

The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



DRAWN BY H. W. McCREA.

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

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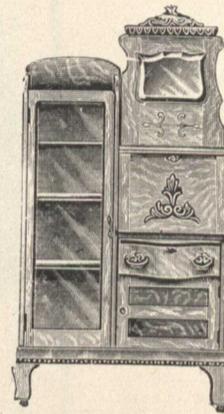
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THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHER'S TALK

WHILE politics are warm, with a general election in sight, the publishers of an independent, non-political paper must expect trouble. A few keen partisans are prone to protest against the one-sidedness of the editorial staff. So far we have been fairly lucky. Only three subscribers have used that old-time club—"Stop my subscription." Two of these are members of Parliament and the third is a Nova Scotian. The latter admits that Mr. Patterson's article on "The Political Problem" was a "partly redemptive feature," and thus leads us to believe that he will finally be sorry.

THIS week we publish the first of three articles by Mr. Andrew Braid, of the Windsor Public Library. Each will be illustrated and each will deal with a different class of "musing." Mr. Braid has travelled and knows the leading libraries of the world fairly well.

MUSIC is a subject to which the "Courier" will always give more or less attention. Those who are interested will find that all the chief musical events in Canada will be adequately dealt with.

NEXT week we shall have an illustrated article on the recent Acadian convention which has attracted too little attention among English-speaking Canadians. There will also be the first of a series of pictures giving "balloon views" of the leading Canadian cities.



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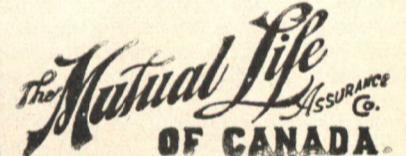
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amounted to \$7,081,402, a gain over 1906 of \$1,577,855, bringing up the total insurance in force to \$51,061,848, a gain over 1906 of \$4,179,440—and yet the operating expenses were just about the same as last year.

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What Canadian Editors Think

RAILWAYS AND INDUSTRY

(Montreal Gazette.)

THE part a big railway plays in the industrial life of a community is shown by some of the figures in the report for the past year of the Canadian Pacific. The length of road to which the returns apply, completed and under construction at the end of June, was 10,396 miles. The equipment included 1,399 locomotives, 1,627 passenger, and 44,692 freight and 3,560 other cars. The cost of road and equipment is given as \$285,088,099. This, with the costs of steamships, and interests in other roads and enterprises, to the extent of some \$97,447,000, was provided by issues of stocks and bonds of \$345,616,811. The obtaining and expenditure of this large amount of capital in some twenty-seven years played no small part in promoting the commercial growth that has stood two generations of politicians as the basis of their published claims to popular reverence and esteem. As the obligations involved in the various issues have been promptly met the work also helped to secure the good standing of Canadian financial issues, at any rate until the setting in of the recent mad scramble to see how much public governing bodies could spend and borrow; and when sobriety in financial administration is restored it will help again in the same useful way.

* * *

LEARN SOLDIERING.

(Victoria Colonist.)

EVERY boy, as soon as he is old enough, ought to be given the rudiments of military training, and young men, after leaving school, ought to be encouraged to form military organisations. We ought to make Canada as secure from attack as we are able, and the way to do it is to train every man in the use of arms. The notion held by some people that such training will tend to make men wish for war, and to look upon it as the proper way to settle international questions, is a pure invention of the imagination, as every one who has had such training knows. Let us cite an actual case, without mentioning places or names. Some years ago, in a certain Canadian school, the boys were taught elementary military drill. When they went out of that school to the college, they were supplied with arms, and once a week a drill instructor attended, and at the end of the college course all the students were well up in infantry drill. It so happened that an occasion arose when it seemed as if it might be necessary to protect the country from invasion, and when the people turned out in hundreds to organise for defence, the young men who had been drilled at school and college were able to give very material assistance in getting the exceedingly raw volunteers into shape. Yet not one of them developed the slightest inclination to regard war in any other light than an evil to be avoided at all costs, except that of national honour.

* * *

ST. JOHN HARBOUR A NATIONAL AFFAIR.

(St. John Telegraph.)

WE have heard much recently of the grain that is to come to our ports from the prairies, and we have been reminded that great as the harvest is this year it will be comparatively small when measured against the crops of the future as the harvest fields are extended. Within a few years, the authorities in these mat-

ters give assurance, the West will raise 800,000,000 bushels. Now comes Mr. Coste to say that the proportion of this freight which will be carried to this seaboard in winter will give much business to all of the best harbours in these provinces, but that St. John, by reason of its situation, the short rail haul it affords to and from the West, and its other advantages, is the port which is best fitted to handle the heaviest share of the traffic. Here, then, is official recognition of the national value of this harbour above others in these provinces, recognition which the Common Council, the Board of Trade, and citizens generally should seize upon as establishing beyond question hereafter St. John's claim to federal assistance, not because St. John wants the business, but because the development of this port is absolutely essential to any business-like national transportation policy.

* * *

A THOUSAND MILES NEARER EUROPE.

(Victoria Colonist.)

TO bring uncounted millions of acres of wheat in Western Canada a thousand miles nearer to the market in Europe, and make a saving of many millions of dollars every year in transportation charges, thereby ensuring higher prices to the farmers of the prairie provinces—this is what the opening up of the Hudson Bay outlet will achieve. It will mean a revolution in traffic routes and traffic rates. The immense amount of territory within the cost-saving reach of Hudson Bay, the New-World Mediterranean, will make this route one of the greatest trade arteries of the world. It will place the grain-growers of Western Canada in control of the markets of the world by making possible a great reduction in the cost of transportation. This saving will be brought about because the Hudson Bay route is by a very considerable distance the shortest route, and the saving is in the rail haul. How great a saving will be made from the difference in rail haul alone is evident from the fact that the average rate per ton-mile on the Great Lakes is about one-tenth of the corresponding railroad rate. In addition, there will be the saving resulting from the elimination of the re-handling. What the Hudson Bay Railway will provide for the Western grain-growers will be the shortest possible rail haul to tidewater, and direct water transportation to Europe from the very heart of Canada.

* * *

THE SMALL UNIVERSITY.

(London Advertiser.)

THE small university is capable of a great work, a proof of which may be found in the Maritime Provinces. It has some advantages over the big university, where the mere size of the student body makes it difficult for undergraduates and teachers to come into intimate touch. Except in honour science and cognate work, requiring costly laboratory equipment, there is no reason why the arts department of the Western, with a modest but assured income, should not be as efficient as that of Toronto. Only a small proportion of those who enter a university specialise in science. For the great majority of young men and women in Western Ontario who aspire to a degree in arts, the Western will meet all requirements, if it can be placed on a sound financial basis, even in a small way.

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Sask.	242,332
Atl.	251,180
Yukon	206,427

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IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Hon. Charles Murphy,
The new Secretary of State.

THE name of Murphy is a new one in Canadian politics. No Cabinet Minister of that name has ever held a portfolio. The new Secretary of State who will soon be sworn in to succeed Hon. R. W. Scott resembles Mr. Mackenzie King in this peculiar way—that neither has he been in Parliament but is now a Minister; though of course Mr. King's portfolio depends more vitally upon his election in North Waterloo. The other day the Premier had occasion at Russell to say some very pointed things about his selection of Mr. Murphy for the Secretaryship. However, Mr. Charles Murphy is a man of large capabilities and will probably

live down what objections have been urged against him by western interests who felt that there were worthy Irishmen west of Ottawa who should have made good Cabinet material.

The new Secretary of State is just about half the age of the old. Mr. Murphy was born forty-four years ago in Ottawa, where he has been a good Liberal and a good lawyer most of the time since. His father was a contractor who built the Pembina branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In his early final years at Ottawa University, Mr. Murphy won a gold medal from Pope Leo XIII. for an original thesis in philosophy—though he was more active than philosophical in college life, being first president of the athletic association and prominent in both football and debating societies—which have a good deal in common as Mr. Murphy is likely to discover before he has been Secretary of State one session. However, Mr. Murphy has been in the political football game a good while; though he has never been member of Parliament, he has served in a variety of Liberal offices from ward chairman to president of the Ontario Liberal Federation. He is now the representative from Eastern Ontario on the Executive of the Ontario Reform Association. In his legal practice Mr. Murphy has branched out a good deal, being solicitor for a large number of companies, while for several years he has been honorary solicitor for the Children's Aid Society.

* * *

STAUNCH upholder of Bordenism is Mr. J. G. H. Bergeron, member for Beauharnois. Last summer Mr. Bergeron did some months of an entourage with the Conservative leader enunciating the Halifax platform from coast to coast; in the salt-smelling maritime and in the wheat-lands; in the fabled cow country under the foot-hills and the mining camps that huddle among the mountains. Mr. Bergeron has that bull-dog jaw which is not always found on a Frenchman, but when it is—! Also his second Christian name is Gideon. He has been a fighter; a wielder of truncheons and broadswords; a lawyer—member of the firm Bastien, Bergeron and Cousineau; elected to Parliament the year the National Policy was adopted and thrice again; but defeated in 1900; afterwards protests and contests and unseatings in various by-elections till at the last general Mr. Bergeron was seated as member for Beauharnois. In the event of Bordenism and the Halifax platform succeeding he will be heard from in very definite fashion early in the new era.



Mr. J. G. H. Bergeron,
Member for Beauharnois.

OF outstanding prominence among all members for the West of either party is Mr. D. C. Cameron, Liberal candidate for Winnipeg. It is not his politics that distinguishes Mr. Cameron; but if he gets elected he will no doubt help to distinguish politics.

Mr. Cameron is one of Winnipeg's biggest men—in fact one of the biggest commercial figures in the entire West. He is the employer of three thousand men. His interests extend from Kenora to the Pacific. He has to do with the basal interests of the country—lumber and iron. He has been in the West nearly thirty years, and when he went there was no C. P. R. and he was a stranded young man of twenty-six; had been casually a lumberman down around Vankleek Hill, Ontario. But the timber limits on the Ottawa were pretty well taken up when Mr. Cameron decided to pull out to a country where a man might engage in other industries besides lumbering. Brandon was his first objective. There he did street grading and logging on the local rivers



Prof. S. J. McLean,
A New Member of the Railway Commission.

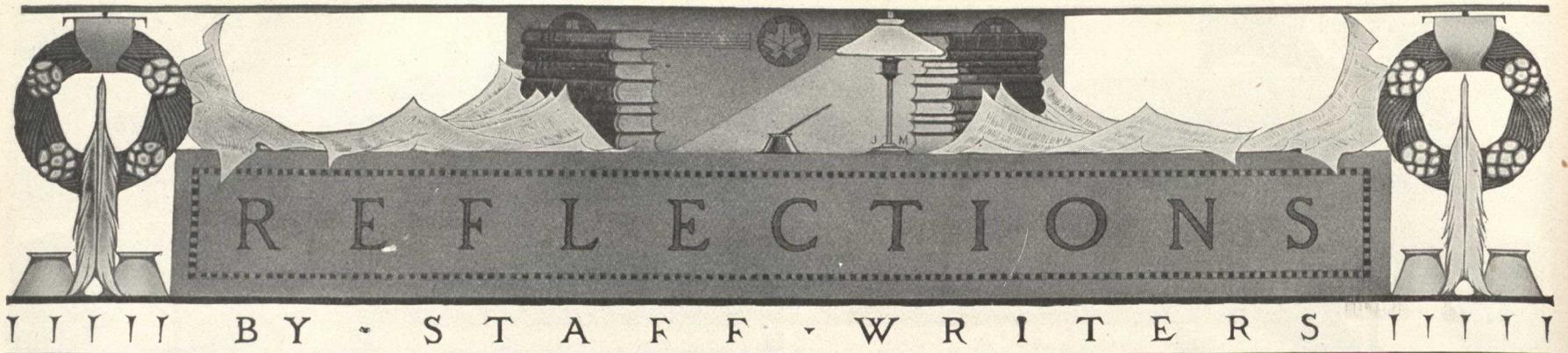
—sort of baby performance compared to pine logging on the Ottawa. In a few years he moved to Rat Portage, which is now called Kenora, but is still, as it was in the early days the town of Cameron, where his smokestacks and sawdust burners punctuate the night landscape with fire. Here far from the lap of civilisation Mr. Cameron laid the basis of a huge industry; here he entered municipal life both as councillor and mayor, by which time—in 1891—he was one of the biggest employers of labour in the West. Second year of his mayoralty of Rat Portage, Mr. Cameron became member for Fort William and Lake of the Woods, in which election he defeated Dr. Smellie—in a day when the Ross Government had but four of a majority. In the Legislature he did a good deal for his home town—including the big new bridge, municipal ownership of the telephones and electric lights, and the present system of water-power construction. At that time he was offered millions by an American syndicate to sell out, but he refused, choosing to remain in active connection with a country which he had done a great deal to build up. Personally Mr. Cameron is a very attractive man. He is over six feet tall and has a distinguished bearing. If elected to the House of Commons he will be one of the most influential men in the House.

* * *

MR. J. D. MONK too—another Montrealer and as different in facial type from Mr. Bergeron as Sir Wilfrid Laurier is from Mr. Borden. He has been heard from very succinctly for years now in Parliament, not least it will be remembered during the Boer War, when he hotly opposed Mr. Bourassa on the subject of Imperialism and contingents. Now Mr. Monk and Mr. Bourassa are not so poles-wide asunder in policy. He is a younger hand at the political game than Mr. Bergeron; has been in Parliament only since Sir Wilfrid came into power; has been much of a scholar—professor of constitutional law in Laval University and a man of such type of mind as Sir Louis Jette. His father was a justice; Mr. Monk cannot well be lost sight of in view of any overturning of the Government. He is a splendid speaker and a man of great tact as well as personal charm. Though a man of deep convictions and fighting propensities he stands for what is chivalric in public and private life.



Mr. F. D. Monk,
Member for Jacques Cartier, Montreal.



COLONIAL NAVIES

CANADA may be leading the colonies in some features of modern development, such as immigration, federal administration of a specialised type and military efficiency, but Australia is leading in the development of a definite naval policy. In Australia a naval policy is of greater value than a military policy. In its defence, a navy would be of much more importance than an army. In Canada, the reverse is probably true. Hence it is natural that Australia should show the way in naval development.

The question as to whether the colonies should have separate navies is on the way to a settlement. That is the main feature. When it was first proposed that each colony should have its own navy, many ardent imperialists stared aghast. It seemed an outrageous proposal. It made for decentralisation rather than cooperation and unity of control. Yet these fears have passed away to a large extent, and even the British naval authorities agree that colonial navies are not necessarily a sign of centrifugal development. They have agreed to lend Australia two up-to-date cruisers and to leave the naval defence of that group of colonies, in time of peace, in the hands of the local authorities. Australia will be self-governing in naval as in military and constitutional matters. In time of war, the Australian fleet would come under imperial supervision and direction.

Canada will eventually assume a similar privilege and responsibility. She will build and maintain her own fleet—at first a number of small coast-protectors, and later a number of vessels capable of aggressive action. "Let us build our own navy," will, before many years, become a popular, political cry. Autonomy and self-respect demand it; a rise in the ranks of nations compels it; common-sense and a broader outlook will justify it. If we are to be a partner in the British Empire, we must develop our nation along the broadest and most comprehensive lines. We may all regret that a navy is necessary, but we shall not hesitate to build one which shall truly represent our national and commercial importance.

THE MARATHON CRAZE

MARATHON races date back into ancient history, where the winner of the first one stamped out most of the budding enthusiasm by his timely death. But sport, like the millinery trade, must have something new even if it has to revive something old to get it. Thus the Marathon race came again to modern Greece and it was Canada's bad luck to have one of her sons win it.

When Sherring came home to an accompaniment of municipal receptions, brass bands and ringing cheers, he set his brother Canadians running Marathons and by the time they got nicely started a noble son of the forest, to wit Thomas Longboat, jumped into the game and added the necessary tinge of romance to turn the procession into a craze. And for two years past the air, the newspapers and the concessions of this fair Dominion have been full of running boys with abbreviated clothes and walking barbers with hob-nailed shoes who have been testing their endurance to the limit under the delusion that they were participating in sport. And Marathons have multiplied and covered the land.

But with the doctor's announcement that the terrible strain of long distance contests has affected Tom Longboat's heart and that he must turn to some milder form of amusement comes the question as to whether public opinion should not stamp out an alleged form of sport that must be shortening the lives of hundreds of Canada's most active and energetic sons.

The Ward Marathon, Toronto's contribution to the continual round of pleasure, will have probably 125 starters, most of whom will run till they drop despite the frenzied efforts of trainers to keep them going long after their energies are spent. How many of this hundred

and more boys will not till their dying day feel some of the effects of the awful strain they are forced to undergo?

Is a Marathon sport? It is and of the same variety that the six-day bicycle grind was till public opinion relegated it to the scrap heap; as the six-day go-as-you-please was till its atrocities were laid bare and it also had to go.

Sport is that which helps the young man develop his muscles in friendly competition with others, which helps him attain his full strength and manhood. That which sends him dazed and staggering to the hospital is a relic of barbarism and never should have been dignified with the name of sport.

The thousands who watched the Italian Dorando stagger and fall and rise only to fall again in the Stadium at London would have turned in loathing from a Spanish bull-fight and looked away in pained surprise from anyone who dared to call the torture of animals by such a proud name as sport. Yet they watched the torture of their fellow man and cheered and cheered again as he fell and rose and fell once more in agony.

And of such is the Marathon, the alleged sport that is epidemic in Canada to-day.

WOOLLENS AND THE TARIFF

WHETHER the woollen industry has sufficient protection under our present customs tariff is a question which has been much discussed. To say that the discussion has been misleading and largely foolish is to put it mildly. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech on the subject at the recent Manufacturers' banquet in Montreal was supremely foolish. To advise Canadian tweed-makers to cheapen the quality of their goods in order to compete with the so-called shoddy goods of Great Britain was not advice one would expect from Canada's leading statesman. There was something of "the-end-justifies-the-means" in it which made it unworthy of him.

The resolution passed by the Manufacturers' Association at a later session, was equally foolish and misleading. In the first place, the resolution did not correctly represent the views of the Association. It was drawn by Mr. J. P. Murray, a man who represents the extreme section of the woollen manufacturers. It was presented by Mr. P. W. Ellis, who knows as little about the woollen industry as he knows much about the jewellery trade. It was not approved by the committee which has jurisdiction in tariff matters. It was not properly voted upon when it did come before the session. In short it is misleading and valueless.

Some portions of the woollen industry are doing well, some are not. Those doing well need no higher protection—in fact higher protection would do them harm. The carpet and hosiery manufacturers represent this class. Of the portions of the industry not doing well, some of the ill success is due to a lack of capital, education and modern machinery. Perhaps a small portion really does require a higher tariff. To make all this clear to the public and the law-makers, the woollen industry must be divided up into its successful and unsuccessful parts, and each treated according to its needs and deserts.

CANADA AND BRITISH GUIANA

BRITISH GUIANA is to have a special meeting of its Legislature to consider the question of granting Canada special consideration under its tariff. That equatorial colony fears that Canada will make a new trade treaty with Germany whereby that country will put on Canada's intermediate tariff. If that were to occur, German sugar, which is now shut out of this market, would come in again.

British Guiana's most profitable sugar market is Canada since the German surtax was imposed. If British Guiana were to lose the Canadian market it would again be plunged in depression, since the United States practically excludes West Indian sugar. If forced to

meet Germany on equal terms in the Canadian market, British Guiana would lose. Germany's imperial policy is also commercial, and if a little assistance were necessary to enable the German sugar producers to capture this market, Germany's imperial rulers would see that the assistance was given.

British Guiana will probably endeavour to keep the Canadian market for her sugar by giving Canadian flour, foodstuffs and manufactures preferential treatment in its market. If Canada had a corps of trained diplomats, with commercial instincts, some one of these would now be in British Guiana seeing what reciprocal arrangements were necessary. As it is, the two governments are probably discussing the matter by post—a most unsatisfactory method. Canada should be directly represented at British Guiana's capital and this trade arrangement should be discussed upon the broadest possible basis.

Our manufacturers, who have been none too busy at home this year, should think more of this West Indian trade. They have done something towards better trade relations, but much remains to be done. The present seems an opportune time for a broader public discussion of the subject.

SENTIMENT IN TRADE

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, in the course of one of his recent campaign speeches, said that the Canadian Preferential Tariff gave three great results. It lessened the burden of taxation on the farmer; it opened the British market wider to Canadian products because of the better feeling toward Canada in Great Britain; and it was an inspiration and example to the whole of the Empire. He thus gave a great argument into the hands of those who support preferential tariffs and closer imperial trade relations. He admitted that there is sentiment in trade as well as business. He propounded propositions which might easily have come from the most enthusiastic imperial-tradist.

If Sir Wilfrid's arguments are right, then a closer drawing together of the various parts of the Empire will induce an increased trade. The sympathies of each will be extended to all. Perhaps Sir Wilfrid has been talking with Lord Milner and become converted. What a shock it must be to Professor Shortt, and what joy to Professor Leacock! How Lord Grey must have rubbed his hands in glee! Perhaps if we could preserve Sir Wilfrid in power and prevent his growing old, he might yet become the natural successor of Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. And what would the Canadian free-traders do then, poor things?

THE STRIKES OF 1908

THE history of industrial warfare will tell how unfortunate were the strikes of 1908. In Great Britain, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers recently surrendered after seven months on strike and the engineering and shipbuilding industries of the north are again undisturbed. The men were in the end forced to accept less favourable terms than they could have secured in the earlier stages of the struggle. In Canada, the machinists of the Canadian Pacific Railway have been beaten ignominiously in an ill-advised struggle. Other strikes have resulted similarly. When there is commercial and industrial depression, working men must accept the inevitable just as their employers do and be content with decreased profits. That the losses of a period of industrial stagnation are to be entirely borne by the employers, while the profits of a period of industrial expansion are to be shared between the two is a one-sided proposition which cannot be successfully defended.

When wheat is a poor crop and prices are low, the farmer bears the loss with the rest of the community. When any form of crop fails or when the market is glutted with any particular commodity, the producer takes less for his yearly wage. It must be the same in industry. When money is plentiful, the capitalist gets a lower interest return. It must so occur with the wage-earner. The C. P. R. machinists were badly advised and they must suffer the penalty of their unwisdom.

DECAY OF MOTOR RACING

THE recent attempt to introduce motor racing in Canada comes at a time when motor racing is being abandoned elsewhere. Mr. S. F. Edge, manufacturer of the Napier car and one of the most expert drivers in Great Britain, has written a letter to the *Times* announcing that he has definitely abandoned dangerous racing either in the country

or on specially prepared tracks. Mr. Edge maintains, and this may be some consolation to Canadian makers, that racing was necessary in the early days of British manufacturing to direct the attention of the public to the fact that British cars were equal to those of continental make, but admits also that the necessity has passed. The *Times* says that highway racing is over, so far as Great Britain is concerned, that the danger was too great and the results valueless. The average driver of a motor-car does not buy a racing machine. He wants the car of endurance. It is likely therefore that endurance tests, such as took place recently in Manitoba, will be the motoring feature of the future. This tendency is also noticeable in the United States. The passion for excessive speed is not one to be encouraged, and motor racing is productive of little else.

Last week the writer was a passenger in an endurance run made by a car from Toronto to Kingston, a distance of 173 miles. One blow-out and one dropped spring were the only troubles and the total time lost was thirty minutes. The trip was made between nine o'clock in the morning and six o'clock in the evening, with five people in a four-cylinder car. Such a test must be more satisfactory to the owner and maker of a car, than any number of tests as to how fast such a car could cover a mile-track.

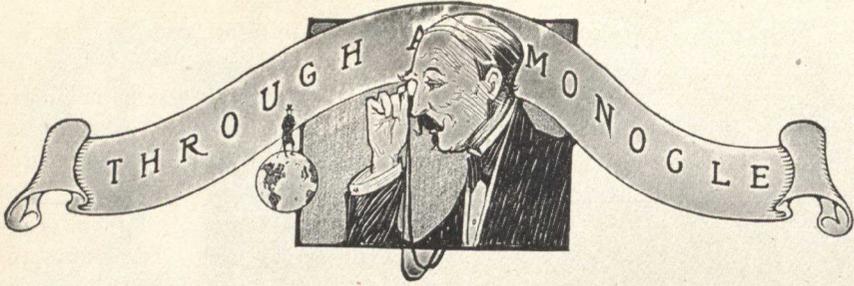
A FAIR WORTH HOLDING

THE last day of September saw a novelty in the way of Ontario agricultural exhibitions held at a township near Thamesville when the school children had a fall fair. Vegetables, grains, flowers and similar exhibits were displayed in competition in the school building, all of the array being raised and tended by the pupils themselves. A graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College, fired by that zeal which Miss Laut calls "The New Spirit of the Farm," devoted last spring to setting this competition in motion and when the juvenile fair was held Mr. T. G. Raynor of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa appeared on the scene and acted as judge. The suggestion of this gentleman that townships take up the idea and have competitions between the various schools deserves provincial consideration. The talk we hear of boys and girls leaving the farm might suddenly subside if there were more pains taken to interest individual ambition. There is no use whatever in lamenting the fact that this generation, which is becoming familiar with the aeroplane and the automobile, is so restless that it is difficult to keep a member of the family in possession of the old homestead. Farm life has been made such a deadly grind by a certain class of agriculturist that it is no matter for surprise that the boys leave the fields for the city, just as soon and as speedily as they can get away. Nor do they indulge in sentimental fancies in later life regarding the twilight when the cows come home or the restfulness of the shade of the old apple-tree. The demand of youth for opportunities and innovations must be met in a responsive spirit.

The need for rural schools, alive to the latest agricultural development, is emphasised every year. At Jordan Harbour, Lincoln County, Ontario, the Rittenhouse School, aided by the bounty of a Lincoln Old Boy who has made millions in Wisconsin lumber, has a model plot of ground for each scholar, where vegetables and flowers are abundant and gorgeous. Lincoln is a favoured spot but throughout Ontario are many schools which might also flourish if this idea of agricultural competition were to receive deserved encouragement.

POLITICAL POMMELLING

DURING the last fortnight, the Canadian public has been surfeited with politics and has been given a sideshow of ludicrous and undignified nature in the matter of epithets, as employed by the *Toronto Globe* and the Premier of Manitoba. It was to be hoped that this country had outgrown such methods of political discussion, but the vocabulary which supplies "foul conspiracy" to the Great Liberal Organ and inelegant backwoods comparisons to the Honourable Gentleman is somewhat painful to a civilised reader or listener. Surely the prominent journals and speakers in this election are not so carried away by political agitation that they must ignore the amenities of decent discussion. The opinion is expressed freely by leading men on both sides that such outbreaks are deplorable, to be considered as a reversion to a less decorous condition of public life. If there are many such performances, citizens of intelligence and ordinary sensibility will come to the conclusion that politics is a game in comparison with which Rugby football is clean and courtly and parliamentary representation will be left to the rough-and-tumble class, to whom political Donnybrook is entirely congenial.



THE premier province of Ontario should take a real good look at itself in the glass these stirring days. As a collection of voters, it is all to the good. The politicians generally concede that the battlefield is in this province, which means that fewer voters here are believed to have made up their minds before they hear the final arguments. But do we hear so much about Ontario exporting public men to address the rest of the country? Not exactly. Sir Wilfrid Laurier of Quebec, Mr. Borden of Nova Scotia, Mr. Fielding of Nova Scotia, Mr. Fisher of Quebec, Mr. Roblin of Manitoba, Mr. Hazen of New Brunswick, Mr. Foster of New Brunswick, Mr. Lemieux of Quebec, Mr. Ames of Quebec, all come up or down to Ontario to present to our people the public questions of the day upon which they are about to be invited to render a verdict; but do we hear of our Ministers and home-grown leaders going to the other provinces to help them come to a decision? Yes; we do hear of Whitney journeying down to Montreal; but that is about all, and Whitney is not a federal politician.

* * *

THE days when Macdonald and Blake went out of this province to lead the Dominion seem to be over. D'Alton McCarthy had a following in Manitoba; and Sir Oliver Mowat was a Dominion-wide figure. We once had a Baldwin, a Brown, a Sandfield Macdonald, an Alexander Mackenzie. Once we did not think of Sir Richard Cartwright as in the very forefront of our heavy artillery; but how gladly would we welcome a man of his size in the arena of these arid times! Now Ontario should not sit down in slothful acceptance of such a condition of affairs. The dramatic manner in which her barrenness is being brought home to her in this campaign should sting her into action. The Maritime Provinces are doing nobly. They have given the Opposition its two chief leaders in spite of the fact that the Government leaders from that district have nearly obliterated the local Conservative party. They give to the Government the heir to the Premiership, and one of its most aggressive fighters. Quebec is doing well, too. It furnishes not only the Premier but one of his most eloquent lieutenants. Then in Mr. Fisher and Mr. Ames, it gives to the nation two of its most trusted public men. There is no better working Minister than Fisher, and no better working Oppositionist than Ames.

* * *

WE have a lot of good voters in Ontario, though. They make intelligent and interested political audiences. Every public man who comes here to address us pays us this compliment. There are exceedingly few "safe" constituencies in Ontario these days. Just

now there appear to be a large number safe for the Conservative party; but we do not have to go very far back to find most of them in the doubtful column. The men who vote in them are not bound to either party, though they may be running pretty steadily with one just now. No political party can stand such an operation, as the cutting out of the cancerous growth which fastened upon the local Liberals when the strong hand of Oliver Mowat was removed, without losing a great deal of blood and vitality. Naturally the party is still suffering from "shock," though the federal party is by no means the same individual as the "party" who went under the knife. But it is safe to say that the independent vote in Ontario is to-day a very large one, and one that can decide any election.

* * *

ONTARIO journalists, however, are riding the storm with a daring which makes their confreres elsewhere look like "veiled prophets." Mr. J. A. Macdonald has become very like one of the issues of the campaign. He is at all events one of the stoutest campaigners. The Conservatives attack him more fiercely than they do any of the Ontario Ministers which is a compliment that I am sure he appreciates. Mr. J. S. Willison, too, looked like an issue for about twenty-four hours. I cannot think that Mr. Macdonald was quite within the ethics of the profession in appealing to Mr. Willison to make a statement as to the honesty of the *Globe* during the latter's editorship. Suppose that the *Globe* had taken a certain course by order of the board of directors which Mr. Willison at the time did not see to be vicious, but upon which subsequent revelations had cast a baleful light, what would have been his position in the face of Mr. Macdonald's challenge? To have kept silent would have been to accuse himself; to have spoken would have been to betray what was practically a confidence.

* * *

SO big a figure does Mr. W. F. Maclean cut in politics that we have almost ceased to think of him as a journalist. He is a politician who owns a newspaper. And in this election he appears to be following his own road. Mr. Pugsley turned the lime-light on Mr. S. D. Scott of St. John the other day—one of the most forceful and convincing writers in the service of the Conservative party. But Mr. Scott has only an ephemeral vehicle in which to load his arguments for the market-place. In Halifax and Winnipeg, they are stirring up things in a sort of Roblin style; but it is hard to believe that it is effective with the calm and thinking independent voter. Most campaign speakers and writers are too much influenced by the people who immediately surround them. These latter are almost always extreme partisans, and judge the tastes and appetites of others by their own. But political argument should aim to persuade the doubtful—not to inflame those already sure, and liable to be intoxicated into foolish violence.

Nidimporte

AT THE LADIES' GOLF TOURNAMENT, LAMBTON



Mrs. C. Mussen, of Montreal, Runner-up.



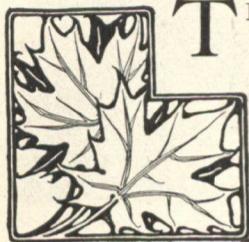
Approaching the Eighth Hole, Final Game, October 2nd.



Miss Mabel Thomson, St. John, N. B., Champion for the fifth time.

THE GREATEST SPENDER IN CANADA

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



HERE is a little grey man in the Dominion Cabinet who in the ranks of the politicians and the electors commands some such consideration as "Bobs" in the army. This little man, who on a platform looks like the ghost of Debate, has been indirectly responsible this

campaign for a large amount of bickering at the hands of the Conservative press. It is he who has given Canada the hundred-million budget; he who has been accused of *haut finance* in Government—of hitting a swift and seductive trail in expenditure: Hon. Mr. Fielding, the greatest spender in Canada.

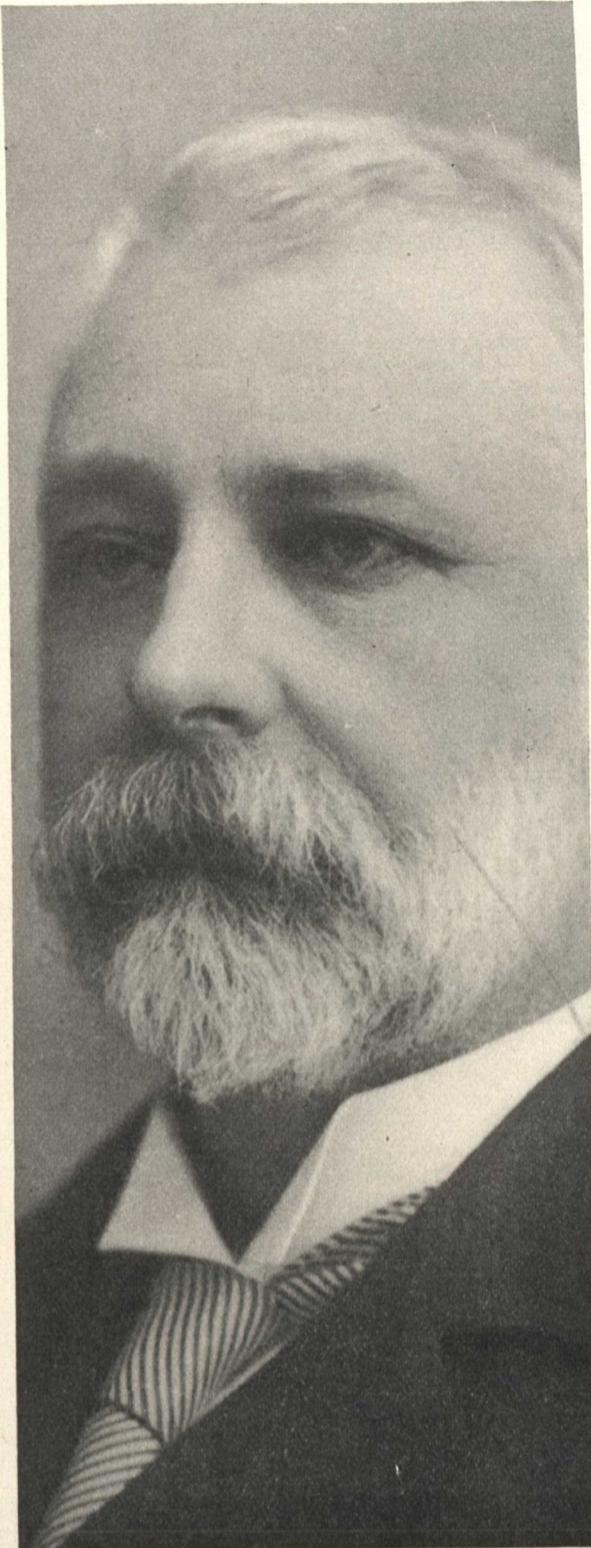
A man who raises and spends a hundred million dollars a year is liable to be talked about. Mr. Fielding handles a hundred million dollars on a seven-thousand-dollar salary, which is as low a commission as can be got anywhere. He makes no concealment about his lavish expenditures; seems rather to glory in his shame; affirms that it is his business to spend, and that he has the wherewithal to do the spending.

Mr. Fielding is something of a reminder if not a relique. He is the only prominent member left of the old Cabinet of notables; the Executive of Premiers that gathered about Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1896, when the lure of Canada was strong and when the eyes of the statesmen were single to her glory. That was perhaps as poetic a season as Canada ever had since Confederation; the emancipation era; and in all the halo and the poetry of the occasion the Nova Scotia Premier was the one single dominant note of prose, just as Sir Wilfrid was the epic of poetry. Well, Sir Wilfrid is still the poetry and Mr. Fielding the prose; the Premier stands for the unity of races and the general sentiment of government; the Finance Minister represents the union of manufacturer and farmer—the man that gets the benefit of the tariff and the man that mainly pays it.

Twelve budget speeches Mr. Fielding has delivered in Canada. He has been herding Laurier's fat kine all those years. He has given Canada several tariffs. The last general revision of the tariff took rank with the Congressional messages of Grover Cleveland and the budget speeches of Mr. Gladstone; when even the farmer's hired boy turned up the general list to find out what were the chances for cheaper overalls that year. That tariff did more to impress the real personality of Mr. Fielding upon the Canadian mind than all the rest of his Cabinet career. That triangular tariff was the result of the most tireless itinerary ever conducted by a Canadian Cabinet minister—the tariff commission that held sittings all over Canada except in Ungava, Labrador, the Yukon and the Cariboo; in the endeavour to discover from this side and from that side what would best suit the general good of the Canadian people.

Now there are plenty of public men of the I-want-to-know kind, of whom perhaps President Roosevelt has been chief; but Mr. Fielding is second to none in the way he wants to know and the things he manages to find out. He has the question mark of Kipling added to the judicial mind. That tariff would have driven an ordinary finance minister into a mad-house. It was the bread of life to Mr. Fielding; that shrewd, shadowy little man with the grey cropped whisker and the grey hair, and the twinkling eye that ought to have been Scotch but happens to have been English by descent. And in that tariff Mr. Fielding lives and moves and has his being. It is his public religion; his alpha and omega. He never tires of tariffs. There is to him in the labyrinthine discursions of the general and the preferential and the surtax and the favoured-nation clause, such fascination as spell-bound Gladstone who was the first finance minister to make a budget speech listen like a romance, whereas Mr. Fielding is easily the second.

There is such amazing thrift and industry in the man's mind. He has always had it. For one thing Mr. Fielding was never a lawyer; so refreshing to find now and then a really big Canadian public man who never studied law. Mr. Fielding entered his career in life by means of the fourth estate. He was a newspaper man. He left his school arithmetic at the age of sixteen to enter the business office of the *Halifax Recorder*. Before he was twenty he wrote editorials. Those days the itch for writing was strong. It was the pre-Confederation era and



Hon. W. S. Fielding,
Minister of Finance.

Joseph Howe was still alive; and from Howe Mr. Fielding caught the enthusiasm against Confederation that he has long since learned to put by as one of the passions of youth. On the *Recorder* Editor Fielding remained for twenty years; and in that while he was body, brains and heart of the thing. Fourteen years he was Halifax correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*. And all this while he was broadening his base of knowledge and sharpening his wits for the encounters that lay in wait for him as a parliamentarian. It was in 1884 that he first got into Nova Scotia politics; at that time he had earned a reputation for sitting up with the midnight lamp, and as a man whose mind was as clear as the keel of one of the Halifax ships cutting clean through all waves and winds of doctrine. Twelve years Mr. Fielding was Premier of Nova Scotia, and by 1896 he had well and truly earned the call that put him in the Laurier Cabinet as Minister of Finance.

Those Bluenoses—they are always right side up with care. Mr. Fielding was not a financier; but he had a head for business and he was as thorough as a threshing-machine. That shrewd, twinkling eye; a passion for detail that might have been the envy of a German scientist; the untirable love of work, and the illimitable patience that hears all sides of a controversy and makes up its mind to none without due cogitation—Mr. Fielding had them all

within as compact and trim a figure as ever occupied one of the Treasury benches. He was as prose as a clock. The Premier might perorate in grand vein about the destiny of races; but the Finance Minister from Halifax was keen on the impost of a duty. He knew that he had gone in against perhaps the biggest scientific game ever known to a Cabinet; he had the N. P. as a legacy; and he had to trick the old nag out in the bedizenry of something that looked like a compromise between Free Trade and a Tariff-For-Revenue-Only.

But the science of tariffs had no terrors for Mr. Fielding. In all those twelve years he has learned that tariffs have mysteries that only a finance minister knows. But with the tariff he has stayed; and it is of the tariff now that he delights to talk to any sort of audience where tariffs have any business. General amenities of Government—bah! what does he know or care about them? When he rises to speak he fumbles about for a few paragraphs before he manages to get the real logical angle to his feet; and having got his bearing so he squares away to the cold slabside of a huge subject as cheerfully as a Nova Scotia jack tar hauls up alongside a rope. He knows that in a very little while he will have got the kinks out and the knots coming along the rope. Demure and almost hesitant beside the table he spars a good bit with the glass of water and shifts his right foot; throws his handkerchief on the table and lets both hands out together, just for a change—and begins to trot out his arguments. Back in the compartments of his brain he has the whole logical series and he elucidates one at a time in perfect order. He begins with the total of trade—the four hundred and eleven millions increase in twelve years; and he hammers nails all over that triumphant fabric amid loud applause; whereat he passes his handkerchief over his head and flings it down again. Out comes the general tariff; then the preferential; next the surtax; here now the French treaty; again the favoured-nation clause; after a bit the general incidence of taxation; now he drags out Foster—and out of Foster he extracts much merriment. And from the first knot in the rope till the last he has managed to keep an indiscriminate audience highly and at times hugely interested in a subject that to most people is dry as punk and hard as nails.

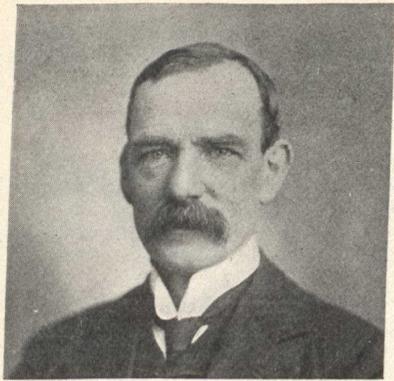
But it is the Tariff and the Tax; in these Mr. Fielding glories. Alas! what would he ever have done in a Free Trade Cabinet? What will he do in the hereafter where there is no tariff and no tax and no price on anything?

Yes, it may have been good gossip to talk of Mr. Fielding as Premier of Canada; but Finance Minister Fielding is the real character, and in that role the little, grey, shrewd man needs no make-up.

Canadians as Canal-Builders

CANADIANS are now rated as great canal-builders—according to Mr. Edward Hungerford, writing in *Harper's Weekly* on the subject of canals. Mr. Hungerford evidently imagines we are to dig the Georgian Bay canal right away; says that we will have it done before the new hundred-million Erie canal is finished in State of New York. Aside from this miscalculation of our intentions, Mr. Hungerford's opinions are worth quoting; for he has discovered that not in vain have we taken the beaver for a national emblem. He says:

"Canada does not go blindfolded into canal-digging. It has, for once and for all time, rejected the twelve-foot canal as grossly incompetent and its canal from Georgian Bay to the St. Lawrence by way of the Ottawa and Mattawa Rivers will be twenty-one feet deep, making Chicago and Milwaukee and Duluth ocean ports, subject only to sail of several hundred miles through exclusively British soil. There is no question in the minds of the men who have examined this Georgian Bay canal proposition as to the effect its completion will have on the decreasing commercial supremacy of New York City. The Georgian Bay canal will do more than paralyse freight traffic through Lake Ontario and the Upper St. Lawrence. It will cripple the toll-catching elevators at Buffalo and proclaim the Erie barge canal the most atrocious and expensive farce yet placed upon the backs of the greatest of all the states. It will make it quite an indifferent question whether the twelve-foot Erie is completed in one century or two, for it will, of itself, provide the direct and simple water route for the grain of America's golden west to the densely populated nations of Europe."



Dr. Henry Coward,
Conductor of Sheffield Choir.

Musical Reciprocity

.. Between ..

England and Canada

A CONSIDERATION OF THE APPROACHING VISIT OF THE SHEFFIELD CHOIR AND THE WORK OF DR. C. A. E. HARRISS, DIRECTOR OF THE TOUR.



Dr. C. A. E. Harriss,
Director of Sheffield Tour.

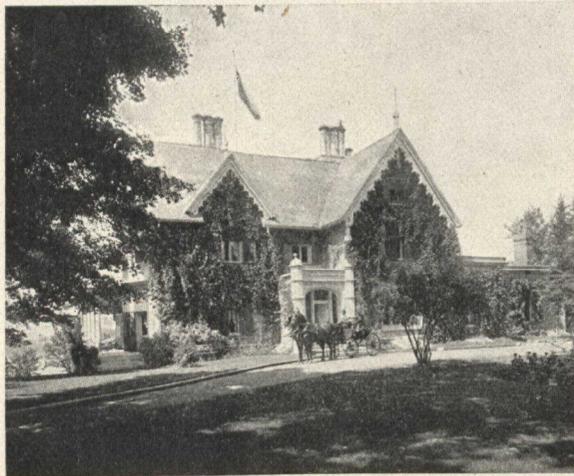


FOR many a month, Canadians have been reading of the proposed visit of the great Yorkshire choir to the Dominion and now the consummation of many plans is close at hand. Next month will see the Sheffield Choir in Canada and every lover of harmony and international good-will hopes that the

tour may be in every sense triumphal.

From the moment they reach Canadian soil until their departure from our country, the members of the Sheffield Choir will be the objects of Canadian observation and hospitality. It is the purpose of this article to consider rather the circumstances of their coming and the Anglo-Canadian musician, upon whose initiative they come—Dr. C. A. E. Harriss of Ottawa. This gentleman is a native of London, England, and was educated at St. Michael's College, Tenbury, where he took the Ouseley Musical Scholarship in 1873. In 1880 he succeeded Dr. Sloman as organist to the Earl of Powis and also became organist to the Parish Church of Welshpool. After two years his services were sought for in Canada by the authorities of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, as the successor of Dr. Davies as organist and choirmaster and subsequently by the Church of St. James the Apostle. At his first public recital in Canada he was honoured by the attendance of H. R. H., the Princess Louise. While still occupying these positions, he composed his first work, "Daniel Before the King," a dramatic sacred cantata which was the earliest musical composition ever published and performed in Canada by a British Canadian. This was followed by numerous songs, anthems, pianoforte and organ compositions: "Torquil," a lyric opera, given in Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, May, 1900, in aid of the Patriotic Fund founded by His Excellency Lord Minto for the benefit of Canadian soldiers fighting in South Africa, "A Festival Mass," "The

Admiral," "Coronation Mass Edward VII." Dr. Harriss' funeral anthem, "I Heard a Voice from Heaven," was the setting written specially for use at the service held in Christ Church Cathedral at the Canadian capital, on the day of Queen Victoria's burial (January 22nd, 1901). In 1902, on the occasion of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, the present Prince and Princess of Wales, to Canada, Dr. Harriss was commanded by Their Excellencies to perform selections from "Torquil" at Rideau Hall, Ottawa.



"Earnscliffe," the Ottawa Residence of Dr. Harriss.

Thus it will be seen that Dr. Harriss has led an exceedingly busy life since coming to Canada and that he has also known the honour which does not always come to master or musician. Among the enterprises for which Canada is indebted to Dr. Harriss there have been the tours of such distinguished artists as Charles Santley, Edward Lloyd, Signor Foli, Watkin Mills, Trebelli, Muriel Foster, Grossmith, Beatrice Langley, Braxton Smith, Plunket Greene and Albani, to mention hardly half

of those who have appeared, in accordance with his arrangements.

In 1899 he induced Lieutenant Dan Godfrey and his band to visit Canada, making a tour which will long be remembered. In 1903 the First Cycle of Musical Festivals of the Dominion was conducted, meaning the organisation of festival choruses in the principal cities and towns of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia. This series of festivals commenced at Halifax on March 31st and terminated at Victoria, British Columbia, on May 9th, under the conductorship of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Principal of the London Royal Academy of Music. At the request of Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Alexander Mackenzie and Dr. Peterson, Dr. Harriss became in 1903 Honorary-Director throughout Canada for the associated board examinations of the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music, London, in connection with McGill University Conservatorium of Music, becoming its first musical director. The composition of the Choric Idyl, "Pan," for the farewell state concert given to Their Excellencies, the Earl and Countess of Minto, on their departure from Ottawa in 1904 was one of the happiest efforts in Dr. Harriss' musical career and this work was subsequently produced at the British Canadian festival, given in Queen's Hall, London, June 27th, 1906, before His Majesty, King Edward, and Princess Louise. In 1907 at the conference of premiers from all corners of the British Empire Dr. Harriss conducted his "Coronation Mass Edward VII." at the concert given in honour of the colonial visitors in association with the conductors, Herr Arthur Nikisch, Dr. Henry Coward and the Sheffield Choir.

Dr. Harriss has especially interested himself in the musical life of Montreal, having founded the Philharmonic in 1906 and composing for this society in the following year the choral ballad, "The Sands of Dee." During the present year he organised a series of church festivals throughout Canada, conducted last April and May by Sir Frederick Bridge



Ready to Sing "God Save the King," Empire Day Concert, Royal Albert Hall, London, England, in 1908, with Dr. C. A. E. Harriss as Conductor.

of Westminster Abbey, the music sung by fifteen hundred Canadian choristers, representing three centuries of cathedral music. On the twenty-third of last May, Dr. Harriss directed the Empire concert, given in Albert Hall, London, England, at which there was an audience of ten thousand present, among whom were many Canadians then visiting the Old Country. The visit of the Sheffield Choir, under the great conductor, Dr. Henry Coward, is the most ambitious step in musical reciprocity yet undertaken by Dr. Harriss and marks an epoch in the choral tours of Canada. This country has made for itself something of a reputation in the matter of choral societies and support of their work and it shows that the Mother Country is confident of Canadian sympathy, when hundreds of British singers come to the Dominion in the expectation of making friends and receiving artistic appreciation.

Dr. Harriss has been indefatigable in urging this visit and arranging for the itinerary, showing the determination and the readiness to take "chances" which we are accustomed to associate with New York or Chicago, rather than with the native of Old London. About twelve years ago, Dr. Harriss thoroughly identified himself with his adopted country when he married Ella Beatty Shoenberger, a daughter of the late Dr. Beatty, of Cobourg. Their beautiful home at Ottawa is "Earncliffe," of historic interest as the one-time residence of Sir John Macdonald.

Toronto's Mendelssohn Choir, will doubtless prove enthusiastic over the British visitors from across the Atlantic. Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara Falls, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Brantford, London, Lindsay and Peterborough are to be the favoured centres in Quebec and Ontario. The new Allan liner, *Grampian*, has been chartered for the voyage and will sail from Glasgow this month with a party, looking forward to strenuous work and a happy time.

Toronto is unusually fortunate, since three of the evening concerts, November fifth, sixth and seventh, with an afternoon concert also, fall to her share. The reason for this is not far to seek, for, whatever be the failings of Ontario's capital, a lack of enthusiasm over choral conquerors is not to be laid to her charge. Selections from the "Messiah" will be given at the first concert, and on the following night the greater part of the concert will be devoted to excerpts from the "Elijah." Miscellaneous and lighter selections will be given at the afternoon concert and on Saturday night a digest of the "Dream of Gerontius" will be rendered. On the "Messiah" and "Elijah" nights, the accompaniments will be played by the Conservatory Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Frank Welsman.

In the autumn of 1906 there took place a friendly and musical visit to Germany, when the Choral Union of Leeds and the Musical Union of Sheffield

"Dream of Gerontius," to which Canadian music-lovers are looking forward with eagerness, although the whole work will not be sung here by the Sheffield Choir. The effect of the German visit was most happy as the Yorkshiremen and their hosts fraternised in a fashion good to behold, while the English chronicler declared that "Dr. Coward has brought back with him four hundred missionaries of the Brotherhood of Nations."

The members of the Sheffield Choir, in coming to Canada, visit a country in which the "old Boys" of Yorkshire are to be found in every town and city. They will be greeted everywhere by friends of olden days whose hearts will be gladdened by the music of the great northern choir. In visiting Germany, the English singers impressed the musical communities of three great cities with the fact that England is not an unmelodious country, destitute of choral art. In visiting Canada, the singers from across the sea will find that, young and unformed as the Dominion may be, there is not lacking appreciation of the great works of the masters, nobly rendered. May they find that we, as a people, have not been so busy with axe, spade and plough that we have become deaf to the immortal harmonies! The choir from the Yorkshire City will bring us gifts of choral culture and will find us ready to receive and enjoy. They are coming to their own—and may they receive a welcome worthy of their traditions and their breed!



The Sheffield Choir, the Famous English Organisation which sails for Canada this month.

The Sheffield Choir is to be accompanied by distinguished journalists, representing both the Yorkshire and London press. As the members of this choir are prominently identified with the industrial enterprises of Sheffield, the visit will be of economic importance as well as of musical edification. It will be impossible for these leaders in British industry to come to Canada, behold the growth of Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Brantford and Hamilton without grasping the enormous possibilities of this new country. This view of the visit has appealed to the executive council of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association which last winter sent a letter to the Lord Mayor of Sheffield, not only extending a hearty welcome to the members of the choir and their friends, but also assuring him: "Members of our association individually will do everything in their power to make your visit both profitable and enjoyable." The municipal corporations of Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto have also forwarded resolutions to the Lord Mayor of Sheffield extending cordial invitations to the Choir.

The Sheffield singers will be in Canada for a fortnight only and during that time will give nine evening and five afternoon concerts in Canada. There will be an evening concert in Buffalo on November ninth, the only appearance of the Sheffield singers in the United States. The Bison City, which has always shown itself so appreciative of

combined in a Yorkshire Chorus under the leadership of Dr. Henry Coward. Dusseldorf, Cologne and Frankfurt were the chief cities in which the English Chorus appeared, winning such applause from the Teuton as formed a memorable tribute. One of the Dusseldorf critics said of their first oratorio work: "What has been presented to them by a German, viz: the whole treasure of the 'Messiah,' was what brought the Britons to the Rhine. There was not much omitted, so that during a performance lasting an hour and a half nearly the whole of the work was given. With German tempi this would have been impossible, but Dr. Henry Coward, of Oxford, accelerated not only the Chorus (which was constantly encouraged by a rhythmic *accelerando*) but also the instrumental interludes, for which he had in hand the Dusseldorf Municipal Orchestra. As a conductor he is master of great choral effects. With an imposing tonal wealth and a dramatic decision the chorus is finely trained in dynamic gradations. But to praise the singers means with Handel to praise the whole performance. Especially rich in tone, also in the fulness and clearness of the single voices, the soprano stood out prominently. . . . But the height of imposing expression the chorus reached in the 'Hallelujah,' the representation of which was heard standing, according to their custom, by those Englishmen present in the hall."

Evidently the Yorkshire Chorus made a deep impression in Germany with Sir Edward Elgar's

FROM CANADA'S GREATEST CONDUCTOR.

September 7th, 1908.

DR. CHARLES A. E. HARRISS,

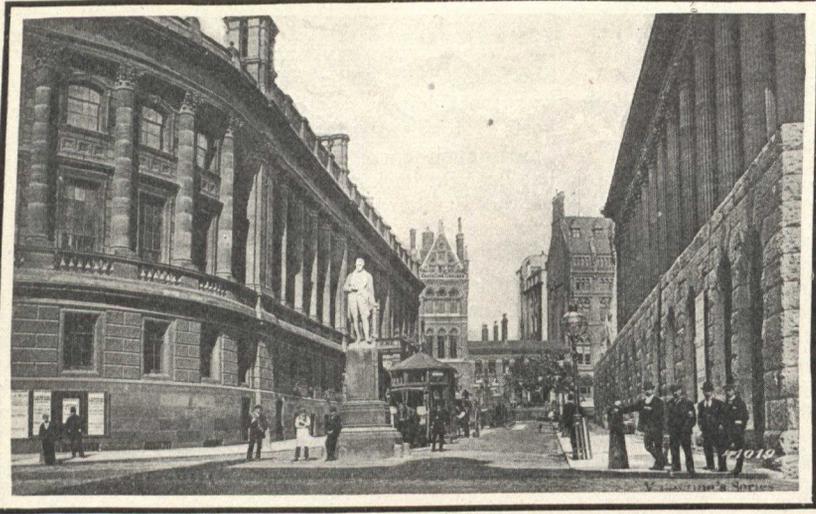
"Earncliffe," Ottawa.

MY DEAR DR. HARRISS,—I cannot but feel that the approaching visit of the Sheffield Choir to Canada, is a great joy and privilege to all those interested in the cause of music in this country. The choir is superb, the conductor, Dr. Coward, is regarded in England as the "Master Chorus-Master," and the singing of his magnificent body of singers has been of such a high order as to exalt to an unprecedented level the character of choral work in England, the home of mixed chorus singing. The Choir sing with magnificent abandon, charming sincerity of expression and splendid rhythmical swing.

In view of the many requests received by the Mendelssohn Choir to visit other cities in Canada, invitations which we have been regretfully forced to decline, it should be gratifying to our kind friends to know that in the Sheffield Choir they will hear a chorus of which the great leader, Arthur Nikisch, said, "They are the finest body of singers in the world," and which is regarded both in Great Britain and Europe as not merely a great but a wonderful choir.

I remain, very sincerely yours,

(Signed) A. S. Vogt.



Birmingham's Public Buildings—Library to Left.



Edinburgh's Dignified Library.

THE MUSINGS OF A LIBRARIAN

First of Three Articles.

By ANDREW BRAID, WINDSOR PUBLIC LIBRARIAN

PUBLIC libraries began for me with the parish library of my native village in Scotland, over thirty-five years ago. The books occupied a cupboard which extended along one of the walls of the village school—or rather, the “wee” room (i.e., junior room) of the two which made up that seminary of learning. At this distance of time, I should say the library was composed of about four or five hundred volumes. How it originated and where the books came from I cannot tell, but I know there were no additions to the library during the time I was a reader, because I took out the same books over and over again for want of new material. There was a happy absence of all formalities and equipment in the way of catalogues and by-laws, guarantors' cards and borrowers' cards, and no fee

One of the most faithful frequenters of the library was an unfortunate woman, a resident of the village, whose love for reading was equalled only by her love for drink. When spending part of my summer vacation one year in Edinburgh, I invested a shilling in fifty penny numbers of Wilson's “Tales of the Borders,” and these were read over and over again by Kirsty; indeed, she began to fall back on my slender collection of books in the intervals between the monthly circulation from the schoolroom library. I believe I felt not a little pride that I, a schoolboy, was able to lend books to a grown-up person; and Kirsty returned them clean and unmarked.

Among us boys, a tattered book on ships was always in circulation. It was illustrated with pictures of all sorts of craft, from Roman galleys to the latest type of paddle-wheeled steamers; and these pictures we tried to follow, always without success, when whittling out toy ships down by the side of our little river. Scott's “Tales of a Grandfather,” “Robinson Crusoe,” and the “Arabian Nights,” without illustrations, unfortunately, were also eagerly sought after by the boys, and the “Tales” set us to acting the parts of Wallace and Bruce and Prince Charlie in the fields and woods near by; while some very large stones in the river made capital Crusoe islands where one could be “monarch of all he surveyed.” A boy's imagination is a wonderful thing. Where a man sees only a drab-coloured stream, dotted with stones and running between banks of coarse grass, studded with stunted willow bushes, a boy finds an ocean, with seaports from which he can send forth his argosies and armadas to distant lands or to the “Islands of the Blest.” One of these stones is a Gibraltar, another is a Salamis, still another a St. Helena. Amongst a clump of willow bushes he can fancy himself in an African jungle or a South American swamp, infested with lions or jaguars according to the continent he has transformed it into.

Most of the juvenile literature in the library, however, was of a namby-pamby kind that would not be tolerated now even in a Sunday School library, with pictures of preposterous little boys in

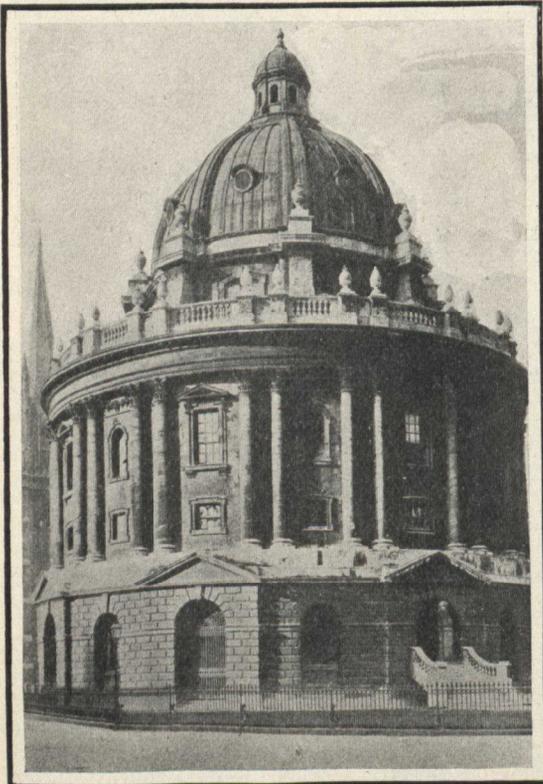
absurdly big tasselled caps and small jackets and short trousers, making stilted and highflown speeches to equally preposterous little girls in equally absurd short frocks, below which could be seen the ridiculously-long nether garments that then formed part of a girl's costume.

The books were of a solid class of literature, few novels, except by first-rank authors, being amongst them. I recollect there were a number of volumes of a “Saturday Journal,” “Chambers' Miscellany,” Hugh Miller's works, and about a dozen of the books of those popular mid-nineteenth century authors, Peter Parley and Old Humphrey. David did not have a greater longing for a draught from the well of Bethlehem than I have now for a sight of “Old Humphrey's Walks in London”! In one of the volumes of the “Saturday Journal” I recall an article on wigs, but all that has remained in my mind of this article are the lines which were quoted therein:

“Oh Absalom, oh Absalom,
Oh Absalom, my son!
If thou hadst worn a periwig
Thou hadst not been undone.”

Scott's novels were conscientiously attempted by me in those days, but I confess I was daunted by the dreary introductions and opening chapters. Even “The Antiquary” proved too much for me, although the opening scene of the coach travelling from Edinburgh to Queensferry, both of these places being in our countryside, had been a bait to lure me into taking the book from the library. Not until I reached my teens did I have the courage to wade through the uninteresting beginnings of the Waverley novels, to discover they were but like dreary paths leading to the Land of Enchantment, where one can ride forth with King Richard in Palestine, Quentin Durward in France, Ivanhoe in England, or Bonnie Prince Charlie in Scotland.

Last summer, I visited my native village after an absence of twenty-four years, and one of my most interesting experiences was to handle some of these old books. The library has long since been closed; but I went into the old school-room, and as I looked around the desks amid which I had droned through lessons, and took up the volumes I had read, my thoughts went back to school days and delightful library evenings. I “appropriated” a volume of Old Humphrey's essays—may the Recording Angel remember that the library is not now used, and, appreciating my sentimentality, erase the entry from his journal!



The Camera or Radcliffe Library, Oxford.

was charged. The village schoolmaster acted as librarian, devoting part of an evening once a month to exchanging books for readers; an old copy-book did duty for a register, the reader's name and the title of the book taken out being entered therein; and when a book was returned the drawing of a pen through the title was a sufficient record. On these occasions, the schoolroom was a scene of animation—readers recommending the books they were returning to other readers, or consulting one another as to the likelihood of a certain book proving interesting. Ploughmen came from outlying farms, and labourers from hamlets two or three miles distant, so that it was a matter of no small consequence to secure a book or two sufficiently interesting to ensure a month's pleasurable reading.

THE agricultural progress of a country during a ten-year period is, as a rule, not very strongly marked. One has to cover a much longer time to be able to note the signs of progress with exactness. Canada supplies an exception to this rule. Since 1898 many of the changes in agriculture are clearly and well defined. During that period the farmer's position has materially changed. His calling is on a higher plane. He knows more about his land. He understands better the science of agriculture and brings greater knowledge of methods and means to bear upon his work.

The factors responsible for this improvement are many. In Ontario, the Agricultural College at Guelph, the Farmers' Institute, the Women's Institute, the reorganised agricultural societies, the various live stock, dairy, fruit and kindred associa-

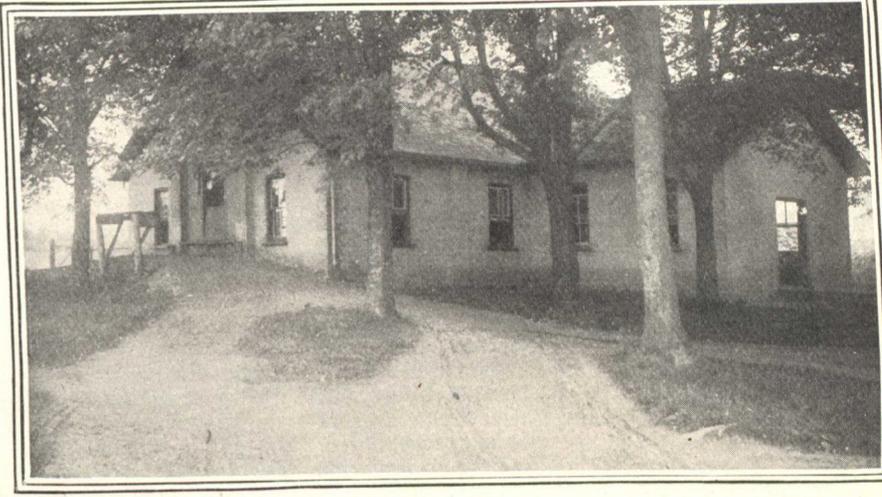
tions, the provincial Winter Fairs at Guelph and Ottawa, the various reports and bulletins sent out by the Department of Agriculture, the agricultural press and other agencies have greatly aided in improving the farmer's position. In the other provinces like agencies have been at work. Agricultural colleges have been established at Truro, Nova Scotia, and at Winnipeg, Manitoba, within the past few years. Last fall the Macdonald Agricultural College at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que., was opened. These institutions are daily contributing to the sum total of knowledge of agriculture in Canada. Add to these provincial movements the work being done by the Dominion Department of Agriculture through the Experimental Farms, the Dairy Commissioners', the Live Stock Commissioners' and the Seed Commissioners' branches and we have an organised

Ten Years' Progress in Agriculture

By J. W. WHEATON



A New Feature—Fruit going into Cold Storage.



Cheese Factories are more numerous and more scientific.

effort for the betterment of the farmer's position that few countries excel in.

So much for agricultural progress along the line of education and training. There has been advancement in other directions. First comes the farm home. The large, roomy farmhouse of a decade or two ago is no longer the cynosure of the passer-by. The farmer of to-day is looking for something more than size in his home. He is looking for comfort and convenience. The change in this respect has been most marked. Comfort, convenience, the sav-

Next in order come the barn, the stable, the implement house and other buildings necessary on a well-equipped farm. The tendency here is towards consolidation, combining as many departments under one roof as is possible. This idea is not new, however. Many structures of this class were built fifteen or twenty years ago. But as in the home, the farmer is looking more to the comfort and health of his animals. Proper ventilation and plenty of light are some of the things required in the twentieth century stable. The windmill and facilities

more well-to-do farmers, built solely of reinforced concrete. The more general use of this material should strengthen the farm risk in the eyes of the insurance company.

We have reached the iron or wire age in farm fencing. No greater change is to be noted during the past decade, than the transition from the rail or board fence to that of the neat and efficient wire fence. A drive through any part of the older portions of the country will show this. To some extent iron posts are replacing wooden ones. The cement



A Canadian Orchard with a promise of full baskets.—The trees are well pruned and the ground well cultivated.

ing of labour for the housewife, with sufficient room for the family and an extra bedroom or two for the welcomed guest, as compared with size, show and several unoccupied rooms in the homes built a decade ago, are the changes to note in this direction. The kitchen takes precedence over the spare room and the bathroom and its attendant conveniences over fancy gables and adornment. This is not saying, however, that beauty in the home and its surroundings is being lost sight of. Comfort and convenience are not being sacrificed for the sake of it, that is all.

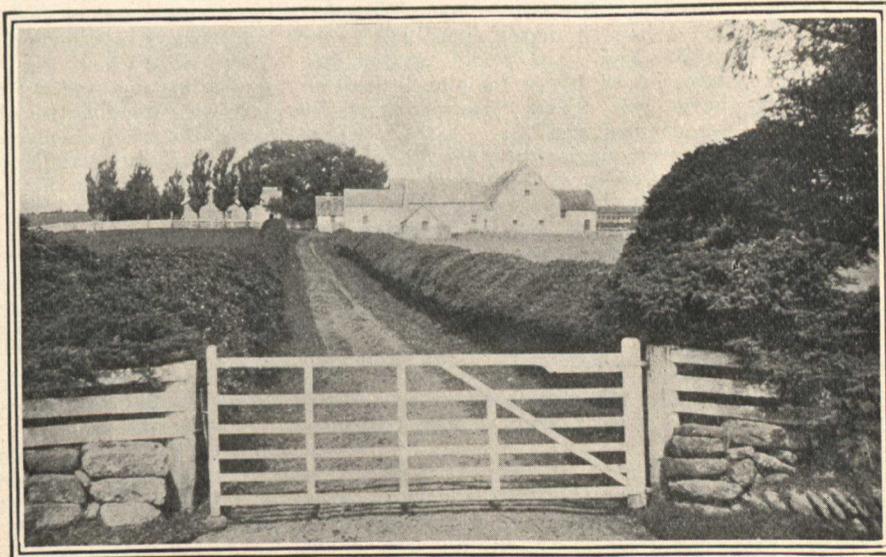
for supplying water in the stable are a necessity in the building of to-day. The people of our towns and cities have a direct interest in these things. Better light, better ventilation and better sanitary conditions mean healthier animals, fewer tuberculosis germs in the meat they buy and in the milk they drink. Cement is an important factor in farm buildings. Its use, which is becoming larger every day, tends to eliminate the loss from fire and gives a permanency that is invaluable. There are barns and stables in Canada, erected by some of the larger and

post is also a production of these latter days. But it is largely an experiment as yet. The wire fence, however, is here to stay. The country landscape is improved by it and the beauty of the farm enhanced. It makes for road improvement in winter. Large snowdrifts do not materialise where wire fencing prevails on the roadside.

And this brings us to another milestone in rural advancement. The educational campaign of fifteen years ago has been crystallised during the past
(Continued on page 17)



"The Wire Fence enhances the beauty of the Farm."



A Typical Prince Edward Island Farm.

THE COUNT'S COMEDY

Astro Settles the Case of a Foreign Fortune Hunter

The last of a series of five Mystery Stories in which Astro, The Seer, and Valeska, his assistant, use their crystal-gazing and their common-sense to their own and the general good. Astro is supposed to have great occult power, and many people who have private troubles come to him for aid. The Seer has a keen appreciation of all modern foolishness.

By ALAN BRAGHAMPTON*



IN the great, dim studio of Astro the Palmist, a smartly dressed young man, well bred, well groomed, and with something of that manner for which Harvard has become famous, sat nervously punching holes in the magnificent Turkish rug with the ferule of his bamboo cane. He looked up with a scowl as Astro, dressed in his red silk robe, and his turban with the moonstone clasp, leisurely entered the apartment. For a moment the young man gazed at the seer as if to estimate the man's calibre and character. Astro said nothing, but, bowing gravely, took his seat on the big couch and lazily lighted his water pipe, waiting for his visitor to speak.

"I have come to you," the young man said finally, "although I must confess I don't quite believe in occult powers, because I have an idea that you must know considerable about human nature. You certainly see plenty of it."

Astro bowed again, and a faint smile curled his lips.

"I have also heard you called the Master of Mysteries," the young man continued.

Astro bowed again.

The young man rose and handed the palmist a card. It read, "Mr. John Wallington Shaw."

Astro looked at it and tossed it on the table.

"I suppose you know who I am?"

Astro bowed again.

"It's a part of your business, I suppose. You may have read in the papers also of my sister's engagement to Count D'Ampleri?"

The same sober gesture of assent from the palmist.

Shaw sat down again, shoved his hands into his pockets, crossed his legs, and leaned back. "Mr. Astro," he said, "I've come here on a queer errand. I suppose you see many strange things in your profession, and it seemed to me that your experience would enable you to give me some help. What I want you to do first is to believe something that's nearly incredible."

"My dear sir," said Astro, speaking at last, "nothing is incredible. From what I know of life, the more impossible it seems to be, the more probable it is. For that matter, one has only to read the papers. But, seriously, if I can help you in any way, I shall be glad to do so."

Shaw now took a gold cigarette case from his pocket, selected a cigarette, knocked it against his fist, and struck a match. After the first long inhalation he remarked, "You'll promise, then, to believe the extraordinary story I tell you?"

"Mr. Shaw," Astro replied, "it's easy enough for me to perceive that you are a gentleman. I expect an equal amount of perception from you. At any rate, I hardly see why you should come here to tell me an untruth."

"But what I mean is, I'm afraid you'll think I'm—well, a bit crazy. It's simply too ridiculous. Why, I wouldn't believe it myself, hardly!"

"Let's have it. You have really excited my curiosity," Astro folded his arms and looked at Shaw with sharp eyes. "You certainly show no symptoms of derangement yet."

Shaw gave a nervous laugh. "Oh, it isn't I; it's my sister. That's why it is so hard to tell. I assume of course that this confession will be kept confidential. Not only that, but I expect you to help me out—for an ample consideration."

Astro bowed. "I have secrets enough in this head of mine to destroy a dozen of the first families of New York," he said a little dryly.

Shaw shrugged his shoulders. "Very well, I'll waste no more time. You'll see how useless it is to appeal to the police, or even to my lawyer. But first, have you heard of the robbery of Mrs. Landor's jewels?"

"Oh, yes. The thief, I believe, has never been discovered. It always seemed to me curious, too, that no reward for their return had ever been offered. But what have they to do with your sister?"

Shaw gazed up at the ceiling, then down at the floor. "Really, I'm almost ashamed to tell the story, it's so confoundedly absurd. We are Westerners, you know, of good, sound, and healthy stock. We're as sane as Shakespeare. No trace of brain storms or paranoia in our family! The thing hasn't gone far; but it will be talked about if I can't stop it; that is, if you can't. I don't know what to do. I'm up a tree. You've got to get hold of whoever's responsible for this thing, and tie them up, some way. It's a serious problem for us."

Astro put his fingers to his lips and yawned.

Shaw took the hint and proceeded abruptly:

"Mrs. Landor's jewels are at my house, a whole teapotful of them!"

"Ah! You know the thief, then?"

"No, I don't; nor do I know what the deuce I'm to do with the loot! One thing you are to do is to return it."

"And be accused of the theft myself?"

Shaw shrugged his shoulders. "They have to be sent back somehow. I don't want my sister to be accused of kleptomania; the other thing is quite bad enough. The idea of a gorilla in a top hat and all that! It would make a pretty scandal if it was found out; I can fancy how people would talk. We have a great many friends, you know." He smiled cynically at the word.

"She is innocent, I presume, then?" said Astro.

"But what about the gorilla?"

"There's no use in beating about the bush any longer," said Shaw. "Only, you see, I wanted to make sure of you before I trusted you with the secret. I'll go ahead with it, and if you call it a cock and bull story, I don't see that I can blame you. You see, it was this way: We were down at our country place at Lakeside—a big, rambling old house with a verandah all around it and long French windows opening out on it. My sister's room has a little balcony; it's on the second floor. She had gone up stairs to dress for dinner. I was in my own room, a little way down the hall, and my door was closed at the time. We had a lot of company down for the week-end; it was ten days ago."

"Who were there?"

"Oh, the Count of course, and his valet, and the Churches—you know, Simeon Church and his wife—the Raddelle girls, and two or three others. I'll give you a list later, if you like."

"All right, go ahead."

"It happened, as I say, just before dinner; about half-past seven. It was quite dark. We don't light up much outside—there was nothing going on at that time. Well, I heard her door open, and then she was pounding on mine, and she called out, 'John, John! Come here quick!' I opened the door, half dressed as I was, and she was in a deuce of a funk. She grabbed me by the arm and pulled me down the hall and shut her door. Then she said, 'Oh, what shall I do?' I said, 'What's the matter, Ethel? Have you been robbed?' She was nearly fainting, and I thought she would drop before she could speak. But finally I got it out of her. And her story was a wonder, and that's a fact!"

"She had sent her maid out of the room for something, and had her back to the French window and was stooping to pick up a comb, when she heard the sash open, and she looked around in a fright. There, standing right in front of her, was a big black gorilla, bowing to her."

"H'm!" Astro concealed his amusement.

"Wait! I made her tell me the story half a dozen times, and it was the same each time. The thing had on a silk hat, and a Peter Pan collar, a red necktie, and white kid gloves, and pearl gray spats buttoned around his knees."

Astro could control his mirth no longer, and his grave demeanour exploded in a gust of hilarity. Shaw, despite his anxiety, had to join the laugh.

"What do you think of that for a fairy tale? But that's not half. This baboon—"

"You said gorilla before."

"Well, gorilla, then; it doesn't matter in a nightmare like that. He held a china soup plate in one hand, and in the other a black bag—a cloth bag. By Jove! that much I can swear to myself! I've seen it. Well, the chimpanzee thing—"

"I thought it was a baboon."

"How the blazes do I know? I wasn't there, and if I had been I shouldn't have known the difference. It may have been a monkey or an anthropoid ape, for all I know. Anyway, it set the soup plate down on the dressing table, and tipped its hat and said, 'Miss Ethel Shaw, I believe?'"

"Ah!" said Astro, "now we're getting warmer!"

"Warm! He's made it hot enough for poor Ethel, I can tell you! Then, without waiting for an answer,—Ethel was out of her wits by this time, though she half suspected a practical joke too,—the orang-utan—"

"Or monkey," Astro interjected, smiling.

"Yes, or lemur perhaps—held out the bag to her. It said, 'From your friends and well wishers in the lunatic asylum.' Then it did a graceful two-step over to the window, recited 'x² plus 2xy plus y²,' and vanished onto the balcony. My sister was so frightened that she dropped the bag, and—bing!—out dropped Mrs. Landor's pearls and brooches and rings and things all over the floor. Now I ask you what kind of a story is that to get all about town?" He stared at the Master of Mysteries gloomily.

"Well, it certainly would add to the gaiety of nations," Astro remarked quietly; "but it looks like a pretty slim case if your sister had to rely on it for a defence."

"We'd be laughed out of court," Shaw said.

"Did your sister give you any further description of the creature, anything that could identify the masquerader?"

"Why, she said he was a little knock kneed, she thought; but that might have been on account of the spats." He grinned sadly, in spite of himself. "Oh, I forgot! By Jove! yes! His breath smelled of garlic, and he wore automobile goggles!"

This was too much for Astro. It was some time before he could take the thing seriously.

Shaw waited patiently until the palmist stopped laughing. "I knew you'd think I was a blanked fool," he said mournfully; "but it's no joke to the Shaw family, I assure you. Anybody would say Ethel was crazy. I did myself, the very first time she told me this yarn. I said, 'Ethel, you're foolish!' But there was the stuff to prove it! Then she began to cry. The worst of it is the Count is absolutely convinced that Ethel is mad."

"As soon as we had dressed and gone down to dinner, Ethel told the story to the whole crowd. Of course we consider D'Ampleri already as virtually a member of the family, and the others are old friends. Oh, their friendship will be tested, all right enough! The Count looked shocked and changed the subject pointedly, as if the thing was suspicious. It was perfectly evident that he discredited my sister. It made me foam at the mouth; but what could I do? What can we do now? Ethel of course persisted in her story, and the Count has grown cooler and cooler ever since. I'm afraid he'll talk. We can keep the others quiet, easily enough. They have skeletons of their own to hide. What do you think of it, anyway? Is there any way out?"

Astro puffed at his water pipe for a few moments in silence, pulling at his black mustache as he thought. The smoke from his narghile, rising in a blue swaying curve, writhed in a faint arabesque against the velvet hangings of the walls. Shaw had begun punching holes in the rug with his cane again. From the portieres leading to the reception room, where Valeska, Astro's pretty assistant, sat, pretending to work, came a silvery chime of bells as the tall clock struck four. It had begun to grow a little dark. Astro pressed a switch and lighted an electric lamp depending from the ceiling. Instantly the walls glittered with points of light from the embroideries, the weapons, the golden carvings, and other decorations.

"What is your father worth?" the palmist asked.

Shaw seemed to awaken from a daze. "If you had asked me two weeks ago, I'd have said, roughly, four millions, or possibly five. But this recent deal in lead has bit him hard. His shrinkage is nearly seventy-five per cent., I suppose. He was almost ruined, in fact. But if you're in doubt as to your fee, why, that'll be all right. It's worth five thousand dollars to us to have the matter settled. We'd

have to pay that in blackmail, I suppose. If you can think of any way to return the jewels and no questions asked, and head off this insanity charge, the money's yours."

"Had any dowry been settled on Count D'Ampleri?"

Shaw flushed faintly. "Oh, I say!" he began. "I am aware that it's a Continental practice, that's all," Astro said suavely. "It is inevitable with an international marriage, isn't it?"

"Yes. I fought against it as hard as I could; but Ethel can make the governor do anything she likes. Besides, my mother was set on the match. You know, and she helped arrange all that. They do it through lawyers, you know. It isn't quite so crude as it sounds; but it's bad enough. Yes, we arranged to buy the title for Ethel, I suppose." He kept his eyes on the rug in some embarrassment. There was too a trace of anger in his tone. It was evident that the affair did not please him in any way.

"Very well. I'll undertake the commission, delicate as it is," Astro said, rising. "I'd like to have the jewels delivered here sometime next week. You had best bring them yourself. I wish also you'd find out just when the Count D'Ampleri arrived in America, and by what boat. I suppose you can tell me the day and hour of your sister's birth?"

Shaw wheeled round on him. "Oh, come now!" he protested. "I came to you because you know or ought to know most of the weaknesses of human nature; but if you think I take any stock in astrology or occultism—"

"What was the day, did you say?" Astro's voice was hard.

"October 14th, 1885; nine a.m., I believe." Shaw scowled.

"My dear Mr. Shaw," said Astro, "if you give me this commission, you must let me do it my own way. It won't matter to you, I should think, how I do it. You are, I presume, an agnostic. Very good, I am a fatalist. Go to a detective or a doctor, if you prefer modern science. I prefer the ancient lore."

"I came to you because you've done harder things than this," Shaw said to placate the independent seer. "Go ahead with your cusps and nativities, if you like, only get us out of this fearful mess as safely and quickly as you can."

"I hope to see you on Monday," said Astro, bowing with dignity.

John Wallington Shaw left the room. As soon as he had departed, Valeska entered, laughing, the dimples showing in her cheeks and chin.

Astro's pose had gone. He threw off his robe and turban. "Did you hear the uncouth history?" he asked.

Valeska nodded. "Of all things! Can it be true?"

"Easily. Simple as milk. And at the same time one of the cleverest schemes I ever heard of. It's all straight; that is, all except the jewels. That we'll have to investigate."

"But I don't understand it at all," Valeska pouted.

"Have you happened to hear that Count D'Ampleri has been paying rather too marked attention, for an engaged man, to Miss Belle Miller, she that the cruel wits of the 400 have dubbed the 'Bay Mare'?"

"I knew she was in here one day for a reading." "And was much interested in my prediction that she was to marry a titled foreigner. I heard the gossip at the Lorssons the day I went to that tea. I never forget items of that sort. They are more important than horoscopes."

"I think I have a glimmer of light now," said Valeska. "The Bay Mare is an heiress, isn't she?"

"Rather! Old man Miller owns half of Buffalo." "And Shaw is on the verge of failure." "And the Count wants a good excuse to transfer his affections and his hopes of a permanent income. What better escape than to impute insanity to Miss Ethel Shaw? I say it's a merry scheme."

Valeska frowned. "It's horribly cruel."

"Well, it's infamously Italian, if you like. Fancy one of the Borgias reappearing to grace the twentieth century! But you can't deny it is cleverly worked out. Insanity is one of the best reasons for not marrying, even for a fortune hunting foreigner. Everyone will pity him, instead of blaming him, and he'll walk out of the Shaw family into the arms of the Millers. He only wanted to be well off with the old love before he was on with the new. But I'll forgive him anything for the sake of the automobile goggles."

"And the Peter Pan collar!" cried Valeska, laughing. "Couldn't you hear me giggling in the closet?"

"The Landor jewels, though," said Astro thoughtfully. "If it wasn't for them, one might suspect that Miss Ethel had taken an overdose of headache powders. Acetanilid does affect the brain, you know."

"The question is, Who played the gorilla?" "Ah, an Italian, I'm afraid. If you'll pardon the pun, I think that garlic puts us on the scent. As I see it, it's a case where our whilom friend McGraw can help us out. I'll try him. There'll be no particular credit in it for him; but, what's just as good, there'll be money."

From an interview with his friend the police lieutenant that night Astro found out that no one had been suspected of the robbery of Mrs. Landor's jewels strongly enough to warrant arrest. Ethel Shaw and her fiancée were both present at the Landor reception held on the night when the jewels were stolen. A charge of kleptomania might, therefore, be reasonably preferred against her. As young Shaw had said, such an accusation, coupled with her testimony as to the method by which she obtained the jewels, would deal a serious blow to the Shaw's social aspirations.

McGraw had too often profited by Astro's assistance in puzzling cases not to do his best to help



"From your friends in the Lunatic Asylum," the Creature said

the palmist; but nothing was known by the police about the Count or his valet. It was found, however, that on his passage across the Atlantic in the *Penumbria* Count D'Ampleri had taken no servant. This of itself was of sufficient importance for Astro to request McGraw to look up the man and furnish a description of him and his circumstances. This, in a few days, revealed the fact that the valet had a dubious reputation, and it was suspected that he had been in prison. McGraw himself was not sure at first; but subsequently a brother officer familiar with the Italian quarter of New York positively identified him as Kneesy Tim, who had done time for second-storey work, and was so called among his pals on account of his knock knees.

It did not take the officer long after that to ascertain through the detective force that Tim had attended the Landor reception as Count D'Ampleri's valet. The line of evidence was now direct. Tim had welded the most important link of it himself by appearing as the bearer of the stolen jewels. His boldness was accounted for, of course, by the fact that he relied on his ludicrous appearance to make Miss Shaw's story incredible, at the same time preventing any identification of himself. In all this it was impossible not to suspect the Count of being an accessory; if, indeed, he did not plan the whole thing.

But why had the thief been willing to surrender such valuable booty? If the Count was really after money, here was a treasure in the hands of his accomplice. The answer was an easy one for Astro to solve when Shaw produced the black bag full of Mrs. Landor's heirlooms.

The jewels were all false. Astro's critical eyes needed but one careful look at them. They were marvellous imitations; but of no possible use to anyone except the owner, who would never be suspected of having hypothecated her celebrated gems. It was evident now why Mrs. Landor—the respectable, aristocratic Mrs. Lemuel Landor, of the Landor jewels—had never offered a reward for their capture. Astro, cynical as he was, familiar as he was with the many hypocrisies of the upper ten of the town, could not help laughing when he held the famous Landor tiara up to Valeska's envious view.

"I'll never believe in anybody or anything again!" she exclaimed. "Did you tell Mr. Shaw?"

"Not after his remarks on my profession," said Astro, with a decided shake of his head. "That's the time he did himself out of a hearty laugh at Mrs. Landor's expense. In any case, I don't believe in ever telling any more than is necessary."

"The Count is an ordinary crook, then?"

"I doubt that. Nor is he even an ordinary Count. He's a clever, bourgeois Frenchman. I have talked with him and know. I imagine that he picked up this fellow Tim to help him play the part, and found out afterward what he was and used him. But that doesn't matter. We have them now on the hip."

"And how are you going to fix him? From what I hear, he is more attentive than ever to the Bay Mare, and people are talking about it."

"That doesn't matter. If Miss Ethel can get rid of him without his telling that ridiculous story, she'll undoubtedly call it good riddance to bad rubbish. And I will fix that."

"How?"

"My dear, if you'll walk up and down on Eighth avenue, between 37th and 38th streets, from ten till half-past ten to-morrow night, you'll see. And," he continued, smiling to himself, "I think it will be worth your attendance. I think we might ask Shaw to escort you, if he's willing to disguise himself a little, enough so that the Count won't recognise him."

"I shall be there," said Valeska.

"I promise a comedy," said Astro. "By the by, it may interest you to know that I have rented a room at No. 573 Eighth avenue."

"Indeed?" said Valeska, raising her brows. "I imagine from your tone that I'm not to ask you any questions; but I would like to know if you are through with McGraw."

"No, indeed. McGraw is to figure as the *Deus ex machina*; also he is to earn two thousand dollars. One he will collect from me, and one from Mrs. Landor, who will be very glad to pay, I imagine, if he acts strictly *ex cathedra*. In other words, it is not particularly to Mrs. Landor's interest for the public to know that she has sold her jewels and wears paste."

"I begin dimly to comprehend now," Valeska mused. "You will emulate the Mikado of Japan, and 'let the punishment fit the crime'?"

Astro replied, "My dear, in the mutual interaction of telepathic vibrations, one neutralises the other. Two loud sounds can be made to produce a silence. Selah. *Tara ak khaldah maha tara. abracadabra, maha tara.*"

"Boom-de-ay!" Valeska added gaily.

"Precisely. And, speaking of nonsense, I didn't ask you to get me a pair of white duck trousers and a yellow striped blazer and an old woman's wig and a green umbrella and a white top hat, did I?" He looked thoughtfully at his fingernails.

"No, you didn't," she replied briskly; "nor a bottle of soothing syrup nor a tombstone."

"Nevertheless, you will do this to-morrow morning, and have them sent to No. 573 Eighth avenue."

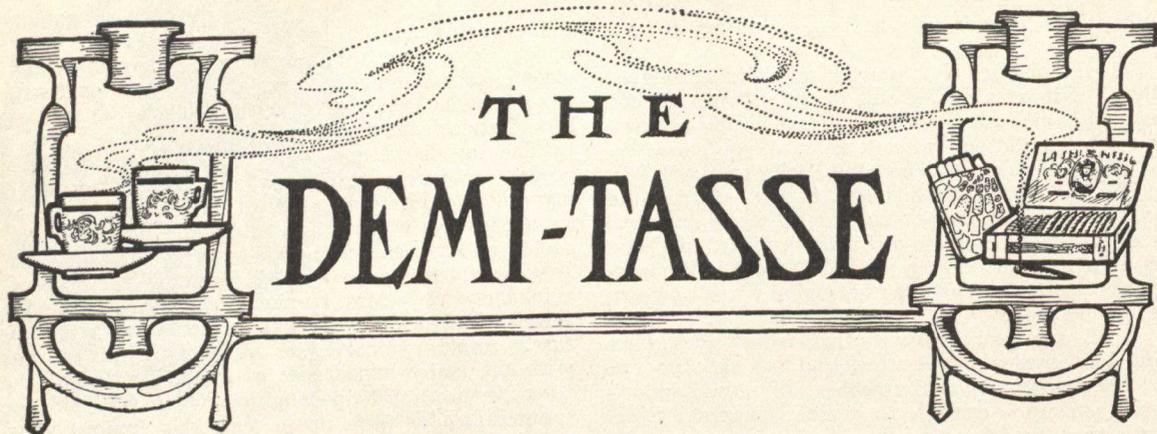
"I agree, if you'll only let me add some rubber boots."

"Well, as a special favour, yes. Now run along and I'll get to work. Oh, Tim was arrested to-day, on suspicion of having stolen the Landor jewels. Too bad, isn't it?"

He sat down, thereupon, to write a letter as follows:

Terribile sbaglio fatto. Voi siete in gran pericolo. Incontratemi martedì a mezzanotte nell'entrata del No. 573 Ottava Avenue. Venite solo. T.

(Continued on page 21)



THE DEMI-TASSE

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

Rev. J. A. M.—
Dear Sir,
You're Another.
R. P. R.

Rev. J. A. M.—
Dear Sir,—Kindly accept this loving cup as a token of my affection and esteem. Hoping you may be spared many years, to enjoy this gift and that you will devote all your energies to feathering Crow's Nest, I am,
Yours devotedly,
W. J. H.

A DOMESTIC DIALOGUE.

JONES is fond of politics and rejoices in reading as afford him entertainment. The dialogue, however, is apt to be disturbing.
"Mary," he said solemnly, "Roblin's voice has given out."
"Poor dear man! Won't Laurier be sorry?"
"What's Laurier got to do with it?"
"Isn't he that man from Nova Scotia who just sweeps everything from the Reformers?"
"Great Scott! You're thinking of Fielding."
"Well, isn't Roblin a Reformer?"
"For goodness' sake, Mary, have some sense."
"I'm sure you needn't get so excited about it. Besides, what difference does it make who runs the country? It doesn't seem to affect the price of butter and I'm certain that dressmakers' prices are something scandalous. Now I was asking Miss Martin to-day what she would charge to make one of those princess gowns and—"
"I won't have my wife wearing one of those sheath gowns."
"It isn't a sheath gown," retorted Mary with noble scorn, "and I'll wear what I please." There was silence for a few seconds and then an amiable voice continued. "Go on reading about the elections, Robert. I just love to hear about politics. I think Borden is such a good-looking man and Sir Wilfrid has a lovely manner. What's the matter? Going down town to talk to someone who has common-sense? Well—really!"

THE ORIGINAL REASON.

"Why," said Adam, sternly, regarding the bitten fruit with disdain, "do you want me to eat the rest of this thing? I don't believe it will agree with me. Why should I eat the stuff?"
"Well, I think it would be more sociable of you," said Eve coyly, "and—anyway—I want you to—just because."

NOTHING DOING.

RIP VAN WINKLE returned from his long sleep looking fresh as a daisy, and made his way to a Toronto barber shop, not only because he needed a hair-cut and shave, but also because he wished to catch up on the news.
"Let's see," said he to the barber, after he was safely tucked in the chair, "I've been asleep twenty years, haven't I?"
"Guess so," replied the tonsorialist.
"Have I missed much?"
"Guess not. Things are pretty much the same."
"Is the Lennox account for the City Hall settled yet?"
"Not a bit."
"Is Yonge Street bridge built?"
"Not a sign of it."
"Is MacKay premier?"
"Nowhere near it."
"Is James L. Hughes Inspector?"
"Well rather—got a crowd of teachers touring in Europe this summer."
"Is 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' at the Majestic?"

"Coming next week."
"Is Robinette member for Centre Toronto?"
"Not yet a while."
"Well, say," said Rip, rising in his chair, "never mind shaving the other side of my face. I'm going back to sleep again."—Adapted from Success.

THE JEALOUS BRIDE.

The October bride was weeping bitterly as she put down a Canadian newspaper.
"What's the matter, darling?" said the young husband in trembling anxiety.
"O George!" she exclaimed between plaintive sobs, "it says that the ice-breaker, *Montcalm*, was equipped with table silver, cut glass and cutlery to the amount of \$2,758, and that the soup tureen and ladle cost \$25.25. It makes our wedding presents look like thirty cents."
"Perhaps it isn't true," said George hopefully, "and, anyway, you oughtn't to read the papers just now. You can't believe anything till after the elections."

HONOUR FOR AUNTIE.

AN old lady passed away at Carlsbad where she had gone for her health. Her nearest relation, a nephew, ordered her body to be sent home for burial—as was her last wish—in the quiet little

country churchyard. His surprise can be imagined when on the arrival of the coffin he opened it for a last look at the remains, and found instead of the placid features of his aunt Mary, the majestic form of an English general in full regimentals, whom he remembered had chanced to die at the same time and place as his aunt.

At once he cabled to the general's heirs, explaining the situation and requesting instructions. They came back as follows:
"Give the general a quiet funeral. Aunt Mary interred to-day with full military honours, six brass bands, saluting guns."—Tit-Bits.

A PETITION WHICH ANTICIPATED.

IT was at the funeral of a man who had left his young and attractive helpmeet a widow for the third time. At the time of his death their clergyman was away on a European trip, and in this emergency the Rev. Dr. Blank was called upon. When, however, he came to mention the widow in his prayer, it was evident that his data in regard to her had become a trifle confused. He said: "And now we commend to Thy care this widowed handmaid, who has been bereaved again and again and again." Then hesitating an instant, he added, "And perhaps again."

CAMPAIGN EXPENSES.

Successful candidate: "Jerry, what did you spend during the campaign?"
Jerry: "I'll leave that to yer own judgment, yer honour."—Life.

IN BLISSFUL IGNORANCE.

A ganger on one of our large lines of railway has a keen Gaelic wit. One warm afternoon, while walking along the line, he found one of his men placidly sleeping on the embankment. The "boss" looked disgustedly at the delinquent for a full minute and then remarked:
"Slape on, ye lazy spalpeen, slape on, fur as long as you slape you've got a job, but when you wake up you ain't got none."—Tit-Bits.



Miss Canada: "I hope my election, coming so close to yours, won't disturb you."
Miss Columbia: "Why, are you having an election, dear? How perfectly cute!"

PEOPLE AND PLACES

PAT BURNS and Pere Lacombe is the latest alliance out in the West round and about Calgary. The aged priest is engaged on a new philanthropy—a home for the aged and infirm of Alberta; for they are really beginning to have old folk in that country now. Mr. Pat Burns has given Pere Lacombe the land, at a place called Midnapore, which is just down the line from Calgary in that delightful cow country that makes even old folk feel young again. Pat has lots of land. He is the cattle king of the Canadian West. In the C. P. R. first days Pat came to the West as a construction hand on the new railroad; a thick-set, hectic and jovial Irishman who would as lief fight as either work or eat. But he worked and fought his way up, did Pat—until foot by foot he got away from railroading into ranching and has now become the man with the long purse strings and the king of the cattle men. Shrewd? Yes, Pat was not born with one eye open. The ranchers know him quite as well as the Indians for forty years have known Pere Lacombe. But not for the same or even very similar reasons. Pat is known to be able to buy cattle with remarkable thrift. But he drives about Calgary in a "cowbite" of a hat and a huge smile and a glad hand for everybody—even the rancher. Lately also Pat has married a young wife in whom he takes great pride. Now he has become philanthropic.

MUCH has been recently said in public assembly as to the Church healing the sick by anointing and laying on of hands. Many clergy of the Anglican Church believe in the efficacy of such methods. Not long ago a girl from London, Ontario, went abroad; she was deaf; she went to a shrine somewhere—and she wrote a letter home in which the first joyful paragraph was:

"Many thanks for your letter of congratulation. How strange your having heard of my wonderful cure at the Oratory! They say it is all over Paris, and in all the French papers, but I did not know it had reached London."

After which the writer goes on to describe the scene; thousands of people waiting for a miracle; and the miracle when it came was the cure of the girl's deafness. Her description of the cure is interesting:

"I was kneeling at the 'Grille' of the Grotto, saying my rosary for the souls in purgatory; suddenly I felt dreadful pains in my ears. They were saying the rosary aloud, so I tried not to say anything to disturb them; however, they grew worse and worse until I called out in absolute agony. They increased in force, and I thought I should lose my mind with the terrific pain; then all my body started twitching and jumping. There was a dead silence, and this lasted for about four minutes; then, when I thought I should go mad with pain, I went into a kind of lovely dream, and don't remember anything until I heard. Oh joy! I really heard the 'Magnificat.'"

TWO thousand five hundred miles by canoe—all but a very small percentage—has been covered this summer by Mr. J. W. McLean and his party

from Winnipeg to the far north beyond Prince Albert. This trip was for the purpose of paying treaty money to Indians who are unable to journey out for the "soo neahs"; tribes scattered here and there over a vast limbo that has never heard of a railway. From Prince Albert Mr. McLean took his party to Green Lake, which was one of the bases advertised during the Klondike rush when Prince Albert was trying to divert travel from Edmonton, and for years an old base of supplies for the Hudson's Bay Company. They had tribulations teaming that hundred and sixty miles. Floods had carried away bridges and made rivers of creeks and creeks of tiny rills, and swimming the horses was a commonplace. To the height of land between the Mackenzie and Churchill Rivers was the next objective by way of Ile La Crosse—and the rest of the journey was a devious, primitive wandering in that remote, uncivilised region where a dollar is hard to get and hard to spend and has not much purchasing value when you get it.

IDYLLIC sentiment being a rare thing in the present political campaign—as witness the Roblin-Macdonald flower-fest—it becomes something of a dream to read about the picnic tendered to Mr. Rufus Pope, "the Compton boy," on the occasion of his fifty-first birthday. This was held at a place known as Cookshire, which is somewhere in Compton County, Quebec; and to that point most of Compton journeyed; stores were closed, mills shut down and farmers left their sugar beets in the fields and hitched up to the democrat with all the family inside and the roads smoking with joyful dust and everybody in harvest-home mood. The picnic lasted all day; in the afternoon many bright speeches were delivered, not least brilliant of which was that of Mr. Pope, the boy from Compton in the present contest. But the politics of the thing are not the point. The people made the affair; and it was Pope's picnic—which would have been just as happy and successful if he had been a Grit.

THERE are a lot of clear-minded, clever Englishmen in Canada west of Kenora. On the prairies you begin to find him—the Englishman; not so long ago when he was mainly a remittance man and something of a cheerful nuisance. But the Englishman who drifts of his own accord far west nowadays and sets up shop—whatever it may be—on cow ranges or among the mountains or out on the coast, is often one of the sharpest-minded men in the country. There are two or three English editors in Vancouver and Victoria and they do some of the very cleanest and best editorial work in the country. Up at Banff also there is an Englishman with a mighty vigorous, clean-cut mind and his name is Mackinder. He has been writing to the *London Times* telling the dear British public some facts about the race problem on the coast. Here is a sample of what he says:

"Canada has beside her an object lesson to which she cannot be blind. The long-drawn tragedy of black and white in the great Republic is not near

its end, though it cost four years of civil war. With her western provinces, moreover, Canada faces the enigma of an awakening Asia. If there is one object of policy on which thinking Canadians are firmly united it is that of a white Canada. Mixture of races must result either in inter-marriage, with physical and moral consequences which, to say the least, are deeply uncertain, or in a caste system fatal to democratic ideals."

Ten Years' Progress in Agriculture

(Continued from page 13)

decade into systematic and permanent road improvement. This applies more particularly to Ontario. This movement in the other provinces is largely in its initial stages. The million dollar road fund, inaugurated by a former government of Ontario and continued and enlarged by the present government, is gradually being taken advantage of by county councils and a few more years will see a network of permanent and improved roads between the leading centres of the province. The statute labour system is being replaced by the more common-sense plan of paying into a general fund and expending it in permanent and systematic improvement of the side roads and concession lines.

There are several other lines of improvement that should be noted did space permit, such as in farm implements, conveyances, etc., all tending towards economy in labour and convenience. Then there is the improvement in the quality of farm products. More systematic instruction is bringing cheese and butter up to a higher standard. The fruit product is being increased and improved by better spraying. In live stock, the fancy or show animal takes a second place to the more useful and practical one and so on almost *ad infinitum*. The farmer's boys and girls come in for more attention than they did ten years ago. The rural school is being gradually adapted to rural conditions. The school garden and the consolidated rural school are becoming vital forces in rural education. The schoolhouse is better built, better lighted and better ventilated than the old one.

But why continue? Enough has been said to show that progress in Canadian agriculture during the past ten years has been most marked. And it is only at the beginning. Another ten years will show as marked a change as the past decade has given us. The tendency is towards more concentrated effort, more and better products from the same area. Better roads, electric railways, the rural telephone, and possibly rural free mail delivery are the big things of the future. The telephone has already obtained a strong foothold. It is bringing town and city closer together, eliminating isolation, facilitating business, and promoting a better social life on the farm. Rural life in Canada is in a state of transition. Improvement is in the air; progress is the watchword; there will be no turning back; 1918 will be far in advance of 1908. Watch Canadian agriculture grow.

RECENT RAILWAY DISASTERS IN ONTARIO



The Wreck on the T. H. & B. Railway at Mineral Springs, Sunday, Sept. 27th.



C. P. R. Collision at Islington, on Saturday, September 26th.

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DRAMATIC NOTES



Mr. William Gillette.

Who comes to the Princess Theatre, Toronto, next week, in the new Bernstein Play, "Samson."

The premier production of Mr. Henri Bernstein's new play, "Samson," in which Mr. Charles Frohman is presenting Mr. William Gillette this season, will be given at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, next week, instead of at the Criterion Theatre, New York, as originally intended. This change in Mr. Frohman's plans is necessitated by the success of that frivolous and merry affair, "Fluffy Ruffles," now holding its own at the Criterion in a fashion which makes it undesirable to introduce any other production until the interest in the attractive Miss Hattie Williams has been fairly satisfied. Wherefore, Mr. Gillette consented to forego his New York appearance and to go on tour for the month of October.

"Samson" has been adapted for the American stage by Mr. Gillette himself and his adaptation is being used for the production of the play in London by Mr. Arthur Bouchier. Rehearsals have been in progress at the Empire Theatre for the past month, under the personal direction of Mr. Charles Frohman and with Mr. Gillette's reputation as one of the best technicians on the stage Mr. Frohman expects that the production will be one of the most successful of the season. In support of the star will be seen as leading woman, Miss Constance Collier, one of the most distinguished actresses of England who made her first trip across the Atlantic to take a part in the new play. The rest of the cast and the staging will be in keeping with Mr. Frohman's reputation as the most careful student of stage production on the continent.

The story of "Samson" concerns the experiences of Jacques Brachard, a "copper king" who has risen from poverty to enormous wealth. In the rush of business, Brachard has neglected his wife, whose charms, however, have attracted the attention of another captain of finance, who is also Brachard's business rival. The latter, distrustful of domestic complications, determines to ruin his two-fold competitor. The dramatic unfolding of the plot for this financial destruction results in the wife's enlightenment as to the real nature of her position and the final restoration of her former regard.

The theme is not uncommon in these days of business absorption and ignoring of home ties but, in the hands of the French playwright it is handled with a psychic subtlety which yet never ignores the direct human interest. There have recently arisen the novel and the play, dealing with the magnificence of modern business enterprise and showing its reaction on the life of the home. The dramatised novel by Frank Norris, "The Pit," is the best American instance of this class of modern study. Mr. Bernstein's former play, "The Thief," has led us to expect from him only the most artistic work and this drama will no doubt prove one of the most striking features of the season.

THE Imperial Opera Company at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, continues to entertain the public with well-presented musical comedy. "The Belle of New York" is this week's attraction, to be followed by "The Wizard of the Nile." Among the members of the company none is more popular than Mr. Hallen Mostyn, who delighted Torontonians last year by his finished acting.

IT is announced that Mr. Henry Miller is soon to produce another play by Mr. C. Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House." Its title is "The Winter Feast," and the scenes are laid in Iceland at the time of the heroic age, when Druidism still lingered there. The principal role is to be played by Tyrone Power. Mr. Miller will probably be in New York for the entire season.

THE play with a redskin hero, "Strongheart" has recently been received with much favour in Western Canada. This football play was taken to England last year where it was but a doubtful success. Mr. Robert Edeson made the part of the Indian student one of unusual vividness and "Strongheart" like Mr. Faversham's "Squaw Man," is a play which presents a race problem without excess of sentiment.

MR. JAMES M. BARRIE was born under a lucky star, say the critics. It is not given to many writers, even from industrious Scotland, to capture the public fancy, both as novelist and playwright. In Miss Adams, as interpreter of his whimsical, fantastic and altogether delightful heroines or fairy heroes, Mr. Barrie is equally fortunate. Mr. Barrie's latest play, "What Every Woman Knows," at Duke of York's Theatre in London has been greeted with enthusiasm and showed its popular qualities from the first performance. Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, who has now made an actor fame for himself which sometimes prevents a reference to his father's spectacular novel, played the part of hero and Miss Hilda Trevelyan made a charming heroine, with Miss Maude Adams applauding from the box. The audience on the first night, according to "Piccadilly" of the Argonaut, was all that the most hopeful playwright might desire.

"Prince Francis of Teck was there and Sir Edward Russell, and when Mr. Winston Churchill was discovered with his fiancée the great crowd, like the ranks of Tuscany, could scarce forbear to cheer.' Indeed, it did cheer and the lady smiled and blushed very becomingly! The profession itself was in full force to see Mr. Barrie's triumph. There was Miss Marion Terry, Mr. E. S. Willard, Mr. Comyns Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Lewisohn (Miss Edna May), Mr. Haddon Chambers, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and Mr. Zangwill, while Mr. George Bernard Shaw shed the light of his cynical presence upon the scene."

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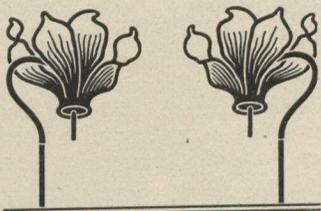
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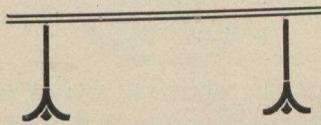


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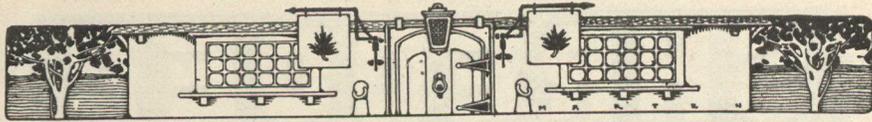
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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

THE POWDER PUFF.

ONCE more a clerical critic has arisen to denounce the ways of woman and has come to grief by incensing the fair members of his congregation. This time it is a Pennsylvania pastor who played Jeremiah ail on account of an innocent little powder puff. This instrument in the hands of woman was a weapon for evil, said the impetuous gentleman, who must certainly be alert in the discovery of sin. The powder puff is a fluffy bit of frivolity to call forth a pulpit denunciation and it is quite proper to wonder if the wife of the Jeremiah of Pennsylvania goes about with a shiny nose; or uses the powder puff "surreptitious-like," when her lord and master is not looking.

The woman who refrains from the powder puff is, ten chances to one, an unlikable person who draws her hair severely back from her forehead, twists it into a hard, bun-shaped knot and who wears common-sense shoes. The woman who does not know how to use the powder puff and who actually looks as if she were bespattered with blanc mange is not wise in her day and generation; but she is a feminine Solomon in comparison with the woman who goes about in July and August with a perspiring and shiny countenance. Even the clerical critic himself is likely to prefer the lady who knows the gentle uses of veloute to the well-meaning creature who considers soap and water the only aids to comeliness which her features should employ.

* * *

THE HAT-PIN.

THE huge hat-pin is with us still, or rather I should say, the hat-pin with monstrous head. How did we ever keep a hat on before we had these helps to stability? There must have been elastic bands and "such," to keep one from presenting an appearance of intoxication; but it is so long since we began grappling our hats to our heads by hooks of steel that we have almost forgotten the days before the hat-pin. Several attempts have been made to revive the "strings" which once proved so alluring but their popularity seems indefinitely postponed.

The modern hat-pin can be made a work of art when daintily decorated with a Frenchy head or a spray of violets. It gleams among the fruit and flowers of the autumn headgear as an amber ball or a turquoise sword-hilt. It assumes the form of a jade cross or suddenly expands as a miniature tiara. In fact, there is hardly any shape or size which the modern hat-pin may not take.

Now an English magazine comes along, with wonderful tales of how magnificent hat-pin heads may be manufactured out of knotted shoe-laces dipped in sealing-wax and other simple ingredients. The directions read very nicely and, if any reader of this column should care to devote time and strength to this enterprise, she has my best wishes for success. Personally, I distrust all such devices, as I have seen several attempts to construct home-made articles, according to women's journals recipes, result in vanity and vexation of spirit, to say nothing of burns and bruises.

* * *

WHEN SCHOOL OPENS.

THE girls' schools are all in full activity once more, the sound of "practising" is heard in the land, and demure lines of maidens walk forth every afternoon pursued by glances, wistful or reminiscent. The girl who attends 'Varsity, whose one experience of school or college is co-educational misses one of old-fashioned girlhood's dearest joys. "Boarding-school" is not likely to disappear altogether, although it has been modified since the days when Oliver Wendell Holmes' aunt set forth under a formidable guard. The life of the girls' schools is freer, merrier and more feminine than that of "residence." As the autumn procession of school-girls files by, you go back to the days when, as an awkward "new girl," you ventured into the delectable boarding-school country, which became dull prose soon enough. According to her own accounts, the school-girl is never given sufficient nourishment although her incredulous relatives, listening to this tale in the Christmas holidays, are moved to mirth instead of sympathy, for the appearance of the young "vacationer" belies her pitiful story. The homesickness of the Young Person who has been at school for a mere fortnight is a grief which is terribly real until the sufferer begins to take an interest in "such a handsome boy," brother of one of the day-students. It is a merry, melancholy, irresponsible existence—and most of us would like to have it all over again.

CANADIENNE.

THE ROSE.

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.

A crimson cup that holds the bubbled dew,
A captive bird upon the emerald lawn—
A diadem of rubies fold on fold,
Set in the ashen languor of the dawn.

A censer kindled for the virgin moon,
Whose silverings are laid amid the sky,
A scarlet comet, in a dome of green,
When unloosed petals thro' the shadows fly.

Jewel my days with all your scented prayers!
Star all my nights with ever-blossoming red!
And at the end, fall soft in dewless tears,
A little sea of sweets about my head!

—Windsor Magazine.



MEN USE IT TOO PRINCESS HAIR REJUVENATOR

is the cleanest and best preparation of the kind made. It is neither greasy nor sticky, is as clear as water, contains no injurious ingredients and restores the hair to its original colour in ten days. Price \$1.00, express paid.

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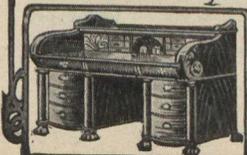
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AT ALL GROCERS.

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WHEAT

The Spur

Because of your strong faith, I kept the track

Whose sharp-set stones my strength had well-nigh spent,
I could not meet your eyes if I turned back:

So on I went.

Because you would not yield belief in me,

The threatening crags that rose, my way to bar,
I conquered inch by crumbling inch—to see

The goal afar.

And though I struggle toward it through hard years,

Or flinch, or falter blindly, yet within,
"You can!" unwavering my spirit hears:

And I shall win.

—Aldis Dunbar, in *The Century Magazine*.

"The Smiths"

JOHN SMITH—plain John Smith—is not very high-sounding; it does not suggest aristocracy; it is not the name of any hero in die-away novels; and yet it is good, strong and honest. Transferred to other languages it seems to climb the ladder of respectability. Thus in Latin it is Johannes Smithus; the Italian smooths it off into Giovanni Smithi; the Spaniards render it Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten it out into Jean Smeet; and the Russian sneezes and barks Jonloff Smittowski. When John Smith gets into the tea trade in Canton he becomes Jovan Shimmit; if he clammers about Mount Hecla, the Icelanders say he is Jahne Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscaroras he becomes Ton Qa Smitia; in Poland he is known as Ivan Schmittiweiski; should he wander among the Welsh mountains, they talk of Jihon Schmid; when he goes to Mexico he is booked as Jontli F'Smitti; if of classic turn he lingers among Greek ruins, he turns into Ion Smikton; and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as Yoe Seef.—*Phrenological Journal*.

Autumn Idleness

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY,
The lazy clouds lie basking on the blue,
Foam circled islands in a peaceful sea
Scarce ruffled by the breeze, which carelessly
Wanders the arch of autumn heaven through.

Beneath, the quiet ocean stretches wide,
Out and beyond the end of everything;
The sunlight flashes from the gull's white wing
Soaring and dipping eastward with the tide.

Above me, where the painted maples spread
A screen all wrought and interlaid with gold,
The shining gloom a silence seems to hold,
A hush that tells of Summer lately dead!

I lie and hear the muffled monotone
Of the great working world that calls to me
Claiming my freedom—but I am not free,
Th' enchantress, Autumn, chains me to her throne!

—Rod and Gun.

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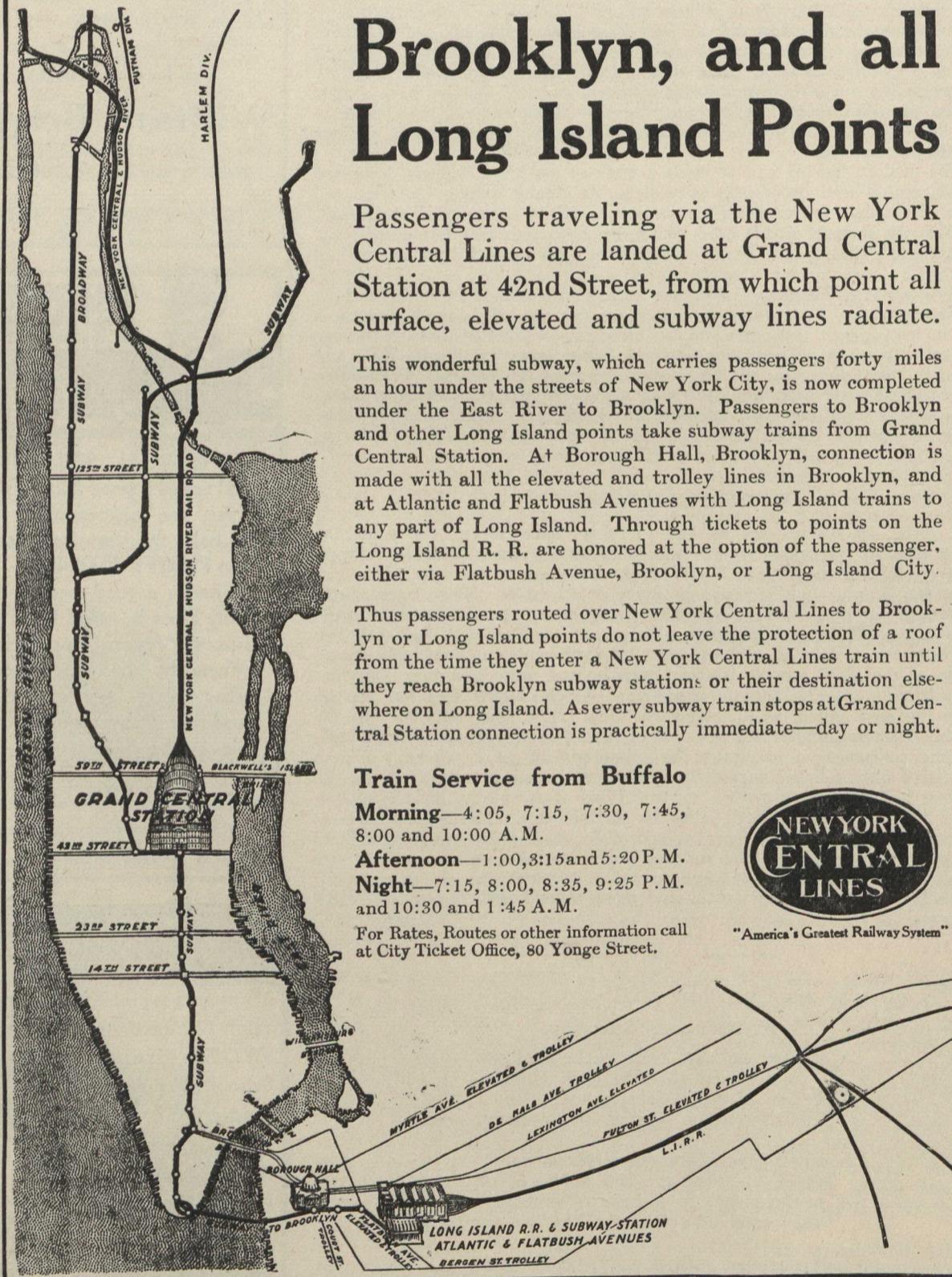
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The Count's Comedy

(Continued from page 15)

He showed it to Valeska and translated as follows:
 "Terrible mistake made. You are in great danger. Meet me Tuesday at midnight in the doorway of No. 573 Eighth avenue. Come alone."
 "T."

Roughly scrawled on brown paper, and put into a plain but dirty envelope, the note was convincing. Tim, at any rate, would not be able to deny it for sometime. It was not a message that the Count D'Ampleri would dare ignore.

The Count D'Ampleri did not ignore it. Smart and aristocratic in appearance, though foreign looking with his Parisian silk hat, his queer trousers, and his waxed and pointed mustache, he was prompt at the rendezvous. Valeska and John Wallingford Shaw, drifting slowly down the block, noticed him there waiting in the dusky doorway, looking impatiently up and down, smoking a cigarette. The Count seemed to be a bit uneasy. He lighted one cigarette after another.

The two spectators passed again, talking absorbedly one to the other, but watching guardedly as they passed. At the 37th street corner they noticed a man standing, his back against a lamp post. A child would have known him to be a policeman in plain clothes. His burly figure, his bull neck, the very cut of his mustache, proved it indubitably. He gave them a wink as they passed him. They crossed to the other side of the avenue and walked slowly. As they reached the far end of the block they suddenly stopped. Valeska began to giggle, pointed, and excitedly watched the scene across the street. Shaw seized her arm and hurried her over the crossing and to the front of the doorway. The little drama was almost over. As they stopped, staring, a fantastic figure retreated, entered the door, and banged it behind him.

They were laughing at the Count's discomfiture as McGraw came up. He took his cue like an actor, and walking up to the Count grabbed him fiercely by the arm.

"Now then," he said harshly, "what you a-doin' here? What's that you got there?" He pointed to a black bag the Italian still held in his hand.

"Who are you, anyway?" said the Count angrily. "Vat beesnees of yours? Tell me that!"

"I'll show you!" and McGraw threw back his coat and displayed his badge. "See here now! What have you got in that bag at this time of night, hangin' round in this doorway?"

"My God! I don't know myself!" the Count exclaimed.

"I'll see, then," said McGraw, and snatching it from him he opened the bag and drew out a diamond tiara.

"You don't know!" he thundered. "We'll see about that at the station house! Come along with me!"

The Count, seeing the jewels, seemed almost ready to faint with surprise and horror. "But I am very innocent!" he wailed. "I am ze Count D'Ampleri. I live at ze St. Regis! You shall see! Before heaven! I never knew that things was there! It was give me just now, by—by—"
 He paused, discomfited.

"Well, by who?" was McGraw's inquiry.

"You will not believe—nobody won't believe—it ees too much. A mad woman she give me zis bag just now zis minute!"

"What kind of a woman? Out with it!"

"Oh! what shall I say? You will not believe. A woman like a man, with white pantaloons, with a topper hat, a yellow jacquette with stripes like zis." He made a pitiful gesture

down the front of his coat.

"Aw, g'wan!" said McGraw. "Do you expect me to believe a pipe dream like that? That's the worst I ever heard, and I've heard some thin ones."

"But I tell ze truth, I swear it! She have a green ombrelle."

"Any more? Go as far as you like." McGraw's tone was affable.

"She wear big boots of la gomme—what you call it—rubbaire."

McGraw towered above him now, and calmly folded his arms. "No blue whiskers, or purple hatpins stuck in her face, was they? She wasn't chewin' shavin's or have red paint on her hands, I suppose? Lord, man! you've got no imagination at all! Why, I can dream out things that would make that old lady seem like a fashion plate. When I dope 'em out they generally wears armour plate and tin gloves at least. But I guess that'll be about all for you. I'm going to run you in."

The Count, in despair, appealed to Valeska. "But ze lady and ze gentleman, she see ze old woman! Ask them! I am spik ze truth to you!"

Valeska, smothering her laughter, did her best to speak calmly. "We saw nothing at all, officer. The man must be intoxicated."

"Or crazy," Shaw put in wickedly. "You see nozzing?" the Count ejaculated in amazement. Then he dropped in a dejected huddle, nodding his head sillily.

McGraw motioned to Valeska, and nodded toward 37th street.

"Well, I'll have to go," she said, smiling. "You'd better be careful, officer; he may be dangerous." And so saying she walked away with Shaw who was too nearly hysterical with mirth to speak for awhile. When he did, it was to say:

"Will you kindly inform Astro when you see him that I take back what I said about horoscopes and occultism? I am quite sure he will understand."

She repeated the message next day, when she and Astro found themselves alone in the studio. Astro smiled. "If they were all like John Wallington Shaw," he said, "you and I wouldn't make much of a living, little girl." Then he added irrelevantly, "I understand that the Count D'Ampleri is to sail on the *Germanic* next week."

"Oh. Then McGraw let him off?"
 "All McGraw wanted was to get his thousand out of Mrs. Landor, and the less talk about it the better. He telephoned me this morning to say that she gave him a very lively half-hour, but paid. By the way, I wonder if Shaw told his sister Ethel how the matter was solved?"

"He said he intended to, before he went to bed."

"Then we may consider the episode closed." Astro took down a volume of Immanuel Kant. Before he began his reading he remarked casually, "It was a narrow escape for all three. I don't know exactly which one to congratulate the most."

"I'd congratulate the old lady with the white duck trousers and the blazer," said Valeska. "I think she had the merriest time of all."

"Thank you kindly," said Astro, with a rare smile. "I'll accept with pleasure!"

END OF THE SERIES.

A Lottery for Dolly

Margie was industriously sewing for her doll, when she suddenly stopped work and turned to her mother:

"Oo, mama, what do you think?" she exclaimed.

"What is the trouble, dearie?" asked the mother.

"I started to make my doll a bonnet," explained Margie, "and I do believe it's going to come out an apron!"
 —*Woman's Home Companion.*

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 I'll get rid of my cook right away,
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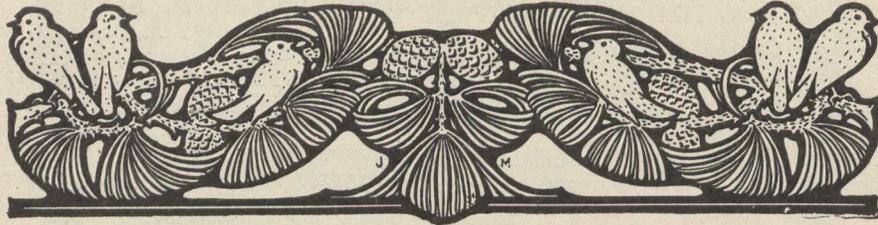
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F O R T H E C H I L D R E N

THE SONG OF A STREAM.

O, clear little streamlet, hurrying fast
To the meadows far away,
We love to hear your silvery laugh,
We wish that you could stay.
Tell us what swift, enchanting song
You sing as you ripple by;
Pray tell us from what queer world you come,
Are you never weary—and why?

O, dear little children, we've come from hills
That rise to kiss the blue,
There we lay sleeping, tucked in our beds,
Till the sun pierced our frost-sheet through.
Then said Mother Earth, "You must off to the world,
There is plenty of work to be done.
Trace a path down the mountain, 'mong pebbles and fern,
Nor rest till the ocean is won."

We crept from our pool, where the man in the moon
Seeing himself, thought he'd found a brother,
And bright, roguish stars took their every chance
Of winking at one another.
From far we have journeyed, through sunshine and shade,
We waken the flowers with our song;
We bathe their sweet faces, unfold their green leaves,
Then gayly we chatter along.

Nor must we here linger to tell you our tale,
But away to the billowing ocean,
Where we'll ride in the wind, toss high in the foam,
And be lost in the wild commotion.
Then back to the far-off hills in the sky
We will climb on a sunbeam bright,
Where the fairies are playing at their hide-and-seek game
And the dying sun greets the night.

J. F. F.

* * *

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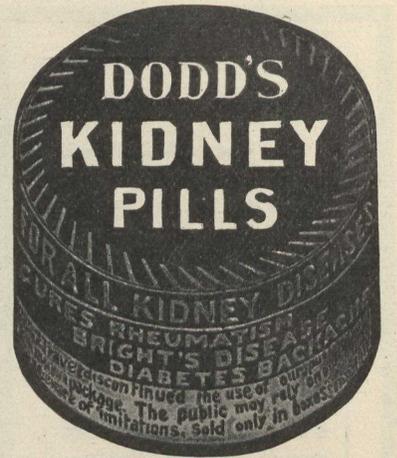
THE CHEAPER DOOR.

Charlie and Ethel wanted to give their doctor a birthday gift, and after a great deal of thought, they finally selected something and delivered it at the doctor's house. The doctor has a private entrance to his office, which he calls his side door, and on the children's return to their mother, she asked them which door they went to, and the little boy replied, "To the front door." She asked them why they did not go to the "side door," because that was where they would be most likely to find the doctor, and the little fellow said, "Because we didn't want to pay the three dollars."—*Youth's Companion*.

* * *

HAD SAVED A LITTLE.

A little fellow of six summers was told by his mother he must not go down to a brook, which ran near the house, without permission. He and an older boy were allowed to go one day. The next day his mother saw him playing there alone. Calling him, she asked why he had gone without her leave. For a moment he looked troubled, guilty, then, brightening with the thought, "Why, I saved a little permission over from yesterday!"—*Youth's Companion*.



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