counted half a dozen gardeners already," had been her chief comment as they had climbed up to the level of the house again.

Now, as they leaned on the balustrade of the uppermost terrace, each had a different picture before the eye. Alys Skene was looking back at the great house—the shaggy fragments of the ancient tower still clinging to the high, narrow sixteenth-century house with its crow-stepped gables, its small, irregular windows and shotholes for defence in the lower storey. In quaint contrast with both was the latest addition, the great Georgian building, whose long rows of windows overlooked the terrace. On these Alys's eyes were fixed, but it was with the interior of Strode rather than with its outward aspect that her thoughts were busy, with the great rooms of which, since yesterday, she had caught brief glimpses.

Their size somewhat impressed her. Their whole flat in Mostyn Mansions could have been put into her bedroom, she thought, while the huge bed with its curious hangings, embroidered with a parrot and a poppy—a parrot and a poppy by hands long ago quietly folded—seemed as large as a room. Very old-fashioned, too, she was inclined hastily to pronounce these stately chambers, this being her first experience of a house which has been a centre of family life through long years, and where each generation of men and women, the flower of their day for wit and culture and knowledge of a wider world, have left some tokens of their presence to those who would follow them. Still she was keenly alive to all that Strode represented, and above all to its warmth and comfort. Last night every opening door had revealed a fire sparkling in the autumn dusk. Hot water in abundance seemed always waiting, every want was anticipated without even the need for ringing a bell, a process which, as Alys knew to her cost, had hitherto in her own experience been attended by very doubtful results.

And all this—her eyes roving again over the great, grey pile—and all that it implied, ought to



UT you can serve me!" exclaimed Lesley eagerly. "It is that I want to speak about, Cousin Adrian. Uncle Richard is dead, I am powerless to undo what he has done. I have just been learning my limitations," with a bitter little smile at the recollection of her talk with Mr. Dalmahoy. "Nothing I could say would make you understand

how I feel at being forced not only to take all, but to keep all—to be able to offer so little." She spoke vehemently, and then suddenly paused. "Would it be a great sacrifice for you to leave London?" she asked abruptly.

Adrian glanced round the sweep of sky, at the familiar hills, and drew in a long breath of the crystal-clear air, as Lesley added quickly, though in evident afterthought:

"Do you think Alys would care to live in the country?"

At that moment, as he recalled the murky yellow haze which for days had overhung the grimy, sweltering city, and through which a sickly, half-seen sun had sent down a heavy, smiting heat, London focussed itself to Adrian in that swarming human ant-hill, the "Mansions," to one of whose innumerable flats or sets of cupboards, rather, he had a month or two ago brought home his wife. Within their handbox partitions the occupier was made easily free of every sound and smell, not only from the clanging, thronging street without, but from the close-packed life above and below.

"You haven't spent an autumn in town, Lesley, or you wouldn't ask such a question," he said with rather a wry smile. "Would it be a sacrifice to exchange purgatory for paradise—a purgatory without any remedial results, too—worse luck! But it isn't always a stifling September, and I have my work to do. There is nowhere else I could find a market for such wares as I have to offer. As to Alys"—slowly—"really, I hardly know. She is such a little Londoner that as yet, I think, the sea is her only alternative from town."

"I know so little about your work," said Lesley, rather wistfully.

"My work! I fear there is not much to say about it," said Adrian, with his slight involuntary shrug, an inherited habit which had always annoyed Richard Skene, and which he had stigmatised as a "foreign trick." "To supply copy at so much per column has about as much to do with literature as brick-laying with architecture. However, one gets an opportunity at times of laying one's bricks according to one's own fancy, not the stereotyped pattern, and straightway begins to plan 'cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces.' Of course, I count on rearing my palace some day. I am still young enough at the business for that." The tone

have been Adrian's, might have been Adrian's, but for that cruel, hateful will, but for—she turned to her husband and wondered at what he was so intently gazing. Beyond the garden, there was nothing but the hills to be seen. Alys repeated his name before he turned around with a slight start.

"And all this would have been yours, Adrian, if you had married Miss Home?" she said wistfully.

"So it seems, but, you see, I preferred to choose my own wife," said Adrian, smiling into the limpid, uplifted eyes, "just as Miss Home would naturally want to choose her own husband."

"Then you never asked her!" exclaimed Alys, arching her slender brows. Look and tone implied that no more would have been needed.

But Adrian seemed blind to their unspoken flattery.

"No," he said briefly; "she was a mere child when my cousin first proposed it. She had never thought of such things. It seemed a wrong, an insult, to drag her into such a bargain before she knew anything of life, or even of her own mind."

"Was she so very young five years ago? Then I suppose she must look a good deal older now than she really is," said Alys musingly. "And you never saw her all these years till now?"

"No."
"But she was here all the time and always with your cousin," meaningly. "It does seem so funny that an old man like that should be your cousin," Alys added hastily, as if to cover her first remark, for Adrian had turned round, a sudden flash in his eyes.

"Alys, there is no use pretending to misunderstand you, but you must never hint at such a thing again. It would be base. I believe that my Cousin Lesley knew as little about Richard Skene's will as I did myself, and I believe his bequest is wholly unwelcome to her. My Cousin Richard hated my father, and he hated me because I was my father's son. It is an old story and an old grudge. I needn't trouble you with it, but from the way in which we parted I knew that I had nothing to expect. We have no right now to be disappointed, but one hopes against hope, and for your sake God knows I wish it had been otherwise."

"For my sake," said Alys, with a light, unmirrored laugh. "I've never known anything but a pinch, and I daresay we can still pinch along somehow, but it's you I'm thinking of, Adrian. This is your rightful place, and you know it, and then what books you could have written," enthusiastically. "No need to spoil them, as you say you do, trying to please other people and not pleasing them after all. It is you who should have had all this, a woman has no need of so much," with a sweeping glance which took in moor and meadow and field and rested longingly again upon the house. "If Miss Home is as generous as you say, why doesn't she share it with you?" with a sudden sharpness like the unheating of a kitten's claws from the little velvet foot.

"I believe she would if she could, or if I would, which is another matter," said Adrian, "but the will expressly forbids her doing anything so foolish. But she has done, or at least offered, all that is possible. She wants me to stay and manage the place for her."

Alys's "Oh!" was rather disappointed. If this were all which the mistress of Strode could offer, it did not sound very magnificent.

"But—but you wouldn't do it for nothing?" she ventured.

"No, of course not," said Adrian, with a somewhat uncomfortable laugh. "That's the rub. I don't know the figure exactly, but old Grant had a very handsome salary for doing nothing, so I used to think, but driving about all day in a dog-cart. I thought him a very enviable personage when I was a small chap. Tombreck, that pretty, ivy-covered house across the river, was his, but Lesley wants us to stay here at Strode."

The "Oh!" which burst from Alys's lips was of a very different quality from her last doubtful ejaculation. "To stay here!" she echoed in a tone almost of awe.

"But would you like to stay here, Alys?" asked Adrian, surprised.

"Would I like it? Oh, Adrian!" Alys drew a long breath and clasped her slim hands ecstatically. "Like to stay in a house like this! Why, the dinner-table last night was like fairy-land, like what one has read of in books! Just think of our poky rooms and the chops—chops—chops which Mrs. Joyce always sends in, no matter what I say to her, and her bills always so much bigger than you expect, and we haven't even had a day at the sea all this summer, though of course there is no sea here," with a somewhat disparaging glance at the majestic sweep of the moors. "Do you know," with a gleeful laugh, "I poked up the fire last night for pure pleasure, because I didn't need to think what the horrid coals would cost, and I'm afraid it was very

bad of me. I rang the bell twice, though I didn't really need anything, just to see the maid come in and curtsy—so," and she drew her little face into prim lines and stood demurely at attention with folded hands.

Adrian smiled in spite of himself, and then his look clouded.

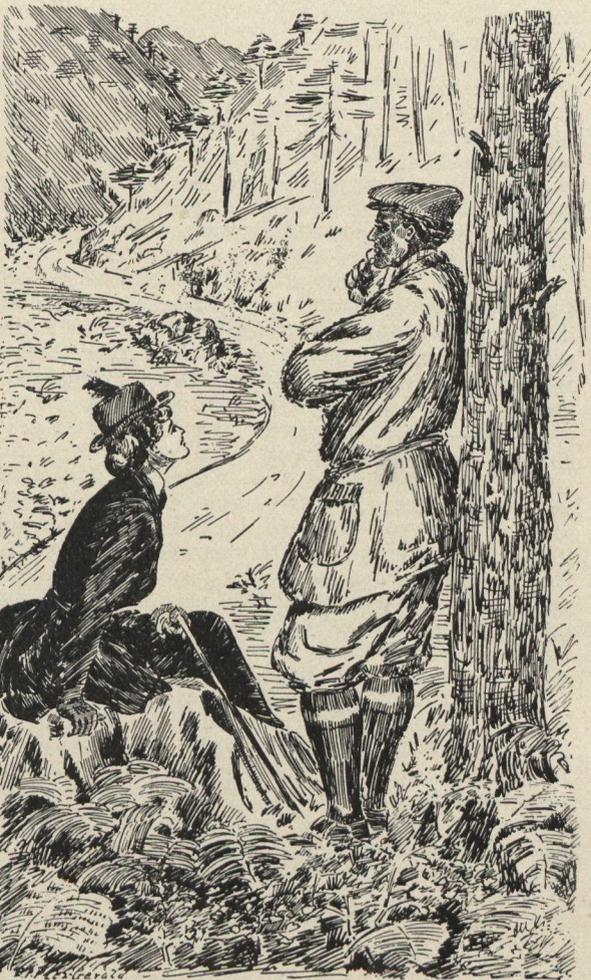
"My poor little wife, I wish I could have done more for you," he said in a restrained voice.

"I have you," said Alys, pressing nearer to him, forgetful of the long row of windows behind.

There was a pause, and then Adrian said, trying to speak lightly, "I am afraid you would find it dull here. You would miss the streets and the shops and the theatres, and the running home to see how Dad is getting on without you, and Gwen and Sylvia and Rosalind and all their friends coming in to chatter with you, and—"

"Dull!" echoed Alys. "Dull here! I should miss nothing—nothing! I am sick of Mostyn Mansions. Oh, Adrian, think what a change it will be for me and I haven't had much in my life, have I? And think what it will be for us to have 'a handsome income'! How grand that sounds!"

"Alys," said Adrian in a troubled voice, "I didn't think you would look at it in this way. I hate to disappoint you, but—I haven't promised. Indeed, I



"You will think it over, at least, won't you," she ended beseechingly.

have given my cousin to understand that I can't do it—"

"Oh, Adrian!" Alys fell back a pace and stared at him in blank dismay. Then she sprang forward. "Don't say no, Adrian. Can't you tell her that you have changed your mind? If you don't care about it for yourself, though I don't see why you shouldn't, think what it would mean for me."

"It's not that I don't care for it, dear," gently, "but I'm not fit for it. Anything I knew about estate management, and that was precious little, has been driven out of my head long ago. I can't take my cousin's money and not give her a fair return for it—surely you see that."

Alys broke into a laugh of relief.

"You not fit! That's only one of your tiresome scruples, like paying that horrid old plumber when I did so want you to hire a piano. Of course you're fit—I wonder what you're not fit for."

"Not apparently to be a successful writer yet, as the world counts success, and I don't know if I ever shall be; but you know, Alys, what my dream is," and his voice had the uncertain note of one who hopes for sympathy but is doubtful of receiving it—"that some day I shall write something not merely for bread and butter, but which people will care to remember"—a pause—"I should have to give that dream up."

"I don't see why," said Alys eagerly. "You know the noise in the Mansions drives you nearly crazy. Why shouldn't you write ever so much better here

in the quietness? Well," as Adrian shook his head, "why not at least try it? If it won't work—why"—with a shrug of the thin shoulders under her gauze ruffles—"we are no worse off than we were; Mostyn Mansions won't run away," with a grimace.

"No, but I shouldn't be surprised to hear any day that they have collapsed like a house of cards. They are about as solid. You are a practical little woman not to encourage vain aspirations, but I don't know about being no worse off. I couldn't expect the 'Up-to-Date' and 'The Passing Hour' to be waiting for me with open arms, and one or two editors who are becoming dimly aware of my existence, will have wholly forgotten it in a week or two. What then?" Adrian had reverted to a half-jesting tone. Even yet he had perhaps not learned to take his wife quite seriously.

"Hateful old things! You were quite thrown away upon them," pouted Alys. "Something better would turn up." Then, with a swift change from the child-like manner, which Adrian, like many another man, was inclined to think implied child-like perceptions, she exclaimed, "Think it over again—think of me this time. I have never asked anything from you before, but I do ask this. You won't—you can't—refuse me."

Her little thin hands were locked tight round his arm, her eyes blazed passionate entreaty out of the small pale face. Adrian met that look for a moment and then turned away his head.

"Since you wish it so much, Alys," he said gravely, "I won't—I can't refuse if I can possibly help it. I've been able to gratify few enough of your wishes, but to give up my own work and decide to stay here is a very serious matter. It would mean a great deal to me—more than I can well explain," he added in a rather stifled voice.

He saw again the pained flush on Lesley's face, heard the note of disappointment and hurt hope in her voice, as she had said, "I thought you would have been more generous." He had read her mind as clearly as she had read his. With that knowledge between them, could he go to her again and tell her that what he had rejected a few hours ago he was now ready to accept?

Alys noticed the suppressed agitation in his voice, but she was so dazzled by her visions of what life at Strode would surely be, too vivid for any change, too eager for escape from the old cramped conditions to pay much heed to his last words. Afterwards she remembered them very well indeed, and put her own interpretation upon them. For the moment she was singly intent upon getting her own way. She stood silent for a moment, digging the point of her warm little shoe into a mossy crack between the flags.

"It sounds hateful to say it, I know," she said in a low voice and without looking up, "but—but your own work hasn't done much for us yet. We've always had bread, of course, but there's not been very much butter, has there? It has had to be pretty thinly scraped, and if—if you were to turn ill, if anything were to happen—if I were—alone—" The last word came in a whisper, on the rise of a sob. The eyes she lifted were wide with fright—a child's panic.

"Alys!" exclaimed Adrian, startled by her plea, more startled still that she should have made use of it, but, before he could speak, she had turned and fled away along the terrace.

Her slim, black figure, with its light, fluttering movements, was the only alien note in the old familiar picture. It vanished, and her husband, who had stood looking after her, a cloud of perplexity on his face, turned with a sigh towards the hills again—these hills of home for whose mighty solitudes and soothing, uplifting silence he had hungered so often in vain in the city wilderness.

Five years since he had looked upon their solemn, changeless outlines! Five years which had so changed himself and his world, and yet after all the experience had been no uncommon one.

When, in a hot fit of young, chivalrous wrath, he had refused to be a party to coercing Lesley's maiden will, he had little doubt that he could carve out a career for himself. Possibly he had cherished some vague dream of returning to Strode and wooing Lesley no longer to order, as he indignantly called it, and of laying laurels of his own reaping at her feet. There was time enough yet, she was still a child, he had decided at that hasty parting, when a warmer glance from her dark eyes might even yet have given him pause, but he had gone on his way and learned his lesson—a hard one. He had learned that it is one thing to plan generous schemes for the many from a safe vantage ground and another to be flung into the whirlpool to sink or to swim.

(To be continued)

TORTURES OF CHILDHOOD

Some of the Sorrows of the Small Person

By LLOYD ROBERTS

"Oh happy days of childhood
That are forever past!"

HOW the poet does rave! I wonder if he has forgotten the Saturday night's bath! Perhaps he never had one; then he has one bright memory the less. More likely he sings in spite of it, to show art triumphant over adversity, or to supply the popular demand. Anyway, let him sing, but return with me to those early days of stern reality, so fraught with tragedy, that was none the less terrible because it appears so light to us grown-ups now in these contented days of maturity.

We always came in turn. Three had passed through the ordeal, and lived. I was fourth and last. How I envied them snuggling under the warm covers as I marched solemnly out of the nursery clad in nightie and bedroom slippers, and so down the cold stairs to the kitchen and the scrubbing. Then our house didn't contain that extravagant luxury—an enamel bath—but the big wooden tub that rejuvenated the family wash did double duty and received our little pink bodies also.

The kitchen was hot and full of steam. The stove was red-hot in patches, and close beside it across two chairs waited the overworked tub.

It hadn't long to wait. The gown was snatched over my head, and as I kicked free of the slippers I would be picked bodily up and placed in the water.

Ouch! but it burnt. For a few seconds one would have to shut his teeth to keep from being a cry-baby, until the body got used to the feel of it. I don't suppose it was really very hot, but cubs have tender skins and sensitive nerves.

How the soap did skate up and down one's back, along legs and arms, with marvellous rapidity, until finally a sud would lodge in each eye, and enforce a momentary pause. When the smart eased the conflict would recommence, but now you had learned a lesson and obstinately kept your eyes shut tight.

Then came the rubbing—the greatest hardship of all. Standing shivering beside the tub in a temperature that had suddenly dropped around zero, the rough towel commenced its work with a vigour that left the skin red and smarting in its wake. The ears *must* be dry, and that meant keen agony, as if a corkscrew was boring around in one's head. You always wondered if your scalp was fastened on tight enough to withstand the touseling. Finally the towel reached the soles of your feet and there was more torture. When the stiff, cold nightgown was at last dropped over your head you felt as if you had passed none too successfully through a Turkish bath, a football game and an inquisition. But, joy of joys, for a whole blessed week it was a thing of the past, and you held your little red face up to be kissed and toddled on up to bed.

Saturday was the one glorious day of the week, in spite of the dismal ending. One toiled to this Mecca in the awe-inspiring presence of Miss Moore with a dirty slate crammed with fish-hooks and dashes. But though Sunday meant freedom from such tyranny it also meant a series of miseries that before the day was done made one long to again surrender himself to the governness.

For instance, one couldn't help waking up Sunday mornings at the same time as other days; but the grown-up folks had a queer habit of sleeping late. That meant you had to be still as a mouse or you'd wake them up. If you did that almost anything was liable to happen. So you lay in bed with the sunlight streaming in through the crack in the curtains and harkened to the birds calling you out to the dewy meadows and the butterflies and the flowers. My! how the minutes did crawl! You heard at long intervals the big study clock downstairs boom out the hour, while the bed grew more and more hot and stuffy and the enforced patience more and more unbearable. When you heard the two in the other bed giggle right out loud you'd go sh-s-s-s! and everybody would try as hard as he could to go to sleep again. But that did no good. The harder you tried the wider awake you'd become.

After a long, long time the Lord of Destiny would come stalking in to kiss us good-morning and the siege was broken. Then we hooted and threw a surreptitious pillow or two and gave general vent to our pent-up energies, before we began the tiresome process of getting into our Sunday clothes.

I remember we never seemed to have quite enough time in which to get comfortably washed and dressed and our porridge eaten before church "went in." There was always a mad scramble, made worse by breaking shoe-strings, lost hats and mislaid

prayerbooks, and long after every one else had arrived and in a desperate stillness we would file in, march way up to the front where all could see us and sit stiff and erect in those hard, cold pews.

When you stood up your legs grew tired; when you kneeled your knees ached horribly, and the sermon period was worst of all. You soon grew impatient of studying the saints and apostles in the coloured windows, in counting the number of sheep one long-haired shepherd had and in wondering how angels could take off their nighties when they wore wings. But the venerable gentleman in the pulpit droned along (year after year it seemed) with his meaningless jumble of words and waving of arms. Even the sermon had an end, and then it was sort of fun dropping our cents into the cake-dish that was passed around. The air always tasted sweet and nice after the stuffy church, but instead of rushing about and playing games you had to walk sedately back the way you came, two and two, with the huge starched bows tickling your chin and your shiny shoes squeaking loudly.

All day it was just like that—couldn't do anything. It wouldn't be seemly to romp on the Sabbath; besides, it would muss your best clothes. Right after the cold mid-day meal the older ones would have to shut themselves in separate rooms and learn the collect for the day; so you were driven to take refuge in the nursery and play with a much-abused rag-stuffed pug that the makers had evidently intended for a cat.

Usually a few dignified dames would call in the afternoon, and no matter how careful you had been in hiding yourself away, when the voice of authority echoed through the house you would come meekly forth and go shyly in to be presented. Sometimes they would kiss you and you must grin and bear it, with your rage bottled up in your little velvet coat. You hated almost everybody on Sunday.

"Sick? Who's sick? I ain't one little bit." But you had to stick out your tongue and that gave you away. Then you were in for it. I never could learn to swallow a pill. It invariably stuck in the back of my mouth, no matter how much water I gulped down, and for hours the taste of it made life miserable. If the doctor came he would always run a spoon down my throat and almost strangle me, then leave the best assortment of awful-tasting medicines yet devised. Added to all this there would be a mustard plaster that did no good unless it parboiled your chest. My playmate, Dick, used to pretend sick so he wouldn't have to go to school, but the tortures he had to submit to always cured him with marvellous rapidity, and he wouldn't try the game again until the remembrance grew dim in his mind. I always preferred school to castor oil.

One day when we were playing Indians in the woods back of the house, Dick discovered some red berries that he said were mighty fine eating. We both ate a lot. Then he thought again and said that perhaps after all they were poisonous. We ran home as fast as we could and told on ourselves. But when the Lord of Destiny reached up to the medicine closet and got the bottle of castor oil, we decided they weren't dangerous after all and knew they were only pigeon-berries. However, it was too late. Just in case we had made a mistake we were forced to take it—a huge tablespoonful, too. Gee whizz! I can taste the stuff now. Not as it really is, for it isn't so *awfully* horrible, but as it felt to us, as between our long-drawn sobs we forced it slowly down.

There was one occasion when, though we were very sick indeed, we never did let on, but suffered in seclusion and silence. That was after we had committed one of the seven deadly sins and received our first experience with tobacco. When men came to visit the lord they would sit in the study, smoke innumerable cigarettes and throw the butts through the open window out on the terrace. There in our path was a temptation impossible to resist. We had often been told that cigarettes would put a sudden end to our growth and do other terrible things to us, and we believed them in all faith, just as we dared not make faces at one another for fear the passing wind would freeze our features forever in their grotesque contortions. Some grown-up had told us so. One morning when we were feeling particularly dare-devilish and reckless we discussed the idea behind the woodshed until we were worked up to the required pitch, then sneaked around the house with heads bent low and quickly snatched up three or four of the longest unburnt cigarette butts. I remember our fear lest someone should look out of

the window above and catch us red-handed; but luck was with us that day and we won the seclusion of the woods without discovery.

Dick had a few matches (*we* were never allowed to touch them) and with breathless excitement we commenced our puffing, just as we had seen the Big People do. For a short time we reveled in our sin—and then—!

Well, it was a long, long time before we dared the thing again, and then with clay pipes and hayseed or tea, believing them to be much less potent than the half-smoked tobacco. We were never caught at it; or the wrath of the gods would have descended most vigorously on the seats of our "pants."

Dick was a much bigger boy than I was, and used to improve spare moments, especially when there were onlookers around, by devising ingenious methods of bullying. I always resented the treatment and fought back fiercely, but with scant success. Sometimes he would get me down on the ground and sit on me. He would call me ugly names and endeavour to make me the butt of every practical joke. And yet he liked me better than any of the other boys around and strange to say I reciprocated the feeling. But just the same he made life miserable more often than any other one object of all my cub days.

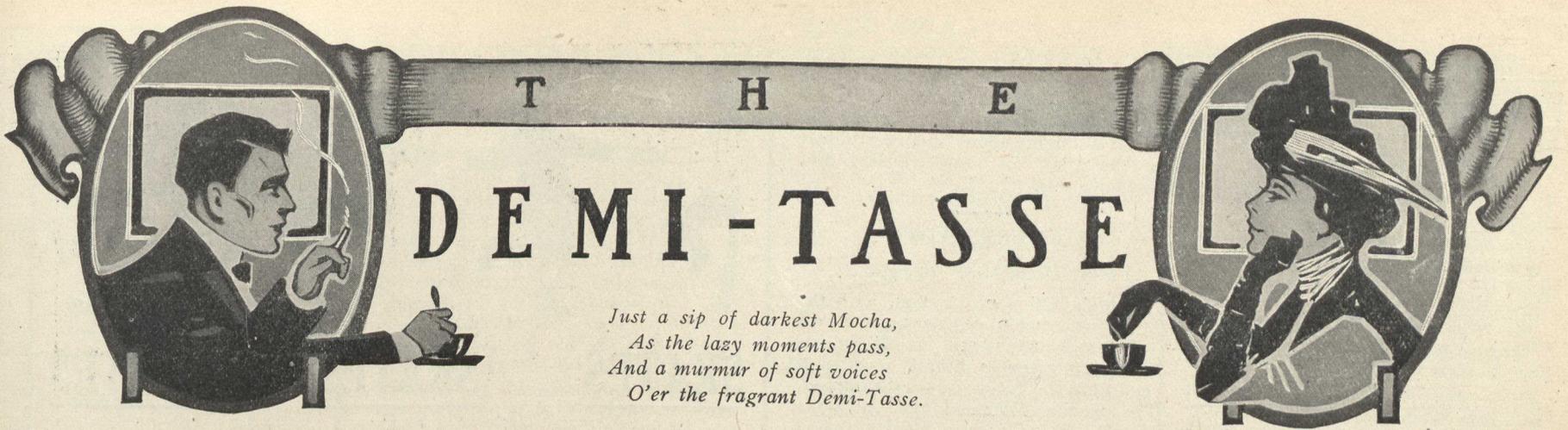
Every little while one of our playmates would have a birthday, and of course a party. These events we would look forward to with keen expectation, counting the days that intervened. And yet how much disappointment and heartburning came in their wake! Some one else always seemed to get the ring and five-cent piece in the cake though you tried your best, accepting a piece every time it was passed around, and after you simply couldn't stuff another crumb down your throat, breaking it up into minute particles in search of the hidden prizes. After you rose from your chair, gloomy at leaving so many nice things uneaten on the table, hide-and-seek would be started. A table seemed to offer one of the best refuges, and you'd crawl under softly on hands and knees. In a little while the one who was "it" would go by on somebody's trail, and here was your chance for a clear run for home. Now, it is a curious fact that you never once seemed to get quite clear from under the table before you jumped to your feet. There would be a violent collision, that your head bore the full brunt of, followed by a thousand bright stars, and a bump the size of a hen's egg, to say nothing of getting caught and having to be "it" next time.

Gee! the way one got scratched and cut and banged and bruised, no matter how careful you were! You couldn't rig up a see-saw, or slide down a tree like a monkey, or play ship with packing-boxes without getting caught on a splinter or a nail and having a pirate-like wound in your skin and a rent in your clothes that it was impossible to hide from the grown-ups. One of our favourite amusements was sliding down stairs on the largest tea-tray. Sometimes it would stick fast while going at full speed, but you would keep right on going and inevitably land on your head. Sliding down the banisters it was the same way. I can tell you the arnica bottle was kept busy! Sometimes you would feel a little bloodthirsty and behead your sister's pet doll—the one that would go to sleep when you laid it down—or you'd tie an empty can to the kitten's tail and watch the excitement, or hide your brother's clothes in the morning, or pour a dipper of water into his bed at night. Swift retribution usually followed, the severity according to the offence. It wasn't always the slipper or the hair-brush. Often you had to climb up on a chair, your face to the wall, and not speak to anyone for an awful long time. Even when you heard Dick whistling to you to come out and play, you couldn't move. It wasn't much fun being bad after all.

At night every dark room would be full of ghosts. If you were sent into the dining-room for a chair, you would try and persuade one of the other children to accompany you, or else reach in your hand as far as possible and get the one nearest the door. As for the attic you wouldn't dare go up there for anything, even with a lamp. Your worst nightmares for many years, even after you had grown quite big and brave, would be connected with that little-used part of the house and the awful things you'd meet there.

If you were unfortunate enough to wake up in the dead of night when everybody was sound asleep, you would imagine you saw strange shapes peeping over the foot of the bed and heard terrible things coming up the stairs, until there was nothing left to

(Continued on page 16)



Just a sip of darkest Mocha,
As the lazy moments pass,
And a murmur of soft voices
O'er the fragrant Demi-Tasse.

UNCONSCIOUS CUSSING.

IN the village of Exeter, Ontario, there lived some years ago a banker who was much given to profanity and who hardly knew when he was guilty of unorthodox expressions. A clergyman persuaded the banker to become confirmed and join the church, hoping that this step would help him to reform his expletives. Bishop Baldwin came from London for the service and delivered an excellent address which really affected the banker.

"Bishop Baldwin," he declared the next day, as he was driving the eminent divine out to Crediton, "that was an—an—infernally fine address."

The Bishop protested against the qualifying word and said that it was too strong.

"Really," said Mr. D— in surprise, "I'll be damned if I thought it wasn't mighty mild."

* * *

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

ONE of the most popular songs in Centre York last week was: "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

A spinster of severe aspect, who went down town in a Yonge street car in Toronto last week, wondered why the masculine passengers regarded her with cheerful smiles. The lady was finally horrified to discover that her wicked young nephew had fastened a sprig of mistletoe in the front of her immaculate bonnet.

The conventional worrier of childhood was rather surprised on December 26th by a matter-of-fact youngster who replied to the playful question as to the contents of her stocking: "Why, there's toes in it, I guess."

By some strange coincidence, "His Last Dollar" was being played at the Grand Opera House, Toronto, on Christmas Eve.

"Knowledge is Power," said the Ontario school-teacher, "and it Beck-ons us on to the rainbow spray of cheap illumination that ever hovers o'er Niagara."

* * *

A HAPPY QUERY.

THERE is a happy household in a Canadian city which has rejoiced for some years in the services of a French-Canadian maid whose name, Isabelle Bellefontaine, recalls the Acadian village of Grand Pre. The master of this household has a failing, common to many excellent husbands, of appearing late for luncheon or dinner and "keeping everything waiting." The other day, Isabelle's patience was sorely tried and when Mrs. M— said plaintively: "Really, I wonder what can be keeping that man," the maid retorted in exasperation:

"If I were you, Mrs. M—, I would put crape on the door and also a card with the writing, 'If I ain't a widow, what am I?'"

Since the husband was told of Isabelle's brilliant suggestion, there has been a marked improvement in his attendance at the mid-day meal.

* * *

THE RED MAN AND RELIGION.

MR. ARTHUR HEMING, the clever Hamiltonian who has made a name for himself as artist, author and woodsman, visited his old home last week and assured the "Canadian Courier" that the following story, which was published in the "Saturday Evening Post," is a really, truly yarn.

While on one of his northern trips, Mr. Heming asked an old fur trader as to the outcome of the work of missionaries among the Indians. With a humorous twinkle, the trader said:

"Between you and me, I don't go much on the preachers. About all the good they do is to tell the noble red men about old Lazarus and to explain to them how hard it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven. So, whenever the preacher reaches that part of his sermon, the Indians, count-

ing me as the only rich man in the place, say: "Ugh, he's the only one here that's going to hell."

* * *

THE ONLY WAY.

He: "There's the great Russian composer."

She: "What's his name?"

He: "S-l-i-v-i-t-z-n-i-s-k-t-z-y."

She: "How do you pronounce it?"

He: "With a syphon, I guess!"—The Bystander.

* * *

WHAT HE SAID.

GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY'S intense dislike of swearing is well known. He was very strict against it, and officers were careful not to offend him when he was anywhere about. He went on a tour of inspection through an Irish garrison whose commander was a hard swearer, a veteran of the mutiny days, whose early habits had clung to him. This commander, of course, had his troops out for Lord Wolseley's inspection, and the parade was progressing satisfactorily, when the commander gave the bugler an order to sound the "charge." To his intense consternation the bugler blew the "retreat." The commander could hardly restrain himself; his face grew purple with rage, and he braced himself for the usual outburst of profanity. But before he could get started he caught Lord Wolseley's eye on him, and he choked the oaths back. Yet, somehow, he had to give vent to his feelings. He looked blankly around, dug his spurs into his horse, and, riding to the unhappy bugler, he yelled at the top of his voice: "Oh, you naughty, naughty bugler!"—The Argonaut.

* * *

A DANGEROUS COMPARISON.

"THE great corporations which control general necessities," said the man of unusual theories, "should be regarded merely as servants of the public."

"Yes," answered the weary-looking citizen; "but have you ever tried to control a house full of servants?"—Washington Star.

* * *

HORACE GREELEY'S PENMANSHIP.

HERE is what Horace Greeley wrote: Dear Sir:—I am overworked and growing old. I shall be sixty next February 3rd. On the

whole it seems to me I must decline to lecture henceforth, except in this immediate vicinity, if I do at all. I cannot promise to visit Illinois on that errand—certainly not now.

Yours, HORACE GREELEY.

Mr. M. B. Castle,
Sandwich, Ill.

And here is how the letter committee read it:

Mr. Horace Greeley:
New York Tribune.

Dear Sir:—Your acceptance to lecture before our association next winter came to hand this morning. Your penmanship not being the plainest, it took some time to translate it; but we succeeded, and would say your time, "third of February," and terms, "sixty dollars," are perfectly satisfactory. As you suggest, we may be able to get you other engagements in this immediate vicinity. If so, we will advise you.

Yours respectfully, M. B. CASTLE.

* * *

WEAK WOMAN AGAINST STRONG MAN.

MONDAY. He (of the iron will): "No, my dear. Not to be considered for a moment."

Tuesday. He: "Most certainly we will not. It is ridiculous, preposterous."

Wednesday. He: "Why, you must be crazy. It's the most unreasonable thing I ever heard of. It would bankrupt us, I tell you. It is not to be thought of."

Thursday. He: "Haven't I told you we cannot afford it! What is the use of talking about a thing that is already settled. Of course I would like to please you, but it is simply out of the question."

Friday. He: "How much did you say that thing would cost?"

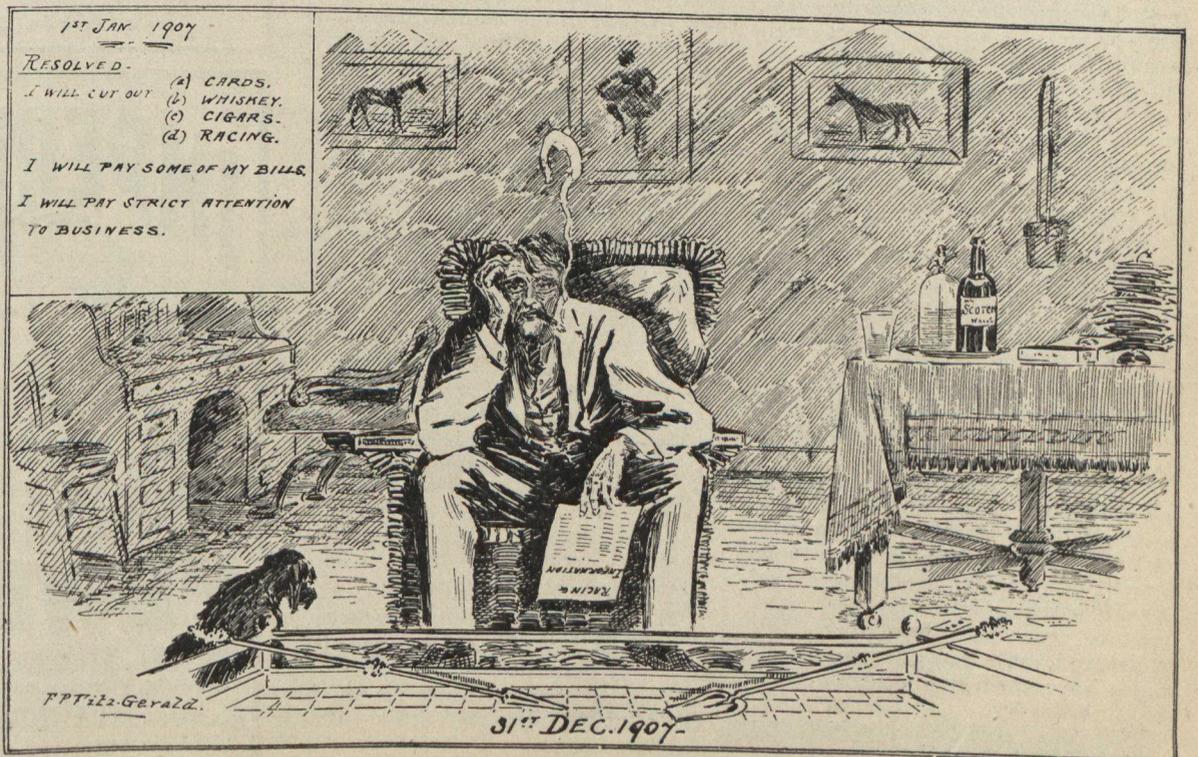
Saturday. He: "Well, go ahead then."

—Life.

* * *

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Most of the candidates are now saying: "Well, I didn't want the thing, anyway."



Tortures of Childhood

(Continued from page 14)

do but cover up your head with the bedclothes so they couldn't see you, and afraid to move a toe and almost suffocated, wait in nerve-racking suspense for sleep to rescue you from the situation.

But even sleep was cruel at times. Perhaps you had eaten too large a piece of cake at supper, or only turned over on your back. Then the way bears and lions and tigers chased you was a caution. Sometimes you could make yourself raise right up in the air and float safely over their heads, but often you couldn't, no matter how hard you tried, and just as they were about to pounce upon you you succeeded in waking up with such a shriek that the Lord of Destiny would come running in to make you realise how safe and sound you really were with him around. Oh yes, he could kill any animal ever born just with his bare hands—you were dead certain of that.

Then there were other kinds of nightmares almost as horrible—such as falling off high buildings, getting drowned, and seeing a whole lot of lovely things to eat and not being able to touch them. It made one nervous to go to bed and you wouldn't have slept alone for anything.

All summer you were looking forward to winter, just as all winter you were impatient for summer. But the return of cold weather meant a serious increase of tortures.

In all my childhood days there was nothing quite so bad as putting on woollen underwear. It makes me positively shiver now when I think of it. The shirts would be new and tight, dirty grey in colour, and one mass of bristling hairs. Ye gods, what torture! Standing in a room so cold you could see your breath and forcing the thing down your squirming back inch by inch! Let us draw a veil over the picture and not talk about it—even if we can never hope to eradicate it from our memory.

Frost-bitten ears and toes were an almost daily occurrence. It was when they began to thaw out that you suffered real agony. Then you always had a horrible fear that they might drop off, as, you were told, often did happen. If you fell and cut yourself while learning to skate you were certain you were going to bleed to death, and it took a lot of reassurance to convince you to the contrary. After that you became very proud of your wound and insisted on talking about it and showing the bandages to every one you met. A snow-ball fight often meant a black eye or a bleeding nose, but that wasn't much to bother one.

At night, if you kept still as a mouse, you were allowed to come into the study, where the Lord of Destiny would be busy writing, and cuddle in the big easy chair and watch the pictures in the fire. But you mustn't say one little word or even whisper, and it was so difficult to remember. There were so many hugely important things you wanted to say and so many vital questions to ask. When it was only eight o'clock and long before you got really sleepy, you were made to leave the warmth and comfyness and go up to your cold bed.

One always rebelled at authority and discipline. You couldn't quite see why you *must* do this or that, and never did without resentment in your heart. It wouldn't have been so hard if your parents alone had the special right to order you about, but when uncles and aunts and governesses did it also life seemed nothing but oppression and slavery.

Of course, there *are* happy recollections, many of them; as many as most

grown-ups can recall, no doubt, but—well, *you* may rave about the glories of childhood if you wish, but for my part I'm mighty thankful I've attained to the years of long trousers and freedom.

EXCELLENT ADVICE.

From "Daily Mail" (England).

THE Bishop of London, with the impression of his recent visit to Canada still fresh in his mind, has recently uttered a warning regarding the future of the Dominion. The bishop discussed the question: "Is Canada to remain British?" and stated that the inevitable answer was "No," unless the people of Great Britain "woke up," and sent of their best to the "land of the future." Canada, as readers of the Over-Seas "Daily Mail" know well from the correspondence which is constantly appearing on the subject in "Our Parliament of the Empire," badly needs emigrants. But if those who go forth from the Motherland are unsuitable, or the number is inadequate, then most assuredly Canada will look elsewhere for population. Canada is now inhabited by six and a half million people—there is room for one hundred million.

As the bishop pointed out, every nation regards Canada as a rich prize, and one of the first countries to realise the immense future before the Dominion has been the United States. Already there are 250,000 American settlers in the great Northwest. And this is only the beginning. The bishop alluded, during his discourse, to the great difficulty of getting domestic servants in the Dominion. He strongly advised British girls who desired employment in this capacity to emigrate to what may be termed the girl's "Land of Promise."

PAPER FROM PEAT.

IN view of the impending destruction of American forests to furnish wood pulp for the making of paper for newspapers and other publications, there is much interest in the suggestion that paper be made from peat. In Sweden, a paper company capitalized at \$1,000,000 has made extensive purchases of peat bogs, and has prepared plans for the erection of mills for turning out wrapping paper and pasteboard. The process by which the peat will be made into paper is governed by an American patent. It is stated that a ton of paper, worth \$30, can be made from peat at a total cost of \$15, and that it takes only two hours to convert the peat into paper. There is a great deal of peat in the United States and Canada, as well as in all the countries of northern Europe. It is said that an article wrapped in paper made from it will not be attacked by moths, and for that reason it is peculiarly fitted for use in boxes and bags for storing furs and woollen clothing. The promoters of the new processes say that they are able to bleach peat paper to the whiteness of snow, thus making it equal to the best pulp papers for printing purposes, but this claim has not as yet been established by actual tests. A mill in Michigan has for two years been producing cardboard from peat, and is the only one as yet in successful operation. The product is said to be moisture-proof, odorless, and antiseptic.

STRANGE.

"I BROKE a record to-day. Had the last word with a woman." "Didn't think it possible. How'd it happen?" "Well, I said to a woman in the car, 'Madame, have my seat.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.



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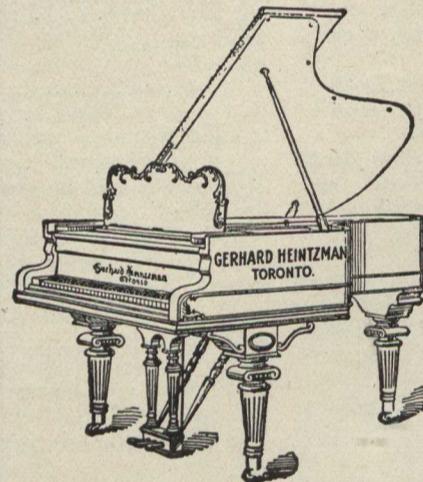


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WHY JOSEPH HOWE DID NOT ATTEND CONFERENCE AT CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

From Halifax Herald.

To the Editor of the "Herald":

Sir,—Your correspondent "Student" in the "Herald" of 20th instant, thinks Rev. Dr. Saunders is called upon to prove that Joseph Howe was invited to be present at the Charlottetown convention of 1864 when the question of maritime union was discussed and became merged in the larger question of British North American union on the arrival of members of the Canadian executive, headed by John A. Macdonald. "Student" says "the belief is that he was not."

What took place I may be allowed to state, without at all presuming to forestall Dr. Saunders' explanation, which may be fuller than the one I think sufficient from my point of view for present purposes.

Hon. Mr. Howe was, at the time, (1864), an imperial officer. In this capacity he visited the United States and in the month of June, 1864, he was engaged in Maryland, New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania, and in going to Washington to pay his respects to his official head on this side of the water—Lord Lyons—to have the benefit of his lordship's counsel and instructions. Of course, Mr. Howe could not, in these circumstances, keep track of general movements in Nova Scotia. He was moving about too rapidly and too much occupied.

After his return to Halifax (July 9), he was invited to Government House by the then Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Richard Graves Macdonnell, and informed that arrangements were about concluded for holding a conference at Charlottetown to consider the desirability of forming a union of the Maritime Provinces, and that his (Sir Richard's) government and himself wished to include him in the commission. Mr. Howe was reluctantly compelled to decline—reluctantly, I say, because (1) he himself had issued the circular to the governments of the other provinces, which preceded the resolution of the Nova Scotia Legislature subsequently passed, empowering the Tupper Government to send a delegation to Charlottetown; and (2), because I know that this was the frame of his mind in considering the proposal made to him by the governor.

He had two reasons for declining: (1) Because Sir James Hope, the admiral on the station, had completed arrangements for the speedy departure of H.M.S. "Lily," the gunboat detailed for service in the northern fisheries division of his command, and in this vessel Mr. Howe was, it had been arranged, to sail on his official visit to Newfoundland. Owing to the time of year, the "Lily" had to be in Newfoundland waters as soon as possible, lest international complications of a serious nature should ensue from her absence.

(2) Mr. Howe's second reason was that he could not obtain the consent of the Foreign Office, to which he was directly responsible, in time (there were then no Atlantic cables in operation) and his orders were to proceed to Newfoundland that summer.

Dr. Tupper, learning from the governor of the lack of success that had attended his effort to secure Mr. Howe's aid, did not give up the idea. His bull-dog persistency would not permit that. No doubt efforts of different kinds had been made in the interval to persuade Howe to reconsider his decision as given in the preliminary effort of the governor. However that may be, Dr. Tupper wrote a letter to Howe dated August 16th. I kept a copy of it, and of Mr. Howe's reply, and Sir Charles, knowing that

on May 7th, 1903, wrote to me: "Please do not forget to send me a copy of my letter inviting Mr. Howe to go on the delegation to the conference at Charlottetown, and his reply." The letter inviting Mr. Howe and his reply were published by Sir Charles in the Halifax "Evening Mail" of January 3rd, 1906.

A perusal will show (1) that on August 16th, Dr. Tupper, as a last and final effort, urged upon Mr. Howe to become one of the delegates to the conference, which was to meet on 1st September following.

(2) That Mr. Howe gladly would have attended if he could and promised, or rather suggested, that he would do so if the conference could be put off till October.

As all arrangements had been made between the several governments interested, it was felt that it would be impossible to delay action. So Mr. Howe sailed off on the 17th of August, writing his answer on board of the "Lily," and did not return to Halifax till after the seventy-two resolutions had been agreed to in the Quebec conference.

While making this statement in the interests of historical accuracy, I do not wish to be understood as in any way reflecting upon Mr. Howe's subsequent action, for which I believe he had sufficient justification to relieve his memory from any of the charges of want of prevision as a great statesman, or of personal self-seeking or other dishonourable motives which have been attributed to him during this portion of his career as a public man.

Properly understood, Mr. Howe's course through all the exciting confederation agitation beginning in 1864 and ending with his election in Hants County in 1869, was consistent with the great principles which he had adopted in his early political life.

This, I say, though I supported confederation from first to last in the columns of the "Reporter," of which paper I was editor during the confederation struggle, and perhaps sometimes wrote things which I should regret, as now, in the evening of my days, I look back upon that great struggle. Of one fact I am proud, and that is that Mr. Howe invited me to accompany him during his election campaign in 1869, expressing to me his feeling that during the struggle of 1864-67, I had not indulged towards him, at least, in the personal abuse too much in vogue in the newspapers of that period and in the use of which I was as great a sinner as any of my conferees.

Grand Pre, GEORGE JOHNSON.

ORIGINAL "SAM SLICK" DEAD.

A DESPATCH from Bangor, Maine, to the Montreal "Star" states: Jackson Young, known throughout New England as the original of "Sam Slick, the Yankee Clock-maker," written by Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton, is dead here, aged 87 years. He is survived by his wife, who is 87 years old.

Mr. Young was one of four brothers who came to Maine from Vermont and travelled the State selling Yankee notions in peddlers' carts. Later they took up the clock business, and thousands of the old-fashioned brass clocks still doing duty in the farm-houses of Maine and the provinces were bought from the Young brothers.

Samuel J. Young was the last survivor of the four, the others of whom became millionaires in Western and Canadian lumbering and lands, all getting their start from peddling clocks.

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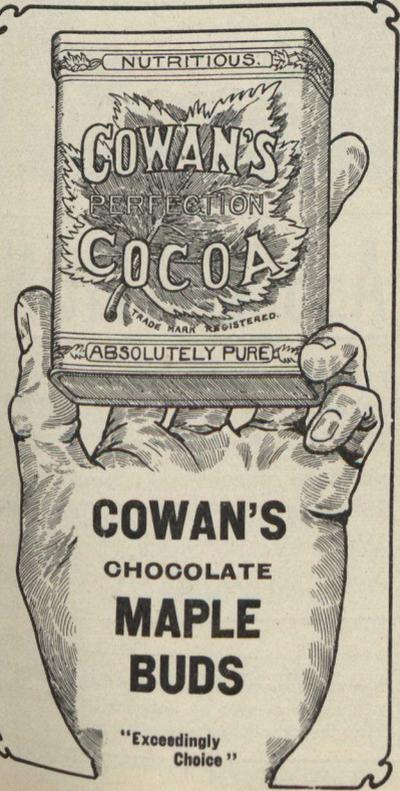
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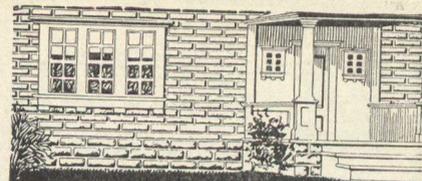
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HAMILTON - ONTARIO



Miss Mae Lamkin, a member of the Royal Alexandra Players, whose spontaneous and finished work is attracting attention.

whose last appearance in Toronto was as leading lady with Mr. Richard Mansfield, has recently been engaged by the management of the Royal Alexandra and will make her first appearance at the new theatre on the thirteenth of January.

* * *

WINNIPEG keeps up theatrical attendance in surprising numbers during the holiday season. On Monday and Tuesday of this week the University of Minnesota Glee and Mandolin Club gives excellent programmes at the Walker Theatre. By the way, what has become of Canadian university glee clubs? Some years ago they showed commendable activity and gave concerts which were among the attractions of the season. Toronto has grown into a choral society town but the glee clubs ought to be able to attract audiences of respectable size. A graduate of '93, University of Toronto, was recently relating the triumphs and vicissitudes of the glee club's holiday tour in those far-off days. Victoria College has an enterprising young band of musicians who are soon to set out on a brief tour of Ontario towns under the able conductorship of Mr. H. M. Fletcher.

* * *

A WESTERN play, "The Three of Us," is enlivening His Majesty's Theatre, Montreal, and is to be seen at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, next week. It is estimated that twenty thousand citizens attended the Montreal theatres on Christmas Day. Probably few of these theatre-goers had their own homes as "his ain fireside" usually possesses overwhelming attractions for a Britisher on the twenty-fifth of December.

* * *

IT is nearly thirty-five years, according to "The Church Choir," since Dr. Torrington became the conductor of the Toronto Philharmonic Society, and from 1873 to 1886, beginning with "The Messiah" and the first presentation in Canada of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," oratorios, cantatas, operatic excerpts of Wagner, Weber and the more modern works were produced.

The Philharmonic Chorus formed the nucleus of the Toronto Festival Chorus, merging its work into and becoming part of the latter. After the great festival of 1884 in the pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens, it continued its work and in 1894, the Festival Chorus and orchestra opened Massey Music Hall, which was "directly the outcome of Dr. Torrington's work in the way of oratorio production." When the late Mr. Hart Massey placed the conductorship of the inaugural festival in Dr. Torrington's hands, he stipulated that Handel's "Messiah" should form the principal feature of the event. In 1891 the Festival Chorus again formed the central body in the Royal Chorus on the occasion of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York, and since then it has continued its work as the Toronto Festival Chorus.

Last Monday was the occasion of a red-letter night for Dr. Torrington's organisation, since it was a jubilee or twenty-fifth production of Handel's great masterpiece in which the veteran hand of this Anglo-Canadian conductor wielded the baton. The size of the audience proved how utterly without foundation was the opinion expressed several years ago that Toronto people do not appreciate oratorio. Dr. Torrington's alertness and vitality show no signs of abatement and it is much to his credit that he has kept up choral interest in the work so dear to him and that he has also trained a local orchestra which enters enthusiastically upon the interpretation of Handel's greatest achievement. The orchestra received such applause for the rendering of the "pastoral symphony" that an encore was given. The soloists, Mrs. Shanna Cumming, Mrs. Carter-Merry, Mr. E. C. Towne and Mr. Ruthven Macdonald acquitted themselves most acceptably, Mrs. Cumming's smooth and lyrical rendering of "Come Unto Him" being especially pleasing. Mr. Macdonald was accorded the usual clamorous approval of "Why Do the Nations So Furiously Rage Together?" and Mr. Towne, although evidently suffering from a severe cold, entered upon the tenor role with dramatic fervour. Mrs. Carter-Merry, the contralto soloist, is a favourite with Toronto audiences and is one of Dr. Torrington's best-known "graduates." The presentation made by Mayor Coatsworth, after the majestic harmony of the "Hallelujah Chorus" had died away, was a fitting municipal tribute to a musician whose unselfish labour in the higher interests of the community has been recognised throughout the Dominion.

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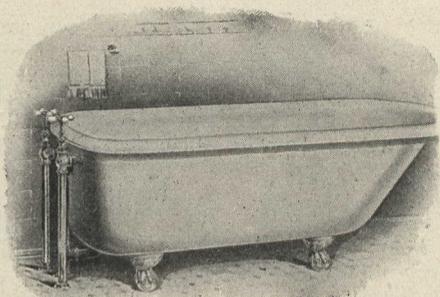
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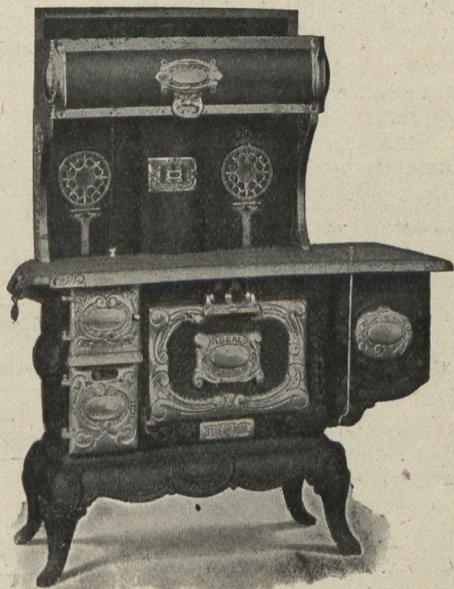
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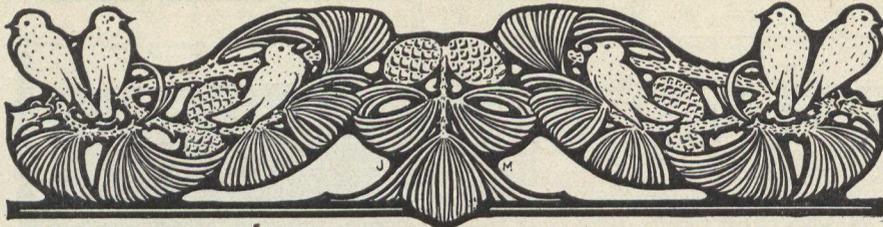
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FOR THE CHILDREN

A PHASE OF THE MOON.

By Katherine L. Daniher.

MASTER FRED was the pride of the household.

'Twas the bent of his studious mind Of all the sweet myst'ries in Nature The why and the wherefore to find.

His mother was prudent and thrifty, For poverty's stress she had known, So garments were "cut down" for Freddie,

When by his big brothers outgrown.

One night when the new moon was shining,

A low-hanging crescent of light, Said mother: "Look out of the window—

The pretty new moon is in sight!"

Fred studied it gravely a minute, His brow puckered up in a frown, Then said: "Is it really a new one, Or only the old one cut down?"

* * *

SMELLED HIS WAY HOME.

EVEN a foxhound, whose business it is to earn a living by his nose, must have remarkable powers of smell to find his way five miles through the woods when his head is stuck in a tin can. At least, that is the way Bert Whitman, of Los Angeles, looks at it, and he is proud of his dog, Spark.

Spark went hunting recently with his master, and when it became dark he was still running a crafty old fox up on the side of Pico Mountain. There was no catching the hound and no calling him off, so Whitman left him to return home when he got ready. Frequently he had packed his gun down the mountain while the hound was still bellowing on a hot scent, and he had no fear as to his showing up in the night.

At ten o'clock, when there were no signs of Spark, Whitman left the kitchen door ajar, placed a big pan of mush and soup bones on the floor, and went to bed. Three hours later he was awakened by a clattering in the kitchen, and a moment later the hound, with his head stuck into a two-gallon milk-can, waddled erratically into the bedroom.

To say that the animal's master was surprised is putting it mildly. At first he was not sure that it was his dog, but after he spoke, Spark thumped his tail and tried to climb into bed.

It was necessary for him to use a can-opener to free the dog, and this took some fifteen minutes. All this time Spark stood perfectly still, but the moment he was released he made for his supper, and ate as if famished.

The animal probably found the can near some camp, for it was covered with rust. Doglike, he investigated the interior with hopes of finding food, and could not remove his head. He must have found his way home through scent, as it was impossible for him to see through the bottom of the can.—Youth's Companion.

* * *

NO UNNECESSARY WORK.

PRUDENCE is a motherling of fourteen years, with sufficient character to keep four younger brothers in order and enforce all the necessary laws about cleanliness and the reasonable preservation of clothes. Her boys, says a writer in the New York "Sun," are running barefoot this summer, and that means that scrubbing is not to be limited to face

and hands—and maybe a dab behind the ears.

One night Tom's feet were uncommonly black, from lingering long in a bog-hole in the meadow, and Prudence concluded her regular nightly instructions with:

"Now don't forget your feet."

Tom did not forget them, but being very eager for repose, he washed only the tops. Prudence detected the omission when he sprang into bed.

"O Tom," she reproached, "why didn't you wash the soles of your feet? Get right up and do it now. You'll make the bedclothes all dirty."

"Dirty! How?" Tom asked, hardily. "You don't sleep standing up in bed, do you?"—Youth's Companion.

* * *

KIND JOHNNIE.

"Johnnie," said a mother, threateningly, to a naughty son, "I'm going to tell your father to whip you when he comes home to-night."

"Please don't do that, mother," said the lad, penitently; "dad's always so tired when he comes home."

* * *



"Gee! but it must be nice t' git whiskers an' not have t' wash yer face."—Life.

* * *

JOHNNY ON EASY WRITING.

I DON'T believe 'twas hard to do, When Homer wrote of Troy; There were no rules for him to watch, No grammars to annoy.

He had no slang to guard against; He spelled the easiest way; The subjects were not threadbare then,

Because he had first say.

And Dante had it easy, too, In Florence when he wrote; He made each phrase as he went on; There were no words to quote.

The common talk of every day Was good enough to use; "Too trite" was something never heard;

There were no terms to choose.

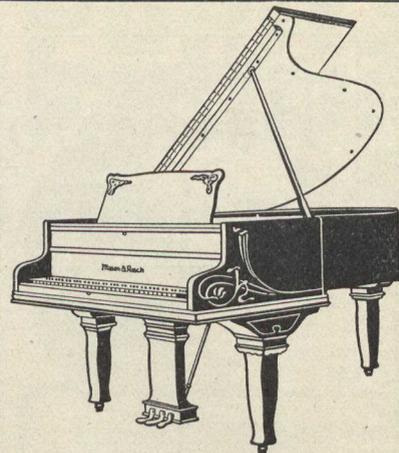
Old Chaucer had no task at all; He wrote what came along; He put down just what people said, And couldn't spell things wrong.

You see, no one had tried before To write this brand-new speech, So Chaucer fixed it his own way For all the schools to teach.

It wasn't bad when Shakespeare lived; The right no one could tell; There were no dictionaries then; No wonder he wrote well.

Now it gets harder all the time; Each word must mean just so; The very turn you like the best Is one that will not go.

—Anna C. Murphy.



The day has passed when a piano is bought for its BEAUTY, or for its TONE, or for its SERVICE, or for its NAME.

The real test is—Which piano has a continental REPUTATION for ALL these qualities? The

Mason & Risch Piano

has a superb beauty of its own and a tone unrivalled in sonority and sweetness—resonant as a cello's and brilliant as a violin's. For strength and resistance to the rigors of the Canadian climate, it is like the oak.

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200 Rooms. \$2.00 up.
American Plan.

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—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

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200 Rooms. \$2.00 up.
American and European.

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European \$1.00 up.
American \$2.00 up.
Accommodation for 500 Guests. Fireproof.

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Caledonia Springs Hotel
(C.P.Ry.)
CALEDONIA SPRINGS, ONT.
American Plan, \$3.00 up.
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VANCOUVER, B. C.
American plan - \$3.50 up.
Accommodation for 400 Guests.

Public Ownership.

The question of Public Ownership is not so simple as it seems, nor as the following letter would indicate:

Ottawa, Canada. Nov. 25, 1907.

The CANADIAN COURIER:

It was with great disappointment that I read your article on "The Great Electric Struggle" contained in your last issue.

Your handling of the subject was, it appeared to me, rather biased, and not in that fair and fearless manner one would expect of a paper that hopes to be a great national weekly, and I can assure you such has also been hoped for by me.

At the present "the people" are determined on the public ownership of all public utilities, believing that the profits accruing from such shall go to the benefit of all instead of to a select few. Does this not seem quite reasonable?

Your success will depend on the assistance you are able to give in steering the "ship" away from the shoals and rocks that will beset it—keeping it in the direction wished for by "the people," however, and not in trying to turn it in the opposite or some other direction.

Wishing you all success,

Yours faithfully, C.

In the first place, What are public utilities? In the second place, Does public ownership mean public operation? These two questions are answered in various ways and thus constitute differences among people who are in favour of public ownership. For instance, every city in Canada with a street-car service owns the franchise thereof and has let it out to private parties for a term of years on certain conditions. Is that public ownership?

As a matter of fact, we are all in favour of public ownership. It is only a question as to the form in which ownership will take, and what means shall be employed, after the ownership has been asserted, to handle the various utilities. The "Courier" is in favour of municipal and public ownership within certain limits. We do not believe that Toronto would be wise in spending five or six million dollars for a new electric distribution plant when the present efficient and adequate plant can be bought for the same amount. One plant is enough, and no one of sense in Ottawa, with all the experience that city has had, can deny that our position is sane and sound.

* * *

Another Peril.

A FEW weeks ago Vancouver was thrown into paroxysms by the arrival of a few Japs who wished to enter this country in the capacity of men seeking honest labour—men with money in their pockets, skill in their hands and brains in their heads. Yet a scream went up from one end of the Dominion to the other of the "yellow peril." But now we have a problem far more serious to Canada. This is the incoming of the unemployed from the United States; and scarcely a word is said upon the subject. With capital locked up and imaginary values removed from stocks, factories are of necessity reducing their hands, and consequently there are forced out into the country desperate and moneyless men. These men are being helped by the United States to come into Canada, and the result is—and will continue to be—that the smaller towns throughout this country will be the scenes of petty plunders, burglaries, hold-ups and assaults. The smaller towns will be selected because of the inefficient police protection; and recently both Aylmer and Springfield were given an example of what we may expect. And not only will we have to put up with these dangers and inconveniences, but it will be our county jails and houses of charity that will have to care for these vagrants, and our money that will pay for their entertainment. Hundreds of these men are coming across the line, and anyone driving along our roads cannot but notice the number of strange men tramping in twos and threes with no apparent object of reaching anywhere. In times of pressure it is always the least skilled workmen who are dismissed; and so, of course, it will be the least desirable of all who are assisted to enter Canada. If the customs officers at our various ports of entry were instructed to keep these men on their own side of the line, it might be of even greater advantage to this country than the seizure of a few yards of cotton or even a few shirt waists. As winter advances this influx will increase unless some scheme is devised that the United States be compelled to look after her own unemployed.—Aylmer Sun.

* * *

The Brutality of the Matinee Girl.

THE man was distressingly emaciated, and death was written on every line of his face. He was young, and there was a young woman walking beside him, her face showing the reflection of his tragedy. His well-cut clothes hung on him pitifully. Two girls, prettily curved and well groomed, with fluffy pompadours under their hat-brims and theatre-bags in their hands, turned their wide eyes on him as they passed.

"Well, will you look at that!" said one. "How do you explain it?" "He looks as if he had fallen off the Christmas tree," answered the other, glancing back with a ripple of amusement.

"Christmas before last, then!" And they both laughed and went blithely on their way. There was not a flaw in their perfect satisfaction, not a tinge of shadow had touched them. They had seen a funny looking man, that was all. Suppose some one had clutched them by the shoulder (as some one was tempted to do), whirled them about, and said, "That man is dying, and he does not want to, and the woman is still sorrier; but they are trying to make the best of the days left. Now do you find him amusing?" Ah, well, then it would have been the indignant stranger who seemed funny to them, no doubt. For if one has not sensibilities, wherewithal shall she be touched?—Lippincott's Magazine.



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Broderick's Business Suits \$22.50 Worn From Coast to Coast

Write for SAMPLES and Measurement Chart

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FRANK BRODERICK & Co.
TORONTO, CANADA.

The Merchants Bank of Canada

Report Presented at the 44th Annual Meeting of the Shareholders, Held on Wednesday, 18th December, 1907.

The annual meeting of the Directors and Shareholders of the Merchants Bank of Canada was held at noon yesterday at the Head Office, 205 St. James Street. Amongst the Shareholders present at the meeting were: Messrs. Jonathan Hodgson, Thomas A. Long, C. R. Hosmer, C. F. Smith, Hugh A. Allan, Alex. Barnet, George Hague, T. E. Merrett, D. C. Macarow, F. S. Lyman, A. D. Fraser, C. R. Black, A. Piddington, M. S. Foley, R. Campbell Nelles, John Patterson, E. Fiske (Coaticook), and others. In the absence of the President, Sir Hugh Montagu Allan, the Vice-President, Mr. Jonathan Hodgson, took the chair. Mr. Kilbourn was appointed Secretary of the meeting.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were taken as read. The Chairman then submitted the following report of the Directors:

THE REPORT.

The Directors beg to present the Statement of Affairs of the Bank as at close of the half year's business on 30th November last.

In accordance with permission granted by the Shareholders at the last annual meeting, the books are closed upon the 30th of November, instead of on the 31st May, as heretofore.

The net profits for the half year amounted to \$473,144.50. Out of this two quarterly dividends, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum—amounting to \$240,000—have been paid, the balance being carried forward to next year.

The full proportion of inspection work has been done during the past six months.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

JONATHAN HODGSON,
Vice-President.

Statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the half year ending 30th November, 1907:

The Net Profits of the half-year, after payment of charges, rebate on discounts, interest on deposits, and making full provision for bad and doubtful debts, have amounted to.....	\$473,144 50
Balance brought forward from last year, ending 31st May, 1907.....	34,256 25
	\$507,400 75
This has been disposed of as follows:—	
Quarterly dividend No. 80, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum.....	\$120,000 00
Quarterly dividend No. 81, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum.....	120,000 00
	240,000 00
Leaving a balance to be carried forward to next year of.....	267,400 75
	\$507,400 75

Statement of Liabilities and Assets at 30th November, 1907:—

LIABILITIES.	
1.—To the Public.	
Notes in circulation.....	\$5,490,940 00
Deposits at call.....	\$10,481,081 81
Deposits subject to notice (accrued interest to date included).....	24,440,886 11
Deposits due to other Banks in Canada.....	1,382,476 05
	36,254,343 97
Dividend No. 81.....	120,000 00
Dividends unclaimed.....	2,913 50
	\$41,868,197 47
2.—To the Stockholders.	
Capital paid up.....	\$6,000,000 00
Reserve Fund.....	4,000,000 00
Surplus Profit.....	267,400 75
	10,267,400 75
	\$52,135,598 22
ASSETS.	
Gold and Silver Coin on hand.....	\$1,533,736 44
Dominion Notes on hand.....	2,384,321 50
Notes and Cheques of other Banks.....	2,233,029 18
Balances due by other Banks in Canada.....	6,769 44
Balances due by Banks and Agents in Great Britain.....	803,214 53
Balances due by Banks and Agents in the United States.....	79,451 00
Call and Short Loans on Bonds and Stocks in Canada.....	\$2,495,994 71
Call and Short Loans on Bonds and Stocks elsewhere than in Canada.....	2,988,268 84
	5,484,253 55
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities.....	605,427 97
Railway, Municipal and other Debentures.....	6,146,957 21
	\$19,267,130 82
Current loans and Discounts in Canada (less Rebate of Interest reserved).....	\$1,246,107 26
Loans and Discounts overdue (loss fully provided for).....	95,732 55
Deposits with Dominion Government for security of Note Circulation.....	240,000 00
Mortgages and other Securities, the property of the Bank.....	83,397 48
Real Estate.....	25,476 15
Bank Premises and Furniture.....	1,155,887 30
Other Assets.....	21,836 66
	\$52,135,598 22

E. F. HEBDEN,
General Manager.

The General Manager (Mr. E. F. Hebden)—“The statement before you gives the result of our best efforts in the management of your property for the past six months. The figures may, perhaps, speak for themselves. I hope you will think the statement a not unfavourable one. In this connection I should like to bear testimony to the loyalty and excellent work and spirit of the staff at large, all the members of which are actuated by an ardent desire to promote the Bank's best interests.

“The general banking and commercial situation has been recently epitomised by the chief officer of the premier bank of Canada, supplemented by the weighty deliverance of its President, and between these two authorities all of present practical interest has been said. If it were for me to make any remarks to you on the present occasion, I should like to say that there has, perhaps, never been in recent years in Canada a time when a policy of moderation in public and private affairs was so plainly called for as the present, and in saying this I believe I am only expressing a thought uppermost in the minds of most thinking responsible men in Canada. The change in the commercial and economic situation in the neighbouring republic for the worse, within the past few months, has been kaleidoscopic. It is now, happily, showing signs of improvement. In Canada we are altogether better situated, and it is our good fortune to be working under a better banking and currency system. But this is a slowing down time with us, a time to take stock of our positions, and to retrench and be mutually helpful withal, by being moderate in our commitments and undertakings, and thereby introducing a factor into affairs making for the retaining of all our advantage, which can only be interfered with by untimely optimism.”



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Wurzbürger
and
Pilsener Beer

See that our label is on every bottle.

Manufactured of pure malt and hops.

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Berlin Ontario

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No well appointed Bath Room is complete without one. FAIRBANKS' SCALES are made for every service requiring accurate weights.

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Peoples Building & Loan Ass'n
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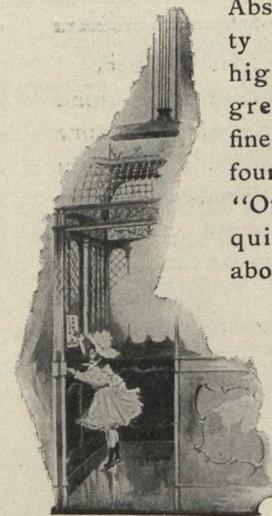
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is known and esteemed throughout the civilized world. Its reputation is based on the fact that it contains the whole of the valuable properties of beef in such a form that it is easily assimilated. It is therefore equally valuable to the athlete and to the invalid.

It is appreciated by the housewife on account of the delicate flavor and aroma it gives to all dishes with which it is used, and it is a strong point in its favor that while adding to the palatable character of the food it also very considerably increases its nutritive value.

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- ☞ The Canadian Northern Quebec and the Quebec and Lake St. John traverse the best sporting country in Quebec.
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- ☞ The cheapness of electric light in Toronto makes it possible to do away with old methods of lighting for the home.
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is available in the following Cities and Towns:

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Charlemagne	Sorel	Thetford Mines
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St. Rose	Three Rivers	Warwick
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Terrebonne	Arthabaska	Windsor

If you are considering a location for an industry, select a city or town where you can have dependable power at a fair price.

Already by reason of the desirable conditions and great power available, industries have located at Shawinigan Falls, the value of these plants exceeding three million dollars, and so satisfactory have been the results obtained that in each instance the capacity of these works is being increased.

For information apply
Shawinigan Water & Power Co'y
MONTREAL

LOCAL OPTION has had its fairest trial in Owen Sound. If it has failed there, it can succeed nowhere. Read what the Mayor of Owen Sound says of **LOCAL OPTION'S** effect on a town:

TO ALL WHOM IT CONCERNS

Owen Sound Nov. 27, 1907

"Local Option differs in operation very little from the Dunkin Act, which was tried in Owen Sound some years ago.

"In Owen Sound there is a good, capable License Inspector, who does what he can to enforce the law, but public sentiment is against doing so, notwithstanding the large majority by which it was carried, and liquor is sold in large quantities yet. There has not been a single instance of anyone having been sent to gaol, although several convictions have been secured against nine hotels here. Lately some seventeen informations were laid by the License Inspector, very one of which was dismissed with costs, although he had two detectives who swore that they had got liquor.

"The writer knows places where liquor can be purchased, in which it was never seen before Local Option came in force, and he is informed that there are sixty-one of such places in the town.

"The town has four policemen, and the statutes, the by-law appointing them, a special by-law and a special resolution of the Council lately passed, make it the duty of these men to enforce Local Option; yet the sale goes on and no convictions are made.

"Public sentiment is against its enforcement.

"Local trade has been injured by Local Option, and scores of people in the surrounding country who used to trade in Owen Sound when License was in force, now go to Warton, Chesley, Port Elgin, Chatsworth, Markdale, Meaford, etc. Local Option has divided our citizens into two hostile sections—Local Optionists and Antis, who are jealous and distrustful of each other. What one proposes the other opposes.

"Owen Sound is a 'house divided against itself' in this respect.

"The evils arising from drinking have not been lessened but rather increased. Under License Law, liquors were sold in eleven hotels, and no liquor could be purchased by the glass outside of these hotels. Now it is sold in many places, and drunkenness is as prevalent as ever, if not more so. There may be less open drinking at bars, but drinking from bottles has largely increased, especially among youths and young men. Drinking takes place in private rooms, in offices, in closets, in cellars, in outbuildings, etc.

"It may be asked, 'Where do they get it?'

"It comes in on the railways, in trunks, in suit cases, in valises, in satchels, in boxes, barrels, etc. It comes in on boats, on wagons, in carriages, etc., etc. Friends bring it to friends, and there are those who bring it in to make money.

"It is impossible to keep liquor out. Evidence of this can be seen in the shape of empty bottles and broken bottles on the streets, in lanes and out-of-the-way places, in the police courts, at the docks, etc.

"The effect on the financial affairs in Owen Sound is this: "At the Court of Revision held by the Judge to hear cases

of appeal, nine appeals were heard, the appellants claiming that their properties had been lessened in value because of Local Option. After hearing the evidence the Judge ordered that their assessments be reduced \$57,750.00, and the Corporation lost, because of this, \$1,357.12 in taxes. The owner of one hotel (the Coulson House) neglected to enter an appeal, or in all probability another \$5,000.00 or \$6,000.00 would have been struck off. The revenue derived from hotel and shop licenses, amounting to \$1,394.00, has been entirely cut off, making a direct annual loss from these sources of \$3,051.12. Beside the Corporation has had to pay for legal advice and counsel fees, etc., fully \$500.00 more, in defending the by-law, and our citizens who tried to squash it lost perhaps another \$4,000.00 or \$5,000.00, and their relations as citizens have been embittered.

"It was said that under Local Option the town would require fewer policemen, and a saving could be made in that way, which would almost, if not altogether, offset the loss of revenue. It has been found that this cannot be done, in fact the salaries of some of the policemen had to be raised very materially, and the police force should be increased. Some active Local Optionists went so far as to ask that six additional men should be put on; there are four now. No reduction in the municipal expenditure of Owen Sound can be made because of Local Option.

"The writer was brought up in a family of eight boys and has three of his own.

"He has been in active business in Owen Sound for over forty years and is in business here yet.

"He has had to do with employing men during all that time and has many men under his control now.

"He has large pecuniary interests in several large manufacturing establishments here, and has occupied the positions of School Trustee, Councillor, Reeve, Mayor, and License Commissioner.

"He has served as a member of the Board of Trade, as one of its Council and as President, and knows Owen Sound thoroughly.

"The writer has seen Owen Sound under indiscriminate license, under restricted license, under the Dunkin Act, then under the present License Act, and under Local Option, and has no hesitation in saying that Local Option has not lessened drinking, has not improved business or the financial position of the people generally, neither has it improved the moral tone of the citizens as a whole, but on the contrary, Local Option has injured local trade and lowered the moral well-being of very many.

"The writer deeply regrets having to say these things, but believes that it is his duty to do so, if thereby he may help to prevent others repeating the mistake made in Owen Sound."

(Signed) M. KENNEDY,
Mayor of Owen Sound.

Believers in Local Option have been willing to rest their case on Owen Sound. Yet here is it proved that Owen Sound has suffered grievously from Local Option. Have you any reason to think YOUR town would not repeat Owen Sound's experience? Would that be good for your town?

THINK, BEFORE YOU VOTE!